

very slowly and must anchor at night, but before we start let us take a look at our trip. What is the cargo? We have 3,000 tons of saltpeter for Germany, 2,000 barrels of Chilean honey for different parts of Europe, hundreds of rolls of Chilean sole leather for Russia and wheat and wine for Punta Arenas and Montevideo. We are now taking on 900 tons of coal. Brawny Chilean peasants are putting it into the ship. They stand in lighters or flat boats and use shovels to throw the coal up to the platforms under the doors of the hold. Here other peasants shovel it in. They swear as they work, and we hear them still swearing and heaving as we go to bed.

We awake far out in the Pacific. The steamer is rolling, the white caps are dancing over the waves and away off to the eastward we can make out the faint blue outline of south Chile. A day later in storm and rain we steam past the long, narrow island of Chiloe, which the government is trying to colonize, and on the evening of the third day we enter the wide Gulf of Penos and come to anchor at the entrance to the channel. The water is like a mill pond. The steamer moves slowly. We seem to be in a great river rather than in the ocean. We are sailing among the clouds through the water-filled ravines of some of the greatest of the world's mountains. On our right are grass-clad islands. On our left are rugged, ragged peaks rising in all shapes out of the sea. There is one clothed in green which reminds you of the Pyramid of Ghizeh, and there is another which is a fair likeness of the smashed nose sphinx. In front the green hills are climbing over one another like a troop of giants playing leap frog, and farther on they rise upward in fort-like walls of green a thousand feet high, losing themselves in that misty white cloud which rests above them. The channel narrows and widens. Now we are in lakes surrounded by snow-capped mountains, now in canons. Now we sail by a break in the mountain walls, a deep flood with moss green walls snow dusted a thousand feet high and filled with black water a thousand feet deep. As we look the sun breaks its way into the gorge and turns the water to silver. It paints diamonds in the snow of its moss-green sides. Over there is a glacier, a great green mass shining out upon the ragged sides of a snowy mountain. See the sun has struck it and it is now a bed of emeralds in a setting of frosted silver.

The weather and the sky changes every moment, and before us is an ever-varying panorama of sky and sea and land. We sail out of the sunlight into snow storms and steam right out of the snow into the sun. Now the sky is almost blue overhead, with fleecy white clouds scattered here and there through it. Cloud masses here nestle in the velvety laps of the hills, there they wrap themselves about the snowy peaks as though to warm them, and there they stoop down and press warm, tantalizing kisses upon their icy lips. Upon the snow-dusted hills and dark water are dashes of silver where the sun has poked its way through the clouds. The varying light makes the channel on one side of the ship black, on the other side it is of a beautiful yellowish green, and behind where the sun strikes it the ship has left a path of molten silver. The hills change even as the water under the sun. Now they are dark. The sun washes them with its rays and the ferns and moss and trees brighten. The ragged volcanic background of the rocks show out and through the green and black falling hundreds and sometimes thousands of feet almost straight down are silvery cascades, some as big

as your wrist, others no larger around than your little finger. These are to be seen all along the inland channels. They come from the glaciers and the mountain snows.

One of the strangest atmospheric effects I have ever seen happened on our third day in the channel. The mountain-walled river had widened and we were again coming to narrows, when over our pathway in front of us a great rainbow sprang from the snowy summit of a low mountain in the south to that of another mountain almost opposite on the north of the channel, making a great rainbow span over the dark water. It was a splendid, many-colored arch of the gods founded on pedestals of frosted silver. As we approached the rainbow faded, the sky was blue overhead, but a great wall of fleecy white clouds had dropped down upon or rather risen up from the water. When I first saw it I thought it was a field of icebergs. It was as white as snow and it extended upward to what seemed a height of several hundred feet, stretching across the channel from mountain to mountain. Above this wall the sky was clear and the only other clouds to be seen were those hovering over the mountain peaks. We sailed out of the light right into this cloud wall, out of the dry air into a mist so thick that we could almost wash our hands in it. A half hour later we were again under a clear sky. At times the masts of the steamer were in the clouds and the deck clear and dry. Again the clouds would form a roof over the channel and again the lower walls of the hills would be hidden and we could look over the clouds at the green and snow above.

