

THE BORORÓ INDIANS OF MATTO GROSSO, BRAZIL

By W. A. COOK

In November, 1900, while in Goyaz, Brazil, the writer received a communication from the Smithsonian Institution, through Doctor Orville A. Derby, of São Paulo, requesting photographs and descriptions of the aboriginal tribes of Matto Grosso and a collection of objects made and used by them.¹ I here give some account of the journey to Matto Grosso and of the manners and customs of the Bororó tribe.

Senhor Antonio Candido de Carvalho, a Brazilian explorer of large experience and influence and thoroughly acquainted with the region to be traversed, had arrived at Goyaz with his light traveling caravan, and the evening before the communication from Mr. W. H. Holmes of the Smithsonian Institution was received, had invited me to accompany him on a visit to the villages of the Bororó Indians scattered over that extensive region of Matto Grosso between the capital of Goyaz and Cuyabá, the capital of the State of Matto Grosso. I did not hesitate to accept the invitation, for with Senhor Antonio as a companion and guide, whose influence over many of the Bororó tribe was great, I would be at much advantage in doing the work desired.

As Senhor Antonio Candido had his equipment, I needed only to buy a mule to carry my baggage and a horse to ride upon, a tent, raincoat, riding boots, and some bright colored cloth, knives, beads, fishhooks, mirrors, handkerchiefs, etc., to trade with the Indians.

We left the city of Goyaz, nearly 700 miles from the Atlantic coast, on November 17, and, following the divide between the great river systems to the north and south, traversed between nine hundred and a thousand miles before reaching the city of Cuyabá, in Matto Grosso.

We rode nearly 600 miles before we began to meet with the Bororó Indians. The last 60 or 70 miles was through an exceedingly wild and almost unknown region of forest and dense bush that made traveling almost like pushing through a network of barbed-wire sieves, where we were constantly raked and torn, and were drenched by the daily thunderstorms.

¹The photographs, implements, and other objects gathered by Mr. Cook among the Bororó Indians are in the U. S. National Museum.—EDITOR.

On January 9, 1901, we reached the Rio Ponte de Pedra, about 45 miles north of its junction with the Rio São Lourenço, where the latter bends nearly westward. Senhor Antonio had recently thrown up here a simple palm-branch, stake-walled ranch, near an important village of the Bororó tribe on friendly terms. The place is called Ta-Dare-Mano Paro, "potato bank," or "place where tubers grow."

As soon as our arrival became known our ranch, scarcely more than an open shed, began to fill rapidly with our painted friends of all ages and sizes and of both sexes, who came to observe us and to see the marvelous things we had brought from our enchanted world. They pour in upon us regularly at the break of day and stay faithfully till the shadows of night begin to deepen; and though coming and going constantly, we always have our full complement. If we open one of our pack-mule trunks, our visitors are on the alert to handle whatever may strike their fancy. If we eat, every mouthful of food is closely scrutinized, and whatever we may do is observed with the closest attention. They recline on our boxes, sprawl on our tables, lean against the posts, squat on the ground, and hunch down around our pot as it boils, always leaving a patch of paint wherever they sit or lean. Some smoke, others lazily pick and eat the kernels from a roasted ear of corn, others nibble the white cheese-like heart of a diminutive palm that furnishes a considerable part of their food; the boys devour bits of fish roasted black, or shoot at a stick or a stump with their crude bows and arrows. Just outside the door men gossip, vacantly gazing, but never once toward the one they address, or they ask us a few questions in the limited language that we know in common. The women and children usually form an outer fringe to this group. Whenever there is prospect of obtaining beef our congregation is at once largely increased. They never steal anything that is distinctively ours, though they will take anything we have bought of them if they have an opportunity.

