

there the low projecting ledges of granite were polished by the constant attrition of oceanic ice and icebergs, until walking over them became barely possible.

July 18th, 1850. — I am much amused at the ease with which we assimilate ourselves to new climates and new habits. Yesterday, my friend Dr. P***. and I bathed within fifty yards of an iceberg, the water only two degrees above freezing point, candour must acknowledge we did not stay long; and to-night, though no Highlander in love of hardship, I found myself at midnight in the water groping for lost gun-gear, an experiment which, having escaped from without rheumatism, I promise not to repeat. One of my crew slept last night on deck with his arm for a pillow, although the temperature was below freezing point, and every one complains of heat and throws aside jacket and cap when making the slightest exertion.

Coal-dust everywhere and on everything. Inces-sant work from 4 A.M. to 8 or 9 o'clock P. M., one would have supposed, would have induced rational beings to go quietly to bed when the day's work was over. It was far otherwisc. The novelty of constant daylight, and the effect which it always has upon the system, until accustomed to it, of depriving one of the inclination to go to roost at