At Cardinal Shore “,” as usual “,” there is a great crescent of hobbly ice “,” where “,” two or three days ago “,” the northwest wind drove the waves back up-stream and broke up the edge of the ice. This crescent is eight or ten rods wide and twice as many long “,” and consists of cakes of ice from a few inches to half a dozen feet in diameter “,” with each a raised edge all around “,” where apparently the floating sludge has been caught and accumulated. (Occasionally the raised edge is six inches high!) This is mottled black and white “,” and is not yet safe. It is like skating over so many rails “,” or the edges of saws. Now I glide over a field of white air-cells close to the surface “,” with coverings no thicker than egg-shells “,” cutting through with a sharp crackling sound. There are many of those singular spider-shaped dark places amid the white ice “,” where the surface water has run through some days ago.”

PE 11, pg. 166-167 / 7 September 1856-1 April 1857/ NNPM MA 1302:28 / T vol. # XXII / PDF # XV / JIX

-location: Clamshell Bend