

On Tuesday, the 19th March, the *Hassler* left Sandy Point. The weather was beautiful, — a mellow autumn day with a reminiscence of summer in its genial warmth. The cleft summit of Sarmiento was clear against the sky, and the snow-fields, swept over by alternate light and shadow, seemed full of soft undulations. The evening anchorage was in the Bay of Port Famine, a name which marks the site of Sarmiento's ill-fated colony, and recalls the story of the men who watched and waited there for the help that never came. The stay here was short, and Agassiz spent the time almost wholly in studying the singularly regular, but completely upturned strata which line the beach, with edges so worn down as to be almost completely even with each other.

For many days after this, the *Hassler* pursued her course, past a seemingly endless panorama of mountains and forests rising into the pale regions of snow and ice, where lay glaciers in which every rift and crevasse, as well as the many cascades flowing down to join the waters beneath, could be counted as she steamed by them. Every night she anchored in the sheltered harbors formed by the inlets and fiords which break the base of the