

sea. We were badly off, however, with regard to camp gear, having neither tent nor oil-cloth to protect us, should it rain. Indeed, all we had to guard us from the inclemency of the weather at night was one blanket each man; but as the weather had been fine and settled for some time back, we hoped to get along pretty well.

As for provisions, we had pork and flour, besides a small quantity of burnt-pease coffee, which I treasured up as a great delicacy.

Our first encampment was a good one. The night, though dark, was fine and calm, so that we slept very comfortably upon the beach; every man with his feet towards the fire, from which we all radiated like the spokes of a wheel. But our next bivouac was not so good. The day had been very boisterous and wet, so that we lay down to rest in damp clothes, with the pleasant reflection that we had scarcely advanced ten miles. The miseries of our fifth day, however, were so numerous and complicated, that it at last became absurd! It was a drizzly, damp morning, to begin with. Soon this gave way to a gale of contrary wind, so that we could scarcely proceed at the rate of half a mile an hour; and in the evening we were under the necessity either of running *back* five miles to reach a harbor, or of anchoring off an exposed lee-shore. Preferring the latter course, even at the risk of losing our boat altogether, we cast anchor, and, leaving a man in the boat, waded ashore. Here things looked very wretched indeed. Everything was wet and clammy. Very little firewood was to be found, and when it was found, we had the greatest difficulty in getting it to light. At last, however, the fire blazed up; and though it still rained, we began to feel, *comparatively speaking*, comfortable.