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6.

1875 —

PRIVATE JOURNAL

OF

LORD GEORGE GRANVILLE CAMPBELL.

*H.M.S. 'CHALLENGER'*

Out of which gives the  
Log letters 1877 —

Notes June 19. 1877. -

In 1876. I took Macmillan that  
Lord George had written a lot  
of letters which as I thought might  
suit the public taste as a kind  
of book for boys. a sort of  
birds nesting. Cherry Robinson  
conveys Midshipman's course

Thereupon came negotiations  
and a week off. Ld G went to

Murray. Macmillan was angry.

Murray advised Ld G not to  
publish & criticized the style.

1876<sup>th</sup> I read by this light. as critic  
of style. "This is not English as used  
" in works. nor is it science, nor is  
" it vital to "Philo".

Ld G. returned to Macmillan who  
made a good thing by the book  
as a sort of pilot engine to  
the heavy trains by the head  
"Philo" which he is publishing

Qui Libri meo ne illi get this printed without  
the author's knowledge.

From the  
Duchess of Argyll

June 21. 1875

J. Campbell

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<sup>July</sup>  
In 1877. Mrs. Milner told me that  
the style is infinitely superior to  
mine. I jerk & joke. This is  
an design well imagined &  
carefully carried out. I write  
off hand and my circular notes  
do not suit the public. These  
letters do suit the public taste.  
He has sold four thousand  
copies.

Wrote to congratulate see  
George & got a copy of the  
2<sup>d</sup> edition from him.  
read it. & told him my  
opinion which is that the  
merit consists in the matter  
and in the cheery spirit  
of this genuine book of  
real letters written off hand  
without regard to any of  
the book makers' notions of  
composition & without any  
design or plan beyond  
reveling daily what  
really happened in one of the  
most interesting voyages  
of discovery. That and the  
author's name have made  
his book a success but he  
has got little money thus far  
having given an of profits



# PRIVATE JOURNAL

OF

LORD GEORGE GRANVILLE CAMPBELL,

*H.M.S. 'CHALLENGER,'*

*From the Cape of Good Hope to Australia.*

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PRINTED FOR THE USE OF HIS FAMILY AND  
FRIENDS ONLY.

Saturday 21. ~~Book~~  
1802. The book, as  
I supposed, was in fact  
revised three in 13th  
for language &c. &c.  
by Miss G. E. Johnstone.  
This is an original  
letter.

## VOYAGE OF H.M.S. 'CHALLENGER.'

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*14th December.*—Left Simon's Bay 5.30 A.M. Lovely, calm morning. Steamed to the southward for 30 miles, then dredged in 98 fathoms on the Agulhas Bank. Four hauls in a greenish sand. Great numbers of echini, large and small, identical with specimens which the Professor says he has dredged up in the Sound of Mull! Also many star-fish,—some new, others known northern forms,—annelids, soldier-crabs, actiniæ, handsome small shells,—no big ones, though, for which the Cape is a great place. Went on with a light northerly breeze.

*15th December.*—Dredged early this morning in 150 fathoms; no wind. A tremendous haul of all sorts of beasts, much the same as yesterday, with the addition of some small branched coral and some fine sponges. Enormous quantities of star-fish and sea-urchins, all, or almost all, well-known northern species. Departed this life last night a goat, which has been on board a long time; cause, jealousy—pure, unmitigated jealousy. Before leaving the Cape we took three goats on board to colonize some island;<sup>1</sup> directly

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<sup>1</sup> These we left at Kerguelens. As we found two skeletons of pigs, which will almost live anywhere, I'm sorry for the goats.

they came on board, and since, this goat refused all nourishment, with the above-stated and inevitable result. Curious, is not it? Fell off its perch this morning, in a dead faint, a grey parrot, kept in the analysing room. It has stood much; but the smell of some dissected beast was too much for him. Fresh air and burnt feathers, though, brought him back to life and smells. Our photographer deserted at the Cape, but we managed to get one from Cape Town in an hour's notice. Poor man! he has been, oh! so sick to-day. We also shipped a Kaffir servant for the Philos, who hope that he may last till the last day of the commission, and then dying, may be bottled off in spirits.

19th December.—Dredged again in 1900 fathoms. A warm westerly current of one knot an hour; both air and water  $4^{\circ}$  or  $5^{\circ}$  warmer than yesterday. Two flying-fish seen; a very high latitude for them, but this warm current would explain that, this current's temperature being about  $73^{\circ}$ . We did not intend to dredge until the sounding tube came up with some odd stuff in it—clean globigerina, with no trace of mud in it; but nothing came up except a largish holothurian, a small zoophyte, and a couple of handfuls of small black stones. Almost a calm all day. We ought, being some 300 miles south of the Cape, to have got the westerly winds; but as we shall have more of them than we shall like, perhaps better not growl at the calm before the probable storm. No birds since leaving the Cape till this evening, when an albatross appeared. Odd that Cape pigeons and

albatross followed us right up to the Cape, while since leaving we have seen none. The towing-net to-day sunk to 100 fathoms, bringing up myriads of small crustaceans, foraminifera, etc.,—the living foraminifera being very different from the dead ones that come up in the dredge, the former being covered with glassy spikes twice as long as the body, which body is often a yellowish colour, while the latter have no spikes, and are white.

*20th December.*—Ha! ha! growling about westerly winds, were we? We have them now, and don't *quite* like it. Commencing last night, it has been blowing fresh all day; bowling along ten knots, and a heavy swell rolling us and everything upside down. As I write, a squall of rain and wind has just struck us, the ship flying along, a broad belt of white foam hissing on each side. The cook and his mate sitting on the edge of a tub of boiling water; a heavy lurch; hot water swashes up and over; a dismal howl; and—well, I guess the cook and his mate will be more careful in future. A few flying-fish, albatross, stormy petrel, and porpoises after us to-day. Air 4° colder than yesterday. 928 miles from Marion Island.

*21st December.*—Not a pleasant day; squalls, with showers of rain; blowing fresh, and heavy swell behind us; ship rolling occasionally 30° each way; becoming decidedly chillier; crockery smashing; chairs dashing headlong about, breaking their own and everybody else's legs, and people generally blessing their path of life. Lying dormant on a low settee to-day, the end tilted right up, hitting a swinging

table above it, on which were half-a-dozen cups, etc. I picked myself off the deck, a settee, heavy cushions on the top of me, and sharp pieces of crockery 'shell-ing' my half-asleep head. I ask you, or any other man, woman, or child, 'Who would not be a sailor?' Numbers of birds to-day,—a few albatross, a cloud of small grey tern, stormy petrel, and a larger one. Got out of the warm current last night, the sea temperature falling  $11^{\circ}$  in four hours—from  $71^{\circ}$  to  $60^{\circ}$ . Ran 240 miles the last twenty-four hours. Barometer very low, and dirty-looking weather. We have been making merry, as far as circumstances will allow us, in honour of our 'at sea' anniversary. May we, in future anniversaries, be able to look back at equally pleasant years as this has been. Amen! Wind shifted 8 points this evening, thermometer falling  $5^{\circ}$ .

*22d December.*—Rolling and lurching along 9 and 11 knots all day, which is cold, and a half gale of wind on our beam, and a heavy sea. Ship heeling steadily over, not rolling much, but lurching to leeward to tune of  $37^{\circ}$  or so. Another good run of 240 miles; not bad for a heavily-laden craft like we are at present, being, what with extra coal and provisions, a foot deeper than we have been before. But eh! eh! is not it getting mighty chilly? Most amusing at 'quarters' this evening (which is a general muster): all hands 'fallen in' along the decks, a tremendous lurch, and away goes all the ship's company, falling and sliding down, till they all fetch with a crash against the lee bulwarks, a confused, helter-skelter, wriggling mass of smothered, laughing human worms.

Officers (holding on to ropes), 'What the ——! stand up, men! stand up! why the dickens don't you hold up?' Murray, at dinner, upsets a glass of port wine over my place. 'You duffer! *when* will you Philos learn to be sailors, eh, sir?' when, click! over goes my glass and half-a-dozen more, and the laugh is turned. I was charmed, thinking no evil, with a pleasant smell of eau-de-Cologne in my cabin to-day. 'Your scent-bottle capsized all over your bed, sir,' says my servant, and therewith a change came over the spirit of my dream. Have you ever seen an egg 'blow up?' I cracked one this morning; a startling report followed; the egg vanished into space, followed by my disgusted messmates. No more eggs this cruise, I think! A clipper ship in sight this evening, which will probably run away from us during the night; the first sail since leaving the Cape. Tern not so numerous. The gigantic and sooty albatross and the petrels following.

*23d December.*—A beautiful day; sharp, cold wind; thermometer 41°. A bitter, bitter shower of sleet, followed by large hail, early this morning. Run 206 miles. Wind and sea much gone down this evening, almost a calm now. Stoves lighted for the first time to-day, and mighty pleasant they are, too.

*24th December.*—Took advantage of a beautiful day, with little wind or sea, to sound,—an impossibility in the heavy swell we have been having. 1500 fathoms. The same clean globigernia stuff as before. Great numbers of gigantic and sooty albatross and Cape hens; a very large brown petrel, bigger than the sooty

albatross. The tern and stormy petrels are, once for all, always with us now. The Doctor and I tried for some time to catch an albatross to-day,—an operation which consists in veering a line astern, while going slowly, as in sounding and dredging, a moderate big hook with a lump of meat; the difficulty being to haul taut the line at the proper moment, so as to catch in the sharp curve of the upper mandible, for if allowed to swallow the bait, they would cut the line with their sharp bills. It is exciting rather, if not too cold (which it is), sometimes several at the same time fighting and pecking at the bait. We failed to-day, though. A penguin came up alongside while we were sounding, bobbed about a minute, and disappeared. 120 miles from Marion Island, the nearest land. Showers of semi-sleet this evening, with a northerly breeze.

