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SAMUITS AND SAVAGES

ALEX. RATTRAY HAY



BRAZIL'S INDIAN PROBLEM

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SAINTS AND SAVAGES





A Bororo Indian Chief

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BRAZIL'S INDIAN PROBLEM

BY

ALEX. RATTRAY HAY

INLAND-SOUTH-AMERICA MISSIONARY UNION
EDINBURGH

WITH A FOREWORD BY

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PAIN

Some see in heathen lands the smiles,
The sunshine bright, the colours gay,
The harmless wizard's childish wiles ;
A simple life lived happily.

'Tis but the World's surface show :
A mask to hide disease and death,
And dark despair that reign below :
Inheritance of sin and wrath.

In superstition's cruel chain,
In fetish black, or devil creed,
The heathen lives a life of pain,
Of terror, woe, and unmet need.

He gazes fearful into night,
Where shadows brood ; and hopeless death,
And spirits dark with evil spite,
Spread ruin, curse with blighting breath.

Christ's love and power alone can turn
His night of darkness into day—
But where the heralds of that morn
That gained o'er death the victory ?

Oh help us hasten to proclaim
The Cross—peace, liberty and light—
A Saviour's love : lost souls reclaim,
And give blind eyes eternal sight ?

ALEX. RATTRAY HAY

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FOREWORD

THIS little book takes us into unfamiliar places. It leads us along some of the inner ways of a neglected and much-forgotten continent. It gives us glimpses of an exceedingly needy life of which the majority of us have never dreamed, and which has, therefore, never found a place in our prayers. It brings the far-away cry to our own doors. Mr Hay makes us his companions on strange journeys. He feeds our imagination. He quickens our sympathies. He rouses our sense of obligation. He widens our conception of the missionary work of the Church. And in all this he brings us into a deeper and more vital fellowship with the great purpose for which our Saviour lived and died. I hope that the book will be widely read, and that it will kindle impulses of prayer and generosity in thousands of hearts which long for the salvation of the world.

J. H. J.

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SAINTS AND SAVAGES

I.—A WAY OPENED—AND CLOSED

MANY reports had reached us from time to time regarding the Bororos, a tribe of Indians, which, we were told, inhabited the upper reaches of the river São Lourenço, some five hundred miles north of the Inland-South-America Missionary Union Mission Station among the Terena Indians at Bananal, Matto Grosso, in the far interior of Brazil. The tribe was said to number five thousand, scattered in small villages along the banks of the river. They were "manso" (tame), but had preserved all their tribal customs intact. We had listened to tales of their strange dances, of their extraordinary burial rites, of the terrible practices of their witch-doctors, and of a spirit-frightening fetish which no woman could see and live. We had heard also of the sad consequences which had accompanied the introduction of civilised vices and diseases, and of the shameful conduct of the R.C. priests who are working among a small portion of the tribe.

WHAT THE GOSPEL ACCOMPLISHED.

Dr M., the Inspector for Matto Grosso of the Brazilian Society for the Protection of the Indians, had seen our missionary work among the Terenas, and was profoundly impressed by the transformation which the power of the Gospel was effecting in that tribe. His Society, Humanitarian in its conception and Materialistic in its outlook, could show no such results. Among the Terenas were many who had been typical products of the influence of a Christless civilisation upon a simple, savage race : they had been drunken, brutal, lazy, stupid, purposeless, and joyless ; but now, in the power of Christ they had become " new creatures " : sober, intelligent, industrious, honourable, their future filled with God's eternal purposes towards His redeemed, and their faces radiant with the Light of His indwelling love. So much did Dr M., the Inspector, appreciate the change wrought, that, though himself a " Positivista," he declared to his successor in office (so we were told) that nothing could be accomplished among the Indians except through the medium of religion. He had, on several occasions, invited us to open up work among the Bororo Indians, admitting that his Society, which had maintained a post among them for nine years, had been able to make no headway.

THE ENEMY AT WORK.

So it was that my father, the Rev. John Hay, arrived in Bananal in May 1919, with the intention of carrying out an expedition of investigation to the Bororo country. The situation, however, had suddenly and completely changed. Satan had bestirred himself, and the way, which had been open, was now bristling with difficulties. Two months previous to my father's arrival the friendly Inspector had retired from office, for obscure reasons, and a new official was appointed in his place. The new Inspector, a pronounced Positivist, had "no use for religion." He was entirely ignorant of our work, never having visited Bananal, and completely out of sympathy with our methods, considering that his Society can do all that is required. Therefore he viewed our presence among the Terenas with annoyance and was determined that our work should not be extended to the Bororos.

The previous Inspector, when inviting the Union to investigate the situation among the Bororos, offered a passage in his Society's launch as the easiest way of reaching the tribe. The unfavourable attitude of his successor, however, deprived us of all the assistance that the Society might have given us. More than that: instead of being able to rely on at least the goodwill of the Society while

carrying through the expedition, we would be faced with its active opposition.

It was a difficult situation, fraught with danger equally to our existing work and to our future development. Human wisdom was quite unequal to the occasion, and we could form no plan of action. But the call was clearly to advance, so we had to go forward upon our undertaking, as it were, with sealed orders, not knowing by what means, or by what route we should reach our objective. Our attitude was not that of the opportunist, nor was it that of the fatalist ; it was one of obedience born of experience, for we had proved before in like situations the unfailingness of God's faithfulness and the all-sufficiency of His power : we had a reliable guarantee and a powerful security. God did not fail us. Step by step His plan was unfolded, and day by day He led us onward, until His purpose was accomplished, and signal victory brought glory to His name.

DELAYED—FOR A PURPOSE.

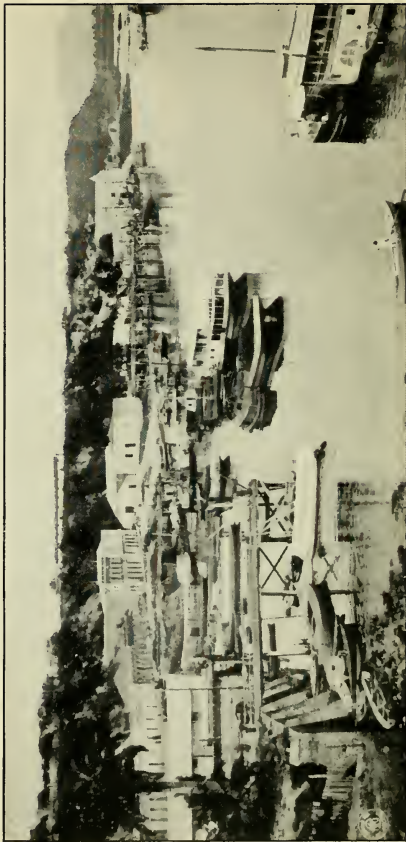
My father and I planned to leave Bananal on 20th June. We packed up what clothes we would require, mosquito nets, blankets, ground-sheets, saddles, and cameras, and arranged with Marcolino, the Terena Chief, to send his bullock-cart to take our baggage to the railway station. Much to our surprise and disappointment, the cart arrived so



Porto Esperança, Matto Grosso, Brazil



A Brazilian Camp Family—Matto Grosso
Washed for the occasion



Porto Corumbá, River Paraguay, Mato Grosso

late that it was impossible to catch the train, and our departure was delayed for four days. It was very unusual for the Indians to fail us in this way, and Marcolino, who had been unwell and had entrusted the job to another man, was very much ashamed at the occurrence. We chafed at the apparently unnecessary delay, and could not understand why it had been permitted; but we had not gone far upon our journey before we realised that it was but a first step in God's planning to make possible what would otherwise have been impossible.

We caught the next train on the 24th of June. To be entirely free from inconvenience would have been too unnatural in South America, so we found that the station-master had just finished his dispatch-book, and not having another on hand, was unable to deal with our luggage. This meant that we would have to get it dispatched at Porto Esperança, in the midst of the confusion of transferring the passengers and luggage at that port where the train arrives just in time to catch the boat for Corumbá.

We were not a mile on our way when one of our fellow-passengers, whom we had noticed as apparently an American, approached us and asked if, by any chance, we were missionaries. We assured him that we were, and he introduced himself as the Rev. Adam J. Martin, on his way, with his wife and child, to join the American Presbyterian Mission in Cuyabá. To meet fellow-missionaries in

Matto Grosso was a most unexpected pleasure, for in this giant State, 532,780 sq. miles in extent, or more than four times as large as Great Britain and Ireland, there were only two organised mission stations, Cuyabá, and Bananal, and these are a seven-hundred-mile journey apart. One other station is now organised in Campo Grande, near Bananal.

We immediately set about making the most of our good fortune. The Martins we found to be deeply spiritual people, and we soon discovered a unity of aim and outlook which drew us into a delightful fellowship. We were thankful to God for the delay which had brought us this privilege, though we did not yet know the extent to which He was to use this meeting for the carrying out of His plans. We arrived in Porto Esperança only an hour late. The station platform was filled as usual with *changadores*, all clamouring for the privilege of carrying the passengers' baggage, and all on the look-out for a foreigner to fleece. They were a ruffianly-looking crowd of all shades from black to white, and in various styles of *deshabille*. They are a terror to the inexperienced, and we have heard seasoned travellers grumble horribly after an unsuccessful bout. We managed to run the gauntlet with them safely and, after some persevering importunity, to persuade the busy clerk to dispatch our baggage. Then we went on board the

Fernandes Viera a trim little river boat which lay waiting for us at the bank.

TO CORUMBÁ.

The trip up river to Corumbá was very pleasant. Darkness had fallen ere we swung out to breast the current of the great river Paraguay, but the night was cool and beautiful. Though there was no moon, the myriads of stars gave light sufficient to reveal the river as a broad, silver-grey pathway winding ever before us between its dark low edges. At ten o'clock next morning we passed the arsenal and three small war boats, and half an hour later came in sight of Corumbá, a fine-looking town of 15,000 inhabitants. The river bank on the city side is high and rocky, rising abruptly to a height of about two hundred feet, then continuing in a gentle incline to a number of moderate-sized hills in the background. Well-built business houses, coloured white, or various shades of brown, yellow, and blue, rise from the shore to the top of the bank, which is surmounted by the buildings of the town. Lying in the river in front, or drawn up on the bank, was a miscellaneous collection of river craft, including small passenger boats, launches, tugs, and barges. Conspicuous, and looking very much out of place, was a small ocean coaster—two thousand miles from the sea. As we drew towards the shore a dozen small boats swarmed around us, their

owners shouting eagerly: "Pronto patron!" and soon we had landed and were haggling over the fare. Our boatman had fancy rates for foreigners, and refused to take what we offered, so we left him and proceeded to our hotel. This brought him to his senses, and before long he overtook us and quietly accepted the regulation fare.

Corumbá is the most important business centre in Matto Grosso, acting as intermediary between the outside world and the north of the State. It is quite a prosperous-looking place, though it has suffered considerably during the great war. Most of the business is in the hands of Syrians, who, because of their success and sharp practices, are well hated by the Brazilians. The buildings are of stone faced with cement and painted in various styles. The main streets are roughly paved with cobble stones, and well illuminated with electric light.

RELIGIOUS CONDITIONS.

On a previous occasion I had the privilege of engaging in colportage work in the town. I found that there were few bigoted Roman Catholics. The priests did not have many apologists, being generally considered as canting hypocrites. The great majority of the people had become nauseated by the Roman sham, and were antagonistic to religion in any form. Most of the educated men

profess some cult, such as spiritualism, or materialism. They more or less respect the Protestant missionary, recognising the great benefit which Brazil has derived from mission schools, and they will generally listen respectfully to an explanation of the Gospel message ; but while they profess to be entirely in sympathy with Christian ideals they consider that they have no need for religion, being at least abreast of the most advanced thought in Europe and North America. But, though the priests have lost their religious influence, they still possess considerable political power, in the use of which they are past-masters. The Silesians have a college for boys housed in the best building in the town ; and a dozen nuns carry on a girls' school and a small hospital.

There is a small company of Baptist believers in the town, but their numbers are decreasing instead of increasing, and though they hold regular services they do no aggressive work. They are seldom visited by a foreign missionary, and being left thus without teaching and guidance, have become discouraged and weakened by internal strife and the inconsistent lives of many of them. Such an inadequate and unfaithful witness cannot possibly bear fruit to the glory of God : rather is it bringing dishonour upon the name of Christ among a godless and materialistic people. It is sad to realise that the missionary forces in South America are so weak

that this little company of believers, and so large a town, cannot be spared a missionary.

MORE DIFFICULTIES.

We had been a little uncertain as to whether or not we should visit the new Inspector of the S.P.I. whose office is in the town, to inform him of our intention to visit the Bororos. We did not want him to feel slighted; but at the same time there was a decided probability that he would seize the opportunity, upon one pretext or another, to prohibit us from entering among the tribe, and so add a complication which we were most anxious to avoid. The matter was settled, however (for the time being), when we were told at the hotel that the Inspector had just left for Rio de Janeiro. We made enquiries regarding the routes which might be taken to the São Lourenço, and felt completely satisfied that it was God's will that we should proceed to Cuyabá, and from thence journey overland to the Bororo district.

We had only a limited supply of cash with us, but my father carried a letter of credit from a North American bank, part of which had already been realised in Montevideo. We presented it at the two banks in the town, but to our astonishment and dismay the managers politely explained that as branch banks they were not permitted to have any relations with the exterior. We would not for a

moment question the wisdom of this restriction, but we could not help coming to the conclusion that banking business in Corumbá is very far behind what it should be for such an important business centre. The money we had was not half as much as we were likely to require to fit out and carry through the expedition; but we had a strong assurance that God, Who was plainly calling us to go forward, would, in some way, make what we had sufficient.

