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BARBROOKE GRUBB, PATHFINDER

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OPPOSITION AND DETERMINATION

Grubb was searching for wood to mend a cart, and seeing some of a suitable kind, ran his canoe on to the bank and prepared to land, but was met by a grim looking alligator who objected. Grubb thrust his paddle into the brute's mouth, but this was treated like a flimsy matchbox. Having some stout poles with him, Grubbrammed one down the reptile's throat. This stopp'd him but meant a lingering death so Grubb hammered it well home with the back of his axe and then finished him off with a few taps on the skull.

BARBROOKE GRUBB PATHFINDER

THE RECORD OF AN ADVENTUROUS LIFE OF COURAGE
& ENDURANCE NOBLY SPENT AMONGST THE
SAVAGE PEOPLES OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN
CHACO TOLD FOR BOYS & GIRLS

BY

NORMAN J. DAVIDSON, B.A.

AUTHOR OF

"A KNIGHT ERRANT & HIS DOUGHTY DEEDS," "THINGS SEEN IN OXFORD,"

"FENNEL OF THE INDIAN FRONTIER"

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WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS

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BARBROOKE GRUBB, PATHFINDER

I

EARLY DAYS

WILFRID BARBROOKE GRUBB'S family seem to have had the lust for wandering strongly developed in their nature for many generations on both sides of the family. An ancestor on his mother's side is recorded to have done legitimate trading in foreign waters, with perhaps a suspicion of piracy at odd times during the reign of Henry VIII; and her grandfather, father and three brothers served in the East India Company. The same love of wandering appears to have been equally developed on his father's side, for one member of his family accompanied Penn, and assisted in the founding of Pennsylvania in North America. The reasons for these migrations were not always voluntary, for one at least of Barbrooke Grubb's ancestors had to flee the country after the Jacobite rebellion of 1745, though he returned shortly before his death under

an assumed name, and died at the advanced age of 100 years. His maternal grandmother was in Paris during the Revolution of 1830, and for political reasons was compelled to fly for her life, disguised as a page boy. She recorded her experiences and adventures at some length, but the MS. which she intended should form the nucleus of an historical novel was unfortunately lost. Is it any wonder that the heritage of this roving spirit, transmitted through so many generations on his father's and mother's side, should have influenced the boy's future life—a life to be devoted to the welfare of his fellow-creatures, and justly earning for him the title of *El Pacificador de los Indios*, a title of far nobler import than that of *Conquistador*.

Wilfrid Barbrooke Grubb was born at Liberton, in Midlothian, August 11th, 1865, his father being a physician, who did not, however, practise owing to ill-health. At the time of his birth his father happened to pick up a half-sovereign in gold and shortly afterwards an old cannon-ball, the relic of some forgotten fight, and from these an old "wise" woman augured that the infant would never accumulate riches, neither would he suffer poverty, but that he would have plenty of troubles. The desire to acquire wealth for himself has always been quite alien to Grubb's nature, so that the first part of the old woman's augury proved true; of the second, if the dangers, difficulties and

discomforts which so frequently accompany the carrying out a noble purpose may be termed troubles, in that, too, she was correct.

Grubb is very reticent concerning his schoolboy days, his natural modesty and horror of self-glorification or advertisement causing him to withhold many incidents and characteristics which could not fail to be interesting in view of what he accomplished in later life. He confesses, however, that he was *not* the good little boy such as is often depicted in certain kinds of books; he was not fond of lessons or of going to church; he loved tales of pirates, of Mungo Park and Captain Cook, but the latent spirit within him prompted him to acquire a good knowledge of geography and history. The outstanding feature of his schooldays appears to have been the great number of thrashings he received with the "taws," a formidable species of instrument of castigation similar to a cat-'o-nine-tails, made of leather, the ends of which were charred, his record being thirty-six strokes. He was, however, the despair of his dominie, for not a single tear could the taws extract, and he was therefore looked upon as irreclaimable. He delighted in wrestling and feats of strength, and he confesses that he was not averse from a fight.

He used to test his courage by taking lonely walks after dark in so-called haunted churchyards, and on one occasion his courage received a severe

set-back. Let any young person picture to himself a lonely churchyard peopled only by the dead, the light barely sufficient to distinguish the path beneath his feet and the dim outlines of the white tombstones, the trees beckoning with ghostly arms and the breeze sighing dismally through the branches, and a small boy bravely making his way through the gloomy surroundings towards his objective, the church door, his heart beating perhaps a little more quickly than usual, and his head turned suspiciously from right to left and back again, not heeding the path before him. Suddenly something cold and clammy strikes him a smart blow in the face, knocking his hat off, followed by a crash upon the ground, fright making him recoil and his heart to bound. Then looking straight before him he sees the cause—a line of clothes hung out by the sexton's wife, and blown about by the wind, the breeze at the same time loosening the clothes-props and causing it to fall. Such was the way in which young Grubb controlled his feelings and curbed his will—the pain of the taws and the fear of the supernatural.

Grubb was at home in all grades of society, and superstition still held a firm grip on the minds of the older generation. Many were the tales told by old men seated in their arm-chairs by the ingle-neuk of the fearsome things that happened in their younger days; of Burke and Hare the notorious “Resur-

rectionists" or body-snatchers, of haunted houses, ghosts and such-like subjects as were calculated to make a small boy's heart beat faster, and his eyes to peer anxiously into every gloomy shadow of the road as he made his way homeward through the darkness of the night.

The following story was told by Grubb's father of an incident that happened when he was a young man.

His cousin, with whom he had business connections, had occasion to visit a remote country house near the Pentlands to see a dying man. He was accompanied by a friend. In those days the only expeditious method of getting about the country lying away from the main turnpike roads was on horseback. The night was fairly far advanced as they drew near the neighbourhood of a lonely glen in which a party of the old Covenanters had been attacked, and many slaughtered by the troops of Claverhouse. They were passing a dark tree-shaded part of the road. The moon gave but little light, and in this gully hardly any. They soon became aware that a man on horseback was overtaking them, although it afterwards struck them that his horse's hoofs made no noise. What chiefly attracted their attention was the unusual circumstance of another traveller being in so lonely a neighbourhood at that late hour. In those days it was not always an agreeable experience to meet others on the road, for their intentions might not

be friendly. The rider drew near and was soon alongside. They wished him good evening, but he did not reply. They spoke again, but he did not answer. As they emerged from the glade and the light became clearer, to their horror they perceived that their companion was in armour, and it then dawned upon them that although he and his horse appeared to be quite natural, neither did his armour clank nor did his horse's hoofs make a sound; their flesh began to creep. A highwayman could be tackled, a spectral knight could not. They felt unable even to hurry their pace and escape. At last, to their great relief, they neared the historic glen, and their unwelcome road companion turned his horse up it and disappeared. Such at least was the story which they vouched was true.

Grubb acknowledges that as a boy he was not an angel, and Providence did not intend that he should be one until he had fulfilled his appointed work in a material world, but one may venture to picture him a sturdy, healthy-minded youngster, full of vigour and mischief, but unconsciously shaping himself to fill the important niche for which he was designed.

After leaving the preparatory school he finished his school education at George Watson's College, Edinburgh. The studies in which he took the greatest interest were geography, ancient history, and the habits and customs of primitive peoples;

those that appealed to him most forcibly were the races of the South Sea Islands and of Africa, and by the time he was fifteen years of age he had acquired a very fair knowledge of those places, as well as of Ancient Mexico, Peru, the Indian interior of South America, Burma and the Malay States. A seafaring life had no attraction for him. His ambition was to wander through the wild unknown regions of the earth, unfettered and untrammelled by the restrictions of official routine. Strange to say, that although various members of his family had in past years been closely associated with the continent of America, both North and South, that continent held out no attractions for him. But this may be accounted for by his dislike for half-breeds and the stories he had read of the cruelties perpetrated by the Spaniards and the Inquisition. He was as yet ignorant of the vast areas in the interior unknown to civilization, peopled by primitive and savage races. His thoughts were turned towards the Civil Service of India, the branch of Woods and Forests, for which he could have obtained a nomination, but these he rejected as labouring under the same disability as a seafaring life, namely, that his life would be too circumscribed. Trade and business did not appeal to him, he simply yearned for the wilds and to live with and study the untutored savage and his primitive ways. It must be understood that at this period of his life he had no

religious leanings to missionary work. But this does not imply that his reading was entirely of a secular nature, for at fifteen years of age he was a student of the Bible and other religious books, and at sixteen he could address a Sunday-school meeting, and he also started a Young Men's Improvement Society, composed chiefly of engine drivers, mechanics, and others of a similar social position. This society flourished for a considerable time and did some really useful work.

Although we have said that Grubb had no decided leaning to a missionary life he was advised, in the event of his adopting such a line of life, to go through a course of medical training, as a knowledge of medicine was a valuable asset in the mission field. Although he had no predilection for this science he saw the value of the advice and with characteristic thoroughness he applied himself to the work. But, sad to relate, his medical work was cut short at its very commencement by a tragic incident. One day while assisting a friend in the dissecting-room, a place, by the way, in which Grubb had no business to be at that early stage of his training, both students accidentally cut themselves, though only slightly, with the lancets they were using. The day was very hot, and septic poisoning set in at once. The friend died within forty-eight hours, while Grubb was very ill for nearly a year, being practically blind for some months of that

time, and after his recovery his eyes remained weak for a long period.

The family of the Grubbs appears to have been a long-lived one, and so young Barbrooke had the privilege, granted to few, of hearing stories at first hand of people long dead with whom the members of his family had come in personal contact. A half-uncle who lived to be a hundred was present at the Battle of Waterloo, and while in Edinburgh was acquainted with Sir Walter Scott, then practising as a barrister. Some of this half-uncle's kindred were intimately connected with Prince Charlie. His mother was personally acquainted with Cardinal Newman before he went over to the Church of Rome; she likewise knew De Quincey, as well as many other notable characters whose names are now household words.

At the age of eighteen he tried hard to join an expedition to Africa, but was rejected on account of his youth; however, the following year he was accepted by the South American Missionary Society, and having received a licence from Dr. Harold Brown, Bishop of Winchester, as lay reader in the diocese, he read for nearly a year with the Rev. H. S. Acworth, one of the secretaries of the Society, at Chobham, Surrey, preparatory to leaving England for the mission field in South America.

The following amusing story is told by Mr. Grubb against himself, and it is better that it should be given in his own words :

“ Shortly after receiving my license Mr. Acworth instructed me to write a sermon and submit it to him, so that he might judge of my capabilities in this direction. He gave me a whole week in which to do it, and any reference books that I might require were at my disposal. I set to work to produce what I felt sure would be an electrifying address—poetry, word pictures, close reasoning, original touches showing the spark of genius, suitable pauses and specially marked passages requiring a specially solemn tone, illustrations and very pointed remarks, all these ingredients, and some more, were stirred up in this wonderful mess of pottage. At last the great task was done, I read the completed article through, I read passages of it out to my landlady, and she was pleased; I read it again myself, more or less aloud, as if I were delivering it before an audience. I was delighted at the production. I put it in the breast pocket of my coat and walked round on the appointed day to the Vicarage. I felt sure that this would surprise and astonish the examiner. He sat down in his big leather chair, I sat opposite while he proceeded to read to himself. I was going to watch his face to see the effect of this my impressive and original sermon. When he had evidently read through the text, slap went the blue pencil through a passage; a little further on the pencil was at work again—he did not seem to write in the margin such nice remarks as

‘good,’ ‘excellent,’ ‘that’s the nail on the head,’ and such-like. His marks seemed to take the uncomfortable form of a St. Andrew’s cross. I began to get alarmed and annoyed, my beautiful production was being mutilated, he must be a poor judge of a good sermon. But insult was added to injury when this my remarkable, original discourse was handed back to me, and my eyes caught in blue pencil the horrible cutting criticism: ‘Mr. G., you are like a dog running round trying to catch its tail, and never succeeding.’ After my first shock was over, he began to explain the many blunders I had made, and he left me with only a few paragraphs, chiefly extracted from Holy Writ. I could say nothing, but I felt a lot. To tell the truth I did not quite agree with his remarks, I still thought it was a fine sermon. It has been said that every young lad has a superfluity of conceit, and that the sooner it is knocked out of him the better; out it has to come in any case, before he can really be made a man. Now that I have more sense I thank him and other people for having knocked a lot of the bumptiousness and self-esteem out of me. Ignorance generally makes a man think more highly of himself than he ought to do; real knowledge humbles, because it enables one to appreciate how little he really does know.”

II

THE FALKLAND ISLANDS

IT was in the year 1886 that Mr. Grubb was appointed to the Falkland Islands to fill the place of one of the staff who was invalided home. The bleak islands, belonging to the British Crown, occupy a strategic position off the south-east coast of Patagonia, opposite the Straits of Magellan, and here he was destined to spend four years of his life, years of valuable training for the great work he was afterwards to take up in the centre of the mainland. He confessed that it was much against the grain that he went there at all. The life that appealed to him was that of a pioneer in unknown regions. He felt that he was called to the far interior, to the great tropical regions where in the dense forests and plains dwelt numberless tribes of wild roaming Indians, many of them not even known by name, and the territories which they occupied as unexplored as the top of Mount Everest. There were people to be won, and the imminent risk to life and the dangers and trials only served as a charm to make the battle against evil the more enticing. It must be confessed that

his prospects of proving a successful missionary were not at first too bright, for he was more than once adversely reported on as not likely to make a successful missionary, and certainly not a leader of missions. How incorrect his critics were was proved by the work he subsequently did. His was a nature which refused to be trammelled by hide-bound rules of officialdom or routine; his was a nature of origination, initiative and action. Order and method are necessary in every line of life, but when they clog thought and hamper movement, reducing one's soul to the level of an evenly running cog-wheel, they cease to be virtues.

The journey south was a pleasant one which ended by transshipping to a local vessel. He was assured that he could not travel with a better captain, for he knew every rock and shoal in those waters, as indeed he should do, for it was asserted that he had run his ship on every one of them. On a later occasion Grubb went ashore with him one evening in the dinghy, but before returning the captain had unfortunately indulged in strong waters, and was therefore not in a condition to navigate the small boat. It was blowing more than half a gale off shore, the night was pitch dark and there were no lights on the ship outside. The captain insisted on steering, so the strenuous work of propelling the craft devolved on Grubb. After a stiff struggle they neared the black hull of a vessel, but the skipper

did not bring her alongside as he should, and before Grubb could grasp the rope ladder hung over the side, the force of the gale had almost driven them past the bows. Fortunately the man on watch threw them a rope-end just in time to save them from being swept out to sea, in which case nothing could have saved them. One thing Grubb did learn during his sojourn on the Falklands, and that was how to manage a boat, but there were many tight corners from which he had to extricate himself, and dangers to be faced.

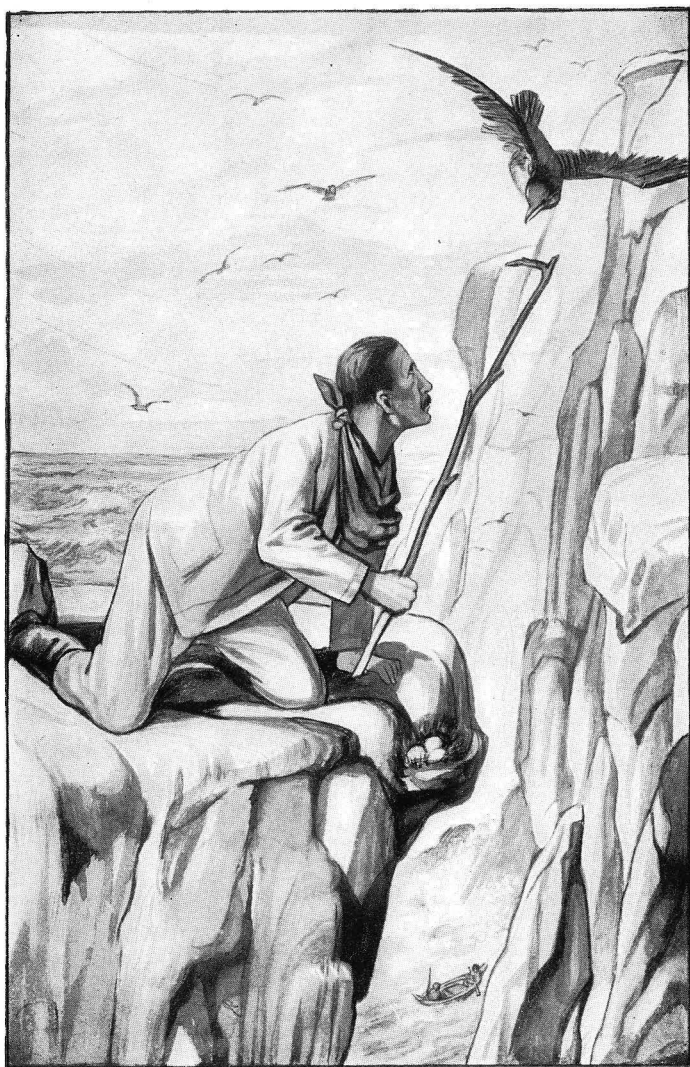
The Fuegian Indians were good boatmen and were quite at home on the sea. This was natural enough, as they were a race of canoe Indians, and had been born and bred amidst the stormy seas near Cape Horn. It is true that they kept to the quieter channels when possible; they were not foolhardy people, their life was a stern fight with nature, and they saw no fun in seeking adventure for adventure's sake.

The islands on which Grubb was destined to work for the next four years were inhabited by Yaghan Indians, and another tribe called the Alacalooft, who were somewhat akin to the Yaghans, but spoke a distinct language. There is reason to suppose that the Yaghans were the original inhabitants of the island of Tierra del Fuego, and that the Alacalooft followed them to the archipelago, though nothing is definitely known from their traditions and folklore

on which to found a working theory. It is clear, however, that they had inhabited that region for a very long period, and that they had been at one time much more numerous than they were at least eighty years ago when the ill-fated Captain Allen Gardiner, R.N., the founder of the present South American Missionary Society, settled among them, and perished miserably of starvation with all his party. It is sad to relate that the flourishing work amongst the Yaghans died out, not because Christianity failed, but because modern civilization failed; because when it followed on the tracks of the peaceful missionaries who had prepared the way, and made life and property safe, sin and disease followed, and the people died out. When first met with they were as low and barbarous a people as could be found upon the earth, in some respects probably the lowest. They had no means even of heating water, no vessels in which they could boil anything, therefore their food was always roasted. They had no pottery, and had not even invented an intoxicating beverage, knowing nothing stronger than cold water. Unfortunately when intoxicants were introduced they took to them with avidity, which led in a great measure to their undoing and destruction.

There is another tribe in the Fuegian Archipelago, the Ona. They are not canoe Indians but foot Indians, and quite distinct from the Alacalooft and Yaghan tribes. As to their origin there is no great

mystery. They are unquestionably racially an offshoot of the Patagonians. These Ona have not been dealt with by the South American Missionary Society, but many of them have come under the care and protection of sympathetic people intimately connected with the old Mission. The Ona are fast dying out, but those who remain have taken to industrious ways, and are engaged as shepherds and workmen on the large estates which now occupy the coasts of the Straits of Magellan. It was only about the time when Grubb left the south for the Gran Chaco that industrial settlements began to take hold upon this lone land of the south. In fact, when he last passed through the Straits of Magellan long years ago, although he tried three times to make a landing it was deemed inadvisable owing to the hostile attitude of these same Onas. To-day they dress as ordinary workmen, enjoy their coffee and sugar and European diet, render faithful and adequate service and receive good and generous pay; in fact, during the shearing season these men can make up to a pound a day in wages. Rich firms now occupy these islands. One of the richest men in the Argentine Republic had his home there until his death a few years ago. Ushuwaia, the old mission station among the Yaghans, is now an Argentine town, and many of these once debased Yaghans actually held important positions under the Argentine authorities.



EGG COLLECTING IN THE FALKLAND ISLANDS

This was by no means an easy task, for the nests were invariably in almost inaccessible places affording only a most precarious foothold. Added to this were the attacks of the infuriated parent birds whose dangerous swoops Grubb warded off with a hooked stick. Round his neck was tied a handkerchief in which he deposited the eggs.

The Yaghans were not by any means devoid of humour; in fact, from Grubb's experience of Indian tribes, he thinks they all have a fair share of humour, and can appreciate a joke as well as most people. Indians are not boisterously inclined before strangers, but are rather inclined to be reserved and shy. They have also a sense of dignity. They do not like to show childish surprise at new things, because that would tend to lower them in the eyes of the foreigner; the fact is they do not like to be considered behind the times, and it is very amusing to meet an Indian who for the first time sees something that astonishes him, and which he cannot possibly understand, behaving quite calmly and talking in such a way as if this new thing were quite familiar to him, or at least that it was nothing to call for special remark, displaying all the air of one who is tired of seeing and hearing new things. One day when an Indian was asked to eat with Grubb, he sat down as one accustomed to the ways of civilization, as if, in fact, it were his usual manner of living. No one who did not know the Indian would have thought that that was his first introduction to refined manners. The pickles being passed to him, he helped himself as a man would who was fond of them, and so with the Lea and Perrin's sauce. He conversed freely all the time, apparently paying no particular attention to the table, its appointments, and the various dishes

served. It seemed almost convincing that this was no new thing to him, and yet this was his first experience. Of many of the things on the table he did not understand the use, and many of the dishes were quite unlike any he had tasted before, even sitting on a chair at a table was new to him. His custom was to sit cross-legged on the floor, or rather on a skin on the ground outside his hut, and eat out of a clay pot, in company with others, using home-made horn spoons. But on this occasion, strange though everything was to him, he behaved like a gentleman brought up to it from his youth, and acquitted himself much better, and ate much more politely, with much less noise and coarseness than many of our working classes would have done at home. This is a remarkable fact about many of these Indian peoples.

A clergyman holding a high professional position once paid a visit to the mission river port. He set forth to teach the members of the staff a good deal. He had travelled largely in the States and Mexico and knew much which they did not. He assured them that the Indian character was dull and stupid, and that they had no sense of humour. In the presence of such superior knowledge it behoved the younger members to be humble and learn. Nevertheless, they did happen to know a thing or two, and knew what would very likely happen in the Indian village behind when the evening shadows fell and

the camp fires burned more brightly, so after dinner the clergyman was invited to visit the Indian camp. The stolid Indians had been taking note of this man all day, noting his peculiarities and all about him. As they took him forth by a way from which he could see but could not be observed he was treated to an up-to-date really living-picture show, and that before cinemas were invented. He himself was the subject. There he was, depicted to the life. Strange to say he did not appreciate it. He evidently lacked a sense of humour.

One day, going to the schoolroom at Keppel Island, Grubb was arrested before entering by the sound of a native voice, evidently delivering a discourse to his fellow-pupils, so he paused and made observations. A Yaghan was standing by the fireside, his hands behind his back, and at the moment remarking in broken English: "Look out, you boy, I come give you knock." He was acting the English schoolmaster, very close to life too, to the great amusement of his audience. On entering abruptly Grubb was faced by the blackboard bearing on it two quite good drawings in chalk, one of a little man and a rather tall woman, side by side, the other of a rather massive man and a somewhat short woman by his side and underneath was written in English: "What for English people very funny, little man Mr. O. marries big woman Mrs. O. Little woman Mrs. Q. marries big man

Mr. Q. What for Mr. O. not marry Mrs. Q. Mrs. O. marry Mr. Q.?" They were referring to two married couples whom they knew, and whom they thought disproportionately matched, and wondered why they did not choose as partners persons more in keeping with themselves in point of stature.

There is a place in the Chaco (Paraguay) a stretch of sandy waste covered with low bushes and short feathery grass, a place infested by mosquitoes. Its name in the Indian tongue signifies one mosquito, or, as it may sometimes be rendered, a few. Having to camp there one night and being plagued by the mosquitoes, Grubb referred to the silliness of the Indians in giving such a name to a place like that. His Indian companion replied: "It is all right, it simply means that you kill some but others follow; you can keep on killing all night, but you can kill only a few at a time."

Among the Yaghans there was one word for father signifying a man's actual father, another word Tanoa signifying one who took the place of father to a certain extent, in the sense of caring for, etc. The Indians addressed the missionaries by the name Tanoa. Grubb was the young father; the late Mr. Waites, who had spent long years among these people and done such excellent work, being his superior, was called by them the old father.

Going along one day with Mr. Waites, Grubb happened to linger behind for a moment, allowing

the older man to precede him. Grubb hurried to catch up his friend. Just as he passed a titter of laughter arose amongst the groups of Indians flocking to the church, and several exclaimed in low tones, "There goes father leading, and grandfather following." These instances may suffice to show that the people are quite a humorous race. They are, moreover, born actors, many of them, and can act out and describe hunting incidents to the life, as well as experiences of their daily life. One who is now dead, but who while he lived was the Sir Henry Irving of the community, received most hearty applause after his life-like imitation of a hunting adventure. The old fellow was so delighted that he heartily joined in the applause himself as well, and chuckled that he had done it so splendidly. In these hunting and other stories they generally bring in some joke or make the adventure lead up to a joke, which sends the people into fits of laughter.

III

AMONG THE YAGHANS

WHEN Grubb landed at his final destination it was pitch dark, the ship was lying at anchor outside, but he soon got into the boat that was brought alongside by the Indians and with his belongings was soon making for the shore. The tide was out, and there was not enough water to allow the whaleboat to come alongside the stone jetty. One of the Indians calmly stepped out into the water, icy cold though it was, being midwinter, and took him pick-a-back ashore. The Indian muttered something in broken English of an uncomplimentary nature about Grubb's weight. On the jetty there were waiting to receive him two grave, elderly looking men. They looked very solemn, and spoke as if they would prove very serious-minded men indeed, who would be likely to disapprove of any kind of merriment, and positively censure any kind of a joke. On board the ship Grubb had been told that they were very good men, so very good that life would be intolerably dull with them, and that he had better practise wearing a very straight face or they would

thoroughly disapprove of him. It must be said that his first impression was that although they were the essence of hospitality, and evidently very good and sincere men, their constant company for the next few years would prove appallingly dull, and his heart began to sink to his boots. He was young and full of life and go, and though sincerely dedicating himself with really well-meaning motives to the missionary career, he did not quite fancy himself spending the rest of his life in a church porch. But he was soon to be undeceived, and find that these men were quite human, quite good-natured, indeed quite jolly fellows, and with the elder one, with whom he had the longest connection, he not only got on splendidly, but took to him so much that he revered him all his life. The fact is Grubb's first impressions were altogether wrong; first impressions often are. From this man he learnt much that helped and guided him in his after career. He was in every way a man, nothing namby-pamby about him, no maudlin sentimentality, no cant and humbug, but a real, sincere practical Christian who was out to do his duty. After a few days as the guest of the junior missionary Grubb started housekeeping on his own account in two rooms, or rather a room and a loft, in the native house where he lived with the thirty Yaghan men and boys. He had practically nothing in the way of furniture, and the supply of firing

that year was unfortunately short in quantity and poor in quality. On the morrow he was to begin his duties, that is he was to be dressed and abroad by five o'clock and see that the natives were ready for work when the bell rang. Some had to go off milking the cows, others preparing the boat in order to make a voyage to the neighbouring island for tussack-grass, a few to the garden, the main body to the near-by peat field where Grubb was to put in as many hours as possible, working with them digging out peat. From eight o'clock till a quarter to nine was allowed to prepare and eat breakfast. Grubb's breakfast consisted of the old-fashioned brown sea biscuit and coffee. From a quarter to nine to nine was occupied with prayers. School lasted from nine to eleven, peat digging from eleven to one, and from one to two in getting what dinner he could; from two to five there was more peat digging, from five to six was taken up with tea and giving out stores, etc.; from six to eight was spent in study or in mixing with the boys, eight to nine in prayers and Bible lessons, then the men and boys were sent to bed and the place locked up. After that he was at liberty to visit and chat with the other two missionaries, and finally ten to half-past ten was spent in reading, etc., preparing for bed and getting ready for the morning call. A fair day's work.

