

THE  
MARITIME MONTHLY.

*A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.*

---

VOL. II.

SEPTEMBER, 1873.

No. 3.

---

NORTHWARD—HO !

OR,

THE BEST ROUTE TO THE NORTH POLE.

BY REV. M. HARVEY, ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

MAN is a born explorer. His history shows him to us as a restless wanderer, "going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down therein." His first migration from the garden of Eden has been followed by countless and ever-widening waves of human population, flowing around the globe, and occupying its solitudes. No barrier, raised by the hand of nature, has long resisted the onset of the great human march. The first pioneers may have been baffled and beaten back; the earliest explorers, like a forlorn hope, may have perished; but over their dead bodies others have rushed on to victory. Man is determined that no part of his earthly inheritance shall remain unexplored; that no nook or cranny in his dwelling shall be allowed to hold a secret. The more determinedly nature has fortified any region against his approach, the more fiercely has he assaulted the ramparts. His feet have scaled the loftiest snow-clad peaks amid the mountain solitudes of the Himalayas, the Alps and the Andes, and traversed the scorched plains and penetrated the gloomiest forests. In his strong-knit ocean-ranger, he has dared the stormiest seas, and wrung from the sea its secrets. From the highest mountain-summit, crowned with its diadem of eternal snow, to the lowest depths of ocean, all nature is now being ransacked, and every one of her recesses invaded. Even in these solitudes, where as yet the foot-step of man has not resounded, there is something that whispers