Meanwhile the Dame was well-nigh dead.
"But is there naught," Cardenio said,
"No sign or token, Sage, to show
From whence, or what, this dismal woe?"

The Sage, with circle and with plane,
Betook him to his charts again.
"It vaguely seems to threaten Speech:
No more (he said) the signs can teach."

But still Cardenio tried once more:
"Is there no potion in your store,
No charm by Chaldee mage concerted
By which this doom can be averted?"

The Sage, with motion doubly mystic,
Resumed his juggling cabalistic.
The aspects here again were various;
But seemed to indicate Aquarius.
Thereat portentously he frowned;
Then frowned again, then smiled;—'twas found!
But 'twas too simple to be tried.
"What is it, then?" at once they cried.
"Whene'er by chance you feel incited
To speak at length, or uninvited;
Whene'er you feel your tones grow shrill
(At times, we know, the softest will!),
This word oracular, my daughter,
Bids you to fill your mouth with water:
Further, to hold it firm and fast,
Until the danger be o'erpast."

The Dame, by this in part relieved
(The prospect of escape perceived!),
Rebelled a little at the diet.
Cardenio said discreetly, "Try it!
Try it, my Own! You have no choice.
What if you lose your charming voice!"
She tried, it seems. And since, they say,
She talks in quite a different way.

AN INDIAN VILLAGE ON THE AMAZONS.

THE late afternoon sun shines full in our faces as we toil up the long slope that lies between the canoe-port and the village of Ereré, —a landscape singularly home-like in many of its features: ridgy meadows, with cattle browsing here and there on the young grass; richer green marking the tree-lined water-courses; outlined against the sky, a rugged mountain mass, such as one may see almost anywhere in western Massachusetts; and to the north, range after range of forest-clad hills. But before us the thatched houses of the village peep out from among orange-groves and palm-trees; and down the narrow path comes a troop of black-eyed Indian girls, with their baskets of Sunday finery balanced on their heads; they are going to Monte Alegre to attend some church festival.

Ereré is an Indian village, lying to the north of the Amazons, some forty miles below the mouth of the Tapajos. The place has been inhabited from time immemorial; probably long before Orrelana made his adventurous voyage down the river, or Caldeira founded Pará. And as the village is removed from the main lines of travel, it happens that the twenty-five or thirty families who remain here have preserved, almost unchanged, many of the aboriginal customs, and those introduced by the early Jesuit missionaries. It is, in fact, a typical village of the semi-civilized Amazonian Indians.*

The olive-skinned lassies are crossing the brook now, splashing the water a little in fun, and greeting us with a smiling "*Adeos, Senhor*," as they pass on. Their bare feet come down firmly but softly, never minding the little round stones that cover the path; they wear clean calico skirts and modest sacks, and their uncovered purple-black hair is caught up with horn combs, or streams down their backs. *Au reste*, one or two of the faces are pretty enough, but the most are plain. An artist might object that the women were too short and heavy for beauty; but over all drawbacks of form and feature, you cannot help admiring the splendid motion of a body untrammeled by laced stays and high-heeled shoes; shoulders are thrown back, and heads are erect under their burdens; and they would march just as well if the loads were five times as heavy. These healthy limbs and supple

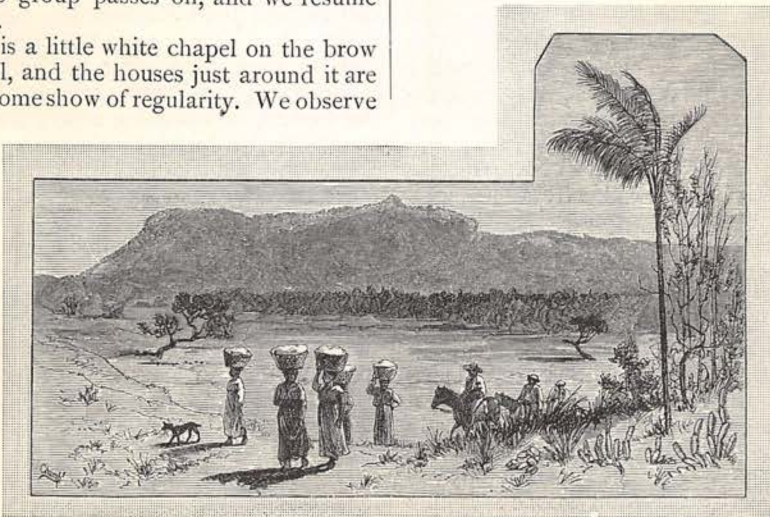
*I have studied these people during several years of almost constant intercourse with them, living for weeks in their villages or making long explorations with no other companions; so it will not, perhaps, be very surprising if my estimate of their character differs from that of certain steamboat travelers.

THE SAIRÉ.

bodies will bear up for hours unwearied, with the weight of a sack of flour balanced over them; aye, and the girls will dance half the night afterward!

Three or four older people in the troop are wrinkled, but not decrepit; bright-eyed, and firm-footed, greeting us very gravely and politely, and holding their place in the crowd of younger ones with a kind of patriarchal dignity. They make one or two good-natured inquiries, such as naturally arise from the apparition of a party of strange Americans on their quiet roads. Then the group passes on, and we resume our walk.

