

P12

THE
VOICE OF PITY

FOR

South America.

VOL. VI.—1859.

“And seeing the multitudes, He had compassion on them,
because they were scattered abroad, as sheep having no
shepherd.”

LONDON :

WERTHEIM, MACINTOSH, AND HUNT;

24, Paternoster Row, and 23, Holles Street, Cavendish Square.

EDINBURGH, W. P. KENNEDY; GLASGOW, D. BRYCE; DUBLIN,

G. HERBERT; BRISTOL, I. E. CHILLCOTT; CLIFTON,

B. P. SHEPHERD; NOTTINGHAM, DUNN AND SON.

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The New Year.

Birthdays are ever occasions for congratulation. The first deep tones of parental joy which welcome the infant soul at the threshold of existence, are prolonged in ever-repeated echoes at each recurring period of its birth. The thoughtful mind will seek the causes of this joy, and in its universal and spontaneous expression will see an unconscious testimony to the great fact, that life is the gift of love, and that its dower of immortality was never intended to be one of sorrow but of bliss. And then will come the all-important question to each heart—What right have I to these congratulations on the lapse of time, except as bringing nearer to my grasp a rich inheritance in a coming eternity? And if my path of life on earth be but a cheerless passage through a world of shadows to the prophetic darkness of the grave,—instead of being a “*via sacra*,” along which I move in conflict yet in triumph to my eternal home,—more fitting at such seasons were the notes of sorrow than of joy.

At the advent of a New Year, the world adds another birthday to its history. And has the world reason to rejoice or weep, as the ages roll on, and the time of the end draws near?

The prince of this world rejoices not; rather is he filled with wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time. For him the swiftly rolling years are bringing ever nearer the judgment of that great day, which to him and his angels shall end in the blackness of darkness for ever.

And what of those who are his subjects now and must share his doom hereafter? The time will come when the too-evident signs of the approaching end will cause their hearts to "fail them for fear, and for looking after those things that are coming on the earth." But in the meanwhile how many are cheating themselves with a vain dream of human progress; and, blinding their eyes to the revelation of God's truth in Scripture, look for the regeneration of society to the discoveries of science, the development of the intellect, and all those multiplied schemes for the diffusion of knowledge, by which, as they imagine, is to be established in the world a universal reign of prosperity and peace. Alas, how little do the annals of our time substantiate the expectations of these eager prophets of the future!

But these are not all to whom the New Year comes with blessing or with woe.

The Church of Christ which is in the world, how reads she this new page in the book of time? The Church has no existence separate from her Lord. She is but the body of which He is the

Head. She is animated by His spirit. His will is her law. His promise is her trust. His glory is her aim. The anchor of her hope is His coming again, to take to Him His "great power and to reign for ever and ever." This hope is the pillar and the cloud which guides her through the wilderness of this world to her heavenly home. It shapes every action, it colours every dream, and at the close of every stage in their pilgrimage, her children cry, "Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed." But waiting thus and hoping, has the Church of Christ no work to do for Him? Yes, she looks into the records of His will, and there she finds His coming ever linked with a condition such as this—"This gospel of the kingdom shall first be preached in all the world for a witness to all nations, and then shall the end come." In the counsels of heaven, time is but the week of labour which ushers in the sabbath of eternity. The great labour of time is the proclamation of the gospel. This is the Church's work on earth, bequeathed to her in the last solemn charge of her ascending Lord. "I go to prepare a place for you:" here is the Saviour's work. "I will come again:" this is His promise. How is the interval to be spent by the Church? "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." The apostles clearly understood their Master's words,

and acted on them. "So then after the Lord had spoken unto them He was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God. *And they went forth and preached everywhere.*" Thus did the early Church fulfil her Lord's command. How does the Church regard it now? What a blessed exemplification would it afford of that word, "If thine eye be single thy whole body shall be full of light," were the Church of Christ to keep her eye steadily fixed on this command of His. And, in the earnest and unrelaxing endeavour to fulfil it, how much that now darkens and defiles her would vanish and become absorbed in the glory of that light which would then shine forth in her midst. What a noble simplicity would be stamped on all her actions, what a fulness of blessing would descend upon the world! Why should it not be so? Is it said, this is but one view of the case, there is a dark as well as a bright side to this question? The command is clear, the work is glorious, but it is beset with difficulty, it is met by opposition, it is enveloped in contempt: failure is written on many of its best efforts. All this is true, all this was foreknown to Him who gave the command. But, if He foresaw the difficulties, He also provided for their removal. For, often as reference is made to this great command, it is too common to overlook the majestic declaration by which it is introduced.

Few passages of Scripture have more sublimity of expression, as well as depth of meaning than this, "All power is given unto Me both in heaven and in earth. Go ye *therefore*, and teach all nations;—and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Taken out of its setting, the charge thus given to us, may well weigh down the spirit with despondency:—but take it as it was given, with such an inscription, and such a seal, and where is the follower of Christ who does not hail it as the most precious legacy of his ascended Saviour, and rejoice in the glorious privilege thus afforded of being a fellow worker with Him? Here is all the difficulty presupposed and met by the all-silencing announcement, "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth." Rest upon this power, lean upon this arm, and go forth upon your errand of peace; be not repulsed by failure, nor cast down by loss—"Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

Reader, we have once more set before you your Lord's command; we have shown you how strongly it is supported and enforced. Are you prepared to accept your share of labour in the Church of Christ? The New Year invites you to a renewed dedication of yourself to His service. Daily almost are fresh openings made, and obstacles removed, for the accomplishment of that great purpose, the making known the "everlasting

gospel to all nations for the obedience of faith." There is no quarter of the globe to which this blessing is denied. The field is the world. One portion of that field is in this Journal specially presented to you, as claiming your interest and your prayers. The wild neglected natives of South America and Tierra del Fuego implore your help, in language that all can understand. What heart that knows the love of God in Christ can read unmoved of such a scene as this?—"I ought not to forget to mention," writes Mr. Gardiner, in the narrative of his recent visit to Woollya, "that this morning a canoe was alongside, when we had prayers, and the natives pointed up to the sky; but when the hymn was sung the women burst into tears." Do not these upturned glances, these involuntary tears, speak more forcibly than words could do, the deep though perhaps unconscious yearning of these orphaned hearts for a Father's blessing, and a Saviour's love? And shall we, whose sympathy is readily excited by the sight of bodily want and misery, feel less bound to relieve this spiritual thirst, this hunger of the soul, when He who alone can satisfy it has bid us speed to all His gracious message—"Let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will let him take the water of life freely."

The work is indeed begun. A footing has been gained, under the most promising circumstances,

amongst the tribes in the Beagle Channel, and for the present the energies of our Society must be directed to the vigorous prosecution of its holy enterprise in Tierra del Fuego and Patagonia. The time, we trust, is not far distant when we shall have permanent stations at such places as Elisabeth Island, Banner Cove, and Woollya.

But while steadily pursuing our object in this particular spot, we desire never to forget that expansion no less than concentration is a leading principle of Christian sympathy; and, that, notwithstanding providential circumstances have led to the commencement of our work at the very extremity of South America, we have in reality accepted the spiritual clientship of all its aboriginal tribes. Naturally we watch with deep interest the events that are transpiring in all parts of this continent, and we feel happy in the belief that there are evident signs of preparation for a freer and more effectual access than hitherto to the interior of the country. It is to Brazil especially that we desire again to direct the attention of our readers, and in another part of our journal will be found some extracts from a work which presents some interesting information on these points. The political equality now established in Brazil,—the softening and gradual extinction of the animosities existing between the native and foreign races which may be expected to follow the

abolition of slavery,—the encouragement afforded to the European emigrant, and the relaxation in his behalf of many ecclesiastical restrictions,—the plans already projected for steam communication with the interior by means of the splendid rivers of the country,—these and still other enlightening influences are being brought to bear upon these countries at a moment when the attention of British Christians is being peculiarly directed towards it. May the interest thus excited both deepen and increase, and find expression in earnest and united action, so that at the close of the year now begun the sound of the gospel trumpet may have been heard and welcomed in South America, and many hearts have responded to the call.

For ourselves and our readers we pray that we may be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord," forasmuch as we know that our "labour is not in vain in the Lord."

The Aboriginal Tribes of Brazil.

The subjoined extracts from a work entitled "Brazil and the Brazilians," by Kidder and Fletcher, will be read, we have little doubt, with interest. The deplorable condition of the aboriginal tribes occupying the interior of the kingdom of Brazil is here presented with striking prominence. How faintly have Christians in England realized, hitherto, the moral and spiritual

degradation of these members of the human family! How urgent is the call to go forth to their help! We make but one or two remarks at this moment in connection with this subject. And, first, we would remind our readers that the tribes referred to below form but a small portion of that aboriginal population of South America, the evangelization of which we desire to see effected. From the fact of the long coast-line of this continent being occupied by Spanish and Portuguese colonists, it has been taken too much for granted that civilization and Christianity are dominant in the country. But the slightest examination will prove this to be a mere illusion; and we shall at once detect, within the comparatively thin rim of an imported civilization, abundant traces of barbarism, superstition, and revolting paganism. It is true that along the sea-coasts the natives have been virtually banished or destroyed; but in the interior of the country they are still numerous, and, what is more, they are within the reach of any who desire to do them good, by means of the magnificent river communications which are characteristic of South America. And, in these days of steam and remarkable commercial enterprise, we hope we shall not have long to wait before the vast resources of this quarter of the world are more thoroughly explored, and its populations brought more prominently into notice than they yet have been. Already we claim for our Society the responsibility and the privilege of preparing and directing the sympathies of Christians towards these races of mankind, too long neglected. We would not disguise, indeed, that Jesuit Missionaries, in times gone by, did once direct their efforts for the conversion to Christianity of these pagan tribes. But the slave trade carried on in the interior with an insatiable and

relentless purpose by the Portuguese, combined with other causes to destroy the work which they had commenced. But, reader, mark this, the slave trade in Brazil is now contrary to law! Here is a stumbling-block removed. Political equality, moreover, prevails. The religious restrictions, by which all but the popish influence was repressed, have been relaxed. For the Protestant Missionary there is, therefore, access to the Indian races in this kingdom. And why should he not avail himself of it, when the Roman Catholic hierarchy, so far from being powerful for good, is weak and degenerate, and in a state of moral and spiritual decay?

“Frequent allusion has been made to the aboriginal tribes of Brazil. Their history would fill many volumes. The same interest which attaches to the Incas and their subjects, to the Montezumas and the millions over whom they lorded it, does not belong to the tribes or nations which inhabited Brazil at its discovery. The few remains of antiquity which have been reported in the north are doubtless monuments of the empire of the Incas east of the Andes.

“That erudite and accurate student of Indian antiquities, Mr. Schoolcraft, has, I think, clearly shown that the germ of Mexican civilization was the cultivation of the maize, which, to produce in quantities and in perfection, requires, at least for some months, continued labour. Thus the ancient Mexicans, if they were even for a short time nomadic, would be recalled to the spot whence they drew their principal sustenance. The want of rain either called forth efforts for artificial irrigation, or for the construction of floating gardens on the lakes which gem the great valley of Azteca. These could not be well abandoned without the greatest sacrifice, and thus there grew up insensibly a community,—

a *settlement*. If the early history of the great Peruvian nation, which numbered more than three times the population of Mexico, could be known, we should doubtless find that their civilization originated in endeavouring to procure food by the cultivation of the rainless and arid Pacific sea-coast, by resorting to artificial irrigation. When strength of mind and skill were developed, they could push their way into a more favoured region, driving back other tribes. Thus, in time, they extended their conquests, their comparative civilization, and their Sabeian religion over a territory comprising the country from the Pacific coast on the west to the eastern slope of the Andes, and from the equator to Valparaiso.

“The tribes of Brazil, however, from the natural irrigation, and from the spontaneous products of the forests and plains, had no motives to call forth that mental effort for existence which often results in civilization. They were not settled; neither were they habitually and widely nomadic, each tribe having certain limits, where it remained until driven out by a superior force. The plantain, the banana, the cashew, the yam,—above all, the mandioca, and the more than two hundred species of palms,—furnished them food, drink, and raiment. The little cultivation to which they attended was that of the mandioca-root, which, when planted in burned ground, thrives among the stumps and roots of trees without further husbandry.

“But the most generous gift (to which allusion has been made) that bountiful Providence gave Brazil is the palm-tree. The traveller in the interior provinces and upon the sea-coast, away from the cities, is struck by the very great application of this “Pince of the Vegetable Kingdom” to the wants of man. And if

the prince plays so important a part in the domestic economy of Europeans and their descendants, his highness was and is servant for general house and field work among the aborigines of Brazil. To this day it furnishes the Amazonian Indians house, raiment, food, drink, salt, fishing-tackle, hunting-implements, and musical instruments, and almost every necessary of life except flesh. Take the hut of an Uaupé Indian on one of the affluents of the Rio Negro. The rafters are formed by the straight and uniform palm called *Leopoldina pulchra*; the roof is composed of the leaves of the Caraná palm; the doors and framework of the split stems of the *Iriartea exhoriza*. The wide bark which grows beneath the fruit of another species is sometimes used as an apron. The Indian's hammock, his bow-strings, and his fishing-lines are woven and twisted from the fibrous portions of different palms. The comb with which the males of some of the tribes adorn their heads is made from the hard wood of a palm; and the fish-hooks are made from the spines of the same tree. The Indian makes, from the fibrous spathes of the *Mannicaria saccifera*, caps for his head, or cloth in which he wraps his most treasured feather-ornaments. From eight species he can obtain intoxicating liquor; from many more (not including the cocoa-nut-palm, found on the sea-coast) he receives oil and a harvest of fruit; and from one (the *Jará assú*) he procures, by burning the large clusters of small nuts, a substitute for salt. From another he forms a cylinder for squeezing the mandioca-pulp, because it resists for a long time the action of the poisonous juice. The great woody spathes of the *Maximiliana regia* are 'used by hunters to cook meat in, as, with water in them, they stand the fire well.' (Wallace.) These spathes are also employed for carrying earth, and sometimes for

cradles. Arrows are made from the spinous processes of the *Patawá*, and lances and heavy harpoons are made from the *Iriatea ventricosa*; the long blow-pipe through which the Indian sends the poisoned arrow that brings down the bright birds, the fearless peccari, and even the thick-skinned tapir, is furnished by the *Setigera* palm: the great, bassoon-like musical instruments used in the 'devil-worship' of the Uaupés are also made from the stems of palm-trees.

"One would have supposed that a people thus supplied with almost every necessity of life would have exhibited gentleness and docility, and would have been among the most peaceful of the denizens of the New World. On the contrary, the aborigines of Brazil were a warlike, ferocious people, unskilled in the usual arts of peace, and were of the most vengeful and bloody character. Many of these tribes were cannibals: some ate their enemies in grand ceremonial; others made war for the purpose of obtaining human food; and others still devoured their relatives and friends as a mark of honour and distinguished consideration. At this day, in the remote interior, on the upper waters of the Amazon, there exist, in as wild a state as when South America was first discovered, tribes whose anthropophagous propensities are as fully indulged as if the European had never placed foot upon the continent. We would feel inclined to discredit the accounts of all the early navigators who touched upon the Brazilian coasts in regard to the cannibalism of the natives, were it not that it is fully confirmed at the present day: forty days' journey (as travellers travel) from the mouth of the Amazon up the river Purus, are found the Catauixis, and near them other tribes of Indians, who, Mr. Wallace (a thorough and truthful explorer) says, 'are cannibals,

killing and eating Indians of other tribes, and they preserve the flesh thus obtained smoked and dried.'

"So far as can be ascertained, there were more than one hundred different tribes inhabiting Brazil at the discovery of South America. The large majority of these belonged to one race, and were called, upon the sea-coast, Tupi-Tupinaki, Tupinambi, or something similar, in the way of a compound of the root *Tup*. In the south, upon the head-waters of the La Plata, they were called Guarani. They were most curiously situated, dwelling in a narrow belt upon the whole sea-coast from the mouth of the Amazon down to the present province of S. Paulo. Here they extended inland to the Paraguay, and up its waters and across the interlacings of the La Platan and Amazonian sources, where, it is surmised, they had their origin: thence they were found upon the Marmora, the Madeira, the Tapajoz, and other rivers, down the Amazon to the great island of Majaro. This people spoke in effect the same language, called by Dr. Latham, in his treatise on the languages of the Amazon, the Tupi-Guarani. This learned philologist says that as far northward as the equator and as far south as Buenos Ayres the Tupi-Guarani language was to be found. Now, there were, surrounded by this widely-spread race, numerous tribes of other aborigines, who spoke a class of languages totally distinct and different. These different tribes, it was ascertained by the Jesuits and traders, comprehended, to a certain extent, the Tupi-Guarani tongue, though their own languages were so unlike that they scarcely had one word in common. The priests, the traders, and the slave-hunters, pushed their way through these tribes, and each, in their widely-different missions, aided in the formation of a remarkable language, called

the *Lingoa Geral* or *Lingoa Franca*, which was the common vehicle of communication, from the Orinoco to the La Plata, among people whose languages remain unknown. The trader, the scientific explorer, and the Brazilian government official, at this day have their intercourse with the savages of the Japura, the Paraná, the Chingu, and the Araguaia, by the *Lingoa Geral*. The basis of this, as already observed, is the Guarani or Tupi-Guarani tongue.*

“These surrounded tribes, so to speak, occasionally, though rarely, succeeded in reaching the coast. Thus, the Aymores—a cannibal tribe who acquired such a terrible celebrity—made their appearance upon the seashore a long time after the discovery of Brazil. The coast-tribes regarded them with horror, and considered them as irrational beings, ignorant of the construction of huts, and of the art of adorning their persons with the rich plumage of the parrot and the gay-painted macaw. They had a still more distinctive characteristic, that consisted in an unconquerable fear of water, which impeded them from following their enemies when they swam a river or plunged into a lake. They assaulted Porto Seguro and the Ilheos with such ferocity that Bellegarde says that labour ceased on all the plantations for want of workmen who had gone to give them battle. They were afterward routed and nearly all dispersed, and there only remain as their descendants the *Botacudos*, a few hundred of whom still—now peacefully—wander upon the banks of the rivers Doce and Bellemonite. These Indians, like many of the savages of

* “Dr. Latham says, ‘With two exceptions, the distribution of the numerous dialects and sub-dialects of the Tupi-Guarani tongue is the most remarkable in the world,—the exceptions being the Malay and the Athabaskan tongues.’”

South America, wear the most absurd ornaments of light wood, (the aloe,) which they at pleasure insert and take out from slits in their ears and lips.

“But the question naturally arises, What have become of the numerous tribes once inhabiting the sea-coast and those provinces where now a civilized population most abound? Where are the Tupi-Guarani? Many wandered to remote parts of the empire; European diseases and vices, as well as war and the march of civilization, swept them from their places. The Guarani of South Brazil, under the Jesuits, reached a certain degree of advancement; but the inhuman Portuguese slave-hunter, who pushed his way as far as Bolivia, with ruthless hands broke up the missions and led them into captivity, and they soon melted away before cruel taskmasters. Of the Tupinambás and the Tamoyos, who dwelt in the present provinces of Rio de Janeiro and Minas-Geraes, the former were exterminated, and the latter were so constantly harassed and defeated in war by the colonists, that though for a long time wanting unanimity, they finally were persuaded by the eloquence of an influential and eminent chief (Japy Assú,—a second Orgetorix) to emigrate to the distant north,—then more than three thousand miles from their former home,—and they settled upon the southern bank of the Amazon, from its confluence with the Madeira, at various points, down to the island of Marajo. Their descendants are found this day in the country between the Tapajoz and the Madeira, among the lakes and channels of the great island of the Tupinambás. They are now called the Mandrucús,—the most warlike Indians of South America. They live in villages, in each of which is a fortress where all the men sleep at night. This building is adorned within by

the dried heads of their enemies, decked with feathers. These ghastly ornaments have the features and hair perfectly preserved.

“The existing tribes, in their manners and customs, are closely allied to our North American Indians, with this exception:—that the savages south of the equator have all been found to be exceedingly deficient in any religious idea. None of them, when first visited, seemed to have the faintest conception of the Great Spirit which so strikingly characterized the simple theology of the aborigines of the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence. Attempts to civilize them have proved abortive except when they are held in a state of pupilage, as they were by the Jesuits, or under the rigid discipline of the Brazilian army.

“The curious ethnologist will find in the tribes of the Upper Amazonian waters the red man who has been untouched by civilization. Mr. Wallace—who roamed for some years among these sons of the wilderness—has given us much information in regard to them, and says that one of the singular facts connected with these Indians is the resemblance which exists between some of their customs and those of nations most remote from them. Thus, the *gravatána* or blow-pipe re-appears in the *sumpitan* of Borneo; the great houses of the Uaupés and Mandracús closely resemble those of the Dyaks of the same country; while many small baskets and bamboo boxes from Borneo and New Guinea are so similar in their form and construction to those of the Amazonian Indians that they might be supposed to belong to adjoining tribes. Then again, the Mandrucús, like the Dyaks, take the heads of their enemies, smoke-dry them with equal care, preserving the skin and hair entire, and hang them up around their houses. In

Australia the throwing-stick is used; and on a remote branch of the Amazon (the Purus) we see a tribe of Indians (the Purupurús) differing from all around them in substituting for the bow a weapon only found in such a remote portion of the earth, among a people so distinct from them in almost every physical characteristic.

“The aboriginal population is unknown, and there are only about nineteen thousand catechized or Christian Indians reported by the Minister of the Empire.”

Letter from Mr. Garland Phillips.

We are glad to be able to announce the safe arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Phillips at Monte Video. Their voyage from Liverpool thither was of extraordinary length, and the *Allen Gardiner* was delayed in her return to the Mission-work in consequence; but those who have perused the Journal of Mr. Fell, in our late numbers, will not think the time at Monte Video ill-spent. The subjoined note from Mr. Phillips speaks for itself:—

“*Allen Gardiner*, Monte Video,

“Thursday, October 5th, 1858.

“Rev. and Dear Sir,

“On Sunday morning (we having anchored on Saturday evening at eleven o'clock) Mr. Fell came on board the *Rosario*, and after a very warm reception told me that there was an opportunity for me to hold a religious service on board the *Water Lily*, an English barque lying here, at three p.m. He fetched us at 11.30, and we dined on board the barque, in company

with Mr. Heywood, of Plymouth, a friend of Dr. Tregelles, who takes so warm an interest in our Mission. We had, at the afternoon service, two captains and the crew. It was a season of much enjoyment. After an early tea, we went with Captain and Mrs. Bolt to the English church, and heard an excellent sermon from the Rev. Mr. Pendleton, on the 1st Epistle of St. John.

“Yesterday morning Mr. Fell fetched Mrs. Phillips, and domiciled her in her new floating home; and I can assure you that it is in every respect more comfortable than that of the *Rosario*, the vessel in which we sailed from Liverpool. I am much pleased with the comfortable and clean appearance of the *Allen Gardiner*, and still more so with the happy and contented look of the seamen. They are thorough-looking tars, strong and fearless for the rough seas we shall navigate, and yet in all Christian humility meet voluntarily morning and evening to offer up their prayers and praise to our heavenly Father. We have here what I so much desired on my first embarking in this Mission, in 1854,—the liberty to converse with all hands on matters of the highest and holiest nature.

“I am highly pleased with Mr. Fell; and I do trust we shall be mutually helpful in our way Zion-ward. He has given me a very interesting account of our Missionary affairs at Keppel Island, and also of his visit to Buenos Ayes. I am much indebted to him for his kindness to Mrs. Phillips, and the attentions he has given to us both. I find that, owing to a six days’ festival at Monte Video, I shall not be able to take my luggage and furniture in the *Allen Gardiner*, but I shall have it sent by the mail, which leaves in a few days.

“To-day we have been ashore, and looked into the cathedral and about the city. We called on the Rev.

Mr. Pendleton, who has invited us to spend the day with him to-morrow, as he wishes to show us a little of the natural beauties of the suburbs. He takes a lively interest in our Mission.

“I am so rejoiced that James Button and family are at Keppel. I long to get there and proceed to business. Strange it is that he does not recollect our visit in 1855; but I think I have a method which will bring it all to his remembrance. I expect he will return with us to his countrymen; and I hope to send you full particulars in my next despatch.

“Believe me to remain, yours, &c.,

“GARLAND PHILLIPS.”

First Lessons in Fuegian.

The following list of words was sent to us by the Rev. G. P. Despard, shortly after the arrival of James Button and family at Keppel Island. Since that time (July) despatches from our Missionary brethren stationed at Cranmer have failed us. The means of communication have been cut off; and we much fear that for the present we must trust to chance opportunities for the transmission of letters to and from our Mission Station. The mail contract between the Falkland Islands and Monte Video has now ceased, and until it is resumed there must be great uncertainty as to the receipt of letters. We may possibly be cheered by despatches by the next Brazilian mail; yet we must not be surprised if intelligence fails us. But at any rate we may rejoice in knowing that the work abroad is going forward, and that the acquisition of the Fuegian dialects is daily becoming a more tangible reality. We

believe that the subjoined vocabulary is well attested, and have much satisfaction in presenting it to our readers :—

ENGLISH AND FIRELAND VOCABULARY.

<i>Sun,</i>		Lüm.
<i>Moon,</i>		Enookă.
<i>Stars,</i>		Epernă.
<i>Earth,</i>		Tün.
<i>Fire,</i>		Push-ah-kē.
<i>Wood,</i>		Lemtach.
<i>Father,</i>		Eye-moo.
<i>Mother,</i>		Dah-bē.
<i>Grandmother,</i>		Goo-loo-onnă.
<i>Sister,</i>		Wa-ahi-keepă.
<i>Brother,</i>		Shoo-ah-kē.
<i>Woman,</i>		Keepă.
<i>Husband,</i>	}	
<i>or</i>		
<i>Wife,</i>		Too-coo.
<i>Son,</i>		Maco.
<i>Boy,</i>		Yaroo-moo-ă.
<i>Girl,</i>		Yaroo-matëa.
<i>Ear,</i>		Uff-kee-ă.
<i>Mouth,</i>		Amma-tatte-ma.
<i>Hair,</i>		Oosh-tă.
<i>Lip,</i>		Fe-ă.
<i>Finger,</i>		Yersh.
<i>Belly,</i>		Gallyă.
<i>Foot,</i>		Coo-ee.
<i>Thigh,</i>		Lack-hă.
<i>Laugh,</i>		Tush-ca.
<i>Canoe,</i>		Watch.
<i>Axe,</i>		Hallich.

<i>Knife,</i>	Tet-lowal.
<i>Nail,</i>	Ah-me.
<i>Fish,</i>	Appurmah.
<i>Little Duck,</i>	Ween.
<i>Owl,</i>	Luff-quea.
<i>Good,</i>	Hah-ye-ma.
<i>Little,</i>	Yuc-că.
<i>Thanks,</i>	Guttarer.
<i>How do you call?</i>	Comodo'-sūa?
<i>To cut,</i>	Atche-kum.
<i>To eat,</i>	Amata.
<i>Jem's Brother,</i>	Wah-ye-ma.
<i>Jem's self,</i>	Orundelico.
<i>One,</i>	O-quarlě.
<i>Two,</i>	Cum-bě-bě.
<i>Three,</i>	Mid-dan.
<i>Four,</i>	Cat-ga-loo.
<i>Five,</i>	Cupaspa.
<i>Six,</i>	Cum-wa.
<i>Seven,</i>	How-costa.

Darwin's Description of Tierra del Fuego.

"The next day I attempted to penetrate some way into the country. Tierra del Fuego may be described as a mountainous land, partly submerged in the sea, so that deep inlets and bays occupy the place where valleys should exist. The mountain sides, except on the exposed western coast, are covered from the waters edge upwards by one great forest. The trees reach to an elevation of between 1000 and 1500 feet, and are succeeded by a band of peat, with minute alpine plants; and this again is succeeded by the line of perpetual snow,

which, according to Captain King, in the Strait of Magellan descends to between 3000 and 4000 feet. To find an acre of level land in any part of the country is most rare. I recollect only one little flat piece near Port Famine, and another of rather large extent near Goree Road. In both places, and everywhere else, the surface is covered by a thick bed of swampy peat. Even within the forest, the ground is concealed by a mass of slowly putrefying vegetable matter, which, from being soaked with water, yields to the foot.

“Finding it nearly hopeless to push my way through the wood I followed the course of a mountain torrent. At first, from the waterfalls and number of dead trees, I could hardly crawl along; but the bed of the stream soon became a little more open, from the floods having swept the sides. I continued slowly to advance for an hour along the broken and rocky banks, and was amply repaid by the grandeur of the scene. The gloomy depth of the ravine well accorded with the universal signs of violence. On every side were lying irregular masses of rock and torn-up trees; other trees, though still erect, were decayed to the heart, and ready to fall. The entangled mass of the thriving and the fallen reminded me of the forests within the tropics—yet there was a difference: for in these still solitudes, Death, instead of Life, seemed the predominant spirit. The trees all belong to one kind, the *Fagus betuloides*; for the number of the other species of *Fagus* and of the Winter’s Bark, is quite inconsiderable. This beech keeps its leaves throughout the year; but its foliage is of a peculiar brownish-green colour, with a tinge of yellow. As the whole landscape is thus coloured, it has a sombre, dull appearance; nor is it often enlivened by the rays of the sun.”

Legal Proceedings of Mr. Snow against the Patagonian Missionary Society.

The proceedings of Mr. Snow against this Society came before the Court of Common Pleas on the 18th of December last. An adjournment, however, has been granted to Mr. Snow, to enable him to obtain a certain document, which he alleged existed at Stanley, but which he failed to produce.

In pursuance of a strictly impartial line of conduct, we refrain from entering into details of a trial, the course of which has been suddenly interrupted by the failure of the Plaintiff to produce the document in question. But the following remarks may be considered due to the friends of the Society, and can by no means prejudice the Plaintiff.

1. The Society has not gone to law with Mr. Snow, but has been compelled to defend itself against his legal proceedings.

2. The present adjournment has arisen not in consequence of the Society's position being in any way altered or weakened, but in consequence of the Plaintiff's present inability to proceed with his case.

3. The Society has as yet had no opportunity either of stating its defence, or of impeaching, even by cross examination, the statements of the Plaintiff.

Journal of Rev. G. P. Despard.

We are happy to be able again to lay before our readers extracts from the journal of the Rev. G. P. Despard. For the arrival of the despatches at the present time we are indebted to the casual service of a sealer which touched at Keppel Island, and took charge of the letters to Stanley, the *Allen Gardiner* at that time (the latest date being September 15th) not having arrived at Cranmer. We are, however, in receipt of a letter from Mr. Phillips, dated Stanley, October 30th, announcing the safe arrival of the schooner at that place, after a somewhat stormy passage from Monte Video. All were well on board, and the state of the vessel and crew was all that could be wished. They expected to reach Cranmer in a few days. Mr. Despard, it will be seen, speaks cheerfully of the progress made by the Fuegians. Something has also been accomplished by the mission party towards the acquisition of the language, so that a course of mutual instruction is going forward at Cranmer, which we trust will result, with the blessing of God, in the present and eternal advantage of both the teachers and the taught. The only shade upon the cheering picture thus presented to us is to be found in the fact of Mr. Despard having

suffered from an attack of illness, occasioned we fear by his previous long-continued and fatiguing exertions, but we are glad to find at the close of the journal that he reports himself fully recovered.

“*Monday, July 12th.*—Very busy all day letter writing. In the evening we had a cheerful entertainment at the Coenobium, given by Messrs. Schmid and Turpin as a farewell to Mr. Gardiner.

“*Friday, 16th.*—Schooner gone to sea with a fair wind, we shall probably not see her again before the 1st of October. Wind fair and softly blowing all day, gives schooner a good offing before night. Jemmy Button came to visit me in the storehouse. ‘Who made sun, Jem?’ ‘God.’ ‘Moon?’ ‘God.’ ‘World?’ ‘God.’ ‘You?’ ‘English God.’ ‘God?’ ‘God.’ Thus Jemmy has the knowledge of the First Cause; at least of His name. He seems to think that God residing in England makes every thing, but that He is present in Fireland. ‘Jem, God is one and everywhere, and good to every man everywhere, but man is bad to man, kills, steals, beats.

“*Saturday, 17th.*—Morning employed in making a stove for Jemmy. I took it, when finished, to his cottage, when what was my surprise and delight to see the worthy fellow sitting, denuded of his jacket, sewing very neatly, with thimble on finger, a strip of calico, to make braces for himself. I got three or four Fuegian words from him—shookály keepa, ‘*little girl.*’ Macollo, ‘*I love you.*’ Babe, ‘*no.*’ The mother and children up at the mission house all the afternoon, learning and teaching. Mrs. Button much taken with the ironing of linen, all in her line of things; also with sugar plums, all in most people’s line. Threeboys picking up English fast.

“*Sunday, 18th.*—Service at 11, well attended. James and his son present, and very conforming, though incapable, alas! of understanding the words used. Sent Tom to converse with the natives.

“*Monday, 19th.*—Paid Jem a visit, and think I have found a regular formation in Fuegian.

Infant, *yar um,*
 Young boy, *yar um ua,*
 Young girl, *yar um atea.*

“*July 20th.*—After breakfast Mr. Turpin gave me a long list of Fuegian words which he has collected and carefully verified. In the afternoon fixed up some shelves which I had made for Jem, his worship helping me. Most beautiful weather to day, with southerly wind. My wife paid a long visit to the Buttons to day, and tried to instil the elements of Christian truth into James. Threeboys has begun to learn the English alphabet. He gets on fast in learning our names of things. He looked yesterday at Captain Gardiner’s portrait, and said ‘*appanna,*’—*dead.* Then he looked at the portrait of a lady, and said ‘*keepa,*’—*woman*; showing thus that he at least understands the meaning of pictures. James saw a portrait of Victoria, and said, ‘*Queen—me see long time King’s married,*’ (*i. e. wife.*) He has learned to call me Mr. Despardy, and calls my wife the same. She has taught him to say ‘*yes ma’am.*’ He always touches his forelock when he says ‘*yes sar—yes ma’am.*’ As he has evidently a taste for sweeping his house clean, I gave him a fine new broom, and my wife gave him a white dish and three plates to correspond, and I a block-tin soup tureen to serve as a biscuit barge.

“*Wednesday, 21st.*—Made a first essay in portrait painting, taking Threeboys for my subject. Mrs. Button

took her first lesson in plain sewing, and managed her needle and thread very well. It is proposed to put her on a piece of useful work for her own family.

“*Thursday, 22nd.*—James Button helped Tom to cut grass for our domestic kine, and did it quickly. He is very fond of potatoes, and came to beg for a few. What a good thing for his country this may prove. He will speak of them on his return. Here he will see them planted, growing, and grown, and here he can get tubers for seed, which could not be done from England, as they will not bear the tropics.

“*Saturday, 24th.*—From 2 till 4 with Mr. Turpin, who is studying Latin. At the same time came James B. I was glad of this, because he saw three things to him worthy of note.—Mr. Turpin taking a lesson, though a man—me the while netting and making a cloth jacket for my son. Thus, though a man, I provide means to take fish, (a woman’s work in his country) and also sew at a garment, also woman’s work in Fireland, for such garments as they have. Jem sat very quietly looking and listening, then I said, ‘Jem must come to me and I will teach him to read.’ ‘Very well, sir.’ I tried to talk with him, but succeeded but little, for as yet he knows English only in detached words. He said, ‘York go home to his country—his brother come and *cheek away* very much—say, where my son? (Boat Memory.) York say, your son dead. Brother say, very sarry.’ I was not aware before; nor do I think is Admiral Fitzroy of the relationship between York and Boat Memory—namely, uncle and nephew. J. B. described bleeding of the arm to the life. He said he has never been sea sick. The boat of boards York made at Woollya was broken, and he made one of bark. Went down to the store and got

out for J. B.'s benefit, an early card of 'Reading Disentangled.'

"*Sunday, 25th.*—Service at 11, very well attended. Very fine but frosty day. In the afternoon took a quiet walk as far as Button Villa. I said, 'Jem, your people see schooner, ask who made it?' 'Yes—Ellis people.' (*i. e.* English.) 'See tree—ask who made it? Ellis people?' 'No—but God made it.' This morning J. B. was at church, and as he kept his lips moving, he seemed to be trying to follow us. I said, 'Jem, you like to hear our prayers?' 'I like.' 'When will you pray that you may know Jesus Christ, and become like to good English people?' 'Now, by and bye.'"

"*Wednesday, 28th.*—Hard at work with fence of garden. J. B. came to see me at work, Pakenham was helping me by carrying palings. 'Your boy and you all same as my boy and me. You cut wood, you boy carry. I cut, Threeboys carry.' 'How you cut, Jem?' 'With axe.' 'How get axe?' 'Captain Fitzroy gave me two, Captain Snow gave one, small.' 'How other people cut wood?' 'Other mans get bits of broad iron from broken ship—make axe—very good.' 'What come of sailors from broken ship?' J. B. either could not understand this question or would not answer it. He said, 'Captain Gardiner in broken ship—die over there in Oens land, Mr. Gardiner say me.' He told Mr. Turpin that some sailors were cast ashore in the Alikhoolip country, and that in the night the natives came and 'cut head off.' But Alikhoolipia is York's country, and York is Jemmy's enemy, and so I expect he throws dirt at him through his country.

"*July 29th.*—My folks made a party with Dr. Ellis to walk round Elbow Point over to Phillip's Beach, to gather box plants, and the weather was summer for

warmth, calmness, and brightness. They took provisions with them and dined al fresco, returning soon after 5. Thus in this lonesome isle, our Lord permits us to enjoy innocent and healthful recreations. How good He is! Self very busy all day putting up palings and sawing sticks to be split into pales. J. B. came and looked on while I was sawing, and remarked on the quickness with which my billet-saw went. He noticed the bricks, calling them by name, and remarked how bad some of Brazilian make are, crumbling to pieces. He said, 'Build house over there,' pointing to Doctor's garden, 'build chimney,' showing he knows the great use of brick. I got some new Fireland words out of him, and experimented beneficially upon my existing knowledge, saying, 'ungetta,' (go fetch water.) He did so, and gave me a draught out of a beautifully clean pannikin. It is Jem's joy to keep his tins bright. Measured Jem's *watch*, (canoe) and found it $18\frac{1}{2}$ feet long by 2 feet 9 inches beam, and 1 foot 11 inches hold.

"*July 30th.*—Mr. Turpin begins to translate Lord's Prayer with Fuegian, but is stopped by 'kingdom.' He uses for 'heaven' a word signifying 'place above,' like the Chilidago.

"*Saturday, July 31st.*—The second of our winter months concluded, God be praised for His mercy towards us. It has been very mild—not a day in which I could not have sat in my study without a fire. We have had no sickness to speak of, and no chilblains to annoy. There can be no question as to the very great superiority of this climate over that of Stanley; and the very look of the place—so much more cheerful—is in itself contributive to better health. J. B. wanders about from one workman to another: now he is with the carpenter in his shop; now at the quarry, where he sees material

for house building knocked out; now with the doctor, busy fencing his garden; now with me in one of my multifarious employments; now in our kitchen with our lady workwomen; now with Mrs. Bartlett; now with Mr. Turpin in the Cœnobium, watching him ceil the sitting-room with calico, and last with his poor wife, sitting idle, ignorant, and dirty! Surely these walks leading to scenes of useful activity in every direction must impress his mind with a sense of the practical virtue of our faith.

“*Sunday, August 1st.*—Service as usual; well attended. J. B. and son present, and very heedful. Sermon on John xx. 37; afterwards administered the Lord’s Supper to six communicants. Afternoon, walked to Jem’s cottage; asked him what he thought became of a man after death. He answered what he has learned from us, I expect. ‘Good man go to Ever, bad men to the ground.’ Did not understand that either would rise up again. ‘Is it thought bad in your country to kill?’ He replied that Oens men came to his country to steal. His people went to fight. He did not go because Ellis (English) say bad to fight. He often reverts to Captain Fitzroy. ‘When Captain Fitzroy came, he say, where your mother? Many cannas (canoes) come about; mother come, give large fishes. Captain Fitzroy say, come to our ship, give *benty ats*, (plenty axes) *benty close*. Mother die soon after.’ My wife spent an hour and-a-half with the Buttons, and tried to teach the woman and girl the words and time of one line of the doxology, but Mrs. James would not put forth her strength, perhaps, because her lord was by, for she is a very different person when his back is turned. Part of the time was spent in trying to teach Jem the outlines of our faith. We are daily adding to our stock of Fuegian words.

“ *Monday, August 2nd.*—All hands busily at work. J. B. never offers assistance in work to any one. When is an uncivilized man ready to help another without a bribe? Threeboys coming on well in English; says ‘Good morning’ now as a salutation. Mr. Turpin brings him generally to morning worship.

“ *Wednesday, August 4th.*—Country in a shroud of snow. We have no complaint to make, as this is the first considerable snow-fall we have had this winter.

“ *August 5th.*—Weather improved; snow gone—mud come. Mr. Turpin gave me an interesting anecdote of Threeboys. He came into the Cœnobium this morning without having said ‘Good morning’ at entering. Turpin called him and said, ‘Threeboys does not love me, he never said good morning.’ The boy ran up, put his arm round Turpin’s neck, and said, ‘Like very much; good morning, good morning.’ When he was out yesterday in the boat, whilst Mr. Turpin shot ducks, he took the oar, and ran the dinghey against the rocks. When he saw this he said in a hasty manner, ‘Stupid, stupid.’ Mr. Ellis gave a lecture this evening on the Flight of Birds, showing how their parts are adapted for this. It was unusually interesting.

“ *Friday, August 6th.*—Mr. Turpin said Mrs. Button had been complained of to her husband for having taken some wood not intended for her. He was very indignant at the accusation. ‘People here think me and my family steal; I no steal; I go way when schooner comes.’ Threeboys is growing polite, says ‘Pank you,’ for thank you. Fuegia beginning to talk English a little. Jem complained that he had only one pair of stockings. ‘Tailor man’ (sailor man) gave them, and they are worn out, so I felt obligated to give him two pairs from our stock.

(*To be continued.*)

Early Labours of the Jesuits in South America.

The early labours of the Jesuits in South America claim a place in the pages of our Journal. The history of their efforts to Christianise the aboriginal races of that continent is not without many suggestive lessons for ourselves. We make, therefore, no apology for laying before our readers the following extracts from much interesting matter that appears on the subject in Bell's System of Geography.

The circumstances, under which they went forth to their self-denying work, are not to be judged of by those now prevalent. The discovery of the American Continent was then of recent date. And the mind of Europe was inflamed with the wildest dreams concerning the treasures, supposed to be attainable therein. The thirst for gold raged. And the attainment of gold was the one passionate desire that drew the hearts of adventurers to the New World. For the sake of obtaining this, the laws of humanity were set aside, the first lessons of Christianity forgotten, and the most cruel instincts of the heart found their satisfaction in an organized and active tyranny. Under that tyranny the Indians groaned, and were fast hastening to a state of utter annihilation, had not the perseverance and address of the Jesuits, supported by the Court of Madrid, interposed to avert the evil, and prevent Paraguay from being reduced to the state of an uninhabited desert.

However much we hold in abhorrence the principles of the Jesuits, we yet gratefully concede that as distinguished from the Spanish and Portuguese colonists generally, no less than from the Bishops and other orders of the Church of Rome, they upheld on this occasion, the rights of humanity. But our object now is to draw our readers' attention to the successes, and the

failures of the Jesuits, in their efforts to Christianise the natives of South America. There is encouragement for us in the former; there is instruction for us in the latter. That, under circumstances the most undoubtedly adverse, these men should have succeeded in establishing their reductions, and in checking, to some extent, the cannibal habits of the natives, is a fact, which at least may lead us to expect that any future efforts, honestly put forth in the cause of Christ, shall not be put forth in vain. But the failure of the efforts of the Jesuits to attain any wide, and permanent success, shows that their zeal, however great, was not according to knowledge. The defects, indeed, of their system are transparent and startling. Perpetual pupilage and seclusion are unnatural principles. And yet we need not wonder, perhaps, at the rigid manner in which they were enforced. For it would not have been necessary for the members of the Jesuit communities to have passed far beyond the limits of their retirement, ere they discovered the glaring crimes, which too often, under the guise of religion, and countenanced by the hierarchy of Rome, were being perpetrated on all sides. But when we ascertain the following facts,—that few of the natives were taught to read, still fewer were made acquainted with the Spanish language, that in no instance did the Jesuits admit the Indians into their society, or into the Christian ministry,—we need no further explanation of the fact of their labours issuing in no satisfactory and lasting result. And now that almost three centuries have passed away, since these efforts were first made, and we see the Indian races still abject, and ignorant, and depraved, while heathenism in its most loathsome forms has its place amid countless tribes, is it not time for us to be up and doing? We believe God is calling British

Christians to attend to the spiritual wants of the inhabitants of South America. We believe the Church of Rome has been tried, and found wanting.

“It was in 1586 that the Jesuits first appeared in this country, though previously they had been many years employed in propagating Christianity in Brazil. Their labours were for a time merely confined to the conversion of natives, without attempting to form any permanent establishment. They visited many of the Indian towns and hamlets; and, following the wandering Guaranies through their woods, and into the recesses of their mountains, disposed many of them to receive the Gospel, in such a dress as these fathers were pleased to exhibit it. Their equipment for these expeditions was strikingly picturesque and simple: a breviary, a cross six feet high, which served the itinerant for a staff, a flint and steel, and a few converts with axes, to cut through the woods, and to serve as guides, interpreters, and fellow-labourers. They had weapons against wild beasts, but no fire-arms; and even the Indian comfort of a hammock was thought an unnecessary luxury for the Missionary. The province of Guayra, reaching from the eastern banks of the Parana to the then undefined borders of Brazil, was the spot first chosen by this fraternity as the scene of their labours. Among the Indians of the encomiendas, the Jesuits hoped for little success, as the conduct of their oppressors had exasperated them to such a degree as to prove an invincible obstacle in the way of converting them to a religion from the professors of which they were daily and constantly enduring the most flagrant injustice and cruelty. The Jesuits indeed pleaded the cause of the Indians from the pulpit to the utmost of their power, and with such zeal as made every white man in the colony their

enemy. They set themselves earnestly to convert the independent natives, and to gather in their flock from the less frequented fields of the marsh and the wilderness; but, even here, the pernicious effects of the slave system followed them. The encomiendas were in their nature a growing evil; new grants of tribes were constantly issuing from every governor, as the Spanish population was always increasing, and that of the Indians melting away, while a regular slave-trade, of the true African stamp, was prosecuted in those remote and low regions which encomiendas could not reach, with all its usual horrors of war and kidnapping. Against these, in 1609, Father Torrez, the provincial of the Jesuits, obtained a royal edict from Madrid, expressly forbidding the Spaniards to make war against the Indians, unless in self-defence, and declaring that the king would have none but Missionaries employed to reduce them. Happy would it have been for Peru and Mexico, if such sentiments had actuated the Spanish government at the time of their discovery. To further these benevolent objects, the Jesuits were empowered by the same instrument to collect their converts into townships, to govern them independently of a town or fortress, to build churches, and, above all, in the king's name, to resist all persons who might attempt, under any pretext whatever, to subject these new Christians to the burden of personal service. They were only to acknowledge the sovereignty of the Spanish monarch, and to be considered as immediate vassals. This power was afterwards confirmed by Philip III. and his successors; and such was the zeal and labours of the Jesuits, that in twenty years they had established twenty-one reductions upon the Parana and Uruguay. The greatest enemies of the Jesuits were the slave-dealers, who used every

scheme, and tried every means to thwart them in their benevolent designs ; sometimes assuming the garb of volunteer interpreters, sometimes that of Jesuits themselves ; and when the natives approached them as friends, they surprised and kidnapped them. All the other orders of the clergy, even the bishops, were their enemies to a man ; and it required all the talent, and all the influence of this formidable fraternity, to support their cause at Madrid, against the united voice of the colonists of Paraguay. Among the Indians themselves they encountered great opposition. The sudden change from a roving to a settled life ; from the alternations of hunting and repose, to a system of regular daily labour, was productive at first of a great mortality, and of still greater alarm among their new converts. Many grew weary of the restraints imposed upon them, and returned, to their woods, or secretly practised the rites of their former heathenism ; others suspected the Missionaries of being actuated by base and selfish motives,—of designing to make slaves of them in a new and more effectual way, or, by collecting them into villages, as into nets, to give them in droves to the slave-dealers ; some of the more ambitious Indians, observing and emulating the power which these fathers had acquired by their preaching, set up for themselves as prophets and antichrists, and attempted to blend their ancient superstitions with the new religion.

“ Three instances occurred in which individuals assumed the name of the Almighty ; and on their own authority, threatened the converts with fire from heaven, if they did not quit their new guides. One of them applied the doctrine of the Trinity to himself and two associates, of whom he spake as his emanations, and consubstantial with him. Some of the ancient conjurers,

finding their craft in danger, invented new and more interesting ceremonies,—sacrifices on the tops of mountains, with perpetual fire,—oracles, relics, female votaries. Others, more bold and sanguinary, had recourse to open war; and one of the reductions was made the scene of a massacre, and of the martyrdom of a Jesuit.

“One circumstance, however, occurred, which, though it at first threatened the total ruin of the reductions, yet ultimately gave a still greater consistency to the fabric, and which is one of the most extraordinary events in the history of Brazil and Paraguay. The province of Guayra, which the Jesuits had made the scene of these operations in behalf of the natives, lay contiguous to the Portuguese colony of San Paulo. Properly speaking, however, no limit was established whatever between Paraguay and Brazil; but the Jesuits pushing eastward, and the Paulists westward, they encountered on a sort of debatable ground, to which either party might prefer a claim. The inhabitants of the captaincy of San Paulo were a mixed breed of Portuguese and Tupi Indians, or Mestizoes, but were at that time called Mamalucs. This race had all the good and bad qualities peculiar to back-settlers, and paid no more respect to the laws of the mother-country, than the pork-eaters and Coureurs des Bois, of Upper Canada, to the charters granted to their rivals in trade by his Britannic majesty. Unhappily for the Jesuits and their converts, the Paulists had always looked upon this country as belonging to Portugal, and more peculiarly as their own mining and slaving-ground. The numerous bodies of Indians whom the Jesuits had collected in their reductions were regarded in no other light than as a booty of the most valuable kind, and most easy acquisition. The circumstance also, of the Guarani Indians being hereditary enemies of the

Tupi race—from which the Paulists were maternally descended—operated as an additional motive for the latter to seize and enslave the former. This devastating system commenced in 1630. Against these the Jesuits had no defence in the first instance, but the ineffectual one of prayers and tears, and a useless appeal to the symbols and sanctions of their religion. In nine months' space, 1,500 Christian Indians were driven for sale into Brazil, besides a far greater number who were butchered for attempting to resist, or who dropped down dead before their brutal drivers. Hopeless of protection, the Jesuits emigrated with their flocks beyond the Parana, chased by the Paulists, and exposed to all the evils of hasty flight, the attacks of wild beasts, famine, and pestilence. The province of Guayra, containing 13 populous reductions was abandoned; and in two years' time, it was computed that above 60,000 converted Indians were carried off into slavery by the Paulists. These disasters were beheld with indifference, if not with complacency, by the colonists; viewing the settlements of the Jesuits as encroachments on their property, they rejected their earnest and repeated entreaties for aid; but they soon felt the effects of their imprudent selfishness. The Paulists, disappointed by the removal of the Missions, advanced with the same hostile spirit towards the encomiendas, wasting the lands, and carrying off the Indians; and the cities of Ciudad Real and Villa Real were razed to the ground. A deputation of Jesuits was now despatched to Europe, who advocated the cause of their American brethren with such a warmth of colouring and persevering address, as procured for them, from the court of Spain, in 1639, a decree to embody and arm their Indian adherents in the European manner. This important privilege soon restored peace

and stability to the reductions. The converts, who outnumbered their persecutors, being on a level with them in arms, and led on by Europeans, soon learned to resist them; and from this time the reductions became independent of the local governments. They even rendered essential assistance to the Spanish governors in cases of emergency; and in the course of a long and furious quarrel between the governor and bishop of Paraguay, the Jesuits, who espoused the cause of the former, brought a sufficient army into the field to counterbalance the whole forces of the Spanish colonists, who were leagued almost to a man in behalf of the prelate.

