

## INSTRUCTIONS TO THE MISSIONARIES

\*To the Rev. William Arms and Rev. Titus Coan, Missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to the Heathen\*.

\*Dear Brethren;\*

The mariner every year visits the western Shores of Patagonia, braving the rough waves and incessant rains, in pursuit of seals; and recently some officers of the British navy have traced the unparalleled intricacies of that coast, for the benefit of commerce. But the most interesting field of inquiry yet remains to be explored. \*Man\*, in Patagonia, though found around almost the whole extent of coast, and possibly in [2nd page/] many parts of the vast interior, immortal man has been in great measure overlooked. Little is known respecting his character and habits; except that, in the east, he roams on horseback over the boundless pampas; while, in the west, his life is spent in a canoe among the islands. If he has fixed habitation, to which he resorts at stated seasons, and where are the graves of his fathers, as it would seem he must have, we know nothing about them. Nor are there any data, by which we may estimate the number of human beings in that great country. Nor have we any certain information concerning their religious opinions and feelings. Living in the ends of the earth, they are unknown to the rest of the world: and where is the disciple of Jesus, who ever shed a tear over their hapless condition as probationers for eternity

But the time has come, in which the moral condition of every part of the world must be made known to the church. The church must become acquainted with the [3rd page/] ground she is to occupy, and the work she is to do. The most remote and inhospitable countries, if the abode of human beings, must be visited by the Christian traveller, and all its spiritual necessities be made known to those whose duty it is to relieve them.

Through the public-spirited generosity of \*Silas E. Burrows\*, Esq. of New York City, you will receive a gratuitous passage in the Mary Jane, captain Clift, to some convenient point on the western coast of Patagonia, and you may rely upon the influence of that gentleman to secure you the friendly assistance of the several ship-masters in his employment, whenever you are in circumstances to need and receive such assistance. Your drafts upon the Treasurer of the Board, as a remuneration for the favors received from them, will be duly honored; and the Committee cherish the hope, that in some way the gracious Lord, at whose command you go on this mission, and who is everywhere present, will be pleased to provide for all your wants. Your minds, however, should [4th page/] be prepared for singular privations -- for hunger, cold, nakedness, perils in the wilderness, and perils in the sea, that you may endure them with all long suffering and patience.

In case the vessel touches anywhere in Eastern Patagonia, you will learn as much as possible with regard to the inhabitants, always taking care not to expose yourselves to the danger of captivity; but the field you

are to make the special object of inquiry, is \*Western Patagonia\*. There, you will use all proper means to gain the desired information concerning the native tribes, from the southern limits of Chili to the Strait of Magellan.

The Chart, drawn by Capt. King, under direction of the British Admiralty, of which you are furnished with a copy on a larger scale than the original, will be of essential service to you, and to the vessel in which you sail. It presents indeed one of the most broken coasts in the world; yet it demonstrates that vessels may find complete protection from the Pacific, by means of islands and archipelagos extending nearly 400 miles, from the Magellan Strait to the Gulf of Penas.

Your first endeavor will be to ascertain as precisely as possible the places of most frequent [5th page/] resort for sealing vessels: especially for those belonging to the generous patron of this exploring mission. You will also have a good understanding with Capt. Clift: of whose disposition to aid you we are assured, so far as will comport with the success of his voyage. You may find it is expedient at first to remove all your effects to the shore; and circumstances may render it highly important for you to have an occasional resort to vessels; and when the objects of your mission are attained, you will of course need a conveyance either to this country direct, or to Valparaiso where you may soon find a vessel bound to some port in the United States. (You will be furnished with the means of bartering with the natives; with a travelling tent of the most approved construction; with a small boat, should the captain of the Mary Jane advise to one, and be able to take it; with the means of procuring fish from the waters, and game from the land, for your food; with bills on our bankers in London and letters of credit on a mercantile house in Valparaiso, to be used in case of necessity; and with a letter to the commander of our naval squadron on the western coast of South America. But [6th page/] after all, the chief hope of the Committee is in the merciful providence of the all-pervading all-powerful Lord of Missions, who can crown your self denying enterprise with success, and return safely to your native land at the appointed season.

How much time you shall bestow upon the islands, and particularly the large island to which the name of Wellington is given on the chart, it will be for you to determine after passing the Strait. On the northern extremity of Wellington island lies the Guaianeco group, of which captain Morrell gives a very flattering description in a letter which you have seen. Here he recommends the establishment of a mission. In his published journal, he also recommends a mission on the Peninsula of Tres Montes, which is somewhat farther north, but perhaps too near the papal mission, in the Archipelago of Chiloe, to render it the most desirable location. He represents the natives as to be found in considerable numbers among the islands of the western Shore, and on the Strait; and his account of the country, as a whole, is certainly very favorable. Yet it is not to be denied, that the descriptions we have seen of the country are not all by any means [7th page/] reconcilable. All however, represent the coasts and islands as inhabited. The climate is undoubtedly humid to an extraordinary degree; but it does not appear to be unhealthy; and Capt. King, in a paper read before the Royal

Geographical Society of England, represents the atmosphere of the Strait as possessing some peculiar quality favorable to vegetation; as he observed tender plants blossoming at a temperature of 36°, uninjured when the mercury was several degrees below the point of congelation; and flourishing, indeed, through the long and severe winter. He states, also, that during the summer, he occasionally spent the greater part of the night at his observatory, with the thermometers both within and without, as low as the freezing point, and yet, though not warmly clad, he did not in the least feel the cold; and in the winter, with the thermometers, on similar occasions, at 24 [degrees] & 26 [degrees], he has not suffered any inconvenience. Such facts as these cannot be uninteresting to men, who are expecting to become familiar with the snowy cordilleras and tremendous glaciers of those high southern regions.

To the Committee, as at present informed, it seems most desirable that you should [8th page/] leave the vessel somewhere between the latitudes 47 [degrees] & 48 [degrees] S; yet they give no positive instructions on this point. Looking continually by prayer to the Father of Light for direction, your movements must be regulated with constant reference to circumstances and events, very often unanticipated. It must be impossible to traverse the western shore by land, as the waters of the Pacific reach the very base of the Andes, and flow far into the deep ravines that wind through its ramifications. The Cordillera itself, however, is not elevated generally above 3,000 feet, &, with the help of natives, may no doubt be crossed. At a considerable distance from the place of your proposed debarkation, on the more northern and elevated ridges of this chain, dwell the Araucanians, renowned in Spanish history and song. They belong to the noblest race of savage men, and every friend of man must desire that their national independence may long be preserved. Whether you will be able to reach them, is scarcely probable, nor do the Committee advise that you should make the attempt. But are there not other tribes of similar character, farther south? This inquiry they wish you, if possible, to answer. It will be important to know, also, whether the pampas of Patagonia, and their races of horse men, extend as far westward as the [9th page/] base of the Andes; and what are the character and habits of the mountaineers: whether warlike, or peaceable; whether they are a nomad, or an agricultural people. You will note their towns and villages; their institutions, customs, manners, and their religious sentiments, so far as you can ascertain their nature; and will judge whether it be expedient, at present, for the churches of this country to establish a mission among them, and indeed anywhere in Patagonia. In case you think a mission advisable, you will enable yourselves to give the Committee all that precise information, which they will need in order to fit out and commence the mission under the most favorable circumstances.

The tradition among the Spaniards, mentioned by Ovalle, in his Historical Relation of the Kingdom of Chile, of a nation in the interior of Southern Patagonia descended from Europeans, and called Cessares [Cesares, Ed./], will be worthy of some attention.

Whatever be the result of this mission in respect to yourselves, let it be remembered, that the privations, hardships, and exposures, to which you will probably be subjected, & which appear so formidable to many of

your [10th page/] friends, \*are extraordinary only in the history of missions\*. In the history of commerce and of science, they are common and familiar scenes. Almost a century since, De la Condamine and Bouguer spent six months in a desert of South America, near the equator, contending night & day with incessant rains, that they might measure an arc of the meridian; while Maupertuis, in pursuit of the same object, thought nothing of the bleak and snowy precipices of Norway. And how many sufferings unto death have been cheerfully endured in Africa, to solve the problems of the Nile, and of the Niger? What contempt of sufferings and danger have been evinced by the explorers of a Northwestern passage? The surveys of Capt. King on the coast you are to visit, were extended through the space of four years, and notwithstanding wind, and rain, and sleet, and snow, his officers spent much of their time, for successive days and nights, in open boats. And from what part of the world, and by what amount of privation and peril, is commerce deterred from sending her missionaries, for exploration and for traffic? From none. They [11th page/] are even now \*going forth into all the world\*. Let the missionary of the cross go where he will, he will find that they have preceded him. Let him experience any amount of bodily sufferings; it may probably be found that they have already experienced the same, or greater sufferings, among the same people. It is lamentable that the church should make so much of personal sacrifices, endured for the glory of Christ and the salvation of men, when the world accounts them so little, endured for the sake of wealth, or fame.

Go, Dear Brethren, believing that your enterprise is in no respect a work of supererogation. You do only your duty; and may your example be the means, under God, of raising the tone of enterprise in the churches.

You have no political designs whatever, and will every where deport yourselves as the subjects of a kingdom, which belongeth not to this world. Your whole object is, \*to ascertain whether the Gospel of salvation through Christ Jesus can be preached to the degraded inhabitants of Patagonia\*. On such a mission as this, being unquestionably [12th page/] in the way of your duty, you may plead the glorious promise, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Yes, Dear Brethren, He who has all power in heaven and on earth, will be with you. In your darkest, most desponding hours, he will be with you. Should neither of you be allowed to revisit your native land, still he will be with you, and will sustain you in your dying moments, and make you rejoice in all you do and suffer for him.

The Committee expect you to keep separate journals, and to embrace every opportunity for communicating the general results of your inquiries for their information.

Having completed the grand objects of your researches, so far as shall be possible, you will embrace the first convenient opportunity for returning to this country; and on your way home, will find time to prepare a joint report of your mission.

In all your intercourse with the natives, you will of course take every opportunity to make them acquainted [13th page/] with the Gospel; and

the Committee earnestly desire that your inquiries may be the means of its permanent introduction into the benighted regions of Patagonia.

By order and in behalf of the Prudential Committee.

Missionary Rooms, Boston, July 27, 1833.

B. B. Wisner, R. Anderson, David Greene. Secretaries

## AMERICAN MISSIONARIES IN PATAGONIA, 1833-34

William Arms & Titus Coan

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\*[Preface from the original publication]\*

The embarkation of Messrs. William Arms and Titus Coan, destined to explore the southern portion of South America, with a view to enable the Committee to decide on the expediency of establishing a mission to the native tribes in that quarter, was mentioned at page 459 of the last volume. The plan of the mission, and the expectation, till near the time of their embarking, was that they should proceed to the western coast of Patagonia, and land near the 47th or 48th degree of south latitude, and thence visit the coast, the adjacent islands, and, if practicable, penetrate into the interior among the Araucanian bands, near the southern provinces of Chili. Respecting the field presented in that vicinity for missionary labor, the Committee had received very favorable information. But as no opportunity was found for conveying them directly to the western coast, passage was obtained for them in a vessel bound to Gregory's Bay, near the eastern entrance of the Straits of Magellan. It was hoped that from this point they would be able either to cross the Andes near the straits, and then move up the western coast; or else penetrate the country on the eastern side of the mountains, till they should reach the latitude mentioned above, and then cross them, and thus reach the point of their destination. But both those courses were found to be beset with insuperable obstacles. On the north they found an extensive desert, through which none of the Indians would consent to conduct them. On the west the Andes, covered with perpetual snow, presented a very formidable barrier, while, from all the information they could obtain, the western coast, for many hundred miles, was almost destitute of inhabitants, rendering travelling by land nearly impracticable. No conveyance by water could be obtained. They were, therefore, compelled, after collecting what information they could respecting the few small bands of natives which roam over the country east of the mountains and near the Straits of Magellan, to return, without reaching that portion of the country which it was especially intended they should explore. Much information has, however, been obtained by them relative to the southern extremity of the continent, together with the manners and character of the inhabitants, and the methods by which they and the more northern tribes must be approached, which may be of great benefit in devising future measures for sending them the gospel.

Messrs. Arms and Coan embarked at New-York, August 16th, 1833, in the schooner Mary Jane, capt. Clift; landed at Gregory's Bay, November 14th; re-embarked at that place, on board the Antarctic, capt. Nash, January 25th, 1834; arrived at the Falkland Islands on the 28th; and commenced the homeward voyage, March 9th, in the schooner Talma, capt. Allyn, and arrived at New London, Ct. May 14th.

In addition to the acknowledgments which have before been made, of the kindness of Silas E. Burrows, Esq., owner, and capt. Clift, master of the schooner Mary Jane, in which Messrs, Arms and Coan received a gratuitous passage to Gregory's Bay, both the missionaries and the Committee would express their obligations to Mr. Penny, owner, and capt. M. M. Melward, master of the schooner Sappho of Liverpool, Eng., for very seasonable supplies furnished by them when touching at Gregory's Bay; to capt. J. S. Nash, of the schooner Antarctic, of Westerly, R. I., for a gratuitous passage from Gregory's Bay to the Falkland islands, and a month's residence on board his vessel; to capt. Pendleton, of the ship Hamilton, and capt. Davison, of the schooner Hancock, of Stonington, Ct., for politely accommodating them on board their vessels, without charge, while detained at the islands; and to capt. G. L. Allyn, of the schooner Talma, of Groton, Ct., for a gratuitous passage from the Falkland Islands to New London, Ct. Messrs. Arms and Coan were thus enabled to accomplish the whole tour, from the time of their embarkation at, New York, till their return to their native land without expense to the Board.

