

130 242

DR. KANE'S
ARCTIC VOYAGE;

EXPLANATORY

OF A

Pictorial Illustration

OF THE

SECOND

GRINNELL EXPEDITION.

NEW YORK:
WARTON & SON, PRINTERS, 111 FULTON ST.
1857.

117312
1878
E-287

The EDITH *and* LORNE PIERCE
COLLECTION *of* CANADIANA



Queen's University at Kingston

DR. KANE'S ARCTIC VOYAGE.

INTRODUCTORY SKETCH.

BEFORE we embark on our expedition to the regions of Eternal Ice, let us glance for a few moments at the antecedents, origin, and objects, of the adventurous crusade, the leading scenes and incidents of which we are about to retrace. The Hero of that Crusade—the brave, the magnanimous, the self-sacrificing, the self-reliant—has passed from among us to a world where Martyrs receive their reward; but the name of KANE shall never pass from the memory of his Countrymen, or cease to be honored by the whole civilized world, while greatness of soul and true practical Christianity continue to command the respect and reverence of Mankind. It is said of Napoleon that in the prosecution of his ambitious projects he knew no such word as impossible. Dr. Kane overcame more terrific obstacles than Napoleon ever dreamed of, in a holier cause. His mission was a mission of mercy and of sympathy—self-aggrandisement never entered into his thoughts. Duty was his guiding star, and in the sacred cause of humanity, his powerful intellect, his skill, courage, and almost super-human energy, were freely enlisted. What was the Passage of the Alps; what even the retreat from Moscow, compared with the horrors of two sunless winters—one of them an almost fireless and foodless vigil—passed, in a temperature eighty degrees below the freezing point, surrounded by the whelming snows and mighty crystals of the pole?

It is sufficient honor to have enjoyed the confidence of such a commander; and my friend Mr. McGary (the second officer of the expedition) and myself regard the kindly mention he has made of our services, in his interesting volumes, as an inestimable legacy.

1265019

There was but *one* member of the expedition whom he forgot. It was *himself*. But for *his* prudence, foresight, medical skill, and unwearied efforts, no soul of us would ever again have seen the light of home. With the elements of death at work upon his system, he literally *postponed* the fatal crisis until his duty was fulfilled. Dr. Kane was a small man. His weight, when in perfect health, did not exceed one hundred pounds. But his capacity of endurance was marvellous; and the labors he performed, even when debilitated by scurvy, that fearful scourge of Arctic Latitudes, might well be termed gigantic. He ignored sleep, traversed frozen deserts, cheered the desponding, quelled the mutinous, strengthened the irresolute, guided and directed all. Amidst the most terrible privations ever encountered by Arctic voyagers, he forced his way beyond what had been considered the *ultima thule* of northern progress, never neglecting for a moment, even under the most disheartening circumstances, the grand purpose of the enterprise, or the scientific observations and researches which were its subordinate objects.

I was about to refer to the circumstances which gave rise to the expedition, when these remarks on the character and labors of its lamented chief, suggested themselves. We will now briefly review the leading events bearing upon the subject.

Dr. Kane's expedition in search of Sir John Franklin and his companions was the second that had left our shores on that errand of mercy. The first, sent out in 1850, under the command of Lieutenant De Haven, was a government enterprise, suggested, however, by Mr. Henry Grinnell, the munificent merchant and noble-hearted philanthropist, who furnished one of the ships, and contributed largely toward the outfit. Dr. Kane accompanied the expedition as surgeon, and was attached to the *Advance*, the same vessel in which he afterwards sailed as commander. The voyage, although in some respects disastrous, was not, as you are aware, entirely unsuccessful. Traces of the lost explorers—sad traces in the shape of graves and abandoned articles—were found.

No effort had been spared to discover the fate of these unfortunate men. In 1849 Sir John Ross returned from an unsuccessful search on the side of Baffin's Bay, having been unable to

penetrate as far westward as on his previous voyages. Two other English expeditions had been equally fruitless. It was then determined to try the route through Behring's Straits to Banks's Land and the adjoining archipelago, and the Investigator and Enterprise, under Capt. McClure, were ordered thither by the British government. Three British squadrons were about this time dispatched to the polar regions—one under Sir Edward Belcher (whose expedition has been rendered so memorable by the recovery and restoration of the *Resolute*;) another (*Lady Franklin's*) under Captain Penny; and the third under Captain McClure, who discovered the Northwest Passage. In December, 1850, all these exploring parties, together with the first Grinnell expedition, under De Haven, were wintering within a circumference of a few hundred miles, utterly unconscious of their vicinity to each other. Near Griffith's Land lay H. B. M.'s ships *Resolute*, *Assistance*, *Pioneer*, and *Intrepid*; Captain Penny's two brigs were in harbor further north; the Investigator lay in Prince of Wales's Strait, and at the mouth of Lancaster Sound, drifting eastward with the pack, were the two American ships under Lieutenant De Haven. On board of one of the latter were Dr. Kane and two of the party who subsequently served under him, viz.: Mr. Brooks, afterwards his first officer, and myself. There was yet another expedition within the Arctic circle that winter. Mr. Rae, of the Hudson Bay Company's service, was within some three hundred and fifty miles of the Investigator, waiting, on the margin of Great Bear Lake, for a temperature that would allow him to start on his land journey. Possibly—who can tell?—in that same December, 1850, Sir John Franklin and his companions may have been dragging out a miserable existence at a point not very far remote from some of the parties in quest of them.

Of all these expeditions only two succeeded in finding traces of the missing mariners. The net results of the explorations made at the instance of the devoted and undespairing *Lady Franklin*, from 1849 up to the sailing of Dr. Kane's expedition, in the Spring of 1853, may be summed up in a few words.

Sir John's two vessels, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, were last seen on the 29th of July, 1845, in the upper waters of Baffin's Bay,

waiting for an opening in the pack. They passed the winter of 1845-6 at Beechy Island. This fact we clearly ascertained during the search of the first Grinnell expedition in 1850. The next and only further items of information were the well-known story related by the Esquimaux to Mr. Rae, touching the death of a party of emaciated white men on the banks of Great Fish River, and the purchase by Rae of a number of articles of plate and other utensils, which have been identified as having belonged to Sir John Franklin and his officers.

