

«Of Sailors and Savages» : Tierra del Fuego and Magellan Strait
Contacts with natives reported in English-language newspapers (1851-1900)
(relevant text is shown in bold type)

PIONEER + SPEEDWELL [1851]

Lyttelton Times (NZ), 18 September 1852

A PARTY OF MISSIONARIES STARVED TO DEATH.

We have to narrate one of the most appalling stories that has ever appeared in a public journal. An English officer, Captain Gardiner, of the Royal Navy, who was sent out with six companions by the "Patagonian Missionary Society" to the neighbourhood of Cape Horn, has been literally starved to death – he, and his companions with him. The party consisted of Captain Allen Gardiner, R.N., superintendent; Mr. Williams, surgeon and catechist; Mr Maidment, catechist; John Irwin, carpenter; and John Badcock, John Bryant, & Pearce, Cornish fishermen. They left England in September, 1850, in the *Ocean Queen*; it having been promised that stores should be forwarded to them in June via the Falkland Islands; should they be unable to maintain their position at Picton Island, Beagle Channel, it was supposed that being provided with partially decked launches, they would fall back on Staten Island.

The ill-fated party landed on Picton Island towards the conclusion of the year 1850. From the first they seem to have been annoyed in some measure by the natives, and to have been hunted backwards and forwards from the little island to what may be called the mainland of Terra-del-Fuego. About the middle of April, 1851, Captain Gardiner begins to record in his diary, which, has been preserved to us, that they have provisions enough to last for two months, but some are very low. They have but a flask and a-half of powder; their fishing net is washed away. They shoot an occasional fox, which serves them for food and, besides, if they did not destroy the animal, he would do his best to steal the remainder of their little stock of provisions. The scurvy breaks out among the party. They are driven to take refuge in a cavern but the tide rolls in, and Captain Gardiner and Mr. Maidment are obliged to swim out for their lives, and take refuge upon a clump of rock, round the base of which the waves of the South Atlantic are breaking. Upon this rock the two poor creatures kneel down in prayer. John Badcock dies. By the 4th July the party have been seven weeks on short allowance; their only hope is in the expected ship from the Falkland Islands but no ship comes. They greedily eat a penguin, a shag, a half-devoured fish washed upon the shore. Six mice are spoken of in the journal as dainties. The garden seeds have been used for broth, and are all spent. Mussels and limpets are the next resource – and then rockweed is boiled down to a jelly. Irwin and Bryant, die. Two of the party, Mr. Williams and Pearce had gone away from the main body of the party, for some object or other, probably for the discovery of food. Their dead bodies were discovered at Cook's River, some distance off. The presumption is they must have died about the same time as Captain Gardiner himself, who probably expired on the 6th of September. The last entry in his diary is on the 5th of September, and in this he mentions that he had not tasted food or water for four days. Mr. Maidment had died a few days before. As it was the 6th of January, 1852, before Captain Morshead, to whom orders were sent by the Admiralty in October, arrived at the Island, the value of the precautions which had been taken for maintaining the expedition can be left to the public judgment.

[...] Captain Morshead remarks at the close of his report:— "I will offer no opinion on the missionary labour of Captain Gardiner and the party, beyond it being marked by an earnestness and devotion to the cause; but, as a brother officer, I beg to record my admiration of his conduct in the moment of peril and danger, and his resources entitled him to high professional credit. **At one time I find him surrounded by hostile natives, and dreading an attack, yet forbearing to fire, and the savages, awed and subdued by the solemnity of his party, kneeling down in prayer.** At another, having failed to heave off his boat when on the rocks, he digs a channel under her, and diverts a fresh water stream into it; and I find him making an anchor by filling an old bread cask with stones, heading it up, and securing wooden crosses over the heads with chain. There could not be a doubt as to the ultimate success of a mission here, if liberally supported; but I venture to express a hope that no society will hazard another without intrusting their supplies to practical men acquainted with commercial affairs, who would have seen at a glance the hopeless improbability of any ship not chartered for the occasion sailing out of her way, breaking her articles, and forfeiting her insurance for the freightage of a few stores from the Falkland Islands."

MANCHESTER [1854]

New York Times, 14 August 1855

WRECK OF THE AMERICAN SHIP MANCHESTER -- CAPTAIN MURDERED BY THE INDIANS AT CAPE HORN -- EIGHTEEN OF THE CREW PERISHED

From the Valparaiso Mercury, June 30.

We have been favoured with the distressing account of the wreck and total loss of the Manchester, on the 28th of August, last year, in lat 55° S. We presume it to be the statement of the captain's son, one of the survivors of the ill-fated vessel.

On board Man-of-War *Meteoro*,
Don B. V. Martinez, Commander,
Friday, May 25, 1855.

The American ship *Manchester*, of Nantucket, left New York for Valparaiso on the 7th of April, 1854, the complement of hands on board being seventeen, and the captain's wife. One man died at sea before we arrived at Montevideo, which port we put into on the 24th of July, 1854, and again left on the 28th for Valparaiso, after having shipped four extra hands at Montevideo.

On the 28th of August, after having passed Cape Horn, the ship struck on a sunken rock in about latitude 55° lat. S., and to the westward of the Cape, land distant about thirty miles. Not being able to keep her free with pumps got the boats out, which were shortly afterward stove, and afterward the mainmast cut away.

At 12 o'clock the same night she was full of water, but continued to drift until 5 in the morning of the 29th, when, after passing a small island, she grounded, and in less than twenty minutes opened in two parts, and all on board were immersed in the water. The captain and his wife having clung together, but by some chance they got separated, and the captain alone rose to the surface. He immediately seized upon a plank, and succeeded in rescuing his son, on which

they drifted to the stern part of the vessel, which remained until sunset, having concluded they were the only survivors of the ill-fated ship. They then managed to get ashore on the island, where they found one barrel of bread and another of flour.

Four days after the second mate and one seaman arrived at the island on a raft they had constructed on another island on which they were cast, distant 2½ miles. Here we remained while the captain was building a boat. Having all crossed on the raft to the island, on which the second mate first landed, where was much of the wreck of the ship and cargo and provisions. On the 3d of November the second mate died, being completely exhausted. His name was David Rees Evans, a native of South Wales.

On the 19th of November, we first saw any of the natives, men and three women having landed from a canoe. We had just finished our boat and were ready for starting. The Indians having first received what could be spared to them of our clothes, etc., retired; and afterward returned with bludgeons, and insisted upon stripping us. Three attacked the Captain, and three the seaman, who having disabled two of them fled to the boat in which the boy already was. Unfortunately the captain received a blow which must have instantly killed him. The boy received two arrows in his jacket, but escaped unhurt. We landed on the island where part of the wreck still remained; we returned in the evening and found the captain's body lying naked on the rocks and quite dead. Not daring to remain, we took two barrels of bread and jumped to the wreck.

After remaining some days, indeed several days, we ventured along the coast in our boat. At the end of about six weeks, we found the provisions all expended, and subsisted on such shellfish as we could gather among the rocks. **After subsisting for some time in this way, a native canoe again hove in sight; being then quite destitute of any means of subsisting for a month at least, except raw shellfish, we gave ourselves up to the Indians, and having nothing to excite their cupidity, they behaved very kindly to us, and with them we have remained up to this present time, having never once seen a vessel, until a steamer passed a few days since, but had no communication with her.**

I have only to add our eternal gratitude is due to the captain of the *Meteoro*, who has not only taken us on board, fed and clothed us, but in many instances fulfilled the promises made by us to the Indians to induce them to take us on board.

Our ship was called the *Manchester*, of Nantucket, Captain Alex. Hall Coffin, from New York, bound for Valparaiso, with a cargo of coals and lumber, from the firm of Cartwright & Harrison, of New-York. Saved, Thos. Edward Coffin, the captain's son, and Robert Wells, seaman of Boston.

The commander of the Chilian war vessel *Meteoro* says, that in his passage from the Colonia, in the Straits, having anchored in Port Gallant (Fortescue Bay) during the night of the 24th May last, **on the 25th several Indian canoes came alongside, among whom were two Americans, literally as naked as themselves. He took them on board and brought them to Valparaiso, fulfilling, for his part, a duty imposed on him by Christianity and humanity.**

OEN'S-MEN.

Early after we had left our anchorage, canoes on both sides the channel shot out from behind some craggy corner or sheltered nook (and there were many such places, and apparently pretty ones, too), and endeavoured to overtake us, making signs that we should stop, and shouting with all their might. But our speed was then too great for them to reach us, inasmuch as they did not seem to have the idea that it was necessary to leave their hiding-places before the ship got abreast of them. It was only when we were abreast of their several dwelling-places that they came forth towards us. Now, however, when amidst excessive heat, a calm came on, and the ship lay perfectly quiescent in the water with her sails hanging listlessly to the mast, several canoes got alongside, and, as I have just said, flocked around us in moderate numbers. It was evident that many of them, if not all, had never seen a ship or strangers like us before. Astonishment was depicted on their features ; and one or two amongst them even ceased from their common *yamma scoona*. At this time we were not very far from a group of small islands that lay ahead of us in the channel, and around which we should have to turn, for the purpose of entering the opening leading to Woollya. I knew that, according to past accounts obtained from Jemmy Button, the natives were more numerous here than from whence we had come, and, also, that those on the north side were considerably more ferocious. It behoved us, therefore, to be very cautious ; and I gave strict orders not to allow one of them to come on deck, and, moreover, to have no rope, or anything else, hanging over the side. I stationed a man at each bow, where our jib-guys and other material gave the best opportunity for getting to the vessel, and directed them to gently push back any of the strangers that might attempt to board us. I, myself, kept on deck, aft and in the waist, holding intercourse, as best I could, with them, and endeavouring to get on friendly terms. On the starboard side were at first three canoes, and finally a fourth; astern, under the counter, was one by itself ; on the port quarter was another; ahead of that, on the same side, was one more ; and on the starboard bow was also one. Those on the starboard side appeared to be more bold and daring than the others. They had come from the north shore, and were much more warrior-like in appearance than our friends at Banner Cove. Two of the oldest, with their hair all plastered over with some white substance, kept incessantly chattering ; and, indeed, they talked so fast and so loud, that they foamed at their mouths like the froth of an angry sea on a beach. In these canoes were several rather robust men, and one or two women. The latter had the same peculiarities about them as those at Banner Cove, except that it struck me their breasts were more elongated. But I was glad to see them ; for, while the women remained, I did not much expect there would be any attempt to attack us. I bartered with them for whatsoever they had for disposal, giving buttons and ribbons for bone beads, necklaces, and spears. While they were alongside, a sunfish passed, and our visitors immediately speared it, and threw it from their spear on to the deck for us. And though they tried to take bits of iron, ringbolts, or anything else that struck their eye and was within their grasp, yet the same honesty in bartering was evinced here as at Banner Cove. The men, however, were not at all to be despised. Whatever may have been their astonishment, those on the starboard side — Oen's men as I conceived them to be — did not appear the least alarmed. On the contrary, after some short consultation together, the men all got into one canoe, and, sending the women off in another, began, through the two old men, to clamourously demand something from us. Their noise, and the stunning effect it had, made me try to stop it by outdoing them ; and I therefore took the speaking trumpet, and made a much greater noise than they. This had the desired effect. From a daring vociferous

cry, they fell to laughing, and seemed pleased that I had made myself on a par with them ; becoming, afterwards, quite as talkative, but not quite so bold. Those on the other side of the ship, and under the counter, were the reverse. They had but little to say, were apparently living in their astonishment, and had a ready and pleasant smile whenever I looked over the side at them. They had all come from the south of the channel — Navarin Island, — and, from their having nothing to say to the others, I imagine they were of a totally different tribe. One fine young man I shall never forget : his mouth was open in amazement nearly the whole time he was alongside — two hours. Everything we did in the rigging or sails — especially when I went aloft to look out from the mast-head — was a matter of great wonder to them. Men women, and children, all alike, seemed astonished though there were some amongst them who tried to show indifference.— *Snow's Voyage to the South Seas and Tierra del Fuego.*

ALLEN GARDINER [1860]

Maitland Mercury & Hunter River General Advertiser (NSW), 21 July 1860

THE MASSACRE OF A MISSIONARY CREW.

The following letter has been received by Captain Halstead, the secretary of Lloyd's, from their agent at Falkland Islands, communicating the particulars of the massacre of the crew of the Patagonian mission brig *Allen Gardner*, announced briefly in the Daily News of Saturday :—

"Stanley, Falkland Islands, March 14.

