THE

VOICE OF PITY

FOR

South America.

VOL. VII.—1860.

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

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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.

INDEX TO VOL. VII.

Q 4+

Our Cause Vindicated.

The legal proceedings of Mr. W. P. Snow against our Society were, as our readers are aware, adjourned, on the 18th of December, 1858, in order to allow him to procure a certain document, in the absence of which he must have been non-suited, but by the presence of which the plaintiff solemnly avowed his ability to make good his pleas against the Society. The trial was not resumed till December 6th, 1859, owing to the tedious nature of communications with the Falkland Islands, where the alleged document existed. Our readers must now be fully aware of the issue of the trial, which came to a close on the evening of the 7th of December last, after a protracted enquiry extending over two days. The verdict of the jury on every point submitted to them was given in favour of the Society, and without the jury quitting the box. The great satisfaction, which this must give to our friends generally, cannot be doubted. But we think it not unnecessary to place before all, who read our Journal, a thin outline of the course of the proceedings in Court. The ex parte statements, which have found their expression in some of the public journals, demand this of us. We trust it shall not be

necessary to incur further expense in publishing full details of the trial.

We revert now to the point at which the legal proceedings were brought suddenly to a stand in December, 1858. And in doing so, we must beg our readers to remember that the suit was not promoted by the Society against Mr. Snow, but by Mr. Snow against the Society. The time, and mode of attack were alike chosen by him. It was he, who dragged the Society into Court. And yet, as we have implied, the plaintiff completely broke down. After occupying the attention of the Court from ten in the morning until six in the evening, Mr. Snow was unable to make out a case against the Society. No cross examination took place. No address proceeded from the Society's counsel. Simply through the weakness of his own evidence, Mr. Snow failed to establish his pleas. The Chief Justice explained that so far as the evidence went, the plaintiff had proved his right to be dismissed for disobedience; and unless he could establish a *locus pœnitentiæ*, he must be nonsuited. If the plaintiff thought he could do this by further evidence, and if, in order to get that evidence, he asked for an adjournment, he, the Chief Justice, would, with the defendants' consent, order an adjournment to take place. Mr. Snow asked for the adjournment, stating that he would "stake his case" on the

existence of a certain shipping paper, the terms of which would infallibly prove his intention to carry out the instructions given to him by the Society's Superintendent, and Plenipotentiary abroad.

The Society's counsel very naturally doubted the existence of such a document, so contrary was it to all the evidence in our possession. Those who understood the case, and were present in Court, were amazed at the solemn and oft-repeated asseverations of Mr. Snow, that he could prove from the contents of any document, his intention to yield to the authority of the Society's Superintendent, the Rev. G. P. Despard. A postponement of the trial, however, took place, in deference to Mr. Snow's wishes. During the postponement, a commission was sent out to the Falkland Islands to secure the evidence of parties there acquainted with the facts of the case. After the interval of a year, the trial is resumed. The shipping paper on which Mr. Snow staked his case, is produced, but the all-important words are wanting. Mr. Snow, it is right to say, still insists, with the paper before his eyes, that the terms of shipment are such as he described. We are at a loss to explain it. But the whole evidence was so strong against him, that after a most patient examination of all the bearings of the case, the jury decided in the affirmative to the four following questions of the Lord Chief Justice. "Had Mr. Despard authority from the Committee

of the Patagonian Society to direct and controul the affairs of the Mission abroad?" "Yes." "Had Mr. Snow been made acquainted with this authority of Mr. Despard?" "Yes." "Did Mr. Snow, in spite of this knowledge, refuse to obey Mr. Despard?" "Yes." "Did Mr. Snow attempt to take the Mission vessel away elsewhere than Mr. Despard ordered him to take it?" "Yes."

Our readers will thus understand that the dismissal of Mr. Snow from his position of master of the *Allen Gardiner* was necessary, in order to save the vessel from alienation from the Mission work. For nineteen days he resisted Mr. Despard's lawful authority, and met his friendly invitations to co-operate in the Mission work by plottings, and contrivings to remove the vessel from his controul. Had the vessel been removed, the action of the Society would have been paralysed, the utmost injury would have been inflicted on Mr. Despard and his family, and on all members of the Mission, and great risk even of life would have been incurred. As it was, the Society was put to considerable expense, and the work most seriously hindered. We are not therefore surprised, though we rejoice, at the decisive verdict of the jury.

With respect to the shipping paper, for which the trial was adjourned for a whole year, and the production of which only still further damaged

the plaintiff's case, we cannot refrain from adding a few words of comment. For two whole years, prior to the case appearing in Court, Mr. Snow had been attacking the Society in every conceivable way. Openly and secretly, in the public journals, and in publications of his own, he had pursued his vindictive course. The Colonial office had been appealed to. Parliamentary influence had been invoked. A long correspondence between the Colonial office, and the authorities in the Falkland Islands had taken place on the subject, and was laid before parliament — with what complete vindication of the Society's conduct, we need not here repeat. But, in spite of all this preparation for the decisive blow, which Mr. Snow desired to inflict on the Society, the very paper on which he said in Court he would stake his case was not forth-coming. Surely he might have asked for this paper in time to avail himself of it in Court. The value of it to himself he must have known. Was a period of more than two years insufficient to get a paper of such overwhelming importance? or may we judge of the real worth of the paper by its damaging effect when produced on the plaintiff, and his case? We will not decide.

But we gladly turn away from this most painful subject. Unmitigated sorrow accompanies our reflections upon it. Yet we have had no alter-

native, but to submit to its vexatious conditions. And at last God has established unequivocally the rectitude of our conduct. A desire to injure the Society's reputation, and resources may have been gratified for a moment; but we trust a new era has now dawned. We begin another year with thankfulness for past mercies, and in prayerful anticipation of future blessing. December, perhaps, was a good month to see the close of a gloomy trial. Now let us direct our eyes forward, and upward. Most hopeful are the present prospects of the Mission abroad. At no time in the history of our work did ever such signs of blessing appear. The Christian mind will not fail to appreciate the mercy of the Lord, in permitting us to report of natives of Tierra del Fuego, outwardly at least, joining in work, and in worship, in prayer, and praise, with our Missionary brethren.

Rev. G. P. Despard's Journal.

(Continued.)

The following Journal of Mr. Despard needs no remark from us to commend it to our readers. We thank God for being able to produce such ample evidence of the reality of the work going on at our Mission Station, at a time when, in the public press at home, by some gross and wilful blundering, the Society has been pronounced defunct. By our works we must convince the gainsayer. The instinct of the world is so hostile to missionary

effort that we can expect but little attention to our words. The world will love its own. But let Christians prove that they too have objects which they love—and above all the work of Christ, and the honour of His name.

"*July* 22*nd*.—The native women complain that they with their husbands have only once taken tea with us in the family, while Ookokko and Lucca, (the two lads) do this every Sunday. They are human enough in jealousy, as well as in other matters. Mr. Phillips told me that he overheard Ookokko praying to 'God for Jesus Christ's sake, to make him a good boy,' a prayer which Mr. P. has taught him. I noticed on Sunday that Macuallan bowed his head upon his hand, and remained awhile in that position on coming in to the service, as he sees others doing, for the purpose of preparatory prayer. We cherish with tenacious hope every passage in the word of God promising the conversion of the heathen to Himself, and apply it to our interesting charge here, and every indication of a God-ward turn even in outward acts cheers, and encourages this hope. Surely no people on the face of the earth will be benefited more both in temporals and spirituals by the reception of the Gospel, than these of Tierra del Fuego!

"Macuallan drank tea with us by invitation. He says, he remembers York Minster and his wife, whom he calls by another name than Fuegia. He remembers also Captain Fitzroy. Macuallan now knows the English name of most articles of food and furniture. Luccawenche comes on with his writing, and takes evident delight in it.

"*July* 29*th*.—Twenty-two years ago I entered upon the ministry of the Gospel. If laid in the balances of duty how sadly light should I be found, and inefficient

through this nearly quarter of a century! I cannot realize such a long period, for I seem hardly to have begun to be a clergyman yet. I have seldom been idle since that day, but in whatever way called upon by God's providence I have worked hard; and were I to live these twenty-two years over again, I do not think I could spend them differently. A curacy first sought me—pupils sought me—the workhouse-chaplaincy sought me—Gardiner sought me. What I sought for myself I could not get. I sought employment in the mission field, both amongst Jews and Gentiles and colonists, but it was not given. I sought a chaplaincy in Canton, chiefly with a view to evangelizing the heathen, but in vain. Pupils multiplied, and I may finally say that this post also sought me. Had I not taken it, I believe Fuegians would not now be under Gospel teaching and civilisation in Cranmer, nor would there be a Missionary in Patagonia. O my God help me ever to live and to walk by Thy guidance, without forecasting results—they come of Thee, and of no man's counsels.

"In the evenings the boys come to their reading lesson, now in the English Phonetic Primer, monosyllables. I added considerably to the Tekeenica vocabulary. Macalwense told me that his eldest brother's sons will come hither, and Macuallan is never tired of saying that he shall bring back his son, Pinoense. If these boys come, and prove like those we now have, our hopes will rise rapidly for the early regeneration of their tribe. Lucca never comes into the room now without saying very correctly 'good morning, Mr. Despard.' The women, on receiving anything, never omit saying, 'thank you, Emily, or Bertha, or Mrs. Despard.' Ookokko, invited by Pakenham to play, preferred working for Mr. Phillips. Macuallan is very anxious for a spade, to begin to dig. Thus do these poor people get on.

"To-day Macuallan and Schwy were too lazy to go with Bartlett to shoot geese, consequently they got none, whilst Macalwense, by accompanying him, secured six fine kelpers. Bartlett is the only 'shot' here now. Ookokko says, 'Mr. B—— bang, birds fall down; Mr. —— bang, all fly away.' Lucca and Ookokko both say, they will go to England, and Threeboys too, and a cousin of Lucca's also. Ookokko saw Mr. Phillips's bible upon my table, and called it 'Mr. P.'s pray God book.' Lucca was much chagrined the other morning, and came in crying, because he had had a fall in the mud, and dirtied his clothes. My wife wiped him down and comforted him. These poor lads have quite a pride in keeping themselves and their clothes clean. They have all a natural turn for the needle. Ookokko was busy all day repairing his jacket with needle and thread, and the men mend their shoes. That they have some idea of relative distances is plain, from the fact that Wendoo seeing Bertha searching about for the fowls, who she said were gone away, asks, 'whither have they gone? To England?' 'No.' 'To Monte Video?' 'No.' 'To Patagonia?' 'No.' 'To Stanley?' 'No.'

My lads told me that the law of retaliation for murder exists in their country, and is executed by the nearest of kin, who is called Yammala Guimona, and wears white stripes dotted with black, in regular rows on his face, such as we saw on one man in Woollya. Ookokko went off into panegyrics on Keppel Island, and said he should report 'plenty beef here;' saying the words which by a kind of prophecy I used in my programme of proceedings at missionary meetings years ago. I am gradually getting the words for the Decalogue, and using them in our service. The two boys are rapidly improving in knowledge of English, as our people are also in un-

derstanding them. Ookokko was hard at work all day with 'Tom Brits,' wheeling manure into the garden. They regale themselves in the intervals of labour with social converse. Ookokko describes to him the sports of boys in his country, amongst which is one rather savage; when confined to the 'ucer' by bad weather, they amuse themselves by throwing burning sticks at each other.

"*August 24th.*—This being my son's birthday, the lads all played ball together in the afternoon, and Lucca and Ookokko, with their tutor, Mr. Phillips, drank tea with us. The four boys had several in-door games before tea, and were delighted with the exhibition of a Noah's ark, given to my children long ago. These lads are patterns of good behaviour and gentlemanly manners. Neither of them would take a second piece of cake at tea, nor some fruit tart, though they like sweets well. Such is their horror of being thought greedy, and their desire to be small eaters.

"*August 26th.*—Much pleased on my visit to Mr. Phillips this morning to see Ookokko. There he sat at a neat table in the window, the very picture of intelligence, good nature, and cleanliness, with pen in hand, writing a copy. Lucca comes every day, as regular as a clock, to get his lesson from me. He has a very good eye and hand for writing, but his memory does not retain well the sound of letters. Ookokko has been engaged to-day digging down the steep bank of our brook, to make a sheltered and damp slope for trees. Bartlett says, his work is worth half-a-sovereign a week—about equivalent to his food and clothes.

"A busy scene was witnessed in our garden. The English workmen were making the Union Bridge, over the stream connecting the Mission-garden with mine.

Mr. Phillips, with his gang of Fuegian workmen cutting down the slope, while 'Tom Brits' was busy in Sulivan garden. How cheering to see these poor neglected men mixed up with English Christians in useful labour, such as they may follow in their own land. Have not our plans been realized? Have not Fuegians been brought here, and shewn the elementary arts of Christian civilisation in practical operation, and been encouraged to practise them? No force—no constraint has been used, but the power of example and persuasion of unwavering kindness. We have good hope that the vegetables, as well as the human denizens of Fuegia will flourish here. The trees brought over last are all alive, green, and putting forth young leaves. Many of those first brought are alive also.

"*August* 30*th*.—Macuallan and Schwy, wonderful to relate, worked hard all day in digging up the Mission-garden. Ookokko shews sensitiveness of feeling;—complained to 'Tom Brits—Mr. Despard no say thank you, yesterday, me dig.' I said, however, 'you are a good fellow,' but I suppose omitted to express myself more particularly. Wendoo was busy sewing in our kitchen; she shewed me her work. It was really very neatly done. My wife thinks this is her particular forte. Macuallan has been cleverly sewing a pair of wellington boot-tops to his blucher bottoms. I asked him yesterday why he was absent from prayers. He answered, 'I did not hear the bell.'

Lucca is improving fast in writing. I could not but feel well pleased to see the little brown boy under the instruction of my bright, rosy-cheeked H.———, and afterwards to bring his knitting lesson from another daughter F———. Lucca, afterwards full of glee, ran down to take his first lesson in carpentry from Holland.

Like a child, he thinks himself already a proficient, and says he is going to make a table and chair for his father. Holland tells me Lucca sawed some wood very well, and was much pleased with his hard work. Bartlett is loud in his praises of Ookokko. The other Fuegian men have now quite a furore for digging. Is not this just what we want? Macuallan and his brother seeing how highly we prize Fuegian trees, promised to send me 'many trees' from their country.

"*September* 17*th*.—To day the *Allen Gardiner* made her appearance a fortnight earlier than she was expected. This unexpected joyful arrival put all the station in a ferment of delight. After dinner, I had the pleasure of greeting our friend Fell. He gave me a whole budget of interesting and cheering news from the Plate. Mr. Adams, the new Chaplain at Monte Video, was found most friendly to our Society, had preached for it, and intended to make it, as suitable, the Missionary Society for his congregation. At Buenos Ayres, Mr. Fell was not quite so cheeringly received, chiefly in consequence of political troubles and disturbance of trade there by the war of factions now prevailing. Nevertheless, Captain Fell had a successful meeting, and he found that the party who had dissuaded him from a collection from house to house had viewed matters from a deceiving stand point. The Captain has brought his wife and child with him, and has a younger brother for chief officer.

"*Sunday, September* 18*th*.—Services as usual. Mrs. Fell came with her husband and four hands from the schooner, looking so nice in their Guernseys, with the words 'Mission Yacht' on their breasts. The new crew are certainly the finest, nicest-looking set of men we have had yet in the schooner. Three of them are fine

young Swedes. One is old H. Mc D., who was the ship's sportsman last year—a dead shot, an acute fisherman, an artic voyager, a veteran tar, and a capital seaman. The cook is Ookokko's 'cookoman' come back again, who says, he won't leave the *Allen Gardiner* as long as there is a berth to be had in her, for he had never been in a better sea-boat.

"Ookokko says, he will have much trouble in getting back to Cranmer, because his mother would cry so much, but he should wait till she had done crying, and then come. As for Lucca, he would have no difficulty about coming back. He meant to be a carpenter; 'go England—get plenty saws—plenty what you call 'ems —oh! yes, gimblets.' Lucca said to Emily, this morning, 'Sunday I wash, I look out, I see the other ship *Victoria* go away—no good people—sail Sunday—no pray God. People this house, pray God Sunday—very good.' He at least understands there is a Being called God, that Sunday is a peculiar day of rest, and that it is right to pray to God. The lads and the women know the names of the days of the week in their order, which our last party of Fuegians never did—to be sure, these have been here nearly three months longer than the Button family. O! how I wish our English friends could see them all, and especially our two gentlemanly boys, so sensible, so modest, so cheerful, and, I may add now, so industrious."

Letter from Mrs. Despard.

In our November number of last year we published a very interesting letter from Mrs Despard. It contained a four months' review of Mission experiences, and concluded with an appeal to our friends at home for supplies

of clothing for the natives. Again we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers portions of a letter, the authorship of which will not be mistaken, and the interest in which cannot be slight. Its value is due to the confirmatory evidence therein given of the very satisfactory progress of the natives at our Station. At a moment when the hostile instincts of the world have been again unmasked, and violently directed against the efforts of our Mission to carry the privileges of Christianity to the South American aborigines, it is consoling to have before us the undoubted evidences of God's blessing on our labours, and to be able to answer the world's ridicule by the assurance our "labour is not in vain in the Lord."

With regard to the appeal for clothing which Mrs. Despard makes, we do well to publish it. For it cannot but be gratifying to those, who have so promptly, and so generously furnished us already with supplies of suitable clothing, to know that they have to some extent anticipated the wants expressed in the present letter. We are most truly obliged to those kind Christian friends who have sent in to our care of late articles of clothing, such as Mrs. Despard formerly described, and who have with their own hands laboured in making them. And, with especial thanks, do we notice the kindness of the ladies of the Wesleyan Dorcas Society, in Douglas, who most generously gave their time and skill, to make up with their own hands articles of clothing, for which materials had been promised. To mention the names of these, and other most kind friends, is, we are persuaded, unnecessary. But they will, we hope, receive not the less willingly the assurances of our warm and unaffected gratitude. In three or four weeks we hope to have such a supply of clothing, as to be able to despatch a good large box full, under the care of Mr. Hunziker, who is about to leave England to join the Mission party.

For a blessing upon him, and upon his work, we ask the prayers of our Christian friends.

"My dear Mrs. ——

"An opportunity has just offered to send letters to Stanley, to join the October mail starting for England; as it will be some months ere we can again hope to forward our next despatches, I wish to avail myself of the present one, and send you a few home details, since you assure me our dear friends at home read them with interest.

"With regard to our interesting guests, the natives of Fuegia, I am enabled to give a most satisfactory report. During the eight months that they have been here, a great change has taken place in the women; (I speak especially of them as they are our more immediate charge) at first they were dirty, idle, and unwilling to exert themselves in any way. They did little else than sleep and eat. It is said that the force of example will do much. Our active habits and well filled time, soon attracted their attention, and created in them the wish to do as we did. It has deeply interested us to watch the gradual opening of their minds, and daily to trace the improvement they make towards civilisation. Since they have been at Cranmer they have learned to work at their needle, though in a rough way, to wash some of their clothes, to keep them and their persons clean, and also to perform many household duties..... The time is fast approaching for our poor friends to return to their own land, to allow others to visit us. There is one woman who I am sure will return here. She is a clever creature, and very ambitious; she told me the other day 'I come back Keppel Island—learn to read and write—I write to our friends in England.' This was said in her own language, which we are now beginning to understand pretty well; our children especially manage to

chatter away with them, and teach them many useful things. We were sorry to part with Jemmy Button and his party, but we shall really grieve much to part with our present friends, and shall miss them very much, they have behaved so very well.

"And now, dear friend, ere I conclude, I am anxious to repeat once more what I have stated in previous letters, namely, that our stock of warm female clothing is decreasing very rapidly, and I wish you would try and interest our kind friends at home in my cry of 'Do send me out good, strong, dark petticoats and jackets, made of the same material as that worn by the Scotch fishwomen.' *Wool tweed*, such as we have had, is of little use; where the wind almost always blows a gale, a second washing of such articles puts them in tatters. The women are very short, therefore a skirt three quarters of a yard, and some of one yard in length, will do. The waist-band should be a yard wide. I also want dark worsted stockings, *knitted* ones answer best; and good strong boots with nails in them. I further need children's clothing, from the ages of two till nine; socks and shoes and boots for them will be very acceptable. Now if each of our numerous friends would give but one garment each, how soon would you be able to send me a good large supply. I am sure you will consider it quite a privilege to undertake this work of love for your Lord's sake. Go boldly to work, and do not be afraid. It is not for yourself that you ask, but for these our poor brothers and sisters amongst the heathen. Should we not endeavour to do our best to clothe their nakedness? I am sure you will do all you can to further the request I have made. We all unite in Christian love.

Believe me, ever yours,

F. M. DESPARD."

Evangelical Efforts in South America.

The following portion of a letter, addressed to the Rev. G. P. Despard by a friend at Rio de Janeiro, cannot fail to interest our readers. Its sentiments are such as to leave no doubt as to the opening up of Brazil for evangelical effort. We are constrained to believe that God is preparing a way for the advancement of His truth throughout the whole of the South American continent. And we watch with an almost anxious interest the incipient influences of this spiritual movement. It is impossible that this circulation of God's word should go on without leaving beneficial traces of its course. And we hope indeed, that, like an overflowing stream, the waters of life may spread themselves over the thirsty deserts of the aboriginal population.

In addition to the letter from Rio de Janeiro, we give some deeply interesting extracts on the same subject from the published journals of Dr. Kidder. At a time when in our own kingdom, and in the North American continent, the Spirit of God seems moving wonderfully upon the hearts of men, may we not anticipate that spiritual blessings are in store for the hitherto less favoured peoples dwelling in South America? But we will not delay our readers any further with our comments.

"Rio de Janeiro, March 29, 1859.

"My dear Mr. Despard,

"I have before me your note of the 13th July, last year, and thank you for its contents.

"The case of Scriptures to which you allude, has been received by my friend Mr. S. in Buenos Ayres, who has informed me concerning it I thank you for your trouble. I have requested the Society to release Mr. O. from its debit, and to place it to my account.

"I am glad to find that you have persuaded some natives of the continent to come over to your island home. Who can tell what may not, with God's rich blessing, be resulting by-and-bye in your regions? I hope you find your heart much encouraged in the work you have undertaken, and that the precious seed of the kingdom, you are depositing, may take deep root. There is no doubt about ultimate success, whilst the Lord's poor agents do all to the glory of their Master. It is still true, and will never alter, that faith honours God.

"I am wonderfully encouraged here, I mean in Brazil generally. I have lately returned from the Amazon; my books are bought everywhere. The seed is being widely distributed, and now we are praying that the Holy Spirit may apply the word to their hearts.

"Nearly all the Indian races inhabit the basin of the Amazon—say a million and a half. I possess a vocabulary of their language—they never knew how to count higher than *three*. I am restless to know how we may labour from British Guayana to send the Gospel into *every part* of South America. I am wondering how that colony of ours is not more extensively used for Christ. From its southern confine I can reach Brazil, N. Granada, &c. indeed, march South to join you coming North. In the most southern province of Brazil (Las Pedro do Rio Grande) there is an old German colony of seme thirty thousand Europeans and their descendants; five European pastors labour amongst them; two only are Protestants however. They have a notion that they shall march forward to meet the Anglo-Saxon races of the North! Do you then, from Patagonia, march up to meet them, and strengthen the band.

"All being well, I am expecting to leave this, with my family, next month for Buenos Ayres. I hope to be

able to travel about the four or five republics on the River Plate. Shall be glad to hear from you. If yours was a larger colony I should like to see you (and so would P.) but I hardly fancy I shall go so far south.

"My wife and children are pretty well, and send you their regards. We hope all your family are well and happy.

"What may we not hope for whilst looking to Christ? May we each be kept from sin, and kept in grace.

Ever yours affectionately,

RICHARD CORFIELD."

We now quote from Dr. Kidder's Journal, of an earlier date considerably, but on the same subject.

"Although two hundred years had elapsed since the discovery and first settlement of the province of San Paulo, it is not known that a Protestant minister of the gospel had ever visited it before. Although colonized with the ostensible purpose of converting the natives, and subsequently inhabited by scores of monks and priests, there is no probability that ever before a person had entered its domains, carrying copies of the word of life in the vernacular tongue, with the express intent of putting them in the hands of the people.

"It is necessary to remind the reader, that, throughout the entire continent to which reference is now made, public assemblies for the purpose of addresses and instruction are wholly unknown. The people often assemble at mass and at religious festivals, and nearly as often at the theatre; but in neither place do they hear principles discussed or truth developed. The sermons in the former case are seldom much more than eulogiums on the virtues of a saint, with exhortations to follow his or her example. Indeed, the whole system of means by which, in Protestant countries, access is had to the

public mind, is unpractised and unknown. The stranger, therefore, and especially the supposed heretic, who would labour for the promotion of true religion, must expect to avail himself of providential openings rather than to rely on previously-concerted plans. The missionary, in such circumstances, learns a lesson of great practical importance to himself,—to wit, that he should be grateful for any occasion, however small, of attempting to do good in the name of his Master. The romantic notions which some entertain of a mission-field may become chastened and humbled by contact with the cold reality of facts; but the Christian heart will not be rendered harder, nor genuine faith less susceptible of an entire reliance on God.

"The unexpected friendship and aid of mine aged host at San Bernardo, already mentioned, was not a circumstance to be lightly esteemed. Scarcely less expected was the provision made for me, at the city of S. Paulo, of letters of introduction to gentlemen of the first respectability in the various places of the interior which I wished to visit. At one of those places, the individual to whom I was thus addressed, and by whom I was entertained, was a Roman Catholic priest; and it affords me unfeigned satisfaction to say, that the hospitality which I received under his roof was just what the stranger in a strange land would desire.

"When on reaching the town where he lived I first called at his house, the padre had been absent about two weeks, but was then hourly expected to return. His nephew, a young gentleman in charge of the premises, insisted on my remaining, and directed my guide to a pasture for his mules. In a country where riding upon the saddle is almost the only way of travelling, it has become an act of politeness to invite the traveller, on

his first arrival, to rest upon a bed or a sofa. This kindness, having been accepted in the present instance, was in due time followed by a warm bath, and afterward by an excellent but a solitary dinner. Before my repast was ended, a party of horsemen passed by the window, among whom was the padre for whom I was waiting. After reading the letter which I brought, he entered the room, and bade a cordial welcome. He had arrived in company with the ex-Regent Feijo, with whom I had previously enjoyed an interview at the city of S. Paulo, and from whom he had received notices of me, as enquiring into the religious state of the country. My way was thus made easy to introduce the special topic of my mission. On showing me his library,—a very respectable collection of books,—he distinguished, as his favourite work, Calmet's Bible, in French, in twenty-six volumes. He had no Bible or Testament in Portuguese. I told him I had heard that an edition was about to be published at Rio, with notes and comments, under the patronage and sanction of the Archbishop. This project had been set on foot in order to counteract the circulation of the editions of the Bible societies, but was never carried into effect. He knew nothing of it. He had heard, however, that Bibles in the vulgar tongue had been sent to Rio de Janeiro, as to other parts of the world, which could be procured gratis, or for a trifling consideration. Judge of the happy surprise with which I heard from his lips that some of these Bibles had already appeared in this neighbourhood, three hundred miles distant from our depository at Rio. His first remark was, that he did not know how much good would come from their perusal, on account of the bad example of their bishops and priests. I informed him frankly that I was one of the persons engaged in distri-

buting these Bibles, and endeavored to explain the motives of our enterprise, which he seemed to appreciate.

"He said Catholicism was nearly abandoned here and all the world over. I assured him that I saw abundant proofs of its existance and influence; but he seemed to consider these 'the form without the power.' Our conversation was here interrupted; but, having an opportunity to renew it in the evening, I remarked that, knowing me to be a minister of religion, he had reason to suppose I would have more pleasure in conversing on that subject than upon any other.

"I then told him I did not comprehend what he meant by saying that Catholicism was nearly abandoned. He proceeded to explain that there was scarcely any thing of the spirit of religion among either priests or people. He, being only a *diacono*, had the privilege of criticizing others. He was strong in the opinion that the laws enjoining clerical celibacy should be abolished, since the clergy were almost all *de facto* much worse than married, to the infinite scandal of religion; that such was their ignorance that many of them ought to sit at the feet of their own people to be instructed in the common doctrines of Christianity; that the spirit of infidelity had been of late rapidly spreading, and infecting the young, to the destruction of that external respect for religion and the fear of God which used to be hereditary. Infidel books were common, especially Volney's 'Ruins.' I asked whether things were growing better or worse. 'Worse,' he replied; 'worse continually!' 'What means are taken to render them better?' 'None! We are waiting the interference of Providence.' I told him there were many pious persons who would gladly come to their aid, if it were certain they would be permitted to do the work of the Lord. He thought

they would be well received if they brought the truth; meaning, probably, if they were Roman Catholics.

"I asked him what report I should give to the religious world respecting Brazil? 'Say that we are in darkness, behind the age, and almost abandoned.' 'But that you wish for light?' 'That we wish for nothing. We are hoping in God, the Father of lights.'

"I proceeded to ask him what was better calculated to counteract the influence of those infidel and demoralizing works he had referred to than the word of God. 'Nothing,' was the reply. 'How much good, then, is it possible you yourself might do, both to your country and to immortal souls, by devoting yourself to the true work of an evangelist!' He assented, and hoped that some day he should be engaged in it.

"I had before placed in his hands two or three copies of the New Testament, to be given to persons who would receive profit from them, and which he had received with the greatest satisfaction. I now told him that whenever he was disposed to enter upon the work of distributing the Scriptures we could forward them to him in any quantity needed. He assured me that he would at any time be happy to take such a charge upon himself; that when the books were received he would circulate them throughout all the neighbouring country, and write an account of the manner of their disposal. We accordingly closed an arrangement, which subsequently proved highly efficient and interesting. When I showed him some tracts in Portuguese, he requested that a quantity of them should accompany the remission of Bibles. On my asking how the ex-Regent and others like him would regard the circulation of the Scriptures among the people, he said they would rejoice in it, and that the propriety of the enterprise

would scarcely admit of discussion. 'Then,' said I, 'when we are engaged in this work we can have the satisfaction to know that we are doing what the better part of your own clergy approve.' 'Certainly,' he replied: 'you are doing what we ought to be doing ourselves.'

"Seldom have I spent a night more happily than the one which followed, although sleep was disposed to flee from my eyelids. I was overwhelmed with a sense of the goodness and providence of God, in thus directing my way to the very person out of hundreds best qualified, both in circumstances and disposition, to aid in promoting our great work. This fact was illustrated in the circumstance that, although I had a most cordial letter of introduction to the vigario of the same village, which I left at his house, I did not see him at all, he happening to be out when I called. To use the expression of a gentleman acquainted with the circumstances, 'he hid himself,' as though fearing the consequences of an interview, and by not showing at least the customary civilities to a stranger, greatly offended the gentleman who had given me the letter. The padre whose kindness I experienced had paused in his clerical course some years before, and was engaged in the legal profession, although he retained his title and character as a priest. In correspondence with this circumstance, there is scarcely any department of civil or political life in which priests are not often found. After the second night I was under the necessity of taking leave of him, in order to pursue my journey.

Journal of Mr. Garland Phillips.

The following Journal of Mr. Phillips comes down to the close of the visit of the nine Fuegians at *Cranmer*. The final date is—Stanley, from which place the *Allen Gardiner* was on the eve of starting for Tierra del Fuego. In reviewing the results of the stay of these people at our Station, we have grounds for much encouragement. On the one hand we have become increasingly acquainted with their habits, and language; we have gained their confidence, and even their affection. On the other hand they have witnessed, and taken part in, the worship of the true God, whom they formerly knew not. They have been instructed in the rudiments of Christian truth. The name of Jesus is to them a familiar sound, and in that all-prevailing name they have been taught to offer up their prayers to our Father in heaven. Two Fuegian boys have been taught to read, and write. And in fact all the influences of Christian, social life, have been brought to bear upon them. Habits of industry have been formed in some of them; and their general intelligence, and capacity for new ideas have been satisfactorily established. They now return to their countrymen to report the advantages of our friendship, and to become, we trust, the humble pioneers of civilisation, and the heralds of the Missionary's good-will. Thus, step by step, is our way being prepared. Thus God vouchsafes to us encouragement. Let us not be weary in well doing; for in due time we shall reap, if we faint not.

"*Sept.* 21, *Wednesday*.—This afternoon, being the children's half-holiday, Thomas Bridges and Patty came for the Fuegian boys, as usual, to have a game at play; but

as they were both busily employed with me at the peat, the English lads set to vigorously at work, and rendered me much assistance. A heavy squall of hail and sleet visited us, thereby impeding our labours. The other day the sun was so warm that I said, every now and then, Lum pfootroo *(sun hot)*. Little Lucca looked at me very seriously and said, 'Bar cootana lum pfootroo' *(no talk sun hot)* 'Tierra del Oa cootana lum pfootroo' *(Fuegian man talk sun hot)*; 'toowooroo terre ke' *(wind come very cold)*; 'lum galego' *(sun go away)*. I laughed, and replied, 'Lum bar murrar' *(sun no hear)*. God make sun. Evooka *(moon)*, shiwar *(water)*, spudda *(trees)*, tura *(peat)*, bar murrar *(no hear)*. God murrar. Our present guests are very desirous of returning to their own people. I shall take some rabbits with me when I go to Fuegia, and let them loose in the camp. They may be productive, and of service when there is a settlement there. While alluding to their departure, I must tell you that I have gained the confidence and love of the dear boys. Both my wife and myself regard them with much affection; I am as sanguine as ever about our success; it is God's work, and must prevail over every foe.

"22*nd*, *Thursday*.—To-day has opened most brilliantly, and all the morning has been devoted to the peat. In the afternoon I received stores from the *Allen Gardiner*, for you must know I am store-keeper general, as well as Missionary. The lads amuse themselves of an evening occasionally in drawing, of which they are very fond. Ookokkowenche borrowed the photograph of one of my brothers, as he wished to make a sketch of it. I need hardly say, that when it was finished, my brother was a perfect stranger to me.

"27*th*, *Tuesday*.—Macuallan (Tom) came down to the

peat field this morning, and displayed some ill humour against Ookokkowenche. Tom, you know, is not over-industrious; and Ookokko is just the reverse; and the lazy is jealous of the hard-worker, inasmuch as the latter fares better than the former, and enjoys more of the confidence of the white man. The poor lad took it all most patiently. If it were not that he would like once more to see his poor old mother, he would fain stay at Keppel Island. A more industrious, good-tempered boy than Ookokkowenche cannot be found, I am sure, in England; and he is of such an affectionate disposition, that cold indeed must be the heart that could withstand, or not reciprocate his kindly feelings. Having them living and sleeping under my roof, I have constant opportunities of observing the characters of both the lads. Luccaenche is not of so warm and generous a nature, but is, nevertheless, a very good boy. He has such a keen sense of the ridiculous, that he is perpetually caricaturing some one or other. They are both of an inquisitive turn of mind, (which is most favourable to their mental and moral growth) and are continually asking the names and uses of things that meet their eye, and always attentively listen to what I relate of the fine old country—England. When I have told them the name of anything, and the use to which it is put, I hear them frequently repeat the word to themselves, to impress it on their memory, and afterwards talk to each other about what they have been told. Little Luccaenche will sometimes come to my wife's side, put his hand in hers, and ask her all manner of questions about England, and then enter into a long account of what he will do by-and-bye. They take their meals with us, and live just as we do ourselves—for they earn all they have. If they come in to a meal after we have begun, they ask

a blessing, (which I have taught them) ere a morsel enters their mouths; and never think of sitting down without first washing their hands. When asked if they will take any more, it is either 'if you please,' or 'no thank you;' and their general behaviour is most exemplary. I believe I mentioned, in my last, that they are in the habit of praying by their own bed-side, and do not forget to remember their benefactors at the throne of grace. I often wish we had some of our murmuring friends out here, to take a view of our Mission Station, and see our progress in the Mission work; and then take a trip to Tierra del Fuego, and see the natives in their normal degraded condition; surely their mouths would be filled with praise, and their purses opened wide on our behalf.

"28*th*, *Wednesday*.—The natives, with the exception of the two lads, have gone on board the *Allen Gardiner*. At the jetty a kind of custom-house search was made, as certain tools belonging to the workmen had been missed. The result was highly illustrative of that dislike of being found out, which prevails, as it seems, beyond the precincts of civilised society. To do wrong is one thing; to be found out is quite another. And to many the latter is by far the more painful of the two. The Fuegians are very jealous of their character for honesty; the more so, perhaps, as it stands sometimes in peril. The less we have of things the more we demand credit for them. Macualwenches, on the above occasion, was evidently much wounded in his feelings, and with peculiar animation expressed his indignation. One, or two, of the others joined also in the protest against a custom-house search. But the demonstration speedily subsided, and all went smooth again.

"29*th*, *Thursday*.—The sailors are very busy in clearing out the Cœnobium, which Capt. Fell will have for

his shore residence. By knocking away one of the partitions, it can be made a very commodious house. The garden, which Mr. T. enclosed, is now about to be of use; a portion of it has already been planted with potatoes.

"*3rd October, Monday.*—This evening I received my 'Instructions,' for Tierra del Fuego, from Mr. Despard; and in united prayer, the blessing from the Lord, His grace and guidance, were sought; and I trust He will grant us success in our object of bringing fresh natives to our Station.

"*6th, Thursday.*—The lads went on board last evening. They left my wife with apparently many regrets. She had presented each with gifts of clothing for their respective mothers.

"This morning I went on board, and we sailed at about 10 o'clock. The wind was blowing pretty hard, and I felt the motion of the vessel more than is usual with me. I went to bed betimes, and awoke early the next morning, with the welcome news that Stanley was in view. As we were preparing to start, Ookokko made himself very useful. He untied one of the gaskets of the fore-sail, and then came to me and said wulla *(untie)*, and motioned the untwisting on his arm, to make me perfectly understand. Off he went again, and ran up the shrouds; and when I called him back, I found he was going to unfurl the top-gallant sail, a feat he had performed before, and which he thought he might do again. However, we were not then prepared to have quite so much sail on. He would make a smart sailor.

"*7th, Friday.*—Anchored at about 7 a. m. Capt. Fell and myself dined with Mr. Turpin, at Capt. P.'s, in the evening.

"*8th, Saturday.*—A lovely day. An American vessel

(whaler), the *Joe*, came into port; and in the afternoon, a barque, the *Jane Boyd*, of Aberdeen; bulwarks much broken away, and rudder lost, in trying to double the Cape. Providentially, after their disasters, they had a calm day, on which they shipped a make-shift rudder. I took the lads ashore, into Mr. D.'s store; and highly astonished were they to see the number and variety of articles. Ookokko has a few Brazilian shillings, and he intimates to me that he will invest them in sweet-meats. We went, then, to Government House. His Excellency was pleased to see them, and shewed them his drawing-room, and other parts of his house. The housekeeper, at Capt. P.'s, treated them very kindly also.

"Mr. Havers has been on board all day, taking a sketch, in water colours, of a 'Fuegian Group.' It bids fair to be an excellent representation.

"9*th*, *Sunday*.—Very boisterous weather. We had Divine service on board, in the morning; and on shore, at one of the soldier's houses, in the evening. At the latter, I gave an address from Hebrews iv. 14.—'Let us hold fast our profession.' The attendance was large, and a devotional spirit prevailed in the assembly. How sad it is for a British colony to be without a pastor.

"10*th*, *Monday*.—As many of the towns folk expressed a wish to see the Fuegian women and child, we took the whole party ashore this afternoon for a general inspection. Men and women were dressed in their best, and looked very clean and tidy. I had brought little Kitty, the day before, a pair of nice warm gaiters, but did not let her put them on, as they would be inconvenient to walk in. On landing we met two ladies, Mrs. Sweeny and Mrs. Smiley (the latter the American Consul's wife), who were very pleased at the opportunity of seeing the women and child, and gave the latter warm gaiters, and

a woollen coat, both new, out of the store. Sweet stuff was crammed into both of little Kitty's hands. Mrs. Sibbald, at her house, supplied them liberally with gingerbread nuts. We went, then, up to the cottagers, and took them to one house; and soon flocks of men, women, and children hurried down to see them. Many were the little presents they received, all evidences of the kindly feeling entertained towards them. Captain M. had expressed a wish to see them, but as he was out boating, he lost the opportunity. On our return from Government House, I took them in to see Mrs. B.'s mother, who treated them most liberally. We again met Mrs Smiley, who begged me take them on to her house, as she had some more clothes for them. Poor creatures, they were evidently well pleased with Stanley and its people, and kept talking one to another about their gifts and the givers. It came on to blow very hard, so I got them on board again as quickly as possible, gratified in having ministered to their happiness, and having satisfied the wishes of the colonists.

"11*th*, *Tuesday*.—It is very clear that the natives thought very highly of their 'lionizing,' yesterday, for, to-day, they have frequently told me and others that they do not want to go to Tierra del Fuego, but to England. 'Tierra del no good; bar Tierra del.' I am thinking, however, that did we take them at their word, the fit would not last long, but they would be very angry at not returning to the southern shores. We hope to make a start to-morrow, and trust we shall have a safe and speedy passage to Woollya. I hope to send you a full account of our doings by the next mail, which leaves here on the 1st of December; but I post this now in case we fail in getting back so early."

Aboriginal Population of Peru.

We now lay before our readers some gleanings of information respecting the Indian races of Peru. Our object is to impress the mind of Christians with the appalling state in which so many of our fellow creatures are placed. In drawing attention to the spiritual wants of the inhabitants of any country we must go upon the principle of selection. We cannot in one breath speak of all. We proceed by illustration. In the extreme south of South America we have the spiritual destitution of the Indian tribes represented to us in our intercourse with the Fuegians, and Patagonians. But, while we push on our efforts for the relief of these, we must not overlook the wants of other races in this same Continent. We, therefore, on the present occasion refer to the aboriginal portions of the Peruvian population, as we now find it.

From what country the ancient Peruvians proceeded, is utterly unknown; and it would be waste of time to repeat conjecture where we have not facts. Their early history, like that of all other nations, is blended with fable; the very nature of their system of government, which was evidently theocratical, tended to fable; and as they had no other method of conveying the history of past events, but by tradition, their annals are vague and unsatisfactory. As they were not even acquainted with the rude picture-writing of the ancient Mexicans, they had no other resource to preserve the memory of past transactions, but the noted *quipos*, somewhat resembling the wampum of the North American savages. It is clear, therefore, that very little dependence can be placed on the Peruvian records, which, though merely traditionary, have served as the ground-work of De La

Vega's romantic history of the Incas, from whom he himself was descended on the mother's side. Notwithstanding, however, the fabulous nature of their history, the ancient Peruvians were the most interesting people of America, having even, in several instances, approached higher civilisation than the warlike Mexicans.

Now, however, the hand of the oppressor, the ravages of disease, and the abuse of fermented liquors, have done their work, and we see little to admire, but much to lament. Degenerate, and savage tribes, numbering about 600,000, occupy the lowest position in the population of Peru. If by directing attention to them, we awaken one prayerful desire to promote their spiritual welfare, we shall not be without our reward. We quote from Bell's Geography.

"The declension of the Indian population is owing, not merely to the inhumanity of the first conquerors, and the mistaken policy of the Spanish government, but to many other causes, as the labours of the mines, the ravages of imported European diseases, and the abuse of intoxicating liquors. This last circumstance is most efficiently destructive. Ulloa says that the use of spirits is fatal to more Indians in one year than the mines are in fifty. The Indians of the Sierras, or high country, are so immoderately fond of ardent spirits, that they are often found dead in the fields at break of day, from the debauch of the preceding night. In 1759, the government was obliged to prohibit entirely the use of spirituous liquors, on account of an epidemic fever then raging among the Indians, which owed its destructive powers in a great measure to their habits of drunkenness. It is difficult to assign the real cause or causes of this extraordinary propensity to this brutish vice. If we are to believe their traditionary history, it was unknown to

their ancestors the ancient Peruvians ; and the manufacture or sale of any intoxicating beverage, was strictly forbidden by the Incas. Those idle and slothful habits which they have contracted since the conquest, contrasted with the laborious pursuits of their ancestors, and a conscious and ever-present sense of their fallen and servile condition, and the impossibility of ever recovering their pristine importance, may have paved the way for this degrading vice.

"The Peruvians, like the Mexicans, are copper coloured. According to Humboldt, this colour is peculiar to the whole American races, from Labrador to the Straits of Magellan ; and climate he affirms to have no perceptible influence on their complexion : some tribes may be darker than others, but this is independent of climate. The natives of the Rio Negro are darker than those of the Lower Oroonoko, though they enjoy a much cooler temperature. Near the source of the Oroonoko, there are tribes of a very light complexion, surrounded by other tribes much swarthier. The Indians of Chili, and on the tops of the Andes, are as dark as the inhabitants of the plains ; though the former are clothed, and the latter go almost naked, and those parts of the body which are constantly covered, are as dark as those which are always exposed. The Mexicans are darker than the natives of Quito ; and those who live near the Rio Gila are swarthier than those of Guatimala. Contrary to the information obtained by Volney concerning the North American Indians, Humboldt maintains that in all Spanish America the children of the Indians are copper-coloured from the moment of their birth ; and the caciques, who are always clothed, have all parts of their body of the same copper colour, except the palms of their hands and the soles of their feet. The Peruvians

generally have beards, more or less, though less than those of the Mexicans; there are individuals, however, who have neither hair nor beard. Their hair is black, lank, coarse, long, and shining, and seldom changes to grey. Unless their days are shortened by intoxication, the Indians are a long-lived race. They suffer less from wounds or bruises, and are less subject to personal deformities than the other castes. A crooked spine is not seen amongst them; and very few of them are squint-eyed or lame. In the provinces afflicted with those glandular swellings, called *goitres*, common in high Alpine regions, the Indians are exempted from them, and even the Mestizoes rarely suffer from that malady.

"Besides the race of Peruvian Indians, many other Indian tribes exist on the east of the Andes, in the Montana Real, and on the Upper Maranon and its tributary streams. The number of Indian tribes in the Montana Real and Steppe of the Holy Sacrament, amount to 25, according to Father Girval, of whom he claims to have converted 4, the *Panos*, *Cambos*, *Chipeos*, and *Piros*. The common deity of all these tribes is the Moon; but they dread a demon called the *Nugi*, whom they regard as the cause of all their calamities. Their chief food is flesh of beasts and birds. No chief is acknowledged by them, except during war, when he who is thought to have most courage and cunning is elected. But before he is admitted to the chief command, he is subjected to many cruel proofs of his constancy and courage, one of them being a most severe whipping. The men wear a coat of coarse cotton, while the women only gird their loins with the *chilundi*. Their heads are adorned with the brilliant plumage of birds, but their bodies and faces are tatooed with various colours. Some tribes are more humane and courteous; while others, as the *Casivas* and

Carapachas, are cannibals. The latter, however, and the numerous tribe of the *Chipeos*, are of so fair a colour, and so ample a beard, that they resemble the Europeans. Both these tribes being situated on the Pachitea and its vicinity, between 7° 35′ and 8° S. lat., this singular circumstance defies all the theories of the influence of climate upon the human race.

