

could not cross the sound at all with sledges; and I reached Cape Frazer in the spring of 1861 with little provisions and badly battered and much exhausted teams of dogs. This being my true point of departure, from which I had expected to set out with a boat, my plans were, in effect, broken up. Everything that was possible, under any circumstances, to have accomplished with dog sledge, was accomplished; but I lacked the *boat*, which, had I succeeded in pushing to Cape Frazer with my schooner the previous autumn, I would have had with me for the navigation of the Polar Sea. My great drawback was the want of steam power, with which I could readily have stemmed the gales and the pack, and then have reached Cape Frazer in August, 1850. This plan, I still hope to carry out. My vessel was too much injured to enable me to renew the attempt the next year.

NOTE 19. — Page 351.

This little flag had wholly disappeared when I visited the spot in May, 1861, — not a vestige of it remaining. The winds had whipped it entirely away. But the whipstock on which I had hung it was standing there as erect and firm as when I had stuck it among the barren rocks some seven years before. Picking it up I carried it two degrees farther north, where it again awaits me.

THE END.