

The usual westerly winds and boisterous weather of the "roaring forties" were experienced as the ship ran quickly on for Prince Edward and Marion Islands, lying 1100 miles to the south-east of the Cape, only one sounding in 1600 fathoms being obtained to the westward of them. Christmas Day was spent in these latitudes, with anything but seasonable weather; temperature of air being from 38° to 43° .

On the 25th land was seen, and the next day, weather being much clearer, a landing was effected on Marion Island. One of the cutters, after a long pull through extensive fields of kelp (forming a natural breakwater to the long swell rolling in along the beach), reached the shore. A regular landing-place was not to be expected; however, by dint of jumping from rock to rock, a method far more agreeable and better suited to penguins than to steady-going philosophers, a footing was accomplished on the firm soil.

What a scene of wild desolation and solitude met their gaze! Around nothing but huge blocks of rough and rugged rock rolled about by the breakers, slippery with half-dry algæ. Still onward was the order, and it was found on reaching the higher land there was but little else than a wide boggy swamp.

The slopes of the hills are used by the prion and other petrels as breeding warrens. The whole of the wet, sodden flat lands was studded with large white albatrosses sitting on their nests. These mag-