

the morning of the 22d, at daylight, the natives appeared on the beach, shouting to them to land. Lieutenant-Commandant Long delayed his departure for a few hours, and landed with a number of the officers. As the boats approached the shore, the natives began their shouting, and advanced towards them on their landing without fear, exhibiting a pleasant air, and apparently with every feeling of confidence: they were all unarmed. An old man, who was the chief, came forward to salute them, first by patting his own breast several times, and then that of each individual of the party, making use of the word *cu-char-lie*, dwelling on the first syllable, and accenting the last, in a whining tone of voice. The meaning of *cu-char-lie* it was impossible to divine, for it was used for every thing. After this ceremony, they returned to the thicket, and brought forth their bows and arrows. These people were admirable mimics, and would repeat all kinds of sounds, including words, with great accuracy: the imitation was often quite ridiculous. They were naked, with the exception of a guanacoe skin, which covered them from the shoulders to the knees.

Mr. Agate's drawing of one of these Patagonians, faces the first page of this chapter.

The party of natives were seventeen in number, and with a few exceptions they were above the European height. The chief, who was the oldest man among them, was under fifty years of age, and of comparatively low stature; his son was one of the tallest, and above six feet in height. They had good figures and pleasant-looking countenances, low foreheads and high cheek-bones, with broad faces, the lower part projecting; their hair was coarse and cut short on the crown, leaving a narrow border of hair hanging down; over this they wore a kind of cap or band of skin or woollen yarn. The front teeth of all of them were very much worn, more apparent, however, in the old than in the young. On one foot they wore a rude skin sandal.

Many of them had their faces painted in red and black stripes, with clay, soot, and ashes. Their whole appearance, together with their inflamed and sore eyes, was filthy and disgusting. They were thought by the officers more nearly to approach to the Patagonians than any other natives, and were supposed to be a small tribe who visit this part of Terra del Fuego in the summer months; they were entirely different from the Petcheraies, whom we afterwards saw at Orange Harbour.

None of their women or children were seen, but they were thought to be not far distant in the wood, as they objected to any of our people going towards it, and showed much alarm when guns were pointed in that direction. They seemed to have a knowledge of fire-