

fort from the narcotic, but that also he might without the fear of retaliation vent in it the wrathful feelings of his soul which were bubbling over.

In the old town of Folkestone, the well-to-do people of the place had their residence on a street now poor and wretched, and known by the name of North street. At that time there lived such *élite* as the town could rejoice in, and among the number who had their home there was Captain Freeman. Parting company with his mess-mates, Dick Backstay therefore, pressing his glazed hat firmly upon his head because of the blowing wind, navigated the angular streets of that crooked old town, luffing at times so hard as almost to bring him on to his beam ends, and sought the residence of his former captain. To the old sailor it appeared that the widow of Captain Freeman, and her son, Charles, were persons it was his imperative duty to take a deep interest in. That he was not with his captain when drowned was no fault of his; he would have been with him on that voyage as on every similar occasion for many years, had he not been ashore sick when the ship sailed. Not being privileged to go to the bottom of the sea on board the *Fairy Queen*, a matter of life long regret with the old sailor, he attached himself to the house, and all that remained of his once beloved captain.

Dick Backstay was the factotum of young Charles Freeman, and was ready to accompany him on all his boyish adventures. As a great dog, the old sailor would run or rest, go into the water, or remain on dry land, at his bidding. This faithful friend of the youth had saved him from many dangers, and his services were always gratefully acknowledged. Once only did the lad offend his old friend, but the wound he then inflicted was a deep one.

In common with his class Dick Backstay was a man of strong prejudices, and these were strongly in favour of his own particular calling. To him, the man who was not a sailor was something to look down upon; and to his fancy Charles Freeman always appeared as taking the place of his father, and treading the quarter deck of another *Fairy Queen*. Great therefore was the disappointment of the old man when he found that the youth had renounced all thought of pursuing a seafaring life. Frequent intimations were afforded him that such were his intentions, but Dick could not believe any thing so base of the boy he loved so long as the slightest hope remained. Indeed the sailor possessed his own standard of judgment on the reality of his apostasy, and could not submit to receive such intentions so long as the youth continued to wear a jacket.

It was on Sunday morning when the reality he dreaded to contemplate broke down his only remaining hope, and forced the fact upon him in irrevocable conviction. The manner was this. It was an ancient custom, and one that still lingers with some persons, to select Sunday as the day for changing the fashion of their appearance. Why this should be, possibly numerous reasons could be produced; but whether such reasons are weak or strong, the fact was indulged in by Charles Freeman, and on that day he threw off the chrysalis form of boyhood, and appeared with the tails of manliness. Bashful he walked to the church that morning, and the Sabbath bells with their hallowed music filled his ear; but his thoughts were not arrested by their tuneful harmony, and while apparently looking at vacancy he glanced from the corners of his eyes to watch the effect of his first coat upon those he met.

There were two doors to that old church, one smaller than the other, and leading to different parts of the building. The little door, as it was colloquially termed, was the one the old sailor usually passed through, and in front of that he was walking when Charles Freeman in his new aspect made his appearance. Dick Backstay possessed a kind of feeling that he chose to honour by the name of conscience, on the subject of indulging his quid of tobacco in church during the time of service. As a seaman the use of tobacco had apparently become essential to his existence, but whether he ought to indulge in the luxury in the church was a matter he could never satisfactorily decide, and in the absence of any positive opinion on the matter, he yielded to the feeling of doubt, and believed himself to be acting conscientiously. But although most scrupulous on the simple fact of chewing during the time of religious service, he was careful not to press his self-denial into ostentation, and lingered outside the building until the latest moment, that he might press sufficient extract from the weed to retain the taste in his mouth until he could return to his habit. He was employing the full pressure of his jaws to this effect when his eye caught sight of Charles Freeman. On seeing him the old man started as though he was shot; the effect of what he saw was to cover him with surprise; and on getting a clearer idea of the fact he gazed on him from head to foot, then passed from the front to view him from behind, and returning to the front looked into his face with disappointment and pity. The little of soul it had fallen to the lot of the old sailor to possess was pained at what he saw. The sight of the coat tails destroyed his hope and expectations for his young friend, for in them he beheld that all idea of ever becoming a sailor was abandoned. Dick Backstay spoke not to his favourite, and entering the church he buried his face in his hat according to custom, and then sat down in despondency. The soul of the old man was driven by what he had just seen to the verge of infidelity; for a little time he lost faith in

everything, and in everybody, neither could he that morning repeat the responses to the service, for he knew not what he believed.

