

Tuesday 9th, July. A glorious sunny morning but very cool air ; we had just got across Nelson river, navigation here is tedious and full of delays : the men are too timid to venture out very far in open boats, and though we are some few miles from the real shore i. e. high water mark, yet we are in only a few feet of water, even at full tide. As the tide goes out for some miles, the result is, that at half tide or at low tide, we are apt to get stranded, or even high and dry, and yet some miles from real land. Then of course we have to wait for the tide to finish its ebb, and return to nearer high tide before we can move. I believe the real reason for this is that the Indian crew are glad to get stuck and have a chance of hunting. Thus at 7.30 a.m. we were stuck fast in shoal water, miles from land and I took the opportunity to wade to a good pool and have a wash, after which we had a good breakfast and prayers. About 10 a.m. we started again with a very light favouring wind which soon increased and we got along well. All along on our right was a line of ice the edge of a solid pack, reminding me of my voyage out. It was a new experience for Buckland, mid-July, a hot sun baking us and often miles off, miles and miles of solid ice, some pretty high above water. We saw plenty of white whales (porpoises) "Husky" (Eskimo) ducks i. e. eider ducks, and loons, and as usual a good deal of mirage. About 3 p.m. the tide again left us stranded, many miles from the faint streak of land, and nothing but mud, boulders, and pools between us and it, in fact by 4.30 we were high and dry, Bd. and I waded out, (we carry "Huskey" boots of sealskin up to the knees for wading or walking in slush &c.) to real water and had a delightful but very cold bathe. We found in the pools one anemone a curious soft brown one, unlike any I have seen, and a curious little fish, all spines and horns, which I put in a pool and sketched. At 7.30 we got water enough to start, but could only sail about 3 and a half miles, an hour, we were about fifty miles from York.

Wednesday 10th. July. It rained in the night, but we pulled a tarpaulin over our heads and all slept. At 4 a.m. I awoke, and found we were again anchored, this time on account of the ice all around us : no wonder I had felt chilly. I slept again till 9.30, when I found we were anchoring right on the shore, near Broad river. The reason was evident when one man called out to me "atikwuk," i. e. "Deer," B. and I landed with guns and over the ridge saw a fine herd of rein-