“It may be interesting here to describe the plan pursued by the Jesuits in evangelizing the South Americans:—Each establishment or reduction, was a single large plantation, cultivated by all the male converts, divided into gangs according to their age and strength, under the Jesuit rector of the place, who was assisted by overseers taken from among the Indians themselves. Women and girls were employed in lighter labours, and in different manufactures suited to their sex. The cleverest lads were brought up to handicraft trades, for many of which, where imitation only was required, the Guaranies had a natural and astonishing aptitude. The unmarried persons were regularly mustered to their labours every morning by the sound of musical instruments. With married persons, and those children who were too young to be separated from their parents, a different plan was pursued; each father of a family, instead of his former allowance of food, had a certain portion of land, which he tilled on his own account on those days when the order did not require his services: what leisure was allowed for this does not

appear. The whole system was kind and indulgent ; and in ordinary cases, the produce of these patches of ground was sufficient for maintenance. If it failed, the deficiency was supplied : and an allowance of coarse clothing was annually furnished to each family. If the Indian, from age or infirmity, became incapable of labouring, his ground was taken from him, and he received food instead. A separate dwelling was allotted to each family,—a single apartment of clay, roofed with shingles. A reduction usually contained 800 or 1000 of these huts, regularly arranged, with a square in the centre, where stood the school, the work-house, the rector's house, and the church, of the same materials as the other buildings. The sick had an hospital ; and widows and helpless persons an alms-house. The children were trained in early habits of industry and obedience ; and were fully imbued with a reverence for that system of saint and image worship, which their preceptors thought fit to dignify with the name of Christianity. Few were taught to read ; still fewer were made acquainted with the Spanish language ; and in no instance did they admit the Indians into their society, or into the Christian ministry. In the management both of children and adults, the rod and the lash are said to have been liberally employed. Of the moral and religious character of the Indians, their *preceptors* have drawn a most flattering picture. Broken in from infancy to a discipline the most minute, inquisitive, and incessant, of which there is any record in history, and removed from most of the temptations which visit civilized or uncivilized man, the boys and girls separated from infancy with monastic care, and with equal care coupled together in marriage when 15 or 16 years old, are said to have retained through life the

amiable qualities of childhood ; but they retained its weakness also. Years passed away, (according to the Jesuits,) without the confessions of a Guarani revealing any crime which required absolution ; but so feeble were their minds, and so scrupulous were their consciences, that the patience of the spiritual guide was wearied with a long detail of trifles ; and a single Indian occupied more time in the confessional than half-a-dozen Europeans. Their diversions were all prescribed by their spiritual preceptors, who unhappily forgot that amusement when prescribed becomes itself a task. The young labourers were taught to weave garlands for the saints, to sing psalms, to dance figure-dances, to act plays taken from Scripture, and to walk to church in procession. Football was the only game which deserved the name ; and even this, when exercised under clerical inspection, was not likely to be very animated. One great defect of the system lay in the constant system of pupilage and seclusion under which they were kept. This plan, at first undoubtedly necessary, was perpetuated ; and the Indians were secluded from all intercourse with the Spaniards or Portuguese, on the ground of contamination from bad example ; but virtue which cannot be trusted to the open air, is feeble virtue ; and if the Indians had been taught to respect themselves, and to take care of their own spiritual and temporal interests, neither the one nor the other would have been in much danger from a race of men whom they never loved, and whom they had no occasion to fear. Equality of condition among their converts, was the principal aim of their teachers ; and if an Indian had been permitted to trade in Peru, or to make a voyage to Europe, he would have been so much richer and wiser than the rest, as to have been little disposed to pay

much deference to his spiritual guide. The utmost honours to which the Jesuits advanced their subjects, consisted in being dressed in laced hats and silken clothes, taken from the common stock on certain holidays, and in being allowed to play for a few hours at being men and Spaniards ; but they were again to put off their finery, and go barefooted, like the rest of their fellow-pupils. The consequence of such a system of pupilage, equality, and seclusion, were these : having found the Indian less than a child, a child they made him,—but he was prevented from ever becoming more, and the imbecility of his character was pleaded as an excuse for the deficiency of the system, and the backwardness of the instructors in not improving him farther. Such is an outline of the Jesuits' system of instructing the uncultivated sons of South America. By it, much real good was done, and the converted Guarani was rendered a much wiser, a much better, and a much happier being, than his brother savages ; but much more real benefit would have resulted, had the Indians, when properly instructed, been left to act for themselves, and been gradually introduced into the society and commerce of neighbouring Europeans. Long ere this, they might have ranked among civilized nations, and have been in their turn, the instruments of dispensing spiritual and temporal blessings among their kindred tribes of South America."

Winter in the North of Europe.

It is the commencement of the long winter. See the snow, it falls in beautiful white flakes, so pure, so fresh, so lovely, it covers the ground, aye, and the trees and flowers, some of nature's best gifts to man, still we

greatly admire it ; but now the water is frozen, and the snow envelops everything, and forms one huge winding sheet, beneath which all nature's beauty lies dead.

How cold it is ! See men roll themselves up in fur, and scarce breathe, the breath as it passes the lips freezes on the beard and whiskers, and one seems to grow old and grey under the numbing influence. The streets are silent, the sledge which rushes past in its rapid course makes no noise. In the house with doubly closed windows we seem to be in the city of the dead. Month after month passes, the great winding sheet of nature keeps its place. We long for the sun and the flowers, and the stir and bustle of life. Men have grown tired of the snow chill, and long for a change. Lo, it is come. The warm spring sun has ascended the heavens, the rivers heave and crack under its influence. The great blocks of ice force themselves with destructive power over every obstacle, till the beautiful rivers flow again in their swollen courses. But now mark the once pure white and lovely snow. It is black ! black as the veriest mud, and is mixed up with filth and defilement. How rapidly it melts away. The streets are filled with water. It is almost impossible to walk or drive, or even to breathe freely. The accumulated dirt of a whole winter is passing away. But now it is all gone. The fields are green and lovely. The flowers spring up again in all their beauty. The corn grows as if by enchantment. We owe much to the snow, it has done its work well, it has fructified the earth, and made it fat. All nature has felt its benign influence. Men breathe the pure and balmy air of heaven—praise the snow which has passed. So sometimes it happens in the moral world. An evil we dread which has perchance chilled our energies,

and greatly offended our spiritual senses has passed away, and we are enabled to look back with rejoicing, seeing that God, the Great Worker, has brought good out of seeming trial, and shewn us the full value of His gifts, even when they may have seemed sometimes to the untaught sense of men most unsuitable to us.

State of Religion in Brazil.

We commend to the attention of our readers the following extracts from a work on Brazil, by Kidder and Fletcher. They are suggestive of opportunities of usefulness, and of corresponding responsibilities which evangelical Christians will do well to consider.

“The ‘Roman Catholic Apostolic’ is the religion of the State in Brazil; yet by the liberal Constitution, and by the equally liberal sentiments of the Brazilians, all other denominations have the right to worship God as they choose, whether in public or in private, with the single limitation that the church-edifice must not be *no formo do templo*,—in the form of a temple,—which has been defined by the supreme judges to be a building ‘without steeples or bells.’ Roman Catholicism in Brazil has never been subject to the influences with which it has had to contend in Europe since the Reformation. It was introduced contemporaneously with the first settlement of the country as a colony, and for three hundred years has been left to a perfectly free and untrammelled course. It has had the opportunity of exerting its very best influences on the minds of the people, and of arriving at its highest degree of perfection. In pomp and display it is unsurpassed even in Italy. The greatest defender of the Church of Rome must admit that South America has been a fair field for

his ecclesiastical polity; and if his religion could have made a people great, enlightened, and good, it has had the power to have made Spanish and Portuguese America a moral, as it is a natural, Paradise. Spain and Portugal, at the time of the appropriation of their possessions in the New World, were equal, if not superior, to the English in all the great enterprises of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries: but how widely different have been the results which have flowed from the colonies founded by both! Brazil is in every respect the superior State of South America just so far as she has abandoned the exclusiveness of Romanism. Since the Independence, the priest-power has been broken, and the potent hierarchy of Rome does not rule over the consciences and acts of men as in Chili or Mexico. On numerous occasions, measures have been taken in the Assembleia Geral to curtail the assumptions of the triple-crowned priest of the Eternal City; and once,* at least, it was proposed to render the Brazilian Church independent of the Holy See.

“It may be said that the advancement in liberality which the Empire has displayed has been owing to political considerations. Granted: but every reader of history knows that the commencement of the English Reformation was largely implicated with politics, and England’s independence of the Papal power was the beginning of her greatness as a State, and paved the way for the rapid moral advancement which characterizes England to-day.

“In Brazil, however, other than political views must be taken of the present freedom from bigotry. The

““This was during the Regency, when *Padre* Antonio Maria de Moura was nominated to the vacant bishopric of Rio de Janeiro.”

priests, to some extent, owe the loss of their power to their shameful immorality. There is no class of men in the whole Empire whose lives and practices are so corrupt as those of the priesthood. It is notorious. The *Relatorios* (messages) of the Minister of Justice and the Provincial Presidents annually allude to this state of things. Every newspaper from time to time contains articles to this effect; every man, whether high or low, speaks his sentiments most unreservedly on this point; no traveller, whether Romanist or Protestant, can shut his eye to the glaring facts.....

“There is no country in South America where the philanthropist and the Christian have a freer scope for doing good than Brazil. So far from its being true that a Protestant clergyman is always *tabooed*, and that the people ‘entertain a feeling toward him bordering on contempt,’—as one writer on Brazil has expressed it,—I can testify to the strongest friendship formed with Brazilians in various portions of the Empire,—a friendship which did not become weakened by the contact of years or by the plain manifestations and defence of my belief; and I can subscribe to the remark put forth by my colleague in 1845, when he says,—

“‘It is my firm conviction that there is not a Roman Catholic country on the globe where there prevails a greater degree of toleration or a greater liberality of feeling toward Protestants.

“‘I will here state, that in all my residence and travels in Brazil in the character of a Protestant missionary, I never received the slightest opposition or indignity from the people. As might have been expected, a few of the priests made all the opposition they could; but the circumstance that these were unable to excite the people showed how little influence they possessed.’”

Law Expenses.

We stated briefly, in our last number, the present position of the legal proceedings instituted by Mr. Snow against our Society. To what we then said we are reluctant to add many words. Our readers will believe that to observe as far as possible a neutral position for the present is the most judicious course. Yet we must emphatically repeat that *in no degree*, either morally or legally, has the Society's cause been altered or weakened by the adjournment granted to Mr. Snow. It is enough for our readers to be told, without explanation on our part, that after two years' incessant opposition to the Society, and of preparation for an appeal to the courts of law, Mr. Snow was not prepared to proceed with his suit. The inconvenience attending the postponement of the final issue falls indeed heavily on the Society; but the Committee confidently hope that by thus giving every opportunity to the plaintiff to make the best of his case the Society will lose nothing in the end.

Our object, however, at this moment is to set before our friends the expediency of defraying the heavy legal expenses, *into which the Society has been forced*, by special contributions for the purpose. It would be a source of regret were the general funds to be trespassed upon to meet expenses of this kind. In fact every farthing of the ordinary income of the Society is required to carry on its present Missionary operations. To curtail, or impede these, at the very spring-time of hope, would be in the last degree painful and disappointing. We therefore invite our old and well-tried friends not to allow the ordinary resources of the Society to suffer, or its means of usefulness to be diminished, by the absorption of any part of the general fund in law expenses.

The whole amount of these expenses we are as yet ignorant of, but up to this time they have reached nearly £400. Most heartily do we hope that this large amount may not be exceeded, but we cannot of course guarantee anything beyond a promise that everything in the Committee's power shall be done to keep it down.

Journal of Rev. G. P. Despard.

(Continued.)

We have much pleasure in continuing the Journal of the Rev. G. P. Despard. Our readers will not be disappointed with its contents, we think. The circle of events, although small, nevertheless includes many signs of hope. And the manifestly increasing force of Christian influence upon the habits and feelings of the Fuegian family, at our Mission Station, furnishes good ground for thankfulness. The work of course is one requiring much patience. But what vast results may we not look for, if only in faith we labour, and ask for the divine blessing? Is anything too great for the Lord? Cannot He turn Fuegian hearts to Himself? Reader, implore a blessing on our work. Uphold the hands of our brethren abroad. By prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.

“Sunday, August 8th.—Weather very fitful; snow and rain by turns; nevertheless, service well attended. Jemmy Button came as usual, from four to five o’clock, to give and take. He said, ‘Much cabbage in my

country; no eat; no pot to boil in.' Who put it there? (thinking it might be descended from Matthew's garden); 'all same as fields; God made it.' I was surprised at this acknowledgment of God, as Maker of things in his land. He then launched out into opprobrious remarks upon York's land. 'Man eat country; eat head; eat arm; eat foot; eat all. Cut throat and eat.' This shows his sense of the sin of cannibalism. How many wives marry in your country? 'Two.' In other country? 'Five.' Marry sister in your country? 'No, no; other man marry sister. Husband *die*, woman marry again.' The law of marriage is observed among them. Tried hard to give him some thoughts on Christianity, and a first lesson from reading card.

"Evening service well attended. Jemmy Button drank tea with us.

"*August 9th, Monday.*—Snow; squally. Ladies make trial of washing and mangling machines, and find them answer moderately well. They complain, however, of wet to their feet. Jemmy said to Mr. Turpin, 'Good men die, go to heaven. Eat and drink there?' He shewed, by this question, that he has been thinking over religious truth. He also said that he and his wife had a '*tickling in the eye;*' and that they knew from that, some one belonging to them was dying. They think it to be their unmarried daughter. Mr. Turpin tried to dissuade them from the thought. Only God knows such things. Jem was not to be put off his superstition, however. 'You come my country, you see.' Threeboys and my son are growing companionable. They went together to drive in the horses for Mr. Schmid. Fuegia is losing her shyness with my children, and is beginning to say English words.

"*August 11th.*—Report came by Threeboys that his

baby brother, Tony, had burned his arm very badly; so my wife went, in very boisterous weather and over deep roads, to see the state of things. She found, as is often the case, the report greater than the damage; for it was only a little hot water that had fallen on him, and no scald came of it. Jem told Mrs. D. 'When ship come, I go my country; send back Threeboys and Fuegia here.' My wife has an inclination to bring up the little girl.

"*August 12th.*—At ten this morning the Doctor, with Betts and Bartlet, returned from Dry Island, whither they had gone to look after the stock there. They were detained two days, and passed two most uncomfortable nights under a rock, in South West Harbour. Betts, however, contrived to sleep through them, even when the tide had risen to his knees. What an advantage a good double bell tent (£9) would be to us, in boating excursions both here and on the coast, could we only persuade some of the easy ones at home to send it! Called to see Mrs. Button, and found her plucking a duck for dinner. Where Jem? 'Wood, wood,' throwing her arms towards the hill above her house. Thence I gathered that the worthy Firelander had gone to pick up dry sticks, to make the green ones burn.

"*14th, Saturday.*—Weather still squally. Glad to see the men take pleasure in making their houses comfortable, as it is a good example to our poor Fireland guest. Am troubled with a boil in the nape of the neck.

"*15th, Sunday.*—Scarcely any sleep through the night. Thank God, I shall neither have nor miss sleep in heaven! Service attended by all the men; Jem and his son with us. The former knelt in one part of the service. O Lord, how long will it be ere Thou enable him to understand and believe Thy truth, and to worship Thee in Spirit! Jem and his son come *quite voluntarily*. The

latter is almost always present at our daily morning service, and is most still and attentive. He can name nearly every object in English, and of his own accord will give you his own country word for it, if there be one. I do hope this boy,—whom I now believe to be twelve years of age, though very short,—may be the first native evangelist to Fuegia. James is too old to expect much from in this way.

“Had my usual Sunday visit from him, and tried to improve it by giving and getting knowledge. He has no idea where his people came from. I tried a long time to get the phrase, ‘He made all things,’ out of him; but it appears, evidently, that in his tongue there is no abstract verb, ‘to make;’ but the verb is connected with the object, and varies with it; thus,

To make a paddle,	<i>Adejoo,</i>
To make a boat,	<i>La'-poo,</i>
To make a basket,	<i>Carrik.</i>

In answer to a question about food in winter time, Jem said, his people hunt guanaco; dogs bring them to a stand, and swift-running men spear them through the heart. Spear heads are made, not of whalebone, but of bone of whale found stranded. This they chop with axe, then cut with knife, then scrape with muscle shell, then burnish with smooth stone. Jem said he would no more sleep in the dirt when he went back, but make bedstead with poles, and close it round with blankets. He said his people would steal his clothes. I said, tell me how to say, ‘I am a friend.’ ‘Ta'-gaka-loo.’ How shall I be answered, if I please them? ‘Ow-way,’ *very well.* And how, if they do not want me? ‘Galego,’ *go away.*

“Jem drank tea with us, and enjoyed his cake and tea

very much. When I said, 'more tea, Jemmy?' he said, 'some small, sir, please.'

"18th.—No sleep again last night; wholesome memento of death. I feel my soul would be perfectly happy with the sight of Jesus, the company of His redeemed, and a share in all their holy employments. Having to be much poulticed, I confined myself to study employments—teaching, reading, and netting. Jemmy Button paid me a long visit. He is improving in English, but is still hard to understand. He gave me an account of a porpoise chase. 'Three *cannas* go out; stop paddling; see porpoise; one jump; throw spear; porpoise go down; come up again; spout blood from mouth; canna go up; make string fast round fin; tow astern; too big for canna. Woman make oil of blubber for hair. Flesh very good, all same as beef.' Then he described daily work. 'Men roast fish in morning, two big fish; eat; go out. Cut big tree; make spear; sun get up high; stomach empty much; get food again.'

"19th, *Thursday*.—Not in working condition. Weather cold, snowy, and blustering. In the afternoon took the longest walk since I have come to reside here, to Fish Creek. Shores covered here and there with gray ducks, kelp geese, upland and steamer geese. No lack of food for man! Read Life of Felix Neff with profit.

"21st.—Took a long walk with Dr. Ellis to Ramsden Point. In the evening the doctor examined my neck, and pronounced the boil a decided carbuncle; and first probing, he lanced it—rather an unpleasant operation. I have now, after so long a time, come into the doctor's hands, and he has ordered tonics.

"22nd, *Sunday*.—Sabbath services as usual, and fully attended. All the men morning and evening. Oh! that the Lord would send the early rain upon the seed

sown, that the plants of righteousness might spring up and bear abundant fruit !

“J. B. with me as usual. I talked to him as plainly as I could about the Son of God, His death, and His coming to judgment. The description of the latter seemed to strike him. Pains were taken with him on these vital points when he was in England, for he said, ‘Mr. Jenkins (Walthamstow) talk much these things.’ I said, ‘Jem, you will die.’ ‘Yes, me die in my country; you die in England; your wife die in England. Me old, die; you old, die. Me got benty children, all same as you; by and bye die.’ When you die, where go? ‘Me go to heaven; no eat there, no drink, no sleep, but sing; Ellis sing.’ (English).

“I showed him New Zealand on the globe, and explained that when I was a boy, people as many as leaves on the trees, (Jem has no idea of number above ten) in that country; very wicked; fight, kill, eat man much; kill, eat white people. English people went there, told about Christ. One man heard, brought another man; by and bye many come. In many years people understand. Men give up bad ways, love God, love man; read book, pray, sing, get on all same as English people. So his people will by and bye. Jem and I then sang the Doxology. He has little idea of following in tune, but he will learn. He had his tea with us, and enjoyed it. He is evidently a man of great love for neatness and cleanliness, and keeps his house and utensils quite to the admiration of our ladies. On Saturday he watched L. H. making a pudding, and entered into conversation with her, till by accident a little flour got dusted on his coat. This he instantly and carefully brushed off, then got up and walked away, evidently in fear lest more white rain should fall.

"23rd, Monday.—Weather improved, but showery. Took a long walk with the children, a privilege of my invalid state.

"25th.—The doctor has prescribed for me a long walk every day, (which I do not think I shall take) nevertheless gathered my tribe at eleven, and went nearly as far as Lake Sophia.

"26th, Thursday.—Squally all day. Self much better; wife suffering from inflammation of the eyelids. Went for a walk, but got storm-bound under lea of storehouse. Jem crossed over to see me. 'Sarry wife's fine eye very bad!' Amongst other things I tried to find out whether the Firelanders anoint themselves with oil, or any other fatty substance. He denied it. 'Only women use oil to make fine hair; then comb very smooth with porpoise jaw.' He gave me his country words for the four cardinal winds.

"28th.—After his Latin lesson to-day, Mr. Turpin told me that Threeboys said he would not go back to his own country, but stay here with his *aymoo* (father) Turpin. Jem's great enjoyment is to watch our carpenter at work in his shop.

"29th Sunday. — Services well attended. Jemmy Button, as usual, from four to five. Made discovery of the first two persons singular of the verb, and first person plural. *A* prefixed is *I*. *Se*, or *see*, prefixed is *thou*. *Epay*, we two. *Hyun*, we more than two. Talked to him about our Saviour, and the peace He gives on a dying bed. Jem made a long speech in his English about dying, but, as it was not in my English, I could not understand him. He gave me Mr. Matthews' Christian name—'John Joseph,'—and the names of his own two elder children. Hitherto he has maintained that they had no names. His son's name is 'Koo-erentyl,' his

daughter, 'Luk-quha' la.' I explained that I wanted to get a school of boys here, and another for girls, from his people. Could I get them? 'By and bye. I tell, I tell.' Jem took tea as usual with the family. After he had finished, entirely of his own accord, he put the balance of his butter back into the butter plate! He has washed his red cap so often, that he has made the black velvet border brown, and the whole thing so small he can hardly get it on. Our carpenter has just given him a very good blue cloth surtout; rather long for him, but he is pleased, and says, 'all same as Mr. Despardy.'

"31st August. Last day of our last winter month. Thank God, we are so far through this trying season, and have experienced no suffering from cold. The children have had no chilblains to trouble them; no coughs, and no colds.

"J. B. spoke to day of his own accord, about poor Frank. 'You another boy,—dead. Doctor not here; come; boy dead. Buried up there. Come from England; big as my son. You not tell; other mans tell.'

"The other day, Threeboys ran of his own accord down to the brook, gave his hand, and helped *Harrit* (as he calls my youngest daughter) across. To day Fuegia came up to see English lady and children of herself, clean, washed, and clothed. As soon as she comes into the house, and sees L. H., she puts up her cheek to be kissed, and when Bertha comes across her path, she stretches out her arms to be tickled, of which she is fond. By and bye Threeboys comes to fetch his sister back. These then are not half human savages, as the 'Times' once called them. Are they not in their sympathies, tendencies, and habits, entirely human as ourselves? Tony, the Fuegian baby, walks alone, and begins to say, 'Button, butt—.' He is a very bright,

intelligent fellow, and very like 'Stapleton Field,' the foundling I took from the Union.

" *September 1st.*—First day, nominally, of Spring. Jemmy Button gave me an hour's instruction. I had great difficulty in getting the third person singular from him. He could not comprehend he and she. He said, 'No talk about other man in my country.' At last he gave 'auchinsha, other man,' and then shortened it to 'aushe' before verb, thus:—

	Aushe shkraene,	<i>he steals,</i>
	Aushe morna,	<i>he hears,</i>
	Aushe tekkeh,	<i>he sees,</i>
	Mine (I found to be) <i>Howa,</i>	
	<i>Thine,</i>	<i>Shin-na,</i>
Thus:—	Howa tettlowàl,	<i>my knife,</i>
	Shinna tettetlowál	<i>thy knife,</i>
	Howa wira	<i>my bow and arrow,</i>
	Shinna wira	<i>thy bow and arrow.</i>

" Jem said 'Benty chalk my country.' Good for lime (thought I) — 'I make bradawls of wire, and put handles to knives, all same I look in England.'

" *Friday, September 3rd.*—This day two years we landed in the Falklands. Since then, thanks to our Saviour, we have not led an idle life, nor omitted an opportunity of forwarding our Mission, direct or indirect.

" *Sunday, 5th.*—Service well attended. Administered the Lord's Supper to the usual party. Jemmy and his son try to join in the chanting. In the afternoon I tried to instruct Jem in Christianity. Made him repeat after me the Lord's Prayer. He said, 'yes, I know very well. I then tried, as Mr. Turpin has done ineffectually, to translate it into Fuegian. But the very first word stopped me.—'Our,' Mr. Turpin said, 'Too waggedah.' I said, Jem, what that in English?

'Dead.' So then, instead of Our Father, we had got 'Dead Father.' I could not by any ingenious combination, get 'our' from him. He drank tea again with us, as usual, and we all remarked how gentlemanly he is in eating and drinking.

"*September 7th.*—Day kept as a holiday. Lengthened service in the morning, as well attended as on Sunday. We sung the 95th Psalm. Lengthened extempore prayer; then an address, going through the annals of our Society since 1850. Then prayer; sang Gardiner's hymn. The Meeting lasted one hour and ten minutes. Most humbly and heartily do I hope that our Anniversary may be a day of refreshment from the presence of the Lord, and be productive of new and lasting interest in many, for the objects of our Society. In the evening our service consisted in singing the 97th Psalm; then an address on Patagonia, and prayer by Mr. Schmid; an address on Fuegia, and prayer by Mr. Turpin; then the benediction.

"*September 8th.*—In the evening Mr. Schmid entertained the Mission party at the Cœnobium, in celebration of his birthday. Through the ingenuity and neatness of Mr. Turpin, the room is now really a very comfortable sitting apartment. Some day there will be also a neat Mission house, with its party, at Emoonah, Cook's River, Wyclif, Banner Cove, and Woollya. May that be an early day! God helping us; it shall be! Mr. Schmid looks forward very cheerfully to the trial of his faith in life among the giants.

"*September 12th, Sunday.*—Service well attended. J. B. absent in attendance upon his son, who is suffering from 'too much eat.' In the afternoon my usual visit from Jemmy Button. I told again, in very plain words, about the Son of God, who came down from heaven to

die for sinners, and make them always happy. He said, 'yes, sir, I know Son of God came down to die.' We sang the Doxology together, and he repeated it after me afterwards. He said 'I go home my country; I say, Mr. Despard, Keppel Island; very good; churchman (clergyman.) My brother come; by and bye, I come. Keppel Island very short; England very long.'

"I made an effort to get hold of his language in the tenses of verbs. James, what is in your talk, I will eat to-morrow? *Too morlahatama*. I eat to-day? *Yarum atama*. I ate yesterday? *Nan atama*. From this I gathered that the verb undergoes no change, but that the future and the preterite are denoted by the adjunct of time. To help with the Lord's prayer, I said. What is *name* in your talk, Jem? 'No word, Sir. I am called, they call me—no name in my country, sir.' With regard to the persons of verbs, I made out the following:—

<i>I eat,</i>	<i>Atama,</i>
<i>Thou eatest,</i>	<i>Setama,</i>
<i>He eats,</i>	<i>Aushe atama,</i>
<i>We two eat,</i>	<i>Epay atama,</i>
<i>They eat,</i>	<i>Hyun atama.</i>

Hence it seems as if the verb underwent no change of form for number or person, save in the second person singular. J. B. drank tea with us, as usual. My wife contrives generally to have cake for the poor fellow, which he seems much to enjoy, as well as his two cups of tea. He will miss the comforts he here enjoys, when he returns to his own land.

"*September 14th.*—Morning and afternoon followed the most humble, but, please God, profitable employment of planting potatoes, and cutting the same for planting. Threeboys looked on in wonderment—if an

American Indian can wonder—to see me burying potatoes like dead men, in the ground. By and bye, he will see a potatoe resurrection to his greater wonder. Poor boy! I earnestly hope that some day he may understand that dead men, though placed in the grave, will stand up in a body that pleaseth Him who hath redeemed them.”

Aborigines of the Amazon.

We are indebted to the valuable work of Mr. A. R. Wallace, entitled “Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro,” for the following interesting account of the Indian tribes in those parts of South America. The volume itself will be perused with well-requited attention; but for those of our readers who have not fallen in with the original work, we make the following extracts. To secure as much space as possible for the extracts, we abstain from making further preliminary remarks. In a future number we shall endeavour to point out the practical bearing of Mr. Wallace’s narrative on the work of our Mission.

“Comparing the accounts given by other travellers with my own observations, the Indians of the Amazon valley appear to be much superior, both physically and intellectually, to those of South Brazil and of most other parts of South America; they more closely resemble the intelligent and noble races inhabiting the western prairies of North America. This view is confirmed by Prince Adalbert of Prussia, who first saw the uncivilized Indians of South Brazil, and afterwards those of the Amazon; and records his surprise and admiration at the vast superiority of the latter in strength and beauty of body, and in gentleness of disposition.

“I have myself had opportunities of observing the Aborigines of the interior, in places where they retain all their native customs and peculiarities. These truly uncivilized Indians are seen by few travellers, and can only be found by going far beyond the dwellings of white men, and out of the ordinary track of trade. In the neighbourhood of civilization the Indian loses many of his peculiar customs; changes his mode of life, his house, his costume, and his language; becomes imbued with the prejudices of civilization, and adopts the forms and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic religion. In this state he is a different being from the true denizen of the forests, and it may be doubted, where his civilization goes no further than this, if he is not a degenerate and degraded one; but it is in this state alone that he is met with by most travellers in Brazil, on the banks of the Amazon, in Venezuela, and in Peru.

“I do not remember a single circumstance in my travels so striking and new, or that so well fulfilled all previous expectations, as my first view of the real uncivilized inhabitants of the river Uaupés. Though I had been already three years in the country, and had seen Indians of almost every shade of colour and every degree of civilization, I felt that I was as much in the midst of something new and startling, as if I had been instantaneously transported to a distant and unknown country.

“The Indians of the Amazon and its tributaries, are of a countless variety of tribes and nations; all of whom have peculiar languages and customs, and many of them some distinct physical characteristics. Those now found in the city of Pará, and all about the country of the Lower Amazon, have long been civilized,—have lost their own language, and speak the Portuguese, and are known by the general names of Tapúyas, which is ap-

plied to all Indians, and seems to be a corruption of 'Tupis,' the name applied to the natives of the coast-districts, on the first settlement of the country. These Indians are short, stout, and well made. They learn all trades quickly and well, and are a quiet, good-natured, inoffensive people. They form the crews of most of the Pará trading canoes. Their main peculiarity consists in their short stature, which is more observable than in any other tribe I am acquainted with. It may be as well, before proceeding further, to mention the general characteristics of the Amazon Indians, from which the particular tribes vary but very slightly.

"They are, a skin of a coppery or brown colour of various shades, often nearly the tint of smooth Honduras mahogany,—jet-black straight hair, thick, and never curled,—black eyes, and very little or no beard. With regard to their features, it is impossible to give any general characteristics. In some the whole face is wide and rather flattened, but I never could discern an unusual obliquity of the eyes, or projection of the cheek-bones; in many, of both sexes, the most perfect regularity of features exists, and there are numbers who in colour alone differ from a good-looking European.

"Their figures are generally superb; and I have never felt so much pleasure in gazing at the finest statue, as at these living illustrations of the beauty of the human form. The development of the chest is such as I believe never exists in the best-formed European, exhibiting a splendid series of convex undulations, without a hollow in any part of it.

"Some native tribes exist in the rivers Guamá, Capím, and Acarrá, just above the city of Pará, but I could learn little definite about them. High up the rivers Tocantins and Araguáya, there are numerous tribes of

tall well-formed Indians, some of whom I have seen in Pará, where they arrive in canoes from the interior. Most of them have enormously elongated ears hanging down on their shoulders, produced probably by weights suspended from the lobe in youth. On the Xingú are many native tribes, some of whom were visited by Prince Adalbert. On the next river, the Tapajóz, dwell the Mundrucus, and they extend far into the interior, across to the Madeira and to the river Purús; they are a very numerous tribe, and portions of them are now civilized. The Múras, another of the populous tribes, are also partly civilized, about the mouths of the Madeira and Rio Negro; but in the interior, and up the river Purús, many yet live in a totally wild and savage state.

“All along the banks of the main streams of the Amazon, Solimoes, Madeira, and Rio Negro, live Indians of various races, in a semi-civilized state, and with their peculiar habits and languages in a great measure lost. Traces of these peculiarities are however still to be found, in the painted pottery manufactured at Breves, the elegant calabashes of Montealegre, the curious baskets of some tribes on the Rio Negro, and the calabashes of Ega, always painted in geometrical patterns.

“Commencing near Santarem, and extending among all the half-civilized Indians of the Amazon, Rio Negro, and other rivers, the *Lingoa Geral*, or general Indian language, is spoken. Near the more populous town and villages, it is used indiscriminately with the Portuguese; a little further, it is often the only language known; and far up in the interior it exists in common with the native language of the tribe to which the inhabitants belong. Thus on the Lower Amazon, all the Indians can speak both Portuguese and *Lingoa Geral*; on the Solimoes and Rio Negro, *Lingoa Geral* alone is

generally spoken ; and in the interior, on the lakes and tributaries of the Solimoes, the Múra and Jurí tongues are in common use, with the Lingoa Geral as a means of communication with the traders. Near the sources of the Rio Negro, in Venezuela, the Barré and Baniwa languages are those used among the Indians themselves.

“The Lingoa Geral is the Tupi, an Indian language found in the country by the Jesuits, and modified and extended by them for use among all the tribes included in their missions. It is now spread over all the interior of Brazil, and even extends into Peru and Venezuela, as well as Bolivia and Paraguay, and is the general vehicle of communication between the Brazilian traders and the Indians. It is a simple and euphonious language, and is often preferred by Europeans who get thoroughly used to it. I knew a Frenchman who had been twenty years in the Solimoes, who always conversed with his wife and children in Lingoa Geral, and could speak it with more ease than either French or Portuguese ; and, in many cases, I have seen Portuguese settlers whose children were unable to speak any other language.

“I shall now proceed to give some account of the various tribes that still exist, in all their native integrity, among the trackless forests of the Purús, Rio Branco, Japurá, and rivers Uaupés and Isánna, near the sources of the Rio Negro.

“As I am best acquainted with the Indians of the river Uaupés, I shall first state all I know of them, and then point out the particulars in which other nations differ from them.

“Tattooing is very little practised by these Indians ; they all, however, have a row of circular punctures along the arm, and one tribe, the Tucános, are distinguished from the rest by three vertical blue lines on the chin ;

and they also pierce the lower lip, through which they hang three little threads of white beads. All the tribes bore their ears, and wear in them little pieces of grass, ornamented with feathers. The Cobeus alone expand the hole to so large a size, that a bottle-cork could be inserted: they ordinarily wear a plug of wood in it, but, on festas, insert a little bunch of arrows.

“The men generally have but one wife, but there is no special limit, and many have two or three, and some of the chiefs more; the elder one is never turned away, but remains the mistress of the house. They have no particular ceremony at their marriages, except that of always carrying away the girl by force, or making a show of doing so, even when she and her parents are quite willing. They do not often marry with relations, or even neighbours,—preferring those from a distance, or even from other tribes. When a young man wishes to have the daughter of another Indian, his father sends a message to say he will come with his son and relations to visit him. The girl’s father guesses what it is for, and, if he is agreeable, makes preparations for a grand festival: it lasts perhaps two or three days, when the bridegroom’s party suddenly sieze the bride, and hurry her off to their canoes; no attempt is made to prevent them, and she is then considered as married.

“Some tribes, as the Uacarrás, have a trial of skill at shooting with the bow and arrow, and if the young man does not show himself a good marksman, the girl refuses him, on the ground that he will not be able to shoot fish and game enough for the family.

“The dead are almost always buried in the houses, with their bracelets, tobacco-bag, and other trinkets upon them: they are buried the same day they die, the parents and relations keeping up a continual mourning

and lamentation over the body, from the death to the time of interment ; a few days afterwards, a great quantity of caxirí is made, and all friends and relatives invited to attend, to mourn for the dead, and to dance, sing, and cry to his memory. Some of the large houses have more than a hundred graves in them ; but when the houses are small, and very full, the graves are made outside.

“The Tariánas and Tucános, and some other tribes, about a month after the funeral, disinter the corpse, which is then much decomposed and put it in a great pan, or oven, over the fire, till all the volatile parts are driven off with a most horrible odour, leaving only a black carbonaceous mass, which is pounded into a fine powder, and mixed in several large couches (vats made of hollowed trees) of caxirí : this is drunk by the assembled company till all is finished ; they believe that thus the virtues of the deceased will be transmitted to the drinkers.

“The Cobeus alone, in the Uaupés, are real cannibals : they eat those of other tribes, whom they kill in battle, and even make war for the express purpose of procuring human flesh for food. When they have more than they can consume at once, they smoke-dry the flesh over the fire, and preserve it for food a long time. They burn their dead, and drink the ashes in caxirí, in the same manner as described above.

“Every tribe and every ‘malocca’ (as their houses are called) has its chief, or ‘Tushaúa who has a limited authority over them, principally in war, in making festivals, and in repairing the malocca and keeping the village clean, and in planting the mandiocca-fields ; he also treats with the traders, and supplies them with men to pursue their journeys. The succession of these

chiefs is strictly hereditary in the male line, or through the female to her husband, who may be a stranger : their regular hereditary chief is never superseded, however stupid, dull, or cowardly he may be. They have very little law of any kind ; but what they have is of strict retaliation, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth ; and a murderer is punished or revenged in the same manner and by the same weapon with which it was committed.

“ They have numerous ‘ Pagés,’ a kind of priests, answering to the ‘ medicine-men’ of the North American Indians. These are believed to have great power : they cure all diseases by charms, applied by strong blowing and breathing upon the party to be cured, and by the singing of certain songs and incantations. They are also believed to have power to kill enemies, to bring or send away rain, to destroy dogs or game, to make the fish leave a river, and to afflict with various diseases. They are much consulted and believed in, and are well paid for their services. An Indian will give almost all his wealth to a pagé, when he is threatened with any real or imaginary danger.

“ They scarcely seem to think that death can occur naturally, always imputing it either to direct poisoning or the charms of some enemy, and, on this supposition, will proceed to revenge it. This they generally do by poisons, of which they have many which are most deadly in their effects : they are given at some festival in a bowl of caxirí, which it is good manners always to empty, so that the whole dose is sure to be taken. One of the poisons often used is most terrible in its effects, causing the tongue and throat, as well as the intestines, to putrefy and rot away, so that the sufferer lingers some days in the greatest agony : this is of course again

retaliated, on perhaps the wrong party, and thus a long succession of murders may result from a mere groundless suspicion in the first instance.

“I cannot make out that they have any belief that can be called a religion. They appear to have no definite idea of a God; if asked who they think made the rivers, and the forests, and the sky, they will reply that they do not know, or sometimes that they suppose it was ‘Tupánau,’ a word that appears to answer to God, but of which they understand nothing. They have much more definite ideas of a bad spirit, ‘Juruparí,’ or Devil, whom they fear, and endeavour through their pagés to propitiate. When it thunders, they say the ‘Juruparí’ is angry, and their idea of natural death is that the Juruparí kills them. At an eclipse they believe that this bad spirit is killing the moon, and they make all the noise they can to frighten him away.

“One of their most singular superstitions is about the musical instruments they use at their festivals, which they call the Juruparí music. They consist of eight or sometimes twelve pipes, or trumpets, made of bamboos or palm-stems hollowed out, some with trumpet-shaped mouths of bark and with mouth-holes of clay and leaf. Each pair of instruments gives a distinct note, and they produce a rather agreeable concert, something resembling clarionets and bassoons. These instruments, however, are with them such a mystery, that no woman must ever see them on pain of death. They are always kept in some igaripé, at a distance from the malocca, whence they are brought on particular occasions: when the sound of them is heard approaching, every woman retires into the woods, or into some adjoining shed, which they generally have near, and remains invisible till after the ceremony is over, when

the instruments are taken away to their hiding-place, and the women come out of their concealment. Should any female be supposed to have seen them, either by accident or design, she is invariably executed, generally by poison; and a father will not hesitate to sacrifice his daughter, or a husband his wife, on such an occasion."

Peruvian Indians.

The following testimony to the character of the Peruvian Indians, taken from Temple's Travels in Peru, is calculated to enlist our sympathies in their behalf. Patient, and tractable, they have shewn themselves in working in the mine for the enrichment of others, while, too commonly, ill usage has been their lot. Let us now seek to prove that Christians have a mine of wealth in the written Word of God; and that in patience and tractability of heart, for Christ's sake, they too can labour to communicate its riches to the natives of Peru.

"The primitive inhabitants of South America, 'improperly called Indians,' are of a tawny colour, inclining to red of different shades of brightness; the difference in the shades, arising probably, in a great degree, from the varying temperature of the climate of the country which they inhabit, from the intense heat of the torrid zone to the cold of the vicinage of snow. But in order to present an exact idea of the primitive Americans, almost as many descriptions are requisite as there are nations or tribes; yet, as all Europe, all nations, notwithstanding distinct languages, manners, and customs, have somewhat in common, so do all the Americans present features of resemblance and a similar base of character.*

* Condamine Trav. S. America.

“The Peruvian Indians are a strong, healthy race, and generally laborious, for every kind of labour is performed by them. In Potosi, however, the miners, all Indians, have acquired a character for habits of idleness and a propensity to defraud their employers, which it must be admitted is not altogether without foundation, though I think the causes of the evils complained of may be traced to harsh treatment, or to unwarrantable exactions of some sort, aggression being as frequent on one side as delinquency on the other.

“Those who have been so long accustomed to treat this oppressed people as slaves, and have been taught to consider them below the scale of humanity, do not on all occasions recollect, that the severe struggle they have so successfully sustained, in shaking off a galling yoke from their own necks, has also relieved the Indians from theirs, and that, in the eye of the newly-established laws, for which both classes have equally shed their blood, they are now, for the first time, on an equality. The knowledge of these facts has not yet thoroughly subdued old prejudices, and therefore the poor Indians are occasionally exposed to the haughtiness, tyranny, and injustice of ungracious masters.

“I know, from experience, that by proper management, their faults and the disadvantages arising from them, may be guarded against, and in a great degree corrected. A worm, or if it be thought more applicable, the adder, will turn when trod upon, and will then resent the injury: so has it been with these Indians before now; but, with kind usage, fair remuneration for their services, and an impartial conduct towards them, they are perfectly tractable, and become good, faithful, and willing servants. During my residence at Potosi, I have had occasion to employ many Indians, as well miners as those of

other trades and occupations; there is no want of hands, as it has been generally supposed, and I cannot say that I have any cause of complaint against them; they perform the work for which they were engaged to the best of their abilities, and at the completion of it I paid them their hire. Sunday, after the hour of early mass, is the customary time of paying the miners and all persons employed in the *ingenios*; this practice I did not adhere to, having preferred settling all such matters, so far as I had control, on Saturday evening.

“At the appointed hour they assembled in the court before my office, accompanied sometimes by their wives and children, and if I happened to be engaged in any business, (despatching the couriers, for instance, when in the absence or illness of my companions I have been employed many hours of the day ‘writing against time,’) these people would remain, without evincing the slightest impatience, and never approach to ask to be settled with, till called by name as they stood upon the list of the major-domo. They always expressed their thanks when they received their wages, upon which subject we never had the most trifling misunderstanding.”

A Family Portrait.

The following account, from Pinckard, of a visit paid at the fort of Berbice (British Guiana) by an Indian family, is worthy of being transcribed.

“This family came to us in the true style of native accommodation, exhibiting the full equipage of the family canoe, and forming a scene of high interest and novelty. Before the canoe reached the fort, we observed the long, black hair and naked skins of the man, his

two wives, and several children, who were all seated about the vessel, with the strictest attention to equipoise, trimming it most neatly. The cargo was large; and, in addition to the family, was loaded with cedar and other kinds of wood for sale, or barter. On the top of the cargo, appeared a ferocious looking animal, setting up his bristles like the quills of a porcupine. It was a species of hog, caught in the forest, and hence called a bush hog. A small monkey was also skipping about the canoe. At one side sat two very fine parrots, and on the other was perched a large and most beautiful mackaw, exhibiting all the rich splendours of his gay plumage. On the canoe arriving at the landing place, the bow and arrows, the clay cooking-vessel, calabashes, hammocks, and crab baskets, were all brought into view; and we gazed on the whole as forming a very complete and striking specimen of original equipage and accommodation. The whole family, the household apparatus, the bow and arrows, the canoe and paddles, the hammocks, in short, all the furniture and implements for cooking, sleeping, shooting, fishing, and travelling, were here moved together in one complete body, as to render it indifferent to them whether they should return to the home whence they came, or take up a new abode in any other part of the forest."

Home Proceedings.

We have much pleasure in informing our friends that the Earl of Roden has consented to enrol his name amongst the Vice-Patrons of our Society.

In Dundee, we are glad to hear from the Rev. W. Gray, a new Association has been formed, and much interest excited in the objects of the Mission.

Progress of the Work.

The most scrutinizing observer of our Mission work must, we think, allow that progress has been made. A Fuegian family, after five months spent under Christian instruction, and in the midst of the genial influences of civilized life, has returned with members of our Mission party to its original home. This family has left our Mission Station impressed with our kindness, confident in our good-will, and most anxious to secure the advantages of our friendship. In the wigwams of Fuegian tribes there will pass from mouth to mouth the story of love, exciting in the hearts of men, too little used to kindness, strange feelings of wonder at the conduct of the stranger. Already the tribe, to which this family belongs, desires to see our Missionaries located in its neighbourhood. And our brethren ere this have made trial of the welcome which friendly Fuegians can offer. When the recently-received despatches left the Falklands, the *Allen Gardiner* had started on her voyage to Woollya, and the Rev. G. P. Despard, with Messrs. Phillips and Turpin, formed her Missionary staff. It was the intention of our Chief Missionary, on the arrival of the vessel in the neighbourhood of James Button's tribe, to

erect a log hut, or an improved kind of wigwam, as a temporary residence for Messrs. Phillips and Turpin, and one of the crew of the *Allen Gardiner*. The vessel would then quit the spot for a few days to visit other localities, and hold intercourse with other natives; after which it would return to test the security, and add to the confidence of the shore party. This being done, and, as we hope, without any cause for misgivings as to the friendliness of the natives, on whom the influence of James Button cannot fail to be favourably exerted, the *Allen Gardiner* was again to leave our friends on shore for another interval, during which search would be made for *York Minster*,—the Fuegian who with Jemmy Button visited England, and afterwards married Fuegia Basket. Should God see fit to bless these efforts with success, and open up to us another tribe through the friendly offices of one, who in time gone by was made acquainted with English habits, and in some slight degree with the Christian religion, we cannot calculate the advantages likely to accrue. It is true that at present we have not hands enough to work effectually within our present narrow limits. For with natives at Cranmer receiving instruction, and communicating in turn a knowledge of their language; with an opening, or rather with *openings*, in Fuegia for direct and steady intercourse with the natives; with Mr.

Schmid, in Patagonia, and the consequently necessary direction of attention to that quarter on the part of our Chief Missionary, it seems an almost impossibility, with the means at our disposal, to carry on effectually our present operations. And yet we speak of new tribes, and fresh opportunities, and advantages likely to accrue! How so? With what show of wisdom can we do it? We speak in reliance on the Christian feeling of our land. We speak in faith. We speak as those who have a commission from God to speak. We speak in the name of Christ, and in obedience to the command of Christ. We speak for those, whose cry for help is their very misery, and whose claim for help is inscribed in the records of God. And shall our work flag—our hopes languish—our opportunities be allowed to slip from our grasp, from sheer want of Christian sympathy and support? God forbid that it should be so. God helping, it shall not be so. We earnestly and affectionately—and confidently too,—appeal for renewed, and increased assistance to carry on, and develope, with something like vigour, the scheme of Christian love, which this Society contemplates.

But to return to the point from which we have digressed. We were relating the present course of operations in Fuegia. The search for York Minster having been completed, the *Allen*

Gardiner returns to the shore party, remains in the neighbourhood a few days, after which she receives the whole of her Missionary staff on board again, with a fresh draught, as we confidently hope, of Fuegians, and then takes her departure for Cranmer. Here our new Fuegian friends are introduced to civilised life in its most favourable form, and extend their acquaintance with those who desire to be their benefactors, and instructors. In the quiet of the Mission Station, the study of the native dialects will be pushed on, in order to reduce them, as far as possible, to a written form. But meanwhile the *Allen Gardiner* once more quits her moorings off Cranmer, and conveying our Chief Missionary and Mr. Schmid, directs her course to the Magellan Straits. Our readers will scarcely require to know the object of her visit. The mention of Mr. Schmid's name will at once suggest the fulfilment of his intention. to take up his quarters with the Patagonians. We cannot but regret indeed that as yet the Committee have been unable to send out a companion to Mr. Schmid, in spite of his Mission to the Patagonians having being thus long delayed. The £500, for which an appeal was made, have been far from realised. But we are persuaded that, although without a companion in the work which he has undertaken, he goes forth strong in the grace of God, looking to Him for counsel, and seeking the consolations

of His Spirit. To make arrangements with the Patagonian chief respecting the safety of Mr. Schmid, Mr. Despard has gone, and we are not without hope that he may induce some representative of the race of giants to accompany him on his return to our Mission Station. Thus far we have given the programme of two voyages to the coast, which we confess fill us with much hope; but we should be doing an injustice to Mr. Despard, if we did not complete his outline of proceedings for the present season, by stating that another voyage to Woollya is projected, after the return of the Mission vessel from Patagonia. In this way, as far as possible, with the means immediately at his disposal, our Chief Missionary is directing and sharing in the labours of our Missionary enterprise. We will not hastily anticipate the results which may accrue from the voyages and plans of which we have spoken. But we pray that the Most High may vouchsafe His blessing, giving to His servants wisdom and zeal; and, if it be His will, permitting them to see some fruit of their labours.

Our Fuegian Guests.