"Among all the tribes on this part of the genuine Maranon, polygamy is general, and the wives are often repudiated, but may wed other husbands. Two sisters are frequently married to the same husband, and caprice alone regulates their connexions. The *Carapachas* are asserted by Girval to be possessed of unrivalled beauty of face and form, the women being equal to the Georgians and Circassians. Yet their guttural pronunciation is like the barking of dogs; and when they speak, they strike on their thighs with great noise. The *Capanaguas*, a tribe on the Mague, dress and eat their dead, and think this action meritorious! They are, however, said to be one of the most humane tribes. The women of the Indian tribes, on the Rio Napo, are said to be warlike; when visited by Requina, he found that when the husbands were absent hunting or fishing, they were ready to defend their hovels and children. The women of the *Omaguas*, on the banks of the Yupura, go wholly naked. The Omaguas inhabit the banks of the Maranon, from 60 leagues below the mouth of the Napo, to 14 leagues below that of the Yutay, including the islands in the river, an extent of 200 leagues. Their settlements were so numerous in the time of Acuna, in 1638, that Teixeira never lost sight of them all that distance; and for 50 leagues N. and S. of the Maranon, no other settlements were in sight of the banks, such was their superiority. The name *Omaguas* signifies 'flat heads,' from a custom

once common with them of confining the forehead and occiput of their infants between boards, to make them perfectly flat, in order to resemble the full moon, which is their standard of beauty for the human face; the skull consequently grows out at the sides, and is more like an ill formed mitre than a head. This deformity of skull is, however, concealed in the females, by the extraordinary quantity of their hair. The pressing boards are at present disused, and the skull is moulded by squeezing it with their hands. In consequence of this distortion, they are almost without the faculty of memory, though in other respects the most docile, civilized, and rational savages on the Maranon. They were lately taught by Requina to make bread of the *yuca*. The *Guaguas*, another tribe on the Yupura, are cannibals, and return from war with the hearts of their enemies fastened round their necks. They even salt human flesh, and regard it as a most savoury repast. The *Casibos*, on the Pachitea and the Mayro, are also anthropophagi or cannibals; and do not hesitate, under the pressure of famine, to kill one another by surprise. Of the *Supebos*, some are remarkably fair; and they use a neat dress in the form of a tunic. The *Yures*, on the Putumayo or Iza Parana, are noted for their skill in poisons. The *Iquitos*, on the Nany, are dexterous at the lance; and are the only tribe which adores rude statues of quadrupeds, birds, and reptiles. The *Amachucas*, on the Abujay, which joins the Maranon from the east, and by which the Portuguese might enter the Steppe of the Holy Sacrament, are large of stature and corpulent. They are always engaged in war, and do not believe that there are any nations in the world, except those on the Maranon and Abujay. The *Setebos*, *Cocamas*, and *Maynas* tribes, are situated towards the mouth of the

Guallaga, and on those of the Tunguragua. The *Conibos* will take a whole year to hollow out a canoe from one tree, 15 or 20 yards in length, and from 5 to 7 quarters broad, which is accomplished by the means of sharp stones and fire. These, with a number of other tribes on the Apurimac or Ucayale, before it is joined by the Tunguragua, flatten the heads of their infants, in order, like the Omaguas, to resemble the full moon. The girls go entirely naked, while the married women wear a slight cincture; but among many other tribes, complete nakedness is universal. They seem to believe in one god, of a human form, who retired to heaven after making the earth; but do not venture to adore him, except during earthquakes, which they believe to proceed from the footsteps of their god, who visits the earth in order to see how many exist. They also believe in an evil spirit, of whom the most sagacious, for the sake of emolument, dare to declare themselves the priests, and regulate in his name, amours, intrigues, health and sickness, and their little warlike campaigns. They also believe in another life, and imagine that thunders are the battles of that distant world. Some believe in transmigration, and suppose that the souls of their chiefs animate tigers and monkeys. The dead are disinterred after a certain period, and the bones washed and preserved; but some tribes eat the flesh of their dead. Besides the chase and fishing as means of subsistence, they cultivate a few herbs, particularly the yuca, with which they make *mazato*. In order to cultivate the yuca, they cut down the trees with stone axes; and Father Girval brought one from Manoa, made of the stone called by the Spaniards fly's wing; but they have also axes of copper. As to the respective numbers of these tribes, we have no account whatever.

"The Indians of Peru occupy the same place in the scale of society as in Mexico. They are described by Humboldt and Estalla in very different colours from those used by Raynal, Kotzebue, and Marmontel. They are in the same fallen and degraded state as the Aztecs of Mexico; and their fate is a striking proof of the moral influence of social situation over the human mind. There is not a class of men under the sun better fenced with a host of protecting laws against the tyranny and injustice of their rulers, than the Indians of Spanish America; and yet, in spite of such legislative enactments in their favour, none have suffered more severely from rapacity and oppression, and nowhere have the conquered so much degenerated. Placed by these very laws in a state of perpetual pupilage, the Indians can never improve; excluded from all intercourse with strangers, and living under their own caciques, as a separate race, their intellects are never enlightened, and their ignorance is perpetuated; the very multiplicity of the laws in their favour, has produced a corresponding busy interference of priests and magistrates in their concerns, who are thus enabled, on pretext of serving, deeply to injure them. Their privileges excite the envy and hatred of the other castes, and alienate them from them; and they are plundered and despised by the mixed races, and even by the negroes."

Views of Nature.

The following extracts are from Humboldt's Views of Nature. The power and beauty of the description are most impressive. But we present them to our readers

as apposite to the general subject of our Journal, devoted as it is to the interests of South America. True, our primary aim is to arrest attention, and fix it upon the spiritual destitution of the aboriginal inhabitants of this country. But who can be indifferent to the influence, which a knowledge of local circumstances exerts when we are considering the condition of a people subject to them? If the physical aspects of nature predominate in the following pages, we must not allow them to obstruct our view of the people dwelling in the midst of them. Perhaps it is characteristic of savage man that he falls before, rather than controuls, the forces of nature. We see him oftentimes made their sport; and too frequently, along with the depression of his mental power, we witness the wreck of his bodily frame. Certainly in the scene presented to us by Humboldt, the contrast is striking between the huge developments of nature, and the feeble manhood that exists in their midst. Vast, grand, and solemn are the expanses of physical dominion. Mighty rivers roll before us. Around us, for thousands of square leagues, reigns the primeval and impenetrable forest. Man is a subject here. His lordship has been wrested from him. Almost with the beasts of the forest, he takes his place. He waits to be "crowned with glory and honour." He waits for the revelation in Jesus Christ of his great privileges as the son of man. And what has been done towards making known to him his heritage, and his destiny? Have the lips of the Evangelist ever read to him these prophetic words:—"Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory, and honour. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet: all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the

field; the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the sea?" The solitary station of the Franciscan monk rises indeed here and there in these regions, as a faint witness for the Lordship of Christ. It may give us a poor impression of its value to be told that, "in reference to social culture, the unreclaimed savage occupies about the same scale as those Indians, who although baptized and living 'under the bell,' have remained strangers to every form of instruction, and civilisation." But for the example set to us by these Franciscan monks, however imimperfect, we will not be ungrateful. If we feel dissatisfied it must be with ourselves, who have left these wildernesses, and their desolate children, wholly uncheered by the light of the Gospel. Germs of civilisation, and a few seeds of truth, mixed indeed with many husks, these Franciscans have cast into the soil of the heathen mind. If no large results have followed, we are not surprised considering the feebleness of the agency, and the poverty of the seed sown.

In the extracts from Humboldt, which we now give, the attention of the writer is not specially directed to the Indian races. They are only mentioned incidentally. Having impressed our readers with some of the physical aspects of the country, we shall, from time to time, in our Journal, speak more particularly about the native population found in it.

"If we comprehend, in one general view, the woody region which embraces the whole of South America, between the grassy plains of Venezuela and the Pampas of Buenos Ayres, lying between 8° north and 19° south latitude, we perceive that this connected *Hylæa* of the tropical zone is unequalled in extent by any other on the surface of the earth. Its area is about twelve

times that of Germany. Traversed in all directions by rivers, some of whose direct and indirect tributary streams (as well those of the second as of the first order) surpass the Danube and Rhine in the abundance of their waters, it owes the wonderful luxuriance of its vegetation to the two-fold influence of great humidity, and high temperature. In the temperate zone, particularly in Europe and Northern Asia, forests may be named from particular genera of trees which grow together as social plants, and form separate woods. In the Oak, Pine, and Birch forests of the northern regions, and in the Linden or Lime Woods of the eastern, there usually predominates only one species of Amentaceæ, Coniferæ or Tiliaceæ; while sometimes a single species of Piniferæ is intermixed with trees of deciduous foliage. Such uniformity of association is unknown in tropical forests. The excessive variety of their rich sylvan flora renders it vain to ask, of what do the primeval forests consist. Numberless families of plants are here crowded together; and even in small spaces, plants of the same species are rarely associated. Every day, and with every change of place, new forms present themselves to the traveller's attention; often flowers, beyond his reach, although the shape of the leaf and the ramifications of the plant excite his curiosity.

"The rivers, with their innumerable branches, are the only means of traversing the country. Astronomical observations, or in the absence of these, determinations by compass of the bends of the rivers, between the Orinoco, the Cassiquiare, and the Rio Negro, have shewn that two lonely mission stations might be situated only a mile apart, and yet the monks thereof, in visiting each other would require a day and a half to make the passage in their hollow-tree canoes, along the windings

of small streams. The most striking evidence of the impenetrability of some portions of these forests, is afforded by a trait in the habits of the American tiger, or panther-like Jaguar. While the introduction of European horned cattle, horses, and mules, has yielded so abundant a supply of food to the beasts of prey in the extensive grassy and treeless plains of Varinas, Meta, and Buenos Ayres; that these animals, (owing to the unequal contest between them and their prey,) have considerably increased since the discovery of America; other individuals of the same species lead a toilsome life in the dense forests contiguous to the sources of the Orinoco. The distressing loss of a large mastiff, the faithful companion of our travels, while we were bivouacking near the junction of the Cassiquiare with the Orinoco, induced us on our return from the insect-swarming Esmeralda, to pass another night on the same spot (uncertain whether he was devoured by a tiger) where we had already long sought him in vain. We again heard in the immediate neighbourhood the cries of the Jaguar, probably the very same animal to which we owed our loss. As the cloudy state of the sky rendered it impossible to conduct astronomical observations, we made our interpreter repeat to us what the natives, our boatmen, related of the tigers of the country.

"The so-called black Jaguar is, as we learnt, not unfrequently found among them. It is the largest and most blood-thirsty variety, and has a dark brown skin marked with scarcely distinguishable black spots. It lives at the foot of the mountain ranges of Maraguaca and Unturan. 'The love of wandering, and the rapacity of the Jaguars,' said our Indian narrator, one of the Durimond tribe; 'often lead them into such impenetrable thickets of the forest, that they can no longer

hunt on the ground, and then live for a long time in the trees—the terror of the families of monkeys, and of the prehensile-tailed viverra.

"The journal which I wrote at the time in German, and from which I borrow these extracts, was not entirely exhausted in the narrative of my travels (published in French). It contains a circumstantial description of the nocturnal life of animals; I might say, of their nocturnal voices in the tropical forests. And this sketch seems to me to be especially adapted to constitute one of the chapters of the *Views of Nature*. That which is written down on the spot, or soon after the impression of the phenomena has been received, may at least claim to possess more freshness than what is produced by the recollection of long passed events.

"We reached the bed of the Orinoco by descending from west to east along the Rio Apure, whose inundations I have noticed in the sketch of the Deserts and Steppes. It was the period of low water, and the average breadth of the Apure was only a little more than 1200 feet; while the Orinoco, at its confluence with the Apure (near the granite rocks of Curiquima, where I was able to measure a base-line), was still upwards of 12,180 feet. Yet this point (the rock of Curiquima,) is 400 miles in a straight line from the sea and from the delta of the Orinoco. Some of the plains, watered by the Apure and the Payara, are inhabited by Yaruros and Achaguas, who are called savages in the mission-villages established by the monks, because they will not relinquish their independence. In reference to social culture, they however occupy about the same scale as those Indians, who, although baptized and living 'under the bell,' have remained strangers to every form of instruction and cultivation.

"On leaving the Island del Diamante, where the Zambos, who speak Spanish, cultivate the sugar-cane, we entered into a grand and wild domain of nature. The air was filled with countless flamingoes and other water-fowl, which seemed to stand forth from the blue sky like a dark cloud in ever-varying outlines. The bed of the river had here contracted to less than 1000 feet, and formed a perfectly straight canal, which was inclosed on both sides by thick woods. The margin of the forest presents a singular spectacle. In front of the almost impenetrable wall of colossal trunks of Cæsalpinia, Cedrela, and Desmanthus, there rises with the greatest regularity on the sandy bank of the river, a low hedge of Sauso, only four feet high; it consists of a small shrub, Hermesia castanifolia, which forms a new genus of the family of Euphorbiaceæ. A few slender, thorny palms, called by the Spaniards Piritu and Corozo, stand close alongside; the whole resembling a trimmed garden hedge, with gate-like openings of considerable distances from each other, formed undoubtedly by the large four-footed animals of the forest, for convenient access to the river. At sunset, and mose particularly at break of day, the American Tiger, the Tapir, and the Peccary, may be seen coming forth from these openings accompanied by their young, to give them drink. When they are disturbed by a passing Indian canoe, and are about to retreat into the forest, they do not attempt to rush violently through these hedges of Sauso, but proceed deliberately along the bank, between the hedge and river, affording the traveller the gratification of watching their motions for sometimes four or five hundred paces, until they disappear through the nearest opening. During a seventy-four days' almost uninterrupted river navigation of 1520 miles up the Orinoco, to the neighbourhood

of its sources, and along the Cassiquiare, and the Rio Negro—during the whole of which time we were confined to a narrow canoe—the same spectacle presented itself to our view at many different points, and, I may add, always with renewed excitement. There came to drink, bathe, or fish, groups of creatures belonging to the most opposite species of animals: the larger mammalia with many-coloured herons, palamedeas with the proudly-strutting curassow. 'It is here as in Paradise,' remarked with pious air our steersman, an old Indian, who had been brought up in the house of an ecclesiastic. But the gentle peace of the primitive golden age does not reign in the paradise of these American animals, they stand apart, watch, and avoid each other. The Capybara, a cavy (or river-hog) three or four feet long (a colossal repetition of the common Brazilian cavy), is devoured in the river by the crocodile, and on the shore by the tiger. They run so badly, that we were frequently able to overtake and capture several from among the numerous herds.

"Below the mission of Santa Barbara de Arichuna we passed the night as usual in the open air, on a sandy flat, on the bank of the Apure, skirted by the impenetrable forest. We had some difficulty in finding dry wood to kindle the fires with which it is here customary to surround the bivouac,as a safeguard against the attacks of the Jaguar. The air was bland and soft, and the moon shone brightly. Several crocodiles approached the bank; and I have observed that fire attracts these creatures as it does the crabs and many other aquatic animal. The oars of our boats were fixed upright in the ground, to support our hammocks. Deep stillness prevailed, only broken at intervals by the blowing of the fresh-water dolphins, which are peculiar to the river

net-work of the Orinoco (as, according to Colebrooke, they are also to the Ganges, as high up the river as Benares); they followed each other in long tracks.

"After eleven o'clock, such a noise began in the contiguous forest, that for the remainder of the night all sleep was impossible. The wild cries of animals rung through the woods. Among the many voices which resounded together, the Indians could only recognise those which, after short pauses, were heard singly. There was the monotonous, plaintive, cry of the Aluates (howling monkeys), the whining, flute-like notes of the small sapajous, the grunting murmur of the striped nocturnal ape (which I was the first to describe), the fitful roar of the great tiger, the Cuguar or maneless American lion, the peccary, the sloth, and a host of parrots, parraquas, and other pheasant-like birds. Whenever the tigers approached the edge of forest, our dog, who before had barked incessantly, came howling to seek protection under the hammocks. Sometimes the cry of the tiger resounded from the branches of a tree, and was then always accompanied by the plaintive piping tones of the apes, who were endeavouring to escape from the unwonted pursuit."

"I was naked, and ye clothed me."

We are most happy to be able to state, that Mrs. Despard's appeal for clothing for the natives has been responded to in a degree surpassing all our expectations. The kindness of friends in this particular has been most gratifying. We wish all, who have so generously contributed their time, and skill, and money, towards the general result, could realise—not our pleasure only, but —the pleasure of those abroad for whose sake they have

exerted themselves. We know this token of sympathy will not be without its reward. The hearts of our friends abroad will be cheered, and their hands strengthened thereby; and, this being the case, we need no great gift of prophecy to forecast the happiest results in the conduct of the Mission work. We already have fruits of the industry of our Missionary brethren in the instruction of the Fuegian lads; and to justify ourselves for the praise we have bestowed upon their acquirements, as well as to interest, and reward our friends, we hope, in our next number, to give a lithograph specimen of Luccaenche Tellon's writing. We subjoin the names of those from whom we have received contributions of clothing; and we can only beg them to assure their numerous helpers, and co-contributors, of our great, and unfeigned gratitude. We have heard of further contributions coming, but we acknowledge only those actually received. The boxes will be despatched ere our readers have perused the above.

HenryForbes, Esq., Harrogate	Mr. Sutton, Falmouth
Mrs. Codner, Weston-s.-Mare	Miss Buchanan, Ayr
Mrs. Ward, ditto	Miss Atkinson, Maidenhead
Miss Borrer, Henfield	Mrs. Justice, Stapleton
Mrs. Vaughan, Redland	Miss Jones, ditto
Mrs. Arbuthnot, Marisbank	Miss Francis, Exeter
Miss Birch, Shrewsbury	Mrs. Phinn, Chichester
Miss H. Campbell, Edinburgh	Miss Lucy Nash, Clifton
Miss Gordon, Black Rock	Mrs. Sykes, ditto
Mrs. Elliott, Isle of Man	Miss Watson, Kilburn
Mrs. & Miss Steele, Edinburgh	Mrs. Parkhouse, Clifton
Miss Mair, Clifton	Mrs. Hamilton, ditto
Mrs. Mower, London	Mrs. Edkin, Kingsdown
Mrs. Brackenbury, Cheltenh.	Rev. J. Wood, Bath
Miss Hopperton, Torquay	Mrs. Alleyne, London
MissWeymouth, Kingsbridge	Miss Woollcombe, Clifton

Letter from Rev. G. P. Despard.

We have been kindly permitted to present to our readers the following extracts from a letter of the Rev. G. P. Despard. The first date is, perhaps, alarmingly old; but our readers will not be mistaken, if they expect to be interested. In fact, the latter part of the letter alludes to events as recent as any with which we are acquainted at our Mission Station. If we are not in possession of any very recent intelligence from thence, it will be understood by the friends of the Mission, that, the *Allen Gardiner* being engaged in her important duties in Tierra del Fuego, no means were at hand for forwarding despatches to catc the late Brazilian mail. Possibly we may not get letters again till April; but we hope in the following month to be able to give an account of the visit of our Missionary brethren to the Fuegian tribes.

"Cranmer, W. Falklands,
January 23rd, 1859.

"In the interval of Sabbath duties, dear Mrs. H., I desire to hold an interchange of words with you, by that wonderful channel which God's providence has opened between this Ultima Thule Antarctic and your happy Island, the post. I have just left off a lesson in reading with Luccaenchè and Ookokkowenchè, two Fuegian

youths, whom we have had staying at Cranmer; and with the former, about twelve years old, we have had encouragement. The system I follow is that of A. Ellis, commonly called phonetic, that is, each letter has a distinct and unchangeable sound. The alphabet is on separate pieces of wood; I place together what spell a Fuegian word, the name of a visible object, and make an English bystander read it off. The Fuegian scholar hears this, and is shown the word together. Then each component part of it is sounded, the word is broken up, and he is made to reconstruct it. He makes many mistakes now, yet understands what I am at, and has learnt the sound of several letters. I taught my fourth daughter to read English in this way, and it surprised me how rapidly she got on, compared with those taught in the old style. You are inquisitive to know how these Fuegian youths came to us. You shall be told. When our schooner went to Tierra del Fuego last autumn, James Button and his family were only too happy to return in her to this place. He spent winter and spring with us, and gained much in our esteem, and so we secured his confidence. I took him back to his home, and with two Catechists remained a month at the place. We constructed a house in the English fashion in their country, and had not the slightest difficulty in persuading three men, with their wives, and these two youths, their relatives, (not children,) to come hither with us.

"*Oct. 4th.*—You see, dear friend, how long my letter has been on the stocks—nearly nine months. One matter of urgent business or another has prevented its launch till now. Those same Fuegians are now just returning to their own home. They will leave us, I hope, to-morrow; and how greatly changed in manners,

and I may say in morals. The boys are quite polite gentlemen. "If you please"—"Thank you"—"Good morning"—"Good bye"—"Pretty well, I thank you;" are ever heard in the right time and place: and though they have been living where all manner of riches were exposed to them, they have taken nothing. They give thanks at their meals, and at their bedside say, 'Pray God for Jesus Christ's sake make me good boy.' They know it wrong to tell lies, to profane the Sabbath, to steal, to kill. They say, 'Good men pray God Sundays; bad men no pray.' The men are also very much improved. They have behaved very orderly; very seldom missed coming to daily worship, and generally twice on Sundays. They have gold, and diamonds, and rubies, *i. e.* iron goods of all sorts constantly exposed to their view, and they have only in their first coming appropriated an old axe, two chisels, a gimblet, and a whetstone, and a piece of tin. The women have gone in and out of our house, into every room, without restraint, and we have no proof that they have stolen anything. They came to us, you remember, naked men and women, without a rag upon them; and now they go decent in their habits, tidily dressed, and instructed in many useful arts; and, as far as our imperfect medium of communication served, they have been taught the knowledge of God. They go away with very friendly feelings on both sides. They talk of coming back '*quicka*,' and bringing others with them. What abundant cause of thankfulness and hope is there in all this! I have got near one thousand words of Tekeenica; but am still a long way from ability to make a grammar of it. I have discovered neither conjunction, preposition, mood, nor tense in it. The sound is easy to produce, and agreeable to the hearing. No word has appeared

for God, or Creator, or pray. They have a word for Spirit, 'Cashpeak,' and they are very uneasy at hearing it, for they say they shall see it if named. What a comfort do we enjoy in knowing that our God is the Author of language, and has appointed that all tongues shall declare His glory.

"I send home the copy of a letter written by one lad to Mr. Scott, of St. Ann's, Dublin, one of our Hon. Secretaries for Ireland. If you can get the Phonetic alphabet, you will see the sounds. You would be greatly surprized at the correct way in which the lad copied it. My heart is full of hopes for the spread of the Gospel in these lands. Gardiner's dying prayers will not have ascended from their shores in vain. ..... Myself and family are quite well. Cheerful spirits are given to us, and with a smile and a song we rub through our day's work. May we be found of Him in peace, when He comes to call us hence. May the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who must be the God of consolation to His afflicted disciples, be with you and yours, is the sincere desire of

"Yours, &c.,

"G. P. DESPARD."

Letter from a Fuegian Lad.*

In giving our friends a Lithograph of Luccaenche Tellon's hand-writing, we must in justice state, that scarcely eight months previously to this effort of penmanship, our young Fuegian pupil was a naked savage in the land of his fathers. A written word he had never seen. Ideas of grammar were utterly foreign to his mind. Hatchets he may have had a very rude conception of; but a chisel we should think existed quite beyond the precincts of his imagination. As for England, he may have heard something strange about it, through his uncle, James Button.

* See frontispiece.

But on the whole, we must say, that Mr. Despard and his party had a critical experiment to make, when they undertook to educate Luccaenche, and his compeers. However, we now know the lad has begun to write, and, we venture to say, has written very creditably indeed. We should like to listen to a lesson in spelling and reading. But if we cannot do this ourselves, we yet have good authority for saying, that Master Lucca has made progress in both these arts. Above all, let us rejoice that not Lucca only, but other Fuegian lips, have been taught to pray, and have had cast into their minds, along with the lessons of civilised life, the seed of that incorruptible word, which liveth and abideth for ever.

The lithograph copy will be found in another part: we here give the translation. The letters are correctly borrowed from Ellis's Phonetic system.

"My Friend,

"I am glad to saw much; to plane much. By and bye I shall be a carpenter.

"I shall visit England; and you will give me a hatchet, a chisel, and a bradawl; and I shall say, thank you.

"LUCCAENCHE TELLON."

Tribes on the Orinoco.

In treating of Missionary effort in South America, we are not to suppose that it presents to us altogether a virgin field. In many a remote and secluded spot, far from the haunts of civilisation and commerce, in the recesses of its vast forests, on the shores of its mighty rivers, we find traces of cultivation in the furrowed soil, which prove that labourers have been there whose toil was not wholly in vain. The untamed inhabitants of

this glorious land, can scarcely be said to have been neglected by their European invaders. When first the rival races confronted each other upon the South American soil it was indeed in a hostile attitude; and if the conquerors sought to communicate to the vanquished or retreating Indians the blessings of their own Christian faith, it was with sterner weapons than those of persuasion and love. We pass over, however, these stern proselytisms, which are of the past, and which, were it not for our Spanish friends in Morocco, we should have thought obsolete. It was not long ere steady and systematic efforts were made by Missionaries of the Jesuit order, to convert and reclaim from barbarism these remarkable tribes. It would be unjust to deny, that these efforts were attended with considerable success, of its kind. Large communities of Indians were in many parts brought under the restraints and privileges of a Christian civilisation, and in many respects their condition was materially improved. But a secular spirit gradually invaded the pure and disinterested enthusiasm of of these early labours, and the worldly advantages of the enterprise became too clearly evident to be overlooked, or relinquished. It was thus that while they continued largely to benefit the physical and social condition of the Indians, and even to impart to them the elements of Christian faith and doctrine, the fathers studiously refrained from admitting their converts to the full spiritual and intellectual privileges of their order, and kept them in a state of permanent pupillage and moral servitude. When at length the superior influence, overborne by the jealousy of the political power, was compelled to withdraw, the apparent civilisation and christianisation of the inferior race disappeared likewise. The Mission station, with all its seeming

show of order, peace, and Christian cultivation, was in fact but like the garden of a child, who fills the ground with gathered flowers, which for a while seem to flourish and look fair, but which having no root soon wither and die. Such were the results of these Jesuit labours. Their authors were content with "false adornments, flowers, not fruit;" and, when they passed from the scene, their labours perished with them. The more ostentatious establishments of the Jesuits have in later times been supplemented, though not replaced, by the humbler labours of the Franciscan and other orders, whose Missionaries, sometimes alone, sometimes in companies of two or three, have penetrated far into the interior of the country, and are found located in spots rarely visited by Europeans, excepting the few who are urged on by the zeal of scientific enterprise or personal adventure. From these facts, however, we glean both encouragement and warning. Encouragement, in that we see the practicability of Missionary efforts amongst these numerous aborigines of South America, by the success which attended the labours of men, whose self-denying zeal and earnest benevolence we cannot fail to admire. Warning, because their failures teach us, that no philanthropy, however pure, no Christian zeal, however ardent, can atone for the absence of that simplicity of Christ which alone contains within it the germs of permanent and satisfying success. The motive power to originate and carry on the noble work of Christian Missions must come from above. Nothing but a deep and enduring love to Him who is the Saviour of the world, can support the faith and nerve the courage of those who go forth to meet the powers of heathenism in all their varied and loathsome aspects. The history of Jesuit Missions in South America furnishes incon-

testable proof of this; but the foot-tracks of these early labourers are still left, to beckon on those who, while they desire to make known to the heathen Him who is the hope of all the ends of the earth, are content themselves to sacrifice every earthly tie, and whose sole aim is to magnify their Lord, whether it be by life or by death. If we wanted to bring graphically before the minds of our readers, the needs and the condition of these secluded tribes, where could we find a more striking picture than is given us in the following description of Humboldt's and Bonpland's Visit to the Cataracts of the Orinoco. Unequalled are the vigorous touches with which the glorious beauty of the surrounding scenery is brought before us; while the still and ghastly mementoes of a perished race, lying bare within their caverned sepulchres, speak to our hearts with a deep yet silent eloquence. To the eye of faith the living tribes who still roam these boundless wilds, are as spiritually dead as these dry bones themselves. O that the time may soon come, when the voice of God's messengers may prophesy unto them, and the Spirit of God breathe upon them, till they arise and stand on their feet, a great army of saved and rescued souls, to the praise of the glory of His grace.

We now quote from the description above referred to.

"When they arrived at Esmeralda, the greater part of the Indians were returning from an excursion which they had made to the east, beyond the Rio Padamo, to gather brazil nuts. Their return was celebrated by a festival, which was called in the mission the festival of brazil nuts, and which resembled the harvest-homes and vintage-feasts of Germany. The women had prepared a quantity of fermented liquor, and during two days the Indians were in a state of intoxication. The harvest

was celebrated by dancing and drinking. The hut where the natives were assembled, displayed during several days a singular aspect. There was neither table nor bench; but large roasted monkeys, blackened by smoke, were ranged in regular order against the wall.

"Leaving Esmeralda on the afternoon of the 23rd, the travellers reached the bifurcation of the Orinoco, where they remained that night. Descending the river the next morning they passed the mouths of the Rio Cunucunumo, and the Guanami, and Puriname. Between the sources of the Rio Blanco, and the Rio Essequibo, they met with rocks and symbolical figures. They were also shown, near the Culimacari, on the banks of the Cassiquiare, traces which were believed to be regular characters. They were however only misshapen figures, representing the heavenly bodies, together with tigers, crocodiles, boas, and instruments used for making the flour of cassava. It was impossible to recognise in these painted rocks any symmetrical arrangement, or characters with regular spaces.

"On the evening of the 31st they landed just before sunset, on the eastern bank of the Orinoco, in order to visit the cavern of Ataruipe, the sepulchre of a destroyed nation.

"They climbed with difficulty, and not without some danger, a steep rock of granite, entirely bare. It would have been almost impossible for them to have fixed their feet on its smooth and sloping surface, but for large crystals of feldspar, resisting decomposition, which stood out from the rock, and furnished points of support. Scarcely had they attained the summit of the mountain when they beheld the singular aspect of the surrounding country. The foamy bed of the waters was filled with an archipelago of islands, covered with palm-trees.

Westward, on the left bank of the Orinoco, the wide-stretching savannahs of the Meta and the Casanare resembled a sea of verdure. The setting sun seemed like a globe of fire suspended over the plain, and the solitary peak of Uniana, which appeared more lofty from being wrapped in vapours which softened its outline, all contributed to deepen the majesty of the scene. Immediately below them lay a deep valley, inclosed on every side. Birds of prey and goatsuckers winged their lonely flight in this inaccessible place. The travellers found a pleasure in following with the eye their fleeting shadows, as they glided slowly over the flanks of the rock.

"The most remote part of the valley was covered by a thick forest. In this shady and solitary spot, on the declivity of a steep mountain, the cavern of Ataruipe opened to the view. It was less a cavern than a jutting rock, in which the waters had scooped a vast hollow when, in the ancient revolutions of our planet, they attained that height. In this tomb of an extinct tribe the travellers counted nearly six hundred skeletons, well preserved and regularly placed. Every skeleton reposed in a sort of basket made of the petioles of the palm-tree. These baskets had the form of a square bag. Their size was proportioned to the age of the dead; there were some for infants cut off at the moment of their birth. The travellers saw them from ten inches to three feet four inches long, the skeletons in them being bent together. They were all ranged near each other, and were so entire that not a rib or a phalanx was wanting. The bones had been prepared in three different manners, either whitened in the air and the sun, dyed red with anoto, or like mummies, varnished with odoriferous resins, and enveloped in leaves of the heliconia, or the plantain-tree. The Indians informed them that the fresh

corpse was placed in damp ground, that the flesh might be consumed by degrees; some months afterwards it was taken out, and the flesh remaining on the bones was scraped off with sharp stones. Earthen vases half-baked were found near the baskets. They appeared to contain the bones of the same family. The largest of these vases, or funeral urns, were five feet high, and three feet three inches long. Their colour was greenish-grey, and their oval form was pleasing to the eye. The handles were made in the shape of crocodiles or serpents; the edges were bordered with painted meanders, labyrinths, and grecques, in rows variously combined. Such designs are found in every zone among nations the farthest removed from each other, either with respect to their respective positions on the globe, or to the degree of civilisation which they have attained. They still adorn the common pottery made by the inhabitants of the little mission of Maypures; they ornament the bucklers of the Otaheitans, the fishing-implements of the Esquimaux, the wall of the Mexican palace of Mitla, and the vases of ancient Greece.

"They could not acquire any precise idea of the period to which the origin of the baskets and the painted vases, contained in the bone-cavern of Ataruipe, could be traced. A tradition circulated among the Guahibos, that the war-like Atures, pursued by the Caribs, escaped to the rocks that rose in the middle of the Great Cataracts; and there that nation became gradually extinct, as well as its language. The last families of the Atures still existed in 1767, in the time of the missionary Gili. At the period of Humboldt's voyage an old parrot was shown at Maypures, of which the inhabitants said, that 'they did not understand what it said, because it spoke the language of the Atures.'

"The travellers opened, to the great concern of their guides, several baskets, for the purpose of examining attentively the form of the skulls. They were all marked by the characteristics of the American race, with the exception of two or three, which approached to the Caucasian. In the middle of the Cataracts, in the most inaccessible spots, cases were found strengthened with iron bands, and filled with European tools, vestiges of clothes, and glass trinkets. These articles, which had given rise to the most absurd reports of treasures hidden by the Jesuits, probably belonged to Portuguese traders who had penetrated into these savage countries.

"Humboldt and Bonpland took several skulls, the skeleton of a child of six or seven years old, and two full-grown men of the nation of the Atures, from the cavern of Ataruipe. All these bones, partly painted red, partly varnished with odoriferous resins, were placed in the baskets which we have just described. They made almost the whole load of a mule; and as the travellers knew the superstitious feelings of the Indians in reference to the remains of the dead after burial, they carefully enveloped the baskets in mats recently woven. Unfortunately for them, the penetration of the Indians, and the extreme quickness of their sense of smelling, rendered all these precautions useless. Wherever they stopped, in the missions of the Caribees, amid the Llanos between Angostura and Nueva Barcelona, the natives assembled round their mules to admire the monkeys which they had purchased at the Orinoco. These good people had scarcely touched their baggage, when they announced the approaching death of the beast of burden that carried the dead. In vain the travellers told them they were deceived in their conjectures; and that the basket contained the bones of crocodiles and manatis;

they persisted in repeating that they smelt the resin that surrounded the skeletons, and 'that they were their old relations.' The travellers were obliged to request that the monks would interpose their authority, to overcome the aversion of the natives, and procure for them a change of mules.

"They withdrew in silence from the cavern of Ataruipe. It was one of those calm and serene nights which are so common in the torrid zone. The stars shone with a mild and planetary light. Their scintillation was scarcely sensible at the horizon, which seemed illumined by the great nebulæ of the southern hemisphere. An innumerable multitude of insects spread a reddish light upon the ground, loaded with plants, and resplendent with these living and moving fires, as if the stars of the firmament had sunk down on the savannah. On quitting the cavern the travellers stopped to admire the beauty of this singular scene. The odoriferous vanilla and festoons of bignonia decorated the entrance; and above, on the summit of the hill, the arrowy branches of the palm-trees waved murmuring in the air. They descended towards the river, to take the road to the mission, where they arrived late in the night.

"They stayed at the mission of Atures only during the time necessary for passing the canoe through the Great Cataract. The bottom of their frail bark had become so thin that it required great care to prevent it from splitting. They took leave of the missionary, Bernardo Zea, who remained at Atures, after having accompanied them during two months, and shared all their sufferings. This poor monk still continued to have fits of tertian ague; they had become to him an habitual evil, to which he paid little attention. Other fevers of a more fatal kind prevailed at Atures on their second visit. The greater

part of the Indians could not leave their hammocks, and the travellers were obliged to send in search of cassava-bread, the most indispensable food of the country, to the independent but neighbouring tribe of the Piraoas.

"They stopped a few days after at the mission of Uruana. The situation of this mission was extremely picturesque. The little Indian village stood at the foot of a lofty granitic mountain. Rocks everywhere appeared in the form of pillars above the forest, rising higher than the tops of the tallest trees. The aspect of the Orinoco was nowhere more majestic, than when viewed from the hut of the missionary, Fray Ramon Bueno. It was more than fifteen thousand six hundred feet broad, and it ran without any winding, like a vast canal, straight towards the east. Two long and narrow islands contributed to give extent to the bed of the river. The mission was inhabited by the Ottomacs, a tribe in the rudest state, and presenting one of the most extraordinary physiological phenomena. They ate earth; that is, they swallowed every day, during several months, very considerable quantities, to appease hunger; and this practice did not appear to have any injurious effect on their health. Though the travellers could stay only one day at Uruana, this short space of time sufficed to make them acquainted with the preparation of the balls of earth. Humboldt also found some traces of this vitiated appetite among the Guamos; and between the confluence of the Meta and the Apure, where everybody spoke of dirt-eating as of a thing anciently known.

"The inhabitants of Uruana belonged to those nations of the savannahs called wandering Indians, who, more difficult to civilize than the nations of the forest, had a decided aversion to cultivating the land, and lived almost exclusively by hunting and fishing. They were men of

very robust constitution; but ill-looking, savage, vindictive, and passionately fond of fermented liquors. They were omnivorous animals in the highest degree; and therefore the other Indians, who considered them as barbarians, had a common saying, 'nothing is so loathsome but that an Ottomac will eat it.' While the waters of the Orinoco and its tributary streams were low, the Ottomacs subsisted on fish and turtles. The former they killed with surprising dexterity, by shooting them with arrows when they appeared at the surface of the water. When the rivers swelled fishing almost entirely ceased. It was then very difficult to procure fish, which often failed the poor missionaries, on fast-days as well as flesh-days, though all the young Indians were under the obligation of fishing for the convent. During the period of these inundations, which lasted two or three months, the Ottomacs swallowed a prodigious quantity of earth. The travellers found heaps of earth-balls in their huts, piled up in pyramids three or four feet high. These balls were five or six inches in diameter. The earth which the Ottomacs ate was a very fine and unctuous clay, of a yellowish grey colour; when it was slightly baked at the fire, the hardened crust had a tint inclining to red, owing to the oxide of iron which was mingled with it. The travellers brought away some of this earth, which they took from the winter-provision of the Indians.

The Cross, and the Crown.

How many people there are, and we suppose ever will be, who refuse to understand the practical meaning of that truth which underlies the saying, if we would wear the Crown, we must bear the Cross. Yet no one

who is conversant with the history of the Church of Christ, and no one who has himself earnestly attempted to follow Christ, can be ignorant of the universal application of this great truth. Especially do we see stamped upon every enterprise of faith the severe features of this spiritual law. We know of no exceptions. New Zealand, Tahiti, Sierra Leone, Burmah, all send up their witnesses to its pervading power. It is easy enough for those, who have come into rich heritages bequeathed to them by the faith and patient endurance of their fathers, to think lightly of, it may be wholly to overlook, the anxious days and nights of toil, that have preceded the enjoyments which now belong to them. But although this is easy, it is not wise; it is not safe. It savours too much of luxury. We may grow fat as we feast upon the fruits of fifty years of toil, in which we have taken but little share. But do we grow strong? This is the question. May we not all the while be growing indifferent to the struggles of those, who are still labouring in weakness, and preparing the way for future triumphs in the battle-fields of spiritual warfare? We fear it may be so. As apposite to these remarks, we turn to a Mission, the history of which has latterly excited no ordinary amount of interest. In the preface to "Rivers in the Desert," the author says, "The history of modern Missions has no such bright page." We do not canvass the *words*, but the *meaning* of them. Indeed we admit their truth, if the brightness spoken of be not merely what is called *success*, but the patient struggle of faith against tremendous discouragements, ultimately crowned with the Divine blessing. Let our friends read the following extracts, and compare them with the experiences of our own Mission history. Let them also think of what fifty years of spiritual effort have produced

in Burmah, albeit commenced, and carried on, amid such terrible trials and conflicts—they will rise up, we believe, with a fixed determination to allow no difficulties, however great, to hinder them, but in the power of God to fight manfully the battle of the Cross against "spiritual wickedness" in South America.

"At length they reached Burmah. 'We had never before,' Judson wrote, 'seen a place where European influence had not contributed to smooth and soften the rough features of uncultivated nature. The prospect of Rangoon, as we approached, was quite disheartening. I went on shore, just at night, to take a view of the place and of the mission-house; but so dark and cheerless, and unpromising did all things appear, that the evening of that day, after my return to the ship, we have marked as the most gloomy and distressing that we ever passed. But if ever we commended ourselves, sincerely and without reserve, to the disposal of our heavenly Father, it was on that evening. And, after some recollection and prayer, we experienced something of the presence of Him who cleaveth closer than a brother.' The next day Mrs. Judson was carried on shore; and in the almost deserted shell of a mission the wanderers found a place of rest.

"In Burmah Judson was to pass four-and-thirty years, his whole work-day of life. His first aim was to master the language. Let the reader figure him in a large open room or verandah; the table covered with Burman books; and at his side, as he bends intently over them, 'a venerable-looking man, in his sixtieth year, with a cloth wrapped round his middle, and a handkerchief round his head,'—the pundit and his pupil, talking and chattering all day long, with scarcely a moment's cessation. 'Our progress in the language,'

he writes, after a few months, 'is slow, as it is peculiarly hard of acquisition. We can, however, read, write, and converse with tolerable ease; and frequently we spend whole evenings very pleasantly in conversing with our Burman friends.' And the following winter:—'I keep myself as busy as possible all day long, from sunrise till late in the evening, in reading Burman, and in conversing with the natives. I feel that at present this is my one object, and that, when my attention is diverted to anything else, my time is lost. I have been here a year and a half; and so extremely difficult is the language—perhaps the most difficult to a foreigner of any on the face of the earth, next to the Chinese—that I find myself very inadequate to communicate divine truth intelligibly.'

"And he took heed, meanwhile, to his own soul. He writes: 'Had a comfortable and happy season of prayer this evening. I know not that I ever had so strong a desire to live to God, and continually to enjoy His presence. Felt a disposition to pray that He would enable us to continue in this country, bear with submission and fortitude the trials and afflictions before us, and spread the light of truth through the empire. Though we cannot yet make known the Gospel, it is easy for God to prepare the people's hearts to receive the Saviour, as soon as they shall hear the joyful sound. We long to speak their language. O Jesus! be with us, and assist us in all our studies and in all our exertions!'

"Appalling, at times, was the spiritual loneliness of the scene. 'There is not an individual in the country that I can pray with,' he wrote, in the following spring, during his wife's temporary absence at Madras, 'and not a single soul with whom I can have the least religious communion. No Burman has, I believe, ever felt

the grace of God; and what can a solitary, feeble individual or two expect to be the means of effecting in such a land as this, amid the triumphs of Satan, the darkness of death?' And, another day, he added:—'I have in some instances been so happy as to secure the attention, and in some degree to interest the feelings, of those who heard me. Oh, display Thy grace and power among the Burmans! subdue them to Thyself, and make them Thy chosen people!'

"New barriers presented themselves. One day, some months later, after a visit to the bazaars, they write:—'Were surprised at the multitudes of people with which the streets and bazaars were filled. Their countenances are intelligent, but they are given to every sin. Lying is so common and universal among them, that they say, 'We cannot live without telling lies.' We feel more and more convinced that the Gospel must be introduced into this country through many trials and difficulties, through much self-denial and earnest prayer. The strong prejudices of the Burmans, their foolish conceit of superiority over other nations, the wickedness of their lives, together with the plausibility of their own religious tenets, make a formidable appearance in the way of their receiving the strict requirements of the Gospel of Jesus.' But their faith did not stagger. 'We frequently receive letters from our Christian friends,' they add, 'begging us to leave a field so entirely rough and uncultivated, the soil of which is so unpromising, and to enter one which presents a more plentiful harvest. But we are convinced that we are in the very situation in which our heavenly Father would have us to be. And God grant that we may live and die among the Burmans, though we should never do anything more than smooth the way for others. I just

now begin to see my way forward in this language; and hope that two or three years more will make it somewhat familiar. I am beginning to translate the New Testament, being extremely anxious to get some parts of Scripture, at least, into an intelligible shape, if for no other purpose than to read, as occasion offers, to the Burmans I meet with. I am sometimes a little dispirited when I reflect, that for two or three years past I have been drilling at A, B, C, and grammar. But I consider again, that the gift of tongues is not granted in these times—that some one must acquire this language by dint of application, must translate the Scriptures, and must preach the Gospel to the people in their own tongue, or how can they be saved?'

"And again they write:—'We often converse with our teachers and our servants on the subject of our coming to this country, and tell them that if they die in their present state they will surely be lost. But they say, 'Our religion is good for us, yours for you; you will be rewarded for your good deeds in your way, we in our way.' They have not the least idea of a God who is eternal—without beginning or end. All their deities have been through the several grades of creatures, from a fowl to a deity. When their deities take heaven, as they express it, they cease to exist; which, according to their ideas, is the highest state of perfection. It is now two thousand years since Gautama, their last deity, entered on his state of perfection; and, though he has now ceased to exist, they still worship a hair of his head, which is enshrined in an enormous pagoda, to which the Burmans go every eighth day. They know of no other atonement for sin, than offerings to their priests and their pagodas. You cannot imagine how very difficult it is to give them any idea of the true God, and of

the way of salvation by Christ, since their present ideas of Deity are so low. But the hearts of heathens, as well as of Christians, are in the hands of God; and in His own time He will turn them unto Him.'

"The following autumn, during a severe illness, he collected what knowledge he had acquired of the language, and put it together in the shape of a grammar, that it might not be wholly lost to others. 'Of no pretensions, and of very small dimensions,' wrote an accomplished Orientalist many years afterwards, in the Calcutta Review, 'it revealed the genius of the man, perhaps more strikingly than anything else, except his Bible. We have seen no work in any tongue which we should compare with it for brevity and completeness.' And a tract was now ready in manuscript, 'giving the Burmans their first ideas of a Saviour, and of the way of salvation.'

"Mrs. Judson was by this time 'the happy mother of a little son.' 'I know, my dear mother,' we have her writing home, 'you long very much to see my little darling. I wish you were here to see him. He is a sprightly boy, and already begins to be very playful. We hope his life may be preserved, and his heart sanctified, that he may become a missionary among the Burmans.' And another day she writes:—'The child will lie for hours on a mat by his papa's study-table, or by the side of his chair on the floor, so that he can only see his face. When we have finished study, or the business of the day, it is our exercise and amusement to carry him round the house or garden; and, though we are alone, we feel not our solitude when he is with us.' An illness came on, and Mr. Judson watched at his cradle, nursing him day and night. 'Friday night,' the mother writes, 'I sat by him till two o'clock, when, being much fatigued, I retired, and Mr. Judson took

him. The little creature drank his milk with much eagerness: and Mr. Judson thought he was refreshed and would go to sleep. He laid him in his cradle; and he slept with ease for half an hour, when his breath stopped without a struggle, and he was gone. Eight months we had enjoyed our precious little Roger; and so completely had he entwined himself around his parents' hearts, that his existence seemed necessary to our own. We buried him in the afternoon of the same day, in a little enclosure on the other side of the garden. Forty or fifty Burmans and Portuguese followed, with his afflicted parents, the last remains to the silent grave. All the Burmans who were acquainted with us endeavoured to sympathise with us, and to console us under our loss. Our hearts were bound up in this child; we felt he was our earthly all—our only source of innocent recreation in this heathen land. But God saw it was necessary to remind us of our error, and to strip us of our only little all. Oh, may it not be in vain that He has done it!'

