

enumerated; suffice it now to add that my expectation of finding in deep waters animals already known, but thus far exceedingly rare in museums, is already in a measure realized. . . .

Little can be said of the voyage from the West Indies to Rio de Janeiro. It had the usual vicissitudes of weather, with here and there a flight (so it might justly be called) of flying-fish, a school of porpoises or dog-fish, or a sail in the distance, to break the monotony. At Rio de Janeiro it became evident that the plan of the voyage must be somewhat curtailed. This was made necessary partly by the delays in starting, — in consequence of which the season would be less favorable than had been anticipated along certain portions of the proposed route, — and partly by the defective machinery, which had already given some trouble to the Captain. The Falkland Islands, the Rio Negro, and the Santa Cruz rivers were therefore renounced; with what regret will be understood by those who know how hard it is to be forced to break up a scheme of work, which was originally connected in all its parts. The next pause was at Monte Video; but as there was a strict