

that the training of the uninitiated, like puppies, was to be a very formal and lengthy piece of business. Thanks to an immense deal of water, and very little ice, the steamers eventually towed the "Resolute" and the transport (a lively specimen of the genus), into the Whale Fish Islands, — a group of rocky islets, some twenty miles distant from the excellent Danish harbour of Godhaab on the Island of Disco.

We did as our forefathers in anchoring at the Whale Fish Islands, but would strongly recommend those who visit this neighbourhood to go to Godhaab rather. Its anchorage is good, communication with Europe a certainty, and the hospitality of the Danish residents, few though they be, cheering and pleasant to ship-sick wanderers.

Having thus expressed my total dissent from those who, with steam vessels, go to Whale Fish Isles, it will be but fair for me to say, that I arrived at this our first stage in the journey to the Nor'-West, in far from good humour. We had been twenty-four days from Greenhithe to Cape Farewell, and sixteen days from the latter point to our anchorage; hurry being out of the question when a *thing* like the "Emma Eugenia" was pounding the water in a trial of speed with perfect snuff-boxes, like the "Resolute" and "Assistance." Patience and a four-day tow had at last finished the work: and to all our