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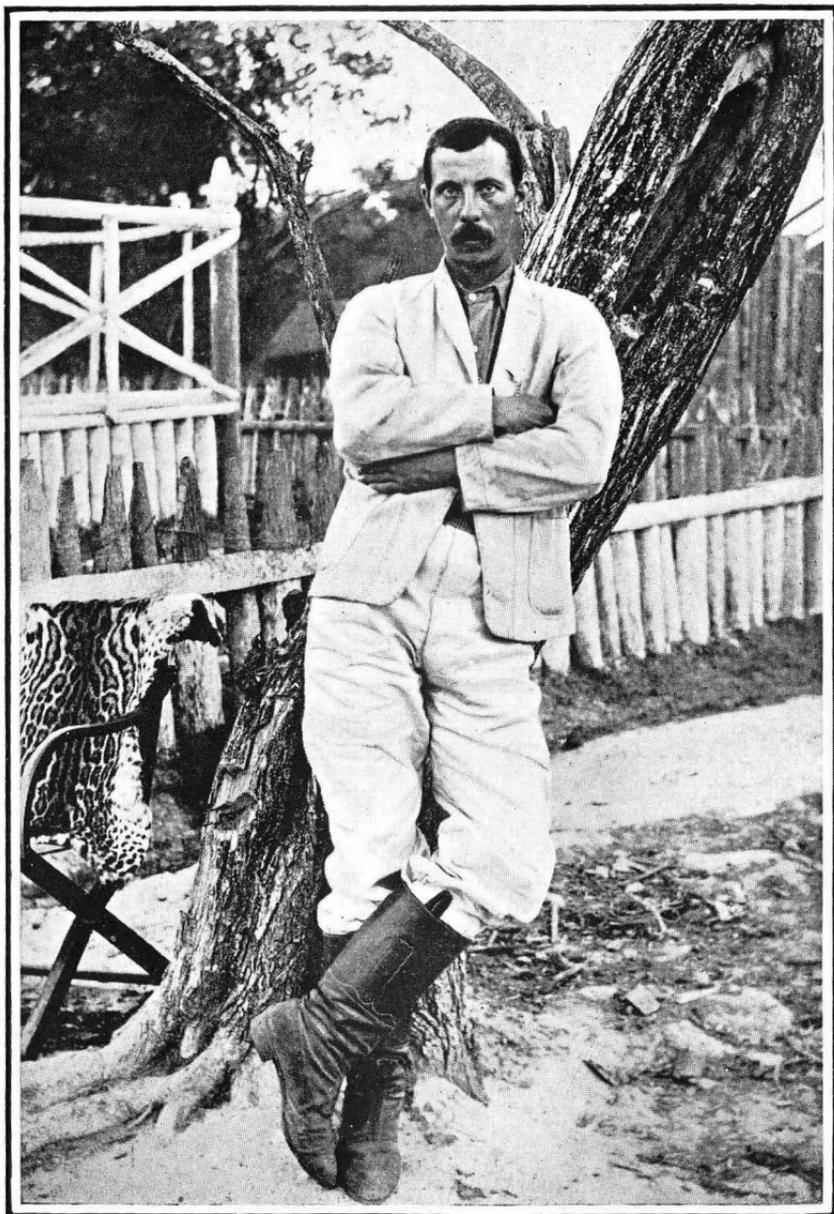
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WILFRID BARBROOKE GRUBB.

In his 33rd year. This photograph was taken at Waikthlatingmangyalwa early in 1898, shortly after Poet's attempt to murder him. (*p.* 170.)

THE
LIVINGSTONE OF SOUTH AMERICA

*The Life & Adventures of W. Barbrooke Grubb
among the wild tribes of the Gran Chaco
in Paraguay, Bolivia, Argentina,
the Falkland Islands &
Tierra del Fuego*

By
The Rev. R. J. HUNT, F.R.A.I.

with a foreword by
Sir HERBERT GIBSON, Bart., K.B.E.

&

An appreciation by
The Venerable H. T. MORREY-JONES, M.A. (Oxon.)
Archdeacon of Brazil

Many Illustrations & Maps

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The Rev. W. Bothamley, M.A., Hon. Canon of Durham Cathedral, once said to the writer of this volume that "Barbrooke Grubb of the Gran Chaco and Bishop Tucker of Uganda, were the two greatest missionaries of their generation." Asked for his reasons, he replied: "Grubb's and Tucker's greatness were exhibited in the amazing success with which they brought a fierce people to Christ and made of them a real church, and in Grubb's case without any political protection."



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From the Bishop of Blackburn's sermon delivered at York Minster when the World Call to the Church was presented in 1928.

AN APPRECIATION

By THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON H. T. MORREY-JONES

SOME three months before the passing of "W.B.G." as the subject of this biography was familiarly known to his colleagues, it was my privilege to spend a week-end with him in his home in Lasswade, near Edinburgh.

Many years had elapsed since we had lived and worked together in the Gran Chaco of Paraguay, where I knew him in his prime—the pioneer and hero of a missionary triumph he was so largely instrumental in building up in that then unknown land, and when he was capable of those great feats of physical strength and endurance so constantly demanded of one living under conditions so wild and primitive.

Pathetic was the contrast I found on my last meeting, some twenty-two years later. The ravages of time, exposure and disease had done their worst, and had reduced him to a mere shadow of his former robust self. But what a spirit! There was evident the same determination and indomitable will, indicated by that same fire in those penetrating eyes, which had played no small part in dominating the stubborn and hostile wills of the savage peoples with whom he had had to deal in the early days of his lonely sojourn among the Lengua-Mascoy Indians and kindred tribes.

Long since given up by specialists whose theories he had often previously upset, and wasted and weakened as he was by many weeks in bed, and by the constantly recurring hæmorrhages that attacked him, yet I found him dressed and seated in a chair (for he had made this special effort to greet me) smoking as of old his long-stemmed Indian pipe.

Looking at him thus in his weakened condition as we chatted about the days gone by, when old associations and experiences crowded vividly back to our minds, pathetic indeed was the climax he reached when, after a pause in the conversation, as if divining my thoughts of his broken condition, he suddenly rose from his chair, and, gripping my

hand as in a vice, he followed up the gesture by standing in front of the fire-place and by actually placing one foot on the mantel-piece, remarking, "Not bad for an old 'un, eh? No, I'm not dead yet."

A supreme effort it undoubtedly was, for he sank back exhausted into his chair. Nevertheless, it was graphically indicative of the unimpaired spirit of the man, that same spirit by which, with God's grace, he had won through and overcome many a danger, difficulty and trial. Not the least of these was the occasion on which, after a murderous attack, he had well-nigh bled to death, when night after night at sunset, he summoned up sufficient strength to stand up and even attempted to dance by the camp fire in his endeavour to prove to the wild Indians that he was not likely to die during the night. Thus he warded off the danger of burial alive, a fate that awaited all, friend or foe alike, if they fainted or became unconscious, as might well have happened to him at the time.

If greatness consists, as has been said, in the influence exercised over others rather than in the possession of wealth, or intellect or power, then truly Grubb was a great man. By look, by word and deed, he won his way into the hearts of a savage people which has brought about the establishment of a successful mission with the conversion of Indian tribes from barbarism to Christianity.

That his influence was still wider many can testify, for he possessed other qualities which go to make a man great. Outstanding amongst these was his humility and aversion to publicity of any kind. He might have traded on such titles as "Pacificator of the Indians" or "The Livingstone of South America," but though a great speaker of no mean order and one who always drew large audiences, he avoided crowds. He was far happier when on trek in the wilds of the Chaco, and was seen at his best when negotiating a swamp or difficult river crossing in flood time with bullock carts.

Intellectually as well as physically Grubb was a gifted man. His brain was ever active in formulating some scheme for the betterment of the people he loved and for whom he had given his life. Yes, for the development and saving of a people so low in the human scale, and in a land so inhospitable

and unalluring, this man of so great faith gave of his best, and lived to see the manifold fruit of his labours.

No hardship ever deterred him, the heaviest weight and the toughest job was always his to tackle. Self was ever eliminated. Even when, as a convalescent in Buenos Aires recovering from his well-nigh fatal wound in the lung from a poisoned arrow, he was ordered home by his doctor armed with a letter to Sir Frederick Treves saying, "Put your surgical ear to this man's chest and you will find something interesting," Grubb disobeyed all orders and took the first available river boat back to his post and people in the Chaco. And that letter was never presented.

Such was the courage and nature that had won the respect of primitive man, who readily recognised a superior will and determination, which would brook no trifling, yet tempered withal by a saving sense of humour and a lovable personality which engendered and disclosed a devotion in return such as might not be expected in a savage.

Yiphenabanyetik (thick nape of the neck), as he was dubbed by the Lengua-Mascoy with that facility they have for nick-naming in accordance with some physical feature, is a name that will long live in the Chaco of South America, a name that will conjure up old memories of one who did and dared in the service of his Master, and who preached the "Good News" by a life of loving self-sacrifice for the uplifting of a primitive race, so low, yet so well worth the while.

Words no more appropriate than the following could be quoted of him than which those of us who knew and loved him could express their admiration and homage, and the faith we all hold :

"Life goes not out, but on :
Thy day has come, not gone :
Thy sun has risen, not set :
Thy life is now beyond the reach of death or change,
Not ended, but begun.
O noble soul ! O gentle heart !
Hail—and farewell."

H. T. MORREY-JONES.

Rio de Janeiro,
December 1932.

FOREWORD

By SIR HERBERT GIBSON, BART., K.B.E.

THE author of this biography of the life and work of a very remarkable man formed part of the small group of earnest missionaries who shared with him the perils and privations of a life devoted to their fellow creatures in regions unknown to civilisation. No hidden marvels of nature, no virgin riches of a bounteous earth, lay waiting to be revealed on the paths they trod through the wilderness of the Great Chaco. Travellers and pioneers of past and present generations had never penetrated beyond the fringe of this great void land. In all the span of two centuries when the Jesuits carried the torch of Christianity throughout the Continent of South America, none had established contact or reached the moving camping grounds of the nomad tribes of this spacious territory. The Lengua Indians, into whose midst Barbrooke Grubb first boldly walked, were described a century earlier by Abbé Iolis in his history of the Great Chaco as "savages of great stature, robust limbs and uncommon strength; unfriendly to their neighbours and to missionaries; nor has their conversion been attempted because of their evil ferocity. Their language is similar to that of the Chiquitos."

Their language, and that of other racial stocks of the Chaco, have been long since mastered, grammatized, and even rebuilt as to their lingual origins, by the author of this biography. This work, though it is a great work, is, however, one of the means to a greater human end, and but lightly regarded by those who achieved it, spending long years in acquiring the strange elementary tongues of unknown tribes of man. What Barbrooke Grubb, and his early and life-long fellow companions Pride and Hunt sought, was not to acquire fame as discoverers of unknown peoples and tongues, or as pioneers in new realms of ethnography, but to reach the hearts and understanding of starved bodies and souls, waging an endless struggle to wrest food from a niggard and unharnessed nature, plunged in the gloom of superstition that filled their

lives with a terror of horrific spirits that begot cruelties in their own minds to placate them. What those pioneers of health and light sought was to give these tortuous and primitive minds an understanding of their own wiser and more kindly ones.

During the long period, commencing more than forty years ago, when Barbrooke Grubb at first alone penetrated the unknown swamps and forests of the Chaco, little reached the outer world of the events that befell this little band of missionaries engaged in forming Indian settlements and establishing contact with other tribes from the rivers Bermejo and Pilcomayo to the Upper Paraguay river and the confines of the Bolivian uplands. Travellers, even by the ordinary routes, to those regions were few; the people and press of the countries within whose political boundaries they lay took scant interest in missionary work; Barbrooke Grubb and his fellows, when they on rare occasions passed through such cities as Buenos Aires, avoided publicity and were only known to a few scattered friends. It was only to such, and even to them in his unassuming everyday guise as a lay missionary whose business in life was not likely to awaken the interest of others, that Barbrooke Grubb was known.

Yet it was impossible to be long in converse with him without becoming conscious of the dynamic force within the man. When the topic became one concerning his Indians, and the lands of their abode, his grey compelling eyes lighted up and blazed; his earnestness arrested attention; he spoke with the conviction of one to whom failure had no meaning and obstacles were but straws to be brushed aside. Of medium stature, his appearance conveyed an impression of physical endurance and great strength of character. His language was simple and homely, as of a man essentially human, in whom sound sense and humour were ever present. It was said of him that though he mastered the Lengua language and had a smattering of others he knew none really well, and his speech in them was more forceful than nicely accurate. That, too, was part of his nature, for he strove to get to the understanding of men and cared less for the orthodoxy of the spoken word than for the end it served. When the neglect of an affix or suffix, or of a vowel or consonant change

—all of which play so great a part in the significance of South American polysynthetic languages—conveyed a different and perhaps ludicrous implication in the term he employed and he saw by the expression of his auditors' faces that his meaning had miscarried, he laughed cheerfully at his mistake though never a smile had come over the immovable features of his audience.

The much greater gift he possessed was one of penetration of the signs and symbols by which they conveyed information to each other of the tribes and gens to which they pertained. He mastered, by the instinctive affinities he established with people so remote and different from his own, a knowledge of their superstitions, and the mysteries professed by their witch-doctors, withheld from all strangers. He became to them a being different from all others ; a spirit of their own spirits yet of another and higher order ; in a mysterious way one with themselves. How this came about perhaps he himself could not fully explain ; but he held and proved that an outward indifference and contempt for the brandishing of weapons and the threats of frightfulness was a sure way to impose mastery ; and ridicule was the safest weapon to reduce the witch-doctor to impotence among his own people.

He well knew the limitations of the primitive Indian's understanding and had no exalted vision of training it in one or two generations to the level of a reflective and cultured people. To him they were not a people sitting in darkness awaiting the torch of light to enlighten them, and forthwith have a perfect understanding of all things from the very first ; but a primitive race of fellow creatures descended from countless generations no better or wiser or more cultured than themselves ; the indigenous people of the land who had not yet emerged from the twilight of savagery but capable of emerging if taken by the hand and schooled to such simple arts and knowledge as would enable them to settle on the land of their fathers, engage in useful and self-supporting pursuits, and so be ready, when the tide of the white man's progress advanced, to take their share in his social organisation and not be swept out as useless encumbrances, or be eliminated by the disease and vice that follow in the white man's train. "I must feed them first," he was wont to say ; "for what man

is going to listen to social morals on a hungry belly when he knows that he must wander afield in search of food I cannot provide."

Thus he set about securing in freehold for their settlement, land in the vast unknown Chaco which had been their nomad home for countless generations, but which was now all mapped out by Governments which had sold them in lots as big as counties to speculative buyers, though neither sellers nor buyers had ever ventured to set foot on them. Of such centres, bought by the hard-won savings he himself bestowed, or obtained by long and patient efforts from others, this book narrates the foundation and subsequent fortunes. It was Barbrooke Grubb's most ardent wish that the settlement of the Chaco Indians should be a foremost care of those who followed him. The end he pursued was that the Indians themselves should finally become self-governing communities, holding their lands in common, but each family possessing its own livestock and homestead, engaged in agriculture or in the arts and crafts that spring from communal settlement, and each self-supporting. He had in some measure adopted the methods of the Jesuit reduction of more than a century earlier; but while accepting its principles of communal discipline and order as essential to the early stages of formation, he departed from the Jesuit doctrine of unquestioning subordination and submission to clerical control, seeking in exchange to establish individual independence and self-reliance as the final goal to attain.

Accompanying these projects he did not conceal a fear he entertained that the social and material development of the Chaco Indian towards independent welfare might be retarded or even atrophied by a spiritual solicitude that would regard such ends as of less importance than the ministrations of the Church. He foresaw that a disregard for the worldly advance of the settlers, as a thing apart from the duties of the ordained and lay missionaries to whom they looked as superiors, and an indifference to instructing them in the ordinary vocations of self-supporting life, would, at best, but hold them together for a generation or two and finally end in their dispersal. To avert this danger he sought that such communal lands as were possessed should not be vested in the Church but in the hands

of co-operative institutions composed of Indian settlers and, as largely as possible, controlled and governed by themselves. To this end his constant endeavour was to secure the services of lay missionaries, instructed in the practice of agriculture or with mechanical training, to teach and assist the Indian settlers in what he regarded the most essential part of their development towards civilised life.

In the truest sense of the word, Barbrooke Grubb was an empire builder. He was a builder of the empire of man over his own lowly state and frailties. He was a born leader. Had his lot been cast in any other sphere he would have framed his own destiny and risen to command. He had chosen for his mission in life a neglected and seemingly unfruitful field. The Yahgans of Tierra del Fuego, and the Guaycuru tribes of the Great Chaco are among the lowest and most primitive peoples of all the indigenous stocks of South America. Their respective countries, one in the bleak and inclement region of the farthestmost south of the Continent; the other, in the tropics, lacking in all the essentials of Nature to make life palatable, offered no attraction even to those who seek adventure in the void spaces of the earth. It was to such unpromising material, and in such an arid field, that he devoted his life. The marvel is not the work he achieved in that field, great as it was; but that such unflagging faith and driving singleness of mind were found in a man who gave his life to its accomplishment.

From first to last Barbrooke Grubb was purely and simply the friend, the counsellor and the pacifier of indigenous races among whose squalid surroundings and primitive life he pitched his tent. All he did was out of a wide love and understanding of his fellow creatures, as the servant and follower of his Divine Master.

HERBERT GIBSON.

PREFACE

MY first glimpse of Barbrooke Grubb was in October 1894. He was standing up in a canoe, with a paddle in his hand, instructing his raw natives and guiding his boat to a safe landing on the shore at Concepción. He was alert and keen, enjoying the zest of life emanating from a vigorous young manhood. My last view of him was in May 1930, a fortnight before his death, propped up in bed, physically weak, but wonderfully clear and active mentally.

To have been associated with him for those thirty-five years has been a great privilege and a source of happiness to me that I have been able to share his experiences and to render him assistance in the carrying out of his plans.

Complying with the request of friends, I have attempted in this simple story to describe Grubb's early experiences and adventures, and to trace the steps of his progress from one country to another, together with the methods he adopted and the results he achieved in his missionary work among the nomads of the Gran Chaco.

My best thanks are due to Canon Macdonald, and the Reverend Bertram Jones, for helpful advice and material furnished; to Miss Alice Bridges, the Misses Grubb and other members of the family, who contributed biographical details; to the Reverend Dr. Kilgour for so kindly reading over this life of the pioneer; to the publisher for many useful hints and much assistance; and to other friends who will recognize their contributions in the text.

R.J.H.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. EARLY YEARS 1865-1886	17
II. APPOINTED TO KEPPEL ISLAND 1886	28
III. TRAINS YAHGAN BOYS AT KEPPEL 1886-1889	34
IV. ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER PARAGUAY 1890	44
V. EXPERIENCES AT RIACHO FERNANDEZ 1890	52
VI. PLUNGES INTO THE UNKNOWN WILDS 1890	62
VII. SETTLES INLAND 1891	76
VIII. REMOVES TO THLAGNASINKINMITH 1891	82
IX. TRIALS AND TRAVELS 1892-1893	91
X. PERILOUS DAYS AT THLAGWAKHE 1893-1894	101
XI. ACQUIRES A PERMANENT LANDING-PLACE 1895	121
XII. WAIKTHLATINGMANGYALWA FOUNDED 1895-96	129
XIII. TAKES HIS FIRST FURLOUGH 1896	141
XIV. THE MARCH OF EVENTS IN THE FIELD 1896-1897	148
XV. LENGTHENING CORDS AND STRENGTHENING STAKES 1897	162
XVI. POET'S TREACHERY AND MURDEROUS ATTACK 1897	170
XVII. DREAD OF BURIAL ALIVE 1897	177
XVIII. RECOVERY AND CONVALESCENCE 1898-1899	188
XIX. TACKLING THE WITCH-DOCTORS 1900	202
XX. THE CATTLE RANCH AT THE PASS 1901	210
XXI. THE CHRISTIAN COLONY AT NAKTE-TINGMA 1902-1904	220
XXII. THE GARDEN SETTLEMENT OF MAKTHLAWAIYA 1905-1908	233
XXIII. AN EXPEDITION TO BOLIVIA 1909-1910	255
XXIV. THE CANE-FIELDS OF ARGENTINA 1911-1913	261
XXV. AMONG THE SANAPANAS OF NORTHERN PARA- GUAY 1914	276
XXVI. AMONG THE MATAÇOS OF THE BERMEJO RIVER 1914-1915	285

Contents

XV

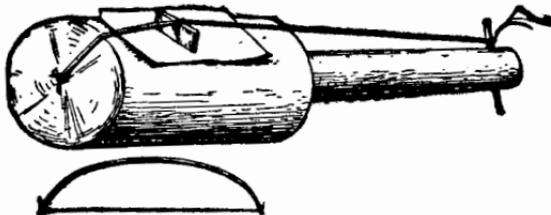
CHAPTER		PAGE
XXVII.	AMONG THE SUHIN OF THE MONTE LINDO 1915-1918	296
XXVIII.	NEARING THE END OF HIS TRAVELS 1918-1923	305
XXIX.	LAST LINKS IN A NOBLE CHAIN 1923-1930 .	316
XXX.	THE PASSING OF THE PIONEER 1928-1930 .	332
	INDEX	343



CLAY WATER BOTTLE.

ILLUSTRATIONS

WILFRID BARBROOKE GRUBB	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	PAGE
A YAHGAN HUNT ON THE SOUTH AMERICAN COAST	40
LENGUA WOMEN AT HOME	56
TYPICAL CHACO INDIANS	72
INDIAN CLAY PIPE-BOWL	81
OPPOSITION AND DETERMINATION	88
CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP	96
SUHIN PIPE OF CARVED WOOD	100
MULE-CART AND BULLOCK-WAGON	112
TOWOTHLI CLAY VESSEL, PAINTED	128
GROUND-PLAN OF GRUBB'S HOUSE AT WAIKTHLATING- MANGYALWA	136
LENGUA DOLL	140
LENGUA METHOD OF PRODUCING FIRE	147
THE DAM AT MAKTHLAWAIYA	160
ARCHDEACON SHIMIELD VISITS NATIVE VILLAGE	160
A GROUP OF SANAPANAS	160
LENGUA FISH-TRAP	176
ATTEMPTED MURDER OF BARBROOKE GRUBB	176
POET, THE TRAITOR	192
THE THREE VETERANS	192
FISHERMEN OF THE PILCOMAYO	208
SPINSTER AND SEMPSTRESSES	240
REALISTIC SCENE AT A MISSIONARY EXHIBITION	256
MATACO HUTS	288
<i>Yuchan</i> , OR BOTTLE-TRUNK TREE	304
<i>Carpincho</i> , OR WATER-HOG	304
CHACO INDIANS	328



LENGUA ONE-STRINGED FIDDLE, WITH BOW.
(STRING OF HORSEHAIR; BODY OF SOFT WOOD, HOLLOWED OUT.)

Early Years 1865-1886

Born near Edinburgh—His Father from Derbyshire—His Mother from Devonshire—From a good tough Stock—Home at Liberton—Phantom Horseman—Education, Adventures & Ambitions—Religious Life—Offers for Missionary Service—In training at Chobham—His first Sermon.

WILFRID BARBROOKE GRUBB, missionary explorer of the Gran Chaco—of whom Bishop Stirling predicted at the outset of his career that he would become the “Livingstone of South America”—started and finished his course within easy distance of Edinburgh. In a pleasant home in the picturesque village of Liberton on August 11th, 1865, he first saw the light of day, and on May 31st, 1930, his body was brought to his birthplace, from the neighbouring village of Lasswade, and laid to rest in the family grave in the beautiful cemetery overlooking the city.

Throughout his life, the pioneer had many vital contacts with Scotland. His roots lay deeply buried in the rugged soil of Scottish life and character. From boyhood onward, in work and in play, he exhibited grit and independence; he ever showed loyalty to his family and affection for his friends; and in the tight corners of his adventurous career he demonstrated many of the fine manly qualities that one associates with his native land. To the last his accent revealed his nursery, while the subjects of his conversation frequently betokened his love of country, its ideals, its history, its religion and even its superstitions.

He came of a long line of Scottish ancestors; his father was connected with the Douglas family; and one of his forebears was mixed up in the Jacobite Rising of 1745 and left Scotland, though he returned shortly before his death

under an assumed name, and died at the age of a hundred. On the maternal side there was another centenarian connected with Scotland, who was present at the Battle of Waterloo, and while in Edinburgh, somewhere about the year 1800, was acquainted with Sir Walter Scott, then practising as an advocate or barrister. Some of this half-uncle's kindred were intimately connected with Prince Charlie.

Wilfrid's father was born in 1823 at the village of Barbrooke in Derbyshire. He was the second youngest of a large family, and was left an orphan, when about seven years of age. He had four sisters, one of whom was married to a Mr. Bennet, the other three remained unmarried. Of his early years and education nothing seems to be known, but he studied medicine, and as a young doctor in Edinburgh, we find him working with the eminent Sir James Young Simpson, when the great professor discovered the use of chloroform in 1847. No doubt the famous scientist experimented upon his young assistant, as he assuredly did on his own daughters.

It is not very remarkable that Wilfrid should have exhibited not only pluck and endurance but many fighting qualities. For his mother belonged to a military family, and it is no mean record to state that her grandfather, father and three brothers served in the East India Company. Anna Lang was born in 1825 at Bluehaze, in Devonshire, the family seat of her father, a Colonel in the Indian Army. Her mother, whose maiden name was Bamford, was Colonel Lang's second wife. Miss Bamford and her two sisters were at the Court of George IV, and all made excellent marriages. Anna, one of the sisters, was married to a Blackburn of Hale near Liverpool; while the other became Lady Pigot, the envied owner of the Pigot diamond.

Wilfrid's maternal grandmother appears to have had but the two children, Tom, who held in his day the position of Secretary of the General Post Office in Edinburgh, and Anna, much younger than her brother, who became the wife of Dr. Barbrooke Grubb. She was in Paris during the Revolution of 1830, and from there, for political reasons, she was compelled to fly for her life disguised as a page boy. She recorded her experiences and adventures at some length, but

the MS. which she intended should form the nucleus of an historical novel was unfortunately lost.

She died soon after this incident. Her daughter, Anna, was thus left an orphan at a tender age, and lived for the greater part of her early days with a relative, Mrs. Elizabeth Goddard. As Miss Lang she came into contact with many well-born and illustrious people in her youth, of whom she had many stories to tell to her children later on round the family hearth; and a keen interest in politics, prominent persons and current events continued with her till the last.

The family seat of Bluehaze was occupied by a son of Colonel Lang's previous marriage, John, a captain in the Indian Army, who suffered from a shrivelled arm following sunstroke while on service in India. In later years, Harriet, Wilfrid's elder sister, lived with him for a time in the old house in Devonshire. There was another half-brother, Dashwood Lang, grandfather of the Reverend Arthur Giles, sometime vicar of the Priory Church, Great Malvern. Their father was born in 1763, so that he was already sixty-two years of age when Wilfrid's mother was born.

It would thus seem that both on the father's and mother's side of the family, Wilfrid descended from a good tough stock, noted for longevity, and living in prosperity. A love of politics ending in stirring escapades and flight, and a thirst for travel and adventure, marked the ancestors of both sides. Among the paternal ancestors was one who accompanied Penn, and assisted in the founding of Pennsylvania in North America. A maternal ancestor is recorded to have done legitimate trading in foreign waters, with perhaps a suspicion of piracy at odd times, during the reign of Henry VIII.

After the young doctor from Derbyshire wooed and won the colonel's daughter from Devonshire, he took his bride to Liberton. For a time he appears to have followed his profession, but eventually, owing to indifferent health, he was compelled to give up his practice. There were three sons and two daughters by the marriage.

In spite of poor health, the doctor lived to see his family grow up and settle in life. He watched the departure of his son to South America, and heard of the early explorations and missionary efforts in the wilds of the Gran Chaco. But he

passed away at the ripe age of seventy on November 13th, 1893, several years before his son came home on his first furlough.

Mrs. Grubb died in Edinburgh on February 4th, 1916, surrounded by four of her children, for her missionary son was home on furlough at the time. Wilfrid was very fond of his mother, who followed his perilous wanderings and missionary activities with maternal solicitude and with an intelligent understanding of his privations and difficulties, and, one may add, with her fervent prayers. To a relative he wrote a few days after the funeral:—

“I feel the loss of my dear old mother; she was 91, nearly 92, clear in the intellect till the last and took a great and lively interest in everything. She knew Newman before he joined the Church of Rome, De Quincey, and many other celebrities. Her father was born in 1763, so that the two lives covered 153 years—very good.”

Liberton, or Leper Town, is pleasantly situated among fertile fields on the outskirts of Edinburgh, of which it commands an excellent view. Glimpses may be caught of the Pentlands and the Firth of Forth and, on clear days, the distant hills of Fife. The church, which occupies the site of one much older, stands on one of the highest ridges and gives character to the surrounding houses with their pleasant gardens. Today the constant stream of trams to the city and its service of buses to the country, together with its modern villas and up-to-date shops, give it the appearance of a modern suburb rather than an ancient village.

Sixty or seventy years ago it retained a great deal of its old-world charm, although most of its ancient monuments and landmarks had long since disappeared. The houses were old-fashioned, the roads narrow, and the village unlighted at night, a place where uncanny things might flit in the darkness and body-snatchers creep silently away with their gruesome prize.

The villagers of those days were not neglectful of religious duties either on the Sabbath Day in the church or daily in the home, but vestiges of ancient superstition steadily clung to them. Haunted houses had to be avoided, lonely walks through the churchyard were taken in fear and trembling,

ghosts were seen or heard at midnight, and signs and portents had, without doubt, great significance.

In these rural surroundings and among these simple folk, Wilfrid started the race of life. The atmosphere of the village and the old-fashioned mysticism of the people appealed and clung to him as he grew older, and made him sympathetic towards the crude superstitions and curious folk-stories of the backward tribes among whom he lived and laboured. Whether his father doubted or believed in magical spells and auguries, mystic signs and ghostly visitants, he does not seem to have remained unmoved by current beliefs. When Wilfrid was born he found a half-sovereign lying on the ground and shortly afterwards he discovered an old cannon ball which had been fired in some old-time battle. From these signs a "wise woman" predicted that the child would never be without money, but would never gather riches, and that his life would be a continual conflict.

Dr. Grubb once related to his son the following incident: His cousin, with whom he had business connections, had occasion to visit a remote country house near the Pentlands to see a dying man. He was accompanied by a friend. In those days the only expeditious method of getting about the country lying away from the main turnpike roads was on horseback. The night was fairly far advanced as they drew near the neighbourhood of a lonely glen in which a party of the old Covenanters had been attacked, and many slaughtered by the troops of Claverhouse. They were passing a dark, tree-shaded part of the road. The moon gave but little light, and in this gully hardly any.

They soon became aware that a man on horseback was overtaking them, although it afterwards struck them that his horse's hoofs made no noise. What chiefly attracted their attention was the unusual circumstance of another traveller being in so lonely a neighbourhood at that late hour. In those days it was not always an agreeable experience to meet others on the road, for their intentions might not be friendly. The rider drew near and was soon alongside. They wished him good evening, but he did not reply. They spoke again, but he did not answer. As they emerged from the glade and the light became clearer, to their horror they perceived that their

companion was in armour, and it then dawned upon them that although he and his horse appeared to be quite natural, neither did his armour clank nor did his horse's hoofs make a sound; their flesh began to creep. A highwayman could be tackled, a spectral knight could not. They felt unable to hurry their pace and escape. At last, to their great relief, they neared the historic glen, and their unwelcome road companion turned his horse up it and disappeared. Such at least was the story which they vouched was true.

The home at Liberton seems to have been one of pleasantness and deep content, where a close attachment existed between the parents and the children, and a religious peace pervaded the whole atmosphere.

As a child Wilfrid appears to have had unusual physical and constitutional strength. He had, moreover, a vivid imagination, and a vigorous will and even as a youngster betrayed a certain stiffness of manner. There is a story told of his being taken by his father to be enrolled as a scholar. It was his first school, and when the master asked him his name, the small boy drew himself up and solemnly replied, "Wilfrid Barbrooke Grubb, Esquire."

He does not figure as an outstanding success at school, neither as a paragon of goodness nor as a scholar. He was fonder of mischief than of his lessons and, consequently, in frequent trouble with his teachers, who were not guilty of spoiling the child by sparing the rod. Geography was one of his favourite subjects. Tales of pirates and travellers' yarns fascinated him. Hours were spent in the pleasant company of such writers as Mungo Park and Captain Cook and other intrepid travellers. In his mature years he used to speak of his history master with gratitude and affection, for this particular teacher delighted in his subject, and not only provided his pupils with a solid groundwork of facts, but also created in them an ardent desire to continue the study and revel in a wide knowledge of history.

Wilfrid was good at games such as wrestling, in lifting weights and feats of strength. In schoolboy fights and pitched battles he found a special delight. During the later phases of his education he frequently took part in great snowball battles between the students and the public, which,

at times, became dangerous in character and not infrequently resulted in police interference.

Pluck and daring he never lacked. Ghost stories captivated his imagination. The weird tales about body-snatchers, who, at great risk to life and reputation, supplied the medical students with dead bodies for anatomical purposes, exerted a curious influence over him. Graveyards fascinated him, and occasionally he tested his courage by taking a lonely walk in the darkness through the silent homes of the dead. One night he got a shock. As he was making his way to the church door, something cold and clammy struck him a smart blow in the face and knocked off his hat. A crash followed, and he jumped back quickly. He was scared, but curious. So, peering into the darkness, he soon discovered the cause. The sexton's wife had washed the clothes and hung them on a line in the churchyard. Swayed by the wind, the clothes were blown on to the boy's face and, at the same moment, the prop was loosened and fell to the ground.

Wilfrid was somewhat of a trial and responsibility to his elder brother, Alfred, who was some eight years his senior, of a serious temperament, and somewhat disappointed in life. Circumstances forced him into Civil Service work, for which he never cared; his great ambition had been to enter the ministry. He now centred his own hopes and ambitions on his young brother, and wanted to help him to become a minister—a vocation to which Wilfrid from first to last never felt himself called. Alfred, however, superintended his studies, urged him to more strenuous endeavour, carefully planned his reading, and then, on his return home in the evening, found the lad apparently idle, lost in a brown study, his mind full of ideas of life among the native races of Africa. No thought of South America had yet entered his mind, nor even of missionary work. His time was spent in reading books of adventure or travel among African tribes in particular, and his chief desire centred in going to some wild part of the world, where scope and opportunity might be found of making the savages into a great people.

When the elder brother remonstrated and lectured him for waste of time and burying his talent—for he pictured a great future for the boy—Wilfrid would be duly penitent. There

would be a rush at his brother, followed by a bear's hug, a friendly tussle, and a promise of better attention to practical studies.

He was educated at the famous George Watson's College, Edinburgh, whose scholars are noteworthy, especially for strength of character, in every sphere of life and throughout the whole world. On leaving school he could not easily decide on a career. Neither the Indian Civil Service nor business appealed to him. The ministry and medical profession did not attract him. His one desire was to wander into some undiscovered part of the globe, and to study the manners and customs of its savage inhabitants. For a short period he took up teaching, and, though still young, gained a reputation for strict discipline. This characteristic was also in evidence in the Sunday School and in the districts of Edinburgh where he worked and visited. His sister remembers groups of boys in the Cannongate, on mischief bent, breaking up at sight of him with shouts of "Run, run, he'll catch you."

Before he was sixteen, he became a regular reader of the Bible and of religious books. With his brother and a band of Christian students, he spent his spare evenings and Saturday afternoons in organising and conducting open-air meetings. Wilfrid had a good reading voice, which carried a long distance, and he soon developed the power of public speaking. For these characteristics his companions called him the "Bell-man," and gave him the part of the opening address, as he could soon gather together an audience with his powerful voice and attractive speech.

In 1881 he joined the Edinburgh Medical Mission, just about the time when Dr. Duncan Main left to start his great work at Hangchow in China, and Dr. Arthur Neve set out for Kashmir. A fellow student was Dr. Rigg, who, later, spent many years as a missionary in China, and on his return practised in Preston, where he remained till his death in October, 1930, surviving his early friend and colleague by a few months. His stay at the Medical Mission was brief and tragic. While in the dissecting room, Wilfrid and a friend cut themselves with lancets, which brought on blood-poisoning. Within forty-eight hours his friend was dead, and he remained very ill for

nearly a year and nearly lost his sight. He suffered from weak eyes for years afterwards.

After his recovery, when he was about eighteen years of age, he tried to join a party starting for Africa, but was rejected on the ground of youth.

It was about this period, 1884, that he came into contact with Moody and Sankey, and with men associated with Henry Drummond in the great evangelical movement among students, which was to become world-wide in its scope and influence. In this way Barbrooke Grubb was led to devote his life with all its powers to missionary enterprise among the backward races of the world.

His decision to offer his services to the South American Missionary Society was made on his nineteenth birthday. In the Minute Book of the S.A.M.S. there is an entry on August 12th, 1884, modestly referring to the application of "Mr. Grubb of Edinburgh" to be a missionary of the Society. At that date he had an interview in St. Thomas' Church, Edinburgh, with the Rev. H. S. Acworth, Vicar of Chobham, which resulted in his going to that Surrey village for some fifteen months and reading with the vicar. During the interview in the church a terrific thunderstorm swept Edinburgh and its surroundings; among other fatalities the Earl of Lauderdale, who was shooting on the moors, was killed by lightning.

It was a great change for the young Scotsman to leave the city of Edinburgh and take up life at Chobham, a pretty village, some four miles from Woking and twenty-four miles from London. He was considered too young and inexperienced to go out to South America, so he went there to gain some practical experience of parochial work and to receive theological training from the vicar.

He fully enjoyed his stay at Chobham, which at that date was a self-contained agricultural village, with a few shops, the White Hart Inn, and a few residential houses, the whole crowned by the fine old Church of St. Lawrence, with its sloping roof and lead spire, parts of which date back to the fourteenth and twelfth centuries. The place is surrounded by commons, which in spring are golden with gorse and broom, and in summer purple with heather.

Situated a mile from the village is the little hamlet of Burrow

Hill, consisting mostly of labourers' cottages. Here, Barbrooke Grubb did most of his parochial visiting and preaching, holding services on Sunday and several times during the week in the Mission Hall, erected by the vicar of the parish. During his fifteen months' ministry he won the affection of the simple folk and made many friends, who followed his career with deepening interest and gave him a hearty welcome whenever he visited the village to tell of his exploits in the wilds and the triumphs of the Gospel among the savages.

It was during his residence there that he was confirmed by the Bishop of Winchester, who also gave him his licence as Lay Reader.

Mr. Acworth gave him a good training, directing his theological reading over a wide range and severely criticising his efforts at sermon preparation, cutting out every superfluous adjective or unnecessary word. Needless to state the teacher evinced, as the years rolled by, increasing regard for his pupil, watching keenly the unique experiences and marked progress of his enterprise, and furthered his endeavours by prayerful sympathy and practical help.

The following story told by Grubb himself of the way the master criticised the pupil's first sermon makes good reading:—

“Shortly after receiving my licence Mr. Acworth instructed me to write a sermon and submit it to him, so that he might judge of my capabilities in this direction. He gave me a whole week in which to do it, and any reference books that I might require were at my disposal. I set to work to produce what I felt sure would be an electrifying address—poetry, word pictures, close reasoning, original touches showing the spark of genius, suitable pauses and specially-marked passages requiring a specially solemn tone; illustrations and very pointed remarks, all these ingredients, and some more, were stirred up in this wonderful mess of pottage. At last the great task was done, I read the completed article through, I read passages of it out to my landlady, and she was pleased; I read it again myself, more or less aloud, as if I were delivering it before an audience. I was delighted at the production. I put it in the breast pocket of my coat and walked round on the appointed day to the Vicarage. I felt sure that this would surprise and astonish the examiner.

“ He sat down in his big leather chair, I sat opposite while he proceeded to read to himself. I was going to watch his face to see the effect of this my impressive and original sermon. When he had evidently read through the text, slap went the blue pencil through a passage; a little further on the pencil was at work again—he did not seem to write in the margin such nice remarks as ‘good,’ ‘excellent,’ ‘that’s the nail on the head,’ and such like. His marks seemed to take the uncomfortable form of a St. Andrew’s cross. I began to get alarmed and annoyed, my beautiful production was being mutilated, he must be a poor judge of a good sermon. But insult was added to injury when this my remarkable, original discourse was handed back to me, and my eyes caught in blue pencil the horrible cutting criticism: ‘Mr. G., you are like a dog running round trying to catch its tail, and never succeeding.’”

“ After my first shock was over, he began to explain the many blunders I had made, and he left me with only a few paragraphs, chiefly extracted from Holy Writ. I could say nothing, but I felt a lot. To tell the truth I did not quite agree with his remarks, I still thought it was a fine sermon. It has been said that every young lad has a superfluity of conceit, and that the sooner it is knocked out of him the better; out it has to come in any case, before he can really be made a man. Now that I have more sense I thank him and other people for having knocked a lot of the bumptiousness and self-esteem out of me. Ignorance generally makes a man think more highly of himself than he ought to do; real knowledge humbles, because it enables one to appreciate how little one really does know.”

While still six months short of his twenty-first birthday, the young man appeared before the Committee of the Society. Various questions were put to him and duly answered, then the Chairman, referring to the tragic death of Allen Gardiner, solemnly asked the young candidate if he wanted to be a martyr. “No, sir, I do not want to be a martyr,” was the equally solemn reply. He was formally accepted and arrangements made for his departure for South America by the *Galileo* on March 16th, 1886.

Appointed to Keppel Island 1886

Appointed as Catechist—Activities of the South American Missionary Society—Allen Gardiner, the Founder—Pakenham Despard—Keppel Island—Stirling, Missionary & Bishop—Bridges at Ushuaia & Harberton—Mr. and Mrs. Burleigh at Wollaston & Tekenika.

BARBROOKE GRUBB was appointed as a Lay Catechist to Keppel Island in the West Falklands. He volunteered as a pioneer missionary to the Indian tribes. He was filled with a keen desire for adventure and dominated by a noble resolve to win the friendship of the native races and to improve their social and spiritual condition. At that date the interior parts of South America were not only undeveloped, but great stretches of territory were unexplored, and many of the primitive tribes were living in their simple way, unmolested by the foreigner and untouched by civilisation.

The South American Missionary Society had not confined its activities to aboriginal peoples. At various centres chaplaincies had been established to meet the spiritual needs of our own countrymen, while at several ports in Brazil and Chile a number of devoted men were ministering to the social and spiritual requirements of seamen ashore and afloat. For ten years the Society endeavoured, without success, to plant a Mission on one of the affluents of the Amazon; and the efforts of their missionaries in Patagonia were likewise attended with failure. So that in 1886 what was called the Southern Mission was the only existing Mission of the Society to aboriginal peoples.

The Society was founded by Captain Allen Gardiner, R.N., in 1844. While still in service on the *Dauntless*, this gallant naval officer came into contact with some of the natives of

South America. He became so impressed with their deep need and utter neglect by the Christian Church, that he resigned his appointment in the navy, and in 1838 began missionary work among the Araucanians of Southern Chile. The Mission proving a failure, he departed to the Falkland Islands, which he considered a key position for reaching both the natives of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego. Checked again in his endeavours, he turned his attention to the wild tribes of the Gran Chaco. After a long, arduous journey he reached Bolivia, and advanced as far as the Toba country on the River Pilcomayo, but owing to religious opposition and political disturbances in that country his efforts in that direction had to be abandoned.

Still undaunted, the great pioneer endeavoured to reach the Yahgans in Tierra del Fuego, a cold and inhospitable region in the extreme south of the continent. Between the years 1842 and 1851 he made repeated attempts to form a station in Patagonia, on Staten Island, on Picton Island, and finally his indomitable efforts ended in disaster, when he and his six heroic fellow-pioneers died of starvation at Spaniard Harbour in September 1851.

On receiving the news the Rev. Pakenham Despard, Secretary of the Society, wrote to *The Times* his firm resolve, "With God's help the Mission shall be maintained." A schooner named the *Allen Gardiner* was built and manned, and with Phillips the catechist and Ellis the surgeon, sailed from Bristol in 1854. Two years later Despard himself followed in their wake.

It was part of Allen Gardiner's plan for the Mission to have a centre where young Fuegians, separated from their wild companions and sordid surroundings, could be given the elements of education, trained in useful trades, and instructed in the fundamentals of religion. Following the advice given by Admirals Fitzroy and Sullivan, Keppel Island in the West Falklands was selected for the Mission station. The island is some twenty-two miles in circumference and was uninhabited till the arrival of the catechist and surgeon in 1855.

Using Keppel as a base, trips were made in the *Allen Gardiner* and the natives of the mainland visited. Eventually, one family came to live on the island. Later, three men and

their wives and two lads, named Okoko and Lucca, from Tierra del Fuego, accepted the missionary's invitation to the Mission station.

Then on November 9th, 1859, came another and terrible disaster, when the little band of eight workers—missionary, captain and sailors (with a single exception)—were brutally massacred by the fierce and savage Fuegians of Navarin Island, and the schooner rifled of its contents. Three years were lost by this catastrophe. The ship was taken to England for repairs and refitting, and Despard and his family travelled home in her. When she sailed again in 1862, the Rev. W. H. Stirling came out as superintendent of the Mission, accompanied by his wife and family.

During this time Okoko and his wife, Camilena, were the only Fuegians at the station on Keppel Island. With their help progress was made in the language; they themselves improved in manners by adopting civilised ways; and the farm started on the island, with care and industry, was quite successful and in a fair way to paying its own expenses. With the re-arrival of the schooner, the interrupted work on the mainland was resumed with vigour. At intervals small groups of natives were brought to the station, given as much instruction as was possible under the circumstances and then, after a few months' residence, were conducted back to their homes in the wilds.

In 1865, following the lamented death of his wife, Mr. Stirling returned to England for a brief visit and took with him four selected Fuegian lads, who remained with him during his stay. After his return he spent much time cruising amongst the islands, visiting the Yahgans in their own homes, ever desirous of discovering a suitable site and favourable conditions for a permanent station among the Indians. In 1869 he established himself at Ushuaia, on the north side of the Beagle Channel as "God's sentinel, stationed at the southernmost outpost of His great army." Here he laboured, a dauntless pioneer missionary to the lowest of savages, till he was summoned to England for consecration as the first Bishop of the Falkland Islands.

Thomas Bridges was at that time in charge of Keppel, where he had resided practically from its commencement. At the

age of thirteen, a fatherless boy, he was adopted by the Rev. G. Pakenham Despard, who took him out with his wife and family, when he sailed to take up work at Keppel. When Despard left for England in 1862, he wanted his adopted son to accompany him. The youth of nineteen felt it to be his duty to stay and look after the two or three natives living there. He devoted most of his time to the study of the language, and eventually acquired a perfect knowledge of it, reduced it to writing, compiled a grammar and dictionary and, later, completed for the press a translation of the Gospels of St. Luke and St. John, and the Acts of the Apostles in the Yahgan tongue. When he could get away from the island, he journeyed along the coast of Tierra del Fuego, studying the manners and curious customs of the people. He remained there till the end of 1868, when he travelled to England in order to be ordained. He was ordained by the Bishop of London at St. Paul's Cathedral on Trinity Sunday, 1869. While in England, he was introduced by an old clergyman to Miss Varder of Harberton, South Devon. Mutual admiration and affection followed and on August 7th they were duly married.

When he sailed with his bride two days later, two married missionaries accompanied him, Lewis, a skilled carpenter, destined to help the work at Ushuaia, and Lawrence, a trained agriculturist, appointed to assist Bartlett, the farm bailiff, at Keppel. A few months after the birth of his daughter, Mary, at Stanley in December 1870, Bridges set out to take charge of the station of Ushuaia, where for nearly twenty years he laboured with great success, creating a Christian village with church, school and orphanage, surrounded by neat cottages instead of the old-time wigwams of the savages.

On the occasion of the settlement of the boundary question between Chile and Argentina, an exploring party reached Ushuaia. When the surveyors continued their voyage to examine the south coast of the Island of Tierra del Fuego, Bridges accompanied them, in order to become acquainted with members of the Ona tribe. He soon made friends with these hardy people, who clothed themselves with *guanaco* or wild llama skins and lived in the rudest of shelters. He used the occasion of his visit to break down the prejudices of the

people and to prepare the way for the coming of white settlers into their district.

Shortly after this the Argentine Government decided to plant a colony in Tierra del Fuego, and the spot selected for the first settlement was the head of Ushuaia Bay. The invasion of so-called civilisation into what had hitherto been Indian territory had a disastrous effect upon the natives, for with the advent of soldiers, sailors and traders, came fresh temptations and novel conditions, together with epidemics of measles and other diseases, which spread like wildfire among the Yahgans, destroying the converts and eventually brought about the downfall of the Mission.

In 1886, the year of Barbrooke Grubb's acceptance, after thirty years' residence in Fuegia, Bridges came to the conclusion that he could best serve the islanders, who had found such a warm place in his affections, by severing his official connection with the Society, and taking land within Argentine territory on easy terms from the Government. He hoped in this way to give employment to a larger number of people than he could do on a missionary settlement, and put them in the way of earning money and improving their social position, while at the same time he could train them in various industries and teach them Christian ways. The Committee of the Society expressed sorrow for his withdrawal and considered his experiment hazardous, but frankly and gratefully acknowledged his long service and great success among the Yahgans. From the Argentine Government he secured an extensive grant of land in the Ona country, along the shores of the Beagle Channel some thirty miles east of Ushuaia, which he called Harberton. Bridges became a naturalised citizen of Argentina, and worked his sheep farm in full sympathy with the ideals of the Mission.

In the meantime the enterprise at Keppel steadily advanced. In the year 1877 Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Burleigh came out and took charge of the station. For eleven years they laboured indefatigably and successfully to promote the social betterment and spiritual welfare of the natives brought to the island for training. Burleigh, however, pined for work on the mainland, and in 1888 (two years after Barbrooke Grubb's arrival at Keppel), when an extension of the Mission into

Chilean territory was mooted, he and his wife volunteered for the venture and removed to Wollaston Island, near Cape Horn.

It proved to be a life of unusual privation. They found the natives far more degraded than they anticipated, sunk to the lowest depth of ignorance, wallowing in the filthiest dwellings, and indulging in the most disgusting habits. The climate, too, was the last word in unpleasantness, wet and cold, frightfully bleak and constantly stormy. In one year, when meteorological observations were made, the missionaries experienced "300 days rain continuously, 25 storms, other days neither fine nor wet."

For three long years the Burleighs endured the hardships and suffered the discomforts of their unpleasant surroundings, and then removed to a place called Tekenika Sound about fifty miles distant, and thus formed the most southerly settlement of human beings in the world. Their own natives accompanied them, and other Indians living within a radius of fifty miles were attracted to the spot and settled there. In this more favoured locality the work prospered. Just when all seemed to be going well, the Mission had to mourn the loss of Mr. Burleigh, who, from some unexplained cause, was drowned while sailing in his boat in the bay on December 23rd, 1893, to the unspeakable grief of his widow and children, and also of his Fuegian converts. When the native women (who excelled the men in the water) on the beach saw what was happening, they immediately threw off their clothes and plunged into the surf and swam to the spot to render any aid in their power, but they were too late to save their friend, to whom they had become greatly attached.

This brief sketch of the work and workers in the Southern Mission will give the reader some idea of the place and type of work to which the young missionary had been appointed.

Trains Yahgan Boys at Keppel 1886-1889

Grubb delayed at Monte Video—Meets Mabony—Desire for Pioneer Work—Arrival at Keppel—Teaching Yahgan Boys—Industrial Side of Work—Domestic Arrangements—Adventures by Sea—Visitors—Whaits—George Lywia—Mary Bridges arrives—Call to Paraguay.

IN missionary as in commercial or scientific enterprise, certain advantages are on the side of youth. Granted stability of character and unclouded vision the youth of twenty starting a fresh undertaking will probably excel in the race, leaving his maturer and more experienced companion of thirty or forty some distance behind. He will not be deterred by unusual obstacles nor turned aside by danger. In a new country queer customs and strange dialects will neither repel nor discourage him. Going as a missionary to a backward people, the warmth of his enthusiasm will not be easily chilled, and the passion of a lofty purpose will carry him through weary days of waiting and prolonged periods of seeming failure.

When, on Friday, April 9th, 1886, Barbrooke Grubb landed at Monte Video, he was only twenty, the sparkle of youth flashing in his eyes, his body tingling with vigorous health, and his spirit fired with a noble enthusiasm. He was warmly welcomed and kindly entertained for a couple of months by the Rev. J. H. Davis, the Consular Chaplain. At the time of his arrival the city was in a state of ferment, owing to a sanguinary revolution in progress. Shots were flying everywhere, many of the inhabitants were killed and great numbers wounded. At night the streets were deserted, and anyone compelled to move about after dark carried weapons of defence. In spite of this the young missionary enjoyed his stay there. He was, however, anxious to get to his post and commence active work, and chafed at the delay. Under date of April

15th, 1886, he wrote: "As yet I have received no orders from the Bishop, but when the order does come I am ready to throw myself heart and soul into the work."

While still at Monte Video he set down on paper words regarding his decision to become a missionary, which can bear no second meaning. "There is no doubt the work is difficult, but I have chosen it for life; I like it, I feel it my duty, and I am going to do my very best." These words penned in youth, at the threshold of his missionary career, were entirely characteristic of the man, and found their literal fulfilment in the eventful years that followed.

He was compelled to remain in the Uruguayan capital for two months, unable to get away. Boats to the Falklands were few and far between in those days, and were as slow and uncomfortable as they were scarce. Though delayed in sailing, Grubb did not waste his time in merely seeing the sights and hearing the sounds of the city, he got into harness and trained himself for the duties lying ahead. Five hours a day he spent in studying theology and Spanish, and a further three hours a day were devoted to solid reading of books like Darwin on *Tierra del Fuego*, *Natural History*, and the *Church of Rome*.

Just before he sailed, he met Mr. H. Mahony, who through ill-health was compelled to resign his post at Keppel and was now returning to England. Later he became the Society's organising secretary in Ireland and one of Grubb's warmest friends and supporters. They had a long talk together about the life and labours on Keppel Island. The trend of their conversation can be gathered from one of Grubb's letters, in which can be readily detected the traces of a keen disappointment in being sent to a settled work rather than to a new field of endeavour. He wrote:—

"I am quite willing to go there, for I see it is for my good at present. I shall learn many useful things there; but please do not forget my great desire—pioneer work among the Indians. If Paraguay, *Tierra del Fuego*, and Patagonia fail, could an attempt not be made among the Araucanians of Chile? Indian pioneer work is my heart's desire. It was for this I became a missionary, and I hope the Society will do its best not to disappoint me. The Bishop says, however, that I must prove myself fit for it, and I promise you that I will exert

36 *Trains Yahgan Boys at Keppel 1886-1889*

every power to qualify myself for this work. I have entered the Society young ; Mr. Acworth knows what I have been about for fifteen months, and the Society will know exactly what I do henceforth, so you will easily know if I am fit for pioneer work. At present, I see clearly that Keppel will be a good school for me, and until I am qualified for other work, I will patiently and earnestly work there."

At last, on July 7th, after a long run round the West Falklands in the *Ranee*, Barbrooke Grubb reached Keppel in perfect health and excellent spirits and was heartily welcomed by the missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Burleigh, and Mr. and Mrs. Whaits. Burleigh, with whom he was quartered for a few days till proper arrangements could be made, was in general charge of the station, while Whaits managed the farm. The duties lying before the newcomer consisted in the care and teaching of the native boys. The impression one gets of him at this period is that of a square peg in a round hole. His temperament was entirely unsuited for the daily duties and regular round of instruction common to the schoolmaster ; and his early letters voice the insistent desire for a wider scope as a caged bird longs for freedom.

He settled down, nevertheless, to the study of the language and the care of the boys. The climate was not too trying. The weather was both genial and severe, some days were beautifully fine while others were bitterly cold, accompanied by a high wind.

About this time a few changes were being made in the mode of supervision and training of the Yahgan youths. A new house had been erected, which gave much satisfaction, affording the boys better and ampler accommodation. Good work was being done on the station, but one gets glimpses from letters of the deadly monotony prevailing in the common round and daily task. Whaits wrote at that time : "I am making a few of the best lads responsible for certain parts of the work, one as shepherd, another as captain of the boats, another in charge of cows, another in charge of garden work. In this way I hope to make them take a greater interest in the work."

Sickness sometimes provided a diversion, though an unwelcome one. Some of the boys developed severe colds and Joe,

one of the natives who went to England, died. Grubb lived alone in the Home with the boys, teaching them by day and watching over them by night. During the severe winter weather he had, at times, to turn out from his warm bed to give medicine to a sick boy. On one occasion he had to rise and bear away on his shoulders the frozen corpse of one who had died during the night, for like most natives the Yahgans were frightened of dead bodies and refused to sleep in the presence of death.

After three months' experience he describes his own feelings in regard to the place and work (October 17th, 1886):—

“You want to know how I like Keppel. Well, you know how strongly I lean to active pioneer mission work, and that desire seems to grow stronger every month. Now I do not seek this work because of getting on, nor for comfort, because here at Keppel I am as comfortable as any missionary could expect; but it is because the bent of my mind is the other way.”

He took a keen interest in the industrial side of the work, which, under Whaits' management, steadily increased in size and importance, which may be gathered from one report which stated: “Our lambing season has been very good; we have marked 876 lambs, and everything on the island is in a prosperous condition, except the potatoes, which are very poor through want of rain. The island is now at rest, and I think will bear increasing the flocks to 4,000.” Live sheep and salted meat, together with garden produce, were supplied to the missionaries and natives of Ushuaia. The boys helped in these activities and were kept busy in other ways, peat-cutting, fencing, sawing, turfing land, wool shearing and bagging.

Two days of the week Grubb helped on the farm. From his own description of his less congenial branch of the work, one feels that his sympathies were given at that early date to the practical rather than the theoretical education of the people. He wrote: “The natives are very slow to learn; practical Christian teaching has a perceptible effect. Outside labour they advance in, but mere learning is truly uphill work. Cramming the boys up in one or two things is not fair progress, so I would rather see the natives generally intelligent than mere

38 *Trains Yaghan Boys at Keppel 1886-1889*

parrots. Of course you will see, that working thus, I cannot send home wonderful accounts of their attainments."

His domestic arrangements were of the simplest. He trained one of the boys to clean the house and cook the food. There was no lack of mutton and potatoes, and he found the penguins' eggs extremely useful for cooking purposes. Rabbits and geese abounded on the island. He was very fond of eggs, and would often scale the dangerous cliffs to secure the eggs of the various seabirds, that built their nests high up on the rocks. It was there at Keppel that he learnt how to make pancakes, a dish which he often inflicted upon his colleagues of a later date, who became surfeited with its frequency.

All through life Barbroke Grubb took an especial delight in the water, whether sea, lake or river, swimming and diving, rowing and paddling, and particularly sailing. Several times he narrowly escaped drowning. Journeys not for pleasure but of necessity had often to be made in squally weather and an angry sea. He was forced to take one trip across open water in a frail boat, leaking so badly that two out of the three occupants were baling all the time. On another occasion his native companions missed the way in the darkness, and were misled by the sound of waves breaking on a distant point of land, which they thought was the beach, and it was only by the hardest efforts they gained the land. On these sea trips in the Falklands he was at times benighted and had to shelter for the night on a little island, using his boat for a hut and the coarse grass packed round it as a protection from the storm. In those youthful days he was prepared to face any risk, even putting out to sea on an upturned kitchen table to rescue a boat that had broken loose in a gale. Often he and his boys were saved by running into the friendly kelp—a seaweed that floats in great patches and so tangled and matted together that the waves cannot break through it. They were on one occasion being driven on to a dangerous shore and had to pull for their lives. Some of their noses bled with the unwonted exertion, but eventually they reached a mass of kelp, and thankfully tied their boat to it and waited for the sea to calm down before venturing out again.

Life on the island was for the most part quiet and uneventful. There were, of course, the regular comings and goings of

the *Allen Gardiner* conveying missionaries or natives to and fro ; and occasionally visits were paid by the warships *Frolic* and *Ruby*, which were mutually enjoyed by the missionaries and sailors.

Not all the visitors that came were expected, nor did they come of their own free will, but were cast up by the furious gales and angry seas. At one time the missionaries were having a Queen's Birthday party, when thirty-one men and boys sat down to a sumptuous repast. In the midst of the meal they were surprised by the arrival of the shipwrecked crew of the *Genesta*, which had struck a reef off the north-west end of Keppel Island some three hours before. The vessel began to break up at once, but fortunately no lives were lost. The sailors were provided with food and shelter and, as far as possible, with dry clothing ; and the entertainment was carried on to its conclusion.

The greatest thing that happened to Barbroke Grubb on Keppel Island was the winning of the lifelong friendship of his fellow-missionary, Whaits, who regarded him with the affection of father to son, and cherished as one of his most priceless possessions the younger man's sincere admiration and genuine love. Years later, when the faithful old missionary had won his well-earned rest and was living in retirement at Clifton, the writer accompanied Grubb on a visit to him, and was charmed by the mutual greeting and pleasant conversation of these two great missionaries. For Whaits was, in the best sense, a great missionary. Bishop Stirling wrote of him with undisguised appreciation :—

“ Mr. Whaits is respected and loved by the Yahgans, and his ready use of their language gives him great power for good. He unites this knowledge and great kindness of heart with a very practical ability in all kinds of work, so that it is not wonderful that he should be regarded with respect and admiration.”

With his perfect knowledge of the language he helped the young missionary to acquire a perfect accent and right use of word and idiom ; with his long experience and true estimate of Yahgan customs and character, he enabled his assistant to avoid many pitfalls and prepared his mind for the better appreciation of the men and women of other tribes he was destined to meet

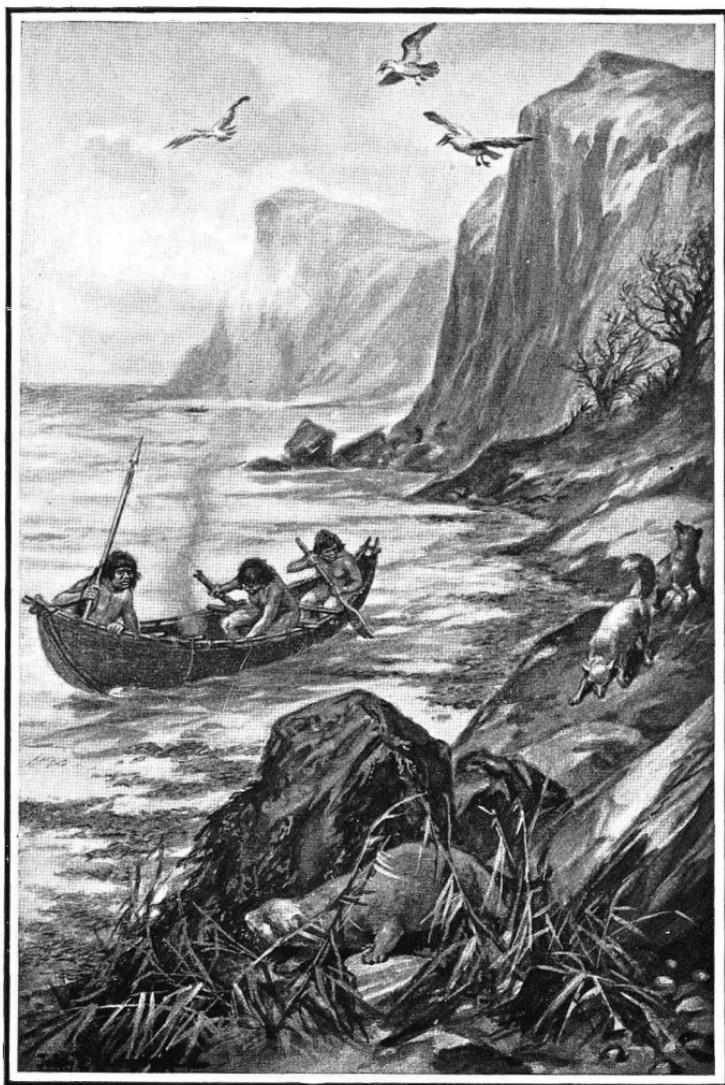
40 *Trains Yahgan Boys at Keppel 1886-1889*

and influence; and by his practical ability and matter-of-fact organisation for the uplift of these natives, he taught the future pioneer of the Gran Chaco the best methods to be adopted for the all-round development of a race that might take its place unafraid and unashamed beside the simple country-folk of civilised communities.

Whaits was one of those delightful unassuming Christians, who pull their full weight in any circumstances or in any sphere. His mind was alert, so that he readily picked up the language of the savages, and sufficiently pliable to understand another's point of view, difference of outlook and variety of custom; yet there was an entire absence of arrogance. He never struggled for position nor forced his own opinions upon his fellows. His progress was not meteoric, but a steady movement ever forward and upward. There was nothing of brilliance or ostentation either in ideas or in actual work done, but unquestioned success attended all his efforts, and yearly results proved the soundness of the methods employed. His life was simple yet effective, like the shy but beautiful violet, which conceals its colour amongst the common green things of life, and makes its presence felt by unsurpassing fragrance—a real but invisible power that softly and silently steals into our lives. Thus did Waits influence the man, who, he felt, would one day occupy a wider sphere and shine with a brilliance, that he could appreciate, but for which he lacked desire or capacity.

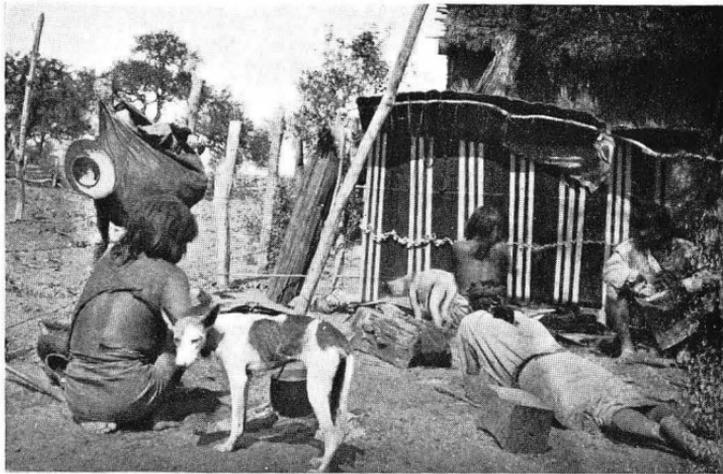
With the departure of the Burleighs to Wollaston in 1888, some readjustments of the work had to be made. Grubb took up residence at Sullivan House, the first house built at Keppel, and George Lywia, a native lad of twenty, was put in charge of the Home under, of course, strict surveillance, and was also promoted to be assistant schoolmaster and catechist. It was a wise move, for George was the best educated native in Keppel, and he remained for many years doing good work in the Home, keeping the place clean and orderly. He was helped by three lads to do the cooking and housework and, later, by his wife (a Christian girl from Ushuaia).

In this and all rearrangements made at this time Waits and Grubb were in perfect accord consulting in all things and sharing equally duties and privileges. Both men were keen on



A YAHGAN HUNT ON THE SOUTH AMERICAN COAST.

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



LENGUA WOMEN AT HOME.

Three typical scenes of the home life of the Lenguas, among whom Grubb settled. *Top.* A woman weaving a blanket on a primitive loom, which consists of two forked uprights & two horizontal branches. Upon this crude frame woolen blankets of fine texture & various designs are manufactured. The string bag hanging on the post contains most of the household utensils. Packed full for travelling, the woman rests the strap on her forehead & carries the load on her back for miles. *Centre.* A general view of the native huts, crowded end to end, they lack privacy & afford little protection from tropical storms. Children run about without clothing; babies are carried on the hip. Dogs abound in every village. *Bottom.* A group of women spinning. The primitive spindle is a thin hard-wood stick with a tiny gourd at the base. The dress of the women consists of a skirt made from skins, which is held up by a belt round the waist.

using native talent as far as possible. On July 30th, 1888, Grubb wrote: "We both have great hopes for the future, and we shall do all in our power to qualify Indians, so that they may act as teachers to their own people." This sound policy of training native evangelists went with him through life, and his dying request was that more evangelists be trained and employed.

More than three years had rolled by since the young man came to Keppel, and the possibility of pioneer work seemed more remote than ever, and he began to resign himself to a normal kind of missionary life among the Fuegians of the Southern Mission. His days passed pleasantly, filled with useful work in the school, and on the farm; and his chief interest was centred in helping forward the development of likely youths, especially one, Cyiscylau, whom he considered the flower of the rising Keppel generation. Then came an event which marked his life—the arrival of Mary Bridges.

Somewhere about 1880 the health of the Rev. Thomas Bridges gave way; he had been suffering with a chronic complaint for some time; now it was imperative for him to get away at once. Urged by Bishop Stirling, Bridges and his family went to England and spent over a year there, which resulted in considerable improvement in the patient's health. When the parents returned to Tierra del Fuego, they left their eldest daughter Mary at school. Seven years later, now turned eighteen, Mary was brought out by a lady friend to the Falklands, and as there were no means of continuing her journey for the present, kind Mrs. Whaits offered to take charge of her until she could take passage in the Mission schooner for Tierra del Fuego.

Mary was delayed some weeks at Keppel, and her mother began to think that the schooner must have been lost with all hands. Mr. and Mrs. Whaits were fond of both the young people, and it was only natural on that lonely island that they should see a good deal of each other, and the result was that before long, they fell in love, and when, eventually, the *Allen Gardiner* landed Mary at Harberton again, she astonished her mother and sisters by informing them that she was engaged to be married to Mr. Grubb. Then in August 1889, before the engagement was properly announced, came the notice from

42 *Trains Yahgan Boys at Keppel 1886-1889*

the Bishop, requiring him to leave Keppel and take up pioneer work in Paraguay. Marriage was out of the question for the time being, and as a matter of fact twelve long years were to pass before the event took place, years of adventure on the one hand, and years of weary waiting, tense anxiety and uncertainty on the other, with nothing but letters to cheer and console the parted lovers.

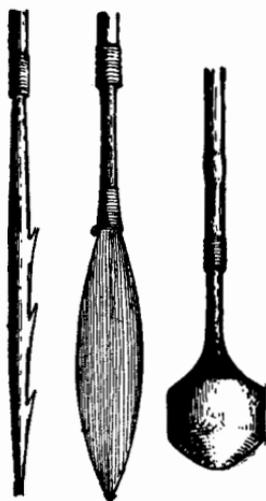
In spite of the circumstances that preceded the call to Paraguay, it was, nevertheless, heartily welcomed and readily obeyed. On September 20th, 1889, he sent in his final report on his work at Keppel. He wrote: "After teaching these Fuegians for some three and a half years . . . I must say that my time and labour has been amply rewarded, and I think if this teaching branch is allowed to decline, it will be a great loss to the natives. Moral training and example, and the expounding of the Gospel, have worked great changes upon these natives, as all who know them will admit. Glorious conversions or wordy confessions I have not to report; but a real practical change in many cases and in the whole moral tone of the people at large, I can prove. The mental life in these people is much weaker than the spiritual. Considering their previous life for centuries past, and their temptations, you will find as many real, quiet, practical Christians among them as in England. There is a real struggle against sin—a struggle which none but those who know the horrid condition of vice in which these poor people live can comprehend. They say little, but act more."

When Bishop Stirling the following year visited Keppel he reported: "I greatly regret Mr. Grubb's absence. He had at last got well hold of his work here, and the natives were in every respect making favourable advances."

Grubb left Keppel Island on Friday, November 8th, in the *Allen Gardiner* and was deeply regretted. "We are very sorry to lose him," wrote Whaits, "because we all think he has been doing a good work here—indeed, much more than he will give himself credit for."

He, too, had his regrets; on the way over he wrote: "What I have seen and heard of the cruel treatment of the Indians in the south has stirred me up to greater zeal on their behalf. The gratitude and attachment of those at Keppel, especially of

some, I never realised properly until I parted with them. My little house-boy presented me with his most valuable piece of property (rs.) as a keepsake. There is more heart in an Indian than appears on the outside. I willingly enter upon any work which will benefit them, and will continue to do so as long as my health lasts." In this spirit he set out for his great venture into the unknown region of the Gran Chaco.



ARROWS—BLUNT HEAD,
IRON HEAD & BARBED-
WOOD HEAD.

On the Banks of the River Paraguay 1890

*Paraguay Proper—Paraguayan Chaco & its Unknown Inhabitants—
Investigation by Henriksen—Start of the Mission—Early Days at
Riacho Fernandez—Death of Henriksen.*

WHEN Barbroke Grubb started on his missionary career, the South American Missionary Society was earnestly solicited to undertake a Mission to the Indians of Paraguay. One of the last efforts of Admiral Sir Bartholomew James Sullivan, K.C.B., to whom, next to Captain Allen Gardiner, the Society owed its existence, was directed to this object. Many years before, while serving on the River Parana, his sympathies had been drawn towards the unevangelised Indian tribes. Dr. Stewart, British Consul in Asunción, whose long residence in the country made him familiar with the life and conditions of the aboriginal peoples of Paraguay, also joined in the request and, together with Bishop Stirling, urged the Society without delay to undertake work among the Chaco Indians.

At that date very little was known about Paraguay proper, while the region lying on the western bank of the River Paraguay, called the Gran Chaco, was unexplored.

The little Republic of Paraguay, hidden in the heart of the Continent, is hemmed in by Bolivia on the north, Brazil on the east, and Argentina on the south and west. Considered apart from the Chaco territory which remains in dispute, Paraguay is about the size of Rumania and Switzerland combined. Its chief city, Asunción, lies on the river a thousand miles above Buenos Aires. Vessels conveying passengers and commodities ply regularly along the great waterway, formed by the Rivers Parana and Paraguay, and thus constitute an outlet to the world beyond.

