

THE GREELEY EXPEDITION.

(*Ellice Hopkins, in Sunday Magazine.*)

(Continued.)

But, alas! in that world of stern realities polite assurances can find no foothold on its slopes of eternal ice. The commander of the wrecked "Proteus" did not adhere to the preconcerted meeting places. Infinitely precious time was lost in the relieving vessels and boats missing one another. And by the time the blunder was remedied it was too late, the frozen sea was closed in for the winter. The Lady Franklin Bay Expedition was abandoned to its fate.

Abandoned to their fate, and what a fate! Well might the stoutest heart quail before it. Five-and-twenty men left to encounter on barren crags the hardships and horrors of an Arctic winter, without food, shelter, or clothing, with neither fire, light, nor warmth, with a night before them 744 hours long, and a temperature of freezing mercury; to face undauntedly intense cold and bitter frost, disaster and slow starvation, insanity and death!

Yet their splendid pluck never failed them. Still with the hope that they would be relieved, their first step was to set to work, half starved as they already were, to build themselves a hut. Its walls were only three and a half feet high, as there was but little available rock to build with. But they managed to build in their boat into the roof, so that just in the centre they could stand upright. Here all the cooking was done, a chimney being made of tomato cans, stuffed up with rags when not in use; and here in bad weather the men could stand up and walk a few steps by turn. The rest of the hovel was occupied by the sleeping bags in which they lay all day, and which if they left them for a few hours were always frozen as hard as iron, and had to be melted by the warmth of their own half-starved bodies. Though a third of their numbers survived till June 22nd, even by October 26th their hunger was so ravenous that when some dog biscuits were turned out of the stores thoroughly rotten and covered with slimy green mould, the famished men sprang upon them like wild animals and devoured them greedily. "What will it be," was Major Greeley's melancholy reflection, "when the provisions are still farther diminished, if the men are like this already?" On October 26th, the sun left them for a hundred and ten days, and through the long hours of darkness their only light was a bit of rag dipped in a little oil or alcohol. "One bit of flame, affording about as much light as a poor tallow candle, suffices for the whole hut. The steam and smoke which are produced in cooking are so dense that but few of the party are able even to sit up in their bags while cooking is going on, and only on favorable occasions can a man see the face of his neighbor touching him. In the midst of these dense clouds of smoke and steam, without any additional light, the cooks are obliged to divide the stews, tea, and other food. I do not believe that either cook has intentionally shown partiality to any member of the mess, or retained an extra quantity for himself. The ravenous, irritable condition in which the entire party are at present cannot but have the effect of making most men morbid and suspicious. Sergeant Gardiner lately said to me that he objected very decidedly to passing Rice's ration to him if it could be avoided. He declared that he realized the fairness of the cooks, but that in allowing a cup of tea or a plate of stew to pass through his hands, he could not prevent himself from mentally weighing the food as it passed, by comparing it to the portion which came to himself. Such a comparison he knew was small and petty, but his starving condition must explain and excuse it. I readily understood his feelings, as I myself have avoided handing another man's portion for similar reasons."

Many grudged the expenditure of oil or alcohol for the lamp. But Major Greeley knew but too well that their sorest danger lay from depression and madness; and besides having the indomitable resolution to give a course of lectures on the resources and characteristics of each of the States in the Union, he instituted evening readings from the Bible, the Army Regulations, and a chapter from "Pickwick," the wretched Eskimo lamp being held close to the reader's face, and many a cheery laugh ringing out from the thick darkness in which the rest of the audience was enshrouded. Little did Dickens realize that his kindly and genial humor would serve so desperate a turn.