Sir,— I beg to inform you of the loss of the Patagonian mission schooner *Allen Gardner*. She sailed from this port on the 7th October last, for Woolya [sic], Terra del Fuego, taking back several natives who had previously been brought to these islands. As nothing was heard of them for three months, the schooner *Nancy*, Captain Smyley, was chartered to go in search, and at once proceeded to Wooloa (Beagle Channel), where he found the schooner *Allen Gardner* in possession of the natives. One of the crew (Edward Cole) came off in a canoe, with the information that he was the only survivor of the *Allen Gardner*. **Mr. Garland Phillips, the catechist, Captain Fell, his brother, who acted at mate, and five seamen, were all set upon immediately after prayers on the 6th of November, and murdered by the natives. Cole was the only person left on board, to cook dinner, and from the ship saw the whole. He took the remaining boat and got to the woods, where he remained many days. One of the tribe found him, and took him to the settlement. They spared his life, to tell the deplorable tale. The *Nancy* did not anchor, as she was surrounded by the canoes. As soon as he got Cole, and enticed Jemmy Button on board, he set sail, and is now gone back with extra hands and weapons to recover the bodies, if possible, of the murdered persons, and get possession of the schooner."**

WYOMING [1860]

Sydney Morning Herald (NSW), 2 May 1861

[...] Off Jerome Channel, a canoe came alongside, in which were huddled eleven inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego. As these were the first seen by us, considerable curiosity was evinced to get a "good look" at them. They are not more than five feet in height ; their complexion is of a dirty copper-colour; their hair tangled and coarse ; and their eyes small and sharp, with inflamed lids. They saluted us with cries of "Gallita !" (hard bread, the Spanish of which they seemed to have learned). In the boat were three women and several children ; these latter poor, naked, shivering little things, with noses which evidently had never been blown. One of the women sat aft of the "helm," or paddle used for that purpose. The boat was made of braids, sewed together with vines and thongs of sealskin. These people, it is said, live afloat ; every family having a canoe to itself. The head man of the party came on board of us, dressed in a costume part civilised and part savage. He had on a ragged cotton shirt and a "seedy "sealskin cap. On reaching the deck, he walked aft very deliberately, and "planted" himself in front of the man at the wheel; and then and there intimated by pantomime that he was desirous of introducing his copper-coloured legs (which he extended one after the other at full length), into a pair of trousers. An old pair having been given him, he next, "by motions," very "pronounced" and energetic, expressed his willingness to be provided with a jacket. This, too, was given him, and both he received without the slightest demonstration of gratitude. We got rid of our friends with difficulty, and went once more upon our western way.

[...] Soon after anchoring [at Cape Pillar], a family of Fuegians came on board. Among them was a rather good looking girl, with small hands and feet. The men were a rascally, cannibal-looking set ; just the "fellows," in fact, to whet their short, yellow teeth in "a piece of cold parson." Talking altogether, their voices sounded like a cackling of a flock of cormorants. In truth, these poor creatures, living on mussels, sea eggs, and limpets, pass at best but a kind of sea-shore bird existence. The general sound conveyed by their language is certainly like the call of birds of that species. You hear a continued *ca-ca-ka-caka-kak* sound ; a boat they called a *cauka*. In imitating the sound of our language, they were wonderfully "apt," and when a word was given them to repeat, they pronounced it with exactness.

M— and myself landed, designing to hunt up their huts. We found their boat hauled up in a little cove, shut out from the anchorage by a bluff point of rocks. Having seen the little fellows scramble up the cliff near this place, we followed a slippery path, until we came to a promontory, as purple, flat, and bare on the top as a log-slab. From its farther edge we caught sight of the Fuegian huts. The whole nest set up a cry like a flock of startled gulls ; and the men, armed with their sealing-clubs, came to meet us. Seeing our party well armed they changed any belligerent intentions they might have had; and commenced capering and dancing before us, leading the way down to the huts. Here we were received by the "Head of the Family" with an address, which our want of "edication" (the "creownin' gel-lory of the United'n States'n") prevents our rendering into English. This family consisted of eight men and six women ; the latter all young. We are told by navigators, that of all women, the ladies of Terra del Fuego are the last to acknowledge their ages ; for when one becomes passé, her lord and master smokes her to death and eats her. The women seen upon this occasion were almost nude, with only tattered coverings of sealskin; their limbs were smeared with "dirt and ashes," and it was hard to believe them human. Never, in all my wanderings, have I seen man brought so near the animal. Life, with a Fuegian is a fierce struggle with nature in her wildest, most desolate, and severest aspect; and, as a consequence, he is crafty, treacherous, and revolting to look upon. [...]

DREADNOUGHT [1869]

Wellington Independent (NZ), 12 February 1870

THE ADVENTURES AND SUFFERINGS OF A CASTAWAY CREW.

[...] We now looked for something to eat, but could find only a few small mussels, about one inch long, which we ate raw. Part of our men then started along the beach towards the wreck with the hope of finding some stores washed ashore. **They had not gone far when they ran back and reported the Indians chasing them. They soon made their appearance up on the hill, and went through some of their manoeuvres and shouting. Of course, we could not understand them in any way. They then began coming closer, and there were thirteen of them, with only skins on and bows and arrows. All the arms we had was a small revolver and a rifle, but they were useless, as we had neither caps or shot; so that those who had knives got ready to use them, while others got sticks. Elizabeth got a stone. However they came up to us and appeared very friendly, more on the begging system than anything else. We gave them pocket handkerchiefs, buttons, keys, &c, and they gave us arrows in return – I reckon to show they were friendly. [...]**

PROPONTIS [1871]

New York Times, 12 July 1871

CANNIBALISM – MASSACRE ON THE COAST OF PATAGONIA – BRITISH SAILORS SLAIN AND ONE OF THE NUMBER EATEN

The London papers print the dispatch appended, which has been received at the Admiralty:

H.M.S. *Charybdis*, Sandy Point
Straits of Magellan, May 20, 1871

SIR: I do myself the honor of reporting that previous to my leaving Valparaiso in her Majesty's ship under my command, the following melancholy occurrence came to my knowledge:

The British brigantine *Propontis*, on her passage from Bremen to Iquique, in passing through the Straits of Magellan, touched at Port Gallant, on the Patagonian coast, on the morning of 4th of March last. **On the afternoon of the same day, the master, JAMES BARNES, with three of the crew, landed for the purpose of cutting wood. Two days elapsed, and none of the party having returned to the vessel, a second boat was sent on shore to try and discover what had become of the missing men. After a short search the lifeless body of the master was found in the bush, with a large gash across the head and both legs cut off. The men were frustrated in their attempt to bring the corpse down to the boat by the threatening appearance of a party of Indians who now approached. They therefore got back to the boat and returned to their vessel. Shortly after they got on board, a boat with a number of Indians in it was seen making for the brigantine. The cable was consequently slipped and sail made for the**

Chilian settlement of Sandy Point, where the vessel arrived on the 9th inst. Passing through the Straits of Magellan in this ship, I thought it right to call in at Port Gallant, and therefore anchored there on the 19th inst. I shortly afterward sent an armed party on shore in the hope of getting some intelligence as to the fate of the missing men of the *Propontis*, but no human being was seen. **Shortly after dark the same night there were heard cries from the shore. I consequently dispatched an armed force, with instructions to the Lieutenant in charge to bring on board any Indians he might meet. On the party landing, several natives were seen, but they quickly retreated into the thick bush. After a considerable chase one man was captured. In the expectation that he might throw some light on the subject of the horrible catastrophe I took the man to Sandy Point, and handed him over to the Governor, but nothing was elicited from him.** His Excellency, who is fully impressed with the gravity of the case, informed me that he had already been in communication with his Government on the matter, and that he had made arrangements to send a detachment of troops from the force under his command to the neighborhood of Port Gallant, with the view of punishing the Indians. I fear there is but little doubt that the three men who accompanied Capt. BARNES shared his miserable fate. I have, &c.,
ALGERNON LYONS, Captain.

Rear-Admiral A. FARQUHAR.

P.S.— Since writing the above I have been informed by the Governor of this settlement that the Indian (a Fuegian) whom I brought with me from Port Gallant has made a statement to the following effect: Capt. BARNES and the three men belonging to the *Propontis*, who had landed with him, while employed in cutting wood, were set upon by a party of Fuegians, and with the hatchets with which they were armed they slaughtered all the four Europeans. A part of the body of the Captain was eaten, and the corpses of the rest of the victims thrown into the sea. The plea for the attack is that the Captain had first fired and wounded one of the Indians.

PRINCESS LOUISA [1871]

Empire (NSW), 10 August 1871

WRECKS AND MASSACRES IN THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.

THE San Francisco Morning Call of the 31st May, publishes the subjoined account of the loss of the British steamship *Princess*, and the capture of her crew by the Indians in the Straits of Magellan :

One day last March the steamer *Princess Louisa* left Glasgow, Scotland, for Valparaiso, South America, having on board a crew of seven men, all told. She was an iron vessel, and had been built on the Clyde to order, her owners intending to use her as a tug-boat at Valparaiso. All went well with her across the Atlantic, and at last she touched at one of the South American ports. Here a San Francisco boy, Joseph Lorritz, came on board and asked for employment, stating that the vessel in which he had come from home had been wrecked ; that he had no means of reaching his home, and that, in consequence, he was willing to work his way to Valparaiso, and take his chance of finding a vessel there to take him to San Francisco. His offer was accepted, and he shipped on board the *Princess Louisa*. The story of the hapless tug-boat

and her crew, after Lorritz joined her, was detailed yesterday by him, and we give his account without vouching for it, further than to say that his answers to our cross-questions were straightforward and consistent. The *Princess Louisa* arrived in due time at Sandy Point (Punta Arenas), on the Straits of Magellan, and here heard of the massacre by the natives of the captain and part of the crew of the British brig *Propontis*, Captain Barnes, which left Bremen with a general cargo for Iquique, and carried favourable weather till arrival off the Straits of Magellan (February 28), which the captain resolved to pass through instead of going round the Horn. The colony of Punta Arenas was passed on the 3rd of April, but on the same night the ship fell in with contrary winds, accompanied with heavy rain; in consequence of which **the captain next morning brought to under the shore, at a place about ninety miles from the colony, and cast anchor. Immediately thereafter a number of boats (one being American built) and canoes, full of Indians, came alongside, clamouring for tobacco and biscuit; and after being satisfied, informed Captain Barnes there was plenty of wood and water close at hand.**

The captain and three of his crew went ashore. They did not return. Next day a boat was sent on shore with the mate, the steward, (the only Englishman of the crew besides the captain), and the rest of the sailors, Mrs. Barnes being the only person left on board. They found the captain's body horribly mutilated. No traces were discovered of his companions. The mate and his boat's crew had hardly got on board when they were attacked by the natives in great numbers, and were forced to set sail and return to Punta Arenas. This was the story which the crew of the *Princess Louisa* heard when they arrived. It not only caused them some apprehension, but roused in them a desire for vengeance, and when they asked the Chilian Consul at Punta Arenas for arms, he willingly supplied them. The *Princess Louisa* set sail, and when off Port Gallant, which is a cove in the Straits of Magellan, latitude 53 degrees 41 minutes, longitude 72 degrees, they saw two canoes and one European built boat filled with natives, pulling from the shore toward them. The captain made no doubt that these were the very same savages who had fallen in with the *Propontis*, and immediately resolved to punish them if he could. On the canoes approaching the vessel, he ran one of them down, sinking it and drowning all hands. The boat avoided the bows of the steamer and ran alongside; but in attempting to board, the natives were one and all killed. In the meantime the remaining canoe made its escape and returned to shore. The *Princess Louisa* sailed on, but that night became a wreck. The crew found new difficulty in getting to land, and busied themselves all night in moving provisions and other stores from the ship to a tent which they had erected on the beach. Just before dawn, while the seamen were coming up loaded from the edge of the water preceded by a lantern, which the foremost man carried in his hand, they were suddenly set upon by a horde of savages, armed with spears, bows and arrows, rough hatchets and stones. A desperate fight ensued. The sailors defended themselves with the courage of desperation, but of course without avail ; two of them were killed on the spot, and the rest were overpowered and taken prisoners. Lorritz ran for his life, but as he was burdened with heavy sea boots and soaked clothing, he stood very little chance with the agile, unclothed savages. Ho was caught, tied hand and foot, and laid on the ground. His companions were served in the same way. For three weeks they all remained in captivity, allowed to wander about with their captors during the day ; tied hand and foot at night, and fed only on what Lorritz calls "blubber." At the end of these three weeks, Lorritz one night contrived to shuffle off his bonds. He crept down to the beach, got into one of the boats lying there, and put off into the channel, where next morning he was fortunate enough to fall in with the schooner *Hutchinson*, on board of which he came to this port three or four days ago. Tho fate of his companions, who he says were all Scotchmen, is of course unknown to him, and he is also unable to tell any more than the Christian names of the

captain and the crew. No doubt, however, succeeding ships will do their best to recover their unfortunate predecessors from their savage foes. Lorriz is about sixteen years of age, and is now living with his parents in Sixteenth-street, near Valencia.

GOLDEN HIND [1872]

New York Times, 15 January 1873

SHIPWRECK. FEARFUL SUFFERINGS.

[...] Almost the entire month of July was spent in pulling in what we believed to be the direction to Sandy Point. **The only human beings we met were an Indian and two squaws in a canoe. They treated us cordially, and willingly exchanged a duck for a small quantity of tobacco, but they had no other provisions.** We had secured from the ship two rifles, and one of the crew shot a duck, but the powder became wet, and our weapons were useless. A dead duck, found amongst the rocks, was also secured and eaten, but, with the exception of the shell fish, this was the only food we secured. [...]

CITY OF EDINBURGH [1810]

Sydney Morning Herald (NSW), 27 December 1873

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A NONOGENARIAN [sic] – continued.
BEING A SERIES OF AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES WRITTEN BY THE LATE MR. ALEXANDER BERRY WHEN HE WAS UPWARD OF NINETY YEARS OF AGE.
CHAPTER VI.