The climate of the southern part of Paraguay is warm and

healthy, the northern part is tropical. The soil is fertile and the vegetation luxuriant, and many kinds of tropical fruits and plants thrive very well. Among them may be mentioned oranges, bananas, sugar-cane, grapes, rice, maize and tobacco. The pleasant rivers and picturesque lakes, the beautiful hills and magnificent forests, contribute to the scenery of a lovely country. It is by no means free from insect pests and venomous reptiles; the jaguar and puma, wild pig and monkey frequent the woods, while alligators and many kind of fish abound in the streams.

After many vicissitudes in its history, Doctor Francia seized power, proclaimed it a Republic in 1813, and declared its independence in 1826. Francia caused himself to be made dictator for life and ruled with an iron rod till his death in 1840. In spite of acts of tyranny, the country, under his dictatorship, was reduced to order and prospered.

Carlos Lopez, who followed him, maintained a complete despotism for twenty years. His son, Marshall Lopez, succeeded him, and introduced many improvements, such as the building of docks and railways. The country prospered till 1865, when a disastrous war broke out between the ambitious Lopez and the united forces of Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay. The unequal struggle lasted for five years, and resulted in the complete desolation of the land, and exhaustion of all the most vigorous elements of the population, over 100,000 men perished in war and a still greater number of women and children died of starvation. Solitude prevailed in a fertile land, vast portions of it lying waste and uninhabited. Jaguars and other beasts of prey got so accustomed to human flesh in those terrible days of war, that when it was over, the scattered villagers lived in terror of their nightly visitations. Food was so scarce that the common people were reduced to live on wild fruit and the edible roots of the forest.

A few devoted men managed to turn the tide of public misfortune, and to lay the foundations of a new republic on the ruins of the old despotism, and after many valiant struggles, something akin to prosperity once more prevailed.

In 1886 the population was estimated at half a million, but owing to the devastations of war the women exceeded the men by nine to one, and all field work naturally fell to them.

46 *On the Banks of the River Paraguay 1890*

Travellers among them in those days found the people kind-hearted and hospitable, primitive in manner and without education. From a religious point of view they were sadly neglected, the churches were in ruins, the work of the Jesuit Fathers seemed almost stamped out, and the people, lacking proper instruction, went their own way, steeped in vice and both men and women were degraded in morals.

When a Mission to Paraguay was first proposed in 1886, it was to meet the needs of these Guarani-speaking natives, who, if not pure blooded, were certainly of true Indian stock. Two eminent Christian workers in Rosario, Messrs. Henriksen and Cook, visited Paraguay together and reported their impressions to the Society, and suggested the starting of schools in the small towns and the appointment of several itinerant missionaries to visit the people of the country districts. Due chiefly to lack of funds the project was regretfully turned down.

The next move came from Bishop Stirling, who was anxious to investigate, not Paraguay proper, but the Indian territory on the western or Chaco bank of the river, and to study the conditions and requirements for the launching of the contemplated Mission.

The Gran Chaco (said by some to be the Spanish form of the Quechua *hatun chacu*, the great hunting ground), under the rule of the Spaniards, before the rise of the republics, was a great undefined region lying east of the Andes and stretching to the banks of the Rivers Parana and Paraguay. Southward it extended to the alluvial plains of Santa Fé in Argentina, and northward to the salt fields of Bolivia and the great forests of Matto Grosso in Brazil.

At the present day this vast tract of country is distributed among the republics of Argentina, Bolivia and Paraguay, but while the first possesses the clearly-defined frontiers of the 22° parallel S. lat. and the course of the Rio Pilcomayo, the boundaries of the two last-named republics still remain undetermined. To a great extent it continues to this day to be a wild country, an immense level plain, rising towards the north-west, covered with forests and palm-trees, abounding in swamps and sluggish streams, and watered chiefly by the two great tributaries of the Rio Paraguay, the Bermejo and Pilcomayo.

On the Banks of the River Paraguay 1890 47

In 1886 only the fringes of this great Chaco plain were known and, in regard to the section claimed by Paraguay, the land lying west of the river was quite unexplored. About that time the Government of Paraguay sold to speculators the whole of their Chaco territory, amounting to some 72,000 square miles. This they accomplished by marking off the bank of the River Paraguay into league-wide sections, then proceeded to draw imaginary lines due west to the River Pilcomayo, and calmly sold to buyers, who had never seen the country, a land unexplored, untrodden by the surveyor, inhabited by savages, infested with insects, the home of wild beasts, a land without roads or even a centre of government.

Bishop Stirling desired as companion Mr. Adolfo Henriksen, the British and Foreign Bible Society's agent in Rosario, as he was an experienced traveller. Owing to the pressure of engagements the Bishop was compelled most reluctantly to abandon the trip, so Henriksen started off alone on his tour of investigation. First of all he visited some Toba villages in the Argentine Chaco, then took steamer to Asunción and, later, continued his journey to Concepción, where his real investigations began.

Travelling up the river, he found on the Chaco bank two tribes of Indians, called Lengua and Sanapana, living in groups of twenty or forty persons, situated near or opposite to white settlements, where sometimes they sought work. The men were clothed in blankets and the women in deerskins, dwelling in rude shelters, consisting of branches stuck in the ground and covered with grass, surrounded by half-starved dogs and a few hens and, perhaps, a sheep or two, all living in filth and poverty and an intolerable stench. Most of them seemed to be degraded through contact with civilisation, given to drink, constantly begging, and generally hostile to the foreigner.

Henriksen sent in his report and outlined an excellent scheme for the working of a Mission, beginning on the river and extending to the interior. He suggested that a party of three men, a leader with some medical knowledge, a carpenter and an agriculturist, be sent out, and that two leagues of land be procured, in order to provide the Indians with suitable employment, as well as to furnish the Mission with room for

buildings and gardens. He himself was prepared to resign his position as the Bible Society's agent and to accept the leadership of the mission.

His offer was accepted, £1,000 was raised, and two assistants, Messrs. Robins and Bartlett, were appointed, and on May 31st, 1888, a Valedictory Meeting was held. A part of their instructions ran, "The Committee has chosen you three missionaries to undertake the weighty responsibility, the solemn duty, and the high dignity of being the first Christian missionaries to these heathen tribes, for whose spiritual welfare no Church or nation has hitherto had any care."

In due time the party arrived in Asunción and, through Dr. Stewart, the Cabinet was advised of the coming and scheme of the Mission. This was cordially received, but fears were expressed for the safety of the missionaries and a military escort was offered, which was politely but firmly refused. Early in August they landed in Concepción, where they made preparations for the start of the enterprise.

Purchasing a big boat, Henriksen proposed an exploring trip of 200 miles up river. The boat was towed up by a passing steamer to a given point, and then drifting slowly down-stream, the Chaco bank was carefully scrutinised for a Mission site. Several places proved accessible and useful for the purpose but, unfortunately in each place the natives were absent seeking work.

The party arrived eventually at Caraya Vuelta, where they were entertained by a kindly Basque, who managed a cattle farm there. Attached to it was a group of Indians under Martin, their head man, who gave the missionaries a friendly welcome. Next day the manager offered his help in finding a suitable site for a station. He suggested a spot three miles lower down the river at the mouth of a creek called Riacho Fernandez. The banks were high and well-wooded, deep permanent water, the promise of good soil, and about 500 yards from the native village, where Fernandez the chief lived. This, together with the neighbouring settlement of Caraya Vuelta, comprised about 100 people. It was situated thirty miles upstream from the town of Concepción, and seemed to offer facilities for a permanent station, so Henriksen made his selection and explained his intentions as well as he could to the

On the Banks of the River Paraguay 1890 49

natives, and requested them to clear a piece of ground in readiness for immediate occupation.

A few days later on September 8th, 1888, Henriksen and his companions arrived again at Riacho Fernandez, and set to work at once to clear the forest for building and planting. They were compelled at first to live in a tent, where they found the sand-flies by day and the mosquitoes at night very trying. The inadequate accommodation, together with the insect pests and the prospect of the summer heat, spurred them on to the erection of a commodious building, where their goods could be safely stored and more protection from discomforts be afforded. Progress was, however, slow, because the palms for the walls had to be floated down-stream on rafts, and the grass for thatching the roof had to be cut and carried in from the "camp" [Sp. *Campo*=country, field] two miles distant.

Bishop Stirling, when he visited the newly-founded Mission a few months later described the missionaries' dwelling thus:—

"The mission house is of most humble appearance, as airy as a birdcage. No luxuries have been indulged in. The floor is of earth. Within, hanging from the thatched roof, are huge blacksmith's bellows, a dozen pairs of boots and shoes, very mildewy, various implements, etc. Around the room are boxes and cases containing clothes and books, and stores of all kinds; a table stands in the middle. A camp bedstead for two, and some boards for sleeping on, make up the greater part of the furniture."

Living near the river the missionaries were well supplied with fish; but fresh meat was difficult to obtain, and even wild birds and waterfowl were not too plentiful. Their main supplies had to be secured from the town, which involved frequent canoe journeys.

Picking up a few words of the language and filling up the gaps with sundry signs and gestures, the missionaries managed to show themselves friendly to the people and to give instructions about the work they wanted done. In this way a beginning was made with gardening. The summer, however, proved hot and dry, the river was low, and gardening during the first year was a failure. The few things that grew were attacked by destructive insects, and even the maize was eaten by great flocks of parrots that ravage the freshly-formed cobs.

At Christmas time the natives wandered off to their drinking feasts, and except for a few workers who remained behind the place was deserted, which naturally discouraged the missionaries.

The summer heat, the plethora of insects and the loneliness of the life became irksome and exhausting to men used to a cooler climate, and Robins, a married man, realised it would be more trying for a woman, so consequently sent in his resignation, asking to be removed to the Southern Mission.

The journeys on the river by canoe to Concepción for needful supplies proved severe to Henriksen, the wearisome waiting for wind or steamer, the cold winter days and nights, as well as the rain and heat of summer, were wearing to patience and injurious to health, and the loss of time involved in these unavoidable trips was considerable. A request was therefore made for a steam launch to save time and exposure to weather.

The first stage of this work was drawing rapidly to its close. Arrangements were complete for Robins to leave at the end of September, before the heat of the summer commenced, to go back to Keppel Island, exchanging places with Grubb, who had been notified to prepare for work in the Chaco. Henriksen, writing on August 5th, 1889, said: "We are having very cold mornings now, and the variance of the temperature is often very great. I myself have been suffering from a sharp attack of pleurisy, which has left me very weak. I caught it passing a cold and wet night in the boat coming up river." The pioneer became seriously ill with inflammation of the lungs, and although medical help was obtained it proved unavailing, and he died in Asunción on September 23rd, 1889, and was buried in the English cemetery there.

The leader of the infant mission passed to his rest after barely twelve months' work. At the time of his death his assistant Robins was on his way to the south, arriving in Asunción just after the sad event. Bartlett could not be left absolutely alone, so Robins returned to Riacho Fernandez to await Grubb's arrival and the Committee's instructions. The Indians, on hearing the news of Henriksen's death, expressed their sorrow, brought in all the mission tools, and then, in true

Indian fashion, the chief and his people left the station and went right away for several weeks. On their departure Martin, the chief of Caraya Vuelta, came along with his followers and rendered assistance in general work. About this time a steam launch, called the *Adolfo Henriksen*, was bought and despatched for the use of the Chaco Mission.



SUHIN PIPE OF CARVED WOOD.

Experiences at Riacho Fernandez 1890

Grubb arrives in Paraguay—First Impressions—Settling Down—Work & Play—Getting Restive—His Plan for Advance—His Views of the Natives—Bishop Stirling's Visit—Exploring the Waterways to the Interior—Freund the Surveyor.

JUST as the year 1889 was closing Barbrooke Grubb reached the scene of his fresh efforts and the edge of the primeval land he was soon to explore. Christmas was over, when some sixty people at Riacho Fernandez feasted on an animal killed for their benefit, and had heaps of fun and rejoicing without the accompaniment of strong drink. The summer was at its height, and the days at their greatest heat, while mosquitoes by night and sand-flies by day swarmed in their millions. What a change from the moderate climate and lack of insect pests of Keppel Island! The traveller arrived at night and surprised the missionaries sleeping in their hammocks, having made a successful journey from the south in spite of the lack of experience and the knowledge of the Spanish tongue. The great and sudden change from cold to heat told upon him at the first, but he wrote cheerfully : " This will be just the kind of work I shall like, and I hope I shall be able to stand it."

In accordance with the Bishop's instructions Robins left almost immediately for the south, but first of all he took Grubb down to Concepción and introduced him to some of the shop-keepers and other residents ; and together they appointed the postmaster of the town, who spoke English, as the Society's agent. Hitherto they had been without an agent, which was very inconvenient, but for storing their goods and boxes they had hired a poor sort of room, where they lived and slept, when occasion brought them to the town.

While still living in the little hired room, with its brick

floor, whitewashed walls, and plenty of insect life, he wrote on January 4th, 1890, his first impressions. "I am very hopeful of this work; it is capable of any amount of extension, and may soon support itself. I hope my health may enable me to continue in it. I sincerely desire to make this my life's work; changing places hinders it and interferes with application. . . . Our work here will be crippled till we get a leader. Then we must visit the Indians. Great energy is needed, especially at the start; but great strength is required to enable a man to exert himself in this climate. I strongly urge the Committee never to send another man here in the summer; let him begin in the winter. When you have to gasp for breath, and the perspiration rolls off you in rivulets, when you have practically no appetite, and can obtain but indifferent and ill-refreshing sleep, your spirits are apt to sink considerably below zero.

"The late Mr. Henriksen is spoken of by everyone who knew him in the highest terms, both on account of his Christian character and his able management of the Mission. Mr. Robins has quite got up his name as a daring and successful explorer, a man who is not afraid of work, and a good missionary. Mr. Bartlett, from all I hear, although not making a noise, is by no means asleep. He has a hard post, but all the little strength and skill at my command I willingly put at his disposal. The people out here pay very little attention to talk; theory they yawn over, practice they examine, and if genuine, admire and follow."

Grubb was not twenty-five when he wrote that letter, which breathes a genuine humility, an unflinching purpose, a generous acknowledgement of the work of others, sound advice to those in authority, and leaves the impression of the man with the clear blue eyes on the look-out, gazing into the distant future.

He settled down to the ordinary routine of station life, and the hot and thundery days of summer passed quietly and uneventfully away. The mission house was built on a corner of a block of land belonging to the Anglo-Paraguayan Land Company, and a survey expedition spent the best part of the summer in the vicinity, which certainly added a little variety and interest to a somewhat drab and lonely existence.

Riacho Fernandez was situated about half-way between Concepción and the Company's headquarters at San Salvador,

each about a day's travel distant, consequently the Mission was a convenient place of call and the influx of visitors increased as the days went by, some stayed for a night only, while others remained for several days. In this way Grubb got to know most of the cattle-farmers and managers of estates, and many others both of native and foreign extraction.

He kept well in health and happy in his work. There were not many idle moments in his life, for in addition to the care of the station and superintendence of the Indians, there were the visitors to attend to, and at that time he was single-handed. Bartlett, who could speak a little Spanish, and knew something of the ways of the country, was away in Concepción or Asunción by turns arranging about the reception of the steam launch, and endeavouring to get their goods through the customs.

It is difficult to run a mission station with less than three men, when one has to be constantly away visiting the people or travelling by canoe or steam launch for necessary supplies. It was, therefore, a real boon to them when Bartlett secured a Scotsman named Mackenzie as a general helper. He had led a sea-faring life, knew something about marine engines, was hard-working, a handy all-round man and willing to cook or do anything required. He proved himself specially valuable for the extra duties involved in the entertainment of travellers. Some of these were particularly generous and brought supplies of fresh meat and bread, which warmed the old Scotsman's heart.

On most evenings the missionaries and any visitors present washed off the stains of the day by plunging into the eighteen feet stream that flowed by the station. The depth of water made a glorious dive for a good swimmer and provided plenty of fun. They used to take across the stream a dog, a cat and an ostrich, then let them loose and watch the race back to the home bank: the ostrich usually won the prize.

One visitor created a surprise. He came out fully dressed and with spectacles on plunged boldly into the stream to the great admiration of his fellow bathers, who waited breathlessly for his reappearance after the wonderful dive. Then they began to grow restless and anxious at his non-appearance. Finally he emerged, well down the stream, near its confluence

with the main river, gasping and terrified. They rushed at once to his rescue and dragged him out not a moment too soon. The occurrence, which might easily have ended tragically, was not due to ostentation or bravado, but to crass ignorance, and a natural desire to do the polite thing: the man had no knowledge whatever of swimming.

Grubb began to get on well with the natives from the start; they confided in him to a remarkable extent, and the old chief of the village called him his younger brother. But their movements were very variable, sometimes away hunting, sometimes remaining steadily on the place. He picked up a certain amount of Spanish, and fragments of Guarani, the language of the Paraguayans; and made some progress in collecting a vocabulary from the Indians, who were at times willing to help, at other times lazy and moody. He had been given charge of the educational work by the Committee, but the difficulties of starting a regular school were almost insuperable, and in his report he said: "Progress is necessarily slow, and it is as well to look at the stormy as well as the bright side."

At the end of four months with the advent of the cooler weather the young missionary was getting restive in his cramped environment. He wrote on April 9th, 1890: "I like the work exceedingly, and it would be sheer necessity before I flinch from it. The field is very large and the prospects good, but we are not progressing as I would like."

His conversations with his visitors, many of whom were practical men and with wide experience of the country in general, had opened his eyes to the great possibilities of the work and of the golden opportunities now slipping through his fingers. He recognised that if the Society could secure a large tract of land and raise sufficient funds to stock it, the Mission could be easily self-supporting and supply regular employment to a goodly number of natives; but as that did not seem readily obtainable, he felt that some scheme for the evangelisation of the interior peoples, however modest in its scope, must be immediately adopted, and thus wrote: "The best plan I see, and by far the cheapest, is not to make a great station, but be content with a little one, enough to help expenses, and then to visit and live for a short time periodically with the Indians. It

would be very hard, uncomfortable and dangerous work, but I believe it is the only thing to succeed, and I am willing to go first and prove the truth of my own theories. I do not shrink in the least. All I want is the permission, but we need another man. The language, habits and confidence of the natives will never be ours properly until this is done."

At that early stage of his experience he came to the conclusion that the Lenguas of the Chaco were not savages in the worst sense of the term, like the selfish and often cruel Yahgans of the south. He found them fond of their children and kind to their wives. "Polygamy," he writes, "is unknown, and their chastity would shame a vast number of professing Christians. Their wives are not oppressed and despised as is the case with many women in comparatively civilised countries; and their love for their children is very apparent." They were cunning and crafty, though childlike in other respects, and on the whole grateful and affectionate. They were addicted to petty thieving and a disposition to beg, which are not overwhelming faults or peculiar to the Chaco Indian. He considered that laziness was their great failing and drink their chief curse. "They are," he wrote, "miserable and poor from utter laziness; they could be comfortable and respected, but they prefer rather to loll in the sun and smoke than set to work on the rich soil and bring forth an abundant harvest."

With regard to drink he tells the following incident:—"The Indians had been to town, returned drunk, and brought a supply for further potions. The chief came into the station with his people; he hugged me, shook my hand, called me his mother, his son, his father, all at the same time. At last I got him away, and he and his people went to sleep. After a time he returned nearly sober, and I remarked to him 'that I had a very bad headache.' He looked full of sympathy, and then said: 'Ah! you have drunk too much *caña*.'" He knew from experience the after-effects of drinking too much rum.

"I am growing daily more interested in these people and my work," he wrote, "my only fear being that in time the settlers and the Indians will come into collision, and then to bloodshed." The plan he had submitted to the Society for the prosecution of the work put first and foremost the risky, though reasonable, idea of a missionary going to live in the



LENGUA WOMEN AT HOME.

Three typical scenes of the home life of the Lenguas, among whom Grubb settled. *Top.* A woman weaving a blanket on a primitive loom, which consists of two forked uprights & two horizontal branches. Upon this crude frame woollen blankets of fine texture & various designs are manufactured. The string bag hanging on the post contains most of the household utensils. Packed full for travelling, the woman rests the strap on her forehead & carries the load on her back for miles. *Centre.* A general view of the native huts, crowded end to end, they lack privacy & afford little protection from tropical storms. Children run about without clothing; babies are carried on the hip. Dogs abound in every village. *Bottom.* A group of women spinning. The primitive spindle is a thin hard-wood stick with a tiny gourd at the base. The dress of the women consists of a skirt made from skins, which is held up by a belt round the waist.

interior of the country with the people, in order to master the language, understand their customs, win their confidence, and obtain an influence over them for good. He added also the offer of personal service, "I am willing to do this, in fact the Society could not confer a greater favour upon me than to appoint me to this work."

The second part of the plan consisted in the Mission directing its efforts to benefiting the people in their homes, rather than trying to draw them to a big central mission station. His idea was to prevail upon the natives to build better and separate houses, instead of living herded together like animals; to encourage them to increase their flocks of sheep and goats and fowls, and help them to possess cattle and pigs; to stir them up to cultivate their land and improve their industries, for they already knew something about agriculture, planting beans, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, melons, mandioca and other things, and their women possessed the arts of weaving, string-making and pottery; and to teach them to avoid the trader and keep away from drink.

In the third place he suggested the formation of an orphanage for children, and also to take in the children of needy Paraguayans, who might possibly become evangelists to their own people.

During July 1890, Bishop and Mrs. Stirling visited Riacho Fernandez and stayed for a week. They travelled up river from Concepción in the *Adolfo Henriksen*, taking nearly nine hours up stream, towing a heavy canoe laden with stores for the station, and three hours twenty minutes down stream on the return journey. The Bishop found the missionaries in excellent health and living on the best of terms with their Indian friends. He was struck with the natural, affectionate and courteous ways of the people. He wrote: "Mrs. Stirling, on the morning after her arrival, was attracted by some wild flowers which we gathered with difficulty, and continued our stroll. On returning, bunch after bunch of the choice flowers was presented to her by the women and children who, unconsciously to ourselves, had watched our movements and seen our poor success. Seated afterwards with several women around her, their delight was to pluck out of her dress every thorn or burr which in the course of her walk had adhered to

it. It was enough to know her wish to attempt to fulfil it. Yet there had been no bribery, no appeal to a natural covetousness. Evidently the people wished to please, wished to show their real goodwill.

“On another occasion I was struck by the delicate courtesy of one of the men who happened to be engaged in digging by the side of the stream we wished to cross. There was, however, but a dug-out canoe at hand, and we waited for one less cranky to be brought up the Riacho for our use. Mrs. Stirling, for the sake of shade, had descended the bank to the water's edge, looking, I suppose, rather disconsolate, as if she wanted to cross, and we were unready to help her into the canoe. Presently the Capataz (leader) of the Indians unloosed a handkerchief which he wore round his neck and, placing it over his hand, approached Mrs. Stirling, and offered to assist her to get into the canoe. The handkerchief was to cover his earthy hand.”

On his first visit the Bishop gave instructions for a mare or two to be given to the chief in acknowledgement of the Mission's occupation of the land of his forefathers and of the simple rights of the people as fellow-creatures. He wrote strongly on the subject: “Of one thing I am quite certain, that any act of injustice and inconsideration would be a fatal commencement of a so-called Christian Mission. Now look at things practically. Here is Cacique Fernandez with his tribe of men, women and children. He has a few sheep, perhaps fifty, and as many goats. He is accustomed with his people to occupy a certain district, hunting wild animals and pasturing his tame, growing mandioca and sweet potatoes. Suddenly a band of rude settlers, of strange language and alien habits, seize his land, and warn him and his people off. Offence is at once given to the natives of the place. Suspicion and violence follow. The red man perishes before the white. It is the law of nature, some say. It is the law or out-working of sin and selfishness, I say. It is not reasonable that vast territories should be left in possession of a sparse population of so-called savages. I acknowledge this. But I maintain that even so-called savages have their rights, which should be measured fairly and respected.”

The Bishop was greatly pleased with what was going on, and

gave instructions for an expedition to penetrate the interior and visit the great chief, attempting the adventure by water, if possible, but if that trip prove fruitless, to make the journey overland.

The visit was much appreciated by both missionaries and natives. Mrs. Stirling knew something of "camp" life, from long experience on an Argentine *estancia*, but the poorness of the accommodation and roughness of fare on a pioneer mission station must have opened a new chapter in her experiences.

Old Mackenzie, helped by Grubb and Bartlett, did his best to make the honoured guests comfortable and provide something suitable in the way of food. Jam and other luxuries, seldom seen in those early days, were purchased in Asunción, and the making of tarts and meat-pies was a great anxiety to the simple missionaries. The Bishop and Mrs. Stirling ate sparingly of these "luxuries," but they were not allowed to go to waste. Retiring to the kitchen to wash up the three men made short work of the tarts and pies; but while thus busily engaged the Bishop suddenly emerged from the other room seeking his spectacles, and caught them red-handed with tarts and pies in their hands!

On Thursday, July 31st, 1890, a start was made in the *Adolfo Henriksen* to explore the Rio Verde, which empties itself into the Rio Paraguay several miles north of Riacho Fernandez on the Chaco side, the object of the investigation being to discover a possible highway to the native villages and a means of transport to the interior. Bartlett and Mackenzie took charge of the launch, while Grubb and three natives occupied the big boat in tow, carrying provisions, firewood and presents for the Indians. They found the mouth of the river fairly wide and clear of obstructions, then gradually opening out into a broad expanse, nearly half a mile wide, forming large swamps and shallow lagoons, which abounded in duck and other waterfowl as well as fish and alligators. About three miles up, the stream narrows to thirty yards, gradually diminishing to twenty yards wide, which average breadth it keeps for fifty miles inland.

They passed between high banks, the adjacent lands covered with palms or well-wooded forests, with water varying in depth from six to fourteen feet, alkaline in quality and most

unpleasant to drink. The course was extremely tortuous, but for the first twenty miles free from water-reeds and snags, until they came to the village of Cacique Francisco Camba. He had a following of about fifty people, including some very attractive youths, with prosperous gardens and some domestic animals. The Indians worked well and willingly, and the first day passed pleasantly without adventure or mishap. The next day they began to experience difficulty in navigation, which increased as they advanced, owing to the number of trees fallen across the river. This meant that a channel had to be cut before they could go on, making travelling slow and dangerous.

They turned back on the fourth day, convinced that the river was unsuitable for a waterway into the interior, owing to the multitude of obstructions and the winding course of the stream. They reached home without accident, having learnt a good deal about the country and seen something of the two chiefs Camba and Ciriacu. The followers of these two, together with those of Martin and Fernandez, made a population of 200 within easy access. Grubb came to the conclusion that the present mission station of Riacho Fernandez was well-suited for a river station, and convenient for advance to the interior.

A few months later Grubb, in company with an old surveyor, made another trip in the steam launch, this time up the Rio Monte Lindo, which flows into the Paraguay some forty miles below Concepción. The weather was hotter and the insect life most troublesome, tropical storms were frequent and progress was slow due to the many snags and shallows, and the journey proved fruitless from the point of view of discovering a practicable way to the remote villages of the Indians. Experience was, however, gained, for he got further insight into the country, its flora and fauna, and its climatic conditions as they affect the traveller. He was also privileged to have as fellow-traveller, Freund, a Danish surveyor. Freund and Haug, a German surveyor, were the two persons at that time who possessed reliable, though limited, knowledge of the Chaco lands and what they contained.

Absolutely undisturbed by circumstances and unmoved by danger, Grubb could have had no better teacher than Freund at

that stage of his career. On one occasion the old surveyor, while working in the *yerbales* on the Brazilian frontier of Paraguay, reported a leakage and denounced the officials. The rogues determined on revenge, and waited for Freund and his *peon* (servant) to pass through a narrow forest path with intent to murder. As he entered the forest on a moonlight night shots were fired from behind trees, hitting the saddle and brushing past him, but he moved quietly on until one of the bullets went through his hat, when he decided to turn back.

At another time he was standing hidden by a tree, talking with a friend, and resting his elbow on a fence, holding in his hand a white handkerchief. An inexperienced youth mistook the handkerchief for a white fly-catcher and commenced potting at it with a revolver. After about three shots the old man turned round quite unperturbed and remarked to the young man that as he was getting uncomfortably near with his last shot he had better cease. The confusion of the young man can be better imagined than described.

Hardened by constant exposure to the weather and inured to insect bites by years of experience, nothing in the way of privation or suffering came amiss to the old campaigner. With myriads of mosquitoes biting hands, head, face and body, he would stand calmly at night holding his instrument with untrembling hand. Accustomed to survey wild territory the sudden presence of a venomous snake or savage beast could not surprise him. The young missionary felt the discomforts of travel, the torments of stings and bites from little creatures, and the surprise of occurrences, as when he mounted a dead tree to take observations and a huge serpent thrust its head out of the hollow trunk. Exploring with the veteran surveyor taught him many lessons, and he secured a friend, who remained faithful to him and a great help to the mission, till the end of his arduous life.

Plunges into the Unknown Wilds 1890

Popular Young Missionary—Yarns of the Chaco Wilds—Real Dangers of Entrance—Armed Guard Inconsistent—Friends Try to Hold Him Back—Grubb's attitude of Authority—Respected Customs but Defied Witchcraft—Setting Out with Indians—Cool Daring of Pioneer—Hardships of Travel—Reception by the Savages—Safe Return—Deserted by Fellow Missionary—Alligator Stomach—Deprived of his Station—Expedition to Paraguay Proper.

WHAT had been accomplished during the eight months of Grubb's residence at Riacho Fernandez? Frankly, it must be admitted, not very much from the purely missionary standpoint. Grubb himself was neither enamoured of the place nor satisfied with the prospect in the immediate vicinity of advance among the Indians.

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

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

utterly impracticable. Few Indians frequented the bank of this river, and those who did so became very degenerate—had taken to drink and other bad habits—through their intercourse with the foreign settlements.

The real Indian population lived in the interior, and there, consequently, lay his goal. His visits to the neighbouring *tolderias* (Indian encampments) had resulted in making friends with the Indians of the district, and he felt that the present station was quite useful as a river base. When, however, he began to calculate his progress, he realised that the results were poor, for even with the language he had made but little headway.

There was no doubt that Grubb had become very popular with those whose business led them up and down the river, and the little Mission station became a "port of call" for all kinds of river craft. The adventurous spirits that dared to start a cattle farm or wood-cutting establishment on the Chaco bank of the river claimed a sort of brotherhood with the young missionary. Traders and explorers found their way to his station. Business men in Concepción began to look for his coming. The Chaco and the Chaco Indian were fruitful sources of conversation among these migrants from home. Spanish was, of course, the natural medium of speech between host and guest, so that Grubb, perforce, made considerable progress in that language. Then again, there were the native Paraguayan workfolk—cattle *peones*, boatmen, porters and labourers—who invariably used their own idiom, the Guarani, with these also Grubb made friends and picked up some of their phrases.

From these people, some cultured, some illiterate, all interested more or less in the savages of the Chaco, Grubb heard some curious yarns, touching alike the country and the people.

The Chaco was regarded as a land of swamps, the breeding place of alligators and mosquitoes. A Brazilian squatter considered it a dangerous land to live in "for the Chaco has the form of a saucer and once the river overflows its banks you will be drowned like rats." The same informant, when speaking of the noxious insect plague, told the missionary, "You must have been great sinners in your own land to have been sent to the Chaco for the purgation of your sins." Others maintained

that the interior of the Chaco was a waterless desert or a sandy waste. One told him that it was covered with dense forests, through which one might travel for days without seeing the sun ; while another affirmed it was nothing but an inland sea.

Some imagined it to be a land of great mineral wealth, with gold and precious stones lying in the river-beds. Certainly it was the popular belief that strange monsters and gigantic serpents abounded in the depth of the forests.

As for the people inhabiting these wilds, rumour described them in numberless ways, mostly exaggerated in character, and none with a friendly tone. The barbarous tribes were numbered by the thousand, fierce and warlike in character, given to cannibalism, and exceptionally cruel in the treatment of their prisoners. One man warned Grubb about these savages, trying his best to dissuade him from going among them, assuring him that the people were treacherous, who had been known to haunt the steps of the adventurous explorer, and, taking advantage of him while he slept, to creep up and crush his head with a stone.

The tribes were reported to use the skulls of their enemies as drinking-cups, and with these to catch the warm blood that flowed from the wounds of their victims. It was also affirmed that they burned the soles of their captives' feet in order to prevent them from escaping.

Conflicting as the reports were about the country and people, the opinion was fairly unanimous that the Indians hated the foreigner, and any white man venturing into their fastnesses would never return alive.

There is no smoke without fire ; and behind rumour was the reality of fact. For centuries this land had remained unexplored, and there was no ordinary risk to be faced by the man who attempted to enter it. The Lenguas had been known to cross the river and attack and carry away captive dwellers on the civilised side of the river. Exploring parties had been massacred. Solitary Indians had been shot down near the river bank, and revenge being sweet to the savage, individuals of the white races venturing into Indian territory have paid the penalty for the rashness and cruelty of their countrymen.

Grubb heard all these stories and tried to sift the corn from the chaff. His commonsense told him that much was dis-

torted, yet a great deal of the information, proved later by himself to have been worthless and untrue, seemed quite likely and credible. He was, however, determined to explore the country, even though he felt convinced that the project was unusually risky. To remain on the river bank meant stagnation ; to advance to the interior was dangerous and might end in death, but, on the other hand, it might lead to great things.

Waterways had proved unserviceable as a means of penetration to the heart of the country, where the real Indian population lived, untouched by civilisation and consequently not yet estranged from simple ways and primitive customs. There remained the alternative course of a land journey. This was altogether a new venture, and far more hazardous than travelling by waterway. The undertaking was fraught with considerable danger, for the traveller might be left in a pathless wilderness by his guides, attacked by strange natives or, animated by superstitious fears and encouraged by their witch-doctor, done to death in a lonely spot by the terrified villagers.

There was real danger in the proposed journey. Pedro Freund, the surveyor already alluded to, was a brave man, fearless in the presence of danger and cool in a tight corner, yet he observed the greatest precautions and took no foolhardy hazards when duty called him to the survey of territory occupied by the Chaco Indians. In one of his Government reports he says : " I took with me fifteen specially selected men, all armed with Remington rifles and revolvers, and I never allowed anyone to go alone to seek water or to explore our road. We always rode in company and armed, and never went far from our encampment. At night we set sentinels, and slept with our weapons at hand. When measuring, if we saw smoke, we fell back on our main body, and any signs of Indians made us advance with redoubled caution. In the Indian village of the chief called Mechi, near the Monte Lindo river, our horses disappeared, and while a portion of our party sought them the remainder, who were in camp, were surrounded by a company of naked Indians, painted and adorned with feathers, who certainly had no peaceable or friendly intentions."

Grubb could have availed himself of an armed guard ; in fact, he was urged by many well-wishers to do so, but, as a

missionary and messenger of peace, such a course would not only have been inconsistent, but inadvisable. Had he begun this work under armed protection, it would have incensed the Indians against him, as they would have looked upon him as a possible enemy, and they would also have concluded from his coming in force that he was to some extent afraid of them. The only course open, therefore, was to go alone, and trust himself entirely in their hands.

His friends and acquaintances, when they learnt his intentions, tried their best to dissuade him from incurring what they deemed an unnecessary risk; but having lived for eight months with the river Indians and made friends with them, he, without underestimating the peril, considered the journey possible, and firmly believed it was the only way of evangelising the nation. His purpose was not the desire to explore an unknown country, but to discover a route for regular visitation among the native villages, or a place for the building of a permanent station in the interior.

At a later date Grubb himself wrote thus of these early days : " Experienced explorers, Government officials, settlers, traders, and others, on hearing of my determination to enter the Chaco alone and to live with the Indians, warned me of the dangers I was incurring, and assured me that such a step was tantamount to committing suicide. The kind-hearted peasants and many friends whose acquaintance I had made during my few months' residence on the river's bank implored me not to throw away my life, and some, with tears in their eyes, invoked the protection of the Virgin and Saints on my behalf when they found I would not be dissuaded. So prevalent was the opinion that I should assuredly lose my life that on three occasions in particular, owing to my prolonged absence and to reports from river Indians, the rumour of my death was readily accepted. Once it was only by making a forced voyage all night in a canoe that I was enabled to prevent an official announcement of my death being sent home by the British Consul at Asunción.

" Humanly speaking, my preservation during these early years was mainly due to the attitude which I had decided on, in my own mind, as the best to adopt in dealing with such a people. That attitude was briefly this : to assume at all times

and under all circumstances superiority and authority, for Indians only respect the strong, and have no regard whatever for a man of weak character and wavering will. Should they once detect any signs of fear on my part, I knew that my work among them would prove a failure, and that they would at once assume it to be weakness if I sought protection from their chiefs. Again, if I had endeavoured to curry favour with them by giving presents, they would never have been satisfied, and would have resorted to threats in order to extort more from me. Being a stranger and a guest in their country, I considered it wise to respect, as far as possible, their customs and laws, but at the same time I determined to show them very clearly that I did not intend to be bound by such restrictions when they interfered with my plans.

“I knew that their witch-doctors would treat me with open hostility, and that they would prove the greatest obstacle to the foundation of a mission among their people. While many of the native customs might profitably be retained and while it was wise that the chiefs should maintain their authority, I realised that it was otherwise in the case of the wizards. Their influence was entirely evil, and if Christianity was ever to take hold of the people, the wizards must cease to exist. Chiefs and people alike feared the witch-doctor, and although I knew that the experiment was dangerous, I felt that I must declare open war against them, and treat their threats and boasted powers with contempt.

“It was sometimes very difficult not to betray a sign of nervousness when in a tight corner; still, I knew that any symptom of fear would be my undoing. On one occasion when the Indians were very angry with me, one man actually fixed an arrow in his bow, and, pushing the point against my chest, threatened to drive it through me. I could clearly see he was only trying to intimidate me, and I managed to burst out into a fit of, I must confess, very insincere and forced laughter. He shrank back surprised, and, following up my advantage, I abused him heartily, and took the first opportunity to go off with assumed disdain, but really to avoid further danger.”

Grubb made careful preparations for his exploit. He secured eight horses and a month's provision. For guides he selected three Indians, Cacique Francisco Camba (whose

village on the Rio Verde was near), Ramon, son of Cacique Fernandez (who had attached himself closely to the Mission), and one of Fernandez' men. Two others joined later. A young Englishman named Wyper, staying at the Mission at the time, volunteered to accompany him. So on the early afternoon of September 9th, 1890, Grubb and his little party left the banks of the River Paraguay and entered the virgin country, that had never been seen or traversed by white folk.

This journey determined the rest of Grubb's career, and yet in itself it is quite commonplace, unmarked by any stirring event or exciting incident. The venomous snake does not waylay the traveller, but it should be avoided, for it can kill its enemy in self-defence. Unspoilt savages are simple folk, fond of children and wonderful tamers of wild animals. They do not lurk behind trees with poisoned arrows without reason. If they are exploited, deceived or ill-treated, they do not hesitate to take revenge. If they are startled or injured, they may run away or they may retaliate. More danger, perhaps, lies in the attitude of the intruder, than in the prejudices and habits of the natives of the wilds.

The interest of the journey centres in the cool daring of the pioneer. He knew, of course, how to behave among savages, for he had lived for four years among the Yahgans, and during his eight months at Riacho Fernandez he had moved freely in and out among the Lenguas of the district, and from the one or two casual visitors from the interior parts he had taken his measure of the character of the tribe.

On the other hand, his knowledge of the language was negligible, consisting of a few common words and fewer phrases. He was familiar with the river and expert in the use of the oar and paddle as well as in the navigation of the steam launch. His knowledge, however, of the country was confined to the native villages of the vicinity and what he had observed in passing along the waterways. Road journeys, which, later, became an everyday experience, were at this stage a novelty. His sense of direction was not highly developed, yet here he was, venturing with doubtful guides, into a trackless wilderness. He was moved by a noble purpose, and he possessed, as an all-powerful talisman, a profound love for the despised Indian.

Grubb travelled at the rate of fifteen miles a day and, apparently, for the first hundred miles neither encountered an occupied village nor saw one of the inhabitants. His guides were not anxious to go, they made frequent objections, and purposely led him by a roundabout way, avoided the villages and pretended to lose the way.

Being unaccustomed to travel with pack-animals, he experienced trouble at the outset. For this kind of work one wants suitable animals, the right kind of saddle, a proper method for the disposition of the cargo, and knowledge how to fasten the load securely without injury to the pack-animal. In this way time was lost in readjusting and repairing the saddle gear.

The rainy season had not properly set in when they started, so the first part of the journey was over dry country, and the party had some difficulty in finding drinking water. Game was not very plentiful, but they managed to secure an occasional fox or deer to eke out their food supplies.

They reached, without incident, a place called Yoweatowisabak, pleasantly situated and with an abundance of good clear water. After their evening meal "of thick soup, somewhat seasoned with insects," they made their beds as usual on the ground and turned in; "but to a tired and drowsy man," wrote Grubb, "a hard bed makes little odds, and as a matter of fact we slept soundly."

After this they began to encounter marshy land and to experience tropical rain. While asleep in their hammocks, they were caught in a violent thunder-storm, and had to spend the whole night in soaking wet blankets, all of them crouching for shelter beside the baggage, shivering with cold and worried by mosquitoes. The morning was cold and windy, but they got under way in spite of remonstrances from the Indians, who clung, as if for very existence, to the fire.

They reached Yoweahe, on the borders of a big swamp. Moving westward they halted at night on the edge of a deep forest, noted in later days for the superabundance of mosquitoes. There they spent another wet and sleepless night. Next day they travelled slowly to a place called Yoweapthlothing along a marshy road covered with huge ant-hills. The water varied in depth from six inches to two feet.

Next day they reached the big swamp—the scene in later years of great missionary activity. This is how Grubb described his introduction to it:—

“Rode entirely through swamp, our packs being under water occasionally, to the ruin of our biscuit and other food. One swamp was so deep as to be up to our necks. Here we had to unpack and carry everything over piecemeal. We had to make many trips, and what with the depth of water, the weight and bulk of our burdens, and the thorns unseen, but acutely felt, we were tired out and sore, and considered that we had earned a day’s rest.”

They encamped on the other side of the swamp, and then found that one of their horses was lame, which caused them delay and trouble throughout the journey. Next day traveling through swamp abounding in ducks and waterfowl the guides lost, or pretended to lose, the way; but the following day the party reached Kilmesakthlapomaap, one of the villages belonging to Cacique Antonio, where they decided to encamp for a couple of days.

Grubb’s reception by these simple folk of the wilds is best told in his own words. “I went on to the village to try and buy some sweet potatoes or other food, and was very warmly welcomed by the simple people; they are the most agreeable villagers I have come across in the Chaco. I was escorted back to my camp by nearly all the inhabitants, and was also well supplied with potatoes. They stayed with us all day, and seemed desirous of showing us honour and hospitality. The chief also presented me with a sheep for food—a very noble gift in this part of the world. I decided to leave my companion and luggage here for a time, and to proceed alone in search of guides and servants, because our Indians had now become very troublesome, refusing to go further, and trying to put all sorts of obstacles in our way. They behaved very badly, so I dismissed them, preferring to trust to Providence for the rest of the journey. Before leaving, we built a rough hut of palms in which to stow our goods, feeling that, however friendly and honest the people appeared, it was better to be on the safe side, and place no temptations in their way. I proceeded next day and called upon Antonio. He is the great chief in this part. In the afternoon I started for Ramon’s village and spent the

night there, warmly welcomed and well attended to by the Indians. The following day I returned to my companion tired and hungry, and refreshed myself on beans and tea."

Having dismissed his refractory guides, Grubb and his friend were quite alone in the wilds and at the mercy of the Indians.

In spite of the friendly reception, Grubb could not be quite sure of the real attitude of the people in regard to his life and property, so he acted warily. He thus describes the situation: "As night drew on I deemed it expedient to so arrange my bed as to be able to lie on the top of most of my baggage, for fear of any attempt at pilfering. I was justified in taking these precautions, for it seems that the Indians had determined to rifle my belongings that night, in order to see what attitude I would take. Not long after I had retired to rest under my net, I saw two dark figures stealthily moving round, and presently I felt a hand inserted beneath me and fumbling at my baggage. They evidently supposed me to be asleep, but when I suddenly put out my head and shouted at them, they disappeared precipitately. I spent an anxious and watchful night, but received no more visitors."

The journey was then resumed, and going on to Antonio's village, they stayed there for the night and succeeded, with a great deal of difficulty—for conversation was limited owing to lack of vocabulary—in persuading the old chief himself to act as guide to Storkneck's village.

Grubb offered as reward to any volunteer various articles he had with him, but they were not acceptable. What really attracted Antonio was a pair of cotton trousers, evidently made out of the end of a piece of calico, for stamped in blue ink upon one of the legs was the British lion and "30 yards, Manchester." He wanted to take possession at once and wear them, but Grubb gave him to understand that they would not be handed over until he had completed his contract. In spite of being an exacting, covetous old fellow, he stuck to his bargain, and also supplied servants for the trip.

During the next few days they reached several villages, where they were welcomed by the people, and, eventually, on September 25th arrived at their destination.

Grubb wrote: "We camped at some distance off, but I

went over and called upon Pucu ; he was dirty and untidy, but very dignified, and he came out to meet me and bid me welcome like a true old gentleman. He led the way to his house, or rather to his part of it, and gave me the seat of honour. The old men gathered round in silence, the young men at their backs, and the women forming the outer ring. I requested Pucu to call all his people together. He gave a sign and they all came round, and then I began to explain the object of my visit, as best I could. During prayer the Indians were very reverent, and evidently understood that I had some connection with the Great Spirit and was even then speaking to Him."

They stayed at the village all day, the chief gave them a present of a sheep for food, and the next day they started on the return journey, Cacique Pucu, who had the previous year visited the mission station, and five men accompanying them to the river.

Travelling back was not very eventful, similar weather conditions prevailed, the usual company of sand-flies and mosquitoes annoyed them, a few animals were shot for food, and they followed a somewhat different route to get further information about the lie of the country. Nearing home the party was met by two Indians bearing letters from Riacho Fernandez, informing them that small-pox had broken out and that all the natives were fleeing away from the river districts for safety. They, therefore, began to force the pace and arrived home on October 4th, only to find that Bartlett had been compelled to leave for Asunción on business, which necessitated an immediate canoe journey to Concepción to catch him before he sailed.

Soon after Grubb's return his companion, Bartlett, who had grown tired of the work and lonely surroundings, left the mission altogether, and the pioneer could not immediately follow up his successful trip. He had, however, proved the feasibility of visiting the wild inland people and, judging from the way he had been received, there seemed to be no insuperable difficulties to the formation of a mission station in their midst.

Deprived of his colleague, forbidden by force of circumstances from making further exploratory excursions among the Indians, he was compelled to settle down for several months to a solitary existence with the natives already under his influence.



TYPICAL CHACO INDIANS.

1. The man sitting wears the blanket common to the tribe. Bead ornaments are worn by men & women, as also necklaces of shell, bones & dried berries. The ear-woods (worn in the lobe of the ear), though ugly, are greatly esteemed & adopted by most Chaco tribes. In size they sometimes exceed that of a watch or coffee cup. 2. The man riding & armed with a native club is just leaving the village (seen in the background) with his wife & daughter. He is a noted witch-doctor among the Suhin & western tribes. He no doubt received the donkey as payment for his ministrations.

Of that period and some of his experiences Grubb has left us the following account :—

“ One morning, as I happened to be walking through the Mission garden on the banks of the Riacho Fernandez, I found, to my astonishment, three or four natives, among them Great Gossip, busily engaged in digging up our sweet potatoes. When I went over to them they were very much disconcerted, and knew not what explanation to give. The reason was as follows : For some months I had been left quite alone among the Indians at this post, the only settlement we had then in the Chaco. The natives during this time had shown me kindness in various ways. They had insisted upon keeping me company from sunrise to sunset ; and during the mid-day rest they whiled away the time by pulling nails out of my storehouse and other buildings. These they did not return, but converted, with rare ingenuity, into very tolerable fish-hooks for their own use.

“ Their attentions, however, were not all devoted to abstracting little mementoes of the mission station. They actually brought me in daily gifts of sweet potatoes and pumpkins, in such quantities that I could not possibly eat them myself ; so to show my appreciation of their kindheartedness, I gave over to them all I did not want, besides little presents of rice and maize.

“ Their confusion and my disgust were easily accounted for when I found that these simple savages had been in the habit of rising earlier than I, digging up sweet potatoes and other things from my own garden, and then presenting them with a large-hearted generosity to me, their rightful owner, receiving in return sincere thanks, as well as compensation for their self-sacrificing efforts !

“ While residing at Riacho Fernandez I employed such Indians as came about the station as profitably as I could in garden work, taking meantime all possible opportunities of acquiring their language. To make matters easier for the employed I hired an old gentleman called ‘ Alligator Stomach,’ to cook for them. This old man was of portly form and capacious stomach, with an appetite which it was utterly impossible to satisfy. He had eventually to be discharged, as he continually tasted the soup in order to prove whether it was progressing favourably, with the result that half-an-hour before the time for

servicing the meal, he had to make up with water what he had abstracted in soup, which was no small amount.

“A large dog which I had at the time took a violent dislike to the discharged cook. When in office he had bribed this animal into friendship by giving him small portions of meat ; but when the cook was cut off from his source of supplies, the dog declared perpetual war against him. One day I found this old Indian up to his neck in the river, and calling out lustily for help, the dog meanwhile watching him from the bank with no friendly eye. On another occasion I heard a heart-rending yell and, on looking out from the door of the hut, saw the shining, naked figure of my old cook nimbly ascending to the roof of the storehouse. Below him stood the dog, busily engaged worrying the blanket which, fortunately for old Alligator Stomach, had saved his human skin beneath it.

“This worthy was violently inflamed with a desire to possess some sheep, goats and fowls, belonging to the sister of a herdman called Short-blanket. For the express purpose of obtaining possession of the coveted stock he contemplated matrimony, and proposed to the proprietress. His lazy, greedy habits being, however, well known to the tribe, neither the lady nor her brother would agree to the match. In his distress he came to me and asked me to intercede on his behalf. I told him that my influence would be of no avail, but he assured me that a few axe-heads and looking-glasses, judiciously given by him to Short-blanket, would certainly have the effect of producing a feeling in his favour. As my own opinion of him was no better than that of his neighbours, I refused to comply, and the poor old fellow remained single for many years.”

Grubb held on to his post till the end of the year 1890, learning what he could of the language, maintaining his hold of the natives, and doing his best to teach them the fundamentals of the Christian faith.

Disputes and difficulties regarding the occupation of the land on which the mission station was built then arose, and resulted in its abandonment, the place later being used as a wood-cutting establishment. Thus the young missionary at the end of his first year's work found himself without a leader, without a companion, without a station, with boundless possibilities for missionary enterprise, but with little immediate

prospect of their realisation. Gathering together his modest belongings and placing them in a canoe, he took them down the river to Concepción and bestowed them in his "little hired house." Then, in accordance with instructions received from the Bishop, he made an extended tour into Paraguay proper to investigate the opportunities for missionary work among its aboriginal people.

It was a by no means propitious time to make an expedition for the country was in a very troubled condition, being, in fact, on the eve of a revolution. To go as an ordinary traveller was out of the question, but through the influence of Dr. Stewart, who gave him valuable advice and real help, he started out armed with a Government appointment as public vaccinator, and with letters from the Minister of the Interior addressed to the officials of the district through which he hoped to pass. He left Asunción on January 28th, 1891, by train, for Villa Rica, through the kindness of Mr. Angus, C.E., of the railway. On arrival there the English medical man of the little town, Dr. Bottrell, welcomed him and helped him on his way.

Horses were purchased and a start was made along the road that led for over twenty miles through deep forest, broken here and there by beautiful little streams of clear, sweet water, where myriads of gorgeous butterflies rise up to greet the traveller. A heavy thunderstorm overtook him in the forest, and he reached the village of Caaguazu soaked to the skin, and spent a cold, miserable night. After vaccinating some thirty-four persons, he proceeded on his way, examining the country, which he greatly admired, and gathering all possible information relevant to his purpose.

The breaking out of the expected revolution effectually blocked his way back by the same route, so he pursued an eastward direction to Rosario on the Paraguay river. After careful enquiry into local conditions and study of the people, Grubb came to the conclusion that the need of the Chaco Indians was more urgent, and that in spite of their remoteness they were really more accessible. In his report he said: "The Paraguayan Indians have a strong call upon our Church; but the work would be more difficult, and there is not at present the same wide-open door as exists in the Chaco."

Settles Inland 1891

Welcomed on his Return by the Indians—Tracking the Thieves—Determined to Settle in the Wilds—His Inland Home—A Better Site—Deserted by his Adherents—Friendly Visitors from the Interior—Hut & Property Burnt—Adopts Native Costume.

GRUBB'S heart was among the Chaco Indians, and by April 1891 he was once more up the river, visiting his old flock, who were delighted to see him. "On my arrival," Grubb wrote at that time, "they welcomed me heartily. Cacique Fernandez told me that he knew I should come back in time. I took very little with me, but they supplied my wants, brought me fish, potatoes and honey—all the poor creatures had. They then killed a sheep in my honour and, bringing it to me, called upon me to take what I wanted, and asked nothing for it. The boys, especially one, attached themselves at once to me, and put themselves entirely at my service. The children came as they used to do and played round me. The old men sat by my fire and we conversed as well as we could; not really conversing, but jerking out sentences at each other. However we managed to receive and give all the news of the past three months." He noticed a change in their attitude, listening with evident attention to talks on religion, and being much more communicative in regard to their own customs. There was, without doubt, an increased confidence in their teacher and a growing desire to be taught. How much he was moved by his reception can be seen in his final words of the report: "We must stay here, we cannot leave."

He had, lying immediately before him, an unpleasant task to perform, and its fulfilment was destined to have far-reaching effects upon his career. During his absence in Paraguay the river Indians had broken into the Company's store, stolen a

quantity of goods, and disappeared into the hidden recesses of their country with their booty. The incident in itself was slight, and the amount of goods stolen inconsiderable, but a vital principle was at stake; and if the people were to be helped and advanced, they, in turn, must learn to be neighbourly with the foreigner and respect his property. Grubb, therefore, determined to discover the thieves, express his displeasure at their action, explain the wrong they had done, and persuade them to repay the Company for the things taken and not to bring discredit upon the whole tribe.

Making his way on foot for about six miles inland, he reached a small encampment of old folk, who had taken no part in the late robbery. With some difficulty, he persuaded an old Indian, who possessed a horse, to show him the way to the village of the thieves. Mounting behind him on the same horse, without a saddle, Grubb travelled for about eighteen miles to a place called Neantamama, where he found the culprits. He arrived at night and the people were none too friendly at first, but, eventually, they settled down to a quiet discussion of the theft, and finally agreed to repay the value of what they had stolen in ostrich plumes and skins, if Grubb would go with them to the foreigners when payment was made. He waited at the village till the people got together the necessary amount of skins and feathers and then accompanied them to the river. The Company's agents were surprised at the Indians paying up, and frankly admired the man who had the courage to go alone to their village, and possessed sufficient influence to persuade them to offer compensation for their theft.

Following this incident, Grubb proposed to settle down for a time at the spot where he discovered the store-breakers. They were not averse to his coming, because owing to recent troubles they were anxious to avoid the river and the white settlers. He wrote: "Cheered by the influence which I seemed to have gained, I became hopeful of the future success of my work, and accordingly returned with this party of Indians and established myself with them at Neantamama. As I intended to remain there for some months, and found it inconvenient to live actually in the village, I made the Indians build a separate hut for me. It was about eleven feet high at

the ridge, and a little over six feet to the wall-plate. The walls consisted of palm-logs and sticks, about eighteen inches apart, and were partly weather-proof by a rough thatching of grass. The roof also was of grass thatch. There was no door to this dwelling, but as a substitute a bush was stuck in the opening as a protection against the entrance of dogs. My table consisted of four palm-stumps stuck into the ground, with a deer-skin stretched over them, and my seat was made of two half palm-stems fixed on to two uprights. I slept on the floor, on a sheep-skin. My possessions I placed in Indian net-bags slung from the rafters."

The natives on the whole were fairly honest, but Grubb had to bear with their pilfering habits at times. He bought a leg of beef and made *charqui*, i.e., cut it up into strips and dried it in the sun. These were strung up to the rafters for safety. The following night he was awakened by a rustling noise outside his hut, and thought a dog was trying to get in. He listened attentively and watched, and was surprised to see a man's dark head come through the grass of the wall. Gently loosening the folds of his mosquito-curtains he shot out his hand and gripped the intruder's hair and pinned his face to the ground. He then enquired the name of his visitor, and found him to be his late cook, Alligator Stomach. By way of explanation the thief affirmed that he had heard dogs near the hut and feared for the safety of the meat. The worthless fellow was informed that he was a dog, breaking through the wall in that fashion, and pushing his head roughly through the hole, the missionary bade him depart.

Neantamama (site of much string-fibre) was rather pleasantly situated on the banks of the Rio Verde, about twenty-four miles inland, with a fine, open plain to the south, well-wooded on the other sides, and a fresh-water stream, narrow but deep, entering the Verde on the west. At that date deer and ostriches were plentiful in the open country, while in the forest, foxes, wild pigs, monkeys and other animals were to be found; and in the rainy season the swamps provided fish and waterfowl for the people's sustenance. Soon after Grubb settled there other Indians began to come round and joined his party, and he kept his eyes open for a suitable site for a permanent station. Meantime supplies were brought out to him from Riacho

Fernandez by the Indians travelling on horseback or on foot. On June 4th, 1891, he wrote: "I have had great trouble travelling owing to the great amount of water in the camps, and my work has been retarded, being unable to transport my goods inland. Everything has to be taken on horseback or on foot, and I myself have been compelled to walk long distances on foot through the swamps; the result is that just now I am laid up, unable to walk, owing to my feet being all cut and inflamed, but I can still ride and paddle in the canoe, so I do not really lose much time."

Some nine miles further to the west Grubb discovered a place which the Indians called Thlagnasinkinmith, also on the Rio Verde, which presented every appearance of a useful site for a permanent centre of work. His present adherents seemed quite willing to go there, so he resolved to occupy it at his earliest convenience.

First of all it was necessary to proceed to Concepción to settle business matters, make arrangements for communication with the outside world, and bring out some of his possessions. He accordingly packed up his few belongings and left them in charge of a few selected and influential natives with instructions for some of them to come to the river in due time and meet him and carry his goods out. He was delayed in Concepción longer than he had anticipated, and was further hindered in his ascent of the river by persistent north winds.

When he arrived again at Riacho Fernandez the white folk there found a wry satisfaction in informing him that the Indians were worthless and his work vain, for they had stolen his property and decamped. Tired with his journey and disappointed with his efforts, just as he seemed to be making progress, he fell in with a native, who assured him that his stuff was safe in the hut, where he had left it, but the people had abandoned the settlement and were now living in a fresh encampment near a forest some seven or eight miles from the river. "On hearing this," Grubb wrote, "I proceeded at once to their camp, and upbraided them bitterly for their desertion. They entered into no excuses, but simply maintained that they wanted to have nothing more to do with me. I tried to prevail upon them at least to help me to bring my

belongings to the River Paraguay, but they would not even do this."

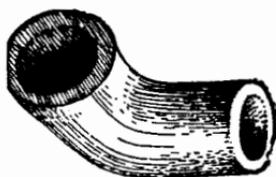
While he stood wondering what to do next, several visitors appeared in the distance. Grubb found to his great surprise and delight that they were men from the west, who had accompanied him on his first journey to the interior. He explained his plight to these friendly folk and also the attitude of the villagers he had tried to help. They at once informed him that his goods were intact in his little hut, and that they were on their way to town to sell their skins and feathers. Grubb offered them goods in exchange for their commodities, and ventured to ask them if they would lend him a hand. To his surprise they expressed their willingness to do so.

Going on to the encampment, where the disgruntled Indians were, the visitors immediately informed them of their intention of returning to Neantamama and assisting Grubb to carry his property to the river. An angry discussion ended in Pinsepawa, the sub-chief, and some of the people deciding to return to the little station. The party arrived there next day, and found everything in order. Having again his people around him, there was no need to retreat to the river. The coming of the western visitors saved the Mission, or at any rate prevented its temporary abandonment. These men became Grubb's fast friends and opened the way for the establishment of work in the far interior, which in course of time led some of their clan to become the first members of the Christian Church among the Lenguas.

His mind being relieved in respect of his property and his confidence restored by the adherence of some of his people, Grubb decided to carry out his scheme for building a permanent station at Thlagnasinkinmith. While making preparations for the move his hut caught fire. As it consisted mostly of grass, the evening breeze quickly fanned the flames, and owing to the fierce heat and blinding smoke very little property could be saved. During the conflagration Grubb suddenly remembered a small case of powder lying in the hut and shouted to the people to stand clear. Before anyone could interfere an old woman rushed inside and secured the box, and, fighting her way through flames and smoke, emerged triumphantly and placed it outside at a safe distance. Almost immediately one

or two loose tins lying in the hut exploded, to the Indians' great consternation, and in a few minutes the hut collapsed, and practically everything was consumed—the missionary's clothes, boots, watch and other important effects.

For about a month, until he could get fresh supplies of clothing from Concepción, the pioneer was compelled to adopt the picturesque but, for him, uncomfortable and inconvenient costume of his people. They were delighted with his appearance, and decorated him with feathers, bead necklaces and gaudy head-dress, and gave him the name of Tathnawu-lamum, the Dandy. With rough home-made sandals to protect his feet and with only the woven blanket for a covering, the gad-flies and sand-flies, fleas and mosquitoes feasted on his blood and made life miserable with constant bites and unceasing irritation of the skin by day and night. Under those trying conditions the migration to the new station was effected and a fresh stage in the pioneer's career was inaugurated.



INDIAN CLAY PIPE-BOWL.

Removes to Thlagnasinkinmith 1891

His New Home—Lonely Days—Suspicion—Attempt to Poison Him—Quinine v. Cana—Taking out First Cart—Arrival of Shimield—The Newcomer's Impressions and Experiences—Bailey & Guppy—A Ghostly Adventure—Encounter with an Alligator.

AT the end of July 1891, when the first signs of spring begin to appear on the *algarrobo* (bean-fruit) trees and the *rhea* (ostrich) looks round for a place to lay her eggs, Grubb set out with his people for his new home at Thlagnasinkinmith (the Home of Many Wood-ticks). This lies about thirty-three miles from the River Paraguay, in a corner formed by the Rio Verde and one of its affluents. It appeared to be a most desirable situation as a basis for the Mission.

There was a good water supply, the district was well-wooded yet possessed abundance of pasture and several natural paddocks for stock. Footpaths leading from the native villages met at this point. This was a great advantage, for the people could be readily visited and contact even with the more remote villages be secured. Hunters from the interior carrying skins and feathers for barter would naturally pass through the settlement to the river. A site was cleared, and two huts (one for a kitchen, the other for a dwelling-house and store) were made of palms and thatched with grass. The Indians quickly put up a few rough shelters in the vicinity, and cleared some forest land for gardens.

A start had been made and some success had been achieved, but it was very lonely for the pioneer. He felt at times that he had yet to win the people's full confidence; an element of fear and suspicion still lingered in their minds.

During the winter months an old woman got very ill with fever, and her relatives expected her to die, but Grubb attended

her and the illness yielded to treatment, which gave him great prestige with the people. Then the chief's child fell sick, and the father came and asked for medicine. It was suffering from acute pneumonia, and had already reached a stage impossible of recovery. Grubb refused to treat the case, and when the child died soon afterwards, the father insinuated that he could have saved it as he saved the old women, had he cared to do so.

Whether due to this unfortunate incident or to the jealousy of those who practise witchcraft, an attempt was made to poison him. Grubb wrote: "I was always careful to clean and fill my kettle, which served as teapot, and one day after doing so, I placed it on the fire, and went away till it should boil. On my return I found it boiling, and, quite contrary to my usual custom—I do not know why—I raised the lid and looked inside, and there, to my surprise, I saw the leaves of some plant floating on the surface. On further examination I found quite a handful of these strange leaves inside, so I immediately questioned the Indians. They all pretended to be surprised and to know nothing about it, saying that they did not even know what plant it was. I had my suspicions, but I could do nothing, and so, cleaning and refilling my kettle, I stood by until my tea was made."

Another incident of this period showed their lack of confidence. From the first Grubb made a firm stand against the drinking of foreign liquor, and carefully abstained from it himself. One day Pinse-apawa found him in his hut in the act of pouring into a glass a small dose of a quinine mixture, which certainly did contain a small percentage of alcohol. It was a very bitter and nauseous concoction, which had been recommended to him as a preventive against malarial fever. Taking up the bottle and smelling it suspiciously, the Indian remarked: "Ah! this smells like foreign liquor." Grubb motioned him to be silent, and, on the promise of secrecy, told him he would give him some. His eyes sparkled with delight, and when offered a good dose of the mixture he gulped it down, but almost as quickly threw most of it up again, and with disgust declared it was not foreign drink. He never expressed further desire to taste his patent drinks, and most likely told none of his people about it.

Having successfully established himself, there came the matter of transport of supplies to be settled. It was quite evident that native porters and pack-horses would not solve the ultimate problem of provisioning a permanent station. Neither he nor his natives had any experience of bullock-carts, but he felt that that method would prove the most suitable, and determined to make the experiment.

There existed nothing but an Indian trail ; a road through the forest would have to be opened out, and the cart negotiated through swamps and ant-hill plains for the whole distance of thirty-three miles. The Paraguayans, living on the river bank, prophesied disaster and strongly advised him not to try the experiment. Still, something of the kind had to be attempted or the work would be crippled. Persuading a wood-cutter to lend him a cart and bullocks for a trial trip, he started on the hazardous undertaking, and, after considerable difficulties, succeeded in getting through with the first load to his station at Thlagnasinkinmith.

About this time news came to him that a member of S.A.M.S. Committee was on his way to join him for a time and to estimate for himself the possibilities of forming a Mission in the Chaco. Leaving the place and goods in charge of one or two people, Grubb set out to meet the newcomer. In order to give him a hearty welcome, he arranged for a great feast on his arrival. Messengers were sent to all the neighbouring villages and some 450 natives responded to the invitation.

While Grubb was quietly penetrating the interior of the Chaco, the Society at home was greatly concerned about him working alone, without a leader, and anxious about the work itself. It was a great relief to the Committee when the Rev. W. H. Shimield, Rector of Haddenham, Ely (afterwards Archdeacon of Stanley), volunteered to go out and reorganise the work and, if the climate was favourable to his health, to remain as permanent head of the Mission. He had had experience as Chaplain in Uruguay, so that his knowledge of Spanish and of local conditions would supply exceptional advantages. His offer was gladly accepted and he sailed for South America on July 1st, 1891.

He met Bishop Stirling on arrival in Buenos Aires and received his counsel and direction. Proceeding by river-boat

to Paraguay, he reached Asunción, where he had to spend several days waiting for a steamer to take him to Concepción, which is 260 miles north. He wrote :

“ On August 27th I took steamer for Concepción, where I arrived next day. Here the river begins to narrow. Its quiet bays are interspersed here and there with wooded islands, and now and then a break in the trees discloses still lakes a little inland, sometimes stretching out of sight. The tiny ports have their interests, and it is amusing to see the river-men loading the steamer with wood-fuel, and to watch the women on the beach washing clothes.

“ I was joined by Mr. Grubb in Concepción. He had come in from the interior station, and had rowed down the river from Riacho Fernandez. He was accompanied by a native lad of fifteen, who presented a most picturesque appearance wrapped in a woven blanket and his head encircled by a coloured band and a wreath of ostrich feathers. Mr. Grubb looked well and appeared to be in excellent health. The *Adolfo Henriksen* required some repairs before it could be safely used again. As the row upstream with a great winter heat of 90° Fah. in the shade would prove too long and fatiguing, we had to wait in town for a week till a Brazilian steamer came along to take us up to Riacho Fernandez, where we disembarked.

“ We found waiting for us a party of interior Indians. They were fine, well-developed, healthy-looking men, and very good-humoured. They set to work with a will to unload our goods and stores and to carry them up the steep bank to dry land. Next day we hired a couple of bullock-carts, loaded them and started on our journey accompanied by our Indian retinue. Some of them carried axes to cut down trees and remove obstacles from the road ; the others were armed with bows and arrows. As they marched behind the carts in single file they presented a picturesque appearance.

“ Our route lay in a westerly direction through a flat country, covered with long, coarse grass and studded with palm trees, broken now and then with patches of thick woods. Two swamps were crossed without difficulty, and we continued our journey without accident until the evening, when we encamped.

“ We reached our destination next evening. As we drew

near to the village we were welcomed by shouts and the firing of guns, and when we actually arrived we were surrounded by a big crowd of Indians, men, women and children, laughing and chattering, showing every sign of delight at our arrival.

“Mr. Grubb had been absent from the settlement nearly a month. It was most gratifying to him to find that the people had taken nothing of what he had left behind. Even the sugar, of which they are very fond, had not been touched, and natural food had not been superabundant.

“I am much struck with Mr. Grubb’s happy manner with these people. His patience and tact are admirable, and the position requires a great deal of wise diplomacy. I consider him wonderfully fitted in constitution and temperament for this special work, and he has already done much to prepare the way to a successful issue. He seems enthusiastically devoted to it, and bears with a light heart the great hardships, trials and difficulties which he encounters abundantly. His effort to make the people self-reliant is beginning to tell. I saw four different plantations which he has induced them to make, and they are beginning to acquire sheep, mares and pigs. The people join with us in our evening prayer and behave most reverently.”

Mr. Shimield considered the sphere of work most promising, but one or two workers were sorely needed. He tried to secure a *peon* (day-labourer) to help with the secular work, but the people in Concepción were so much afraid of the Indians that none would venture into the wilds. Eventually a respectable young man named Guppy offered his services, and he proved very useful with the transport business.

Early in October Grubb accompanied Mr. Shimield to Concepción to arrange some business matters. Among other things they had to select a suitable site for a deposit station for stores. The Paraguayan Government gave Grubb permission to settle on an island in front of Caraya Vuelta, some three miles higher up the river from Riacho Fernandez. The return journey with stores was most unpleasant; Mr. Shimield wrote:—

“Having finished our exploration, we loaded our bullock-cart with stores and started back. Before we got half-way it

was evident a storm was brewing and about sunset we were compelled to halt. We covered up the stores in the cart as well as we could, and by that time the storm had burst in all its fury. The thunder and lightning were terrific, and the rain came down in sheets. We were quickly drenched to the skin, and the 'camp' was soon turned into a lake. It was impossible for the bullocks to go on in such a storm; several large swamps lay between us and the village, and the animals were already tired. The cart must wait till morning, but the prospect of standing or sitting all night in water a foot deep was one which made me determine to try and reach home.

"Leaving the cart in charge of Guppy and the Indians, Mr. Grubb and I mounted our horses, and, accompanied by an Indian, we pushed on through the storm. The lightning darted round us like arrows of fire; we were almost blinded by its brilliance, and bewildered by the tropical rain driving in our faces. The path was covered with water nearly to the horses' knees, and the darkness between the flashes of lightning was intense. No one, I believe, but an Indian could have found the way. We reached the station at midnight, soaked with water, and with worn-out horses.

"We hoped that then our troubles would be over, but were disappointed, for we found our huts flooded with water. Going into the largest of them we had to seize what dry clothes we could, and beat a hasty retreat, for a colony of ants had taken possession during our absence, and as we entered they swarmed over us from head to foot, stinging us so severely that we were speedily routed. The smaller hut was half-full of water, and we had to mount the table to change our things, and pick off the ants from our bodies.

"The rain continued for a week. There was no chance of drying our wet clothes and baggage; the boots we took off at night were green with mildew in the morning; and to add to our discomfort, the stores which arrived in the cart next day were nearly all spoiled by the wet. So the Indians, as well as ourselves, had to be content with very short commons for a week.

"The morning after our arrival two of the chiefs paid us a visit. My companion was sitting without a shirt on, as all of his were wet. Without a word one of the chiefs stripped off

his own and handed it to him—one of those kindly little things that endear the natives to one.”

Mr. Shimield left at the end of the year, he wrote : “ I am truly sorry that, after a fair trial, I feel unable to remain permanently at this most interesting work. The climate and insect life try me too much ; I have almost continual headache and lassitude, which render me unfit for work.” The services of Mr. George Bailey, a young Englishman, was secured as a companion to Grubb and to help him in business transactions.

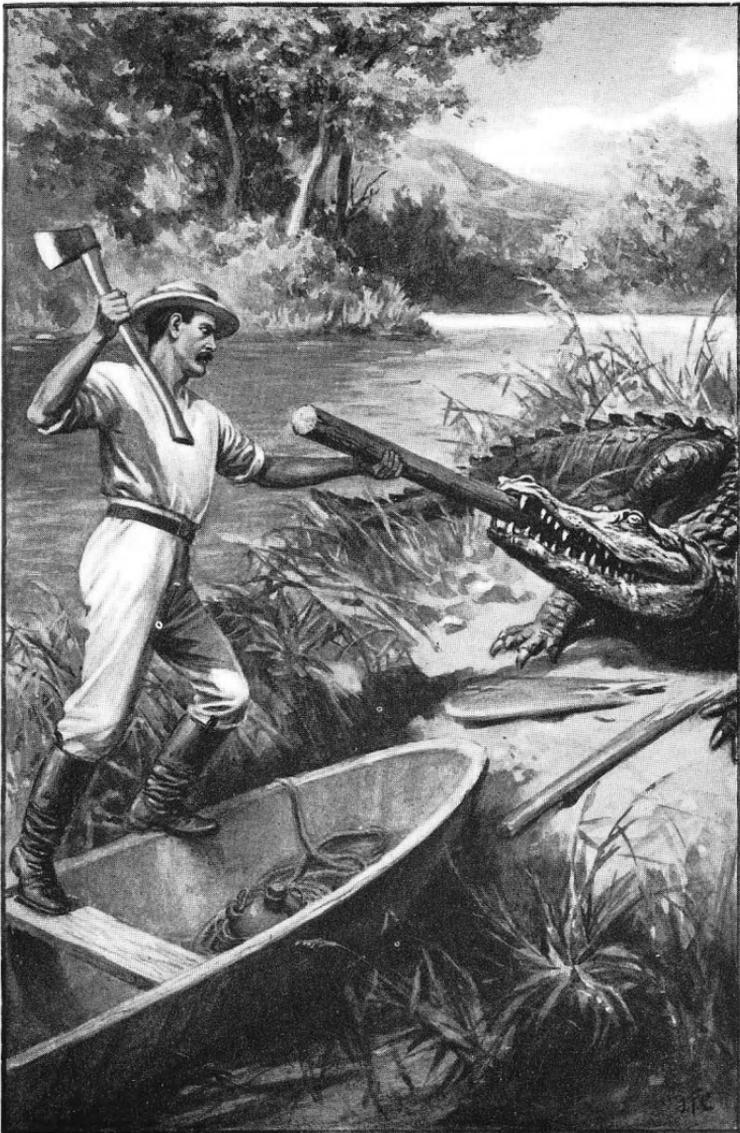
At the conclusion of Mr. Shimield’s stay, Grubb accompanied him to the river on an Indian horse, riding bareback the thirty-odd miles, as it was unaccustomed to the saddle. Having to borrow the natives’ horses occasionally, Grubb was in good practice and did not feel any unusual strain in the performance.

