and on the 3d of May we stopped and sounded in 2965 fathoms, with a bottom of red clay, and a bottom temperature of 2°·3 C., lat. 26° 16′ N., long. 33° 33′ W. We were therefore, on the combined evidence of the depth and the temperature, in the prolongation to the westward of nearly the deepest portion of the eastern basin of the Atlantic. We sounded again on the 6th, lat. 32° 30′ N., long. 36° 8′ W., in 1675 fathoms, with a temperature of 2°·7 C., and a bottom of pure globigerina ooze; so that we had now passed over the edge of the trough, and were once more on the "Dolphin Rise." Here we fixed the position of our three hundred and fifty-fourth and last deep-sea observing station.

From this point we made our way home as speedily as we could; but our friends in England in the early part of the year 1876 may well remember the continued north-east winds which lasted until far on in the spring. These winds were dead in our teeth; and as our coal and fresh provisions began to get low, we, in our weariness and impatience, were driven to the verge of despair. At length, hopeless of any relenting, we resolved to go in to Vigo and get some coal and some fresh provisions, and a run on shore. As we steamed up Vigo Bay on the 20th of May, the Channel Fleet, under the command of Captain Beauchamp Seymour, one of the finest squadrons of iron-clads ever afloat, gradually resolved itself, ship after ship, out of the mist. They were just gathering, and their tale was nearly complete; but before we left next day the fleet consisted of Her Majesty's ships Minotaur, Iron Duke, Monarch, Resistance, Defense, Black Prince, Hector, and the dispatchboat Lively in attendance. As we rounded the stern of the Defense to our anchorage, her band struck up the air "Home, Sweet Home," and tried the nerves of some of us far more than they had ever been tried among the savages or the icebergs.

Vigo seemed very charming, but we had little time to enjoy