[...] After the ship was ready we took a final departure from New Zealand, and sailed therefrom (as I think) on the 26th of January, 1810. From what I had heard from some ships I was in great hopes that my cargo of spars would find a good market at the Cape of Good Hope, for they were then much wanted there for the British Navy. But fate had not ordained that they should ever reach the Cape.

The early part of the voyage was favourable, but when we were near Cape Horn we encountered a fearful storm, which blew our sails to pieces. Some time after a heavy sea struck the stern of the ship, and knocked away the rudder, after which we lay like a hulk upon the water at the mercy of the winds and waves. For a fortnight we never saw the sun, and did not know where we had drifted to. We, however, contrived to construct a makeshift rudder, and fastened it with ropes. One afternoon the weather moderated, and we saw that the colour of the water changed – an indication that we were nearing land. About sunset the sky cleared up for a few minutes, and we saw the tops of the mountains of Terra del Fuego, but could not see the shore. About this time we found that the pumps were choked, and that we could not pump the ship.

[...Two days later] Next day it blew so strong that it was impossible to weigh anchor. A boat

was, however, despatched with an officer to endeavour to discover some sheltered nook where we might anchor the vessel.

The stormy weather continued for several days, rendering it impossible, or dangerous, to attempt to weigh the anchor. After some days the mate returned and informed us that he could find no safe anchorage, and had been unable to return because the weather was so stormy. He had only time to take some refreshment when a sailor came and said, "The ship is adrift." In those days ships had only hempen cables, and the rocks had cut the cables. The mate asked me what he should do with the ship. I replied, "Keep her afloat."

Here was the dismantled ship without rudder or anchors, in the midst of an unknown archipelago of islands in Terra del Fuego, one of the most stormy and dreary countries in the world.

For some days we drifted about at the mercy of the tides and currents; but fortunately the weather proved moderate, and at length we were able to fasten the ship to the rocks, although in a rather exposed situation. **Hitherto we had seen no signs of natives, but one morning we observed some in several canoes made of bark. The head man rose in one of the canoes, held up something white, and approached the ship, calling out, "Pickeray ! Pickeray !" The canoes were ballasted with some earth on which they had a fire. The poor little shivering natives were clothed with sealskins, fastened to their bodies in the most artless and simple manner. They had no food in their canoes but some large mussels which were plentiful on the rocks, They struck fire with large lumps of copper pyrites, and when asked where they got it, they pointed to the mountains. I had no chemical tests, but I roasted some of it and afterwards put it in vinegar, which on being applied to the blade of a knife covered it with copper.**

The mussels alluded to were very large, but the outsides of the shells were generally corroded, and were full of ill-coloured and ill-shaped pearls.

These natives, after exchanging some pieces of sealskin and other trifles with the sailors, took their leave. The old native women were the dealers, and they had plenty of tongue.

By-and-bye, I discovered a small, snug, sheltered, nook, where there was deep water, close to a perpendicular rock ; there being also plenty of trees and a thick bush for about 200 yards above the high-water mark. The vessel was immediately removed to this shelter; and fortunate it was that we did so remove her, for the same night a fearful gale of wind took place, but we were so perfectly secure that we did not feel a breath of it. Amongst the trees I found plenty of the winter's bark, which resembles sassafras. I used it myself, and recommended it to the people.

One day I went alone to the top of the mountain. Above the narrow border of trees there was nothing but rock ; not a particle of soil, and the rocks every-where smoothed and polished with the rains. There was neither bird nor insect, nor any sign of animal life. And as far as the eye could reach, the same picture of desolation presented itself.

In our sheltered nook we improved our make-shift rudder, and repaired our sails, and other damages, as far as our means permitted.

I had heard, from some ship in New Zealand, that there had been a revolution in Spain, and that England and Spain were now friends ; but this was doubtful, as I had seen no newspaper.

I had, however, read Lord Byron's narrative, who describes the kind reception which the Chilians had given to him and Captain Cheap after the wreck of the *Wager* — one of Lord Anson's fleet — and I therefore determined, if possible, to take refuge on the coast of Chile.

Fortunately, I had in my possession Frezian's voyage to the West Coast of South America translated by Dr. Halley. He was a French officer of engineers, who had been sent clandestinely by the French Government to survey the Coast of Chile and Peru during the war of succession, and his book contains plans of the principal ports.

When leaving "Preservation Harbour," or rather Nook, we had another visit from the same tribe of Fuegians who had formerly visited us. On getting out of our nook the ship got entangled in a float of the *ficus giganteus*, and some of the stems got between the rudder and the stern post, and prevented the motion of the ship. We sent a boat to cut them away, and the poor natives came in their canoes to assist us. They had no knives to cut the stems, but they began to bite them across with their teeth.

With some difficulty we got safely out of the bay, and proceeded on our voyage to the northward. It must have been about the time of the autumnal equinox, and we experienced a succession of storms ; the winds being generally from the north-east, with hazy weather. This rendered our voyage very tedious, and the storms repeatedly displaced our makeshift rudder. From such a protracted voyage our provisions began to run short, and I wished to reduce the rations; but all hands opposed it so much that I was obliged to succumb.

Some time after, most of the crew came and insisted that the ship should be run ashore on the coast of Patagonia, and on my refusal they refused to work any longer, and went below. The officers and a few of the men continued to work as usual, and the mutineers seeing this, returned to their duty next day.[...]

SAN RAFAEL [1876]

New Zealand Herald, 4 November 1876

The following is the statement of Captain Willis, of the Mission yawl *Allen Gardiner*, taken at the Falkland Islands, relative to the discovery of nine bodies belonging to the *San Raphael* [sic], of Liverpool, burnt at sea, off Cape Horn, on the 4th of January last:—

CAPTAIN WILLIS'S NARRATIVE

That on the 23rd of April last [1876], I was at the mission station, Ushuwia [Ushuaia, Ed.], Terra del Fuego, when a **number of Indians, in 18 canoes, arrived from New Year's Sound, Hoste Island, and reported as follows:—**

Some time last summer, a canoe was passing from Rous Island to Black Head, for seal. The Indians saw something white lying on the ground, and a flag flying (two miles inside the Black Head), but no sign of life or smoke. They did not land, as they thought it a trap laid by the natives of Waterman Island, with whom they had quarrelled. Twenty-one days after other canoes came, and, these things being still visible, three men and women went in a canoe to the place; the men landed whilst the women kept the canoe off the rocks. They found six corpses lying exposed, and under the white object, which turned out to be a boat

sail, spread on some bushes, was a dead body and two men alive, one dying, the other just able to crawl about. The Indians removed the dead, and brought water and fire from their canoes for the living. They gave them water to drink and cooked them a shag to eat. They would have taken the strongest with them, but were unable to do so owing to the rugged nature of the coast. The Indians left, and did not return for some days, by the reason of bad weather. When they next visited the place the two survivors had died.

One of the natives offered a sovereign for food, a piece of Albert chain we bought from a child, and saw the face of a watch hanging from a woman's neck. After discharging our cargo of provisions, I, and the Rev. Mr. Bridges, determined to go to the place ourselves if the report was true. We left Ushuwia on the 26th, and **took with us one of the natives from New Year's Sound, and two from the station.** Tried to get by way of False Cape, but did not succeed, owing to the heavy weather. Returned to Ushuwia on the 6th of May, and sailed again on the 9th, going through the south-west arm of Beagle Channel and Talbot Passage. We arrived at Indian Cove on the 17th, and **obtained assistance of two natives who directed us to Rous Sound.**

We landed on a headland two miles north of Black Head, Hoste Island, and then saw the bodies of eight men and one woman lying exposed on the open ground; **the six found by the Indians appeared to have been placed two and two by the survivors, and the last three by the Indians. They were fully clothed; there was no mark of violence on the bodies;** they were so much decomposed that it was impossible to remove them, so we covered them as they lay with turf. Many clothes and books were lying about. An epitome, Sailing Directions, bibles (mostly destroyed by wet), an Holosteric barometer, a portion of a chest, a bucket, some empty beef tins, a chart, and a note in pencil. In a bay about half a mile to the N. W., there was the remains of a boat, two lifebelts, and the name board of a ship, "*San Raphael*"; and some distance from this to the north of Hind Island we found a sextant, destroyed. On the inside of the box was written in pencil, "M'Adam, Balfour, Williamson, and Co."

On an islet in New Year's Sound, **the Indians had hidden the chronometer, the binoculars on another a mile distant.** The headland where the bodies of the poor creatures were found is about 250 feet high, and separated from the main island by a deep chasm some 50 feet wide. It was quite impossible for any one to pass on to the mainland, except by canoe or boat. If the unfortunate people had reached the main they might have lived for months on mussels, berries, and fungi. On the clothes lying about near the bodies were the names of seven — M'Adam, M. Proctor (Captain's wife), Reid, Stewart, Swift, Daly, and Umblant; the last name was on a bag. I did not search the clothes on the bodies — they were too much decomposed. I returned to Ushuwia, landed Mr. Bridges and the natives, and then sailed for the Falklands.

J. C. T. Willis, Master of the *Allen Gardiner*.

[COPY OF NOTE.]

Lat. 54 30 S., long. 71 W., Feb. 15, 1876.

Dear John, — When you receive this your mother and me will be no more. We have been 41 days on this desolate island on very low diet. Your mother and me are very weak. I am about blind; I can scarcely see the paper I am writing on. My watch and your mother's chain I give to Willie, my Albert to yourself, and you must wear your mother's ring; the earrings for Jessy. My instruments, clothes, and gold watch, and £12s to assist in maintaining Willie, and I hope you will be as a father to him, kind, and giving him good advice; the furniture to yourself.

There are the chronometers, one telescope, one night. The chronometer marked Webster, and telescope, you must take to the office, and you can see if there is any money due for me, if there is it will have to go for the maintenance of William, and his mother joins with me in hoping he will be a good boy and not forget his God, and we hope that you and Jessy may live long together in happiness and peace in fear of the Lord, and now we send you our last, kind, loving blessing, and may God bless you all is the sincerest wish of your parents.

James M'Adam.

To John Fleming, 84, Canterbury-street, Everton, Liverpool.

UNKNOWN [1875]

Rockhampton Bulletin (Queensland), 6 July 1877

THE FALKLAND ISLAND MISSIONARIES.

Some remarks worthy the attention of missionary societies are made by Colonel D'Arcy, late Governor of the Falkland Islands, in a despatch dated March 14, 1876, to Lord Carnarvon, just printed with other papers relating to her Majesty's colonial possessions. The safety of the South American Mission at Ooseyia, [*Ushuaia, Ed.*] in Tierra del Fuego, is, says the Governor, precarious; and such apparently is the opinion of the committee in London, for in one of their reports the following sentence appears :— "It is obvious that the tragic experience of the past adds to the grave responsibility of the committee to maintain frequent communication between these missionary outposts so long as their position is precarious." Yet in 1874-75 Ooseyia was left for ten months unvisited. The Rev. Thomas Bridges and his family live there in charge of a store, paying the natives in kind for their labour. They (the natives) are the most ignorant and wretched human beings in existence; in the winter they are starving, and consequently very dangerous, crowding towards the settlement for employment or food. **Only a short time ago a tribe of Fish Indians, without the least provocation, attacked, when on shore, the master and crew of an American sealing schooner. Fortunately the master was armed with a breach loader with which he fought his way through crowds of natives to the beach, losing, however, two of his men.** It seems really (adds Governor D'Arcy) as if missionaries courted martyrdom by leaving so many valuable lives perfectly unprotected to the impulsive action of starving savages, when the common precaution of a stockade would afford shelter till relief arrived.

UNKNOWN [1878]

Australian Town and Country Journal, 5 April 1879

The Peruvian consul in Melbourne has favoured us (Melbourne ARGUS), with a copy from the special edition of the SOUTH PACIFIC TIMES, dated Callao, 26th December last, of a paragraph relative to the loss of an English vessel, laden with flour from Australia, the crew having been protected by the Chilian corvette *Magallanes*. Possibly by this means the vessel's

name may be ascertained, and the relatives of the crew assured of their safety. The paragraph is as follows :— "An English vessel, name unknown, bound from Australia to England, with flour, is stated to have gone ashore at Tierra del Fuego. She was attacked by the Indians, and the crew would have fared badly had it not been for the opportune assistance rendered by the Chilian corvette *Magallanes*."

