

of them being chosen because he had been in a whaler; then jumping into the boat, we hurried off to the scene of action.

A few minutes brought us within view, and it was interesting to watch the movements of the tiny boats, as adroitly, yet cautiously, they closed around the enormous fish—for only one whale now remained, all his companions having prudently dived into deep water, and slipped out to sea—which rolled and sported in the transparent water, every now and then spouting aloft arching jets of foam, which dashed and sparkled in the sunshine like wreaths of jewels, or beating the water with his tail, until the sound echoed along the shore; apparently unconscious of the uplifted arm of the harpooner in the prow of each advancing boat, or of the keen weapon he held aloft, ready to strike—unless, indeed, his knowledge might be inferred from the regularity wherewith, with practical humour, he was sure to sink beneath the surface at the critical moment, leaving his battered assailants to forget their disappointment in watching for his next appearance, when the same course of manoeuvres was repeated.

So often did this happen, that we had become almost as excited and anxious as the fishers themselves, and as fearful the sport would prove a failure, when, after a fifth or sixth disappearance, the whale unexpectedly rose in our immediate neighbourhood, announcing his arrival by a grunting "blow."

"If we had had but a harpoon, we might have got him ourselves," exclaimed the other passenger in a flush of excitement.

"We have, sir—we have!" cried the whaler eagerly. "Before we came away, I put a coil of rope and the ship's harpoon in the boat in case of accidents; and if you will row away after him, I'll bend on the rope in a minute."

This wild proposal was received with a general shout of applause, and while the sailor prepared the harpoon, we dashed after the whale with a speed in which eagerness supplied the place of skill. By the time all was ready, we were close upon him; then poising the harpoon high above his head, the whaler—for the first time in his life, as he afterwards confessed—struck it vigorously into the side of the floating monster, who received the blow with a plunge that half filled the boat with water.

The next moment he was diving down into the depths of the bay, where it appeared likely we should soon follow him, for our unskilled harpooner seemed scarce able to pay-out the rope with rapidity equalling the descent of our untruly captive.

But a few minutes more saw him on the surface again, and in a paroxysm of rage, dashing on at a furious rate, and dragging us along in his rear with a velocity that almost buried our slight boat in the water, and sent the parted waves leaping from her bows in hissing surges high above our heads; while, through the opening in the watery curtain, our rapid progress gave us fleeting glimpses of land, and sea, and boats, all ident in bewildering confusion.

As our little bark was thus hurried along, a wild exultation took possession of us, which, in the men, rose to the pitch of cheers, loud and hearty enough to have scared any steel less headstrong than our paddled one. It was impossible to doubt we were in momentary peril, for none of our crew possessed the requisite skill with the oar-rudder to follow the rapid evolutions, the diversions and unexpected returns to the surface, of the monster; and far less did they understand that most essential point in whaling—the proper management of the harpoon rope.

For more than an hour we continued to sweep along with undiminished speed, for the strength of the whale appeared inexhaustible, however it might be with his patience, for of late he had indulged in several plunges which had shaken our little craft to its centre, and more than once he uttered bellowing roars, which echoed far and wide.

After one of these deep-mouthed cries, he suddenly paused, then turning round, came rushing back upon us with distended jaws, as if his fury had resolved to crush our fragile little boat at once. The sight of the approaching monster, and his black cavernous mouth, was anything but pleasant even to our enthusiasm. The men cried aloud, and waved their arms, to deter him, but he did not appear to hear them; then they seized the oars, resolved to give him battle, but he passed beyond their reach, his great size contrasting awfully with our small proportions; then just as he had gone by, he raised his enormous tail nearly twenty feet into the air, and with one powerful blow struck our boat, dashing it in pieces, and leaving us struggling in the water, all save the poor whaler, who, having become entangled in the harpoon rope, was borne off by the victorious animal. A few minutes after, another boat having struck and killed the fish, the poor fellow was rescued, but insensible, and so nearly drowned that he was with difficulty restored to life. Meanwhile, other boats clustered round, picked us up, and took us back to our ship.

