

again the floe on which they drifted was broken up, and they had been compelled to make their way to another floating mass amid fearful perils. More than once they had almost perished with hunger, and experienced wonderful deliverances when at the last extremity. But under the sheltering hand of Providence they had been preserved through perils, hardships, cold and famine, and not one of them had even sickened. The poor little Esquimaux baby, even though but two months old when their voyage began, sheltered carefully in the loving arms of a mother, took no harm, and seemed as lively as any of the party. Truly, it is a marvellous tale of human endurance and courage,—unparalleled even in the records of Arctic adventures. When full materials for the construction of the narrative are furnished, and the story comes to be fitly told, it will be one of the most thrilling ever penned. Meantime, a slight outline of it, as I gathered it from the lips of several individuals of the party, may be interesting to the readers of the MARITIME MONTHLY.

It adds not a little to the romance of the story to find that one of the party taken from the ice was the Esquimaux, Hans Christian, who figures so largely in the charming narratives of Dr. Kane and Dr. Hayes. Hans is quite a historical character, though the poor fellow does not look by any means heroic now. He is no longer young, and the hardships through which he has passed have told heavily on him. He seems broken down and exhausted. Little did I ever expect to see the celebrated Hans in the flesh. When I told him that I had read about him many years ago in books, and that he was a well-known character in America and England, he did not seem to be at all elevated in consequence. He answered with a nod and a brief “ugh, ugh.” The honour and glory of figuring in history do not seem to be of much consequence to the imagination of Hans. His narrative powers are of the most limited description, as he speaks only broken English, and finds it difficult to understand ordinary speech. Were he the only historian of the ice-voyage, its story would be summed up in a few brief sentences. As I looked upon the honest face of Hans, I could not but think of the time, of which Dr. Kane tells, when he was a youth of nineteen or twenty, and, smitten by the youthful charms of a plump Esquimaux damsel, he, for a time, deserted his commander, and, with the fair maiden on one side and a handsome supply of walrus and seal flesh on the other,