

The north foreland of King George's Island was in sight, and found to be well placed on the charts. The appearance of all this land is volcanic; it is from eight hundred to one thousand feet high. The upper part is covered and the valleys filled with snow of great depth. Before night we had several other islands in sight, with many bergs and much drift-ice.

On the 2d, at daylight, we made O'Brien's and Aspland's Islands, to the eastward, with many ice-islands, some of a tabular form, and from half a mile to a mile in length. The temperature of the water was 34° . Through the fog and mist, we got a sight of Bridgeman's Island, and stood for it, with the intention of landing on it. The fog cleared off as we approached it, and we could perceive distinctly the smoke issuing from its sides. We made it in latitude $62^{\circ} 06' S.$, and longitude $57^{\circ} 10' W.$ I determined to land, although the fog was hovering in the horizon around us, and ordered a boat to be prepared. While in the act of getting ready, in less than ten minutes, we were enveloped in a fog so dense, that we could not see three lengths of the brig. We were now a short distance from and under the lee of the island, and perceived a strong sulphureous smell. We waited for some time, in hopes of its clearing, but we were disappointed, and I therefore deemed it advisable to proceed under short sail, feeling our way to the southward, with the expectation, every moment, of encountering icebergs.

This island is about six hundred feet high, and of the shape of a flattened dome. The sea was quite smooth, but the long swell was heard dashing against it and the icebergs as we passed them.

On the 3d we filled away at daylight, and stood for Palmer's Land. The birds now had very much increased, Cape pigeons, with the gray and black petrel, and occasionally penguins, swimming about us in all directions, uttering their discordant screams: they seemed astonished at encountering so unusual an object as a vessel in these frozen seas. At $6^h 30^m$ we made land, which I took to be Mount Hope, the eastern point of Palmer's Land. By 8 A. M. we had penetrated among the numerous icebergs, until we found it impossible to go farther. I have rarely seen a finer sight. The sea was literally studded with these beautiful masses, some of pure white, others showing all the shades of the opal, others emerald green, and occasionally here and there some of a deep black, forming a strong contrast to the pure white. Near to us, we discovered three small islets, and gave them the name of the Adventure Islets; while beyond, and above all, rose two high mountains, one of which was Mount Hope. I place the eastern extremity of Palmer's Land, or Mount Hope, in longitude $57^{\circ} 55' W.$, latitude $63^{\circ} 25' S.$