The long, straight, coarse black hair of both males and females hangs in a tangled mass about their shoulders, except above the forehead, where it is kept chopped off to form bangs. Nearly all the single young plaster these bangs with a sort of red putty made from the small yellowish-red fruit of the burity palm and fish oil, and the same paste is used to paint the entire body. Boys and girls who are esteemed by their parents also have the foretop arranged in this way, and a few of the latter who are regarded with special favor have it plaited with a layer of beautiful red feathers. Again, young men, as well as boys and girls, who are liked by their parents

have their shoulders gummed and plaited with white feathers, somewhat resembling a shirt-vest. Other young men wear feather armlets. One woman was covered with white feathers from head to foot, with a brilliant plume in her hair. All young men and boys wear a suspended from a hole in the lip, bored during infancy, a kind of chain called *nogodau*, about six inches long, made of flat oval-shaped bits of shell, terminating in a red feather. The older men have a plug in this hole, for if left open it causes difficulty in drinking. The young males wear around their loins a girdle over an inch wide woven from long tongue-like palm leaves. All males who have reached the age of puberty are obliged to wear a shield called *bá*. A large crescent is worn on the breast, suspended from the neck. A charm, worn on the breast and greatly prized, is made of rows of monkey teeth bound to bamboo rods sometimes eight or more inches long. They are loath to part with this, having received it as a present, and for other reasons. The huge horn claws of the *tatou canastro* (*Priodontes gigas*) are also worn on the breast and are much esteemed. Coils of square plaited cord hang around the neck, and 10 or 15 yards of hair cord, made of the hair torn out of or cut from the heads of mourners during funeral ceremonies, are worn by men wound around the head. Beyond the ornaments above described the males dress or bedeck themselves only on special occasions.

Females above six to nine years of age also wear a sort of corset, made of the inner bark of a tree, especially tanned and prepared, and which encircles the body twice or nearly so. It is much like a bottomless cheese-box or bushel measure, and evidently at first causes much discomfort. Another strip of bark about six inches wide and four feet long, so prepared that it is almost like cloth, passes between the legs from front to back. With this gear, a female is considered properly dressed. When she becomes old, she often discards the corset and uses the soft bark instead.

When a handkerchief or a small piece of cloth was obtained from us, the men tied it around the head or waist, with the points in front and the fly falling behind. The females and boys would hang it shawl-like over the shoulders or around the waist.

There were thirty huts in the village that encircled in a very irregular way, facing in every direction, a very large hut that stood in the center and was called *baehytu*. *Bae* (by) is the name of the ordinary family hut. This *baehytu* is the bachelors' hall, the headquarters of all the unmarried men, the workshop where the men make weapons and ornaments and instruments, the dining-



BORORÓ HOUSE, BRAZIL



INTERIOR OF BORORÓ HOUSE, BRAZIL

room, the town hall where most public functions occur, and the club where visitors are received and entertained. The baehytu of the Ta-Dare-Mano Paro village is about 50 by 30 feet and 18 or 20 feet in height. The ridge-pole rests on three tall posts, and shorter posts support the principals. To the rafters and to the wall posts are tied a few bamboo poles, and upon these are bound, rather sparingly, long palm branches with tongue-like leaves to keep out most of the rain, the wind, and sun. It is entered through an opening at each end, like a hole in a haystack, and within is always damp, gloomy, and foul smelling. The family huts, built of the same material, are mostly like a roof resting on the ground and strongly resemble an old haystack with a hole eaten in each end, though occasionally the hut is raised a little and woven palm-branch tongues form a basket-like wall. Deep gloom reigns within these huts. They are made dark that they may be free from flies, and are dens of rubbish and filth. Stuck into the roof are bows and bundles of arrows, war clubs, fishing gear, and instruments and ornaments not in use at the moment. The occupants of this human lair are sprawled on a palm-leaf rug, with a log of wood four inches in diameter for a pillow, and sleeping, or gnawing an ear of corn, a bit of fish or vegetable, or sitting tailor fashion, making beads, arrows, or other objects, or kneeling by the little fire preparing food. When the filth becomes unbearable or disease is prevalent, they do not trouble to clean house, but simply abandon and burn the old and build a new one on a clean spot. Usually the entire village moves to a new place some distance away.