“We must first describe the personal appearance of our Fireland visitors, and then proceed to furnish particulars, as far as gathered in our five months’ intercourse with

them, of their traits of character and of their language. Orundelicone, alias Jemmy Button, is about forty years old; short, about 5 ft. 1 or 2 in., broad, and straight in limb. His complexion is a deep brown, approaching in colour to a ripe chestnut. His features are broad, mouth wide, and rather projecting, but not at all repulsive. His eyes rather small, far apart, and black; his hair long and straight, but sticking up on the crown of his head; his teeth small—one in front of upper jaw gone—yellow-coloured. His hands and feet very small; his finger nails are well shaped. Altogether he has a very pleasing look; and with his hair cut, and clothes clean, and well put on, would be looked on as a very respectable-looking dark gentleman. Lassaweea, alias Jame-sina, is very short, 4 ft. 7 or 8, with very crooked legs—*bowed* out; very small feet and hands; a complexion two shades lighter than her husband's; and there is occasionally a rosy hue on her cheeks; her cheek bones very high, nose hooked, and the nostrils expanded in a curve; mouth large, teeth small—two lower incisors discoloured; eyes very black; hair black and straight; age about forty.

“Wammestriggins, alias ‘*Threeboys*,’ aged about twelve; short, stout, straight; smaller mouth, in proportion, than father's; eyes and hair intensely black; complexion *rosy-brunette*.

“Passawullacuds, alias Fuegia; eight; very short for her age; very bright face; features not so good as her brother's, but very pleasing expression; light, straight, and very active.

“Annasplonis, alias Antony Button, Esq.; aged fifteen months; best looking of the party, though darker than brother and sister; has much larger eyes in proportion; but expression of countenance not good—too much scowl.

"J. B., in character, is very sensitive to slights, not revengeful, nay, affectionate, courteous, cleanly, orderly, *saving*; has good memory, local and personal, not verbal; slow of comprehension; *unobtrusive*; rather taciturn; eschewing hard work; religiously inclined.

"L. O. is inquisitive, touchy, musical, loquacious; kind and attentive to her children; with quick ear and correct utterance, and ingenious.

"W. O. is very affectionate, inquisitive, *busy*, easily trained to labour—the harder and heavier the better. Quick in apprehension and in learning language; very observant and imitative; and inclined to be clean and neat in person.

"P. O. affectionate, lively, docile.

"J. B. is courteous; he never receives anything without a 'Thank you, sir, or, ma'am,' and a motion of the hand to the forelock. He is very careful in a room not to push past any one; he waits patiently till they give him space. He is sitting at family worship, and hears an approaching footstep, begins to move farther on the chair, to give room to the new comer to sit. If he hands a knife, he presents the handle; if offered cake out of a full plate, selects the smallest piece. One day he was walking towards the garden, to get some pieces of fire-wood, heard me coming behind, ran on before, opened the garden gate, held it open till I passed, then quickly shut it after me, with a 'Good night, sir.' He asked to give a bow and arrow he had made, to my son. I said certainly, J., if you please. 'Thank you, sir.' He was the *obliged*! The children drew his little girl home in their cart. He said 'Thank you.' Before he comes into the house, he wipes his shoes, and when *in*, lays his cap where it may not rest upon any other person's. He steps in and out as noise-

lessly as possible. At table he eats very *noiselessly*, and drinks and eats *slowly* and little.

“J. B. is very sensitive. One of our men’s wives shut out his family from her house, as much through fear as anything. He never went thither again, though he would often go next door, under same roof. I had occasion to reprove him for a freedom with one in my house. He took it very much to heart; shed tears; ‘Gentleman very angry; say not come to church,’ (a mistake). Some one said his wife was stealing palings for fuel. J. B. heard the report, and was much moved; ‘I not steal; my wife not steal; I not stay Kebbel Island; I go home; come ship. No, me not steal.’ It turned out a mistake, it was wood cut for *their fuel*.

“I said, ‘J. B. how you say in your language, I steal?’ ‘No say, I steal; I *not* steal.’ ‘Then how you say, *he* steals?’ ‘Other man bad fellow—*Aushe-skrayna*.’

“J. B. affectionate; fond of his children; fidgetting very much to go away, after I had asked him to leave Passanulla to my wife, to be brought up in our family as a *daughter*; from the idea I wanted to take her by force, and only quieted when he got me to *confirm* Mr. T.’s assurance, they would all go back together. Often saw me carrying baby about. Looks kindly at me, and says, ‘Mr. D., you very good man; I like you say my brother, (his particular friend—a *yacomdah*, or doctor,) Mr. Despard very good man.’

“J. B. grateful. I said, ‘J. make me an arrow.’ He looked so pleased, and bustled about, *directly* got the wood and sand paper, and soon came travelling up to our house, with an arrow, very neatly made. Afterwards he made a bow and arrows of his country wood, and gave to my son. Some days ago he saw a pot of flowers in our room, so he started off and got a great bunch of the

finest, pinkest halcyon flowers, and sent them up to 'Lady,' as he calls Mrs. D. To-day he speared, for the first time, two large fishes. He immediately hastened up, out of breath, to our house, knocked at the door, 'Here's *fis*, Mr. Despard.' Of the other, he gave half to his friend, Mr. T. He told Mr. T. he would get 'plenty *fis*' for him in his country—the greatest *dainties* with him. His memory is good of persons and places. He remembers what he saw in England, in Rio, in Monte Video. He names the people in Walthamstow, the officers and crew of the *Beagle*. Describes the palace of William IV.—what he said and did.

"He is inclined to be cleanly; he brushes his coat from the dust; has worn it five months, and still it looks clean. Washes his caps and his comforters, till they grow too small for his head, and fall to pieces. Washes his coat; likes a clean shirt; sweeps and brushes his house; makes his tins and knives and forks shine again; keeps his dresser very orderly. Religiously inclined—once invited, he has constantly come to our daily worship and Sunday services. Takes in, God made all things: 'Jesus Christ berry good, die for us.' Applies the former himself.—"Benty cabbage in my country—no eat, no saucepan boil.' 'Who put it there, Jem?' 'God, all same as grass—God made it.' He willingly repeats the Lord's Prayer, and tries to *sing* the Doxology.

'J. B.'s language has difficult sounds—many vowels. It contains no name for God, heaven, hell, devil, spirit, soul, mind. The *tenses* seem formed by the addition of temporal adverbs; *e. g.* I have eaten—I eat yesterday: I do eat—I eat to-day; I shall eat—I eat to-morrow. The persons, by prefixing a for I, se for thou. *Auche*, he; *epay*, we two; *hyun*, we more, or they. Substantive

pronoun: *Hay*, I; *sha*, thou. The *anche owa*, other men. Possessive pronouns: *Howa*, mine; *shuia*, thine.

“Adjectives do not vary for singular and plural.

“Substantives—Abstract terms few, if any.

“Verbs—of making—vary according to thing made, and yet have no resemblance in sound to the name of it.

“I find no difficulty in writing every sound in Ellis' Phonetic Characters, and have thus written some 400 words.

“It has been difficult to get words from J. B. from the difficulty he felt in understanding even a simple *sentence* in English; detached words he understands, but, in connexion, he finds it hard to understand; and he seems never to have tried to turn English into Firelandic, but rather to make his people understand about England in *English*. I have never been able to get the first word of the Lord's Prayer from him, 'Our.'

“The language of Hoste Island—Yorkminsters—is quite different, Jem says,—*e. g.* Teekeenicá-Hukh—an egg; Alikhoolip-Leccli—an egg. Jem says, the language of the Oens men, on the main-island, differs, also, quite from his.

“In the Firelandic (*Icelandic*, sic.) vocabularies, the words are written in Phonetic, just as pronounced; the accent is generally on the penult, but sometimes on the last syllable, *e. g.* Curp-aspq, five; A-cur-taè, four; but Cumby'-be, two. The Pictonians say, Cum-bě-be, two.

G. P. D.

Journal of Rev. G. P. Despard.

(Continued.)

"September 17th, Friday.—Fine day, according with James's prognostication, who told me yesterday, when I paid him a visit, 'Yes, Sir, fine weather to-morrow; much sun—wind out there, Sir—see blue sky, Sir,—yes, Sir!' Took advantage of the weather to plant out all my potatoe ground, and succeeded by dinner time. So now I have about six times as much occupied with those most useful vegetables as last year. Bartlett busy with Mr. Schmid, in planting the Mission garden with potatoes, principally for the use of the schooner. He called out to me, 'Not much fear of starvation in Keppel Island, Sir.' Holland cut three of his fingers severely, with a broad chisel, to the detriment of his work; but being on his left hand, he can still manage to saw and paint. Mr. T. and he were cutting fire-wood for J. Button, and wanted a hand to keep it steady the while, so I called "The Admiral" out of his mansion, where he was at leisure, and bade him give the required aid. He did so readily. I think if he were only *told* to work, he would: but under his circumstances I hesitate to order him.

"September 18th, Saturday.—J. B. went in a boat alongside the *Malvina*, but was satisfied *not* to go on board, it was so 'dirty.' Little Fuegia has been all day playing and romping delightedly with our children. On such occasions she always has her dinner here, and eats vegetables with most relish. It is an excellent thing that James and his family like vegetable diet, because they will be warm in their praises, and encourage the growth of them (vegetables) *at home*. The Fuegians in themselves *cannot* be other than they are. Suppose

they desired a more genial climate, whither could they go to find it? They dare not cross the Beagle Channel, because of the *Oens* men, so much dreaded. But suppose they reached, and crossed it unobstructed, and then made on *overland* to Admiralty Inlet, and then over-ed the Straits, they would find a climate more humid than their own, and with no more food and clothing. What could they do in Patagonia, supposing the giants allowed them there? They must starve, for want of horses to secure guanaco. Suppose they desired clothing, what can they make it of? limpets and muscle shells? fish skins, porpoise skins, bark?—what else? For other material in sufficient quantity they have none. Their few otter and guanaco skins would form *back* coats for hardly a tithe of them. Suppose they wanted to be *clean*, where are soap and towels? Suppose vegetable food, where are seeds? Their only hope for a rise, rests on the benevolence and liberality of Christians. We could, with advantage to them and to ourselves, give them both materials and instruction. Their forests of good wood are inexhaustible. (Darwin's Report, that the timber is *rotten at heart*, we have not found true in some hundreds we have cut and split up.) We get them to fell, square, and saw this, and we can afford in return to clothe and feed them; for this stuff would sell well in Stanley, and would be worth freight even to England, in vessels so lightly laden as some from Stanley. And the colonists there could make vessels, boats, houses, fence, and furniture of it.

“J. B. saw me going home in the afternoon, and called from his house door, ‘Mr. Despard, please Sir, send my girl home.’ *The savage!!*

“19th, Sunday.—Fine day—not likely to last *fine*. Service at eleven, well frequented. Buttons, father and

son, constantly. Jem's word for week, is 'Church;' so many 'Churches,' so many weeks.

"Children afternoon, as usual—Jem B., &c. I went over my Vocabulary with him, at which he seemed surprised, and patting me on the arm, said, 'You know more my country talk than me Inglis.'

"September 21st, Lady Day.—As it is very important to get peat out of the ground early, and this cannot be accomplished if *over* time only be employed, I told the men I would give them one fortnight from this day, for peat cutting.

"Mr. Button, the only gentleman of leisure in the place. He paid me a visit; remarked my work to be wet and dirty, but certainly made no offer to *help*. J. B. employed his time in looking at a large book of pictures. Fuegia played with our children, and Three-boys reproved her:—'No good—talk too much—laugh too much—*girl* no good.'

"22nd, Wednesday.—J. B.'s heart entranced by the gift of a penny squeaking trumpet. I said, 'Jemmy, every one work here; you no work.' 'Yes, Sir, I clean *knives*.' First seeds, mustard and cress, came up in garden.

"Jem B. came to me at four, and drank tea. In his account of language, he confuses one sadly. He cannot comprehend '*our*,' and so cannot translate it into Fire-landish. When he is at fault with an English word, he says, 'No word in my country. *Our*, my country no talk.'

"What multifarious employment falls to our lot in this position! Ditching, gardening, fencing, painting, carpentry, shoe-mending, and tailoring. Then I am domestic tutor, theological professor, linguist, chaplain, &c. The Lord make these employments beneficial!

directly, in the objects aimed at in them; and indirectly, in example of cheerful and humble industry.

“26th, Sunday. — Announced a meeting for every Tuesday for prayer and conference on Scripture, after our ordinary evening service. Quite voluntary: whose will, let him come. May this prove a suggestion from the Author of every good thought, and be a means of reviving the work of grace out here.

“Afternoon, children as usual. J. B. ditto. I asked him if he *understood* my words, this morning. ‘Yes, Sir, God everywhere—Jesus Christ came down from heaven, *died*.’” Then he started off to remind me, my father had died in battle, ‘killed by frens’—that my brother is a soldier. Asked how many I have; is my mother alive? I tried to recall him to more important topics, by shewing him the Hebrew Bible, and speaking about Adam and Eve—about the New Testament and our Lord. Then gave him a lesson in English reading, and tried to get important words in Fuegian from him. He is proud of his knowledge of English, and ran over a long list of words (nouns,) he knows. Said Phillips had given him a cap, too large, but *he* would alter it to fit; he had given him a knife also, very dull and *dirty*, but he would sharpen and clean it.

“He told me of friendly natives that came to Woollya, to barter otter skin cloaks for long whalebone spears. His people prepare skins for use, by stretching them on wooden frames, till quite dry; then scraping and rubbing with stones, till soft and smooth, and white inside.

“He took tea with us, as usual, and departed. I watched him walking home. By and bye, his two dogs met him, but he took not the smallest notice of them. He *wiped his* boots before entering his house, and Threeboys did the same. If ‘cleanliness is next to

godliness,' as J. B. has attained the spirit of the one, it is to be hoped he will advance shortly to the other.

"28th, Tuesday.—Mrs. B. and family pay a visit to S. H. The former discovered a particular, but not uncommon *penchant* for raisins, with which she filled her mouth as fast as my wife filled her hands; and she also took a fancy to a flaming red and white chequed table cover, which, in her way, she declared would make a superb holiday cloak. Mrs. B. would not let little Fuegia out of her sight, on pretence the dear child would cry. She always cries up here; but she cries for joy, and joy dances in her eyes. Mr. Button condescends to cut and split his own fuel, now that his care-taker, Turpin, is digging peat. Master Antony Button grows apace. He walks alone, and is a perfect Firelander in miniature—naked all, save that a small cloak hangs over his shoulders. His hair extends in a shock, like a patent *Ramoneur*; and he stands erect, with a stick, like a spear, in his hand.

"30th, Thursday.—Evening Lecture from Professor E., on the feet of birds, with illustrative diagrams; being the conclusion of a series. We are to have no more till the autumn. These lectures communicated many instructive facts, and furnish conversation with profitable topics.

"October 2nd, Saturday.—Turpin with me in afternoon. Told me Threeboys said, 'Plenty eggs now in my country—God made.' 'Who made *you*?' 'God.' He remarked, 'Last night no sleep in my country—rain—wind—snow. No warm bed there.'

"Will this boy ever forget Keppel Island and its lessons? no more than his father forgets England. Here then, at least, are Fuegians prepared for the Gospel. J. B. with me, from four to five, and drank tea with us. It was expressly to give me a lesson in Fuegian; and as

I told him he is to go home in the next trip of the schooner, he was very alert in it. I got from him, that 'too' prefixed, means me.—*e. g.* 'Too-amoohoo,' 'give me.' It will be remembered that we heard, '*ty moohoo*,' from the Pictonians a great deal in their visits, which we see meant, '*give me.*' Also, that '*ta-coo*,' 'by and bye,' forms with a verb the future tense.—*e. g.* 'Oollacarna-tacoo,' 'I will give you.' When J. B. this morning saw Mr. T. hand Holland a chisel, with the *edge* foremost, he reproved him, and said, people in *England* always turn the *handle* foremost.—The *savage*? He saw me going to the garden, and hastened to open the gate, which he held open till I passed, wishing me good evening. He was not going into the garden himself.—The *savage* again??

'October 3, *Sunday*.—Service attended by every one, except Mrs. B. and her two youngest. Tony has quite *taken* with Mr. Turpin: puts out his hand for a shake, and if in his father's arms, cries to go to him. What a point of importance, for Mr. T. to have gained the affections of three Fuegian children already. Will they not bring their companions to him in Woollya? Sermon, Ezek. xx. 12, on the Sabbath. Lord's Supper administered to our usual party. Day calm, but raw. J. B. to instruction and tea, as usual.

"7th, *Thursday*.—Mr. Turpin gave a pleasing trait of J. B. yesterday, when he returned very weary from the weir, J. B. insisted on making his fire and boiling the kettle for his tea. The Cœnobites spent a quiet evening with us. I, the while, put finishing stroke to the weir net. It is pleasant to think of one's predecessors in these labours:—in carpentry, Jesus Our Lord; in gardening, our father Adam; in net making and mending, Peter, and other apostles; in handling the needle,

Paul the Great. May we as sedulously follow these great ones in *spiritual* labours!

“9th, Saturday.—Jem B. came to see me, and to tea. Tried him with days of the week on his fingers, bringing the seventh to his *bent* stiff and RESTING finger, that he may remember the Sabbath better. He said, ‘At Walthamstow, great *Church-house*, two *churchmen*, one white gown, one black.’ ‘Music?’ ‘Yes, organ; much noise, alongside *here*.’ He gave me several Fireland words. His wife’s name, ‘Lassa-weea,’ and ‘Wammestriggins,’ his son’s. ‘Threeboys,’ it seems, is of Mr. T.’s imposition. Also an account of a man named ‘Tellan—all same as carpenter.’ His trade lies chiefly in making shafts of spears for fish, &c. The manner of making I could not comprehend.

“13th, Wednesday.—Dull, overcast, and windy morning—school and coffee roasting. J. Button brought an arrow, beautifully made to order; and in the afternoon a bow of ‘Tierra del wood, for your boy.’ I set him the task, for a coveted dainty—‘butter,’ to fill our oil-casks with water, to preserve them. (They lie side by side, at the brook’s mouth, and are some twenty-seven in number.) He willingly undertakes, and makes Wammestriggins help him. This boy frequently plays with my children, and assists them in their garden operations. Indeed he likes to try his hand in every work going on. He was bare-headed to-day: ‘Where is your cap?’ said I. ‘*In my house*,’ replied he. Afternoon, gardening; sowing green-topped hybrid turnip, the gift—as are nearly all the seeds we have sown here—of kind ‘James Veitch,’ Sen., of Exeter. Also, overhauled the *Fair Jane*, and ordered her complete repair.

“14th, Thursday.—Lassa-weea at our house, listening to music on the piano, with which she seemed very

much surprised, doubting whence it came—from the book, towards which the eyes of the players were directed—from their fingers—the key-board, over which these so rapidly travelled—or the *case*. She peered very inquisitively about, to discover the secret. Wammes-triggins has been barbering his sister's and mother's hair, according to the cut inflicted by Mr. T. on his own. He has grown much stouter and stronger since he came to Cranmer; and no wonder, considering the abundant and good food he gets. When first he came, he wearied in walking to Sullivan House; now he can travel to Gull Point, four miles, and back. Mr. T. is his great oracle.

“J. B. begins to think the *Dolce far niente* and ‘too much eat’ of Cranmer, an improvement on the too much work and little eat of Woollya; so now he says, ‘Schooner come soon enough.’ This is very favourable to our Mission plan.

“15th, Friday.—Fuegia, of her own accord, brought my Emily two flowers, and presented them under their native names. J. B. offered to make Pakenham *another bow*.

“16th, Saturday.—After morning worship, J. B. said, ‘Please, Mr. Despard, ask Mrs. Despard, *please* give me some black thread’ (ipsissima verba). ‘What do you want it for, James?’ ‘To *mend* my trousers.’

“17th, Sunday.—Service as usual: J. B. and Wammes-triggins, present—I may now say of them—‘*as usual*.’ The latter sheltered himself in coming to service against a drizzle, under an *old umbrella*. Sermon, Joel ii. last verses, on prayer. Four to five, and at tea, J. B. again. I tried to make him say and understand the Lord's Prayer. At tea, there was a plate, containing two pieces of cake and a fraction, intended for him—J. is fond of

it. After he had eaten a piece of bread and butter, I offered him cake; he took it and ate. Then I handed him the plate again; this time he took the fraction. I said, 'Pooh, pooh, James, take the piece,' and put it on his plate. He looked displeased, and ate but half. The fact was, he meant to 'leave for manners,' and was offended in being obliged to transgress the *mode*.

"Bartlett called at the door, to say, 'The comet is visible, over Mount Keppel.' I cannot tell, having no almanac, *what comet* it is; but it has a very well defined tail, and seems moving to the east; the tail is toward the sun. This evening it was seen a little N. E. of *Venus*. Last Tuesday we saw it over Saunders Island, to the N. W. of *this*.

"18th, Monday.—James B. and son gone off egging, and returned in evening with *eight eggs!* So much for the instincts of the uncivilized!—80 is the find of the *civilized!* three men on Saturday, 440."

Letter from Mr. Turpin, Catechist.

The following letter from Mr. C. Turpin, whose attention has been so much directed to the instruction and welfare of the Fuegians at Cranmer, will be read with much interest. The details of daily intercourse with his foreign friends are not indeed obtruded on our view; but we are allowed to see enough to satisfy our most jealous regard for the interests of those who have been providentially placed under the influence of our brethren abroad. It is something to congratulate ourselves upon, that the first difficulties of acquiring the language are being manfully grappled with, and that we can now contemplate, with a hope, that seems speedily to be

realised, the time when Fuegian tribes shall in their own tongue hear the wonderful works of God.

“ Patagonian Mission Station,
Cranmer, Keppel Island,
November, 1858.

“ My dear Sir,

I received your last letter, dated Sept. 8th, and am thankful for the joy which the success of our last visit amongst the tribe to which Jemmy Button belongs, has occasioned in the hearts of all who, with us, take an interest in this cause.....I am now on the eve of our return with Jemmy and his family. During his stay here, I have endeavoured to obtain from him, as much as possible, the construction of his dialect, and impart to him the plan of salvation, and the knowledge of the eternal God. But you can scarcely imagine the difficulty of making them understand anything concerning the existence of a Divine Being. Not having anything in the shape or form of worship or religion in their own country, they imagine it to be a custom of a different nation, instead of a privilege and a duty of every fallen man. They will not, however, leave this station without that knowledge which they lacked when they first arrived here. Then they acknowledged not God, for Jemmy would constantly say, ‘no God in my country;’ but now he will affirm, that God is good and made all things, and that all men must die, and enter into a future state. On one occasion I said to Threeboys, (Jemmy’s son,) ‘What will you do when you go back to your country? You will get no bread, no coffee, no sugar.’ He said, ‘Plenty of eggs, plenty of fruit; God make.’ Here was at least an acknowledgment of the goodness of God; and can we not hope for better things? Yes! God, I trust, will soon fulfil his promise, that all

the ends of the world shall turn unto the Lord. During their stay here, they have pretty regularly attended Divine service, week days as well as Sundays; and Threeboys has been under my instruction. But although I have not been successful in endeavouring to teach him to read, yet he can speak the English language very plainly, considering the short time he has been amongst us, and can understand and answer any question put to him. We have also gained their confidence and respect, so that I do not think our station at Keppel Island will lack Fuegian scholars till there is a permanent settlement on the coast. The most remarkable feature in Jemmy's character is cleanliness, which he is very particular about, and which has saved me much labour and unpleasantness. His house is quite neat; the room always clean; plates, knives and forks clean likewise, and neatly arranged on the shelf. In fact, as regards these matters, Jemmy is as civilized as we might wish; but the main point is, the salvation of his own and his countrymen's souls. This has been repeatedly explained to him; but that which is of the most value to a man, is the hardest to teach, and the most difficult to learn. May He, without whose Spirit all our endeavours in this work are labours in vain, pour out the influence of that Spirit upon those who are taught and those who teach: that so the seed of the word may fall on good ground, prepared by His grace, and bring forth fruit to His glory.

“And now, dear Sir, I conclude, praying that God may impart to you every required strength in the work; and with many thanks for your kind letter,

“Believe me to remain, &c.,

CHARLES CONYNGHAM TURPIN.

“The Rev. W. H. Stirling, Secretary.”

The Trumpet Call.

The night is cold and frosty. The snow lies on the ground, and a few tents are filled with sleeping soldiers. The tents are spread before a town filled to overflowing with terrified and weak inhabitants; old men, women, and children, are there, in all their feebleness. They have implored the protection of gallant Englishmen, to save them from the fell ruin that threatens them from a merciless oppressor. Their savage foe longs to sheath his sword in their flesh, cutting off the worthless, and carrying to worse than death the slaves of his will and fury. And now the gallant English army sleeps in strength and security, and the inhabitants of the threatened town repose in full confidence. When, lo! the bugle sounds; blast after blast is blown from its brazen mouth. The call has sounded. There is, there can be no mistake. It is the call to battle. Starting from his sleep, we see the soldier quickly arming himself; there is no hesitation; there is no delay. Seemingly more rapidly than usual is every preparation made; and men hurry along, glad in heart, and flushed with the hope of activity and victory.

They have assembled, and are now arranged in order by their General; and with perfect silence await the onset. Onward the foe comes; dashing along at headlong speed; he hopes to surprise, or at least, to attack, before the protector of those he hates is fully prepared to meet him. Here the infantry, at their quickest pace, in close columns, rush with a shout. Here the artillery has opened up a deadly fire; and there again the cavalry try to break through the steady ranks of the English. But our gallant army flinch not. They stand true to their colours; and though many an one has fallen, though

many a private and officer has bitten the dust, though they seem at times all but overpowered by superior number, they know not when they are beaten, convinced that none can conquer them, they fight under this feeling of perfect self-reliance, and are rewarded. The foe is driven back with fearful loss, and with the cheer of victory. The city is saved; and songs of praise and gladness rise from all sides. The only wail is from the defeated baffled foe. There is no heart that understands not the scene. There is no one in England that does not give to the soldier thanks for his noble courage and self-devotion, and esteem him just in proportion as these qualities are developed. There is not one that would not hoot at the base coward, who turns his back on the enemy, and loving his ease or life too much, shuns the battle.

And now let us turn to a kindred scene. There are feeble ones, more loved by God from their very feebleness (just as the mother's heart bids her care most for her deformed cripple child.) There are hosts of these feeble ones, heathens in South America, not living in luxury and trained in argument as the tribes of India. Not proud in their antiquity, and treating with scorn the mushroom nations of Europe, as the Chinese affect to do. The poor naked tribes of the Amazon, or the rather more civilized tribes of the La Plata, or the warriors of the south of Chili, or the wandering hunters of Patagonia, or the shivering, stunted, half-starved Fuegians,—most of these heathens lie in South America, at the mercy of a bitter foe. The evil one and his angels are busy at work, destroying them soul and body.

It is scarcely possible to conceive a more complete moral degradation than that which they have reached under his tyranny. And now the trumpet has sounded.

The call has been blown; aye, blown by God Himself; for unmistakeable providences, and the direction of men's minds for many years, tell of this. The trumpet has called to the battle; it has called England to the rescue of these wronged ones. And though the moral atmosphere around is cold and frosty, and though it is the time of slumber, the little band of Christian warriors has awaked, armed itself with faith and prayer, and stood true to its colours, defying the enemy to do their worst, whilst they struggle for the defence of the weak ones. The contest is a deadly one. Seven men and officers fell at the first onslaught; but others only rushed in to fill their places. There is a grave too in our little island fortress; and the chief himself seems fainter in strength than he was; the signs of the battle are upon him. Has England heard the trumpet call? Does it feel no interest in the noble struggle which goes on for South America and God, against heathenism and the evil one? Is her heart so thoroughly carnal and worldly, that all her sympathies are with soldiers of earth, and earthly victory, so that she has no place for the martyr soldier—the soldier of the cross? Nay, it is not so. Let her realize what is a fact at the present moment—our position with regard to these hapless aboriginal tribes; and in Christ's strength not only is this victory certain, but the cheers will be heard which herald the downfall of the foe, and the song of praise and gladness on behalf of the contending army will be heard rising higher and louder. Aye, and the soldiers themselves will have their ranks doubled; and active sympathies will prove that England is not yet dead to God's voice—to the trumpet which calls us at this time to contend with His foes for His people in South America for whom He died, and for whom His Spirit now pleads.

Signs of Advance.

“Honour all men” is the apostolic precept. To fulfil it, however, requires no less a power than the Divine love shed abroad in the heart. And, in calling the attention of Christians to the state of the heathen world, we should be at a loss how to appeal effectually to their sympathies, if we did not know that love to Christ begets love to man. In the light of a Saviour’s love we can bear to look patiently, and seriously upon the races of mankind even in their most abject condition. And realising, as we gaze upon the world’s sorrows, the terrible outgoings of sin, we shall, as partakers of the grace of God, desire to communicate its “saving health to all nations.”

We make these remarks with special reference to the circumstances of our own Mission, suggested to us by the Journal of the Rev. G. P. Despard: for everything we read tends to show the degradation which the Fuegian tribes have reached. Nowhere, perhaps, can we find a prostration and humiliation more complete than that, which afflicts these people. Our Missionaries have come into contact with the fragments of an effete race, whose manhood is redeemed by only a few vestiges of its primitive dignity. And, although ourselves rejoicing in the full noon-tide

of prosperity, and surrounded by an exuberant civilisation, we may well modify our boasts of the progress of the world, and wonder at its incongruities, when there is presented to us the spectacle of a people for the first time being taught to wash, and to put on their clothes.

But, we believe we can see encouraging signs regarding the future elevation of the inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego. To impregnate them with a new vital force will be no new triumph of the Gospel of Christ. The work may, indeed, demand patience on our parts, and tax our sympathies largely; but we must not allow any defect of sensibility—any narrowness of mind—to contract the force of our energies, or diminish the buoyancy of our hopes.

It is, indeed, exceedingly difficult to move out of the circle of our own habits and associations. The whole present, our modes of thought, the pressure of external influences, which surround us like the atmosphere, form a strong, though invisible fence of separation between ourselves, and those but a little removed from our immediate neighbourhoods. And this feeling of separation becomes immensely exaggerated when the interchange of ideas is impeded by differences of language, and when our sensibilities are shocked by the deformities of savage life. But we are persuaded there will be an abundant, and rapid

return for any expenditure of sympathy, and effort devoted towards the civilisation, and spiritual welfare of the Fuegian tribes. Let anyone read carefully Mr. Despard's ungarnished narrative of his late visit to Tierra del Fuego, and, while he may find much to amuse in the grotesque manners of the natives, he cannot fail to observe many facts, and traits of character, which conduce strongly to the expectation of our effecting their permanent benefit. Good qualities in these people are not wanting. They have warm affections, and are docile, grateful, and confiding. It is true we see these qualities shining like precious metals in the dark recesses of the mine. But they do exist, and are invaluable. What a polish they will take is strikingly seen in the results produced in the members of one Fuegian family, during its five months sojourn at our Mission Station. The cleanliness, and *gentlemanly* bearing of James Button; his courtesy, and grateful appreciation of the kindness shown him; his regular attendance, and devout behaviour, at daily worship:—the quiet and affectionate behaviour of his children—their intelligence and docility:—the change effected in the appearance of his wife, so striking as to cause her to be called, on her return to her home, "English-woman"—form a combination of evidence in favour of our attempts to civilise the

Fuegian tribes generally, which cannot be made light of. The present results are too manifestly indicative of success to admit of serious dispute.

It is worthy of notice how powerful an influence external arrangements produce on the minds of these people. In the reception of new ideas they may be slow, but in imitating and adopting what they see observed by others they are remarkably ready. And to this susceptibility of outward impressions, we may, perhaps, attribute the remarkable fact of the cessation from all work on the part of J. Button's tribe during the first Sabbath after his return from our Mission Station. To have conveyed the knowledge of some new doctrine of Christianity to his countrymen, might have been then impossible; but the steady influences of the Lord's-day rest, during his stay in England long ago, and lately at our Mission Station, had sunk deeply into J. Button's mind, and they were reproduced amongst his own countrymen. This same spirit of conformity to the customs of a people, whose superiority he feels, is traceable in every phase of J. Button's character. In fact he became speedily a standard of politeness, and even a censor of any breach of etiquette in others. For, if we remember rightly, one of our Mission brethren received a grave rebuke from him for handing a hatchet to a third party with the blade foremost! Perhaps we may

derive from these trifling incidents a hint of some importance to us in our future modes of training, and instructing them. We must exhibit the arts of civilisation to them, we must impress their minds with the blessings of Christianity, by a steady outward observance of its privileges—we must teach by example. By-and-bye we may hope to have schools of intelligent children instructed in the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven. At present let us rejoice in the fact of nine fresh natives of Tierra del Fuego being voluntary sojourners at our Mission Station, where they are receiving instruction in our customs, and language, and religion; and where, on the other hand, our acquaintance with their language and feelings is being extended and deepened. On the return of these people to their own homes we may well hope they will carry back the leaven of improved habits, and become the means of awakening in their countrymen a desire for those blessings of Christianity, and civilisation, which it is our aim to communicate to them.

Journal of Rev. G. P. Despard.

(*Continued.*)

“*November 16th, Tuesday.*—The note of warning was sounded at an early hour, and things were hastily stowed in my old travelling trunk. About 10 a.m., all the settlement mustered down to the shore and gave the

parting to the departing. A sorrowful time indeed, to leave these dear ones, and for months to hear not even of their existence, nor they of ours. But though *I* leave them, my God and Saviour leaves them not. What a happy thought—the Omnipotent King is their keeper.

“11 a.m.—Under weigh. Very fine, sunny day, smooth water; W. wind. We were hampered a good deal at first by an *island* of kelp, that hung on the anchor. On this a man stood high and dry to cut the branches away from the anchor. Cleared off *Kelpia*, we soon swept round Gascoyne Point, and made quick work into Port Egmont. The Captain worked the schooner well and quietly through the most intricate pass in the Falkland Islands, Reef Passage, and brought up, at 3½ p.m., under the lee of Burnt Island, to wait for a wind to work through Byron Sound to Hope Harbour.

“*November 20th, Saturday.*—After breakfast, under weigh with N.W. wind, and off for the Straits. Sea cross and disagreeable.

“*Tuesday Night.*—Very rough sea—wind westerly. Captain kept on all sail to push the schooner through with as little lee-way as possible, and stoutly and stiffly the well-built and well-ballasted vessel resisted the violence of wind and waves, from the last of which she got some hard knocks.

“*November 24th, Wednesday.*—Made land at 4 a.m. K. C. Southland, North of San Diego. We got a fine day to see the coast all along from this, and saw just upon the S.E. part of Tierra del Fuego a well-built wigwam. We passed Good Success Bay. The sun shone brightly, and the scenery was very grand, and made one long for the painter's art, to put on canvas a visible confutation to the cry, ‘Horrible, dreadful country, clouds,

vapour, and gloom perpetually envelop it.' Let old England show, if *she can*, along her seaboard the varied, and romantic, and grand scenery of this south-eastern side of Fireland. It was, I am sure, with full hearts that we met at nine, our usual hour for worship, to sing His praise, whose goodness is so great, and to pray that our visit and sojourn in this country may work for the spread of spiritual light in it, which would soon transform this region of timber and turf, wigwam and canoe, and poor savage man, into an Antarctic Great Britain—the climax of civilisation.

“*November 24th, Wednesday.*—We made a nice run with fine weather overhead, and not too much trouble on the waters, as far as abreast of Valentyn Bay, but at dinner time the wind fell whilst the current increased, so that at tea time we had the dissatisfaction of finding the schooner all but back through the Straits of Le Maire again. Staten Island was close under our lee, and presented a very picturesque appearance, with its central crown, embossed in silver and gold from snow and sunset. My refuge was, where it often has been before, and never in vain, to the Great King who sitteth above the water-floods, and He heard the voice of my supplication.

“At 7 we had a nice breeze from N.E., and began to return upon the track twice travelled to-day. Wind freshened, and blew fair through the night.

“*November 25th, Thursday.*—Morning dawned upon us off Valentyn Bay. A favourable wind and smooth sea were granted us till abreast of Cape Maria, Picton Island. About 6 p.m., it fell calm, and we were just moved up by a slight air and slender current to a little W. of Knuckle Island. No bottom to anchor with kidge and hawser, so there was nothing for it in the

calm but to bide a breeze. The weather and scene were most enjoyable, and enjoy them we did, and wished we had dear Cranmer and English friends with us to admire how the good and great Creator has fashioned and furnished even this lower end of the earth.

“*November 26th, Friday.*—About 4 a.m. a little wind came from South and East, which carried the schooner on. Towards breakfast it freshened a little, but very little, and by 10 a.m., we were anchored in that beautiful harbour of Picton I. which has already been three times visited by the floating monument of him who discovered and named it *Banner Cove*. My services were of a slight use in showing the entrance and anchorage, being the only person on board acquainted with them. The cable had not long been run out of the hawse-hole before canoes were seen advancing towards us. There were four, containing twenty persons of both sexes and all ages. J. Button’s family, through maternal vanity were speedily enveloped in *all* their clothes—worst and best. Passawulla had a couple of spare frocks put on over her travelling gear, the openings and closings not *quite* correctly arranged. No matter, Passawulla shall be seen as none of your vulgar, naked people! James had this very morning consented to tonsure, in the fashionable round crop, and looked very genteel. Canoes alongside. ‘Yamma schoona, owa shnaki ti-tum-mee, macoose, tirree, tapv, mangee, hah!’ ‘Friend, very good man, a knife—beads. I am cold—a coat, a cap, do!’ These and other similar demands were chorused by nearly the whole twenty, infants only excepted. J. B., when requested to mediate, began to address the new comers very gravely in his English. They said, in Tekeenicá, ‘What, countryman, you there in English ship?’ (Pallill ayuan.) He said, ‘I come from far way off-land;’

which they received with 'Que,' 'What?' We tried to impress upon him the absurdity of speaking to them in English, which we ourselves could do better than he, but he adhered. By-and-bye there was a talking, and we heard oft-repeated, 'Yam-manna-keepa' (brother's daughter). 'What do they mean, Jem?' He explained, that his *son's wife* is sister to that young woman in the canoe, *i. e.* there is a matrimonial tie between the Button family and the Banner family. This is remarkable, and may conduce to most important benefits.

Jemmy's quiet, *gentlemanly* manner, and the excited ways of these people, presented a remarkable contrast. He was very kind to them, got up presents for them of his own accord, gave a very nice new clasped knife to one, and a fork to another, and some buttons to a third, and I saw him open his *needle case* to find what to give a fourth. They begged very hard for a large clasp knife he had, sailor like, secured with a lanyard round his neck, but he said, 'No, no, I only got one, Mr. Despard he gave me,' patting me on the shoulder. It is a noble knife, thick blade, fine steel. I bought it in Bristol, in days gone by. Lassaweea was rather crusty with them, evidently considering them nasty vulgar people, with naked ribs and dirty faces. She could not harangue in English, so perforce she spoke Tekeenicá. She brought up a small macoosie (necklace of beads), and putting it in a man's hand, tried to drag away his whale-gut monila. The man removed it, but seemed so loth to part with his jewels that, in a pet, she snatched her's back, and went off in a huff. She wants a *little patience!* Three men came on board, two pleasant looking. They measured 5ft. 3½in., 5ft. 1¼in. They were very desirous of *ushca* (clothes), so a shirt, pair of trousers, and neck tie were turned out of our stock for each, and they

looked very comfortable. I already find the benefit of Jem's vocabulary, though the Picton dialect somewhat differs. He helped out the meaning now and then, but not so much as we hoped. There were traces among them of our former visits in medals and beads; and we recognised the features of sly Goolooanna, that carried off my shawl, and broke the contract of barter—a young woman then, with an *infant*—now with the same, a prattling, toddling, wee one, and a man. We had one tall old gentleman, with gutta serena in his left eye, two or three grannies, most anile in loquacity. I managed to tell these ladies, when on shore in the afternoon, not to make such a noise. They reparteèd, 'Don't you make such a noise in your boat then!' The barter and bustle were kept up on deck, and in canoes till dinner-time, when, being politely requested to give us their *room*, our Pictonians paddled off to hot muscles and cold water for their noon-tide repast. They declined our biscuits on the ground they are not food for *men*. I wonder if they have found out, what we have discovered, that rats are very partial to this sort of thing. Dinner being over, we took Mr. Button (why not *Mr.*, he is a *gentleman*?) and his son, in Sunday 'close,' and went under escort of Captain Fell to return our friends' morning call. We found them all at home. Such a gathering at the wigwam—old women, young women, two of them wives and mothers at fifteen, and really *pretty*—boys, girls, infants, men, grandads, all smiling, laughing, talking together to welcome the *Pallillowa* (Englishmen). The wigwam is the common house, and its inmates reach twenty-four or twenty-five. It is large, warm, dry—clean? Oh, not particularly!—with a rousing fire in the centre. Captain Fell soon entered and made himself at home on the general divan—a bunch of grass. We, the

rest, thought fresh air preferable, and contented ourselves with a good look in at the door. There was a good deal of mocking our English, and trying their Tekeenicá, and we got on so far towards a reciprocal understanding, as to make out that they thought us well-dressed good people, and would like to possess an equally good outfit, for which they would be happy to attend at the English ayuan at any convenient time; and we signified an entire friendship for them, and a strong persuasion that they had got enough out of us for the present.

“Then we crossed to dear Gardiner’s encampment, and spoke to one another about what had happened there. The clearing is fast growing up and over with currant, and barberry bushes, and winter’s bark. The trees around show by incised names who have since visited the spot. ‘S. S.’ reminded us of poor Sykes, who has himself departed life in an unlooked-for manner.

“The Bannerites followed in our wake, and set to muscle-gathering for supper, but the men amused themselves with Mr. T.’s gun practice; not so successful as usual, unfortunately for them, as geese and ducks killed here were to be given them.

“Captain and self engaged in conversation the brown fisherwomen. My desire was more to catch the run of their words than the meaning. As for this I had then small hope. From Garden Point we rowed up the harbour, landed, and walked up by the brook, which in width is almost a river—not in depth. Jem was in ecstasy at ‘plenty fish jump.’

“Mr. P., Captain F., and self decided on suitable spot for Wiclif, and proceeded to consecrate it by prayer in the name of the Lord of the whole earth, to the service of Him and the use of His mission servants.

It stands on high ground and dry, close to a perennial stream, within a few steps of the head of the harbour, and faces N. by W. It is well protected by woods from all winds, and commands a view of the whole harbour down to Tent Cove, and already there is enough cleared ground for house and garden. Mr. P. liked it well. Hasten the day, O Lord, that here the Word in mother-tongue may reach the ears, and convert the hearts, of these people, and that hence may sound far and wide a summons for the great gathering of the nations to their King.

“ After returning to the schooner, the natives returned to us, and we picked up two or three more of their words. Evening, heavy rain came on.

“ *November 27th, Saturday.*—Very rainy and squally; nevertheless the Captain thought it best to make a start for Beagle Channel, supposing that they might work on as far as Cinco Mai Harbour. Two canoes of Bannerites came alongside, and we gave them parting words. Their share of exchangeables was given yesterday. The wind came in a heavy puff from Cape James, but our stiff little craft made light of it, and we pushed on. I pointed out a place on the chart for the harbour, and rain being heavy, I did not go on deck to con the land. When I came up I noticed and recognised Cinco Mai, some way in our wake, so I found that I had mistaken its place on the chart. Captain would not go back, as he saw a very good place ahead, and he was anxious to make as much way as he could. Weather improving very much, and tide favouring, we worked across to Bloomfield Harbour. Came just athwart the entrance, when we were overtaken by three canoes of noisy people, to whom we gave knives, clothes, and blankets in exchange for spears. Working on, we passed comfortably towards the Western

end of the Narrows, and anchored in Mary Elizabeth Bay, in six fathoms, for the night. The scenery, so far, of the Beagle Channel, we were all delighted with, and we could not help saying, Oh, that some day, these beautiful shores may be covered with teeming villages, and the name of Jesus resound in frequent praises, where all is now so still! One spot, on which we saw more than thirty upland geese flying in a flock, we decided would be a most suitable spot for a station, and might be called, from a remarkable contour of the land, Terrace Cove. Whilst we were engaged below in prayer, Mrs. B., who had command of the deck, together with Robert Fireland (Mr. Gardiner's deserted dog), called out, 'Canoe come.' When we had concluded our service, we found four canoes halting in suspense at some distance. We hailed, them, 'Tagacollo,' I am a friend and they soon, with loud bawling, paddled up alongside. J. B. looked overboard and recognised one canoe full of old friends—Dr. Pip-pian and family. He purchased a new basket, and his wife a large new one. Mistress sent her's to 'lady Mrs. Despard, your wife;' J. B. his 'to other woman, what you call—Oh, yes, Miss Hanlon,' and promised other new baskets to 'your daughters Emilet, Bertha, from my place.' Ye who scorn the poor Fuegian savage, and say he never can be reclaimed, see this one generously bestowing his treasures upon his destitute countrymen, and purchasing with them gifts of gratitude. Remember the knives and clothes he spends in this way are precious in his sight as rubies and diamonds in yours. This morning he brought up a 5-in. spike nail, a very nugget to him, and gave it unasked to a Pictonian. Among these Mary Elizabeth Bay people were some comely, and some quite the reverse. One man had narrow black

stripes, vertical, on his cheeks; another, round dots of white, arranged like beads on a black ground one stripe down his nose, and one down each cheek; another, had all the lower half of his face blackened; a fourth had a cross of red on each cheek and down his nose; a fifth had a white band across his face, over his eyelids and down his nose. The women were adorned in similar variety. A young man came on board and pleased much by his modest manner and intelligent look. Through J. B. we asked if he would stay awhile, as Jem did. He assented. 'Was he married?' 'Yes, had two wives on shore, and one child.' This was an obstacle to his coming off just now to remain, but after being clothed *cap-a-pie*, he was dismissed, promising to return *Hamma-schinda* (morning), and take up his stay. This man J. B. knows, and says he has been five times to Woollyah. Thus it seems the leaven of good inclination towards our scheme is spreading.

"November 28th, First Sunday in Advent.—M. E. Harbour. At an early hour our friends were alongside, soliciting gifts of knives and clothes vociferously, but we maintained our Sunday custom not to barter, or encourage their presence by presents. They, however, hung on till we began our morning service. Then they vociferated louder than ever, and when we sang, they sang too; we however paid no attention to them, so they moved off to the shore and occupied themselves with dinner operations. Once in the morning, two canoes started off to spear piebald porpoises, and then they became very picturesque; standing up and poising their spears in the fine, calm, sunlit basin. Another friend of J. B. made his appearance, 'Tish-pinnay by name, an old man with one eye. I asked our friend,

how he had lost this useful member. His answer was 'Man die, here ashore, he very sorry, cry very much, eye ran away in water all over cheek; yes, sir!' I have heard a common saw 'he cried his eyes out,' but did not before know that it is founded on a fact in the natural history of melancholy. J. B., from the whispers of the canoe men, fancied he had discovered a plot, 'They say, leave canoe other side, walk, walk, walk, down to my country. Come night, take away my clothes and knife. I keep *quiet on island*.' In the afternoon another gentleman of J. B.'s acquaintance arrived, a very ugly one, and his family took wondrously after him; his name How-gau-de-loo. As we made no answer to his impassioned request, 'Yamma schoona hah over hiema ty moshoo tytumma.' (Dear friend, good man, gave me a knife), he with his moved off, but not before an agreeable chat had taken place between the friends, wherein among other items, information was conveyed, there are many people outside the point in the Beagle Channel. Threeboys takes his father's wise plan of talking to these Tekeenicá in English. J. B. maintained yesterday he was talking his language, when I heard him all the time speaking ours.

"His wife will have nothing to say to any of them. One—whether in jest or earnest can't be determined—called her this morning *Pallill-keepa* 'Englishwoman,' and indeed her looks are now so superior in shape of feature and in expression to theirs, that she almost deserves the name; and her husband ought have sat to Rembrandt in the character of a Mynheer Hollander. One of our *outside* friends said he would not go to England, as he might die—(perhaps having heard of *Boat's* death)—Jem said, 'Die in England! Why die—man no kill—*God kill!*' as much as to say, life and death

every where are in the hand of God. Our worship was interesting, especially as being probably the first Sabbath worship in this channel since its formation. My text was Is. lxi. 4. After dinner we went on shore for exercise—and in a walk inland, found it combined with much delight. The ground is laid out in the best style of landscape scenery, and walking is very easy from the shortness of the grass and dryness of the soil. Every here and there, we came upon shrubberies of bright crimson azalea in full-flower; and again on beds of a small delicate lilac and white striped amaryllis, smelling like the summer lily. There were also scattered through the grass dwarf-barberries in small rose-like yellow flowers. After about half-a-mile from shore, we came upon an enchanting winding fresh-water lake, about a mile long, which Mr. P. compared to a piece of made-water in one of our public parks. This I named, in celebration of a daughter's birth-day, 'Lake Florence,' and a sister lake to the right, equally pleasant, Mr. T. in respect to his sister called 'Lake Matilda.' We then pronounced the whole place far superior in beauty and capability, agricultural and horticultural, to Banner Cove. Indeed I fancy there is here a promising field for emigration—plenty wood, (to use J. B's phraseology,) plenty water, plenty clear land, plenty grass, plenty geese, a fine salubrious climate, but all in '*that horrid, gloomy region of Tierra del Fuego!*' We returned on board with hearts refreshed and gladdened at these evidences of our Father's lavish hand—and with roots and seeds of azalea and other new plants in our hands. We saw and heard a fine black *thrush*, and over our head a true swallow, (there are none in the Falklands) small in size, white breast and short tail. Had service at seven, and sermon on last three verses of Heb. iv. The day has been fine, with just a squall or two in evening.

“Oh this land, this noble land, when will our king Emmanuel establish his dominion here—and cause joy to the destitute tribes to break forth in loud hosannas, echoing from hill to hill? The mate said, ‘Oh, sir, if people in England could only see these poor men, they would not much hesitate in giving to support a Mission amongst them.’

“November 29th, Monday.—Left our anchorage in M. E. Bay soon after breakfast, accompanied by a posse of canoes. And wind and tide helping us, got us through the Narrows about 11. But the wind was very fitful, so that up to 6 p.m., we had not got more than 8 or 10 miles made. The natives came off from their close places, as many as a dozen canoes at once, and hauled alongside, and bawled alongside too—making many appeals to our pity because they were ‘*tirree*,’ (cold;) and to our generosity, because we were owa-shuaki, good men,—and eke to our nationality, because we were Pallill-owa, (English.) They asked for *things to cut their meat short to their lips*, *i.e.* knives, and to cover their bare backs and stomachs, and to adorn their staring hair; they wanted bead necklaces also. Apropos, the *marquiza*, which poor Mrs. S. fancied was a title of honor, (quasi-marquiza!), given to her, turns out to be *macoosie*,—beads or necklaces. Apropos again, I was complimented to-day in stage whisper by one to another, ‘He is *grandfather* to the ship’s company,’ so venerable do my bushy grey whiskers make me appear. At one time we had no less than 60 persons around us—two canoes contained ill-looking fellows from the N. side of the Beagle Channel, which J. B. said, were Oens-men, and two canoes of J. B.’s own people, very quiet modest fellows. He was very liberal to them from his own stores, and with a note of pity said, ‘They no *sabby* God,’ (from the

Spanish *saber*, to *know*) The Channel has high mountains on either side, but there is an *interval* of green open terrace, with here and there a brown cliff (of clay, not stone) which make our passage through it very interesting; and the scenery is so fine, that when hunters of the picturesque have exhausted the lands near home, they may come hither and be gratified. The Christian, on one hand, admires and adores the power and glory of God, seen in the face of nature; and, on the other, wonders at and deplures the condition of his poor fellow creatures, whom he sees in their squalor and nakedness paddling in their small bark canoes over its smooth waters. The great want of the natives is knives and other edge-tools. In their present mode of life clothes are of little service. I regret continually not to have brought several of the many iron hoops we have at home. I gave as many knives as I could spare from our Woollyah friends to these visitors. When I say gave, I mean in exchange for spear-heads, shafts, bows, and baskets. My wish is to encourage industry, and discountenance *begging*.

