

*Monday, 17th.* — We discharged our pilot this morning into the Swallow revenue cutter. He was charged with a considerable number of letters from the officers and men, this being, in all probability, the last opportunity that we shall have for some time of sending letters to our friends. In the course of the day, we saw several of the divers called in the Linnaean arrangement *Alca Arctica*, and commonly denominated by seamen Puffin.

*Tuesday, 18th.* — Nothing occurred to-day worthy of remark, the weather continues very fine, and the wind still in our favour; in the course of the afternoon we had a distant view of Morven Hill, and several other mountains in Banffshire, that appeared as it were rearing their lofty summits out of the ocean.



*Wednesday, 19th.* — A similar appearance was presented to-day by Fair Island, on being first seen. It is not indeed of any great height, but it is a fact well known in optics, that, unless a person has something of a correct idea of the distance of an object, he will fancy it great or small, according as he estimates its distance. I do not mean to imply by this, however, that we were ignorant of the distance Fair Island was from us; but merely, that, if we could suppose it to be as far from us as the hills in Banff were when seen yesterday, we should necessarily imagine it to