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Cachoeira Grande

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Judged by the standards of the colossal Amazonian Forest, the Rio Sepaliwini does not deserve the grandiose title of River, since, though mile wide at its mouth, it penetrates inland not more than a mere two hundred miles. Its estuary seems ^{an} huge however to the first Europeans who anchored their tiny ships inside its bar & ~~was~~ so impressed them that they promptly prefixed ^{the} to the Indian name of the river by their word "Rio" although actually "Igarapi" (small creek) would have been much more appropriate.

For the first forty miles from the coast the Sepaliwini is subject to tidal influence. The banks are low, subject to frequent & heavy flooding at such times as heavy tropical rains in the forest corresponds with Spring Tides. Behind these banks are numerous large shallow lakes, all of them connected to the main river & to each other by natural channels which form a natural highway for small boats in which it is possible to journey long distances as these channels never return again to the parent river, but find an outlet through some other creek to the sea. One such channel, a fairly broad & almost stagnant stream connects the Sepaliwini with the city of Sandeville - the only town of any importance for several ~~hundred~~ hundred miles & which forms the centre of all that makes life bearable to those who from any of the 101 reasons that sway the mind & heart of man have chosen to reside in an almost unknown area considered -
- ably larger than Great Britain

Tidal influence ceases abruptly at a bar of rocks running right across the creek, over which the river tumbles in a small fall. From this point for nearly a hundred miles the river is constantly interrupted by many rapids & falls, many of which are difficult for navigation & dangerous to life, from the sharp toothed rocks below the surface; the tearing force of the current or the suction of the whirlpools caused by the water pouring in with such force from a fall above to be held back by the narrow intricate channels farther down that form the beginning of another nasty fall.

Few of these falls have a perpendicular drop of more than a few feet: they are really more of the nature of very dangerous rapids & boats can be ascended, although at various points they have to be dragged by main force over the rocks at numerous points. All navigation ceased however on reaching the Cachocira Grande which is a fall with a sheer drop of one hundred feet. There is only one known way past this fall - a little narrow winding pathway up the escarpment just sufficiently wide enough to allow the passage of a man on foot, but far too narrow to permit a boat of any kind to be carried over. Very few civilized people have passed this fall but one or two of the hardier type have penetrated another ten miles in frail little woodskins.

Above the Cachocira Grande the river is free from rocks & falls for roughly some ten miles; a deep slowly flowing & rapidly narrowing stream, the branches of the forest meeting & interlocking overhead.

until a new chain of mountains appears. Here the river enters a canyon, with high precipitous sides & the bed of the stream ^{is} so littered with huge boulders through which the water tears with terrific force that progress is impossible even for a woodskin or any other craft. Here all progress ends & there is no record of a civilized man ever having attempted to go farther by river.

It is equally impossible to travel by land unless at considerable expense of time, material & energy, which the problematical result ^{from} of an uninhabited, unknown range of mountains do no warrant. Everywhere is a tangle of escarpments or huge boulders criss-crossed by trunks of trees of a bygone age, but which, so durable is the quality of their timber, may take some hundreds of years to rot away. Everywhere amongst these boulders where soil has accumulated there grows huge trees intertwined by a veritable riot of bushropes & lianas, which barred the way on all sides. There always has been & still is a road through this mountain range, but that is the secret of two aboriginal tribes which nothing would induce them to divulge. In the dim past when history began this road saved one tribe from extinction & it may do so again so why should they show to anyone outside their tribe the track that twists & twines around boulders, up escarpments & over long stretches of bare unmarked rocks.

The name of the river is a compound aboriginal word meaning Black (Sipali) Water (Wini) & there is no doubt as to its colour. In its less turbulent moments & especially in the deeper pools it has a tawny black tint almost resembling ink in certain lights & even when cascading over a fall the water never

becomes more than a brownish white. This colour is due to seepage from thousands of acres of a forest floor covered a foot deep with rotting debris & decaying leaves & vegetation & bears a close resemblance to the peaty water of the streams in parts of the homeland. Although somewhat repulsive to the eye, in contrast with ordinary water, it has no bad effect on the human system & can be used for all purposes without harm.

Visibility however is extremely poor as the eye cannot distinguish objects beyond a foot or so below the surface, even if such object is white & is cause of most of the dangers to be met with, since the point of a jagged rock may escape the notice a foot or so below, yet high enough to tear a hole in some passing boat. Such an accident happening in a rapid almost always ^{has} a fatal ending as the boat gets out of control & gets dashed to pieces on other rocks & some of the unfortunate crew get drowned in the strong currents & whirlpools.

The entire basin of the Sipaliwini is clothed in magnificent forest except in the mountainous regions where huge areas of bare rock has been washed clear of soil. This forest though bearing trees of 200 or more feet in height is more or less jungle owing to the tangle of bush & rope & sapling all trying for their place in the sun through which an opening must be cleared by axe & knife before anyone except an aborigine can make much head way. To investigate this forest without such preparation is dangerous; there are no landmarks even the sun is seldom seen, & it is easy for anyone to get lost. Woe betide those who do; they wander on & on & on, hoping to meet help

a path or sign of human activity, but except for the point from which he set out, there is not a soul within a radius of one hundred miles. Only the man with a keen accurate sense of direction dare enter these forest with impunity.

The entire area drained by the Sipaliwini has always been the home of an Aboriginal Indian Tribe known as the Tupana Kai. According to their folklore they have lived there "since time began" they were a peaceful tribe although ready to fight any wandering nomads who tried to enter & remain inside what was their peculiar territory. Other tribes could visit them or even pass through to visit others beyond, but not to take up permanent residence which after all is only Indian law. They however have no written language & their sagas naturally represent their tribe as the possessors of all the virtues; the vices belonged to others, but records exist elsewhere from which we can draw some faint picture of the Tupana Kai up to a point where their verbal history becomes truth.

The first European visitors to the mouth of the Sipaliwini found the Tupana Kai well settled in considerable villages engaged in evaporating sea water for its salt by slow laborious methods. The natives proved friendly; the strangers were conducted to where supplies of fresh water could be obtained & were shown the fields under crop. The natives also provided guides & the strangers were able to form a good idea of the possibilities for the development of a new country. Carter was conducted amicably & the visitors left in a friendly atmosphere. Both parties were doubtless most suspicious of each other; the visitors attributing every possible atrocity & intrigue to the cunning Indian

mind, while the Indians in complete ignorance of anything beyond tribal life were carefully watching every movement of a party whose manners, clothes, weapons, & even colour were something completely new & novel. No untoward incident took place & the Europeans left in safety & peace.

Some years later these Europeans returned, this time in force. A number of sailing ships dropped anchor in the river & several scores of men came ashore with large quantities of goods & tools. These men were the pioneers of an alien race, attracted by the apparent fertility of the district as described by their former scouts, who had come to settle down & begin a new life. Such an undertaking taxes the imagination, ^{today} in the light of modern development in ways & means, & the pioneers soon found they must have assistance & which they naturally turned to the Tupana Kai to supply. The natives however could not work with the strange tools & were definitely averse to steady sunrise to sunset hard labour & soon quit the work. Slavery was a world wide institution at the time, so the pioneers decided, if the natives would not work voluntarily, that they must do so as slaves.

The women had come with the pioneer menfolk & such were almost at once demanded for the usual purposes of a home. This was against every canon of native custom & laws & soon the pioneers & the Tupana Kai were at war. Naturally the natives armed only with bows & arrows, wooden clubs & spears had no possible chance against a foe who, although a mere handful in numbers, had guns, machettes, knives & other arms made of iron & steel. It was a massacre of the innocents

The numbers of the pioneers were rapidly increasing ^{not only} ~~both~~ along the fertile lowlying coast. but they were pushing up river also. The demand for slaves were increasing in equal proportion, but it was soon found the natives were absolutely useless as such. No amount of either gentle or harsh treatment had any effect on their behavior. They were definitely antagonistic to both the masters & the system. The masters ~~also~~ found that it was impossible to hold any adult native unless firmly secured by iron chains on both hand & foot. This was probably all right during the night but a shackled native is of little use as a labourer. yet, if allowed his freedom during daylight, it was just a question of time, when the native simply disappeared. The country was slowly & labouriously being cleared of the high forest & still offered unlimited shelter at many points. However carefully guarded the moment would come when the native would see his chance - his guard need only turn his face away for a second - & a quick sidestep or a dash of a few yards put him behind a tree or a clump of bushes. His recapture was almost impossible: unimpeded by any clothing the native could run like an antelope & with desperate ^{hat} in his mind & heart, nothing short of a well placed bullet would stop him. Once he reached the forest's edge he was safe. His captors or owners might as well search for the proverbial needle in a hay stack. Any native who is worth his salt can walk up to almost touching distance of the most wary of game in the forest & the pioneers hampered with noisy, twig snapping boots & encumbered by heavy arms & clothing, had no hope of catching the fleet silent moving Indian as he sped away to rejoin his tribe.

The white men soon changed their tactics. Since the male Indian was of no use in any capacity, why ^{bother} bother with him at all. The female could be kept chained up by day & even at night without greatly impeding her usefulness to her captors. Expeditions were now fitted out for the capture of such women. A native village would be surrounded & every male ruthlessly killed off, but the women were taken prisoners to be carried back to the plantations. It mattered little how valiantly & bravely the natives - even the women - fought. They were doomed to defeat by vastly superior arms & methods of assault. The number of captives at any one village might be small even collectively they were not enough to supply the demand, but so long as there were villages upstream, there was the hope of more.

It did not take long to capture every native as far as tidal influence & still water existed, but beyond that the falls & rapids were serious difficulties & led to considerable loss of boats & lives. At every such fall there existed a native settlement as can be seen even at this distance of time by the smooth patches ^{WOTN} on the rough weathered rocks where the natives had sat for ^{hours} many labouriously rubbing some selected stone to a sharp edge as a weapon & such was the determination of the settlers to secure slaves that they cheerfully faced the dangers as long as there were more native settlements ahead.

The Tupanakai could have withdrawn far away into the forests beyond the range of pursuit but the watershed of the Sepatiwini was their territory: the only home they knew; beyond which, except for periodic

visits, they could not go without incurring the enmity of some other tribe who equally jealously guarded their own special territory. There was nothing for it but fight for their own homes in spite of overwhelming advantages & odds. They must put out guards down stream & were cunning to offset their inferior weapons. In this they gained some initial success but a new factor came within the reach of the settlers. This was the enlistment of a different tribe of natives: a nomad crowd pushing down from the far North who were accustomed to fighting & were laying waste every tribe they encountered along the coast. Becoming wise to the impossibility of making slaves of the natives, the settlers entered into an arrangement with the new comers under which they would raid the Tupanaka for ^{female} slaves & payment would be made by results.

In future all slave hunting expeditions were composed of a number of friendly natives & an equal number of the bolder settlers who had little to lose & who, if successful in a raid, stood a good chance of improving their prestige & social standing as many of the poorer whites were little better than slaves themselves. Thus the marauders now had native cunning to match the efforts of the Tupanakai, & the guns and superior weapons of the Europeans when their victims were ^{forced} into the open or caught in a corner. Village after village were taken, a few escaping here & there; but as a rule all the males were killed & only the women captured.

^{Many of the} ~~Some of the~~ native women captured soon after the appearance of the Europeans now had a child or two by their

captors whom, to their surprise, proved to be kind & considerate fathers. Their natural hatred of their masters were softened as they saw these men fondling their children & even being kindly to the mothers. From newer captives these women learned how far inland the fighting had gone & few of them were prepared to make a bid for escape when they knew ^{at least} some fifty or more miles of swamp & trackless forest now lay between them & their tribe. Some few women would escape each year carrying with them either a child in arms or ⁱⁿ embryo but the majority, sullenly, had to accept their new mode of life & make the best of things. Through cohabitation the different parties soon began to understand each other's language to some extent, & many of the happier or most forgetful of the women could give, perfectly innocently, much useful information about the river away inland & as yet unseen by the pioneers, such as names of falls, their heights & difficulties or the distance the sun would travel from the horizon to correspond with the time it took a canoe or woodskin to do the journey between falls.

From these sources the settlers knew when they had only one more village upstream from which to increase their supplies of women, & that this village was the best & biggest the tribe possessed. There dwelt the Chief of the Tupanakar, his immediate family, several sub-chiefs & a number of youths of both sexes undergoing the tests which eventually admitted them to full manhood & membership in the Tribe. A number of the stronger or more cunning had escaped from those villages already laid waste lower down the river & these would also swell the numbers

considerably making a new expedition all the more imperative through the anticipated haul of pretty young girls. True there was one more fall before reaching the Tupanakai capital, but at this point there was only one or two small huts offering neither a prospect of much resistance or booty. Three hours pulling upstream in a woodskin from this fall brought the traveller to the Chief's residence. Beyond this latter point it was impossible to proceed by river. A fall of ~~over~~ fabulous height blocked all progress to even the smallest corial. The village was situated in a gorge lined on either side by high cliffs "higher than the tree tops" up which the Tupanakai know of only one passage unless a long way along the escarpment. Above the fall the natives had woodskins in which they, in less than half a days travel, reached a range of mountains about which the settlers could glean nothing reliable & which seemed the home of many monsters & evil spirits - a serious danger to all except the specially initiated.

Opposition under the spur of desperation had been mounting amongst the Tupanakai in the fight at the more recently raided villages & to capture the Chief village would require a large force of the best amongst the settlers as well as all the friendly natives they could muster. Amongst the former there were however volunteers aplenty & some months were spent in preparation, building stout boats principally & in advances to their fighting native allies in order to increase their number, as so much depended on their loss. When at last the expedition was ready a great service was held in one

of the little wooden churches that had sprung up along the river. From far up & down the settlers collected; the little church was overflowing when the ministers of religion asked the blessing of Heaven on the venture & offered long prayers for the utter confounding of the unspeakable native & for the safe return of the brave company.

Every village had already been laid waste in the river, hence there was no opposition to be met; not even at the last small fall before reaching the chief's village, as its few inhabitants had already moved higher up stream. Some hours above this the friendly natives landed in the forest to act as scouts in case the Tupanaki had pickets posted below the village. None were found however & soon the village itself was sighted - empty also - and a landing effected in perfect safety. There was every evidence that the village had been only recently & very hurriedly evacuated. Hanging on the walls or strewn on the floors of the two large communal houses (each of which was capable of holding ^{over} a hundred people), which comprised the village, were a number of articles that were in daily use among the natives while running around both inside the houses ^{& outside} were several animals & birds which had been the pets of the villagers. Everything pointed to hurried flight & as on several of the hearths fires were still burning, it was only an hour or so since the inhabitants had fled.

The settlers lost no time, it was nearing noon & while a meal was being served out, half a dozen of the most trusted natives were sent ahead. These men had already found the well worn trail that led

from the houses to the foot of the escarpment which proved to be some hundred feet high. They were ordered to climb to the top & to reconnoitre for further information as to the movements & whereabouts of the fleeing tribe. They soon gained the top to find a well worn path leading straight into the forest along which many feet had passed within the last hour. Leaves & twigs that had been snapped off in the stampede were still dripping white juice, in little pools the water was still muddy & had not yet had time to settle ^{while} & at one place they found an ember still glowing red. Listening carefully they caught no sounds in the forest but the nasal calls of bird & beast pursuing their search for food indicating the vicinity was clear of moving people since any strange happening such as the presence of men would certainly have been noticed & the calls been those of excitement & warning.

