

HASZARD'S GAZETTE, JULY 13.

CAPT. EBLEIGH'S NEW WORK.

CHAPTER 6. (Continued.)

CAPE TORMENTINE AND TRAVERSE.

THE ICY PASSAGE.

During the previous winter, our boat's crew, commanded by our friend "poor crasy Tom Allan," got into this difficulty, and were for thirty-six hours-out in the Straits, lost and be-wildered. At sunset they turned the boat over in a sheltered position in the recesses of an iceberg, well to the lee of the wind; snow fell and covered them, in and with the assistance of the car, paddles, and oars, cut into chips with a knife, and frugally and carefully piled, a slight fire was kept burning all that dreary night; but the smoke from it assisted in keeping warmth and life in the bodies of the little frozen band. Their escape from death and destruction was a marvel which no one can explain, save by referring it to the interposition of a merciful Providence. Tom Allan had several of his fingers and toes frozen off, and on reaching the shore three out of five of the survivors shortly afterwards died from the effects of the exposure.

To resume my narrative. We at last succeeded in reaching an extensive field of ice, upon which we again propelled the ice-boat. While running at full speed, I felt the surface beneath me give way, and with a loud shout from all, the boat sank, and in an instant we were struggling up to our shoulders in the water and broken ice. Now the utility of the strap and chain was manifest: it kept us tied to the boat, and the hand on the gunwale, still firmly grasped, saved our being plunged into the foaming mass of broken ice, and sucked under by the current. Irving in a instant manfully disengaged himself, and clambered into the boat; then cautioning all to remain still, he drew us, one by one, out of the water, dressed to the skin. The intense cold, however, drew him to the bone.

"Lolly" is the term applied to a conglomeration of minute particles of ice, which is found some four feet deep in extensive patches, and which is most difficult to push through; as the oars cannot be out, and the bow-hoops are useless; nothing, but the paddle employed with great strength could move us along. Then the surface frequently freezes over, and the danger of being caught by a nap is carefully guarded against. The lolly, which now boils and bubbles, will before night become a congealed consistency, and form field-ice.

At ten in the morning we had approached to within three miles of the island, which could now seen; the shores fringed with pine forests, dark and impetuous, while a long red streak stretched along the coast. This arose from the colour of the soil, which is most peculiar, and we made often many turns, the tops-covered with red dust, blown from the shores: they had a singular appearance.

We had our renewed struggles of yesterday over blocks of ice and sharp boulders, which were heaped, if possible, in more inextricable confusion. When we had neared the shore-ice, we were cheered by seeing, on an eminence in the distance, some human forms, who by gestures pointed out a favourable course to steer by over the ice. These silent directions we followed, and in another hour we had clambered over the last ridge, and were met by Philip Irving, elder brother of Arthur, who was one of the conductors of the ice-boat Mail service. He had brought down a sledge, upon which all were glad to mount, the ice-boat being previously laid on to it.

We were not so fortunate however as to proceed many hundred yards before we again broke in, though, from the cast iron our last accident taught us, in this instance we clung with both hands to the gunwale, and only got up to our thighs in water. Our career now became one continued series of breaking down and sounding, which only terminated upon reaching open water, which we did after being eight hours out.

Irving was of opinion that the water before us would be bounded on the other side by the shore-ice, and, if so, that we should get over to the Island without further difficulty. He calculated the distance at about four miles. We all got into the boat, the oars were out, and with a hearty pull all together, we flew over the water, hoping to reach our destination in another hour or two. But human calculations are destined to disappointment, for we had not rowed above a mile, when a breeze suddenly sprang up, which it frequently does in these northern regions in a few moments; it increased to half a gale, and the boat began to ship an icy spray over her bows. The build of our craft, flat-bottomed, rendered her dangerous in an open sea; indeed Irving said he durst not proceed, or we should be all swamped. At my request we continued on for another quarter of an hour; but the boat shipping waves, she half-filled with water, and we were obliged to put her head about for the ice-field we had left. I flung out as far as my hands were able, bucketful after bucketful. The wind now lay after us, we shipped less water, and soon found ourselves among the floating masses I had hoped we had an hour before left behind for good.

