





FEARFUL EXPERIENCE

— OF A —



Gloucester Halibut Fisherman,

ASTRAY IN A DORY IN A GALE,
OFF THE NEWFOUNDLAND
COAST IN
MID-WINTER.



His Dory-Mate Dies. Fighting for Life. Feet
and Hands Frozen. Struggling at the oars.
Land Ho! Saved!

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GLOUCESTER HALIBUT FISHERMAN.

“A perillous life, and sad as life may be,
Hath the lone fisher on the lonely sea,
O'er the wide waters lab'ring, far from home,
For some bleak pittance e'er compelled to roam;
Few hearts to cheer him through his dangerous life,
And none to aid him in the stormy strife;
Companion of the sea and silent air,
The lonely fisher thus must ever fare;
Without the comfort, hope—with scarce a friend,
He looks through life and only sees—its end.”

BARRY CORNWALL.

NONE of the New England deep sea fisheries are exempt from danger and loss of life, and the experience of the average fisherman is one of constant vicissitude, peril, and hardship. But preeminent among our fisheries, so far as the risk taken, peril, and hardship incurred, is that for fresh halibut, which is carried on during the entire year. Even in Summer life is almost daily jeopardized by the fishermen, who go out in their dories to haul their trawls, and, overtaken by the dense fogs so prevalent at this season on the Newfoundland Banks, frequently lose the position of their schooner—their floating home—and drift helplessly about, a prey to hunger and thirst; until, perchance, they may reach the land or be picked up by some passing vessel, often in an exhausted and emaciated condition. The imagination can scarcely picture the terrible suffer-

ings of those who, not so fortunate, are doomed to repeated disappointment, until,—

“Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree
Condemned reluctant to the faithless sea,—”

they succumb, and find a grave in the fog-haunted waters of the fishing banks.

So sharp is the competition between the captains and crews of rival vessels that the greatest risks are taken, not only in securing fares on the fishing grounds; but in taking the catch to market. The little vessels, perhaps heavily loaded, are driven almost to the verge of destruction, in order that port, and consequently a market, may be reached at the earliest possible moment. Indeed, a very brief experience in this business will give one an opportunity of witnessing the most reckless daring on the part of the fishermen, in this matter of crowding sail upon their vessels; and one will soon learn that their safe return to port is only because the skill of those who handle the little schooners is equal to their courage.

But, though manifold dangers surround the halibut fishermen in Summer, it goes without saying that the perils attending this fishery are increased tenfold in Winter. At this season furious gales sweep the fishing banks, carrying death and destruction in their path. Not unfrequently vessels are overwhelmed by the fierce rush of wind and wave, and, unable to cope with the mighty force of the elements, sink beneath the stormy sea, taking down with them the brave and hardy men who form their crews. Terrible as this is, the risk of being lost in the manner above described is infinitely less than that incurred by the fishermen in setting and hauling their trawl lines. From the nature of the business the fishermen are not fastidious in regard to the weather in which they venture forth in their frail boats; nor can they afford to be. Thus the dories are often caught out in thick snows, and, even though the wind be moderate, sometimes they go astray. Again they are suddenly overtaken by swirling snow squalls, which drive down upon them, hiding everything from sight, in a thick and turbulent waste of dashing spray and blinding snow. In either case the occupants, though they fight never so bravely for life, usually fail to reach their vessel; and, the benumbing effect of cold, the danger of being swamped by breaking waves, added to the pangs of hunger and thirst, render the struggle to live through the ordeal one of the most terrible

that man has ever been called upon to make. Far too often have the daring men, in spite of their utmost endeavors, been borne down by the mighty accumulation of nature's forces, and, buried beneath some huge wave, they sink "unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown," into the seething waters, their requiem sung only by the howling winds and the harsh-toned, screaming sea-gulls.

On idle days, or when, late in the evening, the crew gather in the fore-castle for the usual lunch before turning in; one may hear thrilling tales of escape by only a hair's breadth from boundless torture or untimely death. Thus we learn of innumerable adventures that have been met with by these hardy "toilers of the sea" which are of such a remarkable character that the aptness of the old proverb: "Truth is stranger than fiction"—is fully realized. For *these* are not *yarns*—*they* are reserved for another audience—for when fo'c's'le men compare notes each one knows the rest are critics, and dares not draw the long bow, at least not beyond true dramatic effect.

