

capped mountains for the last ten years, and will probably go on doing the same thing and telling the same "yarns" till he shall either "lose the number of his mess," or we find him keeping a small beer shop down Poplar way or just upon the outskirts of Southampton. But do we wish to know about those few remaining ruins at Port Famine ; of the perseverance of a Sarmiento ; of the heroic deeds of a Cordova ; of the many battles fought and won before Chili and Peru threw off the yoke which had cost so much blood to place it upon their shoulders ; of the ancient cities of Central America ; or the early history of California, and the two hundred years of mission work which have, one might almost say, been swallowed up in its dry and arid soil—it is not only one book we must apply to, but dozens.

And so, my dear readers, having spent a good ten years of my life wandering about the "Straits of Magellan and Eastern shores of the Pacific," and feeling a certain affection for my old cruising ground, to say nothing of a sort of sneaking idea that I *may* be able to interest a few of my readers in the subject, I have ventured to string together a few historical facts and modern incidents, bearing upon the title which I have chosen, and which I hope may find favour in the eyes of such as may deem my little book worthy of their leisure moments.

In treating my subject, I propose to begin at the Straits of Magellan as the entrance or high road to the Pacific, for in these days of steam navigation, they play a most important part in the list of navigable waters ; and from there, to proceed up the coasts of Chili, Peru, Central America, Mexico, California, and British Columbia, or "the eastern shores of the Pacific.

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