Extracts from their separate journals will be given in this and subsequent numbers of this work.

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\*November 14, 1833.\* Arose this morning and found our bark quietly at anchor under the shores of Patagonia. It is now the opening of a southern summer, yet the high hills on the north and south are capped with snow. At an early hour we went on shore with capt. Clift and some of the sailors, in order to search for the natives, none of whom had yet made their appearance. We landed upon a fine sand beach, and, ascending a steep bank about a hundred feet, obtained a view of an extended landscape, terminated in the rear by Table mountain of moderate elevation. On the bank we found a few low thorn bushes just putting forth small yellow blossoms. With these we made a smoke in order to raise the Indians; a smoke being a well known signal among them, and, when discovered, always leading them to the spot whence it arises. After waiting some time without seeing any of the natives, we returned on board the vessel. At one, P. M., we went on shore again, in company with the captain, intending to travel back into the country in search of the Indians. Taking an Indian trail, we pursued our way over a rolling surface, alternately crossing hills of gradual ascent and descending into intervening plains, some of which appeared to have been submerged during some part of the winter. The soil appeared to be alluvial. The hills were sandy and sterile; and the intervals, consisting of a rich black mould, were covered with thick and tall grass. Found several plains where the natives had formerly encamped, at one of which we saw two huge joints of a whale's spine, some six or eight miles from the shore. Saw only one guanaco in our walk, and on our approach he bounded across the plains to the distant hills with the fleetness of a deer. Passed some small basins of water, in which there were a few upland geese. Now and then a small bird cheered us with a passing note, while the wheeling curlew poured out his shrill and solitary strains "on the distant air," and the young rook came screaming in our ears with all the

impudence of the ape. As we passed along we often set fire to the dry grass to raise a smoke. Horse tracks were every where seen, but no Indians appeared. At length the declining sun, and our weary limbs admonished us to return. We arrived at the shore at night, after a walk of about twenty miles.

On returning from this excursion I could not help reflecting upon the affecting contrast between this and my beloved country. Here are no fields smiling under the hand of the husbandman; no gardens and orchards dressed in vernal beauty; no harbors adorned with the waving flags of commerce; no cities lifting their turrets to the clouds, no peaceful villages sprinkling the hills and plains, and no glittering church spires pointing the weary pilgrim to a "better country." Art and science have never shed their genial influence over this benighted land, nor has the light of salvation yet dawned upon it. Generation after generation have gone down to the shades of death without one ray to cheer the dark valley, or a "morning star" to give promise of an everlasting day.

[Mr. Coan]

\*15.\* The captain and myself went out this morning with a view of penetrating the country still further, and if possible to find the camp of the natives. Finding a path that had been considerably travelled, we followed it until we came to the foot and western extremity of Table mountain, when we saw a smoke rolling over the opposite side; and soon after a man showed himself on the top. We passed on a few rods and observed a man on horseback with several dogs following him, shaping his course for the vessel. Considering our object accomplished, we returned; and by the time we had reached the shore three others had arrived. They all wore mantles made of the skins of the young guanaco; and two of them had check trousers and morocco boots. Their arms and breasts were naked, except what was covered by their mantles loosely thrown over their shoulders and bound round the waist with their /bolas/. They wore nothing upon their heads but a narrow fillet about an inch wide, with which they tie their hair, which being nicely parted over the centre of the head is suffered to hang loose about the shoulders. The bolas is an apparatus used for taking their game, and consists of three balls inclosed in hide and attached to leather thongs about a yard and a half long, which are fastened together. It is used by taking one of the balls in the hand and whirling the others round; and when sufficient momentum is gained, it is thrown forward and winds itself around the legs of the animal so closely that it is easily taken. [Mr. Arms]

At four o'clock, P. M., four natives appeared on the shore opposite our vessel. They were mounted on horseback and attended by a retinue of more than twenty dogs. In a little time my companion and the captain returned when a boat was sent to bring them on board together with three Indians who accompanied them, leaving one to keep their horses. Being desirous of seeing the head quarters of the Indians before we landed our baggage, we proposed to the young man who appeared to be the head of the party, to conduct us to their camp, where we would spend the night and return to the vessel in the morning. Understanding him to assent to our proposal, we went on shore, where he selected each of us a horse, and he mounting a third led us rapidly over hills and plains towards a mountain behind which we supposed the tribe to be encamped. At length he halted.



We urged him to proceed, which he did; and we soon met a party of Indians with bows and arrows. Our guide now inclined to return to the beach; but by repeating our requests to lead us to the camp we again succeeded in pressing him forward. As we advanced we were frequently met by small parties of the natives on their way to the vessel. At length the sun set and no Indian camp and no more natives appearing in sight, our guide could be persuaded to go no further and we were obliged to return. The young man now led us with a more cheerful countenance and a more rapid movement than before but it was not until ten o'clock at night, that we arrived on the shore opposite our vessel. Here we found about twenty savages encamped in the open air, with their horses grazing around, and a multitude of dogs mingling with them. Not expecting our return till morning, our friends on board the Mary Jane had retired; and as she was anchored at some distance from the shore, our hailing was not heard and we were obliged to cast in our lot with the Indians. Weary and hungry we set down in their circle around a little fire of faggots, which, by its faint glimmering, just served to render the dark visaged savages visible. An aged man roasted a piece of meat, a portion of which he brought to us. After partaking of their hospitality, our young guide spread some skins upon the ground for our bed and we lay down to repose under the lofty curtain stretched over us by the hand of our heavenly Father. Each of us was kindly covered with a thin blanket, and thus, amidst horses and dogs, and savages, we slept calmly and peacefully until the morning.

\*16.\* Returned on board early this morning and made arrangements for holding an interview with the young man previously mentioned and his father in relation to our mission among them. When they came on board Capt. Clift very kindly introduced us to them as men who loved them, and who had come a great way to visit and do them good. He told them that he wished to leave us with them for a season, and requested that they would furnish us with provisions and treat us with kindness; all which they agreed to do, with much readiness. We inquired about their people and about one Maria, who we had been told was the queen of their tribe. They informed us that Maria and most of the Indians were at a considerable distance on a northern excursion, and that they would return in one moon. We sometimes found it difficult to make ourselves understood, as we had no other medium of communication than natural signs and a smattering of the Spanish language. When the necessary arrangements were made, we took our baggage on shore and pitched our little cloth tent among the natives, expecting to return no more on board the vessel, as she was to leave the first favorable wind. Capt. C. went on shore and rendered us all the assistance in his power, generously offering us any thing from his vessel which we needed for our comfort. We found the Indians miserably poor, having little to eat, and ready to beg our last morsel of food unless it was concealed from their sight. Their horses and dogs also were so hunger bitten, that many of them were mere shadows.

\*17.\* Sabbath. Remained in our tent most of the day. From morning till night we were thronged with the curious natives, who crowded into every vacant corner of our habitation, watching all our motions and examining all our effects, and even the clothes on our persons. Poor men! They gaze upon us as superior beings, and while we shed the tear of commiseration over their denudation and wretchedness, we have no medium

by which to communicate to their understandings or their hearts a knowledge of that God who has made us "to differ." -- The Indians spent the day in chatting, singing, laughing, smoking, sleeping, and eating. Indolence and filthiness are two very prominent characteristics of these savages, and appear in bold relief on the first interview. Our old friend brought us a piece of roasted guanaco, although he has but a pittance for himself and family. He seems to look upon us as his children and divides his morsel with us. [Mr. Coan]

\*18.\* Both the males and females paint their faces either the whole or in part, commonly with black or dark brown, which gives them a savage appearance. Almost never washing, even their hands, the color of their skin appears almost black, though when they are washed they are only swarthy, or perhaps a light olive. Their hair is as black as a raven, long and rather coarse, though much less so than that of the United States' Indians. Their cheek bones are high and broad, which gives them the appearance of having large faces of an angular figure. Their bodies are well formed, with straight limbs, round and plump -- feet large, and their height from four and a half to six feet. [Mr. Arms]

Whenever these natives espy a vessel approaching their coast they always repair immediately to the shore, and will remain there, even though pinched with hunger and exposed to the weather without shelter by day or night, until it disappears. The first inquiry among them is for rum and tobacco -- two poisons which have been administered to them by our seamen; and so great is their eagerness for these strange stimulants, that I believe they would lie upon the beach exposed to wind and storm, until they were on the point of starvation, with the bare hope of obtaining a dram or a plug of tobacco. They are also fond of bread, molasses, and other articles of food, and are often anxious to obtain muskets, ammunition, and knives, though they have but little knowledge of the use of the first. It is truly distressing to learn that our own countrymen have also plunged into the most loathsome debaucheries with this unhappy people, and rendered almost inveterate those polluting vices which carry death in their train, and spread a fearful blight, over all that is lovely. Even here, in this obscure corner of the earth, almost unknown to the naturalist, the merchant, the philanthropist, or the Christian, the missionary of the cross has been preceded by the apostles of Satan; and that disease which may well be compared to a "dart stricken through the liver," and which "eats like a canker;" which is as a fire shut up in the bones, burning "to the lowest hell," is reciprocally communicated. To the honor of the vessel which brought us out be it said, that the improper conduct here alluded to has not been allowed by the captain, and as he is a firm advocate of temperance, and commands his vessel under that banner, no ardent spirits have been given to the natives.

\*19.\* Arose early, and went out to look for the schooner, which was riding at anchor in the bay when we retired; but it was gone, the wind having favored during the night. The waters slept or rolled as before; the mountains wore their fleecy crowns; the hills reared their naked brows, and the plains rested in loneliness; but wherever the eye turned no traces of civilization were seen, its last vestige had floated away like a vision of the night, and nothing remained to relieve the sight

from those dreary features which make this land as a waste, howling wilderness. [Mr. Coan]

It affords them great amusement to see us write, and they seem to think that it is some wonderful thing. They usually appear pleasant to one another and often divide the presents they receive with their fellows. They seem to regard private property, each one having his own, and though their tent is common, there seems to be no interference. One horse is usually tied near the tent, so that when water or other horses are wanted, they are not obliged to go on foot. [Mr. Arms]

\*20.\* The rain having ceased, the horses were all brought up at an early hour this morning, and capt. Louie, the young Indian before mentioned, invited us to prepare for a removal. Accordingly we struck our tent and put our baggage in readiness for the horses. In loading these animals I was astonished at the burdens they were made to carry. After some skins, etc., had been put upon one of the horses, our chest lashed to a heavy trunk to balance it, was put upon him, and upon those a bag, as heavy as a common travelling trunk, was placed, and above all this a woman was mounted to guide the horse. The horses gear is very simple. The men use a rude saddle constructed with pieces of wood, and somewhat resembling our saddle-tree; and the women a sort of pillion of skins, and like the men, ride astride, hut without stirrups. The bridle is made of skin, with wooden bit, and usually without a head-stall. In packing the horses the women did the labor, while the men lay or set upon the ground as idle spectators. For want of a sufficient number of horses, some of them carried double riders. When every thing was in readiness we mounted our horses, and taking a sturdy Indian behind me, moved onward in company with our young friend, capt. Louie, who led the van and directed the movements of the party. Our progress, I should judge, was about four miles an hour. The day was cold, and the wind strong and piercing. After riding eight or ten miles, the Indians halted under a bunch of thorn-bushes, kindled a little fire to warm or smoke themselves, and then proceeded onward, stopping occasionally when they found a bunch of bushes as before. Saw many guanacos standing as sentinels upon the surrounding hills, or grazing on the extended plains; but as we approached them they would skim the plains "like a hind let loose," and soon disappeared. As we advanced the young captain suddenly halted, gazed a moment towards the hills on the left, and then plunging his spurs into his horse's side, darted like an arrow across the plain, with hair and mantle streaming in the wind -- dogs and Indians following him. The rest of the party moved on steadily with the baggage. Inquiring the cause of this strange movement, one of the savages pointed in the direction the young man had gone, and said, "Guanac, guanac," giving us to understand that he was pursuing a guanaco. In a few minutes he rejoined our party, having taken the animal he pursued. The guanaco is a species of the lama, somewhat larger than the deer, with long legs and neck, and cloven feet. He color is a pale red or sorrel, and white. The head and ears resemble those of horses. It is clothed with wool, like the sheep, though this is interspersed with long hair. It neighs like a colt, and at a little distance might easily be taken for that animal. Its slower movements appear laborious and ungraceful, but when pursued by the hunter, it moves with great celerity, and appears hardly to touch the ground. The flesh is very palatable, and after a cold and hungry

ride of some twenty miles, a piece of it, which the captain roasted and brought us, was really grateful.

