

"all hands up;" each one would then seize his pack and out of the tent at the double quick. After waiting a short time and finding no damage done, all would go back to their beds, perhaps to be aroused again in a few minutes. Most of us were wet through every night, and rose from our so-called berths, wet and shivering. During the day-time we had false alarms of ships being in sight. A man would call out, "There is a ship, and no mistake." All hands would turn out to see it, only to be disappointed, or to say, "Well that cake did look like a ship." In this manner we lived on the pan of ice until Thursday, April the 1st, when towards evening, the weather, which had been thick and hazy for some days, cleared up. Eagerly we gazed as the haze gradually lifted, hoping against hope that a ship might be in sight. At last one man cried out, "I see a vessel!" Instantly all eyes were turned in the direction to which he pointed. Our hearts beat high as we saw the shadowy outline of the sails and rigging of a large brig, "and no mistake," some four or five miles off. Being late in the afternoon, and having two lame men with us, we deemed it useless to try and board the brig that night, but to do everything in our power to attract her attention. As soon as it was dark we hoisted a barrel on a pole, put a seal's pelt in it, to which we set fire, by which means we had a famous blaze all night. We also fired guns at intervals during the night. Next morning all hands were early on the look-out, but our hearts sank within us as we saw that our efforts to gain the attention of those on board the brig had been fruitless, for she was much farther off, and still going from us. The ice having become a little loose, we determined to take our punts, with as much provisions as possible, and go in pursuit of the vessel as long as we could keep in sight of her. On smooth ice and intervening lakes of water we made considerable progress and gained on the vessel. On rough ice we got on very slowly, and at noon did not appear to have gained more than a mile on the ship. However, we worked and toiled on, as men only can when their lives are at stake. We fired

guns all day at intervals, and about four o'clock p.m., the wind blowing more strongly in the direction of the ship, the report of our guns was heard by the crew. Our spirits rose as we saw her make answer to our signals by hoisting a flag, and after some time we saw men coming from her firing guns and shouting. When within hail we found out that the brig was the "Argus," Captain E—. Some of their men then ran back to let their captain know about us. Captain E— was so much affected that he cried, when he found that he had been going from us all day. All our men, one after the other, got on board that night. Nothing could exceed the kindness of Captain E— and his crew. A supply of hot cooked victuals was ready for us when we got on board, and the men turned out of their berths to allow us to get a little sleep, which we required more than anything, as when we did get any sleep on the ice, we generally woke up wet through, cold, and shivering. It almost seems a miracle that none of us died from the hardships to which we had been exposed.

Thus after being *fourteen* days on a pan of ice some two hundred miles from land we were, by the providence of God, mercifully rescued,—but to be again shipwrecked and rescued a second time. After being two days on board the "Argus" we fell in with the "Packet," Captain Osborne, who agreed to take half our crew, which he did on Sunday, April 4th. On Monday, the 5th, the ship "Queen," Captain Hanneberry, came alongside. Though short himself, he spared us some provisions, which we shared with those of our crew on board the "Packet." That night the ships parted company. On Saturday, April 10th, we sighted the North Grey Islands, driving along all night with a strong gale, a heavy sea, and a great deal of running ice, which our greatest exertion could not keep the ship clear of.

Next morning, Sunday, the 11th, the destruction of the ship and all on board seemed inevitable. The wind had increased, and, every few minutes, enormous blocks of ice struck the ship with a violence that we knew nothing could long withstand. Getting a little nearer to the