

through the semitone scale, with scarcely an error. * * * Although they have been heard to shout quite loud, yet they cannot endure a noise. When the drum beat, or a gun was fired, they invariably stopped their ears. They always speak to each other in a whisper. Their cautious manner and movements prove them to be a timid race. The men are exceedingly jealous of their women, and will not allow any one, if they can help it, to enter their huts, particularly boys."

When, after some hesitation, admittance was gained to the huts on shore: "The men creeping in first, squatted themselves directly in front of the women, all holding out the small piece of seal-skin, to allow the heat to reach their bodies. The women were squatted three deep behind the men, the oldest in front, nestling the infants." Most writers speak of the condition of the Fuegian women, particularly of this race of Pecherais, as being subjected to the most severe and toilsome drudgery. "In a word," says one, "the Pecherais women are, perhaps, of all the savage women of America, those whose lot is the hardest." Those, however, seen at Orange Harbor had small and well-shaped hands and feet, "and, from appearance, they are not accustomed to do any hard work."

Some vague superstitious belief in dreams, omens, &c., with the idea of an evil spirit in the embodiment of "a great black man, supposed to be always wandering about the woods and mountains, who is certain of knowing every word and every action, who cannot be escaped, and who influences the weather according to men's conduct," is all that is observable of religious conceptions on the part of the natives. They have, connected with each tribe or casual groupe, a man whom their fancy invests with the power of sorcerer and physician; occupying precisely the same position with that of the "powows" of North America.