



ALL HANDS BRINGING THE STORES UP THE STEEP BEACH.

(See page 245.)

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Illustrated Interviews.

No. LXXII.—MR. C. E. BORCHGREVINK.

BY WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD.

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN DURING THE EXPEDITION.



WHAT is it that takes a man to the Polar regions? I can only think of two reasons—firstly, the passion for overcoming obstacles; and secondly, the love of science. Both these characteristics are united in the person of Mr. C. Egeberg Borchgrevink, who has just returned from the great icy Victoria Land of the Antarctic Continent. Now, the love of adventure is understandable enough, and the records of Speke and Burton, of Stanley and Selous and Nansen, make fascinating reading. To the adventurers themselves, however, North Polar exploration is dreary enough work, while the South Pole is infinitely more unattractive, for there is not even the chance of a tussle with an offended bear. Beyond the stupendous ice cliffs that guard Victoria Land no living thing walks or creeps or flies.

However, Mr. Borchgrevink wanted to break new ground in the strictest sense, and he has devoted himself to Antarctic exploration, at which, as the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE are aware, he is no novice.*

The average person probably cares little for "the culminating point of terrestrial magnetism in the South," and feels quite

surprised that Ross in order to fix its exact position should have gone down 2,500 miles into the unknown, below Australia. And yet it looks as if we might soon expect quite a South Polar boom, what with the German Government Expedition, the one organized by our own Geographical Society, and that of Belgium.

Mr. Borchgrevink's outfit was as perfect as science could make it; and at length, on August 22, 1898, the good ship *Southern Cross* slipped down the Thames with Mr. Borchgrevink and his expedition on board, and his seventy or eighty excellent Siberian dogs, which had been specially procured for him. The chief officers were Captain Jensen, Sub-Lieutenant Colbeck, R.N.R., Mr. Hugh Evans, Dr. Klovstad, M.A., M.D., Nicolai Hanson, Mr. A. Fougner, and Mr. Bernacchi, who was much more southern than even his name suggests,

for he was born beneath the Southern Cross. The rest are introduced later. It may be mentioned that all the members, thirty-one in all, were picked by Mr Borchgrevink.

The voyage from Santa Cruz to Hobart took ninety-eight days, and they stayed about a fortnight at the Tasmanian capital, having such a good time that the terrible hardships they were called upon to endure later on must have appeared all the more severe by contrast.



MR. C. E. BORCHGREVINK, WHO HAS PENETRATED
"FARTHEST SOUTH."

From a Photo. by W. Plank.

* Refer to "Antarctic Exploration" in our issue for March, 1897, and to the "Southern Cross Antarctic Expedition," September, 1899

I wanted to know what the journey was like after leaving Hobart. "To the first land," remarked Mr. Borchgrevink, "is about 2,500 miles; and I should think it was twelve days after leaving Hobart that we met the first ice." After that progress was both slow and erratic, consisting of swift dashes here and there down lanes or channels of open water, the vessel frequently getting nipped with such irresistible force as to lift her right out of the water. This kind of thing called for incessant vigilance, and must have been most wearing for every member of the expedition, including the *Southern Cross* herself, she being on one occasion lifted 4ft. out of the water by a pressure that made her 11ft. of massive timber groan and shriek. "I spent many anxious yet interesting moments in the crow's nest," the leader told me, "as I watched the vessel rise and fall on the heaving seas, and dash with apparent recklessness among the grinding, roaring ice-blocks. Trembling and shaking she blundered on her way, the swell growing rapidly less as we edged successfully into the inner ice-pack." This crawling through the channels took thirty-eight days.

On the 14th January, 1899, high snow-clad land was seen at midnight standing

sharply out in a weird haze of crimson and gold. This was Balleny Island. Then came bad weather, and much "screwing" of the pack, which was simply the grinding and clashing of the great ice masses under the influence of wind and currents.

Mr. Borchgrevink had evidently struck a bad place, and only got out of it into open water after a hard fight which lasted forty-eight days. There were storms of blinding sleet, and the decks and rigging became covered with thick ice; their hair froze into solid lumps and icicles hung on to their beards; clothes stiffened and clashed like coats of mail. But these details assumed their proper proportions when, on the 17th February, the *Southern Cross* entered Robertson Bay, where the rocks of Cape Adare jutted out dark and threatening into the icy wilderness. And it was here on a yellow beach at the foot of the rocks that it was intended to pitch the pioneer camp—surely a ghastly prospect. It was eleven o'clock at night when the *Southern Cross* dropped anchor in ten fathoms, and fired a salute of four guns mingled with the energetic cheers of thirty enthusiastic men. Arrangements were at once made for landing the stores, instruments, dogs, and outfit. "We lowered the boxes into small whale-boats and pulled them



CAPE ADARE AND THE FROZEN SEA—TWO DOGS IN THE FOREGROUND.

as near as we could to the shore. Then some of us had to wade up to the arm-pits into the icy breakers and carry the things ashore." The blizzard is the main product of the South Polar regions, so that you cannot even go outside your door without being fastened to a stout rope, lest you be whirled away like a wisp of hay. Through these gales Mr. Brochgrevink lost a good deal of time and his vessel two anchors; while to crown everything the grim mountain towering over them rained down showers of stones on to the decks.

On March 1st the Union Jack, presented by the Duke of York, was formally hoisted on Victoria Land, to the accompaniment of loud cheers from those on shore, and with a salute and dipping of the flag from those on board. In the accompanying photograph Mr. Borchgrevink is holding the line, while to the right is the scientific staff of the expedition. Next day the *Southern Cross* left the party at their pioneer settlement at Cape Adare, which had by now been christened Camp Ridley.

