

After I had obtained the two men promised, stout young Indians, seventeen or eighteen years of age, one named Ricardo and the other Alberto, I paid a second visit to the western side of the river in my own canoe; being determined, if possible, to obtain specimens of the White Cebus. We crossed over first to the mission village, Santa Cruz, which consists of thirty or forty wretched-looking mud huts, closely built together in three straight ugly rows on a high gravelly bank. The place was deserted, with the exception of two or three old men and women

September 22nd.—Old André with his squaw came aboard this morning. They brought three *Tracajás*, a turtle, and a basketful of *Tracajá* eggs, to exchange with me for cotton cloth and *cashaça*. Ricardo, who had been for some time very discontented, having now satisfied his longing to see his parents, cheerfully agreed to accompany me to Santarem. The loss of a man at this juncture would have been very annoying, with Captain Antonio ill at Aveyros, and not a hand to be had anywhere in the neighbourhood; but if we had not called at André's

sitio, we should not have been able to have kept Ricardo from running away at the first landing-place. He was a lively, restless lad, and although impudent and troublesome at first, had made a very good servant; his companion, Alberto, was of quite a different disposition, being extremely taciturn, and going through all his duties with the quietest regularity.