

The month of June I spent in our hut at the top, that of July in a cave—the latter the better habitation during cold weather. I saw my brother nearly every day, and unless prevented by a high wind or high surf, we could hold a sort of conversation. Gustav, whilst below, saw a large iron ship, filled with people, pass within a mile of the hut. This happened during the first lull after a heavy gale, with thick weather. When seen, the crew were employed making sail to clear the island.

During this winter we suffered no great privation, always having enough to eat, although consisting of pig's flesh only. Of flour, rice, potatoes, or vegetables, I was destitute. I had a little tea; no tobacco. My brother was no better off. As soon as the penguins began to lay, we set to work, collecting their eggs, and were living on them, chiefly fried in pig's fat, when the *Challenger* hove in sight. At this time I had left my rifle, with about fifty rounds of ammunition, in the cave. Although the piece had burst in two places, it was still in a sufficiently good condition to shoot a pig. The fowling-piece burst, and was of little use except as blow-pipe to freshen up the fire. Our knives we had lost amongst the high grass, and the saw furnished steel enough for half a dozen knives in their place. We placed the saw in a fire, and cut off the knives with our chisel, hardening the iron, then placed it in a handle, and it was ready for use. Our clothes were still in wearable order; boots and shoes we were in want of, although mocassins had taken their place. The medicine, providentially, had not been required; neither of us was sick a day. Eight or nine pounds of coffee was still left, and about one pound of tea; four bottles of vinegar remained, but their contents were spoiled. When together, the days on which we were confined to our hut by rain passed heavily. Our library consisting of only eight books and an atlas, its contents are well known by us both.