

PARTING HAWSERS AMONG THE ICEBERGS.

From Dr. Kane's Arctic Explorations.

It blew a perfect hurricane. We had seen it coming, and were ready with three good hawsers out ahead, and all things snug on board.

Still it came on heavier and heavier, and the ice began to drive more wildly than I thought I had ever seen it. I had just turned in to warm and dry myself during the momentary lull, and was stretching myself out in my bunk, when I heard the sharp twanging snap of a cord. Our six-inch hawsers had parted, and we were swinging by the two others; the gale roaring like a lion to the southward.

Half a minute more, and "twang!" "twang!" came a second report. I knew it was the whale line by the shrillness of the ring. Our noble ten-inch manilla still held on. I was hurrying my last sock into its sealskin boot, when McGary came waddling down the companion-ladders:—"Captain Kane, she won't hold much longer; it's blowing the devil himself, and I am afraid to surge."

The manilla cable was proving its excellence when I reached the deck; and the crew, as they gathered round me, were loud in its praises. We could hear its deep Aeolian chant, swelling through all the rattle of the running-gear and moaning of the shrouds. *It was the death-song!* The strands gave way with the noise of a shot-gun; and, in the smoke that followed their recoil, we were dragged out by the wild ice at its mercy.

We steadied and did some pretty warping, and got the brig a good bed in the rushing drift; but it all came to nothing. We then tried to beat back through the narrow, ice-clogged water way, that was driving, a quarter of a mile wide, between the shore and the pack. It cost us two hours of hard labour. I thought skillfully bestowed; but at the end of that time, we were at least four miles off, opposite the great valley in the centre of Bedevilled Reach. Ahead of us, farther to the north, we could see the strait growing still narrower, and the heavy ice tables grinding up, and clogging it between the shore cliffs on one side and the ledge on the other. There was but one thing left for us:—to keep in some sort the command of the helm by going freely where we must otherwise be driven. We allowed her to scud under a feeble foretop-sail; all hands watching the enemy, as we closed, in silence.

At seven in the morning, we were close upon the piling masses. We dropped our heaviest anchor with the desperate hope of winding the brig; but there was no withstanding the ice-torrent that followed us. We had only time to fasten a spar as a buoy to the chain, and let her slip. So went our best bower!

Down we went upon the gale again, hopelessly scraping along a lee of ice seldom less than thirty feet thick; one floe, measured by a line as we tried to fasten to it, more than forty. I had seen such ice only once before, and never in such rapid motion. One upturned mass rose above our gunwale, smashing in our bulwarks, and depositing half a ton of ice in a lump upon our decks. Our staunch little brig bore herself through all this wild adventure, as if she had a charmed life.

But a new enemy came in sight ahead. Directly in our way, just beyond the line of floe ice, against which we were alternately sliding and thumping was a group of bergs. We had no power to avoid them; and the only question was, whether we were to be dashed in pieces against them, or whether they might not offer us some providential nook from the storm. But as we neared them, we perceived that they were at some distance from the floe-edge, and separated from it by an interval of open water. Our hopes rose, as the gale drove us toward the passage, and into it; and we were ready to exult, when from some unexplained cause, probably an eddy of the wind against the lofty ice-walls, we lost our head-way. Almost at the same moment, we saw that the bergs were not at rest: that with a momentum of their own, they were bearing down upon the other ice, and that it must be our fate to be crushed between the two.

Just then a broad scone-piece of low water-washed berg came driving from the southward. The thought flashed upon me of one of our escapes in Melville Bay, and as the scone moved rapidly close along-side us, McGary managed to plant an anchor on its slope, and to hold on to it by a whale-line. It was an anxious moment. Our noble tow-horse, whiter than the pale horse that seemed to be pursuing us, hauled us bravely on; the spray dashing over his windward flanks, and his forehead plunging up the lesser ice as if in scorn. The bergs encroached upon us as we advanced: our channel narrowed to a width of about forty feet: we braced the yards to keep clear of the impending ice-walls.

We passed clear; but it was a close shave, so close that our port quarter-boat would have been crushed if we had not taken it from the davits and found ourselves under the lee of a berg, in a comparatively open lead. Never did heart-tired men acknowledge, with more gratitude, their merciful deliverance from a wretched death.

LEW CHEW CHIEFS ON BOARD AN AMERICAN STEAM FRIGATE.