The missionaries believed in occupying the full day and so arranging that there would be no idle time to

tempt the devil. Knowing the programme before him, Grubb made things as shipshape as he could in his new home, and having seen everything right for the night he got into bed shortly after eleven. He had no blinds or curtains to his windows, and the little moon there was that night did not rise much above the horizon till about one o'clock. Something disturbed him and he awoke. By the dim light of the moon he perceived sitting beside him a figure with a shock head of tangled black hair and a short shirt rather patched in places, the rest of the visitor was bare; his shirt front was liberally bespattered with blood, and his mouth and nose kept on dropping a little more on the blanket. Was it a dream or was it reality? It was real enough. The weird figure, seeing that Grubb had awaked, began to assure him in broken English that he was really a good man. It was quite as well that he did so, because at first sight he might have been something a little worse than a bad man. It was a long time before Grubb could make out what he was driving at. At last it dawned upon him that he owed his early morning visit to the fact that he had had a rather strong difference of opinion about something with a fellow-countryman, and feeling that justice would be impartially meted out on the following morning he thought it might be just as well to get on the right side of the officer in charge in good time, and thus perhaps steal a march upon

his late adversary. There was nothing for it, Grubb had to get up. It was horribly cold and he grudged the loss of his sleep, but he was there in charge, so he had to wander to the far end of the building and inquire into the matter. Everyone appeared to be sleeping peacefully, and no one seemed to have been disturbed by any unseemly conduct. At last, however, by the dim light of the moon he saw a crouching, scowling figure in a dark corner. On rousing him up he did not seem to be inclined to argue his case out just then. The fact was, he seemed to have got the worst of the argument previously, and had no desire to bring up the subject again. As it was very cold, and Grubb had not too much on, he ordered them both to bed, giving mysterious hints as to what might happen if he were disturbed again before the bell rang, and assuring them that he would make full inquiries in the morning. It turned out to be nothing very serious, and, as the novels say, they all lived happily for some time afterwards. That was Grubb's first night as an independent householder, and the first chapter in his official career as a missionary.

It may interest some to learn a little about his domestic life. He took as his assistant a little lad called Cuisculoyinges. He in his spare time acted as assistant housekeeper, deputy cook, butler, valet and boy of all works. The cleaning of the house was not a big matter. The cooking was

simple. He had a shadrol, that is a large thick iron pot with tight-fitting lid and three legs. In this he cooked his meat, or anything else he wanted to bake, by pushing it under the big peat fire and raking the hot ash round it. It was a splendid contrivance which gave excellent results. He had a pot in which he could boil things such as potatoes, or make soup if he had the fancy, a big kettle in which he could make enough coffee to last the day, heating it up as required, and a frying-pan. A frying-pan is a wonderfully useful thing. He could not make bread for a long time. It needs skill and requires a good deal of care, but he got on quite well with ship biscuit and substantial pancakes made with flour, grease and seabirds' eggs, chiefly those of the penguin. Most of the cooking was done at night, as he could then better attend to it. Indigestion was avoided owing to the fact that he had a good appetite, plenty of fresh air, and generally a little too much hard work. Therefore he kept perfectly fit, and enjoyed life quite well.

The two married missionaries were kind. When opportunity offered they invited him out, in fact he could have been invited out a good deal more if he had wished, but he liked to feel independent, and although he fully appreciated their better fare, he did not like it to be thought that that attraction made his social visits to them a little more pleasant.

His kind companions did not confine their good-

ness to inviting him out very frequently, for they used to send down lots of little things by way of brightening his existence, so that what with one thing and another he had quite a fine time. One of his permanent duties was to cross over in the boat to the main island to get the mail; in fact, he had quite a lot of boat work to do. He thoroughly enjoyed the sea, and of all the hard work he preferred the boats. These were not pleasure trips, however, for although occasionally he had nice voyages in fair weather and with good winds, generally it was the reverse, and attended by a considerable amount of danger, but it was good training. It braced the nerves and taught quick decision. In a boat on these seas he had to make up his mind instantly as to his course of action. A sudden squall did not give him time slowly to make up his mind as to the best plan to adopt. On one occasion Grubb had to make the journey across the open Sound in a high wind and rough sea in a very crazy, leaky dinghy. There was a crew of three in the boat, and two had to bale constantly while the other used the oars. That trip was not a pleasant one. It appeared more than likely that they might come in contact with more water than they desired.

On another occasion it was pitch dark and, sharp though the Yaghans were, they missed their way and mistook the sound of the surf on a distant point opening out into the South Atlantic for the

surf beating on their own home reef. They were very nearly on that occasion embarked on an enforced attempt to discover the South Pole. As it was, it was only by the most strenuous efforts that they were able to make the harbour. Sometimes overtaken by bad weather they had to spend the night on a little island. On these occasions they pulled up the whaleboat on to the beach, tilted it on its side with the keel to the wind, propped it up with the oars, and gathering tussack bogs hedged it round to keep out the storm. On one occasion such as this, the sea appeared to have moderated sufficiently for them to put off. The Yaghans differed strongly from Grubb's opinion. He stirred them up with some sarcastic remarks. Eventually they got up, saying, "Let us put out and go and die." All went well for a time, but before long he realized that they were right and he was wrong, and then they had their work cut out, and if great care were not taken their remark on leaving the shore might prove true. The great kelp patches that abound in these seas are safe and welcome havens of rest to a tired boat's crew, as the water there cannot become rough.

They got on a bad lee shore at one time and had to pull for their lives to get away. They seemed to make no headway against the wind and waves. That was not the time for trade union rules. There was no question of limiting the amount of work that should be done in the hour, every man had to strain

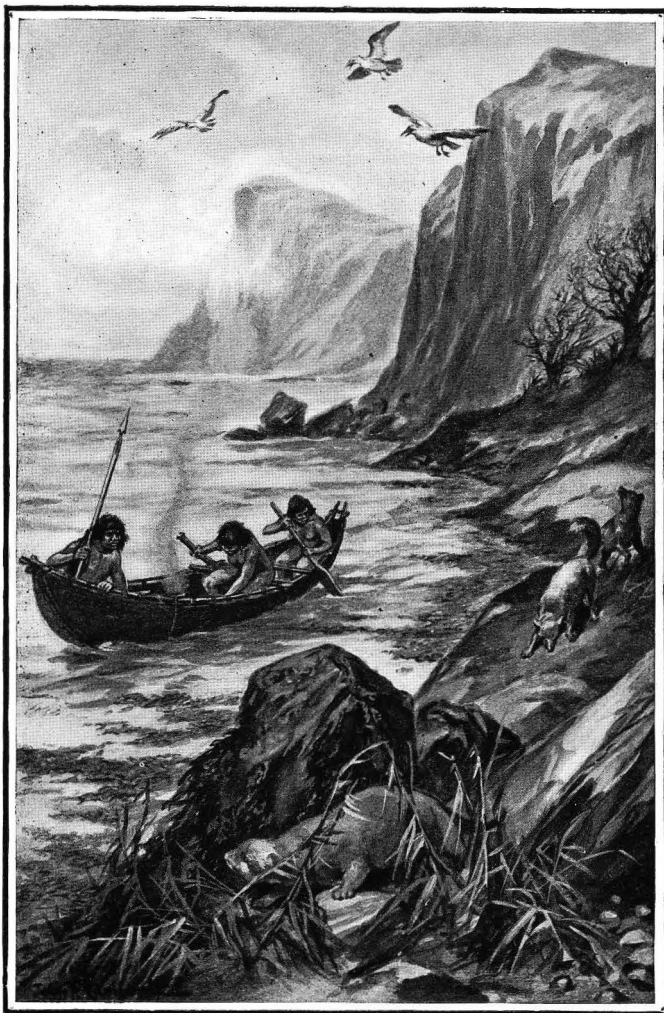
to his utmost; some noses were bleeding, but the efforts must not be relaxed. They had to make the distant kelp patch or make the last long voyage, but fortunately they reached that kelp patch and tying their boat to the friendly weed quite exhausted they lay down in the boat to recover. In the old days buccaneers, who were quite as alive to the advantage of having well-placed strategic centres as present-day admiralties, at an early date made use of the Falklands as a base of operations. A renowned pirate who was being pursued, having been surprised on land by a landing-party from a regular man-of-war, found his retreat cut off by the deep broad waters of the Sound. The wind was blowing off the beach upon which he was standing, straight over for the other coast, and he with great presence of mind immediately rolled down a great tussack bog into the sea and on this frail raft ventured to cross the intervening water. He succeeded and made good his escape. This daring exploit of the old buccaneer was ridiculed and laughed at in Grubb's time as a fairy-tale and an utter impossibility.

It just happened, however, that in Grubb's time the possibility of such an exploit was actually proved by two young Indians. The Yaghans, although expert boatmen and fearless on the sea, are, like most Indians, rather careless. On one occasion a Yaghan crew out by themselves descried a rookery

of seabirds on a certain islet, and knowing as they did that there was a plentiful supply of eggs waiting for them, they made with all haste for the coveted treasure. It was like a rush to stake out claims on a new goldfield, every man for himself. All Indians were equal, and resented strongly any of their race assuming authority over the others. As a matter of fact, one Indian Cushlana was the appointed captain of that boat, but being without a white man to support him, his crew formed an impromptu committee of boatmen and egg hunters which could not brook the dictation of one man. The Indian captain realizing that the voice of the crew was the voice of his people and the only power that ought to rule, at once submitted with good grace, but no more able to suppress his capitalistic propensities than were his companions he too made a rush for the booty, in order to get his fair share of the spoil. In the confusion, they forgot to make fast their boat, and as a result they were very nearly all stranded on that little island without means of escape.

These men actually did what the old buccaneer was reported to have done, and rolling tussack bogs down to the sea they tied them together, and calculating that the wind and current that had drifted the boat towards the other shore would carry them too in the same direction, they pluckily set out to recover their ark. It was a dangerous experiment, because had the boat passed a certain

point it would have been driven out to sea and they could not have returned to their companions. Or had they missed the boat and been drifted past that point themselves, they would have been inevitably lost. Desperate conditions require adequate measures to combat them, but such a course is generally fraught with great danger. If anything miscarries the results are lamentable, and it requires quick, clear thinking and practical experience to give the least chance of success. Fortunately in this case the Yaghans were successful. They reached the boat and returned triumphantly to their companions. Had they held a committee of action, the boat would have passed the point and been lost, while they were discharging their lung power into the air, and all their little brains were trying to confuse each other. Grubb once risked trying to recover a drifting boat by going forth to the rescue on a large kitchen table. "Fools step in where angels fear to tread." Had he been ten years older, he remarked, "the boat could have taken its own course, as I should have deemed it better to remain with what I had than adventure upon an experiment, the result of which was doubtful and more than likely to prove disastrous. But it is said that Providence is kind to the unwise, and I am thankful to say that I not only caught up the boat but suffered nothing worse than catching a cold in exchange."



A YAGHAN HUNT ON THE SOUTH AMERICAN COAST

The man crouches in the bows of his frail bark canoe. The women paddle from the stern. The smoke comes from the fire, always kept burning on a slab of turf in the canoe. The dogs run along the shore to sniff and turn out any lurking sea-otter.

The Yaghan Indians, in common with most if not all American aborigines, were by no means Sadducees. They believed only too much in spirits, and their lives were rendered, to say the least of it, uncomfortable by their creed. An old Yaghan called Joe who had made a voyage to England, and was quite a nice and intelligent fellow, fell seriously ill while he was in Grubb's charge. As far as was possible, with the means at the disposal of the Mission and the knowledge which its members possessed, he was carefully tended and treated, but he sank steadily, and for a long time there seemed very little hope of his recovery, but he began to revive, and there seemed hope that he might be restored again to health. In fact, for a few days he seemed to be making remarkable progress, and when Grubb left him one night about nine o'clock, well wrapped up in bed, he was so bright and cheerful that he told Grubb he felt sure that in a short time he would be well and abroad again. For some reason or other, which Grubb cannot explain, he felt impelled to pay him a visit about one o'clock in the morning, just to see that he was all right and lacked nothing for his comfort. To his surprise he saw him sitting up at the dying fire with little clothing on, in spite of the intense cold. He was rebuked for his thoughtlessness and ordered to get to bed at once, as by thus exposing himself he would probably suffer a severe relapse. He quite mildly

replied that there was no reason to trouble about him, because by eight o'clock in the morning when the sun would be in a certain position he would be dead, and his spirit would have gone to join his companions. Grubb asked him to explain what he meant, and he told the following story. He said he had been lying quite comfortably asleep, when he was awakened by a tapping on the window, and on getting up to find out the cause, a friend of his who had died some years ago and had been buried in the local graveyard appeared at the window with his face close to the glass. He said he recognized him perfectly well, also the tone of his voice. His visitor called him by name and said, "Joe, tomorrow at such a time, you will be with us." He said he was not afraid, but before he had time to reply to his friend he had gone. Anyway, he said he did not see the force of lying any longer in bed when he had such a short time before him, and so he got up to sit at the fire and think things over. He then asked Grubb if he could get him a cup of warm coffee, and if he would just chat with him a little as had often happened in the past, but would not have the opportunity of doing again. So, having seen that he was well covered up, Grubb went to get the coffee, and then returned and chatted with him for a time with a view to diverting his mind from the unpleasant incident. After a time he was persuaded to go to bed and was carefully wrapped up.

Fearing the effect of this night's occurrence upon his health Grubb took the precaution of removing the clock which was in the room, knowing the peculiar mental attitude of these people under such circumstances. This he did when Joe had fallen asleep. Strange to say poor Joe died almost exactly at eight.

Their witch-doctors and witches sometimes prophesy the time of death of some of those present, even looking ahead a year or more, and such prophecies are very often fulfilled. Of course, this could be easily explained by fear working with the belief on the minds of the people. In their natural state they had nothing that could be called religion, and their creed, so far as it has been possible to discover, consisted of a certain belief in and fear of their witches and witch-doctors.

The Lacuma was a phantom fish or sea animal which they greatly feared, and the only approach to sacrifice that Grubb ever heard of was when passing certain places where there was a tide race, they threw a dog overboard to appease the spirit of the waters. Some of them were subject to a kind of sudden attack of madness, which prompted them to rush towards the sea or up the face of a cliff. Grubb himself had personal experience of one such case. The man in question was the same individual who paid him the midnight visit on his first night in the Indian house. He was quite a nice fellow,

and they were very good friends. There appeared to be nothing particularly wrong with him. One day when a class was being held he appeared to be quite normal, and apparently taking a keen interest in what was being said. Suddenly and without warning he made a dash for the window, and before anyone could get out in pursuit of him, he was a good way along the beach. The rate at which he was running was abnormal. With four stout fellows Grubb set off in pursuit, and when at last with great difficulty the pursuers had surrounded and closed in upon him to secure him, he gave them a bad time indeed. His strength was extraordinary, although under ordinary conditions he was far inferior to any one of the others in physical power. Grubb himself could easily have held him unaided. He was safely brought home and eventually recovered. He knew perfectly well what had happened, with all the details of his flight and his capture. He said that he had had such an attack before, and that he feared and dreaded it, but that he felt impelled by some irresistible power. Another curious incident was that of a Yaghan called Ooshkeaketoinges, an extremely nice lad of about fourteen or fifteen years of age. This boy was a superior stamp of Yaghan, of a particularly nice disposition and highly intelligent for one of his people; in fact, he was an exceptional boy, well behaved, manly, and of a wholesome life; he was,

furthermore, as far as anyone can judge, a true Christian, and it must be remembered that Grubb had good opportunities of judging. He did not meet these people occasionally as a parson meets his flock, he actually lived with them and shared their life. He fell sick and it was evident that his life could not be saved, but he was so patient through his illness, so fearless of the coming change, so cheerful and sweet throughout that it was quite a pleasure to sit by and read or talk to him, and this was done when possible. On one occasion Grubb had a few minutes to spare and walked in to see him, entering from the outside door. He was sitting up in bed, quite bright, awake and intelligent. As Grubb went towards him he asked him who those two men were who had just passed out. Grubb told him he had seen no one. He said, "That is strange, they stood aside to let you pass; you did not look at them or speak to them and I wondered. Do you not know who they were?" Grubb repeated that he had not seen any men, that no one had been there. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon and quite light. The boy looked at him in a puzzled manner, then told him that these two men had come in a little while before, and had stood by his bed, looking very kindly at him but saying nothing. He said he had never seen such men before. He was sure they were very nice kind men, and he was not at all afraid but he could not

make them out. He again referred to Grubb's professing not to have seen them, and his statements evidently did not satisfy him. He had not been delirious before, he was certainly not delirious at the time when Grubb went into the room. Some weeks afterwards this boy passed away. This incident made a strong impression upon Grubb, who does not attempt to explain it.

IV

ORDERED TO PARAGUAY

IN 1889 Grubb was ordered to proceed to Paraguay, to take the place of one of the men who had gone out there with Henrickson, and who was unable to stand the tropical heat. But before this arrangement could be effected, Henrickson died, and as only one man would be left in command of the mission he was requested to use all despatch. The journey to Sandy Point, or Punta Arenas, from which he was to take the mail steamer to Monte Video, was made in the little Mission schooner, and the passage was a very bad one. Punta Arenas is a seaport in Chilian territory situated in a maze of inlets forming the extreme southern portion of South America, far different to-day in point of advancement to the Sandy Point of that time. He reached Monte Video, and thence crossed to Buenos Aires, not the large and beautiful city it is to-day, with about two million inhabitants, but a comparatively small town of about 300,000. There were no docks in those days, the passengers landed at a wooden pier, the cars were driven by mules, for electricity had

not yet entered the field for motive power. Some distance from the mouth two mighty rivers, the Uruguay and the Paraná, empty their floods into the Rio de la Plata, and it was by the former that Grubb was to make a voyage to his destination on board one of the old Platenay Company's steamers, a line owned principally by a Glasgow firm.

It was during this voyage that he made his first acquaintance with his future enemies, the mosquitoes, who gave him a bitter foretaste of future discomfort. The warnings he had received might well have discouraged a man of less determination. He was told that it would not be long before he was racked with fever; as a matter of fact it was many years before he had his first attack of malaria. A cholera-belt must be worn, and this he did for some time; but the intolerable irritation caused by the friction of the flannel against his skin made him discard it, never to be worn again. He describes the feeling as that of an army of fleas campaigning round his waist. It was hot and uncomfortable, and the profuse perspiration induced by the tropical atmosphere caused a disagreeable soapy feeling which soon led to its abandonment. He was to avoid the night air and not be out after sunset, but unaccustomed as he was to the tropical heat and fierce glare of the sun, he found that the only pleasant time in the twenty-four hours was the night air. He was to take certain medicines

and observe so many precautions that he came to the conclusion that if all this cosseting and coddling were to be carried out he would be of equal use to the country enclosed in a glass case and soaked with disinfectants. In fact, he disregarded nearly all the precautions he ought to have taken, and found that by just taking the country as it was, living simply and reasonably, and not worrying about his health, he could get on very well, and that this sensible view has its value is proved by the fact that he has spent in those parts of the world more than thirty years, often leading a very exposed and hard life.

He had many warnings against the dangerous country he was going to, and that his life might at any moment be cut short by the assassin's knife. As a matter of fact, these countries were at that time safer than they are at the present day. The influx of foreigners has not improved the moral of the inhabitants. The old-time Paraguayan was a courteous, hospitable creature, and Grubb found them always willing to do their best for him. This cannot be said of the element which has been growing up of late years. It is the result of the mixture of many classes, the offspring of foreigners, frequently themselves of undesirable antecedents. Many of them are of criminal tendencies, and as such are not appreciated as workmen on the settled farms of the country. Their tendency is rather to drift to the great establishments engaged in the

lumber trade. In these places hundreds of men are employed ; their life is hard and rough ; they are generally the riff-raff of the country. Away from the centres of population they lead a wild life, and consequently crime is frequent among them. On the least provocation, out comes the knife. When influenced by drink they are dangerous, and managers, for their own sakes, maintain as strict a discipline as they can, but with such a motley crew life is never too secure. Every precaution is taken to exclude alcohol and every device is employed to frustrate these efforts and, strange to say, women are the chief offenders, many of their smuggling stratagems showing great ingenuity. Boats frequently crossed from the opposite side of the river and were moored to the bank, and it was a common practice to fish from them when so secured. This was all quite legitimate. But one day a manager while strolling along the bank noticed that the catch of fish seemed inadequate to the number of lines, also that many lines were secured to the boats with no one attendant on them. Out of mere idle curiosity he pulled at one of the lines and felt that he had got rather a heavy catch. On hauling it up he found that his " catch " consisted of a large bottle filled with strong spirit and securely corked. Needless to say all similar " catches " were confiscated. This was a paying game to successful smugglers, for each bottle of strong spirit was

diluted to make three others of fairly strong stuff and sold at a price to make a handsome return.

Grubb was staying with a friend at a place where the man in charge carefully secured every door and window before retiring for the night, and placed his carefully loaded revolver in handy proximity to his bedside. He assured Grubb that he would not be safe if he did not take such precautions. Being in charge he often had differences with the work-people, and although he was a good and just man, he had such a passionate crowd to deal with that he knew quite well that assassination was far from a doubtful possibility. He was surprised when Grubb told him that he and his companions had travelled for days through the Indian country without arms. The man related how, a short time before, on returning home one dark night his nostrils were assailed by a very noxious effluvium, and, following the direction, discovered the body of a woman half supported against a tree, eyeless and with her body gashed. On another occasion, during a dancing-party in a shed, two men quarrelled, and straight-way stabbed each other with their knives. While some one went for the police, the others simply propped the two dying men against the wall in the corner and coolly went on with their dance. Such incidents were common.

On one occasion Grubb and his companions were making a journey up the Paraguay River and had

courteously given a "lift" to two strangers, one a Frenchman, the other an Australian who had "drifted" into those regions in search of what he termed "stamps," otherwise money. On the journey they were tormented by mosquitoes, and alcohol if rubbed on the stings alleviates the pain. The Frenchman produced a small bottle of brandy and generously offered to share it with the others, but was advised to put it away and on no account to give any to the Australian, who although honest enough in other respects was terribly afraid of water, and was, moreover, very fond of spirits. Night came on, the Frenchman lay down and composed himself to sleep, the Australian lying beside him. Gradually the craving for the brandy overcame all better feelings, and he cautiously abstracted the bottle from his companion's pocket and finished the contents. The effects soon betrayed him, for he became somewhat hilarious. Grubb was quick to perceive the reason, and determined to get even. In the darkness the launch approached a Brazilian's hut where they were to replenish their stock of firewood. The hut was guarded by several fierce dogs used in hunting, which the Brazilian called off and then pushed out a dug-out to enable the party to land. The Australian would have followed, but this was not allowed. The launch was fastened by the bow to a tree, and he, indignant at having his independence curtailed, made a leap for

an overhanging bough by which means it would be easy to reach firm ground, but the savage dogs suspicious of the form in the tree crouched waiting below, and he could not regain the launch, for the leap he had made had sent it from under him. From the hut Grubb saw the situation, but determined to let it rest at that until he had terminated his business. It is satisfactory to learn that eventually he turned over a fresh leaf, became a more reputable character, acquired wealth, and lived to thank Grubb for the excellent advice and moral help he had given him.

Adolfo Henricksen, who went out to the Paraguayan Chaco in the middle of 1888, died about a year afterwards through an illness contracted from exposure in an open boat on the River Paraguay. His death aroused much sympathy in England, and in order to make it easier for missionaries to travel on that great waterway, a steam-launch was given to the mission. It was a small boat, twenty-three feet nine inches in length, and would have been very serviceable for harbour work where no rough seas would be encountered. This little steam-launch met with some accidents on its way out, but eventually it was put into service on the Paraguay. The boiler and machinery were too heavy for the size of the boat, the fresh water of the river not being so buoyant as sea-water. The Paraguay, even in the far interior, is a mighty river, and some

rough seas are encountered, especially when the strong south winds rise up against the current. Sometimes these strong winds blow up quite suddenly, and, if in a small boat, one has to be very careful indeed.

Grubb has traversed the River Paraguay on hundreds of occasions, making trips of thirty, forty and fifty miles at a time, and often more, in boats, canoes and dug-outs. A dug-out is a very treacherous vessel; even in perfectly still water one may easily topple out of it or capsize it, if not used to this kind of craft. They are simply the trunks of trees hollowed out and roughly shaped. They vary in size according to the size of the tree obtainable. To those who know how to manage them, they are wonderful little boats. With good paddlers a good speed can be attained. Those accustomed to them can stand upright and so paddle with all their might, and carefully handled they are quite good in a heavy sea. Grubb has even sailed one across the Paraguay with quite fair-sized waves caused by the strong south wind blowing against the current. The great advantage of a dug-out is that if one can swim he may be capsized in the middle of the river and yet not be particularly inconvenienced. A dug-out will not sink, of course, but to right it in mid-stream, bail out the water and get in again with twenty or thirty feet of water beneath one requires some doing, but it can be done quite easily once the trick

is learnt. The steam-launch was not such a safe vessel, but it was more roomy, and although not much faster down stream than a dug-out, it had the great advantage of being able to come up stream at a steady rate, without entailing heavy muscular fatigue on the part of the crew, and, of course, it was more commodious and convenient all round.

With that little steamer, called the *Adolfo Henriksen*, Grubb had many adventures. He once made a trip a long way up the Paraguay River towards Brazil, and picked up a party of surveyors. There were on the boat three Englishmen, a Polish count, a German, a Paraguayan surveyor and his servant. All could swim with perfect ease and were quite at home in the water with the exception of three, the Polish count, the Paraguayan servant and one of the Englishmen. Crossing one of the wide stretches of the river, a sudden wind from the south came up, and by the time they were half-way across, the little boat, from its inability to rise to the waves, cutting into them in spite of all manœuvring, had shipped a good deal of water. The steam-launch, of course, was an open boat and had no deck of any kind. The fire-box was low down, and the passengers on board, together with their luggage and the supply of firewood, added so much more to the weight that there was by no means too much free-board above water. In spite of all precautions the fire began to

get damped, they lost steam and therefore steering way, and in this way shipped yet more water. It was a critical moment, but they ran as well as they could before the seas, and made for a shallow stretch on the opposite bank. The only hope of saving the boat from sinking in deep water was for all who could swim to jump into the river. Fortunately they had plenty of rope on board, and tying all together, those who could swim jumped out, while one of the three who were poor swimmers paid out the rope carefully. The Paraguayan servant was terror stricken, especially when he saw his master jump into the water with all his clothes on, and strike out with the rope-end toward the shore. He thought his end had come. The Englishman was not in the least disturbed, and being well up in the management of boats he looked after the handling of the craft. The Polish count sat quite calm and unmoved, with an interested look watching the proceedings, just as if he had been viewing a boat-race. It was a fine exploit, and although inconvenient, and as Grubb knew about to entail much labour upon them, the saving of the wreck was quite exciting and highly amusing.

The Paraguayan surveyor was a short man, but although fully dressed he was quite at home in the water; in fact, most of the party were almost as much at home in that element as the fish were. He had the end of the rope, which by this time was out



AN INDIAN EXTRACTING HONEY FROM A HOLE IN A TREE

Smoke is often used as a protection. Young bees are eaten as a delicacy with the honey. The picture clearly shows the dense tropical undergrowth and luxuriant creepers. Air plants hang from the main branch, and the thorny leaves of the caraguata (or water plant) make progress difficult and painful to the naked feet and legs.

to its full length, and all were swimming and tugging at it in order to bring the boat nearer to land. But it was slow work, and they could see that they were drifting slowly past the shallow stretch they hoped to reach. They called to him, therefore, to try and bottom, which he did, but immediately went out of sight. The boat was gradually sinking deeper, and the situation was very critical indeed. One of the Englishmen was a tall fellow, so he struck out to the end of the line and all pulled again with a will. The German was a short-bearded fellow; he wore large bombachos, or leg coverings something like a clown's pantaloons, much appreciated by some out there because of their coolness and ease, and the fact that not being tight-fitting the mosquitoes do not so easily penetrate them. These pantaloons filled with air, and were seen floating on the water like great puddings, similar to clothes in a washtub. He was swimming on his back pulling at the rope, his beard floating on the water, and his straw hat tightly fixed over his head. Although there was laughing and joking it was nevertheless hard work, and they knew they had but little time to spare. If they could not get the boat into the shallow stream it would go down in fairly deep water.

