

After I had taken the necessary bearings, we proceeded round the east end of Burnt Island, and over to what we judged to be the main of Terra del Fuego, where we found a very fine harbour encompassed by steep rocks of vast height, down which ran many limpid streams of water; and at the foot of the rocks, some tufts of trees, fit for little else but fuel.

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Thursday 22.

This harbour, which I shall distinguish by the name of the Devil's Bason, is divided, as it were, into two, an inner and an outer one; and the communication between them is by a narrow channel five fathoms deep. In the outer bason, I found thirteen and seventeen fathoms water, and in the inner, seventeen and twenty-three. This last is as secure a place as can be, but nothing can be more gloomy. The vast height of the savage rocks which encompass it, deprived great part of it, even on this day, of the meridian sun. The outer harbour is not quite free from this inconvenience, but far more so than the other; it is also rather more commodious, and equally safe. It lies in the direction of North, a mile and an half distant from the east end of Burnt Island. I likewise found a good anchoring-place a little to the West of this harbour, before a stream of water that comes out of a lake or large reservoir, which is continually supplied by a cascade falling into it.

Leaving this place, we proceeded along the shore to the westward, and found other harbours which I had not time to look into. In all of them is fresh water, and wood for fuel; but except these little tufts of bushes, the whole country is a barren rock, doomed by Nature to everlasting sterility. The low islands, and even some of the higher, which lie scattered up and down the Sound, are indeed