

The launch whistled frequently as she steamed along, and we knew afterwards that the sound was heard by those who lay in the tent, which was partly blown down. Brainard and Long succeeded in creeping out from under its folds, and crawled to the top of a hill near by, from which was visible the coast towards Cape Sabine. At first nothing was seen by them; and Brainard returned to the tent, telling by the silent despair of his face that "there was no hope." The survivors discussed the probable cause of the noise, and decided that it was the wind blowing over the edge of a tin can. Meanwhile Long crept higher up the hill and watched attentively in the direction from which the sound had apparently come. A small black object met his gaze. It might be a rock, but none had been seen there before. A thin white cloud appeared above it; his ear caught the welcome sound, and the poor fellow knew that relief had come. In the ecstasy of his joy he raised the signal-flag, which the gale had blown down. It was a sad, pitiable object,—the back of a white flannel undershirt, the leg of a pair of drawers, and a piece of blue hunting tacked to an oar. The effort proved too much for him, and he sank exhausted on the rocks. It was enough for the relief party; they saw him, whistled again, and turned in for the shore with all possible speed. Long rose again, and fairly rolled down the hill in his eagerness to meet them. The launch touched the ice-foot, and the relief party hurried towards him. The ice-pilot of the *Bear* reached him first, spoke a word of cheer, and asked him where Greely was. He informed him of the location of the tent and the state of the party. They hurried in the direction indicated, and soon reached the tent, while Mr. Lowe took Long off to the *Bear*.

In reply to our ice-pilot's question, "Is that you, Greely?" a feeble voice responded, "Yes; cut the tent." The pilot whipped out his knife and cut the hind end of the tent open from as high as he could reach to the ground. Through this opening, Colwell entered. The light in the tent (it was 9 o'clock P. M.) was too dim to see plainly what lay before him, but he heard a voice in the farther corner warning him to be careful and not step on Ellison and Connell. He found Greely lying under the folds of the tent, with the fallen poles across his body. Biederbeck was standing; Ellison and Connell lay on either side of the opening, the latter apparently dead. Stepping carefully across their bodies, he dragged Greely out and sat him up. He was so weak that he could barely swallow the crumbs of hard-tack that Colwell gave to him

in the smallest pinches. It was said Greely first asked the rescuers if we were Englishmen; and on being told that we were his own countrymen, he added, "and I am glad to see you."

Greely told Colwell that Ellison had his hands and feet frozen off, and that Connell was dying; and then began in a rambling way to tell the long tale of suffering and misery that had just ended. Colwell cheered him with the story of the friends who were waiting to carry him home; urged him to get down and wait patiently; turned to the other poor fellows in the tent, sat them up in their bags, and fed them with cracker and pemmican. A small rubber bottle containing about a quarter of a gill of rum, probably reserved for medical purposes, had been kept hanging in the tent. When the cheers of the relief party were heard, Biederbeck arose to take it down. He had it in his hand when Colwell entered. He reached Connell, raised his head, and poured a few drops in his mouth, then divided the remainder equally among his comrades. Colwell's last words would doubtless have been "Let me alone; let me die in peace," had not been revived by the influence of this rum. As he described his situation to me afterwards, he said he was dead to the waist; feeling had left him, and he had but an hour or two more of life. "Death had me by the heels, sir, when you gentlemen came and hauled me out by the head" was his description of his plight. Colwell then directed the party to prop up as much of the tent as they could; he built a fire, and set pots of tea and beef tea to warming, carried Brainard and Biederbeck outside of the tent, and wrapped clean blankets about them. A large party soon arrived from the *Bear*, Captain Schley and Emory and Doctor Ames among them. They busied themselves in doing what they could to relieve the sufferers. The doctor superintended the administering of the food, allowing only the smallest quantities to be given at a time. The sailors required to be watched. With their pockets full of bread and open cans of pemmican in their hands they would feed the poor fellows surreptitiously. Their hearts were larger than their judgment and experience. As soon as order and system were attained, Captain Schley directed Colwell to signal to the *Thetis* for the photographer, for Doctor Green, for the men, blankets, food, etc.

ON THE "THETIS."

SEBREE and I had speculated upon the possibilities of the next hour, but little