

rambles inland were geological excursions of great interest. Here he had the first sight of the guanaco of the Patagonian plains. The weather was fine, and at night-fall, to the golden light of sunset succeeded the fitful glow, over land and water, of the bonfires built by the sailors on the beach. Returning to the ship after dark, the various parties assembled in the wardroom, to talk over the events of the day and lay out plans for the morrow. These are the brightest hours in such a voyage, when the novelty of the locality gives a zest to every walk or row, and all are full of interest in a new and exciting life. One is more tolerant even of monotonous natural features in a country so isolated, so withdrawn from human life and occupation. The very barrenness seems in harmony with the intense solitude.

The *Hassler* left her anchorage on this desolate shore on an evening of singular beauty. It was difficult to tell when she was on her way, so quietly did she move through the glassy waters, over which the sun went down in burnished gold, leaving the sky without a cloud. The light of the beach fires followed her till they too faded, and only the phosphorescence of the sea attended her into the