

water leading us to Winter Harbour, and up the noble channel north of Byam Martin Island.

Enough of icy barriers. I do not believe in Nature having placed such fixtures on the "vasty deep;" but I am ready to allow that there are places in which accumulations of ice naturally exist, and where the ice moves away less rapidly than in other parts. By looking at the chart, and taking into consideration the geographical conformation of such spots, the cause will at once appear.

In a line across the head of Davis's Straits, the pack hangs, because it is there met, in its downward course, by the whole weight of the Atlantic Sea, and strong southerly gales blowing up that funnel-shaped strait. About Leopold Island the pack hangs, for it is acted upon by the cross-tides of Wellington Channel and Regent's Inlet running athwart those of Barrow's Strait, and forming a sort of eddy, or still water. This occurs again in the *elbow* of Wellington Channel, and between Griffith's Island and Cape Bunny, where a narrowing strait, and the cross-tide of the channel towards the American coast, tie up the broad floes formed in the great water-space west of that point; and lastly, a similar choke takes place, apparently off the S. W. extreme of Melville Island.

Failing in barriers, these Job's comforters dismiss the subject by swallowing up the "Erebus" and "Terror," hull, masts, sails, and crew, in some especially infernal tempest or convulsion executed for the occasion: they—the Job's comforters—have no similar case to adduce in proof of such a catastrophe. Every body who goes to the frozen regions tells of the hairbreadth escapes and imminent dangers attendant on Arctic navigation. I am free to acknowledge, I have "piled the agony" to make my work sell. Behold the "Pioneer" in a nip in Melville Bay; the "Resolute" thumping the pack off Griffith's Island; the "Assistance" holding on to