

who reached the shore alive, only to perish by the freezing sleet and the fearful wind? Gone. All gone. Fragments and corpses alone remained.

Away to our right, when we had left, was Wolf Island, near which the first part of the crew of the "Polaris" was picked up by the "Tigress."

About twenty miles from Indian Tickle we

#### REACHED THE NORTH POLE,

as it is called by some. Not the real North Pole, which, straddled by the ubiquitous Scotchman, remains yet to be reached by other civilized mortals; but a promontory known more correctly as Cape North. Rounding this we began beating up Sandwich Bay, towards Curlew Harbour, which was to be our destination, and in which we anchored shortly after four o'clock in the afternoon. We had been favoured with strong fair winds, and had made a splendid run in the last two days, and a most pleasant one. Flying before the wind and waves, their roughness was not felt by us, the weather was delightful, and scenes of interest continually met us. How exhilarating it was to lie flat on the top-gallant-forecastle and watch the billows as the vessel's bow ploughed them—now we rise high above them, and then we plough into them till we almost involuntarily start back to avoid a too familiar kiss, while they, driven faster by the swiftly advancing bows, curve gracefully forwards, fall like a beautiful cataract and, with a magnificent rush and roar, spread themselves in foam, a bed of down to catch us gently as we rise for a new plunge. And then the icebergs! None of the great giants, indeed, of which the captain tells us, and of which we have read; but yet tall and massive, some of them two or three times the height of our masts, and exciting our imagination by the strange resemblances of their forms to other things. Here couches an immense lion on a rock, and astride of him a man, who does not sit, but reclines, back to back, on his royal bearer, which elevates his haunches most accommodately for his support; and all carved in white marble. And there is a grand church, with its tower and steeple. And if that is not a veritable sugar loaf of mountain size, but quality most refined, what is it? How absurd to pull out your watch; and yet that did sound like the twelve o'clock gun. It was an iceberg breaking, some distance off. And this great mass, what giant hand has polished these surfaces and fretted that? That is where a part broke off, and these were polished by the waters when underneath, before the breaking changed the centre of gravity, and brought them to the top. How remarkable is that bluish-green St. George's

cross which runs the whole length of the berg; a future break is probably preparing there. See there, the mud and stones. Have these been brought from the bottom, where the berg has sometime grounded? Or were they brought from the land where the berg was a glacier? What a grand spectacle it must be to see one of these vast, piled up rivers of ice burst the bonds which attach it to earth, and take the last leap which launches it into the deep, and changes it from a river to a floating island.

As we entered Curlew Harbour we passed almost the only inhabited hut for miles around, and near it lay the skeleton of a vessel, hidden when the tide is up, which was lost in the great gale of 1867. Just opposite our anchorage is a little raile enclosure in which is the big grave which received the remains of the poor creatures who reached the shore, but perished in the cold of that terrible night.

How great the contrast when we arrived. The evenings, indeed, were cool; but that day the heat was almost distressing. The wind was off the land, and, as before explained, the comparatively bare rocks reflected the sun's rays, and heated the passing air, which thus blew warm upon us. Most, if not all, of us were complaining of headache, and eschewed coats. Unfortunately we had no thermometer, but we afterwards learned that about twenty miles further North, on an island, which was of course likely to be cooler than the mainland, the mercury stood about 73° in the shade, that day; while, still further north, but inland, namely up Iuktoke or Hamilton's Inlet, there were three days on which it ranged from 90° to about 92°. This will astonish many of my readers, and so will the information that this Summer a man died of sunstroke in Labrador; yet I have both on thoroughly reliable authority. At the same time it should be stated that this Summer was of finer and unexampled in the memory of "the oldest inhabitant."

If the heat in Labrador is sometimes remarkable, so also are its mosquitoes. I heard it said that "in Labrador there are mosquitoes which weigh a pound, and they sit on the trees and bark." As I at once saw the meaning and the truth of this statement myself, I shall presume that my reader can also, and not explain it to him. But there is nothing enigmatical in saying that the Labrador mosquitoes are wonderful. We are accustomed to associate the idea of specially large and fierce ones with the name of New Orleans or the West Indies, but not with the land of ice; yet, wherever they go in winter, here they are veritably in summer, and mosquito nets, strange as it seems, are both needed and