ROSENEATH [1882]

Auckland Star (NZ), 18 November 1882

A SAILOR AMONGST SAVAGES

Information has been received at Irvine by Mr Hall, late master of the Glasgow barque *Roseneath*, which foundered in the Straits of Magellan in May last, that the first officer of the ship, in charge of the second boat, who was supposed to have perished, had been picked up by a Pacific steamer, and was on his voyage home. This officer, whose name is Samson, has since arrived in London. It should be stated that the captain and Mrs Hall, with seven of the crew, were picked up by a passing vessel, after being seven days at sea in an open boat; and, as nothing was heard of the other boat or its five occupants for months, they were naturally given up for lost, a presumption which, in the main, now turns out to have been too well founded. One of the party, however, the first officer, Mr Samson, had the good fortune to escape from a terrible position, and has at length found his way back to his native land, after undergoing most painful and perilous experiences. His statement is as follows:—

THE FIRST OFFICER'S NARRATIVE

"My name is Charles Samson, and I am thirty-four years of age. I belong to Portsmouth, and have been seafaring since 1861. I joined the *Roseneath* on April 10th, 1880, in London, as chief mate. She belongs to Messrs Hatfield, Cameron, and Co., of Glasgow, owners of the 'Bay' line. The barque, which was of 622 tons register, was built in Quebec in 1873. On my joining the vessel we went to Granton for a cargo, and took it to Buenos Ayres; from there we went to Java, and thence to Boston with a cargo of sugar, calling in at Port Natal in distress. From Boston we went to Georgia, New Brunswick, for a load of timber, which we conveyed from that place to Buenos Ayres. From that port we proceeded to Mejillones [*port in northern Chile, Ed.*], whence we took our departure on April 11th, 1882, with a cargo of grain [*actually, guano, Ed.*] for Liverpool. We experienced fine weather up to May 6th, when heavy gales set in from N.N.W., continuing until the 10th of the same month, when the ship had to be hove to. In doing that she sprang a leak, and started her stempost.

On May 12th — two days later — the barque was making so much water that we had to abandon her — she was, in fact, sinking. We took to the boats, of which there were two. The captain, Mr John Macmillan Hall, went into the long boat with his wife and his child — a little girl about two years and a half old — the boatswain (John Poole), the steward, and four able seamen. There was none too much time for getting into the boats, as night was coming on and the ship making water rapidly. There were two bags of bread and several tins of preserved meat put into the captain's boat. I did not notice whether any water was put in, but plenty could be caught, as there was rain and snow. I have heard since that the captain and those with him were picked up seven days later, only one of his party having died from the exposure.

I took to the pinnace. I had with me the carpenter, two able seamen, and one ordinary seaman. I took two bags of bread, several tins of preserved meat, and one bucket of water on board. When we pushed off from the foundering ship we must have been about 54½ South and 74½ West; at all events, that was the position when I last took observations — at noon. It was nearly four o'clock when we found ourselves obliged to shove off from the ship on account of the boat being stove in. There was about ten feet of water in the barque when we abandoned her, but all her masts and spars were standing, and she was hove to. My boat drifted away to the southward, and in the haze we lost sight of the barque before she foundered, and also of the long boat, in charge of Captain Hall.

We made for the land, which we reached the following day, May 13th, but although anxious to find a place to haul the boat up, so that I might patch her up, as she had been badly stove in, I was unable then to do so. Next day, however (May 14th), I did succeed in doing this, but we thought it advisable to launch her again, and pull southward, intending to make for Cape Horn. All this time we were suffering dreadfully from cold and exposure, but our stock of provisions remained nearly intact.

We went on this way for three days, until, **on May 17th, we fell in with three canoes manned by Indians. They gave us chase, and there being no wind we could not get along. I noticed that the canoes were each built of three pieces of wood — a bottom and two sides fastened together. There were about five men and two women in each. Two of the canoes had European-made oars. We were pulling with two blades of oars — that was all we had. We rowed as fast as we could, but the Indians soon came up to us, shouting and gesticulating for us to stop. They had fires in their canoes, made of a mossy substance, for it was very cold, it being then in the dead of winter, and there were thin sheets of ice upon the small inlets.**

The Indians soon caught up to us, and came swarming into the pinnace, The sea was smooth at that time, I gave them some biscuits and tobacco, and I judged from their manner that they were friendly. After remaining an hour on the boat, they turned forwards their canoes, and waved their hands, as if to wish us good-bye. They were apparently just about to step into their canoes when some of the women pushed into their hands axes, which had been previously concealed, and in a moment, before I could realise what was happening, they turned upon my four companions and killed them.

One of the Indians had been armed with, instead of an axe, a spear about eight inches in length attached to a stick. With this he struck one of my crew, a Frenchman, the spear entered his eye, and the point of it came out at the back of his skull. Another of my mates had his face chopped clean off. I cannot tell the particular nature of the wounds of the other two, but all four were killed instantaneously as it were, partly, perhaps through being in such an exhausted state when attacked. I was not struck. They apparently designed not to touch me, and afterwards I thought this might be because I had made them presents.

The bottom of our boat was full of blood and water. The Indians knelt on the dead bodies to strip off their clothing, which was not easy, the flesh being much swollen. This done, they threw the corpses into the sea, and rowed the boat to shore with me in it, their women taking charge of the canoes. Having hauled the boat on the beach, they made me disembark, and then followed my example. Afterwards they stripped me of most of my clothes, motioning me to stand still, and whilst I did so they turned the boats upside down and lit a fire.

The Indians were perfectly naked, except that the men had a covering round their loins, and

the women sealskins over their backs. They were all copper-coloured, and ranged from 4ft. 6in. to 5ft. in height, being very stout in proportion to their stature. They slept near the shore that night, compelling me by signs to remain with them, although, of course, I could not understand their language. This was on one of the Terra del Fuego islands, which abounds with rats about the size of English cats. Early in the morning the Indians took to their canoes again, and rowed about, apparently in search of adventures, and to gather limpets from the rocks, these being, as far as I could see, their chief food, except when they managed to catch a seal. I lived principally on mussels; I had seal flesh only once or twice. At night we went on shore again, and my captors made a wigwam, in which we all slept together men, women, children, and dogs.

This kind of life continued from day to day. They were always on the move during daylight, and every night settled down in a fresh place. Before going to sleep the Indians always smoked. Generally they made pipes of a peculiar kind of seaweed found in the Straits of Magellan, with the quills of penguins for mouthpieces. They first put the tobacco in a big mussel shell and bake it into a fine powder, in which condition they smoke it. After taking four or five draughts their eyeballs project and turn upwards into their heads, their lower jaw falls as if they were paralysed, and they vomit horribly. Men, women, and children all seemed to indulge in this practice. There were only about half as many women as men. These people first took me northward and then returned southward through some narrow strait. After a time they gave me a jacket in place of the one they had taken from me.

When I had been living with them for about twenty five days, a party of them went off one night with my boat. Next morning they returned with a whaleboat in tow and a Portuguese on board. This man afterwards told me that the Indians had captured him in the same way as they did me, and that they had murdered all the rest of his crew. In fact, we saw the stripped corpses the next day when we were taken to an opposite island to fetch some provisions; and I ascertained that they had enticed the crew on shore there, and then assassinated them.

Two days later a party of the tribe brought an Indian sailor in a canoe, and I learnt from him by signs, for I could not understand his language, that he, too, belonged to a shipwrecked party, all of whom, except himself, had been treacherously murdered, so it would seem as if these savages always spare one of their victims. I can't account for this, unless it is because they wish to get some reward from the ocean steamers, which I know do sometimes give them tobacco and provisions for taking care of shipwrecked mariners.

Soon after the arrival of this poor Indian sailor we were all taken up through rocks and shoals towards the northward, to a point, as near as I can guess, about twenty-five miles from Sandy Point [*Punta Arenas, Ed.*], in the Straits of Magellan. Almost as soon as we arrived there I sighted a steamer, and asked the Indians to take me on board of her, but they refused. A day or two after I saw another homeward bound, and begged them to row me out, but they refused, and got behind an island to avoid our being seen.

We had been in the Straits of Magellan about four days when another gang of Indians of a different tribe altogether came and built their wigwams alongside of us, and there was a great deal of smoking and chattering among them all night. Next morning I was down on the beach when this fresh gang came down to launch their canoes. Up to this time I had been in daily dread of being murdered like my comrades, and, having lived for weeks on mussels and an occasional taste of seal fish, I had become so weak that I could hardly stand.

This second gang of Indians, however, had been making signs of friendship to me, and as I found that my original captors were not disposed to let me get on any passing steamer, I thought I would try my luck with the new party. Therefore, when they were about to go off in their canoes, I motioned them to take my own boat, which they did, and I got into it with them. They put off in such a hurry that they left one of their gang behind, but he jumped into the water, and swam out 200 yards, and rejoined them in the boat. He had no sooner done this than the other tribe caught sight of us, and they set up such a yelling as was terrible to listen to – men, women, children, and dogs all joining in. They at once launched their canoes and put out after us but they were too late, for I hosed the mast and went out into the middle of the stream, and made for the strait.

There were nineteen in the boat besides myself. The Indian sailor was with us, but we had been obliged to leave the Portuguese behind us, as he was too exhausted to move near to the boat. Having left our partners behind, we made through the narrows, and were knocking about for ten days in search of a steamship. During that time I suffered terribly from the cold. At dusk every night we went on shore, and at daylight launched the boat again and went out to look about and to gather shellfish from the rocks. At last we sighted the Pacific liner *Aconcagua*, which stopped and took me on board, and conveyed me to Valparaiso, from whence I was sent home to England in the steamship *Galatia* by the British Consul.

I was treated very kindly by the passengers on board the *Aconcagua*. Of course, I have lost everything, and when I applied to the Board of Trade for my certificate to be given up to me, I found I had been reported as dead. I shall, however, get the certificate back again after certain formalities have been gone through, and don't suppose I shall have any difficulty in getting employment.

The gang of Indians to whom I owe my release belong to the Patagonian side. I believe the steamers of the North Pacific are in the habit of stopping to conciliate the tribes by gifts of food and tobacco, with the view of inducing them to save the lives of any poor fellows who may be wrecked. I expect it was on this account they brought me to the *Aconcagua* to be taken on; and it shows what a little good treatment will do, for, from all that I know, I believe the occasional treachery of these natives towards the white men has been brought about by the ill-treatment they have had to put up with from the whites."

ROSENEATH [1882]

Poverty Bay Herald (NZ), 6 January 1883

SCOTCH SAILORS EATEN BY SAVAGES

Some short time ago Mrs Captain Hall received a letter from Mr Charles Samson, first officer of the Glasgow barque *Roseneath* which foundered in the straits of Magellan on 12th May last, announcing his safe arrival at Valparaiso, and the murder of his four companions by savages. Capt. Hall, his wife, child, and five of the crew, it will be remembered, was picked up by a passing steamer after being some days in the open boat and landed at Rio Janeiro. The mate's boat with the carpenter, two able-bodied seamen, and a boy left the ship ten minutes previous to the longboat with the captain, and was carried to the South by the strong current which prevailed. A course was shaped for the Horn, but **when five days on the sea they were**

overtaken by savages and cruelly murdered before his eyes. How he succeeded in escaping the death meted out to his comrades he does not say but after living with them for 63 days, and living only upon mussels, he effected his escape, and was brought to Valparaiso. As it is now several months since the *Roseneath* went down, all hopes were given up of ever hearing of the unfortunate men, and Captain Hall sailed for Brisbane. Mrs Hall accordingly communicated at once with Messrs. Hatfield, Cameron, and Co. Glasgow, who also had received a letter from Mr Samson but giving no further particulars. The men, it appears, all belong to this country, and the two seamen were the steadiest men of the whole crew. No satisfactory particulars can however be gleaned till the arrival of the mate, who is due at Liverpool by the mail steamer in about ten days. **The captain's boat, we learn, steered a northerly course, and only came across one boat with savages, who kept at a distance and did not molest them.** The total number of the crew lost is thus five, one of them having succumbed to the exposure and hardship while in the open boat with the captain.

UNKNOWN [1880]

Otago Witness (NZ), 4 June 1886

TIERRA DEL FUEGO. THE STORY OF A PIONEER.

Modern ideas of unexplored lands are limited almost entirely to the North and South Poles, whither costly expeditions are constantly being despatched; while in South America alone there are the interiors of Guiana, Brazil, Patagonia, and Tierra del Fuego, besides smaller patches of only half-explored land, all calling for more attention than they have hitherto received.

The whole of Brazil has indeed been explored in a superficial sort of way — that is to say, there are certain narrow lines of explored land, chiefly along rivers which intersect the country but only two people from all the civilised world have ever penetrated beyond the coast of Tierra del Fuego, though the coast itself has been well surveyed, and whalers' boats frequently land there for water.

One of these two pioneers is a Chilian lady who was shipwrecked on the coast, and saved alive by the chief of a Fuegan tribe which murdered all her companions. She was seen alive and happy by the other pioneer, a seaman, by name Thomas Thorold, who spent nearly six months in the interior of this strange country, and came safe home to England again. It is his story that I propose to tell.

Less than six years ago an English sailing ship, homeward bound from Valparaiso, foundered off the west coast of Tierra del Fuego during the cruel, wintry month of July. The crew got into three boats and pulled to the shore, which was not far distant. After rounding a headland, they found themselves in comparatively smooth water, surrounded by bare bleak hills, beneath which there was a broad sandy beach, which would afford them easy landing.

But on this beach and about the foot of the hills they saw what above all things they dreaded — the signs of the doom they felt must sooner or later be theirs — the stunted forms of Fuegan natives, standing and lying about their rude huts and canoes.

As soon as the Fuegians espied them they crowded into their canoes and rowed out towards them, while their shouts brought a multitude of natives to the beach, where they clustered like a flock of vultures hovering over their prey.

The Fuegians are a small race, with a dark copper-coloured skin. The men are mostly clad in old vests and trousers that they have acquired from some shipwrecked crew, or from the steamers passing through the Straits of Magellan others wear deer or guanaco skins. The women are dressed more simply in a single garment resembling a poncho, made of some skin a simple square, with a hole in the middle for the head.

