

present for sale, by private arrangement, at No. 2 Pump Lane.* Repeated requests to remove them having been of no effect, I am obliged to dispose of them in this way. The clothes are quite fresh, having been in salt for a long time."

After the reading of the newspaper came instrumental music and singing, and it was far on in the night before we sought our berths.

"Monday, December 25th (Christmas-day). Thermometer at 36° Fahr. below zero (-38° C.). I took a walk south in the beautiful light of the full moon. At a newly made crack I went through the fresh ice with one leg and got soaked; but such an accident matters very little in this frost. The water immediately stiffens into ice; it does not make one very cold, and one feels dry again soon.

"They will be thinking much of us just now at home and giving many a pitying sigh over all the hardships we are enduring in this cold, cheerless, icy region. But I am afraid their compassion would cool if they could look in upon us, hear the merriment that goes on, and see all our comforts and good cheer. They can hardly be better off at home. I myself have certainly never lived a more sybaritic life, and have never had more reason to fear the consequences it brings in its train. Just listen to to-day's dinner menu:

1. Ox-tail soup;
2. Fish-pudding, with potatoes and melted butter;
3. Roast of reindeer, with pease, French beans, potatoes, and cranberry jam;

* This was the nickname of the starboard four-berth cabin.