"Ten days passed, and the wife of the viceroy appeared on a state-visit. Shortly before his illness, little Roger had been taken by his mother to the palace. 'What a child!' the princess had exclaimed, taking the velvet cushion on which she usually sat, and placing the little boy upon it, 'how white!' and then, touching his feet and hands, both of which were remarkably fleshy, she had added, 'what hands! what feet!' A message had reached her that the white child was dead; and she called to pay a visit of condolence. 'Why,' said she, saluting the bereaved mother, and smiting her breast, as if in real anguish, 'Why did you not send me word, that I might have come to his funeral?' 'I told her,' adds Mrs. Judson, 'I did not think of anything, my distress was so great.' She then tried to comfort us, and

told us not to weep. She was accompanied by all her officers of state and attendants, numbering about two hundred people. Oh, that she might become a real disciple of Jesus!

"Silently but steadily they prosecuted their preparatory work. 'We confidently believe,' Judson writes to the Church at home, 'that God in His own time will make His truth effectual unto salvation. We are like men who have gone down into a well; you stand at the top, and hold the ropes. Do not let us fall. Hold us up, brethren and fathers! Many years may intervene; many difficulties and disappointments may try your faith and ours. But let patience have her perfect work, let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap, *if we faint not.*'"

Annual Meetings by the Parent Society.

The Annual Meetings of the Parent Society took place in the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, on the 23rd ult. The Rev. A. W. GARDINER, the Rev. W. GRAY, the Rev. W. HARKNESS, the Rev. W. BARLOW, Mr. F. HUNZIKER, and others, took part in the day's proceedings. The attendance was most encouraging, and the tone of the addresses full of gratitude to God for His past mercies, and of confidence in His future blessing. Lieut.-Col. WARD, the Hon. Sec. of the Weston-super-Mare Auxiliary, occupied the Chair in the Morning; G. KEDDELL, Esq. in the Evening. The Report, of which a summary was read, pointed out an increase in the Associations, to the number of sixteen; of these, six are in England, seven in Scotland, two in Ireland, and one in Wales. The additional revenue derived from these new places amounts to £420—a sum important in itself, but the importance of which is specially felt as an index of future support and sympathy. For an Association implies

the presence of friends, who agree to co-operate for the furtherance of the interests of the Mission. The total increase in the funds of the Society, comparing the eighteen months ending in December last, with the preceding twelve months, exceeds £1,300; and of this sum, we consider that upwards of £1,000 belongs to the last year proper. Our friends will rejoice in this indication of ripening confidence in the objects and working of the Society. Alongside with this access of funds, there has been an access of expenditure, it is true; but this does not affect the important fact, that the Mission has taken a wider and deeper hold upon the Christian mind at home. The Report will shortly be published, and we look forward, under the providence of God, to another year of increased prosperity.

The Evening Meeting was cheered by a few simple, but heart-touching words from our new Catechist, Mr. F. Hunziker. We believe that no one who heard him speak went away otherwise than impressed with the simplicity of his trust in Christ, and desire to fulfil the purposes of Christ. We can well anticipate the joy of Mr. Schmid, when he receives such a companion in the way, and in the ministry. The actual destination of Mr. Hunziker rests, under God, with the Rev. G. P. Despard, who being on the spot, knows what arrangements are most suitable at a particular moment. But we can assure those who have especially helped by their money to send a companion to Mr. Schmid, that nothing but events unforeseen by us will delay the fulfilment much longer of their anxious desire.

The Bishop Elect of Sierra Leone.

We have much pleasure in stating, the Bishop Elect of Sierra Leone has consented to become one of the Society's Vice-Presidents.

Departure of Mr. F. Hunziker.

On the 9th ult., Mr. Hunziker left Southampton in the mail steamer for Monte Video. Thence he will embark in the mail boat for Stanley in the Falklands, where we trust the *Allen Gardiner* will either meet him, or, shortly after his arrival, come round from Keppel Island to take him to our Mission Station. We have no doubt of the warm welcome which Mr. Hunziker will receive. Our little party will hail with lively satisfaction the addition even of one member to their limited staff. The presence, too, of a brother direct from England, and the bearer of many expressions of sympathy from our friends at home, to those who have for some time been bearing the burden of the work abroad, cannot fail to produce the happiest effects. If all goes well, the presents of clothing sent some weeks back for the natives, and other evidences of Christian kindness, are likely to arrive under the charge of Mr. Hunziker. We look forward, therefore, with much pleasure to the cheering circumstances attending our brother's arrival at the Mission Station.

Possibly, Mr. Schmid may be there to 'greet his future companion in the way and in the ministry. We almost hope it may be so. For after twelve months' entire separation from Chris-

tian communion, and the experience of many trials in Patagonia, we foresee many advantages in a temporary stay at our central Station. But all this is conjecture at present; and we wait for further intelligence to unfold actual circumstances. Our readers will not blame us for the lack of postal communications. Nothing would delight us more, than to be able to give at once full details of the commencement of the Lord's work in Patagonia. It is, however, beyond our power. Yet we do not overlook the fact, that one year has elapsed since Mr. Schmid entered upon his spiritual enterprise in that quarter of the world; and, therefore, in the good providence of God, and in deference to His will, we may hope for some information of importance when our Patagonian journals arrive.

But to return to Mr. Hunziker. He has left England, we are persuaded, not without many earnest supplications for a blessing upon himself, and upon his future work. Amongst the supporters of the Mission in Clifton, he formed many true friendships. The kindness which he received from very many is, we believe, a happy token of interest in the Mission, and indicates a closer drawing in the bands of love of the hearts of Christians towards God's work in South America. It has sometimes been said, that in Clifton, where the Society's head quarters are placed,

there is a comparative dearth of sympathy, and co-operation with its objects. We certainly admit that much more might be done there for the important objects of the Mission. We hope, too, that the tide of Christian sympathy may not only rise, but rise rapidly and steadily. But we will not discourage our supporters in the United Kingdom by depreciating the support derived from Clifton and Bristol. If an Auxiliary did not appear incompatible with a Parent Association in the same place, and if we were disposed to eliminate from the great total of the Society's receipts those derived from local sources about Clifton, we could present, according to the statistics in the Report just published, a sum not much under £400, as the result of Christian sympathy in Clifton, and its near neighbourhood. Of this amount, upwards of £72 are collected in Clifton proper in connection with the Penny Association alone. Next year, we hope to speak of an increase upon the above sum. For, as far as we can judge at present, the probabilities of support are stronger than ever. A conviction is gaining ground that God's blessing is on the work; and a more enlarged spirit of supplication promises, we believe, to bring down greater blessings from above.

Those friends who, on the 7th ult., joined in prayer together at the Farewell Meeting previous to Mr. Hunziker's departure, felt, we readily

believe, their faith and hope strengthened, and refreshed. For ourselves, we can say it was good for us to be there. The proceedings were commenced with a hymn; after which the Rev. W. Gray read part of the third chapter of Exodus, from the 7th to the 18th verse. Prayer was then offered by the Rev. A. W. Gardiner, in the petitions of which all hearts seemed by the cordial Amen heartily to agree. It was a pleasant thing thus to commend to the Lord's care the brother about to undertake the trials, and the privileges of the Mission-field. Especially did those feel it to be so, who knew that at no distant date, the one thus leading the prayers on behalf of Mr. Hunziker, on this occasion, was himself probably to leave England, to become the Lord's messenger in South America.

A few minutes' address from the Resident Secretary followed the prayer just offered; after which, the Rev. T. V. French, whose name is known and loved by thousands, read Isaiah vi. 1st to 8th verse; and then, inviting those present to kneel, offered a most comprehensive, and expressive prayer. We felt thankful for the privilege of having our hearts thus stirred by one whose knowledge of Missionary work in India is based on several years of faithful service. An address, of which we give a copy, was now read by Dr. Bartley, at whose house the meeting took place. The reply

o Mr. Hunziker elicited the sympathy of all, while he spoke especially of his dependence on the Lord for strength, and protection, and blessing. The meeting was closed by the Rev. J. B. Clifford, who read part of the second chapter of the Revelation, 1st to the 11th verse, adding a few words of counsel and sympathy, and concluding with prayer. A hymn having been sung, the meeting separated; all, we believe, rejoicing in having been present on the occasion. We now give the address read to Mr. F. Hunziker.

"We are assembled this evening, not to add to those instructions, which you have received formally from the Committee, but in a spirit of Christian affection, and sympathy, to assure you of the prayerful interest with which, as a member of the Mission, you are regarded. Very heartily do we embrace this opportunity of expressing our love for the cause of Christ, by manifesting to His servant, the cordial attachment of our hearts. For in undertaking the arduous duties of a messenger of Christ to a heathen, and barbarous people, there is no one here who does not recognise your need of Christ's guidance, and support; and the consolation of His people's intercession, and sympathy. In token of the former, you enjoy the assurance of the Lord Himself to His disciples, 'Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world;'—of the latter, our meeting this

evening is, we trust, a faithful pledge. With the power of the Highest overshadowing you, may you be preserved from all evil, and have 'strength to have victory, and to triumph over the world, the flesh, and the devil.'

"Your probable destination is Patagonia, where Mr. Schmid has already entered upon his work of faith. Here you will at once be brought face to face with all the difficulties of a Missionary's life. Cut off from the supports of Christian privileges in a Christian land, and confronted with the inveterate growth of heathen prejudice, and vicious habit, you must abandon yourself to the Lord's guidance, and lay hold of His strength, or you will fall. The depressing effects of savage life, unrelieved, except at wide intervals by intercourse with Christian minds, are greatly to be dreaded. In accepting, however, the conditions of service for the Lord amid the barbarisms of the Patagonian tribes, you may count truly upon the Lord's help. Day by day, and hour by hour, in every moment of trial, call to mind the character of Him, whose servant you are, and in obedience to whose commandments you have gone forth, and then seek to act as in His presence, and with a continual reference to His glory.

"In the anticipation of your becoming a companion to Mr. Schmid, (who just twelve months since planted his foot as the messenger of Christ

in Patagonia) we most truly rejoice. His devotion, and courageous conduct in going alone, rather than delay the commencement of the Lord's work in that country, have appealed deeply to the sympathy, and admiration of the friends of the Mission; and on his account, no less than on yours, does the prospect of his having (as we trust) a 'true-yoke-fellow,' excite amongst us all the liveliest satisfaction. From him you will gain many useful hints as to the best mode of conducting the Mission-work under the peculiar conditions of life in Patagonia. Some slight acquaintance, moreover, with the language Mr. Schmid probably possesses—the value to you of which will be considerable—and to the further acquisition of which you will devote your first, and most diligent efforts. The time consumed in this study will not be mis-spent. For, until through the medium of their own language the natives of South America can be properly approached, the spiritual action of the Mission must be very feeble, and imperfect.

"The arrival of letters speaking of your welfare, and of your journals, detailing your Missionary experiences, will be looked forward to with much interest. In preparing them, you will not fail to remember, that they are addressed to many whose friendship, and sympathy you may rely upon. Simple, and ungarnished narratives of events

connected with the Lord's work, and ordered of the Lord, cannot be destitute of interest to Christian minds. All is eloquent that manifests the great providences of God. Faith rejects, as unworthy of its author, any variations from, or mis-coloured pictures of, the dealings of the Lord. Sorrow, and trial — diappointment, and difficulty—are not strange elements in the work of the Gospel. They need not be disguised. This is the dispensation of the Cross. It is borne by the followers of the Redeemer—it is stamped upon every enterprise, and underlies the history of every work of faith. You are not, therefore, to expect that the work, which you now undertake, must necessarily be rapidly fruitful in results. It may indeed be so. But generally the principle holds good—'One soweth, and another reapeth.' You go forth to sow the seed. To labour patiently, and perhaps without apparent success, may be your lot for many years. But the promise is still secure—'in due season you shall reap, if you faint not.' In the memoirs of many noble servants of Christ, who have left the harvest to be gathered in by others:—in the experience of many who have been content to labour (apparently for nought)—but on whose labours the Lord has ultimately vouchsafed His blessing—you will find examples to imitate, and deeds to remember. But, above all, measure the success of your work

by the nearness of your imitation,—in spirit, and in act,—to the example of Jesus Christ. Be a living witness for Him. If He be glorified in His servants, their labour is not in vain.

"Accept these few words as the symbols of our Christian attachment, and regard. Place confidence in our sympathy—and, while we thus assure you of our remembrance of yourself personally, we desire not to forget those very nearly connected with you in the ties of kindred, and of friendship, from whom for Christ's sake you are content to be separated in the body. In the communion of saints, in the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, may you and we, and all you love, be drawn more than ever closely together. Thus shall these outward separations be more than compensated; and while thus bidding you farewell, permit us to use you as the messenger of our affection, and sympathy, to our brethren in the work abroad; to Mr. Despard, his wife, and family—to Mr. and Mrs. Phillips—to our dear brother Schmid—convey from the friends of the Mission at home, the most hearty assurances of regard. 'May grace, mercy, and peace, be multiplied to them!'"

Roman Catholic Missions on the Orinoco.

In accordance with our promise we proceed to lay before our readers some further notices of the native tribes on the Orinoco. Our quotations are from the Life of Humboldt, recently published. The facts narrated, however, belong to a period sixty years back. The present condition of these particular Missions we are not acquainted with. The Romish Missions in Brazil are, we know, from various causes in a most degenerate state—mere relics of their former greatness. But it may be otherwise with these unpretending stations in the wilds of Venezuela. We confess to a considerable degree of interest in looking at them; and it will repay the trouble of any of our readers to trace on the map the course followed by Humboldt when he visited these stations in the desert. His starting point was Cumana. The extracts, which we give, are we think, sufficiently interesting to justify the space which we now devote to them. But we have a further reason for thus drawing attention to the Indians in these parts of South America. They are objects of our spiritual solicitude. Our Society embraces them in its evangelical design. What blessings may not follow the communication to them in their own tongue of the Word of God? But, again, the Orinoco is but one of the great rivers of South America. Along the banks of the Amazon, and the Rio Negro, and the Madeira—not to mention numerous other magnificent rivers of the continent—are to be found in close succession these Indian tribes. Shall we care for them? May we not hope to send to them heralds of the Gospel of Jesus? At this moment in England steamers suitable for the purpose are being built, if they are not already built, for opening up communication with the interior of South

America, by the waters of the Amazon. How noble it would be to send with these pioneers of commerce the pioneers of the kingdom of Christ. The thought is warm in our hearts. Can it, or can it not be realised? Whatever are our fears, we will not at once say—No. But we now return to Humboldt and Bonpland, as they proceed on their journey towards,and along the famous Orinoco.

"The travellers first proceeded south-west, as far as the shore inhabited by the Guaricoto Indians on the left bank of the Orinoco, and then advanced straight towards the south. The river was so broad that the mountains of Encaramada appeared to rise from the water, as if seen above the horizon of the sea. They formed a continued chain from east to west. These mountains were composed of enormous blocks of granite, cleft and piled one upon another. What contributed above all to embellish the scene at Encaramada was the luxuriance of vegetation that covered the sides of the rocks, leaving bare only their rounded summits. They looked like ancient ruins rising in the midst of a forest.

"In the port of Encaramada they met with some Caribs of Panapana. A cacique was going up the Orinoco in his canoe, to join in the famous fishing of turtle's eggs. His canoe was rounded toward the bottom, and followed by a smaller boat. He was seated beneath a sort of tent, constructed, like the sail, of palm-leaves. His cold and silent gravity, the respect with which he was treated by his attendants, everything denoted him to be a person of importance. He was equipped, however, in the same manner as his Indians. They were all equally naked, armed with bows and arrows, and painted with onoto. The chief, the domestics, the furniture, the boat, and the sail were all painted red. These Caribs were men

of an almost athletic stature; they appeared to the travellers much taller than any Indians they had hitherto seen. Their smooth and thick hair, cut short on the forehead like that of choristers, their eyebrows painted black, their look at once gloomy and animated, gave a singular expression to their countenances. The women, who were very tall, and disgusting from their want of cleanliness, carried their infants on their backs. The thighs and legs of the infants were bound at certain distances by broad strips of cotton cloth, and the flesh, strongly compressed beneath the ligatures, was swelled in the interstices.

"Speaking of the mountains of Encaramada, Humboldt says that the natives of those countries had retained the belief that, 'at the time of the great waters, when their fathers were forced to have recourse to boats, to escape the general inundation, the waves of the sea beat against the rocks of Encaramada.' This belief was not confined to one nation singly, it made part of a system of historical tradition, of which he found scattered notions among the Maypures of the great cataracts; among the Indians of the Rio Erevato, and among almost all the tribes of the Upper Orinoco. When the Indians were asked how the human race survived this great deluge they said, 'a man and a woman saved themselves on a high mountain, called Tamanacu, situated on the banks of the Asiveru; and casting behind them, over their heads, the fruits of the mauritia palm tree, they saw the seeds contained in those fruits produce men and women, who repeopled the earth.' A few leagues from Encaramada, a rock, called the 'painted rock,' rose in the midst of the savannah. Upon it were traced representations of animals and symbolic figures. Between the banks of the Cassiquiare and the Orinoco,

between Encaramada, the Capuchino, and Caycara, these hieroglyphic figures were often seen at great heights, on rocky cliffs which could be accessible only by constructing very lofty scaffolds. When the natives were asked how those figures could have been sculptured, they answered with a smile, as if relating a fact of which only a white man could be ignorant, that 'at the period of the great waters, their fathers went to that height in boats.'

"A fresh breeze carrying the travellers towards the Boca de la Tortuga they landed at an island in the middle of the river. This island was celebrated for the turtle fishery, or, as it was called there, 'the harvest of eggs,' that took place annually. Here the travellers found an assemblage of Indians, encamped under huts made of palm-leaves. This encampment contained more than three hundred persons. Accustomed, since they had left San Fernando de Apure, to see only desert shores, they were singularly struck by the bustle that prevailed here. They found, besides the Guamos and the Ottomacs of Uruana, who were both considered as savage races, Caribs, and other Indians of the Lower Orinoco. Every tribe was separately encamped, and was distinguished by the pigments with which their skins were painted. Some white men were seen amidst this tumultuous assemblage, chiefly pulperos, or little traders of Angostura, who had come up the river to purchase turtle-oil from the natives. The Missionary of Uruana, a native of Alcala, came to meet Humboldt and Bonpland, and he was extremely astonished at seeing them. After having admired their instruments, he gave them an exaggerated picture of the sufferings to which they would be necessarily exposed in ascending the Orinoco beyond the cataracts. The object of their journey appeared to him

very mysterious. 'How is it possible to believe,' said he, 'that you have left your country, to come and be devoured by mosquitos on this river, and to measure lands that are not your own?' They were happily furnished with recommendations from the Superior of the Franciscan Missions, and the brother-in-law of the Governor of Varinas, who accompanied them, soon dissipated the doubts to which their dress, their accent, and their arrival in this sandy island, had given rise among the Whites. The Missionary invited them to partake a frugal repast of fish and plantains. He told them that he had come to encamp with the Indians during the time of the harvest of eggs, 'to celebrate mass every morning in the open air; to procure the oil necessary for the church lamps, and especially to govern this mixed republic, in which every one wished to profit singly by what God had granted to all."

"The encampments formed by the Indians began about the end of March or commencement of April. The gathering of the eggs was conducted in a uniform manner, and with that regularity which characterizes all monastic institutions. Before the arrival of the Missionaries on the banks of the river, the Indians profited much less from a production which nature has supplied in such abundance. Every tribe searches the beach in its own way, and an immense number of eggs were uselessly broken, because they were not dug up with precaution, and more eggs were uncovered than could be carried away. It was like a mine worked by unskilful hands.

"When the camp was formed, the Missionary of Uruana named his lieutenant, or commissary, who divided the ground where the eggs were found into different portions, according to the number of the Indian tribes who took part in the gathering. The lieutenant

began his operations by sounding. He examined by means of a long wooden pole or cane of bamboo, how far the stratum of eggs extended. This stratum, according to the measurements of Humboldt, extended to the distance of one hundred and twenty feet from the shore. Its average depth was three feet. The lieutenant placed marks to indicate the point where each tribe should stop its labours. The Indians removed the earth with their hands; they placed the eggs they had collected in small baskets, carried them to their encampment, and threw them into long troughs of wood filled with water. In these troughs the eggs, broken and stirred with shovels, remained exposed to the sun till the oily part, which swam on the surface, had time to inspissate. As fast as this collected on the surface of the water, it was taken off and boiled over a quick fire. This animal oil, called turtle butter, kept the better in proportion as it had undergone a strong ebullition. When well prepared, it was limpid, inodorous, and scarcely yellow. The Missionaries compared it to the best olive oil, and it was used not merely for burning in lamps, but for cooking. It was not easy, however, to procure oil of turtles' eggs quite pure. It had generally a putrid smell, owing to the mixture of eggs in which the young were already formed. The Indians brought away a great number of eggs to eat them dried in the sun; and they broke a considerable number through carelessness during the gathering. The number of eggs that were hatched before the people could dig them up was so prodigious, that near the encampment of Uruana Humboldt saw the whole shore of the Orinoco swarming with little turtles an inch in diameter, escaping with difficulty from the pursuit of the Indian children.

"The Indian pilot who had brought them from San

Fernando de Apure as far as the shore of Pararuma, was unacquainted with the passage of the rapids of the Orinoco, and would not undertake to conduct their bark any farther. They were obliged to conform to his will. Happily for them, the Missionary of Carichana consented to sell them a fine canoe at a very moderate price: and Father Bernardo Zea, Missionary of the Atures and Maypures near the great cataracts, offered, though still unwell, to accompany them as far as the frontiers of Brazil.

"Most of the Missionaries of the Upper and Lower Orinoco permitted the Indians of their Missions to paint their skins; some of them even speculated on this barbarous practice of the natives. In their huts, pompously called convents, Humboldt often saw stores of chica, which they sold as high as four francs the cake. To form a just idea of the extravagance of the decoration of these naked Indians, he tells us that a man of large stature gains with difficulty enough by the labour of a fortnight, to procure in exchange the chica necessary to paint himself red. Thus as we say in temperate climates, of a poor man, 'he has not enough to clothe himself,' the Indians of the Orinoco say, 'that man is so poor, that he has not enough to paint half his body.'

"Humboldt was surprised to see, that, the women far advanced in years, were more occupied with their ornaments than the youngest women. He saw an Indian female of the nation of the Ottomacs employing two of her daughters in the operation of rubbing her hair with the oil of turtles' eggs, and painting her back with anato, and caruto. The ornament consisted of a sort of lattice-work formed of black lines crossing each other on a red ground. Each little square had a black dot in the centre. It was a work of incredible patience. He returned from

a very long herborization, and the painting was not half finished.

"The Indians were not always satisfied with one colour uniformly spread; they sometimes imitated in the most whimsical manner, in painting their skin, the form of European garments. The travellers saw some at Pararuma, who were painted with blue jackets and black buttons. The Missionaries related to them that the Guaynaves of the Rio Caura were accustomed to stain themselves red with anato, and to make broad transverse stripes on the body, on which they stuck spangles of silvery mica. Seen at a distance, these naked men appeared to be dressed in laced clothes.

"In the missions of the Orinoco, in the villages on the banks of the river, surrounded by immense forests, the plague of the mosquitos, afforded an inexhaustible subject of conversation. When two persons met in the morning, the first question they addressed to each other were: 'How did you find the zancudos during the night? How are we to-day for the mosquitos?' These questions reminded Humboldt of a Chinese form of politeness, which indicated the ancient state of the country where it took birth. Salutations were formerly made in the Celestial Empire in the following words, 'Have you been incommoded in the night by the serpents.'

"How comfortable must people be in the moon!' said a Salive Indian to Father Gumilla; 'She looks so beautiful and so clear, that she must be free from mosquitos.' These words, which denoted the infancy of a people, were remarkable. The satellite of the earth appears to all savage nations the abode of the blessed, the country of abundance. The Esquimaux, who counts among his riches a plank or trunk of a tree, thrown by the currents

on a coast destitute of vegetation, sees in the moon plains covered with forests; the Indian of the forests of Orinoco beholds there open savannahs, where the inhabitants are never stung by mosquitos."

The travellers at length quitted for a time the waters of the Orinoco, and ascended some tributary streams, with a view of reaching the Rio Negro. At a Mission on the banks of the Guaviare, Humboldt and Bonpland received their usual hospitality from the monks. An affecting story told to Humboldt by the President of the Mission, forms an interesting conclusion to our present extracts :—

"During the night, they had left, almost unperceived, the waters of the Orinoco; and at sunrise found themselves as if transported to a new country, on the banks of a river, the name of which they had scarcely ever heard pronounced, and which was to conduct them, by the portage of Pimichin, to the Rio Negro, on the frontiers of Brazil. 'You will go up,' said the president of the missions, who resided at San Fernando, 'first the Atabapo, then the Temi, and finally, the Tuamini. When the force of the current of 'black waters' hinders you from advancing, you will be conducted out of the bed of the river through forests, which you will find inundated. Two monks only are settled in those desert places between the Orinoco and the Rio Negro; but at Javita you will be furnished with the means of having your canoe drawn over land in the course of four days to Caño Pimichin. If it be not broken to pieces you will descend the Rio Negro without any obstacle (from north-west to south-east) as far as the little fort of San Carlos; you will go up the Cassiquiare (from south to north), and then return to San Fernando in a month, descending the Upper Orinoco from east to west.' Such

was the plan traced for their passage, and they carried it into effect without danger, though not without some suffering, in the space of thirty-three days.

"In their walks together the president of the mission gave the travellers an animated account of his incursions on the Rio Guaviare. He related to them how much these journeys, undertaken for the conquest of souls, were desired by the Indians of the missions. All, even women and old men, took part in them. Under the pretext of recovering neophytes who had deserted the village, children above eight or ten years of age were carried off, and distributed among the Indians of the missions as serfs.

"Three years before the arrival of the travellers the Missionary of San Fernando led his Indians to the banks of the Rio Guaviare, on one of those hostile incursions. They found in an Indian hut a Guahiba woman with her three children, two of whom were still infants, occupied in preparing the flour of cassava. Resistance was impossible; the father was gone to fish, and the mother tried in vain to flee with her children. Scarcely had she reached the savannah when she was seized by the Indians of the mission. The mother and her children were bound, and dragged to the bank of the river. The Monk, seated in his boat, waited the issue of an expedition of which he shared not the danger. Had the mother made too violent a resistance the Indians would have killed her, for everything was permitted for the sake of the conquest of souls, and it was particularly desirable to capture children, who might be treated in the mission as slaves of the Christians. The prisoners were carried to San Fernando, in the hope that the mother would be unable to find her way back to her home by land. Separated from her

other children who had accompanied their father on the day in which she had been carried off, the unhappy woman showed signs of the deepest despair. She attempted to take back to her home the children who had been seized by the Missionary; and she fled with them repeatedly from the village of San Fernando. But the Indians never failed to recapture her; and the Missionary, after having caused her to be mercilessly beaten, took the cruel resolution of separating the mother from the two children who had been carried off with her. She was conveyed alone to the missions of the Rio Negro, going up the Atabapo. Slightly bound, she was seated at the bow of the boat, ignorant of the fate that awaited her; but she judged by the direction of the sun, that she was removing farther and farther from her hut and her native country. She succeeded in breaking her bonds, threw herself into the water, and swam to the left bank of the Atabapo. The current carried her to a shelf of rock, which bears her name to this day—The Mother's Rock. She landed and took shelter in the woods, but the president of the Missions ordered the Indians to row to the shore, and follow the traces of the Guahiba. In the evening she was brought back. Stretched upon the rock, a cruel punishment was inflicted upon her with straps of manati leather, which served for whips in that country, and with which the alcaldes were always furnished. The unhappy woman, her hands tied behind her back, was then dragged to the Mission of Javita.

"She was there thrown into one of the caravanserais. It was the rainy season, and the night was profoundly dark. Forests till then believed to be impenetrable separated the Mission of Javita from that of San Fernando, which was twenty-five leagues distant in a straight line. No other route was known than that by the rivers; no man ever attempted to go by land from one village to

another. But such difficulties could not deter a mother, separated from her children. The Guahiba was carelessly guarded in the caravanserai. Her arms being wounded, the Indians of Javita had loosened her bonds, unknown to the Missionary and the alcaldes. Having succeeded by the help of her teeth in breaking them entirely, she disappeared during the night; and at the fourth sunrise was seen at the Mission of San Fernando, hovering around the hut where her children were confined. 'What that woman performed,' added the Missionary, who gave the travellers this sad narrative, 'the most robust Indian would not have ventured to undertake!' She traversed the woods when the sky was constantly covered with clouds, and the sun during the whole days appeared but for a few minutes. Did the course of the waters direct her way? The inundations of the rivers forced her to go far from the banks of the main stream, through the midst of woods where the movement of the water was almost imperceptible. How often must she have been stopped by the thorny lianas, that formed a network around the trunks they entwined! How often must she have swum across the rivulets that ran into the Atabapo! This unfortunate woman was asked how she had sustained herself during the four days. She said that, exhausted with fatigue, she could find no other nourishment than black ants. The travellers pressed the Missionary to tell them whether the Guahiba had peacefully enjoyed the happiness of remaining with her children; and if any repentance had followed this excess of cruelty. He would not satisfy their curiosity; but at their return from the Rio Negro they learned that the Indian mother was again separated from her children, and sent to one of the Missions of the Upper Orinoco. She there died, refusing all kind of nourishment."

Home Intelligence.

In our last number we stated the advance, which had been made in the country, in favour of the interests of the Mission. An increase in the number of Associations, and a general increase of the funds of the Society, from all sources, must give confidence and encouragement to all. But we are, notwithstanding, obliged to say that humanly speaking the utmost importance attaches to the zeal, and co-operation of our supporters under present circumstances, and at the present time. The accession of income received by the Society, has not been obtained without considerable additional expenditure of effort and of money. The items of salary, of travelling, of printing &c., have swollen to large amounts. To balance these we may say that, while in the future they are likely to decrease rather than increase, every additional pound remitted to the Society is clear gain to the actual Mission work. The home expenses of Societies like our own are undoubtedly disagreeable, and very formidable evils, yet we know not how to avert them. Economy is observed, as far as it is possible. But, as the work abroad expands, the proportion between the home and foreign expenditure will dwindle and become more conformable to the just expectations of our friends.

We rejoice to know that the Society is likely to receive an increase of clerical support in some of our large towns. In Birmingham the Rev. H. S. Humphreys, chaplain to the hospital, has with great kindness enrolled himself among our Honorary Secretaries. In Chester the Rev. Thomas Higham has likewise strengthened our staff of honorary officers. Those, who have watched the financial interests of the Mission closely, will appreciate the advantage accruing from the presence of zealous, honorary agents in our large towns. The Committee have carefully reviewed the question of working certain centres well in distinction from scattering their efforts, over wide and indefinite areas. Their general opinion will be gathered from the following extract from the Report just published.

"The Society derives its support, not so much from the country at large, as from certain centres or seats of influence. Thus for instance, Liverpool, Nottingham, Dublin, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, furnish considerably more than the total of Subscriptions and Donations, independently sent in from all parts of the United Kingdom, although amongst these latter, four sums of £50 came from individual supporters. It is well ascertained that certain important districts well worked yield far more than an indefinite area, in which the best directed efforts must after all become scattered, and feeble. Hitherto, your Travelling Secretary has been called upon to occupy pulpits and platforms in places widely distant from each other, and spread throughout England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. There can be little doubt as to the great and excessive strain thus placed upon one person. The work in fact is unmanageable; and the very expense of travelling over such vast spaces becomes a serious item in the home disbursements. Your Committee therefore intend to try on a small scale, which can be extended if expedient, the value of local and auxiliary Secretaries, whose time not being wholly occupied in their parochial duties, are willing to supplement their responsibilities by promoting the interests of this Society. Thus for instance, in Liverpool, the Rev. J. A. Bailey, who is the Curate of the Rev. M. W. Falloon, and who when at Cambridge supported the claims of this Mission, has consented to devote his spare time in pleading its cause, not only in Liverpool, but in the surrounding district. The result of this experiment, your Committee anticipate, will be in all respects beneficial to the interests of the Mission. But while these arrangements are made in deference to prudence, with every expectation of a favourable issue, they look to Him, who orders all things in heaven and earth, to seal with His blessing the agency employed."

We can only add that our friends and supporters generally will greatly encourage and strengthen us, by communicating with the Resident Secretary about Sermons, and Meetings, and other subjects of interest.

Juvenile Associations.

We think the following subject sufficiently interesting to engage the attention of our readers. It may be the means of much future good, and we wish Mr. Hodgson's plan much success.

Prizes of £50, £20, £10, and £5, respectively, are offered by the Rev. CHARLES HODGSON, Rector of Barton-le-Street, Yorkshire, for Essays "on the best method of infusing a Missionary spirit into the education of the young."

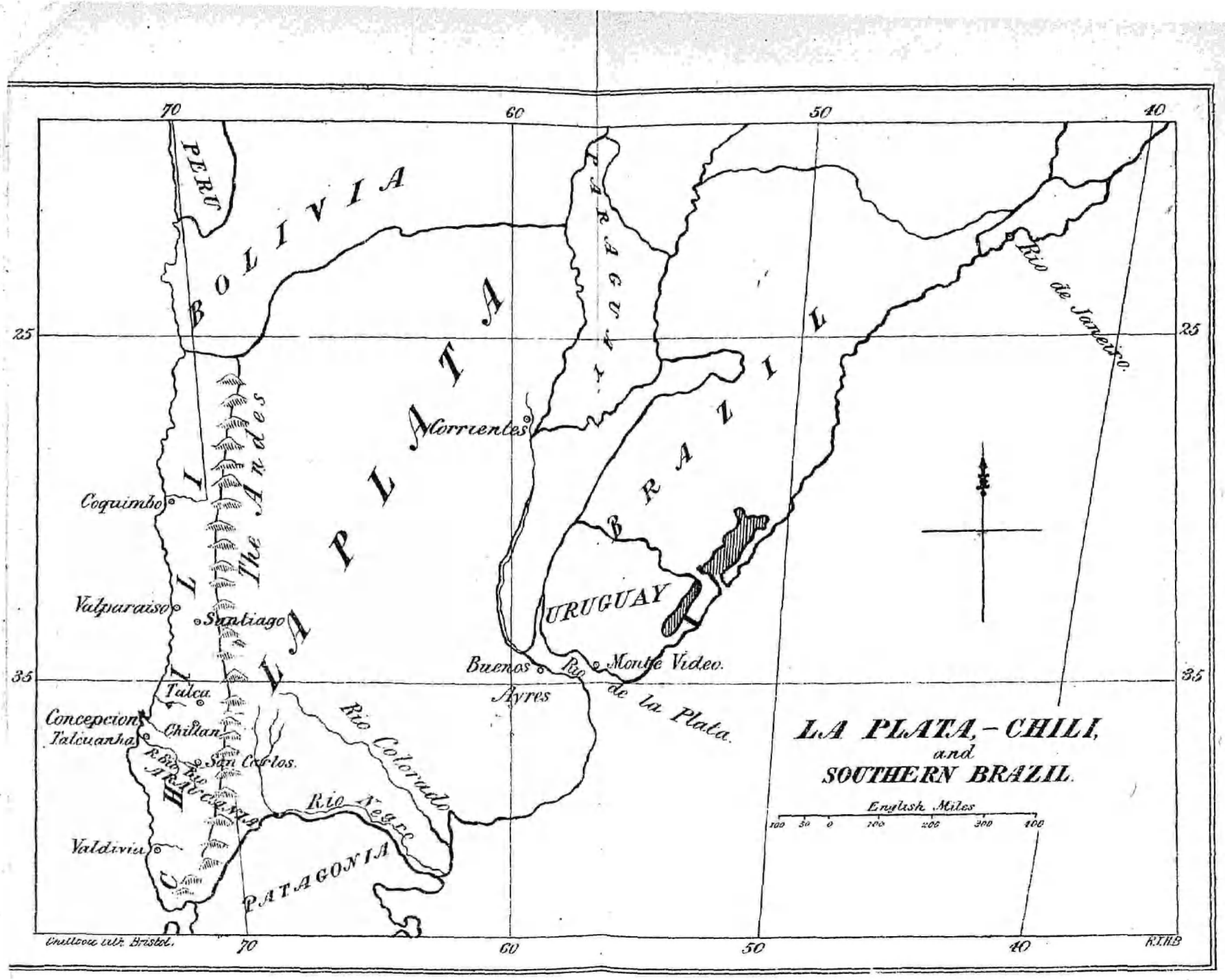
These Essays, the competition for which is entirely unrestricted, must be calculated to awaken the interest of Teachers in the progress of Christian Missions, and suggests to them the best practical measures for securing the cordial co-operation of their Pupils.

The Rev. W. W. Champney, M. A., Prebendary of St. Paul's, London; the Rev. C. R. Alford, M. A., Principal of the Metropolitan Training Institution, Highbury, London; and the Rev. J. Grabb, B. A. Domestic Chaplain to the Earl of Carlisle, Castle Howard, Yorkshire; have consented to become the Adjudicators. To either of these Clergymen the Essays must be sent in before the 29th day of September, 1860. The Prizes will be awarded at the end of the year.

Each Essay must have a motto inscribed upon it, and be accompanied with a sealed envelope bearing the same motto and containing the name of the writer. The envelopes containing the names of the unsuccessful competitors will be destroyed unopened.

The successful Essays will remain the property of the Rev. Charles Hodgson, and will be printed for circulation amongst the Managers of Schools and the Instructors of Youth.

We only hope some of our friends may be induced to consider the subject, and if possible contribute to the general information upon it.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Intelligence of Mr. Schmid.

We have much pleasure in laying before our readers the first news that we have yet received of Mr. Schmid, since his arrival in Patagonia. For our information we are indebted to Mr. George Gibson, of Liverpool, late captain of the barque *Anne Baker*. With great kindness, and Christian courtesy, this gentleman, who has been twice wrecked in the Straits of Magellan, and who, during the intervals of his critical adventures, came in contact with Mr. Schmid, and the Patagonians, sent to us the intelligence, which we now so gladly present to our friends.

This intelligence has come to us most seasonably. The non-arrival, by the last Brazilian mail, of despatches from our Mission party in the Falklands, and the disappointment especially of our hopes respecting news of the *Allen Gardiner's* visit to Tierra del Fuego, for which parts she sailed from Stanley about the 12th of October last, were causing us anxiety, when to our surprise, and gratification, the following letter from Capt. Gibson came to hand. For his kindness in thus opening communications with us we are most truly grateful.

"18, Gibson Street, Liverpool, April 5th, 1860.

"*To the Secretary of the Patagonian Missionary Society.*

"Sir, having returned from Patagonia lately, after being twice shipwrecked in the Straits of Magellan, and having just read a portion of Capt. Gardiner's Journal, I have thought it would be interesting to you to know that I met with Mr. Schmid, one of your Missionaries

at the colony* (Sandy Point). Mr. Schmid was very well, enjoyed excellent health, and he intended sending a letter by me, but happened to be away in the Pampas with the Indians when the French war steamer *Styx* happened to call at the colony, and the Captain offered me a passage home with him. I left there on the 7th of December last, and the schooner *Allen Gardiner* was expected to call in February to know how he was getting on. He is treated kindly by the Indians. I visited their encampment with him; he is able to converse with them a little, but finds it very difficult to learn their language. We spent some very pleasant sabbath evenings together, and I was so glad to meet with him. I hope and trust that the efforts put forth by your Society may be the means in the hand of God of turning these poor benighted heathens 'from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.' I was among them some time, and from what I could see of them, they are quite inoffensive when sober, but quite the contrary when excited by drink. When the Indians first found out the wreck of my ship, the *Anne Baker*, and got at the spirits in the cargo, they became maddened with drink, and fought with each other with knives. They killed three, and wounded others. Poor Mr. Schmid was with them at the time, and, as you may suppose, was glad enough when the spirits were finished. He told me the only thing he was in want of was some warm clothing for winter, as the months June, July, and August are bitterly cold. Any information I can give you about him, or the Patagonians, you may command, by dropping me a line. I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

"GEORGE GIBSON,

Late Master of the Barque *Anne Baker*."

* At Sandy Point, in the Magellan Straits, there is a small military outpost belonging to Chili.

On receiving this letter we immediately wrote to Capt. Gibson, inviting further information. The reply did not disappoint us. Not only for the facts narrated, but for the tone in which he writes, do we set a value upon Capt. Gibson's communications. Had we space to give details of his double shipwreck, within a few months in the same Straits, our readers would be deeply interested. As it is we can only so far speak of them as they bear upon the special subject of our notice. The *Anne Baker* was bound to Peru, from Liverpool. Her voyage was prosperous till she got to the neighbourhood of what is called False Cape Horn. Here encountering foul weather, and other adverse conditions, the vessel suddenly struck upon a rock. With God's blessing, however, upon the prompt and energetic means used, she was got off with limited damage to her hull; and the pumps being worked night and day, the *Anne Baker*, in spite of the most boisterous weather, succeeded in reaching the Magellan Straits. Here to prevent her going down in deep water, Capt. Gibson determined to run her ashore on a sand beach on the coast of Patagonia. From this perilous position the captain and crew were relieved by the *Lima*, a steamer passing through the Straits, and making for Valparaiso. The place where the *Anne Baker* was stranded, is in a bay between Cape Possession and Dungeness Point,

about a hundred miles from the Chilian military outpost at Sandy Point.

The *Lima*, it appears, was seen by the Patagonians near Gregory Cape, and a flag was hoisted from the ship to attract their notice; but they were bitterly disappointed, so Mr. Schmid told Capt. Gibson afterwards, because further communications did not take place. The *Lima* having touched at Sandy Point, and the Governor having been informed of the wreck of the *Anne Baker*, without however being able to promise material aid, Capt. Gibson continued his course in the steamer to Valparaiso, where he arrived, and made a formal "protest" regarding the loss of his ship. Another vessel was now chartered to visit the Magellan Straits, and save as much as possible of the cargo of the *Anne Baker*. Capt. Gibson was now merely a passenger; but the master of the ship, and the crew generally, being a reckless, and disorderly set, the consequence was that at the entrance of the Magellan Straits this vessel was lost, and the whole party had to take to the boats. Fortunately they all arrived safely at the Chilian settlement at Sandy Point. Here it was that Capt. Gibson subsequently saw Mr. Schmid. From him he learned that the Patagonians had come upon the *Anne Baker*, and heard also of the frightful scenes of excitement which followed the discovery of the kegs of spirits. It appears that

in the interval between the first and second visits of Capt. Gibson at Sandy Point, the Governor had despatched a party of Chilian soldiers, to see if any portion of the freight of the *Anne Baker* could be saved. This party fell short of provisions, and had to kill one of their horses for food. The relics of this horse were the means of directing the Patagonians to the stranded vessel. They thought they had come upon the track of a hostile tribe, and, pursuing eagerly the old traces of the Chilian expedition, found themselves within reach of the forsaken ship.

We have not attempted to describe the dangers and hardships to which Capt. Gibson and his party were exposed. The courage and endurance of British sailors need no panegyric from us. The incidents of a double shipwreck within a few months, and in the dangerous regions of the Magellan Straits, surround Capt. Gibson's story with unusual interest. Yet have we to thank him for writing with a thoughtfulness for our Mission interests that quite subdues the narrative of his personal adventures. Some further extracts from his letters we now give.

"I saw Mr. Schmid, for the first time, at the Chilian settlement; while there he lived with a man belonging to Ireland, in the Chilian service, styled Doctor by courtesy, and who in fact does all the doctoring in the colony. This man and his wife are very kind to Mr. Schmid, and that not out of any sympathy in religion; for I believe,

indeed I know, him to be a Roman Catholic. And now about Mr. Schmid's work among the Indians: it seems when Mr. Schmid was making arrangements to accompany the Indians, the matter had almost been stopped by the person in charge of the provisions in the colony telling the Indians that Mr. Schmid was no good, because he did not smoke. They enquired if it were true that he did not smoke; and when he acknowledged it, they thought it certainly very strange, as he was the only man they ever knew that did not do so. I don't know that they would have taken him if it had not been for the Governor, who convinced them that it was not absolutely necessary to smoke to be good. And now you may say to me, what good do you think Mr. Schmid has done? Well, I think very little as yet. The Indians don't know for what motive he is among them. They cannot understand why he should wish to learn their language. Mr. Schmid told them that he wished to learn their language, that he might tell them what the English people know. These people, it would seem, have no idea of a God at all. They are the only people I ever were among who had not some kind of a god. Mr. Schmid says, if a marriage takes place among them, the only ceremony is, they kill a horse. If any one dies in the family, they kill a horse; and the friends take away the body by night, and bury it in some unknown place. They live, when in the Pampas, on guanaco meat. They are most expert at catching these animals. Mr. Schmid told me he was with them one day while hunting, and they caught thirty before they came back. The men only hunt. The women have orders from their lords and masters where to pitch the tent to receive them on their return. They travel about always on horseback; the women ride the same as the men, and

always carry the material to make the house. Should the husband return from the chase, and find the tent not built, he sits on his horse till it is ready, and would think it quite beneath him to assist. If Mr. Schmid remains among them, no doubt he will succeed in learning their language. It appears to me, the only chance of civilising these people, is to educate the children. In all human probability, there is no chance with the grown-up people; but I also know that what is impossible with men is possible with God. What the Gospel of Jesus Christ may do when preached to the people I know not; but I have great faith in the simple story of Christ crucified."

Our readers will be amused at the account of Mr. Schmid's introduction to the Indians. To be "no good" because one does not smoke is not an opinion, to the force of which we quite succumb. But the Patagonians appear to have quite assented to it, until the excellent Governor interposed his superior influence, and struck the balance in Mr. Schmid's favour. That Mr. Schmid should have made great progress with the language, or effected any very palpable good, during a stay at the utmost of eight months with these roaming tribes, was scarcely to have been expected. But it is most satisfactory to know that his reception by the Indians has been friendly, and their conduct to him kind. We thank God too for the excellent health vouchsafed to his servant. When Mr. Hunziker, who is now on his way, joins Mr. Schmid in Patagonia, we shall regard with great hopefulness the pros-

pects of the Mission. As will be seen in another part of this Journal, Araucania is likely soon to be visited by the messenger of Christ. Thus slowly, but we trust surely, the net-work of our Mission is being enlarged, and in Tierra del Fuego, in Patagonia, and in Chili, the long-neglected and oppressed Indian races are being sought out, and their spiritual necessities considered, by the disciples of Jesus Christ. We have great openings before us. The Indians of the Gran Chaco, and the Indians lining the banks of the Amazon, for instance, are not out of reach of those who seek in God's way, and in obedience to His command, to preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ. Greatly should we rejoice if the means of occupying these great fields of Christian enterprise were granted to our Society.

Araucania and its People.

We have from time to time drawn the attention of our readers to Indian tribes in various parts of South America. By doing so, we have been desirous of sustaining an interest in the general objects of our Mission. For, however important are the claims of the tribes dwelling in the extreme south of the continent, we should fall very far short of our responsibilities if we limited our efforts purposely to the relief of the spiritual exigencies of their lot. Many circumstances, indeed, of a deeply significant character have controlled the plans of the Society hitherto; but we should regret very much if these were allowed to prejudice Christian minds against

other, and further attempts to reach the Indian populations in parts of South America not immediately occupied by the Christian Missionary. At the same time we do not disguise the fact that our means are at present limited, and that to strengthen as much as possible the hands of our brethren already engaged in the work abroad is a wise, and necessary policy. If, however, without diverting due attention from Patagonia, and Tierra del Fuego; and if without weakening our present Missionary staff, the Society can occupy any new, and favourable position for carrying out its evangelizing designs, there can be little doubt of the expediency, and duty of thus extending its basis of operations. In the providence of God this we think can be done. The Rev. A. W. Gardiner, M.A., son of the late Capt. Gardiner, R.N. and, previously to his ordination, for two years the valued, and honorary Catechist of the Society, has determined to go as a Missionary to the Araucanian Indians. "Should the Committee," he writes, "accept my services in this capacity I shall feel thankful, as it will relieve me from the invidious position of occupying an independent field, whilst at the same time the seafaring nature of the Fuegian Mission precludes me from seeking service there." The choice of Araucania as a Mission-field has not been capriciously made, but is founded on a close consideration of the circumstances of the population, and the country. We know of no sphere of labour more suitable for the agencies of our Society. The inhabitants are pagan, and require the knowledge of Christ as much as the Hindoo, or the Mahometan. They, moreover, possess great intelligence, and in modes of life offer many advantages for the settlement amongst them, not indeed of the intriguing emissary of Spanish domination, but of the single-minded Christian Missionary.

