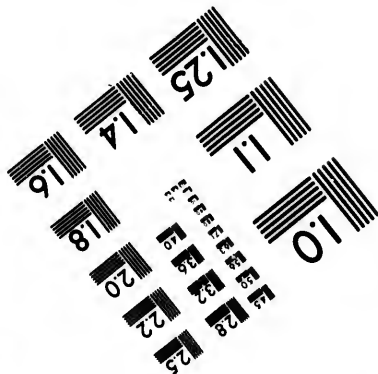
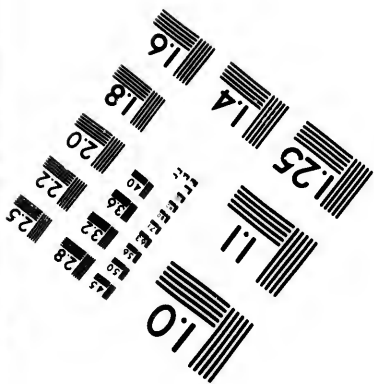
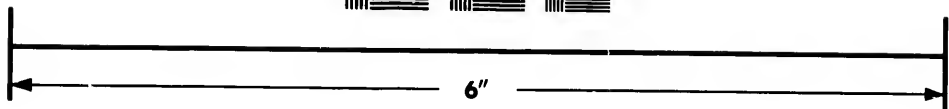
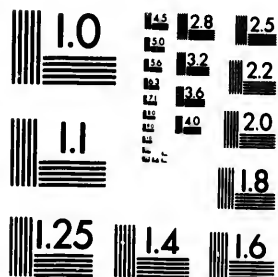


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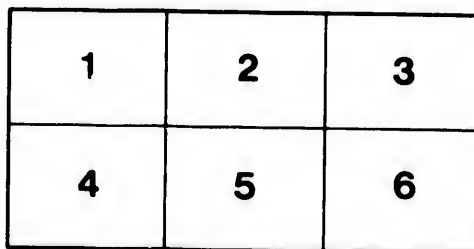
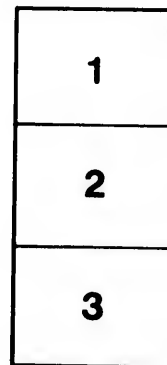
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V

AN ACCOUNT
OF THE
WINTERING VOYAGE

OF THE
Ship "Queen" of Peterhead,

CAPT. GEORGE BROWN,

COMPILED BY THE SURGEON,
E. P. PHILPOTS,

From a Journal kept by him during the Voyage.

PETERHEAD:
PRINTED AT THE "SENTINEL" OFFICE,
BY SCOTT & WALKER.

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[Reprinted from the "Peterhead Sentinel."]

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CHAPTER FIRST.

ALTHOUGH such a length of time has elapsed since this truly interesting voyage was made, it hardly deserves to be lost sight of, and the only apology that can be offered for its appearance before the public, is that, not being by any means an ordinary one, there are facts connected with it that both the public in general, and the commanders and owners of our whaling fleet, would do well to read—the former, that they may see a little of the dangers and difficulties of the Arctic sailor, and those mentioned latterly that they may profit by the dear-bought experience we gained during the voyage, inasmuch as we trod on new ground, and saw it many ways that others are not privileged to do.

I will commence my narrative by briefly giving the reader the intention of our voyage. We sailed upon what might be called a “roving commission,” our orders being to pass a winter in the Arctic Seas, in some spot (to be left to the discretion of the Captain) where we could command the water late in the autumn and early in the spring, and our locality was to be one frequented by whales. Cumberland Straits had for several years yielded but poor produce, and, in addition to that, was much overrun with American and other vessels. Cognizant of this fact, it was looked upon with a doubtful eye, and put aside to be a “last resource.” The consequence was, we determined, if possible, to pass our winter somewhere in the vicinity of the entrance of Lancaster Sound, with a view of commanding that body of water (always found at the head of Davis’ Straits) known as the “North Water of the Whalers.” Although stationed, however, on the spot, and in the most advantageous position we could find, our efforts were unsuccessful, and our ultimate ends were defeated, as the sequel will show.

It was on the last day of March, 1865, the good ship “Queen,” that had not long arrived from an unsuccessful wintering voyage, sailed for another one in which she was doomed also to share even a more unlucky fate than before. The entrance to the north harbour was crowded with the parents, brothers, sisters, sweethearts, and friends of those on board, who cheered her on as she bounded

forth on her perilous voyage. Many were the "good-byes" and caresses that were given, for each one knew our absence was to be long; and, if a tear of regret on parting was shed, on such an occasion it was excusable, as those farewells so earnestly given might have been the last for ever. With a S.W. wind, we steered for the Orkney Islands, and, at 8 P.M. the next night, passed the Skerries' Lights, and took a pilot on board to take us to Stromness. The wind not being altogether favourable, we anchored at Longhope, where we had for our companions the "Royalist," of Alloa, bound to Quebec, and the "Nell Gwinne," bound for Aden, both large ships. After a few hours delay here, we arrived, on Monday morning, in Stromness bay, where we dropped anchor, and made arrangements for shipping more men. I cannot speak much in praise of this little town, which has neither architectural beauties to recommend it, nor is it in that good sanitary condition it might be. Nevertheless, all kindness was shown us ashore, and a visit I made to the Manse of Harray abounded with interest, the locality possessing very perfect curiosities of our ancestors hundreds of years gone by. I also visited the Hoy (High) Lighthouse, which every one should do that wishes to see a well-kept light, and a greater attraction still for us, perhaps, was that a Peterheadian was then light-keeper. Strong westerly winds delayed us here for a fortnight, for it was not until the fifteenth of April that we had anything like a fair wind. On that day, however, we made a start, having filled up our complement of men from the shore; but I cannot speak much for the seafaring powers of the newly arrived "sailors," nearly all of them had never been to sea, and the greater part of them spent their first twenty-four hours of sea life in the lee scuppers, the motion of the ship acting to them as a capital and safe emetic. Nevertheless, be it said to their praise, that, with a few exceptions, our Orkney men were willing, courageous, and hard workers, and for "green hands," bid fair to become "sons of Neptune" in the course of time; and, ere our voyage was finished, there were few of them but what could "hand reef and steer," and were capital ordinary seamen. Amongst other additions we received on board at Orkney was a pig, who was immediately consigned to the coal hole, where he reigned for nine months "monarch of all he surveyed," until the knife caused him to bid adieu to "the pomps and vanities of this wicked world," to provide us with that luxury in a cold climate—*fat* pork. S.S.W. winds of variable strengths helped us

on our way to Davis' Straits, and on the 18th of April we found ourselves in the seventh parallel of west longitude. On the 19th April, we passed a barque—a Quebec trader—homeward bound. I had now time to judge that our sailing capabilities were nothing to boast of, and would not bear comparison with the fine sailing qualities of the Australian "Black Ball Liners," in which I had previously been. On the 22d of April, we arrived in the thirteenth parallel of west longitude, and experienced a heavy westerly swell, by no means an uncommon thing in the Atlantic. Upon the 28th of April we were passed by a schooner 15 days out from Hamburg, the captain of which informed us he was going to Newfoundland for "zo zant kot" (salt cod.) During the night another Dutch schooner passed us, and, hailing us, asked our longitude. The day following we passed a three-masted schooner (steam), which proved to be the "Fox." This vessel, it will be remembered, was the one which, while under the command of that brave seaman Capt. M'Clintock, after having passed two winters in the Arctic Seas (during one of which he drifted down Davis' Straits, exposed in his little craft to all the perils of the drift pack), brought home conclusive evidence of the fate of the much lamented Sir John Franklin. She was purchased by the Danish Government to trade between Denmark and their settlement on the east side of Davis' Straits. The sight of this vessel stimulated me more and more for Arctic research as I called to mind through how many dangers she had been exposed to gain those laurels so nobly won in so good a cause. She was deeply loaded, and no doubt anxiously expected by the Danes in Greenland, as she carried the mails, and all those luxuries for their use that their barren country to the northward refuses to afford them. Upon the 28th of April we were in the 22d parallel of west longitude. On the 30th, we arrived in the 33d parallel of west longitude, and here we had a heavy easterly gale, before which we scudded, the ship behaving remarkably well, rocking all hands to sleep gratis, and showing to the best advantage the deficiencies of those who had not yet obtained the useful yet necessary "sea legs." The vicinity of Cape Farewell is well known amongst Greenland sailors to be very rough, and we proved this to be true, for three days of heavy gales showed us that we had even more than our share. *May 2d*—Our lat. is 57 N., and our lon. 36 W., and we are now steering for the "West Ice," intending to cruise about for a while near Resolution Island, at the mouth of

Frobisher Straits, and, if unsuccessful in our fishing, to try and effect an entrance into Cumberland Sound; but our distance there is nearly seven hundred miles as yet. *May 11th*—We saw Cape Farewell a very long way off (this is rather an unusual thing for outward bound whalers to do). *May 14th*—long. 54 W.—We caught two very beautiful hawks that were blown off the land, but they refused food, and afterwards died. *May 16th*—lat. 61 N., long. 57 W.—To-day we managed to get exactly in the centre of a revolving storm, as a low oscillating glass foretold. It fell calm—there was no escape from it—so we were accordingly exposed to a very high sea, with a gale of wind in heavy puffs running in the directly opposite way; added to this, the sky all round was as black as ink; and our position, for at least six hours, was one of the most critical in which we could be placed. On the 16th of May we calculated we were about 130 miles from the pack ice, and on the 18th we saw it—the sea gradually falling, told us when we were approaching it. At this time we were 112 miles S.E. from the south point of Resolution Island. I have often seen the icebergs of southern latitudes, and admired their gigantic size and beauty, and calculated on their danger, but I never before to-day saw pack ice. I should need the pen of a much superior genius than myself to describe . . . (I allude to the heavy pack ice seen at the edge of the water in Davis' Straits.) It presents so many fantastical shapes, some of which are so perfectly chiselled out, that nature's statuary outvies all artificial works of art, and more especially when looked upon with the slightest eye of imagination. I would fain (for the benefit of those who are strangers to the Arctic Seas) describe what I saw, or rather what I appeared to see, modelled out in beautiful purity by the ice, which I saw more to advantage on this occasion, as refraction assisted to increase the delusion, and perhaps to furnish me with new material for comparison. There were gigantic swans, whiter than ever swan was, with their handsome arched necks, rocking backwards and forwards with a graceful motion with the heaving sea. There were in the same "white marble" massive giants, with swords raised on high to strike, as if in mortal combat. There were white eagles with outstretched wings, alighting, as it were, upon their prey; and palm and fir trees, apparently taking root in the water, and forming a forest, that with the aid of "Phœbus" would soon disappear. Whilst at some other spot would be seen a large iceberg, made by refractive power to resemble a church, and imagination could even lead me to suppose

the steeple for the bell was tastefully built, with bell and all complete, whilst in the vicinity of this edifice small pieces of ice accurately represented the grave stones erected—but to whom?—But I must now leave off these similies to tell of the busy preparations that were now being made in the shape of preparing boats, whale lines, harpoons, davits, &c. ; also about this time the “crow’s nest” was sent up. Our ship, with her boats, seven in number, placed in order, and hanging over the side, resembled a whaler once more, and although the working of yards and sails sadly interfered with this work, yet we progressed pretty rapidly, especially considering the work was quite new to the majority of the hands. *May 22d*—We are still amongst the pack, and the water has turned of a “greenish” colour, showing we are in soundings—our lat. is 61 N., and our lon. is 60 W.—and every one is busy preparing the necessaries for the fishing ; but this work, although early begun, proved itself to be rather behind hand, for in the morning we saw a whale, but had to pass her by as we were not prepared. Shortly after we saw another one, and then another. The excitement the sight of these caused was immense, and the men worked with a will, nor did they stop their hard work till all was ready. The cheers that rose from each boat’s crew, as they finished coiling their lines, sounded merrily, and showed that they meant work. *May 23d*—We saw two whales, but the ice was very tight, too much so indeed for us to kill them ; nevertheless, we lowered down the second mate’s boat, which returned after an hour’s chase. There is something more interesting and exciting in a whale hunt than any kind of hunting I ever saw, and I eagerly watched the manœuvres of both the whale and the boat in pursuit from the foretopmast crosstrees. We were now 120 miles to the eastward of Resolution Island, and sadly harrassed by the easterly winds, that closed the ice too tightly for us to hope to do much good, added to this thick fogs (such as are only seen in these icy latitudes) also lent a helping hand to stop our progress. *May 24*—Saw another whale, but a long way off. The sun does not set until 10 P.M. now. There is a strong current drifting us to the N.E. White whales, and seals, are seen here in abundance ; the later, however, are too shy to let one get within shot. *May 27th*—We have been lying for two days made fast to a large piece of ice. The winds being both light and unfair, to avoid being beset, we cast off, and next day were in sight of Charles Island ; but it was a long way off. It is a capital and unmistakable landmark.

