

and crests of foam and spray into which the surface of the sea is lashed by a gale of wind, but it offered no impediment to the swell. The unbroken swell of the Atlantic ocean accordingly rolled in upon us in huge continuous ridges, heaving the pavement of ice on its mighty folds, and alternately lifting us on its broad domes and swallowing us in its deep hollows. The absence of all minor waves made the primary undulations to be felt in their true magnitude, and it was certainly a magnificent sight. Grand as was the sight, however, I would in a short time have gladly exchanged it for a station on the solid ice again, as both Stuwitz and I began to be sea-sick. More than half the crew, I found, followed our example, and for the next day or two barely enough of the watch were left on deck to manage the vessel.

April 6th.—When the wind moderated a little, we made sail to the south, and in a short time left all the ice behind us. At noon we were in lat.  $50^{\circ} 41'$ , supposed longitude  $50^{\circ}$ , with the wind at west-south-west, apparently moderating.

April 7th to 11th.—One continued gale from south-west to north-west, with very heavy sea