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ing voyage, have come to a unanimous determination that *seals are fish!* \* I by no means wish to disturb the consciences of any of the men in so very harmless a matter, and hope that seals may still be reckoned to be fish; but I am afraid I rather staggered one man by asking him if he ever heard of any fish that had hot blood, and that suckled their young. In the mean time we determined to try what sort of food a young seal was, and ordered one to be cooked for dinner. He was towed through the water great part of the morning, then par-boiled, and afterwards cut up and fried with onions. In this way it really was not bad: the flesh was rather dark and strong, but by no means so disagreeable as that of some sea-birds I have eaten.

There was a fine aurora at night, consisting of a bright undulating band just visible above the horizon, with glancing rays shooting upward.

March 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st.—Nothing remarkable happened during these four days.

\* I have, however, an idea that this determination is not confined to Newfoundland, but that in the old rules of the church, seals, otters, whales, porpoises, and all cetacea and amphibia are classed as fish.