Two families nearly always occupy one hut, and sometimes three or four, or even five. Each family has its camp-fire, which, however, is very small, since the gathering of firewood costs the women much labor. Just over the fire and about two feet above the ground is a small wooden rack where fish and meat and vegetables are roasted or baked. About five feet above the fire is a second and quite large rack, the family pantry, where perishable food is preserved by the smoke of the fire below. Each family or individual has its mattress or rug of long woven palm leaves, and each one a pillow made by binding a small roll of green banana stalks or a length of wood three or four inches thick.

A day or so after our arrival a child of seven or eight years belonging to one of the leading families died. This gave us an opportunity to witness a strange ceremony.

A loud, deep, prolonged hee-aw, ho-o, ah-ah, was bellowed by a quartette of naked, painted, and feathered savages, squatting

slightly in unison with each note, and shaking huge calabash rattles. This was accompanied by the wailing chant of a chorus of women standing just behind the quartette and waving fans to keep away the flies. The snort of two huge flutes, the barking of the calabash trumpets, the lament of the savage mother, her body besmeared with her own blood, kneeling by the corpse of her child, the hairs jerked from her head, half a dozen at a time, by a female crouched behind her, the lamentations of the father, with his hair clipped, as he kneeled on the other side of the body and recited the virtues of the deceased loved one, and the low mournful chant of female relatives or friends as they slashed their legs and arms, or even their entire bodies, with sharpened shells—this was the drama that unfolded itself one beautiful summer morning as we crept into the *baehytu* of the *Ta-Dare-Mano* Paro village. The little daughter of a chief had been summoned from her earthly *bae* to wander with the *bope* (evil spirits), and the funeral ceremonies were in progress.

When a *Bororó* dies, his body is wrapped in the palm-leaf rug which has served as his bed and is carried to the *baehytu*, where the spectacle described above makes night and day hideous until the first sunset after death; then as the sun goes down the chorus becomes hushed, and the bundle of remains, with a nine-foot pole passing through the roll, is carried to the public play-ground just outside the *baehytu*, and about ten inches of earth heaped over it. Here it rests a week that the flesh may separate from the bones, and each evening at sunset the sorrowing family and friends gather around the little mound, their faces toward the fading light, and murmur a low chant, pleading the virtues of the departed one. Every evening, also, water is thrown on the little mound to hasten decay. The day before the remains are to be resurrected is again a gala time. A bamboo whistle brilliantly decorated with feathers is blown at intervals to summon the *bope*, while within the *baehytu* the man who invites the *bope* to resurrect the body is decorated and *fêted*. He wears a skirt of palm leaves hanging loosely from a belt, over his shoulders a cloak of the same material descending below the waist, and over his head is a veil of slender palm leaves to prevent his recognition, and his name must not be spoken. On his head, to represent the setting sun, is a *pariko*, an ornament of brilliant feathers of the *makaw* and parrot. Thus arrayed, he dances up and down sideways like a crab, while a companion and a rear guard execute similar movements. After a time, accompanied by all the males, they leave the *baehytu* for the play-ground just beyond the village, all dancing as they go. Here the soul-representa-



