

Not from consciousness only,—knowing ourselves to be what we are,—but out of the mystery of ourselves, may we draw this sublime hope; for we are correlated not only to the known, but to the unknown. The spirit transcends the visible, and by dream, by vision, by inextinguishable desire, by the un-

ceasing cry of the conscious creature for the Creator, by the aspiration after perfection, by the pressure of evil and by the weight of sorrow, penetrates the realms beyond, knowing there must be meaning and purpose and end for the mystery that it is.

T. T. Munger.

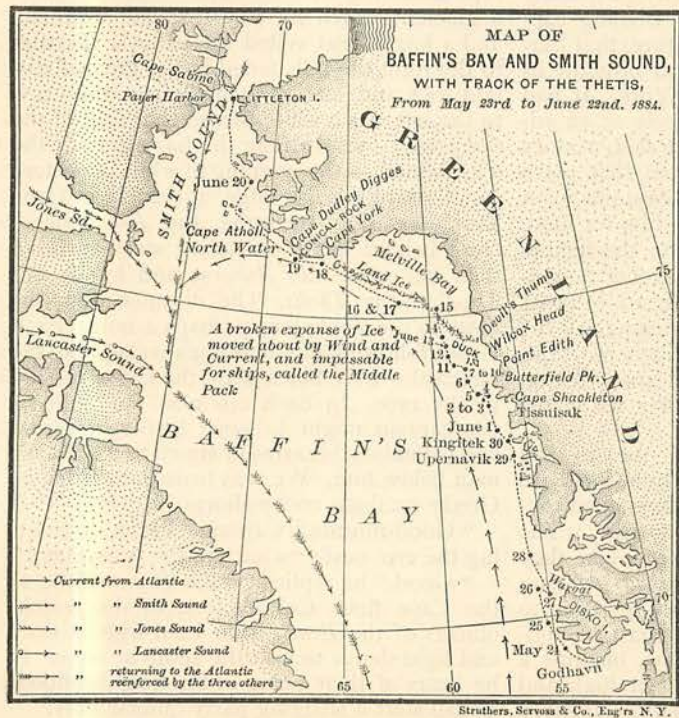
GREELY AT CAPE SABINE.

NOTES BY A MEMBER OF THE RELIEF EXPEDITION.

EARLY in the morning of June 18, 1884, the Greely Relief ships *Thetis* and *Bear*, in company with the whalers *Aurora* and *Wolf*, passed the last floe in Melville Bay and pushed into the "North Water" towards Cape York. From Godhavn to Hare Island, among the bergs off the Waigat, at Upernavik, through the island passages to Kingitek, in the pack, at the Duck Islands, slowly winding and twisting through the narrow leads, or racing at full speed through the broader channels, with many a shock and many a bruise, often repulsed by the ice, but always hopeful, we had struggled for twenty days against tremendous obstacles, and at last found ourselves within sight of the bold

headland called Cape York, which is only two hundred and fifty miles from Upernavik. A study of the diagram on which our course is marked will explain why it required so many days to traverse these few miles. In that part of Baffin's Bay which lies in the immediate vicinity of Cape York, the opposing forces of three strong currents meet, one setting to the southward through Smith Sound, and bringing with it immense fields of ice from the Polar Ocean and bergs from the northern glaciers; a second setting to the eastward through Jones Sound, while the third, starting on the eastern coast of Greenland, rounds Cape Farewell and forms a loop in Baffin's Bay. Repeated observations have

demonstrated that the right branch of this loop keeps close to the Greenland shores, sweeps round to the westward in Melville Bay, and meeting the Smith and Jones Sound currents, returns close by the Labrador coast. The eddy that forms where these three currents meet is generally free from ice, and is known among whalers as the North Water. The floating ice that these currents gather and carry with them is swirled about between the two branches of the loop and forms what is known as the "Middle Pack." It is almost impassable, as well as exceedingly dangerous. Now in all the tidal bays and fiords of the Arctic Seas a fringe of ice remains fast to the shore, like a shelf at low water, and joined to the floe, or traveling ice, at high water. It varies in width according



to the character of the shore and the thickness of the ice. The ebb and flood tides alternately clear and fill the bays with the detached floes, while the "ice-foot" remains fast and affords a path from place to place which the treacherous floe oftentimes forbids. This same phenomenon exists in the broader waters of Baffin's Bay. Clinging to the shores of Greenland is this fringe, known also as the Land Ice, and varying in width from one to fifty miles. The power of tide and current silently moves the Middle Pack from and towards this Land Ice, leaving a narrow strip of open water between them, known to Arctic cruisers as "a lead." At times the leads are a mile in width, oftener but a hundred yards, and, at times, barely as wide as the ship. It was through these narrow channels that the Relief Squadron had picked its way, using steam to push the ice aside and torpedoes to widen the path, when the leads were obstructed or narrowed.

The reward of twenty-five thousand dollars that Congress had offered for the first information of Greely had incited the whalers to take risks that they otherwise would have shunned. They had expressed a determination to strive for it, and were ever on the alert for a chance to creep northward. The Relief Squadron was determined, on its part, that the whalers should not secure the first information, and were equally zealous in pushing northward. It was this rivalry (a friendly one, for our relations with the whaling captains were of the pleasantest nature) that hurried us across Melville Bay and brought us together within sight of Cape York. It had been thought possible that Greely or an advance party might be there. In fact, a story was current, which a native from that place had told one of the whaling captains, of a white man who had come to him for food, offering a gun in exchange. On the remote chance of this being true, the Relief Squadron hoisted flags at each mast-head, in order that any party on shore might distinguish the United States ships from the others. Thus decorated, we raced across the North Water, each vessel straining every power to be the first at Cape York.

My morning watch called me to the "Crow's Nest." The officer whom I was to relieve met me at the cross-trees, and described the situation in a few words. "The ships cheered the North Water when they passed the floe," he said; "the *Bear* is racing the *Wolf* for the cape; a search party is to land at once and explore the coast. Good-morning." For the Crow's Nest, imagine a stoutly built barrel nearly six feet high and three feet in diameter, bound with heavy iron

hoops, a seat and two foot-rests on the inside, with an elliptical opening in the bottom large enough to admit your shoulders with a squeeze, and when you have passed in, closed with a hinged lid. A buggy-top arrangement opposes the wind and snow, and a light circular railing shouldered out from the upper edge affords a rest for the outer end of the long telescope. The outside is painted black, and it is secured with stout iron bands to the mast-head, one hundred and ten feet above the water's edge. Here the captain, pilot, or officer of the deck sits and directs the course of the ship by a system of signals to the man at the wheel. When stopped by the ice, a lookout spends his watch with an eye at the telescope, searching in all directions for a lead.

