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in the north of Scotland ; the summer months are not so genial, and usually very boisterous. We experienced a little of its inclemency ; having to visit Port Louis, some fifty miles distant, to make magnetic and tidal observations, we found the weather exceedingly stormy, and even while at anchor in Berkley Sound it was most unpleasant. While here, we buried one of our shipmates, Thomas Bush, A.B., who fell overboard from the steam-pinnace, before leaving Stanley, one dark, rough night ; his remains are buried in a little inclosure, on an exposed swampy moorland—not alone, for two or three head-boards indicate that other wanderers have found rest here. On the completion of our scientific observations, we returned to Stanley, which, in the dismal weather, we all concurred in regarding as one of the most wretched settlements we had seen for a long time—all the houses, this cold and rainy afternoon, appearing most dreary

The next day it was a little brighter ; but there is little of interest here, except, perhaps, to the geologist, whose attention is sure to be attracted by the extraordinary stream of stones, which is so difficult to account for. They are formed of great numbers of fragments of quartz, which are spread out in rows, from half a mile to one mile in width, and two or three in length, extending along valleys and to the tops of some of the highest hills, from which they appear to have descended.