

On the 28th, the ship was finally placed in her intended winter's position, and the work of "stripping" commenced. Warping into berth was a severe foretaste of winter's inclemency; the temperature was at $+28^{\circ}$; the water froze on the hawsers as they came in, nor was the boat-work necessary in laying out the anchors more pleasant, as the wind blew freshly, and spray drenched those engaged.

Navigation and seamanship were now to be dispensed with for awhile; we had before us a long and severe winter to be passed in an ice-bound ship, and we prepared accordingly to render our residence as comfortable and little irksome as might be. The sails were "unbent," dried, and stowed away, yards and lesser spars got on deck, leaving only the lower masts standing, the lower rigging being secured around them to be clear of the housing, which shortly enclosed the upper deck. Parties were sent on shore to build a small house and cut turf. Desirous of early and definitely establishing among our new friends a wholesome knowledge of our power, without displaying a hostile or precautionary intention, the pistols were discharged at a mark, and the 12-pounder howitzer, which was mounted on the forecastle, loaded with grape, and fired at a number of seals which lay on the land ice at the head of the harbour.