

## MY LADY'S COUSIN.



H, Gurston towers grim and grey,  
Upstarting from the heather brae !  
I greet you whistling on my way,  
Whistling as I go.

The sunlight flashes on your pile,  
The green boughs break its golden smile,  
The stream runs rippling past the while—  
Rippling soft and low.

I see the garden wall, the door  
All lapt and wrapt in ivy o'er ;  
My lady's cousin, Francis Gore,  
May enter there full bold.

I see the sisters, tall and straight  
As two twin poplars at the gate—  
Queen Maud with looks as dark as hate,  
And Lilian's clustering gold.

I see the wee half-sister too,  
Her bonny eyes of harebell-blue  
Full often tear-mists shining through,  
And none to take her side.

Poor child ! she found her knight at  
last,  
And knew the long sad hours were past  
When on his heart, full firm and fast,  
Frank clasped his promised bride.

But hark ! what stirs the sisters tall ?  
What passionate anger shakes the hall ?  
A locket on the floor let fall,  
And which shall claim the prize ?

A man's crisp curl it doth enfold,  
"To my heart's love" in letters gold.  
And who has won that love untold ?  
Maud speaks of tender sighs,

But Lilian tells of hand-clasps long ;  
And bitter grows the wrath, and strong—  
A storm of jealous strife ;  
When to the twain Frank gently leads  
His shy sweet love, and smiling pleads—  
"Kind cousins, greet my wife."

THEO. GIFT.

## A DECADE OF ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

BY A LATE EXPLORER.



IN all the long annals of Arctic exploration, there was probably never a duller time than in the year of grace 1864. The old North Sea sailings were over and almost forgotten, and nothing new had taken their place. A generation had arisen who were only dimly conscious of what was meant by the grand old searches for the North-east and North-west Passages "to Cathay and Cipango"—to India, China, and Japan ; to whom

Parry, and Ross, and Franklin were only names, and to whom the noble story of the seeking for our lost admiral was as vague a tale as the then far-off Crimean war.

The North-west Passage had been discovered by Maclure and his men passing across the frozen strait. Franklin's expedition—or all that then remained of it—had been discovered in dreary King William's Land, and with M'Clintock ended the last of the English voyages in quest of discovery or on philanthropy bent. Denmark was in the midst of war, though, with the exception of maintaining colonies on the bleak shores of Greenland, it is little that she

has done for Arctic discovery. Germany had not then a navy, and Petermann was only hoping against hope in Gotha that some day the Fatherland might also share in the gallant deeds that had been done in the far North. America was steeped in blood, contending for a national existence. Kane was dead, and Hayes just home from Smith's Sound, but with no time to tell his tale, or listeners to attend to it—all was quiet along the Arctic Potomac.

England, which alone of all countries was most capable of following up the discoveries that she had chiefly made, held aloof. With a huge fleet and a large complement of men and officers lying idle, crossing top-yards, holy-stoning decks, and "making it" so and so, she lay sleeping on her oars—refulgent in foreign eyes from the laurels she had won in days gone by, rather than from what she was then contending for. One man—and one alone—stood and cried in the wilderness, with a loud and plaintive voice, for more ships and more men under the Union Jack in the Arctic seas ; and that man was Sherard Osborn—captain then, admiral now. Year after year in the Geographical Society he delivered one of his eloquent appeals for the resumption of Arctic exploration. But he spoke to dull ears. There was no popular enthusiasm on the matter. A committee was, of course, appointed. The committee—as committees do—prepared a memorial ; the memorial was presented to a minister whose thoughts were not as their thoughts. He only heeded "swingeing" majorities and a large surplus, and in due time the committee had to report, with a long face, that they had either got a polite refusal, that insurmountable conditions were attached to a

problematical assent, that they were promised an expedition—not when the Greek Kalends came, but—when “our ship comes home,” or that they had been laughed out of the august presence of the Imperial Chancellor of the Exchequer with a jest worthy of the Fellows’ table in a Cambridge College, and just good enough to raise a guffaw in the Australian bush. To be in earnest was vulgar; enthusiasm was voted unfashionable, and sentiment, by the brainless portion of the world and their admirers, was pronounced “bad form.” Meanwhile those who had once shared in these famous exploits within the Arctic Circle were dropping one by one into that cheerless darkness known as the “retired list.” Lieutenants bloomed into captains, captains became admirals, and admirals grew old and grey and obese; but still there was no Arctic expedition in Baffin’s Bay, and one “leading journal” as regularly led public opinion by following the beaten track, in pooh-poohing the whole affair, and with wearisome reiteration pointed out, with Pecksniffian philanthropy, how wrong it would be to send valuable men and ships to be lost in the North Sea, and to spend a few thousand pounds out of a revenue of seventy millions for the advancement of geographical knowledge, the training of our seamen, and the glory of the English name in the history of maritime discovery.

