

and opening into large gulfs and sounds. By noon we were off Fortescue Bay, where it was decided to remain for a short time for dredging. On the somewhat cleared spaces could be seen the fires of the Fuegians, and well can I remember when last here seeing the canoes alongside, with the natives screaming and gesticulating for "tabac." Some of them had small seal-skins over their shoulders, but the greater number, both of men and women, were entirely naked; and considering the severity of the weather, it seems strange how they exist. Yet with all this there is no reason to believe that these people are decreasing in numbers; therefore we must suppose that they enjoy a sufficient share of happiness, of whatever kind it may be, to make life worth having. Nature, by making habit omnipotent, and its effects hereditary, has fitted the Fuegian to the climate and the production of his miserable country.

Proceeding on our way, at 4 P.M. we were off Cape Froward (the most southern point of South America). Here we encountered some fierce squalls (williwaws) of wind rushing down the gorges and channels. We shortened all sail and steamed on the remainder of the way, until reaching Port Famine, where we stopped for the night. It was here the first penal settlement was established by the Chilian government in the straits, in 1843. This place expresses by its name the lingering and extreme suffering of several hundreds of Spaniards, who had