Their boats have none of the graceful gilding of the North American canoes, but are simply made of pieces of bark or wood clumsily tied together with fibres, and are awkwardly rowed with oars formed of poles with flat pieces of wood tied on to the end. The only manufacture in which these men – the lowest type of humanity – at all excel is that of barbed spear-heads, which they make with considerable skill of an almost transparent sort of flint, very similar to some of the arrow heads used by the wild Bugres of Brazil. These, dipped in poison and fixed on to long wooden shafts, become dangerous weapons for poor weary sailors to face who have nothing to defend themselves with but oars and stretchers.

Before the three doomed boats were within half a mile of the shore they were surrounded by seven or eight canoes crammed with these gibbering aborigines, before whom the sailors were perfectly helpless, for from a considerable distance the unerring spears came hurtling towards them. The miserable men tried in vain to parry them. One by one they dropped into the bottom of the boat and died in agony, as the fiery venom from the spear-heads coursed through their veins.

Suddenly, when there were only two or three left untouched in each of the boats, one of the Fuegians, who seemed to be a chief among them, gave a shout that made all the others stand motionless, with spears poised in their hands, and he spoke to them in their loud, cracked language for a minute or more it seemed years to the helpless men waiting to be killed.

At the helm of one of the boats sat the mate, Thomas Thorold, a tall, strong man of about thirty, towards whom the chief pointed several times as he was speaking. Soon he stopped shouting and gesticulating, and again the spears came whizzing from the strong savage arms.

But a change had taken place the weapons were aimed at all the sailors except Thomas Thorold. He sat there untouched, expecting every moment to receive his death wound, and receiving it not. Only he saw his companions dropping one by one, meeting their deaths bravely, as Englishmen are wont to do, but with features tortured into that rigid glare which indicates the height of suppressed terror and extreme suspense.

When at last the mate was the only living one left, to his horror they surrounded him, bound his hands and feet, and lifted him into one of their canoes. Then they turned towards shore, towing the three boats behind them.

Thorold, naturally supposing that they were keeping him for torture, and preferring immediate death to a deferred but more horrible fate, attempted to jump into the sea, or dash out his brains against the sides of the canoe; but they carefully prevented him from doing himself any harm. Arrived at the shore, they retired to their huts leaving him still bound hand and foot upon the beach.

This was late in the afternoon, and all that night he lay there helpless, expecting every moment to be carried to the fire or some other torture. But they went about their business, gathering clams and muscles and eating them raw, collecting fuel and heaping up the fires, and never touched their prisoner at all; only they kept looking towards him, and crowds of little half-naked hideous children stood a few yards off and gazed at him in awe, and lean dogs came and snarled and sniffed at him suspiciously.

The tribe appeared to consist of between one and two hundred, and there were several rude huts formed of trees cut down and stuck close to one another in the ground, while their branches and foliage were tied together and formed an inefficient roof.

Fuegians appear to be insensible to cold, for though the climate is as cold or even colder than the extreme north of Scotland, they do not attempt to make comfortable huts for themselves, and they wear nothing but the light clothing which I have described. At night, however, most of them slept by the fires, like dogs on a winter's night.

All that night long Thomas Thorold lay bound upon the beach, trembling with cold and terror, and praying, "Lord, now let me die!"

In the early morning he felt that his hour had come, for two or three of the Fuegians came towards him, and one of them had a knife in his hand. But when they had cut the fibre ropes that bound him they left him alone again, standing on the beach, free to do what he liked.

It was useless to think of flight, for their eyes were always upon him, and besides, one man could have done nothing with a boat in the sea outside the bay. So after a while he obeyed the cravings of nature, and collected mussels and clams on the shore, as he had seen the natives do and on this cold food he made a wretched breakfast.

Thus he spent all that day and all the next thirty-seven days, for he kept a careful count of the time. He ate only the miserable shell-fish that he found on the beach, drank water from a torrent that flowed down from the mountain side, and slept by one of the fires, which he boldly approached the first night after they unbound him, for he had experienced the cold of one wintry night, and that was enough.

They were neither kind nor unkind to him, but took no notice of him whatever they never attempted to speak to him, even by signs, except on one occasion when he wandered too far from them, and one of them ran after him and made signs to him to go back.

During the leaden-footed days he necessarily observed how the natives passed their time, but he did so without the slightest interest, and was unable to relate many details about them. Most of the work, such as hewing wood and drawing water, was done by the women; the men did very little, but spent their time mostly in lying about their huts. Sometimes a few of them went off in their canoes seal hunting, and always returned with one or two seals; sometimes they went hunting inland, and returned with a guanaco — a species of llama; then they all immediately fell upon it, tore it to pieces, and ate it raw. If a dead seal was washed ashore, they ate it in the same way, gorging themselves on the putrid blubber and flesh.

After these disgusting feeds they lay on the ground for hours in a torpor, and Thorold could easily have stabbed them as they lay asleep, but that some of the weaker ones, having been unable to secure much of the food, were awake and ready to cast their spears at him.

Moreover, if he had killed them all, he would have been no better off.

All these weeks he was in a horrible state of suspense as to why he was being kept alive and what torture was preparing for him, so much so that he was unable to sleep for terror, until forced into unconsciousness by fatigue.

But on the thirty-eighth day an event occurred which, although in itself gruesome terrifying, put into his heart a hope that he might some day return to the outer world again, and gave him a clue as to what was his captors' only conceivable object in preserving him alive.

It was about noon, on a fine cold day, when Thorold, standing on the beach and looking out to sea, saw two whalers' boats pull round the headland to a distant part of the shore, where they proceeded to land and get fresh water. The huts of the Fuegians were between Thorold and the new-comers, who apparently did not perceive the natives, and were quietly filling their water-casks at a stream.

As Thorold was following his natural impulse to run to them, get into one of their boats, and make them row away, he was pinioned by three or four natives. Then a few canoes put out to cut off the boats, should they attempt to escape, and all the rest of the fighting men, and many of the women, caught up their long spears and ran towards their victims.

To Thorold's surprise, he was made to run along with them. The whalers' men were intercepted before they got off, and then it was the old ghastly tale repeated they were shot down to a man with poisoned spears. All the while the Fuegians who were holding Thorold made him understand that they wished him to watch what was going on, by gesticulating and pointing towards the slaughter.

After it was over they pillaged the dead bodies and the boats of everything they had, and then threw the corpses into the sea.

While Thorold was lying awake that night, and brooding over the horrible event, a sudden inspiration came to him that the object of the Fuegians in keeping him alive was to send him back to his people that he might tell them how they would be treated if they came to the land of the Fuegians – to declare unending war between themselves and the white world; and though, of course, he never knew for a certainty, yet the way in which they made him watch the slaughter of the whalers' men, and everything that happened before and after, pointed to his explanation of their conduct. From that night his great fear and suspense were mingled with this grain of hope.

The next morning the Fuegians collected their belongings, which consisted of nothing but spears and knives, a few skins, and some utensils for holding water, and marched inland, taking their prisoner with them. They spent about six hours a day on the march, over difficult mountain passes and down into deep valleys, making fires to sleep by at night, and living on guanacos, which they occasionally shot.

Thorold took little interest in observing the nature of the country, but he reported it to be very similar to that seen on the coast bleak mountains, with occasional copses of stunted trees, and all else absolutely barren and uncultivated. There is little doubt, however, that it is a treasure-house of mineral wealth, for various ores, including gold, are picked up in plenty on the coast, and there is every indication of coal. If a coal-mine was once got into working order here, it would be of inestimable value for the coaling of ships alone, as well as for use in South

America itself, for coal is at present brought from England at great expense all the way to Monte Video, and to Sandy Point, in the straits of Magellan, from the north of Chili.

On the fourth day of the march they met another tribe, also on the march, and the two bodies of men fell to fighting at once, as is their invariable custom. After an hour's fighting there were only about fifty men left of the first tribe; these surrendered, and became prisoners of war to their conquerors, who had also sustained heavy losses. The prisoners, however, did not appear to be regarded as slaves at all, but simply mingled with the victorious tribe. After the battle the prisoners spoke to their captors about Thorold, whom they brought forward, apparently explaining their object in keeping him and he lived with the new tribe on exactly the same footing as he had done with the old one.

Nearly six months Thorold spent in this way, the tribe in which he lived sometimes marching for five or six days, and then settling down for several weeks sometimes they were on the sea-shore, and then he lived as they did, chiefly on raw mussels and other shell-fish when they were inland he lived on pieces of raw guanaco, which he grabbed along with the others.

There is a story current in Chili that the Fuegians, when driven to necessity, first eat their dogs, the only domestic animal which they keep, and, when these are all gone, proceed to devour the old women of the tribe. Thorold saw no signs of cannibalism, but this was perhaps because no necessity for it arose. He states that the old women were treated with especial care; and it is doubtful whether this affection arose from the hearts or the stomachs of their grandchildren.

Five times he saw a fight with another tribe in three out of the five his tribe was conquered, and he changed hands, the prisoners always appearing to explain to their captors their object in keeping him.

Among the third tribe with which he lived he saw a white woman she was the Chilean lady whom I have already mentioned, and Thorold took the first opportunity of going up to her. The Fuegians held him back at first, for they regarded her as a goddess but at her command they let him approach her. They were unable to converse, for she spoke only Spanish, and he only English but from that time Thorold was treated by the natives with more deference than before.

He was never allowed again to approach the Chilean woman, who appeared to be rather ashamed of her situation before him, but he saw her manner of life. She was the wife of the chief, and had apparently a large number of children. The natives treated her with the greatest respect, and cooked meat for her, made her a more elaborate hut than they made for themselves. Her dress was a mixture of civilisation and barbarism. On the whole she appeared satisfied with her strange life.

About four weeks after Thorold joined this tribe, another tribe came upon them; there was a fight, and he changed hands. Just before the fight began the Chilean woman went away with a few companions, and he saw her no more.

Towards the end of the sixth month the tribe which possessed Thorold reached a place on the seashore which consisted of a bay almost shut in by land. He had often reached a similar place, for there are many bays on that coast with an island facing them.

On the morning of the third day after they had reached this spot he was on the sea shore gathering his usual breakfast of shell-fish, when he heard a sound that sent the blood rushing to his heart. It was the familiar sound of a steamer, and looking up he saw the black smoke floating away in the wind.

Then he knew that he was on the shore of the Straits of Magellan, and before he had time to consider how to secure his safety he had dropped on the beach in a dead faint, for six months' living in horrible suspense, without shelter, and with the poorest apology for food, had left him very little of his old strength.

On that day the steamer *Aconcagua*, of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, bound from Liverpool to Valparaiso, left Sandy Point and was proceeding westward through the straits. The bulwarks were crowded with passengers and officers and crew looking out for native canoes, for it is the custom of steamers passing through those straits to slow down, unless they are in a great hurry, and interview the natives in their canoes, ending by dropping over the ship's side a barrel filled with old clothes and tobacco and other things calculated to please the savage mind. Once or twice a couple of natives have been hoisted on board and shown round the steamer. With awe they gazed at the long saloon, and in horror they fled when they were taken down to the fire room and a furnace door was suddenly opened at them, reminding them of a crater of one of the volcanos that gave their land the name of fire.

Before the awful adventure of Thorold, all that was known about these strange people was learnt in this way, and thus the curious fact was discovered that although their near neighbours the Patagonians will drink all the rum and other fire-water they can lay their hands on, the Fuegians will take no alcohol of any kind, but, when offered it, turn away with the same appearance of disgust that a dog does under similar circumstances, in this way among others showing how low they stand in the scale of humanity. Tobacco, However, they greatly appreciate.

On this occasion the passengers of the *Aconcagua* were not disappointed in their desire to see the natives. Several canoes were shooting out to meet them, and in one of them they saw to their intense surprise a white man standing up, and heard him shouting to them in English to "stop for God's sake!" Of course they stopped. The canoes came alongside, and the white man was hauled up on deck without the slightest opposition from the Fuegians, and indeed by their evident desire.

On reaching the deck Thorold fainted. He was carried away and attended to by the doctor; and the natives, we may be sure, got a good toll that day. Several barrels were dropped over the ship's side, laden with all things that the savages could desire.

The rescued man soon recovered sufficiently to tell his wonderful story. He was taken to Valparaiso, and thence back again to England in the steamship *Galiccia*, as a distressed seaman.

During the first part of the voyage his mental faculties appeared to be a good deal weakened. He would frequently hang over the bulwarks in a sort of stupor, and the doctor ordered anyone who saw him in this state at once to approach him and touch him, and ask him what he was thinking of, until he answered them.

And the answer that came at last was always the same:

"I was thinkin' of how the faces of my mates looked when them savages was murderin' of

them."

BALAKLAVA [1887]

Daily Telegraph (Hawke's Bay, NZ), 27 April 1888

EXCITING ADVENTURES.

