

guard Mr. Zero was found in their Mess place, the other morning. What a sight of walves they must have there! How very fond they must be of ventilation!! - I heard till the other day too, that Temperair ain't got nothin' to do with ventilation, & yet our Officers never considers the Gun-room properly ventilated unless they has icicles hanging to their noses, as they takes their forty-winks in their Easy Chairs about our dinner time.

I never goes a nigh the Gun-room door, myself more nor I can help, & then I takes good care to have my Mitts & Monkey Jacket on

Whenever I does take a peep in the door, there I sees the ventilation a streamin' down on the Table thro' the two walves, for all the world like Steam from a pair of high-pressure boilers, and well nigh blowin' out the Candles.

And then you'll see one gentleman walking up & down buttoned up to the throat, with his fur Cap down over his forehead, his Comforter round all, and his hands in his bechets swearin' they'll all die of scurvy if they don't ventitate.

Another sets at the table with his pen in his mouth, rubbin' his hands like mud while his Ink is undergoin' a thawin' process on the

No 3 - Song of the Sledge
Air. - In' Affloat.

We're away! We're away! on the bleak frozen Sea,
When glory's ahead, none so fearless as we;
Danger's our birthright, we have scorned it before,
When friends need our help, will dare it the more.
No home but our Tent, our bed the cold snow,
Is not Heaven above us, wherever we go,
A fig for all hardships, will strive all the more,
Across the wide floe, & along the lone shore;
Our Shipmates last cheer, bore the sound of success,
Our efforts, the prayers of the Mourner will bless,
Step out my brave hearts, who so dauntless as we,
We're away! We're away! on the bleak frozen Sea

Lark! Save or we perish - is borne on the gale;
When such is their need, is there one that would fail?
No shoulder to shoulder, will search the dark West
And smile at all toil, & task, not for rest,
Till we grasp by the hand our Countrymen dear
And o'er the Soul that has sped, drop a Sailor's sud' tear
Yes! the Ice it may rend, the Snow Storm may rage,
We Seamen, with both, a struggle can wage!
Our duty says Onward! & Onward, we'll go,
And abide His behest, for weal or for woe.
Step out &c.

FINIS.