

The shag ought to learn to swallow under water, and the gull to devour its prey at once in the air. The Skua is merely a gull which has developed itself by fighting for morsels.

We fell in with three American whaling schooners at Kerguelen. They work Heard Island for Sea Elephants and Kerguelen for whales more especially. They get their principal hands at Fogo in the Cape Verdes on the way out; the Portuguese there being very willing to embark, even for a South Sea whaling cruise, in order to escape the military conscription. The schooners, which belong to two different owners, are tended by a barque, which brings out provisions and takes home oil and skins.

A difficulty would arise from a whale when struck running through the thick beds of kelp (*Macrocystis*) which everywhere form tangled barriers at a certain distance from shore. This is got over by having large very sharp knives ready, which are held close beside the line as the boat scuds through the water, dragged by the whale, and cut a clean passage in the weed.

The whales are killed by means of a bomb, a cylindrical iron tube full of powder provided with a fuse and pointed at one end; at the other, provided with feathers like an arrow. The whole is not unlike a large crossbow bolt. The feathers are made of vulcanized indiarubber, and when the bolt is rammed into the gun from which it is fired, are wrapped round the end of the shaft. As soon as the bolt leaves the muzzle they expand, and prevent the bombs wobbling or capsizing.

The invention is extremely ingenious. The bomb is fired from a heavy gun from the shoulder, and is good up to about fifteen paces. It is fired into the whale just behind the flipper.

It goes in, and after a while makes a loud explosion, often killing the beast almost at once. Four kinds of whales are common about Kerguelen's Island, but only one, the Southern Whalebone Whale, is regularly hunted. A bomb is fired into the other kinds, if there is a chance of doing so from the ship, and if the beast hit appears maimed, it is then tackled on to with the harpoons. Similar bombs are now regularly used in the North.

I was sorry to leave Kerguelen's Land, for I enjoyed the place thoroughly. We had wonderfully good weather, and sometimes the sun was extremely hot. The sunrises and sunsets were often most gorgeous, and the view in evening or early morning up Royal Sound, with its wide expanse of sea dotted all over with rocky islands, like some large inland lake, and with Mount Ross towering blue in the distance, and capped with snow and glaciers, is most grand and beautiful.

The climate of Kerguelen's Land is, as is that of all the