

THE ORINOCO DIARY

CHESTER E. JACKSON

1876

PREFACE

This is the diary of Chester E. Jackson, age 29, from January to July, 1876, recounting an expedition to the Caribbean Islands, Venezuela, the Orinoco River and the Guianas in South America for the purpose of collecting specimens for Ward's Science Museum in Rochester, New York.

The leader of the expedition, eight years younger, was William T. Hornaday. Like Chester, "H." (never "Bill") had been raised on a farm; unlike Chester, he had had three years of zoology at Iowa State College in Ames and was already started on a career as a naturalist that eventually made him, in turn, chief taxidermist of the Smithsonian, originator of the National Zoo, savior of the American buffalo, and first director of the Bronx Zoo. He became a friend of Andrew Carnegie and Theodore Roosevelt, but never forgot his old hunting companion, "Chet".

A copy of his monumental book, "The American Natural History" is inscribed on the flyleaf: "To my dear old Friend and companion in arms in Florida, the West Indies and South America, Chester E. Jackson, with 10,000 delightful memories of days and nights together, afloat and ashore, under canvas, thatch, or the open canopy of Heaven."

In a letter to Chester's daughter after the death of her father in 1930, Hornaday wrote: "On our sideboard, in the place of honor, stands the beautiful silver soup tureen that your father gave Josephine [Mrs. Hornaday] on her wedding day. It is inscribed 'C.E.J. to J.C.H.' It will go down to our grandchildren with its beauty unimpaired."

The two had met on the docks of Key West in 1875, where Chester mistook Hornaday for a fisherman. By coincidence, they took the same boat to Miami (a city of three houses) and Chester learned that they were kindred souls, and that his companion was returning from an expedition to Cuba to collect specimens for Ward's. Professor Ward was a member of the University of Rochester faculty who, on the side, ran a business that collected and mounted specimens of all kinds for sale to museums.

In Miami, they heard of an unusually large alligator in near-by Arch Creek. Chester was invited to go along to capture and skin it. On first view, Hornaday recognized it as a crocodile, a reptile not then known to exist in the United States. After three days of stalking and a wild and dangerous struggle, they killed it, as well, later, as its mate. The 14-foot hide was sent to Rochester, mounted, and sold for \$250 to The Smithsonian's Natural History Museum, where it was displayed for sixty years. At 21, Hornaday was the discoverer of a new sub-species of Crocodylus acutus.



After this success, it was easy to persuade Professor Ward to finance a second expedition: the one described here. Chester went to his home in Racine, Wisconsin for a few months, then met Hornaday in Rochester for final instructions and the two, along with Professor Ward, were off to New York City by train.

For the adventure, Chester had had made a special and curious gun, one barrel a rifle and the other a shot gun, sighted for his left, better, eye although to be held to his right shoulder. (From the times he missed his target, it appears to have been less than successful.) It was in his house in Ovid, Michigan until after his death, when his son-in-law gave it away to a local sportsman.

The preservation of specimens, frequently mentioned in the diary, entailed first soaking the hide and bones in strong salt water for 24 hours. Then, all inner surfaces were painted with a solution of arsenic,

camphor and potash. Next, powdered alum was sprinkled all over to absorb moisture. Finally, the skin was hung up to dry for a day or two. Then, the bones were rolled up in the skins, tied with strong twine and packed carefully in crates to be shipped to Rochester.

Chester had only a rudimentary education — perhaps seven years. Nonetheless, but for problems with the past tense of “lie” and “stay”, he wrote very well, as the reader can see, because care has been taken to reproduce almost exactly his punctuation and spelling. His appreciation of beauty, descriptions and sensitivity would credit today’s college graduates; at times he approached writing poetry.

A curious omission in the diary is mention that the two parted company on June 4th, “H.” staying in Demerara, British Guiana (now called Georgetown, Guyana) to explore that country, while Chester went on alone to Paramaribo, Dutch Guiana (now called Suriname) after manatees. The two reunited joyfully on July 4, 1876 the 100th Anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.

All of the animals mentioned here cannot be identified. There are, of course, no tigers in South America. However, an account of Hornaday’s life says that they brought back a jaguar and a puma.

The two parted again in New York, never again to explore together. Two months later, Hornaday set out on a three-year expedition to Europe, Africa and India, still collecting crocodiles, but also tigers, elephants, water buffalo and anything else that moved.

The Suriname toad (entry of June 7) is of zoological interest because the male places the eggs on the female’s back where they implant and develop into tadpoles.

The reference to cutting canes from the manatee (sea cow) skin (June 5) is literal: dried and twisted strips of the skin, since it was an inch thick, made novel canes. Chester had an interesting collection of canes, including, I believe, one of mapurite (entry of May 16), but none resembling manatee skin. The hide and meat were so prized that they were almost hunted to extinction. The reference to a wishbone suggests that, since they were mammals, their bone structure included fused collar bones which would, indeed, be treasured curiosities.

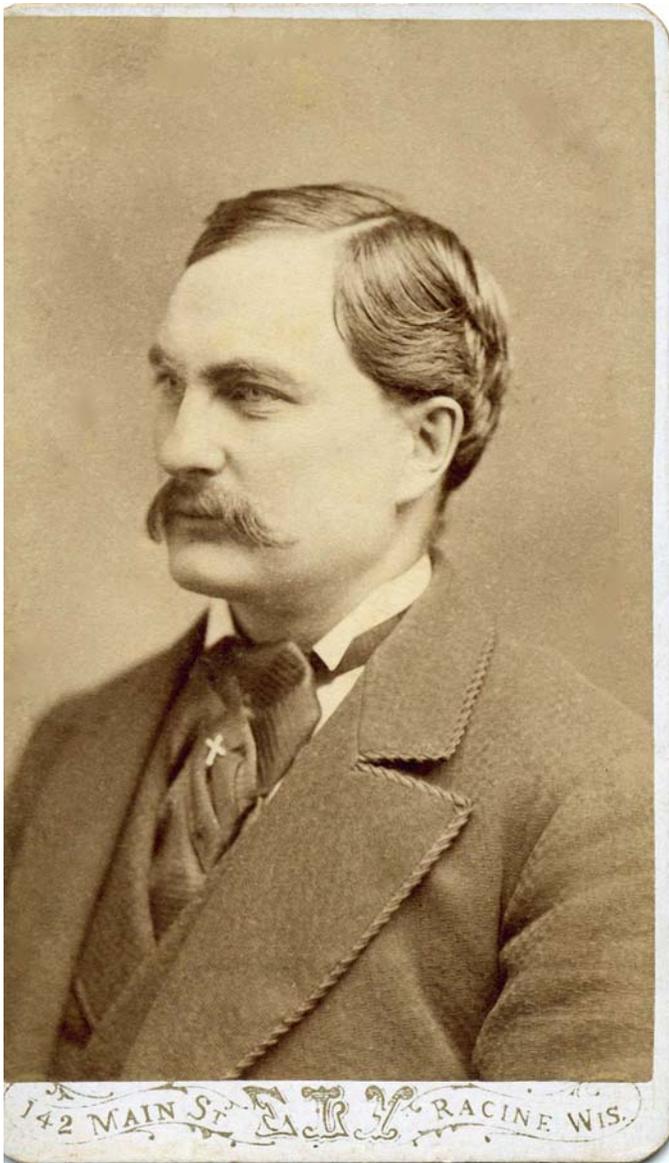
As discussed in the entry of May 19, Chester arranged with the Editor of the Racine Journal to send dispatches describing his experiences. These were published and have been handed down. Had he had a better education, they might have launched him on a career as a journalist. Obviously, he had all the other requirements.

RCB

Addendum by Stephen Haynes, October 2011:

When I originally scanned this document, I had barely started the project scanning the thousands of photographs found among Emily Haynes’s effects. The bulk of the very old photographs had not yet been found. After finding photographs of William Hornaday, Professor Ward, the famed crocodile, and even an early photograph of Chester Jackson himself, I decided to insert them in the text, and add to them two maps I created in the fall of 2000 when Patricia and I took a cruise up Venezuela’s Orinoco River, the scene for the great majority of adventures recounted in *The Orinoco Diary*.

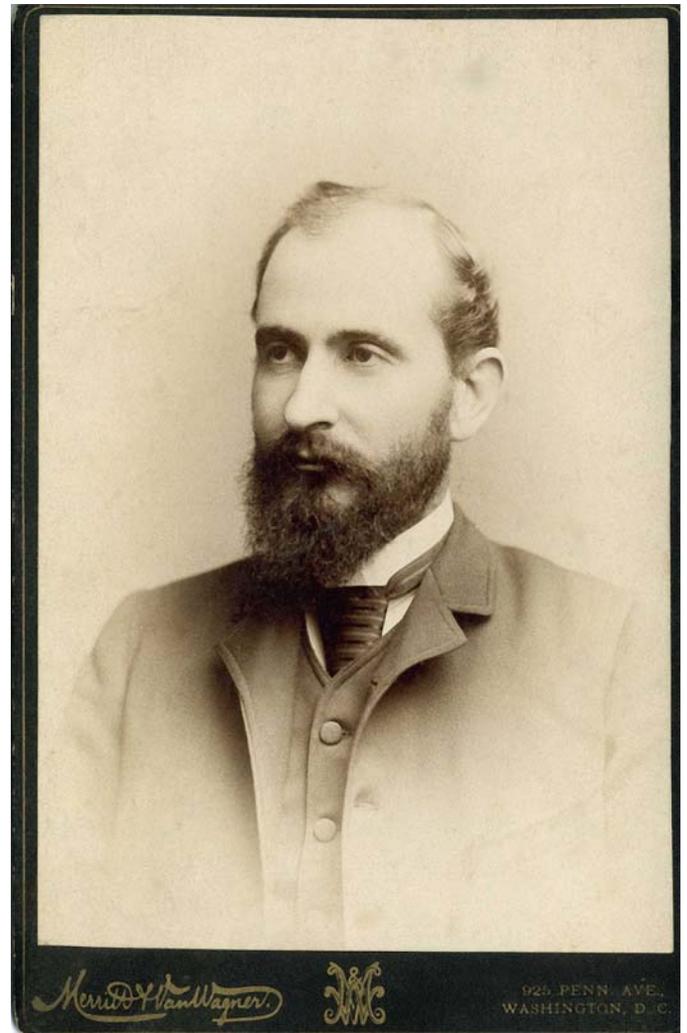
The photos have been inserted with generous resolutions, so they may be enlarged within the PDF should you wish.



Chester Jackson - 1870

January 18th, 1876.

Arrived in Rochester at 4:15 P.M. Met Mr. Hornaday.



Believed to be William Hornaday
ca. 1890

19th and 20th.

Got our outfit ready and the evening of the 21st left for New York on the 6:15 train. Arrived at New York at 7 A.M. Put up at Legget's Hotel. Down to the wharf to see our ship - found her unloading a cargo of sugar and taking in corn and beans in return for Barbadoes, to sail the 24th, 8 A.M. Purchased tickets. (\$60 in gold.)

23rd

Went to Plymouth Church. A very plain one indeed, all over, in and out. No steeple, no marble. Text 1st Peter, Chapter 2, 7th verse, "Unto you therefore who believe he is precious." The greatest sermon I

ever heard, full of dramatic genius, and as fresh as it was strong. [Henry Ward Beecher]

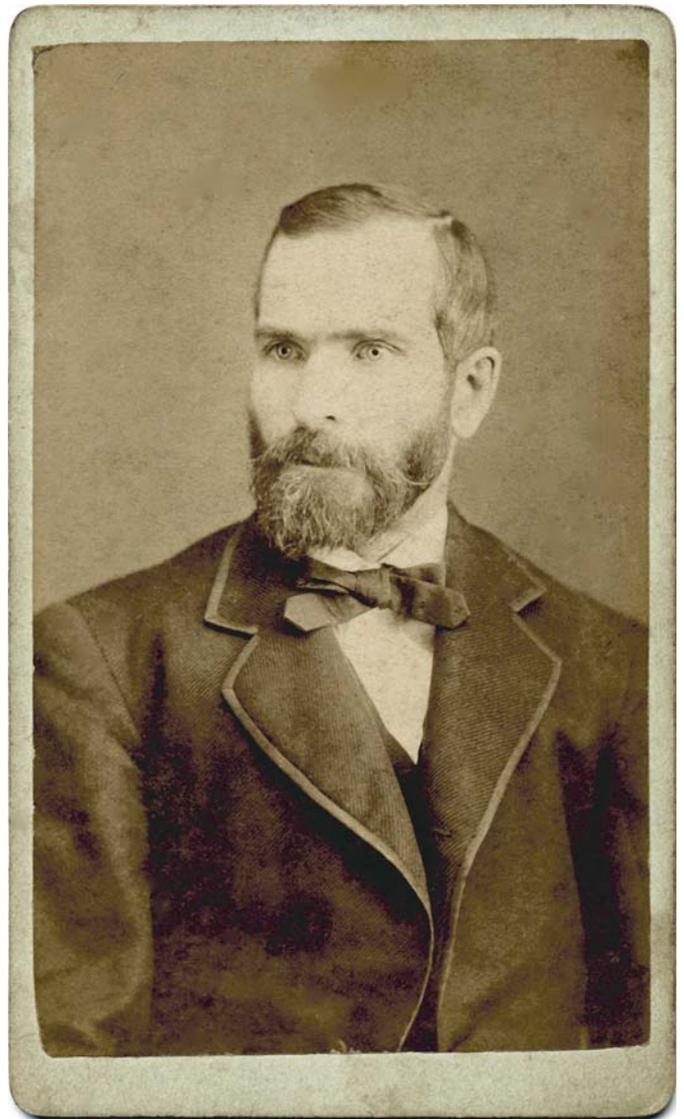
Evening took notes and drawings of the fish of Guiana.

24th

Got our passports and letters of credit on Barbadoes, Trinidad, and Demarara, and finished buying our outfit. Made out will, etc, etc. At night went to theatre.

Jan. 24th, Tuesday Jan 25th

Prof. Ward came to us in the morning, signed our agreements, and went down to barque to see us off. Let go the line at 10:30 A.M. Was towed out by the tug Sethlow. Good-bye, old New York. The day was chilly, but not very disagreeable. Ate dinner and a little supper. The wind norwest. Commenced to feel squeamish, and by 8 or 9 o'clock, threw myself almost entirely away. The barque pitched and rolled and I was not happy. Mr. Hornaday got it bad, also. I liked to see it, for misery does like company.



Wednesday, Jan 26th.

Sick all day long, no eats, no sleep, ship rolling & pitching fearfully. Wind norwest.

Thursday, Jan 27th.

Long. 68.30. A little better. Came out on deck, but did not stay long. A little beef tea, and part of a cracker. The wind blowing from the southwest. Towards night the wind stiffened and by sundown blew quite a gale. How the shrouds did shriek. The blocks whistled, not as cheerfully as the tea-kettle, oh no, nor round a house on shore.

Was almost impossible to stay in berth and my bones ached by being tumbled around so. Slept but little, for

every few minutes the ship would be covered by a sea, and then she would stagger and groan under the burden. The poor horses were thrown down and things generally stirred. Pumps were started and the deck water thrown off.

Friday, Jan 28th, 176.

Fine day. Wind holds still southwest. Lat.36. Long. 65.30. Out on deck in shirt sleeves. Found a flying fish on deck about eight inches in length. A curious little wonder: transparent wings, two on each side, the largest in front. Going to put him in alcohol. Our friend, a Mr. Eckal, of Trinidad formerly, took his gulp today. Stays in his bunk almost continually, sometimes singing Sankey's hymns, but generally keeping quite still. Are now about 600 miles from New York.

Saturday, Jan 29th

Beautiful, Oh, Beautiful Day. "The day so mild, is heaven's own child, with earth and ocean reconciled." As H. says, "It warmeth up the midriff and maketh the heart charitable." A gentle sou'westerly breeze that keeps one on deck continually.