“*Nov. 30th, Tuesday.*—As the wind was easterly, Captain made an early start from anchorage in Wellfound Bay—even at 4 a.m. I turned out at half-past five, to enjoy fine weather and scene. Two or three canoes tried to overhaul us, but succeeded not. The Captain sent a gift floating towards them; they picked it up and shouted their thanks—*Sheina yamma scheina* (good friend). About dinner-time the wind chopped right round and blew down Channel. One of its first feats was to whip Mr. Fell’s oilskin overboard, which sank just as the boat-hook was put out to pick it up. The wind kept on increasing—squall upon squall—and the sea rose high; nevertheless, tack and tack sailing,

we won our way, and had just reached the entrance of the Murray Narrows, where the wind would have been fair, when crack went the topsail halyards, and the main sail for beating came down on the top, and then our schooner missed stays twice. So our skipper considered the best part of valour is discretion, and turned about to look for a harbour and catch up in it. Away we went with mainsail tack up and peak-down jibs, and our top-gallant, and at a fine pace. Two harbours were tried but found too deep water, so there was nothing else to be done than to run back to Wellfound Bay, the haven of last night's quiet rest, and glad and thankful we were not to have further back to go. We anchored in eight fathoms. In the morning we thought what a quiet, smooth-water passage is the B. Channel; in the afternoon we wondered at the force of the wind and drift of the sea. Mrs. B. was very much alarmed at the fall of the chain (halyards) and came on deck making loud cries. Mr. B. was very much put out when he saw our head reversed—'What you call this? You take me back to England. This not my country.'

"The natives along this Channel seem very sparse. I should not think there were over two hundred on both sides, from C. James to Murray Narrows.

December 1st, Wednesday.—In Wellfound Bay all day. After breakfast Mr. B. informed us he had just heard from a countryman alongside that somebody was going to kill his '*Big Boy*,' Queerentze, and that he must go home in this man's canoe. We made no objection, as he was a free man, but advised him to leave his treasures for us to bring. When the family were ready, they went, in their best attire, over side into above-said canoe. Threeboys made no move to go. Father said, 'Come.' No move. So thinking the fifth command-

ment bound the Firelander as well as the Englishman, I said, 'You had better go.' Then, with no great alacrity, he went. As soon as the B.'s, looking like a family of ourselves, were paddled to the shore, the rest of the canoes, twelve in all, paddled away after them. We watched the proceedings on shore with considerable interest. J. B. landed first, and walked up the green bank by himself. Then Wammestriggins followed at a little distance. J. looked very much disconcerted, as among strangers. Lassaweea remained with the other two in the canoe. At last she got out and sat down on the bank. Meanwhile the canoemen all assembled in council in front of their *polar palace*, on a truncated pyramid of muscle shells. Mr. B. walked about a little, musing, then went and sat down by his family. Now a deputation from the council waited upon him, and there was a close business between them, in which, as afterwards appeared, the reciprocity was to be all on one side. By-and-bye we saw our old friend waive a branch to the schooner; he repeated it. We guessed his meaning, he wanted to come off to us again, and ask for a *boat*. No reply from us was made. Then the whole family embarked in another canoe, hired for a *waistcoat* by J. B., and off they came, and up they came with a skip and a bound, and we were glad of it. 'Well! Jemmy, why did you not stay?' 'Bad men, wanted me to cooshie (sleep); wanted to steal all my *close*. Not take to my country;' and, he added, with the expression of great indignation, 'tried to cut great piece off my *wife's shawl*. All story about my son. I stay, very well, sir; go up country with you.' Threeboys and Passawulla seemed delighted to return, smiling and laughing out their joy. Even Lassaweea, who, I believe, was at the bottom of the move, jumped up the ladder

with great alacrity. In evening J. B. came to me—
 ‘Mr. Despard, by-and-bye you see my son, my brother ;
 you tell them pray God make good men—no steal. I
 tell them you very good man—very kind—Churchman
 (clergyman). I our place—my family our place, pray
 God.’ After dinner we went ashore in the *John Maid-*
ment to cut wood. Five of the men and one boy came
 to look at us and beg, and sat down at a little distance
 in the grass, looking like frogs, from their attitude, with
 human heads. I experimented in talk with them, and
 could make them understand me a little. It thundered.
 I said, ‘Kekkekah.’ They responded, ‘Owa kekkekah’
 (yes, thundered). It rained—I pointed to it. They
 thought I pointed to the sea, so they said ‘Sheca’ (sea).
 Then I said, ‘Blay-ca’ (rain). ‘Owa’ (yes). Point-
 ing to a dog, ‘Shina eashulla’ (your dog)? ‘Howa
 eashulla’ (my dog). Pointing to our fuel, they said
 ‘Pushakee’ (fire). A boy said, ‘I am cold and little,
 give me your little coat’ (waistcoat). Then pointing
 to my black silk neckerchief, ‘Give me that for a (man-
 gee) bandeau round my head.’ They did not attempt
 to touch our clothes ; and they laughed when they saw
 our men pull down a tree with a rope to the top. When
 the schooner ran up the signal of recall, as a squall was
 coming on, they first pointed out the flag to us. We
 found this a fine sheltered bay and large, more than a
 mile deep and one and a half long. The schooner
 could safely have run three-quarters of a mile in, and
 found 8 or 10 fathoms water. In the evening, three hands
 set to fishing, and caught a ship’s bucketfull in two and
 a half hours—a sort of perch, very good eating—a small
 skate, and an eel one foot long, with a singular trian-
 gular mouth, with four rays.

“December 2nd, Thursday.—Wellfound Bay. Self busy

copying journal and reading Livingstone. Firelanders alongside, but not for long, as they only got one or two things. After dinner Captain got under weigh, with a fair wind and favouring tide. He worked into the harbour we tried on Tuesday evening, and found soundings. Another was tried, but the shelter was indifferent, and water too deep. Wind failing about seven, we sought a hook-up to stand the tide. Ran into a harbour a little east of Garland Island, and found in it good shelter, and bottom at six fathoms; plenty of room to swing all round, and convenience to work in and out. This harbour is formed by an island separated from the main by a long winding and narrow channel, through which we afterwards boated. We called it Ogle Harbour, after Rev. J. F. O., and the island Filey Island. We have now found good harbours in the Beagle Channel, namely, Cinco Mai, M. Elizabeth, Wellfound, and Ogle. Very important are they, because though the tide in the chart is marked 1 knot flood, and 0 knot ebb, it happens to be *three times* as strong both ways, and without a strong, steady breeze, a vessel cannot stem it, and loses ground much.

“*December 3rd, Friday.*—Ogle Harbour. Before breakfast we were visited by natives, individuals with whom we made acquaintance in Mary Elizabeth Bay. Among them Tish-pinnay, who possesses such an aristocratical nose, that Capt. F. gives him the *soubriquet* of ‘Duke of Wellington;’ and who has such a bump of conservativeness that he keeps his Guernsey entire, and wears it *à la mode*. Those we gave others, became quickly dismembered and misapplied, so that legs of trousers became fillets round the hair; a coat, ripped up and inverted, assumes the place of the usual dorsal appendage; and the sleeve of a Jersey, instead of a

brachial becomes a crural integument ; whilst a woman's petticoat, divided and sub-divided, is found keeping warm the shoulders of several men. All honour to Tish-pinnay (*cui lumen ademptum*), he knows how things ought to be, and keeps them so. Moreover, he has free course amongst the Beagalians ; for he is now in one canoe, now in another, as the humour or view of convenience takes him ; but, *wherever*, full of talk and *sound reasoning*, (a man with such a nose must be). We summoned a fine-looking man (Ha'garsse) on deck : first measured him, (height 5ft. 4in., broad 1ft. 5in., round chest 3ft. 2in. leg 3ft) ; then clothed him. He was well formed, pleasing in countenance, and quiet in manner. After breakfast, on shore for a ramble, to see varieties of plants and birds. In one small spot of bush I saw six kinds of small birds : a very prettily-marked brown creeper ; a bird canary size and shape, of orange-yellow colour, save a grey patch back of the head ; a small slender grey wren ; a sparrow, with red neck behind ; a brown thrush with yellow breast ; and a deep-brown thrush with a very long tail. I found the nest, and two new laid eggs of the latter—white, with two or three small brown dots. There were quantities of heath berries, half-ripe and tasting like the pigeon-berries of North America. The natives did not attempt to follow our boat to the shore, or to molest us in any way. Four canoes remained all the morning alongside the schooner, to see the ways and doings of such strange Pallill-awa. I long to know what they say and to speak to them, and fancy they have the same feeling, for I hear 'Yapee-mata' on their lips very often, meaning '*Converse with us.*' Poor Jem is very stupid as interpreter—he understands neither them nor us—and when we tell him to say something

to them, persists in using his broken English. His wife even tries this plan. This morning she was calling out to a canoe '*Basketta*,' for a basket; (Kay-jan is the word. Of course she got no answer till one of us used the proper word. Then the article was handed up, and J. B. transferred it to me for Cranmer, as a gift from his wife.

"After dinner we got under weigh, and with a strong squall upon us from S.S.E. worked on some six miles, and then brought-to for the night in a large bay, and in ten fathoms of water, protected by an island; these I have called Griffiths's Bay and Hereford Island, after Mr. J. G., surgeon, of Hereford, an early and most liberal benefactor to our Society. We saw canoes working through the Channel between the islands near us, doubtless going up to Woollyah to improve their condition at Mr. Button's cost.

"*December 4, Saturday.*—Started at 4 a.m. from Griffiths's Bay. Wind very stiff and a-head, so that Fell had to beat up to the Murray Narrows. By 8 a.m. we passed '*Turpin Island*' at their entrance, and were running down with a fair wind; but once, between the high hills, we had a succession of puffs and calms—now on the starboard side, and then (reflected from the cliff on the other side) on the port—requiring a constant shifting of sails and a wary look out in the captain, who certainly gave it. Off Button Island we found a largish island, separated from it by a deep channel, named by me respectively Fell Island and Channel, and an island to the left was called, at the captain's suggestion, Fieldwick, after the Secretary of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society. By 12.25 p.m. we were at anchor in the long-desired Woollyah. I was disappointed at the appearance and capabilities of the place when we landed.

After dinner, J. B. went with us, and pointed out the sites of Mr. Matthews's house and store, and of the wigwams built for himself and York, and of Capt. Fitzroy's 'sail-houses' (tents) and garden. This Woollyah is a very old settlement of Firelanders, as there are great mounds of shells, and many to testify, with deep depressions in the middle, where the wigwams stood. I asked J. B. about these muscular antiquities. He said, 'Much people die here—when me little, very little, piccaninny.' At present there are six miserable wigwams in the place, greatly inferior to those in Banner Cove and Spaniard's Harbour. We have had a throng of visitors this evening; among them Jem's brothers, Dr. Waymeschoonses, Mr. Makuallan (Stentorian Tom of Fitzroy), his son (Que-erentze), his son-in-law (Loolé), his son, (Swy - muggins), his brother (Tellon), Jem's two daughters (Coolakay-enché and Makuall-kippin), Mrs. Button No. 2 and her daughter, an infant girl, the mother of the two wives (Leah and Rachel!); his daughter-in-law, (Lookal-ké), all very quiet people. The two Button brothers are sensible people; the younger (M.) a tall strong man. The son is a very intelligent lad, but pale and thin. His wife very pretty, and Laus-in-Kelder, his daughter, is plain; his second daughter very bright and pretty. Jem's second wife is the best looking and most intelligent young woman here. We clothed these folks with a suit each. Querentze has still, in its proper form, one of the monkey jackets sent J. B., as a present from Mrs. Bynoe. (See Voyages of Beagle and Rev. G. P. D.'s Journal from Rio). We gave them some biscuits, which they relished. On shore, Mr. Fell saw a fine likely lad of sixteen, and asked him, through J. B., to come on board and live with us. He said 'Yes,' without a minute's

hesitation, and got into the boat. We enquired from J. B. his name (Oo-kok-kowenché) and his circumstances. He is from another coast, and his mother is a widow, a near connexion of J. B. We got Oo-kok-kowenché on board. He was told he must have his hair cut and be washed all over. Most courageously did he submit to these unwonted operations. He was then clothed completely, and fed on biscuit and pork, and had a cup of coffee, but, calling it 'bad water,' he was favoured with shimma (spring water). He made himself quite at home, and found an improving appetite, announced from time to time by amma-shagoo (I am hungry), the intervals being filled with a constant chatter in Firelandish, and imitations very remote, of English. In the evening, Oo-kok-kowenché's brother (Silagelish), about seventeen, came to offer a visit, but as washing and clothing him would have taken some time, and to-morrow was Sunday, we deferred him till Monday. Thus have we two hopeful youths in tow for Cranmer on the first day.

"The meeting between the long-parted relatives was the most strange possible. Not a muscle moved on their countenances, not a sign of recognition even passed betwixt them, nor a word signifying welcome passed their lips. J. Button looked at them—wife, children, brethren; they looked at him, and that was all. When the son, his pride—'my boy, so big, so clever,'—came on board, he neither kissed, patted, nor shook hands with him. We showed all the feeling. When Wam-mestriggins, Lassawea, and Passawullacuds went ashore they gave not a word of parting to any of us. Yet are they by no means destitute of feeling; but such are the unnatural and ungracious manners of the state of nature, falsely so called. I should be glad

to get Machuallan, Queerentzé, and Sukalké, together with the other two lads, to return with us. J. B. and family present an amazing contrast in looks to his people, and their looks will be a certificate of our good treatment of them, legible by those who can't read. Fell named the island protecting this harbour Stirling, in honour of our present Secretary, and I have called the conical mountain, so conspicuous to the S. S. E., Mount Kingscote, and the twin bay to this, Clifford, and connecting Narrows, St. Matthew's Passage, after two valuable members of our Committee, the latter a dear friend of nineteen years' standing. We had, at the captain's request, a Missionary meeting in the cabin. I took the chair (?), and spoke upon Missions. He followed, and Mr. P. prayed.

“December 5th, Second Sunday in Advent.—Port Woollyah. Very quiet day. J. B. has induced the natives to remain quiet all day. Their canoes have remained drawn up on the beach, and not one has gone to gather muscles and limpets. I hope this is because it is the Sabbath. J. B. asked me yesterday if he might come to Church. ‘By all means, Jemmy, we shall be glad to see you.’ The Bethel flag was run up at service time, and not only he came, but his brother and sons, with request to see how Englishmen ‘prayed to God.’ We had our cabin filled with our own people, and the four Buttons, with Ookok. Sermon from St. Luke chap. ii. verses 40, 47, 52. Our Firelanders were very still. Oh! that the Lord would hasten the time for them not only to understand, but with faith and love to engage in His worship. At noon, twelve canoes, altogether quite a little fleet of ‘Anchinché,’ and other people, came into port, but beyond a yamma scoona, en passant they took no notice of us, but went up and moored to

the kelp off the town, till the afternoon, and then went ashore and joined the others, but we saw no work done, even by them. Ookok takes kindly to our food. Pork he calls am-ma-seal, and biscuit bisket-atchè. Like South Sea Islanders, he has difficulty in sounding a consonant at the end of a word. He is quite a mimic, imitating every word and action of those around him. Read at evening service an article from 'Voice of Pity', for December, 1857, 'Advent, and its Lessons.'

"Captain had a fine pudding ready for J. B. to take on shore with him.

"Threeboys came off with his umbrella under his arm, a very good umbrella, given by A. W. G., and if he's wise, will spread it to-night for shelter to his head, as it rains steadily, and the wigwam is by no means water-tight.

"*December 6th, Monday.*—The forty-sixth anniversary of my birth. Through childhood, youth, manhood, my God has brought me on. Bread He has given me in sufficiency, shelter have I never lacked, though His own son suffered hunger, and had no place to lay His holy head. Neither has He withheld His mercy and truth from me, but has abounded in them more and more. Let me now begin in earnest, since my path hence tends that way, to prepare for the grave, and for glory by grace to follow.

"After breakfast, Captain, catechists, carpenter, and self, went ashore, and hard by the burn dug the foundations of a future manse, and when we had done this we united in prayer and the Doxology.

"O! thou God of all the earth, we ask of Thee this spot of ground for Thine own special service. Grant Thy blessing to our present undertaking. Ever-present Saviour be strength and shield to them who shall dwell

herein, and cause that hence, as from Zion of old, Thy truth may spread forth to the lands and tribes hereabout. Listen, O Lord, to the voice of prayer and praise, now for the first time ascending to Thee from this spot, and give such a blessing in answer to it that there may never cease henceforward that voice increasing continually in volume by the accession of fresh souls to the number of believers. For the glory of Thy great name, we beseech Thee to hear us, who livest and reignest with the Father and Holy Ghost, one God, world without end.

“ There were about thirty Firelanders squatting about us at the time, who kept perfect silence.

“ J. B. built himself a wigwam of poles and branches, and took inside his precious chest and other household furniture, gifts from Cranmer.

“ In the afternoon we had two hands from the schooner, and set to again at our house. We finished the trench and cut off sods for floor, and cut down some twenty-five trees for walls. J. B., his son, son-in-law, and Silagalesh carried them at the moderate charge of one ship's biscuit each. We propose thus to encourage industry and independence. They must earn what we have to give. The main body of the Oens-men took themselves off, as they found that for the present our visit and benefactions are not to them. Our fishermen, hauled-up very fine substantial fish, of the size and shape of carp; one sort called red-mullet, another bream; and large-headed ones, like our N. A. sculpins. Plenty of small kelp fish, all nice eating. There are many red-breast geese, but all very wary, and we have seen and heard parroquets, five and six together. Humming birds not yet. The azalea rubra reaches a large size. The weather to-day has been burning hot, but this evening a change to rain has come

“Ookok, very contented eating biscuit and amma-seal in name, but pork in nature, and drinking water, all day, save when called upon to help in some light work on board, and then he does it willingly. Now and then he sits admiring himself against the skylight, which the darkened glass makes a mirror. He takes off his hat and combs his hair admiring jagged locks—an unskilful hand produced them. Another, an adult, with an elegantly-painted face, came to offer to sleep on board—‘all same as eat’—plenty of pork and biscuit. In day labour, Jem earned ten biscuits, the others averaged five each. He finds the change from goose, potatoes, bread, biscuits, butter, and pudding, coffee and sugar, to limpets and muscles, very trying.

“*December 7th, Tuesday.*—This day three weeks we sailed from Cranmer—a time of sad memory—since if to leave whom we love for a day be a trial, how much more to leave them for months without a line to speak of their welfare. After breakfast, at half-past seven, we went to our woodman labours, and felled a few trees. Makooallan did good service in the same line, and so did Queerentze. J. B. was on guard over his treasure chest, hard by the keyhole of which sat the cunning one-eyed Tish-pinnay. Afternoon, work of the same kind. Ookokkowenche’s mother came in her own gig (canoe) crying and bawling in a most impassioned manner, with Threeboys to interpret the meaning of her paroxysmatic woe, which was the cruel detainer of her son, her youngest darling, on board this Pallill-ayuan. Captain declared the absentee’s full liberty to go, but absentee signified his intense desire to remain hard by the biscuit barrel and harness cask. Nevertheless, maternal solicitude at length prevailed, and the lad, divested of such clothing as was put on him with the understand-

ing he was to be our guest to Cranmer and back, in his white shirt and black hat, departed. The dear, delighted mamma kept up an incessant and sharp volley of scolding all the way back to the landing, whether because Ookok: had run away, or because we were unlawfully harbouring a witless minor, I can't say.

“ Querentze offered this evening to sleep on board. I assented, and gave his wife an invitation to accompany him. She was fishing in the canoe alongside. Her method of angling was barbarous, viz. to the end of her line she had a whalebone thread noose; having baited she let it down by a weight of stone to required depth. The bait was swallowed by a small fish; she drew it up just by retention of bait in its mouth. Whilst still jumping alive she took the fish by its head in her teeth, scraped the scales and gave it a gash with a shell, then tore down the flesh off its side in a narrow strip; she then bit a nick in the strip and secured it to the noose, and went on for another fish. Mrs. Querentze Button is a good-looking young woman, with brown curling hair, like a gypsy girl. Our fisherman on board caught several large fish of the bream kind, of more than 1 lb weight. Self busy in making a coat of blanket for one of our dark lady friends—gowns are of little service.

“ *December 8th, Wednesday.*—Had family worship at seven, breakfast at half-past seven, to be early on shore and have a long day. Captain Fell found yesterday that our Firelanders rather hung back from work, from not seeing their wages till the evening, so to-day he tried a new plan, to pay every man at the end of his job. I was controller of exchequer and paymaster of the forces—paying for work in biscuits. Being at the station I walked up to the trees hard by, to see their kind, and found it of the proper size; albeit Mr. —

had pronounced none here ; so I proceeded to recall the hewers and choppers. I could not beach it, as a projecting crag, with base in deep water forbid, so I had to ascend by an Indian path to a high hill-crag, and here had a very fine view of the harbour and environs, so I called it 'Fair View Crag.' Thence I descended through a jungle of barberry, currant, and achine, to the others, and guided them to the station. Captain's plan succeeded, several handled the axe with strength and quickness—not with skill—and carried very heavy burthens through thorny bushes and across a swift and deep brook, such as I could not carry nor even lift. Afternoon, Captain Fell took the worst portions of his Buenos Ayrian garments ashore, and constituted me paymaster. They were nearly all mere rags, but good enough to bring the Firelanders into the use of clothes. They gathered, some twenty of all kinds, round me, but they neither put out hand, nor used word, to beg. They were very merry, and yet in no wise impudent or noisy. I made them understand whoever wanted a garment must go and chop and carry for it. Not a man refused, even young lads took their turn. Great was the mirth at the masquerade. Here was a man trying to force himself into a pair of small boy's unmentionables ; there a coat put over a bit of blanket, then a waistcoat outside of that ; in another, a head was seen thrust through the armhole of a vest, and the rest of the integument hanging gracefully over the left shoulder. One old lady had a long amply flounced black-muslin dress given to her ; she put her arms through its sleeves, and let the tail and flounces follow in train. This droll figure excited a shout of laughter. I think there is now scarce an individual, out of 170 here, who has not a garment of some kind. To-day the natives gathered and ate large quan-

tities, unwashed and raw, of a species of dandelion—they relish it very much. Darwin says the only vegetable they use is the birch fungus: he is mistaken in this, as in many things he tells of them. It is well for their civilisation in future that they are very fond of vegetables and fruits.

“*December 9th, Thursday.*—Rain kept us quietly on board. Self, coat-making for Mrs. Button No. 2. Jem Button came off in his canoe to beg a pair of ‘what-do-you-call-ums,’ and any quantity of biscuits. Both requests were cheerfully granted. Afternoon, change of weather, invited a visit to the shore. Natives set to work carrying poles for biscuits; one little fellow, Dr. Button’s son (Mam-mer-sterri-giggins) distinguished himself carrying bare poles—as well as great ones—only eight years old. The biscuits were crunched with evident satisfaction, albeit very dry and rather musty from age. We noticed one lady, with a face deepened to a fine black by charcoal, and were informed she was in mourning. Afterwards a wailing and a monotonous dirge proceeded from her uccr, being her funeral wail for two men and a boy belonging to her family, who have recently died, somewhere along the Beagle Channel. J. B. said the body of one man was burned, and those of the other two buried. He could not tell us the reason for this variance in funeral rites. I suggest, the first was a Yacco-mosh, or doctor, and they were afraid he might ‘jump up’ again. Report says that our friend J. B. is a *tri-gamist*. No. 1, No. 2, No. 3 Mrs. James Buttons are sisters, daughters of the same mother. How repugnant to the idea of conjugal felicity, three women calling same man husband at same time, and in same uccr. But we should wonder things are not even worse.

“*December 10th, Friday.*—To-day began to set up

our house. We got up corner posts and wallplate and chief part of the front. When finished it will be the *first* in Fireland. Jem says Matthews's was only a wigwam. We offered our friends to pay for loads of bark, if they would cut and fetch them. Some dozen took our offer, and we paid them in Dean's hexagonals—much improved by a rebaking. Afternoon, again at work. This evening all the Oens men decamped and departed in six canoes to the satisfaction of Mr. B., who calls them 'Too-much-cheek people.' He told me in confidence—mind don't tell again—that the women spoke loudly their complaints, 'No close, no beads.' I told him, in confidence returned, to say that if they made baskets for me to sell to their advantage they should be paid like the men, but that I would not encourage begging. Weather very squally to-day. J. B. declared that the report his having three wives was all stories, 'No, I got only two—other woman my sister.'

"*December 11th, Saturday.*—A fine morning, succeeded by a wet afternoon. This is certainly a very squally region. We were employed at the Mission House, and dealt with the natives much as yesterday. Six canoes of Oens men took their departure, with much shouting and gesticulating, returned by some evil-disposed persons on shore.

"J. B. explained. They took some of my sister's own clothes. A canoe arrived from other side carrying Queerentze's father-in-law, to whom, however, Q. said not one word, nor took more notice of him than of a log of native wood floated on to the beach.

"*December 12th, Sunday.*—Third Advent. Service and sermon, Is. xxv. 9., at half-past ten. J. B., his son and brother, attended. After service, they were grati-

fied with a Sunday dinner, and Ookok-ko-wenché, with his mother, was sent for to fetch another. Evening service, Acts xii. expounded; afterwards announced a revival of an evening school on board. Monday, geography, G. P. D.; Tuesday, arithmetic, Mr. P.; Wednesday, dictation and grammar, G. P. D.; Thursday, writing, Mr. T.; Friday, navigation, Captain; Saturday, Missionary Prayer Meeting. Very squally, otherwise we should have had service on shore amongst the natives. Only Mrs. Button No. 2 went out fishing; must request her father-in-law to explain the law to her.

“December 13th, Monday.—Most unpleasant squally day: we did not go ashore, but employed ourselves in cabin with reading, writing, and work. J. B. came off to bring a bow for one of the men, and a borrowed cloth. Wammestriggins Button called for some sugar—promised, but not given; and Makooallan, with a badly made bow to see what he could get. He had his face whitened. To this I objected as dirty; in retaliation he pointed, and objected to, my beard, as dirty. I persisted and recommended a washing; to which he responded ‘Yos,’ his usual waive of the question discussed. Sheay-muggins, step-son to Coolaka-enche J. B.’s daughter, was with him. He had a jacket, and a vest over it.

“December 14th, Tuesday.—Ashore at the house, morning and afternoon. A stranger comes into port and reports a wreck in Lennox Island to J. B., which he thinks corroborated by the great fire we saw there. We are in some dilemma as to what ought to be done, but concluded it to be only a Fireland hoax, similar to that which frightened J. B. in Mary Elizabeth Bay. Some of the Button fraternity lent aid in pole carrying and bark getting, and in the pavior’s business of ba-

lancing the butts of the posts. Ridge pole set up this day.

“ Weather an improvement on yesterday, but still unsettled.

“ J. B. came to me this evening. ‘ Mr. Despard, I got no supper!’ Well, James, where are all the fish your wives catch? ‘ Oh, benty fish, benty crabs, but no biscuit.’ So regarding him in the light of a Cranmer pensioner, I gave him a good armful.

“ Makooallan again came to enter himself on board of the *Allen Gardiner*.

“ *December 15th, Wednesday.*—Very showery morning. This kept us in cabin employments. Makooallon, Pinonise, Amagenges, Sucka-cuges, and Wammerstriggins came off to pay a morning visit, and to fish for a dinner. The first-named being Tom B., again expressed himself ready to go to K. I., and take his first wife and children. Another of Tellon’s sons said he would go also. Tom gave a good many new words. He pronounces Jem Button, Che Butt., *e. g.* pointing to a canoe at a distance, he said, ‘ Che Butt. macoo’ (J. B.’s son), who afterwards came up. He is much more intelligent than our particular friend, his brother. After dinner we landed and went on house-building. My part was to make a door from poles. From the slow pace our materials occasion, I fear we shall hardly have the exterior finished, when it will be necessary to turn our prow homewards; but at any rate we shall have shown the natives a very improved style of dwelling, and quite within their capacity to make. Mesdames Button 1, 2, and 3, together with Mr. Lulé, and old grandmother, Ker-ung-goose, came to view our proceedings, and kept up a very mirthful and cachinatory conversation, in Lulé’s opinion highly indecorous. After

hearing it awhile, he got up and said twice or thrice, in an indignant tone, ' uccr, uccr '—home, home, when the ladies picked themselves up and walked off. Mrs. J. B. No. 1 is very courteous and cheerful, whilst Mr. B. seems depressed. The vulgarity of the people perhaps disturbs him. To console himself he has been scraping so much on his two-stringed fiddle (given him by a sailor) as to break his bow, the repairs of which he has 'requested Mister Pin.' (Mr. T.) to undertake. We had a lesson in the cabin for the 'hands' on spelling and grammar from Rev. G. P. D., 7—8.

" *December 16th, Thursday.*—Fine day, not sunny; at night rain. Busy all at house, save mate and two hands, sail making. Got gable end up, and back and front barked and caulked with grass; very snug. Capt. gets men and boys to work by gifts of biscuits, and women to wash their faces by same means. A high authority in the Church having been asked by me what he thought ought to be the first step in Missionary work among the Fuegians, said, 'Teach them to wash their faces clean, sir, teach them to wash their faces.' J. B. put into my hands a very large, well-made basket, the manufacture of Mrs. Tellon, J. B.'s sister. Our most active labourers to-day were the lads, some J. B.'s sons and Wammerstriggins. Here among the best are Ookokkowinchè, Pinoicence, Tellon's two sons, Shwaymuggins, and poor little Mammerstriggins. J. B. is lazy, Lulé, his son-in-law, lazier, and old Dr. Button laziest.

" *December 17th, Friday.*—A fine day, but not without rain at noon, and a squall at eventide. We were ashore and at work on the Mission House betimes. Two sides and gable end finished. J. B. suggested leather should be nailed across the bark to prevent 'other

countrymen come, break off—burn.’ He evidently is subject to dark views. Captain, with his well-filled biscuit bag, beat up for recruits to work. He secured the services of some ladies even, to gather grass (sugar) for caulking. The people are a merry, laughter-loving lot, poor things! Our presence and our presents, our arts and our sciences, form a tout ensemble of diversion not found before in their lives. We are growing familiar with their words, and are beginning to pick out and use such as we understand. The most active labourers continue to be Ookok: and little Mammerstriggins, and the most lazy—must I write it—J. B. and his son-in-law, the elderly Lulé. Makooallan is immensely strong, and walks off through thicket and thorn with a tree two of us can just lift, and with more ease than a sportsman carries his gun. Several have taken to wash clean their faces. One lady was performing an ablution in the brook close by us to-day.

“*December 18th, Saturday.*—Very fine morning. On shore closing up with bark the remaining gable; Mr. T. cutting wood, Mr. P. caulking, Captain cutting hair and washing, and seeing washed, nearly the whole squad of natives. Not the barber and bath-man in this case was paid, but the people cropped and cleaned were paid in biscuits. Mr. T. shot two geese, a beautiful variety of the Brent kind, which I should call pheasant geese. We are now able to call nearly every Firelander here by name.

“Pinnoience called me to-day ‘jakilloman;’ J. B.’s ‘gentleman.’ Several said Mr. Despard very distinctly. Mr. P. is Mister Pillupps, and Mr. T. Mis-terpin, whilst Jackson is Carpinton. God grant they may soon call on Him by His new best name of Jesus.

“*December 19th, Sunday.*—Service at 10½ a.m. Ser-

mon, Eph. i. 6. J. B. came to be present—not, alas! to join in it—and to take on shore his Sunday's dinner.

“He announced the birth, yesterday, of his first grandchild, a daughter of Mrs. B. No 2. I requested him to have this first child born after our arrival here called Sophia, after our dear friend and help-fellow, of Maidenhead Missionary Association. He said, ‘Very well, sir, So-fire.’ After dinner, the mates and two men went ashore for a walk. They reached the vicinity of a large pond, and were surprised at sight of two guanacoës, which, on their whistling, came to within thirty yards, and gazed. They also saw many upland geese. The second mate, and carpenter, reported very favourably of the great size and straightness of the trees. Evening service at seven. Read Lecture, ‘Christ in Shadow,’ by Brooke, of Kingstown.

“*December 20th, Monday.*—Squally weather, as usual. Day's employment at house, cutting shingles out of ‘bark skin.’ (J. B.) Afternoon, putting them on roof with ties of rope-yarn, a tedious process.

“The house is assuming a habitable appearance, and has acquired a habitable state in opinion of the Firelanders, for some boys, and even Mrs. James Button, No. 1, slept in it last night, so much warmer, even without roof, is it than their own uccers. Mr. T. shot two more pheasant geese. Natives caulking and shingle making for biscuit pay. The new comers very quiet folk, the principal man is She-we-she-ketbo.

“*December 21st, Tuesday.*—Squally, very. Employment on house identical with yesterday's, only the processes the reversed. Evening, sewing at pair of canvas trousers. Our Monmouth Street articles are too frail for their lithe limbs, so they split them open and make cloaks of them, for which they serve better than

their hand-breadth skin ones. Dr. Button, D.W. (Doctor of Weather), very busy curing the bad weather in his laboratory wigwam; his operations audible, not visible; his prescription to be heard, not taken. He makes a loud moaning sound, by-and-bye he has a good fit of crying, and sheds tears plentifully; this is essential to a Yacomosh, as appears thus. Fell, this morning undertook to clip the raven locks of Ly-wal-la-get-lé. In the midst of the operation, Lywal sets up a dolorous cry and weeps profusely. Operator fears he has made some capital mistake. No. The bystanders set up a laugh, and call out, 'Yakkomosh, yakkomosh.' The fact having been established, by this successful fit of affliction on Ly-wal-la-get-lé's part! After Dr. Button had well dosed the clouds, he came forth with a very self-complacent look, a brow dripping with dew-drops (perspiration), and face elegantly lined with fine streaks of red, and eyes banded white. We took to express our disgust at his dirty face, and begged him 'chillursh' (to wash). The doctor's nostrum, like many of the body doctors at home, wanted the right ingredient, for we had a very strong gale, with heavy rain, in the evening. Congo-renches, a fine intelligent and strong lad of nineteen, declared his willingness to bring his wife and piccaninya to Cranmer. Makooallan, Shwy-muggins, and Queregenze came off for pickings.

"An instance of honesty, for encouragement, should be recorded. Fell lent his knife to Lacca-anches, Tellon's second son, to cut grass; he came off at dinner time, having forgotten to look for it. After dinner he met the lad, and by signs asked for the lent article. Boy looked to his father and spoke Firelandish. Old Tellon unlaced his pocket (we had given him trousers) and

handed it to the owner without the least hesitation. Now, had they been feloniously disposed, how easily might Lacca-enches have assumed an innocent look, and denied any knowledge of the matter in request, or Tellon have vociferated noncomplicity, and retained the goods.

“*December 21st, Wednesday.*—Very stormy day, so we were weather bound in our cabin, and worked away and finished useful dresses for our destitute people, and closed the day with exercise of the pen. Nine gentlemen from shore were not deterred by wind and wet from coming to make enquiries, not for our welfare, but for their own good fare; so they were gratified with a biscuit each, and our ‘Benjamin’ with half a dozen. Poor fellows! they will much miss the Pallillowa (English) when we are gone.

“Makooallan had the doctor’s diploma, in rouge et blanc, written in lines on his cheeks, when he came alongside, but he was politely requested to ‘chillursh’ before he came on deck, and cheerfully complied.

“*December 23rd, Thursday.*—A day of heavy storms, rain, and much snow. We did not go ashore, nor did any from shore come to us. The hills around are thickly clothed with a white garment, and even the trees sustain a fleecy burden of the same hue. Here is grim winter intruding upon the season of summer. Well, things are balanced—on my former visit we found summer weather in winter. Our operations now on the house must be brief, as our visit must draw to a close. Our occupations to-day were confined to reading and writing, whereas we would have extended them to working and trying to talk with our poor Firelanders. We are agreed in thinking that Williwaw would be a more suitable name for our present locality than Woollyah.

“*December 24th, Friday.*—In the morning squally. Afternoon rather improved weather. Worked at roof for mission house, and got one side rudely finished. ‘Watch house’ might not be an unsuitable name for it, because the intended residence of spiritual watchmen, here stationed to seek out, guide, and protect these lost sheep, and because wholly covered with bark called ‘watch’ in Fuegian. The natives were sitting about us as usual. Some went for more bark, but they want to raise the price upon us from one to two biscuits per shoulder load. We resist such innovations, as arising from greediness and laziness. J. B. told me Captain Fell not good hair cutter; he will not have his hair cut again but by one of his own people.

“*December 25th, Christmas Day (Saturday).*—Very heavy rain all forenoon. Service at half-past ten, sermon, Is. ix. 6, 7. Gentleman James present at it in his best ‘close.’ Went on shore to give our Firelanders the first Christmas dinner in their lives. The whole party (save Lookalke, not about yet from her confinement) men, women, and children, in number fifty-one, assembled in our house—men on one side, women on the other. In the midst were four great plum puddings and a tin of treacle. Captain Fell carved and served, with help of others, to place an immense lump, with treacle besmeared and besweetened, in the hands of every one that could grasp it. Some managed to eat a second, and a few a third; but others could get through only a very small piece of the unaccustomed dainty, reserving for another time, or times the rest. After pudding came two buckets of cold water, fresh from the burn, which were very pleasantly discussed. Then all parties proceeded to give hands and face a good wash. This done, we selected those whom we wished to come to Keppel

Island. J. B. said to each 'Oh-he Keppel Island' (Come to Keppel Island), and he answered 'Ow-a' (Yes). They were bidden to come aboard on Monday to be purified and dressed. I must not omit to record that before the feast we prayed for a blessing on the natives and on the board, and after it, sung His praise who is our God and theirs, though, alas! they know Him not. Our own Christmas dinner came on and off next, a very simple affair, soup, pork pudding. After dinner we went to Stirling Island for a ramble, and ascended its highest point, now called Christmas Hill, and from thence had a beautiful view down Ponsonby Sound, over Button Island, and far over into a gloomy deep bay of Hoste Island. I have seen the finest parts of North Wales, have navigated eight times the most picturesque parts of the Rhine, from Menz to Coln, and have traversed Switzerland, from St. Gall to Geneva, but I have never seen anything to surpass this place for effect of wood, lawn, mountain, island, inlet, sea—green, white, blue, brown, black, in combination. On Christmas Hill Mr. Turpin discovered a species of cotoneaster in flower, which I called *Turpinia*; a true bright-yellow calceolaria, as large as the common sort in England; and a regular hedge crane's-bill. We landed afterwards on the smaller island, called 'Westbourne,' across 'Place' Channel, and ascertained its capability for cultivation. This is now the third Christmas Day I have spent from my dear family; without them it is a dull one indeed, but I know in whose service it is, and am content. We spent a little of the evening in psalmody, and the day, as we began it, with public service and a sermon.

" *December 26th, Sunday.*—Service at 10½ a.m. Luke ii. 19. We had the Bethel flag hoisted as a signal to J.

Button that it was time for church, but he did not heed it, and so lost besides a Sunday pudding. Tom came off, however, and was present in our worship, and afterwards got such a dinner as pleased him, being biscuits. I hope among the next visitors to Cranmer may be a Firelander of more ready speech and comprehensive intellect than our gentleman Jem. Much more might have been effected this time had he only been capable of communicating what he has heard and seen with us. After tea we were visited by those who have been invited to our island home, with two or three more added to them, in two canoes. The object of their visit we could not well ascertain, although Telson made an earnest speech, and Dr. Button seconded him in a brief and calm address.

“ We guessed that the shift of the wind to a favourable quarter suggested the fear we were going away, and without them, and so they had come off to join. They had each a supper, and were bidden to call again to-morrow, whereupon they quickly paddled home. I noticed that every one had washed his face very clean, and wore his best clothes, anything, however, but ‘ very good.’ Pinnoiense, a lad of sixteen, had a pair of trousers made for Pakenham one year and a half ago, and which the latter has completely outgrown. Dr. Button pointed to his (tail) coat, slit from near elbow to wrist, and said, in his brother Jem’s remonstrant tone, ‘ What you call this?’ We had service as usual, and a sermon on Acts vii. last verse. I read afterwards, with much interest and some profit, ‘ Godfrey Massy.’ Weather quiet; sky overcast.

“ *December 27th, Monday.*—Except a heavy shower in forenoon, we have had a very fine day, and have improved it in cutting stuff for Cranmer, to be our home-

ward bound cargo. Early the Firelanders elect came off and were thoroughly washed and dressed in some of our best cast-offs. In the afternoon, Captain went for the wives of two, carrying the husbands in his gig, but hardly had he landed when Lassawea attacked him with a volley of woman's missiles—words; then Dr. B. seized him by the vest and forced it open to his shirt, and vociferated his disappointment in not receiving better clothes. Then J. B., in great dudgeon, contrasted the treatment and liberal gifts of Captain F. R. with what he had at the hands of Captain R. F. ‘What do you call this?’ Our skipper soothed the tumult by word and gesture, invited them to our schooner, and promised biscuits and a blanket to the irate medico.

“*December 29th, Wednesday.*—These people are self-willed and capricious as grown spoiled children, and require, to manage them, great patience and firmness, as well as an undaunted spirit. J. B. breakfasted with us this morning, and told me the original party are still set upon a visit to Cranmer, to be brought back again by-and-bye. I asked him to let me carry over his second daughter (eleven years old) to be taught to read, to make his shirts and his bread. He objected—she cry too much: pure imagination. The child would be delighted to come, with her uncle and aunt. Young Mrs. B. convalescent, and splendidly decorated this evening with red ochre. The ten days' old infant lay naked in her lap. This morning saw two large black woodpeckers, with a cockatoo-crest of bright red feathers.

“*December 30th, Thursday.*—Morning, assisted carpenter in splitting wood for the store. J. B. again took his morning meal with us, and reported a wreck on shore in York's County, and that her people have lost their boats. Our men, afterwards, on the beach thought

they heard a signal gun fired. One canoe, too, has just come in, having in her part of a ship's shear pole, which, being iron, could only have come on shore in a wreck. Tellon helped the carpenter and self in our splitting operation. One of the new comers has quite English features—a fine aquiline nose, and other features to correspond. Crew taking in water. Afternoon, gathering young trees for trial to grow in Falklands. Luccaenché gave the name of every plant we showed. He is a nice intelligent lad, and I must try and get him to the Falklands. Some of the strangers have already begun to pull the bark off our house, coveting, I suppose, the nails with which it has been fastened on; but, if they will leave the frame intact till our next visit, we can easily replace this, and our house will be as good as ever.

“*December 31st, Friday.*—The morning was spent in intercourse with our Firelanders, and in increasing our collection of nursery trees. Afternoon we employed in reading and working in cabin, as the boats had to be stowed, and all things ready for a start to-morrow. J. B. dined with us for the last time. He said his brother Macall-wence wishes to go with us to Keppel Island; he has a wife but no child, and seems about 32 years old. We purpose, therefore, to take him. The two brothers will be comfortable together, and when heartily engaged for us, they will strengthen the Button alliance.

“Thus is concluded the year 1858; wherein, as in those which have preceded it, as far back as 1812, blessings and trials have been mingled in my lot. The former—I record it with hearty thanks—much outnumbering the latter. It has been a year of hard bodily labour, such as I have never had before. A year which,

though spent with my family, I have seen less of them in interchange of word and pleasant pastime than in the preceding. It is the first year of residence in Cranmer. The first death there has happened (as far as I know) and the first birth. There we have had the first visit of Firelanders. We have had this year much preparation for future Mission labours, and three long visits have been made to the coast. The first station house on the coast has been built; the first decided steps have been taken for acquiring the native language; and, for the first time, I have preached Christ to a Firelander (J. B.) More I would have done, but more it was not God's will should be done, and who will contend with Him? Better I might have done, and of God, for my short-coming, crave I pardon—of Him who pitieth His children because He remembereth they are dust. The well-done has come from Him, and shall redound in his praise; the ill-done is for my shame, humiliation, and improvement.

The Yesterday, To-day, To-morrow, I Am, in, for, and by Christ, bless in the coming year my dear wife and children, my kinsmen, and relatives, my friends and benefactors, my fellow-labourers, co-heirs of heaven, co-occupants of earth, with all spiritual and temporal blessings, in the year now at hand, and give peace, O Lord, in our time.

Home Proceedings.

We have received the following Report from the Rev. W. Gray:—

“A very few words may suffice to describe the labour of six weeks. During my tour, which this time neces-

sarily covered much ground, I was (D. G.) fully occupied, having been enabled to preach fourteen times, and to speak sixteen times for the Society. In England, something was accomplished in Liverpool, Birkenhead, Chester, and Preston. In Scotland, Forfar and Arbroath were entered for the first time; whilst Paisley and Greenock were fully opened up for future work. In Ireland, where the Archbishop of Dublin shewed undiminished interest, the students of Trinity College, Dublin, for the first time, I think, gave us a Meeting. Near Dublin, Rathmines, and Delgany, were entered for the first time, whilst Drogheda and Kells received us through the exertions of our invaluable Honorary Secretary, Mr. Scott.

Arklow opened up to us of its own accord. Near Cork, Riverstown, Black Rock, Passage, and Monkstown, gave us, for the first time, Meetings and a Sermon. Glanmire and the Free Church in Cork opened their pulpits. In the same county, Clonakilty warmly received us, through the exertions of Miss Townsend and her family.

Many new towns are now ready to give us aid. All our old friends support us more warmly. In fact, I must say that I felt greatly cheered by the growing interest which manifested itself everywhere; and I am more than ever encouraged to hope that extended operations in South America, especially in Corrientes and the Brazils, would meet with ample support.

The immediate pecuniary result of the tour is the collection of £134 : 12 : 10; but this I regard as, by far the smallest part of the gain to the Society.

Journal of Rev. G. P. Despard.

(Continued.)

"*January 1st, 1859. Saturday.*—Lift up the light of Thy countenance upon us, O Lord, our Strength and our Redeemer, and give us Thy guidance and blessing through all the hours of this new year; and make to prosper, in a way not before experienced, the work of our hands in the affairs of Thy kingdom!

"We were astir betimes; had our morning worship and meal over by 8 a. m., and then began to heave short upon the anchor. But before this step was completed, the elect for Keppel Island, men, women, and children, were on board, without other encumbrances than their own swarthy selves; no pressing on our part having been required. The same party returned, with one exception, that we had such ill thoughts of as recorded under Monday's date, and another couple. The little boy, *Mammerstriggins*, son of Dr. Button, whom I earnestly desired because so intelligent, and Jem's two daughters, *Macuall*, *Kippui*, of similar character, were not allowed to come, because 'too young (nine and twelve) and likely to cry too much.' This, at least, shows a tender parental feeling in their rude breasts. Alongside came nearly all the other residents and visitors, at Woollyah, for parting gifts, which they had in clothing, tools, beads, biscuits, sugar (The Firelanders are Frenchmen in their love of eau-sucré). J. B. got a barrel full of biscuit, some heavy pieces of pork, and a dozen pounds of sugar. When ready to depart, we bade them adieu, with very friendly feelings. Jemmy said, 'Good bye, Mr. Despard; good bye, Mr. Phillips; good bye, Mr.

Turpin; good bye, Captain.' Not a word or sign to his brothers, nor they to him. I fancied Telson gave me a special charge to take care of his little boy, one of our passengers; for he came near to him and me, spoke low and *huskily*, looking at him and patting him and then me; and I could distinguish *Keppel Island*. After that, neither he nor the mother alongside took any notice of their boy nor he of them.

"We may now say, that during our four weeks' stay among the Firelanders, there has been no breach in our amity; and save in the instances mentioned under their date, no case of dishonesty. We have gone in and out among them, at one time 170 in number, without fear or hesitation. We have gone singly into their woods; we have gone, two with their four and five. We have left our boat undefended on their shores; have left our vessel for hours with only 'cook' on board, and have had no reason to regret our confidence. I need hardly say, that we never took any weapon with us ashore for defence.

"We have learnt many words in their language, and they have learnt many of ours. Their habits we have noticed with repulsion, and their ignorance we have detected with pity, and with many an attempt, not all unsuccessful, to reform the one, and remove the other. It may be truly affirmed, that such a beginning of the Mission, in direct intercourse with Firelanders, has been made, as, under God's blessing, requires only persevering effort on our part, and continued liberal support on the part of friends of Christ at home, to bring it to an issue of wondrous change in 'these outcasts of our race,' moral, spiritual, and physical, alike to the glory of God and the joy of His Church.

"Our visitors to Keppel Island are:—

Maccoo-allan	36	with his wife,	Wendin-gy-appa
Maccool-wence	32	„	Watch-winna
Shwymuggins	24	„	Wy-ruggel-keepa
		and daughter, 2 years,	Ky-atte-gatte-
			[mowl-keepa
Ookokkoowenché	15		
Lucca-onché	12		

“After we were well out of Woollyah, Mr. Phillips kindly undertook to wash and dress these amiable people. After which necessary operation, they were entertained with biscuit and pork, to their full content.

“We had very fair wind, and made through Ponsonby Sound, a southern course, round Navarin Island. As we went, a sharp look out was kept for signals of distress, both on Hoste and Lennox Islands; none appeared. The water was very rough, and the Firelanders all sea-sick, down in their ‘uccr,’ the half-deck.

“*Sunday, Jan. 2.*—Very rough, with wind right aft. Soon after day-light, worked through the Straits, and stood away for New Island. No service, Missionary, Catechists, Captain, and three out of four in fo’castle, sea-sick.

“*Monday, Jan. 3.*—At 8 p. m. sighted land, supposed West Point Island; wind fair; sea rough; sick all well but the little lad.