At last a cheer, the long-legged Englishman who had tried bottoming two or three times eventually just touched the mud with his toes. Hurrah! two

or three more pulls and he at last might get bottom, having some inches the advantage of most of the others. At last he got a footing, but it was a very precarious one. However, with help of the others, and his pulling they got in some more slack of the rope and eventually another got foothold, and Longshanks himself got a better grip. After that it was fairly easy, and before very long the Polish count and the other two could safely get out of the launch, and then all pulling together the launch firmly grounded. Then all had a smoke and a rest, and afterwards set to work bailing out and carrying their soaked possessions ashore. It took a long time to clean up and get the steam-launch shipshape again. Then they had to light fires and get up steam, so it was well on to evening before they could risk hoisting the Blue Peter again. They were all tired and hungry and had enough of yachting for that day, but this was not a suitable place to spend the night. Had the wind altered and bad weather come on, the steam-launch might have been badly damaged, to say the least of it. The situation combined the following disadvantages : The stretch of water was very shallow, the river bank was not a nice place to camp on, they would have had to tow the launch out to deeper water and anchor it there, and even then bad weather might have sunk it again in that position, and their camp would have been too far away from the shore for them to be

able to watch it. To have had a repetition of the rescue by day in the night-time would have been anything but pleasant; so, although the weather did not look at all settled, they set sail for a settlement further down the river, and before reaching that haven of rest they very nearly had as bad a disaster, but all's well that ends well. Such little incidents break the monotony of life in those lonely parts.

V

EARLY DAYS IN THE CHACO

EARLY in 1890 the Right Rev. Dr. Stirling, first Bishop of the Falkland Isles and Superintendent of the Society's Missions, ordered Grubb to penetrate into the interior and investigate fully the numbers, location and attitude of the various tribes, with the view of ascertaining how best to prosecute the Mission already begun by Henricksen. He could have availed himself of an armed guard ; in fact, he was urged by many well-wishers to do so, but, as a missionary and messenger of peace, such a course would not only have been inconsistent, but inadvisable. Had he begun this work under armed protection, it would have incensed the Indians against him, as they would have looked upon him as a possible enemy, and they would also have concluded from his coming in force that he was to some extent afraid of them. The only course open, therefore, was to go alone, and trust himself entirely in their hands.

Experienced explorers, Government officials, settlers, traders and others, on hearing of his determination to enter the Chaco alone and to live

with the Indians, warned him of the dangers he was incurring, and assured him that such a step was tantamount to committing suicide. So little was known of the Indians that it was generally believed that they were in the habit of taking off their heads and carrying them under their arms. The kind-hearted peasants and many friends whose acquaintance he had made during his few months' residence on the river's bank implored him not to throw away his life, and some, with tears in their eyes, invoked the protection of the Virgin and Saints on his behalf when they found he would not be dissuaded. So prevalent was the opinion that he would assuredly lose his life that on three occasions in particular, owing to his prolonged absence and to reports from river Indians, the rumour of his death was readily accepted. Once it was only by making a forced voyage all night in a canoe that he was enabled to prevent an official announcement of his death being sent home by the British Consul at Asuncion.

Humanly speaking, Grubb's preservation during these early years was mainly due to the attitude which he had decided on in his own mind as the best to adopt in dealing with such a people. That attitude was briefly this: To assume at all times and under all circumstances superiority and authority, for Indians only respect the strong, and have no regard whatever for a man of weak

character and wavering will. Should they once detect any signs of fear on his part, he knew that his work among them would prove a failure, and that they would at once assume it to be weakness if he sought protection from their Chiefs. Again, if he had endeavoured to curry favour with them by giving presents, they would never have been satisfied, and would have resorted to threats in order to extort more from him. Being a stranger and a guest in their country, he considered it wise to respect, as far as possible, their customs and laws, but at the same time he determined to show them very clearly that he did not intend to be bound by such restrictions when they interfered with his plans. He knew that their witch-doctors would treat him with open hostility, and that they would prove the greatest obstacle to the foundation of a mission among their people.

It was sometimes very difficult not to betray a sign of nervousness when in a tight corner; still, he knew that any symptom of fear would be his undoing. On one occasion when the Indians were very angry with him, one man actually fixed an arrow in his bow and, pushing the point against Grubb's chest, threatened to drive it through him. Grubb could clearly see that the man was only trying to intimidate him, and he managed to burst out into a fit of, he confesses, very insincere and forced laughter. The man shrank back surprised,

and, following up his advantage, Grubb abused him heartily, and took the first opportunity to go off with assumed disdain, but really to avoid further danger.

The various clans are extremely jealous of each other. One day Grubb required the services of twelve men, and accordingly applied to the Chief, who refused. Grubb then dealt directly with the men himself. They were willing, but said that their Chief would not allow them. "Oh, all right," he said; "if you cannot obey me, I will go and stay at Yithwase-yamilkit. I cannot be thwarted in this way." He could see at once that, rather than allow him to do this, they would comply with his wishes in spite of their Chief. They went and consulted him, and then came back to tell Grubb that they would do as he wished. He refused their services, but after a time relented, on condition that they nominated another Chief and deposed the present one. They again consulted. Presently the Chief himself came to him, assumed a very aggrieved tone, informed him that he had always been his friend, and inquired the reason of his wrath. Grubb told him he was well aware of the cause, and he expressed regret, saying that he would at once order his men to do what was wanted. Grubb therefore agreed to overlook the matter, but impressed upon him that it must not occur again. To have coaxed him, given him a present, or to have supplicated

his good offices, would have resulted in his victimizing him whenever he thought it would suit his purpose.

Perhaps a few general instances given here will best illustrate the way in which he carried out this policy.

On arriving at a village, he insisted, as far as possible, upon all the people ministering to his personal comfort. He ordered one to prepare his resting-place, another to make a fire, a third to bring him water, and another to pull off his knee-boots. When the heat was great or the flies troublesome, he made two sit by him with fans. When on foot, and having to cross a swampy patch, he made one of them carry him across—in fact, he avoided doing anything himself that he could persuade them to do for him. He generally travelled with seven or eight Indian attendants, occasionally giving them a small present for their services, and assumed as much pomp as the circumstances would allow. In cases of difficulty, however, such as battling with a pampas fire, getting refractory animals across a river, and the like, he took a leading part himself, in order to show them that he could do such things when necessary.

A few months previous to Grubb's arrival in Paraguay, Adolfo Henricksen, the founder of the Mission, had died from the effects of exposure on the river. He had established a temporary station at

Riacho Fernandez, an island in the River Paraguay, some thirty miles north of Villa Concepción, and his constant journeys in a canoe to and from this town, exposed to all weathers, proved too much for his constitution. His two companions left the Mission soon after Grubb's arrival, and he thus had to make his way single-handed.

He found Riacho Fernandez by no means a desirable or beautiful spot. Mosquitoes hung about all day, and at night were so troublesome that he had early to seek the shelter of his net. In addition to these pests, sandflies, horseflies and fleas made life almost intolerable. The island was sandy and swarmed with ants—little red, stinging creatures, which got into all the food, and swarmed so thickly on the table during meals that it was necessary to skim the soup. The sugar was always a mass of ants, and the only means of getting rid of them was by putting them with the sugar into the tea or coffee and skimming them off when they rose to the surface. His food consisted chiefly of biscuits, rice and sun-dried meat. Owing to the damp, hot climate this meat soon became filled with maggots, but in the process of stewing these also rose to the surface and were easily got rid of.

He soon discovered that the original design of trying to win the Indians who could be attracted to the comparatively safe position which he held on the bank of the River Paraguay was utterly

impracticable. Few Indians frequented the bank of this river, and those who did so had become very degenerate—had taken to drink and other bad habits—through their intercourse with the foreign settlements. The real Indian population lived in the interior, and there, consequently, lay his goal. It was with alacrity that he obeyed Bishop Stirling's orders to push into the interior, with the view of establishing a Mission in the heart of the Chaco. He fully realized that the element of personal danger would be vastly greater there than at Riacho Fernandez, but it was equally patent that no Indian Mission could be established with that as its base.

Having heard of a well-populated line running westward towards the River Pilcomayo, Grubb determined to penetrate in that direction, with a view to examining what possibilities there were among the Indians there.

For the first journey he selected five river Indians as guides, but they were not very anxious to go, putting all kinds of objections in the way. At the very outset they purposely endeavoured to delay him by continually pretending to lose the track, hoping by this means to induce him to give up the attempt in disgust. Eventually, however, they arrived at a village called *Kilmesakthlapomap* ("the place of burnt pigs"). As his guides were dawdling behind, evidently afraid of the reception they would meet with for bringing a strange

foreigner into their fastnesses, Grubb rode on ahead of them right up into the midst of the village. The Indians, who were in strong force, were holding a feast, at which apparently a plentiful supply of native beer was being consumed. He heard afterwards that they had had news of the possibility of his arrival among them, but his sudden appearance seemed to fill them with astonishment.

Annoyed at the conduct of his guides, he determined to take a high hand, and so beckoned to a young Indian standing by and ordered him to take his horse to water. Grubb's vocabulary being very limited, he was compelled to make considerable use of signs. Beckoning to a woman, he pointed to a shady tree near by, and, sitting down upon the ground, gave her to understand that he would camp under that tree, and, pointing to a fire, told her to take it and place it there for his convenience. He then walked round the village, beating off the dogs with his whip, and selected a piece of pumpkin here and there and a few potatoes. These he gave to a man, and signed to him to put them under the tree where he intended to camp. By this time his horse had been brought back, so he unsaddled it, and then gave the lad instructions as well as he could to let it loose and to look after it. He then called one of the boys to him, and sent him off with his kettle to the swamp for water, and thus the arrangements for his comfort were complete.

Grubb afterwards learnt from the Indians that his high-handed behaviour, which, if shown by one of their own people, not only would have been considered insufferably rude, but would have been strongly resented, had filled them with surprise. They could not understand how a defenceless stranger could act in this way among so many people. They said it made them fear him, as they felt he must be possessed of some occult power. But they had determined among themselves to watch his movements very closely, and to test him that very night.

Grubb's refractory guides, who had joined him in the village, refused to conduct him further west, so he dismissed them and sent them back to the River Paraguay. He was therefore entirely at the mercy of people, knowing none and being known of none. As night drew on he deemed it expedient to so arrange his bed as to be able to lie on the top of most of his baggage, for fear of any attempt at pilfering. He was justified in taking these precautions, for it seems that the Indians had determined to rifle his belongings that night, in order to see what attitude he would take. Not long after he had retired to rest under his net, he saw two dark figures stealthily moving round, and presently felt a hand inserted beneath him and fumbling at his baggage. They evidently supposed him to be asleep, but when he suddenly put out his head and shouted at them,

they disappeared precipitately. He spent an anxious and watchful night, but received no more visitors.

On the following morning Grubb called the Chief, and did his best to make him understand that he wanted to travel five days to the west, to the village of their war Chief, Yahoyispuk ("Storkneck"), and that he required guides for the journey. Much talking followed, but no volunteers came forward, and it was very evident that they did not want him to go on. He offered a pair of cotton trousers as a reward to the first man who should volunteer to accompany him, but even they did not seem to attract. He had another pair, evidently made out of the end of the piece of calico, for stamped in blue ink upon one of the legs was the British Lion and "30 yards, Manchester." This was too much for the witch-doctor, for he at once offered to go if Grubb would give him that pair. He agreed, and the witch-doctor was proceeding to try them on when Grubb stopped him, and gave him to understand that they would not be his until he had completed his contract. He was not too well pleased at this, but apparently agreed to the bargain, so in due time they set off, and after many vicissitudes arrived at the village of Yahoyispuk.

Towards the end of the year 1890 Grubb returned from the interior to Riacho Fernandez, and as he had no companion to look after his few belongings, he

found it necessary to remove them to Villa Concepción, where he rented a room for the purpose.

Early in 1891 he made an extended tour in Paraguay proper, in order to see what opportunities there might be of reaching the Indians on that side. Riacho Fernandez, which was the property of an English land company, was now occupied by them as a wood-cutting station, and on his return there he found that the Indians had broken into their store, and had carried off a considerable quantity of goods. He accordingly resolved to visit the Indians concerned, in order to see if he could persuade them to return what they had stolen, or at least to give compensation.

When he declared his intention of following up the thieves, Grubb was laughed at by the Paraguayans and the representatives of the company. They told him that the looters had retired many leagues into the interior for fear of reprisals, and that they were reported to be in a very dangerous mood. Nevertheless, he considered it well worth his while to make the attempt. It was clearly quite as dangerous to penetrate into the country in any other direction, as he knew that the report of what these Indians had done must by this time have reached the Indian villages far and wide. If the delinquents were not punished or brought to see the error of their ways, it was perfectly clear that they would behave towards him, if he established

any station among them, especially in the interior, as they had towards the English company. Again, if he could succeed in making them pay for all they had taken, it would be a great recommendation for his system of dealing with them, and would tend to gain him the support and sympathy so urgently needed in the great undertaking contemplated.

He accordingly found his way on foot and alone to a small Indian encampment near a forest, about six miles inland. There he met an old Indian who possessed a horse. After some difficulty, Grubb persuaded him to take him to the village of the thieves, and, mounting behind him on the same horse, without a saddle, he travelled about eighteen miles, until they reached a place called Neantamama, where he found the culprits. They were rather defiant and insolent at first, but with the little language at his disposal Grubb attacked them vigorously on the subject of the theft, explaining to them that it had been his intention to throw in his lot with their people and make his home among them, but that he could not think of doing so unless they took steps to throw off this reproach on their character. On his telling them that they would probably be attacked by the Paraguayans, they only laughed, and said they were not afraid. He then informed them that all along the River Paraguay they were regarded as thieves and

sneaking foxes, and that he could never again take any of them with him to Concepción, because he too would be looked upon as a thief if he consorted with thieves. They got angry at this, and reminded him that he was alone, while they were many. Grubb told them that he had no fear, and that only six months before, as they well knew, he had journeyed alone to the village of their great war Chief, Yahoyispuk. Turning sharply on one of them, he reminded him how he had acted on an occasion, some nine months previously, when he pushed his arrow-point against Grubb's chest and threatened to shoot him. "Which of us was most afraid then?" he said. At this some of his people smiled, and he clearly showed that he did not appreciate the reminder.

Eventually they invited Grubb to sit down and discuss the theft question. The result of this conversation was that they agreed to repay the value of what they had stolen in skins and feathers, but only on condition that he promised to go with them to the foreigners, and afterwards to return and live with them. To this Grubb agreed, but took the precaution of remaining at their village until they got together the necessary amount of skins and feathers.

In a few days the necessary amount of skins and feathers was procured by hunting, and, accompanied by the Indians, he returned to Riacho Fernandez,

and paid them over to the English company as compensation for the theft.

Cheered by the influence which he seemed to have gained, he became hopeful of the future success of his work, and accordingly returned with this party of Indians and established himself with them at Neantamama. As he intended to remain there for some months, and found it inconvenient to live actually in the village, he made the Indians build a separate hut for him. It was about eleven feet high at the ridge, and a little over six feet to the wall-plate. The walls consisted of palm-logs and sticks about eighteen inches apart, and were made partly weather-proof by a rough thatching of grass. The roof also was of grass thatch. There was no door to this dwelling, but as a substitute a bush was stuck in the opening as a protection against the entrance of dogs. The table consisted of four palm-stumps stuck into the ground, with a deer-skin stretched over them, and the seat was made of two half palm-stems fixed on to two uprights. He slept on the floor on a sheep-skin. His possessions he placed in Indian net-bags slung from the rafters.

One day the Indians killed a cow, and Grubb secured a quarter of it from which to make *charqui*, or sun-dried meat. These strips of meat he took in at night, and strung them up to the rafters for security. On the following night, while asleep under his net, he was awakened by a rustling noise outside.

He listened attentively, thinking at first it might be a dog, but the careful way in which the grass at the foot of the wall was being gently torn out convinced him that it was a man, and not a dog. He accordingly waited developments, and presently a dark shaggy head wormed its way through the wall. Gently loosening the folds of the mosquito-net from beneath his sheep-skin bed, which was laid within a few feet of the wall, he shot out his hand and caught a firm hold of the intruder's back hair, at the same time pinning his face down to the ground. It was a most ludicrous sight to see this naked man thus caught in a trap, lying on his stomach, his head protruding through the thatch, wedged face downwards, and Grubb's hand firmly gripping his hair. He then inquired who his visitor was, and from muffled sounds discovered it was "Alligator Stomach." By way of explanation, he coolly told Grubb that he had heard dogs near his hut, and, fearing for the safety of his meat, he had simply come to drive them out. Still retaining his hold of him, Grubb asked why he had gone to the trouble of breaking through his wall instead of coming through the doorway, and told him that, in his opinion, he was the dog; then, pushing his head roughly through the hole, bade him begone. Grubb knew him as a greedy and worthless fellow, and yet, although caught in such a position, he coolly professed to have been acting on his behalf.

This was not the first occasion on which the Indians had in this way shown their consideration for Grubb. While at Riacho Fernandez, the old Chief and some of his people repeatedly brought him presents of vegetables, and refused to receive any payment for them. But, being rather softened by such generosity, he insisted upon giving them a present in return, which consisted of rice and biscuits. This went on for several days; but, happily, one night he slept badly, and, feeling irritable, got up from his bed. Quite contrary to his custom, he took a walk in the direction of his garden, just as the first streak of dawn was appearing. In the dim light he could discern dark shadows moving about in his potato-patch, and, on approaching nearer, discovered the secret of the Indians' generosity. There was the old Chief, with two others, busily digging up his potatoes, undoubtedly intending to bring them to him an hour or so later as a present, and in return, of course, to receive a gift of gratitude from him. But the game was up, much to their disgust and greatly to Grubb's satisfaction. He gave them the benefit of his limited vocabulary, and made a mental note of the discovery for future use.

Many of the neighbouring Indians had joined the party with which Grubb originally settled at Neantamama, who had been urging upon them for some time the advisability of combining to form one

large permanent village, and of giving up their nomadic habits. His efforts met with some measure of success; and having in the course of hunting expeditions with the natives discovered a place called Thlagnasinkinmith ("the place of the *garpata*, or ticks"), he decided on this site, and the Indians expressed their willingness to accompany him thither.

But Grubb was doomed to lose his property, for, while making preparations at Neantamama for the move to Thlagnasinkinmith, his hut caught fire. The season being a very dry one, and the hut built of the inflammable material already mentioned, the evening breeze quickly fanned the flames, with the result that they could save very little owing to the fierce heat and blinding smoke. While gazing at the destruction, he suddenly remembered a small case containing about nine pounds of powder, which was lying in the hut. He shouted to the people to stand clear, but to his surprise, and before anyone could prevent her, an old woman rushed forward. In some marvellous manner she got possession of the case, which was lying near one of the walls, and, fighting her way through the smoke and flames, she placed it triumphantly at a safe distance. Some loose tins of powder which still remained in the hut presently exploded, greatly to the consternation of the Indians, and in a few minutes the hut fell in, and all was over.

As all his property was consumed—clothes, boots, watch and other important belongings—he was compelled to adopt the costume of the Indians for a time, until the order which he had sent to Concepción for more clothes could be carried out. Therefore, on this migration to Thlagnasinkinmith, he travelled in Indian fashion, with only a blanket. The Indians, being thoroughly delighted with his appearance, decorated him with some necklaces and an ostrich-feather head-dress, and honoured him with an additional name, “Tathnawu-lamum” (a dandy). Although he may have looked very picturesque to them in this costume, he suffered considerably from the bare parts of his body being attacked by the insects, but experienced still greater pain from the want of boots. One of the Indians, however, made him some sheep-skin sandals, which were a great protection to his cut and blistered feet. It was about a month before he received a fresh and welcome supply of European clothing.

A site was soon cleared at Thlagnasinkinmith, and buildings were erected in native style, but greatly superior to their ordinary shelters. Grubb built two palm huts for himself, and they laid out and planted gardens. But although success had been thus far achieved, yet he felt that there was still a certain element of distrust and fear of him in the minds of the natives. Some months before

settling at Thlagnasinkinmith an old woman became very ill with fever. He took the case in hand, and although the Indians thought she was going to die, yet within an hour or two after his treatment she was apparently much better. This gave him great prestige among the people, but unfortunately a few weeks afterwards the Chief's infant child fell sick. Grubb was called to attend it, and found it was suffering from acute bronchial pneumonia, and past any possible hope of recovery. The child died, and the father evidently believed that Grubb could have saved it if he had wished, and insinuated as much by referring to the case of the old woman.

This unfortunate incident had probably much to do with a later attempt to poison him. He was always careful to clean and fill his kettle, which served as teapot, and one day after doing so placed it on the fire and went away till it should boil. On his return he found it boiling, and quite contrary to his usual custom—he does not know why—he raised the lid and looked inside, and there to his surprise he saw the leaves of some plant floating on the surface. On further examination he found quite a handful of these strange leaves inside, so he immediately questioned the Indians. They all pretended to be surprised and to know nothing about it, saying that they did not even know what plant it was. He had suspicions, but could do

nothing, and so cleaning and refilling the kettle he stood by until his tea was made.

Grubb had from the very first made a strong stand against the people taking to the use of foreign liquor, for, in the first place, it was bad liquor, and, secondly, very much stronger and more injurious than their own intoxicants. His efforts in this direction had met with a considerable amount of success, which was partly due to the fact that he strictly avoided it himself. But one day an Indian thought he had caught him in the act. He was in his hut pouring into a glass a small dose of a quinine mixture, which certainly did contain a very small percentage of alcohol. It was an exceedingly bitter and nauseous concoction, which had been recommended to him as a preventive against malarial fever. While he was drinking this dose, Pinse-apawa happened to come in, and, looking suspicious, he took up the bottle and smelt the contents. "Ah!" he said, "this smells like foreign liquor." Grubb at once motioned to him to be silent, for he had a knowing look on his face, as much as to say, "These things are not good for us, but you can take them," and he told him that if he would promise to say nothing about it to the rest, he would give him some.

His eyes sparkled with delight as Grubb poured him out a good dose; he instantly gulped it down, but almost as quickly threw most of it up again,

and with a look of intense disgust upon his face, said: "That is not foreign liquor." He never again expressed any desire to taste patent beverages, and it is probable he kept his promise of secrecy.

VI

INCIDENTS AND ADVENTURES

THE alligator, to say the least of it, is neither a beautiful nor yet a pleasant creature; he is, as you know, a near relative of the crocodile, but slimmer and on the whole not quite so dangerous. Alligators abound in the tropical rivers and backwaters of South America. It is in the more equatorial parts where they attain to their greatest size, and there they are more active and dangerous than those encountered nearer the tropic of Capricorn. The alligators of the lower Paraguay, about the southern tropic, rarely exceed ten feet in length. In quiet streams where fish abound they are found in great numbers, but they are not regarded as specially dangerous, although an Indian has been known to lose a bit of the calf of his leg through a chance snap from one of these reptiles. Doubtless the alligator could have done far more damage had the Indian not been alert and armed. Generally the alligator of these parts will not attack man unless cornered and hunted. Their natural impulse is to make for the water and to get out of the way. On the occasion referred to

the Indian formed one of a party who were hunting the alligators in an inland weedy stream about waist deep. These natives are very fond of the flesh of the alligator, and consider it very acceptable food. Grubb admits that he is rather particular about his food although he has lived nearly all his life in the wilds, and most people think he should be able to eat anything however cooked, but he confesses he has never tasted alligator, and has preferred tightening his belt to making a lunch off one, but some of his companions have partaken of the tail, which is the choicest portion, and asserted that it was really quite palatable. Grubb has eaten the tail of the iguana, and confesses he quite enjoyed it. Some people consider it a delicacy. Probably his enjoyment was increased owing to an uncomfortably long interval between meals. Grubb admits having a few prejudices, and among them that against the flesh of the monkey is strong. On one occasion when he was the guest of a native family, and as on many other occasions suffering from an empty void, he enjoyed with so much relish a well-cooked dish which was placed before him that he overcame his natural shyness and actually asked for two or three helpings, quite ignorant of what he was eating, but fully appreciating that it was very nice. His generous hosts were so pleased that he showed such appreciation of their cooking that they apologized profusely for

not being able to give him a similar dish in the morning, because, they said, monkeys were scarce round there. He wished they had not spoken.

When he realized that he had partaken so heartily of monkey, he at once developed sensations so often experienced by those unaccustomed to a sea voyage. He felt horribly uncomfortable, but the monkey would not leave him and so, similarly, it may well be that the tail of the alligator is quite nice, and that he might really enjoy it if he could only screw up his courage to the necessary pitch and overcome his prejudice. As a matter of diet alligators may be all very well in the frying-pan, but they are decidedly objectionable when one meets them alive and vigorous in the water, and it has been Grubb's misfortune on more than two or three occasions to be compelled to swim a weedy river in that lone wild land, far from human habitation, in the small dark hours of the morning. The experience was far from pleasant. As the swimmer made his way with all the speed at his command across the dark smooth stream he heard them grunting in the soft still night, and, worse still, could see their dark forms sluggishly moving not far away. With his clothes and a few belongings tied upon his head to keep them dry it is really wonderful the rate at which he can cleave these waters; but although so very unpleasant when crossing a river alone, and in the night especially, there is really

very little danger to be feared from the alligators in those parts. They do, however, sometimes show fight and coolly stand their ground with no inclination to move off.

On one occasion he went out in his canoe in order to get sticks for the side of the bullock waggon. After paddling about a league on the great River Paraguay, he noticed near the mouth of a little creek a clump of trees, just of the kind he wanted. He had already secured a few suitable sticks. They were about five feet long and three to four inches in diameter, because allowance had to be made for the cutting and squaring and the sap wood. The trees that he now observed would just supply him with the number he required, and he accordingly paddled forward to the spot. The river was high and the bank was low, and so in order to save tying up his canoe, ran its nose on the bank. He had hardly done so when an old he-alligator that was lying hidden in the tangled grass advanced close to the canoe and objected to his landing, evidently very angry and intending to dispute the right of trespass on what he considered his domain. This lack of courtesy was not to be borne and so, as he opened his great jaws, Grubb pushed the blade of the canoe paddle into his mouth. He snapped and treated the thin blade as if it had been an old match-box, but if he was cross Grubb too was offended, and so to repay his impudence he thought he would

give him something that he could not digest quite so easily, and when he opened his jaws again he landed the end of one of his poles fair in his mouth, and well into his throat, where it stuck. It would have been cruel to leave the poor brute, so he gave the end of it a bang or two with his axe, and finished him with a crack on the head. He then collected his sticks, and thinking it was a pity to leave him there, when the Indians at the camp up river would enjoy him for lunch, he tied a rope to his lower jaw, hauled him into the water and towed him up stream behind the canoe to the camp. There he was soon cut into steaks, and before long the natives were enjoying a tasty repast.

Fishing is not altogether void of risk, the unseen dangers being really much more formidable than any encounter with an alligator or large water-snake. The sting-ray fish, for example, lies hidden in the mud of the swamps, and especially of the larger streams. When trodden upon by the fisher, it retaliates by thrusting its powerful sting (rising as a fin from the back) into his foot, sometimes penetrating from the sole right through the instep. This causes not only intense suffering, but has been known to result in serious complications, and even death. A less dangerous but more common foe is a small fish with very sharp teeth, capable of biting through thin wire. It frequently attacks the fisher, taking away a piece of his flesh.