Occupied by our whale-chase, and afterwards in the resuscitation of our unfortunate comrade, we had not noticed that the calm of the morning had given place to a strong south-east breeze, which was raising the broad

expanse of the bay into large crested waves, that, rolling onward to the beach, broke on it in thundering surges, and as at that time the bay boasted no jetty, stopping all communication with the shore. Never, during all our voyage, did our vessel pitch as she did that day, for the bay, fifteen miles from point to point, lay open to the winds, and to the full sweep of the South Atlantic Ocean, whose billows, rising with the increasing wind each hour into loftier swells, broke angrily against the bows of the labouring vessel, and then, with a sudden surge, swept on. Fortunately for themselves, the fishers had anchored their whale, and after leaving us at our ship, hastened to the land, which they gained with difficulty.

The cloudless blue of the tropical sky was overhead, and the brilliant southern sun shone down gloriously upon the scene, lighting up the clear blue waves, and adding to the dazzling whiteness of their surging summits, and to the radiance of the gem-like spray, which bounded high into the air above them. But it shed no brightness on the solitary little bark, which, with double anchors and lowered masts, struggled so hardly for life amid that waste of raging water; for, with the passing day, yet wider and fiercer waxed the storm, and louder roared the foaming waves among which we tossed so fearfully, sometimes cast aloft on the ridges of lofty billows, until we thought our cables must part with the sudden strain; at others, almost buried in the depths of seething abysses, whence it seemed unlikely we should ever rise again; while every now and then, some enormous wave would strike full against us with frightful violence, and breaking over our bows, roll along the deck with a force that threatened to bear all before it, the which we only escaped by clinging to the ropes and rigging.

The sun at length set, and darkness began to close over us, doubling the horrors of the still increasing tempest. Suddenly a wild cry from the bow rose above the howling of the storm, and looking ahead, we perceived a huge mountain of water rolling rapidly along the bay, its lofty crest and seething sides gleaming with phosphoric light, as rising each instant higher, it towered above our masts, ready to overwhelm and sink our frail ship at her anchors. We were in imminent peril, and one that no human effort could evade or lessen; the only thing left us was submission, and bowing to our fate, we quietly awaited it. The fatal moment had apparently come, for the huge wave was hovering over our devoted vessel, when she unexpectedly rose on the crest of a smaller one, presenting her bows to the enormous billow, which struck against her with a violence that threatened to shatter her. The water and spray fell over her in a blinding deluge, the unfortunate vessel moaned and trembled as if her hour had come, and there was a terrible, though momentary struggle. The next moment the wave passed on, leaving us afloat; but both our cables had parted with the shock, and we found we were being swept back from the anchorage towards the long line of surf-bound coast under our lee. Ere we had reached more than half-way to the shore, a whole line of beautiful blazes suddenly up, revealing the tremendous surf that broke along the beach. A short space more, and we reached its outer edge, and struck heavily upon the rocks, while the breakers roared and surged fiercely around us, as if eager to begin their work. But the next high wave swept us further on, to strike again and again, until, ere many minutes were over, the good ship that had borne us more than five thousand miles in safety, was cast on her broadside in the raging surf, whose waves, rising in high, roaring crests, broke over her in foaming cascades.

Fortunately one vessel had fallen shoreward, otherwise, our fate must have been certain and instantaneous. But even as it was, what hope could we have of life, clinging to bolts and rings along our sloping deck, and with that fearful surging sweeping over us, and those great cutting waves rolling between us and safety? Meanwhile, high above our heads stretched the clear, dark-blue sky; and the brilliant constellations of the south shone calmly down upon the scene, as if to show how far removed was heaven from earth.

It seemed doubly hard to perish so close to land, and with numbers of our fellow-creatures standing but a few fathoms from us. Suddenly, from among the crowd, a rocket shot up into the sky right over our vessel, and fell into the sea beyond; the next moment the mate sprang forward to catch the line it had brought from the shore, and drawing on-board the strong rope attached to it, secured it to the rigging. And by this rope, half-buried in the surf, it was that, if at all, we must save our lives. It was a fearful venture, only suited to an extremity such as ours; and even then, with the sea breaking over us, and the unfortunate vessel grinding to pieces beneath our feet, there was a momentary hesitation ere any one would commit himself to so frail a bridge.

As I stood nearest, I proffered to lead the way, and in another minute was launched among the waves, clinging to the supporting rope. Never shall I forget the struggle that ensued—how the great breakers curled around me, surging angrily above my head; how furiously they dashed and beat against me,

and, as though they had been instinct with demon-life, strove to tear me from my refuge, all the while muttering in my ears hoarse threats of sweeping me out to sea among the dark, inexorable billows raging for a victim. At length my feet touched land, and my heart bounded with joy even among the breakers; the next moment an immense wave broke over me, tearing my rope from its fastenings, casting me helplessly down the beach, and sweeping me back again in its retreat. Then came a rush and a whirl, and ringing noises in my ears, which are only heard by drowning men, and I knew nothing more. But brave men linked themselves hand to hand, and venturing deep into the surf, risked their own lives to save mine.