Returning below to report, the settlers, well trained by previous experience, soon made their arrangements. A small number of men were to stay in the boats as guards in case some of the enemy were lurking around. Headed by their friendly native the bulk of the force took the path for the foot of the cliff as it was deemed important they should establish camp the same afternoon on the top of the fall, or pursue the fleeing natives if it seemed more useful, as the sooner they were overtaken the better.

The path up the cliff, ^{at most} wide enough for only two men to march abreast, at first wound along a narrow twisting terrace, which did not present much difficulty as it was smooth & the angle none too steep. Two thirds of the way up this gave out & the path rose steeply over a series

of small boulders, up which it was necessary to pick their steps with considerable care as a slip might mean being dashed down on the rocks below, or injuries to limbs among the boulders themselves. The ascent was difficult to men with no experience in climbing, but the party moved slowly forward in good & close formation, & were soon only a few yards from the summit.

As they toiled up the face of the cliff it was noticeable how silent was everything around them. True enough to one side was the dull distant thunder-like sound of falling water from the adjacent fall, but elsewhere the forests were completely silent - an ominous contrast of a couple of hours ago when the forest rang with the warbling of birds & the calls of animal contentedly pursuing their common tasks. The native, probably the world's most acute observer, soon noticed this silence & his alert mind was searching for some explanation.

The leading files came to an abrupt halt as they scanned the rocks & top of the cliff now, along their entire flank, immediately over their heads & tensely listening for some reassuring sound. In turn every one in the line came to a halt, & the narrow difficult path was packed with silent motionless ^{men} when a piercing shrill whistle broke the silence.

The guards watching the boats & supplies in the river below had been keenly watching the ascending party & hear the loud whistle also. To their consternation they saw the cliff top suddenly become alive with natives who poured volley after volley of arrows into the helpless motionless line of their companions at point blank range - arrows tipped

Deadly poison or made from bamboo with a spear shaped blade ^{internal} which mushrooms on striking a bone & causes the most dreadful injuries while other natives were rolling large rocks down on the defenceless raiders. It was all over in a couple of minutes & scarcely a man among the settlers but had received fatal wounds, or broken limbs. Only those who had not yet turned the corner from the sloping ledge into the steeper rocky gorge escaped. They were to a large extent protected from assault by the slightly overhanging cliffs above them. They were however helpless as they in ~~turn~~ turn could not see their assailants while before them they watched their companions being picked off to the last man. Such as did venture forward to help their companions ~~men~~ drew a hail of arrows & they soon broke & fled back to join the guards standing by the boats below.

The settlers were no cowards & ^{those by the boats} they began firing their pieces at such natives as they saw above, but the natives wisely concentrated on the ascending party as those by the boats were outside arrow-range, a few wounded men began to emerge in an attempt to join the boats & there the natives above began to shoot, which gave the party below their only chance of revenge, otherwise the warriors offered no target. The settlers held a consultation & decided they could do nothing. The small number of guards could not possibly engage the natives in a straight fight under the circumstances & if they remained overnight there was the almost certain danger of their being ambushed during the night either at their present moorings or at points down river, no more stragglers or wounded were appearing, so after transferring what they thought was essential

to a single boat. the survivors fled down river while daylight lasted, in order
 put as many miles as possible between themselves & the native warriors.

Less than a fourth of the party who had so optimistically set out-
 returned to the settlements on the lower Sepaliwini. The loss was
 taken very philosophically by the Europeans, all is fair, in Love & War, & if
 you go out to fight you must expect losses. Those who had been killed
 had no wives or children & few had any relations & therefore none to
 mourn for their loss, but while this was the individual viewpoint, the
 defeat touched the honour & prestige of every settlement on the river.
 Much was made of this by the various ^{services} funerals & memorial services
 were held in every church in the river at which feelings of hatred
 were rather worked up by fulsome praise of the bravery of the deceased,
 long prayers that God would bind up the hearts of those that mourn,
 while the Deity was implored, nay, almost commanded, to rain fire
 & brimstone, pestilence & plague on the heads of the cruel unscrupul-
 ous aboriginal dogs who had outwitted them, but with no hint that the
 unfortunate natives were fighting against extermination & for everything they
 held dear - their lives, the honour of their women, their homes & every thing they possessed.
 There was some talk of reprisals but the dangers & difficulties & above all the
 recent defeat called for saner council & none were ever taken. But it
 was long before the episode was forgotten & the battle of the Great Fall
 or as it became called "Cachoeira Grande" was the theme of
 much conversation & discussion for years.

As soon as the European pioneers found the Aboriginal Indians were useless either as voluntary workers or as slaves, they began to explore other sources for necessary labour. This was found in Africa & soon steady shipments were arriving on the Atlantic Eastern Sea board. Attracted by the lure of fabulous wealth & love of adventure more & more Europeans were arriving & there was soon a constant stream of vessels going back & forth across the Atlantic. There was also a considerable influx of women from overseas who brought new influences to bear on ^{the} society & habits of the new settlements, & there was no longer the need - so-called - for the capture of native women. Actually these raids had perforce to stop entirely as after Cahocira Grande there were no more native villages left from which a supply could be procured.

The Sipeliwini then entered on an era of undreamed prosperity. Crops grew luxuriantly with a minimum of attention; slave labour was abundant & cost nothing beyond the initial purchase; the cost of production was low; ocean freights reasonable & high prices were the rule in the home markets. Both banks of the river were taken up in plantations for a considerable distance inland. The country was however low & swampy & the incidence of sickness ran high. Rumour spread & immigration from Europe dwindled to nothing. Many of the well-to-do settlers left the river for areas of better health or shipping facilities, & left their estates under managers.

The Sipeliwini enjoyed a hundred years of prosperity however. By this time the first settlers & their first generation of children were dead.

Each succeeding generation seemed weaker than the preceding. They were unaccustomed to hard work as the pioneers had been. They had slaves to do everything, even to putting on or taking off their boots. Supervision grew lax & crops either were much poorer or failed completely. Then began an exodus of everyone - master & slave alike - who had the means of getting out to found new settlements elsewhere. There still remained a number of coloured families who owned names of European origin who eked out a bare existence, but the vast majority of estates were completely abandoned. What had been cultivated land began to grow up in bush & soon the whole river was practically abandoned.

A few of the more progressive coloured ^{folks} went farther inland but still below the first falls where they began a timber cutting industry as this was about the only commodity in sight that would give them a livelihood. There was always a good demand for timber on the coast & the tides gave free transport to the huge logs of cedraoche, andiroba & other lighter than water woods. These people were a great contrast to their early settler parents - freehanded & generous when they had anything; happy-go-lucky with little or no thought for tomorrow, cheerful, laughing & tolerant albeit lazy ^{unless} ~~unless~~ under the stimulus of dire necessity.

The Tupanakai watched their enemies scuttle their unarmoured -
 - any boats in mid stream & then embark in the last & push off downstream
 without offering the slightest resistance. They had few arrows left & it was wise
 to keep as many as possible for future needs. A number of their band still were
 hauling up rocks & large stones to drop them over the cliff on the dead and
 wounded on the ledge below. It was not until on a bend of the river some
 couple of miles downstream, the boatload of white settlers were seen steadily
 proceeding homewards that the tribe realised their present danger was over.

This was the last point the boat could be seen from & their Chief gave the
 rallying yell for his men followed by orders to immediately evacuate the
 position & make for increased safety farther inland. Silently every brave
 fell into step behind their Chief who swung into a rapid pace along the
 trail that had been used some hours previously by the aged members of
 the Tribe & the children. No thought was given to the wounded lying along
 the face of the cliff with broken limbs & smothered bodies who cries for
 help from their companions could be distinctly heard. Experience had
 shown that even a dying white man behind a gun could be more than a danger.
 Better far to leave well ^{alone} if revenge on the mutilated bodies below was
 sweet to the imagination. Let the whites themselves look after the fallen.

Sight found the Tupanakai inside the first rocky approaches of the
 mountains ahead. A week later they emerged on the other side to be
 the guests of a friendly tribe with whom in the years gone by they had
 conducted barter sales & trade for salt & other surplus goods. They were
 given the usual hearty welcome & for a fortnight their ^{combined} shrill lamentations

rang through the forests as the Tupanakai recounted the tales of their defeats, the death of their various members, the carrying off of their young women into captivity & the eventual loss of their homes & territory.

Soon however a change became apparent in the behaviour of their hosts. They could not mourn indefinitely; hunger & thirst had to be satisfied & the common task of the daily routine of life had to be resumed. There was also this difference that whereas previously the Tupanakai had brought along much that was urgently needed, now they were empty handed & were in search of new homes & new territory which would become their particular hunting grounds to the exclusion of the hosts themselves. Nothing was said but the Tupanakai sensed a steady cooling off in their welcome & treatment. & they knew it was only a question of time an argument would begin, in which they knew they could only beg & at best would have to take orders.

One entire moon had waxed & waned when the Chief of the Tupanakai ordered his followers to start back into the mountains that were drained by their native Sipaliwini River. Every member of the Tribe knew there was not else for it & though they knew it meant serious privation & even possible extermination, they said their farewells to their hosts with loud shouts & much laughter & hilarity. Back on the tiny streamlets that was the beginning of their native river, it was a different story. These streams themselves were devoid of fish, not even a fingerling was to be found, a vast difference to their river below the Great Fall where fish were a major part of their diet. The mountains also were rocky & steep with large areas of bare rocks & game was extremely scarce. The stunted forests produced few nuts or fruit

the small fertile areas in the narrow valleys grew few ^{roots &} tubers that were either attractive to the birds & animals or would serve as food to them ^{selves}.

They searched around for such areas as gave good sites for fields & soon were busy with fire & stone axe in clearing the forest, but it was slow work. It was necessary for every man, woman & child to work every daylight hour scouring the vicinity for something to eat, while only a few of the men were able to concentrate on field work. Life in the forests in the best circumstances is hard, but previously they had had fields, a reservoir from which to draw supplies in difficult times, now they had nothing & they knew they had to pit their brain & brawn against Nature to on a scale little above the animals in order to live. They knew their difficulties & many discussions were held amongst the elders of the Tribe.

Eventually it was decided to call for ten volunteers - men of little domestic responsibility, yet strong in body & agile in brain to go out ^{back} into the plains beyond the mountains & reconnoitre, if necessary, as far as the lip of the Great Fall, as life in the mountains meant slow starvation & extinction. If their enemies were above the Fall, there was no alternative but stay; if they were not in evidence then they might venture out of the mountains & begin life anew in better forests carrying more abundant supplies of food.

It was a good ten days later when these volunteers returned, each heavily burdened with a bulky load. They reported having met not a single evidence of any expedition anywhere & they arrived unmolested at the Cachoeira Grande. Even here there was no sign of human activity & cautiously they had begun to venture down the old familiar

path. Almost at once they came across the bleached bones & rotting clothes of their enemies, but no sign of human life. What they had found however was a large number of iron tools - axes, machettes & knives. Already they had had experience with these, a few had come their way in the fights down river with the Settlers, although they had all gone in barter, or been lost or broken. It did not matter that these tools had to be pulled from the rattling bones that had once been a human hand or that they red with rust after weeks of exposure to the air, the rain & sun. The party searched everywhere & only when the last knife or piece of iron was found did they set off for their new mountain home.

The finding of these tools placed a completely new aspect on life before the Tupanakai. With a single axe one man could do more work in a day than the whole party could do in a month with their old primitive methods & with the numbers now at their command, they could foresee in less than a month more cleared forest than they had seed to plant. Experience so far had shown that the white settlers invariably came back up river & it was just a question of time when another expedition would appear above Cacholira Grande & they would without doubt arrive eventually at the foot of the mountain range. So it was definitely decided, now that there was some hope for existence, even if hard, that the tribe would make their permanent home in the mountains. On the plains & lower river the Tupanakai were no match for their enemies, but the rugged mountains offered ^{offered} presented difficulty to the enemy & ^{offered} many avenues of safety to the tribe.

For several generations the Tupanakai remained in their rocky fortress with occasional sallies to the plains below for fruit & game or out to Caohocira Grande for fish. For years they lived in fear & trembling, in anticipation of further attacks & possible disimination. This fear was kept active by almost nightly recitations of the atrocities & indignities the tribe had suffered given by those who had actually seen those happen. In time however even the youngest child passed to the Great-Beyond who had been in the retreat at the final fight. The stories became history only, a part of the oral mythology & tales told of an evening before sleep fell on the beds. True the women still hushed a fretful crying child during the night with the words "Hush, my child, our dreaded enemies will 'eat you'" but in time the young men, although unprepared to oppose such sentiments, openly sniggered "And what if they did?"

Youth among the Tribe, as youth in every race, were prepared to step forward where seasoned age in need of definite success, could only falter along the path of time worn custom, & these young men had good reason. They trod their mountains fastnesses in supreme command & their tribal training placed them as absolutely superior to everything within their range of experience. Even as children they were taught to be entirely indifferent to pain. The young boy often would neither whimper, nor permit a tear to appear as his elders pierced his flesh with sting of the scorpion or a centipede or when thorns or the spear of a stinging ray was plunged through a fold of his flesh gathered between the finger & thumb of his father. There was

in science

also their studies, astrology, botany, medicine (curative & destructive) zoology & other, by which he had to be able to distinguish between various natural phenomena by at least five senses. Arithmetic was elementary, confined to the fingers of one hand. Archery came as second nature as the boy's toy was a miniature set of bows & arrows. For recreation he ^{had} to learn dancing, music (vocal & instrumental) ^{mimicry} & the art of story telling.

These carried the youth up to the age of about fifteen years of age, but so far all examinations had been oral & he yet had to pass the initiation tests for admission as a full member of the tribe. At these tests the Chief & a few of the tribal headmen carried off these youths as were ready for initiation to a lonely almost unknown part of the forest. No woman was allowed to accompany them as her ^{presence} ^{presence}, even if unseen, might ^{nullify} ^{nullify} results, & with her cunning she might render some assistance to a favourite lad which ^{would} not be fair to others in the contests.

These ceremonies called for much stoicism as each aspirant had to face much physical pain & at the same time answer correctly the questions in science that were asked. These were comparatively simple, ^{but} ^{but} he had known practically the right answers from long experience, but the final practical tests were different. In all his tests so far he had to begin from a known point, such as the bark of a tree from which he had to extract a deadly salt, or to name correctly the beast, bird or fish from a tiny bone, feather or scale as ^{were} ^{were} shown to him. Blessed with a good memory & years of training, such tests were fairly easy & concrete, but the last tests called for adjustable brainwork, excessive cunning & endurance & even then might fail if not aided by a considerable amount of good luck.

His examiners would have noticed the calls of certain birds at dusk in various parts of the forest, & which had been noticed also by the lads undergoing the tests. One morning he would be awakened while it was still pitch dark - The tests invariably took place when there was no moon. He would be stripped of every piece of his bark covering & ornaments, & accompanied out some way into the forest, when he was handed a glowing fire-stick & a bunch of dried leaves & told to bring a MAAMOO back into camp. This is a species of bush chicken generally found on the ground but which sleeps on some convenient branch of a tree about eight or ten feet above ground. It crows about 4 A.M. then goes sound asleep again until the first streak of dawn when it flies down to earth & begins searching for breakfast. The youth would proceed through the forest until he had located his quarry. Then he would blow his firestick into flame & ^{quickly} ignite his handful of dried palm leaves. These he thrust under the sleeping bird whose feathers at once went ablaze & to some extent overcome by smoke, would drop to the ground when the lad promptly captured it by hand & wrung its neck.