*25th December.*—A shift of wind last night, which prevented us from getting to the island to-day, which was sighted at one o'clock. Cold, gloomy-looking land, with snow pretty low down. Saw some more penguins. A big dinner to-night, with endless singing and hot and cold grog, drinking afterwards our second Christmas at sea. To-night, laying-to off the islands, temperature  $38^{\circ}5$ ; and oh! the pleasure, the boon, of keeping night watch, or any other watch, with sharp sleet and hail and wet decks, pelting one's face and freezing one's toes.

*26th December.*—Steamed close up to Marion Island this morning to leeward. A beautiful sunny morning. A rock-bound shore, edging a long slope of green grass rising gradually up about 3000 feet or so; the



top peaks hid in white clouds, the snow coming about half-way down; numbers of crater-shaped cones cropping up here and there from shore to highest peaks, some of the most vivid red colour; rounded streams of grass-covered lava, broken off in some places by black, high precipices; shadows of clouds flitting over the dark mottled green of the lower land, and lighting up the snow on the higher peaks and the white patches on the black rocks and lava in the middle distance. With the naked eye one could see large white things all over the lower land, which, in a civilised country, might have been very white sheep or geese; but here, with our glasses, we could see they were albatross, sitting on their nests or walking about, while numbers were flying about round us or settling on the water, flocks of penguin and shag popping up and down, with a shake of the head and a tip of the tail. After sending a boat in to reconnoitre, we landed on some rocks, which with care was comparatively easy, being a particularly fine calm day, a large kind of kelp growing from the rocks smoothing the water; but if it had been a rough day, we could not have managed it. A 'sheathbill' came hopping along the rocks to meet us in the most confiding way, and was killed for his pains: very pretty birds, like a white pigeon, with longer legs, and a sheath over the rear part of the upper mandible; are waders, but have by some naturalist been classed among the pigeons; their name, 'chionis.' A scramble over very slippery rocks brought us to a small rookery of penguins, ones we have not seen before, and lying on the

grass a female sea-elephant, which would not move, merely raising its head, opening its mouth, and goggling at one with big black eyes. In the first excitement, and in the idea that it was a fur seal, it was quickly killed by blows with a stone on its nose. Its skin was in a very mangy condition—most probably she was casting it; length, about  $7\frac{1}{2}$  feet. We walked about all over the place; very bad walking—spongy boggy land, covered with a coarse grass and patches of hard green moss, with always a chance of sinking up to one's knees and higher in the coldest, wettest of bogs. The braes were very steep, very, and I did not walk very far. Spotted thickly all about were the albatross, sitting on their high nests, who, as one came up to them, stood defiantly up and clattered their large pink bills in rather an alarming way. Truly magnificent birds, their plumage varying very much according to age—the oldest ones being pure white, with the exception of the wings, which always keep a good deal of black; while the young ones have entirely black wings, and are not so white. There were comparatively few eggs, it being rather early in the season, but the eggs that were there were just in a good state for blowing. They never have more than one egg, which is white, tinted red at the larger end. We measured several of 12 and 13 feet across the wing, and I suppose there were none bigger than  $13\frac{1}{2}$  feet across. The measuring process with the live ones is to approach one each side, and badger him till he spreads his wings, which seize and extend; and as his bill—which beware! for he can give an awful peck—is 6 feet

away from both of us, we can proceed to measure. If not to be managed in this way, give him a blow with a stick across the throat, which, according to the strength imparted, will either kill him or render him senseless for a certain time. Thus, my family, is the huge albatross completely circumvented. Does not it seem a shame to kill these glorious fellows for the sake of the wing-bones and feet? Out of the first they make pipe stems, and out of the second tobacco pouches. But such is life; and there are plenty of them. The photographer got a photograph of some on their nests. Although a much grander bird, they are not nearly so pretty as the molly-mawk, which I described to you from Nightingale Island; of which, by the bye, we have seen nothing since then. Their nests are built in the same way, but much bigger. On the ground they are the clumsiest of birds; having hardly any tail, a great symmetrical defect with them, they are excessively top-heavy. They appear to 'funk' alighting very much, flying round and round close to the ground before they make up their minds, and when they finally do, toppling forward on their beaks. One fellow we saw go completely head over heels. We weighed one on board,  $19\frac{1}{2}$  lbs., which seems absurdly little, judging from its size, but the feathers are immensely thick. They cannot rise straight up from their nests and fly away, but have to scrape along the ground, paddling with their feet, sometimes for 50 yards or more, before they get 'way enough' or 'inflated' enough, or whatever 'enough' is the secret of their marvellous flight. (In this mad naturalist

discourse, I address P. and M. ; they must be responsible for it.) We only saw small rookeries of penguin along the shore—the king penguin, another smaller species, and our old sulphur-crested friend of Nightingale Island all herding close together and sitting on nests. But in the course of our rambles we came across a small fresh-water 'tarn,' and round this, covering two acres of ground, was a large rookery of king penguins,—handsome beasts, standing 3 feet in their stockings, a brilliant, yellow, pear-shaped mark on each side of the head, the stalk end of the pears meeting below the throat, where it broadens out again in a line above the white of the breast. This is the only rookery of king penguins we have seen (I copy after we have left Heard Island), and it was a really wonderful sight. This tarn was about half a mile from the sea, a stream running into it from the snow above and out again into the sea. These all had eggs or young ones,—the eggs laid in ones and twos on the bare rock, a dry place, if rather hard ; the young ones, some of which were very big, covered with a brown down, delightful stuff. An odd thing that these youngsters whistled, regularly piped a couple of notes, which the old ones do not do. When disturbed, they stand with an egg between their thick black legs, and will hold on to it even when kicked and knocked about for two or three yards. Numbers of 'sheathbills' were hopping about among the penguin. One fellow seen was stealing an egg from an enraged mother, shoving it along with his beak just clear of the maternal rage, all the time pecking away till it broke, and

then he ate the young one inside.\* I am afraid they are regular scavengers, and appear by no means cleanly in their eating habits; but sheathbills cruise about on the shore as well, where there are no penguins. The sealers (whom we afterwards met) told us that this egg-poaching was a regular thing with them, and are often seen almost carrying the egg on the top of their bills. The grey tern that I have been mentioning 'turns' out to be a 'prion,' which burrows in the ground. Their holes are everywhere; and though nobody saw any go in or out, I suppose it is correct. Walking along, one frequently heard squealing from under foot, like rats; but the holes are too deep for manual digging, and we had brought no spades.<sup>1</sup> The prion we dug out at Nightingale Island were small black fellows. This squeaking we suppose to be them. The hawk-gull is here too. Brutes! one had to ward them off with sticks occasionally; if close to their nests, they fly at one open-mouthed, and sweep screaming past just clear of one's head. The sooty albatross flying about, but we saw none sitting. Driving a mob of small penguins in front of me, the foremost ranks came to a small precipice, a higher drop than they liked. They stopped, faced round, roared and expostulated with the rear ranks, which kept pressing on, viciously pecking and shoving the ones ahead; but it was no use, they were all shoved over pell-mell; the result was harmless, though.

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<sup>1</sup> We got two of these prion,—one shot on island, and one I caught at sea. They are different from the prion we have got since, probably a new species.

war people have ever landed here before. The position of the island we found to be 30' out in longitude as marked on charts. It is supposed to be about 45 miles in circuit. Fifteen miles to the north is Prince Edward's Island, where sealers go and anchor in a small bay; but to Marion Island, we heard at the Cape, they never come. In the meantime the ship was dredging in from 30 to 100 fathoms; big hauls of everything. A stupid old albatross flew slap into the rigging, and fell back into the water stunned.

*27th December.*—Knocking about between the islands all last night, and dredging all day. Given up Prince Edward's Island, which is a bore, though it would have been a repetition of Marion. The look of the islands much the same—cratery hillocks, high black precipices, and dark mottled green colouring. Saw the albatrosses with glasses. A wonderful haul of alcyonaria from 300 fathoms in dredge to-day, or more, much more, prosaically, 'sea shrubs'—pink, yellow, and green branches, covered with the most delicate flower-like animals.

*29th December.*—Delightful weather since leaving the islands—an almost calm sea; a nice breeze from the northward, tolerably warm; ship going along so quietly that, though we are going 9 knots, one could fancy ourselves in harbour. To-day, trawling in 1375 fathoms, a very fine white globigernia ground, the most marvellous haul, the Professor, in the enthoosy-moosy, saying it is the best he has ever seen. To-night he is hugging a bottle full of 'crinoids,' of which we got a great many—probably will sleep with it

under his pillow. But I can't tell you (fortunately for you) what came up—everything did! Nineteen fish, among them five new species; fine sponges, among them a Venus' basket; starfish *ad libitum*, among them four new; and an enormous spider-crab, with a body about the size of a shilling, and no end to length of leg—about 9 inches. Suffice it to state that about a hundred different species came up—many new, more very rare; a huge cuttle-fish, too. It is the first time we have had a haul of crinoids; occasionally we have got a small and isolated one, while these are a foot high—trawl full of broken ones. 'Wh-a-a-a! wh-a-a-a!' was suddenly heard to-day; and lo! a flock of penguin, 206 miles from the Crozets, the nearest land. A beautiful, coldish day.

30th December.—Another trawl in 1600 fathoms. More things to-day, if possible, than yesterday. Down here appears to be the nursery of everything in that line. One large fish and some smaller ones, a fine 'umbelularia,' and some pretty crinoids and pretty corals. Been catching sooty albatross to-day; they were ravenous, and easily caught. 80 miles from the Crozets. A fine day.

1st January.—Sighted the Crozets the night before last—Hog Island, so called from the number of hogs on it, which are said to be very ferocious and unpalatable, from their feeding on dead penguins. Lay off during the night. In the morning found ourselves in a thick fog, which, clearing off slightly later on, enabled us to make for the island again. Saw the surf breaking on the black beach when about 2 miles off; all the

rest hid in thick fog, which again came down upon us, and again we had to stand off.