II.—BY RIVER THROUGH A NEEDY LAND

ON Saturday, the 28th June, we sailed for Cuyabá on the *Itaqui*, a small flat-bottomed, stern-paddle steamer, with cabin accommodation for twenty-four passengers. Ten o'clock in the forenoon was given as the hour of sailing, and the Martins and we got our baggage on board in good time, but the engineers were still repairing the paddle-wheel and steering-gear, and we were told that the boat would not sail for at least four hours. So we had to return to the hotel and a scratch lunch, trying to persuade ourselves that we had learned to take Brazilian delays and inconveniences as a matter of course, and without impatience. We went on board again at two o'clock. The engineers had succeeded in patching up the boat sufficiently to enable it to make a start, but one of the sailors had not yet turned up, and as we evidently could not go without him we had just to wait. Our fellow-passengers were quite unconcerned at the delay, making themselves as comfortable as possible among their baggage strewn on the deck. The cabins could not be allotted until after we had started and the number of passengers was known.

It was nearly five o'clock in the evening when we at last got under way, and the little packet bade her three-whistle adieu to Corumbá. There were few passengers, so we all managed to get packed into the cabins—quite unusual good fortune we were assured, for as a rule all the cabins are required for the accommodation of the women and children, the men having to sling their hammocks (if they have had the foreknowledge or foresight to bring them), or make up their beds wherever they can.

A SIN CURSED PEOPLE.

A barge was lashed to one side of the steamer to carry the baggage and second-class passengers. The baggage had been thrown into the corners and lay as it fell. The second-class passengers were lounging in their hammocks inside, in the prow, or on the roof smoking their cigarettes. Most of them were cowboys from the *fazendas*. Some were quite unconventional in their dress, but the prevailing fashion was a battered straw or felt hat, bare feet, print shirt, brin trousers, and a broad leather belt which carried a big knife and a revolver. Conspicuous among the rest were two Paraguayans with their coloured neckerchiefs, and Guarani speech. Without exception their faces were sensual, brutish, bearing the marks of debauchery. They were of wretched physique. There was no manli-

ness or self-respect in their bearing, or purpose in their expressions. The lewd jest and coarse laugh, and a pack of cards were their only diversions. They were absolutely godless, having little respect even for the Roman Catholic church, though they retain many of its corrupting superstitions, and carry its blighting influence stamped deep upon their characters. They are rough material; but, thank God, there is cleansing for even these, and power abundant to make them new creatures.

ON THE RIVER.

The river was high, and several huts near the banks were standing in the water. In places miles of plain were turned into dreary marshes, the haunts of tigers, snakes, and mosquitoes.

Next day we wound round the base of the Dorado mountains, enjoying the unfolding panorama of hill and river, which was a welcome change to the monotonously flat appearance which the country generally presents. In the course of the day we passed a number of isolated huts, and two small settlements, stopping twice to take on firewood.

During the second night we left the river Paraguay on our left and entered the São Lourenço, in the upper reaches of which our quest lay. We were now in a much narrower channel, not more than a hundred yards in width, which gave us a much better opportunity of observing the life and vegeta-

tion on the banks. The vegetation had become more luxuriant and tropical in appearance. The trees were taller and the undergrowth denser. The diminutive, and not very elegant *Bacuri* palm bending out over the river, the large-leaved, weed-like *Embaiuba* tree and clumps of *Banana dos Bugres*, with its long coarse leaves, were much in evidence. The *Corda de Viola*, a graceful creeper with a pink flower was sometimes festooning the trees and bushes, and sometimes covering a dozen of them together in such a thick garment, reaching down into the water, that they were completely invisible. Scattered here and there were flowering trees laden with a wealth of blossoms, pink, yellow, purple, and white. The banks were seldom visible, rank aquatic grasses and plants extending several yards into the water.

The bird life was abundant, from the tiny humming-bird to the great *Tuyuyú* stork with its white body, black head and bill and red-banded neck. We often saw fifty or more large, black divers perched on the branches of some dead tree at the water's edge. A solitary diver with a long, slender neck and beak would drop from its perch into the water with a splash as we approached. A minute later its head would appear above the surface, several yards from the place where it had entered. Again it would submerge, to reappear at some other spot, and so it would behave until we

had passed out of sight. Half a dozen water-hens would wait watchfully until we were quite close to them, then skim swiftly up river ahead of us. Herons, bitterns, plovers, ducks, kingfishers, and many other kinds of birds beat a hasty retreat as we passed.

On the numerous sandbanks alligators, old and young, lay basking in the sun, sometimes as many as a dozen together. On the banks the *Capimvara* (water hog), and a large, pale green chameleon were occasionally to be seen, and once, as we passed close to the bank in rounding a bend, we startled a great water-snake which disappeared with a rustle under a bush.

A TORTUOUS STREAM.

Early on the following morning we entered the river Cuyubá to the left. We were now in a channel about forty yards wide, which wound and twisted in a surprising manner. Before we had been in it long we had been travelling towards almost every point of the compass, and had completely lost our bearings. Many of the bends were so sharp that the boat could not negotiate them. The engines had to be stopped and the prow allowed to drift into the bank to be punted round into position. Once, much to the amusement of our coloured pilot, the manœuvre did not succeed, and we were carried broadside down stream by the current, prow and

stem almost grounding on the opposite banks. On another occasion the prow stuck fast in the mud. Often we swung in so close to the bank that we went ripping and crashing past the overhanging branches of the trees.

Great open camps came into view literally stocked with game. Flocks of large white herons would rise with a swishing of wings and head further inland. At one place we saw about fifty *tuyuyú* storks together. A family of six *capimvaras*, like huge rats, stood on the bank in full view. Several times a fine antlered deer stood at a distance and contemplated us as we passed, and occasionally we caught sight of an ostrich in swift flight. The passengers did much practice with their revolvers, using the alligators and water hogs as targets, regardless of the fact that most of the creatures hit were merely wounded and left in agony. In one of the camps we saw a small bunch of cattle, the first we had seen in two days.

Late in the afternoon we reached the fazenda of São João, which is nearly half-way between Corumbá and Cuyabá. It is a cattle farm of enormous extent. For a day we had been steaming past it on our left, and were told that it extended across country to the river Paraguay. The owner's house is situated in a large clearing on the bank. It is well built, and surrounded with fruit trees and beautiful palms, presenting a really fine appearance

from the river. It is the only place that we have seen where a serious attempt has been made to bring comfort into the camp.

As darkness fell we tied up to the bank to take on firewood. The wood was stacked among the tall trees on the top of the bank which dropped sheer into the water. The men kindled a fire to give them light to work by, the flickering glare of which added a weird suggestion to the scene, throwing the workers into relief, as they stood in line passing the "rajas" from one to the other, reflecting dully in the dark water, outlining the gaunt forms of the trees and revealing the inky blackness of the forest depths. Above the dark tops of the trees a crescent moon and a few stars shone clearly in the grey sky. The picture was not without a certain strange, untamed beauty.

The fourth day's sailing brought us to the port of a small town which lies some twenty miles inland. The port consisted of a hut, a cart, a fence, and a cow, all in a more or less dilapidated condition.

A RACE.

Occasionally we encountered dug-out canoes, the occupants either fishing or voyaging from one *sitio* to another. Once, as we rounded a bend, we came upon one of them slowly ascending the river, the two paddlers, a man and a boy, standing to their work. They accepted the challenge of the steamer,

and sent their bark skimming over the water. They plied their paddles rapidly and in perfect time, hugging the bank to avoid the current, sometimes circling overhanging trees, at other times bending low to shoot under them, managing their craft with great skill. For a mile they kept ahead of us, until they reached their dwelling, a broken-down hut peeping out of the undergrowth. They ran the nose of the canoe into the bank, stuck the paddles into the mud, and stood watching us and winding their fishing-lines. As we passed we saw their catch glistening in the bottom of the canoe.

Every few leagues we would come across one or two of the huts of these lonely river dwellers. Most of the people we saw had a strong strain of negro blood. They pass a lazy and primitive existence. A small plantation of mandioca, beans, pumpkins, and sugar-cane, perhaps a cow or two, pigs, fowls, and the river abounding with fish supply them with a simple fare. A small ranch with a palm-leaf roof, and walls that are usually unmudded, shelters them from at least the sun and the dew. Such is the laziness of the people that often not one fruit tree was to be seen near their huts—not even the banana, orange, mamona, or mango. It is hardly probable that any of these folk have ever heard the Gospel. As one travels day after day through this great neglected land the burden of it weighs

heavily upon one's spirit. Surely there are many who would welcome the Glad Tidings if they could but hear it. There ought to be missionary launches speeding up and down these rivers with the message of life. Would that the Church of Christ could hear the Master's call to look upon the fields, and could get the vision of the harvest! Satan is left unchallenged in these fields.

After dark we entered a part of the river that was so narrow and tortuous that we had to tie up to the bank and wait for the morning. At daybreak we were again on our way. The barge was now in tow a cable's length astern, to give greater freedom in the management of the steamer. The sun was fierce, so the passengers were kept on the move crossing from one side of the deck to the other in an endeavour to keep on the shady side, which changed every few minutes as we wound along.

Our little packet was really worn out years ago, but as she still keeps afloat and has no rival she has to rattle along, bringing gain to her owners and inconvenience to her passengers. Her steering-gear was in very bad condition. The chain broke several times, on one occasion during the night, sending us with a bump into the bank. The engineers were in constant fear that the engines would break down. However, time does not count in these parts, so all the delays and uncertainties



Porto Cuyabá—Capital of Matto Grosso

Dale



Taking on wood fuel for the steamer—Rio Cuyabá



River Dwellers and Dug-out Canoe with cargo of native produce—
Rio Paraguay, Brazil



Line Fishing Extraordinary—Rio Cuyabá
Three men catching fish fast enough to keep the women
busy cleaning them

Dale

were accepted as added interest and variety to the voyage.

WE TRANSHIP.

In the afternoon we were met by a flat-bottomed steam barge of very ungainly appearance, called the *Orvalho* (*Dewdrop*). Her arrival meant that the river ahead was too shallow for the steamer to proceed, and that we would have to tranship into a barge and be towed for the rest of the journey. The passengers were not elated, but quite philosophical. The steam barge turned and followed us for a short distance until we came to a ranch near which the barge for the first-class passengers was moored. Then began a regular removal: tables, benches, mattresses, crockery, cutlery, cooking utensils, stewards, sailors, engineers, officers and passengers, all dumped together on the deck of the steam barge. The barge for the second-class passengers was secured on one side, that for the first-class passengers on the other, and we bade farewell to the deserted *Itaqui*.

The barge into which the first-class passengers were stowed was divided into two compartments, one for the women, the other for the men. In each of these there were four bunks of the wooden plank variety. Both compartments had a sliding door on each side, but there were no windows or other means of ventilation. We could not decide whether the

barge had ever been cleaned out or not—there was nothing reassuring in the appearances. The smell within was difficult to diagnose: it was composed of various odours, none of them pleasant, and made a very powerful combination. Stagnant water in which mosquitoes were breeding was swishing about under the rotten boards.

The following day was spent in an unsuccessful attempt to avoid the smell, mosquitoes, and stifling heat of the interior of the barge; the sun, which shone first from one side, then from the other, upon the deck of the *Orvalho*; and the sparks which were belched forth in showers and burned holes in hats, dresses, coats, and skins without respect of persons. We were going first-class on the main route to the capital of Matto Grosso.

We were now nearing Cuyabá. The huts on the banks were much more numerous, and occasionally we passed a small sugar factory. Here and there fishing nets were set, and on the sloping bank near almost every hut was a little tobacco patch.

WELCOME FELLOWSHIP.

That night, the 5th of July, we reached Cuyabá, and concluded what had been a most interesting and enjoyable voyage, marked by delightful fellowship with the Martins, and opportunities to bear witness for our Lord among our fellow-passengers. In the morning we met the missionaries of the

American Presbyterian Mission, the Rev. Mr Landes, a white-haired veteran who has seen long and hard service, being of the early pioneers, the Rev. and Mrs Philip Landes and Miss Landes. Though at considerable inconvenience to themselves, Mr and Mrs Philip Landes insisted on our staying at their home while we were in the city.

During the six days which we spent making preparations for our journey we had the privilege of becoming acquainted with these servants of God and with their work. We found them to be truly evangelical people, out to win souls, and it was a delight to have fellowship with them in prayer, and to accompany them to their meetings in various parts of the city. They are engaged in the same uphill fight that we all have to wage in this land of Satan's power: experiencing the same joys and disappointments, and encountering the same ceaseless opposition from the powers of evil.

IN THE CAPITAL.

Cuyabá is a city of 20,000 inhabitants. It is quite distinct in appearance and manners from the other towns of the State. Its isolated position, "at the end of the world," so difficult of access, and so far removed from the outside world, even from the other towns of the State, and the fact that there is nothing beyond but a waste, unoccupied wilderness, have had the effect of conserving much

of the old colonial style in the life and customs of the population and in the appearance of the town. It is claimed that the city is much as it was in the old slave days. Most of the buildings date from that period, and there is an old-world quaintness about the narrow overhanging eaves of the houses, the high rubble walls topped with tiles or a layer of thatch, which surround the *quintals*, and the narrow irregular streets. The city possesses a cathedral that has been in process of construction for thirty years, for the completion of which sums of money are voted from time to time, but it always remains unfinished. Nobody wonders what becomes of the money, for everybody knows; and nobody thinks of complaining.

