

[From Chamber's Journal.]

## AN ICE ADVENTURE.

It is now several years since, that I was returning from the survey of the northwestern district of Lake Superior, my portion of the duty being finished. Winter, with its wild winds and deep snows, had already set in, and instead of the usual lake voyage, my journey to the land of civilization had to be performed in a sleigh. Each day I took my way over roads whose ruts the snow had filled, while my horses' bells rang gaily out through the snow-clad forest, whose pendant icicles flashed in the sun-rays like a fruitage of gems; and when night came, I never failed of a welcome beneath the bark roof of the nearest settler, where my news—albeit five months old—was more prized than my dollars, and my French-Canadian servant, with his broken English jests, and his sweet old Provençal songs, was more regarded than myself.

We had passed Lake Superior, and were threading the forest bordering Lake Huron, when one evening we came to a better cultivated farm than usual, and stopped at the door of a large farm-house, where the scraping of fiddles and echoing of feet announced one of those blithesome frolics with which the settlers at intervals lighten the monotony of Jackwood's life. On such occasions, every guest is welcome, and we were rapturously received, though the house was crowded to suffocation. But it soon appeared that this was an extraordinary festival, being for the bridal of our host's daughter, whom all these friends—who came from many miles round—were to accompany to see the knot tied on the morrow. What a joyous scene it was! How they jested and laughed till the music was almost drowned, and despite the crush, danced merrily until the spruce and juniper wreaths trembled on the walls, and the forest of candles flickered above our heads; now footing old forgotten dances with the rosy bridesmaids, in their yet redder ribbons; now clustering in triumph round the soft-eyed bride, the fairest flower I ever saw in that wild region.

The sun rose on our unwearied revels, ushering in the wedding-day. A hearty breakfast was dispatched, and then one and all—for I deferred my journey in honor of the occasion—prepared to escort the bride on her way.

Through many of the backwoods' settlements clergymen have never passed, and troths are lawfully plighted before the nearest magistrate. But on the present occasion it chanced that a clergyman was visiting his brother at a farm some twenty miles distant, and the marriage was hurried that the bride might have the advantage of a "parson's wedding." My two-horse sleigh being the best appointed vehicle in company, I placed it at the bride's disposal; and we were soon speeding through the forest, followed by a bevy of sleighs and trains, filled with a laughing crowd; and while the sleigh-bells rang out the merriest peals, the young settlers played wild choruses upon their horns, until the old woods echoed with their minstrelsy.

About mid-day we reached our destination, but we had to await the conclusion of another ceremony. It was a wedding, and the strangest I ever saw, for the bride was portly, the bridegroom grizzled, and they made the responses with a decision which showed they had quite made up their minds; while occupying the bridesmaids' station in the rear, was an open-mouthed cluster of wondering juveniles, the offspring of the bride and bridegroom, who had long been legally, as they were now religiously, married.

The young people's turn was next; and despite the struggles of the little ones, and the boisterous laughter of their elders, they were all duly christened, and then led away by their newly wedded parents, amid a hurricane of congratulations and cheers, which lasted until they had driven off in the two trains awaiting them.

Then came the wedding of our own fair bride, and she seemed almost scared to find how solemn were the words which bound her to share the burdens as well as joys of her bridegroom; but she had always meant to do so; and taking heart of grace, she smiled happily as he handed her into my sleigh for the return journey. Again we swept through the bush with laugh and jest, and in the intervals my servant, Antoine, sang jubilant bridal poems, and trolled old ballads of love and marriage enough to have turned Hymenward a whole community. But after a time there were none but the newly wedded and myself to listen, for my high-bred horses, fresh as when we started, had far out-spiced the heavy steeds of the other travelers, and were running them out of sight and hearing.

"Let us go by the lake-shore," cried the bridegroom; "then you'll see the 'tumble,' and we will be home yet before they are."

The idea was highly approved by the new-made wife, and as I was somewhat weary myself of the monotony of the woods, I readily agreed. Between us and the shore was a winding gully filled with frozen snow, which soon brought us to the broad belt of ice bordering the land. Beyond was the lake, which, so far as we could see, stretched a vast expanse of blue, refreshing to the eye wearied by the universal whiteness, and troubled by a recent gale, it heaved and rolled in heavy swells, whose very action was cheering amid the deadly stillness. Meanwhile we bowled merrily on over the wavy ice, which flashed and sparkled in a thousand blinding and gorgeous rays beneath our horses' feet; while on our left the land rose into lofty promontories, crowned with battlements of snow, or swept back into deep bays bordered with

pine forests, or with vast expanses of dreary swamp, where the loon made her nest among the moss, and the water-snake lurked beneath the rushes.