An air that a suit of light tweed is made for. The clouds so light and fleecy. Atmosphere, soft and demure, pensive perhaps, neither the fresh kiss of April, nor the juiciness of June, nor the dreaminess of August, nor the haziness of October, but a blending of all four. Day never to be forgotten.

A Barque passed us bound for the sou'west, probably five miles away. A barque is a three-master, spars on the foremast and on the mainmast, and schooner rigged on the mizzen mast. Lat. 33.4, Lon. 63.25. Thermometer 72 in the sun or shade. Sighted a brig in the starboard bow. Came within hailing but did not open her head. Evidently an Englishman, bound for Liverpool. One little bird, a little Saragossa seaweed. H. made his game bag. I fixed up my blanket. One of the crew gave us some fish hooks and a decoy made of Dolphin skin, made in the shape of a flying fish, the hook in the tail, with the wings made of feathers from the rooster's tail and bound on with twine, and buttons on, pearl ones for eyes.

Sunday, Jan 30th, 1876.

Lat. 31.56. Long. 51. Therm. 69. We made good time during the night. The barque ran very steadily. Slept well, on the lounge turned to the wall. At sunrise, the wind fell away. Cloudy. What little wind there was, was dead ahead. So we could truly say that the ship rested because it was the seventh day, for we made little headway, running many points out of course.

Passed patches of Saragossa sea weed. Caught one with a hook. It was covered with zoophytes and a few small shells, besides one tiny crab, which we put in rodski (whiskey).

Passed time in making a game bag and talking with Porpus George (an old sailor) who by the way fixed ropes on our harpoons.

Tacked ship for the first, time (since leaving New York) at about sundown.

The captain slapped the nigger cook in the face for protesting that the bread for breakfast was good enough.

Capt. storms every meal about something. Takes all hands, cook and steward, to tack. Twelve in number. No sail, no bird.

Monday, Jan 31st, 1876.

Lat. 31. Long. 63. Morning came, fresh and delightful. Tacked ship four times during the night, and every time I had to change myself on the lounge so as to have my head the highest.

The wind blew up fresh from the south east directly against us. Tacked three or four times. Two sails. Put out the hook and at about 10 A.M. caught a dolphin that would weigh 12 pounds and measure three feet in length. At last a wish was gratified, i.e. "To see a dolphin." The most beautiful object to be conceived. A color that could make the rainbow retire in disgust. Instead of changing his hues, as I expected, only faded a little as life departed.

Have fell back three miles to the northward. Haven't done anything today, but read and lay around.

Tuesday, Feb 1st.

Lat. 31 Thermom. 75. Still baffling winds, light, soft and delicious to breathe.

At about 10 A.M. the mate yelled out those interesting words that I have been wishing to hear all my life, to wit, "There she blows." We ran to the port side, and waited a few minutes, when up went a stream of water, about eight or ten feet high, apparently, and as it fell back, a vapor floated away a short distance, and vanished.

He blowed four times and sank. Seemed about half a mile off, maybe less. Mr. Hornaday feeling miserable. I spending my time as happens and feeling better than since last May.

Spent the evening playing whist and got beaten. Just found out that the Captain's name is "Armstrong," and resides in New Haven, CT. An Englishman and quite arbitrary but a sociable fellow withal.

Feb. 2nd, Calimus Day, Wed.

Lat. 31.4, Long. 57.35. Southerly winds, but very little progress southward. one sail, a barque only. Thermometer 74.

Laid around in shade. Ate heartily. Played whist, etc. Read, and enjoyed.

Feb 3rd. Thursday.

Lat. 30.28. Lon. 57.8. The sun came up to find a calm sea. Sails flapped. The ship rolled lazily. Dame Nature was taking a respite. At ten A.M., Frenchy, the sailor, yelled out, "A whale!" And sure enough, on the Port side, about one stone's throw. loomed up the Leviathan. Looked as he is represented in pictures, his back sticking out. About 30 ft. in length, I should judge.

A dead calm. I fixed up tent. Played whist, etc., etc. Just before sundown a large black cloud arose in the north and down came the wind and drove us on at a beautiful speed and we were happy.

Friday, Feb 4th.

Lat. 28.30. Long. 56.09. In the night the wind fell away to the southward, yet we held our course — which is south. Was called out on deck at midnight by the 1st mate to see a beautiful rainbow. It was the grandest of night scenes. Heavy black clouds, peculiarly shaped, spots of the deepest open sky and twinkling stars, crested dark waves, subdued roar of wind through the ship.

Wind, all day from the southeast, Quite a sea. Wheelsman saw a whale at 6 A.M. very close to the stern.

Heavy seas at night. Slept but little. Got beaten again at whist. Mr. E. confined almost to his bunk, with squeamishness. Will be four or five days yet with a good wind, before we reach port. The thermometer stands about so, 72 in shade all the time, but little change at night. Are now in what is called the Latitude of variable winds.

Saturday, Feb 5.

Lat. 25.08. Long. 56.04. Slept but a couple of hours last night, on account of pitching of ship.

Heavy sea running at daybreak. Mr. H. and Mr. E. eat no breakfast. I ate moderately, but the way they cook up things makes them I very unpalatable and one needs the appetite of a work-horse to eat heartily. Oh, it's a sin to spoil Nature's gifts in this way.

The wind grew easier at noon, and the waves some easier by sympathy.

Freshened up in afternoon. Blew hard all night. Made 210 miles in the last 24 hours. The ship rolled, pitched, acted like mad. The deck standing at an angle of 45 degrees the most of the time, once in awhile a dash of rain. Are now in the trade winds, easterly, that are to be relied upon, so that our passage to Barbadoes is a foregone conclusion, where we expect to arrive next Tuesday night.

Sunday, Feb. 6th.

Lat. 21.35 Thermom. 75. Last night was a roarer.

The gaff topsail sheet parted. Our course lies in the trough of the sea. Slept part of the night. Getting used to it. Mr. H. and E. came out to breakfast.

Guessed on the distance made in the last 24 hours, the one guessing the farthest from it to set up the drinks when we get to Barbadoes. The Captain said 192 miles, the mate 240, Mr. Eckel 238, Mr. Hornaday 230, myself 228. Taking the sun at noon with the quadrant, the Captain made out 213 miles. The mate's set up. Are now about 500 miles from port. Smacking trade wind breeze.

The night closes in ugly and frowning. occasional squalls with rain, and the ship takes the water over her side plenteously at times.

Monday, Feb 7.

Lat 17.57. Long.56. The sun comes up clear, the wind blowing fresh and strong. Porpus George brought me two flying fish that he found on deck. Sent them to the cook for breakfast. They were about eight inches in length, tender looking things, and when flying, flutter their wings the least bit and look like the Devil's darning needles, as the schoolboy calls them.

3 P.M. Strong trade wind from the E.N.E., waves not as strong as last night. Just came from the bows where I was watching the fish flying away. Sometimes 8 or 10 would jump out at once and fly 10 or 15 rods, occasionally touching their tails to the crests of the waves. Again one would jump in and out like a meadow frog.

While at the bow a large wave dashed me with brine. Delicious to be around barefooted. Thermometer at 77. Made 225 miles last 24 hours.

Feb. 8th, Tuesday. 14 days out.

Lat 14. 80°F. The night passed pleasantly enough. Easy sea. Good trade breeze.

Was out watching flying fish on the tip of the jib-boom.

Played whist and while Mr. Eckel was lighting a cigar that he found on the floor, it exploded, being stuffed with powder for an inch and a half or so. It burnt his

fingers some, and of course made him very mad. Accused the Captain of it, who gave him the lie in his teeth. The Captain asked the mate if "he did it." Said "he did." Mr. E. being of an easy disposition let it pass. This noon we are within 70 miles of Barbadoes, and expect to see land from the masthead at 5 P.M. Made 225 miles the last 24 hours. Have been hooking raisins for the last couple days from the storeroom. Very sweet indeed.

Land seen at masthead by Captain at 4 P.M. H. and Captain saw a shark about ten feet long. Scooted 'round the bow and we left him behind. Barbadoes land looms up high. As we came to the Island about 8 P.M. and passed down the west shore, the Captain pointed us out a large red light high up on shore, and said, "That is my father's light. He always hangs it out, when I come in at night."

Passed down the shore 15 miles, and came to the city of Barbadoes called Bridgetown. A fleet of ships from all ports nearby stood rocking lazily in the bay at 11 o'clock at night as we tacked in and weighed anchor. Before we came in, three or four large rowboats came alongside, wanting a chance to tell where we could weigh anchor. Manned with niggers and made me think of cannibals after our souls and bodies.

Wednesday, Feb 9th.

89° F. in shade at noon. Got ashore at 9 A.M. A cloud of niggers on wharf. Hard stone roads, sidewalks about 3 feet wide, odd, low houses. Stone fences, heavy for yard fences. Iron gates open in day shut at night. Narrow streets. Just room for two wagons to pass. Oranges sixpence per dozen, bananas fourpence. Women washing on beach and laying the clothes on the sand to dry by the acre. Flowers and foliage plants, beautiful kept yards, running vines. Walked over the city some. Strange, so strange. About one white to an hundred niggers. Cane fields, so green in the distance. Just commencing to make sugar. Got three little fish with a sword three inches in length on the under jaw.

Thursday, Feb. 10th.

820 F. Passed a poor night on account of mosquitoes and roaring niggers.

Went down to the Globe or Ice house and took our bread and butter and Guava, Stewed Guava, then wrote letter to Journal till noon, when I went just outside of the city limits to see a sugar mill in full blast. Takes 40 men, women and children, mostly men, to run it, from the stripping to the putting in barrels. Costs \$5.00 to put up 8 bbls.

Molasses 26¢ per gal. such as costs us 90¢ and \$1.00 at home.

Came back at 4 P.M. and found Mr. Wilderboer, a naturalist. A German formerly from Surinam. A fine old man, who had the pleasure of Agazziz's acquaintance and companionship for five days. He is going to show us all around to the places where we can collect. At night, got a pan of sea eggs, like a pin cushion.

Feb 11th, Friday, 1876.

Was aroused the forenoon after 9 o'clock (our breakfast hour here). Doing a little business, as getting can and alcohol and trying to find a wagon manufactory, but failed in the latter case. As I came back, found Mr. Wilderboer with H. bargaining for one of the strangest things in Nat. History, to wit: a *Pentacrinus Müller* [common name, crinoid or sea lily. Related to starfish, sea urchins and sand dollars.] Very rare. Looks more like a plant than anything else. A stem two feet long and more about the size of a pipe stem, with joints every inch and a half with five little threads coming out around it like tendrils on a grapevine. The base of this stem is fastened to a rock and stands up in the water like a plant. The blow end is the head. A bundle of spines as large as a large fist, with a center like a lily. Spreads out his tentacles or lily leaves and when a little fish or crab settles in this combination, they slowly close in on him and he is absorbed and the trap set again

Went up on the beach in the P.M. after curios. Found some crabs that live in rocks and some that burrow in the ground. Two families of the latter, red and black, dug down about two feet in the sand. Have to be careful or be pinched. Can run as fast as a nigger almost.

Was cutting a stick to dig with, when a nigger told me to drop it, for the milk that was oozing from the wound would poison me. We dropped it.

Got back to find that H. had bought some sea eggs. They are about the size of a fist with any quantity of black needles sticking out around them.

Feb. 12th, Saturday.

Ther. 82. The days are all alike here, sunny, with a lively breeze from the east.

Started out in the morning after frogs, crabs, etc. Got some. Came back at three o'clock P.M. Found that a lot of specimens had come in, sea eggs and stars. Visited Mr. Wilderboer who gave H. a slough of shells

H. and self still eating Guava's Jam at two shillings a day and another shilling for oranges and Bananas.

Our room for preparing specimens and boxing begins to get filled up some. Tomorrow is Sunday. Bought a loaf of bread and some jam to eat in our room, for the restaurant will be closed.

Sunday, Feb. 13.

83° F. In the morning went out in the bay in a large row boat with H. and 3 darkeys, after sea eggs and coral. One of the nigs was a diver by profession. Would settle down in the water for a depth of three or four fathoms and bring up a sea egg as easy as he would go down a ladder on shore. Dove for coral and fastened a rope around, when we would get hold and heave it out on board. Got a piece of fan coral that would weigh 25 lbs. and a piece of brain coral that was the size of a common sized brain and just the shape

In the P.M. walked up the beach five miles after shells. Got but a few small ones. At night attended church. Poor service and the weakest singing I ever heard.

Monday, Feb 14th, 176.

In the morning went out with the same party as yesterday, after the same articles.

The waves were too high and the clouds made the water bad to see things in, but passed over great groves of coral of different kinds, mostly brown in color, some with a white fringe. The way it is gotten white is to put in fresh water for 48 hours, then washing in sea, then placing in the sun to bleach out. In the P.M. received specimens, Eels, Eggs, Stars, shells, just poured in. Kept Mr. H. very busy. The darkeys are fast after pennies.

Feb. 15, Tues.

In the morning took a sail boat for Austin, a place 8 miles south of this place for the purpose of gathering shells, fish, etc., etc. Getting out of the harbor, the wind was dead ahead. Had to take the sails down, and the three darkeys pulled it through. The bottom was beautiful, very beautiful. I leaned over and watched till I was tired. Such groves of coral, spreading out in fantastical shapes. Got shells and beautiful fish, brown and gold, blue, so strongly marked and crabs in beautiful colors.

Set sail and came back at 3 P.M. While gone, a man from Spikestown brought a sea porcupine about as large as a woodchuck, all covered with spines half an inch in length, a horrible looking thing.

Wed. Feb 16, '76

82°F. In the forenoon was skinning fish. H. went to Wilderboer's and had a good talk.

Afternoon, bought specimens. A file fish was brought in, the skin like a piece of sandpaper. About a foot long, large tail, dirty brown color, some light spots thin as one's hand, very small mouth, ungainly looking thing. Went down to the fish boats. Saw a sword fish brought in, 6 ft. long, the sword being cut off, which made H. very mad.

Bought two small sharks, two feet long. A fine day. Not much business here yet, sugar making just begun.

Thursday, Feb 17.

A quiet day. Skinned sharks before breakfast. Breakfast at 10 A.M. H. went to see Wilderboer, I went out looking up wagon business. Duty 3% on

\$100.00. More than that, 20% on the three per cent additional.

P.J. packing coral in shavings. Bought some little things called sea beef, a stick-tight, about the size of a butternut split in two that sticks to the rocks — hardly possible to wrench them off with the hand.

Mr. Eckal just got back from the country, and going to Trinidad with us next Saturday night on the "Ocean Traveller."

Today has been cool, 810 F., the wind quite strong from the east

Friday, Feb 18th.

Been busy packing box all day. Got a little of everything in it. Four different kinds of coral, fan coral, Buckhorn, Brain and finger.

Today is called "Planters Day." That is when the planters come in to get supplies. They send in the six mule team by Sambo and ride in in their carriages with families, driven by second Sambo, who holds the horses and waits till the family are ready to go. The English ladies are richly dressed and look "well-groomed," as H. says, not overworked. Quite pale, but plump. The French Admiral came ashore and was received by the English garrison at the wharf. A brass band in attendance. Lots of gold lace and ... and an acre of "barack men" covering everything to see.

Saturday, Feb 19th.

Finished packing box in morning. H. and self went out to Henry's plantation to see the thing. On our way back called on Mr. Wilderboer. At 4 P.M. had things put on board the "Ocean Traveller" and at 6 P.M. weighed anchor and put out to sea for Trinidad. The O.T. a small schooner. Just covered with freight and deck passengers, black and white. The sea quite rough. Nearly everybody sick. Slept about half an hour. Slept on deck, the sea dashed on us and wet us and we soaked and stood it and thanked fortune it was no worse. She had 2700 gals. of kerosene, which made the more danger.

Feb 20th, Sunday.

Sailed all day, the sun pouring on us. Made some awnings out of our blankets and stood it. Saw a school of porpoises, but were shy. The first that we have seen since we left New York.