The grief of the seaman was deep and long, and he was at length brought to tolerate the style of dress his young friend had adopted, only because his affection for the wearer was too strong to permit his disappointment, that he had not become a sailor further to control him. Moreover, the fact that his opposition produced no change in the intention of Charles, might also have assisted at the reconciliation. But years since then had passed away, and submitting to what he could not change, his affection for Charles Freeman did but increase as time rolled on.

Dick Backstay was not alone in the world—that is to say, he had a wife; or, to employ his own terms in speaking of his act of marrying and his then domestic condition, "He had lashed himself to as snug a little craft as ever sailed on the waters of life; they had cruised in company for many years; but at length time had impaired her timbers, and she was now laid up with the rheumatism." There was no lack of attention on the part of the old sailor toward his sick wife, and to the extent of his capability he delighted in anticipating the numerous wants her disease created. But age was fast weakening his bodily strength, and he was becoming less able to provide for their ever returning wants.

It was now nearly mid-winter, and Dick Backstay was sitting in his little boat, furnished by the kindness of friends, and busily employed in catching whiting, a fish considered a great delicacy on the south coast of England. While thus employed, and hauling in the fish which freely took the bait, his thoughts became occupied with the great festival of the year that would soon roll round. The autumn had been warm, and such as suits the purse of the poor man; there had been no frosts, or none that could be termed an annoyance to the condition of persons in humble circumstances; but approaching Christmas reminded the sailor that in all probability such would soon appear, and his declining years found him less fitted in body, pocket, and clothing to resist them, should they come. It was not that his numerous friends, and the Freemans among the number, would have suffered him to want for anything, but the honest pride of the sailor would not permit him to reveal his real condition to them. These thoughts of his condition filling his mind as he sat fishing, the old sailor soliloquized:

"I don't know what I shall do to get some warm rigging for the old woman this winter. I wouldn't mind what I went without, if I could only get something for her; but money and I have long parted company, and not even the ghost of a spare penny now walks the street in my pocket. I have ye, my hearty! You'll not eat your Christmas dinner with your friends." This sentence was addressed to a fish of more than ordinary size that he had just caught—"You'll do for the Cap'n's widdler. She's fond of whiting. There is no doubt, if I were to speak to Charles, something for the old woman would be got directly; but I can't do it. I have always helped myself, and have never been afraid to take another in tow when I have found him water-logged and in distress, and I do now believe that something will turn up for us somehow." By this means endeavouring to draw consolation to himself from something unknown and undefined, the old man saw from the slackening of the flood-tide and the falling off in the number of the captures, that his day's work was over. Pulling up the anchor he rowed himself to land. Having made his boat secure, he took his way home, and, entering his dwelling, his wife shouted to him from a room above:

"Is that you, Dick?"

"It is," was the reply.

"Make haste up here as soon as you can, old fellow! I've something to tell you!"

From the excited manner in which his wife spoke, the old man felt that something unusual had happened, and in obedience to her request quickly trod the stairs of their little cottage and stood by her bedside.

"Dick, did you ever see a hangel?" enquired the invalid.

"Never," the old seaman replied in a solemn tone.

"You've seen a good many things, Dick?"

"I have, and some wonderful things, too."

"Well, I've seen a hangel to-day!"

"You have! What do you mean, Sally? Surely the rheumatism isn't a getting into your head!"

"No, Dick, it ain't; don't be afraid, old fellow! look here!" As she spoke, the invalid held between her finger and thumb a slip of paper. "Read this, Dick; here's your barnacles."

Taking from her hand a pair of dark horn spectacles, not inaptly termed barnacles by his wife, he placed them on his nose, and prepared to read. The paper he received was a note, written in such a clear, delicate style that the old sailor could easily read it. This was its contents:

"To Cribbage-face,

"High Street.

"Deliver to Richard Backstay, eight yards of flannel, and a pair of thick blankets.

"CLARA CHILLINGTON."

On reading the note, Dick Backstay slapped his hand on his thigh, and while striving to subdue the feelings of grateful emotion which were almost choking him, he exclaimed:

"Sally, she is a hangel! I have been all day thinking on what we should do when the cold weather comes. I knew your rigging to be bad,

and I hadn't a shot in the locker that I could lay out to buy a fresh stitch o' canvass for you."

"Well, old fellow, you'll not have that to trouble you now."

"I shall not; and I don't care what people say, Sally, for I'll stick to it, that, if in sailing on the voyage of life ye see a ship in distress, and in danger of foundering in deep water, and ye either take her in tow or stand by her and take off her crew, that if ever ye get into such circumstances yourself, something'll turn up for your help."