On the frontiers of Araucania Mr. Gardiner will take up his quarters, and there prepare himself, by learning the language, and other means, which experience may suggest, to enter as soon as possible the districts occupied by the Indians. The time thus expended will be amply repaid. An insight into the habits of the people, and a knowledge of the circumstances of the countries, are advantages that offer themselves at once to our consideration. But the influence of a person possessing a Missionary spirit, and not unacquainted with the art of medicine, to which Mr. Gardiner has given considerable attention, can scarcely fail to be extensively and beneficially exerted in a country like Chili. Associations, moreover, in connection with our Society will spring up, we hope, in Valparaiso, and other principal towns of the country; and thus while our cords are being lengthened we shall at the same time be strengthening our stakes.

But our readers are possibly asking, where is Araucania? What has it to do with our Society? In the map, which is inserted in our present number, those who choose to look will see its territorial position. It occupies, in fact, the southern portion of that strip of country between the Andes, and the Pacific, which we call Chili. The tract of country, which may be properly called Araucania, extends from the river Bio-bio, in 36° 44′ S. Lat. to the plain of Valdivia, in 30° 38″. The Cordilleras form the eastern limit, and the Pacific the western. To the south lies Patagonia. The Indians of Araucania number about 80,000. They are highly warlike, and have preserved their independence in a remarkable degree. Those inhabiting the Spanish frontier are indeed semi-dependent, but the great majority of these people are free, and devoted to freedom. "They are prompt," says Mr.

Stevenson, " to resent an insult, but they possess virtues of a private and public nature, which deny to civilisation its exclusive pretensions to patriotism, friendship, and hospitality." Those who have at hand the Memoir of the late Capt. Gardiner, will find interesting particulars of his brief interviews with their chiefs, sufficient to show how far superior to the tribes in Patagonia, for instance, are these noble, but uncivilised people. Their government is a singularly complicated and refined one for an uncivilised race. They acknowledge four *toquis*, or governors of tetrarchates, whose territories correspond to the natural divisions of the country, viz. the maritime country; the plain country; the foot of the Cordilleras; and the Andes. These tetrarchs are independent of each other in the civil administration of their respective territories; but confederated for the general good of the whole country. Each tetrarchate is divided into nine provinces, commanded by *apoulmenes*, or governors, subordinate to the respective *toquis;* and these provinces are again subdivided into nine districts; where *ulmenes*, or prefects, are dependent on the *apoulmen*. This division existed prior to the arrival of the Spaniards, but the date of its establishment is unknown. All these dignities are hereditary in the male line, attaining to primogeniture; but where there is no lineal male descendant of the person reigning, the vassals enjoy the privilege of electing a new governor from among themselves; and on reporting their choice to the toqui, they immediately order it to be acknowledged. The badge of a toqui is a battle-axe; that of an *apoulman*, a staff, or baton, with a ball of silver on the top, and a ring of the same metal round the middle: the *ulmen* has the baton without the ring.

When a general council has resolved to make war,

one of the toquis is usually appointed by his brethren to take the command in chief, but should the four agree to nominate any other individual in the state, he becomes duly elected and assumes, the toquis laying down their insignia and authority during the war. The person thus selected is sole dictator. He appoints his subalterns, and is implicitly obeyed by all ranks. War being determined on, and the toqui chosen, he immediately sends his messengers, *merquinis*, with the signal, and as all Araucanians are born soldiers of the state, the army is soon collected at the rendezvous assigned. The arms of the infantry are musquets, which from the Spaniards they have learned to use with great dexterity, though bows and arrows, slings, clubs, and pikes, are their proper weapons. They have also their cavalry in imitation of their conquerors, and, possessed of a good and ample breed of horses, are very excellent riders. The arms of this branch of their force are swords and lances, their system being to come to close quarters with the enemy as soon as possible. Their standards have a fine pointed star in the centre, generally white, in a field of bluish green, which is their favourite colour. Military uniforms are not used, but a species of leather dress is worn under their ordinary clothing, to defend the body from arrow, pike, and sword wounds. This is doubtless of modern invention, for before the arrival of the Spaniards, they had no animal of sufficient size to afford hides large or thick enough for such a purpose. After a general action or a skirmish, the booty taken is equally divided among the individuals who were at the capture. They judiciously consider, that rank and honours repay the leaders, and that a larger share of the booty would probably induce them to be more attentive to spoil than to conquest, to personal good than to national welfare; a policy worthy of the imitation of all nations.

"The principal out-door diversions among the young men is the *palican;* this game is called by the Spaniards *cheuca*, and is similar, says Stevenson, to one I have seen in England, called bandy. Molina says it is like the *calcio* of the Florentines, and the *orphasta* of the Greeks. The company divides into two sets. Each has a stick about four feet long, curved at the lower end. A small hard ball, sometimes of wood, is thrown upon the ground; the parties separate, some advance towards the ball, and others stand aloof to prevent it when struck from going beyond the limits assigned, which would occasion the loss of the game. I was told that the most important matters have been adjusted in the different provinces of Araucania by crooked sticks and a ball; the decision of the dispute is that of the game, the winner of the game being the winner of the dispute. At Arauco I heard that the present bishop of Conception, Roa, having passed the territory belonging to the Indians without their permission, (a formality never to be dispensed with,) on his visitation to Valdivia, was apprehended in returning for not having solicited and obtained a pass, or safe conduct, from the *uthalmapu*, or principal political chief of the country which he had to traverse, called by the Indians, the *Laguen Mapu*, or marine district. His Lordship was not only made prisoner, but despoiled of all his equipage; and it became a matter of dispute, which nothing but the *palican* could decide, whether he should be put to death, or allowed to proceed to Conception. The game was played in the presence of the bishop: he had the satisfaction of seeing his party win, and his life was saved. The propriety, however, of keeping the booty taken from him was not questioned by any one."

Mr. Stevenson informs us, that the existence of gold

mines in Araucania is undoubted, although they are not regularly wrought. The concluding part of the author's account of Araucania is worthy of notice:—"This interesting part of South America is less known than any other accessible portion. Others are less known, but they are interior countries, lying between the range of the Andes and Buenos Ayres, Paraguay, Brazils, and Colombia,—immense tracts of the earth kept in reserve for the speculations of coming ages! But Araucania, from its locality, climate, and productions, appears destined to become one of the first and fairest portions of the new world; and should the eyes of philanthropical speculators be directed to its shores, their capitals will be more secure in the formation of new establishments, than in loans to many of the old."

We hope indeed that a future of good is in store for Araucania. Philanthropical speculators, such as Mr. Stevenson alludes to, may possibly arise to recommend Christian civilisation to these free races. But the avidity, and cruelty, and treachery of past speculators, have thrown great obstacles in the way of future, and more disinterested enterprises. In the southern provinces, between the Bio-bio, and the archipelago of Chiloe, were discovered many excellent gold mines, from which the Spanish derived immense sums. They had erected a mint at Valdivia, and another at Osorno; but the Araucanians having expelled the Spaniards by force of arms, closed all these mines, avowing an extreme contempt for that precious metal, as the source of infamous cruelty, unmanly avarice, and degrading servitude. In this one circumstance we see folded up a dark history of Spanish policy. But in spite of their warlike instincts, and contempt for gold, the Araucanians are not averse to certain kinds of trade.

"The trade with the Araucanians consists in supplying them with edge tools, toys, and wine; for which they give horses, horned cattle, and sometimes even children. The manner of conducting the exchange is the following, as described by Ulloa:—The Spaniard begins his negotiation, by offering the head of the family a cup of wine; after which he displays his wares, that the Indian may make choice of what best pleases him, mentioning at the same time the return which he expects. If they agree, the Spaniard makes him a present of a little wine; and the Indian chief informs the community, that they are at liberty to trade with the Spaniard as his friend. Relying on this protection, the Spaniard goes from hut to hut, recommending himself at first by giving the head of every family a taste of his wine. After this, they commence business: and the Indian having taken what he wanted, the trader goes away without receiving any equivalent at that time, and visits the other huts as they lie dispersed all over the country. He then returns to the cottage of the chief, calling on his customers in his way, and acquainting them that he is on his return home. Upon this summons not one fails of bringing to the chief's hut whatever had been agreed upon. Here they take their leave of him with all the appearance of sincere friendship; and the chief even orders some Indians to escort him to the frontiers, and assist him in driving the cattle he has received in exchange for his goods.

"There are two spoken languages in Chili, the Spanish, or that of the conquerors, and the Araucan Moluche, or Chilese, spoken by the natives and the independent tribes. The latter language is totally different from all other American languages, both in its words and in its syntax. The rules of its composition are simple and

precise, and the theory of the language may be learned with the greatest facility. There is not in its whole vocabulary, as given by Molina, a single irregular verb or noun. Rhetoric and poetry are cultivated among the Araucanians. Boys are brought to their public assemblies to hear speeches, and to learn to speak in public. The style of the orators is highly figurative and allegorical, and abounds in idioms not used on other occasions, hence it is called *coyaglucan*, which Molina translates the parliamentary style. Apologues and parables are frequent. Their poets are denominated *genpin*, or masters of speech, because they use or create words, as their enthusiasm dictates. Strong and lively images, bold figures, frequent allusions and similes, novelty and force of expression, pathetic sentiments, concur to form their poetry, which mostly repeats the deeds of their heroes. The lines are of eight or eleven syllables, metres which seem always to please the ear. Their poems are all in blank verse, though rhyme is sometimes admitted at very distant intervals."

From the above notice of the Araucanian Indians our readers will, we hope, gain some little idea of the people to whom Mr. Gardiner has decided to go as the messenger of Christ. Who will not pray for him, and wish him God speed? It was Mr. Gardiner who in the providence of God succeeded in the extreme south in uniting the links of the chain in our Mission history. He it was who visited Woollya, and brought over in our Mission vessel the first Fuegian family to our central station. And now in Chili, resuming his father's work, he seeks to bring the Gospel to those whom his father failed in his attempts effectually to reach. Our friends will not demand great, and sudden results from this holy enterprise. There is a sowing time, as well as a harvest.

Patience must have its perfect work. Christians lose nothing by the time they spend in the Lord's service, however fruitless their efforts may appear. It is their privilege to labour. Thus they honour God, and are themselves honoured. Let us pray that the present effort to make Christ known to the Indians of Araucania may issue in a glorious triumph of the Gospel.

Anniversary Meeting of the Dublin Association.

We extract the following from the report in the Daily Express of Wednesday, March 28th, of the Anniversary Meeting of the Society in Dublin. His Grace the Archbishop presided. The platform was very influential, but the general attendance was small. From the prominence of our Dublin Association, we are sure the following will be read with interest:—

"The meeting having been opened with prayer, His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin said:—I could have wished to see a larger attendance here to-day, but I trust that those who are present will take means of making known to their friends who are absent the particulars that you will hear to-day respecting this most important society, to which I have always given what encouragement I could from the very beginning. You will hear some details of our proceedings, and I wish to make one remark in reference to them, in order to remove a prejudice which might exist in some people's minds—I mean, that the progress made is slow, and by cautious and gradual steps. There are some persons who perhaps may be impatient to bring the light of the Gospel all at once into the darkness of the heathen in the countries we are conversant with. Now I believe this society is proceeding in the wisest and most rational manner, by making civilisation and religion go hand-in-hand. I believe myself that the savage, so long as he is a savage, is incapable of being a Christian. Civilisation and religion must go hand-in-hand. The characteristic of the savage is improvidence. The man who can hardly be brought to think of to-morrow, much

less to sow his land with the hope of reaping a harvest five or six months after, will listen with great apathy if you tell him about the next world. But let them see the example of civilised men being provident in the things of this world, and teach them the common arts of this life, and they will be led to see that those persons have their interests and welfare at heart,—they will see the advantages of providence and forethought; and the result will be, that they will be brought a little further, and further by degrees, and led to place their dependence at last, not on the things which are seen and temporal, but on the things which are not seen and eternal. That is the way we train children. What would be the use of telling a child of two or three years old about what would happen in after life, or after death? He can only be brought to comprehend some immediate reward or punishment — some immediate benefit or disadvantage. As he grows a little older, he will be brought to think of the reward to be given him to-morrow, or next week, or next month, or two or three months hence—at the end of the school half-year, or college term. By degrees we are led, little by little, to place our faith in that which is more remote; and if we proceed like really rational beings, we shall be led, by Divine grace, to place our hopes, and anxieties, and cares, not on the things of this world, but on the things of the next. That is the way we must proceed with savages. They are, in fact, adult children. They must be taught to place their faith in that which is more and more remote—first, in that which takes place next month, or in five or six months, or next year, and they will be brought at last to care for their eternal souls. Let no one, then, disparage this or any other Missionary Society, for first teaching the rudiments of civilisation, and the arts of life, and by that means laying a foundation on which to build the superstructure of Christian knowledge.

"The Rev. Mr. Scott, Honorary Secretary, having submitted a statement of accounts,

"The Rev. Wm. Gray, Travelling Secretary, in a full and clear address proposed the following resolution:—That this meeting, considering the great difficulties with which this Society has had to contend during the past

year, receive the statement of accounts submitted by the Secretary with satisfaction, and accept it as a pledge of increased interest and aid on the part of the Dublin Auxiliary, under the altered and more hopeful circumstances of the Mission.

"The Venerable the Archdeacon of Dublin seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

"The DEAN of ST. PATRICK moved the next resolution—That this Meeting has heard with much pleasure the progress already made in the acquisition of the Tekeenica dialect and in the instruction of the natives, and feels that this gives ground for gratitude to God, and hopeful anticipation of further success. He could add nothing to the account they had just heard, and, therefore, the words he would utter should be very few. He could not help remembering that they were engaged in a work which must prosper, because the Almighty said that 'The knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.' Therefore they were perfectly certain as to the results of their labours, especially when they contemplated what a large extent of country was open to their exertions. He trusted that God would make them the instruments in this work. He should remember, likewise, what experience told them. They now boasted of the civilisation of the British Empire. Was there not a time when the people of these countries were no better than the people of Patagonia—a time when the people of Great Britain were only known as naked savages with their skins stained blue? Yet God, in His providence, by sending them the grace of the Gospel, and bringing them in contact with more civilised nations, had taught them how, by cultivating everything pure, holy, and godly, to run a course that brought a blessing on itself and a blessing on others. It was natural for them to ask—'How are we to reach with certainty these natives? Their language is not a written one, and how can we come in contact with them personally?' To this he answered 'You can.' If they offered up prayer and supplication in the name of Him who could do it, they knew that in His own day and in his own way He would bring these things to pass. It was not for them to know the times and the seasons which the Lord had committed into His own

power. But they did know, and rejoiced to know, what the result would be in the end—namely, that God would cause His glory to shine forth in all lands. If individuals were imbued with this idea, and acted upon it, good results would soon follow. He trusted their next meeting would be more largely attended, and that in the mean time the agents of the society would be active in spreading abroad the truths of the Gospel.

"The Rev. A. M. Pollock seconded the resolution. He said that in every part of the world, where there were souls capable of being saved and enriched by the instrumentality of Christ's life-giving Gospel, there was a call given to the Church to go in and occupy the land. As yet, this society, in the hold it had on the affections of the people of Dublin, was only in its commencement. Several societies had, however, grown up from small beginnings, until they ranked in positions of great importance and extent, and he trusted that the same course would be followed by this society, and that the same future was in store for it. It only required that Christian people should be made fully aware of the deep and pressing necessity of its case, in order to induce them to open their hands widely, and extend to it their liberal contributions. They should not be deterred by difficulty from undertaking the task. People say, why not go into a more hopeful quarter? The choice of the quarter did not belong to the Church. It had got a broad commission—co-extensive with the inhabitants of the world in all their number and variety. Our blessed Master did not say 'Go where they will receive you, where you will make great present progress,' but 'Go into all the world;' and consequently, wherever a human being is to be found capable of being Christianised, and still in the darkness of heathendom, they might hear our Lord saying imperatively, 'Go in there likewise; forget not the one field, but despise not this other field.' They could not estimate the amount of self-denial of the Christian Missionaries who had gone forth into that dark and apparently hopeless quarter of the globe's surface. They admired the self-denial of the missionary going forth to Calcutta, or Madras, or China, or Japan, or the comparatively civilised islands of the South Seas; how much greater heroism did it

require to go and find a home—perhaps a grave—amongst the uncouth savages of South America, where they would receive no honour to their dying day from man, and must look to the applause that comes from God! It is for Christian people at home to strengthen their hands by every means in their power. They might talk of the importance of missionary work, and imagine that their hearts were very fervent for the spread of Christ's kingdom; but let them ask themselves in sincerity how much they were willing to do, as well as to say, for the spread of the Gospel in this the most benighted place on the earth! The measure of success was small, but some progress had been made. Three or four years ago his Grace of Dublin presided over a meeting in which the most that could be said was that they hoped at some time the mission would be got into shape in some way or other, and when the utmost to be told was the mournful tale of Captain Gardiner's martyrdom. Now the mission was established, a new expedition was organized, and the field was to be allotted according to each missionary's capacity. A dialect of the language had also been mastered, and that was a most hopeful fact. He trusted that the people of Dublin would take a deeper interest in this important Mission than hitherto—not as a thing to fill up some unoccupied hours, but as a matter of Christian duty—a work which God had, along with all the rest, placed before them. He had just been handed a letter written to Mr. Scott by a young native who is under tuition, it was written in phonetic characters, and as well as it could be by any boy of fourteen or fifteen years of age. It was as follows:—

'DEAR FRIEND—I am glad to write to you. I hope much that you will give me a spade. I say thank you; you are very good.'

And then was subscribed his own peculiar native name. There was in the letter great paucity of expression, and a direct request of what he wanted; but there was also an evidence of good will, which it was pleasant to see, and that had certainly been engrafted on the writer since his connexion with the Mission. Here was a large field requiring labourers and means; and it rested with those into whose hearts God had put the desire to

say whether it should prosper, and whether it would be proved that the Christian world are doing their duty with regard to this call which is now made upon them. The resolution was put and adopted.

A resolution appointing officers for the year was now moved by the Ven. Archdeacon of Glendalough, and seconded by the Rev. J. Heard, after which the meeting separated.

Home Proceedings.

The following notes of the home proceedings of the Rev. W. Gray during part of March and April form a passing index of the Society's position.

"Clifton, April 9th, 1860.

"I have much pleasure in reporting the progress of the Society in the various localities which I have lately visited. We found entrance into Hadlow, Kent, for the first time on the 11th, and 12th March. On the 11th I preached three times, and on the 12th held a meeting, which was well attended, and which seemed deeply interested. Mr. Monypenny was extremely kind, and will, I think, forward the objects of the Society in every way he can. At Tonbridge we hope to secure an entrance through Mr. Owen, who knew the Society well in consequence of being at Oxford with Mr. Gardiner. I look forward with interest to the holding of a drawing-room meeting there when local circumstances admit.

"On the 13th I was at Deal. There was a very small meeting assembled here to hear a statement of the Society's present position. This arose from no diminution of interest on the part of either Mr. Dombrain or Mr. Nethersole, but from various local causes, and also no doubt from our not having revived the interest there by meetings for some considerable time. The Association most likely will now revive under increased efforts made on its behalf. One fact of much interest I may state in connection with this Association, viz. that the largest subscription given comes from a servant, whose wages are not more than £8 or £10 per annum. She contributes, I am told, £1 to the Patagonian Mission. I believe she was first interested in the work by Mr.

Despard. In what a very different state would our income be, if more of those who are really interested, and who have larger means, would contribute with some proportion. So far as money could help forward the work all in that case would be done that could be accomplished, and as the instrumentality is ready also, the Gran Chaco, and the Valley of the Amazon, would have their labourers attached to the Society, and carrying on God's work in those most hopeful fields.

"The 14th I spent at Ramsgate, and arranged for an entrance here this year. At Broadstairs I can report nothing definite, but matters are, I think, hopeful.

"On the 15th and 16th I was at Canterbury, and arranged here for an entrance this year.

"At Bridge and Patrick Bawn, Dr. Stephenson and Mrs. Hammond are already interested, and do all they can to promote our cause.

"On the 18th I visited Southborough, and arranged here for sermons on the 3rd June, and for a meeting on the 4th of that month.

"At Tonbridge Wells I could accomplish but little. Mr. Pope will mention the Society from the pulpit. There seem unusual obstacles to the Society's entrance here, yet it may find its way through Southborough or Tonbridge.

"19th March, Lambeth, London. Everything in this locality looks most hopeful. I spent the day in making arrangements for a large meeting to be held on the 16th April, and trust that it may form the beginning of considerable help to the Society from this part of London.

"20th, Oxford. We shall probably receive some aid from this quarter this year, beside what we now have. I think it likely that a lecture may be delivered here in November.

"On the 22nd I was at Torquay. In this town there had been some misapprehensions regarding the Society's position. However our kind and active friends there seemed to be urged on to greater exertions in consequence of this, and a good meeting assembled, and listened patiently to a statement of those difficulties which had been encountered, but which have been cleared away from the path of the Society by the good hand of our God. The result of the meeting may, I trust, prove satisfactory. Mr. Walker attended as deputation, and lent his valuable aid.

"23rd, Cheltenham. The weather, which in the town makes so great a difference in a meeting, was most unpropitious to us. It was therefore doubly gratifying to find assembled quite as large a number of people, as one could possibly have expected. The tone of the Meeting was admirable, and the town, which in some respects may be looked upon as the birth-place of the Society, in consequence of the gift of £1000 from the late Miss Cook, when all the rest of England despaired of success, will, I feel convinced, do even more for the cause than what it has accomplished heretofore. Last year it sent us £132. The feeling of the Meeting promises a large increase on this large sum.

"From March 25th to April 5th I was in Dublin, and its neighbourhood.

"Again I should like to record my sense of gratitude to our Hon. Secretary here, whose services are of the utmost value to us. Through his kind instrumentality I was enabled to preach three times, and to speak eleven times for the Society; in fact my time was fully and profitably employed. What has been accomplished its difficult to ascertain. The Meeting in the Rotunda had a large and influential platform, the Archbishop most kindly taking the chair, but on account of the weather the numbers present were few in the body of the room. This looked discouraging, yet the next day a gentleman who had been present sent £10 as a donation. At Mr. Day's school-room there was a small platform, but a crowded Meeting, so that one hopes for some fruit. In Booterstown, Harold's Cross, Bray, Delgany and Kingstown the Meetings were large, and seemed interested.

"At Kells the Meeting was small, but the result may be as great as when a large Meeting assembled. At Arklow the interest has greatly increased, and this year has extended itself to the neighbouring parish of Inch, where Mr. Black kindly placed the pulpit at the disposal of your deputation. On the whole I am disposed to think, that both Dublin and Kingstown may aid us, even more largely than before, and that the Society grows in favor."

The Massacre in Tierra del Fuego.

It is our painful duty to record the massacre, in Tierra del Fuego, of no less than eight persons connected with the work of our Mission: Mr. Garland Phillips, catechist; Captain R. S. Fell, commanding the *Allen Gardiner;* his brother, Mr. John A. Fell, chief officer; and five of the crew. The sole survivor of the party, who in November last were engaged in communications with the natives of Tierra del Fuego at Woollyah, is Alfred Cole, late cook of the mission vessel. His deposition before the authorities of Stanley we publish in another place. The facts therein stated we see no reason to question. The opinion of the deponent as to the true cause of the massacre, and the parties contriving it, we think is open to objection. But our readers will have an opportunity of weighing the probabilities, and of forming a judgment for themselves on these important points. The deposition of James Button we are compelled, by want of space, to defer till next month. The massacre is attributed by him wholly to the Oen's men. That he shared in the plunder we know, and that one of the men, who had been at Keppel Island, took part in the attack we also know. But we feel convinced that the

Oen's men were the real movers in the matter, and we are willing to believe that the Button, or more correctly the *Tellon*, tribe became accessories through an overpowering temptation.

But we will now give, as far as we are able, a connected account of the terrible massacre, which has added a fresh page of sorrow to our Mission history. In October last the *Allen Gardiner* took her departure from Keppel Island, having on board, besides her regular crew, Mr. Garland Phillips, catechist; and the nine natives of Tierra del Fuego, who had been staying at our Mission Station for the preceding ten months. All seemed to be in good spirits, and in writing to the Committee from Stanley, where the *Allen Gardiner*, on her way to Fuegia, touched for the purpose of despatching letters, Mr. Phillips spoke most cheerfully, and encouragingly of their progress, and prospects. The journal of Mr. Phillips, bearing its latest date October 11, 1859, appears in the "Voice of Pity" of February, and containing, as it does, his latest written experiences of the mission-work, there are many who will look back upon it with a peculiar interest. The Rev. G. P. Despard, the society's Superintendent Missionary, deeming his services necessary at the Falkland station, gave instructions for the conduct of the present visit to Tierra del Fuego to Mr. Garland Phillips. It will be seen from the following quo-

tations how entirely unsuspicious of danger to our brethren our Superintendent was.

"My dear Mr. Phillips,

I hereby entrust you with the entire direction of the missionary part of the expedition to Fuegia just commencing, and I pray that God may give you wisdom, kindness, and courage from Jesus Christ for your work. I think it advisable you should proceed as rapidly as possible to Woollyah, and stay there as much time as can be allowed conveniently with the return of the schooner to Stanley in time for the next mail. You will probably make Banner Cove in your way, as a stopping place in navigation, but go not thither expressly. Should there be a very friendly spirit in Woollyah, I would try and spend two or three days there on shore, in the house erected during my last visit there, and get a hand from the vessel to stop with you. The Captain will furnish you with biscuits, &c. for encouragements to the natives, and I recommend you to cause a garden to be dug, and seeds to be sown, &c.

"Spend every day with the natives—this rather than go into the woods to fell wood, or other purposes. Keep your note-book and pencil going. Spell in phonetic. Try them much with singing..... I look to you to undertake the services in the *Allen Gardiner*, and would advise when the weather allows that you should have Sabbath morning and evening service on shore, that the natives may attend, and be roused to inquiry. You will take presents with you for the boys' relatives, and I hope you will treat them (the relatives) with distinguished favour....

"I have no doubt but that you and Capt. Fell will, with the blessing of God, agree well together, and that

he will render you every assistance you may reasonably require of him. May our Lord Jesus Christ be your strength, and your shield, and bless your efforts with ample success.

"I am, my dear Mr. Phillips, yours, &c.

"G. P. DESPARD."

With these general instructions Mr. G. Phillips accepted the responsibilities of his position as director of the missionary party during the late visit to Tierra del Fuego. With what singleness of purpose he endeavoured to fulfil them the fragmentary details of the expedition furnished by Alfred Cole amply testify. On the 1st of November, 1859, the *Allen Gardiner* reached her destination, and anchored off Woollyah. Here the tribe, to which the natives on board the mission-ship belonged, had their head-quarters, and amongst them were James Button, and the other members of his family, who had previously been guests, and under instruction at our Mission Station. In many respects, therefore, our party seemed to commence their visit under the most favourable circumstances. During their previous visits at Woollyah, and in other parts of Tierra del Fuego, they had always found the people friendly; and on the present occasion, when our brethren were considerably more familiar, than they previously had been, with the language of the natives, and when amongst these latter were persons who had experienced the utmost kindness,

and received the greatest benefits at the hands of our Missionary brethren, they would naturally be led to place considerable confidence in the outwardly friendly bearing of the people. There was, indeed, one incident which occurred on the very day after the arrival of the *Allen Gardiner* at Woollyah, and which may seem, at first sight, to be at variance with the supposed amity of the natives. Previously to landing the Fuegian party returning from our Station, the Captain instituted a search into their bundles, in consequence of certain articles, belonging to members of the ship's company, having been missed. This search, as will be seen from the deposition of Alfred Cole, gave great umbrage to the natives, and one of them actually seized Captain Fell by the throat. Now this occurrence, while in itself unpleasant, so far from leaving us to conclude that the disaffection of the natives was general, seems to point to a wholly different state of things. It is impossible to suppose that an act of violence on the part of a man who had received many proofs of friendship would not lead those, who witnessed it, and whose safety, humanly speaking, depended on their own sagacity, to watch closely the general conduct of the natives assembled at the spot. Had our party observed any symptoms of disaffection widely prevalent, we must suppose a very guarded course of proceedings would have been

adopted. Had any, even the least, disaffection been noticed among the natives generally, we can hardly believe that the Captain would have allowed his whole ship's company, with the exception of the cook, to attend divine service in a house upon the shore, the boat, which conveyed them to the land, being left without even one hand to protect it on the beach. Surely if there had been any manifest danger, there would have been some protest on the part of some of the crew, some suggestion from some one, that special precaution should be taken; but Alfred Cole, who must have known the feelings of the crew, never for an instant suggests that they manifested any reluctance to take part in the worship on shore, or expressed the slightest sense of danger. These men had a love of life. The Captain of the *Allen Gardiner*, and Mr. Phillips, can scarcely be supposed to have coveted the fearful death that awaited them. We are driven, therefore, to the conclusion that the anger of the natives on their bags being searched, was either an isolated and momentary ebullition of temper, which rapidly subsided, and was counterbalanced by the uniformly peaceful demeanour of the people generally; or that the whole ship's company, including the Captain, and Catechist, in spite of repeated warnings, and evident symptoms of disaffection, spontaneously placed themselves in a

position of danger, which circumstances did not justify, and of which the late fatal issue was the necessary consequence. We think it not needful to add which alternative we accept. In fact, we regard a too generous confidence in the natives by our missionary brethren to be the true source of the late disaster; and in the history of the terrible mutinies in India, when whole companies of Christians fell a sacrifice to the cruel treachery of our native soldiery, we find painful analogies to the history of our lamented, and murdered Christian brethren at Woollyah.

On Sunday, Nov. 6, 1859, it seems, therefore, clear that the conduct of the natives was such as to disarm all suspicion of hostility, and to justify, in the minds of Mr. Phillips, Catechist, and of Capt. Fell, the celebration of divine worship on shore, instead of in the ship. There was a wooden house within a few yards of the water's edge, built by the Rev. G. P. Despard, and his party, on a former occasion. This house was selected as the place of public worship. Within it the Catechist, the Captain, and the crew, with the exception of the ship's cook, all assembled. It may seem imprudent to have left the ship under the care of but one man, and especially to have left the boat, as was the case, utterly unguarded on the beach. But the confidence of the party in the good-will of the natives was evidently complete; and the

Captain and Catechist were doubtless anxious to show special reverence for the Lord's Day, and to impress the native mind with the solemnity of the worship of Christ. They would be encouraged to do this by the striking effects produced on the natives at the Station by the services of religion; and by the fact of these people on former occasions, at this very place, having so far learned the customs of their white friends, as to abstain from their ordinary occupations, and to remain at rest throughout the entire Sabbath.

Such, however, was not the case on the fatal 6th of November. At the chosen place and hour —10.30, a. m.—the little band of Christians met for prayer and praise in the presence of a heathen people. The service had not long begun, when suddenly one of the seamen of the Mission vessel fell, struck by an assassin hand. No weapons of defence were within the grasp of our surprised brethren. A rush is made for the boat, distant but a few yards. Clubs mercilessly wielded, and stones, do their death-work in a few moments. Our whole party lie murdered on the beach.

This horrid spectacle was witnessed by the man left on board the *Allen Gardiner*. There was, however, no time to render aid. All was done suddenly, and in a moment. Seeing his own danger the man jumped into the ship's gig, and rowed for his life. He was pursued, but having

reached the shore, and rushed into the woods, he remained concealed. But we give Alfred Cole's own narrative of events, as he repeated it to the Rev. G. P. Despard, at Keppel Island.

"*Sunday, Nov.* 6.—All hands but one went ashore, at half-past ten, for service, in the house which was built last year, and was in good preservation. I was on board cooking. Soon after they landed, I looked up and saw some naked fellows taking the oars out of the long boat into a wigwam. They are up to mischief, I said; and then I saw our people running out of the house, and the natives hitting them with their clubs. I saw Capt. Fell and Mr. Fell fall. The others, except Hugh Macdougal, I saw struck and fall; but Mr. Phillips, and one of the Swedish sailors ran to the beach, and got up to their knees in water to try and launch a canoe, but Macallwense threw a stone, and struck Mr. Phillips, which made him lean to one side and then to the other, and then he fell, when he was dragged ashore and killed, and the Swede too. This took place in a few seconds. Our Fuegians were with the rest in the attack, but Ookokko ran up and down and put out his hands crying. When I saw what was doing, I went down below and seized a gun; but I thought they would soon overpower me, even with fire arms; so I took three small loaves, threw them into the gig, which was hanging in the davits, and cutting the falls, let her into the water; and then, snatching up a paddle lying in the scuppers, I jumped into her and pushed for the shore. One canoe was in pursuit. As soon as I landed I put my bread in my guernsey, but it fell out. I did not stay to pick it up, but ran into the woods and climbed a tree. They did not pursue me, but took the boat off in tow to where

the other was lying. After a bit I came down, and made off towards the sun-rising; then I climbed another tree for awhile. There was no pursuit. I travelled towards the east through a beautiful open country, where many guanacoes were feeding, and flocks of upland geese, for four days. I picked a few berries, and at night lay under shelter of some sticks and grass. I could hardly believe what had happened, but fancied I was running away from my ship. After four days, I was stopped by a river. I could not cross it. I travelled down the bank till I came to the sea; I then coasted along towards Woollyah, living upon raw mussels and limpets. I could make no fire, as I had no matches with me; I was wet nearly all the time. I saw a canoe coming along, and hailed it; Tellon's eldest son was in it. I went into the canoe and sat by the fire to warm me. When we landed, they begged, or took everything I had on but my belt and earrings. I saw one of the 'Mission yacht' guernseys among them, and the Captain's blue coat. I ate as they ate, and they gave me a share of what was going; but it was miserable, especially the first three days of my nakedness; and to add to my distress, I got a great boil under my right ear, which was most painful, and made me hold my head on one side. After ten days, we got back to Woollyah, where I found Jem Button, but not a quarter of the people here before. They were all very friendly to me, Schwy among the rest, and made a subscription of clothes for me; Jem gave stockings and other things; Schwy gave me a pair of the Captain's boots; Macooallan a pair of my *own* trousers; and another, one of my caps. I lived with them pretty well on shell fish, fish, and mussels. Sometimes the men would go out at dawn and come back by sunrise, with a great load of fish, &c. They treated me

as one of themselves. One of them had got a ship's musket. Jem had shot, and I gathered one of the Captain's night caps full of powder, and Macooallan had a box of percussion caps. They used to lend me this, and then I went out with them to shoot; and when I gave them two or three geese, I was a very good fellow. I could understand common things in their language, but Jem used to explain in broken English. In the evening the men and boys used to play at wrestling and knocking each other about; in the day they were loafing about or sleeping. Sometimes I went in the canoes with them, and once over to Button Island. The women are famous swimmers; the men can't swim. The women could beat me in swimming. Of the men in Keppel Island, Macooallan was much the best; and Wyenagowl Kippin was best and kindest to me of the women. When the people took off my clothes, they wanted to pull out my beard too. I went often to the scene of the massacre, and hunted from daylight to dark to find something of the bodies, but without success; Jem said they were buried, but one of the boys told me they were thrown into the sea. I went a dozen times on board the schooner; she has been rifled of everything."

Our readers are now in possession of all the known details of the massacre. They are mournful indeed, and our hearts are oppressed with grief for the mourning relatives of the slain. An appeal for the temporal relief of the widows and orphans has been made. Christians will, we know, respond to it. And, while they thus minister to their bodily necessities, their earnest, sympathising prayers will, we know, ascend, that

the Spirit, the Comforter, may minister heavenly consolations to their afflicted, and desolate hearts. Words of deep and affectionate regard for our murdered brethren we are constrained to utter. They fell in the performance of their duties. The names of Fell, and of Phillips, will henceforth be sacred in the hearts of Christians, and illustrate afresh the records of missionary effort with examples of faith, and zeal in the service of the Lord.

Future Prospects.

The circumstances of our Mission have assumed so remarkable a character, owing to the painful events in Tierra del Fuego, that we feel it necessary to state as clearly, as at the present moment it is possible, the future intentions of the Committee. With regard to Missionary operations in Tierra del Fuego it may be necessary to pause, in order to revise plans, and to replenish our resources, but to renew the work seems to be the clear call of duty.

The command to preach the Gospel to every creature, has not been cancelled by recent disasters in our Mission-experiences; and the spiritual exigencies of the Fuegian tribes are not less great than before. To suppose that God is forbidding the work by His permission of the severe afflictions, through which the Mission has passed, is to undermine the clear command of Christ, and to run counter to the manifest principles, by which His Church has hitherto triumphed. Life comes out of death. The cross precedes the crown in the experience of the Christian Church.

The striking unanimity amongst the friends of the Mission, who have written to the Committee, in favour of continuing the work, is a further indication, the Committee believe, of the will of God in the matter. In another part of our Journal we have given a few extracts from letters bearing on this point. We could multiply them ten-fold. But we venture here to add the opinion of the Committee of our Dublin auxiliary, in the views of which His Grace the Archbishop most fully concurs. "We think that by all means the Mission-field should be *extended*, and every effort made to hasten, as rapidly as is wise, our action upon the vast body which is our real object—the tribes which occupy the interior of the Continent. We think, however, that the Mission in Fireland should *not* be given up, but conducted with more caution—that the settlement at Cranmer is the great source of hope for that Mission at present—that every effort should he made to continue the instruction of Ookokowenche, and Luccaenche, and if you like of some *few* others, including one or two married couples."

Our readers will here notice the decided expression of opinion by the Society's supporters in Dublin, in favour of still carrying on the Mission to Tierra del Fuego. Two other points are also enforced—first, the wisdom of extending our area of Missionary effort, so as to embrace the aboriginal population generally of South America,—and secondly, the expediency of still adhering to old plans for the conduct of the work in Tierra del Fuego. With regard to the first of these points, we can assure our friends it harmonises most completely with the wishes, and intentions of the Committee. And the fact of the Rev. A. W. Gardiner, M. A. son of the late Capt. A. Gardiner, R. N. leaving England on June the 2nd, in order to become a Mis-

sionary to the Indians of Araucania, in the South of Chili, will be accepted as a guarantee of their earnestness in the matter. But with regard to the second point, viz. the expediency of adhering rigidly to the plans hitherto adopted for conducting the work in Tierra del Fuego, the Committee are not in a position to give a final, and satisfactory declaration. A re-adaptation of means to the desired end seems called for. But, at the earliest date possible, a determination of these points will be come to at a general meeting of the Committee. Meanwhile that our friends may know the urgency of our wants, we must mention that to refit the *Allen Gardiner*, supposing her hull and spars are preserved, and rescued, will be a most expensive but necessary undertaking; that the charter of the vessel to search for the lamented Missionary party, and to bring back the dismantled *Allen Gardiner*, necessarily entails a heavy expense; and that provision for the widows abroad, and for their return home, forms another serious charge. These expenses all fall within a very limited time.

But in enumerating our reasons for prosecuting the objects of the Mission in Tierra del Fuego, we must not omit the solemn words sent to us by the Rev. G. P. Despard, B. A. With him, under the late well-nigh overwhelming trial, all the friends of the Mission will deeply sympathise. Their prayer for the special support, and comfort of himself, and of his family, in their painful isolation, will not be unfrequent, and cannot be feeble. Thus Mr. Despard writes: "Mr. Phillips, Capt. Fell, Mr. Fell, and the four seamen, and second Mate of the Schooner, have been massacred by the natives in Woolyah. Let me pause, and weep, and pray, now that I have written these terrible words. Pray ye the Lord not to lay this sin to their charge, but to ours, the Christian

Church; who have left these wild men three hundred years without *their* Gospel—theirs as well as ours. We have robbed them, we have robbed Christ of His glory over them. We have said they are not worth saving, and now their desire to obtain exceeding great treasure has risen to phrensy, and they have killed their best friends. Weep not for the dead, weep for the living. Weep not for the dead in Christ—weep for the mourning widows, weep for the mothers deprived of their sons, their supports." Then follows in Mr. Despard's letter an account of the massacre, given to him by Alfred Cole, and an outline of procedure which it may be necessary for him to adopt. The concluding words seem to us to convey an appeal, which is at once noble and touching. "God has tried us in the furnace of affliction. May His work be perfected. May the Lord of the harvest send out others to supply the room of those He has taken, and bow to contrition these poor sinners of the Gentiles, that they may be prepared for His word."

In connection with this appeal, we rejoice to say that Christian hearts have not been daunted by recent trials. In a letter just received from a former Mate of the *Allen Gardiner*,—(not the one whose offer of service appears in another part of our journal, but from a second,)—we read the following striking testimony, coupled with an offer, if he be required, to rejoin the Mission vessel at once:—"I feel responsible for the sparing mercies of God, who for some wise purpose permitted me to leave the *Allen Gardiner* at the close of her last voyage. Yet I almost envy those who have been found worthy to bear a martyr's cross, and to wear a martyr's crown. Having witnessed in the walk of Capt. Fell, and Mr. Phillips, the fruit of the Spirit, I have a confident hope that the Lord the righteous Judge will place the crown upon their heads."

Need we add, at this time, more words of encouragement to go forward? In faith, and prayer, and much patience, we will renew our efforts, hoping hereafter to see the fruits of our labours in the extension of the kingdom of Christ, by the turning of many heathen hearts to the obedience, and love of the Gospel. The Society's Missionaries are now but four in number—the Rev. G. P. Despard, B. A., at present at the Falkland Islands; Messrs. Schmid, and Hunziker, dedicated to the work in Patagonia; and the Rev. A. W. Gardiner, M. A., Missionary to the Indians of Araucania. "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth labourers into His harvest."

We now subjoin the official deposition of Alfred Cole, late Cook of the *Allen Gardiner*.

(Copy.)

"Colonial Secretary's Office, Falkland Islands,

"10th March, 1860.

"Alfred Coles sworn,—I joined the *Allen Gardiner* at Monte Video in September, 1858, as Cook and Seaman. Captain Fell was then Captain.—(Here follow names of persons in the *Allen Gardiner*.) I was Cook of the *Allen Gardiner* on her voyage from Keppel Island to Stanley, I do not remember the day.* We had nine natives on board, three men, three women, their squaws, and three children. Arrived at Woollya 1st November, 1859. On the 2nd we landed the natives, and commenced cutting wood. On the 4th found the natives gathering fast. That day Jemmy Button came on board, and was much displeased at not getting many things as soon as he expected. Captain Fell had searched

* 25th October, from Shipping Register.

the natives' bags, and found they had stolen some things, knives, handkerchiefs, and a harpoon. This was on the Wednesday, the 2nd. The natives refused to have their things searched, except Tommy Button. They were very angry, and Schwei Muggins caught hold of Captain Fell by the neck on the gangway where the things were. Captain Fell knocked him off of him. And then Schwei Muggins, and the other man, Billy Button, with their wives, got into the canoes without their things. Tommy Button and his wife stopped on board, and went on shore afterwards in the ship's boat. Captain Fell took the other men's things ashore that evening. The next day, Thursday, we were cutting wood and making a garden. On the Friday Jemmy Button came off, as I said. On the Sunday morning, the 6th November, all went ashore except myself. I had often been left alone before in the ship, when Mr. Despard and Mr. Turpin were there. They went ashore to have service in the house that was built, about half-past ten. Soon after, when the Crew had got into the house, I saw two natives taking the boat's oars away into a wigwam. I thought there was something up in a moment. The next thing I saw was our men running out of house for the beach, and the natives following them with clubs, and big stones, flinging stones in all directions, and making a dreadful noise. The house was about a dozen yards from the beach. When they got to the beach they were all knocked down, except Mr. Phillips and another, a Swede, one of the sailors who tried to launch a canoe, then Billy Button (one of the two men whose things had been searched) took up a stone and flung a stone at Mr. Phillips, which hit him on the side of the head, and he fell in the water. I saw Captain Fell and his

brother killed, they were side by side on the beach. I could distinguish them quite plain. I saw them all killed but old Henry. The boys told me he was killed in the house. I lowered the gig, and jumped into her, and went away towards the woods, I landed and ran into the woods. The natives were close after me. As soon as I got a little way into the woods I got up into a tree. The natives did not follow me into the woods. I saw the natives tow away the boat that I landed in, taking it up to the same place where the other boat was. I came out of the tree and travelled through the woods again. I had nothing to eat. I came to the beach again in four days, and gathered limpets. About twelve days after I fell in with some natives I had known before, natives who had not been to Keppel. They took me with them, and gave me some mussels and fish; but they took all my clothes away except my belt and one earring. They wanted to pull my beard out by the roots, but did not. I was ten days with those natives naked. They brought me back to where the schooner was, travelling about from day to day with them. There were about eighteen to twenty in that tribe. When I got back to the schooner I fell in with Jemmy and Tommy Button, and their party. They gave me some clothes. I then went on board the schooner with Tommy, and found her a mere wreck. Every thing in shape of iron was taken from her. The deck lights were take out of the decks; the sheer poles off the rigging; the sails taken, and cut out of the bolt ropes from the yards; there is nothing but the hull and spars, the gaffs were cut to pieces to get the iron off them; the wheel taken away, and the cabin steps torn up. From that time I strayed about, travelling with natives till the *Nancy* came. It was with Jemmy and

Tommy Button and his family, and all them that were at Keppel Island. The boys of the tribe told me that Jemmy Button and the others went on board the *Allen Gardiner* the evening of the massacre, and that Jemmy Button slept in the Captain's cabin. There was no one living on board when I got back. My belief is that the cause of the massacre was, that Jemmy Button being jealous that he did not get as much as he thought he had a right to, and that he was at the head of the whole proceedings. As to what became of the bodies I don't know. The boys told me they were cast into the sea. They also told me they saw Jemmy Button fight. I did not distinguish him from the rest. I could not tell him, I could only tell Billy Button. He was on a little on one side from the rest when he knocked Mr. Phillips down. I think there must have been three hundred altogether, with women and children.....

"Sworn before me, Justice of the Peace for the Falkland Islands, the 10th March, 1860,

(Signed) "J. R. LONGDEN,
"Colonial Secretary, acting as Shipping Master."

(Signed) "ALFRED COLE."

Words of Encouragement.

We give extracts from a few, out of the many letters of sympathy and encouragement, which have reached us from all parts of the kingdom, relative to the late disastrous news from our Mission Station. When we consider the effect which such tidings are naturally fitted to produce, we cannot but feel that the high tone of faith and courage and determined resolve which these

letters so uniformly breathe, must have been inspired by Him whose command to his people of old, when hemmed in by difficulties on every side, was "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward." The first we shall quote is from the sister of our late lamented Captain, and we feel sure that her touching words of submission to God's will, and of devotion to his cause, will meet with a response in every heart.

She writes, "My dear mother is extremely poorly, and I am afraid it will be a blow she will scarcely ever get over. She indeed doated on her sons; they were the staff and prop of her declining years; she laboured hard to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Her only comfort now, is, looking forward to a reunion with them. She has never uttered a murmuring word, but patiently acquiesced, and said 'It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good.' I, as a sister beloved, feel like Mary at the grave of Lazarus, but we thank God that they died in his cause, and are now wearing the martyr's crown; and I pray God their blood may be the seed of the church, and then it will not have flowed in vain. Your Society shall have my earnest prayers for its prosperity, while I am in the body, and my dear mother's also for her few remaining days."