Nothing is more surprising than the sudden and almost instantaneous change which the Straits at times present. In an hour there has been known a free expanse of water of six to eight miles in extent, and before another hour the whole of that surface has been covered with enormous masses of top-folded, detached blocks, and mountainous bergs. Our return towards New Brunswick was resolved upon by Irving, in consequence of the gale which had sprung up, and with sundown not more than an hour and a half off, it would have been dangerous to have remained out any longer, or otherwise we should have had to spend the night in the Straits, on some berg or rock. We found a total change in the appearance of the ice: the masses were more open and separated, the large blocks had given way to the drift, and between the floating blocks, narrow passages, small holes, and numerous mazes, enabled us to make good way. We went over in three-quarters of an hour at same rate we had before taken two hours in crossing. On approaching the drifts, the abrupt and rugged ridge over which we had to pass in the morning had disappeared, and we, difficulty offering, we were soon running along the ice, and before half an hour we were once more under Cape Tormentine, having been eleven hours out—a record of achievement, and part I shall never forget.

Once more I found myself in old Mother Allan's kitchen, and the fat pork which was the day before treated by me with disgust, was now again devoured with a wolfish appetite. Before this repast, however, I had changed my general habiliments, and enjoyed the comfort more than I can express.

It was dark, the wind howled in fearful gusts, the snow sat around the fire silently smoking their pipes. Arthur Irving and myself discussed a ride with Mrs. Allan, to enliven the scene, actually thinking a poor idiot boy of a grandson of ours, whose mournful wailing and lamentation by no means soothed my spirits, reminiscent of one of the "miserable" music which charms to complete the evening's amusement. That nice old lady, to complete the evening's amusement, gave first a distinctly distinct account of the sealing to death of some poor child, its agonies, its cries, its wifery—most minute and anatomically described. This pleasing anecdote was followed by the garrulous dame's experience of all the people she remembered to have been from death, or lost in crossing the Straits; how many were now minus fingers, or arms, or legs, from frost-bites; where the widows and the orphans bewailed their loss; the whole wound up with an opinion from Mrs. Allan, who looked out of the window on the bleak expanse around, that the weather prognosticated something "bad"—the Straits would be in a "nice mess in the morning," and from certain forebodings, and the thrice-repeated scratch of a neighbouring night-hawk, somebody was destined to be "burton before long."

This strain of conversation soon cleared the kitchen, for one by one, "old folk, young folk," escaped. "Poor Tom" to his wife and slaves, the crew to drink a little in the mummery of that amiable individual; and I, following suit, was very inglorious of past dangers as

sound sleep. During the night the wind howled in fearful blast, and the bare idea of such a night spent on an iceberg in the Straits made me shudder.

Irving scanned the horizon: to my extreme satisfaction he reported the approach of the Straits in favourable for a passage. The previous tempest had pretty well cleared the Gulf of ice, and sought but more ice leading to open water was to be found on this side. By seven in the morning we were down by the boat, and harnessing up without loss of time, we hurried along the sea, so as to cross over the open water before the wind might spring up again. Our little craft was soon about; and on a surface not presenting a ripple, we pulled away for about an hour and a half, when we approached white streaks of loose ice, which we easily pushed through. But every mile the ice increased in density: the wind of the previous night had driven it all over from the New Brunswick shore to that of Prince Edward Island, and the storm must have been one of considerable force, from the mass of "jelly" about.

"Lolly" is the term applied to a conglomeration of minute particles of ice, which is found some four feet deep in extensive patches, and which is most difficult to push through; as the oars cannot be out, and the bow-hoops are useless; nothing, but the paddle employed with great strength could move us along. Then the surface frequently freezes over, and the danger of being caught by a nap is carefully guarded against. The lolly, which now boils and bubbles, will before night become a congealed consistency, and form field-ice.

