

running ; top-gallant yards sent down on deck, and with close-reefed fore and mainsails, &c. trying to make what head we could by beating up to the westward, but the wind constantly turning against us on both tacks. By soundings, we found ourselves to be on the banks, and supposed we were on the inner or western edge of them. We accordingly ran down as far as lat. 47° , and then tacked at 47° and 49° alternately, St. John's being in $47^{\circ} 33'$, and the current supposed to set to the southward. Meanwhile, our seals began to run, the pumps brought up morning and evening a lot of thick white stuff like syllabub or soap-suds, the mixture of the seal-oil and salt bilge-water, being agitated in the pump. The ship accordingly was perceived to stink most awfully, and everything on board, including the bulk-heads of the cabin, began to sweat with grease. Our clothes, also, became smooth and polished, especially where there was any pressure. Our fresh stores had long been exhausted, as also our wine and spirits, and we were now reduced to tea and the common rum, and had not much of that left. At last, in the afternoon of the 11th, the wind moderated and shifted into the north, the sea