

This expedient, however, appearing insufficient to secure the ship, the boat was hoisted out in search of a place of safety, among the rocks; but being instantly inclosed, the men were obliged to haul her upon the ice, and to drag her from piece to piece. Meanwhile the whirling of the ice disengaged the ship from her two supporters, and the crew were obliged to make signals for the boat to return. It was even feared she had been lost with one-third of the crew; however, to the great joy of the company, she rejoined them.

The ship had now only three fathoms water, and lay under the shelter of a large mass of ice, which was aground; but at the return of the tide, the floating fragments drove with such violence against her sides, that all the exertions of the men were required to keep them off. At high water, their bulwark of ice, towards the shore, floated also, and left them exposed; but at the return of the tide, it providentially resumed its station, and afforded them shelter again.

After a repetition of attacks from the ice, and passing a night in bustle and alarm, amidst snow and tempest, at high water the ship was driven on a sharp rock, where she was left by the ebb in such a posture, that it was impossible the men could keep their footing in her. Apprehending she would never be got off, the crew began to think of another world, and went to prayers on an adjoining portion of ice. Happily, however, as the tide turned, to their inexpressible joy, they once more saw the ship afloat, and having got on board, they laboured with all their might to extricate her from a vicinity of such imminent danger. They first tried to surround themselves
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