I mounted the last ladder and rapped on the lid. Captain Schley, by means of a small line, pulled up the lid, stepping on the two foot-rests to permit me to enter. I squeezed through, and closed the lid again. It was a tight fit for two persons, so I sat on the edge and leaned out on the railing for support. Before me lay Cape York, a rugged headland, seamed with white lines of snow and ice. Its contour, seen as we approached, was regular, as we were too far away to see the deep ravines that scarred its surface or to notice that shadows filled in the jagged outline. To the right was a bay, smooth and shining with its covering of white; high hills encircled it, their tops glistening with icy caps; here and there a glacier pushed its way through a ravine, and a heavy mist veiled the valleys. Farther to the right the hills faded in the gray of distant rock and ice. Stretching from the Cape to the left was a white thread that told of the floe edge; over it hung the hazy gray of the "ice-blink,"—the warning of what lay before us. Toward this floe edge, at the foot of Cape York, we were steaming, the *Bear* ahead, close behind her the whaling steamer *Wolf*, then her mate the *Aurora*, and finally our flag-ship, the *Thetis*. The distance from the *Bear* to the *Thetis* was perhaps a mile. Each vessel followed in the other's wake, and the fore-castles were black with the crews excited by the race. In each cro' nest the figure of the captain might be seen leaning far out, and extending his arms in signal to the helmsman below him. We may learn something of Greely on those rocky shores.

"Good-morning, Captain," I said, on entering the cro' nest; "what are the prospects?"

"Good," he replied; "the *Bear* will be at the Cape first. Colwell (one of the watch-officers of the *Bear*) is to land with a dory and light sledge to visit the shore at once. If he hears of their being in the neighborhood, I shall start a sledging party immediately."

A sledge loaded with ten days' provisions for four men and six dogs was ready on deck for such an emergency. Details had been made for the party, and at a moment's notice they could have started.

In a few words Captain Schley gave me an inkling of his plans: "If the whalers show a disposition to push on, I'll send the *Bear* after them while I pick up Colwell and keep in to the land. If the whalers stay with us, we will go up the coast together."

A word in explanation: From Cape York to Littleton Island there are two routes, one close in shore, the other up the center of Smith Sound. The whalers could have slipped out of sight to the westward, bound apparently for Lancaster Sound, and then could have turned up this middle passage, and gone directly to Littleton Island while we were scanning the coast, which it was our bounden duty to do. It was a question with the whalers whether to try for the \$25,000 reward, or take advantage of their early arrival on the fishing-grounds. The reward was equivalent to several good whales, and might induce them to take the greater risks of Smith Sound.

Meanwhile we approached Cape York. The distances shortened. The *Bear* reached the floe; black objects appeared on the ice, which our strong glass told us to be Colwell and his party dragging their boat toward the open water immediately off the Cape. The *Wolf* simply touched her nose to the ice, as if saluting the headland, then turned, and was off to the westward. The *Bear* steamed out to the eastward and tried a narrow lead that promised to carry her closer in shore. The *Aurora*, to our surprise, lowered a boat, and her captain was rowed toward us. While he was pulling over to us, the captain and I descended from the cro' nest. I welcomed Captain Fairweather, a red-faced, honest-looking Scotchman, as he came over the side, and escorted him to Captain Schley. "There lies your path, Captain," the whaler said; "keep close to the land! Mine lies yonder," he added, pointing to the south-west. "Good luck to ye, and God grant that ye may find the poor fellows alive and well!" A word of thanks for his kind visit, a grasp of his hand, and he was off.

Then the question arose,— "What are the intentions of the whalers?" Their pretensions are for Lancaster Sound. In two hours they will be out of sight and able to turn toward Littleton Island. There seemed but one thing to do— follow them! Signaling to the *Bear* to come over to us, Captain Schley instructed them to "take the middle passage; leave records at Cape Parry, and wait for us

at Littleton Island." Captain Emory waved his "Aye! aye!" from his cro' nest, and turned to the westward in pursuit of the black smoke of the *Aurora*, that was already on the horizon.

We turned our attention to Colwell, who could not be seen from the deck; but the lookout in the cro' nest soon discovered him, and indicated the direction the ship should take to intercept him. He had not yet reached the shore. We steamed around and approached the group that had halted for some reason. The word came down from the nest: "There is a native with him!" All glasses were at once turned upon the party. We could see the dory hauled up on the floe, and the men gathered about a native, who stood beside his sled in a frightened, undecided attitude. In a few moments the *Thetis* was near them. Colwell reported that he had learned by signs that no white men were in the neighborhood. The native was questioned again, and fed; we loaded his sledge with a generous supply of salt meat and bread, and then allowed him to go. He snapped his whip to arouse his sleeping team of dogs, untangled their traces, started them off on a good gallop, then sprang upon his sledge and disappeared behind the hummocks.

We started northward again, having taken on Colwell and his party, and kept close to the shore. We reached Conical Rock at three in the afternoon, and deposited a record on its western end. Arctic postal arrangements require the correspondent to seal his letter in a bottle and then place it in a cone-shaped pile of rocks on some prominent cliff or peak. It is customary to plant a flag or a stick in the top of the cone, so as to attract the attention of passing ships. This is what is known as a *cairn*. When provisions are stored under a pile of rocks, it is called a *cache*.

An attempt to find a lead at midnight resulted in failure, and we put back to our old moorings. At noon of the 19th we tried again, and with great difficulty forced our way through the heavy but soft ice that lay off the Petowik Glacier and Cape Atholl. Midnight found us at Wolstenholme Island, where we left a record, and then visited Saunders' Island. There the natives knew nothing of white men, save a story, more or less legendary, that was supposed by us to refer to Captain Hall and the *Polaris*. Cape Parry was reached about noon of the 20th, and we left a cairn and record there. We had carefully scanned the coast for any traces of life, but nothing had been discovered. We passed Northumberland and Hakluyt islands at evening-time, and finally, on the morning of the 21st, reached Littleton Island and made fast to an iceberg within two hun-

dred yards of the shore. The *Bear* had not yet arrived. The Beebe cache of 1882 was visited and found intact; therefore, Greely must be somewhere between Cape Sabine and Fort Conger, and the prospects for his safety became a subject of grave comment. His orders required him to abandon his station at Fort Conger not later than September, 1883. Provisions had been promised him to fall back upon. But the utter failure of the *Proteus* to fulfill her mission made Greely's obedience to orders a retreat to death. Reflecting on these facts, we hoped that Greely had remained at Conger.

The above, as also what follows, is a condensation of the entries in my journal (written from day to day) of what I saw and of conversations had by me with members of the rescued party.

#### THE FIRST TIDINGS OF GREELY.

LITTLETON ISLAND is the largest of a group of islands that lie in a small indentation of Smith Sound, known as Life Boat Cove. It is simply a granite rock, about two miles in circumference and one hundred feet high. Its sides are precipitous; its top is flat. From its position at the junction of Smith Sound and Kane Basin, it has always been considered an important point in Arctic exploration. It is usual to cross over to the western shore from here; and a depot of provisions is generally deposited before any further advance is made. A channel half a mile wide separates its eastern side from the mainland; lying off its western and south-western side is a much smaller island, known as McGary Island. A channel of two hundred yards width separates the two. There is considerable rise and fall of tide, and the current in these channels runs very swiftly. When we were there, the report of a gun would start thousands of eider-ducks from their nests on McGary Island. The shooting was easy, except that we found it difficult to penetrate their thick shield of feathers and down with our small shot. They flew in pairs. The male black and white, with a greenish-gold patch over the ear; the female mottled brown. They make their nests among the rocks by scratching a hole in the gravel and lining it with the down from their breasts. They lay from one to four eggs, green in color. We tried the eggs both boiled and fried, and found them quite palatable. The ducks themselves, when skinned, were delicious.