Ate but little and cared for little. Got acquainted with a little monkey in the bows, as restless as a bear and no bigger than a small cat. There were two goats, two dogs five hogs, cats and nigger young ones, in profusion. Forgot to wash our face and hands. Slept with our clothes on. Mr. Eckals was on board with us again. Was sick, slept in the cabin with two or three nigger women and five or six children. Said he slept first class, but should be taken with considerable leeway.

Monday, Feb 21st, 176.

Arrived at Trinidad at 12 A.M. Passed the night in a way, slept some & gazed at the stars some, rained at midnight some, got our feet wet.

T. is very hilly, almost mountainous, and covered with green verdure, perpetual green. Sighted land last P.M. Came into the bay around what is called "Five Islands," very small and rocky, covered with trees and a few houses, a summer resort. A small steamer plys there.

Boatmen tried to gouge us but didn't make it out. Found a boarding place in a very pleasant place. Walked out in the evening, followed out a procession to a hill a mile out of town in the woods. Creole French, poor. Carried the coffin with strips of cloth, four to carry. Rested often and quarreled more. No mourners, apparently. One woman carried two bottles of rum, which were passed around at the grave. The noisiest set I ever saw, and was very laughable. A man told us, "That if the priest went to the grave it would cost \$15.00, and they couldn't afford it."

Tuesday, Feb 22nd.

Went out in the morning and was agreeably surprised to find a steamer in the offing decked out with the Stars and Stripes in honor of the day. [Washington's Birthday]

God Bless our old Flag. No one knows the worth of it until he is in a foreign land. Am proud of it, it is handsome and glorious.

Went to the government buildings to see the museum collections of the Island. Beautiful birds and ugly reptiles. In the evening played whist with Captain Armstrong, H. and Eckel. Eckel going, a Dane, Mr. Knudsen took his place. The first hand, he and I scored nine points, took every trick. I never saw that happen before.

Wednesday, Feb 23rd.

In the morning hired a boat and started out quite early, for the river Caroni four miles from town, south. After trouble found the channel and rowed up, looking for alligators. Saw a hawk, I fetched him. The first blood. Went up about a mile, saw a gator on the bank. I told H. to "shoot him." H. drew on him, fired. Gator living still, told me to fire. I did and blew the top of his head all out and spoilt him for a specimen entirely. We cursed the luck. Up farther met more, but they crawled off into deep water after being shot. Lost 4 or 5 that way. Finally saw one lying in the grass at the edge of water. H. shot him through the neck. We pulled him in. Was 5 ft. long. A Cayman, not the Alligator american, or mississippiis. Shot some more, got away. Came down. Saw one on brush wood. I shot him in head and spoilt him. H. swore and I laughed, it was so ridiculous to see his head all blowed out. I shot a small one, 3 ft. long. We stopped to skin our game, when I spoiled that one by cutting out the leg bone. So we had some fun but little profit. Bought 27 oranges for 5 pence at a house on the bank.

The river was beautiful. Such banks of verdure on the banks, flowers and running vines hanging down to the water. Great air plants in full bloom stuck on the trees, the trunks, a large purplish flower.

At high tide, no mud bank or dirt is seen, only a bank of solid green rising from the water. Trees reaching together overhead, almost. Beautiful plumaged birds and deliciously cool air all combined to make it a day long to be remembered. Besides one could rest the eye by looking to the north and seeing the grand hills with the clouds floating or resting on or between them, the first thing of the kind I ever saw. Got at

home just at sundown. Rowed about 16 miles and not being used to it, was something of a day's work.

Feb 24th, Thursday.

In the morning took care of our skins that we got the day before, looked around for information for the Orinoco Expedition.

Saw a manatee skin in Mr. Gollie's office that he is sending home to his brother in England

Made bullets in P.M. for another expedition up the river Caroni. In the evening, wrote a letter to Journal on Barbadoes. Felt little like writing, but had to grind it out. Got to bed at 12 o'clock. The nights are just right in temperature, comfortable with one sheet on. No sudden changes, no mosquitoes, delightful as one could wish.

Feb. 25th, Friday.

Started out early in a small row boat for the Caroni, Mr. Eckels, H. and self. E. and self shot into a flock of pelicans. I brought down two but one arose and left. Farther up, Mr. E. shot a big crane. We tied up to a root and took breakfast of sardines, bread fruit (like Hubbard squash but not so sweet and baked like it), Guava Jelly, cheese, oranges, etc. Rowed up the river 10 miles, shooting alligators, but not securing any, very wild, and tumbled off into deep water, muddy and black.

Went high up as McLeod Plain, a big sugar plantation, 600 hogsheads made yearly. Crusher with rollers 2½ feet in diameter, big engine, and cane going in three or four stalks deep, three ft. wide, coolies feeding, juice coming out in a stream 4 inches in diameter. Scores of large vats and lots of sugar draining off and cooling. 280 coolies. I tell you, business. Got home at 7 o'clock. Rowed 20 miles, big day's work, poor pay.

Saturday, Feb 26th.

In the morning skeletonized some of the "cutlass" variety of fish. Look just like a cutlass, but such teeth, with a beard on them like a fish spear.

The band commenced playing in Brunswick Square, a large park, well shaded.

The leader used the baton and the band was well drilled, and of course there was some music. An old negro (cracker) dressed in uniform with epaulets presided also, and amused us very much.

This city is nicely wooded in most places, fine water running down the gutters. Of about 20,000 souls.

The water is shallow at the dock, so the shipping is obliged to anchor outside in the bay. Is muddy with lots of sediment.

In the evening a lot of ladies came in, lately from Martinique, but were they not gaudily dressed? All dark. The young lady of the Hotel, a Miss Fuller, played for us on the piano and sang. Mr. H. also tried it and succeeded quite well.

Sunday, Feb 27th.

Were very busy writing letters to leave by one o'clock. Put them in the office but the mail finally was not closed till four, and the Packet did not leave till the next P.M. In the evening walked around and come back to the hotel, when three young men came in, dressed in women's clothes, the next two days being Niggers Carnival. They anticipated them.

In the P.M. two little children two years old were shown around from Martinique, dressed up in the most fantastic of styles. 14 brooches on each hat, 10 or 12 gold chains around the neck and dresses made of the gaudiest silk handkerchiefs, loaded so heavily as to stagger.

Monday, Feb 28th.

Got packed and started for the Islands at the west. Hired a boat and two rowers for five dollars to take us 15 miles. Passed Islands high and rugged, some covered with trees, with frowning rocks all around with fishermen's cottages at the base and boats hauled up in coves, and blackmouthed caves, deep and low, that fill with the tide where death enters twice in 24 hours. A little before sundown, arrived at our destination on the first Island, or Bocas, it is called.

Was directed to the house of Mr. Basanti, where we found him, a fisherman with a sun-browned complexion, a Frenchman, and a good fellow.

Feb 29th, Tuesday.

Started early for the caves of Guarcharo birds, two niggers to row, Mr. Basanti as guide, H. and self. Quite heavy swells outside, but no wind.

In 3/4 of an hour's row, turned a point abruptly and entered a gorge that narrowed down like a V, the walls perpendicular and hundreds of feet high. The waves tossed us here and there. Soon turned to the right abruptly when the mouth of the cave was before us, ran in, blacks jumped out and steadied the boat, water up to their necks. Finally landed. The birds were shrieking, the cavern black as night, a damp guano hot smell. We gathered eggs on the shelving rocks, and nests as soon as our eyes became accustomed to the light, and soon after commenced shooting them. There were myriads whirling about. Shot 13 — Hornaday 10 and myself only 3, ashamed to say. Stayed about an hour and started to go out with the breakers, very much larger. Waited a long time until they subsided and jumped in but the water drenched us as it was. Glad to get out. Got 18 eggs, nearly hatched, and three nests. In the P.M. went down to the whale fishery to see a whale carcass but found the sharks had strewed the bones far and wide the night previous. Got two ribs and some whale bone at the fishing house, where also a lot of big sharks lay just in the water. Jerked the teeth out of one's upper jaw, 113 at one jerk. The men were trying out the oil and barreling. Large caldrons, and everything stinking greasy-like.

Mar. 1, Wednesday.

In the morning went to two more caves for birds. The first had hardly standing room to keep away from the breakers. Got four out, in decent condition. Then to another, that we had to stand in the boat and shoot. Shot a number but only got one. The waves carried them in, away from us. Coming back shot two boobies. Skinned birds, etc., and in the P.M. went after Frigate birds, but couldn't bring any down.

Mar. 2nd, Thursday.

Skinned and skeletoned all day long. An old negro brought in some iguanas. Forgot to write of shooting one the first morning we were out, coming back from

the cave, up in a tree, as they usually are, feeding in the morning. Shot from the boat and wounded him badly. Shot again, then went up the precipice through cactuses and vines and shot him again. He measured 5 feet and 5 inches.

Mar. 3rd, Friday.

Went out in the morning at half past four to the home of the Frigate birds to shoot them on the roost. Waited a long time for daylight and then rowed up (they were on a point of rock and bush.) H. saw one, fired and missed him. I shot in at random and missed also.

Rowed around the Island. Saw a big shovel-nose shark. Shot a booby and H. shot the female iguana of the one that I shot. At noon started for Gasperi cave after stalactites. Got a few. The cave had galleries and a stream of water just as clear as crystal, several feet deep. Carried a torch, was smoky, hot and uncomfortable. Came out, got into the boat and the guide said, "They have got another whale." And sure enough, the horns were blowing.

We went over to the whale, a calf, 40 ft. long. Cut some barnacles off his tail fin. Four boats hauled him with seven men in each. The boats were 30 ft. long and well made. The whale was slung under the last one. They were very noisy and happy.

Saturday, Mar. 4th.

Arose at one o'clock and started for the city 15 miles distant, two blacks rowing. Arrived at half past five. Bought some provisions and took the steamer Alice for Pitch Lake. Arrived there at half-past ten. Walked out one mile and found this great lake, the wonder of the world, half a mile in diameter, black and shining in the sun and stinketh like burning rubber. Patches of brush and great cakes divided by seams. All looks like black molasses candy before it is stirred.

Cut out a large piece of one hundred forty lbs. and started to the town. Met a cartman and engaged him to bring it in. Got on board and arrived at Port of Spain at 7 P.M. A big day's work and thoroughly tired.

Ate breakfast at eleven and was gotten up in a style that surprised us. Meats in their juiciness free from pepper, oysters with onion, red wine, Roast Beef, Cheese, plantain, sweet potato, etc. Coffee as dessert.

At two o'clock, stopped at a woodpile. Heard a macaw out in the woods but would not do to leave the boat.

A colored gentleman, a Creole Frederick Douglass style entertained us in a trial of magnetism on a half a dozen colored boys. [Mesmerism] Only partially succeeded. Flies of stinging persuasion bother us some while at rest at the woodpile. "Moracolto" the name of the \$20 American gold piece, after a fish of the best in the Orinoco, because everybody grabs for them. 5:30 P.M. Going slowly up the O. Birds scarce. 2 macaws, and a flock of green parrots or cororras.

The trees are low — palms — and vines with flowers. Sometimes meet bunches of plants floating in the water. Each bank an unbroken line of dense green save a few small inlets. Went to bed dissatisfied with the looks of things. But few birds after leaving the sea. No alligators.

Sunday, Mar 12th.

Waked up in the morning to see fog, then sandy shores, and then H. saw the head of a large crocodile, moving for the shore. Certainly 13 feet. Some birds, then plantations, then small houses thatched and with mud walls. Canoes, bananas, cocoa trees, low and spreading. Nearly to Barrancas.

Reached the Orinoco correct, at 9 o'clock. A topsail schooner went up ahead of us, that followed the main channel. Ours is the Macareo. The banks are low, Mountains in the distance. The timber young and flowers in profusion on vines and trees of the gaudiest colors. The leaves are black green. Occasionally a tree bare of leaves or nearly so. Passed the village Pastadono at 10 A.M. Red mud walls, thatched roof of palm.

Barancas at 11 A.M., small and unsightly. A cluster of people on shore on the right hand side.

Saw nothing of note until we reached the old Spanish fort of Guyana, built to stop Sir Walter Raleigh from

reaching the gold mines. On the left side, ruins old and stained, with towers and sides in most places covered with thick clinging vines, on the top of a hill. We stopped on the opposite side for wood. Saw Mr. Silver, the wood getter for the steam boats, and engaged him for the trip down to the mouth again.

Stopped Port Establos at 8 P.M. This is the point where they leave for the mines, a distance of six days' walk. Everybody in coming to Venezuela has to go up to Bolivar to the port of entry, and get their permit and show their passport.

A lot of people got on at Establos, all Spaniards, and some slung their hammocks under their canopy at the stern. With us, a lot of eight or ten.

Monday, Mar. 13.

Looking out in the morning could see that the timber had changed to a silver gray in places — highlands, grass, etc., and many trees with the leaves gone.

The sides more rocky, a black shiny rock called ironstone. As we turned a bend in the river Ciudad Bolivar loomed up in sight, high and shining, a city on a hill, the roofs covered with tile. Passed a steamboat on the sand bar (The San Fernando) with men fixing her up. She plys up the river, one of the "wet posterior" kind. Finally let go the anchor and swung the stern in shore. At length got off after a time, 10:30 A.M. Found the custom house and carriers brought up our luggage on their heads. No carts here. Donkeys, though, that carry water, wood, bricks, etc. in a rack that nearly covers them. Got a room at the hotel for \$1.00 per day and moved in. Kept by a German formerly from New York. Was good to meet him in this outlandish place. The streets are narrow, no trees excepting on Bolivar Street in front facing the river. Houses made of stone, windows with iron protection of grates, stone floors, shutters of wood, no glass, brick sidewalks. Called on John Dalton, the U.S. Consul, and Mr. Scandella, the agent of the steamship line, and finally went to bed, tired as could be. A cot that felt good after sleeping on a hammock.

Tuesday, Mar 14th.

Got out early in the morning, H. to the market, I to take boat down to the steamer, S. Fernando, to a

lagoon for caymans. Got down there at 10: 30. Met Mr. Scandella and Captain Rich. Went over to the lagoon. Saw three, shot at one, wounded him, but he lunged in and got away. Shot a bird. Walked about five miles and got back to Bolivar by boat at 6:30 P.M. Got two turtle of S. that he purchased of a fisherman who had nearly a bushel of eggs. Had some cooked for supper, liked them very much.

Mr. S. said that the war here had nearly ruined the country. Everything scarce and high and the people indolent to the last degree, and fish from the North, of course, retailed at 20 cts., beef, 20. Cattle used to sell at \$2.50, now brought \$50.

Powder \$4.00 per pound and a permit from Government to use it.

Arriving there called the carriers, people that belong to the Gov't as soldiers in war, in peace carry things on their heads from the beach, to the exclusion of carts or donkeys.

Wednesday, Mar 15.

Felt pretty weak when I got up. Overdone yesterday, we guess. Skinned our two turtles that I bought yesterday besides another, a land turtle that we bought this morning.

Skeletonized two heron that H. shot. Found 16 eggs in one turtle and three in the other. Went down to the wharf in the evening. Saw a man from Barrancas. Said there was two manatee killed down there a few days ago. Is going to get the skulls for us.

For supper we had peas — dry, turtle hash, soup and date sauce. Every city we come to has a different style in cooking and even manners.

Thursday, Mar 16th

H. and self started out at 6 A.M. in the boat belonging to Capt. Ritchie that makes morning trips to the San Fernando.

Got down after awhile with a light breeze, and started out to shoot the crocodile.

Saw one, a small one with his back towards us. H. shot him, he laid still, H. ran for him but he flopped in.

Went on and saw a larger one, crept up, H. to shoot first, he did, I followed with two and he laid as still as mice. Dressed him and went on after more. Came to Spaniard's house, bought a watermelon. Gave us ½ dozen crocodile eggs.

Got his boat and went down and watched for another. Came out, shot him, but he wriggled in. Got home at 7 P.M.

