

temperatures and soundings, between Teneriffe and Palma, and past Gomera and Hierro. Considerable depths were found, varying from 200 to 1700 fathoms; as a rule discovering a dark sandy bottom and dead shells.

Three days had thus been spent when we again anchored off Santa Cruz, and, as we were to leave the next day, H. B. Majesty's Consul issued invitations to a ball in honour of the visit of the *Challenger*. The weather was fine, and a large party started from the ship, arriving at the consulate in good time to find all the available Spanish beauty there to meet us. The ball was a very capital one, but the great drawback was our being unable to converse fluently with our partners when dancing. For all that the eye, whose language is so deep and expressive, the organ which the Spanish ladies cultivate to such perfection, did all. What the heart felt and the tongue could not utter the eye interpreted. The company was not, however, entirely Spanish. The Consul's daughter, and Mrs. Grattan, the American Consul's daughter, and an English lady, married to the Minister of Marine, were there to interpret our most pressing wishes and entertain us with their company.

It was not until the early hours of the following morning that the pleasant gathering broke up, and we all retraced our way to the landing-place to get on board.