Tommy Riordan, seaman of the steamer *San Pedro*, just arrived at a U.S. port, is one of ten men lost by the ship *Balaklava* during a terrible storm off the coast of Patagonia last summer. He tells the following story of his experience:— "The *Balaklava* encountered very stormy weather before my companions and myself were washed overboard. The sea had been running high for several days, but the day of the disaster it was running in long, heavy, and powerful swells, which, had they been higher, would have washed the vessel into kindling wood. It was growing dark, and it was thought advisable to take in sail. Just as we were about to execute the command a heavy sea washed over our vessel. I saw it coming, but it was too late to get out of danger, and I went down in the trough of the sea, and must have been slightly stunned, for I don't know how it happened. When I came to, I was holding on to a portion of the mast with all the strength that was in me. It is impossible for me to relate what I suffered in that cold water. I floated on the piece of wreck for two days, and then I lost all consciousness. It is queer how I was washed ashore, but **I was flung up by the surf on the only decent portion of coast line there is in Patagonia. When I regained consciousness a band of the most hideous-looking beings I ever saw were dancing around me. The men were giants in size, and I could not tell whether they were cannibals or not. As I opened my eyes I tried to think where I was and what had happened. Shouts of joy were uttered by all, and two big bucks raised me up and carried me with ease a long distance into the interior over a miserable country to their camping ground. I was well guarded, and a council was held to see what should be done with me. I imagined all the most horrible deaths and determined to escape, and I did that night. I still retained a little clasp-knife that all sailors wear, but it was impossible for me to get at it until my hands were liberated. On guard were two big men who watched me closely, while others slept by the fire. I kept working my hands until they were free. One guard sat down and began to nod, and the other walked back and forth. When his back was turned I severed the cords which bound my feet and then I [was] free for action. The snoring of the sleeping sentinel became louder and louder and at last I felt satisfied that he was fast asleep. The next instant I was on my feet and creeping up slowly behind the other guard. My left hand was on his throat, and with my right I plunged my knife into his breast, and he fell over, a dead Indian, without a struggle or uttering a cry.** It was a terrible experience, but I at last reached a place up the coast that gave some evidence of civilisation, this inspired me to fresh efforts. I don't know how I lived. I caught some fish, and these kept life in me. I at last sighted a canoe, and hailing it, the Chilian master took me up the coast, where I was put aboard a small sailing vessel in Chiloe Island. The British barque *Valdivia* took me up the coast to Chili, and others have brought me here."

NO SHIP SPECIFIED [1887]

STATIONS AT TIERRA DEL FUEGO FOR ASSISTING DISTRESSED VESSELS.

Buenos Ayres, September 2.

The following notice has been issued by the captain of the port here: —

The Marine Prefecture of the Argentine Republic notifies shipmasters that in Ushuaia Bay, Beagle Channel, there exists an Argentine Port Sub-Prefecture, with a staff and appliances sufficient to aid vessels requiring any service, and to assist shipwrecked crews driven on shore. **Near the Sub-Prefecture there has been established, during eighteen years past, an English missionary station amongst the tribe of Indians of the Tierra del Fuego (Yagkans). These Indians are nearly all civilized, being of a submissive character, and with some knowledge of the English language. Navigators should have no fear of these Indians, and they can with all confidence make signals, approach the coast or land, sure to be well received by the Indians, who will render any assistance in their power, and provide them with the appliances they have at their disposal, or indicate to them the best and safest direction to follow in order to reach the Sub-Prefecture or English missionary station, distant about 800 yards. These Indians are the best auxiliary forces the Sub-Prefecture can count upon.** Many English shipwrecked crews, and also those of other nations, have been saved, received, and attended to by the Argentine Sub-Prefecture, established on Staten Island, and on Tierra del Fuego, Beagle Channel. Within a short time this latter establishment will be transferred to Good Success Bay, where its services are expected to be more rapid and efficacious. On Staten Island there is a lighthouse situated in lat. 54 43 24 S., and long. 63 74 1 W., lighting a sector of 94 degs., comprised between Cape Fourmann, situated to N. 53 W., from the light and the sharp-pointed hill of Cape St. John, situated to N. 41 E of the same light, which is visible from 14 to 15 miles distant. **Several of the shipwrecked captains who have been saved by the authorities have declared that they did not dare to approach the land in these regions from fear of the Indians who inhabit them, the Marine Prefecture has thought it necessary to publish this notice. Navigators will thus remember that they may discard all fear, and approach the Argentine coast, and land there in the certainty of finding a hospitable reception.**

NO SHIP SPECIFIED [1887]

Otago Daily Times (NZ), 6 March 1888

IMPORTANT TO CAPTAINS OF MERCHANT VESSELS.

On January 12, 1884, attention was called by the Lords of the Admiralty to the advantages offered by this South American Mission Society station at Ushuwaia (Ooshoia), in Beagle Channel, as a place of refuge to the crews of vessels wrecked or abandoned in the vicinity of Cape Horn. By command of the Lords of the Admiralty, Captain W. J. L. Wharton, chief of the Hydrographic Office, has now issued for the benefit of mariners the following additional information respecting Argentine Government settlements on Staten Island and Terra del Fuego, together with the latest particular in reference to the attitude of the natives towards

strangers. The Argentine Government has established a settlement at St. John's Harbour, eastern extreme of the northern side of Staten Island. Position, lat. 54.45 S., long. 63.50 W. The Argentine Government settlement, established at Ushuwaia (Ooshoia) was, in October 1887, shortly to be transferred to Good Success Bay, western side of the Strait of Le Maire, and eastern extreme of Terra del Fuego. Position, Good Success Bay, lat. 54.48 S., long. 65.15 W. At the above stations there are sufficient staffs and means to aid vessels requiring assistance, and to succour shipwrecked crews. **It is reported that many of the natives near Ushuwaia can speak English, and that they are nearly all civilised; those on the southern shore of the Beagle Channel are mostly friendly, and may be approached with confidence. They will give any assistance in their power to shipwrecked crews, and also direct them how best to reach the nearest station.** Mr Brydges [sic], late of the South American Mission Society station at Ushuwaia, has been granted land in Beagle Channel, and has established himself on the northern side of the Narrows, near Gable Island, about 30 miles eastward of Ushuwaia. Position, lat. 54.53 S., long. 67.25 W. The South American Mission Society station at Ushuwaia is maintained, as heretofore, on the northern shore of Beagle Channel, in the cove of a small peninsula north by east from the Murray Narrows, or northern entrance to Ponsonby Sound. Position, lat. 54.19 S., long. 68.19 W. If a ship be abandoned to the westward of Cape Horn, the most direct course for boats to Beagle Channel is to pass eastward of False Cape Horn and through Ponsonby Sound, using Packsaddle Island for a stopping place. For crews escaping when to the eastward of Cape Horn, the best course would be to the eastward of Navarin Island and westward through the Beagle Channel, stopping, if necessary, at Banner Cove, in Picton Island, or at the station near Gable Island. **Mr Brydges, in August 1883, reports that the natives of Ponsonby Sound may be as safely trusted as those of other parts, and that they would be ready to pilot any shipwrecked men to Ushuwaia. Further, that a great change has been effected in the character of the natives generally, and that the Yahgan natives from Cape Diego to Cape Horn, and thence round to Brecknock Peninsula, can be trusted.**

GLENMORE [1888]

Poverty Bay Herald (NZ), 12 January 1889

A TERRIBLE TALE OF THE SEA.
SHIPWRECK, STARVATION, AND CANNIBALISM
CASKS OF SALTED MAN.

London, Nov. 30.

Not even the vivid imagination of Mr Clark Russell has ever invented a more extraordinary series of adventures than were related last week by the survivors of the iron barque *Glenmore*, which left Maryport for Buenos Ayres just a year ago tomorrow, with a cargo of iron. Captain Lawrence was in command, with Thomas West, as first mate, and James Morgan as second. To the latter we are indebted for the following narrative:—

We arrived at Monte Video, where we discharged cargo, took in ballast, and sailed for Talcahuano, Chili, on the 24th of March last. On the 7th of April we sighted land, being ten to twelve miles from Cape Diego. We had hove-to to wait for daylight, in order to enter the Straits, between Staten Island and Tierra-del-Fuego, which are known as the Straits of Le

Maire. Shortly before midnight we set all sail, and tried to put the ship round the other tack. Owing to a sudden shift of the wind she became unmanageable. At 1.15 a.m. she struck on a sunken reef and commenced to break up.

It was blowing a gale and snowing at the time. We got out the lifeboat, and the whole crew, 16 all told, embarked in her. We left in such haste that we were unable to obtain any provisions or any clothing except what we stood in. At daybreak we pulled seawards, for the frowning precipices, on every side, towering thousands of feet above the sea, seemed to render a landing hopeless. Several of the crew were prostrated, and lay in the bottom of the boat. The weather was excessively severe, there being sharp frost with high winds.

AN UNPLEASANT PROSPECT.

At one point, where the cliffs lowered somewhat, a party of ten or twelve Fuegeans, naked, and all men over six feet high, appeared on the cliffs. They gesticulated and shouted, but all the seamen could distinguish were the words 'knife' (knife) and 'biscuit.' Not liking their appearance, and knowing that they had a reputation for cannibalism, the crew again put out to sea, and next morning, the 9th, sighted Staten Island, the extreme south-eastern portion of South America. We succeeded in landing there about five o'clock, at Flinders Bay. Here we obtained the first drink of water we had had since leaving the ship, about forty hours. During the night we suffered most intensely from the severe cold. The next morning we found a case of curry on the beach and this, with some berries, which we found on stunted bushes, made us a sorry breakfast. We then launched the boat, and proceeded down the land intending to make St. John's, where there is a lighthouse maintained by the Argentine Republic. By four p.m. we were all utterly done up, and we landed at Port Cook, where we 'feasted' on mussels and limpets, which was all we got that night. The next day we proceeded, and landed at St. John's utterly exhausted. This is a lighthouse and life-boat station, the community numbering about 30 people, including four women, and during our stay the first infant born on the island made its appearance. We were most heartily received. [...]

NO SHIP SPECIFIED [1889]

Brisbane Courier (Queensland), 8 July 1889

MIRACLE-WORKING CHRISTIANITY.

(Pall Mall Gazette.)

THE RELIGIOUS PHENOMENON OF THE FAR SOUTH.

[...] The history of the South American Mission would furnish forth books of adventure as exciting as any boy could wish for. Its success has won the astonished praises of men of all religions and of no religion, as an instance of miracle-working Christianity. It is a religious phenomenon of the highest interest from the standpoint of humanism and civilisation. Accordingly we have taken the opportunity of the visit to England of Mr. Aspinall, a member of the Y.M.C.A., who went out to Tierra del Fuego two years ago, to learn something of the present and past of this remarkable enterprise. Accompanied by a native Christian, the companion of his voyage, Mr. Aspinall called at the office of the Pall Mall Gazette.

[...] the remarkable thing is the spread of good influences radiating from the mission centre. **It**

would be easy to quote blood-curdling stories of the fate of ships wrecked on the Fuegian coasts in the past; how the sailors were hacked in pieces by native Amazons, and how crews preferred to blow themselves up in a stockade rather than try the clemency of the Fuegians. During the last few years this has entirely ceased; terrified sailors have found themselves to their astonishment treated with gentleness and generosity. An exploring expedition sent out by the Argentine Government (which divides Fuegia with Chili) probably to spy out the land of the always suspected English missionaries, was succoured in bad weather by the civilised natives, and went back to bless. Recognition followed from the two Governments, and similar experiences some way from the mission district have made the Admiralty mark the coast as safe on the official chart.

The feeling that the natural ferocity of the natives must have been exaggerated seems to be shared by Mr. Aspinall, who, of course, came in on the crest of the wave of civilisation. **The horror with which they told him of the discovery of a starved crew, one of whom, as was plain from the mutilated corpse, had been preyed on by his surviving comrades, makes Mr. Aspinall doubt if the Fuegians were ever really cannibals;** and he lays stress on the sanctity of the family relationship among them, which forbids even the marriage of second cousins. **The savagery he thinks was by way of reprisal for the unspeakable cruelties they have always suffered from the Argentines and Chilians. [...]** The missionaries tell stories of lawless cruelty and immorality [...] The sealers think nothing of kidnapping a Fuegian woman, imprisoning her on board for the whole sealing season, and then landing her on an island, whence, by swimming from one to another, she may perhaps get back to her own people, loaded with disease, and a source of horrible poison among the natives. "The other day," said Mr. Aspinall, "I sewed up the cheek of a native, which was torn right across with a frightful wound. I thought it had been done fighting, but no – a sailor in a passing ship, sighting him on shore, had just put up his gun and shot at him, as one might at a bird or beast. A while ago the crew of a ship which touched and was surrounded by the curious natives in canoes, invited them on board and then enticed the women down into the fo'c'sle. Presently one of the husbands left on deck went to the hatchway, where he was promptly brained by the captain. His comrades rushed forward and were all killed by the captain's revolver. After hideous outrage there escaped out of twenty-five men and women only one woman and one boy, who jumped overboard."

"But surely such a fiendish wrong would be righted by the Argentine Government?" – "They simply lay the blame on the natives" said Mr. Aspinall, sadly, "whom they admittedly are anxious to supplant altogether by settlers. And as for international influence, they are still sore about England's seizure of the Falkland Islands."

It is a ticklish subject, no doubt (concludes our representative), but surely in face of these intolerable outrages pressure might be brought to bear to give civilisation a fair chance in Tierra del Fuego.

