

*Extract of a Letter from the Same, dated Sironcha, March 31st, 1862.*

Here we are at the end of our journey up the Godavery, having traversed or followed the stream for two hundred and twenty miles. My last letter was dated from Dummagudeum, from which place we plunged into the jungle, and for the first ten days kept on the British bank of the river, an unfrequented and very difficult route; but we chose it because here lies the ground which we propose to divide into Mission-stations. It would amuse you to hear some curious vicissitudes that befel us in the journey; it would move a warm thankfulness on our behalf were I to recount the dangers we have escaped. I was never before so touched by the scripture that describes God's daily mercies. "They are new every morning." With us they were not only fresh in their renewal, but were in a manner unprecedented, as day by day brought new forms of want to be supplied, new perils to be delivered from. Still, thank God, we have not as yet been made heroes: we have nothing dreadful to tell, no great displays of courage and endurance to celebrate.—Our greatest excitement was awaked by a tract of country absolutely new to the Missionary and his Bible, where Christ, as the mere sound of the word, has yet to be pronounced for the first time! Our greatest pleasure was the discovery of tribes of simple people, pre-occupied by no important superstition, accessible to the Gospel, and no Braminical arm to frustrate their acceptance of it; and our deepest sorrow was moved by the thought that even now, supposing our people at home: respond quickly and earnestly to our appeal, and that there are young men among them who dare to be the Godavery pioneers, and that you can send them forth immediately, it must be long before any of these poor captive souls can ever hear "the glad sound." Multitudes must pass from their present darkness into the second death, before the first message of love can be delivered. Returning to the journey, kind friends at Dummagudeum provided us with means to prosecute our jungle trip. We have five ponies, two for

mounting, the rest for our tent and baggage. Our company consisted of horse-keepers, coolies, and our own servants, and a tent lascar, twelve men in all. We set out on Wednesday evening, the 19th instant. Six o'clock was too late by a couple of hours; but you cannot here get people to move before they choose, and they choose the last moment. We hoped to encamp the same night at Purnasala, a large Hindu village, famous for its legendary interest; but one of our ponies broke down with the box that contained our crockery, and night having overtaken us, we lost a good deal of time in examining into damages and increasing the security of that which had escaped. We therefore turned into the first village we found, Kygodeum, and rested under a tree until morning. The Godavery was just west of us, and on the other side rose the Hydrobad hills, several of which were lighted up with huge jungle fires, that ran about and wind through these forests like serpents of fire, now coiled up at the smouldering root of some giant tree which they have devoured, and then at the breath of a wind diving nimbly into the long grass and re-appearing in sinuous tracks of light. We sometimes passed close by them; and I can hardly imagine a spectacle more imposing and terrific than flames, bright and fierce, devouring the jungle where human foot has never trod. Some tell us they arise from spontaneous combustion; others affirm that the natives themselves fire the brushwood to scare away wild beasts, especially the tiger, who is the scourge of the Upper Godavery villages, and that the flames thus kindled push into the forests. We left Kygodeum for Parunsala, the village aforesaid, and pitched our camp just outside it. We passed a disagreeable day; for our frail little tent was no match for the hot blasts of wind that assailed us fiercely all the afternoon. It was impossible to be quiet it was equally impossible to study or talk.

Our further steps were also very slow and short: coolies were hard to get, and of little use when found. One