

field of pack ice extending from the south-west. A line of eight bergs and low masses of ice extends from north to south-west. About 9 P.M., in the twilight, had a fine sight in passing close to an immense iceberg, with its strange and curious form, reflecting very brilliant blue rays in every variety of shade. A magnificent sunset caused the horizon to be illuminated with bright red streaks up to 10.30 P.M. by refraction from the ice.

Feb. 16th.—The weather was remarkably fine, such as is but seldom experienced in these high latitudes—bright sun and blue sky, with but little wind; so had recourse to steam, passing some magnificent icebergs, extending in all directions and in every conceivable shape and form; for the most part having flat tops covered with snow, glistening in the sun, with smooth, inaccessible sides, beautifully tinted with every shade of blue and green. It was about 1.30 P.M. when we crossed the barrier of the Antarctic Circle (latitude $66^{\circ} 30'$ south), in longitude 78° east, situated about 1400 miles from the South Pole. The sight was indeed a grand one as we threaded our way through the pack ice and up through avenues of vast bergs, over a course never before taken by explorers; all this left an impression of those icy desolate regions that can never be forgotten. It seems most difficult to attempt a description, for all I could say would convey but little of the reality to the imagination of one who has not been similarly situated. Pro-