

quite close. Amid great excitement we hauled in the sail and shoved the boat up till it grounded, the bear watching us meanwhile with contempt written on his up-turned nose and drawn down mouth. We ran to the nearest part of the boat to land but seeing he was retreating, Buckland fired and the ball took effect, and I put another in very effectually, and Joseph put a charge of buckshot in also. We then jumped into the water and waded ashore. The bear stopped and seemed inclined to turn, Buckland's gun missed fire and he ran back to load and the bear scrambled away, after I had again hit him with a bullet. We soon came up with the poor beast and a shot from myself ended him. As B. first saw him and first fired and hit, the skin was his so I said I would buy it. It will soon be on its way to Montreal. As the skinning would take a long time we camped there for the night and I dried my legs and socks by the camp fire.

Friday; July 12th. Mosquitos made me get up at 7 a.m. We were on what would at high tide be a pebbly Island full of ponds, but which now was connected with the distant shore by shoals, and the tide was still far out beyond us. I picked up some curious fossils of a kind I had never before seen—the pebbles were mainly limestone with many fossils of the coral and crinoid family. I also shot three ducks, and had a very cold swim in spite of the mosquitos. I could not make up my mind to share the fried bear's meat, for the polar bear is very oily and fishy at this season.

We sailed on nicely for a few hours passing the Beacon on Knight's Hill, but soon after noon were again brought up by shallow water. I am pretty sure the rascals got into this scrape on purpose, as it was a great place for ducks. We were at the outer end of a fine pebbly beach like Chesil beach, Weymouth, England which stretched for one and a half miles and ended in a sandy island covered with a sort of wild oats and full of ponds with ducks. Soon after landing I brought down a fine Husky duck but did not get another chance though Buckland got three or four small ducks. It was very cold and raw so with sail and tarpaulin the men made two tents one low and broad for us aft., and one like a wigwam forward of the mast. I am very sorry I did not photograph the scene. The Husky duck furnished our dinner but was a little fishy. We had to stay there that night and a tedious time of it we had. For our tea we had some gulls' eggs which B. and I found, (the kittywake or tern) and very good they were.