

MOUNTAINS AND GLACIERS IN MAGELLAN STRAITS.

tralia, or some other place where they can at least live.

"Fifteen or eighteen miles to the south east of Triguén, I found a German operating a new wide open binder on a hilly farm. No binder could have done better work. It was not cutting high, but as close to the ground as possible, and there was enough to permit a good sheaf to be made. Many of the man's neighbors had been to see the Binder. All were delighted with the work it was doing.

"I have never felt but once the least afraid when with the people of the country. They do not interfere with one in any way. Even when going through the mountains I do not carry my revolver. Indeed, one is more safe in the camps of the Argentine, or on the frontier of Chili, (the South) than in such cities as Rosario, Santa Fe, or Santiago."

Elections are important events in the history of the Republics of South America. Speaking of his return to the capital, he says:

"Elections were in full swing when I arrived on Sunday. The voting is done in the churches, and it was a bit gruesome to see the soldiers mounted and on foot everywhere about. Strong guards in and about the buildings, men with loaded rifles in the belfrys of the churches, and on the roofs of the buildings adjacent. As my room was not a stone-throw from one of the churches I should have had a good chance to see any scrapping, but fortunately everything passed over quietly."

They do not often pass off so quietly. The fondness for war and bloodshed has been a sad feature in the history of South America. But of late they seem to have reached a more humane phase of war as instanced in the recent news from Rio telling of the capture of the rebel fleet there. How, after for hours pouring showers of heavy shot and shell on the rebel ships, the heavily armed boats of the Government forces went out to capture them, and found, to their great relief, that the ships were unharmed and the crews absent. It robs war of half—its terrors when carried on these lines.

Here Mr. Patterson's journeyings in South America stop. But we will take our readers

reached along the coast of South America are numberless islands, cast into the sea by some convulsion of nature like sparks flung from hammered iron. They rise in picturesque outlines from the water, some of them to an elevation of several thousand feet, and the panorama presented to voyagers in what is known as Smythe's Channel is beautiful and grand. This



INDIAN REACH.

is a narrow fiord, named from its first explorer, scooped out, geologists say, by the action of ice during the glacial epoch, running along the main coast, and protected against the violence of the ocean by the numerous fragmentary formations that line the shore

The glaciers of Switzerland and Norway are insignificant beside those which can be seen from ships passing the Strait of Magellan. Mountains of green and blue ice, with crests of the purest snow, stretch fifteen and twenty miles along the channel in some parts of the strait.

The Terra del Fuego Indians, the ugliest mortals that ever breathed, are always on the lookout for passing vessels, and come out in canoes to beg and to trade skins for whiskey and tobacco. The Fuegians, or "Ca-

further on towards the Antarctic Circle—to that weird land fringed with its thousands of rocky islets,

PATAGONIA.

The spinal column of the hemisphere, extending from the Arctic to the Antarctic Sea, and called the Cordilleras, breaks suddenly at the foot of the southern continent and is divided by a narrow and deep ravine, called the Straits of Magellan. Before the strait is

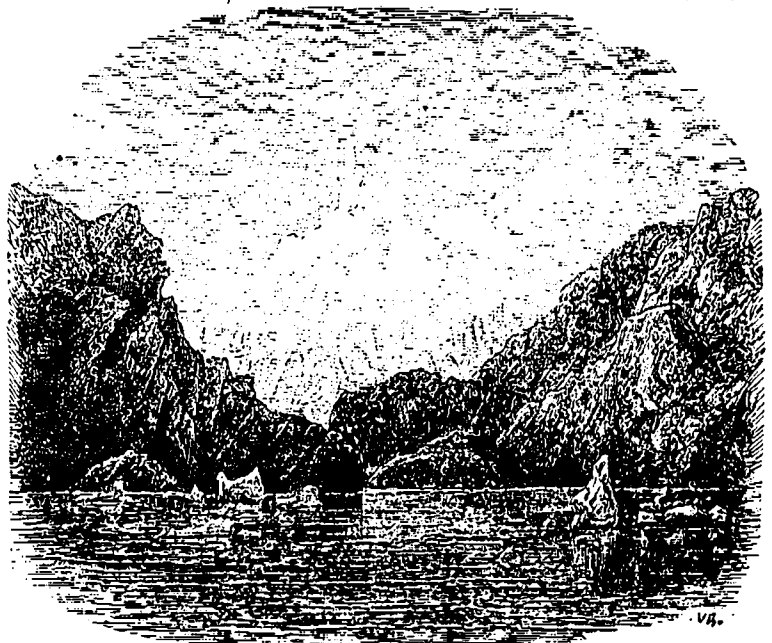
noe Indians," as they are called, to distinguish them from the Patagonians, who dislike the water, and prefer to navigate on horseback, have no settled habitation. They have a dirty and bloated appearance, and faces that would scare a mule. Their skin is said to be of copper color, but is seldom seen, as they consider it unhealthy to bathe.

Although these people are in a perpetual winter, where it freezes every night, and always snows when the clouds shed moisture, they go almost stark naked. The skins of the otter and the guanaco are used for blankets, which are worn about the shoulders and afford some protection, but under these neither men nor women wear anything whatever.

One of the curious things about the Strait of Magellan is the post office. In a sheltered place, easy of access from the channel, but secluded from the Indians, is a tin box, known to every seaman who navigates this part of the world. Every passing skipper places in this box letters and newspapers for other vessels that are expected this way, and takes out whatever is found to belong to him or his men. All the newspapers and books that seamen are done with are deposited here, and are afterwards picked up by the next vessel to arrive, and replaced with a new lot. It is a sort of international postal clearing house, and sailors say that the advantages it offers have never been abused during the half century the system has existed.

There used to be a state called Patagonia, and one can still find it referred to in old geographies, but by the combined efforts of Chili and the Argentine Republic it has been wiped off the modern maps of the world. It was agreed that the boundary line of Chili should be extended down the coast and then run eastward just north of the Strait of Magellan, so that the Argentines should have the pampas or prairies, and Chili the Strait and the Island. So now the map of Chili looks like the leg of a tall man, long and lean, with a very high instep and several conspicuous bunions.

The only town in the territory of Patagonia is Punta Arenas or Sandy Point. They say it



TWO-PEAKED MOUNTAIN.