

On the morning of the 30th the sun rose in great brilliancy, and the scene could hardly be realized as the same as that we had passed through only twenty-four hours before. All was now quiet; a brisk breeze blew from the eastward, all sail was set, and there was every prospect that we might accomplish our object; for the land was in sight, and the icebergs seemed floating in quiet. We wound our way through them in a sea so smooth that a yawl might have passed over it in safety. No straight line could have been drawn from us in any direction, that would not have cut a dozen icebergs in the same number of miles, and the wondering exclamations of the officers and crew were oft repeated,—“How could we have passed through them unharmed?” and, “What a lucky ship!” At eight o’clock, we had reached the icy barrier, and hove-to close to it. It was tantalizing, with the land in sight, to be again and again blocked out. Open water was seen near the land to the southwest of us, and a tortuous channel through the broken ice to leeward, apparently leading to it. All sail was immediately crowded; we passed rapidly through, and found ourselves again in clear water, which reached to the shores: the barrier extending in a line with our course, about two miles to windward, and a clear channel to the northwest, about two miles wide, as far as the eye could reach. Seeing this, I remarked to one of the officers that it would have been a good place to drift in during the last gale,—little thinking that in a few short hours it would serve us for that purpose, in still greater need. A brisk gale ensued, and the ship ran at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour; one reef was taken in the topsails, and we stood directly in for the most southerly part of the bay.

This bay was formed partly by rocks and partly by ice-islands. The latter were aground, and on the western side of the bay extended about five miles to the northward of our position.

While we stood on in this direction the gale increased, and our room became so circumscribed that we had not time on any one tack to reduce our canvass, before it became necessary to go about. In this way we approached within half a mile of the dark, volcanic rocks, which appeared on both sides of us, and saw the land gradually rising beyond the ice to the height of three thousand feet, and entirely covered with snow. It could be distinctly seen extending to the east and west of our position fully sixty miles. I make this bay in longitude $140^{\circ} 02' 30''$ E., latitude $66^{\circ} 45'$ S.; and, now that all were convinced of its existence, I gave the land the name of the Antarctic Continent. Some of the officers pointed out the appearance of smoke, as if from a volcano, but I was of opinion that this was nothing but the snow-drift, caused by the heavy squalls. There was too much