Friday, Mar 17th.

A man told us of a lagoon nearby where the cayman could be. I started out to reconnoiter. Walked through brush and vines and finally reached a lake surrounded by small timber. Just as I reached the edge a cayman tumbled in and as he swam off with his head out, I shot and missed him. Saw another, shot him in the head but he sank. Crept through Jungles. Got tired, came back. H. started out at 4 P.M., saw two in the same place. Shot five little snipe. In the P.M. before he went, he saw de la Costa who told him of a place down the river where stuff was plenty.

Saturday, Mar 18th.

I went down to the lagoon again but it was cloudy and no crocks came ashore. Shot at a little fellow's head three times, his eyes just out, but couldn't settle him.

Came back. H. had fixed the crocodile skin and also a turtle, and skeletonized some birds.

Small children from 1 year to five, no clothes. From five to ten, a shirt. Above that, shirt and pants. H. informed me on my return that we were to go out hunting early in the morning for parrots, with a Mr. de la Costa whose brother is minister to the U.S. To call for us in the morning at half-past four. Loaded our cartridges at night, etc.

Sunday, Mar 19th.

Arose at 4:15. de la Costa came and took us over to his room and we had chocolate and started out of the

town before 5 A.M. Went out into the country about 3 miles south, and when daybreak came, the parrots commenced to fly over. They alighted in low trees with seeds on them. Not very plenty. I shot three, de la Costa six, and H. ten. I also shot two hummingbirds and saw a plenty more, but the shot was too coarse and spoilt them. I got separated from H. and C. and came back early. In the P.M. I roughed out eight skeletons and H. skinned two and roughed out two. At night, I went over to the church and saw the people sitting on the floor, a few in low chairs, the most on rugs. A nice cool wind from the river. Thermometer, 87 at 8 P.M.

Monday, Mar 20.

Finished cleaning up the parrot skeletons. Saved some wings. Then we loaded some shells and went out after iguanas and crocodiles, etc., etc. H. came back after awhile to get his rifle to shoot a crock. Mr. de la Costa went with him. H. shot one through the head and spoilt it.

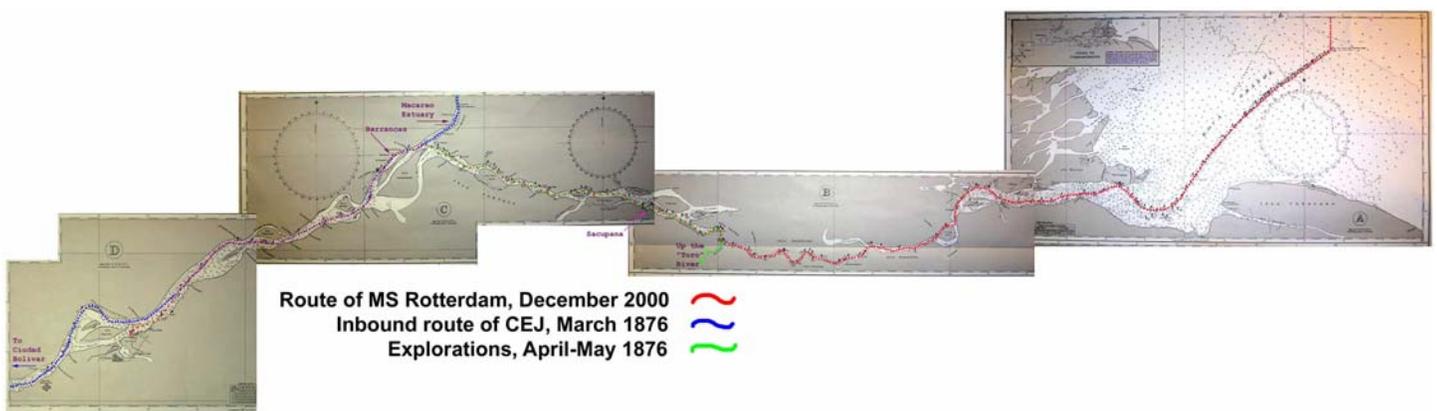
I went off after parrots but didn't get any. The wind blowed too hard. There is a constant breeze from down the river. Schooners come up a-booming, but go down like the snail. Saw a schooner unload cattle yesterday. opened the side door and made them jump overboard.

Tuesday, Mar 21st.

Went down to the dock to take a small boat for the San Fernando lagoon to shoot crocks, but the darn thing had already started so we footed it about six miles. Beat the boat which done us good, but we got no crocks. H. missed his shot. Saw a big one, 14 feet, floating in the middle, but he declined to come ashore. Saw a native hunting turtle in a canoe, with bow and arrow, bow five ft. long, arrows light, nearly three ft. long, a barb of iron on the end and a socket and string attached and wound around the arrow a great many times. This arrow is shot up into the air and dropped down on the backs. Native said he drank too much rum the day before.

Wednesday, Mar 22.

In the morning I fixed a bird that I shot the day before. H. went out to make up a map of the Delta at Antonio de la Costa's, and I loaded a lot of cartridges for humming birds. Went out, shot a couple, but tore them into pieces, being too close. Very hot in the brush, 106 anyway. By the way, this de la Costa is the "great man" of these parts, the last governor, and his brother now a minister to the U.S. We had a letter of introduction to him. By this means became acquainted with his brother Alfred, who went hunting with us and is to go down to Sacupana, also. A modest young man, very, and we feel complimented.



The Orinoco River
 (use magnifier to zoom in)
 (Note the route of explorations, and some key geographic places noted in the diary.)

Thursday, Mar 23

Started out early in the morning for a lagoon way down and across the river, seven miles distant. Walked to S. Fernando, hired a corial, or canoe, 30 ft. long at the least and clumsy, and started across the river against a head wind and three-quarters of a mile across. But Oh! didn't we work. Just two paddles.

Crossed a large sand-bar and H. with glass saw two crocks on the bar. We crawled on our sides and bellies 40 rods, and both shot at once, hit him. H. dropped his gun and started to hold him by his tail, (he was a lunker) and as he came up the old cuss turned on him, rose on his hind legs and opened his mouth big enough to swallow a beer keg. H. backed up and hollered for a hatchet, but I loaded my gun and came on in time to shoot him in the back of his head, which settled him. Found that H. had shot him through the fleshy part of the neck, not hurting him mortally. I more lucky had hit his skull and dented it in enough to make him a first-class lunatic, which put him into our hands. Saw some more heads around in the water but didn't molest them. Skinned him and carried it on our backs over a half mile to the corial. Came up to the S. Fernando. Capt. Richie kindly brought us up to the city in his yacht, but wasn't we tired at 7:30 when we got back. Slept like stones.

Friday, Mar 24th

In the morning we skeletonized some birds. H. cleaned up the crock skin, 11 ft. 4 inches he was in length. H. also fixed up a couple of land turtles. An old man from New York by the last boat, in the employ of the Mining Company for keeping books, had his leg amputated in the afternoon. Before had three of toes taken off. Says "They was frozen."

In the evening a man brought a toucan alive and we bought it. Oh most curious of birds. We have called him Thomson Scott. He is cross and snaps his bill like a tobacco box.

Am going to try to carry him home. Likes bananas.

Saturday, Mar 25th.

H. and self started out early after crocks again. Rode down to the San Fernando in Capt. Ritchie's boat,

then borrowed his small scull and rowed across the river to the lagoon where we shot the one the day before yesterday. Got into ambush, didn't wait more than half an hour, when a big one got up on the bar. I counted off, and we fired. He struggled around awhile but got in. Then we rowed back to the old lagoon and shot another the same way. A little farther up found one on shore that we had shot two days before. Someone had cut out, his entrails and spoilt some of the ribs, so we just cut off his head and let the rest go.

Sunday, Mar 26th.

In the morning, I dressed and wrote up the headings for the Journal letter. H. went out with de la Costa after a fox that I had shot the day before. They came back in two or three hours with nothing but the skull, the body being too far gone for any use. I went out in the billiard room and got to playing with 3 Spaniards and, we had a good time. Played Bagatelle also and was quite successful. Played Bagatelle, H. and I against Mr. Krone, he giving us 50, and was beaten badly. Then he gave us 80, and I made all the shots with a few exceptions. H. couldn't hit anything. A Yankee in the House on his way to New York, working for a Drill Co.

Monday, March 27th

H. had to skin a turtle for the hotel so I went out alone over to-the lagoons, after the floating crocks. Found one in the further one on his hack, pulled him ashore and cut him open and let the buzzards go for him. They took off his meat in a hurry. Loaded the skeleton into the boat and came back into the old lagoon where I shot a very large one through the side. He plunged into the water and made it boil immensely. Went on up to the boat (San Fernando), left the thing, and rode back to the city with a party that had been picnicking there during the day.

Tuesday 28th March.

H. and I went to the lagoon to find the crock I shot the day before, but he did not rise.

While at a fisherman's house was attracted to a little lagoon inland on the island back of the fisherman and gardener's house. H. went out and found a large quantity of dead fish, killed by poison put in by the

native. The poison is a black round seed about ½ an inch in diameter. They mash it fine, then sow it over the water. Got 47 fish of queer varieties, among the rest a Caribe, the fish that bites out pieces of other fish and animals. [piranha] We found some fish with their fins all eaten off by them. In shape something like a small rock bass, only white in color with a scarlet tail and fins, a strong jaw, and ugly teeth.

Wednesday, Mar 29th.

I started down to the old lagoon to find a large one that I killed, but he would not come up. Walked down and rode back in a canoe. H. busied himself in buying stuff for our Sacupani expedition. Mr. de la Costa going with us, which is a great acquisition, being a good hunter, fine mind, modest, agreeable company.

H. is feeling poorly, worked too hard one day paddling a corial. Face badly burnt, lips peeling off, cross and irritable, but has a strong constitution and will easily pull it through. Got a heap of letters but none for poor Richard.

Thursday, 30th

In the morning I busied myself in helping H. in getting salt for us, and he packed a bbl. In the P.M. we bought some boxes and packed two crock skins, one skeleton, and one head, 14 turtle, and a lot of parrot skins and skeletons.

A lot of passengers from the mines in the hotel and the table is just crammed, and some wait. Once in awhile we eat out, just to keep our hands in and for a change of feed. Get tired of biscuit, butter, bananas, etc. Two waiters only, that have to fly around like lice on hot griddles to satisfy the wants of guests. The eaters seat quickly and pass from one dish to another like fun.

Friday, Mar 31

I fixed, packed, and nailed up our provision box, besides wrote quite a good deal for the Journal. Helped H. bring in a conglomerate stone from the bush. D. Costa gave him (H.) a large piece of petrified wood.

There's an old man here from New York by the name of Jenks that had his leg amputated a few days since, but there's no hope for him for it has begun to ulcer above or at the knee. He is bound to come out all right in his own estimation and poor old man, the people humour him in it. His wife and children are dead and he hasn't much to live for.

Saturday, April 1st, '76

Kept preparing for our departure, bought, packed, etc., etc. Took down a large box of collections and put aboard Boat, also a small one. Before this, the steamer dropped down ½ a mile to board some cattle but they didn't arrive till Sunday morn, so instead of sailing at 8 o'clock Sunday morn, didn't get away till near twelve.

H. put a lot of letters in the mail. I also sent one to the Journal. H. feeling better although quite irritable and nervous. I took a little medicine for biliousness which left me quite weak. H. was convinced that he should take some also but didn't find the time. At the hotel was a Mr. McRoberts from the mines. Mr. Frazer on his way back to New York.

Sunday, April 2

Got up in good season and packed the trunk. Found that the steamer would leave at 11:00. I went down to the cattle pen to see them take them in which afforded me a heap of fun. A man in the pen would lasso a stag, then ½ doz men would seize the rope (150 ft. long) and heave on the stag. The man in the pen would stab him with an iron jab stick and away he would start, running and dragging the men. Sometimes would turn on his pursuers, but his leaders would check him with a fetch up that would bring him up standing. Would haul him up the gangplank, 8 ft. wide, holding him on by his tail and head. Came back and carried our things down (part of them) to the beach. Got down to Pto. DeTablos at 8 P.M. where most of the passengers got off. Slung my hammock but took it down and laid on the floor and slept well enough. Got down to the wood yard at 2 A.M. Stayed till 6 or 7, then steamed away for Barrancas where we arrived at 10:30, just too quickly to get our breakfast.

Got ashore. H. and D. Costa hired a boat to take us down to Sacupan for 30 pesos, (\$24.00) to start the tomorrow morning, then we ate dinner at a man's, acquainted with Da Costa. Had plantain fried in slices and also made into a kind of bread like squash, fish from the sea, very salty, casabe [cassava] bread. The old gent placed his daughter at my right hand. A nice looking girl, well dressed. Of course she couldn't talk English and I couldn't Spanish so we very wisely let the victuals stop our mouths. Then we arranged an armadillo hunt and started out, H., D., and a boy and two dogs, and self. Went out on the plains in a circle. Started at 2 P.M. and walked fast till 6 or 7. Never got a smell and walked certainly 15 miles. Saw some big cranes but were shy.

Went aboard of boat and slept.

Tuesday, April 4th.

Men came aboard early in the morning and we started down the river and past de Baro. At sunrise heard the howling monkey, the most frightful of noises, like a big hog being butchered. A lot of them apparently.

A kind of a rainy day. our boat, a sloop. 8 men, all Spanish. In the afternoon saw three men in a canoe trying to catch a capybara. He would dive and they would chase him lively. Finally they chased him near shore, when he ran out, when they gave it up.

We had to work against a head wind or none at all and it was slow work. Finally night closed in on us and we bunked down on deck on our luggage. I laid on trunk and chest, H. across some boards, D.C. on his box. Well, D. C. didn't sleep at all, I slept some, but the mosquitoes were awful. Morning came at last. My bones ached and C. had a headache and H. looked bilious. The men were at the oars all night long and made it go slow.

Wednesday, April 5th.

At sunrise as we lay at anchor near shore, large birds were making hideous cries all around. D.C. went ashore to shoot a turkey but shot a duck. Finally the wind got up and we commenced to get along. About four o'clock passed the bark "Magdalena" Capt. Griffin from N.Y. for Bolivar, going up under a full sail. Six scudding sails on. We soon dropped anchor

at Sacupana, a good-looking place. Went ashore and landed our goods, D.C. making arrangements for us, so that we got into a room belonging to a distillery. Very good quarters. Introduced to Mr. Francisco Merchado, a sharp looking old man who lives by hunting, etc. Supper and slung our hammocks, or rather I bunked on the floor, but such a night. Mosquitoes would bite me and there were such numbers of them and so vivacious.

Thursday, April 6th.

Went out in the morning hunting. Five dogs, H., two men, and self. Went down through a forest deep and dark. Came to a river, got in two canoes, dogs and all. Landed the dogs on the other side and then we rode down quite a ways. Got out and went into more heavy woods. Finally ran across some macaws. Old man shot one, down came a shower of brilliant plumage, red and blue, while he made the woods ring with his defiant cries. A short time, H. shot one and another, then came back to river and went down a ways and shot some funny birds with crests on their heads. In the afternoon, I went to get some sticks to make a nest when two yellow macaws came over. I dropped them.

Friday, April 7

Skeletonizing and fixing up birds. Men went out after capybara bara.

Went out hunting, shot three macaws. H. shot two toucans. At night the men brought in three capybaras. Great big fellows, teeth like squirrels, large as hogs, covered with coarse hair like woodchucks. We skinned two and took the skull of another. The men had a hard day's work. Chased one across the river. They harpoon them, hunt them with dogs, the latter finding them under brushwood and in grass at the edge. They chase them in when they have to come up occasionally then they harpoon them.

Saturday, 8th.

