

morning they brought us to the middle of a steep, and then suddenly decamped, terrified at a small stream, which they said would lead them into a strange country; so they left us in the heat of the morning to bring on our luggage as best we could. We made seventy miles in ten days; and had as you may suppose, plenty of time for observation. The scenery as you follow the stream is tame compared with the neighbourhood of the gorge; but we seldom wanted excitement: curiosity was ever kept wakeful by some novelty or other. Some strange animal, tree, or flower, was ever inviting us to turn aside. The scream of the peacock became as common as the crow of the cock. The Godavery is very rich in birds. Every species of wing that skims the water is to be found here. Geese, ducks, teal, cranes, and several kinds of enormous size, that I cannot name, troop about in immense flocks, and animate the whole surface of some parts of the river. The villages are commonly small, but lie at no great distance from each other. In most of them we saw a patch of ground set apart for the growth of cotton. They cultivate just enough for their own consumption. We obtained several specimen 'pods,' the fibre of which our unlearned judgment pronounced excellent. No care is bestowed upon the plant, either to improve its quality or extend its cultivation. One man told us of a little spot of cotton ground, about one-fourth of an acre; that they had never grown more ever since he had been in the village. It was enough for their own wants: they gathered it about February or March, and carried the pods either to Cherla, a neighbouring village, or to Mungapett, a town on the opposite side of the river, and there the weaver made it into clothing for them. In other places we found the cotton better cared for, more ground devoted to it, and the cultivation more orderly distributed. As we traversed the waste lands that lie between the villages, vast in extent, and enriched by the deposits of the river, I could not help moralizing upon the wisdom of building our hopes upon *foreign* soil for cotton supply, and begging that from America, with the chance of a denial, which we may have in continuous abundance from our own India!

With regard to the people of the Godavery districts, every fact we could collect cheered the proposal of sending to them at once the word of life. They are for the most part *peasants*. From Raniagundry to Sironcha there is scarcely a town to be seen: the people are all collected in villages, consisting chiefly of Kois, Reddies, Gonds, and tribes of a similar class, with here and there Telugu Hindus. Except at Badrachellum, we hardly saw any of the symbols of idolatry. Superstition has no revenues here to invite a priesthood; and it therefore wants for the most part, the defence of shrines and temples, those arguments of antiquity which the natives of India so greatly reverence. Here, then, is an opportunity for the Christian Missionary to forward the *Cross*, where no rival object distracts the eye, to call home to Jesus, these weary, wandering souls, where no stranger's voice invites the sheep elsewhere. The Kois, and such aboriginal people are honest, frank, and independent: they are, moreover, kind and hospitable. They will receive you into their houses, give you food and shelter, converse with you without fear or shyness. I forget whether I mentioned in my last letter that, when at Dummagadeum, I consulted with Mr. Edmonds, the Church Missionary recently appointed to labour there, as to the direction in which his Society would probably work, and what extent of ground he supposed would be sufficient for the scope of their Godavery Mission. Of course he was unable to speak from authority; but in his personal views he agreed with me that our two Societies would be sufficiently distant from each other's operations to find each a distinct field, if the Wesleyan Mission fixed its southern boundary at Chintoor, between fifty and sixty miles to the north of Dummagadeum. Chintoor is a large village on an angular bend of the river, and naturally suggests a terminus. From Chintoor, therefore, we assumed that the ground was our own; and a fairer field never expanded before the Missionary's eye. To the north of Chintoor are several Reddie villages. The Reddies are, I think, more intelligent, as they are certainly more respectable, than the Kois. Their houses and clothing are of a