Some of our party, using the towing-net and collecting gulf-weed on the surface from a boat, brought in a number of things beautiful in their form and brilliancy of coloring, and many of them strangely interesting for the way in which their glassy transparency exposed the working of the most subtle parts of their internal machinery; and these gave employment to the microscopists, in the dearth of returns from the dredge. Our position was now lat. 19° 57′ N., long. 53° 26′ W.; Sombrero distant 558 miles.

Sunday was a lovely day. The breeze had fallen off somewhat, and the force was now only from 2 to 3. The sky and sea were gloriously blue, with here and there a soft gray tress on the sky, and a gleaming white curl on the sea. A pretty little Spanish brigantine, bright with green paint and white sails, and the merry, dusky faces of three or four Spanish girls, came in the morning within speaking distance and got her longitude. She had been passing and repassing us for a couple of days, wondering, doubtless, at the irrelevancy of our movements, shortening sail, and stopping every now and then in mid-ocean with a fine breeze in our favor. On Monday morning we parted from our gay little companion. We stopped again to dredge, and she got far before us, and we saw with some regret first her green hull, and then her white sails, pass down over the edge of the world.

The sounding on Monday, the 10th, gave 2675 fathoms, with a bottom of the same red clay, with very little calcareous matter. The bottom temperature was 1°·6 C., that of the surface being 23°·3 C. The smaller dredge was sent over at 7.15 A.M. with 3000 fathoms of line, four hempen tangles, and a leaden weight of 28 pounds, about three fathoms below the dredge. The dredge was hauled up at 4.50 p.m. with only a very small quantity of red mud sticking about the chain and the mouth of the dredge. There could be no doubt, from the appearance of the dredge-bag, that it had contained a quantity of the perfect-