These data, meagre as they were in amount, were anything but encouraging; but Lady Franklin, noble wife, and true woman that she was, did not despair. She had expended a large fortune in a hitherto fruitless search, but hope still remained. She besought Dr. Kane to make one more effort to find her beloved husband, and he responded warmly and cordially to the appeal. Her noble enthusiasm and indomitable persistence—qualities inherent in his own nature—moved his sympathy and he resolved to further her wishes to the utmost of his power. The impulses of a benevolence, unlimited and inexhaustible, were stimulated also by a deep admiration for the character of Sir John Franklin himself. Mr. Henry Grinnell, the large-minded and noble-hearted projector of the De Haven expedition, undisheartened by its issue, offered his co-operation and his purse. The brig *Advance*, in which Dr. Kane had sailed before, was placed, by that gentleman, at his disposal for the cruise; Mr. Peabody, of London, the distinguished American Banker, proffered his aid toward her outfit; the Geographical Society of New York, the Smithsonian Institute; the Philosophical Society, and other scientific bodies, furnished a supply of instruments for the purposes of observation; and the Navy Department, by an official order, assigned Dr. Kane to the command of the expedition. The *Advance* was a staunch brig, of 120 tons burthen, and her complement of officers and men consisted of eighteen persons, exclusive of the commander. I will give you their names, as I shall have to refer to some of them, while explaining the scenes and incidents to which I intend to introduce you: Henry Brooks, first officer; Dr. J. J. Hayes, surgeon; August Sontag, astronomer; James McGary, second officer; Messrs. Wilson, Riley,

Ohlsen, (ship's carpenter,) Bonsall, Stephenson, Whipple, Godfrey, Goodfellow, Blake, Baker, Schubert, (cook,) Hickey, and myself. Ten of the party were regularly attached to the U. S. Navy, and detailed by the department for the service. The others were engaged by private liberality. All were volunteers.

Our equipment consisted of a variety of excellent sledges, for ice and land travel, some India rubber and canvas tents, and a quantity of boards intended as winter housing for the vessel. Of provisions we had a fair supply, consisting of Pemmican (*i. e.*, pulverized cured meat mixed with fat,) meat, biscuit, dried potatoes, pickles, dried fruits, and vegetables. Besides the searticles we had the regular navy rations, a moderate supply of liquors, some malt, and a brewing apparatus. Our wardrobe of woolens was of the most approved kind, and we had abundance of articles of barter. Add to this list a fine library and a valuable set of instruments, and you have pretty nearly the sum-total of our goods and chattels.

Dr. Kane had resolved to sail up Baffin's Bay to its northernmost attainable point, and thence press toward the pole with his party in boats and sledges, carefully examining the coast-lines for vestiges of Sir John Franklin's expedition. He had inferred, from facts and analogy, that Greenland extended farther to the north than any other known land, and hoped on some of its yet unvisited headlands to discover some beacon, indicative of the fate of the lost navigators.

The plan of the voyage having been settled, the equipment of the ship and party completed, and the regulations which were to govern us, issued by the commander, we left the port of New York on the 30th of May, 1853, and, amid the hearty "God speeds!" of crowds of friends, put to sea.

THE VOYAGE.

Imagine, if you please, that we have called at St. Johns, Newfoundland, received from Governor Hamilton, by way of souvenir, a noble team of Newfoundland dogs, passed into Baffin's Bay, and reached the coast of Greenland.

Here we are, on the 1st of July, 1853, at

FISKERNAES,

among the hospitable Danes and semi-Christianized Esquimaux. In the scene before you, the little settlement (which, by the way, rejoices in unsurpassable codfish) is portrayed with much fidelity. It is situated on a *fiord*, or inlet, some eight miles from the open bay, and is approached by a channel studded with picturesque slands. Here we lay in our supplies of Cod, salted, and dried, without salt in the open air. Here, also, we engage, through the kind offices of the Danish superintendent, a dexterous young Esquimaux hunter, named Hans Christian, who thinks it a small matter to transpierce with his javelin a bird on the wing, and with whom we shall draw closer the bonds of fellowship, as we recognise the value of his services, on our progress north. Hans, like most of his blubber-fed nation, is fat, greasy, good-natured, and phlegmatic; and is warranted never to fire up, except under the excitement of the chase. We also engage an interpreter named Petersen.

Leaving Fiskernaes, we skirt the Greenland shore, visit the Moravian settlement at Lichtenfels, touch at Sukkertop, or Sugar Loaf, an insulated peak which towers 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, and so proceed slowly northward, purchasing native dogs for our sledges at the different settlements on our route. At Upernavik, the resting-place of the Grinnell expedition in 1851, after its long winter drift from Lancaster Sound, we pause for a couple of days, to refresh ourselves on the threshold, as it were, of the polar world. Passing Duck Islands (where the *Advance* grounded in 1851) and the entrance of Melville Bay, we get among decayed land ice, and the 29th of July finds us, for the first time,

MOORED TO AN ICEBERG.

We have scarcely a breathing spell in our new quarters. You see our peril graphically depicted in this striking and impressive scene. First the overhanging crest of our deceptive shelter begins to crackle and shiver. Down come a few small fragments

of ice, the first droppings of the storm. "Cast off! Cast off!" is the cry. There are no idlers now; for the issue is life or death! Scarcely are we a boat's length from the berg, when the first avalanche descends, and in a moment the whole enormous mass falls in ruins with a crash like the explosion of a magazine, We leave some four hundred fathoms of whale-line behind us, but we are safe, thank God. Ah! it was all the world to a China orange against us. What an escape!