As game became more and more scarce,

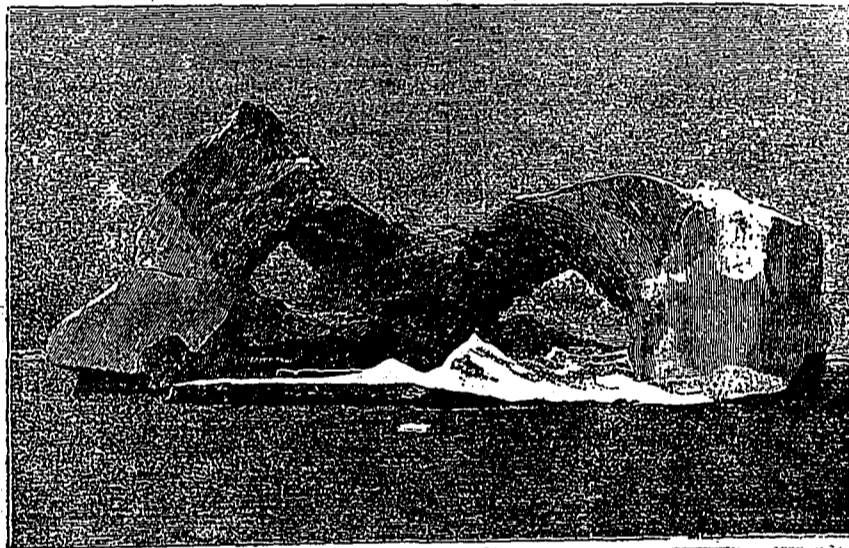
and their rations had steadily to be diminished, their situation became so desperate that Long, one of the two hunters, and Rice, a young photographer who had joined the party, volunteered to risk their lives, and go on an expedition to see if they could recover the hundred and fifty pounds of meat taken from an English "cache," which they had had to abandon in an earlier expedition to save the life of a comrade who was frost-bitten in both hands and feet. With the utmost reluctance their commander consented to so perilous an undertaking, and the two heroic men set forth with the broken blessings and prayers of all.

They succeeded in tracing the right direction and getting on their former track; and when they got within some distance of the hasty "cache" which they had made they left the sledge with their provisions and sleeping-bags behind them, and made a forced march to the spot. Alas! not a trace of the provisions could be found. It is supposed that the ice floe on which they were left must have got detached from the shore and drifted out to sea. But already the intense cold, the fatigue, and the disappointment were beginning to tell fatally on poor Rice. In vain his companion warned him of his danger, and besought him to resist the fatal drowsy numbness which was fast gaining upon him. No; he was only a little tired, and if he would only let him rest a little he would be all right. At last the failing limbs gave way, and he sank on the snow. His devoted comrade slipped off his own sealskin jacket, to wrap it around his dying friend, in the vain effort to get a little warmth into him, and knelt in the driving snow-storm in his shirt-

as these and others, "For ever after I will think better of human nature."

The hunters becoming more and more unsuccessful in their search after game, they hit on the expedient of baiting a net for shrimps, and latterly they lived almost entirely on them and reindeer-moss, *tripe de roche*, which they trailed their poor frozen limbs round the bitter ice-crags to gather for one another.

From the first there had always been the hope that when the light returned the Strait might be sufficiently frozen over to enable them, even exhausted as they were, to cross Smith Sound to Littleton Island, a distance of only twenty-five miles, where they would have found plenty of sea-fowl, and have been saved. But night and day the heavy grind and dull roar of the ice-pack sounded like a knell in their ears, telling them of the open sea, with its driving ice masses, in which no boat could live, and which would only insure their being drifted out into Baffin's Bay, from which fate once before they had so narrowly escaped. "It is surprising," writes Major Greeley, "with what calmness we view death, which, strongly as we may hope, now seems inevitable. There is little fear of these men failing in the dire extremity, for the manly fortitude and strength of the many compel respect and imitation from the few. I have instanced as a fine example of the spirit with which men should meet death, the English troopship, when the men, drawn up at parade-rest, went to the bottom of the sea without a murmur, while the women and children filled the boats. One supreme effort is easier far than this long drawn out agony, when, too, it is easier to think of death than to dare to live.



ICEBERG, SMITH SOUND.

sleeves by his side, holding him in his arms till he died. God is love; and it must have been the divine power of the love in his heart that kept him alive as he knelt, half naked, in the snow to minister to his dying comrade. How that solitary man, left alone with God and death, unnerved by the loss of the comrade he loved, in Arctic cold and darkness, and in the midst of a driving snow-storm, fought his way back to the sledge and the sleeping-bags, which alone made a moment's repose possible, God only knows. But more marvellous still, as soon as he had taken a little food and rest, he went a forced march of twelve miles there and back, reverently and decently to compose the poor dead limbs, and cover them with a canopy of eternal snow, so that the body of his beloved comrade might not fall a prey to wild beasts. Far easier would it have been, he confesses, to have lain down then and there by his side, and slept the sleep that knows neither cold nor famine, and where never "wind blows loudly." But he knew that this meant a rescue party to those whom he had left behind, and who would probably share poor Rice's fate. So now hauling the sledge, and now lying down for a little rest, but instantly starting up when he felt the drowsy numbness gaining upon him, and stumbling on a little farther, he at length reached Camp Clay, with his sad, heroic tale of frustrated labor and life laid down in vain. But when the sledge was unladen, it was found that he had endured it all on his own scanty rations, and had refused to touch his dead comrade's share, but had brought it back untasted to the starving men he left behind. Well might Major Greeley exclaim at such deeds

The story of the troopship appealed strongly to us as soldiers. The "Birkenhead" was often alluded to by us. These Americans, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, with one blood of heroes in our veins, were strengthened by our English heroism to die like true men, as their heroism will strengthen us to live truer to our manhood.