Rose betimes and busied ourselves fixing up the Chiguirá skin. Cleaned 2 skulls. Don Alfredo shot an "arico" — wild turkey, and H. got the skin and we ate the meat for supper. Went out hunting macaws and shot some, but the mosquitoes "Oh! my Lord!" are

something beyond imagination. They almost make the air impossible to breathe and pitch for one with an energy and perseverance worthy of a better cause. Have to brush constantly. To try and kill them is simply beyond hope. They bite me through my nest (net and hammock) and I have to put an oilskin cloth around me to prevent being eaten up while asleep.

Don Francisco Machedo says they are twice as bad in the wet season. My God. What a heaven.

Sunday, Apr 9th.

Went out hunting, after H. had showed me how to make a skin of a macaw. I made it look decent, that's all, but H. says they are hard to make.

I in hunting, chased a "pia poco" or toucan, was about to fire when "whang" went a gun within 4 paces of me and behold it was H. and we did not know of each other's presence.

The woods are thick as to make it difficult to see up into the tops and a macaw can stand up there and scream and scream and fly away sometimes and not be seen until out of shot. Sometimes we find it clear almost, and down he comes, vines run all through and one can hold over the size of a decent size string across him and it holds.

Monday, Apr 10th

Arose with old Sol and before, and started after monkeys with Antonio and Pedro, two couryaras or canoes, six dogs, and de la Costa.

Went up the river, close to the edge and looking up in the tops of the trees. Soon started a troop. I plunged into the jungle and saw one straddling across the vines. Gave him a charge, but he didn't come down.

Afterwards, started two more. Antonio wounded one which hid in a viny tree top. I "clum" it and started him out when Don D.C. shot him. He clung by his tail awhile but landed at last.

We entered a river all called here "Cano" (can-yo), and went up that a good bit. Started a capybara but it got away. The way they catch it is for one man to do

the striking with a harpoon and the other to do the paddling.

(Note: Antonio says that the tiger crouches on a log or root over the river and slabbers in it when the fish, of course, are attracted thereby.) Then he claws them out.) Had a good hard time paddling our big canoe (35 ft.) (four of us) against wind and tide, but got in at last.

Tuesday, April 11th.

Mr. Sanchez arrived here from Barrancas, bringing my gun rag and rod that I left at B. After coffee, started for the hills back of S, a big crowd, dogs and all. Had to drag our canoe across a place to a big slough where one could shake rods of surface. H., in figuring around, went down to his armpits. We dragged him out.

Got across at length and up the hills to find Indians chopping down trees (the Gutta Percha) to get the fruit. Such sweet and delicious wild fruit I never saw. We couldn't get enough. Is called Juboo. Indians naked except a piece of cloth but little bigger than a "fig leaf". It was disgusting to see. One old woman especially all wrinkled and scrawny. Got back after hunting in the hills minus game but some fruit. [Probably the Gumbo-limbo tree, fruit Jobo.]

Wednesday, 12th

Started again after monkeys across the river, smooth, calm, and clear, to a little Cano. The river is here a mile wide, the tide rises nearly three feet.

Soon saw some in a tall tree. Don fetched at one and wounded it when I had to climb and took my gun along but didn't use it. Had to swing on vines clear of the tree, away up in the dizzy height, but it was fun. Soon reached the monk that was hanging by his tail and slung him down when he lodged again. I dislodged him. D. got another.

Went on and found some more. Of course, the only way to fetch him or them was to skin up again. Before this, I and D. lodged one dead at the top. I went after him, found five. They couldn't get away. We had a "corner on them". They jumped from limb, the boys shooting at them. Would wring their hands in their

agony, it made one feel bad to see them but they had to come down. Cleaned out the whole batch (five) then we came home. H. feeling bully.

Thursday, April 13th.

Was occupied solely in skeletonizing the monks. Being "Holy Day", the people would be offended at our shooting. The folks put on their clean clothes and had some extra victuals. But H. and I roughed it, because we had to.

The men laid around, gassing about the Capybara, which is the subject matter ahead of everything else and for which principally our expedition to the Cano Del Torro is for. They think of bringing back 800 lbs. of wild meat which makes H. bug out his eye in anticipation of the collection which naturally falls into our hands. There are electric eels, tapir, marmosets, wild hogs, tigers, etc., etc., etc.

Friday and Saturday.

Didn't do much. Washed out blanket and some clothes, skeletonized some macaws, laid in hammock, and recuperated generally.

Days with a cool wind from the sea (90 miles distant) swinging our "nests". I on Saturday looked for birds nests. Found one with three eggs. Not very interesting. Picked and pressed leaves and flowers. Put some coffee berries in alcohol.

Sunday, April 16th

H. and I went up the Orinoco after some birds' nests. Saw some monkeys. I fired and missed. Got some beautiful nests with eggs, kept by beautiful birds. Shot three, then shot off some hanging nests that were 5 and 6 feet long. All had young. Came back and fixed up things for the Cano Del Terro, such as placing away skeletons and fixing some macaws.

Monday, 17th April

The hunters talked of going tonight and wanted us to get all packed up square. H. went out and shot 5 macaws, of which we skeletonized 3 reds, and gave the house the 2 yellows.

But towards evening the expedite was put of f till the next day, a deed quite customary with the people here. They don't have railroads to make them on time and putting off is a virtue perhaps, instead of a vice. They would soon get their ways mended or sink in old Racine. One thing, though, they are prompt in, i.e., in starting a family and making it numerous. old capybara eaters — "sacupana beef" — and where sustenance is gathered so profusely from nature, why not?

Tuesday, 18th

Took out the rifle in the morn to see how it would shoot and found it bully, beating H.'s, his shooting over badly. The range was only 6 rods. Don Alfredo brought in two Howlers of which we skeletonized one and took legs from the other to fill out. Was made aware that we should certainly start at moonrise, which would be about 2 or 3 in the A.M. Fixed our revolver and made it go off light and shot very closely with it.

Was made aware that we should start early in the morning, so we turned in early and took a good sleep, the wind blowing cool from the river, fanning one in a quite delicious way.

Wednesday, 19th April

Awakened just as the moon (a very small one) came out of the Orinoco. All silent, in its calm, placid face.

Took coffee. Got our things on board in a rough kind of way. H., D.C., old man cook and myself in a large corial. H. and I side by side. The tide was running out and we made good time, H. and I doing the work, the cook just recovering from a spell of fever. The sun colored the east and arose in a cloud at about 8 A.M. We stopped and waited for the coming of the two following canoes. They came and soon started a capybara. We all turned in and soon laid him out and in a short time got five, some on land, some in the water. one bit "Rodanti", the perro. [Sp.: dog] A little further down we came to an old Indian house where we went ashore, slung our hammocks and staid the night. At the sundown, the "Quia" from Bolivar came floating down with the current. Went out to her and learned that Mr. Jenks died two hours after we left'

We never would have thought so soon. What sad news they will carry back for his niece in New York.

Thursday, 20th

A day big for events and not good ones. Everybody started off up the Cano A — after Capybara, and I went to skinning a turkey when after two hours or so I thought I heard a noise down to the canoe. Went down, when Good Lord the tide and settled away, one end of the canoe resting on the shore and the other under water. I jumped in and pitched things out. our provisions and salt, and chemicals, all soaked, two guns. Got them out by wading in, stooping in the water to my very shoulders. Took bread, salt, and clothes and spread them out in the sun. Stirred and turned and worked all day. At night they all came back and felt fearfully about it but never knew the worst of it. They got six Capys and some herons, etc. H. went out a bit and brought back a she monkey with a little one hanging to her. At dusk, a schooner from N.Y. dropped her anchor in a very accommodating manner just near our shantee. H. and de la Costa went out to her to buy some bread to make up for the loss of Cassaba by the drench. At first was very coolly received but then with better acquaintance, shelled out in a very copious manner. Gave us a bushel of crackers. H. in telling them of our business, told them of our little monkey, when the mate asked for it. The little monk clung to its dead mother during the night and cried piteously at times. Its little teeth chattered by morning for its poor Ma was very cold in her death. H. took the little thing on board ship in the morning. The mate gave him 60 cigars and the cook in a sly way gave him a pan of onions. The schooner's name was the "Cecile" and her first trip up the Orinoco.

Friday, April 21st.

Rained during the night. Always bring around coffee the first thing in the morning. Mr. Sanchez and Antonio went out after Capybara but got none and came back early. Things were spread out and dried up. I feeling very sore after my yesterday's experience. In the evening H. and I went down in a canoe looking for monkeys but saw none. Saw two toucans high on a dead tree. I cut my way through the awfulest jungly and fired, only to miss. They were very high. While gone the men had loaded our things in and we were

to rise very early to go up the "Toro". My hammock does not suit me at all and in the night went down with a rip part of the way and I slept but little. Was awakened very early by Mr. Sanchez who gabbed and waited for a little light to leave with.

Saturday, 22nd.

Daybreak found us paddling up the "Toro", quite a river. Started some Caps and bagged one. Mr. Sanchez and Antonio went up branch, and we went on to our landing place where racks were standing for hanging up cap meat and quite a good camping ground. Soon S. and A. came on and after dinner H. and I got in the canoes (two of them) — one in each — and we went up the branch. Got some Caps and at our terminus, I shot another one of a half a dozen that were disturbed by H. and party. He stuck his head out of the water and snarled and hissed when I shot him with the rifle through his head. Antonio fished him out, a beautiful specimen, 5 ft. and 3 inches in length, glossy and brown. Got six Caps; I skinned the other and night closed in.

Sunday, 23rd.

We went up the river after more Caps. Took a branch and followed it up and got 7 Caps. While up, a canoe with two men and a pack of very lean dogs came up and brought some paw paws. I thought they were old heaven for we had got about sick of Cap meat.

These men joined in with us and coming down the branch we went up the main a ways. Started some otter — de la C. shot but did not bring any down.

Rained while coming back, but I covered with a blanket. Got out two skeletons of Caps and it was decided to pull up and go the next morning. By this time had killed 22 Caps and the old hunters were looking quite pleased. In the night it rained. My blanket being wet from the day — with more at night — was rough. D.C. wet in bad. Like sleeping on a wet dishrag.

Monday, 24th April 176.

Got started at an early hour and paddled up. Soon struck beautiful tropical scenery — vines from the water's edge, thick, and 100 ft. high with flowers.

Precipices of green leaves, trees standing like columns. "A trench of green" H. said, "that looked like S.A." Started Caps, but were difficult to take. Succeeded in taking seven. Antonio speared three electric eels, about four or five feet long, and D.C. in our large canoe — the one that our party travels in — shot one. The old man rattled the paddle in the water and he stuck up his head and got shot. Wriggled around and finally after a good deal of trouble in chasing, lassoed him. Pulled him in and pounded his head, apparently dead. After a time I touched his head with my finger, when ... he gave me a shock which almost knocked me down. My shoulder felt as though pulled out of joint. Before this, he gave D.C. a shock through the canoe.

Finally about 2 P.M landed in a pleasant spot like the last one. Skeletonized a Cap and H. fixed up our otter skin. The night closed in dull and signs for dampness. The boys, Antonio and Curly Joe, singing to each other in Spanish, making the words as they go along, chaffing each other.

Tuesday, 25th

Rained in the night wetting down D.C. again. I succeeded very well. I throw my India Rubber blanket over the mammoth, which keeps out the rain as far as it goes. The men started out after Caps again, leaving me to watch the camp and fix up a Cap skeleton. (There are nine men of us, and four canoes.) Forgot to say that Curly Joe cut our eels so as to spoil the skins, thinking that we were to skeletonize them. This morning, have been writing up this Diary since the 19th — swinging in Anton's hammock by the Camp-fire. The black fly bites me, which bothers. A beautiful hummingbird came and looked in into the hammock. I shall shoot him for he keeps humming around. Queer birds and making queerer noises. One of the most prominent is the "Arookah", large as a turkey. It lives in the sloughs, and alighting on low trees or bushes makes the most hideous and strangest of honkings. Has two spurs on each wing, strong and sharp. A kind of sliver, three inches long, the size of a darning needle, sticking up out of his head and now while writing it has commenced to rain in true S.A. style, wetting down everything wettable. Heaviest slush I have seen yet for this country. Will soon be getting out of this country for too much rain ain't healthy. The mosquitoes are so thick and greedy,

finding the smallest hole in the net, biting through the net and hammock (light duck). They howl and howl o'the nights. A continual buzz and roar which is a roar the hardest to get used to in the world. It seems as though the compensation law does cover everything, for here are strange and agreeable sights and experiences on one hand, counterbalanced by such minutiae as Mosquitoes.

The men coming back with only three chiquiras of which we took the skeleton of one. Our plan is to start the next morning for up the river to the rapids.

Wednesday, 26th.

In the morning loaded up two canoes with truck for the expedition and started up, seven of us: H., D.C., and myself, and Mr. Sanchez, cook and two Spaniards. Soon came to beautiful scenery, ravishing, columns of vines, rich palms, rocks, clean, pure water, the current strong in places. Saw tapir tracks. Towards eve found a stopping place on the shore. Took the things out of the canoes, fixed things for rain. Monkeys howling in numerous direction. I started after a lot up the river but they soon dried up and coming back, ran onto two pow-hees, a large bird, the size of an 8 lb. turkey; black with a beautiful crest on the head. I shot one with the rifle (they were walking on the ground) and the other with the shotgun with No. 8 shot, killing him instantly. on the way up, found some turtle eggs and these with the birds, made us a big supper, but best of all, was the small amount of mosquitoes which gave us something of a night's rest. We took the skins of the pow hees, besides H. roughed out a big bull-head of a most curious kind.

Thursday, 27th

Broke up camp at an early hour and paddled up through the most grand of S.A. scenery — precipices of green, a hundred feet high, changing at every stroke of the paddle. Came to a large sandbank and took out over a thousand turtle eggs. They are laid in holes in the sand, down about 6 or 8 inches, of numbers averaging 30, and sand most smoothly laid levelly over them so that no sign remains of their whereabouts. Are found by stabbing sticks down and then if the end of the stick shows the yolk or moisture from the breaking in of the egg, why, then, a moment of digging brings them out. H. and D.C. shot

some powhees and turkeys and towards the middle of the afternoon, heard the roar of the rapids and soon reached them. In coming, I shot a toucan, that jumped up at me and bit in a most wonderful way.

Fixed our camp on a beautiful island with the rapids roaring on either side of us. Took a splendid bath, the water quite cool and delicious to the skin, and as night closed in, went into hammock with no mosquitoes, our hunger satisfied with eggs and turkey. The roar of the rapids was only attended with croaks of two birds that I believe stood on the same branch all night and kept it up and kept it up, for awaking several times I heard them in the same direction. Our sleep was grand — sense of security, like a babe in its mother's arms, makes sleep balmy, so we, with no mosquitoes, found the balm.

Friday, 28th.

Broke camp after regaling ourselves with chocolate and commenced our downward march, the water being too shallow for us above. Soon after starting, a tapir's track was seen, and landing we tried to find him. We separated — H. in time finding a tiger's trail dragging something with it, and followed, the rest of us coming back soon. We waited a season. No H. Halloed and shot our guns. No H. A man went out. Soon ' more. After a time, H. arrived looking most blue and reeking with perspiration. Embarked, floated, and paddled down with the current past the beauties, which were now augmented by our smooth and rapid transit. We feasted our eyes on banks of flowers and precipices of running vines. Soon met our large cooryas coming up to meet us, but before this, as we were gliding on, I chanced to look back and saw one of the dogs chase a deer out of a tree top into the water. Of course we, were shortly near the scene, when I raised and fired a load of large shot at the head, quickly followed by D.C. near, while the dog swimming after the fast swimming deer and close to it. I again fired my rifle but just under. Then Mr. D.C. again with large shot, then being quite close, Mr. Sanchez fired and hurt her badly. By this, she had crossed the river but failing in climbing the bank, turned when Sanchez tried to harpoon but was so excited as to fail, when she being closer, he struck at her with a club twice — again failed. Everybody yelling — the canoe whirling in the current in the uttermost abandon, when I, by this time getting in

another cartridge, finished her as she was leaving us for the other shore. Was a large specimen for this country was most exciting and unexpected. After meeting the other party, a heavy rain came on us. The natives strip themselves and place their rags under them and put (them) on after the rain. We throw the rubber blankets over our heads and come out dry. Night throwing out her signs or pickets, we stopped at a romantic spot. Just taken possession of by Indians. Had made lodges, covered with palm leaves, open on the sides and airy. One of the palaces was deserted for us, where we hung our hammocks in a row. There were men, women, and children, full a score, and dogs unlimited. The latter kept grumbling at our dogs, sometimes breaking into a short fight, quickly stopped. Babies crying. The women were in their hammocks, all with babies of different sizes. One I noticed had two, and a dog with her, and apparently enjoying herself. Fish were set before us roasted whole and tasting very sweet for we were very hungry. Also roasted plantains.