*2d January.*—Same again to-day. Sighted another of the group this afternoon and last night. Laying off again to-night. Tremendous rain and very thick weather, but a smooth sea. Great numbers of penguin and other birds; penguin 'whanking' all round—a startling sound when close to on a still night.

*7th January.*—On the 3d, the weather clearing a bit, we made sail for Possession Island, about 50 miles distant, and sighted it at noon—bold bluffs appearing above white clouds. At 7 P.M. we were in the narrow channel separating Possession and East Islands. A lovely evening—blue sky, golden-tinted toward the horizon, the sun shining brilliantly over a heavy bank of yellow fog, which had rolled away for a time. On our right, a rugged heap of bold peaks and immensely high precipices, rising straight up, purple coloured, over the bank of yellow fog, which hid the lower land. On our left, a mile distant, Possession Island,—dark green slopes and black terraces rising successively up, till faint and lost in mist and cloud; a heavy spray dashing up against the iron-bound coast. A cloud of birds in our wake, chiefly Cape pigeon and albatross. As we steamed along we opened a bay,—Ship Bay,—where we saw a hut, a boat, and some casks. Fired a gun, to attract attention of any possible inhabitants, but there was no sign of life. By this time it was getting dark; the bay did not look pleasant for anchoring in, and the other anchorage was still 5 miles off, round a point; so we stood off



again for the night, making sure of the morrow. But again the fog came on, so we gave it up. 'East Island,' we are told, 'is not more than 3 or 4 miles in circumference, but its loftiest pinnacle attains a height of at least 4000 feet, and the precipices of its shores in some places rise several hundred feet perpendicularly from the sea.' And then we made sail for Kerguelen's Land; a strong westerly wind the whole way, and a very heavy swell. No very bad weather, but disagreeable rain and squalls, and a shower or two of snow. We ran the distance in three days—550 miles. We sighted 'Bligh's Cap' on the evening of the 6th, 20' to the northward of Christmas Harbour.

*9th January.*—Got in here at nine o'clock this morning—the 'land of desolation,' as old Cook called it, and what the sealers still call it. It is a gloomy-looking land, certainly, with its high black lava cliffs, patches of snow on the higher reaches of the brown-black hills, and dark grey sea fretted with white horses. Do you remember at Inveraray looking at Ross' drawing of it? It is not very good—the left side drawn much too steep, and the harbour looks much narrower in the reality. On the right and left, as we enter, perpendicular cliffs of flat topped lava; black bands running along like stratification, but which really are terraces of trap. On the left is the arched rock—an oblong bit of cliff, separated by a deep cut from the neighbouring cliff, of which it once formed a part; and in this bit is the arch, 150 feet high and 100 feet across the base—a grand freak of nature. The harbour narrows to 500 yards some distance from

the top, towards which it gradually tapers, ending in a beach of fine sand. As we lay at anchor, on our left, towering over us, is an enormous block of black basalt, which has burst through stuff of older formation, and there remained. On our right is a steep slope of green moss and grass, terraced occasionally by horizontal lines of trap rock. This slope is capped by a peak of grey rock, an old crater, 1300 feet high. Ahead, beyond the beach, a rise of green grass; and beyond, and right and left, bare brown hills. Thousands of penguins all along the left-hand beach, all crested ones,—the sulphur crested, and a new one to us, with a golden crest extending right across the head. These are all nesting among the moss and grass growing on the steep sides of the beach; while the water all round is alive with them, jumping and splashing everywhere. The black-backed gull here in great numbers, the same as the northern one; 'stinkers,' a large, hideous, brown petrel, with a huge, ugly beak, and a dirty white head; 'hawk gulls,' and cape pigeon. We landed on the beach, on which were numbers of king penguin, and a smaller kind we saw at Marion; young hawk gulls and old, and the beautiful little sterna — (?), fishing along the edge of the water and kelp, screaming shrilly; and in the grass above the beach, beside a stream, three large sea-elephants, all females. These goggled with their large black eyes—most melting eyes—opened their mouths, tried to speak, but only gurgled harshly, looked very much bored, then rather angry, and then flapped off with undulating clumsiness into the small

stream, up which they went instead of making for the sea. The end of these poor wretches was that they were all killed, the Professor wanting their skeletons and heads and skulls and muscles; so in the evening a boat was sent with butcher Philos, knives, and murder,—a feast for stinkers and gulls. A little farther on, also in the grass, we saw a dark, long-haired-looking beast. ‘By Jove, a fur seal!’ and rush at him; but rush back quicker, as he started up, showing an ugly mouthful of teeth, and looking as fierce as a buck rat. We did not dare to go close to him; if one did, he gave spasmodic leaps towards one, and ‘ughing’ disagreeably, very. A charge of shot in his head made him more approachable, and repeated blows with a geological hammer more so. He was still alive, with his head ‘bashed’ into a jelly, and it required another shot in his ear to make him in a state for skinning, which was done with all speed. They are dangerous animals to approach. The sealers say they go at them always two together, killing them or making them senseless with blows on the nose from long lead-weighted sticks. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred they are skinned when really alive! Such the amusement of killing seals! A flock of ducks flew up at the discharge of the guns, and three or four brace brought down, which satisfied our doubts as to whether we would get duck here. We had heard that they were very plentiful here from a sealer at Tristan d’Acunha, and Ross also mentions them. We found them all over the ground; very tame, absurdly so, though they take heavy shot to kill them.

They feed upon the seeds of cabbage—the famous Kerguelen cabbage, made so by Hooker,<sup>1</sup> secondly by Cook. Firstly, listen—'The contemplation of a vegetable . . . so eminently fitted for the food of man, and yet inhabiting one of the most desolate and inhospitable spots on the surface of the globe, must equally fill the scientific inquirer and COMMON OBSERVER with wonder. . . . The "Pringlea," in short, seems to have led an uninterrupted and tranquil life for ages; but however loth we may be to concede to one vegetable an antiquity greater than another . . . will force one of the two following conclusions upon the mind,—either that it was created after the extinction of the now buried and for ever lost vegetation over whose remains it abounds, or that it spread over the island from another and neighbouring region where it was undisturbed during the devastation of this, but of whose existence no indication remains.' This cabbage grows in great quantities. We found it also at Marion Island. I can't say I like it—a bitter taste about it, which my palate, unless very hard up, will not conform to. But the men liked it, and always had lots of it for dinner. In the ward-room, though some fellows thought they liked it at first, it was left out of the vegetable bill-of-fare pretty soon. The heart, raw, is rather good, like coarse mustard and cress. The walking was not pleasant—very damp, sinking ankle and knee-deep every step. A great many duck were shot; considerable difficulty experienced to get them

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<sup>1</sup> Good man! Who would not like to be able to write a panegyric on a cabbage?

off the ground. One sees them sitting about twenty and thirty yards ahead, or starting out of a mound of moss and running away. As we were shooting for the 'pot,' we would not have scrupled to shoot them where and whenever we saw them, but somehow one could not hit them on the ground. Nobody managed it with success. About two miles from the head of the harbour we came to the sea, the other side—a horse-shoe bay, a perpendicular wall of cliff encircling it right round, 300 feet high; and lying down, one looked over, the sea dashing up, and penguins on the rocks below in thousands. A splendid sight! With our native cruelty, we threw rocks down on the penguins below, but the effect was lost in distance. A quantity of fossil wood in a cave, and scattered about underneath the large mass of basalt, was found,—the same as Ross mentions, relics of once luxuriant vegetation. Been very fortunate in the day,—plenty of sun; quite hot walking on shore; the place looking cheerful in the sunlight, lighting up the vivid green of the moss, all the more brilliant by contrast with the lines and terraces of black basalt. The ducks were excellent,—a most delicious change in our diet, and we hope while in 'Desolation' to live on them.

The next morning early we got under weigh to run down to 'Betsy Cove,' the chief object of our being here being to find a good harbour and 'observation station' for the transit of Venus people, who come here this year. Christmas Harbour would not do, too much cloud hanging about the hills, and not sufficient horizon visible. A run of 60 miles with a

fair wind, passing between many islands, with the mainland on our right all gloom and mist, black headlands, large patches of snow high up, deep bays, and desolation generally. Anchored in Betsy Cove in the evening. Low land all round, covered with grass; a snug little bay full of kelp, bordered by black rocks; at the head a little strip of sand, and—type of the land!—seven graves with white-painted head-stones, the rough inscriptions telling us they were all American whalers, most of them 'killed while fast to a whale' some years old. We remained at Betsy Cove from the 8th to the 16th,—the surveyors surveying the bay and land around; the shooters shooting duck every day; beautiful weather the whole time, so warm that we used to bask in the sun on some days, lying on the soft moss—all this being a most agreeable disappointment, as we expected very cold, wet weather. A great blessing that in here, too, there were no penguins, except an occasional one landing on the beach. There were large rookeries of crested ones, though, not far off, across a neck of land, among some small coves. The day after we arrived, walking along the sea, we came to a stony beach about two miles from the ship, on which were four sea-elephants and a sea-leopard,—one of the sea-elephants a male, an enormous fellow, and cuddled up alongside of him his three wives; the old fellow, very stupid, and wishing to be fierce, blowing out his nose, till from a blunt nose it became a proboscis. Would not you like to have seen it? He! he! such a fine sight it was! He looked as large as an elephant with its legs