The following extract is from a letter received from our Honorary Secretary at Worcester, the Rev. C. Evans. It contains a word of encouragement to our friends abroad, as well as, those at home, and we therefore gladly insert it.

"A blow has indeed fallen on the Mission, under which it may stagger, but will not, I believe, fall; or lose any of its true friends in consequence of it. The Mission will need, and doubtless will be frequently

remembered in earnest prayer. Should you be writing to Mr. Despard, do please say, that these difficulties will only have the effect of rallying more friends around him, his family, and the Mission."

Again, from Bath we receive the following earnest expression of sympathy from our kind Secretary there, the Rev. J. Wood. He says—

"On Monday last we had our usual monthly Clerical meeting, and I then told the outline of facts which the London papers had given, and exhorted the brethren not to be discouraged, but rather to strengthen the weak hands of any friends who might seem to be discouraged. Of course we cannot make war on a great scale against the powers of darkness, without expecting to meet with reverses. And who shall be able from his quiet home in England to prescribe the line between holy boldness and rashness?

"Most deeply do I deplore the loss of these faithful, brave, and devoted men, and most deeply must we lament with the sorrowing widows and relatives, and the whole Mission party. But so far from being discouraged, I am the more strengthened to do all I can to sustain the work. I shall double my subscription this year."

Our next extract is from the Rev. F. Barnes, of Plymouth, and we must here explain, that the Rev. W. Gray, who has lately visited this Association, had but the week before, reported to us the cheering fact that a young man who has for some time, in the intervals of his ordinary business, devoted himself to works of piety and benevolence, is as willing to devote himself to the Mission work in Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, and that the friends who form the Plymouth Association would wish to regard him as their especial care. It is in reference to this that Mr. Barnes thus writes.

"What sad news. I hope it will not check the zeal of the friends of the Mission. I think here it will rekindle and double our zeal. Coombs is still, in spite of danger, anxious to go, and will be ready about Christmas. If I was single I would start at once. May it, under God, raise up many supporters."

Again, how encouraging is it to find that there are men willing to fill the breaches which have been made in our ranks, and to go forth to the work, even though their path should lie across the grave of those who have already fallen on the field! The following offer of service is from Mr. Fraser, who sailed as chief officer of the *Allen Gardiner*, when she first started on her Missionary enterprise, in 1854; he was an old and attached friend of Captain Fell, and with a full knowledge of the nature and dangers of the work, he writes with a tender of service immediately on hearing of the death of Captain Fell.

"Having seen in the papers yesterday the sad account of the murder of Captain Fell and most of the crew of the "*Allen Gardiner*," and that the vessel has been taken, but probably recovered before this, I write to offer my services as master, should you want the vessel brought home, or to serve out there, as you may require.

"I feel very sorry for your loss,and hope Mr. Despard has been spared. Be kind enough to reply as early as possible, and accept my sympathy in the loss you have sustained.

"I remain, Sir, Your obedient servant,

"H. C. FRASER."

Our readers will also, we are persuaded, appreciate the following remarks from one of our most valued friends in the sister country,—E. H. Townsend, Esq., of Clonakilty.

"The recent tragedy at Woollyah has naturally drawn the hearts and thoughts of many towards the Patagonian Mission—towards the scene of that fearful massacre, and to the little remnant of the Missionary band who still remain. I cannot suppose that what has occurred will damp the zeal of any true friends of the Mission, or of the cause of Christ throughout the world: the blood of the martyrs has ever been the seed of the church. Cawnpore, Lucknow, Delhi, and Meerut, are now the theatres of greater Missionary efforts, and of far greater Missionary results, than they were before the deaths of many Christians there, during the fearful events of 1857. The treachery of the natives of Tierra del Fuego is a practical proof that 'the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.' It is a proof that European manners, and English habits, and those things which we call 'civilization,' (and to which, I fear, we attach an undue importance,) however they may polish the human exterior, are utterly incapable of changing the human heart. For this purpose God has sent his holy Word, and promised his Holy Spirit, to make known the former, and to pray for the latter is a duty at all times incumbent on the Church of God. And if Missionaries have been *eaten* in islands of the Pacific, which have now wholly turned to Christ, what possible ground can we have for despairing of Fuegia because of the deaths either of the heroic Gardiner or the devoted Phillips?

"The *Times* newspaper, not very long since, in one of those well-written articles, in which it every now and then strives to depreciate Missionary labours, called our converts in India, 'hot-house plants.' The records of 1857 suffice to shew how little the Hindoo Christians merited this contemptuous epithet; but it is a title which we ought rather to apply to ourselves, if anything that has,

or that may occur, should induce us to withdraw from the good and encouraging work now progressing under your Society."

From the Rev. C. Bull, M. A., British Chaplain in the Falkland Islands, a suggestion of new plans has reached us. He would advance boldly against the powers of darkness, and have a Missionary party settled at Woollyah itself. His offer of help is most ready, and decisive. "If my poor services," he says, "to help on this work are available, I would *freely* offer them." Surely this unanimity of Christians, in regard to our work, is an indication of God's will for us to go forward.

Continuing instant in Prayer.

A Meeting for Special Prayer, under the circumstances of the Society's present trial, took place in the library, and schoolroom of St. Paul's Church, Clifton, on the 11th inst. Tne Rev. F. V. Mather presided. The room was crowded, and the solemn feeling pervading the assembly was very striking. The Revs. F. V. Mather, J. B. Clifford, S. A. Walker, T. V. French, and W. H. Stirling took part in the proceedings. On the 15th inst. a Special Meeting for Prayer in connection with the departure of the Rev. A. W. Gardiner, M. A. who on June 2nd leaves England to go as a Missionary to the Indians of Araucania, took place at the Mission House, Clifton. The hearts of all present were, we believe, strengthened, and refreshed. Many deep, and fervent prayers for a blessing upon Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner, and those accompanying them, were offered up. Those, who read these lines, will, we hope, remember, before the mercy-seat, this little Missionary party now setting forth.

Past and Present.

Since our last number no fresh intelligence has reached us from our Missionary party. No fresh facts have been added to those already known about the unhappy massacre, and we still wait in anxious expectation of further tidings. In a few days we hope to be in possession of letters, upon the information contained in which much will depend. We may, however, take it for granted, that the Missionary work in Tierra del Fuego is temporarily suspended, while that in Patagonia will still, by the grace of God, be carried uninterruptedly forward. Mr. F. Hunziker, whose letter appears in another part of our Journal, is at hand to co-operate with Mr. Schmid, and is destined, we hope, to prove a true yoke-fellow with him in the work of the Gospel.

Upon the best means of renewing the operations of the Society in Tierra del Fuego we reserve our judgment; but a proposition to lengthen the *Allen Gardiner*, and to fit her with an auxiliary screw, supposing she is recovered, and proves equal to it, has by some been favourably entertained. The expense of refitting, and altering her, would doubtless be very great, but if the expense were spread over a period of eighteen months, it might, perhaps, be within

the compass of the Society's means. Supposing the *Allen Gardiner* to be thus lengthened, and fitted with an auxiliary screw, there is no doubt that she would, as a floating home for Missionaries, combine many advantages for meeting the peculiar conditions of the Mission work in Tierra del Fuego. As a security against any attacks from the natives, the screw would, humanly speaking, prove very effective, for in the event of their gathering in dangerous numbers at any one place, the *Allen Gardiner* could, by the use of the screw, baffle any suspected designs by moving to a less frequented spot. But, while we mention this suggestion, we must not be supposed at once to adopt it. Our friends will see that, until we know whether or not the *Allen Gardiner* is recovered, to form plans about her is almost premature. They may, however, rest assured that acting to the very best of their judgment, and as promptly as the means placed at their disposal admit, the Committee will strive to follow up the mission-work in Tierra del Fuego. The fruit of past efforts is not without a real value. The formation of a vocabulary of Fuegian words is a result of great importance; and, in spite of the recent massacre, the Committee reject the idea that the future is hopeless, and the past a failure. Various theories may be formed as to the cause of the attack upon our missionary party, in No-

vember last; but we believe most truly that the statement in the deposition of James Button, that the massacre was devised, and almost wholly carried out, by the tribe of Oen's-men, is more probable than any other. In the excitement of the attack, no doubt, some of the members of the Tellon, or Button tribe, dwelling at Woollyah, were so carried away as to take part in it; but we are reminded of two facts, that Alfred Coles saw but one of this tribe commit any hostile act, and that, while he conjectures that J. Button was at the bottom of the massacre, the Rev. C. Bull, M. A. British Chaplain at Stanley, who closely examined J. Button, acquits him of every thing except sharing in the plunder. The treatment, moreover, of Coles, on his return to Woollyah, was certainly friendly, and would lead us to suppose that the Oen's-men, who had now left Woollyah, were really the prime movers in the previous fatal attack. At any rate we have no cause whatever to doubt but that some of those, who had been at our Station in the Falklands Island, had profited by their instruction there; and especially, and very earnestly, do we regard with hope the two youths, Luccaenche and Ookokkowenche. If it were immediately but for their sakes, we should desire the work to go forward.

In reading the following deposition of J. Button, it should be distinctly borne in mind that he spoke

under the influence of fear, as a prisoner in the hands of those who had power to condemn. His first strong desire would be to get back to his own people; and accordingly we find him very strongly expressing this desire, and protesting against a return to Keppel.

It should be remembered, moreover, that his examiners had no knowledge whatever of his language, and that all their questions were framed in order to meet certain suspicions, or preconceived opinions, in their own minds. If they imagined, for instance, that the massacre was attributable to improper treatment of the natives by the Missionaries, or to such a thing as their enforced residence at the Mission Station, they would, as a matter of course, ply J. Button with questions calculated to bring out a confirmation of their suspicions. But although this would naturally be the case, we think no such suspicion is justified by the words of the deposition. Making allowance for J. Button's most natural desire not to go to Keppel, we see little in his statements but what we are disposed to regard as truthful. And knowing the readiness with which he formerly came to Keppel, and the kindness with which he was treated there, we think we are entitled to give to his alleged dislike to go to that island a prospective, and not a retrospective, interpretation.

J. Button's Deposition.

(Copy.)

"Colonial Secretary's Office, Falkland Islands,
"12th March, 1860.

"In the presence of Governor Moore, the Colonial Chaplain, Captain Smyley, and the undersigned James Button, Terra-del-Fuegian, states.

"'I staid at Keppel Island four moons with wife and children. Did not like to stop; don't want to; don't like it. Despard say, go back, Jemmy, you're old, your children stop; would like children to stop at Woollya; want to go back with you (Captain Smyley) all like to go back Woollya.' Mr. Despard ask you to go to Keppel? 'Mr. Despard said, go two time to Keppel, two time a year Woollya; no work at Keppel. Cask of water a big tub at Keppel; spear fish at Keppel, no catch seal, catch fish, big fish. I did not see them search the bags; our country boy very angry boy when Despard look in bags. Owen's countrymen killed Captain Fell; all same as Patagonians, bow and arrow men. My country in small channel, others from big waters; my country at Woollya, theirs near Patagonia. Owen's country boys say we no kill you, you go away we kill them. Captain Fell was killed with stones, by Owen's country. I see Captain Fell killed; carpenter; another man saw one killed; I no see Mr. Phillips killed. I put four in the ground. I no see the others, I will show Captain Smyley. I no see one live; I think one get away in the field, run away. I bury Captain Fell, and the Carpenter, and two other Swedes. I no sleep in schooner, run about on main land; no more sleep, run about. I have been all round island, no see white man; we look for body Captain Fell, my brother say, all by ground near house, my brother dig.

Every tribe speaks differently, woman at Woollya is keepa; my tribe has fifteen canoes (counting on his fingers) plenty canoes other side over water, plenty. York people no speak Woollya; Owen's country no speak, (Lennox Island described) they no speak; York's country two ships broke long time ago; York man eat man, scratch country. My brother perhaps go back to Keppel; I had plenty of it, no want go back; been away three times; countrymen perhaps go back; (accompanied by look to say no, afterwards added) my country boy no want to go back to Keppel.'

"Taken down the day and year before mentioned, from Jemmy Button's lips, as far as he could be understood, or made to understand the questions.

(Signed)

"J. R. LONGDEN, Colonial Secretary.

"CHARLES BULL, Colonial Chaplain."

Letter from Mr. Hunziker.

The following letter, received from Mr. F. Hunziker, who our readers will remember sailed from Southampton on the 9th of March last, will commend itself by its simplicity of style, and christian tone, to all our friends. We are thankful to know that his passage was a favourable one, and that, with the exception of the enforcement of barbarous quarantine regulations at Monte Video, there was every cause for satisfaction. We are well aware that it is an almost hopeless task for us to condemn the quarantine practices prevalent in many parts of the world. It may be in vain for us to point out the baseless hope of sanitary advantages to be derived from them. It may be in vain for us to suggest, instead of the restrictions of quarantine, a greater attention to the general sanitary arrangements in places

where fevers, and pestilence inspire such just alarm. But although this may be vain, we nevertheless claim a right to protest against the loathsome conditions, under which, in Monte Video, the law of quarantine is enforced. To consign persons to quarters scarcely fit for cattle, and to charge them eight shillings a day each during their imprisonment, is, we conceive, nothing else than a crime. And we most truly hope the attention of persons of influence in Monte Video will be directed to this enormity, so that some of its grosser conditions may be subdued, if not entirely removed. It is not every one, who will regard such barbarous customs in the same lenient way, as Mr. Hunziker. And we, therefore, consider it our duty at once to raise our voice against them.

The sad tidings of the events of Nov. 6 reached Mr. Hunziker, as our readers will observe, at Monte Video. The spirit of faith in which he receives them, the words of hope which he utters in the midst of them, harmonise most beautifully with that Christian feeling at home, called forth by the same painful intelligence. We cannot but recognise in this strong support of the people's faith an evidence of the presence and power of God. He it is that is now saying, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness."

"*Monte Video, April 26th*, 1860.

"'Give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good: for His mercy endureth for ever.' So must I say in looking to the carefulness of the Lord towards me. He has given me up to this a blessing on my voyage, good weather, and a fair wind; and, what is more, the Holy

Spirit to bear, with belief in His promises, all the sad intelligence, which I had to hear, and which you will know now too. The whole crew of the *Allen Gardiner*, one man excepted, have been murdered, and the vessel half-ruined. Captain Fell, and Catechist Phillips, with their hearts of love for the poor savages in Tierra del Fuego, have been killed by them! My heart is wounded, and for these things I weep tears of love for the dear brethren, tears of pity for the poor savages. In reflecting on this awful and mysterious event, I am led to exclaim with the apostle of the Gentiles, 'O the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom, and knowledge of God, how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!'

"We cannot see now through His dark and mysterious ways; the why and the wherefore we must leave to Him, who orders all things according to the counsel of His own will. The Lord's wisdom has, no doubt, some wise ends to answer in all that has befallen our dear brethren, and in all that has occurred to increase the difficulties of the Patagonian Mission. The word of God expressly says, 'All things shall work together for the good of them that love God;' and no less for the good of us, who are labouring for the welfare of savage tribes. The Scriptures cannot be broken, and amongst all our trials we will call to mind the word of promise, 'I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.' We do not, it is true, at this time know what are the ways of the Lord with us, and with the Fuegians, and Patagonians; but let us commit our way unto the Lord, trust in Him, and He shall bring it to pass. Let us wait patiently upon Him.

"This trial drives me nearer to the throne of grace,

and I have renewed my covenant with God, to give myself up to His service more than ever I had done before. May my little love be increased, my weak faith strengthened, and my hope confirmed amongst all the dangers which I have to expect. If the Lord opens for me any access to the Fuegians, or Patagonians, that I may help to guide them to Himself, I am ready to go, to make a new attempt on the fortification of Satan, not in my strength, but in the strength of the Lord. I am sure the day of salvation is not very far for the savages in Tierra del Fuego, and Patagonia. 'Through fight, and death, we win the victory.' God grant that this sad stroke may forward the dawn of a brighter day, and that the Sun of Righteousness may arise, and shine with increasing, and transforming light in those dark, and benighted lands. I know the eyes of the world will be upon you. When they hear the sad intelligence they will write against you, and try to discourage you, if they can; but let us not be afraid, for the eyes of Him, who governs the world, are upon us, and will never fail to comfort and encourage us. May He give you special wisdom from above to this difficult case! May He bless all your attempts, and our attempts, to promote so glorious a cause, for Jesus Christ's sake." .... Mr. Hunziker then gives some details of his voyage, extracts from which we now make.

"After taking leave from Mr. Gascoyne, the anchors of the *Magdalena* were soon weighed, and the vessel went forward, with very good weather, and a fair wind. God be praised, we have had almost constant good weather, and a smooth sea. We have had not one stormy day, and never rain. I committed myself for my important journey to the hands of the Lord, and He has done great things for me.

"In the first days of my journey I was affected by the motion of the vessel, which rendered me quite unfit for any religious duties. Oh! how miserable must their state be, who have all their religion to seek when sickness and death come upon them. May the Lord grant me that this never may be my case.

"My travelling companions were people of many nations—Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Portuguese. I distributed tracts among them, which found a good acceptance. May also the word written in those tracts find a good acceptance in the hearts of these people. I was sorry that I had not many tracts with me, for the tracts which were given to me were packed without my knowledge, in a large box, which I was not permitted to open.

"The 13th of March, we came in sight of Lisbon, and we stopped in the harbour of the city for twenty-four hours. Lisbon is a beautiful city, rising, like Rome, on seven hills, and presented, at many points of view, some striking objects, as palaces, churches, and other public buildings. But, alas! that city is a city of the prince of this world; and Jesus Christ is here not worshipped in spirit and in truth. Here we got some more passengers; amongst them were Spaniards; and now I had the first opportunity to distribute the Gospel of St. John, in Spanish. The Spaniards received it with gratefulness. May these books be the companions of these men, not only to America—the new world here on earth—but to the new world above in heaven.

"The 17th of March, we had a beautiful prospect of the Peak of Teneriffe, one of the finest mountains in the world—12,180 feet in height. It stood before us in bold relief, its peak covered with snow. I was reminded of my beloved native land by this mountain, and of my

future working field, where I have to expect high mountains too, but such mountains as are described in the holy bible, which will hinder the work of God there; 'but who art thou, O great mountain,' who wilt hinder the Lord's work?—(Zech. iv. 7.) The Lord will prepare His way in the dark benighted land of Patagonia, and the temple of Him—His church—shall be built there; He will lay the foundation. His kingdom must be founded there, not by might, nor by power, but by His Spirit. Therefore, let us look forward, let us go forward; the Lord leads on to victory; His power and grace we know.

"The 28th of March, we reached Pernambuco. This is a large town, of about 100,000 inhabitants. I heard the most of them were slaves. The slaves go without shoes, to distinguish them from the coloured people.

"The 30th of March, we reached Bahia, a still larger city, where I, with other passengers, went on shore; and I was exceedingly struck with the appearance of its population. The streets were full of slaves. They perform an immense amount of labour, such as ought to be performed by horses, mules, or oxen. In bearing great loads up the steep ascent of the city, their nostrils expand with hard breathing, and they sing somewhat dolefully, to relieve their chest. With a sorry heart I went on board again, and commended these poor people to the pitiful Lord our Saviour. May the time of salvation soon arrive for these poor slaves, and bring them under the blessed influence of the Gospel of Christ.

"The 2nd of April, we arrived in the harbour of Rio de Janeiro. Here was the destination of our steamer, the *Magdalena*, and I had to go in the *Mersey*, another steamboat, to Monte Video. But she had not arrived in time. I had therefore to stay on board of the *Magda-*

lena until the *Mersey* came into the harbour of Rio de Janeiro, just a week.

"The yellow fever was in Rio de Janeiro, and daily there died about fifty people of this sickness. Consequently, I went only twice into the city, and distributed there some tracts. It was in the holy week that I stayed in the harbour of Rio de Janeiro. O how different were these days from the Sabbaths to which I have been accustomed! Once I could meet and assemble with the people of God in the house of prayer, but now I was deprived of these privileges. But it was for the Lord's cause, therefore He held Sabbath with me; and to be in His communion is better than in the best society of true Christians. In this holy week, while I was reminded of my dear Saviour's death and of His love, I felt myself once more drawn to give up myself to Him as a living sacrifice.

"The 8th of April, we weighed the anchor again for Monte Video, in the *Mersey*, and arrived the 12th of April in the harbour of Monte Video. We had good weather again. But now all the passengers in the *Mersey* had to go into quarantine for nine days, in the Lazarete del Cerro, a half-ruined building of fortifications opposite the town, on a rough hill, and that on account of the yellow fever, which was in Rio de Janeiro. After the laws of Monte Video, every passenger must go into quarantine. All passengers were very well, and not one was sick. These nine days in quarantine I shall never forget, for all of us were treated there like mere animals. The filth was dreadful. I could not give you a description of it in German, much less in English; and moreover, every person had daily to pay eight shillings, or two patagons. But these are only exercises for a Missionary, and it is past, and good for the old man.

"The 22nd, I got the desired liberty, and I am now once more living, for a short time, (until I have opportunity of a ship for the Falklands) in communion with dear Christians. I was here, by Mr. Adams, received with the kindness of a father, and can now refresh and prepare myself for my difficult work.

"Yours very truly,

"JOHANN FRIEDRICH HUNZIKER."

Brazilian Indians.

From a little volume entitled "Brazil, its History and People," published by the Religious Tract Society, we have much satisfaction in presenting the following extracts to our readers. They will at once see how deeply its statements affect the objects, and operations of our Mission, and how cordially the author, whose name is unknown to us, must rejoice in the fact of there being a South American Missionary Society. We should be glad to see the interesting little volume widely circulated, and read. For we are assured that one of the great works of the age, for which Providence is preparing the way, is the spread of the gospel in South America.

"It is a little difficult to discover what is the real present condition of the Indians, from the contradictory accounts given by different travellers. One is fortunate enough to have enjoyed his sojourn among a tribe, and enthusiastically attributes to them sciences, arts, and national organization, which, to say the least, are not common among savages. Another is very uncomfortable, and very glad to escape to civilization again after a few days among a bad specimen of the wandering nations; and according to his account they are in a degraded condition, and fast disappearing.

"The celebrated traveller, Madame Pfeiffer, paid a visit to one of the Brazilian tribes during her short stay in Brazil. As her statements are accurate and her observations acute, it may be interesting to give her own words, though it should not be forgotten that, as a lady, she felt inconveniences rather acutely, and that her experience extended only to one of the nations, and one exposed to those influences of neighbouring civilization which are always trying, and often ruinous to savages.

"'On the 11th of October, I proceeded into the forest, in company with a negress and a Puri, to find out the Indians (the Puris). At times, we had to work our way laboriously through the thicket; and then again we would find narrow paths, by which we pursued our journey with greater ease. After eight hours' walking, we came upon a number of Puris, who led us into their huts, situated in the immediate vicinity, where I beheld a picture of the greatest misery and want: I had often met with a great deal of wretchedness in my travels, but never with so much as I saw here.

"'On a small space under lofty trees, five huts, or rather sheds formed of leaves, were erected, eighteen feet long by twelve feet broad. The frames were formed of four poles stuck in the ground, with another reaching across, and the roof of palm leaves, through which the rain could penetrate with the utmost facility. On three sides, these bowers were entirely open. In the interior hung a hammock or two; and on the ground glimmered a little fire under a heap of ashes, in which a few roots, Indian corn, and bananas were roasting. In one corner, under the roof, a small supply of provisions was hoarded up, and a few gourds were scattered around: these are used by the savages instead of plates, pots, water jugs, etc. The long bows and arrows, which constitute their

only weapons, were leaning in the back ground against the wall.

" 'I found the Indians still more ugly than the negroes. Their complexion is a light bronze: they are stunted in stature, well knit, and about the middle size. They have broad and somewhat compressed features, and thick coal-black hair hanging straight down, which the women sometimes wear in plaits fastened to the back of the head, and sometimes falling down loose about them. Their forehead is broad and low, the nose somewhat flattened, the eyes long and narrow, almost like those of the Chinese, and the mouth large, with rather thick lips. To give a still greater effect to all these various charms, a peculiar look of stupidity is spread over the whole face, and is more especially to be attributed to the way in which their mouths are always kept open.

" 'Most of them, men and women, were tattooed with a reddish or blue colour, though only round the mouth, in the form of a moustache. Both sexes are passionately fond of smoking, and prefer brandy to everything. Their dress was composed of a few rags, which they had fastened round their loins.

" 'I had already heard, in Novo Friburgo, a few interesting particulars concerning the Puris.

" 'The number of the Brazilian Indians at the present time is calculated at about 500,000, who live scattered about the forests in the heart of the country. Not more than six or seven families ever settle on the same spot, which they leave as soon as the game in the neighbourhood has been killed, and all the fruits and roots consumed. A large number of these Indians have been christened. They are always ready, for a little brandy or tobacco, to undergo the ceremony at the shortest

notice, and only regret that it cannot be repeated more frequently. The priest believes that he has only to perform the rite to gain another soul for heaven, and afterwards gives himself very little concern either about the instructions or the manners and morals of his converts. These, it is true, are called Christians, or tamed savages, but live in the same heathen manner that they previously did. Thus, for instance, they contract marriages for indefinite periods, elect their Caciques from the strongest and fiercest men, and follow all their old customs on the occasion of marriages and deaths, just the same as before baptism.

"'Their language is very poor. They are said, for example, only to be able to count one and two, and are therefore obliged, when they desire to express a larger number, to repeat these two figures continually.'

"Of the Sambos, the mixed race of the northern coast, Mr. Bard says: 'They count by twenties, i. e. collective fingers and toes, and make fearful work of it when they 'get up in the figures.' Thus to express thirty-seven, they say, '*Iwanaiska-kumi-pura-matawalsip-pura-matlalkabe-pura-kami*,' which literally means, one and twenty and ten and six and one, that is, 20+1+10+6+1. They reckon their days by sleeps, their months by moons, and their years by the complement of thirteen moons.'

"Madame Pfeiffer proceeds: 'furthermore, for *to-day*, *to-morrow*, and *yesterday*, they possess only the word day, and express their more particular meaning by signs; for *to-day*, they say *day*, and feel their head, or point upwards; for *to-morrow*, they again use the word *day*, and point forwards; for *yesterday*, they use the same word and point behind them.'

"The Puris are said to be peculiarly adapted for

tracking run-away negroes, as their organs of smell are very highly developed. They smell the trace of the fugitive on the leaves of the trees; and if the negro does not succeed in reaching some stream, in which he can either walk or swim for a considerable distance, it is asserted he can very seldom escape the Indian engaged in pursuit of him. These savages are also employed in felling timber and cultivating Indian corn, manioc, etc. as they are very industrious, and think themselves well paid with a little tobacco, brandy, or coloured cloth. But on no account must they be compelled to do anything by force: they are free men. They seldom, however, come to offer their assistance unless they are half-starved.

"'I visited the huts of all these savages, and as my guides had trumpeted forth my praises as being a woman of great knowledge, I was here asked my advice for the benefit of every one who was ill.

"'After having sufficiently examined everything in the huts, I went with some of the savages to shoot parrots and monkeys. We had not far to go to meet with both; and I had now an opportunity of admiring the skill with which these people use their bows. They brought down the birds even when they were on the wing, and very seldom missed their mark. After shooting three parrots and an ape, we returned to the huts.

"'The good creatures offered me the best hut they possessed, and invited me to pass the night there. Being rather fatigued by the toilsome nature of my journey on foot, the heat, and the hunting excursion, I very joyfully accepted their proposition. I therefore spread my cloak on the ground, arranged a log of wood so as to serve instead of a pillow, and for the present seated myself upon my splendid couch. In the meanwhile,

my hosts were preparing the monkey and the parrots, by sticking them on wooden spits, and roasting them before the fire. In order to render the meal a peculiar dainty one, they also buried some Indian corn and roots in the cinders. They then gathered a few large fresh leaves off the trees, tore the roasted ape to pieces with their hands, and placing a large portion of it, as well as a parrot, Indian corn, and some roots, upon the leaves, put it before me. My appetite was tremendous, seeing that I had tasted nothing since the morning. I therefore immediately fell too on the roasted monkey, which I found superlatively delicious: the flesh of the parrot was far from being tender and palatable.

"'After our meal, I begged the Indians to perform one of their dances for me. As it was already dark, they brought a quantity of wood, which they formed into a sort of funeral pile and set on fire. The men then formed a circle round, and began the dance. They threw their bodies from side to side in a remarkably awkward fashion, but always moving the head forward in a straight line. The women then joined in, remaining, however, at some little distance in the rear of the men, and making the same awkward movements. They now began a most horrible noise, which was intended for a song, at the same time distorting their features in a frightful manner. One of them stood near, playing upon a kind of stringed instrument, made out of the stem of a cabbage palm, and about two feet, or two feet and a half, in length. A hole was cut in it in a slanting direction, and six fibres of the stem had been raised up, and kept in an elevated position at each end, by means of a small bridge. The fingers were then used for playing on these as a guitar: the tone was very low, disagreeable, and hoarse.

"'On the 12th of October, early in the morning, I took leave of the savages, and made them a present of various bronze ornaments, with which they were so delighted that they offered me everything they possessed. I took a bow with a couple of arrows, as mementos of my visit, returned to the wooden house, and, having also distributed similar presents there, mounted my mule, and arrived late in the evening at Aldea de Pedro.'

"As a contrast to this description, we may take one of another tribe, by another traveller.

"'The course of life of the Indians appeared to be exceedingly regular and monotonous. Both men and women found abundant occupation during the day: they went to bed early, and rose with the dawn. Although most of them had hammocks, they universally slept on what are called *crickeries*, or platforms of canes, supported on forked posts, and covered with variously coloured mats, woven of the bark of palm branches. I observed no drunkenness among them, and altogether they were quiet, well ordered, and industrious. In all their relations with me they were respectful and obliging, but exceedingly reserved. I endeavoured to break through their taciturnity, but without success. I left them with admiration for their primitive habits, and genuine, though formal hospitality.'

"The religion of the Brazilian Indians, even of those nominally Christianized, seems to be the merest matter of habit. And none instruct them. How can they believe unless they hear? And how can they hear without a preacher?

"The same may, indeed, be said of the whole empire; and any missionary agency employed for the whites would be very—if not equally—efficient for the Indians, for most of the civilized tribes understand and speak Portuguese, or at least the lingua franca.

"Who can tell what effect might follow an extensive and faithful publication of the pure Gospel among the millions of this great empire? how vigorously the superior race might bestir itself in the course of intellectual and moral progress? and how, among the aborigines, the dull heart might be awakened, and the dim eye and clouded intellect be cleared under the beams of the Sun of Righteousness?

"It seems only too clear that the whites need almost as much enlightenment as the Indians. And until they are themselves awakened to a knowledge of the way of salvation, it is not to be expected that they will even endeavour to extend it to their barbarian fellow subjects.

"The soil is there, and it is white unto harvest; but the labourers are few, if any. It is for us in free Britain to labour, and pray the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth more labourers into His harvest.

"Still it is difficult to look at the past of Brazil, and not hope for her future. The mind is strongly led to the conclusion that God has some work in store for a nation whose youth has been on the whole so peaceful and prosperous, and whose circumstances are so favourable. The sympathies of Englishmen also must be not a little drawn out towards this western people, who have struggled so well and successfully for rational liberty, and for constitutional government in a form closely resembling our own."

Home Proceedings.

23rd June, 1860.

"Gentlemen,

"During the past month I have been, for the most part, resting, as a preparation for urging the claims of the Society with more continuous effort when the

receipt of further despatches enables you to realise the full extent of the late disaster, and to mature your plans for at once repairing it.

"Some little, however, has been accomplished during this month of rest. I do not speak of the arrangements which it has allowed me to make for some time to come, and which, with the permission and under the blessing of God one hopes may prove of value, but of the occasions on which several incumbents most kindly allowed the cause to be pleaded, in the absence of the minute details our plans.

"*Southborough, June 3rd and 4th.*—The Rev. S. H. Langston, who so ably pleaded for the Society in Edinburgh last year, allowed the subject of the Mission to be brought before his congregation this year, for the first time. Your Secretary preached twice in his church on the 3rd inst., and on the evening of the 4th gave a lecture in his school house. The weather, on Sunday, was particularly unfavourable, so that the attendance at church was very much below the average. Yet the collection seemed to indicate that the congregation felt the cause to be a good and important one. One could scarcely be surprised at a different result, and one is most thankful to meet with this encouragement under difficulty.

"*Tonbridge Wells.*—Whilst in this neighbourhood I took the opportunity, in company with the Rev. H. Hammond, of again sounding the feeling of several influential persons in this town, and was gratified to find that the late disaster had drawn hearts to us, hearts touched with true Christian sympathy for those that were called upon to suffer for Christ's sake.

"*Reading, 10th and 11th.*—The Rev. W. W. Phelps kindly allowed your deputation to occupy his pulpit on

the Sunday. On the Monday the Rev. G. J. Tubbs kindly opened his school room, which was well filled; six or seven clergymen were in attendance. After the address, a feeling seemed to evince itself, for which I was but partially prepared; the object was allowed to be good, and important, but the judgment of the Committee, and the wisdom of the whole scheme, as it was carried out, seemed to be weighed by results; and because it was impossible, as yet, to point to absolute conversion amongst the natives, distrust seemed to enter into some minds. When, however, it was shewn that the results upon the Church at home were manifestly such as led us to believe that the hand of God was in the work; when it was pointed out that a singular blessing had attended the records of Capt. Gardiner's and Mr. Williams's deaths in the conversion of infidels; and that even in the last missionary expedition God had sealed their testimony in the conversion of Erwin, as He had done in the case of others of the sailors previously under Capt. Gardiner; when, moreover, it was stated that, owing to various hindrances, many arising from Satan, only about 1300 words of Tekeenica had been learned, and that only eight natives had been under imperfect instruction for ten months, yet that we cherished a hope that the hearts of two of these had not been untouched by God's Holy Spirit, the meeting seemed satisfied; and, indeed, a most liberal response was made to the appeal for increased support. I would not lead you to suppose that there was anything evinced like a spirit of opposition, rather did there seem to be a proper spirit of enquiry; and one was most thankful that the questions asked elicited information, and called up unlooked-for support. The matter, perhaps, would not be worth mentioning, but that most likely there may be many minds at the present moment simi-

larly affected, which will be glad of the thoughts suggested. God sometimes calls loudly; and we think, with Samuel, that it is only a man's voice, or with Eli, that it is a deception; both these, however, were at last convinced of Jehovah's voice. And the often awakened Eli pointed the bewildered Samuel to the calling Master, and Father. We may doubt and be bewildered often also; but in the end we shall understand.

"*Chelsea, London, 22nd.*—Here we had a very large meeting. The Rev. C. J. Goodhart occupied the chair. He introduced your Secretary with a few weighty sentences of truth and comfort, pointing out how honoured our Society has been by God in being called upon to suffer. After the address, —— Pite, Esq., formerly resident in Rio de Janeiro, spoke warmly in favour of the Society. He bore testimony to the admirable spirit of Mr. Despard; read a letter from Buenos Ayres, speaking in high terms of the late Capt. Fell; and confirmed the statements made by your Secretary. The point which he chiefly urged was this, that in all human machinery we might calculate on results; even in the ordinary operations of nature we might do so; but that in Missionary operations results were beyond our calculation, inasmuch as they depended on the action of mind upon mind, and rested altogether upon the operation of the Holy Spirit, who worketh as it pleaseth Him, and not as it seemeth best to man. He instanced, in South America itself, how, after labouring himself for a long time, and seeming to have effected scarce anything, and only in one or two cases seeming to have made an impression, yet the effect had been electric when one native mind began to work on other native minds. This, which is most important to us who seek to work through native instrumentality, has been singularly

confirmed in the case of the Australian savage, where very lately two converts affected some hundreds, as if instantaneously, and that in the case of men deemed hitherto incapable of appreciating the truth of Christ.

"The Rev. William Cadman followed, and in the most quiet, cogent, and logical way, laid the case of our Society before the meeting. Few of those who heard him will hesitate, I think, as to their future course. The Society owes him warm thanks for his powerful advocacy. Space prevents me entering into his speech, which must be presented as a whole, or not at all. I shall only mention one or two incidental observations, which may strengthen the hearts of some of the readers of 'the Voice of Pity.' In speaking of the action of the Society, he said some blamed it, but that we must be cautious in doing so, for oftentimes we were not judges of what was according to the mind of Christ. He then instanced the case of Peter, who asked Jesus to allow him to come to Him on the water. This seemed to savor of presumption; and probably all the disciples thought it was presumption; yet Christ not only does not blame him, but desires him to come to Him. Again, in the case of the same Peter, when he went to Cornelius, the Apostles and brethren contended with him, and blamed him for what he had done; yet he was acting under the express command of God. This shews clearly that we must be cautious in condemning where God may highly approve. In speaking of the frequent hindrances of the work in the case of this Society, and of the late disaster, he pointed out the fact, that it was not only completely un-English, but un-Christian, to be deterred by difficulties; that, in fact, the very difficulties ought to brace us up to greater exertion, rather than weaken our energies. He concluded by an appeal for the widows, and for the general purposes of the Society. The amount of interest awakened was, I am sure, large; the sum collected was double what it had been on former occasions; and I have heard also of exertions put forth in consequence of this meeting, to secure other places in London.

"I remain, Gentlemen, yours faithfully,

"WM. GRAY."

Good News from Cranmer.

The intelligence, which has reached us from abroad, is more encouraging than we at all ventured to expect. The *Allen Gardiner* has been recovered, and, so far from the work in Tierra del Fuego being wholly suspended, we are rejoiced to know that two natives, one of them the very hopeful lad Ookokkowenche Tellon, the other his young wife, a girl of sixteen, are now under the care, and instruction of the Rev. G. P. Despard, at Keppel. The study of the language, therefore, can be uninterruptedly carried on, while there are still being prepared for future usefulness in their own country, and among their own people, these two natives of Tierra del Fuego. What stronger evidence could we possess of the intention of God regarding our work? He has given us back our vessel, or rather we should say, He has again lent us for a season that vessel, which was built and consecrated for His special service in Tierra del Fuego. For what purpose is this? That the work should be arrested?—that the ship should be sold?—that her noble mission should be ignominiously abandoned? God forbid. The restoration of the *Allen Gardiner* is, we consider, the Lord's warrant for us to go forward. From November to April—at the mercy of the natives, and at the mercy of the waves, in a position difficult of access, and where the hostility of savage tribes

might have rendered her recovery a bloody, if not an impossible task—our little vessel lay helpless and unguarded except by the watchful providence of God. But He has preserved her, and He has entrusted her once more to our controul. Again we ask what for, if not to renew, and carry on with greater energy than ever the work for which she was originally designed? It is true the interior of the *Allen Gardiner* has been ransacked, and every thing capable of removal has been broken, or torn away, and appropriated by the natives. But the hull and spars are sound, and the necessary refitments, although costly, are not hopelessly expensive. We believe that to restore her to her former efficiency, and completeness, about £600 will be sufficient, while for another £700, she might be lengthened 20 feet, and made even more serviceable than before. A temporary refit will be made in the Falklands, after which the *Allen Gardiner* will return as soon as possible to England for thorough inspection and repair.

But not alone by the restoration of the mission-vessel does God bid us be resolute, and persevering in the work. The return to our Mission-Station of Ookokkowenche, accompanied by his young wife, is to us a most remarkable, and significant event. What misgivings, and questionings, filled our hearts when the news of the massacre reached us! How was it that no one gave our brethren notice of the

attack—of the plot, if there was a plot? Did no one of the natives whom we had treated so kindly, give the alarm? Were all alike implicated in the treachery? If so, how vain have been all our past hopes, how empty our rejoicings. But now a light is breaking through the darkness; and the return to Keppel of Ookokko assures us of his innocence, and weakens, if it does not destroy, the idea of there being any general plot. Had there been any he would have surely known it, and, had he known it, we cannot doubt but that he would at once have disclosed it to his white friends. At the same time it seems quite clear that in the attack on November 6th, members of the Tekeenica tribe at Woollyah did share. Who were the instigators we know not, but some participators in the crime are now known. But, in the midst of many misgivings, God has given us a token that our past efforts have not been in vain; and, while we were thinking that the work in Tierra del Fuego was for a while at least suspended, that there had been a snapping asunder of the chain of our hopes, He has himself united the links, and prevented that interruption of our labours, which seemed inevitable. We ask—not the friends of the Mission—but those who stand aloof from it—those who doubt its probable success—how they interpret, at this crisis, the fact of two natives, by their own earnest, and spon-

taneous desire, being conveyed to our Mission Station, for the avowed purpose of instruction? They had brought upon themselves suspicions among their own people, because of their undisguised and generous grief on account of the massacre. They desired to go to Keppel, where their friends dwelt, there to be instructed, and to find sympathy. Is there no significance in this? They have thrown themselves upon our friendship. They have appealed for our instruction. Are we, or are we not right, in regarding these two natives as living epistles sent to us by God, to remind us solemnly of our duty to their countrymen, and to bid us in patience, and hope, to continue our exertions on their behalf?

But there has been such waste of life, some say. We cannot think so. That is not waste, which although for a while lost sight of yields subsequent fruit. But waste it surely would be, if the massacre of our brethren, who loved the work so well, and consecrated their lives to it, were to be the signal for renouncing its claims, and withdrawing, or weakening, the efforts which have been made. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground, and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit," says our Lord. And on the strength of this principle we are resolved to sow, and wait, knowing that in due time we shall surely reap, if we faint not.

It should be an encouragement to us to know that the bodies of our deceased brethren were not burnt, or mutilated by the natives, but interred near the spot where they perished. And in the image of their now sleeping, but hereafter to be quickened bodies, let us recognise the resurrection power whereby the spiritually dead tribes of Fuegia are to be raised to the enjoyment of the Christian life. We hope, and pray, that our friends everywhere will not only continue, but if possible increase their efforts, and strengthen our hands. We now give portions of Mr. Despard's rapid summary of events. It will be observed that Captain Smyley, of the schooner *Nancy*, performed, with great ability and courage, the work which he had undertaken in behalf of the Society.

"Cranmer, April 17, 1860.

"Captain Smyley ascertained, through J. Button, that the *Allen Gardiner* was still afloat. A fleet of thirty-nine canoes followed him, but none molested. He saw the garments of our people on them, shillings, and half crowns slung round their necks, and on one the back of a watch. The chains of the schooner were much twisted, and a miracle almost saved her from the rocks. She was distant from them 15 fathoms, and had 45 out. Her chain had caught under a submarine rock, and so was shortened; otherwise her destruction would have been inevitable. It took one day to get up her chains. ....The boats were recovered through James and Tom Button's intervention. The latter behaved admirably well, watering, and wooding for the *Nancy*. (Macoo-

allan is his native name)..... Captain Smyley and his men had a hard week's work, amid ice, and snow, and storm, to get our poor schooner ready for sea, and had no time for doing anything more on shore than getting water and fuel. They ascertained that six of the murdered party were buried near the foot of a rock. Ookokko said two were laid behind the house on the beach, and that *gella chellu-way*—(many foxes)—had preyed on the flesh. These were supposed to have been poor H. M. and August, the Swede.

"Last Wednesday, the 11th of April, the *Nancy* and *Allen Gardiner* started from Woollyah, and arrived off this at 7 p. m. on the 16th. We heard guns fired, and saw a rocket, and knew who it was. I sent off Carncross, who brought back confirmation, and the joyful news, that the *Allen Gardiner* was safe, and that Ookokko and his wife had come. You may depend grateful hearts beat in some bodies then. This morning I went off at day-break, and got the above account. Ookokko came of his own accord, said he wanted to go to Keppel Island. That was his country—those were his friends there—Mr. Despard was his friend. Captain Smyley gave him two days to consider. He persisted in his desire. Captain Smyley required him to express it before all his men. He said he would go ashore, and get his wife. He did so; then gave away his canoe, and came off. I brought them ashore this morning, and Ookokko was all smiles. His wife, a girl of his own age, about 16, is named Cammillenna-Keepa. I have at once put them in one of the cottages, where they have every comfort, with plenty of fuel at their door. Ookokko said, 'Nice warm house, thank you.' An expression which he repeats as often as you would. Poor lad, he is suffering from an inflamed wound in the

ankle, occasioned by a fall among sharp stones. He said frequently, '*Poor* Fell--poor Mr. Phillips.' I regard the coming of these persons here as a smile of God upon us. We shall now get on with the Tekeenica, and shall be preparing an Aquila, and Priscilla for Fuegia. .... God grant unto His people the pertinacity in His cause, which men of the world display in their affairs. Has the affair of the Peiho daunted our nation, why then the deeds of Woollyah our Church?"

Journal from Mr Schmid.

At length we have received intelligence from the pen of our dear brother Schmid, who has devoted himself to God's work among the Indians of Patagonia. His journal has only just reached us, although bearing date of Oct. 1859. But we have received a letter from him written in April, which assures us of his health, and well-being. This letter is dated Valparaiso, whither Mr. Schmid had gone in order to communicate with the Committee. Vague rumours of the loss of the *Allen Gardiner* had reached him in Patagonia. No communications from Keppel had taken place, and several months of anxious suspense made him desirous to know what the Committee had determined to do.

The good and faithful Chief, As-caik, whom Mr. Schmid mentions so favourably in his journal, had suddenly died, and the rest of the Indians began to suspect that the promise of presents in return for their hospitality to the stranger was not likely to be fulfilled.

In consequence of these circumstances Mr. Schmid came to the determination to open for himself direct communication with the Committee, in order that he

might obtain the requisite means for faithfully fulfilling his engagements with the Indians. A vessel having touched at the Chilian settlement on its way to Valparaiso, he availed himself of the opportunity, and reached in safety the port of destination. From thence he has written to us for instructions, expressing his unabated devotion to the cause of his adoption. We regret very much not having received the interesting notes which Mr. Schmid has made of the manners, and customs of the Indians, and of the general circumstances of their country; but that they would repay attentive perusal, and furnish us also with materials for judging of the future conduct of the Mission work, we have no doubt. At Valparaiso we hear that the British Chaplain has taken a sincere interest in the Patagonian Mission; and is most desirous to see it prosecuted with vigour. If, therefore, for a moment the departure of Mr. Schmid for Valparaiso seems to suspend Missionary operations in Patagonia, we believe it will only be for a moment, while for the future the new interest excited will secure a more vigorous action than ever.

Our readers, moreover, will not overlook the importance at this time of the presence of the Rev. A. W. Gardiner, at Valparaiso. For, while we are yet writing, we believe he has reached that place. Here he will, most unexpectedly indeed, but most fortunately on many accounts, meet Mr. Schmid. The joy of this meeting will be to the latter extreme, as the tidings which he will receive from Mr. Gardiner of the undiminished zeal of friends at home, and of the readiness of Mr. Hunziker to unite with him in the work in Patagonia, cannot fail to refresh and encourage his heart. We regard this meeting at Valparaiso as a manifestly happy ordering of divine providence.