NO SHIP SPECIFIED [1890]

Star (NZ), 23 April 1890

The country which the Picherays, or, from the name of their country, more commonly the Terra del Fuegians, inhabit is wretched and bleak in the extreme but unlike the Eskimo land of the North, a few dwarf trees and bushes enable the inhabitants to obtain some shelter from the storm, materials to warm themselves, and means of building a canoe. Yet notwithstanding the superior advantages in natural resources of country which the Terra del Fuegian possesses over the Eskimo, in comfort and physical and intellectual character he is not comparable to the fur-clad denizen of the snow lands on the shores of the Arctic Ocean. In stature the Fuegian is stunted; his lower jaw projecting, and with long, straight, black hair hanging down his back and cheeks. For this hair he has a superstitious veneration, and conceives that the possession of a scrap of it by anyone else will entail all manner of disasters on the original owner. Everything about the Fuegian is disgusting, animal, and almost brute-like. The spectator turns away from him in the belief that surely now man, created in the image of his Maker, has reached the lowest type, or brute ascended to the highest stage. He moves about in a crouching, stooping posture, his person is covered with the filth of generations, and his long, mane-like locks, which his vanity or superstition induces him now and then to rake out with a comb made of a porpoise jaw, almost without any alteration, are crawling with a detestable insect, which, though it has family relations in the locks of people all over the world, is yet said to be of a species peculiar to this race. Though living in a country where sleet, snow, rain, and frost are of almost everyday occurrence, the male Fuegian wears no clothing, except a small piece of sealskin thrown over his shoulders, and moved now and then so as to shelter his person in the direction from whence the blast may be blowing. When in his canoe, or engaged in any active exercise, he considers even this limited amount of wardrobe altogether superfluous, and tosses it aside. The women have quite as little clothing, the claims of modesty being satisfied by the presence of an apron of sealskin. Yet the country supplies abundance of the fur-seal and various land animals, the hides of which would supply excellent materials for clothing. The skins of this race seem, however, to be almost insensible to cold, and though they seem to strangers to be always shivering and chilly, yet this must have become a second nature to them, for they may be seen moving about from place to place, or sitting in their canoes, with the whirling snow beating against their naked persons, or gathering about their limbs, seemingly without caring about it, or even being conscious of it. Boots of sealskin cover their feet, but hat of any description neither sex has ever found the necessity of. Their huts are on a par with their wardrobe, being merely a rude shelter of bent boughs covered with grass, the hole at the side which supplies the place of entrance being unclosed by anything in the shape of a door, the only deference shown to the weather being to make this opening on the side from whence the prevailing winds do not usually come.

NO SHIP SPECIFIED [1893]

North Otago Times (NZ), 20 April 1893

THE LAND OF FIRE.

One of the most interesting of the travel papers in the magazines is Mr O'Sullivan's account of his visit to Tierra del Fuego in the January Fortnightly. He says :

"Surely on this wide earth there are no people so cruelly circumstanced and so utterly devoid

even of the meanest pleasures of existence as these miserable inhabitants of the Land of Fire."

Fortunately there are so few of them, the total number of the Fuegians is said to be about 4000 in all, and if Mr O'Sullivan's account is not exaggerated, there is reason to expect that some day a scientific philanthropist will embark from the mainland and feel himself justified in extinguishing painlessly the lives of the whole of them. Their country, the tip of a continent, severed from the mainland by the sea, is not fit for human habitation. The Fuegians are horrible, ugly, stunted, pot-bellied dwarfs. The men do not exceed 5ft 2in in height, their limbs are short, but their stomachs are abnormally large. Even the children are born pot-bellied. They stoop universally, owing to the habit of crouching over their fires, and the same habit makes them bleary-eyed. The struggle for food is very intense, and every now and then, when the food fails, they take the oldest woman of the tribe, suffocate her in the smoke of fires made of green wood, and divide her carcass between her murderers. It is a land of glaciers rather than a land of fire ; but it got its name because the Fuegians never go anywhere without taking fire with them. They build a fire amidships when they go out in their canoes, in which they pass a great part of their time, sitting so much that their legs are dwindling away. Their bodies are becoming sheathed in fat, which does for them the same service as the blubber does the whale. Although they are devoted to fire they wear few clothes. They have a small mantle of otter skin secured across the breast, and only reaching half-way down the back. Even this scanty clothing is monopolised by the men. Mr O'Sullivan says that he has repeatedly seen women going about quite naked, while the wind was blowing over the glacier so as to make the well-clothed Europeans' teeth chatter with cold.

"Once, in Lomas Bay, I beheld a sight as pitiable as it is possible to conceive — a woman, quite nude, paddling a canoe, and endeavoring to protect with her own person, from the snow which was falling in heavy flakes, the naked body of her baby, while her lord and master, wrapped in a skin cloak, sat warming himself over a fire amidships. Amongst the Fuegians, an amongst other savage races, polygamy prevails, and the women are regarded as mere slaves, to labor for their excessively lazy masters. The women have to gather shell-fish, tend the fires, build the dwellings, and paddle the canoes."

The only thing about the Fuegians which seems to be deserving of the slightest attention is their language. Our alphabet is inadequate to represent its various sounds. When we learn that it requires twenty more vowels than we use, this is another reason for rejoicing in the prospect of the speedy extermination of the race.

RIMUTAKA [1893]

Wanganui Chronicle (NZ), 21 June 1893

A NEW ZEALANDER ABROAD.

By "A Wanganui Innocent."

[...] All eyes were directed towards the frail craft that it soon became evident was essaying to cross our path, and every glass was brought into requisition to enable a correct estimate to be

formed of the natives by whom the vessel was propelled. Hopes of a closer and more minute inspection were raised to a higher pitch when it was known that our popular and kind-hearted captain had prepared an Easter offering of much prized gifts for the untutored savages. A wine case filled with meat, biscuits, and tobacco, was flung over the steamers' side for the Fugeans to seize as their canoe swept past. With remarkable dexterity the somewhat difficult feat was accomplished, and with hoarse guttural shouts, and the evident expressions of intense delight, the dusky receivers of the kindly gift flew by, and quickly faded from our gaze. We were particularly anxious to get a good view of the natives in the boat – of whom, by the by, there were only three, a man, woman, and child – because we had read that, of all the human race, the Tierra del Fugeans were the lowest and meanest, both physically and mentally. As the natives were reported to be almost entirely destitute of clothing of any kind, and compelled to subsist on the shellfish from the rocks and the produce of the seas, we expected to see dwarfed and shrivelled up specimens of humanity. To our surprise, the man and woman in the canoe were broad-shouldered and brawny. The woman particularly, who had not as much as even a fig-leaf covering or adornment, presented to our view a pair of arms and shoulders that would have done credit to a son of Vulcan, and a bust that would not have disgraced a Venus, while the man, whose shoulders were – as befitted one of a superior creation – protected from the cruel blasts of the bitter wind by a slight covering, apparently of the skin of some animal, appeared to be a powerfully built creature. Judging, however, from a recent article in the Fortnightly Review, appearances are as deceitful in the case of the Fugeans as of other people. The author of the article in question says that, though apparently of powerful physique from the waist upward, the natives are weak and frail in their lower limbs. This peculiarity is attributed to the fact that, while the natives camp on the banks of the Straits, they may be said to exist in the water, and to the fact of their constantly crouching over the fires, on sea and land, which they are said to perpetually keep alive. Curiosity was excited amongst our passengers as to whether the frail little barque with which we made acquaintance would have the never-failing fire on board. Sure enough, there it was, burning away on a clay bed in the bottom of the boat. The boat itself was evidently constructed of frail material, apparently of a light-wooden shell covered with the skins of animals. Whether our pity for the natives of this rigorous clime was so much compassion wasted, we are not prepared to say. But on pondering over their hard lot this fact has to be remembered, that the air, though bitterly cold, is clear and bracing, and that the temperature is fairly equable all the year round. Either the natives must be lamentably deficient in constructive ingenuity, or they cannot feel the cold as much as we might suppose, else the necessities of their condition would sharpen their wits and force them to improvising some description of covering to shield them from the bitter inclemency of the weather. After our short but exciting interview with the natives, lesser objects of interest palled upon us for a while; [...]

NAME UNKNOWN [1892]

Otago Witness (NZ), 6 April 1893

PATER'S CHATS WITH THE BOYS.

Tierra Del Fuego.

A week or two ago one of the captains of the Homeward-bound boats announced his intention of sailing through the Strait of Magellan, and as I was reading a description of Terra del Fuego in a review the other day, perhaps a few of the points mentioned in the article may not be uninteresting, especially as my geographical chats have been few and far between lately. The article is written by one who was wrecked in the strait and had to spend two months among the island peaks that constitute Tierra Del Fuego.

The strait is a dangerous and intricate one about 300 miles long and from four to twelve miles wide. Magellan sailed through it in 1520. It separates the Land of Fire from Patagonia. We are generally under the impression that Tierra del Fuego owes its name either to volcanoes being in active eruption there or to extinct volcanoes, of which the cone-like island mountain tops are the survivals. As a matter of fact they never were volcanoes. **The name is owing to the camp fires always kept burning by the miserable objects that are only apologies for human beings; for they are in the lowest grade of civilised life, judged either by their intelligence or their appearance. These people are hideously ugly and grossly stupid. The men are only some 5ft 2in or 5ft 3in, and the women 6in shorter. Their bodies are very large, and the babies are pot-bellied by heredity. The legs are as thin as it is possible to conceive them to be, and no larger in the thigh than in the calf. The eyes are slanting and bleary, hair long, lank, and black; cheek bones high; forehead receding, and so on. Indeed, so little of the human is in them that someone has called them "satires upon mankind." They are fond of "long pig" – that is, they are cannibals, white folk being a special dish only procurable upon occasions. When driven by hunger the oldest woman in the company is throttled for food by her relatives, her head being the while held over the smoke of a green wood fire, presumably to hasten the process of dissolution. Like all savages they paint themselves with pigment – have fashionable white folk given up this practice of their far back forefathers? – using white when going to war, red and yellow to indicate friendliness, and black to indicate grief. Their principal food is a shellfish, which when eaten by Europeans produces a kind of poisoning and an irritation of the skin – one man's food being in this case decidedly another man's poison. They are very fond of the fishy and strongly-flavoured birds that frequent the islands, but cannot often get them. One of these birds, called by captains and sailors passing through the strait the steamer-duck, or racehorse duck, is the largest of its kind, measuring 40in from tip of bill to the extremity of the tail, and weighing as much as 30lb. It is an object of special interest, because it neither entirely flies nor runs, but combines running and paddling, striking the water with each wing alternately, and leaving behind a wake of foam like a steamer. [...]**

These are only a few of the interesting portions of the article, which narrowly escaped not being written at all, for **the little band of survivors from the wreck were reduced to the last straits when rescued by a passing vessel, and were in hourly danger of making roasts for the Fuegians, who now they were reduced by weakness and helplessness had determined to attack them and have a "good square meal."**

USHUAIA [1894]

New York Sun, 16 September 1894

HAPPY NAKEDNESS – Civilized Teachers Came to Amend but Enervated the People

This is the story in part of one of the most interesting and most unfortunate tribes of Indians in the history of American aborigines – interesting because of their remarkable qualities of mind and body, and unfortunate because they have been almost exterminated by changes in their habits, wrought by Christian missionaries. It begins with what was said of them and their country by the early explorers, and it ends where the missionaries began what was intended to be the work of civilizing them. It tells of the race as God made it. What the white man did for it will be told later.

[...] Although about all the crimes known to Yahgans grew out of the relations of the sexes – although there was almost invariably a woman in every case – it is a fact that the grossest crimes of passion known to civilized races (such as incest) were unknown among Yahgans. Marriage was merely a matter of purchase; wives were sometimes sold, while daughters were sold invariably. But there were forms and methods in such cases dear to the Yahgan heart. The dicker for a wife as conducted amounted to what would be among civilized people at once an intrigue and the negotiating of a treaty. It was because of this delicacy of feeling among the Yahgans that the brutal white whalers and seal hunters that came to the region were unable to do any serious damage to this race previous to the year 1870. The Yahgan would not tolerate the rude lasciviousness of the white seamen, and until taught that it was wicked, stood up, man fashion, and fought in defence of his wives and daughters. But his spirit is now gone, like almost every other distinctive characteristic of the race.

[...] What the Yahgans' claims to physical beauty were may still be learned by one who sees them at the Hermite group of islands, but in the Beagle Channel they have been so altered by new clothing and habits of life that scarcely a trace of their old-time form remains. The description of the old-time navigator is not attractive:

"These poor wretches were stunted in their growth, their hideous faces bedaubed with paint, their skins filthy and greasy, their hair entangled." They are elsewhere spoken of as having dark, copper-colored skins, or skins of the color of iron rust, while Captain Fitzroy pictures them as almost black.

One may admit that these old explorers had good eyes, that they generally described with accuracy what they saw, and yet may prove that the Yahgans were not hideous. Indeed, I hope to show that, all things considered, they were the handsomest aboriginal race on earth.

To begin the argument, it must be said that the missionaries, who had no interest in making the untutored Yahgan appear in a better light than that in which he was found, say that he was a polite and affectionate husband and father, faithful in the care of widows and orphans, a generous neighbor, and an ardent lover. Food was abundant, and hard labor rarely necessary. He delighted in what civilized people call the higher pleasures, the joys of good stories, witty sayings, quick repartee, and he had almost unlimited opportunity for cultivating the faculties which gave him greatest pleasure. How could such a man be hideous?