At ten in the morning we had approached to within three miles of the island, which could now be seen; the shores fringed with pine forests, dark and impetuous, while a long red streak stretched along the coast. This arose from the colour of the soil, which is most peculiar, and we made often many turns, the tops-covered with red dust, blown from the shores: they had a singular appearance.

We had our renewed struggles of yesterday over blocks of ice and sharp boulders, which were heaped, if possible, in more inextricable confusion. When we had neared the shore-ice, we were cheered by seeing, on an eminence in the distance, some human forms, who by gestures pointed out a favourable course to steer by over the ice. These silent directions we followed, and in another hour we had clambered over the last ridge, and were met by Philip Irving, elder brother of Arthur, who was one of the conductors of the ice-boat Mail service. He had brought down a sledge, upon which all were glad to mount, the ice-boat being previously laid on to it.

We were not so fortunate however as to proceed many hundred yards before we again broke in, though, from the cast iron our last accident taught us, in this instance we clung with both hands to the gunwale, and only got up to our thighs in water. Our career now became one continued series of breaking down and sounding, which only terminated upon reaching open water, which we did after being eight hours out.

We had landed at Carleton Point, which was about three and a half miles from Cape Traverse, our destination. We were thus drawn along the ice over Guy Cove, past Amber Point: and once over the cove of the same name, we posted inland, after depositing the ice-boat, keel up, in a sheltered spot. Our passage across was thus performed in about six hours, and was considered an excellent one. We drove to Clarke's farm, where a substantial repast was soon provided, in a nicely furnished parlour, befitting comfort and taste. The distance to Charlottetown was forty miles, which I accomplished in a sleigh in less than four hours.

We had landed at Carleton Point, which was

about three and a half miles from Cape Traverse, our destination. We were thus drawn along the ice over Guy Cove, past Amber Point: and once over the cove of the same name, we posted inland, after depositing the ice-boat, keel up, in a sheltered spot. Our passage across was thus performed in about six hours, and was considered an excellent one. We drove to Clarke's farm, where a substantial repast was soon provided, in a nicely furnished parlour, befitting comfort and taste. The distance to Charlottetown was forty miles, which I accomplished in a sleigh in less than four hours.

I again crossed over the Straits the same spring, in the ice-boat. I arrived at Clarke's on a Thursday afternoon. On the following morning, at seven, we were down at the boat. Our crew, which was a fresh one, was commanded by Philip Irving, whose turn it was to relieve his brother, Arthur, who was one of the conductors of the ice-boat Mail service. He had brought down a sledge, upon which all were glad to mount, the ice-boat being previously laid on to it.

We were not so fortunate however as to proceed many hundred yards before we again broke in, though, from the cast iron our last accident taught us, in this instance we clung with both hands to the gunwale, and only got up to our thighs in water. Our career now became one continued series of breaking down and sounding, which only terminated upon reaching open water, which we did after being eight hours out.

We had landed at Carleton Point, which was about three and a half miles from Cape Traverse, our destination. We were thus drawn along the ice over Guy Cove, past Amber Point: and once over the cove of the same name, we posted inland, after depositing the ice-boat, keel up, in a sheltered spot. Our passage across was thus performed in about six hours, and was considered an excellent one. We drove to Clarke's farm, where a substantial repast was soon provided, in a nicely furnished parlour, befitting comfort and taste. The distance to Charlottetown was forty miles, which I accomplished in a sleigh in less than four hours.

I again crossed over the Straits the same

spring, in the ice-boat. I arrived at Clarke's on a Thursday afternoon. On the following morning, at seven, we were down at the boat. Our crew, which was a fresh one, was commanded by Philip Irving, whose turn it was to relieve his brother, Arthur, who was one of the conductors of the ice-boat Mail service. He had brought down a sledge, upon which all were glad to mount, the ice-boat being previously laid on to it.

We were not so fortunate however as to proceed many hundred yards before we again broke in, though, from the cast iron our last accident taught us, in this instance we clung with both hands to the gunwale, and only got up to our thighs in water. Our career now became one continued series of breaking down and sounding, which only terminated upon reaching open water, which we did after being eight hours out.