Occasionally we read in the public press an account of some hair breadth escape; some terrible experience, resulting in indescribable suffering—perhaps in death—which one might think was only the most extravagant creation of a fertile brain, like that of a Cooper or a Russell, but which, alas! we, the dwellers on the coast, know to be only too true. One of the most startling adventures of this kind which has come to our knowledge was that of which an account is given below,* as we have received it from Mr. Blackburn, of whose experience it might almost be said, in the words of Sir Walter Scott:

"No mortal man—save he, who, bred
Between the living and the dead,
Is gifted beyond nature's law,—
Had e'er survived to say he saw."

THE STORM BEGINS.

The morning of January 25, 1883, found the schooner *Grace L. Fears*, of Gloucester, Mass., lying at anchor on Burgeo Bank, some 30 miles from the southwest coast of Newfoundland. She had ventured thus far north, at this inclement season, in pursuit of halibut, and at the time this narrative begins her crew started out in their dories from the vessel's side to haul their trawl lines, which had been previously set. In one of the boats were Howard Blackburn and Thomas Welch, both young men, of vigorous constitution, their frames well knit, and their muscles toughened by constant labor and exposure, while their long familiarity with danger had rendered them almost insensible to fear,—indeed, brave to a fault, as one must be who follows this hazardous occupation. When they left the vessel's side it was calm, and just beginning to snow. Soon after a light breeze sprang up from the southeast and rapidly augmented in force, while the snow fell thicker and faster, shutting the little dory and its occupants within a narrow circle beyond which nothing

* The following from the *Cape Ann Advertiser*, in which appeared a graphic description of Mr. Blackburn's experience, will be found corroborative of the statement we have made:

“In our newspaper experience, extending over a quarter of a century, we have published many accounts of narrow escapes and hardships endured by the fishermen astray in their dories on the Banks; but the truthful narrative, which we obtained from Mr. Blackburn's own lips, far exceeds anything we have yet published.”

could be seen. One of three fine pictures which have been painted by Mr. Paul E. Collins* to represent as many scenes in Blackburn's experience, shows the dory out in the storm. The air is filled with the flying snow flakes, the waves curl and break about the little craft, which rides buoyantly, though partly filled with halibut. The men are engaged in hauling their trawl—one holding the line, the other just in the act of killing a halibut before taking it in—and, though, perhaps, fully sensible of the peril which the storm exposes them to, they steadily pursue their work; choosing rather to take this risk than, by going on board their vessel without their gear, subject themselves to the criticism of having shown the "white feather."

Such is the story the picture tells, and such, in fact, is the true tale, for no attempt was made to return to the schooner until the trawl was hauled. In the meantime the wind jumped, in a squall, from southeast to northwest, bring the dory to the leeward of the vessel, and, what was even worse, confusing the men as to the direction in which the schooner bore from them. After getting their trawl they pulled to windward and tried to find the vessel, but failed. No bell or other sound could be heard, and at last the fishermen, worn out with their labors, finding it required all their strength to hold their own against the fast increasing wind, anchored their boat. Here they lay for about three hours until a little while after dark—when the snow cleared off and they saw the glimmer of the schooner's riding light to windward. The anchor was pulled up and a desperate attempt made to reach the vessel. But though they

* The artist is a brother of the writer, and while, under the circumstances, the latter feels a natural hesitancy about speaking of these pictures in too pointed a manner, he, nevertheless, feels justified in quoting the words of Mr. Blackburn, who says: "He could n't have come nearer the mark had he seen the whole." These paintings Mr. Blackburn has had photographed and copies of them can be obtained from him at Gloucester, where the original paintings now grace the little tobacconist's shop, in which the hero of this tale is now striving to obtain an independent livelihood. The titles of these pictures—in the order of the scenes they represent—are "Hauling Trawls on Burgeo Bank, Newfoundland;" "Laying to a Drag;" and "Rowing up Little River, Newfoundland, on the Fifth Day." Photographic copies of these pictures will be sent to any address for \$2.12, postpaid, for the set, including a copy of the book.

rowed as only those can row who know that they struggle for life, all efforts proved fruitless; for the surging waves and increasing gale were too much even for the stout muscles of the two strong and determined men to make way against. The anchor was again thrown out, but the wind blew so hard that the boat did not fetch up, but drove slowly away to leeward. For a time after the dory had anchored, as she rose to the crest of the waves, the drifting fishermen caught occasional glimpses of the torch light, which their more fortunate shipmates on board the vessel kept burning through the night. It is customary, when a dory gets astray from a vessel, and is out at night, for those on board the schooner to burn a flare so that its light may be seen a long distance off by the astrays.