At length a deep reverberation announced the tumble—a succession of foaming cascades, by which the waters of a lofty river found their way into the lake, and whose picturesque beauty was enhanced by the long lines of glittering icicles which fringed the overhanging rocks, and the glacier like cone of ice the spray had raised before it. This duly admired, we pressed on, for the short day was drawing to a close, and just as the sun sank behind the pine-crest of a distant headland, we came to a wide estuary, whose further point it formed. Beyond was the farm, and we urged the horses to a swifter pace, for with the sun's departure came a great access of cold.

The estuary, some eight miles wide, stretched deep into the land, and, to save time, we drove straight across the vast sheet of ice which bridged it. Night fell as we proceeded, but though the moon had not yet risen, the misty reflection of the snow lighted us on our way, and ahead was the promontory, showing darkly against the starlit sky. We had about reached the centre of the bay, when a sudden report, like a discharge of artillery, filled the air, and rolling back over the ice, was repeated by the thousand echoes of the wilds. It was the unmistakable sound of cracking ice; and, without a word, I put the horses to their speed. The next moment a yet louder and sharper concussion broke on the silence, quickly followed by a third, which sounded as if it rent the ice asunder.

At once, the truth flashed upon us. As often happens, the heavy swell of that great inland sea was breaking up the solid ice; and, so far from land, among the shattering fragments, we were in a position of the utmost peril, in which our only resource was flight, and again I urged on our bounding steeds. Meantime, my companions peered eagerly into the dimness, seeking to discover where the danger lay; but the silvery haze baffled them, and we could only speed on blindly. At length our horses stopped, and looking before them, we perceived a dark belt of heaving water. The crack was across our path, and the chasm was too broad for our horses to leap; all left us, therefore, was to turn landward and hurry on, if haply we might outstrip the danger. But with each step the gap beside us widened, until it almost resembled a river; then it turned again lakeward, and, to our consternation, we discovered that the ice had parted on either side of us, cutting us off from land, and leaving us floating on a large island of ice, which the swift current of the river was already driving rapidly out upon the lake.

What a sudden dismay came over us as we gazed at the increasing chasm no effort of ours could bridge! The bridegroom was eager to swim the space, and bear tidings to the farm; but it would only have been a useless sacrifice of life, for long ere he had gone half the distance, he would have died in his frozen clothes. There was but one chance left—that we might yet hit on some projecting point of the lake shore. But as our raft floated steadily further and further out from land, that last hope vanished; and before long, we who had lately been so joyous, stood sadly watching the white outline of the hills fade into the night, as they whose last sight of land it was, and with the sorrowful knowledge that the only doubt remaining on our doom was, whether we should perish miserably upon our frozen resting place or be swept off into the ice-cold waters of the lake!

It was a terrible prospect; and the remembrance that we had in a manner brought the evil upon our own heads, increased its bitterness tenfold. Had we but apprised any one of our route when we diverged from the usual track, we should undoubtedly have been sought for in canoes, and most probably rescued; while, as it was, the blind path by which we turned off to the shore would put them all at fault. The bridegroom's self-reproaches were keenest of any, for he felt himself the destroyer of the bride so lately committed to his care; while the poor girl wept in utter abandonment of spirit, not only for the blighting of her bright hopes, and for the young life she must so shortly render up, but for the sudden parting from the beloved ones she should never see again.

Meanwhile, the moon rose in the deep blue sky, making night beautiful, flooding our ice-raft with its silvery light, quivering in broken rays on the broad lake, which now rolled in waves around us, and shining like a glory on the distant hills, giving us one more glance at earth.

But the cold was intense. The wind, straight from the frozen north, swept over the lake in fitful gusts, and seemed to pierce us like icy arrows; and though, wrapped in the heavy sleigh-furs, we crouched within its narrow limits, we could scarce endure the rigor of the night; and worse than all, our fair companion had to share these hardships with no protection save the most sheltered corner of the sleigh, and the warmest wrapper; yet she never murmured, but, with the gentle heroism of her sex, laid her head silently and now tearlessly on her husband's shoulder; and I thought she prayed. Day at last broke on this night of misery and desolation. The imperceptible current of the lake had swept us out of sight of land, and the huge mass of ice lay steady as an island among the surrounding waves. We told ourselves we had no hope of rescue, yet long and anxiously we watched the circling horizon for some sign of coming aid, and it was with a deeper despon-

dency we discovered that, as far as the eye could reach, there was nothing but lake and sky, save on one spot some five miles distant, where floated a fragment of our raft, which, cracked from the commencement, had parted during the night, bearing away with it both our horses. And as the day wore on, another hardship was added, which redoubled all the rest—that of hunger. Since the preceding morning we had eaten nothing, and our long exposure to the cold began to make the want severely felt; while, though many birds flew over the lake, not one came within reach of our rifles to soften this new calamity.

