

all approach to the land on the east and west was entirely cut off by the close packing of the icebergs. I was, therefore, reluctantly compelled to return, not a little vexed that we were again foiled in our endeavour to reach the Antarctic Continent. This was a deep indentation in the coast, about twenty-five miles wide: we explored it to the depth of about fifteen miles, and did not reach its termination. This bay I have called Disappointment Bay: it is in latitude  $67^{\circ} 04' 30''$  S., longitude  $147^{\circ} 30'$  E. The weather was remarkably fine, with a bracing air: the thermometer in the air  $22^{\circ}$ , in the water  $31^{\circ}$ .

The next day, 24th, we stood out of the bay, and continued our course to the westward. About noon, to my surprise, I learnt that one of the officers, Lieutenant Underwood, had marked on the log-slate that there was an opening of clear water, subtending three points of the compass, at the bottom of Disappointment Bay. Though confident that this was not the fact, in order to put this matter at rest, I at once determined to return, although forty miles distant, and ordered the ship about, to refute the assertion by the officer's own testimony. This was most effectually done the next morning, 25th, when the ship reached the identical spot, and all were fully convinced that no opening existed. The whole bay was enclosed by a firm barrier of ice, from north-north-west to east-northeast.

The weather proved delightful, with light airs from the southward, and I determined to take this opportunity to fill up the water-tanks with ice. The ship was hove-to, a hawser got in readiness, the boats lowered, and brought alongside of an iceberg well adapted to our purpose.

The same opportunity was also taken to make the magnetic observations on the ice, and to try the local attraction of the ship.

Many birds were seen about the ship, of which we were fortunate in obtaining specimens. The day was remarkably clear, and the same appearance of land was seen that had been witnessed on the 24th. We filled nineteen of our tanks with ice, after having allowed it to remain for some time on deck for the salt water to drain off in part, and it proved very potable.

At about 5 P. M., we had completed our required store of ice, and cast off, making sail to the northward.

In order that no further mistakes should take place as to the openings being passed, I issued an order, directing the officer of the deck on being relieved to go to the masthead, and report to me the exact situation of the ice; and this was continued during the remainder of our cruise among it.