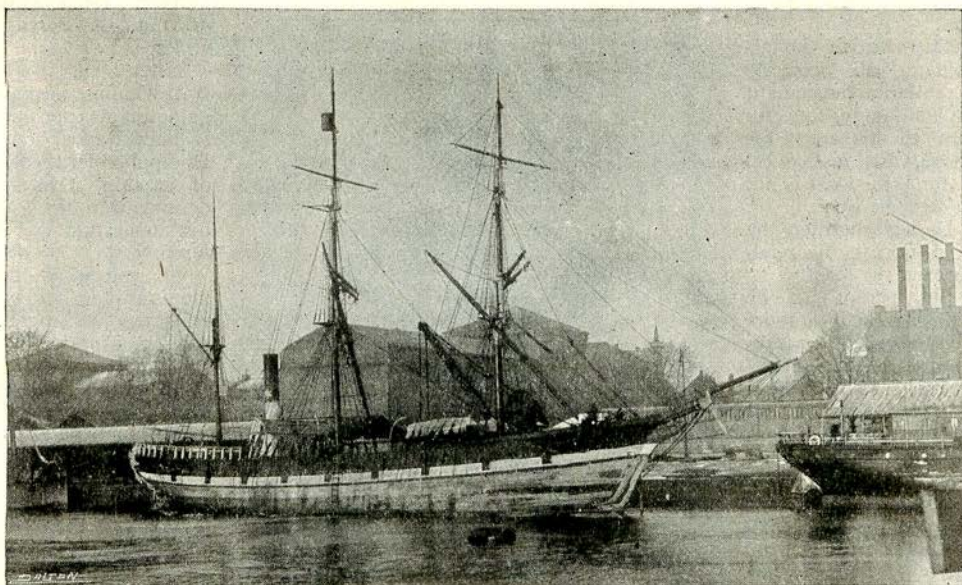


AN ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

THIRTY-FOUR BRAVE MEN AND ONE LIBERAL MAN ATTACK THE SOUTHERN POLE.



THE "SOUTHERN CROSS."

TALK about grit, real grit; I'll a tale to you unfold, which will arouse your interest, quicken your pulses, and make you put your shoulders back and draw a long breath.

For the past weeks crowds of curious people had gathered at St. Katharine's Docks to look with feelings almost akin to awe upon the good ship *Southern Cross*.

To the South. To the South.

To the land of the cypress and myrtle, where the flowers bloom all the year round? Where the sun shines in the winter as in the spring? To the land whither the swallows fly with beating wings, their white breasts cleaving the gloom of night? To the South—the land of poetry and art and song? No.

To the land where the virginal snow smiles up to the snow-laden sky—to the land where the ice-bound storms hurl in impotent rage against the ice-bound sea—to the land where the storm-birds hurtle their breasts of snow against the snow-clad heights—to the land of silence, of darkness, and of mystery.

To the South—where no flowers bloom—where the face of the sun is hidden in a veil of darkness—where tempests are born in the travail of night. To the South, where the Hand of Time has not rent the veil from the face of Eternity.

Conquered lies the North, the grim North which in days of old was conqueror. Trodden her inaccessible shores—sounded her fathomless deeps—still vibrating her virginal snows to the names of the victors who have plucked the heart out of her mystery.

Unconquered lies the South. Many have looked—more have longed—none have dared.

Contemptuous, remote, supreme she lies with her Venus girdle of ice enclosing her beauty, the only continent on the known terrestrial globe which retains the immaculate as in the day of creation when God divided the land from the sea, and order rose out of chaos.

No foot has soiled her virgin snow; no eyes have gazed on her virgin beauty; no hands have profaned her virgin purity. She lies, as she fell, immaculate, from the lap of Eternity into the arms of Time.

Many have looked—more have longed. Now one is going to dare.

Carsten Egeberge Borchgrevink!

A foreign name! Is then the glory to fall away again from England, to whom by birthright all Englishmen contend the fame of exploration belongs—from England, Queen of the Seas, whose sons conquered the conquerors of the sea? A foreigner! So little a foreigner that in his veins runs the blood of the martyred Ridley, who went to the stake three hundred years ago for the glory of God in the highest.