During the last ten years, though our whalers have been allowed to plough the Northern seas alone, Arctic exploration has not been idle. Other nations have stepped in, and reaped the harvest into the possession of which we were born, as into a birthright, but were too apathetic to gather. Leaving out of account the early voyages of Othere, the brothers Zeno, and other problematical navigators, Arctic exploration, so far as its objects are concerned, may be divided into four classes:—1st, the voyages in search of a North-east Passage to India; 2nd, the voyages in search of a North-west Passage, the last of which was Franklin’s; 3rd, the voyages in search of Sir John Franklin, which terminated with the *Fox* expedition under Captain (now Admiral Sir Leopold) M’Clintock; and, 4th, voyages undertaken purely for geographical and general scientific discovery. All those of the last ten or twelve years have been of this nature. Let us briefly recount them, or at least the chief of them. Every one knows the history of Kane’s expedition—their two winters in Smith’s Sound under great privations, and their escape south in their boats to the Danish settlement of Upernavik in Greenland. Of this expedition Dr. I. I. Hayes was the surgeon; of its inner life the outside world knows little except from Kane’s own florid narrative, but if Greenland gossip is to be believed it was anything but pleasant. Ill-managed, ill-devised, ill-manned, and ill-found, the result even under pleasant circumstances could not have been good; but when trials brought out the true character of its members, the result was pitiable in the extreme. Suffice it to say that, by means of private subscriptions, Dr. Hayes in 1860 managed to get afloat in a small schooner—the *United States*, of 133 tons—with a crew of his own selection. Whether the Greenland joke that they were all officers without a *seaman*

being amongst them is true or not, we have their commander’s own word that they worked harmoniously enough, and the result, if perhaps not so great as the learned doctor would have us to believe, was sufficient at least to gain the marked esteem of the Royal Geographical Society, and cause the expedition to be remembered in the annals of Northern enterprise. The vessel was so heavily laden that in crossing the Atlantic it was never more than eighteen inches out of the water. It was assailed by the high winds that blow round Cape Farewell, and the wonder is that the little vessel did not go to the bottom in the stormy weather which prevails at the Davis’ Strait gateway to the Arctic regions. In passing Cape York he found Hans, the Danish-Greenland Eskimo dog driver, who (all for the love of Shanghu’s pretty daughter) had deserted Kane’s expedition, and remained behind among the wild Eskimo of Smith’s Sound. For years he had pitched his camp here, waiting and waiting in hope that Kane, who was then lying in the Havanah Cemetery, or a whaler might touch there and take him off from among his wild associates, of whom he was then thoroughly tired. Hayes took him, his wife, and child along with him, and though we dare say Hans was no better than he should be, Dr. Hayes throughout his narrative betrays a most unaccountable dislike of the lad, and accuses him of every crime, including that of being concerned in the death of Mr. Sontag, one of the members of the expedition, who fell through an opening in the ice. It was whilst attempting a sledge journey to the Eskimo settlements, during the long dismal Arctic night, when the white bear and, it may be, an owl or other bird of prey are about the only animals stirring, that this admirable officer lost his life.

After being repeatedly driven out of that “gateway to the unknown regions”—Smith’s Sound—and getting his vessel injured by collision with an iceberg, he anchored in Port Foulke, twenty miles south of where Dr. Kane did—in lat.  $78^{\circ} 17'$ —though by the irregular coast-line they were distant more than ninety miles from Rensselaer Harbour, so familiar to every reader of Kane’s narrative. Here he wintered, and was soon visited by his old friends the Eskimo, who were now much decreased in numbers. There were scarcely 100 of them. Kane’s ship had apparently sunk, after being cleared of everything by the natives, though regarding her fate they told rather contradictory stories. They found abundance of reindeer, and only once experienced (in the month of March) cold as low as  $-69^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit. In the early spring, dragging sledges after them, they crossed the strait, and roughly sketched out the coast to about lat.  $81^{\circ} 30'$ , to a point now marked on the map as Cape Lieber. On the 10th of July the vessel broke out of the ice, and finding that to attempt further exploration in such a craft might lead to a repetition of Kane’s disasters, or worse, their course was directed homeward, where, without much incident, they arrived, only to find the country in the midst of war. In this gigantic struggle most of the members were afterwards engaged, and it was not until 1866 that the narrative of the expedition was published. It



(Drawn by J. WOLF.)