Soon the camp went to sleep. Little fires flashing around and smoke hovering over and in so as to keep away the muskeets. The dogs would break out once in a while or a baby would squall. Some night. Birds with their croaking were over our heads but we slept well and soon were ushered into - - -

Saturday the 29th.

The Indians commenced to talk as soon as the first light of dawn appeared with the birds.

The camp looked different by the sun. Most of the women were busy making hammocks in different stages of construction, the material of a bark and very strong. The men were highly entertained with H.'s rifle, the workings of it. But one would shoot, they still using the bow and arrow. They had a young otter that I delighted to watch and scratch. Would roll over and seemed to enjoy petting. Beyond, everything of the animal kind. Children have hammocks and paddles to suit their sizes and ages. Started off after a while. H. stole a baby hammock, one that is worn over the shoulders to use them on a tramp. Coming down to our old camp, we swung our hammocks and passed the night after a fashion and the next day was.

Sunday, 30th.

Started out late for the lower camp with a cup of coffee for breakfast only. A short way down, landed and went out to hunt a little while. I staid in the canoe. A good deal of shooting, H. bringing back a large duck and two Arrookahs, all wet and blown. Went down slowly, Antonio getting us two large electric eels and Joseph one. Coming down to camp and before it, rained heavily and while at the camp. Couldn't make a fire so we lighted out for the Orinoke, where we arrived at 7 P.M. — all day with a cup of coffee. Fire soon made, birds cooked and then to bed. Blanket wet and hammock very damp, but we slept well — had to.

Monday, May 1st.

In good season, Antonio and the cook went across the Orinoke and up the toro after a small mast. Stayed a long time, to the chagrin of the old cods who wanted to go on to Sacupan and hunt capybara on the way. A. brought back three very large electric eels about 6 feet long. H. felt bad and took a rest, the day after skinning two eels that were gotten the day before. Had the blues, coupled with a general played outness. I skinned eels and dried skeletons and rested some. H. cooked a mess of oatmeal and put on Papelone and butter and it went grand, if the meal was bitter, for we were immensely tired of meats and it was a delicious change. Oh, the last night heard a sloth way off in the woods and sounded exactly like a flute. (In) the evening, D.C. told us a long string about Italy, Switzerland and Paris, the exposition there and what we must taste of foreign dishes at the Centennial.

Tuesday, May 2nd.

Waited for the tide to travel in our favor, when after a deal of fussing, let go into the stream for Sacupan. After a time, set sail in our big Courajas and H. feeling quite joyful. Had a big load — our skeletons and skins and tools, chemicals, their Chiguirí meat. I sat in the stern with the old man, H. in the middle. We talked plenteously of home and people thereof. Under a stiff breeze arrived at S. at 3:30 P.M. A sloop was anchored there and we could have gone on to Barrancas to take the steamer for Trinidad but H.

wouldn't hear of it. Wants some more Monkeys. Shall stay here yet 3 or 4 days. Victuals on a plate good.

Wednesday, May 3rd.

Antonio, D.D., H. and self went down below in a canoe after a tiger skin. Found quite a village in the trees at the riverside — heap Indian, heap canoe. 11. The skin was a beauty, claws on, and teeth in. Very large. H. bought it for one pound — \$4.85 in gold. Also bought a hammock made by the Indians for \$2.00. Made of palm fibre outside, skin of the leaves called "Manriche". This palm is OK, the core or top makes bread, the leaves for roofing, the wood in time furnishes large white worms which the Indians cook and smack their lips. The stalk of the leaf is used for harpoon sticks, also fish lines are made, etc.

The Indians were gathered to receive propositions from a government agent to work. Venezuela is short of labor. Emigration won't come on account of war, so they try to utilize the Indian which thus far has proved a decided failure. They want him for good wages to raise Sugar Cane, etc., etc. for landholders, but he dives for the woods.

We again took to the water and crossed the river for Monks but failed to perceive. Packed skins in P.M. which closed May 3rd.

Thursday, May 4th.

In the morning H. and self went up after monkeys but failed. H. quite discouraged. Came back and went to hammock. P.M. before this, visited the island to find the large crane that we saw the day before in the P.M. Went out after Guecharaca De Ague birds. Got 6. Rain came and we pulled out the canoe and turned it the other side up which shed the rain completely.

Friday, May 5th.

Went out after monkeys again. Saw none. H. Packed skeletons. I skeletonized some G. Birds and also made a skin of an Arandaha R... (Hanging Bird.)

Saturday, May 6th.

Antonio, H. and self were bound to find monkey, so we shot out in A.'s canoe after coffee and paddled

and paddled. Finally A. leaned toward us and hoarsely whispered, "Warrowat" and behold we saw. H. and I piled for them. H. banged two and I, alas! brought none. They are slower in their actions than I expected, when at the North, but yet when one is touched up with shot, he can scamper like fun. H. measured the Orinoco by paddle strokes and made it 6000 feet and over.

After breakfast (11 o'clock) a Spaniard brought up a motamat, the most wonderful of turtles, the longest of necks and very sluggish. Such a ridged back, the flattest of heads and long pointed nose. Eyes like a B.B. shot, so small. A rare and valuable specimen. The man asked one pound for it, the Prince of Cheekists. H. finally got it for sixty cents. What a fall was there, my countrymen.

The evening before this, I shot a pair of macaws as they were flying over the house. What a profusion of green and gold came fluttering to the ground. I took their wings and tails.

They have funny dishes here, turtle eggs and brown sugar, called "Dulce de Huevos." Also brown sugar and cocoa nut.

Sunday, May 7th

In morning tried to shoot some humming birds but failed. Loaded some cartridges for D.C. who shot eleven, nine of which were good. Of four different varieties.

Laid around, also packed trunk and chest. H. talked with Mr. Sanchez about Manatee and gave directions, etc., etc. Expected our boat but she didn't come, the one to go to Barrancas.

Monday, May 8th

Our expected sloop bore down on us and anchored.

Finished packing things. The lady of the house calls very frequently the name of "Vor-an-ci-a" also "Sal-vi-ni," V. her daughter and S. the help. Gave Sanchez a lot of fish line, hooks, etc. and H. gave the old Tigre, Don Pancho, an excitable old Spaniard and the boss in general, his knife, which he very much hoped to keep away — for a remembrance. Our always

leaving a place reminds us of running a circus. We come, take possession, pitch our hammocks or tents. The people out of curiosity gather around. We take things with the nonchalance peculiar to circus men, then we, pull up things and leave behind us scattered straw, pieces of boards, nails in short, general scatteration and neglect, and then, there's outside or near, feathers of many different hues, pieces of animal skins, etc., etc.

Got our things on board just before dinner and a while after bid these good people good bye with whom we had spent the last month. Jerked the anchor and set the sails and away. The wind was light and the returning tide current strong, but we got along after a fashion and soon old Sol settled behind the vines and the light of the old full moon became more and more distinct. and soon came out, throwing a stream of glimmering silver up the plenteous Orinoco, but the river is here too wide to get the moonlight as we ought. A soft delicious breeze and few mosquitoes made the evening very enjoyable, besides going towards home, which means rest. Good Night!

Tuesday, 9th.

Slept on chest. The blanket came off and I waked up. Oh, so sore! My bones, how they did ache! (During the night stopped at a house and took on a lot of young plantain trees or shoots, like clubs.) Anchored towards morning for the wind died away and the tide was against us. Mr. Poncho is with us, going up to Port de Establos. Has part of his rum mill on board, three oxen, goats, a donkey. Soon after arising, a canoe of Indians came along side. Some of the men with biled shirts on, and glossy plug hats, with shining legsbare feet. Oh! My, what a costume.

Soon the wind came up and drove us most beautifully on, and about noon, Barrancas with its bare bank and mud houses opened to our view. Dropped anchor. A man was sent to Mr. Sanchez, who soon came down and read our letter of introduction and warmly invited us to his house. Our bags and baggage were put on shore and carried to a room or set of rooms provided by Mr. S. After a time supper was announced and we adjourned to his mud palace and dined on Cassaba Bread, Chocolate, Meat Stew, etc. Wife young and quite good-looking.

Wednesday, 10th.

Didn't do much of anything. Rested, I believe, and formed an expedition for the following morning. Saw a boy with a foot "the most monstrous that could be imagined," and indescribable. Little and next toe were small, the next two were nearly an inch and a half in diameter and five times their ordinary length. The top was swelled and puffed up so that it would nearly fill a peck measure. Also saw a boy leading around a peccary, tame, the ugliest, blackest, meanest thing going in the shape of a hog.

Thursday, May 11th.

Looking for the steamer (Vapor) this P.M. In the morning stared out after Armadillo, or "Catch-ochino," in Spanish. Mr. Sanchez (our host, and Judge of the village), a man with two dogs, H. and self took the same path as when here before. After a time the dogs became excited in some thick grass (our trip is out on the prairie or Savannah) and soon a hole was found. Mr. S., running his arm in, seized an armadillo by the tail. Cut away the ground with a machete. S. Let go and H. took hold and with jerking, yanking, twisting, and pulling soon brought him forth. About as big as a four weeks pig with a shell on of small black plates and tail like a turtle,, head like a pig, ears like a mouse. No teeth, claws like a woodchuck. The dogs still at the hole where something else was in, sure, snake or lizard or another 'dillo. More digging and soon an iguana was unearthed. He jumped out but was finally gobbled. The rest of the journey was fruitless except a small bird and a bouquet of grass.

A large crowd gathered around us when we prepared the specimens. It all seemed so wonderful to them. Our guns are a never failing source of wonder to them.

Towards evening, H. at the request of some men, Mr. S. and neighbors, went to the church hard by to kill some owls that made their homes there. one man told him to "Tirade! Tirade!" (shoot) as soon as they saw the owl, having already uncovered their heads in respect to the holy place, the owl standing on the ridge post and H. near the altar, but H. declined although tempted. Just for the fun and rarity of the thing, the owl flew out of a hole in the gable and

alighting in a tree was shot and brought in by H. to the delight of the whole village or street, rather.

Friday, May 12th

Went out to a lagoon hard by, looking for the Saldados and Gavon, cranes, large). I shot an arnco and H. a cayman with his tail partly gone which was of no use to us. Gathered some fruit that falls from large trees (Granada) very nice. One kind, black, the other yellow. Of the size of hickory nuts and smaller. A heavy rain came up and wet us down. Got some nice moss, etc. Rained the rest of the day and we laid around loosely. No steamer yet.

Saturday, May 13th

Waiting, waiting, for the Steamer (vapor, in Spaniola). Fixed our arnco and laid around in the hammock. H. is very hungry, and when the table is cleared to the last mouthful, nearly, somebody of the house remarks "that he eats little and should eat more." H. thinks it a fearful joke. We buy the grub for them, they being quite poor and we strangers. Consists of "Carne del Norte" (Salt beef from the U.S., 30 cts. per lb. and Oh! so tough. Would worry a cat. Rice 10 cts., Beans (Freho-lis) [frijoles]. 10 cts. per lb., butter 60 cts. for breakfast to put on hot Corn bread rolls (good). Plantains cheap, lard, 40 cts. to cook 'em. Cassaba bread, 20 cts. a cake. The people eat with their fingers, I know, when there's no visitors around.

Sunday, May 14th.

No steamer. What's the matter? It should have been here for Bolivar two days ago. Quite a number of people waiting to go to Bolivar. The Nutrias is in Port of Spain, also the Heroe, the latter the one we are looking for. Here it is Sunday all the week around, for today is like any other. No work, taking it easy. The old Church Bells are silent. (There's two, a chime, hung in a little four-legged shanty-like, only one has a rope to ring.) The Priest is living forty miles away and doesn't come often. Cactus is growing out of the roof and owls make their home inside. The front door is like a barn door, one of the shore kind and as large, but it's a shabby old thing and how it must leak. Everything shows the mark of the last Revolution.

Monday, May 15th.

Lord! Where's our steamer. The thought of being cooped up here longer than necessary is simply hard to digest. Today H. has bet a dozen oranges she will come today. I take it. Out to the lagoon again, but got nothing but a crane and tired Sanchez has stuck a rusty nail in his foot and makes more fuss than a gouty old man in his second childhood.

Tuesday, May 16th.

"Mapurite"

"Para Juatan" The name of the knobby cane is the above, the first. The second, the purple wood (the natural color.)

The steamer, Oh! the steamer. How H. does curse it and how we yearn for it and yet we are enjoying ourselves. Not much to do, sleep good, no mosquitoes, and meals regular. "Drawed mild and brought regular."

Wednesday, May 17th.

Day before yesterday H. bet that the steamer would come, we, that it wouldn't and it didn't. (The bet a dozen oranges.) We bet that she would whistle just below here at nine o'clock yesterday. At seven minutes after nine, she came in sight, so we lost by a hair. Bet the same, so nobody has oranges.

Well, the Heroe looked superb in her new coat of paint and as we haven't seen one in six weeks, also waiting for her five days, one can guess how it pleased us. Some swellings on my back becoming very painful. We asked some natives about them and found they were inhabited by a worm called Gusano del Monte, the result of a sting of the kind of fly or mosquito called "Sancu," one of the collections made on the Toro. The pain was such as to make me fly around as though pierced by a red hot iron. The remedy was to put on the juice of an old pipe, which we did, and after a time extracted five. Everybody in the village knew of it, a thing that does not happen often. These worms were one-half an inch long and very ferocious looking, if a worm can so be called. So our reputation is established. "The Americano with 'Gusano Del Monte.'" Oh! S.A. is a curious spot!

At evening, fifty head of cattle were brought in and put in the yard preparatory to being loaded on the steamer. What horns! — and how quarrelsome! Five men on horses drove them in. Two soldiers got nearly a good fight started in the afternoon. (One wouldn't think they were soldiers. No uniforms, some have lances, some pistols, others knives. One or two have old flint-lock guns). Well, they squared off, one with a pistol to strike, the other, a little fellow, a stone that would weigh 15 lbs. Neither dared to strike. It was a tableau.

Thursday, May 18th.

The steamer above us and bound to stop on her return to take cattle so that we can load our own truck. Glory!

Went across the river after cayman. None. Got a bouquet of grass for my dear friend, Julia Weed and came back with the current. The Magdaleno, Capt. Griffin passed down this morning, sixteen sails set, all white and evenly drawn. Masts so tall and the sails piled up, up, up, to dizzy heights. I swing in the hammock and think of home and friends, the dearest ties of earth, (and now so very dear, never so dear,) and see my return to my native land. I lay and dream of happy greetings, open hearts and hands. The security of sleep, as it were, wrapped in the safety of my dear country's flag and rocked to sleep in the arms of her strength and justice. There's rest in the thought. I wonder how they are at home (have not heard since I left), whether all is well — God make it so — and I see the trees just budding out, the freshness of the air, the green grass, the crowing birds, everybody busy, and we live again there in thought, if not in body. But we'll soon be there for we intend to start as soon as we reach Trinidad (the 25th).

Friday, May 19th.

Swung in the hammock all day long writing a letter to the Journal. We enjoyed ourself and wished we were smart enough to do that and nothing else for a living, and we wondered too, how our letters would look and read when set on paper and whether they were very thin, or egotistical, or real foolery. We cannot tell, ourself, and only do as the Editor told, "Write

just as you want to.” It is hard work, after all, for our head is. so full of stuff that we can’t clear it up and we have to write very slowly and there’s so much chaff.