The imagination can scarcely picture, and words are inadequate to describe, the terrible struggle and fight for life which followed the failure to reach the vessel. All through the long hours of that dreary winter's night it required the utmost exertion and vigilance to prevent the little boat from being swamped by the rushing and breaking waves. In spite of all that could be done the dory was often nearly filled, while the bitter cold of the biting blast, not only benumbed and pierced to the very marrow the unfortunate men, but covered with ice all portions of the boat that were not immersed. All of the fish were thrown overboard to lighten the dory.

The gray light of the following morning brought no comfort with it. The vessel was nowhere to be seen, nothing but the wild, snow laden clouds overhead and the cruel sea around. The trawls were thrown overboard and the men started to pull to the eastward, where they supposed the land lay: though they had no idea how far off it was. Nevertheless they kept on rowing, nearly before the wind, and as the tide—as was learned later—ran in a southerly direction, their course took them nearly in a line with the coast. Soon the increasing gale caused the sea to run so high and sharp that there was the most imminent danger of the scudding boat being filled, therefore she was brought head to the wind, and lay to a "drag" which was improvised by knocking in the head of one of the trawl kegs and tying the "hurdy-gurdy" on to keep it under water. When this was put out it kept the dory head to sea and wind and gave the half frozen occupants a better opportunity to bail out the water which was constantly coming aboard, though the danger of perishing from the cold was much increased because of the comparative inactivity thus enforced upon the men.

AN UNFORTUNATE LOSS

While rigging the drag—or floating anchor—Blackburn had the great misfortune to lose his mittens overboard. Such a loss was irreparable, and the indescribable suffering and ill fortune which followed may be ascribed, in a great measure, to this unhappy accident. Nothing but some warm covering, such as that he had lost, could prevent his hands from freezing, and soon his fingers stiffening in the icy grasp of the biting frost warned the unfortunate but brave man that he must fight for his life against frightful odds.

"Imagine, reader, if you can," says a writer in the *Cape Ann Advertiser*, "what this foreshadowed! With comfortable clothing and well provided with provisions the situation on board that frail craft, exposed to the winter storms, was sufficient to appal the stoutest heart; but to know that your hands were freezing, thus depriving one, to a great extent, of the means to fight for life dearly, and with not a drop of water or particle of provisions on board, the situation was terrible in the extreme, unless succor should soon come." The dreadful nature of the situation was fully comprehended by Blackburn, who, finding that he was fast losing control of his stiffening hands, grasped the oars and squeezing the fingers into a curved position around the handles allowed them to freeze in this shape, so that when the hour of trial came he would be able to hold the oars and thus have some chance for rowing, upon which chance he knew his life depended. The mind is scarcely able to comprehend and fully appreciate all that this implies. Think of the presence of mind, the fortitude, the resolute determination, that are required for a man, under such fear inspiring circumstances, to calmly sit down and wait for his hands to freeze! Many an act, which exhibited far less of the qualities which go to make up heroes, have immortalized the actor.

WELCH, DISCOURAGED, SUCCUMBS AND DIES.

Blackburn's dorymate—Welch—had been very hopeful up to this time; he believed they might be picked up by some passing vessel, and, by speaking encouragingly of the chances, had sought to inspire his companion with hope and, in anticipation of the much-to-be-wished-for event, tried to make the best of the awful situation in which they were placed.

All day and the following night the boat lay to at the "drag." The men suffered dreadfully from the stinging cold of the icy