The *Thetis* had been moored to a grounded iceberg just north of McGary Island, so that the view to the south was cut off from the deck. Nothing was to be learned of Greely

on this side of Smith Sound, and we were anxious to push on. The sound was nearly clear of ice, the wind favorable, though increasing in force. Hunting, nesting, and rambling had grown monotonous; but still the *Bear* did not come. A gale was threatening, so it was decided to run over to Cape Sabine. The time for starting was set at 1 P. M. Sunday, the 22d. A record was left on the top of McGary Island, directing the *Bear* to come over at once; the fires were spread, and the line that held us to the berg was singled; we were ready to start. Two men had obtained permission to pick up the bodies of some ducks that were seen on the ice-foot on Littleton Island. They were returning in the dory, sculling across the mouth of the narrow channel, when one of them suddenly shouted: "There's the *Bear*!" The excitement warranted a trip to the cro'nest, so I mounted as quickly as I could. Two or three minutes passed, and then the little black nest at the *Bear's* foremast-head slowly crept over the edge of the island; then her mainmast and mizzenmast heads, with the ensign and pennant flying, assured me beyond doubt that it was the *Bear*. She soon made fast. Captain Emory came on board, reported, and returned to his ship, and by 2:30 we were bound across Smith Sound under sail and steam, with a gale of wind behind us. We had occasionally to dodge a piece of floe, but on the whole the run across was uneventful. It is thirty-five miles to Payer Harbor; we reached it at 6:30, and made fast to the edge of the ice that filled the harbor from Brevoort Island to Cape Sabine. Payer Harbor is a little bay opening to the northward, two miles long by three wide in its widest part. It is bounded on the east by Brevoort Island, a conical mass of black rock about five hundred to six hundred feet high, and perhaps three miles in circumference at its base; a narrow strait, through which the tide ran sufficiently strong to keep it generally clear of ice, separated it from Stalknecht Island, a low-lying rock bounding the bay on the south; to the westward was a high range of hills, with occasional ravines filled with glaciers, the outcroppings of the ice-cap that covers their top. These hills terminated at their northern end in the point known as Cape Sabine.

There was a cairn on the top of Brevoort Island; we saw it as we approached; our ice-pilot had visited the harbor before in the *Neptune*, in 1882, and told us of another cairn on Stalknecht Island, describing its exact location and appearance. Mr. Taunt and I were sitting at the wardroom table hastily writing letters that were to be left here for the *Alert* to carry back with her, when the word

came down the hatch, "Mr. Taunt and Mr. Harlow, you are wanted for duty." We at once went on deck. Taunt was directed to take a party of men and visit the cairn on the top of Brevoort Island; I to visit Stalknecht Island. The rise and fall of the tide had broken up the floe badly, and the northerly winds had piled the ice up in all imaginable shapes. The whole bay was a net-work of tide-channels, over which we had frequently to ferry ourselves on cakes of ice. It was two miles to the island, and an hour's hard tramping. As we approached it, the cairn appeared with something projecting from its top, that struck me as little resembling the oar I was told had been left there. Reaching the ice-foot, we hurried across it and up the smooth sides of the island. In the place of the oar was a long rusty tin case—I knew that it must belong to Greely. My party hunted about the rocks, and soon discovered a bottle, which they brought to me. I broke it eagerly, only to find that it contained a record left by Captain Stephenson of the discovery in 1875, indorsed by Beebe in the *Neptune*, 1882, and by Garlington, 1883. Indorsing on it the visit of the expedition of 1884, I put it in a new bottle, and laid it in the crevice where it had been found. I then turned to the cairn. Removing a few stones from the top, I found several tin boxes, more or less rusted, with their contents scratched on them in rude letters; two wooden cases, a bundle of flags, and a leather sextant-case. Folded and tucked in the side of this case was a leaf from an ordinary note-book, on which was written in lead-pencil:

"October 23, 1883. This cairn contains the original records of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition, the private journal of Lieutenant Lockwood, and a set of photograph negatives. The party are permanently encamped at a point midway between Cape Sabine and Cocked Hat Island. All well.

J. B. Lockwood,  
1st Lieutenant, 23d Infantry."

To unroll the bundle of flags, that contained an American Ensign, a British Jack, the flag of the *Gulnare*, and a masonic emblem, lash the ensign to a pike, run to the top of the hill and signal the news to the ship, was the work of a moment. Dispatching a man with a copy of Lockwood's note, with instructions to make all haste to the ship, I signaled, "Have found Greely records. Send news by man." It was understood, and I returned to the cairn. My observation from the hill-top showed that Stalknecht Island was a rock over which the floe-ice had frequently been forced by tide and gale. That such a place should have been selected for the valuable records seemed strange to me; yet Lockwood

had doubtless used the stones of the Beebe cairn where they were, rather than have the trouble and work of transporting them to a higher point. A few traces of moss and lichens were the only relief to the barren rock; a few papers containing tea, a canvas cover that had probably been on the record bottle, some pieces of the gunwale of a boat with fire-charred ends gave evidence of previous visitors to the spot. I dispatched my men with the smaller boxes, and then visited the hill again to watch the ship. The *Bear* was about to leave for the Greely camp, and the "general recall" was flying from the mast-head for me, so I left the remainder of the records and hurried back across the floe. Several times I fell in up to my waist; once up to my neck, and often jumped as the floe was sinking beneath me. It was an exciting time, but I was nerved with the prospects of the next few hours. I reached the ship, changed my clothes, and was on deck again just as the ship was rounding the Cape and standing up for the Greely camp. Lieutenant Sebree was on the bridge, and I joined him. I learned that Taunt had found a paper in his cairn, written by Greely himself, dated October 21, 1883, which read as follows: "My party is now permanently in camp on the west side of a small neck of land which connects the Wreck Cache Cove and the one to its west, distant about equally from Cape Sabine and Cocked Hat Island. All well." This he sent to Captain Schley by one of his men, who reached the ship about ten minutes before my message was signaled. Captain Schley at once went on board the *Bear*, leaving the *Thetis* to collect the detailed parties.

#### THE RESCUE.

AS SOON as the ships reached Payer Harbor, Lieutenant Colwell was directed to take the *Bear's* steam-launch and visit the Wreck Cache, left by the *Proteus* in July, 1883. He was one of the officers of the unfortunate *Proteus* expedition, and knew the exact location of the cache that was built before the retreat of its survivors. The launch had been supplied with provisions and water for the use of her crew, and had started for Cape Sabine, when a hail from the *Bear* recalled him. Taunt's messenger had arrived and told of the location of Greely's camp. Beef tea, milk, crackers, an alcohol stove, blankets, etc., were hastily thrown in the launch, and he started again, taking with him Chief Engineer Lowe and the two ice-pilots. He was instructed to find out the condition of the party, and tell them that relief was at hand. The *Bear* followed them in a few moments.