There is a little white chapel on the brow of the hill, and the houses just around it are set with some show of regularity. We observe an attempt at a square also, but it is a side-hill affair, and all grown over with weeds. After this weak little effort toward civilization, the houses relapse into barbarism, and go straying away in picturesque confusion, hiding under the orange-groves and great bushy mango-trees as if they shunned observation. Our own quarters—the best the place affords—are in an *adobe* house near the chapel; in other words, if you please, a mud house, but with wooden doors and window shutters, and a good palm-thatch roof; no



THE APPROACH TO ERERÉ.

floor except the native earth, but that is dry and hard, and with clean mats to spread under our hammocks we shall do very well. Our baggage is lying at the canoe-landing, two miles away; half the women and girls in the village go trooping after it, willing enough to do a favor for the *Americanos*, and earn a few honest coppers in the doing; by sunset they are back again, bringing our valises and provision-cans on their heads; then, with everything under shelter, we eat our dinner of salt beef and mandioca meal with the seasoning of a hearty appetite.

At long intervals Ereré has been visited by European and American travelers. Professor Agassiz spent a day here; Wallace, Coutinho and Hartt have made the name a classic one in the literature of science. But that a lady—and an American lady at that—should bravely tramp over the weary miles of sandy *campo* from Monte Alegre, was an unheard-of thing. Even the incurious Indians are aroused, and the whole population of the village comes crowding around our doors and windows. The older girls and women enter unasked, not from any lack of politeness, but because here every door is open to any one that cares to enter, and the good people only wish to give a friendly greeting to the *branca*. Little naked boys and girls hide themselves behind their mothers' skirts, or peep in at the windows to catch a glimpse of this wonderful curiosity. At length, finding their attentions to the lady more pressing than pleasant, I order the crowd out. They go away quietly and politely, conversing with each other in subdued tones, and we retire to our hammocks and mosquito-nets. The night-wind blows in freshly through the open doors and windows, but, save a hungry dog, no intruder disturbs our rest. Among all this honest people, you will hardly find one who would so far forget the rules of hospitality as to pilfer from a stranger.

On the Amazons people rise with the sun. A bath in the river, or in the nearest spring, sets the skin in an honest, healthy glow and sharpens up the mind to appreciate the splendor of an unclouded morning. The Indians bathe always once, and often twice, a day. Even the toddling little boys and girls spatter themselves with water from a calabash. The spring at Ereré is down in a shady hollow,—a cool, verdant retreat, with noble palms and tall forest-trees and broad-leaved vines; such a combination as one sees only in these favored spots. Within a circle of fifty yards around the spring there are no less than nine species of palms, including the noble *bacaba* and the graceful *urucury*, princes in their princely tribe, and bamboos and giant arrow-leaved *aningas*, and orchids on the branches. Bathing here is a romance,—the air is full of wind-whisperings among the leaflets and soft perfumes from the palm blossoms; emerald-tinted humming-birds—"kiss-flowers," the Brazilians say—balance themselves before the pendent blossoms; and fairy brown butterflies, just visible, flit along the ground. Indian women, coming down the path with earthen water-jars balanced on their heads, wait quietly in the forest until the *brancos* have finished their bath. Then they pass us with a "*Bons dias, senhores*," and stoop to fill their jars in the little inclosed space that is reserved for drinking-water. Half a dozen naked brown boys and girls follow, each with a round calabash-jug. They hold out their open palms for a blessing, and kiss their fingers in acknowledgment of our patriarchal "*Deos te abençoe!*" As we walk away they watch us with quick, curious eyes, but say never a word.

And now we shall learn how it is possible for men and women to live almost separated from the civilized world; how a single family can provide themselves, not only with food, but with house, furniture, utensils, —everything, in fact, but clothing and a few coarse articles of iron and steel.

Wherever we go, we will meet with nothing but kindness and unostentatious politeness. For instance, walking across the weedy plot in front of our windows, we can call on old João Baptista, the best hunter and the best fisherman in the village. João rises to meet us, offering his hand (everybody shakes hands here, even more than in the States), and inviting us to a seat on the rough wooden bench by the door. He is a little, wiry, wrinkled fellow, his face rather pleasant, though badly pitted with small-pox; the high cheek-bones and broad, but not flattened, nose are typical of the race; the mouth is a good one; the lips not too thick; the eyes bright and pleasant; the hair coarse, straight, and black as a raven's wing, albeit the man has passed his three-score years. Perhaps the Amazonian Indians may be best described by comparing them to Chinese. Indeed, the resemblance is so strong that the stray Chinamen who are sometimes seen in the river towns are commonly taken for Indians. The Amazonian race is characterized by a richer color,—not the sallow hue

of the Chinese Tartars, nor yet the coppery tint of the North American type, but a clear olive-brown, a kind of intensified *brunet.* João Baptista is dressed in coarse canvas trowsers and short jacket or shirt; the cloth is stained dull red with *muruchy*. It is soiled, for this is his work-day dress; but you may be sure that it covers a clean body. The old man is busily shaping a paddle, using his clumsy knife very cleverly on the hard *itauba* wood. He converses quietly, answering our questions, and asking a few in return; but he is not talkative.