Two days passed, and no words can tell the intensity of our sufferings as we floated on that frozen prison, which the winds and waves appeared powerless to destroy; each hour served but to augment our misery; and when the third day broke upon us, cold and exhaustion were fast doing their work, and we lay helplessly in the corners of the sleigh, as it seemed about to die. But the young bride still bore up; whether it was the unbroken vigor of her youth sustained her, or that marvelous endurance of her sex which has so often carried them through wreck and tempest, I know not, but she was still comparatively unsubdued, and while she drew our coverings more closely round us, she earnestly entreated us still to hope and trust. I began to think with horror that a time would shortly come when the unhappy girl would be left alone upon the ice.

Thus another night closed on our sore extremity, and we did not think to live it out. As the hours passed a furious storm arose upon the lake, lashing its waters into foaming billows, which dashed against our raft, as if they sought to shatter it to pieces; clouds, black as ink, rolled over the sky, and appeared to fill the air; and to crown all, the faintness of our hunger was succeeded by raging pains, almost beyond endurance, and yet which seemed hourly to increase. Never have I suffered as I did that night. It was well-nigh maddening, and many times as we sat cowering within the sleigh listening to the rushing of the waves, did we almost pray that they would overwhelm our raft at once, and end our misery. At length this desire seemed granted. There was a sudden crash, and a violent concussion, as though we had struck upon a rock, and the billows beat and roared more wildly than ever. But in the darkness we could distinguish nothing, and, pressing down our hunger, we sat with clasped hands and bowed heads awaiting our doom. While we still waited, the dawn crept over the sky, and our indomitable bride, springing up, uttered a cry of joy, then threw herself weeping in her husband's arms. Before us, rising in hills and valleys, lay the snow-clad land, and against its icy border our raft was tightly jammed. Though we guessed it not, the gale had blown from the south, and, by the mercy of Providence, it had driven us back to the northern shore of the lake, and thus saved our lives.

Not far off, the ascending smoke announced a dwelling, but we had no strength to reach it; so we fired our rifles, a signal which quickly brought the inhabitants to the shore. They proved to have been members of the late wedding frolic; and nothing could exceed their astonishment and joy at our discovery, which was utterly despaired of. Every possible care and kindness was lavished upon us, and the bride's parents and friends summoned to rejoice over their lost lamb that was found. "All's well that ends well," we thankfully agreed; but never shall I forget the intense misery and suffering of that adventure on the ice.

## AN EPISODE THAT LED TO MATRIMONY.

Mr. Bradshaw, M. P. for Canterbury, who "fell in love" with Miss Maria Tree, hearing that the songstress had taken a place in the Birmingham mail, booked the rest for himself, in the name of Tomkins, and resolved to make the most of the opportunity afforded him. Unfortunately, his luggage and the songstress went by one mail, while he, through a mistake, traveled by another.

On arriving at Birmingham, early in the morning, Mr. Bradshaw left the coach and stepped into the hotel, determined to remain there, and go to the theatre on the following evening. He went to bed and slept late on the following day; and on waking he remembered that his trunk had gone on to Manchester, and that he was without the means of paying his way. Seeing the Bank of Birmingham opposite the hotel, he went over and explained his position to one of the partners, giving his own banker's address in London, and showing letters addressed to him as Mr. Bradshaw. Upon this he was told that with such credentials he might have a loan; and the banker said he would write the necessary letter and check, and send the money over to him at the hotel. Pleased with his kind attention, Mr. Bradshaw sat himself down comfortably to breakfast in the coffee-room. According to promise, the cashier made his appearance at the hotel, and asked the waiter for Mr. Bradshaw.

"No such gentleman here," was the reply.

"Oh, yes, he came by the London mail."

"No, sir; no one came but Mr. Tomkins, who was booked as inside passenger to Manchester."