We reached the camp at four P. M., after a ride of twenty-five or thirty miles, which we performed in about seven hours. Here we found a company of the savages inhabiting ten tents of skin. On our arrival the natives gathered around us, men, women, and children; first standing and gazing upon us at a respectful distance, till encouraged by our attentions they gradually approached nearer, apparently welcoming us with mingled surprise and joy. Our baggage, even to the smallest article, was brought safely, and capt. Louie, who had taken special charge of it on the way, now stowed it carefully in his tent, and remained by it until our own tent was erected and prepared for its reception. As soon as the bustle was a little over our old Indian mother boiled a piece of the guanaco which had been taken on the way, a liberal share of which was brought to us for our supper. Young Louie came and sat down by us, and began to inquire the American name of many things around, and in return told us what they were called in the Patagonia tongue. He and all his father's house appear very attentive and friendly to us, and we have already reason to be thankful that the good providence of God has put us under the care of this family, as they are evidently the most intelligent, hospitable, and prepossessing of any of the natives we have yet seen. As the sun set, the crying of the little ones in the tents, the barking of dogs, and the noisy mirth of numerous children, engaged in merry gambols about the camp, revived the associations of childhood and brought domestic scenes of my native land vividly to recollection. [Mr. Coan]

\*21.\* We found ten tents in the camp, but it would perhaps be impossible to tell how many souls there are in them, though from a little calculation I should judge about fifty. The tents are made of the skins of the old guanaco, sewed together, and so spread over poles that are stuck in the ground for that purpose, as to cover the top and the sides, except the front, which is always to be eastward and entirely open. On this side they build their fires.

The provisions that we brought from the vessel being about exhausted, we applied to the natives for some, but had only to ask the question and we were plentifully supplied, though we had neither bread nor any substitute for it. We should undoubtedly have been spared the trouble of even asking, had we waited a little longer. [Mr. Arms]

[end of first episode]

\*November 21, 1833.\* Louie invited me to accompany him on a hunt for guanacos, to which I consented. He furnished me with a horse, and gave me his gun, and, sportsman like, off we started with dogs in abundance, and soon saw plenty of game. The guanacos usually take their stand either on some hill or extensive plain, that they may command as wide a view as possible. This precaution they have learned to take by being so often surprised by their antagonists. I presume we saw more than fifty. Three were taken by the party, from which we were plentifully supplied for our suppers.

The ride to-day gave me an excellent opportunity to see the country. To a considerable distance from Gregory's Bay to this place, as far as the eye can reach each way, the country is all of deluvial origin, with here and there a spot of alluvion, which appear to rest on beds of sand and gravel. There are many marshes and small ponds, which appear to be only basins holding the water that drains into them, though they seem to have water in them all the year round, and afford nutriment for numerous aquatic plants; and upon their surfaces are to be seen multitudes of birds, such as upland geese, ducks, gulls, etc. The alluvial plains are probably such ponds filled with earth from the hills. The hills are low, but precipitous and composed of sand, gravel, and small stones: but I have seen but two or three rocks, and those appear to be only boulders of granite. The hills are not entirely barren, though they produce but little. There is no appearance of wood, except a few stunted bushes, that are seen along the sides of the hills and about the low grounds.  
[Mr. Arms]

Our old mother brought us a piece of boiled meat for breakfast, though it was evidently nearly the last morsel which she had. Capt. Louie observing me in the act of shaving this morning, requested me to do the same to him. I accordingly went through with the operation, apparently much to his satisfaction, though he was as beardless as the boy of eight years old. These savages pluck out their beards, and their eyebrows, which preserve to them a youthful appearance, when they are somewhat advanced in life. -- Went out to see the Indians in their tents. In some of the tents there is but one family, in others two or three. Each tent, containing more than one family, is divided into stalls according to the number that occupy it. This is done simply by hanging up skins as a partition. Most of the tents contain no furniture, except a few skins to sleep on, an old skin bag to bring water in, a piece of raw hide made into a dish to drink from, and perhaps a few small stones with which to roast meat, and a little bundle of sharp sticks which are used to confine skins to the ground for drying.

As the meat was exhausted in the camp, we expected to suffer, and also to witness suffering by hunger, but in a little time a detachment of the hunting party returned with three guanacos, and before night a piece was roasted and brought us for supper. We were also presented with an ostrich's egg, measuring fourteen inches in circumference.

\*22.\* The poor savages continue to crowd around us as usual, keeping up a continual begging for almost every thing they see in our possession. We frequently distribute small presents among them, with which they are much pleased. A sight of their poverty, their ignorance, and their degradation is truly affecting. Their only garment is a mantle of skins, in the form of a blanket, which they wrap around their bodies; except that when they ride, some of them use boots made of the skin of a horse's leg taken off whole, and drawn upon their lower limbs. Most of them use a narrow headband, some permitting their hair to hang down at full length, and others turning it up behind. Like other savages, they are excessively fond of ornaments, though they have not been able to obtain many, a few beads around the ankle and wrists, or a few jewels in the ear, being all that we see. We distributed many thimbles among

them, and endeavored to teach them the use of the needle, according to the custom of our country; but we soon found the thimbles suspended from their necks as ornaments, and the needles put into handles like awls; making an instrument which they call /hodle/, and which they employ in sewing their skins, using the tendons of animals for thread. They paint their faces with red or black, and often stripe their arms, breasts, and legs with white.

We find that the family who had taken us under their care, are not generally acknowledged as the head of the tribe, but a man by the name of Lorice is recognized as their captain and chief. We also find that a perfect cordiality of feeling does not exist between the family of Lorice and the Louie family.

The game which had been taken yesterday was exhausted, and we were glad to receive a piece of roasted horse beef, which was presented us by our young-friend. These savages are so supremely indolent, that they make no effort to obtain food until hunger drives them to the chase; and then, if they are unsuccessful in their first attempt to procure game, they suffer the penalty of their improvidence in a painful fast, unless a horse is dispatched, which will only supply the wants of a day. [Mr. Coan]

About noon, a horse wag brought up to the butcher. One man held the animal with a line of about a rod in length, while another, standing at about the same distance before the horse, let fly an arrow, which entered below the neck, penetrating some twelve or fifteen inches and effected its object. The horse was flayed by two men, while a dozen standing round were unable to keep off the dogs, each one coming up and getting repaid by blows on the head, which only had the effect to draw forth a few yelps; for the starving creatures, as if knowing that their time was short, were constantly watching and never suffered an opportunity to slip without seizing a mouthful of food. The whole animal being cut up, wag distributed among the whole. Louie, who appeared to own the horse, received the principal share in his own tent, together with the delicacies, such as the heart, lights, entrails, etc., even the feet, so that not a single bit remained for the poor dogs, but what blood they could lick from the ground. It was not long before several of the ribs, nicely roasted, were brought us.

We were plentifully provided with food from the horse to-day, several bringing ribs about half roasted, others a piece of broiled stake, and others that which was boiled. Nor were the luxuries withheld from us.

We dined on the ostrich's egg, which was presented to us last evening, and found it a most delicious repast, equalling the hen's egg in flavor, and a dozen of them in size. [Mr. Arms]

\*23.\* An unusual fine morning led me to ramble out on the northern hills. From the highest summit my eye surveyed an extended landscape; but like all others I have seen in Patagonia, it slept in dreary solitude. Hills and arid plains every where met and wearied the eye. No rivers or lakes, no cultivated fields or waving forests enlivened the picture. What a mournful contrast between this and the vernal loveliness of Now England landscape! The good family who have adopted us, have

supplied us with horse-beef to-day, which is now our only food. A party of Indians went out on a hunt and brought home seven guanacos, about enough to supply their wants for one day. Our young friend, capt. Louie, has spent much of the day with us; and by his inquisitive, friendly, and social disposition, has rendered us happy. He is evidently feeling after the blessings of civilization. Oh that he and all this people may soon be brought to feel after God, if haply they may find him. It is painful that we have no way to convey the knowledge of a Savior intelligibly to their minds.

We have given young Louie some articles of our clothing, and it seems highly pleasing to him to wear them in our presence. He often requests us to do some little jobs for him, such as making spurs, sharpening knives, etc., and is much gratified with our ability and readiness to assist him. -- Though deprived of many things in this desert land, we are rarely without music. The singing and hallooing of the Indians, the screaming of the children, and the piercing yells of the canine family, as they pass under the cudgel of their masters or fall into the cruel jaws of a stronger brother, keep the ear almost constantly ringing. The dogs here are almost innumerable, and they are reduced to mere skeletons by hunger. It is truly painful to see with what fury they will attack each other to obtain a morsel of food which is thrown out to them. The dogs, like the horses, are the private property of their masters, living and sleeping in their tents, like the children; and it is remarkable that although the Indians' tents are huddled thick together, yet each family of dogs guards a certain space around the master's tent; and if a neighboring dog, either through carelessness or design, trespasses upon the premises, he rarely escapes without a smart drubbing. When they go out to hunt, however, their unsocial rules are laid aside, and the dogs herd together like their masters. [Mr. Coan]

\*25.\* Several of the men went out to-day for guanacos, and returned with ten. One, a very young one, being considered a delicacy, was presented to the Americans, though we were plentifully supplied from their spit as usual. A little guanaco is quite pleasant after having little but horse-beef for some days. -- It is pleasant to hear the sound "America" introduced into their songs, in a way which indicates they are pleased to have us with them; and we have had no reason whatever to think otherwise. With but few exceptions, they appear to possess the most amiable dispositions, constantly showing us many little kindnesses, though it is possible they expect as much in return.

If these are the real Patagonians, the story of their enormous stature is entirely fabulous. Dressed in their mantles they appear tall. When first I saw capt. Lorice, I thought him a tall man. In his sailor suit, one would think him a small man, and yet I think him about the usual size of this people. Their mantles are generally made of young guanaco skins, cutting them to the edge of the fur, and fitting their crooked sides together. They are, however, sometimes made of the skins of the skunk, cut into square pieces, so placed that the white strips may coincide. The scent they are not careful to take out, and one is as soon reminded of their presence from their mantles, as the filth of their persons. They are fond of singing, and many of the women spend much of their time in this amusement, seldom having more than four or five words

in their song, which they repeat with but little variation of tone, such as /ga lu la/ or something like it, which can be heard almost any time of day or night. Some of them have a rattling tone, which resembles the sound of a bag-pipe at a distance. I have not seen any kind of musical instrument among them. So destitute are they, that small bits of iron, cloth, or even paper, are collected and carefully laid up as treasures; and yet so ignorant, that they value thimbles higher than almost any other thing, except tobacco, drilling holes through them and wearing them suspended from their neck, rattling together like bells.

Before the young guanaco was presented to us, our provisions were cooked for us; since then we have done our own, and are happy to do so, as it affords us some diversion, and allows us to dress our food as we choose. At meal time, we are sure to be visited, for nothing excites their curiosity more than our method of cooking and eating. The use of a plate, knife and fork, seems to be unknown to them.

I was much interested in a sick person we found in one of the tents. An old woman, a fit representation of one of the furies, was lying by him, with her mouth to his stomach, muttering the most doleful cry, for the purpose of driving the disease out of the sick man. [Mr. Arms]

\*27.\* The natives lounge around us from morning to night, not only exciting our pity, but testing our patience. Most of them we can manage with tolerable ease; but our patience, our meekness, our wisdom, were perhaps never more taxed than to know how to deal with a certain woman who is a diurnal, if not a perpetual visitor; and who, we learn, is the wife of the chief capt. Lorice. I suppose that even a patient man would pronounce her as vexatious a creature as was ever seen in human shape. She seems to be composition of all that is disgusting in filthiness, or trying in impudence and evil passion. She begs all that she sees, and labors hard to make us open every trunk and sack, and exhibit every article in our possession; and if we refuse to gratify her insatiable cupidity, she will strike her fist upon a trunk or whatever is in her way, with great indignation. She rarely fails to make her appearance during our meals, usually bringing a squad of children with her, in order to make her begging more resistless. Taking her position in full view of us, she watches all our motions, peeping into every dish; and if we do not distribute the food we have prepared for our own use among her harpies, she will sometimes dash her brawny hand into our soup, and distribute among her brood whatever she brings up in her talons. This is not occasioned by hunger, as she is just as troublesome when full fed as at other times. Her husband appears like a mild and quiet man, and is completely under her domination, which appears to be the case with most of the tribe. We are more impressively taught how much these wretched beings need the meliorating influence of civilization and the purifying effects of Christianity.

\*28.\* For the present we seem to be shut up with this little band of savages, and have no alternative but to remain with them until the return of the larger tribe from the north, when we hope to obtain horses and a guide, and travel through the country. We have determined, so soon as we can gain the necessary facilities, to make a tour to the northwest, and, if possible, to cross the Andes somewhere between the



fortieth and fiftieth degrees of south latitude, and thus visit the shores of the Pacific. But we cannot go alone, as we find ourselves absolutely dependent on the natives to procure our food; and a separation from them would undoubtedly reduce us to starvation, the game here being so wild and fleet that no one but the Patagonian horseman can take it.

Lorice and his wife spent a long time in our tent. They appeared very friendly, and informed us that the camp would be removed to-morrow, at the same time repeating their invitation for us to go with them. They also exhibited envious and bitter feelings towards our young friend Louie, and urged us to abandon him, and put ourselves and our effects under their care. They even pointed towards Louie's tent, and with a dark frown and threatening tone, exclaimed in broken Spanish, /Malo! Malo! Mañana!/ i. e. bad, bad, to-morrow. We have reason to apprehend a gathering storm. And though our young friend has disclosed nothing to us, yet a settled thoughtfulness marks his countenance and gives evident indication that something presses heavily upon his heart. His constant fidelity to us has given us more confidence in him than any other Indian, and to withdraw ourselves from his care, appears not only impolite but ungrateful and unjust. We know not what shall be on the morrow, but it is safe to trust in Him who has the king's heart in his hand, and, as the rivers of water, turneth it whithersoever he will.