Turning to the journal, which is given below, our readers will notice as a result of Mr. Schmid's experience that the fidelity of the Indians is ascertained. All they promised and even more Mr. Schmid received; and the terms in which he speaks of the generous kindness of the Chief, As-caik, and his son, Gemōki, are sufficient to make us look with confidence to the future secure residence of Missionaries amongst them. We thank God that one faithful servant of Christ has not shrunk from making this trial of the character of the Indians. And when we read Mr. Schmid's simple words of faith, as he turned his back upon the last outpost of civilized life, and set his face toward the Pampas, accompanied by his Indian companions, in whose untested word he was now relying, and for whose spiritual good he was content to confront all the perils and hardships of the future, our hearts exult with praise to God, who called, and fitted our brother for the work. "Thus," he writes, "I went along with them without fear, my heart full of the events that had occurred the last few days, and joy at the wonderful and gracious dispensations of the Lord towards me. Trusting to the omnipresence of Him, whom all the heavens cannot contain, and placing myself under his almighty wing, without arms, I went on." That he did not trust in vain, we know. That he may be preserved for many years to labour as the Lord's servant in Patagonia, and to lay the foundation of a Christian Church there, who will not pray? As surely as the heathen have been given to Christ for His inheritance, so surely shall His name be praised even by the tribes of Patagonia. It may be that connected with this glorious result the name of Schmid shall be hereafter held in grateful remembrance.

The main work hitherto, beyond acquiring a know-

ledge of the habits, and modes of thought of the natives, has been to acquire the language. The results of Mr. Schmid's efforts are, so far as the present journal shows, apparently small. Yet we must not disparage them. Who would have done more under such trying circumstances? What was the experience of that remarkable man—Judson, of Burmah? Thus he writes: "I am sometimes a little dispirited when I reflect, that for two or three years I have been drilling at A, B, C, and grammar. But I consider again, that the gift of tongues is not granted in these times; that some one must acquire this language by dint of application; and must translate the Scriptures, and must preach the Gospel to the people in their own tongue, or how can they be saved?" To acquire the language of a barbarous and nomad people is indeed slow and up-hill work; but when it has been accomplished, and the waters of life run freely through the channels of the native tongue, what a time of refreshment may we not expect? There is abundant cause for encouragement in the simple narrative of Mr. Schmid; and we commend the work, with all its difficulties, to the constant, and prayerful sympathy of the friends of Missions.

"Punta Arenas, October 20, 1859.

"Rev. and dear Sir,—Since it has pleased God to spare my life during my wanderings on the Patagonian plains, and to bring me here with my Indian friends in health and safety, it becomes my pleasing duty to prepare a letter, although there is no immediate opportunity of forwarding it, in order to give you an account of what has taken place, and of what has been achieved since I last had the pleasure of writing to you.

"After waiting here about six weeks, during which time I improved myself somewhat in Spanish, and pre-

pared myself otherwise for the step I was fully determined to take, the Indians arrived at this settlement. I was taking a walk one day with my friend, Dr. Burns, when we were told that the Indians were coming. Accordingly we went towards the gate, where we saw six men mounted, waiting for His Excellency's permission to enter the colony. One of them carried a Chilian flag. Three of these men I recognised as amongst those I saw in the previous year. They dismounted at the gate of His Excellency's mansion. I was called into the yard, where His Excellency told these men that I wished to go with them into the Pampas (as they call their home or country in Spanish). They would not believe it at first and laughed, but when they were assured that I really intended to go with them if they would let me, they manifested surprise and pleasure. However, as the main body of the Indians had not entered the colony then, His Excellency and I thought it best to wait until they came with the Chief. About an hour afterwards they arrived, the men first, and then the women on the pack-horses. Soon after their arrival His Excellency sent a soldier of the guard to tell me to come. When I entered the yard I found that the Governor was speaking with the Chief about my object with them, and now wished to bring the business to a prompt and satisfactory close.

"The Chief and other Indians declaring themselves willing and glad to let me go with them, I promised to the Chief that if he would protect my person and property, supply me with sufficient food, and otherwise treat me well, I should pay him, on the return of the *Allen Gardiner*, one barrel of bread, one of flour, half a barrel of sugar, and tobacco; and that besides this, the vessel would bring presents to all the Indians, for Mr. Despard had requested His Excellency to promise presents to the

other Indians if they treated me well. His Excellency spoke to them clearly and distinctly, and told them several times the articles they would receive if they fulfilled their engagement; for after consulting with each other for a time they agreed to the contract. Then it was agreed that they should carry my tent, that the Chief was to lend* me a horse throughout my wanderings with them, that I should of course go where they go, and live with them, &c. I wrote out the contract, read it to the Indians, and then delivered it to His Excellency, according to his request. Every thing seemed now settled, and the Indians gratified and pleased at the idea that an English (speaking) man was going with them. But what step in Missionary operations has ever been taken without meeting with opposition? Satan is always on the alert to impede the progress of the gospel; and, although he does not succeed always in his attempts at stopping the overthrow of his kingdom, he will at least try it. So it was here. Some interested persons here, who feared that through my going with the Indians they could not continue their extortions in the purchase of skins, &c. from them, put it into their heads that I was sick, and that I should surely die in the Pampas, because there was nothing but guanaco meat to eat. To prove to the Indians that I was sick indeed, these interested personages told them that I did not smoke, and that all who do not smoke are sick. Silly and foolish as these statements were they found a ready reception with these Indians, for they came and told me they could not take me because I was sick, that I should die, and that they would have to bear the consequences of my death, as having been the cause of it.

* "Having no big silver dollars, because there are none in the colony, I could not buy one.

It cost much trouble and talking to convince them of the foolishness of their objections, and of the real purposes and designs of those who made them. However, after a time it was settled that I should go, but that I must leave my tent behind, and live in that of the Chief, which they told me was large. They did not at all like the idea of my having a tent and sleeping by myself. They laughed at the tent when I showed it them, and ridiculed it. I consented to do as they wished, and would not have them leave me on account of my tent. Thus prepared, and having every thing ready to go with them, I saddled and bridled the horse which the Chief, whom we shall name As-caik, had brought for my use. It was Saturday, April 23rd, the sun shone brightly after two days heavy rain—the Indians were on the point of starting—I made myself ready, bade farewell to my friends, Dr. and Mrs. Burns, who had shown me so much kindness during my stay here, and then to His Excellency the Governor, who took much trouble to ensure my safety and welfare during my wanderings with these Indians. This done I left the colony, riding between my new companions, and talking with those who knew a little Spanish. I assured them of my good-will towards them, (for Indians are very suspicious) told them that I wished to be their friend, that I would do no harm to any one. Thus I went along with them without fear, my heart full of the events that had occurred the last few days, and joy at the wonderful and gracious dispensations of the Lord towards me. Trusting in the omnipresence of Him whom all the heavens cannot contain, and placing myself under His almighty wing, without arms, I went on. Little, however, did I think I should have to travel such a distance that day and several hours of the night. The Indians would not

stop to encamp except where they had left their tents and members of the family when they went to the colony. From the colony our road was along the beach, at the edge of the wood, and a horrible road it was; trunks of trees lay in the way, others were hanging over; to pass round these it is necessary to go over large slippery pebble stones. So it went on till we came towards Laredy Bay, then through swamps and through water for many miles, when going round the heads of the sea. It was very late when I arrived at my new home. With much anxiety I looked forward to the spot where I should be permitted to rest, for I had never been on horseback for such a length of time. When I was standing before the tent which was now my shelter, many Indians were sitting or standing round the fire, ready to look upon the unexpected stranger that had so suddenly come to them; to this intent it was necessary that a fire should be lighted, to enable them to scrutinize me well with their curious eyes. Whilst I was sitting near the fire, on the seat which As-caik had prepared for me, an old man was singing in their peculiar strain, and the doctor making a deafening, and to me most unpleasant noise, with a pair of rattles made of guanaco skins. I was told that this concert was performed in honour of my coming to them. When they had satisfied their curiosity they dispersed, each to his tent. I feeling exceedingly fatigued and sleepy went to rest too, for the first time in an Indian tent; weary I laid myself down, but I rose refreshed, having slept well. The first day of my living with the Indians was Easter-day, the day of our Lord's resurrection from the dead; that day I was permitted to rest, but I found that the Indians' curiosity was not quite satisfied, nor was it for many days after, for whenever I got up and performed the usual ablutions they stared at me most intensely.

"I have kept a journal ever since my entrance among the Indians, but I think it needless to transcribe the same, since it contains nothing but accounts of our wanderings from place to place, which have been very frequent indeed. Whatever else I have observed or learned since my living with these Indians, about their manner of life, habits, &c. it is my intention to give a separate account of. Let me here observe that I have led a very wandering life these last five months, for it is very rarely that they stop in an encampment more than one week; three or four days, very often only one, is the usual interval between a move from one camp to the other. Sometimes we moved for several days successively, either to follow the guanacos, or to find a better pasturage for the horses, or to go to a place where there is more fuel, and sometimes, though not often, we wander for the sake of wandering.

"The Chief, As-caik, with whom I live, has a son about twenty-four years' old, and is called Gemōki; it is with him that I go, in his company, when we move from place to place. His father has appointed him as my companion in travel, but when we are in the encampment I live in As-caik's tent, where I board and lodge. You will be pleased to learn that As-caik has treated me as a father would his son, and so have the other members of his family; nor have I to complain of the treatment received from the other Indians. I have reason to think that most of the Indians, if not all, like me well, but that I am liked by As-caik and his family, and considered as a member of the same, I am sure. He calls me his son, and his children call me their brother. I have never suffered hunger in the strict sense of the expression, but had generally plenty to eat, and the best of what they had. It is true they have no regular meals,

but eat when they like and when there is fuel for cooking; and I eat when they eat. When they had rice (which they procure from this settlement) they always gave me the largest share; so in every respect they treated me as their friend.

"After having been with them a month they took it into their heads to come to this colony to sell guanaco flesh. They generally take rice, beans, flour, and biscuit for it, but when they sell it to the Governor they receive brandy. The winter had then begun; much snow covered the ground, in some places it was as deep as two feet, and as this last winter (according to His Excellency's account) was severe, and fuel very scarce, and the willingness of the women to fetch much scarcer still, I had to endure much cold, especially in my feet, on account of the ground being very wet, as well in the tent as when going on horseback. Coming home with my companion, when we were wandering, moving from one encampment to another, we had often to wait for an hour or more before the tent was pitched and entrance could be made, for it is very hard to stick the tent poles into the ground when it is frozen.

"During the first three months our encampments were in the neighbourhood of Gregory Range, because, in winter, the guanacos frequent that place, or any other that is close to the shore; and we should most likely have remained there all the winter, had it not been for the intelligence that was brought to As-caik, that many ostriches were seen about the east end of Gregory Range. So next day we left, to travel northward. When we were near Gregory Bay, we saw a steamer coming up, which the Indians thought would no doubt anchor in Gregory Bay. They lighted fires and hoisted their Chilian flag on a pole, to induce her to stop, but she

paid no further attention to these invitations than hoisting the British ensign. She was, as I have heard since, the mail steamer, *Lima*, that plies between Valparaiso and Panama. The Indians were very much disappointed and vexed when they saw that she went onwards in her way. I told them before she would not stop, because steamers can always go through both narrows, but they would not believe me. We continued our journey that day, and wandered for four successive days more, stopped a few days at the new encampment, and went onwards again until we arrived off the entrance to the straits, where the Indians found a vessel, wrecked about one month previous to our arrival. The vessel was a fine barque, of iron, called the *Anne Baker*, of Liverpool. It was already late and dark when Gemōki and I came to our new encampment, which was about half a mile from where the wreck was. Most of the Indians had arrived there sooner than we, had gone to the wreck, found much wine on shore, and were all terribly intoxicated. Some came to the encampment in that horrible state, others remained near the wreck to continue their drinking business. It was now late in the night. Soon after intelligence was brought that the men were fighting among themselves, and that one was killed; a litle later two other men were reported as being dead from the wounds they had received; others were wounded in the face, arms, and other parts of the body. It was a terrible night, few of the Indians went to bed. It was determined, in consequence of the prevalence of drunkenness, we should leave the place and go to the north, and return after about a month to to the wreck. Some Indians, however, remained behind, and brought liquor to those who had gone northward.

"After travelling for about six days, we met Cailé,

Watchy, and Casimiro, with some other Indians, coming from the neighbourhood of Rio Negro, whither they had gone last year, for the purpose of buying horses, as I was told. They did not go to Rio Negro, however, and that from fear of the more warlike Indians of that region. They brought no horses,—no more than for their own use. Casimiro arrived a few days after Cailé, with Watchy. The Indians prepared themselves to give him a distinguished reception. They saddled their best and finest horses, arrayed themselves in their gayest dresses, —material for which they got from the ship. Those who had lances, set them up; others armed themselves with muskets or fowling pieces, which they fired when they met Casimiro. These new arrivals were soon informed of my presence by As-caik. Casimiro, as soon as he saw me, called me, and spoke very friendly, and invited me to his house, where he entertained me with guanaco meat, which he cooked and prepared with his own hands. He showed me two papers which the Captains of two men-of-war vessels gave him, one in English by Capt. Rowan, and the other in French by Capt. Gros. Both speak well of him, and recommend him to other Captains for his dealing honestly in the sale of guanaco flesh. Casimiro, although speaking Spanish equally well with these colonists, is a thorough Indian; for having been with these Indians for some time previous to his arrival, I could at once detect his Indian features, &c. He himself says he is an Indian. Owing to his knowledge of Spanish, and having been to Chile, he is a man of some influence with these Patagonians, but he is not considered a Chief, although he is inclined to give himself out as one. Cailé and Watchy are chiefs, acknowledged as such, like As-caik, and both are related to him. Cailé is a quiet man; but his brother

in office, Watchy, is a turbulent spirit, that finds pleasure in fighting, and therefore desires it. When these men had arrived, they told us that many of their children had died on the way, which news made the encampment a scene of lamentations among the women.

Next day we were again on the move, and that towards the wreck; where, after six days' walking, we arrived. Then drunkenness again began to reign supreme, till we left the place. Every day these Indians went down to the wreck to fetch liquors, for these were part of her cargo, and so you may comprehend, there was a great quantity of them on board. The vessel having been broken to pieces since we last saw her, and much of her cargo washed on shore, the Indians were seen busy carrying loads of cloth and linen, saucepans, frying pans, and other kitchen utensils, never forgetting to take home some strong beverage at the same time. Although they were drunk, they kept tolerably quiet for several days, when all at once their fighting propensities were roused one afternoon. Some loaded their guns, others set up their lances, whilst those who could boast of neither, armed themselves with a knife in one hand and bolas in the other. Thus equipped, they all prepared to fight; already they swang their bolas, brandished their knives, lowered their lances, to kill or wound each other; whilst some women stood looking on, and singing in their doleful strains, and a number of children seated behind their tents, on a hillock, to look on, as if it were a spectacle got up for their amusement.

"Some women I saw running among the men, holding a knife in one hand and with the other taking hold of either a husband, brother, or other relative, and dissauading them from using the weapons. All of a sudden the men dispersed without shedding each others' blood,

owing perhaps to the entreaties of the women. The Indians did not leave that encampment till they had finished all the liquor they could find.

"What great mischief that man has wrought that gave these Indians or their fathers the first drink of that soul-and-body-destroying-liquid. The vice of drunkenness, the love of strong drinks, is now so inherited from father to son, and I may add from mother to daughter, although drinking makes them ill, (for they always complain of headache and pain in the stomach the day after) they will not give it up. Sometimes, indeed, they resolve not to drink again, but their taste for it gets the better of them, and plunges them again into that destructive pit. I might go on for a little longer in my descriptions and relations of what I have witnessed with respect to this vice, but this is sufficient for the present to enable you to see what kind of difficulties those must encounter who will show them the way of life.

"On the 12th of September we left that encampment and journeyed towards Gregory Range. Gemōki, Ascaik's son, went northwards with several other families, to seek the horse which they had lost a few weeks previously. Arrived in the neighbourhood of Gregory Range all the Indians that had not gone northwards determined on visiting the colony, Punta Arenas, to sell the goods they had taken from the wreck. Thursday, October 6th, we arrived here. We made short stages, because the horses were heavily laden. I informed His Excellency, and my friend and benefactor Dr. Burns, of our arrival, by two letters which I wrote, and sent by the messengers that were despatched from our camp a few days previous to our arrival. The doctor wrote me a very friendly letter, in which he again invited me to his house, where every thing conducive to

my comfort should be prepared. We entered the little colony with flying colours, the thunder of cannon, and the sound of the trumpet. It was Cailé, one of the chiefs and friend of His Excellency, who was honoured with these martial salutes. I dismounted at His Excellency's mansion to pay my respects; this done I proceeded to visit Dr. Burns. Here I washed, changed clothes, and made myself otherwise comfortable. Mrs. Burns possesses the heart of a fond sister and not that of a stranger towards me. Twice I have now come to this colony during my sojourn with the Indians, and each time she had every thing ready wherewithal to make myself comfortable, the usual requisites for a good ablution, a clean shirt, and my spare garments. I am sleeping in Dr. Burns's house, and board with him too. They are very kind and attentive to me, they appreciate also the self-denials which I have imposed upon myself. I write these facts because I think it proper to inform you of them, since I rest assured that you, dear sir, will be pleased to hear this news.

"With reference to my health I rejoice in being able to state, that God has granted me a good measure of that inestimable boon. With the exception of tooth-ache and a swollen gum now and then, owing to the constant eating of flesh, I have not suffered from ill-health.

"You will, no doubt, be anxious to know what progress I have made in the acquisition of the Patagonian language. I have progressed so far that I can ask many little things and speak a *little*, but to converse is not in my power yet. I am obliged to learn by listening to others, for those who speak Spanish know it so imperfectly that they do not understand what I ask and desire to know. There is one man who is very ready to tell me the Indian for Spanish, if he knows it and under-

stands the latter, but I cannot persuade him to teach me every day, and when he does he remains but a short time, because he has either 'to look after his horses or is doing something else.' If I wish to know the name of a thing or action, I can ask those who do not know Spanish at all by saying 'kete ama win?' *what do you call this?*

"The Indians have been and still are busy selling their goods found at the wreck for victuals, but the Governor gives them brandy for them. I do not know nor comprehend why His Excellency still goes on exchanging brandy for what he buys, although he is aware that the Indians will fight when drunk, like most drunkards, and if they do not fight it is a horrible thing to see them drunk.

"I have written this account of my further proceedings with the view of forwarding it to the Falklands to Mr. Despard, should there be an opportunity. It is my intention to prepare another letter, in which I shall describe to you the Patagonians, their habits, manners, and customs, as well as I am able.

" With the earnest hope that the *Allen Gardiner* will come soon, and bring me good news from you all, I close this letter, and withal commend myself to you and yours, and wishing you the best of blessings.

" I subscribe myself, &c.

THEOPHILUS SCHMID."

Letter from the Lord Bishop of Waiapu.

With much pleasure we insert the following letter from the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Waiapu, New Zealand, in which he consents to become one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society. We are most grateful for the words of encouragement spoken to us by one so

well acquainted with the difficulties of Missionary work, and particularly of Missionary work in New Zealand. Truly we may exclaim—what has God wrought, when we see a country, which thirty years ago was pagan and cannibal, rejoicing in the presence of Christian Bishops, and furnishing means to send the Gospel to other still benighted, and less favoured lands.

"Turanga, New Zealand, April 17, 1860.

"My dear Sir, — I lately received your letter of December last, in which you ask me to allow my name to appear on the list of the Vice-Presidents of the Patagonian Society. If it is the wish of your Committee that this should be, I do not feel at liberty to refuse your request. I naturally feel much interest in the progress of your work, from my connexion with Mr. Gardiner, and from a knowledge of all the circumstances of its early history. I passed in sight of Staten Island in the year 1851, just as poor Gardiner was beginning to feel his troubles. I was probably not more than 100 miles from him. After that I was staying at Mr. Marsh's during the time of painful anxiety which followed, until the last sad relics were taken home by Capt. Moreshead in the *Dido*. All was then gloomy and forbidding, but the course which has since been followed has been attended with every encouragement, and there cannot be a doubt that the Mission will prosper. We laboured long in this country under great difficulties. The Mission was begun about 1814; then there was a small gleam of light about the year 1825, followed by many trials, and it was not until the year 1830 that anything like progress was made. So, too, you may be assured that the Gospel will work its way to the hearts of the Fuegians, until they shall all be engrafted into the body of Christ.

"I will mention the subject of an Association to my brother, Archdeacon H. Williams, the next time I write to him. There are now several subscribers, and I think it will be well to assume the form of an Association, as it may tend to obtain an increase of support.

"Believe me to remain, my dear Sir,

Most faithfully yours,

WILLIAM WAIAPU."

"Rev. W. H. Stirling."

Penny Association.

"My dear christian friends,—Presuming that as readers of the 'Voice of Pity,' you are interested in the great work to which it refers, I wish to bring before your notice, one small but not altogether unimportant branch of its home operations—I refer to the 'Penny Association,' which has been in operation since 1855, and through the Lord's blessing has brought in a gross total of £827 13*s*. 1*d*. up to the present time. Deducting for expenses of postage and stationery £10 13*s*. 6½*d*., a balance of £816 19*s*. 6½*d*. has been paid to the Parent Society. This amount has been collected by comparatively few persons, and for the most part in sums of 1*s*. 1*d*. per quarter. No doubt, there are many persons interested in the Mission, who cannot collect largely, but who may be willing and able to connect themselves with such an Association as this. If such friends will write to me, they shall receive all necessary information on the subject. We are apt to think much of pounds, little of pence; but the Lord often uses the small and despised things of this world in carrying out His great purposes, and we have reason to believe His blessing has rested on this feeble instrumentality. The circumstances of the Mission are solemn and interesting; an old writer has somewhat quaintly observed, that 'when God intends to fulfil his promise, by giving any special blessing to the children of Abraham, to believers, He does first put the sentence of death upon it, and upon all the means that do lead unto it.' The past experience of our Mission has told of 'the sentence of death' we look for the 'special blessing,' of which we seem to see the opening signs, and esteem it an honour to be associated with a Society, which bears on it the marks of divine interference and watchful care.

"I remain, dear christian friends,
yours faithfully,
HARRIET M. WOOLLCOMBE,
Hon. Sec. of Penny Association."

"28, Richmond Terrace,
Clifton, July 16th, 1860."

Journal of Mr. Despard.

In the following brief notices of events at our Mission Station, our readers will recognise the quiet development of the purposes of our Mission. To ourselves it seems wonderful that so shortly after the fearful tragedy in Fuegia the affairs of the Mission should resume so much of their wonted regularity. When the massacre of the Missionary party, and the sack of our vessel, became known, few indeed there were, who did not fear a painful interruption in the carrying out of the plans. But God has been greater to us than all our fears; and, although he has caused us to renounce much of our former expectations founded upon the results of our first efforts, He has nevertheless, we believe, remarkably set His seal to the work by relieving it from dangers, which threatened its continuance. The recovery of the vessel, and the determination of the two natives of Tierra del Fuego—Ookoko and his wife—to seek our friendship and instruction, are we consider, striking indications of the favourable designs of God respecting the work. In March of the present year intelligence of the fatal catastrophe at Woollyah burst like a thunder-storm over our Mission-prospects abroad. A pall of sorrow hung over the hearts of our surviving friends, and gloomy presages of failure fell freely from the lips of lookers-on. Yet God gave His people faith to say, "We will not relinquish the enterprise. The command, in obedience to which we commenced it, has not been repealed. Our duty is to go forward." This faith God is now showing to be His own gift, by honouring it in His people. The black, and lowering clouds are passing off. The angry murmurings of the storm have ceased. Even now the

smiling rays of God's favour are falling on the work, and hope is triumphing. We rejoice in being able to lay once more before our friends extracts from the Journal of the Rev. G. P. Despard, which by the cheerfulness of tone, and affection for the work pervading them, remind us of days preceding the late calamity. "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

"*April 19th, Thursday.*—Cam-ma-len-na was with us at breakfast and family worship. Ookoko told my wife the other women (Wendoo-Wyenagowl and Oodoth) were our friends, and cried very much at the massacre, and so did even little Katta. He also said Maccooallan had no hand in it. Mem.—Ookoko and Maccooallan were no friends here, because he was jealous of him and his young wife, Wendoo. Hence, his testimony is more reliable.

"*April 20th, Friday.*—Went off to *Allen Gardiner*, after morning worship, to assist A. C. in getting down all the new running rigging, and to ticket it to prevent mistake when she is re-rigged. Our schooner presents a mournful sight, with all her furniture broken, and damage everywhere, through wanton mischief. I found an important part of the 'articles' in her. In afternoon spent two hours with our Fireland guest, teaching him an innocent game on a slate to wile away the tedium of his confinement; and her, the art and mystery of plain sewing, whilst I kept my ears and pencil going in new words. I gave the good lad a complete outfit of clothes. He again assured me Maccooallan was innocent of participation in the deed which has cost so many tears.

He was A. Cole's protector. It may be remembered he used reverently to bow his head, and stay, as in private worship, on entering church.

"*April* 21*st*, *Saturday*.—Visited my *patient* patient. He told me some of the 'other men' ate soap all same as meat; five were sick in consequence. 'Cumbybé appanah' (two died). He said also when the ship's clock stopped, men said 'appanah,' (it's dead) and 'googosh' (broke it up). Cammallenna has been fitted out by my wife in very smart style: for Sunday, blue jacket and red petticoat, straw bonnet and blue ribbon. Ookoko asked me to come down again to-night, so at eight I visited him again, but the young couple were in bed.

"*April* 22*nd*, *Sunday*.—After breakfast, visited my patient, whose wound progresses satisfactorily towards healing. Prepared sermon on Num. xxiii. 10. Service fully attended by the two hands of *Perseverance*, and by the Ookoko. Wife gave them afterwards a fine plum pudding, which with goose, potatoes, and ship bread, will make a fine Sunday dinner for them. Afternoon, spent an hour and a half with these people, teaching them the letters and English; self picking up Tekeenica words. Three—four, catechism; four—five, walk; half-past six, evening service. Biddulph preached well on Jonah's gourd. Leisure time, read Gaussen on Inspiration.

"*April* 23*rd*, *Monday*.—I set A. Cole to clean out the *Allen Gardiner*. Half the keel of the *Perseverance* put on. Self visiting my Fireland patient three times to dress his wound with caustic dissolved in water; Cammalenna the while washing her husband's shirt, in which, after my surgical operation, I gave her a practical lesson.

"*April* 24*th*, *Tuesday*.—On my third medico chirurgico

visit to Fireland Villa this evening at six, p. m., I was pleased to hear him and his young wife singing a sort of chant. I was guilty of eaves-dropping to ascertain, if possible, the words, but I could only hear distinctly 'Praise God;' soon the chanting stopped, and then Ookoko alone prayed—I caught the words 'Pray God bless ..... for Jesus Christ's sake.' Thus does this poor lad try to conduct family worship from the force of example of that which was seen at Mr. Phillips's. Who can say that God does not favourably hear him, though he knows only the name, and uses but the form of prayer? My heart went up to our Father to intercede that it may be so, and that Christ would indeed reveal Himself to this poor wanderer. I have never told him thus to pray with his wife, but yesterday I said, 'you pray, God make my foot well soon, for Jesus Christ's sake.' Will thousands of pounds have been spent in vain if this one poor fellow shall be found through eternity praising the Lamb for his redemption? Yesterday he said, 'by and bye Luccaenche come back here. He good boy; cry very much when men fight' (at the awful massacre). At present, I suppose, parental authority keeps him in Fireland, but when he becomes autocratic, he will use his discretion in changing savagedom for civilisation. He thinks Pin-noi-ense, who is also now married, will come at the first opportunity. P. is Maccooallan's eldest son.

"*April 26th, Thursday.*—Bartlett showed me a sample of oats grown here in our Mission garden, rather light but not bad in quality, quite ripe. The day was perfectly calm, and advantage was taken of it to tow the schooner to better anchorage.

"*April 27th, Friday.*—The rain has been nearly constant from ten, p.m. last night. Men employed in

making tarpaulings for the *Allen Gardiner*. I continue to attend Ookoko, and give him daily a lesson in reading Tekeenica. To-day, my dear E. showed me the first verse of 'Happy Land' done into Tekeenica, which she teaches Cammalenna to sing, whilst she is in the kitchen with her.

"*April 28th, Saturday.*—My patient's ankle assumes a more healthy appearance. He never fails after I have dressed it to say 'thank you.'

"*April 29th, Sunday.*—Morning service attended by all males, and all females, too, save the B.'s. After dinner, paid the Firelanders a visit; spoke to them about the Son of God coming down from heaven. Difficulty in getting the word for descend; mounted on a chair, thence to the table, and made a gesture as though going up to roof, then came down likewise. They were amused, but after a bit gave me two words—'mena copaticca-la.' I then drew a cross, and afterwards a crucifix, then explained the death. He seemed to understand, and asked, 'in England?' I then explained where. Ookoko and his wife came to evening service; and my favourite Biddulph preached an excellent sermon on 'There is room.' Lord Jesus give place in Thy kingdom to these poor people; let them taste out of Thy word those good things which so many in our country, being gospel-hardened, despise!

"*May 6th, Sunday.*—Service at eleven; Lord's supper administered to four persons. Two to four, spent with Ookoko, acquiring Tekeenica and teaching him to read. Four to five, children. Ookoko and wife drank tea with us. Former with me till half-past six, looking over Scripture prints. He was taken with Moses setting up the brazen serpent, Joseph on the throne, David and Goliah, Esau and Jacob reconciled, Cain and Abel sacri-

ficing; tried to lead his mind through these to Christian doctrines. My service—James i. 17, 18, 19. Biddulph in the evening. Read Gaussen—like him much.

"*May 7th, Monday.*—Ookoko went spontaneously to help Bartlett and Cole dig up potatoes; he saw them planted, and now he sees them in maturity. The lad seemed quite jubilant on returning to work again. His wife washed out two of her husband's shirts, after having had an hour's lessson in plain sewing from my wife, and an equal amount in plain cooking from my daughter. She seems pleased with Em.'s version of 'Happy Land.' Men bending on sails of the *Perseverance*. Self made mallet for carpenter, and began dresser and cupboard for Ookoko.

"*Saturday, May 12th.* — Cammallenna succeeds in making their Sunday pudding. She and her husband do the sewing for a petticoat for the former, my wife having first fitted and basted it. Ookoko has an eye for the needle. He gave me a long account of a marauding expedition perpetrated by the men of Emean Isca upon the men of Woollya, in which the latter seemed to have been worsted, and one of their number killed and burnt in the fire. My surgical operations on his foot are terminating, that my pedagogic efforts on his head may faster proceed. Now, however, an interruption must be made by a visit to Stanley."

Manners and Customs of the Patagonian Indians.

In our last number we inserted a very interesting communication from Mr. Schmid, sent to us from Valparaiso. To that place he had gone in order to

correspond with the Committee, on the circumstances of the Mission; for rumours of the loss of the *Allen Gardiner* had reached him in Patagonia. The Chief, moreover, under whose immediate protection Mr. Schmid lived, had suddenly died; and the Indians began to suspect his integrity, when, at the expiration of twelve—instead of nine months—the promise of presents, very formally entered into, had failed, owing to the non-appearance of the *Allen Gardiner*, to be fulfilled. Want of clothes, too, added much to the difficulties of our faithful brother, who, with the lightest possible equipment, had begun life amongst the Indians. It was not surprising, therefore, that Mr. Schmid should, under such circumstances, desire to communicate with the Committee at home; and a vessel touching at Punta Arenas, on its way to Valparaiso, furnished him with an opportunity of doing so. Thus it was that in our last number we were enabled to give to our readers Mr. Schmid's Journal. We have again the satisfaction of laying before our friends some further communications from the same pen. They will be found most interesting. But it will be perceived that the author addresses us, not from Valparaiso, but England. We must explain this. Very shortly after despatching for Valparaiso the letter in which he announced his intention of awaiting instructions from the Committee, Mr. Schmid received from the Rev. G. P. Despard a letter advising him to return to England. This letter was written by Mr. Despard at a time when his mind was depressed by the non-return of the *Allen Gardiner* from Tierra del Fuego, and when, in ignorance of the real cause of her delay, the most gloomy forebodings occupied his heart. Not knowing whether Mr. Schmid could hold his ground, or not, and not having it in his power to visit Patagonia, Mr. Despard took a step which,

in his anxiety, seemed best under the circumstances. He wrote to Mr. Schmid, informing him of his fears as to the fate of the *Allen Gardiner*, and advised him to return to England. The letter of Mr. Despard was intercepted by Mr. Schmid at Valparaiso, and he at once acted upon the advice given. We have had great pleasure in seeing our Brother, and in consulting with him on the future work of the Mission. His stay here will be short, as in a few days he again leaves for the scene of his missionary labours. It is probable that owing to necessary delays, Mr. Hunziker will be still at the Falklands, when Mr. Schmid arrives there, so that the two self-denying labourers will enter, hand in hand, as the messengers of Christ, into Patagonia.

Had time permitted, we are sure many of our friends would gladly have contributed to the store of presents which Mr. Schmid will take with him for the Indians. But, as it is, we hope he will go forth more regularly equipped for the work than heretofore, and be less exposed to extreme privations than during his previous twelve months' stay with the Indians.

The subjoined letter of Mr. Schmid, accompanying his notes on the manners and customs of the Indians in the southern district of Patagonia, will be read with the utmost satisfaction and thankfulness by all our friends. At a time when severe trials have fallen upon the Mission-work in Tierra del Fuego, we regard with peculiar interest and joy the encouragements which surround our efforts in Patagonia itself. It will be observed that Mr. Schmid speaks of having made himself to some extent acquainted with the peculiarities of the Indian language. We are happy to be able to add our personal testimony to this important fact. Not only has he collected a large number of words, which can be, we are

assured, perfectly relied upon; but he has made very considerable progress towards the formation of a Grammar. For present use this rudimentary Grammar will be printed in the Phonetic style, which is found far more accurately than that in ordinary use to express the guttural sounds of the Patagonian tongue. When it is considered that Mr. Schmid was but twelve months amongst the Indians—that he knew nothing of their language when he first joined them—that they are far from ready at communicating their ideas—and that their modes of life are most unfavourable to literary efforts—we value very highly the results of Mr. Schmid's labours in acquiring, and reducing to a written form, the rude dialect of this nomad people. That God may abundantly bless him in his work, must be the prayer of every believing heart.

"Rev. and dear Sir,

"Permit me to address you again on the subject with which my mind is constantly busy, and which engages my thoughts day and night—the Missionary work to the wanderers of Patagonia. You have seen, from my letter which you published in the "Voice of Pity," and from the conversations we have had on this important point, how graciously and mercifully the Lord Jesus, whose servant I desire to be, has defended me from all harm and danger to which I was exposed amongst the rude and uncivilized Indians, how He has inclined their hearts to treat me with all the friendship and kindness that they could, especially during the first nine months when As-caik, the noble and kind-hearted Chief, was yet alive. This is the Lord's doing, for He can and does dispose even the hearts of these wild hunters according to His will and pleasure. From my experience,

gained by a sojourn of twelve months among them, I believe that the Lord Jesus, whose kingdom must be preached to all the nations and tribes, has opened to us Patagonia. In this belief, and in reliance on His safe protection, so liberally granted to those who seek to honour and magnify Him, and in the prospect of having Mr. Hunziker for my companion and fellow labourer, I shall be willing and happy to continue what I have begun—the study of their language; this being the preparatory step for the prosecution of our object—making known to them the love of Christ Jesus, the crucified Saviour of all men, and the riches of His grace; which grace has conquered many a hard and blind sinner, and transformed him into a gentle, meek, and submissive follower of the Lamb. It is a deplorable and sad thing that there is comparatively so little sympathy exercised by the Christian Church on behalf of those dark and benighted wanderers, who yet are no worse than other heathen; experience enables me to say that much. The Christian Church has directed her efforts for spreading the kingdom of God and His Christ to all the nations and tribes on earth nearly, but there are few belonging to that body who pray and labour for the conquest of Patagonia, and its annexation to Christ's kingdom. "Ask of Me," says the Almighty Father, in Psalm ii. 8, "and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." This promise surely affords great encouragement to pray and work for the success of this missionary enterprise. Surely it is time that the friends of God's kingdom be awakened from their apathy and indifference with respect to the work our Society is carrying on, and that they strengthen the hands of those who direct the work at home, as well

as of those who have undertaken the work abroad. The door is opened to us, the Indians seem glad to have Europeans with them, and will, without doubt, continue to be friendly and worthy of confidence, if we prove ourselves true to our word. It is true they do not long after instruction in Divine things, because their minds are too dark to be able to realize the necessity of instruction, much less the blessings resulting from it; nor will they give up their wandering habits and manners of life, the former of which presents a great barrier to their being brought under a *regular* course of instruction, as long as no attempts are made to bring them the blessings of Christianity and of civilization; but though those who are willing to go amongst them must wander about with them, in order to get an acquaintance with their language and habits, this does not altogether prevent our instructing some of those who may be willing to learn, until such measures can be taken by the Society as will enable us to establish a station either on Elizabeth Island, in the Straits, or the main-land; for after a little time the Indians would, no doubt, commit their children to us for instruction. It is to our mind a hard and difficult undertaking, perhaps; but God, if it be His will, can bring it about in a short time, much sooner and better than we expected. That this may soon come to pass, and that the name of Jesus be proclaimed and worshipped, is the earnest wish of

"Your humble Servant,

"THEOPH. SCHMID."

"In accordance with the promise I made in my Journal, I now prepare a sketch of the habits and manners of those Indians of Patagonia, with whom it pleased God to let me live and wander about for twelve months. I do it merely for the benefit of our Mission friends, whose

efforts, labours, and prayers are directed to that benighted land where Christ Jesus, who is Lord of all, and at whose name *every* knee shall bow, is not known. As so very little is known about them in general, I shall begin with a description of their size and appearance.

"The Patagonian Indians are still by many persons looked upon as giants, measuring six to eight feet. I have often been asked whether this was true. Their size has been exaggerated; nevertheless, we may look upon them as tall people, since the average height of the men amounts to 5 ft. 9½ in. English measurement. Caile, the Chief, is about 6 ft. 2 in. Watchy was somewhat taller. Their women are, on the whole, short; many not more that 5 ft. 1 or 2 in.; but a few are really tall—5 ft. 8 in. Both men and women are stout and fat, but not unbecomingly; and their appearance shows clearly they do not share the miseries and wretchedness of a half-starved Firelander. Their colour is that of copper plates; and many, both adults and children, have a healthy-looking appearance—rosy cheeks. Their heads are small, their hair black, thick, and long; their forehead low and retreating; their eyes small, but bright and angular; their faces broad; nose, in many instances, acquiline, others a little flat; mouth sometimes large, and lips thick, in others small. The men do not have beards. As soon as a hair makes its appearance, they pluck it out with a knife. Many, especially young men and women, have their eyebrows plucked out with the intention of beautifying themselves.

"All the Indians, even old men and women, have good and regular teeth. Those of the younger ones are really splendid, as white or whiter than any tooth powder can make them. The Indians have long bodies and short limbs, and therefore look very tall on horse-back.

"The standard and original dress of the Patagonian Indians is a square robe of the skins of young guanacos, which are soft and yielding, with which the wearer covers himself from the neck to the ankles. They make also robes of the skins of the skunks, but these are somewhat rare, owing to the large number required for a man's robe—fifty-two. Hare-skin robes may also be seen, but these I was told could only be got north of Santa Cruz. The women's dress is the same as the men's, both as regards the article and the shape; the difference is merely in the mode of wearing; the men hold their robe with their hands to prevent its falling off, but the women fasten theirs across the breast, either with two brass pins, steel needles, or wooden pegs. The young ladies, and also married women, if not in mourning, wear the brass pins, whilst the old women are, and must be, content with wooden pegs. Each of the two pins is about five inches long, flat, with a hole in one end, through which they pass a string of coloured beads, (red and sky-blue are their favourite colours) and fasten one or two thimbles to the hole, if they are lucky enough to have them. Others have a round piece of silver, beaten out thin, sometimes as large as the circumference of a small saucer, fastened to their pins; but this is rather rare. These pins are stuck through the robe horizontally, and about five inches apart; and any appendage, such as thimbles or other tawdries, are dangling about.

"When going on horseback, men, women, and children wear boots either of horse-leg or guanaco skin, which they fasten with leather garters below the knee. Once arrived in the camp, they take off their boots as soon as possible, and walk bare-foot—in summer and winter. The men wear also a waist cloth, both when they go on horseback and when they are about to spend an afternoon

in drinking brandy. This cloth they fasten to the body with a leathern belt, sometimes ornamented with buckles of silver or brass. They have no head dress, but they confine their long hair with a fillet or a handkerchief. They are fond of caps, and wear them as long as they can. They are very partial to shirts, which they wear on cold windy days, because the robe falls from their shoulder, when they swing the bolas to throw at a guanaco, and exposes their bodies to the cold air.

"The toilette of my friends in Patagonia is by no means extensive, although there is plenty of water, and still greater cause to perform the duty of a good ablution, an operation which conduces to health and comfort. The Indians, however, do not agree with us on this point, and clean face and hands are not considered necessary. I must, however, observe that they are not all alike, but that there are some who look, comparatively speaking, clean. They wash their faces sometimes, and afterwards paint them with earth, (red, brown, or black) mixed with grease, in the form of a heart. Others, especially young people, make two stripes across their nose and face, and one round the mouth. They wash their hands occasionally, and their arms rarely. The women comb their hair every day; they part it in the middle, and wear it long and flowing, or arrange it into plaits. The men have their hair combed and made tidy by the women. The comb is made of a coarse, dry grass, in the shape of a painting brush. The fat of ostriches, or any other grease, serves as pomade and hair oil. Finally, they bedaub their bodies with white earth; the men in stripes on the chest, arms, and shoulder; the women paint themselves all over.

"Besides the above-mentioned ornament, brass pins, with beads, &c., the females wear anklets and bracelets

of coloured beads. Some ornament their saddle with brass buttons and beads; others wear a broad leather belt, embellished with the same materials. Some wear occasionally tails of blue beads, fastened to the plaits of their hair; others, again, have a sheath for a looking-glass, the top of which is beset with brass buttons and beads, and a row of thimbles suspended, to produce a tinkling sound. Men, women, and children wear silver earrings of various shapes, but not all. Some men wear also necklaces of beads.

"The Patagonian Indians are a race well worthy of the Missionary efforts which our Society are directing towards them. In regard to religion, their minds and understandings are dark. God—the living God and Maker of all things—is not known to them. Nor do they worship any other object, or acknowledge a Supreme Being. I have watched them carefully to see whether they perform any religious ceremonies, but I have failed in tracing any clear and positive signs of their religion. Yet from the fact of their observing some curious rites at the death and burial of a person, (I refer to their slaughtering, at least, one horse, and all the dogs belonging to the deceased, which appears to bear the character of a sacrifice) I think that they are not without a belief in a future existence; and that so much the more, as I have seen them burying various things along with the deceased, with the intention of supplying him with them for his or her use. In the case of a man, they inter a fine knife, the blade of a lance, iron tools, &c. At the burial of a girl, about sixteen years old, I saw her pillow in the cold grave surrounded with saucepans, tea kettle, money, pocket knife, scissors, thread, and a host of other things. I asked one Indian woman, "Will they take them out by and bye?" (meaning the articles

buried). She said, "No, they will leave them there always." They pay great respect to their dead, wrap them up in a dry horse skin, and bury them with much reverence and carefulness. Their lamentations over the dead are generally very affecting; and their demonstrations of grief so loud, that they can be heard at a distance. Even the apparently indifferent-looking men may be, at times, seen shedding tears, nay, crying like children, at the sudden departure of one of their nearest relatives. Their general disposition is kind and good natured, not only to each other, but to the stranger. They have shown this to me during my wanderings, especially As-caik, the Chief, with whom I lived, but who has been now dead for several months. They possess the virtue of hospitality to a great degree, and will offer their tents as shelter, and their provisions as food, for any one who needs it. Once there were some seamen (belonging to the Chilian colony) returning from the wreck of the *Anne Baker*, Capt. Gibson's late charge, to their home. They were without food for some time, and were, of course, rather hungry, and their way to the colony was yet a long one. As-caik, as soon as he heard of their being in the neighbourhood, (somewhere near the shore, where they intended to encamp for the night) brought the case before me. But he had already determined what to do, and accordingly communicated his intention to his brethren; he would go and fetch them to the camp, where they might board and lodge until they resumed their journey. He moved among his friends that two or three should go with him, each with a spare horse, on which to bring the sailors over. Accordingly, the horses requisite for the entire party were soon captured, and As-caik, Caile, and two other men, proceeded to carry out their benevolent intention. In

the meanwhile As-caik's wife, and two consorts of Caile, made up their fires, and set about preparing a pot of rice with which to regale their expected hungry guests. Late in the night they arrived, and great was the joy and satisfaction these Indians felt when they saw how welcome their dish of warm-kept rice was to the new arrivals. Are these traits of the disposition of my friends not highly gratifying? Do they not show that there is kindness and hospitality to be found, even in such rude and coarse inhabitants of God's earth? The fact of my having lived with them for twelve months, and this anecdote I have just related, show by themselves that there are no hindrances in the way, on the part of the Indians, to Europeans living with them, if these strangers are willing to take upon themselves the sacrifices of comforts that must be made, in regard to living, boarding, and lodging. The Indians will treat them well and respect both their person and property; they have done so to me; but we must not allow the Indian to wait for the fulfilment of our promises beyond the given time. They are much like children, and learn to confide by word and action going hand in hand, when the fulfilment answers to the promise.

"Not only are the facts already mentioned proofs of the possibility of Europeans living with them, but of the facility, comparatively speaking, of commencing a course of instruction, for the benefit of the rising generation; and that so much the more as two lads, and one grown-up man, have shown at various times their willingness and desire to learn writing. They have often watched me when I was busy collecting phrases of their language, and putting them down on paper. They seem to appreciate the accomplishment of writing; and the man has tried several times to imitate some writing in a little

pocket book I possess, and made very creditable characters.

"I need not add anything to disprove the fact of their being cannibals, for they are looked upon as such, and are described in "The Giants of Patagonia," as ready to kill the author of that work, *for the sake of eating him;* I only say, I do not believe this. They would look upon cannibalism with surprise, if not with disgust. They have abundance of food, and therefore neither occasion nor inclination to live upon human flesh. Starvation from want of food is, to my knowledge, not known among them; nor are they so lazy and unkind as to neglect hunting for provisions, except when under the influence of liquor for some days. I have often heard many of them say, "My boys or girls are hungry, I am going to hunt." Not a single day passes without their allowance of daily bread being given them by the same Hand that dispenses to us our portion. The Indians with whom I lived, called themselves Isōneca, and are, judging from information received, and personal observation, not more than 450 or 500 strong; speaking the same language, which differs from the language of the neighbouring tribes, of whom there are four between Santa Cruz and Rio Negro, and who have each a distinct language, according to what some of my Indian friends told me. Nor is the Isōneca language like those of the Fuegians or the Araucanian. I have succeeded in making not only a vocabulary, but in getting some knowledge of its peculiarities. There are some few words borrowed from the Spanish, for articles which they get from Europeans, such as bread (pān), sugar (azugar), &c. Some of them speak a little Spanish, and two or three some English; and all are well acquainted with the English sailor's oath.

