

under sail, and found to be a cluster of black, inhospitable, precipitous cliffs; Meyer's Rock and Macdonald Islets having quite a singular appearance. A thick fog again concealed them from us, but having bearings we proceeded until they appeared through the haze at less than five miles distant, and we were enabled to run along their eastern side, which presented truly a rough and rugged scene. These islands, some 400 or 500 feet high, were perfectly inaccessible, not presenting a point along their rugged shores where it was possible to land. We passed on, and another 20 miles disclosed a very remarkable headland, which we found out afterwards was known as Rogers' Head. As the roadstead was approached, the squalls came down with great violence, threatening to blow us to sea again; but having steam at command, we were able to hold our way, and eventually reached the anchorage in Corinthian Bay (or Whisky Bay of the whalers, so named from the quantities of that spirit said to be consumed by them on the arrival of their store-ship with supplies for the year). All the places previously visited, however inhospitable, really seemed paradise compared with this wretched mountain of ice rising from a base of black lava cinder. This largest island, off which we are at anchor, is said to have its mountainous peak some 7000 feet high: we had no means, however, of judging, for the top was never free from cloud and mist during our stay. Here