

cleared up, and we had a good view of the little group—Jason West, Jason East, Grand Jason, Steeple Jason, and Elephant Jason—rocky islets rising abruptly from the sea. We had a fine run during the night along the north coast of the Falklands; at half-past five next morning Cape Bougainville was seen due south of us. The weather was showery and squally, with a strong southerly breeze, but the land became more distinct during the forenoon as we passed the entrance of Berkeley Sound, and some rather high hills could be seen at intervals between the showers. At two o'clock we passed Pembroke Light-house, and slipped quietly between the headlands into the little land-locked bay which forms the harbor of Stanley, the present seat of government of the Falkland Islands.

At a first glance these islands are not attractive, and I doubt if they improve greatly on acquaintance. The land is generally low and flat, but it rises here and there into ridges, the highest a little over 2000 feet in height. The ground is dark in color, a mixture of brown and dull green; the ridges are pale gray, with lines of outcrop of hard white quartzite, like dilapidated stone-walls, at different levels along the strike. The vegetation is scanty, and, what little there is, very ineffective. There is nothing of a higher dignity than an herb, the nearest approach to a shrub being a rank form of groundsel (*Senecio candicans*), with large button-like yellow flowers and very white woolly foliage, which runs up along the shore and in sheltered nooks inland to a height of two or three feet, and a pretty *Veronica* (*V. decussata*), which is, however, indigenous on the west island only, and is introduced in the gardens about Port Stanley.

Above Stanley Harbor the land slopes up for a hundred feet or so to a low ridge, beyond which what is called there the "Camp" (*champ*) extends nearly level for many miles, with slightly raised stretches of pasture and wide patches of peat and dark boggy tarns. The little town of Stanley is built