

like a rampart of iron on the approaching vessel. All around, the sea is heavy with thick packs of ice, which frequently hurtle against each other with a resounding crash; and the monotony of the scene is relieved only by the appearance of troops of wild geese winnowing the air with rapid wings, or of shoals of whales rising to the surface with a sudden commotion.

Forty miles to the south of Behring Strait lies a mass of rock, discovered by Captain Cook, and named by him, with superfluous loyalty, King Island. Its cliffs are almost perpendicular on every side, and rise to an elevation of seven hundred and fifty feet. The water is of depth sufficient to allow a big ship to approach them very closely. This lonely Arctic stronghold of the deep has a bold, rude outline; and its surface consists principally of rock, scantily clothed with mosses and lichens. Grass there is not, nor shrub, nor tree. A curious feature is presented by the occurrence, on the most elevated points, of some rude stone pillars, which the voyagers of the *Corwin* compare to the remains of a Druidical temple, like Stonehenge, or the ruins of some ancient feudal stronghold. But the visitor's attention is principally attracted by an Eskimo village, composed chiefly of "houses ex-