“*Tuesday, Jan. 4.*—At 2 a. m. off Far West; Jason mistaken for West Point Island; then stood away S.E. for West Point Pass; 9 a. m. into it; 11½ through it in Hope Harbour; 12 noon, Byron Sound, with fair but light wind. We hoped to be in Cranmer before night, having been just eight weeks away; and this I hoped the more, because it is my eldest daughter’s birth day, and having been already this time absent for four notable year-days, shall enjoy the family union the

more; but was bitterly disappointed. Got as far as Reef Channel, with Keppel Island in full view, not twelve miles off, when tide swept schooner back; and the Captain, fearing to make another attempt this evening, ran us back to Burnt Island, and to anchor till to-morrow (9½ a. m.) at 5½ p. m. So here have I to 'bide abreast within hail from Cranmer for sixteen hours. There is a needs be for this disappointment, to teach me to bow my will to God's, if nothing else. Natives went ashore with Captain and Catechists; they knocked down delightedly thirty-three Jackass penguins; our Europeans killed two and a half brace of geese. They came back full of hope of *good feasting* to-morrow. It is good for our commissariat office that our new guests are no ways particular as to their diet, all birds of every wing coming to their taste; geese, ducks, gulls, penguins, rooks, and sea hens, will do well.

“*Jan. 5, Wednesday.* — Tide and wind serving, we got under weigh, and without harm; not without a hitch to the anchor, got through the Pass round Keppel Island; and at 11½, into Committee Bay. All hands were mustered into the cabin to return thanks to God. Then we proceeded to the shore, towards which previously many an anxious look had been cast; and there, under the rocks, were assembled, in health and cheerfulness, all my six belongings, wife and children, looking well, and certainly happy. Many questions, many answers, followed in quick succession—on the whole, highly satisfactory, and confirmatory of my faith, that none shall ever trust in Him in vain. The gardens have suffered much from insects, especially in the flower borders. No person has come to our place. White, the lion-torn sealer, has recovered completely, and gone. A gull rookery, close at hand, has been found and *rifled*.

Afternoon, our Fuegians were landed, with the balance of their penguins for baggage, and installed in what they immediately pronounced, *Che Butt. ucer*, (J. B.'s wigwam). Hearty thanksgiving offered up in Sullivan House, for all mercies to them who travelled, and to them that tarried.

"*Jan. 6.*—Men taken to see horses, cows, pigs, and goats. They call them *muma guanaco*, and pronounce them *hiema attama*, *good food*. During their absence, ladies attended to washing and dressing their wives; a work wherein the latter were more pleased than the former. The Fuegians roam about, seeking what they may devour; they find their way to our shores, and admire the size and sweetness of our limpets; they resort to our penguin eggery, and slay some dozen of young rookies for supper; but worst, they light fire to cook on the camp, a most perilous act, for here a small matter may become to us entire *ruin*. Afternoon, they were induced to help Captain, Pakenham, Phillips, and self, to remove poles from shore, but soon became tired and heavy through 'too much eat;' went off to sleep under the refreshing shade of '*Che Butt. ucer*.'

"Ookokko is very inquisitive, and anxious to learn English, applying to every article the key of language, *Com-mo-do-sui*, (What do you call?) Evening, had an auction sale of clothes sent for use of Mission, in any way most adviseable by friends, at the Plate. They were such as never could have been used by natives, so we thus disposed of them, and gained £10 about, to lay out in such as can be of use. It occasioned amusement to all hands, since auctioneer, clerk, and man, did their best in humorous eloquence to promote sale of the clothes.

"*Saturday, Jan. 8.*—Very fine sunshiny day; weather

wondrously warmer than in Tierra del Fuego. Ookokko and Tom came into our house to search for *curios*, but ladies thought them too curious, so politely advised them to seek the comfort of their own uccr. Their habits as yet are too gross to allow of their coming in and out, *ad libitum*, as James Button and his family did. I have entrusted them to the superintendance of the Catechists; Mr. P. in the morning, and Mr. T. in the afternoon. It will be their duty to observe and regulate their movements; to learn their language, and teach them ours; and to bring them, by degrees, to help them in manual labour. I reserve to myself the pleasure, when I return from Patagonia, to teach them to *read* in their own language, using 'Ellis's Phonetic System.' "

Journal of Mr. Fell.

"*Friday, 26th.*—At 1.30, having been rested for an hour or more, we commenced working up towards Banner Cove; but the winds were so light, that it was not until noon that we entered the celebrated little harbour; and a more beautiful spot for a Mission Station could not be found. As we entered we passed, on our starboard side, both Garden and Dothan Islands; the latter being the little green rock which Capt. Gardiner intended fortifying. In a few minutes the canoes were seen coming off, shouting at a fearful rate, when at a considerable distance from the ship, the well-known cry, 'Yamma Schoona,' 'Yamma Schoona.' The sight, on beholding these poor creatures at first, is truly humbling: quite naked, and in a savage state, our fellow creatures, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, living in such a low degraded condition, destitute of all the comforts of

a civilized life ; and what is of much more importance, living without the least knowledge of their Creator God, to say nothing of the redemption which is in Christ Jesus, with eternal glory. We allowed some of them to come on deck, and Mr. Despard commenced bartering with some knives for their fish spears, &c. ; while I took in hand the clothing department, with which I was well supplied by our kind friends in Buenos Ayres, for the purposes of trade also. We do not by this mean trade in a commercial point of view, for in reality the things we receive from them are worth nothing ; but we do consider it best to encourage industry, and think it advisable to get them to give us even their fish spears, &c., so as to set them to work to collect more for our next visit. Man is made to labour ; and work of some kind or other is essential to the happiness of our fallen race, since the curse has been pronounced, 'With the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread.' Besides, it stands to reason, that if these poor creatures were employed at some handicraft all the day, in place of crowding round the fires in their wigwams by the score, although their craft in itself should be useless, yet for them it would be better. In the course of time we hope to get them employed usefully in cutting down wood, or doing something to serve our purpose in return for the things given. After dinner we went on shore, a good boat's crew, with Messrs. Despard, Phillips, Turpin, and myself. The natives all came out of their wigwam to welcome us, and cried out again, each and all, 'Yamma Schoona,' 'Yamma Schoona.' The old women too were most intent upon getting something from us, perhaps thinking that from their years they had a better right to our bounties ; or, that the bloom of youth having with them passed away, we might, if not strongly pressed by themselves,

pass them by and favour the young ones. The children were numerous, and there appeared to be many young wives with increasing families. It is probable, I think, that from the nature of the climate, and their wretched mode of living, that many of them are swept away in early life, and occupy an untimely grave. I entered the round wigwam, in which they all seemed to assemble, as if to give me a welcome. It was about twelve feet in diameter, with a fire in the middle. The wigwam at the top being open to let the smoke escape, having the poles or stanchions, of which it was composed, resting upon each other at the head; the grass matting or branches which filled in round the poles to keep the air out, being discontinued when up a certain distance. The door by which they entered was very low, but made very firm by pieces of trees, so that no danger might be involved on entering their habitation. When they all were inside, men, women, and children, the place around was literally alive with human beings. The heat from the fire was exceedingly great, and a stranger's eyes soon felt the unpleasantness of the smoke from the wood fire. Having satisfied ourselves with this humiliating interview with the natives, we proceeded to the spot where Capt. Gardiner and his little band commenced their operations. We found their wooden fortifications still standing, being but partially completed, with the trees cut down all around, and several names cut in trees still standing of the former crews of the *Allen Gardiner*. What a melancholy history of the anxieties and sufferings of that little but devoted Mission band could these trees give, had they had but eyes to have observed, hearts to feel, and tongues now to express it to us. We could not help feeling, as we stood upon the almost last place of their earthly labours, (for they died in Spani-

ard Harbour) that it was at least solemn if not good to be there. It was there, underneath those Fuegian trees, that the noble-minded and laborious Gardiner laid down his plans, and commenced his operations, for bringing the glorious gospel of the blessed God to bear upon the dark, benighted, and long-neglected sons of Adam inhabiting this remote portion of the globe; it was there that the devoted and self-denying Williams, with a heart sprinkled with that blood which speaketh better things than that of Abel's, longed for the time and sought for opportunities, although for wise purposes not granted, of bringing within the reach of these poor, naked, and miserable barbarians, that fountain laid open for the house of David and the inhabitants of Jerusalem; it was there that the faithful missionary Maidment, with a heart moved and constrained by the love of Christ, expected and lived in hope of being able, at some future day, to expound to these, in their own tongue, the boundless love of God in sending His Son to die for them, the just for the unjust, that He might bring them to God; it was there too that the hardy Erwin, the humble but pious son of Cornwall, who, doubtless, being brought up in such a county of gospel light, had known the Scriptures from childhood, wished also to tell of that gift which was able to make even the poor natives on these shores wise unto salvation: but, alas! alas! God's ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts. 'He moves in a myterious way;' and will perform His wonders among the children of men, even when endeavouring to obey His will in such a way as to cause His people on earth to stand beholding, but speechless and appalled, unable to give a solution to His mighty working, saying only, 'It is the Lord,' let Him do what seemeth good in His sight. Has not this been

the case with this little band of devoted pioneers of the cross, who, when about to commence their operations, were called from the scene of their labours to that 'rest that remaineth for the people of God.' 'They rest from their labours;' and if their works in these, their last efforts, have not been accomplished among this particular people, yet they have followed in such a way as to be owned by God, and have too redounded to His glory. We have here, in what we behold of their works still standing, indelible proofs of the truthfulness of these Journals, picked up in Spaniard Harbour, which have attested to the people of God in England the sustaining power of the gospel of Christ, in cold, in nakedness, in hunger, in privations, in suffering, sickness, and death; and many doubtless, bewailing their trials at home in reading such a book as 'Hope Deferred not Lost,' have been made ashamed of the inconsistency of their conduct; while others, influenced by better motives, have been stimulated in their works of faith and labours of love. God is not unfaithful in forgetting the works of faith and labours of love which His people put forth for the advancement of His spiritual kingdom in the earth, and will lead them, when doing so, in a way that they know not of. The 'Dig below,' and other remains of the works of our departed brethren which we here observe, have a voice which can be understood better by the mind than expressed by the tongue. Peace be to your ashes, ye men of God! And may the time soon come when these poor creatures which we now behold in their canoes, with their naked bodies, picking up and eating the cockles on the sea shore, have to bless the God and Father of their Lord Jesus Christ for having put it into the heart of a Gardiner to pity their degraded race, and as a Christian to obey his commission, 'Go ye

out into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.' Amen.

"Messrs. Despard, Phillips, and myself, then went seeking a suitable portion of ground for establishing the Mission Station, which is to be called Wicliff. A suitable portion was soon pitched upon, and was consecrated by prayer to God for a blessing. Afterwards we each took a log apiece of Wicliff timber on board, each carrying it on his shoulder, for the cook's fire. The evening was closed by our devotions, and I got to bed, having been up mostly the whole of the three previous nights, on account of the precariousness of the navigation near the land, tired and well fatigued.

"*Saturday, 27.*—This day commenced with a stray breeze from the south, and constant rain. At 9.30 a.m. all hands, being well covered with oilskins, got the ship under way, and proceeded towards the entrance of the Beagle Channel. When sailing under the westernmost end of Picton Island, we experienced heavy squalls off the high land; observed wigwams on the shore as we passed. When clear of the island, the wind became exceedingly strong; and the squalls crossing over from the high mountains, inside Cape James, were so heavy as to twist our little vessel well over on her broadside. At 11 a.m. passed Snipe Island on our starboard side, and shortly after crossed the entrance of Sinco Maie Harbour. The little islands at the entrance of this last place were truly beautiful. Persons, when looking on the maps of Tierra del Fuego, often think it a most dreary and wretched country, picturing to themselves nothing but mountains of snow, &c.; but a moment's glance at these delightful islands, clothed with green pasture, and at the same time sheltered by trees in various places, would soon prove to the contrary. When

further up the channel, we observed some canoes coming out of a bay near Bloomfield Harbour, called such by Capt. Gardiner, and we bore down upon them, to see if they resembled those at Banner Cove. As we approached we discovered others also coming out to us; and when a great distance off, their shouts and cries were great indeed, while they kept jumping up one moment in their canoes and throwing their arms up in the air into all kinds of forms and shapes; then they would give a few more strokes with their paddles, and then go through their gestures again. When the first canoe came alongside, the bawler who was standing up was positively quite white in the face, and I fancied that his hair stood on its end; but whether this be the case or not, he evidently seemed afraid of us; while, on the other hand, he was quite prepared to receive our gifts. Nothing to them is of more value than a knife, or something that will cut, as they appear, when fastening the pointers on to their fish spears, to use their teeth, not having a cutting apparatus. No sooner had a gift been bestowed upon them, than their confidence immediately increased in our goodwill towards them, and the 'Yamma Schoonas' were fired off at a great rate. Other canoes were seen paddling after us from a great distance, but unfortunately for them they were disappointed in their efforts. I was proceeding at this time inside of an island in the Beagle Channel, expecting a passage behind it, as it would give us an opportunity of seeing the natives in this part. When, however, partly through, there appeared to be a reef running across from the main land, so that I thought it best to run no risks, and hence we squared away and went round by the way which we came. Poor creatures, how they shouted and bellowed after us, as they found it impossible to overtake

the ship. The wind being from the westward, that is right down the channel, we had to beat from side to side; and as we went along, we found them still following us with unwearied diligence, but to no purpose, for they were soon left out of sight. Having, as I afterwards found, a good tide under our lee, we worked up to the Narrows by 5 p.m., and came to just inside of a point nicely sheltered, expecting as I did, from the statements made on the chart of no ebb tide being in the channel, that it was a good berth. There was, however, an ebb of at least four knots an hour, although it probably would be less in the wider parts of the channel. Fearing the ship should foul her anchor, we weighed again, and went into a nice bay that opened out to us, and which is a most suitable place for a ship to bring up in, when proceeding through. I have called it, as I claim to be the discoverer of it, 'Mary Elizabeth Bay,' after my affectionate Better Half. It is situated at the east side of the long point shooting out from the Clay Cliffs, at the west end of the Narrows, and in which a large ship could find a snug place, with eight fathoms of water. But this, for the next fifty years, may not be wanted. The *Allen Gardiner* is the only vessel likely to make use of it.

"Many natives in their canoes soon flocked around us, and we had some interesting work with them. While Mr. Despard commenced and carried on his distribution of knives, &c., I took in hand the clothing, and called an interesting native on board, for the purpose of fitting him out. The poor creature was 5 ft. 6 in., stout in proportion; having an intelligent countenance, and apparently only wanting the advantages which we possess, to stand by our side in all that is good and useful. Fear evidently affected him while standing on the ship's

deck, not knowing but that his life might be in danger by us, and at the same time willing to run the risk to get his 'Yamma Schoona' gratified. To enlist my sympathies and protection on his behalf, he commenced to sing and dance for me, holding both his fists up towards his chin. I was much pleased with the fellow, and kept saying to him occasionally, 'You are a very fine fellow;' in answer he would return, 'You are a very fine fellow.' I commenced with a white shirt, which answered my purpose nicely. No lady's maid ever found her mistress so difficult to dress for want of knowledge, as I found this fine looking man, as he had not the slightest idea how to hold himself while his wearing apparel was being put on. Mrs. James Button was at hand, assuring him in the best way she could, that he was perfectly safe with us, and that we intended doing him good. Gratitude evidently was pictured in the poor woman's countenance; and the improvement in her whole deportment, through her short stay on Keppel Island, was apparent to all. I got a looking glass, to let the man see himself, but it frightened him, so that he went to the ship's side, as if wishful to get back into his canoe. I soon put it aside, and gained back his confidence. Jemmy Button too seemed fond of him, and wished to let him have part of his apartment to sleep. The companions of this man would evidently be dissatisfied, seeing him so well fitted out, if they received nothing, so that I had to give to each. Being wishful to do so in the most economical manner, as I wished to reserve our clothing for our Mission Station, I called them on deck one by one, and tied strips of an old white shirt round their heads, which in their estimation made them both grand and noble. It was now late, and the Sabbath drew near, which we hoped to be a day of rest, and so got them to paddle off to the shore.

"*Sabbath, 28th.*—This morning early the natives were alongside of the ship, calling out, 'Yamma Schoona, Yamma Schoona;' and the plan adopted was not to notice them, so that they might get tired and go away. Poor Jemmy would go to them with a serious long face, and commence, 'What for you no go away your own country? go away—go ashore; no want noise now;' but all to no purpose. Jemmy thought them a most stubborn set of people; for although he would tell them as plainly as he could speak to go away, yet they would not go; he forgetting all the time that it was English he was speaking, and they were ignorant of it. All hands would have to burst out in laughing at poor Jemmy's conduct; while he, still annoyed at their being unmoved by his entreaties to go away, and by his accounts of being in England 'two times, all very well,' would put both hands in his jacket pockets, and retire vexed from the gangway.

"The Sabbath morning being fine and pleasant, Mr. Despard preferred holding the service on deck, the natives still being round about the ship in their canoes. The Bethel flag, for the first time, floated on the breeze in the *Beagle* channel. When the bell for service was rung, they all commenced shouting. When we were singing the first hymn they all commenced singing too, which we heard very distinctly at the turning of the tunes. Our second hymn of praise was that delightful one, so appropriate to offer to our God when in the presence of these poor savages, to whom we have been sent to publish salvation:—

'Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy,' &c.

God grant that at His throne, worshipping in spirit and in truth, they may be found bowing ere long, and with

every other nation to whom the gospel has been preached, bear their testimony to its adaptation in meeting their wants. In the afternoon we went on shore to see the beautiful country, and were gratified by what we beheld. A delightful Mission Station might be established here, as there is clear ground ready for cultivation, while at the same time there is wood enough to supply fires, and afford shelter from the winter blasts. In standing upon one of the prominent hills in the Beagle Channel, and with the mind's eye taking a retrospective view upon all the privileges which we have beheld at home in possession of the church of God, and then viewing the condition of these poor savages, who for centuries have been living in this degraded state, possessing too a country in which they might have more of the comforts and necessaries of life, if they were only put into the way of working it, we cannot fail to see how loud the call is for help, from the civilized, but more especially the Christian world.

“*Monday, 29th.*—Our coals being short, the crew went on shore first thing to cut wood. After prayers we made sail, weighed the anchor, expecting the light breeze we had to have put us through the Narrows. But this was not the case, it failed us, falling nearly to a calm, and leaving us drifting at the mercy of the tide. Before we got far a breeze again sprung up, by which we were enabled towards evening to get to an anchorage which we discovered running off a small point and sheltered from the long drift of a westerly wind by a small island, or rock, which we have since called ‘Well-found Cove.’ The natives, as usual, with their shouting gave us plenty of excitement, and something to remember our work.

“*Tuesday, 30th.*—This morning, at 4 a.m. being called by the watch, I went on deck, and found an easterly

wind blowing, which in these quarters, where westerly are the prevailing ones, is of untold worth. Accordingly the crew were immediately knocked out, and the ship got under weigh. The pleasantness of the morning, coupled with a fine fair wind, had an exhilarating effect upon our spirits, and everything connected with the completion of our voyage to Button Island seemed to express the certainty of its accomplishment even in the forenoon of the day. The large square sail being set, the mainsail well guyed out on the quarter, and the ship running at a quick rate through the water, leaving the Coddington Mountains astern, and heaving us in sight of Hoste Island, with its snow-top mountains, were precursors apparently to us of our arrival in Woollyah. About 10 a. m. the wind fell light, almost to a dead calm, while the clouds thickened to the westward, collecting themselves around the lofty mountain tops of Hoste Island, as if to gather their strength. The barometer was low in the morning, but I was not alarmed at that, as I knew we were inside of land, and harbours of refuge at hand. In a few minutes a tremendous squall shot right down upon our little vessel, as if to tear the masts out by the roots, causing her to bend over on her broadside. We luffed her close in the wind first, fancying that it might not last long; but its continuance was greater than we expected, so that we had to commence shortening sail, and prepare for a blow. The foretop great sail was taken in, and the mainsail double reefed, at the same time setting the flying jib about half way out on the boom, it being a sail we could not dispense with. Every few minutes we had to heave the ship about, the wind being dead ahead, and the channel narrow on account of the islands that row themselves along in the middle, with their adjoining reefs, near the

entrance to Ponsonby Sound. The wind after a little fell light, almost calm, and left us again powerless in the water, while the flood tide kept sweeping us back from where we came. All sail had soon to be made again, and we endeavoured, if possible, to get into some anchorage, so as to bring up and hold our own. The wind again returned to us with renewed strength, so that we had to reef and furl a second time. As we were tacking about from side to side, many an anxious look was cast towards the entrance of the next channel through which we had to pass, and which led to our desired haven. The tide by this time had changed and was gathering its strength in our favour, running as it was against the wind, which was blowing a perfect gale. Sailors, but more especially those who are accustomed to navigate about our own shores, know well the effect thus produced, nor were we long left in ignorance on the subject. The sea in a few minutes gave us to understand what a 'tide rip' was, so that our little vessel seemed at times as if about to plunge right under, capsising everything about the decks, disturbing even the boat which was lashed in the cheeks on deck, washing both anchor shanks out of their painters, and various acts of the same kind. The crew were drenched through with the water fore and aft, which was coming over, while I had, by watching in the fore rigging, to take care not to stand too long on either tack, as the rocks abounded along on both sides, while the descriptions of the channel marked in the chart, and the rate of tide, were quite incorrect. But it must be here observed, that Capt. Fitzroy did not profess to have properly surveyed this channel, nor had the *Beagle* ever been up in it. It was merely a boat that went through, taking, I suppose, occasional soundings in the centre. Just as we

were about to get round one of the islands leading to Button Island, and to which we would have had a fair wind, the topsail tie broke, unfitting our little vessel quite for continuance in such a dangerous position: hence we were compelled to run for anchorage at the nearest place we could find. The gale was now blowing fearfully, fitted indeed to clear the canvas out of the bolt rope, the water being fairly scooped up out of the channel by its power. I went on the topsail yard, and gave the necessary directions to the man at the wheel how to steer. All this time I was looking out on the south side of the channel for a bay to anchor, as I wished to save the ground over which we had run. The deep water caused our difficulty, as no anchorage could be found close in to the shore. In several places we were disappointed; but at last came to a nice little bay, in which we felt sure we could get holding ground, although very small. The ship's speed through the water made the difficulty still greater, she going at the rate of seven miles an hour, with only a small top gallant sail set. When we hauled her up into it, so close that you could almost jump on shore from the jibboom end; there was no bottom at 15 fathoms. A sad disappointment to all; while the jumping and shouting was great at such a moment to keep her clear of the rocks, a few yards off. 'Hard up: down mainsail, heave all aback;' which was instantly obeyed, the gale still blowing terrifically. Through the kind providence of God all was well; our little mission vessel spun round on her keel without forging a head, which was the danger that threatened, and in a moment of time we were running before the gale.

"Another bay offered, where we thought we might find anchorage, and in which less danger would be in-

volved by trying than the last, as it was larger; but this too disappointed us, like the last. Nothing else was left for us than to run back to the anchorage which we left at 5 o'clock in the morning, a distance of about twenty miles; and we felt that if this even was reached in safety we would have cause for thankfulness. We reached it about 8 o'clock at night, and brought the ship up with both anchors, giving sixty fathoms of the starboard, and much less on the port chain. Thus all our toil in beating against a foul wind was all lost, being at it from 4.30 a. m. to 9 p. m. getting to the place from which we started. It may be that our Heavenly Father, for wise but unknown purposes to us, prevented our getting to Jemmy's country. We could not help feeling at the time the great difficulty which may always be expected in getting up the Beagle Channel. No sooner was the ship running back than Mr. and Mrs. Button, having their expectations blighted in getting home, began to show themselves. "I say, what do you call that? no go to my country that way. Go back to England." Both Jem and his wife were quite put out about it, not understanding the difficulties in which we were placed. In a few minutes we could have put our topsail tie to rights, but we had not even those few minutes. Besides, the seas were fit to sink the vessel, or sweep her decks. Mrs. Button in the difficulty could shout with fear, but complained when we ran for safety. Jemmy too at the time professed to be able to tell that there was deep water in a channel inside an island; but his statement I could not rely upon, as he had never tried the water. More from them, however, ought not yet to be expected. On the whole, they have behaved themselves exceedingly well.

(To be continued.)

Letter from Mrs. Despard.

The following portion of a letter, from Mrs. Despard to a friend in Ireland, we are permitted to publish. We need not write a word of preface. Our readers will not peruse it without much interest.

“My dear Miss,

“I really hardly know how to thank you for the box of valuable, useful, and most acceptable presents, which we have just received from you and our kind and generous Irish friends. You must kindly imagine all we would say, and offer to you, and them, of grateful feelings experienced by us towards you all. It is only those who are far, far away, and living on a small solitary island, and separated from all intercourse with any kind of society, that can tell how delightful it is to know they are not forgotten, but cared for by those whom they have left in their own country. This delightful feeling is worth all the presents put together. Still it is very delightful to look at the many proofs of thoughtful kindness; and to *you* especially, dear friend, my warmest thanks are due.

“I know my husband has written to you, and if his letter does not prove a very long one, you must kindly excuse it, as he has been sorely tried by many things lately, and has had much business on his hands. Indeed, sometimes I think his brain is quite overworked, he looks fagged, and has aged so much the last two years. His extraordinary buoyant spirits keep him up; he never knows what it is to be idle. I think this climate tries him rather, as he can bear heat better than cold, and the want of shelter here is very deeply felt, especially as five days out of seven it blows a furious gale. We have little rain to complain of, but the wind is really

a sad drawback to the place, and prevents flowers, shrubs, or trees from growing. My dear husband left us on the 16th, accompanied by Messrs. Phillips & Turpin, and J. Button and family, for Tierra del Fuego; I expect they will be absent two months, or thereabouts. On their return we hope to see either the Buttons back with them, or other natives, who have been willing to follow Jemmie's example. I cannot tell you how very sorry we were to see him and his take their departure, or how much we miss them now they are gone! During their stay here they behaved extremely well, never doing anything to offend or annoy. As to Jemmy, his politeness was extreme, and I ever found him most grateful for any little kindness I showed him. For some weeks I had a very bad eye, which seemed to trouble him very much; and every day he would ask after it, and insist upon viewing its progress! For any little trifle I gave him, he would go and pick me a beautiful bouquet of wild flowers, or spear me some fish. He was always beautifully clean; and when he took tea with us, which he always did on Sunday, his manners and way of behaving would have done credit to *any* gentleman. So much for the savage who, only a few weeks previously, was standing naked on his own native shore! His memory is most retentive; and, although now forty years of age, he perfectly remembers the most trivial circumstances which happened to him in England, as well as on board ship when with Capt. Fitzroy! He was quickly recovering his English, and understood us better than we could understand him. He is now *thoroughly convinced*, and believes that there is a God who has created all things. He also knows about our blessed Saviour, heaven and hell, Satan, and most of the events up to the Flood. I used often to speak to

him on these deeply interesting subjects in a kind of broken English, which he seemed to take in very well. Sometime after talking, he would look at me; and then, tapping me on the shoulder, he would suddenly exclaim, 'I like you, and you vary good *gal*; work much, vary much, always work all day; in my country gal no laugh, no talk, work vary little, stay in wigwam, fish sometimes; your married (meaning Mr. Despard, whose name at first he could not remember), work hard too, vary good jacktlemán (meaning gentleman); I go tell my people, he go too; your married here all the same as king!'

"It was so very funny sometimes to hear him speak. I said, 'Jemmie, will you come back to us?' He would not promise, but replied, 'Perhaps, by and bye, me no tell now! People say, in my country, no God; I go tell my people God in my country, made me and them, trees, moon,' &c. The Fuegians are very curious, and naturally watch all you do; they like to touch and feel everything they see, but *never* offer to steal; they are also very idle; and when the Buttons came here, they would not even fetch wood for their fire, although it was placed a few yards from their door. One day I said to Jemmie, 'James, God loves good men; good men no idle. God hates wicked men, and wicked men sometimes very idle. God no love idle men; the devil make men idle and wicked.' He nodded in his peculiar way, to show me he understood. A short time after, he was hard at work! His son is a fine lad, and picked up much English; but the woman and girl and the infant accomplished very little in that way, especially the infant. In feature they are not at all disagreeable; and in complexion certainly not darker than *Italians*. Their figure is bad, being generally short; and their back and

legs are much bowed. The little girl, 'Fuegia,' as we used to call her, was really a pretty little dark-eyed child, so gentle and modest, pleasing, and affectionate. She and her mother, and the babe, (which was a cross little fat thing) used to come up here whenever they liked. They had the entré of our house, and did just what they liked. They would follow me into the kitchen and watch me cooking the dinner and washing the clothes, baking, &c., and would then go to their hut and try to imitate all they had seen me or others do. Little Fuegia would spend hours with our children; and when I entered the room, she would run towards me and throw her arms round me, and put her face up for a kiss. I have written you this long account of the Buttons, knowing how interested you are in all that concerns our beloved Mission. I believe the work has now begun in earnest; and I firmly trust, hope, and indeed think, that before this time next year we shall not only have several natives here, but the work progressing favourably on the coast, and fruit beginning to appear to the glory and praise of our God and Saviour. We only want more money and more *men*; Missionary men, with spirits to bear up courageously and patiently against all troubles and discomforts. Let our Society at home send us these, and we will do great things, by God's help, out here."

District Secretaries.

We have much pleasure in stating, that the Rev. Walter Turpin, of Tullamore, has offered his services as an Honorary District Secretary. The advantages to the Society of such an office become increasingly great as our work extends. The Rev. W. Turpin is a brother of Mr. C. Turpin, one of the Society's laborious Catechists.

Foot-prints of Providence.

It is well sometimes to recall to mind past experiences, in order to appreciate more fully the tendencies, and bearings of the present. And we think nothing will be lost if we invite for a moment our readers' attention to some of those incidents in our Mission history, which—although not unknown to them—are yet worthy of being repeated. In the multiplication of our own efforts in the cause of God, we sometimes lose sight of those Divine interpositions to which in fact we are indebted for all the success, which we are permitted to achieve. If, however, in pointing out two or three remarkable instances of God's dealings with the work of our Mission, we can encourage any to increased dependence on the Divine will, we shall think these lines not written in vain.

And, in the first place, we cannot fail to remark how wonderfully the early difficulties of the Mission were overruled for good. Every one at all acquainted with the circumstances of Captain Gardiner's last, and fatal attempt to proclaim Christ to the heathen, will recollect under what discouragements it was made. And those who were privileged to hear him, in different parts of the United Kingdom, pleading for the spiritual nece -

sities of South America, will bear witness to the poverty of Christian sympathy and confidence with which his appeals were answered. Had it not been, in fact, for the munificence of one Christian lady, whose heart God opened, and for the means which Captain Gardiner's private purse furnished, the Mission-plan to Tierra del Fuego must have perished at once. But, as it was, sufficient funds were got together for the slender equipment of an expedition, whose objects were so dimly recognised by the Christian Church. Now we are not without a clue to this extraordinary apathy, or want of confidence, respecting the plans of Captain Gardiner. There can be no doubt that his pioneering efforts on former occasions had not seemed to be productive of satisfactory results. We are far from saying that they were in vain. On the contrary, we believe that, regarding Capt. Gardiner, not in the character of a Missionary, but as a pioneer of Missions, he was made *eminently* useful in the cause of Christ. But, at the same time, we confess that his apparent want of success, first in the Zulu country, in South-east Africa, and afterwards, on more than two or three occasions, in different parts of South America, led many to suspect the wisdom of his plan of operations. And this certainly caused many persons truly interested in Christian Missions to withhold their support.

But God permitted His servant to renew his attempts to introduce the Gospel to the Fuegian races; and a little band of Missionaries, with Captain Gardiner at their head, left England on their errand of love in September, 1850. In October, 1851, the dead bodies of these devoted men were found upon the shore in Spaniard's Harbour, in Tierra del Fuego. This was a sad climax to the pioneering labours of Capt. Gardiner—at least to the eye of men it seemed so. And yet on closer observation we may detect the mysterious providence of God ordering this very event for good. We will not enter into all the arrangements made for the safety of this Missionary band in their perilous work, and we will not analyse very closely all the elements of misfortune which gathered round them; but there is one fact to which we wish to draw special attention; for it is, we consider, very remarkable. There was at the time of Capt. Gardiner's sufferings, and ultimate death, in Tierra del Fuego, a captain in the navy residing in the Falklands. He was a friend of Captain Gardiner, and took an interest in the objects of the Mission. He had, moreover, at his disposal at the very time a vessel, in which within a week he might have run over to Fuegia, and rescued the devoted, and famishing Missionaries. Why did he not do so? The simple answer is, Captain Gardiner, for some reason or other, which

we shall never perhaps know, failed to acquaint Capt. Sullivan (for he it was who was then at the Falklands,) with his intention to occupy, just at that period, a Mission Station in Tierra del Fuego. That he intended to write to Captain Sullivan on the subject we are assured; and that he counted on his support we also know. But as a matter of fact he never did write, or the letter never reached its destination; and as a consequence, humanly speaking, Capt. Gardiner and his party perished. Yet painful as were the immediate consequences of this oversight, we can clearly see how God directed them for the furtherance of His cause, and the extension of Missionary efforts in Fuegia, and South America generally. For had any vessel come to the relief of Captain Gardiner and his comrades, and had they been persuaded to leave the chosen scene of their labours, we may safely conclude that no further effort, at least for years, would have been made in the cause. It would have been a repetition of former miscarriages—another proof of the inadequacy of the plans of Capt. Gardiner—another hasty advance followed by too sudden a retreat. But God would teach Christians a different lesson; and, by permitting the simple failure of one letter to issue in the death of his faithful servants, He thereby impressed upon His people the solemnity of the responsibility laid upon them. He would out of death bring life.

He would shew that in the midst of the counsels, and designs, and efforts of men, He yet was ruling supreme.

If we remember also the remarkable preservation of the journals of the party who perished—how, amid the rain, and snow, and spray from the sea, those paper records were kept from destruction—we cannot but acknowledge a wonderful providence in all this. Without these documents the death of Captain Gardiner, and his companions, might have seemed a ghastly tragedy. With these before us, we look on death as a victory, and we see grace triumphing amid the failing forces of nature, and hearts filled with a “peace which passes all understanding.” Let us take another instance. If there has been one effort more important than another, connected with the progress of the work abroad, it is, we believe, the discovery of James Button. The Mission work could scarcely have reached its present hopeful position, independently of him. The acquisition of the Fuegian dialect would have been a matter of remote promise, and the friendly intercourse now existing between our Missionaries, and the little tribe at Woollya, by no means probably achieved. And yet to whom are we indebted for the discovery of this man, who has been destined to hold so important a place in the development of the Society’s plans? We

believe that no one had less to do with it than man. It is true, man seemed to be prominently instrumental in seeking out, and discovering James Button. But he must be blind indeed, who does not see the striking manifestation of divine favour in all this. Consider the circumstances. About the year 1832, three Fuegians, after a short residence in England, are taken back to their own country. They have acquired some sympathy with civilized life, know a little of the doctrines of Christianity, and speak moderately well the English language. After having been thus brought into the light, they are plunged back into the thick darkness of their original barbarism. Well nigh quarter of a century passes away, when efforts are made to introduce the Gospel to the benighted races of Fuegia. The question is naturally asked, do the three Fuegians, who were once in England, survive? If so, are we likely to find them, and in what condition? The Mission party resolve to seek for them. In their first visit, in the very neighbourhood where the three had been landed more than twenty years previously, James Button answers to his name, and steps on board the Mission ship. Here, we say, is the finger of providence. Here is God directing the Missionary's steps, and preparing his way before him. A vast gulf of separation between ourselves, and these

barbarous tribes, was arched over, by the discovery of this friendly Fuegian. Yet who but God had thus preserved him alive, and presented him to our countrymen, and disposed his heart to place confidence in our brethren, and finally to entrust himself and family to our care, and to listen to our instruction?

We are not unprepared for a murmur about all this being old, and threadbare. We knew all this before, say many. The facts, indeed, are far from new; but the lesson arising from them is one which loses nothing by repetition. It is the lesson of trust and confidence in God. When we see every turning point in the Mission history bearing the broad arrow of His great providence—every crisis prepared by him—we ought to take courage, and go forward. The bases of our Mission work have been laid by the Most High. We are but workers together with Him. His stamp and seal are upon the Society's operations. What more do we want to teach us the honour of engaging in this hallowed enterprise?

Journal of Mr. Fell.

(Continued.)

“*Friday, 3rd, Ogle Harbour.*—This morning we had a dead calm, which continued till past noon. The boat was sent after fire-wood. We were a little surprised to find a native called Tishpinnay, with his one

eye and brazen face, here to greet us with his 'Yamma Schoona.' He has doubtless followed us, and probably will follow us, until our arrival in 'Woollya.' He may have much respect for the celebrated Fuegian traveller, whose arrival is daily expected in the above place, and perhaps wishes to share in the pieces of his clothing which are expected to be distributed, through the kindness of his friends. But, notwithstanding the doubtful good-will which Mr. Tishpinnay, Mr. Button's 'old friend,' seems to bear towards him, yet there are some qualities which he possesses above his countrymen. While the others have torn up all the garments given, and applied them to purposes for which they were never intended, Tishpinnay, on the contrary, has preserved his intact, although it only partially covers his body, and in it he stands, as bold as brass, with his face well reddened over with their so-called paint. He has a nose large and Roman like, apparently indicative of much fierceness of character; and he makes himself quite at home by going into other canoes, when answering his purpose better than his own. In the canoe in which he now was, we observed an amiable looking man, quiet and well behaved, with a healthful countenance and well formed body, sitting down, as if taking it for granted that his noble friend, who had lately made himself at home in his apartments, could make noise enough without his interference. Moved to some extent by his amiable qualities, and being anxious to measure him, as he appeared larger than the rest, we called him on deck for the purpose. We were, however, deceived by his appearance when sitting down, as he was no larger than the ordinary run of his countrymen; but a better formed man I think I never saw. Fat, but not in excess, with straight legs, strong arms, and a well formed

chest, there he stood, as if for inspection, on our deck. Not a sentence fell from his lips. He appeared, however, grateful for whatever little presents were bestowed, without pressing for more. His conduct might well be contrasted with that of Tishpinnay, who kept poking his ugly, because dirty, face over the ship's rail, breaking the quietness of the moment by shouting, 'Yamma Schoona.' We clothed our well behaved friend with a coat and head-dress, and sent him back in his canoe. In comparing these two men with each other, an observer cannot help being struck with the differences which exist in the constitution of their minds (the stranger afterwards proved to be Tishpinnay's son). Doubtless in this long neglected land, there are minds which, if cultivated, could accomplish great things. James Button, although kind and good natured, seems to be one of the dullest of his race.

"*Saturday, 4th.*—At 4, a. m. all hands were roused up for getting under weigh. We had the wind from the westward, and consequently had to beat up to the entrance of the 'Murray Narrows;' but having the tide under our lee, it was soon accomplished, and we expected that the wind would blow through the Narrows, as it appeared to lead clear of the mountains, but this was not the case. Having run through a narrow channel, formed by two islands at the east side of the entrance, we went with much speed, until becalmed underneath the rocky cliffs, which formed something like immense hedges on either side. The channel was much narrower than I expected, being in some places only a few ship's lengths apart. The tide was against us, but knowing that it was nearly done, and that it would now turn, we dodged her with the light airs which were passing from side to side. We found that occasionally a light breeze

would spring up from the side nearest the wind, then its effects would rebound from the rocks on the opposite side, causing us constantly to keep hauling the yards round, thus to catch the breezes of Tierra del Fuego. The water in this Channel is immensely deep, judging from its appearance, while the whole scenery is very picturesque. Jemmy Button professed to know the land well, and pointed out Button Island as it opened out to our view. When the tide changed we were carried gently through, being helped on our way by the light airs which occasionally filled our sails. A canoe came off to us, in which were some natives, but Jemmy had little to say to them. About noon we passed Button Island, and the only bay or anchorage which it possesses. Off the bay lay an island, inside of which we passed. The island we have called after a gentleman who has befriended me in former years; I refer to T. A. Fieldwick, Esq., Secretary to the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, London; hence it is now Fieldwick Island. There is also an island on the right, as you enter Woollya Bay, standing in a conspicuous place. James Button was sadly disappointed when we passed Button Bay, without bringing the ship to an anchor in it, as he thought that he would be better able to keep possession of his clothing and various presents than if landed at Woollya. We were not—or rather, Mr. Despard was not—wishful to go there, as he very properly thought that it was not a suitable place for a mission station; and our work with Jemmy and his relations was to be extended to the whole tribe. We were anxious to accomplish more than taking care of Jemmy Button's saucepan, old chest, &c. If Jemmy were even landed on Button Island, he would be robbed in the course of time. But we hope to be able to establish among them the

right to hold in possession personal property; and, moreover, to have the man who would dare to trespass upon the grounds or inheritance of Mr. Button, branded as a thief. We observed a few canoes coming off when abreast of Button Bay, and observed in one an old man, with his head tied round with a kind of white turban — who was this, but the celebrated Dr. Button, whose fame had reached Keppel Island, and who had been the cause of the distinguished compliment being paid to our esteemed Dr., Mr. Ellis, on the mission station, 'You very good man; you all same my brodder.' We came to in Woollya Bay, in 6 fathoms, being well sheltered, and finding it a convenient place for the ship. We lay for some time without seeing many canoes, but after dinner the mission party, accompanied by Mr. Button and myself, went on shore, to see the celebrated city of Woollya, on which our thoughts had so frequently rested, and to examine the spot where Capt. Fitzroy, with his crew, commenced the garden, and endeavoured to plant a mission station, through the instrumentality of Mr. Mathews. When we landed in this far south city, two or three wigwams were all we saw peopled; but from the various patches of rising ground in different places, formed of cockle shells, it was evident that in past years many more inhabitants were here, living in their miserable tents, who have now passed into another world. Our hopes, in fact, were not realized. We were at first greatly disappointed, nor could we help conveying to each other's mind the impression by our looks. Poor Jemmy too, who had so frequently boasted of his countrymen and country, when on Keppel Island, seemed ashamed when he went about with us to the different places of interest mentioned in Capt. Fitzroy's voyages, and it did appear to me as if he expressed by

his countenance the fact, "Neither myself nor my countrymen were worth the trouble which Capt. Fitzroy took with our garden, as we have allowed it all to go to waste." The stream which runs to the sea, sheltered by trees on both sides, seemed very nice, and gave us encouragement for commencing a house near its banks. In the distance we beheld an old woman running along, as if to escape from us, with a kind of pitcher of water in one hand and a stick in the other; the pitcher being made of the bark of a tree. We went along to have a peep at her dwelling, and to assure her by our conduct that we only wish to do both her and her countrymen good by our visit to their shores. The wigwam in which they lived, and in fact all the wigwams here, are much inferior to those we saw at Picton Island, and so are also the people. The so-called floor is about three feet beneath the surface of the ground, so that when the inmates enter, they have to go as if under ground, just like rabbits or rats entering their respective holes. When we approached, a few canoes were seen near the place, pulled up on the shore, the men apparently being at some distance off; but the old lady and a younger woman, probably her daughter, both put their heads out at the doorway, as if to give us a good rating for coming near their premises, and trespassing on their grounds. But, Oh! what a miserable state were they found in by us, and how it pained our hearts to see the wretched and degraded condition of these our fellow beings. We afterwards observed the celebrated Dr. Button landing out of his canoe, having come from Button Island, following us. The old gentleman had a piece of a shirt for his covering, and was miserable in his appearance. We expected to have seen him and Jemmy warmly meeting each other, if not embracing, but there was nothing of

the sort. The old man did not even look to the place where Jemmy was, nor did he even seem to care for the meeting, while Jemmy stood almost speechless, and evidently ashamed. We could not get them to notice each other with affection. The Dr. kept constantly looking in Mr. Despard's face, imitating him whenever he would speak, but not noticing Jemmy. At length Jemmy commenced by laying his hand on Mr. Despard's shoulder, and speaking to his brother—'This Mr. Despard;' the Dr. repeating after him, 'dis Mr. Despard.' Then putting his hand on me, 'This Capt. Fitzroy—Capt. Fell,' Capt. Fell' (correcting himself); Dr. 'dis Capt. Fell.' Then to Mr. Phillips, 'This Mr. Phillips,'—'dis Mr. Flips.'—'This Mr. Turpin'—'dis Mr. Turpan.' Thus Jemmy's interview with his brother passed away; and on beholding their meeting after so long an absence, the truthfulness of Capt. Fitzroy's statements became quite apparent. Jemmy was sadly disappointed at my not giving his countrymen more clothes in the evening, when they all came to the ship,—his brother, the celebrated Thomas Button, spoken of by Capt. Fitzroy, with his eldest son, a nice looking young man; his other wife, who was left behind, and some other children and relations. They all assembled on our deck; but it being late, I felt little disposed to open our Buenos Ayrean clothing establishment, nor did our superintendent wish it. Jemmy, however, was not content, and although he did not express his feelings to me upon the subject, yet he did so through the medium of another. To Mr. Turpin he said, 'What for Capt. Fell no give my countrymen clothing? what do you call that? Capt. Fell give nother man clothes, and no give my countrymen clothes, what do you call that?' I said, 'Jemmy, this late night; Monday me got plenty of clothes, and

give your men clothes.' He was greatly pleased at hearing this, and in his usual polite way bowed, putting his hand to his hat, man-of-war fashion, which I suppose he had learnt in the *Beagle*. However, we thought it best to take the business in hand at once; so the clothes were got up, and the Dr. came the first. 'Now, Dr., pull off that old shirt.' The old rag was taken off his shoulders, and a clean white shirt put on; old, it is true, but good enough for the occasion. Then came the trousers, into which I duly and carefully introduced him. A vest and an old black dress coat were then put on, so that the Dr. quite graced his profession. The others went through the same process; and Jemmy being much pleased at seeing them look so well, came and thanked me with a polite bow, when each was completed. In our rambles on shore we had observed two interesting young men, one of whom we were anxious to get on board, as we thought him intelligent, and likely to be useful in the acquisition of the Fuegian language. The youth came gladly, and had a heart like a lion, not feeling the least anxiety at leaving his friends and countrymen. His name is Oocockewinchey. The first thing required was a good cleaning. We then had a suit of clothing prepared, and dressed him out, he being much pleased with his new attire. Having been fed and given a blanket, he was quite exhilarated, and went walking about the decks in great glee. He was kept on board, and the others were dismissed; but Jemmy being wishful to come to Church on the morrow, the Bethel flag was arranged to be hoisted in time. The evening was closed with a kind of Missionary meeting.

"*Sunday, 5th.*—The Sabbath was spent in quietness, Jemmy bringing some of his people off to the service.

Monday, 6th.—We went on shore this morning, and marked out the position in which a house was to be built, for the Missionaries. Jemmy had his new wigwam built; but before it was fit for packing in his things, they were standing outside, his relations watching them. By the key-hole of the chest we observed a certain individual sitting, resembling to some extent a 'Johnny Rook,' (thievish bird on the Falklands) all ready to help Jemmy in the use of the articles when the lid should be opened. Who was this? No other than the afore mentioned Tishpinnay, who had followed us up from the Beagle Channel for the purpose. Many other canoes accompanied his, belonging to quite a different tribe. Their behaviour when here was very different to what it was in the Channel, as now they were quiet, like the people of Jemmy's country. Even Tishpinnay had to give up his shouting; and when he would venture to let out a 'Yamma Schoona,' it was in an under breath. The site of ground being marked out by a good deep trench, in which to place the poles, Mr. Despard offered prayer, that God would pour out His blessing upon the efforts about to be put forth, influencing our hearts to be kind to the natives, and theirs to believe our labours are for their good. Jemmy Button, this morning, was in a sad way about having no breakfast from the ship. 'What do you call that, no biscuit, no nothing, to eat?' said Jemmy. 'Well,' we said, 'Jemmy, you know muscles very good in your country. Suppose you work, we give you biscuit; suppose you no work, we no can give biscuit.' I then took up a muscle and ate it. Jemmy afterwards met Mr. Turpin, and told him that I had ate a muscle, saying, 'Capt. Fitzroy no do that. What do you call that, Capt. Fell eat muscle? what do you call that?' We are not unkind

to poor Jemmy, far from it. He was our guest at Keppel Island, waited on almost hand and foot, and well provided. The term has now expired. Jemmy has been landed in his own country again; and now we wish so to regulate our treatment as to convey, both to him and his countrymen, the apostolic injunction, 'If any will not work, neither shall he eat.' In the afternoon he and his brothers went to work in carrying trees, and were paid accordingly by biscuits. It would be a great blessing if we could, by such means, get them to acquire habits of industry. An engagement was made with Jemmy to cut down bark for the house, on the following day. Part of the crew were employed on board cleaning the decks, by holy-stoning, ready for varnishing.

"*Tuesday, 7th.*—Employed cutting wood, &c. for the house; part of the crew were engaged on board.

"*Wednesday, 8th.*—This morning we took on shore some biscuits, which Mr. Despard used for the purpose of paying the natives for the work, which each should do. While he kept the pay bag, it was as much as I could attend to, to keep them at work, they not being used to it; and when each small job would be done, such as cutting a tree down, they would want to sit down again. It was most interesting to behold them at labour. They could handle the axe well, and carry the timber, when hewn, through the thick wood, much better than we could. In the afternoon, we took on shore the remainder of the clothing, the best having been picked out for the natives about to accompany us to Keppel Island; and Mr. Despard took his stand with them by the site on which our new house was to be built. This clothing consisted chiefly of old rags; but it was quite good enough for our purpose. We did not expect the garments would fit the persons to whom

given, but still they were of value to them, and we wished to get their labour in return. One fellow had a woman's petticoat given to him, and he wore it. Tish-pinnay, on whom we all look with suspicious eyes, also turned to; and well able he was to work. His first reward consisted of a black frock coat, which still left his long legs bare underneath. The second was a lady's short petticoat, which he wore over the coat, with his head peeping through. We hope to be able to give them better clothing by-and-bye; but such as we have to dispose of serves our purpose for the present. The idea of labour and payment we were exceedingly anxious to get impressed upon their minds; but we must not expect too much at first. We must expect difficulties and scope for the exercise of patience in breaking them out of lazy habits, such as sitting by fires in the different wigwams all day, not moving hand or foot until hunger necessitates them to go on the beach for muscles. We feel, however, that we are working with men; and, by God's blessing resting upon us, we shall eventually succeed. The ship's decks were nicely varnished, to preserve them, by those working on board, and various other little jobs done.

Thursday, 9th.—The shore party were busily engaged at building the house, under the direction of Mr. Despard, while those on board were employed at sail making. I assisted in getting natives to work, and serving out biscuits as their payment. The weather we find here is very unsettled, as scarcely a day passes over our heads without heavy squalls and rain. It is caused, I suppose, from the height of the mountains, which seem to serve as lances to pierce the clouds, bringing forth damp and unpleasant weather. Sent the boat in the middle of the afternoon to fetch them out of the rain.

“*Friday, 10th.*—This morning we took our mainsail, which we are making, on shore, for the purpose of marking the reefs and bands, &c. The natives could not tell what to make of it. To them it was something new to see sailors; but now to see a parcel of sailmakers stretching out a new sail upon the grass, and striking lines across it, was a sight to them as wonderful as the launch of the *Leviathan*; women and children, as well as men, all flocked to the place; nor were they satisfied until the sail was made up again and passed into the boat. In the afternoon I sent the boat to fetch the shore party out of the rain. Our evenings are spent usefully.