Let me now transport you through splendors, at which we have scarcely time to glance, to a point of extraordinary interest,

THE CRIMSON CLIFFS

of Beverley. A spectacle gorgeous beyond description heralded our approach to them. The midnight sun came out over the crystal battlements of an enormous ice-tower, lighting it up with many-colored fires, as for some high festival, while the floes around flashed and sparkled as if their dull masses had suddenly been changed to rubies, carbuncles and burning gold. It was through this sea of jewels that we made our way to the scene, which, I assure you, is portrayed with wonderful accuracy on this canvas. The CRIMSON CLIFFS, so called from the red snow which covers them, and which has been supposed to derive its tinge from the peculiar species of lichen on the face and in the clefts of the rocks, are among the most striking natural features of this portion of the polar seas. When illuminated by the sunlight, or by the corruscations of the Aurora Borealis, they have more the appearance of being garlanded with roses than encased in snow. A good idea of what is technically termed a degraded iceberg (i. e., an iceberg which has literally broken down and caved in—a huge frigid ruin) may be derived from the representation of one of these *razed* masses, in the present division of our voyage. We are now fairly in the North Water.

The next point of interest is a

REGION OF GIGANTIC ICEBERGS

in the neighborhood of Littleton Island, and near Capes Alexan-

der and Isabella—the majestic ramparts, some 2,000 feet high, which flank the entrance of Smith's Sound. The rising of the moon over the water and ice, and the Aurora which you will presently observe, will enable you, in some measure, to realize two magnificent scenes witnessed by Dr. Kane and his companions near this spot. On Littleton Island we discover some memorials of the Esquimaux, in the shape of long-deserted huts, weapons, domestic implements, and graves occupied by the half recumbent bodies of the dead. Sad signs, these, of the decay of a nation of nomads soon to be numbered among the things that were. Here too we bury our life-boat, with a supply of stores to be used as a *dernier resort*, should disaster compel an untimely retreat. We name the place of deposit Life-boat Cove, plant the American flag on the cairn that covers our provisions, leave a brief memorandum for any friend that may chance to pass that way, and then, after saluting the stars and stripes with three hearty cheers, sail on our way rejoicing.

We now begin to close with the pack-ice, and not far ahead the "ice blink," a peculiar haze that denotes the vicinity of vast fields of congelation, warns us that we are near the head of polar navigation in Smith's Sound. Walrus herds and a few white bears begin to show themselves. It is well that it is so, for the Esquimaux sledge-dogs, fifty in number, and scarcely half-reclaimed from the savage state, are ravenous as starving wolves. A dead narwhal, or sea-unicorn, found on the rocks, and weighing 600 pounds, scarcely stays the stomachs of the cormorants for three days!

So far I have considered you my fellow-voyagers; but before us are the high polar latitudes, the unrelenting polar winter. I will not make you shudder by inviting you to accompany me, even in imagination, into an atmosphere 50 degrees below zero, where quicksilver is a solid metal, and the toughest wrought-iron as brittle as glass; but will simply play the historiographer, and relate to you, as a story of the past, the leading incidents connected with the scenes to which your attention will be invited.

Our next stopping-place was a land-locked inlet on the coast of Littleton Island, into which we were forced by the pressure of massive pack-ice. At my friend McGary's suggestion, it was

named "Refuge Cove." Thence we made a perilous passage along the "land water," between the floes and the shore, to the scene of the hair-breadth escape from destruction here portrayed. For several days we had scudded through drift ice before a strong gale, when we suddenly found ourselves in close proximity to the rocky island before you, to which we succeeded in making fast. Feeling what good service it had done us in our extremity, what a *Godsend* it was to reach it, and how gallantly it protected us from the grinding ice, we gave to this anchorage the name of

GODSEND LEDGE.

But our respite was short. We had been in harbor but two days, and had scarcely established a shooting acquaintance with the grim walrus which thronged around, when a hurricane from the south was upon us. To use Mr. McGary's strong expression, "it blew the devil himself." Our six and ten-inch hawsers snapped like pack-threads, and away went the brig into the wild ice, and at its mercy. *How* she went, this illustration of our awful predicament may enable you to guess. We dropped our best bower anchor, but it scarcely checked her. On she drove, scraping a lee of ice forty feet thick. One mighty mass made a half summersault over her gunwale, smashing our bulwarks to pieces. At last we managed to plant an anchor on a moving berg, which, after towing us through an ice-walled channel so narrow that we had to brace the yards in order to clear the frozen bluffs, brought us into open water. Never did heart-tried men acknowledge with more gratitude their deliverance from impending death.

Nearing the "ice-belt," or margin of ice which in high northern latitudes adheres to the coast above the ordinary level of the sea, we continued working to the northward by "tracking," or towing the brig. Harnessed like horses on the tow-path of a canal, we contrived to haul the brig along at the rate of about three knots an hour. Thus we progressed, often in imminent danger, sometimes aground and once on fire, until the 25th of August, when we became partially embayed among the shore ice, and Dr. Kane determined to start on a boat and sledge expedition in search of a winter harbor for the brig.

EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF A HARBOR.

Our lightest whale-boat was selected for the undertaking. We named her the "Forlorn Hope." She was roofed with canvas, covered with tin as a protection against the bay ice, furnished with a sledge, plenty of pemmican, a lamp, and some cooking apparatus. Seven of us volunteered to accompany the commander—Brooks, McGary, Bonsall, Sontag, Riley, Blake and myself. Ohlsen was placed in command of the Advance, and Dr. Hayes in charge of her log. A shaking of hard hands—hands with hearts in them—three cheers, and we were off.

Twenty-four hours brought us to the end of our boating. The impenetrable pack barred our way. Hauling our craft on the ice-belt, we stowed her in a snug spot, and started with our sledge, laden with a few necessary articles. Our road was over a table, or shelf of ice, overhanging the sea, at the base of impending limestone rocks, over a thousand feet in height. This crystal highway was obstructed with huge blocks, and by tongues of rock extending across it from the face of the bluffs to the seaward margin. Our line of march was also frequently intersected by water-courses and deep gorges. One of the ravines, which we named Coffee Gorge, proved a serious impediment. We crossed it in a snow storm, and the scene has been admirably reproduced by the artist in the view before you. In the background are the giant cliffs, of which I have spoken, some of them fifteen hundred feet above the ocean level.

