

in beautiful weather through the lanes and streets of a wonderful snowy Venice. The magic of such a scene cannot be described. As far as the eye could see, great, white, wall-sided bergs stretched east, west and south, contrasting strikingly with the lanes of blue-black water between them.

A stillness, weird and uncanny, had fallen upon everything. Here there was no sign of life, except when one of the little snow petrels, invisible when flying across the glistening bergs, flashed for a moment into sight. Beautiful as this scene was it gave me some anxiety, for I knew that if we were caught in a breeze amidst this maze of floating ice it would go hard with us. Already an ominous dark cloud was sweeping down from the north, and I was unfeignedly thankful when, in the afternoon, I saw open water ahead. After a few more turnings and twistings we entered the ice-free Ross Sea, this being the first time a passage had been made into that sea without the vessel being held up by pack-ice; and I think our success was due to the fact that we were to the eastward of the pack, which had separated from the land and the Barrier, and had drifted to the north-west. Indeed all my experience goes to prove that the easterly route is the best.

Whence these bergs had come is open to conjecture, but I am certain that this ice had not long left the parent barrier or coast-line, for there was no sign of weathering on the sides. Our latitude at noon on the 16th was $68^{\circ} 6'$ South, and the longitude $179^{\circ} 21'$ West.

Before we entered the actual line of bergs a couple of seals, probably a crabeater and a Weddell seal, appeared on the floe-ice, and a few Adelie penguins were also seen. The quaint walk and insatiable curiosity of these birds greatly amused us, and Marston, our artist, whose sense