“*Saturday, 11th.* This morning we sent the ship’s company for firewood, and landed the shore party; or, as they might otherwise be called, house builders. In the forenoon, Tommy Button (Jemmy’s brother), Three-boys, and the old Doctor, came off to the ship, and probably intended staying for some time. It was not convenient to have them on board, as the decks were all newly varnished, and did not stand in need of fresh, or unnecessary feet marks. I gave them a piece of pork, which the old Doctor immediately put into his mouth, just as it was, without even washing the salt off. It was soon taken out of the hands of the medical gentleman, and put in safety for the purpose of being cooked in Jemmy’s house. We went ashore with them in the canoe; and it was pleasing to see the hearty welcome I had in their so-called ship. They were afraid of my capsizing the canoe, judging from my clumsy habit and manner that I might do damage. We, however, sat down in the bottom and kept quiet, leaving a young Fuegian lady to paddle to the shore. When on shore we spent the forenoon, with the biscuit bag in hand, in-

ducing the natives to bring in bark from the woods. Old Thomas Button and I spent some time together in getting the meaning of Fuegian words in English.

“*Sunday, 12th.*—The weather here is exceedingly trying, with constant williwaws, or heavy squalls, coming down off the mountains, with frequent showers. Indeed, there has not been a settled fine day since we have been here. If a day has commenced with fair weather, it has been unsettled in the afternoon; or if fine in the afternoon, the morning has been unsettled and wet. We think it probable that, from the heavy damp state of the atmosphere here, that persons previously the subjects of rheumatic pains would suffer much in this locality. If we find it bad, with plenty of clothing, what must the poor naked inhabitants feel? We had thought of holding our service on shore if fine, but the weather prevented our doing so. Before it commenced, the Bethel flag was run up to the main, which soon brought Jemmy Button, Thomas, and his sons off. Thomas, James, and Three-boys met in the cabin with the ship’s company for Divine worship. Of course neither of them understood enough of the English language to be able to comprehend what was said in the service; but we hope, with God’s blessing, that the time is not far distant when our Missionary brethren will be able, in the Fuegian tongue, to preach to them the “unsearchable riches of Christ.” Mr. Despard preached from the latter clause of the ninth verse of the twenty-fifth chapter of Isaiah,—“We will be glad and rejoice in His salvation.” Poor Tommy, with his long untidy hair, held down his head all the time of the service; while Jemmy, with his Sunday coat buttoned up, sat at the foot of the table, having a more respectable appearance. This was the Sabbath day—a day of rest for the Fuegian as well as the Eng-

lishman ; consequently the biscuit bag was not in operation on the shore, offered in payment for the bark. Jemmy had on shore his cooking utensils, but nothing to cook, so we supplied him with a piece of pork and some biscuits. The steward mixed up a pudding, which he could boil in his saucepan, so that they could spend the Sabbath in quietness. We told him also to send the young native whom we had washed and cleaned on board, as we intended giving his family something to eat. Ocockewinchey (the youth's name) was soon off, and supplied. Most of the Sabbath was spent by myself in writing out a discourse on 1 Cor. ix. 26, 27. 'I therefore so run, not as uncertainly ; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air : but I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection : lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway ;' so as to be ready for preaching the Gospel to seamen, or others, the first opportunity that presented itself. It is not an unprofitable exercise to collect ones thoughts around such an important passage of Scripture, as it is so suited to guard every person employed in the Lord's work from caring for the souls of others to the entire neglect of their own.

(To be continued.)

Our Mission Field in Patagonia.

At this time, when we are anxiously expecting to receive details of the first attempt to establish a Mission amongst the wandering tribes of Patagonia, we think it may serve to localize the interest of our readers, and to attract it more fully towards the intrepid pioneer in this work, and the scene of his future labours, if we refresh their recollections of the country and its inhabitants

with a few extracts from the pages of Admiral Fitzroy's Narrative. Our young Catechist, Mr. Schmid, has even now, as we have reason to believe, entered upon his difficult, and it may be dangerous enterprise. The Committee would have been thankful, had they been enabled to send to him, according to his own request, a companion in labour, a brother and fellow-soldier, to share his perils, and, we trust, his success! As it is, we must rest in the hope and assurance, that the same mighty Helper of whom the aged Apostle Paul testified, that when, in his hour of need, no man stood with him, 'Notwithstanding, the Lord stood with me, and strengthened me,' will fulfil to our dear young friend His own gracious promise, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'—The following extracts are from the Narrative of the Second Expedition of the *Beagle* to the Southern Shores of South America:—

"By Patagonia is meant that part of South America which lies between the river Negro and the Strait of Magalhaens.

"Eastern Patagonia is the portion of this district which lies eastward of the Corderilla; and Western Patagonia, the part lying between the summits of the Andes and the Pacific Ocean.

"Magalhaens first gave the name of Patagones to the natives whom he saw at Port San Julian, in 1520. They were of very large (gigantic) stature, and their feet being wrapped in rough guanaco skin, by way of shoes, were remarked particularly. Probably their footsteps in the sand were noticed, and excited some such exclamation as, 'que patagones!' (what great feet!) *patagon* meaning a very large foot.

"The Patagonians travel on horseback over the country between the river Negro and the Strait of Magalhaens,

from the Atlantic to the Corderilla of the Andes. They have no boats or canoes of any kind; and their disposition, habits, and language, are very different from those of the Fuegians. The Patagonians are divided into four parties, each of which has a separate though ill-defined territory. Each of these parties has a leader or cacique; but they speak one language, and are evidently subdivisions of one tribe. When mutually convenient they all assemble in one place; but if food becomes scarce, or quarrels happen, each party withdraws to its own territory. At such times one body will encroach upon the hunting grounds of another, and a battle is the consequence. About 400 adults, and a rather large proportion of children, are in each of these parties: the number of women being to that of the men as three to one.

“The country inhabited by these Patagonians is open and generally speaking rather level, but with occasional hills, and some extensive ranges of level topped heights. There are very few trees, and water is scarce. The eye wanders over an apparently boundless extent of parched yellow looking semi-desert, where rain seldom falls, and the sky is almost always clear. The heats of summer are very great; but in winter, though the days are not cold, the frosts at night are very severe; and, at all times of the year, in the day-time strong winds sweep over the plains.

“The aboriginal natives of Eastern Patagonia are a tall and extremely stout race of men. Their colour is a rich reddish brown, rather darker than copper, yet not so dark as good old mahogany. In general the women's stature, physiognomy, and dress, so much resemble those of the men, that except by their hair, it is difficult for a stranger to distinguish them.

“The toldos, or huts, of these wanderers are in shape

not unlike gipsy tents. Poles are stuck in the ground, to which others are fastened, and skins of animals sewed together form the covering, so that an irregular tilt-shaped hut is thus made. Three sides and the top are covered; but the front, turned towards the east, is open. These toldos are about seven feet high, and ten or twelve feet square: they are lower at the back or western side than in front by several feet. Two or three families sleep in one hut, unless it is the dwelling of a cacique, or person who has many wives. Poor people have but one wife. Those who are rich and able to maintain them have several wives—three, four, five, or even more.

“In places where some of the tribe stay constantly, and which are considered the head quarters or central rendezvous of a tribe, there are larger huts, almost deserving the name of houses. Some of these are for the cacique and his wives, others are for the wizards, who in their threefold capacity of priests, magicians, and doctors, have great influence over the superstitious minds of their countrymen. These larger dwellings are made with poles and skins, put together so as to form an oblong shed, with a sloping roof, shaped like a small cottage.

“At night, skins are spread upon the ground to sleep on; two or three rolled up, along the length of the back part of the tent or hut, form a pillow for the whole party, on which each family has its place, and the dogs lie at their feet. The children have a little square place to themselves in one corner. Infants in the cradle (a piece of hide, with a thong fast to its four corners, by which it is suspended from the roof of the dwelling,) are placed near their mother.

“Children are left to take care of themselves soon after they can walk. With sets of little balls (bolas)

they annoy the dogs not a little, practising their future occupation. While very young, they climb upon old or quiet horses' backs. If a young guanaco is caught and tamed, or a bird with its wings clipped hops about the tolderia, the little ones have fine sport. They are usually much indulged. Falkner says, 'The old people frequently change their habitations to humour the caprices of their children. If an Indian, even a cacique, wish to change his abode, and the tribe with whom he is living do not choose to part with him, it is customary to take one of his children, and pretend such a fondness for it, that they cannot part with the little favourite. The father, fond of his child and pleased that it is so much liked, is induced to remain.'

"Yet with all this apparent goodness of disposition, in moments of passion, these Indians have been seen to be, like other savages, disgraced by the worst barbarity. Neither man, woman, wife, nor even a smiling innocent child, is safe from that tiger in a human form—a savage in a rage. Education, and the beneficial effects of the opinions of others, an influence fully felt only in civilized society, have so tamed and diminished the naturally strong passion of anger, with its sequel, immediate violence, or hatred and revenge, that imagination must be called to the assistance of those who happily have never seen a furious savage.

"Who can read that instance of child murder, related so well by Byron, in his narrative of the *Wager's* wreck, without a shudder? Yet the man who, in a moment of passion, dashed his own child against the rocks, would at any other time, have been the most daring, the most enduring, and the most self-devoted in its support and defence."

Arrival of Mr. Schmidt in Patagonia.

At length we have tidings of the arrival of Mr. Schmidt in Patagonia. We give at once his Journal, knowing how much the friends of the Mission will be interested in it. We reserve Mr. Despard's for our next. It will be seen that our party met with a most hospitable reception at the Chilian Colony. Kindness, and courtesy were everywhere predominant. To His Excellency Governor Schythe we feel greatly indebted. By his sanction Mr. Schmidt now sojourns at the Chilian Settlement, awaiting the leading of events. The Patagonians had not been seen for some six weeks prior to the arrival of the *Allen Gardiner*. And the principal men amongst them seem to have gone northward to the Rio Negro.

The calm tone of Mr. Schmidt's Journal is very striking. We trace in it the evidences of that sustaining faith which is the foundation of all Christian heroism. His is no unanxious path: but he has entered upon it under a deep sense of duty to Christ, and we look in prayer and faith for His protection and blessing.

We cannot but rejoice that at this crisis, a Protestant Governor, and a person of energy of character, and great intelligence, should be in charge of the Chilian Settlement at Sandy Point.

And we entertain the hope that his influence will be exerted for the advantage of our beloved Missionary brother, whose introduction to the Patagonian tribes will then be attended by every circumstance, which can give it weight.

“ *Sandy Point, March 14, 1859.*

“ Rev. and dear Sir,—the news that the *Allen Gardiner* has returned from Fireland in safety and with good success, in the attempt of bringing natives to Cranmer, will have cheered you much; and from that same mail you will have heard of Mr. Despard’s intention of proceeding to Patagonia, as soon as the *Allen Gardiner* had arrived at Cranmer, bringing the mail from Stanley. You will now be anxious to hear of the voyage hither, and what results had come from it; and it is now my pleasing task to transmit to you the following account of the most striking events of this trip. Before I proceed to give the report, which I write whilst the schooner is lying in Bongainville Cove, to cut wood, I desire to inform you that Mr. Despard had a tent made for me by our carpenter. It is 8 ft. by 4, and consists of 14 pieces of wood, each 4 ft. long, 3 of which can be lengthened to 8 ft., being connected together by hinges. It is fixed into the ground with 4 pegs, one in each corner. The covering consists of 4 blankets sewed together. The few clothes I carry with me I keep in a waterproof valise. My bed consists of a corked mattress, for which I am indebted to the kindness of Mrs. Despard, who also has supplied me with needles, scissors, and several other necessary things. I have brought no books with me, but a pocket Bible and Greek Testament. I have also bought a saddle and bridle, and am now waiting to get a horse or two as soon as convenient. This is all

my luggage. When the tent was quite ready, I pitched it and slept three nights in it, in order to try how it would act; and I find that if I close it up carefully to keep out the wind, it is very snug and warm inside. I have left my best things at Cranmer, for they will be safe there, and will not excite the cupidity of the Indians. I shall now proceed to the account of our voyage to Sandy Point, and its results.

"*Friday, February 4th.*—Having slept sound in my tent last night, I awoke with cheerfulness, although I knew and felt that the hour of departure from Cranmer was near. Seeing the blue Peter hoisted on the mast-head, I took my tent down quickly, packed it up, and put myself in readiness for the moment of separation. As nearly all our friends had come down to the beach to bid farewell, Mr. D. proposed to offer a short prayer, in imitation of St. Paul, when about to leave his Ephesian friends. In it he besought God our Father, for a blessing upon the work in which I had embarked, and His gracious protection and help. After prayer, we rose from our knees, and sang, 'From all that dwell below the skies,' &c., and then I bade a farewell, perhaps my last, to all our friends there. Capt. Fell was there, too; and immediately after we went into the boat. Soon after this the *Allen Gardiner* was under weigh, and with a fair breeze and beautiful weather she left Committee Bay; but ere long a thick fog rose in every direction, and the schooner anchored in Port Egmont. Saturday and Sunday we remained at anchor, the wind being dead against us."

We pass over details of a tedious and stormy voyage.

"*Tuesday, March 1.*—Capt. Fell got the *Allen Gardiner* very early under weigh, to avail himself of the flood tide; the wind was fair to-day, but did not last long.

However, we passed through the Second Narrows very rapidly, and so under the lee of Elizabeth Island, as the tide is very strong about there. Approaching the colony of Sandy Point, the *Allen Gardiner* showed both her ensign and her Mission flag. The Chilian flag was playing in the wind, on the colonial flag-staff. Its colours are red, white, and blue, with a white star on the blue ground. We anchored here exactly at noon. Not long after the anchor had dropped, a shore boat brought the 'Captain of the Port,' Señor Guzman, who is at the same time the sub-lieutenant of the soldiers here. The coxswain is a native of Waterford in Ireland. From him we learned that Governor Schythe had returned to Punta Arena. This was good news, we thought, although we had never seen His Excellency yet, but had only heard of him. He said that the Patagonians had been here six weeks ago. Casimiro, Coyla, Watchy, had gone to Rio Negro last year, and not returned since. We intended to have gone on shore this afternoon, but it was very wet.

"*Wednesday, March 2.* — After morning prayer we landed, and in due time paid His Excellency a visit. A knock at the door was answered from within by the familiar 'Come in.' The visitors were Mr. Despard, Captain Fell, and myself. The Governor received us friendly. After some short and general conversation, Mr. Despard unfolded the ground and reason of our coming to Sandy Point, to communicate with the Patagonians, to see if I could gain an entrance to them, to live and wander about with them, in order to acquire thus their language, and bring them within the sound of the saving Gospel. Mr. D. also ventured to ask permission to leave me here, as he thought this the only available starting point whence an entrance to the Pata-

gonians could be effected. To this the Governor gave Mr. D. the following answer.—‘There are some difficulties in the way of this undertaking; the chiefs have not much influence with their people, and each man does as he likes. He also mentioned how his predecessor in 1852, who was a German, had been killed by them. With respect to my remaining here, he said, that this colony is entirely a military post, and that no other people but those in government employ were here; and that he would send to head quarters and ask if I might live here; that he would allow me to reside on shore till an answer from Chili demands either my dismissal, or allows me to remain. If the Indians come, I can most likely effect an entrance among them before the reply arrives here, as it may take five or six months. Casimiro, according to His Excellency, is no chief, but merely an interpreter, and says anything to serve his own ends: but the report of his character varies. Dr. Burns thinks Casimiro is a trustworthy man, who keeps his word. The first lieutenant speaks also well of him, and says that he has saved the lives of many white men that came among the Indians, and has conducted them through hostile guards into safety, that the Indians are jealous of him, and think he is deceiving them. Coyla bears decidedly a good character. He is a chief of some influence; he can be relied on, and keeps his promises. But these men are up at the Rio Negro. The Governor says that the Patagonians are a quiet, goodnatured people, especially when drunk; but he does not give them much drink, just enough to manage them, and to excite them to come to the colony. They are known to come less frequently since Governor Schythe was here, because they do not get so much liquor as formerly. He has never any troubles with them when they are here, and keeps them

at a distance; is strict but not severe with them. His Excellency has now not only given me permission to reside here, but has had a room emptied for me, and supplies me with rations, and that without payment. I have nothing to pay for but washing and cooking. I have my meals with Dr. Burns. Mrs. Burns is a Chilean woman. I have been on shore these last ten days, and shall improve this opportunity of living in a Spanish-speaking colony, by learning to speak Spanish too, and, as often as possible, practise riding. The first lieutenant has been so kind as to take me out for a ride the other day, and has promised to send me a horse whenever I wish to ride.

“Then I have a vocabulary of Patagonian words, which His Excellency has made, and permitted Mr. D. to copy. I can enrich it by some words and phrases from that of Dr. Burns. The Governor introduced a German lady, as in charge of his house. He speaks, therefore, both English and German, besides other languages.”

Pupils at Cranmer.

The following short extracts from Mr. Despard's Journal are interesting, as showing the nature of the attempts now being made to master the rude dialects of Fuegia.

“We have now an excellent opportunity of learning the language. When Jemmy Button was here he would talk his English to his wife and his children when we were by, and they spoke to each other in such low tones that we could not catch their words. Now the eight natives at present on the island are incessantly talking Fuegian, and loud enough for any one to hear.

We certainly shall be to blame if we do not make great progress in learning their tongue. Had I not been on the move, I should have begun a daily lesson of an hour with Lucca and Ookok, the lads; as it is, I have made the experiment three times, and am pleased with the success. Here is my plan:—Lucca and Ookok are brought to the Cœnobaum; I have a box of letters in Phonetic shape; Mr. Turpin is there, and Mr. Schmid, also—the latter is quick in phonography—I place Lucca at my side, and range u-s-h-c-a before him. Mr. Schmid reads *ushca*. Then I point it to Lucca, and say, ‘commodo shia?’ What do you call it? ‘*Ushca*.’ ‘Quay?’ (what) ‘*Ushca*’—and he points to his coat. Then I take each letter and give its sound, and jumble the word up and make him pick out the letters again. Then another object is spelled, read, pointed out, jumbled, and reformed. Thus by patience, and perseverance the boy is taught his letters in this system in which I mean the Fuegian language shall be written. As we get on we will use the lithographic press, and prepare connected words, short stories, songs, hymns, &c. Both the lads are quick and amused with the exercise.

“This afternoon Lucca was counting over his family on his fingers, when he came in the order of seniority to one who had died, he said ‘*appanah*,’ (dead) pointing down, and then immediately waving his hand up, said, ‘*a buccaloo wagganippe acooloo*,’ (walking up above everywhere) meaning, bodies in the grave, souls gone to heaven. More, they preserve a trace of belief in a soul, and that it goes upwards to the God who gave it. I spelt *Oe*, (stone) and said ‘*carga*,’ when out went both lads and brought in a stone each, so we know *carga* means—*go fetch*.”

Journal of Mr. Phillips.

We feel no doubt that the following extracts from the Journal of Mr. Garland Phillips will be read with much pleasure and satisfaction. Our friends cannot fail to observe the influence for good, which a stay at Cranmer has produced upon our Fuegian guests. And the least sanguine amongst our supporters may now take courage by the additional evidence furnished of the docility, and capability for instruction, witnessed in these hitherto degraded people. Susceptibility of religious impressions is very marked in their character; and their gradual appreciation of cleanly habits, and of the advantages of civilization, is full of encouragement. We beseech again our readers' earnest prayers that the work of this Mission may go on and abound, being enriched daily by the blessing of God.

“Cranmer, Keppel Island,

“February 28th, 1859.

“Rev. and dear Sir,—The sealing schooner belonging to Mr. Phillips, of Stanley, having put in here this evening, and the sailors having kindly offered to take letters for us, I avail myself of the opportunity to send you a few extracts from my Journal. We have been daily expecting the *Buzzard* round here; but as so long a time has elapsed since we had notice of her coming, I am doubtful as to the intended visit. We were apprised that His Excellency and lady were to honour us with their presence; and if to us in our isolation the expectation has been pleasant, you may apprehend how cheering would be the reality.

“Tuesday, 11th.—Myself and Mr. Turpin busy at fencing for the new garden, when Betts and Johnson came ashore, and reported that the island was on fire. From their open position on board the *Perseverance*, they had

perceived the smoke, which to us ashore was not visible. Having before my mental eye a vivid recollection of the "grand blaze" that took place here in January, 1855, I was under some concern lest a similar catastrophe should take place. In fact, such an event would prove more serious and fatal in its results, for the island now has plenty of stock, and a settlement formed, which would, if not destroyed, be materially injured by a fire within and around its precincts. Messrs. Despard and Bartlett rode off to see where it was, and soon returned, when all hands, with poles, picks, and shovels, marched over to the scene of action. You are already aware that the "diddy dee" is famous stuff to burn, and that the long grass, and large piles of bog balsam, the latter especially, when once ignited, are very difficult to extinguish. By the advice of John Casey, we dug a trench all round, about 18 or 20 yards, and then cut up with spades the burning balsam, and trode it well into the cool earth. After some few hours' very warm work, we had the gratification of seeing the fire thoroughly extinguished, and thereby the alarms of our heated imaginations extinguished too. The horsemen went over beyond the lakes, in search of the incendiaries; and found them on their return, heavily laden with mollimauks. They seemed much astonished at meeting men on horseback, and afterwards to find all hands had been at work, in destroying what they had begun. In their own country they are not at all particular in lighting fires wherever they encamp. Their practice there is to carry a lighted stick with them; or, if not, they can use their fire-stones and flint, and make a good fire, and then let it burn itself out. While we were at Woollya, we saw several places where there had been large patches burnt. So there is no doubt they thought there would be no harm in such

a course here. However, they were clearly made to understand that they must not carry fire about with them, and the great injury it would do the island.

“*Thursday, 13th.*—Myself and Mrs. Phillips invited to spend a social evening at Sullivan House.—The recreation was very pleasant.

“*Friday, 14th.*—Swiamuggins and Luccagenges went off early this morning; and as after the fire it will not do to let them wander over the island by themselves, I took the horse Cassimiro, accompanied by Thacqualwemas and Oocōcowanshe, and went in search. Pleased the latter by letting him ride occasionally; and found the wanderers by Jackson Sands, seated under the lee of the tall tussac. Oocōcowanshe was the discoverer, by his nasal organ, I apprehend; for, as he was some distance ahead, he came running back, crying out, ‘Mr. Phillebus,’ (for they cannot pronounce the last syllable of my name, but must latinize me,) ‘Swiamuggins, hooloo umma, (plenty of seal,) hiema attama,’ (good to eat;) and with many earnest gesticulations wished me to come on faster; but unfortunately,—or perhaps I should say fortunately,—Cassimiro was so very sure about the hoof, that I could have got there on foot in half the time. I fully expected to see the travellers on the beach, and the slain (seals) around; but no, they were comfortably seated, with a good fire, and the seals’ flesh—some they had found, that a sealing party had left two days prior—hissing and browning on it. They had caught some sea-birds, and were refreshing themselves preparatory to a return home. I then saw the fire well extinguished, and brought them back.

“*Saturday, 15th.*—Natives, both sexes, in Committee Bay, fishing. They caught a great number of young smelt, by driving them in to shore:—a very amusing

sight, and made still more so by their shouting to each other in pure Fuegian. They were very smart about the business, and did it better than we could ourselves. Our daily routine is this—I go over to their house, 'The Red House,' (because built of red bricks,) at about 7, a. m., and salute them with a 'Shrina morla,' (fine morning,) all round. Then see that one of the men sweeps out the 'uccur' house; then 'chillursh makullah,' (wash face clean.) That at first was a remarkable affair: they had soap, but could not tell how to use it in moderation. After the washing, which sometimes they were very loath to perform, 'Ushtandeim, ushtar,' to comb hair, was the completion of their toilet. A celebrated divine had said, with respect to the plan of instructing these natives, 'First teach them to wash themselves,'—and we have found out the real wisdom of that remark—for not only do they now delight as much in clean face and hands, as they did formerly in 'elapa,' dirty, but they are anxious to imitate the 'pallal-oa' in other respects. At 8 o'clock, at the ringing of the breakfast bell, they have a supply of ship's biscuit. And now I must observe, that we are treating them on a different plan from what we adopted with the former family here. They were provided with soft bread twice a week, pork, butter, and many other things, which perhaps in their case was permissible, as J. Button knew how Englishmen fared; but with these we have begun with a simple dietary scale—biscuit and treacle are all they receive from the store at present. It is thought advisable, for their own diversion and amusement, that they should seek the bulk of their living in the mode usual in Tierra del Fuego. And as here the limpets and muscles on the beach abound, and are very much larger than what they have been accustomed to,

they can always feast and never fast, except when very lazy. Again, we have an abundance of sea birds, and ducks and geese for the knocking down, which they cannot obtain to any such amount at Woollya. So upon the whole they are infinitely better off—in fact, in Goshenland—and at the same time are not a heavy expense to the Mission. About 70 lbs. of biscuit and 7 lbs. of treacle last one week. They have improved wonderfully in appearance—are much stouter in face, and plumper in body. Cleanliness of body and dwelling, and good living, (for they are half starved at Tierra del Fuego sometimes,) have benefited them considerably. As for the dear little child, (Yurrun-atea)—its native name is Kiattagattanuttemowelkepa,—it is quite a different being; so thin and care-worn like when it first came here, *now*, full-fleshed, bright, and lively, and would play with you by the hour, if time and inclination permitted.

“To return to the daily duties. After breakfast I go over to them, and offer up a short prayer, introducing into it a few words of their own tongue. It may be said, what is the good of doing that which they do not understand? but they do comprehend that I am addressing God—‘Aparna Agooloo,’ and on their behalf, for they hear their own names in my petitions. I consider that already it has a decided beneficial effect on them, and an instance I will give. One morning I omitted to have the usual worship in their house; and in the course of the day, while I was talking to them, Macquallar put his hand on me, looked very earnestly in my face, and said, pointing upwards, ‘God—pray;’ and then, putting his hands together so as to make me clearly understand, ‘no speak you—God.’ The thought struck me immediately, that I had omitted to do so that morning, and immediately signified that I would then:

They took off their caps, and were reverent as usual. After prayer, *we* sing one verse of a hymn, 'God is our Tagocola,' (Friend,) with the chorus of, 'Glory, hallelujah,' &c.; the same tune as the child's Sunday school hymn, 'Children, will you go with me to yon bright world?' They have a correct musical ear, and sweet voices. At about half-past 9, Mrs. Phillips sees that the 'Tookoos' (wives) wash themselves and the baby. She is on the best of terms with them, and the attachment seems mutual. At first they were quite taken with her white face, and curls. The greatest amusement to them is to see us walk together, arm in arm, as at home: as the Fuegian husbands do not behave very attentively to them, or their wants. While Fireland brunettes attend to their toilet, with the help and aid of their English lady's maid, the men accompany me to some work or other, or else fetch firing ('puèshake') for themselves. At first they could not understand why *they* should turn out; but after some little opposition once or twice, which was gently and firmly met, they now leave immediately on her going over to them, and salute her with, 'Good morning, Mrs. Phillebus,' and a friendly smile.

"The work they will do is very little, they soon tire, and slink off to their houses. And it is hardly to be wondered at, for from infancy they have never laboured, except to make their canoes, and form their rude spear heads. However, they have improved in this of late, and now are more easily induced to labour a little, than formerly. The reward is, at about 11 o'clock, biscuit and treacle, or as they term it 'biscuit amagua' (sweet biscuit.) In the 'Red House,' each pair have their respective corner, just as if they had been brought up in a model lodging house. Each is provided with a tin pannikin

and wooden plate: They first of all dip the biscuit in water to soften, and then break it up in pieces on the treacle; and of their own accord, without any direction, they convey it to their mouths, piece by piece on the end of their knife. The wives wait very quietly, till a little is left for them. They are very kind to each other and unselfish; for on one or two occasions, I have noticed them give of their own to some who were stinted. On Sunday, they have a double allowance. On one day, the men having gone 'a long way,' as they said, for 'bic,' (birds,) I gave the women, and the lad the provisions. But though he ate his, they would not touch theirs, until I told them to, as I would give their husbands some on their return. The women are the most intelligent, and retain the English I teach better than the men. They have learnt a good number of words, and some few sentences. We acquire fresh words daily.

"*Sunday, 16th.*—As this is clean clothes day, I gave the clean shirts. At first they wished to keep the dirty ones, but I made them understand they were to be washed. Wunggelkepa sick; Mrs. P. went over to see her, and took her some bread and butter, at which she seemed pleased and grateful. The only way to be of service to them is to win their love, and with that we shall have their willingness to learn, and readiness to obey all things.

"*Tuesday, 18th.*—Busied the men in carrying boards to my cottage, which will soon be tenantable. In afternoon, at very low tide, I, and Macquallan, and his wife, Wendoogiappa, dug for clams; found a goodly number, but they will not eat them. They prefer the limpets. Mr. Despard thinks the shells will produce lime, which is a dear article in the Falklands.

"*Wednesday, 19th.*—At about 9, a.m. Patty came down

and said his father wanted me at the house, for the three men were there and would not come down. I went up, and there was Macqualwence chattering with Mr. D., and Niramugge and Macquallan seated on the opposite bank, looking very longing at the goslings beneath. They came down at my desire, and I immediately enlisted their bodies in carrying some timber, and diverted their minds from the thought of the goslings.

"*Thursday, 20th.*—This morning, by invitation, Wunggelkepa, with her infant, went up to Sullivan House, were much amused with what they saw, and came down well decorated. I met Mrs. Despard some short time after, and she told me that having occasion to leave Wunggelkepa in the room for a few minutes, on her return she found one of a set of chess-men missing. I went down to the 'Red House,' and searched the woman's bag of treasures, and found the stolen pawn. I told her how very bad it was to steal, and that Mr. Despard's 'tookoo' was very good to give her so many nice things. She seemed rather ashamed of herself. But we must expect that they will steal whenever they have the opportunity, for it is their nature. The men went some distance to get muscles and limpets—and Keppel Island produces better and in greater quantity than Woollya—and on their return in the evening, I went into their house, ere the night closed in, to bid them a good night, as was my usual practice, but ere I had crossed the threshold, I was saluted by Swiamuggins, the husband of Wunggelkepa, with a yell, and scowl. He was in a terrible rage about his wife being accused of stealing (*shraēna*). His manner was so fierce, and his bearing so threatening, that I felt for the moment fearful. I well knew, however, that it would not do to appear timid, and immediately went

in, and shut the door upon the whole party, and then and there talked him down—explaining fully the whole circumstance, and giving him and the others well to understand that although we should be very kind to them, and, if they worked a little every day, we would reward them accordingly, yet no stealing would be allowed; and, moreover, that they always would be found out. We parted for the night excellent friends, and they had from me the assurance which they eagerly desired, that I was their ‘Tagacola’ (friend). I had evening prayer with them ere I left.

“*Friday, 21st.*—Firelanders riddling my peat. Went on very well for some time, but soon got tired. A very evident manner they have of saying, ‘enough work done for money,’ by throwing themselves on the grass, and crying out ‘ushi, ushi’ (enough, enough).

“*Saturday, 22nd.*—This afternoon went out in the camp for geese. Took Oococowanshe with me, and went as far as the lakes. On our return, the former espied a sail in the distance, and was under some excitement. ‘Capt. Fell come—Mr. Woodcock come,’ cried he, and quickly pointed me the direction. All the way home was he expressing his joy, and kept reminding me, too, that the cookery-man had come. The cook was his prime friend on his way from Tierra del Fuego to Keppel. We were both pretty well laden, and yet he kept ahead of me, and I had some misgivings that he would appropriate the kernōa (geese) he carried to his own use. I was right in my conjectures, for he managed to slink round to the ‘Red House,’ and hide himself and his burden. Now, I intended paying him in victuals for his labour, but had not the remotest idea of giving him five geese, when loggerhead ducks would please his palate as well, and therefore went across and

fetches them. Both he and another were very angry, and Oococowanshe declined the famous meal I had in store for him. However he came round after a little while, and enjoyed his repast. The little schooner came to an anchorage, and proved to be the *Victor*, a sealing boat, belonging to Mr. Phillips, shipwright, of Stanley. Providence supplied us through the sealers with an abundance of fine grey mullet.

"To-day, in working with the male Firelanders, I spoke to them of God, suited to their understandings. We shall require much patience with them, and great forbearance, and need ever have before us our one great object—the salvation of their souls, to stimulate and bear us up.

"*Sunday, 23rd.*—Charming weather and very warm at mid-day. The two infants, Bartlett and Betts, were christened at morning service. Betts' boy, a stout little fellow, is named John Cranmer. May he prove as good a Christian in his day and generation as the worthy Archbishop from whom he takes his name.

"*Tuesday, 25th.*—Myself and Mrs. P. took tea with our friends Schmidt and Turpin, in the Cœnobium, and spent a most pleasant evening.

"*Wednesday, 26th.*—This morning I had again omitted having the usual prayer at the 'Red House,' and was playing for a few minutes with the little girl, when Macuallan very seriously reminded me of my forgetfulness, and motioned me to have 'a speak with God.' This reproof from a heathen, this Fuegian remembrancer of a Christian's duty, affected me, and I immediately proceeded to offer up the morning prayer. It is quite pleasing to witness their reverence and humble attitude during this season of worship; and I do pray our heavenly Father continually that

He may bless them with a living knowledge of the Being they worship with me. I have not the least doubt but that the time is not far distant when Fuegia's shores shall be jubilant with a Saviour's dying love. Why should not some of these natives at Keppel Island return new creatures to their own land, the first messengers of the glad tidings of the Gospel? 'All things are possible to him that believeth.' 'Ask and ye shall receive,' is the promise. 'Be not faithless but believing,' is the reproofing injunction.

"*Saturday, 29th.*—The *Allen Gardiner* in sight this afternoon, and anchored at about 7.30, p.m. Letters from home very cheering. Kind friends who had met at deputation travelling, sent many kind messages, for which I felt grateful, and beg an interest in their petitions at the throne of grace. I hope ere (D.V.) we meet again I shall have some higher and holier intelligence to communicate. The work before us is very arduous, and we need the prayers of the faithful. As *Weitbrecht* truly observes, 'where much prayer is, there will be much blessing.'

"*Thursday, February 3rd.*—Capt. Fell dined with us. And Mr. Schmidt, ere his departure for Patagonia, spent a delightful evening in our little room. Had profitable conversation—study of God's word, the 14th chapter of John, and prayer. The remembrance of this evening will be refreshing for some time to come. May the Lord bless and prosper him in his noble enterprize.

"*Friday, 4th.*—A most lovely morning. My wife busy with the Fireland women, as is usual with her in the early forenoon. *Allen Gardiner* sailed at about 11.30. Native men with us on the beach bidding farewell. The former very loud and oratorical, respecting the *Allen Gardiner's* departure. *Oococowanshe*, the youth,

went on board as sailor-man. One tookoo, Winniegowinkippin, shed tears freely at their friends leaving them. Mr. Schmidt looked sad. The Fuegian sailor-boy was soon up on the top-gallant yard, when the last boat put off from shore.

“*Saturday, 5th.*—Amused the Firelanders to-day, by shewing them my stock of daguerreotypes and photographs. Their astonishment was great, to see the portraits of so many persons, and they recognized a likeness between my ‘tookoo,’ and Mrs. Phillips’s only sister. They wanted to know where she was, and whether it was ‘a long way.’ They seemed affected when told that she cried after her sister very much. My own likeness, minus a beard, astonished them; they knew it was Mr. Phillibus, and laughed heartily. Afterwards, I let them enjoy a reflection of their own visages in a hand looking-glass. One of the women has been very busy washing her woollen gown. Their ideas of cleanliness are becoming enlarged daily.

“*Tuesday, 8th.*—When I went into the ‘Red House’ this morning, I found only two males there. Swiamuggins in his corner, mending his trousers, and the little boy, Luccogenges, in his department, mending his. I was highly delighted at the industrious spirit which animated them, and warmly praised the stitching and the excellency of their work.

“*Wednesday, 9th.*—Macuallan, the Yacòmòsh, engaged this morning in painting window frames of the large storehouse.

“*Saturday, 12th.*—Macualwences having hurt his foot, and grazed the skin off, I told him to go and wash it, and I would bind it up for him comfortably. When I got into the house, the poor fellow was doing it but very imperfectly, while his wife, Mininigouri Kippi,

was looking listlessly on. I told her to do it for her husband, but she set about it in such a rough and unnurse-like manner that I had to teach her to be more gentle. The man was glad of the fresh bandages. The other women busy in making necklaces from the wing bones of the shag. I gave them some twine to string them on; obliged to take the men when they are in the humour for work. Macquallan and Swiamuggins helped to carry up poles from beach to my house. By degrees, I have managed to get up all the trees that came from Woollya, but have found it warm work. This afternoon, for a little recreation, I took Mrs. P. for a row in the *Maidstone Hope*. Our friends in Kent will feel gratified that their excellent gift to the Mission affords a means of pleasure, as well as being of great service to the land party. Little Luccogenges volunteered to join us, and of course I made him of use by giving him an oar to paddle with; and for his labours, he had the benefit of my instruction in feathering the oar, with the addition of a piece of cake. The weather was warm, and as he was exerting himself to the utmost, I occasionally put the question, 'Lakish shah?' (are you tired.) 'Bar' (no) was the constant reply; his boating prowess was at stake, and he would not give in. Had he been carrying peat or poles, he would soon have cried out 'ushi.' The men have been very busy making spear heads, from the whalebone they found on Jackson's Sands. Mr. Turpin held a moonlight concert outside the Cœnobium, playing on his flute, and singing 'God save the Queen' as a finale, much to the delight of our brown brethren, who are very fond of music, and in which they attempted a chorus. I think I mentioned before that nothing pleases them better than to sing to them. I have tried Heber's popular hymn with great

effect. Oh! for the time when they will be able to sing the songs of Zion with an understanding and grateful heart.

“*Sunday, 13th.*—Conducted divine service at Sullivan House, and delivered a sermon from Joel ii. 27. “My people shall never be ashamed.” Read one of Mc Kenzie’s in the evening.

“*Wednesday, 16th.*—The Firelanders had been watching Mr. Turpin pale his garden. So to get them to dig I promised them a garden of their own, and parcelled out a piece of ground by the side of the “Red House” for that purpose. Macuallan, the Yacomōsh, was the only one, however, who would take a spade, and turn up the virgin soil; and half-an-hour devoted to agricultural pursuits was quite sufficient for him. I was rather surprised to see him do it at all, as he considers it infra dig that a Yacomōsh should labour at anything.

“*Friday, 18th.*—I persuaded the women to collect some ‘mappe’ (rushes) and to ‘yetterna caijan’ (plait baskets) the same as the specimens I brought with me to England. They did so, and began in good earnest. They made one for their friend Lily, and one each for the ladies at Sullivan House, for which they were rewarded with some extra article of female attire. Winnieyour Kippin has since made me (according to order) a table mat for plate or dish, made of the same material, and I intend putting their plaiting abilities to good use, for sundry little articles, and also for the rushing of chair-bottoms.

“*Sunday, 20th.*—When I visited the ‘Red House’ for morning prayer, found their walls decorated with scrolls of paper, on which with charcoal they had drawn some excellent caricatures of their own people, and were highly amused at my taking notice of their artistic

attempts. Gave them pencil and paper with which to pursue their studies to more advantage.

“*Monday, 21st.*—Holland, the carpenter, met with an accident, in falling from the upstairs’ flooring of the new cottage. He hurt his back considerably, and has reason to be thankful that it was not more serious. He will have to lie by for a week or so.

“Busied this morning with Mr. Turpin in fixing a bridge across the stream. As Mrs. P. slipped into the water, it was high time a safe pathway was made to the ‘Red House.’ Much pleased our Woollya friends by fixing up a flag-staff at their house; and, as it was Bertha Despard’s birthday, I hoisted the Fuegian flag, one of my own design and make. It is made of red moreen, about two yards long, with a cross, and ‘Tierra del Fuego’ in white letters. The Fuegian women, cleaned and dressed in their best, went up to tea at Sullivan House, and according to all accounts, behaved themselves very well. I took a bachelor’s cup with Mr. Turpin, at my own place, and joined the ladies, English and Fuegian, afterwards in an out of door game. They were regaled, that is the tookoos, with plum cake, and dismissed to their home delighted with the innocent amusements. We concluded the evening with the juveniles, in praise and thanksgiving to our heavenly Father for all His goodness and love toward us.

“*Monday, 28th.*—Phillips’ schooner, the *Victor*, came in this evening, so we sat up late writing letters for home, as they were bound for Stanley.

Death of James A. Ellis, Esq., Surgeon.

The friends of our Mission, and especially those who have followed its history since the year 1854, when the

Allen Gardiner sailed from England, will read the above announcement with feelings of unaffected sorrow. Our Mission Station has been bereft, suddenly bereft, of its earliest, and very valued resident. During a period of four and-a-half years, Mr. Ellis displayed the most loyal attachment to our Mission, and devoted himself to its arduous duties, with a faithfulness, and cheerfulness, which deserve our gratitude and respect.

There was a time when he stood with but one companion, firm in his adherence to the plans of the Society abroad; and when his conduct was tested by much self-denial, and many circumstances of trial. Subsequently, on the arrival of the Rev. G. P. Despard and his party, the position of affairs at our Mission Station began to improve; and, in the development of the plans of our chief Missionary and Superintendent, none took a more active, and efficient part than Mr. Ellis.

His surgical skill, moreover, did not remain in abeyance. For although, most unfortunately, as it appears to us, he was absent from Cranmer during the illness, and eventual death of one of the youngest members of the Mission, he, nevertheless, showed on every occasion that presented itself, a consideration and skill, which merited, and secured the gratitude of all. Not long since, did it happen that he was made providentially of great use to a poor sealer, who, in his perilous work, had been most dangerously, and shockingly torn by a sea-lion. And thus did we hope, and did Mr. Ellis express his own hope, that, by ministering to the bodily necessities of our fellow-creatures, our power of spiritual good might be legitimately increased. And in contemplating the speedy arrangement of out-stations, in conformity with the growth and requirements of the Mission, Mr. Ellis had already anticipated the wants and comforts of those who might occupy them, by asking for supplies of medicines from home, with which to furnish to each Missionary outpost the most suitable means of healing, with directions for their use.

A firm conviction in the success of the Mission ever characterized the tone of his letters. And in his very latest communications with the Committee, he writes as confidently and cheerfully as ever. Under the date of Cranmer, January 8, 1859, he closes an encouraging letter in the following words:—"I look forward to a

time of harvest, and feel very sanguine of success; and should I cease to be connected with the cause to-morrow, I should yet rejoice that I have been permitted to aid, in any capacity, in bringing about so desirable a result."

But a few days more than one month after these words were written, we lament to say, Mr. Ellis ceased to be a member of our Mission. On the 12th of March last he passed from the scene of his labours into the world which dawns beyond the grave. We pause at the threshold of the Eternal, into which he has entered; but we cannot forget his past services, while we mourn our loss in his transition. At two o'clock, on Monday, March 14th, Mr. Turpin writes:—"In sorrow of heart we laid his remains beside those of the little boy, who, nearly twelve months before, left a void in our small community."

Our little Mission party are naturally greatly shocked at Mr. Ellis's death, especially as it took place during Mr. Despard's absence in Patagonia. There are now delicate women, children, and infants, at our Station, without medical aid. The painfulness of this fact is only relieved by the faith and hope, which all seem to place in their heavenly Father. How gladly should we welcome a suitable person to take the responsible position lately occupied by Mr. Ellis. "Do your part," writes Mr. Despard, "and seek instantly for a truly-converted, sensible, and companionable surgeon—newly-married, best. . . . I shall continue to pray earnestly for God to choose and present to you His servant. You *know* we want Catechists and Missionaries."

We feel disposed to believe that this appeal for aid will not be in vain. But the solemnity of those words of Christian friendship, which we utter over one who is departed, shall not be disturbed now by further exhortations to our friends to enable us to supply a gap, to the nature of which we are so acutely sensitive. In thus mourning, however, over the loss which we have sustained, we will not for a moment lose confidence in the love of Him, who is the Head of the church. We have been led to feel our weakness, our unworthiness, our entire need of wisdom from above. But in all this, we will not forget, that, though we may be called of God to do His work, and to preach the Gospel of His Son, "we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us."

Early Protestant Efforts in South America.

The following extracts from "Brazil and the Brazilians," by Kidder and Fletcher, are interesting as showing the early efforts made by the Reformed Churches to introduce the gospel to South America. In Europe, in the sixteenth century, the spirit of Protestantism had been generally awakened; and under different names in different countries, the revivalists were making more or less way against the old, and stagnant forms of religious worship. Germany, France, England, alike felt the heavings of that spirit, which was struggling against the corruptions of Christendom, and inaugurating the glorious era of the Reformation. In France the cause of the Huguenots seemed for a moment likely to triumph. But the fierce animosities of the Romish party quenched the hopes of the Protestants in the bloody massacre of St. Bartholomew's eve. It was about this period that the French Protestants, unable to make any head against the enemies of civil and religious liberty at home, and feeling every day the peril as well as the difficulties of their position, resolved to seek an asylum in some distant land, where free scope would be afforded for the growth of their opinions. The place of their choice, and how they fared, will be seen in the

following extracts. We will only add, that however much we lament the failure of this Protestant immigration in 1555, and the three hundred years' delay in introducing the simple gospel of Christ to South America, we have now the opportunity, if we have but the heart and the will, to spread far and wide through that splendid land the glorious message of redeeming love.

“ Villegagnon aspired to the honor of establishing a colony in the New World, and Rio de Janeiro was the chosen spot for his experiment. He had the address, in the outset, to secure the patronage of the great and good Admiral Coligny, whose persevering attempt to plant the Reformed religion in both North and South America was a leading feature in his life up to the time when St. Bartholomew's Eye was written in characters of blood.

“ Villegagnon proposed to found an asylum for the persecuted Huguenots. Admiral Coligny's influence secured to him a respectable number of colonists. The French court was disposed to view with no small satisfaction the plan of founding a colony, after the example of the Portuguese and Spaniards.

“ It was in the year 1555 that Henry II., the reigning king, furnished three small vessels, of which Villegagnon took the command, and sailed from Havre de Grace. A gale of wind occurred while they were yet on the coast, and obliged them to put into Dieppe, which they accomplished with considerable difficulty. By this time many of the artificers, soldiers, and noble adventurers had become sick of the sea, and abandoned the expedition so soon as they reached the shore.

“After a long and perilous voyage, Villegagnon entered the Bay of Nitherohy, and commenced fortifying a small island near the entrance, now denominated Lage, and occupied by a fort. His fortress, however, being of wood, could not resist the action of the water at flood-tide, and he was obliged to remove farther upward, to the island now called Villegagnon, where he built a fort, at first named in honor of his patron, Coligny. This expedition was well planned, and the place for a colony fitly chosen. The native tribes were hostile to the Portuguese, but had long traded amicably with the French. Some hundreds of them assembled on the shore at the arrival of the vessels, kindled bonfires in token of their joy, and offered every thing they possessed to these allies who had come to defend them against the Portuguese. Such a reception inspired the French with the idea that the continent was already their own, and they denominated it *La France Antarctique*.

“It was upon this island that they erected their rude place of worship, and here these French Puritans offered their prayers and sang their hymns of praise nearly threescore years and ten before a Pilgrim placed his foot on Plymouth Rock, and more than half a century before the Book of Common Prayer was borne to the banks of the James River.

“On the return of the vessels to Europe for a new supply of colonists, considerable zeal was awakened for the establishment of the Reformed religion in these remote parts. The Church of Geneva became interested in the object, and sent two ministers and fourteen students, who determined to brave all the hardships of an unknown climate, and of a new mode of life in the cause. It is interesting to reflect that when the Refor-

mation was yet in its infancy, the subject of propagating the gospel in distant parts of the world was one that engaged the hearts of Christians in the city of Geneva, while Calvin, Farel, and Theodore de Beza were still living. It would be difficult to find an earlier instance of Protestant Missionary effort.

“As the situation of the Huguenots in France was any thing but happy, the combined motive of seeking deliverance from oppression and the advancement of their faith appears to have prevailed extensively, and induced many to embark. When we look at the incipient movements of this enterprise, without the knowledge of its conclusion, there seems as much reason to hope that the principles of the Reformation would have taken root here, as they did afterward in North America, where they have produced a harvest of such wonderful results.

“But misfortunes seemed to attend every step of the enterprise. At Harfleur, the Papist populace rose against the colonists, and the latter, after losing one of their best officers in the conflict, were obliged to seek safety in retreat. They had a tedious voyage, suffering at one time from a violent storm ; and, having neared the Brazilian coast, had a slight encounter with the Portuguese. However, they were received by Villegagnon with apparent cordiality, and effectual operations began to be undertaken for their establishment. But it was not long before certain untoward circumstances occurred which developed the real and villanous character of their leader.

“Having gained over to his complete influence a certain number who cared not for spiritual piety, Villegagnon, under pretence of changing his religion and returning to the true faith, commenced a series of per-

secutions. Those who had come to Antarctic France to enjoy liberty of conscience found their condition worse than before. They were subjected to abusive treatment and great hardships. This unnatural defection consummated the premature ruin of the colony. The newly-arrived colonists demanded leave to return, which was granted, but in a vessel so badly furnished that some refused to embark, and the majority, who persisted, endured the utmost misery of famine.

“Though the Portuguese were so jealous of the Brazilian trade that they treated all interlopers as pirates, yet, by some oversight, they permitted this French colony to remain four years unmolested; and, had it not been for the treachery of Villegagnon to his own party, Rio de Janeiro would probably have been, at this day, the capital of a French colony, or of an independent State, in which the Huguenot element would have been predominant.

“The Jesuits were well aware of this danger, and Nobrega, their chief and provincial, at length succeeded in rousing the court of Lisbon: A messenger was commanded to discover the state of the French fortifications. On the ground of his report, orders were despatched to Mem de Sa Barreto, governor of the colony, and resident at San Salvador, to attack and expel the intruders who remained. Having fitted out two vessels-of-war and several merchantmen, the Governor, taking the command in person, embarked, accompanied by Nobrega as his prime counsellor. They appeared off the bar at Rio early in 1560, with the intention of surprising the island at the dead of night. Being espied by the sentinels, their plan was foiled. The French immediately made ready for defence, forsook their ships, and, with eight hundred native archers, retired to their forts.

“With reinforcements from St. Vincente, Mem de Sa won the landing-place, and, routing the French from their most important holds, so intimidated them that, under cover of the night, they fled, some to their ships and some to the mainland.

“The Portuguese, not being strong enough to keep the position they had taken, demolished the works, and carried off the artillery and stores which they found. A short time after this, new wars, made by the native tribes, broke out against them, and were prosecuted at different points with great ferocity for several years. In the mean time, the French recovered strength and influence. Preparations were again made to extirpate them. A party of Portuguese and friendly Indians, under the command of a Jesuit appointed by Nobrega, landed near the base of the Sugar-Loaf, and, taking a position now known as Praia Vermelha, maintained a series of indecisive skirmishes with their enemies for more than a year. Occasionally, when successful, they would sing in triumphant hope a verse from the Scriptures, saying, ‘The bows of the mighty are broken,’ &c. Well might they call the bows of the Tamoyos mighty; for an arrow sent by one them would fasten a shield to the arm that held it, and sometimes would pass through the body, and continue its way with such force as to pierce a tree and hang quivering in the trunk.

