

encumbered with ice, he steered across the Straits, and entered Hudson's Bay, by the route of that seaman; on the 7th of September he made the coast of America, and entering Chesterfield inlet, there prepared to pass the winter. The want of game compelled him and his crew to live on their salted provisions, and this brought scurvy among them.—When the spring came, though game was then abundant, they were too weak to avail themselves of its plenty, and famine swept off those whom disease had hitherto spared.—All but Munk and two companions, of a crew of sixty-four, perished,—those, either stronger or more enduring than the rest, as the summer advanced, collected provisions for their homeward voyage, and equipping the lesser of the two vessels, at last set sail; their voyage was long and stormy, but in the end they miraculously reached a Norwegian port—three living witnesses of as strange a tale as the chronicles of the sea may furnish. But to continue, chronologically, we hear little of Trobisher after his mishap, perhaps the ore did not turn out very valuable,—certain it is, no farther efforts of settlement were made. In the West Indies, and in the channel, he once more comes into notice,—now as a buccaneering pilot,—then as the gallant leader, wrestling against the Armada of Philip. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, to whom a patent had been granted by the Queen, a man of a romantic and generous nature, of large fortune, well born. (the half brother of Raleigh,) well educated, and thirsting for adventure, in fulfilment of its conditions, proceeded in 1583, to take possession of Newfoundland, and the North of America. His fleets of five ships, one of them ten tons, and one of two hundred, reached St. John's Newfoundland, on the 30th of July, having on board two hundred and sixty men. With various fortunes, that colony has to the present endured, many times on the verge of destruction, but ultimately recovering. Sir Humphrey having achieved this, his first object, proceeded with a consort to the coast of America. He himself embarked in the little pinnace; overtaken by a violent storm in the open Atlantic, his vessel foundered in sight of its companion;—when last seen, this gallant gentleman was endeavoring to cheer his ship's company, book in hand, a few minutes before the fatal catastrophe. Many a noble spirit sleeps beneath the waters of the deep sea, but none purer, more single-minded, braver, or more accomplished, than his, has ever been gathered to its depths. John Davis was the successor of the unfortunate Sir Humphrey: "The World's Hydrographical Description," a work written by him contains a summary of his voyages; from it we learn that he reached the headland that forms the S. W. point of Hudson's Strait—Cape Chudleigh; and also that he had attained the 75° parallel, in the open sea, beyond the Straits that now bear his name. Davis was in every way a remark-