In the swamps, lying upon the tangled vegetation, poisonous snakes are sometimes to be found whose bite in some instances proves fatal to the natives. The danger is increased by their not being easily distinguished from the surrounding vegetation. Grubb himself has had several very narrow escapes. On one occasion, when he was clearing a passage through a swamp, and bending down to cut at the roots of the undergrowth, one of these snakes struck at him, but an Indian standing by dealt it a blow just in time with his bush-knife.

Riding early one morning along the edge of a swamp, accompanied by an Indian, he noticed a large stork close by. His companion dismounted, and with his gun succeeded in wounding it, but not severely. On riding up to secure it, Grubb was attacked by the bird, but managed to keep it off with his whip, and, awaiting his opportunity, threw his lasso. He did not succeed in looping it, but the rope twisted round its neck. The bird again savagely attacked him, but the Indian came to his assistance and succeeded in getting hold of the other end of the rope, by which means they strangled it.

Wild pigs are found in two varieties in the Chaco, the smaller and larger "peccare," the former being by far the more formidable. Frequently Indians in hunting these animals are forced to take refuge in a tree. The pigs move about in herds, thirty or forty

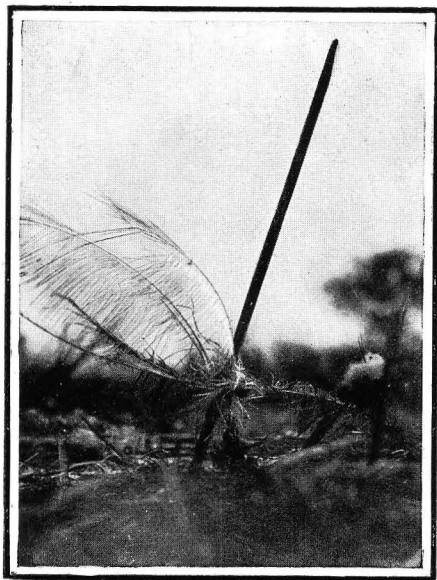
in number, and sometimes surround and kill a jaguar which has been tracking them.

A rather serio-comic adventure of an Indian with a jaguar took place near one of the stations. Several hunters had gone into the forest and had become scattered in searching for honey. One, having observed a hollow in a tree, climbed it in order to extract the much sought-after dainty. While busily occupied in this, he was horrified to see a huge jaguar coming in his direction. It took its stand beneath the tree, occasionally looking up at him, while it mauled his hide sandals, which he had left at the root together with his weapons. Fearing lest it should climb after him, he went up higher to the smaller branches, where the jaguar could not reach him on account of its weight and the difficulty of getting a good grip with its claws. To his disgust, close above him was a wasps' nest, and in order to protect himself he had to cover his body as best he could with his blanket, but not sufficiently to prevent his exposed parts receiving many stings. He proceeded to shout lustily for help, and his companions in time came to his rescue. Perceiving the cause of the alarm, they quickly took shelter behind the larger trees, and from their cover shot at the jaguar. It sprang at one, who dodged behind the trunk, but the others poured in a few more arrows and killed it. The released prisoner speedily descended from his uncomfortable position, and

helped his rescuers to take off the valuable skin, which, together with the fat, they carried off in triumph to the village. The danger being past, they sat round the fires eating the fat and indulging in merry jokes at their companion's expense.

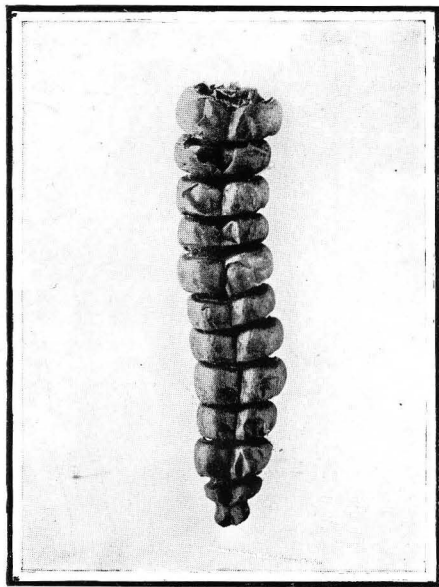
At the conclusion of a visit from Archdeacon Sinclair, Grubb accompanied him to the river on an Indian horse, riding bareback the thirty odd miles, as it would not allow itself to be saddled. This would have been a heavy strain on a man unaccustomed to it, but during his sojourn with the Indians he had often joined them in breaking in their wild horses, always riding bareback, as their habit is, with only string for a bit and a plaited deer-hide bridle. Many readers may be aware that the usual custom in South America differs from that in vogue in England. There the horses are trained to answer the bridle by pressure on the side of the neck.

On his return from escorting the Archdeacon, he was accompanied on horseback by an old witch-doctor from the north and his son. All went well until they reached the head waters of the River Fernandez. Grubb was leading, and made straight for the usual crossing, which was very wide and rather deep; but the witch-doctor called to him, and said that there was a better ford farther down. They travelled on in the pitch darkness for some time, and then attempted the crossing, but only



A LENGUA ROADWAY SIGN

The stick denotes that a party of Indians have gone in the direction it leans towards, which is further emphasised by grooves cut in the ground. They have gone to a feast, indicated by the bunch of feathers. The smaller stick with a fleece of white wool and a cob of maize shows that a sheep will be killed and eaten, together with maize.



THE RATTLE OF THE RATTLE-SNAKE

The end of the tail—the continuation of the backbone—is sheathed with loose ring-shaped sections of a horny substance. The wagging of the tail produces the rattling sound. This snake is supposed to acquire a new ring to its rattle each year it lives.

floundered in the soft mud. They tried again at another place, with the same result. Grubb then angrily insisted on going back to the original ford. After a time they consented. He had two dogs with him, and, contrary to their usual custom, they refused to follow him into the water. He told the witch-doctor to go on ahead while he tried to coax the dogs into the stream; but before he was half-way across, his companions, who had already reached the other bank, whipped up their horses and dashed into the forest, through which the path lay. Grubb followed them for a time, although it was pitch dark, but eventually could not tell where he was. He accordingly stood still and shouted. After repeating this for some time, he heard a faint call in the distance. He shouted again at intervals, and waited.

It was about 1.30 a.m. when his companions eventually rejoined him, and he was by no means in a pleasant humour, being wet, cold, mud-bespattered, and much worried by mosquitoes. He upbraided them for their conduct, but the witch-doctor assured him that there was a devil at the crossing, that the dogs had seen it, and that was the reason why they would not enter, adding that it was a wonder they had got through at all. This incident was annoying, but was only what one must expect amongst people in their condition.

Grubb's anger increased later on when he

returned to the settlement, for he found that the old wizard had given the Indians quite a false account of the matter. His version was that while Grubb was crossing the river the devil had caught him by the leg, and had nearly succeeded in pulling him off his horse, and that in their headlong flight he had lost his way in the forest, and, being in dreadful fear, Grubb had called piteously to him to come to his protection. He promptly proceeded to explain matters to the Indians, but he is quite sure that for many years they accepted the witch-doctor's story.

Hearing of a large feast some days' journey to the west, Grubb set out in that direction with an Indian guide. On arriving at the village he found over one hundred and seventy people gathered together for the occasion. Most of the men were very intoxicated, and he received rather a doubtful welcome. While some appeared delighted to see him, and expressed their pleasure that he had arrived in time to join in their festivities, the Chief and some others, almost at the same moment, accused him of having, by witchcraft, killed one of their horses, as they had found it dead the day before his arrival. He argued the matter with them, and suggested that death was probably due to snake-bite, or perhaps lightning; but they would accept none of his explanations, and did not conceal their anger. Although he spent some time in the

village, he did not take part in the feast, and deemed it advisable to make his camp under some trees a little way off.

His guide, as might be expected, was taking his full part in the merry-making, so, being alone, Grubb retired to rest. Several times during the early part of the night natives visited him, and urged him to come out from under his mosquito-net and join them in the dances; but he refused all their invitations. About midnight, as he was feeling thirsty and had no water by him, he called out for some to be brought to him. The Indian word for water is *yingmin*, and for beer *anmin*. One old man, mistaking his call, and being himself in rather a muddled condition, thought he had shouted for *anmin*, and presently arrived with a calabash full of beer. This Grubb refused, and told him he wanted water. The man evidently felt amused, and calling to a girl to fetch water he himself drank the beer as he sat by Grubb, but for the rest of that night he never seemed to have got rid of the idea that he wanted beer, and kept on visiting him with further supplies, greatly to his annoyance. On two occasions, finding him asleep, he lifted up the net, letting in swarms of mosquitoes and, stumbling forward, drenched Grubb with the beer, for his calabash held at least two quarts. What with the insects and the discomfort of his beer-soaked bed and garments, he enjoyed little sleep that night.

In the morning, as he had no further desire to remain, he determined to visit a village about half a day's journey off. His guide wished to linger at the feast, so he applied to the Chief, Mechi, for another, and was told that one would be procured, but after waiting some time Grubb became impatient and called him up again. He was very intoxicated, and said he could induce no one to undertake the task. Grubb then insisted on his acting as guide. After a few hot words he consented, and his horse was brought. But it was soon evident that he could not keep his balance on it, as he fell to the ground at each attempt to mount. At last a happy thought came to him, and he commandeered a young lad, who was made to get up behind and hold him on. With this strange escort the journey was commenced. The new guide gradually became sober, although he kept up a confused conversation the whole way, the main drift of which seemed to be that the native beer was very good, and that it really had very few bad effects.

On arriving at his destination, Grubb found that a feast was also contemplated there, on the conclusion of the one he had just left, and that preparations had already begun, the women being busily engaged in making flour from the bean of the *algaroba* tree, which is fairly common in the drier parts of the Chaco. It produces a plentiful supply of a very nourishing bean, which forms a large

proportion of the Indian food while it is in season, being not only pounded into flour for cakes, but largely used for brewing a native beer.

Grubb had no wish to be present at this second feast, and determined to make his way back again to Thlagnasinkinmith, as he wanted to avoid being overtaken by the heavy rains, which were shortly expected. He arranged with three Indian lads to accompany him, and, all being ready for a start in the early afternoon, he began to take his leave of the people. His three companions were indulging in a game of hockey, which is indigenous among these people, but in a very primitive form, and he had great difficulty in persuading them to make a start.

All went well until the evening of the second day, when the gathering darkness compelled them to camp under a few trees in an open plain. They had previously observed that heavy banks of clouds were gathering in the west and south, but the Indians were of opinion that the threatened storm would not break till the following morning. Grubb therefore looked forward to a comfortable night's rest, but he was sadly disappointed. About seven o'clock it began to thunder, and forked lightning shot across the sky in all directions. Still, it did not rain, and he soon got under his net. He had been asleep only a short time when his Indians awoke him, informing him that the storm was about to burst.

He hastily arose in order to secure his more perishable belongings, and, gathering together his saddle-gear and bedding, covered them up as well as he could at the foot of a tree. He had hardly done so when the roar of the wind was heard in the south, and a great black cloud stretched itself across the horizon close to the ground. It was evident that a dust-storm was upon them, and, together with the Indians, he crouched down and covered his mouth and nose. In a few minutes they were smothered with dust and nearly choked. Shortly afterwards great drops of rain began to fall. The thunder was terrific and the lightning exceptionally vivid. The torrential downpour soon put out the fire and chilled them to the bone. They all huddled together for warmth, but were very soon actually sitting in water, and in this miserable condition were forced to pass the night.

When morning dawned it was still raining, but they made preparations to move on. The lower-lying land was entirely covered with some inches of water, and the previously dry stream-beds and swamps were already almost half-full. About midday they reached a deserted hut, and making a fire were able partially to dry their clothes.

The rest of the journey was hard for both man and beast. Often the horses were tethered in water over their fetlocks. Frequently they had to cross gullies where the water nearly covered the saddle,

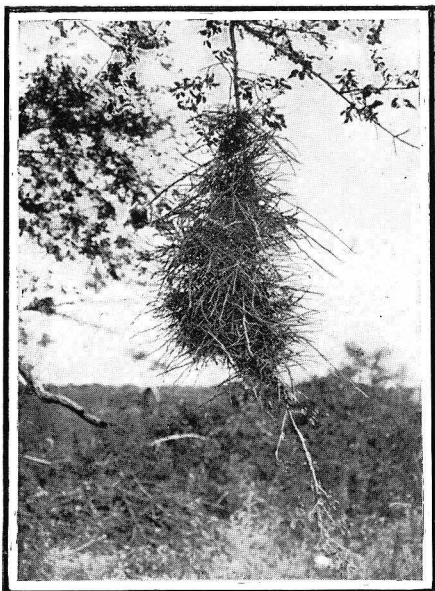
and the horses were at times momentarily off their feet. On arriving at the larger streams they had to make rafts to transport their belongings, and across the smaller they swam with their goods, in instalments, tied upon their heads.

After six days' journeying under these miserable conditions they were glad indeed to arrive at Thlagnasinkinmith.

VII

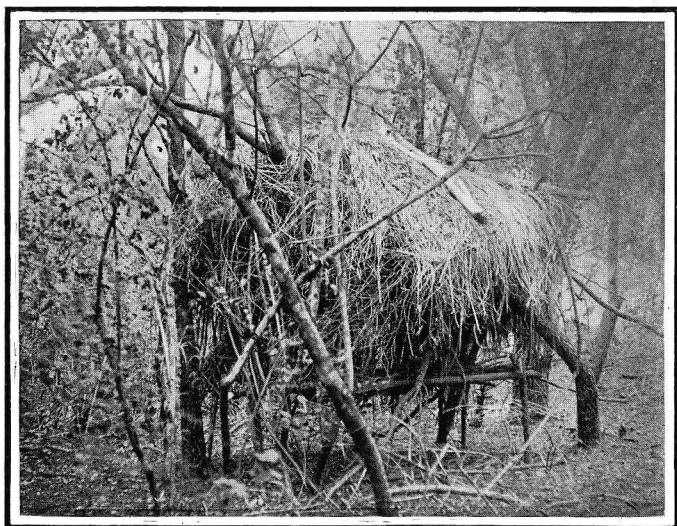
WIZARDS AND THEIR WAYS

THAT the Indian in his most advanced state believes that the spirit eventually seeks to consort with the main body of its people who have departed this life is made clear from the following incident: Grubb was for many years regarded by the people as a powerful witch-doctor, and he has been informed by them that at one time they seriously came to the conclusion that his presence among them was no longer desirable. They therefore concocted the following plan, which, fortunately for him, they did not carry out, probably because they felt doubtful of their ability to do so successfully. They intended to surround his hut with dry brushwood after they were sure that he was asleep. At a given moment they were to fire this fuel, and then, knowing that he would be blinded by the smoke and confused by the sudden danger, they intended to kill him as he rushed from the flames. But before carrying out this part of the scheme, their plan was to build little huts at suitable distances along the route he usually took to the River Paraguay in the east. They knew that when



A BIRD'S NEST

Composed of selected twigs built on to a trailer from a tree. The entrance is below.



A SECRET STILL

Hidden in the forest. The beer, made either from beans, honey, or pumpkins, is placed in pots resting on a platform, with a covering of branches and grass to promote fermentation.

travelling he always made them prepare a rough shelter to protect him from the sun and weather, whenever time permitted. They concluded that his spirit, wandering about the neighbourhood, would be attracted by these huts, and thus be induced to take the road to the east, their great desire being that his spirit should leave their country. They believed that his own country was in the east, and for this reason they selected this route. Had they thought he had come originally from any other quarter, they would have prepared the road accordingly. This proves that they thought that his deceased ancestors were located in the east.

Dreams play a very important part in the life of an Indian, and to some extent govern many of his actions.

To illustrate the native belief that souls meet with each other in dreamland, and the theory of intention connected therewith, Grubb gives an account of an interview he once had with an Indian. This man arrived at Grubb's village from a place about one hundred and fifty miles off. The Indian asked Grubb for compensation for some pumpkins which he had recently stolen from his garden. Grubb was thoroughly surprised, and told him he had not been near his village for a very long time, and so could not possibly have stolen his pumpkins. At first he thought it was a joke, but he soon perceived that the man was quite serious. It was a novel experi-

ence for Grubb to be accused by an Indian of theft, and on his expostulating with him the man admitted quite frankly that he had not taken the pumpkins. When he said this Grubb was more bewildered still. He would have lost patience with him had he not been evidently in real earnest, and impatience changed to deep interest.

Eventually he discovered that the man had dreamed he was out in his garden one night and saw Grubb, from behind some tall plants, break off and carry away three pumpkins, and it was payment for these that he wanted. "Yes," said Grubb, "but you have just admitted that I did not take them." He again assented, but replied immediately, "If you had been there, you would have taken them," thus showing that he regarded the act of the soul, which he supposed had met his in the garden, to be really the will, and what he would actually have done had he been there in the body.

A wizard is one who is endowed above his fellows with natural acuteness, knowledge of the phenomena of nature, insight into character, and with an abnormally developed capacity for roguery.

Every village has its witch-doctor, whose duty it is to protect his own people from supernatural evil, and by means of his sorceries to avenge them when wronged.

The training necessary to qualify an Indian to become a witch-doctor consists, in the first place, in

severe fastings, and especially in abstention from fluid. They carry this fasting to such an excess as to affect the nervous system and brain. Certain herbs are eaten to hasten this stage. They pass days in solitude, and when thoroughly worked up to an hysterical condition they see spirits and ghosts and have strange visions. It is necessary, furthermore, that they should eat a few live toads and some kinds of snakes. Certain little birds are plucked alive and then devoured, their power of whistling being supposed to be thus communicated to the witch-doctor. There are other features in the preliminary training which need not be mentioned, and when the initiatory stage has been satisfactorily passed, they are instructed in the mysteries under pledge of secrecy. After that their future depends upon themselves.

The witch-doctors naturally regarded Grubb as their greatest opponent, but the common people rather welcomed him than otherwise, feeling that his presence among them added to their strength, and gave them a position superior to that of the neighbouring tribes and clans. When his resolve to make a cart-road from the River Paraguay into the interior was made known to the witch-doctors they were more determined than ever to get rid of him, for they realized that the accomplishment of this feat would make his position permanent in their country. They accordingly for three months

worked steadily for his overthrow. It seems that they decided not to resort to open violence, for fear lest his disembodied spirit might be more dangerous and troublesome to them than he himself was when in the body. At any rate, they concluded that his power of rapid movement would be infinitely increased thereby. But die he must—if not by violence, then by their magic. His friend Pinseapawa, who knew of this plot, kindly warned him of his danger, and earnestly endeavoured to dissuade him from attempting to take a bullock-cart into the interior.

In spite of his warning, Grubb proceeded to carry out his design, and the difficulties of this journey, though great, were eventually overcome.

One day Grubb heard a great uproar in the village. On inquiring the cause, he was informed that a woman was possessed by *kilyikhama*. He went to the scene of the disorder, and found her stretched on the ground, throwing herself about violently. Four men were holding her down by the limbs, while the wizard was bending over her, trying to drive out the spirits. Grubb at once saw it was simply a case of hysteria. Bidding the wizard desist from his performances, and telling the people that he had a potent drug which would very soon restore the patient, he returned to his hut and brought back with him some strong liquid ammonia. As soon as he applied a liberal dose to her nose on a

handkerchief the effect was instantaneous, much to the astonishment of the people.

A short time afterwards the wizard sought Grubb out privately and asked him to give him some of that wonderful medicine. He gave him a sniff of the bottle with the cork right out, and the effect was almost more marked than in the case of the woman. He was nearly overbalanced from the shock. Grubb asked him if he would like to take some with him, but as soon as he could speak he emphatically declined. No doubt he ceased to wonder why the spirits left the woman so quickly.

Grubb was once told by the Indians that a very celebrated wizard had arrived. They recounted many of his wonderful deeds, one of which was that he could, by striking his head, produce a number of small creeping things, such as live slugs, caterpillars and beetles. When he doubted their statements, they solemnly assured him that they had seen it done. He said: "Well, go to the village and tell him to come to me, and if he can do as you say I will give him a handsome present." Jealous for the reputation of their wizard, and fully believing that he could do what they had described, they hastened off.

Grubb was somewhat surprised to see him appear. He asked him, before the crowd which had eagerly gathered round to witness the overthrow of his scepticism, if he could perform this wonderful feat.

Without hesitation he replied in the affirmative, and Grubb bade him proceed. Striking an attitude, he smote his head two or three times with one hand, with the other compressing his stomach and working upwards. He then put his hand to his mouth, ejected quite openly several live things into his palm, and held them out for all to see. There lay the creeping, wriggling insects, and a look of triumph was clearly distinguishable upon his face. The onlookers were filled with mixed feelings of pleasure, satisfaction and fear. All looked expectantly at Grubb, who, rising, clapped him on the back, told him he was a clever fellow, and gave him the present he had promised. He was delighted.

Grubb then insisted on his sharing some of his food, which he did not seem too keen to do ; but he persisted, and in the midst of the admiring throng he had no alternative but to consent. He took a large mouthful, and while he was endeavouring to masticate the food, looking at him straight in the face, Grubb said presently : “ That was a clever thing you did just now ; you must really show me it again ” ; but he only turned on his heel and went away. It was plain that he had some more live insects in his mouth, and they had evidently become mixed with the food. He would have had to swallow it, or otherwise have been discourteous to his host. Swallowing the food would have meant swallowing

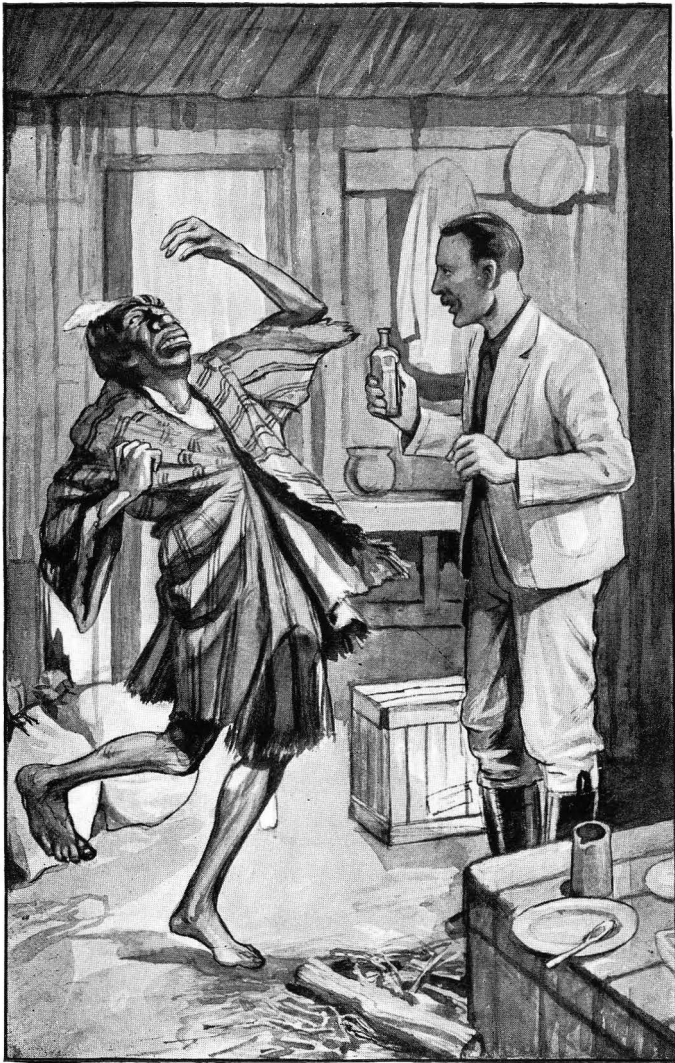
the insects and slugs as well, so he assumed offended dignity and strode away.

Grubb had an interview with another wizard. Curious to know how they actually did their tricks, he feigned having a pain in his arm and sent for old "Red head." The wizard, believing him to be in earnest, proceeded to spit upon and then suck his arm. After a time he produced three small fishbones, and, showing them to Grubb and those around, asserted that these were the cause of his trouble, adding that they had been caused to enter thereby some unfriendly wizard who disliked him. "They are not nice people in the west," he said. "Quite different from us, who love you and are your friends." He then asked for a handful of beads as his fee. Taking him rather unawares, Grubb examined the man's mouth. He did not seem to realize at first what Grubb was after; but as he pulled out a few more fishbones, his face lowered, and began to wear a threatening look. Grubb simply showed the bones to the onlookers, and this, with a look, conveyed all that was required; but that witch-doctor hated him for several years afterwards.

There is a root, about the size of a large apple, found in the forests which is supposed by the natives to be a virulent poison and to cause almost instant death. But the wizards are credited with the faculty of eating it with impunity. Old "Red

head" was one of those reputed to be able to eat this deadly root, so Grubb demanded proof of his power. The root was brought and handed to him. He passed it round to the Indians present and requested them to eat a bit, but no one would do so. Furthermore, they scoffed at him for imagining that they would be so foolish as to try. He then handed it to "Red head," who instantly took a large bite without a qualm, chewed and swallowed it, the Indians looking on with interested awe. Grubb then took it from him, and, after reasoning with himself, came to the conclusion that what the wizard could eat with impunity he could eat also. However, there was just the possibility that it might be poisonous, and that the wizard possessed an antidote. Grubb therefore scanned his face keenly while he prepared to take a bite also. Had the wizard thought that it was really deadly, he would have shown signs of alarm, for Grubb knew full well at that time that it was not convenient to the Indians that he should die under such circumstances. But he saw no such sign, nor even a trace of jealous apprehension. He therefore ate a piece. No evil effects followed, beyond the disagreeable flavour of the root, and no sign of annoyance even was evinced by the wizard, such as he certainly would have shown had he feared that Grubb's action would damage his reputation.

He was surprised at this, but later, in the presence



CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP

Grubb had occasion to use some strong ammonia in a case of illness, with satisfactory results. A witch-doctor wishing to try the mysterious medicine demanded a sample from him. Grubb obliged him by applying the bottle to his nose with disastrous results to the witch-doctor.

of a number of Indians, he referred to the incident, and said : " You have all feared this root, and have believed that only a witch-doctor could eat of it, and not die ; but you saw me eat it, and no harm has come of it." He thought he had scored a great point, but old " Red head " who was present, quietly said : " We were not surprised, because you yourself are a witch-doctor." Grubb had always refused to be considered as such, but, unfortunately, his good intention had simply confirmed the popular belief. He confesses that he was chagrined, so he made up his mind to take the first opportunity to aim a telling blow at witchcraft.

Some considerable time after this Grubb heard from the lads a story to the effect that their wizards could, in the presence of a crowd of people, spit pumpkin seeds out of their mouths to a distance, and immediately full-grown ripe pumpkins could be picked up. He did not attempt at this time to explain the trick, but endeavoured to make them think for themselves by putting the following questions : " Why is it that your people, who often suffer from hunger, do not insist upon your witch-doctors providing for your immediate needs in the way you have just described ; and still more, how is it that they themselves suffer equally with you the pinch of hunger, when they could so easily improvise a substantial meal ? Does it not appear to be power misused, merely to work this miracle

now and again to prove what they could do if they would ? ” This remark, being thoroughly practical, and affecting them on a very tender subject, made considerable impression upon them.

The trick is of the simplest. The witch-doctor's assistants have a few pumpkins secreted beneath their blankets. The attention of the crowd is, of course, fixed upon the performing wizard, and when he spits out the seeds, which of course are never seen again, being lost in the dirt and refuse which is always to be found in abundance in the vicinity of their shelters, the crowd at once begin to look on the ground for the expected pumpkins, which are presently discovered, having been dropped by the confederates, who had intermingled with the people.