The women of the house remain at a distance, unless they are spoken to; the code of social life here does not permit them to intrude their presence on male visitors. If the lady of the party is with us, they sit by her side, curiously examining her clothing, and asking simple questions about her country,—the far-away, wonderful land which, like Rome and Paradise and Heaven, exists to them only in name. The little ones, after the universal child-greeting of extending their palms for a blessing, stand watching us silently.

Examine the structure of the house. Roughly hewn logs of *itauba* and *páo d'arco* for the uprights; set in the ground, they will last for fifty years. Beams and rafters are of other hardly less durable timbers; the joints are secured with pegs or with strips of bark. Roof and sides are covered with excellent palm-leaf thatch, tied on in regular layers, like shingles. As for floor, there is Mother Earth, with a few mats laid down under the hammocks. There are no windows, and the door-ways are closed with palm-leaf mats. So you see that the whole house is formed of materials which every Indian can gather in the forest, with no other tools than his heavy wood-knife and clumsy, straight-handled ax. Some houses have the sides built up with lumps of clay gathered from the lowland creeks; walls of this material, supported by a frame-work of poles and sticks, are durable, but very unsightly. In the larger places they cover the *adobe* with plaster, and whitewash the outside very neatly.

The dwelling does not boast much furniture. Beside the reed mats and cotton hammocks, there are only two or three benches (the boards for which have been hewn out of solid logs), and some green wooden trunks, with preposterous keys. These latter contain the *festa* dresses; the coarser work-day garments hang on lines behind the hammocks. The trunks are rather articles of luxury than of necessity; in other houses we will see great *balaio* baskets taking their place; but every well-to-do Indian considers it incumbent on him to have a trunk, if he can get it for money or credit.

THE SPRING.

The last items of furniture are two low stools, which attract our attention by their singularity. One is made of the dry, hard skin of an alligator's breast, curved inward so that the scaled surface forms the seat and the incurled edges the feet; the other is the shell of a large terrapin, common in the neighboring woods. Under the roof there is a *geral*, or staging of poles, for mandioca baskets, dried fish, and various pots and kettles. The most of these, however, are in the little shed-like kitchen back of the house. Every Indian dwelling, no matter how poor, has its kitchen separated from the main structure. The primitive fire-place is formed of three large stones; for bellows, there is a little mat-fan, or, very likely, the puffing lungs of the brown cook. Among the articles of cuisine, we may observe an iron kettle, or a tin coffee-pot; but these are by no means necessities; most of the older women can manufacture their own cooking ware of coarse clay.

João's wife is willing enough to show us how the earthen kettles and jugs are made;

indeed, she was preparing for her potter's work when we came in; the dried balls of clay have been soaked in water overnight, and are now ready to be kneaded. A quantity of ash from the bark of the *caripé* tree is beaten in a huge wooden mortar, and added to the clay in an earthen pan. The woman carefully kneads the two ingredients together, picking out any small lumps and sticks that she finds, until she has a mass of good stiff clay, dark in color, and very cohesive. Now she sits down on a mat with material and tools before her. These latter are: 1, spoon-shaped pieces of calabash; 2, the sharp operculum of a large river-snail *(Ampullaria)*; 3, a corn-cob; 4, a round pebble; 5, the long canine tooth of a jaguar; 6, several red fungi, leathery species, full of little pores on the under side, which serves like sand-paper for smoothing. Besides these, there is a calabash of water, and a square of board, her primitive potter's wheel. A lump of clay is carefully kneaded with the hands and pressed out flat on the board, the edges being rounded off with the fingers and the shell scraper. By turning the board before her she obtains nearly a true circle of clay; this is the bottom of the pot. Next, she forms long ropes of clay by rolling it on a board, very much as an apothecary rolls his cake for pills. The ropes are laid one over another, from the edge of the circle already formed, so as to build up the sides; each layer must be carefully pressed with the fingers upon the one below it, and at intervals the sides are shaped with the calabash spoons, scraped with the shells, and smoothed with the corn-cob rasp and the fungus sand-paper previously wetted. When the lower part of the pot is made, it must be set in the sun to harden, so that it will support the upper layers. Finally, the edge is turned over and finished outside with a thin roll marked with the jaguar's tooth, as a New England housewife marks the edge of her pie-crust with a key. If we come again to-morrow, we can see how the baking is done over a hot fire of *jutahy* bark; the pot is then polished with the pebble and varnished while still hot with *jutahy-seca* resin.

THATCH-PALM.

Besides the earthen pots and jars, other kitchen utensils are furnished by calabashes; either whole shells, the contents of which are taken out through a small hole in the top, thus forming a close jug; or the fruit cut in two to make bowls and cups, which are often covered with a brilliant black lacquer of *cumaté*, and painted in pretty patterns. There are turtle-shell pans, and gourd bottles, and wooden spoons; baskets, small and large; clay lamps for burning fish-oil, and so forth. João's wife has a few coarse plates and bowls, with knives, forks and spoons, which she has purchased in Monte Alegre; very often the plates are replaced by native earthenware, and the bowls by calabashes, and it is no unusual experience for a traveler to be reduced to the Indian eating-implements—the fingers.

