

of finding plenty of land and sea game for such a party as I expect to have with me. The native hunters and dog drivers will, as usual, take with them their entire families—the old men and women and the children. I hope to be landed by the Scotch steamer not a great distance from Cape Isabella or Cape Sabine. I feel confident of a good share of success; for if I find the route to Fort Conger impracticable I can easily reach land believed to exist, but not yet discovered, between Grinnell Land and Prince Patrick Island. If, however, I succeed in reaching Fort Conger—and I know no reason why I should not—I mean to make a dash for the Pole over the route taken by Beaumont, of Sir George Nares' expedition, and Lockwood, of Greely's expedition. Then, with the advantage of the skilled Esquimaux assistants, I hope to go beyond the highest latitude yet reached. I can, I think, at any rate establish the northern point of Greenland."

LAST WORDS.—HOW LIEUT. GREELY DESCRIBES THE RETREAT FROM FORT CONGER, THE LANDING AT CAPE SABINE, LIFE AND SUFFERINGS THERE, AND THE RESCUE, WHEN HOPE, WHICH "SPRINGS ETERNAL IN THE HUMAN BREAST," WAS REKINDLED ANEW IN THE MORIBUND SURVIVORS BY THE SHRILL BLAST OF THE "THETIS" WHISTLE—OUNCE OF PREVENTION—LONDON GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY'S MEDALS TO LIEUT. GREELY AND SERGEANT BRAINARD.

In Feb. 1883, preparations for the retreat were made by establishing a depot at Cape Baird, 12 miles south. Day after day the anxious men looked off over Lady Franklin Bay, expecting the ice to open—so that they might begin their journey toward home. At last, Aug. 19th, 1883, the welcome news that the ice was open was brought. That very day the party embarked in the little steam launch. Their dogs had to be left behind with four barrels of pork and some seal oil to keep them from immediate starvation. The Bay was crossed to Cape Baird, a distance of 13 miles, and then the western coast of Grinnell Land was followed south as far as Cape Hawkes. Large quantities of heavy ice were met; and extreme was the danger every moment that the little launch would be crushed. Several times all the boats were nearly lost. The suffering of the men was great. They were now within 50 miles of Cape Sabine. Striking from Cape Hawkes direct for Bates Island, the party was caught in