We had landed at Carleton Point, which was

about three and a half miles from Cape Traverse, our destination. We were thus drawn along the ice over Guy Cove, past Amber Point: and once over the cove of the same name, we posted inland, after depositing the ice-boat, keel up, in a sheltered spot. Our passage across was thus performed in about six hours, and was considered an excellent one. We drove to Clarke's farm, where a substantial repast was soon provided, in a nicely furnished parlour, befitting comfort and taste. The distance to Charlottetown was forty miles, which I accomplished in a sleigh in less than four hours.

I again crossed over the Straits the same

spring, in the ice-boat. I arrived at Clarke's on a Thursday afternoon. On the following morning, at seven, we were down at the boat. Our crew, which was a fresh one, was commanded by Philip Irving, whose turn it was to relieve his brother, Arthur, who was one of the conductors of the ice-boat Mail service. He had brought down a sledge, upon which all were glad to mount, the ice-boat being previously laid on to it.

We were not so fortunate however as to proceed many hundred yards before we again broke in, though, from the cast iron our last accident taught us, in this instance we clung with both hands to the gunwale, and only got up to our thighs in water. Our career now became one continued series of breaking down and sounding, which only terminated upon reaching open water, which we did after being eight hours out.

We had landed at Carleton Point, which was

about three and a half miles from Cape Traverse, our destination. We were thus drawn along the ice over Guy Cove, past Amber Point: and once over the cove of the same name, we posted inland, after depositing the ice-boat, keel up, in a sheltered spot. Our passage across was thus performed in about six hours, and was considered an excellent one. We drove to Clarke's farm, where a substantial repast was soon provided, in a nicely furnished parlour, befitting comfort and taste. The distance to Charlottetown was forty miles, which I accomplished in a sleigh in less than four hours.

I again crossed over the Straits the same

spring, in the ice-boat. I arrived at Clarke's on a Thursday afternoon. On the following morning, at seven, we were down at the boat. Our crew, which was a fresh one, was commanded by Philip Irving, whose turn it was to relieve his brother, Arthur, who was one of the conductors of the ice-boat Mail service. He had brought down a sledge, upon which all were glad to mount, the ice-boat being previously laid on to it.

We were not so fortunate however as to proceed many hundred yards before we again broke in, though, from the cast iron our last accident taught us, in this instance we clung with both hands to the gunwale, and only got up to our thighs in water. Our career now became one continued series of breaking down and sounding, which only terminated upon reaching open water, which we did after being eight hours out.

We had landed at Carleton Point, which was

about three and a half miles from Cape Traverse, our destination. We were thus drawn along the ice over Guy Cove, past Amber Point: and once over the cove of the same name, we posted inland, after depositing the ice-boat, keel up, in a sheltered spot. Our passage across was thus performed in about six hours, and was considered an excellent one. We drove to Clarke's farm, where a substantial repast was soon provided, in a nicely furnished parlour, befitting comfort and taste. The distance to Charlottetown was forty miles, which I accomplished in a sleigh in less than four hours.

I again crossed over the Straits the same

spring, in the ice-boat. I arrived at Clarke's on a Thursday afternoon. On the following morning, at seven, we were down at the boat. Our crew, which was a fresh one, was commanded by Philip Irving, whose turn it was to relieve his brother, Arthur, who was one of the conductors of the ice-boat Mail service. He had brought down a sledge, upon which all were glad to mount, the ice-boat being previously laid on to it.

We were not so fortunate however as to proceed many hundred yards before we again broke in, though, from the cast iron our last accident taught us, in this instance we clung with both hands to the gunwale, and only got up to our thighs in water. Our career now became one continued series of breaking down and sounding, which only terminated upon reaching open water, which we did after being eight hours out.

We had landed at Carleton Point, which was

THINGS TAILED OF IN LONDON.

June 1855.