'unshipped.' To show you how excited people get, and how large he *looked*, M—— sent off to the ship, asking for a boat to go round and get his carcase, saying that the beast was about 24 feet long, and weighed 3 cwt. or so (the last I believe it did); but when we had hoisted it on board, we found it only measured 13 feet. It was a regular encounter killing him. Could not shoot, wishing to preserve his skull, so his head was bashed with a lead-weighted stick, the beast blowing loudly through his proboscis, 'squirring' its huge body, raising head and tail high off the ground till its back became a semi-circle; four people at one time at him, all very much inclined to stand off and keep clear of mouth and the hard lashing of his tail; but after smashing the lead stick, blood and murder generally, he finally succumbed, and a knife stuck in his throat. One of his wives and the sea-leopard fell easy victims. All hoisted on board and made skeletons of, making Her Majesty's ship a regular shambles. The sea-leopard is an ordinary-sized seal, with light marking and dark lines on a greyish skin. The blubber on the sea-elephant was immensely thick; its eye, when dead, a wonderful opal green. This was the last murder committed. The duck-shooting was excellent; very fair walking ground,—all grass and hard moss, which grows in big round masses, in some places quite hard, not 'giving' to one's weight, while in others one sinks ankle-deep in dry moss every step. A good day's walking one could get nine brace; sometimes in an afternoon, in a stroll of two or three miles, I brought back three and four brace—half the time

sitting near the beach, and shooting when they came over. One day I and another went in the captain's boat about five miles to the southward by sea, —a great extent of flat land, covered with small lakes; and here once more were the albatrosses on their nests. We landed on some rocks with great difficulty, a swell washing up against them. Shags and sheath-bills all about; and then, oh horror! about 30 yards of a penguin rookery to go through—golden-crested, an acreful of them, all with young ones! I would rather do many horrible things in preference to walking through a rookery. The round slippery stones; the pecking, braying, howling brutes; the having to clear a path with your gun; the having to keep your legs on the slippery ground; the closing-up of the path behind you; and above, beyond everything, the stench! Oh, ye powers! Still, here it was better than at Nightingale Island, for here it was bare stones, and not high grass two feet higher than my stature; and there were no flies to bother one with an unmasked-for meal. But Styx is passed, and up gets a flock of half a hundred duck from a pool at our feet—bang! bang! —dozens fall, apparently, but only two are got! 'The others went into holes—must have. Here you are! look at these holes! quite evident!' and thus we console ourselves. Good hard walking ground, and any number of duck; so many that, having no gillie, I had fain to leave off shooting. Marvellous birds! caring little or nothing for shot unless in the head. I have fired deliberately at a duck sitting not 20 yards from me four times, after which duck, feeling bored,



flew away; and this—and every other shooter has done it too—a dozen times over. I came across a sea-elephant about a mile from the sea, by the side of a stream. He did not seem happy. Their motion on land is awfully clumsy, and must be intensely tiring, I should think. We ‘chin-chinned’ each other, and went on our respective ways. Large penguin rookeries at intervals along the shore, their sweet odours borne along by the breeze. An odd effect from a little distance the constant shaking of their flappers as they stand up—a perpetual shivering throughout the rookery. Penguins, ducks, albatross, and sea-elephants, all close together, and all on dry land! We brought back about twenty brace. A sealing schooner came in on the fourth day, of which we were very glad, as we wanted information of harbours south of this. They had come up from Heard Island about two months ago. Yankees. The captain a very nice fellow, and a Scotch mate, a Dumbarton man. Also on board a large black dog. This dog I coveted, and tried hard to get the captain to sell it, but at first he would not. They told us of a good anchorage south of this, and gave us much information concerning sealing, whaling, etc. The captain, and sometimes the mate, dining with us every night, the unfortunate captain’s head (a most sober man) suffering awfully in the mornings; and the mate had a splendid capacity for grog, rivalled by the boat’s crew. There are two schooners down here belonging to the same owners,—a barque, which had just left, coming here every year to take what whale oil and elephant oil they may have got during the season,

which she takes home, leaving the schooners alone till next year. Their whaling season has just commenced. They think they do very well if they get three whales in a season. The elephant oil they get chiefly from Heard Island, and is not so valuable as whale oil. It appears to be a hard life and bad pay, but they almost all look as if they had left their country for their country's good. Their astonishment at seeing us in this out-of-the-way place was most amusing. Our digging operations have produced four kinds of birds, which all live in holes burrowed into the moss and soft turf,—the little grey 'prion,' which always follows at sea; two kinds of large petrel, one of which we have not seen before or since; and a little puffin, about the size of a stormy petrel. They all had eggs or young ones; the young, perfect balls of long grey worsted, with a beak sticking out in one part, the only means of perceiving what was head and what tail. Odd to dig birds out of the ground like potatoes, isn't it? We also found the nests and eggs of sheathbill and shag, and occasionally a duck's; a duck would suddenly start up from under one's feet, sometimes followed by a brood of the most absurd little ducklings—such pretty little beasts!—the old mother feigning to be wounded in the most civilised manner, as if, which they can't be, accustomed to dealings with human beings. We also caught several mice, which have been brought by the sealing schooners. One day, about 2 miles from the sea, I came across a small colony of a dozen king penguin. Here they are all moulting, or have just finished,

while at Marion they had eggs and young. I suppose they put on their new dress before pairing; they were not breeding here. A king penguin is, as a king has a right to be, a most pompous, solemn bird, not to be frightened or dismayed by the *genus homo* too easily. If they do forget themselves so far as to waddle away for a short distance as one approaches, they will soon stop and face you as you come up, their upturned heads palpably asking you what the dickens you want. So provokingly evident is their contempt of you, that the very least thing you can do is to smite one or two on the throat as a suitable answer, which takes their breath away for a time, and induces respect among the remainder. They appear to pass their existence on shore in standing still, yawning, occasionally picking at their feathers, and sleeping—standing bolt upright, with their head turned down on their side like an ordinary bird, only having no wing to put it under. In this position they appear headless and eerie. (Inquiring about this last fact, I'm informed I'm telling fibs.) Another position is laying flat on their breasts. To try how long they can live under water, we put a crested one into a lobster pot, and sunk it a few feet; it came up drowned in five minutes, and was probably dead a good deal sooner. One of the men fishing fished up a penguin while bottom-fishing in — fathoms. Hardly any fish were caught in any of the harbours. The sealers told us they caught two kinds of rock-fish near some rocks off Betsy Cove in great numbers. I wonder if the penguins frighten the fish away?

Left on the morning of the 16th for an anchorage

to the southward which the sealers had told us about. Got a good blow that night, and next morning made for anchorage, steering along a low grass-covered land, dotted with albatross and large penguin rookeries along the beach. While the ship dredged, a boat landed on a high foreland, where we saw two more elephants and got a good many duck, and then steamed up Royal Sound. A magnificent bay, running a long way into the land, the upper end crowded with small islands, among which we anchored in the evening, finding a sealing schooner at anchor. Fine mountain ranges half-way round, and a series of high conical craters lining the Sound all the way up on one side. Next day we had some capital duck-shooting, steaming farther up the Sound in our steam pinnace; a bright sun, water smooth as a mill pond, and endless small green islands—quite lovely! The captain of this schooner, a regular Yankee character, 'Gussed we were out of our reckoning, and how on airth did you find your way in here?' It being explained we were a 'discovery ship,' 'Gussed there was another island<sup>1</sup> down south we could go and discover.' Asked if he would dine on board and come to church to-morrow. 'Gussed he had not been to church for fourteen years, and did not think he would commence now again.' Blew very hard one afternoon; the bay white with spoon drift, one sheet of spray. Stayed here two days. The surveyors having surveyed it, then went out dredging in the Sound, anchoring there that night.

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<sup>1</sup> Meaning Heard Island. *N.B.*—This was sarcasm.

Next day went on to another bay to the southward, where we anchored that afternoon. Another long narrow bay, its top divided by a narrow strip of low land from the top of Royal Sound. High grass land all round. Shooting in the afternoon: not good; birds very wild. While sitting down on the grass, alongside of a large hole, one of the large brown petrels quietly flew down by my side. I stroked his head, after which he quietly walked into the hole. A truly unsophisticated bird! Afterwards, on the beach, while sitting on some rocks smoking by the sea, up wallowed out of the kelp a very large sea-leopard, flopped on to a rock, and laid down not five yards from me. I watched him for a long time, and made all sorts of remarkable noises to see what he would do, which was nothing much beyond looking very much bored, putting his head up and opening his mouth, and then down again. This one was more than double the size of two that we had seen before. I also came across a sea-elephant. Weighed the next morning in a squall of snow, and went out with the intention of getting back to Christmas Harbour. A head wind and blowing hard the second day, a heavy sea smashing in some of our ports. The evening of the second day ran into Cascade Harbour, three or four miles to the northward of Betsy Cove, in hopes of a change of wind. Off again at four next morning, but, weather looking very dirty, ran into Betsy Cove once more. That forenoon, a very heavy squall striking us, ship dragged her anchor for some distance, and had to let go another, after which burst it became very fine.

When here before, one morning it began to blow very hard all of a sudden; ship tailing close on to rocks, had to let go another anchor in a hurry, lay a warp out, making it fast to a large boulder on shore, up one anchor, warp ahead, and drop it again, by which time it had fallen a dead calm, with bright blue sky. All this to show you that it is not all fun and shooting at Kerguelens.

*26th January.*—Off again next morning at four A.M.; beating up along the land all day, fine weather and smooth sea, and anchored in Hopeful Harbour that evening. Another of those endless good anchorages and fine bays, with which this island, where no man can live, teems. More duck shooting that evening. Off again four A.M. next morning. Beating up along the land, saw two schooners in the afternoon; when we met, the captain going on board one of them, the other being our old friend. They had just come from an island where they had killed forty-five fur seal and skinned them in a couple of hours. The captain asked them to anchor with us to-night, wishing to pump the new captain; so that evening ran into and anchored in another big bay, between high grass land and some small islands, the schooners close to us. Both the skippers dined on board that night; the new skipper a most intelligent fellow. And that evening the captain agreed to sell me the dog; and 'Sam' is now on board, a charming beast. Splendid shooting next day; ducks in hundreds; too many to carry, and ridiculously tame. One of our fellows killed four brace with stones and sticks walking along

the shore. He also (our doctor) had a tremendous fight with a fur seal which he found on the shore. He tells the 'yarn' as excitedly as if he had killed a man-eating tiger. He certainly was very much frightened, the seal jumping at him with big jumps, the doctor in his fright falling on his back, the seal ughing and 'close aboard.' Another man coming up, they managed eventually to knock his nose about with heavy stones; but if the seal had only chosen to make for the sea, instead of away from it, it would have escaped unscathed. 'Sam' was great fun; no idea of training in the shooting way, except that of rushing frantically at every bird he sees. Spirited encounters with albatross, who can defend themselves,—bullying penguins, who can't,—digging little blue prion out of their holes, are his strong points. A splendid digger, rattling the moss and turf up with fore-paws, now and then listening to the squealing inside, till suddenly a prion appears in his mouth, with which he plays like a cat with a mouse. He hates penguins, and they suffer terribly. They can't quite understand Sam, and won't try to bolt; they 'stand up' to Sam. Sam stands over them, and nips them in the most scientific way below the nape of the neck. Penguin lies down howling, bleeding from open mouth and Sam's nip, and Sam goes away: not pleasant, but true. The schooners went away in the morning, one coming back in the evening again, having got twenty-five more fur seal on the same place as yesterday. If we had only known she would come back, we might have gone and seen the slaughter.

