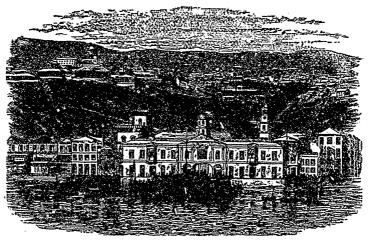
CRUISE OF H.M.S. "CHATLENGER."

BY W. J. J. SPRY, R.N.

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CUSTOMS GUARD HOUSE, VALPARAISO, CHILI.

OCTOBER 3rd.—This morning we steamed out clear of the reefs, and so had the parting view of Tahiti. We had a capital breeze, and all seemed to promise a speedy run over the solitary waste of waters intervening in the 5,000 miles between Tahiti and Valparaiso.

November 13th.—Land was reported—the solitary island of Juan Fernandez. I have never seen a more remarkable and picturesque view than the approach to the anciorage presented. Great mountains appear, torn and broken, into every conceivable fantastic shape, with deep ravines, through which the torrents at times sweep down from the precipitous cliffs, which rise one above the other, finally culminating in a great mass 3,000 feet high, known as the Yunque, or Anvil (from its resemblance to the iron block used by blacksmiths). There are the remains of a fort, named San Juan Bautista, and a few tumble-down shanties, in which some forty or fifty people are existing, seeking a precarious living by supplying vessels that occasionally call here