DESOLATION.—A SCENE IN GREENLAND.

"A DECADE OF ARCTIC EXPLORATION" (see page 173).

was an entertaining work, but to a geographer most unsatisfactory. Everything seems to have been sacrificed to a silly striving after effect, and the "hifalutin" which seems to be the curse of all Transatlantic Arctic explorers saturates every line of what is otherwise a really meritorious literary production.

The Swedes had never done anything for Arctic exploration. But in 1858 they resolved to thoroughly explore the group of islands known as Spitzbergen. This had been visited from an early period, and was very familiar to the whalers; indeed, about 300 years ago the Dutch had a blubber-boiling village, called Smeerenberg, erected on the shores of one of the bays, which then abounded in whales. These have now deserted the coast, and with the exception of some Norwegian and Russian walrus-hunters, who winter on the island, it is little visited.

Accordingly, in 1858, Professor Otto Torrell explored the western shores at his own expense, and almost every year thoroughly equipped expeditions, with large staffs of scientific men, have been either exploring these islands, or attempting to penetrate to the north from them as a basis. In 1861 an expedition consisting of two vessels visited the western and northern shores. The result of their researches was a topographical map of the island, and the measurement of an arc of the meridian, besides many valuable natural history collections. In 1864 an expedition, also at the public expense, explored the southern portion, under the direction of Professor Nordenskjöld. In 1868 still another expedition went to the north at public expense, the funds being collected in a few days in Gothenberg. To show how thoroughly it was equipped it may be mentioned that two geologists, three zoologists, two botanists, four physicists, a physician, besides naval officers, a conservator, and six dredgers, accompanied it. On this occasion they reached the latitude of  $81^{\circ} 42'$ , but found none of the rumoured open water which is said to exist in the north. No one has ever yet reached so far as Parry, but unlike Parry they have added by their scientific researches to the sum of human knowledge, and the mere failure of the topographical aims of the expedition is therefore the less noticed. They were *truly* geographical expeditions, not mere attempts to lengthen a streak on a map. During 1872-73 Nordenskjöld again attempted to reach the high north, but without any very marked success. The result of these Swedish expeditions is that the scientific history of Spitzbergen is probably more accurately known than that of many portions of Sweden itself. They were models of what a geographical exploration should be—not "Hamlet" with Hamlet's part omitted—scientific expeditions without science.

