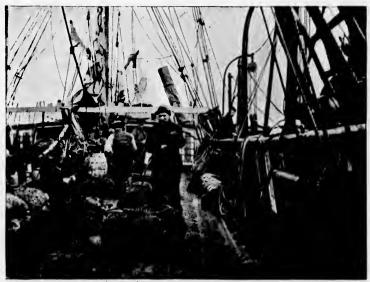
stars. Persuaded McKenzie to get a breath of fresh air for five minutes. His language during the intervals of his attacks was simply grand.

SATURDAY, MAY 6TH.—Still blowing very hard when I looked out at 6 a.m., but the wind gradually decreased all day, although it left a very heavy sea still running. About 5 p.m. we managed to get the staysails set, and went ahead at the terrific rate of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  knots an hour. As the glass is steadily rising, I think we have broken the back



PREPARATIONS ON THE ESQUIMAUX.

of it—I mean, of course, the weather. C. was very bad for the first twenty-four hours, but soon pulled himself together; on the other hand, R. (McKenzie) is by no means fit for duty (some of the crew who are injured require his services); in fact, in all my experience of the sea I do not think I have seen a more miserable object. Would that I could write down his opinions of the sea, the "Esquimaux," and things in general! He is dangerous, and past the soothing stage.

SUNDAY, MAY 7TH.—Fine weather again at last. There is still a heavy swell, but, as we are under all canvas, we do not feel it as