"These Indians are a wandering people, and live, therefore, neither in towns or villages, but in moveable tents which they take with them when they go to another encampment. The tents consist of a number of poles, varying from nine to eighteen, just according to the size the tent is to be. The poles, too, are of different lengths, from 8 ft. down to 4 ft. These are put into the ground in a very systematic way. Each tent has three rows of poles; and the middle row, which regulates the interior arrangement, is put in first, then follows the third, or rear, row. These poles are the shortest. To these two rows of poles, perpendicularly arranged, they fasten some ridge poles, to let the tent cover rest on them. Then come the front poles—the longest or highest. All having been put into their proper places, they proceed to put on the tent cover, which generally consists of the skins of old guanacos, well sewed together. This is stretched over the poles, with the hair outside, and fastened to the front poles by means of strong thongs of leather; behind, it is pinned to the ground with wooden pegs. When the tent is up, and has been properly pitched, it presents the shape of a semi-cone. All the tents are open in front toward the east, the prevailing wind being from the west. Then follow the loads of the other horses, belonging to that same family—rugs, mats, guanaco skins, a few bags containing a variety of things, such as beads, soap, knives—articles procured from the wreck. These are stowed away round the sides of the tent, inside of course, and so help to keep out the wind, which would otherwise find its way into the tent from under the cover. All the tents are divided into compartments with rugs or cloth hung up, and vary in width according to the number of their occupants. The bedrooms, but which are also used as dressing room, par-

lour, and workshop, extend from the middle row of poles to near the end of the tent behind; and the beds are so arranged, that one sleeps with the feet resting against the things stowed away in the tent. The beds consist of a dried horse skin, and some rugs or blankets, and a pillow filled with guanaco wool. The place before the beds is used for various purposes, such as painting and otherwise, preparing robes, playing cards, &c. It is not every family that can boast of a tent; and there are often two or more families in one. Many join their tents so close to others', that it presents the appearance of one large tent, in which six or eight families reside. Those who live in others' tents, having none of their own, do not pay any rent; but the females, on whom the duty of rearing and striking the tents devolves, are expected to assist in the work, which, when the ground is frozen, is hard work; and then they must make a hole with an iron crowbar, which one or the other family possesses. In winter, when the weather is particularly cold and wet, the whole tent is enclosed by an additional tent cover, fastened to some poles.

"They do not reject sails of wrecked vessels, or any other substance, such as bayeta and other woollen stuff, as tent covers. When the encampment has to be shifted to another place, the cover is taken down, folded up, and laid across the horse's back, and the poles placed on each side in slings.

"The main food of these Indians is the flesh of guanacos and ostriches, but they also eat that of puma and skunk, if fat. The flesh of horses they eat too; but as they kill their horses only on particular occasions, such as the birth of a child, and the death of any persons, that meat is looked upon as a dainty. The meat is generally roasted either on an iron spit, or wooden fork, stuck into

the ground over the fire. Some parts they boil in saucepans. If there is a good supply of meat in the camp, they cut up the hind quarters into long and thin pieces, which they hang on a pole to dry. This is the business of old women. This dried meat is roasted too in the usual way, and then eaten with some ostrich fat, or else pounded on stone till it is soft and fibry, and then mixed with ostrich fat and served up, but not with clean plates and shining forks, but with dirty fingers. They consume much fat, and will eat lean meat only when they are hungry.

"They are very fond of rice, beans, flour, and biscuit, which they procure from the Chilian colony, and boil in saucepans. They make small loaves of bread, which they bake in the ashes, and eat with sugar, if they have it. Sweets in general are liked by all. They eat no fish, not even the best salmon; but they like mussels and limpets as a change. Then they eat three or four different roots, generally raw; also the dandelion plant, the cranberry, and blackberry.

"Regular hours for their meals they have not, except during the winter months, when they almost invariably light a fire about night-fall, round which they lie or sit, talking and chatting about the chase, whilst the evening meal—their dinner—is preparing. A fore-quarter of guanaco may be the subject of the repast, which when done about two-thirds through, is divided into portions, and each member of the family or friend receives one rib. If there is fuel, they will make a fire in the morning to cook some meat, and to warm themselves. If there is no fuel, a piece of meat may be roasted at another's fire without asking permission. They have only two meals, but the evening meal is the principal one. I must observe here that these Indians do not regulate their retiring and

rising by the sun, as other uncivilized tribes, and their habits approximate to fashionable manners.

"The language of the Patagonians is entirely distinct from any other Indian language. It sounds very guttural to an English ear; but all the sounds can easily be represented by the English phonetic alphabet. Some of the Patagonian Indians speak a little Spanish, and three pride themselves in their knowledge of English, especially Pedro-Silbo; but his English does not agree with mine, and he cannot clearly understand the most simple question. There is, to all appearance, no name for "God, soul, kingdom, believe, praise," or any other abstract terms.

"The chief employment of the men is hunting, because from this they derive the means for their subsistence—the flesh of guanacos and the ostrich. They have no fixed days for the chase, but they go when the stock of meat is getting low, or has been consumed entirely. If this is the case, it is decided that the duty of hunting ought to be performed again, and a party of men, if not almost the whole force, prepare to replenish their stock of meat.

(To be continued.)

Mission-Work in North America.

The following statement, made at the late Liverpool Missionary Conference by the Rev. Dr. O'Meara, of the North American Mission, needs no apology for being introduced to our pages.

"The Rev. Dr. O'Meara, of the North American Indian Mission, said,—As I am the only Missionary present connected with the Red Indians, it may not be out of place to give my experience in connection with the sub-

ject of languages. The language which I have been enabled to acquire, and into which I have had the privilege of translating a great portion of the Scriptures, is one of those which have been mentioned as not previously written. When the application was first made to me to go amongst the Red Indians of North America, I was told that I should find no difficulty with regard to the language, and that all Missionaries before me, and those then engaged in the work, had preached and were preaching through interpreters. I believe this is a practice, in a great measure, confined to North America, and that it does not exist in Africa or in Asia. I think myself, it is an unfortunate mode of impressing religious truth upon the mind; and when I said that I thought I should be able to learn the language of the people, and speak to them myself in their own tongue, a smile passed over the countenance of the Missionary who was speaking to me. 'No white man,' he said, 'could ever get his tongue round the long Indian words which seemed to have been growing since the deluge itself, so long and so immense are they in size.' I remember answering him, that I was quite convinced that God was the author of language, and also the author of revelation; and that I did not believe that God was the author of any language into which the method of salvation was not communicable and translateable. I said, I was quite convinced that it was my duty to endeavour to acquire the language, and if I did not succeed, it would be a proof to me that my mission was not to labour amongst the Indians of North America. I went forth under this impression, and declined altogether the assistance of an interpreter during the first year of my labours. I went away sometimes forty or fifty miles from where any person could speak a word of Eng-

lish, and where the only white face was my own. I placed myself amongst the Indians, and listened to their language. At first it appeared a very strange language; the words were so long; even the sentences appeared to consist of but one long word. My first step, no unimportant one, was to ascertain where one word began and another ended; but under the blessing of God I attained that step, and then proceeded by signs and otherwise to find out the nouns of the language; then the verbs; and then to put verbs and nouns in a very summary way together. I then endeavoured to form sentences. One of our brethren to-day has spoken of blunders: those 'blunders' were my only teachers; and a smile upon the countenances of the poor Indians sufficiently indicated when I had made a 'blunder.' I always took care, however, that these blunders were in common things, and not in matters of consequence, which might leave an impression on their minds not easily removed. I rejoiced when their smiles indicated my blunders, and I rejoiced also when their looks of intelligence showed me that they understood what I said. The first year was spent in this way. I afterwards obtained the assistance of an interpreter; but his principal work was to aid me in getting a more extensive vocabulary of the language. By the blessing of God, at the end of about three years, without any assistance from teachers or books, I felt myself able to minister to the people in their own language, and I have now been more than twenty years engaged in that happy work. I look upon it as of paramount importance, that every people on the face of the earth should have the Gospel preached to them; not through a language they do not understand, or through the imperfect medium of an interpreter, but in their own language, and from the mouth of the messenger of God."

Rejoicing in Hope.

Since our last number we have received no fresh despatches from our Mission-party. In fact, no letters, in reply even to the earliest of the Committee's, after the news of the massacre reached them, could yet have been received from Keppel. Meanwhile the Committee have made arrangements for the return of the *Allen Gardiner* to England for a complete refit. A Captain has been chosen, and is on the eve of sailing for the Falklands to take charge of, and bring home our now dismantled vessel. A temporary refit will of course take place at Stanley, for which all due preparations have been made; and we may hope to welcome the *Allen Gardiner* in England about March, 1861. Our friends need not be told that to complete these arrangements the Society is at a very heavy expense, and will require the ready and generous co-operation of all its friends to meet the constant demands upon its resources. We do not doubt that during the rapidly closing months of the present year, our honorary Secretaries, and Collectors, will kindly do all in their power to augment the funds of the Society. That they have no reason to be discouraged we boldly say. Do friends look with anxiety to Tierra del Fuego? There has been too much blood of martyrs shed

there, not to guarantee us a future harvest for Christ's Church. Is there no hope for this dark land connected with those two natives, who are now under our protection, and instruction? The subjoined portions of a letter from Mrs. Despard are not silent on this point. They are full of hope even for Fuegia. Again is Patagonia hopeless? or is she not rather at this moment opening up her gates for the servants of Christ to enter in? Let any one read the simple testimony of Mr. Schmid on this point, authenticated, as it is, by his own past experience, and future determination to renew his spiritual labours in that country, and we believe he must confess that the opening prospects of the Mission were never more bright than now. We will not speak of Chili. But it is our happiness to know, that one whose name is woven in with the earliest, and most interesting portions of the Mission history is now there with the solemn intention of devoting to Christ's cause his time, and talents. Amidst all our difficulties we have the evidences of progress, and blessing. When we are weak, then are we strong. God is teaching us to understand this paradox. Let us not be weary in well-doing.

We now give extracts from a letter addressed to the Rev. W. Gray, by Mrs. Despard. It will be read with interest for the author's as well as the work's sake.

"When Captain Smyley went to Woollyah to recover the Mission ship, Ookokko entreated to be brought back here. During the three months he was away, he had married a young girl, and she was willing to follow him. They say, Fuegia is no longer their country—bad men live there. Keppel Island their country now, and Mr. Despard their good friend. Captain S. brought them back, and has left them here with us. They are very happy, and Ookokko being already more than half civilized, he has been able to teach his wife many things which he used to do while under Mr. Phillips's care. He is a most industrious and ambitious youth—very fond of learning. His memory is not first-rate; but he is so anxious to improve, there is no doubt that he will succeed. He takes great delight in the lessons and instruction he receives from my husband, and already takes in his religious instructions in a wonderful way. He knows many of his letters, and will soon read. His wife is a well conducted tidy body, willing and anxious to learn, and possessing a capital ear for languages. She has learned to cook, sew, and wash, since her arrival here. She is a great improvement on the last women we had here, in many respects: in fact, they are a very interesting young couple. Not having any medical man here, we were very anxious about Ookokko's ankle. My husband, though not understanding anything about such matters, took it in hand, and attended to it daily. I am thankful to say, it is quite well now. One evening, as he was about to enter the Fuegian hut, he thought he heard singing. He approached, and found it was the Native lad, singing his hymn of praise. He distinctly heard him say, "Praise God—praise God!" Then followed some words he could not make out. Then he heard them go on their knees, and Ookokko, in a slow

voice, say, "Pray God bless ... for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen." This was all he could make out; but it was evidently a prayer which poor dear Mr. Phillips had taught him! Oh! is not this cheering to hear, my dear sir? and is it not the beginning of good things? My husband often says, this youth is intended for great things; and who knows but that one day he will return to his native land as one of God's ordained Ministers, to preach to his countrymen the unsearchable riches of Christ, and tell them of that Saviour who died for them as well as for the white man? I expect and hope, when we have again an opportunity of sending letters to England, we shall have some pleasing and interesting accounts to give of this young couple.

"My husband has now above one thousand Fuegian words, and we are able to manage some even long sentences in that language."

Manners and Customs of the Patagonian Indians.

(Continued.)

"Occasionally the acting Chief will issue a verbal proclamation to tell his men to go in search of provisions. He stands outside the tent, and speaks in a loud voice, and in a peculiar sing-song tone. In his speech he tells them to get in their horses, that all ought to go, and what direction they are to take. One may notice that the speaker repeats many sentences twice, and that he pauses for a short time after a few. No one pays any attention to what the orator is saying, but each and all are going on talking and chatting in the same way.

"If hunting is to be done, the horses are gradually

brought in, lassoed, bridled, and saddled. Many men not having made up their minds whether to go or not, will loiter about a long time. There is always a certain number of really lazy ones, who seem to prefer to live on the exertions of others, instead of going and using their own strength and skill. Besides being booted and spurred the hunter carries a short whip, with which he urges on his horse just when he is about to run after a guanaco or ostrich. He is armed with two sets of bolas, one to catch the guanaco, and the other the ostrich. The former consists generally of three balls of lead (some are of stone) covered with leather. These three balls are fastened to a strong tough leather thong. The bolas for the ostrich have only two, and of lighter make. Thus equipped the hunters start for their work in parties of two or three. About a mile from the encampment they collect, light a fire, if the weather requires it, behind a shrub, when they smoke a pipe, and warm themselves. Here the acting Chief, or director of the chase, sometimes addresses the men, and they again leave in parties of two or three in different directions, and yet so that all will arrive at the place where the guanacos are supposed to be. If they come upon a herd unexpectedly, which the nature of the ground sometimes permits, they hunt them right and left, and many a man may kill two or even three guanacos in one day. The herd is of course dispersed, and flies in different directions, but very often the dispersed meet an enemy wherever they turn, and often a guanaco will run straight on if he is chased, although there be another hunter before him at some distance, and escape could be effected either to the right or left. The guanacos are generally on the alert, looking about everywhere if they can detect an enemy. Many herds

are so shy, that they run immediately they see a man on horseback, although he may be a mile off, but others can be approached very closely. The guanacos may be seen single, or in pairs, in sixes, or herds of twenty to fifty. If a guanaco is seen at a distance, and does not run, so to say, into the hands of an Indian, so close that he need not run after him for a long time, he will not trouble himself by giving him chase, but he awaits his opportunity, and if he does not succeed he goes home empty. It occurs sometimes that the hunters have to return empty (at least the majority) on account of there being no guanacos on that spot. Very often a guanaco is pursued by one man, and runs into the hands of another, who had either his attention roused by the shout of the pursuer, or he has seen himself what is going on. In either case he prepares for the capture by taking his bolas from his waist, and swinging them to receive the pursued victim with them. It is a rule with these people, that he who in the course of the chase comes nearest to the guanaco, &c. is to throw the bolas which is to catch the animal, but not to kill it. If he succeeds, for they miss sometimes, he is entitled to the two fore-quarters, these parts being considered the best; whilst he who chased the guanaco receives the two hind-quarters. This rule is strictly adhered to under all circumstances, and no Indian thinks ever about quarrelling with his companion in hunting. If the guanaco is with young, this falls to the share of the pursuer. When a guanaco has been caught with the bolas, which, by the bye, are thrown at the neck, and which twist also round his fore-legs, the hunter cuts his throat, and I have observed with pleasure that they kill the animal as quickly as possible. If the weather is warm the guanaco is cut up on the

spot, and the meat put on the saddle. If the wind is cold, and a shrub near, they fasten the carcase to their horses' tails with their bolas; they then mount their horses and make them drag on the ground the guanaco to where they can light a fire, which they do with flint and steel, using for tinder a piece of burned sail-cloth, or some other stuff. The tinder having ignited they put it in a handful of dry grass which they hold up to the wind, or blow till it breaks out in a flame. When they have warmed themselves and smoked a pipe, they set about their butchers' work. Although a vast number of guanacos are killed every year, especially many young ones, of which it takes thirteen skins to make a man's robe, and many die of themselves, and many young ones are torn by pumas and dogs, there are still many herds.

"The Indians hunt also the ostrich, or rather the emu, —(for the bird is very different from the African ostrich, it is much smaller, has three claws instead of two, and its feathers are much inferior to those procured from Africa,)—and prize its meat most undoubtedly, for I have seen them pursuing one of those birds which happened to run through a herd of guanacos. The latter they left alone and pursued only the former. They do this because they are sure of the bird being fat, and the guanacos remarkably lean.

"In the months of February, March, and April, they kill all the ostriches they can find, in order to replenish their larder for the ensuing winter. The fat thus collected they put into a bag made of the skin of an ostrich. These are renewed every year. It takes the fat of five or six ostriches to fill one of these bags, each weighing about thirty pounds, and a family, the head of whom can boast of four or five horses for his own

use, and therefore more efficient means for hunting ostriches than others, may have five of six of these bags. If an ostrich has been secured by the united efforts of two hunters, the above mentioned rule for dividing them is here observed too. He who bolased the bird receives the front half and one leg, and the companion the other half and a leg. When a man returns home it can be easily seen whether he caught anything with his bolas by the parts he brings home. Except during the months of February, March, and April, an ostrich is seldom carried home entirely, but parts of it cooked in the field by means of hot stones with which the carcase is filled, and thus put on the embers. Ten or fifteen minutes are sufficient to do the whole bird, whose meat is very tender and juicy. Slices of fat are given to every one present, but the distributor reserves some for his family. From the sinews of this bird the women make thread to sew their robes, and for a variety of purposes. The wing feathers they sell at the Chilian Colony, whence they are sent to Valparaiso, and there made into dusters.

"When the hunters arrive before their respective tents, the women—mothers, wives, or sisters—come out to unload the horse, and to hang the meat on the front poles, and no man troubles himself about this in the least.

"I must observe here, that the duty of supplying their families with meat is generally well attended to, except when they are under the influence of liquor for several days.

"If an encampment has to move, it is made known privately; and when the time comes on the horses are brought in by some boys, and each man goes to lasso his and those belonging to the family. Very often the

horses of one family keep together, and so are easily brought to the tents in one group. When the pack horses are being driven to the tents, the women come and bridle theirs themselves. They are so tame that to catch them with the lasso is thought unnecssary. The men's horses are, however, generally lassoed, in which accomplishment many are very expert, others less so, and therefore miss often. As soon as a horse feels the lasso on his neck, he stands quiet and follows his master to the tent, where the lasso is taken off after the bridle has been put on. When a horse is bridled he knows he must stop without being tied to a post. Young horses not quite tamed, think fit to break this order and to run off unless hobbled. The horses being all in readiness, the women begin to load them one after the other. If a woman has a daughter the latter assists in loading, for it requires two persons to help each other, especially when there is much wind. Sometimes a woman has to load three or four horses; if she has any girls, each has a horse to herself, even if she is not older than five or six years, but always on a pack horse of course, which carries another burthen beside his or her young mistress. Men and boys never take any part in this work, but all must be done by the females.

"The tent is the last thing, and there is almost always a tame horse selected for the duty of carrying it; but it has to bear other things as well. If the tent cover and poles have been well fastened to the horse, bags containing feathers for sale, ostrich fat, saucepans, kettles, and any other tool or utensil, is put in too.

"If a mother has an infant of a few weeks or months old, she puts it into a cradle made of bamboo sticks, to which she fastens the little treasure well, and wraps it up warm. Then she puts on a cover made of the twigs

of a tree, which she ties securely to the cradle, and so affords the babe protection from cold, for there is a cloth spread over it, so that the child has plenty of fresh air—as much as necessary. This cradle is fastened to the load of the horse which the mother is riding. If the babe wakes and begins to cry, the mother dismounts, takes the cradle down to quiet the babe by giving it the breast. If the little creature has fallen asleep, the mother fastens the cradle to the horse, and proceeds on her journey. Sometimes the babe is left crying, because it is getting late, and the mother wishes to reach her home. Children from about one to four or five years' old are carried in their mothers' lap on horse back. The women sit on the load, as if on a stool.

"When all the horses are loaded, and their respective riders seated, the movement commences; whilst the dogs are barking, some children crying, then a woman bawling and shouting because her horse, just loaded, has thought proper to rid himself of the burden, and to run off. Here a horse has laid himself down on the grass to rest, with the load on his back; the woman is angry, and tries to make him get up. He cannot succeed, and she has to unload the horse, make him stand, and reload him. She earns no pity from any one, on the contrary, every one laughs at such things, although very annoying to the person concerned.

"The places for the encampments, which are generally in some valley, and always in a place where there is water near, are all named; and therefore, when an encampment is broken up to be shifted to another place, it is not as if these wanderers were seeking for a new home, but merely exchanging it for a time, just as if I travelled from Bristol to Bath, and thence to another town; for they know as well where they are going to, and where they will pitch, before they start, as I should

know if I intend to make a journey. Arrived in the new place, the horses are unloaded, the tents pitched, all the property, with saddles and bridles, are stowed away for the next move.

"These Indians never have a numerous family: their children average from two to three. There are, I think, more males than females among them.

"There are some persons among them who claim the title of M. D., although they understand neither disease nor medicine of any kind, not even to heal a wound. These doctors used to ask me for some ointment, when they had need of it for themselves. When some one is ill, this important personage, who is styled 'Calamelouts,' is called to bring his medical powers and skill to bear on the sufferer. Sometimes, to make his efforts more effectual, he bedaubs himself with white stripes on his naked body. Then he looks at the patient, strokes the affected part, sucks it with his mouth, hums and blusters over it for a few seconds, and to crown all, makes some odd gestures, and then leaves the sufferer just as he found him—unrelieved. Sometimes he shakes a pair of bladders, made of guanaco skin, and containing a few stones, which when shaken produce a deafening noise. Whenever these rattles are shaken, the tent is full of people, listening to this strange concert with as much eagerness as an English audience would to a soirée of Julian, or some other performer.

"I have before made a cursory allusion to some ceremonies which they observe at the death and burial of a person; I now offer some more details of their proceedings on such occasions. These Indians, although robust and hardy, are, when brought on the sick bed, most commonly carried off suddenly.

"I hope that the following account of customs and

rites, observed when death has called away one of their near and dear ones, will not be uninteresting, although it is very strange.

"When any one is suffering, and nigh to death's door, the 'calamelouts' is called on to try his medical skill, which he does in the above mentioned manner. If he does not succeed in his professed attempts at curing and affording relief, he slinks off to his tent; and when the patient is dead, he tries to ascribe the failure to the mischievous intentions of some individual, by saying, that such and such a person killed the deceased; and the practitioners being credulous, believe him readily. When the poor sufferer is in the agonies of death, and the immortal soul about to leave its earthly tabernacle, the nearest relatives are gathered round, to cry and make such loud and pitiful lamentations as are almost heart-rending. It is a custom with this people to sing, in a most doleful strain, in times of sorrow and grief; and they sing and cry alternately. When death has occurred during the day, the women (always relatives,) proceed at once to prepare the lifeless body for its last resting place. They take off the robe of skin which he wore, and wrap him in blankets, or ponchos, with the knees bent up, and the whole body covered, so that nothing can be seen of it. The hair is combed, and sometimes ornamented with strings of beads. Then the body is put in a horse skin, which served him as his bed, covered all over with a large piece of cloth, and put behind a rug or blanket, which is hung up. Here the body remains until it is buried. When all the customary preparations for interment have been made, the male relatives sit round the body, and one after the other waves his right hand over it reverentially; and then pats the crown of his head, as if desirous to possess himself of

the departed's virtues. This waving of the hand, and successive patting of the head, is done three or four times. After this, the men remain near the corpse for another hour or two, talking in an under-tone, and frequently passing round the tobacco pipe. Whilst the men are thus engaged, the elder women put on signs of mourning—they array themselves in scarlet cloth, over their robe of skins, which they fasten on the breast with two brass pins, to which is tied a string of coloured beads. Then they paint their face, across the nose, with a stripe of blood, which they generally fetch by passing a small piece of glass over their face, and so cut their skin: others cut their legs in a similar way, to make the blood run. All the while they continue their doleful strains, and their loud lamentations, at intervals.

"Then comes the lighting of the fire, which is to consume everything that belonged to the departed. The fire burns about twenty yards from the tent, and into it is thrown everything that will burn, no matter whether new or old; articles that have never been used or worn yet by the deceased, everything is burned and sacrificed:—fine mats, new robes of skins, not yet finished, the bed, saddle, bridle, clothes, even the very pole that was near to the bed of the dead, and on which he used to hang his hunting and riding requisites. No exceptions are made as to the age or sex of the departed. There is nothing to remain undestroyed of his or her property after death, to remind the survivors of the dead. Even the name of the dead must not be mentioned, the survivors considering it bad to do so. Thus, entire destruction of property, and a burying in oblivion, take place with regard to the deceased. What cannot be destroyed by fire or breakage, is buried with the corpse.

"When the fire has consumed nearly all, the nearest relatives go and stand round the fire, singing and lamenting. Then those who are arrayed in scarlet robes take these off, one person after the other, and lay them on the fire. The string of beads they tear up into little bits, and throw into the fire, together with the pins. The men, if any of them are dressed in scarlet, take off their robes, and with them burn also their fillets, or kerchiefs; and go about with their hair loose and untidy. The next thing is to shorten the hair: the men shorten theirs behind, the women in front, near the forehead. The Indians are very averse to having their hair cut; but in case of death, they do it out of respect to the departed.

"The men now adopt white kerchiefs, to tie round their head, or else they continue to do without a head-band for one or two days more. The women—the mourners—dress in robes of white cloth, which they wear I do not know how many months; changing them for fresh ones whenever they are very much soiled, if they have the material. Thus both red and white seem to be their colours for mourning. If the body is to be buried next day, on account of its having died late in the afternoon, the bereaved parents or relatives do not sleep much that night. Whilst the body remains in the tent, the doctor is requested to come and shake the rattles, which he does as loud as he can. A large knife is stuck into the ground, close to the corpse, and this mourning music is performed near it. Whilst this is going on, great stillness and solemnity prevail, and every countenance looks subdued by sorrow.

"Soon after the death of a person has taken place, the relations and friends pay a visit of sympathy to the bereaved. A woman, carrying a bundle of articles,

rugs, blankets, cloth, &c., advances towards the tent of the mourners, followed by two or three women in scarlet. They are met by the female relatives of the departed, close to the tent, and when they have joined, which they do without speaking a word to each other, they commence to bewail the dead, in tones of loud and unrestrained grief. At the same time the women join, a party of men — two or three — approach the tent, with a solemn and dignified expression of countenance and step, and are received, at a little distance from the tent, by the male relatives of the deceased. One of these visitors addresses the mourners in the following manner:—'*You have lost your child, (brother,* or father, or whatever the dead may have been,) you are now very poor, and we bring you, therefore, some presents.' When this consolatory address has been delivered, the visitors return to their tents. One or other comes, perhaps, into the tent, to give vent to his feelings in a more private way. On these occasions they always speak low, and with their eyes cast to the ground. Thus one party after the other is received, and each follows the same customs, of course. I must here observe, that this people make greater lamentations at the death of a child, or young man and woman, than they would at the demise of an older person. The mother or grandmother will cry every day after her child's death.

"Before the corpse is carried to the cold chamber, to rest there, all the dogs belonging to the dead person are killed, as well as a horse or two. When the horse is being brought toward the tent, to testify his owner's departure by his death, the women commence crying again. Generally speaking, the flesh of the horses killed on those occasions is divided among the relations

and friends, and small portions of the meat boiled are distributed to others.

"They bury their dead wherever a grave can be easily made—on a sand-hill, in loose ground. Owing to their incessant wanderings, they have no fixed burial place. If the ground near the camp affords facility for making a grave, then they bury the dead there. If not, they fasten the corpse on horseback, and carry it away to where a grave can soon be made. The labour of making a grave and the duty of interment devolve on the women, and no men or boys attend the departed one to his place of rest.

"When the grave is made, which is generally about four feet deep, they prepare a bed for the body to rest on, and then lower the perishable remains into it, after patting the head of the corpse most gently and affectionately with their hands, thus taking their last farewell. At the same time, they bury with the dead anything that they think he will want—a lance, a knife, and some iron tools; or, in the case of women, a few awls, a pair of scissors, &c., &c. Then they close the grave, and after some more demonstrations of grief, leave the spot, to return to their tent."

Arrival of Mrs. Fell and Mrs. Phillips in England.

On the 10th ult. Mrs. Fell, with her little boy, and Mrs. Phillips, with her infant daughter, arrived safely at Liverpool. The Committee at once requested the Secretary to see them, and to assure them of their sympathy. Out of the funds placed at the Committee's disposal for their use, their passage money from Monte Video

was at once paid. From the Falklands to Monte Video it had been previously paid, by the Rev. G. P. Despard. A sum of £50 was, out of the same funds, assigned to each for their expenses during the next twelve months, and a promise given to renew this sum, as often as the means placed at the disposal of the Committee permitted. Dependent as the Society is upon voluntary contributions, the Committee could not have given, even had it been desirable, a pledge of support for an indefinite period. They hope, however, by means of the Widows and Orphans' Fund, which has been constituted, to be able to grant annually for the use of those, who have a claim upon its bounty, such a sum as may be expedient. To secure this desirable object, however, the above fund will require to be constantly replenished, and they trust the supporters of the Mission will now and then think of this matter. At Stanley, contributions for the support of the widows were made, and handed directly to them. At Monte Video, among the friends and supporters of the Mission, a sum rather exceeding £120 was also raised, and handed to them: so that, for the present, the Committee trust the wants of the fatherless and widow have not been neglected. Up to this time the Committee have not received tidings of the relatives of the Seamen, who perished on November 6, excepting of the Carpenter. His aged and widowed mother resides in Scotland, and the loss of her son has fallen with terrible severity upon her. Our readers will not fail to deeply sympathise with one, who has lost a husband, and three sons by drowning, and whose fourth son fell a victim to the barbarity of the natives in Tierra del Fuego. Such is, we are credibly informed, the painful exPerence of the mother of the late John Johnstone, Carpenter and Seaman on board the *Allen Gardiner*.

The Field is the World.

In the following speech of the Rev. Dr. Tidman, made at the late Liverpool Conference, we get a broad, and we may add an encouraging view of the work of Missions in the world, which is too valuable not to be noticed. Much had been said about the "failure" of Missions. While contemplating the vast work to be done by the Christian Church, before Christ could be said even to be witnessed truly before all nations, the minds of some had taken but an inadequate measure of what had actually been achieved by the Christian Missionary. To encourage the Church, therefore, to further efforts, by showing that, in proportion to her past faithfulness, God had truly prospered her, Dr. Tidman rose, and spoke as follows.

"We have heard a great deal about the failure of Missions, but I have yet to learn, where Missions have failed. I have yet to learn, that in any region where the great command of Christ to preach the Gospel has been carried out, and where this has been accompanied by humble dependence and earnest prayer, there has been failure. I assent, of course, to all that our friends have said, that there are grievous impediments to success. That is one thing; but, when we saw evil and only evil sown, no wonder that the fruit was bitter and deadly. No wonder that, when our countrymen, calling themselves Christians, went to India, and lived as heathen, they confirmed the heathens in their heathenism, and impeded the progress of better men. But nevertheless, have we not proved to-day that the carrying of the Gospel to India by our missionaries has done much for our own countrymen? Do we not know that there was a period within the lives of some present,

when an eccentric, but good man, advertised for a Christian in Calcutta; and do we not know now, have we not heard to-day, that our excellent friends, both military men and civilians in India, are some of the most valuable auxiliaries the missionaries now have? People from India, no doubt, come to the east of London and see much vice and very little good; but that is not sufficient to prove the failure in Missions. Considering the amount of work we have abroad, the limited agency we have employed, and the comparatively recent period in which this great work has been accomplished, we have had a measure of success, that has far exceeded the sanguine expectations of the fathers and founders of modern Protestant Missions; and that should make all our hearts rejoice and give thanks to God. If we want more success, our first duty is with ourselves, for we lie under serious responsibility. I agree with Dr. Somerville, that the Church at home has not done its duty to our Missionary brethren abroad; that we have not sufficiently considered their difficulties and discouragements; not sufficiently prayed for their prosperity and success; and therefore, sin lies at our door, which no parade about our liberality and zeal will by any means counterbalance. But as regards the general view of the Mission-field, let me remind you that within the last fifty years the Gospel has been carried from England and America, and from a few Protestant Churches of Europe, to almost every region of heathenism. And tell me where it has failed. Why, we heard just now from Mr. Whiting, that in the islands of Polynesia more than a quarter of a million of human beings—if they could be regarded as such before the Gospel reached them—cannibals and murderers, have been brought under its influence, and elevated not only to civilisation, but in some instances

to the highest forms of Christian excellence. A Christian friend once told me that, when he first went to Polynesia, a man lived near him, who in the days of his heathenism was often seen with a piece of human flesh attached to a hook, and thrown over his shoulder; he knew not how many he had slain; and all, or nearly all, he had destroyed, not from a spirit of revenge, but from a love of human blood. That man lived to be a teacher of the Gospel, and to exhibit it in some of its most refined amenities. In all the Missions of Polynesia—and you will remember, almost every Missionary institution has its Missionaries there — there has been a greater amount of success than has attended the labours of our brethren elsewhere.

"When we look to India, that most difficult of all Missionary fields, especially remembering what it was half a century ago, has there been failure in India? I won't talk about the number of professing Christians,—from 120,000 to 130,000,—but we have had specimens of Christianity among the natives lately that may well make us ashamed. Don't we know that during the mutiny, whilst some nominal Christians denied their faith rather than submit to the fearful consequences which a confession involved, there were Christian natives, men of yesterday, mere babes in knowledge and faith, who laid down their lives gladly for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ? I admit, many of these heathen converts are very deficient in knowledge and defective in character; but don't I learn from the Epistles of the New Testament that that is one of the inseparable adjuncts of a recent redemption from heathenism? Do our Missionaries find in their churches at this day any crimes and weaknesses which are not marked in those inspired letters? But although in some respects

they bring with them these early disadvantages, they bring with them also the freshness of that new nature and the vigour of that Divine life which God has imparted to them. Let us not talk about failure, when we have such instances of primitive power and Christian dignity as we have lately seen upon the plains of India.

"Look to Africa, and thank God the different parts of Africa are dotted almost everywhere with the results of Missionary efforts, and look at those churches which have been under cultivation more than twenty or thirty years. Has there been any failure there? Is it not true that one of our honoured brethren—the friend of my early age and still my friend, now I am no longer young—Robert Moffatt, when he plunged into the deserts of Africa, did he not find a race of the most degraded and savage creatures which could possibly be pictured to the imagination? He went amongst them as their friend; lived with them as one of themselves; learned their language from their own lips; then gave it back to them in a written form; and now he has lived to present to them the Word of God, translated, and printed, and published in South Africa, by his own immediate influence. Now, there are hundreds and thousands of those people who were at first astonished at a letter, and thought it a spirit, who can read intelligently—more so, perhaps, than many around us—the Word of God, which they love and which they honour. I want to know what we ought to have expected, beyond the success which we have had? Had we done more we should have had a larger reward. If we send more men, the harvest will be greater. I thank God, too, that we have had such agents as He has given to us; that we can point to men of our own country and time with delight and thankfulness, whom God has made not only faithful,

but learned, and great; and that He has given us men for every kind of work which the circumstances of the Church demand. Let us persevere in the spirit of cheerfulness, confidence, and gratitude. Don't let us mourn over obstacles and temporary obstructions. These are what we must expect to meet. If this world is to be evangelised, it must be by hard struggling and long-continued toil. But let us toil on, and in twenty years to come we shall find,—at least, those of my young friends who may see twenty years hence, will find,—that the seed which is now sowing for the second or third time will bring forth corresponding results; and it may be our happiness to look down from a brighter and better world, and find our joy even there augmented, as we witness the growing splendours of the Saviour's kingdom in this lower sphere."

The Star of Hope.

"Hope thou in God."

FAR across the distant waters
Have we strain'd our anxious eyes,
Hoping o'er that dreary region,
We might see the light arise.

'Tis a land of moral darkness,
Where the prince of darkness reigns;
Where he leads his captives blindfold,
Sears their eyes, then binds in chains.

We could not disperse that darkness,
Nor those cruel chains unbind,
Nor confuse that mighty tyrant;—
Giving sight to thousands blind.

But we have a Friend Almighty,
Who these wonders could achieve,
Who could bind the strong man armèd,
And the pris'ners blind, relieve.

O'er that land of dimness dreary,
Pray'd we Him to shed His light,
And to give those wretched captives
Joy and liberty and sight.

Far across those distant waters,
Still we strain'd our anxious eyes,
Till at length our hearts were gladden'd,
For we saw a Star arise.

And its cheering beams we welcom'd,
As when morn's fair Star we greet;
For our hearts believed it promis'd,
Soon the Sun our gaze would meet.

When, behold! in solemn sadness,
O'er that Star arose a cloud;
And once more both earth and heaven
Darkness threaten'd to enshroud.

Then we ask'd our Friend Almighty
To disperse that cloud again;
And the Star gleam'd forth in brightness,
Like the shining after rain.

And as still across those waters,
We may strain our anxious eyes,
That bright Star of Hope shall cheer us,
Till the Sun Himself shall rise.

A. C. W.

Patagonian Grammar.

A copy of a "Vocabulary and Rudiments of Grammar of the Tsoneca Language," which has been printed, is now lying before us. It contains the results of Mr. Schmid's first year's labours amongst the Patagonian Indians, or, as they call themselves, the *Tsoneca* people. The importance of this work we cannot over-estimate. Without mastering the language of a people, we cannot hope to convey the Gospel to them. But now, with God's blessing on the labours of our brother, we may hope to see the time, when in their own tongue the tribes of Patagonia shall hear the wonderful works of God. Merely as a specimen of the "Rudiments" of the Grammar in question, we extract the following, p. 24.

AUXILIARY VERBS.

In the Tsoneca language there is no *word* equivalent to the English Verb "*to be*," but this defect is remedied by two different terminations, which are joined to the word which they are intended to specify—shco for simply affirmative, and mo for interrogative sentences, viz.:—

Tsoneca.	*English.*
Cetemo wino?	What *is* this?
Haminshco	It *is* water
Tēshco, pansshco, aroshco	It is tea, it is bread, it is rice
Yaicmo?	Is it fire?
Yaicshco	It is fire
Pēshomo?	Is it silver?
Pēshoshco	It is silver
Alnmo?	Is it (a) man?
Alnshco?	It is (a) man

Survey of our Work.

On the 6th inst., exactly one year will have elapsed since the unhappy massacre of our Missionary party took place, in Tierra del Fuego. The event was not known to us until May last. But the day and hour of its occurrence are now fixed by the evidence of Alfred Cole, who escaped, and the fragments of Journals subsequently discovered in the dismantled *Allen Gardiner*.

We consider this to be a favourable opportunity of surveying the general position of the Mission work, and to settle, as far as possible, the bearings of the massacre, so far as they affect the character, and prospects of the Society's operations. Sufficient time has now been granted for us to take a calm review of all the circumstances of the work, and we proceed, as briefly as we can, to set before our readers the convictions of our hearts. The leading points of interest, if we take a geographical survey of the Society's present sphere of labour, are four. Keppel Island, Tierra del Fuego, Patagonia, and Chili. We mention Keppel Island first; for there stands our Mission Station, the result indeed of a large expenditure of time, labour, and money, but possessing in our minds a special interest as the cradle of future blessings for the tribes of Tierra del Fuego. Here the first successful effort to acquire the Fuegian language has been made; here the first Fuegian prayer, since Gardiner died, been uttered; here the first hymn of praise from Fuegian lips been sung; here the attempt to win from barbarism to civilisation the inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego has been, for the first time, earnestly made. At this little out-post of the

Church of Christ the Lord's faithful sentinels have watched in prayer for the dawning of the Sun of Righteousness, and by many a manly effort have sought to drive back the gloomy phalanxes of heathen ignorance, and superstition. Those, who have hitherto sympathised with, and followed the course of the Society's operations, will not require to be reminded of the sojourn, at our Mission Station, prior to the massacre, of certain natives of Tierra del Fuego. These came over in two parties; the first party, which remained some five months, consisting of a native, named James Button, who had been several years previously in England, his wife, and three children: the second party, which remained about nine months, consisting of nine persons, of whom three were men, (two of them brothers, and one a half brother of James Button,) three women, wives of the men, a little girl, the daughter of one of the married couples, and two interesting lads. For the sake of any, whose attention may now, for the first time, be called to the working of the Society, we mention that these natives were voluntary sojourners at our Station, and that the object of inviting them to take up a temporary stay there was to gain from them a knowledge of their language, free from molestation; to instruct them, as far as might be, in our own tongue; to convey to them notions of Christian truth, and to familiarise them also with the advantages of civilisation. To a considerable extent these objects have been attained. Their language has been partially acquired, and reduced to writing; and evidences of the beneficial effects of the sojourn of these people at our Station have not

been wanting. A most favourable change externally came over them all, while some of them, in particular the two lads, seemed both mentally and morally, not to say spiritually, to reap the most marked benefits from the instruction, and kindness, which they received. The objects of the Society promised to be steadily, if not rapidly, advanced. The time, however, for the return of the second party of natives, according to engagement, to their own country, having arrived, the Mission vessel sailed with them on board in Oct., 1859, for Tierra del Fuego, touching however at Stanley, the Government Station, in the East Falklands, on the way. Early in November, the home of these natives was reached, and they went ashore to join their friends. This brings us to the time, and place, of the massacre, viz. Wollyah, Nov. 6, 1859.

We shall of course be required to reconcile the atrocious circumstances of the massacre with the advantages alleged to have been conferred on the natives by their sojourn at our Mission Station. In doing so, we draw our readers' attention to the second geographical position of the Society's operations, viz. Tierra del Fuego. The uses of Keppel Island are wholly subsidiary to our Missionary work there. It would be very disappointing, therefore, if after a costly experiment no good results could be traced to the Station on the Falkland Islands. But, whatever may be the future fate of Keppel, we claim for it, at any rate, certain triumphs—triumphs which the massacre may jeopardise, but cannot wholly efface. At first sight, we readily concede, the massacre may seem to indicate some inherent

defect in the plans of the Society, which a sudden trial exposed, and condemned. But, on examining more closely into the matter, we unhesitatingly put aside this view of the question. Two simple causes lie, we believe, at the bottom of this shocking event, the first is the love of plunder on the part of the natives generally, and the second, the over-confidence of our party in the good-will of men unaccustomed to restraint, and holding human life very cheaply. The conduct of the natives at our Station had given a false impression to our too-confiding brethren of the true nature of savages. They measured them by an artificial standard; and, in an unguarded moment, they offered as a prize to the most daring—to any who would be bold enough to strike them down unarmed—the Mission vessel, with her valuable contents. The attack, we believe, originated not with those to whom we had showed kindness, and who had experienced the advantages of our friendship, but with those natives who, in large numbers, had come together from a distance, and in whom our presence excited no other feeling but that of covetousness, and perhaps of jealousy. Taking this view of the case, the massacre stands out in its own gloomy isolation, terrible indeed in itself, and painful, yet without prejudice to the working of the Society's plans. But we are prepared to go beyond this, and to vindicate the past operations of the Society by some of the attendant incidents of the tragedy. The massacre speaks for, and not against, the value of the Mission work. We have evidences of success in spite of the fatal events of November 6, 1859. It is true that eight persons, including the Catechist,

and ship's company of the *Allen Gardiner*, perished on that memorable day. One alone survived, and he fled for his life into the woods. After the lapse of some twelve days, however, this man returned to Woollyah, the scene of the massacre, having on his way been stripped of his apparel by certain natives whom he encountered. But now comes a point which we think of the highest importance. Instead of hundreds of natives being at this place, as on Nov. 6, only a few, and they the ordinary residents were present. Amongst these few were the parties who had been at our Station, and to whom we had shown kindness, and given instruction. How then did these people treat the helpless and solitary survivor of the *Allen Gardiner's* crew? Did they threaten his life, or refuse him hospitality? Quite the reverse. He is clothed, and fed by them, and treated with respect. For upwards of three months he remained with them, and during the whole of that time not one act of unkindness was committed against him. At the end of that period a vessel arrived in search of the missing party, and without the slightest difficulty, or hesitation, on the part of the natives, he managed to get on board. We take credit to the Society for the safety of Alfred Cole. We attribute to the good influence of the work conducted by the Society the kind treatment which this British sailor received at the hands of those natives, with whom we have had dealings. It is no strange thing that savages, to whom the restraints of law, and conscience, are as nothing, and who, from infancy to old age, live by their wits, should take the life of strangers in order to enrich themselves with the spoils of a well-equipped

vessel; but there is something strange in savages showing kindness to the helpless, clothing the naked, and feeding the hungry. And the fact of Alfred Cole being thus treated by the little tribe at Woollyah, to whom he was known as a friend, is a satisfactory evidence to ourselves of the beneficial effects produced on the limited number of natives with whom our work has brought us into special contact, while at the same time it encourages us to renew our efforts, and to continue them, with God's help, until we achieve complete success. It must not be deemed a trivial matter that Alfred Cole escaped. We have good authority for stating that every year wrecks occur on the shores of Tierra del Fuego; but we know of no instance in which sailors have returned to tell the story. The drift wood carried by the tides to the shores of the Falkland Islands, the spars of luckless vessels, are too reliable indications of the loss of life and property which annually occur in connection with the passage round the Horn. Not alone the stormy waters—the most stormy in the world—not alone the rocky coast of Tierra del Fuego—but the inhabitants of those parts are a terror to mariners. Our readers remember the case of the *Anne Baker*, which, last year, was run ashore in the Magellan Straits, to prevent her sinking. This fine vessel struck the rocks, off what is called False Cape Horn, and only by tremendous exertions did the Captain, and crew, succeed in getting her clear of those dangerous shores, and in running her on the Patagonian coast. This is one instance of the perils of rounding the Horn. We give another, on the authority of a Liverpool merchant, who is a Life

Member of the Society. He is writing, in reference to the loss of our party, on Nov. 6, 1859. "I fear," he says, "that other crews of our countrymen have been destroyed by the Fuegians. It is a remarkable fact that the *Charles Tupper*, which sailed from Liverpool nearly two years ago, for British Colombia, was discovered ashore in those Straits, but not a trace was ever found of the crew." We might multiply evidences of this kind. Bnt we forbear. Our object at this moment is to point out the fact, that, in spite of the massacre of our brethren, which we believe to have been originated and almost entirely perpetrated by strangers to our work, there is a little nucleus of kindly feeling towards strangers forming itself, through the influence of our Mission, amongst the members of one tribe in Tierra del Fuego, and that as a consequence we may hope, by persevering in our present efforts, to become the means of saving from destruction many a shipwrecked sailor, and of affording a refuge to many a vessel in distress. In this way we believe God will bless the country whose sons have gone forth, for Christ's sake, to make His name known in the uttermost parts of the earth. We are the more encouraged to prosecute the Society's work in Tierra del Fuego, because at this very time two representatives of its people have thrown themselves on our friendship, and are seeking our instruction. Who but God put it into the hearts of these two natives to insist on coming to our Station, and that notwithstanding every discouragement was offered to them? We are persuaded that they have come to us in order to rebuke the faltering faith of Christians, and to encourage the

faithful to persist in the attempt to make the shores of Tierra del Fuego, instead of a terror, a rejoicing, and a blessing in the earth. When the *Allen Gardiner* has been properly refitted, (and no time will be lost in accomplishing this, if only the funds are furnished) our readers may be assured of the determination of the Committee to resume, and carry on the work of Christ amongst the Fuegian tribes. As an important element of hope we desire to repeat the fact, that the language of these people has been, to a large extent, mastered, and that the process of reducing it to a written form, is going on now.