It seems strange to think of green moss, green trees and a mass of dense green vegetation in midwinter, amid the snows and glaciers. That is what we have here. The glaciers slide down into the green, and the snow falls and melts upon it all winter long. In many places the green is clear, in others it is snow-dusted, and in others loaded with snow masses. On the highest peaks only it is all snow and ice. Even in the jungles of India I have not seen so dense a growth of trees and plants as along the west coast of Patagonia. We had a chance to go on shore every afternoon when we anchored for the night. Pushing our way into the country was, however, impossible. The trees are evergreens, generally small, but so dense that you could walk on their tops on snow shoes. A bed of moss as deep as your waist covers the ground about them, and great ferns, with leaves as long as your arm, extend out in every bare and rocky spot. The ground is saturated with moisture. The mold and rotting wood of centuries covers it, and you sink in and stumble about more than you would in an Irish bog. It is only on the higher parts of the mountains that vegetation ceases, and only there that the climate is such as to produce glaciers and perpetual snow. The icebergs which we saw in the channel came from these glaciers. They are among the great glaciers of the world, many of them surpassing, it is said, the largest glaciers of the Alps. In Tierra del Fuego they line the channels in places with walls of ice a thousand feet high, and ships must sail carefully not to be struck by the icebergs which in chunks of a thousand tons and upward break off of them; with a noise like thunder, and fall into the sea. Icebergs often fill Smyth's channel, so that it is impossible to get through. This was the case last year, when one of the steamers was forced to go back, and where the ship upon which I now am had its bows crushed in by the icebergs. This glacial ice is not like that in our rivers and lakes. It

is as hard as a rock and of a crystalline green. During our second day in the archipelago we stopped the steamer, lassoed an iceberg and towed it up to the ship. It was a little berg, not bigger than a Washington city lot, but it was of a beautiful opalescent green, with a top of frosted silver. It had many angles and projections, and it was with crowbars that the steward and a boat load of sailors attacked it and broke off enough ice to last for the rest of the voyage. One of the great log chains used for hoisting heavy cargo was first coupled about the corner of one of these ice masses. Then a lever in the engine room was pulled and a section of an iceberg was raised by steam by means of a derrick to the deck of the vessel. Some of these blocks weighed many tons, and altogether we must have taken a hundred tons of ice.

During our voyage through these strange islands we saw but few animals and birds. Now and then we passed a small school of seals, which popped their heads out of the water and took a peep at the steamer as it went by. We saw half a dozen whales in the different days of the trip, and now and then an albatross and gull. We had, however, a number of visits from the wild savages of the Magellans, the naked Indians of Patagonian channels, who are perhaps the least known of the wild men of the world. As far as I can learn, no ethnologist has ever lived with them or made a study of them. They are different from the Onas and Yaghans of Tierra del Fuego, among whom missionaries have worked, and several of whom were carried years ago to England. These Indians are known as the Alaculufes. There are, all told, only about 500 of them. They have no chiefs or tribal relations. Each family takes care of itself, living in its own canoe. They are strictly canoe Indians, who live almost entirely upon the sea, and who are found only in these straits and off the coasts of southern Patagonia. They sleep sometimes on land in little wigwams three feet high made by bending over the branches of trees and tying them together. They make a fire in front and crawl into them for the night. Their canoes are fifteen or more feet long and very well constructed. There are about three or four feet wide, and perhaps two feet deep. They are made of bark sewn together with sinew. They are cross-ribbed, and so made that they can be easily paddled. In the center of each boat is a fire built on some earth, and about this sit such of the family as are not paddling the boat. Queer-looking people they are. They wear no clothes whatever, in a state of nature, and are apparently comfortable amid the snows of winter, with only a coat of seal or fish oil upon their skins. Since they have seen white men, however, they are glad to get such clothing as they can beg, and they come about the ships and ask for cast-off garments, food and tobacco. Some whom we saw were as naked as Adam and Eve before the fall. Others wore bits of old clothes.

One man, I remember, who was apparently the head of the almost naked family in his canoe, had on only a short vest, open at the front, and a rag apron as big as a lady's handkerchief tied to a string about his waist. His favorite wife, clad in a string of beads, sat in the boat near the fire, with a naked boy of two sucking his fingers as he leaned against her naked legs, and his other wife, a buxom girl in her teens, held a naked baby to her breast with one hand while she paddled the boat with the other. I was shivering in my overcoat as I looked at these people, but they did not seem cold nor miserable. The children were