

squadron flying as they had anticipated. They, notwithstanding, stood in, lowered a boat, and despatched several officers to put up the signal, make experiments, and collect specimens. The boat approached an indentation on the west side, too open to be called a bay, and found that the surf was running high, and beating with great violence against the rocks, which, together with the kelp, rendered it dangerous to attempt landing. They made for several other places which looked favourable at a distance, but on approaching them, they were found even less accessible. The boat then returned to the first place to make another attempt, which was attended with great difficulty. The boat's anchor was dropped, and she was backed in with great caution to the edge of the rollers; the surf was very high, and rolled in with a noise like thunder, breaking furiously upon the rocks, so as to make the boat fairly tremble, and threatening every moment to overwhelm her; once or twice she was prevented from getting broadside-to by hauling out towards her anchor. At length, after a dozen fruitless attempts, and awaiting a favourable opportunity, Mr. Eld and a quarter-master succeeded in getting ashore, but not without being immersed up to their breasts. It was found impossible to land any instruments; and the quarter-master was despatched to erect the necessary signals, while Mr. Eld proceeded to visit the penguin-rookery not far distant. On approaching the island, it had appeared to be covered with white spots: these excited conjecture; but after landing, the exhalations rendered it not long doubtful that it was birdlime.

Mr. Eld, in his journal, gives the following account of his visit: "Although I had heard so often of the great quantity of birds on the uninhabited islands, I was not prepared to see them in such myriads as here. The whole sides of the rugged hills were literally covered with them. Having passed a deep fissure in the rocks, I ascended a crag that led to what I thought was their principal roost, and at every step my astonishment increased. Such a din of squeaking, squalling, and gabbling, I never before heard or dreamed could be made by any of the feathered tribe. It was impossible to hear one's self speak. It appeared as if every one was vying with his neighbour to make the greatest possible noise. I soon found my presence particularly displeased them, for they snapped at me in all directions, catching hold of my trousers, shaking and pinching my flesh so violently as to make me flinch and stand upon the defensive. As we wanted a number of specimens, I commenced kicking them down the precipice, and knocked on the head those which had the temerity to attack me. After having collected a number, and a few eggs, I laid them aside, whilst I ascended higher on the hill. I had not left them more than