But we pass on to Patagonia, as the third point of interest connected with the Society's operations. The Journals of Mr. Schmid have of late brought this part of the Mission-field prominently into notice. Now we cannot but regard the future work of the Mission in Patagonia with very hopeful feelings. The experience of Mr. Schmid, who for twelve months lived, and journeyed with the Indians, justifies us in assuming that the way is open for the entrance of the messengers of Christ. The remarkable progress, moreover, which he made, in acquiring the *Tsoneca* language spoken by these people, strengthens our assurance that the time is not far off, when in their own tongue the Patagonian tribes shall hear of the wonderful works of God. It is true that Mr. Schmid has made himself acquainted with the language only of one tribe, or section of a tribe, in the extreme south of Patagonia; but there can be little reasonable doubt that the possession of this language will give to our Missionaries the speedy mastery of the dialects of all the neighbouring tribes. It

would be in the last degree unnatural to suppose that, in the comparatively narrow district of Patagonia, where the climate varies but little from north to south, where the wants and habits of the Indians are mainly alike, where their intercourse with strangers is subject to the same conditions, and where the Spanish language percolates through the aboriginal tongue, two, or more distinct growths of language should exist. We assume, therefore, that the *Tsoneca* dialect, which Mr. Schmid has been the first to reduce to a written form, gives us the key to the speech of the widely-ranging tribes of Patagonia. And when our friends realise this important fact, and further remember that Mr. Schmid, accompanied by Mr. Hunziker, will, if all goes well, resume his work there as an evangelist very shortly, we believe they will gratefully allow that the prospects of the Mission are satisfactory, and that there is every reason to "thank God, and take courage."

But, lastly, we invite the attention of our readers for a moment to Araucania, in the south of Chili. The Indians, in this district, number between 80,000, and 100,000. As a race they are superior, perhaps, to any other of the aborigines of South America. Yet for the most part they are entirely pagan, and where not entirely so, they are lacquered over with but a thin covering of popery. The attention of our Society has been for sometime directed to this interesting people, and our readers are not ignorant of the departure of the Rev. A. W. Gardiner, M. A., for this scene of future Missionary effort. We are happy to be able to say that he has now arrived in Chili,

and that our last communication from him spoke of his immediate departure for the Indian frontier. Great caution, and some reserve are necessary in speaking publicly of Protestant Missionary effort in a country like Chili, where Popery and Paganism are brigaded together against the Gospel of Christ. But we affirm, without any affectation of a hope, that present circumstances do not amply warrant, that provided suitable men offer themselves —(and we are inclined to think medical knowledge is one essential qualification)—there is a noble field for Missionary enterprise amongst the Indians of Araucania. Thus then are the doors opening for the admission into South America of the ambassadors of Christ. In Tierra del Fuego we have encouragement. In Patagonia we have encouragement. In Chili we have hope. Our duty is to strengthen the hands of our brethren abroad. To refit the *Allen Gardiner*, and with a fresh staff of pious, self-denying men, to send her forth again to renew the work in Tierra del Fuego, is a primary duty. To place two men in the north of Patagonia, where there is a Buenos Ayrean settlement, with a population of 2000, largely engaged in traffic with the Indians, is an object also to be aimed at. By so doing we shall encourage our two brethren working in the south. To develope the action of the Society in Chili seems likewise incumbent npon us. With much confidence in the promises of God's blessing upon those that seek to honour His name, we commend this important work to the sympathy, and to the prayers, and to the support of Christ's people.

Journal of the Rev. G. P. Despard.

We take up Mr. Despard's Journal, after his return from Stanley, whither he had been summoned to give evidence respecting the abandonment of the *Allen Gardiner* in Tierra del Fuego last year. The date is June 5. Our readers will notice with interest the remarks on the two natives now under Mr. Despard's care at our Mission Station.

"Returned to old routine work with much gratification. Ookokko has been an industrious lad since my departure, in helping Bartlett to gather and bestow the Mission potatoes. He and his wife have grown quite stout. Plenty and peace are fine things to cover the bones."

"*Sunday, the* 10*th*.—Our services took place as usual. But the weather being very wet and boisterous, the crew of the *Perseverance* did not come on shore, and consequently the land party alone attended. In the afternoon I visited Ookokko, who was very communicative on the customs of his country. They never speak of dead men. If children ask questions about the departed—'Where is N. or M.?' the parents say, 'Eshshitta (be silent)—Tec-cay-shun-ma' (words of ill omen). He told me that J. Button's native name is 'Schowloo-a,' and that he, 'Macoo-allau,' and 'Synootellia,' are brothers, but 'Macalwense' is half brother.

"Ookokko's father, Copaniscola, was badly wounded by Oen'smen, cut all over, when he, Ookokko, was a child. His mother, She-meb-el-keep-a, thought he must die. He said, 'No—not this time.' So he cauterized the wounds, and they healed; but sometime after he broke his leg (shic-cun-goo-goosoh) and then he died, and his body was burned. Cammalenna sung the first

verse of 'Happy Land' in Tekeenica very pleasantly, and Ookokko tried to accompany her."

In reading the foregoing extracts, our friends will not fail to notice the very considerable knowledge of the Fuegian language which they indicate. Mr. Despard is quite on gossipping terms with his Fuegian guests; and, as we listen to their talk, the records of family life in Tierra del Fuego greet our ears. There are many hearts in happy England which will be able to put together, and compare with their own experiences, that suffering and anxiety which made Ookokko's boyish days a retrospect of sorrow. The sufferings of his father, the anxiety of his mother, then the death of the former, and the funeral pyre, are incidents in his early life, which seem to cling closely to his memory, and he finds relief in talking of them. We see, too, that, to some extent at least, he has been freed from the restraints of that silence imposed by his country-people, as also by the Patagonian tribes, respecting the dead. How glorious it will be when we can dispel this gloomy silence altogether by making known to them Him who has brought life and immortality to light, and who, when He stood by the grave of Lazarus, shed tears of pitying love; not indeed for him whom He was about to raise, but for those thousands upon thousands of desolate spirits that could not flee to Him, and say, Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother, mother, sister, had not died. But we return to the Journal.

"*Saturday, June* 16. "The week has presented no novel occurrence. Order and industry have been preserved in all departments, and our health has been preserved to us also. The Copaniscolas have come day by day to their lessons; and, seated one on either hand, have cheerfully studied the shapes and sounds of letters.

She has decidedly the best tongue for English. He has added materially to my vocabulary. I have commenced the first Tekeenica Primer, and my scholars take to it. My wife has paid several visits to their cottage, to give her lady-lessons in house-keeping.

"*Sunday*, 17*th*.—Our usual services took place. I spent to-day a long time with the natives, and got and gave much. Some scenes of Missionary life I showed. I could uot get the word 'Why?' but suspect from an extensive discourse of Ookokko, accompanied by pantomime, that it is involved with the verb. I find there are three words for 'Friend,' Tag-ga-collo, Mura-go, Much-em-ago. Those ignorant of the language fancy it is very poor. My experience leads to an opposite conclusion.

"*June* 21.—Till to-day the week has gone in the old ruts. The Copaniscolas are as regular as the clock, and improving. One day Ookokko remarked, with a sorrowful look, 'No *God-book* in my country.' I got this morning a Paraphrase for the Doxology.—'Ac-coo-pa-shoo God. Hyun too-a-ta God auchee-hoop owa-tic-cala hyema.' 'Praise God; from God we receive all good things.'

"*June* 24.—After our usual public services I paid my accustomed visit to the two natives. Ookokko, acknowledging his language very poor in numerals, maintained it was rich in terms for natural objects, and far superior in sound to Allieulluf. As an illustration of the former quality, he began the nomenclature of plants, from the weed below water-mark, on which the mussel feeds, to the mountain-berry on the hill-top, gesticulating from his finger-end to his shoulder. He easily comprehended the reason why the sun being so great yet appears so little; and why the moon, compa-

ratively diminutive, appears so great; and paralelled this by the appearance of a man at a distance, who afterwards comes near, and is large. I bade him explain this to his wife, that I might hear his language. He tried, but soon gave up, saying, 'No sabby.' He discussed the music of Alliculluf, and then of his own people, and of Cammalenna's (Ocy-a) people, and gave vocal examples. I felt how painful it is not to be able to discourse with him on higher subjects on the Lord's day. May the ability with the will soon come."

Departure of Mr. Schmid for Patagonia.

Not until a fortnight ago did Mr. Schmid leave England for the scene of his Missionary labours, the vessel in which his passage was taken not having sailed for some weeks after the time at first proposed. But now our dear brother is on the deep, and we trust he will be remembered in prayer by many friends of the Mission. Let any one reflect on the isolation and privations to which Mr. Schmid was subject during his former sojourn of twelve months amongst the Patagonian Indians, and he will then understand that nothing but the constraining love of Christ enables our brother again to forsake all the advantages of civilisation, and the precious communion of God's saints, in order that by living with a heathen and barbarous people he may gradually prepare the way for the entrance amongst them of the everlasting Gospel. When we think of the spirit which animates the heart of this servant of the Lord, we are comforted with the assurance that He who has thus inspired his heart, will cheer likewise and sustain him by His presence. The following lines

by Madame Guyon, as translated by Cowper, harmonise so well with our thoughts at this moment, that we venture to repeat them, although so well known.

O ! Thou by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide,
My Lord, with Thee, in sweet content,
I pass my years of banishment.

All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impress'd with sacred love ;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee,
In heaven, or earth, or on the sea.

To me remains nor place nor time ;
My country is in ev'ry clime ;
I can be calm, and free from care,
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none ;
But, with my God to guide my way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where Thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

It is to us a great satisfaction to know that Mr. Schmid will be accompanied by Mr Hunziker, who is awaiting his arrival in the Falkland Islands, in order to proceed with him to Patagonia. Thus two ambassadors for Christ will appear together shortly in that hitherto neglected land. That God may bless their efforts to extend the kingdom of His Son, who will not heartily pray ? It may interest our readers to know that Mr. Schmid goes forth equipped with many useful presents for the Indians, as well as with the means of instruction for such as may be willing to submit to his teaching. Pictures, illustrative of Scripture doctrine and history, slates, mechanical toys, magnets, &c., form

part of Mr. Schmid's treasury of learning for his future pupils. But perhaps the most interesting feature of his equipment, and the most picturesque, is the English Ensign, which by his own request Mr. Schmid takes with him, and purposes to hoist over his tent every Lord's day. Our friends will sometimes picture to themselves, we doubt not, the Indian encampment spread out upon the Patagonian plains, and in the midst of it, on the Sabbath day, the Missionary's tent, with the British flag floating from its summit. The Indians make no distinction of days; but by showing special regard to every Lord's Day, and using as a symbol the flag of a nation which has hitherto honoured that day, Mr. Schmid hopes to lead their minds on to the meaning of that covenant of rest which the Sabbath is to man.

Spiritual Destitution of the Estancieros.

An interesting Manuscript is lying before us, on the inside of the cover of which is the following inscription:

"Missionary Memoranda.

"1851.

"Written partly in Banner Cove, and partly in our Boat Dormitory.

"Concluded September 2nd.

"Drawn up in the hope that it may be useful to the Committee of the Patagonian Missionary Society.

"May the Lord give them zeal and faith to engage in this great and blessed work. The grain of mustard

seed will then flourish, and in due season there will be an abundant harvest."

We need scarcely add, that the "Memoranda" are from the pen of the late Capt. Allen Gardiner, R. N., and, as the above date shows, were written but a few days before his death, in Tierra del Fuego. From this treasury of suggestions, we select some remarks on the spiritual destitution of the Estancieros, or Cattle Graziers in South America, and on the means of affording them relief. To many, perhaps, the name of Captain Gardiner is known only in connection with the work of Christ in Patagonia or Tierra del Fuego. They do not know how ardently and long he laboured in the cause of South America generally. But, in reading the subjoined extracts from the "Memoranda" made by him, and so remarkably preserved on the beach after the author's death in Fuegia, they will recognise his zeal as well for the wealthy and civilized Estancieros, as for the poor and uncivilized Indian tribes.

We make these extracts appositely to a letter lately received from the Rev. S. Adams, British Chaplain at Monte Video, in which an appeal is made in behalf of the very class of persons for whom Gardiner pleads. There can be no doubt that the "Memoranda" from which we quote are the results of a wide and very ripe experience of the wants of South America; and as we turn to them, and find how just and valuable the remarks contained in them are, we are constrained to admire the foresight and wisdom of the writer. "He being dead, yet speaketh."

Following the extracts is a portion of the letter of the Rev. S. Adams, referring to the Estancieros. When the further intelligence kindly promised by Mr.

Adams, on this subject, comes to hand, we shall again invite the attention of our readers to its claims on their sympathy.

"*Observations on an important sphere of Missionary Labour, as yet wholly unoccupied, in the neighbourhood of Buenos Ayres.*

"The province of Buenos Ayres, more especially the southern portion of it, is one continued cattle ground, dotted over with establishments for collecting hides. Many of these estates are in the possession of our own countrymen, who reside upon them. They are widely scattered, and so remote from the capital, where alone there are English places of worship, that unhappily they are, from their necessary occupation, cut off from every ministerial means of grace. The consequence in such a country, and surrounded by Papists, may easily be imagined. Many of them have married into Spanish families, and as a natural result, the children follow the creed of their mothers, at least the daughters; the sons, whatever they may profess, in general care for none of these things. It is time indeed that something was done for them, and that, as they cannot, even were they so disposed, frequent the house of God, that the ministration of the Gospel was brought to them. This is a fine opening for an active and zealous Missionary, and he would not only have full employment, but I feel assured a cordial reception among them. These cattle farmers live in abundance, and are very hospitable, and there can be no reason to doubt that they would, by mutual contributions, furnish a very sufficient annual salary to any Clergyman who would undertake to visit different points of the districts on which they are located, at stated periods. Each would contribute at

least, I should say, ten dollars a year, and there would be about fifty individuals who would be thankful for such advantages. At the lowest computation, £100 could easily be raised, which, in that country, would go as far as £180 in England. In order to save time and expense in travelling, he could make Luxan, Magdelena, and Ranchos, each centrical places, his head quarters alternately for three or four months in the year, and hold services in some of the most conveniently situated Cattle Establishments throughout the intermediate districts. He would be at no expense for board and lodging while occupied in visiting them, as the Proprietors would gladly take him in, and this would afford him many opportunities of conversing with them on religious subjects, and introducing suitable books into the family. Such a system, if followed up with regularity and carried out judiciously, might by the blessing of God be the means of reclaiming many a wanderer, confirming many a waverer, and winning to the true faith in Jesus those hitherto neglected children and young people who at present are literally without any one caring for their souls. Schools might be opened, Lending Libraries set on foot, &c. &c. In fact, it is at present fallow ground; but they are not only immortal souls, but, moreover, our own countrymen, and surrounded by everything which has a tendency to engross the carnal affections, and to blunt and starve the spiritual. As they may almost be said to live on horseback they make light of long distances, so that in all probability there would be no lack of a sufficient audience at every house where it was known that service would be held. It is not likely in their present condition that they would attend on any other day than the Sabbath, but by degrees Evening Lectures could be

added during the week, in places where the occupier was himself religiously disposed, or by the grace of God had been brought to embrace the Gospel through the instrumentality of the Missionary."

"Monte Video, August 29, 1860.

"My dear Sir,—A few days before I received your letter, I had an interview with a wealthy, I believe, Estanciero, who, I found, was anxious to procure a Tutor from England for his children, and who informed me that there were other Englishmen in his district who would, he thought, unite with him in maintaining such a Tutor, if I could procure one for them. I told him that I had often wished to visit his district, but not having had any one to take charge of the Hospital and Cemetery during my absence, I had hitherto been unable to do so. He told me that he could promise me a congregation of from forty to sixty people; that at a distance of a few leagues from his district there were several Englishmen again grouped together, and that at Colonia there were a considerable number. I asked him whether it would not be better, *if possible*, to procure the services of a man in orders, who might combine the offices of Clergyman and Tutor; and he replied that nothing could afford him greater pleasure, and that he believed that other Estancieros would most thankfully unite with him in the endeavour to procure such advantages for themselves and families. I believe that a man of self-denying zeal and of sound judgment, located in the district to which I have referred, acting as Tutor to the children, visiting other districts on appointed days, preaching, &c., would, under God, be a means of great blessing to many souls; while after he had acquired the language, he would find many open-

ings for usefulness among the natives. The spiritual condition of the Estancieros and their families is truly deplorable; the necessity for Missionary work being undertaken in the Camp is admitted on all hands. My church is to be closed for two Sundays, for repairs, &c., and it was my intention to have gone to the district to which I have specially referred, and to have held two or three services there on the Sunday; on the Tuesday to have held services in another district, and to have been at Colonia on the Thursday; but I find that I cannot accomplish my wish, as there will not be a Chaplain here at the time. I hope, however, when the Admiral returns from Rio, and there will be two Navy Chaplains here, that I can make such arrangements as will enable me to leave home for a week. I shall then be in a position to furnish you with accurate information.

"Mr. Lafone is from home at present, travelling for his health; he is very anxious to see some work undertaken in the Camp, and I hope to have some conversation with him on his return. There are also two other gentlemen whom I hope to consult on these points, and I shall write to you, D. V., next month; but I cannot, I fear, visit the Camp before October. Will your Society contribute to the support of a Pastor and Tutor for the Estancieros, &c.? I am much interested in what you say of the future plans of the Society. I shall be glad to receive further information on this point. You might send me ten numbers of the 'Voice of Pity.' I send some generally to Buenos Ayres.

"Believe me to be yours very faithfully,

"SAMUEL ADAMS."

Patagonian Grammar.

That our friends may gain some idea of the value of the Rudiments of a Grammar of the *Tsoneca* Language, which Mr. Schmid has thus far formed, and put in writing, we give his preface, and short extracts from the work itself. In our next number we will devote more space to the extracts. Those, who think calmly of the early difficulties of Missionary labour, not the least of which is the barrier to free communication, interposed by diversities of language, will not lightly value the result of Mr. Schmid's efforts to acquaint himself and us with the *Tsoneca* tongue. How greatly shall we rejoice when in the wastes of Patagonia God's truth shall find a tabernacle in the language of a people now ignorant of His name!

PREFACE.

"In submitting to the friends of the Patagonian Mission the following Vocabulary, and Rudiments of a Grammar, I lay claim to no more freedom from error than that which a careful and conscientious effort to commit to writing a hitherto unwritten language can guarantee. The Patagonian Indians are a taciturn people, and far from ready in communicating to others information about the structure of their language. My difficulties have been, therefore, great—and my stay amongst them was but one year. Nothing but the closest observation, and the most patient comparison of the forms of speech,—my ear being ever on guard, and my pencil at hand,—enabled me to master to the extent I have the early difficulties, which beset my efforts to acquire an insight into this rude, and unwritten language.

"It was my intention to have presented the following fragments of the Patagonian, or *Tsoneca*, dialect in Ellis' Phonetic type—for there is little doubt of its advantages in expressing the guttural sounds of the Indian tongue—but the tedious delay in procuring the proper type has caused me to attempt, without its aid, to render in ordinary Roman characters the results of my year's labour. If the reader will kindly sound the vowels, and other letters, as I have ventured to fix them in the following scale, he will, in examining the Vocabulary, gain a nearer approach to the true pronunciation of the words than would otherwise be the case.

a has always the sound of *ah*, and as in French.

e is sounded as *e* in men; or, in French, cêhne.

i sound short, as *i* in pin, except when it is followed by a vowel, as in the word di-arc.

o has the sound of *o* in note.

u is sounded like *oo* in boot, or *u*, as in rule.

u with the circumflex is sounded as in sun, run.

When any of these vowels are marked with a stroke, the sound is somewhat longer.

The compound vowels *au*, *ai*, *eu*, are not diphthongs, but are to be pronounced separately, and yet short, as if written ca-u.

The diphthong *ou*, which occurs but once, sounds like *ou* in house.

C has always, even before *e* and *i*, the sound of *k*.

Ch is always soft, as in such, much.

K represents the guttural *ch* of the German.

G with a stroke over it, which occurs rarely, is *g* hard, as in give, gimlet.

"The rest of the consonants are pronounced the same as in the ordinary alphabet.

"The Nouns are arranged according to the affinity of

the subjects, as well as it could be done without making too many divisions. The Vocabulary is, in my opinion, too small to place the words in alphabetical order.

"I must state here, that the Southern Patagonians, of whose language this Vocabulary is composed, call themselves *Tsoneca*, and that I have, therefore, adopted this word as the name of their language, as they themselves do, it being more definite than 'Patagonian,' or 'Indian.'"

NOUNS.

Nouns, as far as I can make it out, are declined in the following manner:

	Tsoneca.	*English.*
Nom.	Yanco	My father
Gen.	Dai yanco	Of my father
Dat.	Yanco	To my father
Acc.	Yanco	My father

There is no termination or other sign to distinguish the plural.

PRONOUNS.

PERSONAL.

Sing.	Ya	I
	Ma	Thou
	Da, or hem	He
Dual.	Ucwa	We two
	Mûcma	You two
	Dûcda	They two
Plural.	Ushwa	We (many)
	Mûshma	You
	Dûshda	They

(To be continued.)

Present Plans.

In our last number we took a hasty survey of our Mission-work, and directed our readers' attention to four principal points where the work is being carried on. These were Keppel Island, Tierra del Fuego, Patagonia, and Chili. We must ask our readers to bear in mind these several localities, inasmuch as they are not only in intention but in fact, connected with the operations of the Society. To those who have most narrowly watched the proceedings of the Mission, it will not be without significance that in the very midst and thickest of its trials there have been signs of healthy growth. There has been an orderly and natural development. At this very time, when the disaster of Nov. 6, 1859, throws its still sorrowful shadow upon our work, we know of nothing which seriously disturbs the action of the Society, or disappoints the hopes of those who are praying for its success. So far from this, we witness a manifest expansion, and that not forced and hurried, but accompanied by all the signs of a regular and healthy activity. Two years ago the work of the Society was confined to Tierra del Fuego. Now we can besides claim an interest in Patagonia and Chili, as scenes of Missionary labour. In geographical position these countries lie contiguous to each

other, and by a natural process of selection the spiritual claims of their inhabitants have come successively under our care. But, while widening the basis of the Society's operations, there is necessarily a demand for enlarged means. We accordingly at once state what are the probable pecuniary requirements for undertaking, and energetically pursuing, the Mission-work at the different points above alluded to. In Tierra del Fuego the expenses are necessarily heavy, owing to the peculiar conditions of the enterprise. A Mission-ship, and a Mission Station, together with the necessity of sending out stores from England, entail in the outset a serious outlay. Nevertheless, it is deemed quite sufficient to assign a sum of £1900 a-year for the entire working of the Mission in Tierra del Fuego. A clerical Superintendent, and three lay Missionaries, together with a Captain and crew of the Mission-ship, may, it is calculated, be properly sustained in their Missionary duties at the above expense. In Patagonia south, *i. e.* working from the Magellan Straits, with perhaps Elizabeth Island as a future basis,—the funds necessary to maintain in efficiency the agency of the Society need not exceed £450 a-year, including the expense of keeping up regular communications with the Missionaries engaged there. Again, on the Rio Negro, in the north of Patagonia, where, as

our readers will presently see, it is purposed to place two Missionaries, a sum of £550 is deemed by the Committee sufficient to meet the requirements of the case. For the work in Chili not less than £600 a-year are needed, in order to fulfil the present intentions of the Committee. Thus for £3,500—as an approximate sum—the Society can place its agents in Tierra del Fuego, in Patagonia, north and south, and in Chili. This is only a beginning of the great work of Protestant Missions in South America; but we believe it to be well worthy of the ambition of the Christian Church, and we earnestly implore the friends of Missions not to neglect its claims. In making, however, the above estimate of expenditure, we have omitted all allusion to the expenses of management at home. These are by an unfortunate necessity very large, and inclusive of salaries, printing, travelling expenses, and an office, cannot be safely rendered at less than £1000 a-year. If it is found that the income of the Society can be maintained without such expensive machinery, we shall rejoice; but our present fear is, that the working outlay can be only relatively, and not really, reduced, *i. e.* by multiplying the means of increasing the agency of the Society abroad, and limiting the expenditure at home. And, as far as the foreign operations of the Mission are concerned, they admit of a very wide development,

Up to the present time we are but touching the fringe of the aboriginal population of South America. Perhaps in the area embraced by our present plan, some 200,000 heathen are included —a number small in itself perhaps, yet more than three times as large as the native population of New Zealand, and exceeding by some 50,000, probably the existing number of converts to Protestant Christianity in India, after at least eighty years of Missionary effort. We might seek to impress the minds of our readers by arraying before them a million-and-a-half of aborigines in the valley of the Amazon, or by speaking of the interesting Indian population of Peru; but we are persuaded it does not require the argument of millions to make the work of this Society appear a really solemn, and important one.

If we examine the past efforts of the Society, we shall see they have been far from nugatory, even during that period when, by the confession of all, and in accordance with the experience of every other kindred work, the apparent results must be necessarily small. Already two languages wholly new to Europeans—the Tsoneca and Tekeenica—are growing into written forms under our hands; and the time is drawing near when, enriched with divine thoughts, they shall be returned to those from whom we have learned them. It will not surprise our readers

then to be told, that the Committee have determined to follow up as vigorously as possible the work, which has by the providence of God fallen to their care. For a moment indeed in Tierra del Fuego itself the operations of the Society must be necessarily suspended. But this is only a small section of the sphere of operations: and while the two natives belonging to this part are under our instruction and care, it cannot be doubted but that a very important preliminary work is going on in the prospect of a renewal of direct Missionary effort in the land of their birth.

It is, therefore, satisfactory to know that, the necessity of withdrawing the *Allen Gardiner* for a short interval from her work abroad, and thereby suspending the direct action of the Mission in Tierra del Fuego, will entail no great loss of time, inasmuch as we shall continue to carry on the instruction of the two Fuegians now at our Station, and prepare ourselves and them for future evangelical efforts amongst their countrymen. In the course of the Spring of 1861 we look for the return of our Mission vessel, when it is possible that we may be introduced to our two Fuegian friends, and welcome, after a period of nearly five years spent in Missionary labour, the Rev. G. P. Despard and his family in England. With all the promptitude possible, the *Allen Gardiner* will be refitted; and as an

encouragement to friends interested in this matter, we are happy to be able to give a lower estimate of the outlay required than was formerly supposed. A sum of £700 will probably suffice not only to restore our vessel to her former efficiency, but to enable us to add to her length, thereby giving her increased capabilities as a sailing vessel, and conducing materially to her comfort as the floating home of our Missionaries. In the meanwhile, the Mission-station on Keppel Island, will be left in charge of trustworthy parties, who will take due precautions for preserving the Society's property. By this arrangement the Society will maintain its present ground, and without prejudice to the past, be enabled to resume in their integrity, or to modify, as the full light of experience directs, the plans which have hitherto been in operation. Our readers are aware that it was to meet the varied and very difficult conditions of the Mission-work in southern Tierra del Fuego, that the design—of which a Station in the Falkland Islands, and a Mission-vessel to keep up communications between the two places were essential parts,—was conceived and carried into effect. This design has now been submitted to a trial, and, while there are persons, who think that some other plan would have been accompanied by more rapid and decisive results, we maintain that the results actually

achieved are important, and prophetic of further success. It will not be, therefore, on light grounds that the Committee abandon a plan, which has been already endorsed by certain undoubted good effects. But inasmuch as it is by no means essential to close this question until the *Allen Gardiner* has been refitted, they suspend their final judgment on the matter, in order that when once formed it may have the approval of the latest circumstances.

We have thus far principally confined our remarks to the Society's plans so far as they affect Keppel Island, and southern Tierra del Fuego. Following the course adopted in our last number, we speak next of Patagonia. In order to effectually carry out Missionary operations in this country, it may become eventually necessary to have some permanent settlement on the coast. The most suitable locality will hereafter have to be determined. In the Magellan Straits, Elizabeth Island offers peculiar advantages, if only the Chilian government sanction our request to have a small station there. But for work higher up in the Continent, perhaps a site on the East Coast, near Santa Cruz; or more to the north, in the neighbourhood of the river* Chupat, which flows from

* In reference to this river, and the advantages of a settlement near its mouth, Admiral Fitzroy thus writes:—

"Vessels even of thirty tons burden, might enter the

the Andes across the whole country, into the Atlantic Ocean, might afford the best opportunities of developing our purposes in respect to the native tribes. At present the Committee are determined to prepare the way for permanent Missionary operations in Patagonia by sending, as soon as the men and means are placed at their disposal, two Missionaries to the Buenos Ayrean settlement of El Carmen, on the Rio Negro, there to open communications with the Indians, and after gaining their confidence, to seek to win them to Christ. In another part of our present number we have given extracts from a work by Admiral Fitzroy, in regard to the little colony of El Carmen, and the Indians in its neighbourhood. Our readers will there see what kind of treatment these uncivilised tribes have experienced from men calling themselves Christians; and we are mistaken very much if the friends of Protestant Missions are not thereby stirred with a jealous desire to illustrate before these people, not indeed the love of power, but the power of Christian love. We know there are difficulties in the way. What work of Christ is without special difficul-

Chupat, if constructed so as to draw little water. I need not dwell upon the possible advantages to be derived from opening a communication across the Continent with Chiloe, which might be a means of diffusing Christianity, civilisation, and commercial intercourse."

ties? We know the progress of the work must be slow. But this is only a motive for delaying its commencement no longer. We have great satisfaction, therefore, in stating to the supporters of this Mission, the express desire of the Committee to place on the Rio Negro, which forms the northern boundary of Patagonia, two men, whose qualifications justify the hope that they will usefully occupy the position of Christian Missionaries in that locality. The climate there is extremely healthy, and the Indian language can be acquired from the half-civilised representatives of the independent tribes whose miserable lot at El Carmen is pictured so painfully by Admiral Fitzroy. With these conditions in their favour, and with Messrs. Schmid and Hunziker engaged in friendly and christian intercourse with the Southern Patagonians, from whom, if we may judge from past experience, a good report is likely to reach their brethren of the North, we cheerfully look forward to the advancement amongst these people of the Gospel, and kingdom of Christ.

In regard to the work in Araucania, we must confine ourselves to very general remarks. The difficulties besetting Protestant Missionary efforts here arise principally from the influence of the Church of Rome. Enjoying as we do complete civil and religious liberty, we can scarcely form an idea of the intense hatred which is fostered

against everything in the shape of Protestantism by the Roman Catholic system, especially when grafted upon Spanish pride and exclusiveness. In Chili, this ignorant intolerance of Protestantism has a great hold of the population, excepting amongst that class whom education and commercial intercourse have liberalised and enlightened. But, notwithstanding, we have great confidence in the ultimate success of our efforts to gain an entrance amongst the Indians of Araucania. Our movements must of course be directed with great caution, and with a desire to excite in the least possible degree the jealousy of the Spanish population. From Mr. Gardiner, who is probably now on the Indian frontier, we have again heard, since our last number was published. He speaks of a providential opening, which had presented itself to him, and which he was at once about to occupy. Regarding, too, the friendly feeling towards the work on the part of Protestant Christians in Valparaiso, and elsewhere, he gives us the most satisfactory information; while from the same quarter we have private letters expressing sincere interest in the work, and promising support. It will not be long, we hope, before we shall be required, in accordance with our purpose, to send out a well-qualified Missionary, to co-operate with Mr. Gardiner in the arduous enterprise on which he has entered. But to carry

out the designs of the Mission, the liberal support of Christians is needed. The importance of the work does not admit of a doubt. The duty, moreover, of undertaking it is very plain, and we believe Christians will recognise it.

We conclude this article with the following notice of the Araucanian Indians, taken from "Travels in Mexico and Peru, by S. S. Hill"—a work published this year.

"The most remarkable of the Indian tribes within the bounds of Chili are the Araucanians, who struggled so long for their independence. They are as distinct a race as the native Peruvians, though very inferior to that people in the degree of civilisation they have attained. They have now a little mixture of European blood among them, which is derived from the Spaniards driven within their territory, or settled among them during the revolutionary war. They are generally considered a well-formed race, and have fine open countenances, with black quick eyes. Moreover, they are intelligent and firm in character, and their courage and patriotism have been well proved by their efforts in favour of liberty since the first invasion of their country. They live in fixed habitations, cultivate the soil, and subsist upon the fruits of their labours. Their social institutions have been considered well adapted to their state of advancement; but their intercourse with Europeans has tended much to demoralise them, and to diminish their numbers. They are nevertheless still supposed to have a population amounting to 100,000. The rest of the Indians mingled with the Chilians, or bordering on the territory of the republic, are inferior to the Araucanians both in person, and the degrees of advancement, which they have attained."

El Carmen.

In the following extracts from a work by Admiral Fitzroy, our readers will find some interesting particulars relative to El Carmen, on the Rio Negro, and the Indians in its neighbourhood. Soon we hope to know this place better, by adopting it as a seat of operations for two Missionary brethren. In spite of the present general want of friendliness towards white men on the part of the Indians, we do not doubt that those, who seek intercourse with them as Christ's messengers should, will gradually acquire their confidence, and be accepted as friends. It is not wonderful that the free Indian tribes in the Rio Negro should be provoked into acts of hostility against white men, by whom they have been shamefully abused, and who have been utterly indifferent to the feelings of a common humanity. But we hope better things for the future; and with God's help we will aim to initiate a movement, which shall issue in beneficial results for these Indian tribes.

"Running up the River Negro (on the 7th Dec., 1832), Lieut. Wickham found the 'freshes' * strongly against him. The banks of the river afforded a pleasing contrast, by their verdure, to the arid desert around Anegada Bay. Most part of these banks was cultivated, and great quantities of fine corn was seen growing. Here and there were country houses (quintas) surrounded by gardens, in which apple, fig, walnut, cherry, quince, and peach trees, vines, and vegetables of most kinds were abundantly plentiful.

"Although the banks of the river are so fit for cultivation, it is only in consequence of floods, which

* Showing that this was the period of one of the two floods to which the Negro is annually subject.

take place twice a-year—once during the rainy season of the interior, and once at the time when the snow melts on the Cordillera. These floods swell the river several feet above its banks, bringing a deposit of mud and decayed vegetable matter, which enriches the soil and keeps it moist even during the long droughts of that climate.

"The plough used there is wooden, and generally worked by oxen, but it does not cut deeply. Manure is never used, the soil being so fattened by alluvial deposits.

"The town of Nuestra Senora del Carmen, is about six leagues up the river, on its northern bank, upon a slightly-rising ground about forty feet above the water. It is irregularly built: the houses are small, one only having two stories; and glass windows are seldom seen: each house has a large oven. A square enclosure of some extent, formed by walls of unbaked bricks (adobes), is called the fort, and within it are the church, the governor's house, lodgings for the officers, and public stores. This fort commands the neighbourhood, as well as the houses (or cottages) surrounding it; and of the hundred buildings which compose the town of Carmen, exclusive of about thirty huts on the south bank of the river, the fort is the oldest. It was built about 1763. Some houses, forty years old, are as fresh in outward appearance, as if built only a few years ago. In a population of 1,400, there are about 500 negroes. Altogether there may be in the town about two thousand inhabitants, but many of the poorer families and negroes live in caves, which were dug out of cliffs on the river's bank by the first Spanish settlers. It is said that they served the Spaniards as a secure refuge from the Indians, who could only approach them by one

path, easily secured. These caves dug out of earthy clay, are not despicable dwellings, while there is a fire in them to expel damp.

"About a league from the entrance of the river are the ruins of a large house, which was the 'Estancia del Rey.' In former days 100,000 head of cattle were attached to that establishment, now there is not even a calf.

"Some of the first settlers were living at Carmen in 1833, staunch royalists, every one looking back with regret to former times. One of them belonged to the crew of the Spanish launch that first entered the river. He said, that the Indians were then living in detached tribes along both banks of the river, and were very friendly to the Spaniards. This same old man afterwards made one of the exploring party, under Villarino, in 1786, when the natives were not only inoffensive, but gave them assistance. How different from the present day! when if a Christian is seen by the natives, he is immediately hunted, and his safety depends upon the fleetness of his horse. It has sometimes happened, that persons riding along near this river, have been surprised by a marauding party of Indians, and obliged, as their only resource, to leap off the banks (barrancas), whether high or low, and swim across to the other side. The Indians have never followed; hence this, though requiring resolution, is a sure mode of escape.

"Prior to the conclusion of the war between Brazil and Buenos Ayres (1828), the settlers at Carmen lived tranquilly—undisturbed by Indian aggression (retaliation?) but since that time, they have been kept in continual alarm. Prisoners are often brought to Carmen to be ransomed, whom the Indians have taken from other places. They are generally women or children; and as

the Indians often find out who their prisoners are, the ransoms asked are proportionably exorbitant. Men are usually put to death, if they do not die of their wounds. There is a tribe of friendly Indians living near Carmen, at the outskirts of the town, who do much hard work for the inhabitants for very trifling remuneration; but they are shamefully abused, cheated in every way by shopkeepers and liquor-venders, and harshly treated by other persons, who seem to consider them inferior beings—unworthy of any kind or humane consideration. Should one of these poor creatures fall by the knife of a passionate white man, no notice is taken of it by the authorities; the murderer boasts of his deed, and the poor relations suffer patiently the loss and the insult, which they dare not avenge. Having quitted the free tribes, seduced by promises never fulfilled, they would not be received among them again; and their own numbers, originally small, are reduced daily by disease and abominable drugs, which the publicans sell them in what is said to be spirituous liquor (agua ardiente). Mr. Wickham saw a poor Indian woman, between forty and fifty years of age, almost killed by a blow on the head from an ox's skull (with the horns), given by a wretch, who had drawn his knife upon her husband for preventing his kissing a pretty girl, their daughter, who was walking with her. This scoundrel was seen by Mr. Wickham, a few days afterwards, betting at the race-course with the principal people of the place.

"Thanks to the influence of Harris and Roberts, and their connections (both being married to daughters of Spanish settlers), our officers and men were exceedingly well treated. Every door was open to them; and the fruit in every garden was freely, as well as sincerely

offered. Letters had been forwarded to the commandant or governor, from Buenos Ayres, desiring that we might have every facility and freedom in our operations; but the disposition towards us was such, that those letters were not required.

"From the remains of former buildings, and accounts of the old men, Lieutenant Wickham thought that the Spanish settlers must have been far more industrious and ingenious than their creole descendants, who are idle, indolent, and ignorant. The height of their ambition is to make a show at the Sunday races, where they deceive, drink, wrangle, gamble, and quarrel. These Sabbath occupations are always attended by the female part of the population, who take that opportunity of displaying their finery; and though seated upon handkerchiefs on the sandy ground, without any defence from sun, wind, dust, or rain, every damsel displays silk stockings and a gaudy dress upon these occasions. The men do not go near them, notwithstanding their attire: they can beat a poor woman almost to death, upon occasion; but they cannot defer a bet, or risk losing a dollar, for the sake of female society.

"The climate is so healthy, that illness of any kind is scarcely known; and the inhabitants, in general, live to a good old age. There is a stirring trade carried on in small vessels, between Buenos Ayres and this place. Salt, of excellent quality, hides, peltry, seal or sea-elephant oil, and skins, are the principal exports, in return for which are received manufactures, sugar, spirits, tobacco, &c.

"The Indians, who live at the outskirts of the town in 'toldos,' which are neither wind nor water-tight, load vessels with salt; but the price of their labour is usually spent in some kind of spirituous liquor, which

is made and drugged expressly for them—the publicans often saying, 'that it is a sin to give an Indian good spirits.'

"Some leagues up the river coal is obtained, I was informed, but I did not see a specimen myself.

"In May, June, July, and August, the neighbourhood of this river swarms with wild fowl, which migrate from the south, for the winter, and return there to breed about September. The old people foretell a severe winter when they arrive early, and in greater numbers than usual. In 1833-4 they formed the staple article of food for the inhabitants of Carmen during the winter, as the Indians had deprived them of their cattle; in the summer cavies and ostriches supplied their tables. Hunting is a favourite amusement of the Carmenites. They sally forth in large parties on horseback, attended by a motley crowd of dogs, inclose a large extent of country, contract the circle gradually, and at last drive a great number of ostriches, wolves, cavies, deer, foxes, and pumas, into a comparatively small space, when the indiscriminate attack commences —balls and lassoes flying in every direction. Many accidents happen to the horses in these hunts, owing to the ground being so undermined, in some places, by the 'tucu-tucu,"* a little animal like a small rabbit; but the riders are so skilful, that they generally save themselves, however awkwardly their horses may fall. Pumas are an especial object of attack, not only for the risk attached to encountering them, but because they do so much damage to the young animals of all kinds: they have a peculiar method of instantly killing a young colt

* This Indian name, gutturally pronounced, expresses the curious sound made by these creatures while under ground —a noise somewhat like the blow of a distant hammer.

by breaking its neck with an adroit blow of one paw, while the poor creature is held fast between the other, and a most formidably armed mouth. In 1779 there were numerous herds of cattle and horses near the town of Carmen, but incursions of the Indians have diminished them to but few.

"During the time of the old Spaniards, after 1783, more than a thousand Indians attacked the settlement at one time. The inhabitants retreated to their caves, where, defended by strong doors, with loop-holes for musketry, they were safe; but their houses were ransacked and burned, and all their animals driven away. Since that time the frequent predatory excursions of minor parties of Indians have prevented the settlers from again attempting to collect animals in large numbers, seeing that they would assuredly tempt the aborigines to repeat their attacks on a greater scale than ever. The old man, who was one of Villarino's party, gave Mr. Darwin some information about that expedition, which entirely corroborates the interesting account of Basilio Villarino himself, who made his way, by excellent management, and extreme perseverance, to the foot of the Cordillera, though surrounded by Indians suspicious of his intentions. He managed so dexterously as to make one tribe become his firm friends and assistants; and behaved so well himself, in his own enterprises, as well as in his conduct to those under him, as to have obtained their hearty co-operation during eight long months. But he was soon afterwards savagely murdered by the natives during another exploring expedition. The old man said that Villarino was much guided by the account of an Englishman, whose description of the river and Indian country was found to be very accurate."

Patagonian Grammar.

(Continued.)

The Possessive Pronouns are formed from the Personal, by prefixing their respective first letter or syllable to the Noun which they specify. See the following examples :—

	Tsoneca.	*English.*
Sing.	Paiken	Knife
	Yipaiken	My knife
	M'paiken	Thy knife
	D'paiken	His, her knife
Dual.	Ucpaiken	Our (of us two) knife
	Mûcpaiken	Your (of you two) knife
	Dûcpaiken	Their (of them two) knife
Plural.	Ushpaiken	Our knife
	Mûshpaiken	Your knife
	Dûshpaiken	Their knife
Sing.	Yan-co	My father
	Manco	Thy father
	Danco	His, her father
Dual.	Ucwanco	Our (of us two) father
	Mûcmanco	Your (of you two) father
	Dûcdanco	Their (of them two) father
Plural.	Ushwanco	Our father
	Mûshmanco	Your father
	Dûshdanco	Their father

The Possessive Pronouns, if *not* joined to a Noun, but placed by themselves, answering to the French, le mien, la mienne, le sien, la sienne, are expressed as follows :—

	Tsoneca.	*English.*
Sing.	Yau-en	(The) mine
	Mau-en	thine
	Dau-en	his, her
Dual.	Ucwau-en	Our (of us two)
	Mûcmau-en	Your (of you two)
	Dûcdau-en	Their (of them two)
Plural.	Ushwau-en	Our
	Mûshmau-en	Your
	Dûshdau-en	Their

These Pronouns are, however, often shortened, thus, ya, ma, ucwa, ushwa, &c. &c.

If I wish to ask a question, such as the following (using the Pronouns interrogatively).—Is it yours? I must say, Mamo? The person addressed will answer thus, Yashc—It is mine; or, Mashc—It is thine; or, Willom dashe—It is all his.

The termination mo is used in asking questions, and agrees much with the English Is it? whilst the other, shc, is simply affirmative, and answers to It is, as shown in the above mentioned example.

DEMONSTRATIVE.

Tsoneca.	*English.*
Win, wino	This
Mir, miro	That
Dai win	Of this one
Dai mir	Of that one

INTERROGATIVE.

Kemcr?	Who? whom?
Keur?	Who?
Cene? cenon! cetce?	Which?
Cete?	What?
Cetemo?	What is it?
Cenosh?	When!
Cenke?	How?
Cenai?	Where?
Cenemo?	Where is (it)?
Cenecr?	Whither?
Cenaicr?	Where about?
Cetnaimo?	What is the matter?
Cetnashmo?	Ditto
Cencaince?	How many? or, How much?
Cencainmo?	How much is (there)?
Cetcec?	What for? why?
Ceteremsh?	Why?

A few examples will suffice to show how they stand in connection with other words.

Tsoneca.	*English.*
Ke-ur iwurmo?	Who is fighting?
Kemer m'gakshmo?	Whom do you strike?
Cete m'matashmo?	What are you making?
Cene mutceoershmo?	Which do you like?
Cenoncmo?	Which is (it)?
Cetcer imcoregshmo?	Which (horse) shall I catch for [you?
Cetemo remo?	What is that?
Cenosh m'chenshmo?	When do you go?
Cenemo manco?	Where is thy father?
Cenecer ushhaugemo?	Where shall we hunt?
Ceteremsh m'geshmo?	Why are you looking?
Cencaince caul ma?	How many horses have you?

ADJECTIVES.

Getenc	Good
Cteronc	Bad
Ctsainic	Tall, large
Ctalenc	Small, little
Borshenc	Hot, warm
Gsayu	Warm
Curshenc	Cold
Tsarshcûsh	Raw, unripe
Ash	Cooked, ripe
Arenc	Dry
Ctsaksh	Wet, damp
Bocetsenc	Stiff
C'benic	High
Tsamnic	Low, short
Go-osh	Sweet
Ctark	Bitter

Tsoneca.	*English.*
Get	Clean, nice, fine
Ctartenc, ctero	Dirty, foul
Sharenc	Full
C'besh	Empty
Shurenc	Hard
Ence	Angry
Alwin	Quick, industrious
Cûmash	Lazy
A-yush	Silly, foolish
Aiwinc	Ditto
Shoyu	Sick, unwell
Sewinc	Fat
Gilman	Lean
Bocûr	Thick
Katr	Thin, narrow
Ctirne	Long
Wainc	Old
Mago	New, fresh
Naish	Jealous
Cemesh	Tepid, stale
Gocr	Straight, direct
Gark	Lame
Amel	Dear, expensive
Amelshum	Cheap
Wacenc	Equal, like
Watenc	Broken
Bedken	Loose
Paronc	Wild, shy
Gamenic	Tame
Sorenc	Swift
Shacompan	Glad, happy
Dorman	Sad
Gashtern	Deep

Tsoneca.	*English.*
Caiceu	Naked (lit. without a skin)
Willom	All
Seunc	Many
Tsait	Much
Ctalco, yapa	Little
Honsh, yucen	A little, or a few
Neurun	Same
Ecil	Near
I-urn	Far
Euc	Loud

THE COLOURS.

Orenc	White
Polnc	Black, and violet blue
Gabenc	Red
Talemptenc	Brown
Waitenc	Yellow
Geocetenc	Crimson
Pantenc	Pink
Caltenc	Blue
Yacenstenc	Grass green
Golgetenc	Dark green
Temedenc	Grey

(To be continued.)

"This did not once so trouble me."

I.

This did not once so trouble me,
That better I could not love Thee;
But now I feel and know
That only when we love, we find
How far our hearts remain behind
The love they should bestow.

II.

While we had little care to call
On Thee, and scarcely prayed at all,
We seemed enough to pray:
But now we only think with shame,
How seldom to Thy glorious Name
Our lips their offerings pay.

III.

And when we gave yet slighter heed
Unto our brother's suffering need,
Our hearts reproached us then
Not half so much as now, that we
With such a careless eye can see
The woes and wants of men.

IV.

In doing is this knowledge won,
To see what yet remains undone;
With this our pride repress,
And give us grace, a growing store,
That day by day we may do more,
And may esteem it less.

R. C. TRENCH.

Closing Accounts for 1860.

As the financial year of the Society closes on the 31st Inst., we earnestly invite our friends to send in their various contributions as early as possible. Up to the present time the funds have scarcely attained their average amount; but we hope the liberality of Christian friends during the present month will turn the scale in favour of 1860. We assure our supporters that there is much need of their persevering help.