On the return journey, he had as companions a witch-doctor and his son. It was night time, and Indians hate travelling in the dark, because of the numerous but unseen goblins of the forest.

All went well until they reached the stream. Grubb was leading, and made straight for the usual crossing, which was very wide and rather deep ; but the witch-doctor called to him, and said that there was a better ford farther down. They travelled on in the pitch darkness for some time, and then attempted the crossing, but only floundered in the soft mud. They tried again at another place, with the same result.

Grubb angrily insisted on going back to the original ford. After a time they consented. He had two dogs with him, and contrary to their usual custom, they refused to follow him into the water. He told the witch-doctor to go on ahead while he tried to coax the dogs into the stream ; but before he was half-way across, his companions, who had already reached the other bank, whipped up their horses and dashed into the forest, through which the path lay. Grubb followed them for a time, but eventually lost touch with them in the darkness. He stopped and shouted, and after a long time heard a faint response in the distance. He continued to shout and waited.

When his companions eventually rejoined him, he was by no means in a pleasant humour, being wet, cold, mud-bespattered and much worried by mosquitoes. He upbraided them for



GRUBB MEETS WITH UNEXPECTED OPPOSITION.

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

their conduct, but the witch-doctor assured him that there was a devil at the crossing, that the dogs had seen it, and that was the reason why they would not enter, adding that it was a wonder they had got through at all. This was the kind of thing that Grubb had to bear frequently in those early days.

Grubb was by no means pleased the next day when he found out that the witch-doctor had spread a false report of the matter in the village. His version was that while Grubb was crossing the river the devil had caught him by the leg and had nearly succeeded in pulling him off his horse, and that in their headlong flight he had lost his way in the forest, and being in dreadful fear, Grubb had called piteously to him to come to his protection.

The particular spot was noted and dreaded by the Indians. "On one occasion," wrote Grubb, "I was sleeping in a hut, on the banks of a stream, in company with five or six Indians. In the middle of the night they awoke me, and told me with horror that a man had died in that locality and he was even then blowing up the embers of the fire outside. They appealed to me for help. I listened, and distinctly heard a sound of the fire being fanned. I got up, and was about to go outside when they seized me and pulled me back. I went out eventually and satisfied myself that there was no one there, but they would not be pacified. At intervals during the night we all heard the peculiar noise and I could not account for it. Argument was useless, they blamed me for the misfortune, because I had previously interfered with a skeleton found in that place. Next morning I listened patiently to discover the dreaded sound, and found that it was nothing more terrifying than two tree branches rubbing against each other in the wind. My explanation was, of course, quite in vain."

It was about this time Grubb had several encounters with alligators. They are repulsive creatures and to be avoided but they are not venomous reptiles like the rattlesnake. They will stretch loglike on the bank and seize lambs and kids coming with the flock to water. They snap when attacked and Indians have been rather badly bitten when spearing them.

Once after diving into quite deep water, Grubb, in striking the bottom of the stream, suddenly felt something slimy and creepy moving across his body. It was an alligator; and

without a moment's hesitation he rose to the surface and escaped to the bank.

He himself tells of another experience :—

“On one occasion I had gone out in a canoe to cut poles with which to repair a bullock-cart. These poles were about four inches in diameter. I had secured a few, and was drifting downstream looking for another suitable tree, and on discovering one began to work the canoe through the weeds towards the bank. As I was about to land I was confronted by a large alligator coming down the bank towards me. These creatures generally make for the water, and, seeing no reason to molest him, I threw a handful of weed at him to hasten his movements, when, to my surprise he showed no inclination to avoid me, but, on the contrary, showed fight, advancing towards me with open jaws. Having no firearm, I thrust the blade of the paddle into his mouth, but this he crushed as if it were matchwood. Seeing how much he enjoyed the paddle, I thought I would give him something more substantial, so, taking up one of the poles, and awaiting my opportunity, I thrust it with all my force into his gaping throat. He was now powerless ; but not wishing to leave him thus to suffer, I hammered it further into his body with another pole, until it passed through him.

He was now safe to land, and, having collected the timber I wanted, I fixed the painter behind the fore feet of the alligator, and towed it to my camp. The Indians were greatly amused at my novel way of capturing this reptile, but heartily welcomed this addition to their larder.”

Trials & Travels 1892-1893

A Leader and Workers Wanted—Visit of an Estancia Manager—Arrival of Hay & Pride—Central v. Coast Indians—Occupying the Island—Sanapanas & their Raids—Incident at a Native Feast—Witch-doctors & their Ways—Illness & Resignation of Bailey—Decision to go Further Inland—Floods & Rough Travel—"Little Black"—Arrival & Stay at Thlagwakhe.

WITH the beginning of the year 1892 a fresh stage in Grubb's career was entered upon. Hitherto he had ploughed a lonely furrow in a particularly rough field. Other workmen were now coming to his aid, who would carry on the routine duties of the stations already formed, and leave him free to travel farther afield, and evangelise the people living in the more remote villages.

Mr. Shimield reached England in February. He met the Committee of the Society and explained the situation in Paraguay. He urged them to seek a leader to take charge of the promising Mission, and a band of young men to develop the work. The need was fully admitted, but actually no leader was appointed for five years. Two young volunteers were accepted for the work, Mr. John Hay and Mr. Andrew Pride. They sailed from Liverpool in the *Britannia* on April 13th.

While these young missionaries were on their way, Grubb was greatly surprised to receive visitors at Thlagnasinkinmith. Having a day or two to spare, the manager of a big *estancia* and a friend secured guides and made their way to Grubb's inland station. The manager was greatly impressed with his visit and sent a letter to the Buenos Aires *Standard* in which he says :—

"We arrived late in the evening and found Mr. Grubb

quite alone with the Indians, who appeared rather disagreeably surprised at first, for they always fear the intrusion of white people into their domains. When they saw that Mr. Grubb received us in a most friendly manner, they at once concluded that we were the new missionaries expected from England, and received us with expressions of friendship. Quite a village is rising round the station house. Mr. Grubb informed us that as many as 600 to 700 Indians come to stay there sometimes, until he has to send them away so as to make room for others to come. He has been remarkably successful with the Indians and, although he has not been with them very long, they are exceedingly fond of him. Often we saw some of them greet him very heartily, an operation to which he had to submit good-naturedly, as they are very touchy, and would deeply resent a refusal of their friendly demonstrations.

“I may add the hope that his courageous efforts will be well-supported, so that thus he will be enabled to become in reality the ‘*Pacificador de los Indios del Chaco*’—a title which was given to him with much foresight by the Paraguayan Government.”

The two fresh recruits arrived in June. The impression that the young pioneer made on their minds may be gathered from a letter written by Hay soon after arrival:—

“Mr. Grubb has a wonderful power over the Indians; they have the utmost confidence in him, and obey him like so many children, and his name is known and his influence felt far into the interior. With his wonderful power and tact in dealing with them, and the experience he has gained of their mode of life and thought, his knowledge of the language, together with his intense love for them, we are of the opinion that he is eminently fitted to be the permanent general superintendent of the Mission.”

Though not formally appointed, Grubb naturally took charge of the work, which now began to assume definite shape and demanded some kind of organisation. Bailey, his newly-acquired assistant, was made responsible for the purchase of goods, management of accounts and business affairs. Guppy, with the help of natives, would attend to the transport of goods by canoe and bullock-cart. Hay was given charge of Thlagnasinkinmith; he was a married man and expected his

wife to join him a few months later. Grubb hoped thus to be free to travel with Pride and open up work in the interior.

From the earliest days in the Chaco, Grubb's chief interests and affections were set on the inland tribes. At a later date he wrote: "It is among these central Lenguas that I see the best field for work. The chiefs have more power, and the people are simpler than the coast tribes, and there I have received the warmest welcome, and from there have gathered my most intelligent and steadiest assistants. The Chaco Indians have advanced from the interior to the coast and so, naturally, we find the central body inland, and I think our plan is to advance from the centre, to make that our base of operations, and not work from the coast."

As a matter of fact the "coast Indians" (i.e., dwellers on the river bank near the haunts of civilisation) did not respond to the Gospel. Degraded by drink and vicious habits, entirely alien to the natural ways of the tribe, forsaking old sanctions and adopting selfish and criminal customs, the river clans went from bad to worse. At that time they became very troublesome, killing cattle on lonely farms, stealing goats and movable property, and in other ways annoying the white settlers, who demanded reprisals. One Indian was shot dead while he was lying asleep, which caused some of the people to avoid the town and stirred up strife among the more warlike.

Though unattractive, these "coast" Indians could not be neglected, and Riacho Fernandez, though still used as a river base, was now a lumber establishment. A port was essential as a business centre to deal with correspondence and to supply the inland stations. Failing to acquire land on the mainland, Grubb decided to vacate Riacho Fernandez and occupy the island site, offered by the Government, which faced Caraya Vuelta. A few huts were therefore erected and the goods removed to the new quarters. From thence the river Indians were visited and influenced.

Having made satisfactory arrangements for the prosecution of the station work, Grubb now began in earnest his exploration of the country. He wandered far and wide in the Chaco. Three trips in various directions covered over 800 miles. He made friends with the simple folk everywhere, and prepared the way for occupation. But the winter of 1892 was, on the

whole, a trying time, and Grubb was occasionally at his wits' end to know what to do for the best. There was strife between the Lengua and Sanapana tribes over cattle stealing, and a very dangerous situation was created, but the daring young pioneer quietly travelled up and down the country, endeavouring to bring about a friendly attitude between the tribes, and to prevent open conflict.

The Sanapanas, whose home lay north of the Mission, were exceedingly troublesome to natives and missionaries alike. Grubb wrote at the end of 1892: "I fear the Sanapana Indians have stolen three or four of our cattle, as I cannot find them anywhere. They already have two of our horses; but I will go to their *tolderias* (encampments) and claim them immediately. These Sanapanas are a daring tribe and cause much trouble, but I hope soon to make friends with them. However, they must not steal our wares nor trouble the Mission Indians. To arrange these matters with them will entail a journey of ten days or a fortnight."

While he was wandering about in their villages, Bailey got a surprise visit from the tribe at the island. He wrote: "During Mr. Grubb's absence we had a visit from the Sanapanas, seventy-five in number and, with the exception of three, all men well armed with bows and arrows. We were somewhat surprised at their appearance, for I have never seen such a party travelling together, neither as a tribe do they journey without their families. Our Indian boys were much frightened at their arrival, which caused great excitement among the coast tribes and the settlers, who sought protection in our house on the island."

Hearing of a large feast some days' journey to the west, Grubb set out in that direction with an Indian guide. On arriving at the village he found over 170 people gathered together for the occasion. Most of the men were very intoxicated, and he received rather a doubtful welcome. While some appeared delighted to see him, and expressed their pleasure that he had arrived in time to join in their festivities, the chief and some others, almost at the same moment, accused him of having, by witchcraft, killed one of their horses, as they had found it dead the day before his arrival. He argued the matter with them, and suggested that death was probably due to snake-bite, or

perhaps lightning ; but they would accept none of his explanations, and did not conceal their anger. Although he spent some time in the village, he did not take part in the feast, and deemed it advisable to make his camp under some trees a little way off.

His guide, as might be expected, was taking his full part in the merry-making, so, being alone, Grubb retired to rest. Several times during the early part of the night natives visited him and urged him to come out from under his mosquito-net and join them in the dances ; but he refused all their invitations.

About midnight, as he was feeling thirsty and had no water by him, he called out for some to be brought to him. The Indian word for water is *yingmin*, and for beer *anmin*. One old man, mistaking his call, and being himself in rather a muddled condition, thought he had shouted for *anmin*, and presently arrived with a calabash full of beer. This Grubb refused, and told him he wanted water. The man evidently felt amused, and calling to a girl to fetch water he himself drank the beer as he sat by Grubb, but for the rest of that night he never seemed to have got rid of the idea that he wanted beer, and kept on visiting him with further supplies, greatly to his annoyance. On two occasions, finding him asleep, the man lifted up the net, letting in swarms of mosquitoes and, stumbling forward, drenched Grubb with the beer, for his calabash held at least two quarts. What with the insects biting and the discomfort of his beer-soaked bed and garments, he enjoyed little sleep that night.

This particular trip was not very satisfactory. The wet weather set in with great violence, terrific thunder storms and continuous rain. After six days journeying under most miserable conditions, Grubb was glad indeed to arrive at Thlagnasinkinmith.

The witch-doctors were very busy about this time, and tried in many ways to oppose Grubb's advance and check his gathering influence over the people. They did not like his bringing out the cart to Thlagnasinkinmith, and when, later, he resolved to cut a road and take a cart further inland, the witch-doctors determined to get rid of him.

For three months they worked steadily for his overthrow. They decided not to resort to open violence, for fear lest his

disembodied spirit might be more dangerous and troublesome to them than he himself was when in the body. At any rate, they concluded that his power of rapid movement would be infinitely increased thereby. But die he must—if not by violence, then by their magic.

His friend Pinse-apawa, who knew of this plot, kindly warned him of his danger, and earnestly endeavoured to dissuade him from attempting to take a bullock-cart into the interior. In spite of his warning, Grubb proceeded to carry out his design, and the difficulties of this journey, though great, were eventually overcome.

One day Grubb heard a great uproar in the village. On inquiring the cause, he was informed that a woman was possessed by *kilyikhama* or evil spirits. He went to the scene of the disorder, and found her stretched on the ground, throwing herself about violently. Four men were holding her down by the limbs, while the wizard was bending over her, trying to drive out the spirits.

Grubb at once saw it was simply a case of hysteria. Bidding the wizard desist from his performances, and telling the people that he had a potent drug which would very soon restore the patient, he returned to his hut and brought back with him some strong liquid ammonia. As soon as he applied, on a handkerchief, a liberal dose to her nose, the effect was instantaneous ; much to the astonishment of the people.

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

Here is a yarn from Grubb's own pen : " At Thlagnasinkin-mith I built a high palm fence round part of my hut in order to keep out the dogs while I was sun-drying meat. I was sitting inside this enclosure at a fire conversing on diverse topics with a number of men, and chanced to have my alarum-clock with me. A young witch-doctor, having some chanting



CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

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

to do, coolly came and stood up against my fence and began his dismal task. I told him to move farther off, as it interrupted our conversation, but he paid no attention. I therefore decided to remove him by other means, and, setting the alarm a few minutes ahead, I slipped it unnoticed behind the fence. His chant waxed louder and more vigorous, when suddenly off went the alarm. He dropped his gourd, and with a cry of fear ran off to the village."

Grubb was made up of a great mixture of gravity and fun. One day he did a little jugglery and then explained to the people how it was done, in order to expose the fraud practised by the wizards. Getting together a good audience he performed for their benefit a number of conjuring tricks, most of them being imitations of those of their own witch-doctors. The one which impressed them most was the extraction from a dog's tail of a piece of paper after he had eaten it. Wrapping up some fat in a bit of paper, he gave it to a dog, which eagerly devoured it, paper and all, and then, working with his hands along his stomach, he sucked the paper out of the tip of his tail, and showed it to them. "A-po-pai!" cried the onlookers in chorus, unable to restrain their astonishment. The trick was an easy one, which he afterwards explained to them. Tearing out two leaves of cigarette paper, he secreted one in his mouth, wrapping the fat in the other. By using such means he hoped to break down the power of the witch-doctors.

For nine months, Grubb was constantly travelling and making investigations with a view to forming a strong settlement in the interior, well out of reach of the dangers and evil effects of so-called civilisation. When he returned to the river at the end of March 1893, his choice of a station had been made.

On arrival at Concepción he found Bailey dangerously ill and unable to move in bed. His trouble was due to a large maggot in his ankle. A moth known as the *ura* alights at night on an exposed part of the body of a person, and lays its egg, injecting some poisonous matter at the same time. No wound is visible nor pain felt at first, and some weeks elapse before irritation sets in. Then a worm develops in the part, and in this case was an inch and a quarter long, thick as a lead

pencil and covered with short black hair. If properly treated at this stage, the patient suffers little inconvenience and no serious trouble.

Ignorant of the cause of irritation and feeling no acute pain, Bailey took no notice of it, till quite suddenly, while in Concepción, he found himself unable to walk and began to writhe in agony. A doctor, apparently ignorant of the real cause, cut out the worm, but inflammation of the veins set in, endangering the patient's life. After eighteen days of excruciating pain, Grubb took him to Asunción, and placed him in the kind and capable hands of Dr. Stewart.

In due course Bailey recovered; but the illness together with the privations of Chaco life left him so weak that he regretfully tendered his resignation. Later, he entered into partnership with a friend in business in Asunción, and acted as Mission agent there for many years.

Hay was then transferred to the Island to take up the duties connected with business and the river base. Thlagnasinkinmith was abandoned as a station and turned into a travellers' rest, so that all available force might be concentrated on the proposed new station inland.

On May 11th, 1893, Grubb started for the interior to form the "Central Station" of the Chaco Mission. Pride accompanied him. They took with them eight natives and eight horses, two bearing pack-saddles consisting of four specially fitted-up tin cases with provisions. They prepared for a protracted stay. They returned on June 12th, after experiencing a truly terrible journey.

Heavy weather had unfortunately commenced just after their departure, the river rose rapidly, and flooded a large part of the island, to within a few feet of the mission buildings. The flood extended for a long way into the Chaco region.

Grubb and Pride arrived at Thlagnasinkinmith, the first stage of their journey, wet and weary. There they found that the stream had overflowed its bank, making the crossing of the horses and goods difficult and dangerous. They prepared a dug-out canoe and got safely across, and resumed their journey. They plodded on for the first day, their horses splashing through water all the time, until they came to Yoweahak-

kamuk, where they had to unload everything, strip to the skin and swim carrying their belongings over the deep little swamp stream.

The horses gave trouble at the start next morning. The horse known as the "Little Black" was the chief culprit, so Grubb determined to turn it into a pack-horse for punishment. He lived to regret his decision. The load was carefully adjusted and the pony remained quiet. But no sooner was the leading-strap given to a native than it bolted at full speed to a clump of palm trees; two of the boxes came into collision with a tree and were knocked off and burst. The other two then swung underneath its belly, and the pony, thoroughly annoyed, proceeded to kick them off and succeeded. It then followed up its victory by vigorously kicking to bits the box-carriages.

The ground around suggested the wreck of a miniature goods train—rice and flour, tea-tins and sugar-tins, looking-glasses with faces resembling spiders' webs, tins of powder, caps and matches, and all the other travellers' requirements, were lying scattered in every direction in the mud and slush. Two of the tin cases were completely useless and had to be left, but the loss in provisions was not really great. The rice, though muddy, came in useful for the natives, who enjoyed it; but it was galling to see the useful pack furniture, produced with great thought and labour, demolished in a single moment. The damages were repaired and another start made. The journey was continued through miles of submerged land until they came to Yowea-ahé. Thus they plodded on day by day, through forest and bog, until they came to their destination.

The village of Thlagwakhe or the Place of Many Brown Wasps, was situated in a dry but most undesirable spot, surrounded on three sides with scrubby forest and marsh-land on the fourth. At that time it was occupied by some eight families and a few strangers, sixty in all, living in rude shelters of sticks with a reed covering.

Here they stayed for nearly a month, when their provisions gave out. Then they returned by the way they had come over the flooded plains, bitten by mosquitoes, subsisting on little and rough fare, with scarcely a dry spot to rest at the end of the

day. Eventually, jaded and dirty with the journey, with clothes ragged or spoilt and their saddle-gear rotten with constant soaking, the travellers reached the island station once more. But the trip was not in vain, for it was the beginning of the new inland station.



SUHIN PIPE OF CARVED WOOD.

Perilous Days at Thlagwakhe 1893-1894

Another Lonely Journey in the Wilds—A Wise Choice—Saves a Child from Burial Alive—Returns Inland—Survey of Mission Land—Attends Funeral of Old Gaiety—Suspected of Necromancy—Rebellion—Direct Road Sought—Taking Bullock-cart Inland—Philip the Uncertain—Archdeacon's Visit—A Traveller's Testimony—"Little Black" Again—Drying the Tea-leaves.

TURNED out of his river base by the wood-cutters, forced by fire to leave his first inland settlement, compelled by flood to abandon what he hoped would be a permanent station at Thlagnasinkinmith, and not very hopeful of a prolonged tenure of his island home, Grubb determined to lose no time in securing a firm footing at Thlagwakhe in the interior. So leaving civilisation again at the end of June 1893 he once more set out alone for the wilds.

There is no doubt that he enjoyed these lonely and adventurous times among the Indians. Something attracted him; something within him vibrated in harmony with the nomads and their surroundings. In his book, *A Church in the Wilds*, he wrote:—

"I must confess that, in looking back upon the past, I regard my earliest years in the Chaco as among some of the happiest of my life, in spite of the privations, dangers and constant nervous strain to which I was subjected.

"There is a sense of freedom and novelty in such a life, which people who are in normal touch with civilisation cannot possibly understand or appreciate. The realisation that one is in the land of mystery, alone, and has been the first of his race to tread some of these wilds, the first to come into contact with and understand a hitherto unknown people, that any day something entirely new may be discovered, has a peculiar satisfaction of its own."

By dint of his own daring enterprise in penetrating the interior, Grubb had secured for himself a great position, so that in reality he was an important personage wandering about from clan to clan. From the first he acted the chieftain, and I think that on the whole the people liked rather than resented his attitude.

When he arrived at a village, he behaved very much like the old-fashioned country squire, with his genial manners and pleasant speech, who took for granted that he would be duly respected and waited upon with deference by his loyal tenants. Grubb expected the simple folk to welcome him and minister to his comfort.

He would hand his horse to a young man, and order him to unsaddle it and take it to water. Beckoning a young woman, he would indicate a spot and tell her to go and light a fire there. Once his resting-place was prepared by his attendants, he would get one to fetch water, another to pull off his knee-boots.

When the heat was great or the flies troublesome, he made two of them sit by him with fans. If he had had to do much walking, he secured a couple of small girls to rub his feet, which seemed to give him great relief. He encouraged them to bring along their little presents of pumpkins or sweet potatoes, and accepted, when offered, a leg of mutton or haunch of venison.

The present journey was not undertaken with the idea of a pleasant sojourn among his primitive friends, but he was moved by a great purpose—nothing less than the establishment of a station in the heart of the country, which should become a centre from which the activities of the Mission might radiate in every direction.

Grubb had, without doubt, on his first journey in 1890, been led by Providence to the group of villages occupied by the Paisi apto or Black Food clan. Since then he had travelled extensively among the other clans and observed carefully the geographical position of their villages and had noted the specific advantages or desirability for his particular purpose.

But again and again he harked back to his first choice among the Paisi apto villages dotted along the high ground adjacent to the Big Swamp. It was a wise choice, proof of which can be

found in the fact that, from that day to this, the district became and remains the centre of work among the Lenguas. For various reasons the site has been changed on several occasions, but even the present Central Station is only a few miles distant from the original settlement at Thlagwakhe.

In these early days, before the marsh was trampled with domestic animals and the forests desecrated by the woodman's axe, the district was capable of supporting a fair population. The swamp provided not only an abundant supply of fish, but also ample food and suitable nesting-places for millions of ducks and waterfowl among the luxuriant reeds and floating plants. The *cierbo* or great marsh deer frequented the swamps.

To the north were stretches of open country, suitable for agriculture. Beyond these was the deep forest near the Rio Verde, inhabited by wild pigs and monkeys, an occasional great ant-eater and numerous armadilloes, the haunt also of the jaguar and puma. On the south side of the Big Swamp, the country presented a series of vast plains, where the ostriches roamed and the pampas deer enjoyed its freedom. In addition to various kinds of *algarrobo* and other fruit-bearing trees, were the palm tree, quantities of berries and edible roots that supplied the women and children with food and the men with drink.

Villages of other clans were to be found in suitable localities within easy distance of the Big Swamp, in almost all directions, while the road to Chief Storkneck's home in the west was marked by small but prosperous communities. From this it will be gathered that it was a most desirable centre for his Mission, but he was destined to pass through some unpleasant experiences, and to practise patience for several years before his object was fully accomplished.

Grubb arrived once more in the vicinity and was well received by the people and encouraged by the interest shown on the part of some to Christian teaching. They were living at that time not at Thlagwakhe, but in a cluster of huts two miles west of it. Influenza visited the place and one woman in particular was very ill, and seemed likely to die. Grubb had arranged with the Indians to return to Thlagwakhe, as he considered it a better site for his station, and already had a number of young men there collecting building material.

Matters were hastened by the woman's critical condition, for when it was evident that the end was near the people collected their goods and, driving their flocks, migrated to Thlagwakhe. Leaving some eight men behind, Grubb went over with the main party to superintend the removal of his own property, but left word that he was to be notified as soon as the death took place.

The afternoon was well advanced when a messenger arrived with the news. The natives made the unusual request that he should be present at the burial and speak to the Great Spirit. Hitherto he had never seen a native grave or attended an Indian funeral, and he gladly consented and hastened back with the messenger to the deserted village.

He found the woman lying outside the hut covered with reed matting, and preparations were being made for her burial. Knowing something of their customs, he insisted upon examining the woman, and, in spite of the protests of the men, he removed the matting. Her pleading eyes met his gaze, and in a faint voice she implored him to give her a drink of water. This he procured for her, greatly to the annoyance of the rest.

Presently two men drew near, bringing a pole with them, and announcing that the grave was ready. It was now nearing sunset. Grubb protested against her burial, because the woman was still alive, but they were eager to hasten it, her own husband being one of the party. Eventually they agreed to wait until the last moment, which was not long in coming.

In the meantime Grubb had made a terrible discovery. He heard a child crying and found the now motherless child, aged three months, left in a hammock, waiting to be cast alive, according to their cruel custom, into its mother's grave. Shocked and horrified at the prospect, he determined at all hazards to save the little one from a lingering death. He was perplexed what to do, for the time was late and the people were anxious to get the funeral rites over before dark. The mother was even then being carried off.

In his previous intercourse with the people he had never even heard of their horrible custom of burying an infant thus left, with its mother, and he quite concluded that the father intended taking it with him when the rites were com-

pleted. What was his horror, therefore, when the father and another man appeared and prepared to carry the child off!

"You surely will not kill the infant?" he said.

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

"What! alive?" he asked.

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

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

Presently the other men of the burial party arrived to inquire the reason of the delay; on learning its cause their anger knew no bounds, especially when he persisted in his opposition. Matters were becoming very serious, for they assumed a threatening attitude. Grubb could not, despite the risk involved, stand by and be a party to such a brutal deed. He pleaded with them, and inwardly appealed to the Friend of little children. He threatened them with the wrath of the Higher Powers. He vowed that he would leave their country, and refuse any longer to associate with men capable of perpetrating such a cruel murder. They retorted as hotly that he was a stranger and had no right to interfere with them.

Then it was, to Grubb's great surprise, that the young chief and two young men took his part, and told the others that it was well known that he had powers unknown to their people, and that probably in his case he could rear the child and ward off the wrath of the mother. It was a struggle for righteousness and humanity, in which Grubb might feel sure of Divine support.

The argument had been so long and their excitement so intense that the flight of time had been unnoticed, and darkness had almost settled down upon them. Greatly to his relief and joy they allowed Grubb to take the child, and, fearing the possibility of a change of mind on their part he left them to finish the funeral rites themselves, and hastened off with the infant in his arms, feeling sure that on his arrival at Thlagwakhe he would without any difficulty find some suitable woman to nurse the child for him. To his disgust and surprise, however, he was met with fierce abuse from men and women alike. He appealed to the child's sister, a girl of about

eighteen, certain that her natural affection would induce her to give him all the help she could, but she was, if anything, more abusive to him than the rest.

As the child must have had practically no nourishment that day, he placed it in his hut, but when he called to some of the people to assist him in catching a goat in order that he might get some milk for the famishing child, they flatly refused, and even forbade him to get the milk himself.

The people were profoundly stirred with excitement and rage, and, doubtless, greatly troubled by superstitious fears, and anxious and doubtful of the consequences. The return of the burial party at this juncture made matters worse. Grubb did the best he could under the trying circumstances and, after preparing some rice-water, managed to give the child a little nourishment with a spoon. He was then informed that he would not be allowed to remain that night in the village. The ghost of the mother, they said, would shortly arrive looking for her child, and as he had been mad enough to run such risks he must face them alone. He was compelled, therefore, to avoid further trouble, to encamp away from the village, and to take the baby with him.

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

He spent a fairly comfortable night, although the village people were very disturbed and rattled their gourds and chanted to drive away any ghostly visitants during the night. Next day he declared his intention of leaving for the river and taking the child with him, and called for guides to accompany him. To his surprise and disappointment no one offered

to, and as a matter of fact he was delayed ten days, days of terrible anxiety and constant dread. His greatest difficulty was in providing for the child, for the women still refused to render him the slightest help.

Eventually five men, including the father, consented to accompany him to the river. One would have been quite sufficient, but they were evidently convinced that safety lay in numbers.

It was late in the day before they set out. Fortunately they were all mounted on horseback, but at sunset they insisted on camping for the night. As they had covered such a short distance Grubb thought the proposal unreasonable and again feared trickery. The next day, however, they advanced, resting frequently in order to feed the horses. That night he insisted upon continuing the journey, and to his relief they agreed.

The route lay a great deal through forest country, and Grubb's companions evidently passed a more anxious night than he did. They were in terror of the ghost. Sometimes they would stop, hearing noises, and make him lead the way. Of a sudden they would insist upon his bringing up the rear, as the danger seemed to lie in that direction.

They reached the river at dawn. Grubb was tired from the long ride and from having to carry the child—which he did in a sheepskin bag slung over his shoulder—but he was greatly relieved at being at last secure, and within reach of proper treatment for his young charge. Suitable food was at once obtained. As no evil influences followed his action the demeanour of the natives rapidly changed, and they soon, especially the father, began to take an interest in the child.

There was no woman at the Island Station when Grubb arrived, so Pride and Guppy helped him to nurse the child. Mrs. Hay was in Villa Rica recuperating from her illness. She returned later, not to the island, but to the town of Concepción. The baby was then handed over to her and she watched it with tender care. Early in the following year it was stricken with fever and succumbed. Shortly before its death the child was baptised by the name of Hope. The following day the little coffin was taken across the river in a canoe and buried on Chaco soil.

Grubb returned to Thlagwakhe in August 1893. He took Pride with him and carried a good stock of provisions. He did not stay long. Leaving his companion to carry on the work for a time he rode back to the river, where trouble met him. Hay had been taken ill shortly after Grubb's departure for the interior and was compelled to leave his post on the island and to go into Paraguay for treatment. He returned to Concepción in October and welcomed Mr. Ball, a new missionary. The Hays did not return to the island, which had proved unsuitable for mission purposes. It was given up in the following June, and Caraya Vuelta, opposite on the mainland, was used for a landing-place and a jumping-off ground for the interior expeditions.

During this period Grubb was constantly on the move, for the keeping up of his interior station was no child's play. His faithful assistant, Pride, held on tenaciously, living a solitary and unexciting existence among the natives, but he had to be visited and supplied with the common necessities of life. So again in November, Grubb was in the saddle, travelling westwards with food and letters. He found all going well, and early in December returned with a number of Indians to make preparations for the survey trip.

In June 1892 Mr. A. Busk, of Asunción, presented to the Society a quarter of league of land, to be selected from any part of his property in the Paraguayan Chaco, and gave the Society the option of buying at a nominal rate the other three-quarters. Already more than a year had passed without favourable opportunity of getting a survey and thus being able to make a choice of a suitable site for a mission station. Now in December 1893, Mr. Freund, the surveyor, was at liberty and pleased to do the Mission a service.

Starting on December 11th, Grubb and Ball, together with a party of a dozen Indians, set out with the surveyor in a straight line due west of Concepción and measured the land for a distance of twenty leagues inland, and found themselves within a few miles of Thlagwakhe, where Pride was stationed. The land, but not the actual site, was duly selected, and on application to the donor, he generously offered the Mission the whole league, free of cost, and added a money donation of £25 as well, on condition that the land was occupied and a native village established immediately.

The old surveyor was delighted with the success of the trip and wrote to the President of the Republic, "I have this day" (December 30th, 1893) "returned from an expedition to the interior to survey and measure the boundaries for a mission station of the South American Missionary Society, from which, in future, the missionaries will work for the civilisation and evangelisation of the Chaco Indians, and am surprised at the security and tranquillity with which we can now travel among them, thanks to the effective measures taken by the missionaries to Christianise these savages."

The survey over, Pride took a short holiday in Paraguay. He also secured stores and purchased some cattle. The latter included milk cows for the missionaries' own use, bullocks for transport, and a few breeding cows for the natives. Grubb, of course, remained behind, alone once more among the Indians.

An old man, Ataiwanyam, whom Grubb had nicknamed Old Gaiety, was laid aside with sickness and, eventually, worn out by old age and semi-starvation, died late one afternoon. The Indians invited Grubb to form one of the burial party at the old man's funeral—an invitation denoting great confidence and respect—which he accepted. The funeral was carried out in the ordinary way, without any peculiar atrocities. They requested him to say a few words. They had not reached the stage when they wanted a Christian address or prayer, but they had an idea that he had a powerful influence with spirits, and a word-charm from him might, they thought, add weight and efficacy to their own ceremonies.

The funeral over, they all returned home, Grubb had already extorted a promise from the people not to vacate the place or destroy their houses, as was their custom. Furthermore, he had dissuaded them from killing the four goats belonging to the old man, although they destroyed his other property. The plan by which he had contrived to save the goats was by offering to exchange them for four of his own. The man's niece, therefore, received the four goats from Grubb; and he was prepared to take the consequences if the ghost of the dead man resented the liberty that had been taken with his property.

The people did not vacate the village, but they took the precaution to pull down their rough shelters and re-erect them on the other side of Grubb's hut, so that, whatever happened,

his hut would lie between them and the grave, and if the ghost appeared he would be the first to suffer.

The witch-doctor was in rather a quandary. A week or two before Grubb had persuaded him to build a more substantial house, which boasted a kind of door. In order to puzzle the ghost should he arrive, the doorway was blocked up, making it appear like a part of the wall, and a small gap was opened on the opposite side instead.

The village was particularly quiet that night. This was the first time in their history that they had ventured to remain in the same place after a death had occurred, and they naturally felt intensely nervous. Grubb retired about ten o'clock.

About midnight, he was awakened by a terrible hubbub amongst the people. The few guns they had were fired off, arrows whizzed through the air, women shrieked and beat on the ground with sticks, children cried, dogs barked, and even the sheep and goats began to run about in the general confusion. Grubb wondered what could be the matter. He hastily lit a candle, and got from under his net. He had hardly done so before three men rushed into his hut, exclaiming that he was trying to destroy them. "You are to blame, it is all your fault," they shouted again and again. For some time he could make nothing of their accusations. They were terribly excited, evidently full of rage, and in a dangerous mood. Eventually they went outside and Grubb followed.

At the door he met two or three of the younger men, who had been attached to him for some time. They were calmer, but very serious, and informed him that the ghost of the old man had been seen to enter his hut and remain there for some time, and then disappear to the north; but who had seen him could not be gathered. They moreover informed him that it was believed that when he spoke at the grave he had communicated with the dead person and urged him to have an interview with him. His informants further told him that the people were greatly incensed, and purposed killing him. He could see that they were loath that he should meet with such a tragic end, but it was plain that they also believed he had been parleying with the ghost.

Grubb realised that the moment was extremely critical. It was no good arguing with them in their present excited state,

and he saw that his safety lay in keeping as quiet as possible. To attempt flight would have been folly, but he felt that he would be much safer if he could get out of the way for a time. They have a dread of going near a grave, especially at night, even their witch-doctors will not do this. So he decided to try the following experiment. He explained to the few more reasonable ones that the accusation of the people was false and unjust, and that he was so convinced that there was no spirit about that he would, if they liked, walk over to the grave, in order to show them that he had implicit faith in his assertion. The few near him seemed to think that this was reasonable, and, not wishing to give them time to reconsider, Grubb began at once to put his offer into execution. He knew that if he could get in the vicinity of the grave he could remain undisturbed for the rest of that night, and probably by the morning their excitement and hostility might have died down. He had not gone far, however, before they brought him back. A strong discussion seemed to follow. Some were evidently taking his part, but he overheard one old man observe that it was quite easy for Grubb to offer to walk in that direction, as he had just had an interview with the ghost, and, therefore, could not possibly be afraid to meet it again, adding some other remarks about his powers as a wizard.

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

He heard afterwards that the cause of all the uproar was an old woman's dream, in which she saw the ghost. The people were naturally excited and anxious, and the retailing of a dream of that nature would add fuel to flame. Grubb's predicament was awkward and unpleasant; only his presence of mind saved the situation.

Through such occurrences the natives' superstitions were gradually weakened.

In February 1894, after the arrival of the cattle, Grubb and Pride with four natives went off to mark out and view the new land, with the idea of taking possession and commencing building operations; and left Ball in charge of the station.

In their absence thefts were committed, the boys in regular employ deserted their duties and went off hunting, and when they returned one boy, partly out of bravado and partly to annoy, killed his cow, and invited all the people to partake of it, which they did, although some declared that they protested strongly against the slaughter of the animal. It was quite evident that the day had not dawned when the people would be ready to possess cattle and so improve their social position. They knew they had done wrong and for some days relations were strained between pastor and people.

Grubb and Ball departed for the river, and Pride was once more left alone. Two nights later, while sitting in his house, he heard an explosion and attributed it to ghost-shooting. After retiring for the night the young chief came along and informed him that an accident had taken place. Pride went to the village and found the boy, who had killed the cow, suffering from bad burns on both face and body. The skin of his right cheek was blown off, yet curiously enough his eye escaped injury. It seems that a tin of powder had fallen out of his satchel, while he was sitting near the fire, and for some reason ignited. The wounds were properly treated and the sufferer comforted.

Thus the rebellion came to an end. As a matter of fact the boy, through carelessness, caught cold and got dirt into his wounded leg and was laid up with a big sore, which was treated and healed. When really well he appeared grateful, and his mother, to show her gratitude, brought in some firewood for the missionary; all the people, without exception, exhibited a friendly spirit.

The Mission land had been located and its general position determined. It was hoped that an early survey would be made to define the exact boundaries, for Grubb had found, while riding with his companion over the estate, that a very broad swamp flowed through the middle of it and, therefore, it was necessary to know the relation of the swamp to the high land before a final decision regarding the building site could be made. The surveyor was willing and ready to come out, but weather conditions prevented it. Incessant rains prevailed, filling the swamps and streams, flooding all the surrounding plains, making travel arduous and dangerous, for the traveller



MULE-CART AND BULLOCK-WAGON.

Both mules & oxen are largely used in Chaco travel. Mules are quicker & cover more ground in the day, & fodder for them can be easily carried. Bullocks are slow, but extremely reliable in marshy places & for long journeys so long as pasture & water are available. The mules in the picture are in great distress, having floundered into a treacherous quagmire while crossing the Pilcomayo river. The school-boys in the lower picture derived great pleasure from taking these tame bullocks to the well for water & filling the barrels which are in the cart. High wheels are necessary to pass easily over trunks & ant-hills.

not only had to move slowly over the wet, muddy paths, but at the end of the day had considerable difficulty in securing a dry spot to cook his food and rest for the night. Surveying was out of the question for the moment, and it appeared that months would have to elapse before the final measurement could be accomplished.

Pride had his hands full at Thlagwakhe with the animals. Owing to the flooded condition of the country disease set in among the sheep and goats, and in spite of every care a flock of over 300 was reduced by one-half.

Grubb in the meantime was struggling with the problem of supplies. It had been proved that the interior of the country could be safely occupied, and, apart from the natural conflict of superstition and witchcraft against the vital truths of the Christian faith, the people adopted a friendly attitude and seemed anxious to retain the presence of the foreigners, who had come to live among them. The erection of a permanent station on Mission property was well within sight, but the effective working of it, with a properly organised school, useful workshops, a successful cattle farm, dispensary and church, and the upkeep of a sufficient staff of workers, presented a problem incapable of immediate solution. Granted a practicable road direct to the town of Concepción, the purchase of carts and bullocks and the training of carters could be easily managed, the question resolving itself into the collection of funds and the ordinary work of practical education of the natives. There was, however, at that time no direct way, no river port at the end of it, and the intervening country untraversed by vehicles of any description. For the time being the old route must serve the purpose.

In March 1894, therefore, Grubb decided to re-occupy the abandoned station of Thlagnasinkinmith in order to keep in touch with the 300 or 400 Indians, already influenced, living along the banks or in the immediate neighbourhood of the River Paraguay and, at the same time, have a stopping-place and a store-room between the coast and the inland station. There was, already, a cart road to that spot and goods could be brought there, and then, on pack-horses, conveyed to Thlagwakhe.

Grubb himself was, at this period of the work, shouldering

the heavy end of the burden. In order to keep the interior station supplied with the absolute necessities of life, he travelled backwards and forwards along the heavy roads, with scarcely any respite month after month, leading pack-horses, hindered the whole time with almost unceasing rain and storm, frequently compelled to halt for shelter or to unload and swim the goods across the swollen streams, which resulted in constant loss by the soaking of his cargo.

As soon as the rains abated and the country dried up a little, he determined to make a venture with a cart. By that time he knew the track as a man knows his hand, and he had willing, but so far entirely untrained, natives as tried companions. Still, a bridle track, even a good one along high ground or open plain, may prove a highly unsatisfactory roadway for a bullock cart, but when it leads, as this one did, through thicket and marsh, palm forest and ant-hill plain, treacherous sandy bog and deep swamp streams, the difficulties attending the transport of a cart drawn by mules or oxen were well-nigh insuperable. Undeterred by the hardness of the task, the tough pioneer crossed the cart over the broad stream at Thlagnasinkinmith, rafted the cargo across, loaded up and started for the interior with only a few untutored natives as assistants.

In places the road had to be widened by cutting down palm trees or clearing thorny shrubs, sometimes a forest had to be skirted or a way cut through, long detours were made to avoid spongy ground or deep swamps. Several times the cart had to be unloaded and the goods taken on men's shoulders over nasty gullies, but after about a week of travelling he managed to get his cart safely to its destination. On subsequent journeys the road was improved and straightened, obstacles removed, and, at regular stages of the route, rough rest-houses were built and enclosures for the bullocks were made, so that gradually the journey, though never easy, became less arduous as the road grew familiar and the management of bullocks better known.

Thus the months passed by, steadily establishing the interior station and paving the way for a regular transport system, but the constant strain of riding backwards and forwards, living on the roughest of food and frequently meagre

supplies of that, exposed to all weathers by day and night, began eventually to tell even on his iron constitution, so it is rather pathetic to read the laconic remark in one of his letters, "I have been rather overworked of late." He not only used up his energies but he also spent his money on the work, as may be gathered from another remark at that time. "All that I have done for the Indians personally," he wrote, "has entailed a loss of some £40, but chiefly from a disease which killed off many of the animals. I have been glad to do this, for the results have been good. The money was spent freely and gave me full satisfaction, and I do not want any compensation at all. At present I have only sheep and cows enough for our own meat supply, but I am glad that I shall now be able to continue helping the Indians without drawing too heavily on my own resources."

During this time he could give little time to the language, and most of his direct teaching was limited to his travel companions and, in particular, to a young man called Philip. He met and was greatly attracted to this youth on his first inland journey in September 1890, and tried to persuade him to accompany him to his river station. The following year Philip visited Thlagnasinkinmith, but refused to stay there. In the spring of 1892 he secured a more or less permanent hold on the young man, and gradually trained him as house-boy and travel-companion. Every now and again the lad took offence and ran away for a brief period until his fit of the sulks was over. Grubb spent a lot of time in teaching him the truth and his efforts were eventually rewarded, but that day was yet distant.

In September 1894, he wrote, "My boy Philip, who has been away from us in Concepción for some months, causing me much sorrow and anxiety, is about to return. He gives me much trouble and is most difficult to manage, but the Word has a hold on him, and his heart is in the right place, and, if we can only win him for Christ Jesus, he will prove a valuable man."

The present writer was accepted for service and appointed assistant missionary to the Paraguayan Chaco in July 1894, and duly arrived in Concepción on October 19th, when all the missionaries were away in the interior with Archdeacon

Shimield, who had come on a visit to the Mission. With a pang of regret the Archdeacon passed through Thlagnasinkinmith—once more vacated—the scene of his former labours, and thought how disheartening it must be to the missionaries to have to give up the place after so much labour had been spent on the building and fencing.

Travelling by cart, mostly by moonlight to avoid the great heat of the day, the party reached Thlagwakhe on October 12th and spent a few days there. A young Indian had died three days before their arrival, and his relatives were going about with faces blackened in token of mourning. Pride had been asked to bury their dead brother, which was a good sign, pointing to increased confidence and the gradual breaking down of superstitious customs. Before returning the Archdeacon found time to visit the Mission land, and was altogether delighted with the progress made.

After Archdeacon Shimield's departure for Buenos Aires little time was lost before the return of the party to the wilds of the Chaco. Included in it were the newly arrived missionary, Mr. Freund, the surveyor, who, in spite of the unpleasant weather and the flooded state of the country, wanted to attempt the survey of the Mission land, and Mr. Livingstone Learmonth, an Argentine *estanciero*, who was desirous of seeing something of the interior of the Chaco. The journey was one of the roughest that could be imagined, and the visitor wrote to the Society in no uncertain terms about the life and country :—

“Through these tropical swamps your missionaries plod steadily on, leading such a life as I have only seen equalled by that of the hardiest pioneers, one moment scorched by the tropical sun, the next drenched to the skin by torrential rains, sleeping where nightfall finds them at the edge of a swamp, and often in soaking wet clothes. They should have waterproof sleeping bags in which to shelter themselves from the rain, which here comes down like a waterspout. Even a cowboy in North America is better protected from the elements than they. Perpetual journeys to and from the interior, with the coast of the Paraguay river as base, must be undertaken to keep the missionary staff in the bare necessities of life, and only very small loads can be taken. Yet I find these men

driving bullock teams themselves, walking beside the team up to their waists in water, and working as no colonial bullock driver would work for £1 a day. At the end of the journey, which usually lasts a week, the only shelter awaiting these men is a rough palm-log house with one small room and a verandah—nothing more—and this room serves as store and affords all the privacy available. . . . I do not hesitate to say that as a record of hard, patient, rough, enduring work, this Mission to the Chaco Indians has only been equalled by that of the Jesuit Fathers when they made their noble effort to Christianise Paraguay. It must, moreover, be remembered that even the Jesuits tried to evangelise the Chaco, but gave it up, as the obstacles were so enormous.”

The progress of the cart was so slow over the watery track, and the stinging of the flies and mosquitoes was so persistent by day and night, that the members of the party began to feel impatient and road-weary, and longed to reach their destination, as a sleepless sufferer craves for the dawn. Freund started off with an Indian and eventually in pitchy darkness and wet through to the skin he arrived at the station. Next day Grubb and Learmonth rode off, and Ball and I plodded along quietly with the cart.

The party of six, when complete, formed the greatest number of Europeans that had ever met together in the far interior, and there, in that tiny palm-log hut, without accommodation and imprisoned by incessant rain, we had to endure each other's company and the curious gaze of the natives. The weather clearing somewhat, the survey party set out for the land and measured a few salient points in spite of the rain and insect pests, but the swamp proved too deep and so extensive that it was impossible to complete the work under these flooded conditions. Enough, however, had been done for the immediate purpose of selecting a site. Pride went back to the coast with the visitors, Messrs. Freund and Learmonth; Ball followed with the cart, so that Grubb and I were left alone at the station, until their return just before Christmas with the mail and provisions.

Life was far from exciting at that time. The whole place was surrounded by water, with just a dry patch here and there. The Indian village was less than fifty feet from the house, and

the approach to their rude shelters from any side was through mud and slush. Fish and game were plentiful, and summer fruits were in season. The overpowering heat, the constant showers, and superabundance of insect life, were matters of everyday occurrence and exhibited no special features of inconvenience or discomfort. Still it was pathetic to see a mother sitting at night beside her naked sleeping children, fanning them to keep the mosquitoes away, every now and again smacking her own bare back with the bird-wing fan, when made conscious of self by an unusually sharp sting.

There were some fifty people in the village, including the families of the chief and the witch-doctor, and these were augmented from time to time by visitors ranging in number from fifteen to fifty. If the rain was excessive the people sought the shelter of the Mission hut. One night about fifty of them came in and found a place in that small area, on the spare benches which served as beds, on the table or under it, among the saddle-gear, somewhere or other they all found a place, men, women, children and dogs, and curled up for the night, safe from the wet, if not protected from mosquitoes or ghostly foes. About the middle of the night, we were awakened by a terrific yell, a man got up and rattled his gourd and yelled away at the top of his voice to scare away the ghost that he had seen in his dream. He was stopped, and very reluctantly put away his rattle. Not actually under our roof, but in the near-by village night was often made hideous by this constant incantation to drive away spirits.

At that time there was a group of young men between twenty and thirty years of age living in the village, Philip, Harry, Francisco, Willie, Alexander, and others, that attracted Grubb's attention. When things were slack these youths would catch the pony "Little Black," and with a mere bit of string for a bridle and no saddle, they would throw off their blankets and mount it, guiding it into the swamp. At full gallop the little fellow would go until it reached about a foot or so of mud and water, and then quite unceremoniously it would suddenly stop and pitch the rider into the slush. Another, amid peals of laughter, would then mount the animal and the same programme would be repeated. The pony seemed to enjoy the fun, and it developed the habit of

throwing any new rider into the first swamp it came to on a journey.

A young missionary arrived from one of the colonies, and he was quietly told that the horse would buck him off once on the journey. The young recruit told his informant that he knew all about horses and their ways, and distinctly resented the advice given; so no more was said. All went well for several leagues, then came a delightful swamp with about two feet of mud and water in the centre, and sure enough, as the pony reached the right spot he tipped the knowledgeable horseman into the mire, and some of the party went on their way rejoicing.

With a few fair periods only, the rain continued through the month of December, effectively preventing outside work, and even restricting indoor activities. Like Job of old, I was covered with boils from head to foot, so that I could neither sit nor walk, ride nor rest with any kind of pleasure, and amused myself, therefore, in writing letters and learning the words that had already been collected.

Grubb settled down to read and sleep. I took out some twenty or thirty good readable books, selected by, and given to me by a literary friend, and in these he found considerable pleasure, for he devoured anything in the way of literature that came his way, and, having a retentive memory, loved to discuss the subjects brought to his notice either in reading or conversation. Then he would sleep for hours, making up for lost rest that had accumulated on his continuous and trying journeys. The mosquitoes and other nuisances were so abundant that we were compelled to retire soon after the sun went down. Our mosquito nets were arranged head to head, and a lamp placed between the two, so that reading and writing could be carried on under cover.

When the weather brightened up a bit Grubb awoke, like a giant refreshed, and looked round for an outlet to his bottled-up energies. So he devised what we termed the "Cathedral," a little hut, well plastered with mud to fill up the cracks of the walls and with sacking for windows, where some degree of immunity from the insect pests might be obtained. In it we could read, write or worship without too much distraction.

Then he conceived the making of a garden. Grubb was not

a gardener, but food was getting scarce and palm-tops not too palatable. A piece of ground was accordingly fenced and planted with pumpkins, which soon became a great asset to our kitchen.

At that time tea, among other things, ran short. The leaves were carefully dried each time and put back in order to have, at any rate, the smell of tea in the hot water. There was an old man called Mephistopheles, because of his extreme ugliness, acting as odd man in the kitchen, to keep the fire burning and such-like duties. The tea leaves had been dried and re-dried till all taste had departed from them. One day it was decided to use up the last pinch of tea with them, and placing it in the pot, the old man was expected to pour in the boiling water. On that particular day, most perversely, he emptied out the whole lot of leaves, because, he said, there was no room for the water. Looking round for drinks, Grubb came across the acid and soda used in the making of scones and decided that we might have fizzy drinks for a time. Pride's return was most welcome, for he brought fresh supplies to the empty larder, and Christmas 1894 we celebrated with all the good things we could muster, which included roast beef and plum pudding.

Acquires a Permanent Landing-place 1895

Difficulties—Again Postpones Furlough—Trying Weather—River Paraguay in Flood—Testing the Adherents—Lying Report of Land—A Rough Journey—Lantern Slides Exhibited—Improving Cart Track—Riacho Negro Occupied—Direct Road in View.

THE start of the year 1895 was disappointing, for stormy weather prevailed, preventing the transport of supplies and seriously retarding building operations. Much, however, was accomplished as the months went by, and the year ended satisfactorily.

Grubb had been away from home for nine years and his friends and relatives were getting anxious about him and urged him to take a furlough, but his answer was: "Our work has been so much delayed by the unusually heavy rainfall that I cannot say when I may be able to return to England."

The whole country was flooded; both marsh lands and wooded parts teemed with mosquitoes and insects of every kind. Except for great listlessness Grubb and his companions took no harm. But the rain continued, and created unhealthy conditions for the people. Owing to inadequate shelter and the lack of proper sustenance many fell sick with malaria and other complaints. This kept the witch-doctors busy, they were not content with merely sick-curing, but annoyed us with their words and actions, often blaming us for bad weather and individual suffering.

Grubb was, at this time, greatly distressed about Philip. Taking offence at some trivial matter, he had suddenly left the station. He returned later, really ill, suffering from malarial fever. Grubb kept him in the Mission house, and carefully nursed him, thus annoying the medicine-men who wanted to cure him in their own way in the village. When he recovered, Grubb went on with his steady teaching of him twice a day,

until he learnt to pray in his own language. "Philip has taken in a great deal of the truth," Grubb reported, "and, what is still better, it acts upon him; his conduct is most decidedly influenced by what he is taught."

Later in the year Grubb sent him out to trade and to teach the inland people what he knew of the Gospel. He brought back with him another youth called Poet, whom Grubb had known for several years. It was hoped that when instructed he might prove a useful teacher.

Weeks passed without any permanent change for the better in the weather conditions. The stock of provisions was exhausted; the cart must return to the river. The missionaries on reaching Thlagnasinkinmith found the water over the high bank, and the old settlement inundated. Splashing through miles of flooded country they came to Caraya Vuelta. Here the River Paraguay had risen twelve feet above the normal, and the water was well over the bank, flooding the farm houses and Mission hut. Across the river the abandoned houses of the Island Station were scarcely discernible, only the roofs being visible and the water flowing by like a mill-race. At Riacho Fernandez the original station was completely submerged.

It was one of the greatest floods on record, extending for over a thousand miles from the upper Paraguay to the basin of the River Plate. Following a tremendous downpour of rain in Matto Grosso the River Paraguay became a mighty flood, terrible in its force and vast in extent, which overspread the banks for miles on both sides, and in its onrush swept away houses and property, cattle and wild animals.

Hundreds of settlers were rendered homeless and not a few lost their lives. Some took warning in time, secured what movable property they could, turned their animals loose into the open "camp," left their homes and sought refuge in the town. In Concepción many of the shops and dwelling-houses were flooded, and the inhabitants moved up and down the streets in boats.

Miles of matted *camelote* (a kind of water-lily) were loosened from stagnant pools or sluggish streams, adjacent to or flowing into the river, and were borne away on the flood waters, carrying with them alligators, boa-constrictors, and other speci-

mens of tropical animal life, which were, eventually, secured by curious sportsmen in the streets of Rosario de Santa Fé or in the pools of Campana a thousand miles from their natural habitat.

Synchronising with the deluge from Brazil came torrential rains on the Bolivian Mountains, which, flowing down the numerous streams, filled the Bermejo and Pilcomayo to overflowing. These, growing in power and intensity, wrought destruction along their banks and increased the already terrible state of the rivers Paraguay and Parana, causing great loss of property and cattle and some loss of human life.

Near Concepción, on the Chaco side, the flood extended for twenty miles inland, and flowed, a mad, rushing torrent, over everything. A German colonist, named Corin (nicknamed by the Indians "Knife-nose"), and Sibeth, his son-in-law, got away in time to save their lives, but most of their property was lost, and only a small proportion of their cattle was found after the waters abated. In order to eke out a living and to find a place to preserve the remnants of his herd of cattle, Sibeth came and worked on the Mission as a carter.

At their old home on the river, one of the ports of call for the missionaries, Grubb used to be regularly entertained. Eggs were supplied in abundance, dozens of them at all stages of freshness were placed on the table for the guest to take his choice, to eat the good and reject the unpalatable. Grubb was very fond of eggs, and, following a particularly hungry trip, he has been known to eat a round dozen at a sitting. Oranges, again, were another favourite food, when he came within reach of the sweet juicy oranges of Paraguay. Getting an Indian lad to cut them into four pieces, he would stand on the bank of the river and steadily dispose of a couple of dozen at a time.

Cart journeys were utterly impracticable while the flood lasted, so the natives were sent back to the interior bearing the correspondence and the bad reports. There was nothing for Grubb and his companions to do but possess their souls in patience, and wait for brighter days and more favourable conditions.

Grubb visited the site for the new station and took the village people with him. He wanted to test them, to discover

their real feelings about leaving the old and migrating to a new spot. He spent several days there, exploring the country and carefully choosing the exact spot for the erection of houses. The land was too wet and the number of workfolk too few for practical building operations. He discovered, however, that the people were really attached to the Mission and chiefly dreaded the thought of Grubb going to other clans, of whom they were profoundly jealous.

A few days later a worthless old fellow called Great Gossip reported that the chosen site was under water. This curious old man strolled about with bow and arrows, but never brought home anything bigger than a camp-rat or an armadillo; he spent no time in gardening, although occasionally he wandered into the village with a few vegetables, filched, perhaps, from another's plantation. He had never been known to do a day's work. His report, therefore, was doubted, but Grubb thought that a personal inspection might be worth while. So we started off to the swamp, then waded waist-deep through it, bitten with gad-flies and stung with ants, generally scratched with razor-grass, and our feet bruised with bulrush stumps. We found the land quite dry. Regrets were useless, so we slowly waded back again.

Towards the end of February, Grubb and I, with four Indians, set out for the river to procure supplies. The journey was wet and unpleasant. Concepción was reached, the business transacted, and within three days we were back in Caraya Vuelta with a boat loaded with provisions, which were quickly transferred to the bullock-cart, and the inland journey commenced.

In spite of bad weather and flooded roads Neantamama was reached in safety. There was no place to sleep except in the cart. We flattened the cargo somewhat, arranged our beds on the top of the bags, in close proximity to the roof, from which depended a bag of onions, some strong-smelling strips of salt beef, and other articles. The night was close, no wind stirred, the cart was stuffy, but we tried to sleep. Then came rain pattering on the roof, and mosquitoes by thousands sought shelter within. We spent a miserable night.

Next day we moved on to find a tiny gully turned into a broad stream. All the goods had to be taken out of the cart

and carried across on our shoulders. Then followed a long pull through water, where the bullocks could scarcely touch bottom. Here we struck a palm-stump, which gripped the axle, and Grubb, working under water, chopped it away with an axe.

Next came a terrific hail-storm, followed by a cold, south wind and drenching rain. Tired, wet and hungry, the party gained the old house at Thlagnasinkinmith. Three hundred yards of water had to be crossed before the journey could be resumed. This took three days. One raft sank and a box was lost. Those who took the rafts across were bruised and scratched by submerged bushes and hidden snags. Both men and oxen were tired out after the arduous journey, which ended on March 12th.

It was at this time that Grubb took out a lantern and slides. It was a great event, and marked a new stage in teaching.

Hitherto instruction had been given by means of pictures shown to little groups of people. Short informal religious services had been held in the house or near the village. Now came the novelty of the lantern; the young folk were curious and expectant, while the older people were dubious and fearful. On the first occasion the sheet was nicely stretched, the lantern in position, and the audience squatting on the ground in front waiting for something to happen. When the first picture appeared on the screen, they were startled, and promptly covered their faces to ward off the impending calamity, for as they put it, "They were afraid of the little devil that lived in the black box, and jumped out to the white blanket."

The pictures were exhibited frequently, so that the people could get accustomed to them. In this simple way the Bible stories were told to visitors.

More journeys followed. Grubb was anxious to improve the road, which at that time was nothing more than an Indian trail with a few trees cut down and the logs cast aside. Starting out together we travelled slowly and made some solid improvements to the track. The existing road, when good, was followed: trees were cut down to widen it, trunks and obstacles lying across the way were removed, and an easy passage secured for the cart. In places we cut a way through the forest to avoid swamps or treacherous bog. Occasionally we left the

worn rut and struck across country to shorten the route or to secure firmer ground.

It was the middle of May when we got to Thlagnasinkinmith. There the ants were troublesome. We could not sleep, so we yoked in the bullocks and travelled by moonlight to the river. Francisco, the Indian guide, fell asleep on his horse, which wandered off the track and led the bullocks into a maze of ant-hills overgrown with tall grass. A fog came on to add to our perplexity, and we, in the cart, could neither stop the bullocks nor wake the guide. At long last Francisco was aroused and the right path discovered, and by 3 a.m. we arrived at Caraya Vuelta.

It was at this time that Grubb secured a permanent landing-place at the river. Through the influence of Mr. Livingstone Learmonth, who had recently visited the Mission, Messrs. Gibson Brothers of Buenos Aires, gave Grubb permission to occupy and use as a port, their land in front of Concepción, just where the Riacho Negro enters the River Paraguay. It was a valuable concession, and proved as the years went by to be most useful and important for the development of missionary enterprise, and for the colonisation of the Chaco.

Freund, the surveyor, had a house there. The land had been cultivated, and he had fruit trees growing there and a good garden stocked with common vegetables. There had been an idea of building a railway across the country from Paraguay to Bolivia, a few yards of sleepers were laid, and a railway station house had been built—very simple and very small—and a few outbuildings put up. It stood on a high bank, which even during the great flood remained safe and dry, so it seemed in every way a most desirable place for a port. Further there was nothing to prevent a married family living there; so Grubb decided to transfer Hay from Concepción to this place.

Although directly opposite the town of Concepción, the new site was not very accessible, because an island lay between the two. A league above Concepción and from the mouth of the Riacho Negro, the main river bifurcates and forms an island of considerable size, and safe, except in times of abnormal floods, for occupation. There were two ways of getting from one place to the other; either, to take a canoe up the river to

the point and down on the other side ; or, to cross the river to the island, then walk across and take boat on the far side. Bishop Stirling, on one of his visits, was asked by Grubb which way he preferred to travel. There had been rain, and roads were muddy, so the Bishop, pointing to some brand new top-boots, of bright yellow leather, which a young missionary was wearing, exclaimed : " It would never do to spoil those beautiful yellow boots by walking across the muddy island ; I think we had better take the canoe."

Preparations for occupying the new site began at the end of May. Grubb visited the Indian villages of this coastal district to secure adherents. He explained his rule about drink, and what he hoped to do for them. His two boys, Philip and Poet, threw themselves heartily into this work. Grubb was very pleased with them ; he wrote : " Both have given us much satisfaction and are very attentive to Christian teaching, and what is of good promise, they impart to others what they learn ; in this way the Gospel light is becoming more and more diffused."

Hay took his wife and family over the river and temporarily occupied Freund's house, which was situated on the River Paraguay itself. It was intended that the Mission house should be built several hundred yards upstream, actually on the bank of the Riacho Negro.

Months were spent in clearing the forest and collecting building material. The " camps " were waterlogged after the flood ; no cart was available for transport ; consequently, palms had either to be rafted down river or carried for long distances on men's shoulders. Thatching grass was also scarce. It was, therefore, the end of the year before the houses were erected and the station established, and Hay free to visit the Indians in the neighbourhood. This he was the better able to do because the Mission secured the services of an English family, Insley by name, the man to act as caretaker of the port and to attend to correspondence and business details in Concepción.

With a permanent port and caretaker provided, there only remained the finding of a direct road from it to the inland station. This took time and involved a good many journeys in various directions by Grubb and his assistants, before a

really suitable road was discovered. In October Grubb tried his best, by setting out from the interior station and working along the survey line, but was not successful. After this various trial trips were made and, eventually, a thoroughly serviceable road was cut, which, modified and improved, remains to this day. It runs almost due west from the river, and linked up station after station as they were formed and developed.



TOWOTHLI CLAY VESSEL, PAINTED.

Waikthlatingmangyalwa Founded 1895-1896

Advantages of a Settled Station—Grubb as Cook—Shortage of Clothes—Removal from Thlagwakhe—Founding of Waikthlatingmangyalwa—Deserted Wife & Child Murder—Visits Subin Chief Klusai—Discovers Possible Sub-Station at Namuk-amyip—Digging Long Well—Drought follows Flood—More Journeys.

ABOUT the middle of June 1895, Grubb, relieved of all anxiety in regard to the fixing up of the port of Riacho Negro and the removal of Hay and family from Concepción, felt himself free to devote his energies to carry out the long cherished plan for the establishment of permanent headquarters on the Mission land, lying 21 leagues due west of Concepción.

For five years he had been a wanderer in a strange land, and every attempt at setting up a permanent station was thwarted by adverse circumstances or defeated by physical disasters. In addition to the fatigue experienced by perpetual travelling in all weathers, and the labour expended in building place after place, there was not the remotest chance of making real headway in the education of the young and the training of an industrial community under those vagrant conditions. For the inculcation of the lofty ideals of Christianity, the creation of a right atmosphere and congenial environment was essential, and this could scarcely be secured without a fixed central home with its church and school. The tedious years of preparation were now practically at an end, and the beginning of a period of settled work and concentrated effort was about to dawn.

Travelling together in the bullock-cart from Caraya Vuelta Grubb and I made a good journey without incident, and then once on the station of Thlagwakhe there were numerous odd jobs to be done, such as the care of the cattle and horses, sheep to be shorn and goats to be attended to. In preparation

for the next trip the cart had to be repaired and put in order, lashings to be greased, yokes made, firewood chopped and carted. The Mission Station was already a little farm, owing partly to the circumstances under which we lived, and partly due to the working out of a well-established principle in Grubb's mind. He considered that a cattle-farm would provide the best facilities for the training of an industrial population, and supply means for their social advancement.

Household duties also took up time. With the presence of Sibeth, the transport agent, there were now four adults to be fed, and the cooking of food and baking of bread for four demanded ingenuity as well as time. We took turns, week and week about, and rigidly respected the other man's recipes and dishes. Pride furnished us with Yorkshire pudding, toad-in-the-hole, and curries; another favoured beef-steak and kidney puddings and dumplings; another preferred mince-meat or pastries, when these things were possible. Grubb was really entertaining during his week of cooking, and most conscientious in this not particularly agreeable task. He surrounded himself with six or seven native assistants; one to attend to the fire, one to wait on him, another to fetch things, another to keep the hens away, and so forth. It was always a many course meal that he served up—a solitary sardine, a plate of soup, a dish of beans, a snack of macaroni, a mutton chop, a helping of rice pudding and a bun with coffee represented the menu. The making of bread was so uncongenial to him that he would generally bribe someone else, by undertaking possibly a much harder task, to act for him in this respect, because he hated to get the sticky dough on his hands, as, indeed, he strongly disliked anything viscous or gummy, such as jam or honey, clinging to his fingers or clothes.

The day for trained cooks and washer-women was still distant; consequently at stated periods the clothes had to be washed and mended, buttons required sewing on, and occasionally garments had to be made, even without suitable material. Living for a prolonged period in the remote wilds, without adequate means of transport, one ran very short of ordinary garments. Reduced sometimes to a solitary pair of boots, the wearer was compelled to preserve them for emergencies and walk about, like the natives, bare-foot.

After an unusually rough journey, when clothes get soaked with rain or drenched in streams, the trousers torn with razor-grass or rent with thorns, and the coat or shirt ruined by severe usage, the traveller going to town had to look round and borrow things suitable for civilised surroundings. "Can you lend me a pair of boots, Hunt?" "Have you a spare shirt, Pride?" were the kind of requests Grubb made to his fellow-missionaries in those early days, when provisions were meagre and clothing scarce. Once, his last pair of trousers gave out on the eve of starting, and none was in a position to lend or bestow a pair; so Grubb stitched away diligently for hours making a pair of slacks out of a piece of sacking, and when he had finished the job, he found that he had made them back to front, and useless even as a makeshift!

At the beginning of July, Grubb was ready to commence preliminary operations for the occupation of the Mission land. It lay a few miles west of the existing station of Thlagwakhe, and the spot selected for the houses and general buildings was on the north-west corner of the league, and bore the native name of Waikthlatingmangyalwa, which means "The place where the armadillo entered the village." Missionary supporters in England were rather glad when the staff denominated the place "The Central Station," for many were fascinated with and attempted to pronounce the tongue-twister of a place-name, but most gave it up in despair. Captain Poulden, the Secretary of the Society, took a great interest in the details of the Chaco Mission, and when Grubb came home on his furlough, he asked him: "How do you pronounce the terrible name of your Central Station? We call it 'Wake'!"

It was situated in a pleasant glade, with open grassy plains to the north and west, while to the south and east stretched the "Big Swamp" (to which reference has been made on several occasions), covered with papyrus, bulrushes, and tropical reeds, its shallower parts producing various kinds of grass, making excellent pasture for cattle, horses and sheep, while its outer edges were adorned with palm trees and thorny shrubs. The wood itself was small, broken off from a deep and extensive forest that for many miles adorned both banks of the Rio Verde.

In the early Spring, it was quite an attractive spot, the bright fresh leaves of the trees, the shrubs showing signs of flowers of every colour, and the greenness of the marshy parts, made a pretty picture, unmarred as yet by the myriad mosquitoes and biting flies that make the summer months not a Paradise of beauty, but an Inferno of misery for man and beast.

Taking with him a few natives, Grubb went out to the new place and encamped, and erected a rough kind of shelter and an enclosure for the cattle. He was joined later by a companion, and together they raised a strong palm-log storehouse, made habitable the rough shelter, increased the conveniences for enclosing the cattle and horses, and then drove the milch cows and oxen into their new pasture grounds.

During this time strong north winds prevailed. These have a most enervating effect, sapping the energy and deadening all aspiration. This was followed by a cold wind storm from the south.

Grubb, unfortunately, caught cold, which brought on rheumatism. This, in turn, was followed by a sharp attack of fever. He could hardly get about; he ought to have been in bed. But there was a lot to be done, and the natives were particularly trying; they refused to work unless they were watched, just at the time when a spurt was required to have things in readiness for the final removal of the property from the old station. Grubb, consequently, grew weak and nervous, and frankly admitted that he had never felt so ill since he came to the Chaco.

There was no question that he needed a rest; it was ten years since he left England, and in addition to the rough travel and nervous strain, he had subsisted on the poorest of fare.

Little by little the goods were removed in bullock-carts, and finally, on August 6th, Pride said good-bye to the old station of Thlagwakhe and came with the last carts, bringing with him the cats, the fowls, the parrots, and the remaining natives. Life had begun in earnest on the new site; the Central Mission Station was founded, but the event was marked by a painful incident characteristic of heathenism—the murder of an innocent child, which brought Grubb up against his first real struggle against infanticide.

Some few months before the contemplated removal from

Thlagwakhe, a young Indian, in training as a witch-doctor, had sought to marry one of the village girls. The parents and near relatives strongly opposed this union, for they wanted Philip to marry their daughter, but he refused. The girl evidently returned the young witch-doctor's affections and they were secretly married; and now it was evident that she was about to become a mother.

The parents did not succeed in preventing the marriage, and they were not reconciled to it, when they knew that their daughter was expecting a child. In fact they and some of the villagers made matters so uncomfortable for the husband that he left the station and went off to the west.

The native law is that if a woman is deserted by her husband the child is killed as soon as it is born. It was reported in the village that the man had deserted the girl of his own accord, so Grubb, fearing the outcome, warned the chief people that he would be very angry if the child was destroyed, and even extracted a promise from the girl's father that its life would be spared.

On the evening of the first day that the new site was occupied the child was born, but as no immediate steps were taken by the people to kill it, Grubb believed that they intended to adhere to their promise, so he retired to rest as usual.

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

Shortly after breakfast inquiries were made about the baby, and Grubb was calmly informed that it had died naturally, and had been buried. He accused them of having killed it, and

raised as big a commotion about the matter as possible. He was not in a position to punish those who were implicated, but his object was to impress upon all the gravity of the crime, and his strong disapproval of it. It was, therefore, agreed to boycott the grandfather in particular, and not to employ him, nor hold friendly intercourse with him, for several months, in order to bring home to him the repugnance created by the crime.

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

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

Apart from superstitious belief and ancient custom which move the people to many foolish and cruel actions, selfishness was, of course, the real cause of the murder, for cumbered with a baby his daughter would not be able to work for him so easily.

