

strange and unknown creatures, which ages ago roamed over hill and dale in these remote regions. On the morning of the 20th got under weigh with the flood tide, which, with the strong breeze in our favour, took us rapidly through the Narrows, the scenery on either side showing but little variety until sighting the high land near Gregory Bay, which has a very picturesque effect, rising near the shore and running on for some distance in an easterly direction.

On the Fuegian side, as far as Cape de Espirito Santo, the land was low and uninteresting near the coast, but amidst the haze in the distance high, bleak, and rugged mountains were observed.

We had now passed the meridian of Cape Horn, and were again in the Atlantic, and notwithstanding the squally and uncertain weather during the past three weeks, we had been enabled to make a great variety of most interesting daily observations in our passage through the straits and channels, and to obtain many valuable results for the benefit of science. A few hours later, and we were clear of the straits, passing Cape Virgin, a long, low, dark cliff sloping down at one end into the sea.