Knives and forks were placed, in our usual fashion, for each guest. The first seemed to be very much in the way of the Lew Chewans; with the last they did better, and showed some dexterity in making them answer the purpose of chop sticks. This however, was a matter of but little moment, as, be the implements used what they may, hungry men will contrive in some mode to convey food to their mouths; and the Lew Chewans, like sensible men, manifested no intention of avoiding awkwardness at such a heavy price as the loss of a good dinner; and the dinner was very good. There soup, goose, kid, curry, and various other delicacies formed part of the feast, which was spread with beautiful profusion. To the soup the mayor and treasurer did ample justice, and in their appreciation of its excellence were not unworthy rivals of a London alderman. The cabin was sultry, and as the feast proceeded, the guests grew warmer (for they were very much in earnest) until finally they asked permission to remove their caps; and this having been done, the attendant of each, standing behind, vigorously fanned the uncovered head of his master. Punch followed the soup, and furnished them with a new gustatory enjoyment. They had given the Commodore some of their *saki*, and he was now resolved to give them a taste of the *saki* made in all other parts of the world. So there were French and German wines, Scotch and American whiskey, madeira and sherry, and the gin of Holland, winding up with the strong maraschino, which decidedly, in their estimation, bore away the palm. They smacked their lips and shut their eyes at each sip of the limpid delicacy; and, in short, showed but a very sorry appreciation of the virtue of temperance.

After feeding heartily on the substantial, they asked leave to smoke their pipes! It was of course accorded, and the chief treasurer, after a few whiffs, presented his, with the embroidered tobacco pouch attached, to the Commodore. The mayor and the other treasurer followed his example by handing theirs to Captains Buchanan and Adams. There seemed to be no end to the capacity of stomach in some of these officials. Preserved oysters and other articles of food sealed up in America, excited an admiration as boundless as their appetites. Part of the dessert consisted of melons and bananas brought from the Bonin Islands. These took them completely captive, and they begged that they might carry some home to their wives. They were, of course, told to do so; and forthwith the loose folds of each one's robe above his girdle were converted into a pocket, and loaded with what it would hold.—*Narrative of the American Expedition to Japan.*

The French Ambassador at the Court of Persia had arrived at Constantinople, on his return from Teheran, and it was said that he had induced the Shah to make peace with England.

THE FRENCH EMPEROR AND THE JESUITS.

—It is somewhat amusing to see some of the English journals, in their zeal to prove that our press has offended the French Emperor, advance that, amongst those who desire his downfall stand the Jesuits! This is so flagrantly the reverse of the truth, that with Louis Napoleon lies the last hope for power of the followers of Loyola; their tendencies are officially in fashion here just now; they have influence; they are once more at the head of education, and the Government leans far more towards them than towards any of their opponents. The Oratorians, for instance, the Jansenists, the Gallicans, in a word, of all shades. I say, Imperialism is the Jesuits' last chance; and two words will prove it. With the republic there is allied a strange kind of mystical devotion, highly evangelical, pretty orthodox in its catholicism, but violently opposed to religious orders in general, and especially so to the Jesuits. With the Orleans branch, there is not much question of any religion at all; and if the mother of the Comte de Paris be really anything save a German rationalist, she is a Protestant. Were the Comte de Chambord to come to the throne, the first thing he would avoid (whatever other mistake he might commit) would be any mark of partiality towards the Jesuits, whom his grandfather drove from France. The Jesuits are not deceived on this point, and they well know where their last hope lies; but, on this very account, I do not imagine it would be thought possible to replace M. Roulland. The other day, the *Siecle* published the story of a father of a family, who, seeing his son inscribed for the first communion in a public school, observed that he had not yet made up his mind as to what the boy's religious education was to be, but that he was not a catholic. The director of the school warned him, that if the boy did not take the communion, he must leave the school! The father would not consent, and the boy was expelled. "And this," adds the *Siecle*, "has just passed in the very heart of Paris the capital itself, and in spite of all M. Roulland's circulars touching the liberty of conscience." There is no denying that the general tendency here just now is more towards intolerance than religious freedom, and the Government does it best, understand, to foster it. This will, however, I am persuaded, go too far.—*Manchester Guardian Correspondent.*

MR. BUCHANAN AND THE NEGRO.—Shortly before Mr. Buchanan was relieved by Mr. Dallas as Ambassador from the United States to this country he attended one of the *leves* held by her Majesty at St. James's Palace. On the same occasion a tall, fine-looking negro, attired in a gorgeous uniform, was present as Minister Plenipotentiary from the Emperor of Hayti, and of course attracted much curiosity. After the members of the diplomatic body had retired from the presence of the Queen, Mr. Buchanan and the sable warrior were brought almost in contact, on observing which, an attendant of the Court inquired of the former what he thought of the latter. Mr. Buchanan turned quietly round, gave a look in which sarcasm and disgust appeared to be blended, and replied with a strong Yankee nasal twang, "Why, I reckon, he is worth a thousand dollars," and sauntered out of the place.

