

little while ago you were gambolling around, enjoying an innocent romp with your brothers and sisters; then came the thigh-bone of a bear trundling along the deck from the galley; you and the others made a headlong rush for it, and now there you lie, cruelly lacerated and dead as a herring. Fate is inexorable!

“Sunday, October 31st. North latitude $82^{\circ} 0.2'$; east longitude $114^{\circ} 9'$. It is late in the evening, and my head is bewildered, as if I had been indulging in a regular debauch, but it was a debauch of a very innocent nature.

“A grand banquet to-day to celebrate the eighty-second degree of latitude. The observation gave $82^{\circ} 0.2'$ last night, and we have now certainly drifted a little farther north. Honey-cakes (gingerbread) were baked for the occasion first-class honey-cakes, too, you may take my word for it; and then, after a refreshing snowshoe run, came a festal banquet. Notices were stuck up in the saloon requesting the guests to be punctual at dinner-time, for the cook had exerted himself to the utmost of his power. The following deeply felt lines by an anonymous poet also appeared on a placard:

“When dinner is punctually served at the time,
No fear that the milk soup will surely be prime;
But the viands are spoiled if you come to it late,
The fish-pudding will lie on your chest a dead weight;
What's preserved in tin cases, there can be no doubt,
If you wait long enough will force its way out,
Even meat of the ox, of the sheep, or of swine,
Very different in this from the juice of the vine!