Saturday, the 20th.

The steamer is to come Monday. Hooroar! Thought we should go after Cachachiaw today but couldn’t get dogs. A rain has now set in, an old drizzler, and we are better in the hammock with a dry roof. Oh, Yes! day before yesterday, in the morning, I shot a cayman in the lagoon and we had a piece of the tail cooked and it tasted exactly like frog.

Sunday

We didn’t know that it was till nearly night. Was busy packing most of the day. Bought a porcupine for twenty cents (dead of course), a most wondrous specimen. His quills came out very easily, funny things like a double pointed darning needle. It rained suds by night and heavy thunder which we enjoyed. The river is rising fast. The old boiler at the side will soon be submerged. A bath to last four or five months, more perhaps.

Monday, 22nd of May.

Went to the riverside at sunrise and took a Venezuelan bath, namely, to stand or sit in the water where shallow and pour water over the head with a calabash, only our calabash was a sponge which we squeezed over us. The sapidilloes that H. stole are ripening up just as fast as we desire. Most deliciously sweet.

Tuesday, 23rd.

In the morning at four o’clock one of the water police yelled, “Vapor”, and soon the Heroe whistled for B. Wasn’t we glad? Commenced taking on cattle. In hauling them up over the side by the horns, one had its neck broken and was taken ashore and skinned. A man from the mines died during the night, poor fellow! Was a German and was employed by the company in bookkeeping. Was very thin, emaciated. How he must have pined to get to the north to feel the cool invigorating air fan his thin cheeks to bring back the color of health. The steamer was so slow and he wanted to fly, verily.

At the grave, the diggers had only dug about two feet in depth and would dig no deeper unless paid more. Got mad and swore terribly. The rum bottles were standing at the edge of the grave and were looked to very often. Finally more Pesos made them dig a little deeper.

Finally at noon weighed anchor and dropped down eight miles to Mr. Foutraag’s where they took in 42 head more of the big horns but just before getting there the anchor got loose and went out at a fearful rate. The bows were filled with smoke and dust and it took an hour to get the chain back in again. I went 2nd class, H. 1st. I wouldn’t go again on that boat. Finally at 8 P.M. started for Trinidad.

Wednesday, 24th.

The morning found us steaming down the Macareo and at noon we reached the wood pile and could see out into the sea. Thank God! H. was very much rejoiced. It was a literal “getting out of the woods.”

Towards night we steamed out into the sea and at 9 and 10 o’clock were at the Trinidad shore once more and at 3 A.M. saw the light at Port of Spain. At four, dropped anchor and beautiful Trinidad with its grand old hills loomed up and we rejoiced.

Thursday 25th.

At sunrise the small boats came out and we learned that the English and French Packets had left the night before. But it was bad luck, we can assure our dear Friends. Our only chance of getting to Demarara to take the Packet the 27th, and go by way of Barbadoes, a round-about way and costing us dearly. Our letters from home were immense. Hornaday got 31, I seven. Mrs. Faller, our old landlady, was still bustling about and stirring up the servant girls. We were busy packing boxes to send off and at night laid down on a bed, the first since leaving Bolivar, but how we did sleep! H. sat up till three o’clock reading letters and writing.

Friday, 26th May.

Packed boxes, etc. and in the evening walked out to the suburbs where art had taken the gems of nature

and placed them in divers pleasing ways. Such a profusion of flowers, etc.

Saturday, 27th.

Saw the Captain of the Stephen Bennet about taking our things, the boxes. The S.B. is a three-masted schooner and a very fine one. He took them at a very reasonable rate.

When putting in the boxes, I was shown into the cabin, when Lo! a beautiful woman greeted us, the Captain's wife. A good, virtuous, sociable soul that did us good to meet and we were sorry that we had concluded to go on to Demarara. The cabin was so sweet and clean. She was to sail the 3rd of June. Her agents in N.Y. are J. H. Winchester and Co., 52 South Street.

The steamer was signalled and at 6 or 7 P.M. had gotten in. We got aboard at last. The greatest jam I ever saw at the gangway. Twenty small boats wanting to unload passengers and luggage at the same time, and passengers wanting to come out also. We finally left them and was hauled up out of a lighter that was discharging Cocoa.

Soon got settled on the ocean steamer "Corsica," London. Large and high and crowded with passengers. Morpheus soon had us and in the morning the sun ushered in.

Sunday, May 28th.

And no land in sight but towards noon Granada loomed up, her mountains similar to Trinidad. Coming nearer the city of Georgetown, with its red tile roofs and church spires and old grey-forts, three in number, vines running on the sides. So old that the common people do not know when they were built. Standing on high peaks and frowning down on the harbor.

Soon after casting anchor, a good many small boats came out loaded with fruits such as bananas, pineapples for a sixpence and most luscious. Also three boats of cocoa in bags. Weighed anchor at 5 P.M. and at sundown, away for St. Vincent, eight hours distant. Large peak arose from the sea on our

right and we were told that we would pass 365 islands before reaching St. V.

In the dead of night I awoke and looked out of the port and saw the bows lighted up with phosphorescence, besides a school of porpoises. Were playing about, making a stream of the light under the water's surface like that of a comet or rocket, especially so when they would suddenly describe a large circle, then was the effect beautiful and never to be forgotten.

Leaving St. V. we passed on to St. Lucia and when the God of Day ushered in - -

Monday, May 29th.

The two great peaks of St. Lucia greeted us, black and frowning, steep and cloud-reaching. How we would like to scale one of them! The story goes that once upon a time a man climbed the steepest one and placed a flag thereon, but never came down to brag of it. Passing beside this beautiful isle with its rounded hills and craggy peaks, cane fields, and villages, we soon entered a deep, narrow bay at the head of which we found the city of Garcenage. The hills above, and nearly surround it. The steamer taking in coal, gave us a fine opportunity to go ashore and so H. and I climbed up to the fort, at 1000 feet above the town where we could see miles of mountain tops and miles of beautiful sea.

Picked up some wild locust nuts and also a bouquet of grass and some ferns and rosebuds. Coming down they were yet carrying the coal. The work done by women of color, carrying it in bushel baskets on their heads, getting a penny for five baskets and every time when they passed over the steamer's side, a piece of copper was given them with a number thereon.

After a time took up the anchor and out into the sea for old Barbadoes. A man came in to the supper room while we were at supper, being just jolly tight, and said "that once 'e was chief hoffer of ha North Hamerican steam ship, hin every respect far superior to this." In cavorting around he stumbled and jammed his cheek into the floor. Got up and said "he was ha little drunk." Got off to bed and the boat pitched some, but we slept pretty well. Only once the water gushed into the port and wet us.

Tuesday, May 30th, '76.

Brought us in sight of old Barbadoes again at 6 in the morning.

How level compared with the rest of the islands. Is still green with sugar cane, but not as much so as when we were here in February. Carlisle Bay was covered with shipping.

Four ocean steamers and large Man of War (the Rover) were moored outside, which we joined. one, the home ship, came in from Jamaica. Crowded with passengers, (300). Small boats were flying in all directions carrying passengers ashore and back. Great ships weighing their anchors and sailing homeward bound.

The Man of War booming her great guns at a target. H. went ashore and put in a lot of letters for home. Said the loafers were thicker than ever and again met the "blind boy, for Jesus Christ's sake, give me a little something — Me John, Mister.

Wednesday, 31st of May.

My head felt heavy this morning. Tried to write some but found it of more pleasure to read over the old letters which sounded sweeter than when they first arrived. Every word is a jewel, that like the pearl, is more precious with time for it grows larger and clearer. Last evening some of the steamers dropped away and at nine o'clock A.M the London one steamed away, leaving us only of all the five. The steamer drew up the anchor at 5 P.M. when Lo! a great stone was lodged. on it which was gotten off with difficulty.

Soon the parting gun was fired and away for Tobago. Going straight south. A beautiful evening which H. and I enjoyed immensely, talking of the past and future. Of things, too that were nearest our hearts, which it did us good to exchange confidences. I hated to go to bed and disperse the beautiful and lovely spell.

Thursday, June 1st.

Slept nicely and came on deck feeling very well indeed. We were to reach, or see Tobago at 8 o'clock

A.M. and indeed, we saw it at eight, but away off to our right. Had run wild of the course, I should judge. We came nearer and nearer, things took shape, cane fields and cottages, windmills, lighthouse, and the sure-to-be-found fort always above the town, the waving cocoas, and palms. We fastened to a buoy and boats came out. The name, we think of the city was Georgetown [Fort George] again. A place of cacao nuts. Indeed, they ship to London. An old windmill was turning slowly, finally stopped; one little schooner in the harbour.

The land of Trinidad was in sight once more. Seems as though we never would get enough of it. We let go and away to sea again. The sun went down gloriously. An amber sunset, the grandest I believe I ever saw. H. and I sat up in the soft moonlight and delicious air and talked of home and home things.

Friday, June 2nd.

We steamed all day out of sight of land. Nothing to break the monotony, so we dozed and dozed. A comatose state. We tried to write but couldn't collect our thoughts. So the night came soon and what with eating, dozing, the sun went down, the Southern Cross came out, the Old Dipper stood high bottom upwards, and pointing down to our old North Star; the moon shone benignly down on us and we composed and reposed.

Saturday the 3rd.

Again no land. Read some in the afternoon. A vessel came along by us. Our calculations at noon said we were 67 miles from Demarara and that we should be at the light ship at 9 P.M.

When I had finished writing a letter to Norwalk and came on deck, the light was visible and with one delay and another, we finally reached port at 3 A.M. A gun was fired. After a time sunrise came and we must go ashore to spend

Sunday, June 4th.

Looking for our chest, behold, it was not to be found and come to inquire closely, found that it had been taken and sent on to Southampton. There was no mark on it and they, thinking it should go on, sent it.

There was nothing of value in it excepting our gun fixings, rendering them useless but then we had nearly done using them, so it might have been worse.

Went ashore and found a boarding place and soon found that the Dutch steamer sailing for Surinam would soon leave. H. and I went out to the Promenade ground, a park. Ah! how beautiful, how grand! A paradise. I never saw anything to be compared. Such flowers, such roses, such ferns, such hedges, and fairy bowers, foliage plants, perfect trees in size, trees from Calcutta, a blaze of great red flowers and black green foliage and how the odor filled the air. Our heart pained us as with the sight of mountains, great pictures, Niagara Falls, but above all was the great Victoria Regia Lily in a large circular Pool. Twenty years of age, leaves lying on the water, four feet in diameter, as many as twenty, and the great Lily, just closed, stood just out of the water to unfold in the afternoon.

At 4 P.M. our ^{*} steamer the "Paramaribo," Capt., Ti Van Uilyen (that is his writing), a genial Dutchman, not German, a large heart, good kind face, good company, sets a good table, wine and brandy. First, Dutch Soup made of peas, ham, and I don't know what else, then meats, Bermuda potatoes, and claret wine, then fruits, water, lemons, mangoes, Bananas, oranges, then Brandy. Our boat is small and rocks badly. Will take us two days to reach Paramaribo, Dutch Guiana.

Monday, June 5th.

The boat rolled badly, but I slung the hammock and like the Bessemer shop I think it is, it would always keep level but swayed some. It is the completest thing for ship travel I have seen yet. Yet I wasn't sleepy and napped, but morning came and we were skirting along with land in sight. It is a sea of mudbanks and we were out eight miles, I should think, yet it was only four fathoms.

After noon, we ran into a port of Dutch Guiana, called Nieuw Nickerie, and stayed until four P.M. The thrift of the German where'er he may be shows, hence, here in this climate. We find large houses

painted white with glass in the windows. The town side is low and level, the plantations are quite out of sight up the river. They have a kind of Gondola, that they send down to town to get the mail. The Gondola is paneled with wood, rowers in front, the boat Painted. Makes quite a show. Left at 4 P.M. Quite a lot of passengers, soldiers, Chinaman, Hindoo, Negro, Dutch, Yankee.

Tuesday, June 6th, 1876

Rolling on towards Paramaribo, passing mouths of rivers, low shores 5 or 6 miles distant. At 8 AM. forty miles from Port.

On. on, the Captain bringing the wine and coffee. Just showering us with kindness. Just before sundown entered the mouth of the Surinam. Very wide. A very large sugar plantation to the left, then on to Fort Amsterdam, low earthworks, but showing plenty of cannon and signal flag staff. Then more large plantations, great tall chimneys, then cocoa on the right, large house for drying, etc., then dark, and fourteen miles from the mouth we find Paramaribo on the right, large houses, high, painted white, a few vessels in harbour. A fort below with real live soldiers and uniforms, brass band, morning and evening gun. We stop on board, in the hammock.

Wednesday, June 7th.

In the morning started out to see some men about manatee. One had just gone after some and would be back soon. Went down town and up to the Museum, such as it is, and then made the acquaintance of Mr. Wildeboer, son of he in Barbadoes. Young Mr. W. keeping the museum up. They have the birds and animals of this Surinam country only, with the exception of a few shells from Barbadoes. Many monkeys and sloth, anteater, etc. While on the street, ran amuck of a fellow from the country with a sloth hanging to a stick. Bought some alum but could not get it for less than 40 cts. per lb. I bought him for 80 cts., took him up and skinned him. Got some trumpeter fish at the fish boats. Taking care of these things closed the day, except Browfell and I went to see a manatee fisher, but he had just gone after same. Would be back in a day or two. Mr. B. has been in the "bush" for 17 years. I cannot find but little about the Surinam toad, none in these parts.

* - Editorial plural: He was alone at this point.

Friday, June 9.

Went out in a river fish-boat to see them fish and to get some specimens if possible. The boat is built canoe-shaped and full 50 feet in length. Ten rowers. They also have another smaller canoe to help the larger in dragging the seine, both boats employing 16 men. The rowers snort every time they pull and wring their bodies, heads and necks. Sometimes one sings a line and they all join in the chorus, and from a sign of the strike oar, they all climb upon the seats in front of them and come down on the oars in a way to just make the boat fairly jump out of the water. Saw two niggers fight just before we started, the most ludicrous of sights. Got some curious fish with a coat of mail and a long thread attached to the tail, sometimes two and one-half feet long. Why should Nature do thusly?

This town is full of canoes, hundreds and hundreds, some of monstrous size.

The sign of leper or rather swelled feet [elephantiasis] is seen everywhere. Where three wenches stand, one most surely has a monstrous foot. Coming down the street the other day, I counted eleven and gave it up. Some drag their feet with difficulty, being so large.

Saturday, June 10th.

The manatee man has not got back yet. Mr. B. and self went around among the hunters and stimulated them to bring in specimens. Down to the market, I bought a turtle, land variety, of monstrous size. Fixed him, then went to the manatee man's house again. He had got back, but no manatee, of course.

In the evening, walked out and saw a dance. Private, yet open, to the street. A crowd looking in and policemen around. The music — an accordion, triangle, and small drum. The changes in the quadrille were different from anything I had ever seen before. Danced round dances the most, as Germans always do. Before this, I walked to the fort, or rather barracks. Nothing of importance there, some cannon, etc., yet a look of little money in the treasury of the government.

Sunday, June 11th.

Went up to the manatee man's house but he was gone. Walked out to the outskirts. Came back, noticing on posts, rather brick pillars, at the entrance to Catholic cemetery, two skulls, grinning down on to the street, and made of brick material and red in color. Makes the grounds look very pleasant. Came back and wrote letters till night. It rains every day now, showers that come and go quickly and pour down in torrents, sometimes.

Monday, June 12th.

