The guanaco is a species of deer that is found as far north as Chili and the Argentine Republic. It is very shy, and requires a good sportsman to get a shot at it. The skins are offered for sale in the settlement, the price being uniformly twenty dollars, or a bottle of cognac. Our skipper bought several, and one or two of the passengers made purchases; but as we were going to a hot climate, the difficulty of preserving them deterred most of us. For ten days we were fog-bound; not ordinary fog, but the thick, heavy, opaque kind, that the sailor asserts can be cut with a knife. The morning of the 11th broke clear and beautiful, and by half-past seven we had left Sandy Point a dim speck in the distance. The first part of the day the Straits gradually widened, until a distance of twenty-five miles from shore to shore was reached, after which it rapidly contracted, so that barely three miles intervened. This strait within a strait is laid down on the chart as the English Narrows, and is a seething, tumbling mass of water when the tide meets the current. The Pacific being higher than the Atlantic, there is a continual flow toward the east, which, as a rule, has a maximum speed of from three to four knots; but when its waters are hemmed in in such a narrow pass as the one just named, it attains a velocity of seven. Sailing vessels going through, which is a rare occurrence, have to anchor until flood tide, when, if there is a good wind, they can generally manage to weather the Narrows,—but even then are often set back.

With a speed of twelve knots we seemed to crawl along the shore, the water rushing by us as if we were at anchor. This is famous fishing-ground for both man and bird; the whole face of the water and the surrounding air was filled with screaming gulls, who were evidently meeting with the best of success; while some distance away, where the back-water formed an eddy, a boat-load of Fuegians were also taking a hand.

As we hove in sight they made for the shore, and hid themselves until we were out of sight.

The scenery now assumed a more majestic form. The land billows ceased to roll, and broke against the base of precipitous hills that farther on rose higher and higher until the clouds received their summits.

Before us lay the Andes, whose northern limit under another name receives the surges of the Arctic, and without a broken line march grandly on until the waters of the Straits say, "So far shall thou come and no farther." It was three in the afternoon before we passed the Narrows, and entered the grand bay or lake from which its waters flow. Here were the veritable Andes at our very sides, almost within reach of our hands, towering above us so far that they ceased to belong to earth, and had been received up out of sight. Cape Pillar, the most southern point of the continent, rose straight from the waters as an oak, full twenty thousand feet above us. Back from the shore its sides sloped, and were met by those of an opposite mountain, forming a ravine, down which a glacier held its frozen way to the water's brink. Close to this mighty river we anchored, and as it was not yet dark, many of us went ashore. The fall of the glacier must have been very precipitous, as the crevasses even a short way from the terminus were hundreds of feet in depth. I walked and crept as far as it was possible to go, a crevasse of fifteen feet in width stopping my farther progress, and here awaited the rising of the moon. The sun had just sunk below the horizon, and the sky was full of that magical light that art has never been able to depict. Golden argosies floated overhead in an amber sea; cumulous clouds in the western sky, piled one upon the other, an unfrequent sight in winter, took strange shapes of castles and towers with embattlements of burnished gold, while directly before me, across the Straits, the peaks of Tierra del Fuego glinted back the last rays of the sun. Suddenly all changed. The light went out, leaving no twilight, and the stars shone forth clear and cold. My overcoat was hardly sufficient protection against the frigid wind that swept down the glacier, and shrieked and whistled in its journey. The everlasting hills, the "mighty thought," as Ruskin calls them, stood wrapped in gloom,—silent, chill, unapproachable, landmarks of eternity, looking down at me from