“Nobrega at length came to the camp, and at his summons Mem de Sa again appeared with all the succors he could raise at San Salvador. All was made ready, and the attack deferred forty-eight hours, in order to take place on St. Sebastian’s Day. The auspicious morning came,—that of January 20, 1567. The stronghold of the French was stormed. Not one of the Tamoyos escaped.

“Southey most justly remarks, never was a war in which so little exertion had been made, and so little force employed on both sides, attended by consequences so important. The French court was too busy in burning and massacring Huguenots to think of Brazil, and Coligny, after his generous plans had been ruined by the villanous treachery of Villegagnon, no longer regarded the colony: the day for emigration from his country was over, and they who should have colonized Rio de Janeiro were bearing arms against a bloody and implacable enemy, in defence of every thing dear to man. Portugal was almost as inattentive to Brazil; so that few and unaided as were the Antarctic French, had Mem de Sa been less earnest in his duty or Nobrega less able and less indefatigable in his opposition, the former would have retained their place, and perhaps the entire country have this day been French.

“Immediately after his victory, the Governor, conformable to his instructions, traced out a new city, which he named San Sebastian, in honor of the saint under whose patronage the field was won, and also of the king of the mother country. The name of San Sebastian has been supplanted by that of Rio de Janeiro.

“In connection with the event just narrated, there remains on record a melancholy proof of the cruelty and intolerance of the victors. According to the annals of the Jesuits, Mem de Sa stained the foundations of the city with innocent blood. ‘Among the Huguenots who had been compelled to fly from Villegagnon’s persecution was one John Boles, a man of considerable learning, being well versed both in Greek and Hebrew. Luiz de Gram caused him to be apprehended, with three of his comrades, one of whom

feigned to become a Roman Catholic ; the others were cast into prison ; and there Boles had remained eight years, when he was sent for to be martyred at Rio de Janeiro, for the sake of terrifying his countrymen, if any should be lurking in those parts.'

"The Jesuits are the only historians of this matter. They pretend that Boles apostatized, having been convinced of his errors by Anchieta, a priest greatly celebrated in the annals of Brazil. But, by their own story, it is not very probable that a man who for eight long years had steadfastly refused to renounce the religion of his conviction would now yield. Boles doubtless proved a stubborn unbending Protestant, and for this suffered a cruel death. And, notwithstanding the statement that he was to be slain as an example to his countrymen, 'if any should be found lurking in those parts,' it was not the custom of Rome to put to death those who renounced their errors and came into her protecting fold.

"When Boles was brought out to the place of execution, and the executioner bungled in his bloody office, 'Anchieta hastily interfered, and instructed him how to despatch a heretic as speedily as possible,—fearing, it is said, lest he should become impatient, being an obstinate man, and newly reclaimed, and that thus his soul would be lost. The priest who in any way accelerates the execution of death is hereby suspended from his office ; but the biographer of Anchieta enumerates this as one of the virtuous actions of his life.'

"Though Rio de Janeiro was thus founded in blood, there is no Roman Catholic country in the world freer from bigotry and intolerance than the Empire of Brazil.

"Thus failed the establishment of Coligny's colony, upon which the hopes of Protestant Europe had for a

short time been concentrated; and Rio de Janeiro will ever be memorable as the first spot in the Western hemisphere where the banner of the Reformed religion was unfurled. It is true that the attempt was made upon territory which had been appropriated by Portugal; still a question might arise as to the right of priority in the discovery of this portion of Brazil, for it is certain that the Spaniard, De Solis, and also Majellan, Ruy Faleiro, and Diogo Garcia, Portuguese navigators in the service of Spain, entered the Bay of Nitherohy long before Martin Affonso de Souza. In whatever way this may be settled, the fact of the failure of this Huguenot effort is full of food for reflection; and we can fully sympathize with the remarks of the author of 'Brazil and La Plata,' in regard to the treachery of Villegagnon, and the consequent defeat of the aims of the first French colonists:—

“ ‘With the remembrance of this failure in establishing the Reformed religion here, and of the direct cause which led to it, I often find myself speculating as to the possible and probable results which would have followed the successful establishment of Protestantism during the three hundred years that have since intervened. With the wealth, and power, and increasing prosperity of the United States before us, as the fruits at the end of two hundred years' colonization of a few feeble bands of Protestants on the comparatively bleak and barren shore of the Northern continent, there is no presumption in the belief that had a people of similar faith, similar morals, similar habits of industry and enterprise, gained an abiding footing in so genial a climate and on a soil so exuberant, long ago the still unexplored and impenetrable wilderness of the interior would have bloomed and blossomed in civilization as

the rose, and Brazil, from the sea-coast to the Andes, would have become one of the gardens of the world. But the germ which might have led to this was crushed by the bad faith and malice of Villegagnon; and, as I look on the spot which bears his name, and, in the eyes of a Protestant at least, perpetuates his reproach, the two or three solitary palms which lift their tufted heads above the embattled walls, and furnish the only evidence of vegetation on the island, seem, instead of plumed warriors in the midst of their defences, like sentinels of grief mourning the blighted hopes of the long past.'

"But we should not look too 'mournfully into the past;' for though, in the mysterious dealings of Providence no Protestant nation, with its attendant vigor and progress, sways it over that fertile and salubrious land, may we not to a certain extent legitimately consider the tolerant and fit Constitution of the Empire, and its good government, the general material prosperity, and the advancement of the Brazilians in every point of view far beyond all other South American nations, as an answer to the faithful prayers with which these pious Huguenots baptised Brazil more than three centuries ago?"

Journal of Rev. G. P. Despard.

The subjoined extracts from Mr. Despard's Journal, read in connection with the interesting letter of Mr. Schmidt, which appeared in our last number, will complete the details of the last voyage of the *Allen Gardiner* to Patagonia, so far as we at present have them: The date at which we take up the Journal is

March 2. On the preceding day the *Allen Gardiner* had arrived off Sandy Point, in Patagonia. The exact spot is not given in our little maps; but our readers will see Elizabeth Island marked, in the Magellan Straits, and Sandy Point, on the Continent, juts out slightly to the west.

“*Wednesday, March 2nd.*—Landed soon after breakfast. Met on road, soon after landing, Lieut. Guzman and Dr. Burns; latter introduced by former. He made enquiries after Mr. Gardiner, and entered into familiar talk immediately: described the climate here as good, winter not so severe as in England; snow never lies longer than a week; vegetables grow well; peas have been eaten here for some time; barley is nearly ripe. Segnor Ganaleri here still. The Governor is very popular; and set upon improvement of the colony, &c. He speaks English very well; I entered freely into conversation with him, especially as he said, ‘I am a Protestant.’ We conversed first about the Falklands.

“A steamer, en route for Vancouver’s Island, had called in here and given His Excellency maps of our Islands, on which he looked for and marked Cranmer. He enquired into our Mission, and marked Woollyah on his chart. He has read, and is well up, in the voyage of *Beagle*, and he knew all about Jem and the other Firelanders. I opened to him about the Patagonians. He said, ‘They are here very quiet people. I give them drink because they can’t be managed without it, but I regret the necessity. Drink, however, makes them quite good-natured; under its influence they never fight, quarrel, or use abusive language. They can’t be persuaded to deal in meat, skins, or curios, without getting some aquarediente. I treat them well, but always at arms’ length, and they have never

given me any trouble. The Governor who preceded me in 1852, was a German, and treated a family of Patagonians, consisting of five men and some females, with the greatest familiarity, allowing them to lodge inside the settlement, and having them at his dinner table. He had as a friend a German artist, Simler. This Governor took it into his head to go away with these men as far as Cape Negro, with just one attendant. They were well mounted and armed. One morning, about 8, a. m., when the unfortunate man was still lying in his clothes in a tent, a native knocked his brains out with a bolas, and served his servant in the same way. As the Governor did not return, the artist friend went out to look for him, also with one soldier attendant, and they too were murdered. The Commandant of soldiers at settlement becoming alarmed at the prolonged absence of these persons, went with thirty men to look for them. Three of his men straggled, and were again not heard of. When I came hither I went with a strong party to try and discover traces, as none had been found by the Commandant, but found only some tatters of the Governor's clothes. The murderers were not Patagonians pure, but cross-breed with Fuegians, called Gui-Cooroos. I tried to make the other Patagonians give them up, but could never persuade them to do it. I even shut them five months out of the settlement to force them to this, but it was of no use. Most probably they were induced by cupidity, excited by sight of the firearms and clothes their victims possessed. Still I hold the Patagonians a safer people than the northern Firelanders. One of the Governors here went over to the southern side of the Straits through distress of weather, but the natives attacked him unprovoked, and he was forced to return. The men who were driven to

the same part the other day had no firearms, and did not approach the natives, and remembering the reception of the Governor, I was alarmed for their safety.' I proposed my plan with Mr. Schmidt, and asked if Casimiro were not the man to meet it. He said Casimiro has no influence at all, and is a complete rogue. He speaks anything to serve his own ends, either to him or his, or the Patagonians, and only serves for interpreter. Nothing he said to Capt. Bernard can be relied on. In fact, no chief has any influence over the conduct of the people. There is one very nice young man among them, but not a chief. This place, said Governor George, is merely a military post, under a Roman Catholic government. 'Besides myself, there are just two officers, a chaplain, surgeon, gardener, coxswain, five carpenters, three smiths, storekeeper, and fifty soldiers with their families, and a boat's crew.' Could Mr. S. be received as a teacher of English? There is nobody wishing to learn it, the Governor said; besides, the Padre would interfere, though no Roman Catholic does anything for the Patagonians. He has indeed heard that when Casimiro was in St. Jago de Chili, he was baptized, and that a native boy had been baptized here without having been first taught at all. Governor knows the government and people of Chili are very tolerant, and his (a foreign Protestant's) presence here is an evidence of it, still he must feel very delicate about allowing Mr. Schmidt to remain, for the declared purpose; he thinks, however, he can do it, till he reports to head quarters, and receives an answer. This provisional permission, offering a stay of at least six months, will, I judge, be sufficient.

"*Thursday, Mar. 3rd.*—Early on shore walking about to see what is to be seen. By and bye H. E. hailed

me in a friendly manner, and we took a long walk together. He first asked me about Captain Gardiner, of whose death he had heard something, but not the particulars. After our walk, I breakfasted at Government House, and enjoyed a good deal more information on South American affairs. I was shown a pipe very ingeniously made, and inlaid with silver by the Patagonians: also two men's girdles, richly ornamented—one with the precious metal, and the other with brass. The natives have ingenious silversmiths among them. Governor Schythe shewed me a long list, on which he had set down the height of about sixty indians, and taking the average, as appeared, 6 Spanish ft. 2 in., or 5 ft. 9 $\frac{2}{3}$ in. English. He lent me a long vocabulary of Patagonian words he has made. He has known several persons who have travelled through Araucania without obstruction, but believes there are also Spanish Missionaries in it, though he thinks they do nothing more than teach the terms, and forms of religion, without any of its substance. The only persons with whom an intellectual man can have any intercourse of mind at St. Jago are the judges and advocates. I came on board, wrote out the Patagonian vocabulary, and afterwards took Ookokowenche on shore with me—washed clean and well dressed, to show him to Governor Schythe. He was much amused with him, and so was the lady housekeeper. The amusement was fully reciprocated. Ookokko remarked what a large house the Governor's room was, how handsome the lady was—women in his country had 'bad cheek,' very dirty. Chileno, meaning the Governor, very good. I took him afterwards to see the Chilian Garrison, and the blacksmith's shop, and the new government house; of this he remarked it was not of stone, as Mr. Casey builds his. He noticed the

children, remarking, your son, your daughter clean (in Takeenica he spoke.) We then walked to the graveyard, that he might see how Christians dispose of their friends. On returning, he espied a fair rose-colored fungus at the foot of a birch stump, and made an exclamation of delight. Very soon he devoured it with zest. The folks here were very much amused with our Fuegian, and surprised to find he had only been two months with us. They tried him in pronouncing Spanish words. One soldier called him to his window, and gave him a large biscuit.

"*Friday, March 4th.*—Ookok saw the smiths at work, and seemed amused. Met the Governor, who invited me to a pedestrian excursion now, and an equestrian in the afternoon.

"*Saturday, March 5th.*—Early after breakfast on shore with Ookokko-aye and Mr. Schmidt; the former was delighted to go. We paid another visit to Governor Schythe, and my boy was treated by the lady to a great lump of cake, and a plate of raisins and shell-almonds. The latter he proceeded to eat shell and kernel together, till shown the proper morsel. After a while, when we were in conversation, he broke out quite in ecstasy with the room and its contents, live and dead. The Governor gave him a pretty snuff box when we left. The soldiers were just returning from their morning light-infantry drill, and were forming in an odd, outlandish fashion four deep, to go into the barrack yard, a manœuvre with which the boy was wonderfully taken; he afterwards repeated it to the Captain on board, with a long brush for a musket. The Governor has assigned to Mr. Schmidt a large room to himself in the former government house, under same roof, and just across a passage where Dr. B. lives, and has promised him the same rations which

every officer and soldier and labourer gets here, and free of any cost. The Chilian government is so liberal I am quite sure they would not receive payment. Notwithstanding I deposited in his hands, on Mr. S.'s behalf, 130 dollars (£26) to meet his expenses. The Governor lent him a nice iron bedstead, and Mr. S. has himself other indispensables. Had a nice walk and talk and lunched with Senor Schythe, and received from him a fine guanaco robe, two ostrich eggs, a plume of ostrich feathers, and a Patagonian bolas. In the afternoon he and his lady came on board our schooner in his boat—it was too rough for ours—to see her and also to give me some instructions about the rating of the sympiesometer. He told me Centurion, whom Captain Gardiner mentioned, was a Patagonian cacique, and that Wissale (a great rogue) and he are dead. Centurion's son, Camilo, is the man from whom the vocabulary was obtained; he is an excellent fellow, will not drink wine or aquarente. I dined again at Government House, and had agreeable conversation in English with him, in German with his lady. Mr. Schmidt spent his time either with Dr. B. or with the German smiths and agriculturists. In addition to information about Chili I received much about Greenland and Iceland; where H. E. has been in the service of his own government.

Sunday, March 6th. — Fine morning. Bethel flag hoisted, boat sent ashore for all who may desire to come to service. Advantage taken of opportunity by an Anglo-American, a Russo-German, and a Norwegian workman of the place. Church assembled at 11; sermon on Luke xvii. 10. These men had to ask permission of the Governor to come on board, which was granted, and a desire expressed that all the rest of their mates would come too. The wind was, after service, too strong for

them to return, and they had to remain till after evening service. The boat was tried with four oars, but could make no head against the gale. We have nothing like this at Cranmer. Mr. Schmidt, who has taken up his quarters on shore and his meals at the doctor's, came and remained to his dinner, tea, and bed. Notwithstanding rain, the men returned in the evening, as they have to be at work betimes to-morrow.

"In conversation to-day it came out from Capt. Fell that in Buenos Ayres he saw Federico Gonzalez, Capt. G.'s companion to the Gran Chaco, and whom he left in Chuquisaca, and this gentleman expressed a continued interest in the Mission. Senor G. speaks English well, and is resident in Buenos Ayres. Evening had Ookokko for an instructor in Tekeenicá.

"*Monday, March 7th.*—Mr. Schmidt went ashore early, and Captain with him, carrying sundry articles of bedroom utility. A. G. under weigh for Bougainville Cove, as the nearest place for Strait Fuegians, whom I wish to see and compare with the Navarins. Wind right aft, but in puffs rather than a steady breeze. Passed Fresh Water Bay by 11, and standing on for Port Famine, but not being able to reach it by 6½ p. m. Captain lay to all night.

"*Tuesday, March 8th.*—Vessel set going again by 8 a. m. The Cove not far ahead. Wind in constant williwaws, and very strong ones too. Captain made a tack to weather Observatory Island, and seemed likely to clear it in deep water at a ship's length, but did not succeed; then he ran into the next cove, but found no bottom at 25 fathoms. We at once ran out again, stood off, wore ship, and by 12.20 came to anchor 7 fathoms in Indian Bay, half a mile from shore. Afternoon landed and looked up wood. Two wigwams here in frame.

They have more skill in their make than the Woollyah structures, being hemispherical, and the ribs tied neatly at the intersections; the whole is covered with fronds or branches; and I dare say make a comfortable den. They are not encompassed by heaps of muscle shells, &c. like the Tekeenicá. By and bye four canoes of natives came in, and by signs expressed (if we interpreted rightly) they had seen us working by Bougainville Cove, and leaning over, under the heavy squalls. The men, seven in number, (women, six) were very friendly; they are much taller and better looking than Jem's people, and clothed in long seal-skin robes, with parts of trousers, and woollen shirts (given by Europeans) underneath; and those who had not an equal amount of clothing were in part clad. The women were covered from above the bosom down; they are pleasant to look at. They asked for ushca, galleta, and tambac (clothes, biscuits, and tobacco). Ookokko talked in his English to them, being much confused. Their language has decidedly guttural sounds, which Tekeenicá has not. One or two words seem like Jem's, hyebah for hyemah (good), pukkenneyah (child). Afterwards they came off to the schooner though the sea was rough, and we got deer skins, and bows and arrows, and quivers, for clothes, blankets, biscuits, and knives. They are very quiet people, and ask only in a very gentle way, with none of that loud, vociferation of yamma-schoonas of their southern brethren.

“ *Wednesday, March 9th.*—Very early we went round to Bougainville Cove, by help of a light air and heavy pull at the tow line. It was a beautiful morning. Cape Remarquable deserves the name for its beauty. As we passed, we saw in the opposite direction the Giant of Fireland, Mount Sarmiento by name—most

inappropriately to the name of his subject realm, Fireland—robed in dazzling snow. His height is 7000 feet odd, a tall chief indeed. On quitting Indian Bay, two canoes of natives paddled alongside. Several came on board, and assisted at the windlass, as in their canoe they did after at the tow line. They say Gallega (go away). They came with us into Banner Cove; but at breakfast time we said Gallega, and they readily departed. Our good-humoured young lady gave a valediction in Yet-che-tul-gul-le-ay, a puzzler for Oxford's most learned philologist. After breakfast, carpenter, my boy, and self, landed for woodman's craft. Captain and his men busy mooring ship to trees. We found many visitors have been here on same errand. Cut down many trees, and saw great quantities of fuchsia in full flower and large bushes. Indeed, all through the forest, it grows like a weed, and this is its native land.

“*Saturday, March 19th.*—Captain up at daybreak to see if the slant had come, and found that it sloped against our course instead of for it, so the anchor remained comfortably in its bed of clay instead of hung up to dry at the bow. Made the best of disappointment by paying a visit to the native uccrs. They mustered about twenty in the two. One old woman, no child under four, about five wives, the rest were girls and boys. Their wigwams were partly covered with skins, partly open to the winds, and waters of heaven; damp was the floor, yet they were at home. This charms every den into a palace. The ladies were variously employed, making rush baskets for instance, stringing beads, combing their locks with a porpoise jaw, cooking and eating muscles. The gentlemen were making a bow, a paddle with a rude axe made of a split stick, a thong, and a bit of broad keelplate; he had a great thick piece of wood,

and was chopping it down for his purpose. The bowyer had a kind of chisel made of a piece of iron hoop inserted into a split handle, and secured with a wrapping of green hide. He was very dexterous with it. I tried to pick up words, and wrote down a few. The bowmaker, who was evidently captain of this horde, having finished his bow, jumped into our boat and took a passage to the schooner to dispose of it. He got several useful though small presents on board. He returned to shore when we did. I delighted the paddlemaker by giving him a good, well-sharpened hatchet. My service this afternoon was to search for some young cypresses, which Hugh had discovered up in the wood. I travelled through bush and brake, and over many a fallen tree with labouring steps, and got far into the forest, fancying that no Christian's feet had ever trod there before. Then I made a compass, intending to retrace my way to Bougainville Cove. After a while the sea came into my view, but on the wrong hand, and moreover, right opposite lay Cape Remarquable, so I knew I had gone right in the wrong direction. To beach it was easier than to wood it, so along the rocks I went, round the head of Bougainville Cove; the cliff was precipitous, and I was fain to ascend up and up to the highest point, and then down a very sharp place, sliding by trees and branches till I came to the shore. Nothing that I sought found I, but what I did not seek,—good exercise, and a sight of God's works, always interesting to me. I observed narrowly some little fearless creepers, not much bigger than wrens, and perceive a beautiful adaption in their make. They run up and down the perpendicular trunks of trees, often halting to scratch insects out of the rugosities of the bark. To enable them to cling firmly, thus employed, the tail has stiff bristles at the end of

the feathers, which the bird presses firmly against the bark.

Monday, March 21st.—Autumnal equinox antarctic. Before peep of day all hands stirring to get ship out of port, and by day-break she was under weigh, with a light fair wind, after fourteen days sojourn in these parts—Captain hailed the natives, who were already astir to come off with their goods for final exchanges, but they did not. By breakfast the wind came ahead, and by degrees grew more puffy. By quarter-past 3, p. m., we anchored in Port Famine. After an early tea, landed, met three natives, two men, one woman, with a baby, which of course goes for nothing. I recognized the men for acquaintances in Indian Bay. The woman had an aquiline nose and pretty face, like enough to our man to be his sister. They met us in a friendly way. One offered a leg of venison, newly-killed, another a piece of the brisket, for which I returned a shoe, and a small clasp knife. We walked all six together, to a burnt ruin of a wigwam, on the left bank of the Sedger, where was lying their shattered canoe. Captain Fell proposed to embark, and cross a creek in this; but as I have had two spills into the water out of a canoe already in North America, I preferred the safe course on foot. He embarked with Ookok, a man and a woman with infant, and paddled finely away, with four blades going. The other pleasant-looking Firelander saw at once the state of the case, and said in his lingo, ‘Come with me, Sir, and I will show you a way over the creek.’ I took him at his offer, and followed along the bank and swamp, till we came to a fallen tree, crossing over. On this he went on it; I prepared to go, but found my first foot slide, because my boots were wet and slippery, and the tree was the same. My guide perceiving the danger I was in, came

back, and most politely offered me his hand, which I thankfully took; it trembled in my grasp from excitement, perhaps, at the novelty of assisting a white man, and crossed easily. He is one of those savages whom we must not meet without being armed to the teeth. How easily he might have pushed me into the water, held me down till drowned, covered the body, and when search had ceased, possessed himself of my clothes, and other things so valuable to him. None had seen me go off with him, and if he did not hide afterwards in the wood, he might easily have pretended he knew nothing about me. So determined have voyagers been to speak evil of these men, that if the poor creatures came confidently to them, without weapons in their canoe, they said, 'the probability is they had spears, bows and arrows, concealed close at hand.' We have never found them to conceal, but to display these ever, and to sell them for small gifts, and leave themselves close alongside, at our mercy, unarmed—in fact giving us their weapons to kill them if we chose, in addition to those more formidable messengers of death, guns, whose use they now thoroughly understand. Confidence sitting on a friendly countenance, is with natives the best protector under God. If they see you do not fear them, they will not give you cause to fear. I picked up a good many pods of wild vetches for sowing in Cranmer. The men went gunning, but only killed two jack snipes and a large bird like a John Rook, with a crown on his head. Ookok found a great treat in a branch of birch, covered thickly with excrescences, in look and taste like new Indian corn boiled. He was enraptured."

Funereal Rites in Patagonia.

We quote the following from "*Voyage of the Adventure and Beagle*," by Admiral Fitzroy. To some of our readers the matter will not be new; but we need not, we think, apologise for introducing it at a time when everything about the Patagonians is of so high interest.

"Generally speaking, the Patagonians are extremely healthy. Their constitutions are so good that wounds heal rapidly: but they are not ignorant of the healing properties of some herbs, nor of the purgative qualities of others. They know the effect of bleeding, and can adroitly open a vein with a sharp piece of shell or flinty stone.

"When sick, the Chālās root, pounded and mixed with water, is a favourite specific. Should this, or the few other remedies which they think they know, fail, the wizard (who is also doctor) performs some absurd ceremonies, and then rattles together two pieces of dry bladder, in which are some loose stones, in order to frighten away the 'Valichu,' or evil spirits, who are opposing their art, and tormenting the unlucky patient. The diabolical noise caused by rattling these dry bladders, is continued until the disease takes a favourable turn, or the sufferer dies. If death ends the scene, the body is wrapped in the best mantle of the deceased, placed on his favourite horse, and carried to the burying-place of the tribe. The wizard rattles, and the other people howl over the corpse as it is carried to the sepulchre. In a square pit, about six feet deep, and two or three feet wide, where many others have been deposited, the corpse is placed in a sitting posture, adorned with mantles, plumes of feathers, and beads. The spurs, sword, balls, and other such property belonging to the deceased, are laid beside him; and the pit is then

covered over with branches of trees, upon which earth is laid. His favourite horse is afterwards killed. It is held at the grave while a man knocks it on the head with one of the balls of the deceased. When dead, it is skinned and stuffed, then, supported by sticks (or set up) upon its legs, with the head propped up, as if looking at the grave. Sometimes more horses than one are killed. At the funeral of a cacique four horses are sacrificed, and one is set up at each corner of the burial place. The clothes and other effects belonging to the deceased are burned; and to finish all, a feast is made of the horses' flesh.

“But there are also other modes of disposing of dead bodies: and as I am certain that at least two of them are practised by the Patagonians of the present day, and we are assured by Falkner that other methods, one of which was carrying them into the desert by the sea coast, were customary in his time, I shall here repeat what he says on the subject.”

(To be continued.)

Provoking to Jealousy.

We cannot forbear stating our lively satisfaction at at the vigour of one of our Irish Associations. It is but one year old, and we have just garnered the fruits of the past twelve months. The Secretary is a lady. The centre of the Association is the unpretending little town of Clonakilty. The collections amount to £84 2s. 7d.

ERRATUM.

In the August number of the “Voice of Pity,” page 216, and fifth line from the top of the page, read as follows: “But a few days more than *two months*,” instead of—“than *one month*.”

Letter of the Rev. G. P. Despard.

We will not by words of our own intercept the attention of our readers, or detain it for a moment from the following letter of the Rev. G. P. Despard. May those to whom it is addressed be encouraged by it, and their faith be increased, and their zeal for the Lord in connection with the extension of His kingdom in South America, glow with a more than ever intense ardour.

*“ Cranmer, Keppel Island,
May 22nd, 1859.*

“ My dear friends,

“ Let me introduce to you a small company of your brothers and sisters, for whom without ever having seen them you have been praying every Sunday since you were led first to pray at all by the Spirit of supplication, and especially on that day when with feeling heart you saw our Lord crucified evidently before you that He might redeem them as well as you — your brothers and sisters from Tierra del Fuego! There is Ma-coo-al-lan, the eldest and stoutest of the party. He has an agreeable and English countenance, very like Mr. — of Bath. He greets his friends with a ready smile, and will with much intelligence help them out in their attempts to use his tongue. He is a professed Yacco-mosh, and able to work himself, when occasion requires his medical or meteorological science, into a paroxysm of cries and tears, and knows how by a species of rude shampoo-ing to drive pain out of the limbs. He is not above now and then giving help in the less scientific affairs of life, and can exert prodigious strength

under burdens, though like the untrained man, he soon exhausts himself. Jem Button is his wf-na (phonetic), or elder brother.

“ Now here is Macal-wense. He has the dropping lower lip of the savage man; his eyes have a perennial moisture in them, the remains of that chronic ophthalmia, produced by exposure to wood smoke. He is more crooked in his legs than the ‘ Doctor,’ and has a stoop in his shoulders, but his countenance has in it neither ferocity, stolidity, nor cunning; it is just an ordinary face. Macal-wense will take one turn at a piece of work, but no more, and pretends to have met an accident in his own land, a fracture of the collar bone, incapacitating him from bodily toil. He talks a good deal in a slow, deliberate way, and has a good deal of soft-sauder at hand to establish the bond of friendship withal. He has, moreover, a very sinister eye towards his relative, Schwy-Muggins, and seldom loses an opportunity of giving him a bad character. He too claims fraternal relationship to Jem, but in junior degree.

“ Now look upon this young man, this is Schwy-Muggins. What a singular face—what an extraordinary indentation that is in his forehead—what a bright, small, black eye—what a bridgeless nose—what projecting bones over the eyes! He is very passionate, very sly, and the most light-fingered of the party, so that the approach of Schwy is the signal for gathering up and placing in safety the small articles lying about. But with a kind word and look Schwy can be induced to lend a helping hand to a piece of work, and is very intelligent for an errand, or to give a Tekeenica for a Pallill word.

“ But here is my favourite, Ookokko Wenchè. His countenance is beaming with intelligence, good humour, and mirth. You cannot call him ugly, though he has

the usual broad features and rather small eyes of his country. He knows more English than any other of your Fuegian brothers, and is the readiest to give his country words for yours. He will cheerfully work all day at digging, or horse riding, or whatever else he is directed to do. He has excellent ideas about cleanliness, and is so ambitious to become white that he washes very often, in the hope of washing the brown out of his complexion.

“This is your youngest brother, Lucca-enchè. His stature pronounces eight years of age, but his build and look and teeth declare him twelve. He has a plain but sensible countenance. The eyes are deep-sunken, and the lids at the inner corner are drawn flat across the ocular aperture. He is even quicker in comprehension than his companion, but he is liable to become pettish and sulky, which the latter is not. He is not playful, though he enjoys a good laugh. He walks sedately, and runs sore against his will; neither does he take kindly to work with the hands, but he is quick in the letters. These are your five brothers; if you saw them only once I am sure you would be pleased to recognise in them a strong family likeness to yourselves, only that their skin is brown, and their hair very black and straight, not at all coarse, you would hardly know them for Indians. If you saw them as much as I do, you would have a higher feeling for them than mere compassion, it would be something very near akin to fraternal love. You could hardly hear their repeated challenge ‘Tagacooloo,’ you are my friend, without warmly responding in better terms ‘Ma-coos hayé,’ I am your brother.

“But your sisters, where are they? This is the elder, Wyena-Gœwl-Kippin. How stout she is; she has

grown so since coming to Cranmer. She has a very broad face, her eyes are small, but very bright, and expressive of intellect; her mouth is large, but it wears a constant smile; her complexion is brunette, but the rose reclines on either cheek; she sets much value on personal cleanliness and comeliness. She will have her hair, very prim and neatly parted, tied in front with two coloured ribbons, and behind neatly queued with a lace. She is very strong, and willing to help in women's household work, and her mind gives her the command of her sisters. She is Macal-wense's wife, and about twenty-five years' old.

“This is the best-humoured and greatest favourite of the sisters—Her name, Wendoogyappa. She is very short and broad, and when well dressed is good looking even to an English eye. She is an affectionate, merry, mercurial little woman. Now she runs into this room, sits awhile, makes her remarks, and off to another, then back again to the first. She is soon tired of a piece of work, but in basket making is most dextrous, as Wy-eena-Gæwl is in sewing. Macoo-allan claims her as his partner junior. Her age may be seventeen years.

“Oodothele wyll-Keepa is Schwy's rib sole. She is as short as the last, pleasant in face, ready to work, but light in her fingers; either by command or example of her Indian lord. Her age may be seventeen or eighteen. With her comes her little daughter—prepare for a long name, I must take a line—Wy-atte-gatta-mootoo-mowl-keepa, a dear little girl of three; full of friendliness, sense, and sprightliness, just beginning to prattle in English and Fireland.

“These are your nine brothers and sisters from Fireland. They are daily present at the worship of our heavenly Father, they move the lip in praise, they

sound amen with us in prayer. Does our Lord Jesus see them there?—does our Lord Jesus hear them there?—does our Lord Jesus despise them there? Is it without Him they have been brought out of the tribe past whose shores the Christian (?) ships have sailed for centuries, and cared not for them, to a Christian settlement, to Christian friends, to those who sincerely love them, and for love's sake would not hurt a hair of their heads, but spend and are spent for them? Is it without Him that they desire—tappel shinna—to sing, with us daily? Is it without Him they sit with utmost decorum at preaching of His word, and kneel when we pray in His name? Is it without Him that Ookokko unbidden says over his meal, 'pray God, bless this?' Is it without Him they 'mo-too,' sit much on 'Sunga?' Is it without Him that their loving hearts are drawn to us, His servants; that the men pat us oft, in their way of friendship—'Tagga cooloo sha;' and their women kiss ours, on first seeing them of a morning; and as they meet us men, say kindly, 'good morning, Mr. D.' and shake the hand? Oh, no, no. Jesus our Lord has lifted up His hand to this nation, and summoned them to His kingdom. These sheep is He bringing, and they shall hear His voice, and they shall be of His one fold.

"Every day, every hour, they are advancing in preparation for this glorious, saving sound. Every word they learn from us, every word we learn from them, adds another link to the medium of communication; every Christian practice they acquire, every heathen custom they lay aside, helps to prepare them for the fold. They may go back to their land, but not as they came; their memories are tablets written on with characters not to be effaced, and chronicling things which must produce new thoughts, new desires of good.

The Sabbath, the daily worship, the song of praise, the prayer over meals, the name of God, Jesus Christ, Holy Spirit; the industry, the cleanliness, the honesty, the peace, the absence of violent language, the plenty, the plants, the animals, the arts, are what they never can forget, or cease to talk about, as long as they live, or to desire to have again and more.

“My Christian friends, what will you do, will you believe slanders foul against twenty-two years unimpeached ministerial character, and against patent facts withhold or withdraw your aid from us, and leave it to others to carry on this determined work with Jesus the Lord? or will you show your faith in established character, your sympathy with Christian feeling, your true compassion for destitute sinners, and above all, your devotedness to our God and Saviour by helping effectually and perseveringly in this God-like and God-loved work? My Christian friends, here are your Fuegian brethren so far advanced in five months, what will they be in five years, if you efficiently sustain the work of teaching them! In less than twelve months, under present disadvantages, we have gained eight hundred words of their language; in the next year we may hope to quadruple that number. What may not be expected with such help in intercourse with them? You surely could not reasonably have expected more in the time, and under the circumstances, than has been done; rather grateful surprise at the furthering hand of our Saviour, ought to be in your hearts. Praise Him for this, and then see whether He will not so expedite His own work, as to make us all well nigh beside ourselves for joy. A whisper in your ears, dear friends; how much progress have you made in the life of Christ during the last few years with those

manifold and precious means of grace, within your reach?

“Brethren, pray for us, as we do for you, that a wider opening may be made to the door already set open, and that we may have faithfulness and courage to enter through and possess the Lord’s inheritance—the ends of the earth! entreats your partner in the kingdom and patience of Christ,

G. PAKENHAM DESPARD.”

Extracts from Rev. G. P. Despard’s Journal.

In the subjoined extracts from the Journal of the Rev. G. P. Despard, the items of interest are by no means small. In the jottings down of daily life at our Mission Station we trace the presence of much that is simple, ordinary, commonplace, if any should call it so. But we gain from them an insight into the preliminary conditions of that work, which has been begun, and is being now carried on, with so much zeal, and disregard of trials, by our Missionary brethren abroad. It requires a heart with large sympathies, and a mind capable of measuring the true difficulties of Missionary enterprise, to appreciate fully what has been accomplished in respect to the objects of our Mission. But the least thoughtful cannot fail to see the importance of a fact like this:—our Missionaries are in possession of eight hundred words of a rude, and unwritten language, any previous knowledge of which by Europeans was never for an instant claimed. Wonderful, as it may seem, that the advances of Christianity should be everywhere obstructed in the first place by the differences of language, we all know that where this obstruction has

been once surmounted, the progress of the truth is marvellously quickened. What a barrier of prejudice, for instance, was broken down in Ireland, when the warm-hearted evangelist proclaimed in the Celtic tongue the Gospel of Christ! And shall we not even now rejoice in the prospective blessing awaiting the labours of our Missionaries, who in much self-denial are acquiring the language of a heathen people, in order to return it to them enriched, and beautified, and ennobled by the truths of God? Even now we can see rays of light piercing through the gross darkness of heathen minds, as they are brought into contact with the teachers of Christian truth. And we should be wanting in faith, if we did not joyfully anticipate a future of blessing for the races of Tierra del Fuego,—when in the Journal before us we read of the effects already produced on the few natives at our Mission Station,—when we hear of their devout behaviour at public worship,—when we trace the influence of religious teaching even to the bedside of the Fuegian youths, we confess our heart is filled with melody, as faith, and hope, sing for joy.

It is true that we are not left without evident tokens of the moral deformities of savage life, but we are surprised to find them so much under controul. And if, in the graphic sketches of Mr. Despard's pen, we are now and then allowed to witness an outburst of passion, or the unrestraint of propensities to commit theft, in the case of one or two of our Fuegian guests, we may be tempted to smile, but can feel no surprise, and no disappointment. On the contrary, we have every ground for encouragement, and can allow no doubt to cross our minds as to the ultimate and crowning blessing of God upon the Mission.

“ *April 9th.*—The Fireland women came yesterday to

family worship. At first they had caps on, but when they saw all our women without, they quickly whipped theirs off. Wyena told me yesterday they would stay till it was 'arna and lum foothree,' i. e. fine weather and sun warm, then go back to 'Cetta-del-acee.' But Ookokko would 'motoo,' sit down, i. e. stay. Lucca asked to come to-day 'tappel shin na-sing,' i. e. join in family worship. He, the women, and men, asked to come also to-morrow. This was only too gladly granted.

"*Sunday, April 10th.*—This morning, as I had to give out biscuit for our guests, I issued clean shirts also, and other garments, so that they looked respectable. They again asked, both men and women, to come to church 'Sungay.' I said, when the bell rings. They understood, and repeated it, and at 'bell ring' they all came, and took their seats with gravity, and behaved through service with the utmost decorum. Lucca tried to respond and sing. Surely one would fain hope that the set time for these outcasts of our race to know the God and Saviour of sinners is at hand. After service, in the evening, I lent my microscope with book of directions to H., and showed him how to use them, in the hope that he may find interesting amusement for Sunday leisure. It seems he has been preparing for this by examining insects through the object glass of a telescope.

"*April 11th.*—Cold, squally day. I tried to get the Firelanders to work a little. Macal-wense said, he had been sick in his country, and got very bad pain in his shoulder, and could not carry. He, Schwy, Macuallan, and I carried up paving stones to Sullivan House to cover small back yard. They asked why this could not be done by horse?

"*April 21st.*—Days of the week fly past like a message on the wires, and their course on the beaten track

of routine. We feel the want of a doctor; I was called on to prescribe for H. the day before yesterday, and a blessing was in it, for now he is about again. The natives are daily with us in prayer, and in friendly intercourse. One or other of the women spends nearly the day here, and they become more intelligent, and intelligible. They begin to talk a good deal of going home to see parents and friends, wives and children, and to get good 'push-aki,' fire wood. They will do as little as possible for themselves, not even go to the peat-stack for fuel. The horse, they say, ought to bring the peat for them.

“ *April 22nd, Good Friday.*—Very high wind all day. Service at eleven, attended by every one, English and Fuegian, save one father watching his infant child. Sermon was on Matt. xxvii. 46. On giving out biscuits this morning, I was noticed in my best clothes by Lucca. He said, ‘Sungay?’ I said, ‘Bab,’ no,—Friday, and tried to explain the subject of the day. He said, ‘non-Sunga trousers nai;’ by and bye Sunday trousers. Read Baxter’s *Saints’ Rest*, Mackenzie’s *Redeeming Love*, and Bickersteth’s *Christian Student*. From the second-named I read an excellent discourse for the day at our evening service. The women are in high good spirits this afternoon; the front door opened, and a shrill voice was heard crying, ‘leetle boy, leetle boy.’ They were calling my son, to give him a small basket of their own manufacture. This evening also, Wyeena put her arms round, and gave him a hug, with ‘shina macoo, howa tagacollo,’ your son, my friend.

“ *April 24th, Easter Sunday.*—Full congregation, all present but one. The women now say ‘amen’ to our prayers, and try to join in singing; so do the boys. Yesterday Maccoallan received from Pakenham a piece

of silk apron, and tied it in fashion of a cravat. I saw it, and said, 'where you get that?' 'Leetle boy, ta-mooshoo.' 'All right.' By and bye he went to Pakenham, and asked, might he keep it? Yes. Then he went away. A token for good that he will not be a thief.

"The Lord's Supper was administered, and we had a new communicant in one of our men. Afterwards, Lucca and Ookkok were had in to read; I spelt 'quel-lalá,' bad man; 'què?' where? Tekenica? Keppel Island? 'bab, cowshoo,' no, good man; 'què?' where? Lucca put his hand on my shoulder, 'sha,' thou. In the evening read a homily of the Church of England on the Resurrection. In the intervals, Baxter's Saints' Rest. The weather has been very squally, but is improved, and is much the same as on this day last year.

"*April 25th, Easter Monday.*—No holiday here. The day is more pleasant than yesterday, but slight squalls of wind, and rain have been experienced. I have been busy in transplanting fine seedling firs, and sowing 'allocoo,' seed; also in setting slips of Fuegian currant bushes, in the Mission garden; Lucca is very feathly—assisting to hang out clothes; Ookkok is helping Bartlett to store turnips; Schwy tried to help himself in the store, I forbade it, whereat he flew into a great passion, flourished his arms, and uttered a wild cry. I ordered him peremptorily out of the store; he obeyed, but gesticulated fiercely, and looked daggers. I gave him look for look, and he then calmed down, and began to talk calmly about some other thing.

"*April 28th.*—Fine day. The *Allen Gardiner* having arrived yesterday, we to-day received on shore two boxes from the Committee; one from dear Mrs. J., and one from Mrs. A. G. With what delight were they opened, and with what grateful feelings was each of their contents

surveyed. I found among them a set of beautiful shirts, made for me by the pupil teachers of the Clifton Union, in kindness toward their old pastor, who cannot help feeling that they are his charge still. May none of these ever want a good garment to cover her, and a dear friend to love her in it.

“*May 1st, Sunday.*—Service at eleven, well frequented. My study was quite full. In the afternoon, from four to five, I had the boys as usual, and picked up more words from them. These people have much difficulty with our s, th, f. Face is pashe; thank, pank; finger, pinger. They have the real German ch in luccach, dark. Lucca drank tea with us, was well behaved, ate and drank delicately with appetite, without greediness. In the evening service, I explained gospel for the day, and read privately Baxter’s Saints’ Rest.

“*Monday, May 2nd.*—Very rainy till noon; went to enquire for a comb, which last evening had been feloniously abstracted by one of the Firelanders. Taxed Schwy with theft. His wife was much incensed. When I ordered an examination into his corner of the uccr, she seized the various and miscellaneous chattels, constituting her household furniture, flung them one after another up to the roof; Schwy in a fury flung his property out of doors, and specified in high Firelandish that he was as innocent as the babe unborn. I waited patiently till the storm of missiles upwards and outwards, with the thunder of Schwy Muggins the great, was somewhat abated, and then uttered my sententious judgment—‘quellalá shrayena, pallill cow-shoo bab shrayena,’ bad man steals; English good man does not steal. In which truth Dr. Thomas Button quite agreed; and then I took my leave without the searched for object. Thomas B. now settled in the late

hermitage, vulgo, Tom's uccr. The missing comb was afterwards pointed out by Ookokko on the steps of the study, where he averred Schwy had thrown it, because he saw him on Sunday evening pop something under his jacket, then take it out suddenly, as if urged by compunction or fear of discovery, and throw it down on the steps. I suspect the finder was the hider, as the toothed article was certainly not on the steps in the morning. Schwy is a sort of peg to hang all sorts of naughty things on.

"*Tuesday, May 3rd.*—Heavy storm with much rain; surprised to see the *Allen Gardiner* moved from her place abreast of Brook Cove to between Lancaster and Gascoyne points; she never before dragged. The Captain explained she lay in shallow water, he was shortening cable to drop second anchor, when the best bower was started and came home; and there the masses of kelp about it would not take again, nor would another till through the force of wind she had made all that stern way. No harm done at all. Very wet; Sullivan River meandering over study floor, and forming a Mediterranean sea in the centre of it.

"*Wednesday, May 4th.*—Day cold with occasional squalls, and very cold wind. Phillips leads his Fireland troop to carry peat for themselves, if peradventure we may thereby save our precious poles and posts, liable to be converted by them into Pushá-kee. Turpin begun to counterscarp Bellevue House, to ward off the inroad of rain.

"Farmer, assisted by Ookokko, turning up first sods of our new Mission potatoe field, Ookokko employs the sods to make a tun-uccr for himself. Women greatly amused with Miss Hanlon, and girls in school; children spell; women spell; and Letitia sees too much

amusement—bids children hush, hush! with finger on lip; even same do women. B. essays to speak, women say, 'Berthla bab kootanna bab tushca'—No talk, no laugh. Wendoo sent to put on her clean stockings, takes it amiss, looks very angry. Wyeena says, 'Wendoogyappa ma lucca,' W. is cross. 'Kyatte-gattamootoo-mowl keepa'—the little girl begins to speak a few English, and a few Firelandish words. Self roofing hen house, cold work in icy weather. Fell entertains Firelanders in *Allen Gardiner*. Two boys live entirely with two catechists. Commencement of a boy's school in Cranmer!

"*Saturday, May 7th.*—Thick mist all day, wind and wet very unpleasant, nevertheless had a full room at morning prayers, all Firelanders, men, women, and children, nine being present. Schwy two days ago said he would not come again 'Tappelshinna sing; because accused of stealing, but to-day he came, and afterwards offered me his hand for a shake. There's quite a rivalry amongst the juniors of my family in Fireland learning. This vaunts of knowing so many, that of so many, and exercises in the language, serve as a lullaby under the (roof) tree top at night. Scarce a day without the women, at least the favourites, Wyeena and Wendoo, being here, with the amusing Katte, practising English and economics.

"*May 8th, Sunday.*—Beautiful morning, but south wind brought a shower and squalls in the course of day. Had a congregation cramming my study and greatly filling our sitting-room, being 35 persons; among them all the Firelanders in Sunday clothes. They are very fond of music, and I believe our much singing in service has much attraction for them. It is not amiss to this end that all the members of our family are musical. Sermon

Numb. xxiii. 10. Intervals of day filled with study of Gospel, catechising children on sermon, testing the tenets of Popery by word of God, they searching it. Lucca and Ookokko reading. They are merry, happy boys, but withal not rude; Lucca took tea with us and behaved as well as an English child,—better than some. Four months ago he was a naked savage. He says ‘thank you,’ when he receives; ‘Please,’ when he wants anything. I got from them to-day the much desiderated We, ‘Macatoo,’ also several other new words. Evening all men to service again, one woman only, Wendoo. Read from Redeeming Love an excellent discourse on the life of faith.

“*Monday, 9th May.*—Had Lucca into school with my children, and got the five vowels into his memory. I think he knows the name of most articles now in our house furniture. Afterwards went my rounds to see how things are getting on. Tried to get Firelanders to do a little carrying; they brought up a few poles from the pier to our store place, then got ‘lākish,’ and went to their uccr. Mr. Turpin gave me a pleasing anecdote of Ookokko. When I dismissed my class last evening, at five, he went to Bellevue Cottage for his tea; Messrs. P. and T. had finished theirs, Ookokko’s was put aside for him; before he took it he stood up, of his own accord, and said, ‘pray God, bless this!’—the first prayer offered by a Firelander and in English. He is a sensible, loveable lad, full of good humour and fun, and more willing to work than any other, indeed he is now materially helping Bartlett with the spade, in turning up the new Mission garden, learning the very thing to be done in his own land. This afternoon A. C. a merry fellow from the *Allen Gardiner*, the former ‘cookoman,’ mustered my son and the Firelanders, armed them with

rakes, and pieces of wood, brooms, and sticks, put them in marching order, and to the great amusement of his regiment marched them in single file all over the place. The natives stepped in good time and order. To-day the three ladies Fuegian were assisting three ladies English at the wash tub and clothes line. B. complained to Wyena-Gæwl 'tirree haye,' I'm cold. W. said, 'sha pallilla keepa tirree haye tekeenica keepa puttroo,' you English woman cold, I, Fireland woman hot. 'Bab hang out clothes sha, Haye hang out clothes,' and would not suffer her to hang out more. Here was true kindness of heart! No offer of help in work has ever come from one of the men. We can now send the Firelanders messages, and they understand our use of Tooappaunah Tekeenicá.

"*May 10th.*—Allen Gardiner goes to Saunders' Island, to examine bottom, and repair copper at Sealers' Cove. Women at house. Wendoo asked B. 'Shumà argmoo write?' does your father write? So they learn to speak and apply English. Lucca lesson in reading this morning. Firelanders have great idea of *being* like us in every thing, not of *making themselves* like. They see the partitions of Fireland Villa running up very high, so Schwy said, throwing his arms up, 'uccr waknig-a-bac-caloo-epay?' shall we two (he and his wife) have an upstairs house?

"*Thursday, May 12th.*—Country covered with snow. Self finished hen house, enough to be inhabited. At our evening gathering were two catechists, two workmen, two women, three children, and two Firelanders, L. and Oo. Latter behaved at table and in evening with utmost decorum; they sat on their chairs almost motionless. Three chapters Abdool Messeeh read, music by ladies; sang 'God save our Queen,' and 'Come

let us join our cheerful songs.' Read a portion of Scripture, and then had prayer. Cheerful evening.

"*Sunday, May 15th.*—Weather as yesterday. Usual congregation; all Firelanders, morning and evening. Sermon on Acts xiv. 22. Evening, lecture from Mackenzie. Two boys to tea after four to five lesson. Nothing could be more gentlemanly than their entire behaviour at tea.

"*Monday, May 16.*—Commenced a pen for our goats, being seven in number. Natives make advances in morality, ex. gr. Wyeena-Gœwl brought little Katty back to deliver up something, which she saw her carry off from dining room, and made her say, 'schrayna ulapa,' stealing is naughty. Maccoallan found a turnbuckle in camp yesterday. To-day he brought it to the carpenter.

"*Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, 18, 19, 20.*—Fine weather; self, a carpenter. Ookokko, of his own free will, working for working-man's time, digging in the new Mission potatoe field-garden; hard work too, turning up primitive sods. Self made a flight of steps down to our well in the valley; a convenience much wanted, as in rainy weather the sloping path is very dangerous to our young water-bearers, from its extreme lubricity.

"*Sunday, May 22.*—Pleasant day, little sun, a thing not possible in a spiritual sense to a man of God. Service 11; all Firelanders attended. Sermon Psalm xxxi. 15. Afterwards carried 'hooloo' pudding to the Firelanders. They have made a drain, like Betts, to carry off water from front of their 'uccr.' Commenced a letter to insert in *Record*, in regard to these people, and finished same in evening. Two boys in study, and in tea-room, as usual. Think I shall not be disappointed in my expectation of copiousness in the Fireland lan-

guage. Evening, read McIlvaine's sermon—Inheritance of saints in light.