Carsten Egeberg Borchgrevink.

The name is foreign, but his mother is a daughter of England, his wife is a daughter of England, and to England and an Englishman the glory of the expedition which sails beneath the English flag will belong.

No foreign potentate, no public subscription, no hat sent round to private individuals. One brain to conceive; one hand to carry out; one purse to supplement.

Purse, hand, and brain! All belong to one Englishman—Sir George Newnes, Bart.—on

whose shoulders the entire cost of the expedition will rest.

"To the South." "To the Pole."

"Ah, another expedition."

The British householder will casually make the announcement to his family, and return to his eggs, his bacon, and his coffee. "Maria, the toast is not so crisp as usual."

He has forgotten the expedition in the reading, and the toast.

But, perhaps, if he considered a little more what such an expedition means he might not dismiss it so casually.

Let us consider for a moment what it does mean. Years of failure, years of persistent effort, years of toil, years of preparation, and last, but not least, when the failure to convince has been turned into success, when the persistent efforts are about to meet with their reward, when the toil is over and the preparations are made, last, but not least, the alpha and omega of every enterprise—money. A fortune—£50,000.

One does not need to be an explorer to understand that takes a deal of finding. Perhaps one needs to be a great explorer to find it. In any case, Borchgrevink has found it.

And what manner of man is Borchgrevink?

Broad-shouldered, fair-haired, strong of limb and strong of heart, a young man—only thirty-four—in the very prime of life, whose eyes have a curious resemblance to the eyes of Nansen, the same piercing look, the same inward glance, on occasion, the same fire;

what may be termed the hunter's eye—the eye which looks into distant spaces and sees what it looks for.

Thus for the outward man. But for the man himself. What manner of man is Borchgrevink?

Listen!

A whaling fleet was going on an expedition. A man wanted to go. He applied for the post of captain. His credentials were good, but his application was refused.

"If you won't take me as captain will you take me as mate?" said he.

"No."

"Then I'll ship before the mast," said he. And he shipped before the mast.

The whaling fleet sailed in due course. It reached the lonely seas, where every life aboard depended on the knowledge of the captain and his skill.

The weather was bad; a storm was imminent. There was danger ahead. The terror-stricken crew were in a state of mutiny.

"Who will take charge of us now?" said the crew.

A man in a common sailor's dress stood up and laughed.

"I will," said the man.

It was Carsten Egeberg Borchgrevink.

That manner of man is Borchgrevink.



Copyright photo by] MR. BORCHGREVINK AS HE WILL BE. [W. Plank.



ONE OF THE SAMOYAD DOGS.

That is the man who will take command of the *Southern Cross*, the ship built by Colin Archer, the man who built the *Fram*—built on the same lines as that famous vessel, but twice her size, and carrying twice as many men—thirty-four all told—hearts of oak aboard a

boat of oak—the strongest wooden vessel afloat to-day—11 feet of solid oak at her bows to wedge her through the ice, with 3 feet of solid oak to shelter her crew from the storms and the cruel grip of the ice.

What storms, and what ice!

Worse, far worse even than in the north. Worse, far worse than any the *Fram* went through. Worse, far worse than any man has ever been through. Drift ice, pack ice, ice mountains, ice fields, ice winds—nothing but ice. Far as the eye can see to the right—ice. Far as the eye can see to the left—ice. Above, below, in front, behind—ice. Ice and deadly cold. Cold which creeps in through the chinks; cold which penetrates through the fur garments and the thick woollen underwear; cold which freezes the blood and makes the heart stand still.

Nothing but ice and cold, and darkness.

Those are the three weapons with which the South is going to fight.

Those are her armies, her generals, and her men.

Those are the three enemies which Borchgrevink and his three and thirty comrades have got to face, the three enemies which Borchgrevink and his three and thirty comrades have set out to conquer—ice, and cold and darkness.

Those are the preparations which the South has made for her defence.