The standard article of food among all the poorer classes of tropical America is the *manioc* or *mandioca* plant; wheaten bread is not more necessary to an American, or pota-

AN INDIAN HOUSE.

toes to an Irish peasant, or sago to a Malayan. Every Indian has his little plantation, and the women are occupied much of the time in preparing *farinha*.* At Ereré, the ground is too stony for cultivation; the poor folk plant their *roças* two or three miles away in the woods, and to visit them we find it better to start early in the morning, while the air is yet cool, and the dew silvers every leaf. The trail leads through a low forest, almost entirely composed of palms; there is a thick undergrowth of the stemless *curuá* from which the Indians obtain their roofing-thatch; taller *urucurys* arch over the pathway; and occasionally, in wet places, there is a slender *assai*, or a giant fan-leaved *miriti*, or a pretty little *marajá-i* with the stem no bigger than one's finger. There are vistas of indescribable beauty under the roof of swaying, nodding, trembling leaflets, where the sunlight is shivered into a thousand fragments, and each fragment is in constant restless motion; where the pretty brown birds play hide-and-seek in the foliage, and brilliant gnats and dragon-flies chase the flitting patches of light. But by and by we leave the forest and come out to a mandioca field.

Indian farming is of the rudest character.

* This must not be confounded with our farina, which, I believe, is a preparation from corn.

BRIC-À-BRIC IN BRAZIL.

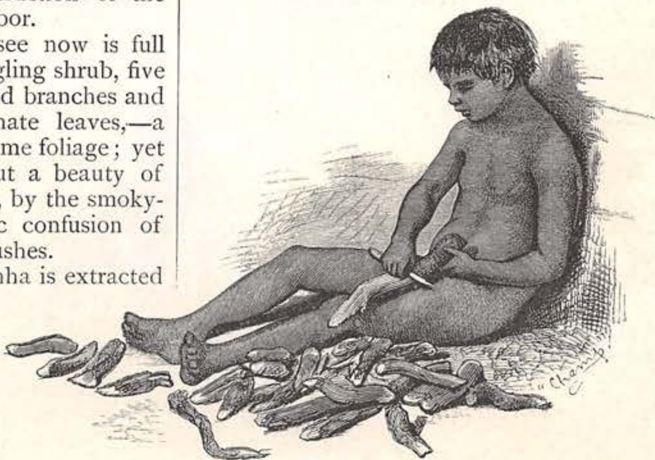
THE GRATER.

The plantation is simply an irregular clearing in the woods, with half-burned logs scattered all over the surface, so that it is difficult for us to make our way across; more than one of the party comes to grief over a hidden vine or branch. The ground has not been turned at all; as for plows, the Amazonian farmers never heard of them until they were introduced by Americans a few years ago. The mandioca cuttings are simply placed, several together, in holes dug in the unprepared ground, and they get hardly any care. As a matter of course, the top-crust, baking in the sun and drained by the strong-growing plants, is soon exhausted; every four or five years the old clearings are abandoned and new ones are made, involving fresh destruction of the forest and great outlay of labor.

The mandioca that we see now is full grown; a half-woody, straggling shrub, five or six feet high, with knotted branches and thinly set bluish-green palmate leaves,—a singular rather than a handsome foliage; yet the plantation is not without a beauty of its own, heightened, perhaps, by the smoky-bluish tint, and the chaotic confusion of plants, logs and intruding bushes.

The roots from which farinha is extracted are like a dahlia-root in shape, but much larger. When first taken from the ground they are full of a poisonous juice, and, of course, unfit for food. The process of manufacture, then, must secure two ends: first, the extraction of this juice, and second, the separation of the nutritive principles in a form that can be preserved.

Down in a hollow of the field there are some pools of stagnant water; the unsavory odor which proceeds from one of these is caused by a mass of fermenting mandioca roots, which have lain here probably two days. This part of the process is not a pleasant one, and the girl who comes down to fill her knapsack-basket from the reeking mass in the pool excites a great deal of groundless commiseration; she only laughs to see our wry faces, and walks up the pathway with her sixty pounds of fermented roots as blithely as she would with a basket of fragrant oranges. We follow, at a distance, to the little open shed where farinha is prepared. Half a dozen women and boys are cleaning the mandioca as it is brought in; the tough outer skin is easily separated from the softened inner mass, and the roots are piled in a great wooden trough, the half of a hollowed *itauba* log; here they are grated on a board covered with sheet copper full of nail-holes. Francisca in her *festa* dress may be pretty; but as she stoops over the grater with a root in each hand, she affords a too-powerful reminder of that detestable northern machine—the scrubbing-board. Her bare arms and black dress are spattered with the whey-like juice; her rebellious hair is just falling away from the confining comb; her brown face, glowing with perspiration, gives the lie to our ideas of Indian laziness. Meanwhile, Miss Lizia is rubbing the grated mass through a basket-work sieve, to remove the larger fragments of woody fiber; then the mandioca is ready for the



CLEANING MANDIOCA.

