

the ice pack and frozen in 10 miles south of Cape Hawkes. In 13 days they drifted south 25 miles on the floes, suffering horribly from the cold. So they drifted to within 11 miles of Cape Sabine, and were obliged to abandon the steam launch on Sept. 10th. The pack now remained motionless for three days, and several times the party got within two or three miles of Cape Sabine, only to be drifted back by the south-west gales. Five seals were killed and eaten while the men were drifting about. Eventually a heavy north-west gale drove them by Cape Sabine, within a mile of Brevoort Island, but they could not land. But on Sept. 22nd, there arose the most terrific gale they had yet seen on the Arctic ocean. The ice floe was driven hither and thither by the tempest, and the waves washed over them again and again, the spray freezing to them and causing intense suffering to the men. A night of inky blackness came on. The wind threw the heavy floes together, and crash after crash of ice breaking from their own floe, warned the men that death was near to them. No man knew at what moment the floe might break up and the waters engulf them. The first faint light of dawn showed them that little remained of the floe upon which they were. The sea washed another close to them. Closer it came, and at last, at the word, the men succeeded in getting upon it. The storm slowly subsided, and they gained land at Esquimaux Point, near Baird's Inlet, on Sept. 29th. Here winter quarters were built, and scouts were sent to Cape Isabella and Cape Sabine. In a few days they returned. Their report sent a thrill of horror to every heart. At Cape Isabella and Cape Sabine were found only 1,800 rations, and Garlington's records they learned the fate of the "Proteus." Every one knew that death must come to nearly every one of the party long before the ship of rescue could force its way into Melville Bay.