

She stood up before him. "True! Do you mean to say, Alfred, after all that's passed between us, as you are going to be married to some one else?"

"I really don't know what you mean by 'what has passed between us.' You really couldn't think I was going to marry *you*?"

"Why couldn't I?"

"Well, I don't wish to hurt your feelings, but consider the difference in our positions. One walks out with a pretty servant-girl, but one doesn't marry her."

"You are not a gentleman, as you think yourself, Alfred Hill," she said slowly. "You are dressed like one, but you are just a bit of a clerk, not any better than a respectable girl like me; you are not a gentleman. A gentleman doesn't try to take a girl's good name and win her heart as you have done." Mary often wondered she fought her battle as she did; but she seemed to have no feeling then, only to realise that which would come hereafter.

"I'm very sorry that you let yourself fall in love with me," he said, tapping his boot again. "I thought you would have had more pride, at any rate till you were asked."

"More pride! What do you take me for?" she asked, her cheeks flushing crimson. "Do you think I'd go out with one, and talk to him, and let him talk to me as you've done, if I hadn't cared for him? I've too much pride for that, and I shouldn't be fit company for any honest man if I hadn't. And you know as I've liked you, for you made me say it, and you know it; but it isn't you as I like, but the man I took you for, and he isn't here at all."

"Well, I'm sorry you are disappointed in your hope of bettering yourself by marrying above you, and I think, after all you've said, we'd better part."

"The sooner the better;" and she let him go, and then she sat down and almost sobbed her poor foolish heart out, and spent the bitterest hour of her life

beneath the shadow of the trees from which the leaves were falling. Suddenly she looked up for Franky: he was nowhere to be seen. She called him at the top of her voice: no answer came. With a fear that deadened all other feeling she ran to and fro in a wild endeavour to find him. She asked the policeman at the gate: he had not seen him. An hour passed in fruitless search; and then pale with fear, and trembling in every limb, she went home to relate her terrible news. Just as she got to the door, she saw through the gathering shadows Tom Dawlish, and in his arms a little figure, which her heart told her was Master Franky.

"I met this young gentleman as he was running away to be a sailor, and luckily brought him back."

"Running away! Why, how were you going to get to the sea?"

"I was going to walk there," said Franky stoutly.

"You would have killed your poor mamma."

"Mamma," asked Franky Poole the next day, "would it kill you if I ran away to sea?"

"Yes, dear, I think it would."

"Oh! well, then," he answered patronisingly, "I won't."

It was spring time again when Tom Dawlish asked Mary a question once more. He had a good situation, and a prospect of a rise; and he'd always been daft on her; and he wanted to know if she could love him. She looked up with a face that had grown thin and pale, and answered truthfully and simply—

"I don't think as I do now, Tom; but if you like to wait, I think it'll come."

"Bless you!" said Tom; "I'd wait seven years rather nor lose you."

But he had only to wait one. "He's gold, and t'other was gilt," said Mary on her wedding-day; and she was right.

## THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION: ITS AIMS AND ITS DEEDS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD."



from Portsmouth amid the plaudits of thousands,

**N**EARLY two years ago we announced that once more the English flag would float at the topmast of an Arctic-going warship. In May, 1875, the Polar Expedition sailed

and the good wishes of the whole country. In July we heard of it at Disco Island, on the shores of Danish Greenland. We had pictures of the seamen dancing with the Eskimo belles at Godhavn, and read tales—more or less apocryphal—of the sayings and doings of the "Alerts" and "Discoverys" in far-off Hyperborea. Then we were told that it had left Upernivik, and passed Tessiusak—the most northerly abode of civilised man—and last of all, men sanguine of the future, heard with joy that the two ships under Nares and Stephenson had made a wonderful passage through the "middle ice" of Baffin's Bay; and on the 25th July, to the astonishment of the whalers, were sailing in an almost ice-free sea in the "north waters," and bearing up with the best of prospects for Smith's Sound. Since that day until the 29th October all news of the *Alert* and *Discovery* ceased. As the autumn was waning, the expedition returned—not unexpectedly, but yet not altogether looked for—