next stage—straining in the *tipiti.* This is a long, narrow bag, or rather pipe, woven from strips of palm-fiber; the strips run diagonally around the bag, so that the capacity can be increased by simply forcing the ends together. When the elastic sides bulge out in this shortened condition it is filled. Now if it is hung up and drawn out forcibly, the mass within will be compressed, and the juice will run out through the interstices; in the same manner a farmer's wife strains whey from a cloth bag. To increase the pressure, a lever is passed through a loop in the lower end of the *tipiti;* a heavy stone may be attached to the lever, but our brown operator finds it more convenient to sit on the end of the pole; the juice streams out and flows into a pan arranged below.* A small portion of the poison still remains, but it is very volatile, and will be removed by the roasting process. The *furno* on which this is done is a thick earthen pan, six feet in diameter, supported by a circle of *adobe* wall, with an opening on one side, so as to form a fire-place. Francisca has already kindled a fire of brushwood under the furno. The lumpy mandioca from the *tipiti* is broken up on the pan, and roasted with constant stirring; gradually the vile odor of the volatile juice disappears, leaving a fragrance like that of roasting corn; as the farinha dries it is spooned out into pots and baskets. The warm grains taste like the parched sweet corn that we used to prepare in the country. But the farinha will soon lose this brisk flavor, and become insipid; one's teeth, too, rebel against the hard grains. It does not appear, however, that the old farinha is positively unwholesome, and it is eaten by the poorer classes throughout Brazil; often it is stored in baskets for a year.

There are many other preparations of mandioca; as, for instance, *farinha seca*, obtained from the unfermented root, and the fine white *carimá*, farinha and tapioca together. And, as in other countries, corn, potatoes, sago, etc., have been made to yield alcoholic drinks, so these Indians make from the mandioca a beer-like liquor, which they often use in immense quantities. From this *terubá* a very strong and crazing rum *(cauin)* is sometimes obtained by distillation; but, fortunately for the race, this is not often seen.

We wait in the shed only long enough to see the farinha packed away in baskets lined with broad tough leaves. Within a few minutes the Indians weave these open *paneiro* baskets, using for material strips of the tough coating which covers the leaf-stalks of *miriti* and *caraná* palms. Our farinha-makers will not let us leave without a present; so each of us carries away a great stalk of sugar-cane (the Indians plant a little in their *roças)*, and half a dozen *bijú* cakes—another mandioca preparation.

These Ereré women are examples of in-

THE SEINE.

dustry. From our window we can hear, in the neighboring house, a monotonous rat-tat-tat, as of some one beating on a muffled drum; sometimes it comes from three or four houses at once; we hear it at all hours of the day. As we are welcome everywhere, we can follow the sound that comes through one of the low door-ways. Seated on a mat, pretty Maroca is occupied in beating a pile of cotton into long fleeces as light as thistle-blows. She looks up with a smile, but does not stop her work. The cotton is laid across a large cushion; and the drumming noise that we heard was the tap of her *caraná* beating-wands on this cushion. She handles the airy mass deftly with her wands, forming it,

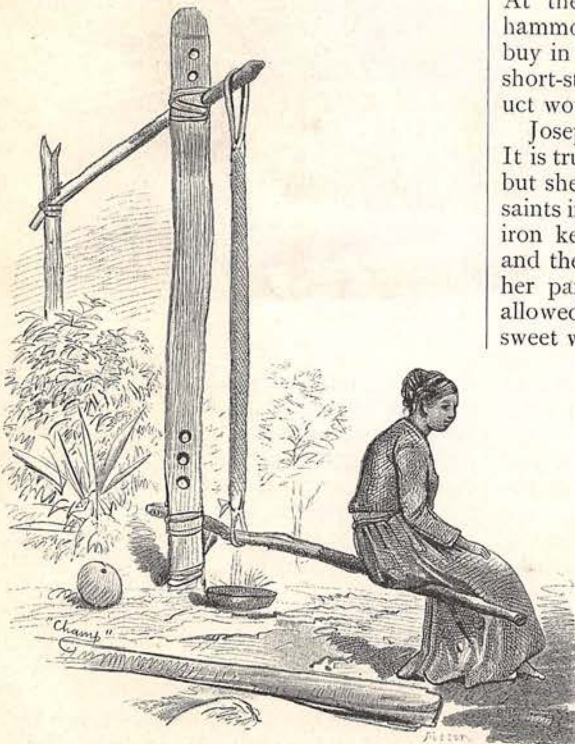
* The starch which settles from this juice is the tapioca of commerce. The juice, boiled or fermented in the sun to extract the poison, and seasoned with red peppers, forms an excellent sauce for fish, the so-called *tucupi.*

as it is beaten, into a many-folded pile by her side. When the pile is large enough, it must be passed again across the cushion, and so on until it has been beaten five times; then it is ready to be spun into cord. The aboriginal, and commoner, method of cord-making is with a spindle; the fleecy cotton is first slightly twisted with the fingers, and then spun by rolling the spindle between the hands. But at Ereré has been introduced a simple spinning-wheel, a noisy little affair, the clatter of which may often be heard as the old women sit by their open doors making hammock thread. Homespun clothing is no longer in vogue; even the Indians find it cheaper to purchase American and French cloths of the traders. However, Josepha will show us how the cotton is woven into coarse, serviceable hammocks. She has dyed some of the threads pale blue and yellow; these are the woof, which, with the warp of white, will form a simple check pattern. She is seated now, tailor-fashion, before the simple loom—or rather frame, for it is nothing more; every thread of the woof must be passed through the warp by hand,—a task which might appear formidable even to

FILLING THE TIPITI.

our makers of fancy-work at home. But Josepha sits all day with her pretty, modest eyes fixed on her work, and her hands—brown, but not unshapely—cleverly tucking the thread-bobbins through the warp. At the end of a month she will have a hammock as serviceable as any she could buy in the shops, and but for the miserable short-staple cotton cultivated here, the product would be much more valuable.

