

for farinaceous food, although we might, perhaps, regard a large cake as the acme of happiness. Every now and then we cheer ourselves up with lime-juice grog, a blood-pancake, or some stewed whortleberries, and let our imaginations run riot over all the amenities of civilization, which we mean to enjoy to the full when we get home! Perhaps it will be many a long day before we get there; perhaps there will be many a hard trial to overcome. But, no; I will believe the best. There are still two months of summer left, and in them something can be done.

“ Friday, July 19th. Two full-grown Ross's gulls flew over here from the northeast and went west this morning. When far off they uttered cries which reminded me of that of the wryneck, and which I at first thought came from a little auk. They flew quite low, just over my head, and the rose-color of their under-parts could be seen plainly. Another Ross's gull flew by here yesterday. It is strange that there should be so many of them. Where are we?

“ Tuesday, July 23d. Yesterday forenoon we at last got clear of 'Longing Camp,' and now, I am thankful to say, we are again on the move. We have worked day and night to get off. First we thought it would be on the 19th, then the 20th, and then the 21st, but something always cropped up that had to be done before we could leave. The bread, which had been soaked in sea-water, had to be carefully dried in the frying-pan over the lamp, and this took several days; then the socks had to be