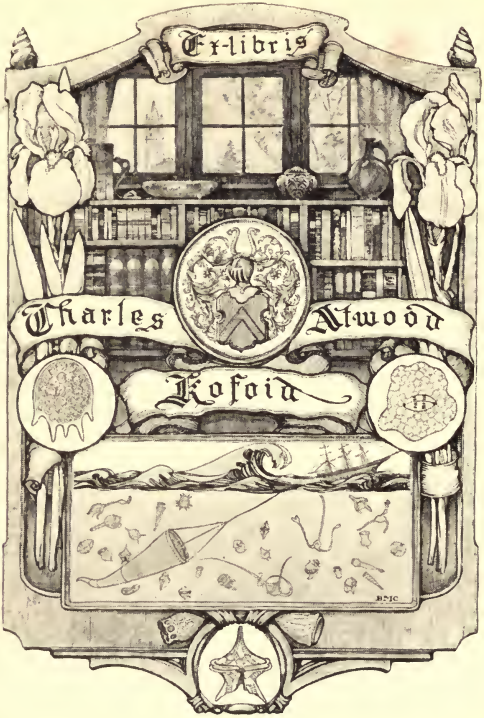
C. A. STEPHENS

ON THE AMAZONS



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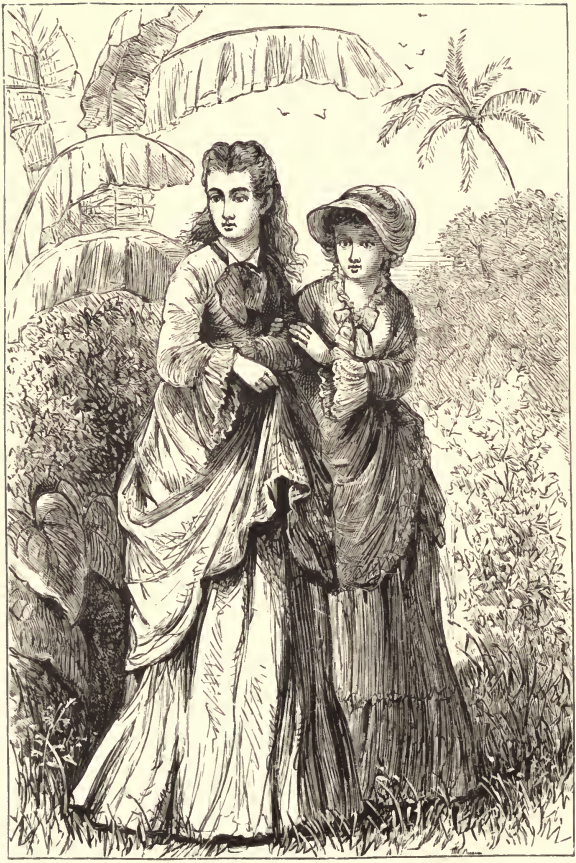
The Education Department for Ontario.

JUNE 30th 1882.



LOUISE AND ALLICIA.

THE CAMPING-OUT SERIES.

VOLUME VI.

ON THE AMAZONS;

OR,

THE CRUISE OF "THE RAMBLER."

AS RECORDED BY WASH.

By C. A. STEPHENS.

ILLUSTRATED.

PHILADELPHIA:
PORTER AND COATES,
822 CHESTNUT STREET.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

A CARD.

FIVE years ago, we were led to believe that *Yachts* and *Yachting* might serve, not only as a means of recreation, but as a means of *education.*

On that idea we started. Our yacht was to be our college.

The result has more than justified our hopes. We would not exchange the *education* which we have thus obtained for *four years* at any college in America or Europe.

But we believe that still better can be done. We believe that the *motor*, steam, may be utilized in the education of our youth.

Travel abroad is the great educator.

Combined with judicious reading and *memorization*, foreign travel is a means of education now most needed by young Americans.

The present college system does not give it; cannot be made to give it.

Hence we propose, in place of the present *stationary* colleges, a *steamship fitted up and appointed as a college in all respects.*

To interest our readers in this college-steamship movement is the object of this sixth and last volume of our series. (See pp. 68, 181, 252.)

We would seek and respectfully solicit the earnest co-operation of every young fellow-citizen of our common country. Unite with us to found the FUTURE AMERICAN COLLEGE. Give us *moral support.* Talk for us. Write to us that we may enroll you with the phalanx of young men — we may even add, young ladies — who are "bound" to see this enterprise *afloat.*

THE YOUNG YACHTERS.*

* Our friends will please address us at the Publishers'.

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SECOND YACHT-CRUISE IN HUDSON BAY.

On the Amazons.

CHAPTER I.

St. Helena. — Voyage from St. Helena to Para. — A Sail. — A Singular Sort of Craft. The "*Zang-gay-dy.*" — Land-ho! — Olinda. — The Tijoca. — Off the Mouth of the Amazons. — The Bore. — Para. — Decide to leave the Yacht at Para.

"SAIL–HO!" Wonderfully long-drawn and musical it sounded in our drowsy ears that morning, — our eleventh morning from St. Helena: for we could not consider our yacht-cruise along the Old World complete till we had crossed "earth's central line" to visit the

> "Lone barren isle where the wild roaring billow
> Assails the stern rock, and the loud tempests roar;"

where the "hero" — whose dazzling military exploits, as recounted on the roseate pages of Abbott, had been the admiration of our earlier boyhood —

> "Lies still 'neath the dew-drooping willow."

(Only he doesn't lie there now, by any means.)

Our own fault, very likely; but St. Helena disappointed us not a little, either because we have come to doubt the intrinsic grandeur of Napoleon's career, or from the grim, volcanic aspect of the islet.

The house where the ex-emperor lived is sadly unromantic; and even the damp vale where he was buried fails to impress the matter-of-fact beholder. As my comrade Raed remarks, "A visit here spoils a pleasant illusion, conjured by youthful fancies with the help of Mr. Abbott."

We were now well in upon the coast of South America; yet not a sail had we sighted during the whole eleven days of our voyage. It may be readily imagined, therefore, that the above hail turned us out, glass in hand, with all the curiosity of voyagers whose ocean-sick eyes are pining for a living object.

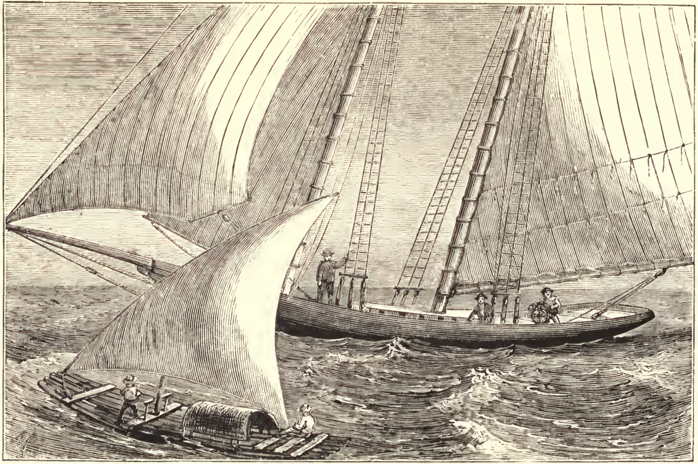
Distinct, off the port-bow, a single white sail showed farther off than it really was. During the next half-hour we had visibly approached it. "The Rambler," with her sails goose-winged to the steady south-east trades, bowled swiftly westward; and the stranger was beating to north-east.

"Queer-looking craft!" exclaimed our skipper (Mazard) at length. "Not so far off as she looks."

"But she's still hull down," remarked Wade (Mr. Additon).

"Well, that's just what gets me!" interrupted the skipper. "She's not ten miles off; and I can see nothing but the sail with the glass, — a lateen-sail, it looks to be. . . . Some outlandish craft or other."

It puzzled us more and more during the next twenty



The Zang-gay-dy.

minutes, even when, within four or five miles, we could not make her out.

"It's a wreck," Raed had pronounced.

"No; it's a raft," said Kit.

"We shall have to take 'em off, I suppose," growled the skipper, — "a lot of starved wretches, dirty and sick, perhaps crazy."

Thus a skipper reasons when confronted at sea with the glorious opportunity of saving human life. He thinks of the disease and filth the sufferers may have on them, and of the "pile o' grub" they will eat: very naturally too; for shipwrecked people rarely pay their rescuers in any thing but thanks, and, in the end, grumblings at being carried out of their course.

"Oh, it's a raft fast enough!" Raed pronounced when we were within a mile. "Heading straight across our bows. . . . Got a sort of hut built on it to protect them from the weather. And there are one, two, three, of them, and a woman! and a child too! Fellows, this is getting interesting. . . . But why don't they make signals?"

At the rate we were sailing, we should have left the raft on our port-quarter. The helm was therefore set a-starboard, and the order given to stand by the sheets.

Judge of our surprise, then, to see the raft tacking rapidly to avoid us! They went sharply round to south-west, and were actually making off from us!

"Well, don't that beat the Dutch?" cried Capt. Mazard.

Old Trull (whom we had got back on the yacht again) was standing by the main-sheet. He beckoned to me. I went forward.

"That 'ere's no raft o' shipwracked folks," said he in a rather sheepish and confidential way, giving his tarry waistband a hitch.

"Well, what is it, then?" I asked.

"That 'ere's a *zang-gay-dy*."

"A what?"

"A zang-gay-dy."

"What's that?"

"Aw! et's a sort o' rarft, sech as tham Parnambauco fellers ketch fish on. They don't want nothin' uv us. They're all right."

I lost no time in communicating this piece of nautical information to the others, including the skipper. That worthy navigator immediately took a second look.

Raed and Kit burst out in a hearty laugh.

"As well set our helm a-port again," said Wade amusedly.

"No, by the Trident!" rallied the skipper. "I'm coming alongside. I'll know that craft the next time I meet it."

In a few minutes we were close upon the mysterious raft; and, though they immediately tacked again to get away from us, we passed them at scarcely half a cable's length to leeward.

The reader can well believe that we eyed it curiously enough now. It seemed to be made of five or six large logs, from thirty to forty feet long, lashed securely together. Across these ran six or eight thwarts, elevated on pins, or *legs*, a foot and a half high; and the hut, which, quaintly enough, was thatched with palm-leaves, was set on a platform similarly elevated. Even with the

waves breaking over the logs, the raftsmen would still be dry-shod.

From the stern of this singular vessel projected a long, broad, steering oar; and their anchor, to which Kit directed my attention, was a large stone set in a stout frame of wood, to which was bent a brown cable.

The sail was as large as "The Rambler's" jib, of triangular shape, and attached to a strong mast, stepped in the centre log, pretty well forward, and of lateen-rig, like that of a Malay felucca or a xebec.

Raed took the trumpet, and hailed them; but they made no response, and seemed in some alarm at our evolutions to lay them alongside. Not till after we were fairly half a mile away did they come round upon their former course.

From the light draught of our yacht, its speed and the cannon, I have a lurking suspicion that they took us for a free rover.

We afterwards took occasion to post up a little on *zangadas*. Like the catamarans of Madras, the zangadas of Pernambuco are peculiar to that harbor and the neighboring ports. They are quite generally used by the fishermen of that coast. From the height at which the one we fell in with floated in the water, I think the logs must be of some more than ordinarily buoyant wood. What tree it was, or yet whether they are always constructed of the same kind of wood, I was not able to learn at Para.

I recall the incident of the zangada as our first introduction to the continent of South America; though it was not till near noon that the cry of "*Land-ho*" brought

us again on deck to see the pale blue coast-line, and, shortly after, the white *chacaras* of the picturesque (through a glass) town of Olinda.

After that we were rarely out of sight of the land, distant forty and fifty miles.

That night we were off Cape St. Roque.

Four days later, we saw the white breakers along the Tijoca, or Braganza "bank;" and, soon after, patches of yellow water welling up amid the sea-green of the ocean. We were off the broad mouth of the Rio das Amazonas.

Ugly stories had been told us of the "bore," or *prorocora*, of the Amazons, caused by the tide meeting the outcoming current of the river; and we had decided to leave "The Rambler" at Para. Immediately, therefore, on sighting Cape Magoary, the south-eastern point of the great Marajo Island (the Isle Johannes of some geographers), we went on our port-tack, and stood up into the estuary of the Tocantins.

Amid vivid green islands the estuary slowly opened back till three (afternoon), when the helm was set a-starboard, and we came round into the beautiful Bay of Goajora, and, an hour later, dropped anchor in front of Para.

To our Northern eyes the scene was as strangely novel as picturesque.

Para — or, to give it its full title, *Santa Maria de Belem do gram Para* — is, when viewed from the harbor, a very fine-looking city of rising forty thousand inhabitants. Along its wharves stand rows of well-built warehouses. The custom-house and other government-buildings have a fine, stately look; while over and beyond

these are seen church-domes and many spires. Surrounding it, and in its very suburbs, the tropical forest seems a verdant frame, flecked here and there with a white and glittering *rocinha*, or villa, the residence of some wealthy merchant.

There were five American vessels in the harbor; several English ships; and we counted no less than a dozen Spanish and Portuguese brigantines.

Para is the chief emporium and trade dépôt of the Amazons region; and its growth during the past ten or fifteen years has rivalled our own Western cities.

But, like all Spanish, Portuguese, and American towns, the first view taken at a poetical distance is much the more satisfactory. Once inside the place, the street-scenery is far from enchanting. We found Para no exception to this general rule; though the Diana Hotel, where we passed our first night ashore, is, in all respects, a first-class public-house. Here we had genuine wheaten biscuits, coffee, a beefsteak, mandioca-bread, oranges, bananas, ice-water, and ice-cream. The proprietors have the true cosmopolitan idea of things.

But, as it is not of Para that our record is written, I hasten over these minor incidents.

A good anchorage was secured for the yacht; and, leaving Capt. Mazard and our crew to enjoy themselves as best they might, we four young gentlemen (whom our former readers have known as the "Young Yachters") embarked at six next morning on board the Brazilian steamer "Tapajos," bound up the Rio das Amazonas.

CHAPTER II.

On board "The Tapajos." — Threading the Tajapuru Bayou. — The Indians of the Amazons. — Breves. — Our First View of the Great River. — Palms and Samaumas. — Monte Alegré. — Santarem. — Obydos. — Steamer aground. — Portuguese Swearing. — The Mouth of the Trombetas. — Capt. Additon's *Sitio*. — The "Stars and Bars." — Ex-Private Sanders of the C. A. — Our Meeting with Capt. Additon. — Wade's Sisters. — Sisterly Greetings. — The *Fazenda*. — A *Punká*. — Tropical Heat. — A Cotton-Field. — Major Lowrie.

OUR motives for going up the Amazons were two-fold: first, our desire to visit a region so rich in interest, and so comparatively unknown; second, and more especially, to allow our fellow-yachter, Mr. Wade Additon, an opportunity of visiting his family, now living on a plantation a little above the mouth of the Trombetas, which flows into the Amazons to the west of Obydos, some seven hundred miles from Para.*

* The readers of our former narratives will remember that Capt. Additon of the Confederate army was one of those spirited gentlemen who counselled, at the close of the war of the Rebellion, a wholesale emigration of the Southern people to Brazil, for the purpose of establishing a slave empire in the valley of the Amazons River. From various reasons the scheme was abandoned. Capt. Additon, however, together with several other Confederates, did actually go to Brazil, and has established himself there as a citizen of that empire.

For several hours the estuary of the Tocantins, like some broad lake, opened spaciously before us. At nine we were off the mouth of the river proper, where it flows into the estuary; but it was not till late in the day that we reached the head of the gulf, and entered one of the numerous bayous, or *paranas,* which connect the main channel of the Amazons with that of the Tocantins, on the west side of Marajo Island.

Whether the Amazons flows partly into the Tocantins, or the Tocantins into the Amazons, is an open question. The connecting bayous have little or no current; and possibly what there is may be variable, according as one or the other of the rivers is the higher.

The *parana* taken by our steamer was called *o Tajapuru:* it is the one generally followed by the steamers, but does not average over seventy yards in breadth, varying from fifty to a hundred.

Here every thing had a truly tropical look. Palm-trees were standing all about, their Indian plumes held high over the jungles which bordered the muddy banks, and which presented a wall of huge green leaves and rankly climbing vines.

Farther along, forests of large trees grew on both sides. In one place some lofty samaumas — a large and broad-branching tree, which often attains a height of two hundred feet — seemed fairly to interlock over the bayou. The smoke from the steamer's funnel curled up through the green leaves, scaring a flock of parrots, that cawed and jabbered energetically as they sniffed it.

All that day we sat under the awning, on deck, feasting our eyes on the leafy luxurianee of the shores, so

near as to almost brush us passing; nor did we go down to our berths till long past eleven o'clock that evening, when the steamer stopped at a dingy station called Breves. Here we had our first sight of the dark-skinned Indians of the country, — dark as negroes, but with the long, straight hair of our Northern tribes. But, unlike our Western savages, however, the Indians of the Lower Amazons seem always a partially-civilized people. There is nought of the whooping, tomahawking air about them.

On the second morning after leaving Para, at about half-past nine o'clock, "The Tapajos" emerged from the narrow channel of the bayou, and steamed out upon the Amazons proper.

It was with curious feelings that we gazed about us, and tried to realize that we were indeed on that famous stream. But, at this point, no true idea of its volume and breadth could be gained. Islands intercepted the view: the river is here studded with them. It seemed like a great lake set with numerous islets. But toward noon the boat got past these; and we then saw the broad river before us, fully ten miles in width, with considerable current too. There is an air of regal grandeur in the majestic sweep with which it comes pouring out from the heart of the continent, showing a clear water sky to the west. Surely the title of "Queen of Waters" is no misnomer. So great, indeed, is the river, that it belittles its shores, which here seem very far off and low; while the steamer itself is but a creeping mote on its mighty expanse.

A little later we passed the mouth of the Xingu, the

first of the larger tributaries on the southern bank as you ascend the river, itself a river of more than a thousand miles in length. Here the main channel is yet broader. Off to the north-west a chain of hills is seen, blue and distant over the northern shore, — the blue hills of Almeyrem. It may be remarked that this range continues visible at intervals for nearly a hundred miles going up.

Aside from these distant headlands the country seems perfectly level, an unbroken expanse of river and primeval forest; the river stretching off due west in a wide zone till the blue sky shuts down upon it. It seemed to me one of the grandest natural objects I had ever beheld, it was so vast and mighty of its kind.

During the day we met a number of steamers: one was from up the Madeira River, the third great tributary stream above the Tocantins on the south side, and distant above Para nine hundred miles. The Madeira itself is nearly twenty-two hundred miles in length, and has its sources in Bolivia, near Sucre.

Much of the Bolivian trade comes down the Madeira, we were told.

Another of the steamers was from Iquitos, a town on the Amazons, in Peru, distant from the mouth of the river over two thousand miles; and still another was from Nauta, a village farther up in Peru, distant twenty-three hundred miles.

These steamers were boats of fully three hundred tons burden. Some idea of the volume and length of the river can be gathered from these facts.

By means of the Amazons, both Peru and Bolivia have become practically Atlantic States.

I think we might easily have taken our yacht up for a thousand miles: in fact, all sorts of crafts ply here, since the Free Navigation Act, passed by the general government at Rio Janeiro, 1865–66. We saw schooners on the river. Nowhere below the Trombetas did we see the channel less than four miles wide: this would give ample room for all sorts of nautical evolutions. "The Great Eastern" itself would find water enough anywhere below the confluence with the Madeira. The only obstacle is the current; and we all felt sure that "The Rambler" would have breasted it, and made fair headway with the breeze we had each day aboard "The Tapajos."

We were told, and afterwards had reason to believe, that the Amazons is subject to squalls and sharp gales of wind, which raise a considerable sea, sufficient to toss about, and sometimes swamp, the lighter craft, — the *cubertas* and *montarias,* the scows and the canoes.

There are few towns as yet on the lower course of the river; and the most of these are merely so many collections of wretched huts, where live a few turtlers and other fishers.

Toward night the steamer stopped for an hour at Monte Alegré, — a very pretty town, surrounded by open *campas,* or plains. Stock-raising and export, we were told, was the business here followed.

Another night on the great river.

When we woke, we found that the boat had stopped. We were at Santarem, — a large but rather dismal town, so far as its appearance from the steamer's deck bespoke it. After Para, Santarem is the largest city of the

Amazons. The India-rubber of the country is the chief staple of its trade.

The sun was just rising as the steamer swung clear of the wharf, and steamed out past the mouth of the Tapajos River, — another thousand-mile tributary which here makes in.

It took twenty minutes to cross to the northern bank of the river at this point. Steamers, as well as the smaller craft, keep to the northern bank, where there are fewer islands.

An hour later, another town was passed, the name of which, as we understood it, was Alerequar. Shortly afterwards, Obydos was reached. Here the discharge of freight detained the boat till late in the evening, — a circumstance which gave us some uneasiness. Capt. Additon's plantation was not more than thirty miles farther up; and we should now necessarily arrive in the night. Beyond an indefinite letter written from Fayal six weeks previously, Wade had been unable to notify his family of our approach. They would hardly be looking for us on this particular day.

Added to this perplexity, the captain of the steamer was a "new man," who knew nothing of the Additon "*sitio*," as a plantation is here called. Wade had never been on the river before; but he had received directions by letter. These stated that the plantation was situated on the north shore of the river, about six miles above the Rio Trombetas.

But how were we to see the mouth of the Trombetas in the night, or tell when the six miles were passed? Fortunately, the old half-caste engineer remembered the

steamer's stopping to ship freight for Senhor Additon on several former occasions. He thought he knew about where it was; and we so far enlisted his good-will that he promised to keep watch, and stop the engine when we came off abreast the *sitio*. We could then land from the steamer's boat.

But even this was not very re-assuring. Somehow, a Yankee can't feel much confidence in Brazilians. They don't act just right. I could imagine how our skipper would cast his eye about that steamer, and grin.

It was after ten, P.M., before we left Obydos. We did not go down to our berths at all, but kept on deck, on the lookout.

At a few minutes before twelve, while puffing slowly along quite near the shore, the boat stopped with a sudden *grind* into a bank of sand and mud which shifting currents had piled up. So violent was the *poke*, that I wonder the old funnel had not gone overboard. Then came a scene, which, at any other time, would have made us roar with laughter. Such a to-do!

The engineer in his excitement did not get the steam turned off for a minute or over; and there the boat swayed and wriggled, with the *paddle-wheels still turning!* Finally they got the engine reversed, and put on a full head to back off; but so forceful had been the shock, that the steamer stuck fast.

"Reckon we're *stalled* for the rest of the night," said Wade.

"Yes, fellows, we're 'sot,' as my old grandfather would say," Kit remarked.

Everybody was ordered astern to lighten the bows.

For an hour and over, the paddles were kept revolving with plenty of outlandish swearing, but which, somehow, lacked the *vim* of our North-American oaths. If we had only had half a dozen Western miners and teamsters there, I am inclined to think they would have sworn her afloat; but all this Portuguese cursing had a soft milk-and-water sound. Nothing started under it: wasn't ferocious enough.

At last — why they had not done it at first was not very clear — the anchor was carried back in the steamer's boat twenty or thirty yards, and sunk in the mud, in order to drag the steamer back upon it. This manœuvre got us off, after a detention of *only three hours and a half!*

I suppose they did the best they could; but they had a rather queer way of going about it.

On again for an hour.

By this time day had broken.

We were now off an inlet on the north shore, which the engineer told us was the mouth of the Trombetas. Half an hour later we were eying the shore with the closest attention, as the steamer ran on at about a hundred rods from the bank: and when, as we judged, she had gone six miles and rising since passing the Trombetas, our anxiety had increased to fever-heat; for still the shores presented the same green jungle, surmounted by lofty palms and seringas.

Wade was still more anxious than the rest of us; and I could see that he was also profoundly moved at the thought of visiting his family, settled here in this half-savage country. How should we find them situated?

Would his mother and sisters seem as when he parted from them two years before? His father he had not seen for five years. What changes in his looks, and even in his character, might he not expect?

I could fancy what thoughts were passing in his mind as we scanned the shore for some token of civilization.

But our apprehensions of passing the place unwittingly were quite needless. A little farther on, a broad gap in the forest opened into a wide clearing, running back from the river. A new wharf of freshly-hewn timbers extended for a hundred feet or over along the bank; and, lo! a tall flag-staff, surmounted by a red signal-lantern still burning, with a gay flag streaming brightly out.

"The stars and stripes!" exclaimed Kit. "Hurrah!"

"Not the stars and stripes exactly," remarked Raed quietly.

"Ah!" Kit had discovered his mistake.

It was, as I regret to say, the "stars and bars."

We involuntarily glanced to Wade.

He flushed.

A genuine Southerner at heart, I still fancied he would rather not have found the Confederate flag flying here; possibly because it reminded him of defeat merely, but rather, I thought, that he felt it bordering just the least bit on the ridiculous.

A five-years' residence in the North, connected with our yacht-voyages, has enabled him to view things in a better light, and be a patriot without being a fanatic.

To fly, in this out-the-way corner of the world, a flag that had been so ignominiously "kicked out" of a country where it had sought to be supreme, might seem to some plucky, but to others simply spiteful.

Nevertheless, I am bound to say, that, just at that time, we were all too glad to see any sort of a flag that represented Americans.

"Well, fellows, I hope you will be able to make the best of all this!" Wade exclaimed with a nervous laugh, as if he had not known us too well to doubt it. But I think, for a moment, he doubted himself.

The sea-chest we had taken with us was lowered into the steamer's boat, together with our portmanteaus. We followed them, and were immediately rowed to the wharf.

As we drew near it, a heavily-bearded man, bronzed and formidable, clad in "butternut" and armed with a carbine, came martially forward. A horrible suspicion that this was Capt. Additon himself seized me.

"Who's there?" he gruffly demanded (dropping the carbine to a "charge bayonet").

Wade jumped upon the wharf with a laugh.

"Sanders, old man, don't you know me?" (A load rolled off my mind.)

"Sanders," thus addressed, stared a moment; then a grin of such evident pleasure overspread his rough face as to quite beautify it.

"Dern my skin," he ejaculated, and suddenly letting the carbine-breech drop on the planks, "ef it ain't the young gentleman!"

Wade held out his hand. The man seized it in both his own.

"Thar, ef this yere ain't jest hunkey!—ter see yer down yere with us once mo'!"

"Well, how are they all?" Wade anxiously asked.

"Oh! they're chirk. The cap'n an' yer maw are right smart. Thar, ef it don't jest do my body good ter see yer!"

In this burst of rough affection I gained a sudden glimpse of the wonderful fealty with which the Southern "low-downer" stood by the "lost cause." No henchman of feudal days could have greeted his young lord with greater delight.

"See to our chest and things, Sanders," said Wade. "These are comrades of mine" (with a nod towards us). "Where is the house?"

"Foller that yer pawth. It's in the grove yend But look out fer Johnson: he don't know yer like I do."

"One of the privates in father's company," Wade explained to us as we went along the "pawth." "And Johnson's another. Father brought them down here with him. Rough fellows, but first-rate soldiers."

The sun was just rising.

"Nobody astir yet, I'll wager," laughed Wade. "But come on. We will rouse them."

The *fazenda* house, corresponding to the "great house" of the Southern plantations, was situated four or five hundred meters back from the river, on lightly-rising ground, and built in the midst of a grove of seringas (*Siphonia elastica*), of which the smooth, red-gray trunks seemed to spring, mushroom-like, from out the rich, rank soil.

To build so large a house in the midst of a grove so dense must have been a work of some little difficulty; amply repaid, however, by the shade thus preserved. A belt of these seringas, several rods in breadth, had been

left all the way from the landing up to the grove which shaded the house. Amid these wound the path, which would otherwise have been exposed to the full blaze of the sun, — a sun which, at noon, casts *no shadow*. On the wide veranda another grim sentinel in butternut was pacing to and fro, — Johnson, no doubt. But, ere we were near enough to draw his challenge, a tall, elderly gentleman appeared in the open hall-door, and glanced sharply at us. He was of erect and soldierly bearing, and had a full, gray mustache, and clear, brown complexion. As his eye fell on us, his whole countenance lighted up.

"Wade, my boy!" he exclaimed; and Wade sprang forward, and, with head bowed, seized his father's hand in silent emotion.

We naturally held back till father and son had interchanged greetings.

"You are welcome *home*, Wade!" Capt. Additon was saying, — "heartily welcome! We have got a place here. It is not South Carolina; but I am glad to have you here."

He spoke with feeling. I could not doubt that he felt a strong affection for Wade, who now turned to make us known to his father.

For my own part, I felt no little embarrassment, there, under the shadow of a Confederate flag, how to befittingly deport myself toward this unswerving and persistent enemy of our common country. Capt. Additon is my uncle by marriage with my father's sister; but I had never met him till now. I knew, that, during the war of the Rebellion, my own father had regarded him as a

traitor and a rebel. Still these things are now quite past. I decided to greet him as a relative, and the father of a dear friend, — several dear friends, if I may thus include my pretty cousins, — and let politics keep the background.

Raed and Kit seemed to have thought so too. They had both removed their hats, and bowed filially; while Capt. Additon shook each warmly by the hand, with a gush of that olden hospitality of which no change of country can rob a true son of the Southern States. Mistaken, and imbittered by defeat, he may become; but give him the opportunity to do the honors of his house to a visitor, and he is still the most genial of hosts. Henry Clay was said to have been a most fascinating companion for young men, even in his later years, and to have moulded their characters at will. I thought of it as Capt. Additon cried out to us all, —

"Come now, my dear young fellows! let me have the pleasure of making you at home in my *fazenda* here. Not a palace, by any means; but it has both walls and roof, to the full benefit of which you are all — I need hardly say it — most heartily welcome."

He turned; when a still more pleasing re-union intercepted us. Aunt Emma (yes, it must be her, though grown surprisingly plump since I had last seen her) could wait in-doors no longer, hearing that her long-absent boy had landed. In the whitest of muslin wrappers she came hurrying out lovingly.

Ah! it's something to be folded close, and kissed so fondly, by such a mother; as I, alas! know from sad loss and lack. But on this occasion I needed not to com-

plain; for my loving and impetuous aunt remembered the orphan-boy for his mother's sake. Something, too, to see Capt. Additon standing by, rubbing his hands approvingly, and laughing hard to keep from doing quite the reverse.

Raed and Kit were presented, and welcomed by my aunt with a certain motherly tenderness that quite won them, as I could see. No doubt, Wade, in his letters, had done our good qualities full justice, to the exclusion of our bad ones *in toto;* and the mother now remembered her son's comrades gratefully.

This was good; but better was close behind, only a few steps, and all in white muslin, — Wade's two sisters, Louise and Allicia, who, following hard behind mamma to meet the returning brother, had paused a little aloof at sight of his three stranger-companions; for though proud, I am sure, — and, if I must needs make a clean breast of it, sometimes a little sad, — to call them cousins, till that moment I had never met them.

I knew how dearly Wade loved his sisters, — differing in this particular from some brothers. And now we could but envy him his greeting. These Southerners are not frugal of their caresses. To have a sister's plump arm about one's neck, and be kissed so joyously, is one of the things worth living for, no doubt, — almost as good as if she were not *a sister*, and decidedly better than as a cousin. Of all relationship, that of first cousin is least relevant and to the purpose. For my own part, I have always wished that *first cousins* had never been invented.

Not the least bit alike were these sisters; yet, singularly enough, both resembled Wade.

Louise was rather tall, with clear, light-hazel eyes, and a profusion of wavy hair, — so auburn, that not many shades more would have made it *red* with a harsh critic.

Allicia, on the contrary, had large dark eyes, and a shadowy, pale face. Her brown-black hair was cut short, and clustered about her forehead in tiny rings. This was the brand of a recent fever, as I learned afterwards; for Allie was an invalid. The hot, damp climate of the Amazons had like to cost her life.

I will not say which was the prettier: on so delicate a theme my opinion shall be private. Besides, others might not agree with me. Wade does not, for one; but then a brother is notoriously a bad judge of his sister's charms.

Kit and Raed were presented. Proud as Wade is of his sisters, I know he was not a little anxious that they should "fill the eye" of his comrades, and make a mutually favorable impression.

He had nothing to fret for. Raed seemed much impressed by delicate little Allie: and really, from under that broad, tropical hat, her dark eyes were vastly beguiling, even to a first cousin; while Kit and the merry Louise were jolly friends at sight. Nothing remained for the *first cousin* but to talk with his aunt.

Well, middle-aged ladies are often better company than young ones. I have, at least, this much to console myself with.

We were ushered in to coffee and unlimited conversation, — the mutually interesting chat of long-severed friends.

The *fazenda* here is simply a large two-story house,

built much after the fashion of a planter's mansion of the Southern States, with veranda running completely around it. The whole was painted a cool French gray, blending admirably in color with the trunks of the seringas which rose in sleek columns all about it. Blinds of the same color had been imported for the upper-story windows. The large windows under the veranda were so buried in shade as to hardly need them.

Inside there were library, parlor, and drawing-room, — much like our home-arrangement. The "finish," however, was quite plain, and some of it not very smoothly executed. This work had all to be done on the spot by such workmen as could be procured.

The furniture had been brought up from Para, and was of Boston manufacture, even to the Chickering piano: so I have no need to describe that.

I was surprised, and I think that Wade was very agreeably surprised, to find so comfortable a residence here.

The difficulties which must have attended the construction of so pleasant a mansion in so remote a region can be properly depicted only by one who has surmounted them. But an Anglo-American is bound to live in a decent house, wherever chance may cast him. No adobe-huts nor bamboo-shanties for him!

Whatever we might think of Capt. Additon's voluntary exile of himself and family, we could but heartily congratulate him on his success with his *fazenda*. Our surprise pleased him, evidently, — all the more, probably, that he felt himself well entitled to the compliment.

The plantation at present comprised a clearing of about forty acres only. There was room for almost un-

limited extension, however. On first coming into the country, Capt. Additon had secured a frontage of three miles on the river (extending back indefinitely) by "grant of especial favor" from the emperor, or at least from his government; from which it may be inferred that Dom Pedro II. was not unfriendly to these slave-holding refugees.

But, practically, slavery is as "dead" in Brazil as in the United States. There are now scarcely five hundred slaves in the whole valley of the Amazons; and these had better be free, so far as their masters' pockets are concerned.

I had all along supposed, that, at Capt. Additon's plantation, the blacks were slaves; but they were not. Three or four of the negresses about the *fazenda* were purchased by him immediately on coming into the country: all the others, to the number of twenty-seven, were *hired* at an average of four dollars per month.

This state of things struck me as being a rather good joke — every thing considered — on a man who had come five thousand miles to perpetuate the "peculiar institution."

The fact would seem to stand, that the world has outgrown slavery well-nigh universally. No one man, nor yet any one nation, can perpetuate what the common sentiment of nations has condemned as noxious to humanity. As well attempt to resist the law of gravitation as combat a fact so universal.

But, that Capt. Additon is perfectly sincere in his way of thinking (also a little wilful), I cannot now doubt for a moment. The way in which he he has acted on

the wild scheme of colonizing the Amazons region is sufficient proof of his entire single-mindedness. And now let me have done with politics; for the reader had better believe that politics was a subject, of all others, most studiously avoided, both by the Additons and ourselves, during our entire visit: and, even had we been obliged to hear the "tyranny" of the "abolition government" dwelt upon daily, we should, I think, have been slow to express our opinions to this family in exile, even though it were a voluntary one.

As it drew toward noon, the heat, which the breeze on the river had rendered tolerable, descended in its strength. Dense as was the shade of the seringas, there was something awful in the furnace-like breath which pervaded the whole place; something that seemed at once to scorch and dry the blood.

The parlor had a sort of divan on one side, with light lounges of cane; and, to add to the Oriental seeming, there was a veritable *punká* suspended from the ceiling, and worked by a cord in the hands of a fat negress outside the door. Here, with windows and doors at farthest gap, we threw ourselves, quite *sans* ceremony, upon the lounges, and got breath as best we could from the sultry currents which the *punká* set in motion.

At times, the temperature did fairly frighten me: it seemed as if the heat would quite smother us.

Conversation died out naturally, as costing too great an effort. Languor took its place. Thus the hours of midday would generally pass; though this day of our arrival was one of the very hottest. Deliver me from such a climate! I mean to keep out of it as much as possible.

in this world; and as for the next, I hope to find nothing much ahead of the Amazons.

No great nation can ever germinate and mature on the banks of this regal river. Our visit convinced us of this. The climate is really as unfavorable to such development as is that of Hudson Straits.

To the west of the grove and house there was a cotton-field of ten or twelve acres, now in blossom for the second time this year. Through the trunks of the trees I could see the sea of white bolls just bursting, on which the sun shone dazzlingly. This field was planted only the year before as an experiment, — one that bade fair to be a perfect success. Capt. Additon assured us that the cotton thus far produced had been of the first quality, the fibre being very long and white.

Cotton, however, was not the main "staple" here. The reason why no greater clearings had been made lay in the fact that the surrounding forests were made up largely of the seringa-tree, from which comes the India-rubber of the country.

Raed remarked that this rubber manufacture would be a novelty for us all.

"To-morrow, then, you must take a walk along the *estradas*," said our host.

Toward five, P.M., a Southern gentleman named Major Lowrie called, and remained to dinner. He is a co-patriot of Capt. Additon's, and was then engaged in "taking up" a plantation five or six miles above. His own family was still at Para. He had come down in a *montaria*, rowed by a couple of Zummate Indians in his employ.