The launch whistled frequently as she steamed along, and we knew afterwards that the sound was heard by those who lay in the tent, which was partly blown down. Brainard and Long succeeded in creeping out from under its folds, and crawled to the top of a hill near by, from which was visible the coast towards Cape Sabine. At first nothing was seen by them; and Brainard returned to the tent, telling by the silent despair of his face that "there was no hope." The survivors discussed the probable cause of the noise, and decided that it was the wind blowing over the edge of a tin can. Meanwhile Long crept higher up the hill and watched attentively in the direction from which the sound had apparently come. A small black object met his gaze. It might be a rock, but none had been seen there before. A thin white cloud appeared above it; his ear caught the welcome sound, and the poor fellow knew that relief had come. In the ecstasy of his joy he raised the signal-flag, which the gale had blown down. It was a sad, pitiable object,—the back of a white flannel undershirt, the leg of a pair of drawers, and a piece of blue bunting tacked to an oar. The effort proved too much for him, and he sank exhausted on the rocks. It was enough for the relief party; they saw him, whistled again, and turned in for the shore with all possible speed. Long rose again, and fairly rolled down the hill in his eagerness to meet them. The launch touched the ice-foot, and the relief party hurried towards him. The ice-pilot of the *Bear* reached him first, spoke a word of cheer, and asked him where Greely was. He informed him of the location of the tent and the state of the party. They hurried in the direction indicated, and soon reached the tent, while Mr. Lowe took Long off to the *Bear*.

In reply to our ice-pilot's question, "Is that you, Greely?" a feeble voice responded, "Yes; cut the tent." The pilot whipped out his knife and cut the hind end of the tent open from as high as he could reach to the ground. Through this opening, Colwell entered. The light in the tent (it was 9 o'clock P. M.) was too dim to see plainly what lay before him, but he heard a voice in the farther corner warning him to be careful and not step on Ellison and Connell. He found Greely lying under the folds of the tent, with the fallen poles across his body. Biederbeck was standing; Ellison and Connell lay on either side of the opening, the latter apparently dead. Stepping carefully across their bodies, he dragged Greely out and sat him up. He was so weak that he could barely swallow the crumbs of hard-tack that Colwell gave to him

in the smallest pinches. It was said that Greely first asked the rescuers if we were Englishmen; and on being told that we were his own countrymen, he added, "and I am glad to see you."

Greely told Colwell that Ellison had both hands and feet frozen off, and that Connell was dying; and then began in a rambling way to tell the long tale of suffering and misery that had just ended. Colwell cheered him with the story of the friends who were waiting to carry him home; urged him to lie down and wait patiently; turned to the other poor fellows in the tent, sat them up in their bags, and fed them with cracker and pemmican. A small rubber bottle containing about a quarter of a gill of rum, probably reserved for medical purposes, had been kept hanging in the tent. When the first cheers of the relief party were heard, Biederbeck arose to take it down. He had it in his hand when Colwell entered. He reached over Connell, raised his head, and poured a few drops in his mouth, then divided the remainder equally among his comrades. Connell's last words would doubtless have been, "Let me alone; let me die in peace," had he not been revived by the influence of this rum. As he described his situation to me afterwards, he said he was dead to the waist, all feeling had left him, and he had but an hour or two more of life. "Death had me by the heels, sir, when you gentlemen came and hauled me out by the head" was his description of his plight. Colwell then directed his party to prop up as much of the tent as they could; he built a fire, and set pots of milk and beef tea to warming, carried Brainard and Biederbeck outside of the tent and wrapped clean blankets about them. A large party soon arrived from the *Bear*, Captains Schley and Emory and Doctor Ames among them. They busied themselves in doing all they could to relieve the sufferers. The doctor superintended the administering of the food, allowing only the smallest quantities to be given at a time. The sailors required to be watched. With their pockets full of bread and open cans of pemmican in their hands they would feed the poor fellows surreptitiously. Their hearts were larger than their judgment and experience. As soon as order and system were attained, Captain Schley directed Colwell to signal to the *Thetis* for the photographer, for Doctor Green, more men, blankets, food, etc.

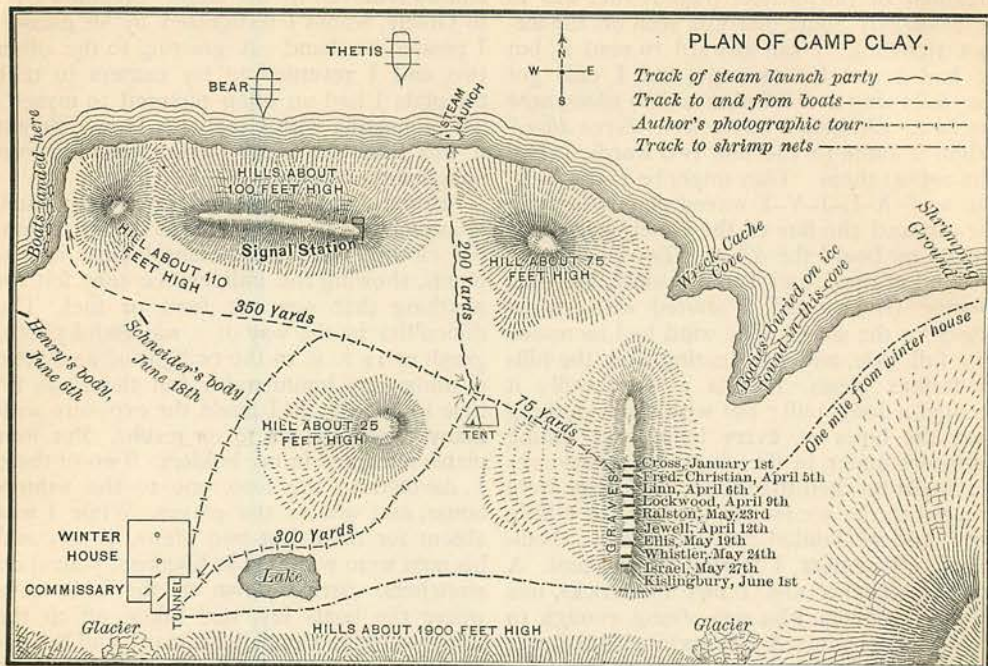
#### ON THE "THETIS."