Cheered on by our indomitable commander, we pushed forward on our reconnoitering tour, bivouacking at night on the snow under the rocks. Once the tide overflowed us in our tent, forcing us to stand up to the hip in water, with our sleeping gear elevated above our heads, until the ebb left us high, but not by any means dry. The ice-belt was indented by *fiords* or bays, and at some points the limestone rock formed a succession of terraces, rising one above another, for many hundred feet, with wonderful regularity. It was the magnificent masonry of an Almighty Architect! Skeletons of the musk-ox were thickly scattered through a portion of this region. During our progress we discovered an immense river, three-quarters of a mile wide where it disembogued into the

Sound. It was named by the commander Minturn River. A week's laborious travel, during which we forded and swam many streams, and crossed immense crevasses, brought us to a headland eleven hundred feet high, from the crest of which the "Great Glacier of Humboldt," and the land stretching far northward from the northeast, and now bearing the name of Washington, were plainly visible. In the far distance were Cape Andrew Jackson and Cape John Barrow, and between them an unbroken area of solid ice. Here we turned, and our commander being satisfied that the inlet in which he had left the *Advance* afforded a better winter harbor than we had seen on our route, the party hastened back to rejoin their comrades on board the brig. On reaching the vessel, no time was lost in warping her into a snug spot between two islands, where we found seven fathom soundings, and a perfect shelter from the outside ice. Let me now introduce her to you as she lay in her winter quarters at

RENSSELAER HARBOR,

where she still lies, in latitude 78.43, if her strong timbers have not yet broken up from the pressure of the surrounding ice. The expedition, you will suppose, has just returned. It is September. The long night "in which no man can work," is at hand, and all hands are preparing for it. The rising sun, so soon to set for months, looks more glorious than ever. The effect in the picture is striking, and as truthful as it is beautiful. This is a midnight scene, and Byron's poetic phrase, "The Noon of Night," may well be applied to it.

We now busied ourselves in earnest with our preparations for winter. The young ice had massed together rapidly, and we were completely frozen in. There was no time to lose. The deck was housed in with boards, and caulked with oakum. A system of warming and ventilation was established; the arrangements for lighting, cooking, and ice-melting, were cared for; the dogs were kennelled in squads; fire-holes were cut in the ice as a resort in case of fire; and our domestic programme was prepared with the most exact attention to cleanliness, exercise, recreation, and discipline. On a rocky islet near by, known as Butler Island, we built the

WINTER STOREHOUSE,

which figures prominently in this view. There, too, we constructed a dog-house, but the perverse brutes would not live in it. On another insulated rock, about a hundred yards off, we built our observatory. Provisions were the main consideration. We had as yet seen no deer, and hunting in the black darkness of an arctic winter was out of the question. Salt junk and salt fish were, in a double sense, *scurvy* fare; so we tried to extract the salt by soaking and drying. By this means we freshened them—slightly. Dr. Kane, ever looking to the future, now trained his Newfoundlands for sledge service. He contemplated a bold push to the northward in the spring, and proposed to establish a chain of provision depots in advance. The nearest links of the chain were to be laid down with the assistance of the Newfoundlands. For the more distant, he intended to employ the Esquimaux teams. The former of these objects was however accomplished by Messrs. Bonsall and McGary, with a party of five men, without the assistance of the dogs. If time would allow, I should like to give the particulars of their journey as I received them from my friend McGary. The sledge was dragged by manual labor, each member of the human team having his own “rue-raddy,” or shoulder-belt, and other necessary harness for the work. After the party had been out twenty days, Dr. Kane, becoming alarmed, started in search of them with his Newfoundlands. He found them, almost by a miracle, and brought them back frost-bitten, and broken down by exertion, cold and privation.

The view now presented represents the

MEETING OF DR. KANE AND THE MISSING PARTY.

Worn-down as the men were, they were making their way to the brig at the rate of twenty-five miles per day (after twenty-eight days of exposure on the ice) when the commander encountered them. Ah! it was a joyous meeting!

Deeper and darker grew the twilight that precedes the Arctic winter. October was upon us. Fresh rations were scarce—so

scarce, that after smoking the ship to clear it of rats, some of us began to think of eating them. This was actually done the following winter, and rat-soup became a luxury at the commander's table. Hans and Petersen brought in a few hares and ptarmigans, a fox now and then, and occasionally a deer; but the supplies were few and far between. We had our domestic misfortunes too. The brig took fire and barely escaped destruction, and our unruly Esquimaux dogs bothered us not a little. By way of varying the performances, one of them went mad.

A little while and darkness was upon us—a "darkness that might be felt." Here is a scene from our long night. The locality is

SYLVIA HEADLAND,

a rocky promontory near Rensselaer Harbor—the time high noon. Mark this view particularly, for it is the perfect reflex of the celestial phenomena in those regions. Darkness—the stars—the moon—at the hour of meridian! And now you see the "Northern Lights," tinging the sky with their variegated splendors.

Fancy us now, if you please, settled for the season. A long and dreary one it was. For one hundred and twenty days the sun was below the horizon, and the outside temperature ranged from 40 to 60 degrees below zero. But we were not without enjoyments in our close quarters. Sailors, you know, are proverbially light-hearted. With a pack of cards, and occasionally moderate splicing of the main brace, and a few old-time yarns, we managed, until sickness fell upon us, to keep care at bay. And then, too, we had our plans for the spring to talk over, and an arctic newspaper, "The Ice-Blink," to give us the news of the day. We even managed to get up a Fancy Ball! Above all, we had the example of our ever-cheerful, indefatigable commander.

The moon was now a glorious object, sweeping the whole circle of the heavens, far above the horizon, and reminding us of the sparkling nights when we used to dash over the home-snows, to the sound of merry sleigh-bells, "long time ago."

As the winter advanced, our dogs sickened and died. All the Newfoundlanders, and all but six of the Esquimaux, perished. The

scurvy began to show itself among the men. We had no fresh meat. The walrus had left us, and Hans, expert as he was, could rarely secure any small game.

Such was our condition when the opening of February brought with it a faint glimmer of the coming light. We could see each other's faces in the twilight, and mark how they had bleached in the absence of the all-coloring sun.

FERN, OR OBSERVATORY ISLAND.