Major Lowrie, whom we saw occasionally during our visit, is a grave gentleman, heavily mustached, and every inch a soldier. I was not surprised to see that warm, almost fraternal, relations existed between Capt. Additon and himself. They were much alike; and circumstances had invested their characters with a certain romantic interest.

Major Lowrie greeted Wade with almost fatherly warmth; but to us young Northerners he was distant and reserved, and, though scrupulously polite, was never cordial.

CHAPTER III.

The "Custard-Apple." — A Perplexing Question by a Fair Questioner. — The Wicked Darwinists. — Good Bishop M——, and his Opinions. — "Haidee." — A Walk past the "Quarters." — A Botocudo. — Palo. — Wolo. — Scanty Apparel. — The Ape-Man Question.

SIX, P.M., was the regular dining-hour at the *fazenda.*

Major Lowrie dined with us, and afterwards was engaged with Capt. Additon on certain plans for building, &c., connected with his embryo establishment.

But I must not pass over this first dinner, and neglect to mention a kind of fruit which came on with the dessert, and which was so utterly a novelty, that I had never even heard its name. They called it a *chirimoya.* Botanists term it the *Annona tripetala;* but I have since learned that our Yankee skippers and sailors call it a "custard-apple." It has a rough, tough green skin; but, once through this, you come to a delicious soft white pulp, in which are many black seeds. This pulp has the combined flavor of strawberry, pine-apple, pear, and the banana. Those we had would have weighed from three to

five pounds apiece; and I was told that they sometimes grow as heavy as twelve pounds.

Raed was not fond of it; but both Kit and myself thought it delicious. Perhaps we have inherited our taste from some ancestral ape-man who used to feed on them: so Raed told us, jokingly, when we confessed, or rather demonstrated, our *penchant* for this strange fruit, and Louise had herself gone for a fresh supply.

"I wonder if this isn't the sort of apple Eve couldn't resist?" queried Kit.

"You mean the sort that Adam could not refuse," said Louise laughingly, passing him the basket.

"Well, I can't so much blame him," replied Kit with a comical sigh, helping himself to a second *four-pounder.*

"But you don't believe any of this learned stuff about primitive apes, and that we are their descendants, I hope," questioned Louise.

"Ahem!" from Kit, his mouth deep in the juicy *chirimoya.* "That's — that's a leading question, Miss Additon. Don't ask me: ask Mr. Raedway."

"No, no; don't ask me!" cried Raed, plunging into a banana: "ask your cousin Wash."

"What! make me convict myself of heresy?" I protested. "Never! Ask Wade."

"What moral cowards!" cried Louise, turning to her brother. "Wade, are you one of those wicked Darwinists?"

"Not a *wicked* Darwinist, I hope," cried Wade rather gravely. "You should not apply an adjective so condemnatory unthinkingly."

Louise bowed with a show of reverence.

"Thank you, sir! Delighted, I am sure, to have a preacher. Quite a luxury, seeing we have no clergyman here. I can bear all but that — pretty well," she continued with something like a sigh; "but to have no church to go to Sundays, — that is a real hardship."

"I don't doubt it," said Wade. "A church is quite a necessity with ladies. From what I saw in the North, I think the ladies there would soon perish outright if they had no churches to air their new bonnets in Sundays."

"O Wade! that's too bad!" exclaimed Allicia.

"Nor yet in good taste," added Louise. "But not one of you young gentlemen have answered my question. How very forgetful!"

"Your 'wicked' adjective has made it too hard for us," Raed protested.

"But Wade has already *corrected* me for that."

"Well, then," said Kit, now deep in the "custard-apple," "*sparingly*, we are, I suspect, a quartet of young Darwins, and believe that the great ape was the grand progenitor of humanity. Sorry to be obliged to inform you of it, Miss Additon."

"And I am very sorry to hear it," said she. "When I was down at Para (we stopped there a couple of months on our way here), I made the acquaintance of a very fatherly old gentleman, — so benevolent and mild! His hair was white as the snow we never see here. I was very proud of his society; and he seemed to take a great interest in Allie and myself. — Don't you remember him, Allie?"

"Indeed I do!" exclaimed Allicia. "He was a Roman-Catholic priest, — a bishop."

"Ah!" from Raed.

"Yes," continued Louise. "He used to talk with me a great deal on religious subjects. That was after we were well acquainted, and I had told him who we were, and where we were going."

"Wanted to sow the 'good seed' up the river here," Wade interrupted.

"Oh, shame, brother!" cried Allicia. "You have no idea of his beautiful character. I only wish he could visit us sometimes; and, indeed, he almost promised to do so."

"Oh, he did!" laughed Wade.

"And I am sure he would be most welcome!" cried Louise. "I would myself do every thing to make his visits agreeable, — if he would only come. Why, I'm longing to see and hear a clergyman once more!"

"Oh, pray consider me a substitute!" interpolated Kit, wiping his mouth, fresh from the destruction of the *chirimoya*.

"A pretty clergyman you would make, — a world-roving young Darwinist!" cried Louise. "What idea have you — any of you — of a future life, or of heaven?"

"But a scanty one, I do fear," said Raed gravely.

"I was speaking one day of my brother to this saintly old gentleman," Louise resumed, with a suddenly tender glance at Wade. "I told him that he was in the North, getting a 'scientific' education, and associated with some, I feared, very radical young men.

"Then he spoke of the *rash theories* of life and the soul which were prevalent among men of science in the

North, and said — what I could then hardly believe — that my brother would probably become imbued with them."

"No doubt!" cried Wade. "A very shrewd old gentleman."

"He told me," continued Louise, "that such sceptical theories, if adhered to, would infallibly destroy my brother's usefulness, and, he feared, imperil his immortal soul; and he said this with a tear in his eye, and exhorted me to use a sister's influence to make him a *true* Christian."

"Meaning, of course, a good Catholic," remarked Kit.

"He did not say a *Catholic*, but a *Christian*," replied Louise.

"Ah, well!" said Wade: "for his good wishes and his tears, if they were sincere, I hold him in respect. An enlightened Christian, in the fullest sense of that term, I shall always strive to become; but, at the same time, I shall not forget that a Roman Catholic is rarely an enlightened Christian, and frequently the very reverse of it."

"You would hardly have said that of Bishop M——," replied Allicia quickly. "I am sure he was a very *enlightened* Christian. Do you not remember what beautiful words he used to speak to us, Lou? — so well-befitting, and happily chosen! Oh! I do wish he would visit us while you are here: you would then see how good and wise he is."

"I am afraid he would not find my brother as respectful as I could wish," said Louise austerely.

"Indeed!" cried Wade, reddening a little at this thrust. "Louise should know that no guest, least of all a clergyman of any creed, will ever fail to receive due respect at my hands. I might not *worship* him, as ladies do; but Bishop M—— and myself would understand each other at once. If he did me the honor to advise me with reference to my future, I should give the closest attention, and never fail to profit by whatever of good I found in his advice; and in this, my dear sisters, I assure you that I speak not only my own sentiments, but those of my comrades."

To this Raed and Kit both bowed in response; and I could but feel grateful for the happy way in which Wade had spoken for us all. What higher compliment could he have paid us?

To think and speak boldly and independently, in a word, to be a profound radical, without needlessly wounding the feelings of others, is indeed the very masterpiece of social reform. Even sound opinions had better remain unexpressed than be roughly and cruelly expressed. Great truths seem often harsh and hard-featured when first they come to the light. Only a lover of his race is fit to announce them to the world. Announced in scorn and anger, they are but thunderbolts, which injure and affright.

"Speaking of the 'ancestral ape,'" continued Wade, changing the topic, "reminds me of the plantation Indians here, of whom we got a glimpse this morning. For one, I feel a little curious to see more of them. Judging from their looks, I infer that we've come to the right place to get our views on that subject confirmed.

Unless I am much mistaken, I got sight of some of the 'intermediate links' 'twixt man and monkey which some of our zealous divines claim to be wanting. Louise, how do these black Indians live? Can't you show us the way? Come, Allie darling! Come on, fellows! Let's see what father's got here in the man-ape line."

"That is fine, superior talk!" cried Louise, tying on her hat, and fetching a shawl for Allicia. "But you will think better of it when you see them. Why, my maid is a perfect Indian beauty. I've kept her out of sight all day, for fear you would fall in love with her."

"By Jove! that's too bad, Lou!" exclaimed Wade as the rest of us laughed heartily at this sally.

"Do let's see her!" cried Kit.

"Yes, bring out your sable beauty; do!" demanded Raed.

"Not till you each solemnly promise not to fall in love with her," insisted our mischievous young hostess.

"Indeed, Miss Additon," exclaimed Raed, "you do yourself too great injustice!"

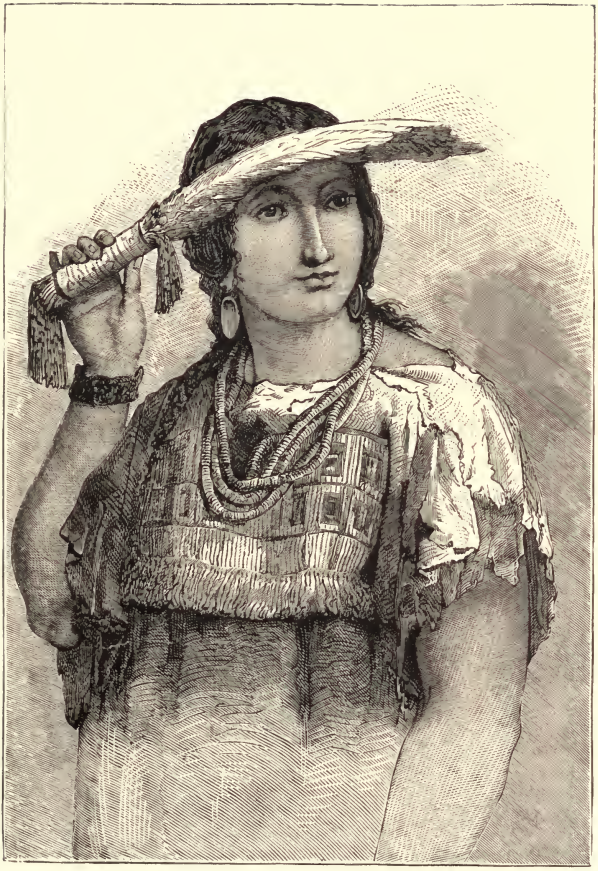
"It would hardly be possible," insinuated Kit, with a glance of such evident admiration, that Louise was fain to cry, "There, there! I'm fully satisfied."

She stepped out into the hall, and pulled a bell.

"I hope you haven't kept the poor girl up-stairs all day, Lou," expostulated Wade.

"Oh! she doesn't mind the heat," cried Lou. "She's been sound asleep all day, I promise you."

"Possibly, then, she may, in that case, require some little time for her toilet," Wade suggested.



HAIDEE.

"Wrong again!" laughed Louise. "She only makes one a week."

Immediately we heard a door shut somewhere in the upper regions. There was a romp on the stairs, in the hall; when there bounced in a droll girl, of whom I have secured a likeness.

Too dusk for a brunette, she was still far from the standard Indian black: in short, an unmistakable *Mestizo* (half-caste,—white and Indian). She bounced in, and, seeing us, raised a feather fan archly over her eyes, thereby displaying a pretty bracelet.

"Myrrha," said Louise, "go to mother, and say that we are going out to the 'quarters,' and ask her if she will accompany us."

Still without a word, Myrrha whisked us a saucy look, and withal a very bold one, and, turning coquettishly, went out at another bounce.

Wade burst out laughing.

"Call her *Myrrha*, do you?" he exclaimed. "What shocking taste! She's *Haidee!*"

"Haidee all over!" cried Kit.

"What do I know of Haidee?" said Louise demurely.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" cried Wade. "I forgot that girls don't read 'Don J——.' But that's Haidee, nevertheless. I couldn't call her any thing else, were I to try."

"Nor I," Kit supplemented. "Image of Haidee!"

"But what an *outre* costume!" commented Raed.

"Yes. Why in the world don't you make her wear a dress like folks?" said Wade. "Why, that *thing*

she had on looked like a great *bag*, with a hole cut in the bottom for her head. Besides, it shows her — her *ankles*, Louise. You must consider that we're just from the North, — from Boston, — where they put pantalets on the *piano-legs*. None of your equatorial nudities before us. Consider my friend Raedway's feelings. See how he's blushing! He never saw so much as one stray ankle in his whole life. There are no ankles — not such ones as 'Haidee's' here — in New England. South Carolina was never quite so mysterious; but this 'Haidee' is far ahead of me."

"Haven't I tried to have her wear a dress?" exclaimed Louise. "But I really cannot keep one on her. She is a perfect — if I must say it — trollop!"

"Why, Louise!" cried Allicia in gentle astonishment.

"Yes, I know," said Louise, looking round to her sister. "A very naughty word."

"Where for mercy's sake did you get her?" Wade asked.

"Father *procured* her at Santarem," said Allicia.

"If she were not so good-looking, and so droll and comical, I would not have her about," Louise explained. "It is of no use telling her what we wish done: she will do nothing unless she happens to feel in the mood for it. Some things she does wonderfully well; others correspondingly ill. Whatever she does, it is to please herself, not us."

"She is very interesting," Raed observed.

"Ah, you think so!" cried Louise, laughing. "Now, what I'm puzzling myself about is, which one of you young gentlemen Myrrha will fall in love with."

"Oho!"

"Yes: when she admires any one, she makes no secret of it."

"Indeed!"

"Fact. Oh, we've had no end of amusement with her! There, sometimes I think she is a great deal like an animal."

"Then perhaps you will yet become of our way of thinking," said Kit.

"Oh, never! Dear, good Bishop M—— explained all about that to me. It is *sin* which makes persons *animal-like*. Man fell from his primitive state of purity; and the way back is hard and long. But we must all work patiently, tenderly, and lovingly: that is what that grand old gentleman teaches. I am sure he must be much like the Saviour."

"Hum!" from Wade. "My dear Louise, you do nothing by halves, I see; but beware of extremes. — Fellows, we can at least congratulate the good bishop on one convert."

"On two converts, in that sense," said Allicia; "for I believed what he told us as much as Lou did."

"*Two* it is, then. I'll send you rosaries for my next present. Come, now, let's pay the *Zamboes* a visit."

Myrrha met us on the veranda to say that Aunt Emma was engaged with Capt. Additon and Major Lowrie. Meanwhile she had donned an immense string of amber beads; and she still carried the feather fan. Wade gave her cheek a playful pinch with that air of careless superiority which seems natural in a Southerner toward a servant. At this she flashed a defiant look,

swished her fan across his face, and cut behind her mistress, where some one gave her ear a pull. I think it was Kit; for I saw her swishing at him with the fan again.

The "quarters," as they called the neat little palm-thatched huts where the Indians slept, were under four or five wide-spreading samaumas, about a hundred rods to the north of the *fazenda*, just on the edge of the forest, where the clearing terminated on that side. These huts, of which there were ten or a dozen, were, for the most part, of circular form, averaging about ten feet in diameter. They were built by simply driving stakes into the ground, and wattling the sides with pampas-grass; palm-leaves furnishing the material for a tolerably tight roof. But near by, and connected with these, was a long frame-building, substantially boarded and shingled. This was the kitchen and "eating-house," where three good meals per day were cooked and served up to the laborers on tables running the whole length of a long room.

The huts were built by the Indians themselves; but the kitchen had been erected under the supervision of Capt. Additon.

On the borders of the forest I saw a stationary steam-engine under a shed connected with circular-saws, where the lumber for the buildings was sawed; and a little farther on there was a stable for mules, of which animals there were eight or nine.

Down by the river, on the south side, and a little back from the wharf, there were two larger buildings, — warehouses for storing the products of the plantation. But,

at present, Capt. Additon's sources of income were mainly from the manufacture of India-rubber from the sap of the seringas, of which trees the adjacent forests were largely made up.

On the following morning we took a trip along some of the various *estradas de seringas* (India-rubber paths), of which some further account is reserved.

The Indians were lounging about the quarters, the labors of the day being now over. Generally they do not work over six hours in a day (from five to six hours), and leisurely at that. They do not seem a race capable of continued labor. Then, too, the fearful heats of midday preclude any great bodily exertion. Lying stretched out under the samaumas, or standing in their hut-door smoking and chatting with each other, they were indeed a *bizarre* horde. No less than five different tribes were here represented. One large-boned fellow, naked save for a pair of duck pants, and these with the legs rolled above his knees, especially drew my attention, from the great hole in his under-lip. Without the least exaggeration, one might have thrust the muzzle of a six-barrelled pistol into the cavity, through which could plainly be seen his under-teeth.

"That's a *Botocudo*," Louise explained to me (we had lingered a little behind the others). "He is from somewhere in the southern part of the empire, father says. That's a custom they have of boring their lips and ears, and putting in *botogues*, or stoppers; and that is the meaning of their name, Botocudo. The women have similar holes in their ears, in which they wear plugs of some light wood, like cork. They sometimes wear a plug

in the hole in their lips in the same way. Horrible practice! — one that nobody can find out the origin or use of, unless it be for ornament."

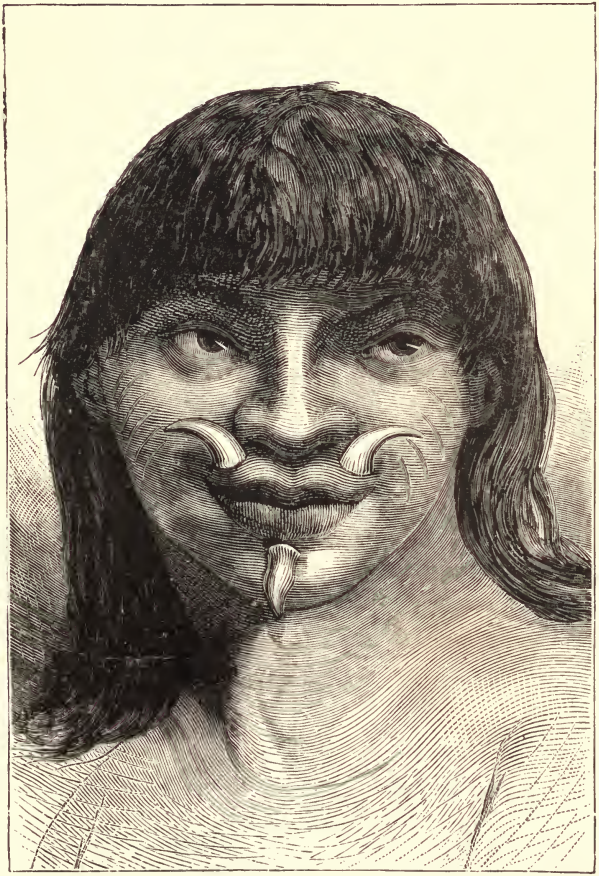
Wade and the others had stopped to speak to another of the Indians, — a very black fellow, similarly clad in duck trousers with the legs rolled up, and in addition a linen jacket, open in front, however, displaying a breast and stomach tattooed in checks. The man was pleasant, and seemed of a gentle disposition. He spoke a few words of curiously intoned English. I heard Allicia saying that he was of the *Mundurucu* tribe, and that his name was Palo.

Still another had what seemed, at first sight, to be three horns growing out of the lower part of his face, — one on his chin, and the two others on either side of his nose. But we soon discovered that these were of wood, after the prevailing fashion. On his cheeks, too, were dark, tattooed stripes. Altogether, these gave his face a grotesque, wild-boar-like aspect; but even this formidable-looking person was a mild fellow.

"He is a *Mura* Indian" (so Louise was saying); "and his name is Wolo."

There were six Indian women about the quarters, belonging, Louise thought, to as many different tribes; for the Amazons valley is the home of very many tribes, some of which are limited to a single village.

The freedom with which these people expose their nearly nude bodies is certainly a little embarrassing when seen for the first time by a Northerner, — in company with ladies too. I really don't know what those prim damsels who put the pantalets on the piano-legs



WOLO.

would have done, had they been with us that evening on our walk past the Indian quarters: probably they would have fainted outright. However, the men all had on trousers, and the women skirts, — short ones. Thus much of clothing Capt. Additon insisted upon, and left other apparel to their own discretion. The most of them would seem to have deemed the above-mentioned garments quite enough. It was much less confusing to see that Louise and Allicia seemed to think it quite a matter of course; and, indeed, it would be altogether a mistake to connect this scanty garb — which the climate not only sanctions, but urges — with any thing like immorality.

As we passed on, Myrrha lingered a little; and, glancing incidentally back, I saw Wolo approach, and give her, with the air of a lover, a pictured cup, which proved to contain cassia-buds freshly gathered from the shrub. The wilful beauty received it much as she had Wade's pinch, and instantly whisked the giver's face with her fan.

Dusk was rapidly falling as we walked back. Some of the Indians had kindled fires in front of their huts; and the red light reflected from these tropical dwellings, and their half-naked bodies, gave a picturesqueness to the scene which I had sometimes read of, but never before seen as a reality. Add to this the mighty "forest primeval," which walled in with dark and lofty woods the little clearing, and the still mightier river in front, sweeping grandly and ponderously on, — altogether giving an idea of such vast and solemn isolation as to fill the mind with awe and loneliness. Even within the lighted parlors of the *fazenda* this sense of wildness and remoteness

still oppressed one. Kit mentioned it repeatedly. Wade thought it would wear off, as indeed it did in a measure. Allicia afterwards told me, that, for the first week after coming up the river, she had scarcely been able to sleep an hour in a night; not from any especial fear, but rather from a sense of far-off loneliness: Louise called it "home-sickness."

As the evening advanced, we went out on the veranda. Beneath the shadows of the grove a perfect blackness enveloped all objects. The darkness seemed almost tangible, the air was so warm and damp. Here and there a brilliant fire-fly flashed its lantern. At intervals, too, the transient gleam of lightning would shudder an instant over the landscape; but we heard no thunder.

Out in the forest, on the east side of the plantation, a plaintive howling was heard, sometimes faint and melancholy, then boisterously noisy, as if from a score of throats.

Presently, as we stood listening to this quaint uproar, Louise joined us. Allicia had retired for the night.

"Oh! those are our howling monkeys," she said in answer to our question. "They serenade us every few evenings: about the only serenades we are like to receive here, I expect."

"Do you ever get a glimpse of them?" Kit inquired.

"Never. They are very shy creatures; and the Indians tell us that they are really much farther off in the forest than they seem to be as we hear them. But I saw one dead about a week ago. An Indian had shot it. And a hideous little black fellow it was! I could not bear to look at it. I could scarcely believe the Indians

ate them, till I actually saw them roasting this one over a fire they had kindled at the edge of the forest."

"I declare, that's very much like cannibalism," Raed remarked.

"According to your theory, it would be bordering on that fearful practice, certainly." observed Louise. "But, then, your theory is all wrong. Our Indians are no more *related* to these little black monkeys than to the jaguars which we sometimes hear off in the woods, — in my opinion."

Raed hastily explained that no one believed or argued that the Indians of the Amazons were descended immediately from the present species of monkeys.

Louise said, that, for her part, she would far sooner believe that the monkeys were the descendants of some savage tribe of dirt-eating Indians, such as were found on the river when it was first explored.

I think that this latter idea was quite original with Louise; though Raed went on to explain that there were two theories of life held at present by *savans:* the first, that of the majority, — namely, that there has been a gradual progress for the better from the very lowest forms of infusorial life up to the larger animals, and man as we at present find him, through millions of years; the second, that man was at first created a perfect being, and, by reason of *sin*, has fallen, degenerated, till in the monkey, the gorilla, and in the other genera of wild beasts, we see humanity fallen, and depraved physically, intellectually, and morally.

The "learned young philosopher," having once got his logic tapped, continued at great length to show why

we should unhesitatingly accept the first of these theories, — the "progress-upward" theory. The second, he declared, was little less than a blasphemy of the goodness of the Creator. In short, we were, in the end, very glad to get away from him, and go to our rooms.

Tiresome fellows, these philosophers! Young or old, they are much alike

CHAPTER IV.

The *Estradas de Seringas,* or India-Rubber Groves of the Amazons. — Louise's *Estrada.* — The *Machadinho.* — Tapping the Trees. — The Milk. — A Self-made Heiress. — Myrrha's Question. — Croquet and Le Cercle. — Smoking the Seringa-Sap. — A Flourishing Business. — Raed asks a Question.

THE Additons, according to Brazilian custom, had chocolate or coffee immediately on rising in the morning, with perhaps some light refreshment, as each fancied. The regular breakfasting-hour was ten o'clock, A.M.

Capt. Additon had invited us to go out with him to the seringa-woods to see the daily tapping of the trees. We were called at sunrise accordingly, and joined the captain in a cup of coffee preparatory to our walk. The girls had not yet come down; but Louise sent Myrrha to say that she would join us immediately *if we would wait.* At which Capt. Additon laughed.

"Louise is something of a rubber-maker," said he. "She has a short *estrada* of her own, which she tends quite constantly. The labor is very light, and the exercise sufficient to make the walk a healthful one. If Allie were only as strong as Louise!" A sigh completed the

sentence, telling how great an anxiety had called it forth. I could but pity the father who feared for his child what he had never feared for himself. Still more did I pity Allicia, transported to this strange damp climate, to be its victim, I felt convinced, and that ere long.

Louise came down, quite the pleasant companion of yesterday. Morning greetings; and we were all fain to take a second cup of coffee with her.

"Now, Myrrha, my *machadinho*," cried this enterprising girl, "and a lump of soft clay!"

Myrrha — on her good behavior this morning — brought them immediately: and we all set off across the clearing toward the forest-line, following a well-beaten path through the wet grass; but, as all had put on rubber-boots, we cared little for the dew.

"Is that what you call a *machadinho?*" Kit questioned, curiously inspecting the narrow hatchet which "Haidee" was carrying.

"Yes; that is the instrument we use for tapping the trees," said Capt. Additon.

"The word itself means *little axe*," I heard Louise explain to Kit a moment later.

"But what do you use the clay for?" inquired Wade, who was fully as ignorant as the rest of us.

"Oh! you shall see, sir," replied his sister gayly. "I shall take care to explain it thoroughly; for I intend to have you help me gather the *sap* when I find the day too hot."

A walk of a few hundred meters brought us to the borders of the forest, which presented a seemingly solid green wall, wattled with vines and broad leaves. Here and

there an entrance, which was as shapely and as sharply defined as a doorway or a small arch, opened into the green wilderness beyond. These doors seemed to have been cut at about regular intervals, and were each numbered on a small finger-post standing hard by.

"No. 15; this is mine!" said Louise, laughing. "I must ask you all to tread carefully, and not step on any of my *tin basins* that you may chance to find under feet."

She went under the archway, and we followed in single file. The entrance proved to be the mouth of a path, which wound on from tree to tree, keeping a generally northern direction, straight off into the forest. To cut this path with a *machete*, or axe, was, as we were informed, a task requiring several days' labor. It could hardly be otherwise; for its sides presented closely-cropped masses of branches, and leaves so dense that the eye could not penetrate it for a yard even. The seringas past which this *estrada*, or path, led, were scattered at irregular intervals: sometimes three or four would be found within a dozen yards; then the path would continue a dozen rods to the next. All these seringas, which, from growing in so dense and dark a forest, are found with their trunks coated with damp moss, had been scraped smooth and clean to the fresh, reddish bark. At the root of each one was a little tin, tumbler-shaped vessel, turned bottom upwards. This was for catching the sap. The *estrada* we were following was much shorter than they were generally cut. It extended back about half a mile only, and embraced or led to about thirty trees in all; whereas the average length of

the paths is about two miles, embracing from a hundred to a hundred and fifty trees.

To tend one of these longer *estradas* is the ordinary work of a single Indian laborer.

But, from its devious windings, we were fully a half-hour reaching the farther end of this short one, which Louise sometimes tended for diversion and exercise. Arriving at the last tree at the end of the *estrada*, Capt. Additon took a bit of clay from the lump which "Haidee" had brought: this he held ready in his left hand; then, taking the *machadinho*, struck it slant-wise, at an angle of about forty-five degrees, into the bark of the seringa, about four feet from the ground, Handing the *machadinho* quickly back to the girl, he took up the little tin tumbler, and fastened it with the soft clay directly at the bottom of the cut, in such a manner that the exuding juice would run into the cup. This was the process of tapping. It was the work of but a moment.

"Now it's my turn," said Louise as we retraced our steps to the next preceding tree.

"Is Lou such an expert?" Wade laughed.

"She has a very lucky hand with the *machadinho*," replied her father, smiling. "She quite surpasses me: I own it."

"The trouble with papa," said Louise, "is, that he hits too hard. There's a 'knack,' as Yankees say, in tapping with the little hatchet. One does not want to cut clean through the bark into the wood. The cut must be almost, but not quite, into the wood, to have the tree run most freely. Now, father's a soldier, and used to

giving hard blows. He deals the poor trees such a *lick*, that he cuts sheer into the wood."

"Oh! that's it, then," said Capt. Additon, a good deal amused, and, I think, not greatly displeased with his daughter.

"Ah! I've seen you wound the poor seringas many a time," said Louise. "And you never remember what you once told me, — that fearful, mortal wounds generally bleed less than lighter ones. I recollected that fact when I came to tap on my *estrada;* and that is why my trees run better than when you tap them.

"There: this is the way I do" (giving the trunk a quick, light blow, and deftly adjusting the cup). "See how the juice pours out!"

Off in the dense woods, both to the right and left, snatches of song, with an occasional halloo and its answering shout, were plainly audible, somewhat muffled by the thick vegetation.

"My *seringeiros* are astir," Capt. Additon remarked; and, in answer to my question, he told us that he had twenty of these *estradas* besides Louise's, tended by as many hired Indians.

"But is this juice, or milk, of the seringa, really the India-rubber of commerce?" Raed asked.

"Not till after it is smoked," said Capt. Additon.

"And that's a disagreeable job," observed Louise. "That is the only part I cannot do. I have to let the Indians do my smoking. Wolo does that part for me, — for Myrrha's sake, I suspect; though I give him an occasional present."

"How's that, Myrrha?" said Wade. "What do you think of Wolo?"

"Haidee" gave her fan a whisk, and tossed her head.

"Wolo's a great, soft, black monkey!" she exclaimed. "Do you think I would care for such a black fellow?"

"Myrrha is very cruel to poor Wolo," said Louise, laughing. "Nothing but a white gentleman for her."

At this speech Myrrha did not scruple to whisk her own mistress in the face with that ever-handy fan. That done, she went on ahead.

"A very singular girl," remarked Capt. Additon. "If you talk in that manner to her, Louise, she will become quite unmanageable."

"No doubt, Louise is hoarding money from her rubber-path," laughed Wade.

"Ah, I'm getting rich, I assure you!" cried Louise. "I always had an ambition to be an heiress. You dreadful abolitionists frustrated that hope" (with a glance at Raed and Kit, at which Capt. Additon looked grave). "But I won't give it up. I mean now to be *one of my own creating!*"

"That's quite a novelty," laughed Wade. "A self-made heiress! About how much? You should give us an idea of your market-value."

"Hum! I do not like much to speak of my *great wealth*," said the merry girl. "However, I can safely set my income at *two dollars* per day."

"Bravo! That's the interest on ten thousand dollars," said Wade. "We may safely rate you at that sum, Lou?"

"Well — yes; I think so," said Louise. "Only I represent that sum rather *in my own person* than otherwise."

"Nobody would for a moment think of appraising you at so low a figure!" cried Kit gallantly. "It would be a burning shame to rate any pretty American lady at less than a million!"

"We are a rich nation, after all, then," said Raed. "No debt can bankrupt us with so many pretty faces on our side of the ocean."

"Haidee" had again lingered to listen to this flow of nonsense, and now whispered to her mistress.

"Myrrha wants to know how much *she* is worth, if I am worth a million," Louise burst out a moment later.

"That's a question we must refer to Wolo," said Wade, stopping to get another pull at her ear.

The next moment he got his face whisked.

"You must not fail to see the smoking process," Capt. Additon said as we came back into the clearing. "But that does not begin until two or three o'clock in the afternoon, — after the milk has ceased to exude, and has been gathered. The *seringeiros* generally get back from tapping at about nine in the forenoon. From that time till noon they rest and take their breakfast. Then they gather the sap, and are ready to begin smoking it by two in the afternoon. To smoke it properly, takes, after starting the fire, not far from two hours."

"Not a very hard day's work," Kit remarked. "An ordinary New-England laborer would do double that amount of work."

"Well, even this is about as much as the Indians here can do, and follow it day by day," replied Capt. Additon. "The Indians are inferior to Irish and Anglo-American laborers, and rather below the negro, as I estimate them;

but much of this is directly traceable to the heat and enervating effects of the climate."

We went back to the *fazenda*, and, after breakfast, lounged in the grove and on the veranda. We had brought with us "sets" both of that silly game, *croquet*, and of *le cercle*, its still sillier counterpart. These we set up for the amusement of the girls, who had few enough opportunities for amusement, Heaven knows! Any thing of this sort was quite a novelty with them. And, if poor Allicia derived something of pleasure and healthful exercise from either, I am sure we were amply repaid for the tiresome monotony of the "mallet's gentle thud," to quote from a recent poetical effusion on croquet.

Thus the morning passed till the fierce heats of mid-day drove us in-doors, perforce, to lie beneath the fanning *wings* of the *punká*.

By three, P.M., the extreme heat had moderated in a measure, and was relieved by the breeze from the river.

"Now, if you would like to see the smoking process," said Capt. Additon, "we shall find the *seringeiros* just returned from gathering the milk."

Protected by broad-brimmed hats of palm-leaf, or *sombreros* of Panama rush, we went out again. This time, Allicia accompanied us. I saw with amusement that our friend Raedway's sedate phiz brightened marvellously at sight of her coming out to join us. Nor could I wonder at it. In her white muslin wrapper and broad hat she was (again let me say that I found it painful to be a first cousin) very interesting; and her seemingly frail tenure of life made us all regard her tenderly.

In the clearing along the woods-line, a few rods out from the entrance of each *estrada*, there were sheds; and from in front of each of these white smokes were now rising in lazy wreaths, and a peculiar odor was diffused around, — the same odor we had observed at intervals while coming up the river, when the breeze set from the shore, — the odor of burning palm-nuts (*Attalea excelsa*, which the Indians call *urucuri*). We drew near to the one numbered "14," that being next to Louise's, and worked by the Mura Indian, Wolo. He had just come in from his long walk along the *estrada*, and was kindling his fire. Near by was set a tin bucket, holding ten or a dozen quarts, and now nearly full of the white sap. For kindling his fire the Indian used dry slivers, and sticks of any sort. But, as soon as it was well ablaze, he brought out a basket of the palm-nuts from under the shed. These nuts are about two inches long, and an inch across. With these he now replenished the fire, and then covered it over with a smoky vessel of earthenware, which had a sort of nose or gap on one side, and an opening in the top (or rather the bottom when the vessel stood right side up) four or five inches wide. The earthen pan itself was nearly fifteen inches high, and of about the same breadth. It thus formed a sort of arch; air being admitted at the bottom, and the smoke issuing densely from the hole at the top.

This done, Wolo brought out from his shed, which served him as a kind of tool-house, a mould, or form, some twelve inches in length by eight or nine in breadth, rhomb or "diamond" shaped, and slightly oval. Over the oval side of this mould he next poured a dipper-

ful of the milk, and, after letting it drip into the pail, passed it quickly into the smoke as it gushed up through the hole in the top of the pan.

Moving it quickly to and fro, he held it in the smoke for perhaps half a minute. By this time the smoke had *set* the milk; and, instead of a viscid white sap, there remained on the mould a layer of fine, tough India-rubber. In a twinkling he had poured over this layer another coat of milk, and again passed the mould into the smoke, and so on thirty or forty times; when the mass was thick enough to form a cake, or, in native phrase, a "skin." The mould is then set aside, and a new one taken if the milk in the pail be not by this time exhausted. It is customary to let the "skin" remain on the mould for at least twenty hours to get thoroughly dry.

When first peeled off, the cakes are of a light-gray color, but gradually turn darker till they become of the color which we are accustomed to see in rubber.

Two coats of the smoked milk will render cloth waterproof. Rubber-shoes require from six to eight coats for the tops, and fifteen or sixteen for the soles.

The milk loses about one-fourth of its weight in smoking; and Capt. Additon told us, that, for three or four months, it often continued to lose a little in weight.

Rubber, to be of the first quality, or "fine," must have no lumps, or clotted milk, in it. Rubber made on wet days is quite apt to contain these clots, as wet coagulates the milk. But, under Capt. Additon's direction, very little poor rubber is made; though the Indians, when working on their own account, often manufacture an inferior article.

The plan has even been tried of sending the milk, as taken from the trees, to the United States in tin cans; but the method was found unprofitable.

There is still another way of making the milk into rubber, which Capt. Additon explained, but which we did not see in practice. It consists of mixing the milk with certain chemicals (the precise nature of which is somewhat of a secret, we were told; though the bulk of the substance is known to be alum), according to a process discovered by Senhor Strauss, who did not live to perfect the invention; but, at present, rubber made by this process is held to be of inferior quality.

All these items of the business we learned from Capt. Additon, while watching Wolo, and keeping as much in the shadow of the shed as possible; for the sun still smote hotly under the lee of the woods.

Including the sap from Louise's *estrada*, Wolo had made two cakes that afternoon, which would have weighed together fully sixteen pounds. The average per day was not far from ten pounds, Capt. Additon said.