"We were then cut off from all the world," said Mr. Borchgrevink, pathetically, "thousands of miles south of Australasia; and all ten of us fully realized our isolation as the good ship steamed steadily away towards New Zealand. What would happen in the coming year? We knew little of the conditions of life in this weird and forbidding land, and then, in the event of the *Southern Cross* being crushed how long should we remain alive?"

At this stage it may be well to introduce the members of the expedition who were landed on South Victoria Land: Mr. Borch-

grevink, F.R.G.S., Lieutenant W. Colbeck, R.N.R., magnetic observer; Nicholai Hanson, zoological taxidermist; Louis Bernacchi, magnetic observer, astronomer and photographer; Dr. Klovstad, M.A., M.D.; Hugh Evans, assistant zoologist; Anton Fougner, general factotum; Colbein Ellefsen, cook; and the Finns: Pear Savio and Ole Must. These last attended to the dogs and their harness, and were altogether excellent fellows—"never idle, but always devising something for the general comfort. For example, Savio

himself made forty or fifty pairs of Finn boots, and so saved our feet from frost-bite."

Soon came the trying task of bringing the stores—provisions, coal, timber, etc.—some 300yds. up from the beach to the camping-place. As you may see in the frontispiece, no one stood on his dignity, and all hands helped.

"It was heavy work hauling tons of coal up the very steep, shingly slope. We burned seal blubber and the skins of penguins, but could hardly have done without more substantial fuel.

On the 13th of March, Sir George Newnes's birthday, most of the provisions were brought up to the house, and we celebrated the double event by demonstrating with the flag. The temperature began to fall rapidly, and the penguins and Skua gulls began to desert us.

"Fougner, Colbeck, and I had many anxious hours fighting the fierce winds, so as not to be blown over the cliffs with all our outfit. The fierce squalls drifted the snow until we were almost buried. One of our boats was lifted up bodily from the beach and smashed against the rocks by a gust



HOISTING THE DUKE OF YORK'S UNION JACK ON VICTORIA LAND FOR THE FIRST TIME.



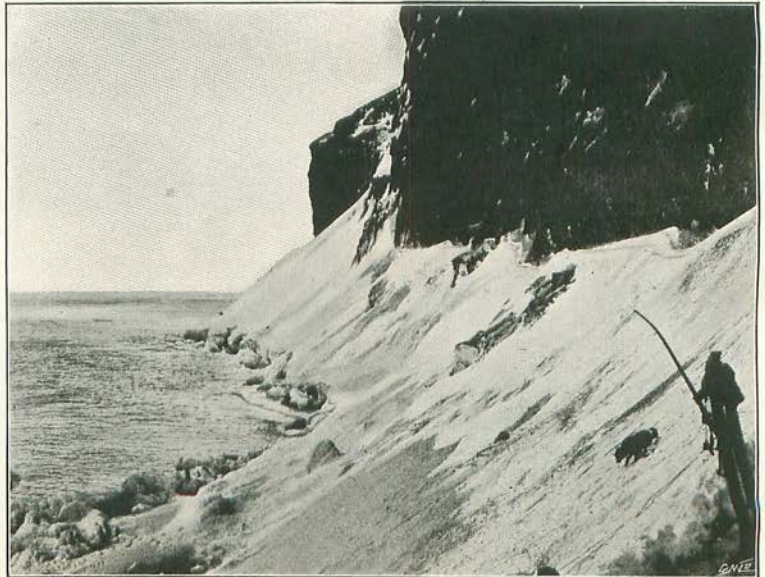
"SOON THE ENTRANCE TO OUR DWELLING WAS A MERE HOLE."

raging at eighty-seven miles an hour. What little leisure we had was spent in shooting at targets, but even this sport we had to give up for a curious reason. After the first few shots the intensely cold air surrounding the hot barrel produced a remarkable mirage, and so rendered the sight of the weapon practically useless. The dogs were completely buried in the snow, and soon the entrance to our dwelling was a mere hole, seen in the accompanying photograph. The storms splintered the ice in the bay, and hurled masses of ice, snow, and water up against the beach. Against this bombardment we were obliged to fortify the east side of our hut by means of a sloping roof of stout canvas and seal-skins weighted down by several bags of coal. On the 22nd April I resolved upon my first expedition into Robertson Bay, which was then covered with 'young' ice $2\frac{1}{2}$ ft. thick. Fougner,

Bernacchi, Savio, the Finn, and I took provisions for twenty days with one small canvas-boat and twenty dogs.

"The ice binding the floes together was rather thin, so we had to proceed with great caution, and at last I decided to camp on a small beach at the foot of the perpendicular wall of Victoria Land. This sloping beach is not 30yds. at the widest part, and only some 4ft.

above water. From the precipitous wall of the Antarctic Continent a kind of gravel rush had taken place, and formed a steep slope rising to a height of about 30ft." The exact situation is shown in the photograph here reproduced. "Above us rose a sheer wall about 500ft. high and in places overhanging the beach. Soon after we landed a gale arose, and we pitched the silk tent. We were in serious peril when the ice began to break up, and



ON THE STEEP SLOPE TO THE RIGHT MR. BORCHGREVINK AND HIS COMPANIONS HAD A NARROW ESCAPE OWING TO THE BREAKING UP OF THE ICE.