blast, while their utmost endeavors scarcely sufficed to keep the dory from being swamped by the water which came into her, and the ice which was continually and rapidly forming on her sides and gunwales, and which had to be thrown out to lighten the boat. The men took turns in clearing the dory from the ice and water. It was Blackburn's turn to attend to this duty about dark, and after bailing out the boat he was just about to lie down in the bow with Welch, that he might keep as much sheltered as possible under the circumstances, when a sea broke over the dory, nearly filling her with water. It was now Welch's turn to bail, but in reply to Blackburn's urgent request that he should jump quick to the work, he said that he could not see. Awful as was the fate this confession presaged no time could be lost to think of it. Therefore Blackburn bailed out the boat as well as he could with his bruised and frozen hands, which he had previously protected as much as possible by winding around them his socks that he had stripped from his feet. Knowing that Welch would have a better chance for life if he took some exercise, Blackburn, after freeing the boat, told him that he (Welch) must try and do his part. But the freezing man replied in a despairing tone: "What is the use? we can't live until morning, and might as well go first as last." He was alone in the bow, but at Blackburn's request moved so that both might lie together, and thus keep each other warmer and less comfortless than they would otherwise be. But the paralyzing effect of the bitter cold soon began to show itself in a new and horrible manner on the ill-fated Welch; his mind wandered, and he commenced thrusting his feet over the sides of the boat. These symptoms on the part of Welch convinced Blackburn that his companion could not live, he therefore got up and lay in the stern, leaving the entire bow to the failing man, in order that the latter might be as much sheltered as possible. It was exceedingly rough at this time and the weary and half frozen, but undaunted Blackburn, was constantly aroused and compelled to bail out the dory, which oftentimes his utmost endeavors scarcely sufficed to keep afloat. His situation was rendered all the more disheartening by the moaning of his suffering companion, who constantly begged, in a most piteous tone, for water. On being told there was none he asked Blackburn for a piece of ice from the boat's side, but after he had tasted of the nauseating morsel he threw it away. After this the dying man repeated in an inaudible tone what sounded like a prayer, and twice he called Blackburn by name. About an hour before midnight—

as nearly as could be estimated—Welch seemed to be suffering terrible agony; he moaned in a most piteous and doleful manner. This was probably the last struggle of the departing spirit; for when, a few minutes later, Blackburn got up to bail out the dory, he heard no sound from his companion, got no reply to his call; and going to the bow he found that the soul had fled, and nought remained but the stark, stiff, and frozen corpse—horrible enough to see and touch under any circumstances, but under such as these, with nothing around but the black night, the fierce and hungry waves, the cruel, pitiless blast—the Great and Merciful One above only knows the terrible thoughts that were suggested to the survivor by this disheartening episode. The dead man was placed in the stern, and Blackburn made an attempt to get on one of the mittens which he had taken from the corpse, but his frozen hands were so much swollen and distorted that he could not get on this most necessary covering.

*LEFT ALONE BLACKBURN MAKES A DESPERATE
FIGHT FOR LIFE.*

What pen can portray the terrors of that lonely night vigil? What imagination can picture the terrible ordeal through which the "lone fisherman" was called to pass? His companion lying dead! His weary, benumbed limbs and frozen hands scarcely able to respond to the dictates of his resolute will; the frail, ice-covered dory in momentary danger of being swamped, and barely kept afloat by the utmost vigilance and the most determined courage and effort, made the surroundings as grewsome and terrible as one could possibly imagine, while the chances for life were certainly as dubious as any that a brave man was ever doomed to encounter.

The second in the series of pictures previously alluded to shows in a most graphic manner the desperate nature of this part of Blackburn's experience. The curling, breaking waves seem just ready to engulf the little dory, which is half loaded with water, and over which the spray is flying, and forming into ice, as she bravely struggles to mount above the crest of a rushing sea. The lion hearted Blackburn stands in the middle of boat, which he is busily engaged in freeing from water with a huge bailer, improvised from a trawl keg by breaking in one head. The frozen form of Welch lays in the stern, while the white forms of the tireless sea gulls, outlined against the murky sky, show us the only living witnesses to as gloomy a scene as

the eye ever rested upon, and as brave a fight for life as has ever been recorded on the page of history.

The long deferred light of another day came at last, and, the wind having moderated somewhat, the drag, which had done such good service, was hauled in, and Blackburn started to pull for the land, fully determined to persevere while he had sufficient strength to row. His only hope of reaching the shore lay in the two oars that, luckily, had not been swept away when the others were washed out of the boat. The wisdom of having allowed his hands to freeze in a curved position was now apparent, for, though there was no feeling in the stiffened fingers, he was able to grasp the oars with sufficient firmness to row. But the friction of the oar handles wore away the frozen skin and flesh, which crumbled from the inside of his unprotected hands "like powder"!

LAND HO! THE SHORE IS REACHED.