Josepha is a good wife and a good mother. It is true that she knows nothing of theology, but she is devout in her way and holds the saints in reverence. It is true that her single iron kettle is scrubbed only on the inside, and there is a sitting hen in the corner of her parlor bedroom, and the tame pig is allowed to run about the house at its own sweet will; but the bright-looking children are as clean as water will make them and their clothes are well patched. The earthen floor is carefully swept, and the space around the house is kept free from weeds and bushes. Probably she is not legally bound to her partner, for marriage among the younger Indians is not common, partly because it is considered unnecessary, principally, I think, owing to the expense, ten or fifteen dollars being a heavy burden to these improvident people. But Josepha's man is a steady, hard-working fellow, and very fond of her and the chil-

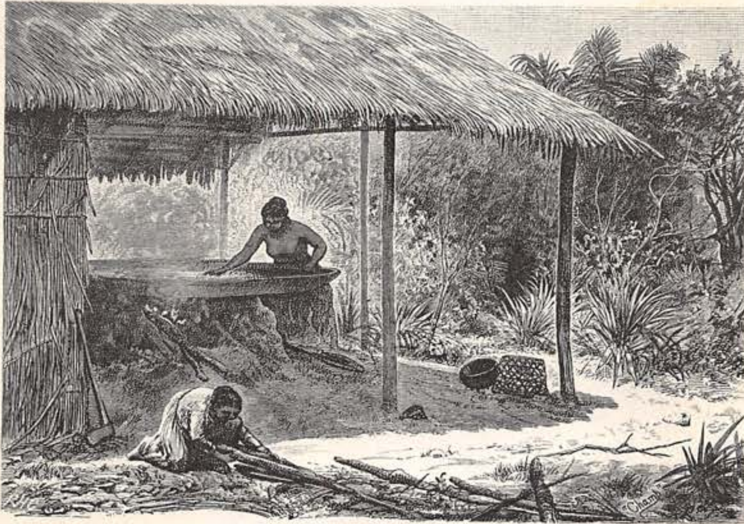


STRAINING THE MANDIOCA.

dren, so it is not likely that they will ever be separated. The wonder is that these half-civilized people have come so near the high ideal of marriage. Their code of morality is certainly superior to that which holds among other classes on the Amazons. It is true that the younger women are inclined to be flighty, and you may see them with children which "have no father," so they say; but later in life they grow steady and are very faithful to their legal or *de facto* husbands.

Child-life here is an exceedingly curious study; the little quiet creatures are so different from our romping American boys and girls. They get few caresses and give none; mother-love is mechanical; there is nothing of that overflow of tenderness, that constant watchful care, that sheds such a halo around our homes. The babies vegetate in their steady brown fashion, seldom crying or laughing, but lying all day in their hammock cradles and watching everything around them with keen eyes. As soon as the little boys and girls can toddle about they are left pretty much to their own resources, tumbling up the back stairs of life on a diet of mandioca meal and fish. The parents seldom punish their children, for they are very docile; when they do, the little ones pucker up their mouths and look sullen, but do not cry. Pleasure is expressed by a smile,—among the little girls very often by a broad grin, with abundant show of teeth,—but an articulate laugh is a rarity.

It is interesting to watch how the mental traits of the race appear even in the young babies. If a plaything is given them, they examine it gravely for a little while, and then let it drop. Observe how different this is from a white baby's actions. A bright little six-months-old at home has four distinct methods of investigation: first, by looking; second, by touching; then by putting the object in its mouth; and finally by banging it against the floor. The brown *menino* just looks; he does not investigate at all. As the children grow older, the same trait is apparent in almost every case. An Indian is content to see or hear a thing, without troubling himself about the whys and wherefores; even such incomprehensible pursuits as fossil-collecting, or butterfly-catching, or sketching, provoke hardly any curiosity.



ROASTING FARINHA.

The people look on quietly, sometimes asking a question or two, but soon dismissing the subject from their minds as something they are incapable of understanding. With all the crowding to see the lady of our party, hardly a person asked why she came. So, too, the babies are unambitious; they do not cry after pretty colors, or stretch out their hands to a candle. And the men have no apparent desire to better their lot. They go on just as their fathers did; submit to the impositions of the whites, a little sullenly, but without a thought of rebellion, unless there is a white or a half-breed to lead them. The children do not care much for playthings; we rarely see one with a rag doll; the little boys delight in bows and

INDIAN WOMAN BEATING COTTON.

arrows, but they take them as a part of their training. Sometimes the people have dances, in imitation of the *festa* sports; and we hear them humming the waltzes and quadrilles which their quick ears have caught from the musicians. As an Indian will paddle steadily all day, while his wife at home hardly ceases her monotonous cotton-beating, so the little ones have an inexhaustible gift of patience. Where a white child would fret and cry, the brown one sits all day, perfectly still, but watching everything around him. To see a little Indian boy in a canoe, you would say that nothing of him was alive but his eyes.