had just time enough to save our provisions by carrying them to the top of the gravel slope, where drift snow and ice had formed a kind of gallery about 6ft. broad, immediately on to the mountain wall. Outside the gallery the drift snow had formed a kind of fence, and so in the 6ft. groove between this fence and the wall we pitched our tent. Suffering intensely with the extreme cold, we hauled up our provisions and travelling gear by means of ropes, whilst huge breakers washed over the beach and sent the drenching, icy spray all over us. This froze at once, and we were soon covered with a sheet of ice. When a calm came I sent Fougner and Savio in the collapsible boat towards Camp Ridley, but they met with heavy drifting ice, and for two days we remained in ignorance of their fate. At last, however, both men appeared on a steep ice swell descending from the precipice above us, and cutting steps with an axe as they slowly approached. I saw they were in a pretty bad way. They said they had discovered (or thought they had) the only possible place where an ascent might be made to the ridge of Victoria Land, some 5,000ft. above us. The first 500ft., however, would be terribly risky. At all events, after a good feed of seal beef we began the ascent. Some of our poor sledge dogs howled lamentably as they saw us rising higher and higher. Four of them had already been hurled to destruction by losing their foothold, and now another was precipitated 200ft. Step by step we climbed 400ft. with infinite labour, and continued to climb all night. By the ridge, however, we were enabled to proceed to Camp Ridley, having spent seven days away from the camp."

It may be assumed that no human being can live on the resources of this forbidding country. A few curious fish were caught, and there were many seals on the ice. "Raw seal, by

the way, was a pretty frequent dish. Talking about food, I ought to tell you that the dogs were often obliged to kill and devour one of their number. And here is a remarkable thing. They would, as it were, elect by common consent the one to be killed—and that one was by no means the feeblest and weakest of the pack. The poor doomed brute would avoid his fellows as long as he could, and go off by himself. But it was all to no purpose, and sooner or later they would fall upon him with one accord and rend him in pieces."

In Mr. Borchgrevink's diary you will meet the words "tremendous gale" in every second line. The pages of that interesting journal appear to be strewn as it were with whirling sledges, boxes, and stones, which literally flew about before the terrific hurricanes. Showers of pebbles descended on the camp at night, so that the party were glad their hut was only accessible through a tunnel in the snow. Here is one entry:—

"The man who has to read the meteorological observations 200yds. away approaches the thermometer box with a rope around his waist."

About the middle of May the age-long Antarctic night began to set in. "It causes a depressing feeling, as though one were looking at one's self growing old. Chess, cards, and draughts are the most popular recreations." The accompanying photo. shows Mr. Borchgrevink playing his favourite game with the doctor at Camp Ridley. The



CHESS RELIEVED THE TERRIBLE TEDIUM OF THE AGE-LONG ANTARCTIC NIGHT.

surprisingly elaborate lamp on the left was taken from the ship. "Chess," remarked the leader of the expedition, "calls for considerable concentration of mind, and so it served to take our minds off our dreary surroundings."

The writer has met many explorers, and well realizes the inevitableness of wrangles and quarrels when a number of highly-trained and intelligent men are thrown into forced companionship in a remote part of the world for long periods. "I am happy to say that we *did* quarrel," said Mr. Borchgrevink, "or else we should not have been human. But no 'breeze' lasted nearly so long as a gale, and we came back even better friends—respecting and understanding one another better—than when we went out."

Here, however, is a significant entry in

the grinding and screwing ice, as the huge blocks, many tons in weight, crashed against and climbed upon one another, rising and falling and splintering with fearful crashes. And yet I doubt whether this fearful uproar was more trying than the killing silence and solitude of those vast frozen wastes, over which the beautiful aurora whirled in mighty curtains and brilliant streamers of dazzling light.

"It may give you some idea of the strength of the stone-laden wind-gusts when I tell you that Mr. Evans nearly lost his life through going a few yards outside the door and incautiously letting go of the guiding-rope.

"We searched for him three whole hours during that terrible night in blinding snow-drifts and great cold, and at last Mr. Fougner and the Finn Must found him, in an



MR. BORCHGREVINK AND HIS FAVOURITE DOG—"THE FINEST OF THE WHOLE PACK."

the diary: "We are getting sick of one another's company. We know each line of one another's faces. We seem to have nothing fresh to talk about, and when one of us opens his mouth the others know exactly what he is going to say!"

"It was the two months' night which we found so trying. We slept as long as we could, and worked out our observations by lamp-light. Of course we read a great deal from our splendid library, and whenever we could we had sledge and dog races. No indoor work or amusement, however, could make us forget the appalling thunder of

exhausted condition. Afterwards several of us tried to reach the thermometer screen by way of the guiding-rope, but each had to be hauled back exhausted. The wind blew like a tornado, roaring and tearing at the house and bombarding us with dangerous showers of large stones."

On June 30th one of the sledge-dogs returned after a mysterious journey on his own account lasting two months. He had drifted away out to sea on a piece of ice during a gale, and had returned over the frozen surf. He was able to look after himself, however, and Mr. Borchgrevink noted the remarkable

fact that he was quite fat on his return to camp! Clearly, he had called upon the dignified penguins for sustenance during his solitary expedition.

The photo. on the preceding page shows the leader of the expedition himself with his favourite sledge-dog, Sembla, who was quite a remarkable creature—the finest of the whole pack, in fact. “We had ten or twelve dogs in each sledge, but even two or three of them can do a great deal of work. And the loads were no joke, for one sledge might contain provisions for three or four months. These dogs eat very little themselves, and will pull until they drop from exhaustion. Some of ours had been with Peary, and some of the best of the pack are coming home to England.”