\*29.\* Capt. Lorice and wife visited us again this morning, and requested us to strike our tent immediately and prepare to decamp with them. Perceiving the whole camp in motion, taking down their tents and packing their little all upon their horses, we also made ready our baggage for removing. We soon found, however, that our fears of yesterday were about to be realized, as a warm dispute had already commenced between the two parties. This originated with the wife of Lorice, whose impositions and insolent qualities have already been mentioned. She commenced by pouring a torrent of invective upon the family under whose care we had placed ourselves, when she perceived them making arrangement to carry us and our baggage on their horses. Of the cause of this altercation we were not able definitely to inform ourselves, though we have little doubt that the contention arose from the envy and cupidity of Lorice's wife, who seemed to fear that all our attention and presents would not be bestowed on her family. After a time of angry dispute, matters seemed to be compromised, and a part of the horses to carry us and our effects were assigned us by one party, and part by another. Every thing was now in readiness to set out, and some of the Indians had commenced their march, when our modern Jezebel, whose feelings had been hushed for a moment, like a slumbering volcano, now burst forth with redoubled vehemence. A trunk of medicine, which she had taken upon her horse to carry for us, was violently dashed to the ground with some injury, and another storm of rage was poured upon the heads of Louie and his family. Soon the hag dashed into the face and eyes of our young friend, and commenced a combat, by striking, scratching, pulling hair, tearing out jewels, etc. This excited the friends of the parties to defend their respective favorites. And now came on the tug of strife, the combatants continually increasing by new accessions, and becoming more and more enraged as the struggle continued. Happily they did not resort to knives or any deadly weapons, as we feared they would, but contented themselves

by tearing each other's hair and faces, until their dark visages were besmeared with blood. Their rage was now remitted for a few moments to take breath, when the contest again commenced with maddening energy. The party of Lorice were the most numerous and powerful, and our young friend and his family were severely handled. Some of our baggage became matter of contention in the affray -- the Lorice party endeavoring to drag it over to their side, while Louie and his family struggled to defend it. At length the combat ceased, and the parties sat down upon the ground in sullen silence. During the heat of the contest, we deemed it imprudent to interfere, as there was no hope of being heard, but when the rage had subsided, we labored to convince them that such conduct was bad, and by signs and gestures, gave them to understand that it exceedingly grieved and distressed us. This seemed to have somewhat of a softening effect upon them. We made signs to them to reload their horses, and go on peacefully together, but capt. Lorice shook his head with an indignant air, and seemed utterly irreconcilable in his feelings towards Louie. He, however, exhibited no hostility towards us; but by frequent beckoning and expressions of friendship, tried to persuade us to cleave to him, while our young friend, Louie, intimated that he should separate from the tribe, and take another direction, at the same time desiring us to remain until others had left, and then go with them. It was a time of trial. To show a preference for one party might expose us to the jealousy and resentment of the other: and, in case they should separate, as now appeared probable, not to show preference would leave us only the wretched alternative of being abandoned by both. All our prepossessions were on the side of Louie, whose generous hospitality had supplied us with food, and whose care and fidelity had secured our confidence. But the Lord in mercy decided the question for us, and delivered us from this painful emergency: for while we treated both parties with kindness, and endeavored to conciliate their feelings, they at length, by a kind of silent assent, arose from the ground and began to repack their horses, I cannot forbear to mention in this place, a speech by one of the natives, to which all listened with deep attention. While the Indians were sitting in moody silence upon the ground, the stillness was suddenly broken by a man, who commenced an impassioned harangue, and for about fifteen minutes spoke with profound native eloquence. He displayed energy, animation, and pathos, with varied and melodious intonations of the voice and impressive gestures. I exceedingly regretted that I could not understand his language, nor learn the nature and object of his address.

\*Dec. 1.\* My companion has been so indisposed as to keep his bed during the day, and our old Indian mother has been in several times to sympathize, with much apparent kindness. There is something so noble and generous in the appearance of this aged woman and her husband, that my feelings are drawn out towards them, and I ardently long to tell them of a Savior before they go hence to be here no more. It sometimes appears to me, that while the mass of youth in Christian lands reject the Lamb of God, this aged pair would receive him as little children.

\*2.\* The Indians were much amused on seeing us wash our clothes. This was probably a new and strange thing to them. -- Closed our tent before night and observed the monthly concert. It was a season of new and peculiar interest. I had prayed /for/ the missionary on such occasions

before, but never with such a knowledge of the wants of a missionary; I had prayed /for/ the heathen on such occasions before, but never surrounded by the heathen, within the sound of my voice. [Mr. Coan]

\*3.\* It is amusing to see the men and children engaged in their sports. We often see a dozen men in one group, nearly naked, playing ball, and as many boys in another, chasing their dogs, by throwing nooses over them, or engaged in some other childish play. In these sports are exhibited vivacity and kindness to each other; though, as might be expected, their tender mercies to birds and other animals is often most wantonly cruel. This, however, is to be attributed to education, more than to the natural disposition. The children exhibit a docility which would do honor to a civilized land. It is also encouraging to witness their desire to conform to American customs, often borrowing our pan to cook after our manner; thus showing that they have not that deep-rooted prejudice, so observable in many pagan nations. [Mr. Arms]

\*6.\* Found a few small edible roots, which are very grateful in this land where flesh is the only food. -- It being intimated to the family that we needed more covering at night, they immediately set about making us a guanaco mantle. We have only to reveal our wants to this family, and they are supplied to the utmost of their ability. Our Indian mother is still unremitting in her kindness, and labors to prevent any thing from annoying us. If the dogs trouble us, while preparing our food, she often comes with her rod to chastise them, and to teach them good manners. The children of this family are quiet, affectionate and obedient. When they visit us, they are never troublesome, like many of the Indian children, and their sprightliness and pleasantry are often very exhilarating.

\*10.\* Having selected a spot of ground, my companion and myself planted a variety of garden and fruit seeds; but we have little hope of remaining here long enough for them to germinate. The natives looked upon our operations with evident wonder, and we endeavored to explain to them, by signs, the object of our labor, the process of germination, etc., and the final result in the production of nutritious food. [Mr. Coan]

\*11.\* The guanacos are very abundant here, often coming within rifle shot of the tent, notwithstanding the dogs are so numerous. This animal has a hump on the back, a long neck, and in other respects somewhat resembles the camel in form. It is probably the lama of Chili and Peru. It is covered with a fleece of long fine wool, through which there are projecting hairs still longer. I apprehend it might be manufactured to good advantage. Its flesh is excellent. Could the animal be domesticated, it would equal the cow in utility, giving its milk and flesh for food, its fleece and skin for clothing, tents, etc. [Mr. Arms]

[end of second episode]

\*December 14, 1833.\* Finding that a young man was going to the Bay, I accompanied him. On our way we crossed a table land and then descended into a wide plain almost encircled by ranges of hills. On this plain we saw several hundred guanacos grazing. My guide gave chase to a drove of

these animals and I followed him, my horse cutting the air so that the ground seemed like a rapid current under my feet. There was no checking my bounding courser. I had only to keep my seat and go on. These horses are trained for the chase and are admirably adapted to the country. When they draw near a herd of guanacos, like furious chargers, they pant for the onset; and if loose reins are given to one, it is almost impossible to hold in the rest. A check makes them restive, and almost furious to rush upon the prey. As we could get no chance for heading or cutting off the guanacos, we did not succeed in taking any. Being obliged to pursue them on a straight line, we soon found them outstripping us in the race, and though our celerity was such as almost to make the ears tingle, yet these fleet animals soon left us far in the rear, and we abandoned pursuit and again proceeded on our way. These natives pursue their game not only on the pampas, but upon the hills and mountains; and it is surprising to see their panting steeds ascending and descending steep and lofty eminences, leaping bogs, ditches, etc., with scarcely any abatement of their speed, and stopping for nothing until restrained by their riders, or jaded by toil they sink exhausted on the ground.

After crossing this plain we ascended Table Mountain by a narrow winding ravine. From the top of this mountain, which is ten or twelve miles from the shore, we had an extensive view of the strait and of the country on both sides of it. I discovered nothing new in the soil or external features of the country. The hills were mostly sand and gravel, but covered with a stunted russet looking grass even to their tops. The low valleys contained a rich black mould, and produced rank grass and wild celery in abundance. No forests were any where to be seen, and no streams of any considerable size. Water in this country is scarce, and is usually found in little basins, or in rills at the foot of the mountain.

Our little hunting party returned at evening with thirty young guanacos, twelve of which were assigned us as our portion. Thus the Lord spreads us a table here in the wilderness. At this season most of the game taken by the Indians consists of young guanacos, as they are unable to keep with the old ones when pursued, and become an easy prey to the dogs.

\*20.\* Visited by crowds of the natives to-day, who are so friendly as almost to press us out of our tent. While dressing our game, many of them gathered around and begged the liver, lights, etc., which they devoured raw. It is a common practice among them to eat these parts of the animals which they take in hunting, warm in the field, tearing them from their game like dogs; not because they are pressed with hunger, but because they esteem them a luxury in this state, I have also seen little children eating the most offensive parts of the intestines uncooked and unwashed.

Young Louie returned at evening with three lads whom he brought from the tribe of Indians he had been to meet. He informed us that he had found a large body of good Indians, and that they would all be here on the morrow. Queen Maria he said was not with them, but they were led by a capt. Congo, whom he called a very good man and declared him the grand chief of the nation. When Lorice heard these tidings, he left us to follow after his own tribe.

Our young friend slew a lion on his return, and a part of its flesh was presented us. These natives use the lion for food whenever they take the animal.

This Sabbath has been a day of constant and unavoidable interruptions, and the sight of those restless savages, roaming on to eternity, without the knowledge of a Sabbath or a Savior, is painfully affecting.

\*23.\* Capt. Louie set off early this morning to meet the approaching party and escort them to our camp, while the rest of the family seemed to be making preparations to receive them. About noon the Indians began to arrive, and for several hours they continued to pour in around us and to erect their tents on all sides. While the women were engaged in putting up the tents, etc., the men and children crowded around our habitation to get a peep at the American strangers. Some ventured into our tent, others huddled thick before the door, sitting in close ranks upon the ground, and others arranged themselves on horseback in the rear of these, and bending forward so as to lay their bodies horizontally on their horses' backs, strove to get a glance at us through the door. They were all dressed in mantles of skin like those heretofore described. They were armed with the bolas, and many of them wore the boot taken from the horse's leg and the wooden spur. They are a large and noble looking race of men. Most of them are tall, straight, and well proportioned, with broad swelling chests; round, smooth, well turned limbs. Stature usually about six feet. Their hair is long, straight, and black, eyes and nose moderately prominent, forehead rather low, teeth well set and of ivory whiteness. Their complexion is rather swarthy, but their countenances mild and pleasant, indicating friendship and good nature.

When the women had arranged their tents, they also gathered around to indulge their curiosity for gazing upon us. The females are not so large nor so well formed as the males. Soon after their arrival, the chief, capt. Congo, who is the head-man of the tribe, came and introduced himself to us, and spent a long time in our tent. He is a young man of a sweet countenance, of a tall and elegant figure, and of much native gracefulness of movement. He has learned a few English words from sailors and talks a little corrupt Spanish. He seemed happy to see us and was very social so far as his medium of communication would admit. He appears vain, and is much given to self-applause. He inquired about our country, what houses we lived in, what food we ate, whether we had "much guanaco," how many moons we were on the water while coming to them, how long we had been here, how long we would stay, what articles we had with us, especially if we had rum, and tobacco, with many similar questions. He was also curious to know our name for almost every object he saw. Many things appeared truly interesting to him, but every thing was marred by the shamelessness with which he introduced and pressed topics of the most obscene nature.

A subordinate captain informed us that this tribe were called the Santa Cruz Indians, and that the larger part of them are still with Maria at the north, but would be here before long. He also informed us that the clan that separated from us yesterday were the Supalios of Port Famine, that they were bad Indians, and that our friend capt. Louie did not belong to them but to the Santa Cruz tribe.

\*24.\* Most of the Indians appear hearty and robust. There is a goodly number of sprightly children, and there are some very aged men amongst them.

During the day an old man came before our tent door, and observing us writing, he sat down upon the ground and commenced a loud and boisterous harangue. Our Indian mother, whose tent is next to ours, immediately came out and began to labor resolutely with the old man, but all that was said to him only made him more fierce and clamorous. The Indians gathered around from all quarters, some of them smiling at his earnestness, and others appearing absorbed in deep thought or listening with fixed attention. Our old mother finding herself unable to hush the man retired and her son, capt. Louie, began to try his skill. He labored evidently to sooth the old man's feelings by putting his hand upon his shoulder, and bending down to drop soft words in his ear, and apparently reasoning with him in a very candid and dispassionate manner. Finding his efforts unavailing, the young man pressed through the crowd, with anxious looks entered our tent and sat down between my companion and myself. All this time we had been ignorant of the cause of the old man's perturbation though we suspected it might be occasioned by our writing. This the young man now assured us was the case. He told us that the old man said our paper and books were very bad, and that he had tried to convince him to the contrary, but as he had not succeeded, and as the old man still scolded, he wished us to put up our writing. We readily took his advice, and could not but feel affected at the very decided, yet mild manner in which he defended our cause, and at the determination he showed to defend us to the last by crowding into our tent and taking his seat between us.

