

PARTING HAWKERS AMONG THE ICEBERGS.

From Dr. Kane's Arctic Explorations.
It blew a perfect hurricane. We had seen it coming, and were ready with three good hawsers out ahead, and all things snug.

Still it came on heavier and heavier, and the ice began to drive more widely than I thought I had ever seen it. I had just turned in to warm and dry myself during the momentary lull, and was stretching myself out in my bunk, when I heard the sharp twanging snap of a cord. Our six-inch hawsers had parted, and we were swinging by the two others; the gale rang in like a fall to the southward.

"Wang! minute!" "Wang!" "Wang!" came a second report. I knew it was the whale line by the shrillness of the ring. Our noble ten-inch mast still held on. I was hurrying my last sock into its socket, when McGary came wedging down the companion-ladders—"Captain Kane, she won't hold much longer; it's blowing the devil himself, and I am afraid to surge."

The Manila cable was proving its excellence, when I reached the deck; and the crew, as they gathered round me, were loud in its praises. We could hear its deep Eolian chant, swelling through all the rattle of the running-gear and moaning of the block-ropes. The Manila cables and strands gave way with the noise of a shot-gun; and, in the smoke that followed their recoil, we were dragged out by the wild ice at mercy.

It was not long and did some pretty work, and got the brig a good way in the rushing drift; but it all came to nothing. We tried first to beat back through the narrow, ice-clogged water way, that was driving a quarter of a mile wide, between the shore and the ice. It cost us two hours of hard labour, I thought slightly bested; but at the end of that time, we were at least four miles off, opposite the great valley in the centre of Bevelived Island. The ice was not so close, and we could see the strait growing still narrower, and the heavy ice tables grinding up, and clogging it between the shore cliffs on one side and the ledge on the other. The men were ordered to get the boats—us—to keep in some sort the command of the helm by going freely where we must otherwise be driven. We allowed her to scud under a reefed foretop-sail; all hands watching the enemy, as we closed, in silence.

At seven in the morning, we were close upon the piling masses. We dropped our heaviest anchor with the desperate hope of winding the brig; but there was no withstanding the ice. The boat was blown away. We had only time to fasten a spar as a stay to the chain, and let her slip. Swoy our best bowser!

Down we went upon the gale, going heavily down the side of the ice, seldom less than thirty feet thick; one foe, one foe, one foe, as we tried to fasten to it more than forty. I had seen this ice only once before, and never in such rapid motion. The upturned mass rose above our gunwales, and the sea was a mere mist, with a half a ton of ice in a lump upon our decks. Our staunch little brig bore herself through all this wild adventure, as if she had a charmed life.

But as every came in sight ahead. Directly in our way, just beyond the line of ice, against which we were alternately sliding and thumping was a group of bergs. We had no power to avoid them, and they were close, whether we were to die in the sea, or to be crushed between, or whether they might not offer us some providential nook from the storm. But as we neared them, we perceived that they were at some distance from the floe-crests, and that by an interval of open water. Our hopes rose, as the gale drove us toward the passage, and into it; and we were ready to exit, when from some unexplained cause, probably an eddy, the bergs began to rise and fall, and to lose our head-way. Almost at the same moment, we saw that the bergs were not at rest; that with a momentum of their own, they were bearing down upon the other ice, and that it must be our fate to be crushed between the two.

Just then a broad coarse-piece of low water-washed berg came diving from the southward. The thought flashed upon me of one of our escapes in Melville Bay, and as the scene moved rapidly close along-side us, I saw the bergs, and the ice, and the slope, and to hold on to it by a whale-line. It was an anxious moment. Our noble horse, whiter than the pale horse that seemed to be pursuing us, hauled us bravely on; the spray dashed about our faces, and his forelimbs plunging up the lesser ice as if in scorn. The bergs encroached upon us as we advanced; our channel narrowed to a width of about forty feet; we braced the yards to keep clear of them, and had forethought to have a

We passed clear; but it was a close shave, so close that our port quarter-boat would have been crushed if we had not taken it from the davits and found ourselves under a load of a hundred tons relatively open lead. Never did heart-rendering acknowledge, with more gratitude, their merciful deliverance from a wretched death.

LEW CHIEW CHIEFS ON BOARD AN AMERICAN STEAM FRIGATE.

Knives and forks were placed, in our usual way, before the table, and the Chinese were to be very much in the way of the Lew Chiew; with the last they did better, and showed some dexterity in making them answer the purpose of chop sticks.