A hearty, generous cheer from the wreck greeted my landing, and never shall I forget its warmth. Then another rocket was thrown over the vessel, and the rope secured anew, and then, through much peril, the shipwrecked voyagers reached the shore—all save one, my late fellow-passenger, and he was swept from the rope, and tossed among the breakers, as I had been, but less fortunate than I, was swept out to sea, and never heard of more.

I was bruised, bewildered, and exhausted by my passage through the surf, and filled with deep grief for the lost man, who had been my almost inseparable companion during our twelve weeks' voyage; and, until I saw the ship breaking in pieces before my eyes, I scarce remembered that I stood alone and penniless upon a foreign shore—cast utterly adrift; for with the loss of the ship, of course, my passage to Australia was lost; my little venture also had perished with her, and as I had not taken the precaution to insure it, I had no means left to pursue my voyage. However, I was young and, despite the past, still hopeful, and I entertained the general idea, that in a colony none who were strong and willing to work, need want; but I found it widely otherwise. The country was in a state of extreme commercial depression, owing to a recent Caffre war, and not the humblest clerkship was to be obtained. From the same cause, no agriculturist wanted assistance; and as the war was over, even "food for powder" was not in request. I thought of a school, but found they abounded; I offered to teach French and German, but all either knew them already, or else did not wish to learn.

I was well-nigh starving, and in despair; and day after day of enforced idleness I paced the sands with increasing heaviness of heart, sometime arraigning the Providence that had left me to want, and swept off my fellow-passenger, whose prospects the wreck would not have injured; at others, regretting that I had not perished also.

A subscription had been raised for the poor ship-wrecked mariners—none thought of the poor ship-wrecked passenger—and they had since entered on board other vessels, all but the whaler, and he had obtained employment at the fishery. By a sudden impulse, I resolved to follow him there, and, to my astonishment, I was accepted, for they were short of hands, and that morning's amateur whaling had raised all concerned in their estimation. It was a strange employment for an educated man, and, stranger still, for the first time in my life, I prospered. The boat in which I rowed was sure to be successful, and after a time, when I was able to take harpoon in hand, it never failed to strike home, and send us back with flying colours to receive the winner's reward.

The close of the fishing-season left me with a small surplus, and until the commencement of the next I employed myself in building, with my own hands, on a lot of land which I had purchased, a house to harbour my home-friends. It was, indeed, a hard beginning, but it has proved a good one. Year after year I went on in the same course, until I became a partner in the fishery, and in progress of time, the sole proprietor. Years have passed since I have needed to cast a harpoon, save in the way of amusement; and though the idea may not be flattering to my vanity, I am constrained to believe that I have found my true vocation.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT FOR LOWER CANADA.
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,
District of Montreal,
(No. 1,141.)
THE EIGHTH DAY OF JULY, one thousand eight hundred and seventy.
DAME PHILOMENE ALLARD, heretofore of the Parish of St. Laurent, in the District of Montreal, and now of the Parish of Lachine, in said District, Plaintiff.

HERMENEUILDE VEAU, Farmer, heretofore of the said Parish of St. Laurent, said District, and now absent from this Province. Defendant.

IT IS ORDERED, on the motion of Messieurs MOUSSEAU & DAVID, Counsel for the Plaintiff, in as much as it appears by the return of PASCIAL LECLERC, one of the Bailiffs of the said Superior Court, on the writ of Summons in this cause issued, written, that the Defendant has left his domicile in the Province of Quebec in Canada, and cannot be found in the District of Montreal, that the said Defendant, by an advertisement to be twice inserted in the French language in the newspaper of the City of Montreal, called *L'Opinion Publique*, and twice in the English language, in the newspaper of the said city, called the *Canadian Illustrated News*, he notified to appear before this Court and there to answer the demand of the Plaintiff within two months after the last insertion of such advertisement, and upon the neglect of the said Defendant to appear and to answer to such demand within the period aforesaid, the said Plaintiff will be permitted to proceed to trial, and judgment as in a cause by default.

(By order)
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