The answer to the allegation made by the explorers who called the Yahgan so is not far to seek. They never saw the Yahgan. They only saw the coating of paint and whale oil that covered him, and because this was offensive to them they called him hideous. The Yahgan when washed clean, did not look like the Yahgan clothed in whale oil, smoke from the ever-present fire, ashes, powdered iron ore, pipe clay – what not. When washed he was not black; he was not even copper colored. He was as white as the quarter bloods one sees in the Cherokee

nation and as well featured. The young women were very like those of mixed blood who grace the halls of the female seminary at Tahlequa, the Cherokee capitol. The modern tourist camera proves it. Yahgans had straight black hair, great, dark eyes, full red lips, breasts like a Greek Venus, rounded limbs, and small hands and feet. Better yet, they had a merry, hearty laugh that was irresistibly infectious. They flushed with pleasure, and blushed and drooped as if from a blow when shamed.

If ever the moans of outraged Indian maidenhood were charged up by the Recording Angel against the brutality of the civilized man, it was when the sufficient arm that protected the Yahgan girl was withdrawn through a misapplication of the gospel of peace.

[...]To sum the matter up, this was a race, more than 3,000 in number, called the most abject and wretched people in the world, and yet, "in their circumstances and with their materials, their work was perfect." They were called savages, and yet neither Governor nor Judge was needed to preserve the prosperity of the nation. They were called heathen, because they knew not God, and yet, prompted by an inner light, they took no thought for the morrow, they visited the widow and the orphan in their affliction; neither was there any among them that lacked. Clear-eyed and strong-limbed, they were able, twenty years ago, to face the white destroyer as they faced the howling gales that swept their rugged coasts.

To-day the traveller can find less than 300 of all that people, and of those that remain the greater part are selfish, hypocritical, cringing beggars. The story of this transformation, as I gathered it among those who wrought it, will be told at another time.

CITY OF COLUMBIA [1897]

Auckland Star (NZ), 28 May 1898

LIKES NOT CANNIBALS

A SHIPWRECKED MAN ON BARREN TERRA DEL FUEGO

A special to the New York 'Sun' from New Haven, Conn., says: J. E. Healy told today all about his experiences as a passenger on the Klondike steamship *City of Columbia*, which left New York in the middle of December. Healy bought a ticket to San Diego, Cal. He did not care to go to the Klondike, he said, because of his business interests here. He went in the *City of Columbia* because, although he took a trip every summer into more or less interesting foreign parts, he had never been around Cape Horn. On the Pacific side of the Cape the ship was wrecked and the passengers and crew went ashore on the coast of Terra del Fuego.

Of his experience Healy says: When I got to shore it was 7 o'clock in the evening. The women were scared almost to death. We built fires on the side of the rocks — they were as steep as a roof — and tried to be cheerful. But we had passed the wrecks of 7 ships coming through, and **just where we landed were three coffins from a German ship that had gone ashore about three minutes before we did. The natives had stripped the corpses. It was no cheerful sight for us. It was along about midnight when the natives showed up.**

'They were not cannibals,' said a reporter, 'of course.'

'Of course, nothing. I tell you they would have made us into soup if they got a fair chance at us. They were the wickedest and most shameless looking villains ever I saw. I am a gentleman. I did the most I could. I took off my vest and gave it to the first one that came ashore. He turned the vest upside down and stuck his legs through the arm holes; and buttoned the waist across his middle, and walked around like he thought he was as good a Christian as any of us. They stayed around two days, and three nights. They had fires in the bottoms of their canoes, one fire in every canoe, but they seemed to like our fires better.'

'They took to opening our trunks and looking over our blankets. I thought, and Captain Baker thought, they were talking over what each one was to get after they had done for us. So, as we had guns, I took 20 of the men and formed them into a line and walked up to the boss Terra del Fuegan, and I says to him, with most comprehensive gestures, "Go to ___! Git, git! They stood off for a little and we fired a volley over their heads. They got into their canoes and began to paddle. They made water fly, too.'

'You can say all you please about there being no cannibals down there, but when you get through talking you just go down there and watch 'em lick their ugly chops and look hungry at you for awhile, and you'll believe the way I do. I believe I'd be in one of their fat stomachs this minute if it wasn't for that volley we fired.'

SPRAY [1896]

Auckland Star (NZ), 6 December 1899

A BRUSH WITH SAVAGES.

CAPTAIN SLOCUM FINDS A NEW USE FOR CARPET TACKS.

Captain Joshua Slocum, in his solitary voyage around the world in the sloop Spray, found a new and exciting use for carpet tacks. In the October number of the "Century Magazine" he thus describes an encounter with the natives of Tierra del Fuego:—

Canoes manned by savages from Fortesque now came in pursuit. The wind falling light, they gained on me rapidly, till coming within hail, when they ceased paddling, and a bow legged savage stood up and called to me, "Yammerschooner! Yammerschooner!" which is their begging term. I said "No!" Now, I was not for letting them know that I was alone, and so I stepped into the cabin, and, passing through the hold, came out at the fore scuttle, changing my clothes as I went along. That made two men. Then the piece of bowsprit which I had sawed off at Buenos Ayres, and which I had still on board. I arranged forward on the look-out, dressed as a seaman, attaching a line by which I could pull it into motion. That made three of us, and we did not want to "yammerschooner;" but for all that the savages came on faster than before. I saw that, besides four at the paddles in the canoe nearest to me, there were others in the bottom, and that they were shifting hands often. At eighty yards I fired a shot across the bow of the nearest canoe, at which they all stopped, but only for a moment. Seeing that they persisted in coming nearer, I fired the second shot so close to the chap who wanted to "yammerschooner," that he changed his mind quickly, enough, and bellowed with fear, "Bueno jo via Isla," and sitting down in his canoe, he rubbed his starboard cathead for some time. I was thinking of a good port captain's advice when I pulled the trigger, and I must have aimed pretty straight; however, a miss was as good as a

mile for Mr "Black Pedro," as he it was and no other — a leader in several massacres. He now directed the course of his canoe for the island, and the others followed him. I knew him by his Spanish lingo and by his full beard, that he was the villain I have named, a renegade mongrel, and the worst murderer in Tierra del Fuego. The authorities, have been in search of him for two years. The Fuegians are not bearded. At night, March 8, at anchor in a snug cove at the Turn, every heart beat counted thanks. Here I pondered on the events of the last two days, and strangely enough, instead of feeling rested from sitting or lying down, I now began to feel jaded and worn; but a hot meal of venison stew soon put me right, so that I could sleep. As drowsiness came on, I first sprinkled the deck with the tacks that my old friend Samblich had given me, and then I turned in. I saw to it that not a few of them stood "business end" up; for when the Spray passed Thieves' Bay two canoes put out and followed in her wake, and there was no disguising the fact any longer that I was alone.

Now, it is well known that one cannot step on a tack without saying something about it. A pretty good Christian will whistle when he steps on the "commercial end" of a carpet tack; a savage will howl and claw the air; and that was just what happened that night about 12 o'clock while I was asleep in the cabin, where the savages thought they "had me," sloop and all. They changed their minds, however, when they stepped on deck; for then, they thought that I or somebody else had them. I had no need of a dog. They howled like a pack of hounds. I had hardly use for a gun. They jumped pell mell, some into their canoes and some into, the sea, to cool off, I suppose, & there was a deal of free language over it as they went. I fired the rascals a salute of several guns when I came on deck, and then I turned in again, feeling sure that I should not be disturbed any more by people who left in so great a hurry.

DOLPHIN [1899]

Manawatu Standard (NZ), 10 November 1900

STRAITS OF MAGELLAN TERRORS.
FUEGAN WRECKERS BECOMING MORE DARING.

In the track of multiplying American commerce with the Far East — their boldness growing with the number of ship that pass, and holding the doorway from the Atlantic to the Pacific — is a pirate tribe as treacherous and cruel as the worst of the rovers who sailed the Spanish Main. Worse, indeed, they are than the Malay marauders of Oriental seas. They find their shield in darkness, yet fire is their most potent weapon.

Mariners who have shunned the wild waters that meet at Cape Horn and sought a more peaceful passage from ocean to ocean through the Straits of Magellan for more than a year have been bringing to San Francisco wild tales of savage cut throats and robbers. More like the yarns of the forecabin than narratives of truth they have sounded.

Dark brown men, with matted hair, and armed with huge spears and knives; lights that flitted about in dark coves and on the face of the waters like the will-o'-the-wisp in the bog, have been the visitors that vigilant lookouts have reported. Men disappearing from decks where they had been set to watch, and with them all that could attract a savage eye, have been phenomena of peaceful nights in the still waters under the shadow of the mountains that line the Straits.

Mixed in with these tales, too, have been others of more dire import. A Chilian gunboat, armed with modern guns and bearing a modern searchlight, was mysteriously set afire there not more than a year ago and all the members of her crew were slain. Some of the bodies found afterwards bore evidence to the work of man in this catastrophe.

Schooners and ships have disappeared in late years after leaving Sandy Point, in the Straits, and after having been at anchor further along under the hills, and partly burned hulks have been reported to indicate how they have met their fate. Even big steamships have narrowly escaped similar fortune, for burning brands have been thrown into portholes while the crews were asleep, and when the men have rushed to fight the flames on another part of the ship wild men of the woods have appeared and attacked them from behind, and, besides loss of property, left death and wounds as a remembrance.

"Dynamite Johnny" O'Brien, pilot of a score of daring filibustering expeditions in the days when the Cubans were receiving arms from the United States wherewith to continue their fight against Spain, learned to respect the terrors of the Straits a few weeks ago. He entered the sheltered waters in the steamer *Dolphin*, noted old boat of New York waters, on his way to San Francisco.

When he was at Sandy Point, after entering the Straits, he was warned to beware of perils further along, and an accident and delay to his vessel introduced him to them. **One dark night, when the lookout was vigilant, he saw lights glimmer all about the ship, but far away.**

He could detect nothing in the water alongside, but suddenly a burning brand was thrown on the deck, and it was found that another had been thrown into a porthole. Fire started in both places, and while one part of the crew were engaged in fighting the flames the other part had its energies fully employed in beating off a score of invaders who were hurrying to the side of the ship in craft whose progress could be traced by the lights they bore.

The invaders were beaten off, and then modern appliances were used to protect the ship. All the iron railing on it was connected with the dynamos in the engine-rooms, and a sharp cry the next night told of a discovery by a savage of the current which protected the vessel until it was ready to proceed.

The schooner *Carrier Dave*, recently arrived in Seattle after a journey in which the crew suffered hardship for lack of food, supplements the tale of pirates. The vessel had an accident to her rudder while trying to beat out of the Straits during one of the storms that sometimes sweep down from the Pacific and lash the waters around the Horn. She was compelled to put back and lie in one of the sheltered coves of the Straits until she could be repaired.

No less than three attacks were made upon her during the nights she remained under the mountains, and once the crew were compelled to fight fire and savages at the same time.

It is the Fuegian Indians who are responsible for these terrors of the only doorway to the East pending the construction of a Nicaragua canal. In the bleak mountains and valleys of Terra del Fuego and on the islands that stretch along the west, cut up by scores of channels, they have lived as far back as the memory of the mariner extends.

It was not so many years ago that they were still unacquainted with the white men, and that the white men were unacquainted with them. In the olden times mariners would now and then see a canoe hurrying across some channel or catch a glimpse of a moving light on the waters at

night, or an arrow would come aboard a small craft as a sign of hostility.

But the people were seldom seen, except by those who might be shipwrecked on the islands, and they never lived to tell about their discoveries. Scientists went there to study the phenomena of nature and tried to learn about the denizens of the place. But they found they would best approach one of the tribesmen with a gun ready to shoot and keep a sentinel over their camps at night at the same time being ready always to use a gun to aid in defence. They could get no information from the Indians.

Civilisation, however, finally came to the tribesmen in one way. Some of the bolder ones found they could venture out to the ships that came through and could appeal to the generosity of the white men so effectively as to get food and trinkets, of which they had never known before.

With their success others ventured, and now no ship can cast an anchor in the coves west of Sandy Point without being surrounded in daylight by canoes filled with dishevelled brown warriors and their squaws, all crying out plaintively, "Yammer schooner !" It is a plea for bread, or beads, or money, or anything else that could take the eye of untutored man.

The winding channel of the Straits and sometimes the sea itself furnished them place for range for their craft of logs. How many of them there are no white man knows, but when the channel, leaving Sandy Point, ends its southward course and turns to the north-west, they are found, and almost in the mountains that guard the entrance to the Pacific their canoe fires can be seen burning.

Tales have come of a white leader in this savage fold — one in whose veins flows the blood of the Caucasian, but who has turned his mind to savagery and led his companions to more cruel work than they had ever thought of doing.

"Black Pedro," Spaniard, once a trader of the coast, but murderer and outlaw, is known from one end to the other of the Straits. Sometimes he approaches the ships of the white men and remembers his Spanish again, and sometimes his long, matted beard has been seen among those who have sought to slay and steal in the night. He, it is believed, is now leading the new pirates in desperate attacks, and the mariners hope for the time when a gunboat will go down among the savage Fuegians and blow their leader and a few score of them out of the water as a warning to their fellows.