We can easily imagine what a thrill of joy warmed the chilled blood of the weary Blackburn when, early in the day, he saw, looming in the distance, the high, barren hills of the Newfoundland coast. At first the land was rather indistinct, but the dory was headed for it, and soon the rugged outlines of the bleak, snow covered hills could be more clearly seen against the wintry sky, the sight giving new life, hope, and comfort to the brave man struggling at the oars. All day long, hungry, thirsty, and suffering, he clung to the oars, pulling steadily toward the high land, which, as night fell on the scene, was still a long way off. During the day the wind decreased very materially, and when it grew dark Blackburn, exhausted and sadly in need of rest, fearing he might lose his oars if he kept on, again hove to to a drag, letting his boat drift until Sunday morning.

The blessed light of the early day, beaming upon the land, now plainly in sight; the quiet stillness of the now unruffled sea—for it was calm—and the rise in temperature which followed the decrease in the wind, awaked the now hopeful man, on this memorable Sabbath morning, to renewed exertion and a determined effort to reach the shore.

We confess that we cannot repress a shudder as we think of the flesh crumbling slowly from the frozen hands which clung with the grasp of despair hour after hour to the oars, until at last—at 2 P. M.—the River Rocks, the first mile stone on this lonely route, were passed, while the land, seven miles further off, was reached at sunset.

No harbor could be seen at first, only the craggy, steep sides of the towering cliffs, that looked almost as uninviting as the dreary waste of water left behind. Finally he got into a tide rip at the mouth of a river,* and just inside the headland, on his left he saw a house, but there were no indications of life near it. Three-quarters of a mile farther up the river the dory was slowly propelled against the out-running tide, but no sign of a habitation being discovered, the tired rower,

“Heartless, fatigued, and faint, at length,
From lack of food and loss of strength,”—

felt himself unable to pull any longer against the current and returned to the house near the river's mouth. He landed at a small wharf—locally called a “stage”—near the building, which he entered, after having first fastened his boat. He was suffering from thirst, and water not being obtainable, he spent the dreary hours of the long night in eating some snow that he had gathered, and in walking the floor. During the night the dory swung round and pounded against a rock near the stage, and by knocking her bottom on it drove out the plug. The following morning Blackburn found the boat nearly filled with water. With considerable exertion he got Welch's body on the rock, it being necessary to lighten the dory so that the plug might be replaced. Taking Welch in his arms Blackburn tried to lift the body on the stage. But his strength was not equal to the task, and the body slipped from his grasp and fell overboard between the wharf and rock, where it sank in about twelve feet of water. As it could not be washed away it was left for the time being, Blackburn resolving that he would recover it as soon as he could. About this time he heard a noise resembling the report of a gun, though he could not tell from what direction it came. He shouted his loudest but got no response. Just before dark, on the previous evening, he had seen vessels in the offing heading in a westerly direction, which impressed him with the belief that there was a harbor not far distant to the eastward. He, therefore, determined to again enter his dory and make another effort to find some assistance. He pulled out of Little River, and eastwardly to Gulch Cove, near which he saw two vessels in the offing, heading westerly. He made a des-

* Later he learned that this was Little River, a small stream some 21 miles distant from Burgeo, one of the principle harbors on the southwest coast of Newfoundland.

perate effort to head them off, but failed, as the wind breezed up and they left him unnoticed behind. The day being now too far spent for the prosecution of further researches, the weary and now almost disheartened man turned back to the place from whence he had started out in the morning. The third of the series of pictures shows him entering Little River close to its eastern headland, and, heading his dory up the stream on the evening of the fifth day after leaving the Grace L. Fears.— five of the most terrible days any man has ever been called upon to pass through; five days of constant peril and horror! five days exposed to the rigors of an almost arctic climate in mid-winter, without a morsel of nourishment! five days of constant and continued effort; one long fight for life! It is difficult to understand how a human being could be endowed with qualities of body and mind that would enable one to sustain life under such circumstances. Truly it may be said that no one knows what amount of endurance they possess until occasion calls for its exercise. But to return to the picture. In the foreground is the little dory, threading its way among scattering blocks of drifting ice, and at the left stands the edge of the steep cliff, over the base of which the surf rolls in a ceaseless effort to wear away the hardened rock. Farther off, across the river's mouth, we see the "stage," and the little house where Blackburn spent the previous night. The house stands on a small plateau near the water, while towering above it hundreds of feet, are the craggy, precipitous rocks of the mountainous headland.

SAFE AT LAST!

