

for our dogs to go eight days without food, working in harness every day. During the summer, when not working, they are fed only about once in twenty days, if at all. The consequence is that they always have good appetites. They are always looking around for something to eat, and they have the most irresistible curiosity.

I remember one day, during our journey from Terror Bay to Tulloch Point, on King William's Land, during the fall of 1879, we had halted for a rest during the afternoon, and some one imagined he saw a tent on the crest of a distant hill. Toolloo-ah immediately got out the long spy-glass, and, lying flat upon his stomach, rested the instrument upon the bundle he had just dropped from his shoulders. But as his eye was placed at the eyepiece, he jumped back, evidently startled, for he said he could see nothing, which was very likely, since at the same moment one of the dogs, with an investigating turn of mind, had approached the other end of the glass and was looking at him with his mild eye through the object-glass of the telescope.

After three months of weary marching with dogs and sledges, most of the way over unexplored territory, the Franklin Search Party found itself, on the 3d of July, 1879, at Cape Felix, the most northerly point of King William's Land, and there commenced the summer search for the history of Sir John Franklin's fated expedition. Already, while upon their journey up the coast, they had found the opened grave of Lieutenant John Irving, third officer of H. M. S. *Terror*, with the few remaining bones, together with some rotting clothing lying within the rude tomb and scattered among the rocks near by. A prize medal, awarded to that officer while a pupil at the Royal Naval College, established the identity of the remains, which was further confirmed by fragments of astronomical instruments found in the grave, evidently indicating it to be that of one of the scientific officers of the expedition. This grave was discovered near Cape Jane Franklin, and near by lay scattered, in utter confusion, many interesting relics of the lost crews. Here, also, we found a copy, in the handwriting of Sir Leopold McClintock, of the record found by him twenty years previously, and showing the spot to be the place where the retreating crews first encamped after abandoning their ships, in the spring of 1848. Here commenced that terrible march where

the brave adventurers, already wasted by disease, at last were compelled to succumb in the unequal contest with hunger, cold, and fatigue. As we followed their line of march down the coast, we found evidences that they had been unable to make better marches than from two to four miles a day, and nearly every camping-place was marked by the tombs of the dead, or the bleached bones of those who perished beyond the reach of their comrades. Finally, at a point on the main-land about five or six miles west of Richardson Point, were found the remains of those who, through superior physical resources, had succeeded in reaching the farthest point on their route to Back's Great Fish River, where they soon would have met with relief from the natives, who live the year round at the Dangerous Rapids, on that river, and subsist chiefly upon fish, which they catch in immense quantities from the never-failing stock existing in this famous tributary of the Polar Sea. Where these men perished, the natives had found, many years ago, a boat, with skeletons, and a sealed tin box, two feet long and a foot square upon the ends, which, upon being broken open, was found to contain books and a piece of magnetized iron. There seems little doubt that the books, so carefully preserved by the famished explorers, were their more important records, and that the piece of magnetized iron was the dip-needle employed by them in establishing the position of the north magnetic pole, near which they had been beset for nearly two years, affording a most valuable opportunity for ascertaining, with great accuracy, the position of that interesting point on the globe. The bravery of these poor fellows was indicated in an unusually marked degree by the affectionate care bestowed upon the remains of their comrades who fell during the march, all of whom received decent burial until the point was reached where the last few finally starved to death. The waning strength of the party was indicated, as we traced their line of retreat, in the diminished size of the stones that composed the graves, until, at the last one, on King William's Land, they were scarcely larger than pebbles. The tenacity with which they clung to their precious records, and only perished with them when the last man died, was most noble, and to doubt that the books that they guarded with such heroic devotion were any other than the history of their labors and discoveries in the interest of science and geography,