The wind now veered more southerly, but still kept very light, and the ice was by no means slack. *May 28th*—We are within six miles of the south land of Frobisher's Straits. These straits are as little known as any part of the country. Once upon a time whales frequented them very much, and a vessel from Peterhead wintered in them and made a good fishing, but was unfortunately wrecked. I believe I am correct in saying our Captain knows as much as any one of this locality, and he informs me that there are several very interesting relics of Frobisher (who, as my readers are probably aware, sailed to these parts and explored them in Queen Elizabeth's time.) He states that at one part the natives showed him the spot where Frobisher was wrecked—(these facts I should state have been handed down by the Esquimaux from generation to generation; as they cannot write, of course they can keep no records.) They told him also how he built a boat out of the wreck, also how he stepped his mast into this boat from a high rock, which appeared well adapted for such a purpose, and he (the captain) also saw such an unmistakable evidence of his presence as the coals that he had saved from the wreck, which remain there probably to this day. These natives have also handed down to them, by tradition, the fate of the Brothers Bellot, three of whom successively sailed to these parts on discovery, and were never heard of. On the 29th of May we steered out of the ice with the intention of going as far as latitude 65 N. ere we tried in again to the westward. In the evening, just as we were clear, we lowered down a boat for a large whale that passed very close to us, but soon disappeared amongst the ice. *May 31st*—We fell in with the "Windward" of Peterhead, which vessel had brought us some preserved stores. Her captain paid us a visit, and informed us of the general success of the seal fishing, and that he, however, had gone home rather unsuccessful from his having lost his rudder. Some of the crew received letters; and recent papers told us of Lincoln's assassination, and the Confederate repulse. Snow fell now very frequently. I could not but remark the beauty of the crystals; and those interested in crystallography, I would refer to Sir Edward Belcher's work upon the Arctic Seas, in which they will be found faithfully represented and described at length. On the 4th of June, Queen Anne's Cape bore S.E. by S., distance thirty miles. The effect of the sun shining on the snow-clad land is very fine. On the next day we arrived in the Arctic Circle, and commenced fishing for cod and

turbot, being still close in, with the land on the east side of Davis' Straits; but, our fishery being unsuccessful, we stood on our way, passing Weid Fiord, which land is high and conspicuous. On the 6th of June we had steered far enough west to again fall in with the pack, at the edge of which were some walruses, apparently lying very comfortable, and by no means disturbed at our presence. "Taking the pack," we struck up in a N.W. direction, with a strong gale of wind and thick weather, under snug sail. Just as the thickness came on we saw a steam vessel, which soon disappeared. This, we found fourteen months afterwards, was the "Camperdown," who had been trying to make a south passage. Whilst amongst the ice, I had the pleasure of beholding an Arctic curiosity of the "first water." This was a large iceberg, that formed a perfect arch; the long icicles suspended from it, in varied forms and positions, assisted to make this beautiful grotto one of the most picturesque sights one could imagine. Our position on June 7th was 69 deg. W. lat., and 58 deg. W. lon., and although the ice was yet tight, we seemed pretty certain to arrive in course of time in the west water, and thus arrive on fishing ground by a passage up the west side of Davis' Straits, there always being a good space of water between the land and the pack ice; but, ere many hours had elapsed, our hopes were blighted, for the wind, coming more easterly, made the ice tighter, and large floes appeared to the westward of us, which would be by no means pleasant companions. By the 9th of June we found we had made but little progress. On that date we got a squeeze from a "floe," which we tried to blast, but without success. By the 10th of June we had decided no longer to attempt a passage this way, so we steered out to the eastward very reluctantly, as wind, ice, and current seemed set against us; and, upon the 11th of June, we saw the east land from the mast head, but a long way off. By the 13th of June, we were outside the pack, and came out opposite the "high land of Disco." On the 14th, we were off Hare Island, which is a small island to the northward of Disco, once famous for its hares. It lies low, is dark coloured, and has little or no attractions for any one to visit it. Having heard a few days ago we might call at the Danish Settlement, I had a long letter written for home, and on the 14th of June I left the ship with the captain, in a boat, to visit the Danes at the village of "Four Islands Point," which lay a little to the Northward of Hare Island.

CHAPTER SECOND.

WE reached the Danish settlement about 9 A.M. on the 14th June, and for the first time in my life I was introduced into the society of the Esquimaux. I cannot say I was much struck with the beauty of the man who watched us from the shore, and piloted our boat in. His hair was long, his face was dirty, his clothes were dirtier, and he looked somewhat like what you would fancy Robinson Crusoe's servant Friday was. He took us to the Governor's house, which was a small wooden edifice, very clean and comfortable. The Governor (so called, but I much doubt if he ranks as high as that, as he only superintends a small settlement) was very attentive, spoke very broken English, gave us an excellent cup of coffee, some corn-brandy, and made us welcome. Our idea was to barter with him (as we now expected we should winter in the country) such things as dogs and seal-skins. With regard to the former, he said the distemper had carried off a great many, and as for the latter he had only two to spare. However, when he saw we had potatoes for him, he began to show his liberality by giving us a native dog, soon likely to become a mother (and, as it proved afterwards, a grandmother) which was the means of furnishing us with "dog power" during the whole of our stay in the country. His wife was a large half-caste woman, a mixture of the Dane and the Esquimaux, but the latter predominated. She was fat, laughed a great deal, and tried to make herself agreeable by giving us several little presents, and took great pains to survey us all very narrowly, and commented a good deal upon us to her husband in some unintelligible jargon. She had several daughters, one of which was exceedingly good-looking had she been naturally dressed; but, as it is the custom there for the ladies to wear short trousers and long boots, and to keep their hands perpetually in the pockets of the former, they do not look so charming as they would if more naturally dressed. Nevertheless, banished as I had been for so long a time from female society, if I had the weakness to admire the Four Island point specimen of beauty, it was excuseable. The dogs here form a prominent feature, they run about in droves of dozens, barking, fighting, and playing, and

keeping up an incessant din; they are badly treated, and one would fancy half starved, to judge of the peculiar things they are often seen eating; immediately the dog we were going to take away was caught, her companions, jealous of this attention, immediately set upon her and bit her severely, but a few blows from an iron bar, and sundry kicks administered by the Governor (who evidently thought that, as many do, a dog had no feeling), soon dispersed them with a series of loud yells of dissatisfaction. It was amusing also to see how quickly they all collected together at the sound of the whistle, and I could not but remark what a loss the absence of these tractable animals would be to the natives, as they furnish him with many of his necessities; they assist him in his travels, in his hunting excursions, furnish him with warm fur when they die, and in bad times are killed and eaten, but this is of rare occurrence; added to this, they are but little trouble to keep, and live one may say on "nothing," and no animals get worse used than they do in return for all their benefits. But I must speak more of them when I come to that part of our voyage in which we and them found out from experience what they were. During my conversation with the Governor, I learned he had been out at that settlement ten years, and that he had long ago grown tired of his solitary life. It was more than probable it was more a matter of force than of choice that made him come out there. His youngest daughter, a little girl about ten years old, a perfect brunette, with a pair of eyes that, for their pure jet colour, might be envied by many of the fair sex, was suffering from snow-blindness, and I prescribed for her. I see in my journal I have entered into a lengthy description of the native huts at this station. I shall refrain from describing them here very accurately; suffice it to say they were very dirty, and the effluvia that saluted one's olfactories was past endurance for more than a minute or two. Our boat's crew had attempted a conversation with the inmates of some of them, which were all women (the men being all away hunting), but I do not think too much was made out on either side, as hardly one word spoken was understood, and signs only partially enlightened the interesting (?) conversation. I do not think I am wrong in tracing the "chignon," now so fashionable, to Esquimaux origin. All the native women wore a kind of one, the only difference being it was placed further up than we see them worn at home, and was not an artificial production of hairdresser's art, this species of tradesman not being

known in these parts. The little children (piccaninnies) here were all very ugly, and very dirty, and their high cheek bones, and dark faces, assisted by a horrible squint that most of them had, did not add to their beauty. After we had finished our business ashore, we returned on board, taking with us our new dog, who was much inclined to fight with a young Retriever we had on board. She did not appear to relish her new position, and turned sulky and would not eat. On the 14th of June we were off Black Hook, in lat. 71°27' N., and long. 55°31' W. I counted eighty icebergs of various sizes in this locality. One thing that struck me very much as to the icebergs in these parts, was their small size compared to those in the southern seas, the cause of which, I believe, is easily explained. On June 16th we were off Operniwick, and amongst streams of ice. Our native dog was safely delivered of eight fine puppies last night; these are the germs of our future sledge travelling. The icebergs here are very numerous, probably owing to the water being shoal. *June 18th*—Found us making a passage to the westward. Towards the afternoon the "Windward" again joined us, bound the same way as ourselves. Passing Kingowa, we had some natives put off to us, who were anxious to barter with us, and we bought some eider ducks eggs from them, which, although they eat rather strong, were considered as luxuries by us. *June 19th*—We were off Horse Head, in lat. 74°45' N., and long. 57°30' W. Arriving at the north of this point, some of us went ashore to look for ducks eggs. Starting at one P.M., we did not get back till 11:30 P.M., after an unsuccessful hunt for eggs. As the land floe had not yet parted from the land, we found a landing in any spot where eggs were to be impracticable. *June 20th*—We were in company with the "Diana" of Hull, which vessel had retreated south, after having given up the idea of crossing Melville Bay. She had caught 4 whales. On reaching up further to the northward, we found the ice too tight to progress much farther, so we waited for a change, as also did the other two vessels in company with us. *June 21st*—Started, at 5:0 A.M., another excursion after ducks eggs. We reached a small island which in days gone by had been a native settlement. An interesting relic of those days, in which London furnished the majority of the whaling fleet, is seen here. This is the grave of Dr Williams, of the ship "Ipswich" of London, Capt. Gordon. Finding no eggs here, we visited Lumme Head, which is a tremendously high cliff, on which the Lummes (a species

of sea bird) build their nests. They congregate here in countless myriads; and the report of a gun, frightening them out of their habitations on the cliffs, causes the air to be quite black with them—in fact, their numbers baffle all description. We shot a great number of them. They are not particularly nice eating, still they pass on board as a "fresh mess." Engaged with us in this diversion were two boats from the "Diana." Their description of Melville Bay was very discouraging, and argued badly for us getting through. As their much respected Captain had given it up with the assistance of steam power and a good knowledge of the country, it was but little use in us trying to make a passage through it. After a while, we began to think of returning to our ship, which was now some 10 miles away, but the ice had closed in upon us and stopped our passage effectually. Just now the "Diana" steamed past us, and we learnt she was going to anchor to a piece of ice for the night. We went on board, and the men enjoyed a glass of Capt. Gravill's rum, an acceptable thing considering we were now getting fatigued. After this, we went on shore for a rest, and then started in half a gale of wind to try once again to get on board. The "lipper" on the water was now very great—in fact, there was as much sea as a boat could stand—and, after two or three "sousings" with the water she shipped, we determined upon giving up the idea of starting until the weather moderated, and ran back to the "Diana," where I slept all night, and was treated with great kindness. It was during my stay on board this ship I had the satisfaction of hearing, from old and experienced Arctic seamen, that our wintering expedition was likely to fail. Although I but half believed it at the time, it nevertheless came true. We pulled away for our ship early in the morning, and had the satisfaction of seeing two large floes come crash together and stop at the only "lane" of water through which we could pass. Under these circumstances we had to remain for a few hours, until these icy enemies thought proper to relax their hold of each other; nor did they hurry themselves about it; and when once they did part, only just opened to let us cleverly through and then closed again. We arrived on board at 6 P.M. the next day, having been away thirty-six hours, and having done a good deal of work, for which we were repaid by the birds we shot. I might perhaps now omit going more into detail with several subsequent excursions we made in this locality. Suffice it to say we did at last succeed in getting several hundred dozens of eggs, which were very abundant; and I amused myself in