BORORO WOMAN ADORNED WITH FEATHERS



BORORO METHOD OF CARRYING WITH HEAD STRAP

tive and his body guard, exhausted, sit on the ground to rest, and a substitute, or rather those who are to represent them, his brother tribesmen, proceed to call the bope by offering some tobacco or other delicacy. Soon one offers himself as a bope-representative by dropping on all fours and creeping slowly toward the caller, emitting a noise like the grunt of the tapir; and finally, springing to his feet, he rushes with outspread arms to the center and quietly stands on a spot prepared for him. Others repeat the performance, until five are in line in the center. They are smeared from head to foot, hair and all, with a coat of clay. Black streaks are painted around the eyes and other decorations added, and the five bope again drop on all fours, and the caller (still acting as adjutant for the decorated soul-representative, standing in the path to the village) beckons and calls as before. At the same time the remaining band seeks to drive the bope to the village by pushing them with instruments used to frighten evil spirits, jumping, screaming, and swinging their arms. But the bope advance slowly, constantly making their squeaky grunt. Just as they enter the village path a man suddenly springs up before them, frightens them with a yell, and they wheel and begin creeping away from the village. The drivers then become more frantic than ever to prevent the escape of the bope without resurrecting the body. Finally the bope again head toward the village, enter the path, suddenly spring to their feet, mount their "horses," fellow red men, gallop into the village, dismount, squat around the burial mound, and claw the earth with their fingers. But this is only a feint of what is to happen later, and the body still lies covered, while the bope retire, having finished their part in the drama for the present. A large fire has now been kindled, and in order that the spirit of the departed may not return to haunt the family his belongings are passed piece by piece to the adjutant, who hands them to his master, who throws them in the fire while they both dance and waltz around it. This done, the soul-representative and his adjutant sit astride the grave, and having called the father of the deceased, who crouches beside them, he fortifies him against evil spirits by passing a hand over his head and face, whispering and blowing in his mouth and ears, after which he deposits all his paraphernalia, except the pariko, upon the grave. The day's performance concluded, all the males sit in two groups just outside the baehytu, and the daily feast is served by the females.

Early next morning the bope-representatives resurrect the remains by means of the pole, carry them to the river, scrape and wash the bones and pack them in a basket, keeping the skull separate when

they wish to decorate it. They say that the resurrectionists are not called by men, but directly by the bope, and no one is supposed to know who they are.

When the village awakes to find the bones already prepared, the diu is again unchained, the mother and female friends again slash themselves from head to foot, wail, and daub their bodies with black paste made principally from a fruit called genipa-pa, while two men sit on a palm-leaf rug and decorate the skull with a layer of bright red makaw feathers. This weird drama continues all day with little interruption, the players and singers relieving one another from time to time. And if some of their brethren from a neighboring village should visit them, the bakororo, as this noise is called, may continue all night and all the next day. Finally the concert ceases, and at sunset the basket of bones is laid away in the little cemetery outside the village, where the bope will take possession of them in due season, though only the priest is supposed to know when. Through constant howling during the bakororo, the family of the deceased become so hoarse that they cannot speak above a whisper, but the drinking of clay water, they say, relieves them.

As the Bororó is "very bad," they say, he is doomed forever to wander and suffer in the lower regions and be subject to constant eviction. He takes up his abode in the bodies of certain fish and mammals, and when the creature dies the spirit must seek a new dwelling and be exorcised from the bodies of fish, fowl, or beast by the priest before the meat can be eaten. To eat it without this ceremony would cause sickness and death. Not every creature, nor even every member of certain species, is inhabited by a bope. Its presence is indicated only by certain markings or other peculiarities. In exorcising the bope the priest faces and calls upon the sun with loud yells, ecstatic jumping and trembling, slapping the fish, spitting and blowing into its mouth. Corn also must be exorcised, as they say they were once made desperately sick by eating it without this ceremony. Only the priests are exalted to an abode with the sun at death; they are not chosen by men, but by the bope. It comes about somewhat in this manner: Some day a Bororó may be taken with a fit, and a priest of the tribe will be called to determine the disease and to say whether he will live or die. After consideration he may say to those present, "Piadudu [humming-bird] is in deadly combat with a bope. If he surrenders to the bope he will become a priest, but if he continues to resist he will die." If Piadudu recovers, it is considered that he has given himself up to the bope, and is therefore qualified for the priesthood. But the certificate of

priesthood seems to lie largely in the ability to throw themselves at will into a savage ecstasy.

When a Bororó is ill, a priest is called to determine whether he will recover or die. On entering the hut and looking at his sick tribesman and concluding that he will probably die or should die, he will count his fingers, and each time he touches one finger will repeat, "Meri, meri, meri, meri, meri, bi," meaning that the sick man will see five suns, five days, and die, or he may say, "Nadua, nadua, nadua," etc., "bi," meaning sleep, sleep, etc., five days, and die. If at the end of this time he still lives, the executioner, sent of course by the priest, will suddenly appear in the hut, sit astride his stomach, and strangle him to death, for the reputation of the priest must be maintained. The priests are probably responsible for not a few deaths. They are the bane of life in the tribe. They must nurture the delusion that they can communicate with and have influence in the other world and power to avert or cause evils and calamities. They are therefore on the alert to take advantage of any propitious occasion to prey upon the superstitious fears of their fellow-tribesmen. They are freely supplied with food by their tribesmen in order to retain their good will.

