

FINDING FRANKLIN.

Extracts from the Account of Schwatka's Search.

Thrilling Story of His Sledge Journey Over Arctic Snows.

DEPOT ISLAND, NORTH HUDSON'S BAY, August 1, 1880.

It is just two years since Lieut. Schwatka's Franklin search party landed at Camp Daly, on the adjacent mainland, and during this period its experience has been, I believe, sufficiently varied and novel to make an interesting chapter in Arctic history. We had been informed in New York that a Netsilik Esquimaux had given Captain Thomas F. Barry, when second officer of the whaler Glacier, then wintering in Repulse Bay, a spoon which proved to have been the property of Sir John Franklin; that subsequently when Barry, while second mate of the A. Houghton, was writing in his logbook he overheard the native who had given him the spoon in conversation with another Netsilik say that the spoon came from a cairn where there were many such articles, besides books, similar to the one that Barry was writing in at the time; that Barry then questioned them, procuring a reiteration of the statement, and that the books were probably still there, as Inuits had no use for them, and would not disturb them. They also expressed their willingness to guide a party of white men to the cairn. A chart was shown and explained to them, and they pointed out King William Land as the country where the cairn could be found. The natural inference was that the books that they saw in a cairn with silverware and other articles from the Erebus and Terror were probably the records of Franklin's expedition, and the information seemed sufficiently direct and reliable to warrant the organization of the Franklin search party of 1878, 1879, and 1880. It took some time after reaching Hudson's Bay to sift these statements and find them wholly devoid of truth. But gradually they all fell to the ground, piece by piece, until nothing was left but the bare fact that he had a Franklin spoon in his possession when he reached the United States at the conclusion of his voyage in the Glacier, in the year 1873.

AN INTERESTING SPECTACLE.

We witnessed a most peculiar and interesting spectacle on the 8th, in what appeared to be a frozen waterfall, about twenty-five feet in height, where a branch seemed to flow into the Lorrillard from the west. At a distance it looked like a mountain torrent which had been arrested in its progress by some mighty hand and transformed into stone. Its ripples of crystal gleamed in the sun, and sparkled as if studded with myriads of gems. As of enjoying its varied beauties for a moment I climbed to the top of the bank to make a closer inspection of it. Tracing its course for a short distance from the shore I found a shallow brook which had frozen in a level place at the top of the fall, forcing the water to the right and left until it spread in a thin sheet over the face of the rock for the space of about fifty feet in breadth. Successive layers of ice were formed and this novel and beautiful effect produced. The first few days of our journey were excessively fatiguing. The sleds were heavy, and we often had to put on our harness to help the dogs over a ridge or through a deep drift. We had not yet become hardened, and consequently experienced much difficulty from blistered feet and chafing, but as we got rid of our superfluous flesh these petty troubles became less annoying and we did not so easily become fatigued from walking.

THE OLD MAN'S STORY OF WHITE MEN.

From Ikunlikpatolok, the old Oookjook, we learned at the interview that he only once before saw white men alive. That was when he was a little boy. He is now 65 or 70. He was fishing on Back's River when they came along in a boat and shook hands with him. There were ten men. The leader was called "Tosard-roak," which Joo says from the sound he thinks means Lieut. Mack. The next white man he saw was dead in a bunk of a big ship which was frozen in the ice near an island about five miles west of Grand Point, on Adelaide Peninsula. They had to walk out about three miles on smooth ice to reach the ship. He said that his son, who was present, a man about 35 years old, was then about like a child he pointed out, that is, probably 7 or

8 years old. About this time he saw the tracks of white men on the main land. When we first saw them there were four and afterwards only three. This was when the spring snows were falling. When his people saw the ship so long without any one around they used to go on board and steal pieces of wood and iron. They did not know how to get inside by the doors, and cut a hole in the side of the ship on a level with the ice, so that when the ice broke up during the following summer, the ship filled and sunk. No tracks were seen in the salt water ice or on the ship, which also was covered with snow, but they saw scrapings and sweepings alongside, which seemed to have been brushed off by people who had been living on board. They found some red cans of fresh meat, with plenty of what looked like tallow mixed with it. A great many had been opened, and four were still unopened. They saw no bread. They found plenty of knives, forks, spoons, pans, cups and plates on board, and afterwards found a few such things on shore after the vessel had gone down. They also saw books on board, and left them there. They only took knives, forks, spoons and pans; the other things they had no use for. He never saw or heard of the white men's cairn on Adelaide Peninsula.

THE LOST EXPLORERS.