The President of the State is a Silesian bishop (despite the fact that it is contrary to the Constitution of the State to have a priest in office), and it is said that the institutions of the Church are making hay while the sun shines. The priests certainly have a new air of prosperity and importance. They evidently have a much greater influence over the uneducated classes in this town than anywhere else in Matto Grosso. The educated Cuyabáno, however, has no respect for them. One government official, who is also a wealthy cattle farmer, declared that he had examined the Roman Catholic Church, and came to the conclusion that it was not a religious, but a political institution. Regarding the

morals of the priests he spoke in scathing terms, and told how, in this city, they had extolled from their pulpit the murders of their political enemies. "It is not the Latin race," he said, "that is at fault : it is their religion."

GOD'S BETTER PLAN.

We had decided to buy mares, which are much cheaper than horses or mules, and to travel without a guide. This was the best we could do with the money at our disposal. But God knew what was before us, and knew that we would require a much better outfit. His leading had been very evident up to this point, and now He was to show us that His power to provide for our needs and to carry out His purpose was not limited to our material resources. We applied to Mr Philip Landes, with his knowledge of the city, to assist us in purchasing the mares. This he promised to do, but shortly afterwards told us that he had considered the matter and would be delighted to place at our disposal his own troop of mules, which he would not be requiring for six weeks, and that we would be welcome to use what equipment he had in pack-saddles, panniers, etc., that we might require. Thus through God's leading, and the kindness of these missionary friends, we were provided with an excellent outfit that would have cost us much more than a hundred pounds.

We laid in our stock of provisions for the journey : rice, beans, flour, hard biscuits, lard, sugar, salt and a little dried meat. We also provided ourselves with articles of barter such as beads, looking-glasses, coloured handkerchiefs, and fish hooks. A guide, a dyspeptic but respectable camp dweller on the wrong side of fifty, was secured with some difficulty, and we were ready to set out upon our expedition.

III.—ON THE LONG TRAIL

WE left Cuyabá on the 10th of July, striking out east along the road which accompanies the telegraph line to Góyaz. It was not the shortest route, but it was the easiest, and the only one known to our guide. Our troop consisted of three saddle mules, a pack mule, and a *padrinho*—a horse with a bell on his neck, that acted as leader to the troop and kept the mules together at night. The *padrinho* was as thin as a rake, and our guide prophesied trouble in store.

Trouble in store for us there was, a very insignificant part of which was attributable to the unfortunate *padrinho*. What lay before us we knew not. We were aware that there were no human circumstances in our favour, and that powerful influences were arrayed against us: but God led on, and we followed with a very real sense of His presence, and an assurance, which was stronger than our fears, of victory already won.

THE OPEN CAMP.

We were glad to leave the hot city streets behind us, and to be out in the free, open camp. Rough

though journeying is in these parts, one has a sense of exhilaration and spiritual freedom as one jogs along following the endless track that leads on and on, the forest and the long grass rustling in the breeze on either hand, the pleasing rolling country stretching away before, and not a habitation to be seen.

A league out from Cuyabá we passed through the village of Cuchipó, on the banks of a stream of the same name, which is spanned by a very creditable iron bridge. This was the last point of civilisation which we were to touch, our road leading now through a vast, almost uninhabited wilderness.

At midday we stopped for a rest and food at the Rio dos Peiches (river of fishes). The name led us to expect a shady, sluggish stream of respectable size, but what we found was the dry bed of a brook. Our guide discovered some holes where water still remained. How long it had been lying we did not know: it was no longer of the clear, pure order; but it was water, and the sun was hot, and the road was dusty, and we were thirsty—and it tasted remarkably good. We dined on meat roasted before the fire, hard biscuits and mate; then we re-saddled and continued our journey to the Rio Arica, where we were to camp for the night. As we approached the river at nightfall we met with a piece of very bad road, mud holes stretching across the track, and the thick, thorny scrub on

either side preventing us from making detours. The pack mule, in an unauthorised attempt to avoid a mud hole, entered the scrub, got mixed up among the branches, and left his load behind. By the time the pack was replaced darkness was settling down upon us; however, we were not far from the river, and a good wooden bridge afforded us a luxurious passage to the camping ground on the opposite bank. Here we found a well-used *poso*, where carts and troops stopped for the night on their way to and from the city. The ground was cleared under several shady trees; the remains of fires were scattered here and there; poles to which mosquito nets had been hung or animals tethered were standing in the ground—and firewood was almost unobtainable.

We attended to the animals, then ate our supper to the music of the mosquitoes. Our mosquito net we fixed up as far from the trees as we could to avoid the ticks, arranging our blankets under it to make the hardness as soft as possible. But our manœuvres were not successful, either in regard to the ticks or to the hardness, for we were soon aware of several of the terrible insects on the prowl at various parts of our persons, and we became painfully conscious of the fact that our bodies are very unevenly constructed. In the morning there were several ticks to extract, but the fresh air had given us sound sleep, and we were fresh and fit.

During the forenoon our road led us over unpleasant level country full of weeds, marshes, and tangled scrub. The heat was oppressive and the track sandy, making travelling hard for the animals. We encountered no wild life whatever : even birds and lizards seemed to have forsaken the district. A troop of unruly mules, and a couple of pack-oxen plodding patiently along, passed us on their way to the city. Their panniers of raw hide were filled with the produce of some lonely settler's plantation, perhaps a hundred and fifty miles distant.

In the afternoon we commenced a long, gradual descent of three leagues, the road leading straight before us to a range of blue mountains which formed the edge of a great plateau across which our path lay. It was late in the evening before we reached the foot of the mountains, crossed a brook of beautiful clear water, and entered a pass between two hills. For an hour we followed the stony track ; now plodding laboriously up a sharp incline ; now descending cautiously into a rugged ravine, along which a small torrent was dashing noisily on its way.

A CAMP FAMILY.

Suddenly we emerged into another world : hills, ridges, ravines, and crags surrounded us in wild confusion. Here we came upon a little scattered settlement of half a dozen huts, at the largest of

which we found shelter for the night. It was quite a typical camp dwelling, with a palm-leaf roof, and rows of sticks for walls, having much the appearance of a large bird-cage. The uneven earthen floor could have been much cleaner. Furniture was considered quite unnecessary. A small roughly-made bench, a pair of panniers, and an empty box was all that we found in the apartment which we occupied. The family was mulatto, a cross between the white and the black. They are settled on Government land, have a few cows, oxen, pigs, hens, dogs, and a plantation. They do the least possible amount of work, never think beyond the needs of the moment, and so are always on the border line of want. So it is with most of the camp folk. A poor yield from his plantation had forced our guide to leave his family almost without food and seek employment in the city. We wanted to buy some mandioca from our host, but he considered it too much trouble to get it from his plantation.

The good lady of the house was a chronic scold, evidently more from habit than from ill-nature, for she seemed quite cheerful the while, and nobody appeared to be inconvenienced. The trouble was that she kept it up at intervals during the night, so that between her tongue, from which only a row of sticks separated us, and the jangling bell of our *padrinho*, which insisted in keeping close to the hut, we had rather a disturbed night's rest.

TICKS.

It was at this house we had our first encounter with the *carrapato do chão* (ground tick), which is found only on the floors of camp dwellings. To escape its attentions it is the custom of the traveller in this region to always carry a hammock, and never to sleep on the ground. Being ignorant of the danger, we had brought our ground-sheets instead of hammocks, so we paid the penalty. My father was bitten in several places on his arms, the bites causing irregular blood blisters an inch long.

Ticks of various species abound in Brazil. Some are so minute that they are discerned with difficulty ; others are as large as a pea. With the exception of the ground tick, they wait in clusters on the leaves of bushes and trees, or infest the grass, ready to attach themselves to the first man or beast that passes by. They fasten themselves securely to their prey by means of eight legs provided with hooks, bury their heads in the skin, and feast upon blood for several days until they have swollen to say six times their original size ; then, when they can contain no more, they drop off. It is very difficult to remove them without leaving the head in the skin, which often causes a festering sore. It is impossible to pass through the forests, even on horseback, without getting



rosso. Cuyabá is some sixty miles distant

a few dozen of them. They are an evil that must be endured.

THE CLIMB TO THE PLATEAU.

On the following day, the third day of our journey, we ascended to the great Matto Grosso Plateau, which extends to the State of Góyaz. It is an important watershed, where many streams and several great rivers have their sources. We started climbing shortly after leaving the little settlement at which we had spent the night. Slowly, and with many a slip and stumble, we made our way up the steep rocky track which wound round boulders and crags. We passed by a narrow ledge along the side of a deep gorge filled with beautiful palms, the sound of rushing water coming from far below. Up and up we climbed, as one height after another appeared before us. The great, broad plain stretched out behind us to the north-west as far as the eye could see. Fifty miles distant a solitary conical hill in the vicinity of Cuyabá stood out clearly. About twenty miles to the north a spur of the plateau struck out into the plain. The plain appeared to be one vast forest, broken only by a few small, clear places. Below us was the edge of the plateau, descending in a tumble of deeply-furrowed, grass-covered hills and rocky ridges. When we reached the top we halted for a time to enjoy the glorious view of untamed nature around us. There

was not a hut to be seen ; and not a living creature. It was a magnificent scene, and the wild grandeur, immensity, and freedom of it appealed irresistibly to our spirits as we stood alone in the midst of this great " No man's land."

We were now in a higher world. Before us lay an undulating country, every small valley the source of a stream of clear, deliciously cool water. The soil was very dry and sandy, sparsely covered with a coarse, wiry grass and stunted trees. The trees were gnarled and twisted, bearing few leaves, and many of them were not more than from four to six feet in height. In the valleys, however, the streams were thickly lined with a luxuriant vegetation. We were glad to find that the temperature was appreciably lower, making travelling easier for both man and beast.

That day we accomplished only twenty-four miles, camping by the brook Tijuco. There was good pasture at this place, so we remained until the afternoon of the following day to rest our animals. The *padrinho* grew thinner every day. We began to have grave doubts that he would ever reach São Lourenço, though, despite his sorry condition, he continued to domineer over the mules, and they submitted to him meekly. One of the mules also was weak, and had the very disconcerting habit of lying down suddenly and unexpectedly.

Our next camping place was at the Rio Manso (Tame river), known also as the Rio das Mortes (River of Deaths), which is a tributary of the great Rio Araguaya, reaching the sea one thousand two hundred miles away. It is called the River of Deaths on account of the fate of an expedition which the Brazilian Government once sent to explore its course. The party was attacked by Indians and exterminated. These Indians were called the *Morcegos* (Bats), because they were never seen in the daytime, but lurked in the forest depths by night and rained death upon the encampment with their silent arrows.

At this point a guard of the telegraph line is stationed, and the junction takes place between the line from Góyaz in the east and the line from Aquidauana in the south. The latter line passes through the village of São Lourenço, now ninety miles distant, and marked the road which we were to follow. We had to add a horse to our troop at this station to enable us to give the weak mule a rest.

FLIES.

We camped on the following evening at the source of the Amaral, a tributary of the São Lourenço, which we now had forty miles to the east of us, flowing in a south-westerly direction. A mile to the east was the source of a tributary of the Rio

Manso. These two streams, so close together at their sources, empty ultimately into the sea two thousand five hundred miles apart, the one at the Equator in Brazil, the other far south in the Argentine.

This was the most uncomfortable camping place that we had yet encountered. The ground by the stream was marshy and covered with tall weeds. There was no pasture for the animals except the coarse hill grass of the plateau. On the dry ground there was no tree under which we could camp; and there were swarms of flies of all kinds. There were common flies and uncommon flies; flies that bit, and flies that did not bite. There were flies larger than a blue-bottle, which made one jump when they inserted their probe; and minute, poisonous flies that one did not discover until the mischief was done. There were flies that caused pin-point blood marks that itched terribly for hours; flies that raised hard, yellow lumps the size of a split-pea which tormented one for a couple of days; and flies that left a white blister, which was worst of all. Then there were tiny flies that insisted upon exploring one's ears, and disreputable hairy-legged flies, scavengers in their habits, which would walk into one's eyes and mouth. We were truly thankful when the sun went down and the flies left us in peace.



A Mid-day Rest on the Long Trail



A Bororo Indian shows how to Shoot

Dale

FIRST SIGNS OF THE INDIANS.

From the Amaral we journeyed to the valley in which the Saia Branca rises, on our way crossing, or passing close to, the sources of five streams. On the following day we crossed the Prata and a torrent which was dashing over rocks in a beautiful cascade just above the ford, and camped in the evening at the Madeira. This was to be our last camping place before reaching São Lourenço. Here we encountered the first signs of the Indians. Close by were the charred remains of several shelters, burned down in a recent camp fire, which had evidently been used by a party of Indians while hunting in the district. Around the shelters a miscellaneous collection of bones bore witness to the success of the chase. During the evening we found our guide washing his hands in our pot. This was the first time, to our knowledge, that he had washed them, and during the remainder of the journey we saw no evidence of his having washed them a second time. What inspired him to do it this once it is difficult to say.

On the morning of Thursday the 17th, the eighth day from Cuyabá, we set out on the last stage of our journey to São Lourenço.