Grubb thought one day that if he did a little simple jugglery himself, and then explained to the people how it was done, and could induce some of them to do these tricks themselves, it might bring home to them more clearly than by any other means the way in which they were being duped. Getting together a good audience he performed for their benefit a number of conjuring tricks, most of them being imitations of those of their own wizards. But the one which seemed to impress them most was the extraction from a dog's tail of a piece of paper after he had eaten it. Wrapping up a piece of fat in a bit of paper, he gave it to a dog, which eagerly devoured it, paper and all, and then, working with his hands

along his stomach, he sucked the paper out of the tip of his tail, and showed it to them. "Á-pó-pái!" cried the onlookers in chorus, unable to restrain their astonishment. The trick was an easy one, which he afterwards explained to them. Tearing out two leaves of cigarette paper, he secreted one in his mouth, wrapping the fat in the other.

VIII

CRITICAL TIMES

UNDoubtedly the most gruesome of all Indian customs are those connected with the burial of their dead.

The foreigner, when he finds himself alone amongst these Indian tribes, naturally braces himself up in the face of imminent peril; but it is quite another matter when he happens to have the doubtful privilege of witnessing an Indian funeral, with all the horrible rites and weird circumstances that invest it.

The following perilous experience, which Grubb met with in the year 1894 while alone amongst the Indians in the interior of the Chaco at the village of Thlagwakhe, may perhaps throw some light upon this oath-taking, or whatever it may be, at the graveside. An old man, Ataiwañam, had been dying for some days, and eventually expired one afternoon. By this time Grubb had gained considerable authority among the people, as events will show. It was just a few months after he had been successful in saving a child from being buried alive. The Indians invited him to form one of the burial

party at the old man's funeral—an invitation denoting great confidence and respect—which he accepted. The funeral was carried out in the ordinary way, without any peculiar atrocities; but he was permitted to have his way in respect to the size of the grave, which he insisted upon their making larger than usual, in order to avoid such unseemliness as crushing forward the head of the corpse and breaking the neck. They furthermore requested him to say some words. They neither expected nor wanted a Christian address or prayer, but they had an idea that he had a powerful influence with spirits, and a word-charm from him might, they thought, add weight and efficacy to their own ceremonies. Being anxious to take every possible opportunity of introducing Christian ideas among them, he readily agreed. His Lengua was far from clear, as his knowledge of their language was at that time very rudimentary. Being in an excited condition, and the light rapidly fading, they were in great haste to be off, and therefore were in no fit frame of mind to follow his remarks.

So all went well for the time, and they returned to the village. Grubb had already extorted a promise from them that they would not destroy and vacate this village, as was their wont, and had assured them that no harm would come to them. Furthermore, he had dissuaded them from killing the four goats belonging to the old man, although

they destroyed his other property. The plan by which he had contrived to save the goats was by offering to exchange them for four of his own. The man's niece therefore received four goats from Grubb; and he assured them that, if the spirit of the dead man should resent this liberty that had been taken with his property, the trouble would fall upon Grubb, and not on them.

The people had built their shelters on the forest side of Grubb's hut, but, although they had promised not to destroy the village nor vacate it, they had taken the precaution to pull down their booths and re-erect them on the farther side of his hut, so that, whatever happened, he, at any rate, should be between them and the ghost, and therefore be the first to suffer.

The witch-doctor, the most intelligent man of the party, had, a week or two previously, under strong persuasion from Grubb, erected for himself quite a superior kind of hut, with a small opening for a door. His wife and family, however, although they did not remove the hut, made very considerable alterations to it, the chief of which was that they securely blocked up the doorway, making it appear like a part of the wall, and opened a small gap on the opposite side instead. As the old wizard afterwards explained, this was done on purpose to puzzle the ghost. He, while in the body, knew the house well, but the alterations were so considerable

that it was supposed his ghost would not recognize it, and would be especially nonplussed when it made for the entrance to find it a solid wall.

The village was particularly quiet that night. This was the first time in their history that they had ventured to remain in the same place after a death had occurred, and they naturally felt intensely nervous—in fact, they hardly dared to speak above a whisper. Grubb remained up till about ten o'clock, but, finding things rather dull, then retired to rest.

It must have been an hour or so after midnight, when he was awakened by a terrible hubbub amongst the people. The few guns they had were being fired off, arrows were whizzing through the air, women were shrieking and beating on the ground with sticks, children crying, dogs barking and goats and sheep running hither and thither. He wondered what could be the matter, and felt sure that they must have been attacked by enemies. He hastily lit a home-made wax candle, and got from under his net. He had hardly done so before three men rushed into his hut, exclaiming that he was trying to destroy them. For some time he could make nothing of their accusations. They were terribly excited, evidently full of rage, and in a dangerous mood. Eventually they went outside and Grubb followed.

At the door he met two or three of the younger

men, who had been much attached to him for some time. They were calmer, but very serious, and informed him that the ghost of the old man had been seen to enter his hut, and remain there for some time, and then disappear to the north; but who had seen him could not be gathered. They moreover informed him that it was believed that when he spoke at the grave, he had communicated with the dead person, and urged him to have an interview with him. This, of course, if true, was a breach of custom, and, in this case, of honour also. His informants further told him that the people were greatly incensed, and purposed killing him. He could see that they were loath that he should meet with such a tragic end, but it was plain that they also believed he had been juggling with the ghost.

Grubb realized that the moment was extremely critical. It was no good arguing with them in their present excited state, and he saw that his safety lay in keeping as quiet as possible. To attempt flight would have been folly, but he felt that he would be much safer if he could get out of the way for a time. They have a dread of going near a grave in the night, and even their witch-doctors will not do this. So he decided to try the following experiment. He explained to the few more reasonable ones that the accusation of the people was false and unjust, and that he was so convinced that there was no spirit

about that he would, if they liked, walk over to the grave, in order to show them that he had implicit faith in his assertion. The few near him seemed to think that this was reasonable, and, not wishing to give them time to reconsider, Grubb began at once to put his offer into execution. He knew that if he could once get in the vicinity of the grave he could remain undisturbed for the rest of that night, and probably by the morning their excitement and hostility might have died down. He had not gone far, however, before they brought him back. A strong discussion seemed to follow. Some were evidently taking his part, but he overheard one old man observe that it was quite easy for Grubb to offer to walk in that direction, as he had just had an interview with the ghost, and therefore could not possibly be afraid to meet it again, adding some other remarks about his powers as a wizard.

Finding nothing further could be done, Grubb tried to appear quite indifferent, and retired again under his net. Doubtless they thought that he had gone to sleep, and perhaps remarked on his coolness and bravery. But in reality he remained quite as wide awake as any of them for the remainder of that night.

He heard afterwards that the cause of all the uproar was an old woman's dream, in which she saw the ghost. As the people had been in an exceptionally excited and anxious state of mind that night,

owing to the fact that they had adopted this innovation of remaining in a place after a death, their excitement was easily fanned to a flame when this old woman, suddenly awaking, recounted her dream. Nevertheless, his predicament was awkward and unpleasant enough, and it probably will never be known how dangerous was his situation that night.

This incident shows that the Indian strongly resents, and is prepared to punish with the greatest possible severity, any attempt to have dealings with the ghosts of the departed. In this case, Grubb had been a party to the burial, and had therefore been supposed, together with the others, to have done all that he could by rites and ceremonies to prevent the spirit from having any occasion to revenge itself upon its people, and the accusation of the Indians was that, in opposition to the whole object of the funeral rites, he had called up the ghost. The fact also that he had urged them to remain in the same village and abstain from some of their customs made any breach of honour on his part the more culpable, as it placed him under the suspicion of having laid special traps to bring about their ruin.

Grubb relates a personal experience of his own which occurred while he was alone in the Chaco, only a few months before his perilous adventure at Thlagwakhe, conveying to the reader some idea of one of the most horrible and revolting of Indian customs.

The scene of this occurrence was about two miles west of Thlagwakhe. A severe epidemic of influenza had visited the whole village, and one woman in particular had been in a very weak state for some time. Her condition ultimately became critical. During the previous week Grubb had arranged to remove the village to Thlagwakhe, which was a much better situation, and a number of young men were employed in building huts there.

About midday there were such clear signs that the woman's end could not be far off that the people packed up their belongings, and, driving off their animals, migrated to the new site. Leaving about eight men behind, he went over with the main party to superintend the removal of his own property, but left word that he was to be notified as soon as the death took place.

About five o'clock a messenger arrived with the news, and Grubb hastened back with him. He found the woman lying outside the village covered with reed matting, and preparations were being vigorously made for her burial. The water-pots for purification purposes were already on the fire. Knowing their customs, he insisted upon examining the woman, and, in spite of the protests of the Indians, he removed the matting. Her pleading eyes met his gaze, and in a faint voice she implored him to give her a drink of water. This he procured for her, greatly to the annoyance of the rest.

Presently two men drew near, bringing a pole with them, and announcing that the grave was ready. It was now about six o'clock, and the sun was fast setting. Then there ensued a heated altercation between Grubb and the men, he protesting against her burial, since she was still alive, and they eager to hasten it, her own husband being one of the party. Eventually they agreed to wait until the last possible moment, which was not long in coming. Grubb examined her again. She appeared to be quite unconscious, but was still breathing. Life however, could not last much longer. In spite of further pleading, they carried her off, burying her without mutilation, and only placing fire in the grave.

Grubb did not wait at the grave-side more than a few minutes, but hurried back to the village in order to soothe her three-months-old child, which had been left in a hammock. He had never even heard of their horrible custom of burying an infant thus left, with its mother, and he quite concluded that the father intended taking it with him when the rites were completed. What was his horror, therefore, when the father and another man appeared and prepared to carry the child off!

“ You surely will not kill the infant ? ” he said.

“ Oh no,” he replied ; “ the mother would be angry ; our custom is to place it in the grave with the mother.”

“ What ! alive ? ” he asked.

“ Yes, such is our way,” the man replied, and appeared very angry at the mere suggestion on Grubb’s part of any further interference with their customs.

However, he made a bold stand against such a proceeding.

Presently the other men arrived to inquire the reason of the delay, on learning which their anger knew no bounds, especially when he persisted in his opposition. Matters were becoming very serious, for they assumed a threatening attitude. Grubb could not, despite the risk involved, stand by and be a party to such a brutal deed. In turn, he threatened them with the wrath of Higher Powers, of which, however, they knew little at that time. He vowed that he would leave their country, and would refuse any longer to associate with men capable of perpetrating such a cruel murder. They retorted as hotly that he was a stranger, and had no right to interfere with them. The young Chief, however, and two young men, to Grubb’s great surprise, took his part, and told the others that it was well known that he had powers unknown to their people, and that probably in his case he could rear the child, and ward off the wrath of the mother. It was a struggle for righteousness and humanity, in which Grubb might feel sure of Divine support.

The argument had been so long, and their excite-

ment so intense, that the flight of time had been unnoticed, and darkness had almost settled down upon them. Greatly to his relief and joy they allowed Grubb to take the child, and, fearing the possibility of a change of mind on their part, he left them to finish the funeral rites themselves, and hastened off with the child in his arms, feeling sure that on his arrival at the village he would without any difficulty find some suitable woman to nurse the child for him. To his disgust and surprise, however, he was met with fierce abuse from men and women alike. He appealed to the child's sister, a girl of about eighteen, feeling sure that her natural affection would induce her to give him all the help she could, but she was, if anything, more abusive to him than the rest. As the child must have had practically no nourishment that day, he placed it in his hut, but when he called to some of the people to assist him in catching a goat in order that he might get some milk, they flatly refused, and even forbade him to get milk himself.

The people were profoundly stirred with excitement and rage, and the arrival at this juncture of the burial party unfortunately made matters worse. Grubb did the best he could under the circumstances, and, after preparing some rice-water, managed to give the child a little nourishment with a spoon. Shortly after this he was informed that he would not be allowed to remain that night in the

village. The ghost of the mother, they said, would shortly arrive looking for her child, and as he had been mad enough to run such risks he must face them alone. He was compelled, therefore, to camp away from the village, and to take the baby with him.

As there was nothing else for it, he pulled some long grass, and, fixing up his mosquito-net, improvised as comfortable a bed as he could. Having washed the child, and wrapped it in a piece of one of his spare shirts, he placed it under the net, and then, after making a fire, sat down to think out his plans for the immediate future. His own stock of provisions was exceedingly limited, and quite unsuitable to feed an infant on. It occurred to him that he might keep it alive with rice-water and a thin gruel made of flour, together with an egg, if he could procure one; possibly also, by watching his opportunity, he might be able to capture a goat and use its milk for the child, and thus keep it alive until he could reach the River Paraguay, about one hundred miles off.

It was imperative that he should proceed thither at once, starting on the morrow if possible. He had also to contrive some better method of administering this food, and he thought of all sorts of devices. Preparing some more rice-water for use in the night and following morning, he then joined the little one under his net, and spent a fairly comfortable night,

in spite of the disturbance prevailing in the village near-by.

On the morrow he declared his intention of leaving immediately for the river, and called for guides to accompany him.

At that time it was extremely hazardous to make such a long journey alone, the nature of the country being such that unless one was thoroughly acquainted with the tracks it was the easiest matter to lose oneself, and with his infant charge he could not afford to lose a day by straying from the track.

To his surprise and disappointment they one and all positively refused to move. He had concluded that they would have been only too glad to get rid of him, and he was filled with misgiving at the attitude which they adopted. Should they imagine that they saw the ghost of the woman, it might lead to very serious consequences to him, and they would almost certainly kill the child in order to propitiate the mother.

As things turned out he was delayed ten days, and during this time he went through a terrible period of anxiety and constant dread. His greatest difficulty was in providing for the child, and such straits was he in that he even resorted to theft. He watched his opportunity and stole every egg he could find. On several occasions he was fortunate enough to waylay a goat as it wandered some little distance from the village, and thus secured a cupful



THE "SOWALACH"

A dance of the "Vanmana" feast, performed by a troop of lads, who issue from the forest, feathered and masked, a square string bag being so arranged that one of the corners projects from the nose. On their near approach—moving in a serpentine formation—the women protect the girl in whose honour the feast is held by dancing round her, chanting loudly, and often by douching the lads with gourds of water.



WRESTLING CONTESTS

Throwing is chiefly done by a clever manipulation of the legs and feet. The men often adopt a peculiar form—some twenty-five form a line, each gripping the belt of the one in front. Twenty-five others, standing separately, challenge, and attempt to break the line,

of milk. He tried to improvise a feeding-bottle, but it was not a success ; so he hit upon the expedient of feeding it by gently squirting the fluid from his mouth into the mouth of the child. But his chief standby was a piece of rag, soaked in milk and egg, and then placed in its mouth, and he resorted to the former method only when he thought it was not taking sufficient nourishment. He afterwards learnt that, far from underfeeding it, he had erred on the side of overfeeding.

Eventually five men, including the father, consented to accompany Grubb. One would have been quite sufficient, but they were evidently convinced that safety lay in numbers. It was late in the day before they set out. Fortunately they were all mounted on horseback, but at sunset they insisted on camping for the night. As they had covered such a short distance, Grubb thought the proposal unreasonable and again feared trickery. The next day, however, they advanced, resting frequently in order to feed the horses. That night he insisted upon continuing their journey, and to his relief they agreed. The route lay a great deal through forest country, and Grubb's companions evidently passed a more anxious night than he did. They were in terror of the ghost. Sometimes they would stop, hearing noises, and make him lead the way. Of a sudden they would insist upon his bringing up the rear, as the danger seemed to lie in that direction.

They reached the river just at dawn. Grubb was tired from the long ride and from having to carry the child—which he did in a prepared sheepskin bag—but he was greatly relieved at being at last secure and within reach of proper treatment for his young charge. Suitable food was at once obtained. As no evil influences followed his action, the demeanour of the natives rapidly changed, and they soon, especially the father, began to take an interest in the child. Shortly after, Grubb placed it in the care of the wife of a missionary resident in Concepción and returned again into the interior. The child's sister soon became interested, and actually pleaded with him to bring the child back and place it in her charge.

Unfortunately, the little one died about six months afterwards, and as he considered it the special property of the Mission, and had determined to bring it up as a Christian, the lady's husband baptized it just before death by the name of Hope, and she was buried in the Chaco, on the banks of the Paraguay.

He greatly regretted the death of this little child. Had she lived it might have been possible to save many others from the fate which she so narrowly escaped. As it was, the Indians concluded that, as they had failed to rear her, any similar attempt would be equally futile, and only became more convinced that theirs was the best and only method of disposing of such motherless children.

IX

FIGHT AGAINST CRUEL CUSTOMS

DURING Grubb's first few years amongst these people he mixed freely in their feasts, as by this means he was enabled to study them to greater advantage ; it also pleased the people, and won him a place in their affections. He found it very tiresome, however, after the first novelty wore off ; even if he had wanted to sleep at night, the din would have made it impossible, and he would have lost weight with them had he given way to this weakness.

He received special attention from some of the more gifted artists. His sunburnt skin on the exposed parts of his body was not unlike the tint of the Indian, and when he had adopted a blanket, feathers, anklets and an Indian shirt, all that was wanting was the painting of his face, neck and arms, and the decoration of his head. Two women took him in hand, and with sticks of red paint made from the seeds of the *urucu* plant, they drew the most wonderful markings upon him. His head-dress was more troublesome to adjust, owing to his short hair, but eventually they turned him out evidently to

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their full satisfaction, and, bringing him a piece of a broken looking-glass, bade him examine and admire himself. He was soon the centre of an admiring crowd, and it must be confessed that the transformation in his appearance was such that wherever he had happened to appear he would assuredly have attracted a crowd.

As serious quarrels are liable to arise at festive times, a small number of men were told off each day and night to remain perfectly sober, in order to act as police in case of necessity; and when trouble arose the women at once secreted all dangerous weapons. It is seldom, however, that an Indian becomes hopelessly intoxicated, as all are supposed to take part in the dancing, and it is considered very bad behaviour to be incapable of this. In their turn, therefore, the drinkers took their places in the dance circle. The result was ludicrous to a degree. They were somewhat unsteady and drowsy with beer, and each one, struggling bravely to avoid the disgrace of falling asleep, kept a very mechanical and faulty step to a chant which was sadly out of tune. This gave rise to peals of laughter from the onlookers, and the comical figure of a Chief with only one eye, which he found most difficult to keep open, was made a butt for the taunts and jeers of the rest.

The Indian is essentially polite in his own peculiar way, and his is no superficial politeness.

When Bishop Stirling and his wife visited Grubb at Riacho Fernandez, the Indians realized that he was a great Chief, and were careful to treat their visitors accordingly. In crossing to the island in a dug-out canoe, when they approached the land the Indian in the bow jumped ashore, and was about to offer his hands to Mrs. Stirling to help her out when he suddenly remembered that they were covered with dirt and the fat of some fish which he had just been eating. He told her to wait a moment, and spat on his hands, afterwards wiping them with a by no means clean coloured handkerchief which he wore round his neck. Taking off this dirty handkerchief, he spread it over his hand and then proffered his help, which was accepted, without his realizing that he had made matters no better than before. He had good intentions, however, and would have resented a refusal of his help, for Indians always look for politeness in return.

On another occasion, after Grubb had lived two or three years amongst them, he happened to be employing a number of men from a western village, and had agreed to supply them with food in return for their work. The young Chief of their party, however, a vain, conceited and idle fellow, declined to work. When midday came the men were told they might sit round the pot and eat, and the young Chief presented himself with the rest. Grubb had frequently impressed upon the natives the necessity

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of all able-bodied men honestly earning their living in some way or other, and had told them that wilful loafers had no claim on the charity of others. He now remonstrated with the Chief to this effect, but he insisted upon sharing the food. To have given way would have implied to the Indians one of two things, either that Grubb was afraid of their Chief, or else that he was not very anxious about insisting upon what he had so often taught them. In either case the effect upon them would have been bad, and therefore to ignore the incident would have meant weakness on his part. So he ordered the Chief to leave the pot, and, as he failed to obey him, he forcibly removed him. There was some opposition, and as the men seemed disinclined to eat without him, Grubb upset the pot and its contents on the ground. He anticipated further trouble, but in the afternoon they again began work, and sat quietly down to their evening meal when it was ready. The young Chief, however, was absent, having gone off in a huff.

The Indians quite acknowledged that the arrangement Grubb had made with them, on the basis of "so much work so much food," was just, and that he was warranted in refusing their Chief the right to eat. They had not expected him to take such a strong hand in the matter, but he never had any further trouble on this score.

The most prominent evil which he found

prevalent among these Lengua Indians was that of a carefully planned system of racial suicide, by the practice of infanticide. Against infanticide proper the Mission took a firm stand, and the humane feelings and natural instincts of the people caused them to respond readily to their appeals.

Their superstitious beliefs impel them to kill all children whose circumstances of birth, according to their religious code, entail the forfeiture of their young lives. Twins are never allowed to live, as the theory is held that they can never be healthy and strong. The first child, if a female, is invariably put to death, probably because they consider that she will bring ill-luck. They object to a child being of a dark skin at the time of its birth, and also consider certain unpropitious dreams as justifying the destruction of the infant. The Indian mother is fond of her children, and when she consents to the murder of her infant it is not infrequently an agonizing pang to her. But she acquiesces because she realizes the difficulty of maintaining it, and prefers to suffer the lesser pain of losing it at birth than to watch its sufferings as it lingers on for perhaps a year or two, and then dies after she has become warmly attached to it. In the event of her being deserted by her husband, her relatives, knowing what the weight of her burden would be, with no one to maintain her, bring pressure to

bear on her to consent to the destruction of the child.

The first real struggle against infanticide occurred in the year 1895. Grubb had determined to remove the station from Thlagwakhe to Waikthlatingman-gyalwa, but, before they finally made this move, they built a few rough huts on the new site. Some few months before the contemplated removal a young Indian had sought to marry one of the village girls. The parents and near relatives strongly opposed this union, but did not succeed in preventing the marriage. She was expecting the birth of a child, and, as Grubb feared the outcome, he extorted a promise from the girl's father that its life would be spared.

Shortly after this the villagers made matters so uncomfortable for the husband that he left the station and went off to the west. The native law is that, if a woman is deserted by her husband, the child is killed as soon as it is born. It was reported in the village that the man had deserted the girl of his own accord, and on the strength of these rumours it was thought advisable to call the chief people together to warn them that Grubb would be very angry if the child was destroyed. They assured him that its life would be spared, and were foolishly trusted.

On the evening of the first day that the new site was occupied the child was born, but as no

immediate steps were taken by the people to kill it, Grubb believed that they intended to adhere to their promise, so he retired to rest as usual.

Early next morning, as he was boiling his coffee, a little boy about six years of age came to warm himself at the fire. With childish simplicity he asked Grubb if he had heard the news. Grubb asked him, "What news?" He replied by saying that when the people were assured that Grubb was asleep they persuaded a visiting witch-doctor from the west to kill the child, shortly after midnight, by knocking it on the back of the neck with his club, and that he had received a sheep and a string of beads for his services. The child went on to say that before the morning star arose the grandfather of the child had taken the body away and had buried it beneath a bottle-trunk tree in the vicinity. The little fellow evidently noticed a change in Grubb's countenance, for he seemed to realize quickly that he ought not to have spoken.

Apparently the people had not been aware that the child had seen or heard anything, or they would certainly have prevented him speaking to Grubb; and as they are very cautious in keeping a secret, and in endeavouring to avoid trouble, no one would ever be likely to hear the subject spoken of again. It is quite clear that he never said anything about his conversation, for to the present day the Indians have no idea how the crime was discovered.

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Shortly after breakfast inquiries were made about the baby, and Grubb was calmly informed that it had died naturally, and had been buried. He accused them of having killed it, and raised as big a commotion about the matter as possible. He was not in a position to punish those who were implicated, but his object was to impress upon all the gravity of the crime, and his strong disapproval of it. It was therefore agreed to boycott the grandfather in particular, and not to employ him nor hold friendly intercourse with him for several months in order to bring home to him the repugnance created by the crime.

The witch-doctor had left early that morning, and the others, evidently feeling ashamed of the part they had played, kept very much to themselves. When the girl was questioned she cried bitterly, and said that she had not desired the murder. Later in the day Grubb met the grandfather, who on approaching offered to shake hands (a custom they had acquired from the missionaries), but Grubb looked at his hand and shrank back, saying it was red. He looked at it himself in surprise, and then, in a confused way, blurted out that he was innocent, saying that it was "Blue-blanket," the witch-doctor, who had done the deed. Greatly to his discomfiture Grubb reminded him that he had paid "Blue-blanket" to do it, and named the exact payment made. It was easily to be seen from his face that this statement was correct.

They evidently thought that by employing an outsider they would to a great extent avoid Grubb's anger, as they could, by shifting the blame on him, shield themselves; so they were very disappointed when they found that their scheme was detected and had failed. Grubb gave the grandfather little peace for the next few months. Sometimes he would meet him, and would casually remark, "Saptaha namuk?" (What says the bottle-trunk tree?), or would pick up a club in his presence, and, looking at it intently for a minute or two, would drop it suddenly, as in disgust. These little reminders had the desired effect, and he learned to know the haunting power of sin, and that the way of transgressors is far from pleasant.

Great care has to be exercised in teaching an Indian, since he accepts everything literally. On one occasion Grubb was exhibiting some lantern slides, one of which happened to be a group of the Twelve Apostles, and his audience at once insisted on being told which was which. As it was impossible to explain to them that this was only an imaginary group, he had to venture to name them individually. Unfortunately, at a later date, a colleague altered the order of their names, and the natives concluded that he was not by any means acquainted with his subject.

They are keen observers of nature, and on seeing a picture of an angel they evidently puzzled over it

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for a long time, and eventually remarked that they could not understand how he could use his wings, since they sprang from the backbone, instead of from the shoulder. It was a hard task to make it clear that angelic wings were only symbolical.

After two years of teaching in the huts and in the open, the people were urged to assist in erecting a suitable building in which they could meet for instruction, as the first step to a church; and Grubb impressed upon them that they must behave in an orderly and respectful manner. To their credit, be it said, they found little difficulty, as they are by nature a reverent people. But on one occasion an elderly man, now a sincere Christian, evidently finding the discourse long and tedious, thought that there would be no harm in having a smoke, and he accordingly lighted his pipe. One of the more advanced natives went to inform him that such a proceeding was most unseemly. He at once extinguished his pipe, and sat listening for a little while. Then, apparently feeling sleepy, he, quite in the Indian way, covered his head with his blanket, and presumably composed himself for a nap. Presently, what was Grubb's surprise to see smoke rising through his blanket! He was again cautioned, but simply replied, "I did not think the Spirit would see me," affording another instance of how an Indian tries to get his own way without giving offence.

As the station Indians came into contact with the missionaries, they gradually acquired a few of their expressions, without making any attempt to learn the language. They paid frequent visits to the Mission huts during busy hours, and kept on asking many questions. When they had borne with them for a time, the missionaries would gently try to get rid of them by shaking hands, moving towards the door and politely wishing them "Good night," irrespective of the time of day. The Indian soon realized that this was equivalent to saying: "I have finished talking to you; you may go." They had been taught to say "Amen" at the close of a prayer, and with the exception of the old Indian just referred to, they all used this word; but he, with a fine conceit of his wider knowledge, persisted for a long time in saying at the end of his prayer "Good night" instead of "Amen."

X

A MURDEROUS ATTACK

AS the years passed by, and the influence of the Mission over the Indians grew in proportion to the gradual increase in the Mission staff, the work became sufficiently consolidated to enable Grubb in 1896 to leave on his first furlough to England. But before his departure from the Chaco he had determined, after careful preliminary preparations, to establish a Mission in the west-south-west Chaco, on the borders of the Lengua, Suhin and Toothli tribes. The people of this district, who had been informed of this new move in their direction, seemed pleased at the prospect, but at the same time doubtful whether the missionaries would fulfil their promise to them. Grubb had, however, already cut a rough cart-track to their country, and had taken a bullock-cart half-way to Chief Mechi's village, and built a hut there to serve as a half-way house.