"You've not heard all, Dick. The hangel told me that you was to go to the house she comes to two days afore Christmas, and there will be something else for us."

"No!"

"She did, Dick, as true as I'm a livin' woman and got the rheumatiz!"

"Sally, I can't stand it, nohow. What you've told me fetches the water into my eyes more than the strongest north-easter that I ever weathered."

"You've got a good old heart, Dick. Come!" and as the afflicted woman said this she drew toward her that storm-beaten face, which had been whitened with the brine of every ocean, and, while wiping away the tears of grateful emotion that were streaming down it, she planted a kiss on his wrinkled cheek, and then cried from sympathy.

How little it takes to gladden the hearts of the deserving poor, and yet there are many who from want of thought deny themselves the luxury of doing good.

(To be continued.)

### NORDENSKIÖLD'S ARCTIC VOYAGES.

The last and most renowned achievement of this eminent Swedish explorer was accomplished in the summer of last year. It was the successful navigation, in a small steam-vessel called the *Vega*, of the entire North-east Passage from Europe, round the coast of Siberia, and through Behring's Strait, to the Pacific Ocean. The importance of this great feat of maritime enterprise may not be confined to increasing our geographical knowledge, but may possibly extend to the opening of new routes for commerce. The narrative has been brought down to Sept. 2, when the *Vega* safely arrived in the Japanese harbour of Yokohama, and the gratifying news soon reached us by telegraph, though we had already heard of her passing Behring's Strait in July. She had been frozen in, from the end of September, 1878, on the shore of the Chukchi peninsula, part of North-eastern Asia. Adolf Erik Nordenskiöld is now forty-seven years of age, and is a native of Helsingfors, the capital of Finland, but preferred the Swedish to the Russian public service and citizenship. Having received a scientific education and gained some reputation as a mineralogist, he was appointed to join the private expeditions of Otto Torell, in 1858 and 1861, at the suggestion of Professor Sven Lovén, to examine the geology of Spitzbergen. The Government expedition of 1864 was placed under the personal direction of Nordenskiöld, with the assistance of a competent sailing-master. The voyage of the iron steamer *Sofia*, in 1865, was of greater importance, as it reached the highest northern latitude—81 deg. 42 min.—that has yet been attained in the seas immediately north of Europe. The naval officer in command of that ship was Captain Baron von Otter, now the Swedish Minister of Marine. A liberal and public-spirited citizen, Mr. Oscar Dickson, contributed largely to the funds required for this and several later expeditions. It was proved by that of 1865 that there was no possibility of sailing due north from Spitzbergen to the Pole; so the object sought in 1872 was to proceed in the direction, over the packed ice, in sledges, carrying also boats in order to cross the intervening fissures and pieces of water. The question of using Esquimaux dogs or Lapp reindeer to draw the sledges was determined by an experimental trip in Greenland, which yielded some valuable incidental results of surveying the interior of that ice-bound country. Most of the illustrations we have selected for our paper belong to the incidents of 1868 and 1872 ventures on the northern coasts of Spitzbergen. Wild reindeer were found and hunted on the shores of Lomme Bay, an inlet of the Hinloopen Strait, which divides West Spitzbergen from the North-east Island. They differ in some features from the Lapland and Norway reindeer, and it is supposed that they came from the Samoyede peninsula, crossing the sea by drifting ice and intervening islands. Some of these animals have their ears cropped, which has been thought to be an artificial mark done in previous captivity on the mainland; but reasons are here given for not admitting this supposition. Boat parties, which were often compelled to lift their heavy-laden boats out of the perilous water and drag them long distances over the ice, had much occupation in the frost-bound channels and firths of the Spitzbergen Archipelago. The illustration of "Bed-time during a Boat voyage" shows how the men were "cabinized, cribbed, confined" by their narrow sleeping accommodation on board one of the boats that appertained to the *Sofia* in 1868. The expedition of 1872 comprised in its service three ships furnished by the Swedish Government—namely, the Baltic mail-steamer *Polhem*, built of iron, the brig *Gladan*, and the hired steamer *Onkel Adam* from Gothenburg, acting as tender. Two or three scientific men—A. Wijkander, physicist, F. R. Kjellman,

