

break-up, there seemed to be very general comfort and contentment.

At day-break on the 14th, the summit of the peak of Tristan only was visible from the deck of the *Challenger*, a symmetrical cone, the sides rising at an angle of 23° to a height of 7100 feet above the level of the sea, covered with snow which came far down, occupying the ravines, dark ridges of rock rising up between. On account of the distance, the lower terrace and the more level part of the island could not be seen. A sounding was taken in 2025 fathoms, globigerina ooze, the bottom temperature $1^{\circ}6$ C. The dredge was put over, and brought up two specimens of a small *Diadema* only. In the evening we resumed our course toward the island, and made all arrangements for sending out exploring parties the first opportunity. Early on the morning of the 15th we were at anchor close under the land, in a shallow bay open to the westward. A slope of rough pasture, about a quarter of a mile in width, extended to our right, running up from the beach to an almost precipitous wall of rock a thousand feet in height, the mist lying low upon it, so that we could see no farther. To the left, the rampart of rock came sheer down almost into the sea, leaving only a narrow strip of a few yards of shingly beach. A stream ran down from the high ground nearly opposite the ship, and the low fall with which it tumbled into the head of the bay indicated the position of the best landing-place. The settlement, consisting of about a dozen thatched cottages, was scattered over the grassy slope, and behind it one or two ravines afforded a difficult access to the upper terraces and the mountain. The only tree on the island is one which from its limited distribution and the remoteness of its locality has, so far as I am aware, no English name—*Phyllica arborea*. It is a small tree, allied to the buckthorn, not rising more than twenty, or at most thirty, feet, but sending out long spreading branches over the ground. The wood is of no value for car-