

wind, which now became her ally instead of her enemy, and by its aid she was soon abreast of Borja Bay. Never was there a more sudden transition from chaos to peace than that which ensued as she turned in from the tumult in the main channel to the quiet waters of the bay. The Hassler almost filled the tiny harbor shut in between mountains. She lay there safe and sheltered in breathless calm, while the storm raged and howled outside. These frequent, almost land-locked coves, are the safety of navigators in these straits; but after this day's experience, it was easy to understand how sailing vessels may be kept waiting for months between two such harbors, struggling vainly to make a few miles and constantly driven back by sudden squalls.

In this exquisite mountain-locked harbor, the vessel was weather-bound for a couple of days. Count Pourtalès availed himself of this opportunity to ascend one of the summits. Up to a height of fifteen hundred feet, the rock was characterized by the smoothed, rounded surfaces which Agassiz had observed along his whole route in the Strait. Above that height all was broken and rugged, the line of separation being as defined as on any valley wall in Switzerland. It was again im-