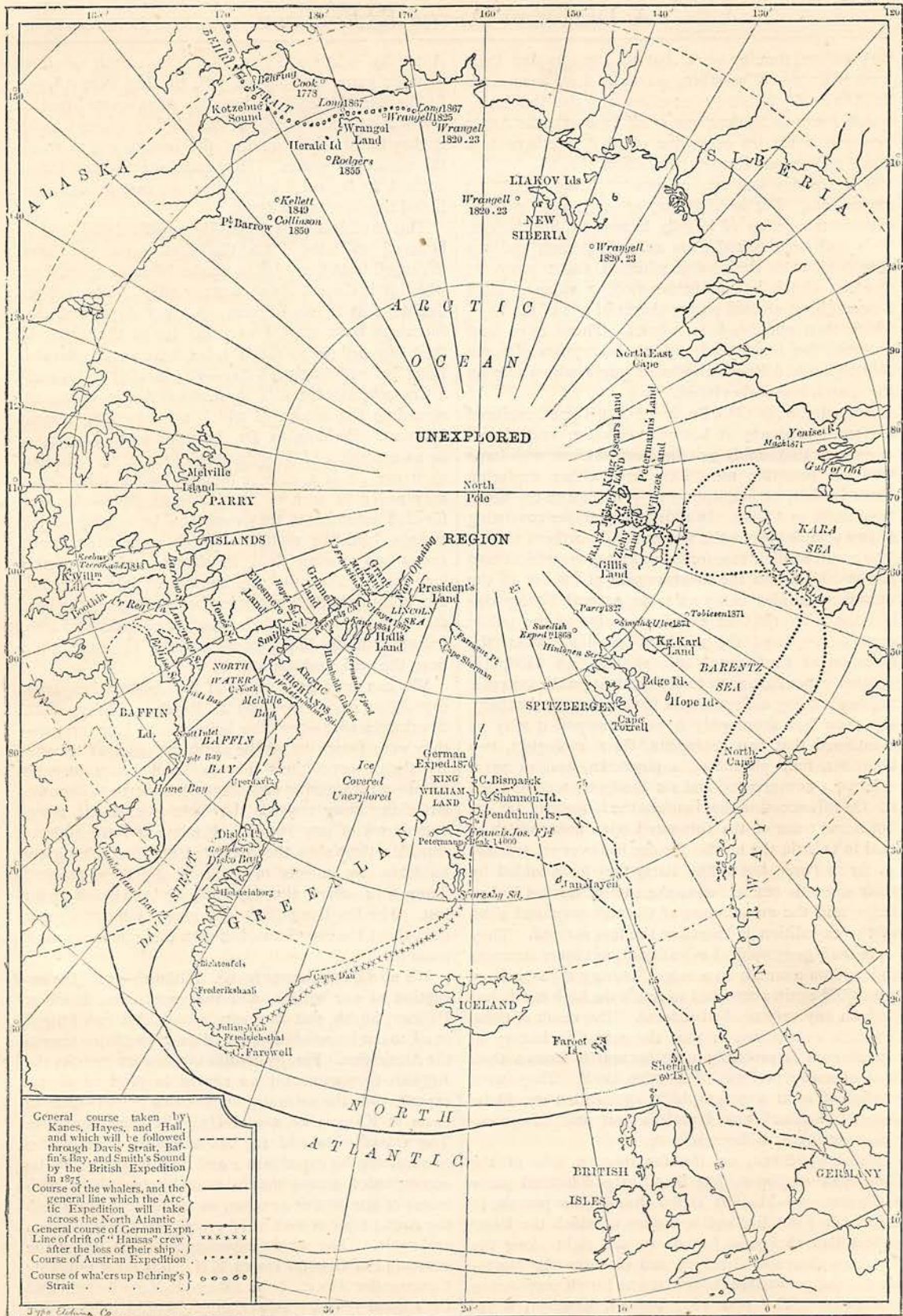
Behring's Strait, on the far western side of the American continent, has been little disturbed since Collinson and Maclure sailed through its portals in search of Franklin, and by means of which the latter officer had the good fortune to sail right along the northern shores of America, and discover the Northwest Passage, useless though it was for all purposes of navigation. The year 1867 proved, however, a remarkably open season. Captain Long and other

American whalers sailed north in search of their gigantic game to about lat.  $70^{\circ}$ , till they were stopped by the ice. In front of them lay what seemed part or a new Arctic continent, but though they coasted along it they failed, on account of the broken ice, to reach the wished-for shores. They could see peaks and what seemed to be volcanoes, and from certain signs believed that it was inhabited.

This land has been called Wrangell's Land, and is believed to have been the land seen by Baron Wrangell from Cape Jakan on the Siberian coast, from which it is distant about seventy miles. The natives declare that it can be seen on clear days, and that Siberians have started over the ice in the winter in their dog-sledges to reach it, but have never returned. Long before Wrangell's day—viz., in 1645—Deshneff, a Cossack, sighted this mysterious Arctic continent, regarding the nature of which we may long remain ignorant. Perhaps, as Dr. Petermann thinks, it may be an extension of Greenland over the Pole. Be that as it may, it is a strange thought that if inhabited it may never be seen again for generations—that the fur-clad inhabitants may even now be talking of the strange bird-like monsters which were seen seven snows ago moving along its shores, and that after a long period, when the tale has lapsed into the condition of a myth, the mysterious beings may again make their appearance with their wonders of wood and iron, knives, and the black powder which kills the white bear, the seal, and the walrus.

We can only now speak of the Austro-Hungarian expedition, under Lieutenants Payer and Weyprecht. Starting in 1872—the crew being mostly Hungarians—they were frozen in on the northern coast of Siberia. By sledge expeditions they explored Franz Joseph's Land—an extensive continent (?) hitherto unknown, stretching away towards the Pole—and made many discoveries of importance. Finding it impossible to extricate their ship, they deserted her, and after great hardship, by means of their boats they reached Tromsø in safety, after having long been given up for lost. The English public have recently heard a great deal about the expedition, but with this notice we must leave it.

We now come nearer home. Hitherto—with the exception of our whalers and the yachtsmen, Lamont, Palliser, Smith, and Rickarby, who added very little, if at all, to our knowledge—we had no ships all this time in the Arctic Sea. Finally, within the last few months the English Government have agreed to send an Arctic expedition in the present year. Smith's Sound—the old route of Kane, Hayes, and Hall—has been fixed on. The *Bloodhound* and the *Alert* will most likely be selected for the expedition; and they may possibly be accompanied across the Atlantic by transports with stores of one sort or another, so as to send them into the Arctic regions with a full complement of provisions and coals. The whole expedition will be under the command of Captain Nares, R.N.; and most probably Commander Albert H. Markham, R.N., will command the second vessel. All of the crew and officers will also belong to the Royal Navy; and so numerous are



SKETCH MAP OF THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

the volunteers, that it is believed there would be little difficulty in manning the vessel altogether with officers!