collecting botanical specimens. On the 1st of July we bade adieu to the Duck Islands, and stood out to the westward, hoping to be able to force a passage through the main body of pack ice. The barque "Brilliant" of Kirkcaldy spoke us, and told us of her unsuccessful attempt to get into Cumberland Gulf, which showed us others had given it up as well as ourselves. During this time the "Windward" came bounding down from Cape Walker, and told us the ice was too tight to attempt a north passage. Light winds then set in, and we could not make much westing, and, added to this, the ice looked rather unpromising, so other egging excursions were taken, and eggs came on board in boat-loads. Being anchored to an iceberg that was drifting south, we went slowly in that direction, while the sound of falling icebergs continually kept up a din resembling that of thunder. The weather is now warm enough to blister one's face, and the sun shines brightly at midnight. On the 5th of July we were again off Operniwick, sailing along the pack edge in the hopes of finding an available opening to cross over to the west side. On the 10th of July we were in sight of Disco again, but a long way off. We again "took" the ice, and stood into the westward; but, finding no passage that way, the idea was given up, and we again struck across to the east side for cod-fish. We thus left the "Windward" and "Brilliant" far behind. The former was the last vessel that we saw for more than twelve months, and the report that she gave of our movements made our friends at home very anxious for our safety. Spending a day on the cod-banks off Weideford with no success, we again retreated north and crossed over to the west side, opposite the Duck Islands, and upon the 5th of August we were in sight of Possession Point. It was very thick, foggy weather coming across, and we passed a tremendous quantity of ice, which was very tightly packed, and we often had a tight struggle to get through it. During our passage across, one of the men was very ill. He had pathisis, and I had almost despaired of his life. One of the Esquimaux puppies was trod on, and killed; and I had to "docter" another one that had a broken leg. It, however, quickly recovered. The lard floe was away from Pond's Bay, and the water round about the entrance of the Sound was very clear of ice. Seeing there was no chance of a fishing here, we sailed up Lancaster Sound, the ice gradually growing thicker as we got farther up. It is now our intention to search the inlets upon the south side of Lancaster Sound for whales. On

the 6th of August, we were off Cape Liverpool, and saw the Wollaston Islands at midnight. In spite of a fine fair wind, we made but little headway against the strong westerly currents. However, in course of time, we arrived at Navy Board Inlet, but not without numerous stoppages from large drifting floes that often threatened to cut short our career. Often had we to use the greatest alacrity to avoid them, and only made a zigzag course at the best; and sometimes, indeed, were nearer the north side of the Sound than the south. To the eastern side of Navy Board Inlet, is a large, conspicuous, black, bluff headland, which is a "lummery," as the quantities of Lummes shewed it to be. We made fast to the land floe to the east of Wollaston Islands, and found the charts of these parts are not much to be depended on, as they give but a very inaccurate description of them. On the 10th of August, there were many travellers to the adjacent hills, to see what they could. A cairn erected on a small hill was noticed from the masthead, and I joined a party to examine it. Our surprise may be judged when we found the "cairn" to be made up of cask hoops piled one above another. In a little bight below this cairn, was the remains of a depôt placed for Franklin's use. The natives, however, had plundered it of everything except the coals, of which there remained about five tons in sacks, which had been all cut open for examination. Strewed around here were cask staves, pieces of hoops, pieces of cork shoes, pieces of sea boots, numerous tins of preserved meat, that had wantonly been destroyed by the natives' spears, and many other things too numerous to mention. "Goldner" was the name marked on the tins, and pieces of "sheaves" of ship's blocks were found marked with the broad arrow. The coal (or patent fuel) would have been of immense service to us, but the rotten state of the floe prevented us from bringing it on board. I might enlarge much upon my description of the Inlet, if I thought it would interest the general reader; but, as I have nothing to offer but a series of "dry facts," I will forbear doing so. Suffice it to say it appears to offer many advantages for whale fishing, and whilst we were there (late in the season as it was) we saw a whale going *west*, and a large one she was. I think this whale we saw here silently told a long tale, or rather offered a good hint, to those prosecuting the whale fishery, for had we but been a little earlier on the spot I now speak of, I doubt not the result would have been more than good. Whilst lying here it was interesting to notice with what rapidity the loose ice

drifted down the Sound. Occasionally it was going over four knots, and the numerous collisions and capsizees that took place were interesting to watch. A fact worth noticing in this sound is the absence of icebergs, probably due to the want of glaciers of sufficient magnitude to form them. On the 13th of August we "cast loose," and steered up the sound with a fine easterly breeze, having been detained here for four days, as shortly after we arrived the ice set in tight upon us. Another dog had his leg broken to-day. We passed over a spot marked in the chart as "Breakers," but no breakers were to be seen. We shortly passed the "Table Land" of the chart, in lon. 86 W. We were often much annoyed by the heavy floes that frequently stopped our progress. On the 14th of August we "opened out" Prince Regent's Inlet, and found the west side of it blocked up with loose pack and large floes, which prevented us from visiting Leopold Island. Sailing down the inlet we encountered a heavy gale of wind, and went far enough to discover that Port Bowen was blockaded with ice. For this we were sorry, as doubtless this is one of the rendezvous for the whales; and there can be but little doubt they take their southern passage (a great many of them at least) by way of Prince Regent's Inlet. We kept in this locality a short while, but saw no chance of doing good, so we left it. Sailing in a northerly direction we arrived opposite a conspicuous place called Caswell's Tower, and farther than this we could not penetrate to the westward, as the ice was very tight, and enormous floes fairly filled up the Sound; but, hoping that we might after a while get better luck, we stayed here for a day or two, anticipating that, if we could get as far as Wellington Channel, we might have a chance, perhaps, to do some good. However, at last we had reluctantly to abandon the idea of further westward progress, although our boats went out to see what they could, but always reported there was too much ice, which undoubtedly there was.

CHAPTER THIRD.

ON the 20th of August we made the best of our way back again, with the intention of discovering a winter harbour on the north side of the Sound. On the 21st we were off the eastern point of Prince Regent's Inlet, urged on by the strong current through floes innumerable. On the 22d we were off Admiralty Inlet, and at night off Navy Board Inlet. August 24th saw us off Cape Warrender, which is a fine bold and unmistakable headland. When once to the eastward of this, we commenced to search for our winter harbour, and were several days between Cape Warrender and Horsburgh, amongst countless icebergs, and very strong currents, that fairly took possession of the ship at times, and turned her round and round. This work was by no means pleasant, as reefs and shoals were known to abound here. Added to this, the coast line seemed for the most part unbroken, and no signs appeared of getting a suitable harbour for some time. The exploring parties reported numerous traces of natives, deers' antlers (but no deer), and lots of walrus, one of which was killed and its head brought on board. Amongst other things, the head of a singular animal (probably a musk ox) was found and brought on board. On the 29th of August we succeeded in finding a bight in the land a few miles to the westward of Cape Horsburgh, and into this bight we sailed, and brought up in rather too close proximity to a small glacier, which did not look to be standing so firm that it could be trusted. Whilst lying here several exploring parties left, both in boats and on foot, to try and discover a more suitable locality; and it was not before the last day of August that we were fortunate enough to find a proper harbour, in which we could with safety winter. This new harbour was some fifteen miles to the westward of the old one, and lies in the vicinity of Cape Beatrice, which is the next conspicuous headland to Cape Warrender. It was formed upon its western side by an enormous glacier, of which we could never see the end. The edge of this glacier was perpendicular, and lay with the sea washing up against it, just like as if it were a chalk cliff. Hope's Monument forms the corner of the western land that forms the bay, which "monument" is a

high hill of a dark colour, and very conspicuous. To its eastern side is a symmetrically formed round hill, that we christened "Thompson's Monument;" but I believe it has some other name on the charts. Altogether, it is not a difficult place to find, although one would little think, from the outside appearance, there was a harbour to be had at all. After we had anchored down, we discovered large quantities of sea horse upon the drift ice in the harbour, so a boat was lowered away, in which I went, to catch some. We killed two fine male ones. The first was shot dead with the harpoon gun, and the second, although the harpoon went almost up to the socket in him, towed the boat for two miles, whilst upwards of a dozen bullets were fired at his head without effect, on account of his tough hide. It was also impossible to put a whale lance into him. These animals are of terrific strength, very imposing in appearance, and as tenacious of life as any of the Arctic animals, unless we except the bears, which do appear to have the "nine lives" attributed to the cats. The sea horses bask in the sun, in flocks of twenty and upwards, on the top of a "cake" of ice, and one keeps watch. This watchman was the second one we killed; and, had he not have had a broken tusk, would have been a very perfect specimen. These animals kept us in oil and dogs meat during the whole of the winter. On the following day we sent down our fore and mizen topgallant yards and masts, and moved the ship a little farther into the harbour. About this time a series of S.W. gales visited us, a few of which brought in a swell to the harbour, and showed us that our holding ground through all weathers was a doubtful thing. On one occasion we were nearly driven ashore, and had to let go a second anchor. The harbour was periodically filled and emptied of loose ice, upon which the tides, no doubt, have the control. Numerous excursions were also taken in the adjoining districts, and the country round was thoroughly explored. We found by these rambles that our vessel was lying at the corner of a large island, the eastern end of which lay at another inlet, which was very broad, and filled to a large extent with good sized icebergs. This island lay in an E.N.E. and W.S.W. direction, and was upwards of twenty miles in length, and ten (or more) in breadth. A conspicuous hill, marked in the charts as "Princess Charlotte's Monument," lies at its eastern end. These facts go to prove that the survey of this coast has been very superficial; and this is no great wonder, for it required the closest investigation to find out many of the most important facts

connected with it. The current runs round the island in a westerly and easterly direction, and appears not to be acted on in the least by the tides. About the centre of the island, for two miles out to sea, is a reef that commanders of vessels who have to go far north and "hug" the land, whilst making their westing after going through Melville Bay, would do well to remember about, and this the more when I state that in the following year, when we viewed the steamers from our harbour going west, we saw them (apparently) take what might be called a "close shave" of this reef, which is very deceptive, and very shoal in many parts. The island at which we lay, along the sea shore, was composed of high hills, but these gradually sank until the land became quite flat and marshy, the only thing seen on it being large pools of water, small streams, and immense stones, standing quite solitary, and of many tons weight, which are very regular in shape, and tend to enliven the landscape or desert, which latter name is by far the most appropriate for it. The streams contain salmon, but they were frozen over too much to catch any of them by the time we arrived, although numerous devices were tried to ensnare them. *Sept. 2d*—Active preparations are now being made for the winter, awnings are worked at to cover us in during the long Arctic night, and our ballast is being discharged. The seahorse blubber is being boiled ashore to furnish oil for us, and the time is beginning to pass slow. The marks of recent visits of the natives to these parts are very plain; the ashes of a fire upon the beach seem as fresh as if it was only yesterday lighted, and a fox trap had still the bait inside it, which Reynard up to this time had refused. An arrow was picked up, consisting of three pieces of wood, very ingeniously grafted together. It is now growing cold enough to freeze in two hours a small bottle of water I carried in my pocket whilst out on an exploring excursion. Another chase of the seahorse was made by three boats, but these monsters paid us back "in our own coin," and stove in two out of the three boats sent after them, so that we had to beat a hasty retreat, but not until after one was killed. After this they all left us. On the 4th of September I had a capital chance of seeing how icebergs were made. On that day there was a tremendous fall from the glacier. The noise it made was like loud thunder. An enormous mass broke off it, destined as an iceberg to wander the Arctic seas until "Phœbus" made it vanish into its original element. I should fancy the glacier, in the vicinity of which we were, furnished the Arctic seas with

some fifty good sized icebergs every year. On this day also a large piece of ice "grounded" on our anchor, breaking the stock in two, which was repaired again that night by a good "stroke" of work being done by the carpenter and blacksmith. The way the winds blow here is worthy of a remark. From the position we occupy we are exposed to several currents of air; for instance, we have one coming down Lancaster Sound, one down Smith's Sound, and one up from Davis' Straits, as well as one over the water in which we lay, from the northward. From this cause, we have winds from all directions, that do not remain long in one quarter, and as the frost increases they grow lighter; but the N.N.E. wind is the most prevailing one here. The effect of the "ground" ice (*i.e.*, the ice that lies at the edge of the water) upon the shingley beach is to gradually force it up into a mound of considerable height, thus making a perfect breakwater. On the 5th of Sept., a large black dog we brought from home went mad, and jumping on a piece of loose ice, was carried out to sea; but she was afterwards recovered by the boldness of one who ran and rescued her with the same chance of sharing a similar fate to that which apparently awaited her. As late as the 7th September we were searching for another more suitable harbour, as by this time we had reason to judge we should not get a speedy liberation in the spring. A boat went a long way to the westward, past Hope's Monument, and no trace of any inlet or harbour was to be found suitable for our purpose. After this time all search was given up, as bay ice was beginning to form pretty thick on the water at night, and it seemed hardly safe to trust our ship amongst it at so late a period. The glacier, I found, caused a capital echo; and, whilst in a boat a few hundred yards from its edge, on a frosty day, everything was repeated we said, even if we spoke in our natural voices. On the 10th of September, a tremendous quantity of large floes drifted down Lancaster Sound, and with them a lot of loose ice, some of which, coming into our harbour, fairly choked it up. On this day 12 ptarmigan were shot. These birds, I fancied, were the finest game I ever tasted, although, perhaps, not cooked as one would just get them at home; but the Arctic frosts soon make good appetites. A new amusement now began to be much patronised by most of us (and we really were in want of diversion). This was sliding down a high hill covered with frozen snow on the stave of a cask, or some piece of wood, which, being smooth, increased our velocity. This was capital fun to many, and being good exercise, served to "keep

