

with the ice, more continuous and more alarming than had been experienced since the year 1817. The following extract of a letter from Capt. Taylor to the Treasurer of the Society, describing the peculiar hazards encountered by the *Harmony* on her outward passage, will prove an interesting supplement to the particulars of Arctic adventure, already given:—

“On the 6th of July (about five weeks after leaving the Thames) we first fell in with the ice, but, the weather being very hazy, we stood off and on, till the 11th, when it cleared up a little, and the land appeared in sight. We now steered for the shore; but, the light failing us, we made the ship fast to a field of ice. We supposed that we were at this time not more than twenty-five or thirty miles distant from Hopedale. The next morning the fog returned, and was so thick, that we could not see any object two ships' length from us. Meanwhile the ice closed about us in such dense masses, that there was not water enough to dip a bucket into on either side of the ship. We remained in this state till the 13th, about noon; when the fog partially clearing away again, we beheld, to our no small alarm, an immense iceberg aground right in our way, our course being at this time in a direction to the S.S.E. It was not till about 3 P.M. that we could at all succeed in our attempts to move the vessel; and even then our utmost exertions, continued without interruption during the space of six hours, only brought her forward about three times her own length. Our object at this time was to get round the point of the ice-field to which we were moored, and thus place it between us and the iceberg, which was towering above us to the height of nearly twice the mainmast. Our position was indeed a fearful one; and I believe most on board were ready to give up all hope of saving either the ship or their own lives. The Lord, however, was better to us than our fears: He heard and answered the supplications we offered up to Him, and sent us deliverance in a way we least expected. May we never lose the remembrance of His great mercy! As soon as the field of ice to which we were attached came in contact with the berg, it veered round, and dragged us after it without the least injury, the distance between the ship and the latter being scarcely greater than a foot. Had we not succeeded in getting round the point in the way we did, we should probably have been crushed to pieces in an instant. We continued exposed to the same kind of perils till the 22nd instant, and, during the greater part of this time, the frost was so intense, that our ropes were almost immovable. Even the small ropes were coated with ice to the thickness of four or five inches; so that we were obliged every morning to send up some of our people to the mast-head, to strike off the ice with sticks, that the ropes might pass through the blocks. On the 23rd we succeeded, by dint of great exertion, and under press of sail, in getting clear of the ice and reaching the open water, and on the 24th, arrived at Hopedale in safety.”*

* Per. Accts. Vol. xii. p. 247.