The sight of our magnetic observatory presented a singular appearance. The ice-belt, skirting Fern Island and Butler Island, had been enormously increased in bulk by the overflow of the tides, and having been broken up by the rising and falling, through the long winter, of a tidal wave of thirteen perpendicular feet, it presented a bristling wall of fragments of the most fantastic shapes. It may be inferred, from the scene before you, that it was no easy matter to scale these ramparts of ice piled in magnificent confusion around our observatory. Between us and the islet, and encircling its rocky shore, were three bridges of ice-blocks, twenty feet high, and over a hundred and thirty feet in width. We climbed over them with the aid of poles, and other appliances, but not without great difficulty and some danger.

On the 21st of February, 1854, Dr. Kane clambered to the summit of the headland, and caught the first glimpse of the returning sun. Our beloved commander was suffering (in silence, of course) from scurvy and debility. The sight of the long-absent orb refreshed and cheered him. He says in his journal, "I saw him once more; and upon a projecting crag *nestled* in the sunshine."

March brought us back to the uninterrupted day, but still the thermometer registered between 40 and 50 degrees below zero. On the 20th of the month, a depot party, with a sledge, started to *cache*, or bury provisions in advance, to sustain the exploring parties which were to follow. This was a most disastrous expedition. On the twelfth day from the time of their departure, three of the party (Sontag, Ohlsen and Petersen) returned. They were swollen, haggard, scarcely sane. The others—Brooks,

Baker, Wilson and Schubert—were lying frozen, disabled, dying perhaps, in the far-off icy wilderness. Ohlsen, wrapped in furs, was placed on a sledge as guide, and, with a small party of volunteers, away went our devoted commander in search of his ship-mates. After an unbroken and fasting march of twenty-one hours, a small American flag was descried fluttering from a hummock, and near it a tent nearly covered up by the snow. The rescue party drew up at the tent entrance, and begged the commander to enter alone. He crawled in; a feeble shout from the four prostrate men welcomed their deliverer; a louder cheer answered it from without. “They had expected him,” they said; “they were *sure* he would come.” Well did he deserve such confidence. The poor fellows reached the brig in a sad condition. They had been out eighty-one hours, almost without food, wholly without sleep. All of them were fearfully frost-bitten, and partially deranged. Two—Jefferson Baker and Peter Schubert—were death-struck. The former died of lock-jaw in thirty-six hours after his return; and poor Schubert, our cook, did not long survive. They were true men both. Presently I will show you where and how they were entombed.

While watching by the death-bed of Baker we were startled by a loud halloo from the land. Dr. Kane and all of us who could walk, clambered upon deck. Numbers of human beings, swaddled in skins, dotted the snow-shores of our harbor. We saw at once that

THE LONG-EXPECTED ESQUIMAUX

had arrived. The commander, unarmed, met them, as they advanced, with signs of welcome, which were reciprocated by the leader of the party (Metek) a powerful Indian, and they were soon on board, eating everything edible they could get hold of, like devouring locusts. It was their first interview with white men, but they manifested no fear. They had plenty of sledges and fine dog-teams—really dashing turn-outs. I am afraid we envied them. The scene of the meeting is graphically depicted here, but the after-scenes no pencil could adequately illustrate. They ate and thieved, and chattered, and snored, in a style per-

fectly unique and indescribable. They remained with us until the morning, and then departed, their journey being expedited by a charge of small shot sent among them by Mr. McGary, as they were cutting up our India-rubber boat, which had been left on the floe near Butler Island. We purchased four dogs from them before they left.

As April closed, Dr. Kane and seven men started on another exploring expedition, along the line of *caches* made the previous October, extending toward the Great Glacier. This enterprise proved a failure, so far as its object of forcing a passage to the north was concerned; but Arctic features of the highest interest presented themselves on the journey. Prominent among these natural wonders were

THE THREE BROTHER TURRETS

and

TENNYSON'S MONUMENT,

delineated very effectively in the scene now coming into view. While seeking to attain the extreme point of North Greenland, the party, a little to the north of latitude 79, came upon a group of natural pillars of red sandstone, capped with greenstone, and having the appearance of regularly jointed masonry. These columns, which were three in number, received from the explorers the name of the "Three Brothers." From the coast-wall there rose what seemed an artificial causeway, leading to a sun-lighted gorge. At the edge of this bright opening rose the semblance of a huge castle, flanked with these triple towers, isolated and standing out in bold relief.

Beyond Sunny Gorge another equally marvellous freak of nature arrested the attention of the travellers. A single shaft of greenstone, as sharply finished as if it had been cut or cast for a national monument, towered to the height of four hundred and eighty feet above a plinth or pedestal, nearly three hundred feet in height, which formed its base! Nothing fashioned by the hands of man has ever, or can ever, equal that God-made column. Associating it with certain passages in the works of a great poet, the commander named it "Tennyson's Monument."

The next grand spectacle—the grandest of all—that broke upon the party, was

THE GREAT GLACIER OF HUMBOLDT.

As far as artistic skill can do justice to this prodigy of the polar circle, it is represented here. Words can convey no adequate idea of a sun-illuminated glassy wall, from three to five hundred feet above the water-level, and with an unfathomable depth below it, stretching northward for sixty miles, and vanishing into space at a distance of perhaps not more than a day's railroad travel from the pole! The interior of Greenland, from which it issued, was a vast *mer de glace*, or ice-ocean, apparently boundless. The glacier formed an impassable barrier to further exploration in that direction. Dr. Kane has called it "the Crystal Bridge which connects the two *continents* of Greenland and America." Greenland certainly *is* a continent, being more than twelve hundred miles in extent from its southernmost point, Cape Farewell, to the glacial masses in the 80th parallel. The party followed the base of this Arctic rampart as far as practicable, and discovered a new northern land, trending far to the west, which Dr. Kane named Washington. A large bay, separating it from the coast of Greenland, is designated on his chart as Peabody Bay.