the scurvy out of our bones." The rats are now beginning to frequent the cabin for warmth and food, and gain the appropriate name of "canaries," from the beautiful chirping they eliven us with. In the dead of winter they were all dying with cold, and many grew blind. With a straightened fish hook at the end of a broomstick, they were easily harpooned. All died but one in the end. He was a large buck rat, who came back to his native town to tell the dismal news of the death of his companions in danger to other intelligent and enquiring geniuses of his species. The stars are now beginning to shine very bright at night, which warns us of the approach of winter. In gazing at them, I could not but remark the height of the pole star, other 15 degrees higher and it would have been just above our head. It is a privilege few are allowed to see so high as I did. On a clear frosty day we can see the Byam Martain Mountains, upon the south side of Lancaster Sound, raised up by refraction. One thing that now began to strike me was the perfect stillness that prevailed all around. This was more marked during the dead of winter, when our own voices and the bark of the dogs were the only sounds we heard, often for many days. On the 18th September the harbour was frozen over strong enough to bear us upon the ice, which bent very much as we walked over it. Salt water ice, when it bends very much, bears heavy weights upon it, as it is very tough. The manner it first forms is curious. There appears on the surface of the water a dirty-looking composition like sawdust. These are the crystals of ice not yet cemented. As the process of freezing goes on, they get firmly united, and salt water ice is thus made. When of sufficient thickness, it is tough enough to resist the pickaxe, as I shall show we knew from experience at a future date. Notwithstanding we are now "frozen in," Lancaster Sound is still a large mass of water, filled with icebergs, floes, and loose ice. The former pass our harbour mouth at the rate of about two miles an hour, and always travel from west to east, except they get in the eddy currents nearer the land, when they go in the opposite direction. The reader will remember I said before there were no icebergs in Lancaster Sound. Neither there are, after you get up it a little way. The icebergs we saw passing our harbour mouth came from Croker Bay and the land between it and the spot we lay at. Many of them ground on the reef I spoke about a short time back, and about this date there were several dozens lying upon it, all in a straight line,

which mapped it out very accurately. They disappeared, however, for the most part, in the spring, when the ice broke up. Whilst speaking about this reef, I may state that, about two or three miles to the S.W. of it, is a small island or rock that is not many feet above water. This, in the winter, was covered with the floe, and we lost sight of it; and, in the spring, when the ice cleared off it, many of us who saw it, forgetting its existence, thought we had made a discovery. About the 25th of September we commenced to train our dogs, which were now growing very fast into good useful animals. Whilst speaking of them, I may as well describe how a dog-sledge is managed. There are no reins, each dog has a single trace, which trace is fastened to the front of the sledge. No two traces are of the same length, so that the dogs do not run in a line. The sledge is guided by a whip, the handle of which is one foot and the leash six yards long. It requires long practice to be an adept at using this whip, and the beginner, whilst first practising with it, must expect to give himself several good cuts on the face, ears, or head, during his first few lessons. There is quite an art in using it; and in time, with patient perseverance, it is possible to hit any mark, however small, six yards off. When this weapon is used in the sledge it has a magic effect on the dogs. When one is struck, he immediately alleviates the pain of the lash by biting his neighbour, who in return bites the next dog to him, and thus the bite is passed on, so that each dog gets his share. Of all kinds of travelling I know none that is so delightful as the sledge, it glides so smoothly over the snow, at such a quick rate, and the barking of the dogs seem to enliven the scene.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

On the 25th of September we erected a flagstaff to mark our rendezvous, and a flag was hoisted thereon. This was a capital landmark for natives, but none appeared. An Esquimaux grave of recent date was opened up and contained the body of a female. A numerous collection of her goods and chattels were buried with her. Amongst other things an iron spoon, marked W.B. There was also a thimble of native manufacture, made of leather; two needles; a comb; a bodkin; a lamp; and a box for holding water, made out of whalebone. On the 26th of September a large cairn was erected on a high hill to the eastward of our harbour, surmounted by a flagstaff. This, from its great height, was a conspicuous landmark; and, I have no doubt, will be seen and noted at some future date. A raven took up his abode in our quarter, and did not forsake us the whole winter through. On the 29th, we had an exciting chase after a bear. He was a very big one, and was "one too many" for us, as he escaped as night came on. Whilst chasing him, and being in the vicinity of the glacier, a terrific gust of wind blew off it, and frostbit every one on whom it blew. This was an occurrence that often happened, the cause of which I must leave my readers to judge for themselves. I also noticed that the under surface of the ice broken off the glacier, that had been for a long time under water, was indented for a foot deep with furrows, about the same distance apart, and very regularly marked also. This is worthy of notice, and I should like to hear its explanation. The "barber" (an appellation given to the breath condensed by the frost on the beard and whiskers) now generally appeared on each traveller. On the 2d of October, gaffs, &c., were sent down, long funnels were sent up, and numerous other preparations were made for "housing in." About this date we had several unsuccessful bear-hunts, which helped to pass away the time. The seat at the galley fire was now occupied from an early hour in the evening till midnight, and many were the long "yarns" that were spun. True stories were greatly exaggerated to make them "takeable," and time served to show the exaggerators required to have good memories, as the same tales were

known to vary, by repeated tellings, so much as to be entirely remodelled. Thus time passed away until the 6th of October, when a heavy swell rolled into the harbour and broke up the ice, and we once more swang to our anchors. It was astonishing to see how quickly the ice took its departure out, for, in a few hours, there was no "loose ice" to be seen from the deck. A heavy gale from the northward followed this "breaking up," and shortly after a hard frost set in, and bay ice once again began to form. A large flock of white whales paid us a visit at this time, showing that they are late in their southern migrations, and ptarmigan once again appeared for dinner on the cabin table. On the 18th of October, the ice again bore. Light snow fell upon it, and an old bear and her two cubs left their footprints. About this time we prepared against an attack of that great friend and enemy in these seas—fire—by making a firehole, which is a hole in the ice near the ship, that requires to be cleared of ice once at least every day, so as a handy supply of water could be had at quick notice. Four men were dignified with the appellation of firemen, who had the charge of it, and were held responsible for its state. Curiously enough, a seahorse showed his head above water, in a hole in the ice, about this time, and a man seeing him valiantly went in pursuit, but the seahorse soon made him return, as getting under the young ice on which he stood, he tried to break it by his buoyancy; and, had he done so, would have soon made short work of his antagonist. He was stated to be the largest yet seen. Football is now a favourite and healthy amusement. On the 22d of October one of our dogs was killed by accident, and "Sandy Campbell," our pig, on purpose, as he had begun to show the cold did not agree with him; he was very fat, in fact too fat for eating, and furnished us with pork chops, &c., which were no small dainties. On this date we had put up the awnings fore and aft; and now, I suppose, I may say, we had fully commenced winter. They certainly made us much warmer below, but on account of excluding the breeze from the decks, caused the cabin to smoke much, which it did all winter, much to our annoyance. The effect it had upon us will be seen as I go on. It is now perfect darkness below, and we have to burn a lamp constantly, and also one on deck, which, although, it is made to receive the heat of the stove piping (which heat is by no means small) freezes very often, and thus goes out. On the 28th of October I celebrated my birth day by commencing a school for reading, writing, arithmetic, and navigation. I had some

enthusiastic scholars in all the different branches, especially in the latter, in which subject several became quite proficient. This passed away many an hour that otherwise would have hung heavy on our hands. Cards at times were indulged in, but as there was but one pack on board, it grew in time so difficult to distinguish diamonds from hearts, that, to know them, they had to be marked round the edges of the impressions on them with ink, and these markings gradually resembled the "white" part of them, so much that cards were "given up" as a bad job, and the playing was at an end. About this time we had a series of heavy easterly gales, which fortunately did no more mischief than keep us on board. To while away the time, an auction was started on the bartering system, a man with a considerable share of ready wit acted as auctioneer, and noisily sold the articles with as business-like manner as a "properly qualified" auctioneer could do. On the 5th of November we lost the sun, and all the day we have to boast of is about four hours twilight, but the stars are never "out of the sky," and, with the moon, assist to furnish us with a kind of light. The dogs have now taken up their abode on the ice near the ship. A fine snow hut was built for them, but they prefer lying in the open air; rolling themselves up into a ball, they seem to take things very easy, and never look cold, now having a good thick winter coat on. On the 10th of November we shot a young bear that had strayed from its mother. It was apparently dying of starvation, as its stomach was quite empty. One of the great inconveniences of this cold weather is that the stem of one's pipe gets frozen, and thus disappoints one of his smoke, for it is next to impossible to thaw it out of doors when once frozen. On the 25th a few comparatively warm days set in, which passed away to make way for a more severe attack of frosts than we had ever had before. Some foxes (called sooty foxes) were caught in traps also. On the 28th of November it was too dark to venture far, even at noon—some days we could hardly see to read at that time. The moon in these high latitudes presents curious aspects at times. To-day it seemed to be in the centre of a perfect ring (halo) which was equally divided into four quarters by two diameters, numerous other arcs of circles being seen above and below the halo. On the 4th of December we built the ship up with snow outside, which quite hid her hull from view, and added much to our warmth inside. In process of time the snow had so much hardened that we were able to cut out a fine set of steps up to the deck, with two

fancy railings on either side, made out of the snow, proving that we had some masons on board of no mean skill. A gale of wind now formed a large mound of snow, called a "wreath," round the east side of our vessel, and thus we were doubly banked up. This same gale blew the snow off the land, and made it look black, which appeared singular to us who had been used to see it white for so long. On the 28th December the dogs howled fearfully all night. One of our number, who went ashore to see if he had caught a fox, came back in double quick time, having been in close proximity to a bear, who saluted him with a roar, that increased his speed on board considerably. This unwelcome visitor, after a while, was attacked by the dogs, who bit off his tail. To avenge this insult, he bit our old dog's hind leg and broke it, causing a compound fracture that healed rapidly, the old lady refusing to allow any surgical appliances to assist her to recover; but she always had a stiff leg after. The shortest day passed by, so called; but our "shortest day" was no day at all, for it was nearly pitch dark at noon, and the stars shone very brightly. About this time, my stock of writing paper being nearly done, I had reluctantly to discontinue my writing school, but the navigation instruction was still carried on, and my pupils promised to become adepts at this science. An ingenious contrivance, in the shape of a tin fiddle, was made to "bring in" the New Year, on the eve of which every one drank success to sweethearts, wives, and friends far away. The Aurora Borealis was very bright at this time, and illuminated the floe so much that one could almost fancy it was daylight. On the 27th of January, twilight appeared for two or three hours before and after noon. A heavy gale was the means of enticing a small party out on the floe after it was over to see the state of the ice. After a very cold travel to the southward, they returned, reporting they thought they saw the water, which appeared to be ten or twelve miles off the ship. One of the number, who rejoiced in a large moustache and beard, came back with them at least two inches thick with ice. I remember well patiently waiting to hear his news whilst he melted the ice off his mouth before the fire, for it had so blocked up his mouth that he could not open it, much less speak. The ship gave a violent shake during the night, for which I cannot account unless it was a shock of an earthquake. On the 28th of January, I ascended the glacier, and viewed, with inexpressible delight, the rose-coloured clouds that told me the sun was approaching. Whilst I was on its summit, I was elevated, I suppose, over

180 feet. The travel was interesting, but perilous, as the deep chasms, which were lightly covered over with snow, were very deceptive, and many times I had to poke a stick before me to see the state of what I intended to step upon. An exciting bear chase filled up the day's work. The following day was one of intense cold; so cold, indeed, I had hard work to sleep, although a roaring fire was within a few yards of me. In spite of this fire, which was always kept burning, my bunk (sleeping apartment) was two inches thick of ice, formed by breath freezing on the sides of it. At other parts of the cabin, even near the fire, every nail head, however deep it was driven in, and however much it was puttied and painted over, showed its presence by a collection of frost over it. On the 29th, it was light enough for use to see the water from the hill-head, but it was ten or twelve miles away, and only a little of it. At that time my first case of scurvy broke out, which my patient determined to cure by active exercise, trying the American cure, namely, "kicking it out." In course of time he was cured by the use of medicines, aided by the kicking treatment. The sky at noon now begins to show the approach of the sun, and a welcome stranger he will be. A party of enthusiastic excursionists to the water saw nothing; and a bear-hunt, ending in a general *melee* with the dogs, who fought very hard in spite of me breaking my gun over one of their backs, ended the day. I notice the idleness caused by our lazy kind of life brings on a general bad state of health amongst us, which is a sure forerunner of scurvy, as I have since proved. On the 2nd of February, I found some "red snow" on the floe, and on the following day I was frostbitten on the face whilst on an excursion, a breeze of wind springing up and catching me. Numerous cases of indisposition now occurred, hypochondria, catarrh, gastralgia, and a numerous string of etceteras, but on the 5th of February we had a long absent visitor to cheer up the invalids in the shape of the sun, which just peeped up above the horizon and disappeared very shortly after. Every one anxiously watched the majestic luminary as he quickly vanished from our sight after the ninety-four days his bright beams had been denied us. On the 8th of February we saw a flock of twenty ptarmigan going north. On the 16th, we were visited by a strong N.E. gale, which made but little change on the loose ice outside. I measured the thickness of the floe on the following day about 100 yards from the ship, and found it to be 47 inches thick. On the 20th, we had a heavy

