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cept to above two miles from the ships, and totally beset. A small seal (*phoca hispida*) was shot by the *Fury*, and a whale was heard blowing close to us, although we did not see it. For several days during our detention in the entrance of Hudson's strait, I had amused myself in searching amongst the holes of water which occurred between the floes, for different species of molusca, which the Esquimaux call "whales' food;" and on this day in particular, was fortunate in finding several beautiful varieties, of which I made drawings, while they continued to drift. Among this number were the elegant *clio borealis*, various beroes, medusæ, argonautæ, and crustaceæ of the shrimp kind. It may not here be irrelevant to mention a certain curious slimy matter which floats in streams of many fathoms in length along the surface, resembling dirty soap suds in colour, but being of a more oily consistency. Crantz mentions the same appearance in Greenland, and supposes it to be the spawn of the muscles. Several northern voyagers also notice this substance, but each one assigns a different nature to it. It is greedily devoured by the malleucks.

We made but little progress for four days, and on the 17th found ourselves abreast of the Lower Savage Islands. I have avoided as much as possible entering into technical subjects in this my private journal; which, as it is only intended for the inspection of my own family, I am aware that they will find quite dull enough without the assistance of the daily occurrences of the ship. It will, however, give some idea of the difficulties we had experienced, when I observe that we were 19 days in passing Resolution Island, a distance of about 60 miles; and that even the small progress we made was by the assistance of the tides. Baffin, Hudson, Fox, and others, agree in saying, that out of three tides they generally made one to the westward; thus proving that the floods are more powerful, and of longer duration, than the ebbs. This must have been our case also, as even when many days fast to a floe, and close beset, we have found ourselves making a little westing.