When we had laid by our writing we began to take more notice of the old man, trying to talk kindly with him, giving him some water in a tin cup, etc. This seemed to sooth him and he soon retired. [Mr. Coan]

\*25.\* I passed among the tents this morning, and counted 31; but how many of these are double I know not. Passing among them they appeared like stalls, occupied by families or pairs, as the case may be; these are generally about four or five feet wide and contain from four to six occupants. These tents are much as the others, having plenty of dogs, and skins on which they lie or sit, and but little else.

From the first arrival of the camp, our tent has been crowded, and great numbers sitting around the door. As a body I never saw a company of more pleasant countenances, or less indicative of bad dispositions. In this respect I should think they were far before Lorice's party. These are, also, larger and taller men than those were, though I should think none were over six feet and two inches. It is pleasant as I pass from tent to tent to see the crowds of children that follow me, with wonder, astonishment, and delight at the Americans.

\*27.\* My patients have increased, until I have seven under my care, four of them afflicted with pulmonary diseases. The number of those thus afflicted is an evidence that such diseases are likely to prevail in the country. [Mr. Arms]

\*28.\* Some rude young men took our axe without leave and went out to cut bushes; but our old mother followed them and brought it back to us.

\*30.\* Our thermometer, while exposed to try the temperature, was stolen and secreted by some of the savages. We informed our Indian mother of the loss, and before night her vigilance discovered the culprit, and taking it from him she restored it to us. She also brought us a strayed hammer, and then went all round our tent to tighten the cords, and to see that all our things were secure.

\*Jan. 2, 1834.\* At ten, A. M., the savages began to move off, but it was not until two, P. M., that the last of them left the ground. The appearance of this moving company was truly grotesque. The men harnessed for the chase, with boots and spurs, bolas and knife, and attended by a multitude of dogs trooped over the plain, pursuing guanacos in every direction, while the women and children formed a kind of centre column and moved steadily on with the baggage. Many of the pack horses were so heavily laden that their riders seemed mounted on castles, and one actually sunk under his load. The hens, the pups, the children, and some of the small dogs were put in little cribs, or packed among the baggage; and to keep her infant quiet, one woman had some little bells attached to her crib, which, with their merry tinkling kept time with the horses feet. [Mr. Coan]

\*4.\* To-day two Americans came from the other party. It was pleasant to see those with whom we can converse with ease, but painful to hear their profanity, and see them so given up to sin.

\*6.\* It was thought best that I should go and see Maria. Taking the young C. and Henry we rode down to the camp, We passed under the mountain, over an exceeding rich plain, covered with celery, long grass, etc. We found about 500 Indians living in 60 houses. They appear much like those with whom we are, except they are addicted to gambling, and seem very fond of it; spend much of their time at cards, etc.

After staying a short time, Maria, her husband, and two or three others returned with us, and spent the afternoon. M. is quite pleasant and social, speaking the Spanish with considerable fluency. I should judge her to be 55 years of age, and yet she would gallop her horse with any of us. Like others, she is a great beggar, though apparently very generous herself, offering me a lion skin mantle and guanaco skins if I wished. We gave her the cloak which we prepared on board for her, with which she seemed much pleased. She has four sons, one of whom was playing at cards with others while I was there, interrupted only by the use of the pipe, of which they are very fond, and would part with their last mantle for tobacco. [Mr. Arms]

We supposed Maria to be at the head of the nation; but we now learn that this is not the case, and that she has no more authority at present than any other individual, though it was once nearly absolute.

On telling her that I would soon visit that I should her camp she insisted turn with her this evening and spend several days at her tent, and her importunity became so strong that I finally consented to go.

Accordingly I mounted a horse prepared for me, and set off at sunset with her and her husband who accompanied her. We rode with great speed and arrived at the camp soon after dark. The Indians learning of my arrival, flocked around the tent in scores to gain a peep at the stranger.

The old queen gave me a piece of roasted meat for supper, and then made me a bed of skins upon which I lay down, and when she had covered me with motherly care I slept quietly till morning.

\*7.\* On arising this morning the old queen brought me a piggin of water and a piece of soap for washing, and soon served me up a portion of boiled meat for breakfast. Her tent is made and furnished in the same style with those of the other natives, with the addition of two or three articles from a civilized land, such as an iron pot, a piggin, etc. She inquired how long I would stay at her camp, and on telling her that I must return in the afternoon, she urged me to tarry longer, at least till to-morrow. She seemed pleased with her guest, and treated me with much kindness and simple hospitality. Spent the forenoon in the camp observing the habits of the savages and getting such information as I could.

At three P. M., I told Maria that I must return, when she harnessed a horse for herself, and another for me, and escorted me back to my home. On leaving she presented me with a new guanaco mantle, tastefully painted, and with seven hen's eggs, which she had preserved from a fowl kept in her tent. She also presented my associate with a mantle at the time he visited her tent.

The queen kept a man in her tent whom she called /padre/ and who is a sort of priest. He wears his mantle and hair in the style of the women, lives in celibacy, and never engages in hunting, or in any hard labor, and is supported by the bounty of others. The young sailors here informed me, that his only official duty is to attend to the burial of the dead. This process is thus described. A small hole is dug in the ground and the deceased, having his lower limbs drawn up to his body is buried in a sitting posture, just below the surface of the ground, with his face to the east. The padre treads down the grave, and sets up a solemn mourning over the dead. When this is done, it is said that the horses and dogs of the deceased are all killed, and that his mantle, skins, horse gear, hunting apparatus, and every thing which he possessed are buried, an entire removal being thus made of every memento which would recall him to memory. This is probably occasioned by their great dread of death, and their disposition to remove whatever would remind them of the king of terrors. We have not witnessed a death since we have been among them, nor have we been able to find a grave. They either carefully conceal their dead, or carry them to some distant place for burial.

Their marriages are as follows: -- When a young man's heart is fixed upon a female, he makes known his desires to some friends, and this person goes to the girl's father and negotiates with him in behalf of the young lover. A price is set upon the daughter -- usually a horse, or some mantles; and when this is paid, the young man takes her for his bride. On the day he receives her to his house, he kills a horse and invites his friends to his tent till it is completely filled, and the day is



spent in feasting or gormandizing, laughing, talking, singing, etc. Other companies collect in different tents, to whom pieces of the horse is sent, and who spend the day in the same manner. The wife is not only bought in the way of merchandize, hut she is sold again at pleasure, and it is not unfrequently the case that a man will have six or seven wives in succession. [Mr. Coan]

[end of third episode]

\*January 8, 1834.\* Some Indians ascended Table mountain and returned with the intelligence that a vessel was approaching from the southwest. Immediately all the camp was in motion, and the cry of "/Barco! Barco! Americana barco/" rung from tent to tent. Troops of Indians soon mounted their horses and galloped off to the shore. Nothing seems to produce greater exhilaration among these sons of nature than the sight of a vessel, and I must say that on this occasion my heart partook largely of the general joy, though my emotions and pleasures were not excited by the same hope which animated them. I hoped that the long desired medium of communicating intelligence to my native land was about to be offered. [Mr. Coan]

The scene of confusion exhibited whenever a vessel stops is past description. No sooner had this one made her appearance in the bay, than the beach for a considerable distance was crowded with men, women, and children. All brought their skins, or whatever article they had for trade, presenting the appearance of a fair of the most rustic kind. Their first inquiry was for rum, the next tobacco; for these articles they were completely crazy. The strength of their appetites and passions, and the temptations laid before them, must ever be great obstacles to the spread of the gospel here.

\*9.\* Two vessels from America arrived to-day. Most of the Indians are gone to the bay, and I am left in quiet. Two good women have been assisting me, in making a lion-skin mantle; they show great expertness with the "/hodle/" as well as many kind intentions. Several of these women take a motherly care of us, always informing us when any thing is in danger.

\*10.\* The vessels remain, and of course the Indians do not return. A few returned last night much pleased with the presents of tobacco and bread they had received, and I was not a little gratified to obtain a bite of the latter, as it is the first thing like bread I have tasted for nearly two months; I have felt much the need of it, as my health has suffered from the exclusive use of animal food.

Last night I observed a man lying in one of the tents, much convulsed, and apparently dying. No one went near him, nor did he seem to have any share in their sympathies. This I suppose is generally the case.

Their ideas of futurity are very indefinite. They suppose there are separate places prepared for the good and bad, according to their character here; for the good a place of much happiness, where are many horses; for the bad much torment and fighting; but neither have need of

food. [Mr. Arms]

I hoped to obtain a passage in one of the schooners to the west coast of Patagonia, but in this was disappointed, as the captains say they cannot touch any where on that coast.

Went on shore this morning where hundreds of the Indians still remain hoping to get something from the vessels. They obtained a little tobacco, but to my great joy could not procure any rum. They use tobacco only for smoking, of which they are excessively fond. It is practised by men, women, and children, and is usually their first exercise in the morning and their last at night. They use wooden pipes, and one pipe full of tobacco serves for a whole family at a given time. Each one fills his mouth with the fumes, and then getting his head near to the ground, and drawing his mantle completely over it, blows the smoke gradually through his nostrils until he is strangled and intoxicated.

Finding nothing of special interest to retain me at the bay, I mounted my horse and returned to the camp, where I arrived at eleven, A. M.

As there seemed to be little prospect of our obtaining a passage by water to the west coast, my companion and myself determined, if possible, to make immediate arrangements to cross the country on horses, and endeavor to gain that shore by passing the mountains. Whether we can obtain horses and a guide is yet to be determined. To go without both would be absolute presumption, as it would expose us inevitably to perish for want of food.

\*11.\* The party of Indians that were pitched twelve miles from us have broken up their camp to-day and have all come and joined our clan; and as we learn that there are no more belonging to this nation we mean to embrace this opportunity, while they are together, for numbering them. Invited the grand captain and the Buenos Ayrean Indian, Santurion, to our tent to converse with them about their country, its inhabitants, the object of our visit to them, our desire to travel the country and cross the mountains, their feelings in relation to establishing a mission among them, etc. These men told us that they had travelled to the north as far as the river Negro, from thence went to the Andes, which they labored to pass, but were prevented by their ruggedness, being composed of rough sharp stones at the base, so that their horses could not climb them -- which they showed by very expressive gestures -- and being crowned with deep masses of perpetual snow. They also stated that they travelled south along the mountains nearly to the straits, searching for some pass, or some place where they might cross to the other side, but could not accomplish their object; that they found game scarce, and that their horses were in danger of perishing for want of food. They described the country over which they passed with considerable minuteness, and from certain known data, which we used as criteria, we had reason to believe with much correctness. They represented much of the interior as a complete thicket of thorns, in many places impassable. Other parts were deserts of salt, while some places were marshy and others destitute of water, etc. They also described the game which was found in different parts. In one place they said the guanaco abounded; in another the lion, in another the ostrich, and in some parts there was no sustenance for

man or beast.

In relation to the inhabitants they state that there was a large nation called /Oncas/ on both sides of the river Negro and between its branches, extending back to a small lake near the Andes; that this nation consisted of many thousands; that they had horses, cattle, and sheep; that they lived in tents of skin and occasionally removed short distances to obtain pasture for their flocks. In the vicinity of this nation is the Spanish settlement and garrison at Rio Negro, fifteen miles from the mouth of the river Negro, to which the Indians resort for trade. This settlement is under the government of the Buenos Ayres, and that government hold a nominal jurisdiction over all the natives.

South of the /Oncas/ we were assured that there were no inhabitants, except the tribe we are with, the Supalios or Port-Famine tribe, with whom we spent some time, and who are somewhat less than a hundred in number, and a party from the Oncas nation of about the same number, who are now in the interior, and whom we have not yet seen.

We labored to explain the object of our visit to them, but could not convey to their dark minds any definite conceptions of the higher motives by which we and those who sent us were influenced. They only had a general impression that we were friends, and that we had ability and disposition to do them good, but they seemed to have no higher ideas of good than that which pertains to this life. Nor was it possible, with our imperfect medium of communicating thought, and with all their debasement of mind, to enlighten them on the pure and elevated subject of Christ crucified for sinners. By presenting tangible objects, such as hills, etc., and inquiring who formed them, we endeavored to ascertain whether they had any notions of a Supreme Being, but their minds appeared perfectly blank on the subject, as though such a Being had never found a place in all their thoughts.

On the subject of a future state we found their notions more definite. They believe in the existence of the soul after death, and in the separation of the good and bad. When the good man dies they say he goes far off to a land of eternal sunshine, where there are pleasant houses, delightful fields, and fine horses, and where they will be supplied with all that they desire; but as they will never hunger or thirst they have no occasion for food, etc. When the bad man dies they believe that he descends down deep into a bad land of darkness and barrenness and thorns, where there is much contention and much sorrow.