The Bororó seem to have no idea of God as the Christian understands Him. They consider the sun as the fountain head of majesty and power and even of beneficence, and as the abode of the great priests who have passed to the spirit world and fear him. Bope means spirit or disembodied soul, but they seem to have no idea of a good spirit. The bope, who are evil spirits, must therefore not be offended though they must be driven away. To drive the spirits off, they use a bull-roarer, a peculiar instrument made of a slab of wood about half an inch thick, shaped something like a fish, and of varying size, hung by a long cord from the end of a stick like a fishing rod, and swung round and round through the air. As it swings and rapidly revolves, it sends forth loud sounds to a surprising distance, pitched from a sepulchral moan to an unearthly shriek, the wail rising and descending the scale according to the rapidity of the swing or the size of the instrument. To hear several of these roarers at once certainly produces most unusual sensations, particularly when operated, as we heard them, during a tropical storm amid the play of the lightning, the crash and roar of thunder, the falling floods, and dismal gloom. No female is allowed to see this instrument under pain of death. New ones are made as occasion demands, and they are burned immediately after their need has passed. We entered the baehytu as some of these roarers were

being made for the funeral prelude. There was deep silence, and the word *bope* was whispered low and mysteriously. Certain warning calls are given some hours in advance of the time for bringing the roarers into use, and, hearing these warnings, the females enter their huts, close the openings, and hide their heads. The roarers are manipulated outside the village up and down through the bush. We had difficulty in securing examples of these instruments. They were brought to us at night securely wrapped and amid the greatest secrecy, every precaution being taken to make sure that we would keep them where there would be no possibility of a female seeing them. We also had much difficulty in obtaining the base flute which is played only over the bones of their dead. A captain said to me, "That is a very bad instrument; you must not take it. If you do you will never return."

The Bororó are expert swimmers and are fishermen of the highest order. One mode of fishing is to swim out into the river, three or four miles above the village, with a net called *buke*, like a great bag, its mouth secured to two parallel rods nine to twelve feet long, bound together at their ends. When one or more fish are seen, the mouth of the sack is opened by springing the rods apart, and with wonderful dexterity the fish are bagged and the mouth of the net quickly closed by allowing the rods to spring together. The fisherman then plays the game, especially if it be large; gradually rolls the net over the rods till the fish cannot move, brings it to the surface and kills it with a club, which he trails by a cord from his neck. The fish is now taken from the net, strung on a cord, and floated along with the club. Sometimes two or more fish of twelve or fifteen pounds will be taken at one catch, or maybe one weighing as much as the man himself will be bagged in this way. A Bororó will remain in the water an hour or two continuously, and return ashore with six or eight large fish. They have learned to turn their bodily strength to the greatest account while in the water.

Another method of fishing is with a bone harpoon, to which is secured a long cord and a short detachable bamboo staff. With this the fisherman enters the water, and, finding a large fish in the shadow of a rock, following it with great expertness if it moves, he plunges the harpoon into it even at a depth of fifteen or twenty feet, while the staff detaches itself and remains in his hand with the end of the cord secured to it. The fisherman now returns to shore and plays the fish until he lands it.

Another method, when fish are scarce, is for one gang of men to enter the water with their sack nets, three or four miles above the

village, form a chain across the stream and make a great commotion and drive the fish downstream to a point near the village where another gang with sack nets awaits to bag the game. Sometimes they fish at dead of night, but as a rule they rarely leave the village after dark except in war.