It was on the 21st of July that Mr. Borchgrevink left Camp Ridley on an important expedition, having with him Mr. Fougner and both the Finns, while thirty dogs pulled the sledges. “We fought our way towards the Cape amid heavy and hummocky ‘screwing.’ We reached a field of heavily-screwed ice, where pointed blue masses reared on end with deep cracks between. The travelling was terrible, the ice edges being as sharp as knives and cutting the slides of our sledges until fringes of torn wood began to protrude from beneath. We lay down in our furs and slept for an hour or so, the weird moon glaring at us from on high like a huge lamp. Enormous bergs were floating about in the pack—brilliant blue monarchs quite independent of their surroundings. We were now about two miles from the perpendicular basalt cliffs of Victoria Land, where they rise 5,000ft. towards the open sea. All metals stuck persistently to our fingers. The track grew worse and worse, and we pulled and lifted, shoved and shouted to our willing dogs, until our four sledges rubbed along over the rough surface. At length we decided to return. Towards evening we pitched one of

our silk tents in a snow-drift—as usual in a square formed by the four sledges.” (The pitching of these tents after a long day’s march is shown in the photo. here reproduced.)

The hunting powers of the two Finns were of the greatest possible use. Just when the dogs were wanting a good feed and Mr.



PITCHING CAMP AFTER A TRYING DAY'S MARCH.

Borchgrevink was asleep in his bag, the two excellent fellows were seen approaching, driving a live seal before them—“just as peasants at home drive their cattle to market.” Curious as it may sound, that seal provided the dogs with plenty of food and the men with a large fire. When the journey northwards was resumed the going was found to be worse than ever, and two sledges had to keep close to one another to enable them to benefit by one another’s tracks. Another sledge journey was undertaken later on with the idea of attempting to reach the coast land to the west of Robertson Bay. Camp was pitched at the foot of an iceberg, and Mr. Borchgrevink pitched his own tent in a worn cave in the berg itself. At midnight they came across a seal, which they killed and fed to the dogs, afterwards lighting the skin and blubber, which continued to shine weirdly like a lighthouse in the dark Antarctic night as the party drew away from the spot. The dogs were now suffering severely, and were frequently frozen fast to the ice. Some of them ate the straps of their harness,

hoping to free themselves, but remained stuck fast.

An island was discovered to the south and the western side of it reached before dark. This island was christened Duke of York Island, and the accompanying photo. shows the silk tent pitched at Mid-Winter Camp. This island is about four miles across at its widest point; there is plenty of iron and tin there, and traces of silver. "I took possession of it officially for Sir George Newnes, under the protection of that Union Jack

selfs into the sea, streaked and crossed by innumerable crevasses, rendering an expedition arduous and perilous in the extreme. And there were gales—nothing but gales.

"Bernacchi and Ellefsen had a terrible experience when bringing up supplies of food. Overtaken by a severe squall in the ice-pack they camped at the foot of a berg, the wind being so strong that they were unable to creep against it on all fours. Although the ice was 4ft. or 5ft. thick they expected to see a break-up every

moment. And so, choked and nearly killed by the tornado, they climbed the ice precipice and camped in a cavity until morning.

"On one of our journeys on the glaciers of Victoria Land, near Duke of York Island, the Finn Savio nearly lost his life, having carelessly ventured alone on the glacier without a guiding rope. He suddenly felt the snow give way under him and he



THE SILK TENT ON DUKE OF YORK ISLAND, WHICH WAS DISCOVERED BY MR. BORCHGREVINK.

which H.R.H. the Duke of York had presented to the expedition.

"Taking with me the Finn Must to investigate the coast-line, I left Savio in camp to construct a Finn tent out of seal-skins, provision bags, etc., which he proposed to stretch over our sledges stuck up on end, so that with a seal blubber fire we might be comparatively comfortable." Poor Ole Must, by the way, suffered severely from the cold, and if his master had not administered stimulants to him pretty freely he would have died.

"At night we dug ourselves down in the snow, finding this warmer than the tent. Our sledge slides being worn by the rough going we were obliged to use our reserve hickory ski."

"It seems almost impossible," writes Mr. Borchgrevink again, "to explore this country, owing to the conditions prevailing. In the vicinity of Robertson Bay, for example, altitudes of 12,000ft. made the journey into the interior absolutely impossible. Then, again, stupendous glaciers precipitated them-

fell headlong into a crevasse, turning round three times before he finally struck head downwards 60ft. below, a faithful dog that had followed him howling for help at the edge above. For hours Savio remained in despair in this awful position. At length he managed to turn himself right side up. The ice wall, however, curved above his head and shut out the edge from which he had fallen. How he managed to save himself is most interesting. He found in his pocket a strong penknife, and with this he began carefully and slowly to carve small supports for his feet. Then, pushing his back against the opposite ice wall, he gradually worked his way up the chimney. The varying widths and slippery surfaces presented extraordinary difficulties, but Savio at length arrived at the top, speechless and exhausted. I invested the crevasse myself and saw with my own eyes the steps cut with the penknife."

About this time Mr. Borchgrevink was becoming very anxious concerning the condition of the zoologist Nicholai Hanson. For one thing, the poor fellow lost all feeling

in his legs and was hardly able to walk, although the doctor applied the electric battery to his limbs. The leader of the expedition had, indeed, a number of anxieties just at this time. He nearly lost his own life by falling into a glacier, and only managed to save himself by throwing his alpenstock quickly across the mouth of the treacherous abyss. Then, again, the little hut was often completely buried in the snow, started by the terrific gusts of wind, and holes had to be dug to let the snow out. "Rheumatism and neuralgia were not unknown. Poor Hanson grew worse almost every day—took little nourishment, and was very low-spirited. On the 8th of October his con-

"The whole staff came in one, by one and said good-bye; then blessed him and left the room. Half an hour before the end came the first penguin came back, and the dying man asked to see it. He was delighted to examine the bird. He felt sorry he was going, because of his work. He passed away at three in the afternoon. On the 20th we buried him, placing the coffin on a large sledge, and covering it with the Union Jack.