Ahlangyah pointed out the eastern coast of Washington Bay as the spot where she, in company with her husband and two other men with their wives, had seen ten white men dragging a sledge with a boat on it many years ago. There was another Inuit with them, who did not go near the white men. The sledge was on the ice and a wide crack separated them from the white men at the interview. The women went on shore and the men awaited the white people on the track on the ice. Five of the white men put up a tent on the shore and five remained with the boat on the ice. The Inuits put up a tent not far from the white men and they stayed together here five days. During this time the Inuits killed a number of seals on the ice and gave them to the white men. They gave her husband a chopping knife. He was the one who had the most intercourse with the white crew. The knife is now broken and worn out. She has not seen it for a long time. At the end of five days they all started for Adelaide Peninsula, fearing that the ice, which was very rotten, might not let them across. They started at night, because then, the sun being low, the ice would be a little frozen. The white men followed, dragging their heavy sledge and boat, and could not cross the rotten ice as fast as the Inuits, who halted and waited for them at Gladman's Point. The Inuits could not cross to the mainland; the ice was too rotten, and they remained in King William Land all summer. They never saw the white men again, though they waited at Gladman Point fishing in the neighbouring lake, going back and forth between the shore and lakes nearly all summer, and then went to the eastern shore, near Maty Island. Some of the white men were very thin, and their mouths were dry and hard and black. They had no fur clothing on. When asked if she remembered what names any of the white men were called she said one of them was called "Agloocar" and another "Too'ooah." The latter seemed to be the chief, and it was he who gave the chopping knife to her husband. (Agloocar and Too'ooah are both common Esquimaux names, and it is probable that the names she heard the white men called resembled these in sound, and thus impressed themselves upon her mind. Another one was called "Dok-took" (doctor). "Too'ooah" was a little older than the others and had a large black beard mixed with gray. He was bigger than any of the others—"a big, broad man." "Agloocar" was smaller and had a brown beard about four or five inches below his chin (motioning with her hand). "Dok-took" was a short man with a big stomach and red beard, about the same length as "Agloocar's." All three were spectacles, not snow goggles, but as the interpreters said, all the same seko (ice).

DEAD BODIES IN A TENT.

The following spring when there was little snow on the ground, she saw a tent standing on the shore at the head of Terror Bay. There were dead bodies in the tent and outside were some covered over with sand. There was no flesh on them—nothing but the bones and clothes. There was a great many; she had forgotten how many. Indeed, Inuits have little idea of numbers beyond "ten." She saw nothing to indicate any of the party she met before. The bones had the cords or sinews still attached to

them. One of the bodies had the flesh on, but this one's stomach was gone. There was one or two graves outside. They did not open the graves at this time; saw a great many things lying around. They were knives, forks, spoons, watches, many books, clothing, blankets, and such things. The books were not taken notice of. This was the same party of Esquimaux who had met the white men the year before, and they were the first who saw the tent and graves. They had been in King William Land ever since they saw the white men until they found the tent place.

Drinks in Every Style.

An English physician, Dr. Shorthouse, has been making an interesting series of observations on the manner in which various drinks act on different parts of the cerebro-spinal system which preside over locomotion. He says, according to *The British Medical Journal*, that "if a man partake of too large a quantity of good sound wine or malt liquor he usually staggers about from side to side, his gait is very unsteady, and if he come to grief and to mother earth he generally falls on one side or the other. If he take too much whisky, especially that abomination which goes by the name of Irish whisky, he is almost certain to be seized with an irresistible impulse to fall forward on his face. If he get drunk on cider or perry, the latter more especially, he is certain to fall down suddenly on his back, and apparently without any previous warning. He once saw a number of men, who had made too merry at a harvest feast, all fall down upon their backs, get up again, and fall down again in the same manner. He had never witnessed anything of the kind before, and was not a little amazed as well as amused. The farmer, who was a very shrewd Herefordshire man, told him that that was the effect invariably produced by perry, of which his men had that day partaken liberally. He has since that time seen several isolated cases which have corroborated the farmer's version of the action of an overdose of perry or cider." Dr. Shorthouse's researches, unhappily, have not been conducted with sufficient precision, nor have they extended over a sufficiently wide field. American investigators could have informed him that not only do different drinks affect men in various ways, but the effects differ according to the quantity of beverage imbibed. Thus, while four fingers of the whisky peculiar to cheap saloons will cause the subject violently to invert other people, a dose of fourteen fingers will lead him peacefully to invert himself. The gin of similar resorts, which is not distinguishable from the ordinary turpentine of commerce, produces pedal entanglements and precipitation upon the bridge of the nose, a fact observed by the psalmist, who made allusion to the relations of the feet to the gin. The rum of these places invariably induces pedestrian exercise upon the car, the white Medford variety leading the subject invariably to walk off upon his left ear, while old Jamaica as invariably inspires his right ear with locomotive powers. The brandy of these resorts is as instantaneous and overwhelming in its effects as a thunderbolt, and the victim who partakes of it at once sinks down on every portion of himself simultaneously. As for the wines, their action is quite different. Instead of flooring the subject, they impel him to wander over the face of the earth and never sit or fall down, though his path be strewn with banana-peels and his along string-pieces of docks. Altogether, Dr. Shorthouse can find a far more fertile field for investigation in these United States than is open to him in England, even without making inquiry into the more abstruse and complicated beverages of the great west, like the far-famed hopland's delight of Nevada, one drink of which fascinating fluid moves the assimilator to steal his own sheep and hide them in the remote sage-brush from his own pursuit.