"Then, from the twenty *estradas*, there must come about two hundred pounds a day," Wade observed. "Now, father, let me ask a *leading question*."

"Certainly, Wade."

"What is rubber worth a pound?"

"I see you are figuring me up," said Capt. Additon, laughing. "Well, at Para, where I send my rubber direct, I receive about two shillings (English) per pound, or fifty cents, nearly, in United-States money. And I will assist your calculation a little by giving you the

exact number of pounds made here during the year ending with July. I find that I have sent to Para forty-three thousand nine hundred and fifty-four (43,954) pounds, or not far from twenty-two thousand (22,000) dollars' worth."

So handsome a sum from a single product made us all open our eyes a little.

"But the off-sets," observed Wade, — "the freight, and the cost of provisions, wages, &c.: what of those?"

"Altogether, for the same time, the expenses have been but little rising seven thousand (7,000) dollars," said his father.

Wade's countenance rose wonderfully at this statement. To find his family in a state of semi-poverty somewhere up the Amazons, had been, as I all along knew, one of the great bugbears of his life. Surely a net yearly profit of near fifteen thousand (15,000) dollars on the single item of rubber was a soothing fact to start with. It may be remarked, however, that neither the cotton, the cocoa, nor the *mandioca* crops had yet proved nearly so remunerative as the seringa-groves.

I noticed that Raed had fallen into a meditative mood. Presently he asked whether a grant of lands on the Amazons could be obtained by any one proposing to settle for the purpose of rubber manufacture. Capt. Additon replied, that, farther up the river, the president of the province (Amazonas) was empowered to grant half a square league to any applicant intending to settle; and he had no doubt, that, by special application, something better might be obtained, as land up the river had little

market-value. What the country stood most in need of was inhabitants.

"Are these *urucuri*-nuts, which are used in smoking the milk, plenty all about?" Kit asked.

"Generally, they are. The tree is pretty common all along the Amazons and its tributaries. There are localities, however, where it is rare; and it is far from being as plenty as I could wish it here. The *Attalea excelsa* is scattered sparingly all through the tract in my possession, — here and there a tree: but the work of collecting the nuts is considerable; so much so, that I am now bringing the most of those we use from the shore of a lake about ten miles distant, where there is an extensive grove of the trees which no one seems to claim. I have to send a *montaria* every second day for a load; for we use a considerable quantity."

CHAPTER V.

A Morning on the Amazons. — Raed's India-Rubber Project. — How Young Americans need to be educated. — Some Resolves. — The College Steamship. — How shall Funds be raised? — Will there be Opposition? — Wade brings up a rather Embarrassing Reminiscence.

THAT night, Wade had the misfortune to kick his mosquito-net down. The insects — which Kit declared were large enough to be called *birds* — speedily took advantage of this mishap. They set upon him so ravenously, that, long before sunrise, he was glad, after a sharp fight, to get up and dress.

This aroused the rest of us, whose hammocks (everybody sleeps in a gay-colored hammock on the Amazons) were in the same large sleeping-apartment. We all turned out, and, going down to the wharf, got into a *montaria* (canoe) for a smart row up the river.

At this hour of the morning the air was cool. However hot the day may have been, the night is always cool, — a fact owing to the great amount of moisture, probably. The felling of the forests along the river will, no doubt, greatly modify this condition of the tempera-

ture; since these tropical forests are so many sponges for the absorption and retention of the rains.

As we came on to the wharf, Sanders looked out at a second-floor window of one of the warehouses. Protruding over the window-sill was a bayonet, and the muzzle of a carbine. Watchful as a hound, he had heard us instantly from his *kennel*. Raed christened him "Cerberus" at sight.

In Johnson and Sanders Capt. Additon had a very efficient garrison. With their military training, and skill in the use of fire-arms, I would have matched either of them against any band of prowling Indians. A "seven-shooter" carbine and a revolver, in such hands, go a good way.

The river was smooth; but we found the current sufficient to require a constant use of the oars to breast it.

The ordinary *montaria* does not differ much from the bateaux of northern waters; though some of these are made from a single samauma-log, dug out like a Canadian pirogue.

A light mist had risen. The opposite shore seemed far off, and was partially obscured. Here and there a turtle's black head was popped up; and at some little distance up-stream we saw the rough back of a cayman rise to the surface, then make in toward the shore.

"This is a great country," observed Kit, his feelings finding vent in that national phrase of the Yankee.

"Well, fellows," Raed began, in that particular tone which we had come to recognize as prophetic of something important coming "before the house," "I think I've struck the idea at last."

"Good!" we all said encouragingly. "Let's hear it!"

"It is compressed in one word," Raed continued, — "*India-rubber.*"

"But that's two words," objected Kit.

"No; it's a compound word," corrected Raed. "But change it, if you like, to *caoutchouc.* And now let's talk seriously. I believe, that, when we last discussed the subject of *Yachting* in connection with our plan of self-education, we were unanimous in the conclusion that we had solved the problem of *education for our American youth.* What we want is to combine study with travel and observation. All our experience on board the yacht has strengthened us in this conclusion; namely, that it does not pay for a young man to plant himself for four years in a little provincial town like Hanover (Dartmouth), Brunswick (Bowdoin), Amherst (Amherst), Middletown (Wesleyan University), or even at New Haven or Cambridge. However conscientiously he may pursue the studies taught at these colleges, he cannot hope to become *educated* in the best sense of that word. A higher and better method of education is now possible for young men. It is now practicable for young Americans to study, and at the same time travel, and observe men and things, over the whole world; and this may be done in four years' time, at an expense of not over a thousand (1,000) dollars per year for each student. — Mr. Secretary, will you please ship your oar, and read from your memoranda the resolves which embody the substance of our last discussion and conclusions?"

Wade complied, and began to read from his note-book as follows: —

"'Off Fayal, Aug. 10, 187 —'"

"Oh, never mind the preliminaries!" interrupted Raed. "Read the first three resolves then taken."

"Ay, sir. '*Resolved*, first, that the present system of collegiate study in the United States — formulated as it is from the old *monastic* system of Europe — is illy adapted to the wants of American youth of the present century, whose needs urgently demand a radical reform, — one which shall imply something more than a mere change of text-books, or the partial substitution of scientific studies for Greek and Latin.

"'*Resolved*, second, that travel abroad is the most efficient means to a correct education.

"'*Resolved*, third, that the great discoveries of the past century, facilitating locomotion, should be utilized to promote the education of our youth.

"'And, in consideration of the above resolves, it is submitted, that, in place of the old-time college stationary in some retired corner of the country, there be substituted a steamship, equal in tonnage and motive-power to those of the Cunard or Inman line now plying on the North Atlantic, and fitted up with library, lecture-rooms, &c., together with state-rooms and accommodations for a hundred students to a vessel; and having, moreover, attached to each of such college steamers a regular faculty of instruction and government, to include a president, professors, and scientific lecturers.

"'It is furthermore submitted, that the course of study on such a college steamship should extend over a four-years' connection with it, to include four annual cruises.

"'And it is suggested that the first annual cruise comprise a summer voyage into waters north of the Arctic Circle, in order to study glacial action in connection with geology; the summer voyage to be supplemented by a winter voyage to the tropic, — the West Indies and valley of the Amazons.

"'Suggested that the second annual cruise be made into the Mediterranean Sea, to visit Rome, Athens, Jerusalem, Alexandria, in connection with a critical study of the ancient progress of the Indo-European race and its philology.

"'Suggested that the third annual cruise be made to India, China, and Japan, *viâ* the Suez Canal; thence to the west coast of America, and return home round Cape Horn.

"'Suggested that the fourth cruise should be made to Western Europe, — London, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, — in connection with the study of international and commercial law, together with a comparative study of the different forms of government, and a summary of the wealth and resources of modern Europe.'"

"Yes; that's what we talked," said Raed meditatively. "That's the sort of education the young men of this country need. We find the old college system which we got from Europe just as unsuitable to our wants as we long ago found their monarchical forms of government. We want a progressive national system of education. The true American college must be founded in and have the aid of the great scientific discoveries of the country. *It must go by steam*, and embrace a survey of the whole earth. Its character must be thoroughly

cosmopolitan. A few thousand young men educated on the above plan, and infused into the masses of our population, would soon purge out the old-fogyism which now so impedes our national progress. Now, fellows, let's renew our pledges to each other, never to rest till we've established the *future American college.*"

"The only thing we need is money," Kit observed. "We are already in correspondence with over a hundred young fellows who are ready to *enter* our college steamer when once she is afloat."

"I think," said Wade, "that you under-estimate the opposition which so bold and progressive a plan will not fail to excite."

"Why, who will oppose?" Kit asked.

"First and foremost, all the teachers and professors now comfortably settled and *salaried* at our local colleges. They will oppose it from purely personal motives, as a matter of course: they will cry out that it is impracticable, — wholly impracticable!"

"Well, we must expect this, and meet it coolly," Raed remarked.

"Then there is the great mass of clergymen educated at the colleges," Wade resumed. "Not one in five of the clergymen of the United States but would oppose a scheme of education so strongly scientific."

"There I differ from you," said Raed. "I think that the better class of the clergy would support us when once our plan was correctly set forth."

"Well, I hope you are right," Wade replied. "But, when I hear a college-bred clergyman of the Congregationalist denomination devote a whole sabbath morning

to a denunciation of Tyndall and Huxley, I lose faith in them. They generally hang together pretty well, these sectarian clergymen. Then the colleges are all under denominational influence; and hence every sectarian clergyman would think himself doing God's service in working against any thing which tended to depreciate these local colleges."

"Oh! you judge a little too harshly," Raed laughed.

"Well, I honestly hope I do," Wade replied. "Then there is always another sort of opposition, which comes from the great mass of the people, who could not comprehend our plan, and, for that very reason, would resent it and oppose it."

"We care nothing for opposition of that sort!" exclaimed Kit, who had been getting nervous under this array of hostile sentiment. "The thing we need is money. With money we can set them all at defiance."

"Well, that's just it," said Wade. "We haven't got the money, — not enough to do any thing. We must rely on endowments. Now, the men who endow colleges are mostly elderly men of business, — men, as you may say, of the past generation; and they give mainly at the instigation of grave D.D.'s whose classmates they have been in youth. They give pretty freely and generously too, but always to regularly-established schools of the old-time model. It would, I apprehend, be pretty hard to get them to give to any thing else. Men, after they get to be sixty years old, do not have any great capacity, as a rule, for entertaining new ideas, or projecting new and progressive enterprises."

"There are exceptions to this rule, Wade," said Raed.

"We have a few men of the Vanderbilt and Stewart type, who will, I hope, if the plan be rightly and clearly set forth, at once see its grand significance and scope. These are the men we must go to; and it will be fitting that from these great princes of commerce the future American college shall date. A man who deals in the products of all lands will at once recognize the *idea* on which we found our scheme.

"I say, the *future American college;* for we have, as yet, no *American* college: we have only an imitation — and a very bad one to boot — of the English and German universities, which have succeeded the monasteries. Such institutions will never permanently thrive on American soil, for the reason that our young people need an education of a different sort."

"In the first place," said Kit, whose mind leads him strongly to the practical details, "we need funds, either to build or purchase a steamship. Then we need endowments for professorships, and a full board of instruction and government. The expenses of running the vessel must come from the students. One hundred thousand (100,000) dollars per year ought to pay for coal, crew, and provisions. That will be a thousand dollars apiece for a hundred students. The students will be on hand whenever the vessel is. Our American boys are getting their eyes open on this subject pretty wide. They are about sick of wasting their time on Greek, Latin, and metaphysics. The world is the book they need and want to study. I know fifty fellows who will put down their thousand apiece to start with; and we have heard from over a hundred more who are pretty sure they will

go, — got to talk with *paterfamilias*, I suppose. And only see how the students turned out for Prof. Agassiz's school at Penikese Island! The professor is a man who knows what travel and observation are worth, and how little it amounts to for a boy to coop himself up, and merely study *books*. Not a text-book at his Penikese school, I've heard! That's a step in the right direction."

"We must spend the winter trying to get our plan favorably considered by men of the right sort who can forward it," said Raed.

I thought it would be a good plan to enter into correspondence with young men in all parts of the United States, and find out definitely, and to the farthest possible extent, the sentiment of the people — the young people — on the subject; and, in this particular, my comrades agreed with me, that we should seek the earnest co-operation and moral support of every intelligent young American.

"Money is needed; and money must be raised before we can take a step in reality," Raed remarked. "And, if the men who have property to give for educational support will not second us, we must devise some other means to obtain funds. That's what I meant by the *rubber idea*. It came to my mind with a flash last evening, when Capt. Additon was telling us of the rubber-trade, and the ease with which grants of land were obtained on the Amazons. What's to hinder our getting a grant, four of us together, and going into the rubber-manufacture? It is not a business which requires much capital: twenty thousand dollars would start us off

handsomely. We could bring down some good live Yankees from New England to oversee the business, on a salary. I see nothing to hinder our employing four or five hundred Indians to work the *estradas* for us. Six or eight intelligent overseers, on a salary each of, say, two thousand dollars per year, would keep the Indians going. If twenty Indians, well fed and kept at work, will manufacture forty thousand pounds of rubber, giving a profit of fifteen thousand dollars, what will hinder twenty-five times that number from giving a profit of three hundred and seventy-five thousand (375,000) dollars? Surely, the larger the business, the less should be the proportionate expense. But, even supposing the net profit was not so great in proportion as Capt. Additon's by two-fifths, we should still have the problem solved for us. Two hundred thousand dollars a year would charter a steamer, and run it, besides paying a fair corps of instructors."

"What a chance to make a private fortune!" Kit thoughtfully remarked.

"Private fortunes must stay in the background at present," observed Raed. "We are not to so much as think of our own pockets till the *future American college is afloat.* Then we will see about them."

"That's rather hard on Kit," Wade remarked significantly. "But never mind, Kit: Miss Kate is remarkably constant, as I can testify to my cost."

At this unexpected disclosure of private information, Kit got very red, and looked helplessly at us.

Since our winter in Maine on the fox-hunting tour, Miss Edwards's name had never been mentioned by any

of us till that moment. Of course, after reading Raed's scurrilous and shamefully personal volume,* there could be no longer any secret as to where the joke lay that winter. But each one of us had a motive for keeping quiet; and even now the fair lady's name had much the effect of a hand-grenade tossed into our *montaria*.

Raed remarked rather hastily, that he thought coffee would be waiting.

We rowed back down to the wharf in a sort of nothing-to-say silence.

But the rather colossal project of rubber-making, with which Raed had electrified us, kept recurring.

* Vol. V. of this series.

CHAPTER VI.

An Excursion after Urucuri-Nuts. — Crossing the Amazons. — Tropical Trees. — *Igarapés* and *Paranas*. — A Leaf-arched Channel. — White Monkeys. — Lake Castanea. — Louise's Map. — The Urucuri-Grove. — Showers of Nuts. — The Sapucaia. — Brazil-Nuts. — Monkey-Pots. — Louise's Narrow Escape. — An Adventure with Peccaries.

JOHNSON was getting a *montaria* ready to send after urucuri-nuts. While we were taking chocolate, he came on to the veranda for his carbine.

Wade suggested that we should accompany the excursion, if there was room in the boat.

"I was about to propose your going," Capt. Additon observed. "It is a very pleasant trip. My boatmen nearly always have an adventure of some sort."

"Dear me! I hope your arrangement is not going to leave me out!" cried Louise, who had just come down.

"Too bad!" laughed Wade.

"Well, I think so," said Louise with a well-feigned pout. "By the time you've lived here as long as I have, — if you ever do, — you will be glad to make the most of your company, especially when they have been so long coming as you have."

"Cannot Miss Additon go too?" Kit asked.

"Yes, father, take me! don't think of going without me! Let me see: you will want to carry a lunch. I'll go immediately and put you up a *delicious one.*"

"Well, well," said Capt. Additon. "See what your mother says. I suppose you can go. But you know they sometimes see jaguars over there."

"Oh, bugaboo! They are always seeing jaguars. They *talk* jaguars to frighten me, Wade. But I've come to believe that jaguars are all a hoax."

Louise ran off to the kitchen to have a lunch put up.

Her father laughed.

As the *montaria* would be rather crowded with us all, we offered to bear a hand at the oars in place of two of the four regular boatmen. To this Johnson readily assented, grinning a little at the idea of our pulling a *montaria;* but we assured him that we had raised a "white ash breeze" on more than one river of the continent.

Meanwhile, as Aunt Emma and Allicia would be alone during the greater part of the day, Sanders was called up from the wharf to guard the house with a loaded carbine, and an Indian with a Minie-rifle left in his place at the warehouses.

It seemed a little queer to see with what military preparation all movements here were attended. Capt. Additon assured us that he never left the *fazenda* unguarded. He did not know that it was absolutely necessary: still, as suspicious-looking Indians and Zamboes were often passing, he never meant to be found defenceless, rightly judging that to be unarmed is to provoke attack.

Louise soon re-appeared, clad in a short gray walking-dress, her face protected by the usual broad hat, and shod in a brave pair of waterproof boots. Surely, when young ladies will dress thus sensibly, they have no need to be cooped up at home, as they so often complain of being.

We went down to the wharf, where we found the *montaria* already manned, and lying off in waiting. It was a strongly-built craft, of hard, dark wood, and of about two tons burden. A little abaft the middle, a gondola-like awning, or roof, of bent-cane poles and canvas, made a very pretty shelter for our lady-passenger, who could thus sit facing the rowers.

As we were going on a nut-gathering excursion, several large baskets had been shipped, besides the lunch-basket, which Myrrha came scornfully bearing from the kitchen.

"Enough to feed a drove of pigs," she solaced herself by saying, and then settled daintily on the seat behind her mistress, having first set the lunch-basket *on the seat beside Louise*, with an air of bidding her look to it if she set any value on it. We all laughed; at which she gave her head a pert toss, and began to whisk her fan very suggestively.

Wade and I took the rowers' seat at first, in front of the two Indian rowers, — one of whom was the tattooed Mundurucu Indian, Palo; the other a Bolivian Indian, named Manoel.

The sun was just rising *out of the river* far down stream to the eastward, which showed a clear water horizon in that direction.

At first I had supposed the lake where the urucuri-nuts grew was somewhere along the north shore: but Johnson, who steered the boat, turned her head for the mid channel; and I now learned that we were to cross to the southern shore.

To cross the Amazons is something of a voyage in an open boat. Any one who doubts it has only to attempt the feat of rowing across. If he does not thereby acquire an idea of the grandeur and volume of the river, I pity him. Long before we were half across, Wade and I were glad to yield our places at the oars to Raed and Kit. Even at this distance from the sea, the channel is full five miles in breadth, with a current so strong, that the *montaria* had to be kept heading diagonally up-stream to avoid being carried out of her course.

We were fully two hours crossing.

The water is of a pale-yellow hue, and seems to contain vast quantities of alluvial matter. Slowly and surely the mighty river works to carry the continent down to the ocean. On the vast bosom of this queen of waters our little *montaria* seemed but a cockle-shell, buffeted and tossed about quite resistlessly.

To me, the sight of the Amazons, pouring its waters with that strong majestic sweep, will ever be one of the grandest objects in nature.

The opposite bank was heavily wooded down to the very water. The aninga-shrubs, with large, heart-shaped leaves on their tall stems, intermingled with murici-plants of lower growth, formed a thick hedge, over which the lithe gray trunks of seringas and the white columns of the samaumas rose in rank luxuriance; while above

them all towered the gracefully-slender assai-palm, with its light plume of drooping leaves, and bunches of berry-like fruit.

Nor was the beautiful assai the only palm along this richly-clad bank. Here and there a miriti, with enormous fan-like leaves cut into ribbons, which sway heavily to and fro, displays its load of reddish fruit. And, as we pulled along the shore, Capt. Additon pointed out still another, — the jupati, with leaves from forty to fifty feet in length, drooping gracefully over till they swept the tops of the aningas. Through vistas, too, we caught sight of the munguba, with oval, red fruit; and sometimes an imbauba-tree.

What a contrast to the maple and spruce woods of Maine, or the fir-thickets of Labrador!

We had formed no idea, till then, of the rankness and volume of these tropical forests.

A quarter of a mile higher up the bank, a creek opened into the forest, — a channel such as in Louisiana and Mississippi would be termed a "bayou," and in Northern Maine a "spokelogan:" so Kit and Wade explained.

"But the Indians here have still a prettier name for them," said Louise. "They call these creeks *igarapés*, or 'boat-paths.'"

Capt. Additon explained that a bayou was termed an *igarapé* only when it led round the main river again. An *igarapé* was simply a "run-round." A creek leading into the river from the back-country was always a *parana*, or "stream," and was distinguished as to size by the adjectives *assu* and *mirim*, "great" and "small;" as *parana-assu* and *parana-mirim*.

The *montaria's* prow was turned into the *parana*, and was soon deep in the shadow of the forest, which formed a complete arch of foliage overhead, so dense that the creek beneath looked black as ink, and the place had the dim gloom of twilight. It seemed to me that a heavy shower of rain would hardly penetrate this great natural roof.

The channel itself was not more than fifteen feet wide on an average, but so deep that we could not often touch bottom with our oars, even when thrust down close to the bank.

After entering the *parana*, the Indians shipped their paddles, and, taking up some long poles, proceeded to pole the *montaria* along the channel much as our Northern lumbermen pole their *bateaux*.

'Twas like a voyage in fairy-land. Climbing vines and many varieties of gay-colored convolvulus wreathed the trees, and hung pendent from the branches; and a strange blending of perfume was distilled from the white, purple, and bright crimson blossoms. Never had we seen such profusion and luxuriance of plant-life. What in the temperate zone Nature had given but sparingly was here lavished wantonly. No scraggy nook was too poor to be adorned, nay, smothered, with flowers of richest and gaudiest tint.

As we were sped rapidly along by the practised hands of the Indians, a chattering was heard on a sudden; and I caught an instant glimpse of three or four white monkeys scampering off through the greenery overhead. They had seen us, and were dispersing on the instant. Palo caught up his *zarabatana* (a long tube of reed,

through which an arrow is shot by a quick blast of the breath); but they were out of sight before he could bring it to his mouth.

We were a little disappointed in the monkeys of the Amazons. We had expected to find them as plentiful and as bold as red squirrels in a Northern forest: on the contrary, they are the shyest of sylvan denizens. On but few occasions did we even get a glimpse of them; though their howlings at night sufficiently indicated their presence. The reason of this timidity is not far to seek. The Indians hunt them remorselessly for their flesh, which is esteemed very good eating; and so, for that matter, is the flesh of good missionaries by our Fiji brethren.

Here and there, other channels opened into the bayou we were following. The whole region adjacent to the main river seems cut up by these creeks in a network. Often they are surprisingly deep. The Indians cross them on fallen trunks, or on logs which they have themselves cut and thrown across.

About three miles of the bayou had been poled over, when I noticed a lightening-up of the sombre boat-path ahead; and in a few moments we emerged upon a small lake of perhaps six miles circuit. This was the urucurinut lake. Like hundreds of these little expanses on both sides of the river, it has no proper name, and no mention on the maps: so Capt. Additon told us.

"But I have named it," said Louise. "I call it 'Castanea Lake,' because they bring castanea or Brazil nuts from its shores. That is, I believe, a legitimate method of christening, — from some product or circumstance connected with it: is it not?"

"Most assuredly," replied Raed.

"Louise is getting up a map of the country about the *fazenda* here," Capt. Additon observed.

"Bravo! a geographer, as well as a self-made heiress!" applauded Wade.

"Yes, indeed!" Louise laughed. "When it is complete for a distance of a hundred miles along the river, I am going to forward a neat copy to the emperor, Dom Pedro II., if you please. It will go hard if that is not followed by a pretty testimonial from his Majesty. And then who knows but it may lead to my being presented at court some day?"

Wade clapped his hands, and burst out laughing heartily.

"Presented at court! Why, Louise, you talk as if *that* were the climax of a hardly-struggled life, — the grand *finale!*"

"Well," said Louise demurely, "it would be a pretty good *finish*, I think. Most of all things, I should like to see court life. I meant to have lived in Washington some time, if we had been able to stay in the United States; and now the next best thing is Rio de Janeiro.

"Don't imagine that I mean to spend my whole life away up the river here on a *sitio*. After I get rich, — from my 'rubber-path,' — I'm just going to see the world with the best of you.

"If you were as gallant as you ought to be," Louise ran on, seeing us laugh, "you would invite ladies to go with you on your yacht-cruises."

"We have never dared venture to invite them!" cried Kit. "We knew too well that they would refuse."

"You never'll know for certain till you ask!" cried Louise merrily. "I don't see why ladies shouldn't go yacht-sailing as well as gentlemen. I mean to have a yacht of my own one of these days; and I give you all an invitation to cruise with me beforehand."

"We shall be only too happy," said Wade.

"We accept unconditionally!" exclaimed Raed. "And now, though it sounds rather tardy, let me invite you to sail with us for the United States next month."

"Should be delighted, I am sure," said Louise. "I'll see about it. *Were it not for my India-rubber business and my map*, I should accept instantly. But business before pleasure, you know. I don't just like to go out into the world *till I'm an heiress;* and if, meantime, I can only get dear, good Dom Pedro to make me a *condessa* (countess), I shall be quite *en règle*. Then for my yacht, — elegant as Cleopatra's galley, — and away to make the *grand tour de la monde!* Listen! — 'Arrived, last night, the beautiful fast-sailing yacht of the rich young Brazilian Condessa Luiza'! Read that in 'The New-York Morning Herald'! Don't you think it would make a sensation? Wouldn't they send a reporter for *the particulars* immediately?"

"No doubt!" shouted Wade. "Every shoddy family in the city would send a footman to find out what hotel you were stopping at; and it would take an extra detail of police to keep the street open for *swells* driving up and down before it. And, Louise, that is just about what that sort of thing all amounts to, — a noise, and afterwards nothing. Better far engage with us in a noble attempt to found what my friend Raedway here calls the *future American college.*"

"Yes; and, after I had helped found it, you wouldn't admit me into it, because I am a girl!" retorted Louise.

That was a stunner; about the hardest shot I ever heard fired by a lady. It fairly knocked Wade out of time; and Capt. Additon laughed such a laugh as made me anxious for his waistband.

Raed came rushing prosaically to the rescue, protesting that ladies should have equal rights and privileges in the "college of the future." But none the less did Louise enjoy her victory, secretly conscious, no doubt, that she had demoralized us. Malicious things, these girls!

By this time we were half way across the lake, which, at this point, was nearly two miles in width.

Wade and I relieved Raed and Kit at the oars; and the *montaria* soon neared the sandy shore, where a little jetty, consisting of two sets of crotched stakes driven into the bottom, across which were laid strong poles to support a few loose planks, had previously been made to facilitate the loading of the nuts.

Here we landed.

The beach was sandy back for near a hundred yards; the fluctuations of the lake level, corresponding to those of the Amazons, and hence varying greatly through the year. This beach was bordered by various tropical shrubs, many of which were entirely new, and strangers to us. Back of these rose the rank, virgin forest, unbroken around the whole lake, so far as we could see, by a single habitation. Louise at once pointed out to us the urucuri-palm (*Attalea excelsa*), which here made up near half the woods, — a graceful, noble tree, more than a

hundred feet in height on an average; a true palm, though its leaves are neither so long nor so broad as those of the miriti.

The shore rose gradually to some low drift-hills back half a mile from the lake. Along this slope grew the grove of which Capt. Additon had told us.

Johnson and the two Indians immediately set off to the nearest of the trees with their baskets. At this season they expected to find enough on the ground without climbing for them. Going up across the beach, the rest of us set off on an excursion of an aimless sort, save to see and admire the rich and unending variety of the forest. Urucuri-nuts lay thickly amid the fallen foliage, which here forms a deep stratum, and into which one sinks ankle-deep with every step.

I cut one of the nuts open with my pocket-knife. The "meat" was plump and *crumpy*.

We all tasted it.

"Fair," Kit pronounced.

"We should have thought any thing like this a godsend when we were left on Labrador," Wade remarked.

"Do better for pigs than for humans," was Raed's comment.

"Countless thousands of tons of these nuts rot amid the leaves here every year," said Capt. Additon. "Utilized, there is vast wealth in them. Ah! this river-basin is as nearly a paradise of vegetable products as I can imagine. There wastes every season here untold wealth, if it could be realized and made merchantable. Palm-nuts enough go back to the soil, every year, to pay the

whole expense of our *unavailing struggle for liberty* during the whole five years of war. If our impoverished people at the South could but reap this rich bounty, the past might yet be repaired, and our necessary bankruptcy redeemed.

"Brazil was our only hope at the end of the war. If our people could only have united in this grand scheme of emigration as cheerfully and patiently as during the years of war, we should have set our hard fate at defiance, and risen superior to defeat. In this rich region we should have speedily become a wealthy and all-powerful people, — a nation at the head of all lands!"

A stern, melancholy fire burned in the man's eye, speaking of a purpose so single and unswerving, that I could but admire as sincerely as I deplored it.

Wade waxed quite uneasy as his father pronounced this semi-soliloquy.

We all felt constrained and embarrassed.

"I have heard that these nuts are often fed to pigs," Louise observed carelessly, as if in answer to Raed's remark, and quite overlooking her father's gloomy revery. "Pigs are said to be very fond of them."

"Here's the champion place for hog-raising, then!" exclaimed Kit. "Feed all on the ground. All the raiser would need do would be to herd them. There's another chance to make a fortune, Raed! What say to hog-raising, or, in ornate phrase, *porciculture*, in the valley of the Amazons?"

"Don't doubt that there may be money in it," said Raed; "but I should wish to leave it to those who would find it a congenial pursuit. Never much admired hogs myself."

Wade said that he had all along suspected that Raed was of Hebrew extraction, which naturally cropped out in hog-hating.

Alternately with the urucuri stood the sapucaia tree (whence comes the sapucaia of commerce). From these the seeds, or nuts, were falling constantly, as acorns and chestnuts fall after a sharp frost in autumn at home. The decayed foliage under foot seemed fairly packed with them. Now and then an empty pericarp, or shell, in which the nuts grow, and which opens at the bottom as they ripen, would come tumbling and bumping down.

It was easy to see that money might be made here by collecting these nuts in large quantities. What enterprise more easy of execution (now that the Amazons is open to navigation) than to ship a gang of our negroes at home — who would not suffer from the climate — on a nut-gathering voyage here? A moment's calculation will show that any enterprising young skipper, with a stanch schooner at his command, might soon accumulate a fortune.

Louise told us that these empty shells of the sapucaia-nuts are called "monkey-pots," and that the common name for the tree among the Indians is the "monkey-pot tree."

The growth on this slope was far less encumbered with vines and parasitic plants than on the lower and damper ground. As we drew toward the summit of the low hills, the forest was as open as are our oak-groves in New England. A slight wind rustled over; when the sound of the falling nuts resembled the first burst of a summer shower

on dry leaves in a woodland. The urucuri-nuts and the sapucaia-seeds pelted us like hailstones; only far more plentifully than hailstones are generally showered. And we had come near making the acquaintance of still heavier missiles; for there suddenly shot down between Miss Louise and Raed, who were standing close together, a projectile as large as a small pumpkin, which buried itself in the soft earth with an ominous thud. It had come so near as to graze Louise's arm, and startled us all considerably. Capt. Additon, who was a few yards behind with Kit, had caught a glimpse of it; and he instantly called to us to dodge back.

"You are under a Brazil-nut tree," he said.

We retired very hastily with fugitive glances up to the tree-tops.

"Safe, here," said Louise, stopping beside a great white trunk. "This is a samauma."

"What for pity's sake was it that fell?" cried Kit. "A dry knot?"

Louise laughed.

"Looked like a big cocoanut," Raed observed.

"It was a burr, or pericarp, of the Brazil-nut tree," said Capt. Additon. "The Brazil-nut tree (*Bertholletia excelsa*) differs from the sapucaia in that it drops its fruit while still enclosed in the burr; and the great pericarp, packed with the heavy nuts, is really quite a ponderous affair, especially when it falls from the top of the tree, — a hundred and a hundred and fifty feet. You have certainly had an escape, Louise, — an arrow one. Indians are sometimes instantly killed by being struck on the head by these burrs."

"We need some of their 'helmets,'" Louise remarked. "When they go out nut-gathering, they put on a great cap stuffed with wild cotton to break the force of the blow if they chance to be struck. And the Indians say, too, that monkeys are never seen under a Brazil-nut tree."

"Then there is one proof more that monkeys *reason* the same as do the Indians themselves," remarked Raed.

Kit had stolen up, and, with an occasional wary upward glance, was digging out the fallen burr. Presently he lifted it out of the hole it had made for itself, and brought it back where we were standing. The rough brown shell was very firm and thick; and it required repeated blows from the butt of the carbine which Capt. Additon had brought along from the *montaria* to break it open; and even then, so closely packed were the nuts, that they did not readily cleave asunder.

Within this single shell there were no less than two quarts of the nuts. What a *find* the boys of a New-England town would have thought it! Here they fall and rot unnoticed, unnumbered tons of them.

"I wish 'The Rambler' was up here in the river," said Kit. "What a store of these nuts we would lay in! We would give all our friends at home a bushel apiece."

"Yes, sir!" cried Raed on a sudden. "We might collect a hundred tons of these nuts here this season, as easily as not, by hiring Indians to work for us! We could take them along to New York just as well as to carry ballast. At lowest wholesale prices, they would be worth ten dollars per hundred-weight there; and a hundred tons would be worth — let me see — why, fellows, would be worth twenty thousand dollars! What opportunities to get rich are lying loose all about here!"

"You are quite right," observed Capt. Additon quietly. "The Amazons is a mine of wealth. All it needs is opening up by men of enterprise and energy. A hundred thousand men of that kind might settle on this river, and, in twenty years even, become the most powerful State in the world. Wealth will buy armies and navies; and there is no end to the wealth that a far-seeing and indefatigable man of business might accumulate here in a quarter of a century."

From conversation of this sort it was easy to discover what had been Capt. Additon's hopes and dreams when urging the Southern planters to emigrate *en masse* to the Amazons. In neglecting it, they undoubtedly let slip their only chance of retrieving their defeat, — for the best, no doubt; though, in view of the troubled condition of society in the South, a patriot might sometimes almost wish they had gone, bag and baggage. Slavery they could never have perpetuated beyond the present century; and to have had the Amazons the seat of a great exporting trade would have been of vast benefit to the world. Thus in the past was Carthage founded, and Rome itself. One thing is certain, — that the present Indian and Brazilian population of the Amazons will never develop its resources: it will be the work of Northern men in the end. Add to this the fact, that no country on earth offers so lucrative rewards for capital and systematic labor. Even with our own imperfect conceptions of the world's trade, we were every day impressed more and more by the great money-making facilities which here run to waste.

After our little adventure with the Brazil-nut burr, we

learned to walk shy of the *Bertholletia,* and pick it out by its trunk from among the sapucaias and urucuris, among which it was mixed promiscuously on this slope. From the summit of the low drift-ridge we could look down a corresponding slope on the southern side to where a swamp with its impenetrable jungles began. It was a grand thought to know that for a thousand, nay, perhaps two or even three thousand, miles southward from where we stood, this same wilderness stretched off sombre, rank, and unbroken.

As we stood here talking of the vasty realm before us, the wind, hushing its fitful gusts for a moment, caused a lull in the patter and rattle of falling nuts; and we became conscious of another sound, — a deep, rustling, and munching noise, which seemed at no great distance ahead; and, looking closely, I saw that the whole surface of the ground, or rather of the dead leaves, was in a curious, disturbed state, as if afloat on running water.

Kit picked up a "monkey-pot," and threw it upon this wriggling tract. Instantly there bobbed out from under the buttressed roots of a samauma a brown-black animal, looking for all the world like a rather gaunt, big-headed pig of about seventy-five or a hundred pounds weight. Seeing us standing there, it at once uttered a sharp *rah-rah! reh-reh-reh!* followed by a growling sound not unlike a big dog when in disturbed possession of a bone.

Immediately, to our surprise, no less than a dozen black snouts were poked up from out the dead leaves all about where we had heard the rustling noises; and, catching sight of us, they scrambled out, and ran all

together about the one that seemed to have been on sentinel-duty at the foot of the samauma.

"Peccaries!" exclaimed Capt. Additon, — "a whole herd of them! Rooting out sapucaia-nuts under the leaves."

They were queer-looking creatures as they stood there, fifteen or twenty of them, with snouts held low, observing us quite in silence out of their little red eyes.

"Here's hog-raising for you, Raed!" laughed Kit. "Why, pigs pop up here full-grown out of the soil!"

Wade had quietly whipped out a revolver, which he sometimes carried. The distance was not more than thirty or forty yards. Before we had even seen what he was up to, he fired so on a sudden, that we started sharply at the report.

"Oh, you shouldn't have fired!" exclaimed Capt. Additon hastily.

This advice came all too late. The shot had been very cleverly made. One of the peccaries had squealed out, and was spinning round, making a terrible outcry. The others whirled about, ran off a little way, then stopped, grunting noisily. The one wounded dropped partially on its haunches, and began to make a wheezy barking; at which the others ran up to it, and, instead of offering it succor, began to rend and buffet it, and soon trampled it under foot.

"We had better get away while we can," said Capt. Additon. "They are growing angry; and there come six or eight more running up. We have stumbled upon a whole drove of them."

"You do not mean to say that we cannot beat them off?" said Wade incredulously.