and told the tale of their successful failure. They had not reached the Pole, because they couldn't; but they had sailed farther north than ever ship yet sailed; and, after toil untold, had planted the British flag on the dreary ice-field which compasses the Pole for 400 miles, nearer to the summit of the globe than ever yet flag has been planted. That they had done this was something for science, and a great deal for national pride to exult over. But they had done more. They had sent out sledge expeditions to the east and to the west. They had doubled the northern point of America; and in Cape Columbia had discovered the Polar termination of that continent which Magellan sailed round in the far South. They had not succeeded in tracing the whole northern coast of Greenland, but they have so far done it. A sledge expedition had shown that the snowy land of Red Erik, the Iclander, terminates not far north of the position wise men had assigned to it. They had made us acquainted with man and life in the far North; and while they told us more substantial facts, they ruthlessly robbed science of some gaudy lies which she had long revelled in. Nares and Markham found no open sea "refulgent in northern sunshine," but a dreary ice-expanse—landless and lifeless—chilly and cheerless—stretching from 82° 27' north latitude to the North Pole. The hazy land which Hall believed he saw far to the northward, and named President Land, is declared to be non-existent—a "Mrs. Harris" in Arctic geography.

These, in a very few words, are the main results claimed for the expedition by the Commander. These are substantial results; and the voice of the country, and most of those capable of forming an opinion, will pronounce them worthy of the labour, money, and lives expended on gaining them. Above all, the expedition has added lustre to the English name, and raised the reputation of England once more to the highest pitch among Arctic navigators. This is something to be proud of, if even the Philistines of science scan too narrowly, in what Shakespeare would have called their "beefwitted" eyes, the profits and the loss of the expedition that *was* in Smith's Sound, and *is* in Portsmouth Harbour. Two months have elapsed since its return. The newspapers have almost exhausted themselves regarding its adventures—few as these were. Sir G. Nares has issued his report, which has been the signal for a fierce attack upon him in the American journals. The illustrated papers have published the usual amount of imaginative sketches; and rather more than the wonted amount of nonsense has been spoken and written regarding the expedition—the North Pole, Sir G. Nares, the Arctic regions; Guy Fawkes, who was burned further north than ever he had yet been martyred; the toes which were frost-bitten; and the Christmas dinner which was eaten; the coal which was found, and the Pole which was not. The Queen has thanked the expedition; the naval journals have praised and abused it; and Mr. Ward Hunt has dined and promoted the explorers. We may therefore save our readers the recapitulation of the oft-told tale, but devote a little space to recapitulate, in the light of more matured information,

what has been the actual gain to human knowledge by the expedition of which so much was expected, and which so many good wishes accompanied to the frozen seas.

On the 29th July, 1875, the expedition entered the portal of Smith's Sound, or at least the long strait which once bore that name, though in reality only the mouth of it is now entitled to the appellation. It was discovered on the 6th July, 1616, by William Baffin; and in honour of the then Governor of the East India Company, was named by him "Sir Thomas Smith his Sound." Nearly two centuries afterwards Ross and Parry saw at a distance this future El Dorado of Arctic navigation; but it was not until 1852 that Admiral Inglefield ran up it a little way. In 1853—55, it was the scene of Dr. Kane's glories and sufferings. He wintered in Rensselaer Harbour, in latitude 78° 37'; and by dint of bad management, bad equipment, a villainous crew—generally in open mutiny—and an unfortunate season, he endured more hardships than he was entitled to expect. The cold was 70° below zero, though the locality was four degrees south of the winter quarters of the *Alert*, which only experienced on one occasion cold two degrees more intense.

In 1860, Dr. Hayes, who had been surgeon of Kane's expedition, renewed the attempt to explore Smith's Sound in the *United States* schooner, manned by a crew of fifteen, and almost as badly found as was Kane's vessel. He was, however, more fortunate, and not only subsisted his men admirably a little south of Kane's winter quarter, but, by aid of his dog-sledges, made a journey of 1,300 miles in sixty days, explored part of the opposite shores—for, like his predecessor, Hayes wintered on the Greenland coast—and claimed to have sighted land in 82°. He had, however, no steam, and therefore failed to accomplish more.

In 1871, Captain Hall sailed in the *Polaris*, fitted out by the United States Congress, to again renew the attempt. He steamed almost without trouble to 82° 16', and wintered in Thank-God Harbour, in latitude 81° 28'. Hall died, and the expedition, which had never been very united, soon became entirely disorganised, and scarcely attempted to do more. To add to their trouble, the ice crushed their vessel, and it was not until after great hardships and risks that the party reached civilisation once more.

