

maux, in the neighborhood of Marble Island. This island lies somewhat south and east of Chesterfield inlet, in about 64° north and 91° west, within the limits above assigned; but let Hearne tell his story, there are few more sad:—"When the vessels arrived at this place, it was very late in the fall, and in getting them into the harbor, the largest received much damage; but on being fairly in, the English began to build the houses—their number at this time seeming to be about fifty. As soon as the ice permitted, in the following summer, 1720, the Esquimaux paid them another visit, by which time the number of the English was very greatly reduced, and those that were living seemed very unhealthy. According to the account given by the Esquimaux, they were then very busily employed, but about what they could not very easily describe,—probably in lengthening the long boat, for at a little distance from the house there was now lying a great quantity of oak chips, which had most assuredly been made by carpenters. A sickness and famine occasioned so much havoc among the English, that by the setting in of the second winter, their number were reduced to twenty. That winter, 1720, some of the Esquimaux took up their abode on the opposite side of the harbor to that on which the English had built their houses, and frequently supplied them with such provisions as they had, which consisted chiefly of whales' blubber, seals' flesh, and train oil.—When the spring advanced, the Esquimaux went to the continent, and on their visiting Marble Island again, in the summer of 1721, they only found five of the English alive, and those were in such distress for provisions, that they eagerly eat the seals' flesh and whales' blubber quite raw, as they purchased it from the natives. This disordered them so much that three of them died in a few days, and the other two, though very weak, made a shift to bury them. Those two survived many days after the rest, and frequently went to the top of an adjacent rock, and earnestly looked to the south and east, as if in expectation of some vessels coming to their relief. After continuing there a considerable time together, and nothing appearing in sight, they sat down close together and wept bitterly. At length one of the two died, and the other's strength was so far exhausted, that he fell down and died also, in attempting to dig a grave for his companion. The skulls and other large bones of those two men are now lying above ground close to the house. The longest liver was, according to the Esquimaux' account, always employed in working iron into implements for them—probably he was the armourer or smith."

Nigh the same place, about an hundred years before, a similar tragedy, almost, was enacted by Jan Munk and his companions. Munk was the master of a Danish vessel, which sailed in the year 1619, with a consort, to follow out the discoveries of Hudson and Baffin. Finding the west coast of Greenland