Went up to the manatee man's house early. Just starting away. We went down to Mr. Brewar's and tried to fix up matters, but had to give it up for B. got so excited that we couldn't understand each other, so we went to another place and soon fixed the conditions for a manatee hunt to go tomorrow morning at 8 A.M. So I flew around to buy provisions, etc. People are very, very slow to wait on one. Short of it is, it's wait — wait, always tomorrow, till tomorrow. Night closed in on us. Not feeling well, appetite poor. Begin to pine for the bracing Northern air. Dreamt of the kind sympathy of one, last night. How sweet it was in the land of strangers to feel the soothing influence of one, and we believe we waked up crying with a kind of joy unspeakable. Sometimes I think, what now, if I should get sick, alone, suppose so, up in the great woods.

Tuesday, June 13th.

Came down early and found that our man had lost his boat during the night and was looking around for it. Thought at first that he had absconded with the little money I had advanced him and I had given the thing up, as just our luck, but he came around and he is now trying to try another one.

He succeeded and time of departure is set for the morrow. I'm getting impatient for I'm sure we shall get some manatee. The "Home Guards" turned out in the P.M. About 600 children accompanied them. Could just see the bayonets above the crowd.

Slept in the store where I bought my supplies for the expedition. I drank a cup of coffee for supper and

couldn't sleep. I believe I thought of everything — and nothing. It is better than no sleep at all.

Wednesday, June 14th

Got out in good season. Found my manatee man, but so slow. Found out at the last moment that the canoe provided for me leaked fearfully. Oh! these people! So we were delayed two hours in finding another. Finally got started at nearly eleven.

Paddled up the river a ways, then into a branch that connects with the Saranaca. Stopped at noon and lunched and waiting for the water to turn in our favor. The distances here are by tides, miles are unknown. One might as well ask the distance to heaven as to ask how many miles to such and such a place. "A Tide" means as far as one of an easy disposition would paddle with the tide or current in the time of six hours. Would go about 15 miles, I guess, if he kept steadily at it, yet depending on the river, for some have stronger tides than others. Well, we finally got away at dark, I going ahead in bow of large canoe. But it was dark, Oh my! and the stream very narrow. Once in awhile would run into the bushes. The passage is a canal that is, where the narrowest. We passed into tunnels of trees shutting in overhead. Scarcely a ray of light, bats flying swiftly by. one of monstrous size, wings 2½ ft. in breadth. Scarcely a sound, save the hissing of the nightbugs, but how sleepy I was and how hard to keep up for I felt not well (a spell of indigestion). The boom of the distant cannon as it told the hour of eight came echoing through the woods. After a time the water became wider, it grew lighter, the moon came up, and I fixed me a bed in the bottom of the canoe and slept, to be awakened often by the boat running against brush, etc., the sable paddler dropping away, and the current driving us on anyway. Finally, morning came, was ushered in by the far-off cannon and we floating down the now large river called Surinaca [Saramacca].

Thursday, June 15th.

Paddled slowly with the current down by plantain fields with their little thatched cottages, great woods, down, down, 'till nearly noon when tied up to shore and cooked some rice. Then on by coffee plantation, sugar. Finally, after passing Mr. Dacy's place, we tied up to the shore and staid the night. Mosquitos bit but

we pulled through. We heard the Surinam toad, without doubt, in the night. Old man says there's plenty on the Cappenname.

Friday, 16th.

In the morning, old man went hunting manatee, I guess. I staid in our canoe for boys are not allowed along on such occasions. About 10 A.M. old man came back and we untied and down the river with the tide. Middle of P.M. a big shower came up and it rained till night. Saw the mouth of the river in the distance. Rain stooped. The sable paddlers were shivering with cold and wet, so we stopped at an estate. I went ashore and got some hot sugar and a big cane stalk for the boys, (darkies like cane) and then came back and bunked in the canoe. Towards morning untied and dropped down to the mouth and into the Cappenname where we stayed until the sun ushered in - - -

Saturday, June 17th.

Which makes me think they must have a big time at Bunker Hill today. Am I right? How often I think of the far North and of the intense pleasure it will be to see it again. It is like a great light that is shining, always shining. Coming up the river and paddling against a head wind till near 10 A.M. we came to a small branch (which would be called a good river at the north) we turned in and go slowly up. Old man ahead looking sharply for manatee, I under my canopy of Palm leaves, following with a sable paddler, silently paddling. I am writing this with the almost utter silence that is always in the tropics at noon when all things sleep excepting time, and tide which helps us on. I should like to know what is in store for me in the next two weeks? Having a tough time now. Hard work and no time to stop and cook. Living on dry bread soaked in molasses. once in a while a paw paw, but as we are now in "our river," we shall have it better, I trust. About three P.M. we stop at a deserted lodge in this vast wilderness made by a bush negro some time ago, where he collected crabwood hard by. Cook a lot of rice. I tell you warm victuals taste good again. Sling up the hammocks and soon after getting in for the night, a fearful rain set in and wet down the other fellows. I more lucky in a dryer place was O.K. It rained so hard that they had to bail out the canoes

three different times. Slept tolerable well and quite late into

Sunday, the 18th of June.

Waiting for the tide to set back so we could go up. Got away at last. The old man said we should get a manatee today, sure, but I don't have much faith in it somehow, I can't tell why. Well, we paddled and paddled up and up. Finally saw a young sloth hugging a small tree. Old man climbed up and threw him into the river where we got him, but the day was the same old thing — palm trees and vines, big trees and sluggish river, by the way called "Cassowena." Night came and found us still going, the old man's canoe ahead. Finally got so dark that Henry said he couldn't see, so the rain coming again hard, we groped our way to the bank and made fast. Rain beat in, but we got things fixed at last. Poor Henry had to take it. I lent him my umbrella and how he slept I don't know but I heard him snore.

Monday, 19th of June.

In the morning early we let go and paddled up but couldn't catch up with the other fellows, so tied up, ate some bread and roast plantain, took a nap. Two canoes of Indians came along and told us that the other fellows were "four hooks" ahead, that is, four bends in the river, which is the last way of counting distances yet. So we let go and paddled and paddled, but gave up, for a stern chase is a long one, we had found out by experience. Got some wood, Henry cooked rice. Ate plenty, etc. Just at nightfall, a humming bird came around, attracted my attention, finally settled in the cutest of nests just over the canoe. We went for it. Two the tiniest eggs and now at the time of writing, she comes (poor thing) and hums, hums, and flies away, comes again, but the nest and eggs are going far, far north, little bird, to be admired perhaps, little bird, so you must mend your broken heart. You made it (the nest) not in vain, at least.

Tuesday, June 20th.

How much I think of this calendar. It is my watch, my Bible, my golden chain that binds me to home for when I take it up, I always go back to Ole Virginny in thought and take immense comfort. It's delicious to

travel for one lives in the future so much. First, we anticipate the pleasure of it, and may it be ever so disastrous then we turn secondly to home and anticipate again so much pleasure to meet friends once more. If it be ever so successful then the more the preciousness of it. Today we are waiting for the other boat to come down. Mosquitoes bother me a good deal. This morning took a little hunt but saw nothing. The country here is too low. There are plenty of monkeys but they are so hard to get at or even to see. Howling in the night all around. I have to write in a fine way now for the paper is getting scarce. Glory! Only 12 more days and we are bound to Demarara and home. Shall get into D. the morning of the 4th. Oh! how I wish I were in Philadelphia! If I had only gone home on the Stephen Bennet from Trinidad, I should have just done it nicely for the 4th. I wish I had now, how sincerely, but yet it were mean to leave H., and I don't regret it after all.

Wednesday, the 21st.

My bones ached during the night, the bed was so confoundedly hard. Before I had arisen our other boat came down and yelled out "Hurry!" They wanted us to go up farther where there was a woodcutter or rather timber cutter stopping. Paddled 15 minutes, when Lo! out just around the first bend looms a lodge and there we had been staying two nights so near, and never heard a noise. Landed and carried things on shore. Had a long talk with Mr. Wicks, the cutter, etc. Old man and the two paddlers went up after manatee (old man saw some yesterday) but came back soon bringing another sloth and Henry with his foot cut quite badly with his cutlass. Old man soon started out again. Raining constantly today and more like one of our Northern drizzlers and quite cold. Not far from 70°. Got into the hammock again which feels splendid after sleeping on plank for a few nights. Old man came back about 9 P.M. but had nothing.

Thursday, 22nd June, '76.

Old man started away early to be gone a day or two. I skeletonized the sloth, saved the skin of his head also and stuffed it. Afternoon, one of the dogs jumped and yelled away from a bunch of grass near the door. Went there and soon ferreted out a deadly poisonous snake about 3½ ft. long and called the "Bushmaster"

or "Armadillo" snake because found in the holes of the Armadillo. His fangs were 3/4 inch long and head shaped very flat. I think it is what is called the lance head snake. [Fer-de-lance: not the same.] Anyway, I skinned him and a very beautiful skin it is, too. Mr. W. got very much excited and it was all I could do to prevent him from shooting him. I killed him with a grab-hoe.

Friday, 23rd.

Old man sticks to it well. Am afraid it is just our luck not to get one. Hunting here in the woods is mean. Sloughs, mud, swamps, everywhere. Made a cage for my Toucan today, and I wonder if he is yet "all right". It rained like suds today, in fact, it rains every day. In August is when they get the lightning here, just as the dry season begins. In the dead of last night the howler monkey set up such a howl just across the small river, as to make me shiver. He was close. How his throat did rattle and how he did grunt and pitch in.

June 24th, Saturday.

Glory to God in the highest! A Manatee at last, at last! That wishbone, that wishbone! If H. had only been here today, how he would have enjoyed himself. Last night, just as we were settled for bed, say 8:30 P.M. old man came in and said "Got one". The whole camp got out of bed, especially ourself, and went to the canoe where the monster lay, filling up the canoe for 8 or 9 feet. Didn't it look good? We wanted to pitch right into it, for it had been killed the day before at 5 P.M. and the outer epidermis was peeling, but it was impossible to touch it till morning. We went to bed again but it kept me awake quite awhile. At day light we rolled up our sleeves and pitched in. Sank the canoe and floated the manatee ashore. Tied one rope around flippers. Six of us got hold and broke it, then it was all we could do to haul it on level ground at a foot a pull. It was 9½ ft. long and fully 2½ ft. in diameter at the largest place, and weighed between 800 and 1000 lbs. Eyes only ½ inch in size and the bones in the flippers exactly like a person's hand and arm. A female, the breasts just like the human, close up under the flippers or rather just behind, or below them. But didn't we work? The old man wanted all the meat so as soon as the skin was off, then I had to take care of it at once and also skeletonize when I could. The first cut the old man made, he cut off the

end of a cartilaginous rib and before I could prevent it, so I jumped here and there in the hot sun. The hide was 3/4 of an inch thick on the back and one inch on the side, and stiff, and we had to get it into a pork bbl. so we slashed a cut the whole length on the inside and nearly through the skin. Then we could roll it. Finally got in and put in also the arms and the tail and head. The old man said they saw 14 in the two days and three at one time, so verily haven't we found a nest? If we only had two weeks more and some of the money that was spent on the Orinoco for nothing. What a strike we could make of this! Only three days more here and we shall have to leave for Paramaribo. Old man also brought a Howler, that we skinned and today we had it for dinner; was bully sweet!

June 25, Sunday.

With all, we put in over 50 lbs. of salt, the skin or rather epidermis comes off, in short it was gone when we put it in the bbl. Well, so we took out the skin and cut out 25 canes, then threw it away but how we hated to do it. Oh! Oh! Oh! we nearly cried, but the consolation is we have got a manatee yet, i.e. the skeleton, that won't rot. The skin is so hard that we had to cut the canes with a chisel and had to strike six or seven times before cutting through. Last night the old heads told big snake stories till late, but we couldn't understand the lingo. Old man started at 4 this morning after another manatee. Commenced raining in the night and kept at it till 4 P.M. The river rises a little. Mr. Wicks has an Indian woman as his mistress and regulates the household for him. An Arawak, and very good looking. Small feet and hands. Wicks blows at her and she is as submissive as can be. She is a widow, that is the reason Wicks remembers her, I suppose. She was stolen from him once but he rescued her. Indians stop here. A young squaw today wore nothing except a strip of cloth around her hips.

Monday, 26th of June.

This morning we got the bones out in the sun, and dried my clothes, blankets, etc., also killed my young sloth and cured his skin. It is nice to have a little sunshine once in a while. Angie, the Indian woman, went out to the gardens and brought in some Cassaba roots, the first I remember of seeing, although eating the bread for a long time way up in Venezuela. The men and boys had some fun last evening shooting

bows and arrows. The wood they have here makes splendid bows. The Indians give strangers a name as his looks denote. Mine, I've found out, is "Wannacoo" (accent on the first and last syllable). A monkey that has long hair and goes stoop-shouldered on account of the sun hurting his eyes. Only comes out morning and evening on account of the sun aforesaid. They call Mr. Wicks Arawato, (Howling Monkey) because his whiskers are red.

Tuesday, 27th June.

Skinned a large "Sheep Sloth" that the old man brought in, the hair on the back, four inches long. So different from the "Sun Sloth". Only two nails on the forefoot, while the Sun has three. Mr. Francisco, the owner of the house, brought in a large armadillo in the afternoon which was the hardest affair to skin I ever saw. The morrow we are to start. it means for me that I begin to return from my journey's end. It is pleasant to roll under the tongue for it is getting very tedious — ten days in one place and that shut in by walls of trees with nothing to see at a distance to rest the eye and elevate the mind.

Wednesday, the 28th of June, 1876.

Homeward Bound, Viva La America! Was wonderfully busy getting things arranged to start with. Paid Mr. Francisco 90 cts for some wood, put all the bones in a bbl. and headed it up, etc. Fixed the canoe so as to row with it and finally got started about 9 A.M. Met the Schooner Ida, a little way down, coming up after timber. Said they saw a big snake down below. After a time as I was skinning the biggest Howler I ever saw and the old man ahead on the lookout, we finally saw him stop and load his gun in a hurry, and as we passed him, he went slowly up to a large bunch of floating grass and fired. Before this he said, "A bigga booma", means "a big snake". Well, there was some tearing in the grass. Instantly after shooting he harpooned it, then we hauled on the rope to pull him out of the grass but was badly tangled. Got a shorter hold (the grass heaving up all the time) when out popped a monstrous head and blowed in the old man's face, when he seized his cutlass and struck him with the flat of it which fixed him. Finally got him in. 16 ft. long and 18 inches in circumference! Paddled part of the night and brought up in the Saranaca in the morning.

Thursday, 29th

Stopped at a Sugar Estate and got some sugar, then up the S. till noon. Stopped and finished skinning the Boa. * Rained fearfully. At 7 P.M. set out and paddled till we reached the Katarina Sophia Estate at 2 A.M. Oh! how heavy were our eyes and how tired and hungry. Laid down to sleep and the mosquitoes, "Oh, Caesar"! But the sun will rise tomorrow, as the Indian says and it did, and brought us just weak and about sick. Went ashore, then afterwards put things in our corial. The old man taken with fever. I gave him medicine. I soon rallied and went to work. The current getting stronger. On, on, all night and to Paramaribo Saturday, 3 P.M. Black days.

Stayed in Paramaribo till the second of July, then took boat for Demerara. Got there the morning of the 4th. Hornaday had not heard from me since I had gone, and was going to P. on the return boat to hunt me up if I did not arrive.

Weren't we glad to see each other? H. had not been idle in my absence. Had got two tigers, some birds and monkeys, sloth, anteaters, but I had beaten him all to smash in the Manatee and Boa.

The evening of the 5th set sail for Barbadoes again in a small schooner. Was about three or four days going. My bones began to ache and by the time I reached B. had some fever.

Staid in B. a few days, then took passage for N.Y. in brig Annie Gordon, Capt. Haverly of Castine, Maine. Was sick all the way to N.Y. but not very serious. Chills every other day [malaria]. Was 17 days on the voyage. Got in the last of July. Went to the Centennial, then on to Rochester, then Cattaraugus, then home, Sept 1st.

Was dang glad to get home and perhaps lucky!

Here endeth the diary for the Centennial Year.

* - Probably an anaconda: boa constrictors stop at 12 feet.