This however, was a matter of but little consequence, and the Chinese, when they saw, hungry men will contrive in some mode to convey food to their mouths; and the Lew Chiew, like sensible men, manifested no intention of avoiding anything, and ate of such a homely piece as the loaf of a good dinner; and the dinner was very good. Their soup, gams, kid, curry, and various other delicacies formed part of the feast, which was spread with beautiful profusion. To the soup the mayor and treasurer did some justice, and in their appreciation of its excellence were not unworthy rivals of a London alderman. The cabin was sultry, and as the feast proceeded, the guests grew warmer (for they were very warm) and the American physician asked permission to remove their cap; and this having been done, the attendant of each, standing behind, vigorously fanned the uncovered head of his master. Panch followed the soup, and furnished them with a most satisfactory enjoyment. They had given the Commodore some of their *saki*, and he was now resolved to give them a taste of the *saki* made in all other parts of the world. So there were French and German wines, and a few bottles of French brandy, and sherry, and the good HOLLAND, winding up with the strong marschinese, which decidedly, in their estimation, bore away the palm. They snacked their lips and shut their eyes, and in a few minutes they were all, and, in short, showed but a very sorry appreciation of the virtue of temperance.

After feeding heartily on the substantial, they asked leave to smoke their pipes! It was of course acceded, and the chief treasurer, after a few minutes' puffing, took the embroidered tobacco pouch attached to the Commodore. The mayor and the other treasurer followed his example by handing theirs to Captains Buchanan and Buchanan. The men went to the capacity of stomach in some of these officials. Preserved oysters and other articles of food sealed up in America, excited an admiration as boundless as their appreciation of the few bottles of French brandy and bananas brought from the Bonthe Islands. These took them completely captive, and they begged that they might carry some home to their wives. They were, of course, told to do so; and forthwith their wives were converted into a packet, and loaded with what it would hold.—*Narrative of the American Expedition to Japan.*

The French Ambassador at the Court of Persia had arrived at Constantinople, on his return from Teheran, and it was said he had induced the Shah to make peace with England.

THE FRENCH EMPEROR AND THE JESUITS.

It is somewhat amusing to see some of the English journals, in their zeal to prove that our press has offended the French Emperor, advance that, amongst those who desire the extinction of the Jesuits, there is so flagrantly the reverse of the truth, that with Louis Napoleon lies the last hope for power of the followers of Loyola; their tendency are officially in fashion here just now; and the head of education, and the Government leans far more towards them than towards any of their opponents. The Oratorians, for instance, the Jesuitism, the Gallicans, in a word, of all shades. I say, therefore, that the English journals, which two words will prove it. With the republic there is allied a strange kind of mystical devotion, highly evangelical, pretty orthodox in its catholicism, but violently opposed to religious orders, in general, and especially to the Jesuits. With the Orleans branch, there is not much question of any religion at all; and if by the mother of the Comte de Paris be really anything save a French rationalist, she is a Protestant. Were she a Catholic, she would be on the throne, the first thing that he would avoid (whatever other mistake he might commit) would be any mark of partiality towards the Jesuits, which his grandfathers derive from France. The Jesuits are not destroyed on this point, and they will know where their last hope lies; but on this very account, I do not imagine it would be thought possible to replace M. Roulland. The other day, the *Siecle* published the story of a young man, who, being his name inscribed for the last communion in a public school, observed that he had not yet made up his mind as to what the boy's religious education was to be, but that he was not satisfied. The director of the school warned him, that if the boy did not take the communion, he must leave the school! The father would not consent, and the boy was expelled. "And this," said the *Siecle*, "is the kind of religious heart of Paris in the capital itself, and in the arms of M. Roulland's circulars touching the liberty of conscience." There is no denying that the general tendency here just now is more to tolerate intolerance than religious freedom, and the Jesuits are not a sect, understood to foster it. This will, however, I am persuaded, go too far.—*Manchester Guardian Correspondent.*

MR. BUCHANAN AND THE NEGRO.—Shortly before Mr. Buchanan was relieved by Mr. Dallas as Ambassador from the United States to this country he attended one of the levees held by her Majesty at St. James's Palace, in the month of July last. A striking negro, attired in a gorgeous uniform, was present as Minister Plenipotentiary from the Emperor of Hayti, and of course attracted much curiosity. After the levee he had retired, and had been introduced from the presence of the Queen, Mr. Buchanan and the sable warrior were brought almost in contact, on observing which, an attendant of the Court inquired of the former what he thought of the latter. Mr. Buchanan, in a quietly cool manner, took in which sarcasm and disgust appeared to be blended, and replied with a strong Yankee nasal twang, "Why, I reckon, he is worth a thousand dollars," and sauntered out of the place.