"Indeed he does!" cried Louise, gathering her skirt in one hand, and starting hastily back; while Myrrha scuttled away like a hare.

"Humph!" laughed Wade, revolving the chamber of his pistol. "I reckon we're good for them."

But I noticed that numbers more were running up, and that they gathered closely together in a defiant and threatening attitude.

"Guess we had best be off!" muttered Kit to me; and, being quite unarmed, we started after Louise, who was almost out of sight already among the tree-trunks, going straight for the boat. Raed came close behind us. Capt. Additon and Wade lingered a little to observe the peccaries, and bring up the rear in case they came after us.

Within forty rods, Kit and I came up with Louise, who had stopped to take breath, and was leaning against a tree, panting.

"Oh! are they chasing us?" she exclaimed.

Kit said laughingly that he guessed they wouldn't hurt us much.

"Ah, but the Indians tell such dreadful stories of them!" cried Louise.

Raed came up, laughing as well; but at almost that same instant we heard two quick shots, and saw Wade and his father running toward us, turning every few steps, and running backwards.

"Run! oh, run, run!" Wade shouted as he caught sight of us.

And then we did run in earnest.

Louise flitted on between the tree-trunks like a veritable wood-sprite. Raed and I could give her little assist-

ance, and, indeed, had about as much as we could do to keep up with her. Kit had picked up a stray club, and fallen behind to help fight it out if necessary. But both he and Wade, with Capt. Additon, had soon very nearly come up with Louise and myself. We dared not stop to look behind us now; but a mighty snapping and rustling, accompanied by a rumbling of the ground, and now and then a sharp squeaking, were but too plainly audible.

I suppose that we were all pretty badly frightened: it is very demoralizing to run and be chased; and the peccaries did follow us wonderfully close. From the place where Wade had first fired at them to the shore where the *montaria* lay was more than half a mile; and the dead foliage made the running unusually difficult. But not once after our second start did Louise pause till we came out on to the sand-beach.

There we were met by Johnson and the two Indians, who had heard the shots, and were coming to the rescue armed with paddles and poles; but, when they saw the peccaries, the Indians turned short round, and ran for the *montaria*, where we, quite breathless, with Myrrha, who had far outstripped us, had taken refuge.

Everybody was shouting and exclaiming; and, on coming out upon the beach, Capt. Additon turned, and fired several shots one after the other; and Wade emptied the remaining chambers of his revolver: so that altogether there was a prodigous uproar, which added to the excitement. And in the midst of it there streamed out in plain sight on the open beach the whole foaming, squeaking drove of peccaries. Kit, Wade, and

the rest came clattering over the jetty, and threw themselves into the canoe; while Raed and I as hastily shoved off.

"Safe!" panted Louise, quite doubled up with fatigue.

"Will they not swim out after us?" Kit anxiously demanded.

"*Nao tem medo, mia branca,*" replied Palo ("Don't be afraid, my white"); and Capt. Additon at once confirmed the Indian's opinion.

"The peccaries abhor water as greatly as a cat," said he. "They will hardly swim after us."

But, from the savage manner in which they poured down to the very water's edge, one might well have feared it. They drew up, however, and stood in a compact body, so closely wedged together as to appear only a mass of dark, hirsute forms, their snouts turned upward. There were several hundreds of them; and their gruff barks and continued growls, together with their sharp squeaks and squeals, made a singular, wild medley of sound.

Their little fiery eyes seemed fairly bloodshot with rage; and we could see the flakes of foam fly up from their wicked little black jowls. The grating of their tusks was distinctly audible from where the *montaria* lay, off fifty or sixty yards from the shore. Woe to the poor wretch whom they should succeed in surrounding! He must speedily climb a tree, or be torn in pieces. They would show little mercy.

Wade had taken no extra cartridges: but Johnson had brought powder and slugs for the carbine; and he now fired several times, killing or wounding a peccary

with each discharge. One had only to fire into the herd, and be sure of hitting some of them.

But an equally effective weapon was Palo's *zarabatana*, with its slender arrows, each tipped with a poison so virulent, that, on being struck and wounded never so slightly, the animal would soon fall in a death-agony. For aught I know, this may have been the famous *wourali* poison. Altogether the noiseless *zarabatana* seemed to me a very ugly and lethal weapon. I should much dislike an enemy armed with one of these tubes.

Palo told us that even the jaguar does not dare to attack the peccaries when in a herd: his only chance of capturing one lies in stealing upon it while rooting for nuts under the leaves.

We wished very much to secure one of the carcasses of those we had killed, to try its flavor, since the Indians esteem it good eating; but the hostile attitude of the drove on the beach obliged us, from motives of prudence, to keep off.

While we were walking in the woods, Johnson and the Indians had gathered about fifteen bushels of the urucuri-nuts, which quite filled the bottom of the *montaria* at one end. With these Capt. Additon had to be content this time.

We left the peccaries in full possession of the grove, and rowed languidly back across the lake; for it was now about eleven o'clock, A.M., and the sun was getting toward the zenith. Entering the cool *parana*, we let the *montaria* lay in one of the deepest shadows for several hours, — till the sun declined, and the breeze had risen, — troubled a little by mosquitoes and *piums*. Here we

shared the lunch, congratulating ourselves at length on our escape from the peccaries, and complimenting Louise on *her rapid paces.* Wade declared that he had never considered his family "fast;" but he did believe that Louise had a good deal of natural speed.

"What think of Myrrha, then?" Louise rejoined, laughing afresh as she recalled the alacrity with which the pretty Meztizo had cut away at the first alarm.

We all had to laugh at poor "Haidee;" though several of us got our faces *swished* for our temerity.

"But who couldn't run with feet so free of shoes and stockings?" Wade went on aggravatingly.

At this innuendo, Myrrha seemed at first very angry; then she subsided into a watchful mood, eying us askance from time to time. And I may state here, that she came out next morning in hose and boots, — a thing which Louise assured us she had never previously been able to coax her to do. Do not tell me that boys and girls should be educated apart, after that!

"There, I am so glad Allie was not there!" Louise kept saying. "She never could have run so — as we had to!"

All the afternoon, Louise continued to find matter for thankfulness in this fact. Fortunate it doubtless was.

Not till after three o'clock did we venture to row out into the river to cross it.

It was nearly six when we at length arrived at the *fazenda,* well tired with our day's jaunt.

It will hardly be necessary to remind our readers that there are two varieties of the peccary, — the white-lipped

peccary (*Dicotyles labiatus*) and the collared peccary (*Dicotyles torquatus*). The herd with which we fell in were of the latter variety, having a faint band of lighter colored bristles about the neck; though in many individuals this "collar" was hardly distinguishable.

CHAPTER VII.

An Alarm in the Night. — Arming the Indians. — A Revolver in Fair Hands. — River-Thieves. —The Mandioca-Fields. — Making Farina. — Tapioca. — Tucupi, or Indian Whiskey.

THAT night we had an alarm.

A few minutes after two in the morning, the sudden discharge of a musket wakened us. It was followed, a second later, by another report, startlingly loud in our room, where all the windows were at full gape. Three or four more discharges followed in quick succession. They came from down at the wharf. We leaped out of our hammocks, and threw on pants and coat in a jiffy.

The whole house was astir; and a great shouting and clamor had broken out over at the quarters.

As we tore down stairs, we ran against Capt. Additon, rifle in hand, in the hall. Sanders stood at the open door with carbine at a "present arms;" would not budge without orders: so much for military discipline.

"All's well here!" exclaimed Capt. Additon. "Go support Johnson!"

Sanders disappeared on the instant through the seringas — for the wharf.

A match blazed, and the hall-lamp was lighted. The next moment Capt. Additon had thrown open a long heavy chest which I had often observed in the hall. The light flashed upon a dozen bright rifles neatly arranged on supports inside it; loaded too. We each seized upon one without orders.

"Wade, you and Raedway with me to the wharf!" said Capt. Additon.

"Mr. Kit on guard upon the veranda! Wash, stand by the arms-chest, and arm the blacks as they come up!"

He was gone in a moment: indeed, scarcely a minute had elapsed since the first musket-shot.

Then came a vengeful blaze of light. A rocket had gone up. I saw it through the trees, turning over high up in the air. It was followed by two sharp reports, and then by a third.

Manoel and Wolo, accompanied by Palo and two others, came running up from the quarters, and rushed into the hall. It needed but a nod from me to have them take each a rifle, and fall into line on the veranda, before the door, where Kit was pacing back and forth, peering anxiously into the gloom to wharfward.

Another rocket streamed far up, and off over the river. A fourth shot cracked. The rocket's glare showed the Indians standing martially like soldiers. They had been drilled in this manœuvre previously, as I learned afterward.

Glancing up the staircase, I saw Louise standing at the landing above, quite quiet and observant.

"Do you know what it is?" she asked, coming down a step.

I had very little idea.

We all stood listening, and on our defence.

Presently there was a quick step along the path through the seringas.

"Halt!" shouted Kit.

"Friend!" replied Wade's voice; and he came in, laughing.

"What was it?" we all asked in a breath.

"Oh, nothing — much!" said he. "Only somebody trying to steal the *montarias* lying at the wharf; some river-thieves."

"I thought it might be that," said Louise.

"Yes: they came silently down in a *cuberta*, three of them, and would have got both the boats had they not been chained and locked. The noise they made trying to pull out the staples in the stern-post waked up Johnson."

"Let me run and tell mamma and Allie," said Louise. "They are all in a tremble up in their room."

She turned, and ran up the staircase; and, as she did so, I caught an ominous glitter of something she held in her right hand, partly concealed by the folds of her skirt. *It was a silver-handled revolver.* Kit saw it, and winked to me. I think that Wade got a glimpse of it too; for I saw him grin a little foolishly.

Capt. Additon and Raed came in a good deal elated and amused; and Louise rejoined us on the veranda. She *had put away her pistol.*

"But what were the rockets for?" I asked.

"I thought best to give them a good frightening," said Capt. Additon dryly. "So we burned a couple of

'candles' to light up the water, and fired after them as they pulled off."

"'Twas fun to see the scamps *dig to it* to get away!" exclaimed Raed. "They did paddle lustily, with the bullets flying round their ears."

"Did they shoot back?" Kit asked.

"Johnson says they fired back after his first shot," said Wade. "They had got one of the *montarias* loose, and were working at the staple of the other, when he heard them."

"I hope you did not kill any of the poor wretches," Louise said.

"No: I don't think we hit any of them," said her father. "I, for one, did not take very particular aim."

"Nor I," said Raed.

"Nor I," laughed Wade; "but I think old Johnson did."

"I should not wonder much if he shot as sharply as he could," said Capt. Additon, smiling. "They had fired a bullet at him, which hit in the casing of the window where he was standing. That raised his temper a little, probably."

"He did let the bullets go after them lively!" exclaimed Wade. "'Twas worth the scare to see him shoot."

The Indians under arms at the door were dismissed, and the rifles locked up again in the chest. Raed gave me a nudge as we replaced ours: they were fine Minie-rifles of foreign manufacture, such as not unfrequently found their way into Charleston and Wilmington through the Federal blockade of 1862–64.

In an hour we were back in our hammocks again, ready for a morning nap after our adventure of the night.

I could not but be impressed by the military precision and coolness shown by every one connected with the *fazenda*. Never did household behave better. The promptness with which loaded rifles were in hand, and ready to use, was something remarkable. A company of disciplined troops could hardly have responded to the "long roll" in better time and order than did everybody in the house at the first alarm from the wharf. I think Wade was somewhat proud of this martial spirit. Possibly he was proud of Louise's revolver: for my own part, I was astonished at it.

That morning we went out with the young ladies to see the mandioca-fields on the eastern side of the clearing. This plant, which botanists figure as the *Jatropha manihot*, is best known to Northerners from its commercial derivatives, — farina, cassava, tapioca. Under cultivation it reaches tobacco size. The farina, cassava, and tapioca are from its bulbous roots.

Connected with the fields was a large, long shed, palm-thatched, where the Indian women were already at work preparing *farinha*.

Some idea of the importance of this plant may be obtained from the statement that it furnishes the only *flour* of the Amazons Indians, and, to a great extent, of the Brazilian residents. All their bread is made from it. Of the farina and tapioca of commerce I have no need to speak.

The roots are dug like potatoes; then peeled, and grated on a very coarse grater. In this condition — that

of a coarse paste — it is put into long, slender straw bags, made of the fibres of the jacitara-palm. When this bag, which is provided with a loop at each end, is filled, the women hang it on the branch of a tree, and pass a lever through the lower loop, and into a hole in the tree-trunk below. They then bear their weight on the lever, and, thus squeezing the bag, express the juice. The residue of pulp is then turned out, and dried in clay ovens made for the purpose, and sometimes in the sun.

Tapioca is made of the same grated mandioca-root, first mixing it with water, and passing it through a sieve. The fluid is then set to settle, when it leaves a deposit like starch. This, broken up, is tapioca. The Indians make it into a sort of porridge, of which they are very fond.

From the juice which is expressed from the grated roots they make a drink which is called *tucupi*. There was a gourdful of it in the shed; and we all tasted of it.

"Not so bad!" smacked Kit.

"Rather more 'fuddle' to it, Kit, than there was to your 'sweet cider' even," Wade commented, — a reminiscence which made Raed laugh considerably.

Louise told us, that, when first expressed, this juice is poisonous; but that, after fermenting, it becomes the whiskey of the Amazons.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Fortnightly Mail-Bag. — Letters. — What our Young Fellow-Citizens think of the Steamship College. — Can we raise a Million of Dollars? — Will Com. Vanderbilt give us a Steamer? — Prof. Agassiz. — "Oliver Optic." — Will Uncle Sam give us a Vessel? — Hints from Mr. H. C. Lewis. — Mr. Champlin's Opinion. — Miss Louise as our Missionary to the Land of the Golden God.

THE Additons had a very good library; and, from being so much isolated from the world of fashion and pleasure-going, the girls had made, and were constantly making, a pretty thorough use of it.

Though two years younger than Wade, Louise, save in the single respect of scientific books, had read more extensively than any one of us young gentlemen, as we gradually found out, sometimes a little to our mortification. Except on religious topics (in connection with Roman-Catholic bishops), her opinions and ideas were remarkably sound. And where is the girl whose opinions are sound on these exceptions? Young ladies are either a good way behind, or else a good way ahead, of young men in this particular: it seems to me it is behind.

That afternoon a steamer lay to off the wharf, and landed the fortnightly mail-bag. By special arrangement,

Capt. Additon had contracted to have his mail, together with that of Major Lowrie and others, forwarded from Para, by steamer, semi-monthly. Better than this could not be effected at present.

The opening of this mail-bag in the library was something of an event with us. Everybody stood expectant. It was stuffed with papers, magazines, and letters. Our own mail, forwarded from "The Rambler" at Para, had come, — a whole packet of letters from young gentlemen in all parts of the United States, mainly relating to the steamship-college movement.

It was truly encouraging, and quite remarkable, to read how unanimous were all our correspondents in support of this idea. Some of the letters were quite electric with enthusiasm.

It is very plain that the youth of this country will respond most heartily to the proposition. The only trouble is with the old gentlemen, who hold the purse. Our young men are rarely rich enough to go into heavy endowments like those we need to start the steamer. And there we stick; for, until we can build or purchase a steamship, nothing can be done but talk.

"One thing strikes me as a hopeful symptom," Wade observed, after a long pause occupied with letter-reading. "Our friends seem well aware of the cost, and of the difficulties to be overcome. Hear this from Theodore T. Waite of Albany, N.Y. After going on to count up the cost of steamer, library, &c., he says, 'It would be no use to start with less than a million dollars. A great deal depends on having it first-class right through, with the best of instructors, — men of note and experience

in the scientific and literary world. We should ruin the enterprise by starting it out in a second-class steamer, or with meagre accommodation and indifferent teachers. It is a great idea, and must have every thing about it on a grand scale. That's the way to have it *take*, and command respect from the outset.

"'How to raise the necessary million is indeed a problem. But let each one of us give one hundred dollars, and act as an agent for the *college* by getting his friends to give each an equal sum. As there are now over a hundred of us in league on the subject, I think a large portion of the amount might be made up by subscription among young men, without troubling the "governors" at all. Of course we should need to organize, and appoint a treasurer and trustees to take charge of the funds as they were raised. What think of this way of starting it?'"

"It would be quite impracticable," Raed observed meditatively. "I doubt whether one-quarter of that sum could be raised in the way he proposes. Besides, we *want to 'trouble' the 'governors.'* We want the co-operation of every *parent* in the land. It is not a mere boys' project. It is something in which every educational man in the country ought to be interested; and, if he be not *now* interested, — why, we must *make* him so. It is the business of every man with a family of sons to seek out the best means of giving them an education. This proposed college steamship offers the very best means, if supported: therefore every father in the United States ought to support it to the extent of his actual ability."

"Here's a plan of another sort," interrupted Kit.

"William L. Everleth of Brooklyn, N.Y., writes, 'There is one man who can set the ball in motion for us; and I think it not wholly improbable that he would do so, if once his ear could be gained, and the plan be correctly set forth. That man is Com. Vanderbilt.'"

"That's so!" exclaimed Wade. "And he gives to colleges too. I read, not long ago, of his making an endowment of a half-million. He could give us a steamer, and never feel it. But I suppose he would only laugh if three or four boys were to present themselves with such a petition. Oh for a dozen influential men of note on our side to give weight to our enterprise, so that men having wealth to bestow on educational advancement would feel confidence in the thing!"

"Prof. Agassiz will hardly fail to give his moral support to the endeavor when it comes before the public," Kit conjectured. "Though a man of pure science himself, he is still a very practical man; and no practical educator will fail to indorse the college steamship."

"William T. Adams ('Oliver Optic') is another man who could give us good aid," Wade remarked. "Surely the great juvenile writer of America would be a powerful helper with his attractive pen. And he could help the enterprise still more directly if he saw fit. I deem his 'Young-America' series sufficient guaranty that our plan would be justly estimated by Mr. Adams. He seems to have conjectured rightly, that foreign travel, even by the slower medium of sails, would be desirable for young men."

"Listen to this," said Raed, who had opened another letter. "James R. Montley of Cincinnati, O., writes,

'Consider me a student for the proposed steamship college any time during the next three years. I will readily pay a thousand (1,000) dollars per year for such a chance for a practical education: otherwise I shall have to go up to Ann Arbor (University of Michigan), I suppose. Allow me to suggest: Would it not be possible to secure the patronage of the National Government? I do really think, that, by using "influence," — enough of it, — one of the government vessels — a gunboat, if nothing better — might be secured for the "steam college." Possibly we might get one of the new steam sloops-of-war. Furthermore, government patronage would at once set the thing on a sure basis of honorable respectability.

"'The plan has my unqualified approval. I'm with you on every point. It is just what we want.'"

"Now, that's worth considering, — that idea of getting Uncle Sam to give us a boost," said Kit.

I thought so.

"But what does he mean by 'influence'?" queried Wade.

"Why, I suppose he means, that, if we have got daddies or uncles in Congress to speak the good word for us, government patronage would be more easily obtained; or rather, if we have not that, it would be mighty hard getting a hearing," Raed suggested.

"Just so: I did not know but that he meant *filthy lucre.*"

"No! — oh, no! I guess not."

"Well, what think of his proposition?" Kit questioned.

"We might hang about Washington five years, and even then be disappointed at last," Raed remarked gloomily. "Soliciting government patronage is about the most tedious and discouraging of all occupations. Deliver me from it, it is so slow and soul-wearing! Petitions of this kind always have to lie kicking about the Capitol-building about seven years, sometimes longer, before they can get any serious hearing. My opinion is, that we four youngsters might go into business in any city of the Union, and make the money necessary to our plan, long before we could coax it out of government, or even get a national vessel placed at our disposal. Besides, I think such an institution as we contemplate would have more scope, and better subserve the public welfare, to be free of government control entirely."

I had received a letter from my friend Mr. Charles S. Etter of Dorchester, Mass., and now interrupted the discussion to read a paragraph from it. Etter had written, "Would it not be possible to get the co-operation of some well-endowed university? — Harvard, say; for that is a wealthy college, and liberal in its policy. It is not wholly unlikely that a steamer might be sent out experimentally under the auspices of that institution. Possibly they would merge some portion of their scientific school in it."

This suggestion did not occur to my comrades as a very practical one. They doubted the policy of Harvard being liberal enough for so marked an innovation on the old college system: withal they were not very well pleased with the idea contained in the suggestion, but tabled it for future consideration.

For my own part, I liked the idea very well, and only doubted of its being acceded to.

Clarence Lewis, a young Michigan journalist, had written to Kit, warmly commending the movement as "the very thing most needed by the boys of America."

His letter contained a practical hint, to the effect that many of the students might be able to defray their expenses, in great part, by acting as "foreign correspondents" for leading newspapers during the annual voyages of the steamship.

Raed made a note of this hint.

Mr. Lewis's letter contained still another hint, of so practical a character as to make us laugh, coming from the source it did. It was, "Keep your plan out of the hands of newspaper men at present, till you are sure it will be a success."

Note was made of that too.

E. R. Champlin of Westerly, R.I., also a journalist, had written to Kit, who read a few paragraphs. Champlin wrote: "The steamship-college plan is simply grand! It is a marvel, that, with all our educational enthusiasts and reformers, we haven't been heels over head in the discussion of this project for the last ten years. The subject of a broader education is, however, clearly absorbing the attention of many of our thinking people, both old and young; and, that this plan will ere long receive favorable consideration from all such, I feel confident.

"The undertaking seems a gigantic one; but so, in fact, has every scheme pointing to the elevation of the race, when first announced.

"It will, of course, find opposition, and that, too, from unexpected sources; but all such opposition will, in the end, give way, and the noble plan will be made a success. I feel confident of it.

"Oh for a *man* (shall we have to use Diogenes' lantern to find him?) who will make an endowment of a hundred thousand (100,000) dollars to start the thing! for, once started, there can hardly be a doubt of the institution being supported."

While Kit was reading this, Louise came down from her room, where she had retired to read her own letters.

"Now tell me all about this future American college," said she. "You told me something of it yesterday, — just enough to make me curious. I want to know all about it. I want *to help* too."

"We shall need all the help our friends can give us," said Kit rather disconsolately. "'We are in the hands of our friends,' as politicians say."

Raed went on comprehensively to set forth the entire projection in a clear manner, the more enthusiastically that it is a theme he never tires of holding forth on. The rest of us listened resignedly.

Louise heard it attentively.

I expected to hear an opinion from my ready-witted cousin; but she sat long after Raed had concluded, seemingly absorbed in pondering it, or something else.

Finally she said that she had hoped to find that young ladies were to share equally in the college of the future, and that she felt a little disappointed at being excluded.

Raed was about to explain, when Wade said, rather crossly, that we could not promote every reform at once.

"Wait till we get fairly afloat, and the thing a success; then we will remember our sisters and lady friends."

"You may need their intercession to get your endowments to start with," replied Louise quietly. "I had some idea of going up as a missionary for you."

"Going up where?" said Kit.

"Why, up into that benighted land, the United States," replied Louise, "where the people are given over to the worship of the golden god."

"Well, those are the sort of idolaters we want preached to just now," said Wade.

CHAPTER IX.

A Melancholy Jaguar. — Another Nocturnal Alarm. — A Thunder-Storm. — A Talk with Capt. Additon. — Pioneer Hardships. — A Lady Biographer. — "Half Calf, 8vo, Extra Finish." — A Saucy Joker.

THAT evening we heard a jaguar — at least, that was what they called it — *miawling* in the forest, on the west side of the plantation. It was a very unpleasant noise, and was kept up at great length. Sometimes, even, it had a plaintive intonation that was quite affecting. Grip (the cream-white bloodhound) would burst out howling, either in execration or sympathy with these plaintive chords.

It seemed curious to stand there on the veranda, and listen, in company of fair ladies, to this ferocious beast, prowling at so little distance. Kit professes to have heard the cry of the Northern panther (*Felis concolor*). He said there is much similarity between the two as to sound.

"But what a piteous petition it is!" Raed exclaimed at length. "I wonder what ails the brute!"

Wade thought the creature must be meditating suicide, or else was lamenting bad luck.

"No," said Kit. "He is probably serenading his lady-love."

"Oh, too dolorous!" cried Louise. "Such a strain would never win her. Even a jaguar must have more taste than to *whine* in that absurd way."

"Can't say," said Wade. "Tastes differ, you know."

We went in, and left the brute howling at intervals.

That night, about twelve o'clock, there was another alarm and rouse-up. The moon rose late; and, just after it began to show over the woods, Sanders had seen a large animal sneaking about the clearing. No doubt it was our melancholy friend of the previous evening. After watching a while, the veteran had got a rifle from the arms-chest in place of his carbine, and sent a bullet after the marauder.

Sanders told us, with a sort of grim glee, that the shot was followed by an agonizing yelp, and that the animal had scarcely been able to drag itself away into the woods.

The alarm was soon quieted.

On reflection, I think this creature full as likely to have been a puma as a jaguar.

At about ten o'clock next morning, there was a very violent thunder-storm. The lightning was startlingly bright and frequent, the thunder quite deafening; and the shower was followed by intermittent dashes of rain till afternoon.

We were all gathered in the library; and, seeing Capt. Additon not very busy, Raed and Wade took the opportunity to incidentally call his attention to the college-steamship question. Not that we expected to enlist a

man so fully and necessarily occupied with his own affairs in our scheme at present; but we hoped to get some further hint on the subject of rubber-making and land-grants.

He laughed a little when Raed hinted at our idea of getting a start out of money made in rubber manufacture; then reflected a moment, and added, that there was really nothing impossible in the idea, though it was certainly a bold one.

At first, I feared he was not exactly pleased with the idea of our setting up a large rubber-making business in his immediate neighborhood, if, indeed, we should succeed in starting one. I thought, perhaps, that he would not like the permanent location of three young Northerners so near him, even though in business partnership with Wade.

But I was mistaken, I am confident. Capt. Additon was far from being a narrow-minded man; though, at first, I had regarded his emigration to the Amazons as dictated by fanaticism of the worst sort.

At dinner he resumed the subject, and asked whether we could devise an opportunity for him to assist us in our undertaking.

Wade at once asked whether it would be possible to obtain a grant of land on the south side of the river, opposite the *fazenda*.

Capt. Additon said that it was unoccupied either by Indians or *Brancas*. He saw no reason why a grant of it could not be obtained as well as on the north side, where his own *sitio* was located. He added, that, in his opinion, an application made through himself, in behalf

of his son and three other young men, would be favorably regarded.

"But I have never been through or even into the tract you refer to," he continued, "save casually in going up the bayou to the urucuri-nut lake. I have noticed the seringa-tree along the river-bank; but I cannot assure you that it is mixed in even moderate percentage with the other growth back from the river. Only a careful survey can tell you that."

"Then a survey is clearly the next step to take in the matter," Raed remarked.

"I should say so," replied Capt. Additon.

"And a fine job you will find that part!" cried Louise. "Father has told me of the jaunt he had through the forest to survey his grant of land here. It took him nearly a week. — Wasn't it a week, papa, that you had to sleep out in the forest, nights, with the Indians?"

"We were five days going over the tract included in my grant here," replied her father.

"They had to cut their way with *machetes* at every step almost," continued Louise; "and, for a whole day at a time, they did not see the sun, the great leaves were so dense overhead."

"You have a fine memory for such little incidents," said her father playfully.

"Little! I do not call such hardships little!" cried the admiring daughter. "Oh! I'll take care that your *biography* does you justice."

At this significant declaration we all opened our eyes a little, and, most of all, Capt. Additon.

Allicia and her mother were smiling amusedly.

"Capt. Additon never dreamed that he was having his life and exploits written up by his loving daughter," said Aunt Emma in explanation.

"Indeed I did not!" exclaimed the much-admired father, not very well pleased by it. "I must earnestly crave my dear biographer's mercy. I'm afraid Louise would make but a mock-hero of me, — an object for everybody else to laugh at."

"We must give Miss Additon credit for greater judgment," said Raed. "Were I a fit subject for a 'life,' I would not seek farther for my biographer."

"Thank you!" cried Louise merrily. "Just wait till you get the *future American college* founded, and I'll write you all up in grand order, — 'Half calf; extra finish; large 8vo; price $5.00!'"

"Hold!" cried Wade. "What's that about *calf?* — *half calf?* That's — that's liable to grave misconstruction, Louise."

"I see, I see!" cried our merry joker. "It would be bringing *mutuals* into a damaging juxtaposition. How would 'half sheep' answer?"

"There, that will do!" said Wade. "You've made all three of our guests look *sheepish* already."

"Can't help what's natural!" exclaimed the minx, and instantly fled, to escape the consequences of this last sally.

Later, we talked the subject of the survey over at considerable length, and, in order to lose no time, decided to start for the southern shore early the next morning.

CHAPTER X.

Off to the Forest. — Our Outfit. — Our Weapons. — We enter the Forest. — Cutting our Way. — Prospecting for Seringas. — Dim Regions. — Fireflies by Daylight. — Our Camp on the River. — The Mulatto-Tree. — Shooting Fish. — Slinging the Hammocks. — *"O Tamandua-assu!"* — Miriti-Leaves. — A Steamer. — An Alarm. — A Fight in the Dark. — The Jaguar and the Ant-Eater. — A Gory Spectacle.

IN earnest of his offer to aid us so far as possible, Capt. Additon placed the smaller of his *montarias* and two of the Indians at our disposal for a week, — the Mundurucu, Palo, and the Bolivian, Manoel.

I think Louise was a little chagrined at our setting off; and, for my own part, I am free to confess that I would much rather have been excused from going. But "business is business."

We were astir long before sunrise, getting ready. The two Indians brought a bag of farina and a quantity of roasted coffee, for the use of which they had a bright tin coffee-pot made in Boston (even their *machadinhos* for tapping the seringas, as also their *machetes*, are of New-England manufacture).

We had brought up several sealed cases of pressed

meat from "The Rambler," and three cans of condensed milk. Experimentally we had purchased, nearly a year previously, a few cans of coffee, prepared, or "condensed," as one may say, in such a manner, that, by putting a lump of it in a cup of hot water, it would immediately dissolve, and be fit for drinking. At our first trial of this sort of coffee, we had not been quite satisfied with it; but we had taken a can of it along with us from the yacht, and now added it to our "supplies" for this expedition. A sealed case of butter proved an acceptable accompaniment to our large tin box of hard-bread.

To these items add a frying-pan for fish, and a few other minor necessaries, and our simple outfit stands complete, so far as food goes.

For arms we had an Enfield rifle purchased in Liverpool, with cartridges containing an explosive slug; in fact, a tiny percussion-bomb, — one of the most deadly projectiles yet invented. This was Wade's property.

Kit had a large Colt's revolving pistol, — one he has had for two years and over. It is a rather "heavy affair;" but the fellow has become quite an expert in shooting with it, and prefers it — at least, he says so — to "any other fire-arm, long or short." He thinks it equal to any rifle. It throws a very large bullet — above half an ounce, I think — with very considerable force. I have repeatedly seen him shoot the ball through a target composed of two spruce-planks, each two inches thick, at a distance of fifty yards (nine rods). With six shots of this sort he declares that he feels "tolerably safe" anywhere, and laughs at Wade's Enfield, — a laugh which Wade casts back with a quiet "Humph" of derision.

As for Raed, he did not trouble himself about "shooting-irons." A note-book and pocket-compass completed his equipments. The writer contented himself with the small but effective pocket-revolver presented to him by the editor of "The Youth's Companion" (Boston). It is a first-rate shooter; so much so, that Kit, who believes in nothing lighter than a "Colt's," has been known to say (condescendingly of course) that it was "quite a little pop-gun, no mistake."

Our arrangements were completed by sunrise. Louise had come down to take a parting cup of coffee with us.

"Well, if you will go," said she, "glean all the particulars you can *for my map*."

Raed assured her that no geographical details should be neglected, and begged her to give his "good-by" to Allie, who had not yet come down.

The Indians, with their *machetes*, were waiting on the veranda. Capt. Additon went down to the wharf, giving us such hints as his former experience had suggested. Our supplies, together with our hammocks, were loaded into the *montaria;* and, with respectful military salutes to our kind host, we pulled out into the river.

We made better time crossing the Amazons this morning, and came under the southern bank in an hour and thirty-five minutes from the wharf; but we had to work for it.

Arrived in the sluggish water near the shore, we rested ten minutes; then proceeded up the bank for two miles or more, and had come near meeting with a fatal accident at the outset. As we were rowing up, keeping

close in at a place where the bank was high and crowned with large trees, there suddenly occurred a land-slide where the current had worn under the loose earth. We were just abreast the place when the mass started. The Indians uttered a shout of alarm, and jumped up from their oars; but Kit and Raed, who were also paddling, gave a full, sharp stroke, which urged the *montaria* forward: none too quick; for a great palm, undermined by the slide, came toppling over, and plunged with a sullen *sudge* into the water hardly a yard astern.

After that we rowed shy of loose banks.

Manoel told us that boats have frequently been overwhelmed by these slides from the constantly-caving banks. The Amazons is a great devourer of its shores.

About a mile farther up we came to where a *parana* made in between low banks nearly on a level with the river. This inlet, we concluded, might well be made the western boundary of our *sitio*, if we were fortunate enough to get a grant of it.

Beginning at this place, then, we had before us the task of going over a tract extending six miles down the Amazons, and three miles back from the shore, with sufficient attention to ascertain whether the seringa was interspersed thickly enough to render the cutting of *estradas* profitable.

In a Northern forest, this enumeration might have been made in a couple of days at most; but in this dense, thicket-like maze of vegetation, it was an arduous undertaking, — how arduous, I quite despair of assuring the reader.

Entering the *parana*, which came in from a southerly

direction, we rowed up it (if going southward can be called up) for nearly half a mile to where it bowed to the south-west, and an *igarapé*, branching to the south-east, ran around to the river below. Here we landed, and drew up the *montaria* into a jungle of aningas and climbing-vines, which concealed it so effectually, that we had little fear of any prowling Indian discovering it.

After some talk, it was decided that it would be best to leave the provisions in the canoe, — save hard-bread enough for a lunch, and the coffee-pot well charged for a mess, — and, after a circuit to the south and south-east, come back to the boat by nightfall.

The compass was opened, and the bearings taken by Raed, who undertook the job of carrying it, and keeping the reckoning, — a somewhat responsible office: for to get lost in such a wilderness would be a serious mishap; since the sun is rarely to be seen, even glimmeringly, through the dense tree-tops.

We started due south; Palo going ahead at first with his *machete*, or cleaver, cutting away leaves, and lopping off cross-branches and tangled vines. Manoel followed next after him, *machete* in hand, ready to relieve him at the labor of cutting the path after a bout of fifteen or twenty minutes.

Behind them came Raed with the compass. The rest of us followed at our leisure. Kit carried the coffee-pot; while the haversack of hard-bread fell to the writer's share, Wade having the rifle.

That this sort of thing was dull, hot, and monotonous, I have little need to assure the reader. There was really nothing to be seen save big leaves and tree-trunks. Of these latter, Raed was counting the seringas.

Although nearly every step required a *machete* stroke to clear the way, we yet went on at a fair pace. The Indians were very dexterous in the use of their cleavers At intervals, too, there were open places where the tree-tops were so dense overhead as to quite shut out the light, and discourage vegetation beneath. We seemed to be wandering in vast gloomy caverns. The air, too, was damp, stagnant, and loaded with dank odors. Some idea of the dim gloom of these sub-frondent tracts will appear from the fact, that at ten o'clock, A.M., of a bright day, we could see the fire-flies glinting all around.

No living thing save bugs, fire-flies, and mosquitoes, was here astir. Far up in the higher parts of the tree-tops, toucans and parrots were quarrelling, and flapping about. Occasionally, too, invisible monkeys could be heard to chatter somewhere in the leafy realm above; but they kept out of sight. The monkeys here seem to live wholly on the trees. It is doubtful whether they ever descend to the ground, unless by an accidental tumble.

On first entering the forest, we had been on the lookout for snakes, — amphisbænas, moccasons, boas; but, during that whole day, we saw nothing of the serpent-kind.

After going due south a mile as nearly as we could guess, the course was changed to south-west. On this tack we proceeded as near two miles as we could judge, counting up the seringas, and here and there making short *détours* from the main course. Once we cut a path around a square of sixty paces on each side, and counted the seringas within the area thus enclosed. There were

twenty of them on the hundred and forty-four square rods; but this was better than the average.

Halting at the end of our two miles south-west, Wade attempted to build a fire, and make coffee for the Indians, who now began to stand in need of refreshment; but every leaf and fallen branch was damp, — damp and rotten clean through. It was quite in vain to waste matches. We had to eat a lunch of hard-tack dry, and were even forced to stand up while eating; for, unlike Northern forests, there were here no comfortable old logs, fallen and mossy, inviting the wayfarer to take a seat. The trees are so supported by wild vines and the tops of neighboring trees, that they rarely find space to fall; and so stand, after they are dead, till they crumble down. We could easily believe, that, in these damp glades, a tree would soon rot away.

After lunch, the course was changed due east at an acute angle to our previous line of travel. In this direction we proceeded another two miles, on an estimate; then tacked to due north-west. Raed's design was to thus describe the sides of a triangle, and come round into the path made at setting out; and so accurate had been his estimate of the distance traversed on each of the three sides, that at three, P.M., we struck the path cut in the forenoon at a point not a hundred yards from the place where we had turned south-west out of south.