Late one cloudy afternoon we had the pleasure of seeing the Bororó play *Mano*, the name of the small banana-like plant used in this game. It seems to be a close imitation of some of the performances of ants. Indeed, the imitating of nature occupies a large part of the Bororó life. Early in the day they went up the river and cut many of these plants, which grow three or four feet high, floated them down on rude bamboo rafts, carried them to a point about 600 yards from the village, and placed them in two piles, one for each of the two parties into which every village is divided—the *Xeráede* and the *Ta Nagarêde*. Each group prepared its material by cutting off the tops of the *mano*, leaving a spongy stem about eighteen inches long, and when all was ready each made its pile into a huge wheel. This was done by two men for each wheel standing face to face, about five and a half feet apart, with two long, strong, parallel cords between them, reaching from the ground up over their shoulders, for binding the material into a wheel. The *mano* was then piled in between each pair of Indians acting as posts, and when the weight pressed too heavily upon them, they were supported by other Indians leaning against them, back to back. When the *mano* was all in place the cords were drawn over the top and tightened. The wheels were next laid flat on the ground and a string of men pulled with all their strength on each of the four ends of the cord for each wheel, while others pounded the spongy mass so close that it could not burst. Each wheel was again set upright to be seized and hurried off in the mad race for the village. But the Bororó must do things decently and in order, so a *Ta Nagarêda* man, with much ceremony steps quickly over to the *Xeráede*, takes a man by the wrist, trots him around his wheel and stops in front of it, meaning by this that his wheel is delivered to its party, and the same ceremony is repeated by the other side. Each man who has now been presented to his wheel and his wheel to him, politely introduces others of his own party just as he himself was introduced, until all surround their own wheels. At a given signal each group seizes its wheel, throws it up on its shoulders, and runs pell mell in a race to the village. Each squad of these human ants tries to keep its wheel upright as it sags this way and that, or finally rolls over on the carriers, to be quickly straightened up, and rushed along again, each crowd endeavoring to

keep the lead. As they entered the village one wheel burst through the side of a hut. Finally both parties threw down their wheels in the public square at nearly the same moment, greeted by the applause of the whole village. They now all retired to partake of their evening feast and left the wheels to be torn apart by the women and children for use as pillows. A feast always ends the game, each party eating separately.

When about to go on a fishing trip, especially when fish are scarce, or on a hunting expedition, they sing the *bakaroro*, which seems to be a hymn in praise of the beast or fish that is to be hunted the next day. It is sung within the *baehytu* after night-fall and several times a week when food is scarce. The good qualities of the animal are named, and how well it will be treated and the use that will be made of it when taken. In this anthem, the man again exhibits his imitative qualities by attempting to reproduce the animal sounds which he has been most accustomed to hear. Frogs and toads are especially favored. While visiting the *Kogy ao Paro* village, about twenty miles away, we spent a night in the *baehytu*, and listened to the *bakaroro* at close quarters. The din, the darkness broken only by the red light of the fire that cooked our beef, the stagnant air, the noise of this squad of human beings reproducing the sound of everything that dwells thereabouts, made one imagine that he had passed from the earthly to the unearthly. After the *bakaroro*, the singers went outside the *baehytu*, and having cleared away the black earth, brought ashes and made animals in relief on the ground, especially the *tapir* which they were to hunt next day. This is also a tribute of honor to the animals. They also sing the *bakaroro* in honor of a visitor. As they had seen men hunting on horses and admired this method, they formed a horse in relief with a man mounted on it.

It is always the man (*mêdo*, from *meri*, the sun) who does the light work, while the woman (*arêda*, from *are*, the moon) is the beast of burden. She it is who must provide food for the family. Her lord may go fishing or hunting, and if he brings home something, well and good, but if not, he expects to find food on returning to his hut.