SEBREE and I had speculated upon the possibilities of the next hour, but little

dreamed of the horrible tragedy that was to be revealed. Some one was seen on the ice-foot signaling. I ran forward to read it, but he had begun his message, and I only got the following: "*Harlow with photograph machine. Doctor with stretchers. Seven alive.*" When it came to the last two words, I had him repeat them. They might be D-E-A-D. But no! A-L-I-V-E waved plainly through the air, and the fate of the Greely party was known on board the *Thetis*. Two boats were lowered at once, and Taunt, Lemly, Melville, Doctor Green, and I started with strong crews for the shore. The wind had increased to a full gale, and was tearing over the hills in furious blasts. It was a *hard* pull; it seemed a long pull; but with water dashing over the bows at every lunge and rolling gunwales under in the short but heavy seas we finally reached the shore. The boats were secured to the ice-foot in the quiet of a little cove, and we landed at Camp Clay. Shouldering my camera, I started for the tent. A few steps farther and I met Fredericks, one of the survivors, who was strong enough to walk to the boats. A clean white blanket was thrown over his head and wrapped about his shoulders. A sailor supported him on either side. His face was black with dirt, and his eyes gleamed with the excitement of relief. What to say to him I did not know. The commonplace "How are you, old fellow?" elicited the reply, "Oh, I am all right"; and I passed on. Turning a little to the left, the tent came in view. To my right, stretched out on the snow-drift, lay one of the dead. His face was covered with a woolen hood, his body with dirty clothes. Hurrying on past a little fire, over which a pot of milk was warming, I came to the tent. One pole was standing, and about it the dirty canvas belied and flapped in the fierce gusts. Brainard and Biederbeck lay outside at the bottom of the tent and a little to the left of the opening, one with his face swollen and rheumy, so that he could barely show by his eyes the wild excitement that filled him; the other muttering in a voice that could scarcely be heard in the howling of the gale his hungry appeal for food. Reaching over, I wiped their faces with my handkerchief, spoke a word of encouragement to them, and then pushed aside the flap of the tent and entered. The view was appalling. Stretched out on the ground in their sleeping-bags lay Greely, Connell, and Ellison, their pinched and hungered faces, their glassy, sunken eyes, their scraggy beards and disheveled hair, their wistful appeals for food, making a picture not to be forgotten. I had time for a glance only; the photograph must be taken and the poor

fellows removed to the ships. Stepping over to Greely, whom I recognized by his glasses, I pressed his hand. A greeting to the other two, and I returned to my camera to take the plate I had so often pictured to myself: "The meeting with Greely!" How different it was from the ideal picture, only my own imagination can know.

Strewn about the ground were empty cans, a barometer case, chronometer boxes, a gun, old clothes, valuable meteorological instruments, showing the indifference they felt for anything that was not food or fuel. The difficulties in the way of a successful photograph at 11 P. M. in the twilight of an Arctic evening were innumerable, but there was no time to be lost; so I made the exposure with many misgivings as to its results. But four plates remained in my holders. Two of these I devoted to the tent, one to the winter-house, and one to the graves. While I was absent for these last two views, Greely and his men were wrapped in blankets, placed on stretchers, carried down to the little cove where the boats lay, and taken off to the ships—Greely, Connell, Brainard, and Biederbeck to the *Thetis*; Fredericks and Ellison to the *Bear*. The living having been attended to, our next duty lay with the dead. Placing my camera on the rocks near the tent, I joined Captain Emory and Colwell, who, with a party of men, had been directed to disinter the bodies. On a piece of canvas cut from the tent I drew a diagram of the graves, numbering each one from the right facing their heads. This precaution was necessary, in order to avoid any confusion in identifying the remains. With a memorandum of the order in which they had been buried, the name of each one could be appended to its number. By the aid of tin cans and dishes as implements, each body was then uncovered, wrapped in the tent canvas, or some of the new blankets that we had with us, lashed with the tent-cords, numbered according to its place on the diagram, and sent down to the boats on the shoulders of the men. This task finished, and the bodies divided between the boats, the next difficulty was to reach the ships. The gale had increased to a hurricane by this time, and the moment the boats got clear of the land oars became perfectly useless. The ships steamed up as close to us as they dare come; and by alternately drifting and struggling to keep the boats' head to wind, their bows deeply loaded with the dead bodies, shipping gallons of water until it swashed nearly to the thwarts, we finally got alongside. Meanwhile the survivors were under treatment, having their rags removed, and being bathed and fed.



When the dead had been placed on the deck and covered with a tarpaulin, we steamed back to Cape Sabine, and made fast to the floe about 3:30 in the morning. A little later I was dispatched to my cairn on Stalknecht Island, and brought back all the records I had left the night before. The *Bear* revisited Camp Clay and gathered up every vestige of the party that the closest scrutiny could detect. Greely lay in his bunk and talked fluently all through the night. The officers relieved one another in telling him of the events of the past three years, and trying to quiet him. He seemed to realize his nearness to death, and desired to tell all he could about his work, lest some part might be overlooked. His face was emaciated, his cheeks sunken and pale, his form wasted to a shadow. His hair was long, tangled, and unkempt. As he lay partly on his side with head resting on his left hand, his right hand moving restlessly about, one could not look at him unmoved. Had he kept silent, a single glance bespoke the days of misery that he had passed through; but to hear his low, weak voice telling the incidents of the dark days brought tears to the eyes of many of his listeners.

#### CAMP CLAY.

WHILE on my photographic tour I took careful note of the surroundings of the tent.

The site of the camp was on a small promontory, about four miles from Cape Sabine. Greely called it Camp Clay, in honor of a member of the party, a grandson of Henry Clay, who had come with them to Conger, and then returned. The high hills of Payer Harbor, extending around Cape Sabine, back of the camp, were nineteen hundred feet high. An ice cap covered their top, overhanging in many places. In each of the two ravines on either side of the promontory was a glacier. As you faced these hills from the ships, a ridge about one hundred to seventy-five feet high concealed the low level ground of the camp. There were three indentations in the coast: a deep one at the extreme eastern end, a smaller one a little to the west, in which the Wreck Cache was built, and then another at the extreme west; and in this last one the boats landed. To the west of the Wreck Cache Cove was a small round hill about seventy-five feet high. Between it and the ridge was a ravine, at the foot of which the steam-launch landed, and up which the first party ran. The signal-flag was planted on the eastern end of the ridge. On the west side and at the foot of the back hills was the winter house. Near it was the lake, a depression in the rocks that caught the thawings of the glaciers, and which supplied the camp with water, a hole in the ice being kept open for that purpose. The winter house was situated on the lowest ground of the promontory.



From it toward the east there was a gradual rise, terminating in a knoll that ran northward and joined the little hill at the Wreck Cache Cove. To the left it sloped down to the shores of the large cove. The tent was on a small plateau about three hundred yards east of the winter house, and one hundred yards from the knoll. West of it was a slight elevation, perhaps twenty-five feet in height, that sloped down to the lake on one side and towards the ridge on the other. It was up this valley, between this hill and the ridge, that the relief parties came and went to their boats. The graves were on the knoll to the east. The sight for the winter camp was selected because it was near the Wreck Cache, and because there were plenty of small rocks, the moraine of the glacier, with which to build their house.

