

part covered with frost and snow, with, here and there, patches of dark black peat. Not a single shrub enlivened this barren desolate spot. Here every thing wore a solitary, sad, and dismal aspect. The hoarse murmuring of the waves, which ever and anon renewed their assaults on the huge masses of dark-grey rock that opposed them, gave it, I thought, a still more despondent look.

Ten o'clock. After bearing away from the land, we again got in among straggling ice.

After dinner, this day, Mr. Johnson came down to the cabin in great agitation to inform us that we were bearing fast down on an immense mountain of ice.* A solemn pause ensued on hearing this very alarming piece of intelligence. In a short time, however, we were all upon deck; and here the appearance of our situation was awful in the extreme; the shouting of the men, the rumbling of the cordage, the tremendous mountain of ice, on which we every moment expected to be dashed to pieces, contributed to render this scene the most terrific that could well be imagined. The captain did all he could to get the ship about, but without effect, owing to her having missed stays. We were not more than ten yards from it, when fortunately a light breeze springing up, the sails filled, and in a short time we were completely clear of this frightful mass. Plate III. affords a very correct representation of it.

The whole of this day was truly unpleasant; the weather continued thick and hazy; indeed, the fog was at times so dense that we could hardly see ten yards from the ship, in consequence of which we were frequently just in contact with fields of ice without being at all aware of it. Friday night

* The British Packet, *Lady Hobart*, ran against one of these floating islands, higher than the mast-head, and of great extent, in June, 1803, and foundered; the crew and passengers saved themselves with great difficulty in two boats. The American ship *Neptune* perished likewise in the same manner, with a great part of the people in her. Captain Cotes, of the Hudson's-Bay Company's service, lost two ships in a similar way; one of them by running against a piece of ice in the night, off Cape Farewell, in consequence of which the ship foundered; the other in Hudson's Straits, where two large fields of ice were driven together with great force; the ship being between them, was so much damaged that she sunk as soon as the ice departed. Mr. Ellis tells us, that one of the Hudson's-Bay Company's ships was caught in a similar way, while on her way from York-Fort to Churchill; upon the two pieces meeting, she was raised quite out of the water, and left dry upon one of them; but she receiving no damage by that strange accident, when the ice opened, the people launched her, and proceeded on their voyage.—See *Ellis's Voyage to Hudson's Bay*, p. 67.