botanist, and Dr. Envall, medical officer—accompanied Professor Nordenskiöld upon this occasion. The *Onkel Adam* carried forty trained reindeer, with four Lapp drivers, to draw the sledges. On Sept. 3 the three vessels were at the mouth of Wijde Bay, a deep inlet of the northern coast of West Spitzbergen. Finding it impossible to sail northward or eastward, they settled in winter quarters at Mussel Bay, where the ships remained until Midsummer, 1873. A convenient wooden house, 50 feet long and 38 feet broad, was erected for the dwelling of the men, who numbered in all sixty-seven, under the naval command of Lieutenant Palander. For the purpose of meteorological, astronomical, and magnetic observatories, separate sheds were put up, one of which appears in the illustration. It was very slight shelter from the cold for Professor Wijkander; but warmer houses were afterwards built of snow. It had been intended that two of the vessels should be sent home in September, only the sudden closing of the ice shut them up. The reindeer unfortunately escaped their keepers, during a violent snowstorm, and could never be recaptured, except one poor beast, which got some accidental injury. The supply of provisions was hardly enough for the party, even with rations reduced to two-thirds; and they were unable to grant hospitality to fifty-eight distressed walrus-hunters, led by the veteran Mattilas, whose vessels had been caught in Hinloopen Strait. Lieutenant Palander, however, went to visit those ships, which were Norwegian, and gave them as much relief as he could spare. They were, however, released by a change of wind in the middle of November, but the Swedish ships could not get away. A large stock of moss, which had been brought as food for the reindeer, was now utilised by the men for their own sustenance; it was picked clean, boiled, dried, ground, and mixed with rye-flour, making a tolerable dough for bread, though with a bitter taste. The cold was not generally extreme, seldom reaching twenty degrees below freezing point, and the maximum fall, on Feb. 20, was to thirty-eight degrees. Violent storms, which sometimes came on, were accompanied with warmer weather. In November, they enjoyed a mild temperature and brilliant moonlight; but this was followed by continued and total darkness till the sun returned on March 13. The south-east wind, on Jan. 8, drove the ice out of Mussel Bay, and again on the 29th. There was not, however, any safe opportunity of putting to sea. Whether in open water, or beneath the ice, dredging was constantly practised in the manner that is seen in the engraving, to collect specimens of marine plants and animals. The sledge-party, with Nordenskiöld himself, started on April 24, crossing the Hinloopen Strait and proceeding north-east over the ice between the coast of the other large island, there broken with gulfs and inlets, and the clusters of small islets lying outside. Having reached latitude 80 deg. 40 min., they turned to the south-east and struck the coast of that large island, across which they marched to Hinloopen Strait, and so came back over this to Mussel Bay. The Austrian expedition of the *Tegethoff*, under the command of Lieutenant Julius Payen, was about to perform, next year, a much greater geographical exploration, by the discovery of Franz Joseph Land, twenty degrees farther to the north-east. Spitzbergen, however, especially its remoter portion, has been made better known to us through the repeated voyages and laborious overland journeys of Professor Nordenskiöld. His remarks upon the condition of the inland ice-fields, with their singular clefts and canals, sometimes partly filled with snow, one of which is the subject of an illustration, merit some regard. The experiences of the distressed Norwegian walrus hunters, after leaving Hinloopen Strait, were still rather deplorable. They were obliged, after all, to leave their four vessels at Grey Hook, on the opposite side of Wijde Bay; and old Mattilas, who had braved the Arctic seas of forty-two years, chose to stay there during the winter with one companion, while the rest of them were taken home by another ship. The stout old man and his attendant died of scurvy in that terrible situation, and so did fifteen others at a different place on the Spitzbergen shores. The *Polhem*, with Nordenskiöld and most of his party, returned safely to Europe in the following summer. They fell in with the English yacht *Diana*, belonging to Mr. Leigh Smith, who visited their winter quarters at Mussel Bay. We must reserve for a second notice the account of Nordenskiöld's voyages, in 1875 and 1876, along the coast of Siberia, and that of 1878, passing round Cape Chelyuskin, the most northerly promontory of Asia, on Aug. 19, when the two ships *Vega* and *Lena* fired a salute in honour of this achievement of maritime enterprise. The Siberian seas and rivers present many features of geographical importance and novelty of aspect.

GIRLS.—There are society girls and home girls—the first, the kind that appear best abroad—the girls that are good for parties, visits, balls, etc., whose chief delight is in such things; the second, the kind that appear best at home—the girls that are cheerful and useful in the precincts of home. Both differ in character. One is frequently a torment at home; the other is a blessing. One is a moth consuming everything about her; the other is a sunbeam, inspiring life and gladness all along the pathway. It does not necessarily follow that there shall be two classes of girls. The right modification would modify them both a little, and unite their characters in one.