Once in the path cut in the morning, we were but a few minutes in going back to the *montaria*.

All was as we had left it, save for the presence of a large and exceedingly venomous-looking centipede

perched on one of the meat-cases. Kit "mashed" him with a stroke from one of the paddles. A few fire-ants were reconnoitring about the sugar-flask, — skirmishers from an army marching past at no great distance.

We were sweaty and tired from our long walk; but the idea of camping there on the low, muddy bank of the *igarapé* was too repugnant to be seriously thought of.

Any thing was preferable to spending the night there. The *montaria* was got into the water, and poled back into the *parana*, and thence out into the Amazons. We then let it drop slowly down the shore till near the high, loose bank where the slide of the morning had occurred. The palm still lay in the water, its roots clinging to the shore.

"Lightning never strikes twice in the same place, they say," said Wade. "There won't be likely to be a second slide here right off. Let's land, and camp on the bank."

It offered an airy location. The skiff was accordingly laid alongside the palm-trunk, and padlocked to one of the large roots. Through the loose earth we scrambled up to the top of the bank, — fifteen or twenty feet. It was the end of a long gravelly ridge, which here met the river at right angles. In New England we should call such a ridge a "horseback."

Two or three samaumas, a uhandiroba, and several mulatto-trees, grew within a few rods. The mulatto-trees were beginning to shed their bark. It had cracked up and down the trunks, and hung in long red slabs. The tree is one of the curiosities of the region, shedding its bark every year as a snake does its skin. At

first, the new bark is of a greenish tint, but later becomes almost black. When drying and cleaving off, it is reddish.

Kit pulled off enough at a few jerks to last our fire through the whole night.

Raed and the Indians were breaking it up, and kindling a fire. Wade and I were getting up the provisions from the boat, filling the coffee-pot from the river, &c.

A bank of dark clouds had risen in the west, covering the sun completely; and, the breeze freshening, our location was a very comfortable one: withal it was a very sightly one. Both up and down the river the view was quite unbroken. On the farther shore, at some distance below, we could dimly discern the *fazenda* clearing, like a tiny scar in the forest.

Coffee was prepared. Palo, meantime, had made porridge of tapioca, which both he and Manoel seemed to prefer to our hard-bread and meat.

We were a good deal troubled with ants — prodigiously great ones — scampering about over every thing.

After our meal, which served as dinner and supper together, the two Indians went down to the *montaria* to fish.

For fishing, Manoel used a hook and line, which we furnished him; but Palo preferred his *zarabatana*, having first fastened a small line to the arrow, by means of which he could pull in the fish after the arrow had pierced them. The arrows used for shooting fish were not poisoned, — a fact we were glad to learn.

The Indians of the Amazons use both the *zarabatana* and the bow for shooting fish; though nets made of palm-fibre are generally owned by the regular fishermen.

Where to hang our hammocks was the question which now presented itself. In the woods of New England we should simply have cut a bed of fir-boughs; but a wholesome fear of centipedes, vipers, and snakes, here induces every one to keep clear of the ground.

Travellers tell of swinging their hammocks in trees; but we saw few trees on the Amazons with branches low enough to make such a feat practicable. The plan we had recourse to was to plant two rows of crotched stakes firmly in the ground, four stakes in each row, setting the rows about eight feet apart. Upon these we lay poles from one to another and across; thus binding them together with a sort of frame resting in the crotches. Saplings of the samauma and mulatto tree, growing back along the gravel-ridge, furnished the stakes and poles. Kit cut them down with one of the *machetes;* while the rest of us brought them along, and set up the frame.

I had gone to drag along the last of the poles, when, coming out where Kit had been cutting, I saw him standing with his back to me, looking intently at something farther off. Hearing me coming, he beckoned with his hand over his shoulder without speaking.

I stole up behind.

"Look there!" he whispered.

An animal of truly formidable size was standing, partially concealed by tall grass, not twenty yards away. It was shaggy, and was striped with black on a ground of dull gray hair. I did not at first make out its long snout.

"I wonder if that isn't an ant-eater?" Kit whispered.

I then perceived its snout and its long bushy tail, and had no doubt of it; but, to make sure, I stole cautiously away, and, running to the bank, called Palo.

The Indian came quickly up, *zarabatana* in hand, and followed me back to where Kit was standing. I pointed to the creature, which seemed, indeed, to pay little attention to us.

"*O tamandua! O tamandua-assu!*" muttered the Mundurucu.

"*Tamandua-assu:* well, that means great ant-eater," said Raed (both he and Wade had come after us).

The Indian did not offer to use his *zarabatana*.

"Going to shoot it?" I asked.

"*Nao, nao!*" said Palo. "It does no one any harm. It will not trouble us."

After watching it for some time, during which it never stirred, we went back to sling our hammocks.

Manoel had caught fully a dozen fish; and Palo had shot three, — one very large, weighing not less than a dozen pounds.

There were at least three different varieties of the fish. I remember that the Indians told us the names in their language; but I have forgotten them. These fishes are quite unlike those found in our Northern rivers. I suppose that they were all classified by Prof. Agassiz and his party when they visited the Amazons for this purpose in 1865. But I have never had opportunity to look over their collections; and I now know of no printed work containing a catalogue of them.

The Indians rekindled the fire to broil the large one. Palo also fried one of the smaller ones in our frying-

pan, using butter for fat, and rolling the fish in mandioca-flour. We found it very palatable. Kit thought the flavor resembled that of the pickerel.

The black cloud-bank, rising steadily, threatened rain; and Raed proposed to remedy our roofless condition by felling a small miriti-palm, and roofing our hammock-frame with the large leaves. Manoel readily felled it with his *machete*. The leaves, even of this small tree, were from twenty to thirty feet long, and nearly two yards in width. We cut off and dragged up to our camping-place seven of these.

It was not without considerable effort that these were raised, and laid over our hammock-frame. Once over us, however, they promised an effective shelter. We went to bed beneath them, almost hoping it would rain, to have the pleasure of hearing it patter on the miriti-leaves.

As we lay there talking, and resting from the fatigue of the day, a steamer passed up the river at no more than a hundred yards from the shore. We heard it coming while yet a mile below, saw its bright lights as it ran slowly past, and heard the metallic sough of its escape-pipe till long after. To us, encamped there in the forest, the passage of the boat was a cheerful, nay, an impressive, incident. I think we went to sleep the easier for it.

The Indians had built a second fire on the forest-side, ten or a dozen yards away. They said that they never kept watch nights while camping out in the woods. We let it go so, but should hardly have consented had we suspected how fierce a beast was lurking about.

We must have been asleep several hours; for it had

become overcast completely, and had grown very dark, when a loud noise awoke us all on a sudden. It sounded like a growl, — a very harsh and terrible one, — and was accompanied by a tremendous fracas, and a sound of grappling, at a little distance down the ridge on the east side.

We all scrambled up on elbow in an instant.

"What's that?" Kit demanded in an alarmed voice.

Momentarily I heard Wade cocking his rifle, and fumbled out my own revolver, which was tangled in my belt.

"Look out how you shoot!" exclaimed Raed. "Hold on a bit! Hark!"

We listened eagerly.

Of all noises, that did cap a climax! I never heard such an uproar, — growls, grunts, snufflings, and a fearful struggling, all mixed up together.

"It's some sort of a fight," said Kit. "Let 'em *rip*, so long as they don't scratch us."

Palo and Manoel were jabbering excitedly together. I couldn't make out scarcely a word they said: it was something about *tamandua-assu*.

Meanwhile the fracas went on stunningly. Wade suddenly let fly a bullet from the rifle. The flash lit up the place. There was a moment's hush; then the struggle was renewed, but seemed to be moving off a little.

"Palo, what is it?" cried Kit.

The Mundurucu jabbered.

"*Nao, nao!* in English, in English!" Raed exclaimed.

The Indian began, but in his excitement could say nothing intelligible, save *tamandua* and jaguar.

"An ant-eater and a jaguar," repeated Kit.

Again we listened.

The sounds of struggling seemed less violent; but we could distinctly hear the pantings and wheezings of the combatants. A fetid odor, too, was wafted even to where we lay under the shed of palm-leaves. There were other queer sounds, as of a whip cut to and fro in the air.

"That's their tails *swishing:*" so Kit explained it.

"Well, so long as they let us alone, we will them," said Raed.

So we lay and listened.

Presently Wade struck a match.

"Half-past two," said he.

Ere long the fight wholly ceased, save for a low gurgling noise like strangled breathings.

"Got at a dead-lock, I guess," said Kit.

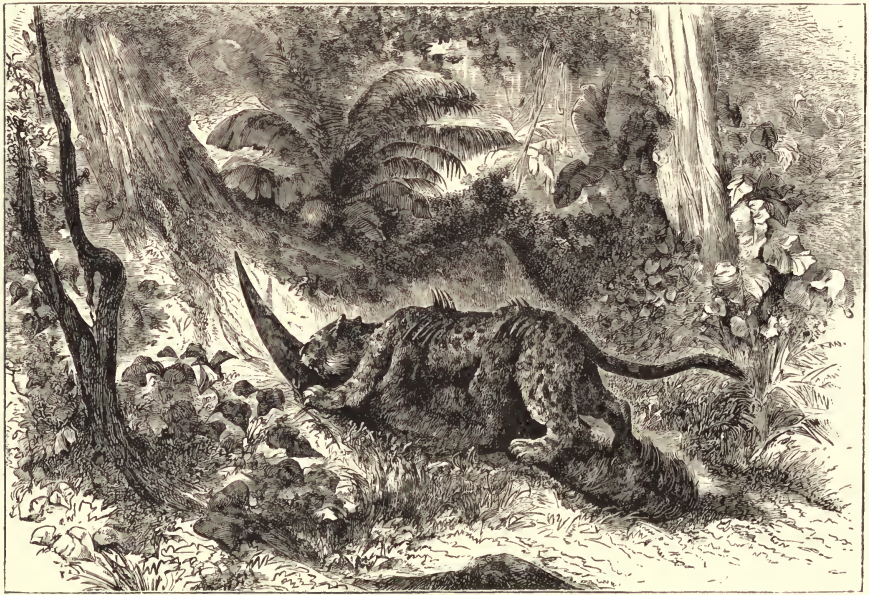
Not long after, the sounds ceased altogether; but, for my own part, I did not shut my eyes after that, and was very glad to see it come morning.

As soon as it was fairly light, we slid out of our hammocks, and, with revolvers cocked, stole down the slope. Nor had we far to look: amid a jungle of arrow-grass, murici-plants, and aningas, which were now beaten down for rods around, lay a great mass of *fur*, blood-stained, but quite motionless.

Very cautiously we drew near; but Palo came past us, and went directly up to it. It was a *tamandua*, lying on its back, with a jaguar closely clasped in its long strong *arms*.

"Both stone-dead!" Kit exclaimed.

And so they were: slain mutually.



THE DEADLOCK.

It required all Palo's strength to unlock the *tamandua's* paws; for its long claws were deep buried in the jaguar's sides, and had pierced between its ribs. Once wrenched away, the jaguar rolled off. Both carcasses were covered with blood. The *tamandua's* throat and lungs seemed to have been torn out completely by the teeth of the cat. I have never seen a more gory spectacle.

We would gladly have saved the jaguar's skin; but it was wofully slit and torn by the *tamandua's* long nails, and soaked in blood.

We concluded that the claws of the ant-eater, piercing betwixt the jaguar's ribs, added to the suffocating grip with which it had held its antagonist, had given it a dearly-purchased victory.

Both Palo and Manoel agreed in saying that the *tamandua* sometimes kills the jaguar in this way.

We left them lying there where they had fought out their lives, and went back to prepare breakfast.

CHAPTER XI.

Another Day in the Forest. — A Tornado. — An Evil Odor. — Following a Bayou. — A Lake. — Fishing. — In the Shade. — Great Heat. — Monkeys. — An Adventure with an Aboma. — Shooting Alligators. — Groves of the Brazil-nut Tree. — Shall we send for "The Rambler"?

THAT day we took our course south-south-east back into the forest three miles, on estimate, and, returning on a broad curve having the general direction of north-north-west, reached our camp upon the river-bank at about three, P.M.

That evening there came up a violent tornado, accompanied by lightning and rain. We had just got comfortably into our hammocks when the gust struck us. In an instant it set our miriti-leaves flying; and to have leaves thirty feet long by six in breadth whirling about one's ears is no joke. The ends of some of them whisked about in unpleasant proximity to our bodies. But our hammock-staging stood fast; and, though we were well drenched by the rain, we suffered no further peril.

After the cloud had passed, we got up, and, after some coaxing, got a fire started. We then stood around it till dry.

During the night, a slight, and, at first, almost imperceptible, odor of carrion began to annoy us. By morning it had got pretty *loud* (to quote from Kit), and quite spoiled our breakfast. The *tamandua* and jaguar down the slope were getting a little *mellow* (another quotation).

We packed our luggage into the canoe, and pulled down the river with averted noses.

About a mile lower we came where another *parana* made in. So masked was the point of *embouchure* by overhanging trees, that we had not noted it when going up; and should have passed it now but for Manoel, who called our attention to it. The *montaria* was at once turned into it; and passing in under drooping vines and broad leaves, which almost swept the water, we found ourselves on a creek thirty or forty feet in breadth, leading straight back into the forest.

Along this channel we paddled in lieu of cutting a path, counting the seringas on both banks.

We had gone about our intended three miles, as we reckoned it, when a lighting-up of the dim bayou ahead relieved its sullen shadows.

"Another lake, I think," said Raed.

He was right in his conjecture. A hundred yards farther on, the *montaria* emerged into a roomy flat, mostly occupied by water, but flecked with great patches of grass, and water-plants of the most vivid green.

At some seasons of the year, the water-level was evidently much higher than we then saw it; this lake, like all others, connecting with the river, and hence rising and falling with it. All around its shores stood the dead

trunks of trees which the waters had killed. Unlike Lake Castanea, its beaches were covered with something much like pampas-grass, mingled with arrow-grass and murici-plants. These beaches were in some places very wide, and studded here and there with sturdy samaumas, which defied the touch of the rising waters. We judged the area to be nearly or quite a thousand acres.

Directly after we had entered upon it from the bayou, we passed over a school of fish spotted like our Northern lake-trout, and members, perhaps, of that same family of fishes. Palo shot thirteen, one after the other, with his reed-tube. The water was not more than three or four feet deep, and wonderfully clear over a yellow gravel bottom; but, farther on, the water grew deeper, and the bottom muddy.

Rowing across, we landed on the grassy shore, and, while our boatmen cleaned their fish, lay under the dense shadow of a large tree a few rods from the water.

The water-killed trees furnished fire-wood; and this day we dined at noon, in the shade, off boiled fish, buttered hard-bread, and prepared coffee dissolved in hot water. For my own part, I should have much preferred cold water to coffee that day; but the lake-water was insipidly warm.

The day was unconscionably hot. For a long time we lay in the shade, too languid, and oppressed by the heat, to stir, or hardly breathe. A Northerner coming into these sultry latitudes for the first time will be apt to feel pretty limp at mid-day.

Presently a dreamy chatter of monkeys began to be heard. It got louder. Raed raised his head for a look.

"They are out in one of those samaumas standing out on the shore," he said. "Black monkeys! — a whole flock of them. Can see them swinging from bough to bough."

None of us took the trouble to look. But anon the chattering grew louder, and of angry intonation.

Wade looked.

"They are swinging from the lowest branches," said he; "jumping back and forth. Something's plaguing them, I reckon. They *sound mad.*"

Having made this observation, he collapsed, and lay fanning himself for some minutes with an aninga-leaf. But the jabbering grew still louder, till by and by Kit jumped up.

"I'll know what they are up to!" said he.

The Indians were fast asleep; but the rest of us got lazily up, and followed after Kit.

It was fifteen or twenty rods out to where the samauma stood. From one large branch, projecting out over a thick bottom of the tall grass, half a dozen monkeys were hanging by their long prehensile tails, swinging to and fro, and scolding vehemently.

"Something down there in the grass," said Raed.

We stepped forward to within a few yards. The monkeys saw us now, and ran chattering off up the branch into the dense foliage; but, keeping my eye on the thicket of grass, I could detect a slow movement there.

"Something there sure," said Wade.

Kit put up his revolver, and let a ball go into the grass.

Instantly a big serpent-head and gleaming neck rose into sight of us, and played out its long tongue. Its eyes had a vengeful glitter.

"Hold on," cried Wade, "till I can get my rifle!"

But Kit would not let so tempting a chance go by. A second shot cracked on the instant. The bullet, as we afterwards inferred, just grazed the serpent's head, tearing up the skin along its skull on the top. I think it may have stunned the reptile; for it threw itself completely over in two massy folds, and landed not a rod from our feet. The horrible tales I had heard of being crushed and smothered by monstrous boas came into my head at one bounce. All four of us jumped away with great agility, and ran several rods before even venturing to glance backward. We then saw that the snake, so far from pursuing, lay all in a heap where it had fallen.

Palo and Manoel had heard the shot, and came running up; the latter with one of the boat-paddles. Seeing the serpent, he ran up and belabored it fearlessly. As fast as the reptile would rear its head, he would knock it down, and so finally pounded it to death.

We then took it by the tail, and stretched it out. It was certainly fifteen feet in length, and may have been seventeen feet: we did not measure it. The largest part of its body would have been as much as one could clasp around with both hands. It had scaly plates on its jowls; and its color was a muddy yellow, with a row of large brown rings running the whole length of its back.

From previous descriptions I had read, I concluded that this was a boa Cenchrea, or aboma. These Indians called it a *boa* simply.

On looking amid the grass, a monkey was found dead, crushed into a wad, and reeking with a mucous saliva. The old chap was probably on the point of swallowing

this dainty mouthful when Kit's shot disturbed him. This, of course, accounted for the fret we saw the other monkeys in.

This was the only snake of the boa species we saw while on the Amazons. I cannot believe that they are nearly so plentiful as some travellers have reported.

Although but a ridiculously small day's survey, we decided to camp here for the night. The heat made us strangely lazy.

The Indians cut and brought stakes and poles from the woods; and another hammock-staging was set up under the samauma near our fire.

As it came on evening, the alligators, of which we had seen no sign during the day, began to swim about; and we saw them moving around on the shore a little way off. But they were not nearly so large as those we had read of, and expected to see here. I do not think the largest we saw was over eleven or twelve feet long; and as for their scales, — those impregnable scales, — the alligators of this lake did not seem to be thus clad. As we stood watching them, one waddled out of the water, and crawled up partially on a log off ten or twelve rods.

"There's a chance for a shot," Raed observed.

Wade immediately fired with the Enfield, aiming at "the biggest part of him," as he told us. The alligator gave a sluggish squirm, rolled into the water, and, after splashing about a few moments, turned on its back, belly up, dead as a stone.

"You can't do that again!" said Kit, considerably surprised at the result, as also I was.

Wade loaded, and in a few moments fired at another,

fully fifteen rods away. This one made a tremendous leap on being struck by the slug, and lay snapping its jaws for some time; but, on going up to it, we found it quite dead.

Wade attributed it all to the explosive slug, which, bursting inside their bodies, gave them a mortal shock. But Raed said he thought any rifle-bullet would kill them.

Kit, however, was too jealous of the reputation of his revolver to take a shot at one of the reptiles after Wade's exploits.

The cooler air of the evening so enlivened us, that we started the *montaria* out, and pulled along the southern shore.

The growth on this side was made up mainly of the urucuri and the Brazil-nut tree. We could hear the great pods dropping heavily here and there. For half a mile, the shore seemed thickly set with these trees.

The subject of nut-gathering on a large scale was again discussed.

"I move," said Kit, "that we write to Capt. Mazard to take 'The Rambler' up here. We can have it towed through the Para River into the Amazons. The expense of a tug would not be over a hundred dollars. Once in the Amazons, they could sail up, give them time enough."

The *pros* and *cons* of this motion were considered seriously.

Capt. Mazard had never been on the Amazons: would there not be considerable risk?

Some risk there would be, undoubtedly; but nothing

risked, nothing gained. If we could ship fifty, or even twenty-five, tons of Brazil-nuts to New York, they would net us a handsome profit. It would serve as an experiment, too, whether the trade might prove profitable.

The secretary (Wade) was instructed to write to Capt. Mazard to this effect, so soon as the completion of our survey should give him opportunity.

The lake which we had here discovered we named "Boa Lake," from our adventure with the aboma.

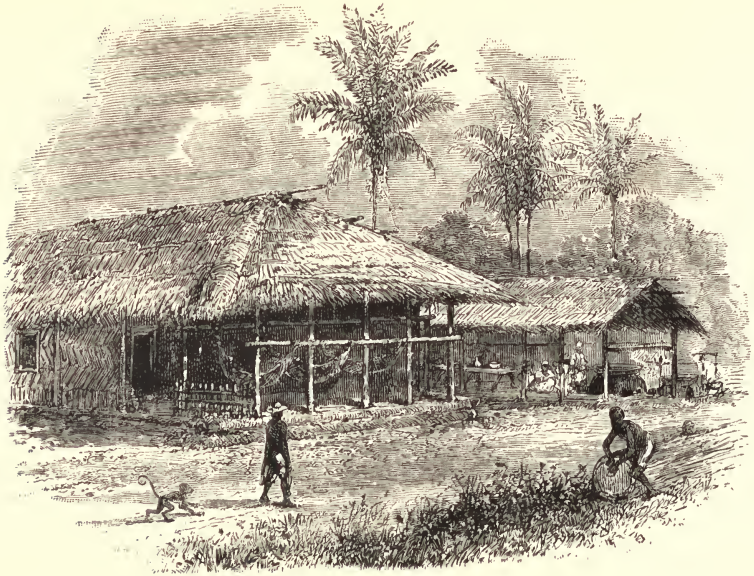
CHAPTER XII.

An Ocelot. — On Lake Castanea. — Some Bare Bones. — Threading the *Igarapés*. — The Completion of the Survey. — We start to cross the Amazons at Dusk. — A Shower. — Perilous Boating. — The Indians Numb with Fright. — Some Welcome Rockets. — Thanks to Louise, we at length get ashore. — Allicia not so Well.

THE next morning, as we were poling the *montaria* along a lagoon which we had discovered leading from the lake off into the forest to the eastward, we passed under a tree containing another family of chattering monkeys, and saw, crouched on a limb, a lithe and beautifully-mottled animal, much too small for a jaguar, yet unmistakably of the cat kind. Before Wade could take up the rifle, it ran up higher, and disappeared among the leaves. I think it must have been an ocelot.

The lagoon turned out to be a creek, connecting with another lake, which we at first took for an unknown expanse; but, presently espying the *jetty* on the southern shore, we recognized it: it was none other than Lake Castanea.

As we paddled along, we could see the bare bones of the peccaries we had killed on our nut-gathering excur-



INDIAN HUT ON THE MADEIRA.

sion. Either their brethren or the jaguars had picked them clean.

At the eastern end of this second lake we found a bayou connecting with still a third lake farther east. There seemed, in fact, to be a chain of these *ponds* back from two to four miles from the river, connected with it and with each other by scores of still, deep creeks meandering through the forest.

During this day and the next we were mainly occupied in threading these bayous and *igarapés*, keeping an attentive eye to the seringas on the banks, and sometimes landing to take a look at the trees back from the water. We found this a more agreeable mode of survey than cutting a path.

Despite the interest we felt in the seringa survey, we were not sorry when the ground had been gone over (the last part of it rather imperfectly) at the end of the fifth day after starting out from the *fazenda*. Vast and luxuriant as are these Amazonian forests, they are not cheerful; to me, at least. Rank, profuse, and gaudy as are the festoons of flowers, they are not wholly pleasant: they cloy Northern eyes. We gladly emerged from one of the dim *igarapés* upon the river at about six o'clock, P.M., and turned the *montaria* homeward.

We were now about three miles below Capt. Additon's plantation. To reach it, a row of eight miles was before us, — three up stream, and five across.

For an hour we toiled up the left or southern shore.

It was now twilight, with dark cloud-masses in the east. Palo said we had better camp on the bank, and cross in the morning; but we were anxious to get over, and started the *montaria* for the mid-channel.

I shall never forget that row across.

Before we were even half over, it came on dark as pitch. Black clouds draped the whole sky; and a shower came rolling up. The wind blew; and, aside from the strong current, great waves rose all around I made no doubt that we should be swamped. In the darkness, we entirely lost our course; and the wind frustrated every attempt to light a match to look at the compass. Several times the waves broke over the gunwales: at one time we shipped fully a pailful.

To add to our embarrassment, the Indians got so frightened, that they would do nothing but cross themselves, and mutter prayers. We four got to the oars, and pulled as steadily as possible; the wind shrieking, and driving the rain like sleet; the waves slopping in, and so dark that we could not even see each other's faces. The Indians were just simply *numb*. Had we been inexperienced in handling a boat, we should have been lost to a dead certainty.

Suddenly, as we hung there in utter bewilderment, a long bright streak of flame streamed into the sky, and seemed to *arch* out over us. It was off to the right, and a good way astern.

Raed uttered an exclamation.

"Lightning!" I exclaimed.

"No, a rocket!" cried Wade. "From the wharf!"

"Then I'm completely turned round!" exclaimed Kit.

Another flash — this time a blue one — left no doubt that it was really a signal from our kind friends, who were, perhaps, anxious about us.

It seems that the wind and shower had driven us up the river, in the teeth of the current, long past the wharf. We were, in fact, pulling in a direction quite opposite to the right one.

The rockets encouraged us. Without venturing to turn the boat, we faced around on the thwarts, and pulled lustily for the land. In a few minutes we caught the glimmer of lanterns on the wharf. As we came under the lee of the shore, the wind struck us less forcefully, and we were able to pull up to the landing in a little better order. There stood Capt. Additon, with Sanders, Johnson, and a dozen of the blacks, and a girlish form, hooded and muffled in a water-proof.

"That you, Louise?" exclaimed Wade.

"Yes, indeed! and a fine fright you have given us!" cried the sister. "We were about going after you in the *cuberta*."

"Why, how did you know we were coming across?" Raed questioned.

"Louise was looking with a glass just after sunset," said Capt. Additon, struggling hard to hold an umbrella already twice turned wrong side out. "She saw a boat coming up the southern shore, and thought it might be yours."

"And when I saw it start to come over, just at dusk, I knew it was!" interrupted my fair cousin. "Then that shower came up, and you didn't come! I knew you must be in danger."

"But how came you to be looking for us with the glass just then?" Wade asked.

"Oh! it doesn't follow, that, because I was looking

through the glass, I was necessarily looking for you in particular," said Louise; but added, that she had an idea that we should be coming back that night.

"Miss Additon," cried Kit, "you have done us a mighty good turn, as it happens! I never was more thankful for any thing in my life than when I saw that last blue rocket go up. I don't believe we should have got ashore at all if it hadn't been for those rockets."

"I know we should not," said Raed. "We were completely turned round, and heading in the wrong direction."

"They wouldn't believe it was you that I saw," said Louise; "but I *knew* it was!"

Capt. Additon laughed, and said we had best go up to the house, as we were all more or less drenched.

To Louise, then, we had owed the rockets. I have often thought of it since. One girl of the right sort is worth a dozen boys at such times. No boy would have had *that idea*, that we should be coming, and looked in just the right time to see us put off from the shore five miles away.

We found that Allicia had been quite ill during our absence, but was now somewhat better.

I thought she looked yet paler than when I had last seen her. I think Raed thought so too; for I saw a pained look in his face.

That this lovely girl should stay here, and die of the climate, seemed one of the saddest things I had ever contemplated.

Raed was very thoughtful that evening; and I think it was not without some ulterior design that he quietly reminded Wade to write to Capt. Mazard next morning.

CHAPTER XIII.

Our Expedition up the Madeira. — Manaos. — The Steamboat "Dom Pedro." — Buying Wood. — The Confluence of the Rio Negro and the Solimoens. — On the Madeira. — Rich Seringa-Woods. — Paulo. — The Parentintin Country. — A Sharp Skirmish. — The Cachibos. — A Horrid Act of Cannibalism. — We return to Manaos.

WITH the tract of land embraced in our survey on the south shore of the river we were but moderately well satisfied.

"There are three objections to it," said Raed next day, when Capt. Additon had inquired how we found it.

"First, the seringa is not so thickly interpersed amid the other growth as could be wished.

"Second, the section is cut up to an almost incredible extent by bayous, or *igarapés*, which will require a great amount of bridging.

"Third, the land lies so low, and the forest is so damp, that I fear whoever works it will be seriously liable to the fever of the country."

Capt. Additon remarked that these were each very grave objections.

"But as to the first," said he, "how thickly do you

estimate the India-rubber tree to stand? — to the acre, say, how many?"

Raed replied, that, as near as we could figure it, there were not over eight trees to the acre, on an average.

"That would be fifty-one hundred and twenty to the square mile," said the captain reflectively. "And, if you were to get a grant of a tract with a six-mile frontage on the river, reckoning a distance of three miles back from the water would give upwards of ninety-two thousand trees available for tapping. Well, that would be trees enough. I have only about twenty-five hundred tapped. That number keeps my whole force of hands busy."

Kit observed, that the only question with him was, whether we might not be able to do better in some other locality.

"Undoubtedly you might," replied Capt. Additon. "This is hardly the best locality for the seringa. Farther up the river, and especially on the Madeira, I hear that the seringa is much more abundant. The Madeira, in fact, has become the great rubber-making district. I have been half inclined to make a trip up there for several months. The banks of the Madeira are higher, dryer, and the forests lighter, and less weighed with vines and parasitic plants, than are those of the Amazons proper."

"How far is it to the mouth of the Madeira from here?" Kit asked.

"A little rising two hundred miles," Capt. Additon said. "But one has first to go to Manaos, at the forks with the Rio Negro, unless a steamboat directly up the

Madeira can be hailed. If I were going to look out a seringa-farm, I should go to Manaos direct, and there hire a *cuberta* and ascend the Madeira at my leisure."

Raed observed, and we all concurred, that, if he had such a trip in view, we should be very glad to accompany him, and pay our proportion of the expense.

Capt. Additon did not say immediately whether he would go or not.

At dinner, however, he announced that he would be ready to start for the Madeira the following Monday; that being the day whereon the up steamer for Manaos called with the mail.

The three following days were spent in a lazy way, — resting from our jaunt to the southern shore, and playing *croquet* and *le circle* with the girls. What we talked of, or that Raed had the symptoms of "falling in love," may hardly interest the "general reader." The subject most talked of was undoubtedly the college steamship: that was but natural.

Sunday morning was spent in the library, — I hope not irreverently, — reading Mr. Bret Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp," a copy of which had been forwarded, with other new books, by our courteous publisher, Mr. Osgood. Louisa and Kit read aloud alternately for the benefit of the rest of us. A batch of new books is doubly welcome coming to one in a foreign, and, withal, isolated land. Beside the intrinsic merit and interest of the volumes themselves, it is a pleasant souvenir of home and enterprising friends, who have not forgotten us, though long absent and far away.

At eight, Monday morning, we were on board the

wheezy old steamer "Ibécuhy," driving slowly up the Amazons. Nothing worth record occurred during the three days of our voyage. The scenery, though rich, is monotonous, — always the same broad river, the same vivid green islets, and the same vast tropical forest on the shores, unbroken, save at long intervals, by some little hut-hamlet with its tiny squadrons of *montarias*, and here and there a larger *cuberta*.

During the latter part of the night, Wednesday, or rather Thursday, "The Ibécuhy" entered the Rio Negro. When we woke, we were at Manaos.

With us, Manaos would hardly be an ordinary fishing-hamlet; a very dingy one to boot. To the simple people of the Amazons it is a great city. I say, of the *Amazons:* but rather incorrectly; since the great river is here spoken of as the Solimoens. Still farther up it bears the name of the Maranon.

After a vain search for something like a hotel, we came back on board "The Ibécuhy," which was to stop here for a number of days, and took up our quarters on her for the time being, — till we could hire a *cuberta*, and provision her.

Meanwhile Kit, on his goings to and fro, had espied a little steamer, "The Dom Pedro," *tied to a tree* about half a mile above where "The Ibécuhy" was moored. With an eye to business, he had ascertained that it was the property of a certain Major Delanho. When this was reported, Capt. Additon remembered the name: he had been slightly acquainted with the major at Para.

"If we could get hold of this little steamer," said Kit, "we could just bowl along at our ease."

There was no doubting the convenience of the plan: the question was, Could we get her? Raed did not think it likely the boat could be hired. He and Capt. Additon set off, however, to *sound* the major, who lived at a *sitio* about a mile out of town, up the river.

In the course of a couple of hours they came back quite jubilant. For the sum of seventy-five dollars (American money) they had secured not only the boat for three weeks, but the engineer with her; who, by the by, was engineer and stoker too. Two Indians who had lived on the Madeira had also been hired, for *five dollars* apiece, to go with the steamer.

The rest of the afternoon was spent getting in farina, beef, &c., for our voyage.

Wood had to be bought for the furnace. Instead of selling wood by the cord, these people sell it by the "piece;" a piece being nothing more nor less than an ordinary stick of four-foot wood. We purchased a thousand pieces — a quantity which came near swamping us (nautically) — for eight dollars. As all these pieces had to be counted, and as the owners made a sad job of counting when it got above *twenty*, the transaction was a somewhat protracted and tedious one. They were honest as coopers; so were we: but our shouts of laughter to see them counting it over and over raised their gravest suspicions of us.

This done, nothing remained but to pour water into the rusty old boiler, build a fire under it, and start. We waited till morning, however; the day being now far gone.

Manaos is situated, not directly at the forks of the two

rivers, but several miles up the Rio Negro. The junction of these mighty streams — where we arrived in "The Dom Pedro" at seven next morning — is one of the best sights on the Amazons. The Rio Negro, as the name signifies, is a stream of black water, at this place not very rapid, but very wide; in fact, twice as wide as the Amazons (*Solimoens*) itself, which here is very deep and strong, its waters of a muddy yellow hue. The rivers meet at nearly right angles. The blue-black water presses slowly out: the yellow torrent of the Solimoens dashes fiercely at it, and holds it back, and being colder, and hence heavier, than the black water, passes underneath it, sometimes for miles, to emerge in yellow eddies. The Indians call the Solimoens the "living river," and the Negro the "dead river."

With the aid of the current and the engine we tore down the mid-channel at a great rate. When we thought the engineer hadn't got in wood enough, either Kit or Wade would cram the "fire-box," — in locomotive phrase. Somehow we got very reckless with "The Dom Pedro." With our deck-load of wood, there was really some danger of "running her under," as Capt. Additon kept humorously warning us.

It is ninety-five miles from Manaos back to the mouth of the Madeira. It will be guessed that we "kept our pot boiling" pretty smartly, when I say, that at three, P.M., we had rounded the low, grassy spit, which, for a long distance, divides the affluent from the main stream, and entered the former.

At the forks, the width of the Madeira is about three miles; but this soon narrows to a mile, and even less, far-

ther up. The confluence of the two rivers here is marked by nothing like the turbulence of the Negro forks. It is a placid meeting.

Great as is the Madeira, it seemed but a child of a river, on entering it after a run down the strong and mighty Amazons.

Raed thoughtfully remarked, that our estimate of any thing was but a comparison with something else. Anywhere else in the world, we should esteem the Madeira a monarch of rivers: here it impressed us first by its smallness.

For the first hour or two, there were many islands in the channel; but these gradually thinned out as we steamed on.

At six, P.M., we moored the boat for the night at a place where the bank was high, and the water under it deep and sluggish. Two hawsers were bent to a couple of mulatto-trees which leaned out from the shore. We did not care to keep on by night. We were all pretty well tired with our long day, and needed a quiet snooze to refresh us.

But, fatigued as we had become, I recall that we remained sitting under the little awning for a long time after supper. Off over the forests, on the farther bank of the river, hung a bright new moon in all the fleecy softness of these low latitudes. Beneath it the stream was silvered, and the great palm-leaves glistened like tinsel. Yet the wilderness was profoundly still. It is a mistake to fancy that these forests are full of game: at least, we saw but little at any time. There seemed to be but few alligators on the Madeira. Now and then a turtle

showed its head, or was seen waddling on the sand banks. Occasionally, too, a chorus of frogs would pipe up amazingly for a while; but solitude and silence held sway in the main.

Just as we were turning in to our little hutch of a cabin, a *montaria*, with several Indians, came floating down close in upon the shore. Catching sight of our craft moored there, they sheered hastily off, and were passing with suspicious glances, when one of our Indians hailed them with a cheery "*Boa noite!*"

And pleasant *boa noites* were called back to us.

How unlike the Indians of the United States, with their sullen grunts and harsh gutturals! Surely they are of diverse origin.

At six next morning we were under way again.

Thatched huts were here and there to be seen in little clearings on both banks; but even the lower course of the river is but sparsely peopled.

At one o'clock we were off Villa de Borba, — a miserable little hamlet of perhaps twenty houses, which were mainly palm-huts.

Later we passed Sapucaya-roca ("hen-coop"), another similar hamlet of huts, where *Brancas* (Portuguese) and Indians work side by side rubber-making. Here the seringa was seen in great natural groves; and here the rubber-making district begins to skirt the stream on both sides.

One of our Indians, named Paulo, had worked at various points along the river above Sapucaya-roca for eleven years. He knew a great many of the rubber-makers, and pointed out to us their locations as we went

on. It appeared from his account — and, from the number of huts and "smokes," we could hardly doubt it — that the seringa-forests were taken up by squatters almost entirely. At only a few places, and these in manifestly bad locations, were there unclaimed tracts which might be secured.