We inquired whether they would like to have good men come among them, and bring timber and build a large house at Gregory's Bay; and whether they would give up their children to such men, who would teach them to read and write and cultivate the ground; to make clothing and other useful things. They said it was very good, and that the Indians would leave their children with missionaries to be instructed while they travelled the country for pasture and game; and that they would occasionally visit the establishment to see their children and bring them /"much guanaco and much mantle."/ We told them that the Indians did not like our books and papers; but Santurion said this was the case with only a few, and that this was because they did not understand them.

I would here remark that the sailors whom we found the other day stated that they brought some books and tracts on shore when they landed, but that the natives soon took them from them and burned them before their eyes. The reason of their prejudice against paper they stated to be, the fact that some of the Indians had died of the small-pox, which they took from some old papers left by the Spaniards at Port Desire, where that disease had prevailed. [Mr. Coan]

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On the 12th, the British schooner Sappho, capt. M. M. Melward, of Liverpool, arrived in the bay, bound to California. Mr. H. Penny, the owner of the schooner, first came on shore and became acquainted with the missionaries. The kind attentions received from these gentlemen are gratefully acknowledged in the following paragraph.

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Mr. P. now took me on board, and introduced me to capt. Melward who appeared much moved on learning our situation and the object for which we visited Patagonia. He remarked that he felt a lively interest in the missionary cause, and that he loved to meet those who were engaged in it. He very tenderly inquired what assistance he could render us, assuring me that it would afford him no little pleasure to do any thing within his power to help us. His kind offers were affecting, and were made with such undisguised simplicity as at once to give me confidence in his friendship, and to awaken my affection for him. His whole deportment was that of a gentleman and a Christian; and I am told he is a member of the church of England, and that he has regular religious services on board the vessel on the Sabbath.

\*14.\* Capt. Congo, who had been made sea-sick by being on board of the schooner during a storm, and who had not obtained so much tobacco from her as he wished, became angry and refused a mantle which was offered to appease him. Before night, however, he came to us with his feelings much softened, and finally listened to an explanation of the whole matter with calmness, and quietly received the mantle which had been offered him. He still maintained that the schooner was "/malo/" (bad) for making him sick, and when he was told that the vessel was not in fault, that her rolling was caused by the water; then the water said he is "/malo/;" and when he learned that the wind agitated the water, then the wind was "/malo/." So dark are the minds of these deluded savages that they never look "from nature up to nature's God," nor do they seem to have any notion of an all-pervading, all-creating Deity. So infatuated are they that it is said they will take old swords and knives and go out and fight the wind when it blows contrary to their wishes.

\*16.\* By the help of Santurion we took the census of this nation to-day and we found that the whole number is 573. Reckoning the Supalios or Port Famine tribe, at 100, and the clan we have heard of in the interior at 100 (which is probably more than they will number) then, we make only 773 inhabitants in all Eastern Patagonia, south of the Rio Negro, i. e. if our information be correct. And our confidence of its correctness is

the more strengthened from the report of the sailors who have been with the Indians nearly a year, and have travelled with them far into the interior, and who unanimously tell us that they have neither seen nor heard of any other tribes, and. that the natives have always told them that there were no more. Indeed one need only to travel a little while in this country and see its sterility, and to learn that the natives subsist only by the chase, in order to come to the unavoidable conclusion that the population must be extremely sparse.

We are told that different parties of this nation sometimes fall out and have severe and even mortal fights with knives and other hard weapons, and this fact seems probable from the many scars found on some of them. They do not, however, appear to be a ferocious and warlike people, and their quarrels only arise from petty jealousies and envies and are soon over.

Saw some of the Indians playing with a full pack of English cards. It is an easy matter to introduce the vices of our country among these men, but it will be hard to eradicate them. Many of them have learned to use some of the most obscene words in our language, and the only entire English sentence I have heard them pronounce is a full-framed oath. I blush for the Christian name, which, instead of teaching these pagans to revere, has first taught them to blaspheme the Christian's God.

\*17.\* One woman in the camp has been engaged for some time in weaving a blanket about four feet square, and as it is the first and only process of the kind that I have seen, I spent some time in seeing the weaver ply her trade. The yarn used for this purpose is spun from the wool of the guanaco, and is drawn out with the fingers, and twisted by means of a reed held in one hand. The loom is equally simple with the spinning apparatus. It consists of two poles placed one above the other in a horizontal position and so far asunder as the intended length of the blanket. The warp being cut into threads of proper length is then tied to these poles by each end, so as to be in a perpendicular position before the artist, like the common weaver's harness. The weaver seats herself before this loom, with her woof wound upon a stick for a bobbin, and one end of it tied to an ostrich's feather for a shuttle. Thus prepared she divides the warp by introducing a stick about a foot and a half long between the threads, and before this is withdrawn, shoving her feather shuttle through the space and thus introducing the woof, the stick now serving as a reed to press the woof down to its place. When this is done the stick is taken out and another portion of the warp is divided in the same manner, and thus the thread of woof is extended through it from side to side, and this process is continued till the blanket is completed. The yarn is dyed different colors, and the blankets are often made with many curious and tasteful figures; but the process is extremely slow -- it requiring nearly two weeks to finish one of these small blankets; consequently they are very scarce, and I have never seen half a dozen of them in the nation. Those which are found are mostly used to caparison the horses of the great. In the fabrication of this article may be seen much native genius struggling to develop its energies amidst the almost insuperable obstacles with which it is cramped.

\*19.\* The Indian doctor has been practising his art in different parts

of the camp during most of the day, and his howling, moaning, blowing, screaming, shaking his rattles, etc., have become familiar music to our ears. Much confidence seems to be placed in his superstitious and ridiculous round of ceremonies; for he is employed by all who are ill, from the great captain down to the meanest individual; and they not only suppose him capable of driving diseases from man, but also from beast; for I saw him at the tent of capt. Congo to-day endeavoring to cure a sick horse. He went through with the same process with the horse as with a human patient, except that he dispensed with the rattles, and probably for the good reason, that experience had taught him that the horse would bear this noisy prescription less patiently than the more stupid savage. Every day brings us fresh illustrations of the dark and debased condition of these men, and excites unavailing sympathies on their behalf. We would preach "Christ crucified" to them, but cannot; and our situation among them is like that of one surrounded by drowning men whom he has no power to save. [Mr. Coan]

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On the 24th, the schooner Antarctic, capt. James S. Nash, came into Gregory's Bay, The Indians, having learned that Messrs. Arms and Coan intended to leave them as soon as they should find a suitable opportunity, endeavored to prevent their being informed of this arrival. After some refusals and delays, they at length consented to furnish horses to convey them and their baggage to the bay.

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\*25.\* Arose early this morning and called for the horses we had engaged to take us down to the vessel, but it was about two hours before they were brought up, after which they were suffered to stray several times before we could get them prepared for our baggage.

Most of the Indians remained on the beach during the night. Those who were in the camp gathered around us for a farewell interview, each one hoping to receive something from us. We endeavored to put some little thing into every one's hand.

Santurion made us a family visit, and requested that we would return and live with them. He also mentioned some articles he wished us to procure in our country and bring to him. When we had finished distributing our presents, the Indians took hold and carefully aided us in packing our horses, and a full escort attended us down to the vessel. It was painful to leave the camp and separate, probably forever, from these rude sons of nature, yet in all the darkness of heathenism. But what was most affecting was to part with our old Indian mother. Her fidelity to us had remained unshaken to the last, and now we bade her farewell, she put on a solemn countenance and commenced a very plaintive song, which continued till we were beyond the sound of her voice.

When we arrived at the shore we found the Indians there very pleasant, and having distributed a few presents we bade them farewell and went on board the vessel. While going from the shore to the schooner, we were passed by another boat going from the vessel to the shore, with Maria

and several Indians. When the boat passed ours, an Indian held up a tract, and calling out to our boat's crew to look on, threw it overboard. Old Maria now held up a bundle of tracts, and crying out "/Malo! malo!/" dashed them into the water with indignant contempt.

When we came on board the Antarctic, capt. Nash informed us that the Indians told him he was bad for attempting to take us away, and that we should not go. For this reason he retained some of them on board with the determination to keep them till he had secured us. Old Maria, he remarked, had stolen the tracts we saw her throw into the water, from his cabin. He also stated that she had torn many of them in pieces on board; that she said they were "/Malo!/" and taking a tract from a bundle she held in her hand she rent it before the captain's eyes, and then drawing a knife from her bosom, by expressive gestures in connection with the name of my companion, she told him that she was going to meet Mr. Arms on the shore, tear up the tracts before him, and then plunge her knife into his breast. She also pointed to a large Indian standing near with a dirk, who signified that he would do the same. In consequence of these threats, the captain thought it prudent to prevent our coming into contact with old Maria, and for this reason sent her to the shore in one boat, while we were brought on board in another. What was the particular cause of this exasperated state of feeling in the old queen at this time we do not know. She had never exhibited such feelings towards us. [Mr. Coan]

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Messrs. Arms and Coan received a gratuitous passage in the Antarctic to the Falkland Islands; and by a similar act of kindness on the part of capt. G. L. Allyn, of the schooner Talma, they were brought to Groton, Connecticut, where they arrived on the 14th of May.

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## ADVENTURES IN PATAGONIA: A MISSIONARY'S EXPLORING TRIP

AUTHOR: Titus Coan, New York, 1880

### CHAPTER XII: LIFE AT THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

/Schooner Antarctic, off Cape Virgins, Sunday, Jan. 26, 1834./ -- Arose this morning and found the Antarctic passing out of the Strait and driving into the billows of the Atlantic. We made a fine run during the night, and we shall soon sink all land and get an open ocean horizon.

Our young English exile is with us, very feeble, and unable to perform any labor, but exceedingly joyful in the thought that he has escaped from the grasp of the savages, and that he once more sees the faces of the civilized and the merciful. It is a comfort to see his happiness.

Charles Palmer, also, is quite jubilant in view of his situation, and his health is fast improving. In fact, it is a bright and joyful day to all on board. Even our vessel seems to leap and dance and rush into the white foam "like a thing of life."

We have a large and fine cabin, and all the appointments of this schooner are excellent, much better than those of any other sealing vessel we have seen. It is the same schooner in which Captain Benjamin Morrell once visited the South Seas and wrote the narrative that I have mentioned.

Captain Nash informs us that his ship-stores are low, and that unless he can replenish them at the Falkland Islands he will be obliged to leave us there, where there will be no difficulty in our obtaining a passage to the States.

Arrangements were made for divine service this afternoon, but before the hour arrived the sea became rough, and we were so prostrated with seasickness that the service was given up. On coming out of the Strait this morning we saw a large brig, having the appearance of a man-of-war, going in under the north shore, but so far from us the captain could not speak her.

/Jan. 28./ At 9 A.M. we made the Falkland Islands, and in the afternoon ran into a little bay and dropped anchor near the shore in quiet water. Here we found the schooner Caroline, Captain Storer, of New York.

As nine of our crew were going on shore to find game, and as they invited us, we went with them. The islands and lagoons of this group abound in geese, ducks, and a great variety of other fowls, and the interior in wild cattle, hogs, and rabbits.

In a short time our sailors shot thirty geese, ducks, etc., and returned on board laden with game. On returning to our vessel we found Captain



Storer, of the *Caroline*, and Captain Benjamin Pendleton, of Stonington, Ct., master of the whaleship *Hamilton*, of New York, in our cabin "gamming." Captain Pendleton's ship is moored at New Island, about 70 miles from us. The *Caroline* is a tender for the *Hamilton*, and goes out into the open ocean in search of whales, and when killed tows them into the harbor, where they are "cut in" and "tried out" on board the *Hamilton*. These vessels have been out twelve months from the United States.

/Albemarle Harbor, Falkland Islands, Jan. 29./ -- We are anchored in a small lagoon almost surrounded by islets. On the south is Arch Island, so named on account of a natural arch opening a passage entirely through one end of the island, so that boats and small vessels can pass in and out of the harbor under this natural bridge.

The schooner *Hancock*, Captain Davison, of Stonington, Ct., came into our harbor this morning. She is bound on a sealing expedition. We learn that the brig we passed in coming out of the Strait is the *Beagle*, Captain Fitz Roy, a surveying vessel of the British Royal Navy. (Charles Darwin was on board of her, making his famous voyage; but of that we knew nothing at the time.)

Towards evening the Antarctic left Port Albemarle, ran down the island a few miles, and anchored in a little cove. From the deck we noticed a large number of hair-seals basking in the sun on a beautiful sand-beach opposite our vessel. A boat was launched, and eighteen men, armed with guns and clubs, went on shore to attack these animals. While rowing to the shore many of the huge creatures dove into the water and came swimming around our boat, snorting, growling, and gnashing their teeth. Not to disturb those which remained on the beach, our men landed at a distance from them, and came upon them by a circuitous route; but being so near the water they killed only three, while more than a hundred escaped into the sea. One of those captured is what is called a sea-lion (*Platyrrhynchus leoninus*), a name probably given him from his huge dimensions, his bold front, and his power in combat.

This animal measured ten feet and four inches in length. On being fired upon the whole drove plunged into the water, making the bay foam with their splashing. Many of them came close to the shore, grunting and growling as if to defy us. The men shot several of them in the water, but this was a pity, as it was also cruel, for they all sunk at once and could not be taken. Two large foxes, coming boldly out of the bushes to reconnoitre, were unceremoniously shot.

