

to the northward, winds moderate, with thick rainy weather, but finding her drifting upon the ice seen before dark, filled and stood to the northward and eastward. At ten, the ice thickening around us, tacked to the westward. From eleven to midnight saw no ice, but hearing a crashing sound to the northward, were for some time apprehensive that we might be embayed; however, having nothing to direct us in the gloom, we continued under easy sail our course to the westward.

March 21st, latitude at meridian observed,  $68^{\circ} 41'$  S., longitude, chronometer,  $103^{\circ} 34'$  W. At four o'clock this morning was on deck, and as soon as the weather cleared a little, hauled up to the northward, to get clear of the field, which we had every reason to suppose extended far to the eastward and westward of us. After attaining the position which we felt confident would at least give us an open sea to the westward, we kept off, gradually feeling our way to the eastward. At seven, saw the ice extending in broken ranges from south-by-east to northeast, and the whitish glare on the horizon, (which our experience had already informed us was an unfailing indication of its presence,) extending far round to the westward. At eight o'clock, water discoloured, and many immense ice-islands around us, which accounted for the broken appearance that had been presented at seven. The wind being fair, and being able to see a safe distance, (two or three miles,) I ventured to give her southing, running through the islands, and at 4 P. M. were making south true, eight knots: this we continued until eight, when we reefed the mainsail, and lowered the foresail, with the intention of standing on during the night, flattering ourselves we should get beyond Cook, before noon; but, alas, our hopes were blasted in the bud: it soon became so thick we could not see at all. Having some floating ice around us, and having seen the unfailing indication of ice to leeward, before dark, we most reluctantly hauled over the jib-sheet and hove-to; the wind soon freshened to a gale, with a rising sea.

March 22d, latitude, at meridian, about  $70^{\circ}$  S., longitude  $101^{\circ} 16'$  W. From meridian to four, fresh northwesterly winds, with rain, the weather lighting up at intervals, showing us to be in the midst of innumerable ice-islands, so closely packed as scarce affording us a passage between them; though still lying-to, we were obliged to luff and bear away for thirteen of them. At four, making short tacks to the northward and westward,—islands, field, and drift-ice, in every direction, and close around us.

From four to eight, I was on deck, and after looking round upon the goodly company, selected the icebergs as my "compagnons du voyage;" the wind was still fresh, and the weather misty. I stood to the north-