"Tuesday, May 24.—Natal day of our Queen; general holiday. Special mention of her in our morning devotion, and hymn sung with a national bearing. At 10 mustered all the Fencibles of the place, including seven Firelanders; rigged up banners, royal standard, and union-jacks; Firelanders and children bore them. Self and E. were at head of procession, and proceeded round the bounds of our township; at each of five corners of which we set up new posts (of coast wood) made for the occasion, with three cheers for the Queen. Sang national anthem in full chorus at the last, in spite of the wind striving, with borean prowess, to blow it back again down our throats. Firelanders highly pleased, Ookokko on the lead. He had assisted Bartlett yesterday digging holes, carrying poles, and knew the way. We were home from our walk by 12, Till dinner, self at wheelbarrow. *Allen Gardiner* came in from Saunders' Island this evening. Capt. Fell reports very comfortably of her bottom; very little copper indeed off. What he has put on will make her all right for two years; a small piece of false keel off in the centre part—no consequence, as the true keel underneath it was coppered. All the ballast had to be got out to beach her; also what was in the lazareet—and there were found still 300 good English bricks, a matter of importance out here.

"5 p. m. We had all the Firelanders, Messrs. P. & T., and Capt. F. to tea—fine spreading of meat and fruit pies and cake. Room full to crowding. The dear dark people behaved with utmost propriety, though as Schwy was awkward a 'leettle' in handling his fork, afterwards, at home, Ookokko took him off with great humour.

They ate and drank as civilized beings should, and seemed quite to enjoy themselves. What a contrast to their own home! Afterwards we sang 'God save the Queen,' and adjourned to another room, when my wife gave them some of her music—which is music—on the piano. Without this piano forte, O ye natives with a musical ear, you would not have heard sounds harmonious, in perfect order marshalled, at music's soft command!

"Now these people are often thus regaled, and I believe not without a happy effect upon their minds. Then the magic lantern was summoned and lighted to throw its fantastic forms upon the opposite sheet. Then with a general shaking of hands and 'good nights,' the semi-civilized took their leave, and soon after the civilized retired.

"*Wednesday, Thursday, 25, 26.*—Waiting to go. It appears evident that Macal-wense does not incline for a visit to Stanley, and that his partners in the uccr desire him to remain, so remain he may. He is very quiet, and will give no trouble, and is not moreover a favorable specimen of the genus *Firelandicum*. During this interim, finishing pole and barrel-stave fence to flower garden, letter writing.

Extract from Letter of Mr. Garland Phillips.

When our latest despatches left Cranmer, the two Fuegian youths, Ookokko-wenshè and Lucca-enchè, were under the special charge of Mr. Phillips. They were living under the same roof with himself and Mrs. Phillips, and consequently became the objects of their

constant interest and care. From this judicious arrangement of the Rev. G. P. Despard we expect many advantages to flow. And, in the following brief notice by Mr. Phillips of the youths under his charge, we see the promise of many important and favourable results. Can any one, after reading the testimony of our Missionary brethren respecting the actual position of the work abroad, hesitate to allow that the signs of divine favour accompany the spiritual effort which has been put forth? And can there be any, whose hearts are touched with the love and sympathy of Christ, and who yet feel no desire to co-operate with those whose love for the heathen causes them to long and pray for additional means whereby to extend the blessings of Christianity and civilization? Surely our Society may claim and look for an enlarged measure of support in conducting the glorious enterprise upon which it has entered. May the great Disposer of all hearts graciously incline His servants to aid this cause, for it is His.

“The two boys, Ookokko-Wenchè and Lucca-enchè, (Robert and James) are living in my house. They are progressing rapidly in the acquisition of the English language, and we in theirs. They are very orderly, polite, and industrious, and also remarkably clean. They are both much attached to me and Mrs. Phillips, and I can safely say we regard them with much affection. Their behaviour in the house is much better than that of many an English young gentleman, and they are more docile and obedient than lads of their age generally are. They are very fond of drawing, and spend their evenings frequently practising with pencil and paper. Ookokko-Wenchè is possessed with the idea of becoming a flautist, and blows on my flute most lustily and discordantly. We had the Fuegian women to tea last Friday, and

after the tea things were removed he asked for the flute to play to the ladies. You will be astonished, but it is nevertheless a fact, that they have their own devotions by their bedside, and you would be pleased to hear the simple Fuegian boys' prayer—'pray God, bless—and make him a good boy, for Christ's sake.' Lucca-wenchè while working in my garden, asked me, 'commodosha waggan-nippe-agoooloo?' what do you call heaven? I said, heaven. He then replied, 'by and bye go Tierra del; I teke emoo,' I see father; 'I cutana cuallala apparna-bar waggan-nippe agoooloo,' I tell him, bad man die, no go heaven; 'coushoo apparna teke God,' good man die, see God. And then, 'ona emoo apparna, I urra,' my father dead, I cry. Then that he would dig a large hole in the ground, and not burn him, as the practice appears to be to burn the body of a deceased person."

Vaudois Settlement in South America.

We have been lately interested in an account of a settlement of certain Vaudois families in the Roman Catholic Republic of Uruguay. The exact causes for their migration to this particular spot we are not acquainted with. But the fact of their settlement there, and the circumstances of it, are to us peculiarly interesting. The hardships and dangers to which they were exposed proved indeed most trying; but we rejoice to know that, through the influence of an English clergyman, the Rev. Snow Pendleton, their civil and religious rights were effectually vindicated by the law. We have space here only for a short extract from an interesting

communication on the subject, which appeared in "La Buena Novella."

The Vaudois emigrants, it appears, "left their country to betake themselves, without guide or pastor, to the shores of the distant and Catholic Republic of Uruguay. Three of them, Baridon, Gonnet, and Planchon, acted as pioneers to the band." On their arrival in Florida, a small town in Uruguay, these settlers attempted to carry on amongst themselves the simple worship of their fathers. But jesuit malice, and the bigotry of the people amongst whom they had come, threatened to wrest from them violently the privileges which they prized, and life and liberty were for a time endangered. Respecting the further bearings of the case, and the issue, we submit to our readers the following statement:

"Since the time of the civil war, conventicles had been prohibited, and the simple prayer meetings held by our brethren were made a pretext for seriously molesting them. Baridon and several others were summoned by the police of Florida (a small town) to give an account of their proceedings; but Baridon, who is by no means devoid of intelligence, objected that the summons was made during Holy-week, asked permission to keep the festival in peace, and said that on the Tuesday following Easter he would yield himself up to arrest. His request having been complied with, he immediately went to inform Mr. Pendleton of their perilous position. Monte Video is a city of amusements, and it is useless to seek for any one in the offices on a festival day. Mr. Pendleton was, therefore, obliged to wait from the Wednesday (the day of Baridon's arrival) until the Saturday, when he went at once to the Minister of the Interior, who knew him very well. He appeared surprised at Mr. Pendleton's

account, but agreed with him that the danger was most serious, and promised to send a despatch to Florida, but only at the expiration of two days, as the Holy-week was not yet expired. Mr. Pendleton implored that it might be given to him at once, as he had persons in the city who would willingly perform the distance of twenty leagues, which divide Monte Video from Florida. The letter of Sig. Ant. de las Carreras was delivered to him open, so that he might read the following declarations, which are of great importance, not only to the Vaudois, and also the English, but to all evangelists who may hereafter establish themselves in the Republic of the Uruguay: since, until the present time, it has been inferred that the Constitution forbade domestic assemblages:—

“TO SENOR DON JUAN P. CARAVIA, GEFE POLITICO
DE FLORIDA.

“Monte Video, April 3rd, 1858.

“Esteemed Senor and Friend,

“The Rev. F. H. Snow Pendleton, a respected clergyman of the English Church, has applied to me to request the protection of the Government and of the authorities of your district in favour of a colony of Piedmontese Protestants established there, that they may have liberty to meet together without fear of interruption on Sundays, and any other day they choose, to practice the religious ceremonies or functions of their worship, in conformity with the prescriptions laid down in our political code.

“Our Constitution respects religion in general, and tolerates all the ceremonies of worship; consequently cannot prevent the domestic meetings of well-conducted persons, whose object is the instruction of their children

in their own belief, and the practice of rites permitted to them, under the direction of a minister of their religion. I have, moreover, received excellent accounts of these people. They are laborious, simple in their habits, and, consequently, peaceful; and as the constitutional principle is at the same time an economical principle, and a principle of progress, I believe that full liberty ought to be conceded to them to perform those practices, and that they have a right to protection against the attacks of fanatics, who would interrupt, or even altogether put a stop to them.

“I hope that if, with me, you feel the importance of the tolerance of the existing laws, and the political and economical expediency of affording ample security to all, that you will take the necessary measures, in order that, having ascertained the precise object of these meetings, they may be left free, and the peace which ought to reign at them be disturbed by no party, under any pretext.

“Having nothing further to say at present, I salute you, and am

“Your affectionate friend and devoted servant,

“ANTONIO DE LAS CARRERAS.

Letter from Mrs. Despard.

The subjoined extracts from a letter from Mrs. Despard contain a most pleasant resumé of four months' experience with the natives at Keppel Island. Our readers will see certain wants expressed, and perhaps they may do something towards meeting them. To provide suitable clothing for the poor Fuegian women entrusted to our care, will, we doubt not, be an object of interest to some of our friends. The kind of clothing required is so clearly described by Mrs. Despard, that we think little can be added on this head. We will only remind our readers that every month makes the need of articles of dress increasingly urgent; and that we will undertake to do our best to get all supplies of clothing forwarded, with as little delay as possible, to our Mission Station.

“ May 25th.—During their residence here of four months, the natives have made great progress towards civilization, and have improved most wonderfully. We find them kind and affectionate, as well as docile. Their very countenances have changed expression for the better. Their faces are no longer dirty, their hair matted, and the mouth kept open, and chin hanging down. The men are idle, but the women are willing to work. They delight to come up here, and spend part of their day with us, helping us of their own accord in our household duties. On washing days, they make themselves most useful. The other day, when up here on that occasion, it was very cold, and my second daughter, whose turn it was to wring out the clothes, finding the water very cold, Wyendoogyappa, one of the women, would not allow her to continue her work,

but took the linen away from her, and finished wringing it herself, saying 'Ulapa boae teree,' (It is bad, bad-cold!) They are all very fond of the children, who are on most friendly terms with them; and in consequence, they quickly pick up the Fuegian language. Mr. Despard has now nearly (if not quite) eight hundred words in that tongue, and from these he can make sentences which the natives understand perfectly. I think the language very much resembles the Italian language. Many of the Fuegian words are very soft, and generally end with a vowel. I sometimes think our dear old mother tongue will be put aside here; as not only our children, but even our little maid-servant chases the goats and chickens with 'Galiga sha ucca'—'Galiga acina yecca ucca,' which means, 'go home to your house—go home to your good little house,' and both goats and chickens seem to take kindly to the language, and are obedient to the command. It really is quite wonderful to see the improvement gradually taking place in the minds of these women. They are very observing and quick, and notice all we do, and then try to imitate us. They have taken now to frequent ablutions, in which formerly they did not indulge. They now keep their hair beautifully clean, and never rested until they got combs and brush. They even will have it tied up before and behind with coloured ribbons; and Wenygowlkeppin the other day asked me for a comb to turn up her back hair, when I assured her I had none to give, she tied it up with a bit of pink ribbon in the shape of a pigtail, and seemed very well pleased to look so smart. They are very fond of music. Every morning, of their own accord, they come up to family worship, and join in our singing, they behave most beautifully. They call morning prayer 'Yecca taffrischina'—(little

singing.) After service, they go with us about our household duties. When these are all over for the morning, they get ship biscuit and treacle, which they like very much. I then say 'Shrana una'—(to your own hut.) They then shake hands, and with 'good bye Mrs. Despardin Keeper,' they go off to their own place. They are gradually becoming modest in their ways, and no longer uncover themselves, and squat down as they used to do upon their arrival here. They are now well pleased to have clothes on; and when wishing to sit down, they will look about for a chair, and if they find none at hand in the kitchen, they will quietly walk into the dining-room, and help themselves to one. If I happen to give them any old garment to dirty out, they will hold it up before me, point to the rents, and say, 'Ulapa ulapa, stukleamudda'—(bad, bad, throw away.) They wear out a great many clothes, and my stock is getting low of such articles as are fit for them to wear. Therefore I hope our dear, kind sisters in England will bear this in mind, and diligently ply their needles in the behalf of our heathen friends, and send us out a fresh supply. The best style of clothing for them is the loose polka Jacket and petticoat, made of very dark blue flannel; but let the flannel be as good as can be procured, otherwise it washes into a rag. The clothing cannot be worn longer than a week, consequently the washings are frequent. My paper is getting full, and my time has nearly expired; still I must try to add a few more lines about the natives, knowing how much it will interest your hearers. They now begin to know that Sunday, which they call 'Sungay,' is a day different to others in the week—1st, because they come up twice to what they term 'Hooloo taffrischina,' or (loud singing.) In this they

join in a most devout manner, but the inward feeling and sense are yet wanting. Whatever they see us do, they imitate. 2nd, because on Sunday, they have on clean clothes; and lastly, because they get a good and large plum-pudding, which is prepared for them on the previous day. They seem to have some glimmers of religion. One of the boys told my husband, 'man die; soul go up there,' pointing to the sky; and James Button once told me, 'good man die, go God; bad man go down there,' pointing to the earth. 'I good man; I go God.' Thus, my dear friends, do these, our poor heathen, get on step by step; and it is deeply interesting to witness the daily improvement in their minds. The women have the entree of our house; they come and go pretty much as they like; and feeling themselves perfectly free, they have no fear of us. On the contrary, sometimes they are most loving—kissing our children, and walking with their arms round their neck or waists. They are very fond of our eldest girl; she is very quick at picking up their language, and is therefore a favourite with them. On the 24th of this month, being the natal day of our beloved Queen, we prepared a little treat for our Fuegians. We gave them and our gentlemen on the Station, a 'tea-dinner.' We mustered twenty-one in our small dining-room, 12 feet by 11½. It was rather a cram; but with two tables we managed very well. There was plenty to eat and drink, and most thoroughly did they all appear to enjoy themselves. The natives, (some of whom, for the first time in their life, handled a knife and fork,) all behaved most beautifully. Not one single thing did they do to offend even the most fastidious; and it was curious to see how narrowly they watched our movements, to copy us, and not commit themselves in any way. After tea, we all sung 'God

save the Queen'; then we proceeded to the drawing-room, where I played them some merry tunes on the piano. Then we went in to my husband's study, where they were entertained with the magic lanthorn. In fact, the evening only went off too quickly for them, and they returned to their hut very much pleased. When we look at these poor creatures, and see them sitting at our table, and behaving in a way that would do honour to Christians, clothed, and in their right minds, and anxious to do right; and then think, that four months, or rather more than four months ago, they were running wild in their native woods, both men and women, and boarded the Mission ship in a state of perfect nudity, we can hardly believe it possible, and can only lift up our hearts (as I hope you now all do,) in deep gratitude, that He, in whose hands are all things, and who ordereth all things, has in His goodness so blessed the feeble endeavours of His servants, and given such success to their work."

Journal of the Rev. G. P. Despard.

(Continued.)

We again present our readers with portions of the Journal of the Rev. G. P. Despard. In them our Mission Station and its members stand out vividly before us. The bright lights of hope play cheerfully over the pictured scene. It is our chief Missionary whom our imagination sees so carefully collecting and reducing to a written form the rude language of a barbarous people. In those kind interchanges of friendship passing before our eyes, we recognize the importance of the female element in direct-

ing and cementing the interests of the Mission. Mr. Phillips seems specially presented to us as the watchful guardian of the Fuegian youths. Those bronze-complexioned figures that move before us we clearly recognize; their voices are becoming less indistinct; we know them by name; their gait and manners no longer strike us as strange. Nay more, we already anticipate the joy of knowing them as one with us in faith, as brothers and sisters in that family named after Christ in heaven and earth.

It is true we have to watch the details of this scene from a point of view which by its very elevation diminishes the beauty and interest of its character. Ourselves in full possession of christian privilege, and surrounded by the magnificent growth of a fertile civilization, we are apt to become impatient over, and to under estimate the early stages of social and christian progress. And yet, our boasted civilization, although interpenetrated by christian principle, rests after all upon a very common-place basis, and has to submit to the most ordinary conditions. A little beneath the polished surface of society, even in its phases of greatest refinement, we find the most primitive elements at work. It is pleasant, of course, to see only the lustre of life, but where would this lustre be were it not for the multiform occupations of men, who eat their bread in the sweat of their brow. We should perhaps shock some fastidious tastes if we attempted to analyze the elements of their wealth, or their comfort, or their distinction. And yet, in sober truth, national and individual greatness rests upon a basis of toil, and is achieved only by long and arduous struggles in an arena of physical, and moral difficulty. We may throw a veil of artificial beauty over the stern conditions of life. This is perhaps pardonable; but to

ignore or think lightly of them, and to dwell merely on the surface of things, is contemptible and vain. When therefore there is presented to us the spectacle of a people first coming within the reach of Christian civilization,—touching as it were the hem of its garment, and becoming amenable to its influence,—we should be prepared not to despise, but to sympathize with and encourage the first faint signs of waning barbarism, and of dawning light.

Life, in its most primitive and humble forms, we must of course witness. But to weigh the importance of apparently trifling things—to trace calmly the course of advancement in individuals, or nations, or churches, is the part of wisdom, and will always repay the effort. And in this spirit we believe the journals of our brethren abroad will be read most profitably, as most surely they will thereby beget sympathy for the workers and their work.

“*Friday, May 27th.*—Wind light and favourable. At 11.30, the schooner was ready to sail. Embarked with my son. Maccoallan, and Schwy go with us.

“*May 30th.*—Anchored at Stanley at 11.30, a. m. The Fuegians showed no symptoms of surprise, although my boy tried to question them into admiration of this ‘great city,’ all without effect.

“*May 31st.*—This morning the natives went ashore; they visited Mrs. Phillips, and their eyes fairly sparkled at sight of their friend, and they shook her warmly by the hand. Surely there is gratitude in this for her kind conduct to them in Cranmer.

“*June 1st.*—Went ashore with my two men. They were attired in a sort of blue and red uniform—American—and really looked well, superior far to the Chileno soldiers, at Punta Arenas. Many remarks were made

on them by spectators—all favourable. ‘Nothing savage; nothing unpleasant; nothing un-English in form or face, only in complexion.’ I marched them up to the Guard House, where the soldiers were much amused at the appearance of my recruits. The sergeant gave Maccoallan a musket to handle, and put him through part of the manual exercise. Afterwards I took them to see Mr. H. and his family. The natives sat down, and behaved like gentlemen. Mrs. H. played for them, and Maccoallan sang for her, and then Miss H. sang a duet with her father, with which they were much pleased. Dr. H. gave them a handkerchief apiece, and Mrs. H. two coloured prints of English life. In the evening, attended a meeting of the Stanley Temperance Society, and gave a short address.

“*June 2nd.*—By request of H. E., the Governor, I took our Fuegians to Government House, to show themselves. Governor Moore was much pleased with their appearance, which he thought resembles that of the Esquimaux. He kindly gave them each a fine sailor’s knife, with lanyard to go round the neck. His little daughter also gave a pen-knife to each.

“*Sunday, June 5th.*—Service at the church; very well attended. Administered the Lord’s Supper. Afternoon service also well attended. Our poor Fuegians were present at both services. They saw us at the communion; they saw us administer baptism. How painful to think that the invitations of Christ set forth plainly to others were unintelligible to them, and the ordinances of His church could not be available to them, because they cannot believe what they cannot hear. The time however is approaching when in Teckenicá they shall hear and in their hearts receive the Lord; when too they may far outstrip Pallil hearers in

the race of service and enjoyment. How marvellous will it be, when one day in this very church, just arrived from a university education in England, a Fuegian pastor shall stand up and address an English congregation in their own tongue! God grant that I may be prophesying! May I live to witness the fulfilment!

“*Monday, June 6th.*—Took leave of all our friends here. Got under weigh at 11.30.

“*Sunday, June 12th.*—Anchored in Committee Bay a little before 7, a.m. Found all well. Service as usual at 11; all the Firelanders present. After service they stayed behind to give me a hearty shake of the hand in welcome, and when Mr. Phillips did not notice him, Ookok called to him to turn, and gave him the hand-shake, as did Lucca. By their manners, these lads are not now to be distinguished from warm-hearted English boys. Surely, if human kindness can tame the wildest beasts, it never can be ineffectual with our own race. The women cried much, as Maccoallan told me they would, the day after our departure, and put on mourning, that is, black lines on their faces, but they gradually recovered their cheerfulness and clean faces, only daily asking, ‘schooner come back? Mr. Despard come back?’ See what confidence these men, Maccoallan and Schwy have in us! They come away with me, leaving their women behind. Have they found this confidence misplaced? They have returned with many presents, and the memory of nothing but kindness at Stanley. Will they not say to their people at home, you may trust these men with yourselves, your wives, and children, for they will surely do you good in their country, and bring you back again?

“*Tuesday, June 14th.*—Busy setting to rights the Coenobuim for the reception of our Fuegian guests. In

the afternoon we settled them in it, to their no small delight.

"*June 15th.*—Gave natives sundry utensils to make themselves comfortable in the Cœnobaum, also blankets additional for their beds. Mr. Phillips undertakes to teach them to cook. They came to beg me neither to send them nor to go myself any more to Stanley. When I acceded to their wishes, they patted me on the shoulder, and called me 'tagacollo-kyemah owa cow-shoo.' (Friend, good man, excellent fellow!) It is really quite amusing to see how much humour there is in these poor people. The Stanley visitors have given their friends who stayed at Cranmer a full account of their travels and adventures, with embellishments. For example, they saw men going out with guns to shoot horses, and they saw other horses' throats cut, to make beef of them.

"*Sunday, June 19th.*—Service as usual; dear natives all present, and looking so nice. Men in their uniform surtouts, and women in dresses of European shape, altered and decorated for them by my dear, hard-working wife. After service we carried down to them their usual Sunday treat. They now look so clean and comfortable in their changed abode. How will they ever endure to return to Woollya and its wigwams? O Lord, look down upon these Thy creatures, compassionate them, bring them to Thy house, Thy heaven. O Thou merciful Jesus, shall we Thy poor creatures feel warm interest in these the works of Thy hand, and show it in our poor possible way; and wilt not Thou manifest Thy grace to them, and in them, for Thy Name's sake? How I wish that I could transport this company of 'semi-human savages,' just as they now are, to England, that the doubting and desponding might be ashamed, and

that the hoping might be encouraged the more! Jemmy Button could never have been what Ookokko is now—a really smart, good-looking, intelligent lad, full of cheerfulness, and perpetually coruscating in smiles. The lads drank tea with us; showed them the photographs of my family. They recognised and named at once the individuals of the group. Ookokko said they would all go home, and afterwards return to Cranmer, and that Jem Button will come back too. He said their country is Woollyask, not Woollya, which is the name of Button Island. I expect it to be a warmer land than the latter, for Woollya has a high hill to the north, whereas Woollyask is open to the north and the sun.

“*June 21st.*—A regular winter’s day. Wyenagowl washed her husband’s blanket, and another of the dark fair sex washed out two shirts, which I saw hanging on a line, at the Cœnobuim. These are some of the beginnings of things! My wife gave them three steel forks, but they made light of them, because not silver, like ours.

“*June 25th.*—Macalwense came to ask if he might have a turnip out of the ground to eat. The Fuegians, most providentially, have conceived a great relish for turnips, raw. I say providentially, because this is a vegetable of easy culture in their own land. Yesterday, my wife lent Wyenagowl a saucepan, and showed her how to cook a dinner in it; to-day the saucepan was brought back cleaner than it went. Ookokko learns the flute, and has nearly mastered a tune. These people are all musical; they sing in falsetto.

“*Sunday, June 26th.*—Service as usual; all present but two, detained unavoidably at home. In the afternoon I took a walk with wife and children, the Fuegian ladies accompanying us by their own invitation. It

was amusing and interesting to see the three women arm-in-arm, with three of my daughters, decently dressed in bonnets, and talking animatedly as they went along; whilst Katty was carried all the way by her particular friend H. The little thing cried bitterly when taken away from her young friend.

“*June 28th.*—Wife paid a visit to the women in the Cœnobium; they very politely handed her a stool, whilst little Katty climbed on her back. The conversation turned upon the return to Tierra del Fuego; when Maccoallan, who had joined them, suggested the propriety of my accompanying them to their home. This morning, I in mirth, gave the women English names,—Nancy, Susan, and Mary; they caught at the Palill-wapa, (names) and repeated them readily, and frequently, fancying, I believe, that by means of them they have been transformed into English women.”

The Pilgrim Mission.

Near the city of Basle in Switzerland, and eastward therefrom, is a beautiful hill of the name of St. Chrischona, on which the eye may enjoy the most charming prospect, alike into Switzerland, Germany, and France. On the summit of the hill there stands a building of the same name, which commands less interest by its external beauty than it does by its antiquity and present appropriation. It is especially from the small garden on the south side of this church, and from the uppermost room built in its tower, that visitors may enjoy the sight of some of the grandest objects of nature. The most striking are—towards the east, and north-east, the Black Forest, and Germany; towards the west, the wide plain

of France, with its majestic walls, the Vosges mountains, and the silver stream of the Rhine, from hence downward, dividing that country, by its course, from Germany; towards the south and south-east, the magnificent and majestic range of the snow mountains of Switzerland, extending from the remotest point of the Jura to the Sæntis. Amongst the nearer objects, there are the fertile valleys of the Rhinethal and the Wiesenthal; the pretty hills and mountains, both of the Grand Duchy of Baden and the Canton of Basle, with its adjacent Cantons; several villages and towns, and the city of Basle, whose windows stand, as it were, open to the eye.

Thus beautifully situated is the unpretending Institution of St. Chrischona, the seat of the Pilgrim Mission. In this Institution we feel a special interest, inasmuch as from it we received one of those faithful labourers, who, in connection with our Society, have dedicated themselves to the work of Christ in South America. Mr. Schmidt, whose last interesting letter reached us from Patagonia, was formerly a member of the Pilgrim Mission; and at the present moment are we waiting for an answer to our request for a second brother from the same Institution.

The principal of St. Chrischona, the Rev. C. Schlienz, for about sixteen years, was engaged in the work of Missions, as Missionary of the Church Missionary Society at Malta, and received his ministerial orders at the hands of the late Bishop of London. "The leading object of the St. Chrischona Institution, is," in the language of the late Dr. Kitto, "to train a body of labourers for the service of Christ, in departments for which workmen are seldom found among ourselves. I may, perhaps, claim sufficient experience in Missionary operations, and certainly sufficient observation of them, to

be justified in declaring my firm conviction, of long standing, that all kinds of operations, partaking of a Missionary character, whether at home or abroad, might be materially aided by a body of labourers, able and willing to sit down among the people, mingling with them in the common charities of life, and practising among them some useful trades—their knowledge of superior processes and implements, in which would give to them a new and peculiar influence, and afford them constant opportunities of speaking of the things of Christ.”

Our readers will gather from these remarks of Dr. Kitto, that the members of the Pilgrim Mission are of humble origin, accustomed to manual employments, and specially trained with a view to occupying their peculiar talents in the Missionary department of the Lord's vineyard. There are “diversities of gifts,” says the apostle, and this necessitates “diversities of administrations”; for each man must minister according to the gift which God has given to him, and having diversities of administrations there necessarily results “diversities of operations”; but in all these diversities of gifts, of administrations, of operations, there is the same Spirit, the same Lord, the same God, working all in all.

The existing activity of Christian enterprise, the growing disposition to loosen the bands of custom, in favour of whatever promises to be of advantage to the cause of the Redeemer's kingdom, lead us to hope and to expect that such diversities of operation in the Missionary service will in time be established, as shall leave none of the various soils in the Lord's unreclaimed land uncultivated, as shall leave none of his variously-qualified husbandmen without employment.

The labours of the brethren of St. Chrischona in dif-

ferent parts of the world have been of a most interesting character. Settling down in clusters of two or three together in the midst of the populations which they desire to benefit, they pursue their simple trades, so far as to ensure self-support, and devote the rest of their time to teaching, and other works of Christian love. Some, however, of the brethren are received into the ranks of other Missionary Societies, and conform of course, to the requirements of each. Thus, under the Church Missionary Society, six brethren from St. Chrischona, are at the present time engaged, and shortly we hope to have two in connection with our own Mission. And in thus furnishing different societies with a class of men adapted for special operations in the Missionary field, we recognise a very valuable element in the constitution of the Pilgrim Mission. The qualifications for admission into St. Chrischona are very simple; but a year's probation is considered necessary. Evidence of a sincere and earnest faith in Christ is essential, and a desire also to become messengers of His salvation. The knowledge of some useful trade or art is moreover required. Under eighteen years of age, no one, we believe, is admitted to the Institution. The period of instruction lasts about three years. A thorough knowledge of the Bible is the primary object aimed at; but the modern languages are also diligently studied. In the intervals of study, the brethren pursue their several occupations, thereby contributing to their own support. On the Lord's day, two by two, they may be seen going into the towns and villages round about, visiting the sick, ministering comfort to the mourners, and holding their little meetings for prayer in the cottages of the poor. In this manner are they prepared for the wider spheres of Missionary enterprise, and, we confidently believe, as instruments of blessing to the world.

At the present time, in England, the Rev. M. Spittler, the son of the venerable originator of the Pilgrim Mission, is visiting different towns, for the purpose of raising funds to enlarge the machinery and operations of this interesting Institution.

Funereal Rites of the Patagonians.

We continue the extracts from the "*Voyages of the Adventure and the Beagle,*" on the subject of the Burial Rites of the tribes of Patagonia. We interrupted the account of these rites, page 240, at the point where Admiral Fitzroy was about to give the statements of Falkner as to the different methods of disposing of their dead, adopted by the Patagonians. We now resume the narrative.

"The burial of the dead and the superstitious reverence paid to their memory, are attended with great ceremony. When an Indian dies, one of the most distinguished women among them is immediately chosen to make a skeleton of his body; which is done by cutting out the entrails, which they burn to ashes, dissecting the flesh from the bones as clean as possible, and then burying them under the ground till the remaining flesh is entirely rotted off, or till they are removed (which must be within a year after the interment, but is sometimes within two months) to the proper burial-place of their ancestors.

"This custom is strictly observed by the Molu-che, Taluhet, and Diuihet,* but the Chechehet and Tehuelhet, or Patagonians, place the bones on high, upon canes or

* The Taluhet, Chechehet, and Diuihet, were tribes of Puel-che.

twigs woven together, to dry and whiten with the sun and rain.

“During the time that the ceremony of making the skeleton lasts, the Indians, covered with long mantles of skins, and their faces blackened with soot, walk round the tent, with long poles or lances in their hands, singing in a mournful tone of voice, and striking the ground, to frighten away the Valichus, or evil spirits. Some go to visit and console the widow, or widows, and other relations of the dead, that is, if there is any thing to be got; for nothing is done but with a view of interest. During this visit of condolence they cry, howl, and sing in the most dismal manner; straining out tears, and pricking their arms and thighs with sharp thorns, to make them bleed. For this shew of grief they are paid with glass beads, brass cascabels, and such like baubles, which are in high estimation among them. The horses of the dead are also immediately killed, that he may have wherewithal to ride upon in the ‘alhue mapu,’ or country of the dead, reserving only a few to grace the last funeral pomp, and to carry the relics to their proper sepulchres.

“When they remove the bones of their dead, they pack them up together in a hide, and place them upon one of the deceased’s favourite horses, kept alive for that purpose, which they adorn after their best fashion, with mantles, feathers, &c., and travel in this manner though it be to the distance of three hundred leagues, till they arrive at the proper burial-place, where they perform the last ceremony.

“The Molu-che, Taluhet, and Diuihet, bury their dead in large square pits, about a fathom deep. The bones are put together, and secured by tying each in its proper place, then clothed with all the best robes they

can get, adorned with beads, plumes, &c., all of which they cleanse or change once a year. They are placed in a row, sitting, with the sword, lance, bow and arrows, bowls, and whatever else the deceased had while alive. These pits are covered over with trees, canes, or branches woven together, upon which they put earth. An old matron is chosen out of each tribe, to take care of these graves, and on account of her employment is held in great veneration. Her office is to open every year these dreary habitations, and to clothe and clean the skeletons. Besides all this they every year pour upon these graves some bowls of their first made chicha, and drink some of it themselves to the good health of the dead. (N. B. Not the Tehuelhet.)

“These burying places are, in general, not far distant from their ordinary habitations; and they place, all around, the bodies of their dead horses, raised upon their feet and supported with sticks.

“The Tehuelhet, or more southern Patagonians, differ in some respects from the other Indians. After having dried the bones of their dead, they carry them to a great distance from their habitations, into the desert by the sea-coast; and after placing them in their proper form, and adorning them in the manner before described, they set them in order above ground, under a hut or tent erected for that purpose, with the skeletons of their dead horses placed around them.

“In the expedition of the year 1746, some Spanish soldiers, with one of the Missionaries, travelling about thirty leagues within land, to the west of Port San Julian, found one of these Indian sepulchres, containing three skeletons, and having as many dead horses propped up around it.

In the expeditions of the *Adventure* and *Beagle*,

between 1826 and 1834, a few burial places of another kind were examined. These were piles of stones, upon the summits of the highest hills, on the eastern sea-coast. Some had been thrown down and ransacked; probably by the crews of sealing vessels: others there was no opportunity of visiting: only one untouched pile was found: and that one was examined by Lieutenant Wickham. It was on a height, near Cape Dos Bahias, in latitude forty-five south. Only bones were found, in a much-decayed state, under a pile of stones about four feet high; and from the remains of the bones Mr. Bynoe ascertained that they had belonged to a woman of the ordinary stature. A pile of stones on a neighbouring height had been pulled down by the crew of a sealing vessel: under it were fragments of decayed bones, which were thought too much injured by time and weather to be worth removing; indeed, they crumbled to the touch. Under similar heaps of stones, the 'gigantic skeletons' which some voyagers have described, were said to have been found.

"Doubtless these several methods of disposing of the dead are not those of one horde only, but of various tribes. But I prefer mentioning all that is yet known of the subject, as far as I am aware, and leaving it for better-informed persons to decide upon the particular habits of each subdivision. Would any one tribe bury each of the five following persons in a similar manner, and in the same place? A powerful cacique—a wizard—a woman—an ordinary man—a child?

"The widow or widows of the dead are obliged to mourn and fast for a whole year after the death of their husband. This consists in keeping themselves close shut up in their huts, without having communication with any one, or stirring out, except for the common

necessaries of life ; in not washing their faces or hands, but being blackened with soot, and having their garments of a mournful appearance ; in abstaining from horses' and cows' flesh, and, within land where they are plenty, from the flesh of ostriches and guanacoës ; but they may eat any thing else. During the year of mourning, they are forbidden to marry. But I did not discover that the men were obliged to any such kind of mourning on the death of their wives."

Juvenile Associations.

A few months ago, a Parochial Meeting in behalf of the Patagonian Missionary Society, was arranged to take place in a town, in one of the midland counties. It was the first time that the cause had been advocated in that place. The attendance was small, and the amount collected at the doors was not great. The kind and zealous clergyman, in whose parish the meeting was held, was pained at the lack of interest thus manifested towards an object which had enlisted his own warm sympathy and help. A short time after, he received from an unexpected quarter, a token of encouragement, the more precious that the circumstances out of which it arose were so humble and unpromising. There had been present at the meeting a boy of about ten years of age, whose home was the abode of deep poverty and unremitting toil. At the close of the meeting, when collecting cards were distributed, he begged to have one, and in a very short time this poor boy, who had himself neither silver nor gold to bestow, but who gave what he had, namely, his spare time and diligent effort, brought to his pastor a card filled with names, and a sum of six shillings and six-

penance, made up chiefly of very small contributions. The pleasure which this little incident afforded to our friend, led him to devise how he might multiply such sources of gratification, and the formation of a Juvenile Association, in his own parish, seemed the means most likely to further this desirable end. We do not yet know how far his plan has been realised; but we trust that the example of this little boy, who did "what he could," will be followed by a host of youthful workers throughout our land.

The object of these remarks is to suggest the desirability of organising amongst the friends of our Mission, throughout the kingdom, a P. M. Juvenile Association. We are glad and thankful to know that already many young hearts are interested in the cause, and that their efforts have contributed to swell the stream of our pecuniary supplies. But their numbers might surely be increased a hundred fold. It was thus we thought, when a few days since, a mother enclosed the amount of her little girl's collection, for our Society. It was something more than £1. "Oh," we thought, "if we had but a hundred more such young collectors regularly engaged, we could at once place an additional catechist in Tierra del Fuego!" Amongst all the sons and daughters of England, Scotland, and Ireland, surely a hundred such volunteers are to be found! Girls, in this great work there is a place for you. "Women and work," is one of the great questions of the day. Begin early to take your place in the ranks of the workers, and sanctify the labours of a lifetime by consecrating your first efforts to the "work of the Lord." Boys, you look perhaps with admiration and envy on your elder brothers, mustering in hundreds for the defence of our country; but we have also work for you; the ranks of the church militant

are filled without respect to age, and the youngest among you may find appropriate weapons with which you may "come to the help of the Lord against the mighty." Only first "give yourselves to the Lord," and you will feel the blessedness of making one in that family, of which our Lord Jesus is the Head, and in which the youngest and weakest member may enjoy with the rest, the incomparable honour of being a "fellow worker with God."

But in order to work effectively it is necessary to feel strongly. Now to feel strongly is impossible on a subject with which we are imperfectly acquainted. We would therefore earnestly recommend our young friends to make themselves thoroughly conversant with the history of our Mission, and we can promise that their labour will be amply repaid. Now that in the good providence of God our Missionaries have fairly entered upon the work of instruction with the natives of Fuegia, it is to the younger members of these families that we look for the most hopeful and satisfactory results. That they are docile and teachable in no ordinary degree, the accounts sent home to us abundantly prove. Who can read of the progress they have already made, small as it is, without feeling anxiously desirous that the instruction so readily received by a few, should be extended to all the tribes of this now wretched and degraded people? Surely it will not be in vain that the "cry of the children" from that remote land is heard, asking the children of happy Christian England for the crumbs which fall from their abundant table.

There is now at Cranmer Station one dear little Fuegian child who is learning to lisp our language simultaneously with her own. From the Journal and Letter given in our present number it will be seen how

kind and familiar is the intercourse between the native women and the English ladies at Cranmer. Mr. Despard's daughters are doing their part towards these poor people, treating them as sisters, and extending to them that sympathy and affection which can never be bestowed in vain. Let us who remain at home do what we can to help and encourage them. Look at this picture of little Katty, given in a letter from Mrs. Despard, and in what respect does the Fuegian child differ from our own beloved little ones at home? Will not our young readers unite in Mrs. Despard's prayer, and help to realize her hope that little Katty may indeed grow up a "Christian child?"

"I forgot to mention the dear little baby girl belonging to 'O-drethlewhilekeeper' one of the native women: and for the amusement of the youngest, I will relate a little anecdote of her. She is a dear little soul, really pretty, and most intelligent; her name rather a long one; will you, dear children, try to learn it! it is 'Ki-at-tegatta mootoo-mowl-keepa'! She has a nice clear brown skin, very black eyes and hair, and white teeth; she is just beginning to speak, and when she sees you, she will put out her hand, when told to do so, and say, 'How dee do.' The other day, I said to her, 'Catty;' (we call her that for short) 'Catty, come with me and fetch a bit of sugar;' she immediately set off in quest of it; went to the cupboard of her own accord, opened it, and waited for me to come to her, when I held the sugar basin to her, she took up the tongs to help herself, but finding she could not manage to use them, she quietly put them down, then looked up in my face, and smiling as much as to say, 'I know a better way,' she made use of her natural tongs, namely, her fingers, and helped herself to a good large lump! She

is a perfect pet with our children, and is always delighted to be with them; they even teach her words in her own language! We hope one day to see her a dear little Christian child, and joining in praise and prayer with us; will you dear children pray for her, and when you are in your happy home do not forget this poor little heathen girl. Little Catty, is fond of picture books, so if you have any old ones, send them to her, please; and she is very pleased to have on shoes and socks; we can get none out here for her, so if you like, you can send her some. Her age is about two years, perhaps not so much, she is backward with her tongue, but Fuegian women and girls are no great talkers. Jemmy Button, used to tell me, 'Gals in my country no talk much!'

In conclusion we would earnestly entreat our friends everywhere to assist in the formation of a Juvenile Association. We would further suggest that in every place where there are young people to be found willing to enter upon the work of collecting, a lady Secretary and Treasurer shall be appointed, through whom boxes may be supplied, and such information given as may be available for the use of the Association, at quarterly or other meetings. To those to whom the subject of the Patagonian Mission is altogether new, we would recommend the little volume entitled "Providence, or the Early History of Three Barbarians," as giving in one connected view the various facts and incidents relating to the Mission from its commencement.*

* Persons desirous of forming an Association are requested to communicate with Mrs. W. H. Stirling, 6, Westbourne Place, Clifton, who will act as Secretary to the Patagonian Missionary Juvenile Association.

Advent.

“But this I say, brethren, the time is short.” With each succeeding season of Advent has this voice of apostolic warning been repeated by the Church in louder, and more emphatic tones. Once and again, amid the lapse of centuries, has the world of Christendom been aroused at the cry, when clouds of doubt and disaster hung over the nations, and struck gloom and terror to the hearts of men. But the clouds broke, the trouble passed, again the sky looked bright and promising; and with the trouble passed the fear, and again the scoffer asked, “Where is the promise of His coming?”

But never, at any period of the world's history, have anxiety and forecasting of the future been more wide-spread, and intense than now. The “glorious appearing” of the Lord Jesus Christ has been the pole-star of the believer's hope since the day when the angels comforted the bereaved disciples with the assurance, “This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come, in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven.” To the world around, this expectation has seemed but an idle dream, as did that of Noah to the antediluvian world. Now, the case stands otherwise. For, although,

to multitudes of the earth's inhabitants that day will doubtless come in all the suddenness and terror which the Word of God describes, yet, within the bounds of Christendom, there seem already to be signs of that "distress of nations, with perplexity," that "failing of men's hearts for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth," which presage the coming storm. Of an impending crisis, which becomes more imminent each hour, none can doubt. Of the nature of that crisis, even worldly men begin to entertain suspicions which have less and less of vagueness in their tone. But a few weeks ago, our leading Journal called the attention of its readers to the subject of unfulfilled prophecy, in a review of the works of Elliott, Cumming, and Lord Carlisle, clearly admitting the force of the reasoning adopted by these authors, when they endeavour to prove that the various lines of prophetic interpretation are all converging to a point, not far within the precincts of the future; so that, calculated in every possible way, and reckoned from different starting points of time, the conclusion seems warranted, that the prophetic periods so frequently referred to in Scripture are drawing to a close. And not only so, but what is chiefly remarkable is this, that, simultaneously with this fact, the shadows of coming events, agreeing precisely with the pro-

phetical data thus presented to us, are projected in gigantic proportions across the political world, warning the most careless among us of the approaching strife. Whether we turn to Rome, or Constantinople, we see distress and alarm at the inevitable approach of great, and organic changes. Suspense and fear brood oppressively over the Vatican, and the Porte.

These things being so, what meaning have they for the Church of Christ? Solemn as are the feelings they inspire, there is for her a word of encouragement and hope,—
 “When these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh.” Look across the dark sea of trouble that heaves wildly around you, to the light that is dawning in the far chambers of the east. And as the darkness is deepest just before the dawn, so do we believe that the sins and the sorrows of time are fast approaching a climax, which shall issue in that glorious consummation, when all the problems that now afflict humanity shall be for ever solved, and the battle fields of time be exchanged for the everlasting peace of that “kingdom which shall never be destroyed.”

Such is our hope. What are our duties? They are many: “Be sober, and watch unto prayer”; “Work while it is day.” Remember, “The morning cometh, and also the night,”—the

morning for those who love the day,—the night, for those who are the children of night. Oh! be it ours to be fellow-workers with God, who is even now gathering out many from the “kingdom of darkness,” and translating them into “the kingdom of His dear Son.” Most especially is this the work of these latter days. “The Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness to all nations; and then shall the end come.” Such is the work in which we are engaged. And let not any say that we have hitherto done nothing; that Fuegia and Patagonia have not yet heard the message of the God of peace. Was there no witness to the love of Christ for them, when Gardiner and his six companions perished on their shores, with the message of love upon their lips? Is there no witness for the Gospel of God’s grace, in the holy enterprise which sprung to life from out these martyr graves? Is there no witness for Christ in the presence of our Mission vessel amid the bays and creeks of that inhospitable coast, and in the loving invitations she conveys to the outcasts there, to come and share with us the blessings of a Father’s love, and of a Saviour’s blood? Once more, is there no witness for God, in the self-devotion of the one humble servant of Christ, who has gone alone and unaided, with his life in his hand, to testify to the wild tribes of Patagonia

of "the unsearchable riches of Christ?" Yes, truly these are witnessing a good confession in the enemy's country; God grant that we fall not short in ours at home.

Finally, dear friends, let us remember, as an incentive to our efforts, and a source of constant strength and encouragement in them, that this our work is one that will abide the day of His coming. It is undertaken in obedience to His command, and in accordance with His will. May it be more and more carried on in His Spirit, and be watered abundantly with His rich blessing.

Essays in Tekeenica.

The attention of our readers has often been called of late to the progress, which our brethren are making in acquiring the Fuegian tongue. Scattered up and down the journals, which we receive from abroad, are statements respecting the number of words collected, or the difficulties presented in studying the formation of the Tekeenica dialect. To some the progress may appear slow. But we are by no means disposed to tolerate any loud lamentations on this account. As we recount the difficulties of the case, and the circumstances under which our brethren have pursued their study of the Fuegian language, we detect everywhere grounds of encouragement, and marks of success. The problem which our brethren had to solve was far from simple. Their mission was to a people destitute of the first elements of civilisation, living in an inhospitable region, debased by heathenism, and from the exigencies of

their condition driven at times to acts of cannibalism, in order to avert a general destruction by famine. Add to these facts, that the language of this people was wholly unknown even to individuals among other nations, was innocent of any written form, and "contained no name for God, heaven, hell, devil, spirit, soul, or mind;" that its construction was of the rudest kind, and so little flexible, that the tenses sought apparently for their expression by the addition of temporal adverbs: so that, for instance, I have eaten, is rendered by, I eat yesterday. These being the allowed conditions, our Missionaries had to find out and avail themselves of the best means for becoming acquainted with the people themselves, and at the same time to aim at acquiring their language, and reducing it to a written form. In spite, however, of seeming with malice prepense to magnify the difficulties of the case, we must further add, that the members of our Mission have had to labour with their own hands in building their houses, laying out their gardens, providing their own fuel, and numberless other occupations, wearying to the body, and terribly exhaustive of time, and patience. Thus we read in Mr. Despard's journal, of September, 1858:—

"What multifarious employment falls to our lot in this position! Ditching, gardening, fencing, painting, carpentry, shoe mending, and tailoring. Then I am domestic tutor, theological professor, linguist, chaplain, &c. &c. The Lord make these employments beneficial, directly, in the objects aimed at in them; indirectly, in example of cheerful, humble industry." Under these circumstances we are fairly entitled to ask, if a vocabulary of eight hundred, or by this time, probably, one thousand, Tekeenica words, is anything short of a signal triumph?

With all the educational advantages enjoyed by us at home, how comparatively few make rapid progress in the attainment of a foreign language. But the Missionary has often to contend with the most aggravated difficulties, and to remodel the very forms of speech, which he comes to learn. The rude wigwam of Tierra del Fuego, is not more remote from the architectural beauties of our glorious cathedrals, than are the rugged dialects of its people from the rich languages of Europe. And yet we know there has been growth in architecture, and that its excellencies depend on many complex conditions. The laws of taste are not accepted all at once, and the appliances of art come only gradually to be appreciated.

To attempt to introduce among the inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego the peculiar excellence of our architecture, or to expect them to pass at once from their present low level to the elevated platform of our own civilisation, seems ridiculous and absurd. We know the transition must be gradual. We are content that it should be so. The most skilful builder would be satisfied if he could erect a comfortable dwelling, however humble its form, out of the few and primitive materials furnished by Antarctic forests, and among savage tribes. Why then should we be disappointed, if in the setting up of the typical forms of Fuegian speech—the erection in the wilderness, so to speak, of the tabernacles of thought—the process should be slow, and the results hitherto unpretending? But in fact the partial arrangement of a native vocabulary, is an index of success, greater perhaps than some imagine. It is not possible for our Missionaries to be thus gathering up and systematising the words of these Indians, without at the same time awakening their interest, and

sharpening their intelligence. And we find indeed that the apparently simple process of forming a vocabulary exacts no small amount of patience, and ingenuity. The cross-questioning of the natives, which goes on—the exhibition of objects, for the purpose of learning the Indian names for them—the reduction of the words when pronounced to a written form, on the phonetic system, are exercises alike of the Missionary's skill, and of the minds of the natives. Nor is this method of instruction without interest. Those who have perused the journals of the Rev. G. P. Despard, will not fail to remember an early attempt which was made to translate the Lord's prayer into the Tekeenica dialect. But what a difficulty the very first word presented—our! To get this little monosyllable, an outlay of time and ingenious research took place, such as we are little able to appreciate. Once indeed Mr. Turpin thought he had secured the desired word—*too-waggedah*, and the work of translation is proceeded with. Cheering this, and full of promise! The Fuegian, once living without God in the world, shall now be taught to pray, as our Lord of old taught His disciples:—“Our Father, which art in heaven.” But the translation is not to be hurriedly ratified. The beauty of the work must not be marred by the hasty acceptance of chance materials. Again the words of the prayer are tested, and the supposed Tekeenica word for “our,” turns out to mean “dead.” “I could not,” says Mr. Despard, in detailing his scholastic attempts with James Button, “by any ingenious combination, get ‘our’ from him.” The skill of the London detective in unravelling the mysteries of crime, could not exceed the subtle efforts of our brother to trap this secreted monosyllable. No witness under examination in court could defy the arts of counsel half so well as

did the Tekeenica language defy the ingenuity of Mr. Despard to trace the word "our" to its possession. The severest cross-examination failed to elicit it. No amount of coaxing could melt the silence that everywhere protested against the attempts to break it. Must we then turn away baffled, and disappointed? For awhile it actually appears so. And we are tempted to deplore, with a quickened grief, that amid the utter destitution of the races of Tierra del Fuego, they have lost not only the possession of manly rights and privileges, but the very seal and stamp, which language leaves, of any heritage granted to mankind by God. But time passes on, and the perseverance of the Missionary meets with its reward. The long submerged word appears above the surface of the waters; and one difficulty is removed in the translation of the Lord's prayer. And yet the way is not plain for any great distance. The Tekeenica dialect again falters, and threatens even to break down at the word *name*,—"hallowed be Thy name." Thus have our brethren to exercise patience in the work which they have undertaken. But their time, and labour, and patience, and condescension, are not thrown fruitlessly away. Be its immediate results great or small, we are yet content; for God accepts the humblest services of His servants, as "sacrifice acceptable to Himself through Jesus Christ."

We have, perhaps, admired and sympathised with those who, in by-gone times, for the sake of giving to us in England the Word of God in the English tongue, were obliged to seek an asylum, and pursue their students' task in a foreign land. And shall we think less lightly of those who have embraced, as it were, a voluntary exile, who have separated themselves from the comforts of home, and have gone to endure hardness,