/Bay of St, Salvador, Falkland Islands, Jan. 30./ -- At daylight this morning the Antarctic was got under way, and we ran down through Falkland Sound, the beautiful sheet of water which separates the two principal islands of the group, East and West Falkland, and at 4 P.M. anchored in this bay, having sailed nearly one hundred miles. Our passage through the sound was delightful. With a fine breeze and a smooth sea we glided along at the rate of ten knots an hour. The island on our left presented in many places a bold shore of perpendicular rock, while inland a range of mountains rose to a considerable height, sprinkled here and there with patches of snow. On our right the land was low and level, resembling somewhat the pampas of Eastern Patagonia. On

our way through the sound we spoke two vessels. The captain's object in visiting this bay is to get some spars and other articles left here by the Antarctic on her way out, and also to make some repairs on the vessel before going to sea.

Went ashore at 5 P.M. with several of the crew in search of game. Immediately on landing we saw a sea-elephant on the beach. Coming between it and the sea, it came towards us displaying enormous open jaws and strong teeth, when our officer fired directly into its mouth -- the surest way of killing the monster -- and brought him down. He measured fifteen and a half feet, and he will yield about three barrels of oil. The sea-elephant (*Macrorhinus proboscideus*) is the largest species of seal. It is said to be sometimes found measuring thirty feet in length and yielding twenty-five barrels of oil. It is a formidable-looking animal, but on account of its clumsiness on land it is not at all dangerous, though powerful in the water. Having flippers instead of legs, it only moves by awkward and slow hitches on the land, so that a boy of four years can outrun it. Our men shot several geese and ducks, and we returned to the schooner.

/Feb. 1./ Three men appearing on horseback upon the shore opposite our vessel, the captain sent a boat to communicate with them. The boat returned and reported that they were Mestizos and Indians from Buenos Ayres who had lived at Port Louis, and who roamed over the islands to slaughter wild cattle and other game. They are called Gauchos. Port Louis was a small Spanish settlement, and the only village on the island, Port Egmont, a small English settlement, having been abandoned. We hear that there has been a massacre at Port Louis of late. This port was formerly under a governor named Vernet, who was commissioned by the Buenos Ayres Government, and a man of the name of Brisbane, an Englishman, acted as lieutenant-governor. This colony attempted to monopolize the seal-fishery about these islands, seizing American vessels, confiscating their cargoes, and putting their crews into confinement, or banishing them to other islands.

In 1831 the United States sloop-of-war Lexington was sent out to break up the establishment. Governor Vernet fled to Buenos Ayres, Brisbane was taken prisoner and sent to the same place, and the nest was broken up.

After this the English took possession of the islands, and a small colony was begun at Port Louis, to which Brisbane returned as acting-governor. Displeasing the few Spaniards, mestizos and Indians of the place, they arose, and on the 26th of August, 1833, murdered Brisbane and four others of the colonists, intending, obviously to massacre the whole English colony. In this they failed, as the rest of the residents rushed into a stone house with a few arms, barricaded it, and determined to sell their lives, if need be, at the highest cost. The murderers watched the house for a day or two, and finding it too dangerous to storm, they tore down the other houses of the village, broke up all the boats or sent them adrift, sacked the village, drove off all the domestic animals -- horses, sheep, swine, horned cattle, etc. -- and decamped to a sheltered valley on the other side of the island. After the murderers had left the place the barricaded men came out, and looked for some way of escape from the island.

Fortunately one of the boats which the mob had set adrift upon the water floated across the channel and beached on the opposite shore. One of the men, being a good swimmer, succeeded in reaching it, got it afloat, and sculled it across the channel to his companions, who all embarked immediately and escaped to another island, where they awaited a vessel which relieved them. In due time the news of the massacre was sent to the British naval commander at Buenos Ayres, when a lieutenant of the Royal Navy with six marines was sent to Port Louis to hold the place until sufficient help should be sent.

This we understand to be the present state of things at the islands, and the three men seen on the shore to-day, armed to the teeth, are probably of the murderous gang from Port Louis. They inquired if our vessel wanted fresh beef and promised us a fat cow this afternoon if the captain would send his boat some four or five miles down the coast to a lagoon where they would deliver it. They also agreed to deliver the captain seven fat bullocks to-morrow at five dollars a head, taking pay in powder, balls, tobacco, rum, and other articles.

A boat was sent for the beef promised to-day, and Mr. Arms and I went in it. The sailors had a long and hard pull, and only reached the cove a little before sundown. Here in a most secluded nook, covered by hills and open only to the sea, we found seven armed men, Spaniards and Indians, dressing a fat cow. They looked wild and suspicious, and we supposed them to have been engaged in the massacre of last August. Our men took the beef, and we returned to the Antarctic arriving at 10 P.M.

/Feb. 3./ At an early hour this morning six men appeared on the shore with eleven horses and four beeves. The bullocks were purchased for our vessel, and a bright, active little Spaniard with one attendant came on board to receive the pay. These men are armed with double-barrelled guns, pistols, dirks, and knives. The Spaniard is the evident leader of the gang, and they call him Captain Antook. Having received the pay for the animals, he bowed a polite good-day and was off in trice. His eye was sharp and restless, and his bearing like that of one ill at ease.

/Feb. 4./ We saw two men on the beach this morning, and a boat was sent to speak them. They proved to be an Englishman and an Indian from Port Louis, on the opposite side of this island, and were supposed to have been sent by Lieutenant Smith to inquire about our vessel.

In the afternoon they came down again, and the Englishman came on board with a letter from the Governor to Captain Nash. This letter gave many particulars in regard to the bloody massacre at the Port, stating also that the Indian who accompanies the Englishman was one of the murderers who had given himself up to the Governor, and received pardon on promising to become a witness for the Crown.

This Indian brought back two horses, and these are all that can be mustered at Port Louis, the gauchos having taken off fifty when they left the place.

/Feb. 5./ Governor Smith came over from Port Louis to-day, accompanied

by Captain Rea, six English marines, and the Indian who gave himself up. Captain Rea is in the service of the English Admiralty, and in attempting to reach the newly discovered "Graham's Land" lost his vessel, but succeeded in reaching the Falkland Islands with his secretary, Mr. Foxton, where they are now waiting for a chance to return to England.

Coming on board the Antarctic, the Governor and the captain began a conversation with Captain Nash about the massacre. Having heard that Captain Nash had aided and abetted these desperadoes, the Governor's language waxed warm and threatening. He even declared that if he had an armed vessel he would proceed immediately to seize the Antarctic. He blamed Captain Nash severely for trading with these ruffians and receiving them on board his vessel, styling it an act of hostility against "His Majesty's Government," and especially blaming him for not arresting the murderers when they came on board. The Governor affirmed that Captain Nash had involved himself and his country in serious difficulty with the Government of Great Britain. Captain Nash replied that he had been greatly misinformed: that only one of the company, Antook, with an attendant, had been on board the Antarctic, and that this was at a time when two of his sailors were on shore and in the power of the rest of the gang of supposed murderers. Besides, he asserted that he had no evidence but that of suspicion and rumor that the men with whom he traded were the party guilty of the massacre; that he had no legal warrant from any source to seize them; and finally, that, had he arrested them, he then had no authentic information of the reestablishment of any government on the islands, civil, military, or naval, to which he could deliver them. On these grounds he felt himself clear from all complicity with the crimes alleged, and from all blame in the offences charged upon him.

In reply to the threatenings of the Governor, Captain Nash stated that he had a good vessel armed with six brass nine-pounders, with plenty of powder and balls, also a full complement of muskets, pistols, cutlasses, harpoons, spades, and boarding pikes, and that he was well able to defend himself, but that notwithstanding this, since the Governor was without an "armed vessel," he would consent to take the Antarctic to Port Louis and deliver her up to him if he desired it.

The atmosphere of the cabin now became cooler; the Governor began to retract, saying, "No, no, I do not wish it," and after fuller explanations he became very pacific and courteous. All matters of difference were amicably settled, and the Governor cordially invited Captain Nash to visit Port Louis in the Antarctic, offering him any assistance in his power.

The Governor and Captain Rea then held a pleasant conversation with Mr. Arms and myself, and the Governor insisted on our going home with him to spend the night, offering to give us fresh milk and butter and the best of all he had, and then to send his marines to escort us back to the schooner on the morrow.

We accepted the invitation with pleasure, and at 4 P.M. set off for the Port, where we arrived at a quarter past eight, distance ten or twelve

miles. There were but two horses in the party of eleven. One of these the pardoned Indian was permitted to ride as his own, while the other was appropriated to Captain Rea, my companion, and myself, by order of the Governor, who with his marines insisted on walking all the way. We had no road or trail, but took the direction towards Port Louis, passing over fields of grass, sometimes thick and tall like tussock-grass (/Dactylis/), and sometimes over low grassy plains. Where the tall or bunch grasses were abundant the rabbits were very numerous, and our company caught a full dozen on the way. These were found with great ease, simply by watching for the animals as they ran for shelter into thick tufts of grass.

The tussock has a succulent and nutritious root on which the rabbit, the wild hog, the rat, and other rodents feed.

Port Louis consists of a dozen low houses, some built of stone and others of turf or adobe, and all thatched with grass. As before stated, most of these houses were pulled down or unroofed by the gauchos, so that when Lieut. Smith came with his six marines to act as Governor of the islands, he had first to roof a part of a stone house to obtain comfortable shelter.

Into this house of one room we were kindly and courteously welcomed, and here with the Governor, Captain Rea, and Mr. Foxton we spent a pleasant night.

One or two other houses have been partially repaired, furnishing rude quarters for the marines and a few sailors, adventurers, etc., amounting in all to twenty-three men.

The Governor's quarters contained one old Franklin stove, a table, an old sideboard, a dinky sofa, a chest of drawers, a crib, and a few chairs.

In this room Governor Brisbane was murdered, and here we heard an account of the shocking event and its immediate cause.

Brisbane employed the Spaniard Antook as a shoemaker, and several Mestizos and South American Indians as herdsmen, bullock-hunters, etc. Failing to pay them promptly, from lack of means, as he said, they were angry, and determined to kill him and all his friends and plunder the village. According to the plot agreed on, Antook came to the door of this room one morning while Brisbane was sitting before the stove lighted with a fire of peat, the principal fuel of these islands, and demanded pay. Brisbane refused, and immediately a bullet went through his body. He grabbed for his pistol, in a cupboard on his left, arose to fire, but staggered and fell, when he received a blow upon his head from a cutlass and three stabs from a dirk. He was then dragged to the door, his feet bound with raw-hide rope, and this being attached to the saddle of a horse, he was drawn out into the field, where he was stripped, mutilated, and left unburied. His clerk was also killed with several others at the same time, and the town was sacked, a few Englishmen escaping as before stated.

Governor Smith had succeeded in catching two wild milch-cows, and he

redeemed his hospitable word by giving us fresh milk and butter, with eggs, fresh beef, sea-biscuit, etc., making a delicious supper.

The evening passed pleasantly in talk with the Governor and Captain Rea on their expeditions, perils, and varied experiences in the wild regions of the Antarctic Ocean. The hour of sleep arriving, Mr. Arms and myself were furnished with a narrow crib bed and a sofa, while the other three were disposed, one on the broad window-sill, one on the table, and the other on the floor, and thus we passed the night, the marines standing their appointed watches until morning.

/Feb. 6./ At a little before 11 A.M. we left Port Louis and set out for Salvador Bay. We declined an escort of marines, very kindly offered by the Governor, telling him we only needed the old Gaucho to guide us. The Governor gave us the spare horse and a sailor to go with us and bring him back. In order to quicken our speed, we doubled the horses, the sailor riding behind the Indian, and Mr. Arms and I occupying the other saddle. But we worked our passages, for propelling the old worn-out horse was like setting an old leaky scow up stream. However, we arrived at the bay in good time, and were taken on board the Antarctic.

/Feb. 8./ Our anchor was taken up this morning and our sails spread for a visit to Eagle Island; but as the wind failed, the tide drifted the Antarctic towards the shore and she grounded. A kedge anchor was carried out from her bows, and she was soon hauled off into deep water. A breeze now sprung up and we beat out of the bay.

Learning that a French man-of-war and an English schooner had just arrived at Port Louis, our captain determined to pass that way and send a boat from the mouth of Berkley Sound, sixteen miles, to Port Louis, to ascertain what ship it was, and to get some small stores, if possible, for our vessel.

/Feb. 9./ Calm all the afternoon of yesterday and all last night. This morning we found our vessel drifted quite into the entrance of Berkley Sound, where we saw the French ship beating out against a head-wind. As she passed near us our captain spoke her, and found her to be the Victorious, twenty-two days from Rio and bound to Valparaiso.

Our boat returned at 10½ A.M. with an earnest request from Governor Smith for the Antarctic to visit Port Louis, and we immediately squared away and ran before the wind to the Port, and at 2 P. M. came to anchor in the harbor. Here we found the English schooner Hopeful, Captain Mallros, who with another gentleman came at once on board our vessel.

/Feb. 11./ Took a ramble on shore this morning to see the village cemetery. This, like the village and all its surroundings, is in a neglected and dilapidated condition. Four rude boards mark the resting-places of as many English and American seamen. All the other graves are undistinguished by any memorial of their tenants. We visited the great /corral/, or cattle-pen, in which a hundred horned cattle were sometimes collected for slaughter or for taming. Only eleven bullocks are now in this enclosure; for although there are numerous wild cattle on the group, yet for lack of horses and expert lasso-men but few have

been taken since the massacre.

