

we fasten three others; then we spread over this frail structure our *baire*,—that is to say, a large canvass, the ends of which we carefully fold beneath the mattress. In these tombs, stifling with heat, we are compelled to sleep. The first thing that we do on landing is to make our *baires* with all possible haste; otherwise, the mosquitoes would not permit us to use them. If we could sleep in the open air, we would enjoy the coolness of the night, and would be very happy. We are much more to be pitied when we find no camping-ground; then we fasten the pirogue to a tree, and if we find an *embarras* of trees we prepare our meal on it; if we do not find one, we go to bed without supper,—or rather, we have no supper, and we do not go to bed; we remain still in the same position that we kept during the day, exposed through the whole night to the fury of the mosquitoes. By the way, what we call an *embarras* is a mass of floating trees which the river has uprooted, and which the current drags onward continually. If these be stopped by a tree that is rooted in the ground, or by a tongue of land, the trees become heaped upon one another, and form enormous piles; some are found that would furnish your good city of Tours with wood for three winters. These spots are difficult and dangerous to pass. It is necessary to sail very close to the *embarras*; the current is rapid there and should the pirogue be driven against these floating trees it would immediately disappear and would be swallowed up in the water under the *embarras*.

This was also the season of the greatest heat, which was increasing every day. During the whole voyage we had only one entire day that was cloudy;