We were not a little disappointed with this state of things.

"But are there no lands not settled, Paulo?" Raed would ask.

And Paulo's invariable answer would be, "Oh, yes, senhor! — up with the Parentintins."

"But who are the Parentintins?"

At this question Paulo's face would grow very stern and grave. He would shake his head forebodingly. The Parentintins were a tribe of very bad Indians; shocking savages; eaters of man's flesh, — that is to say, their enemies'. Worst of all misfortunes would Paulo consider it to fall into their hands.

"But have they really eaten anybody?" Kit inquired.

Paulo could not name any one whom he knew to have been eaten. Still he was sure that such was their diet — on opportunity.

Had Paulo ever seen a Parentintin? (We naturally felt interested in making these inquiries.)

Nao. But, six years ago, a party of them had crossed from their own side of the river, and murdered several rubber-makers; and, not long after, a Portuguese family on the Rio Purus had been attacked, and their heads cut off and carried away.

That was certainly a little rough; but who had seen them?

Another Portuguese, whom they had not caught, but who was hidden under a pile of mosquito-nets in the same house: so Paulo assured us.

Capt. Additon remarked, that this murder might full as likely have been done by some vagabond *Brancas* for money as by the Parentintins.

"But have these savages been seen or heard of since?" Wade asked.

Paulo had not heard that they had. But he warned us to beware of them, and repeatedly declared that nothing would tempt him to go ashore on the Parentintin lands.

We considered all this talk the purest bosh. Surely a bugbear that had not been seen in six years might very well be counted out.

On the seventh morning after leaving Manaos, we passed the last of the rubber "smokes" on the east shore of the river, and, for the next hour, steamed along a flat, swampy country. Shortly after, we passed the mouth of a large tributary river. Beyond this river, to the southward, was the Parentintin country: so Paulo said. He gravely advised us to keep farther off from the bank than heretofore, or, better still, follow the west shore, lest an arrow from some concealed marksman should come on board. In illustration of his own sincere cowardice, he kept to the right side of the engine.

Twenty or twenty-five miles beyond the mouth of the tributary above mentioned, we began to skirt one of the finest tracts of forest-land we had yet seen. The ground

rose in swells from the water. There were few vines and creepers. We could see far back into the woods. Fully one-half the trees, as we counted them, were seringas: of the remainder, a large per cent were urucuris mingled with the Brazil-nut tree. It was a grand virgin growth. Regardless of Paulo's advice, we stopped the steamer, save for the donkey-engine to keep her steady in the current, and, getting into the little *montaria* we had towed after us in lieu of carrying a boat, landed for a closer inspection. Both Wade and Capt. Additon had rifles, and Kit his revolver.

Going up from the bank, we found the soil to be a rich loam, out of which the seringas grew rankly and tall, their smooth bark quite free from the dark mosses which coated them on the Lower Amazons.

"Rubber can be made here with one-half the labor that it takes at my *sitio*," said Capt. Additon at once. "I am sure of it."

Raed was greatly elated.

"Here's the place for our grand plan! here's the place to roll up money!" he kept repeating. "Land to be had for the asking!"

We went back half or three-quarters of a mile from the river, and returned more than satisfied. It was far in advance of our expectations. As for Parentintins, we had hardly thought of them after our first five minutes ashore. The prospect of making rapid fortunes was far too beguiling.

Starting on again, "The Dom Pedro" steamed past mile after mile of this valuable forest; the seringas stand-

ing rank on rank back as far as the eye could pierce, and, no doubt, for many leagues farther.

At sunset we anchored the boat some twenty yards from the bank, and passed the evening in a thorough discussion of the rubber-making plan connected with these great unclaimed groves of the seringa. So interested did we each become, that it was long past midnight before any one of us thought of going to sleep; and, for my own part, I dreamed of nothing but rubber and grand college steamships all the rest of the night.

In the morning we got up steam, and went on again for thirty miles or upwards, till Raed and Capt. Additon both declared that they had seen enough, and that they would not ask for better groves. The rich woods continued uninterrupted, except by an occasional river-bottom when some small tributary came in from the east.

"But how do we know that these seringas will give out milk freely like those down on the Amazons?" Kit suggested.

Raed thought there could be little doubt of that.

Capt. Additon said we could easily find out by tapping.

"Well, let's try them, to be certain," said Kit.

Three or four old tin dippers, a few cups, and a piece of putty, which Wade had discovered in a cuddy on the boat, were mustered; and, taking an axe to tap with, we again landed with the *montaria*, and proceeded to tap several of the trees. In order to get a good idea of the quantity they would yield, we tapped one almost on the water's edge, another back fifty yards, another a hundred yards, and so on; the last one being well-nigh a thousand meters from the shore, on ground fully a hundred feet above the water.

As we were coming back, Wade espied a large animal of a dark-brown color, with a long snout, which I have now no doubt was a veritable tapir. It was at a considerable distance, and partially hidden by the intervening stumps. Kit fired at it from where we stood with his revolver; at which it immediately ran off at speed, making a heavy trampling. I judged it to have been as large as the white bears we saw in Hudson Straits.

The tapping done, we went back on board to have dinner, and wait for the milk to flow; and, though this may seem but a trivial incident to the reader, we yet awaited the result with no little anxiety: the success of our scheme depended much upon this test.

In order to give the trees a fair chance to "run," we waited till two, P.M.; then, taking a tin bucket to collect the sap in, went ashore. Kit and I volunteered to go to the farther tree to save all five making so long a tramp. I recollect that Kit drummed on the bucket, as we went on, a regular rat-a-tat-tat, to which we kept step. Coming to the farther tree, we found the dipper running over with the white juice. Breaking it clear of the putty, I was emptying it into the bucket, when Kit, who stood looking about, quietly touched my shoulder. I glanced around.

"Wash," he whispered hurriedly, "just look out there!" with a half-gesture of his hand.

My eye followed it.

A hundred yards or thereabouts from where we stood, I saw a man's head looking stealthily out from behind a seringa-trunk, — a dark, wild-looking face with a mat of long hair.

An involuntary exclamation escaped me.

"Keep cool!" Kit muttered. "It's a Parentintin! Don't let him know we see him!"

I looked covertly around, and detected another form, in a dingy white garment, stealing from one tree-trunk to another off a dozen or fifteen rods to the left.

"There are two of them!" I exclaimed under my breath.

"Two!" muttered Kit: "there are more than twenty! Drop that pail! Out with your revolver, and leg it for the boat!"

We both sprang away, and ran for life.

Before we had taken ten leaps, a strangely shrill cry was raised, seeming all around us; and a flight of arrows came hurtling past. I remember seeing one strike into a urucuri-tree a yard ahead, and quiver where it stuck.

My God, how we did *leg it* then!

I had a glimpse of one of them running off to the right of us, almost abreast, trying to head us off. Kit saw him too, and fired at him. Still running headlong, I put up my own revolver to shoot at him; when, my foot breaking through into a hole where some rascally peccary had rooted under the leaves, I stumbled, and went heels over head, but leaped to my feet, and ran on instantly. Kit had fired again while I was tumbling; or else it was my own pistol went off: I hardly know which. Several more arrows came past us; and we heard the wretches screeching again.

There, on a sudden, Capt. Additon, with Raed and Wade, was right before us, running to meet us. I saw Wade aim with the Enfield, and heard three shots crack

almost at the same moment. Kit and I both turned at this. There was considerable powder-smoke; but I saw indistinctly more than a dozen figures in white mantles dodging about off among the trees, and blazed away at them to the best of my ability. Then they shrieked (I can think of no better word for it) again, and let more arrows fly.

"We had better get back to the boat," Capt. Additon said quite coolly.

It was, perhaps, twenty rods to the water. We were leaping into the *montaria* in less than a minute later. Wade and Kit turned to fire: the rest of us caught up the paddles, and shoved off. The steamer was not over a hundred feet from the bank. We pushed and paddled the canoe round her stern to the lee-side, and got aboard without loss of time.

Whether we had really hit any of the scamps or not, I am quite unable to say. Raed thinks he saw one of them fall while we were firing together; but that may have been a part of their tactics.

They did not show themselves on the bank, but lurked, out of sight, among the foliage, and shot an occasional arrow, some of which came aboard with very considerable force. These shafts were nearly a yard in length, of bamboo, with the points rown and hardened, — by fire-heat, we thought.

While we were running at our first alarm out in the woods, one of these arrows had hit Kit's boot (ridiculously like the arrow of Paris), and, tearing through the leather, slightly scratched his ankle. We were in great fear for some hours, lest the arrow had been a poisoned one; but no evil result came of it.

Our engineer and the Indians had been frightened half out of their wits. Paulo, indeed, was nowhere to be seen. We began to think that some stray arrow had hit him, and that he had fallen into the river. Presently, however, his scared face and wet hair were poked up over the rail. On hearing the firing, and the shriekings of the Parentintins, this valiant son of the forest had let himself down on the off-side of the steamer into the water, and there hung on by one of the paddle-wheel floats. I will do him the justice to add, that he did look a little sheepish as he got back over the rail.

"You black dog!" exclaimed Wade. "I've a great mind to pitch you overboard in good earnest!"

There was not much difficulty in dodging their arrows at this distance.

We would not seem to be driven off by them, and till near sunset lay there, with our guns and pistols rested on the rail, waiting for them. Whenever an arrow would *leap* out from among the greenery, we would let a volley of bullets fly in where it had seemed to start from.

As it drew toward night, we had old Mauches (the engineer) fire up, and, steaming across the river, anchored for the night under the farther bank.

The next day we steamed up and down the east shore for several hours, but saw nothing more of the doughty Parentintins. Very likely their villages are located a good way back from the river.

A little after noon, we set out on our return down the Madeira.

"If these rascals trouble like this, it will make it bad for our rubber-making," Kit observed as we were talking it over.

"Make it disagreeable, certainly," Raed remarked.

"But we will not be kept off by them," he added a moment after. "We will just land a good strong party, and drive them out, if they won't be peaceable. Is not that your opinion, Capt. Additon?"

"I think we shall be able to *deal* with them," said the veteran quietly.

"A set of murderous wretches like those!" exclaimed Wade, — "the sooner they are rooted out, the better."

"Our driving out the Parentintins would be considered a pretty good title to the land by all the rubber-makers on the river," Kit remarked.

The Parentintins are among the few wild tribes still at enmity with the whites and civilized Indians. Farther up the Amazons, Major Delanho, with whom we passed the night after our return to Manaos, told us, that in 1866, a party of Peruvian surveyors, while going up exploring the Pachitea, — one of the upper tributaries of the Amazons, — had a serious encounter with a tribe known as the Cachibos. The major kindly showed me a published official account of this rencounter, an extract from which I have copied out: —

"During his (the commander's) absence, several canoes, filled with armed Indians, passed down the river, the savages eying inquisitively the steamer, but declining all the overtures made by those on board to come nearer. This, viewed by the light of subsequent events, was supposed to be a reconnoitring party. The next day a single unarmed Indian emerged from the dark forest on the river-bank, directly opposite the steamer, and made signs in a friendly manner, as though inviting

the crew to come on shore. After some hesitation, the two officers left on board — Lieut. Tavara and Midshipman West, the latter the son of an Englishman settled in Peru — took the only remaining boat, and crossed to the bank.

"There was less ground for suspicion, inasmuch as travellers, Peruvians and others, had visited numerous tribes on the neighboring rivers, Ucayali and Huallaga, without meeting with any thing but friendly treatment.

"However, the two young men took their loaded revolvers as a precaution: they went also laden with various articles suitable for friendly trade with the Indians. Three boys belonging to the steamer accompanied them. Hauling the boat on the sandy beach, they followed the Indian into the forest. Two or three others soon joined them, all apparently friendly; and they walked on. At length the officers made halt, and, taking out some trinkets, exhibited them to the Indians.

"At this juncture, the boys, who had remained behind, saw a long file of savages threading the forest between them and their masters. There was no time to give warning. Tavara, turning his head, saw the trap they had fallen into; but, before he or his companion could take aim with their revolvers, they fell, pierced through by the long bamboo-arrows of the savages.

"The boys ran back for their lives, and, reaching the river, plunged into it, and swam towards the steamer; the crew afterwards pouring a volley of grape-shot into the forest, where the crowd of savages now appeared, balked of the rest of their prey.

"The expedition possessed no means of avenging this

treachery, or even of penetrating the fastnesses of the savages to recover the corpses of the two officers. It returned to Iquitos; and a second and stronger force was despatched in December of the same year (1866) to punish the Indians, and complete the exploration. Three steamers (one of them of five hundred tons) were sent, with fifty soldiers, and a number of friendly Conibo Indians to act as guides; the latter being deadly enemies of the Cachibos.

"On the 6th of December this adventurous flotilla arrived at Chunta Isla; and, under the guidance of the Conibos, the armed force was landed on the borders of the forest in the silence of night, and marched through its shades for about nine miles to take the village of the savages by surprise.

"Suddenly they came upon a small clearing, with a number of huts ranged around, and having in the centre a kind of altar, the horrible use of which was afterwards made known.

"On the force advancing, a number of Cachibos darted out, fully armed. A volley was fired amongst them, and many fell. The rest, alarmed at the strange sound of the fire-arms, vanished into the depths of the forest, where pursuit was impossible.

"Two women and thirteen children were captured, but no men; and, after setting fire to the huts, the Peruvians set out on their return.

"Before they had reached half way to the river, they were assailed by a shower of arrows in the midst of the darkness, accompanied by frightful yells, which were replied to by a continuous fire of musketry, but with what

effect could not be known. In this way, continually attacked by arrows from invisible assailants, they at length regained the water's edge, several of their number being severely wounded.

"Even after embarking, the infuriated savages appeared in force at the edge of the forest, yelling, and brandishing their weapons, until scared away by rounds of grape-shot."

From the accounts of the prisoners, obtained through interpreters, there could be no doubt that the bodies of the two officers assassinated by the Cachibos were eaten by them, after being roasted on the altar, in the centre of their village. It long had been known that certain small tribes on the Upper Amazons were cannibals; and this event only supplied further confirmation.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Arrival of "The Rambler." — Our Bonny Ocean-Home. —Letters on the College-Steamship Enterprise. — Raed's Suggestion to Wade. — Nut-Gathering on a Grand Scale. — We take Leave of our Southern Hosts. — Our Fair Passengers. — Down the Amazons. — Sheeted Home. — The Homeward Voyage. — Those Nuts.

WE were absent twenty-two days on our Parentintin expedition.

Five days after our return to the *fazenda*, "The Rambler," with Capt. Mazard and crew, arrived up the Amazons from Para.

How like home, or rather like a familiar friend, the dear yacht looked to us, rounding to off the wharf at sunset! We had sighted her at three (afternoon), far down the river, coming gallantly up under her white cloud of canvas. She was indeed a goodly sight for eyes used only to the dingy, slovenly craft of the Amazons.

I think our pride was very pardonable to show our bonny ocean-home to these dear friends. It was like a picture in oil and color, — this great sea-bird sailing up, and coming majestically round under perfect handling; the crew, in gay uniform, standing two and two at their

stations; the huge white sails, flat as framed card-board; the glistening green paint, without a scar; cordage taut; and the bright stars and stripes streaming gayly out. No inanimate thing on earth will come to be loved like a pretty yacht.

"The Rambler" brought our last mail from the United States, — another big packet of letters on the college-steamship question. How a mutually interesting scheme will draw young persons into familiar relations! Here were young fellows, many of whom we had never met, addressing us as brothers in a common cause; some letters flighty to the last degree, others full of good, hard sound sense, but all sincere and earnest. We could but feel proud of our young fellow-citizens as we read on. One fellow wrote (there can be no harm in saying that his initials are D. P. L. of Philadelphia), "I shall have five hundred (500) dollars spending-money this year. I will give every cent of it to help launch the college steamer."

When boys talk in that way, it means business. I do not believe a more popular educational scheme could be proposed. Our youth at once seize the idea, and are ready to pledge their support of it.

Raed had received a letter from Prof. H. of Brooklyn, N.Y., whose attention had been called to our plan by our friend and co-worker, Mr. Everleth of the same beautiful city.

In conclusion the professor had said, "Your 'college-steamer' idea contains the kernel of a great truth. Once started, it would supply a want which the youth of America are clearly beginning to feel. I cannot doubt

the popularity of the idea, nor yet of such an institution, when once it is established and brought into good working-order. But, to do that, you have, to use a homely phrase, 'a great wheel to turn,' — one that I fear will discourage you before you will have brought it about. To found such an institution as you propose, and found it properly, is a great work. But you are young: life is all before you. Be persistent; be tireless; reject failure; pay no attention to opposition (you will have plenty of it); and do not for a moment lose sight of your *central idea*. That is the formula for success.

"I assure you of my hearty sympathy. So far as my 'moral support' is of any avail, you shall have it cordially.

"I would suggest that a *college steamship* might do good work in the cause of science, aside from the education of its annual classes of young men. Take the single branch, Natural History, — Zoölogy. We are much in need of critical observation of fauna carried on in localities where species are indigenous. Attached to your college steamship there might be scientific men, zoölogists, embryologists, &c., whose labors might thus be prosecuted without the expense of separate expeditions. Such co-operation would be of mutual benefit, as you will readily see."

"That's an idea worth making note of!" exclaimed Kit. . . . "And, fellows, we ought to be getting back to the United States to spend the winter calling public attention to our plan," he added reflectively a moment later.

"You are quite right," said Raed.

After that, we sat thinking matters over for some minutes.

"There is one thing, Wade," Raed began, breaking the silence of our reflections, "to which I would wish to call your serious attention, as a brother: it is your, and perhaps our, mutual duty to your sister Allicia. I refer to her failing health. She ought not to pass another rainy season on the Amazons. Why do you not take her with you on our return-voyage to the United States? Every accommodation the yacht can give her is at her service, as you well know."

"The idea has occurred to me several times within the last few weeks," replied Wade very gravely; "but I am quite at a loss how to break it properly to father and mother."

"I advise you to take the matter in hand without delay," said Raed.

Both Kit and myself warmly seconded the suggestion.

"I will do so," replied Wade at length; "but I dread it, fellows. It will be such a miserable parting for them all!"

"Remember that it is only to escape a *sadder one* that I propose it," Raed said.

Louise came in, and we hastily changed the subject; though I could not but think it would have been as well to have first suggested the matter to her.

We had determined to try the experiment of carrying a few tons of Brazil-nuts to the North with us. The next day "The Rambler" was taken across to the south shore of the river, and anchored off the vine-draped mouth of the *igarapé* leading into Boa Lake.

Her ballast, to the amount of twenty-five tons, was then discharged.

Capt. Additon gave us the use of his two *montarias*, with the services of Palo and Manoel. Our jolly tars entered heartily into this nut-gathering project (being promised a consideration extra, be it said). Old suits were passed up; and, for the next ten days, the *montarias* were running busily back and forth from the lake to the yacht. The nuts, by the basketful, were hoisted carefully on board, and turned into a great bin down in the hold. From two to three tons were got aboard daily. We might easily have shipped fifty or even a hundred tons, had we been so disposed. To load down the yacht, however, like a *beast of burden*, was not our pleasure.

How, or by what arguments, Wade introduced the subject of Allie's visit to the North, I do not know; but that he had spoken, the sad look of doubt and anxiety which had fallen upon the whole family apprised me. We felt a delicacy about speaking openly, and so waited to let them decide the matter, as was best, inside the family-circle.

Five days before "The Rambler" sailed, Wade announced finally that Allicia would go with us, and that Capt. Additon himself would accompany us. This seemed to me quite as natural as unnecessary; but, of course, we made no comment.

Two days later, Wade declared that his mother would go instead of his father, whose business could hardly admit of his absence.

The next day, and still another decision, and what

seemed to me the more expedient, was arrived at, — Louise was to go. We secretly hailed this announcement.

"Will she take 'Haidee'?" Raed asked with a comical laugh.

The matter was left to Louise's own option. Very wisely (considering the fact that the girl was quite ignorant of life off the Amazons, and also that we had a crew of merry sailors), Louise decided that her handmaid "would be more plague than profit." Meanwhile their baggage was being shipped.

"The Rambler" was to sail in the morning; and, the night before, we took our leave of Capt. Additon and his wife, and went on board the yacht, now at anchor off the landing. The sacred grief of their parting with their three children, bound on what to them seemed so long a voyage, was not, we felt, to be witnessed by us, comparatively strangers. We could easily imagine that this last night together was a sad and a tearful one.

At six, A.M., our boat was manned, and sent in to the wharf. The final good-by was spoken.

"O my poor mamma!" sobbed Louise as we helped them up the side.

Wade seized my hand, and wrung it sharply.

"This cuts a fellow to the soul!" he cried out bitterly. "Not one of us left to them!"

The great white sails went slowly up. Anchor had been weighed. The parting-gun boomed suddenly across the broad river. With a waft of her canvas, "The Rambler" was gone from the little lone *fazenda* there in the tropical wilderness. There was a sadness about it all, even to us, with whom such a good-by under different circumstances would have been lightly said.

The wind favored us; the river-current bore us on. We moved swiftly down the Queen of Waters, its shores of primeval forest.

On the fourth day we passed all unharmed through the terrible "bore" at the river's mouth, and once more felt the "lift of the billows," with every sail sheeted home.

We had put the saloon at the girls' disposal, together with two of the largest state-rooms. Every thing that would make the voyage comfortable had been got in, — easy-chairs (hung on grommets to avoid the motion), curtains, books, and more than a dozen favorite flower-pots. The saloon looked both a parlor and a conservatory. They had little need of Myrrha's services. Wade, and indeed all four of us, were devotedly attendant on our fair invalid.

While going down the Amazons, Allicia had remained much the same.

Once out on the Atlantic, she and Louise were miserably seasick for some days; but as this wore off, and a week passed, I saw with joy that Allie was more cheery, and was regaining color. The change of air benefited her, as we had supposed it would.

"Oh, if I could only *telegraph it* to father and mother!" Wade would say to us.

As we got into latitudes of the West Indies, we began to enjoy ourselves. The winds were light. Even the nights were warm, — a rare thing at sea, be it said. Then those lovely sunsets and those peerless sunrisings! the ripple and lap of the waves, gently cleft by our light-running keel! A moon for many evenings silvered

the sea, and shed a weird, elfin light over the vast wastes about us. Our after-deck was muse-devoted. A violin, cornet, and concertina, with many-voiced songs, made night tuneful more or less, and, better still, disturbed nobody. The ocean is a grand place for vocal practice: no neighbors to growl over it.

Reaching higher latitudes on our fourth week, the winds grew more chill, and our pretty passengers came less often on deck. Yet Æolus favored us still. We had nothing like a heavy gale during the whole voyage.

On the thirty-third day out we entered Boston harbor. The pretty cousins remained a week with the writer's family, and then went on to Baltimore to spend the winter with their father's connections, agreeably to Capt. Additon's request.

Raed, who seems to be favored with more regular letters from the sisters than myself, told me last evening (Feb. 7, 1872), that, from his "latest advices," our fair invalid was much improved. From a photograph he showed me, I should judge so certainly.

Those *nuts* turned out as well as, even better than, we anticipated; although three tons spoiled from moulding. The remaining twenty-three tons were sold at the wharf for forty-six hundred (4,600) dollars. This sum nearly or quite reimbursed us the expenses of our round cruise, besides a gratuity of a hundred (100) dollars apiece to each of the crew.

I think our little experiment will show that the nut-importing trade might be made very fairly profitable.

INCIDENTS

OF THE

SECOND YACHT-CRUISE IN HUDSON BAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CAMPING OUT."

INCIDENTS

OF

THE SECOND YACHT-CRUISE IN HUDSON BAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CAMPING OUT."

THE COLLEGE STEAMSHIP.

IT is an easy thing, in fact one of the easiest things in the world, to put a grand scheme on paper, and talk it among one's friends; nor is it a difficult matter to raise popular enthusiasm on a topic of public interest. Americans, especially, are always ready to throw up their hats for any thing that sounds about right, on general principles. But all this "Hurrah, boys!" approval does very little towards starting a great public enterprise; and thus we find it in the case of our college steamship.

During this past winter we have talked with many gentlemen who could undoubtedly help us, and perhaps will yet do so.

We state our plan, and set it forth as correctly and concisely as possible.

Our gentleman gives it his emphatic indorsement invariably. It is just what our young men want: he has no doubt on the subject.

We, of course, are glad to hear him say so, and, thus encouraged, make bold to ask if we may not count on his assistance (pecuniarily of course) for something comfortable. We ask in all good conscience, knowing that our petition is purely *pro bono publico,* and that we are not personally interested to the extent of a single dime; rather, that we are giving of our own time and money freely, without hope or wish of reward.

Straightway our gentleman looks grave, sometimes even suspicious, and as invariably *wants time to think* on the subject, — *must have time to consider the matter;* and this sometimes in a tone which means, "Get out of this! Be off! You may be all right; but I doubt you are a set of young swindlers — at bottom!"

No doubt there are plenty of swindlers abroad; and so we must suffer for the sins of others. It is natural, unavoidable: we must expect it. I need hardly add, that it is disheartening till one gets his skin toughened to it.

Still our winter's work has not been quite barren of results. We have even some *cash* pledged (conditionally). But the thing moves slow, — mighty slow; so slow, that one might well "chew his heart-strings" sometimes — to quote from "old Cluey" — in despite and despair.

Our great desire has been to get the college steamship started in the spring of 1874.

1874 is the Transit year.

We have earnestly wished, not only to date the "fu-

ture American college" from that year, but also to do good service in making observations of the Transit, which our steamer would permit us to do.

If we get afloat during this Transit year, our readers shall hear from us. Meanwhile we would respectfully invite their "moral support," if nothing more. Even "*new ideas*" will be thankfully received; for the enterprise is a great one, and we have only too little experience. A good suggestion from any young (or old) fellow-citizen takes but a moment to write, and *three cents* to forward to us; and it may do us much good. It takes a great many *good ideas* to drive a great project to maturity.

Sooner or later, the American people are sure to adopt this form of *collegiate* education.

Thus the winter passed.

We were waiting for the "heated term" to get over; and, while waiting, made a second summer voyage into Hudson Bay, — by way of keeping cool. My comrade Wash has so faithfully recorded the scenes of our former voyage,* that I shall hardly venture upon a set narrative of this last cruise. Some fresh incidents, peculiar to this comparatively unknown region and its singular people, may not, however, be uninteresting to our readers.

* "Left on Labrador."

A SCENE IN HUDSON STRAITS.

HUDSON STRAITS is a broad channel, averaging from thirty-six to sixty miles in width, and not far from six hundred miles in length, — from Isle Resolution to Carie-swans-nest, at the southern extremity of Southampton Island.

Under ordinary circumstances, its navigation would seem to present no difficulty. As a matter of fact, it is the most dangerous passage in the world. This is owing to two causes; to wit, the ice, and the tremendous tides which accumulate along the coasts of Labrador and Greenland, and pour in from the North Atlantic. One who has never been there can form no adequate idea of the strength and velocity of the currents, and the amazing smash they make amid the ice.

From September to May, the ice forms in enormous quantities among the hundreds of small islands and inlets along the north main. Summer coming suddenly, with midnight suns, breaks this up, and sets it all floating out toward the Atlantic. During June and the early part of July, the straits are filled by the outcoming masses. It is rare that a vessel can enter the passage before the 7th of July.

On our first voyage into Hudson Bay (1868), we got into the Straits July 5; but, on our second voyage, we were not able to gain an entrance till the 11th. And even then we were near paying the penalty of our temerity; for, the next morning after passing Cape Resolution, we encountered so formidable an "ice-patch" while off the Lower Savage Isles, that we were obliged to put in between them to save the yacht from being stove in or crushed up. There was considerable wind, and a heavy swell. These islands are, save two or three, but little more than so many bare, lofty ledges, or keys, of sienite and granite, hoary with huge black and bronze-colored lichens large as sides of leather. Here and there a dark, dome-like rock rose above the sea fully a hundred feet; while all about were minor reefs, twenty, twenty-five, and thirty feet high, smooth as if polished with sandpaper.

But what amazed us was the ice-blocks piled on and against them. Masses as large as a church, and weighing thousands of tons, were here to be seen tilted upon the ledges, fifteen, twenty, and even thirty feet above the sea. It was a gigantic and almost grotesque spectacle.

"Looks as if Neptune and the Tritons had been setting up their snow-men here," Wade remarked.

Almost continuously, too, rumbling sounds and heavy plashings told that these blocks were falling, sapped, no doubt, by the warm sun-rays.

"But what set 'em up?" Wash questioned.

At first I was inclined to think that they were the remains of still huger masses which had formed about the islets during the winter.

Raed shook his head at this theory, and called out to our skipper, who was standing in the bow, for a solution of the problem.

"What did it?" retorted old stout-heart: "why, the tide, of course."

"Whew!" from Wash, gazing curiously around. "When is it high-water next?"

That question could not be precisely answered immediately. We knew that it was at the full at nine o'clock yesterday, down at the cape; and that, consequently, we might expect it here in about two hours.

"Better be getting out of this, I should say," Raed observed, with a spice of anxiety in his tone.

"Sartin, my son," replied the skipper, glancing casually around so as just to show us the white of his eye. "Ain't that what we're doing?"

"We certainly had on all the sail that was prudent in so dangerous a gut, where unknown reefs might at any moment show their heads under our forefoot; for the charts we had with us were evidently mapped at a safe distance from the locality depicted. Not half the larger islands even were indicated; and, of these, the bearings and relative position must have been plotted from surprisingly oblique observations.

As fast as was prudent with a decent degree of caution we ran in through the group, and in the course of an hour, or an hour and a half, *came to* in a comparatively open bay, of perhaps a mile in breadth, lying between the islets and the mountainous north main.

"Risk it here?" Wade queried.

"May as well, I guess," said the skipper, glancing dubiously about.

The only bad features of the place were some ten or a dozen large bergs scattered about the roadstead, either floating tranquilly or grounded on sunken ledges, and two very massive jams of cake-ice (one between two islets, and the other between the islets and the main itself) about half or three-fourths of a mile below (east) where we lay. There was no knowing, as the skipper expressed it, what sort of a frolic those icebergs might start on.

So we lay there, waiting for the tide, — waiting, watching, listening, ten minutes, twenty minutes, half an hour; waiting for the vast wave which forever follows the moon, and which, scientists tell us, will one day stop the earth itself in its diurnal swing.

Presently a low, muffled noise, like the voice of an earthquake among high crags, arose, swelling from afar.

"Hark!" from every mouth.

"Coming!" from the skipper.

We almost held our breaths, remembering, as we did, the perils of our former voyage.

The rumble and roar came nearer. It doesn't take the tidal wave long to go twenty miles.

Nearer, nearer, and more frightfully terrific!

Crash, crash, crash! louder than the most near and hollow rumbling thunder.

"Good God!" ejaculated the skipper, paling, "look at the ice-jam!"

The whole vast mass down between the islets and the main — millions of tons — was heaving up, tossing wildly, and churning together.

Imagine it who can!

Masses, weighing thousands of tons, hurled violently upward, and descending, crunching, grating, grinding to powder the inferior cakes. Never till that moment did I fully realize the power of the moon's attraction, the wonderful strength of gravitation.

A sudden lurch of the yacht made us turn. Down to the south, among the ledgy ice-laden islets amid which we had come, the sea was pouring in. The channels between them ran like mill-races, — all foam and ice. We could see the tilted-up cakes toppling off, and new ones heaving up. The ice-patch from the main channel below seemed to be rushing over the rocky barriers, — rushing, striking, crumbling to fragments. The yacht, caught on the incoming currents, was swept irresistibly up toward the main, till, meeting at nearly right angles the currents which had burst the jams, we were whirled violently around and around, and borne off diagonally to the westward. The whole roadstead boiled like a pot. Huge whirlpools, two and three feet in diameter, yawned, and *sucked in their breath* all around. Fragments of small ice clattered noisily against us; while now and then a heavier bump filled us with secret misgivings.

The icebergs that had whilom stood so tranquilly were whirling and tossing about like corks on a duck-pond. One came driving past us, so near that we felt its icy chill, forcing up a labored mass of foam before it, and leaving loud, fierce eddies in its wake. We shrank back, and marked its career in awed silence. A little farther on it collided with another berg with a shock

like the impact of planets. Both staggered back, fragments as large as the yacht's hull dropping off from each.

We heard similar shocks all around.

Miraculously almost, as we then thought, we escaped unscathed, uncrushed; though we must have been borne full half a mile from the spot where we originally lay.

In half an hour, quiet was restored: only patches of frightened-looking foam indicated the recent tumult of the sea. More than half the islets were now submerged. We were visibly *higher up*.

"A good thirty feet higher," observed the skipper.

A HUSKY FUNERAL.

ONE evening, after passing the Nix Compestress (Snowy Point), we put into an inlet out of which the winter-ice had but recently floated. Here we anchored for the night, a few hundred yards off a beach of black shingle, that occupied the narrow space between the water and the high shore-cliffs.

These cliffs rose full two hundred feet almost perpendicularly. Guillemots, eider-ducks, and auks hovered over their lofty crests. It was a sombre place, pervaded by a certain bleak grandeur.

Here were three or four huts of the Esquimaux. They were made of seal-skin, thrown across a ridge-pole of yellow pine, brought from the south shore of the straits; for these people cross to the Labrador side each winter, returning to the north side with the sun. Each hut covered a family of from seven to ten, making a company of twenty-eight to thirty savages in all. On only two occasions did we find a larger community than this.

Raed once argued that this tendency of the Esquimaux to break up into little squad-like villages indicated their low social grade, which made it impossible for them to form powerful co-operative communities; but Wade

rather deprived his argument of its point by rejoining, that, in that case, the Chinese and Japanese ought to be the most civilized people of the earth, since they have the most populous towns.

An *oomiak* (woman's boat) was drawn up on the shingle near the huts, and several *kayaks* (canoes) had come off to our yacht; but we were tired, and did not allow them to come on board. The novelty of seeing and hearing *live* Esquimaux had about worn off with us.

All through the evening, the jabber and *yeh-yeh* of the children, mingled with the barking and wrangling of their dogs, came to our ears as we lay in our saloon with the bull's-eyes open. Only toward midnight did it gradually lull away. I had been asleep (we had all been asleep) some time, when Raed woke me gently.

"What is it?" I asked, peevishly enough, no doubt.

"Oh! nothing to stir your temper," said he, laughing. "Listen! Hear the Huskies crooning!"

I got up and went to the bull's-eye, near which Raed was standing.

The night-air rushed in, damp with mist; and, strangely like a part and parcel of it, came in, too, the plaintive notes of a low intoned song. Its source was too far away for us to distinguish words, if there were any: indeed, I am inclined to believe that it was a wordless air. Mournful and regular in its sad monotony, it continued minute by minute.

"It sounds like a dirge," said Raed. "Some of them are dead, I imagine. What a sad, wild note it is, though!"

We listened for perhaps fifteen minutes, during which

the song continued unremittingly. I thought of the plaint of the wounded hare in the forest at Mt. Katahdin.

We lay down again, and went to sleep, with the wail sighing in our ears, and should have forgotten it, doubtless, as we do our dreams, had not morning disclosed the whole bare-headed throng crowded silently about one of the huts.

"Yes," Raed observed, "there has been a death among them."

"I should like to witness the funeral ceremony, if there is any," Wade remarked, watching the gathering through his glass.

"Let's go ashore!" exclaimed Wash.

Accordingly, after breakfast, we let down the boat, and pulled ashore.

The crowd about the hut turned to watch us; but the noisy shouting, and cries of "*Chymo*" and "*Pillitay*," with which our presence was generally greeted, were not now raised. The presence of death had sobered them.

Unobtrusively as possible, we drew near. Sounds of sobbing issued from the hut.

Presently the crowd about the *flap* of the hut moved aside; and four of the women, with bare heads and dishevelled hair, bore out on a bear-skin a corpse. It was that of a young woman, very pallid and emaciated; and was sewed up in a silvery seal-skin, with a hood of the same coming down to the blue-veined eyelids. There was no coffin, — simply this seal-skin shroud. Behind the body followed a man, seemingly young, bearing a child in his arms. Then came several older persons of both sexes.

"The young woman was probably the wife of the savage who carries the child," Raed whispered.

"A very marked case of consumption, isn't it?" Wade observed.

As the rude catafalque moved out from the hut, all the savages groaned and moaned distressfully; then fell in behind in twos and threes. The four women bearing the body began a sort of chant to a low, sad air, much like that we had the preceding night. After every line, of which we could only catch now and then a familiar word, came a sort of chorus resembling the words *Amana-amana-aye*, in which all joined. It had a strangely lugubrious effect.

We four fell in behind the procession, arm in arm, and, as well as our Anglo-American tongues would syllable, joined in the trist refrain, marching slowly on after the mangy, mat-headed groups. We wished to see the interment.

The lofty, hoary cliffs, the black shingle, the dashing waves, and that barbarous wail, made up altogether one of the most impressive scenes I have ever witnessed.

With all the natural slowness of misery, the savage procession crept along the beach for a quarter of a mile; then, entering a ravine leading up between frightfully-imminent crags, emerged upon the rugged plateau above.

This plateau rose gradually to some bare granite hills, at a distance of perhaps a mile and a half. Thitherward the bearers directed their burdened steps, stopping often to rest the body on some wayside bowlder.