S.W. gale, which caused the water to appear 10 miles away in the offing. On the 26th we had a perfect hurricane from E.N.E., which fairly shook the ship, and when it had abated I went to the edge of the water, which I found to be seven miles off. The sun's rays are now really beginning to feel warm, and by the 4th of March we had 12 hours daylight; six ptarmigan were shot to-day, and I find myself sadly complaining how slow the time passes away. We had now an opportunity of witnessing two suns shining at the same time. Owing to the state of the atmosphere, &c., the sun was reflected very perfectly in the opposite quarter to which he shone. On the 10th of March, the second case of scurvy broke out. This was the only case I did not manage to cure. This was owing to the lazy habits of my patient, who even thought it too much trouble to take the medicine I gave him; and, as for taking proper exercise, that was out of the question. The ship now begins to give heavy cracks with the frost, the cause of which I could never learn, and many others have been puzzled by it besides me. On the 19th of March the awnings were taken down, and the collection of soot and other dirt that had collected in the cabin baffled all description—daylight exposing to the public gaze many collections of dirt and soot that were not noticed with the light of our oil lamps, which were in themselves smoky contrivances. It was with much pleasure we began once again to take our meals by daylight. The effect of the long Arctic night upon us was to make us all have a kind of a 'waxy' hue, and a more pale faced collection of human beings could hardly be imagined than we were. On the 20th of March I took an excursion of about thirty miles with the captain, during which we ascended Princess Charlotte's Monument, and had a good view of the state of the ice at the mouth of Smith's Sound. We found this part filled with loose ice, the floe having entirely broken up some time ago, even to the rock foot, and only wanted a good N.E. breeze to set it all adrift. This seemed to argue well for our speedy release; but, in reality, it was nothing more than we could have expected to see, as the strong currents that run down Smith's Sound do not allow a heavy floe to be made; and, being thus, light ice is easily broken up. The eastern entrance to our harbour (if it might be so called) was still unbroken, and many icebergs had been detained during the winter, which were frozen in hard and fast. It is not the best weather for travelling, as the absence of any water to drink causes an incessant thirst, and to eat snow to quench it only adds

fuel to the fire ; so we came back, tired, thirsty, and exhausted, more especially as the ground over which we travelled was swampy, and covered with loose snow, that greatly interfered with our progressive powers. On the following day the snow was cleared from the ship's side. Her winter clothing being now off, she presented a naked appearance ; and most of us at this time began to reduce our clothing to that of a lighter kind, although we had still to be well muffled up.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

On the 25th March an exploring party travelled over the floe, and I was one of the number. Some sea birds and a young whale were seen at the edge of the ice, which we calculated to be 10 miles distant from the ship. Our operations commenced at this time to assist us in our liberation. Spades and pickaxes were made, and deep furrows cut in the ice, about a foot broad and $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet deep, so that the floe, being thus weakened, might give way easily. Two of these furrows, about sixty feet apart, and gradually growing broader, were cut. This was found to be hard work after the lazy life we had been leading, and it brought on several cases of rheumatism, as it was not only cold but damp work. However good these furrows were in theory, they were found to be useless in practice, for the bottoms of them were squeezed out by the pressure on the floe, and the water washing up in them soon became frozen and as solid as any other part of the floe. This engineering work progressed but slowly, only about thirty or forty yards a-day being done, for the ice was very tough and the frost was the means of causing the pickaxe points to snap off occasionally as though they were made of gingerbread. As March closed in upon us we were visited by the equinoctial gales. They blew from the N.E., and filled up all our furrows with snow. On the 2d of April a young boy we had with us fell ill of a sickness from which he never recovered, suffering from a chest and heart affection. He, after a time, fell ill also of scurvy, which, although I managed to cure, yet he never rallied. On the 4th of April, our old dog became a grandmother, one of her offspring having several puppies. About this time several other cases of illness turned up. On the 10th, we began to send up our top-gallant masts and yards, flying jib-boom, &c., and our vessel began to look more like a ship. One of the newly arrived puppies died of cold; and another man took scurvy. By the 14th, 1000 yards of the furrows were completed, and the tracks of two wolves were seen near Cape Osborn. I have been collecting the willows from the shore (*salix arctica*) to make an infusion for the scurvy patients. Mixing their branches with hops, I manage, by the assistance of a little molasses, to make a kind of beer for them, but I doubt if it does very much good. On the 25th of April the icebergs again began to pass down Lancaster Sound, showing the floe to be

beginning to part in some places to the westward. An old tom cat, who came with us, whilst taking a constitutional on deck, was nearly murdered by the dogs. A hole was cut in the floe over the anchor, and after a few days work it was raised. On the 19th of May a burgomaster was seen, and numerous seals came up on the floe. An iceberg, that lies about a mile from the ship, we tried in vain to blow up. Our attempts were useless; we might as well have tried to move a mountain. A wolf now visited us, and tried to make friends with our dogs, who always pursued him. He was the most swift-footed wide-awake animal I ever saw, and he had a charmed life, for he was often hunted, several times shot, but yet could never be caught. He used to sleep in a nick of the rock close to the ship; and, by looking at him through the glass, we could see that the least stir on board attracted his notice. This animal distinguished himself by dining one day off the dead body of the Esquimaux woman that I stated before we found buried. He howls occasionally, and a most mournful howl it is, and can be heard miles away. Whilst speaking of sound, I may state how often I noticed how easily it was conducted. During the heavy frosts of winter it was no uncommon thing to hear every word of conversation that passed between a couple speaking in their natural voices a mile off, and I have distinguished a song a man was singing I should think about three times that distance. On the 6th of June we had over two miles of furrows finished, and we began to cut the ice round the ship. At our stern it was fourteen feet thick, and we attempted in vain to hoist up the pieces we cut on the floe; but ropes, guys, and spars broke asunder in the attempt, which was finally abandoned. On the following day the boy died. He has been a great sufferer; and, as I have given him the best of attention throughout, I feel convinced nothing could have saved him. His funeral took place on the following day. We buried him on shore, but the attempt to dig a grave was frustrated, as the ground was frozen so hard beneath as not to allow the pickaxes to penetrate it for more than a foot deep. A suitable head-board was erected at the grave, upon which I carved this inscription:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

A L E X A N D E R H U T C H I S O N,
AGED 17 YEARS,

Who died on board the Ship "Queen" of Peterhead,

JUNE 7, 1866.

Ship "Queen" of Peterhead, George Brown, master, wintered here
1865-6, this spot bearing S.W.—300 fathoms.

This little incident made many thoughtful, and many were the hopes expressed that he might be the last of our number we should leave behind; but time showed we were to be disappointed. There are now cracks in the floe, which shut and open with the tide. This is a good sign—the ice is “easing” around us. About this time, we had a long series of calms, and there was much dissatisfaction amongst us that we were at this time seven miles from the water, as we should (had we had our choice) be now outside, and perhaps amongst fish. The least breeze of wind made a sensible change upon the state of the ice in the Sound. Another of the dogs had puppies about this time. Snipes now frequent the marshy ground in our vicinity, and snipe-shooting was a favourite amusement. The floe is now commencing to decay, as the large pools of water standing on it testify. On the 22d of June, and the following day, we saw the Dundee steam whaling fleet pass close to the floe edge. In the hopes of being seen by them, a party started off to the water's edge, but by that time they were far away. The water is now beginning to pour off the glacier in streams, and the ice at the foot of it is fast rotting away. As now there were seven miles of tight thick floe between us and the water, our captain, never despairing of fulfilling the purpose of his voyage, determined that, if we were not liberated in a very short time, he would send three whale boats and crews across Lancaster Sound to capture fish at Pond's Bay. This expedition was now the constant topic of conversation. Each one made extensive preparations, and every one wanted to go. The sailmaker was employed making tents; the carpenter, masts, oars, &c., and repairing the boats; the harpooners and boat-steerers were busy arranging the whale lines; the men were polishing the harpoons, &c., so that each one was very busy, and tried to hasten on the excursion as soon as possible. On the 3d of July our boats were ready, and all hands dragged them about three miles over the floe, where they left them, and returned to the ship for the night. It was rather cold work, as we were often up to the knees in water on the floe. As I doubted at this time if we should ever get away with the ship, I sent a letter by the boats for home, which, although delivered on board one of the fleet, never arrived. It took us three days to drag our boats to the floe edge. They were very heavy and cumbersome, and were crammed full of lines, harpoons, tents, guns, and stores of all kinds. We left them, after launching them in the water, with three hearty cheers, and wished them good luck. On

returning to the ship, I could not but remark how changed the absence of eighteen of our number made everything appear. We were only thirteen on board now, and soon were reduced to twelve, for one of our men, who had long been lingering in consumption, died. He was a bold and useful man, and a great favourite amongst us. We buried him two days after his death, erecting a board over his head with the following inscription upon it :—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
 JAMES ROBERTSON, SEAMAN,
 OF LONGHILL, KININMONTH,
Who died of Consumption, July 7, 1866,
 AGED 22 YEARS.

Ship "Queen," Peterhead, George Brown, master.

The land now begins to look lively with the green grass and flowers : and I made numerous botanical excursions, and thus made a large collection of plants, mosses, and lichens, not forgetting also to collect algae and diatoms. A heavy gale from N.E. now blew, which made us anxious for the safety of our boats. It caused little or no alteration upon the ice. Those of us who were left on board worked assiduously at the ice saw, sawing pieces of ice, and passing them astern, and thus hauling out the ship, yard after yard, a slow process, but every little helped her on ; and besides, the ice was so rotten around her, we required new ice to stand upon outside for our own safety. Up to the 20th July the floe broke bit by bit, and broke up on the land from the eastward at a slow rate. On this day we were employed very busy at the ship, hauling her out some 300 yards from her original winter position. The glacier pealed forth its thunder to cheer us on, and many enormous pieces fell of it day by day. The "swell" from these pieces falling caused the ship to move and the floe to bend, but not sensibly so. On the first day of August there was the heaviest fall we ever had, which cracked the floe in many places, and caused a good heavy swell. It lasted for two minutes, a continual roar, and many thousands or even millions of tons of ice were evidently dislodged. This was followed next day by one nearly as heavy, which also caused a "swell" on the ice, which swell did not go down for the day. On the 4th of August a heavy N.N.W. gale brought the water within two-and-a-half miles of us, and in two hours several miles of floe ice had cleared away and was out of sight. Thinking it was going to all go out together, we went aloft to double reef the top-

sails ; whilst thus engaged the wind fell, so we only single reefed them. Shortly after we came down it came on to blow again, and in one hour the remaining two-and-a-half miles of floe had disappeared nearly all out of sight. The pieces of ice (icebergs) that had fallen off the glacier now set out on their wanderings and bid us adieu, and AT LAST WE WERE FREE ! after having been prisoners here over eleven months. I remember well, it was Sunday morning, at half-past one. We cut loose our moorings, and before a whole gale of wind ran for the southward. When off the point of the glacier, one of those terrific gusts that blow off it, struck the ship, and she nearly went on her beam ends, as she was taken flat aback, and offered to twist her rudder off against a piece of ice. When once we were outside, we not only found we had to contend with a heavy gale but a heavy sea, and we had to close reef topsails, haul up the foresail, and take in the mizen topsail, whilst going across the sound. Added to this, the waistboats nearly broke adrift several times, and to save them, short-handed as we were, was useless. After a time of this bad weather, we were rejoiced to see that, at 9 A.M. on the following day, we were off that well known spot of land to the whalers, called Button Point. The excitement caused by the novelty of once more being at sea, added to the entire change I had undergone within the last short time, made me too excited to sleep, and I was forty-three hours ere I closed my eyes. The dogs are miserable, they are all on deck, wet, cold, hungry, and dirty, and roll about over each other and fight for amusement. After we had come round Button Point, we went ashore to some native huts to ask for news of our boats. We received none. The natives we saw on Button Point were extensively tattooed over their faces, otherwise they were like other natives. They had a large collection of fine dogs, and appeared to be thriving, and, as natives are, generally very fat. We now went a little further south and sailed up Pond's Bay—two kyaks (canoes) containing native boys came off. They told us the Alexander was up the bay, so we went up in hopes of finding her. This we found out to be a lie, told for the purpose of keeping us in the locality, that they might have the full benefit of all the presents and bartering we had for them. As we proceeded further up Eclipse Sound we had upwards of thirty or forty natives on board, who kept up a continual chatter, were not particular what they eat, stole, said, or asked for. They had some narwhals horns, which they knew too well the value of. One of them capsized his kyak as he was