Unable to penetrate further, the explorers now made their way back to the brig. They arrived in a deplorable plight. Some were disabled by scurvy, others afflicted with snow-blindness. The bears had broken up their provision *caches*, and they had suffered terribly from want of food. Dr. Kane had entirely succumbed, and was brought in, strapped upon the sledge, frost-bitten, delirious and apparently dying. From the 14th to the 22nd of May, he fluctuated between life and death, but from that time began slowly to recover. About the same date, poor Schubert, our cook, the merriest of our party, whose songs and sallies had so often cheered us, breathed his last. His body was encased in a pine coffin and placed side by side with that of his messmate Baker, on Observatory Island. He was borne to his last home by sorrowing comrades, who knew not how soon they might follow him to the Unknown Land. Dr. Hayes read an appropriate chapter from the Holy Book, and snow, for lack of dust, was

sprinkled on the coffin-lid. There was no burial—for no grave could be dug in the adamantine soil—but the frost embalmed our dead.

Our camp life—if I may so call it—was now enlivened by hunting the seal, killing an occasional bear, and shooting ducks, dovekies, gulls, and ptarmigan, Hans being our principal Nimrod.—The progress of vegetation was rapid, and many specimens of Arctic plants were collected. Our brig had been divested in part of its winter cover, the weather was genial, and the sick were doing well. In May and early June two expeditions north were undertaken—one under Dr. Hayes, the other under Mr. McGary. Both resulted in interesting discoveries, and were accompanied by awful hardships, but neither resulted in forcing a passage beyond the point already attained.

I will now invite your attention to another expedition, made by Hans and myself under instructions from Dr. Kane. We had a light sledge and four dogs. The first notable point we reached was the mouth of a channel (subsequently named Kennedy Channel) the headlands of which were visible to the north and west. The travel here was difficult and we came near losing our sledge and dogs. One

SCENE IN THE CHANNEL

is well delineated in the view now presented to you. Moving onward, depending upon our guns for support, we coasted the estuary or strait, for we knew not which it was, for some days. During this time we made tremendous havoc among the eider-ducks and other aquatic birds, which hovered in numbers around us, and on one occasion, after a tough encounter, slaughtered a huge white bear and her cub. I will not detain you by relating the incidents of a journey which finally brought us to a cape two hundred miles north of all our former explorations. Beyond that cape, stretching as far as the eye, assisted by the telescope, could reach, was the iceless open sea! The unfrozen ocean that had been supposed to surround the pole, was, as I then believed and as I still believe, before me; its waves, surging from the farthest north, were breaking at my feet! My point of sight was five hundred and eighty feet above the level of the sea that barred our further advance. The appearance of the vast expanse of

OPEN WATER,

as I saw it from Cape Independence, is well delineated here and the rising sun, and the celestial phenomena observed in that region, are correctly represented in the order in which they occurred. The Cape is in latitude 81.22 and in longitude 65.35 W. It was the extreme limit of our progress. You may imagine my feelings as I swept, with my glass, a water horizon of full forty miles, between which and the spot where I stood, not a speck of ice was to be seen. That this was the "polar basin," heretofore conjectural, there is no good reason to doubt. The cause of its fluidity, I leave others to explain. It may be, as Dr. Kane suggested, that the Gulf Stream, already traced to Nova Zembla, is turned aside by that peninsula to the space around the pole, and that its superior temperature prevents the formation of ice within a certain area.

On our return to Rensselaer Harbor, we found the commander preparing for an expedition south to Beechy Island, in search of assistance from Sir Edward Belcher's squadron. The summer was drawing to a close. There was no chance of getting the vessel out of the ice. We were all out of health, and before us were the horrors of another winter, without necessary food or fuel. We needed succor if ever men did. I joined the expedition, which started on the 12th of July, with our whale-boat on a sledge. We returned, unsuccessful, on the 6th of August. We were, however, "fat and saucy," having fared sumptuously during the trip, on auks, eider-ducks, and scurvy-grass salads.

With sad forebodings we now began to prepare for the second winter. Our daily prayer was no longer "Lord, accept our gratitude, and bless our undertaking," but "Lord, accept our gratitude, and *restore us to our homes.*" Even our brave commander had given up all hope of finding any traces of Sir John Franklin. Dr. Hayes, and eight others of the party, left the brig about this time, hoping to make their way to the open water south, and thence to the Danish settlements. Mr. Brooks, Mr. McGary, myself, and five others, remained to share the fortunes of our beloved commander.

One twilight day in October, we received an unceremonious visit, the nature of which you will understand from the "counterfeit presentment" in this view. We were discussing the

expediency of a trip to the Esquimaux settlements, in search of walrus meat, when a lively sensation was occasioned by the cry of

“NANNOOK! NANNOOK!” A BEAR! A BEAR!

Sure enough, when we reached the deck, there she was on the ice, with a fine cub, tossing our dogs right and left, as a terrier would toss so many rats. Our fire-arms were soon in requisition. Dr. Kane put a pistol-ball into the cub, and Ohlsen a rifle-bullet into the mother. But “Nannook” had come for supplies, and was not to be scared off by trifles. Tearing down with her powerful fore limbs the beef casks that fenced our store-house, she mounted the rubbish, and taking a barrel of herrings in her teeth, and her damaged cub between her hind legs, she endeavored to make her escape. The dogs, however, stuck staunchly to her, and as she backed, fighting, from the brig, we gave her a shower of buckshot and ball which settled her worldly affairs. The cub then sprang upon the corpse, and made a brisk fight until muzzled and secured. We found nine balls in the body of the mother.

The interior of the brig had been lined with moss, and made as much as possible like native Igloe or hut. For some time past we had had unrestrained intercourse with the Esquimaux, who had two settlements within from 50 to 80 miles of us, and we adopted many of their admirable precautions against cold. Our only fuel was old junk and the inner wood-work of the vessel, and our lamps were fed with the melted fat of salt pork. Near us, as here depicted, were the tombs and epitaphs of our deceased shipmates, gloomily hinting, as it were, at our own probable fate. When we looked at these

MEMENTOES OF THE DEAD,

and thought of our own forlorn condition, weak, scurvy-eaten, and the black winter approaching, what could we expect but a cruel death in the Arctic wilderness!

One by one, as the cold and darkness increased, we were stricken down, until at last almost the whole executive duty—cooking, watching, nursing, hunting—fell upon our commander, his faithful henchman Hans, and one or two others. Had it

not been for the Esquimaux, whom Dr. Kane completely won by his kindness, we had surely perished. They behaved well to us in our greatest extremity.