At all these stoppages the moanings and groanings were renewed; then the chant would be resumed. We

were an hour and twenty minutes reaching the low hills, during all of which time the moaning or the song continued without pause. In fact, we began to think we were getting more than we bargained for; but a desire to see the sepulture induced us to go on.

After winding in and out among ledgy hillocks for a considerable distance farther, the bearers halted finally at a place where many large rocks were lying near together. Between two of these they laid the body, the whole tribe groaning and crying out, with many sorrowful repetitions of the word, "*Nerekut, Nerekut!*" which we presumed was the name of the deceased.

Then the women brought large stones and piled them over the body, filling the entire crevice between the rocks, amid piteous cries and wild gestures of grief.

We looked about the place attentively, but could see no trace of any similar burial. The spot was not set apart for a burying-ground, we were convinced.

After the stones were heaped up, the savages straggled off in irregular squads, — all save the man with the child: he sat down on a stone, with his eyes fixed on the funereal barrow. We left him there, a picture of stolid grief and hopelessness.

Afterward we learned that the Esquimaux of this region have no set places for burial, but that they generally carry their dead off to some distance from their huts, as in the present case. We were told, that, to the superstitious natives, it is thought to foretoken death for a hunter to come upon one of these isolated burial-cairns.

As to the reason of leaving the body on the surface of the ground, it is probably to be found simply in their

lack of any instrument resembling a spade or shovel, as well as in the absence of a soil that is suitable for interment. The stones are piled up to keep out wild beasts.

Death is sad enough everywhere; but, somehow, it seemed doubly pitiful among these squalid children of the bleak North.

MUCK-MHAMEEK.

WE first made the acquaintance of *Muck-Mhameek* at a little inlet to the north-west of the False Charles (promontory), where he came on board in company with a score of others of his swarthy, jolly countrymen, who used to *heh-heh* and *yeh-yeh* us nearly distracted with their importunate cries of "*Chymo*" ("Trade with us") and "*Pillitay*" ("Give us something"), — especially the latter. And the more we gave, the more animated would grow their petitions: they had very little modesty in this respect.

On this occasion, one young fellow in particular had drawn our attention, both from his being rather taller and better featured than the rest, and his urgent cry of "*Muck-Mhameek, Muck-Mhameek!*"

From the manner he pronounced it, we none of us knew what the word meant.

Raed showed him, in turn, a hatchet, a saw, and a musket; but he shook his head, crying, "*Na-mick, na-mick!*" ("No, no!") "*Muck-Mhameek, Muck-Mhameek!*" louder than before.

At length Wash showed him a butcher-knife. At sight of that he shouted, "*Abb, abb!*" ("Yes, yes!") and,

seizing it, began to jump and dance about the deck in a most extraordinary manner; for this is a way these people have of expressing their joy and approbation of any thing.

Wade at once named him *Muck-Mhameek* from this circumstance.

He was quite intelligent, and very good-natured: in fact, he laughed at every thing, no matter what it was.

Raed made signs for him to remain with us on board; and he, nothing loath, at once made himself at home. All we had to do to set him dancing was to make him a present. It did not signify much what it was: a nail or a billet of wood served equally well.

His bear-skin frock was tied together with thongs in front; and into each one of the knots was fastened some trinket of bone or walrus-ivory, — much after the manner of certain of our (young) fellow-citizens at home, who wear lockets, rings, and tiny anchors, suspended from their watch-guards. It was plain that *Muck-Mhameek* was something of a dandy among his fellows. His boot-legs, too, were fancifully trimmed with sable-skin.

When the cook beat his gong for dinner, *Muck-Mhameek* gave a jump, and would have leaped overboard in a great fright, had not Wade seized him by the collar just as he was clambering over the bulwarks. But, the instant he was fairly stopped and turned around, he was laughing again, his fears all quieted; and he then went down into the cabin with us without the slightest hesitation.

Raed seated him in a chair, and tried to have him put his legs under the table, like a good Christian; but he

would not keep them there. Finally he sat down astride, and let his legs stick out on both sides of the chair.

This difficulty disposed of, he turned his attention to the table. Evidently he had not the slightest idea what the plates and forks were for. Wash helped him to a spoonful of mashed potatoes. *Muck-Mhameek* watched him and us with a grin, as if it were about the best joke he had seen of late. When we took up our forks, he very cautiously picked up his, looked it over, and then, imitating us, tried to fork up a mouthful of the potato. But he could not manage it: the potato would tumble off.

Wash called to the cook to bring him a spoon; but, strange as it must seem, he had no better luck with that. His uncivilized fingers would persist in tipping the contents back into his plate before it had fairly reached his mouth.

At last he dropped the spoon, and, plunging in his fingers, opened his mouth at full stretch, and threw in nearly half the mashed potato at one mouthful. We were watching with suppressed laughter.

He moved his jaws a moment, as if masticating it, and then, to our utter discomfiture, spat it out all over the plates and the table, uttering at the same time a loud laugh. We hardly knew at first whether to be indignant or to laugh, but laughed of course.

"He don't like potato," said Wade. "Try him with something else."

Raed cut off a thick slice of brown-bread, and spread it thickly with butter. Meanwhile the potato and plates were removed. The Esquimau received it, grinning im-

perturbably. First he smelled of it. The butter suited him: so he scraped it off the bread, and ate it clear. Then he tried a mouthful of the bread; but either that, or something else, made him sneeze: so that the bread was served in much the same way as the potato.

We were now at a loss what to do, and did not offer him any thing more for the time.

Presently, however, he began to call for *tuck-tu*, pointing to the butter-plate.

Raed handed him the butter-plate. There was, perhaps, half a pound of butter upon it, all of which he ate at a few mouthfuls, smacking considerably, — on account of the salt, perhaps; for the Esquimaux use no salt with their food, so far as our observation went.

The word *tuck-tu*, I may remark, means seal-fat with them. *Muck-Mhameek* knew no better word for butter.

After dinner, and during the afternoon, Raed tried to find out from him, by signs and such words as he understood, something about the Esquimaux' conception of God, and their belief in a future state of existence, — all with very indifferent success, I believe.

As it drew toward night, we rather hoped our uncivilized guest would go ashore. He did not; and, having once invited him, we could not very consistently drive him from the yacht. However, we succeeded rather better with him at supper, by anticipating his appetite, and presenting him with a basinful of chunks of fresh lard. He liked that. But, despite our watchfulness, he succeeded in scalding himself with a cup of hot tea, which sent him prancing about the cabin with dismal howls, nearly overturning the table in jumping up from it.

Getting him to bed was another problem. A bunk on a sort of wide shelf, or divan, against the side of the yacht, was assigned him. It consisted of a mattress, with blankets and coverlet.

We made signs, and partially assisted him to take off his bear-skin coat and dirty moccasons; but, the moment our backs were turned, he slipped them on again, and sat *heh-heh*-ing at us. He would take them off when we signed him to do so: but it was no use: he would have them on again in a twinkling, and finally went to bed in full dress.

Those blankets were a sight for a washerwoman next morning. His snoring, too, was something to be remembered, to say nothing of the odors he developed.

On the whole, we were not very sorry to bid him good-by, on sailing next forenoon.

"Talk about the noble savage!" exclaimed Wade, sniffing derisively: "that'll do for the marines."

ISLE AKTOK REVISITED. — THE BELLE OF SAR-A-FAK.

IT was with curious feelings that we again landed on Isle Aktok, the place where we were "marooned," on our former voyage in here, by the Honorable Hudson-Bay Company's ship.*

The same barren islet, with its hoary ledges, storm-beaten and wave-lashed. So vivid was my recollection of it, that it seemed but yesterday that we were reigning there. Should we find the Esquimau tribe, over which we had set up our "military despotism," to quote from Wash? It was in some expectation of it that we wandered about from point to point. But no: —

> "The isle was now all desolate and bare,
> Its dwellings down, its tenants gone away."

Wutchee and Wunchee, Coonee and Iglooee, were long

* I may remark, that, this time, we went prepared to give any of those ships as good as they could send, — "a Roland for an Oliver," as our dear old professor of moral science used to say. We had a couple of eighteen-pounder rifles, in addition to the "Napoleon" and the "Little Giant;" and we had registered a solemn vow to fight it out with them in case they molested us. Fortunately for our valor, perhaps, we saw nothing more of them. I may add, that we kept our battery well out of sight till fairly at sea. Uncle Sam might have objected as well: the old man is getting a little childish, they say.

gone; dead, perhaps. The place seemed a good while deserted. The echoes sounded hollow and lonely, and would but mock our questionings concerning the former inhabitants. Somewhere in the great North they may still be living: where, God knows.

But on one of the other islands of that straggling group — the fifth to the westward — we next day discovered a few huts, and immediately came round in the lee of it to speak with them. We had high hopes that they were indeed a part of our former subjects; but they were another tribe, nor could we learn any thing from them of old Shug-la-wina. The little bay, in the bight of which the huts stood, offered a very pretty anchorage. We were there over a week, trafficking, talking, and pow-wowing with them; thus acquiring some further insight into their language, and manner of life.

So far as memory served, the talk of this tribe differed considerably from that of the Isle Aktok folk. Living isolated from each other, as these villages or tribes do, I deem it not unlikely that the Esquimau common tongue is made up of a great number of dialects, differing considerably each from each both in pronunciation and the associated meanings of words.

Raed added quite extensively to our vocabulary while here. I quote a few of these new words and sentences: —

Telluk,	An arm.
Cauk-juk,	An arrow.
Cam-meek,	Boots.
Ow-owk,	Blood.
Su-o-fu-ke,	Boys.

Pet-tik-fik,	A bow.
Nu-law-ok,	A child.
Too-nu-ok,	The Devil.
To-co-rok,	Dead.
Ou-pul-luk,	Day.
Ou-nu-ok,	Dark.
Ebik,	Eyes.
Se-u-tek,	Ears.
Ak-ta-tu-ak,	Father.
Hung-nok,	Girls.
Ekoma,	Fire.
Willemout,	A hatchet.
Nu-rok,	Hair.
Ow-mat,	Heart.
Al-guite,	Hand.
Ang-boot,	A man.
Tat-kok,	The moon.
Au-na-tha,	Mother.
Con-nok, .	Mouth.
Mid-coot,	A needle.
Crin-gok,	Nose.
Oo-ke-took,	Porcupine.
Halluk,	A salmon.
Pow-it-ik,	A paddle.
Suk-ki-nuk,	The sun.
Coop-lu,	A thumb.
A-kink,	Winter.
Am-a-bok,	A wolf.

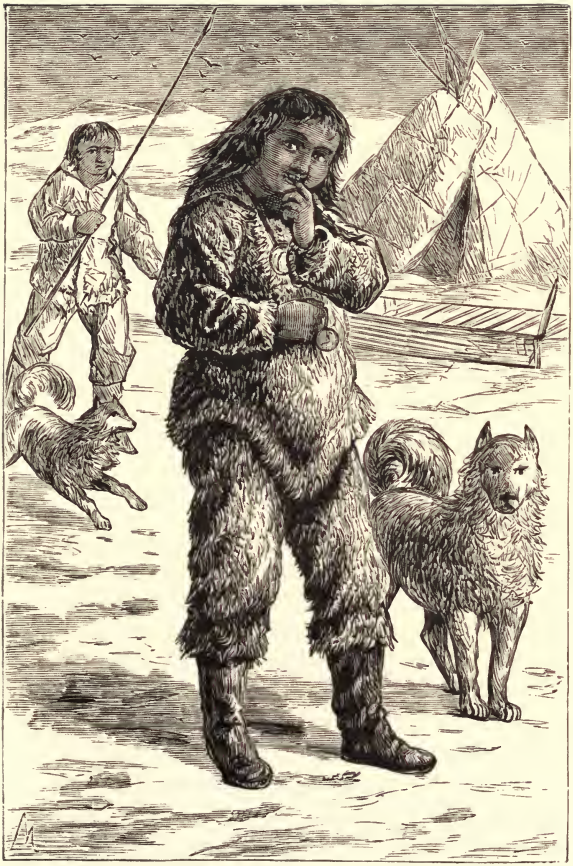
You lie!	*Shuk-le-rook!*
Put that down!	*Lall-a-la-o-at!*

Get up!	*Muk-ke-le-out!*
Give that to me!	*Kil-e-oak!*
Throw it away!	*Il-le-uk!*
Take hold!	*Te-wil-li-oak!*
Bring some more!	*Kay-fe-ma-la-le-but-it!*
Come again!	*Kay-ma-la-le-but-it!*
Don't be afraid!	*Uk-zin-uk-uk-zi-bi-et!*
I love you,	*Nu-cuk-tuk.*
I love you: you are my brother,	*Nu-ka-a-Na-cuk-tuk-u-bunga.*
To be mad,	*Nak-que-took.*
To swap,	*Ab-kil-le-lu.*
To bite,	*Kee-ee-uke.*
To sing,	*E-ming-ne-ok-take.*
To laugh,	*Co-ang-took.*
Next summer,	*Upin-nak-pit-ou-fa.*
To-morrow,	*How-ook-put.*

One of the young women here was decidedly the prettiest Husky we had yet seen. She was rather taller than the average of Esquimau girls, and fairer, with a tolerably fresh countenance, and, withal, a jocose expression quite in advance of the stolid visages of her fellows.

Wash has tried his hand at etching her portrait. We append the likeness, which is more or less like the original.

Her name was Ouafa; but we called her the "Belle of Sar-a-fak" (that being the Esquimau name of the islet), also the "Rose of Sar-a-fak," and the "Husky Queen." She was the most confirmed — I had like to say confounded — beggar imaginable, and, during our stay, be-



THE ROSE OF SARAFAK.

furbelowed herself at our expense with a most heterogeneous collection of finery, amid which red-flannel mantles, pea-jackets, and brass lockets, figured conspicuously. The sight of her, "got up to kill," in all the spoil she had begged, was quite enough to set one a-roaring, — all of which she took for the best brand of admiration. Anybody who does not believe that flirtation is the natural outgrowth of the female heart should have seen this "Rose" of the North make eyes at our jolly tars. And, indeed, our stay here was brought to a rather melodramatic terminus from one of her "affairs."

Bonney (one of our sailors) had very indiscreetly fallen in love with the "Rose," who smiled on him most broadly and bewitchingly in return. The only trouble was, she had several native lovers on shore, who were, no doubt, suffering jealous agonies all the while.

Our skipper had not put much restriction on the sailors. Bonney went ashore at will after the anchor was down; and, after the fourth and fifth day there, he stuck by the "Rose" most devotedly. His fellow-tars quizzed him unmercifully, and the skipper chaffed him without stint, — quite without effect. I suppose the little god had made a good shot. Bonney would plan to get ashore somehow, — either with us in the boat, in the *oomiak*, or even on a *kayak* behind a Husky.

The sixth day he had a little unpleasantness with a couple of the young men, who had purposely got in his way in front of the hut. It was too far for us to hear what was said: but they probably said something that Bonney did not like; for he "went for them" (in select phrase) *instanter*, knocked one over, and booted the other.

After this exploit we saw him walking victoriously along the beach with the "Rose," who had met him all smiles, and, indeed, had witnessed the fracas. But revenge is not a monopoly of dark-browed Spaniards by any means. We saw the *booted* Husky get up, and glare like an own brother of Até after his rough-handed rival; then he stole down to his *kayak*, and, unshipping his harpoon, went off after the lovers. Ten minutes later, I saw him climbing up among the crags which overhung the narrow shingle-beach, along which they had gone.

It looked as if there was mischief brewing. We had it in mind to have the skipper send the boat ashore after him, but finally concluded to let them settle it between themselves, — as they do in New York.

It was sunset before our gallant came off. The lovers had tarried to walk by twilight. We had told the skipper to send Bonney down to us; and a few minutes later he came into the saloon, looking very sheepish, and twirling his cap like a schoolboy.

Said Raed, "You will get into trouble, Bonney, if you don't look out. You had a Husky after you with a harpoon this evening. Better keep clear of the 'Rose' in future."

Bonney exclaimed that he didn't "care nothing about the jade."

"Then take our advice, and stay aboard to-morrow," suggested Raed.

"All right!" said Bonney. "*I don't care nothing about the jade.*"

How near the truth this repeated assertion was appeared afterwards.

We did not often interfere with the men. Our advice was therefore worth something — from its rarity. Bonney kept aboard all the next day, and revolved his quid.

Evidently he was missed. The Belle several times appeared on the beach in "full dress." She would just glance off to the yacht; then toss her head, and walk offendedly away. Bonney meanly kept out of sight.

That night, about one o'clock, a great outcry and *tar-yar-ing* awoke us. First Wade, then the whole of us, got up, and ran on deck. A broad yellow belt of twilight still illuminated the north, making objects plainly visible; and the beach was the scene of a most exciting *mêlée*. There stood Bonney, knife in hand, shouting, and brandishing his weapon, with half a dozen of the Huskies gathering in about him, their harpoons poised ready to throw. And throw they undoubtedly would have done, but for the "Rose," in a pea-jacket, who kept her plucky little body valiantly between Bonney and the harpoons. And a stint of it she seemed to be having; for Bonney was all for making at them with his knife.

"O ye curs! O ye mangy tikes!" we could hear him vociferating above the *tar-yar* of the Esquimaux. "Come on! Come on ef ye dare! Just come on, now! Come on with yer old toad-stabbers!"

One harpoon was thrown on a sudden, and several stones. It bade fair to go hard with our man. The skipper ran back to the davits, calling Donovan and Weymouth; but the boat was down, — gone. I could see it drawn up on the shingle a hundred yards beyond where Bonney was standing. Raed ran to the howitzer, and

pulled off the cover; then, lighting one of the splints, fired the ball over the heads of the combatants, as an authoritative intimation to quit their row. The report enforced silence and a lowering of weapons. Bonney looked round to the yacht; then started for the boat. The "Rose" kept by him, however, till he was clear of the shore; then walked scornfully past her cowed admirers, and regained her hut.

Meanwhile the recusant Bonney had come doggedly under the stern. The skipper greeted him with a storm of abuse. For my own part, I rather pitied the fellow. He had a bad cut on the side of the head, forward and above the ear, and, as he afterwards told me, an "almighty welt" on the shin. His little escapade was transparent enough. Cupid had been "one too many for him." He couldn't sleep that night, and so had quietly gone ashore in the boat on a surreptitious visit to his "lady-love." But other eyes were sleepless on the Belle's account: hence the row.

We had already staid here longer than was intended, and, to avoid any farther complications with the "Rose," sailed early the next day; but poor Bonney continued moody for nearly a week.

The Belle was something of a singer, as Husky singing goes: perhaps it may better be called *crooning*. Several evenings on shore, we — by first singing ourselves — had induced both her and others of the girls to give us Esquimau songs.

These songs, so far as we could comprehend them, were chiefly of their semi-annual voyages in the *oomiak*, of lovers in their *kayaks*, of bear-hunts (*nen-nook*), of

seal-spearing (*pussay*), and of harpooning the walrus (*awaĸ*).

One song, or rather chant, seemed a sort of "dead march" like that we had heard at the Husky funeral. Reiterative and monotonous choruses went with nearly all their chants.

Still another of their canticles we fancied might em body some mythologic tradition of former ages.

Raed has attempted a liberal translation of it, which I subjoin: —

THE BALLAD OF TAT-KOK AND SUK-KI-NUK.

(THE MOON AND SUN.)

The warm, bright Sun was a lovely maiden:
The Moon was her wicked brother.

The maidens were dancing in a hut:
Sweet Suk-ki-nuk was there with them.

Some one seized and shook her shoulders: *
Suk-ki-nuk did not know who it was.

When next the maidens danced in the dark hut,
Suk-ki-nuk dipped her hand in damp soot.

Tat-kok again drew near to seize her;
But Suk-ki-nuk deftly smeared his cheek

An old and ugly hag now struck a light:
Poor Suk-ki-nuk perceived her wicked brother.

In sore affright, she paled, and ran away:
The shameless Tat-kok pursued hard after her.

* The Esquimau way of declaring the love-passion.

Soon they came to the far side of the world;
Then both jumped headlong into the starry sky.

There they still go chasing round and round;
Tat-kok pursuing, Suk-ki-nuk flying from him.

And sometimes Tat-kok turns his sooty cheek:
Then he is too black for us to see him.

Their voices had no great compass. It seemed to me that a single octave comprised most of their notes. Especially did they appear to delight in certain plaintive minor chords, which they would sing over and over.

The Belle had a fair soprano voice, and would sometimes rise to la^2.

Wade and Wash made several efforts to teach them Anglo-American songs, — "Dixie," "The Bonny Blue Flag," "Yankee Doodle," &c. In several cases they caught the *air;* but the tunes seemed to have too much *movement* for them, and required too much and too rapid vocal flexibility and variation. I have little doubt, however, that a missionary might teach them psalm-tunes; but we were not missionaries exactly.

For my part, I enjoyed them far the best while singing their native *chants,* which seemed to befit them, and fall in harmony with their surroundings. Seated on the white bear-skins in front of their huts, they would croon together for hours, our party looking on, listening amusedly, and gathering now and then a word.

A FIGHT WITH SEA-HORSES.

AT the entrance of Fox Channel, or "The North-west Fox" as its rather egotistical old discoverer has named it, just where the North Main trends off sharply to the north-west, are situated three small, ledgy islets, bound about (at the time of our visit) with narrow ice-fields as with girdles. They are simply rocky "keys," without a particle of soil or a trace of vegetation; but, lying in triangular form as they do, they afford a very fair haven, enclosing a little bay of perhaps ten acres extent, accesible from the south-west through a narrow arm of about forty yards. The northward passages between the islands were choked with jammed ice-cakes. With the wind northerly, the little bay was smooth as glass.

Here we passed the night of the 29th of July, the following day, and the next night.

While at breakfast the morning after our arrival, Donovan came down to report a walrus on the ice off the port bow. Thus far, we had seen but two of these creatures. Hastily finishing our coffee, we went on deck, taking each a loaded musket from the rack at the foot of the companion-way.

"Where away?" sang out the skipper.

"Port bow, sir," from Weymouth; "on the ice right in under the foot of that island. See him, sir?"

"Oh, yes! Stunner, ain't he? What a big lump of a beast! Look at those tusks! Some ways off, though; a good cable's length (720 feet). Those muskets wouldn't so much as prick his tough hide."

Raed was looking through his glass.

"Two of them," he remarked.

"Two of them?" exclaimed Wash.

"Yes; a little farther along, — right in the shadow of those black shore-rocks. Don't you see him?"

Lying on the ice at the foot of the rocks was a second dark mass, relieved only by the white ivory of its long tushes. At first sight, it might have passed for a dark, oblong bowlder.

"Must have one of those chaps!" Wade exclaimed.

"Not so easily done," laughed the skipper. "Moment you let down a boat, and paddle up to killing-distance, they'll roll off, *sposh*, into the water. That'll be the last you'll see of 'em."

While we were speaking, the second walrus came out from the shadow of the crag, and, *clawing* along with his flippers, drew near the one lying out on the ice, uttering a deep note like the hoarse mutterings of a bull. We could hear its fin-like feet scrape on the ice as it drew its gross body heavily forward.

"Fight, I guess," said Raed. "Going to be a set-to."

"Fight, or a courtship," rejoined the skipper. "Can't tell which. Pretty much alike sometimes, ye know."

The two huge creatures approached each other.

"That's no fight," said Wash; "for they merely rubbed their heads together."

"A courtship," pronounced the skipper.

"Those must be awkward caresses," laughed Wade.

"Not awkward to them, perhaps," Raed observed.

"But how are we to hunt them?" Wash demanded. "That's the question."

"Might train the howitzer on them," suggested Wade, a trifle doubtfully.

"So we might!" cried the skipper, turning to where the six-pounder sat covered with rubber-cloth on its carriage. "Never thought of the 'Napoleon.' Just the thing, if we can hit with it. — Donovan, fetch up the ammunition."

"Would it not be better to use 'Little-Giant' balls, a dozen of them to a charge, than to run the risk of hitting with one six-pound ball?" Wade suggested. "Sha'n't probably get more than one shot. Report'll scare them off."

It was decided to use small balls.

"The Little Giant" was a weapon we had had made "to order" for our use before leaving Boston. It was a sort of cannon-rifle of an inch bore, and set with a swivel on a small gun-carriage. It carried a leaden bullet of six ounces weight. We used to have a deal of sport with it; and, out of regard for its prowess as a shooter, we had named it "The Little Giant." Just now the lock was out of order, or we should have used it on the sea-horses. The howitzer was wheeled across, charged with fifteen of the small balls, and pointed over the bulwarks.

The skipper undertook to do the shooting. As the yacht lay comparatively still, there was good opportunity for a shot.

"Take 'em both, cap," encouraged Wash.

But, while he was sighting and squinting, one moved behind the other from where we lay.

"Never mind; pin 'em together," Wade advised.

The skipper struck a match, and, letting it burn to a coal, touched the priming.

Fush, bang!

The wind was fresh. The smoke all flew back into our faces. We ran down the deck to be out of it, and got a glimpse of the game. At the same moment we heard heavy splashings, and a loud, distressful roar, not wholly unlike that of lions.

"Plunked him!" shouted the exultant skipper in ornate English. "Lower the boat! Down with her!"

The davits creaked.

Seizing our muskets, we jumped in, and after us the skipper, who had run below after a whale-lance.

"Shove off!"

Donovan and Weymouth bent at the oars.

One of the walruses lay floundering about on the ice: the other had taken to the water.

We did not approach directly, but, sheering off to the right, made for the ice-border at a point some fifty yards above where the great animal lay. Before we had reached the ice, however, the creature, by a last strong effort, threw itself over, and soused into the sea; but it rose in a few seconds, and floated, struggling painfully.

"About done for," Raed pronounced.

Just then we caught sight of the black head of its mate, rising for a second, then as suddenly disappearing.

"Saw us," said the skipper. "We sha'n't get sight of him again."

Instead of landing, we therefore pulled slowly down beside the ice-field to within ten yards of the floundering monster, when first Raed, and then Wash, gave it a ball from their muskets; without much apparent effect, so far as its struggles indicated. Wade and I, therefore, fired in succession at its head; but still it wallowed and rolled heavily, raising a considerable sea.

"Ease her up," cried the skipper, "gently. Let me have a *dab* at him with my *long fork*."

This was a critical movement. The sailors backed the boat up, however; and we were nearly within lancing-distance, when, with a plash and a loud snort, the black head of the second walrus rose within two feet of the side of the boat; and not only its head, but its neck and shoulders and gleaming tusks.

The sailors uttered a shout of dismay. Raed, Wade, and the rest of us, rose to strike with the butts of our muskets; for its head was on a level with our very faces. Its singular eyes seemed blazing with fury. We all struck; but, with a terrific, marine-sounding bellow, it clinched its tusks over the gunwale. The skipper turned, and thrust with his lance; and we all paid on to its head again. As well might we have struck with switches. It wrenched at the side of the boat, uttering a frightful growling like that of a tiger. Gunwale, and deep down into the planking, cracked and crunched under those terrible tusks. It thrust us bodily through the water

sidewise against the ice. Wash and both the sailors leaped out; but the skipper kept prodding madly, and presently — as he said — hit one of its eyes, when, with a snort, the monster let go, and suddenly sank out of sight. Nor did we again get sight of it.

While this encounter was going on, the one we had shot at so much ceased to flounder, and lay floating within a few yards of the ice, lifeless.

We drew in the carcass, and, with great labor, broke out the tusks for trophies.

Two of the six-ounce balls seemed to have passed through its body. The ice all about was splashed and puddled with bucketfuls of its blood. The water, too, was fearfully discolored.

As for our boat, it was so racked and shattered, that it was with difficulty that we got back to the yacht with it.

THE LAIR OF A BEAR AND CUBS.

THREE leagues beyond Berg Head, we anchored to an ice-field lying between an outstanding ledge and the main. The process of ice-anchoring may be explained briefly: It consists simply in making a vessel fast to ice by means of strong iron grapples, to which are bent small hawsers. We made use of but three, — one at the bow, one at the waist, and one at the stern. A large ship would need more The method was to luff up, letting the schooner touch gently against the ice, broadside on. Three sailors would then seize each an ice-chisel, and, getting down, go off twenty yards or so to where the ice was firm and thick, and cut as many oblique fluke-holes. Meanwhile three other sailors would have thrown over the heavy grapples, and, dragging them along to the holes, catch in the flukes. The slack cable would then be drawn in taut. After this we used generally to run down planks secured by ropes between the side and the ice, to bear the rubbing.

That day the wind blew a succession of sharp squalls from the north-west, accompanied by brief but copious gusts of snow. Beating up the channel, which was beset with driving ice, became a slow, and, withal, a dangerous

undertaking. Towards two o'clock, P.M., the bumps from the heavy ice-cakes became so frequent and heavy, that our skipper deemed it more prudent to take refuge in the lea of this stable ice-field, which the tides had not yet broken up. Here the sea was as smooth as a mill-pond; but the ice-field itself, covered with the snow, had a wintry appearance, — wintry for August, we thought. The snow flew too, driven by the strong gusts. Drifts two feet deep sifted over the bulwarks. It was the sounds of the sailors' shovels scraping up these drifts which waked us next morning.

Going on deck, we found the sun shining brightly, and the snow melting at the edges. The clouds, too, were placid and long. The wind had lulled, or at least shifted so far to the northward as to be broken by the mountainous heads and cliffs of the main, which towered boldly, almost savagely, not half a mile away.

All along the white border of the ice-field, running off diagonally to the shore, the seals were frisking and leaping. Scores of them lay in the sun, just where they could flop off into the water at a moment's alarm.

As we sat on the rail watching them, and sunning ourselves as well, we were eye-witnesses of an encounter, common enough in these regions doubtless, yet not without interest for us. Without even a previous glimpse, and with no particular intimation as to how he got there, the head of a large animal, which we at once recognized as a white bear, rose out of the water fully a quarter of a mile from the shore, and within two yards of a seal which lay complacently warming his ocean-chilled frame. In another moment the bear's paws were hooked on to

the snowy edge of the ice-field. The seal waked with a quick flop. At the same instant we heard an eager, raspy growl of savage hunger. With a grand muscular effort, the bear landed its whole body on the ice; and, before the seal had moved six feet, the strong claws of the polar monster had pinned it down. But even the inoffensive *puoca* is not wholly destitute of defence. We saw it turn grandly, its teeth chattering like castanets; while a fishy bark of defiance resounded over the snowy field.

In vain: the terrible jaws of its great antagonist crushed down its feeble fencings, and seized it irresistibly by the throat.

Meanwhile scores of its timid kin quietly took the hint, and dropped off, *splash, splosh, splosh, splash,* into the water. In half a minute, there was not a seal in sight along the field.

The bear grappled and sucked eagerly for a few moments; then, raising its prey in its mouth clear of the ice, it stalked off quarter-wise across the floe with a certain bearish sturdiness and independence which smacked of the freedom of nature. The seal could scarcely have weighed less than two hundred pounds.

"Bravely butchered!" exclaimed Raed. "But, fellows, we ought to have a hand in that. What a splendid bear-skin is walking off from us!"

"That's so!" cried Wash. "What are we waiting for?"

Going hastily below, we took each a musket and a handful of loose cartridges.

"Better put on the bayonets," Wade suggested. "Best things in the world at close quarters with man or beast."

(We had purchased our muskets, bayonets and all, at a sale of government arms.)

Dropping on to the ice, we set off at a run; for the bear was now nearly a thousand meters off; and so nearly did its white coat resemble the snow, that we could hardly have distinguished it but for the darker-coated seal it was carrying.

Occasionally it stopped to rest its burden, but did not seem to note our approach till we had come up within a hundred rods; when it faced about on a sudden, and put out its nose for a few surprised sniffs of inquiry; then it as nonchalantly resumed its load. Running on, we closed up to within two hundred meters; then prudently slackened our pace. The *bear was not hurrying:* on the contrary, it *mogged* sturdily on, treating us with an entire disregard, which seemed to say, "*Mind your own business or not, as you like; but it will be the worse for you if you don't.*"

We were not, however, much afraid of the animal. With our muskets charged, and bayonets fixed, we felt tolerably sure of coming off first best in case the bear should turn upon us. The nearer we came, however, the more *sizable* the creature looked. Its huge track too, with its projected claws, was suggestive; all the more that the bleeding seal rendered the trail hideous with gore.

"What suppose makes it beat off so persistently?" Wash queried.

"Got a lair, I suspect," Raed said. "Seems to be making in toward the shore-crags, you observe: got a den up there somewhere, probably."

"And the den may disclose a waiting mate, perhaps a whole colony of bears," said Wade a little apprehensively. "A set-to with one bear might be all well enough; but a free fight with half a dozen would be quite another thing."

"Might fire now, one of us," I said. "The bear would probably turn, if hit. Then the rest could despatch it."

We did not, however, but continued following leisurely in pursuit.

Reaching the shore-rocks, the creature paused; faced about for a few moments to rest itself; then entered readily a narrow gorge between two cliffs, and quickened its pace.

The bottom of the gorge disclosed a double track, showing that the bear had issued out of it to come to the water.

"Certainly a lair," Wade observed again. "Let's be cautious. We may stumble into it."

A few rods farther on, a rocky, shelf-like terrace jutted on one side of the ravine. Raed suggested that we should mount this, and follow along on it, as a safer line of chase. So, clambering up, we proceeded along the buttress-like ledges at a height of fifteen or twenty feet above the bed of the hollow along which the bear had gone. We had already lost sight of it. The gorge wound between projecting spurs of crag. As we ran forward, the rugged terrace rose higher above the bottom of the ravine, which here narrowed to a mere chasm, choked with vast, snowy bowlders.

On we went, jumping from one slippery rock to an-

other. Momentarily a warning growl from below made us pull up in great haste. Dropping on his hands and knees, Raed crept forward, and peeped over the wet, dripping ledge, but immediately drew back.

"See 'em?" Wade demanded.

"Careful, fellows!" Raed admonished. "Creep down here carefully. Don't slip, nor push each other. 'Twould be no joke to tumble over there."

We edged down beside him, and peered over.

Down twenty-five or thirty feet, and partially under a rock which overhung the other side of the chasm, sat the bear, glaring up with a blood-besmirched head and two fierce light-gray eyes. Broad muzzle; pink nose; lip drawn up, disclosing two yellow-white teeth long and strong as a lion's; shaggy white breast, and stout paws, stained and gouted with blood; ears felinely laid back, — ah, 'twas a savage apparition!

No wonder Raed didn't like the thought of tumbling over there. A yard in front of its feet lay the throttled seal, with three quarter-grown cubs nuzzling it, growling, and essaying to tear and eat.

We gazed with a sort of fascination.

"By Jude, but isn't that a picture!" Wash exclaimed.

In its setting of wet black rocks and bloody snow, it was, in truth, a striking spectacle; a glimpse of pure, unrelieved savagery. Well depicted on canvas, it would have been worth a fortune.

"Cubs!" muttered Wade. "That's why the old bear made off so, — these cubs."

"Well, fellows, going to fire on her?" queried Wash.

"Yes; I suppose so," Raed said. "Kit, you're the

crack-shot, — in your own opinion, I mean. Let drive at her."

I drew back a little, cocked my musket, and, taking a rapid aim at the creature's head, let fly; and never touched her.

My comrades exclaimed that they heard the slug strike the rock, and immediately pointed to the mark of it a foot above where the bear's head had been. Any sportsman will know how to account for this. Indeed, one is very apt to overshoot on so greatly depressed an aim. At the report and the stroke of the bullet, the bear bounded forward past her startled cubs, and growled defiance in roars that resounded fearfully along the ravine. Undaunted, and with the hair rising along its back, it faced us unflinchingly, ready to do battle. Surely it is a brave beast. The cubs, now first conscious of danger, huddled behind their dam, and, looking up, *miawled* hoarsely like scared cats.

"I say, fellows," cried Raed, "it's a shame to sit up here out of reach, and murder the old bear like this!"

Something of this feeling had come into all our thoughts, I suppose; and, the longer we watched them, the less we felt like shooting. And, though it sounds decidedly unsportsmanlike and girl-hearted, I may as well add, that we presently went away, and left them unmolested in their snowy fastness, — the home Nature has allotted them.

"Where's yer bear?" cried the skipper, with that grin which always greets the unsuccessful hunter. "Thought I heard ye fire."

"Escaped us," Wade answered.

And so it did in one sense.

AN ATHAPUSCOW SWEAT.

WHILE cruising the high mainland to the west of "Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome," as the passage to the westward of Southampton Island is whimsically called, we one morning espied a man standing on the high shore-ledges.

Signs were made; when the boat was sent off to bring him aboard. It was not an Esquimau, as we at first supposed, but an Indian of the Athapuscow tribe, inhabiting the country to the west and south-west. His name was *Mack-qua-ta*, a compound word of the Athapuscow language, or dialect, meaning Long Day's Son.

A very reckless, improvident fellow was Mack-qua-ta. We kept him with us over a week, and finally set him ashore, with a few presents, forty or fifty miles farther up the "Welcome."

He was rather more intelligent than the average Husky man, and, withal, taller and better made physically. From the fur-traders he had picked up a few English words.

From him we learned that there was a village of his people about ten miles up the Chesterfield Inlet; and, a favorable haven being found for the yacht, we made a

trip overland (for the inlet was blocked with ice) to visit it. Mack-qua-ta accompanied us to do the honors of his native town.