It was not long before the São Lourenço valley came in sight, about fifty miles broad, and thickly covered with forest. Just before descending into

the valley we saw in a patch of sand the fresh footprints of a tiger. The path descended abruptly amid cliffs and crags of sandstone worn into an endless variety of curious formations. About twelve miles across the valley we came suddenly upon the river and village of São Lourenço.

IV.—DEFEAT

WE got a very cold reception from the official of the Society for the Protection of the Indians, Senhor M. B., who informed us without delay that he could not allow us to do anything unless we had, or could obtain, written permission from the headquarters of the Society in Rio de Janeiro. He was evidently prepared for our arrival, and annoyed that we had succeeded in reaching the village. His demand for a written permit surprised us, for it was the first intimation we had received that such a thing was necessary. It was evident that he was determined to oppose us, and was simply employing blocking tactics. He treated us politely nevertheless, had our animals attended to, placed a hut at our disposal, arranged that we should dine at his table, said he would report our arrival immediately by telegraph, and begged us, while awaiting a reply, to consider ourselves as his personal guests.

The buildings of the Society for the Protection of the Indians consisted of three two-roomed mud and stick houses with thatch roofs, and a zinc-covered shed. Besides these, there was the hut of the

guard of the telegraph line, and several ranches occupied by the two or three Brazilian camaradas employed by the Society.

THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

We were surprised to find that the Indian village was but a small settlement of nine huts. Officials of the Society had claimed that there was a population of five hundred Indians, but now there were not more than a hundred and fifty. Later we learned that up to the beginning of the year there had been a considerable number of Indians in the place, but the influenza epidemic had reached even this remote region, exacting a terrible toll, and many of the survivors, panic-stricken, had fled up the river. It was a sad story, of which we were to hear much during our sojourn among the people.

Just before sunset we heard shouting and yelling in the distance. Excitement prevailed among the women in the village, who bustled about attending to their fires and pots, and then, singly or in groups, made their way to the river bank. We were informed that the men had been out on a fishing expedition, and that the great noise which they were making proclaimed great success, so we went down to the bank to witness their arrival.

We were grieved to notice that the women gathered on the banks were of a degraded type. They were bold and loud spoken, their faces coarse and sensual.



Bororo Indian Huts on S. P. I. Colony, Rio São Lourenço, Matto Grosso

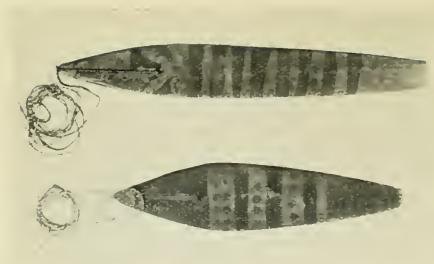


Date

Bororo Indian Women



Bororo Indian Women carrying Firewood



Spirit-frightening Fetish which brings death to the Bororo Woman who sees it

Contact with the dregs of South American civilisation (which at its best in many places is but a white-wash) had robbed them of their primitive modesty and dignity, and now they were no longer simple, attractive children of the forest, but wretched, repulsive creatures. They wore a piece of cloth wrapped round the body, usually from the shoulders to the knees. The children were naked. Cords, or strings of beads, were tied tightly round the upper part of the arms and round the legs just above the ankles. The hair was cut short across the top of the forehead, but at the sides and back was allowed to grow down to the shoulders. Above the forehead it was clotted with a brick-red pigment made of the seeds of the *urucú* plant mixed with grease. The face, and often the entire body, was also smeared with this paint. A black pigment, obtained by mixing powdered charcoal and grease, was used to ornament the face with lines and circles. The most fashionable design was a band three-quarters of an inch broad across the middle of the forehead and down each side of the face, the two ends being joined by a straight, narrow line passing below the nose. The eyebrows and eyelashes were pulled out. The lobes of the ears and lower lip were perforated, and pieces of wood, strings of beads, or feather ornaments worn in them. Several of the women had necklaces of beads, bones, or tiger's claws.

THE FISHERS' RETURN.

Soon a canoe emerged from behind an island a short distance up the river, to be followed immediately by another, then another, until eight had made their appearance. There were from two to six men in each canoe, some standing, some sitting, plying their paddles slowly, for the canoes were laden almost to the water's edge. With triumphant shouts and yells they advanced, their naked bodies covered with *urucú*, appearing a bright red as the rays of the setting sun glanced upon them. The canoes were beached just below us. Many of the men jumped out into the shallow water near the bank and waded ashore. One of the ancients of the tribe tripped as he jumped, and fell into the water, remaining dazed and helpless for a minute or two, to the hilarious amusement of his companions. Some had feathers in their hair; others wore circles of light-coloured bark or monkey fur. The downy feathers of the duck were stuck thickly with resin on the hair, arms, and small of the back. Their hair was treated in much the same way as that of the women, and no hair was allowed to grow on the face. They wore cords round the arm, legs, and body just above the hips, and their persons were so decorated as to make their nakedness revolting. They picked up their fishing-nets and paddles, and crowded round us for a moment or

two, eager to know who we were, where we had come from, and what we wanted. Some of them knew a few words of Portuguese so we were able to make ourselves understood. They did not stay with us long—the feast was calling, and soon they were hurrying excitedly to their huts. The women, the burden bearers, were left to put the fish into net bags, and large creels made from palm leaves, and carry them to the village.

PRISONERS.

We found that we were virtually prisoners, prohibited from going alone into the Indian village, taking photographs, making a collection of curios, or visiting the other two villages on the reservation. But we laid the matter before our God in prayer and claimed the victory. We believed that He would enable us to carry out the purpose for which He had brought us thus far—though we did not imagine the completeness of the victory which He was preparing for us, and the wonderful way in which He was to use our enemies to bring about their own undoing, and even to render us invaluable assistance in our undertaking.

During the forenoon of the following day Senhor M. B. conducted us round the village. The feast was still in progress, for there was an abundance of fish, and the Indian never stops eating until the larder is empty. Some of the Indians were engaged

in cooking the fish, others in eating, while a few were lying asleep near their pots. We entered the bachelors' quarters, a large hut in the centre of the village where the unmarried men have their abode. There were about twenty men and lads in it, decorated in wonderful styles of red and black paint and the various ornaments of the Bororo dandy. They were in high spirits, laughing, and now and then reducing pressure with a loud yell. The hut was about thirty feet long by twenty wide. It was simply a palm-leaf shelter, providing a cool shade from the sun, but of little service in a shower of rain. There was little to be seen inside. In the centre was a large earthen pot, full of boiled fish, on the top of which floated several beautiful mother-of-pearl shells. Palm-leaf mats lay here and there on the ground, and a few small water-pots, gourds, and bows and arrows occupied the corners.

A SCARED CHIEF.

The Chief of Corgo Grande, a village further down the river, visited us in the evening. He was a well-built, powerful fellow, five feet nine inches in height, dressed in a military uniform which the S.P.I. official had given him. His manner was aggressive, and he carried himself with an air of perfect self-assurance and pride. Our guide declared that this chief had been the leader in a raid ten years ago in which three of his

relatives had been murdered and their house burned down.

We had brought with us a small vocabulary of the Bororo language compiled by an officer of the Brazilian army who had spent a short time amongst the tribe. Being anxious to test it, and to enlarge it, we began to read the Bororo words to the chief, giving him the Portuguese equivalent for each, and asking him if it was correct. At first he looked puzzled; then his expression changed to one of complete astonishment mingled with fear, and he burst out: "How do you know these words?" "Where did you learn Bororo?" "Who taught you?" We endeavoured to explain to him that we were merely reading what was written in the book. That, however, was quite beyond his comprehension, and he evidently did not consider it worthy of a moment's consideration, demanding more emphatically, "But where did you learn Bororo?" Then he left us abruptly, to go, as we afterwards learned, to ask Senhor M. B. for an explanation of the mystery.

WITCHCRAFT!

Next day this chief, accompanied by several of his friends, paid us another visit. He noticed our field-glasses, and asked if they were a camera. We asked him if he was afraid of the camera. "No," he replied, in a very unconvincing tone, "why

should I be? It is only these others who are afraid." When we put the glasses to his eyes he drew a long breath, and steeled himself with a great effort to show that he was civilised and had no fear of civilised things. The glasses were pointed to some fishers slowly ascending the river in a canoe some two hundred yards distant. He looked intent and motionless for a full minute, then began to show signs of excitement, exclaiming: "Ah! . . . eh! . . . they are near!" He whistled to the fishers, and talked to them as if they were actually within easy speaking distance, then he took the glasses from his eyes and gazed at the canoe in open-mouthed wonder at finding it still two hundred yards away. He tried what effect the glasses would have upon other objects around, chuckling now and then, and finally exclaiming with deep conviction, "Bary!" (Witch-doctor!). Afterwards he amused himself by pointing them at women who were passing, and watching them run in fear out of sight.

VICTIMS OF DISEASE.

Poor fellow, he had just reached his prime, and was a splendid specimen of an Indian, but it was only too plain that he was in the grip of fell disease. The first attempt which the Brazilian Government made to civilise this tribe was to quarter a company of soldiers in their country, gathering the Indians

together by giving them presents. The plan was a failure in so far as the civilising of the Indians was concerned, and was abandoned; but the simple people fell victims to the lust and disease of the soldiers. To-day their plight is a terrible one, and the full story of their misery can never be told. It was evident that there was not one in the village free from the taint, and it was heartbreaking to see many of the children of this once virile race sickly and with eyesight more or less impaired. We asked a man of about thirty years of age if he had any children. "No," he said mournfully, "I have two women, one here and one in another village, and I have had five children, but they all died." He could not understand it. There are very few children among the people, and large families are never found.

THE "BACORORÓ."

During the afternoon the young men arrived with canoe loads of palm leaves, with which they commenced to make a screen seven feet high, enclosing a large circle of ground at one side of their hut, in preparation for a dance, the "*Bacororó*," which was to take place in the evening. Senhor M. B. escorted us to the hut just before the dance began. The men, bedecked in grand style, had already gathered inside the ring. The dancers were naked, and had, besides the usual ornaments,

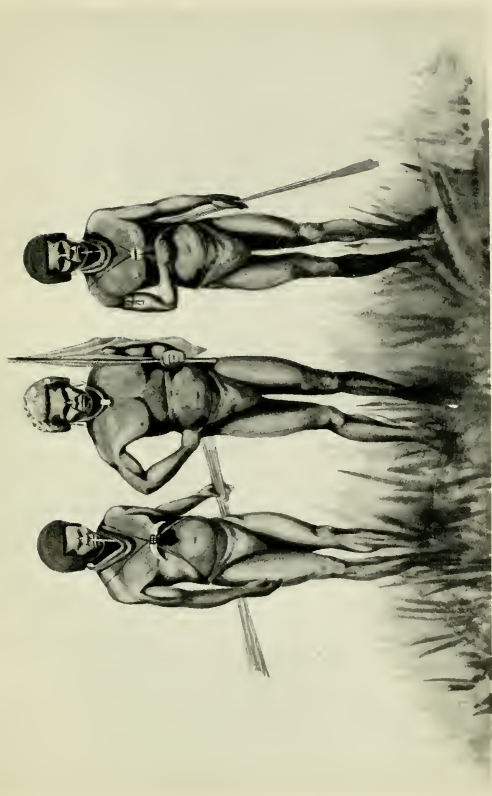
large head-dresses made of the long tail feathers of the macaw. The leader wore no head-dress, but had his hair covered with white downy feathers. The chief, the witch-doctor, and others who were to be mere onlookers squatted on skins and mats round the edge of the ring.

The leader stepped a few paces into the ring, a small perforated gourd rattle in each hand, and his body inclined slightly forward commenced a rhythmic beat with the rattles, which he accompanied with a rude chant. The chant consisted mostly of the vowel sounds emitted in a rapid succession of panting ejaculations, the manner of their formation making them necessarily aspirate, as :

Hí-Hó-Hó-Hó-Hé-Héi-Hú-Há.

The dancers walked in a line round the ring until they came opposite to the leader, then they wheeled and advanced slowly towards him with stiff, frog-like jumps, the knees bent, legs apart, and arms extended. When the leader was reached he began to move slowly, leading the line sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, now advancing, now retreating, his body bent forward from the hips and turned slowly from one side to the other. This was continued for ten minutes, then a short rest was taken.

In the second part of the dance the leader had only one rattle which he held in his right hand. In



Among the Savages—Bororo Indians equipped for Fishing



Among the Savages—Bororo Indians dancing the “Bacororó”

the left hand he carried an instrument made of a couple of round gourds joined together with beeswax, having a hole an inch and a half in diameter down the centre. He partly covered the hole at one end with the palm of his hand, while into the other he made a short humming noise, which was thus rendered hollow and booming. This instrument takes the place of the drum, which is not used by these Indians. The leader crouched on the ground, and the line of dancers walked up to him and crouched before him, following him as he nodded his head stiffly from side to side in time with his rattle and gourd. After a few minutes all rose to their feet, and the dance proceeded much as in the first part.

There was nothing graceful or picturesque in the scene: it was altogether grotesque and repulsive. Each part was performed twice, then the dance was concluded. The dancers crouched in groups of three, one behind the other, the second and third with their hands on the shoulders of the one in front, and a pot of cold water was poured over each group. The men were exhausted after the strenuous exercise, and perspiring profusely, and when they received the cold water they shivered until their whole bodies shook. We were told that this custom sometimes results in the death of some of the dancers.