After serious consideration, Grubb decided to authorize an Indian named Poit to carry out some preparatory movements on the frontier during his absence in England. Poit was at that time a most

hopeful and capable adherent, and it was for this reason that he was chosen. He was given seventeen head of cattle and other goods for barter, with definite instructions that he was to establish himself and his clan at a certain place, make a garden, barter the goods for sheep and goats, and the cattle also as opportunity offered. He was to do what he could to persuade the people to gather round the Mission party as soon as they could send out men to begin the work, and to impress upon them the conditions of their residence among them. First, that no native beer should be brewed or consumed on the station. Secondly, that feasts must not continue longer than three days. Thirdly, that no infanticide would be allowed. Fourthly, that the people must work when called upon. Fifthly, that they must be prepared to carry mails to the River Paraguay, and bring out goods when required. Sixthly, that they must keep the cart-track clear, and that the peace which had already been established between the three tribes must be maintained.

When Grubb first contemplated the foundation of a new station at Waikthlatingmangyalwa, and sub-stations in other parts, he made similar compacts with the natives. Up to this time he had every reason to be satisfied with the way in which they kept their word. From the year 1893 to the present day no Indian has attempted to make or traffic in intoxicating liquor on Mission stations ;

and animals, such as sheep, goats, cattle and horses, left in their charge had always up to this time been scrupulously tended. When cattle were first introduced among them (they had had cattle previously, but from one cause and another had practically lost all), it was stipulated that they should not kill any, even when the animals belonged to themselves, without permission. This was in order that the cattle might have every opportunity to multiply, until the herds were sufficiently large to admit of butchering for consumption.

Only on two occasions was this rule broken, and, strange to say, on both with tragic results to the men implicated. The first man, while cleaning his gun after killing the animal, somehow or other ignited his powder-flask, with the result that he was severely scorched. Not until this incident had been almost forgotten, was another Indian found bold enough to attempt to break the rule. His act was followed by more disastrous consequences. His gun burst and he lost the greater portion of one hand. These two cases had such an effect upon the Indians, that when one of the staff during Grubb's absence ordered a native to kill one of the Mission cattle for food, he point-blank refused until he was assured that instructions had actually been given to that effect.

The Mission had suffered very little from ordinary stealing, and only one case of infanticide had been

committed actually on the station. When the Indians desired to perpetrate this crime, they removed to some distance off in order to keep the fact secret.

Very little difficulty had been experienced in obtaining workmen when required; in fact, such an ascendancy had been gained over the people that it was felt quite justifiable in making this new venture with Poit.

Several men who had been on the staff had left the Mission, owing to breakdown in health and other causes, but Grubb was the first who had left the field for any length of time with the intention of returning to it. The Indians did not grasp the idea of a man going on furlough, and when he left for England many of them doubted whether he would ever come back. If they expected him at all, they guessed it would be in the course of two or three months, having no idea of the distance that had to be travelled.

Poit, as the summer passed by, was evidently convinced that Grubb had gone for good. To the Indian, the Mission party merely comprised a few men related to each other—cousins, brothers, uncles and so on, and it seemed reasonable that Grubb should be the Chief, as he had been the first to come among them. They had no idea of their being the representatives of a greater company in another land, and that the cattle and goods which

had been handed over to Poit were really the property of the Mission and not Grubb's own. Poit, therefore, concluding that he would not return, considered himself the owner of the property left. It is true that Grubb had assured him of his ultimate return, with a warning that he would certainly get into trouble if he acted disloyally, but as everything from the Indian aspect pointed the other way, he took the risk, and appropriated the property left in his charge for his own purposes.

In the autumn when Grubb returned, Poit was naturally alarmed, and at once took steps to keep him in ignorance of what he had done, and as far as possible to make good what was short. The staff, having been reinforced by two men brought out from England, set to work vigorously to enlarge the Mission's sphere. As the horse disease had killed off the horses, and it was dangerous to import more until the possibility of contagion had passed, journeys had to be made on foot. During the last eight months of the year following upon his return Grubb had travelled on foot over one thousand seven hundred miles under very trying conditions, and by the middle of December he was feeling rather exhausted. Privations, fatigue and exposure had begun to tell upon him.

During the previous few months somewhat annoying thefts had taken place on the station. While Grubb was absent on one journey to the River

Paraguay, twenty-eight dollars were stolen from the store. This money was eventually recovered, but in such a roundabout way that it was impossible to discover the thief. Reports also reached him that Poit had killed some of the cows and sheep left in his charge. A gun was also stolen about this time from a cart which was bringing in goods belonging to Professor Graham Kerr, of Glasgow University, who was then engaged in scientific research on the station. The thief was bound to know that the weapon belonged to him, as eventually the gun was found by an Indian hidden near a forest. The circumstances were such as to show that the discovery had been prearranged, and many incidents conspired to attach suspicion to Poit.

About the beginning of December some Toothli arrived, and asked when it was intended to begin work among their people. The season was intensely hot and Grubb was hardly fit for another journey, but the need was so pressing that it was forced upon him. It was necessary to sift thoroughly the whole question of Poit's supposed dishonesty, and at the same time to reassure the people in the south-west that it was fully intended to carry out the promise to them. The Mission Indians were unsettled and restless, and matters had to be cleared up without delay. Any vacillation or weakness at this crisis might have so affected the Indians that graver difficulties would certainly have arisen.

He accordingly prepared, on December 13, to leave for the west on foot, with six Indians, of whom Poit was one.

One or two coincidences happened which did not strike him at the time, but which became rather curious in the light of later events. Several Indians, for instance, strongly urged him not to go, owing to the length of the road, the scarcity of water, the great heat, and his exhausted condition. One woman came forward just before he left, and in a sad tone told him that if he went he would "leave his bones whitening on the road." He only laughed at her and told her he was strong. One of his companions, who overheard this, called out jokingly as he went away, "Remember, if you don't come back, I am to have this thing," and another shouted, "I am to have that."

Poit, as usual, acted as headman, and gave the orders about camping and the track to be followed. As was Grubb's custom, they travelled chiefly at night in order to avoid the hot sun.

All went well till they passed Mechi's village. Grubb had gone ahead with Poit, making for a suitable camping-place for the midday halt. He frequently noticed that his Indians, who were carrying all his provisions and kit, were not in sight, but he did not pay much attention to this, thinking that they had lagged behind gathering wild fruit.

He therefore rested beneath a tree, and sent Poit back to hurry them up.

A long time elapsed before he returned alone, bringing with him a kettle, tea, biscuits, net and a few other goods. He said that one of the men had run a long thorn into his foot, and consequently was unable to walk. He added that the others were trying to extract it, and that they hoped to overtake them by the evening, so he had brought with him sufficient food for that day. Grubb afterwards learned that he had told them he, Grubb, had sent him back with strict orders that they were to return to the village they had left that morning, and there to await his return, which might not be for some weeks. He also found out later, that, in addition to the kit which he brought him, he took from them some bandages and medicines which were carried for emergencies. These he hid in a clump of bushes at the roadside, and they were afterwards found and restored to Grubb, but long after he had returned to the Mission station. It appears that he instructed them to take care of the remainder of the provisions and kit against Grubb's return. The Indians admitted afterwards that they were very much surprised at this order, but that, as they believed Poit to be telling the truth, they obeyed.

They rested that midday, and as the Indian carriers had not come up with them they advanced towards their camping-place for the night. It was

on this night that Grubb noticed for the first time that Poit seemed preoccupied and strange in his manner, and not his usual self. Still, he paid no particular attention to this, as the Indians are subject to fits of *tristezza*, and concluded that probably he had had some altercation with the village folk, or that he was tired and liverish.

As the carriers did not arrive that night, Grubb was inclined to wait for them in the morning, but Poit suggested that they had probably concluded they had travelled as far as the village of Makthlatimes, and that they had therefore taken the south track, expecting to meet there. This seemed likely, so they set out for this village, and arrived there about midday, only to find that there was no sign or even word of the porters.

Poit expressed great surprise and indignation at this, and after talking over the whole matter agreed that there could be no reason why they should not have caught up with them, for even supposing they had taken back the man with the wounded foot to Paisiamyalwa, yet they could have made good the delay, as Grubb and Poit had been travelling very slowly. He said, however, that on the journey out, and also at Paisiamyalwa, he had just caught a few words expressing disapproval of this trip to the Toothli country. The Lenguas were not on the best of terms with the Toothli at that time, and he suggested that it was just possible that

the Indians anticipated trouble for all parties, and that they had perhaps decided to slip away, fearing that if anything happened to Grubb, they would be held responsible by the English. Grubb agreed with him that this was possible. He still had no suspicions that he was playing him false, not giving him credit for such astuteness and power of invention; in fact, in his disappointment at the conduct of his carriers, he felt all the more pleased with Poit for sticking so closely to him. He was determined not to be defeated in his plans by their desertion, although the loss of trained men and his valuables was a serious one. He therefore ordered Poit to recruit six men from this village, which was one of his own clan, and to procure a sufficient supply of sweet potatoes, mandioca and any other provisions he could get together, to enable him to pursue his journey.

The only clothes he had were those in which he stood up in,—a thin cotton shirt and cotton trousers, a hat, no socks and only a pair of rather worn *alpargatas* (canvas slippers with rope soles). Considering the nature of the country he had to travel through, it was highly probable that these poor garments would be worn out in the course of two or three weeks, but, should the worst come to the worst, he knew he could fall back on an Indian blanket, to which he had often had recourse before.

The six men and provisions were procured, and

that night they pushed on to a village where Poit's family lived. He had by this time recovered his good spirits, and they received a hearty welcome at his village. Grubb inquired here into the cattle question and other matters, not only from Poit, but (without his overhearing him) from other people of the village, receiving prompt and frank replies to his questions. The replies seemed at the time to be entirely reassuring, but as they eventually proved to be false, they became conclusive evidence that all Poit's people were in league with him. Knowing the Indian character somewhat, he took the precaution of telling them that on the next day they must send out their men and collect all the cattle, that he might convince himself of the truth of their statements with his own eyes. They complied with his wish, and long before dawn sent out men in all directions.

It must be understood that these people do not use milk in their native state, and that they have no such thing as fenced paddocks. The cattle are allowed to roam where they please, and are only occasionally rounded up. Even now, on the stations, it is not unusual for cattle to stray thirty or forty miles away, especially in time of drought. The natives are perfectly honest in the matter of live-stock, and any villagers meeting with stray cattle will round them up with their own stock. He was not therefore altogether surprised when, on the

return of the men, they informed him that they had only brought up about two-thirds of the number, but that they had heard from natives they had met that the others had mixed with the cattle of villages too far distant for them to visit. Not caring to waste time, Grubb ordered them to have all the cattle collected and kept near the village by his return in a few weeks' time, which they readily agreed to do. He afterwards discovered that they had lied to him, and that the missing cattle were at the very time in the village, but transformed into men, women and children ; in other words, they had eaten them.

Next day Grubb proceeded on his journey, and on Saturday night camped at the last frontier Lengua village. Sunday was pleasantly spent with the people, and Poit was extremely gracious and kind. Nothing could have been pleasanter. On Sunday night Grubb had an attack of malaria, and felt rather weak on Monday morning. A heavy dew had fallen, and as the route lay for a considerable way through tall and soaking wet grass, Poit, together with many of the people, urged him to delay his departure until the sun had risen sufficiently to dry the grass.

It was midsummer, and he had intended starting in spite of the fever when the morning star arose—that is, about 3.30 a.m.—in order to cover the twenty miles to the next village before the sun became too oppressive. Feeling rather ill, however, he yielded

to the entreaty of the natives, and consented to defer his setting out till about 6.30 a.m., which gave the sun an hour and a quarter to absorb the dew. When it is remembered that the heat at that period of the year averages 106° F. in the shade, its drying power can be readily realized.

Poit recommended Grubb to send the men on ahead with his kit, in order to prepare the Toothli for his arrival. He said he knew a short cut through the forest, and that in every way it would be better to act as he suggested. Grubb accordingly sent them on in advance. Poit made his breakfast, and was very solicitous as to his health. While he was eating, he said that he thought it advisable to borrow some better weapons from his friends at the village. He was armed with only wooden-pointed barbed arrows and a club, and he wished to borrow iron-headed arrows instead, as jaguars had been reported in the neighbourhood, and as Grubb was unarmed he would be better equipped in case of accidents. He accordingly went to the village, and returned with the necessary iron-headed arrows. He then borrowed from Grubb a small triangular file, and sat down beside him conversing and sharpening the blades, and now and then waited on him with tea. The scraping so irritated Grubb in his malarial condition that he ordered him to complete the operation at a distance. He little thought at the time that this desire to put a

keen edge on the blades was on his own special account.

Eventually they proceeded on their journey. After a time they left the beaten track, and Poit confessed that he was uncertain about the best course to take. They crossed the River Monte Lindo four times, as it winds very much in this locality; but it was fortunately rather low at the time, so only once had they to swim a few strokes.

Grubb became angry with him for having asserted that he knew a good track, and then landing him in this difficulty in his weak condition. Poit appeared very sorry. Just before crossing the river for the fourth time they encountered the fresh spoor of a jaguar, which must have passed early that morning. A few minutes after this they saw an Indian out hunting on the opposite bank of the river, and Poit enlarged to him upon the jaguar tracks just passed. The man—an elderly one—appeared by no means too well pleased at the news, and signified his intention of moving off to the open country, evidently not caring to risk an encounter.

Presently they entered the forest, but soon came to a dead stop. The bush was seemingly impenetrable. Poit left Grubb, and said he would reconnoitre. After a while Grubb heard just ahead of him, at a distance of apparently only some twenty-five yards, the crackling of branches, such as would be caused by the progress of a man or animal. He

immediately thought of the jaguar and halloed for Poit, at the same time shouting to scare the beast if such it should be. Shortly afterwards he saw Poit peering through the trees, with a strange look on his face as of excitement and fear combined. He particularly remarked this, as it was a look he had never before seen on an Indian's face. He did not think much of it, however, beyond imagining that probably he, too, was scared at the prospect of seeing a jaguar.

Grubb asked him how he managed to get round there, and he replied, "With difficulty"; but that from where he was the way was fairly clear, and that he should try and work through to him from where he was. Poit presently said: "You are not able to do it. Wait, and I will join you." In a few minutes he was by his side. They were in a very small open space, not larger than a moderate-sized room, with dense undergrowth all around, and the river close behind them. Grubb ordered him to go ahead and break a way through. He replied: "Wait a minute; I have forgotten the kettle"; and went off to fetch it, telling Grubb to open a passage as much as he could to save time. He did not realize that when he saw Poit ahead of him he had actually been manœuvring to get a fair shot at him, and that the strange expression on his face was the result of acute tension and fear of discovery.

Grubb was bending down, trying to cleave a way,

when suddenly he felt a sharp blow in his back, just below the right shoulder-blade, close to the spine. He rose up and saw Poit, about four or five paces off, with a look of horror on his face. His first thought was of the jaguar—that he had shot at it, and in his excitement hit Grubb instead. He told him to come to his assistance, but he cried out: “O Mr. Grubb! O Mr. Grubb!” (a most unusual expression, the Indians always addressing him by his Indian name, Yiphenabanyetik). Then with a sharp cry of pain and terror, “Ak-kai! Ak-kai!” he rushed off towards the river, and was lost to sight.

XI

IN DANGER OF BURIAL ALIVE

IT is well known that in times of danger the brain works with remarkable rapidity and clearness. It was so with Grubb on this occasion. He was perfectly calm and clear-headed, and Poit's real intent, with the whole series of his villainous devices and inventions, passed vividly through his mind. He felt no pain, which was quite natural, for a sudden shock such as this tends to deaden the nerves.

Blood was spouting from the wound, and soon from the mouth too. The iron arrow-head (seven inches long by one inch wide) had penetrated so far that he could only get three of his fingers on the protruding part of the blade, the shaft (a cane one) being completely shattered. He realized in an instant the probability that he would swoon, and so made for the river in order to refresh himself by plunging into the water. Before doing so, however, he took out his watch and laid it on the bank.

The water revived him somewhat, and he then proceeded to extract the arrow. This caused him great difficulty owing to its awkward position, and

having to work it backwards and forwards, up and down, in order to free it from its wedged position in the ribs. The arrow-head had entered perpendicularly and in an oblique direction, and thus had met with the resistance of the ribs. Had it entered horizontally, with no such obstacle, the injury to the lungs would have been far more serious. On extracting it, Grubb found that the point was bent and twisted, which partly accounted for the difficulty he had in pulling it out.

He then returned to the forest, picked up the watch, the kettle, and the few things left by Poit, and entered the water, walking along the river-edge in order to hide his tracks, in case Poit, on discovering that he had not killed him outright, should return to complete his work. His object was to endeavour to strike the track they had followed that morning, and he succeeded in crossing the river three times, but at the fourth crossing nearly sank in mid-stream. He was exhausted from the exertion of this and his previous attempts, and had grown so weak from the loss of so much blood that he was forced to climb the opposite bank on all fours; but before leaving the river he, for the second time, wrung out the blood from his shirt.

Bleeding at the mouth still continued at intervals, and Grubb felt convinced, from what little medical knowledge he possessed, that he could not live much longer than an hour, if as long. His great desire,

therefore, was, if possible, to reach the beaten track before he died, so that some passing Indian might discover his body, and that the fact and manner of his death might thus reach his friends. He was in every way desirous of saving his companions and relatives as much anxiety as possible as to his actual fate, for otherwise they might have surmised that he had been taken captive, as it was well known that Indians had kept foreigners prisoners for years.

He succeeded in reaching the path he was looking for, and lay down under a spreading *algaroba* tree to die, first placing the arrow beside him to tell the tale. He had not been in this position more than a few minutes when, to his joy, he saw an Indian coming towards him. He was horrified to find Grubb in such a condition ; but he was only able to say that Poit had shot him, being too weak to give him any details.

The Indian at once raised him and, telling him that they were close to his village, he assisted him towards it with tender care.

On their arrival, astonishment and horror fell upon the village. They laid Grubb down in one of their huts, and gave him, when he asked for it, a drink of water. After resting a time he felt very weak and shaken, being overspent with the nervous strain.

The touch of the blood-soaked shirt and trousers, and still more the sight of them, revolted him, so he



ATTEMPTED MURDER OF MR. GRUBB

Poit, though apparently an attached follower of Mr. Grubb, influenced by a dream, treacherously stalked him in the bush and sent an arrow through his back.

told a woman to take off his shirt and wash it, for it was saturated and clotted with blood. She tenderly removed the shirt, and proceeded to rinse it in a half-gourd. He began to feel dizzy, and his sight grew dim. He could distinguish nothing but blurred forms, and feared he was about to swoon. He again asked for water, and a gourd was placed near him ; but it happened that the one in which the shirt had been washed was also close by. Being dazed, he had not been able to follow all that had happened, but managed to seize a gourd and had already drunk some mouthfuls when a woman sprang forward and took it from him. He was afterwards informed by them that he had actually been drinking the blood washed from the shirt.

Toward evening Grubb began to suffer great pain, and was so weak that he could not move without help. Just before sunset the people came frequently to look at him, and he could sometimes catch words of reference to his approaching death. This terrified him—not the fear of death itself (which he felt sure could not be very far distant, even if not from the actual wound itself, at least from the complications which he felt would inevitably ensue), but because of his knowledge of the barbarous customs of burying the dying alive practised by these people in accordance with their religious tenets.

That night was to Grubb a night of horror and discomfort, and, to add to his pain, a roving goat

landed squarely upon his chest. Having no net, he also suffered much from the swarms of mosquitoes, but not so much as he should have under ordinary circumstances, owing to the dulled state of his nerves.

Next morning (Tuesday, December 21) he was still alive, but barely. The people were very kind to him, doing all they could to tempt him with food, of which he managed to take a little. Unfortunately he could understand all that the people said, for his brain was clearer, although to talk to them was too great an effort.

The news of the attempt on his life was soon sent round the country, and people came in from the neighbouring villages to see him, among others some of the Toothli, and with them the men who had been sent on ahead on the previous morning. They brought back his mosquito-net, some tea and sugar, and a few biscuits, thus placing him in a better position than on the previous day and night.

Grubb now became very anxious to send news of his plight to the Mission station at Waikthlatingmangyalwa, which he knew would bring him prompt assistance. He therefore asked for a messenger to carry the news to the next village, and the man who found him under the tree, Wischi-apkyitkya-aptawa by name, volunteered to go, but there was no guarantee that he would take the message. There was some doubt in Grubb's mind as to the attitude of the

people generally. Naturally he did not know them as well then as he does now, but he was sufficiently acquainted with their character to be aware that in some ways they were remarkably deep and subtle, especially in the light of recent events. Their solicitude for him might, therefore, he thought, be not unmingled with other motives. But the main question was, Would they risk carrying the news, and thus bringing their countryman into trouble? However, it was just as well to try the experiment of getting news through. As it afterwards turned out, the natives were sincere in their kindness to him, and genuinely indignant with their countryman; so the message was hurried forward by relays from village to village, and soon reached the station.

After sending off Wischi-apkyitkya-aptawa with the news, Grubb received the various visitors who had come in to see him, as far as his weak condition would permit. They were all very kind and sympathetic, and expressed their great resentment against Poit. They asserted that he would certainly be killed; but this, of course, he did not believe, regarding it only as an expression of courtesy on their part.

On leaving him, they all, without exception, imparted the pleasing information that he could not possibly live. Their experience in warfare, they told him, was that they never knew a man so injured to survive. They informed him, however, that

they would treat him with the greatest possible consideration, and that they had selected an exceptionally good site for his last resting-place under a shady tree, where he should not be annoyed by the rays either of the moon or of the sun. They knew his strong objection to sleeping in the moonlight, and said that they therefore hoped that when dead he would bear them no ill-will. They had always been friends, had always obeyed him, and they trusted he would not forget it. They concluded by saying : “ Friend, the sun is about to set ; make yourself strong, and do not die till to-morrow.”

Just as the shades of night began to gather, the women and even some of the bigger children kept coming over to him, and saying : “ It’s getting dark—are you strong ? Make yourself strong. Don’t die to-night ; we are sleeping here. Wait until to-morrow to die.”

Their anxiety about his death was to a great extent due to fear lest he should die in the night, which would fill them with terror of his spirit. Knowing, therefore, that their custom was to bury a person alive before the sun set if there was any great likelihood of his death occurring in the night, he felt not only particularly uncomfortable, but was compelled, much against his inclination, to make a supreme effort to prove to them as forcibly as possible that he had still a very considerable

amount of life left in him. He invariably kept assuring them that he had no intention whatever of dying that night, and although he doubted his own assertion, he gave them to understand that it would be from no lack of effort on his part. But although they partly accepted the first statement, they shook their heads and looked incredulous at the last, as much as to say, "You might possibly live through the night, but you certainly can't last long." He frequently overheard snatches of conversation during the day and night, which were hardly calculated to cheer or encourage a dying man.

Grubb firmly believes that it was only by a constant effort of will, sustained by the power of God, that he was enabled at times to resist swooning. The Indian regards swooning and dying as more or less identical, and the word for both is the same, so that had he swooned for even a comparatively short space of time, they undoubtedly would have had no hesitation at all in burying him; in fact, he was aware from snatches of conversation he had overheard that they had already made most of the necessary preparations for the ceremony.

They were kind enough this night to put up his mosquito-net, and to erect a rude fence of boughs round him to keep off the dogs and goats. Within the net, which was of thickish calico, he could not be seen, and they themselves had that night retired to the farther end of the village, evidently antici-

pating that his death was imminent, and not wishing to encounter his spirit. This enabled him to have a much better night's rest, but before they left him he was again questioned about his strength, of which, in spite of his stout assurances, they again evidently had misgivings. However, he was left in peace the whole of that night.

On the morrow Grubb felt a little stronger, and, as may be imagined, he was very anxious to work his way eastwards towards the station. If he could once cover seventy miles of country, he should then be within the actual sphere of the Mission's influence, and could feel comparatively safe. Accordingly, with the assistance of the natives, although they remonstrated with him, he determined to make an effort to travel, however slowly. But he was so weak that it only ended in his staggering and falling when left to himself. He was therefore compelled for the time to give up the attempt.

On regaining his shelter the people kindly made a rest for his back by rigging up some sticks, thus enabling him to sit up. Toward midday, with the help of the Indians, he attempted to start eastward, and contrived this time to make some progress.

After stumbling along for two miles, Grubb met Wischi-apkyitkya-aptawa returning from delivering his message at the next village. He was painted in

mourning, for the report had reached the place that Grubb was dead. He told him the news of Poit's movements, that, after leaving him for dead, he had determined to go straight to the Mission station to carry the report of his death to his companions, and that he had reached a village about half-way there, intending to go on as soon as he had rested awhile. The story Poit concocted was that they had met a jaguar in the wood, which had attacked Grubb, and that he, shooting at it in his defence, had missed his mark and struck Grubb instead. Strange to say, this story tallied almost exactly with the impression that flashed across Grubb's mind when he was shot. The messenger further told him that on hearing Poit's account of his death, two of the Indians at this half-way village signified their intention of leaving at once with the news, as he was worn out.

But just as they were starting, a man was seen approaching with marks of mourning on his body. He turned out to be the relay messenger sent on from the next village by Wischi-apkyitkya-aptawa. Poit no sooner saw his signs of mourning and warlike attitude than it instantly dawned upon him that someone had discovered Grubb's body and realized that there had been foul play. They could not, of course, have known even then that Poit had wilfully shot him, but his guilty conscience evidently affected him so much that without a word he ran off

at full speed to the forest, and was not again seen for about a fortnight.

The man bearing Grubb's message explained to the people the real state of affairs, and they in turn sent on a message to Waikthlatingmangyalwa, with the true account instead of Poit's fabricated story.

After telling Grubb all this news, Wischi-apkyitkya-aptawa drew six arrows from his belt, and flourishing them above his head solemnly declared that he would put every one of them through Poit's body if he ever found him, and then broke down crying.

When he saw the slow progress Grubb was making, he offered to carry him on his back, but this was not practicable. He, however, turned back with him and the two men who were helping him along.

After much difficulty, and suffering great pain, Grubb arrived at Poit's village, having travelled for three and a half hours. They received him very kindly, and at once killed a sheep and made him some strong broth of it. He was in much need of some strengthening nourishment, and it revived him greatly. The old women displayed great grief at his pitiable condition, while the men stood by sadly sympathizing. He overheard the Chief's wife saying in a solemn tone to her companions, "Just look at him now, and only a few days ago he came in here so strong and cheerful, and singing our songs !

And," she added, "he said to me when he came in, 'Auntie, have you any potatoes?' And now look at him, all covered with blood and about to die!" Then some of them burst out crying. He stayed here only to drink the soup, and in the afternoon reached another village, where he spent the night. The wound occasionally broke out bleeding slightly and from time to time small quantities of blood came from his mouth, owing, no doubt, to the exertion and the jars experienced when he stumbled.

The next day fair progress was made with the same help. About midday the Indians took him to the shade of a small wood in an open plain, and told him they must leave him for a while and go off hunting. He was too exhausted to move about much by himself, so he settled down to sleep. The insects were an intense worry, but he did manage to sleep a little, how long he could not exactly say. He awoke with a start, and distinctly heard someone moving on the outskirts of the wood on the far side. He knew it was a man from certain peculiar noises other than the tread, and his suspicions were at once aroused, for, in spite of the kindness of the people, he still felt very distrustful of them, and would have tried to evade them and endeavour to find his own way eastward had he felt equal to the task.

