

a request, in six European languages, that any person finding it would forward it to the Secretary of the Admiralty, with a notice of the time and place where it was found. One bottle at least was thrown out daily during the voyage, except when the ships were "beset" in the ice.

Soon after noon we made Rockall; its latitude, by our observations, was $57^{\circ} 38' 40''$, and its longitude $13^{\circ} 47' 42''$.

There is, perhaps, no more striking proof of the infinite value of chronometers at sea, than the certainty with which a ship may sail directly for a single rock like this, rising like a speck out of the ocean, and at the distance of forty-seven leagues from any other land.

Nothing of moment occurred for several days, but the wind veered to the westward on the 30th, and increased to a fresh gale, with an irregular sea, and heavy rain, which brought us under our close-reefed topsails. At half-past one, P.M., we began to cross the space in which the "Sunken Land of Buss" is laid down in Steel's chart from England to Greenland; and, in the course of this and the following day, we tried for soundings several times without success.

This being the anniversary of His Majesty's birth-day, and the weather being calm and fine, I directed an additional allowance of grog to be served out, or, in seamen's phrase, "the main brace