The lad might be sent out to capture a covey of Forest Quail. These birds have similar habits, sleeping however only a yard or so above ground. In this case however he had only his bare hands, when he had located the quail, all sitting in a row on the same branch. It required considerable skill & cunning to pick off bird after bird so gently as not to awaken its neighbours which were almost if not quite touching each other. Generally there is only one male in each covey & this bird definitely had to be produced when the lad appeared at dawn in camp.

In the final test the youth was escorted into the forest, again in a state of complete nudity, just as the Eastern sky began to show traces of approaching day. & was handed a wooden club. With this weapon the youth knew he was supposed to kill certain of the larger animals that roamed the forest: a bush-deer, a pacca, a wild pig, a tapir, or best of all a jaguar. & he knew it was no use returning to camp empty handed. He must kill something & his future status in the Tribe as a hunter, & prospective bridegroom & warrior, depended on the type of animal he killed & the speed which he was able to return to camp. It might take him days to perform the feat, during which time he had to exist on berries & roots that grew in the forest, but to return empty handed meant he was disgraced in the eyes of the Tribe & might even be given a woman's clothing & handed over to some aged crone as assistant in household duties.

This was a test of the highest order calling for a full knowledge of the habits of the desired animals, an extraordinary keenness of sight, hearing & even smell in some cases, excessive cunning & skill & infinite patience. But it was very seldom that he did not return with some game. Luck, of course - & every youth knew well the charms that would conjure it up - was a considerable feature in the contest between the man & the animal, on a footing of almost equal terms, & the spotting of some quarry in the early morning as it ambled unsuspectingly along, although it called extreme care & self-restraint, meant an early kill once it had lain down & gone asleep over the heat of mid-day, when it was felled with one stroke of the club. The more successful - or the more lucky - would stagger back to camp while the sun was still poised on the meridian, to receive manhood rights & full membership of the Tribe.

Such were the men of the Tupanakai Tribe and

there was good reason why these growing ~~men~~^{youths} should become restive in their sterile mountain location, & once they had shaken off the fear of what was now a mere myth, they gradually moved out into the plains above Cachoeira Grande, & even some of the braver to build homes on the brink of the Fall itself. There was no sign of human activity & in time they crept down the escarpment & began to establish themselves on other falls down river. The craving for salt was a greater incentive than the spirit of adventure in their movements down river. The tribe had always kept contact with tribes farther inland & ^{some of} the fortunate few had come to taste a little salt. They made a substitute by leeching the burned bark of certain trees from the forest, but the results were insipid & tasteless by comparison & took too long in preparation. Periodically some one would have an uncontrollable desire for salt; their myths told them that in the great pool wherein this river was a river no more, the water itself was salt & another movement downstream was begun.

Each downward movement was carefully prepared by a reconⁿitering expedition generally to hunt or fish ostensibly, which could make a hasty retreat if necessary. It was on one such expedition that they made their first contact with ^{a member of} an alien race. Four Indians went hunting downstream in their corials & in slowly drifting round a bend of the river the leader saw a man digging in a sandbank a ^{shot or} few yards distance ahead. The Indians pulled in to the bank, leapt ashore & silently made their way through the forest until they struck a trail. A few moments later the man from the sandbank as he entered the

sheer wall of forest growth found two Indians nervously fiddling with their bows & arrows standing stolidly in the path. The stranger did not seem either excited or surprised. Shifting a basket of turtle eggs which he had just dug out of the sand bank ^{he walked} straight up to the Indians with a cheery salutation & held out his hand. The gesture conveyed nothing, but the man's manner & his hearty convinced the Indians he had no evil designs & was quite friendly. After some motions of the hands in an effort to find a basis of some contact since speech was useless the stranger pushed one Indian ^{aside} & beckoned them to follow. In a few moments they entered a clearing in which was an open barracão. A woman & couple of children were the only people in sight, at whom the Indian gazed in surprise. They wore clothes & everything in the camp was strange beyond experience. Food & drink were put out which they ate with such composure as they could but in such a manner as drew the constant stares of their hosts in turn. It was here a case of fingers were made before forks. But both hosts & guests realized the meeting was not so much that of different races, but completely different civilizations.

A little later over a cigarette of home grown material, their host began to try to do some trade. He desired to purchase the lovely bow & handsome sheaf of arrows one of the Indians carried but it was no use. Either the Indians did not understand or they did not wish to part with their arms. Soon afterwards with a few guttural expressions, possibly of thanks, the Indians withdrew to be joined by their two companions at the edge of the clearing & who all along had been acting unseen as guards, never more than a few yards away.

Next morning the same two Indians appeared early, in the clearing but they were completely changed, so as to almost unrecognisable. They wore towering head crowns of gaudy feathers, while from ears, nose & under lips dangled assorted articles of the same origin; round their necks were rows of necklaces of aromatic seeds; they wore bright ^{red} handcloths of their own weaving made from native cotton, in place of the more customary article of bark. Their entire body was ^{almost} covered with other feather work - brilliant blue, green, yellow, red & white; their faces were painted in geometric designs of different colours, & such parts of their bodies as could be seen were decorated in a similar manner.

It was evident they had come to pay a ceremonial visit, & soon the Indians ^{indicated} by sign language that barter was their main purpose. The bows & arrows that could not be purchased yesterday was laid on the ground at the feet of their host & business was begun. This man, a coloured man with curly black hair, was quite ready, nay eager to respond as there was a good demand on the coast for much that the Indians carried or wore. Eventually the Indians left carrying an axe, some machettes, knives & different articles of which they knew little or nothing, but they left their arms & most of their crowns & ornaments behind. Their most prized article was a bottle of salt of which they had often heard & wished to possess. They were rich beyond their dreams & they left with cheerful grins on their faces, & with gestures of goodwill & thanks. Again as they entered the forest they were joined by their two companions who had been silently standing guard in case of any treachery on the part of the coloured man or his party.

With this meeting there commenced a new era for the Tupanakai. Some months later a number of their Tribe appeared at the barracão again on business bent; too many for the slender resources of the first coloured man they had met, which meant a chaperoned visit to a more populated place lower down river, & in a year or two there was a considerable amount of trade established. The simple articles of their native craftsmanship, were ^{far} too few however to supply the demands for ~~the~~ goods & soon a few were offered work on the timber grants either as huntsmen at which they were far ahead of any of the coloured people, or at such simple work with axe or machette as they could do. This intercourse between the two people grew without an untoward circumstance, but both parties kept carefully apart. A considerable distance was observed as a No Man's Land, ⁱⁿ which both parties ^{facilitly} decided no homes would be built. No coloured person ascended to the Indian territory & no Indian woman came down river to the camps & homes of the coloured people. During each dry season however a number of the Indian men who were free at home, came down both to do trade & to work. The former stayed only a few days: the workers would stay a few weeks or a few months, long enough to give them the goods they most urgently required, but in no case longer than the beginnings of the next rains, when, as a rule, all work on the timber grants had to be closed down, or the owner took advantage of the swollen river to transport their lumber & logs out to some port on the coast for sale & to purchase necessary requirements for the coming season.

When the Tupanakai beat a hasty retreat away into the forests after the successful fight at Cachoeira Grande they carried with them some half dozen or more half-breed children. These were the results of an union under force when the Indian girls or women had been carried off to slavery & a life of drudgery when they had no will of their own. A few of these women watching their chance, had escaped & fled to the forests with their child. Fewer still managed to return safely to their tribe across the rapidly widening gap that separated the farthest inland point of civilization & the nearest Indian encampment.

These children were by no means received favourably by the rest of the Tribe but they were tolerated in face of the determination of the mothers who, however repugnant might be the circumstances of their origin gave full play to their instinct & maternal love to protect their children in the face of any & all opposition. When the Tribe settled down in their new home amongst the mountains, these children & their mothers were subjected to every sort of ridicule & indignity, especially the boys who were given none of the training that would eventually enable them to pass the tests for manhood & membership in the Tribe. They grew up almost apart, dependent largely on their own observations & such bushlore as their mothers could impart or the little they could learn by listening to lectures by the elders, although they were not supposed to be present. It was a hard school but they survived.

They were objects of ^{scorn} ~~contempt~~ generally & as such, when they reached manhood & an age for marriage, were not permitted

to marry into the Tribe; there was nothing for it - but to intermarry amongst themselves. This they could do to advantage, as no two of them were blood relations except on the mother's side & thus were more distantly related than most of the tribal marriages. Their children had the benefit of paternal instruction & were much better educated ^{than formerly} & more able to compete successfully in the general life of the Tribe, but they were still looked on with skance & with considerable suspicion.

Gradually a swing of the pendulum set in & opinions began to change. There was no doubt that these descendants of an alien race ^{on the paternal side} were better physical specimens. Both ^{sexes} ~~specimens~~ were taller & stronger than the pure-breed & their bush-tox was soon as good as the best in the Tribe. They rarely returned from hunting without heavy loads of game or furs; they could outrun the fleetest man of the Tribe in a mad race after fleeing or wounded game & they could carry home a greater load from afar with more indifference to fatigue & hunger & thirst than anyone else. Apart from their better ^{physique} physique, these people had skin of a much lighter degree in colour & their hair was of much finer texture, which, when worn long, often showed a tendency to curl. Eventually this lighter colour became the fashion as an indication of superiority & the various now married true-breeds were desperately anxious now to wed anyone of these light-skinned members of the group, who were unattached.

These lighter-skinned Indians, although now full members of the Tribe with full right & privileges had exactly the same ideas and

being light hued themselves held in many instances an advantage over the darker competitors. There was a certain amount of intermarriage between the different colours, but there was always a number who married true to type, so to speak, in as much as some very fair complexioned maid or young man almost invariably married someone equally light in colour. In time colour became the hallmark of ambition instead of ~~physical~~ ^{physical} perfection, or a high degree of bushlore.

After the return of the Tribe to take up residence below the ~~the~~ Cachocira Grande, they were two young people of very light complexion who had married. ~~As usual~~ There is no such thing as a honeymoon amongst these people, but generally the newly married spend some weeks or months in closest contact day & night. The pair go hunting together spending long hours in searching for some fruit or food that they particularly wish to eat. They may not go far, simply ambling along noting every natural phenomena, talking, laughing & happy, much like lovers at home, yet eager & ready to follow up any game, so that by evening they return to the village with something to add to the communal last, & generally largest meal of the day. In their rambles above the escarpment the couple had discovered what they thought was an ideal site for a field, which was one of their secrets as now that the early rains were setting in & nothing could be done for some months. The young wife was also going to have a baby, but in their daydreams they foresaw the day when the secret spot would be their little paradise with an ideal baby to play with, but few of the responsibilities or duties common

to the ordinary members of the Tribe.

The rains were well over when the baby was born - a little girl, whom the parents were delighted to see had a skin complexion that was almost white, even lighter than themselves & they had been undoubtedly the two fairest members of the Tribe. Both mother & child were well, so almost as soon as the customary month of convalescence was over, the young couple with the baby, went off to the proposed site for the new field. The weather was ideal, no rain & a cool steady breeze to temper the heat of the tropical sun, so there was no need to build an elaborate house. A small spot was cleared of saplings, bush ropes & forest debris on light sandy soil on the bank of a small stream where it fell noisily over a two foot bar of rock into a pool below which gave good facilities for bathing. A sloping roof of palm leaves in case of rain was erected, but the sides were left open as offering free passage for such breeze as could be got on the forest floor. In a couple of days the family were comfortably installed & their hammocks slung. By dawn each morning the father was off in search of game for the little group & on his success depended how work on the field progressed. Most days however he spent clearing the projected field of all the smaller trees & bush ropes, but over the heat of noon & the fading hours of daylight the couple spent together playing with the baby on a large grass mat outside their shelter watching the child's growing intelligence or amused at its antics & splashings in the bathing pool.

Several weeks passed by in sheer delight & happiness when the

field was rapidly approaching completion. The man was now half notching the large trees, but not felling them completely so as to save much hard labour as he knew from experience that the heavy crown of the trees when one extra large tree was cut through the trunk completely would carry all before it & the entire field be levelled to the ground. There remained only a day or two to complete the work. The mother had gone down to the creek for water to cook with, leaving the baby asleep on its grass mat by the shelter & as was natural threw off his ornaments & lags to have a bath. She had barely entered the water when she heard the crash of a falling tree, another & another, which meant that somehow the half cut trees in the field had begun to move & that in a moment or two everyone would be on the ground. She was not unduly worried as the field was a short distance away, but presently a loud report directly over head caused by a thick tough bark rope with its centre away in the field & its long arms extending far across the creek made her look up. As she glanced up there was a rattle as of musketry as more & more ropes overhead broke in two & then she was horrified to see a huge tree which had either poor roots or was half rotten with age sway over & begin to fall directly in a line that would come close to where her baby lay.

The little mother leapt from the pool in terror with no thought of her nude appearance & began racing up the steep bank of the creek. She was too late. As she reached the top the tree across their humble shelter with a crash that could be heard for miles. She rushed on into a swirl & welter of dust & flying leaves to find her baby pinned to the ground.

under a tangled heap of broken branches, lianas, leaves & rubbish
 She began frantically to tear these apart with her bare hands when she heard
 a yell from her husband who almost at once came rushing through to her side.
 With a few deft strokes with his ^{machette} he severed most of the branches & was
 able to lift the mass for the mother to creep under & rescue her baby. It was
 unconscious & bleeding considerably but as she held it close to her bare breast
 she felt its fluttering breath & shouted, "It is alive. Oh! my baby still lives."

The baby was badly wounded along its left side, but most of the wounds
 were superficial. One leg dangled broken near the knee & there was a large
 gash across the hip. The ugliest wound was the left side of the face where the
 broken jagged end of a branch had carried off all the skin & torn the little
 ear into shreds. There were ^{several} bruises on the body, but no punctures or cuts
 of any importance. The parents left immediately for their village to seek
 more experienced help in setting the broken limb & the treatment of the
 different cuts & wounds.

The baby lived. The leg was set & knitted fairly quickly & well; the
 cuts healed with little trouble although they left a lot of ugly scars
 especially on the left cheek & neck. & the left ear was merely a strip of
 dangling cartilage. A year later however a baby sister was born & as
 the care of two infants was too much for the mother, the injured one was
 handed over to the grandmother to rear. It was only when the child
 should have been beginning to walk that it was discovered that
 the injured limb was stiff at the knee & considerably shorter than the
 other leg. It was a long time before the child learned to balance

balance properly as each unaided step meant a tumble. In time the child did learn to make a step or two forward & then she was expected to become useful. The grandmother would ask the child to pass her some light article just beyond her reach, & the child anxious as are all children to help in work at young age, would try her best — often to end in a fall only. Several of these falls took place close to or around the open hearth where cooking was done & on several occasions she fell directly on the fire. As she invariably fell on the left side, the burns that resulted from such falls added to the scars already existing on that side.

The name given by the Tribe to the little cripple was "Little lame one" but there were several other lame persons in the Tribe & it was rather confusing as the child was growing each year, & soon the prefix of "Little" would be of no use as she would become fully grown. They awaited some incident or peculiar happening in the child's life as is the usual custom & the childish name is forgotten in a new adult one which last for life in most cases. They were having a big tribal dance & fiesta & as was usual every adult were dancing during the afternoon in the open clearing between the huts of the village. The children, not yet of an age to take part in these festivities had been hanging around as amused spectators, or they played some game of their own. Suddenly one child shouted "let us all go down to the creek & bathe" off they raced down the path that led some hundred yards through the cultivation to the creek. Of course it was a race as to who should be first at the creek, & the "Little Lame One" was soon left far behind. She kept running or rather

limping steadily along. She knew she couldn't possibly keep up but it was a point of honour to run her best. As she limped her dark hair was just visible above the vivid green of the young crop of cassava some four feet high, but only when she made a step forward on her right foot. When she made her next step on the crippled leg, her hair & head disappeared completely for a second. This was all plainly visible to the dancers who were at the moment standing still & watching the race. Then the Master of Ceremonies began laughing uproariously & he managed to stammer,

"Senen! Senenga!! Otutu hanji!!!"