It now flashed across his mind that either these men had left him on purpose to notify Poit, who

might even then be lurking near in order to complete his foul deed, and that the story of Wischi-apkyitkya-aptawa was false, or that they themselves intended to kill him while slumbering alone in the open country and away from their villages. By so doing they would destroy any possible clue, and prevent any revenge being taken by his companions, who might call in the aid of the foreigner. He knew they were afraid of vengeance being wreaked upon them by the Paraguayan soldiery, for they had frequently asked him if it was his intention to hand them over to the authorities. They were barely reassured by his saying that such would never be the case, for they still thought that although the vengeance might not come through any act on the part of Grubb, yet his companions would insist upon it.

He felt convinced that the stealthy sounds he had heard near him as he lay in the wood boded no good. He at once resolved, therefore, to try and escape, and succeeded in getting clear of the wood. He managed to travel on for part of the afternoon without any help, frequently and purposely diverging from the beaten track.

In course of time, however, the Indians overtook him and were as much upset as he was. They told him that on returning to the wood they were filled with alarm at not finding him there, and immediately spread out in order to track him. They

brought with them some honey, which they said was to be reserved entirely for his use. Grubb was so touched by this kindness and thoughtfulness that he could not bring himself to confess his recent suspicions of them, and he realized more fully than before that without their aid and kind tendance he could never have got thus far.

Grubb was in such a state that nearly all food was repulsive to him, and he subsisted chiefly on the *algaroba* bean. The few biscuits he had saved, and which he could have enjoyed, had been taken from him by a kindly disposed Toothli at the first village, who assured him quite frankly that, as he certainly could not live, and therefore would not require them, he would very much like to take the remaining three to his children, which he forthwith did. There was no real unkindness in this, for he was firmly convinced that Grubb would never need another biscuit, and as he and others had made a special visit to him from their country, he thought he might just as well take them as leave them to be eaten by the Lenguas. The honey, therefore, was most welcome. It had healing as well as nutritive properties, and the natives assured him that it would heal the wound from the inside. Fortunately for him the wound, according to the Indians, showed no signs of suppurating.

That night they slept in the open country. In the morning (Friday), instead of feeling stronger, Grubb

was much weaker, but nevertheless made a very early start. The Indians, however, soon realized that he could not go much farther in his weak condition, so one of them went on ahead to the nearest village to secure a horse. Grubb could have obtained a horse before, but he felt unable to ride, as the Indians use no saddles, and the jarring would have been too great. Before long he returned with one, and there was no other help for it but to mount. They tenderly placed him on its back, but had to hold him on. In a short time they arrived at the village. There they met one of Poit's aunts, and although all the people received the sufferer graciously, she insisted on sitting by him, and by continually fanning gave him relief from the insects and the heat.

Not long after his arrival he was glad to see two of the Mission party riding towards him with two Indians, Keamapsithyo and his brother Manuel. On the arrival of this party Grubb seemed to break down altogether. The nervous strain was relaxed, and physical weakness had its way. They told him that they had gone right on to Poit's village, but finding there that they had missed him, had ridden back, and had very nearly lost him a second time. The cause of this was that when he went off on his own account, he had diverged to the south from the main track.

They rested all that day, and remained the night.

Grubb's wound was dressed, and they had brought with them suitable food, restoratives and medicine. Keamapsithyo slept with him under his net that night in order to be at hand to attend to him, and he behaved as well as the best trained nurse could have done. When the patient required to turn, he gently assisted him ; when he wished to cough, he tenderly raised him ; he brought him water and restoratives when wanted, and fanned him most of the night because of the heat.

The next day, mounting the wounded man on a horse they had specially selected for the purpose, and with a suitable saddle, they proceeded toward Mechi's village (Paisiamyalwa), but Grubb was so weak that he had to be held on and plied constantly with stimulants. Frequently they had to take him off and lay him on the ground. He had collapsed so much that it was only by the help of brandy and strong ammonia that they managed to get him along, and just before arriving at Mechi's he broke out crying and sobbing through sheer weakness.

On his arrival the people, although they were under direct Mission influence, showed, strange to say, a remarkably changed attitude. The welcome was not so effusive, nor did they crowd round as before. They appeared shy and frightened, although not so much as they afterwards became. The fact of the matter was the people had had time to think, and reports had been circulated and had

reached them that Grubb had actually died, but that in some mysterious way he had been resuscitated. This was a possibility of which they had no precedent, and could only be accounted for in their minds from the fact that he belonged to a class to which they attributed abnormal powers. But more than this, the doubt had arisen as to whether the being inhabiting his body was really his own or that of another. Many for a time doubted his real identity, and attributed the marvellous way in which, in his critical condition, he had managed to cover the sixty miles between the scene of the attack and their village, to the probability that the soul animating his body was other than human.

He noticed that the Chief, Mechi, and some of his men retired to a distance under a tree. After a time he came near, and informed Grubb that they had decided to destroy Poit. They were urged not to do so, but the Indians said something about the throwing of the stone; and what this custom is he still does not know.

In the evening Grubb managed to accomplish a three hours' journey on the road, and slept that night at the village of "The Father of Cats," and the next day—December 29—late in the afternoon, he succeeded in reaching Waikthlatingmangyalwa, the Mission station, having in eight days covered one hundred and ten miles from the scene of Poit's attack.

As to the events of this and the next six weeks, being in too exhausted a condition to understand what happened before and after his arrival at the station, and also at the time being purposely kept in the dark as to the attitude of the natives, Grubb had to depend on what he was told afterwards by members of the staff.

It seems that when the messenger brought in the news from the west, his young friend Philip (Keamapsithyo) and his brother, the troublesome witch-doctor Manuel, immediately procured two horses. Although it was late at night, and in spite of the fact that the animals were in poor condition, yet they trusted to being able to cover at least part of the journey with them. They had little hope of finding Grubb alive, but made a start with all haste, both being exceedingly angry and fully bent on killing Poit. It seems that everywhere on the way they found their people greatly incensed at the crime that had been committed.

It was on Christmas Day, the hottest day of the year, that they found him as already described, and he was afterwards told that the thermometer on that day registered 110° Fahrenheit in the shade.

On Grubb's arrival at the station, so he was told, the people burst into tears, and a hush fell upon the whole village. Quoting from a letter to headquarters: "For some days the people were very quiet, and would come and inquire in an awestruck

manner about his health, their eyes glistening with moisture. There was no laughing or shouting, and even at night, when they must have been greatly troubled by dreams, they refrained from exorcism with chant and rattle. They searched in the forest for honey for him, and were willing to do anything to help. Still, there was a something we could not account for. We heard reports from one visitor and another. It was evident that Grubb was regarded with superstition, as one that had risen from the dead."

It was feared that a possible rising might take place, the whole body of people, as far as the missionaries could see, being in an excitable and strange condition. Grubb's companions felt sure that in a short time a strong opinion would be formed, either against them, or for them and their religion. It appears, however, that their fears of impending trouble were groundless, and that, on the contrary, the Indians were entirely with them.

But as Grubb grew stronger, and was able to form a clearer view of the general situation, he had ample and detailed proof of the superstitious attitude of the people towards him, and their uncertainty as to his identity. He was sitting one day, to quote an instance, resting in a deck-chair in the shade, and as the position of the sun changed, it was necessary for him to move farther into the shade. He was far too weak to carry the chair

himself, although strong enough to raise himself up and crawl a few paces, so he beckoned to a girl—Pinsetawa-apkyitkya—to come and move the chair for him. She had known him for many years, and was, moreover, somewhat of a pet of his, yet she approached with evident caution, and, keeping at a respectful distance from him, she caught hold of the chair, placed it hurriedly in the shade, and then, with an unmistakable look of fear, ran off to the village.

On another occasion a man to whom Grubb was well known inquired, at a safe distance, after his health. He then said: "What is your name?" "Yiphenabanyetik, of course," Grubb replied. But he, with an incredulous look, said: "I know it was Yiphenabanyetik; but who are you now?"

The people seemed assured of the identity of his body, but the puzzle to them was, who was inside?

One day, when sitting in the same spot in the shade, he saw a party of Kisapang approaching. They had arrived in the village on a visit of courtesy to him, and were now being formally conducted into his presence by Esoabyabam, one of the Lenguas, who led them to within about twelve paces of him. Waving his hand in his direction, he turned to the Kisapang, and introduced him by saying in a very solemn voice: "There sits the BODY of Yiphenabanyetik." The visitors respectfully stood at a safe distance, and, after conversing

in whispers for a few minutes, retired, evidently glad to leave a presence so uncanny.

These incidents afford evidence that the Indians believed that Grubb had actually died, but doubted whether or not he was the living embodiment of his former self. Some years after, the Chief, Mechi, actually assured one of the Mission that although he knew Grubb was still the same Yiphenabanyetik, nevertheless he was convinced that he had died. It was this very idea of the resuscitation of his body, or at least of his miraculous preservation, that gave the first real impetus to the acceptance of the Gospel.

During the subsequent weeks, and up to the middle of February, Grubb remained at the station, and made slow progress towards recovery. The only set-back he experienced was shortly after his arrival, when lying asleep in his hut. A tame tiger-cat had also gone to sleep on one of the beams overhead. What really happened to it he does not know. At any rate, it lost its balance and fell down from the beam, unfortunately right on Grubb's chest, and he woke up with a great fright to find it spitting viciously in his face. In his weak and nervous condition he sustained a great shock, and the cat was made to pay the penalty of death for its unintentional fall, the owner being afraid it might again annoy him.

Fearing that complications might set in, he was

advised to seek medical treatment. He had been suffering much from a certain irritation, and from peculiar watery bladders breaking out all over his body, which may have been caused by some poisonous substance on the arrow, but this he could not be sure of, as it is an open question whether or not Poit poisoned the arrow which he shot.

The nearest medical aid was nearly four hundred miles away, at Asuncion, whither he was taken in February to consult Dr. William Stewart, formerly Surgeon-General of the Paraguayan Army during the war of 1865-70. He considered it necessary that Grubb should go into the British Hospital at Buenos Ayres, which meant another journey of some nine hundred miles down river. There he was operated upon by Dr. O'Connor, surgeon of the British Hospital, and was frequently visited by Bishop Stirling, of the Falkland Isles. One of the doctors, a former student of Sir Frederick Treves, the famous surgeon, was so amazed at his recovery from so terrible a wound that he asked him to go and show himself to Sir Frederick when he next returned to England. This Grubb, with his usual diffidence, never did. After recuperating in the hills of Cordoba he felt sufficiently recovered to return to the Chaco, which he did in June.

He received a warm welcome, but many of the Indians were still sceptical of him; some even touched him to see if he was really flesh and blood.

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Shortly after his return several natives expressed a definite desire to become Christians. There was no doubt that the whole tribe had been strongly affected, and that the action of Poit had directly paved the way to the acceptance of the Gospel.

XII

POIT'S DEFENCE AND FATE

THERE is no record within the memory of any inhabitant of this region telling of an Indian being slain by his own tribesmen for the murder of a white man, far less for an attempted murder. Before the attempt on Grubb's life, many foreigners had been killed by Indians within the recollection of natives still living, and similar murders have occurred since; yet no punishment was meted out to the criminals. On the contrary, an Indian who killed a foreigner was looked upon by his people as a hero, and worthy of all respect. Yet in the face of this record, Poit was executed in a cold-blooded and formal manner by his own tribesmen, and with their unanimous consent, for the attempted murder of a white man, who without doubt was regarded with suspicion and dislike by many.

That Poit had to die the death of a murderer seems to have been their general verdict. Exactly by what means and methods they managed so speedily to get the opinion of the bulk of the people, scattered as they were over a large area, with only

scanty communications, Grubb was not in a position to judge. But one thing is quite clear, that the Indians far and wide were evidently unanimous, as is proved by the following facts.

Firstly, the Indians never take a very important step, especially such an unusual one as this, without feeling sure that public opinion is at their back. For one or two villages to have carried out this execution of their own accord, without the general approval of their countrymen, would have resulted in serious complications to them.

Secondly, the whole incident was so closely interwoven with their superstitious and religious beliefs that the witch-doctors must have been consulted about it.

Thirdly, there is the fact that before Grubb's departure for medical treatment in Buenos Ayres, and after his return, natives from all parts came in to sympathize with and to congratulate him.

Fourthly, the fact that the teaching of the missionaries was afterwards welcomed in a degree which it had never been before, and that their influence over the people advanced by leaps and bounds. All this seems to point to unanimity in the condemnation and execution of Poit, which was carried out entirely without Grubb's knowledge or that of any of the staff; in fact, he was not told of it for some weeks after, lest it should upset him.

When the news, both of the attempted murder

and of the execution of the criminal, reached Paraguay proper, it caused great surprise and evoked much comment, because the people there had many opportunities of forming an opinion upon the attitude of Indians to foreigners; and so firm was the belief that an Indian would never take the part of a white man against his own people that for some years many doubted that Poit's execution had really taken place. Even the Mission party, who thoroughly understood the Indian character, would not for some time accept the statement of the Lenguas. It was not until the whole matter had been thoroughly sifted, carefully investigated and demonstrated, that they would believe it, in spite of the fact that the Indians produced at the station, and handed to the missionaries, the actual weapons with which they had killed Poit, and pointed out the place of execution.

For the account of the manner in which he was done to death Grubb has to depend entirely on the statement of the Indians. According to them, Poit, after his flight from the village upon encountering the bearer of Grubb's message to the station, made for the woods. He evidently became to some extent distraught. It is reported that when he killed an animal for his food he tore it to pieces and devoured it raw. This no sane Indian ever does, but it is a peculiarity of native madness. When we consider the dread that Indians have of living alone, through

their particular fear of the spirits of the forest, and the state of terror he must have been in on account of his deed, it is highly probable that he became mad, at any rate for the time being.

Not having waited to hear what the messenger had to say, he could not have known the course of events subsequent to the time when he committed the crime. He could only have assumed that Grubb had been found, and to some extent had communicated with his people; but the likelihood of encountering his vengeful spirit, the haunted conscience of the murderer, and the constant fear of being pursued perhaps by his own people, must have had a terrible effect upon him, and his life in the woods for the fourteen days or so before the people found him is horrible to contemplate.

How and where they caught him Grubb does not know. Suffice it to say that he was brought to a place where a feast was being held, to the southwest of Mechi's village. It transpired that when accused of the crime he did not deny it, but pleaded, "You surely will not kill me, since I am one of your own people?" He was told that he knew they all considered his victim as one of their own people, a Chief, and one who was much loved by many. But at this he appears to have remonstrated, saying that Grubb was a comparative stranger, and had only recently come to their country, while he was an Indian, a near relative of theirs, and had played

with them as a child. He did not want to die, he said, for he was young. Having heard that Grubb was not really dead, he made a strong defence of that, but was simply told that it was not his fault, and that he had left him for dead. Besides, they were not quite sure whether he was actually dead or not, although they had seen him, and knew that he had arrived at the station.

When they had tried him in this manner, and had decided that he must die, a pyre was prepared near to him. They then gave him an intoxicating drink—probably beer mixed with the seed of a grass which acts as a strong opiate. A short time was allowed to elapse, and then the two chosen executioners drew near. One, a tall Indian named Kilpaisiamakselyakye, smote him several times on the head with a *machete* (a long cleaver knife), while the other stabbed him repeatedly in the abdomen. His body was then placed upon the pyre and burned to ashes. When all was consumed, the ashes were taken up and scattered to the winds.

Although these particulars have been obtained solely from the various and not too distinct accounts furnished by the Indians, yet they all agree on the main points, and the whole proceedings tally with the customary rites attendant on the execution of a murderer.

They had intended killing, not only Poit, but in

this case his family also ; and the successful efforts the Mission exerted to save the lives of his near connections, as well as their attempts on his own behalf, unavailing though they proved, made a very strong impression on the Indian mind. But what surprised them most was that no attempt whatever was made to call in the authorities in Paraguay to interfere in the matter. This abstention from any kind of vengeance, and refusal even to receive the compensation offered for the injury done, convinced the Indians of the disinterested and genuine friendship that was felt for them. Many of them, at least, expected that the Mission party would leave their country in disgust, and would never incur the risk of another venture ; but the fact that Grubb returned so shortly afterwards to their country—albeit against the best advice—demonstrated to them that the missionaries were void of fear, were by no means discouraged and that they intended at all costs to prosecute their Mission. This conviction encouraged those who were inclined to adopt their teaching, and greatly disconcerted those who feared lest their ancient customs should be interfered with by Mission influence, because they at last saw that there was an evident determination not to yield until it had achieved its object.

CHAPTER XIII

FINAL STRUGGLE OF WITCHCRAFT

THE missionaries were still living in a heathen village, and the rule of heathenism was as yet the established power in the land, yet they had made such progress that they considered they could no longer deny baptism to three well-approved and thoroughly tested young men, so they were baptized on October 14, 1900.

This advance on Grubb's part, together with the knowledge that several other Lenguas were candidates for baptism, greatly incensed the heathen party, and especially the witch-doctors. Their anger, too, was aggravated by the fact that a few days previously the Chief of the station had died of snake-bite, and the missionaries were held responsible for his death.

They had evidently resolved to take the first favourable opportunity to attempt to end the progress of Christianity once and for all. They waited until some members of the staff, including Grubb, and some of the staunchest Indian adherents, had left the station, and they had no sooner started than signs of unrest were noticed.

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Soon after they left, the boy Andrew complained of a pain in his right groin, but said he did not feel "sick inside." Then John became ill also, but in two days was much better, and able to go on with his work. The third boy, Thomas, had been very ill before his baptism. Suspicions were aroused, not unnaturally, that some of the witch-doctors had been giving these three recently baptized lads something to make them ill.

Andrew grew worse; he could scarcely walk, staggering as he went, and one morning he fell to the ground when attempting to take a few steps. However, he was very cheerful, and even asked for the looking-glass to arrange his head-gear. It was thought best to remove him to one of the Mission houses, so that he might be attended to. He had developed a high fever, and was very seriously ill.

On the previous day a messenger had come in from the west, accompanied by two men from one of the worst centres of witchcraft, one of them being a kind of Chief of the wizards. He had, when at the station on a former occasion, done wonderful things with his craft, taking three cats from a boy's stomach, for which extraordinary performance they gave him the name of "The Father of Cats." Some of his friends from an adjacent village were here (Waikthlatingmangyalwa) at the time, and gave him all the news, especially the death of the Chief

from snake-bite and the departure of the party for the River Paraguay.

Most of the best Indians were away at the river, and, with the exception of the boys, the Mission was left without supporters. Quite a number of witch-doctors and their assistants were present, and could carry out any evil design without opposition from their own people.

Andrew had a bad night on the Saturday, and before service on the Sunday there were mutterings of the coming storm. They blamed the missionaries for keeping the lad, and quietly said that they thought it would be well for him to be taken to their huts, to treat him after their own style. He had had no sleep, and the fever did not abate.

As the head of the Mission in Grubb's absence was leaving for a service, a man was coming in to look at the boy, but he checked him, and he turned and came out with a decidedly ugly look on his face.

A few minutes after, he was sent for to come at once. He found in the sick-room a formal deputation of ten bad characters, who had come with the intention of taking the sick boy by force. They were ten strong men; opposed to four and three boys. Their party consisted of the Wit, the Orator, the Chief Wizard, the Pessimist (as they had been nicknamed), and six assistants.

The Orator explained that they wanted to take the boy to the village. This was refused, whereupon

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they turned nasty. They argued, first, that the missionaries had killed the old Chief by giving him rice and bread when he was snake-bitten ; secondly, that they desired to kill this lad, and generally to kill off their friends with their treatment ; thirdly, that unless they let the boy go, the father, who had been sent for, would come with a big party, that they would be very angry, and would make matters very unpleasant, practically hinting that they would be in danger of their lives.

Though personal violence was not anticipated, yet the situation was by no means pleasant.

They talked, they sneered, they threatened, but finally went off muttering and scowling, and in an angry mood, not even wishing good night.

Early next morning a messenger was sent off for Mr. Grubb, and the despatching of that messenger undoubtedly spoiled any well-laid plans. They now turned completely round, and tried to get into favour again, and to make out that they were friends.

In the afternoon the father of the sick boy arrived. The people met him, and tried to persuade him to get his son conveyed to the village. At first he desired it, but when he had seen the boy, he only asked to sit up with him. The people were angry, but the father was deeply moved at the sight of his son and remained with him. The lad grew worse, and at 3.30 a.m. he breathed his last. The father

and other watchers rushed from the room, being afraid of the boy's spirit. The funeral was delayed in the hope that Grubb would arrive, but at nine o'clock the sad ceremony was performed.

Everything seemed to be in a state of disquietude throughout the day. All were completely unstrung by the loss of the boy Andrew, and exhausted with the watching. At night ghosts were seen by the people, portions of the roof were thrown off, figures were seen behind houses, and next day whispered conversations were going on in many parts of the village. How thankful they all were to see Grubb and his party arrive !

There was no doubt, from what Grubb was able to gather, that the witch-doctors had poisoned the recently baptized men. Paisiam-amaak (Andrew) had evidently received the biggest dose, and this poison may probably have set up inflammation. The natives do use poison, and not long before this a man had died of poisoning, but whether by accident or not it is impossible to say.

The mistake that seems to have been made was in not taking a high enough hand with the witch-doctors from the beginning. Grubb always found that in dealing with Indians it is fatal, in a crisis, to give way to them in the least. They are masters of bluff, and can only be overcome by the irresistible force of stronger will-power, or of more successful bluff than their own.

Finding the village in a very unsettled and still rebellious state, it was necessary for the Mission party with the least possible delay to take prudent steps to get the upper hand. On arriving at the village, many of the people—among them most of the ringleaders of the trouble—came out with apparent pleasure to welcome Grubb, but he absolutely refused to take any notice of them. The Indian is very proud and sensitive, and they resented this act, as he intended they should.

The first man to be tackled was one of the leading witch-doctors, Pinsetawa. Grubb had discovered that he had been the chief ghost referred to, and that he had produced fear among the ordinary people by surreptitiously, during the night, pushing off the palm-logs from the roof of Philip's house with a long pole. He therefore sent a boy to tell him that he was wanted. The man at once came, and entered with a most affable manner. Grubb told him he had heard that during the previous night many ghosts had been about, and also some devils. He agreed quite seriously that such had been the case, and that he and the people were very much alarmed, adding that they were very glad that Grubb had returned, as they knew he was very strong, and not afraid of such visitors. This Grubb admitted, and said that he had learnt that many tiles had been knocked off the roof by them, but that he was particularly angry because they had

specially selected his friend Philip's house for their pranks.

He assured Pinsetawa that he could not possibly allow the spirits to repeat this behaviour another night, and, taking him to one of the windows, showed him that it commanded a good view of Philip's house. He then pointed to his Winchester rifle and the eleven cartridges which it contained, and told him that as soon as he heard the first palm-tille fall he should fire straight in that direction, to warn the spirits off. He then bade him adieu. Needless to add, there was no destruction to property that night.

The next man to be interviewed was no less a personage than an old friend, Cacique Antonio, the Chief of a little neighbouring village. He, Grubb had learnt, had prowled about at night, making noises near the staff's quarters, with a view to intimidate them, and had also been overheard to say that the English were "shaking in their insides," that they were not strong, and that the people need not be afraid of them; also that they were few in number, while the Indians were many.

Grubb adopted a different tone with Antonio, and took care to meet him with a goodly number of Indians near. He then went up to him and shook hands with him affectionately. "Antonio," he said, "you are my friend; you have always been

my friend ; you would not, I am sure, let anyone hurt me. Now, the witch-doctors here ” (some were present, and Grubb looked sideways at them) “ are very angry, and I am much afraid of them, but you will see that they do not hurt me. Look at my arms, Antonio ; they are very thin, and I have no muscle, and ‘ my stomach is shaking with fear.’ If any of these men were to wrestle with me, they would put me on the ground as if I were a small boy. But you will protect me, won’t you ? ”

The witch-doctors in question scowled darkly, but said nothing ; they understood the sarcasm. Then, retreating a few steps, Grubb scanned him and some of the others up and down, and, turning to the people, laughingly said, in a changed voice, “ Just look at them ; who do you think could possibly be afraid of them ? Why ” (addressing the Orator, the worst character of the party), “ you, my friend, are not very far from the grave ; before long your friends will be preparing it for you.” This was too much for him, and he disappeared. He did not like this remark coming from Grubb ; from such a source he probably thought there was more behind it than sarcasm.

Addressing “ The Father of Cats,” Grubb told him it was notorious that he was not brave, and offered to refer to some incidents in his previous history, and that instead of talking about what he could do with the English, he had better go

and produce some more kittens, then walked away.

Next day Grubb interviewed the witch-doctor of the village, Keamap-apanko-yakye-abayabam, and the Chief's son, both of whom had been absent, and had therefore not taken part in the disturbance. They were quite pleased with themselves, and assured him they had had nothing to do with the disturbance. "Oh yes," he said, "that is quite true, but you knew all about it, and only wanted to save yourselves getting into trouble. You profess to be our people, and yet you slip away and leave us alone when strangers come into your village and make things unpleasant. You are just like snakes slipping away through the grass when you feel a 'camp' fire coming. You are a poor specimen to be the Chief of the village."

Shortly after the Orator paid Grubb a visit. He had unfortunately, or fortunately, inflammation of the eyes that day, and in the mildest manner asked for medicine. Grubb told him he knew nothing about medicine, and that his companions were ignorant, too, and that such medicines as they had were bad remedies, reminding him how the other day the Chief had died under their hands. "Why," he said, "we are not your friends; we only came here to kill your people. But you are a witch-doctor; you surely know how to cure sore eyes, for you can do wonderful things! There are many

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of you here; go and ask your companions for medicine." Later in the day, however, his eyes were attended to by one of the staff.

That evening Grubb called some of the Indians together, and decided on the punishment to be inflicted upon the disturbers of the peace. It was determined that those who were able to should give two sheep each as compensation for the annoyance they had caused, and those who could not should work two days for the Mission with the hoe, not only morning and evening, but also throughout the heat of the day, without rest or pay. The decision was communicated to the culprits, and all agreed quietly and without demur. "The Father of Cats" set off the next day, so it was understood, to bring in his sheep from his village, but about midday a messenger arrived from him with the following communication for Grubb: "Tell Yiphenabanyetik that he may be a great Chief, but that I also am a great Chief, and I refuse to give him two sheep." Grubb immediately despatched a messenger to say he was very sorry he had overlooked the fact that "The Father of Cats" was so great a Chief; that he could not think of asking him for two sheep, but that so great a Chief must bring three. Eventually they obtained them. It was decided to sell the sheep and to devote the proceeds to the purchase of a large lamp for the church.

The people did not hear the end of this disturb-

ance for a long time. The Indians have long memories, and it is quite a common thing for a man, when he wants some favour from you, or when you are upbraiding him, to recall all the kind actions he has done for you for years back. Again, when it suits their purpose, they will bring up against you anything they can possibly recollect to your detriment since they made your acquaintance. It was often found advisable to adopt this native custom, and for a long time afterwards they were reminded frequently of their unfriendly and reprehensible conduct on this occasion.

The Mission had passed through a very important crisis, and it was realized clearly that, if not the last, it was one of the great duels between heathenism and Christianity. Providentially the Christians had got the better of them. But the Indian, when it suits him, easily forgets what he does not like to remember, and his disposition is such that he makes a strong effort to obliterate any unpleasant memories affecting himself, and tries as much as possible to prevent them influencing his life.

Grubb had, for the time being, the upper hand of the witch-doctors, and he was determined to maintain it as far as lay in his power. He accordingly took every opportunity in private conversation and public teaching to expose their errors. In this he was ably supported by the native converts and those who were candidates for baptism.

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Very few years passed before Waikthlatingmangyalwa had become in reality a Christian village. Of the ringleaders in this rebellion, many have since become sincere and earnest Christians; and it would be difficult to-day to find an Indian within the Mission sphere of influence so bold as to admit that he had anything whatever to do with witchcraft.