After mature deliberation, the English expedition chose Smith's Sound again as the route by which to explore the mysteries of circumpolar lands. The "open water," which raised the hopes of the expedition in Baffin's Bay, soon proved delusive in Smith's Sound. Throughout the whole extent the ice was troublesome, and latterly greatly impeded, and even endangered, navigation. But finally the *Discovery* reached Lady Franklin's Bay on the western shore, and in latitude 81° 44' was laid up for the winter. The *Discovery*, it may be remembered, was the store-ship intended to be fallen back upon in case of disaster, and not really intended to take a very active part in the work of exploration. The *Alert* then proceeded to 82° 20', the highest latitude yet reached by



a ship—an honour hitherto claimed by Hudson, Scoresby, and Buchan. She then went into winter quarters in latitude  $82^{\circ} 27'$ . This was on the 3rd of September. The winter of these high latitudes was now almost on them, and the short remaining space of travelling-weather was occupied with depositing depôts of provisions along the line of route intended to be followed by the northern sledge parties in the spring. Indeed, the expedition might now have returned home, for they had already convinced themselves that further northern navigation was impossible, the long-talked-of Polar Ocean being in reality a vast frozen, rugged plateau, with ice averaging eighty feet in thickness, and frozen throughout unnumbered ages. Winter was passed as winter is usually spent by explorers. Health, exercise, ventilation, and amusement had their allotted times. Scientific observations were attended to by the officers; while there were schools, theatrical performances, lectures, a "newspaper," and the ordinary appliances to "kill time," with which all readers of Arctic narrative must by this time be familiar, as stereotyped features in every expedition, from Parry's to Nares'. The sun was absent for 142 days, though the fine starlit nights, the lovely Arctic moon, and the still more splendid Aurora, or Northern Lights, prevented it from being so greatly missed. We are even told that the time passed rapidly. The cold was great— $72^{\circ}$  below zero being once recorded; and  $56^{\circ}$  below zero for some days; but through the rest of the winter there was a milder climate. We must, however, recollect that these low temperatures are not unsurpassed. Leaving out of account the cold experienced by the American explorers, and by Belcher,  $72^{\circ}$  below zero is recorded by Dr. Rae at Great Bear Lake; while at Jakutsk, in Siberia, as low as  $76^{\circ}$  has been noted. In Montreal very low temperatures—as low even, it is affirmed, as those endured by Nares' expedition—have been observed, and the ordinary winters of Upper Canada are even more Arctic than many of the sea-stations in the Polar Sea. The reader must also remember that the cold indicated by these temperatures is, in reality, not so

severe as the figures would indicate. The thermometer tells the observer that the air is  $40^{\circ}$  or  $50^{\circ}$  below zero; but the air is dry, and unless a wind is blowing, the senses do not inform the traveller that it is so frigid, and it is certainly not so disagreeable as a "miserably cold winter night" might be in much lower latitudes. We, however, say this with no wish to take one leaf from the laurels our gallant countrymen have won, for their frozen fingers are the proofs

that the stern realities of prosaic science meant something more to them than to those who can now so calmly discuss them at their own fireside.

When spring came the sledge parties were sent out. It was soon found that the ice was so rough that little more than a mile a day could be made by men who had to drag a heavily-laden sledge behind them; and that at this rate, before the expedition could reach the Pole and return, winter would be on them, and summer back again. After reaching latitude  $83^{\circ} 20' 26''$  north, Captain Markham, who headed the Polar party, therefore wisely determined to halt for the present. He had now attained the highest latitude ever gained by man. He had not reached within 400 miles of the Pole, but he had surpassed the efforts of the matchless Parry. Another sledge party, under Lieutenant Aldrich, explored the northern shores of the continent, rounded Cape Columbia in latitude  $83^{\circ} 7'$  north, and delineated 220 miles of new coast-line. Lieutenant Beaumont

crossed Robeson Channel—the continuation of Smith's Sound—and explored the northern shores of Greenland for a distance of seventy miles to the eastward; while the officers at the depôts scoured the country in the neighbourhood of the harbours, and did good work in keeping open communication, and otherwise assisting the sledge parties. Three men died of scurvy—the outbreak of which is the worst and the most inexplicable feature in the expedition—and had it not



SKETCH-MAP OF SMITH'S SOUND, SHOWING THE DISCOVERIES OF THE EXPEDITION UNDER THE COMMAND OF SIR G. NARES, R.N., 1875-6.\*

\* Though the outline of Smith's Sound is taken from the best available charts, yet as Sir G. Nares announces that they are very inaccurate, the above must only be taken as provisional.