This was the third case of infanticide that came to Grubb's

notice, and indicated the prevalence of the practice in parts unknown to him. He felt the matter very deeply, and said in effect to all and sundry : " No wonder the child-murderers fear the spirits of the little ones and dread the tiny graves at night ; no wonder they rattle their gourds and shout their incantations when darkness overspreads the land, and their sleep is disturbed by terrifying nightmares."

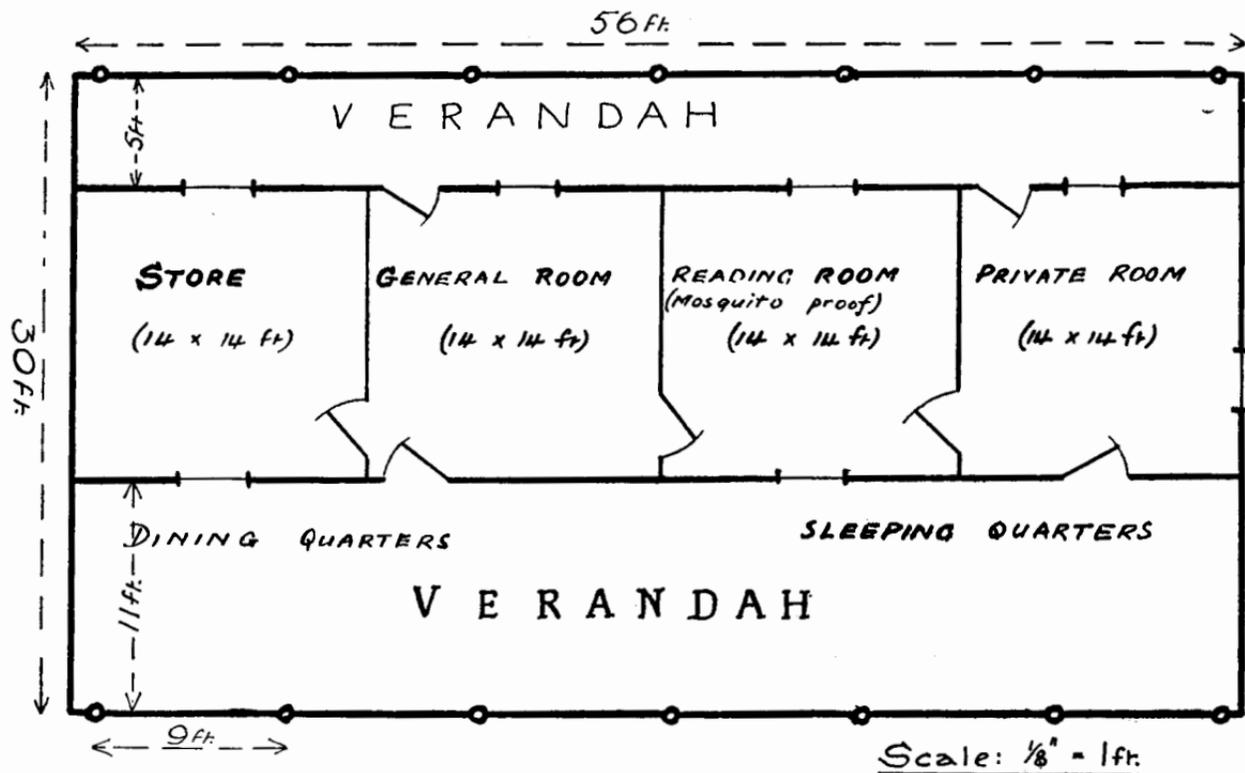
Grubb had now to concern himself, not with the thought of a temporary home but with the building of permanent headquarters for his Mission. It was unnecessary to rush ; there was time ahead to work out a careful plan.

Missionaries must, however, have something to eat. So as soon as possible a large patch of ground was cleared and planted with sugar-cane, pumpkins, melons, sweet potatoes, onions, mandioca, and bananas, and fenced in to keep out both wild and domestic animals. The plantation was made in excellent soil, on an island in the swamp, which, though very productive, proved to be inconvenient under flooded conditions both for cultivation and for the gathering of the produce.

A permanent house was also begun, but it was many months before it was complete. It was, indeed, a very fine house, useful and commodious, and the talk of the whole Indian population. It consisted of four apartments each fourteen feet square, with a corridor on the north fifty-six feet long by eleven feet broad, and another on the south fifty-six feet long and five feet wide. One room was made mosquito proof for reading, writing and other purposes, two ordinary private rooms, and a store-room at the end. The large corridor afforded ample room for dining and for sleeping during the greater part of the year, and still left space for entertaining visitors, and most other requirements. The kitchen, oven, and other offices, were built apart, for convenience and for the avoidance of fire.

Visitors from the south and west soon put in an appearance. As the days went by the Sanapanas from the north, and tribes from more remote villages, became regular in their visitations, bringing in skins and feathers for barter, and frequently remaining for long periods to work on the station or to accompany the carts to the river.

The people that came with us from the old station, known as the clan of Paisiaptó or Black-food, formed the nucleus of the



GROUND-PLAN OF GRUBB'S HOUSE AT WAIKTHLATINGMANGYALWA.

population which increased in numbers as the station gained in reputation and the work became consolidated. The village itself was situated on either side of a large open space, almost a square, and a strong endeavour was made to get the people to build houses of a less temporary nature, which would protect them from the inclemencies of the weather and provide some sort of store-room for their few but increasing possessions.

By this time Grubb had as companions several reliable men, and the transport business was gradually assuming that regularity and facility that comes with experience, so that he began to feel less tied to particular duties or places and freer to move about.

The mails and stores arrived on September 12th, so he provisioned himself for a fortnight and on the 16th left for the west on a long-desired trip, hoping, if possible, to reach the Suhin. From the Central Station he travelled westward for some forty or fifty leagues, and reached the eastern frontier of the Suhin, where he met the chief Klusai, a very old man, who received him in a most friendly manner; but owing to a dearth of water he was unable to advance further into their country. He collected some 500 words of the language; these he was able to acquire because he met there a man and a woman who both knew and spoke Lengua, and with whom he could converse freely, and make request for the words he needed.

Grubb evidently made a good impression on the people, who treated him with respect and friendship and extended to him a warm invitation to come again. Grubb writes, "As a crowning proof of their friendship a young lady was sent by the old chief's sister to paint my face with black charcoal, to which operation I patiently submitted."

On this expedition he reached a good many places hitherto unknown and unexplored, but even in the more remote villages he was well received, wherever he stayed, by men, women and children. "My watch," he writes, "gave much amusement, but the compass they looked upon with distrust. How could it always tell the north, unless a little spirit was inside, and why should it always point to the north, the home of the English?"

He visited, among other places, Namuk-amyip, the village of Poet. This youth, who had received a good deal of teaching from Grubb, got his name at an early stage of his life by

mimicking the little frog with the cry of "Poet, poet." The spot lay some twenty-five leagues west of Waikthlatingmangyalwa, and seemed a most likely place for a sub-station. Situated on a high bank, with permanent water in a large open lake, surrounded by good grass lands and within easy distance of the Towothli and Suhin, it appeared to be the veritable key to a large and important field of work. With a view to later occupation, Grubb got some sheep and goats brought there and left them in charge of Poet and his people. To these he added a few cattle, booking, as it were, his ticket beforehand, and at the same time testing the honesty of the people and the fidelity of his pupil.

When he got back again to the Central Station he commenced the making of a large reservoir to hold about 1,000 cubic feet of water. Floods are unpleasant, but unless they become too excessive life is possible for man and beast; a water famine, on the other hand, is one of the most serious contingencies to guard against in a wild country, where the inhabitants have to rely on natural conditions and an uncertain rainfall. Choosing a suitable hole on the edge of the swamp, now quite dry, Grubb gathered a crowd of natives together and commenced to dig what became widely known as "The Long Well." All the early missionaries spent hours there with the Indians, deepening and expanding the original tank until it became an excellent swimming bath in the rainy season, and a valuable supply of water for the cattle in the dry weather.

Grubb felt convinced that, following the unusually heavy floods there was a prospect of an equally severe drought. Consequently, when he was resident on the station he devoted all his energies to making wells and increasing the size and depth of his famous tank.

He was right in his conjecture. Towards the end of the year on journeys we experienced the first of a series of difficulties arising from the lack of water. It seemed incredible that a few months before the "camps" were flooded, the swamps waist-deep in water, the rivers dangerous to cross and every recognised encampment abounding in fresh water. Now we had to pass over whole stretches of waterless plain, the swamps were dried up, the streams, where we commonly bathed and

frequently had to unload and raft over the goods, were nothing more than unpleasant pools of liquid mud.

Owing to the shortage of water generally, we had to travel in long stages and rest when and where we could. Fish died by thousands; every mud-hole was occupied by flocks of vultures and swarming with myriads of flies. The road seemed deserted of bird and animal life. In places where usually the pools and lakes were teeming with ducks and herons, storks and bitterns, where the deer come for water and the pumas seek their prey, now there was nothing but the solitary cry of a wildfowl or the hungry bark of a fox.

Still, in some ways, life was pleasanter in the dry season. Mosquitoes left us, and for months we slept in the open without nets, both at the station and on the road. Travelling over the dry roads was much quicker both for the horseman and the cart.

In the Chaco, however, one was seldom absolutely free from pests. Fleas and jiggers invaded the sanctuary of the missionary, tormented his body, and even penetrated his skin. Flies were troublesome to the animals; every wound had to be carefully watched and every open sore attended to at once. Snakes, again, were prevalent at that period, and due to their venomous bites, we lost several horses and cows. Numbers were killed on every journey as well as about the station. In those days, whether sitting in the house or walking in the field, we had to be alert to the danger and ever ready to strike a deadly blow. Grubb loved to watch our domestic cat, for she was an adept snake-killer, and her offspring were likewise trained to tackle even the deadly rattler and the multicoloured noxious coral snake.

The actual drought was yet to come, occasional showers helped matters, and just after Grubb left for England, heavy rain fell, and it would have rejoiced his heart to have seen the water, which ran in from all sides and nearly filled his great reservoir. This proved a source of great satisfaction and comfort in the succession of rainless months that followed.

The closing months of the year 1895 were uneventful. A part of the time Grubb spent in necessary journeys, and for the rest he was busy building up the station. On December 26th, when the Christmas festivities were over, he started off

with Pride and some Indian guides intending to reach the river by a southerly route. His object was to discover the exact whereabouts and general course of the River Monte Lindo and to ascertain its possible utility and navigableness as a highway into the interior for missionary purposes. It was now five years since he had explored it with Freund, but with all his added experience and greater facility for travelling, Grubb accomplished no more from a practical point of view than he did on his early trip with the surveyor.

After this on February 10th, 1896, Grubb once more set out for the west. He took Pride with him to introduce him to the people, among whom he would be labouring in the future. It was, as he intended, a very short visit, sufficient to acquaint his companion with the lie of the land, the position of the villages, and the leading people of the district. They returned to the station within a fortnight. Grubb then made his preparations for his furlough and on March 24th, packed and ready, started on the homeward trail.



LENGUA DOLL
(KNUCKLE-BONE, WRAPPED IN RAG.)

C H A P T E R T H I R T E E N

Takes His First Furlough 1896

Ten Years from Home—Welcomed by the Society, Appointed Superintendent of Paraguayan Mission—Deputation Work in Ireland—Autumn Campaign—Silk Hat & Pork Pie—Mark Takes a Hand—Gifts for the Work—An Organising Secretary's Testimony.

ON March 24th, 1896, Grubb said goodbye to his Indian friends at Waikthlatingmangyalwa, travelled without incident to Concepción, and, after making all arrangements for the prosecution of the work, took boat down river en route for England, where he arrived sometime in May.

It was now ten years since he had left home, four of which were spent in the Falklands, and six in the Gran Chaco, where for a time he stood alone in that vast territory, a stranger amid strange Indian tribes. For three years he had had the Committee's permission to take a holiday, but had felt he could not leave his post till life in the interior was more settled and his fellow-workers had obtained more experience.

That time had now arrived, and conditions were ideal for his leave of absence from the field. Along a two-hundred mile line, east and west, from the bank of the River Paraguay on the confines of civilisation, to the course of the Monte Lindo on the Suhin frontier, friendly relations had been established with the Lenguas, and for a distance of, perhaps, a hundred miles north and south of that line, the tribes had been visited and influenced to some extent.

Over a still greater area, it was known among the native peoples that white teachers were established in the interior and living in friendly contact with their fellows, and, resulting from that knowledge, tribesmen from every direction paid periodical visits to the place, and the presence and rights of the strangers were duly respected. Life in the remote parts among

the wild people was now possible. Transport difficulties were lessening, and the problem of maintaining an inland station was gradually solving itself quietly and naturally. Further, Grubb had trained reliable men to carry on and develop the work in the interior, and at Riacho Negro, the gateway of the Chaco, he had an experienced man to conduct the business of the mission and to keep intact the lines of communication between the outside world and the advanced positions.

Soon after his arrival in England, he had an important interview with the Committee of the Society. He described to them the present position, and set forth plans for the future development of the work in the Chaco. His views were sympathetically received, and delight was expressed at his desire to engage in deputation work.

He started this almost at once. During June he spoke at meetings in Broxbourne and Clifton. The latter part of July and the month of August was set apart for his real holiday.

Barbrooke Grubb had now been officially recognised and proclaimed superintendent of the Paraguayan Chaco Mission, and wherever he went he was heartily welcomed at the many public meetings he attended, and accepted and valued by friends and subscribers as one of the Society's most active and zealous missionaries.

The greater part of September was spent on deputation work in Ireland. Whenever he spoke he never failed to enlist the sympathetic interest of his audiences, and at Monkstown and Rathgar he was particularly successful. In Dublin he met his old friend, the Rev. Henry Mahony, at one time a missionary at Keppel Island, and now secretary for the Society in Ireland. He sent the young missionary everywhere, armed with literature for sale and distribution, lantern, as well as slides, for lectures in country places, curios for exhibition at meetings.

Life in those days was still primitive in the rural districts of Ireland, and when our deputation arrived at a wayside station, all sorts of curious vehicles and curious people met him, and conveyed with many quaint remarks and personal inquiries, the missionary and his belongings to the rectory, or wherever he was being entertained.

Late one afternoon, with skies pouring out water, the train

dropped him at a dreary country place, a solitary passenger with a pile of luggage. A gruff old fellow met him. He was dressed in the shabbiest and coarsest of clothes, heavy hob-nailed boots and a broken hat. He was abrupt in manner and rough in speech. Obviously he was a gardener-coachman, and Grubb treated him as such, indicating his bag and parcels to be carried out. Arrived at the house the coachman told him to walk in while he took the horse to the stable. The guest did as he was bidden and made himself comfortable until he was confronted with his host, the same gruff old fellow who had met him at the station!

Mahony was ever solicitous about the welfare of his missionary speaker, although he crowded as many meetings as possible into the time allowed. Some of the country rectories were far too large to be kept warm and dry, so Mahony told his friend to beware of the damp sheets, and to test them with a mirror before getting in between them.

Those were days when the missionary who smoked tobacco was looked upon askance by some kind folk. Mahony's advice to his friend was to take care not to offend, but if he was very desperate for a smoke there was always the chance of smoking up the chimney when he got to his bedroom!

Irish folk are very forgiving and most kindly disposed to their guests, but their greatest admirer cannot call them conventional. At one place Grubb was shown politely to his bedroom by his host and there were two beds in the room, apparently alike and both made up. Grubb inquired which of the two he should occupy. Turning back the coverlet, his host replied, "You can't sleep in that one, it is full of apples!"

At the end of September Grubb was in the north of England taking meetings at Windermere and Didsbury; and early in October he was in the London district, and attended the Annual Sale of Work of the Lee, Lewisham and Blackheath Association, to the delight of its organisers. Grubb exhibited and explained a number of curios he had brought with him, illustrated the native dress and customs, and attracted special notice by representing the witch-doctor and his ways.

October was a particularly full month for meetings. The secretary wrote that "apart from the Metropolis he has spoken seventeen times for the work that lies so near to his heart; and,

if the collections be any indication of interest, a very large number must have felt their sympathies drawn forth for the Chaco. Leamington, Lincoln, Cheltenham, Weston-super-Mare, Eastbourne, Hastings, Reading and Tenby are among the places he has visited."

On this his first deputation tour, Grubb adopted the frock coat and silk hat of the proper missionary home on furlough. The clothes suited him, which is more than can be said of some of his later styles of dress, or lack of it.

He was really fond of a silk hat, and took great care of it. A lady at Lincoln gave him a pork pie to take to a friend down the line. In order to make assurance doubly sure, he took off his silk hat in the usual way on getting into the railway carriage, placed the pork pie safely inside and laid it on the rack, and donned a travelling cap. On reaching his destination he descended from the carriage wearing his cap; the silk hat and the pork pie had quite a long journey on their own to a distant junction. They were duly telegraphed for, and eventually a porter appeared at the house solemnly bearing the silk hat and the pie inside.

In Edinburgh he met a young man named Mark, who became very enthusiastic for the work and the offer of his services being accepted he first of all made a deputation tour in Ireland speaking on behalf of the Society, and then sailed for South America with Grubb. This young man was an excellent photographer, and some of the best of our early pictures are the result of his skill. He was useful in many ways, such as the renovation of silk hats, using oil for the purpose. When Grubb came to Reading he got caught in some heavy rain which ruffled his hat to an extent not permissible for a decent wearer. The friend with whom he was staying accompanied him to one of the best shops of the town to get his hat ironed. While this was being done he purchased some very nice and quite expensive underwear, and then shocked the assistant by asking for some ordinary "red handkerchiefs" for taking back to the Chaco. Then with a very sad countenance the ironer came in with a bespoiled hat. At the very first touch of the iron the oil that Mark had used sizzled and smelt, and the hat was, of course, smirched beyond repair. That oil cost him a new hat, just at the end of his furlough, and his youthful com-

panion was duly acquainted with and frequently reminded of the fact.

During November and December Grubb continued his advocacy of the claims of the Indians at many meetings in the Midlands, in the North and in Scotland. The secretary reported among the home items, "Not the least important work of the month of December was that in Edinburgh, in which city alone Mr. Grubb has spoken seventeen times. He estimates the people thus reached as numbering not less than 7,000, and adds that much interest has been aroused."

With the opening days of the new year, 1897, he was once more back in London for the Annual Prayer Meeting; from there he crossed over to Ireland once again, and helped in the sale of work held in the Gregg Memorial Hall, Dublin, when £73 was raised for the Society. Then back again to the south of England he took meetings at Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, Tunbridge Wells and Southborough, attended a Farewell Meeting in London on January 21st, and the next day on his way home spoke at a meeting in Nottingham. "Thence," said the secretary, "he will go back to Scotland to enjoy brief quiet and much-needed rest with his own people, before returning in February with his two fellow-helpers to the scene of his labours."

"Since my arrival in this country," wrote Grubb, "I have had the privilege of addressing meetings in England, Ireland and Scotland, and I have everywhere been received with a hearty welcome, while the local secretaries have spared no means to procure me well-attended gatherings. For this kindness I desire to thank the friends who have taken so much interest in Paraguay."

Not only gifts of money, but other things were given to him for the work. Mr. John Fair of Bournemouth gave him an organ; the Rev. G. Yeates, Lissan, a sextant; Mr. F. Gahan, Dublin, a prismatic compass and books on bridge-making; a lady gave him a flutina; and Captain Poulden supplied lantern slides for the use of the Mission.

On January 21st a valedictory meeting was held to bid farewell to Mr. Grubb and to his two companions, fresh workers, Messrs. Hawtrey and Mark, who were leaving with him on February 25th. When called upon to make a few remarks

Grubb responded by saying, "I thought I was to sit here and to be prayed for, and sent out with best wishes to the work again. Well, all I have to say is that since I have been at home I have not refused a single call in the service of the Society. I have done my best to push on the work at home, and I have tried to do my best for it abroad."

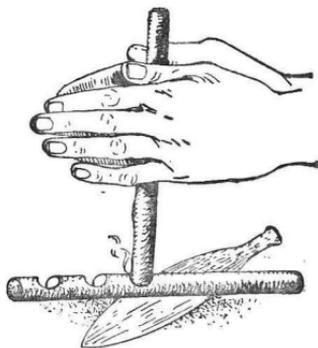
His visit to England undoubtedly did much to unfold the importance and magnitude of the work in the Gran Chaco, and to strengthen the hands of its supporters. The secretary wrote: "Mr. Grubb was unwearied in his efforts to aid the Society during his brief stay. It was supposed to be his holiday, but it was almost one continuous spell of work, far and near in representing the Society at meetings of every kind; but we have the satisfaction of feeling that he was the means of stirring up enthusiasm for the Society's work amongst old friends and making many new ones. Nothing could exceed the self-sacrifice he displayed, nor the forcible addresses he delivered on its behalf, so much so that his health was twice endangered by the strain upon his strength."

The Rev. Alan Ewbank, afterwards Secretary of the Society, first came into active connection at the beginning of the year 1897 as organising secretary of the south-eastern district, and thus came into contact with the pioneer missionary during the final days of his first furlough. He writes: "It was a day 'to be much remembered' for acquaintance grew into friendship and as the friendship ripened plans were discussed for the advancement of the work and for its continuance on sound lines. Only two opportunities of meeting occurred during the last three weeks of his furlough, but he left me with a fund of information about the work that kept me supplied in raw material for sermons and addresses for many a long day.

"Quiet in speech and forceful in expression, Mr. Grubb thrilled his listeners. He was a born orator and without using mere rhetoric for effect, he held his audiences spell-bound by the simple relation of facts. The story of his pioneer work in the Paraguayan Chaco is, naturally, a piece of absorbingly interesting history, and he made it live before his hearers. Yet without bombast or immodesty. The grace of God in his heart enabled him to recount thrilling adventures, grave risks taken, unusual difficulties overcome, great successes achieved,

disappointments bravely faced, as part of the simple routine of life, with the quiet assurance born of faith and without ever so much as a hint of the 'see what I have done' spirit.

"It was a curious phase of his nature that he would start off to an unexplored region and discover his objective, even before he had mastered the language of the people through whose territory he travelled; and yet he was frightened at the sight of a 'Bradshaw.' To the last he declared that he did not mind taking meetings, but he dreaded having to find his way to the place where he had to speak. To overcome this general instructions were given to those who had to arrange a tour for him to provide him with the fullest details about trains and trams, places of change, and other necessary information."



LENGUA METHOD OF PRODUCING FIRE.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

The March of Events in the Field 1896-1897

Scares, Ferocious Ghosts & Fierce Warriors—Loss of Old Retainers—Drought & Snakes—Manuel & the Well—The Mudfish (Lepidosiren) described—Mal de Cadera—Pride Journeys to Subin Country, Deceived by Poet—Jaguar's Midnight Visit—Prairie Fire—Grubb Arrives.

WHEN our leader departed for his long-delayed and well-earned furlough, he was accompanied to the river by Pride and Sibeth, who saw him safely off on the river steamer. On their return a few weeks later they brought in a mob of mares for the Indians, in payment for work done. For months groups of natives had been employed in fencing, building houses and digging wells, getting daily rations of food and a small wage, with a promise of a horse when the work was over.

The animals had been ridden, but were not thoroughly tamed, so a good deal of fun ensued after their arrival. The mares were placed in a corral and each man was allowed to choose his own beast. As an animal was captured the new owner essayed to mount it and many a tumble was the result, accompanied by pleasant laughter and suitable advice. The workers were, however, fully satisfied with their bargains and rode off happily to their homes, promising to return in due time when their services were again required.

For the three weeks that Pride and Sibeth were absent at the coast I was alone with the Indians, and now that our leader was away, some of them thought it a seasonable time to try their tricks, and they assayed in various ways to intimidate me. Old Antonio, a chief that Grubb met on his first inland trip, came along one day with a great ghost yarn.

Assuming a most impressive manner he began by telling me he had seen a ghost of unusual size, ferocious in aspect and

altogether of a most dangerous type. It first appeared on the far side of the great swamp, then moving very slowly the giant creature went through the palm belt into the forest, emerging later at the other side of the wood near the swamp. Silently it picked its way through the marshy reeds and tall grass until it reached the island. Then it entered the open water, making for a dark, leafy tree on the mainland. Passing the tree, it moved noiselessly and quickly through the palms, entered the scrub and emerged again quite close to the station. On it came right into the centre of the village, and made its way towards the Long House, advancing slowly but surely to the spot where the two of us were standing. Then making a sudden movement the old chief gripped me by the shoulders, and warned me in thrilling accents, that the ghost was just pouncing upon me. Without moving a muscle I looked the old man squarely in the face, and whispered solemnly and warningly, "Beware, it is springing from me upon you." Without a word he turned away, really scared, defeated with his own weapons.

Then the young chief got up a scare for my benefit. The people in general were jealous of the visits of the Sanapanas from the northern districts. They despised them, and called them "dirty skins." Just after I had retired for the night, the chief came along and informed me that the Sanapanas were lurking in the neighbourhood, waiting for an opportunity to steal the sheep. "Did I not know," he asked me, "that the sheep had been let out of the pen earlier in the evening?"

What had really happened was this: The number of sheep and goats was rather large for the space in the pen, and two old rams had had a big difference to settle and wanted plenty of room. In running back to get a better run forward to butt his opponent, one of the rams had struck the gate rather forcibly and it had given way, and all the flock escaped. The animals were, of course, rounded up and the gate set up again.

This explanation did not suit the chief's purposes; so he boldly requested some powder and shot, declaring that he and his followers would scour the forest and make short work of the marauders. I told him that it was not my custom to kill people, my work was to help and save men, not to kill them;

and anyway I would not give him powder and shot. With quite a wealth of detail, the chief pointed out to me the risk I was running, for the Sanapanas were noted as a fierce and dangerous crowd, and my life was quite unsafe, sleeping there in the open. In answer I told him that he was my friend, and as such must protect me from my enemies.

Finding he could get nothing from me, he returned to the village, and in a short while came back, accompanied with fifteen or twenty braves, thickly plastered with war-paint, adorned with feathers, and armed to the teeth with bows, arrows and clubs. Pausing for a moment to inform me that the sheep-stealers were hiding in the trees at the back of the wood, they rushed off in single file along the path, looking most formidable, and threatening death and destruction to all and sundry enemies they might encounter.

After some twenty minutes had elapsed, the warriors returned, with sweat pouring down their bodies, quite breathless, and apparently utterly exhausted, and declared that they had espied the wretches, and chased them across the open plain into the forest, where, terrified, they had fled and escaped. I thanked the chief and his soldiers for caring for me and the animals, and wished him good night, making no attempt to reward him with what he wanted.

About this time two of our old retainers passed away. Meme, the chief's wife, was a friendly old soul and generally liked. I remember when I was quite alone for several days at Thlagwakhe, keeping guard while my companions were surveying. Every Indian went with them, the old woman came back to keep me company, get my firewood, draw water and do odd jobs.

It was a kindly act, kinder than appears on the surface, for the sensation of loneliness, with nothing but the cry of birds and animals, the hoot of the owl or the bark of the fox to break the silence of the night, is most painful, but the presence of any human being modifies it and makes the sun smile and the stars twinkle with merriment.

Following the usual custom at a death the relatives cut off their hair, blackened their faces, fasted for a time, and left the village, going away to mourn their loss and to be out of reach of any avenging spirit that might be about. The widowed

husband lived apart from his people for a long time, eating and drinking and sleeping by himself.

The other loss was that of Old Meph., our kitchen helper, who kept the fire going and boiled water at stated times. Some time prior to his decease he left the station, was taken ill, and, being utterly neglected, simply died through sheer want of attention.

In the years that followed many an old man and many an old woman lived for several years after they were forsaken and cast off by their relatives, for the Mission took them up and fed and nourished them in their old age, and taught the young people the needful lesson of "honouring their father and mother."

The months of April and May passed away without incident, cloudless weather prevailed, without a shower for weeks together. Everything dried up for want of rain, even Grubb's famous Long Well failed. The gardens, too, could not subsist on heavy dew alone; rain was required. Plants withered and died. Gardening under the most favourable conditions in the Chaco is most discouraging, for ants and other pests are so destructive, and with drought added to the other troubles cultivation seemed hopeless. Pride planted and grew some English potatoes. When they were fine and strong, the ants came along one night and stripped the leaves off half the row, and then turned their attention to the cabbage plants, and even the mandioca and onions came in for an ample share of their unwanted attentions.

At the beginning of June Sibeth and I left with carts, and experienced a tiring and thirsty journey. Only a few of the regular resting-places could be used on account of the lack of water, which compelled us to travel mostly by night and in long stages. Snakes abounded. During the winter months they sleep and are seldom seen, unless a log is turned or a root dug out or, as sometimes happened, one creeps from a hollow branch thrown on the fire, and startles the party sitting round it.

I killed two rattlesnakes on the way, one was an exceptionally large reptile: even the Indians remarked upon its unusual size. One of them was lying beside the road and, disturbed by the first cart, it passed right into the midst of the bullocks

drawing the second cart, but they fortunately stepped harmlessly over it. The next day we discovered another venomous snake, known as the *vibora de la cruz*, lying in the grass in the centre of the road between the cart tracks. The first cart had passed over it, and the leading bullocks of the second cart had just reached it, the nose of one bullock being but a few inches from its deadly teeth when it was killed.

We had hoped to follow another track, direct to the river, and make a permanent cart-road, and thus avoid the river journey from Caraya Vuelta, but the country was too dry, and the absence of water for the animals made it impracticable; it was accomplished, however, a few months later.

The remainder of the month was spent at Riacho Negro with Hay, who had been enabled to itinerate among some of the native villages, and had been successful in winning the confidence and adherence of the chief of Paisiam-tawa, who became one of the leading lights of the Mission in later days.

Leaving on July 1st, we made a fairly normal journey, considering the dry state of the roads. We took with us from the coast an old German acquaintance to act as cook for us on the station, and release us from domestic ties for the more important duties that began to press upon us. He was very cleanly in his habits, fond of clear water to drink and to bathe in. He did not take kindly to the muddy water of the road, of which Sibeth used to remark, "the water we have to drink on the road is too dirty for us to wash our faces." Drinking liquid mud, and travelling for a week at a stretch without a bath or even a decent wash, so obsessed Old William that it affected his visions of the night season, that he saw himself as black as a nigger, and a piece of soap appeared before him!

Grubb was very fond of employing odd characters about the place for sundry jobs such as cooking and gardening and transport work, and in the early days of the work the Mission was materially helped forward by these faithful men, commonly called "Old Busters," who set the missionaries free from uncongenial and secondary duties and allowed them to itinerate among the distant villages and to spend their time on matters of prime importance.

Soon after the carts arrived in the middle of July, Pride started with a party of Indians who were returning home, and

made a tour among the western people. During his absence a number of Indians were employed in the making of a large paddock for the animals. Working with and living alone among the people, I made considerable headway with the language, adding to the vocabulary and making progress with the grammar, so that on August 16th I was enabled to make my first public address in Lengua, delivered to a small and not very attentive audience, even though my feeble effort had the additional attraction of lantern slides.

During August and September the German cook and myself were alone among the Indians, with no stirring event to mark the days and no visitors to occupy our attention. There was, however, cause for anxiety in the severe and continued drought. Heavy clouds, accompanied by hot northerly winds, gathered up day by day, fanning the flames of hope in our hearts, but with the setting sun the clouds disappeared, leaving the ground as parched as before.

We seriously contemplated removing the cattle and sheep to a distant camp, which had a water supply. For at that time we were entirely dependent upon one shallow well for water to supply the needs of the mission house, the Indian population, the sheep and goats, the horses, and the cattle. For months the well had held out in a most providential way. Then came the moment when the water began to flow in less readily, and the end was in view.

It was at that time I came in conflict with witchcraft. Manuel, the brother of Philip, was a man of exceptional intelligence, trained as a witch-doctor, and steadily opposed to our teaching. One could feel all the time he was living on the station an inimical force directed against the Mission.

One day he came along and publicly challenged the workings of Providence. He had been trying to make rain, and had failed. The witch-doctor has, of course, an excuse ready to hand. He requires the feather of a certain duck—the harbinger of rain—before he can work his charm, and the feather was not forthcoming. So he said to me, “You say that your God is good and kind to his children; that he makes the rain; that he hears the prayers of his people when they call upon him.” To all of this I assented. “Then,” said he, “why don’t you pray to your kind and good God, who makes the

rain, to give you the needed rain at this time, for the well is giving out, and the cattle and horses will die of thirst unless rain is forthcoming."

It was not a time to argue or to try and explain the principles of prayer to his untutored mind. From his view-point the statement was logical and well-expressed. God's honour was at stake, so I quietly accepted the challenge, and asked God to vindicate His character and honour His Name before the people who had failed to get rain by witchcraft. A gracious answer was vouchsafed. Within a day or two there were true signs of abundance of rain visible, and during the night five inches of rain fell, filling every water-hole, and replenishing the swamps.

The answer to prayer had a marked effect on Manuel's attitude, and later events showed that he then entertained the first doubts about native cult and practices and the first glimmerings of faith in Christianity.

The rainy season, thus begun, continued with heavy down-pours for several months, two and a half feet of rainfall being registered by the end of January. Once more the Chaco had become one vast swamp. Extending along the Indian tracks from the River Paraguay westward for 230 miles the country was, with few exceptions, covered with water. To the north of the station the Rio Verde overflowed its banks, entered the adjacent forests, and inundated the surrounding plains, effectually preventing visitors coming to us, and seriously restricting the men in their hunting and the women in their gathering of the wild fruits. The first visitor that came in from the south had the same story to tell of water everywhere and a plethora of insect life.

Realising that the rainy season had started, preparations were made for provisioning the station for the summer, and Sibeth and I once more found ourselves on the road, and arrived in Concepción on October 16th, and gathered our cargo together for an immediate return. In addition to Mr. Robert Graham, a young missionary recently arrived from England, we had two other companions on the return journey—two Cambridge graduates, Mr. J. Graham Kerr, afterwards Professor of Zoology in Glasgow University, who had already had more than a taste of Chaco life in his rough experiences

on the ill-fated Pilcomayo Expedition under Captain John Page in 1889 which ended disastrously to its leader and many followers; and his companion, Mr. J. S. Budgett, who later died of blackwater fever in Africa, while on a scientific tour.

Mr. Graham Kerr had come for the purpose of making a prolonged and thorough study of the *lepidosiren* or mudfish, found in vast quantities in the swamps surrounding the station. It forms an important article of food for the natives, so he could scarcely have found a more convenient spot for the prosecution of his studies, but the unusual quantity of water in the swamps somewhat hampered him, and prevented a full study of the subject.

During the wet season, when the swamps are full, the lungfish or *lepidosiren* lives like a fish in the water—unlike an ordinary fish, however, in that it has to rise to the surface to breathe now and then, for its gills are reduced and incapable of extracting sufficient oxygen out of the water. In compensation for this, it possesses, as its name implies, a pair of typical lungs, by means of which it can breathe air. During this period the fish are captured by the Indians by spearing.

A full-grown female is over three feet long, and as it is pretty thick too, it presents a fair-sized target. More often they spear the male as it lies in its nest guarding its young.

When the swamps dry up, the lungfish makes a burrow for itself in the soft mud, and lies in it with its tail curled up over its head. The burrow communicates with the air by a narrow opening. Here the fish has to lie till the swamps are again filled next rainy season. It prepares for this fast by eating much more than it requires during the wet season, and storing up the surplus as fat, especially in the tail. During the dry season this fat is slowly reabsorbed. Its chief food is a water-snail.

The nest of the lungfish consists of a tunnel slanting obliquely downwards in the mud at the bottom of the swamp, and roughly lined with fragments of water-weeds. After she has laid her eggs the female swims away and takes no more thought for the future of her progeny.

Not so the male, however. The eggs are placed at the end of the burrow, and the male lies in the passage leading to it, ready to defend his home with its powerful teeth. The male

stays in the nest the whole time, from the moment the eggs are laid till the young are ready to leave the nest, a period of about seven weeks.

Prior to Professor Kerr's expedition, specimens of the lungfish have always been great rarities in museums, although they were extremely abundant in the Chaco swamps.

Grubb and his companions were acquainted with the lungfish as one of the denizens of the swamps, that it was exceedingly numerous and a staple article of diet of the Indians, but not a very palatable fish to civilised tastes. They knew nothing of its scientific value.

One evening, while Pride was stationed alone at Thlagwakhe, the Indians returned with a good catch of the *Lolach*, as they called the lungfish. Very soon the women had them properly spitted and roasting round the various fires in the customary fashion. Suddenly there was a shout of "Visitors." Grubb had arrived from the river, and he was accompanied by a German naturalist who was making a general scientific collection.

Dismounting, the naturalist indulged in a dance before one of the fires with its circle of spits. "Mr. Grubb," he exclaimed in great excitement, "I have come all the way from Europe and I find this fish."

During supper, when his exuberance had somewhat subsided, he explained as fully as possible the value of the fish to zoological science. Then he launched into details of what he proposed to do immediately, seeing that he had made this great discovery. He tasted the cooked fish and pronounced it delicious.

Then Grubb, in his inimitable and whimsical way, led the naturalist on to consider the fish as a future item in European menus. Before supper ended nothing less than an elaborate tinning factory and large export trade was decided upon. The visitor did not fully realise the fact that he was being subjected to leg-pulling by the playful pioneer missionary.

If no factory materialised to the benefit of the naturalist, he made profit by his discovery, for he parted with some of his preserved specimens of the fish at £20 apiece. Grubb thought in his practical way that a little knowledge at that time would have been a very useful thing for the Mission.

Christmas came and went with the usual festivities. After the Indians had enjoyed their food they gave an exhibition of their feast dance, which greatly interested our visitors.

About this time we had a serious loss. The dampness of the surrounding "camps" caused a disease to break out among the goats. Their feet swelled, walking became painful, they refused to travel much for food, which resulted in complete exhaustion and death. A great many animals were lost by this disease.

A still more serious matter for us was an epidemic of *mal de cadera*, a kind of paralysis of the hind quarters, among the horses. The poor beasts fall down and can rarely drag themselves up again to eat and drink, and if they do struggle against and even recover from the attack, they remain weak and un-serviceable.

The Indians in their villages lost nearly all their mares, and the Mission lost every animal including the missionaries' privately-owned horses, worth altogether about £150. The result was that for months to come the missionaries had to tramp on foot, which meant wear and tear of body as well as waste of time.

When the Christmas festivities were over Pride, accompanied by Sibeth, with Poet as guide, set out westward for the Suhin country. Following the same route he had traversed six months before he found nothing fresh except the absence of dry roads, for deep water now lay over the whole route, which involved rafting the goods over swollen streams, prolonged the journey and tired the horses.

Cacique Mechi had been compelled to evacuate his old village and seek refuge on a small patch of high ground. When Pride arrived at Poet's village of Namuk-amyip, he was dismayed to discover that the fine stretch of high ground, that Grubb had chosen for a site for a sub-station, was nothing but a tiny knoll, completely surrounded by deep water, reaching to the waist, and the adjacent lagoons contained water to swim in.

After two days' rest the party travelled to another village called Tapir's-head, where the Mission animals were, and restocked their empty dried-meat bag.

Delayed by rain, it was January 7th before they started for

the Suhin country with Poet as guide. Pride suspected that the people were disinclined to lead him to the Suhin village, and these suspicions were confirmed when he found Poet leading him along the worst possible paths, which half an hour from the start brought them into soft ground, compelling him to dismount into waist-deep water. Getting out of that, the guide led him into another bog, where the horses sank up to their bellies in spongy mud.

Dismounting, Pride went forward a bit and found a firm path going in the right direction, and coming from a deserted village through which they had recently passed. He then returned to his companions and roundly accused Poet of deliberate duplicity. He naturally denied the charge, but he could not satisfactorily explain the presence of the road, and not wishing to waste horse-flesh in senseless travel, Pride decided to turn back and seek the help of another man called Shuhu, who, on a previous occasion, had offered his services as guide.

It was a bitter disappointment ; for Poet had received much instruction and many favours, and was deemed a reliable person ; but his present behaviour, coupled with previous words and actions, proved him to be deceitful in speech and untrustworthy in deed.

The following morning the party got back again to Namukamyip. After some refreshment Pride picked up another guide and set out for Shuhu's village, but the way was heavy and long, longer than necessary, for it transpired that Poet instructed the guide to go by a roundabout road, but, eventually, the village was reached and Shuhu received him pleasantly and willingly consented to accompany him.

A few hours' travelling brought the party into Suhin territory, and in the late afternoon they encamped on the outskirts of a large and populous village. Huts, beehive in shape, and arranged in family groups, extended along an elevated plain, and presented the appearance of a collection of haystacks placed close together. The chief's son approached in a stately manner, being followed by a small train of men and women. He threw down a gift of corn cobs and bade the visitors welcome.

After a short interval Pride returned the call, and visited

the chief, an old man of ninety, sitting with his whole family in his hut. Through an interpreter, he expressed himself pleased and handed a roasted pumpkin to his guest in token of welcome. Pride presented him with a gaudy handkerchief, and, through the son, made known to him the nature of the visit.

Pride was interested in their large, well-cultivated fields of maize and mandioca, and in their fine flocks of sheep and goats, numbering about 350; he also collected some words of the language.

He could not, however, prolong his visit, as they had already lost several days because of the deceitful guide, and their horses began to show signs of distress. So they started back on foot, an eight-days' march of 120 miles, through water and tall grass, mud and marsh, dragging the poor beasts, which could no longer support their riders; exposed to every change of the inclement weather, to mosquitoes, wet and sleepless nights.

On January 26th, four days after their return, five inches of rain fell. With a single exception, all the horses died one by one. It was necessary for someone to go to Concepción and make arrangements for Grubb's return to the field, so Pride started on foot with the one available horse to carry the food and bedding for the journey, but the animal gave out two hours from the start, compelling him to abandon the trip and return to the station.

It was decided to send in the carts earlier than at first intended. So on February 16th a start was made, Sibeth and I taking charge of the two carts, laden with pickled specimens of the mudfish and most of our visitors' baggage. The party walking consisted of Graham and seven Indians, Mr. Graham Kerr and his companion, Mr. Budgett, who had practically finished their work. They were compelled, however, to return a month or so later to collect specimens of more mature fish.

The journey was not lacking in mild excitement. One needed some encouragement to trudge along day after day through the flooded camps and bear patiently the perpetual attacks of biting flies and other pests.

One night we encamped at a spot where the forest meets a deep swamp. There was enough open ground to arrange the

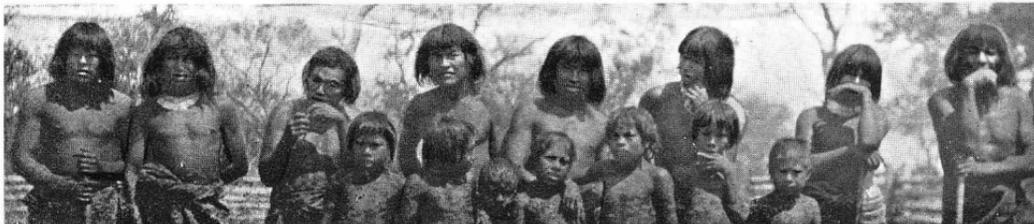
carts and tie up the bullocks, and room for our fires and bed. After we had retired we were awakened by the restlessness of the bullocks straining on their ropes, and then heard the heavy footfall of a big cat creeping towards us. Shouting, it disappeared in the wood, and next morning on examination, we discovered some ten yards from us the footprints of a jaguar, doubtless attracted by the smell of the bullocks.

A day or two later we reached a camp called Yatiktama-aptapithmuk-nabnaksehe, covered with a tall grass on the point of withering. In the late afternoon we encamped, tied up our animals and prepared for the night.

Suddenly we became aware of a towering sheet of flame coming towards us, the grass was on fire. Earlier in the day an Indian for hunting purposes had set fire to the grass of a distant plain, and the fire, after consuming the grass of the main camp, had gradually burnt backwards, rounded a wood and had now ignited that of our own encampment. There was no time to be lost. Narrow strips were set on fire and beaten out with leafy branches before it got out of hand. Spurred by the instinct of self-preservation we fought hard to widen the distance between us and the oncoming fire, taking no thought of risk or heat, we struggled on, and helped by a sudden gust of wind succeeded at last in turning the fire, and saving our animals and property.

Arriving at Caraya Vuelta we found no boat to take us down river, and had to spend the next few days living on the very roughest of food, and knowing that a three-months' mail was waiting for us thirty miles away. We hailed the passing steamers, but having no small boat to go out to them they one and all refused to stop and pick us up.

When we reached Riacho Negro we learnt that Grubb and his party had been delayed and would not arrive for another month. I was strongly advised to take a change during the waiting time, so I went on a visit to Paraguay proper, intending to meet the party coming up river at Asunción. I had a pleasant change, and was thinking of returning when a notice in a local paper informed me that the party had arrived on April 1st and had gone on to Concepción. My future arrangements were upset by a smart attack of influenza, which confined me to the house for several days.



1. THE DAM AT MAKTHLAWAIYA. Grubb wrote: "I have spent five months of this year building huge clay dams in the big swamp at Makthlawaiya, with the hope of conserving water when rain does fall." (*p.* 298.) 2. ARCHDEACON SHIMIELD VISITS A NATIVE VILLAGE. This visit was paid in September, 1897 (*p.* 167). The Archdeacon proved to be a real friend & helper to Barbrooke Grubb in the early days of the work. The present writer is seen holding a gun & talking to one of the native women outside their crude shelters. 3. A GROUP OF SANAPANAS. The Mission to this tribe of Indians is described on *p.* 276 but Grubb came up against them & their rough manners at an early stage of his career, when they stole his cattle & horses.

It was Good Friday, April 16th, before I got back again to Concepción, where I found that Grubb, taking Sibeth as a companion, had started off on foot to the Central Station in order to relieve Pride from his duties, so that he might begin his furlough without delay. Graham, with the two new missionaries, Hawtrey and Mark, had gone up river with provisions. Following close behind them I reached Caraya Vuelta in time to start inland with the carts. We encamped after a good day's journey and during the evening were surprised to see Grubb and Pride coming towards us, walking on foot, leading a mare packed with their food and bedding.

It was an unusual camp that night around the fire, and most of the night was spent in friendly greetings and discussions about the work of the Mission. Next morning Grubb went with Pride to see him safely on his journey to England, and we continued our march inland, arriving in good time, where a few days later we were joined by our leader who, in less than a month, had walked three times the hundred miles that separate the river from our inland station.

On May 14th, 1897, soon after his arrival Grubb wrote: "What struck me most on my return was the great advance made in the language. A very fair grammar has been constructed and the dictionary has been greatly added to; we are now in a position to begin the translation of simple subjects. I have never known the Mission to be in a more satisfactory condition than it is at present. Decided progress has been made and our influence for good is very visible."

Lengthening Cords & Strengthening Stakes 1897

Extensive Travels on Foot—Store & Profits—Cutting Direct Road to River—Advance in Religious Matters—Finding a profitable Industry—Archdeacon's Visit—Poet Suspected of Theft & Cattle Killing—Request of Towotbli—Break-up of Feast, Return of Suspect.

THE period following Grubb's return from England was marked by extensive travel to widen the scope of the work and by solid development at the mother station.

Grubb himself wrote later: "The staff, having been reinforced by two men whom I brought out from England, set to work vigorously to enlarge the Mission's sphere. As the horse disease had killed off our horses, and it was dangerous to import more until the possibility of contagion had passed, we had to make our journeys on foot. During the last eight months of the year following upon my return, I travelled on foot over one thousand seven hundred miles under very trying conditions, and by the middle of December I was feeling rather exhausted. Privations, fatigue and exposure had begun to tell upon me."

After seeing Pride safely started on the river boat, Grubb returned to the Central Station on April 29th. He set to work straight away to put the station on a good footing and to encourage the Indians to build permanent dwellings. Messages were sent out in various directions, requesting workers to come and labour for a month, with the promise of a feast at the end of it. The response was good, and very soon Grubb was busy superintending men pulling grass, mudding walls, improving the Long Well, and fencing a paddock.

After many previous attempts ending with little result, school was again set up and steadily continued in spite of difficulties. One hindrance was the lack of food. It was

evident from the start that to secure regular attendance and consequent progress, the children must be fed ; but the carting of an adequate food supply from the coast to the centre was, apart from the expense, no easy task.

Another hindrance arose from tribal jealousy. Workers came into the station and brought their families, and their children were introduced to school life. In school there might be trouble caused through dialectal differences ; a fresh scholar would, perhaps, say *abak* for *abek* (carcass), *ikenim* for *ikbim* (sun), then a boy of the place would point the finger of scorn at the newcomer and say "That is not our word." Next day the stranger was absent. Children would not stay without their parents. Grubb worked patiently to attain this end. He left, for instance, during June and visited the western villages and persuaded people to come in and work, bringing their families with them. While on the station both parents and children were under regular instruction, but the children could not be persuaded to remain behind, when their parents returned home. In course of time, however, the food problem was solved and a better feeling among the children themselves was secured.

With an increase in the Mission staff and a steady addition to the native population, life became more interesting for all concerned. After the first shyness of the visitors wore off, adults and children alike found their way to the mission houses, and began to ask questions and examine things. They would think it the proper thing to fill their pipes and light them from the tobacco and matches on the table, make full use not only of the mirror but also of the brush and comb, occupy the missionary's chair or bed, try on his hat and slippers, tie his handkerchief round his neck, examine his knife and scissors, and so forth ; but it was a very rare thing indeed for an article to be taken away.

Children, however, found it hard to refrain from "picking." Seeing the door of the store open one day, four lively boys thought it a golden opportunity to seize a few hard biscuits. They had not reckoned on the alertness of the cook. Slipping off his sandals Old William followed them in and caught them red-handed, two of them he caught by their hair and knocked their heads together, and the other two trying to escape were

crushed against the wall and, a moment later, were sent through the opening at a speed somewhat above the average.

The store steadily increased in importance and turnover. This demanded the transport of greater quantities and a bigger variety of goods. Visitors came in with skins of wild animals—deer, fox, jaguar, puma, wolf, otter and the like, the feathers of the rhea, hanks of string, woven or string bags, belts and curios, and were given the market value without haggling or cheating, which pleased and satisfied the customers, who placed unbounded confidence in the missionaries and never questioned their judgment.

From the store the workmen could secure, at practically cost price, hoes for their gardens, palm-diggers for their wives, mosquito-nets for the family, knives and fish-spears and other requisites of daily life; but for little luxuries such as beads of various colours, small mirrors and toys, a small profit was made to help pay for the transport. The Mission had its own "tokens" for the workfolk, which had a value in the store and were found of great convenience in the early days.

Trading was not, at that date, officially recognised by the Society, but Grubb insisted that a Mission in those remote wilds could not be maintained without it, if the natives were to be protected from unscrupulous traders and the great lessons of business integrity and fair dealing were to be taught.

Almost imperceptibly, profits began to accrue from sales, while, on the other hand, our transport expenses increased. Each new missionary coming out necessitated further supplies of goods to the station, every batch of workmen employed meant additional transport, and it soon became evident that fresh bullocks and more carts must be secured to meet the growing demands.

Grubb came along one day and inquired if there was any money in the store. The storekeeper told him that certain profits had been made, and wanted to know what was the immediate necessity. Grubb then voiced the need for a few more bullocks and another cart. When he was informed that there was enough money to purchase a new cart and ten bullocks, he was as elated as a schoolboy just off for the holidays.

As the years went by that little store provided not only a fine herd of bullocks and sufficient carts, but also a great many other things to make the Mission efficient and to enable the Indians to improve their lot, and, incidentally, helped to make life a little less rough for the missionaries while travelling and in residence in the interior.

On July 27th, Grubb, accompanied by several of the young missionaries and a party of Indians, left with carts for the coast, and cut a road through palm forests and ant-hills direct to Riacho Negro, thus avoiding the tedious river journey to Caraya Vuelta. He wrote very cheerfully at the time: "I have succeeded in making a road direct to Concepción, and have given up Caraya Vuelta. This is a great boon and solves many of the difficulties of communication with the inland stations. Our great work lies in the far interior, and it is opening out fast—faster than we can meet it. Our prospects are of the brightest, but it means work, terribly hard work. It is a great strain, but God demands our lives, and for Him let them be spent. We want no sluggards, but men who realise that the King's business requireth haste. This work will soon be such that fresh demands must be made on the Church at home. More building is necessary, more carts, more bullocks, more men."

At this time there was a good deal of encouragement from the distinctly religious standpoint. Regular services, with and without lantern views, were begun and were well attended. Philip had offered his first public prayer, which he did with a great "shivering inside." He had just got married, and contrary to the usual custom, both he and Peggy, his wife, came and announced their intention beforehand, and prayer was offered for them in Church—a prayer that was abundantly answered in the fruitful lives of these two simple souls.

Several children were born in the village and there was no attempt at infanticide. A child died, but there was an entire absence of removal from the place and the usual accompaniments of death and mourning. "Philip is doing bravely," Grubb wrote at the time, "and I look forward with well grounded hopes to his baptism at no very distant date. His changed life and heart are very real, and he has undoubtedly

accepted Christ. Here is encouragement : it is the first drop of the shower."

Waikthlatingmangyalwa as a station was a great success. It attracted crowds of natives from all parts, especially during the winter months. They had other attractions in the summer, abundance of wild fruit for food, their gardens always yield a certain amount of produce, and feasts are prevalent during the hot season. But in the cold weather they seemed glad to visit the station and it was advisable, when possible, to employ them.

Grubb had already come to the conclusion that while itinerant work was very necessary, residence on a permanent station was essential for efficient teaching of both young and old. Natives could be readily attracted if work and food could be supplied. How then, thought Grubb, could one find a permanent paying industry? How could one create a sufficient food supply for children in the school and for adherents in general?

The year 1897 in one sense was rather discouraging. In order to lift the people socially, they had been encouraged to purchase sheep and goats, and early in the year disease spread right and left among them with great loss to all. Help was given them to purchase horses for travelling and hunting, and the terrible *mal de cadera* swept them all away, so that the men had once more to travel on foot and the women to carry on, laden with their heavy burdens.

A great advance was made in dwelling-houses; it was a pleasing sight to see the little thatched cottages going up. Great progress, too, was made in gardening. Then came the locusts and ate off the wild fruit, but were a little early for the vegetables. They were, however, followed by ants, caterpillars and other destructive insects, which together with the drought, ruined the gardens, and left little for the labourer.

Deep disappointment and failure crowned Grubb's best efforts to encourage the people to cultivate more land. The country offered but little the production of which could be turned into a permanent industry. Hunting and fishing would keep a small population going for a time. But that was no solution. Natives might be trained to various trades such as carpentry, leather work, building and fencing, brick-making

and agriculture. They would be useful adjuncts, but not a real paying concern.

Grubb came to the conclusion that there was but one thing possible, namely, cattle farming. With a cattle farm, these useful things would fall into place, and the natural increase of the cattle would provide the necessary capital and a permanent food supply. That alone, he considered, would enable the Mission to attract and retain natives for education and training, and supply the means for the building up of a Christian colony.

Early in September, after a three years' absence, Archdeacon Shimield once more visited the Mission, and was most agreeably surprised at the progress made in the houses built and the improvement in the native cottages. He saw the Church going up "with a tower of open-work palms, on which is placed the bell which summons all to prayer and work at regular hours." He was charmed with the bright young scholars in the school and with the advance made in the religious services.

He wrote, "The Sunday I spent at the station was a most delightful and interesting day to me. In the afternoon there was a native service in Lengua. A short form of prayer compiled in that language was offered by one of the missionaries. I then gave an address to the Indians, Mr. Hunt interpreting it sentence by sentence. The service was concluded by an extempore prayer in Lengua, offered by Mr. Grubb. I think we may see that the Holy Spirit is working slowly, but surely, in the hearts of this people, and we may give Him thanks."

The weather was exceptionally hot, and the cart journey very trying for the Archdeacon, but his visit was greatly enjoyed by missionaries and natives alike. He left on September 20th. Grubb and I accompanied him and made a record journey of three and a half days by cart to the coast. After his departure, circumstances compelled the two of us to stay at the river for a few days, so we sent on the letters to our fellow-missionaries and hoped that all would be well during our absence.

Both Grubb and I were good walkers, so at sunset on October 3rd we started on foot to the Central Station, about ninety miles, taking advantage of a good moon to travel in the

cool of the night. We reached the half-way post next evening, and the following morning walked till midday. We rested till 4 p.m. and then continued our journey till 8 a.m. on the 6th, when we encamped for a short spell as we were now within easy distance of the station. As we moved on, a number of schoolboys met us. This surprised and disturbed us, for they ought to have been in school, and we began to fear that affairs at the station were unsatisfactory. The boys returned with us, and a few yards further on we met Poet, wearing one of Grubb's blankets, who declared that he was going to a southern village to fetch his mother, and would be returning the next day.

On arrival at the station, we soon learned that a number of thefts had been committed and Poet was suspected. The fact of his leaving the place added to the missionaries' suspicions, which were confirmed as time went on and he did not return. Twenty-eight dollars in money tokens had been stolen from the store. This money was eventually returned in a roundabout way, making it impossible to discover the thief.

Reports were freely circulated about Poet having killed some of the cattle and sheep, belonging to the Mission, which had been left in his charge at his home at Namuk-amyip. Further, he was accused of stealing a gun from a cart which was bringing out goods belonging to Professor Graham Kerr, of Glasgow University, who was then engaged in scientific research on the Mission station.

This weapon was found some six weeks later hidden in bushes near a forest. Circumstances pointed to duplicity and served to show that the discovery had been pre-arranged. Incidents and rumours increased in number as the days went by and all conspired to attach suspicion to Poet.

Grubb was greatly annoyed by the unpleasant events, and disappointed in Poet, although he still felt that some dreadful mistake had occurred. We thought that the day of thefts had passed, but as a precaution the house was arranged on a different plan, so that in case of one man being left alone on the station he could better keep an eye on everything.

Poet as a matter of fact was taking part in a feast held at Paisiam-tawa, and when Hay came out with his family in the

middle of October, intending to go with the chief of that village and help him to build some better houses, he discovered the suspected man there. No progress was made in building. Several workers continued to work faithfully, but owing to the continuance of the feast it was thought advisable to give up the idea, so Hay returned to the coast to await a more convenient season.

On November 4th, Grubb and Hawtrey started out on foot for the north and spent a week or so visiting the people. The roads were in a shocking condition and their guides were unwilling to go further afield, so they returned.

Several days later three Indians from the west, belonging to the Towothli tribe, visited the station, specially requesting the missionaries to go to their country, and, if possible, start a mission in their territory as previously proposed. It was impossible to accede to their request at the time, but after being promised an early visit they returned home.

On November 23rd another trip was arranged and Grubb, accompanied by several missionaries and Indians, went off on foot to the north-west to itinerate among the villages. The journey proved unusually wet and unpleasant, and as they had no animal to carry their food and clothing they suffered very considerably from exposure and lack of food. Something in the way of friendly intercourse with the villagers was, however, accomplished, and the journey was by no means devoid of good. The party did not get back till December 9th, a day after the breaking up of the feast at Paisiam-tawa and the return of Poet and his companions to the Mission station.

The presence of Poet once more on the station stirred up all the suspicions levelled at him, and both missionaries and natives were unsettled. There was no doubt a most uncomfortable situation had been created, and the future of the work depended upon clearing up the character of the one who had professed such friendship and had been entrusted with the Mission's property. Any vacillation or weakness shown at this crisis might have so affected the Indians that graver difficulties would certainly have arisen. Matters had to be cleared up without delay.

Poet's Treachery & Murderous Attack 1897

*A Journey to Poet's Village Necessary—Starts on Fateful Journey—
Left Without Carriers, Short of Food, No Change of Clothes—
Vain Search for Cattle—Travels to Frontier of Towothli Country—
Sick Man tended by the Traitor—Poet Lures his Victim into Dense
Jungle and Shoots him in the Back.*

GR^EAT progress had been made during the year 1897, but it had been a period of unusual strain for Grubb, whose untiring energy was not only spent in training the raw recruits and giving life to every fresh movement but circumstances demanded constant travel on foot along the rough or muddy roads, exposed to all weathers and subsisting on the poorest of food. Coming off the northern trip he was exhausted and did not relish the thought of another journey. The question of Poet's dishonesty was, however, a matter of intense importance, for Grubb's colleagues had been deceived and the adherents of the Mission distrusted him, and were accordingly restless and perturbed at his behaviour. Further, advance to the western districts, long proposed and greatly desired, could not be made while this cloud of uncertainty remained.

Grubb could not understand from his long acquaintance with, and steady tuition of, his pupil, how he could be guilty of stealing and faithless in his charge. To ascertain the truth and discover the real character of the man a journey to Namukamyip was absolutely necessary. That alone would reveal if the cattle were safe and the trading goods intact.

So on Monday, December 13th, four days after his return from the previous trip, Grubb prepared to start off on foot with Poet and five Indians. Several of his colleagues volunteered, either to go alone or to accompany him on his hundred-mile journey. To take a companion could not easily be arranged,

for circumstances made it impossible to take food and bedding for more than one person. If the journey involved risk, as appeared likely, Grubb not only never shirked danger, but he ever preferred to hazard his own life rather than endanger the life of his companions.

Those of us on the station at the time felt that there was an element of danger in the proposed trip, due, perhaps, to the prolonged suspicions of the man and the semi-excited attitude of the natives. None of us wanted him to go.

As he was departing a feeling of depression, a kind of premonition of coming disaster, settled upon us and the natives, and one and all tried to dissuade him from going. The Indians pointed out that the way was long, the water scarce, the heat intense, and he was tired out. A woman told him in very sad tones that he would leave his bones whitening on the road. Grubb laughed at her fears and told her he was strong, and a companion who overheard the remark shouted as the pioneer moved off, "Remember, if you don't come back, I am to have this thing," and another shouted, "I am to have that."

He felt it to be his duty to go and clear up the situation, and he went.

Nine days later, on Wednesday, December 22nd, the anxious watchers at the station saw a messenger from the west running across the open plain leading into the place. Quite breathless he arrived and stood in the centre of the village and uttered these three significant words, "News. Grubb. Dead."

We were staggered by his message. As soon as he had recovered his breath, and we had overcome the effect of the first shock, we elicited the bare information that Grubb had been shot by Poet and gravely wounded, but was still living when the first of the relay messengers left the previous day.

An expedition for his relief was at once arranged. One or two horses still remained in the Mission, so taking with them what things they thought would be required, Graham and Sibeth started off on horseback at midnight. The native Philip, and his brother Manuel, the troublesome witch-doctor, were indignant at the treachery, and volunteered to go with the party to their friend's assistance, declaring their intention to kill the traitor.

What had happened was as follows. When Grubb left on

Monday afternoon, December 13th, Poet, as usual, acted as the recognised guide, arranged the stopping places and the track to be followed, and gave his orders to the native boys. The party travelled mostly by night, in order to avoid the heat of the day (for it was now full midsummer) and reached Paisiam-yalwa, Mechi's village, without mishap.

Passing on from there, Grubb and Poet went on ahead to find a suitable mid-day halt, but as the other boys, who were carrying the provisions and kit, were not in sight, he sat down under a shady tree and sent Poet back to look for them. Grubb attached no importance to this incident, he concluded the Indians had lagged behind to gather the wild *algarroba* fruit, which was then ripe and plentiful.

After a long time he returned alone, bringing with him a kettle, tea and biscuits, mosquito net and a few other things. He told Grubb that one of the carriers had run a thorn into his foot, which crippled him, and the others were helping him to get it out, but they hoped to overtake them by nightfall.

What really happened, as was discovered later, was this. Poet told the Indian boys that Grubb had sent him back with strict orders for them to go back to the village they had left in the morning and to await his return, which might be several weeks later. They were naturally surprised at the order, but having no reason to doubt his word they simply obeyed.

Poet then took from them the kit he brought along, and in addition the bandages and medicine Grubb usually carried for emergencies. These he hid in a clump of bushes by the roadside, where they were discovered long afterwards.

As the carriers had not arrived at the end of the mid-day rest, Grubb pushed on to the camping-place for the night. When they were encamped he noticed that his companion seemed pre-occupied and strange in manner, but concluded that he had had some altercation with the village folk or was unusually tired.

The porters did not arrive during the night, so Grubb proposed to wait for them. His companion suggested that they might have gone by the southern route to Makthlatimeyes, and were waiting there. The explanation seemed feasible, so they moved on, but at mid-day, when they arrived at the village, there was no sign of their companions.

Poet was very indignant at their non-arrival, and stoutly

asserted that even supposing they had taken the wounded man back to Mechi's village, they could have caught them by this time.

He then invented a very plausible explanation of their action. He had heard on the way expressions of disapproval of the trip to the Towothli country. Lenguas and Towothli were not on the best of terms and it was possible that the porters anticipated trouble and decided to give Grubb the slip. It was by no means the first or last time that he, or one of his companions, had been left in the lurch by the sudden departure of his native travel-companions.

He had no suspicion that Poet was playing him false, but on the other hand was rather pleased with him for not deserting him like the carriers. For more than eight years Grubb had been wandering in and out the native villages and, although he had been in some tight corners, he had never suffered personal violence from the Indians. He was more or less prepared for the contingency of a noisy outbreak, in the event of his discovering that cattle had really been killed; but the idea of a deep-laid plot to encompass his death never entered his mind. He, therefore, swallowed his disappointment at the loss of his trained men and the absence of his travelling outfit, but determined not to be defeated in his plans by these misfortunes.

He was, of course, not only short of companions, but also of clothes and food. His only clothes were those he stood up in, shirt and trousers, hat, no socks, and a pair of canvas shoes; while his food was exhausted. So he gave orders to Poet to recruit six men from the village and to procure a supply of sweet potatoes, mandioca, and any other provisions obtainable.

With these supplied he pushed on to Poet's village, where he was heartily welcomed by the inhabitants. He at once made inquiries about the cattle, and gave orders to the men to go out and collect them. The people assured him that the cattle were intact, and before dawn the men went out and brought in a few of the animals, and declared that the rest had wandered off to a distant village. They lied to him, for it was proved later that the animals had already been killed and eaten. Though not surprising their explanation was not too satisfactory, but as Grubb intended visiting the Towothli villages farther on, he did not want to waste time loitering at Namuk-amyip, so he

told the men to collect all the animals and have them ready at the village for his return a week or two later. This they agreed to do.

Next day, Saturday, he proceeded on his journey, and encamped at night at the last Lengua village on the frontier of the Towothli country. Sunday was spent pleasantly with the people, and Poet was most attentive and kind, and talked freely of the things he had been taught and entertained his teacher with many of the beliefs and folk-stories of his tribe.

On Sunday night Grubb had an attack of malaria, and felt rather weak the next morning. A heavy dew had fallen and the grass was soaking, and the prospect of a long tramp through tall, wet pasture was not inviting. Both Poet and the people urged him to delay his departure till the sun was up. He had intended to leave when the morning star rose in order to cover the twenty miles that lay between his encampment and the next village, before the heat became too oppressive. As he was still feeling ill from the feverish attack, he yielded to their entreaty and waited till about 6.30 a.m. before setting out.

Poet recommended him to send on the men in advance with his kit and prepare the Towothli for his coming. He would then take him through the forest by a short cut. The suggestion seemed quite good, so Grubb sent on the men.

Poet then made his breakfast and was very solicitous about his health while he waited on him. He remarked to Grubb that he thought it would be advisable to borrow some better weapons from his friends at the village. He was only armed with wooden-pointed arrows and a club. He thought he would like to replace these by iron-headed arrows, as jaguars had been reported in the neighbourhood, and he would thus be better equipped in case of accident. He secured these, then, borrowing a file from his master, he sat down and sharpened the blades, talking pleasantly the while.

The filing irritated Grubb so much in his malarial condition, that he asked Poet to go some distance from him and complete the operation. Little did he think at the time for what purpose the blades were being sharpened.

The two then proceeded on their journey. Leaving the beaten track they followed a winding course along the banks of the Monte Lindo, which they crossed four times, but so far

failed to come upon the right footpath. Fortunately, the river was low, so only once had they to swim, but this wandering in and out of the jungle made Grubb angry. No suspicion of harm, however, crossed his mind as he remonstrated with his guide for leading him astray in this fashion, especially as he was feeling so weak. Poet appeared sorry.

As they were about to cross the river for the fourth time they noticed the fresh spoor of a jaguar, which must have gone by in the early morning. A few minutes later, they observed an elderly hunter on the opposite bank, and Poet enlarged on the jaguar tracks recently passed. The man appeared somewhat scared, and, not caring to risk an encounter, signified his intention of clearing off to the open country.

Presently they found themselves in dense scrub, pathless and impenetrable. Poet then moved away to try and find a way out.

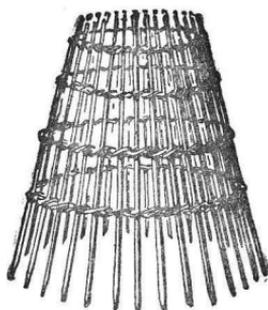
Some minutes later Grubb was startled by hearing just in front of him the crackling of twigs, like the stealthy footfall of a wild beast. Having no weapon and thinking it might be a jaguar, he clapped his hands and shouted in order to scare away the animal and recall his guide. Shortly afterwards Poet reappeared, peering through the trees with a strange look of fear and excitement on his face.

Asked how he got there, Poet explained that it was not easy, but from his position the way was clear, and suggested that Grubb should try and work his way through the tangled bushes to the spot. Presently he said: "You are not able to do it. Wait, and I will join you." In a few minutes he was by his side in a small open space, about the size of an ordinary room, surrounded by thick undergrowth and the river immediately behind. Snapping off the branches they tried to break a way through the thicket, when Poet made an excuse to get behind by saying that he had forgotten the kettle and urged his master to open a passage while he fetched it.

"I was bending down," wrote Grubb, "trying to cleave a way, when suddenly I felt a sharp blow in my back, just below the right shoulder-blade, close to the spine. I rose up and saw Poet, about four or five paces off, with a look of horror on his face.

"My first thought was of the jaguar—that he had shot at it

and in his excitement hit me instead. I told him to come to my assistance, but he cried out: 'O, Mr. Grubb! O, Mr. Grubb!' (a most unusual expression, the Indians always addressing me by my Indian name, Yiphenabanyetik). Then with a sharp cry expressing mental anguish and terror, 'Ak-kai! Ak-kai!' he rushed off towards the river, and was lost to sight."



LENGUA FISH-TRAP



ATTEMPTED MURDER OF BARBROOKE GRUBB.

Poet, in spite of many lessons & favours received, proved a traitor to his best friend. Guilty of stealing & discovered killing cattle, he became agitated & influenced by a dream he lured Grubb into a lonely thicket & shot him in the back with an iron-pointed arrow, leaving him to die.

C H A P T E R S E V E N T E E N

Dread of Burial Alive 1897

The Pioneer Left to his Fate—Danger of Fainting—Extracting the Arrow—Retraces Steps—Lies down to Die—Help Arrives—Kindness of Villagers—Dread of Burial Alive—Sends Message to his Companions—Begins to Travel Homewards—Events by the Way—Met by Mission Party—Treated with Superstitious Awe.

FOR one brief moment the stricken explorer stood, unconscious of his surroundings. He was alone and facing death in the land of his discovery. Extensive plains and vast forests, peopled with savage tribes, stretched northwards for over a thousand miles to the Amazon Valley. To the west lay the mysterious swamps and the uncharted course of the River Pilcomayo, where fierce warriors stoutly defended the land of their childhood. To the south were tangled jungles, spreading marshes and winding streams inhabited by the scalp-hunting Towothli and the valiant Tobas, noted for their fearlessness of speech and bravery in warfare.

Two hundred miles to the east the River Paraguay flowed by homes of culture and carried on its waters the products of industry and the wares of the world. Half-way between the injured man and the river stood the tiny mission station, the one touch of civilisation in a vast wilderness, where savage creatures thrived and untamed peoples struggled for an existence.

Deprived of his followers and lacking even the bare necessities of life, the unsuspecting pioneer had been taken unawares, decoyed from the well-trodden path and led by devious ways into the thickness of a wild wood, and there treacherously shot from behind by a man he had greatly helped and fully trusted. There he stood left to his fate, the prey of prowling beasts, the possible victim of a venomous serpent, or the likely food of

the ever-watchful vulture. The weakest spot, perhaps, in the villain's plan, was the choice of a site in proximity to the river.

Scarcely had the noise of the traitor's departure through the bushes died away, before the vigorous mind of the pioneer reasserted itself. Like a flash the true character of Poet was revealed. The meaning and purpose of the whole series of devices and inventions, leading up to his final treachery and murderous attack, passed vividly through Grubb's mind. For the moment he felt no pain and remained quite calm and clear-headed in spite of the mental as well as the physical shock.

Blood began to spout from his back and mouth, and he realised the likelihood of fainting, so in order to ward off this contingency he made his way to the river. Then carefully removing his watch and laying it on the bank, he plunged into the water.

The water prevented him from swooning, and feeling somewhat revived, he began to extract the arrow. The iron arrow-head, seven inches long, had penetrated a long way (as much, perhaps, as four inches), and had been sent with such force that the cane-shaft was completely shattered. It had entered perpendicularly and in an oblique direction, and thus had met with the resistance of the ribs. Had it entered horizontally, with no such obstacle, the injury to the lungs would have been even more serious. The arrow's position in his back made its extraction both awkward and painful. The wounded man could get but three of his fingers on the protruding blade, thus it was only freed with great difficulty from its wedged position by working it up and down, backwards and forwards, which entailed excruciating agony.

In spite of the pain he managed to retrace his steps to the scene of the attack, collected his watch and kettle and the few odd trifles left behind by his assailant and came back to the river. Thinking that Poet might be lurking in the neighbourhood and, perhaps, return to the spot and complete his villainous work if he found his victim still alive, Grubb took the precaution of entering the water again and walking along the river-edge in order to leave no track.