XIV

THE CHIRIGUANOS AND TOBAS OF THE CHACO

THE CHIRIGUANOS

A GENERATION ago the Chiriguana nation must have been very much more numerous than it is to-day. Grubb himself passed numbers of ruined villages, and from the natives gathered that many more at one time existed, and gathering information as best he could from the most reliable sources he concludes that the people must have numbered at least forty per cent less than they did thirty odd years ago. The reasons for this decline of population are various ; the chief undoubtedly being the introduction of foreign diseases, notably small-pox and measles, acquired through their intercourse with the civilized races. They were always a people given to drunkenness, but their natural beverage, the Chicha, did comparatively little harm ; it is a kind of maize beer, and apart from its somewhat intoxicating properties contained a considerable amount of nourishment. The introduction, however, of alcohol has had most injurious effects upon them.

Some eighteen years ago a strange outbreak of fanaticism occurred, the voice of Tumpa their god was asserted by witch-doctors to have spoken from a hole in the ground, telling them that the foreigners would soon take all their land, and that they were therefore to rise en masse and exterminate the intruders, and possess themselves of their property. The result was a general rising and many Bolivians were killed, but of course a much greater proportion of Chiriguanos. From all that Grubb could hear the whole foreign population might have been exterminated, had it not been for two forcible circumstances. Most of the Mission Indians held by and assisted the whites, and just before the outbreak the local Bolivian troops formerly using muzzle-loading rifles had been supplied with quick-firing breach-loaders.

Similar outbreaks are not uncommon among Indian populations, and during the last few years there has been an outbreak of a similar kind among the Lengua Indians, but fortunately without any very serious results. Three prophets, two men and a woman, were reported to have lived in the woods and only to have shown themselves at night to the people. They are stated to have taught peculiar doctrines and practised strange rites. They, however, spoke well of the Mission and regarded them as people to be respected and obeyed. Latterly, however, a new phase was developed, a mist was

supposed to have formed over the tree-tops in the depths of the forest and a voice was heard counselling the people to possess themselves of the cattle and other property of the foreigners, and in this general loot the missionaries themselves were not to be excepted. This hallucination, or it may have been purposely designed trick, of the witch-doctors doubtless inflamed and made impudent the Indians in the vicinity of Carayavuelta, and thus led indirectly to the massacre.

Grubb remembers well nineteen years ago a somewhat similar outbreak among these very people. They were then assured by what was supposed to be supernatural agency that the guns of the Paraguayans if turned against them would prove harmless, as the bullets would be deflected from their right course. Fortunately little trouble resulted from it, although one Paraguayan, who had made himself obnoxious, was killed.

All Indian peoples are given maliciously to slandering one another; they are also extremely jealous, and cannot bear that one should be esteemed above another. For the sake of peace and comfort and greater liberty, and now that they are relieved from the fear of enemies, they form small congenial groups and live apart. From the very beginning of Grubb's mission among the Lenguas it was handicapped by this Indian jealousy and partiality for malicious tale-bearing. For a long time he was

unable to induce other Indians to settle with the Mission. Whenever he did succeed in getting a party to stay for a few weeks one party began to blacken the character of the other party to him, and secretly to inform the other party that he, Grubb, was an angry, dangerous person with whom even they themselves could hardly get along, and they knew that he wanted them to go away. Grubb was therefore forced to institute a crusade against this national failing, and publicly to condemn in no measured terms all gossip-mongers, busy-bodies and self-constituted spies, and as he gained in influence and power he added to this by fines and other forms of punishment. Even at the present day, after all these years of teaching, his work is still sorely handicapped by this unworthy and objectionable habit of the Indian.

On one occasion on his return to the Argentine from a Bolivian journey, Grubb was anxious to bid farewell to a famous Chiriguano chief, a man well known for years, and very friendly to the English, having spent much of his time with his people on the sugar estates of the northern Argentine. When Grubb arrived at the Chief's village he sent a messenger to summon the old man, who kept him waiting a long time, and he became impatient and sent another messenger to hurry him up as he was anxious to get on. Presently the old gentleman appeared, rigged up regardless of

expense, riding a very fine grey horse, and accompanied by a few men on foot. He was full of dignity and did not even dismount to meet Grubb, but was delighted to see him, and his excessive dignity and style had been put on not so much to impress Grubb as to overawe his own people. But this dignity could not last long, and drawing Grubb aside a little he bent over and asked him if he could do him the great favour to let him have an old pipe. Grubb fortunately had one in his pocket that he could spare. It was juicy and well used, but it delighted the heart of the old savage. He was full of gratitude and was as happy as a sandboy, and they bade each other a long farewell.

Grubb tells a rather amusing story he once heard about one of his people, a witch-doctor by profession. Some sugar fields belonging to a planter became afflicted by insects, and the planter seemed worried about it. The witch-doctor came to hear about this and had an interview with the planter. The witch-doctor assured him that he would rid the field of the pest in three weeks' time on certain conditions. He was to receive food daily and have no work to do, and when the fields were free he was to get a present. Days passed on and nothing happened. The witch-doctor performed no rites, indulged in no chanting, he simply went in for a perfect rest cure, sleeping and eating at the expense of the planter, until at last it came within two or

three days of the stipulated time. The planter was getting impatient and angry. "You are an old fraud," he said, "the maggots are still in the cane." "Be patient," said the witch-doctor, "on the day appointed I will free you." When the day arrived the old witch-doctor demanded his present. "You lazy old good-for-nothing," shouted the planter, "you want a present forsooth, you've done nothing for three weeks but stuff yourself and sleep at my expense, you haven't even taken the trouble to go out to the fields and look; do you expect me to believe you that they are clear?" "Go out and look for yourself," said the witch-doctor. The planter went. It was perfectly correct, the maggots had gone, the fields were clear, the doctor got his present, and then at last the secret leaked out. This particular maggot was rare, the time of its development was three weeks and then it flew off as a butterfly. After all, study of nature pays.

The Bolivian authorities try to keep a check upon Indians crossing the frontier and leaving the country, but this is not easily done. It is impossible to place sentries all along the frontier line, and the forests and hills offer many means of ingress and egress. On one occasion about two hundred Indians made up their minds to leave Bolivia for the sugar fields of Argentina, the attractions there being sufficiently strong to tempt them to risk getting into trouble with the troops. These Indians

got on very well and without raising any suspicion until they came to within about eighteen miles from the frontier. They hid through the day, and proceeded under cover of night by paths known to them for the frontier. This they reached, and feeling themselves quite safe sat down in the forest to rest. They had unfortunately brought with them a good supply of maize beer, and also some strong waters. Feeling elated at having given the authorities the slip, they began to congratulate themselves and indulge in a little liquid refreshment. The liquid was evidently good and their appreciation of it high, the result being that they took too much and began to feel rather happy, and started singing lustily some of their native chants. The result was that the noise carried a long way. The guards suspected what had happened and silently closed in upon them. No one was hurt, a few were doubtless put in prison, and the rest had ignominiously to return to their homes, a sad defeat and disappointment after so many long miles of weary marching, and very aggravating, besides, as they had so nearly reached their goal. If they had only had the sense to go on a few miles further, and had not been so eager to taste the bottle, or even had they been more moderate in the use of it, they would have accomplished their much-desired visit to the Argentine.

Grubb has seen a good deal of the Chiriguanos.

They have nearly all come under the teaching and influence of the Jesuits and Franciscans for many long years, and although many of them have lapsed and drifted away from the Missions they cannot properly be styled heathen. Some of them are very well formed indeed, physically, and he was surprised to find that they knew so much Bible history.

THE TOBAS

The Tobas, once a powerful Indian tribe, have of late years been much reduced in numbers by pestilence, tribal wars, and collisions with the whites. Five or six centuries ago they occupied the land now inhabited by the Chiriguanos. At present, however, they are confined to the low Chaco lands of the Pilcomayo region, although a section of them live near to the Bremejo River. The Tobas for years had been a terror to the civilized settlements formed in the southern Chaco and neighbourhood. In the distant past they and the somewhat kindred tribes of Guycaru, Abapone and others, did not scruple to go far afield and attack even large Spanish towns. They have been known to make raids hundreds of miles from their base. They showed bitter hostility to the Romish missions in Bolivia, and especially those established among the Chiriguanos. There they attacked and looted on one occasion the towns of Nacaroinza,

Machereti and Yaguarenda. They seem from the beginning to have offered strenuous opposition to the Spaniard, and have never displayed any inclination to welcome the Romish Missions. The Romish Church has in the past attempted work amongst them, and has had for some years a mission in their midst.

During the last decade or two the Argentine Chaco has been so opened up, and government authority so much better established in the territory, that great changes have taken place, among others the Indian tribes have been greatly subdued, and are not able to revolt and carry out raids and destruction as they have done in the past. Owing to the changed conditions of the country the Tobas have been forced to take to new ways for subsistence, and they have been now for some years seeking work at the various foreign establishments where they are generally liked. But a generation ago the Argentine Chaco was still in a very disturbed condition. It is not easy to judge of a people's primitive condition after they have had some contact with settlements and civilization. But there are plenty of elderly people still living who remember the Toba when he was yet a free rover in his own land, and waged continual war against the whites. The following remarks about their ways and habits refer not to their condition to-day but to what it was some years ago, before

they began to take to mixing with and working for the whites. They are great dissemblers, and with the utmost coolness and apparent frankness they will try to lure one into a trap by their seeming friendliness. They are fierce and warlike savages, brave in battle and seemingly maintaining to the present day bitter undying hatred of the Spaniard.

They are splendid horsemen and can ride without either saddle or stirrups ; the slightest thing serves as a bridle, a short length of cord or a thin strip of hide tied to the horse's mouth takes the place of a bit. They are so at home on horseback that they can mount and dismount with the greatest ease, and when they find it necessary, ride perfectly well with their bodies lying horizontally along the horse's side, an art not known to the Pampa Indians. In this way, when threatened by arrow or bullet, if they do not succeed in making the enemy believe that the horse is riderless, they at any rate save their own lives at the expense of their horse. Their arms consist of the bow and arrow, the spear and the club. Their arrows are pointed with sharpened knife blades when these are obtainable. The club is, as is usual among the Chaco Indians, a piece of heavy wood about a yard in length with a knob at the end. The lance is a strong wooden pole sharpened at the end when an iron point is unobtainable. So powerful are these men, and so skilful in the use of the club, that a blow from it is generally

fatal. Some have firearms which they have obtained from renegade whites, distant traders, or from foreigners whom they have killed. Although they possess cattle, sheep, goats and small gardens, they rely chiefly for sustenance upon fishing or hunting, unless an opportunity presents itself of attacking and robbing some civilized station. When a raid is contemplated, whether against the civilized settlement or another tribe, the Caciques call the people together and consult as to the probability of success. The men are goaded to fury by their women, who remind them of all that they have suffered at the hands of their enemies, call to remembrance friends and relatives who have been killed, and by the exhibition of skulls, scalps, beards, teeth and bones—the relics of former encounters.

Their mode of attack is to pause a moment after they come within sight of the enemy, and by the rattling of gourds, blowing of horns and furious and horrible cries not only to stimulate their own courage but to strike terror into the enemy. They then immediately make their charge, which those who have experienced it describe as terrible, and as resembling the fury of a hurricane and almost as irresistible. The Toba Indians, however, have never or rarely been known to charge twice if at first unsuccessful, and they are therefore, as an enemy, not so dangerous as they otherwise would be. When their object is loot and not merely

slaughter, they make their campaign with much greater tact and "slimness." They advance with great care upon the settlement or village to be robbed, hide in the forest during the day, observe where the cattle and the horses have their feeding-grounds and then, watching their opportunity when no one is about, rush out from the woods and surrounding the cattle on all sides but that of the direction in which they wish them to go, drive them rapidly away towards their own villages, and thus obtain a supply of food for some time to come. Some of the more daring have actually been known to drive off a troop of horses from a corral close to a house, and that without arousing the numerous dogs that are usually to be found at such outlying posts. Their method of working is somewhat obscure, but it appears that they creep up under cover of night, having a perfect understanding among themselves as to their method of action. They enter the corral with great care so as to avoid frightening the animals; the leading thief soon observes the tamest horse, carefully approaches it and speaks to it in soothing tones in order to calm its nervousness, then quietly passes a light hide bridle over its neck, and fixing it native fashion in the mouth mounts it and rides through the gate which an accomplice has already opened. The other Indians gently urge on the horses and mares from behind, and they are thus induced to follow

the mounted Indian until such time as they reach the place where their own horses are tied, then all mount, and having no further need for extreme caution they drive off the troop. Occasionally it happens that the people at the farm are aware of the presence of the Indians, and the Tobas perceiving this instantly hide themselves, at which they are great adepts. They can make themselves invisible even in the daytime, and under cover of night it is quite impossible for the ranchers to locate their position. Sometimes it has happened that the white man has been looking all round for the Tobas while all the time they were crouching close beside him.

Sometimes the *rancheros*, discovering the theft of their cattle, band together to pursue the thieves, but they are very seldom successful, because when once the Tobas have secured a fair start it is impossible for the owners to follow them to any great distance, as they are apt to get lost on the great plains and in the forests, to suffer greatly from want of water, or to fall into an ambuscade unsuspectingly. It might seem that with such a people as the Tobas for neighbours it would be impossible for any settlers to live in their vicinity, or to keep any stock whatever, as the Indians could easily exterminate them if they so desired, but the Tobas, although savages, are intelligent enough to know that it pays them much better not to kill

settlers if at all avoidable, and not to rob too much from any one estate. In this way they are able to secure a comfortable existence, which they could not do were they to kill the goose that lays the golden egg, in their case the *estancieros* who maintain large herds of tame cattle.

The Toba knows well enough that so long as he abstains from serious atrocities he is less likely to force the foreigner to the extreme measure of seeking his destruction. Many of the settlers are of such an easygoing nature that, so long as they do not suffer too heavily, they prefer to let well alone for fear of stirring up worse evils, and so long as such an extensive region remains practically a wilderness, it is difficult for the authorities adequately to protect the outlying settlements. Gradually, however, year by year, conditions are improving for the colonists and getting worse for the Tobas. Many of the latter, however, are at last beginning to realize that the ways of peace and honesty are after all the most profitable, and it is well that they should do so, because it is only a question of time. They must either submit to a respectable mode of life or be exterminated.

The Tobas, male and female, wear the hair rather shorter than most of the other tribes. They cut it with knives when procurable, but failing such, with sharpened cane or the jawbones of sharp-toothed fishes, such as the palometer. Both men

and women paint themselves, chiefly red and black, and also tattoo their skin, pricking out the pattern with thorns, and then rub in the colouring matter to make the markings indelible. In this they resemble their neighbours the Toothli and some of the Suhin. Some of them pierce their ears and enlarge the orifice so that they are able to insert large discs of light wood into the opening. In this they resemble the Lenguas, Suhin and Toothli, neighbouring tribes to the north. But Indians have told Grubb that this custom was not originally common, and belonged only to sections of the Toba, Suhin and Toothli who had the right to do so. This may probably have been because these tribes were mixed with other Indian races. The Lenguas proper always claimed the privilege. Many of the men in general go naked, or practically so, when in their wild state, remote from settlements. The women wear skirts made of the skin of the fox, tiger, or deer, with the hair inside and ornamented on the outside with colours and figures. The Lenguas also wore skin petticoats, but chiefly of the small deer, and these were carefully cleaned of the hair and worked soft and pliable, resembling chamois leather but rather firmer and stiffer. Their dwellings were more or less similar to those of the other tribes, varying according to need, from a simple shade against the sun to a more permanent kind of thatched hut which provided a good protection

against the weather. They made maize beer when obtainable, but their chief intoxicant was the *Aloja* made from the bean of the algaroba tree. Their women and young lads, like all other true Chaco tribes, so long as they are unaffected by the vices of the foreigner, abstain altogether from intoxicating liquors. Although the women make the intoxicants and supply it to their men-folk, they not only do not touch it themselves, but when the men become intoxicated occupy themselves in preventing strife among them, and for this reason take the precaution of removing and hiding their weapons.

The Tobas are exceedingly fond of the gambling game *Hastawa* which was general among the Lenguas, and which there is reason to believe originated with them. It is a game based upon the tactics of war, the attacking and looting of towns, and has as one of its chief characteristics the crossing of a central piece of water in which, if the player fails to cross successfully, he is drowned, that is, loses the game. It is a very curious game and may have a history connected with it.

They kill all malformed children, and in the event of a mother's death bury her young child with her in the grave. Thirty-five to forty years ago the Tobas of Bolivia, in spite of their wars, private wars and infanticide, were actually increasing in numbers, but the visitation of foreign diseases, such as small-pox, have prevented the continuation.

To all appearance they are becoming, however, more inured to these diseases, and accept readily vaccination whenever opportunity offers, with the consequent result that fewer die of this plague.

As a rule the Tobas marry early, and the chief qualification on the part of the bridegroom is that he shall be a good hunter. Should the parents of the girl favour the young man's suit, they build a small hut for her to live in where she is kept practically a prisoner. The prospective husband having attired himself in *fiesta* garb is required to take his place before the hut, and for eight days to keep on dancing and singing night and day, in heat and cold, wind and rain, with as little rest as possible. Should he prove to have sufficient endurance and strength, the parents agree to receive him. The bridal ceremony is completed by a feast. Speaking generally they are monogamists. The women strongly object to the existence of any rival, and should the man show any undue attention to another woman, the women vent their wounded feelings not on the man, but upon each other. They fight furiously, and their jealousy is not appeased until the one or the other falls a victim. They will sometimes fasten large thorns to their fingers in order the better to tear and lacerate their opponent. Among the Toothli and Suhin Grubb has known them to fight with palm thorns, terrible weapons indeed, and he has in his possession a pair of

beautifully made knuckle-dusters, not for the use of man against man, but as a weapon of the gentler sex with which they may the more easily bruise and disfigure their rivals.

The Tobas have fewer witch-doctors than some other tribes, but they seem to exercise great authority, and their orders are never disobeyed. A sick person declared to be beyond recovery by the witch-doctor is immediately dispatched by a blow of the club. Very old people are generally buried alive. A peculiarity of the Tobas is that it generally falls to the lot of the women to kill the doomed and bury alive the old. The end of the latter they generally hasten, if death seems delayed, by pressing the head downwards on the chest. The reason given why the women should be employed to carry out these barbarous customs is that if the men were obliged to witness the last agonies of the dying, they might become unnerved and not so keen to join in war. From what has been described of the Tobas it may be thought that they have no redeeming qualities, but such is not the case. Grubb found them a very merry, good-natured people when approached in the proper way. They are conservatively Indian, proud of their stock. Approach them in the Indian way and they are quite amenable to reason, and when one becomes better acquainted with them they prove to have a good sense of humour also.

One of Grubb's early meetings with them was for the purpose of obtaining the services of two or three lads to supply him with words of their language. The interpreter told him that the Chief would have to be consulted. The chiefs were called and the interpreter explained to the leading one what was wanted. The interpreter had formed the opinion that he had only a passing scientist to deal with who desired merely a few notes to write about, and that he had no intention of passing that way again. He therefore made rather heavy demands, requiring that in return for the help the boys gave him with the language they should receive substantial rewards. The chiefs also would have to be compensated for giving their consent, and the parents and certain relatives of the boys would in addition expect to be rewarded with a consideration. Finally, the interpreter who had put himself to great inconvenience to help Grubb, and had risked losing popularity among his people by cutting down their otherwise exorbitant demands in order to save the visitor's pocket, from a feeling of respect and friendship for him, would certainly feel hurt if he were not substantially remembered. Savage though he was, he knew how to manoeuvre, but the affair did not end with him.

The leading Chief after hearing the interpreter's proposal caused Grubb to be informed that the demands made were insignificant and insufficient,

and then began a harangue in a loud tone in his own language, looking fiercely and impressively around at the visitor and the others present. He counted out on his fingers the number of shirts, red handkerchiefs, knives, scissors, looking-glasses, etc., that would be required, also the amount of food that would be necessary to maintain the strain of brain power on the lads—maize, sugar, cows' heads, cows' stomachs, etc.—he was no believer in low-feeding and high-thinking. Grubb shook his head at all the demands and kept to his point that he came as an Indian friend and would not pay, that it was for their good he wished to pick up the language, and not his own. Then the Chief resorted to the old Toba dodge, and raised his voice louder and louder, and his tones were more raucous than ever. All this was done to cow and impress Grubb. But as an old hand he knew of this manœuvre. He did not understand a word the old man was saying, but thought he would meet him with like weapons to his own. He would in this case answer the fool according to his folly, so in a voice getting louder and louder he declaimed against him and his people in the Lengua language. The Chief recognized at once that it was an Indian language, but could not understand a word. Grubb's lungs were better than his, and his manner if anything more impressive, and the nonsense he talked was quite good enough for the purpose. This went on for a

minute or two, then the old fellow's face relaxed, and they all burst out into uproarious laughter. It had dawned upon them that they were not the only possessors of this little secret. They saw the joke and all went well. Eventually some of them came to live with the missionaries for a time, and several of the lads received instruction in carpentry. Very friendly relations were established with the Tobas, and members of the Mission went down to their camp on dark nights and showed them the magic lantern.

At last, discovering the purpose the missionaries had in view, the natives were keen that they should begin work among them. A firm friendship sprang up between them. On one occasion the missionaries were out late. Seven Toba men paid them a visit before dark, but not finding them at home went into the house to await their arrival. The doors were never locked. But time passed on without their return, and the Tobas grew sleepy and tired. Eventually they went to sleep on the floor, and there they were found by the late-comers on their return that night. Of course they stayed until the next day. Nothing had been touched, nothing taken, and yet they belonged to that terrible tribe of raiders and looters, a people with whom it was dangerous to trifle. The older people frequently paid visits to the Mission, and some old men from a party of Tobas which had lived in the vicinity of

settlements for some years called upon the Mission one day with some of their young people, and asked the members to do them the great favour of showing their lads a really native dance. They explained that these lads, having lived most of their lives near the Christians, had never really seen a true native dance. So, having Indian costumes with them, they agreed to their request and went through the performance. The Tobas were delighted beyond measure, and ejaculated from time to time, "That's the thing! That's the real style! Oh, they know all about it!" and as Grubb hopped round with the ostrich feathers in his hand, the leading Chief admiringly remarked, "How well they do it, and even the old man," he said, referring to Grubb, "is still quite light on his feet." It was a strange thing, two or three missionaries being asked by a party of heathen Tobas to show their young people one of the ancient dances of the Indian peoples. The early training of the missionaries among the Indians of the north proved extremely valuable, and it opened the way to their hearts, because they realized that both they and their ways were thoroughly understood, and the acquisition of this knowledge must have been the outcome of unity of heart and sympathy with the peoples of the north, and that therefore they must be people to be trusted. Some years afterwards, a party of these same Tobas actually crossed the

Pilcomayo, and being granted safe conduct across the Mobyemintakyi and Lengua territories paid the missionaries a visit in the Paraguayan Chaco. Their leading Chief, an old man, had been anxious to prove that those who had appeared in the Argentine Chaco were the same people as the strange Englishmen whom they had heard of who had lived so long with the Lengua tribe and dominated that people, and the deputation that was sent had received strict instructions not to return without bringing a photograph with them. They had often had groups taken in the Argentine Chaco, and so understood the value of a photograph. The photograph that they must bring back must be one of their party with Grubb himself among them, and also some of the Lenguas. This the old Chief required because, they said, it would prove that they had actually reached the Mission village. They knew Grubb personally, as also another gentleman, Mr. Gray, whom they heard had also gone with him to that country, and who was manager of an *estancia* there. This would be conclusive proof to the Chief that the Mission party in the Argentine and the leaders of the Lenguas were one and the same people, and therefore to be fully respected, trusted and accepted by their people.

XV

THE FOUNDING OF THE MATACO MISSION

IN 1910 Grubb proceeded to Northern Argentina, and after visiting Bolivia and making one or two other excursions, eventually through the kind offices of one of the great English companies there, the Leach Argentine Estates, began preliminary work with a view to establishing Mission work among the Indians of the Argentine Chaco. This firm kindly placed house accommodation at his disposal, and in many other ways facilitated his efforts, giving him sympathetic and hearty co-operation in his work. In 1911 he was joined by the Rev. Canon Morrey-Jones and Messrs. Hunt and Bernau, all three old companions and fellow-workers. Among them they made journeys to different parts of the country, and got a general idea of the Chaco from San Pedro de Jujuy to Yaquiba, and down the River Pilcomayo, touching the Choroti and a branch of the Tobas under the famous chief Takaluk or Takaliki, the Matacos, and another party of Tobas on the Bermejo. They began at once trying to collect the languages, and secured a good vocabu-

lary of the Choroti and a much better and fuller one of the Vejoz, a part of the great Mataco people.

They decided to begin work both among the Matacos and among the Tobas, but from lack of suitable men they found it necessary to confine their efforts to one tribe. Grubb got in touch with an aged Mataco chief, Geronimo, who was strangely attracted towards him and who implored him just before he died to try and do something for his people. Through old Geronimo they decided to begin work among the Vejoz Indians, a branch of the Matacos. In 1914 they had a sufficient grasp of things to warrant their beginning permanent work, and again through the kindness of Leach Bros. they obtained a piece of land from them on the Bermejo, and forthwith began their first settlement. They had first of all to clear the dense forest, and persuade the Indians to join the settlement scheme. This all took time, and unfortunately Grubb contracted severe blood-poisoning and was compelled to return home in 1915, but in 1916 he again returned to the field. The heavy end of the work rested with Messrs. Hunt and Bernau, who were handicapped in almost every way by want of men and means, by the river encroaching upon them and forcing them to abandon the site they first occupied, and by all the other many difficulties attendant upon the building up and formation of such a work. In spite of this they

succeeded in forming a permanent settlement and in gathering round them a little population of Indians, who feel at last that they have got a happy and safe home. Every Indian family gets a grant of from four to five acres of land, and by this they have to support themselves as best they can. Schools have been established, and Mataco children can now read and write, some even sending letters home to England to any of their missionary friends on furlough, and in 1922, seven years from the first settlement there, the first band of Matacos were admitted to the Christian Church. The Mission has been reinforced by new men, and there is every reason to believe that it will not only develop but become a great success, that many Indians will be saved, and, what is more, a good influence is being exerted upon the Argentine settlers who are extremely friendly to and highly respect the Mission, and this is a very great gain.

The Indians of the Argentine Chaco towards the foothills of the Andes, and on the upper Pilcomayo as it enters the Chaco plains from Bolivia, knew about the Mission work among the Lenguas eighteen years before work was begun on the Bermejo, and they found out afterwards that this had been mainly through an old Lengua friend, an old war chief named Stork-neck who joined himself to the missionaries as early as 1890, and who had intimate connections with the Mataco chiefs. This

old man spoke more than favourably of them to the many surrounding tribes, and thus prepared in a very great measure not only a favourable reception for them later on, but impressed the Indians with the fact that the strangers would be their true friends, and that it would be to their own interest in every way to welcome, follow and obey them, just as old Geronimo, a man at least ninety years of age, so strongly urged his people to do. And yet, strange to say, old Stork-neck, although he remained the missionaries' fast friend, and never left them from his first meeting with them until his death, never expressed any desire to become a Christian. How far he was influenced by the Gospel teaching it is impossible to say. He never opposed but, on the contrary, gave his hearty support, and yet many joined the Christian Church while he, a lifelong friend, remained without the pale. To do justice to this missionary effort among the Matacos, and to give any account of the work among them, and any history of their tribes, customs, traditions and religious ideas would be far too great a task to deal with here.

This chapter by no means concludes with the end of Mr. Grubb's splendid work, a work of determination, energy and self-denial, and the Church has grown and is still growing and developing to an extent such as even its most enthusiastic well-wishers could not have conceived possible.

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