Beth Day and the Dublin exhibition have given our friends a good deal to talk about, and helped newspapers to a few columns of information that were sure to find readers. Seeing that our legislators took a holiday to go to the race, we must of course look upon it as a national affair; and all the silly people who lost by betting on horses, may console themselves in the fact, that fate overtook them under the eyes of parliament. The exhibition may be regarded as a sign that the Irish are going to help themselves. Having brought together the products of their industry and the raw materials, and compared them with those of other nations, it will be their own fault in future, if they do not seek to multiply and turn them to the best account, especially as valuable opportunities are daily discovered in Africa. What stimulates us to talk of these things is the fact that the exhibition itself is due to the merchant enterprises of one of their own countrymen, who, a few years ago, was literally one of the labouring class. Who will, may find in the career of William Dargan an encouragement to the industrious and enterprising.

An official application has been made to the Treasury by the French government, inviting contributions of British manufactures for the Exposition which is to be held at Paris in 1855. There may be another triumph for Peace. To bring things to light, so that they can be seen, appears to be one of the tendencies of the time.

The necessity for actual observation is a part of education, as is means of cultivating thought, is becoming more and more apparent, and Glasgow and Sheffield have been holding a correspondence with the Board of Trade relative to the establishment of a Museum of Inventions in those towns. Trade is increasing, and it will not do for the traders to be found below the mark—despite the fact that he who has no legs, whatever be his form, they must learn to manufacture according to the laws of true art.

The aggregate tonnage of British vessels employed in 1851 was 3,360,935 tons, and in 1852, 3,380,824 tons. With such a rate of growth, there will be no lack of ways and means. Steam-communication with Africa has widened our market: we now get steady supplies of oranges and pine-apples from the western coast.

The second course of lectures to working-men at the School of Mines has been as well attended as the first. There were more applicants for tickets than the rooms would hold. There is a sort of mania at present for lectures, just as there is for table-turning, and such like.

Commercial Review.—The accounts from the manufacturing towns during the past week are all satisfactory, and show the extent to which the vigour of our commerce has become, independent of politics. Business appears to have been fairly active in all the markets, but the export trade has necessarily suffered to some extent by the continued unsettled state of affairs between Russia and Turkey. The home consumption of the general articles of Birmingham continue large, with continuous orders for Australasia; large shipments have also been unexpectedly required for the River Plate, although the latest accounts received from thence do not indicate the resumption of an active course of trade for some time to come.

The departures from the port of London to Australia, America, and India, have been steady throughout the year.

Commercial Review.—The exports of Birmingham to Australia, America, and India, have been steady throughout the year.

Commercial Review.—The exports of Birmingham to Australia, America, and India, have been steady throughout the year.

Commercial Review.—The exports of Birmingham to Australia, America, and India, have been steady throughout the year.

Commercial Review.—The exports of Birmingham to Australia, America, and India, have been steady throughout the year.

Commercial Review.—The exports of Birmingham to Australia, America, and India, have been steady throughout the year.

Commercial Review.—The exports of Birmingham to Australia, America, and India, have been steady throughout the year.

Commercial Review.—The exports of Birmingham to Australia, America, and India, have been steady throughout the year.

Commercial Review.—The exports of Birmingham to Australia, America, and India, have been steady throughout the year.

Commercial Review.—The exports of Birmingham to Australia, America, and India, have been steady throughout the year.

Commercial Review.—The exports of Birmingham to Australia, America, and India, have been steady throughout the year.

Commercial Review.—The exports of Birmingham to Australia, America, and India, have been steady throughout the year.

Commercial Review.—The exports of Birmingham to Australia, America, and India, have been steady throughout the year.

Commercial Review.—The exports of Birmingham to Australia, America, and India, have been steady throughout the year.

Commercial Review.—The exports of Birmingham to Australia, America, and India, have been steady throughout the year.

Commercial Review.—The exports of Birmingham to Australia, America, and India, have been steady throughout the year.

Commercial Review.—The exports of Birmingham to Australia, America, and India, have been steady throughout the year.