29th *January*.—Away next morning, steering up the bay for a narrow passage which the sealers had told us about—a short cut northward, thereby saving about ten miles against a head wind. Steamed through it, and then for Christmas Harbour, where we anchored that evening, dredging on the way in 100 fathoms, and trawling, which came up stuffed one time with large, oval, hollow sponges, white, from 3 to 12 inches high, and covered with glassy spikes; a curious haul. Next day to the arched rock in a boat, and to see the vein of coal. A line of it just above the sea; very poor stuff; our men could make nothing of it in a fire. But how different must have been the climate of this land ages ago! The sealers told us there was some more in another place they knew of, but don't make any use of it.

31st *January*.—Good-bye to Kerguelen's to-day, having left sealed-up copies of the harbours we have surveyed in a cairn for the Transit people when they come. We have enjoyed it altogether very much; no bad weather as Ross had—at least, not in harbour. We lived on ducks, which, by the bye, we know not the name of; they are like small widgeon or very large teal, all brown, with a green band on wing. They are quite delicious, but want keeping longer than we ever gave them a chance to.

My Liverpool gun, that A. bought, came to some sad accidents. First, an individual whom I had lent it to came back with the barrel burst  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches from the top, by his account from pure caprice, there being no sort of reason for it; and secondly, knocking an



old albatross over the neck with it, I one day broke the stock; the first repaired by a loss of two inches in length of barrel, the second by a brass plate. This is no hint for another, as the gun is quite good enough for my purposes as it is; another would probably be also smashed. The sealers told us that a very few years ago a grave and headstone of a sailor, whom Cook buried here more than 100 years ago, was still discernible and legible, but the last time visited the inscription was illegible; also of a bay on the weather side of the island, where a glacier comes right down to the sea; also of some mineral springs, which from description sounds sulphurous; also of an island in Royal Sound, where some cats escaped from sealers have bred, live in holes, and are as wild and untameable, even when brought on board as kittens, as if their ancestors had never been civilised. This is one of the islands between which we anchored; on another are several graves, with very white headstones—so white and palpable. This is called 'Grave Island;' the first, 'Cat Island.' The surveyors have christened every island, rock, etc., after our fellows. So we have the 'Wyvil-Thompson Range;' all the 'Philos' have islands or peaks, which pleases them much. Old Cook called a very peculiarly-shaped hill Mr. Campbell a hundred years ago; so my name, personally, has not been perpetuated at Kerguelen's. The more's the pity for Kerguelen's, I hear you say, and I agree. Got two new (to us) albatrosses here,—a 'black-backed' and a 'sooty.' I wish I could put you into a boat with me here for a few minutes (I don't intend to say

I should not like it for a longer, much longer time, you know), just to see the birds among the kelp,—the penguins jumping like mullet all round, splashing and leaping like a bad dream; the little red-beaked, black-capped tern fluttering about, every minute diving into the kelp and up again with a scream; the ragged, stupid old shags (why are shags' wings always ragged?) trying to fly head to wind, but going to 'leeward' like a crab; clouds of little grey prion flying rapidly, close to the water, backwards and forwards; the black-backed gull screaming harshly; the hideous 'stinker' swimming among the kelp; and the brown hawk-gull careering about, ready to fly after any bird which may have picked up something. It is odd that the black-backed gull and hawk-gull both chase each other if either have picked up something; both seem mutually frightened of each other. Besides these, the speckled Cape pigeon and the stormy petrel; and then, perhaps, a seal will pop up its head. Then land. On the rocks you will be met by numbers of sheathbills<sup>1</sup> hopping about all round you; also shag; a little farther, a penguin rookery; then ducks, albatross, and sea-elephants, and small groups of king penguin, all inland. This would I show you. Would not you like it, and are you not envious? The Yankee expedition which came down here thirty years ago (not to Kerguelen's, but to the ice) tell a story about taking some penguin away in a boat, and were followed by others in the water, one of which leapt into the boat. They suppose that

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<sup>1</sup> The sheathbill at Marion Island was a smaller bird than the one here, though otherwise identical apparently.

they had taken this bird's mate, and so he leapt in to join him again, which, if true, 'would show a remarkable instinctive affection in the bird.' Put this in Yankee, and believe it if you can: 'truly a *most remarkable* instinct.'

*1st February.*—Steaming and sailing along the south shore, to 'fix' the southern point of the island, which having done, made sail, and shaped course for Heard Island. A fine view of the south coast that evening—peaked mountains, the highest, covered with snow, 6180 feet high, which (it having no name) we called Mount Ross.

*2d February.*—Blew hard. Sounded and dredged in 150 fathoms, 150 miles from land. A few specimens in dredge. A dense fog, which did not clear away till the morning of the 4th; keeping us stationary, the position of Heard Island being uncertain; supposed 73 miles off.

*5th February.*—Still thick mist; thought we saw land in the afternoon.

*6th February.*—At noon sighted Heard Island, and bore away for anchorage. Blowing very hard; tremendous squalls off the land. Anything more gloomy or utterly desolate-looking than that island it would be impossible to imagine. High black mountains; great masses of snow and ice; no green to be seen. Anchored in the evening in a bay about which we had heard from the sealers. A long stone beach, on the right some small huts and large barrels. Rising from this shore, and stretching a long way to the left, one mass of ice, all seamed and cracked with deep

blue fissures ; a high and long mountain of ice, all one vast glacier from sea to top, about ——<sup>1</sup> feet high. Very fine indeed. On the right of the beach, a little way back, a high peaked mountain, all snow and ice, except where a precipice prevented snow from resting ; on our right, a lion-couchant-shaped mass of blackest basalt ; utter gloom and desolation stamped all round. A few fellows landed that evening ; a long, cold pull to the beach, where we landed pretty easily, though the sealers had told us we could not possibly land in any of our boats, on account of the heavy surf almost perpetually breaking on it. But this evening there was no swell, the wind being off the land. Half-a-dozen wretched sealers living in miserable huts on the beach, their work being to kill and boil down sea-elephants as they land. One of them had been here for two years, and is going to stay another ! Surely he *must* have committed some frightful atrocity somewhere, and likes hiding.<sup>2</sup> They are left here every year by the sealers, while they are whaling or sealing elsewhere. The beach is strewn with skeletons of sea-elephants. On one or two other places on the island they have men, whose duty is to whip off elephants as they land, in the hope that they will land on this beach, which is the only one from which they can manage to get it off to the schooners, the tremendous surf rendering it impossible everywhere but here, and here

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<sup>1</sup> The summit was in mist and cloud, but we saw five or six hundred feet up.

<sup>2</sup> Suggestion of one of the Philos : probably murdered his father or brother, with every ferocious possible accompaniment !

only occasionally. This whipping is done with the skin of sea-leopards made into whips, the only use they make of them. Of course the land being all glacier makes it impossible for one beach to communicate with another by land. They have barrels of salt pork and beef, and a small store of coal; but penguins thrown on just as they are, seem to be as good. A heap of dead ones outside the hut, and the men throwing them on the fire occasionally in a matter-of-course and nonchalant manner; an admirable way of making those fiends of some use. This island was only discovered in 1853, and was at once visited by sealers. The island then 'swarmed' with sea-elephants, soon to be driven away altogether probably. They make five good-sized barrels of oil out of an elephant. All along the right-hand rocks were penguins, climbing two-thirds up the lion's side, a great height from the sea.

Books tell one that these elephants grow to the length of 24 feet, but the sealers did not confirm this at all. One of the Philos tried very hard to make the Scotch mate say he had seen one 18 feet long; but, 'W-a-u-l-l, he couldn't say.' 16 feet? 'Wauull, he couldn't say.' 13 feet? 'Wauull—yes—yes—something more like that.' The seal-skins sell from twelve to fifteen and twenty dollars, according to size and quality. One of our fellows bought a small clay model of two men killing an elephant, giving for it, he being an extravagant man, £1 and a bottle of rum. The pound was instantly offered to the servants outside in exchange for another bottle. One of the

sealers, the harpooner, was an American Indian, a very fine-looking fellow, one of the true type. Many of them are Portuguese, who are picked up from Brava, one of the Canaries, whom the Scotch mate described as not having the pluck to face a penguin! They are wretchedly paid, and must have been 'taken in,' one would think. One of the schooners lost a boat and two men in that bay in Possession Island (Crozet's) off which we were one evening, which I described as not looking pleasant. Boat capsized and swamped in the surf. I have forgot to mention to my *supposed* loving 'Lee beest with gerreliant eyce' family, that the dredging among the shallow waters of Kerguelen's was very successful. Among the bays, etc., wonderful star-fish and sea-urchins, some of which were carrying their young in a wonderful and hitherto unknown manner.