THE INDIANS AT WORK.

When all the fish had been eaten, and a day had been spent in recovering from the feast, Senhor M. B. persuaded the Indians to do a few hours work in clearing a part of the forest for a plantation. They have no idea of the meaning of labour, but went about the operation like children at play. To see the trees fall was what they enjoyed, so they wanted to cut down all the trees and leave the undergrowth. They worked in a bunch, talking, laughing, and shouting. When anyone felt inclined he would sit down to have a smoke, or return to the village for a drink of sugar-cane juice. They worked just as long as they were amused, then nothing could persuade them to continue.

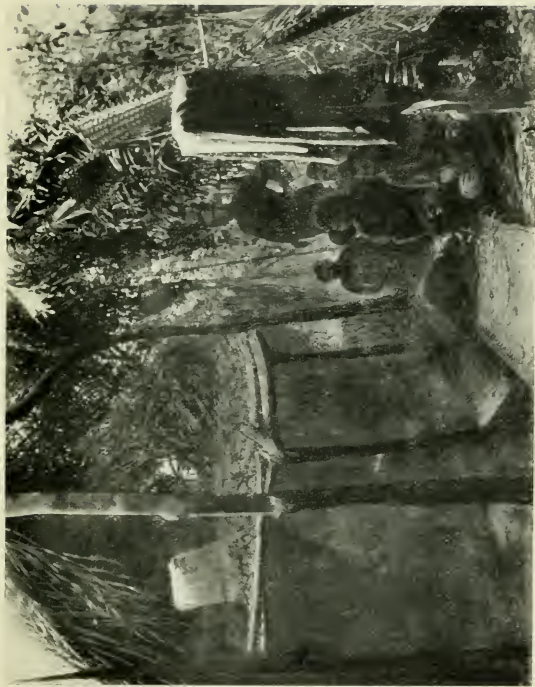
V.—HOW GOD DID IT

MEANWHILE no answer had come to the telegram that Senhor M. B. said he had sent to headquarters, and our suspicions were confirmed that he was simply humbugging us, blocking our way and endeavouring to weary us. We had now been four days in São Lourenço, and, so far, had not seen any signs that God was working to open up our way, but we continued in prayer, and felt a quiet assurance of victory. We knew that many in Britain, the United States, and Canada were following us in definite prayer; and afterwards we heard of little prayer-meetings at Keswick in which we were specially upheld and victory claimed for us, and where those thus striving together with us were filled with a strong confidence that God was accomplishing great things. God was indeed with us; and during the next few days we were to witness a little piece of divine strategy employed on our behalf, and to have the wonderful privilege of gathering the spoils of the victory which it won.

DIVINE STRATEGY.

A Brazilian settler from the Rio Vermelho, a river which enters the São Lourenço a few miles

further up, appeared in the village, having brought the produce of his plantation to sell to Senhor M. B. He was acquainted with our guide, and through him came to know our position. So he paid us a visit, telling us that the great majority of the Bororos were on the Rio Vermelho, and that a large number of those that had been on the reservation fled during the influenza epidemic, when many of them had died and the S.P.I. did practically nothing to help them. He said there were two villages not far from his house, and offered to send a guide, immediately upon his return, who would take us by a short road by which we could reach his place in two days. We thought that this was, perhaps, the solution to our difficulty, and were eager to leave São Lourenço behind us to proceed with our investigations where, evidently, most of the Indians were located, and where we would have freedom of action. But our victory was to be even more complete; and we felt constrained to remain to give every possible opportunity for the reply to arrive to Senhor M. B.'s telegram. For this reason we did not accept the settler's offer of a guide, which would have fixed a definite date for our departure. We told him that it would be more convenient for us if he could find an Indian in the village who would be willing to act as our guide whenever we might be ready. This he endeavoured to do but without success. When Senhor M. B. discovered what was afoot his attitude



Among the Savages—Interior of Bororo Family Hut, Quejare, Rio Vermelho
Rev. JOHN HAY standing upright



Rev. JOHN HAY

ALEX. RATTRAY HAY

Bororo Indian Bachelors' Hut, Quejare, in background

towards us changed completely. He became very friendly, told us we could consider ourselves at liberty to take photographs, study the language, collect curios, and visit the other two villages on the reservation. There could be only one explanation to this sudden and remarkable change: he did not want us to visit the Rio Vermelho.

EXCHANGING FOR CURIOS.

We lost no time in getting to work, and soon our little hut was crowded with Indians bringing their ornaments and bows and arrows to exchange for our coloured handkerchiefs, looking-glasses, fish-hooks, and beads. The handkerchiefs were most in demand, red being the favourite colour. The Indians put a much greater value upon their ornaments than upon their bows and arrows. They would not part with their large head-dresses at any price. A ball of their red pigment about the size of a golf ball was, in their estimation, worth a blanket. We could not persuade them to part with their necklaces of claws and crowns of tigers' teeth, for these were trophies of the chase and highly prized. Most of their ornaments were of an inferior class, made of macaw feathers, and showing little ingenuity in their construction. Their fishing-nets and arrows, however, were well made. The nets were of twine made from the fibres of the *caraguatá* plant. They were from three to seven feet across the mouth,

tapering to a point, the depth being more or less equal to the breadth. The rim is secured to two light, supple poles fastened together at each end, thus making the net easily opened by bending the poles apart in the centre. There were two classes of arrows: one plain, the shaft and blade made of cane; the other finely made throughout of a very hard wood, and decorated between the feathers with strips of bark and small feathers of various colours. The former were used in hunting birds and small animals, the latter for larger animals. Only a few of them were barbed, but most were tipped with monkey bone.

THE FISH DANCE.

A week after our arrival in the village the Indians prepared for another grand fishing expedition. In the forenoon the young men, well besmeared with *urucú*, went out in bands to the forest to gather a poisonous creeper, the stem of which they use to poison the fishes, and in the evening they returned with shouts and laughter, each one carrying a bundle of the creeper. At sundown all the men and women gathered in the bachelors' hut to take part in the fish dance, the preliminary incantation which was to bring success in the fishing; and soon a strange sound vaguely resembling the chattering of monkeys reached us from the village.

After supper Senhor M. B. invited us to accompany

him to see the dance. Silence and darkness reigned in all the other huts of the village. As we approached the bachelors' hut, the flickering light of a fire showing through the palm-leaf wall, and the weird noise from within swelling into a wild, deafening pandemonium, an eerie feeling gripped us, and we realised that we were down at the dark heart of heathendom. Without seeking permission we pushed aside the palm leaves which covered the doorway and entered the hut. The picture which presented itself to us, of unmasked savagery in all its hideousness and primitive abandon, was complete. The witch-doctor, with a gourd rattle in each hand, stood on his palm-leaf mat in the centre of the hut. The men stood in a close circle around him, naked, painted red and black, yelling their high-pitched chant, and bobbing up and down by sharply bending and straightening the knees. The women stood at one end of the hut joining in a sort of contralto accompaniment. Between the two groups a small fire of dry palm leaves was burning. Now and then some one would pull a leaf from the wall of the hut and throw it upon the fire, the flames throwing into relief the dusky bodies of the dancers, and exaggerating their grotesque attitudes and fiendish expressions, giving a spectral suggestion to the scene. The witch-doctor was working himself into a frenzy, trembling, muttering, contorting his body and clutching his breast as if in pain. In

front of him two women sat holding gourds of water. After a few minutes he sank to the ground groaning, his whole body writhing hideously. Frequently he would seize one of the gourds of water, slobbering down its contents. The whole effect was bizarre in the extreme; savage and uncouth beyond the power of imagination. We were uncomfortably conscious of the presence of evil spirits, and were not sorry, when, about ten minutes after we had entered, we were told to leave the hut.

FAILURE.

The fish dance continued all through the night, until the first signs of dawn began to appear; then all the men, with their fishing-nets and bundles of poisonous creeper, paddled off in their canoes to the fishing. The women set out shortly afterwards for the forest carrying their creels, to return later staggering under great loads of firewood in preparation for the expected feast.

But things were not going well with the fishers. They beat their creepers into a pulp and threw it upon the water, then waited for the poisoned fish to rise to the surface; but scarcely a dozen appeared. They made two lines across the river, the one advancing towards the other with nets open to secure all the fish in the area between; but instead of canoe-loads of beautiful fish sufficient for a two or three days' feast they got barely enough



On the Voyage in the Dug-out Canoe in front of Quejare
Rio Vermelho



A View of the Rio Vermelho, near Quejare

for a meal. Very sorrowfully and reluctantly failure was admitted, and the canoes were quietly paddled homewards. As the fishers emerged from behind the island there were no triumphant shouts proclaiming success and calling the women to the bank to carry home the catch. Nor were the canoes beached on the bank in front of the village, but were swiftly paddled to landing-places among the trees; for the canoes were light and the paddlers were ashamed. The women remained in their huts while the men carried home the fish they had caught. The bundles of firewood were unburned and the village went hungry to bed that night.

WHEN AN ENEMY IS FRIENDLY.

Senhor M. B. was making himself very agreeable. He announced his intention to take us to visit Quejare and Corgo Grande, the other villages on the reservation, and he and his assistant became eloquent on the difficulties to be met with on the roads which led up to the Rio Vermelho. To follow the shortest road it would be necessary first to cross the river in front of the village. This would hardly be possible as there was so much mud at the opposite bank that it would be exceedingly difficult to get our mules across (though we had several times seen animals passed over apparently without difficulty). Then, even if we did succeed in crossing the river, the track was a very difficult

one to follow, and unless we had an experienced guide we would certainly get lost. Not long before, they told us, a man familiar with the district had been lost on that road for three days. The other road was very long and very bad. We would have at least five days of rough travelling, and, in the first place, would have to return two days' journey on the road to Cuyabá. In any case there were only about half a dozen Indians on the Rio Vermelho, and the Brazilian settlers in the district were a gang of cut-throats. We, however, obtained more reliable information, being assured that the second road was an excellent one, that it would be necessary to return but one day's journey on the Cuyabá road, and that we could reach our destination in three days.

VI.—VICTORY

BEFORE sunrise on the 28th we embarked with Senhor M. B. in a *batelão*, a large dug-out canoe thirty feet long, which was manned by two Brazilians in the employment of the S.P.I., and an Indian. Our destination was Quejare, thirty miles up-stream on the Rio Vermelho. Manoel and the Indian punted with long poles, while Jose Maria steered with a paddle. We hugged the bank to avoid the strength of the current, threading our way among the broken trees and branches with which the river was strewn. The river varied in width from one hundred to two hundred feet. It was low, the flood marks on the trunks of the trees being fifteen feet above the present level.

A VOYAGE IN A DUG-OUT.

We had gone but a short distance, when, as we were approaching one of the many sandbanks, the Indian, quiet, stolid, but ever on the alert, gave a grunt, and in a single word made it understood that he wanted to land. As we drew near we saw the trail of a tortoise leading straight inland from the water. That trail led to the spot where the

tortoise had deposited her eggs, so the Indian went on the hunt, stopping now and again to scoop with his hands in the sand. But he was unsuccessful and very, very reluctantly gave up the search. The truth was that the breeding season of the tortoise was almost over, the eggs for which he hunted had already hatched, and the young tortoises were safely hidden in the river.

Not long after entering the Rio Vermelho we encountered rapids formed by a line of rocks which stretched across the river. These, however, presented little difficulty to our canoe-men who were well acquainted with the river, and with careful punting took us safely through the swirling water. We continued our voyage until shortly before mid-day, when we halted at a sandbank for our lunch of *paçoca* and cane sugar. *Paçoca* is the traveller's food in Matto Grosso, consisting of dried beef well fried in lard and then pounded together with *farinha de mandioca* (mandioca meal) in a wooden mortar. It is a very palatable and convenient food for the road, takes up little space, and will keep in good condition for a month. The cane sugar, unrefined, forms an important article of diet in these parts, and great quantities of it are consumed. Our canoe-men each received a plateful of *paçoca*, and a block of sugar four inches by three inches by one inch. We ourselves felt a craving for the sugar, and it was evident that, in the

conditions which existed, the system required it.

When we re-embarked, my father, instead of sitting facing the direction in which we were going, as we had all been doing during the morning, altered his position, and faced the stern and the rest of us. Manoel immediately became very much perturbed, demanding that all should face the prow, for, he explained, to face the stern was to bring bad luck on the voyage.

There was remarkably little animal life to be seen, due, no doubt, to the fact that we were in the Indian's country where all the animals have learned to take no risks with the master hunters. The spoor of deer, ant-eaters, wild pigs, and water hogs were often to be seen where these animals had come down the banks to drink, and sometimes a sudden rustling in the undergrowth, and cracking of twigs told that one of them was in hasty retreat. Once we came upon a school of otters, far too inquisitive to refrain from coming to the surface to have a look at us. They made a pleasing picture as they swam about, diving, leaping almost out of the water and barking at us in their excitement.

THE NOTES OF THE FISH CHANT.

We kept on our way until the sun was low upon the horizon, then put in to the bank at a place where a rocky ledge overhung by trees offered an excellent

camping ground. Here we ate our supper while the sun went down, and river and sky turned from silver and blue to orange and crimson, and the shadows drew longer and deeper until all nature grew dim and was wrapped in its night shroud. Then we rolled ourselves in our blankets to sleep. As we lay and listened to the night sounds around, the rippling of the river below, an occasional sigh of the wind among the trees overhead, the scurry of some small animal among the dry leaves, the crooning of a monkey close by, the dismal croaking and whistling of the frogs, and the calls of the birds, we became conscious of the notes of the Fish Dance, rising and falling and scarcely audible, as if borne on the night breeze from some distant village. But the nearest village was ten miles away, so we puzzled as to where the sound could be coming from. By and by it drew nearer, and we realised that it was the song of a small bird, whose doleful notes the Indians had copied for their chant.

