

so together, to wait, and began fighting amongst themselves, as if to settle which was to have first bite.

The birds gorge themselves with food, just like the vultures, and are then unable to fly. I came across half a dozen together at Christmas Harbour in this condition. We landed just opposite them; they began to run to get out of the way. The men chased them, they ran off, spreading their wings, but unable to rise; some struggled into the water and swam away, but two went running on, gradually disgorging their food, in the utmost hurry, until they were able to rise, when they made off to sea.

The northern Fulmar (*Fulmarus glacialis*) seems to resemble the "Breakbones" very closely in habits. Like it, it does not nest in holes like most *Procellariæ*. It feeds in the high north on carrion, and becomes so gorged with meat from a whale's carcass as to be unable to fly without disgorging.*

I was astonished at the comparatively small quantity of food, that is, the smallness of the extra weight, which made all the difference between the bird's not being able to rise at all, and its being able to soar away with almost its usual power. It would be interesting to test various birds with weights and compare their power in this respect. A *Procellarid* though so perfect a flyer is evidently very much below an *Accipitrine* in strength in this matter.

But the "Breakbones" were not the only birds which assembled to feast on the remains of the Sea-Elephants. With them came the Skuas, but not in great numbers, and multitudes of gulls and Sheath-bills, which latter were the most impudent, and the first to dare approach a dead cow Elephant which we left on the rocks. The whole of the birds must have been disappointed when they found we were not sealers, for they apparently could not penetrate the skin of the dead cow, and a day or two afterwards only the eyes were pecked out; but the Breakbones were then still hanging about the carcass, waiting, though not in such numbers as before.

On another day, beneath the cliffs, north of Betsy Cove, I found a young Fur-Seal lying amongst some boulders at the foot of the cliff. There was a broad flat shelf of rock here, nearly level with the sea, and forming an excellent landing-place for seals, so I was especially hunting for them, but should have missed this one amongst the rocks, had it not attracted my attention by a sort of half-hiss, half-snarl. I killed it, and carried the whole beast with great labour to the ship, half a mile or more, on my back, in order that a skeleton should be made of it.

On several occasions I superintended parties of stokers, who

* MacGillivray, "British Water Birds," Vol. II., p. 436.