"We pulled the sledge across the peninsula with ropes and then dragged it to the top. At the grave I read a brief funeral service, and then we left the sad spot."

The next photo. reproduced shows, among others, poor Nicholai Hanson, taken for the

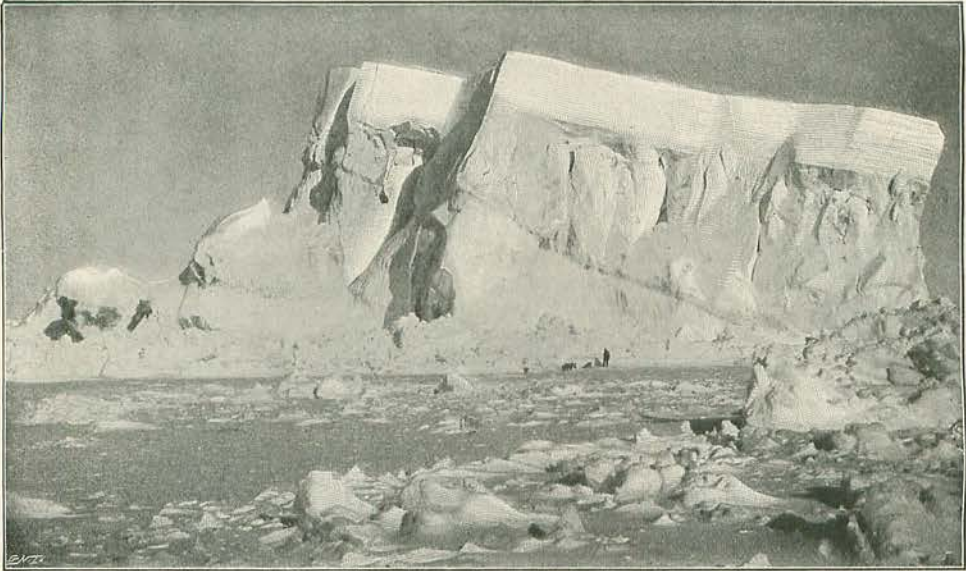


OUTSIDE THE HUT. IN THE FOREGROUND NEAR THE DOOR IS POOR HANSON—THE LAST PHOTO. OF HIM TAKEN.

dition was so bad that the doctor sat up with him night and day. He drew his breath with great difficulty, and at two in the morning, on the 14th of October, Dr. Klovstad called me in my sleeping-bag and told me that Mr. Hanson had not long to live. He further said that he had broken the news to the dying man, and that he had expressed a wish to say good-bye to us all. I went in and found him very quiet and without pain. Calmly he bade me his last farewell, and confided me his last wishes. He told me he wanted to be buried at the foot of a big boulder, about 1,000ft. up on Cape Adare.

last time. This was in the winter season, outside the hut at Camp Ridley. On the extreme left is one of the Finns, Ole Must. Evans is on the roof, Hanson immediately in the foreground near the door, and behind him is the cook. Mr. Fougner and Lieutenant Colbeck are together, and behind stands the Finn Savio and the doctor.

"Penguins began to arrive in great numbers after the middle of October, and we looked forward eagerly to the time when we might expect some eggs. Towards the end of October the ice-pack began to slacken, and I placed oak water-tight casks with short



IN A CAVE IN THIS ENORMOUS AND TYPICAL ANTARCTIC ICEBERG THE PARTY LEFT A RECORD IN AN OAK BARREL.

reports of our proceedings both in the hollows of the bergs and in the floes. Here is a typical Antarctic iceberg, which differs from the North Polar ones in having a curious flat, smooth top like an artificial fortification instead of the jagged pinnacles and towers of the bergs of northern seas. This berg was about 250ft. high. The next photo. shows a cave in this same berg, and here we camped and left one of the records I have just mentioned, which ran as follows:—

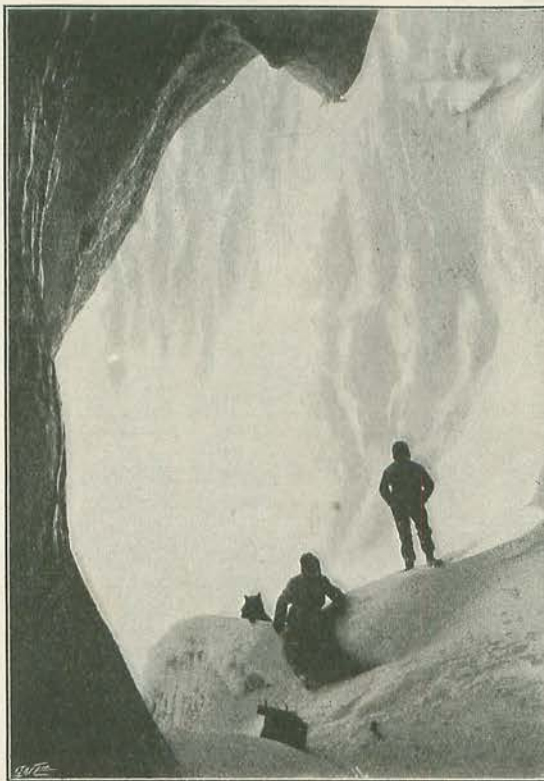
“Cape Adare,
Victoria Land,
“Nov. 1st, 1899.

“This is placed in the cave of an iceberg situated about two English miles west of Cape Adare. The British Expedition under my com-

mand has been successful in its object, but has lost one of its members, the zoologist, Mr. Nicholai Hanson, who died on the 14th

of October. Anybody who should find this is kindly requested to forward it to the Royal Geographical Society of London, stating longitude and latitude where it was found, also conditions under which it was found, whether any icebergs were in sight, what wind and current prevailed at the time, and finally the finder's name and address.—(Signed) C. E. BORCHGREVINK.’ I also inclosed a photograph of the berg itself.