been for the activity of the officers, and what looks like a mere fortunate accident, many men must have expired of this once fatal Arctic malady. The only other death was that of the Danish interpreter from exhaustion, caused by amputation of his frost-bitten foot. Little more could be accomplished, while anxiety at home would be great. Another winter might bring disaster, but it could result in little else than a trial of endurance, while the country neither desired nor required to prove that courage in the explorers which they never doubted. Sir G. Nares, accordingly, determined that he could best display at once his valour and his discretion by bearing up for home, and telling his countrymen how he had done the errand on which they despatched him. On the 9th of September, therefore, finding the vessel free from ice, he turned the *Alert* to the southward, and on the 20th picked up the *Discovery*. Their troubles were not yet over. But the difficulties which ice-navigation in Smith's Sound and in Baffin's Bay present in the autumn were trifling compared with what they had endured, while the ice is at that season almost non-existent in Davis' Strait. Accordingly, the hospitable Danish settlements were soon reached. There they met with all kindness from the vice-regents of Dr. Rink, who rules that Arctic realm of Denmark. They also heard that the *Pandora* had been despatched to endeavour to communicate with them, but had failed; and though one would think that Smith's Sound is not an easy place to miss two great steamers in, yet it was not until the 16th of October that they sighted Captain Allen Young's yacht. They were then in the mouth of Davis' Strait, and soon they got the "full fair wind," loved of the homeward-bound mariner, which in less than fourteen days brought them to Queenstown Harbour. The rest all the world knows.

We fear that the "Sea of Ancient Ice"—the Palæocrycistic Sea, as the scholarly seamen will have it—is by no means so completely proved as was at first sight believed. That there is any "open Polar sea," few of those with any Arctic experience have credited. Yet the American explorers did, and Dr. Hayes has again reiterated his belief in it, and declared that, if it is not navigable for commercial purposes, yet in favourable seasons a ship could work through the broken ice right to the Pole. This we entirely disbelieve. He considers that the frozen sea which Sir G. Nares saw was only the ice which is always near the land; and that if he had gone still further, he would have had another tale to tell. Be this as it may, it is only just to state that Sir G. Nares' opinion is by no means universally coincided in.

Beaumont's sledge journey along the northern shores of Greenland is, in our opinion, one of the most valuable, if not the most valuable, results of the expedition. Had he reached Cape Bismarck, on the east coast, we should now have known the whole outline of that great triangle of ice and snow which depends from the Polar basin. It is covered, so far as we yet know, by a huge *mer de glace* which over-spreads the interior—hill and dale, mountain and valley—leaving no mountain peaks above the snowy

blanket—in other words, a veritable "ice-cap." This the expedition could not see; but they saw the results of it in the great glacier which stopped the eastern end of Petermann's Fjord, and in the immense glacier of Humboldt, which for forty-five miles presents an icy wall along the north-western shores of Greenland, near the entrance of Smith's Sound. These glaciers, from which icebergs break off when they reach the sea, are the overpourings of this great interior ice-sheet. The snowy hills and mountains skirting this coast have also local glaciers, but they are puny compared with those by which the "inland ice" of Greenland relieves itself of the "treasured snows of a thousand years." The voyager, as he skims along the coast of the "Land of Desolation," as stout John Davis called it, is apt to get—as we fear the members of the expedition have—false impressions of Greenland. He sees a bleak coast, off which icebergs float, and attached to which is the ice-foot—the last remnant of the preceding winter's frozen sea. Ice-strewn hills and snow-capped pinnacled mountains, here and there reaching 3,000, 4,000, or even 6,000 feet in height, form a magnificent panorama; glaciers creep down to the sea, and banks of snow, whiter by contrast with the background of black trap or granite, complete the picture. This is not Greenland—it is only the coast of Greenland, the "outskirting land" of the Greenland Danes. These outskirts are from twenty to sixty miles in breadth. Beyond them is invariably the "inland ice," covering the interior—though in reality Greenland *has no interior*, if by this term we mean mountain and valley, plains, lakes, and rivers. All is ice north and south, and the view eastward is bounded by a dim icy horizon. Lieutenant Payer errs when he supposes the inland ice only to cover the interior near the west coast. It is, however, probable that the northern end is not terminated by glaciers, since no icebergs were seen north of Cape Union. Indeed the curious distribution of animal life in the north would seem to indicate this. For instance, the musk-ox, the lemming, and the ermine are unknown south of 76° on either coast; yet both on the shores of the upper reaches of Smith's Sound, and on the north-eastern coast explored by the Germans, these animals are common, leading us to the conclusion that they must have passed round from the west to the east coast by way of the northern termination of Greenland, and over a country where great glaciers would not impede their migrations. It is probable also that the Eskimo of the east coast may have taken a similar line of march from the west. Sir G. Nares found no trace of them—nor did Dr. Hayes—on the American shores of Smith's Sound north of 81° 32'. Here the channel is only thirteen miles broad, and at this point the Eskimo seem to have crossed to the Greenland shores. At present there is a mere handful in Smith's Sound, who have no *kayaks*, and whom the great glaciers of Melville Bay keep from reaching the Danish settlements to the south. The natives south of Melville Bay know by tradition that they came from the north; but the Smith's Sound Eskimo, when first discovered, had no idea that a few days' journey



