

it more briefly and plainly, the essentials consist of walrus and the accessories of bad smells. Coleridge affirmed that Cologne boasted of two-and-seventy separate stenches; King's Island has the advantage over Cologne in possessing only one stench, the all-pervading scent of walrus. To the simple occupant we may opine that a King's Island house is a proper Elysium; but to one whose ideas have been inspired by "Art at Home" professors, it would appear, we fancy, a miserable and squalid den. Says the *Corwin's* chronicler:—"At one house we visited, on invitation of the owner, he, in order to be hospitable, had set out a great delicacy—a wooden tray full of walrus heart. I am generally not very backward in eating what is set before me, but on this occasion the melancholy consciousness of a stomach obliged me to decline the proffered hospitality. Not so backward, however, was our Eskimo interpreter, who for some weeks had been living on the Government ration of 'salt horse' and hard tack. It would have done your heart good to see how he reverted to first principles. Near the village is a cave, used by the natives as a store-house or crypt for food, the entrance to which is not unlike an immense gable window."

The *Corwin*, in the course of her voyage, touched