The winter house was twenty-five feet long by seventeen feet wide, with broad walls made of stones each about six inches in thickness, piled to a height of three feet. Over the top was laid the *Neptune's* whale-boat, upside down, forming a ridge pole; and their canvas tent and sails were stretched across this for a roof. Through the roof were two pipes, which served as chimneys and ventilators. The whole structure was so low that, from the lake, its existence would not have been suspected, were it not for these chimneys; the snow had banked up against the walls and on the roof, so that it resembled a huge drift, more than the dwelling-place of twenty-five men. The entrance was toward the high hills. It was a tunnel after the manner of the Esquimaux, about three feet high, two and a half feet wide, and eighteen feet long, roofed over with canvas. Over its outer end a canvas flap was hung. About eight feet from the entrance was a door across the tunnel, dividing it into two compartments. Another door admitted you into the house. These compartments were necessary, to prevent the inrush of cold air when the door was opened. On entering, it was customary to remain a little while in each one before going farther. The outside corner made by the tunnel and the house proper was walled in and called the commissary. A door from the compartment of the tunnel nearest the house gave admittance to the commissary. There were no windows, and the only source of light was an Esquimaux blubber-lamp, which was lighted about an hour each day. Into this hovel the party moved on November 1, 1883.

Immediately after occurred events of which I learned the following: On June 28, five days after the rescue, Doctor Green was called over to the *Bear* to consult with Doctor Ames in regard to Ellison, who was no

longer expected to live. On the same day Fredericks described to me the scenes of Ellison's terrible suffering, and the narrow escape of the four who attempted to bring up the English meat from Cape Isabella, in November, 1883. The labor of building the winter house made such an inroad upon the few provisions that were left after their long and perilous retreat from Fort Conger, that when they moved in on November 1 they had barely one thousand rations left, and were by no means schooled to the reduced allowances, which were necessary. Under the circumstances, Greely saw his men gradually despairing, and becoming physically and mentally weaker, and he decided that something must be done at once or else abandon themselves to the horrible fate that stared them in the face. The English expedition of 1875-6, under the command of Captain Nares, had left a quantity of beef, several hundred rations, cached at Cape Isabella, about thirty-five miles distant from the camp. This it was determined must be secured. On November 2 Greely detailed Sergeants Rice and Linn and Privates Ellison and Fredericks to make the attempt. They took a sledge, with sleeping-bags and cooking utensils, alcohol, four ounces of meat, and eight ounces of bread for a daily ration, and a little tea. The weather was about thirty-five degrees below zero, the wind biting, and the road over broken floe and through soft snow-drifts. Traveling was slow, and it was three days before they reached the cache and found the meat. They had left their sleeping-bags and cooking utensils several miles back, and traveled the last day with only the sledge and a little tea, intending to eat some of the meat on finding it, and use the barrels for fuel. Loading their sledge, they started to return to their last encampment, full of hope for the future, in view of the glorious life-giving beef which had survived so many Arctic winters. Despite the entreaties of his comrades, Ellison insisted on eating snow. This wet his mittens, which soon froze stiff in the cold wind, and froze his hands also. They hurried along, however, Ellison growing weaker and weaker from the pain of his hands; and when they finally reached their sleeping-bags, his feet were found to be frozen also. They passed a frightful night, with a temperature at thirty degrees below zero, and a suffering comrade who required their unremitting attentions to prevent his freezing to death. They cut off his boots and rubbed his feet for hours, trying to restore the circulation. They had to hurry on with their increased load, Fredericks supporting Ellison, while Rice and Linn tugged away at the sledge. This could last but a little while, for their

strength soon gave out and another halt was necessary. The brave fellows devoted themselves again to their comrade, and when the time came for them to start anew, they had to choose between the life of Ellison or the provisions. Although he begged them to let him die and save their comrades at Camp Clay, brave, heroic man that he was, they decided on trying to get him to camp; so they cached the provisions, leaving one of their guns sticking up for a mark. With their lightened sledge, they struggled on, only to stop again and work on Ellison. Another fearful night. The untold suffering of those hours, who can imagine them? How vain it is for us to attempt to put ourselves in their places, we who shiver if a door is left open! cast down in the snow in that bitter piercing cold, their minds half-crazed with the thought of the future, suffering the pangs of hunger, and hearing the moans of their suffering companion! Tying Ellison to the back of the sledge, they struggled on until the failing of Linn warned them that death was certain for all unless they procured relief; so, creeping into their bags again, they sent Rice ahead alone to obtain help from Camp Clay. It was twenty-six hours before the relief came in the person of Brainard, who had a little tea, and made some warm soup, and a long time afterward that Lockwood and Pavy came up. They hauled Ellison into camp, and found that his feet were frozen beyond any possible hope of restoration, while his fingers and thumbs were gone entirely. Finally hands and feet went away by natural amputation. A spoon was bound to the stump of one of his arms so he could feed himself, and he was cared for all through the dark days with a devotion which bespoke their gratitude to one who had undergone terrible sufferings in their behalf. The care bestowed upon Ellison speaks volumes for the manhood of the party.

Rice's death occurred during an effort to recover the provisions which had been abandoned in order to save Ellison. The few stores with which the party commenced the winter were eked out in daily mouthfuls until April, when the last crumb was reached. Weak and exhausted as they were, what was to be done? There were the abandoned provisions of last November some fifteen miles from the camp, down toward Cape Isabella. Who would, who could, go after them? In the extremity Rice and Fredericks offered to attempt their recovery. It was a perilous feat, this venturing out into the cold with unsteady limbs and aching, stiffened joints, to tramp over miles of broken ice and attempt what four men had failed to accomplish when far stronger than they were. But they saw their

desperate condition, and felt that the lives of their friends in misery depended upon them; so they started out, strong in heart and will. Taking five days' provisions, a sledge, rifle, and hatchet, they bid adieu to their comrades, and for three days wandered about, unable to find any trace of the cache they had left not six months before. The snow had covered it up completely, and in their despairing tramps back and forth where they thought it ought to be, Rice was suddenly taken with a hemorrhage of the bowels, and died in his companion's arms. Poor Fredericks! alone with his dead companion, miles from his cheerless camp, with no hope of recovering the coveted meat, laid the body of Rice in an ice-made grave, and struggled again to find the meat. Finally he staggered into Camp Clay, to greet his anxious comrades with a report that could but add to their despair.