Christmas day—merry Christmas in the land we had left—found us very low, yet cheerful. We strove to *imagine* the roast turkey and plum-pudding, as we discussed the salt pork and unpalatable beans. McGary enlivened the festivities with a story. We had heard it before, but it was *apropos*. Cæsar Johnson, colored whitewasher, is the guest of Uncle Ben of the same complexion and profession. They are dining on pork and the appropriate trimmings. “Bring on the resarve, ole woman,” says Uncle Ben to Mrs. Ben, with a hospitable wave of the hand. “Haint got no resarve,” is the response. “Well, den—bring on de beans.” So much for Christmas.

I now introduce you to a very interesting, animated scene, a

WALRUS HUNT.

By the flesh of this uncouth animal human life in the high latitudes is principally sustained. The Esquimaux hold the blubber in the highest esteem, and devour it in enormous quantities—say six pounds at a meal—with a gusto which turtle-loving aldermen might envy.

Here you see one of the methods of killing these monsters, which weigh from 700 to 1000 lbs. each. Hans had been dispatched to Etah, the most remote of the two native settlements within our reach, in search of fresh meat for his scurvy-ridden comrades, and in consideration of his rifle and his skill, had been permitted to share the hunt, a favor which entitled him to a portion of the spoil. On this occasion a large walrus was harpooned, and tethered to the ice by the natives. Hans then finished him with his rifle, and received his proportion of the carcass, which we subsequently devoured. The aurora reflected on the icebergs in this scene is very fine and equally truthful.

Many excursions were made from the brig, principally in search of food, and many incidents occurred on board, of which I have not time to tell. We were in constant intercourse with the Esquimaux. Dr. Kane often visited their settlements, and was always received as a benefactor and a brother. The whole tribe loved him.

As Dr. Kane predicted when they left us, the party which had deserted the brig in hope of reaching the open water to the south, returned after enduring great hardships, and we were now one party again.

At the dawning of our second polar spring, the commander, seeing there was no chance of saving the brig, determined to leave her and make a push for the south and the Danish settlements, with boats and sledges. Due preparation was made, and by the 20th of May we were ready to start on our adventurous journey. We had three boats, the "Hope," "Faith," and "Red Eric"—the largest, the "Red Eric," in pretty good trim, the others so-so. Our provisions, guns, ammunition, and outfit of clothing, &c., having been placed in the boats, and the boats on sledge-runners, we bade adieu to the vessel with much solemnity. Prayers and a chapter of the Bible were read, and the help of heaven earnestly invoked. The commander left a memorial on board, stating his reasons for abandoning the brig and the course he had resolved to take. At Etah some walrus-meat and four dogs were obtained. The first halting-place of the main body of the party forms the subject of this scene.

You see our

BOAT CAMP IN A SNOW-STORM,

just as the commander found it on his return from Etah, whither he had been for supplies. Once, after we left the brig, Dr. Kane and myself had occasion to return to it for some stores for the sick. An enormous raven, one of a pair that had taken possession of our deserted home, took wing from the deck as we drew near. The storm which, as you perceive, nearly buried our first encampment was a precursor of far more melancholy disasters. It followed us to the next halting-place, and again snowed us up there. By the 6th of June, we were near "Life-Boat Cove," with several of the friendly Esquimaux accompanying us. Hans was absent. Rumor said that faithless to a lady-love he had left at Fiskernaes, he had gone off to get married to an Etah heiress. Inconstant killer of seals and eater of blubber! We saw him no more.

Tide-holes began to show themselves in the ice as we proceeded southward; signs that we were nearing the open water. From one of these holes Ohlsen extricated one of the boats by

main strength, but so strained himself in the effort, that he died a few days afterwards. We laid him in a rocky gorge, overhung by a cliff, to which we gave his name, and placing a rude tablet on his breast, covered the body with rocks to protect it from the bears and foxes.

Near Cape Ohlsen we had very nearly lost our best boat and all that it contained. The incident is vividly illustrated in this picture of the

BROKEN FLOES.

Suddenly, as we were moving cautiously over the ice, the Red Eric disappeared through a fissure. Blake, Bonsall and others of the party, succeeded by long continued exertion in dragging her on the solid part of the floe. The cargo was not injured, and we greeted her safety with three cheers. It was a miracle no lives were lost. Stephenson was caught, as he sank, by one of the sledge-runners, and I was already drifting under the ice when Mr. Bonsall caught me by the hair and saved me. At Life-Boat Cove we recruited our stock of provisions from our reserve depot on the island, and then pushed forward. On the 16th of June, by God's help, we had reached the

SOUTHERN OPEN WATER.

It took us a week to caulk our boats and stow cargo. At the end of that time, the commander called our Esquimaux friends together, and we bade them an affectionate farewell. The scene was of a character which this mute canvas cannot enable your hearts to realize. Presents, chiefly tools and cutlery, were given to the adults. The children had cakes of soap—heaven knows they ededit. “Kuyanake, kuyanake, nalegak-soak.” “Thank you! thank you, Big Chief!” resounded on all sides. The “big chief” addressed them gently, gratefully, encouragingly. He told them of tribes of Esquimaux from which they were separated by the glaciers and the sea, of the greater duration of daylight, the more profitable hunting, the better fishing, to the south. They listened with deep interest and besought him to return and take them to the happier Southern Land. Perhaps they may one day find their way thither, with Hans, the stout hunter, but faithless lover, as a guide. The women wept, and

there was no mistaking the earnest good wishes of the men. For a long time they had ceased to steal from us. "You have done us good," said Metek, *anglice* the "Eider-Duck," "we will not take; we want to help you—we are friends." On Sunday the 17th of June, just before midnight, we launched the "Red Eric," with three cheers for Henry Grinnell and "home-ward bound," but a storm delayed our embarkation. On the 19th, the weather having moderated, at 4 P. M. we started on our perilous voyage. The commander led the way in the "Faith," the "Red Eric" followed, with the Hope in her wake. We passed Northumberland Island on the 22d, but as we advanced, the muscular strength of the party failed. Our diet was miserable. On the 25th, while fastened to a floe during a fog, a terrific gale from the north burst upon us. The imminent peril we were in may be surmised from this view of our position during