WEAVING PANEIRO BASKETS.

Most of the boys get a little schooling, after the prevalent fashion here: *i. e.*, about an equal amount of dry text-book* and smarting ferule. However, they are bright students, and soon learn to read and write the easy Portuguese language. Sometimes the children are taken into white families, where they do very well at first; but as they grow older they become impatient of restraint, and dream moodily of their native wilds. So it generally happens that the boys embark in a trading or fishing canoe, and the girls elope with some admirer to parts unknown. The Brazilians complain loudly of this ingratitude. "After having had all the care and trouble of bringing up the children," they say, "we are deserted just when their services become valuable." It must be confessed that there is much reason for this complaint; but I think that the unfaithfulness of their wards is to be attributed less to any positive badness of character, than to the childishness which remembers only the present, and forgets a past kindness.

* No wonder that the Amazonian boys have so poor an idea of geography—in all their school books there is not a single map.

This childishness is shown, also, in the ease with which the Indians bear the loss of friends and relatives. I remember a striking instance. I had been living for some time in an Indian house; it was of the better class, and occupied by a steady-going young man and his family. One of the women had a sickly baby, not more than three months old. The tiny thing required much care, and the mother paid more attention to it than a healthier child would have received. She never left it long; if at work in the field she would come to the house every hour or two, to take it from its girl-cousin, though the latter, for an eight-year-old, was an excellent nurse. One morning the baby sickened, and lay moaning weakly for a few hours, until it died. There were no religious rites, except that, as the custom is, the child had been baptized just before its death. The mother laid the little child on a mat, and folded the thin fingers together, with a white flower or two on the body; it was all she could do, for they were too poor to afford a funeral. But she sat looking at it, with the tears—which she vainly tried to conceal—rolling down her brown cheeks and falling on the little upturned face. Presently she turned away, and the men took the body out and buried it in the deep forest. That night there was an Indian ball near by, and I saw this mother, so lately bereaved, taking part, all smiles, in the merriment. I confess I was shocked at first; but then her grief in the morning was unfeigned, and there can be no doubt that she would have stayed away from the dance for a living child, though she did not for the dead one. It was simply the half-savage, childish nature,—to grieve only at the moment of a loss, and then forget all about it.

MAKING HAMMOCK-THREAD.

The Indians may be unfaithful to their white masters, but in their own circles they always retain a reverential love for their parents, and as they grow older take them under their care. At Ereré we often notice the beautiful respect which age inspires. Many a touching picture one sees: a gray-haired patriarch, sitting before his door in the crimson sunset, and gravely giving his hand to be kissed by sons and daughters who come to honor him; village children stretching out their palms for blessings from a passing old man; young Indians bringing offerings of fish and fruit to decrepit old women, who have been left destitute, and are obliged to subsist thus on the willing charity of their neighbors.

Of moonlit evenings the old people sit before their doors until near midnight, while

the younger ones stroll around from house to house, gossiping with their neighbors, and carrying on sly flirtations under the orange-trees. Our own house is quite a center of attraction; the women come three or four together, to pay their respects to the *branca* and bring her presents of fruit, sugar-cane, a little fresh meat, and so on; they are well satisfied when they get a few soda-crackers in exchange.

HAMMOCK-WEAVING.

One evening C—— and I are seated before the door watching a partial eclipse of the moon which is taking place; suddenly a drum-like noise comes from some distant house; immediately a gun is fired, and from another place a rocket goes whizzing over the trees. This is a relic of the aboriginal superstitions. The old Tupis supposed that the life of the moon was like that of a man; beginning very thin and small, he eats and grows until he is full and round; then comes his period of decrepitude, he is weak and thin:

> "His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
> For his shrunk shank,"

until he dies and gives place to another moon. But our friend João Baptista says the moon has not had enough to eat to-day, some demon has stolen his farinha, and he goes half starved. "It was the belief of the ancients," says João; "people nowadays know better." But nevertheless they are firing guns, and beating on wooden mortars, to frighten away the evil spirit. It may be for some other purpose; they are not sure; they only know that their fathers succeeded in getting rid of the eclipse by making a noise; there is the plain fact that the moon became full again soon after the beating began, and it would be folly to neglect an observance so efficacious.

I think that the Indians keep up their religious observances very much in the same spirit. They have no definite theology; their religion is rather a vague and undefined awe of a higher power, which they all acknowledge but do not seek to understand. It is true that they are nominally members of the Catholic church; but they show very little interest in the ceremonies; their own Christianity is confined to a few simple observances and they do not even clearly understand the import of these. Each year there is a grand festival in honor of the patron saint. For two or three weeks before, the little chapel is lighted up every evening, and the people gather to a kind of singing prayer-meeting; the women kneeling devoutly on the earthen floor while three men, before the little shrine, lead them in their simple chants. All the villagers know these hymns by heart; they have very sweet and clear, though untrained, voices; certainly we have heard worse singing in a country church at home. And what if the women are dressed in calico, and the men standing around the

door are coatless and barefooted; the little crowd has the true spirit of devotion, though there is not one, perhaps, who could tell you whether they are worshiping the wooden saint in the shrine or a spiritual saint in the sky. The men kneel with the women to repeat the Lord's Prayer; then all go up to kiss the saint's girdle and leave their contributions —a few coppers to purchase sugar and rum for the *festa*. After that they adjourn to a neighboring house and spend an hour or two in dancing.