They remained in the winter house until May, 1884, when the thawing of the glacier above them compelled a move to higher ground, where they pitched the tent in which the survivors were found. One or two thicknesses of canvas were spread over the ground, and on this the sleeping-bags of the party were laid. These sleeping-bags were made to accommodate two men, and resembled a large moccasin with the hair on the inside. Could they have been shaken and aired each day, nothing better could be asked for to sleep in; but, as it was, the condensation of their breath and the precipitation of the moisture in the atmosphere froze them to the ground, and made them stiff and uncomfortable. During the day-time they would draw themselves out far enough to sit up, and the frost would gather in thick, white masses in the fur, and melt as soon as they slipped back again into the bags to sleep. There was no warmth save what they got from their bodies. They had nothing to read except the few well-thumbed, torn, and dirty books they had brought with them, and the scraps of newspapers that were wrapped about the stores in the Wreck Cache. From these scraps they learned of the death of President Garfield. Daylight had been growing shorter each day, and complete darkness shut them in early in December. In this condition they lay day after day, seeing their scanty store of provisions growing less and less, knowing that each mouthful was hastening the probabilities of their eventually starving to death. None of the party had washed for nearly eleven months. The dirt and soot had begrimed their features. When asked why they did not wash when they had a chance, they replied: "What was the use?" Greely said he en-

couraged the men to give long talks on the resources of their own countries and states, and to tell the stories of their lives in a simple, straightforward way, and to recount their adventures during the various sledging journeys from Fort Conger. Greely discoursed on all subjects — political, historical, religious, and scientific. The doctor explained the anatomy of the body, the principles of medicine, and gave talks on the nature and effects of poisons and their antidotes. A favorite amusement was to make out the bill of fare that they would order when home again. Tastes varied, and led to discussions; and so the hours and days crept away until, with returning daylight, they could again venture out for an effort to procure game and gather moss.

#### SERVING OUT THE PROVISIONS.

BRAINARD was the commissary of the party. Upon him devolved the task of weighing out the scanty allowances and guarding the stores. Canned food was issued weekly, while bread and pemmican was served out daily. The party was divided into two messes, each with its cook. It was the duty of the cooks to rise at six and prepare the morning meal. Their rising was a signal for all to sit up in their bags and hungrily watch this serving out, lest the temptation should be too great for the cooks to resist. The plates were set around, and the bread and meat equally divided on each. Experience soon taught them to gauge the plates with great accuracy, but dissensions arose, and it was finally arranged that the cooks should do the best they could, and then another man was detailed to hand them around without a chance to see any possible difference in the amount of food on them. Long was the best shot, and a successful hunter; so this duty devolved upon him. He tramped many miles during the spring, and added greatly to their supply of food. One of their most unfortunate accidents was the loss of their Esquimaux Jens Edwards, on April 30th. The assistance of this man was most valuable, for, with his kayak, or native boat, he could recover much of the game that fell in the water; besides, he had the native instinct for hunting the seal. His kayak was caught in the newly formed ice and crushed, and he was drowned. A bear was killed early in April, that required the entire strength of the party to drag to camp, the distance of a mile. They ate every particle of him save hair and bone. Of all the birds that they shot, nothing was wasted that was digestible. The entrails were chopped up for seasoning to the soup. Brainard was the shrimper. For seventy days during the spring he made a

journey past the graves, and a little beyond the large cove, a distance of a mile, to examine the shrimp-nets. These were gunny-sacks, with hoops in their mouths, baited and sunk to the bottom of the bay. As it took twelve to fifteen hundred of these to make a gill, they afforded but little sustenance, especially as they passed through the system undigested. For food, when all their stores had been eaten, they resorted to the moss and lichens that grew among the rocks, and to a broth made by boiling the sealskin, with which they made or repaired their boots. The former contained a small percentage of a gelatinous substance, of considerable nutritive quality. The latter was cut into small squares as large as a thumb-nail, and boiled more for the oil in them than for any nutriment in the skin itself.

In conversation with Greely one morning, I told him of the generous rations we had left at Littleton Island, and said: "Why, Major, when we were calculating on a ration of four pounds per man, you were doubtless figuring on ounces." Before I could qualify my remark, Greely exclaimed, in a voice full of feeling, "Ounces! ounces! we were reckoning on sixteenths of ounces. Scarcely a thing that was not divided in the ounce!" He then told me of the pair of steelyards that had been made out of a piece of wood, with a tin cup and cartridges for the balance. Oftentimes each man's allowance would barely cover the hollow of his hand. He dwelt on the faithfulness of Brainard, to whom he intrusted the stores, and who kept the account religiously to the smallest fraction. He related how each day's expenditure would be posted, and when the balance was struck at the end of the week, how the book would show less provisions on hand than they actually had in store; how he inferred, how he knew that the devoted Brainard would deny himself, rather than have his slender stock balance the other way. Such deeds as these, the sacrifices of Rice and Ellison, their care for their helpless companion, stand out in glowing contrast to the one black spot that Henry made on this record of heroes.

#### THE GRAVES.

WHEN the first man, Cross, died in January, the question arose as to the proper place to bury him. Many were in favor of sinking him in the lake, reasoning, first, that they would all probably die, and that it mattered little what became of them; and secondly, that if relief should come, the relief party would not care to carry back the dead bodies. In fact, Greely expressed a wish to Captain Schley that the remains of his men be



—The Arctic Moon—  
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 G. W. Rice, Associate Editor  
 C. B. Henry, City Editor  
 Assisted by a complete staff.

The Arctic Moon is a semi-monthly newspaper devoted to the dissemination of literature, science and art. This record of events and the development of the material interests of Grinnell Land

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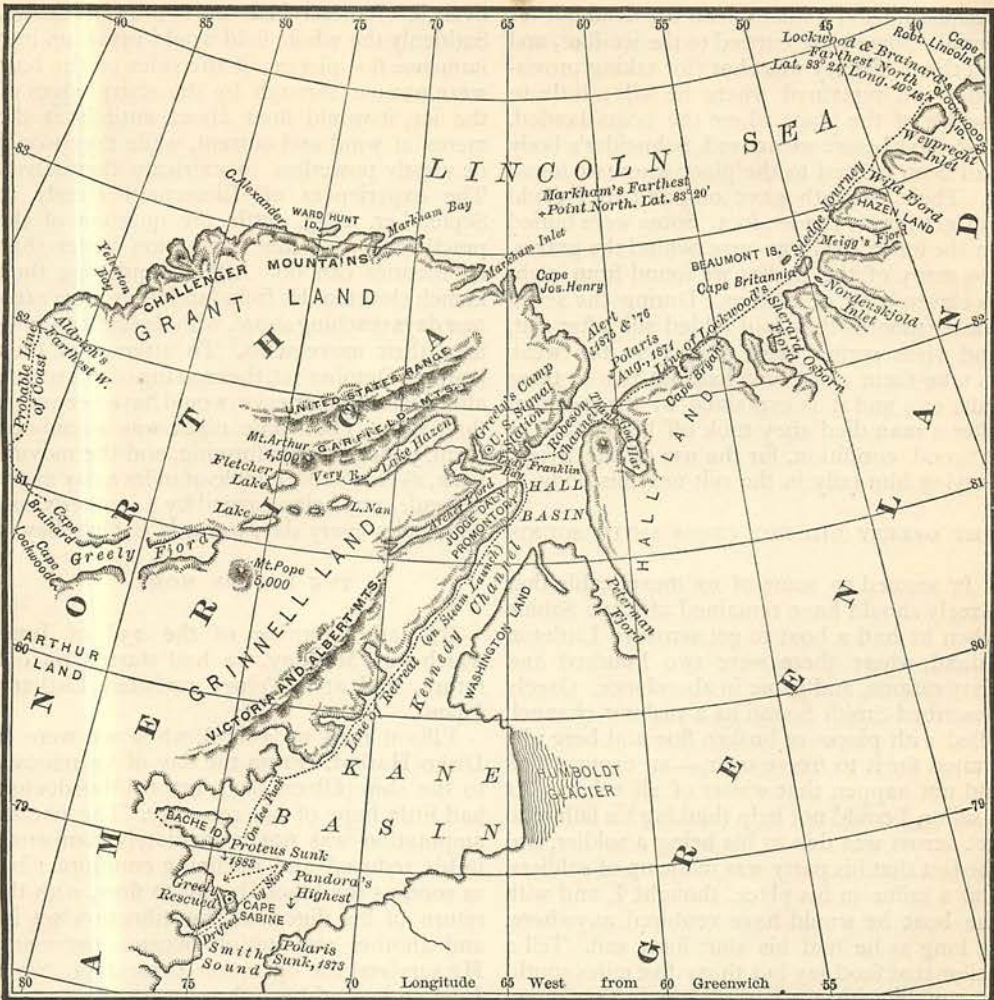
Information wanted of the late Arctic Expedition. It started away from home last July and was last heard from at Alpernivik, Green Land.