There appears to be no regular marriage ceremony among them. The girl is betrothed before reaching the age of eight or ten, and married at from ten to fourteen or even younger. She becomes betrothed by her would-be husband presenting to her parents a specially fine fish, or some animal whose flesh is much esteemed, he of course having made known in some way what he wishes in re-

turn for such a present. When he would take his betrothed to himself he makes a second similar present to her parents and they deliver her to him in his hut. Parents try to betroth their daughters while still young. We saw no large families, the largest number of children any one mother had being three. Extremely early marriage and the fact that the wife is driven to the *baehytu* whenever she displeases her lord may be reasons for small families. They hold their wives in utter subjection through fear of the hope and of the *baehytu*. A few of the leading men have two wives, an old one, and perhaps also a girl wife. Only men who have killed the spotted tiger, or performed some other feat of valor, may take a second wife. Children are not born in the village. The prospective mother hides herself in the bush until the child is born, and then returns to the village or is led back by female friends who go in search of her. It is common for children, especially girls, to nurse until they are six or eight years old, so large indeed that they can stand on the ground and nurse while the mother also stands. Younger children will climb up the mother's leg to reach her breast. They nurse at any time, the mother paying scarcely any attention to the child, who does absolutely as it pleases. The *Xeráede* and the *Ta Naragêda* in each village eats, fishes, hunts, works, and plays by itself. A man of the *Xeráede* cannot marry a woman of his own party, but must select one from the *Ta Naragêda*, and vice versa. The *Bororó* have a tradition that the *Xeráede* once possessed all things that the *Bráede*, civilized men, now possess, such as knives, axes, blankets, etc., but as these things brought calamity, they were obliged to abandon them. There is evidence that these Indians are made up of what was once two distinct tribes. The *Xeráede* tradition might indicate that the *Bororó* may have come in touch with the civilization of the Andean slope in ancient times.

The men are usually faithful to their wives—that is, they do not abandon them, especially where they have children, though at rare intervals one will become dissatisfied with his *areda*, drive her from the hut, and he himself take up his abode elsewhere. Fights between two married men are not uncommon through one intriguing with the other's wife. The conflict begins when the outraged husband berates the guilty one in shouts so loud that the whole village can hear, and the latter in turn at the other end of the village returns the compliment with interest. As they warm in their anger they emerge from their huts and finally get together, while all the men, women, and children of the village form a ring around them to

enjoy the sport. The fighters tumble, kick, and bite, and scratch with the poisonous spur or spine from the tail of a fish similar to the skate secured to their little fingers. Their endurance is marvelous and the fight may continue many hours, sometimes nearly all day, both parties constantly uttering their yells. The defeated party leaves the village, and the woman becomes the victor's prize.

The Bororó, like most other savage men, look to nature to furnish them with nearly all their food. About the only thing they cultivate is a little yellow corn, and even this with great difficulty, for they have no steel instruments. They are communistic, and therefore little inclined to attempt anything extensive in the way of agriculture or to provide a stock of food, for if one family should do this, it would only be to divide the harvest with the rest of the community and leave themselves with nothing for the morrow. There is thus no incentive for labor except when hunger drives them in search of food. The Bororó is therefore acquainted with about everything edible in his environment, and he knows when and where and how to obtain it. The river is by far his most important source of supply, and when fish are abundant in December, January, and February he grows fat. The rest of the year he is obliged to look largely to the woods for food, though he is a more expert fisherman than hunter, and individual families wander abroad through bush and forest along the rivers. As to fruit and vegetables, the palm is his never failing friend. It will always provide him with something when naught else can be found. At every season of the year he may obtain the white cheese-like heart of a diminutive palm. The fibrous trunk of two or three other varieties, pounded and wrung out, gives a starchy, liquid-like milk which, when boiled in a clay pot and mixed with the yellow fruit of the burity, makes good soup; or he may dry the starch and make it into bread. Another palm, called burity by the Brazilians, yields a yellow fruit bigger than a very large plum, which he eats with a relish, though we considered it very insipid. Still another species furnishes an unfailling supply of nuts about the size of a goose egg. This he throws into the fire for a few minutes, then removes the thin outer shell, and scrapes off and eats a thin insipid substance very much like the inner bark of the slippery elm. He then splits open the remainder of the thick shell and obtains a white woody kernel, which he eats raw or pounds in a wooden mortar and makes into a loaf to be wrapped in a large leaf and baked into bread in the ashes. This is considered quite a delicacy. The palm also furnishes material for his bows and for the shafts of his arrows. The