leaving us, and we had to go after him in a boat. He was not long in letting us know he was in the water, for he cried out as loud as he was able, and his brethren seemed to care very little if he was drowned or not. We went up Eclipse Sound over twenty miles until we came in with the fast floe, and, just as I anticipated, found no ship, neither did we gain any news from the natives of our boats, and numerous were the conjectures formed as to what had happened to them. In returning back, we unfortunately had the ice close in upon us, and we were detained upwards of 12 hours. An oomiak full of native women came alongside to visit us. These females were very talkative, very dirty, and, with one exception, exceedingly ugly. After they had left, two very quiet old men came on board, and they told us for certain our boats were not seen, as they spoke very plain and were the most rational of any natives we saw in those parts. Pond's Bay literally swarmed with narwhals. It is a great wonder there is no enterprising shipowner to fit out a ship specially for their capture, which must pay well; but the vessel would have to winter. We were outside the bay on the 10th of August, and were caught in a gale of wind when we were clear of it. In the afternoon we saw a vessel, which we discovered to be the "Tay," but it was too windy and the sea too high to board her. After that we saw nearly all the fleet of steam whalers. As the "Tay" passed us our boat's jack (which is a flag used for signalling in the boats) was shown to us from her poop. This showed us our men were safe. On the following day, Captain Allen of the "Ravenscraig" came on board, and told us that our boats were lost, but the men were all safe; that they had captured no whales, and that they had barely escaped with their lives; that they were distributed in "threes" over the fleet, and would shortly arrive on board, which they did, three after three, each telling his tale of dangers and disappointments. I shall now relate their adventures as they were told me, as briefly as possible. It appeared that, after they arrived into the middle of the Sound, a strong breeze of wind came on, and one of the boats had sprung a leak. By constant bailing they kept her afloat. With the breeze rose a high sea, in which they laboured several hours expecting to get swamped every minute. They saved themselves, however, by steering for a large piece of drift ice; and, hauling their boat up on it, in this position they remained in comparative safety for several hours during the gale, drifting fast to the east-

ward, and when at last the sea fell, they were nearly out of sight of the west land. Leaving their friendly piece of ice, which was now of no further use to them, they steered for Pond's Bay, which part was then nearly covered with loose ice. It being thick, they lost their way; and when, at last, it cleared, they found they were amongst a loose pack, which was gradually closing in upon them. Piece after piece of ice came in, and jammed them up tighter and tighter, till at last their boat was squeezed to pieces, and they had to escape on the loose pack as they best could. It now came on thick again, and they fired guns, hoping to be in the vicinity of the steamers, and when it gave a "blink," they were overjoyed to see a ship not very far from them. To this ship they repaired and were taken on board, and finally distributed in threes throughout the fleet, as I said before. Numerous were the questions asked of them by the crews of the steamers. What ship do you belong to? Where have you come from? Who are you? &c., for no one knew we had wintered so far north as we had. Amongst other ships at the bay was the "Diana," the captain of which appeared to be most concerned for the safety of our ship and the remainder of us left behind; and, be it said to this bold seaman's praise, that he said he would have come after us himself if he had had a smarter sailing ship and more coals, and urged on, as far as possible, the masters of other vessels to come in search of us. However, it appeared to be a case of "charity beginning at home" with them, and it was fortunate we were not needing their services. Still it appeared probable we might have been, for it is but too plain to be seen that there are years in which the ice *never* breaks up in some of the creeks and bays up Lancaster Sound, and 1866 was nearly being one of these years. The ship-captains and crews inform us we are given up for lost at home. I paid a visit to the s.s. "Alexander," and the captain kindly let us have a ton of coals, which was a commodity which we stood sorely in need of. Our spirits are much damped by the description given of the ice, old experienced hands informing us that for the last fifty years there has not been so much ice in Davis' Straits, and this assertion turned out to be but too true, as the sequel will show.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

I MUST now digress a little to make way for a part of an interesting and lengthy letter, kindly written to me by Dr C. E. Smith, formerly surgeon to the "Diana," which letter will show how narrow an escape we ran of spending a second winter in the Arctic regions, and the privations our boats' crews underwent when crossing Lancaster Sound, as also several other interesting facts. I have deferred inserting the remainder of Dr Smith's letter for a while, because it would, in a manner, put me rather ahead of my story, and the rest of it will come in much better at a later date—

"Windmill House, Edinburgh,
"Nov. 28th, 1867.

"My Dear Sir,—I duly received your very kind letter, and am heartily sorry that an engagement in North Shields and a visit to Dundee have prevented my replying immediately. You ask me for any particulars respecting the 'Queen,' more particularly in connection with the unfortunate 'Diana.' I have just now overhauled my private log; perhaps it will be most gratifying to you if I give you a few extracts from its pages, commencing with the discovery of three of your boat's crews upon the pack in Pond's Bay, and whom we naturally concluded formed part of a ship's company who had lost their vessel.

"*Pond's Bay, Friday, July 20.*—Bad news from the 'Intrepid' and 'Tay.' The report that a body of men are in sight from their mast-heads, making their way across the ice from the north-east, doubtless the crew of the vessel reported by the Esquimaux as being in sight from the land some days ago. These poor fellows must have lost their ship, and are slowly and painfully making their way across the loose floe in the direction of Pond's Bay. We fear they belong to the 'Victor.' . . . This evening some men from the 'Intrepid' came on board, and report that they saw the crew of the wrecked ship very plainly last night. Some of them climbed upon the top of a berg to look around them, whilst others lay down upon the ice as though exhausted. They were dragging three (?) boats with them, and moving very slowly across the ice in a S.W. direction. Their fires were very plainly seen. We

are, of course, anxious about their safety, though unable to do anything to assist them, as the weather has been thick and foggy all day, making it unsafe to leave the ship, and impossible at times to see where these men are, even from the mast-head.

"*Saturday, July 21.*—The second mate reports that he saw the wrecked ship's company upon the ice at some six miles distance. They had a tent erected, with a flag flying at its northern end. Bill Reynolds and Bonsall Miller (poor fellow, he died of scurvy, and now lies with four others of his shipmates in one grave in the lonely churchyard at Hillswick, Shetland,) immediately set off to walk to them and direct them to the ship, but the weather came on so thick they were obliged to return. All day dull gloomy thick fog, impossible at times to see any of the vessels, and almost obscuring the boats and crews on the 'brand' in holes of water close to us. About tea-time a large whale rose near us; we heard it blowing not far off, but the confounded mist prevented our seeing it. For the last two hours they have been firing guns and shouting on board the 'Tay' to guide the wrecked crew to the neighbourhood of the vessels. Two men are away from the 'Intrepid' upon the same humane errand. The ice is now (eleven o'clock P.M.) slacking off very fast.

"*Sunday, July 22.*—This morning early news came from the 'Tay' that the men we had seen upon the ice were safe on board that ship, and that they consisted of 18 men from the ship 'Queen,' of Peterhead, which had been wintering at the north side of Lancaster Sound, and was still fast beset in a vast field of heavy ice, from which she hopes to be liberated ere long by the breaking up of the ice, and the N.E. winds which have so long prevailed. Two of these men came on board this morning to request Capt. Gravill to take one boat's crew of six men on board till their own ship arrived, but this our small stock of provisions (small compared with the supplies on board most of the other whalers) will not permit of. Those men report that they had a very arduous journey across the ice. They saw and recognised the 'Diana' on Sunday, June 24th, when we first entered Lancaster Sound, and were making preparations for coming to us when we stood away to the S.E. I need not add that all on board are delighted to think that no ship has come to grief, and that the 'Queen,' which we knew was wintering somewhere in these seas, was safe, though quite clean, without oil even for their lamps.

"The next entry in my journal announces the escape and safety of your ship.

"*Saturday, August 11.*—About four bells this morning the pleasing discovery was made that the ship 'Queen,' about which we have lately been very anxious, had joined the fleet during the night, and was laid to off our starboard quarter. This morning cold, snowy, and cheerless. Ship believed to be off Coate's Inlet. No wind hardly, and that from the old quarter, E.N.E. A listless swell on the sea, the ships idly reaching off and on, precious time wasting slowly and heavily away, and no prospect of getting farther south or prosecuting the object of our voyage. The past week has been indescribably dull, gloomy, and cheerless; everybody 'in the blues;' the men talking of nothing else but the return home, and despairing of doing any good during the remainder of our stay in this wretched country. Such a deplorable whaling season was never known by any man on board. Eleven ships in company.

"*Thursday, Aug. 17.*—Running to S.E. in company with the 'Queen,' 'Polynia,' and 'Narwhal.' In afternoon stood to the eastward, intending to run across to the east side, as it is impossible to get to the southward along the westland, the country being full of ice in every direction. The weather to-day beautifully clear and bright, ship running eight or nine knots, sea only slightly rippled by the breeze from the S.W., the quantity of ice preventing any swell from getting up; and there we have been rushing along, smashing through streams of ice, and shaving close past an immense number of bergs, all four ships going at racing speed. Clear, keen, exhilarating weather, altogether very agreeable, *only* this sort of work is not whale fishing. We expect to make the east land somewhere about the Duck Islands, and then run south and round the tail end of the ice to Exeter Bay, where we trust to fall in with fish. A great deal of bergs and heavy ice all around us. However, we found it impossible to get east, and the following Sunday found us in the north water, some forty-five miles to the south of Cape York. My log contains this entry.

"*Sunday, August 19.*—A most glorious day, not a ripple upon the sea, which merely moves in gentle undulations; sun hot, red hot; sky without a cloud, hardly a breath of air stirring. All the fleet, excepting ourselves and the 'Queen,' which is a sailing vessel, got up steam and stood away to the westward, leaving us rolling like a log upon the water, with all possible sail set, yet making little or no progress. We are shaping our course, such as it is, direct across to Pond's Bay. Divine service morning and afternoon as usual.

" *Wednesday, August 22.*—This morning, before breakfast, the 'Queen' spoke us, and her captain came on board, accompanied by the surgeon, Mr Philpots, of the University of Aberdeen. Captain Brown seems very much concerned, and apparently depressed by the appearance of the country, and is so dubious as to the possibility of getting through the ice down to the west side, that he seriously thinks of returning to Lancaster Sound, and attempting to make his way to the government depôts of provisions. There are immense stores of preserved meats, coal, &c., deposited at various places by the exploring ships; and these, Captain Brown has almost made up his mind to take advantage of, and remain in Lancaster Sound for a second winter. His boat's crew looked uncommonly depressed and gloomy, with the prospect before them of another year's exile in these dreary regions. . . . The south side of Pond's Bay in sight this afternoon. The 'Queen' stood away from us this morning, followed us this afternoon, and then bore away to the northward, as though intending to follow out her plan of wintering in the sound. Altogether our position, alone, and almost without coal, and but some two months' provisions on board, the country full of heavy ice, beyond the experience of any man in the fleet, is far from enviable. We are entirely at the mercy of the winds. A few stiff gales from N.W. would open a passage; but, should we not be so favoured, there is nothing for us but to meet our inevitable fate, a lingering death from cold and starvation, like men. All on board are beginning to look and talk seriously. At present we have but a few days coal on board, so that the 'Diana' is little better than a sailing vessel, and as such her chance of getting through the ice is very poor indeed.

"We continued to work our way to the southward till the following Sunday, when our real troubles commenced—we were beset—but you shall have it as written at the time in my journal."

I now resume my own journal, reserving the remainder of Dr Smith's letter for a future chapter. On the 12th of August I received the news of my father and grandfather's death, which caused a sad blow to me. We now sailed south until we were a little north of Scott's Bay. Here a firm barrier of ice stopped our farther progress south, so we stood north in the hopes of getting back by the way of Melville Bay. During our passage to that part, one of our men fractured his collarbone. Owing to our want of steam power, we had the

"Diana" for our constant companion, as her coals were reported as nearly done, and she, like us, had only her sailing powers to rely upon. On the 18th of August we were off Cape York in company with the whole fleet except the "Camperdown," the captain of which vessel choosing rather to remain for an opening south, which he gained at last, and caught fish from so doing. Here we all wandered backwards and forwards like sheep, no one liking to make a start either way. Whilst thus employed, the surgeon of the "Wildfire," a fellow-student and esteemed friend of mine, paid me a visit; and, after telling me I was given up for lost, related to me all news of interest, both professionally and otherwise. On the same day all the vessels went south except the "Queen" and "Diana," which were left behind as usual to bear each other company. On the 21st of August we gave up all hopes of getting a south passage, and on the following day I went on board the "Diana" with the captain, who talked over our position with Captain Gravill. Our captain made a proposal to him that we should go up Lancaster Sound and search for any Government stores we could find, and live upon them during the ensuing winter. This proposal was rejected, with this reply from the captain of the "Diana"—"I have already caught two whales, and, by the help of Providence, I hope ere long to catch more; by that same assistance I hope to get clear, but things do not look prosperous now, and I will not go up Lancaster Sound." I spoke to Mr Smith, her surgeon, upon the state of matters. He seemed to view things in a very systematic light, and had no fear for the ultimate result of the state of the country, and relied much on the able seamanship of his commander. He bade me good-bye, assuring me to "keep my mind easy" upon getting clear as he was doing. But, alas! he knew not then what ground I had for my suspicions. We left his ship, and I believe I was the last that stepped into the boat, and consequently the last stranger on board her for several months, during which time the sufferings her crew underwent were almost indescribable, as the heart-rending accounts of her voyage show. We left her going south, with sad hearts at our prospects. A little incident occurred that day that is well worth relating. When on board her, I wrote a long letter home to my beloved mother, thinking it would be the last I should ever send her, and telling her never to expect to see me again. A few weeks ago it came to light. It was intrusted to the care of Dr Smith, who forwarded it home with the following kind letter:—

“Windmill House, Edinburgh,
“November 15, 1867.