We were on our way again next morning before daybreak while the vapour was still rising like smoke from the water, and soon we had the pleasure of witnessing a sunrise on the river almost as brilliant in colouring as the sunset of the night before.

The Indian pointed out a place on the bank where until a few months before there had been a village. The inhabitants had fled during the time

of the epidemic, and now the forest was fast reclaiming the ground where their huts had stood.

A NEW VILLAGE.

Quejare, which we reached before noon, proved to be quite a new settlement. Most of the huts had been so recently built that the palm leaves with which they were constructed were still green. The Indians received us well, but had evidently very little food to offer. They seemed to be living on palm nuts and fish. There were only a hundred Indians in the village, but it will probably grow to twice its present size. It lies a few miles within the eastern border of the reservation and is very prettily situated. The huts were scattered here and there, peeping out from among the undergrowth. The river in front was a hundred yards wide, the opposite bank rising abruptly to hills and rugged crags. With great difficulty Senhor M. B. persuaded the Indians to allow us to take several photographs. They were very frightened that we would work some evil against them afterwards, believing that we would have power of life and death over them once we had their photographs. One man entered a group in politeness to us, but insisted on turning his back to the camera. We stayed only two hours in the village, for the down-river journey could be accomplished in half a day,

and we wanted to get back to São Lourenço that night.

FRAUGHT WITH DANGER.

We did not make as good progress on the return voyage as had been expected, for darkness overtook us while we had yet a third of the journey, the rapids, and the part of the river most dangerous on account of sunken logs, before us. There came to our minds the lines of the "Canadian Boat Song"—

"Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past."

Close to the rapids we passed a couple of Indian fishers encamped on a sandbank, their naked bodies dimly visible as they squatted on either side of their fire. Our Indian pilot stood as he steered the course with his paddle to one of the channels between the rocks, then crouched low as we were caught in the rapid and shot through to the calmer waters beyond. As our frail craft was borne along by the swift current of the river it was in constant danger of being overturned or smashed by the many submerged tree trunks scattered in our path. Several times we barely escaped a catastrophe as we scraped against a hidden log, and but for the skilfulness of our Indian pilot, who was at home among the windings, sandbanks, and sunken dangers

of the river, we would not have reached São Lourenço without a wetting and the loss of our equipment.

GREAT BROOK.

Two days later Senhor M. B. took us on a visit to Corgo Grande (Great Brook), which lies thirty-five miles down-stream close to the western boundary of the reservation. The distance to the village overland was only twenty-four miles, so we journeyed on mule-back. I had awakened that morning with a ground tick lying on my cheek where it had evidently been feasting for some time, for it was swollen to several times its normal size. The bite was only slightly painful, so I paid no attention to it, expecting that it would simply cause a painless blood blister. But as the day wore on it became steadily more painful, my cheek swelled persistently, and I had a violent headache. To make matters worse, the mule I was riding was stubbornly lazy, and would respond to neither spur nor whip.

We found Corgo Grande to be an old village, and larger than either São Lourenço or Quejare. A large bachelors' hut stood in the centre. In a rough circle round it, and a hundred yards from it, were the huts of the married folk. There were fourteen huts altogether, and the population was at least two hundred. Some of the huts were large and inhabited by several families. There were only two men in the village when we arrived, the others

being out on a fishing expedition. The women had brought in the firewood, and most of them were resting. One, whose husband had evidently not gone to the fishing, was busy cooking; another was fashioning a clay water-pot with a mother-of-pearl shell.

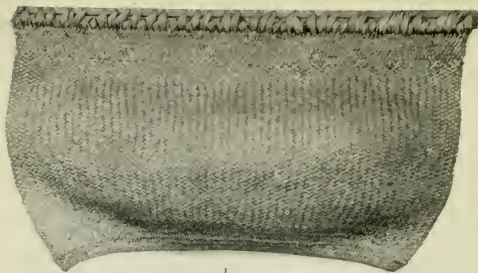
A BORORO HARANGUE.

At night, when the sun had gone down, putting an end to all the pursuits of the day, and the first course of the fish feast was concluded, we witnessed a scene which takes place every night in every Bororo village. The women and children sat by their fires before the doors of their huts, and were just discernable in the flickering firelight. The men were reclining upon mats in front of the bachelors' hut, while the chief, erect and dignified, stood up in their midst and addressed the village. He was reviewing the events of the day, giving his orders for the morrow, and discoursing upon things in general. He spoke deliberately and at length, emphasising his points by raising his voice to a shout followed by a long pause. When he sat down the platform was open to whoever might desire to deliver a harangue, and one after another rose, speaking for from five to fifteen minutes. The audience was listening with the seriousness of the Indian, passing remarks in low tones upon what was being said and occasionally

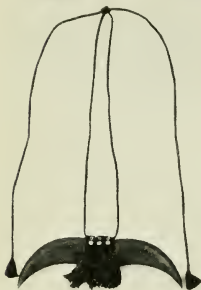


A View of the Rio Verde, Matto Grosso, Brazil

Dale



1



2



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4



5



6

1. Bororo Indian palm-leaf plate, used for holding dry foods and grain.
2. Bororo Indian pendant ornament made from the claws of the Great Armadillo, and worn as shown in frontispiece.
3. Ornament made with macaw feathers mounted on short cane, with a bone point. Chiefs wear it with the point thrust through a perforation in the nose. Ordinary Braves wear it with the point thrust through a perforation in the lobe of the ear, or in the lower lip.
- 4 and 6. Gourd rattles used in dances.
5. Trumpet, consisting of two hollow gourds fastened together with wax, and having a hole passing from one gourd into the other and an opening in each end. Used in Bororo dances instead of a drum.

applauding by exclaiming "Ho—ho—ho!" or "Ha!"

In the morning my face and neck on the side bitten by the ground tick were badly swollen and my eye completely closed, while my whole system seemed to have been affected by the poison. South America has an excellent selection of obnoxious insects, but of all we have encountered the ground tick stands without a rival. The effects of the bite took four days to pass off. We were told by the Brazilian that ulcers which are exceedingly difficult to heal sometimes result from the bites of this tick.

THE ENEMY'S PLAN.

On our return to São Lourenço our guide informed us that during our absence he had questioned Senhor M. B.'s assistant regarding the road to the Rio Vermelho, but had been assured by him that we should not be going to that district, for Senhor M. B. was taking the idea out of our heads. At the supper table that night we informed Senhor M. B. that we intended to leave São Lourenço in a couple of days. "To return to Cuyabá?" he asked. "No," we replied, "to proceed to the Rio Vermelho." He endeavoured to conceal his feelings, but was so agitated that he could scarcely continue eating. He had thought it wiser to show us what was to be seen within the Indian reservation, and so satisfy our curiosity and lead us to consider

that a journey up-river was unnecessary. He conducted us personally, introduced us to the people, provided the canoe, the canoe-men, and the food, and did his utmost to assist us in persuading the Indians to allow us to take their photographs. We had eaten at his table during our stay in the village, we had to pay only for the maize with which our mules had been fed. Thus were our expenses paid when we had not the money to pay them. God can make His enemies His footstool in these modern days just as He did in the days of old.

THE RESULT OF MAN'S EFFORTS.

Regarding the work of the Society for the Protection of the Indians as we saw it in São Lourenço there is little to say. Their system of pleasing the Indian by giving him tools, clothes, and food free has had the worst possible effect upon him. The tools and clothes he sells to the Brazilians for a trifle, while the food removes the necessity for engaging in the chase. They have succeeded in taking from him his dignity, his independence, and his self-respect, demoralising him instead of raising him. Several machines were lying rusting in the store-room, and only one old-fashioned sugar-crushing machine driven by oxen had been set up. There had not even been an attempt made at school work among the children.

VII.—CRUEL CHAINS

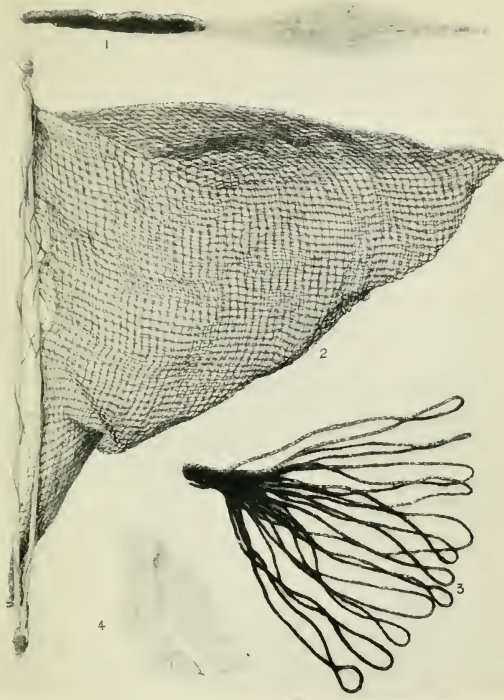
OUR stay in São Lourenço had been prolonged more than we planned or desired, but it gave us an opportunity for observing the conditions prevailing among the Indians, and of learning something regarding their customs. We were able to gather little satisfactory information about their religious ideas. It is very seldom that the Indian will answer questions in regard to his beliefs, and if he does, his reply is almost certain to be misleading.

EVIL SPIRITS AND WITCH-DOCTORS.

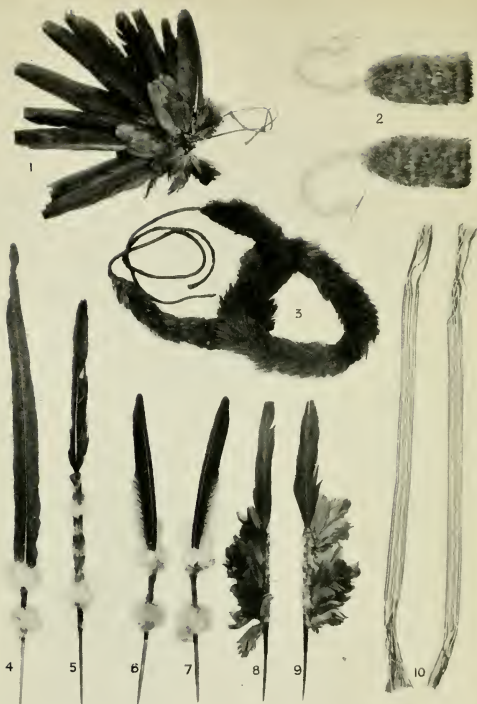
The Bororos are, of course, in common with all other South American Indians, animistic in their religious conceptions, investing all things animate and inanimate with a spiritual nature. They live in terror of evil spirits and the spirits of the dead. A small species of deer, which they call the Great Father, is evidently regarded as a protecting genius, and it is said that they never kill it or eat its flesh. We could not find, however, that this friendly spirit was considered to have much power to guard them from the evil intentions of the unfriendly spirits.

Many other animals are venerated in a lesser degree, and before their flesh may be eaten it is necessary for the witch-doctor to repeat an incantation over it. Needless to say, the witch-doctor demands a goodly portion as payment for his services. The idea in this rite seems to be much the same as that which obtained among some of the North American tribes, who would ask pardon from the spirits of certain animals, on the ground of necessity, before hunting them. The harpy is regarded with hatred, for it is considered to be the enemy of the animals which they venerate. If, when on a hunting expedition, they come across a feather of that great bird, they will return to their village, dance the *Bacororó*, and then set out in search of the nest. Not until the harpy has been found and slain will they continue their hunt.

The witch-doctors have considerable power. They claim to be able to give protection from evil spirits and the spirits of the dead, and to work vengeance through these same spirits upon any who may be so unfortunate as to incur their displeasure. We could find out little as to the powers which they claim to have over sickness. They prophesy as to whether a sick person will recover or not, and if the verdict be death will give the day on which the death is to take place. The witch-doctor is careful to be in attendance at the death-bed on the appointed day, and removes all danger of mistake by



1. Bororo Indian head ornament, consisting of white downy feathers of the wild duck, mounted on a light cane frame, and tipped with a macaw tail feather.
2. Bororo fishing net.
3. Pleated human hair after being torn from the heads of Bororo Indians in their revolting funeral ceremonies.
4. Bororo Indian head dress of wild duck skin covered with white down.



1. Bororo head dress of macaw feathers ; also used to ornament the ends of their bows.
2. Bororo ear ornaments ; suspended from the lobes of the ears as shown in frontispiece.
3. Bororo head dress of monkey fur. The fur is torn from the skin and mounted on a long cord, and is worn in a coil on the top of the head.
- 4 to 9. Examples of nose, lip, and ear ornaments made from macaw feathers mounted on light strips of wood.
10. Bororo wristlets woven from wild cotton.

placing his hand over the mouth and nose of the doomed patient.

FUNERAL RITES.