The plans of the expedition are not yet settled, but they will most likely be something as follows:—It will leave in June, and after crossing the Atlantic, and coasting along the western shores of Greenland, calling most probably at some of the little Danish settlements, the vessels will cross Melville Bay—a dangerous locality, where numerous whalers have been crushed by the ice—and then push for Smith's Sound. Near the mouth of this strait a depôt of stores will be formed, to fall back upon in case of accident. One of the vessels will be left at a certain point to retreat to in case of disaster, and the other will push as far north as she can. Communication will be kept up between them; and in the spring sledge parties will be sent out to explore as far north as possible—to the Pole if they can. The expedition in any case will return by the autumn of 1876. What can be accomplished must always be purely problematical. The best-found ship, the most skillful command, and the most experienced crew can do nothing in the face of the ice. An ice-floe of a few miles lying in front may frustrate all their plans. On the other hand, if the sea is open, there seems no reason to prevent their sailing as far north as Hall

did, and then, by parties dragging sledges with provisions, &c., after them, traversing the eight degrees which separate them from the Pole. Here, however, the reader should guard against the idea that the empty braggadocio of "reaching the North Pole" is the sole incentive to the expedition. This may be the idea of those who are infected with the Alpine Clubbish vanity of climbing up a mountain, only, like the King of France in the story-book, to come down again and "set the newspapers talking!" But wise men have other things in view: the exploration of some of that 1,131,000 square miles of the world yet unknown, with the hundred problems in its geology, zoology, botany, and meteorology yet unsolved, ought to be the main objects—all others are subsidiary; and it is to be trusted that the Government will make due provision in the equipment of naturalists and other scientific men for accomplishing this. It can only be hoped that before 1876 our gallant countrymen, who are now about to take away our reproach in the eyes of foreign nations—that with all our ships, and all our money, we have let poorer nations cut us out in Arctic discovery—will accomplish the hope of the Matchless Parry, and will, *mutatis mutandis*, perform what Martin Frobisher declared to Queen Elizabeth was "the only thing left in the world whereby a notable mind may be made famous and fortunate."

## CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.



WHATEVER else may remain stationary, fashion certainly does not, and in any prophecy concerning it, one can only be sure that it will show no diminution in the matter of costliness. France, notwithstanding all her misfortunes, seems to have plenty to spend on luxury; and French milliners and dress-makers find such liberal patrons among Americans, who care little what they pay, that prices are likely to go up rather than down—a state of things hus-

bands and fathers may not hear with their proverbial equanimity.

February is a month of hope. We have passed through the worst rigours of winter, and are looking forward to spring; but it has this drawback, that winter clothes begin to look shabby in more brilliant sunshine; so that it behoves one to look about for novelties. Prudent womenkind will have turned the recent sales with which most of the best drapers celebrate the advent of the New Year to profitable account, and so have laid in a stock of good things, at a fair price. Bargains are sweet to the feminine mind, tradition sayeth, and the struggles in the early days of such sales, at the Regent Street and similar

establishments, are better imagined than described. Costly dresses lie in heaps on the floors of some of the upper rooms, while eager purchasers ransack the store with unthinking haste. The counters where ribbons and remnants are to be had, below cost price, are as much besieged, with two and sometimes three rows of well-dressed women, as the Bank of England with both sexes about the time the half-yearly dividends are paid. Perhaps if the drapers followed the same plan as the governors of that highly respectable institution, and classed their customers according to initials, making those bearing the same letter be served together, a little less confusion might ensue. Good things at reduced prices are wise economy and benefit everybody. The shopkeeper is glad to realise his stock, and so prevent loss by deterioration; and customers to whom the very latest novelty is not a necessity are sure to make some desirable purchases. Cheap things, however, are to be avoided. They wear badly, and are a poor investment; but worse than all, in nine cases out of ten, the low price is achieved by grinding down the abject poor, whose absolute want makes them work at the very lowest figure. Tom Hood's "Song of the Shirt" was no myth. His warnings apply to many other overtaxed and hungry mortals besides needlewomen, and in the memorable lines—

"It is not linen you're wearing out,  
But human creatures' lives,"

many other words might be substituted for "linen"