His ultimate object was to get back to the clearly-marked path, which the two had followed in the early morning. Though dazed and exhausted, he performed the amazing task of

finding and keeping the trail, crossing the river three times, but at the fourth crossing he nearly sank in mid-stream. He had grown so weak with his exertions and loss of blood that he only managed by crawling on all fours to climb to the top of the last bank. In spite of exhaustion, however, just before leaving the water he, for the second time, wrung out the blood from his shirt.

What with pain, loss of blood and an undressed wound the stricken man calculated that he could scarcely last longer than an hour. For himself he was not really anxious, but for his colleagues and relatives he was deeply concerned. He wanted to save them, if possible, from uncertainty and unnecessary anxiety in regard to his actual fate, and by some means to warn his friends of the traitorous character of Poet. Urged by this great desire, he strove to reach the beaten track before he was utterly exhausted, intending to lie down beside it so that a passing Indian might discover his body and in due time acquaint his companions with the fact and manner of his death.

Guided through the pathless jungle as by an angel of God, he dragged his weary way into the open country on the point of collapse. Eventually he contrived to reach the path he sought, where he lay down under a spreading carob tree to die, first placing the blood-stained arrow beside him to tell the tale.

A few minutes later, to his great joy and relief he saw a friendly Indian approaching. The man was deeply moved to see him in such a pitiable condition, and horrified when he realised the truth. Grubb was already too weak to explain matters, but simply mentioned the fact that he had been shot by Poet, and indicated the weapon. The man raised him up, and, telling him that he was close to the village, supported him towards it with tender care.

On his arrival, surprise and horror fell on the village. The people expressed their abhorrence of the foul deed, and showed every sympathy with the sufferer. They laid him down in one of the huts and sat by him, giving him water to drink when he asked for it.

The reaction came and after resting for a short time he began to realise how weak and shaken he was.

Fortunately he remained conscious and was now in no great

pain. The sight and touch of the blood-soaked shirt and trousers, however, filled him with revulsion. He called a woman to take off and wash his shirt, which was saturated and clotted with blood. Very tenderly she removed it and proceeded to rinse it in a calabash.

Suddenly the sick man became dizzy, and his sight grew dim. Objects appeared blurred, and he feared he was about to swoon. He at once asked for water, and a gourd was placed near him. It so happened that another gourd, containing the blood-stained water in which his shirt was washed, was lying close to it. Dazed and only dimly conscious of what he was doing, Grubb seized the wrong gourd, and had already drunk some mouthfuls of the liquid when a woman sprang forward and took it from him.

Towards evening the pain grew worse and he was too weak to move without help and, knowing that death was a reasonable possibility, he began to fear lest the people might get unduly scared and follow their usual custom of premature burial. Just before sunset the people came frequently to look at him, and he caught occasional words of reference to his approaching death which added to his distress and apprehension as darkness fell.

The night was passed in dread and great discomfort. Having no net he also suffered from the swarms of mosquitoes that invaded the hut. Then finally, in addition to the throbbing pain of the wound, a roving goat rushed in and jumped on his chest.

Tuesday morning, December 21st, dawned; he was still alive, but pitifully weak. The villagers were very kind and tried to tempt him to eat their roughly-prepared food. He managed to take a little. Though the effort to talk was too great, his brain was clear and he could understand the conversation of the people about him, and as they were in the habit of expressing simply and freely their thoughts and feelings, he was rather depressed than cheered by their remarks.

News of the attempt on his life spread to neighbouring villages and the people came to see him, and with them came some of the Towothli he had intended to visit, and the carriers who had been sent on ahead the previous morning. They brought back his mosquito net, some tea and sugar, and a few

biscuits, which made things more endurable than on the previous day and night.

Grubb then grew anxious to get a message through to his companions, which he knew would bring prompt assistance. In answer to his appeal, the man who found him under the tree, known as Wischi-apkyitkya-aptawa, volunteered to take a message to the next village. Although Grubb did not know it at the time, the people were genuinely indignant at their countryman's act of violence, and sincere in their expressions of kindness, and the message was hurried on by relays from village to village, and soon reached the mission station.

Visitors came during the day and expressed their sympathy with the sufferer, assuring him that he could not possibly live, but they avowed strong resentment against Poet, and asserted that he would certainly be killed for his treachery. The question of his death really troubled them; they were most anxious he should not die at night, for they feared his spirit.

Quite frankly they all, without exception, spoke of his coming death. From their experience in warfare, they knew that a man so badly injured could not survive. They informed him, however, that they would treat him with every consideration; they had already selected a good site for his last resting-place under a shady tree, where the rays of the sun by day and the moonbeams at night would not annoy him. They further hoped that he would bear them no ill-will, for they had been friends and obedient to his word.

The concern of these simple folk of the wilds was most pathetic. They were, without doubt, full of sympathy for the sufferer, and ready with practical kindness to help him as far as their untutored minds and hands would enable them; but always in the background was the dreadful terror of his wandering spirit.

As the darkness gathered, the women came round and begged him to make himself strong and not to die till the morrow. They kept saying to him: "It's getting dark—are you strong? Make yourself strong. Don't die to-night; we are sleeping here. Wait until to-morrow to die." Grubb assured them (whatever his real feelings about the matter were, and they were none too hopeful) that he had no intention of

dying, and would make himself strong. This is what he himself wrote about that dreadful time :—

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

Superstitious and ignorant savages they might be, but these simple folk possessed a good deal of the milk of human kindness, and before they sought safety at the other end of the village to be out of the way of the departing spirit, they kindly put up his mosquito net, erected a rude fence of boughs round him to keep off the dogs and goats, and then left him to sleep or to die in peace.

As a matter of fact he had a fairly good night's rest, and next day, Wednesday, he felt somewhat stronger, and determined to make an effort to travel, however slowly, towards the station. Although they remonstrated with him for attempting it, the natives, nevertheless, assisted him ; but as may be imagined his first attempt ended in failure. He staggered and then fell through weakness. The people led him back to his shelter and made a rest for his back by rigging up some sticks, which enabled him to sit up.

Later in the day he made another start and stumbled along for a couple of miles, when he met his messenger returning. He was in mourning, for the report had been circulated that Grubb was dead. The messenger reported that Poet, after the attack, had determined to go straight to the mission station and carry news of the disaster. The story concocted by Poet, strange to say, tallied almost exactly with the impression that flashed across Grubb's mind when he was shot. In essence it was that the two had encountered a jaguar in a thick wood, which suddenly attacked Grubb and that he, Poet, shooting in his defence, had missed the mark and struck his friend and killed him.

Poet, bearing his fabricated story, had got half-way to

the station and was resting in a native village, when one of the relay messengers turned up with the true story started by Wischi-apkyitkya-aptawa at the first village. Observing the signs of mourning and the warlike attitude of the messenger, Poet concluded that someone had discovered the body and that he might be suspected of murder, so without waiting for details, and without a word to anyone, he ran off at full speed to the adjoining forest, and was not seen again for a fortnight.

After telling Grubb the news the messenger, with great emotion, drew six arrows from his belt and flourishing them above his head, solemnly declared that he would put every one of them through Poet's body if he ever found him. He then broke down and sobbed loudly.

Recovering from his outburst of grief, he observed the slow progress made by the injured man and offered to carry him on his back. This being impracticable, he showed his affection and kindly thought by joining the other two men in helping the plucky sufferer on his way.

After a slow and laborious journey of three and a half hours, every step causing excruciating pain, the little party arrived at Poet's village. The people received Grubb very kindly, and at once killed a sheep, and made him some strong broth. He was, by this time, in much need of some strengthening nourishment, so the broth revived him greatly.

The women displayed great grief at his pitiful condition, while the men stood around in sympathy. The chief's wife solemnly said to her companions, "Just look at him now, and only a few days ago he came in here so strong and cheerful, and singing our songs! And," she added, "he said to me when he came in, 'Auntie, have you any potatoes?' And now look at him all covered with blood and about to die!" Then they burst out crying.

Grubb refused, however, to stay in the place. Strengthened by the mutton broth he continued his journey and reached the next village, where he spent the night. The exertion of walking, and the jars experienced when he stumbled, caused the wound occasionally to break out afresh and to bleed slightly. From time to time, too, small quantities of blood came from the mouth; but he passed a fair night.

The next day, Thursday, fair progress was made with the same help. About mid-day his companions took him to the shelter of a small wood lying in the open plain, and told him they must leave him for a while as they wished to hunt for food. Too exhausted to do anything, he settled down to sleep, but the insects were so annoying that he could not rest.

He did manage, however, to sleep a little, then he woke with a start; fancying or actually hearing someone moving on the outskirts of the wood, he suspected foul play. In his weak condition, still suffering acute physical pain, and enduring the awful anguish of mind of having being shot in the back by a familiar pupil whom he trusted, it was only natural for him to be suspicious, distrustful of his helpers and doubtful of the people's motives, in spite of their apparent kindness and ready sympathy. He felt that the stealthy noises heard in the wood boded no good to him. Suddenly the thought flashed across his mind that he had been tricked a second time. His travel companions had brought him to that lonely spot with cruel purpose, and had gone away to notify Poet, who might be lurking in the district in order to complete his sinister deed, or, perhaps, they themselves might return and kill him while sleeping in that remote wood.

Obsessed with these dreadful premonitions he resolved to try and escape from the people, and endeavour to find his own way eastward, though in his saner moments he knew he was unequal to the superhuman task. Nevertheless, weak as he was, he made a move and got clear of the wood and made some progress along the road by himself. Thinking to evade the Indians he frequently and purposely diverged from the beaten track, which served no other object than to increase his own sufferings. He was, moreover, soon overtaken by the natives who were genuinely friendly, although he did not believe it. They became alarmed on their return to the wood at not finding him there, and immediately spread out and tracked him down. Terribly upset at his having gone on alone, they begged him to eat the honey which they had secured for him, as it possessed both healing and nutritive properties.

Grubb was greatly relieved at their arrival. He wrote later: "I was so touched by this kindness and thoughtfulness that I could not bring myself to confess my recent suspicions

of them, and I realised more fully than before that without their aid and kind tendance I could never have got thus far."

The honey was a real boon for food was repulsive to him. He subsisted chiefly on the wild carob bean. The few biscuits he had saved, which he could have enjoyed, had been taken at the first village by a kindly-disposed Towothli for his children, as he was firmly convinced that Grubb was on the point of death and would not need any more biscuits.

Grubb slept that night in the open country with his Indian friends. On Friday morning, although feeling less strong, he started early on his way. The natives soon realised that he could not go much further in his weak condition, so one of them went ahead and secured a horse. He could have obtained a mount before, but as the Indians do not use saddles, he refused this aid, because of the constant jarring in riding.

When the horse arrived, his friends very tenderly mounted the sufferer and held him on, moving very slowly towards the village, which was reached in due time. Here he was well received by the people.

It was a very hot day, in fact, at the Central Station the thermometer registered 110° Fahr. in the shade—the hottest day of the year. One woman, related to Poet, insisted on sitting by him and rendered him some relief from the heat and insects by continually fanning him.

The next day was Christmas Day, and in the morning Graham and Sibeth, with the two Indians, Philip and Manuel, found him. The party had been as far as Namuk-amyip, where they discovered that they had missed him on the way, and had ridden back at once, and nearly lost him the second time, as he had diverged from the main track. With the arrival of the Mission party, Grubb broke down altogether, for now the nervous strain was relaxed and physical weakness had its way.

They rested that day and spent the night at the village. The wound was, of course, dressed, and he now had the advantage of suitable food, restoratives and medicine. Philip installed himself as nurse and exhibited the most thoughtful care and attention. He slept at night under his net in order to be at hand for any emergency, gently assisting the patient to turn when required, tenderly raising him when he wished to cough,

brought water and restoratives when wanted, and spent most of the night fanning him because of the intense heat.

Next day, mounted on a good horse and a suitable saddle, progress was made. The patient had to be held on and plied constantly with stimulants. Frequent rests had to be taken when the sufferer was lifted from his horse and laid on the ground, and strong stimulants administered. Once, to the great distress of his friends, weakness forced him to break down and sob. Eventually Mechi's village of Paisiam-yalwa was reached.

On the arrival of the sad party the people exhibited signs of unusual excitement. The welcome was not so effusive as at the previous places; instead of crowding round, both men and women seemed shy and frightened of the wounded man.

The reason for this was that his death had been reported and believed, and in view of his critical condition there seemed to be something superhuman in his having made the journey of sixty miles from the scene of attack on the Monte Lindo to their village. There was something uncanny and remarkable about this whole affair. They were not quite sure whether or not their old friend had died and come to life again. Fear came with their doubts. Later in the day the chief came over and informed Grubb that he and his men had decided to destroy Poet. They were urged not to do so, but, whatever their doubts or fears, they seemed to be quite convinced that the traitor deserved death according to native sanctions.

From this place news was forwarded to the Central Station giving a brief account of the tragic events, and also a short note to the missionaries written by Grubb himself which ran:—

“I wish you all a very happy Christmas, and am sorry that I have been the means of spoiling it. I shall soon be all right, God willing, and fit for a lot more work, but not for carrying palms yet a little. Love to all, yours ever. W. B. Grubb.”

Taking the journey by easy stages the invalid managed with the help of his friends to reach Waikthlatingmangyalwa on Wednesday night, December 29th, having in eight days covered 110 miles from the scene of the attack, half of which was gamely accomplished on foot in a very exhausted condition, with an undressed wound and without almost any food or stimulant.

When he arrived at the station as the sun was going down, the people burst into tears and a hush fell upon the whole settlement. To quote from a letter written at the time: "For some days the people were very quiet, and would come and inquire in an awestruck manner about his health, their eyes glistening with moisture. There was no laughing or shouting, and even at night, when they must have been greatly troubled by dreams, they refrained from exorcism with chant and rattle. They searched in the forest for honey for him and were willing to do anything to help. Still, there was something we could not account for. We heard reports from one visitor and another. It was evident that Grubb was regarded with superstition, as one that had risen from the dead."

C H A P T E R E I G H T E E N

Recovery & Convalescence 1898-1899

Crisis of Mission History—Poet's Fate—Travels to Buenos Aires—Returns to Paraguay—Welcomed by the Indians—Building the Church—Native Prayer Meeting Started by Themselves—Philip & James Baptised by Bishop Stirling—Grubb & Bishop Tucker.

WHEN the messenger from the west arrived, bringing tidings of the attempt upon Grubb's life, the Mission adherents were shocked, but their emotions were divided. Some of them quite openly expressed indignation and a desire for reprisal, others remained rather sullenly reserved in speech and appeared to be somewhat ashamed. The latter may have known of Poet's threat at the feast of Paisiam-tawa, that he would kill Grubb; and, being related by blood, half-heartedly sided with the criminal.

In an air of intense excitement and suppressed emotion, rumours of all kinds floated about. It was difficult to decide whether there might be a general rising against the Mission, or whether the opinion in its favour held by the few might become general.

The missionaries felt that the real crisis in the mission enterprise had arrived, and must either end in signal failure or that a sudden leap forward in spiritual matters would take place. Towards the end of 1897, not long before his disaster with Poet, after eight years in the Chaco, Grubb wrote:—

“It may be years before we have any converts to the faith of Christ; this matter we leave to the Holy Spirit of God. We are only required to do our duty faithfully. The reward is not to the successful, but to the faithful servant. It has pleased the Almighty to grant us some success already; we are thankful that He has enabled us to make a settlement in this land, given us the confidence of the people and enabled us to win the friendship of many. During the few years we have been

working here we have seen a great moral improvement, we have told out a good deal of the Gospel message, we are full of hope for the future, and feel convinced that a great work will yet be done."

The friendship was real; and in the end events proved that the Indians sided with Grubb, stranger though he was in race and language.

It was only natural that, coming off that terrible journey after his miraculous preservation from death, Grubb should feel weak and exhausted. He suffered keenly, finding it extremely fatiguing to rise and lie down. He got very little sleep and had great difficulty in breathing. His strong constitution, however, helped him to win through. On the last day of the year, Pride (just returned from furlough) and Hay arrived with a few remedies and delicacies procured in Concepción. Grubb's colleagues took turns in watching over him as he slowly progressed towards recovery.

"The only set-back I experienced," he wrote later, "was shortly after my arrival, when lying asleep in my hut. A tame tiger-cat had also gone to sleep on one of the beams overhead. What really happened to it I do not know. At any rate, it lost its balance and fell down from the beam, unfortunately right on my chest, and I woke up with a great fright, to find it spitting viciously in my face. In my weak and nervous condition I sustained a great shock, and the cat was made to pay the penalty of death for its unintentional fall, the owner being afraid it might again annoy me."

The owner was Major Rapin, retired from the Swiss Army, a fine-looking and well-educated old gentleman, who had fallen on evil days, and somehow or other had found a pleasant home and congenial society in the wilds among the missionaries. He could speak and write in several languages, and gladly undertook for us any Spanish correspondence required. In the morning he would, in military fashion, march off a crowd of natives to work in the plantation, and at meal times kept us lively with his cheery conversation. One of our number had a deep yet unmusical voice, and while the recognised teacher was away carried on the school, which happened to be next to the kitchen. This coincided with the Major's week at cooking, and he had time to observe carefully the singing lesson. When

we were all assembled for the mid-day meal, he solemnly addressed the teacher and said, "Mr. Mark, I could not help but notice this morning that your 'doh' did not seem to rise much."

The invalid improved steadily and seemed to be in no immediate danger of relapse. He insisted on Hay taking his furlough, now due. While at home, Grubb had pointed out to the Committee that climate, exposure and general roughness of life in the Chaco played havoc with the health of the missionaries, and strongly recommended that in order to keep them fit and capable of long service they should be released every five years for furlough. Permission was accordingly given. This was the first of many privileges he secured for his assistants. Side by side with Grubb's great love for the Indians should be recorded his thoughtful care for the missionaries. "He was so unselfish," wrote an old lady after his death, "looking more on the things of others than his own."

It was about this time we heard of Poet's fate. Writing on January 17th, 1898, Pride says, "News came in last week, and was confirmed yesterday, that Poet has suffered for his rashness by the hands of his own people. They have taken his life for his attempt on Mr. Grubb, and all the people seem perfectly satisfied at this act of justice. It was further stated that his family had also suffered equally with him, but the report was not verified. It is sad to think that this youth, who at one time gave such good promise, has met with such an untimely death. The execution of Poet has certainly cleared away the momentary check to our advance west. Philip's conduct during this trying time has been admirable."

It seems that Poet fled from the village when he saw the messenger from the west, without waiting to hear what the exact message was; and there in the wild woods and deserted marshes he remained alone for about a fortnight, wandering about distraught, devouring raw food, and sleeping without a fire. He was found by the searchers and brought to a village where a feast was in progress.

He was accused of the crime by some of the old men of the place. He did not deny it, but pleaded for his life. The people refused to listen to him, and, after lighting a fire, gave him some intoxicating drink—probably native beer mixed with

grass seeds to act as a strong opiate. Then the chosen executioners drew near and clubbed and stabbed him to death, and afterwards placed his body on the prepared pyre and burned it to ashes. The execution was official; it had the sanction of the tribe in general, and no unpleasant feuds between clan and clan followed. Poet's family was left entirely unharmed.

Thinking over the whole affair, including the rumours prior to the attack and subsequent events, one can only account for it by attributing it to superstition. Poet had a dream in which Grubb appeared angry and threatening, about to shoot him with a gun. Natives are greatly affected by dreams and act upon them, taking warning or advice according to the nature of the vision. In this case the man stole the gun from the cart, doubtless with the intention of using it; but the theft being discovered, he had recourse to the next best thing, the bow and arrow, and, prompted by the dream, he used it in what he considered self-defence and shot his best friend.

This view takes somewhat from the villainy of the act, but making allowances for superstitious beliefs, one cannot get away from the fact that the deed was premeditated, and carefully thought out and put into effect; and, at any rate, his own people, equally superstitious, were extremely angry, and deliberately condemned him to death.

During the month of January Grubb remained at the station, then fearing that complications might set in, for we did not know the full extent of his injuries nor could we estimate likely results, we advised him to seek proper medical treatment. He suffered from a certain irritation and from peculiar watery bladders breaking out all over his body, which we thought might have been caused by some poisonous substance on the arrow. It was decided that he should go and consult Dr. William Stewart of Asunción, formerly Surgeon-General of the Paraguayan Army during the war of 1865-70, so with two companions I set out with him in a bullock-cart, and it was wonderful how he endured the jerks and jolts for nine days on the rough roads. It was a relief to find ourselves on the river steamer, and a still greater relief to place him safely in the hands of Dr. and Mrs. Stewart, who were exceedingly kind and made him very comfortable at their own house.

After examination Dr. Stewart reported that "fortunately

the wound has closed quickly without suppuration, but he lost a good deal of blood by the wound, and there is still a good deal of cough. The sharp-pointed instrument has cut the eighth rib half-way between the inferior angle of the right scapula and the spinous process of the spinal column, and it must have wounded the lung at that point." He considered it necessary for him to go to Buenos Aires for an operation, and it was arranged for him to leave by boat on Wednesday, February 14th.

Knowing that Grubb would be tenderly cared for at the doctor's pleasant home, the three of us went out to the German Colony of San Bernardino to spend the intervening days before the sailing of the boat. The railway station is some little distance from the place, and visitors are conveyed by coach along the road and then by a tiny steamer across the lake.

I returned on Shrove Tuesday to Asunción, and Carnival was in full swing with its gaudy processions, confetti throwing, and the squirting of water. Business compelled me to walk from the railway station to the hotel, and a mischievous girl from an upper window got a bucket of water right over me, drenching me to the skin. I had no change of any kind, and in this drowned-rat condition made my way to the doctor's *quinta*. Mrs. Stewart understood without explanation or apology, and lent me a complete rig-out of the doctor's, several sizes too big, while the maids dried my own clothes.

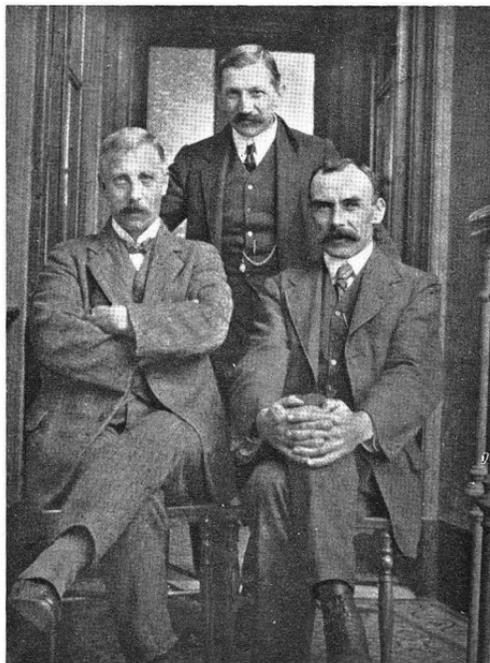
Grubb was reminded by my predicament of an early experience of his own in Asunción during Carnival. Armed with small squirts, the women went about attacking all the young men, often drenching them with their constant attentions. Thinking to get even with them the sober young missionary purchased a huge water-squirt and duly filled it. This he carefully placed up his coat-sleeve, ready for action at the first assault. The moment arrived for sweet revenge, and Grubb excitedly began to withdraw his huge instrument of punishment, but alas! for the best laid plans of mice and men, the squirt went off before its time, and more than a pint of water went up his own sleeve and over his body, drenching him more effectually than the efforts of a dozen black-eyed girls!

We found the patient in fairly good form, but dreading



POET, THE TRAITOR.

This highly intellectual Indian proved faithless to his trust & tried to murder Barbroke Grubb (*p.* 170). For this he was condemned & was put to a terrible death by his fellow tribesmen.



THE THREE VETERANS.

Barbrooke Grubb (left), Andrew Pride (right), R. J. Hunt (standing). They were named by the Indians: Yiphe-nabinyetik; Yiphe-nabat; Hanka-wanyam (*p.* 276). From a snapshot taken in Buenos Aires in April, 1914.

the river journey to Buenos Aires. There was, however, a friend travelling by the boat, and her captain was an Englishman of Grubb's acquaintance, so we had every confidence that he would be well looked after. The steamer was due to leave at 11 a.m., and as the morning advanced the invalid began to get anxious lest he should miss the boat. He was resting in one of the shops kept by an old friend, who assured him that he would see him safely on board in good time. He got him there five minutes too late, and they arrived to see the steamer just moving off. It was most unfortunate. The friend rushed here and there to try and get the boat stopped for a few minutes while they took out the sick man, but the port authorities would not hear of it. He, therefore, chartered a small steamer and telegraphed to the next port of call, requesting them to wait. It was managed, thanks to the captain and we got Grubb safely on board.

Bishop Stirling was most attentive to the sufferer and wrote: "Mr. Grubb is now in the English Hospital in Buenos Aires. When in Asunción Dr. Stewart carefully and skilfully examined into the nature of the wound, with its serious complications, and then sent him here for further treatment and change of air. Here, in the British Hospital, one of the finest surgeons of the day out here, Dr. O'Connor, has him under his charge. One of the lungs had to be tapped to relieve it of the liquid that gorged it, and the broken ribs had to be bound up.

"No one is so reticent about what took place as Grubb himself. If I know about his wound and its complications, it is because I was present when Dr. O'Connor examined him and plied him with questions. . . . Calm and patient, yet with an unmistakable ardour for his work, Grubb fills me with admiration. I saw him after his operation in the hospital, and he looked so cheery and happy with his cigarette that I said, 'Of course you have not been operated on to-day?' 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'I have; and I am now all bandaged up and feel like a board.' 'Was the tapping of the lung painful?' 'Oh, a little; not worse than having a tooth out.' Thus lightly he treats all that has happened. The lesions of the lung will take some time before they are removed. But Dr. O'Connor thinks Grubb should shortly go to the hills about Córdoba, where the air is dry and light."

He was in the hospital for sixteen days, March 1st-17th, and Fosterjohn, of the Sailors' Home, spent a few hours with him every day. On being released, very much improved in health, Grubb spent a short time at the Sailors' Home, and then proceeded to the sierras of Córdoba, where he remained for about a month, being attended by Dr. Schmidt.

The Plymouth Brethren, established in the district, were very kind to him during his stay there. They have an unusual knowledge of the words of Scripture and can quote texts in a most remarkable manner, which practice they sometimes adopt around the tea table. Grubb told me with evident delight that one afternoon at one of their text contests the word "love" was proposed, and every person of the company gave in order a fresh text, and Grubb succeeded in going round five times before he had to give in.

Early in May he was back again at the Sailors' Home in Buenos Aires and wrote: "I have determined to return to the Chaco at once in order to prepare for advance work, which will now be possible with the reinforcements expected. Should I not recover full strength during the next six months or so, I will return, if necessary, to England."

At that time the Rev. Thomas Bridges, father of his fiancée, was very ill and under treatment in the city, and not long after, on July 17th he died. What conversations or arrangements took place between the two I do not know, but Mrs. Bridges, writing of her husband to a friend later, said, "He was very pleased to meet dear Mr. Grubb in Buenos Aires, and accompanied him to his steamer when he left again for Paraguay." Grubb had, of course, at that time seen very little of his fiancée and less of her family and, owing to his sudden appointment to Paraguay, had never met her mother. In a letter of a much later date he wrote to his sister-in-law, "I must try and spend a little time with your mother, if she comes up to Paraguay next year (1906); it is a duty I owe her, and it would be a pleasure to me. I want to know and be known better by Mary's family; circumstances have kept us apart so far, let us trust the way may be made clear for us to see a little more of each other."

In June—less than six months after the murderous attack by Poet—Grubb arrived back in Paraguay. He seemed fairly

well and kept in good spirits, his ever active brain planning for advance in mission activities. He still felt the effect of the wound and was, at times, faint and incapable of any exertion, and quite unable to walk quickly or do any hard work. He decided to take a short trip to the interior station and leave again before the summer heat.

A month was spent at Riacho Negro waiting for the two new workers recently appointed, Dr. W. A. Love, a medical missionary, and Mr. E. M. Nason, of Dublin, who at his own urgent request volunteered to go out at his own expense and help the missionaries for twelve months.

Soon after their arrival Grubb set out for Waikthlatingmangyalwa, where he was enthusiastically welcomed. Two hundred Indians had assembled on the station, representatives of seven districts, the most interesting group being the Chief of Namuk-amyip with his followers, who came to assure him of their friendship.

Pride wrote at that time : " It would almost seem as if our labours are about to be rewarded, for there is a distinct change come over the people immediately connected with us. The Sunday after Mr. Grubb's return 102 persons were present at the Morning Service, packed into a room 14 x 14 feet, part of the space being taken up with the dining-table and benches. We have decided to erect a church as soon as possible, and the natives have promised to give free labour in its erection."

In his report written in August, Grubb said that since January gratifying progress had been made in all departments, particularly in the school. He adds : " The Indians are building the church free of cost ; this shows great goodwill on the part of the Indians and proves our influence over them. With some the motives are high and worthy, but with the majority they are chiefly the desire to please. Poet's people are very friendly, and have paid several visits to this station ; they have paid as far as possible for the cattle killed by Poet. This proves their genuine friendship and sincere regret that one of their number acted so badly. I believe that Mr. Pride and his companions will be welcomed heartily when they go out to that district."

It was, undoubtedly, a good thing for the Mission, and also a great benefit to himself, that Grubb returned for a few months

to his old quarters in the Chaco. I wrote at the time : " Waik-thlatingmangyalwa, whatever its faults, is a most healthy place, far healthier than the coast and very soon the salubrious breezes, the home life, and the companionship of his workers, had such an effect that Mr. Grubb was wrestling, riding, leaping fences and taking his share of the work, both physical and mental. Upon the Indians the effect was very noticeable. When he was away from the Mission some of them had the idea that he no longer desired their acquaintance, and had returned to his own country and people, never to come back to the Indian. Whatever may have been the motive, at once much greater attention was paid to the ' words,' the services swelled slowly but increasingly, outside work was done better and more cheerfully, and the people exhibited characteristics that gave us great satisfaction."

The construction of the church was a great delight to Grubb, and he developed all kinds of ideas and tried to carry them out in the pulpit, the font, and other accessories. In his own house, too, both in the structure and furniture, he was always trying some new plan or making some alteration.

Two other workers arrived in October, the Rev. T. B. R. Westgate, from Canada, and Mr. E. G. Bernau, from Lewisham, who, after a course of medical study and practice, was going out as the representative of the Lee, Lewisham and Blackheath Association. Their arrival coincided with the visit of Archdeacon Shimield, who was delighted with the advance made and specially interested in the new church. " The church," he wrote, " is built entirely of palm timber, roofed with shingles of the same wood, and is in shape like an English church, with a high pitched roof, square tower, pointed windows and a small vestry. It will hold about 200 people ; there are no seats and the floor is of dried earth, upon which the natives squat during the service. It was used for the first time on the Sunday I was there, October 23rd ; first, we had a Lengua service for the Indians, and Mr. Grubb gave them an address. Then we had our own service, with the Holy Communion, and I formally dedicated the building to the service of God.

" It was to me an occasion of thrilling interest, this dedication of the first Christian church in the wilds of the Chaco—a

church built by the Indians, by their own desire and by their own hands. We cannot but lift up our hearts in thanksgiving for this proof of God's work in their hearts and the assurance it gives that the teaching of the missionaries has been blessed."

A great deal of spiritual power was evident at this period, which not only manifested itself in the lives of the missionaries, but also in a marked degree in Philip and his young friend James, and in several other natives, who were not far from the kingdom of God. Quite on their own initiative, led by Philip and James, these natives started a prayer meeting under some trees in a quiet spot at the close of the ordinary evening service.

Hearing voices one night Grubb approached the place and discovered them praying. He advised them, later, to go to the quietness and darkness of the church to pray, where they could be unseen and undisturbed. Sometimes as many as fourteen or fifteen would gather there in secret, kneel down, and, without any preliminaries, start to pray. It was very wonderful, and affected one strongly to stand by the church door and, in the stillness of the night, to listen to these children of the wilds opening their hearts to the Great Father, uttering their petitions and expressing their needs in childlike faith. One such prayer spoken by James was noted at the time, and ran on these lines:—

"Lord Jesus Christ, we really want to speak with Thee, listen without delay to our words. We know something, but we want to know more of Thy words and grow used to them. Strengthen us to do Thy work and follow Thy ways. Help us in our duties to-morrow. We are glad of the rain that has come to-day, for the plants and vegetables will grow again. Blot out our sins; we want to abandon our evil ways and do Thy will. I am bad; blot out my sins. The young folk are bad; perhaps they do not want to become Thy disciples, I do not know, but do away with their wickedness, make them strong and good, enable them to follow Thy ways. Blot out our sins, blot out the writing of Thy great book above. Thou, only Thou art good. A long, long time ago Thou didst shed Thy blood for us, to cleanse us from all sin, as the Book tells us. Thou art strong, help us. The evil spirit desires to destroy us, protect us, for Thou art able to preserve us from all harm. Take us to Thy country above; we have heard that it is a

beautiful country, unlike the earth here below. We are not afraid to die ; we want to go to that lovely place. Here the climate is hot, the sweat rolls off us as we labour ; but in Thy country it is quite different ; there our skins will not be hot, nor will the sweat drop from us. Guard us and keep us. Thy word tells us that Thou art coming again ; when Thou comest take us to be with Thee in Thy beautiful home. Take care of us ” (Then followed a long list of names of relatives and missionaries.) “ Take care of my father, my mother, my sister ; blot out their sins and make them good. Take care of my friends this night. Guard those who travel with carts to the river. Send Thy friends, the men above,” (angels) “ to watch over us, to abide near our resting-places, and guard us. Give us sweet sleep, and make us strong for to-morrow. Amen.”

In the early days of the year 1899, Grubb wrote to headquarters thus : “ It is with great pleasure that I now report to you on the work of the last few months. Never have we been so cheered. Our fondest hopes have been far more than realised. The services have been well attended and continually show increased vitality.

“ Every evening the Gospel is preached to the Indians, and during the last quarter they have themselves instituted and conducted a prayer meeting nightly. Many Indian men, boys, and even a woman take part. The prayers are thoroughly sensible and show a very good grasp of the Christian life. The earnestness, the simplicity and strong faith in realisation of the Master’s presence in these meetings equal anything I have heard in England.

“ That the Holy Spirit is markedly present with these Indians no man can doubt. Nor is it prayer alone ; their lives follow their prayers, and deep humility and distrust of self and their power to stand alone is decidedly shown by all. Speaking for myself, my spiritual life has been and is being greatly helped by these earnest, childlike disciples of Jesus. Prayer with them is real talking with Jesus, laying their most trivial cases before Him. The past six months make an ample reward for years of work.”

The time for gathering in the first fruits had arrived, the first converts were ready for baptism, but a few months had,

perforce, to elapse before the rite could be performed. In the meantime Mark, the bright young missionary from Edinburgh, had to return home through ill health. In the previous October he had been to Asunción for an operation to remove a cancer from the tongue. For some months all went well, then the symptoms returned and caused great uneasiness. He was taken again to Asunción, but as Dr. Stewart could do no more for him, he was conveyed to Buenos Aires. It was found at the British Hospital that it was too late for an operation and the surgeon held out no hopes of recovery. He sailed for home on the *Orissa*. Once more in Edinburgh the verdict of the surgeon was confirmed that nothing could be done. "I should have liked to have lived a bit longer and seen some more service," wrote the brave young fellow, "but I am ready either to stay or depart."

He died on May 30th, 1899, preceded a few days before on May 18th by Miss Jane Brewis, who had a great deal to do with his going out to the Chaco. Grubb was very fond of these two, both of whom laboured very successfully for South America, the one in the Chaco wilds, the other in the cultured city of Edinburgh.

The two young men, Philip and James—the first of their tribe to accept the Christian Faith—were baptised by Bishop Stirling early in June 1899 at Riacho Negro. The ideal setting for this great event—the inauguration of the Christian Church amongst the Lenguas—would have been the simple yet picturesque interior of the newly-erected church at Waikthlating-mangyalwa. Natives would have flocked from all quarters to witness the ceremony. Most of the missionaries would have been present. The language used in the formal service would have had the natural background of the dress and features of the people speaking it. There would have been nothing alien in the atmosphere of the place.

It was, however, impracticable. The roads were in a shocking condition. The journey would have been most exhausting for the Bishop and, in those primitive days, would have demanded a great deal of time. Consequently, Grubb selected five missionaries and fifteen natives to accompany the young converts to the coast. The actual Baptism took place in a missionary's dining-room, cleared for the occasion, within

sight and sound of civilisation. It was, nevertheless, an impressive and an epoch-making service.

Bishop Stirling wrote at that time: "The roads were in a very bad state and I was dissuaded from returning with the missionaries to the Indian village, some 100 miles inland, not as the crow flies, but by the devious bullock-cart track. I was greatly interested and impressed by my visit.

"I have never come across a more hopeful band of missionaries in all my experience. Almost an air of triumph prevails. The barriers of languages have been largely broken down; the reticence of the Indians has been overcome; the secrets of the prevailing witchcrafts have been laid bare, and ears have been opened to the 'new words,' the message of God, from the lips of the missionaries; and not only do the people listen to the 'words,' they have quickly grasped much of their meaning, and, furthermore, have declared themselves under the duty of proclaiming them to others. And they do so."

To Barbroke Grubb this auspicious event was the climax of his aspirations, the goal of his daring adventures and unusual privations. He was in the truest sense a pioneer. He was an explorer of a new country, taking remarkable risks and suffering great hardships. He was alive to possible danger, yet he never flinched at the call of duty. But first and foremost he was a missionary.

The Rev. W. Bothamley, M.A., Honorary Canon of Durham—a man well-versed in history and fully acquainted with modern events in the great Mission Field—once said to the writer that he considered that Barbroke Grubb of the Gran Chaco and Bishop Tucker of Uganda were the two greatest missionaries of their generation. Asked for his reasons, he replied: "Grubb's and Tucker's greatness were exhibited in the amazing success with which they brought a fierce people to Christ, and made of them a real Church, and in Grubb's case without any political protection."

To see the foundation of the Christian Church among the Lenguas of Paraguay had been Grubb's steady hope and ambition through all the years of early exploit and strenuous endeavour. This was now realised in the Baptism of the two first converts, and he was full of joy and gratitude.

A year had passed since his return from Buenos Aires. He

went out to the interior of the Chaco expecting to stay for a few weeks, and fully intending to get away to England before the hot weather set in; but as he observed the wonderful trend of events following his return he could not leave. Steadily he remained through the enervating summer days, full of zeal, helpful to all, and, in particular, preparing and encouraging his young converts.

There was now nothing to keep him. He could leave with a great feeling of satisfaction the scene of his labours, and take the needed rest and change, so essential to rebuild his energies and complete his recovery. But would he rest? The spiritual foundations were well and truly laid; the next step was to create a suitable environment for the young converts to live out the Christian life. He left the Chaco fully resolved, rest or no rest, to stir up the Church in England to help him with his scheme to improve the lot of the Chaco Indian.

C H A P T E R N I N E T E E N

Tackling the Witch-Doctors 1900

His Second Furlough—Launches his Industrial Scheme—Visits Canada & New York—Sails with Seven Fresh Workers—Extension to the West—Ibarreta Expedition—Commencement of Subin Station—Benjamin Tests his Sweetheart—Cachemaille's Visit—Old Chief Dies of Snake-bite—Andrew Falls Sick—Struggle with the Witch-doctors—Grubb's Handling of the Situation.

WHEN Barbrooke Grubb reached England in August 1899, he launched upon the missionary supporters of the Church a scheme for settling and improving the temporal welfare of the Chaco Indians. His idea was to start a cattle farm for their benefit. It is a profitable industry, and he hoped to give employment to natives so that by this means their social conditions might be improved and their livelihood made less precarious. His plan included the settling of some of the more intelligent Christians on little farms of their own.

He started a tour through the country and in public meetings and private interviews advocated his cause with all the eloquence at his command. He was rewarded by a warm response and practical help from rich and poor alike. Enough funds were secured to commence the enterprise.

In March 1900 he went over to Canada and visited some personal friends, who arranged a series of meetings for him. An extended tour could not then be undertaken, as he was booked for the Ecumenical Conference on Missions in New York at the end of April, which he attended.

In July he again sailed for South America, but he did not return to the scene of his labours alone, seven fresh workers accompanied him—a party containing a clergyman, a doctor, and some expert industrial missionaries. They reached Concepción at the end of August. When they had crossed the

river to the mission station, missionaries and Indians alike gave them a hearty welcome. "As soon as Mr. Grubb landed," wrote one of the party, "several of the Indian boys threw their arms around him in affectionate embrace; they seemed overjoyed at seeing their old chief back again, strong and well."

While Grubb was on furlough the Mission extended its activities westward towards the River Pilcomayo. It is rather curious that although Grubb blazed the trail and carefully planned the enterprise he, nevertheless, played an unimportant part in its development.

When at the first, in 1890, he plunged into the unknown wilds, he directed his course to and reached the western home of Chief Storkneck. In his later journeys he wandered in and out among the villages occupied by the Suhin and Towothli tribes and frequently visited the Lenguas living on their borders. Before he left for his first furlough in 1896 he had selected Namuk-amyip as a possible site for a station and had made plans for advance in this westerly direction. Then came the unfortunate incident connected with Poet, which led up to a series of circumstances that dislocated the work and checked progress. At the end of July 1899 on the eve of his second furlough, arrangements had been completed for immediate occupation of the district inhabited by the western tribes.

A few days later, as he was on the point of departure for England, he met in Concepción Señor Uriarte, a friend of Ibarreta, the Argentine explorer. Leaving in June 1898, Ibarreta set out to trace the River Pilcomayo from Bolivia to its mouth, a little below Asunción on the River Paraguay. He was accompanied by ten *peones* to manage the boats, and was provisioned for three months. At the end of August, the expedition reached the northern margin of the great swamp, which has baffled all explorers of the river, owing to the dense vegetation filling the swamp and concealing the true channel of the river. Ibarreta likewise failed to find a passage, provisions ran short, so he despatched eight of his men to the Argentine town of Formosa for necessary supplies. Two only of this party survived. They reached our Mission Station far to the north of the town they sought, on December 11th, 1898, after three months' wandering.

These survivors were sent to Formosa and reported to the

authorities. Various expeditions were sent to the relief of the explorer, who was believed to be alive, but they failed to reach him. His friend had now come to solicit the help of the Mission. He intended leading an armed expedition along the track followed by the survivors, one of them acting as guide. Grubb persuaded him to abandon the idea of force, and offered him the help of two experienced missionaries. This was accepted, and the search party, after encountering many difficulties and some real dangers, reached the Pilcomayo. Neither token nor information of the explorer could be discovered, so the fruitless search had to be abandoned. Valuable knowledge of the country and various tribes was, however, obtained by the missionaries.

Meanwhile the western work was started. Two missionaries occupied the Suhin village of Elyowai-amaak, about 130 miles from the Central Station, built a substantial dwelling-house, made gardens, dug wells, and set themselves to attract the people of the district. Itinerant journeys were made in every direction by various missionaries, who were readily welcomed by the Indians; but on the whole very little advance was made.

The chief weakness of this spot as a missionary centre was its inadequate water supply, which prevented both the Suhin and Western Lenguas from taking up permanent residence on the place. For months Pride, in whose charge it was, patiently plodded on with the language and the quiet teaching of his flock. Then there would be an exodus of the people for hunting or fishing, and he would be left alone, without an English companion, and at times in utter solitude without a native of any description on the settlement.

A Lengua youth called Benjamin, who had received instruction at Waikthlatingmangyalwa, frequently cheered him by his presence and simple ways. Sitting over the kitchen fire he told him the story of his courtship. "He spoke quite naturally and quietly," wrote Pride, "and with no appearance of anything but truth. He told his young woman that he did not want to marry one who was not Christ's follower.

"The points he considered essential were, that she must cease to use filthy language, must learn to pray, and must no longer be afraid of ghosts. He had seen her recently, and she

had told him she had learned to pray. 'Let me hear you,' said he. So she prayed and satisfied him. He took her word for having given up unseemly language. But the ghost test was severe. He sent her at night, alone, to draw water from a swamp, about half a mile away; and joyfully he said, 'She did it.' When it is considered that the women seldom, if ever, leave the village after dark, and if there be occasion to draw water at night are always accompanied by one of the men, the severity of the test will appear, and the girl's action will be seen to be very plucky."

Grubb and his party of young men had not settled down to work before the arrival of the Rev. E. P. Cachemaille, Clerical Secretary of the Society, who was on a tour of visitation to the Society's stations. He reached the Central Station on September 27th, 1900, where 150 people waited to greet him as he rode in in the early morning.

The following day there was a great feast, really to celebrate the return of Grubb with the new men, which had been delayed for a while. Two cows were killed and eaten, fireworks were let off in the evening, and then began the native dances, the scene made bright with the lighting of palm-leaf torches. After several days of seeing the work in all departments, Mr. Cachemaille was laid aside with a sharp attack of lumbago, brought on by the extreme and unwonted fatigues of the journey.

After his recovery, a week later, there was a great sensation in the village. While the old chief was fishing in the swamp he was bitten in the finger by a rattlesnake. He came home in great distress, and Philip ran to fetch the newly-arrived doctor, who went at once and treated the man.

Then arose a conflict; the old men and women thought he should be treated by native methods, which consist of sucking the wound and the limb, spittings, no food or water for two days and a system of massage of the limb and especially over the stomach. The younger men wanted to abandon the old practices, and to let the English doctor do all in his own way.

The result was that neither system was fully pursued. The first day they induced the man to spit out the doctor's medicines, and the next day they encouraged him to take them.

But it was too late, the man was quite exhausted and died that evening.

On Sunday, October 14th, Mr. Cachemaille baptised three Indian lads, who were given the names of John Metegyak, Andrew and Thomas. These were the first baptisms to take place in the church built by the natives, and this was the first service witnessed by the people of the interior, who followed the ceremony in deep silence and profound attention.

After the event a great exodus took place. On Wednesday, Grubb, Westgate, Lindsay and Nason, with six Indians, left the station to escort Mr. Cachemaille back to the coast. Next day Pride and his party departed for the west. Waikthlating-mangyalwa was thus much reduced in missionary staff and reliable native adherents. This gave the members of the witchcraft profession an opportunity, for which they had evidently been waiting, to strike a blow against Christianity and bolster up their own practices.

The three young converts fell ill, and we suspected, not unnaturally, that the witch-doctors had given them something to cause the sickness. John and Thomas soon recovered, but Andrew grew steadily worse; he could scarcely walk, and one morning staggered and fell to the ground when he attempted to take a few steps. He developed a high fever, and was removed to one of the missionaries' houses to receive better attention.

On the previous day, by chance or design, a messenger had come in from the west, accompanied by two men from one of the worst centres of witchcraft, one of them being a kind of Chief of the Wizards. On a former occasion he had done wonderful things with his craft, taking three cats from a boy's stomach, for which extraordinary performance we called him "The Father of Cats." Some of his friends from an adjacent village were on the station at the time, and they immediately informed him about the death of the chief from snakebite, the departure of the missionary party to the river and the sickness of Andrew.

The lad had no sleep on Saturday night, and the fever did not abate. On Sunday the witch-doctors and their assistants began to show signs of activity. They blamed us for keeping the lad, and proposed taking him to their huts to treat him after

their own style. When we spoke hopefully of the boy's recovery, they glared angrily at us and said: "He won't recover, he will die. You are killing him. You want to kill all our friends, as you killed the old chief the other day. He will not get better."

After the Sunday evening service ten bad characters met in the sick-room, fully intending to take away the sick boy by force. We persuaded them to come outside and discuss the matter. When we refused to allow him to be taken away to the village, the deputation turned nasty. They argued that we had killed the chief, and desired to kill the sick lad. They threatened that unless we let the boy go, his father, who had been sent for, would come with angry followers, and make things generally unpleasant for us, hinting that we should be in danger of our lives.

Though we did not expect personal violence, yet the situation was serious. When we still refused to allow them to take the sick lad away, they continued to talk and threaten, and eventually went off muttering and scowling.

We expected and prepared for their return. The school-boys and one or two reliable friends among the people, who had been called up, kept watch at the door of the sick-room. The other premises were protected, but nothing occurred during the night. Early next morning we sent off a messenger for Grubb, Dr. Lindsay, and Philip. The despatch of the messenger spoiled their well-laid plans. They now turned round and tried to get into favour again, which added to our suspicions, and caused us to look forward with dread to the coming night.

In the afternoon the sick boy's father arrived. The people met him, and tried to persuade him to get his son removed to the village. At first he desired it, but when he had seen the boy, he was so deeply moved at his son's weakness that all he asked was to sit by him. The lad grew worse, and at 3.30 a.m. he breathed his last. The father and other watchers rushed from the room, being afraid of the boy's spirit. We delayed the funeral, hoping for Grubb's return, but at 9 o'clock the sad ceremony was performed.

Everything seemed to be in a state of disquietude throughout the day. We were naturally unstrung by the loss of the

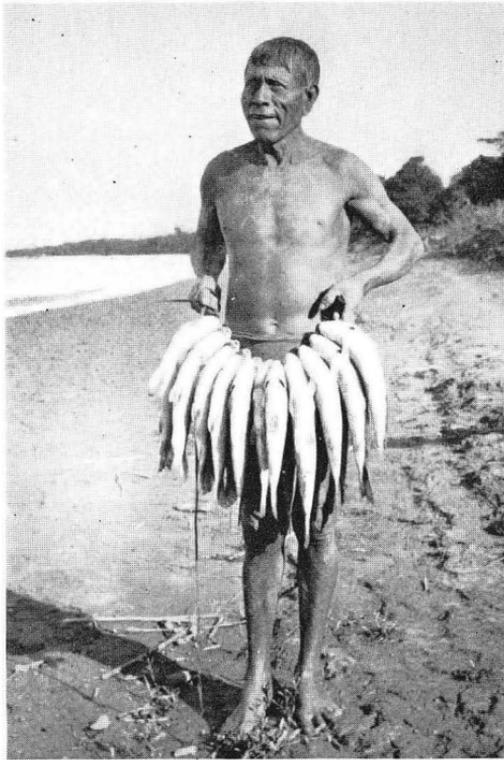
boy, and exhausted with the watching. At night ghosts were seen by the people, portions of the roof were thrown off, figures were seen behind houses, and the following day whispered conversations went on in many parts of the village. How thankful we were to see Grubb and his party arrive!

Grubb, in characteristic fashion, proceeded to deal with the culprits. On entering the village the ringleaders went out to welcome him in the customary way, but he steadily refused to notice their friendly overtures, and went straight to his room. There he learnt all that there was to know from his companions. He then sent Philip into the village with instructions to mix freely with the people and to find out what he could from their point of view.

Armed with full information he began to interview the offenders, and with withering sarcasm or indignant rebuke censured them for their ill behaviour.

Pinsetawa, Philip's father-in-law, a leading witch-doctor, was the first man to be tackled. Philip had found out that he had been the chief ghost, and had terrified the people by surreptitiously, during the night, pushing off palm-tiles from the roof of Philip's house with a long pole. Grubb sent for this man, and told him that he had heard the people were alarmed at ghosts knocking tiles off the roof, and he was very angry that Philip's house had been selected for the purpose. He assured him that he was going to stop their pranks. Taking the man to a window which commanded a good view of the haunted house, Grubb pointed to his Winchester rifle and cartridges, and quietly informed him that as soon as he heard the first tile fall he would shoot straight in that direction to warn the spirits off. He then sent him off, and, needless to add, there was no destruction of property that night.

He next interviewed his old friend, Antonio. This man had prowled about at night and made noises near the staff's quarters, with a view to intimidate them; he had also been overheard to say that the English were "shaking in their insides" in fear. Grubb went up to him and, in the presence of others, greeted him affectionately, saying: "Antonio, you have always been my friend; you would not let anyone hurt me. Now the witch-doctors here are very angry, I am afraid of them, you won't let them hurt me. Look at my arms,



FISHERMEN OF THE PILCOMAYO.

Fish of many varieties are found in abundance in the River Pilcomayo, & form the staple diet of the Indian tribes inhabiting its banks. They are clever fishers, & adopt many methods to secure the fish. Fishing by net is a favourite device. Each fisherman wears nothing but a strong string belt to which is attached a loose strand holding a wooden skewer. As each fish is caught & killed, it is threaded on to the strand until the fish girdle is complete, as shown in the upper picture.

Antonio ; they are very thin, I have no muscle, ' my stomach is shaking with fear.' But you will protect me."

The witch-doctors understood the sarcasm, but they merely scowled and remained silent. Then looking them up and down, Grubb suddenly changed his tone and laughingly said : " Just look at them, who could possibly be afraid of them ? Why, look at the Orator (the worst character of the party), he is not far from the grave, his friends will soon be getting it ready." The man in question disappeared.

Grubb then addressed " the Father of Cats " and told him that instead of talking about what he could do with the missionaries, he had better go and produce some more kittens.

In this fashion Grubb dealt with the culprits. In the evening he called some of the Indians together, and decided on the punishment to be inflicted upon the disturbers of the peace. It was determined that those who were able to do so should give two sheep each as compensation for the annoyance they had caused, and those who could not, should work two days for us, throughout the whole day, without rest or pay.

When the decision was communicated to the offenders, all agreed quietly and without demur, except " the Father of Cats." He sent a message to say that he was a great chief, as well as Grubb, and refused to bring two sheep. Grubb immediately despatched a messenger to say that he was sorry that he had overlooked the fact that he was so great a chief, and as such must therefore bring in three sheep. These were, eventually, obtained. The sheep were sold and the proceeds devoted to the purchase of a large lamp for the church.

The Cattle Ranch at the Pass 1901

The Industrial Enterprise at the Pass—Offers of Land in Argentine Territory—New Workers & Noble Plans—Outbreak of Measles—Nero Succumbs—Freddie Baptised—Grubb's Marriage—Visits Subin Station—Baptism of Manuel & Benjamin—Thompson Arrives.

IN his book, *A Church in the Wilds*, Barbroke Grubb modestly describes the inauguration of his industrial enterprise: "In order to enable the people to obtain profitable work and industrial training, and thus to localise them at the mission stations, where they could be more efficiently dealt with, the Paraguayan Chaco Indian Association was founded with a capital of £1,300, and was established on the Riacho Negro, fifty miles inland from the River Paraguay, on a piece of land kindly lent to us by the firm of Gibson Brothers of Buenos Aires, who are large landowners in the Chaco."

Thus described, the founding of this new station appears quite simple, and gives no hint whatever of the delays and difficulties experienced in its establishment. The clearing of the forest preparatory to putting up the first rough shelters had scarcely begun, when offers of land from other landowners came in for use as mission stations in the vicinity of good Indian centres midway between the Monte Lindo and the Pilcomayo, and also on the latter river.

Further, three concessions of land in the Chaco Central were offered to him by the Argentine Government. To the Society he wrote on December 15th, 1900: "Here lies before us an opportunity to protect the Indians of that great region from extermination and ruin. Three concessions in the territory lying between the Pilcomayo and the Bermejo rivers mean nothing less than the establishment of three new missions. Here is evidently a call from the Lord of the harvest to go forth

and work. The point is this—is our Society and its supporters equal to the task or not? That there are abundance of means, we have no doubt. I trust that earnest prayer will be made that the Lord may touch the hearts of the wealthy to respond.” Like a successful angler who has hooked a gigantic fish and wants a little help in the landing, Grubb struggled against tremendous odds to be in a position to accept this magnificent offer and enter Argentine territory. Circumstances were against him, and the opportunity slipped through his fingers, causing him, perhaps, one of the bitterest disappointments of his life.

With the arrival of the seven new workers the staff was doubled in numbers. But naturally, the newcomers on landing were without experience of Chaco life and climatic conditions, and, at first, needed help from the veterans. To shelter, feed, provide furniture and bedding for such a crowd in the remote interior, presented no easy problem. To instruct them in the native idiom and give them suitable occupation in order that they might feel an interest in their life and surroundings, demanded time and thought on the part of the experienced workers. It is inadvisable, if not disastrous, to send out a great company to a field of work of this nature. When one or two recruits arrive at a time, those in residence have time to entertain and help them, so that they find their feet before they are cast into the strange whirlpool of their new circumstances. As things were, some remained with Grubb at Riacho Negro, while the rest found quarters at the Central Station, where they began some sort of active service, without knowledge of the Indians or the conditions of life.

Grubb extended his missionary programme at once. First of all came the development of industrial life among the natives. This required the building of houses and fences at the site chosen, known as “The Pass” (changed later to “Maroma”), the purchase of cattle and the general fitting out of an *estancia* or cattle-ranch. Next he planned an out-station at Paisiam-tawa, in order to reach the people of the southern villages. Then he hoped to establish a post at Mechi’s *toldo*, situated half-way between the Central and Suhin Stations. In addition to these he proposed three lines of itineration—west, north and south respectively.

These operations he pushed on with all his might. But he soon found that his actual working staff was less numerous and less efficient than he had supposed. Graham broke down in health and resigned. My wife and I went home on furlough. Hawtrey set up as a Christian settler near the river. Two of his non-missionary helpers left the field, Major Rapin, who died soon after in Asunción, and William the cook, who was accidentally drowned while crossing the River Paraguay. The Buller family returned to their old home in Peru. This was a great loss, for the man acted as store-keeper and printer, and the womenfolk as hotel keepers for the staff. Then the Insley family, who had guarded the river port, entertained the missionaries, collected and despatched mails, and purchased supplies for us, resigned and went to Puerto Cooper. In addition to these losses, several of the newcomers fell ill from one cause or another, soon after arrival.

Foot and mouth disease broke out among the cattle as the year 1900 closed. Though not in itself deadly, the outbreak completely disorganised the transport service, which is conducted by bullock-carts. Owing to the pest prevailing in Paraguay proper, bullocks, urgently required, could not be purchased, and the stocking of the cattle farm at the Pass was likewise seriously delayed.

There was another matter that occupied Grubb's attention at this time. The time of his marriage was not far distant. He had been engaged for thirteen years and had seen practically nothing of his fiancée, who lived in her distant Fuegian home. Now for a long time the date had been fixed and the wedding was in sight. In order to prepare for his bride's arrival, Grubb removed Philip and his family (together with several other families) to the river, where they helped with the building of the house and furniture.

In spite of various drawbacks, Grubb was just beginning to get things to move when, early in April, a malignant form of measles broke out among the Indians, who got infected from the Paraguayans. Simultaneous outbreaks occurred at the River and Pass Stations, and from the latter place the infection was carried to Paisiam-yalwa. Although it spread in many directions through native villages with disastrous results, the disease, from the first to last, did not reach the Central Station.

At the time of the outbreak Grubb was at the river, and so was Dr. Lindsay, who was attending Mrs. Fosterjohn, the wife of the Mission agent, in charge of the River Station, and could not leave, but sent out to the Pass necessary medicines and instructions. During the course of the epidemic Grubb and Lindsay journeyed backward and forward from the river to the Pass, the one taking charge in the absence of the other at the two stations. The population was smaller and, consequently, there were fewer patients at the River Station, but the disease was no less severe.

Some of the White Partridge folk grew very obstreperous and had actually to be chained to their beds with bullock chains. One victim, during his illness, wandered about at night, quite naked, and contracted pleurisy and pneumonia, and had to be nursed night and day. He was carefully attended by the two Christian boys, James and Metegyak, and made a good recovery.

At the Pass Station, then in construction, there were some twenty victims, old and young, increasing later to over thirty. Many of them had complications of pneumonia and bronchitis, and several became dangerously ill. Westgate and five of the new men were located there at that time. House building till then had been neglected, there was only a temporary house which served all purposes; the first work had been to build corrales and fences for the cattle. It was the beginning of the cold season, and there were no adequate shelters for the stricken people. Everything possible was done for the sufferers. The members of the staff gave up their blankets and bedding and, at times, slept outside in the cold and wet that the sick might have shelter. During the day they attended to their ordinary duties and provided food for the sufferers, while at night they took turns in watching and nursing.

In the outlying districts there many sufferers and not a few deaths. Many that recovered were left with impaired eyesight for life. With seven exceptions, five women and two babies that died, the people under the care of the mission recovered, although several men continued to suffer with defective eyesight, and one man had to have his left eye removed.

One of the first to succumb was Mrs. Hunt's maid, called Nero, a fine-looking woman of extraordinary character and

ability, who responded to domestic training as naturally as a duck takes to water. She had grasped to a marked degree the essential truths of Christianity, and was striving to live a consistent life, but was not yet baptised. When the sickness came, she threw herself whole-heartedly into the care of others, utterly regardless of self, and, apparently collapsed, no one dreaming that she herself was stricken fatally with the disease.

Grubb met this remarkable woman at an early stage in his career, and realised her possible influence for good, if her energies could be directed into the right channel. In games she was an able leader; she was strong physically as well as mentally. A tall, thin, young missionary threw some doubts upon her strength, so very quietly Grubb gave Nero the hint to pick him up and carry him off. Suddenly the doubter found himself lifted off his feet and shouldered by the Amazon, who first carried him to the other end of the house, and then mounting a ladder set him down none too gently on the palm floor of the loft.

On Grubb's trying journey, after being shot by Poet, Nero was one of the devoted women who tended and helped him. "Ah!" she said on one occasion after his recovery, "I was sorry for him, I wept for days," then suddenly changing from a serious to a whimsical manner, she asked, "What are you going to give me in payment for all the tears I shed at that time?"

During the sickness a schoolboy known as Freddie, already prepared for baptism, grew very ill indeed, and when his life was despaired of, desired to be baptised. So at midnight Grubb baptised him. It was a very touching service. Philip though still ill, sat by his side and explained the rite; James and Metegyak, just convalescent, were carried to his side to act as sponsors; Benjamin, another candidate for baptism, offered prayer; while Freddie, with great effort, which all thought would be his last, gave the responses distinctly. Before the light dawned on another day the boy had greatly improved, and eventually recovered and became a reliable and useful member of the Church.

The epidemic was still unexhausted when Grubb started off to Buenos Aires to meet his bride. On May 15th, 1901, Wilfrid Barbrooke Grubb and Mary Bridges were married in

St. John's Church, Buenos Aires, by the rector, the Rev. H. B. George, B.A. Almost immediately they left for their Chaco home, travelling by the *Golondrina* to Asunción, where they were welcomed by friends of the Mission, and in the Paraguayan newspaper, *La Patria*, in the issue of May 30th, an appreciative notice of Grubb and his beneficent work for the Indians was given.

He lost no time in getting back to his post. From Asunción he took back with him some lymph. When he arrived, seven schoolboys and two women were successfully vaccinated—the first of their tribe to be thus treated. Among them were James and Metegyak, two of the first five converts, who acted nobly as nurses through the sickness, and continued their earnest efforts as evangelists by day and night. Grubb was greatly cheered soon after his arrival, when eight lads came to him after the evening service and expressed their wish to be recognised as followers of Christ.

He decided to make his headquarters at the river for the time being, so that Mrs. Grubb, living next door to the Fosterjohns, would not be alone and without help, while her husband was travelling or arranging mission affairs in the interior.

A month later Grubb paid a visit to the remote Suhin station. Fosterjohn and Crawford went with him. The first part of the journey was quite uneventful. They travelled mostly by moonlight, and experienced the usual joys and sorrows of Chaco travel, cold and absence of food and water being predominant on this occasion. They stayed a whole day at Mechi's village, called Paisiam-yalwa, as that had reached the first stage in the life of a new station.

Then they rode on to Red-well. It was already dark when they arrived before the long row of huts that formed the village. They found the Indians squatting by their fires, together with their animals—sheep, goats and pigs—tethered to sticks beside them. There they met Brasilero, the big Indian, who is reported to have avenged the outrage on Grubb by killing his assailant, Poet. They did not remain in the village, but travelled on in the moonlight until they got so cold that they dismounted, lit a big fire, warmed themselves and went to sleep.

Rousing themselves they moved on again, hoping to reach

the Suhin station by nightfall, as they did not wish to travel on Sunday. Through the day they plodded on with tired horses. Darkness compelled them to encamp. There was no water to be found either to drink or make tea with; their provisions were exhausted; so they lay down and tried to sleep. Early next morning they were in the saddle, and after travelling only some twenty yards they came in full sight of the Suhin station, and began to laugh at themselves for sleeping without food and drink, when so near their destination.

There was another surprise to follow. Pride met them and told Grubb that he had just arranged with Bernau to carry on, while he went on an itinerant tour among the people. "But surely you won't start on a Sunday?" exclaimed the visitors. "To-day is Monday," Pride calmly answered, to the astonishment of the travellers, who had miscalculated in some way and were a day out in their reckoning.

Grubb stayed there three days, and then the party made their way back home, calling at several villages to cheer up the people. They also noted the good work done by unpaid evangelists, like Benjamin. They arrived without incident but with very tired horses at Antonio's place, sixteen miles from the Central station.

A most unpleasant night was spent there, for a jaguar came along and startled the people and caused the horses to stampede. It was pitch-dark, so they gathered some palm-leaves for torches and lighting them went out to examine their animals. They found that three of the horses had broken their tethers and disappeared into the darkness. With the daylight they packed all their goods and saddles on the two remaining horses, and leading them tramped to the station.

Provided with fresh horses the party continued their journey to the Pass. Manuel accompanied them. At 3 p.m. they reached a place called Esquina, where they found a man and his wife encamped. They belonged to the White Partridge clan, and were immediately recognised as the couple who a few weeks previously had put their infant child to death. Grubb lost no time in rebuking them. Without dismounting, he called the man to his side and charged him with murder. He disclaimed all guilt and, Adam-like, blamed his wife. The woman reluctantly admitted the act. "In my country," said

Grubb, "you would be hanged for this. You have done what pigs and cows don't do. You are downright bad." Then he turned away to his encampment some three hundred yards distant. When, later, he sent Manuel to have a straight talk with them, it was found that the couple had fled.

To Grubb the crime of infanticide was most repulsive and regarded by him as the most prominent evil practised by the Lenguas. He was, accordingly, very severe in his judgment of child-murderers. At the Pass, a year or two after the incident just recorded, a woman was reported to have killed her newly-born child. Grubb sent the native police and fetched her.

She was then tried by the natives themselves and found guilty. At Grubb's instigation she was sentenced severely. She was compelled to go at night and dig up the little body, and then to carry it to the cemetery, where it was properly interred. This was a terrible ordeal for a superstitious native woman, who believed that vengeful spirits haunted the place of the dead, especially by night. Further, she was bidden to cut her hair in mourning, and show proper feeling as for the loss of a dear relative.

Grubb and his fellow-travellers reached the Pass Station in good time for the baptism of Manuel and Benjamin on Sunday, July 21st, 1901. This was an important event in the Mission's history. Manuel, Philip's brother, was a man of strong character and outstanding personality. Trained as a witch-doctor, he proved very troublesome in the early days of the work, which he had consistently opposed. His opposition ceased with his brother's baptism two years since. Gifted with unusual intelligence, he developed rapidly in Christian knowledge and practice.

In the years that followed his baptism, till his lamented death on October 27th, 1913, he was used of God to a remarkable degree in winning others to the Christian Faith. He devoted every gift of mind and heart, with which he was greatly endowed, to the one purpose of helping his fellow tribesmen. He became a powerful leader in the native church; he proved to be an able and useful assistant to the translator of the Scriptures; and in season and out of season preached the Gospel with exceptional earnestness and power. Though not

brilliant, Benjamin, in a more limited manner, did the work of an evangelist in his district for many years.

Two little incidents occurred to these converts in the early flush of their Christian experience, which both regarded as direct answers to prayer. Manuel, hard pressed for food for his family, definitely asked God to supply his needs before setting out to hunt. Shortly after reaching the open plain, he secured three ostriches and a deer; and returned home overjoyed with his success, which he attributed to God's intervention on his behalf.

Benjamin, accompanied by Philip and others, went out to hunt. In course of time they separated, and in the usual way set fire to the grass to drive the animals in a given direction. Due to a change of wind, Benjamin found himself surrounded by fire and could see no way of escape. The long grass of the plain, dry as tinder, burnt fiercely, and his retreat was cut off by a wall of fire ranging from five to fifteen feet high. Having matches he fired the grass near at hand, hoping to secure a place of refuge, but it was too late and his device only made the danger more urgent. Again and again he shouted to his comrades, but failed to get an answer. At last he caught sight of Philip on horseback, who vainly tried to render assistance. In his extremity Benjamin cried out in earnest entreaty, "Lord, save me; Lord, drive off the fire." Philip, who remained quite collected, watching for an opportunity to rush to the help of his imperilled companion, states that a tiny whirlwind seemed to come from above and momentarily extinguished the flame in one spot, just giving his friend time to escape, when it closed up once more in great sheets of flame that consumed everything in the vicinity.

In August, soon after his return to the river, Grubb welcomed and entertained a new worker, Mr. R. W. Thompson. After a few days' rest, the recruit, destined for the far west station, began his road experiences with Grubb, who was an ideal travel-companion. There had been a long and severe drought, and many cattle had died for want of water. Unused to Chaco travel, Thompson found conditions trying at first, for the water was brackish, the food strange and unpleasant, and a bed on the ground was not conducive to sleep. "I tossed about a good deal," he wrote, "then it came on to rain. The

next thing I knew was that Mr. Grubb began covering me with a large waterproof sheet, and urging me to lie as close as possible to him for warmth. A new road had been cut to the north; this involved crossing a lake a mile wide. Here Mr. Grubb seemed to be in his element, towing a box laden with goods across the lake. He works very hard; that day, indeed, I think he did the hardest work of any. We were glad to be safely over." In due time he reached and passed through the various stations, gaining experience and hardness, and settled down for a time among the Suhin.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

The Christian Colony at Nakte-tingma 1902-1904

Continues to Live at River Station—Massacre of Germans—Shutting Down of Subin Station—Growth of Paisiam-yalwa—Takes Mrs. Grubb to Live at Pass—Native Church Council Inaugurated—Bishop Every's First Visit to Mission—Church Collections—Grubb's Activities at Pass—Closing of Paisiam-yalwa—Birth of Christian Colony, Nakte-tingma—Further Baptisms—Grubb Returns to England.

SHADOW rather than sunshine distinguished the three years now under review, touching alike the personal life of Grubb and the general affairs of the Mission. It was a period of reorganisation. Several missionaries resigned, and some time elapsed before their places were filled. This meant that work had to be curtailed or modified, a rearrangement of the existing staff, and a postponement of plans for extension. The dark clouds continued for two years, and then came in a brighter outlook with the inauguration and development of the Christian Colony scheme at Nakte-tingma.

In spite of natural disappointment at the crushing of his plans, Grubb enjoyed good health through the year 1901, broken for a short time in November, when he suffered from a slight attack of congestion of the right lung, at the place of the old wound; but from this he made a good recovery and continued well through 1902.

For various reasons he remained at the River Station until July 1902, when he removed his headquarters to the Pass. It was rather dreary for his wife. The temporary place that had been built for her lacked space and accommodation, and life there was remotely removed from anything approaching comfort. In front of the house was the ever-flowing river, and at the back stretched the forests and plains of the Chaco wilds. Few visitors appeared and, apart from house duties, there was

little to engage her attention or activities. It was, indeed, a dull life for her during the frequent absences of her husband on Mission business. The time spent by Grubb there was used to influence the natives and to improve transport facilities. In a report at that time he says :—

“At the River Station very good influence has been brought to bear upon many Indians with whom we had hardly an acquaintance a year ago.

“A new road has been opened between the River and the Pass by the north, upon which the water supply admits of constant traffic. We are just now engaged in bridging the Riacho Negro so as to save unloading the carts.”

Another matter of a different nature also engaged his attention, he wrote : “Four Germans have recently been killed by the natives. This matter we have at present in hand, the German Minister in Buenos Aires having recommended us as the most competent people to arrange this sad incident. We have the unbounded confidence of the Government authorities and of others who have any interest whatever in this region. The prevention of future troubles and the protection of the Indian race rest, under God, in our hands.”

Information gathered from natives visiting the western station revealed the fact that the massacre was the result of an act of indiscretion on the explorers' part. The party, consisting of two German travellers and two Paraguayan *peones*, had not proceeded far inland from the river, before they were murdered by the Towothli, but not in the Towothli country. Whether in fun or in earnest, the foreigners seized and attempted to hold against his will one of the natives. At this his fellows rose in his defence and massacred the party. The bodies were thrown into a stream and various articles, which the natives thought contained “sickness,” were destroyed ; the clothes, guns and horses were preserved.

It was evidently an act of self-defence. They were the identical people who received the Ibarreta search expedition with great hospitality, and a survey party passed through their country quite unmolested several years before, and in their visits to the Mission Station the people never showed hostility.

Circumstances precluded Grubb from spending prolonged periods at the Suhin Station in the far west, yet he was keenly

alive to its importance and interested in its development, and it was with deep regret that he had to close it down owing to an inadequate staff. His oldest colleague, Andrew Pride, spent for the most part, a lonely vigil in this remote station and had, from a missionary point of view, not too satisfactory a time.

Among other drawbacks was the absence of water due to a prolonged drought. For three years the Rivers Monte Lindo and Verde, lying respectively south and north of his district, had been almost dry, and the surrounding plains and forests were in a parched condition. This decreased the number of permanent residents at the station and also hindered the natural flow of visitors from distant villages. Another disadvantage arose from its frontier position, where three tribes met—the Western Lenguas, Suhin and Towothli. In August 1902, after three years of occupation, the station was definitely closed, and fourteen years passed by before it could be re-opened, but the missionaries never lost touch with the people brought under instruction.

With the shutting down of the Suhin Station the western tribes began to take a livelier interest in the half-way station at Paisiam-yalwa, in the vicinity of Cacique Mechi's village. At first a mere hut had been built to provide travellers with a shelter from the heat and a refuge in wet weather.

Then at the end of 1901, Bernau and Nason took up residence there and attempted school work. Several families responded to the invitation to come and live on the Mission site, and visitors increased as the days went by. Regular services for adults and classes for children were begun. The district was evangelised, adherents increased, and in course of time real headway was made.

Early in July 1902, Grubb finally left the coast and took Mrs. Grubb to the Pass Station, where they remained more or less permanently for some years.