The cashier was dissatisfied; but the waiter added, "Sir, you can look through the window of the coffee-room door, and see the gentleman yourself."

On doing so, he beheld Mr. Tomkins, alias Mr. Bradshaw, and immediately returned to

the Bank, telling what he himself had heard and seen. The banker went over to the hotel, had a consultation with the landlord, and it was determined that a watch should be placed upon the suspicious person who had two names and no luggage, and who was booked to Manchester, but had stopped at Birmingham. The landlord summoned Boots—a little lame fellow, of most ludicrous appearance—and pointing to the gentleman in the coffee-room, told him his duty for the day was to follow him wherever he went, and never to lose sight of him—but, above all, to take care that he did not get away. Boots nodded assent, and immediately mounted guard.

Having taken his breakfast and read the papers, Mr. Bradshaw looked at his watch, and sallied forth to see something of the goodly town of Birmingham. He was much surprised at observing a little old-looking man surveying him most attentively, and watching his every movement; stopping whenever he stopped, and evidently taking a deep interest in all he did. At last, observing that he was the object of this espionage, and finding that he had a shilling left in his pocket, he hailed one of the coaches that ran short distances in those days when omnibuses were not. This, however, did not suit little Boots, who went up to him and insisted that he must not leave the town.

Mr. Bradshaw's indignation was naturally excessive, and he immediately returned to the hotel, where he found a constable ready to take him before the mayor as an impostor and swindler. He was compelled to appear before his worship, and mortification of being told that unless he could give some explanation he must be content with a night's lodging in a house of detention. Mr. Bradshaw had no alternative but to send to the fair charmer of his heart to identify him; which she most readily did as soon as rehearsal was over. Explanations were then entered into; but he was forced to give the reason of his being in Birmingham, which of course made a due impression on the lady's heart, and led to that happy result of their interviews—a marriage, which resulted in the enjoyment of mutual happiness for many years.—[Captain Gro-nov's Reminiscences.]

## A GREEN HORN IN AN EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

On a pleasant Sunday morning, during the rectorship of Dr. Wainwright I accompanied a young country relative down to the church in order that he might not only hear that sterling old divine preacher, but that he might listen to music, the like of which had never penetrated his tympanum before. The youth was from the State of Vermont, and this being his first sight and hearing of Episcopal worship, he seemed deeply absorbed in the proceedings.—The grand strains from the choir of "We praise thee," "To thee all angels cry aloud," "To the Cherubim and Seraphim," &c., together with the deep and tender pathos of "When thou hast overcome the sharpness of death thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to a' believers," at once charmed and subdued him. Not insensible to the power of music then, and at the present time a proficient, he has probably never forgotten the heavenly harmony of old Grace Church choir. It was not the music alone, however, which attracted his wonderment; but the venerable priest, the flowing surplice, the reading of prayers from a book, the frequent changing of postures—kneeling down and standing up, the congregational response, all combined to make a sensible impression. After the morning service had been finished, and the first psalm or hymn had been announced—the roctor left the chancel for the vestry room (as you are aware is the custom) that he might throw off the surplice and assume the scholastic gown. At this point my young Vermont friend supposed that matters had about come to a conclusion, and that church was going out, and I shall never forget his puzzled expression of countenance when he observed Dr. Wainwright ascending the pulpit in his black gown. "You don't say there's any more to be done?" he inquired; "Why, haint they got through the meetin' yet?" On explaining to him that the sermon was about to be preached he seemed more perplexed than ever, and in a moment or two he was touching my elbow again, remarking: "Well there, if I aint fairly took in; I thought that was another minister, entirely, but I see that is the identical gentleman that was rigged out in his white consarn a little while ago." [—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.]

## CUT OFF THE BACK LEGS OF YOUR CHAIRS.

—I will tell you a secret worth knowing. A thousand things not worth half as much, have been patented and elevated into a business. It is this: If you cut off the back legs of your chairs so that the back part of the seat will be two inches lower than the front part, it will greatly relieve the fatigue of sitting, and keep your spine in much better shape. The principal fatigue in sitting comes from your sliding forward, and thus straining the ligaments and muscles of the small of the back. The expedient I have advised will obviate this tendency, and as I have suggested, add greatly to the comfort of the sitting posture. The front edge of a chair should not be more than fifteen inches high for the average man, nor more than fourteen for the average woman. The average chair is now seventeen inches for all, which no amount of slanting in the seat can make comfortable.—[Lewis' Gymnasium.]