

where. Their creed is divided into Positivism and Negativism. I am generally opposed to anything resembling the Slave Trade, but as I was not allowed to take a Foto, without paying for the privilege, I bought one. Life is valueless among these strange people, and often in a morning's walk have I seen as many as a hundred Fotos hung up in a public place.

I am informed that their views of marriage are superstitious in the extreme; one of the parents giving her consent with reluctance, as the sacrifice of a mother-in-law is considered an act of heroic virtue.

*Extract from Diary.*—This evening sent letter to England by Black Mail, asking for cheque on account. Exploration must come to an end, if cheque doesn't arrive. Mine is an un-chequered existence at present. I have drawn for the Editor a touching picture of our wretched state; I wish the Editor would draw something that would touch me. Then how about the Proprietors? I've got reams of their advertisements to stick all over the Keep-it-Dark Continent—just to enlighten them—but I can't use them *without paste*. How to make paste without the tin? Impossible. If they only knew what they are losing. And how about that friend in the North to whom they telegraphed and who wired back "Yes!"

There are several political water-parties in the Rhigatur country, but they are included under two heads, the *Torpids* and the *Rapids*.

The only crimes ever committed here are known as "Aquarian Outrages," and generally arise from envy of a Torpid, in consequence of some more than usually dashing action of the Rapids, when he will go out in a boat at