rama of "The Land of Fire" being plainly visible.

The land here is more varied than its northern neighbor, being broken and irregular, with many a sharp-pointed peak that shot heavenward like minarets, between which narrow valleys trend toward the southwest. All nature bore signs of a great convulsion that had shaken and twisted every strata from the foundation to the topmost pinnacle. The agony of the struggle seemed yet to rest in the rock-ribbed hills, and in voiceless pain they appealed to the traveler for deliverance. The mighty flood of fire that swept its sides has thrown over all a dull, red mantle, which centuries of time have not been able to efface, except where it has been replaced by the livid hue of ashes, which shone like sheeted ghosts from these monuments of death.

By five o'clock we were at anchor off the Chilian penal settlement of Sandy Point, the most southern civilized place in the Western Continent. It was little more than a hamlet, and contained the prisoners' quarters, barracks, governor's residence, and church. A few colonists had been induced to emigrate, allured by the bright prospect of a farm for the asking; but the shortness of the season and the sterility of the soil had convinced them that they had been deluded, and were it not for the bi-monthly steamers that call for fuel on their way to and from Valparaiso, bound for Liverpool, they would starve. The Chilan government does not allow their convict labor to interfere with them in their employment as longshoremen, and this pittance, together with what they can raise during the short summer season, enables them to eke out a miserable existence. The convicts are marched to the woods under guard, and obliged to cut and pile a cord per day; no more, no less. If they fail in their task the cat-o'-nine-tails is called into requisition, and they receive from thirty to forty lashes. Among this set of unhappy beings I met an American, who claimed New York State as the land of his nativity, but seemed rather hazy as to the exact locality. On being asked why he was there, he replied, "O, for nothing." But further questioning revealed the fact that he had killed a policeman at Valparaiso in a most dastardly way. "He was only a Dago," said the unabashed worthy, "and I don't call that anything, anyway. Can't you give me a drop of something?" No liquor is sold in the place; the only way it can be obtained is from passing vessels; and as most of the prisoners, a large percentage of the settlers and officials, are tipplers, the coming of any kind of a craft is looked upon as a peculiar blessing vouchsafed by Providence.

Just before we arrived a Patagonia Indian had been induced to take too much fire-water, and while under its influence some of the jokers of the place had cut his long hair short to his head, and the light-fingered gentry made off with his guanaco skin. The pride of a Patagonian is his hair; without that he is debarred his tribe; and the loss of his robe, which receives every year additional adornment in the shape of an official stamp from the chief of the tribe, and when past service is buried with great ceremony, is looked upon as disgraceful.

So this poor child of the soil awoke to find himself ostracized from his home and friends until his hair had attained its former length, and he should be the possessor of another guanaco skin. Even then he cannot hold his old position in his tribe, but must distinguish himself, either in chase or battle, before regaining it. This representative of his race was not particularly gigantic, as the stories of these people lead one to infer, but was a good-sized, well-built fellow, about six feet in height, broad shouldered, broad faced with high cheek-bones, and a dull copper-colored skin. He was clothed in buckskin leggins, and a knit jacket of European manufacture, that he had put on hind side before, and which was many sizes too small for him, the sleeves but barely reaching his elbows. He appeared a good-natured fellow, however, and quite a philosopher in his way, smiling broadly at all allusions to his troubles, and contenting himself with shrugging his shoulders when asked what he was going to do while he was waiting for his hair to grow.