"Look! Oh! Look!! The Butterfly."

The similarity to the motions of the Morpho Moth or Butterfly was undeniable, although the colour was black instead of metallic blue. It was the same flip-flop of the "Otutu" which every Indian knew. Ever ready to see the amusing side of the natural phenomena around them the Indians thought this was a huge joke & at once every one was in peals of laughter; the majority doing an exaggerated imitation of the same motions. This pantomime was kept up with fresh variations & renewed shrieks of laughter until the children returned, when the "Little Lane One" was greeted on all sides by shouts of "Butterfly, Butterfly." She had received her adult name & by it she was known until her death.

Butterfly could not enter into the boisterous sports & games of youth & consequently had to make her own amusements to a large extent. This she did by making pets of every animal or bird she could lay her hands on, & at which she was most successful. The dogs of her tribe were famous

for their fierceness & usefulness for hunting. No person dared touch the dogs of another hut, yet Butterfly, fearless to a degree, could walk up to the dog bench in any hut & be received with only tailwagging & a desire to attract her attention. Many of them when they returned wounded from the hunt by jaguar, wild hog or other game, had been handed over to her to have these ugly wounds dressed, as not even their owners dared to touch them in that state. She seemed to have some peculiar influence as these dogs would ~~take~~ lie quiet without a single growl or attempt to bite while her gentle fingers drew out a nasty thorn, poured her simple remedies into their cuts or she squeezed fow from some deep seated wound. When fully recovered these dogs were devoted to her.

Having suffered so much herself all her life, Butterfly as she grew up had a close fellow feeling for others who also suffered. Her dog practise was when she was young, but soon she began to be of use to such members of her tribe as were ill. She could naturally draw on the women of the Tribe at an early age for an intimate knowledge of medicines & various remedies, all of which were almost entirely botanical - healing juices of trees, bitter tasting barks & seeds of use in fevers, others that were useful as emetics or purgatives, the deadly effect of several vegetable poisons & their antidotes. It was seldom when some person in the Tribe was not ill. They were subject to various fevers, colds were common & frequently the cause of death, & numerous other illnesses even if they stayed at home. The men who had to go hunting were liable in the mad race after game to get nasty wounds on their

An unseen splinter of hard wood protruding from a broken branch on the ground could lacerate a leg or puncture some part of the body when running at top speed. & many of these would separate & require weeks of careful attention. Slowly it dawned on the tribal mind that Butterfly had more tact, knowledge, & gentleness than anyone else & so the demands on her services grew every year, until she became the recognised nurse of the Tribe.

Every tribe has its medicine man, actually in most cases more than one. These men generally begin with a genuine desire to help some they know or love who is ill, & if successful their fame gets around. There is competition which they must keep ahead of, & there begins a keen desire to be in the limelight. Soon such a man passes from the practical to the theoretical & he begins to proclaim his ability to control the invisible good & bad spirits of another world which are such a large factor in Indian life & superstition. It is only a question when he takes credit for the death of some who has incurred his displeasure & sooner or later the medicine man meets a violent death, at the hands of some one of the relatives of a family who have suffered at his hands. It is very rarely a woman becomes a medicine man proper & Butterfly had no desire to become one. Hers was solely the role of nurse; the use of simple remedies known to her Tribe & an increasing experience in treatment gained by practice backed by the keen observation common to all Indians. She would have no dealings with the occult, however much this would have increased her reputation.

mentally Butterfly was ~~mentally~~ far ahead of girls of a like or even considerable older age than herself; probably because being a cripple she had had to exercise her brain much more to invent ways & means to arrive at something which was perfectly straight forward to those with normal bodies & limbs. Her powers of observation had also been accelerated, but physically she lagged a long way behind. Girls of her own age had been married for some years & actually had a child or two before Butterfly arrived at puberty probably when she was about seventeen years old. She grew tall now & her body swelled out to normal. Actually ^{on} one side she had a perfect figure & her face was extremely pretty, but ~~as~~ ^{the} ~~was~~ ^{etc} vicious, from the left; the awful scars, the torn ear & short leg, was enough to make everyone turn their eyes elsewhere.

She was now eligible for marriage but no man wanted a cripple for his wife. A woman has to be strong to face life as an Indian wife with its constant demand for the carrying of heavy loads such as water & wood for the home & the fruits of the harvest in the fields. These could only be done with great difficulty by Butterfly, nor could she keep step in the line of march on visits overland to distant villages. Thus no man made a proposal of marriage to her. Many of the older men already married were keen to possess her, especially during some of the fiestas when free love was common. Butterfly had enough sense however to realise the real meaning & value of such approaches. Any man would welcome her as a second or even a third wife, as the mere fact of her being a cripple condemned her to stay without

demure

in or around the house & so would be useful to look after other children & do all the cooking while her lord & master roamed abroad with a favourite wife, & would insure a meal waiting ready for him on his return. A ^{competent} complacent drudge is an asset in any household.

In these encounters Butterfly was often pretty hard pressed as several men were not averse to taking by force what she refused voluntarily because if she became pregnant she naturally would become their property. Her grandmother was of great help here. Her mother was swamped in family & domestic cares & of no use, but the grandmother, now a widow & no sons, was dependent for much she needed on the gifts made to Butterfly when she had successfully nursed some one back to health again. The old lady was a regular virago & greatly feared & cordially hated for her sarcastic remarks, her volubility & loud voice. She rarely let Butterfly out of her sight & then only on occasions when there was no danger, hence she was ever at hand if some man thought he could influence Butterfly. Once the old lady's tongue got going the most ardent lover had to beat a retreat, generally followed by roars of laughter from those within earshot, who, while they feared the lady as much as anyone else, were not above admiring & drawing great amusement at the grandmother's technique at some other body's expense.

It was the Moon of Visits, that short period between the reaping of one harvest & the commencement of preparation for that of next year. Invitations had come from the Tribes farther inland for the whole of the Tupamakai to go on a visit for barter purpose & as everyone knew a general spree as there would be plenty of dancing & drinking. It had been an ideal year for agriculture & the recent harvest almost a record was now safely hanging inside their houses, or lying in heaps on the ground & safely covered up. The Tribe had been unable to do much visiting for some years, & nearly every person had something he could trade off in return for some article he fancied of native manufacture. So the entire tribe decided to go on holiday.

There were a few old people of course who had not the stamina to face the difficult mountains that lay between the respective tribes & these had to be left behind as also such as happened to be ill or sick, but as is usual in a year of plenty sickness was at a minimum. Butterfly was not even considered as it was impossible for her to undertake the journey & she had to left. Her grandmother decided to remain also. These aged & infirm members of the Tribe were collected at the Cachocira Grande from the more outlying villages & the only comparatively young ^{folk's were a} couple ^{whose} as the wife was due to have a baby. Butterfly, who had now a reputation for midwifery also ~~was~~, had this woman as her special care while she was to look after everybody in a general way.

Two days after the Tribe had climbed the escarpment the baby was born with either complications or trouble & the mother was up at her domestic duties a day or so later. For the first time in her life Butterfly found she

nothing to do. Since ever she could remember it had been a case of nursing some sick person; long difficult journeys to reach their villages & scoldings for not doing enough work as everyone seemed to expect her to do much of the household work as well as attend to the sick. Now everyone was in excellent health & her services were not required. There was an abundance of food from the fields & the old men, although too feeble to undertake a long tiring journey, had a lifetime of carrying & experience in hunting. Game was plentiful & these old hunters brought in more than could be consumed most of the time. The grandmother cooked the food & left Butterfly free to do whatever she pleased & the girl was having a thorough rest & holiday.

The four weeks of convalescence for the father of the baby was over & the Tribe were due back from their visit any day. Butterfly had gone down to the river in the early afternoon & had spent an hour in play. Youth accompanied by ^{perfect} health & excellent physical condition must have an outlet in motion. She had swum around; she caught tiny fish in her two cupped hands & had even tried to see how far she could ~~jump~~ jump on the sandbank where she played. Suddenly she heard the rhythmic thump of a paddle on the side of a corial somewhere down ^{stream}, but she concluded it was some of the old men who had gone out fishing on the river. She finished romping & slipped into the water for a final bath, when her acute sense of hearing told her it was neither the stroke of an Indian paddle nor the sound of any one of their corials. A bar of huge jagged boulder immediately downstream cut off the view & she now realised the canoe was just behind these rocks & would appear round the point in a few seconds. She slipped into deeper water to hide her naked body

from whoever the paddler might be, although no past experience could make her imagine a stranger. Most likely it was someone from her own village who had met some unexpected game & the loaded boat made the strange sound.

But by the point of the rocks there was a pretty stiff current, the last of the rush of water from the fall & soon the point of a corial was seen slowly breasting this stream. Little by little the boat came into view until the person at the paddle in the stern could be seen & to her horror Butterfly saw what from descriptions of the few men of the Tribe who had been on the timber grants, must be a white man. His face was a bright red colour & so was the V exposed on his chest. He wore clothes such as a couple of her relations had brought from down river & a wide brimmed hat covered his head. The man with the paddle was fighting madly to bring his craft round the point & clear the current so as to enter the backwash of stagnant water closer inshore. The paddler either had very little experience in handling a boat or he was ill & weak. The bow veered from side to side, sometimes it dropped back a little, but the man was determined to mount the stream & slowly, very slowly the corial cleared the current to slip into the back eddy that would without further exertion drift his craft in on to the sandbank. Profuse perspiration trickled down his face ^{as} he dropped his paddle on the edge of the boat to rest. He broke into a paroxysm of coughing which shook him & his tiny craft.

Motionless with sheer terror Butterfly watched ^{the stranger & as the boat} slowly closer & closer, drifted slowly nearer & closer where she sat neck deep in water. She stared at the blue eyes of the stranger in particular as if to read his intentions

The boat was within a few feet of her when suddenly the coughing stopped but the stranger paid no attention to the figure so near him. Apparently he was completely ignorant of her being there at all as his eyes were fixed with a glassy stare on some point at the top of the cliffs in the background.

The boat grounded on the sandbank within a yard of where Butterfly lay crouched. The motion, although very gentle, completely upset the figure sitting so stiff in the stern. The paddle dropped in the water from the nerveless grasp, the eyes shut with almost a snap & his body heeled over to sprawl helpless half on the sand, partly in the water & the feet on the edge of the corial while a froth of foam deeply stained with blood ebbed & flowed from the lips.

Butterfly sensing the dire need of help & her recent terror completely forgotten, sprang from the water & in two strides she was beside the fallen man. With rapid fingers she loosened his belt & clothing & dashed the cool creek water over his face & bare chest, but there was no response. Stooping down she thrust her arms under his shoulders & legs & lifted him up. Subconsciously with a deft flip of her cripple foot she hitched the corial up on the sandbank so that it would drift away then slowly and carefully she limped up the bank with the body in her arms until she reached the shade of the forest. She uttered a yell & soon her astonished grandmother ^{rushed down} some of the other Indians. These she ordered to bring up everything from the corial while she did what she could with the unconscious man. There were a complete hammock & two or three boxes - one, ^{a couple of pots, machete & other small things} the largest, made of iron - Selecting two small trees which gave ^{complete} shade, the hammock was suspended between & the stranger gently placed in it.

During the rest of the afternoon & throughout the long night Butterfly sat silent ministering to, & watching the unconscious man. She had built a fire by which to see & on which she had a pot of game simmering in case of need. The man still lived as could be seen by the slow irregular intake or expression of the foam between the half open lips. This she wiped away as it appeared & every now & again she dropped a little water on the lips or moistened the brows, but beyond watching there was little she could do. Still she remained at her self-inflicted duty all night until daylight brought another day.

Late on the afternoon of her adventure the fore-runners of the Tribe began to trickle in from their visit farther inland. As soon as there was light to see by, Butterfly was ordering some of the rather reluctant men to go out into the forest to secure certain barks & juices which her experience had shown might be of some use to the sick man. Even with these it was two days before the man regained consciousness, during which time she had bathed & tended him with all the skill at her command. She was sitting watching him when the eyes suddenly opened & the lips framed an inaudible word. She sprang to her pot of water & raising his shoulders, put it to his lips & was rewarded to see him swallow a tiny sip.

Recovery was slow. For days the patient lay absolutely still taking no interest in anything. He did not even seem to mind the fact that his clothes had all been taken off & that though his nurse kept him covered up most of the time with his blanket, much of his bare white skin was exposed, providing a never-ending source of amusement to the curious Indians who gazed at the novelty in silence from

behind a safe vantage point of the shelter of a sturdy tree trunk. For days he was content to watch his nurse moving about, or he just let his gaze roam away to the adjacent cliffs & the forest above. He accepted without a murmur whatever his nurse gave him, generally good strong soup made from some game the hunters brought in from day to day. A fast night slipped away & he had not attempted to speak or express the slightest wish.

Till one day, withdrawing his gaze from the cliffs, he swung his head round to face Butterfly, he raised his arm with an extended finger saying "I want to go up there to live". Butterfly knew not one word of what he said, but she looked along the line he was pointing & a small hill up above the cliffs seemed to be what was indicated. Then a smile broke over her face as she, with the peculiar ability of the intelligent Indian of reading another's mind, suddenly sensed his wish.

In an hour half a dozen were up the cliff & busy erecting a temporary shelter. Later in the day the invalid was slowly carried in a hammock, slung on a pole up the cliff by some of the strongest men & by night fall he was installed on the hill with Butterfly in attendance together with her grandmother & a couple of the younger men. Next day the patient voiced his satisfaction both by sign language & some degree of improvement & Butterfly gave orders for the men to begin cutting materials for the construction of a permanent house.

The patient now began rapidly to improve. He took keen interest in what was going on around him & began to speak quite a lot. This did not get him very far however, unless it was something

very definite that he wanted, so he soon began language lessons. This he did by pointing to something & calling it by name, then looking at Butterfly for her either to repeat the word or to get her to call it by the name in her own tongue. One day he tapped his own body & said "Douglas". Butterfly did not respond & he repeated the word over & over again. At last in very evident shame she attempted to repeat the word but it was difficult for her to pronounce. Time after time for several days they tried together but without definite success. The nearest she could get to the strange sound was "Doo-glash" & as Doo-glash, the man became known to the Tribe from then onward. The language lessons were kept up. Butterfly proved an adept pupil. She learned two or three new words every day, & with her extremely retentive memory, she was, in a few weeks, able to understand the gist of what was said to her, & to be able to reply.

Due probably to the slightly increased elevation & the purer air above the escarpment & to some extent to Butterfly's attention & care, the progress of the invalid was rapid on the hill top. He was soon able to sit up & by the time the Indians had got together the materials for a house, he was able to move slowly around & direct operations. The house was simple, merely two good sized rooms with a verandah in front. One of these rooms only had an entrance from the verandah, the other which was Doo-glash's own bedroom. The other, with an entrance from the outside was for Butterfly & her grandmother. At the back an open shed more or less served as the kitchen. A second house was built later in which were installed a

a couple of Indian hunters & some of their women folks. These men supplied the little settlement with game & fruit & saved the stiff climb up from the plateau below.