We found a miscellaneous collection of huts and skin-tents sheltering a mangy population of perhaps eighty or a hundred, including pappooses. I do not know that any extended description of their filth and beastliness — a spectacle at once disgusting, hopeless, and, I may add, piteous — would be of interest to any one.

One incident, however, was at least amusing. On the night after our arrival in the village, we were horribly disturbed by a most doleful howling, seemingly at no great distance from our tent.

It became quite impossible to sleep.

"What, for Heaven's sake, can they be up to?" Wash growled, whopping over, and at last sitting up on elbow.

It was a pure, gratuitous howl, with just enough of the *human* in it to distinguish it from the dogs.

Mack-qua-ta was fast asleep and hard a-snoring under his bear-skin in the corner.

"Wake him!" Raed snapped out.

Wade gave him a kick; at which he first grunted, then, on a repetition, yawned himself out with many long-drawn snuffs.

"Hark, Mack-qua-ta!" said Wash.

The savage stared; then, in an instant, poised himself in the attitude of intense listening.

"Hear that noise?" Raed demanded.

He nodded quickly and violently.

"What is it, Mack-qua-ta?"

"Go see," muttered the Indian, starting hastily out.

He was gone fifteen minutes, perhaps, and came in with a little guttural chuckle, like, yet strongly unlike, a laugh.

"Well, what is it?" asked Wade.

"Um sick," replied the Athapuscow, still chuckling; for, with these savages, sickness is a joke with all save the sick one.

"Um been off. Um eat dead dog. Um come back sick," continued Mack-qua-ta in unsympathetic glee.

"No wonder they are sick!" Wade exclaimed.

"But is that what makes them howl so?"

Mack-qua-ta shook his head.

"*Pallowa sassamos,*" he said. "Men's'n-man, he howl."

"Oh! it's the medicine-man, is it?" cried Wash. "What's he doing that for? — trying to howl the *dead dog* out of him?"

The short night was already well passed. The early light disclosed a couple of grotesquely-arrayed savages, sitting on the stones before one of the huts, writhing about, and howling dismally at frequent intervals. These were the medicine-men. The patients were inside the hut.

They were, as we learned, two brothers, who had been off after caribou, and, losing their way, had nearly starved, being obliged to eat their dog. The surfeit of food in which they had indulged on getting back the previous day, rather than the dog-meat, was, probably, the cause of their gripes.

The *howls* went on apace; but about a couple of hours later, the brothers getting none the better for it, the medicine-men, after the *modus* of their more civilized compeers, concluded to change the treatment. Mack-

qua-ta had been out beating up news; and while we were eating a breakfast of ship-biscuit, sugar, and coffee, which we had brought along from the yacht, he came in, crying out, "Much sweatum! You come see."

We hastily finished our ration, hearing, meanwhile, a great racing and pounding past the tent, as if the whole tribe were *en route* for the shore of the inlet. Mack-qua-ta darted out, and joined the crowd.

Hurriedly gathering up our property in a pile, and bidding the Newfoundland watch it, we started out after the rout.

Forty or fifty Athapuscows, old and young, were huddled along the water's edge; and we saw over their heads a smoke rising. Pushing in, we perceived that this came from a fire built a few yards from the water. Several of the savages were piling on fresh fuel, and also rolling into it round water-worn pebbles as large as one's head.

Near by was set a trough made of half a log, partly full of water just dipped up. Over this the two medicine-men were pitching a small tent of black skin, looking for all the world like a big kettle bottom up. It was perhaps four feet high, and six or seven in diameter.

"Those are the patients, I suppose," Wade remarked, pointing to a couple of nearly naked savages (they had only very scanty, and withal very filthy, waist-cloths) standing a little apart. They shivered with the cold; and, from the manner in which they doubled themselves up, the seat and nature of their malady were very apparent.

Having got the kettle-tent up, the two doctors, with loud whoops, dragged the sufferers forward, and thrust

them with no great gentleness into it, one after the other; the whole assemblage applauding them with wild cries. One of them entered along with the patients: the other remained without, and now carefully fastened the edges of the tent down with stones.

Silence was now the order. Not a sound came from the tent, nor yet from the crowd of savages looking on. We could hear the fire crackle.

Presently the doctor outside rolled along one of the hot rocks, and, just lifting the edge of the tent on that side, pushed it under. Soon a great seething and sizzling began within. They had put it into the trough. Steam streamed from tiny holes in the skin, and crept out on the ground under the edges of the tent. But, save now and then a surprised "*Ough*" from some of the bystanders, silence was preserved.

Another stone was introduced, and presently another.

Then, on a sudden, we began to hear the bark of a dog from within. It was followed by another, and still a third, barking all together.

"*Ough, ough, ough, ough!*"

It was very naturally done, and sounded like a pack of hounds in full cry after a fox.

Presently one began to whine and *ti-yi;* then they all took it up, yelping and *ti-yi-ing* in the most piteous way. All at once, a fight broke out: growls, barks, and a general sound of worrying and biting, mingled with the most frightful yelps and yells.

We fell to laughing incontinently; till, perceiving savage eyes in the crowd turned evilly on us, we prudently suppressed our mirth.

Another stone was rolled under; and, while it was sizzling, a crow began to *haw* and *caw* in the tent; and soon a myriad of crows were in full chorus, "*Haw, haw, haw, haw, haw!*" so correct to nature, that one would never have doubted but for the counter-evidence of his eyes.

A fifth stone was followed by the growlings and hoarse *bark* of bears; a sixth, by the *miawlings* of lynxes; a seventh, eighth, and ninth, by a confused medley of wild sounds, — dogs, crows, bears, lynxes, all fighting and yelping together.

At last, when all the stones had been exhausted, and the patients had now been in the steam-bath upwards of an hour, the medicine-man outside broke a long switch, and, pulling off the tent with a single jerk, amid clouds of steam cut at the reeking inmates right and left. They leaped up with tremendous whoops, and ran splashing into the cold water, where they *soused* each other, tumbling over and over.

The whole crowd was now whooping, and brandishing switches. The instant one of the patients issued from the water, more than a score of warriors, squaws, and boys, took after him, by guess. The rest charged after the other; and, for more than half an hour, we saw them racing about the village, dodging in and out among the huts with whoops that resounded for miles.

It was not till late in the afternoon that we saw any thing more of the sick men. Barring sundry red stripes, they were then apparently *well*. The *spirit* of the *dog* had been effectually exorcised and beaten out of them.

THE "IRON-STONE" OF WAGER INLET.

OUR friend and fellow-yachter, Mr. G. W. Burleigh (Wash) is greatly interested in the subject of comets, meteors, and aerolites, particularly the latter. Whenever he hears of the fall of one of these bodies, or reads an account of one in the papers, he forthwith makes a note of it; and often, too, he takes the trouble to write half a dozen letters for "further details," items of which are carefully treasured.

Nor does information alone content him. During our yacht-cruises off and on for the last year or two, he has been making a collection of meteoric stones. At present, this collection is not very extensive, embracing, in fact, but seventeen specimens all told; and some of these are rather doubtful, though Wash doesn't think so. If any of us want to rouse his temper, we have only to saunter casually along, take up one of these "sky stones," and remark, "That's no more a meteorite, Wash, than my old boot!" Then there is lively talk for the next fifteen minutes. The whole ground has to be gone over thoroughly; and nothing less than abject acquiescence on our part ever puts an end to the dispute.

This is particularly the case when we refer to the

"big one" down in the bottom of the cabinet, partly because there are grounds for doubting its celestial origin, and partly, too, because it is Wash's especial pride, — the "grandmother" of the whole family.

Its weight is a few ounces over three hundred and seventeen (317) pounds. On the outside it is covered with a thin black rind; but the inside is of a steely-gray color. The mass is highly magnetic, as we came near learning, to our cost, when first we got it on board the yacht; for we had placed it on deck, at no great distance from the binnacle.

We have had a fragment of this stone analyzed, and were given the following statement of assay: —

Iron	91.0 parts.
Nickel	7.1 "
Cobalt	.6 "
Copper and tin	.3 "
Manganese	.2 "
Sulphur	traces.
Chrome iron	"
Silica	.8 parts.
	100.0

It has a "history," which may not be uninteresting.

We first learned of its existence while lying in Wager Inlet. One day, several of the Huskies came off to us in their *kayaks:* and we noticed that one of their bone lances was tipped with some dark substance, which I at first took for iron; for it was very rusty.

"*Omiak-sook?*" said Wash inquiringly, pointing to it, and then off to sea: meaning to ask whether he had got the iron from some ship; for that is their word for ship.

The man, who was a fat-faced, rollicking fellow, understood immediately, but, somewhat to our surprise, replied, "*Na-mick, na-mick!*" ("No, no!") pointing off inland.

"Possible they've got an iron mine?" Wade queried.

This did not seem likely.

"That may be a bit of meteoric iron," Raed remarked, examining the lance-point.

This hint at once set Wash off into a fever of curiosity. He got the savage aside; and I saw him pointing to the lance, then off inland, with many repetitions of the question, "Where is this?" ("*Kina?*") and "*Au-nay dabik?*" ("Is this far off?")

The savage, who judged these queries mainly by the gestures and signs which accompanied them, answered alternately, "*Abb*" ("Yes") and "*Na-mick:*" so that, in the end, Wash was left in great uncertainty as to whether the place was one mile or fifty miles away; the Esquimau idea of linear measurement being of the most primitive sort.

But he was ready to "*chymo*" ("trade").

Wash bought the lance of him for a steel butcher-knife, and also obtained two bone knives, or rather chisels, of the others, both of which were tipped with the same rusty, stony substance. They were about a foot in length. The metallic tip was secured to the bone with a bone rivet.

Nought to do but that we must set off to hunt up this meteorite. Wash talked of nothing else all that day and evening. The rest of us did not much incline to such a wild-goose chase. The season was passing, and we wanted to be getting out of the straits. But, as nothing

else would answer, an "expedition" was started — we four young gentlemen and Mack-qua-ta, with our skipper and two of the sailors — the next forenoon. The services of the savage with the lance were secured, for a consideration (a piece of pine-plank and a small bar of iron), to be our guide. We set off across the headland, over ledgy ridges of hoary, lichen-clad sienite, and, after a tramp of three hours and a half, descended into a gorge, — one of those singular hollows such as one only sees in these frozen regions, — shut in by ice-capped ridges, its sides wet with trickling waters, and frightfully green with a surfeit of unhealthy mosses.

Here were half a dozen Husky huts: it was one of their summer resorts. Our savage of the lance led the way, calling out to us, "*Savasevik na-aunay!*" meaning that the iron-stone was near. A score of the Esquimaux from the huts followed wonderingly after us with their ever-repeated whine of "*Pillitay, pillitay!*" ("Give us something!")

About a quarter of a mile lower down, we came to it. Wash had run ahead, and was on his knees, examining it, when we came up. The sight of his extravagantly-tickled face was enough to dispel all the fatigue of our tramp.

"Almost just such a one as fell at Ægos Potamos!" he exclaimed, slapping his leg, and jumping up to execute a double shuffle. "Plutarch's description might be applied to this, every word of it! *That* was a dark fire-smitten stone, equal to a wagon-load; and so is this." (Trying to turn it over.) "I can't even lift one end of it!"

"But this is not embedded in the ground," Raed objected.

"Don't care. Huskies have probably dug this out. See how they've chipped it, and trodden the earth hard all about it!"

"But where's the proof that this is truly a meteorite?" Wade coolly inquired.

You should have seen the indignant lightnings dart from Wash's outraged optics.

"Proof!" he exclaimed. "Why, can't you see the *black rind*, which is the unmistakable characteristic of a meteoric stone? And look here!" catching up a tiny chip of it which lay near. "See how that will cling to the side of it! Strongly magnetic! Sure indication! And look round! Is there another stone that bears the least resemblance to this in this whole locality?"

Wade subsided, though not without an aggravating grin.

"Humph!" ejaculated Wash, following him with a glance of utter contempt. Then to Raed, "Here, help me to turn this over. I must have this if" —

A movement and murmur of disapproval from the savages made him pause. They did not like to see us making so free with the stone.

"*Na, na!*" grumbled one hideous-faced old Husky, shaking his lance with a menacing gesture. "*Na ba-mook dak mai ik Savasevik!*" ("Not take the good iron-stone!") At which they all cried out, "*Na-mick!*" and "*Neg-ga-mai!*" ("Not right!")

"They won't let you have it!" laughed the skipper.

"I *will* have it!" Wash exclaimed, looking around.

Then he began to shout "*Chymo!*" pointing off in the direction we had come. The savages observed him in silence.

"I *must* have this," Wash continued, turning to us in some perplexity.

"But how could we ever get it to the yacht?" Raed said. "It's a fearfully heavy mass. How could we ever carry this thirteen miles? — over crags and ridges too!"

"But I must have it!" Wash interrupted in real distress. "I wouldn't miss of this for — for any thing — for a thousand dollars!"

The sailors and skipper began to laugh; but we knew Wash too well to be much astonished. We surmised that it would be like pulling eye-teeth to get him away without it.

"Well, if you can devise any way for removing it that will be in any wise practicable, — why, of course, we will assist," Raed observed.

Wash looked around in sore trouble.

"It's a good twelve miles over to where the schooner lies," the skipper remarked.

"Perhaps the sea makes up nearer at some point," Wade suggested at length.

Raed then went off, and climbed part way up the side of the ravine.

"It does!" he shouted. "This hollow leads out to the inlet on the lower side of the headland. I can see the water."

"How far?" Wash demanded.

"Well, for a guess, four miles, — all descending."

"Hurrah! I'll pack it on one of their dog-sledges!"

"But the yacht must be taken round," said Wade.

So we sent the skipper with the sailors back over the

ridge, with orders to take the schooner round the next forenoon, and then come up the gorge with a quantity of bar-iron, knives, &c., — such articles as we had provided for trade. We did not deem it prudent to undertake the removal of the stone till the presents were on the ground.

Meanwhile we prepared to pass the night as comfortably as we could. We had brought along a small shelter-tent, with a bag of ship-bread, and a coffee-pot well charged; and we now set up the tent near the stone, so that Wash might have the satisfaction of sitting on it while at supper. Probably this circumstance inspired him; for he discoursed to us at length on the probability which the fall of such masses as this gave his theory.

That night is indelibly fixed in my memory, not so much from Wash's discourses as from a horrid deed of the Huskies. It was the unnatural murder of an aged savage by his own sons; not out of any malice, but simply because he was too decrepit to be of further use to his family. Some idea will be obtained of the low social condition of this people when it is stated that this is no uncommon practice with them.

We had observed several of the Huskies apparently busy about something a little distance down the hollow; and, while we were lunching in our tent, Mack-qua-ta, our Athapuscow interpreter, called to us to come out and "see *raw-meat-eaters* kill father."

Hastily complying, we saw a group of ten or a dozen of the Esquimaux going down the valley. A little in advance of them tottered an aged savage; while on each side of him, at a distance of a few feet, walked a younger man. We did not at first perceive that there was a thong

wound once about the old man's neck, and that each of the younger men at his side held one end of it.

"Much come fast," jabbered Mack-qua-ta, starting to run after the squalid group. "See 'um much choke!"

But half comprehending him, we hurried on, and mingled with the savages, who were rudely pushing and scuffling with each other.

Mack-qua-ta himself was in great glee, and, seeing our looks of inquiry, kept repeating in a low voice, —

"Him eatum! Him drinkum! Him choke! Choke! Die!"

"Is it possible they're going to kill the man?" Raed exclaimed. "What has he done, Mack-qua-ta? What do? Done bad, Mack-qua-ta?"

The Athapuscow did not at once take in the moral significance of the question, but presently said, "Him old. Him eat too much. Drink too much *tuck-tu*" ("seal-oil"); laughing broadly all the while, as though he was about to enjoy an amusing sight.

Very slowly and infirmly, without once turning his head to the noisy crowd, the old savage tottled on till he came to where we had seen the men at work.

A hole had been dug in the rank moss, and a heap of wet stones thrown out. Here he turned, and looked long and wistfully toward the sinking sun, which now showed but a hand-breadth over the precipitous side of the ravine. We saw that his face was shrunken and hideously wrinkled. Some indistinct words escaped his loosely-flapping lips; to which one of the young men replied, and then offered him a skin-bag, which was partly full of some sort of *drink*, — train-oil, probably.

The old man received it with an eager, trembling movement, and at once applied the puckered orifice to his mouth. He drank long and copiously, all the other savages looking on in a sort of derisive silence. So still did it become for the moment, that we could distinctly hear the deep swallowings of the drinker as he ravenously drained the skin.

From the size of the bag, I judge that it must have held two quarts. Not once did the old creature take it away from his mouth till it was empty (a space of several minutes); and even then he sucked at it with loud, disgusting sounds. One of the young men who held the thong caught the skin away, and threw it into the hole, which, as we already surmised, was to be his grave.

With another long look toward the sun, that was now rapidly passing from his sight, and a few despairing groans and sighs, the old man sat down on the heap of stones. He spread his feet apart as if to brace himself, and then bowed his head on his chest. The young men stepped forward, and pulled down the skin-smock from his shrivelled neck, and, bringing the thong to bear on his throat, stood apart, drew it tightly, and repeatedly threw their weight against it.

"What a brutal spectacle!" exclaimed Wash. "Must we stand here and allow such an act? Ought we to?"

"It's their custom," Raed remarked, turning, and moving away. "The old man seems to expect it, and perhaps desires it. Very likely he served his own father in the same way. They would resent our interference, and we should probably be obliged to resort to violence. No, no! If we save his life now, they will probably kill him to-morrow. It's horrible! Let's hurry away."

That evening we learned from Mack-qua-ta that the two stranglers had continued to hold the thong till their victim was dead. Then they had unloosed it, rolled the body into the hole, and, after throwing in moss, piled upon it the stones on which he had sat.

Mack-qua-ta also said that the two savages who had done the fearful deed were the old man's sons; and that it is the custom of these tribes, at the coming-on of winter, to strangle those who are too aged to go south, or to be of further service to the tribe.

From the top of the crags we espied the yacht coming round the point at a little after nine next morning; but the skipper did not make his appearance till nearly twelve. Three of the sailors came up with him. They brought half a dozen of the long iron bars tied up in a bundle, together with ten or twelve of our (cast-iron) butcher-knives, several of the hatchets, and a roll of red flannel.

The Huskies soon gathered round. Wash pointed to the stone, and said, "*Chymo*" to them; then began a general distribution of the presents. The articles were certainly worth as much as the stone, from a commercial point of view; but if (as Raed conjectured) they regarded the aerolite as an object of worship, the case might be susceptive of another view. We could not learn, however, that they had any traditions concerning it, — a fact which clearly troubled Wash; and they offered no further resistance when we began to remove it.

By the aid of the Esquimau who had acted as our guide, we hired one of their bone sledges, and a half-dozen of the savages to draw it. We did not, of course, think of attaching one of their harum-scarum dog-teams

to it: but, as a matter of fact, we found the man-team quite as bad; for they had no judgment about racing over stony places, and the bed of the ravine offered us rough sledding. Soon as ever the stone was loaded on, and the word given, they set up wild cries of "*Ka, ka, ka!*" Others cried, "*Eigh, eigh, eigh!*"

Off went the sled *bumperty-bump!* We had all we could do to keep up for the first eight or ten rods; then came a fair capsize, which took fifteen minutes to rectify.

On again, Wade, Raed, and the skipper making frantic attempts to head them off, and tone down the speed: all in vain. *Bump, thump!* whoops and yells! They grew excited, and ran headlong over holes and bowlders. Then came a square smash-up, which delayed us an hour to patch up.

"*Eigh, eigh! ka, ka!*" and on again; Wash following distractedly after the sledge, with arms stuck out from right to left to keep it from overturning, his face a picture of excited anxiety. The rest of us ran abreast of the team, wildly brandishing our muskets, and all shouting with an uproar fit to shame Bedlam.

It would be useless to recall the number of overturnings and break-downs, which only vast patience remedied. It was dusk before we came out to the sea and had got rid of our *team*. The stone had to be left on the beach all night; for the yacht could not be brought very near the shore-rocks.

Poor Wash scarcely slept three winks, so uneasy was he lest the Huskies should steal it back again before morning. If I heard him going up the companion-stairs

A LIVELY TEAM.

once that night to look off to see if the *coast was clear*, I did a dozen times.

The next morning we got it into the boat, brought it alongside, and hoisted it on deck, but not without a deal of hard lifting and finger-jamming.

"There!" exclaimed Wade when it was finally aboard. "I'll be blamed if ever I go on another *meteor*-hunt!"

But he did, not a fortnight afterwards.

THE BEAR AND THE CANNON-RIFLE.

ELEVEN o'clock (night), with the sun still shining ruddily in the north-west.

Born far down toward the tropic of Cancer, this was a sight to fill us with its strange novelty. In the track of the far-borne beams lay the Fox Channel, all a-glitter with shining icebergs driving steadily on in a grand procession down from the Gulf of Boothia. The mountains of the main rose hoary and gray in their mail of granite and leathery lichen; but the channel was ablaze with "frozen flames."

There is something strange and startling in this later arctic sun. Every thing glows in it; yet it is not *light*, — such light as we of the temperate zone have known. It makes things ruddy and red; but the higher colors are singularly dull. The more delicate pulsings of the beam, those which play so important a part in the growth of vegetation, are somehow lost, dissipated. Is it in consequence of this lack that life here soon degenerates to a sharp struggle for existence, which robs it of its beauty and grace?

One vast mass of field-ice at a distance of a mile shone like polished steel. By and by, as the current bore it

on, the angle of reflection slowly deflecting, this brightness paled by degrees, till, in the midst of what had seemed a blaze of glowing silver, there emerged the shaggy form of that dreaded foe of the explorer, a white bear, standing sturdy and still as a mariner at the wheel, while his unwieldy craft drove resistlessly on.

"A bear, a bear!" passed rapidly from mouth to mouth.

Wash took a long look through his glass.

"The old chap seems to be stealing a ride on an ice-field," laughed Raed. "He will pass us at no great distance."

We all stood watching him by the quaint light in silence for some minutes.

"Tell you what, fellows!" exclaimed Wade at length. "We might just everlastingly pepper him with 'The Little Giant'" (our cannon-rifle of which I have heretofore spoken).

"That you might!" remarked the skipper. "Come, now, there's a chance to show us all a specimen of your marksmenship."

(All along there had been a chronic dispute as to which of us had made the best shot with this rather original arm of ours.)

Wade hastened below, and brought up the powder, caps, and a handful of the six-ounce leaden balls; while Wash and Raed wheeled along "The Little Giant," and stripped off its rubber coat.

"Draw lots for first shots at him!" cried the skipper, cutting up a splinter.

Wade got the first fire, and proceeded to load very

carefully. The yacht lay moored so securely to the floe, that there was not sufficient motion to seriously affect his arm.

Meanwhile the rest of us took our glasses, and retired to the other end of the deck to watch the result.

"Plunk him now!" bothered the skipper.

"Yes, pin him, Wade!" from Wash.

"Knock spots out of him! Hit him in the *brisket!*" from Raed: "that's where his heart is, you know."

Of course, this advice greatly assisted the marksman. How much he appreciated it appeared from his frequent bursts of "Oh, hush!" "Shut up!" "How can a fellow do any thing?" &c.

The bear was by this time not far from a thousand meters distant. After a great deal of laborious squinting, Wade pulled the trigger. Instantly the sharp report rang out across the floe, and echoed as sharply from the shore-crags. At the same moment we saw the bear stick his nose up suddenly into the air, as if he heard *a gnat* over his head.

"Over-shot!" from all hands; and Wade turned away with a little chopfallen laugh.

The skipper stood ready with his lots. Wash got it this time. The gun was swabbed out and reloaded. The bear, as yet, had not seemed to mind the report. His notions of modern projectiles were doubtless not very well defined. With three-fourths of a mile of clear water between him and any possible foe, he probably felt quite at his ease. Very likely he despised us altogether.

Wash began a series of scientific squints and left-eye shuttings. The skipper couldn't resist badgering him in his turn.

"What'll ye take for his skin, Wash?" he offered. "Remember me with his claws."

But Wash, proof against all railleries, got the requisite squint, and fired. The bear turned sharply to the right, and *growled;* at least, *we saw his mouth open.* The ball had probably skipped along on the ice quite near.

"Dodged him!" announced the skipper in great glee, presenting the lots to Raed and myself.

"Should think you last two fellows ought to hit him," remarked Wade maliciously, cheapening any possible good luck on our part.

The third drawing gave the next shot to the narrator.

"B'ar's ile'll be dog-cheap after this," bantered the skipper, by way of starting me off well.

The bear was now within half a mile. In getting aim, I sought to avoid the errors of both my comrades who had preceded me. I felt tolerably certain of him, and, on firing, had the satisfaction of seeing the brute stretch out his muzzle, and sniff inquiringly toward the yacht.

A roar of laughter arose at this contemptuous recognition of my gunnery. The ice-field was drifting down opposite us, and driving slowly past, at a distance, we judged, of from six to seven hundred meters.

The last rays of the "midnight sun" were just streaming along the ice-flecked sea. Raed purposely delayed his shot till the bear was opposite; then blazed away on a deliberate aim. I had thought the poor beast would pass us untouched; but with the report we saw him spin violently around, and fall heavily upon the ice. A shout of triumph arose; and, strangely like a defiance, there came back a wild roar of pain and rage. Then

was seen how much a denizen of the seas is this savage creature. Immediately that it felt itself desperately hurt, it crawled and scrambled to the edge of the ice-field, whence we saw it splash fearlessly off into the water.

"Shall we go for him?" Wash asked.

But the sun was already out of sight, and the dense twilight of these regions began. The distance around the ice-field to where the beast was floundering through the waves was fully half a mile. The sea, too, was filled with floating cakes. On the whole, we did not deem it prudent to set off in the boat.

THE FALL OF A RED METEOR.

FROM the "Weather-Book" which we kept during our cruise I extract the following entry: —

"Aug. 27. — Anchored for the night in an unnamed inlet in the main, north-east of Mansel (island); very narrow; some ice. Shore mountainous, with high cliffs. Weather clear. Twilight till after two (midnight). Twenty minutes after twelve, saw a very large red meteor flying west; seemed curiously disconnected; three large *bolides*, one close behind the other, followed by a train of smaller balls; very distinct hissing, whistling noise: immediately (about ten seconds) after it went behind the shore-cliffs, there was a heavy explosion, loud as the report of a twenty-four-pounder; woke everybody on board."

How well I recall that evening, and the interest this startling phenomenon had for us!

Wash was the first to see it. "Ah! look, look, look!" he sang out.

It was not in sight more than two seconds. Then came the report, like a thunder-clap. Before we had recovered from our astonishment, Raed and Wade came rushing up the companion-way.

"What was that?" Raed shouted.

"What were you firing the howitzer for?" demanded Wade.

"Howitzer!" I exclaimed. "Our gun don't speak after that fashion. That was a meteor."

"A meteor! Is that so?" said Raed.

"A meteor!" cried Wade. "Did it *bust?* It ought to, to make that noise."

Wash described what we had seen, and the beauty of the spectacle.

"A red meteor!" remarked Wade. "Isn't that color unusual? Those I have seen were bright, flame-colored points, shooting along the sky, and then fading away in silence."

Wade observed that his father (Capt. Additon) once saw a meteor explode in Arizona Territory in the daytime; and hot fragments from it fell to the ground at no great distance from his camp.

"I've no doubt this one fell to the earth," Wash remarked. "Perhaps we can find the spot, and get some of the pieces for our collection."

"But we don't know how far away the thing was when it exploded," said Raed. "The distance must be considered."

Wash declared that it was not over two miles away; and, judging from the distinctness of the explosion, I did not believe it could have been more than three or four.

"Did you notice its position when the explosion occurred?" asked Wade.

Wash affirmed that it had disappeared directly behind

a dark, ledgy hummock, about north-west from where the yacht lay; and that the explosion seemed to come from very near that point, though several seconds elapsed before the sounds reached us.

"If you can tell pretty nearly the length of the interval between the bursting of the meteor and your hearing the sound, of course we can reckon the distance."

"Well, I should say eight seconds," said Wash.

"I guess twelve," said I.

"Call it ten," resumed Raed. "That would give a distance of not far from two miles. I guess we must try to hunt it up to-morrow."

Our skipper had come on deck.

The next morning, early (I say, early; for, though the sun had been up two hours, it was but a few minutes after four o'clock), we let down the boat, and rowed ashore. Climbing up the cliffs, we started inland to search for the aerolite. When we had reached the hummock, we looked back to the yacht, and took our course from that north-west, a few points south, and then set off over the hoary, lichen-clad ledges.

The country rose gradually to a barren ridge three or four miles distant.

The whole landscape was singularly rigid and forbidding. No soil, save here and there a patch of coarse gravel. Wet moss, and cold, icy puddles, filled the depressions of the rough sandstone and granite which lay spread out everywhere.

After going two miles, as nearly as we could guess the distance, we began our search, keeping a sharp lookout for dark, reddish stones; for Wash, who is "posted" on

meteors, had told us the fragments would be of that color, or something like it.

Keeping within three or four rods of each other, we passed back and forth over a space nearly a mile in width, and thus gradually worked our way to the summit of the ridge, without seeing any thing that in the least resembled the stones we were in search of.

"That 'high-fly' was only shamming," said Wade. "It didn't drop any thing." And we were all inclined to agree with him.

The crest of the ridges sloped off on the other side to a valley, which rose, in turn, toward another naked, gray range of bleak hills, on which no tree nor shrub grew; nothing save moss, and here and there a bunch of "Andromeda." It was a most cheerless land.

"Halloo!" exclaimed Raed suddenly. "There are more of our Esquimau friends."

The previous evening we had been visited by three or four native *kayaks*.

"That so?" cried Wade.

"Yes. Look at them through this glass. There are four or five of them down in the hollow, standing round something, — fire, I guess. I can see smoke."

"Let's go down," said Wash.

It was, perhaps, half a mile. We had two of our muskets loaded.

As we came up to the group, four of them ran away; stopping, however, some twenty rods in the distance. Three of these were women. One of the men stood his ground, and even came forward to meet us with a broad grin on his great, flat, greasy face. We at once recog-

nized him as one of those that had come on board the yacht the previous day.

"*Bassuk ok ameet weg aktook!*" he cried out, or some such gibberish, pointing to the smoke. "*Wallok ik peo-wanga!*" gesticulating, and pointing up to the sky.

We could not even imagine what he meant, and could only nod re-assuringly to him. The other savages now approached us.

The bottom of the hollow was filled with a moss-bed three or four feet deep. A patch, a rod in diameter, had been burned out; and the fire was still smouldering in the damp fibre. Almost in the centre of the burnt ring lay a reddish stone half covered with ash. Wash threw it out in triumph.

"Here's one of the pieces!" he exclaimed. "Fell here, and set the moss afire!"

It looked as if it might be so.

Raed pointed to the stone, and then up to the sky, looking to the Esquimau.

"*Abb, abb!*" ("Yes, yes!") said he, nodding long and violently.

We had no doubt of it.

The stone itself weighed about seven pounds, and was covered with a dark-reddish *rind*. It seemed to be composed largely of iron, and is now in our collection.

A COUPLE OF "ENOUGHS."

"BUT how about *admission* to your college steamer?" one friend inquires. "You will not let anybody in that happens to have the money regardless of preparatory studies? Shall you have examinations?"

And another friend asks, "Shall you have a regular fitting-school, with studies adapted to prepare boys for the *steamer?*"

To the first of these questions we reply, that there will certainly be "examinations," — pretty searching ones.

As regards the second question, it may be remarked, that no fitting-school has yet been contemplated in connection with our steamship plan: that is a matter to be considered in the light of future wants.

As to what will be required of a candidate for admission to the "future American college," it may be observed, that we are not quite at *one* amongst ourselves on all points pertaining to that question yet, but expect to come to final conclusions by the time our patrons shall have done their part toward *launching* us.

Several requisites, however, are already as good as "passed" and agreed on. They are, —

I. A *body* in good running-order (physically), the

fact of which must be certified to by competent medical authority. A physical examination will therefore come first of all. We deem this of prime importance. The body is the *machine* which evolves the mind; in a word, the mind is the product of the body. In order to have the product good, and of first quality, the *machine* must be kept in repair, in good working-order. Now, not one American boy in a score keeps his *corpus* in good running-order, — in half so good order as he might and ought to do. The physical standard needs raising. We want healthy bodies, such as defy disease in the main, and bear fatigue without "wilting." It will be of no use for a chap all "run down," and "out of condition," to present himself: he will not get in. We do not want such abusers of their own carcasses: they would be apt to abuse their fellow-students.

II. Must be able to take a pencil, and sketch cleverly on paper any object which shall be assigned, — a chair, a house, a ship, a tree, a car. To do this, some preliminary practice in free-hand drawing will have been needed: the eye and the hand must have been educated to some extent. We deem this the very first step to be taken in right education.

III. Must be able to take pen and paper, and write out a page on a "subject" assigned by examiner, and punctuate the same correctly. His "English" must be at least *fair*. There must be no serious errors in spelling. His sentences must be complete, and *clean of each other*. Most essential of all, there must be fair logic evinced. We do not care what grammar he has studied, or whether he has ever studied any.

IV. Must be able, in the case of his own body or that of a fellow-student, to point out the location of heart, lungs, stomach, liver, &c., and tell the use, and method of action, of each; in a word, explain the process of nutrition, together with the source and office of the blood, the relation of veins to arteries, the office of nerves; and, lastly, describe the ear and the eye in connection with sound and light.

V. Must have a general idea of the correlation of the natural forces — heat, light, electricity, magnetism — as transmitted to us from the sun.

"How much mathematics, physical geography, geology, chemistry, ancient history?" has been repeatedly asked.

Well, that is a question upon which we are not yet agreed.

"But aren't you going to have any Latin?" another friend demands.

"Going to tip out Greek entirely?" still another inquires.

Not quite so bad as that. Our friend Raed is hard at work on *two books* at once. One he is going to call "Latin Enough;" the other, "Greek Enough," — a couple of "Enoughs."

The "Latin Enough" is to be made up of three hundred Latin words which enter most frequently into English compound-words.

The meaning, "*roots*," and an example of the use of each one of these words, are to be set forth. This list is designed to be memorized thoroughly.

Then the manner in which our English derivatives

from the Latin are made up is to be illustrated at length.

Next come interlinear extracts from Cæsar, Virgil, Horace, and Cicero.

Finally, the manner in which Latin is made use of in law-phrases, in medical works, and in the nomenclatures of natural history, botany, physiology, &c., is to be elucidated. *This* is, as I understand, his plan.

The "Greek Enough" is to be one hundred Greek words treated ditto.

Lest the reader, in these evil days, be led to mistake all this for a sly *advertisement*, I may add, that we anticipate giving away these "Enoughs" to our friends (for a while, at least), and shall even undertake to *prepay the postage.*

Well, *enough* is *enough.* Fare thee well, reader! Don't forget the college steamship, which ***ought to sail*** the year of the Transit.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES IN AMERICA.

THERE are no boys in the world who should be stronger and more athletic than the boys of the United States. We are, as a rule, tall, well-proportioned, and remarkably active and quick-motioned. Nature puts better material into us than into the youths of any other land. It is our own fault that we do not improve upon it more. It is shameful that so many of us are lank, nerveless, and white-livered. There are two principal reasons for this abuse. The first we cannot here enter upon. The second is, that we take so little physical exercise; even that little being rarely of the proper sort. We need to comprehend, at the outset, that physical exercise of the right kind is the only thing in the world that will promote *muscle* and strength of body, whence comes energy of mind; and, knowing this, we should act upon it.

Ah that those grand old tournaments of Greece could be revived here in America!

And why not?

Why cannot *we* have "Olympic Games," where our youth from the various States of our broad land may gather as did those of Athens, Sparta, Thebes, and Corinth, in glorious prime?

It has been suggested that the examination for admission to the college steamship be associated with *Americanized* Olympic Games.

The idea seems a good one; for, if there is an evil to be deplored and striven against, it is the physical degeneracy of our young men. If it continues, it will ruin us, nationally, as surely as Capua ruined "the warlike Carthagen" martially.

Why give to prize-fighters and blacklegs a monopoly of physical sports? We have thought too much of our *souls*, and too little of our *bodies*, forgetting, or ignorant, that a sound body can alone *save a soul*, and that physical enervation is the sure prelude of moral degradation.

Experimentally, we hope to found the *American* Olympic Games in connection with the College Steamship, that true University of the Seas. The "palms" may well be "scholarships" on the steamship, as fast as scholarships shall be endowed.

"But these are not yet endowed," one says.

Very true; but they *will* be endowed. We know our people well enough to hazard nothing in our guaranty, that, when once they have well considered the plan, the *Future American College* will not long lack for endowments.

In the place of the boxing-matches with the Greek *Cestus*, it has been suggested to substitute a trial of marksmanship at target-practice with rifles of improved pattern; and, in lieu of the chariot-races, it is proposed to establish swimming-matches and regattas, — these "games" in addition to the more purely literary requisitions.

A STILL LATER DECISION.

SOME twenty young men who are most thoroughly interested in the college steamer have agreed (in case the necessary funds cannot be raised by spring of the Transit year, 1874) to hire a smaller steamer, and, by way of testing the soundness of the main plan still further, to make a voyage into the South Pacific to observe the Transit. A station on Kerguelen Island, in connection with a cruise in the South Sea, has been talked of. It is to be hoped that the "Kanaks" may not eat them up, — those hungry cannibals said to dwell there.