“The cave where we left this record was about 100yds. deep, and was of a beautiful greenish-blue ice



INTERIOR OF THE HUGE GREENISH-BLUE ICE-CAVE IN THE BERG IN WHICH THE PARTY CAMPED.



GENERAL SURVEY OF THE PENGUIN COLONY—"THEY WOULD HUSTLE AND PUSH ONE EXACTLY LIKE A HUMAN CROWD."

with gorgeous ice-stalacties hanging from the roof. We lit up one of these caves with magnesium, and the effect was indescribably grand.

"On the 3rd of November we got our first penguin eggs, and I at once ordered my staff to commence collecting eggs to put down in salt in case the *Southern Cross* should not return, and we should be left longer than we had anticipated.

"Now a few words about these remarkable birds. You have to become used to penguin flesh—we called it 'ptarmigan,' and boiled it first and roasted it afterwards. I quite got to like it in the end; the eggs, too, were very good. Here is a photo. of the penguin colony—quite one of the most remarkable sights I have ever witnessed. They had absolutely no fear of man, and it was the queerest experience imaginable to walk among these crowds of up-standing birds, who would hustle and push one exactly like a human crowd. More than that,

when they saw us they would turn to one another in astonishment, put their beaks together, and apparently make remarks about the human intruders! They were so tame that we used to tie them up as prisoners, study them from a natural history point of view, and then eat them and burn their skins as fuel." Some of these remarkable prisoners are shown in the photo. next reproduced. "It was very comic to see these fellows apparently communing together and discussing their melancholy prospects. Some of these penguins,



PRISONER PENGUINS—"APPARENTLY COMMUNING TOGETHER AND DISCUSSING THEIR MELANCHOLY PROSPECTS."

by the way, were about 4ft. high. Their nests are composed of pebbles; and so far as I could see their food appears to consist mainly of the same indigestible commodity. At all events, I cut open nearly every penguin we killed, and found quantities of pebbles in all of them.

"At one time the entire peninsula was literally covered with these birds, and a constant stream of new arrivals could be seen far out on the ice like an endless black snake winding in between the ice-floes. In half an hour the two Finns collected 435 eggs."

Gales—always gales; one blew at the rate of over 108 miles an hour. Mr. Borchgrevink says that no one ought to start on a sledge journey in these latitudes without allowing for 20 per cent. of checking gales. And you must take practically every ounce of food with you. There are no Arctic fauna here, such as bears, foxes, musk oxen, and reindeer. The Antarctic explorer depends

deed, so bold were these birds that on several occasions they attacked the dogs and even the members of the expedition, swooping down from a great height straight on to the men's heads, and then striking with their wings, afterwards rising again to renew the attack.

On November 22nd a large sheet of open water was found near the Cape, and hundreds of penguins were jumping about busily. The accompanying photo. shows this sheet of water being navigated in kayaks. There was a strong six-knot current.

"Would the *Southern Cross*, we wondered, be able to reach us? At any rate, we began to economize food, and laid in additional stocks of seal beef and penguins' eggs." As the strange Antarctic summer came on the drift snow became troublesome, and also the dust from the guano-beds. What a place for a party of civilized men to spend a twelve-month! So dreary and desolate and lifeless



"A LARGE SHEET OF OPEN WATER WAS FOUND NEAR THE CAPE."

entirely upon the food he carries on his sledges. "In my opinion," Mr. Borchgrevink remarked, "successful exploration within the Antarctic circle will always be local—I mean confined to one locality. For if too big a field of operations be attempted failure must result. Also, there ought to be close co-operation between expeditions on land and at sea; between vessels and sledges."

On the 15th of November 4,000 eggs were laid down in salt, by way of a prudent reserve. The young penguins, by the way, had a terrible enemy in the Skua gull—an unpleasant creature, who awaited the hour when the first little penguins would appear and then deliver a determined attack. In-

is this strange region that the discovery of a few insects by the doctor caused tremendous excitement.

The next photo. illustrates the difficulty of ice-travel—conveying stores, tents, etc., across a channel of open water.

At the Murray Glacier Camp, by the way, a curious adventure was experienced. "Early one morning Savio and I were aroused by a great noise on the mountain above us. We crawled towards the opening of the tent, dragging with us our sleeping-bags, which stuck to us persistently. A huge piece of rock as big as our tent was tearing down with fearful velocity in a bee-line for our camp. It had got on to its edge and was rolling like



ILLUSTRATING THE TEDIUM OF ICE TRAVEL—TRANSPORTING DOGS, SLEDGES, AND PROVISIONS ACROSS AN OPEN CHANNEL.

a wheel. Finally the monster took a westerly course and landed in a bed of snow 20ft. away from us.

"Christmas Eve was celebrated by speeches, toddy, extra rations, and an intense longing for home. On Christmas Day itself we had tinned plum-pudding; and Mr. Evans deserted his scientific occupations for the making of cakes. We were constantly worrying about the *Southern Cross*, and had to devote ourselves to all kinds of indoor labour in order to take our minds off this subject."

The next photo. reproduced shows the interior of the hut at Camp Ridley, with Mr. Fougner examining marine fauna on the left and Mr. Evans packing eggs. Lieutenant Colbeck is on the right repairing a sledge.