The grand festival begins on Saturday evening. During the day parties have been coming in from all directions, bringing their *roupa de ver a Deus*—"clothes to see God in"—on their heads. Every house is crowded with guests, and many swing their hammocks to the trees; the old women busy themselves in preparing sweetmeats and mandioca beer; and the men build an arbor of boughs before the chapel. Everybody attends the final prayer-meeting, and devoutly salutes the saint; then the dancing begins in several houses at once and is continued with very little intermission until Tuesday or Wednesday, as the refreshments last. Many of the young people get only five or six hours of sleep during this time. The dancers are orderly, and for the most part sober; the old people sit around and watch them, and grow talkative, and enjoy themselves quietly; and white clerks from town move about with a pleasing sense of their own glory. On Sunday morning there is an interlude, during which the grand breakfast is served. An ox has been killed for the occasion, and the guests eat as much as they please, with their fingers for forks. Ceremonious toasts are proposed in bad Portuguese and drunk in bad wine; everybody says "*Viva!*" in acknowledgment of everybody's sentiments, and there is a solemn aping of all that is ridiculous in the grand dinners of the *brancos*. With this the Indians feel that they have done their duty, and return to their sports with fresh unction. They dance rustic waltzes and quadrilles, not ungracefully, to the music of a violin and a little wire-stringed guitar. Then there is the favorite *lundú*, a kind of slow fandango, involving much snapping of fingers and shuffling of feet. The *saracura* dance is led off by a special musician, a merry old fellow, who marches about the room playing a tiny reed flute with the right hand and beating a drum with the left. One after another the couples fall in behind him, tripping along with their arms about each other very lovingly, and keeping time to his music with a little jingling song, which, in English, would be something like this:

"I swung in my drowsy hammock
And wooed the forest boughs;
But they answered low, 'There's pain and woe
In the lover's foolish vows.'

"Little fish in the deep, dark pool,
Fickle sand of the sea,
How can I ever love you alone,
Since you will not alone love me?

"What if I drift away, away,
Alone on the ocean swell;
What if I die with no one nigh
Of the friends who love me well?

"Yet I have the sun for my lover true,
The moon for my lady bright,
The sun to walk with alone all day,
The moon in the silent night."

AN INDIAN MOTHER.

Sometimes the dance is varied with figures, forming a circle, advancing to the center, retreating to the ring again, and so on. It is simple, but very pretty.

On Sunday evening, the old women take

their turn with the *sairé*, a ceremony invented or adapted by the early Jesuit missionaries. The women pass from house to

TITITIRA CAVE.

house, two of them in front carrying an arched frame, surmounted by a cross and prettily trimmed. A ribbon attached to the cross is held by a third woman, who always walks behind. Invited in, the performers seat themselves on a mat, and are served with rum and sweetmeats, in respectful silence. Presently they rise and begin a monotonous chant, keeping time to the slow beating of a drum. Now they take three steps forward and three back, the two in front waving the frame before their faces, and the one behind following their movements and holding the ribbon above her head. The ceremony goes on in this way for half an hour, with pauses at intervals. The old women hold themselves with a sedateness befitting their important office, gathering a touch of weirdness from the flaring oil lamps and the dark faces around. The song—a hymn in praise of the Virgin—is in the Indian language *(lingua-geral)*, which is hardly understood now except by the old people. These women have their heads crammed full of the aboriginal superstitions. They will tell hobgoblin stories by the hour, sitting in the fire-light and hugging their knees with shriveled arms until you think of witches, and half believe their myths.

Sometimes, in our wanderings about the Serra and the plains, our guide points out the haunts of these spirits. We climb to the *Tititira* cave, and frighten out the bats, and imagine big snakes in the crevices around; but the *Tititira* does not come to scare us with horrid noises and strike us with invisible hands. In the forest we hear of the *curupira*, a bald-headed dwarf with feet turned backward, so that those who see his tracks and try to avoid him will only run to their own destruction; he entices hunters away by imitating the call of a *mutum* or a partridge; then, when they have lost themselves in the thick woods, he kills them and tears out their hearts and livers, and makes an unctuous meal.

But we must leave Ereré in the mellow sunshine. Farewell, honest, simple-hearted people! Farewell, nodding palms and shady orange-groves and woodland paths! The sunshine lies yet over the distant houses and tiny white chapel, but we carry away a little of it in happy memories of this quiet spot.

THE SPHINX.

[WRITTEN FOR THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT ABBOTT ACADEMY, ANDOVER.]

OH, glad girls' faces, hushed and fair! how shall I sing for ye?
For the grave picture of a Sphinx is all that I can see.

Vain is the driving of the sand, and vain the desert's art;
The years strive with her, but she holds the lion in her heart.

Baffled or fostered, patient still, the perfect purpose clings;
Flying or folded, strong as stone, she wears the eagle's wings.

Eastward she looks; against the sky the eternal morning lies;
Silent or pleading, veiled or free, she lifts the woman's eyes.

Oh, grave girls' faces, listening, kind! glad will I sing for ye,
While the proud figure of the Sphinx is all that I can see.