along the shore, and stretches a little way up the slope. It is built mainly of square, white, gray-slated houses, and puts one greatly in mind of one of the newer small towns in the Scottish West Highlands or in one of the Hebrides. The resemblance is heightened by the smell of peat-smoke, for peat is almost universally burned, as there is no wood, and coal costs three pounds a ton. The Government-house is very like a Shetland or Orkney manse, stone-built, slated, and gray, without the least shelter. In the square grass paddock surrounded by a low wall, stretching from the house to the shore, a very ornamental flock of upland geese were standing and preening their feathers the first time we called there. This tameness of the sea-birds is still most remarkable in the Falkland Islands, and a strange contrast to their extreme wildness in the Strait of Magellan: there we stalked the kelp goose (Chloephaga antarctica) and the steamer-duck (Micropterus cinereus) day after day, with great labor and but little success, finding great difficulty in getting even within long range of them; while in the Falklands the same species were all about, standing on the shore within stone's-throw, or diving or fishing quietly within a few yards of the boats. I was told that they are not now nearly so tame, however, as they were some years ago. Almost every evening we met some one coming to the settlement with a string of upland geese for the pot, and I suppose it is beginning to dawn upon the poor birds that their new neighbors are not so harmless as they look. Very likely it may take some generations of experience to make them thoroughly wary, and the difference between the birds of the Islands and those of the Strait may probably be, that while the former have been safe in their primeval solitude up to within a recent period, the latter have been selecting themselves for ages on their capacity for eluding the craft of hungry Patagonians and Fuegians.

The town is clean and well kept, and even the smallest houses