On Sunday morning, the Rev. W. Spurgeon, the impulsive Baptist preacher, resumed the occupancy of his own pulpit, in Park-street Chapel, Southwark, and preached to a congregation that filled every part of the building. Mr. Spurgeon appeared to be quite recovered from his recent indisposition. In the course of his sermon, he made an allusion to the terrible catastrophe at the Royal Surrey Gardens, on that day fortnight, and prayed that God would forgive the instigators of that horrid scene.

AMERICAN MISSIONARIES IN TURKEY.—At a recent meeting of the friends of the Turkish Missionary Aid Society at Exeter-hall, the following letter from Sir W. F. Williams was read:—"Woolwich, Oct. 27 1866. My dear Dr. Hamlin,—I am extremely sorry that a long-standing engagement will prevent my having the pleasure of meeting you in Exeter Hall on the even-

ing of the 30th. I thus lose the opportunity of stating to the meeting my experience of sixteen years in all parts of the theatre of that band of American missionaries of which you form so worthy a member. I hope ere long to be able to testify in that hall to all the advantages gained to Christianity as well as humanity by the increasing and judicious exertions of your countrymen both in Turkey and in Persia, and in doing so, I shall speak of personal friends as well as of zealous pioneers of civilisation, who have proved themselves so worthy of the support and sympathy of the British public. Pray, on reaching Stamboul, give my best regards to all my missionary friends, and believe me, always yours faithfully, W. F. Williams. The Rev. Dr. Hamlin."

Berlin thieves begin to exhibit great refinement in their mode of proceeding. Some of them, having a mind to the two fat pigs of a householder at Moabit, introduced themselves into the sty, and in order to secure themselves from being betrayed by the squeals of their victims, chloroformed both and then quietly proceeded to slay and cut them up.

The Dowager-Empress of Russia, who is at Nice, takes her meals alone. Her suite amounts to 200 persons, including twelve Cossacks, who act as domestics.

At Neufchatel a few persons slightly compromised have been released on bail, but eighteen or twenty are still in close confinement, although treated with humanity.

It is said that Switzerland is now organised in such a manner that she can be on a war footing in a week. There are 140,000 men ready for the field, perfectly armed and equipped.

A letter from Paris says:—"At present there is at the Imperial Court an organised crusade against the small bonnets now worn by the ladies. It is wished to give them a circumference more in harmony with that of the crinolines. This is why some of the guests have appeared in velvet hats with large brims, in the English style, called *chapeaux de l'alliance*."

THE FRENCH ALLIANCE IN DANGER.—The warning of the English press by the *Moniteur* has begun to bear fruits. On Wednesday night, her Majesty's Theatre contained an assemblage of 3000 or 4000 persons, to inaugurate Jullien's winter series of promenade concerts. At the end of the first part, "God save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia" were sung with acclamation; and a portion of the audience then called for "Partant pour la Syrie." The demand was complied with, but the air was sung amid an under-current of hisses and calls for "the Marseillaise!" For the first time since the outbreak of the war with Russia, the French national air elicited sounds of disapproval and unpopularity.

JESUS WEPT.—A grain of sand is a minute wonder: a drop of water is a little world teeming with joyous life; gold is wealth condensed, a diamond is a fortune in a small space. This verse, the shortest in the Bible, is a precious jewel in the casket of truth. Here is a volume in less than a line, a world of heavenly truth in two short words. Here is wealth compressed into a minute form: sympathy embraced in a single act; richness of grace and goodness, exhibited as a pearl of great price. The glorious Son of God, 'in the days of his flesh,' sympathised with the sorrowing, and wept with those that wept. The kind brother had been taken, and the gentle sisters mourned in disconsolate desolation. And though the Saviour saw the approaching glories of a sudden, triumphant resurrection, yet under the delicate comminglings of pure sympathy and love he wept. What a lesson is taught here, and how consolatory to the heart amid the conflicts and trials of life. 'We have not a high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.' 'Jesus wept.' Let those sacred tears be as balm to wounded and disconsolate hearts until time shall be no more.—*Texas Advocate.*