

they can calculate the pressure of water he experienced at that depth. In the next week five others fell to their lot, and all went well until on the 1st they were caught in the ice, in company with a Dutchman and Aberdeen whaler. On the 2nd of June they saw a chance to get out. First the Dutchman escaped, and then channels opening up to the "Trafalgar," she got out through a gradually lessening passage between two floes. They were safe, and looked back to see the fate of the Aberdeen ship. She attempted to pass through the same channel; it was 'oo narrow; she was caught and crushed to pieces. "One of her masts was still upright; the other, with fragments of the vessel, were being piled up among the masses of ice;" the crew were saved, however, and came on board, and the ice still coming down they sailed South, and the same afternoon got into a "school" of whales and killed four. The crew of the "Diamond," the wrecked ship, went on board two other whalers, and they reach the solid continent of ice in 80° 14', and they then held to the West and South. Two days afterwards they captured four whales; a week afterwards they killed two more, and nearly met with the same fate as the "Diamond." Three days passed with no whales, but during that time Captain Dannatt shot a polar bear on the ice, and attempt'ed, unsuccessfully, to capture its cub alive.

The next fortnight brought to them five more whales, enough to fill the ship, and they determined to return home. Some of the crew met with a rather startling adventure with a bear, the account of which we are unable here to transcribe. A sad incident, reminding them of the dangers of the sea, was met with as they were starting home,—they were surrounded by the remains of a wrecked ship, loose spars, doors, etc., and a top-mast bearing the ship's name "Rover of Bristol." She had not been a whaler they knew, and they surmised must have been a merchantman driven out of her course and caught in the ice. One piece there was suggestive more than all the rest of the struggle which proved unavailing between man and the elements. It was a rude substitute for a rudder, "made out of a top-mast and jib-boom, with spars fastened across by copper nails, long pieces of iron, ships' bolts, wooden trenails and rope." The imagination does not need much forcing to picture it as the last resort of a gallant sailor in his crippled ship, and on it to build sorrowful fancies of the wreck in the Arctic seas, and of the anxious ones at home who would never again see the forms now cast away in their icy solitudes. [An Moven nearly proved the last of the "Trafalgar," the sudden lifting of a fog showing them their dangerous position close to its shores; but she escaped, and eventually arrived safely at Hull, after an absence of over six months.

Anyone who compares the latitude of the fishing-grounds, then occupied by large fleets of ships every season, with that reached by exploring parties specially fitted out for cruising in high latitudes, cannot fail to be astonished at the daring and courage with which these hardy sailors prosecuted their labours. Parry, in 1827, reached nearly to lat. 83° N., the highest point ever reached by man, and yet these whalers have their cruising grounds within a hundred and twenty miles of this point, or rather they cruise in the highest latitude in which open water can be found. This narrative shows incidentally, however, the hardships and dangers which these gallant sailors habitually encounter, and when long experience has shown the dangers which lie in wait within the Arctic circle, they continue year after year to sail North without a thought of their possible fate. Whale fishing has existed as a branch of industry since the ninth century, when the Danes sent their small vessels to the North. It has mainly been supported by the British, Dutch and Americans, and it may be fairly assumed that the experience and courage gained in the whaling ships, have contributed to support the reputation of these nations as sailors and explorers; for the courage that will encounter the perils of an arctic voyage, and the experience that will successfully overcome them, will united make a sailor that will bear away the palm from one trained in a less trying school. To call attention to the whale fishery as an exhibition of courage and endurance, was partly our object in writing this article. The modesty, too, of the author is remarkable; he tells of shooting a polar bear with the same lack of ornamentation or detail as he chronicles the dirge to which they have attained, and in the narrative, an escape from being crushed in the ice, excites less remark than the latitude to which they have attained. While this taciturnity detracts somewhat from the interest of the journal, we cannot help admiring the modesty from which this reticence springs.

Another circumstance influenced us to write this paper; it was to call attention to a point presented very forcibly to our

mind by the re-perusal of Lord Dufferin's book; how it he exhibits in his indefatigable courage and restless searching for adventure, some of the characteristics of his class. Cut off in a great measure from active employment at home, the British aristocracy have made themselves a reputation as sportsmen and explorers in every quarter of the globe. It is that courage and love of adventure that have given us "The North-west Passage by Land," "Letters from Low Latitudes," and many other books of the same kind, but few written in so graphic a style, containing so much to interest the reader, and so much to cause us to respect both the head and the heart of the author, and so the one to which we have referred so often, "Letters from High Latitudes." J. McL.

A Winter under Canvas.

After a summer's work on the Intercolonial Railway about the Rivers Miramichi and Restigouche, we were ordered to survey a trial line from Bathurst southwards. It was while thus engaged that winter closed in upon us. The name Bathurst is familiar to all newspaper readers as the point at which Mr. Fleming proposed to connect his "shortest Mail line to Europe" with our Canadian system of Railways.

Our party numbered in all eighteen, including the cook and his assistant. We were provided with three tents—one for the engineers and staff, one for the use of the eight axemen and cook, and the third a provision store. Our tent, the largest, was a round one nineteen feet in diameter and secured in its upright position by four poles slightly inclined towards the top and fitting into an iron plate there. The other tents were about thirteen feet by twelve, and supported by a ridge-pole on uprights at each end.

Mr. Cain, the cook, had sole control of the provision tent; but at times I grieve to admit that his charge was not burdensome, beyond the care of the bare canvas and sundry empty boxes, with here and there a stray bit of bacon. Mr. Cain was of necessity possessed of a genius somewhat universal. Besides his duties as cook, he assisted in keeping our slim wardrobes in repair, he mended our shoe-packs and moccasins, he washed our clothes, catered for the party; was general waiter; referee in disputes among the men; stakeholder, and chaplain to tent No. 2. We had also attached to our camp an old gray horse and the owner, whose duty it was to drag our provisions and to move the heavy part of the camp and utensils when necessary to shift our position.

I will skip over the mud and dirt of the fall season, during the continuance of which we were only on the outskirts of the forest, and at once plunge into the woods and the snow. There let me describe as I can the operation of pitching camp.

All but the absolute necessities of life are, the day before it is desired to move, sent ahead over some convenient, though may-be roundabout "logging road"—called "roads" by courtesy; they are but the most solid ground marked out and cleared of underbrush, logs, &c., to a limited extent. In the morning, when all are turned out, the tents are struck and the "sgrabs" loaded down with what remains of camp traps, and with Mr. Cain in charge, sent on to the next resting place, already picked out by the chief of the party. We to our work,—until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when we strike through the bush to find our new home. As we had no snow-shoes, this used to be a somewhat tough wade knee-deep through the unbroken snow and the monotony of a four-mile walk, and was only relieved by an occasional plunge and entrapping of the feet in the covered brushwood.

Arriving at the place, (where Cain's party has certainly only come up, or not yet done their refreshment of tea and hard tack,) instantly all its activity and every man of our eighteen is making the most of what little daylight remains. Sites for tents are marked out. The "axe detachment" first roughly clear the ground and make room for the shovels to remove the snow; meanwhile the "axes" are busy cutting tent poles and pins; another party is unpacking and preparing the tents for pitching, and all not required thus are gathering brush, to be made use of presently. Mr. Cain is arranging and his assistant cutting wood for the camp fire, which done, he sets to work to prepare the evening meal, and woe betide him if it is not ready for serving when the tents are pitched! The snow cleared away, axes are again called into play and the ground surface roughly levelled and cleared of stumps. Then the tents are pitched and pinned down—the bottom lap of canvas being turned in, and not as in summer left loose;—inside on the ground, is placed a layer of rough brush which is covered with