

A STORY OF SHIPWRECK.

NARRATED BY A SURVIVOR TO WM. B. DYER.

The ship "Renfrew," Captain Blandford, with a crew of sixty-one men, being fully fitted out and provisioned for a sealing voyage, sailed from the harbor of Greenspond, on the north-east coast of Newfoundland, on the 24th of February, 1869.

We beat on and off shore, inside and outside of numerous floes of ice, until St. Patrick's Day, with little or no success, or, as the sailor puts it, "no sign of fat."

Nothing of much interest took place until March 19th, when the ship being jammed in the ice, the wind suddenly chopped round to the north-east, with every sign of a gale. We were, by dead reckoning, some two hundred miles from land.

The wind continued to increase during the night, and next morning, the 20th, a furious gale, with snow, was blowing from the north-east.

The ice *reftered*—i. e., was forced up one pan on the other, by the heavy sea and wind—and about 2 a. m. our ship sprung a leak. All hands labored incessantly for some hours, with pumps and buckets, but could not keep the ship free; in spite of all efforts the water gained on us.

The Captain then gave orders to abandon the ship, as it was evident she was fast filling, and would go down as soon as the ice loosed a little. Our first care was for provisions, of which we were enabled to get out a large quantity, as well as many other things, such as sails, firewood, rope, etc. Among the provisions saved were a puncheon of molasses and a few barrels of pork. We also saved our punts (small boats). It was a sad sight to see sixty-one men on a pan of ice, some two hundred miles from land, with only "punts" to depend on in case the ice loosened.

No vessel was in sight, nor did there appear any hope of escape. Truly our condition was a pitiable one!

About 11 o'clock, a. m., two men ventured on board to try and cut the foremast for firewood. They had begun to do so, when they felt the ship sinking, and by the time they had got back to us, the "Renfrew" had disappeared forever.

During the afternoon, the weather being still thick and stormy, we contrived to erect a sort of tent on the large pan of ice on which we had taken refuge.

We then made a fire, and managed to get a little warm and dry, standing, looking one at the other in silent dismay. Towards evening the weather cleared up, and, to our great joy, we saw a large brig lying about four miles from us. By the aid of a spy-glass, we made her out to be the "M——," Captain Green.

Every man then packed up as many clothes, etc., as he thought he could carry, and started for the vessel. Two of the crew were lame, one having been injured as we were leaving the ship; however, they both kept up with the others. The ice being very rough, some of the men soon got tired, and began to throw away various articles which they had brought with them, so that we might have been tracked for some distance by the castaway clothes, etc., on the ice.

After walking about a mile, our further progress was suddenly stopped by a large lake of water. Nine men, at a great risk, ventured to cross on a pan of ice, the rest of us retreated to the tent which we had erected when the ship went down, and there made ourselves as comfortable as we possibly could. We took turns to fire guns all night; we also kept a large fire burning. Next morning, Sunday, the 21st, we all had something to eat before day-break. As the morning cleared, we again saw the ship we had tried to reach the night before; but, to our great dismay, she was