Blackburn, keeping near the eastern shore, pulled up the river, and had the good fortune, about dark, to see three houses, which he had failed to discover before, because they had been shut in behind the high land on the western side. He was doubtful about these being occupied. Nevertheless, he persevered in his efforts, though the utmost that his strength permitted him to do was barely sufficient to propel the dory against the swift outrunning current. By rowing from side to side of the river he tried to take advantage of the eddies formed by projecting points, but often when crossing he had the disheartening conviction forced upon him that he had lost ground. At last, after a struggle against the swift tide of two and a half hours, he reached the edge of the ice near the houses.

It was a moonlight night, and some persons who were cross-

ing the cove on the ice, on their way from one house to another, saw the little dory, with its single occupant, pulling up. The boat was near where the landing was made, and the people on shore came across the ice and waited for its arrival.

A few minutes sufficed for Blackburn to give his new-found friends some idea of what he had passed through, and they immediately invited him to go with them to the house. He would not, however, consent to do so until he had received assurance that some of them would go at once for the body of his dead companion and properly care for it. These wishes were promptly complied with, four of the men starting off in the dory for the stage, where the body of Welch lay sunk,* while Blackburn went with the rest of the party to the house of Mr. Frank Lishman, where he received every attention which it was in the power of the inmates to bestow. His almost uncontrollable thirst was quenched by a drink of pure water, and he was still further refreshed and strengthened by partaking of some food that was hastily prepared. And he certainly needed something to increase his strength and to sustain his courage, while he was suffering the excruciating agony which he endured while the frost was being slowly drawn out from his hands and feet, which he thrust into strong brine for this purpose. Nothing else being available a poultice of flour and cod-liver oil was applied to the hands and feet, after the frost was removed, and, happily, this home-made remedy proved very efficacious. There was no doctor nearer than Burgeo, and communication on this part of the coast, in winter, being very difficult, the result was that, no medical aid being obtainable, the fingers of both hands and the thumbs, to the first joint, were lost. Blackburn thinks these might have been saved if the services of a skilled physician could have been procured. At least, he believes the fingers of the left hand would not have been lost, and deems it probable that those of his right hand might have been spared him, with the exception of the little finger, which was badly bruised and broken up while pounding ice from the dory. As it was, the fingers rotted off by the slow and painful process of dry gangrene. His feet were also so badly frozen that he lost one toe from his right foot, while most of the others are misshapen, so that he experiences some difficulty in walking.

* Welch's body was recovered, and when returning spring permitted of its transportation it was taken to Burgeo and buried in the church yard at that place, April 12, 1883.

Four days after Blackburn's arrival at Little River a boat succeeded in reaching Burgeo, and the Rev. John Cunningham was made acquainted with the details of the sad story. This gentleman interested himself in the matter and procured from the American Consul at St. John's such articles as were most needed.

The rest may be briefly told. After remaining in Little River until April 23, Blackburn went to Burgeo, where, in the families of Mr. Joseph Small, and Mr. James Payne, he was the recipient of every kindness and attention that his sad experience and comparatively helpless condition entitled him to receive from generous minded people. Leaving Burgeo about May 23, he made his way back to Gloucester, via St. Pierre, Halifax, and Boston. The American Consuls at the foreign ports, and the agents of the various lines of transportation over which he passed, vied with each other in assisting on his way one whose misfortune appealed most forcibly to their sympathy, and whose unconquerable spirit and dauntless hardihood they were forced to admire.

Unfitted, of course, by the loss of his hands for engaging in the fisheries, which he had followed for the five previous years, from Gloucester, Blackburn, as has been stated, has started a small cigar store, where it is hoped that the patronage of his brother fishermen, supplemented by the sale of the pictures we have spoken of, and of this brief story of his wonderful experience, may enable one, deserving of a better fate, to acquire at least an income that will support him. In this connection it may be stated that the photographs of the three pictures mentioned above, together with this account of Blackburn's adventure, can be procured for the small sum of \$2 00, and the same will be sent to any address on receipt of \$2.12.*

In conclusion mention should be made that, after Blackburn's arrival home, a sum of nearly \$500 was collected for him, chiefly through the efforts of the Messrs. Proctor Bros., proprietors of the *Cape Ann Advertiser*. As an instance of the generosity with which the call for this worthy object was responded to, it may be stated that \$240 of the amount mentioned above was realized from a benefit ball given by the Athletic Club, of Gloucester.

* Address Howard Blackburn, Gloucester, Essex County, Mass. For the book alone send 75 cents.