

before it was too late to signalize to them; the boats saw the recall, and returned.

We commenced immediately on our arrival to coal and provision the "Plover;" and by 9 a.m. she had on board all the bread she could stow, half her coals, and a proportion of other provisions.

Narrative of Proceedings of Capt. Kellett, Commander Moore, and Lieut. Pullen.

July 16.—We were occupied in stowing "Plover's" provisions and coals, removing officers, discharging objectionable men, and filling up their vacancies from our own complement. While this was going on, I went with Commander Moore, and his acting ice-master, to examine the different bays on the east side of Choris Peninsula, for a wintering station for the "Plover." We found very shoal water in all of them, shoaling gradually northerly towards the Sandy Peninsula. They were of opinion that if a vessel did winter there, that she would be greatly exposed; and probably, on the breaking up of the ice, be either carried into the straits, or shoved up on to the beach.

At 9 p.m. both ships were ready to sail, but our main cap having been reported very rotten, I was detained the next day (17th) to shift it.

On each day of our stay we were visited by two baidars, carrying 12 men each; all of them were particularly tall, well-built, well-armed, and without either their women or dogs.

At first they were rather shy, but as soon as the interpreter began to speak to them in their language, that is, in a dialect which some of them understood, they appeared delighted, came on board, looked all over the ship, and returned (after I had made each of them some trifling present), without attempting to pilfer anything.

They belonged to Spafareif Inlet, and expressed their delight at meeting with, and being recognized by, Lieutenant Cooper and others, who had visited them at their place last year, making presents to them without seeking a return.

Commander Moore and myself accompanied them to Chamisso Island, where, after hauling up their baidars, canting their bottom to the wind, the weather gunwale resting on the sand, the other raised about three feet, and supported by paddles, the space underneath covered with furs, we partook of several pipes with them.

Whilst we were engaged with our pipes, Commander Moore employed his boat's crew in digging for the flour left by Captain Beechey 23 years before, in a position indicated by directions on a rock, which were as perfect as the day when cut. We found this rock last year, but supposing the flour to have been removed by the natives, did not dig for it. A considerable space was cleared round the cask, its chimes freed, only adhering to the sand by the two lower bilge staves, yet still it required the united strength of two boats' crews, with a parbuckle, and a large spar as a lever, to free it altogether. The sand was frozen so hard that it emitted sparks with every blow of the pickaxe. The cask itself was perfectly sound, and the hoops good: out of the 336 lbs. of flour which it contained, 175 lbs. was as sweet and well-tasted as any we had on board. The tin of beads was also found, those not of glass much decayed; the cotton stringing quite sound.

July 18.—At 6 a.m. we weighed with a S.W. wind, and stood out of the anchorage. The "Nancy Dawson" yacht hove in sight at the same time; she accompanied us without touching at Chamisso Island. The "Plover" leading under all plain sail, the "Herald" keeping in company.

July 19.—At 4 a.m. passed a ship standing to the eastward, and at noon Point Hope bore N. 18° W. 55 miles. We experienced, contrary to my expectation, in this run, a current setting S. 74° W. half a mile per hour. Six p.m. exchanged colours with an American whaler, "Margaret," of Providence: whales at this time blowing in every direction round her; wind too strong, and too much sea for her to attempt them. Fog so dense at 8 p.m. that the "Plover" could not be seen, although within speaking distance. Continued running to the northward during the night, keeping company by gongs and bells.

July 20.—In the forenoon nearly ran over the carcass of a dead whale that had been flinched. Noon, the wind having shifted suddenly to the northward, we had fine clear weather; Cape Lisburne, E. 19 miles. At 5 p.m. we anchored in