"Soon the ice broke up in Robertson Bay, and it was interesting to see the great number of monstrous icebergs sailing straight in against

a heavy gale and running aground. On the 27th of January I took with me Savio and two kayaks, with provisions for a week, to investigate a track which I had found in the snow, and which had undoubtedly been left by one of the dogs of the departing *Southern Cross*, and not by one of our own pack. When we could follow the track no longer up the steep glacier slopes we camped on the very beach where Mr. Fougner and myself had nearly lost our lives. On this



WHILE WAITING ANXIOUSLY FOR THE RETURN OF THE "SOUTHERN CROSS," HARD WORK WAS TRIED IN ORDER TO DIVERT THEIR THOUGHTS.



A LOADED SLEDGE ON THE WAY FARTHEST SOUTH.

occasion, too, we were fated to run a great risk. We had just finished a meal, and I had crawled into my kayak to have a sleep—the little boat being pulled up on the slope under the cliff—when suddenly an avalanche of stones and snow rushed down, nearly burying my kayak, while some of the stones fell in all directions about me, missing me in the most providential manner.

“On the 28th of January the *Southern Cross* returned, and Captain Jensen entered Camp Ridley with a mail from Europe. Rushing out we saw the ice-covered masts and yards of the vessel.

“We were simply starving for news from the great world beyond. For the first time we heard about the Transvaal War and the wonderful discoveries in wireless telegraphy.

“Then came preparations for the southward journey. Dogs, sledges, stores, etc., were put on board, and after a visit to poor Hanson’s grave we all followed. On the evening of the 2nd of March we steamed away from Camp Ridley, and once more I had the entire expedition of thirty souls under my command. We constantly landed to make observations, and the next photo. shows a loaded sledge on one of these occasions on its way ‘farthest south,’ about twenty miles west of Cape Washington. Here was a fine camping-

ground of about a hundred acres, not far from where volcanic Mount Melbourne rises about 10,000ft.

“On the 10th of March we sighted Mounts Erebus and Terror, the former being in activity. I landed at the foot of Mount Terror with Colbeck, Jensen, and two sailors.

It was a very low gravel beach, formed by a ‘rush’ from the cliff 500ft. above. This beach was about 10ft. broad, and the highest point only about 4ft. above sea level. We collected some specimens, and gave cheers for Ross, the Duke of York, and Sir George Newnes. Suddenly a thunderous noise was heard overhead. Immediately both Jensen and myself realized that the glacier lying immediately to the west of our little beach was giving birth to an iceberg. With a perfectly deafening roar a vast body of ice plunged into the sea, and a white cloud of snow and water enveloped everything.

“I foresaw what would follow. A raging, rushing, tidal wave shot up like a wall out of the sea with the plunge of the great ice-mass, and the wave seemed to grow as it raced towards our little ledge, which is so admirably depicted in the next photo. When the wave struck us it was from 15ft. to 20ft. high. I

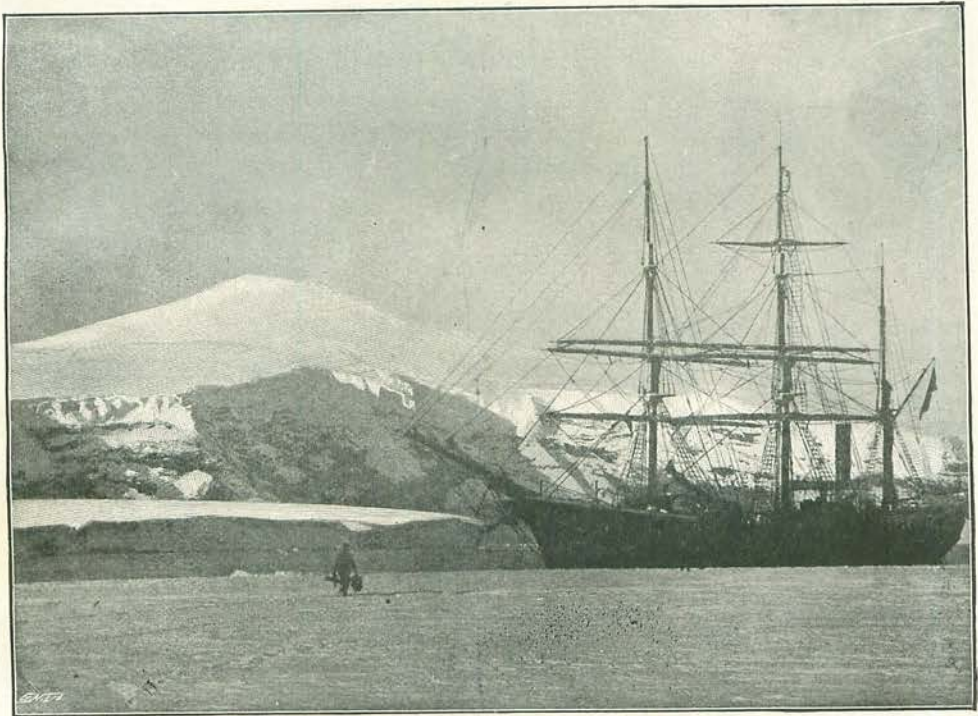


AT THE FOOT OF MOUNT TERROR. IT WAS AT THIS SPOT THAT THE GREAT WAVE NEARLY DESTROYED MR. BORCHGREVINK AND CAPTAIN JENSEN.

called to Jensen to struggle for life. The wave struck me first. Masses of ice were hurled against my back, but I clung desperately to the rock until my fingers bled. I had just time to call out again to Jensen when the icy waters closed above my head. When it passed Jensen was still at my side, thank God! Successive waves were several feet lower, only up to our armpits, in fact; but the backward suck of the water as it was hurled back from the cliffs tried us almost beyond our strength. Were it not for the projecting ice-shelf, which appeared to break the wave in its advance quite close to us, we must have been smashed against the rocks. About ten yards farther on, where there was no protecting ice-ledge, the wave

could get several miles inland, so I consider Newnes Land a likely place for other expeditions to winter in, and a good place for making observations.