The Tribe in this way lost the services of a free & very useful nurse but Butterfly refused to attend any case unless it was serious as she somehow sensed it was as often for her usefulness as her efficiency in nursing that she was in demand. Some of the Tribe grumbled a bit as why should she devote her full attention & time to ~~one~~ ^a member of a race who had, as told in their myths & oral traditions, brought nothing but disgrace & ruin on the Tribe. Of course this man had a small amount of much needed baster which he doled out as payment for such services as they were asked to undertake. So far he had not been either aggressive or quarrelsome nor had one of their women been in any way molested. With true Indian stoicism the Tribe accepted the loss of their tribal drudge with outward calm at least. The white devil so far had been harmless but to thwart his wishes or requirements might be different especially as no one knew just what supernatural agencies he might possess.

When the Indians came back from their visit to their neighbours the most of the Tribe had parted with the greater part of their wealth. So insistent had been the demands of their hosts that several men had parted with their only knife or machete in exchange for some article of native manufacture which was of little use in the daily work of life. So soon after Deo-glush had gone up to his hill top a corial manned by four strong men got ready to go down river to work on the timber-

- grants to make good the loss in cutting tools & to ensure the year's supply of salt. Doo-glash was then able to move around & he arranged for a second corial to go down & bring up supplies for himself. He made up a waterproof package of paper money from his ironbox with a letter enclosed, so his messengers had only to hand this over, receive some packages in return & then start back from home. It appeared Doo-glash had come through the labyrinthine canals from a large city into the Rio Sepaliwini, where he had met a coloured timber grant-owner on his way home up river. He had stayed some time with this man & his family, but having been told of the Tupanakai Indians residing away inland, & the tales of the magnificent Cachocira Grande, he decided to push up stream on his own & if possible to reach the Fall where the chief villages of the Indians was located. He was an extremely ill man, & it did not matter if he did die, but in case of his requiring he made arrangement before leaving that his coloured friend would send up anything he might ^{order} ~~send~~ payment to be made in cash with the order. When the Indians returned home they brought up several boxes which when unpacked displayed more useful goods than anyone had ever seen. With the supplies paid his labours & began a little trade for native curios & goods which he knew were in demand on the coast, & which would not only help out such Indians who were really in need but would provide something of value to send down to his friends below & thus relieve the drain on whatever stock of money the ironbox contained.

Again it was the Moon of Visits but the year had been a bad one for agriculture & few Indians had much food in their fields. It was their turn now to invite the inland tribes to a fiesta, but it could not be done as they had not enough to entertain some hundred or more strangers for ten days or a fortnight. A new gang of prospective workers were ready to go out to the timber tracts as usual & Doo-Glash also arranged for a couple of canoes to go down carrying the curios he has on hand & to bring back a good supply of things that he needed. A long string with a series of knots tied on it was handed to Butterfly's father who was the man in charge on this occasion. Each morning one knot on this string was to be untied - so many ^{died a red colour} for the journey downstream; so many ^{not natural coloured -} while waiting for the shopkeeper to pack up & deliver the goods & so many ^{died blue} more for the return journey home. A duplicate cord would be kept at the village & a knot untied each morning. When the last knot was untied the corials would be expected to arrive back at the village during the day.

As an incentive a fiesta would be waiting to receive them on their return, with as much native beer in readiness as the resources of the village would allow and also a good supply of such fruit & game as ^{could} be obtained. If the corials returned too early the beer & game would not be ready & the tired paddlers would have to sit around without any welcome; if they came up too late, the beer & food would begin to go bad, & the villagers would be forced to begin to consume the supplies themselves. Better far to arrive on the date arranged when a big dance & fiesta would await them together with a warm welcome as a reward for their labours & punctuality.

The village was early awake on the morning when the corials were expected back. The last knot had ^{not yet} been untied as it was still too dark to see to do it. but many of the men were outside their houses looking at the rising stars & chatting. The earliest fearful streaks of coming dawn were just showing in the eastern sky when a series of deep booming sounds were heard. These were produced by striking the heel of an axe on the ~~of~~ sapapoma of some giant tree with a large hollow inside, when a loud drumlike sound is produced which can carry for miles. At once the whole village was in great excitement & everyone rushed outside to listen. Well they knew what the sound meant — the return of their men — but they also knew the spot where the sound was being produced; some actually knew the tree from previous experience when they had hit it themselves. It was situated so many bends of the river away. It was no place to camp so some men had gone ashore from the corial to send the message forward, which meant the corial was in motion creeping steadily up stream & now fingers were pointing to a spot in the sky where the sun would be when the corials beached at the village.

Up on the hilltop directly overlooking the valley the sound was most distinctly heard, though Butterfly was having her morning bath in the cold noisy little creek that wound round the foot of the hill some hundred yards from the house. Forgetting for the nonce both convention & natural modesty she sprang from the water & hobbled rapidly up the hill in a state of complete nudity to shout as she got near the house, "Doo-glashi! Doo-glashi!" the corials are coming. before she returned to don her few articles of clothing when she could face the white man without confusion.

The sun was barely half way toward the tropicidian when the corials grounded on the sandbank below the village. No one was there to welcome them but the first box had just been landed when one of the headmen strolled out from the front shade to remark "Ei!" you have come back. I thought some of these pretty coloured girls we have heard of would have kept you prisoners" It would never do to show emotion & excitement, yet there wasn't one person in the village but had had a glimpse of the returning men (brothers, husbands or sons) & to note accurately their number & condition. All were there & all seemed well; details of the trip could be obtained later, & intimate salutations between near relatives could better be withheld for a later hour when by themselves or when darkness drew a curtain which the sarcastic eye of ridicule could not penetrate.

Soon however more men appeared to chat awhile & then to shoulder a box each & away up to the house on the hill. Behind these followed the crew & the captain empty handed except for the letters they had received which was the badge of special authority & must be handed personally to Doo-glash. The boxes had to be opened & payment made to the crews & by noon they had been paid off & were on their way down to begin ^{to eat} the fiesta ^{to repulsion} to relate their adventures & experiences & later, when the native beer began to warm their hearts, the dancing would begin, & continue all night & even next day or as long as food & drink was available.

Butterfly & her mother went down the cliff also with the crowd partly to indulge in the eating, drinking & fun but as much as any

to watch the excitement as the crew displayed their wages - brand new shining knives + machettes + other things, the first they had ever seen as by the time these things drifted in to Cachoeira Grande they were invariably well second hand, red with rust, + probably broken.

Food aplenty was set out at once for the new comers, + beer began circulating in their large earthenware bowls. Everyone was happy + the forest rang with laughter at the merry jokes that were on all their lips. Soon however the urge to dance crept up + the Master of Ceremonies led out a procession into the clearing between the houses + dancing started. The men danced alone as yet as it was the duty of the women to serve drink as also to get the evening meal prepared. Later on they would join in but at the moment they had enough to do except here + there a woman would line up alongside her husband + dance for a few moments, before rushing off on some duty or other.

Butterfly owing to her crippled state was exempt from such tasks. She could not carry a bowl full of beer without spilling + in the excitement + hustle they forgot to ask her to do some other job. So she joined the ring of spectators watching the dance. The sun had sunk some half way from the zenith + the fun was beginning to grow faster + more furious. When glancing up, she saw a single Indian making his way up the cliff + whom she recognised to be her own father. In her mind she wondered what he was after - perhaps he had left something behind - but she turned her attention again to the scene before her. She kept watch on the cliff however, + when her father had no part in one

appearance during the time that the sun had sunk a further hand-breadth (~~of~~ over an hour) she began to think there must be something important on hand. She knew everyone had come down from the hilltops to join in the fiesta & she realised it was necessary for her to go back up to prepare the evening meal for Doo-glash. Reluctantly she left the festivities & slowly & labouriously climbed the cliff. Arriving home she went direct to the kitchen, blew ^{into flame} up the still glowing embers & got busy. She could ~~hear~~ ^{hear} voices in the house: her father & Doo-glash were talking, but dinner was of primary importance, so she did not enter the house.

Having got things going to her satisfaction she stepped into the house to see her father squatting by the front steps with a considerable amount of goods around - half bag salt, an axe, machette, several knives bunches of beads, a complete suit of clothes, fish hooks & other things - which he was bundling up preparatory to leaving. Presently Doo-glash inquired "Is it enough?" to which the Indian nodded a silent assent. Rising from his chair Doo-glash took up an unopened parcel, cut the string & took out a bright new mirror about a foot square in size which he handed to the man saying: "Then take this to make the bargain more satisfactory & certain." Never had the Indian seen such a mirror. Those the tribe owned were small broken pieces a few inches across at most & he sat gazing in amazement at his reflection until he grunted out: "Enough, it is enough, my master & I am well satisfied." He then gathered up what he had received, bade Doo-glash a short goodnight & took himself off down the clearing.

As the father stepped into the clearing Butterfly hobbled across the room to the verandah rail to watch his progress in very evident excitement. She was breathing heavily & one hand was pressed to her breast in emotion. She could not follow her father in the forest, but when he started down the cliff he would be in full view. Presently he appeared carefully picking his way over the boulders & slowly descending, but not once did her glances leave him till he turned the corner on the cliff well down to the village. This meant her father did not intend to return & she heaved a sigh of relief & her hand dropped to her side. At the same instant she heard her name in almost a whisper & she jumped in surprise so intent had she been in watching as she swung her head to meet Doo-glask's calm blue eyes on her.

Suddenly she flung up both hands to cover her face in confusion & shame. She realised that owing to the other ^{end} side of the gallery being strewn with goods & open boxes she had carelessly taken up a position which exposed the maimed & scarred side of her body to Doo-glask's gaze & worse still, the rays of the setting sun fell full on ~~her~~ these markings & accentuated them. Never in the whole year she had nursed this sick man or run his house when health slowly returned, had she ever to her knowledge exposed these to the sight of her master, & she was ashamed to imagine what he thought ^{what he saw} at the sight. The sarcastic remarks of her tribe flashed through her mind & she was sure the watching man was thinking even more scathingly.

Again she heard her name repeated & the question "Did you hear our talk? Did you understand?" She stood stiff in embarrassment but when Doo-glask demanded an answer she nodded ^{her} head.

slowly & very slightly. She had heard a little - enough to understand ~~but enough~~ and that had made her heart beat in excitement as never in all her experience had she ever seen any man of the Tribe receive so much. Again that voice called her name with an added "Come here" in a tone that no Indian dared disobey. Slowly she limped over to where he sat, shame & shyness driving waves of confusion over her body & face. Doo-glask reached out & slowly stroked her right arm, then he asked "Are you content?" He got no answer & again he asked "Are you content, satisfied, happy?" Still no answer then he gently took hold of her wrist saying "Butterfly, if you stand there all night you've got to answer me. Look at me, I will know." A great wave of blood surged over her face, ^{in her shyness} but slowly she raised an almost ~~smiling~~ smiling face & shining eyes to meet his in one single fleeting glance, then she dropped on her knees beside him, burrowing her burning face against his thigh in silence. Slowly his hand moved gently over her bowed head and joy surged through her whole body in waves such as she had never known in all her life, for full Butterfly knew that according to every custom & rite of Indian etiquette & laws she was the wife of the man she loved ~~well~~ & had loved for a year, with all the intensity of her simple soul.

A year later to a day - the anniversary of their tribal marriage - a little girl was born to Butterfly & Dao-glash.

The baby was much more than the nine days wonder of fable simply because the outlying members of the tribe could not arrive inside nearly double this period & naturally as each group of new admirers arrived the women in the village below the Cachocira Grande had to escort the visitors up to the house on the hill.

One of the signs of beauty in the Tupanahoi Tribe was light pigmentation of skin & the little baby was quite white - something they had never yet seen - with an unruly mob of fine hair with a definite tinge of gold or red in it, in great contrast to the jet black straight locks of their own children. As the news spread either by word of mouth or their mysterious grapevine telegraph every maiden & woman were soon the way carrying some simple little gifts of their own manufacture or the fruits of their fields or, in cases, of the surrounding forests & they all wanted to fondle, caress, & even suckle the superlatively pretty baby or they would stand for hours watching in wonder while the baby was peacefully sleeping in its own little hammock.

To none of the tribe was the baby more wonderful than to the mother herself. It was some weeks before she got rid of the prying eyes of strangers & she could give full vent to her feelings. Then she would lay the child down on a heap of soft deer & game skins & slowly turn it over & over, noting the perfection of its plump limbs & body far more than the colour of its body or hair

As Butterfly gazed she was searching for some scar or blemish on the baby but finding none she would kneel low & smother its left side in kisses along its thigh, its body & face corresponding to those parts of her own body which carried such horrible disfigurement & scars. Day after day when alone & baby was awake this was Butterfly's occupation & simple joy for many months.

Kissing is not a recognised form of endearment in any of these people of the Amazonian forest; yet every mother there has something closely allied to it. At a child's earliest movements of hands & feet, the mother invariably bends to take the fingers or toes in her lips, in many cases in her mouth. Or again the mother places her lips on the body of her baby & blows strongly with her breath to cause weird sounds that she hopes will amuse her offspring. Civilization with its rise in culture would call this slobbering, but there is many a society mother in the outside world who, unconsciously true to nature, does exactly the same thing when she is alone & has her baby undressed for its bath. Butterfly in her associations with Doo-glash had come to know what the kiss of an alien race could mean. Her husband was not demonstrative, but had been hours, if he were at all well, & they were alone, in the falling light of evening or the silvery light of the moon, when he would take ^{her} on his knees in a roomy chair he had built & she would nestle into his arms until he kissed her. At first she was shy & reserved, but something - she scarcely knows what - would surge within her in response & soon she found her own lips pulsatingly warm radiating back to him the pleasure the

joy of perfect though simple love. The knowledge & sight of her baby's perfect unblemished body raised feelings in Butterfly's heart & mind that were even greater than she had ever experienced in love, & the only way she knew of expressing her thankfulness & joy was by kissing.

Doo-glash had been very ill when the baby was born. Probably the anxiety of the coming event had preyed on his mind & through it the trouble (illness) he was never entirely free from. For some weeks he lay in his hammock content to have Butterfly place the child in his arms for an hour or so, but gradually he grew stronger again & was increasingly able to fondle & play with the child.

One of the first things he did was to give the baby a name. He chose that of "Flor de Cachoeira Grande" or "Flora" for short, but here he found an unexpected difficulty, not one of the Tribe could say the word. After weeks of attempts not even Butterfly could pronounce it properly. The nearest she got to it was "If-fla-la" in three separate enunciations.

The Tribe however understood the meaning of the name & at once, when by themselves, substituted their own word for flower, "Seus." As time went on this name became permanent & even the parents had to use it when speaking about the child to outlying members of the Tribe.

Butterfly gradually used the tribal name & before many moons had passed, the baby was Seus to all their little world except Doo-glash. At times even he forgot for a second & would shout out Seus instead of Flora.

Rarely when a child is sickly if not positively ill as a youth Doo-glash

had left his native land as a young man in search of health at the instruction of his physician. He had wandered on around the tropics, halting a few years here or there as the climate seemed to suit his trouble but soon forced on as a recurrence of his trouble set in. During these years he never stayed long enough in any one place nor found himself strong enough to encourage romance however much it might appeal to him to have had some tie nearer than a paid nurse during his bad periods. When however the ravages of his trouble, his own will to live for the time-being, backed by the opinion of a clever doctor showed the end was definitely near, he had crept away from Sandeville & had ascended the Sibalwinini to die far away from the haunts of civilized man in much the same way as a sick animal. Then had come the meeting with Butterfly whose kind attention & skill in herbs & native medicine had pulled him back from the precipice over which he was unconsciously slipping & ultimately his marriage to his simple nurse, if not in love, at least in fervent gratitude for all she had, unselfishly, with no thought of reward, done for him.