*7th February.*—The morning after anchoring we went out again, an easterly breeze and swell having set in, with which the anchorage is not safe. A heavy fall of snow during the night; all the land, which was black yesterday, white to-day; too dismal for words. Going away in such a hurry was tiresome, as we wanted to get a photograph of the glacier, make out the birds and plants, etc. We had promised the sealers to send them some grog, and they also must have thought our sudden departure a bore. Dredged a little outside. A gale in afternoon, and that night a very heavy sea, smashing in the 'sick bay' ports, the sick paddling about in the water. Our destination at present is 'Termination Land,' land marked on charts as a good stretch of coast seen

by Wilkes, the commander of the Yankee expedition which explored here 30 years ago, which on the 8th was 755 miles distant. On the morning of the 11th, in lat.  $60^{\circ} 52'$  S., and long.  $80^{\circ} 20'$  E., we sighted our first iceberg, first seen at about five miles distant as a white patch of blink against the night sky; and as daylight dawned we saw it to be a large tabular berg, about three-quarters of a mile long and 200 feet high; its top flat, and covered with snow, and white perpendicular sides—a magnificent sight, to which afterwards we got accustomed. It being nearly a calm, we trawled in 1260 fathoms, which came up partly foul, with a few shells, stones, shrimps, and annelids. Being the other side of the berg now, we saw some low blue caverns worn in its side. While watching it in the afternoon, I saw an immense cloud of spray rising up to nearly the height of the berg, stay there half a minute or so, and then slowly disappear; and then one saw large masses of ice, which had then fallen off, floating alongside, while the berg rolled perceptibly. We saw two more a long way off, also tabular ones, their snow-topped summits and a bit of perpendicular cliff visible above the horizon. In the evening we passed close to a 'moutonnéed' shaped piece of ice, about 15 feet high.

12th February.—A fair wind all day. Three icebergs passed to-day, smallish ones, and of irregular shape—tabular ones which have capsized or split up. A beautiful one this evening, with much loose ice floating in a stream to leeward of it, through which we sailed. The colouring of this berg was quite

lovely,—alabaster white, large sweeps of azure blue, and the sea washing up against it a most perfect green. This green caused by the water being green, a patch of which we here passed through for two days, caused by the presence of minute green algæ of some sort. Been a fine day; rapidly falling barometer to-night, and thick weather.

*13th February.*—Had to 'heave to' last night for four hours, thick snow-showers and bergs all round us. To-day going along again with a fair breeze, passing a great many bergs; a very long tabular one early this morning, and this evening close to a high pinnacled one—quite beautiful! the azure blue of the deep fissures, caverns, and sea, which rushed up the worn away slopes in great waves of blue, falling back and pouring over curved knife edges of ice in a cataract of foam and spray. We are still sufficiently unaccustomed to icebergs that everybody comes up, men and officers, to look at them. Wilkes' Land to-day 396 miles off.

*14th February.*—Running along, at 11.30 last night got into a lot of 'brash ice,'—small loose stuff, pieces of about 6 feet thick,—grinding along the ship's side, frightening some fellows rather in bed. We 'hailed our wind' at once, and soon got out of it. Many bergs around. At 6.30 this morning saw the 'pack' ahead, the outside loose stuff of which we ran into last night,—a white rugged wall of ice, stretching along five or six points of the compass, with endless large icebergs among it. From the masthead we could see no clear water amongst it; all densely packed stuff. Dredged



in 1640 fathoms amongst the brash ice: next to nothing—a squid and some stones. A lovely sunny afternoon, lighting up the pack, bergs, and small ice thickly spread over the surface of the sea; penguins leaping about, 'kh-a-nhing' loudly; whales blowing in great numbers, and several kinds of birds flying about. To-day, for the first time, we have the 'snow-bird,'—a pure white petrel, a most beautiful bird! They always keep near the ice; and though we have not seen them before to-day, Ross mentions them, before seeing even an iceberg, 'as sure sign of ice.' They fly higher and more rapidly than some other sort of petrel, another of which appeared yesterday, light-brown and white. Besides those, we have the sooty albatross, Cape pigeon, stormy petrel, and the prion. In the evening we made sail and stood to westward, to see if we can't get round the pack somehow. This pack is very tiresome, effectually barring our way. We had hoped to discover land, this bit here being a new field, or at any rate to see the 'barrier.' Wilkes' supposed land bearing S.E. by E. 420 miles off; *our* latitude now  $65^{\circ} 42'$  S., and longitude  $79^{\circ} 49'$  E. No words can describe the beautiful colouring of some of these bergs. One we have just passed has three high caverns penetrating a long way in; in one a hole right through, far above the water-line, the horizon seen right through the other side: and the wonderful colouring of the caverns! the French-chalk green tinting of some parts, with the alabaster whiteness of others! As we slowly slip past them with a light breeze, on a sea smooth as glass, one can hear

the waves roaring up against them, thundering thuds into the caverns. Showers of light snow, freezing on the deck as it falls. This evening forty-seven big bergs, independently of the ones in the pack, seen from the deck, and the pack ice extending from south-west to east. Scarcely any wind; trying to get to the southward and westward; what wind there is, ahead.

15th February.—The pack still in sight, extending from south-east to west, which is behind us. Where we want to steer is a long chain of eight tabular icebergs and masses of low ice. Tacking about during the day. Immense numbers of whales spouting wherever one turns, their great carcasses rolling along. Comparatively few 'right' whales, as far as we can make out: the sealers told us of four kinds,—'right whale,' 'finner,' 'sulphur-bellied,' and 'hunchback.' The only way an inexperienced individual (which everybody is who has not served on board a whaler) can tell a 'right whale' is by the absence of a fin on the back, a hard thing to make out at any distance. Whalers can tell a 'right' from the shape of the spout. Whalers never come down here; they never venture south of Heard, going there only for elephants, and getting their whales close around Kerguelen. To-night we had a red sunset, and all to-night a brilliant yellow-red line along the horizon, a brilliant band of light between the night sea and sky—the reflection of the sun, which does not go far below the horizon now, on the pack (refraction, I should say)—beautiful, as everything down here is *in fine weather!* A great many bergs all round.

16th February.—Got into the loose ice at the edge of the pack again last night in the darkness; tacked out of it. A dead calm this morning. Got steam up, and steamed to the southward for a few miles, having passed to the corner of the pack ice, which trended away to the south-east. Perfectly clear water to the southward. We crossed the Antarctic Circle, going eight miles to the southward of it. We then turned back and headed north. Why the captain did not go on we do not know; I suppose he did not want to risk being embayed amongst ice in case a gale should come on. The sky to the southward was blue and clear, which looked like no land for a long distance. To-day we passed a blue berg, a small one, perhaps 40 feet high; no snow on it; all a deep blue, colour that of sulphate of copper: this we suppose to be 'water ice,' that is, ice formed under water (the bottom of a berg), and which has turned over. Any number of icebergs, a shoal of grampuses, and *innumerable* whales, almost all 'finners.' 'Hove to' for some time last night, showers of snow and darkness not allowing us to go on. Standing to the eastward; singularly few bergs, not more than six. Crossed our track of the 13th this evening; sea again a green colour in the same place. Temperature 28°, sleet and snow freezing on deck. Expect to see the pack again to-morrow. Wilkes' Land 440 miles to the south-eastward. Been a fine clear day.

18th February.—Sighted the pack ice again this morning ahead and on starboard beam. Sailing along the edge all the forenoon; a fair breeze and a calm

sea. Slipping along through 'stream' ice,—great lumps of ice which have streamed off the heavier pack. A beautiful sight from the masthead! The rough field of ice stretching away as far as one could see; the great bergs in the pack and in the open water outside, tabular and pinnacled, deep-blue gothic caverns worn away in their sides; and the 'stream' ice, through which the ship was shoving her way, leaving a broad, black lane behind her—'starboard' and 'port' being hailed every second to clear some too heavy piece for pleasant bumping. The ice became too heavy at last, so we hauled out of it. A very cold though fine day; temperature 24°. Thick fine snow falling to-night; 2 inches thick on deck. 'Hove to.' Many bergs around.

*19th February.*—Calm last night and this morning. Many bergs in sight; no pack. Sounded 1800 fathoms, took serials, then made sail and stood to southward to 'make' the pack. No appearance up to four o'clock; tacked and stood to the eastward with a fresh southerly breeze. All this time we are followed by our birds. Passing great numbers of bergs, which to-day appear higher than we have seen before. Forty in sight from deck in afternoon. This evening we passed a high one within a ship's length, in which there was a high arched cavern—the most indescribably lovely colour, no painting could realize it, and if it could, one would not believe it; the colour and exquisite softness of the blue, from light azure to deepest indigo in successive shades, as the cavern went deeper and deeper into the berg; and with a glass one can make out fringes of

icicles hanging from the roof. Fancy slipping along past an alabaster cliff, and suddenly opening a scene like this! This one was the most beautifully coloured one we have seen yet, lovely coloured as some have been. Wilkes' Land to the eastward, 240 miles off.

*20th February.*—Hove to last night; looking dirty and blowing fresh. Passed through a group of bergs in middle watch; not seen till close to. A fine day, though, and laying our course. Bergs very numerous; seventy in sight from deck at 4 A.M. Passed a good example to-day of how tabular bergs split up—a clean cut right down to below the water's edge, though still connected under water; also another blue one, with snow on parts of it. Wilkes' Land 202 miles.

*21st February.*—A beautiful sunny day, and a dead calm. Ship lying motionless on a glass-like sea; large tabular bergs close to all round. In the afternoon got steam up, and steamed alongside a high berg about 250 feet high, with a low ledge projecting out from one side about 50 feet high. When about thirty yards from it we fired a 9-pounder Armstrong into its face. Bang! followed by a rattling cr-r-r-ash! as if the whole berg was coming down about our ears. For a depth of 5 or 6 feet, and a length of about 20 yards, the whole face came cracking, splashing down with a roar, the sea white with powdered ice. Fired a shot also into the high cliff, which plunged in, leaving hardly a mark. We cannot fire our big guns, 68-pounders (we have but two), on account of shaking our chronometers. I would like to see a broadside

of 600-pounders smashing into a berg. The photographer got a tolerably good photograph of this berg. The sun went down in a blaze of yellow, lighting up the clouds with all sorts of odd lights, and the bergs, of which there were seventy-eight in sight from the deck. Steamed on that night; still calm.