At this time there was a number of men and women under instruction for Baptism. Grubb was not only interested in these probationers, but was most keen that the already-baptised Indians should begin to take authority and to help in governing the native church. So on Saturday morning, August 2nd, 1902, the first Native Church Council was held at the Central Station. The six native Christians were called together to

give advice about the candidates for baptism. Twenty names of men and women desiring baptism were read out to them. The Council seemed to realise, perhaps for the first time, their responsibility, and the danger of admitting into fellowship any doubtful or unworthy person.

At first they began to throw out of the list name after name, but eventually ten were chosen; they advised that the other ten had better wait for a while and prove their sincerity in deed as well as in word. This co-operation of the native Christians in the testing and electing of candidates has proved a source of strength to the Lengua Church.

In June, 1902, the Rev. E. F. Every, M.A., was elected as successor to Bishop Stirling and was duly consecrated Bishop of the Falkland Islands at St. Paul's Cathedral on July 13th. Three days previously the Rev. P. R. Turner, M.A., was accepted for service by the S.A.M.S. and sailed with Bishop Every from Southampton on September 12th, arriving in Buenos Aires on October 5th, and a fortnight later both visited the Chaco Mission.

It was not a hurried visit. The Bishop spent time in looking round the stations and making the acquaintance of the missionaries. Nine converts were baptised, including three women—the first of their tribe to receive the rite; the first six converts were confirmed, and these, the following morning, gathered with the missionaries at the first celebration of the Holy Communion for the Chaco Indians. The Bishop's report to the Society, which deserves special prominence, was as follows:—

“In my judgment the Committee need be under no anxiety as to the present position or future prospects of this Mission. I consider Mr. Grubb, the Superintendent, as worthy of the fullest confidence; he is a man of real spiritual power, and at the same time, practical business capacity. The present staff appear to be working with him happily and loyally.

“The foundations of the work I believe to be well and truly laid. The spiritual results so far attained are intensely real, and on all sides there is prospect of considerable development in the future. I cordially approve of the present lines of work; under the blessing of God they tend to produce in the Indian just that independence yet disciplined type of faith which we

desire to see, while the industrial side of the work makes for the settled, orderly life without which it would be impossible for the Indian to put his faith into practice.

“The work of the Paraguayan Chaco Indian Association is, therefore, indispensable, and in this Mission I regard it as the necessary handmaiden of the South American Missionary Society, for the simple reason that Christianity must revolutionise the life, the whole life, of these people, and the Association gives facilities for this. I see nothing to regret, and much to be thankful for, in what the Association has done.”

The Bishop recommended the Committee to confirm his appointment of Mr. Turner to the vacant post of Clerical Superintendent; he considered that an extension of the work of the P.C.I.A. was most desirable; and, lastly, as the Mission was short-handed, he urged the sending out of more missionaries.

Thus, Bishop Every, like his predecessor, Dr. Stirling, saw the wisdom of Grubb's industrial plan to provide the Indians with profitable employment and so wean them from their roving habits and, at the same time, create conditions for the more efficient education of the young and the presentation of the Gospel message.

Some men objected to Grubb's cattle-farm and trading concerns, and wanted to keep secular and sacred matters in separate water-tight compartments. Bishop Every approved and firmly supported Grubb in his position, and twenty-five years later wrote: “The achievement of the Paraguayan Chaco Mission is monumental indeed, for it has solved the problem of how to evangelise a nomad tribe. The principle has been discovered, and the thing done beyond possibility of denial or doubt. The achievement is capable of quite indefinite extension and multiplication.”

To those on the spot the Bishop encouraged the plan of training the native Christians to give systematically to the Lord's work. The practice was begun immediately, collections being taken up on Sundays and on the chief festivals. At first the contributions were devoted to the purchase of food for the old folk. All kinds of curious things came in as donations; not only pumpkins, sweet potatoes and other vegetables, but articles of various kinds; one collection con-

sisted of a native blanket, two boxes of matches, two pairs of ear-woods, three necklaces, several armlets, and some six pesos in money.

The Rev. P. R. Turner went back with the Bishop to Buenos Aires, and for six months took up clerical duties in the vicinity. It was May 1903 before he entered on his duties in the Chaco.

In the meantime Grubb remained at the Pass, developing the industrial side of the work and keeping in touch with the Indians of the vicinity. He persuaded the inhabitants of a village, lying to the south of the station, to leave their homes and take up permanent residence at the Pass, where they learnt the work of the cattle farm and, for years, formed the principal workfolk of the station.

Grubb paid occasional visits to the Central Station and watched or directed the alterations of the old place, which had to be readjusted to suit the convenience of a smaller staff. The old house, renowned far and wide among the Indians, was demolished, and others built in such a way that the whole square could be easily controlled by one person.

Among other structures a hen-run was built. Hens lay eggs, which are one of the luxuries of missionaries' lives, so hens are essential. But Chaco hens are bold and inquisitive. One hen persisted in laying her eggs in church and, further, selected the time when the preacher had reached his most pathetic sentence to proclaim the fact. It does not add to the gravity of the worshippers at a prayer meeting when a hen leaps on the table, skips on to the keyboard of the harmonium, and finally settles on the bowed head of the organist.

In the kitchen one had to keep a watchful eye on the pastry. One day when the cook's back was turned, three hens made a combined attack on a pie prepared for the missionaries' dinner. These troublesome creatures used to pay constant visits at meal times and, despite the most frantic efforts of the diners, the hens would mount the back of a chair, dart furiously across the table, dodging the arms thrust out to preserve the dishes and hurriedly tasting of the several dishes, would disappear with a great cackle through the open window. Hence the need for a hen-run.

The year 1903 was exceptionally wet. The heavy rains,

followed by the flow of water from the great western watershed, flooded the swamps and surrounding country and turned the interior station into an island. The horses were again attacked with the fatal *mal de cadera*. Some were treated and recovered, others died, and all were rendered unfit for riding for many months.

Heavy roads and flooded streams made travelling difficult; weeks passed without news of the outside world; provisions ran short at the inland stations, but actual want was not experienced by the missionaries, for ducks abounded in the swamps and daily found their way to the kitchen.

Grubb remained, for the most part, at the Pass. After Turner's arrival, future plans for the work were discussed, then preparations were made for the building of a church there. With the development of the cattle farm and trading concerns, came an increase of population, drafted from the interior or gathered from the vicinity, so that regular worship was established and the need of a church emphasised. A pretty little church was built and furnished. It was made mosquito-proof by wire netting on windows and doors. It was opened for use on All Saints' Day, 1903. Mrs. Grubb found a great deal of pleasure in its care and preservation.

On August 16th, Mr. Percy A. Reynolds, son of Professor Reynolds of Buenos Aires, and Miss Bertha M. Bridges, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Bridges, were married at the Pass. Weeks of preparation were spent there. Among the guests was another sister of Mrs. Grubb, Miss Alice Bridges, and her aunt, Miss Varder. All had arrived in good time. Then came a long delay, due to the non-arrival of the bride's dress and trousseau. Frequent journeys to and from the river were made to fetch the visitors and their belongings. The roads were bad, and the delays increased the difficulties, for more trips had to be made for further supplies of provisions. It created, at any rate, a diversion for Mrs. Grubb in those somewhat drab days of winter.

In the middle of July, small-pox broke out at Paisiam-yalwa, where Thompson and a fellow-missionary were living. A man complained of fever, which a day or two later revealed itself as small-pox. The natives fled from the station; two only remained. The man was treated, but did not recover.

When he died the two missionaries dug his grave and buried him.

While he was still lying sick, the two men came along with a request to "shoot the sickness and get rid of it." It happened at that time that a wild cat caused great annoyance by coming round nightly and attacking the fowls. Watch was kept, and one clear night the missionary sighted it, got his gun and shot it. The natives were very disappointed next day when they learnt that not the epidemic but only a wild cat had been killed.

Three times Thompson tried to get a message through to the Central Station, but on each occasion his natives refused to go. When the sick man was buried, three men arrived from the north, and complained of sickness. They had small-pox and the old man of the party died eight days later; the others recovered. No one could be persuaded to go out and fetch the horses wandering in the "camp," but at long last they came in on their own account. Leaving his companion for three days to attend to the convalescent boy, Thompson saddled a horse and rode off alone to give warning of the epidemic at the Central Station. Word was at once sent on to the Pass to inform Grubb of what was happening, and Thompson returned to his post to find all going well.

News of the outbreak reached the Pass on the day of the wedding, so matters were rushed at the last moment. After the ceremony Grubb and Turner set out with two Christian youths and Sanderson (the bearer of the message), and walked through the tangled grass and deep water the hundred miles that separated the Pass from Paisiam-yalwa. They were relieved to find both missionaries well. Grubb decided to close the station. The goods were shut up in the store and fumigated; and on the way in were spread out in the sun as often as possible, to disinfect them.

These precautions were effective; the Central and Pass Stations escaped. The epidemic was severe; it spread havoc among the inland people, and in places swept away the entire population. People through fear left their homes and spread the disease to other parts. Friends were left to die alone, without water, unprotected from weather and wild beasts, and with the horror of a lonely death before them.

The behaviour of the Christian boys, entering into the

infected district with Grubb, stands out in vivid outline against the dark background of the cowardice and flight of their heathen tribesmen.

Grubb settled down to work at the Pass for the next six months until March 1904, when Mrs. Grubb left for England (she arrived there on May 24th, 1904). It was a fairly bright period and full of activity. Some of the wedding guests remained after the bridal party took their departure, so that Mrs. Grubb had pleasant days entertaining her relatives, and Grubb himself was freer to roam among the Indians and visit the outlying stations. Work went steadily forward in all its branches. The only check was an outbreak of whooping-cough, which kept the amateur medical staff busy, but did not result in any loss of life.

It was at this time—the close of the year 1903—that the idea of the Christian Colony was conceived and brought to birth. The essence of the scheme was to separate the young people from the degrading influences of witchcraft and old customs practised by their heathen relatives and neighbours, and to train them to higher thought and a purer outlook in a settlement.

The site for this new station, which became known as Nakte-tingma or Long Town, was on mission land, three miles east of Waikthlatingmangyalwa, on the opposite bank of the broad swamp stream. The *modus operandi* of the proposed settlement was set forth carefully in the following terms:—

“In the Colony the form of the services and the character of the teaching will be in keeping with the degree of knowledge of those who are to be taught; so that the Christian Indians will have every opportunity of making steady and uninterrupted progress, and many of them will become qualified to go forth as evangelists to their own people. The young people will be taught to bring up their children carefully, to be cleanly in their habits and in their persons; and, though still living in Indian style, to make real advances in their social life, freed from the retrograde influences of the old people, who were to remain at the old station, where they and visitors would be catered for.

“Every Colonist will be a worker, and every child a scholar of the school. The main industry will be cattle farming. In

this department the Paraguayan Chaco Indian Association will be of the greatest assistance. Besides this all minor trades that can be of any advantage to the people will be encouraged. All will be done with a view to putting our people in the right way for eventually earning their own living in a civilised and an independent manner."

It was a part of Grubb's plan that the Colony should have the appearance and attractions of a town, with public buildings, shops, market, square and streets, and to some extent the officialdom of a well-organised community.

The intention was to have separate houses for the Indians, who were to be stirred up to be dissatisfied with their present mode of life, and encouraged to adopt industrious habits and to desire animals and property. A more permanent type of house was to take the place of the grass huts so easily built and even more quickly demolished. The possession of tables and chairs, beds and kitchen utensils, together with cattle, was to be an offset against their old ways, causing them to settle down more quietly and to check their wandering instincts.

Operations were begun, but naturally the arduous work of clearing the forest and the slow process of building prevented the whole working plan to be set in motion at once. This was the kind of work where Grubb was seen to advantage, with a big gang of Indians cutting trees and burning shrubs, uprooting trunks and levelling ground for building. Thus in course of time the Colony began to take shape, the square marked out, the streets arranged, and some of the preliminary houses set up. The place became very popular and natives from all parts were attracted to the spot, where they played their part in the general work and life of the growing township.

On May 20th, 1904, Grubb wrote to the home authorities that the mission was progressing, the resident population on the various stations increasing, and twenty-eight candidates for baptism indicated a definite spiritual advance. He was expecting the Bishop, after which he intended preparing to return to England, but he wrote: "My stay must be short, for now the Mission is moving, and we must not let it slip back. We are going on well, but want money. Where can we strike for money?"

The Bishop, after his visit in June, wrote: "The Mission

230 *The Christian Colony at Nakte-tingma*

continues to make real progress ; the work has been both consolidated and developed during the last year and a half in spite of the six months' inactivity due to floods and horse-sickness."

Baptisms took place at Easter and in July, which are described by the Rev. P. R. Turner :—

"Another baptism has taken place in the Chaco Church ; but instead of three adults and one infant, as on the last occasion, there were twenty adults and five infants. This is a large number, considering the size of our present Lengua village, and its importance to us is far-reaching, much more so, perhaps, than at first sight appears. For with these baptisms the balance of power has come over to the Christian side. Henceforward in Waikthlatingmangyalwa the Christian will be the stronger side in the village, and not the heathen as formerly. Henceforward it will no longer require moral courage to be on God's side ; it will be the popular rather than the unpopular thing to do to become a Christian."

"The Adult Baptism Service on July 21st was such as must have impressed the least sensitive of the crowded churchful of witnesses."

During August and September 1904 there was a revolution in Paraguay, and for over a month the Mission was cut off from all communication with the outside world. The revolutionaries captured the town of Concepción and prevented traffic on the river. The Mission canoes were also taken, but they were returned the following day with apologies from the Military leaders. It was not easy to get away from Paraguay at that time. After waiting about for some time Grubb and party were able to embark in a Brazilian steamer, which passed by the Paraguayan ports without calling, and thus reached Buenos Aires. His fellow-passengers were Mrs. R. J. Hunt (with Alfie, her two-year old son) and Mr. J. M. Aylwin, both broken down in health, so severely that neither was able to return to the field again. The former, in a private letter to her husband, gives some details of the journey home :—

"We arrived home safely on Saturday, November 5th, after an uneventful journey, six weeks after leaving Concepción. There was not much of interest on the river boat going down-

stream. Mr. Grubb was, of course, kindness itself in helping me in every way, and Alfie closely attached himself to him now that his father was apparently gone for good.

“On arrival in Buenos Aires, he took us to a hotel and ensured our comfort in every way, among other things securing the use of a little sitting-room facing the street, where one could retire to, and yet command a view of anything going on below. He was expecting to meet his relatives, the Bridges, who were there on business, and anticipated a few days’ delay in the city. After lunch he went out on business, and while he was absent his mother-in-law, Mrs. Bridges, and her daughter, Alice, whom I had already met in the Chaco, arrived at the hotel. Almost her first news was to inform me that on September 7th (at 35 Comiston Drive, Edinburgh), Mrs. Grubb had given birth to a daughter (Bertha), and that both mother and daughter were doing well. It was a real pleasure to meet them.

“We stayed altogether about ten days in Buenos Aires, and during that time Mr. Grubb made things as pleasant and easy as possible for me and the child. For him he bought all kinds of toys, which were an amusement, not only to him, but to nearly the whole hotel staff, who took turns to come along the corridor and play with him and his mechanical animals and other toys. Mr. Grubb himself always fond of a romp with children, seemed to get a good deal of pleasure himself out of the child’s toys.

“As Alfie had suffered from whooping-cough when the epidemic spread among the Indians, and was not yet free from it, we could not travel on the ordinary passenger steamer. In company with his brother-in-law, Mr. Lucas Bridges, Mr. Grubb sought a cargo steamer that would offer a fair amount of comfort for the voyage, and eventually discovered the *Fife-shire*, a frozen meat boat, commanded by Captain Pilkington. Apart from ourselves there was only an engineer of one of the river boats as passenger.

“There were no ports of call and so few passengers that the voyage might have been painfully dull and monotonous; but as a matter of fact the days passed pleasantly enough. Mr. Grubb had work he wanted done, letters to answer, articles to prepare, and a scheme to work out. For some part of each day

I was busy writing for him, while he dictated his correspondence.

"Alfie had the time of his life. A nurse was quite unnecessary. It was years since there had been a child on board that boat, and the Captain and officers found a good deal of delight in looking after and amusing him or being amused by him. The boy stood a chance of being spoiled, for the Captain insisted on his having breakfast with him in his cabin, and unusual attention was shown him. Knowing only a few words of English, he spoke mostly in Lengua, which delighted Mr. Grubb immensely. He was always reprimanding the officers for attempting to teach him English. For the journey Mr. Grubb had not only provided mechanical toys, but sweets and chocolates in sufficient quantity to last the voyage and for several weeks after we reached home.

"Arriving at Liverpool we were met by Mr. Herbert Rowe, who insisted on taking us to his place for the day. Thanks to the delay of the Customs officials we missed the morning train, and were compelled to wait till much later, which seriously delayed our arrival at home in Reading, and prevented Mr. Grubb reaching Edinburgh that day. So again putting off his own affairs, he saw me safely to London, and in the train at Paddington for home, and then went to the Society's office to sleep. The child, who had been sleeping for hours, woke up at the critical moment of his farewell. Feeling that the climax of his troubles had come, he clung to his friend till the last, and was not pacified for a long time."

As Grubb thus found himself in London, he waited until the Committee met on November 10th, when he was interviewed and gave a full report of the work done and outlined his plans for the future. This over, he left for Edinburgh, where for a short time he was left alone for needed rest and change; but not for long.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

The Garden Settlement of Makthlawaiya 1905-1908

A Short & Strenuous Furlough—The C.I.A.—Floods in Paraguay—Charmed with Progress at Colony—Loss of Wyper & Celia by Influenza—Return of Mrs. Grubb, Morrey Jones Arrives—Abandonment of Waikthlatingmangyalwa—Mabony's Visit—Growth of the Pass Station—Mad Indians—Discovery of Makthlawaiya & its Occupation—Bishop's Visit—Grubb Leaves Pass & Lives at the Garden Settlement—The I.C.S.—Epidemic of Measles.

IT cannot be said of Grubb that he spent either a long or lazy time on furlough. He arrived in England in November 1904, and left again in May of the following year, reaching the Chaco once more in July 1905. These months in the home country were not devoted to personal pleasure or well-deserved rest, but rather to pleading the cause of the Chaco Indians.

The perusal of the following list of places, admittedly incomplete, where he took meetings or functions of some sort, gives one an idea of the strenuous life he lived during the first quarter of 1905.

Jan.	1st-23rd.	Ireland
	25th.	Ormskirk
	26th.	Bolton
	27th-29th.	Wolverhampton
	30th.	Meltham and Huddersfield
	31st.	Nottingham and Newark
Feb.	1st, 2nd.	Sunderland and District
	3rd.	Matlock
	4th, 5th.	Quarndon
	6th.	Liverpool
	7th.	Leamington
	8th.	Clifton
	9th.	Plymouth
	10th.	Cheltenham

234 *The Garden Settlement of Makthlawaiya*

Feb.	11th.	Malvern
	13th.	Tunbridge Wells and Southborough
	14th.	Eastbourne
	15th.	St. Leonards
	16th.	Canterbury
	17th.	Putney
	20th.	Reading
	21st.	Islington
	22nd.	Leeds
	23rd, 24th.	Ealing
	25th-27th.	Lee
	28th.	Carshalton
Mar.	2nd.	Croydon
	3rd.	Gipsy Hill
	10th.	Oxford
	15th.	Secretaries' Association S.A.M.S.
	17th.	Norwich
	19th.	Bensham and Gateshead

Only those who have done a deputation tour of this nature can appreciate the strain of it, which includes the fatigue of constant travel from place to place, the excitement and nervous stress of meeting and conversing with fresh people daily. In addition there is the physical and mental energy put forth in the giving of formal addresses and sermons.

One of the great objects of his campaign was to create enthusiasm in and raise money for his Industrial Mission scheme. The original loan of £1,300 was inadequate for the enterprise, but entirely successful in its working, so a new company was called into existence and registered in London under the title of "The Chaco Indian Association," founded with a capital of £10,000.

As he went about the country he appealed to the Christian public interested in South America to take shares in the Company, risking an investment of £5 upwards at five per cent. interest, for the sake of the Indians, so that they might be trained to work and secured a better means of livelihood. His appeal met with a generous response, and he returned to the field elated with his success, and filled with plans for the further development and extension of the work.

In the early part of the year 1905, the rivers Parana and Paraguay, with their tributaries, began to rise abnormally and

flooded the surrounding country for miles. In Paraguay during March some of the missionaries were detained at the River Station for several weeks because of the high flood. The water rose to within a foot of the top of the bank in front of the Mission house. The neighbours' houses were inundated and some sought refuge on the higher ground at the station.

One man, after spending a very damp and unpleasant night at his own quarters, came and begged permission to squat for a few days; he brought with him a boatload of hens and dogs, beds and kitchen utensils, and all his family. Those who had cattle near the river removed them far inland for safety. During two months the floods subsided, and thinking all was over, many settlers returned with their cattle to the coast.

Then came a second and worse flood, which in June reached its highest point; it exceeded the record floods of 1878. Tremendous damage was done by the swollen waters. Islands were submerged, houses and farm-stock and cattle by the thousand were swept away. Families were left homeless, and many persons were drowned.

River steamers and launches did what they could to rescue men and women from the high spots and tree tops where they had taken refuge. Enormous masses of driftwood, branches of trees, and matted water reeds torn from the backwaters were dislodged and hurried along in the raging current. These floating islands of immense size caused trouble and danger to navigation, and on them were borne snakes, alligators, waterhogs and even pumas and jaguars.

When Grubb arrived with Bernau in July, the flood was still high at Concepción, and extended for some twenty miles inland. Carts from the interior were brought to a high bank, and then the last twenty miles or so were covered by boats, which were rowed or sailed over the tops of wire fences and thorny shrubs into the very streets of the town.

Grubb, on his return, was charmed with the wonderful progress made in every direction, especially in the advance at the Colony. Itineration, in spite of the weather and dreadful roads, had not been neglected. Pride and Farrow made a successful trip to the White Partridge clan, which resulted

in the chief deciding to leave his country and migrate with all his followers to the new Colony station.

A visit was paid to Mechi's village while a big feast was being celebrated. Several hundreds were present. On the Sunday evening the dancing and festivities ceased for a spell, while all the people gathered round the great symbolic fire, and listened enthralled to the message given. The great choice of life and death was put before them in all its solemnity. "It was an awe-inspiring occasion," Turner wrote, "a time when the hardest heart must have been moved, seeing this childlike people struggling for one brief moment, if only for that, to realise the seriousness of life, before the drums sounded once more and recalled them to the happy, careless, thoughtless present. After the services, however, many who had been most in touch with the Mission in the past came forward and promised to throw in their lot with Christ and His disciples."

The development of the Colony itself went steadily forward. Indian cottages as well as Mission buildings were being rapidly constructed. The technical training of the young men was already in force. Intelligent youths were being instructed in pit-sawing and carpentry. Suitable trees were cut up into planks, which gave the necessary timber for the carpenters to make chairs, tables, bedsteads, window and door frames, seats for various offices and other furniture. Sanderson found great joy and success in the training of these Indian youths. At a later date an industrial school for young women was opened, and the girls were taught washing and ironing, cooking and baking, and other branches of domestic economy.

A weekly social evening was started for the boys, when speeches on non-religious subjects and songs of a lively character were given. Once a month there was an entertainment, open to the girls and the older population, and every facility was accorded to the native actors and story-tellers to practise their art and furnish fun for all. These meetings became very popular and formed, as the years went by, a most important feature of the work. Everyone contributed something to the fun or usefulness of the gatherings. Friends gave up their old gramophone records or presented new ones, which introduced quite a novel element into the life of the people.

Serious addresses touching social life and how to improve themselves generally were given, and valuable results followed. An address on Thrift, for instance, led to the starting of a savings bank for the workers, which in the course of a few years assumed startling proportions. Later, it was carefully organised and amplified, and resulted in great benefits to the workers and their children.

An address on the subject of Responsibility brought about good results in another direction. The transport during the early years was done entirely by Grubb and his companions, then by white men assisted by natives, the next stage was reached when an Indian called Harry was made a transport agent.

The idea was to make the Indians themselves feel responsible for these trying and tedious journeys of carting goods from one place to another. They rose to it, and as educated boys came into the work greater responsibility was given to them, so that a native not only took charge of a single cart, but often conducted a team of ten carts with 80 or 100 bullocks from the centre to the coast, collected the goods from the town, checked the consignment note, packed the carts and conveyed the cargo safely to its destination.

That early period at the Colony was a very happy and prosperous time. The four missionaries worked together in perfect harmony. There was an equal sharing of duties pleasant and irksome, and each had a specific department to develop. One made great headway with the language and translational work, another developed the sawpit and workshop, another, when relieved of his transport duties, loved to watch over the kitchen and domestic arrangements, while the other, with his pleasant manner with the workfolk and kindly interest in the home affairs of every person on the estate, was a great asset to the general cheeriness of the place, which so pleased Grubb at that period.

Early in October two converts to whom Grubb was greatly attached succumbed to the ravages of influenza. The first victim, Wyper, was chief of the Paisi apto clan, and one of Grubb's oldest friends. The friendship dated back to 1891, to the perilous days at Neantamama.

Wyper proved a friend to the young pioneer on his first

adventurous journey to the interior, and also helped him at the time of the rescue of the infant from being buried alive with its dead mother. His affection and attachment had grown with the years. Grubb, on the eve of his furlough, asked various people what they would like him to bring back in the way of presents. Turning to Wyper, he asked: "And what do you want?" Smilingly the old chief replied, "I only want you."

The other victim was Celia, the first woman to be baptised, a young woman well above the average in intelligence and affection, keenly alive to every step advanced in the Mission, and most earnest in trying to win her people for Christ. She was indeed a great loss to the Mission, for her enthusiasm, coupled with a broader outlook on life than her fellows, were great factors of influence both among her own White Partridge folk and among the Mission adherents. Grubb felt her death very keenly.

The three events of interest and importance that mark the year 1906, were the return of Mrs. Barbroke Grubb to share the life and work of her husband in the Chaco, the abandonment of Waikthlatingmangyalwa, and the visit of the Rev. Henry Mahony.

Travelling out with Nurse Byatt, a fresh worker, from England, Mrs. Grubb and daughter arrived safely in Buenos Aires, and eventually reached the Colony, where Grubb had decided to live for a time, on April 12th, 1906. She had as travelling companion on the river boat the Rev. H. T. Morrey Jones, who had become so fascinated in the work and people, during his term as organising secretary for the Society, that he offered his services for the Chaco. He was accepted and spent six months in Buenos Aires, helping the Rev. W. Case Morris in his great work among the children, before entering the Chaco wilds.

The landing of an unusual quantity of stores and luggage delayed the departure of the carts. Grubb assured the new arrivals that a cart journey with fresh recruits and their boxes was always attended with mishaps of some sort; and as a matter of fact, several breakdowns and other hindrances occurred on this particular journey before their destination was reached. The party was enthusiastically welcomed at the

Colony, which contained at that time an average population of 150. The main street of the little township was complete with its sixteen cottages for the natives, and most of the necessary buildings were also erected.

The date of their arrival corresponded with Grubb's decision to give up the Central Station of Waikthlatingmangyalwa, which for ten years had been a place of great activity, and saw the beginnings of things that matter, the first school, the gathering in of the first converts, the first church and the commencement of church life, the first translations and the first books printed on the Mission press, as well as the beginnings of various industries.

The day had come when most of the buildings were very much the worse for wear, and the church, in particular, falling to pieces. The younger folk of both sexes had been drafted to the Colony, and even the older people were breaking away from heathen ways and becoming Christian. Was it worth while going to the expense of rebuilding the old place with a new settlement flourishing only three or four miles away?

The depopulation of the village and its transference to the other place presented no difficulties. The advantages of removal were considerable. At the Colony there was more scope, more room for development, and it was capable of carrying a much bigger population. Two stations require a bigger staff of workers, the division of school and clerical duties, and also of the medical work and stores. Combining the two would make for general brightness for the people and cheerfulness for the staff, and probably in the end more work would be accomplished. So the decision was made, and the removal was quietly effected. On May 1st the farewell service was held, the bulk of the natives going with the clergy to visit the abandoned station, and to attend the service in the fast decaying church, made sacred by the prayers and confessions of the first Lengua Christians.

During the month of June, the Bishop visited the Mission, and though there were no baptisms or confirmations, the visit was specially interesting to Grubb, because on St. Peter's Day the Bishop laid the *palo-santo* (*Lignum vitae*) foundation block for the new church at the Colony. Grubb explained the service and gave the address.

240 *The Garden Settlement of Maḡthlawaiya*

In August he had the pleasure of welcoming to the Mission his old friend the Rev. Henry Mahony, who left Keppel Island twenty years before and had since become the Irish organising secretary for the Society. The visitor was deeply interested with the religious services, and with the educational and industrial departments.

The Town Council of Nakte-tingma made the greatest impression upon his mind. There were James the Mayor, Manuel the Magistrate, and other young men as school and sanitary inspectors, the transport agent and the cattle overseer, and the native police in the uniforms of the Paraguayan Government: all of which were steps to self-government. He saw that these natives rose to their duties and responsibilities in a remarkable way, and when the police were called upon to arrest a man, or the judge required to try a thief, there was no weakness shown, but admirable courage and a splendid sense of justice were exhibited. The ex-missionary not only showed himself pleased with the enterprise and congratulated Grubb on his wonderful accomplishment, but to the day of his death Mahony laboured incessantly for its advance.

Towards the end of the year, interest once more centred in the Pass Station. A big group of native workfolk was drafted there, where work was plentiful. Grubb, with his wife and daughter, returned to his old house and remained there until Mrs. Grubb departed on a long visit to her relatives in Tierra del Fuego early in August 1907.

There was no doubt that Grubb liked the Pass, always provided that he lacked neither companions nor Indians. He was constantly adding to or altering his house, while Nason loved to be with him and made for him odd bits of furniture. The Pass, at that time, was not without a good deal of interest. There was the cattle farm with 3,500 head of cattle, 30 horses, 350 sheep, and 200 goats, and the trading department, which created a considerable amount of movement on the part of workfolk and visitors alike.

The country itself had undergone drastic changes with the introduction of cattle. In the fencing of the land thousands of snakes and other vermin had been killed. The cattle themselves had trodden down the rough undergrowth, the forests had been exploited for timber, brushwood had been



SPINSTER AND SEMPSTRESSES.

The little maid spinning wool belongs to one of the lowland tribes of the Bolivian Chaco. The use of the sewing-machine was taught to & greatly appreciated by the native girls at the Christian Colony.

cleared for other purposes, and, consequently, much of the natural hiding resorts of flies and mosquitoes had been removed. Marshes, where rich pasture grows, naturally attracted the grazing animals, and affected the character of the land. Water flowed off more readily into the main streams, which also, in turn, became more riverlike in appearance and less like stagnant lagoons or slow-flowing swamp streams. The Pass, therefore, had advantages from the climatic standpoint, and was, without doubt, a good centre for all purposes. So with the exception of frequent journeys to the Colony and district, Grubb remained there until his services were required elsewhere.

A manager, who was not a missionary, had been appointed to guard the interests of the C.I.A. and Paraguayan cattle-men were employed as well as the Indian workfolk, so that the population of the station was greatly increased. Consequently the religious services were held in the open air, as the little church was quite inadequate to accommodate the congregation. Lantern services were given, the sheet being rigged up on the wall of Grubb's house, while he used to explain the pictures alternately in Lengua and Spanish to the Indians and to the Paraguayans and their wives.

The manager himself, an Englishman, was quite a good sort and very companionable. On arrival he was duly warned about snakes and scorpions and other nuisances, and was told among other things, that in the event of discovering a snake in his bed, which was in the realm of possibility, he must at all costs remain perfectly still. One night, after settling in bed under the mosquito net with lamp already extinguished, he felt something snakelike against his thigh. Really agitated, he managed to control his feelings and kept quiet and planned his escape from what he believed was a deadly snake.

Gently he loosened the folds of the mosquito curtains, and silently groped for the matches. Having secured these he as cautiously lit the lamp and surveyed his surroundings. Moving back the net and gripping the bedclothes, he then made a great dash for safety by flinging back the blankets and springing out of bed. He soon discovered that he had suffered in vain, for there on the bed was his metal key-chain!

About this time there were two mad Indians roaming about

the country, neither wore any clothes, and both preferred to wander at night. One of them, a woman, confined her rambles to the wild forests and western villages. The other, a man, appeared in the vicinity of the Mission stations. On the first occasion he suddenly emerged from the wood at the Colony, and showed himself outside the ring of a considerable group of natives sitting listening to a concert. Shrieks from the women, followed by a mad stampede, notified his presence and also signalled his hasty retreat into the darkness of the forest, carrying with him an axe, which he had obtained from one of the houses. His next appearance was at the Pass, where for some days he caused a great deal of uneasiness among all the inhabitants. Three of the newly appointed police gave chase one night, but the lunatic got away in the darkness.

Some weeks before this event, Sanderson came to the Pass with his sawyers and carpenters, builders and fencers, and did some excellent work there, which astonished the Paraguayans, who refused to believe that the splendid timbered house for the manager had been built by Indians.

During the winter months a strong epidemic of influenza spread to the stations. At the Pass there were some forty persons ill with it, while at the Colony over seventy were attacked with the sickness, leaving scarcely any person strong enough to help the others. Farrow and I were busy the whole day, attending to the sick, giving them medicine and cooking food for them. One poor old woman died, and the two missionaries, a schoolboy, and the deceased woman's son, were the only available persons to dig the grave and carry away the corpse to the distant burial ground.

For a very long time Grubb, in pursuance of his general scheme for the bettering of the conditions of life for the Indians, had been looking for suitable land for agricultural purposes, where the natives could be urged to raise sufficient crops to supply their own needs and, perhaps, have a margin left over for sale in order to purchase other necessities. The place at last came almost unsought into the limelight—an island called Makthlawaiya, lying in the great swamp about two miles from Nakte-tingma, on Mission property. Here were some 120 acres of really good agricultural land, and ideally situated for the making of a quantity of large gardens.

When the old central station of Waikthlatingmangyalwa was depopulated and transferred to Nakte-tingma, it was quite obvious that the older men and women would be out of place in the carpenters' shop and in the Girls' Home. They naturally wandered off to the forest to hunt, and into the swamps to fish and, according to custom, looked round the vicinity for likely spots suitable for cultivation. The island of Enmakthla-waiya (to give it its full name) was rather a noted place, and the trees, the *waiya*, which gave the name to the locality, are peculiar and restricted to that spot. There was, however, some superstition connected with it, remotely associated with a severe sickness, and immediately related with the appearance of dangerous ghosts. Some of the people, nevertheless, thought more of the advantages of gardening there than of the disagreeable haunting of ancient spirits, and began to cultivate little plots on it.

They seemed to have stumbled unconsciously upon the solution of an hitherto unsolved and vexing problem. The land was, accordingly, surveyed and found to be well within Mission property, and a definite scheme was set on foot for settling a number of the older folk with their families, giving each man a plot of about one and a half acres for his own cultivation. Its close proximity to the Colony, it was felt, would not interfere with the school or other concerns. A bullock-cart used to bring the children to school in the morning and take them back at night. They enjoyed the daily ride, and enlivened the journey by merry laughter and childish prattle.

Operations were actually commenced on March 4th, 1907. Owing to the long drought, the first consideration was the digging of a well, to supply the workmen with water. At the first attempt water was soon struck, but owing to its brackish quality was quite undrinkable. The next well was in every way successful, water, sweet and plentiful, was found about twelve feet down. In the making of the first well, no less than fifty-two eels and a great water serpent were dug up, affording not only interest in the labour but also ample food for the workmen. Having secured a sufficient water supply for operations to proceed while the drought lasted, the men set to work and cleared the ground for planting, preserving

244 *The Garden Settlement of Makthlawaiya*

all suitable materials for later construction of native huts.

As the year 1907 advanced, more workmen were employed and greater energies displayed in the development of the Garden Settlement. Once the bushes were cleared and the palms cut down, it became evident to Grubb and his assistants that the island offered excellent facilities for a central station, preferable both in soil and situation to that of the colony at Nakte-tingma.

It was decided to develop the garden settlement of Makthlawaiya, and gradually to transfer the activities of the colony of Nakte-tingma to that place, as soon as the necessary houses could be built and the other fixtures arranged. While the preparation and planting of the ground held first place, the planning of a full-blown Mission station was taken into account, and the sites duly marked out. By April of the following year, when the Bishop visited the Mission, considerable progress had been made.

After a very rough journey the Bishop arrived at Makthlawaiya, with only three days to spare in which to crowd the many functions and services arranged for him, and to discuss with him the many problems affecting the work.

On Friday, May 1st, 1908, two important services were held. There was the dedication of the site for the new church, which was a picturesque as well as a solemn gathering. The foundation-log of the church (never built at Nakte-tingma) laid two years previously, had been placed on the new site at Makthlawaiya as the first log of the new church, and was now rededicated by the Bishop.

In the evening the Bishop confirmed 13 men and 8 women, who during many previous months had been carefully prepared, and finally subjected to the customary rigid examination of their past and present conduct by the native council of communicants. There was a large congregation in the temporary building, and the service was both hearty and impressive.

On the return journey from the Pass to the river the Bishop started and travelled for the first day on horseback, but he did not reach the river till late at night on the second day, travelling on foot, wet through, covered with mud, and like his

companions, dragging his tired horse behind him. They had waded through the soaked camps for several hours in this way, their horses proving unequal to the heavy roads. Of the Bishop's fifteen days' visit, ten were spent on the road going and returning.

"I believe the establishment of the agricultural village of Makthlawaiya," wrote the Bishop, "is the best thing that has been done yet, so far as the material development of the Mission is concerned, because it has followed more closely the natural lines of Indian life. Makthlawaiya is an island of less than a square mile in the midst of the swamp, but consisting of what is so rare in the Chaco, fertile ground suitable for gardens. Here houses have been built and gardens planted, and 150 natives settled on the soil. The houses have been built at some distance from each other, and this has been found to be a means of avoiding petty quarrels and promoting family life. The Indians take a keen interest in their gardens, and are discovering the attractions of a settled life.

"The settlement is far from complete; most of the arrangements are of a makeshift character. The missionaries live in the house designed to be the hospital, and there is no church as yet. But when we remember that only a year ago this colony had no existence, it seems nothing short of marvellous that our missionaries have achieved so much. Building operations are still going on, and when the swamp falls and materials can be transported more easily, they will be pushed forward rapidly. A site has been dedicated for a church.

"Makthlawaiya may be described as a great success upon a limited scale, as the Island cannot carry a large population. It may be noted that this plan of settling Indians upon the land is no new scheme, but Mr. Grubb has had it in view for a long time, and he is much to be congratulated upon having at length carried it out successfully.

"I wish to pay my tribute to the whole-hearted, faithful way in which members of the staff have worked together, in spite of sickness, heat, drought, floods, insect pests, isolation and other hardships and disadvantages. The tone of the Mission is excellent. There is unanimity and goodwill. Each is striving to fulfil his ministry and contribute his part to the common whole. There is a happy spiritual atmosphere, and it is not to

be wondered at that the blessing of God has evidently rested upon the work. The fruits of the Spirit are clearly visible."

With the departure of his wife for the south towards the end of the year 1907, Grubb gave up his house at the Pass, and handed it over to Thompson and his wife, who resided there for many years, Thompson conducting the transport and purchase of goods until he left for Chile. Grubb, for the most part, spent the rest of his time at Makthlawaiya, where he was, later, on her return, joined by his wife, and lived there till his departure for furlough in December 1908.

He did not, of course, change his headquarters without good reasons. He liked the Pass, and spent a good deal of time in "improving" his Baronial Hall. His colleagues used to speak rather disparagingly about the various "excrescences" he made to the original dwelling. There was an arched doorway, in which he took great pride; there was a loft, where all kinds of things were stored. Among other objects ropes and lashings, saddles and horsecloths, found their way to the loft; and it was a great occasion when a journey was forthcoming, the bringing out of the ropes and saddles.

One day a naughty missionary quietly collected and hid the ropes that had been so carefully laid out in order, and the fuming and fuss that followed can better be imagined than described. His house was the emporium or general receptacle for all kinds of things, and if anything was missing, it was generally conceded that Grubb's house was the most likely place to find it.

In the house, with laborious ingenuity, he arranged a fireplace, which was, without question, a great boon to him and his friends during the winter months.

Like most men who are worth their salt, Grubb retained many boy-like characteristics to the end of his life. He also had a strong sense of humour, which often came in useful, helpful alike in quiet days and times of danger.

Moreover, he was a friendly man and hated to be alone. It is not surprising, therefore, that on cold evenings all kinds of persons gathered round his fire—Peruvians and Germans, Argentines and Paraguayans, English and Scottish. All took part in the simple games that were played. Happy Families was, perhaps, the most popular. Another game, that pro-

duced great amusement, was to speak only in Spanish : anyone using an English word was compelled to stand till the next person blundered, and the curious thing about it was that those who were most accustomed to speak Spanish fell most easily into the trap.

When at times he felt that the company was getting rather dull or bored with each other, he would let himself go in impersonation. Dressing up for the occasion he was now the Indian Chief or the stump orator, the great gentleman giving his maiden speech or the old lady at the meeting losing her umbrella.

Yet it is rather remarkable that games in general did not appeal to him. He showed no interest in cricket or tennis, golf or football, and even chess he did not play. Occasionally he joined the natives in their crude form of hockey.

Feats of strength, on the other hand, attracted him as himself a physically strong man. He wrestled with the Indians, he enjoyed a tug-of-war, he struggled with a refractory steer when first brought to the yoke, and delighted to ride on horse-back or to drive a trap. He had an unusually strong hand-grip, his walking powers were great, and he could carry three men on his back.

On one of the rare visits of his wife's brother, Lucas Bridges, the two strong men had a magnificent tussle. Lucas, in his prime, was tough and powerful. Brought up to manage sheep amid the snows of Tierra del Fuego, and kept in excellent form by frequent wrestling bouts with the powerful Ona Indians, he was a formidable opponent. So the two wrestled, and Grubb, now deprived of his pristine strength by the traitor Poet, began to show signs of defeat and could obviously be beaten in the friendly encounter. Then quite suddenly, Grubb brought into play a ju-jitsu trick, which he had often practised upon his colleagues, and had his antagonist at his mercy. Lucas learnt the trick and, later, by its means, conquered the champion wrestler among the formidable Ona.

In youth the imp of mischief settled on Grubb's shoulders, and remained with him throughout his career. His affection for his friends showed itself in teasing, and his contempt for the haughty and supercilious revealed itself in some form of humiliation.

When the first phonograph arrived in the Mission, it was carefully adjusted and set ready for action. Grubb, then, quite casually, got together a crowd of natives into his room, and while they were chatting pleasantly and contentedly, they were suddenly startled by hearing a human voice coming out of the void, and fled incontinently from the house.

His knowledge of medicine was exact but extremely limited, in direct contrast to his powers of persuasion and almost hypnotic influence. He met a young fellow in the train suffering with dreadful colic. Relieved by a simple concoction the young man became one of Grubb's most ardent admirers. Failing a suitable drug he would solemnly administer to his native friends a dose of vinegar, mustard or cold tea. There is a story told of his treatment of a Roman Catholic bishop who was cured of some malady with coffee and bread pills.

A relative by marriage, Professor Reynolds, was a great linguist, who preferred to conceal rather than to parade his accomplishment. Travelling one day in a train, the Professor sat opposite to a young man and his sweetheart, who, deeming themselves safe in speaking French, began to discuss their fellow-passenger, even making rude remarks about his appearance and dress. Listening intently, but discreetly concealing his interest, the Professor waited until he had almost reached his destination. Then, rising to depart, he turned to the young people and in perfect French twitted them about their remarks, which he followed by a few home-truths and, finally, in the most forcible language of which he was master, rated them for their rudeness and warned them to be careful in future.

Grubb and Professor Reynolds journeyed together by boat, on one occasion, from Buenos Aires to Asunción. They agreed at the start of the voyage to speak English only, and when addressed by the passengers, to answer in faltering Spanish. For three days they strictly adhered to their self-appointed rule to their own great amusement and to the confusion of the puzzled passengers, who tried in vain to solve their identity. On the last day, a lady at table could endure things no longer, so addressing the Professor in the most elementary Spanish, she politely asked him to what nationality he belonged. The moment for self-revelation had arrived, and the Professor, who

was a brilliant conversationalist, confessed that he was an Argentine. Then in order to cover the embarrassment of those sitting at the table, he launched into a vivid description of the life and travels of his relative from the Chaco wilds.

A cleric holding a high professional position once paid a visit to the Mission station. He had travelled largely in the States and Mexico, and rather paraded his knowledge of the world and people in general. He volunteered much advice to the members of the Mission staff, which amused the old-stagers and exasperated the young men. He considered the Indians dull and stupid, and lacking entirely the sense of humour. Grubb knew differently, and prepared a delightful trap for the visitor. The Indians are born mimics, and around their camp fires at night delight to imitate the antics of birds and beasts and the idiosyncrasies of people they meet. The stolid natives had watched narrowly the peculiarities of dress, speech and character of the visitor, and in the seclusion of their village were about to reproduce them for the diversion of their families. Grubb invited the guest to take a walk to the village after dinner. Approaching quietly, unobserved by the people, the visitor was treated to a living-picture show. He himself was the subject. There he was, depicted to the life by one of these dull people supposed to be wanting in drollery. The visitor, strange to say, appeared to be lacking in appreciation of the comic scene, as, undoubtedly, he was devoid of a sense of humour.

A business man went out on a friendly visit to the Mission. Like many others with only superficial knowledge of the raw native, he greatly under-valued the natural deftness and alertness of the Indian. He considered them to be clumsy in their actions and quite incapable of perpetrating a petty theft smartly without detection. Seizing an opportunity, Grubb took some youths into his confidence, and told one of them to go warily and relieve the man of his watch. Swiftly and undetected the act was done; and a little later the visitor was surprised to find his watch and chain missing.

Another visitor declared that the Indians were poor specimens of humanity; and contended that, even in their own sphere, they were neither clever in tracking or stalking, nor

expert in the art of concealment. Grubb determined to give him a surprise. He arranged for a group of lads to be casually walking along an open space, covered with short grass but almost destitute of trees or shrubs, then, at a given signal, to conceal themselves from view. Chatting pleasantly with his guest, Grubb drew his attention to the youths and re-started the subject of the Indians' expertness at disguise. One moment the lads were strolling leisurely along, the next, to the astonishment of the visitor, every one had disappeared from view, lying flat on the ground within twenty yards of the place where they were talking.

Grubb was, indeed, a genial man, full of innocent fun, unable to resist making his "little joke," yet equally ready with a word of sympathy to the distressed, or advice to the troubled. He found a lady worker in tears, disappointed with her efforts among the girls, and grieving, in particular, over the fall of a promising pupil. It was time for the Women's Service, and the lady worker's grief was evident to all the world. She told Grubb that she could not face the girls with tears still flowing. "Just go as you are," responded Grubb, "the girls will understand your grief and appreciate your solicitude for them far better than before." He was right: the girls were really concerned that they had caused distress, and made ample amends.

His horror was a rat. In the ordinary sense of the word Grubb knew no fear. He was wary, especially when the Indians were intoxicated, and careful when they were troubled by superstitious fears, or practising witchcraft. He took no foolhardy risks. When travelling or resting, he neglected no ordinary precaution against the attack of venomous snakes or ferocious beasts. Real danger he faced with calmness and the creepiness of the supernatural with equanimity. Yet he dreaded rats and mice. He could sleep placidly through a thunderstorm, and rest peacefully in a hurricane, but a single rat would produce for him a wakeful night.

There were times when business affairs kept us overnight in Concepción. A friendly tradesman had a big shed at the back of his shop containing several *catres* or trestle beds, which he was pleased for us to occupy when occasion demanded. In this place Grubb and I settled down one moonlight night.

Soon after getting to sleep, Grubb roused me with the startling announcement that a rat was crossing the floor. I merely grunted and went to sleep again. He shifted backwards and forwards on the narrow limits of his *catre*, until the stout cloth gave way and he fell through. I got up and helped him to arrange a second bed. More rats, however, appeared, and Grubb grew so restless that he slit the canvas of the second bed. There was yet another, but rather on the weak side. This was procured, but the occasional visits of the rats and the uneasy movements of the occupant of the bed proved disastrous, and Grubb, for the third time, slipped through the bed to the floor. Grubb then came in beside me, and all might have been well in spite of the double weight, when another hapless rat appeared. My companion began to fidget, there came an ominous crack of the stout cloth, and the last bed collapsed, to the grief of the one and the disgust of the other. Something was rigged up for a bed, but rats and restfulness with him went ill together.

To return, after this long digression, to Grubb's farewell to his house at the Pass Station.

The early simplicity of the Pass began to give way to pure business methods, without much sentiment, both in regard to trading and cattle farming. The Indians were employed regularly and treated kindly but on strictly business lines. Men from neighbouring *estancias* visited the place, seeking their lost animals or to obtain help.

Paraguayans were employed as well as natives, and visitors became more and more frequent. Nason could no longer, with perfect freedom, roam about with his tamed wild pig following him, feed his cats and at night encorral his milkers to the persuasive word "Flea-bag, flea-bag" as he trotted bare-foot behind them.

The natives had their own quarters and kept to them, and did not come around in the old free, friendly way to visit their friends. The Indian atmosphere had given way before the incursions of strangers, and the influence of the trader and cattle farmer with the beginnings of luxury gradually surrounded the place. Grubb began to pine again for the wildness of the savage and the simplicity of former days. To his sister-in-law he wrote very sadly about matters:—

"This place is altogether changed. There are very few

Indians but a lot of Paraguayans ; a large, fine, new store and a nice quebracho house of four rooms, made by Sanderson and his Indian carpenters for the manager ; a nice lawn, fine close turf about 150 yards long by 30 yards wide ; a garden with all sorts of vegetables, all enclosed with rabbit wire. A broad, clear road runs right away for a league west of the station. All the fences are of barbed wire and now extend to the ant hills, and to a point three leagues north. 400 sheep, some of them Romney Marsh, have been imported. There is a new cattle manager, an English carpenter, an English cook. Dinners at the estancia house require dress clothes, boiled shirt, etc. Thompson, the missionary, is in residence here. Your humble servant, the 'bust' old missionary, is thunder-struck at the change from the old prehistoric times."

The Chaco Indian Association was entirely successful so far as it went, but it did not quite meet the need to advance the higher interests of the native Christians. The Chaco began to open out and the lands rose in value.

Some of the directors wanted to modify the charter and increase the capital to £70,000 and enlarge the sphere of operations. When this was done Grubb then inaugurated the Chaco Indian Co-operative Society, which consisted of a much fuller development of the Thrift Bank already in operation. To develop this scheme required Grubb's presence at Makthlawaiya, which was the true centre of the missionary movement. Writing of this Grubb said :—

"We invited the Indians, who had secured cattle from us in previous years, to sell over the cattle to the new company, in return receiving shares in the same, bearing interest at the rate of 12% per annum. One reason for doing so was because the Indians had fallen into the temptation of killing their cattle in time of stress, which prevented a sufficient increase to accomplish the object we had in view.

"Those Indians who had subscribed to the Thrift Bank received, for their money, shares in the new venture. An energetic movement was set on foot to encourage the Indian population of the Mission to become shareholders. Their resources were, however, insufficient to enable us to inaugurate an adequately strong movement towards self-support and permanent settlement. Consequently the Mission staff contri-

buted various sums of money, repayable but bearing no interest, which enabled us to make the enterprise a success."

As the year 1908 advanced, more and more attention was paid to the development of the Garden Settlement, and Nakteingma was gradually dismantled and the materials transferred to the new place. Grubb was very happy while building up this new station, developing the co-operative society, and encouraging the natives to improve themselves in every way.

"Those who have closely followed the history of the Chaco Mission," wrote Grubb, "know that one of the chief difficulties we have had to contend with was the prevalence of infanticide. It is still prevalent in parts untouched by the Mission. Within the Mission area, however, a steady diminution of this crime has been observed for the last ten years. Families of three to four, or even five, all living and healthy, can now be found as a result of our definite teaching on the subject.

"With the object of impressing on the people the necessity of maintaining the population and thus continuing to exist as a people and to become in time a not unimportant factor in the development of their country, we held a special service some Sundays ago. After reviewing the past history of the people and the present state of improvement, and pointing out to them the possibilities of the future, the ladies of the Mission decorated with garlands of flowers a few of the women who had preserved the lives of, and cared for, a family of not less than four. We made a few trifling awards to these worthy mothers, and as a result of a collection among ourselves, we purchased for them a sheep for each child, the wool to be the perquisite of the mother, the sheep to be preserved and allowed to increase until the children reached a certain age, and then to be divided among them in order to give them help towards a start in life."

At the beginning of August, 1908, a severe epidemic of measles broke out at Makthlawaiya. Isolation was attempted, but proved impracticable. The native houses were far apart, each family living alongside their garden plot. In every house someone was stricken, varying from the oldest inhabitant to the new-born babe. Every occupant in some houses was affected, but in others were those who had passed through the epidemic seven years before, who were able to help their sick

relatives. All other occupations ceased, save that of caring for the sick. Visiting the different houses formed a round of some four hours. Measles among natives cannot be lightly treated. Nearly all had severe complications of chest or bronchial troubles. Many had a hard struggle for life, and six persons, two very old persons, and four infants, succumbed.

The people steadily refused to seek safety in flight, and trusted themselves to the care of the missionaries and implicitly obeyed their orders. Day after day and night after night, Grubb and his colleagues tramped round the village dispensing food and medicine. With undaunted perseverance and no little skill, Bernau, pluckily aided by Nurse Byatt, wrestled for every individual life, and they were rewarded by the many lives saved.

The weather was wet and cold, and it was not easy to keep the patients warm and dry. Visiting was arranged in turns. The doctor and nurse took the difficult morning visit, and the last of the day, ending some time after midnight, was taken by Grubb and myself. We wandered round the native huts in the stillness and darkness of the night, looking like ghosts with moving lanterns, and greeted by hungry dogs as each hut in turn was approached. It was a wonderful testimony to the influence of the Mission that the Indians should have been so obedient and trustful, and shown such fortitude, whereas a few years before they would have scattered in terror before the dread disease.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

An Expedition to Bolivia 1909-1910

*A Fresh Venture—“An Unknown People in an Unknown Land”—
Expedition to Bolivia—Sanction to Start Work in the Canefields—
Revisits Paraguay—Mission Party Sails.*

GRUBB was getting restless. The Paraguayan Chaco Mission was an unqualified success, and there were plenty of experienced missionaries to carry on the work. The untouched fields now occupied his attention. For years the Western Chaco had been on his mind. To take the Gospel to the natives of the Pilcomayo region and then to evangelise the inhabitants of Bolivia remained one of his great ambitions.

His thoughts were voiced and his desires stimulated by an appeal in the Society's Magazine from his old friend Archdeacon Shimield, who referred to the hundreds of Indians employed in the sugar plantations of Northern Argentina.

From his own knowledge and experience, Grubb was aware of the uniqueness of the opportunity offered. Feeling that the day for advance to those regions had dawned, he left Makthlawaiya in December 1908, and reached England on February 28th, 1909.

A month later he outlined his scheme to the Committee of the Society. His idea was, after preliminary investigations, to start a Mission in the neighbourhood of the sugar plantations and then, if successful, to advance to the homes of the Indians in the remoter parts. He proposed to take me with him to get hold of the new languages and, perhaps, another member of his old staff, so that he might have experienced men for the new venture.

The committee, after discussion, adopted his plan and voted a grant of £100 for travelling expenses for the first year. At the same time it was careful to affirm that he was not to cut

himself off from the Paraguayan Chaco Mission. He would still be regarded as its responsible head, and the members hoped that he would visit it from time to time, and that no important changes should be made there without his knowledge, or in his absence.

At the Annual Meeting of the Society on May 13th, 1909, with the Bishop of St. Albans in the chair, Grubb had an opportunity of speaking about the proposed Mission to the Society's supporters. His first remark was: "I have been connected with the South American Missionary Society for nearly a quarter of a century, and I have never yet taken part in their Annual Meeting." In the course of his address he referred to recent punitive expeditions following treacherous attacks by the Tobas on Argentine forts in the remote parts of the country. The authorities had tried to civilise the nomads; but the humanitarian scheme proved impracticable to redeem them from their savage ways, and to induce them to earn their living by industry.

Grubb then pointed out that it was the intention of the new Mission to direct its efforts to winning the Tobas, among other tribes, by the power of the Gospel. The work, he said, would be difficult and dangerous, but certain risks had to be taken in going to a wild people in a wild land, especially after being attacked by the military in their punitive expeditions. He concluded, "Men may be lost, but the work will succeed, and we shall be able to show that what the Government and the military failed to do, we have been able to do, as a Mission, with the Gospel of Jesus Christ."

While on furlough Grubb lectured at meetings and helped at various missionary exhibitions. With his companions, Messrs. Morrey Jones, Farrow and Nason, and Miss Byatt, he dressed up as an Indian with war-paint and feathers, formed a native village, performed dances and rendered numerous scenes of village life, in order to bring home to English audiences the reality and simplicity of life among the Chaco Indians.

During the Africa and East Exhibition, one of the partners of the eminent publishing firm of Seeley Service and Co. became deeply interested in the Chaco Mission. Interviews and correspondence followed, with the result that Barbroke Grubb, along with Morrey Jones, wrote a full account of



A REALISTIC SCENE AT A MISSIONARY EXHIBITION.

Barbrooke Grubb (left), Morrey Jones (right), Farrow (centre), & Nason (sitting right) & Miss Byatt (sitting left) dressed as Indians of the Gran Chaco. Mr. Grubb is here seen as the ghost, covered with bunches of ostrich plumes, which spread out & shake in the weirdest manner, when the performer takes part in the "ghost dance."

the Lenguas and the effects of Mission work among them.

The joint authors laboured incessantly to get the work finished before Grubb's return. Entitled *An Unknown People in an Unknown Land*, the book appeared in 1911. It proved to be a most interesting volume, and has gone through many editions, and still sells. One bluff old Naval officer declared it was the best missionary book he had ever read.

Grubb left England on April 7th, 1910, arriving in Buenos Aires early in May. It was an ideal time to start his proposed trip to the cane-fields of Northern Argentina and to the remote districts of Eastern Bolivia.

He travelled by train to San Pedro, in the province of Jujuy, in North-west Argentina. Here he was well received by Messrs. Leach Brothers, the proprietors of the extensive sugar estates and factory of the district.

After spending a few days there Grubb continued his journey of exploration northward, carefully investigating the country and studying its conditions with a view to fresh missionary work among the tribes of the Western Chaco.

He reached Yacuiba, the frontier town of Bolivia, on June 11th. He was not very greatly impressed with the town, which boasts a store, an attempt at streets, and a mere hut for a Customs House.

Crossing the border without difficulty, he settled down to a steady ride of over 500 miles along the rough road that led to his destination—Santa Cruz de la Sierra.

He enjoyed good health and found pleasure in travel, notwithstanding the terrible assaults of sand-flies, wood ticks, *bicho colorado* (a tiny red tick), and the rest of the insect legions. As food was scarce, he had to be content with one meal a day. Thus he jogged along on his mule, passing now and then a Bolivian blockhouse, a wayside hut or a deserted Mission station.

The journey took him over parts trodden many years before by Captain Allen Gardiner, who crossed the River Pilcomayo in 1846, on his visit to the Tobas.

Grubb learnt a great deal about the distribution of the native tribes. He found that the Suhin extended much further westward than he had imagined. He met a group of friendly

Tobas, who knew of him and the Mission in Paraguay. The Chiriguanos had villages right along the route, and as he was familiar with Guarani, the language of their kinsfolk, he readily made friends with them.

One of their old witch-doctors became quite delighted and chatted most freely with Grubb, when he revealed his knowledge of witchcraft and native customs.

Another incident of the trip brings out Grubb's method of approach to the shy, strange Indians of the wilds. He wrote: "At the town of Charagua I met a female captive, probably of the Zamuco tribe. She had been bought from the Indians for 30 pesos (Bolivian), and at the time I met her, the old priest of Charagua was taking care of her. With much difficulty I obtained from her some twenty words of her language, but I could make no headway with her until I performed, with the old priest's permission, an Indian dance. The interview took place in his room.

"The dance at once broke down any barrier between us, and we were soon friends. She began to tell me by signs what was evidently a description of her capture and the death of her child. She acted splendidly, and as far as I could gather, her story seemed to be this: Her people were attacked while sleeping, and many of them were killed before they could make any resistance. Eventually she was carried off, and her child died on the way, for which she wailed and grieved. She added that the Padre was good to her, and that she liked me."

Grubb considered his trip most valuable. On July 6th he reached Santa Cruz de la Sierra, one of the most remote and inaccessible cities of South America. After a short stay there, he returned by the same route to San Pedro, where he remained for several weeks to discuss the proposed mission.

On his outward journey into Bolivia, he had explained to Messrs. Leach, the sugar-planters, his scheme for the extension of work among the Chaco Indians, and had begged permission to come and settle for a short time in the cane-fields, in order to get into touch with the thousands of Indians from different tribes that came there to labour. Once friendly relations were established, he would be able to advance into the remote districts where the people live.

During his absence the members of the firm carefully con-

sidered the matter, and on Grubb's return they unanimously gave their official sanction to his scheme of establishing a mission station on their estate, and assured him that it had their complete sympathy, and they promised to give him every facility for its fulfilment.

Nothing could be done for six months, so Grubb went back to his old work in Paraguay, where he remained from October 1910 to February 1911.

In a letter of that period he wrote :—

“ My departure from San Pedro was more hurried than it would have been, owing to the receipt of disquieting news from the Chaco. For the first time since the days of Adolfo Henriksen a military force has found it necessary to attack the Indians in our near vicinity. For some years past the Indians of the river district have been stealing and killing cattle. To a great extent the Paraguayans, by their want of tact and firmness, have been responsible for this lawlessness. Four years ago, a military officer with six soldiers visited the Central Station. He had every facility given him for examining into the working of the Mission, and he expressed his pleasure and satisfaction. His courtesy and kindly interest were all that we could desire, and the conduct of his men was irreproachable.

“ We discussed the question of cattle stealing ; the leading thieves had no connection with the Mission Indians, nor had they ever been under the influence of the Mission. They had on the contrary been in constant touch with and employed by the Paraguayan cattle farmers, and were well known to their overseers and workfolk. Yet in spite of the fact that they had stolen and killed animals, they were left unmolested for fear they might do further damage. I pointed out to the military officer that unless these crimes were put a stop to, serious complications would arise ; and I suggested to him the advisability of the ringleaders being quietly arrested and removed to Paraguay, and there held for a time in custody, as hostages for the good conduct of their fellows.”

In the same letter he also wrote :—

“ I was agreeably surprised at the progress made on Makthlawaiya, in spite of the many drawbacks of the past twenty-one months. A bridge is nearly completed, joining the swamp

island to the mainland. It is built of hardwood and palms, and is a quarter of a mile in length ; a trolley will run over its length on wooden rails. This will obviate much difficulty in transport and communication, and will serve as well to enable us to extract clay for various purposes from the swamp, and vegetable mould for manuring the gardens, at the same time facilitating the excavation of tanks for the conservation of water."

In the meantime Grubb's reports were favourably received and formally adopted by the Society, and I was appointed to assist him in this pioneer mission to the Argentine and Bolivian tribes. Before a move was made the party was augmented by the addition of a clergyman, the Rev. H. T. Morrey Jones, a medical man, Mr. E. G. Bernau, and a nurse, Miss E. Byatt, and a few months later by a craftsman, Mr. William Sanderson—all experienced workers from the Paraguayan Chaco Mission.

On March 14th, 1911, this party of missionaries sailed from London in the *Highland Scot*, and after a pleasant three weeks' journey, docked in Buenos Aires. Several days were spent in the city, then leaving the ladies behind for a short time, Morrey Jones, Bernau and I set off on the thousand-mile train journey to San Pedro. Grubb met us at Perico Junction, where we had to spend the night. Next morning, after a short ride, we reached San Pedro. A hearty welcome was given to us by Messrs. Leach, who had invited the Mission to their estate.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

The Cane-Fields of Argentina 1911-1913

Third Stage of His Career—Western Part of the Gran Chaco—San Pedro & District—The Mission House & Grounds—Grubb as Handy Man—“A Church in the Wilds”—Initial Stage of Work—The Tobas—Wanderings in the Wilds.—Chunupies—“Call to the Amazon”—Furlough 1912-13.

THIS chapter marks a fresh stage in Grubb's career. The twenty years that follow, though less romantic, were regarded by him as the most fruitful from the missionary standpoint, both in the consolidation of existing work, and in laying the foundations for fresh enterprises.

His four years' residence in the Falkland Islands and travels in Tierra del Fuego were in the nature of preparation for his life's work.

His twenty years of exploration and missionary endeavour among the Lenguas of Paraguay were filled with periods of adventure and moments of danger which excite the imagination and thrill the mind. But these must not be allowed to conceal or to minimise his distinctive achievement—the working out of a practical scheme for the evangelisation of a nomadic tribe, which has been duly recognised and adopted by missionary experts.

His field of operation was, however, limited to that triangular section of the Chaco Boreal, which is bounded by the River Paraguay on the east, the River Pilcomayo on the west, and the 22° parallel S. lat. on the north (*cf.* Chap. IV). This territory was regarded as the Paraguayan Chaco, and is still claimed by Paraguay. Towards the close of Grubb's life Bolivia built forts on the western side, and, to substantiate its claim, began a series of conflicts to obtain sovereignty over the district.

In order to appreciate Grubb's later labours and his comprehensive scheme for the evangelisation of all the Gran Chaco tribes (modified by the outbreak of the great European War), a short description of the country seems necessary at this place.

The Gran Chaco consists of three parts—the Chaco Boreal, the Chaco Central, and the Chaco Austral.

The Chaco Boreal lies north of the River Pilcomayo. It includes the region defined as the Paraguayan Chaco, and stretches northward into the lowlands of Bolivia and the forests of Brazil. Slowly and surely this section is yielding up its secrets, and to Barbrooke Grubb must be given the honour of opening up its eastern borders and making life possible in the interior.

In the remote central parts still remain lands unexplored and peoples undiscovered. The beautiful region adjacent to the western hills, occupied by the wide-spread Chiriguano clans, was explored, and the people partially subdued by the early missionaries of the Roman Church. In more recent times these lands have been more fully developed, and since the discovery of petroleum great progress has been made.

The Chaco Central comprises the Argentine territory lying between the two rivers, Bermejo and Pilcomayo. From both the eastern and western sides civilisation has advanced rapidly in recent years.

In 1910, when Grubb started his western advance, the railway had not yet reached the banks of the Bermejo, and the Chaco Central was then looked upon as wild and waste, the haunt of wild beasts and the home of savage tribes of Indians. Civilisation, nevertheless, had been gradually moving eastwards from the foothills of the Andes. The more enlightened members of the hill tribes found convenient sites where they could settle with a few cattle and goats without being unduly molested by their less fortunate fellows. The bolder spirits among the whites also purchased land and managed to secure a fairly comfortable existence. When police protection was assured and travelling facilities were increased, settlers came in like a flood, which compelled the Indians to seek refuge in the wilder districts.

With the advent of civilisation, the aborigines diminished sadly in number, suffering severely through disease and puni-

tive expeditions, and from privations arising out of unaccustomed conditions of life. They are still to be found in the forests and by the marshes of the intervening country, but the greater number continue to dwell in small villages near the rivers.

The two tribes of this region are called Tobas and Matacos. The Tobas, numbering about 10,000, are confined to-day to the western bank of the River Paraguay and along the lower stretches of its two great tributaries.

The Matacos occupy the upper waters of both the Bermejo and Pilcomayo and the forest country of the interior. In 1890, when Grubb started his mission to the Chaco Indians, the Matacos were estimated at not less than 100,000, a widespread, virile tribe. To-day all the clans from the Bolivian frontier to Formosa on the Paraguay do not exceed 30,000 souls.

In Grubb's time a strong mission to the Matacos was established on the Bermejo, which extended through the intervening country to the Pilcomayo. There another station for the Matacos was founded, and, later, one for the Tobas. All of which were attended with remarkable success, as the sequel will show.

The Chaco Austral, belonging to Argentina, includes the district south of the Bermejo river. Its development, during recent years, excluded it from the field of missionary endeavour. Its open woodlands and grassy plains that formed in bygone days the dwelling-places and hunting grounds of nomadic tribes, are now intersected with railways, and the country occupied, howbeit sparsely, with white settlers.

The aborigines have either perished or have been driven northwards before the advancing waves of civilisation. The survivors are found to-day in the lands adjacent to the Rivers Paraguay and Bermejo, where they can still obtain a certain amount of game and fish and, during the summer months, enjoy the wild fruits of the forest. When these fail they seek employment on the neighbouring sugar-estates or *estancias*.

Grubb's plan was to explore the possibilities of work on the western sides of these three sections of the Gran Chaco, and, eventually, to advance to the remote interior parts of these wild lands.

This western edge of the Gran Chaco was explored and mission stations founded at various points adjacent to, or actually in, the hill country from Tucumán, in the Argentine, to Santa Cruz de la Sierra, in Bolivia, by the missionaries that followed in the wake of the Spanish conquerors. As a natural result there have always been, since those early days, cultivated spots and white settlements in the choicest parts of this beautiful country.

This region, however, remained more or less stagnant till the railway was carried northward from Tucumán, when great and rapid advance was made. Side by side with the extension of the railway, the waste places were cleared, forests were exploited for timber, grassy plains were stocked with cattle, and the fertile valleys were cultivated with sugar-cane, maize and alfalfa or lucerne. These staple industries gave employment to tens of thousands of regular and occasional workpeople. Little townships sprang up to supply the needs of the workers. Land was cultivated for vegetables and fodder, and as the years elapsed more of the wild plains were utilised for the breeding and fattening of cattle, and for the pasturing of riding and draught animals.

The tentacles of commercial, agricultural and pastoral enterprises were thrust out into the more remote regions in search of workers and raw materials. The rude huts and little clearings of the savages were replaced by the permanent houses and extensive plantations of the foreign settlers; and the whole country was regularly scoured to procure harvesters for the cane, and labourers for other industries.

These changes were beginning to be felt and discussed, when Grubb began his adventurous career in the Chaco. As early as 1892 he had concluded that the savages of the Pilcomayo region and the lowland tribes of Bolivia could best be reached from the western side, and at that date advised the starting of operations in the north-west provinces of Argentina.

In the years that followed, he made various attempts to get the field occupied, but nothing came of his proposals. Then in 1910 came his extensive tour along the edge of the whole district, which ended so successfully as already described in the previous chapter. The time had now arrived for

the occupation of San Pedro as temporary headquarters for advance to the Western Chaco tribes.

Settlers occupied San Pedro at an early date, and maintained communication by mules across the mountains to Chile and Peru and northwards into Bolivia. It is only since the advance of the railway that it has developed into a township.

It consists of a few streets and shops, a post-office, church and railway station, and depends for its existence on the success of the local sugar factory. The principal house, known as the "Sala" or Hall, belongs to Messrs. Leach Brothers, who are the proprietors of most of the surrounding country.

The district may be described as a beautiful valley, flanked on its eastern side by the distant range of the Santa Barbara Mountains, while well-wooded hills of graduated heights are piled up in rich profusion one above the other on the west and north. The tops of the snow-capped Andes tower aloft in the far distance. The valley itself, once a dense forest where the jaguar and puma roamed among the trees, and venomous reptiles lurked in the undergrowth, is now cleared and cultivated; fields of sugar-cane and maize stretch away for miles in every direction, relieved here and there by meadows of grass or lucerne.

The mountain streams have been directed into irrigation canals, watering the estate and making possible the luxuriant growth. Well-made roads are laid out in various directions, and light railways connect the most distant plantations with the factory, which dates from 1883, when the first machinery was brought by wagons from Tucumán—a stupendous undertaking. The transit took months.

The cane harvest lasts from about May to October, during which season the population is considerable, for in addition to the regular workers employed for the general up-keep of the estate in all its varied interests, thousands of men and women are engaged for the season only, for the cutting, transporting and re-planting of the cane. They return to their homes at the approach of summer, when the crop is over.

Here, then, on Sunday, April 9th, 1911, the little party arrived to start the pioneer mission to the Indians. The firm had generously placed at Grubb's disposal for missionary purposes a section of the estate called Urundeles. The

property consisted of a splendid brick house of three rooms, with a large verandah, and a capacious kitchen ; a second house of two rooms ; three large sheds, and two rows of native cottages tenanted by Chiriguanos ; a fair amount of land suitable for cultivation, and the whole *finca*, or estate, enclosed in a high, stout, wire-netting fence.

Grubb decided that it would be more comfortable for us to live on our own place (even with the absence of furniture) than in a hotel, so we gathered up our boxes, purchased several trestle beds, some kitchen utensils and food, and late in the afternoon of the next day after our arrival we took possession of our house and grounds.

Grubb was not really a handy man, but he loved to tinker about with hammer or axe, and here was a great opportunity. Using our deck chairs and cabin trunks for seats, we found a box to serve as table, and our leader amused himself by fitting up a few rough benches and shelves to serve their turn till the arrival of the furniture. The kitchen arrangements were of the simplest, a fire on the ground supplied us with means for boiling kettle and pot. Each of us took a turn with the cooking.

For the first fortnight we managed for ourselves, and then started our first experiences with native servants, which are scarce and costly in that part of the world. A man called Casimiro, a Chiriguano, and his wife were secured, the one to help generally about the place, while his wife attended to household duties. They stayed for two months, suddenly tired of their work, and left at a day's notice.

