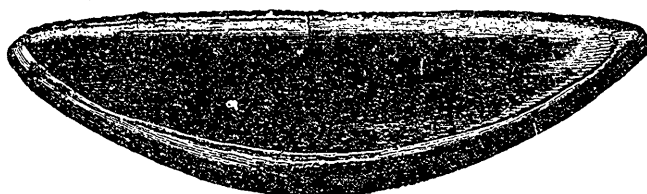


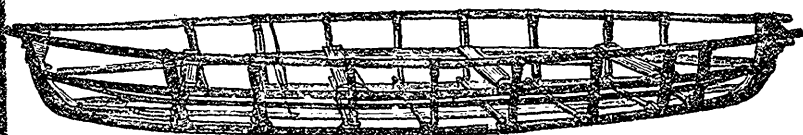
ments which he encountered. The crisis of the civil war was pending, and his friend and patron, Henry Grinnell, Esq., who had previously spent over \$100,000 in promoting arctic exploration, had lost half a million by commercial reverses, and was unable to assist as heretofore. To maintain his Eskimo *proteges*, Hall lectured through the country, but was himself reduced to



ESKIMO STONE DISH.

wear a threadbare coat. Yet he bated not a jot of heart and hope. He wished an equipment of \$20,000, but was willing to combine whaling with exploring, or even to go before the mast and be set down on some arctic coast to prosecute his explorations alone, "even if it took him ten years." "I will accomplish my purpose," he wrote, "or die in attempting it"—and die he did in the attempt. While writing his book, he says, "I had rather make a dozen voyages to the regions of ice and snow than prepare one book for publication." A similar remark is credited to Dr. Livingston, and Kane used to say that "his book was his coffin."

Hall at length sailed, with Eskimo Joe and Hannah as passengers, in a whaling ship, July 13, 1864. At St. John's, New-



SKELETON OF BOAT.

foundland, he received courteous hospitalities, and cleared for the arctic seas, July 18th. They soon fell in with pack ice, through which the whaler had to slowly bore her way. On the 20th of August they were put ashore on Depot Island, lat. 63° 47' N., with his outfit and twenty-eight-foot boat, the *Sylvia*, and began their five years' arctic residence. He hired, also, Rudolph, a German sailor, as an assistant. Making a *cache* of