The funeral rites are elaborate, revolting, and terrible in the sufferings which they inflict upon the mourners. The corpse is buried in a shallow grave close to the hut in which death takes place, and daily, during eight days, water is poured on the grave to accelerate decomposition. At the end of that period the body is disinterred, and the flesh scraped clean from the bones with shells and the finger nails. The bones are decorated with red and black paint, and the relatives of the deceased cut their arms and breasts until the blood drops upon them. They are then placed in a casket of palm leaves ornamented with feathers, and deposited in the river, the spot being marked by a pole stuck firmly into the mud. The hut in which the death occurred is burned down, and all the possessions of the dead are destroyed, for the bereaved do not wish anything to remain that will remind them of their grief. The relatives pull out every hair from their heads as a sign of mourning. This hair is made into cords and worn on the head by the men.

A DANGEROUS FETISH.

It is during the funeral ceremonies that the spirit-frightening fetish is brought into use. It is

simply a piece of thin, flat board, two to three feet long, and four to five inches broad across the centre, tapering to two inches at each end. It is ornamented with broad bands and circles of red and black, and attached by a cord several feet in length to a long, supple pole by which it is revolved in the air producing a penetrating, humming sound. When not in use it is carefully concealed in the bachelors' hut; and when it is brought out the women must hide themselves in their huts, covering their eyes with their hands, for they believe that if they see it they will surely die. We were told that when a woman sees the fetish her body swells until she dies. This is by no means impossible, for the witch-doctor is an expert in the art of poisoning. We secured two of the fetishes, one from the witch-doctor of São Lourenço, and the other from his brother. They were brought to our hut with great secrecy, neither the witch-doctor nor his brother knowing that the other was giving one to us. Each as he came made us close the window and door so that no woman might by any chance see the fetish while we handled it; then we had to put it safely out of sight and satisfy the donor that we thoroughly understood the importance of keeping it hidden.

HUNGRY SPIRITS.

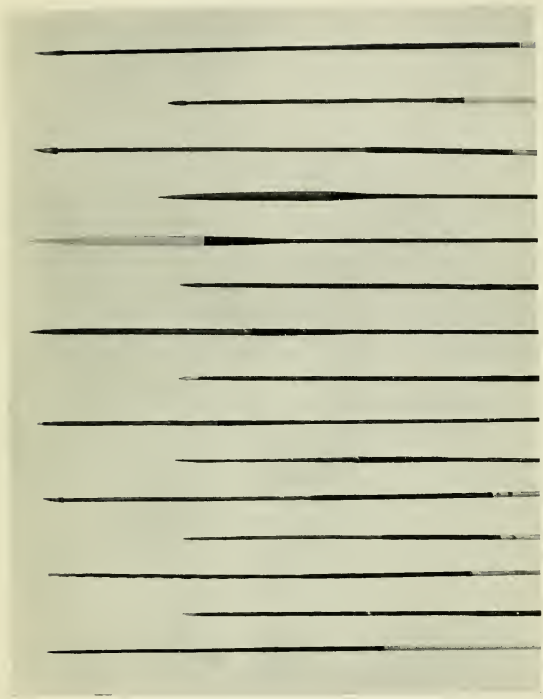
The witch-doctor claims to be in constant communication with the spirits of the dead, a privilege

which he turns to good account. Not very seldom he discovers that one of these spirits is hungry and desires a meal of fish, or meat. The relatives of the hungry departed are informed, and the food is promptly carried to the witch-doctors' hut. The witch-doctor closes the door of his hut and is left alone to deliver the food to the needy spirit. As a Paraguayan priest once said in defence of the practice of receiving money for the release of souls from purgatory: "It is necessary that we have some way of getting our bread and butter."

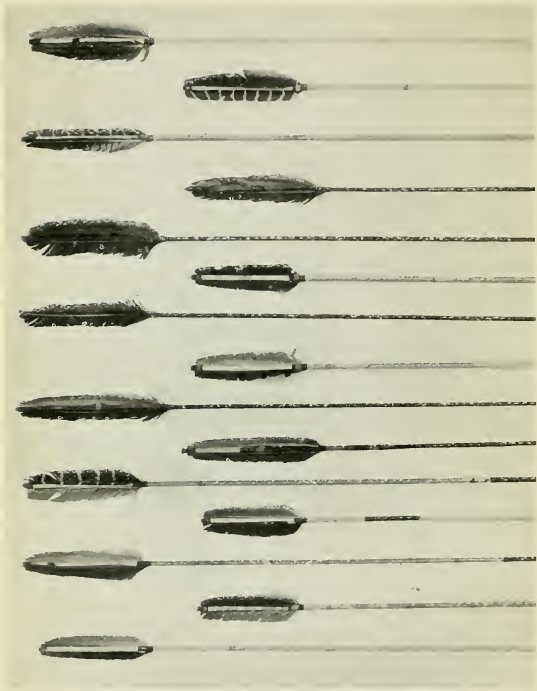
VIII.—BORORO VILLAGES

WHEN we rode out of São Lourenço on the 4th of August we left behind us a bitter enemy. As he said good-bye there was a hard smile upon his lips and a glint of revenge in his eyes. He will work us what mischief he can.

Two days later we were again encamped beside the São Lourenço river, about fifty miles higher up than São Lourenço village. The road thus far we had found to be excellent ; and we were delighted to discover that we were within a league of a small Bororo village. There were several settlers in the district, and early in the morning we wakened one of them, an old negro, with great difficulty and persuaded him to take us and our equipment across the river. Two miles further up-stream we came to the hut of a settler close to the Indian village. Here we sought to engage some one to accompany us to the village, for we had been told that if we, strangers, were to appear unannounced among the Indians they would fly to the forest and we would accomplish nothing. At first the settler was very unwilling to assist us. It was evident that he was engaged in exploiting the Indians, and was afraid



Examples of Bororo Indian arrow points. The short barbed tips are made from the leg bones of the monkey, and are used for killing birds and small animals. The long bayonet points are made from cane, and are used for killing large animals, such as the large deer or the jaguar.



Examples of feathering on the ends of Bororo Indian arrow shafts,
by which the arrows are made to spin while in flight

that our purpose was to induce them to remove from the district. However, he finally decided that we were harmless and sent to the village for the chief. It was not long before that worthy arrived, dressed in an old black coat, the sleeves of which were barely prevented from falling off by a few stitches of white thread. He was accompanied by other four Indians, three of whom bore the sad evidences of venereal disease. We had no difficulty in persuading them, with a small present, to show us their village, and soon we were following them by a path which wound in true Indian fashion among the thick undergrowth near the river bank. On the way the chief showed me a large clearing which he and his people were making for the settler. They were receiving tobacco and *cachaça* (rum) in return for their labour.

THEY DIE !

As we entered the village nearly all the women and children fled into the forest. The chief showed us his hut, where we found his wife lying on the floor groaning with toothache, then he took us to the bachelors' quarters. All the men were engaged in making arrows, binding on the feathers with fibre, shaping the points with the teeth of the water-hog and straightening the shafts over the fire. Two of them had their hair thickly plastered with red paint, and clotted into three tails, one at

either side and one at the back. We asked the meaning of this distinction, and were informed that each of these men had slain a tiger, for which feat they had the proud privilege of this extra indulgence in *urucu*. The chief, in the little broken Portuguese that he knew, told us of their fear of the Indian reservation on account of the ravages of the epidemic. In a low, awed tone full of sadness he thus graphically described what had happened: "They die . . . they die . . . they die . . . many die . . . nearly all die . . . Bororo sad . . . Bororo frightened . . . bad place!" A hush fell upon all in the hut: here also were many whose arms were covered with recent scars and whose hair was still very short.

ON THE ALTO VERMELHO.

It was another two days' journey to the Rio Vermelho where we found a little Brazilian settlement of eight huts, called the Villa Nova. One of the huts was tiled; the rest were roofed with palm leaves. Most of them consisted of but one room; and not one was whitewashed. The settler who invited us to the Rio Vermelho had left the settlement for São Lourenço village several days before we arrived, so we did not have the benefit of the assistance which he had promised to give us; but we were provided with a canoe by another of the settlers, and succeeded in engaging two canoe-men



Among the Savages at Quejare, Rio Vermelho. Rev. JOHN HAY and a group of Bororo Indians in front of a palm-leaf family hut



Among the Savages—A Group of Bororo Indians at Pobore, Rio Vermelho

acquainted with the Indians, to take us to the two nearest villages up-river. These canoe-men were Brazilians, but were really little above the level of the Indians. One carried a bow and arrows, and lit his pipe with a flint and steel.

We reached the first village, Pobore, just as a storm was sweeping down upon us, and took refuge in the bachelors' hut as hailstones, twice the size of large marbles, commenced to dance upon the ground. The hail continued to fall for about twenty minutes, forcing its way through the roof of the hut and covering the ground white outside. The Indians were delighted. They ran out into the hail and gathered large piles of it, calling it salt, and putting it on their hair as an ornament. So warm did the atmosphere remain, however, that the hail melted almost immediately.

The village was a small one of seven huts and a hundred Indians. The people were anxious that we should remain with them for the night, but our canoe-men said that the Indians were too expert at thieving to be trusted in the dark, and it was necessary that we should get as far on our way to the next village as possible that day so as to get back to the settlement on the following evening. As we embarked to leave the village one of the canoe-men noticed his own canoe, which had been missing for several months, tied to the bank along with several others. The chief made no attempt to

deny that it had been stolen, and admitted that he himself had been using it. The canoe-man took his canoe in tow, while the chief stood silent upon the bank, his arms folded and a hard evil look on his face.

We camped for the night a few miles further up-river at the hut of a settler who was clearing the virgin forest to make a plantation. We were told that from this point there is only one other settler on the river. Early on the following morning we arrived at Tadarimana-pari, which is only eight miles from Pobore, but we were unfortunate in finding that all the men were out on a great hunt for ant-eaters and wild pigs, and that only the women and children were left in the village. We counted ten huts, and estimated the population at one hundred and sixty.

A STRATEGIC POINT.

According to the information which we received from several Brazilians who had ascended the river as far as it is navigable by canoe, and from the Indians themselves, there are other six or seven villages of various sizes, one of them evidently being very much larger than any we had visited. The nearest of this group was three days' journey from Tadarimana-pari. To have visited all of these villages would have taken two or three weeks, and it would have been necessary to hire at least one

canoe-man acquainted with the river and the Indians. We had not the money at our disposal to meet the expense of the trip, and God did not open the way otherwise. However, it appears clear to us that this group, which is furthest removed from civilisation, and which is calculated to comprise one thousand five hundred Indians, would afford the best point at which to commence missionary work among the tribe.

THROUGH A GREAT FOREST.

From the Villa Nova we returned upon our tracks one day's journey, then took a road more to the North that would lead us through a great forest in which Togore, another village of the Bororos, is situated. Before we entered the forest our *padrinho*, which had been showing signs of fatigue for several days, decided that he could go no further, and fell out. We endeavoured to coax him along, but his mind was made up, and we had to leave him grazing quietly by the roadside.

Several times during the day we encountered the remains of palm-leaf shelters which had been erected by Indian hunting parties. The road was very little used, and so much encroached upon by the forest that travelling was difficult. The undergrowth on either side was impenetrable. The trees were of great height, sometimes interspersed with tall palms.

We camped in a small glade, and in the morning continued on our way through the forest. We met three Indians, two men and a woman, travelling on foot to their village, which, they said, we were approaching. The men carried their bows and arrows, while the woman, always the burden-bearer among the Indians, carried a large creel laden with the results of the hunt. We passed through an abandoned village, most of the huts of which had been burned down, probably during the epidemic. A couple of hours later we came to the present village, situated near a small tributary of the São Lourenço, but all the Indians were absent on a hunting expedition in a distant part of the forest. There were eleven huts, so no doubt there would be about one hundred and seventy Indians.

This was the last of the Bororo villages that we visited. We had seen seven of them, and calculate the total number of their inhabitants to be between eight and nine hundred. Including the Indians in three villages below Corgo Grande on the Rio São Lourenço, and those in the villages above Tadari-mana-pari on the Rio Vermelho, we estimate the number in the district at nearly three thousand. The only work being done amongst them is that of the S.P.I. in São Lourenço village. They are absolutely without any opportunity of hearing the Gospel. There is another portion of the tribe, estimated at two thousand, on rivers further to the

north, but the majority of those are settled upon land belonging to the Jesuit priests who are exploiting them.

WE LEAVE THE BORORO COUNTRY.

That afternoon we forded the São Lourenço river. We had been warned that the crossing was very dangerous. The river was little more than two and a half feet deep at this point, but the current is so swift that horses are sometimes carried off their feet and lost. We had to cross at an angle, keeping the animals heading up-stream. The water struck their legs with such force that it mounted to their chest. We had to fix our eyes upon the bank, for to look at the water was to imagine that we were being swept down-stream. The pack animal stumbled, and almost went down in mid-stream; but God's watchful care, which had followed us through the journey, carried us safely across.

We had now left the Bororo country and were on the road back to Cuyabá. Six days later, on the 19th of August, we arrived in Cuyabá, and were welcomed by the Martins and the Landeses. The trip down-river in the barge, and in the *Itaqui*, was accomplished without any serious mishap, though, as we were nearing Corumbá, we encountered a strong head wind, which sprinkled the river with white caps, causing the poor old *Itaqui* to roll and creak until it was feared that she would go to

pieces, and we had to tie up to the bank for a time. We reached Bananal on the 1st of September with only seven cents in hand. God had made what we had just sufficient.

TERENA INDIANS AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

We found that during our absence the new Inspector had commenced a campaign against the work in Bananal, ordering the missionaries to take all the mission animals out of the Indian ground, and demanding that we hand over the school building, which belongs to the Indians, to the Society's representative in the village. The missionaries have since been prohibited from entering Bananal upon any pretext whatever, forbidden to conduct services, carry on the day-school, or dispense medicine.