22d February.—A beautiful day, and calm; quite warm,  $34^{\circ}5$ . Steamed alongside a berg this morning on which we thought we could land, but when close to it hardly looked practicable. A flock of Cape pigeon nestling among the soft snow on the slope of the berg, almost completely covered. Almost all these icebergs are stratified at more or less regular distances with blue lines, which, before icebergs become capsized and canted from displacement of centre of gravity, are perfectly horizontal. I see Wilkes calculates that, an inch of snow falling every day, it would require thirty years for these bergs to form. That is, 900 feet in height,—something like a seventh part of the *mass* being below water. All these here have evidently been broken off from the barrier, the parent mass, for some time; the long tabular ones, which have still kept their original horizontal-ity, all being worn away by deep caverns, while others are split up, canted, or completely capsized. More curious lights among low clouds to-day,—black distorted striæ on patches of white. Whales blowing on the horizon, their spoutings miraged into large black columns, which for a few seconds I really mistook for a waterspout. Made sail in afternoon to a light fair breeze. Wilkes' Land bearing E. by S. 119 miles.

23d *February*.—Going along with a light breeze last night. Hove to for a couple of hours. Daylight, 'Land on starboard bow' reported by look-out man. A high, dark, broken range of mountains, wonderfully like land; but if one watched one piece closely, one saw it slowly and almost imperceptibly changing its form, whereby we on the bridge knew from the first it was only a cloud. But cloud so like land I have never seen before. At noon we were 45 miles off the supposed position. Steam up, and steamed to the southward. Great numbers of long tabular bergs in sight, 88 in afternoon; some in long chains, giving one a very good idea of what the 'barrier' must be like. At six o'clock saw the pack ahead and on both bows. Sounded in 1300 fathoms, six miles off the supposed land, and no sign of it. Lowered a boat, and sounded on a tongue of ice which stuck out from a berg below water; deepest, 7 fathoms. This was a glorious berg; one cavern in it pierced right through, the waves surging through. Great numbers of whales again to-day; they appear to keep near the pack. Been a beautiful day, with an occasional light snow-shower. A new grey petrel shot; had got one before at Tristan d'Acunha. This pack ice here stopping us is very very tiresome. We wanted to sail over Wilkes' Land, the same as Ross did over another big stretch of land which Wilkes had marked down on chart; and doubtless, but for this pack, we would have done so over this land too. It is the same Wilkes who bagged Slidell and Mason. Sailing over his land would have been a slight revenge. Ross and he had some not

very creditable disputes about their respective discoveries. They were both down here almost at the same time, Wilkes having more or less forestalled Ross in his intended route. After Ross sailed over some part of his land, Wilkes asked for and got a court-martial in his own country. He only describes this here as an 'appearance of land;' but on the chart he marks down a good long coast.

*24th February.*—Hitherto, you will have perceived, we have had very fine weather—nothing much to disturb our peace of mind except snow-squalls and thick weather among icebergs. But now we were going to have a disagreeable change. Put dredge over at 4 A.M., and then it came on to blow pretty hard, a cold southerly wind off the pack. Dredge up at nine o'clock; nothing in it. Blowing fresh, we steamed under the lee of a sloping-sided berg, with the idea of trying to make fast with our ice anchor; but the slope was too steep for a man to stand. While reefing topsails under its lee, the eddy current carried the ship too near. Bump, bump! smash, crash! 'dolphin-striker,' starboard 'whisker,' and 'jib-boom' break with a snap and crash, the 'dolphin-striker' having dug deep into the ice. All the head gear in a state of wreck. I know not whether the yacht has enabled my family to emerge sufficiently out of 'land-lubberdom' as to understand the foregoing expressions; if not, consult the yacht skipper next cruise. Sheered off the berg, and 'lay to' under try-sails. Gale increasing, thick as pea-soup; fine, very hard snow 'pinging' into one's face like a shower of



pin-heads. Temperature,  $23^{\circ}$  F.<sup>1</sup> Bergs known to be all round; but we drifted along, with steam ready in case of emergency, all right till 2 P.M. 'Iceberg close to under the lee bow, sir!' is howled out. 'Full speed astern!' Rattle, rattle goes the screw. 'All hands on deck, make sail!' shriek the boatswain's mates. Up flies everybody; hey-hulla! hoop-la! loose and set the main-topsail 'aback.' Philos and 'idlers' are on deck, pale and excited. The captain and commander howling out orders from the bridge, hardly heard in the roaring of the wind; officers repeating the howls. Slowly her head goes off towards the berg, a towering dim mass amid the thick snow, about 150 yards off, and then she clears it; a narrow shave. Dense fog and snow till five o'clock; deck coated with slush ice. In the evening it became clearer, though still blowing hard. Keeping our position under steam during the night between two bergs. Very lucky this fog and heaviest part of the gale came on during the day; it would have been *very* disagreeable at night. An iceberg in fine weather is a beautiful sight; in a fog and gale of wind they are very much the contrary.

25th February.—Made sail at 3 A.M., and 4.30 A.M. sighted the pack ahead and on both bows. Steered along and into the stream off the pack,—big masses of low flat ice, the biggest stuff we have been into yet. No sign of land. Stopped among the ice some time, picking up pieces of dirty ice, which was

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<sup>1</sup> The coldest we got; but  $23^{\circ}$  with a gale off the pack is worse than a much lower temperature in a calm, my family!

found to be caused by diatoms, foraminifera, and small crabs; then made sail and put her head north, away from Antarctic work, bound for Melbourne—thank goodness! This will do of 'log work,' I think. I'm sure you must. On several nights we have seen the aurora australis. From what we have seen of it, the borealis is the finer by far. A concentric arc, sometimes three or four at a time, of bright cloudy light, from which shoot long coruscations of white streamers here, there, and everywhere, without much regularity, at least what we saw,—a *dark* wave of 'light' blowing them out occasionally. Very beautiful, but I have seen much more imposing auroras at Inveraray.

26th February.—(A day or so more). Trawled in 1975 fathoms,—a quantity of granite stones; an umbellaria; a very large 'serolis,' the nearest approach to ancient trilobites known, about two inches long; echinoderms—one got in the north before, and was then supposed to be a deformity; starfish; and four fish, one with glittering scales, of which only two or three remained, the rest rubbed off by net; and great numbers of large and small holothurians. Bottom chiefly diatoms and sandy foraminifera; absence of 'lime' foraminifera accounted for by a probable excess of carbonic acid in the sea, which B—— thinks, from rough tests, is stronger down here. Blowing a gale in the evening; very heavy snow-storm; this time large soft flakes, coating deck, rigging, and sails; great 'fids' falling from aloft, splashing all over one. Weather about as thick as it could be. At seven o'clock sighted an iceberg; furled sails, and remained

under its lee with full steam during the night; blowing very hard; violent squalls; snow turned to rain. The gale blew till the 1st hard from the north, with much snow. Careering along under all the sail we could stagger under during the day, and heaving to at night. Bergs on the 1st getting much fewer; did not stop that night on that account, and nearly ran into one in the middle of the night, going along about nine knots; cleared it by a ship's length. The gale went down on the 2d, and on the 3d sounded and trawled in 1950 fathoms. White diatomaceous mud. A very big haul of holothurians, mud, starfish, shrimps, echinoderms, several umbelularia, a few fish, and a large stone with actineæ on it.

*3d March.*—On the 2d, 3d, and 4th we had a series of gorgeous sunsets and sunrises, which being trite subjects, I will only mention one, 'a most remarkable one.' Towards the evening, the sky being cloudy, a distinct arch formed over the western horizon, spanning it to an altitude of  $20^{\circ}$ . Below this arch was all blue, the boundary line of the arch misty, but distinct; and then, as the sun set, all this blue became a light apple green, with crimson clouds floating in it. I think this will do. Ta, ta! Glad it's over. Aren't you? So am I! and remain my family's most affectionate son and brother,

GEORGE GRANVILLE CAMPBELL.



# THE IDYLLS OF TUSCULUM.

## II.—LOCH BAA IN JULY.



WHAT ails thee, dark spirit of the Western  
Ocean,

That the Duke and the Duchess thou darest  
to defy?

Has MacCailean not paid thee his wonted  
devotion,

That wintry winds howl at the end of July?

Thou wert not wont to the Lords of High Morven  
The boon which they asked of thee thus to deny,  
And when sailing for plunder, or sailing for pleasure,  
To send them wild March when they looked for July.

These waters the galley of Lorne oft has riven,  
As back from her prow she made the waves fly,  
And faster than sea-gulls her foes she has driven,  
In many a long-forgotten July.

And now the *Columba* bears Lorne's descendants  
"Ance errand" these western shores to espy,  
And the welcome thou givest is such as to make them  
Completely ashamed for once of July.

Just look at Bourthead, with the mists overspread ;  
 Look at the wet blanket that covers Dunii :  
 See how the white horses leap in foam on Eorsa,  
 And Gribune frowns stern in a gloomy July.

O'er the scud of the ocean, the sea-birds careering :  
 Mist-mantles that far down the mighty Bens lie :  
 Winds, wild and unstable, to every point veering :  
 Are *these* thy just products, O month of July ?

The puffins and razor-bills, cormorants, guillemots,  
 And their little bare fledglings that cannot yet fly,  
 Sit dowie on Staffa's rocks, and scream from their weary  
 throats—

“ You don't mean to say that this is July ! ”

The ponderous solan, sailing slow over Salen,  
 Looks in at Loch Baa, as he wings his way by,  
 And hoarsely croaks out, in tones of bewailing—  
 “ I'm a goose, I declare, if this is July ! ”

And dear Dr Cumming sits wearily humming  
 Sam Johnson's brave words on illustrious *Hi*,  
 And is thankful that Blackie and Howson are coming,  
 To help him live over this dreary July.

