

A boat's crew, however, landed, and in a very short time the would-be Robinson Crusoes were discovered near a little grass hut they called their home. Not much pressing was necessary to induce them to come on board, when, after a good breakfast, they were able to tell their own story, which was as follows:—

THE STORY OF FREDERICK STOLTENHOFF (THE ELDER).\*

Born in Moscow, of German parents, cloth dyers by trade in 1846, at the outbreak of the Franco-German war, I was employed as a clerk in a merchant's office at Aix-la-Chapelle. I was called on by the government to serve with the German army, being attached to the 15th division of the second army, and by the following Christmas I reached the position of second lieutenant. After taking parts in the siege of Metz and Thionville, the battalion I served in was detached south to join General Werder's army. At the finish of the campaign I was discharged and returned home.

In June 1871, my younger brother, Gustav, returned home from Tristan d'Acunha, where he landed with the crew of a St. John's (Newfoundland) vessel, the *Beacon Light*, which had been lost by fire about 300 miles to the north-west of Tristan. The crew were taken from the island by the *Northfleet* (the ship afterwards sunk off Dungeness), and carried to Aden, from whence Gustav, having joined an English steamer, came to Germany.

My brother's account of the life at Tristan, and his desire to return there, led me to join him in a venture to the island, not with a view to remaining there by settling, but to endeavour to realise a sum by seal-hunting and barter.

\* For this story I am indebted to R. R. Richards, Esq., Paymaster, who wrote it at Stoltenhoff's dictation.