

rest of that family, a subscription was raised to this Methodist hero; he emerged into daylight with fifty pounds in his pocket, did strenuously try, for certain months, to learn reading and writing; found he could not learn those arts, or either of them; took his money and bought cows with it, wedding at the same time some likely milkmaid."

We commend the *facts* of the above anecdote to all men. Here was a case of "manful, prompt, and salutary human heroism," according to Mr. Carlyle's own account; and yet he, the prophet of hero-worship, could sneer at it. Can the reader?

### ARCTIC FESTIVITIES.

In the "Leisure Hour," No. 417, we have given an account of Captain M'Clintock's success in ascertaining the fate of the Franklin expedition, as narrated by him before the Royal Geographical Society. The published volume of his journal\* adds little to our knowledge of the main events of the exploration, but it presents many details which will be read with intense interest, and will increase our admiration of the gallant commander and crew of the little "Fox." The following entries in the Journal afford pleasant glimpses of Arctic home life, and show the spirit which prevailed among the men. The whole of the winter of 1857, it will be remembered, was passed amidst the pack-ice of Baffin's Bay, in which the "Fox" was imprisoned for eight months. On the 1st of November the sun paid his last visit for the year, and every meal thereafter was taken by lamplight.

*Nov. 5th.*—In order to vary our monotonous routine, we determined to celebrate the day; extra grog was issued to the crew, and also, for the first time, a proportion of preserved plum-pudding. Lady Franklin most thoughtfully and kindly sent it on board for occasional use. It is excellent.

This evening a well-got-up procession sallied forth, marched round the ship with drum, gong, and discord, and then proceeded to burn the effigy of Guy Fawkes. Their blackened faces, extravagant costumes, flaring torches, and savage yells, frightened away all the dogs; nor was it until after the fireworks were set off and the traitor consumed, that they crept back again. It was school-night, but the men were up for fun, so gave the Doctor a holiday.

*Dec. 21st.*—Mid-winter day. Out of the Arctic regions it is better known as the *shortest* day. At noon we could just read type similar to the leading article of the "Times." Few people could read more than two or three lines without their eyes aching.

*Dec. 27th.*—Our Christmas was a very cheerful, merry one. The men were supplied with several additional articles, such as hams, plum-puddings, preserved gooseberries and apples, nuts, sweetmeats, and Burton ale. After Divine service they decorated the lower deck with flags, and made an immense display of food. The officers came down with me to see their preparations. We were really astonished! Their mess-tables were laid out like the counters in a confectioner's shop, with apple and gooseberry tarts, plum and sponge-cakes in pyramids, besides various other unknown puffs, cakes, and loaves of all sizes and shapes. We bake all our own bread, and excellent it is. In the back-ground were nicely-browned hams, meat-pies, cheeses, and other substantial articles. Rum and water in wine-glasses and plum-cake was handed

to us: we wished them a happy Christmas, and complimented them on their taste and spirit in getting up such a display. Our silken sledge-banners had been borrowed for the occasion, and were regarded with deference and peculiar pride.

In the evening, the officers were enticed down amongst the men again, and at a late hour I was requested, as a great favour, to come down and see how much they were enjoying themselves. I found them in the highest good humour with themselves and all the world. They were perfectly sober, and singing songs, each in his turn. I expressed great satisfaction at having seen them enjoying themselves so much and so rationally; I could therefore the better describe it to Lady Franklin, who was so deeply interested in everything relating to them. I drank their healths, and hoped our position next year would be more suitable for our purpose. We all joined in drinking the healths of Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft, and, amid the acclamations which followed, I returned to my cabin, immensely gratified by such an exhibition of genuine good feeling, such veneration for Lady Franklin, and such loyalty to the cause of the expedition. It was very pleasant also that they had taken the most cheering view of our future prospects. I verily believe I was the happiest individual on board that happy evening.

Our Christmas-box has come in the shape of northerly winds, which bid fair to drift us southward towards those latitudes wherein we hope for liberation next spring from this icy bondage.

Christmas of 1858 was spent not less cheerfully:—

Our Christmas has been spent with a degree of loyalty to the good old English custom, at once spirited and refreshing. All the good things which could possibly be collected together appeared upon the snow-white deal tables of the men, as the officers and myself walked (by invitation) round the lower deck. Venison, beer, and a fresh stock of clay pipes, appeared to be the most prized luxuries; but the variety and abundance of the eatables, tastefully laid out, was such as might well support the delusion which all seemed desirous of imposing upon themselves—that they were in a land of plenty—in fact, *all but* at home! We contributed a large cheese and some preserves, and candles superseded the ordinary smoky lamps. With so many comforts, and the existence of so much genuine good feeling, their evening was a joyous one, enlivened also by songs and music.

Whilst all was order and merriment within the ship, the scene without was widely different. A fierce north-wester howled loudly through the rigging, the snowdrift rustled swiftly past, no star appeared through the oppressive gloom, and the thermometer varied between 70° and 80° below the *freezing point*. At one time it was impossible to visit the magnetic observatory, although only 210 yards distant, and with a rope stretched along, breast high, upon poles the whole way. The officers discharged this duty for the quarter-masters of the watches during the day and night.

*1st Jan. 1859.*—This being *Saturday Night* as well as *New Year's Day*, "Sweethearts and Wives" were remembered with even more than the ordinary feeling. New year's eve was celebrated with all the joyfulness which ardent hope can inspire: and we have reasonable ground for *strong hope*. At midnight the expiration of the old year and commencement of the new one was announced to me by the *band*—flutes, accordion, and gong—striking up at my door. Some songs were sung, and the performers concluded with "God save the Queen;" the few who could find space in our mess-room sang the chorus; but this by no means satisfied all the others who were without and unable to show themselves to the officers, so they echoed the chorus, and the effect was very pleasing. Our new year's day has been commemorated with all the substantial of Christmas fare, but without so much display; less tailoring in pastry, not quite so much clipping of dough into roses, anchors, and non-descript animals. The week has been cold and stormy: it now blows strong, and the temperature is — 44°.

\* The Voyage of the "Fox" in the Arctic Seas. By Captain M'Clintock, R.N. John Murray.