

nd, and we came down the hatch, "Mr. Taunt and Mr. sound was near low, you are wanted for duty." We at trouble, though once went on deck. Taunt was directed to nesting, and ran a party of men and visit the cairn on ous; but still the top of Brevoort Island; I to visit Stalk- was threatening Stalk Island. The rise and fall of the tide er to Cape Sabine had broken up the floe badly, and the set at 1 p. m. Southern winds had piled the ice up in all is left on the top in imaginable shapes. The whole bay was a the *Bear* to connect-work of tide-channels, over which we had spread, and the line frequently to ferry ourselves on cakes of ice. singled; we went two miles to the island, and an hour's had obtained permission to tramp. As we approached it, the es of some duck-cairn appeared with something projecting foot on Littleton from its top, that struck me as little resembling ng in the dory the oar I was told had been left there. the narrow chan Reaching the ice-foot, we hurried across it ddenly shouted and up the smooth sides of the island. In the excitement war place of the oar was a long rusty tin case — so I mounted as I knew that it must belong to Greely. My or three minutes party hunted about the rocks, and soon dis- black nest at the covered a bottle, which they brought to me. crept over the I broke it eagerly, only to find that it contained er mainmast and a record left by Captain Stephenson of the ensign and pen-discovery in 1875, indorsed by Beebe in the and doubt that it *Neptune*, 1882, and by Garlington, 1883. de fast. Captain Indorsing on it the visit of the expedition of ted, and returned 1884, I put it in a new bottle, and laid it in er bound across the crevice where it had been found. I then eam, with a gale turned to the cairn. Removing a few stones occasionally to from the top, I found several tin boxes, more the whole the or less rusted, with their contents scratched It is thirty-five on them in rude letters; two wooden cases, a e reached it at bundle of flags, and a leather sextant-case. e of the ice that Folded and tucked in the side of this case oort Island to was a leaf from an ordinary note-book, on which was written in lead-pencil:

"October 23, 1883. This cairn contains the original records of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition, the private journal of Lieutenant Lockwood, and a set of photograph negatives. The party are permanently encamped at a point midway between Cape Sabine and Cocked Hat Island. All well.

J. B. LOCKWOOD,
1st Lieutenant, 23d Infantry."

To unroll the bundle of flags, that contained an American Ensign, a British Jack, the flag of the *Gulnare*, and a masonic emblem, lash the ensign to a pike, run to the top of the hill and signal the news to the ship, was the work of a moment. Dispatching a man with a copy of Lockwood's note, with instructions to make all haste to the ship, I signaled, "Have found Greely records. Send news by man." It was understood, and I returned to the cairn. My observation from the hill-top showed that Stalknecht Island was a rock over which the floe-ice had frequently been forced by tide and gale. That such a place should have been selected for the valuable records seemed strange to me; yet Lockwood

had doubtless used the stones of the Beebe cairn where they were, rather than have the trouble and work of transporting them to a higher point. A few traces of moss and lichens were the only relief to the barren rock; a few papers containing tea, a canvas cover that had probably been on the record bottle, some pieces of the gunwale of a boat with fire-charred ends gave evidence of previous visitors to the spot. I dispatched my men with the smaller boxes, and then visited the hill again to watch the ship. The *Bear* was about to leave for the Greely camp, and the "general recall" was flying from the mast-head for me, so I left the remainder of the records and hurried back across the floe. Several times I fell in up to my waist; once up to my neck, and often jumped as the floe was sinking beneath me. It was an exciting time, but I was nerved with the prospects of the next few hours. I reached the ship, changed my clothes, and was on deck again just as the ship was rounding the Cape and standing up for the Greely camp. Lieutenant Sebree was on the bridge, and I joined him. I learned that Taunt had found a paper in his cairn, written by Greely himself, dated October 21, 1883, which read as follows: "My party is now permanently in camp on the west side of a small neck of land which connects the Wreck Cache Cove and the one to its west, distant about equally from Cape Sabine and Cocked Hat Island. All well." This he sent to Captain Schley by one of his men, who reached the ship about ten minutes before my message was signaled. Captain Schley at once went on board the *Bear*, leaving the *Thetis* to collect the detailed parties.

THE RESCUE.

As soon as the ships reached Payer Harbor, Lieutenant Colwell was directed to take the *Bear's* steam-launch and visit the Wreck Cache, left by the *Proteus* in July, 1883. He was one of the officers of the unfortunate *Proteus* expedition, and knew the exact location of the cache that was built before the retreat of its survivors. The launch had been supplied with provisions and water for the use of her crew, and had started for Cape Sabine, when a hail from the *Bear* recalled him. Taunt's messenger had arrived and told of the location of Greely's camp. Beef tea, milk, crackers, an alcohol stove, blankets, etc., were hastily thrown in the launch, and he started again, taking with him Chief Engineer Lowe and the two ice-pilots. He was instructed to find out the condition of the party, and tell them that relief was at hand. The *Bear* followed them in a few moments.