

And now it only remains for us to make our farewell to these desolate and confiding people. I gathered them round me on the ice-beach, and talked to them as brothers, for whose kindness I had still a return to make. I told them what I knew of the tribes from which they were separated by the glacier and the sea, of the resources that abounded in those less ungenial regions not very far off to the south, the greater duration of daylight, the less intensity of the cold, the facilities of the hunt, the frequent drift-wood, the kayack and the fishing-net. I tried to explain to them how, under bold and cautious guidance, they might reach there in a few seasons of patient march. I gave them drawings of the coast, with its headlands and hunting grounds, as far as Cape Shackleton, and its best camping-stations from Red Head to the Danish settlements.

They listened with breathless interest, closing their circle round me; and, as Petersen described the big ussuk, the white whale, the bear, and the long open water hants with the kayack and the rifle, they looked at each other with a significance not to be misunderstood. They would anxiously have had me promise that I would some day return and carry a load of them down to the settlements; and I shall not wonder if—guided perhaps by Hans—they hereafter attempt the journey without other aid.

It was in the soft subdued light of a Sunday evening, June 17, that, after hauling our boats with much hard labor through the hummocks, we stood beside the open sea-way. Before midnight we had launched the *Red Eric*, and given three cheers for Henry Grinnell and "homeward bound," unfurling all our flags.

—KANE'S ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS. *Ulukha Hunt*

1890-1857

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN. 1786-1847

THE Polar clouds unlift—a moment and no more—
And through the snowy drift we see them on the shore,
A band of gallant hearts, well-ordered, calm, and brave,
Braced for their closing parts,—their long march to the grave.

Through the snow's dazzling blink, into the dark they've gone—
No pause: the weaker sink, the strong can but strive on.