“Dear Madam,—Looking over a number of papers, &c., to-day, I found the enclosed, which I had promised to forward to you, should I be spared to reach England. It was entrusted to my care by your son, when the two ships, ‘Queen’ and ‘Diana,’ were last in company in the North Water of Baffin’s Bay, and in great uncertainty as to the possibility of getting out of the country before the winter set in.

“You will be acquainted with the sad story of the ‘Diana,’ how we were wintered, and what we suffered during eight months amongst that awful ice, on shortest allowance, exposed to the regions of an Arctic winter without fuel, food, or extra clothing, of our wondrous preservation, and of our reaching Shetland last April with many of our poor fellows dead on the decks, and the great part of the remaining crew dying or disabled with scurvy.

“I ascertained immediately that the ‘Queen’ had succeeded in escaping the previous autumn, and can only plead incessant and imperative demands of others upon my time and attention, for having fortunately omitted to write you.

“I beg to apologize for the soiled condition of the envelope of the enclosed; but, as I always carried your son’s letter in my jacket pocket, in company with my private papers, that it might not be forgotten in the event of our having to leave the ship (for indeed we lived in hourly apprehension of losing her) it could not avoid injury. You may be interested in knowing that it was upon my person on one occasion when seven of us (including myself) had to swim to save our lives, and the lives of six others of our number, who had gone down with a piece of ice upon which we were ferrying across a broad lane of water that cut off our retreat to the ship.

“I met a Mr Jones, second mate of the ‘Queen,’ a few days ago. You would have been pleased to hear how highly he spoke of your son. The ‘Queen’ was fortunate indeed in having so able a surgeon.—I am, Madam,

“Very truly yours,

“MRS PHILPOTS.”

“CHAS. ED. SMITH.”

On arriving on board our own ship again, the captain called all hands, and told them the position we were in, and asked them which of these proposals they thought best of—Whether they would go south and take the pack ice at all risks, or whether they would go up Lancaster

Sound in the hopes of finding some of Sir John Franklin's stores. The latter proposition seemed to be the one that was unanimously agreed on, and we accordingly hauled up to the northward and proceeded with all speed to the Sound, and it was a sorrowful journey to us who had been nearly seventeen months away from home. Our journey this way, however, was but short, for ere we had proceeded far the crew came aft in a body (with but one or two exceptions) and said they had determined upon going no further, and they would take the pack at all risks. To attempt to argue with them upon this point was useless, and accordingly the yards were squared and studding sails set when we were off Button Point, and we ran scuth with a fine fair wind, and a thick fog. We soon came in with ice which continually kept delaying us, and when it once again cleared we saw the "Diana" about six miles in shore from us tightly hemmed in with ice. To assist her was not only not in our power, but would have been madness, as the ice was even closing on us, and we had not a moment to spare, so, after having closely surveyed her with our glasses, we reluctantly had to leave her to herself to spend a long and dreary Arctic winter. And now I must again digress a little from my narrative to say a few words concerning this vessel and her gallant Captain and crew. There was no ship ever visited the straits that was composed of such a noble and clever set of sailors. All were nearly old hands, whose first exploits amongst the whales dated many years back. They were all greatly attached to their captain and their ship. Perfect harmony reigned amongst them, and year after year they brought home a prosperous voyage. I cannot forget the last few words I heard Captain Gravill say. They were, "I intend going home, and after this I shall coil up my ropes, for my work will be done." How sad, and yet at the same time how instructive, a lesson this taught of the uncertainty of life. Little did that bold man think when he said those words that the home to which he was bound was a far happier one than this earth could furnish. Little did he think of the long list of perilous trials and privations that so early awaited him. It is too true; year after year goes by, and fleet after fleet of whalers sail for the frozen north, their return is looked for as a matter of course, but alas! how few consider the kind Providence that has upheld them during their hazardous undertaking. From what I have seen, I feel more than confident that the Arctic sailor, from the moment his vessel is amongst ice till she again is clear, shares an unusually large number of the bounties

of Providence, or is, in other words, mercifully delivered from hairbreath escapes. Should any of my readers gain their livelihood in the Arctic seas, they would do well to remember this, and to think to whom thanks are justly due when once again they set their foot upon their native shore after a voyage to these parts. And when we consider the narrow escape the whole fleet in 1866 ran of getting frozen in like the unfortunate "Diana," it should make us the more mindful of these facts. For, had each ship shared the same fate, how should we have borne the cry of the widows and orphans that would have waited in vain for the return of those who were gone on a longer journey than they ever went before, and from which they would never return. It is a thing that shipowners would do well to mind. I would ask them how many ships leave for Davis' Straits with more than enough provisions to last them for their voyage, and in the event of being frozen up how can their ships be kept by men who have nothing to eat? The sailors from our Scottish whaling ports have fortunately but little to complain of in this respect; and, were it made a rule that each ship bound for the Davis' Straits whale fishery carried a double stock of provisions, we should have no more "Diana's" coming home with their crews dying and dead; and the Arctic sailor would appreciate the change, and would more willingly work for, and take an interest in, the well-being of the ships of those who thus interested themselves in him.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

AND now I will finish the beautiful letter I received from Dr Smith, wherein he has so graphically depicted the sad situation he and his ship's company were in, and I doubt not but that my readers, when perusing it, will sympathize deeply with those who suffered so much; and, from the forcible soul-stirring manner in which it is related (although perhaps it be the old tale over again), I should not wonder if it brings the tear of pity in the eye of the strongest minded who read it. I must confess, as I read it, I felt my own descriptive powers sink into insignificance, and I have reason to be very proud indeed that I can boast of so valuable an addition to the account of my voyage. The reader will recollect we last left the "Diana" shut in by floes of ice. Dr Smith goes on to say:—

"*Sunday, Aug. 26.*—Early this morning the wind blew gently from the west, veering round, however, till at four o'clock A.M. it blew fresh from the northward, and when we assembled at breakfast the ship was running with square yards before a stiff breeze at some eight or nine knots speed, and so on all morning. In the afternoon the weather became very thick, so plied about in a bight, and laid to with mainyard aback. As the fog cleared up a little, and there was every appearance of getting along to the southward amongst the loose floes, we resumed running, but at tea-time were brought up by a neck of very heavy ice which extended between a most tremendous land floe and a large loose floe, and which the ship failed to force her way through. At seven o'clock P.M., whilst smoking a pipe in the galley, I heard the ominous cry "all hands on deck to get up provisions!" and, true enough, the ship was fast in the nips, the heavy ice drifting down upon us with amazing speed, and the floes and loose pieces crashing and forcing each other upwards all around us, the ship creaking, groaning, and straining under the fearful pressure upon her, with a very heavy mass of ice at her bows, and several large bergs bearing down upon the loose floe and jamming us up like a vice. Four casks of beef, several casks of pork, two barrels of bread, twenty-seven tins of bouilli soup (all our remaining stock), and some cheeses were got up; the boats cast loose in instant readiness for lowering

upon the ice; the men employed in stowing away their clothing in their bags; and for some half-an-hour the ship presented a scene of lively interest to an unconcerned looker-on, but the prospect to us was far from pleasant. Alone in this part of the seas, surrounded with ice which would utterly baffle all attempts to make use of our boats; a barren, inhospitable, and uninhabited coast, with 300 miles between us and the nearest settlement (Exeter), no ship in company, and with no chance of escaping from the severity of the weather and exposure upon the ice, it is not to be wondered at that the stoutest hearted felt appalled at such melancholy prospects. Meanwhile the pressure upon the ship continued to increase, the ice being forced tightly down upon us by a very strong north wind. The captain and officers in the greatest anxiety; all on board gloomy and depressed; the men walking the decks in little groups, and hardly a word spoken amongst them; everybody expecting the ship to give way momentarily. I must confess I witnessed these doleful preparations for leaving the ship and the disheartened aspect and bearing of the crew with the greatest anxiety, and went below and dressed myself in my warmest clothing, the gloomiest presentiments of my probable fate weighing upon my mind. 'It's not much use taking such care of your crang, Doctor,' said the mate to me, 'this sort of weather will soon finish us all.' The captain also assured me that if the ship went our chances of saving our lives at such a distance from other ships or settlements were not worth a rush, and truly the old man seemed utterly disheartened at our prospects. However, I packed my bag, made up a small selection of medicines in a handkerchief, put some tobacco into my pocket, tied my Shipwrecked Mariners' Society medal round my neck, and returned to the deck. You may depend upon it there was many a secret prayer put up to God for mercy by us doomed men as we paced silently to and fro, watching the dog-vanes to detect the slightest change or lull in the wind. Truly we were in God's hands! no human power or foresight could save us; and, most marvellous to relate, not only did the wind abate but chopped round to the westward, blowing directly off the land from the very quarter we so earnestly desired. The ice slacked off, the ship was relieved from the fearful pressure, and by midnight we considered ourselves out of danger, and went to our beds indescribably thankful for our deliverance, and wondering at our narrow escape from such imminent peril. I am assured that a very little more pressure and the poor old ship must have gone. The

night fell upon us thick, foggy, and miserable—a fearful night to spend upon the floes.

"*Monday, Aug. 27.*—This morning the ice has slacked away, leaving us made fast to the floe in a large hole of water, but the loose ice outside prevents our getting out of the hole. There are some large sheets of floe ice that are held up by a chain of bergs outside them (aground upon the Hecla and Griper Banks), which prevent our getting at liberty. Early this morning the watch on deck made out another ship in the offing, which proved to be the 'Queen.' A second ship was also seen farther to the southward. All day the wind has blown half a gale from N.N.E., the loose ice beyond the chain of bergs outside us driving to the southward at great speed. The two ships made all sail and were soon out of sight, whilst we were compelled to remain made fast to the floe, being shut in by bergs and loose floes. The wind increasing towards night, two galley watches had to be called to warp the ship further into the floe and tow aside the masses of ice that came down upon our starboard side and threatened to jam us up a second time. I should think it took us an hour and a half to make the ship secure. So, you see, we recognized your ship, but I do not think you could have worked your way through the ice outside us into the hole in which we lay very easily, nor could you have been of much assistance (not having any steam power) in getting us out into the open water. We were then so very near the outside, and merely requiring a N.W. or S.W. breeze to clear away the obstructing ice, that we could not tell how soon we might find ourselves at liberty to continue our passage down the country. We certainly envied you your freedom, and hoped soon to be following you up. The next day we were very much surprised to see another ship to the northward of us, as we fancied that the 'Queen' and 'Diana' were the last ships to leave the north water. The ship turned out to be the 'Intrepid.' They made two attempts to get into the hole of water in which we were made fast but without success. The following afternoon the 'Intrepid' joined us, remaining in company until Saturday, Sept. 1st, when her superior steam-power enabled them to force their way through the loose ice and effect their escape. We attempted to follow but without success. Alone amongst that awful ice our prospects were now truly appalling, and our ship's company seemed wellnigh overwhelmed with gloom and despair. That night a heavy gale from the E.N.E. drove the ice down upon us, and again all hands were called to get out the

boats and provisions and prepare to leave the ship. The following Monday we went upon short allowance of 3lb. of bread per week and $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of meat per day, afterwards reduced to 2 lb. of meat per week. And now commenced that fearful struggle against dreadful odds, with which you are so well acquainted. For seven months we had to contend against cold, hunger, misery, and disease, harrassed by day and night, worn out with constant anxiety and hard work at the pumps, struggling through an Arctic winter without food, fuel, or the necessary clothing requisite to such a climate, and in hourly peril of losing our ship, bearing up against that long-drawn agony of hope deferred, living on day by day in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness.' Nor can I forbear from expressing my tribute of admiration for the noble and heroic uncomplaining endurance of our poor ship's company. Harrassed and worn to death, with little or no prospect of saving our lives, with sure and certain death staring us hourly in the face, our poor fellows stuck to their work with uncomplaining fortitude. Then death came amongst us and deprived us of our dear old captain; but, though the grey head was laid low, and the stout, honest, brave and manly heart had ceased to beat, and that voice which had so often cheered us on, counselled us, encouraged us, prayed with and for us, was stilled for ever, his influence for good continued to be felt throughout the ship, and all things went on as orderly and quickly, and the men worked and obeyed his officers as readily as though he had been still alive. But one by one these noble fellows sickened, drooped, and died. Spared by the power and providence of God, to come out of that awful ice, we crossed the Western ocean in a gale of wind, finishing our last morsel of beef upon the passage, and only keeping our crushed and leaky ship afloat by the most strenuous and unremitting exertions at the pumps. We lost seven men during that desperate struggle with the Atlantic gales, and finally reached Shetland with our decks filled with corpses and the greater part of our remaining ship's company completely disabled, and those of us who were still able to move about presenting such a spectacle of famine, misery, and disease, as sent tears of pity down rough cheeks little accustomed to such display of emotion. We were now at home, but succour and relief came too late for some of us, four of our number dying after the ship was brought up in Rona's Voe. The survivors of our crew, many of whom were in a very critical

condition, gradually recovered, some of them very rapidly, and left the ship for their various homes in Shetland, or by steamer for Hull, as they were able to bear the fatigues of the journey.