long tongue-like leaf furnishes a silk or band of strands called bokigo, which he rolls into a single strand as he sits cross-legged on the ground, and by twisting this strand with others he obtains cording with which to make his fishing nets, harpoon lines, etc. From the ground he digs two or three varieties of the potato family, which he boils. Corn is eaten as roasting ears or cut from the ears and boiled. They use no salt. The large ant bear is considered the most valuable of all creatures. Nearly every part of its body is utilized. When discovered it is driven to the village for slaughter in order to secure its blood. After this comes the tapir, which is also greatly esteemed. When food is plenty they eat nearly all the time when awake, and even rise several times in the night to take a little food. While we were in the baehytu at the Kogy ao Paro village we saw 33 men devour upwards of 25 gallons of boiled shelled corn within an hour and a half, and they had been nibbling roast ears all the morning. The two men who had accompanied us from the Ja-Dare-Mano Paro were induced to eat from every pot as they were brought in one at a time. They seem never to get full, and will eat as long as there is anything to be had. While at work making bows and arrows and ornaments, they are nibbling food, if they can obtain it. They eat the corn mush squatting and standing around the pot, using large oyster-like shells or broad leaves as spoons.

Their language seems quite free from clicks and from deep gutturals. The names given to animals are often in imitation of the sound produced by the animal. Ki, for instance, means tapir, and is a close imitation of the note of this animal; pobu means river or water; pobu camahina is great river; meri rutu, sunset; adugo, spotted tiger or ounce; and aigo, brown ounce. Báekimo is the negative; Boe by báekimo means "Indian die not"—"I will not die."

They are wonderful whistlers and seem able thus to communicate whatever they otherwise would by speech.

All the fine and ornamental work is done by the men. A great deal of time and labor is spent in making seemingly unimportant articles, and the time consumed in shaping and burnishing an arrow is astonishing, generally the larger part of two days. The shell ornament worn around the neck is made by the reciprocating motion of the point of a sharp instrument of flint or of iron or steel, if they can obtain it, fastened near the center of a roughly shaped shell. A fire is kindled in the same way by boring a wooden rod into another bit of wood. When holes have been made in bits of roughly

shaped shells they are strung tightly together on a cord or rod, and a bit of grinding stone is rubbed up and down their edges till they are of equal size. A wide belt is made by placing two bamboo rods in the ground two feet or more apart and winding around them the thread that is to serve as warp, placing each thread close beside the preceding one. The woof is then worked with the fingers and a wooden blade.

Wild cotton is pulled out and rolled into thread by hand just as the fiber of the palm is made into cord.

Bows and arrows are used in war, but they prefer to fight at close quarters with a club of heavy wood, shaped nearly like a baseball bat, about $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet long. A smaller club is also used as club or sword.

The ceremony of naming baby boys is very interesting. Early in the morning the family and friends, with the little one coated and ornamented with feathers of crimson and white, accompanied by a priest, take up a position on the highest ground near the village. At sunrise, the priest pierces the lower lip of the embryo warrior with a long, sharp, bone-pointed instrument made for the occasion and decorated with many-colored feathers. At the same time he pronounces "Piadudu" or the name of some bird, animal, or object whose name the child is to bear. "Piadudu," softly repeat the family and friends, and thus "Piadudu," humming-bird, a favorite name, becomes the name of the child. They are very jealous of their names and will not make them known to any one not belonging to their tribe, always when asked responding "parduko"—I do not know. A woman is totally disfranchised and can scarcely consider herself a citizen. She is merely an adjunct to the man.

These savages, although so filthy in their habits, are sometimes quite sensitive to noxious odors, and we were sometimes much amused to see them rush about in disgust to escape some disagreeable odor.

They make no canoes, but are satisfied with small rafts sufficient to float their cocoanuts or mano down the river.

The Bororó are the tallest of any South American Indians I have seen. I do not remember one man under five feet seven inches, and they are sometimes six feet three or four inches tall. They are full faced, the nose well shaped and not large nor particularly flat, nor are the cheek bones especially prominent. Many of the children and some of the young men are quite handsome.

The tribe is supposed to number between five and ten thousand souls. We visited eight villages and settlements.