Antonio came next. He claimed no family ties whatever, but a sister appeared later, then another sister, then a mother, and finally a wife. A man of tremendous energy, he was a most indefatigable worker, useful in the kitchen, remarkably clean in his person, tidy in all his work, willing, prompt, obedient, everything that could be desired, except when the moon was full, and then uncertainty and queerness influenced his speech and action. He also remained for a couple of months, and then left us in the same abrupt manner. Next came a young Argentine boy, Facundo, a terror to the community, handed over to us for training, who required his food and clothing, a great deal of looking after, and fairly frequent

corporal punishment from Grubb. Formally adopted by the Mission, he had not the chance to make a speedy exit like the others, and the day came when the boy grew up to young manhood, useful to society and a credit to himself and to us.

The native workers continued to live in the cottages for some months. They were quiet and orderly during the week, but on Saturday night and Sunday unseemly noise and quarrelling followed heavy drinking, knives would be drawn and men would slash at each other in drunken frenzy till someone was badly hurt.

One Saturday night fearful screams and shouting were followed by a rush of people, and then sudden silence.

Next morning the screams were repeated, so we dashed out to find a man, a Chiriguano, chasing his wife, a Toba girl. Before we could get near enough to prevent it, he struck her in the face and knocked her down, and was proceeding to divest her of all her clothes, when we intervened. It transpired that he had beaten her overnight, and she had sought the protection of our servant, and then declared her intention of deserting him.

The loss of a wife was a trifle compared with the loss of clothes which he had bought, so he intended to take them by force. Bleeding and trembling the girl was led into the Mission yard, where she remained with the servant till she decided to return to her partner. This kind of thing was repeated weekly for some time, but always ended in the same way.

During the early weeks of our life at Urundeles, while we were getting an insight into the life and surroundings of the place, we found time to write and type for Grubb, material for his second book, *A Church in the Wilds*, setting forth the purely missionary side of the work in the Paraguayan Chaco.

The ladies arrived in May, before the furniture, so temporary tables and washstands were made, and the house arranged as comfortably as possible for them. Grubb, Bernau and I boarded up one of the sheds, manufactured some plain furniture, and there lived the simple life.

The grounds were overgrown with weeds and littered with tins and bottles, bones and rubbish, thrown out by the Indians. The clearing of the ground and filling in of the holes took time.

Trees and garden produce were planted, also bananas and orange trees, and a measure of order secured.

Services for the English population were commenced at once, and were well attended and appreciated. Week by week visits were paid to the Toba and Mataco encampments to pave the way for more definite work. Through the interpreters a number of words was collected; through the chief we got into touch with the men, and by a judicious distribution of sweets to the children, we established friendly relations with the women.

The Bishop, in July, paid a visit to the place and was interested to see the start which had been made.

Having for its ultimate object the evangelisation of the whole Indian element distributed throughout the Gran Chaco, Grubb and his colleagues set to work in its initial stage to identify the tribes known under a variety of local names. The mission party arrived just when the natives were assembling for the sugar harvest, and was confronted with a motley group of people. Coyas from the hill districts, Chiriguanos from Bolivia, Tobas from Formosa, Matacos from the Bermejo, Choroti from the Pilcomayo, and other tribes, gathered from all directions, speaking peculiar languages, differing in culture and ability, of varying customs and distinctive dress, and now occupying different sections of the great estate.

Kindly introduced into their midst by the heads of the firm of their employers, the missionaries were still strangers and foreigners, who had to make their way to the hearts of the people as best they might. The preliminary task was to reduce the varying elements to some kind of order, to distinguish between tribe and tribe, to ascertain their geographical distribution and approximate number, and to calculate the prospects of starting missionary work among them. The work, therefore, fell into three parts: (a) the study of the languages, (b) intercourse with the people during the harvest, and (c) travel among them when they returned to their homes.

Towards the end of July Mr. Walter Leach invited Grubb and me to accompany him on a trip north to visit Ledesma, Calilegua and his large *estancia* at Tres Pozos. It was an opportunity to see the country and its conditions not to be

missed. We travelled as far as possible by rail, then along the line under construction, and put up for the night on the banks of the Bermejo in a kind of tin shelter, dignified by the name of hotel, which certainly sheltered us somewhat from the public gaze, but not from the incursions of insects.

At that time the railway bridge over the Bermejo was fast nearing completion and the permanent way was laid down for about a league beyond, to an extensive clearing where building was rapidly proceeding, which became later the town of Embarcación. After crossing the river some of us walked and others rode slowly in the coach to the settlement. We then drove off to the *estancia* of Tres Pozos, which was several leagues distant. There we spent a couple of days making our investigations and we also had some duck shooting.

There was an old Mataco Indian living on the place who knew a fair amount of Spanish, with whom Grubb soon made friends. He was a friendly old man, simple and unassuming, and quite interested in all he could hear about the Paraguayan tribes. He supplied Grubb with some very useful information about the Pilcomayo tribes, and also about the customs and beliefs of his own people. I also secured from him several hundred valuable words of the language, which started my study of the Mataco tongue.

From the first Grubb realised that true missionary work among the tribes could only be carried out in Indian territory. To the Indians the cane-fields were a workshop, not a home; to us it was a starting-off point, not the goal of our enterprise.

Every opportunity was taken to investigate the surrounding country, and ascertain more about local conditions of life, the best means of travel, and future prospects of settlement in any given district. Grubb made several journeys as occasions offered. At the end of August he started for Bolivia with Mr. Norman Leach to look at some land, intending after that to go on to the Pilcomayo district. Unfortunately, however, the latter project had to be abandoned as trouble arose about that time between the Bolivian troops and the Indians, which rendered it risky as well as inadvisable to venture into the affected territory.

During the first few weeks of our life at Urundeles, we made a complete circuit of the cane-fields, sometimes travelling in

one of the light engines that draw the cane trolleys to the factory, sometimes by motor, sometimes on horseback, sometimes on foot.

Without neglecting any particular group, it was imperative that we should concentrate our energies in one definite direction and not dissipate our strength in vague generalities. Circumstances pointed us to the Tobas, so during our first season we frequently visited their encampments that they might get used to our strange faces and lose their natural timidity. Gradually confidence was won, and some definite progress was made in learning their language. We tried to induce some of the younger men to come and live on our station that we might get to know them better. In this we were at first unsuccessful, for there were difficulties of rations and duties, their tasks often being at a long distance from the centre. Towards the end of the season, however, we succeeded.

The Indians at their encampments had begun to look forward to our visits, and then Mr. Leonard Leach promised to send some of them on a return visit. A whole coachload of young and old arrived, and we did our best to persuade them to stay. But no headway was made. Eventually Mr. Walter Leach came down in his car and conversed with them, suggesting that a few of them might come and live with us, so that we might get to know them and their language, and that they might pick up a bit of carpentry. A whole morning spent in talk ended without result.

Mr. Leach drove down in the afternoon to get their final answer and about 5 p.m. the car reappeared, and eleven tall, full-grown, heavy men dismounted. Volunteers had been asked for and two offered, the others followed in quick succession. Arrangements were made about their work and pay, food and duties, and for the next two and a half months we had a happy and profitable time with these Toba youths around us.

Sickness broke out after their arrival, and the old weird sick-chanting, reminiscent of our early days in the Chaco, was in evidence night by night. Some of the men took fright and returned to their encampments, only to find that sickness was there, too. Five of the young men remained all the time, and

others came in place of those who had deserted us. Two carpenters worked under Sanderson with great advantage to themselves, and also helped us considerably with the language.

Travellers and missionaries alike agree that the Tobas are a fine race, tall and strong, fearless and haughty, arrogant in speech and fierce in warfare. During the last fifty years they have been driven back from the southern parts of the Chaco Austral by force of arms, but from the time of the Conquest they have been a source of annoyance to the rulers and a great attraction to the missionaries; the former tried to subdue them with fire-arms, the latter sought to win them by the power of the Gospel. Exploited for labour and punished for offences, the Tobas have little love for the white races, but even in our modest beginnings to establish cordial relations they responded quite simply to the touch of human kindness and genuine interest in their welfare.

At the end of the sugar crop the European ladies and children leave the San Pedro Valley for various health resorts, and the men take short holidays during the heat of summer. With the object of finding a possible health resort for the missionaries, and perhaps at the same time to combine missionary work among the hill tribes, Grubb, accompanied by Morrey Jones, went on a visit to Humahuaca, which proved to be of great interest and easy of access for missionary purposes. Nothing, however, emerged either in the way of a suitable health resort or a definite plan of missionary enterprise.

By the end of the year the cane-fields were practically deserted by the Indian labourers; the English families were enjoying the cool climate of Salta, and early in January 1912 the ladies of our own party were conducted to the healthy little town of Perico San Antonio to recruit for several months in its delightful climate.

The months of January and February I spent among the Matacos of Tres Pozos, living in the *estancia* house under very pleasant conditions, with every facility to get into touch with the native workfolk, and to seek their help in the language. A man called Sixto was my assistant and proved most helpful, so that when I left early in March I had amassed a vocabulary of 2,500 words, and material for compiling a simple grammar of the language. Further, the friendly conversations held with

the people day by day helped us to break down prejudices and to establish confidence.

While I was working away at the language at Tres Pozos, Grubb was travelling about in the Chaco Austral, where he met both Tobas and Matacos. At the beginning of the year the recruiting agents of Indian labour travel to the *tolderias* (villages) to secure workmen. They are then brought in convenient numbers to what might be called concentration camps, where accredited persons from the sugar factories make arrangements with the Indian chiefs, give presents to the engaged parties, and despatch them to the headquarters of the estates.

While resting near one of these encampments Grubb met, among others, a number of Chunupies, or Suhin, stamped with true native deportment, and unspoilt by civilisation. Ignorant of their language and lacking an interpreter, Grubb, in his inimitable way, endeavoured to establish cordial relations with them by chattering to them in Lengua, challenging them to wrestle, and by chanting a native dance tune. The Indians smiled approval, talked excitedly among themselves, and frankly showed their appreciation of one who knew much about their life and customs.

A little later one of their number accosted him in the Lengua language, preferring a request for tobacco. The request was normal but the language in which it was couched surprised and nonplussed him. It was, indeed, startling to hear the familiar language of the River Paraguay, nearly 500 miles away, on the banks of the River Bermejo. Inquiries soon revealed the fact that the spokesman was a member of the Towothli tribe, who, together with others of the party, had, in previous days, visited the Mission Stations in the Paraguayan Chaco. When Grubb told them what he himself was called in the Suhin language they recognised it at once.

In due time, on March 13th, 1912, this group of about seventy in number, arrived at San Pedro for work, and during the season the missionaries regularly visited their encampments, while they on their part returned the visits, and spent considerable time at Urundeles.

Thus within a year of commencing work in the Argentine we established a link with our old work in Paraguay. The season was in many ways successful, Sanderson kept in touch

with the Tobas, Bernau became friendly with the Matacos, and Grubb and I cemented the friendship begun between us and the Chunupies.

On August 21st, 1912, Grubb left for home owing to a breakdown in health. It was about this time that the civilised world was deeply shocked by the appalling cruelties practised upon the Indian tribes by the rubber agents in the upper reaches of the Amazon, in the hinterland of Peru. An appeal was made by the Society for men and means, but the exact method of approach to the problem of establishing a mission in the rubber regions was not very clear. The following letter throws an interesting light upon Grubb at this period, and also upon the soundness of his missionary methods.

Mr. H. N. Sullivan, whose father, Admiral Sullivan, played such an important part in the re-making of the South American Missionary Society after the death of Captain Allen Gardiner, wrote :—

“ I was at S.A.M.S. headquarters in London in 1913, when Barbroke Grubb was staying there, and I had the privilege of long conversations with him about his work, and often made notes of his views and ideas regarding the future of the Mission, in order to lay them before the Committee. I was greatly struck with his skill in organisation and his capabilities as a missionary pioneer. Alike in his intercourse with Governments, and in his dealings with fresh native tribes, he impressed me as a great diplomatist. He travelled extensively, and in his journeys in unfrequented parts came across deposits of silver and petroleum, but he never made use of his discoveries for his personal benefit.

“ On several occasions land, suitable as a home and training-ground for the Indians, was offered to him at a nominal figure, and Grubb much regretted that lack of funds or want of imagination prevented the Society from taking advantage of the excellent offers made, for with the improved state of the country, the land would naturally increase in value and be helpful for the general advance of the enterprise. Among others was an offer from the Argentine Government of three tracks of land, each of 90 square miles, if the Society would occupy the various sites and exert a civilising and Christian influence over the wild Indian tribes of the district. Want of

men and means prevented the Society from accepting the magnificent offer. Ten or twelve years later the lands were valued at £50,000.

“At the time of the Putomayo trouble, when funds were raised and a Mission proposed among the unfortunate victims of the Amazon Valley, Grubb showed his practical wisdom, and persuaded the Committee to abandon a scheme that promised little success. He pointed out that the previous Amazon Mission had failed because of sickness and death among the missionaries, who had to live under very trying conditions and with no place for recuperation of health. He proposed that every fresh effort should be linked up with existing work, so that each new station would be within reach and support of the previous one, eventually forming a chain of stations from Paraguay to the Amazon Valley. The Committee realised the disadvantages of isolated and spasmodic activities, and Grubb’s plan has been followed in subsequent developments.

“With all his successful work and the homage paid to it, Grubb was one of the humblest men I have ever met.”

His health was none too good on this furlough. He was subject at times to severe attacks of malarial fever. He felt exhausted on his lecturing tours, but he did not spare himself. Meetings were held in the north of England and in Ireland, and everywhere he received a cordial welcome, and every manifestation of interest in his great enterprise.

Early in 1913 he was busy with more meetings in Bath, Bristol, Exeter and Malvern districts. For February alone twenty-five bookings were made, and, with only a few exceptions, due to sickness, he took all the meetings. It was too much for him. The Society’s consulting physician eventually ordered him at least a month of absolute rest, and three months if possible.

These tours produced a good deal of money, fresh interest was kindled, and new workers were forthcoming, among others the Rev. (afterwards Canon) R. A. Bevis for Paraguay. Grubb arrived back at San Pedro in June 1913.

During his absence on furlough his colleagues carried on the work. Some of them accompanied the Indians when they returned to their homes in the wilds. Excursions were made along the rivers, and visits paid to the Matacos and Tobas of

the Bermejo district, and a profitable time was spent among the Choroti and Chunupi of the Pilcomayo region. Appreciable linguistic knowledge was acquired. Their travels, together with Grubb's extensive journeys, furnished complete information of the whole missionary field that Grubb desired to occupy in the immediate future.

Grubb spent a month at San Pedro gathering up the threads, after which he departed for Paraguay. His visit coincided with the annual visitation of the Bishop, who was accompanied at that time by the Rev. Alan and Mrs. Ewbank. Mr. Ewbank was making a tour of the whole field of the Society's work previous to taking up the duties of the home secretaryship.

In addition to a Confirmation Service and other functions the Bishop dedicated the Church of St. Peter at Makthlawaiya. The church had been in process of building for some years, but the pressure of other things had delayed its completion.

Grubb was gratified with the general progress of the work and with the cheerfulness exhibited by missionaries and adherents alike. After a few weeks' stay he returned to San Pedro, the headquarters of the Argentine Mission.

The year 1913 ended with a call for men. The preliminary work was finished: the field had been surveyed, the tribes had been tabulated and enough of their languages, for a start, had been collected and arranged into grammars and dictionaries. The urgent need, therefore, was for active labourers to enter these open fields of service. In response to the call four men offered and were sent out during 1914—Messrs. Thomas, Williams, Laws and Hewett—who, after several months in the San Pedro district, during the harvesting of the cane, started definite missionary operations among the Matacos of the Bermejo river.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

Among the Sanapanas of Northern Paraguay 1914

Grubb as Prophet—Three Veterans Meet in Buenos Aires—Another Visit to Paraguay—Story of the Sanapana Mission.

DURING the months that preceded the outbreak of the great European War, Grubb had a strong presentiment that the Germans were preparing to obtain military dominance of the world. In the old boarded shed at Urundeles he used to harangue his colleagues, asking why the British Navy did not go over and sink all their ships of war before they put their plan into execution. At that time he read and thought a great deal along the lines of ancient prophecy. In a letter to his sister-in-law, Miss Alice Bridges, dated San Pedro, March 21st, 1914, he wrote:—

“Just a line to you before you leave your mountain abode (in Fuegia) for old England. I fear you will find the old country much upset. The world is fast hastening to a great upheaval; social unrest, irreligion, strange false theories of ‘science falsely so-called,’ selfishness and love of pleasure, all foretold 2,000 years ago, are contributing to a convulsion such as has never been known.”

At the end of April, Grubb and I left by train for Buenos Aires, where by appointment we met Pride, who came from the Paraguayan Chaco Mission. Pride and I intended to travel home together on furlough, and it was considered a unique opportunity for the three pioneers to confer together about the future of the work. Arrangements were also made for us to hold meetings to stir up missionary enthusiasm among the faithful, and kindle, if possible, some kind of interest and sympathy for the Indians among the thinking peoples of the city of Buenos Aires.

Great meetings were held among church folk, supported by the heads of some of the leading business firms of the city,

and backed up by wealthy *estancieros* and influential sugar-planters from the country. The Government was approached to try and get our missionary work officially recognised, so that we might have a free hand to move about and labour among the aborigines, attend to the sick, educate the young and train in industrial habits the youth of the native communities.

Sympathy was expressed and unofficially we were assured of non-interference in our work, but we were recommended to continue quietly, seeking the aid, if required, of provincial authorities. Notices appeared in the local papers, and our hotel was besieged with reporters and interviewers. Articles about the work were prepared in Spanish, and not only the English, but some of the great Argentine dailies published lengthy reports about the work of the Mission. For a week the work undoubtedly received great publicity.

Pride and I left in due time for England; Grubb did not return immediately to San Pedro, but once more started up river to re-visit the original work in the Paraguayan Chaco. His chief object was to discuss with the mission staff at Makthlawaiya the feasibility of starting definite work amongst the tribes in closest proximity to the Lenguas, which were the Sanapanas to the north-west, and the Suhin and Towothli peoples to the west. The available staff at the time would not admit of anyone being spared for extension work, yet it was felt that preliminary surveys might be made and information gathered in preparation for a forward movement, when the day arrived and men and means were forthcoming. It was with this in view that Grubb made the journey to Makthlawaiya. Sanderson was set apart to tackle the Suhin and Towothli to the west, and Farrow was allocated to the Sanapanas to the north.

In June, Grubb, accompanied by Farrow and a native evangelist, made a journey up river, calling first at Puerto Cooper and then at Puerto Pinasco, two business establishments on the Chaco bank of the river, the former being a British concern, the latter belonging to an American firm known as the Paraguayan Land and Cattle Company. The manager of the American Company took the greatest possible interest in the object of the visit, which was to investigate the

278 *Among the Sanapanas of Northern Paraguay*

country occupied by the Sanapanas, and to get an idea of their numbers and distribution.

The manager arranged for a special train to run on the Company's light railway and take the missionaries as far as possible, and provided horses to enable them to journey beyond the railhead to the Company's farthest outpost, eighty kilometres from the river. Groups of Sanapanas were met with at various points touched, and on arrival at the outpost every facility was given for visiting the Indian settlements in the vicinity.

It was a most satisfactory journey. From the investigations made and information obtained, it was resolved to make an overland visit from Makthlawaiya, and if the people en route welcomed the idea, a definite attempt to settle among them would be made.

Writing from Makthlawaiya on June 22nd, 1914, Grubb reported: "As far as possible the Indians near at hand are being kept in touch by week-end itineration. We hope much from the definite effort now being made to evangelise the Sanapanas. That tribe is most delighted at the decision that Mr. Farrow is to be allocated to them as their special missionary. This changed attitude on the part of the Sanapanas towards our mission is particularly cheering to me, as I know how for long years we failed to get into friendly touch with them and to win their confidence. When we remember that the first plan formed by the late Adolfo Henriksen was to establish a mission amongst the Sanapanas, and that I in the early days cast my eyes too, in that direction, but that, nevertheless, circumstances compelled us to alter our course, and directed us to a clan of the Lenguas, amongst whom the first converts were won, we cannot but see the hand of God in it. The time was evidently not then ripe for the evangelisation of the northern tribes, but now the Divine hand seems to point us unmistakably to these people, and if we believe at all in His leading and desire to do His will when known we must not turn back, but aim vigorously at the evangelisation of this branch of the Lengua people.

"So far, Mr. Farrow has been set apart for this work, but unless he is shortly reinforced by an assistant the work cannot be properly prosecuted, and this long-looked-for opportunity

which is now before us may be lost to us for ever. The march of civilisation and colonisation is moving steadily on, and we cannot hope to be left for long years unmolested, with an open, untouched heathen land waiting our convenience to evangelise. What is to be done, if we ever intend to do it, must be done quickly.

“The Suhin tribe, to which Mr. Sanderson has been sent as an evangelist, accompanied by Christian Indian men from this station, is not a new objective, Mr. Pride having devoted some years to preparatory work long ago. But circumstances compelled us to abandon this work for a time in 1902. Now again we sound the advance, and hope that this time our forward movement will end in possession. I know full well that the demands we are now making upon the Society’s resources for men are great, but the call to us for service is so unmistakably that of the Master that if we refuse or refrain from exerting every effort possible, we shall be guilty of having put our hand to the plough and of turning back. Our Society cannot stand still and exist.”

A preliminary tour through the Sanapana country was arranged, and Farrow, accompanied by two Lengua Christians, the one as evangelist and the other as guide, set out on the great adventure.

The first encampment of the Sanapanas reached was Yowea Sangña, or Great Swamp, where some fifty or sixty people were living with their chief, called Paisiam-abatang, or Black-mouth—a man well-known to the missionaries from his occasional visits to the Mission Station. The people were pleased to see the missionary, and sent out messengers to notify the surrounding villagers, with the result that next day several hundred people were gathered together at Great Swamp village.

A day or two spent with these wild, untutored people elicited the information that they were anxious for training and employment, and would give a missionary a warm welcome and help him in every possible way.

It was pointed out to them that before a missionary could take up residence among them, it would be necessary to cut and clear a road through the dense forests that lay between their country and the Central Mission Station. For there was

nothing better than a winding footpath through the woods, in many places overgrown with weeds and bushes and overhung with drooping branches of trees. To cut a wide road, suitable for a bullock-cart to pass, would be a task requiring the employment of a good number of wood-cutters.

These simple folk met this difficulty by expressing their willingness to undertake the task and prepare the way. Farrow thanked them, but told them that the whole matter would have to be carefully arranged, and that in due time he would let them know and invite their co-operation, when he was ready to move.

A few days later a big gang of these men, bringing with them their wives and children, their sheep and goats and all their belongings arrived in the vicinity of the Mission Station. From their encampment, about a league away, they sent along a deputation to notify their arrival and to ask the loan of knives, axes and spades, for they were impatient to get to work and cut the road through the forest for the bullock-cart.

It was at this time that news of the outbreak of the great European War reached the missionaries, accompanied by instructions to refrain from extension and to cut down all expenses as far as possible.

The position was explained to the raw Sanapanas, who, though unable to appreciate the magnitude and gravity of the war, could understand the lack of money. The missionaries told them they could not afford to give them wages for their work, but the people were so anxious to begin that they would not be turned aside from their purpose, and answered that they were quite willing to undertake the task, apart from any remuneration for their labour. So they were supplied with the necessary implements, and set off in high spirits homewards. Within a week word was sent back that the road was prepared, and there was now nothing to prevent a missionary going to them in a bullock-cart and starting work among them.

Their earnestness and appeal could not be lightly cast aside, and arrangements were accordingly made for Farrow to go and settle among them for three months, in order to test their enthusiasm and prove their stability.

A cart was packed with a tent, provisions and other neces-

saries, and Farrow, accompanied by Sanderson (who returned a few days later), set off on his adventure. The roads were dry, and travelling presented no difficulties. The rough places were easily traversed and even the streams were crossed without incident. When the first bullock-cart arrived at the Great Swamp village, the scenes of excitement and pleasure can be better imagined than described.

The three months spent in the Sanapana country, living in a tent, surrounded day and night by the Indians, were full of interest. There was no privacy and no quiet, no escape from the staring eyes and ever-questioning tongues. Naturally inquisitive, nothing escaped their notice. Like children, they wanted to know the use of every vessel or instrument used by the missionary, and the why and wherefore of every action or gesture. That preliminary period of residence among them proved the sincerity of their intentions, and the genuineness of their desire to have a resident missionary. They also expressed their readiness to comply with the conditions that he might impose upon them.

With the setting in of the wet season, the solitary missionary made tracks for home. Provisions were almost exhausted, and the tent, while suitable for a temporary stay, was quite inadequate for permanent occupation; so it was intended to seek fresh supplies and a selection of tools for the erection of a small but weather-proof hut.

The time seemed auspicious, and the opportunities appeared great for the establishment of a permanent work among these wild northern folk, but there were two serious obstacles in the path to its accomplishment. First, the continuance of the Great War killed every hope of obtaining fresh recruits for the work and means for its prosecution, and it would only be at the expense of existing activities that any new effort could be maintained. In the second place, Grubb would not consent to the establishment of a permanent station, with all its agencies and appliances for the training of the natives, until a suitable site could be purchased and secured for the Mission.

It was clear, however, that the opportunity must not be let slip, and something, though modest, had to be done. It was decided that Farrow should spend three months at a time at Yowea Sangña, being relieved at stated intervals by a colleague,

and in this way to begin definite work, which could be amplified and extended as ways and means permitted.

Beginning very humbly, a limited number of the Sanapanas were employed in cutting and carrying palms to the site, where a modest one-roomed house was put up, to serve as living-room, bedroom, study, store and indeed all purposes. A wide verandah was provided, where the people could gather daily for the informal services. A small garden was planted, and a cattle-pen built to secure the transport bullocks at night. Later on another room was added to the house, and another building put up to meet the need of school teaching and for religious services.

In a short time the natives began to put up simple palm houses in place of the rough shelters of boughs of trees. An improvement in the habits of the people soon became noticeable; the regular teaching began to take effect upon their lives; school became popular with the children, and real advance was made.

The solitary missionary, aided occasionally by a fellow-missionary, plodded on for six years, unable to extend his borders or increase his facilities. In 1920, two years after the conclusion of the war, a few recruits were obtained. At that time Grubb paid a visit to the Paraguayan Chaco to consult the staff in regard to present plans and future movements.

The Chairman of the American Company was then living at headquarters on the River Paraguay. Knowing that the Company possessed extensive tracts of land in the Sanapana country, Grubb thought it might be worth while seeking an interview with this gentleman. Accordingly he proceeded to Yowea Sangña, then, in company with Farrow, travelled overland to the Company's headquarters on the river. The Chairman received them cordially and expressed his sympathy with the work of Missions, and while he could not with certainty assure them that the Company would sell them a suitable site for a permanent Mission Station among the Sanapanas, he could give them permission to settle on their land without fear of molestation, for the Company appreciated what the Mission was doing for the country, in reducing the wild tribes to order, and training them in useful pursuits.

But Grubb strongly felt that nothing but actual possession of

the land would justify the Mission in continuing the work at the Great Swamp, where for its proper development a considerable outlay in labour and money for the fencing and building required, would be necessary. Farrow was run down in health, and, eventually, it was decided at a conference of the workers that the station must be closed down. It was done with great regret, for the work was prospering, and when the people heard that they would have to be content with visits from the missionaries, they were very sad, and keenly disappointed.

Some time later land was secured at a reasonable figure in Lengua territory, but unoccupied by any Indians. The Sanapanas were invited to settle there and be taught. A deputation of young people visited the land and reported favourably about it. The old men and women, however, refused to leave the land of their birth, with its familiar hunting-grounds and fishing-preserves, for a strange district, in spite of its advantages. They made a great mistake and missed a fine opportunity for advance in every way, but the people would not be persuaded, and so for several years the work fell into abeyance.

In 1928 negotiations were again opened with the American Company with a view to obtaining a site for a station in the Sanapana territory. An arrangement, which promised great success, was concluded, and a fresh start made at a place called Laguna Rey. All went well for a time, then trouble took place between Bolivia and Paraguay, due to military exigencies, so the missionaries were requested to close down the station for a time.

Two years later, in 1930, a favourable opportunity occurred for the re-opening of the work at a new site called Campo Flores. The Company granted the Mission a league of land on a long lease at a "peppercorn" rent. It is situated about sixty miles N.N.W. of Makthlawaiya, well suited for agriculture and for pastoral purposes. It was properly surveyed and the boundaries marked, and William Sanderson, accompanied by four native evangelists and trained workmen, set off in April 1930 to take possession. The necessary houses and buildings were erected and work was again begun.

The natives rallied round in great numbers, and were delighted to think that they were to have another chance.

284 *Among the Sanapanas of Northern Paraguay*

Things began to take shape and the new effort seemed full of promise, when Sanderson, the leader of the Mission, a man of thirty years' experience, was suddenly stricken with a fatal disease and died on November 9th, 1930, to the regret of all the staff. Since then others have taken up the Sanapana work and carried it forward.

Among the Matacos of the Bermejo River 1914-1915

Algarrobal Founded—First Settler—School Begun—Industrial Training—Medical Work—Religious Services—Martin, the First Convert—River Threatens Station—Removal to Fresh Site—First Fruits Followed by a Great Harvest.

AFTER successfully inaugurating the Mission to the Sanapanas in Paraguay, Grubb returned once more to San Pedro in north-west Argentina, in time to welcome the young missionaries coming out from England.

With the close of the sugar-cane harvest Grubb determined to settle definitely in the wilds, and as a first objective to evangelise the Matacos of the Bermejo.

Owing to the conditions prevailing, the purchase of a small estate as a home for the future converts seemed advisable. With no little difficulty Grubb secured for the Mission a site thirty miles distant from Embarcación. This town, of some three years' growth, was then the terminus of the railway, but it steadily increased in size and importance, and from it were sent out supplies to the greater part of the Chaco Central, much of which passed along a rough road parallel to the river.

Along this road at a place called Algarrobal—marked by a stagnant pool and a couple of rude squatters' huts—the members of the Mission Party arrived on December 4th, 1914. The estate was about half a mile wide, approximately 500 acres, and extended from the road to the river, and consisted of thick forest intersected with gullies and lagoons with low, marshy ground nearer the river.

The party erected several tents and then explored the land in all directions to find the most suitable spot for the buildings. Having settled this point, a cart track was cut through the thicket, a plot of ground cleared, and a rough shanty put up to shelter the tools and provisions and personal effects brought

out by the carts. Then as time went on, the missionaries secured the help of some Indians and fenced in a part of the land, cleared a good site and erected the necessary dwelling-houses, store, school and workshops.

There is no question that Grubb really enjoyed those early days slogging away at the trees and undergrowth, dodging the snakes and the scorpions, and vigorously preparing the first rough shelters. "It is quite a pleasure to be back again in the wilds," he wrote, "although tame in comparison with what we have been accustomed to, and in having something definite to aim at, into which we can throw our whole energies, body and mind. Nothing of any consequence has occurred since we arrived seven weeks ago, no adventures, no great dangers, no great hardships. Like modern travel, mission work these days in many of its phases is comfortable and easy in comparison with what it used to be."

Actually on the spot there was no Indian living, but several families were to be found in the vicinity, and others attached to white settlers began to show interest in the movements of the missionaries. Early in the New Year an elderly man called Joaquin came on a visit, but he could not be persuaded to stay. He was living with his wife and two children on the banks of the river a mile or so from the Mission site. He spent most of his time fishing and gardening or cutting firewood for a squatter.

It was absolutely imperative to secure an adherent, so Grubb returned the visit, and made a strong effort to obtain the family for the Mission. Joaquin had a fair knowledge of Spanish and quite understood the conversation that followed; but he was obdurate and, perhaps, suspicious, and firmly refused to stir from his place. He declared frankly that he did not want to move, neither did his wife. He was contented with his little hut and garden, the river was near for fishing, and why should he be disturbed? The advantages of living on the Mission Station were pointed out to him, the freedom from molestation, and a promise was given for a piece of land near the river. Still strongly objecting to removal, he said in effect it would mean the erection of a new house, the fencing and planting of a fresh garden, and, further, he lacked means to convey his family and furniture to the new place. These

objections were met, and a promise made that the trap would be round the following morning to effect the removal.

Early the next morning, February 22nd, 1915, the mules were harnessed to the cart and Grubb and several helpers went off to Joaquin's house and informed him that he was going to remove him and his goods. The old man looked sullen and stern while he drank his *mate*, and made no sign of shifting. Quietly the missionary set to work and collected chair and table, pots and pans, and placed them ready for loading. He then proceeded to roll up the grass into bundles and remove the sticks that formed the wall.

By this time the poor man realised that resistance was hopeless and excuses futile, so he lent a hand to dismantle the house and load it into the cart. In due time the materials of the house, together with the wife and children, were all packed safely into the vehicle, and the procession started for the Mission Station. In that way the first settler was secured, and he never regretted the removal. Still stubborn, a confirmed grumbler, something of a recluse, he continued for many years staunch to the Mission and faithful in his work.

The ice was broken and the initial plunge made, and as no ill effects followed, other natives gained confidence and soon requests were made for permission to come and live under the protection of the mission and share its benefits. The people had been harassed by white settlers, often ill-treated and despised, cheated and browbeaten. The idea of a friendly foreigner and a safe refuge appealed to them, and in the course of a few months some six families came and settled there, each with a house and garden, and with freedom to go and come as they liked. These formed the nucleus of the Christian colony of the future, and the time for real missionary work had arrived.

Sound methods of work must be adopted to ensure success in missionary as in other enterprises. Grubb and his colleagues from long experience with the Chaco Indians had proved that the essentials run along educational, industrial, medical and evangelistic lines.

No time was lost in starting a school for the children of the first adherents. On June 23rd, 1915, school began with three boys as pupils. There were no funds to erect a building or

purchase proper equipment, so the children were gathered together beneath the shade of a friendly tree, while a painted box did duty for a blackboard, an old crate formed an easel, and a stool served as desk. In this crude way, with not too many words of their language, the idea of education was conveyed to the first pupils. As the latter increased in numbers, the accessories were improved, success was eventually attained, and life has been enriched for the scholars.

The Matacos are poor and dirty, food is scarce and clothing is dear, yet they must have something to eat and, however ragged or filthy, something to cover themselves. School attendance at first was very erratic; the boys wandered off with their fathers to fish, and the girls went with their mothers to gather fruit or seek roots, and it soon became evident that some food would have to be provided for the scholars if regular attendance was demanded. A simple meal of ground maize and fat at mid-day (and later at night as well) was provided, which ensured clean hands and bodies as well as better attendance.

At a later date many of the boys and girls were adopted by various Sunday schools in the Argentine and elsewhere, and the scholars not only provided for their sustenance, but also supplied clothes to be distributed at Christmas and Easter. These gifts were, indeed, a great boon to the poorly-clad children, and helped them to attain habits of cleanliness and self-respect.

The subjects taught were quite elementary: to read and write in their own and in the Spanish language, to count and measure, to grasp something of the geography of their own country, to sing simple hymns, and to learn the Bible stories and practise its principles. Physical drill was not forgotten, and games (particularly football for the boys) were also taught. With the increased population on the station came interests of a varied character, and a thousand ways of adding zest to life, so that the boys and girls who tasted school life and its accompaniments, had no desire to depart. Some of these first scholars later became useful assistant teachers.

From long experience Grubb was convinced that a cattle-farm, however modest, was one of the best means for helping the Indians. A farm gives work to a few and pays its own way,



MATACO HUTS.

Mataco villages are secluded in the forest rather than exposed in pleasant glades or open plains. The people are rather morose & revengeful, unlike the merry Tobas, who are noted for frankness in speech & fierceness in warfare. The Mataco huts are sometimes beehive in shape, sometimes of the square pattern; both kinds appear in the picture.

and at the same time forms a training ground for the young men and young women of the community. Its working brings into play almost all the industries that can, with profit, be taught to a rural population; and practical training is essential to enable these wild folk to understand the privileges and responsibilities of civilisation, to fit them to earn a living and to take their places as worthy citizens of the Republic.

Slack seasons come to all, but in general the men who can work cattle or drive carts, plough and fence, take a turn with the axe or spade, or those who have an elementary knowledge of tanning or sewing leather, can usually find employment at good pay. The son of the first settler was trained as a carpenter, one man was taught saddlery, others were trained to pit-saw work and building; some were taken into the store to serve and assist, while others looked after the cattle and horses.

The girls in the same way were trained to dairy- and housework and other simple crafts, while some proved useful in the dispensary and school. As the work advanced the boys and girls who could read and write became very apt pupils in the various branches of industry, and enriched the community by their knowledge and craftsmanship.

White patients were the first to appreciate the presence of a doctor and the benefits of a dispensary, and, as the days went by men and women from all parts of the Chaco Central came to be treated for their various ills. Soon the Mission became well known, and opportunities for service to the red man and the white increased accordingly. The native adherents hesitated at first to seek relief, but soon prejudice was broken down and confidence won, so that even the witch-doctor came for treatment. In the course of a few years the medical missionary had won the people, and the charming of the sorcerer gradually ceased and his power waned. Confidence was not gained without patience, nor the sorcerer's influence lost without a struggle.

As soon as possible a rough building with a grass roof was erected for teaching purposes, and this, for quite a long time, served also for religious instruction. The first native religious service was held on August 8th, 1915, and took the form of an exhibition of lantern slides illustrative of the early chapters of Genesis. By this time some thirty natives were living on the

station, each family having built a respectable hut, and enclosed a piece of ground for planting. These were gathered together night by night, and by means of pictures and slides the great Bible truths were taught. As more of the language was learnt, the stammering words and crude phrases were succeeded in ever-increasing measure by surer words and more forceful sentences, until the novel teaching and lofty ideas began to be understood by the natives' slow-moving intelligences.

Among the families that came to reside on the Mission during the early months of its existence was that of Martin Ibarra. Martin was then about forty years of age, a man of unusual intelligence and considerable strength of character.

As a youth he went to live with a white settler, who taught him his trade of tanning hides, how to speak Spanish, and the love of alcohol. Later, his knowledge of Spanish on the one hand, and his own language and people on the other, enabled him to act as *sacador* (a term used for one who goes into the wilds to get labourers for the cane-growers and timber-cutters), and also as *lenguax* (an interpreter for the workpeople, who arranges about work, settles disputes, fixes wages and food), and in these capacities he gained excellent money, but owing to the vice-like grip of drink, he either squandered or was duped of his earnings. He was not, however, absolutely without property when he joined the Mission, having a few animals and some furniture and clothes. Both by descent and marriage he was related to many of the Indians of the district, who acknowledged his influence as linguist, but did not regard him as chief.

Early in 1912, in the course of his wanderings among the Indians of the Bermejo district, Grubb first met this man at a native village, where a drinking-feast was being held. In spite of the circumstances, Grubb was attracted to this intelligent Indian, and explained his intention of forming a Mission for the Indians in the neighbourhood. Several times after this, while working in the cane-fields, he came across Martin and won his interest.

When the Algarrobal Mission was inaugurated Grubb sought him out again, and urged him to abandon his wild ways and regain his manhood by joining the Mission. He promised to do so, but he was at that time under contract to work for a cattle farmer for some eighteen months. When that was ful-

filled he would be free to leave and redeem his promise. Grubb was not mistaken in his man, and his coming marked a new era in the Mission.

Through his gifts and character Martin soon became a great power on the side of the Mission, as an invaluable helper in the translation work, and as an able interpreter of the preacher's message. The translator's task of finding correct words and choice phrases, involved prolonged explanations of the vital truths of Christianity, but his reward was great when his assistant grasped the meaning of the words and resolved to translate them into action and become a humble disciple of Christ.

His sincerity was evidenced by his changed life and persistent struggles against his old failings, and by his advocacy of the spiritual tenets of his teachers. He came regularly to the services, he learnt all he could about the Gospel, he assisted in the prevention of drinking bouts, and faithfully reported any kind of misbehaviour on the part of the people. This steady adherence to the missionaries eventually brought him up against the witch-doctors, and for a time he was boycotted by some of the inhabitants and some of his near relations. He felt it deeply, but gave his time to his garden and other work and consequently thrived, while the others wasted their time and substance in maintaining the professional sorcerers and their cult. His public baptism a few years later was witnessed by his former friends and co-religionists, and, without doubt, a deep impression was made upon them.

At the beginning of 1918 the flooding of the River Bermejo and the consequent damage to its banks warned the missionaries that the Mission Station was none too secure from the river's ravages, although situated a mile away from the bank. By that time friendly Argentines and native adherents knew that the Mission had come to stay, and they strongly advised removal to a safer position well out of reach of the encroachments of the river.

An endeavour was made to secure land that extended for several miles northward from the spot beyond the road. Negotiations failed at that time, but four years later the missionaries entered into possession of the desired site. Meantime the estate was explored and a spot cleared for refuge in case of emergency.

Just after the Armistice in Europe was signed, rains fell in abundance, and during the opening months of the year 1919 flood succeeded flood, and the rains continued to soften the ground and to submerge all the low land. Then the river began its terrible devastation, eating into its banks, and hurling into its boiling torrent thousands of forest trees which were snapped and mangled and carried away downstream.

Nearer and nearer the destroying waters approached the Mission buildings at the rate of about twenty-five metres per day. Gardens were swallowed up, fences were obliterated, landmarks disappeared, and the broad belt of forest land narrowed till only the cleared land was left, and the distant mountains stood out grand and rugged from the now denuded Mission Station.

Unsatiated, the turbulent river came yet nearer. The roar of the current and the crash of the trees made wakeful nights for the two anxious missionaries. Three hundred, two hundred, one hundred yards distant, and the noise grew in intensity, till something like fear crept into the eyes and dread into the hearts of the weary watchers. Within four days at the same rate of progress the river would be in the Mission compound. Immediate flight was inevitable.

By this time some 150 persons were living on the Mission. These were summoned together, and the situation reviewed, and all were requested to come and help in the removal of the station to the emergency site already cleared. All came, men and women, old folk and children; and while one missionary went to the new place to build up, the other remained at the old place to pull down and pack and despatch the goods. A rough shed was put up, and all the foodstuffs, tools, and furniture were conveyed by mules and bullocks in carts, and by women on their heads, the children helping to the utmost of their ability. Within four days the removal of the buildings and property was well advanced, and then the river suddenly halted at the post-hole, where one of the two main supports of the kitchen had stood.

There was a week's grace, which gave the missionaries ample time to get fully cleared away, before the destructive river came on again and continued till the Mission Station became the bed of the Bermejo. In due course the buildings

were re-erected on the new site and the business of the Mission in all its branches was carried on as usual, till once again in 1923 building material and all the belongings of the missionaries and natives were carted and set up on the permanent station of Algarrobal.

The four years that comprised the period of occupation of the second station were marked by solid progress. Trained men and women began to be in evidence in the field, the workshop and the house; scholars increased in number and attended with regularity; morning and evening patients crowded round the dispensary door, and the religious services grew in effectiveness. The Mission and its work became the theme of conversation among the thousands of Indians that passed along the road to the cane-fields, and also the increasing number of white settlers visiting the station.

In course of time some of the men and women were prepared to leave the old ways and ancient beliefs, and step out into the new life and be baptised into the Christian faith. Seven and a half years from the start of the work the first ten converts were, on April 3rd, 1922, baptised by Bishop Every. The following year, just as the staff was about to remove to the third site, some eight others were baptised; a service that appropriately closed and sanctified the four years' work of the second station.

Before the first fruits of the Christian harvest were gathered in, it was obvious to competent observers that the Mission to the Matacos had all the signs of future success, and it was equally evident that, owing to the continued encroachments of the river, the site occupied was unsuitable for a permanent station, and the land acquired was insufficient for development and expansion. A greater area of land, containing a safer spot, was, therefore, purchased, and preparations for its occupation proceeded as funds permitted.

A road was cut through the forest till a high bank was reached, and then a big clearing was made in the forest to give scope for choice, before determining the exact site for the buildings. The square was then carefully laid out for the school and dispensary, office and workshops, and private dwelling-houses, and a space marked off in the centre for the church, which was dedicated by Bishop Every on September

13th, 1923. The actual building of the station was not hurried after the abandonment of the old site, but the land was surveyed and plots of ground were allotted to the various families, who cleared their own portion, built their huts, and, later, cultivated their gardens, and settled down very happy and contented in their new surroundings.

During the next two years steady progress was made in all departments of the work, the number of adherents increased, fresh workers arrived from England, the services were better attended, and a few men and women were admitted to Church membership, so that by the end of 1925 there were twenty-nine adults and infants on the baptismal roll.

About that time this little Christian colony received a dreadful shock. One night a resident murdered his wife and mother-in-law. This tragic incident might have ruined the work which promised such good success, for the relations of the victims, still powerfully influenced by old customs, thirsted for revenge, and, failing to catch the murderer, they threatened to kill the nearest of kin, which included several of the baptised Christians.

The whole village was in a turmoil, and everyone was afraid. All left their houses and gardens and flocked into the Mission compound, where they remained for weeks. One woman and her daughter lived during that trying time under the shelter of the Mission house. It was graciously overruled for good. The Spirit of God was working in the heart of the community. The good seed had germinated and was just about to sprout.

A powerful address delivered by Martin, the first convert, on Christmas morning, was the means used by God to calm the savage passions of the avengers of blood, and to bring men and women to the turning point in their lives. One by one they found their way to the Catechumens' Class, and there publicly expressed their determination to renounce the old way of life, and their desire to be instructed in the Christian faith. It was the beginning of a remarkable movement of the Spirit of God, which continued and grew stronger year by year; whole families calmly, without excitement or emotionalism, decided to become Christians.

Early in the following year, on April 16th, 1926, Bishop

Every dedicated the Church of St. Michael and All Angels. This was followed immediately by the first Confirmation service when eleven candidates of tried character were presented; then came in natural order the first celebration of the Holy Communion in Mataco.

The months that succeeded these events were as the joyous months of harvest, preparing and baptising little family groups, and building up the converts in their holy faith. During the next three visits of the Bishop ninety-seven candidates were presented for confirmation; their regular attendance at the Holy Communion, together with their steady advance in the spiritual life, were matters of the deepest joy to the missionaries.

Numbers of people were attracted to the station, and the influence of the Christian colonists increased daily. The young converts were zealous for the welfare of their fellows, and visited the farms and villages in the neighbourhood. Seven of these men, who had proved themselves worthy, were set apart and licensed by the Bishop as Lay Evangelists, and took up regular work, teaching in the school, giving addresses in the church, helping in the Catechumens' Class, and periodically visiting the surrounding settlements. Success attended their ministry, and, in response to the appeals of various native chiefs these evangelists have widened their sphere of influence and the Gospel is being carried by them over a considerable area, and sin-laden men and women are finding their way to the Saviour of the World.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

Among the Subin of the Monte Lindo 1915-1918

Pricked by a Poisonous Thorn—Returns Home—Death of his Mother—Off to Paraguay Again—Demon-possession—Cult of "Short-blanket"—Tobas Visit Maroma—Subin of Nanawa—Drink, Quarrels, Scalping & Ghost-scaring—Work Established—Epidemics—Youth Lost in Jungle—First-fruits—Political Disturbances—Station Closed by Military Authorities.

DURING the summer months of December 1914, January and February 1915, when the heat in the Argentine is terrific, the rainfall heaviest, and the insect life unbearable, Grubb worked away with untiring energy on the banks of the Bermejo, in order that the foundations of the Mission to the Matacos (described in the previous chapter) might be firmly and truly laid.

But the strain was too much for him, and he began to feel run down and fatigued. Then, unfortunately, as he was chopping down a tree he was pricked by a poisonous thorn, which caused the flesh to peel off his hands and other parts of his body, and he became seriously ill. On March 2nd, 1915, Bernau accompanied him to San Pedro, where he could be better attended, and supplied with more suitable food and nourishment. There they remained till the beginning of May. It was quite evident to the doctors that nothing but a complete change of air and rest would benefit him, so it was arranged for him to go home. Pride and I, returning from furlough, met our old friend in Buenos Aires on May 12th, 1915, just as he was on the point of sailing for England.

He had by no means recovered on arrival in England, and in July was still too unwell to accept an invitation to the Keswick Convention. Nor does one read much about deputation work, with its dozens of meetings and functions, which marked his former furloughs. For once he perforce eased off

somewhat and spent time with his wife and family at Lasswade, growing gooseberries and cultivating cabbages in his extensive garden there.

At this period Grubb was greatly concerned about the failing health of his mother, who was residing in Edinburgh, in close touch with her two daughters and her eldest son, Alfred, whose official duties in the Post Office rarely took him from home. She passed away on February 4th, 1916, and was buried in the family grave at Liberton. To his sister-in-law Grubb wrote on February 27th, 1916, from Lasswade: "Mary is wonderfully well, and also the little ones, both are so strong and full of life and health. I feel the loss of my dear old mother; she was 91, nearly 92, clear in the intellect till the last and took a great and lively interest in everything."

The war was still raging, and the destinies of Europe lying in uncertainty when the great pioneer once more said farewell to his wife and daughters and his Scottish home at Lasswade, and, accompanied by Nason, set sail in the *Amazon* on April 11th, 1916. He intended to make a prolonged stay in the Paraguayan Chaco among the people of his early exploits and in the scenes of his first adventures into the unknown wilds. He arrived there about the end of May 1916, and remained in the field till the following September, visiting after that the Bermejo Mission and eventually sailing for home again just about the time of the Armistice, November 1918. During this period he kept up a fairly regular correspondence with his sister-in-law, Miss Alice Bridges, and extracts from the letters now quoted illustrate his activities, and throw light upon the matters that engaged his attention. They were written from Makthlawaiya.

"July 3rd, 1916. I cannot refuse help for the Indians; that is God's work; your dear father spent his life in it."

"October 19th, 1916. We are doing well here, and through our Indian Bank helping to support the Mission, and thus relieve the drain on home, for funds are now needed for the War. . . . Mary is wonderfully well, and quite heroic in the present distress."

"November 4th, 1916. It is hot and trying and I fear a drought. I find the sun very trying now; a few years ago I could stand anything; still I am not yet played out.

"Babies swarm here now, so very different from the old

years. Some families are quite large ; Philip has had nine children, and five or six is quite common.

"The Indian Bank is selling £500 worth of steers, good, is it not? We have been able to save S.A.M.S. £200 this year in spite of new work and higher prices, and thus relieve the war strain."

"January 1917. Heat is terrific ; I am 'bust' ; I cannot stand this great heat now. Dysentery is here, so far one death. Still no rain, we are short of grass, hard lines, but never mind, this is a world crisis, humanly, the greatest since the Flood, and spiritually, the greatest since Christ, and it is not finished."

"March 20th, 1917. The drought has set in ; we have no water ; our cattle are out in the open trying to find any little pools that may be left ; horse sickness has also started ; if this continues we must incur some loss.

"I have had no news of Lucas (her brother, who was in the English Army) nor of Mary for months. I hope to go home for Christmas if possible, for I feel I should be with Mary and her charges more.

"Oh, these hot nights, one can't sleep ; and these hot days one melts away. I used not to mind the sun however hot ; now I realise I am getting old."

"September 23rd, 1917. This dreadful drought has now lasted for over a year. There is no water inland. Our cattle (we now have 1,400 belonging to the Indian Bank) are all outside our fences ; the most of them are being watched by the Indians some thirty miles from here, where there is still some water, but it will not last for ever. For the last five weeks I have been camped with them, 130 Indians all told. I have spent five months of this year building huge clay dams in the big swamp at Makthlawaiya, with the hope of conserving water when rain does fall.

"Of course I feel more and more as I get older, now fifty-three, that I want to be in my own home with Mary, still I must be no coward. Your father's last words to me in Buenos Aires, when I saw him—last of all the family to see him—were, 'Be of good courage.' I am divided between love for my dear ones—a natural desire for a little ease after all these strenuous years—and the call of duty at all costs and hazards. Others face death, so why should not I? and *he* is no stranger

to me ; I have been in *his* company oftener than most people think. Death is not at all dreadful. I do long to see you all ; I have so many new ideas now, and have thought out so much that puzzled me before."

" May 2nd, 1918. I shall not be able to leave here before August anyway. . . . We have had a terrible drought, but luckily to-day two inches of rain have fallen. This will fill the water holes and save our cattle for another two months. Nason and I are busy in between times making a lake to secure a safe water supply, one mile long, half a mile wide, and three to four feet deep ; a big work truly and nearly finished ; the Indians have worked well."

From these letters it is quite evident that Grubb spared himself in no way during that very trying period, but gallantly bore his part in the life of the station, whether it was in the tending of cattle, supervising fencing, making of reservoirs or in the spiritual work of teaching the people.

Several matters, connected with the people rather than with the work, interested Grubb during his stay at Makthlawaiya. What appeared almost like demon-possession evinced itself occasionally among the men and women of certain villages. Young women, for instance, acted in a frantically hysterical manner, suddenly casting off all their clothes would climb to the topmost branch of a tall, spreading tree, and there, balancing themselves like an acrobat on a high rope, chanted and danced, laughed and cried, and behaved in the most ludicrous way until the spell had passed, when they would descend unharmed and resume their ordinary duties.

A spurious form of Christianity combined with some of the old cults of witchcraft, known as the cult of the Short Blanket, sometimes called " Our Father," made itself felt in remote parts of the country, and even, for a time, led some of the Christians astray.

According to ancient tradition Short Blanket is a spirit, which may appear as a man of short stature, and generally its presence was revealed in a voice proceeding from the ground in the centre of the village, proclaiming some message. Sometimes the voice emanated from under a blanket spread on the ground. At times the voice issued from above or out of the early morning mist, and occasionally proceeded from the

depths of the forest. Individuals constituted themselves leaders of the cult, and acted as mediums between the "Father" and the people. Curiously enough they professed to receive the messages written on paper. At one time the people were exhorted to follow the teaching of the missionaries, then, again, they were taught to hate missionaries and destroy foreigners.

Curious tales became current of strange men, dressed in fantastic clothing, travelling unseen through marsh and forest, who would suddenly appear in a village, and deliver a message, and then vanish. It was stated that a party of Tobas on a hunting expedition discovered a white man sitting under a tree eating his meal. In fear, they fired their guns at him, but the bullets went through his body and cast up dust beyond, while he calmly went on eating and vanished. No trace of his footprints or any other marks could be found at the spot, when it was examined.

Towards the close of the year 1916 a message was sent to Grubb informing him that a party of Tobas from the Argentine Chaco had arrived at Maroma (the old Pass Station) on a friendly visit to the Indians of the district. Accompanied by Bevis and the evangelist Philip, Grubb set out on horseback to interview the strange visitors.

He discovered that they were Tobas from the Bermejo district, accustomed to go regularly to the cane-fields of San Pedro, and related to the Chief Wacharé and the interpreter Aranda, with whom the missionaries made friends in the early days of the Argentine Mission. "One of the visitors," wrote Grubb, "had himself lived with us at Urundeles. Their great desire to be photographed with ourselves and their Lengua friends was, they said, to be able to prove to their countrymen that they had actually visited the distant Lenguas. They also added that as I was in the group further proof would be furnished, as the Tobas of Salta would recognise me."

The visit was, to a great extent, one of courtesy, although wonderful stories got about as to their intentions. The adherents of the Short Blanket cult among the Lenguas tried to make capital out of the visit by asserting that the Tobas had been sent by the "Great Father" to confirm them in their creed. The Tobas, however, denied all knowledge of any such thing,

and expressed themselves surprised that the Lenguas should follow such a cult, which was an invention of modern times unsanctioned by ancient tradition.

The most important event that occurred during Grubb's stay at this time in Paraguay was the re-opening of the Suhin Mission, abandoned in 1902. An extensive tour was made through the western districts of the Paraguayan Chaco in search of a suitable site for a permanent settlement. It was decided to occupy a Suhin village called Nanawa, near the River Monte Lindo, about 100 miles west of Makthlawaiya. The missionary party, fully equipped and keenly expectant, after a slow and arduous journey, reached Nanawa on September 2nd, 1916.

Three tribes (whose territory was adjacent but ill-defined), speaking different languages, met at this place. All of them were typical savages, indulging freely in drinking feasts, filled with the crudest superstitions, and practising witchcraft in all its many forms. Stupefied with drink, the men frequently became angry and quarrelsome, fighting not only with fists but with heavy sticks. This frightened the women who, at an early stage of the work, took refuge in the Mission house till the fighting ceased. The missionaries had a prolonged and fierce struggle before the men gave up their drinking bouts, and adopted sober and industrious habits.

The different tribesmen could not always live together in peace and pleasantness, and much wisdom was required to deal with awkward situations. The women, too, were not always well disposed to their fellows, but every now and again would slang each other in a high-pitched voice from either end of the village, and ungently inform each other what each thought of the other's past actions and present failings.

Some Towothli came and settled on the station. This tribe boasts of its fierce fighters and is noted for its bitter enmity. One of the warriors, after a fight with the Tobas, brought home the scalp of his victim in proof of his prowess. His wife, to celebrate the victory, tied the scalp to the end of a

long stick, which she planted in the ground, and then, to the accompaniment of chant and rattle, performed a dance round it, pausing occasionally to jeer and shake her fist at it, and to make scornful remarks about the late owner.

Sick chanting and ghost scaring were nightly occurrences, and the professional sorcerers found plenty to do. They tried to procure rain, for a prolonged drought had prevented the development of their garden crops, and interfered seriously with the normal fish supply. Then a violent thunderstorm broke over the place. One of the native huts was struck by lightning and its occupants slightly injured. The people were greatly alarmed, and the chief of the village was inclined to blame the missionaries for the disaster. He, however, with equal injustice, explained later that an old witch-doctor had sent the "fire-bird" to destroy the villagers.

In a few months the people lost their shyness and distrust, and over 100 settled on the station. Missionary work advanced on normal lines. Sickness broke out among the people and, owing to their superstitious beliefs and filthy habits, it was not easy to render them efficient help.

Several severe epidemics swept the district. Anthrax attacked the cattle. In spite of grave warnings, many of the natives ate the flesh of the diseased animals and perished. At another time the people were attacked with dysentery with disastrous effects. Children and adults died. The epidemic spread through the villages and whole communities were wiped out. Then followed the terrible scourge of influenza, which spread through the Suhin country and wrought havoc among the inhabitants.

Owing to the remoteness of this station Grubb could not spend much time actually on the spot, but he followed its ups and downs with keen interest. Mails were infrequent; the regular transport of provisions was difficult, and the isolated life of the workers was trying to tempers and to general health. Nevertheless, progress was made.

A sad incident occurred towards the end of 1921. A young Englishman, named Gosling, travelled with several companions to Nanawa, and then proceeded westward towards the Pilcomayo. Whilst encamped about fourteen leagues beyond the Mission Station the youth, contrary to the advice of ex-

perienced men, went off alone to hunt and, like so many others, got lost in the featureless country. When he failed to return a search was made and his tracks followed for a long distance. The trackers reached a place where he had sat down and removed his boots. Here the ground was so hard and dry that no clue to his future movements could be obtained, though several days were spent in anxious search.

As soon as the missionaries heard of the disaster they sent out a large party of Indians, but no trace of the young man could be found. Some considerable time elapsed before his body was discovered, lying apparently where he had fallen exhausted. Great sympathy was felt for his uncle, who was a neighbour and a warm friend of the Mission.

Spiritual results among the Suhins were slowly achieved. It was not till February 1926—ten years from the start—that the first fruits were gathered in, when four men and two women were baptised. Preparations for building the church were begun, and in due time it was completed and dedicated by Bishop Every but as a church its life was soon cut short.

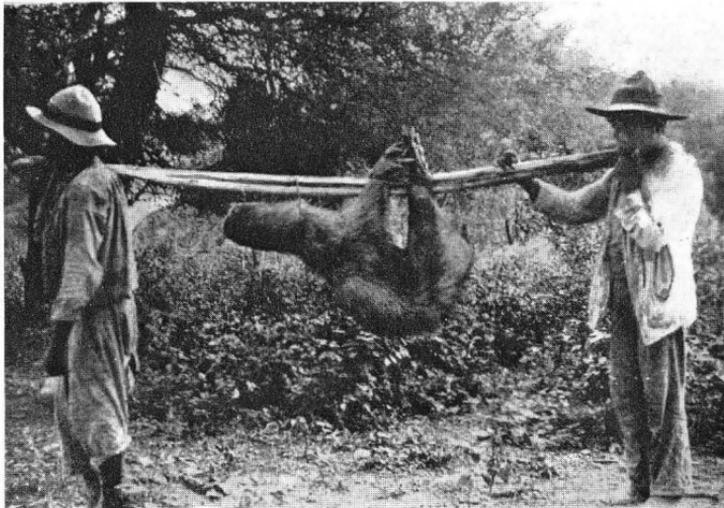
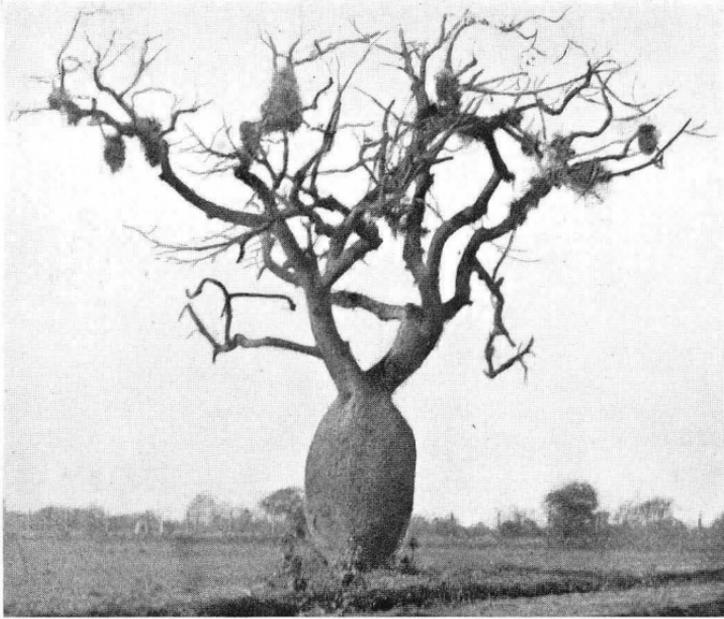
Early in 1925 it was deemed necessary by the Government of Paraguay that for national defence the Chaco must be occupied by a settled military force distributed over the country. Soldiers invaded the wilds and built their blockhouses or *fortines* (i.e., rough shanties like the common dwelling-house of rural districts with a barricade of sorts around it: a building not connoted with the English word *fort* though translated by it). A party of mounted men went as far as Nanawa, which was eventually occupied.

For years Bolivia and Paraguay have disputed the right to the territory known as the Chaco Boreal, which lies between the River Paraguay and its tributary the Pilcomayo. Bolivia built forts at strategic points along the course of the Pilcomayo, and then began to move inland from the river in an easterly direction. It was at this stage that Paraguay took up the challenge and started to build forts to protect its territory.

The little Mission Station of Nanawa so remotely situated became well known to the military authorities, and the 200 miles of rough track along which the humble bullock-carts of the Mission rumbled became the highway for the Paraguayan troops. Eight leagues west of Nanawa was a Bolivian fort,

while the Paraguayans placed another on the Mission Station itself. In December 1928 there was a serious clash between the Bolivian and Paraguayan troops, when both countries broke off diplomatic relations, and war was only prevented by the intervention of the League of Nations. The Pan-American Conference acted as mediator to the satisfaction of both parties. That settled the incident only ; the greater question concerning the sovereignty of the Chaco Boreal, which includes the exact definition of boundaries of the two countries, still remained for consideration and final settlement ; indeed as this is being written fighting is actually in progress over this disputed territory.

Meantime the troops of both countries occupied their respective forts, and tried to endure the heat and mosquitoes, the lack of food and the rough life, with unruffled tempers. Now and again, however, a little incident took place which led in time to serious misunderstandings and the outbreak of hostilities. The Mission Station of Nanawa was eventually closed down by the military authorities. The baptised Christians and faithful adherents followed the missionaries when they were turned out by the soldiers, and have settled down quite happily near the Central Station.



1. YUCHÁN, OR BOTTLE-TRUNK TREE.

This curious tree (*Chorisia insignis*) is known in Argentina as *Palo Borracho* (the drunkard's tree) because of its barrel- or bottle-like appearance. It is often left standing when forests are cleared, partly for its excellent shade, but chiefly for its unusual character. The bark is hard & thorny, the heart is soft & pithy, & can be easily hollowed out to serve either as a cider vat or a dug-out canoe. The tree produces a beautiful lily-like flower, & the seed-pods contain a soft, silky fibre resembling cotton in its boll.

2. CARPINCHO, OR WATER HOG.

This animal (*Hydrochareus capybara*), native to South America, is known locally as *carpincho* or *capibará*. It is the largest of the rodent quadrupeds, & allied to the guinea-pig. They frequent the marshy regions & backwaters of the rivers. The flesh is covered with a thick layer of fat, strong in flavour, but the lean part is not too unpalatable. When Grubb & two white companions were left stranded for ten days without food, a captured *carpincho* made a royal feast. If the picture is reversed the resemblance to a rat is disagreeably obvious.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

Nearing the End of his Travels 1918-1923

Visits the Mataco Mission—Influenza Scourge—Armistice Celebrations—Christmas Spent in Scotland—Lecturing—Hospitality in Post-war Days—South America Again—Last Sojourn in Paraguay—Revisits Algarrobal—Influenza and Pneumonia—His Home at Lasswade—Death of his Wife—Illness of his Daughter and other Troubles.

THE Great War in Europe was drawing to its close. For nearly three years of its duration Grubb had been living among his beloved Lenguas in the Paraguayan Chaco, cheering them in their daily tasks and strengthening them in their religious convictions. Ordinary life and occupation were not much disturbed in those remote wilds during the world upheaval. It was only when contact was made with civilisation that men felt the effect. The missionaries lost many letters coming and going, food supplies and other foreign commodities were scarce and costly, and grants of money from the home base grew more uncertain as the strife continued.

Grubb's residence there during that period was most valuable to the staff. Not only was the existing work maintained, but actually the western mission was re-opened. This latter completed the three required centres of operations, from which could radiate efforts for the evangelisation of the tribes in all directions in the Paraguayan Chaco. It was the coping-stone of the structure resulting from his thirty years' labours.

Leaving the old field in September 1918 he travelled to Argentina in order to pay a visit to the Mataco Mission (see Chap. Twenty-Six) that he had inaugurated three years before.

He found that great advance had been made among the people, and he was greatly impressed with the progress made and with the unusual hopefulness for future success.

He spent a fortnight at the station and went into all the details of the various branches of work, and gave his advice in regard to future developments. The days were getting hot and trying to him, and as he was in none too robust a condition of health he decided against a prolonged stay, especially as he could serve no useful purpose at that time.

I accompanied him to Buenos Aires. Grubb had arranged for the two of us to hold some missionary meetings in and around the city in order to stir up enthusiasm among Church folk, and to obtain more regular financial support for the Mission.

The time, however, proved most inauspicious, for the terrible scourge of influenza, which swept over the world and claimed more victims than the Great War, was beginning to assume serious aspects in Buenos Aires. Public meetings were banned, and even churches and theatres were closed. In a few of the suburbs, however, meetings were held with considerable success and, arising out of these gatherings, groups of Christians and Sunday School scholars were led to adopt and support quite a number of Indian children.

On November 10th, 1918, the day before the Armistice, Grubb sailed for England, and so missed that wonderful wave of excitement that flowed over all classes and for the moment turned the city upside down. Flags and illuminations were visible everywhere, bands were playing in all public places, processions thronged the streets. Allies and rivals seemed glad that the dreadful contest was over.

Grubb reached home in good time to spend Christmas with his wife and family, but the journey was neither quick nor pleasant. The steamer by which he travelled did not follow a straight course, but adhered to the zig-zag, roundabout way, common to those dreadful war days. Passengers on that voyage saw some of the most terrible sights imaginable in the great cities ravaged with influenza. Victims were so numerous that ordinary decorous burial was out of the question; coffins were used again and again, and special graves were unobtainable.

No outstanding incident or unusual event marked the sixteen months of his stay in the home land. On June 16th, 1919, he lectured before the Royal Geographical Society, when

his work as pioneer in opening up the "unknown land" of the Gran Chaco was publicly recognised, and he was elected an Honorary Fellow of the Society.

He also attended certain meetings in town and country. In the early post-war days and for some time afterwards, lecturing tours were not easy to arrange, and hospitality for the lecturers was still more difficult to secure. Rationing was still in vogue. Mistresses accustomed to several maids had to be content with one, and in some cases do most of the work themselves. Three old friends, supporters of the Society, were so impoverished that they pooled all their remaining funds and lived together, and among them could just support a maid, and yet at times entertain a missionary. To such one raises one's hat in gratitude and respect.

In deputation work the itinerant preacher is privileged to enter the sanctuary of many homes and share for the time being the lives and interests of some of the sweetest and noblest of God's servants. Those who open their homes to welcome the returned missionary are some of the most delightful of people, who consider no inconvenience too great, no sacrifice sufficient for the one they delight to honour, because of their long service, and probable severe privation in the forefront of the battle. Many a vicar's wife, finding life a real struggle to make ends meet, never hints by word or look what it cost her to make her guest comfortable; and yet, if anyone takes the trouble to think, he must realise that hospitality costs the house-keeper something more than extra work and washing. Some hostesses insist on supplying the "preacher's egg" or its equivalent at tea time. For form's sake, something special has to be secured.

As Grubb visited his supporters and well-wishers he was well received, welcomed for his own sake and the work he had done, and also for the delightful yarns he used to spin around the fire on winter evenings when the meetings were over. One delightful old lady kept a box of cigars in a corner for his special benefit, and in order that he might enjoy them invited her brother to come and spend the evening with him. There was no doubt about his powers of entertaining, he could talk on many subjects and hold the interest of his hearers till the small hours of the morning.

He made many real friends on these short visits, and he did not forget them in their time of sorrow and bereavement. To one he wrote : " I know this Christmas will not be as of old to you, and you know that I can sympathise with you, nevertheless, we must do our best to brighten other lives, and prove that Christianity is not a mournful and hopeless faith, but a living power, full of joy and certain hope."

On March 31st, 1920, Grubb sailed once more for South America. This proved to be his final tour of the country he had opened up to civilisation, and his last visit to the Indians he had discovered and loved so well.

He was not in the best of health, and on arrival in Buenos Aires grew quite ill. A brief holiday was spent in the hill country of Córdoba, but when he left for Paraguay in June he was by no means fully recovered. To his sister-in-law he wrote from Makthlawaiya under date of June 20th, 1920 :—

" I got here on Friday to find sickness among the cattle, bad roads, horse-sickness, inconveniences everywhere, malaria rampant and hook-worm prevalent. But I am pleased to note the sincere tone existing among the Indians. They are grasping the mysteries of life better. The Suhin Indians are beginning to learn and are advancing nicely, quite a moral change from the past. The Sanapanas too are very hopeful. I wish we had some good new fellows coming on, but we have not, and all the work comes upon the old fellows who are getting worn out. Nason is well ; he is a terrible fellow, he has twelve cats and they follow him everywhere."

To the same lady he wrote on July 5th, 1920 :—

" I have been off for a journey overland to the north to settle questions concerning the Sanapanas. I was soaked through three nights, baked by the sun and short of food, but still I got through it and am not much the worse really. I am fairly tough even yet, but I know I cannot do it for long."

During the month of October, when the summer sun is hot and the tropical rains abundant, he went out to the western station of Nanawa and saw the work going on among the Suhin and Towothli, but he did not make a prolonged stay. Christmas he spent with his old friends at Makthlawaiya, giving them a short, forceful address on Christmas morning, and then

adding to their enjoyment by his cheery enthusiasm at the annual feast and games.

As the year was closing on December 29th, 1920, he wrote to his sister-in-law: "It is quite clear to me that I cannot go on much longer out here. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. I shall soon be fifty-six, and thirty-one years in the Chaco, knocked about as I have been, is pretty good. I may make one more short trip out, but that is all I shall be able to do. I am all right, but this hot sun is too much for me. For weeks I have just lain down on the top of the bed—too hot to get inside; you know what it is like."

Nevertheless, he continued there till the end of June, completing a full year in quiet service and aiding the workers by his enthusiasm and valuable advice. A special service of farewell was held before his departure, and Grubb, with more than his usual quiet force, spoke to the people, who, though naturally undemonstrative, were greatly moved by his appeal and the thought of the long years of service and sacrifice on their behalf, which they realised were fast drawing to a close.

Leaving the Lenguas of Makthlawaiya, he next visited the Matacos of Algarrobal in the Argentine Chaco. He was accompanied by Bishop Every, and arrived at the station on July 26th, 1921. His visit was quite short, about two weeks. Plans for the future were discussed; among other things the question of the land, and that of bringing gentle pressure to bear upon some of the adherents in regard to baptism. Resulting from this conference with some of the advanced natives, several showed their entire willingness to come forward and be prepared for baptism, and that started the movement which ended so happily in later years.

While at Algarrobal Grubb suffered occasionally from attacks of malarial fever, and his ill-health in general was a source of anxiety to his colleagues. On his way to Buenos Aires by train he added influenza to his other ills, but steadily refused to give in. Indeed, characteristically, ill as he was, he actually took part in a public meeting in the city.

He then returned to his room in the hotel where he remained for the moment unvisited and poorly attended. His friend, Canon Morrey Jones, however, missing him, looked him up, and found him dangerously ill. Without delay he was taken to

the British Hospital. Upon examination the doctors realised that he was suffering not only from influenza, but also with double pneumonia. It was a day only to the crisis. What must it have meant for him to be going about in that condition!

It was the middle of August when he entered the hospital. For over a month he continued in a very grave condition. His friends almost despaired of his recovery. In course of time, however, his marvellous constitution reasserted itself and he began to regain strength.

When he had recovered sufficiently to travel, he took steamer for home. A young relative, Willie Reynolds, accompanied him. Though improved by the journey, Grubb was still desperately weak when he arrived in England in October 1921. Thus, for the last time the broken pioneer returned from his wanderings in the Chaco wilds.