THE STORM OFF WEARY-MAN'S REST,

as we afterwards named the spot. Our floe was driven before the wind upon the ice-foot of an adjacent rock. In an instant the wildest ruin was around us. Even Dr. Kane gave up all hope of escape. It was not a "nip" such as is familiar to Arctic voyagers. The whole platform around us for hundreds of yards was crushed to pieces. How we were saved, no man knew; but suddenly we found our boats afloat and borne madly along in a tumultuous rush of ice and water, amid a clamor louder than the braying of a thousand trumpets. At last we brought up with one boat stove and the others strained, in a gorge of the ice-bound cliffs, which will ever be remembered by all of us as the Weary Man's Rest. We were now in luxurious quarters. Flocks of eider-ducks were continually flitting past. Multitudes of nests were around us. For three days we gathered twelve hundred eggs a day, and feasted royally. Nay, we even indulged our patriotism with a brewing of egg-nog (borrowing the liquor sparingly from our alcohol flask) on the day we lowered our boats and again set forth. The indulgence was excusable for it was the **FOURTH OF JULY**.

Our friendly sheltering place at **WEARY MAN'S REST** appears in the scene before you. It will be observed that we were

completely encaved in our crystal retreat. Ah! you should have seen us eating those eggs and drinking that nectar!

From this point we advanced on our rugged way along the Greenland coast, doing the work of horses, until, toward the middle of the month, we reached a series of bird-haunted bluffs, which the commander named Providence Cliffs. Here we halted to feast and fatten on birds and eggs, with scurvy-grass as "garden sarse." There was a bleak ice-field a-head, but few of us were aware of it.

On the 18th we were again afloat. One of our boats, the Hope, was injured in launching, and we lost our best shot-gun and only kettle. We soon reached the "Crimson Cliffs," a view of which you have had on the outward voyage. They were gladly welcomed as familiar landmarks, by the homeward bound. Esquimaux were to be expected in this region, but we saw none. Unfortunately, after advancing beyond Cape York, we encountered something much less friendly—impassable ice floes. We cut up the "Red Eric," deposited her planks on the other two boats, rigged up our sledges, assumed our *rue-raddies*, and with faint hearts and feeble limbs, turned in our tracks to look for an opening. The third day we found an open lead and re-embarked. After several providential escapes from destruction, and when all but dying for want of fresh food, we came upon a large seal. Petersen shot him. That shot saved our lives. We fed and were strengthened. No more hunger after that. Seal were plenty. We reached Duck Islands, landed on terra firma, knelt and thanked God! The long pilgrimage was nearly over. A few days more and we hailed a native in his kayak, or fishing-boat. Petersen, who had been engaged in Greenland, knew the man. But the Esquimaux, on the authority of Petersen's wife, insisted that he was dead, and would not believe to the contrary.

Within a week thereafter we were at Upernavik, among our Danish friends. For 84 days we had lived in the open air. Our habits were hard and weather-worn. The atmosphere of a house gave us a sense of oppression. But we drank coffee at many a door, and listened to many a song of welcome, greeting our deliverance. Here we heard that traces of Sir John Franklin's party had been found a thousand miles south of our late winter quarters, and that Lieutenant Hartstein, U. S. N., with a steamer and a tender, was in search of us. We had not been forgotten

While the rescued party are supposed to be digesting the news, including the "latest from Sebastopol," permit me to introduce a representation of

H. B. M. SHIPS RESOLUTE AND ASSISTANCE,

as they were left in the ice by Sir Edward Belcher. The view is from a photograph obtained from a drawing taken on the spot. The Resolute does not look quite as trim as the portrait of her which you saw on entering this room.

We embarked from Upernavik in the Danish barque *Marianne* on the 4th of September, 1855, for Godhaven, the Inspectorate of North Greenland, taking with us, as a memento, the "Faith," one of our boats. On the 11th, we arrived at our destination. We had been there some days when a steamer with a barque in tow was announced from the signal station as approaching. As they drew near, our country's banner was discerned. The vessels were Lieut. Hartstein's squadron,

THE ARCTIC AND RELEASE!

For the last time the little "Faith" was lowered into the water. All the crew and our honored commander were soon on board. We pulled with a will and were quickly alongside the steamer. I will describe the meeting in Dr. Kane's characteristic words :

"Captain Hartstein hailed a little man in a ragged flannel shirt—'Is that Dr. Kane?' With the 'Yes' that followed, the yards were manned by our countrymen and cheers welcomed us back to the social world of love which they represented."



Treadwell & Co's
ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL,
BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

GENIN'S
Ladies' and Children's Outfitting
BAZAAR,
513 BROADWAY,
ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, NEW YORK.

PHALON'S
HAIR-DRESSING & BATHING
ESTABLISHMENTS,
197 & 517 Broadway,
NEW YORK.

TIFFANY & CO.,
JEWELLERS, &c.
550 Broadway,
NEW YORK.

W. DELAMANO,
HOUSE DECORATOR

AND

PAINTER IN FRESCO,

468 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

P A P H I A N L O T I O N .

E. PHALON,

197 & 517 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

D. DEVLIN & CO.,

CLOTHIERS,

258, 259 & 260 Broadway,

NEW YORK.

VOORHIS & WHITEMAN,

Upholstery, Paper Hangings, &c.

632 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

GENIN'S HAT STORE,

21 Broadway,

NEW YORK.

BALL, BLACK & CO.,

JEWELLERS, & C.

247 Broadway,

NEW YORK.

J. & C. BERRIAN,

House Furnishing Hardware,

601 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

E. V. HAUGHWOUT & CO.,

Plain & Ornamental China, Glass Ware, &c.,

488, 490 & 492 BROADWAY, N. Y.

ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS,

2 VOLS. 8vo.

BY DR. E. K. KANE.

CHILDS & PETERSON, Philadelphia, Publishers.

GIRARD HOUSE,

Philadelphia, Pa.

CHAS. OAKFORD,

HATTER,

Chesnut st., Philadelphia, Pa.

LEVY & CO.,

DRY GOODS,

CHESNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.

GILMOR HOUSE,

BALTIMORE, MD.

REVERE HOUSE,

BOSTON, MASS.

