

depths ; and, finally—beyond all these—of man emerging from the depths of barbarism through Christian self-denying, divinely-aided effort, and churches and school-houses standing as central objects of interest and influence in a native village.

On the other hand, there were occasional events not so agreeable.

Even the beauty of natural objects had, at times, a dark back-ground. When, for example, after a day among the corals, we came, the next morning, upon a group of Feejee savages with human bones to their mouths, finishing off the cannibal feast of the night ; and as thoughtless of any impropriety as if the roast were of wild game taken the day before. In fact, so it was.

Other regions gave us some harsh scenes. One—that of our vessel, in a tempest, fast drifting toward the rocks of Southern Fuegia, and finding anchorage under Noir Island, but not the hoped-for shelter from either winds or waves ; the sea at the time dashing up the black cliffs two and three hundred feet, and shrouding in foam the high rocky islets, half-obsured, that stood about us ; the cables dragging and clanking over the bottom ; one breaking ; then another, the storm still raging ; finally, after the third day, near midnight, the last of the four cables giving way, amid a deluge of waters over the careering vessel from the breakers astern, and an instant of waiting among all on board for the final crash ; then, that instant hardly passed, the loud calm command of the Captain, the spring of the men to the yard-arms, and soon the ship again on the dark, stormy sea, with labyrinths of islands, and the Fuegian cliffs to leeward ; but, the wind losing somewhat of its violence and slightly veering, the ship making a bare escape as the morning dawned with brighter skies.

And still another scene, more than two years later, on a beautiful Sunday, in the summer of 1841, when, after a cruise of some months through the tropics, we were in full expectation of soon landing joyously on the shores of the Columbia ;