

Circle at present is the *Moulin Rouge*, and its Tropic of Cancer *Vachette's*; with whom ice is one of the sweets of existence, and whose idea of a floe is gathered from the silver vase that soothes the petulance of their champagne. Boileau, it is evident, had never eaten ship's rum, or chewed brandy and water.

The exploring party, under Lieut., now Commander, M'Clintock, was one of the last to return. They did not reach the ship till the month of July. The thaw had already commenced; and for more than two hundred miles on the way back, he and his men had to endure sufferings, and to struggle with obstacles, of which it is difficult for any but an Arctic traveller to form an idea. They dragged their cumbrous sledges over the now yielding hummocks, and through slushy pools; and when the hours for sleep came, the Macintosh floor-cloth and the blanket bags were but poor protection against the wet of the dissolving floe. Yet not a single complaint was heard amongst the party; and the men, during these trials, never lost their good humour, nor did their courage desert them for an instant.

During their four months' absence, they had been round Byam Martin Island, had tracked the desolate shores of Liddon's Gulf, and penetrated through a