

days and nights in succession, until at length they reached an island covered with snow, whose only inhabitants appeared to be sea-gulls. The sailors eagerly collected the eggs of these birds, as a wholesome and agreeable change from their coarse ship diet. Soon after this they managed to catch a fine Polar bear, which came swimming towards them over the water, as if he were master of the island. They ultimately shot him, though they found him at first a powerful antagonist, breaking their rudders like twigs. The animal's skin was twelve feet long, his flesh they roasted and ate, but it proved so indigestible that those who partook of it became sick.

They soon quitted the island, on which they bestowed the name of 'Bear Isle,' and continued to thread their way between formidable icebergs. Some of these bergs were very large, but the violence of the storm-tossed sea soon split them into fragments, which becoming piled one upon another, formed mountains of ice, sunk deep in the waters below, and towering high into the air. Loud is the thundering and crashing produced by the winds and waves, tearing them violently apart, and throwing them one upon another, and a ship passing between two of these bergs runs serious risk of being crushed like an egg. Our voyagers were in great peril, even the small fragments that came to them from the icebergs giving