"Towards the south-east Mount Terror runs into the sea, and here we found a large penguin colony. From the crater of Erebus clouds of smoke shot out spasmodically into the frosty air. The cold was intense, and the ship became covered with several feet of ice. In the intervals between the snow-squalls enormous icebergs hove in sight. At length I discovered a break in the great barrier, and here I effected a landing, accompanied by Lieutenant Colbeck. Travelling south I presently reached 78deg. 50min., which is the most southerly point ever



THE "SOUTHERN CROSS" AT MOUNT MELBOURNE, NEAR NEWNES LAND.

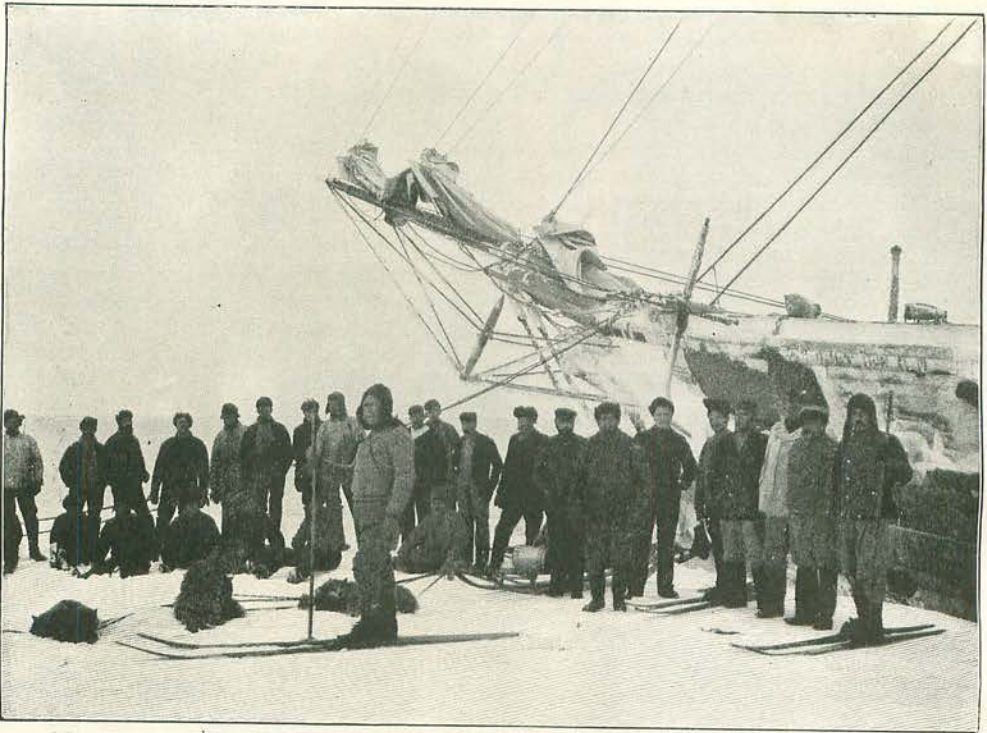
tore away pieces of rock 20ft. above our heads. Far out at sea were Colbeck and the two sailors, who had witnessed the whole occurrence. Indeed, he himself was called upon to display great presence of mind in order to save his boat from being swamped.

"The next photo. shows the *Southern Cross* at Mount Melbourne, near Newnes Land, which lies on the coast between Cape Adare and Victoria Land, at the base of a long peninsula terminating in Cape Washington. There is a place here where one

reached by man." The next photo. shows this important and historical scene. "On the 20th of February the voyage towards civilization was commenced, and on the 4th of April I dispatched the following communication to London:—

"Object of expedition carried out. South Magnetic Pole located. Farthest south with sledge record 78.50. Zoologist Hanson dead. All well on board.—BORCHGREVINK."

"With regard to the widespread idea of an impassable barrier of ice-precipices," con-



MR. BORCHGREVINK'S MOMENT OF TRIUMPH—THIS PHOTO, WAS SPECIALLY TAKEN AT "THE MOST SOUTHERLY POINT EVER REACHED BY MAN."

cluded Mr. Borchgrevink, "I should like to say a few words. There certainly *is* a great wall of ice, some of it a hundred feet high; but the main obstacle to exploration inland on the Antarctic Continent is the stupendous altitudes and the steepness of the slopes in the interior. I don't think that any expedition will ever actually reach the South Magnetic Pole; which, by the way, is situated about 220 miles W. by N. of Wood Bay, in lat. 73°20' S., and long. 146°0' E. I believe there is a vast continent there—a mass of rock, ice, and volcanoes, with no trees, no flowers, no animals, no birds—in short, no signs of life except the lichen and reindeer moss; also a lichen.

"There was not much humour or fun in our experiences, and the first suspicion of the

lighter side was encountered at Hobart, where at a garden party a dignified elderly (and slightly deaf) lady, hearing something about 'dogs' and 'two Finns,' looked at the narrator with intense admiration. 'Good heavens! what a scientific discovery,' she said. '*Fancy dogs with two fins!*'"



MR. BORCHGREVINK STANDING AT THE "MOST SOUTHERLY POINT EVER REACHED BY MAN."

Readers of THE STRAND may be glad to know that Mr. Borchgrevink's book will be published about October next, and will contain the leader's complete and detailed account of all his adventures and achievements, will be copiously illustrated with beautiful and impressive photos., of which the foregoing ones are excellent examples, and will form an indispensable record of Mr. Borchgrevink's eventful journey, "Farthest South."