

when it is blowing and there is a swell. The bottom is composed of large boulders, and it is difficult to clear the anchor. Made for Kater anchorage, twenty miles off, and anchored in the bay at 8 a.m. A bear was seen walking by the shore, and I jumped into a boat, and rowed ashore in the teeth of a howling gale and snow-storm. The bear in the meantime had turned, and was walking up the hill, but as we were within fifty yards of the shore, three more bears came out of some holes they had made in the snow-drift. I hit the first from the boat, and having landed, fired five more shots, disabling them all. Ned, Scott, and John helped to finish them off. All three had good coats. Walking in line, we climbed the hill, and tried to find the tracks of the first bear, which was the largest, but the falling snow had obliterated them. Up to our waists in snow-drifts, two of our number falling in over their heads. We saw him some three hundred yards off. I did not chance the shot, however, and he bolted, and took to the water for a mile swim. Although I sent a boat after him, they never got within shot of him again. I had had no breakfast. I was wet through with perspiration, moustache and beard frozen, and it was twelve o'clock; so I did not indulge in three hours in an open boat. Bearskins, 8 feet 1 inch, 7 feet 6 inches, and 6 feet 7 inches. C. shot a hawk from the ship. Gale all day.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27TH.—Gale ceased in early morning. Lovely day; 8° of frost throughout. Weighed anchor at daylight, steamed out of harbour, and set the canvas, there being a nice Westerly breeze. Sailed along the Coast as far as Bissom Point, and marked Cape Kater on the charts. There we dodged about all day, but saw no signs of fish. Before turning North again, we sailed a short distance into Home Bay, and at 8 p.m. lay to for the night off Bissom Point.