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Wanted — a good family horse will buy it cheap or will take for his keeping, or keep for his taking: to be used on good country roads and for family driving. Must be very gentle. — No objections to a government mule.  
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Wanted a Poet for the Arctic Moon. Must be strictly terse, terse and a good speech maker. No tailors need apply.  
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Wanted a humoristic farcical sketch for the Arctic Moon. The present incumbent has suddenly become ill from too close attention.



MAP OF GREELY'S EXPLORATION, DRAWN BY J. W. REDWAY, FOR MONTEITH'S NEW PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY. (A. S. BARNES & CO.)

undisturbed. "They died beneath Arctic skies," he said. "Arctic desolations witnessed their sufferings, heard their cries of anguish. They are buried in Arctic soil; let them lie where they fell. Lockwood told me that he wanted to rest forever on the field of his work. Why disturb them — why not respect their wishes?"

But they decided, after much deliberation, to bury Cross on the knoll, where most of the bodies were found. This spot was chosen because the gravel afforded easy digging; being free from dirt and moisture, it did not freeze, and exposed to the easterly winds as it was, it was generally free of snow. Cross's body was neatly sewed in sacking, buried some distance below the surface, and the grave was outlined with small stones. The other victims received less and less attention, until finally they were scarcely covered. Brainard told me that he could always dis-

tinguish Lockwood's grave as he passed to and from the shrimping-ground. He had been buried in an officer's blouse. The buttons projected above the little mound, and the wind and gravel scoured them so that, as he passed, the sunlight on them would dazzle his eyes. "At first," he said, "it affected me deeply to think, as I passed, of the fate of Lockwood, the leader of our little party which carried the Stars and Stripes beyond the English Jack; but this feeling soon wore away. We had so many other horrible things to think of, I grew indifferent." Indifference to death was a characteristic of the entire party. Starvation blunted their feelings, and doubtless made death welcome to many of them. The first stages were painful; but there came a time when the suffering gave place to quiet, painless sinking away. Two men would be in the same sleeping-bag; one would die, and his comrade lie for hours, with the corpse

beside him, too weak to draw the dead out for burial. Some were carried to the ice-foot, and left there. Henry was shot (for taking provisions) and remained where he fell, a little to the left of the place where the boats landed. Two days before we arrived, Schneider's body had been carried to the place where we found it. Their strength gave out, and they could not get him to the ice-foot. Some were buried on the ice in the large cove behind the graves. On many of the bodies we found from eight to eleven suits of clothes. During the seven winter months they had added suit after suit, and when spring came they were too weak to take them off. Some had but two or three suits on; and it is explained by the fact that after a man died they took off his clothes, if in good condition, for the use of the living, burying him only in the suit next his body.

#### WHY GREELY DID NOT CROSS SMITH SOUND.

It seemed to some of us inexplicable that Greely should have remained at Cape Sabine when he had a boat to get across to Littleton Island, where there were two hundred and sixty rations, and game in abundance. Greely described Smith Sound as a rushing channel, filled with pieces of broken floe and berg; he waited for it to freeze over,—an event which did not happen that winter of all others. As a sailor, I could not help thinking his failure to get across was due to his being a soldier, and the fact that his party was made up of soldiers. Put a sailor in his place, thought I, and with the boat he would have ventured anywhere, so long as he had his shirt for a sail. Tell a sailor that food lay but thirty-five miles southeast of him, that a current set in that direction, and he would have paddled his way across on a cake of ice with a barrel-stave, before he would have remained where almost certain death awaited him; he would not have been deterred from making the attempt, even if it were a choice of deaths. A sailor would have frozen beneath the thwarts before destroying his boat for fuel. But since my return I have talked with Brainard on this subject, and see that my speculations were unjust. He told me of crushing floes, fierce gales of wind, scenes of the wildest description—all these, he admitted, could have been avoided; but the real danger lay in the fact that, as soon as the surface of the sound was still for any length of time, a thin scum of ice formed

over it, often an inch or two in thickness. Suddenly the whole field would break up into immense floe-pieces; if the sides of the boat were not cut through by the sharp edges of the ice, it would float about, entirely at the mercy of wind and current, while they would be utterly powerless to extricate themselves. The experiences of Lieutenant Greely in September, 1883, settle the question of the practicability of this navigation better than all theories can do. After abandoning their launch eleven miles from land, they were *nineteen* days reaching shore, with daylight to facilitate their movements. To attempt at their landing, October 1st, the crossing of this sound, after such an experience, would have been more than rash. The Arctic night was already on them, young ice was forming, and the moving pack, over which a couple of miles a day might be made, was being carried by a southerly current, miles every day, towards Baffin's Bay.

#### THE RETURN HOME.

By early morning of the 23d of June, which was Monday, we had started on our return, and at 8 o'clock revisited Littleton Island.

Ellison died on July 8, while we were at Disko Harbor. From the day of his removal to the ship (fifteen days before) the doctors had little hope of his recovery. The natural amputation was not immediately dangerous in his reduced and declining condition; but as soon as the blood began to flow, with the return of his digestion, mortification set in, and another amputation became necessary. He survived the operation three days. Since June 30 he had been threatened with congestion of the brain, and thereafter lost his mind.

While in Disko Harbor I was walking one day near the fore-castle, and saw Brainard leaning against the ladder and gazing most intently at the shute in which the galley scrapings are emptied. I asked him what he was gazing at. In a most serious manner he turned to me and said: "I have seen enough good food thrown away since I have stood here to have saved the lives of our nineteen dead." And so it was that, in the enjoyment of plenty and a fair run of luck, we reached St. Johns, Newfoundland, on Thursday, July 17, and started the news of the expedition flying over the telegraph-wires of the civilized world.

*Charles H. Harlow.*

*Ensign U. S. N.*