Doo-glash loved his little child with all the strength of a heart deprived all these years of any human tie beyond periodic friendships. Now he had something, someone who was part of himself & for whom he was wholly responsible. He played with the child most of its waking hours & for a time he recovered some of his old time. For once in his life he had a real interest in life. Any improvement in health was merely temporary however &

then Butterfly took charge as he had to lie for days recovering after a relapse. When well enough he made toys for the child out of bark or other forest materials. He carved out a complete set of figures & the alphabet & began to teach Suus simple little practical lessons as soon as she reached the toddling & speaking age. It was great fun for her to pick out a certain bark figure & call it by its proper name.

All children are quick observers & Indian children particularly so. Thus it was easy for Suus to note these things & learn on very practical lines. Indian children at an early age are forced into work - the girl to help her mother in little ways by bringing this or that & the boys to accompany the father as a protection from possible danger. Suus was free from this & had little to do but play. Her father directed play into a game that developed her brain along simple & easy lines like a Kindergarten school.

When Suus was four years old, her father made the only down river journey he ever made. Doo-glask had taken over the direction of the affairs of the Tribe. It was he who allocated the various young men from the different villages to proceed down river to act as hunters or timber cutters on the grants below the falls. Each year he also collected such articles of native handicraft as found ready sale outside & each year he sent out a corial or two with supplies. It was he who distributed the barter that came back up in payment, allocating such goods to the different

tribesmen & villages according to their need or ability to produce new supplies. He had long felt that a visit to the shops & timber grants would be advantageous to himself & the Tribe, especially to a visit to a family, De Groot, ^{with} whom he had become acquainted on his way up river & who was his agent in such trade as could be done & also employed the majority of the Indian workmen each year.

Several large canoes had been built for the trip, & Doo-glask, Butterfly & Sues with good strong crews made the journey. The visit was profitable for all concerned, opening up new channels of trade & work, while Doo-glask enjoyed meeting & talking with people, even if coloured, from the outside world, but the lowered altitude, or other factor, reacted unfavourably on Doo-glask. He had barely spent a week at De Groot's when he had a relapse & an intense desire to get away back to his eyrie above the Cachocira Grande. He however had a long talk with De Groot & his wife about his own child, Sues, of whom these people had grown very fond. It was only a question of time when he would die - there was no use thinking the fact & it might happen any day, so he arranged that in such an event the De Groot family would receive in their family both Butterfly & Sues. Doo-glask also visited various shops on the river & purchased such elementary school books as could be found. He had the command of certain money out at Saudeville, and after writing to have it transferred to De Groot he made his final dispositions & returned home up country.

With the books he had purchased school life began in earnest for Susus, but in this she was not alone. All along the mother had taken part in the childish game of education & now she winced a wish to continue. Butterfly's memory was almost photographic in its keenness; never once had she forgotten a word she had heard her husband although there were many she could not thoroughly understand & behind all lay her deep love for Doo-glask & an intense desire to follow & understand him better. All along she had been an adept pupil, generally far ahead of Susus & it was easy for her to continue. Part of every day was devoted to study & in little more than a year Susus could read, write & do simple sums with great credit: her mother still keeping well ahead as previously. School was much more than play than work pitting daughter against mother in amusing competitions that evoked roars of laughter. There was also many spare hours especially at such times as Doo-glask was too ill or weak to move from his bed. At these times Susus took to the surrounding forest with companions of her own age. It was but seldom the girls could go as they were wanted to carry water & do little jobs to help ⁱⁿ the household chores, & thus Susus was forced to go along with the boys of whom there were a couple or so resident across the little creek from her home - the children of the two men who were the huntsmen for Doo-glask's household. Altered in their birthday suits only - Butterfly was the only person in the Tribe who could afford clothes - as they were considered too young & too

innocent to need even the bark or ~~roots~~, now more customary
 bead bags, the children bathed & played in the creek, or hunted for
 childish adventure in the surrounding forests, careful & watching
 for possible danger, a tarantula spider or a snake, but noting &
 naming every bird or beast, every ant & insect & every leaf,
 flower, seed & tree. Each boy was proud to show off his new
 knowledge, some fact of practical importance gained in yester-
 day's walks with his father when in search of game. In this way
 Senu, though a girl, was attending the tribal school in which
 was taught the elementary knowledge of Nature on which the life
 & welfare of each individual eventually depended in their little
 world depended where Man, almost unaided, has to earn his
 livelihood. This stimulated her powers of observation & memory as
 it was even a greater disgrace in the eyes of her young
 merciless companions to miss some point or to have to be
 told something a second time. There was, of course, prizes
 attached to these games which was, at that age, all that
 their searching & wandering amounted to, in the form of
 some tree full of edible fruit or nuts which had escaped
 the searching eyes of their elders. Close to an established
 camp soon became scarce & shy, & generally a number of
 paths would radiate out from the village, along which the
 hunters would pass for a mile or two before commencing
 work in earnest. Occasionally game would stray down

the strips of forest between these paths & were found by the children; it might be an agouti which would fall to an arrow, since the boys invariably carried their bows & arrows or it might be the finding of a land turtle or the nest of some game bird such as the poui or traam. Then the party marched back to the village in approved style; the successful finder walking nonchalantly in the lead while his less fortunate companions followed in the rear carrying the game. Once Sues found one of the rare huge turtles which weight up to seventy pounds or more. This she found behind a fallen log which for a moment divided her from the boys as it was calmly feeding on some fallen fruit. This presented a problem but eventually it was trussed up with lianas & slung to a pole. It took all the strength of the combined children to raise it from the ground, but somehow they carried & trailed it along to the edge of the clearing at the foot of the hill. With only a couple of yards of forest remaining Sues dropped her share of the pole & swaggered into the clearing in a perfect imitation of the successful male, while the boy determined not be outdone, put forth every ounce of strength they possessed to carry the load in approved style. Fortunately Butterfly saw them & two other Indians were sent to help. Turtle is a delicacy at all times especially if fat, but, when late that afternoon it was cooked & served, no turtle had ever tasted so sweet as did that one & Sues the proudest maid of the tribe

When Sunn there commenced one of these variations in weather conditions that spell death & disaster to the hand to mouth living people of the forest. The rainy season had begun very late, & had been extremely light: just enough rain to germinate their garden seeds & bring them to flower. Then the rain cut out & a drought set in. The Indian corn was in flower & although a few eventually bore fruit: there was few grains to the cob. The ^{young} cassava up only a couple of feet simply wilted & began to die. Deprived of their corn for the present & the prospect of cassava a year ahead, the Tribe knew they were faced with famine until generous rain should fall again. As the drought progressed more & more families took to the forests for a livelihood leaving one or two of the aged & infirm to look after & save such plants & seed as they could for future planting. The game in the forest disappeared & even the river below the Fall was almost bare of fish. The rivers & creeks had scarcely been in flood & were rapidly drying out, & though the customary shoals of fish had come up on the verge of extinction, they had, weatherwise, returned almost at once to the long deep fresh water estuary where they were safe. Week after month succeeding month saw a cloudless greeny grey sky & a pitiless sun from dawn to dusk. Soon a bluish haze of an immense fire began to be noticeable, which increased week by week until visibility was confined to a matter of yards & the sun became a mere disc in the ~~fog~~^{sea} of fog that blanketed the entire forest. There was a good

breeze, but it was dry & hot, licking up the moisture of even the forest-floor beneath a two hundred feet tangle of leaf, & branch. The Sepalivini dried up entirely: not one drop ^{of water} fell over the brink of the Cachocira Grande: the leaves of the trees hung pendant, drooping in the intense heat, & the forest became absolutely silent as if every thing in nature was conserving energy & strength ^{simply} to live. For seven moons no rain had fallen, the supplies of food were exhausted & the whole Tribe were scattered throughout the forest existing on roots & forest tubers. At length the breeze died down, a few slight shower of rain fell but did no good except to wash the air clear of haze & increase visibility to a startling clarity & distance. Soon however the real rains must ^{come}.

Doo-glask & his family fared badly during the drought but he always had considerable quantities of grain in store against the frequently recurring years of scarcity & by strict economy the little family were just able to pull through. The entire village of Cachocira Grande, together with his own servants, took to the forests early in the drought with the exception of two old men & their wives who were kept on as hunters to Doo-glask, & to guard the cassava sticks & other plants which were placed in pools of the rivet to be kept alive against such time as they could be properly planted in the earth.

Doo-glask suffered severely during the drought, his dry hacking cough increased distressingly & most of the time he had to spend in bed as a recumbent position seemed to give him relief & he was really too weak to move about much. With the

first little shower of the season, he began to feel better & everyone was waiting for a good rain when he was sure he would be normal ^{again}.

It had been a particularly trying day. Sufficient showers had fallen to moisten the two feet deep humus on the forest floor & the atmosphere was sticky with a sudden access of moisture & heat. There had not been a breath of air, & across a cloudless sky the tropical sun had poured its relentless rays to the discomfort of man & beast. It was a day that everyone knew presaged rain - in torrents - & from time to time the two wise old men scanned the horizon for cloud, but it was not until mid-afternoon that any was seen. Then away low down over the forest to the East a bank of white cumulus appeared. It was far distant but steadily, and just before sundown was near enough to distinguish the lightning flashing & to hear the roll of thunder.

Doc-glach had been restless most of the day & as the sun was approaching the horizon he & Butterfly walked over to the verandah rail to view the approaching storm. An enormous mass of cloud towered from the forest to an almost-unimaginable height. There was wind high about their heads & great handfuls of cloud broke away & raced forward to obscure the setting sun. For some seconds these were tinged a burnished gold, soon fading into deep reds. As the sun sank these colours spread all over the sky, never still one second & the storm twisted cloud seemed a boiling mass of flame & fire. Then the sun went down & the darkness followed swiftly behind. Soon the watchers on the verandah heard a

slight noise which ~~soon~~ ^{quickly} deepened to a roar, made by the first wind before approaching rain. It soon struck the clearing in a terrific gust of only a moment's duration or so; then came sudden calm. Sus was dancing around in the clearing just before the steps & Doo-glash shouted for her to come in as the rain was coming. In the sudden calm thousands of dead dried leaves from the forest-top which had been whirled high in the air by the squall & now were dropping everywhere within the clearing much like the snow flakes of a northern storm. "Oh Daddy, cannot I stay here just a little longer. I want to feel the first rain drop on my skin & then I'll come" was Sus's answer. Doo-glash smiled & waved consent as the child danced hither & thither in an effort to catch the swirling leaves. He was feeling relief after the trying day & truth to tell would fain have joined his child in her antics. By now another roar was approaching; a far deeper throated volume as of a greatly troubled sea pounding on the cliffs. Already hundreds of flarin-sized rain drops were spitting all over the clearing & in a second or two the storm proper would break. "Run Sus Run" yelled her father & the child, her bare body glistening wet from the large drops, just made the safety of the verandah as the house shook to the wind & torrential rain, stream & gutter was overflowing in flood. Buttefly, after her first burst of wailing, had spent the night in silence by Doo-glash's body keeping watch & guard over her dead woman. As the sun rose she knew she had duties to perform & at once despatched a messenger to

Suddenly Doo-glash by a violent paroxysm of coughing - a thing Butterfly had learned to dread & fear. With the coming of the rain darkness had fallen on the clearing almost like the drop of a curtain, so Butterfly guided his steps to the veranda rail for support - while she rushed through to the kitchen to light a lamp. In her excitement & haste this was difficult & just as she got it lit, the violent coughing ceased & she heard another noise. Back she hobbled, lamp in hand, to find her husband lying slumped on the floor. She turned him on his back, straightened out his limbs & loosened his belt & clothing before dashing off to a cupboard where a bottle of brandy was kept for emergencies. She poured a little into a cup & quickly returned. She gently raised ^{his} head & poured a few drops into the open sagging mouth, but there was no response. Setting down the cup she slipped her hand inside his shirt over the heart - but she could not feel a single flutter. Slowly it dawned on her that Doo-glash was far beyond any earthly ^{remedy} ~~remedy~~ & she broke out in the loud aboriginal wail for the dead.

The torrential rain continued nearly all night - accompanied by almost incessant lightning & thunder, but towards dawn it stopped & the rising sun came up in as great a glory as it had seen the previous night. Some twenty inches of rain had fallen, & every little stream & gutter was overflowing in flood. Butterfly, after her first burst of wailing, had spent the night in silence by Doo-glash's body keeping watch & guard over her dead man. As the sun rose she knew she had duties to perform & at once despatched a messenger to

the village below the Fall with the sad news. It was no easy task getting down the cliff but at last around mid-morning several men arrived. According to custom the head of a house must be buried in the house he has lived in, so these men tore away the split palms that formed the floor & began digging underneath, but with the poor tools at their command, it was well past noon before they were ready, & the men came to do the last rites. Suns had been sent away down the cliff before this & Butterfly still sat by the body. As the men approached she leaned forward & kissed her dead husband's lips & then slumped on the floor sobbing to break her heart.

It was soon over; the dead man's razor, his plate & spoon & a few other personal effects & of possible use to the departed spirit were placed on the newly covered grave. By noon the tiny gutters were drying up & thus permitting freer passage of people up & down the cliff to the village below. As each arrived they were given something to carry down - canister, table, chair, pot & pans, & anything, everything that was in the house. The sun was slanting well to the West when Butterfly's father whispered to her "It is finished." She rose - the stoical Indian without either smile or tear - & asked "Has everything gone?" The men had ransacked the place & her father answered "If each man carries a little, all will go." Each man picked up his load & started down, Butterfly bringing up the rear in company with a couple of elderly women. Just before entering ^{the gorge} she turned for a last look at the home where she had found such joy & happiness & now such

vivid pain & suffering, then she hobbled on her way. Only her father remained behind to perform the last rite. It was a tribal rite & Butterfly had not the strength of mind, probably not even the wish to say, nay, but she knew her father was remaining behind to make a fire & before the sun had set that her home would lie in ashes.

It is one of the anomalies of life — providentially — that Nature has no use for death. No matter how deep & poignant may the grief of Man at some such loss, Nature's first duty is reproduction. Birth is welcomed with colours far beyond the artist's brush, a riot of gorgeous flowers & exotic perfumes, but Death passes without notice whether it be the human cipher, the dropping leaf, or a disintegrating atom that once was a rock & it is to Nature that life must respond exultantly. It was no case of "The King is dead, long live the King" with Butterfly & Sues. There was the tribal Keening or wailing when some Indians came in for the first time from some distant village, but those were merely the recognised symptoms of sympathy, which would soon be over & the talk veer round to general topics. With true Indian Stoicism both mother & daughter took up the daily task & laboured with the best of them. It was not until after dark when snuggling into each other's arms that they gave full vent to their real feelings in tears & silent sobs; little Sues clenching her teeth on the mother's bare shoulder until it bled in her efforts to remain silent while Butterfly thrilled to the pain of the bite in an attempt to convey

Some comfort & sympathy to the grieving child in her arms.