For some years prior to his break-up, Grubb had been looking forward to a period of retirement at home, and to the enjoyment of the society of his wife and family. He had been betrothed for twelve years, and scarcely saw his fiancée during that period. The twenty years of married life had been marked by long periods of separation. For three happy years, following their marriage, the two had been together at the River and Pass stations. Then came a break of two years, during which time their daughter was born. Wife and daughter came out and spent three years at the Colony, at the Pass and at Makthlawaiya. The husband and wife then, in 1909, left together for England.

It was at this epoch that Grubb decided on the forward movement to Argentina and Bolivia. Mrs. Grubb was in very poor health and she had a young child to care for, so Grubb felt it would be wiser for her to remain at home while he continued for a spell his wanderings in the wilds.

His mother was still alive and active in 1910, residing in Edinburgh with her son, Alfred, and two daughters. Grubb, naturally, surveyed first of all the environs of Edinburgh for a suitable house. After a prolonged search he found what he wanted in Lasswade, a village on the Esk, in the vicinity of Roslin Castle. It is surrounded by beautiful woodland scenery, in view of the Pentland Hills, and it is only a few miles from Edinburgh.

Sir Walter Scott, in his day, had a house in the village, and it is recorded that he spent some of the happiest summers of his life in the district, which he thus describes :—

“ Sweet are the paths, oh passing sweet,
By Esk’s fair streams that run,
O’er airy steep, through copsewood deep,
Impervious to the sun.”

Lasswade was also the birthplace of Mrs. Oliphant, the authoress.

For many years the place has been noted for its paper mills, and one of these lies directly in front of the house of Grubb’s purchase, its tall shaft marking the immediate landscape and appearing almost dangerous in case of collapse.

Known as Springbank Lodge, the house is a solid stone building, small and narrow, and decidedly cold in winter. It contains some fine oak carving. The staircase, it is claimed, belonged to Mary of Guise, mother of Mary Queen of Scots. In the dining-room was held one of the final meetings before the Disruption. Grubb loved to talk about these historical associations of the house.

The house lies at the foot of a sharp rise and the grounds, which are comparatively extensive, are reached only by climbing. To cut a cabbage, gather gooseberries, collect apples, attend to the flowers, feed the hens in the run, or talk to the goat on the grassy slope, demands in every case an expenditure of energy that is not good for heart-patients. There is also on the property a valuable spring of water, which still does service to the village folk. Coal, too, abounds in the district, and some of it obtrudes to the surface in the hillside garden. During the great coal strike Grubb’s faithful henchman went to the outcrop in the garden and, with great delight, collected a bucketful of quite useful fuel and brought it to the kitchen. Trees surrounded the grounds, and some of these were soon felled, which served the double purpose of keeping the pioneer’s chopping hand in practice and helped to keep the house warm in winter.

The house stands behind a wall that protects it from the dust of passing traffic. It has a door let into the wall and a bell attached. Soon after taking the house the boys of the village

extracted a good deal of fun from ringing the bell and running away.

In order to get even with them Grubb purchased a hideous mask with black side-whiskers. Then hiding behind the wall he waited the coming of the rascals, and on their arrival suddenly appeared above the wall and shouted at them from behind the masked face. His friend, Nason, was at the same time concealed on the roof of the bicycle shed armed with a huge garden syringe ready for action, and at the moment when the boys were startled by the ugly mask, suddenly squirted water at them, and in this double way discomfited them. Both Grubb and Nason secured as much fun as the boys out of the adventure.

The local policeman requested householders to report to him the arrival of any beggars asking for help, because the village was being pestered by them. One morning quite a big family of them arrived and asked for help. Grubb saw them and told them frankly that the policeman was on the lookout for mendicants and wanted people to report their presence. He asked them if they were really hungry, and if so he would give them food and let them go. They replied that they were.

He got some bread cut very thick and plastered with jam—a really big supply. The beggars thanked Grubb for the bread and were on the point of moving off. But he got between them and the gate, and told them to sit down and eat it all up before they departed, and if they wanted more he would gladly give them more to satisfy their hunger. They tried to escape, but the wary old campaigner kept his eye on them and inwardly chuckled at their frantic attempts to dispose of the food. They were not really hungry, but he stood over them and compelled them to eat every scrap, and threatened to hand them over to the police as frauds if they failed to eat the bread. His method succeeded, and evidently his treatment was made known to the begging fraternity, for he was less frequently annoyed in the months that followed.

Here is another story of those early days.

Grubb was not good at recognising people. Coming from the station on one occasion he saw, as he approached the house, a lady ringing the bell. Moving slowly in order to give the visitor time to enter the house, he then followed and

quietly went to the back door and made judicious inquiries of the maid as to the identity of the unrecognised visitor. He was smilingly informed it was his wife, who had donned a new dress!

The house had now been in his possession for more than ten years, and at odd times during his previous furloughs he had stamped the place with the marks of his own character. His devoted admirer, Nason, had collected from many sales suitable pieces of furniture and had helped Grubb to build a two-storey addition to the house at the back of the dining-room, and several other "excrescences" reminiscent of the palmy days at the Pass Station. The garden, long-neglected, was cultivated, and, in order to give a little Chaco atmosphere to the estate, hens were introduced and also a goat to graze among the tufts of grass.

He considered it worth while to learn to ride an ordinary bicycle, as he wanted to visit the beauty spots and picturesque villages of the vicinity. In the process of acquiring the art of cycling, he set out one day for the village of Dalkeith, and was descending the hill rather rapidly and wobbling from side to side of the road in a very uncertain manner, when a lady of advanced years was climbing slowly upwards with an equally vacillating motion. "Don't come near me, I am learning," shouted the climber in a frightened voice. "So am I," came the doubtful reassurance from the calm but unsteady rider as he passed her swiftly by.

Grubb arrived from South America in October. This month in Scotland is often characterised by beautiful weather. He settled down, therefore, in his house to rest, and hoping to see more of his wife and family. Of his seventeen-year-old daughter he had seen but little, and the younger girl was almost a stranger to him.

Gradually he had collected a number of books for reading. His house was filled with Indian curios and skins of animals. There was room in the garden to roam and occupy himself. He intended to take a few meetings when he felt fit. But now at last he could do some of the things that were impossible in the lonely jungle. His real holiday could now begin.

Although he had seen but little of his house and surroundings, he liked them, and expected to get rest and enjoyment

from them in his retirement. Scarcely had the wanderer, so often wounded in life's struggles, now crippled in movement and ruined in health, settled down to home life, however, when a yet greater blow fell, to be followed in quick succession by trial after trial.

Just after the Christmas festivities, on the last day of the year, his wife contracted a severe chill, which brought about again her old heart troubles, and with little warning on January 9th, 1922, she passed away.

A blow like this is hard even when the husband is in robust health, but it is doubly hard in times of sickness; even in the years of comparative youth, when the arm is strong, the blood warm, and the heart brave, there appears to be no consolation for the loss of the wife of one's youth. The sorrow was, indeed, great to the crushed, tired missionary, but for him there was strength and comfort in God although days of darkness were his lot.

“ Who followeth Me shall walk in darkness never,
The light of life shall brighten all his way :
Nor things of time, nor things to come, shall sever
From Him they love the children of the day.”

He never paraded his private feelings nor moaned aloud his bereavement, but his sighs were real and his love profound though silent and unspoken. The curtain is drawn aside for a moment in a letter written two years later (January 1924) to his wife's sister :—

“ This is a sad time of remembrance for us as you know, but we know that she is happy, and it was her wish that we should not mourn, but be as she desired happy too. So we got the house decorated, gave two parties, and brightened things up as much as possible as I know she would wish.”

The troubles of the year 1922 fell thick and fast upon him. In February, Mollie, his younger daughter, grew very ill, suffering from a sort of shock, the result of her mother's death. Her illness continued for some time. In March his eldest sister left her church work and many interests in Edinburgh and came to live at Lasswade to render her brother what aid she could at this critical period, but she in turn got very ill and died on June 8th. In the meantime his elder daughter, Bertha,

followed in the wake of the others, and added anxiety to the household by falling ill.

But, with the summer, came a change for the better for Grubb and his two girls. He himself steadily improved in health in spite of the shocks and the anxieties he had endured.

In the autumn he took his daughters on a prolonged visit to the Bridges' home at Hillside, Bidborough, Kent, where they spent several months. His mother-in-law was in failing health and she continued to grow worse as the year advanced, but the end came rather unexpectedly: she passed into unconsciousness, and the next day, December 28th, 1922, entered the presence of the Master she had served so well among the Yahgans and Onas of Tierra del Fuego.

Grubb and his daughters returned home to Lasswade in March 1923. In July he attended the Society's Summer School at High Leigh, once more improved in health and keen on missionary work. To Miss Bridges he wrote in May about the Amazon and its possibilities: "The Americans are having a crusade here to raise men and money to open up the Amazon for Missions, and they will make a special effort at Keswick this year. So the Amazon Valley, my old dream, may yet be evangelised, but not by me."

Soon after this, in August 1923, fresh arrangements were made in the Lasswade home in order that his daughters might have companionship in the house, and he be free to move about and undertake missionary lectures and other duties. He asked his brother, Alfred, already pensioned from the Civil Service and living in Edinburgh, to come with his family and live with him in the country.

In addition to his wife and two boys, his brother's family consisted of their younger sister, and Mrs. Byatt, his wife's mother, who died there in the following year.

They remained at Lasswade until July 1926, when tiring of rural life they returned to Edinburgh, which was, among other things, much more convenient for the education of the boys and far more congenial to a man who had spent all his life from childhood in a city. Less than three years later, in December 1928, after some months of illness, he died, leaving another gap in the broken family group.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

Last Links in a Noble Chain 1923-1930

Chaco Trust Deed—Bolivia Calling—Religious Views—Summer at Lasswade—Incidents During his Stay at 20 John Street—Motor Trip to Cambridge—Returns Sick from Ireland—A Prisoner in the House—Tries the Air of Weston-super-Mare—Inauguration of the Bolivian Mission—More Meetings—Advance to the River Pilcomayo—Keen Interest in the Tobas—One of 3,000 Delegates at York Minster.

BARBROOKE GRUBB was now approaching sixty, prematurely aged with privations and exposure, weakened with unusual sufferings and illnesses, his heart permanently affected by constant malarial attacks and strain of one kind or another. But now, in 1923, somewhat improved in general health, and having made satisfactory arrangements for the carrying on of his home while away, he was anxious to get on with the work once more. To his sister-in-law he wrote, on November 1st, 1923: "I am now on a lecturing tour for the S.A.M.S. . . . Bolivia has made us an official offer to enter and occupy their Chaco. I am keen to take it up and go myself and begin it. . . . The great 'Trust Deed' is at last signed."

Writing to her again under date of December 3rd, 1923, he said: "I have put in six weeks' work for the S.A.M.S., preaching in a few churches as well as taking meetings. At the end of this week I go to Carlisle to join the Oxford University party, who are holding special services there; they pressed me very strongly to join their party, so I consented to give them a few days' help.

"I have been at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, as also the College of St. Aidan's, near Liverpool, lecturing and trying to get new men to enable us to start missions in Bolivia and Brazil.

“ I think I have already told you that the Chaco Trust Deed has been completed and signed, and thus has been completed one of my best efforts. The future of the Chaco is now placed on a solid basis, and the faith to be taught secured on the good old lines. The future now depends upon succeeding new men having the grit and courage to put it through.

“ Difficulties, however, are ahead. We have succeeded only too well. The prophecy of the English Consul General, made thirty years ago, has come true. We have founded a new province and made history. The Chaco is opening up fast; Bolivia and Paraguay are at grips over the frontier question. The little Mission is now of vast importance. The Bolivian Government have officially requested us to begin work aided by them in that Republic.

“ Great American Companies, of world-wide fame, have their eyes on the Chaco, and secrets which have been well kept for years are now being discovered. Oil wealth is now attracting attention. The Italian Ambassador and his party have actually paid a visit of courtesy to our Missions. There are difficult times ahead of us and the Mission will require wise leaders. I do hope that I shall be successful in obtaining them, because I myself am now past doing much more.”

Bolivian officials, residing at the frontier forts, came in contact with the missionaries, and saw with their own eyes the great work that had been done in the wilds, changing the savages into civilised members of the community, and making the country safe for occupation. They not only recognised the value of missionary work, but urged the missionaries to undertake similar work in their own territory, so that the wild tribes might be brought under control and the district colonised. The Government was prepared to welcome any attempt to establish a station and would render every possible assistance. Frontier troubles between Paraguay and Bolivia made advance impossible in the immediate neighbourhood of stations already established and, in fact, not only checked the work of extension but stopped activities already in operation.

The Chaco Trust Deed had reference to the Indian Co-operative Society mentioned in Chapter Twenty-Two. It was the final effort of a series made to establish means for

improving the temporal welfare of the Chaco Indians. Land for the Indians had been secured in various parts of the Chaco. A strong cattle farm was running for their benefit, and, arising from it, numbers of natives were employed in various industries, with the result that the people themselves were better off, and the Mission was being relieved of all the secular details of the great enterprise.

This had been obtained by hard fighting and strenuous endeavours covering many years, and Grubb felt that what had been so hardly won must not be lost through carelessness or default. It was found that a legal trust was essential for future security, so that the Indians could not be deprived of their social and religious privileges. In a letter Grubb wrote he said: "Societies change; committees change; missionaries change; the I.C.S. was founded by us for the benefit of the permanent security of the Indians, and I am going to take no risks."

He wanted the resources of the I.C.S. to be utilised for the direct advantage of the Indians, so long as the Mission continued, and in case of the South American Missionary Society handing over its Mission to another Society, he wanted his Indians to be assured of the same kind of evangelical teaching to which they had been instructed. These were secured when "the great Trust Deed was signed."

Grubb was, at all times, kindly disposed to men and women whatever their political or religious views; but both in his private and public capacity he stood fairly and squarely on the old evangelical platform of his childhood, absolutely loyal to the Anglican Church, yet in policy with definite leanings towards Presbyterianism.

When the Trust Deed was signed and sealed he felt that both the Indian Church and people would be safe in sound doctrine and secure in temporal advantages.

Grubb wrote at that time: "I was examined the other day and was condemned. I see a specialist to-morrow in Harley Street, my heart is reported to have gone bang; I may never be able to return. It is possible I may not be able to work for long, but I feel sure I can make the I.C.S. safe before I stop, and upon you will rest the responsibility of maintaining it. Never give away an inch of ground. The main point is we

must stand by the Bible and the old faith of the saints ; trifling with it leads to disaster."

In the beginning of the year 1924 Grubb continued to hold various meetings for the Society. During February he took part in a United Missionary Campaign in Ireland. In May he was once more at the Society's Conference at High Leigh, where he was greatly appreciated.

About this time his daughters, Bertha and Mollie, were prepared for Confirmation by the Rev. Alan Ewbank and, later, were confirmed by Bishop Ryle of Winchester, at that time Dean of Westminster, in St. John's Church, Westminster.

The summer months were spent in his Scottish home at Lasswade, entertaining his friends and relations, and, in particular, welcoming any of his missionary colleagues who were home on furlough. In this way he kept himself well informed of all that was going on among the Indians, for whom he had laboured and suffered so much.

He also had as guests the organising secretaries and others who had to plead the cause of the South American Indians, and during their stay gave them a course of instruction at "the Scottish University for the dissemination of knowledge regarding the wild tribes of South America." Several secretaries took advantage of his cordial hospitality, and spent a delightful and profitable time listening to the yarns and experiences of the old explorer.

In September 1924 he travelled south with his daughters in order to attend the wedding of a relative. Then for a few weeks he made his home at the headquarters of the Society—20 John Street. This gave his daughters an opportunity of visiting friends in the suburbs, and of seeing something of London life. It also enabled him to get better acquainted with the Reverend Bertram Jones, recently appointed General Secretary of the Society, and to discuss with him plans for pushing forward missionary work in South America. Some of the Secretary's impressions and reminiscences are incorporated in the present chapter.

In regard to the wedding, which was to take place at St.

Margaret's, Westminster, there arose a great discussion between the missionary and Secretary, as to what was to be worn on that occasion. Top hats were *de rigueur*, and the two spent some time in trying on silk hats of various vintages at the Office. The great pioneer was, with difficulty, persuaded not to wear a bowler hat, while carrying the more dignified head-gear in his hand.

At the S.A.M.S. House Grubb was always a welcome visitor, not only honoured and respected by the staff, but loved as few men can have been, not because he was a great missionary, but because he was so delightfully human. To the house-keeper he was the paragon of all virtues, the great example to all men. Rebuking a young missionary, who was inclined to demand more than the customary attention and privileges, she said, "Mr. Grubb would not do that and you are not going to do it."

Whenever he was staying at 20 John Street, the old house rang with laughter and shook with pleasant fun. A gramophone arrived for despatch to one of the Mission stations, and was temporarily deposited on the table in the Committee Room, where grave questions are discussed and serious matters decided. A record was switched on, and while the strains of one of Harry Lauder's catchy songs filled the room the pictures of the Society's great men lining the walls looked down upon one, whose portrait was, later, to occupy a post of honour amongst them, briskly dancing round the table in accompaniment, full of glee and sunshine, infecting the whole staff.

He described the Society's House as being truly Catholic. On the ground floor were files, the printing press and sundry office accessories, so that department was considered as belonging to the "modernist school of thought." On the first floor, the secretary interviewed many people and wrote many letters to persons of different rank in all parts of the world: this section of the house was described as "The Broad Church." On the top floor at the back was a room which Grubb himself occupied, and which served as bedroom by night and dining and reception room by day, where he thought out his ideas and discussed his plans for the Mission. There he smoked his Chaco Indian pipe with its long stem. This place he called the "High Church incense department."

He lived in no state of luxury while in London. A very simple breakfast served in that upper room, with a spare cup of tea for the Secretary when he came to the office at 10 a.m., marked the beginning of his day. He was never idle; his great brain seemed to work all the time.

To the members of the office staff his powers of dictation seemed very wonderful. He never hesitated for a word, and when the shorthand notes were transcribed, there were but few mistakes to correct. When the expedition to Bolivia was being planned, he worked out the route without a note in front of him, difficulties and obstacles were all detailed, so that those who listened to him could picture in vivid clearness the route over which the missionaries were to travel.

In matters of finance he had his own peculiar methods which followed no accepted rules of book-keeping, but the results were always correct. In money matters he was truly Scottish and used to say, "We Scots are a careful folk." He was certainly careful where he himself was concerned, but he was careful only to be generous where others were involved.

From 1924 onward to the end of his active life the Secretary of the Society was much in his company, and as they went to many meetings together, they had many little friendly arguments about paying for meals.

On one occasion the two were together at a Lyons' Café and, in their friendly rivalry to pay, they managed to tear the bill in half, but the Secretary won and paid. He then noticed that Grubb fumbled in his pockets and transferred some coins from one pocket to another. It transpired that he had seen the bill and had removed the amount he would have paid for the lunch in order that he might put it to his Chaco Indian Evangelists' Fund.

This subject was very close to his heart. When the end was approaching and the Society's accountant was sounding him as to what fund he considered to be most vital, with a view to making that a memorial fund to his memory, he without any hesitation answered, "The Chaco Indian Evangelists' Fund." The two of them discussed the possibility of raising a capital account for that object, and Grubb brought tears to the eyes of the accountant by suggesting that if he lived a few

months longer he would have a nice little sum saved to commence the fund on a new basis.

That was always his way in finance, his one thought was of others. When the Secretary went to see him at Lasswade during his serious last illness, and was saying good-bye—for the last time—before he caught the night train for London, Grubb suddenly called to his daughter and said, "Betty, go downstairs and bring a couple of those twopenny deathtraps for Mr. Bertram Jones." She came back with two cigars in a box, and Grubb said, "Here you are, you will need them on the long journey home."

Early in October Grubb attended the Annual Sale of Work for the Society, a function which demands a great deal of preparation, and results in a good sum of money. It also gives an opportunity for friends and supporters from far and wide to come together to renew acquaintance and cheer each other on. A little later in the month he spent a delightful time at Cambridge in company with the Rev. Bertram Jones and the Rev. R. A. Bevis from Paraguay. The visit was undertaken to interest undergraduates in the Indians of South America, and to try and secure a few men of education and refinement as leaders for the promising fields of work opening out, especially Bolivia.

He travelled from London to Cambridge by car, driven by the Secretary of the Society, who describes Grubb as one of the best fellow-travellers he has ever had. He writes: "On this journey to Cambridge by car, the two of us struck a fog. Grubb seemed to enjoy every minute of the journey. We dined at Ware, and, after missing the road and getting into a farmyard we followed a car which seemed to know its way. Up hill and down dale we went, till suddenly the leading car stopped at the end of a private drive, in front of a mansion. The driver of the front car jumped out and seeing the other motor that had followed them, said to the occupants, 'Hullo! where did you fellows come from?' Grubb promptly replied, 'From South America.' Escorted to the main road once more we followed this time a car full of undergraduates, which safely piloted us to Cambridge.

"On the return journey it rained in torrents. The car was pulled up by a policeman near Royston with the request,

‘Could you give a lift to a couple of motor cyclists?’ A young man and a maiden tumbled into the back seat. Grubb talked to them and discovered that the girl was due home at 10 p.m., and that if she arrived late there would be trouble at home. It was a foul night, the windscreen wiper had ceased to work, the car lights were dim, but Grubb continued to urge me to speed up and save the situation—and so some country maiden, whose name was never told, escaped the reproof of an anxious mother or the blame of an angry father, thanks to the help of a great missionary of whose identity she was never aware.”

In November Grubb crossed over to Ireland for meetings in Belfast and the surrounding districts. He preached in the Cathedral and in several of the churches, besides addressing many large and successful gatherings. At the conclusion of his northern tour he paid a short visit to Dublin, where he also held meetings.

This deputation tour proved too much for his health. The constant exposure to the cold and wet, and travel in draughty trains after the strain of speaking and the warmth of crowded halls, brought on a severe chill, and he returned home to Scotland a sick man once more, and many weary months passed before he could appear again on a missionary platform.

Early in 1925, soon after my return from South America, I paid a visit to the pioneer in his home, and reported on the general work of the existing missions, and the prospects and possibilities for starting operations in Bolivia. I found my old friend very unwell, but still indomitable in spirit, and full of enthusiasm for every branch of the work. He was especially keen in regard to the proposed advance to Bolivia. He was very sensitive to the cold weather then prevailing, and his legs were somewhat infirm, yet, whenever it was feasible he insisted on taking a short stroll in the garden, painfully mounting the steps and climbing the path that led to the highest point of the grounds.

The Chaco and its future was then, as always, the main topic of his conversation and the central thought of his mind. To quote from a letter of that date he said:—

“Changes are coming over the old Chaco. The eastern part is now in the military occupation of the Paraguayans, and the western part is held by Bolivia. So far the military and the Government treat us with great respect, and have given us no cause to complain. The country, however, is filling up and becoming settled and, naturally, new problems and difficulties will soon arise. It is no longer the old Chaco. We have opened, it is true, a new province, but our old happy no man’s land is gone. There will soon be no place to go in the world that is not crowded out and subject to new conditions.”

He continued more or less unwell until July, when there came a decided improvement in his health, which lasted through the summer months. In October, following medical advice, he went with his daughters to Weston-super-Mare to spend the winter there and avoid the cold east winds of Scotland. He spent some months at this pleasant seaside resort, but was not too happy away from his own home and surroundings, and, as a matter of fact, he made very little progress physically. It was situated, however, nearer to London than his distant home, and many of his friends visited him during that period, including missionaries home on furlough, which kept him in close touch with the various fields of work and cheered him in those days of enforced inactivity. To a friend he wrote :—

“There is nothing seriously wrong with me, although my present trouble is very annoying, painful at times, and awkward; it is really climatic, and is owing a great deal to my weakened state following my late serious illness. The doctor here states that I am perfectly free from my late troubles and really quite robust, but that following my illness I should have spent the winter at some such place as the Canaries, and that I have myself to blame for having remained in England. The doctors in Edinburgh told me the same thing, but I chose to remain here and take the risk because I wanted to be within reach of London. My desire was to see the Bolivian Mission fairly launched.”

The opening days of 1926 found Grubb and his daughters still at Weston where he continued to entertain his missionary

friends, sometimes for several weeks at a time. One young missionary from Paraguay helped him considerably by typing his correspondence; and all and sundry rubbed him with oil and assisted him into his clothes, for at times he was so stiff and cramped that he could do little without help.

One of his first visitors in the New Year was his namesake, but not a relative—Mr. Henry C. Grubb, who for several years had been labouring among the Matacos of the Western Chaco. In the winter months of the previous year he had been selected by his colleagues to lead a preliminary expedition to Bolivia, to make inquiries about the natives and to choose a likely district for starting operations. He had now returned home to report to the Committee the prospects of work there, and to consult with the missionary experts in England in regard to the location and mode of procedure of the projected Mission.

Knowing the district and conditions prevailing in the Bolivian Chaco from his long experience and extensive travels, the veteran pioneer entered fully into the subject and discussed it with his colleagues. After a conference with the Chairman and the Secretary of the Society the proposal was, on February 10th, 1926, formally presented to the Committee. It was then decided to commence this Mission, and Mr. Henry Grubb was appointed its leader. He sailed for South America in May. When he arrived at Algarrobal, the headquarters of the Mataco Mission, preparations were set on foot, which were completed by July, when the start was made. After some adventures and delays the Mission Party reached the Izozog country of Bolivia in September, and began to lay the foundations of the work.

A small station was raised at a native village called Aguarai-gua in the Izozog district, some thirty leagues from the little town of Charagua. The Indians, who speak a dialect of the widespread Guaraní tongue, are known as Tapui. Having seen something of the advantages of civilisation the young people were keen to learn reading and writing, and the school, in consequence, became an instant success.

As soon as the knowledge of the language would permit, religious services were held. These, curiously enough, were well-attended by the women, but unappreciated by the men, who are addicted to drink and unwilling to change their ways.

In spite of these drawbacks, both men and women grew interested and responded to the Gospel appeal and, after several years' work some of them were duly instructed and baptised.

Meantime from the political side there were other unfortunate setbacks to the work. Through the machinations of a settler the missionaries were denounced as spies and political agents. Their leader was compelled to leave the country for a time, but was eventually reinstated and the work steadily advanced, the school increased in numbers, and a scheme was evolved which brought the whole district under definite evangelisation. The political differences and boundary disputes between Bolivia and Paraguay, which led to a conflict between the military forces, brought trouble and loss to the Mission, and seriously hampered the movements of the missionaries, who dared not venture far afield for fear of being accused of travelling in the disputed area.

With marvellous keenness the veteran campaigner watched the commencement and development of the enterprise, which he himself was so desirous of inaugurating; and as far as possible he kept the home fires of interest burning brightly. His health improved in the summer, and in October he visited London on the Society's business, but the doctor would not allow him to resume lecturing tours. He, therefore, settled down for the autumn and winter months by his own fireside at Lasswade, and was able to read many books, a luxury he had not enjoyed for years.

The year 1927 was, on the whole, satisfactorily passed. With the spring came a definite renewal of health and vigour, which enabled him in May to appear before the London Committee of the Society, and discuss important matters relative to the Chaco Missions, including a proposed extension of the work.

Then he crossed over once more to Ireland, and on May 18th took part in the Annual Meeting of the Society in Dublin, speaking to a crowded and enthusiastic audience. Before returning, he also addressed other meetings in the vicinity.

He seems to have retained his improved condition of health and strength through the summer months, for once again in

October we find him attending and speaking at a big sale of work at Blackheath.

His chief interest this year centred in watching and encouraging a new effort started on the River Pilcomayo, an offshoot from the Mission to the Matacos at Algarrobal (Chap. Twenty-Six). He raised money for the venture and out of his own pocket provided the salary of the native evangelist.

In 1912, Barbroke Grubb and his companions had undertaken various excursions along the Rivers Bermejo and Pilcomayo to select suitable sites for future Mission stations when men and means were forthcoming. One such site chosen was on the Pilcomayo, a little south of the tropic line. At that time there were at least 3,000 Indians in the district, and a kind of friendly meeting-place of four tribes. The outbreak of the war, followed later by adverse circumstances and the paucity of men and money, prevented Grubb from occupying the district as a Mission station. Meanwhile several Americans and others settled in the neighbourhood and began to develop the place commercially and industrially.

In November 1921 the great Mataco chieftain, Salteño, died. He was one of the old-fashioned, primitive rulers of the Indians, wielding considerable influence and universally respected. Irregularities followed his death. These demanded military interference, and many of the villages were vacated and the people scattered in all directions; some fled to the Mission Station and remained, while others after a time returned to their old haunts. Though unable to settle among them the missionaries through the years kept in touch with these Pilcomayo people, some of whom were living in isolated villages, while the two main groups occupied the Government reservations, situated on either side of the American colonists.

Towards the close of 1925 the Indians of the district approached the Americans requesting them for a teacher. They in turn appealed to the missionaries and offered land sufficient for the purpose adjacent to the Indian Reservation, if the Mission could commence a station there. Two years later, on All Saints' Day 1927, a start was made under the leadership of Mr. Colin Smith, accompanied by Mr. W. A. Leake and a native evangelist. Missionary work in all its active forms—medical, educational, industrial and evangelistic—was begun

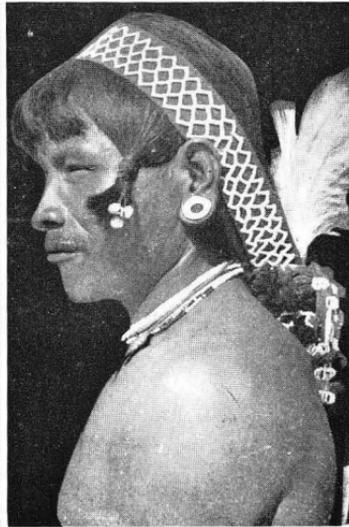
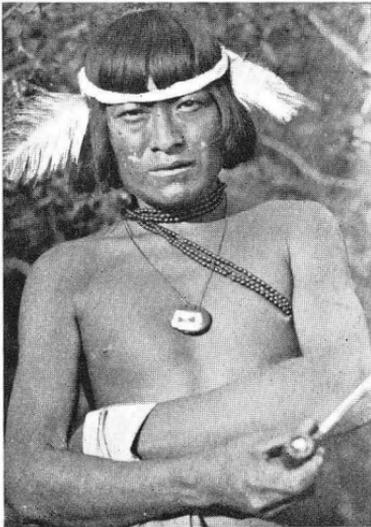
at once and gathered strength as the months rolled on, every step being marked by success.

From his house at Lasswade the old Chaqueño (as Chaco residents are called) watched events and grew fascinated as he learned of the visit of the Tobas. Early in June 1928, six months after the work was initiated, some Tobas living about fifty miles downstream, visited the Mataco Mission, preferring a request that a like enterprise might be started among them, as the chief and older men realised that the future of their children depended upon them getting education while yet young.

It was explained to them that the present work was for the benefit of the Matacos of the district and it was not possible for the moment to entertain the idea of a fresh effort in another district and among people of another tribe, which naturally implied the learning of another language. They responded by saying that they would like to leave several of their young men behind for schooling.

Several weeks later the great chief of the Tobas, accompanied by fourteen lesser chiefs and nearly 200 followers—representing the whole nation of the Tobas—arrived and formally made their request for a mission to be started among their people. The appeal reached England, and in due time a Mission to this interesting tribe was established.

Grubb was very enthusiastic at the news and strove by correspondence and conversation to enlist sympathy and financial aid for his friends the Tobas. To the men in the field he wrote: "I congratulate you all on the interesting fact that the Pilcomayo Mission has got into, what appears to be, permanent contact with the Tobas. Colin Smith's report was most interesting and I firmly believe will develop into another great landmark in our Mission's history. I think you should all be encouraged and take it as a sign of God's favour and this, even if circumstances and want of men and means make our conquest of this tribe a failure. I think we can take it that God has approved of our work as a staff and that he has offered us the Tobas as a reward. We have long been drawn to them, and they seem to have been in a wonderful way drawn to us. If we fail through lack of support it will be the home party that will lose the privilege and reward, not the mission party in the field.



CHACO INDIANS.

1. The Chief of the White Partridge clan wearing Mr. Grubb's cast-off silk hat. The hat was worn to church & carefully deposited during service; it reposed in the driest place in his hut. He was Celia's father (*p.* 238). 2. Choliki, the great Chief of the Tobas (*p.* 328). The native blanket is frequently worn in this fashion, fastened with a broad leather belt, studded with coins of Bolivian silver; the beads, type of headband, & anklets of ostrich feathers are common to the tribes. 3. A Lengua of the Paraguayan Chaco, wearing a string of native beads & the charm-like whistle, with simple head-dress & feathers, & holding a common type of pipe. 4. A Toba Indian in profile, showing the beautifully woven headband, dyed red with cochineal, & decorated with beads, the head-feather, ear-wood, necklace & method of dressing the hair.

“ They have wanted us to begin work among them for some years. Now they insist on joining us as far as possible, and if we will not go to them they will, at least, send their children to us. The fierce, hated Tobas willing to leave their children with strangers that they may be taught, and these strangers living among people of another tribe, formerly enemies and even now not altogether friends, truly it is remarkable ; it is of God ! ”

During 1928 several events of importance were marked by the presence of Barbroke Grubb. In April he attended and addressed, for the last time, the Annual Meeting of the Society. This was immediately followed by the Society's Conference at High Leigh, where again by pleasant intercourse and informative talks the honoured missionary gave peculiar interest to the gathering.

Then in November he was one of the 3,000 delegates at York Minster for the Presentation of the Sixth Report of the World Call to the Church—a delegate who enjoyed the peculiar distinction of hearing his own name uttered, for he was the only living missionary mentioned in that Report.

Writing of this last event the Rev. Bertram Jones says : “ My last long motor ride with Barbroke Grubb was made to York in November 1928, for the presentation of the Sixth Report of the World Call to the Church. He had previously given the Missionary Council much valuable information which was incorporated in that Report.

“ I am afraid that our journey was no dignified progress. It was made in a dilapidated light car, with a remarkably shaky back axle—indeed that back axle gave out on the way home, fortunately after Mr. Grubb had gone north by train.

“ Leaving Dulwich in the early morning, the little old car reached the city and stopped at 20 John Street and collected Mr. Grubb, then off she went again, clanging her noisy way through the London traffic, then out into the open country down the great North Road.

“ We lunched on the roadside near Stilton ; we took our tea by a hedgerow near Selby. We passed many splendid churches on the way, which Mr. Grubb hoped supported the

S.A.M.S. We seemed to talk all the time, and the conversation was so interesting that we ran out of petrol, and Mr. Grubb helped to push the car to a pump.

"York was reached at dusk; then came a hunt for Mr. Grubb's lodgings. Reaching the address given, we found that his quarters had been changed. Off we went again, and discovered that he was to be housed with a curate. Arriving at the curate's lodgings, we found that he was out. Mr. Grubb was very tired, but he passed off the matter with a laugh.

"For the next few days we were both busy with deputation work in York and district. On the Sunday he preached morning and evening in the city, and the next day found him with two meetings there in company with his old friend and fellow-missionary, Mr. Andrew Pride. On Tuesday the two of them spoke at meetings in Hull. On Wednesday one of the Society's organising secretaries rushed him off in a car with defective brakes to Harrogate; his meeting ended there, he went by train for another meeting at Scarborough.

"Then came Thursday, November 8th, 1928, which seemed to me to be the crowning day of Mr. Grubb's life, though to him I think that it was one of the most worrying days he ever spent. In the morning we attended a session at the Minster. At lunch time Mr. Grubb expressed a wish to call upon the mother of a young missionary. He was taken to her house by the same organising secretary who possessed the car with brakes that refused to work. In one of the narrow streets of York we grazed another car, but that did not worry Barbrooke Grubb, whose one thought was, 'Would the case for South America be presented in its true aspect that afternoon in the Minster?' The good lady on whom we called thought Mr. Grubb looked tired and ill, and indeed I have never known him so silent and thoughtful.

"And then came the afternoon on which so much seemed to depend, for the needs of the work were to be placed before the whole Church. We gathered with 3,000 delegates of the Church, drawn from England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, in the nave of the great Minster.

"Mr. Grubb and I had seats right under the pulpit. We watched the Bishop of Blackburn, who was to present the Report on Central and South America and the West Indies,

climb the stairs of the pulpit. We listened to his opening words, and then he came to South America. We heard him detail the facts we both knew so well, and then came words which I have never forgotten, words which at the time sent a thrill through my whole being, words the memory of which thrill me yet. Long years before, as a young Chaplain in South America, I heard for the first time the name of Barbrooke Grubb, since when he had become one of my greatest heroes. Had not men said that while there were men like Barbrooke Grubb working in the Gran Chaco, there must be a God? Had he not been called the Livingstone of South America? Had not the Republic of Paraguay designated him 'The Pacifier of the Indians'? And here was I in that glorious Minster, seated next to the man himself, and this is what I heard:—

“ ‘In modern evangelistic work in South America, the Church of England has led the way, and has been a glorious example of living power for fifty years. The heroic story of Captain Allen Gardiner, and the work of Wilfrid Barbrooke Grubb cannot be forgotten. There are no more romantic names than these in all Christian Missionary story.’

Few men deserve an earthly reward, few men sought that reward less than did Barbrooke Grubb. He both deserved and received the reward, and though I know he felt ashamed and unworthy, I who sat beside him rejoiced that it was his.”

The Passing of the Pioneer 1928-1930

"The Livingstone of South America"—A Great Missionary—A Pioneer—A Dreamer of Dreams—A Friend of the Red-man—Last Days—Death and Burial—Tributes—"One of the Great Hero Souls."

THE heroic story of Captain Allen Gardiner, and the work of Wilfrid Barbrooke Grubb cannot be forgotten. There are no more romantic names than these in all Christian Missionary story."

This fine tribute of the Bishop of Blackburn in York Minster in November 1928, addressed to the appointed representatives of the churches, was afterwards printed and circulated for the benefit of the whole Church. It was an official recognition and act of homage to two great missionaries, one of whom was still living. Eighteen months later the brave heart of the missionary-explorer of the Gran Chaco lay cold and silent in a simple grave. No great ceremony in an imposing cathedral marked his passing, no monument or tablet to record his work for God was placed in Westminster Abbey, but this noble tribute of the Church remains for all time in the shrine of its missionary heroes.

In his lifetime Barbrooke Grubb was recognised as one of the greatest missionaries of his day and generation. After his death friends and admirers gave expression to their thoughts and feelings.

Bishop Stirling at an early date appreciated his greatness and remarked to a friend: "If that young man lives he will become the Livingstone of South America."

The same idea is expressed in a letter that came to his daughters after his death, from Miss Mitchell (now Mrs. Acworth): "Our friendship goes back for over thirty years, for I first knew your father in Chobham when he came to

stay with my uncle, Mr. Acworth. We always called him the Livingstone of South America and, indeed, he had many of the qualities of our great Scottish hero, and was quite worthy to follow in his footsteps. How proud you must be of all that he accomplished in his wonderful life. He has opened up a country, and spread the Gospel in an unknown land, and his work will never be forgotten."

It was true that he gave to the world a new land. By indomitable courage and untiring zeal he explored a new country, discovered a fresh people, and opened up a hitherto unknown district, which is now being peopled with settlers, and stocked with cattle. He made his home among the savage inhabitants, and in due course trained them for the advent of the stranger and prepared them for the advance of civilisation.

He was, however, more than an explorer and a pioneer of civilisation, he was an earnest missionary of the Church of Christ, and laboured not only for the temporal welfare of the Chaco tribes, but also for their spiritual well-being and eternal salvation. The spirit that laughs at dangers and welcomes difficulties, moved him to strive earnestly to win the friendship of the aborigines and to fight vigorously the evils of superstition and witchcraft that obsessed them.

This missionary aspect of his life was, naturally, uppermost in the thought of the Rev. W. Wilson Cash, General Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, in his letter of sympathy to the S.A.M.S. : " Mr. Grubb's name has been a household word in mission circles for a great many years, and by his death your Society loses one of those great and honoured workers in the Kingdom of God."

Similarly, the Bishop of Bristol sent " a line of sympathy with the Society and of heart-felt appreciation for the great and self-sacrificing work which has been illustrated in the life of this remarkable man. The Society and the work in South America will be poorer by his loss but richer by all the results of his efforts and noble example of devotion which he set."

Barbrooke Grubb was essentially a pioneer. He loved to roam in pastures new and districts strange. His personality was most attractive to the Red-men of the wilds. Among the Lenguas of the east, or the Suhin of the west, the Tobas of

Formosa, or the Matacos of the Bermejo, among the Chiriguano of Bolivia, or the Hill Tribes of the west, he seemed to win his way quickly and naturally, chiefs welcomed him, women served him, and children gathered round him.

Two years before he died Grubb wrote: "I was to have sailed this spring for Brazil, but in January and February I had another breakdown. I still hope to go out, but my constitution has been undermined and, perhaps, I may never be able to go to South America again. . . . I hope against hope to open Brazil next year and do something before I die."

The Rev. Bertram Jones, General Secretary of the Society, at the time of the pioneer's death, wrote in the Magazine:—

"To write the story of the Chaco Missions is to write the life work of Barbroke Grubb; to write the life of Barbroke Grubb is to write the story of the Missions. His name is woven into every chapter. To him must be given the great honour of the pioneer work. Many a time in those early days did he carry his life in his hands. Possibly for that very reason he won the respect and confidence of the Indians. He was always without fear, counting no cost too great in the service of his Master.

"Nor was he only an intrepid pioneer missionary—that side of his character may well be seen in his famous book, *An Unknown People in an Unknown Land*—he had also a wonderfully clear head for business details. For many years he actually held office as Commissioner of the Chaco, under the Paraguayan Government, and it was due to his wise plans that the official report of the Congress on Christian work in South America, at Monte Video, Uruguay in 1925, could say, 'It is admitted by all competent observers that the only agency which has attempted seriously to grapple with the question of the temporal and spiritual welfare of the wild Chaco tribes, is the South American Missionary Society.'

"Barbrooke Grubb formulated plans by which the Indians redeemed from heathendom could be taught to become worthy Christian citizens of the state in which they resided. As recently as September 1927 Bishop Every bore witness to this when he wrote, 'The work of the Chaco Mission is proof of the lasting character of the work of Mr. W. Barbroke Grubb. It

was founded on sound principles, and on his principles all the other work goes on.' ”

In paying his tribute to the memory of “ one of the greatest of modern missionaries,” the Rev. Alan Ewbank wrote :—

“ Wilfrid Barbrooke Grubb was a statesman, an orator, a fearless explorer, the possessor to an extraordinary extent of the capacity of getting in touch with wild races, a master of South American Indian folklore ; while permeating it all was one supreme motive power, the love of God. Physically he was a strong man, with a wonderful constitution ; amongst the natives there was a belief that he had abnormal strength, and it gained him the name of ‘ Bull-neck.’ ”

“ With all this there was a ceaselessly active brain which showed itself in his waking hours by the way he planned and looking ahead, laid truly the scheme for the network of stations in the Gran Chaco, which while taking as its first and great objective the spreading of the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, worked out the plans upon such a basis as should settle nomadic Indians, thus making possible consecutive teaching. This entailed evolving a method of livelihood that should keep the people self-supporting and, therefore, self-respecting, and with it all build up character that they might resist the evils that always accompany the advance of a Christless civilisation. A brain that showed its activities in his sleep by the extraordinary dreams he had, dreams that only to his friends would he narrate.

“ His many gifts were dedicated and used to achieve the one great objective of his life, which was not only to preach Christ, but to establish His Church in the hearts and lives of the Red-men, whom he loved.”

This is from a colleague’s pen :—

“ Barbrooke Grubb was a man with a great purpose and a single aim. He would not be turned aside by difficulties, or diverted by bribes. To reach and raise the Red-man of the Gran Chaco was his sole ambition. His sincerity was so obvious and his enthusiasm so catching that men and women of all ranks and races were charmed by his personality, and aided him in his enterprise. The President of the Republic of Paraguay favoured him, great business men admired him, statesmen and soldiers befriended him, professional men were

proud to know him, while cattle farmers and ordinary business folk delighted to serve him. Ladies of means supported his work, and women of all classes consulted and trusted him. Of the young English adventurers to Paraguay that set up in business or started cattle farms at the same time that Grubb began missionary work in the Chaco, some drifted out of the country while others became successful and remained. These men loved to tease him about his work and people, but they respected and loyally defended him against all detractors. One young world-trotter wrote an article to the local paper depreciating the work of the Mission, but he was so roughly handled by Grubb's old friends that he beat a hasty retreat from the country, a sadder and, perhaps, a wiser man.

"Grubb was not really good at languages, even in Lengua he broke nearly all the grammatical rules, but he had a remarkable gift of picking up essential words and phrases in half a dozen languages, and making himself understood, where most men would stammer and fail. He was both forceful and eloquent; the words may have been inadequate, the grammar imperfect, and his gestures immature, but he moved men and women to action by his speech, which turned sinners into saints, shamed the lazy into industrious habits, roused the indifferent, and inspired all to nobler ideals and high-minded actions.

"Starting at the beginning of the year 1890, the Mission to the Lenguas was fully established by 1910 and something already done for the Suhin and Towothli of the West, and the Sanapana of the North of the Paraguayan Chaco. Grubb then made a trip into Northern Argentina and Bolivia, and he lived to see a strong mission in existence among the Matacos of the Bermejo, a prosperous beginning among the people of the Pilcomayo, a tentative effort among the Tobas, and converts among the Tapui Indians of Bolivia. The remarkable success that has attended the various missions of recent times has given our friend great joy.

"He laid the foundations of a great work which has gone on increasing and expanding with corresponding blessing to the primitive peoples. There are to-day many men and women belonging to those Chaco tribes who remember with gratitude his life and work, rejoicing in the presence of God's peace and joy, and realising the absence of the old dark terror of witch-

craft and the uncertainty of the future, which coloured their outlook before the advent of the missionary.

“Grubb’s life was not a stagnant pool, but a flowing stream ; he did not live for himself but for others, and his life-giving influence continues to operate amongst those he once described as ‘An Unknown People in an Unknown Land’.”

Wilfrid Barbroke Grubb, the Friend of the Red Indians, sitting sedately in York Minster, listening to an eloquent Bishop proclaiming his work to the Church, is a scene that appeals to one as sublimely appropriate to the end of Grubb’s remarkable career. There are, however, a few details to chronicle to make the work complete.

Returning to the close of the year 1928, one has no hesitation in stating that Grubb was a sick man, his friends knew it, and he knew it. At the same time his marvellous vitality and indomitable will-power still urged him forward to the performance of further exploits for the cause of Christ. His mind was clear and he would not admit of any defeat.

“In my old age,” he wrote, “my mind seems to get clearer, and I can see things I could not earlier in life, and I wonder how I could not see them, they all look so simple.”

To a friend he wrote at the end of November, 1928 :—

“My head is as clear as ever, and even in reasoning clearer, I think, than before ; this often occurs when the physical powers fail somewhat. I can still speak for an hour on end, without a single note, and never miss the thread of my subject. I feel I have yet much to do, and that I have been spared and recovered so far that I may be enabled for the task.

“I spent five weeks during October and November in England, business for a time, eight sermons all in good churches, eighteen meetings, four conferences, and many minor meetings. In January I am booked as preacher for the Church’s World Call, Missionary Council of Westminster, to speak in Bristol Cathedral, and also at some other big meetings.”

These preaching engagements he fulfilled. Then, tired out with his exertions, he returned early in 1929 to his home at Lasswade. On arrival he found both his daughters and his servant laid up with influenza. Ever thoughtful and concerned about others, he devoted his time and strength to their comfort. What with the worry of household affairs and care of the sick, he used up his reserve strength. When they recovered in April, he himself was badly knocked up again.

That illness marked the beginning of the end. Severe heart attacks, on occasions, left him gasping for breath. His recovery from these attacks were perfectly marvellous. His condition of health, however, fluctuated, sometimes better, sometimes worse. His interest in current events and local affairs remained unimpaired. His zeal for the great Mission of his own making continued unabated through all his troubles. He was not without visitors. The doctor came in at regular intervals, and they found many topics of conversation of mutual interest on these occasions. The Rev. T. Hardy, the Presbyterian Minister of Cockpen, was a fairly frequent and very welcome visitor. Grubb enjoyed lengthy arguments and discussions on many subjects with his learned friend, who, in turn, took a profound interest in the remarkable experiences of the pioneer. About once a week a kindly bank manager came in of an evening and entertained the invalid with local gossip and political views. There were others, too, kindly disposed men and women, who called to give a word of cheer, or lend a friendly and helping hand.

When I returned from South America I went to stay with him for a few days at Lasswade. That was in July 1929. He was then in very indifferent health, but very active in thought. He wanted to know in detail about everything and everybody in the Mission.

He had requested me to bring my travelling Communion set. In his dining-room was celebrated a tiny and pathetic Holy Communion Service, which the sick man entered into fully and thoroughly enjoyed, and insisted on a collection being taken up for the Mission.

The days were bright and pleasant, and his daughter Betty took us for several short runs in her car. He greatly enjoyed these trips. He loved to go to Roslin Chapel, where he once

preached. A two or three hours' jaunt to Leadburn and back served to clear his chest and relieve that choked feeling that troubled him during the last months of his life.

His daughter, at his own request, tried to teach him to drive, but he could not be bothered with the gears, so she sat beside him and told him what pedals to press while he steered. She remembers one lovely day when on a straight and clear road, he felt very proud of his accomplishment, as he drove down the Biggar road at forty miles an hour.

While together, we carefully discussed the future of the Mission, and considered its prospects at home and abroad. But it was evident that my old leader felt that the sands were running out. He came out to see me off, and as he stood bareheaded at his gate and wished me farewell, he suddenly lifted his hand and quite solemnly said, "The mantle of Elijah has fallen upon thee." It sent a thrill through me and tears were much nearer than laughter as I looked back to find my old friend still standing at the gate till a turn of the road took me out of sight.

Some of his wife's relatives came up and spent August with him. A few of his old friends from a distance also paid him short visits in the late summer.

His health did not improve, but signs of weakness were increasingly visible. In September he and his daughters went for a short holiday to Tirril, near Penrith. While there, travelling in the car, he had one of his dreadful heart attacks, and it was with difficulty his daughters got him home again to Lasswade.

A few weeks after this I received these grave words from his elder daughter:—

"Dad is very dangerously ill; the doctors hold out no hope of his recovery; he has been frightfully ill since Sunday. Our doctor brought out the specialist again yesterday, and that was his verdict."

A nurse was installed; his sister came out from Edinburgh and stayed with him till the end. His brother's widow also came to Lasswade when she could arrange it. Thus the weary weeks passed by. There were days when Grubb appeared to be his old bright self, full of energy, able to get up for a spell, and delighted to entertain his old friends in his room. I went

to see him early in May, several weeks before he died, and he revived in a most wonderful way.

On that occasion, as at previous times when he enjoyed full vigour, he was most anxious that his guest should be well looked after. To the very end his chief thought was for others.

The expected end came at 1.40 a.m. on Wednesday morning, May 28th, 1930.

News of his death came through to London when the Committee of the South American Missionary Society was in session. The announcement was received by all the members standing in silence in token of respect for the great missionary, and in sympathy for his family and friends.

The funeral took place at Edinburgh on Saturday, May 31st. Before leaving Springbank Lodge, prayers were offered by the Rev. T. Hardy, a personal friend of the deceased. Wreaths covered the coffin, which was taken to St. John's Church, Edinburgh.

The following clergy took part in the service: the Rev. C. H. Ritchie, Rector of St. John's; Rev. Canon F. C. Macdonald, Commissary to Bishop Every; Rev. J. Montague Harris, Chairman of the S.A.M.S.; Rev. F. H. S. Somerville, formerly Organising Secretary for the S.A.M.S.; Rev. R. J. Hunt, Administrator of the Chaco Missions; Rev. Bertram Jones, General Secretary of S.A.M.S. The Society was also represented by Captain L. F. Gartside Tippinge, R.N., C.B.E., Vice-President and Vice-Chairman of the S.A.M.S., and Mr. Colin M. Smith, a missionary from the Argentine Chaco.

The choir of St. John's Church was in attendance, and several of the old pioneer's favourite hymns were sung.

Leaving the church in brilliant sunshine the cortege moved to Liberton, where the body was laid to rest in the family grave. The Rev. R. J. Hunt and Canon Macdonald officiated at the graveside, where had gathered besides the family mourners and the official representatives of the Society, friends and neighbours from Lasswade and district.

"Thank you for letting me know of Barbrooke Grubb's passing," wrote Dr. Garfield Williams, Dean of Llandaff, "a great soul indeed. 'Said Mr. Valiant—for truth—My sword

I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and my skill to him that may get it. My marks and my scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me, that I have fought His battles, who will now be my rewarder. So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.' May God grant that there may be some who will come forward now to follow in the steps of so fine a leader."

Bishop Every wrote of him as one of the great "hero souls": "Many years ago, in the Paraguayan Chaco, the missionaries were burying some poor Indian, in their simple impressive fashion, the body wrapped in a rough linen sheet, without coffin, and laid in a very shallow grave; and Mr. Grubb remarked to me afterwards, in his frank, open way, that somehow he could never realise that he would be like that poor corpse, that death would ever come to him. Well, death has come to him at last, as a friend, relieving him from long suffering and giving him rest; and we have said good-bye to a heroic soul, the third, I should say, in the S.A.M.S. highest roll of honour—first Allen Gardiner, then Bishop Stirling, and now Wilfrid Barbroke Grubb.

"How well I remember the first time I saw him in the Chaco, nearly 28 years ago, standing on the river bank to meet us as we arrived by steamer, surrounded by a group of his Indians, wild fellows they looked, too, in those days, with their blankets and paint and ostrich feathers; and the last time was, as a sick man, in the rooms above the Society's Offices in 1927, and now he has been called to his rest.

"If ever there is a rustle of angels' wings when some really saintly soul passes into Paradise, I can well imagine that some would turn and look when Barbroke Grubb arrived. For truly he was one of the hero souls. He did great things, scarcely knowing that he did them, with amazing courage and humour and faith. Of course, simple faith in Christ was at the back of all. He could not have been what he was without that. His originality and energy and sympathy, all sprang from his faith or were conditioned by it. The first and last thing about him was that he was a simple and sincere Christian. Recognising that first as the background of everything, we can then appreciate his rich and varied gifts.

"What a gallant adventure he made of life! How fever

and exhaustion, want and discomfort were mere side-issues with him. He could smile at what appalled others and 'jest at the dawn with death.' How he loved his Lenguas and was followed by them, as men follow a true chief! How he inspired affection and won confidence! Surely a great and lovable character, unlike other people; he had something unique about him; he was a born pioneer, a man and leader of men. He was never really happy in the settled life of a station, he longed to be off pioneering and exploring, with the spirits of a boy. Indeed I think surprise and fun were part of his nature. He was young in heart to the end.

"Many will miss him and no one can fill his place, but he has fought the good fight and finished his course and all is well. 'God accept him, Christ receive him'."



VENEZUELA

COLOMBIA

ECUADOR

PERU

B R A Z I L

BOLIVIA

SANTA CRUZ

PARAGUAY

ASUNCION

URUGUAY

ARGENTINA

VALPARAISO

SANTIAGO

BUENOS AIRES

CONCEPCION

LEBU

CHONOS ARCHIPELAGO

G. de SAN JORGE

SANTA CRUZ

STR. of MAGELLAN

STR. OF MAGELLAN

TIERRA DEL FUEGO

GEORGETOWN

BRITISH GUIANA

DUTCH GUIANA

FRENCH GUIANA

MACEIO

BAHIA

RIO DE JANEIRO

S. PAULO

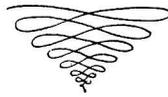
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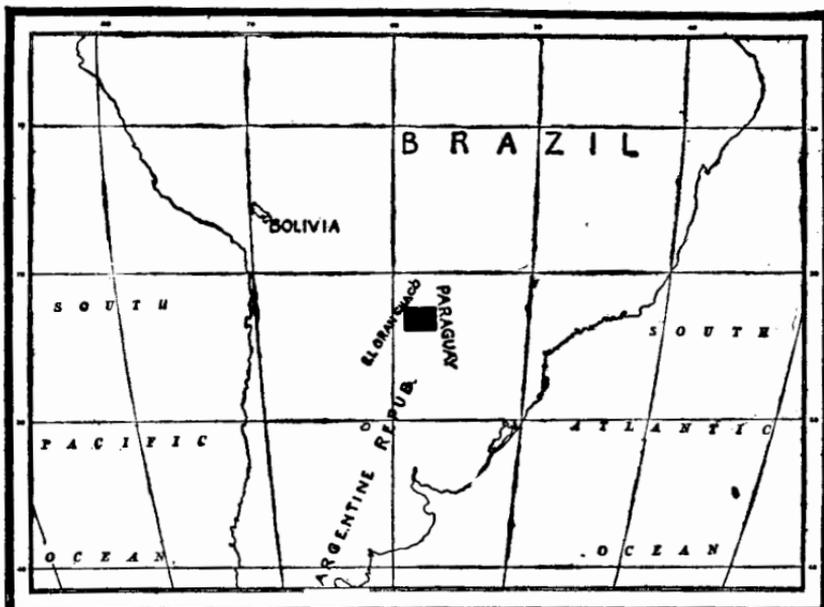
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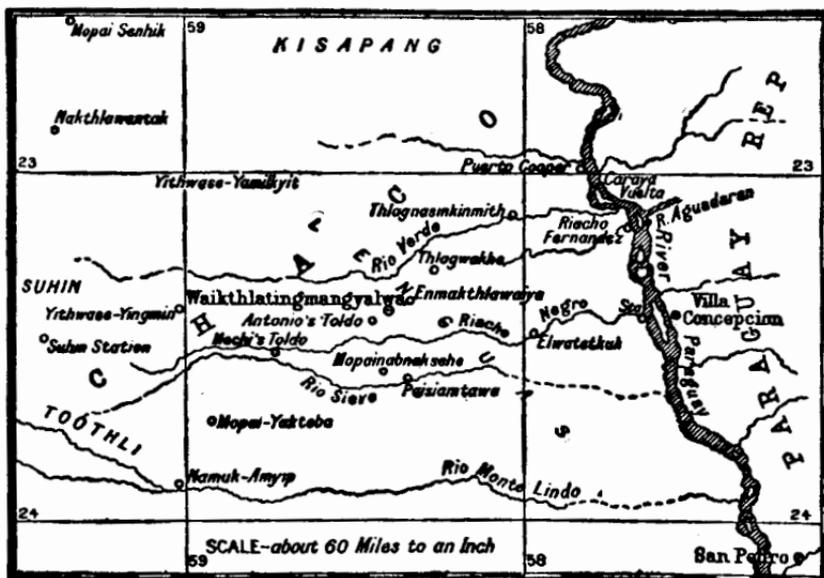
SOUTH AMERICA

To illustrate the Missionary Activities of
BARBROOKE GRUBB





THE DARK PART SHOWS THE AREA OF THE CHACO COMPARED WITH THE CONTINENT OF SOUTH AMERICA.



EL GRAN CHACO.

INDEX

- ACWORTH, H. S., 25, 36, 333
 Adolfo Henriksen, 57
 Algarrobal, 285
 Allen Gardiner, 29, 39, 41, 42
 Alligator, 89
 Alligator Stomach, 73, 78
 Amazon, 28, 273
 Andrew, 206
 Anglo-Paraguayan Land Co., 53
 Angus, 75
 Antonio, 70, 148, 208
 Ants, 62, 87
 Araucanians, 29, 35
 Argentine Government, 210, 277
 Armistice, 306
 Asunción, 44
 Aylwin, 230
- BAILEY, 88, 92, 97
 Ball, 108, 111
 Bamford, 18
 Baptisms, 199, 206, 217, 223, 230,
 293, 303
 Barbrooke, 18
 Barbrooke Grubb, see Grubb
 Bartlett, 48, 72
 Beggars, 312
 Benjamin, 204, 217
 Bermejo River, 285
 Bernau, 196, 222, 254, 260, 296
 Bertha (Betty), 231, 314, 319, 338
 Bevis, 274, 322
 Bicycle, 313
 Big Swamp, 102
 Blackburn, Bishop of, 330
 Black-mouth, 279
 Blue-blanket, 134
 Bluehaze, 18
 Bolivia, 29, 257, 303, 317, 325
 Bothamley, Canon, 200
 Bottrell, Dr., 75
 Brazil, 334
- Bread pills, 248
 Bridges, Alice, 226, 276, 297
 Bridges, Lucas, 231, 247
 Bridges, Mary, 31, 41, 194, 214
 Bridges, Mrs., 231, 315
 Bridges, Rev. T., 30, 31, 41, 194
 Bristol, Bishop of, 333
 Budgett, 155
 Buller, 212
 Bullock-cart, 114
 Burial alive, 104
 Burleigh, 32, 36, 40
 Busk, 108
 Byatt, Nurse, 238, 254, 260, 315
- CACHEMAILLE, 205
 Camba, 60, 67
 "Camp," 49
 Campo Flores, 283
 Caraya Vuelta, 48, 86, 93, 160
 Carnival, 192
 Cash, Rev. Wilson, 333
 "Cathedral," 119
 Cattle stealing, 259
 Celia, 238
 Central Station, 131
 Chaco Austral, 263
 Chaco Boreal, 261, 303
 Chaco Central, 262
 Chaco Trust Deed, 316
 Chiriguano, 258, 266
 Chobham, 25
 Choroti, 275
 Chunupi, 272
 Church Collections, 224
 Church Council, 222
Church in the Wilds, A, 101, 267
 C.I.A., 234, 241
 Coast Indians, 93
 Colony, 220, 228, 235
 Concealment, 250
 Concepción, 47, 85, 126

- Cook, A. B., 46
 Corin, 123
 Crawford, 215
 Cyiscylau, 41

 DAM, 298
 Dangers of entrance, 65
 Davis, J. H., 34
 Death, 299
 Deftness, 249
 Demon-possession, 299
 Deserted wife, 133
 Despard, 29, 31
 Dreams, 191
 Drink, 56, 83, 95
 Drought, 139, 153, 298

 EDINBURGH, 17, 25, 310
 Eggs, 123
 Embarcación, 269, 285
 Epidemics, 302
Estancia, 211
 Evangelists, 41, 295, 321
 Every, Bishop, 223, 229, 244, 293,
 303, 341
 Ewbank, 146, 275, 335

 FACUNDO, 266
 Falkland Islands, 28-43
 Farrow, 235, 242, 277
 Father of Cats, 206
 Feasts, 94
 Fernandez, Cacique, 68, 76
 Finance, 321
Finca, 266
 First-fruits, 198
 Flood, 98, 122, 235, 292
Fortines, 303
 Fosterjohn, 194, 213, 215
 F.R.G.S., 307
 Francisco, 126
 Freddie, 214
 Freund, 60, 65, 108, 116, 126
 Fuegian Converts, 42
 Furloughs, 190

 GAMES, 247
 Gardening, 151
 Garden Settlement, 244
 Gardiner, Captain Allen, 27, 44, 257,
 331
 George Watson's College, 24

 German Minister, 221
 German naturalist, 156
 Germans, massacre of, 221
 Ghosts, 88, 148, 208
 Gibson Brothers, 126, 210
 Giles, 19
 Goddard, 19
 Gosling, 302
 Graham, 154, 171, 212
 Gran Chaco, 19, 29, 44, 63, 262
 Great Gossip, 73
 Great Gossip, No. 2, 124
 Grubb, Alfred, 23, 297, 315
 Grubb, H. C., 325
 Grubb, Mrs., 215, 220, 222, 226, 228,
 231, 238, 310
 Grubb, W. Barbrooke—
 Lineage, 17; Boyhood, 22; Edu-
 cation, 24; Offers as missionary,
 25; At Chobham, 25; First
 sermon, 26; Appointed to Kep-
 pel, 28; Delayed at Monte
 Video, 34; Life and work at
 Keppel, 36; Meets Mary Bridges,
 41; Called to Paraguay, 42;
 Arrives at Riacho Fernandez, 52;
 Plans for advance, 56; Explores
 the waterways, 59; Attitude to
 natives, 67; Plunges into the
 wilds, 68; Reception by natives,
 70; Left alone at his post, 72;
 Expedition to Paraguay proper,
 75; Tracking the thieves, 76;
 Settles inland, 77; Hut burnt,
 80; Adopts native costume, 81;
 Removes to fresh site, 82;
 Attempt to poison him, 83;
 Takes out cart, 84; Encounter
 with alligator, 90; Entertains
 visitor, 91; Explores country,
 93; Annoys wizards, 96; Forms
 "Central Station," 98; Saves
 child from burial alive, 104;
 Surveys Mission land, 108;
 Suspected of necromancy, 109;
 Takes cart inland, 114; Trains
 Philip, 115; Reads and sleeps,
 119; Postpones furlough, 121;
 Tests villagers, 123; Exhibits
 lantern slides, 125; Secures
 river port, 126; As cook, 130;
 Founds Waikthlatingmangyalwa,

- 132; Punishes child-murderer, 134; His house, 135; Visits Suhin, 137; "The Long Well," 138; Explores Monte Lindo, 140; Takes first furlough, 141; Appointed Superintendent, 142; Visits Ireland, 142; Back in the Chaco, 160; Cuts road to river, 165; A long tramp, 167; Starts on fateful journey, 170; Betrayed and shot in the back, 175; Escapes, 177; Dread of burial alive, 180; Travels homewards, 182; Treated with awe, 187; Recovers slowly, 189; Travels to Buenos Aires, 192; In hospital, 193; Returns to Paraguay, 194; Improves in health, 196; First Converts baptised, 199; Launches industrial scheme, 202; Visits Canada, 202; Sails with fresh workers, 202; Tackles the witch-doctors, 208; Builds Pass Station, 211; Prepares for his bride, 212; Baptises Freddie, 214; Marriage, 214; Visits Suhin, 215; At River Station, 220; Removes to Pass, 222; Starts Christian Colony, 228; Returns to England, 230; At Colony, 235; Life at Pass, 240; Activities at Makthlawaiya, 246; A new venture, 256; At Missionary Exhibitions, 256; *An Unknown People in an Unknown Land*, 257; Expedition to Bolivia, 257; Returns to Paraguay, 259; Welcomes pioneer party, 260; Extends his sphere of work, 262; At Tres Pozos, 269; Visits Humahuaca, 271; Encounters Chunupies, 272; England again, 273; Visits Paraguay, 275; As prophet, 276; Among the Sanapanas, 277; Among the Matacos, 285; Pricked by thorn, 296; Loss of his mother, 297; Prolonged stay in Paraguay, 297; Visits Mataco Mission, 305; Spends Christmas in Scotland, 306; Last sojourn in the wilds, 308; Farewell, 309; In hospital, 310; At Lasswade, 310; Death of his wife, 314; Lectures again, 316; Religious views, 318; At 20 John Street, 319; By car to Cambridge, 322; In Ireland, 323; Winters at Weston, 324; At work again, 326; In York Minster, 329; Last Days, 337; Death and funeral, 340
- Guarani, 55
Guppy, 86, 92, 107
- HARBERTON, 31, 32, 41
Hardy, 338, 340
Harris, J. M., 340
Hawtrej, 145, 212
Hay, 91, 92, 98, 107, 126, 168
Henriksen, 46-53
Hens, 225
Hoax, 149
Hospitality, 307
Humahuaca, 271
Humour, 249
Hunt, 115, 167, 260, 340
Hunt, Mrs., 213, 230
Hysterical woman, 96
- IBARETTA, 203
I.C.S., 252, 317
Incantation, 118
Infanticide, 132, 216, 253
Influenza, 242, 306
Inland tribes, 93
Insley, 127, 212
Ireland, 142
Island Station, 93, 98, 107
Izozog, 325
- JAGUAR, 160
James, 197, 199, 213
Joaquin, 286
Jones, Rev. Bertram, 319, 329, 334
Jones, Archdeacon Morrey, 238, 260, 309
Jugglery, 97
- KEPPEL ISLAND, 28-43
Kerr, Professor, 154, 168
Kilyikhama, 96
- LAGUNA REY, 283
Lang, Colonel, 18, 19
Lantern slides, 125

- Lasswade, 17, 310
 Leach brothers, 258, 265
 Leach, W., 270
 Leake, 327
 Learmonth, 116, 126
 Lenguas, 47, 56, 64, 80, 103, 222, 309
Lenguaraz, 290
Lepidosiren, 155
 Liberton, 17, 20, 22, 297
 Lindsay, Dr., 207, 213
 "Little Black," 99, 118
 "Long Well," 138
 Love, 195
 Lung-fish, 155
 Lywia, George, 40
- MACDONALD, CANON, 340
 Mackenzie, 54, 59
 Mad Folk, 241
 Mahony, 35, 142, 240
 Main, Dr. Duncan, 24
 Makthlawaiya, 242, 297, 308
Mal de cadera, 157, 226
 Manuel, 153, 171, 216, 217
 Mark, 144, 199
 Maroma, 211, 300
 Martin Ibarra, 290
 Matacos, 263, 285
 Measles, 212, 253
 Mechi, 65, 157, 215
 Medical Mission, 24
 Meme, 150
 Meph., 120, 151
 Metegyak, 206, 213
 Missionary exhibitions, 256
 Mitchell, Miss, 332
 Mollie, 314, 319
 Monte Lindo, 60, 65, 140, 174, 301
 Monte Video, 34, 35
 Moody & Sankey, 25
 Morris, W. C., 238
- NAKTE-TINGMA, 220
 Namuk-amyip, 137, 157, 195
 Nanawa, 301
 Nason, 195, 222, 251, 299, 312
 Neantamama, 77
 Necromancy, 110
 Nero, 213
 Neve, Dr., 24
 O'CONNOR, DR., 193
 Oil, 317
- Okoko, 30
 "Old Busters," 152
 Old Gaiety, 109
 Old William, 152, 163, 212
 Ona, 31, 32, 247
 Oranges, 123
- PACIFICADOR DE LOS INDIOS, 92
 Pack-animal, 69, 99
 Paisiam-tawa, 152, 168
 Paisiam-yalwa, 215, 222, 226
 Paisiaptó, 102, 135
 Pancakes, 38
 Paraguay, 42, 44, 303
 Paraguayan Land & Cattle Co., 277
 Pass, the, 211, 226, 240
 Patagonia, 28, 29, 35
 P.C.I.A., 210, 224, 229
 Peggy, 165
 Penn, 19
 Pests, 139
 Phantom horseman, 21
 Philip, 115, 121, 127, 133, 165, 171,
 197, 199, 208
 Phonograph, 248
 Pilcomayo, 29, 155, 203, 327
 Pinse-apawa (Short-blanket), 74, 80,
 83, 96
 Pinsetawa, 208
 Poet, 122, 127, 137, 157, 168, 170,
 177, 190
 Poulden, Captain, 131
 Prairie fire, 160
 Prayer, 154, 197, 218
 Pride, 91, 93, 98, 108, 152, 157, 189,
 204, 222, 330
 Profitable industry, 166
 Pucu, see Stork-neck
 Puerto Pinasco, 277
- QUARRELS, 267
- RAILWAY, 126, 264
 Rapin, Major, 189, 212
 Rats, 250
 Recruits, 211
 Reynolds, Professor, 226, 248
 Reynolds, P. A., 226
 Reynolds, W., 310
 Riacho Fernandez, 48, 52
 Riacho Negro, 126, 142
 Rigg, Dr., 24

- Rio Verde, 59, 78
 Ritchie, C. H., 340
 Robins, 48, 50
 Rowe, H., 232
- Sacador*, 290
 Sailing, 38
 Salteño, 327
 S.A.M.S., 25, 28, 44, 84, 109, 224, 316, 340
 Sanapana, 47, 94, 135, 149, 276
 Sanderson, 236, 260, 277, 283
 San Pedro, 257, 265
 Santa Cruz de la Sierra, 258
 Scalp, 301
 School, 162, 288
 Servants, 266
 Shimield, Archdeacon, 84, 116, 167, 196
 Shipwreck, 39
 Short-blanket, see Pinse-apawa
 Short Blanket cult, 299
 Shuhu, 158
 Sibeth, 123, 171
 Silk hat, 144, 320
 Simpson, Professor, 18
 Sleep, 119
 Small-pox, 226
 Smith, Colin, 327, 340
 Snakebite, 205
 Snakes, 139, 151, 241
 Somerville, 340
 Stewart, Dr., 44, 48, 75, 98, 191
 Stirling, Bishop, 30, 42, 57, 127, 193, 199, 332
 Stirling, Mrs., 57
 Stork-neck, 71, 72, 103
 Storm, 87
 Suhin, 137, 157, 204, 215, 221, 301
 Sullivan, Admiral, 44
 Sullivan, H. N., 273
 Sympathy, 250, 308
- TAPUI, 325
 Thlagnasinkinmith, 79, 82, 113
 Thlagwakhe, 99, 101, 132
- Thompson, 218, 226, 246
 Three veterans, 276
 Thrift, 237
 Tierra del Fuego, 29-43
 Tippinge, Captain, 340
 Tobas, 29, 256, 263, 270, 300, 328
 Tokens, 164
 Tolderia, 63
 Towothli, 138, 169, 174, 221, 301
 Trading, 164
 Transport, 114, 237
 Tres Pozos, 268, 271
 Tributes, 332
 Trousers, 131
 Tucker, Bishop, 200
 Turner, P. R., 223, 225, 230
- Ura*, 97
 Uriarte, 203
 Urundeles, 265
 Ushuaia, 30-40
- VACCINATION, 215
 Varder, 31, 226
 Visitors, 54
- WAIKTHLATIINGMANGYALWA, 129, 166, 238
 Warships, 39
 Water, 152
 Westgate, 196, 213
 Whaits, 36-42
 White Partridge, 235
 Whooping-cough, 228
 Williams, Dr. Garfield, 340
 Witchcraft and witch-doctors, 67, 88, 95, 110, 153, 206, 302
 World Call, 329
 Wyper, 68, 237
- YAHGANS, 29-43
 Yarns, 307
 York, 329
 Yowea-sangña, 279
- ZAMUCO, 258