

him. I stood for a few moments and viewed the remains of my two darlings, who had gone to their long homes, never to return. I felt at first as if I could not submit to such a complicated affliction. My heart rose in all its strength against the government of God, and then suddenly sank under its distress in a way that greatly alarmed me. I sprang up and said to myself, 'I am going into distraction; I must submit, or I am undone for ever.' In a few moments I was perfectly calm and resigned to the will of God. I never enjoyed greater happiness than during that day and the next. My mind was full of God, and I used to look over towards the burying ground, and long for the time when I could be laid beside my departed wife and my little ones."

Now, this was beautiful. Here was true submission. Here was a kissing of the rod until it was found that it had honey in it. The excellence of this spirit of submission is, that it quietly permits God to hold the sceptre. It refers every thing to him. It leaves every thing with him. Such faith makes a Christian as quiet "as a child that is weaned of its mother." Such faith sinks the mountain to a plain. It transforms an heir of sin into a marvellous likeness to him who, amid the darkness of Gethsemane, cried out, "Nevertheless, Father! not as I will, but as thou wilt."

### THE FUGEIANS.

The account which follows, of the inhabitants of Terra del Fuego, is taken from the interesting memoirs of Richard Williams, the Patagonian Missionary written by Dr. Hamilton, of London, and recently published by the Messrs. Carter:

The inhabitants of the Fuegian Archipelago have sometimes been called Pesherais, from a word which some of them are constantly using. In the classification of the human families, they have been named "The Ichthyophagi," or Fish-eaters of Terra del Fuego. Of course they are South American Indians, and they belong to the Araucanian division of the great Indian race. They are not only the neighbors, but are undoubtedly of the closest kindred to the Patagonian inhabitants of the adjacent continent; but they are intellectually and physically inferior to these stately specimens of mankind. Many of them have trunks proportionate to six foot stature; but their indolent squatting existence has dwarfed their extremities. Their color is something between copper and brown. Captain Fitz Roy compares it to "very old mahogany." But owing to the wood-smoke with which they are saturated, the oil and blubber with which they are smeared, and the earths, white, red, and black, with which they are painted, it is difficult to ascertain exactly a Fuegian complexion. Like their bodies, their heads are large. These heads are oblate spheroids, with long jet hair hanging straight down on either side, but cropped away over the brow. The forehead is very low, but like the face, it is broad. The black eyes are oval, drawn towards the temples, and have usually an expression of simple good humor. The nose is not handsome; flat and thick with large nostrils, it is concave in profile; and it is well supported by a mouth of great width, which closes in a straight line, and opens in an ample ellipse. The beak of the antipodes do not fancy long beards, and that little hair shows itself on the chin or the eye brows is usually extracted with tweezers made of two muschshells. As already mentioned, from constantly crouching in their huts and canoes, their legs are crooked and stunted; but still they are by no means deficient in strength, some of them were more than a match for an English sailor.

Their clothing is scanty. By the same providential arrangement which coats the whale in frozen seas with oil, the Fuegian is fortified against his inclement sky by an abundant development of the adipose tissue; and though his sea-otter or guanaco cloak is some times scanty, in admiring his hardihood, we must not forget that inside his skin he wears a thick under clothing of non-conducting fat. Hence these islanders sometimes exhibit feats, the recital of which is enough to make us shiver. In the coldest mid-winter they may be seen diving for sea eggs and it was on a dark night, when the thermometer was at 23° that some of them swam ashore, and from its moorings along side, cut away the ship's boat of the Adelaide.

Nothing can be more wretched than their habitations. When a family lands from its canoe, the first care of the women, who are only workers, is to build a house. For this purpose they cut down twenty or thirty trees, and arranging them in a circle, with the narrow ends resting on each other like the sheaves in a shock of corn, they tie them together at the top, putting a little thatch or a few skins on the windward side, and leaving one entrance toward the sea and another toward the forest. There they kindle a fire, and there they huddle together night and day in stormy weather; and there they tarry till they have devoured all the food of the district and it is time to seek another settlement.

They are not without a taste for ornament, nor are they entirely devoid of ingenuity. They usually adorn their hair with fillet or sinowy threads, elaborately and not inelegantly plaited; and on great occasions this fillet is pranked out with birds feathers or bits of red cloth obtained from the sailors. They are fond of bracelets and necklaces. These they make from shells or the small bones of animals; or failing beads or buttons, from little chips of crockery. When shells are used, they are drilled so neatly that the process must require both skill and care. The Spanish Cordova speaks with admiration of a sort of jar or basket which he found among them, entirely formed of bark, and with the bottom so accurately sewed in, that it would carry water without leaking. But crazy as they are, their canoes are perhaps a still more wonderful speci-

men of needle work. These are also composed of the bark of trees.—The main bulk may be the bark of one single beech; but in order to complete it, a great many patches and a large amount of stitching are requisite. With grass for oakum, and clay for pitch, and with thorns instead of nails, the builder soon finishes a boat which after its own fashion is a triumph of naval architecture. As long as it can carry paddles as well as pumps, it is considered sea worthy; but as soon as it requires all hands to haul it, they think it time to abandon it, and a new one is built or stolen.

