

the crown. He steered directly for the straight where his preceding voyage had terminated, none of the supposed gold ore could be found there, "no, not a piece so big as a walnut;" on the neighboring islands, however, they obtained it in plenty.— Here they took on board 200 tons of this ore, and having completed their lading, made sail for England, where, though dispersed by violent storms, they all arrived safely. The Queen named this new country, *Meta Incognita*, and determined to establish a colony upon its shores. A fleet of fifteen ships was sent out, and Trobisher appointed Admiral, on whom the Queen bestowed a chain of gold, as a mark of her approbation. Twelve of these ships were to return laden with the ore—three with one hundred settlers to winter there. On the 31st of May, 1578, the fleet sailed; in three weeks it reached the shores of Trieseland, of which possession was formally taken. After this they sailed direct to Trobisher's Straits. Here the utmost difficulties beset them—drift ice chocked the Strait, storms dispersed the fleet,—one bark, having on board the house for the settlers, crushed by the drifting bergs, went down with all hands. The expedition was now for the time abandoned, and the remainder of the fleet returned, though harassed by storms and difficulties of all kinds, they eventually reached England, but in very evil condition. Trobisher in his first and second voyage met with few trials on this coast—a singular instance of good fortune—since by the concurrent testimony of all who have visited it since, there is none, in these regions of ice and storm, where fogs, tempests, icebergs, and perplexing currents, so much prevail. In this vicinity Parry spent two years of almost constant peril; in the same neighborhood, Back was for ten months locked in ice, driving hither and thither, as the storms and currents willed, in momentary expectation of destruction, and the attempt to reach Repulse Bay, by Lyon, in the Griper, adds another instance to the horrible character of the navigation. Though the discovery of the Hecla and Fury Straits, indubitably proves the connexion supposed to exist by the old navigators, between the Polar Basin and the open sea, that voyage at the same time establishes too well the character of the coast and the uselessness of the communication. In this chapter of misery may be fitly related the tale of Knight and his companions, seekers of the famous Straits of Anian, to save further comment on a desolate and detestable locality. The coast and islands of North America, between the 60° and 70° parallels, are the coldest and rudest on the globe;—to these shores, those of Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen, are comparatively tropical. But to the story:—Knight sailed from Nelson's River, in the year 1719; of his fate, though a vessel was despatched in search, nothing was heard until the summer of 1769. The mournful tale is related by Hearne, who collected the account from the Esqui-