The morning after Butterfly had begun life in the village, the sun rose in ~~an~~ ^{an} almost-unbelievable riot of colours & already the forest resounded to the call of beast & bird & insect, all in joy that the rains had come at last. Even the trees were bursting into bud in response & with the washing off of the dust of months every leaf shone in newer, gayer colour. The Indians were busy, as they had to ~~plant~~ ^{plan} & plant for the next year or two ahead. Their stocks of seed were low & the rainy season would probably be short, so on their energy now depended their livelihood & future supplies. Even with a maximum effort & a favourable year they knew that their gardens would only provide an insufficient supply of food & seed for another year ahead & that it would be a score of moons before ^{their} full demands would be satisfied.

The Tribe also found themselves faced with the loss of nearly all their canoes. When the storm had broken the men rushed down to the abnormally low river & dragged their corials up the banks ^{safely} to ^{at} what each thought was above or at least at normal high water, but not a man thought of securing them with a tying of bush rope. The river rose to an unknown height & all their craft was swept away, & only one or two were recovered caught by some eddy or a low tree top - the rest were sunk or smashed to pieces against the forest wall - but only a couple remained in the entire country. This was a calamity since the Tupanekai depended on fish so

largely for food. They could make woodskins fairly quickly but this type of craft was far too fragile to face the falls & rapids that lay between the different villages. To make a dugout corial to a large extent by fire & a single axe meant weeks of steady labour, something which no member of the tribe could afford since their first duty was to provide food for himself & his dependents until such time as their fields were in normal production. This work was imperative & meant scouring the forests every second day for miles in every direction for game, fruit, & edible roots.

Doo-glash had made arrangements to have Sews sent to School on the timber rafts below the Falls: an arrangement he had impressed on Butterfly & in which definitely concurred. It was however quite impossible for her to carry out her husband's wishes at the moment. The tribe had no food, nor had the means of transport to go down river. It took two whole years to make good this deficiency, during which time no man had been able to go down to work as had now become a habit in order to provide salt & other necessities. When the first workmen left Butterfly thought she had better wait their return - a matter of six to eight months - so as to learn if the people she had met on the grants were still there & if they were still ready to assist her & her little girl. In this way four years slipped past & Sews had just passed her tenth birthday when her mother, after gathering together a quantity of food & every marketable article the tribe could produce, started down

river with a flotilla of four or five corials. Some of her relatives, both men & women accompanied her as Butterfly meant to be independent & knew she must have some men to hunt & provide food while a woman or two would not be amiss to help in their own sphere & as companions.

The De Groot's were a curious elderly couple. As the name indicates there was Dutch blood somewhere but their very swarthy colour gave evidence of a sowing to black female slave who had started the present family years ago & whose children at best could only mate with others of a like genealogy, since no white man remained in the river. His European ancestry showed up in his administrative ability which even his enemies admitted was considerable. From his African mother's side sprang his ^{slowness} ~~slowness~~ his sense of rhythm, his love of dancing & his dislike, nay his abhorrence of work. With his ability he could have become a wealthy man whereas in practice he lived from hand to mouth to the end. He rarely had any money, yet he could always ^{procure} ~~procure~~ it in emergencies. His great saving grace was his honesty. The quality or size of the timbers shipped to orders from the coast were never in dispute as were the majority of consignments from others & he invariably paid his workmen promptly at the expiry of their contract without deductions or fines. - something unknown in river practice. It was owing to his scrupulous honesty that he could command money at will if there was any to be found within a radius of 50 miles. He disliked debt & when he had to raise

cash to meet some wretchedly every person on the timber grant
 knew about. In a burst of energy he would be out driving every
 workman from before dawn & long after dusk, cursing & blasphem-
 ing everyone & everything in sight until he saw enough produce
 to meet in full his temporary embarrassment. Whatever his
 faults may have been, the Tupanakai Indians preferred to
 work with him probably because they invariably got a square deal.

His wife does not enter into the picture. As is general in
 these parts of the world that is far from civilization, she was there
 simply to administer to his comfort, nurse him when sick, wait
 at his infidelities when well & bear his children. Of these she had
 both five, 2 sons & 3 daughters. The boys had run away long ago
 as under their father it was all work & very little play. The girls had
 married beneath them - some of more enterprising timber hands
 & lived a considerable distance from their father's grants.

In spite of the genial & insistent hospitality of the De Groot's
 Butterfly, on her arrival, refused ^{all} their offers beyond a week or ten days
 when she was looking round for a suitable place as she had the
 Indian sense of independence & had no wish become involved in
 a new form of civilization which would almost certainly prove
 distasteful. She discovered that the school was held ^a full mile
 down river from De Groot's, & Sues would have to travel this
 distance each morning & evening, & it was her ^{education} ~~self~~ that
 was the reason of their being there at all. The schoolmaster

proved to be a clergyman from overseas & he had been sent there a couple of years previously to establish a mission to meet the needs of a large district & to conduct a school.

Diagonally across the river from the mission station was a piece of high land that had been partially cleared & then abandoned which appealed to Butterfly as the site for a house & fields.

She turned out the men she had brought down & in a month they had erected a crude but serviceably palm leaf house & cleared a field. These men then went to work with De Groot, with the exception of a couple of the elder men & the women, whom she retained as hunters & to tend the fields. Butterfly sold to De Groot such handicraft & pets - animals & birds - as she had brought down, receiving in barter the necessary seeds & plants to start her fields together with a number of hoes, hatchets, & other implements which she needed. She was industrious & knew how to manage a field to advantage & so was soon able to sell enough produce to pay her simple way.

She also had the command of all wages earned by the men she had brought with her, but she rarely encroached on their earnings.

Butterfly was welcomed by the clergyman & his family. True, she had never been in a white man's home & knew practically nothing but she was willing, quite to learn, absolutely honest & reliable. Butterfly was ready to help at any hour & though her lameness incapacitated her from certain she was a far better help to his wife than anyone in the river. For such household assistance

as they required & she could give, it was arranged that Sucus would get free schooling, an arrangement that admirably suited both parties.

The missionaries household consisted of his wife & twin girls who were some 2 years older than Sucus. The whole family at once became enamoured with Sucus equally for her general alertness as for her gentleness & quiet manner as also for her natural beauty & gracefulness. In school at first she was hopelessly backward, but she had a most retentive memory & extremely acute observation. She never forgot anything when once it had been explained to her, & her avidity for learning was remarkable. When it came to natural phenomena as represented by the forest around them Sucus was far ahead in knowledge of even the teacher. Sucus made rapid progress, & after her first year entered the same classes as the twin girls of the missionary, although not quite up to their standard but when she had completed her second year she was well ahead of them except in certain subjects that did not appeal to her. Mathematics were her worst subject. She had conquered the elements of arithmetic with ease up to a certain point, then her interest seemed to evaporate. She was intensely fond of reading & to the clergyman's delight her favourite book was the Bible, the earliest books of which, together with such stories of the stars & constellations fitted into her own tribal myths.

A general favourite, smiling & sweet-tempered & now domesticated to the observance of civilized demands & standards to a great extent yet Sucus delighted on every possible occasion in reverting (?) to aboriginal habits & ways. Every Sunday morning long

before dawn a corial would steal out from the new Indian
 Settlement across the river, which silently approached the mission
 landing. Then the silence of the river was broken by the call of some
 night bird of the forest; of some wild animal or the piercing shrill of
 the cicada beetle. Soon a slim little figure could be made out racing
 down from the mission house which promptly leapt into the corial
 & pushed off. & Susus had joined a couple of her mother's hunters
 in an expedition into the forest in search of fruit, game or simply
 plain adventure. According to the tide the corial would slip up or
 down the river & by dawn would be miles away, when they would
 land at some selected spot where prospects were thought to be good.
 Here Susus dropped every external sign of her new life. She slipped
 out of her clothes with the exception of a small bead apron; her speech
 & manners for the day were those of the tribe as she fell in behind the
 men to silently penetrate the forest in a battle of wits for foods that
 goes on hourly in these colossal forests. The little party would return
 to their corial soon or late according to the fortunes of the hunt, but
 Susus always made a point of reaching home in time for the late
 afternoon or early evening service, much more as a concession
 to friendship than from either love or reverence for the ceremony.
 On such Sundays that rain fell in a tropical downpour, there
 could be no hunting, & on such occasions Susus attended the
 morning ceremony also as there was nothing else to do. When the
 clergyman pressed Susus to continue this habit & abandon

her hunting expeditions, she, looking unashamed straight into his eyes, would naively reply that he did not make his story interesting in church; that she yawned & sometimes even slept; whereas in the forest the old hunters always were pointing out new objects of awe & interest which God had made & during a rest by some winding crystal clear stream while taking a rest after hours of marching these men would relate some of the thrilling tales of forest life & phenomena that formed the Bible of her tribe. The clergyman had the sense to realise that this simple child of the forest, crude and unsophisticated as she was in many ways, was purer minded & maybe ~~than himself~~ nearer to God in essentials than even himself with his worries in life & endeavours to conform to an intricate maze of man-made laws, many of which he did not approve. He soon gave up the attempt to get Suus to ~~attend~~ ^{attend} at Church & it was tacitly understood that on Sunday she could do as she liked.

In the days when Doo-glash had carved the figures & letters of the alphabet from bark to start ~~Butt~~ Suus' elementary education Butterfly had learned letter by letter with her child & she eventually could read & write equally as well as her child. When Suus began school at the clergyman's, Butterfly expressed a wish to join the classes also, & he was delighted to give consent, as he could foresee his influence for good some day reaching far away into the depths of the forest amongst a people whom he genuinely liked in spite of very few opportunities of contact. Butterfly proved an apt

Scholar in several subjects, & probably was the means of her daughter's rapid, almost spectacular advance. When they were free & together, they would go over a recent lesson chattering away in their own language as to what it all meant, or repeating every new word they had learned for the day of the clergyman's language. Every evening for a couple of hours between dusk & the need to sleep, these lessons were kept going, & were of enormous benefit to both. Butterfly did not make the progress that Sius did, largely due to her early method of life when as a cripple - as well as being a female - she had been considerably handicapped. Butterfly's sense of observation & acute memory was almost as acute as those of Sius, but her daughter was at least a generation more receptive to the news, & she had had the benefit, when still a child, of her father's training in foreign ideas & ways.

Butterfly had been ^{many months} ~~only a few months~~ at the mission when Mr. De Groot died. Scarcely had a single moon elapsed when De Groot appeared & begged her to come up & take charge of his home & house. This she refused to consider, as full well she knew what that meant. Very few of the couples along the river were married, greatly to the clergyman's dismay, yet every woman had several children. The man & woman were husband & wife by local convention & laws, yet were free to move on elsewhere if they no longer liked each other. Such separation carried no stigma; they would soon form a new alliance. Butterfly knew if she once entered De Groot's home, tongues would wag probably with

good reason. De Groot was a "gay old dog" with several reputed children along the river whom he supported. & Butterfly knew that with his passion & a possible moment of weakness on her own part, there was considerable danger in the proposal. De Groot began haunting the mission in the hope of getting her to weaken & eventually offered marriage before the clergyman if Butterfly would accept him. This also she very decisively refused, so De Groot had to resort to getting one of his married daughters to come from away down the river to run the house while the son-in-law could assist in working the timber grants. The man could have married any one he chose of the river women but for some unknown he had set his heart on Butterfly & once or twice each week he reappeared, often with tempting gifts, to renew his advances & offers of marriage. This continued for over a year, but was broken with dramatic suddenness.

De Groot had been visiting one night & returning on the early morning tide was caught in a nasty squall of strong wind & heavy rain, which upset his canoe in the river. De Groot was a powerful swimmer but since he was alone, no one will ever know what happened. In the late afternoon of the day he had left the village he was visiting his dead body was found floating by a passing corial, & was buried with the setting sun the same day.

De Groot's death was little short of a tragedy in the district as he was the best master for miles on either side & had provided work on an outstanding scale. The son-in-law was a lazy indolent

creature with neither the ability nor the inclination to carry on what was a well organized commercial proposition. He knew the other members of the family would demand a division of the property, so he sent notice of the death to the De Groot boys in town but remained on the grants for some time as there was a good living at least in sight for some months. When some three months later, a large punt arrived from town with a stranger aboard who had documents to prove the purchase & transfer by the De Groot-sons of all their father's property, the son-in-law had already packed all his wife's father's valuables & was ready to sail down the river.

De Groot's death hit the Abri. Indians very hard, who were at work on the grants. They had been at work some months & as usual left their earnings to accumulate. Knowing that De Groot would pay them squarely & well when the rainy season began to set in & they were ready to return up river to their homes. Their canoes would be laden with salt for the entire tribe & other articles of barter, machettes, hoes, knives, cloth & other necessities. The son-in-law refused to admit his indebtedness but when Butterfly backed by the clergyman came in to their assistance he made some sort of payment, but far short of what was their legitimate dues. This they had to accept although they knew they had been deliberately robbed. They would have left at once but Butterfly persuaded them to await the news from town when some fresh arrangement might be made. The new owner however was in no mood to pay debts which he had not contracted, especially as he

found he had been very much misled himself in his purchase as he ~~found~~ ^{had} been given a list of timber, stores & equipment which just were not there. All the Tupanakai quit on learning this; some to go straight home, the other to go down to the house & fields which Butterfly always kept going across from the mission.

By a coincidence about a fortnight later a mission boat arrived from the coast with letters containing instructions for the transfer of the clergyman & family from his lonely upriver mission to a church in town. He had long realised that the river was no place for two young daughters now blossoming into womanhood, & for months he had been arguing his removal to some more civilized centre. Now that the news had come there was great excitement. They had to pack up everything they valued, as the town boat had orders to remain a few days in order to bring down the family & their household goods. A coloured catechist had come to replace his white predecessor & he had to move in also so there was little time lost. In three days everything was ready & the clergyman & his family waved farewell for ever from the stern of his boat to a congregation, amongst them Butterfly & Susu, who were, with all their peculiarities, were genuinely sorry to see them go.

Butterfly & Susu had no choice but to take up permanent residence on the place she had cleared & kept going all these years. This was well planted up in vegetables that found ready sale along the river, & she contemplated staying till she had reaped everything but the new owner of the De Groot grant made her a lump sum for

everything as it stood. This she was glad to accept as the amount offered was sufficient to replace the deficiencies of supplies for the tribes from the robbery of the Indian wagons. A week later she had packed the corials & she & Sius & her fellow tribesmen were on the way ^{home}.

On her return Butterfly would have been welcome to take up residence in any village of the tribe, but she had been born & had spent all her life at or around Cachocira Grande, so it was there she decided to make her home. The village proper consisted of two fair sized communal houses in each of which resided some 50 people all told including. She had no intention of settling down in one of these as she knew from long experience that as a cripple & an unattached female she would again become either the tribal nurse or worse still the drudge & general servant of the house. In her youth she was alone & did not know any better, but now she had run her own home for some tens of years & also had the added responsibility of Doo-glass's daughter who could not mix in the tribal life on an equal footing in all its phases. In food, clothing & some respects Sius would have to share equally although she would always see to it that Sius got the best of what was to be had.

Sius had already ~~become~~ reached womanhood in the physical ^{sense} & was now, according ^{to tribal} rule & custom, eligible for marriage. This custom Butterfly firmly opposed as she had learned that child marriage was definitely not good, & she hated the thought of her child becoming what was little ~~more~~ better than a slave to any man — even the best — of her tribe. Eventually there might be no alternative

but meanwhile Butterfly felt she wanted to have her daughter all to herself for a few years more as a carefree happy companion, before entering on the duties of marriage, motherhood & the endless tasks of a home.