On Sunday morning, the Rev. W. Spurgeon, the impulsive Baptist preacher, resumed the occupancy of his own pulpit, in Park-street Chapel, Southwark, and preached on the subject of "Every part of the building." Mr. Spurgeon appeared to be quite recovered from his recent indisposition. In the course of his sermon, he made an allusion to the terrible catastrophe at the Royal Surrey Gardens, on that day fortnight, and alluded to the man who proved the instigators of that horrid scene.

AMERICAN MISSIONARIES IN TURKEY.—At a recent meeting of the friends of the Turkish Mission, held at Exeter-hall, the following letter from Sir W. Williams was read:—"Woolwich, Oct. 27 1866. My dear Dr. Hamlin, I am extremely sorry that a long-standing engagement will prevent my having the pleasure of meeting you in Exeter Hall on the even-

ing of the 30th. I thus lose the opportunity of stating to the meeting my experience of sixteen years in all parts of the theatre of that band of American missionaries of which you form so worthy a member. I am, therefore, unable to testify that you hail to all the advantages gained to Christianity as well as humanity by the increasing and judicious exertions of your countrymen both in Turkey and in Persia, and in doing so, I shall speak of personal friends as well as of zealous pioneers of civilization, who have proved themselves so worthy of the support and sympathy of the British public. Pray, on reaching Stamboul, give my best regards to all my missionary friends, and believe me, always yours faithfully, W. F. Williams. The Rev. Dr. Hamlin."

Berlin thieves begin to exhibit great remorse in their mode of proceeding. Some have written a notice to the two first fingers of a householder, Mr. Mohbi, to induce themselves into the sty, and in order to secure themselves from being betrayed by the squeals of their victims, chloroformed both and then quietly proceeded to slay and cut them up.

The Dowager-Empress of Russia, who is unwell, has taken her meals alone. Her suite amount to 200 persons, including twelve Cosaks, who act as domestics.

At Neuchâtel a few persons slightly wounded have been released on bail, but eight have not, and are still in confinement, although treated with humanity.

It is said that Switzerland is now organised in such a manner that she can be on a war footing in a week. There are 140,000 men ready for the field, perfectly armed and equipped.

A letter from Paris says:—"At present there is at Imperial Court a wretched crusade against the small bonnets now worn by the ladies. It is wished to give them a circumference more in harmony with that of the crinolines. This is why thousands of hats have appeared in the streets with large brims, in English style, called *chapeaux de Vallance*."

THE FRENCH ALLIANCE IN DANGER.—The warning of the English press by the *Monitor* has begun to bear fruits. On Wednesday last, her Majesty's Theatre contained an assemblage of 2000 or 4000 persons, to inaugurate Julien's winter series of promenade concerts. At the end of the first part, "God save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia" were sung with acclamation; and a portion of the audience then called for "Partant pour la Syrie." The demand was complied with, but the air was sung amid an under-current of hisses and cat-calls for the Marseillaise! For the first time since the commencement of the war with Russia, the French national air elicited sounds of disapproval and unpopularity.

JEWS VERY—A grain of sand is a punishment to a diamond; it is a little world ceasing with joyous life; the wealth condensed, a diamond is a fortune in a small space. This verse, the shortest in the Bible, is a precious jewel in the cabinet of truth. Here is a volume in less than a word, and a word in less than two short words. Here is wealth compressed into a minute form: sympathy embraced in a single act; richness of grace and goodness, exhibited as a pearl of great price; the life of a man of sin, and the days of his flesh, sympathised with the sorrowing, and wept with those that wept. The kind brother had been taken, and the gentle sisters mourned in disconsolate desolation, though the Saviour saw the approaching glories of his triumph and resurrection, yet under the delicate countenances of pure sympathy and love he wept. What a lesson is taught here, and how consolatory to the heart amid the confusion of the world. We have not a high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, "Jesus wept." Let those sacred tears be as balm to wounded and disconsolate hearts until time shall be no more.—*Teasdale.*