We called on the Governor and took a walk with him in his garden and in the fields. The former contains an acre of ground, but he arrived too late in the season to cultivate many vegetables this year. The soil is good, but the warm season is short in this high latitude. Irish potatoes, beans, turnips, and some other vegetables of quick growth can be raised here.

One of our boats went out on a fishing expedition to-day, and returned loaded with fishes as large as shad and greater in number than the surprising draught of Peter. The coves and lagoons of these islands are well stocked with fishes, which can be easily taken in a net in large quantities.

/Choiseul Bay, Feb. 12./ -- We left Port Louis this morning for Eagle Island. While getting under way the Governor came on board to bring some despatches and to bid us farewell. Captain Mallros, of the Hopeful, also paid us a pleasant visit, sailing some distance down the sound with us, and then returning in his boat to his vessel.

Captain Prior, of the English sloop which was lost in the ice off the Southern Ocean, takes passage for himself and four of his crew for New Island on board the Antarctic.

While passing the South Rocks in the mouth of Berkley Sound we saw them covered with fur-seals, while the waters around the rocks were alive with the gambols of these animals. We supposed that there were at least a thousand of them.

/Claris Harbor, Eagle Island, Feb. 14./ -- In consequence of calms we reached this port only this morning. Most of the crew have spent the day on shore in search of wild hogs and other game. Several geese and a variety of birds were taken, but no hogs.

/Feb. 15./ Went on shore in company with a boat's crew in search of wild geese. Twelve were shot, together with many smaller fowls and a beautiful white swan. Just at night two schooners came into the harbor and anchored near us: the Unicorn, an armed English vessel engaged in surveying these islands, and the Elizabeth Jane, Captain Alberton, of New York. Captain Alberton came on board our vessel.

/Sunday, Feb. 16./ -- Captain Nash invited the masters, officers, and crews of the two schooners to attend divine service on board the Antarctic. At the hour appointed a signal was set, and these hardy sons of the ocean collected together and filled our cabin. It was a pleasure to meet so large a number of the human brotherhood on these lonely isles in the far south. Here the Englishman, the Frenchman, American, Scotchman, Irishman, German, and African met to recognize the one fatherhood of God, the one brotherhood of man, the one blood of all nations, the one Lord's day for all Christians, the one Bible as the light of the earth, and the one Saviour of a lost world. What ties can so truly bind the human family together as these?

/Feb. 18./ After beating all day against a headwind in company with the Elizabeth Jane, we were unable yesterday to reach the place of our destination, Arch Island, and so came to anchor at night under lee of the shore. Early this morning we entered Port Albemarle. Here we found the ship Charles Adams, Captain Staunton, of Stonington, Ct., with her tender, the brig Uxor; also the bark Commodore Barre, Captain Chester, of New York. These vessels are all engaged in whaling. There are now five sail lying in the port, giving it a lively appearance.

The safe and quiet harbors of this group are numerous, and many of them are landlocked. Many ships, barks, brigs, and schooners flock together in these bays.

Captain Nash tells us to-day that, not being able to obtain suitable provisions here, he will be obliged to leave us with some of the vessels at these islands, whence we will, as he thinks, soon find passage to the United States. He now purposes to visit St. Charles, in Brazil, for supplies and repairs. So our hopes of a speedy return to our country are again disappointed. But all will be right, and in God's good time we hope to see the land of our birth.

/Fish Bay, Feb. 19./ -- Left Port Albemarle for New Island. We passed many islands of various forms and sizes, some of which were crowded with birds, which filled the air with wild and various notes. We estimated that twenty thousand birds were sometimes seen on an islet of two miles in circumference. There is a gregarious bird very common here which the sailors call "Johnny Rook." This rook (*Corvus frugilegus*) resembles the crow. Some of its habits are amusing, though often vexatious. He is an arrant rogue, and outdoes all the feathered tribe in impudence. Johnny is always watching the sailor when on shore, hovering and screaming just over his head, following him from place to place, and when he lays any small article upon the ground, slyly stealing it away, often from within two feet of him. He seems to delight in mischief for its own sake. He has often been known to break large quantities of eggs which sailors had gathered and left only for a few minutes unguarded. This is done wantonly, and not from hunger. He will even watch when any one buries a small article in the ground, and will dig it up and, if possible, destroy it, or carry it away and hide it. He has been known to take pocket-knives, powder-horns, flasks, caps, handkerchiefs, etc., and sometimes to drop them into the middle of a pond in sight of their owners. These vexatious habits render the rook an object of resentment to the sailors, and, as the bird is easily captured, the most shocking tortures are often inflicted upon it.

/Feb. 20./ Captain Nash has concluded to remain in this harbor until he leaves the islands. He therefore sent a boat to New Island -- seven miles -- to communicate with some ships lying there and with Captain Benjamin Pendleton, of the ship Hamilton.

Wishing to find a home for my companion and myself when the Antarctic shall leave us, I took passage in the boat this morning for Island Harbor. The day was very stormy and cold, but we reached the Hamilton in good time, and were kindly received by Captain Pendleton and invited to spend the night on board, which invitation was thankfully accepted. This



is a fine ship of 500 tons, with two schooners attached as tenders. Captain Pendleton very generously offers us a home on board his vessel until we find an opportunity to sail for the States. Here I found some trunks and other articles we left on board the Mary Jane to be sent back to the United States.

I also found two young sailors who escaped from Patagonia in the Macdonough two days before we embarked in the Antarctic.

/Feb. 21./ We received an invitation to return to Fish Bay in the schooner Hancock, Captain Davison. In two hours we were alongside of the Antarctic.

/Feb. 23./ Yesterday was mostly spent by the crew in getting ready for sea, and by us in preparing letters, etc., for our friends, if this vessel should chance to reach home before us.

/Feb. 24./ We bade farewell to the Antarctic today, and took up our lodgings on board the Hamilton.

Captain Nash refuses to take any compensation for our board and passage. We have been with him a full month, and we feel under great obligations for the generous welcome he has given us and for all that we have enjoyed in his beautiful and comfortable vessel, in which we have been conveyed from port to port, until we have seen most that is to be seen among these islands.

/Feb. 26./ The Antarctic sailed this morning with fair weather and a brisk breeze, and was soon out of sight.

Captain Pendleton tells us to make ourselves quite at home, and gives us evidence of a sincere welcome. Two boats went out in search of whales. A large whale was harpooned, but as the sea was rough the line was cut in order to save the boat and the lives of the crew: so the monster made off with the barbed iron in his flesh.

Captain Davison, of the Hancock, came on board and told us that the schooner Talma, Captain Gordon Allyn, of New London, was daily expected in from the South Shetland Islands, and that he was quite sure he could procure for us a passage in her. He added that he was bound to a certain harbor where he expected to meet the Talma, as she was mated with the Hancock in the seal-fishery. He then invited one or both of us to come on board his vessel and make it our home, while we waited and watched for the Talma. It was soon arranged that I should go with Captain Davison, while Mr. Arms would remain on the Hamilton ready to sail for home should the opportunity present. The Hamilton immediately sailed down to West Point Harbor, a distance of thirty miles. Here we anchored for the purpose of taking fish and fowl.

/Ship Harbor, Feb. 28./ Spent the last two days chiefly in reading, in conversation with the captain and officers, etc., and in rambling on shore.

There is little variety in the scenery of these islands. Barren rocks, heath-clad hills, swales of coarse, rank grass, with here and there an

island of peat and tussock, are the chief objects of an inanimate kind which meet the eye; while the ear is constantly saluted with the harsh croaking of unnumbered sea-fowls and the ceaseless roar of the surges as they dash among the craggy cliffs of an iron-bound shore.

/March 1./ Took a ramble this morning upon this desolate island, and here in this dreary solitude I found a little nameless cemetery where the remains of seven sailors sleep alone. The sight awakened sad reflections.

/Sunday, March 2./ The morning opened with great beauty and sweet serenity. Captain Davison is very kind and affable, and not averse to conversation on the most important of all themes which concern man. He seems candid and thoughtful, and his conduct is very courteous.

Arrangements were made by him for religious service in the afternoon, but just before the hour arrived the cry of "Sail ho!" rang from the deck. A schooner was descried coming rapidly into the harbor, and it was soon found to be the Talma, bound for New London! In she came and dropped anchor near the Hancock, and the "gamming" commenced immediately. There was general joy in meeting old friends and neighbors, and of telling the "yarns" of the sea. I was introduced to Captain Allyn, and when Captain Davison told him our Patagonian history and our desire to return to the United States, he at once offered us a passage, though he has a large crew and little provision. The fact that he intends to sail as soon as possible is cheering, after the delays and uncertainties of the past weeks.

/March 5./ We left Ship Harbor in the Hancock yesterday to return to the Hamilton. On account of a calm we made little progress all day and all the night, but at seven this morning we anchored near the Hamilton, and found one of her tenders "cutting in" what they called a hundred-barrel whale, while the whole train of large pots on deck were smoking with the boiling blubber. Captain Allyn remained at Ship Harbor to prepare for his voyage north, promising to come for us at New Island when he shall be ready for sea. We are under great obligations to Captain Davison for his prompt, kind, and courteous agency in securing us a passage in the Talma, to which he would convey us with our effects, even though ready to sail as soon as the wind shall favor, for the Strait of Magellan, could he obtain the consent of his crew.

/March 6./ A bright morning, with a crisp northerly wind. Shortly after the departure of the Hancock, the whaleship Atlantic, of Bridgeport, Conn., Captain Young, came into this harbor, which is to be his place of rendezvous. These whalers have many a sad tale of danger and disaster to tell. Captain Young has lost one man on his way out. Two of his boats were in pursuit of a large whale. One boat-steerer struck the whale with his harpoon and "made fast." The furious monster turned directly upon the boat, struck it a full blow with his fluke, cut it in two, shivered it, killed one man instantly, and scattered the rest of the boat's crew upon the water, where they would all have perished had it not been for the proximity of a second boat in which they were taken and saved. It is an important precaution observed by whalers to send out their boats in pairs.

One of the Hamilton's boats fastened to a huge whale, but he towed the boat so swiftly through the water that the raw sailors took fright and leaped overboard, choosing rather to wait for a slower boat than to take passage in one that turned the blue into white, and seemed to them to outstrip the wind. The consequence of this plunge was that the boat-steerer was obliged to cut the line, stop the mad rush of the boat, pick up his men, and lose the whale.

At 4 P.M. to-day the Talma came in and anchored near the Hamilton. Captain Allyn has been faithful to his promise to come for us. Had it not been to accommodate us, he would have taken his departure for the United States directly from Ship Harbor. Thus all things work favorably for us, and we have abundant reason to be thankful. There are two ships and four schooners in this harbor to-day, and all the masters are from the little busy beehive State of Connecticut. There is much of "gamming," or visiting from vessel to vessel, except when whales are being taken. Then all hands are astir, and there is little rest by day or by night.

/March 8./ Went on shore with a guide this morning to take my last ramble upon these islands. After walking over a steep hill and through rank tussock-grass for a mile and a half, we came to a large rookery of penguins, albatrosses, mollemokes (*Procellaria glacialis*), and other birds.

This rookery covers several acres, and we are told that in the season of incubation it is so completely filled with birds that the ground can hardly be seen, and eggs can be gathered by thousands on thousands. Most of these birds have reared their young and left the rookery, but several thousands still remain, as their broods are not old enough to leave their nests.

When the penguins are sufficiently grown they are led like soldiers in single file to the shore, when they take to the sea and are seen no more until the time for laying returns. They are amphibious, seeming to be half fish, half fowl. They are web-footed, with feathers resembling large and coarse scales, and with only the stumps of wings.

They walk erect, but cannot fly. In the water they use both their stumps of wings and their webbed feet, and are expert swimmers and divers. They are often seen hundreds of miles, from land, where they are perfectly at home in storm or calm.

In the rookery we saw several nests of the albatross. These were built of mud, grass, small stones, and sticks, say two feet high, and as large as a barrel. These nests overlook the rookery, and they seem to stand as so many round towers for the posting of sentinels. The penguins and other fowls lay on the ground, making only a slight depression in the earth for a nest.

I found some of the nests with the young albatross on, about two thirds grown, or the size of a goose. These were not sufficiently fledged to fly, but kept to their towers day and night, too large to be brooded,

but still receiving their daily food from the parent-birds. I saw but one bird in a nest, and inferred that the albatross lays but one egg in a season. On approaching one of these cumbrous young birds it seemed much disturbed, hissed angrily, and showed fight.

In the afternoon we took all our baggage on board the Talma, as the captain declares himself ready to sail to-morrow. Captain Pendleton not only refuses all remuneration for our board while with him, but he is also determined to supply us with "small stores" and other provisions for the voyage home. Captain Young, of the Atlantic, also begs the privilege to join in this generous work, while the masters of the schooners wish to have a hand in seeing us well supplied. Everywhere the true sailor is proverbial for his generosity, and everywhere we have experienced only kindness from our brethren of the sea and of the land.

We have now been at these islands forty days save one, and expect to leave on the fortieth. We have met hundreds of our fellow-men of about twelve different nationalities. We have received nothing but respect and kindness from all; and we have endeavored so to live among them as to convince all of our earnest desire for their welfare here and forever.