

most open point, and to fight and wrestle until it reached Wrangell Land.

She sailed, as we have said, in July 1879, under the command of Captain de Long, and very soon after her departure passed into a mystery almost as complete as that which once surrounded the Franklin expedition. When the summer of 1880 came, and no news of her whereabouts could anywhere be learned, considerable anxiety was necessarily excited, and the less sanguine or less well-informed spirits began to apprehend that, like so many of her predecessors, she had perished—that one more pitiful holocaust had been offered up to the potent “demon of the North.”

In the summer of 1880 the *Corwin* went in search of the missing vessel. She brought back no information of her whereabouts, but some interesting particulars of that Arctic life with which we are now growing so familiar.

In the early part of the month of August the *Corwin* cruised in the vicinity of Cape Saline and Herald Island, pushing her way through a labyrinth of ice-floes. There is something singularly blank and cheerless in the aspect of these shores—a dense mist generally rests upon the heights, and the cliffs frown