

we had our first glimpse of really Antarctic scenery, for picturesque glaciers descended to the sea on all its sides. Explorers landed and discovered a party of sealers located here, "living" in a couple of dirty huts sunk in the ground for warmth and protection from the winds, which frequently blow with violence through a deep ravine. There are some forty or fifty men distributed about the island in small detachments, each party having a defined beat where they watch for the sea-elephants coming on shore. What a miserable affair a sealer's life evidently must be, hard and monotonous, living in those desolate regions, completely isolated from the world! Here they remain for three years at a time, when, if they are lucky, they return home, with perhaps 50% or 60% in their pockets. This is probably spent in a couple of months, and they again return to their voluntary exile and live on penguins, young albatrosses, and sea-birds' eggs for another period. The roads (?) in every direction were swampy and exceedingly unpleasant; wading through the snow and slush, the miserable huts were reached, looking lonely and desolate, the shore for some distance being strewn with bones and fragments, the remains of sea-elephants, &c. Several excursions were planned during our short stay to visit the glaciers and the penguin rookeries, for these birds seemed to be in myriads, covering every ledge and precipice presenting a footing.