The Doctor maintains that in spite of the rains  
 He never saw sea-trout so terribly shy ;  
 The one single reason, he declares, is the season,  
 Which certainly does not belong to July.

O Rain! Rain!! Rain!!! for a moment abstain ;  
Have mercy upon us, and let us get dry :  
Remember, remember, it isn't November,  
But fast drawing near to the end of July.

The earth's axis is shifted ; the Pole has got twisted ;  
A glacial period is fast drawing nigh ;  
That the Equator's got broken, you've a palpable token  
In the glass 55° the 27th of July.

Then blow out your worst, blow out till ye burst,  
We'll off to Loch Laiche, and there we will lie ;  
And in the *Columba* we'll lie down and slumber,  
And *dream* that the weather is that of July.

JAMES MACGREGOR.





M<sup>rs</sup> Alexander

requests the pleasure of

Mr. Campbell's

attendance at St. George's Church,

Campden Hill,

Thursday

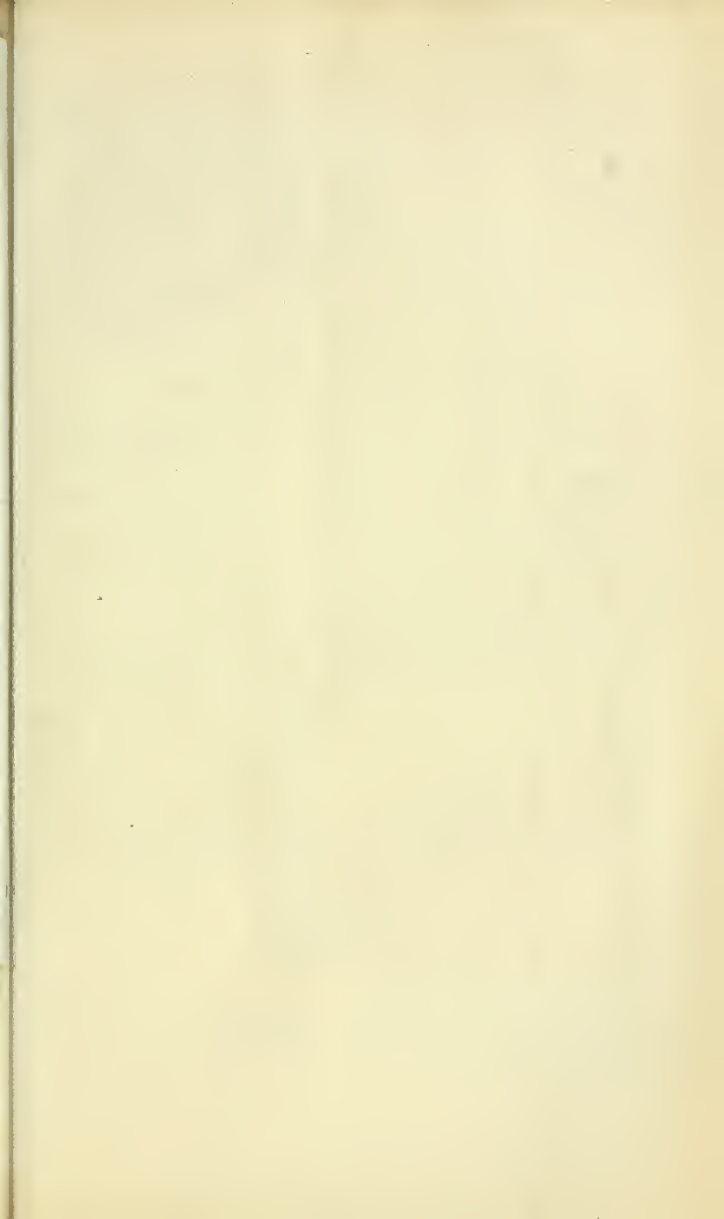
on ~~Wednesday~~, May 8<sup>th</sup> at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 3 o'clock.

~~at~~

2, Bryanston Square.

R. L. V. P.





BULL FIGHTS IN SPAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY NEWS.

SIR,—Having been present on April 18 at Seville at the first bull fight of the season, I hope you will allow me space for a few words on the subject—a subject happily much discussed at present. There is about the modern bull fight so much that is gallant and fine that it is a pity that the wanton brutality should continue, for it is useless. There is to my mind but one thing that requires immediate and prompt repression, and that is the treatment of horses once wounded. All who have been in Spain—and many who have not—know they are brought to the “scratch” (poor mean little stallions) blindfolded, heavy weighted, too, from the concealed armour worn by the riders. The right flank is presented, and the bull “goes for” the horse. It is rare that he is not promptly disembowelled. No matter. As long as he can hold together or walk at all the man mounts him (at Madrid they lately, and often, I imagine, sewed a horse up again, after stuffing him up with straw!), and “at it again,” the poor brute often kicking out his own entrails. I saw a small white horse (he was white at first) five times on the bull’s horns. The sixth time it was too much for him. Comment is needless. I sat near the “fancy,” the ring—some seventy or eighty of them. The more wounded the animal the more delighted were they! I was fairly sickened. The “entrepreneur” of horses don’t want to furnish more than he can help; so as long as they can crawl they are made to do so. I saw scenes that day that Hogarth would not have dared to paint; and all that Spaniards, as a rule, say is, “Well, you would not like to see valuable horses killed, would you?” This to my mind is not the question; a horse once wounded, kill him, say I. Nothing can be finer than the dauntless courage of the man, one and all. I cannot understand Spaniards wanting to do away altogether with what is a splendid sight, but I can understand the gentlemen of the land clubbing together to protect the land from a spectacle at which a savage would blush. They say we English like it all as much as they do after a time. I say no. I have not found one Englishman who could stand the treatment to horses. Which of the Kings of Spain was it who said, “Spanish is the language to speak to God in; Italian for poetry. French to ladies; English to horses”? Then let the Spaniards learn English, say I; and cry “Wo” instead of “Go it” (in Spanish) to wounded horses.—I remain your obedient servant, ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.  
Lyons, May 4.

From the  
Daily News  
April 7. 1879  
Read Archibald  
Campbell's  
letter. —  
inserted here  
on the Wednesday  
of Lord George  
Arthur of the  
'dog letters'  
which grew  
out of this  
his first  
appearance  
in print

J. P. Campbell April 8. 1879

*Times May 29. 79 -*

*His first appearance in front  
and not a bad one at all*

A CORRESPONDENT, whose letter we publish to-day, gives us an English traveller's impressions of a Spanish Bull Fight. We go entirely with Lord ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL in his denunciation of the barbarities practised upon the unhappily-forsaken horses who are brought into the ring, barbarities which he vividly describes and energetically states. But we are disposed to go a point beyond him, and to extend our sympathies to the bull-fighters; nay, even two points, and to include the men. With the exception of the sufferings of the horses, which sickened him, he is enraptured and thrilled by the spectacle. It is all so brilliant. It is splendid. Nothing can be finer than the dauntless courage of the men. This is the view of a casual English visitor. But did you see his Spanish friends sympathising with him? No. They could not enter into his sentimentality. No. They could not enter into his feeling for the horses. No. They could not venture to think that they, rather than he, exhibit the natural result on the character of the splendid spectacle which enraptures and rouses him. The sight of the poor suffering of others, beheld in security, is only a discipline of courage. It is a school of cruelty and cowardice. Bull-fights doubtless make the toreadors brave, but they are not likely to have that effect upon the safe and critical bull-fighters. The gladiators of the Roman amphitheatre displayed dauntless courage, but the spectators who crowded the circus, though sprung from the masses of the world, were timid slaves who disgraced their lineage. The Spaniards retain many noble qualities; but they do not owe them to their bull fights. Their games and circus, as Lord ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL's letter shows, witness this perceiving the drift of his own testimony to a school of cruelty to the lookers-on.

**LORD ELCHO AND THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.**

We are requested by Lord Colin Campbell to publish the following:—

“Argyll-lodge, Kensington, May 27, 1879.  
“Dear Lord Elcho,—Your letter in *The Times* of to-day is open to the criticism that the person against whom it is directed is, and will be for some time, prevented from protesting against the construction which you have chosen to place upon his letter which appeared in *The Times* of the 24th inst. Believing that that construction is a fair one, you speak of the letter in which he disclaims a certain interpretation which you appeared to put upon the language recently used by him when referring to the conferences between Noor Mahomed and Sir Lewis Pelly at Peshawur as an ‘apology’ for and a ‘retraction or denial of what appeared to be his personal charges against Sir Lewis Pelly.’ Unnecessary though it seemed to him, he was willing, in order to save you trouble, to give an explanation of that language; but as nothing was further from his intention so nothing will surprise him more than to learn that he has either apologized or retracted.

“You have quoted and considered apart, I think, from the context the words to which you took exception; and you say that ‘in the natural sense of ordinary language these words would appear to apply directly to Sir Lewis Pelly.’”

Undoubtedly they apply, and were intended (when taken with what goes before) to apply directly to Sir Lewis Pelly; but that this was a direct application to him, considered as the ‘mouthpiece’ and representative of the Government of India, and not a direct and personal application reflecting on his private character, no one could have failed to infer who looked to the entire passage (part of which you have quoted), and who remembered that Sir Lewis Pelly both received instructions before and while conducting the negotiations, and that he acted up to them in such a way as to earn the unqualified praise of Lord Lytton and of Lord Salisbury.

“Had there been anything done or said by Sir Lewis Pelly at Peshawur which had not, in every particular, been adopted and approved by the Home Government, the words spoken on the 16th of this month in the House of Lords might have had the force and effect which you erroneously attribute to them.

“When you say that you are ‘not surprised to find that the duke has come to the conclusion that he had made a mistake in speaking as he did of Sir L. Pelly,’ you somewhat adroitly attempt to excuse your own retreat by representing him as having changed his front, when, in fact, his position remains, and will continue to remain, unturned.

“Believe me, yours truly,  
“COLIN CAMPBELL.”











