

which used to be the favorite haunts of the fur-seal and the sea-elephant; but these have been nearly exterminated, and the annual visit of the sealers from Tristan is rapidly reducing the small number which still come to the island in the pupping season.

The ship stopped off the east end of the island to land surveying and exploring parties at the foot of what looked at a distance like a gentle slope of meadow with some thickets of low trees, running up into the middle of the island, between the two elevations.

The party who landed found, however, that instead of a meadow the slope was a thick copse of tussock-grass—and one mass of penguins. Struggling through the dense matted grass which reached above their heads, they could not see where they were going, and they could not move a step without crushing eggs or old or young birds. The crowds of penguins resenting the intrusion with all the vigor at their command, yelled and groaned and scrambled after their legs, and bit and pecked them with their strong sharp beaks till the blood came. What with the difficulty of forcing their way through the scrub, the impossibility of seeing a foot before them in the grass, the terrific noise which prevented shouts being heard, and the extraordinary sensation of being attacked about the legs by legions of invisible and unfamiliar enemies, some of the servants got nervous and bewildered. They lost their own masters, and were glad to join and stick to any one whom they were fortunate enough to find, and thus several of our explorers got separated from their apparatus, and some lost their luncheons.

Fortunately at five o'clock all our party returned in safety to the ship, save one: a fine old setter answering to the name of "Boss," one of a brace we had on board for sporting purposes, got astray among the penguins. His voice, clamorous for a time in his bewilderment and fear, and the torture he endured from the beaks of the penguins, was soon lost in the infernal