

CA.
s, across the chest, which
heads and features are
small. Their color is a
tles or cloaks of skins
ts made of the skins of
es with red, white and
minutive size, with which
Their huts are common



go are inferior in stature, ill-
they have a villanous expression
the most savage exterior of the
s that of old mahogany. They
gwams, or cramped up in small
nd shape of the legs, and causes
manner, with the knees much
ong. The smoke of wood fires,
s their eyes so much, that they
ey rub their bodies with grease,
wear a scanty clothing of skins,
r canoes are made of bark, and
lways have a fire burning in a

heap of earth in the middle. They are constantly roving from one place to another, and never attempt to cultivate the soil, fish being almost exclusively their food. Cannibalism: prevails among them, and the following horrid custom is proved by the evidence of a native boy, who was carried to England, and learned the language. In a severe winter, when the snow prevents their obtaining food, and famine is staring them in the face, they seize the oldest woman of the party, hold her head over a thick smoke, pinch her throat and choke her to death; after which, they devour every particle of her flesh. They also eat invariably the enemies whom they kill in battle. The scenery of the territory is perfectly consonant to these savage and atrocious manners; nothing can surpass the horrid aspect of Tierra del Fuego—a heap of craggy rocks, wild, sterile and desolate, fit for the production of monsters rather than men.

At this extremity of South America man appears to exist in a lower state of improvement than in any other part of the world. The South Sea Islander is comparatively civilized. The Eskimaux, in his subterranean hut, enjoys some of the comforts of life, and in his canoe, when fully equipped, manifests much skill. The tribes of Southern Africa and New Holland are sufficiently wretched, but with their skill in climbing trees, tracking animals and hunting, they are superior to the miserable Fuegians, many tribes of whom subsist on nothing but shell-fish. Hardly a gleam of sunshine illumines the rocky barrenness of the country. In midsummer, snow falls every day upon the hills, and the valleys are deluged with rain and sleet. The Fuegian-wigwam, consisting of nothing but a few broken branches stuck in the ground, slightly thatched with grass and rushes, lasts only for a few days. Sometimes these sleeping-places amount to nothing better than the lair of a wild beast. A late voyager thus describes them. "In going ashore, we pulled alongside a canoe containing six Fuegians. These were the most abject and miserable creatures I anywhere beheld. They were quite naked, and one of them was a full-grown woman. It was raining heavily, and the water with the spray of the sea trickled down her body. In another harbor not far distant, a woman, who was suckling a recently born child, came one day alongside the vessel, and remained there while the sleet fell and thawed on her naked bosom and on the skin of her naked child. These poor creatures were stunted in their growth, their hideous faces bedaubed with white paint, their skins filthy and greasy, their hair entangled, their voices discordant, their gestures violent and without dignity. Viewing such men, one can hardly believe they are fellow-creatures and