And now one by one those brave men began to succumb to slow starvation. Strange to say, Death alone in that pitiless, hard, white world of death seemed to relent and show them some pity, coming to them gently,

"And wrapped them formless in his fold,
And dulled the murmur on their lip,"

More like a mother hushing off her tired child to sleep. They became quite unconscious of their danger and gently delirious, babbling much about their dear ones, the wife or the mother they were never to see on earth again, about happy home meals, and green fields and summer warmth.

"Ah, not in sorrow, not in storm and strife,
Died those brave hearts; for the great Comforter
That walks with men, a silent minister,
Moved back the shadow of the dial face,
Back to the morning hours of sinless grace.
Babbling of old home fields and childish play,
And long forgotten things, they passed away;
Not through the crumbling portals of decay,
But through the morning gate of childhood passed,
To that still land where all find rest at last."

And as each was laid in a cleft of the ice, over the white upturned face in the white grave Major Greeley read our solemn English burial service, and the hard frozen stillness broke into the majestic words of hope: "I am the Resurrection and the Life. He

that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

(To be Continued.)

ODDITIES FROM JAPAN.

The following extracts were made from a paper which was composed, compiled, written and read by Japanese girls in a mission school in Yokohama. The paper was entirely in English:

DIFFICULTY OF THE PATH OF KNOWLEDGE.

Dedicated to the Graduates.

Through the long dreary months and days,
Amid the blast, amid the rain,
They must pursue the stormy ways,
Who would the wealth of knowledge gain.

As none Time's rapid flight may tell,
Let us not pause, but mount still higher
With spirits strong, attempered well,
As iron in the fierer fire.

The little leaves at first appear,
But tiny points of lovely green,
Those messengers of goodly cheer,
At last in all their charms are seen.

Thus they who have with toil and care
Sowed learning's seed, saw not at first
The buds spring forth in beauty rare;
Or flowers, and fruits all ripened burst.

But slowly springing here and there
In sunshine, dew and early rains,
To-day we see the harvest fair,
Of all this study and these gains.

For you may life in richness grow,
E'en as the rose of Sharon fair,
Whose petals in their beauty glow,
And sweetly scent the morning air.

And they like you, who would attain
A standard excellent and true,
Must not from earnest toil refrain,
And they will then succeed like you.

MARRIED.

Mr. S. T. Stick, the heir of late K. Bamboo, Esq., was married to Miss Drum, the second daughter of Dr. Round Drum, of Nikko. The ceremony was performed by Rev. D. F. Timber in the Temple Gongen, at Nikko. The public hope that Mr. Stick will not strike his bride.

DEATH.

Professor Green Frog, of Ricefield, died last evening of throat disease. He had always been an old croaker. The funeral took place at his residence. His remains were interred in the Ant Hill Cemetery. He being a famous Professor of vocal music, his loss will be deeply felt by the Frog choir and the numerous students.

TO LET.

A large, airy, upper room with furniture belonging to Mr. S. Body's house. Rent low. Apply to M. T. Head No 1.

TELEGRAM.

Konkonprontron Roranto Branbrontran. Tantotroradro dra Canbo Vango Rerororadro.

We publish this telegram just as it is supposed to have come to us from the planet Mars. We regret it is not more intelligible, but hope the audience will make the best of it.—*New York Observer.*

"THEM THAT HONOR ME I WILL HONOR."

Six young men started in the same line of business in a town in America. Five of them had friends who helped them, and they began with a good capital; but they were godless. They stuck hard to their counters during the week, but they used to spend their Sabbaths in rowing or fishing. The sixth was poor, but he feared God, and kept the Sabbath holy. A person who knew them all six well, writes:—

"At this date, the last is the only one who remains and flourishes; the other five went on from Sabbath-breaking to drinking, from drinking to gambling, and from gambling to the grave or the gallows!"—*Herald of Mercy.*

"GOLD! GOLD! GOLD! GOLD!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled!
Heavy to get and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold,
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mold—
Price of many a crime untold;
Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Good or bad a thousand-fold."
—Hood.