As the accounts from the terrible wreck of the steamer City of Vera Cruz come in more fully, they become highly exciting and interesting. A seaman, named , who swam ashore on the Florida coast, after having been seven hours in the water, has given a brief but very graphic account of his experiences, which recalls the most horrible passages of marine novels. No such wreck has occurred on the American coast since the loss of the Evening Star in 1866.

Mr. ARCHIBALD FORBES can claim the new South African medal and clasp, as he conveyed the news of the victory at Ulundi to Sir Garnet Wolseley and Sir Bartle Frere.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

TO CLEAN ZINC.—Put on the zinc a little sulphuric acid and rub over with a cloth so that every part is wet. Afterward wash off with clear water, and then the zinc will be bright and clear.

SUGAR COOKIES.—One cup of butter, three eggs, one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of baking powder sifted into flour, enough flour to roll out thin. Flavour with lemon, vanilla, or nutmeg.

GINGER SNAPS.—One cup of molasses, one cup of shortening, one cup of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of soda, one-half cup of boiling water, two tablespoonfuls of ginger. Mix stiff and bake in a quick oven.

CLOVE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one of molasses, one of milk, one of lard, one of raisins, one teaspoonful of cloves, one of cinnamon, two of baking powder, two eggs: flour to thicken about as ginger-bread.

MOUNTAIN CAKE.—One pound of flour, one of sugar, one-half of butter, one cup of sweet milk, six eggs; beat whites separately, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake as jelly cake, with icing instead of jelly.

CHILI SAUCE.—One dozen fair-sized onions, twenty-four ripe tomatoes, four teaspoonfuls of salt, eight of sugar, three of ground cloves, four of cinnamon, two of ginger, one of ground black pepper, two of mustard, two and one half cups of vinegar. Chop tomatoes and onions fine, add spices; boil two and a half hours. Add vinegar, hot, after the ingredients have boiled one hour.

PICKLED PEACHES.—Take fine free-stone peaches, rub with a woollen cloth to remove the down, and put into a brine made of one-half cup of salt to a gallon of water—it should be cold—and let stand nine days. Then wipe them dry, pick in a jar, and cover with cold vinegar (spiced if you choose). When wanted for table halve them, removing the stone, and sprinkle with sugar. I think them very nice.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Scald and run through a sieve half a bushel of tomatoes. Add three tablespoonfuls of salt, one tablespoonful of red pepper and one of black pepper, three tablespoonfuls of mustard, two of cloves, one of allspice, one pint of vinegar, two green peppers and two onions chopped fine. Put cloves, allspice, peppers and onions in a muslin bag; put all in a kettle and simmer four hours, or until as thick as desired.

CIDER JELLY FOR THE SICK.—One pint of clear sweet cider, one package of Cox's gelatine, two pounds of white sugar, one pint of cold water, one quart of boiling water, juice of two lemons and the grated rind of one. The gelatine must be soaked in the cold water one hour. To this add the sugar, pour over it the boiling water, stir until dissolved, pour in the cider, strain through a flannel bag, wet your glasses or molds in cold water, pour in the jelly, and set away to cool; make several hours before wanted for use. This also makes a very nice dessert for persons in health.

CANNING TOMATOES.—Fifteen years' experience in canning tomatoes has taught me a few things which, perhaps, the ladies of the Rural would like to know. First, the tomatoes should not be over-ripe; they should be firm enough to pass with a sharp knife, and should not remain off the vines over-night before being used. Do not scald them to get the pining off, as that alone will help to start fermentation. I always select for canning those that are yet green near the stem. Bail until heated thoroughly through; turn into any good self-sealing glass (I prefer the little Mason); screw down the lid as tightly as you possibly can immediately, and if, when cold, you can tighten it more, do so. Set in your cellar and keep from the light, and your tomatoes will come out as fresh in January as when put in.

TO COLOUR BUTTER.—The bought colouring matter that I have used for several winters, I have always mixed in with the cream just before churning. The past spring when complaining to a friend that while we had beautiful golden butter, our buttermilk was so yellow that we did not care to drink it or use it for cooking purposes, she asked why we mixed it with the cream at all? Why not colour the salt? I must confess I had never thought of this before, but since I have tried it, I see no reason for returning to my old method. The deepness of colour of the salt must depend upon the lack of colour in the butter. Thoroughly incorporate it with the butter—it does not show the colour at once—let stand over night and, in the morning, just work it through before packing or making into prints.