to the south of them were 9,000 well-fed and well-clothed natives, with schools and churches, and partaking of the book-learning and civilisation of that white man whose ships they stared at in wonder. That the "President Land" of Hall should have been erased from our charts, is a matter of no surprise to those who know on what shadowy grounds Hall placed it there. Captain Hall—or rather Mr. Meyer—*thought* he saw land in the north. Sir G. Nares *was certain* that he only saw a cloud. Neither reached the spot. Accordingly those who still cling to "President Land" may do so on the ground that it has not been *proved* to be non-existent; and that, if Meyer did not see land, he saw a "water-sky."

Of the scientific results of the expedition it would be as yet unjust to say much. One thing we are certain of, that no opportunity was lost. Captain Fielden, R.A., proved himself a most accomplished officer; and his colleague, Mr. Hart, was also indefatigable in gathering up what little remained to be gleaned in a region which Dr. Bessels explored so well. We, however, know enough to say that no reasonable "scientist," acquainted with the Arctic regions and its scientific history, will have any cause to be disappointed. Coal in Smith's Sound, with the remains of an ancient flora, was perhaps the most popularly interesting discovery. Coal, however, is widely distributed in the Polar basin, and a fossil flora has been found almost as far north already—viz., in Spitzbergen.

The above, concisely stated, are a few of the most striking results of this expedition. But we have not yet finished with the Pole. To reach the Pole is, no doubt, a puerile ambition worthy of an Alpine

tourist. It is only the spot on the earth "where the sun's declination is equal to its altitude," and *per se* is no more interesting than any other portion of the Arctic world. But it is a good goal to work to in the exploration of those two and a quarter million square miles of unknown sea, and let us even hope land, around the northern end of the earth. This expedition has demonstrated—if demonstration had been required—how useless ships are for the exploration of the Polar area, except to convey the workmen to the scene of their labours, and as a home to fall back on. We have the ships, and we have the men. England will be another England than it is to-day if six months hence we stand aside "baffled, but not defeated," and let another nation reap the reward of our sacrifices and toils. The Americans say that the Smith's Sound route has not been proved impracticable; but let us suppose it has; there are other routes. To use the language of one well qualified to speak "with authority, and not as a scribe:"—

"It would be desirable to connect Beaumont's furthest with Cape Bismarck, but this must be done by the east coast of Greenland. It would also be very desirable to connect Aldrich's furthest with North Cornwall, but this must be done by an expedition proceeding up Jones' Sound."

Shall it be East Greenland, Wrangell's Land, or Franz Joseph's Land which is to be the next base of operations, since land is pronounced as a *sine qua non* for Polar expeditions? We shall see "what we shall see." Our sailors may not accomplish the "one good thing" of Arctic exploration, but they will add to the sum of human knowledge, fearless of "the spirit which dwelleth in the land of ice and snow."

ADELIN E.

THE rose that blushes in the light,  
The queenly lily proud and tall,  
The violet shyly hid from sight,  
All these are fair—I love them all.

But none so fair to me, I ween,  
As Adeline!

The song of birds in summer bowers,  
The music of the waterfall,  
The balmy breath of fragrant flowers,

All these are sweet—I love them all.  
But none so sweet to me, I ween,  
As Adeline!

For myriad smiles are in her eyes,  
A wealth of kisses in her lips,  
And countless rosy blushes rise,  
And flush her dainty finger-tips.  
Ah! none so sweet and fair, I ween,  
As Adeline!

G. W.

HOW MUSIC IS TAUGHT ABROAD.

BY J. W. HINTON, M.A., MUS. D., TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN; LATE OF THE CONSERVATOIRE, PARIS.

IT is interesting in the highest degree to compare the various modes of education in different countries, and their results. Were we to judge from the dearth of composers, and from the general tone of music written and published in England, we should be likely to conclude either that no opportunities were afforded for advanced instruction, or that as a nation we were deficient in the qualities necessary to produce composers and musicians of the

highest class. Such, however, is not the case; and this is attested by the great development amongst us, and gradual reform effected, in musical education during the last twenty years.

Much still remains to be done, in order to give the more talented of our fellow-countrymen the special advantages afforded by the great Continental Conservatoires, which, besides having had the honour of developing the principal musical illustrations of the last and the present century, have moreover kept up a