Still later the new Inspector has been replaced by another one who is, if possible, more determined in opposing the preaching of the Gospel, though the Constitution of Brazil provides that the Indians have the right to choose their own pastors, teachers, and doctors. Being convinced therefore that the action of the S.P.I. officials is illegal as well as oppressive the Terena Indian Church is resolved to use every legitimate means to maintain its Religious Liberty; and the members feel that the action of the S.P.I. officials must bring upon them-



I.S.A.M.U. Mission Houses—Terena Indian Mission Station, Bananal,
near Miranda, Matto Grosso



Among the Saints—The Terena Indian Church, Bananal

selves, sooner or later, the censure of all the liberty-loving people in Brazil.

As the fight was still continuing in the month of May, 1920, the President of the Camara in Aquidauana, a wealthy farmer, who gave the I.S.A.M.U. the ground on which the mission houses are built just outside of the Indian Reservation, sent a telegram to the Director of the S.P.I. in Rio asking him to take measures to stop the persecution that is being carried on against the missionaries. Shortly before this, during a visit of the S.P.I. Inspector to Bananal, two men arrived at the mission house and wired up the gates in the mission fence at the orders of the local official, to prevent the missionaries from entering the reservation. Before the month ended several "Editals" (Edicts), about various things, signed by the Inspector, were displayed in the village. One of them announced that "as Marcolino Lili," the Indian captain and a leading church member, and "Jose Francisco," another church member, had "disobeyed the previous Edital, on further disobedience they, and all others who disobey, will be expelled from the reservation. It states that their disobedience consists in having the missionaries in the village . . . other matter in these Editals is practically all aimed at the missionaries or the preaching of the Gospel." It is evidently an attempt "to frighten the believers."

In a letter dated 25th June 1920, our Missionary in charge at Bananal writes :—

“ We are thankful that during the period of fierce trial through which we have been passing the believers have stood so nobly ; true, some have been intimidated and were afraid to come to the meetings, but on the whole they have stood right well. The journey to Rio opened their eyes as to the real state of affairs in the S.P.I. Those that went, naturally scattered broadcast their impressions ; thus many were emboldened to stand by us in the fight.

“ The local official sent one of his assistants, some days ago, to say that he wished to see me. I went to see him as requested, and heard the same old story over again. He wished us to remain outside the reservation as commanded by the Inspector in his Edicts that are posted up in the street. I refused, as heretofore, to obey such Edicts that were contrary to the Constitution of the country. He therefore threatened to stop me by force if I continued to enter. A few days afterwards he went to Aquidauana to procure soldiers, but was unable to persuade the authorities to send them. He has now gone to Corumbá, one of his reasons in going is, I understand, to arrange with the Inspector to have Federal troops sent in order to arrest me, the State authorities having refused. He is also seeking to have us pay indemnity for opening the fence in

front of the house which he wired up some weeks ago. These last two items of information I received from one of his assistants to-day. Thus you see we are not free from the devices of the adversary, but we are persuaded that the Gospel *will* triumph."

The refusal of the State authorities to support the action of the S.P.I. officials is the only thing we could expect from enlightened and fair-minded men who have the interests of their country at heart. It has been greatly appreciated by the members of the Terena Indian Church, and is in agreement with their assured conviction that the enlightened and progressive Government of Brazil will be no party to any system of control over the Indians in Brazil which holds over their heads a threat of expulsion from the reservations granted to them, unless they renounce their Religious Liberty and submit themselves to the exclusive influence and example of men holding Positivist ideals which would leave the Indian, in the matter of Religion, no better than they find him. They believe that the Word of God teaches that the Indians, in common with all other men, are "called to be saints." They have proved that "the Gospel of Christ" is the only power that can enable them to respond to that call, and they cannot understand why the officials of the S.P.I. seek to shut them out from all opportunity of hearing the message of the Gospel when such an opportunity is their right, and is

freely granted to all other people in Brazil, and when without it they must remain savages.

The Indian Church in Bananal remembers with great satisfaction the happy and mutually helpful co-operation that was maintained between the S.P.I. officials and the missionaries under the Inspectorship of Dr M. ; it deplors the fact that his wise and beneficent policy is being overturned by his successors in office ; and it earnestly prays that in the best interests of all concerned the former happy conditions may be speedily restored.

After the foregoing details of the struggle in Bananal had been set up in type, the following encouraging news from our missionary in charge reached us in a letter, dated August 2nd :—

“ Mr Werneck, of the S.P.I., has been removed from Bananal, and is no longer a representative of the Society. He left yesterday. This has been in answer to prayer.

“ I received a letter recently from the Director of the Society, in answer to a letter I sent him some time ago with some of the edicts. He says the Government have appointed another inspector for Matto Grosso, and hopes that harmony will be restored. We praise God for the victory given, and trust Him for further leading.”



Among the Saints—The New Style. What the Gospel produces
A Terena deacon's family at home



Among the Saints—Marcolino Lili, the Terena Indian Chief of Bananal,
and his family. A Christian Stalwart and Leader in the
fight for Religious Liberty

IX.—CHRIST FOR THE SOUTH AMERICAN INDIAN

As we look back upon our sojourn among the Bororos, there are two scenes that haunt our memory, and seem to sum up the darkness, misery, and despair of that unhappy people. Every evening of our stay in São Lourenço there passed by our hut one of the few old Indian women ; and we see her again as she slowly makes her way along, for through age and disease she is scarcely able to walk. Her loin cloth and body are filthy. Her hair is short, for not long since it was pulled out at the death of a relative ; and her arms are covered with scars, many of them two inches long. She gazes before her, and pays no heed to the movement around. In her eyes there is an intense weariness ; and a hopeless sadness is settled on her face. Such is life to the Bororo . . .

. . . The sun sinks down behind the forest, and the village is wrapped in darkness. The dull glow of the fires reveals the shadowy forms of the huts. The voice of the chief rises and falls as he discourses to his people. Then the village remains in a pensive mood, and now and again the stillness is broken by

a shrill, wailing lament from the women as they remember their dead. Such is death to the Bororo. Life is full of suffering and sadness; the grave is full of terror and doubt. Unspeakably sad is their life, for "All joy is darkened, and mirth has gone out of the land." Disease, misery, and death are their portion. They are despised, exploited, and violated by the world, and passed by by the Church of Christ. They sit in darkness and the shadow of death, for light and life have not been taken unto them.

INDIANS WHO HAVE FOUND CHRIST.

What a contrast when we returned to the Terenas ! The Gospel work was being blessed in all its branches. At the Sunday morning service the hall was filled with one hundred and eighty Indians, clean, neatly dressed, and happy. Testimonies were called for, and thirteen men and eleven women bore joyful witness to the saving and keeping power of Christ. The meeting was closed, not for lack of testimonies, but to keep it within reasonable time limits. It was one of those quiet, joyous meetings that make the faces of the believers radiant, and fill the hearts of the missionaries too full for words. During the service four of the Christian girls sang, for the first time in their own language, a translation of one of the hymns. Thirty-four believers attended the prayer meeting, and fourteen took part in prayer,

most of them pleading earnestly for the Bororos. The weekly offering amounted to over twenty shillings. The desire of the Church is to support a Terena worker amongst another tribe ; and several of the young men would gladly go. As we were leaving Bananal one of the believers, once a hopeless drunkard, said : “ We cannot tell you how grateful and glad we all are for the Gospel ; and as for me— I would most likely have been dead now. I am very, very grateful for the Gospel, for everything is changed now and I am happy and contented. . . . Yes, Jesus is a good friend ; there is none like Him in the world.”

CALLED TO ENTER.

Sometimes as we looked into the faces of the Bororos we imagined we saw them change : the dull eyes brighten with the light that is eternal ; the coarse face soften after the pattern of Christ and gladden with a hope that is everlasting. We have seen this change take place in the faces of other Indians. Praise God for the wonderful proof He has given us, in the work among the Terena Indians, of what the Gospel can accomplish among this neglected race.

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Our plan is to take the Gospel to the Bororos without delay. The way is not open : it is closed ; but God opened it once in the face of man and

devil, and He can open it again. Surely He did not lead us to visit the Bororos, and accompany our journey with such signal manifestations of His interest, without a great purpose of mercy for that people. God has unmistakably called us to advance to that tribe. What has been done among the Terenas can be done among the Bororos—and we believe it shall be.

Experienced workers are waiting to go. Others are required, and we are praying for them and for the means to enable us to enter in and possess the Bororo land in Christ's name and in His might.

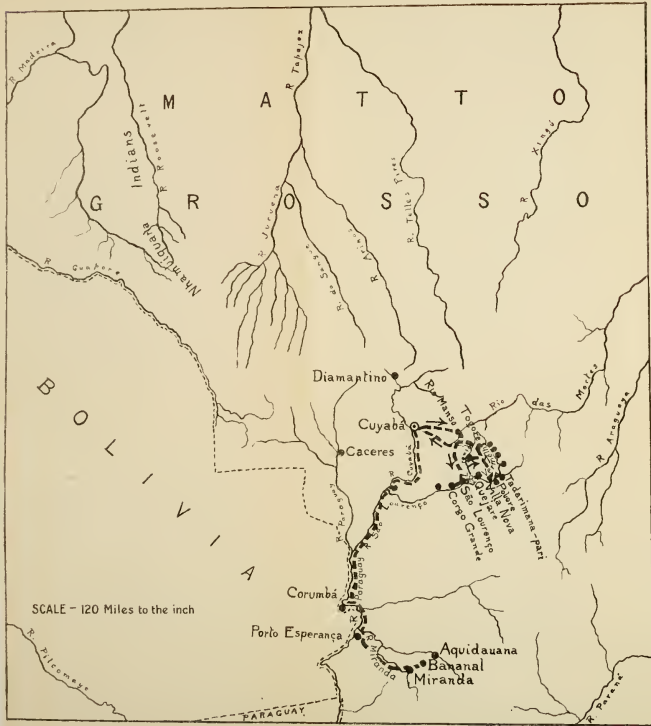
THE INDIAN FIELD.

The mission among the Terenas is the only Gospel work being carried on among the Indians of Brazil. The Indian field is a hard one. The Indians are scattered in small groups over an immense territory. They are far removed from civilisation, and loneliness and hardship await the missionary pioneers who enter amongst them. Far to the north on the Roosevelt river and its headwaters there is the Nhambiquara tribe, estimated at twenty thousand, and on the neighbouring rivers there are many other tribes. The only white man who enters that region is the rubber gatherer, and we have had sufficient evidence to convince us that his ill-treatment of the Indians is equal to that which was practised by his brethren in the Putumayo district.

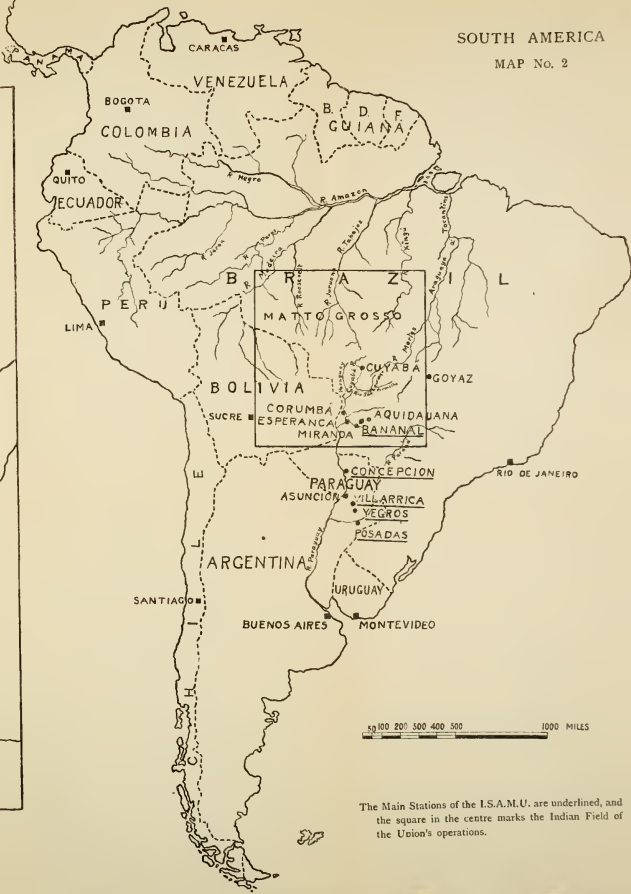
Many messengers of the cross who enter that field will take their lives in their hands, for they will be in danger both from the Indians and from the rubber gatherers. But God has called us to the work, we fear not to go where He leads, and we await only His provision of the men and means to press forward also to the Nhambiquaras and into the whole Indian field. When Christ comes for His own shall there not be amongst them Indians of these tribes? It is a great and glorious task that is set before us. God hasten the day when His people may hear the cry of the Indians of inland South America, get the vision of their terrible need, and the glorious possibilities of work amongst them : when the responsibility of the Church towards them shall be realised, and when Christ shall be preached unto them.

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An enlargement of the section contained within the centre square of Map No. 2, showing the location of the Terena, Bororo, and Nhamiquara Indians, and the route of the Bororo Indian Expedition of 1919



The Main Stations of the I.S.A.M.U. are underlined, and the square in the centre marks the Indian Field of the Union's operations.



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