

When met by the *Challenger*, our time reckoning was one day wrong. This error, I suspect, occurred soon after our landing.

The dogs left us for the penguin rookery, in spite of our efforts to secure them with ropes near the hut. They killed a large number of penguins, and became very wild and savage, paying no attention to us. One of them appearing mad, we shot all three.

To mount to the top of the island on the west side was comparatively easy; the tussack grass was not necessary to aid the climber, the ascent being made easier by the existence of two or three ledges, on which a rest could be procured whilst walking along their extent. The lowest ledge might have been about twenty acres, the higher ones decreasing into mere shelves. The top of the island, over which we could roam for game, was about four miles in diameter, almost round; but the ground was much cut up by ravines and valleys. The whole top was covered with a poor sort of grass and sedge, and trees blown down by the winter gales; the sheltered spots only being wooded by live timber, and that of a small description.

Close to the ridge, on the north side, there was a long valley, through which the water of the cascade ran, and here was situated my hut. The cave was on a ledge lower down, on the north-east side.

To mount to the ridge on the east side, after swimming the point, great exertion and caution were necessary. Without the aid of the tussack grass it would have been impossible to mount; and even with this an hour and a half's hard work with hands and feet, and at times teeth, was required. The height of the ridge was about 1200 feet.

On the north side, the beach to which we were confined was about a mile in extreme length, and from 300 yards on the right to 200 yards on the left broad. Our hut was on the left,