

myself how, five short years before, those we were now in search of had done the same. Good and gallant Gore! chivalrous Fitz-James! enterprising Fairholme! lion-hearted Hodgson! dear De Vaux! — Oh! that ye knew help was nigh!

We surmounted the hill—the Atlantic was before us, fierce and troubled; afar to seaward the breakers broke and lashed themselves against the firm foundation of the old Head of Hay, which loomed through mist and squall, whilst over head the scream of sea-fowl, flying for shelter, told that the west wind would hold wild revelry that night.

“H. M. S. North Star,” carved on the turf, showed where some of her people had chosen this spot for a record of their visit to Orkney; we did likewise, in honour of our own bonnie craft; and then, strolling homeward, discussed the probable chances of the existence of the said “North Star;” the conclusion arrived at being that there was more cause for anxiety on her account than for Franklin’s Expedition, she having gone out totally unprepared for wintering, and with strict injunctions not to be detained: “l’homme propose, et Dieu dispose.”

I could have hugged the snuffy old postmaster for a packet of letters he gave me. I rushed on board to a cabin which proved, as the First Lord had sagaciously remarked, into how small a space a Lieutenant