

causing us to run so far to the southward of our course, the change of temperature was much felt; for having been so long accustomed to the warm, smiling tropical skies, the dull and overcast weather, the low temperature, and frequent rains seemed to be doubly cold and gloomy.

*Nov. 13th.*—A thousand miles north had to be run when land was reported—the solitary island of Juan Fernandez. The morning was fine, and I think I may say I have never seen a more remarkable and picturesque view than the approach to the anchorage presented. Great mountains appear, torn and broken into every conceivable fantastic shape, with deep ravines, through which the torrents at times sweep down from the precipitous cliffs, which rise one above the other, finally culminating in a great mass 3000 feet high, known as the Yunque, or Anvil (from its resemblance to the iron block used by blacksmiths). This is wooded nearly from the summit to the base, where are indications of its having been at one time cleared for cultivation (at the time probably when the Spaniards made the attempt to colonise it), for the stone walls which served to divide the inclosures still remain. There are also the remains of a fort, named San Juan Bautista, and a few tumble-down shanties, in which some forty or fifty people are existing, seeking a precarious living by supplying vessels that occasionally call here with fresh provisions, &c. It is certainly a strange