The next morning a large party started on horseback in the direction of San Domingo. We rode over some hot, flat country covered with a brush of *Acacia* and *Ricinus*, and at length reached a ravine with a small stream running in the bottom of it, the banks fairly wooded, the wood interrupted every here and there with spaces of loose stones and gravel. As we rode along, we frequently heard the harsh cry of the guinea-fowl, and Captain Maclear and I detached ourselves from the riding party and spent most of the day stalking a flock of them. They were very wary, running very quickly, and rising and taking a short flight before we could get within the longest range. They crouched and ran among the stones, and their speckled plumage so closely resembled at a distance the lichen-speckled rocks, that more than once when we had seen them moving about, and had crept up within shot, thinking that we had kept our game constantly in sight, there was nothing there but a heap of gray stones. In the afternoon Captain Maclear managed to separate some of the birds from the flock, and marked one for his own; he stalked it warily along the rugged bank, and at last circumvented it, and cautiously brought up his gun. A sharp report, and the fowl fell. But Maclear's conscience was not to be burdened with the death of that beautiful, and, I may add, delicious bird. At that moment a laugh of triumph rang from the other side of a low ridge, and Captain Nares, who, quite unconscious of our presence, had been stalking another flock in the same direction, ran up and stuffed it into his game-bag. Maclear had driven his bird right up to the muzzle of Nares's gun! I did not get a shot at a guinea-fowl either all day, but I picked up a few birds, and I found the pretty king-hunter (*Dacelo Jagoensis*) sitting tamely on the tops of the castor-oil bushes, where Darwin left him forty years before.

On the 9th of August we weighed anchor, and proceeded on our course toward Fernando Noronha. The northern limit of the equatorial current, running westward at the rate of from