"But, sir, I have not engaged myself to write you an account of the last voyage of the 'Diana;' and, indeed, I fear I have already wearied your patience. I will only add, further, that we are intending to erect a monument in Hull to the memory of our brave and noble-hearted captain, whose remains we brought home upon the bridge of the ship, and interred in the cemetery of that port. I am extremely anxious to have the names of all that are, or, like yourself, have been, connected with the Arctic service, as it will give uncommon satisfaction to his friends to see such upon the subscription list. I know I am sure of your tribute of respect for his memory, and may I beg of you to make our project as widely known as possible, and will you kindly forward any subscriptions you may receive to the above address, or to the treasurer, William Duncan, Esq., 35, Coltman Street, Hull. In the meantime, believe me, yours very sincerely,

"CHAS. ED. SMITH,

"late Surgeon to the 'Diana.'"

"Edwd. Philpots, Esq.,

"late Surgeon to the 'Queen.'"

I resume my narrative. After leaving the "Diana," we saw the "Camperdown" and "Lion," which vessels had captured some whales since we last saw them. The ship now once again began to "lift her head," which showed us the roll of the sea was not far away. A gale of wind now came on from the northward, and we reefed our topsails and ran before it until it was so pitch dark we dare not go any farther, and even then we reluctantly "hailed to." On the 28th of August we were off Home Bay, and on the following day off Yakkie Fiord. We left the rest of the fleet close to the land about this latter place prosecuting an unsuccessful fishing, whilst we ran south as fast as we could get, as the ice even now appeared pretty tight, and we had no steam power. When to the northward of Cape Searle we met several ships who were coming north by making a south passage, there also we met some who were our companions off Cape York, who had come through the ice back again to the east side, and going south had come north round what is called the "south tail" of the ice. On the last day of August we were off Cape Searle. Here we saw two whales, which we could not catch. On the

2d of September we were off Exeter Sound. The scurvy has broken out now pretty generally amongst us, and more than the half of us have it. This is not to be wondered at when we consider the exposure those had who went in the boats across Lancaster Sound; but, besides them, several others had it. On the 6th of September we were at the mouth of Cumberland Gulf, and in a heavy gale of wind and a high sea. Our rigging was very slack (for the frost had done it no good during the winter), and our ship was very "crank" and laboured heavily, so much so that we had to take in the boats. On the following day it abated, and we found ourselves off New Gummieote, which is a land mark on the south side of the Gulf. On the 8th we saw the "Wolf" (s.s.), that had caught some whales, and was going in search of more up the Gulf. By evening on that day we had passed Warrams Island and the Meedliaktoos Islands. On the following day we passed the Kickerton Island, and sailed into Kingheit. Here we saw some six American whalers. On the 11th of September we anchored at Neuiatlik harbour, in which place we found the "Wolf" (s.s.), "Pioneer" (s.s.), "George and Mary," "Morning Star," all American whalers; also the "Dublin," Captain Davidson, which vessel, it will be remembered, after a short but very successful fishing, was burnt. On the following day I took dinner on board her and much enjoyed it. A large bundle of newspapers and letters she had for us were eagerly seized and read. I am proud to say I believe I was the means of curing the cooper of the "Morning Star," American whaler, of a serious attack of illness that might have cost him his life. The "Pioneer" (s.s.) was the vessel that went on an expedition to the Antarctic seas. She had already caught six whales. Her captain and crew were all a merry lot, and I enjoyed myself much whilst on board her hearing the new news of Sir John Franklin that Captain Hall had told them, they having been in his company when he was up Frobishers' Straits. I was told he intended stopping out another winter on discovery, and had found many important relics and some documents, all of which, I hope, in time, we shall hear more of. A short description of his travels was to be found in the papers about eight months ago, which was just exactly what I was told by the mate of the "Pioneer," and I have since blamed myself that I did not make it public immediately on my arrival home. On the 24th our crew received orders to commence getting things in order for the autumn fishing. To these they lent a deaf ear, so we

set sail for home; and, with a series of strong westerly gales, we arrived home on the 14th of October, having been absent just eighteen months and a half, upon one of the most unsuccessful voyages on record. I will conclude my narrative with a few passing remarks upon our voyage that may be interesting to my readers. But, before commencing them, I may state I am fully prepared to hear many of more experience than myself with regard to Arctic matters say my knowledge and opinions are not worth much, on account of the brief career of my Arctic life; as also I am prepared to hear many say they doubt if my judgment is correct. All I have to say in reply is, that I am no stranger to a nautical life, and what I have now to bring forward is the result of careful watchings by a silent yet observant onlooker. I saw but little in Davis' Straits that I did not carefully examine into, and I was not satisfied until I was at the bottom of the "why" and the "wherefore" of it; and, if I am wrong in any of my conclusions (which I trust I am not), I am open to correction. I would first venture an opinion as to the whereabouts of the whales in Davis' Straits after they have left Pond's Bay—that is supposing they are at Pond's Bay every year successively, which they are not, as every whaling sailor of long experience knows. Do they go down Davis' Straits? Of this there can be little doubt. They do go down there, because they are caught south of Pond's Bay year after year; but, do they *all* go south in this direction? To this I must answer in the negative, for I believe many, if not most of them, go up Lancaster Sound, some go down Prince Regent's Inlet, and some go to the Behring's Straits. I can prove this; to do which I would refer the reader to Captain Parry's narrative of his expedition down Prince Regent's Inlet. When off Cape Bowen, late in July, he saw numbers of whales, one of which he had killed for oil for his ship's use during the winter. I would also ask where that whale was going to at such a rate that we saw when laying at Navy Board Inlet in August? And when asked why we did not see any whales when we were down Prince Regent's Inlet and in the vicinity of Cape Bowen, I would answer we were a little too late for them, as too much of the land floe had broken up. Why ships do not go up Lancaster Sound is evident. Some would fancy it a sin to move off the old well-trodden ground; others "giving a dog a bad name and hanging him" forsake the Sound because it is said to be a dangerous place; others would go but won't go alone, and cannot get others to go with them. Be it, however,

as it may, there is many a good "Pond's Bay" up Lancaster Sound, where whales resort in droves unmolested, and will continue so to do until some one endowed with the spirit of enterprize "breaks the ice," and finds out where the carcase is for the eagles to gather together at. And I speak true when I say I have no doubt at all that, ere the present generation has passed away, Pond's Bay (that year by year is now growing of less account) will be a place spoken of as a resort of the past, as the east side of Davis' Straits is now mentioned, the waters on which fifty years ago had only to be reached for a fishing to be made; and, when it began to fail, and one solitary ship ventured out of the beaten track, and went over the west side, there were numbers to argue for her success who a few years after were the most enthusiastic in visiting the "new ground" now so old. We may rely upon it there is advance to be made in Whale Fishery as in other things, and in these go-ahead times exertion must not be spared by any one to fulfil their end. I must now say a few words upon the prospect a ship has of doing good that winters, as we did, in the vicinity of the whalers "north water." No one, however harsh a judge, can so readily jump at conclusions as to say that because we were unsuccessful our intentions were bad, and we undertook the wintering with no definite object. I fully believe our ship was commanded by a judge of no second-rate abilities, and who could satisfactorily prove the object we had in view (although defeated in it as we were) is to be attained. How many were they who said, "Well, I never," "What could you expect to do?" "I knew you'd be unsuccessful," &c., &c., when they saw we had failed. These were just the men who would have been the first to make use of any new fishing ground or discovery we made, had we made any, and it is merely uncharitable now (to say the least of it) to say we threw away our time. Our situation was bad in the first place. Had we found a harbour off Cape Horsburgh (and we should have done so if the water had been 18 inches higher at spring tides) we should have had most probably a successful fishing over ere the first steamer had hove in sight of Melville Bay; and this is no vain boasting, for we knew there were fish in the north water before the steamers crossed. Any ship drawing a very light draught of water can depend upon commanding the north water early in June, in the vicinity of Cape Horsburgh, and this no one can dispute; or, should he attempt to do so, let him first consult his chart, and look at the exposed position of it. I would

also call attention to the numbers of narwhals that frequent Pond's Bay. Until very late in the season they literally swarm. This would seem to say Pond's Bay would be a good spot for wintering, and so it would for a small ship, just for the sake of the narwhals; but the great objection is, there are so many natives who would consider "might was right." There is a wintering station at Exeter Sound now. It has never been very successful. Time will yet show they are too far south to be so. Many people have a dread of wintering whatever; they certainly will have an increased catalogue of dangers to surmount; but what of that, if success crowns their efforts? Some dread scurvy—these are the very ones to take it—plenty of exercise, proper provisions, and great cleanliness conjoined, defy scurvy; and time will come when scurvy will be never seen. It is useless to think to cure it by lime juice, which may be a prophylactic. It is as useless to attempt to cure it by potash (although this may assist to do so). The way to drive scurvy from a ship, or rather to keep it away in a wintering voyage, is to keep men warm in the winter, plenty of exercise, enforce cleanliness, and amuse them or keep their minds employed when *ennui* makes them sick; give them good living, and let that living be varied; use preserved turnips for a vegetable, and give any one who takes it a course of diuretic medicine. As I had so many cases under my care, and cured them all but one, who forsook my counsel, I may say I speak from experience. Some do not like to winter on account of the cold. The cold is not felt (except occasionally) much more than ordinary, and as long as a man is in health and clean, he will not feel the cold, provided he dresses himself properly, which nature will teach him to do. We often used to hear of men living alone on what animals they could kill in the northern regions. The Americans do it nearly every year in Cumberland Gulf, and force would help one on to get used to it, but it must be a strong constitution that would stand it long; nevertheless, this kind of living prevents attacks of scurvy, and that is the principal cause that that disease is such a stranger in American whalers. In choosing men for a wintering expedition, it would be well to have each one undergo a strict medical examination, as there are, in these ships, "no more cats than can catch mice." The loss of one, or his absence from work by disease, is felt. Had our men all been thus examined before starting, I feel certain those who died would have been rejected. Men of a lively and cheerful disposition are the

ones to go, as one discontented man will get many followers, as there is little to do sometimes, and then even "growling" is pleasant to some for a change. A great deal, too, hangs on a proper supply of good coals, without which there is sure to be discontentment. With regard to those who accompany whalers as surgeons on their wintering expeditions, I would warn them to consider again and again ere starting, the responsibility that rests upon them. The men in their charge are far too good to be entrusted with them, if they are not sure of their fitness to fulfil the duties they have undertaken. They will have much to put up with, especially if not used to a sea life. Home comforts will be far away, and they may expect danger and difficulty to be their constant attendants. They may not have it in their power, as I had, to say that they had a captain that behaved well to them, and made himself their companion, for many have, within the last few years, come home with long faces and tales longer, about what they had to put up with; but, perhaps, they were to blame. They may depend upon it, that, so long as they do their duty, and keep their place, and act as gentlemen, they will, for the most part, be treated as such; and they must be also prepared to submit, and not expect always to have all their own way. With these remarks, I conclude the account of our voyage. The uninitiated in the doings of Arctic life may have found it somewhat "dry," but he will see I have had little to enlarge upon; and, not being gifted with the pen of a Marryatt, I could not make it so humorous as it might have been. One thing I have done, and that is, I have kept to the truth. Everybody who has written on the subject I have, has not done this, and this has given works of Arctic literature a bad name, and they have been read with doubtful minds; but I am pleased to say my passion for exaggerating is so small that I never saw it, and to give the direct lie is what I would scorn to do. Should I have been the means of bringing any facts to light worthy of the notice of the public, I shall be more than repaid for my trouble, and I shall be glad to give any information I can with regard to the Botanical interest the voyage presented.

THE END.

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