Although their comforts are so few, they are well provided with defensive weapons. They have spears, and bows and arrows, and slings, which they use with such precision as nearly to equal in effect an ordinary musket. Besides many of them are furnished with the Patagonian bolas—a chain of shot of formidable character. It consists of two round stones, covered with leather, fastened to the two ends of a string about eight feet long. One stone is held in the hand whilst the other is whirled round the head till it has acquired sufficient velocity, and then both are hurled at the object. Should it strike the legs of an ostrich or guanaco, it instantly twists tightly around and holds the creature in fetters till the hunterman comes up.

Yet with all his weapons, it is a scanty subsistence which the Fuegian secures. The sea around is teeming with food, but he has neither net nor angle; and it is only when he is lucky enough to spear a rocky salmon or when he can get a sufficiency of a little simpleton fish which allows itself to be spirited out of the water by a baited but hookless line, that this Ichthyophagus Indian deserves his name. But if he is not a clever fisherman, he is a cunning bird-catcher. In his lowing excursions he is attended by a knowing little dog, half fox, half terrier; and if it is a moonlight night, the sportsman may be seen on the beach near the roosts of the sea birds, and waiting till his long footed accomplice returns with a duck in his jaws, which he instantly deposits at his master's feet and then scampers off in search of another. This well trained retriever, though an assiduous barker at home, has the sense to carry on this sport in the deepest silence; and the sleeping spoon bill is jerked from his perch without ever dreaming of danger. They have also a plan of their own for catching petrels. Having first secured one with a string to his leg, they lower him into any crevice where petrels are known to breed. The old birds are indignant at the stranger's intrusion and fall on him with such blind fury that they allow themselves to be drawn out of the hole, when they are instantly transferred to the follower's basket. But birds are not always to be procured, and even sea eggs are not obtainable in stormy weather. For a great period of every year these poor islanders are entirely dependent on muscels, limpets, and similar shell-fish; and every time that the tide retires, the whole population is spread over the shore, rummaging for this sorry subsistence. Low-winter is the meal-time of the dogs, as well as their masters; and it is amusing to notice the adroitness with which these sharpwitted creatures detach the unwearied limpet from his moorings. As soon as this pasture is eaten up, these nomads of the beach launch their canoes, and paddle on in quest of new supplies.—Sometimes they are so lucky as to discover a stranded whale or a dead sea-lion; and however "high" such vision may be, it is always welcome and imparts a sudden plumpness to the fortunate finders. Of course, such prizes are rare; and, like most savages, the life of a Fuegian is an alternation of occasional feasts with long intervals of famine. In the desperation of hunger it is fearful to think of the expedients to which he is occasionally driven. There can be no doubt, however, these Indians are cannibals; and that when other subsistence fails, "they kill and devour their old women before they kill their dogs." Those who fall in battle are in like manner devoured by the victors.

The intellectual capacities of these savages is, probably, small; but their powers of mimicry are amazing. A low English sentence deliberately uttered they will repeat with the utmost precision; and grotesque attitudes or grimaces many of them can re-produce with a comic gravity worthy of Liston or Matthews. Shameless greed and systematic thieving are universal vices. As soon as canoes come within hail of a ship, the well-know cry, "Yanmer schooner" (Give me,) is set up, and at every thing given them they clutch and stow it into their baskets without one look or utterance of gratitude. Nothing escapes their little glancing predaaceous eyes; and, but for the utmost vigilance, nothing would escape their active fingers. Once and again they proved cunning for the watch of a man-of-war, and succeeded in abstracting valuable boats belonging to the surveying expedition of the British Admiralty; and when a native gentleman had been paying a visit on board, before he returned to his barge, it was thought no breach of etiquette to examine his cloak for tea-kettles and other trinkots. As Mungo Park experienced in Africa, traces of gentleness may be found among the women; but the mercies of the men are cruel. On the slightest provocation, the roguish can be exchanged for a scowl of fiendish ferocity; and, when exasperated, or brought to bay, they fight with more fury than wild beasts. The men are surly tyrants; the women are laborious slaves. The softening influence of the domestic charities is scarcely known; and an incident related by Commodore Byron shows the fearful moroseness to which depraved humanity sometimes subsides.

Of the religious belief of these savages little is known. Their divinity appears to be a great black man, who frequents the dim trackless woods of the interior; who is very malignant and powerful; and who knows every thing that is done or spoken. They are very superstitious. They have great faith in dreams. They will not for any consideration allow a stranger to cut off a lock of their hair; and they think it, ex-