Fur garments, fur boots, fur capes, fur gloves, fur bags to sleep in, 8,190 pounds of navy bread, 5,850 pounds of beef, 5,850 pounds of pork, 1,560 pounds of preserved beef, a ton of Irish butter, a ton of marmalade, flour, and sundry other provisions. Sledges, stoves, flags, tents, cameras, arms, ammunition, medicines, tools, furniture, pots and pans all made of aluminium, the maximum of strength and cleanliness with the

minimum of lightness. Those are the preparations of attack.

If a single pin be forgotten, if a single nail be wanted and not forthcoming, there is no convenient emporium round the corner, though fifty times £50,000 be offered for that single nail, for that single pin, for we have omitted the condition under which the war must be waged—Solitude.

No dropping in of a friendly passer-by.

No passing the time of day with a chance acquaintance.

No cheerful rest after the day's work is done with the friend of our own choosing.

No hour at the club, no evening at the play.

In health no woman to make life beautiful.

In sickness no wife to nurse one back to health.

Nothing but solitude—intolerable, terrifying, aching solitude.

Solitude, and cold, and ice, and darkness on the one hand.

On the other a ship and four and thirty men—four and thirty men in a boat—not forgetting the dogs.

Borchgrevink's preparations were made for seventy dogs.

But the dogs had ideas of their own on the subject, and though they consulted neither the leader nor the promoter of the expedition their preparations included five fluffy little puppies, which are at once the torment and the delight of the

two picturesque Finns whose special department is their nursery. Evidently the dogs had better ideas than the promoters, for in two years' time when they will be used these puppies will be at their best, and it is to be hoped that many more will be added to the Finns' nursery.

The dogs when fully grown are not great, big, and strong-looking like Mastiffs or St. Bernard's, but little wiry creatures scarcely 18 inches high and two feet long, with strangely intelligent faces and strangely powerful thews. Queer little creatures



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MR. C. E. BORCHGREVINK.

[W. Plank.

born in the snow of Siberia, whence they have been fetched by a special messenger for the purpose of this expedition, and for the first time in the history of their race have set foot upon English shores.

* * * * *

So we bid them farewell.

Three and thirty men and their brave leader. They have set forth on their quest.

"What are you going to do?" asks the practical British householder.

"I'll tell you when I've done it," says Borchgrevink, reticent in his bravery, brave in his reticence.

And the practical British householder, who is after all not all practical, but who has hidden, far beneath the surface, though he would not confess it for worlds, a little remnant of the old romance

three and thirty men—and he is not one of them.

And so they have gone!

To the South. To the Pole.

And we remain behind and watch with imagination's eye the brave ship *Southern Cross* speeding on her way, her brave hearts beating beneath the flag of England—only gift to the expedition, given by him who one day will be England's king.

On she goes, the flag of England flying proudly at her front as, if God please, it will flutter in the icy breezes of the vanquished south, as in the great, brave days of old when Drake sailed the Spanish Main.

Vanquishers—or to be vanquished—they have gone.

A little band of modern, simple heroes, who are going to do their duty no matter what that



LOUIS BERNACCHI (METEOROLOGIST), THE FINNS, AND THE PUPPIES.

and daring, to whom bravery never fails to make an appeal, and who shouts himself hoarse over a deed of heroism—the practical British householder gets back to his eggs and his bacon, with a sigh which is not only for the lack of crispness in his toast, but because there can only be

duty may be, who have made no boast, no fuss;—who have just gone, and when they come back will tell us of the wonders and the glories they have seen, while the knowledge that they bring back with them will redound to the glory of man in the lowest, to the glory of God in the highest.

Earth's Noblest Thing.

EARTH'S noblest thing, a woman perfected.—LOWELL.

There is a woman at the beginning of all great things.—LAMARTINE.

Lover, daughter, sister, wife, mother, grandmother; in those six words lie what the human heart contains of the sweetest, the most ecstatic, the most sacred, the purest, and the most ineffable.—MASSIAS.

54,000 People in One Church.

ST. PETER'S at Rome, when taxed to its utmost, has a capacity for a congregation of no less than 54,000 persons, the whole church covering about 5½ English acres. Milan Cathedral comes next, which is capable of holding 37,000. St. Paul's, London, can hold 26,000 people.

EVERY situation has its privileges and its obligations.