

hold one. The petrels had landed in November, and their young in April formed a capital addition to our food. It was now decided that I should remain at the top to secure a supply of pig's fat sufficient for the winter, whilst my brother lived below, and collected in a barrel the fat thrown down to him by me. After killing a pig, the hide with the fat attached was rolled up, secured by pieces of hide, and thrown over the cliff. The want of salt prevented us salting down the meat. Tobacco now failed us, and its want was much felt, both of us being heavy smokers.

My brother, on separating from me to live below, had taken three young pigs which we had managed to catch, by running them down. Secured to our barrel they were towed round the point and safely landed, although nearly drowned *en route*. These were placed in an inclosure and carefully tended,* being kept for a possible dearth during winter. The pigs being small, it was possible, by means of a rope, to lower them down the most difficult places, and carry them down the easier ones. My sojourn on the top of the island came to an end with the last days of April. Returning to my brother, we lived on petrels and potatoes until the end of May. A supply of two live pigs which I had brought down with me met a watery grave in my endeavour to weather the point with them in tow. I was fortunate enough, notwithstanding the surf, to get ashore without serious injury.

Finding the supply of potatoes insufficient for the winter, on 8th June I again visited the top of the island, remaining there until the 18th August. Before parting company from my brother, we decided to shift quarters for the winter a little farther from the waterfall, and succeeded in building a house, which stood during the bad weather, and in which we were living until quitting the island.

* The pigs were fed on grass and green stuff generally, and penguin eggs when in season.