A little above the level of the village on the road up the cliff was a small level space of land, which Butterfly had cleared & on which she had a small living house built & behind between two huge boulders, an open shed to serve as a place where large scale cooking such as the preparation of cassava bread could be done. It was a very simple home, modelled on Indian procedure in building but with palm leaf partitions so that she & Sams could be alone together & apart at right from the two unattached maids or elderly women whom they engaged to help do the harder work in the place, carrying up water & firewood, or attending to the fields & plants.

Butterfly's father was now the Chief of the Tupanakai but he took no interest in matters outside strictly tribal custom. He lived some distance above the Cachocira Grande, & when his services were required special messengers had to be sent to call him. Butterfly with her outside education (however little) & the precedent of Doo-glask's example became Chief in all matters that affected relations outside the tribe. She had brought back with her from down river various supplies with which she bought articles of native craftsmanship that she knew were required around the timber grants. The death of De Groot had completely upset all ordinary arrangements, & her first venture was simply

a trading one. She sent down two corials laden with such goods in charge of men who spoke a little of the white man language together with a letter to the new owner of the grants asking if he needed men to hunt or work. To this came an answer in the affirmative, stating the nature of the work & the rate of pay. On receipt of this a couple of men were sent down as hunters to find out what the general treatment would be. This proved satisfactory & each year afterwards as soon as the rainy season was over & work began in earnest on the grants, Butterfly despatched such redundant men as wished to work. Thus her influence spread & she was practically absolute Chieftainess of the Tribe, except for an annual visit from her father to every hut in the tribe in order to settle nice points in intertribe dispute or custom. It was hopeless for Butterfly to make these visits journeys especially such as were overlaid.

Her other daughters were extremely happy together. Sus had brought a number of books with her which she devoured from cover to cover. She had no fiction in her tiny library except certain tales of fairies, stories of the stars & of the beasts & birds of other lands. She had a text book on Botany which was her greatest treasure as it opened the way to knowledge of what the forest contained. Butterfly was young in mind & nature & with a wholesale belief in spirits of a very malevolent nature, loved the fairy tales, as it introduced something new, yet quite possible, into her horizon. They

were much more like sisters than mother & daughter. As was customary in the tribe nothing even to most intimate personal relations they did not discuss with the greatest freedom. There would be nights when Seus would climb into her mother's arms & ask why she could not be friendly with a certain boy & maybe even to marry him. Butterfly who knew how repressed passion could surge through the body in a community where motherhood at fourteen was the rule, would point out some maid or rather mother of exactly the same age as Seus, & who, now, with two children - one barely tottering, one at the breast & another probably forming - was already in all physical respects an old woman. Gone was the graceful curves of maidenhood, her face was wrinkled & prematurely old, & her husband looking for outside attractions at every dance & drink. Above all Butterfly counselled her to wait. Repeatedly she told of how it was only her own ugliness & crippled leg that had saved herself from a like fate but how Doo-glash had appeared & her wonderful happiness afterwards. It was unthinkable - turn it over in her mind as she liked she could not sense or imagine it - that the same might happen again - but who knows.

Seus was young & high spirited & such as she & her mother had in common, the companionships gave no outlet to the bubbling spirits & need for action in the human animal in the early teens. She loved to go into the village to fondle & nurse some baby while the mother was working in some distant field but again this called for no violent action. Seus soon took up her old love

of wandering in the forest. About fifty per cent of the men of the tribe were by law within the degree which demanded that they treated her as a near relative & who on no account or under any circumstances would approach her with an intent or suggestion that was questionable. Knowing that with such men she was absolutely safe she would spend days in the forest hunting food & game or just observing strange happenings & facts. She was an adept with the blowpipe & the bow & arrows & soon was as skillful a hunter as any of the men. On occasion she would go hunting alone & would return with her wild pig, a mouton, or a string of fish, that would have done credit to the best hunter. In many a day Suus got back home dead tired & was glad to rest, so her mother never objected to ~~the~~ ^{these} proceedings, as it gave vent to her super-energy & kept her mind on healthy lines. The mother also encouraged field work & here Suus was delighted to grow new plants, seeds or slips of which she arranged to be brought up from the timber grants by the returning workmen at the beginning of the rainy season. ~~She was a very good~~ ~~at her work~~. She welcomed anything strange & new if it added to the supply of food & fruit, & although she loved colours, rarely if ever planted anything for its blooms alone.

Four rainy seasons more had come & gone. The seasons had been good & this one in particular. The crops were far above average, the forest was well stocked with wild game & fruit & the river teemed with fish. During the preceding dry season a number of men had

been down river working & Butterfly, now in full charge of all the Tribe's trade had been able to send out quite a large amount of articles for sale. Thus the Tupanackai were rich in barter & as was natural a visit to the far interior was indicated. Thus when the Moon of Visits hung low in the Western skies at dusk, some half dozen men set off to do trade with their neighbours living away beyond the watershed of the Sepaliwini. Another half dozen men were chosen to go down river to work on the tumbler grants to replenish such goods as the tribe needed after a season's use & the trading expeditions which would reduce much of their necessary outside article to nothing. Not all these men were from Cachoeira Grande but when they had all gone there were a couple of experienced hunters left together with the growing boys not yet admitted to memberships of the Tribe & a wise old man or two. Butterfly's father had not gone but he still lived some distance above the Fall; other members of the Tribe were living in their own villages further down the river, but each group was more or less self-contained with little intercourse except on business.

The sun was climbing well towards noon one day when a shout was heard across the river. There stood a man, apparently a stranger, excitedly gesticulating that he wanted to cross over to the village. All the men were away hunting, most of the women busy in the fields & only a few children were at home. One of these took out a canoe & slowly crossed the river to find the stranger something he had never seen before. He was a negro, dressed in a few rags & carrying a machette in

The negro jumped dexterously into the corial, seized a paddle & they were soon at the village landing. The negro promptly made for the houses, where he found no one at home, but he was searching for food & soon was ravenously devouring what he could find. Around noon Butterfly who had been to her field limped in, the hunters returned with game & some who had been on the river fish brought in their catch. The negro found he could not make himself understood: his language & signs seemed to convey nothing, but they all pointed to the tiny isolated hut where Butterfly lived & he went off to investigate what, half ^{an} hour ago, had been empty.

To his apparent delight he found Butterfly spoke his language & he quickly explained how he had ^{been} ~~been~~ sunk up in a fall while travelling downstream on a large river, "away far over there" with a wave of his hand; how he had lost every thing except his machette & how after wandering for several days through the forest with nothing but a few berries to eat; & how nearly he was to fainting with hunger. Butterfly with her usual hospitality soon cooked a meal & set it out for him. Although he had already had a little to eat, the man simply devoured his food & by his manner & the quantity he ate & drank must have been long without food. Once satisfied he sat in the shade telling Butterfly what his needs were. He wanted to get down the river as soon as possible & needed a corial. He would require food also for the journey down to civilization & a man or two to help paddle & to show the way through the falls on the way. The man's manner was quite

agreeable & he laughed & smiled, even going into roars of laughter when he dramatically described how he had lost his corial & how he had barely escaped with his life, the machette he carried & the raps he stood in. After talking for an hour he admitted being tired & retired to the shade of some bushes where he curled up & went fast asleep.

The sun was low over the forest when the negro awoke & immediately he asked for more food as he was still hungry. This Butterfly had already prepared & he was soon busy. Near to him on one leg stood one or two of the bolder boys gazing in wonder at the strange being at dinner; others were peeping around the corners of the house or through the door while every bush & coigne of advantage hid more of the Indians; there was none left in the village; everyone was watching & noting every movement of the man. While he slept Butterfly had carefully conned the situation & even discussed it with the elders of the village. She had decided to give the man everything he has asked for, as probably the easiest & quickest method the negro out of the place. As he ate she gave her decision & was sent one of her boys to bring a hammock in which he could sleep for the night. The food for the journey would be ready & 2 boys had been deputed to go with him & bring back the canoe. No offer of a house to sleep in for the night was offered; the negro probably senses antipathy in the people around him so he said he would sleep in the forest down by the side of the river. He had risen & hammock in hand was just of going off to prepare his camp when Seuss, who had delayed gathering fruit & playing with some of the other young maids walked across the clearing & entered

the house. The negro stood still in his tracks staring at the girls & wheeling round "Who is that?" he demanded, Butterfly whose eyes had never left the man's face quietly answered "That is my daughter, Sucus". He stood staring at the empty door quite a time but finally turned & without further comment went his way to the river.

The heart of Butterfly was quaking with fear - fear such as she had never as yet known in life. She had never taken her eyes off the negro & she had seen the change in his eyes & face as Sucus walked past. With the uncanny peculiarity of her race she had read or sensed the lust & passion that though dormant at the moment was the dominant feature of the man's life & soul. She knew it was only a matter of an hour at most, maybe moments, when he might return & take by force ~~for~~ ^{the} one jewel in her life. Inside the house she found Sucus standing crouched in a corner shaking like a leaf with fear also. A few words were exchanged & in a few moments Sucus was slipping into the shade of the forest carrying only her hammock, en route for her grand father's home above the fall. But the negro did not return & an hour after dark Butterfly had a conference with such men as remained in the settlement. Soon a ^{fast} corial, manned by two of the strongest hunters crept silently across the river into the sombre shade of the forest to glide noiselessly past the sleeping negro on its way downstream. The men had orders to travel night & day as far as possible until they reached the timber growth when they were to order every workman to ^{hasten} return back home with such goods as they had worked

for, especially, salt, shot & gunpowder.

Next morning the sun was barely above the horizon when the negro appeared. Butterfly was ready & had food set out as he arrived. While he ate the man was full of laughter & small talk, until Butterfly informed him that a corial, food & men were ready to carry down the river. The mirth dropped from his face & he demanded "Where is Sues?" Butterfly answered truthfully "I do not know". He plied her with questions but to all he got a similar answer. The negro was gradually getting excited & suddenly he sprang to his feet & entered the hut. Careful search showed no trace of what he was in search of, so he came back to Butterfly shouting "Where is your girl? You had better tell me or it will be worse for you. Do you know who I am? I am the famous River Shark & I generally get what I want." Butterfly had never even heard of the name & it conveyed nothing to her, so she looked the excited man squarely in the face, until, feared violent action on herself, she dropped her eyes in silence. "All right missus" bawled Shark "two can play the same game. I do not go down river till Sues comes back" Again he entered the hut to emerge with a good axe he had noticed there when he said, "I will take a corial & build a shark on the other side of the river where I stay until your daughter comes back from the forests. You will feed me every day while I do this."

Shark did as he said, selecting a good corial & crossing over the river, he was at once busy making a small clearing & erecting a small house. Each morning & evening he appeared before

Butterfly's house to find food set out ready for him. He rarely spoke & always appeared in good humour, nor did he go near the communal houses of the village, so Butterfly & her fellows were in a quandary as to how to proceed. Conciliation to his demands for food & to await his next move seemed the best way. To steal his corial by night was easy, but without doubt the man could swim the river & so appear when he liked. To evacuate the village meant leaving tracks which, judging by their own ability, the man would follow faster than they could travel as he carried nothing, & thus defeat their attempt at flight.

It would be a simple matter to kill the man; he would never know where the blow would come from, but, so far, he had done nothing worthy of death. He had threatened Butterfly & demanded Sums, but nothing more, & even that in a language of which they were ignorant nor had they been present. Sums was not their child, she was some years overdue for marriage already & much as some of the young braves had desired to mate with her, their approaches had always been unsuccessful. Butterfly had sent overland to ^{the} summons outlying members of the Tribe, who, one and all, counselled caution, no violent action & a wait & see attitude, who had no alternative but agree especially as Shark had been in no way offensive when he departed in a rage to commence his house.

Meanwhile Shark had nearly finished the Shark, a small 8 x 8 ft affair with a palm leaf roof, but he had done a lot of thinking. He remembered the day when his foot had

fortunately caught in obstruction & he had fallen to hear a
 arrow strike a tree where he had been. He had the greatest respect,
 nay, fear of an Abor. Indian, whom he regarded as the most
 cunning & revengeful species of the human race. He knew he had
 given himself away in his lust & rage & he felt sure that at any
 moment a silent arrow would pierce his body. He was most
 unhappy & as day after day found no visible signs of Sams he had to
 produce some other method of approach for his desire.

Underneath his rags, lying close around his waist was a belt
 made of snake skin which was heavy with gold & precious stones,
 the proceeds of successful robberies in other rivers. Why not go
 down the river to the nearest outpost of civilization & have a
 right royal time according to the ideas of his class. He might even
 stage another successful robbery although the possibilities & scope
 on an unknown river were problematical. No, in all the songs
 & native stories of his race there was always a white woman of
 unbelievable beauty of face & form, some princess with unlimited
 luxury & wealth ~~for whom~~ the conquest & subsequent enjoyment
 was every negro's secret desire. In the civilized world he knew
 he could never attain this as such women of any white nation as
 swung into his orbit were harpies of much worse than any of his
 own race, & whose touch alone meant months of suffering, but
 here was a white girl pure in body & virginal; ignorant of every
 thing in life & whom he had only to ~~take~~ ^{take} to secure every attention

to his daily demands & unlimited fulfillment of his every desire. He had only to appear clothed in the dress of the city & carry back with him a few frocks, mirrors & a few strings of gaily coloured beads, & the girl & the whole tribe would fall down & worship him. Yes, he would go down the river & return to conquer.

He was busy patting sides on his shark - thick double walls of palm leaf as a protection to prying eyes who would be unable to see where he lay & thus minimise the danger from being shot when asleep or resting. A door had to be pleated also & made secure. Meanwhile he was trying his best to ingratiate himself with the villagers, always smiling & laughing, passing hearty jokes & patting such as he could get near on the ~~back~~ back. The villagers hated the smell of the man & spat wisely whenever he passed, but never responded. Indeed they were getting tired of the situation & one by one they were finding some need for their presence in the far distant forest & they disappeared. Shark noticed this, so he decided he must move soon. He therefore told Butterfly of his intention of leaving & asked her to get a quantity of food together & a couple of men as had been promised. This was now impossible as most of the villagers had gone away, & Butterfly was helpless. When Shark understood this & eventually saw the tiny amount of food she placed at his feet, he completely lost his temper & raved & raged & swore at Butterfly in the hope of getting more. In swearing he was using a language, ^{not} not one word of which Butterfly understood. It was her late

husband's language in part, but most of the words were entirely
 new to her. Butterfly stood silent & her apathy & apparent indifference
 enraged Shark beyond measure. ~~Withdrawing~~ ^{Withdrawing} his machette in hand
 he began cutting circles with it within a few inches of Butterfly's
 downcast head. He would have run amok & cut her to pieces in
 his foaming rage & only the desire & remembrance of Sams kept him
 from striking the defenceless head. Backed by the knowledge that the
 act would surely bring swift retribution from some ^{unknown} ~~unknown~~
 point. Butterfly, as all Indians, completely unafraid of ^{physical} danger or pain
 danger, stood quite still awaiting her fate whatever it was to be, until
 realising he was making no progress. Shark seized her chin with
 his left hand & forced her face up till her eyes met his when he growled
 "look. I go below now" waving his machette down stream "but I will
 return. not this moon but the next when it is full I shall
^{be} ~~be~~ here & you are to have Sams waiting for me or —" He flung
 her backwards & the shining blade of the machette passed down
 a mere inch or two before her eyes. Shark picked up the food, strode
 down to the landing & in less than ten minutes was on his way down
 stream in a corial

