

relaxed their grasp upon the explorers' ice-raft, and they began to drift southward. With malicious intent, on came a terrific snow-storm at the same time. Tyson hurried back to hasten up the men. They were in no hurry, but, with grumbling and trifling, finally made ready as they pretended, one boat crowded with every thing both needful and worthless. When at last it was dragged to the water's edge, it was ascertained that the larger part of the oars and the rudder had been left at the camp far in the rear. In this crippled condition the boat was launched. But not only oars and rudder, but *will* on the part of the men was wanting. So the boat was drawn upon the floe, and left with all its valuables near the water. The night was approaching, the storm was high, and the men were weary, so no attempt was made to return it to the old camp. All went back to the middle of the floe. Tyson, Mr. Meyers, one of the scientific corps, and the Esquimo, made a canvas shelter, using the poles as a frame, and the others camped near them. Captain Tyson, after eating a cold supper, rolled himself in a musk-ox skin, and lay down for the first sleep he had sought for forty-eight hours. His condition seemed to be a specially hard one. While, on the night of the great disaster, he was striving to save the general stores, the saving of which proved the salvation of the company, others were looking after their personal property, so they had their full supply of furs and fire-arms, while his were left in the ship. He, however, slept soundly until the morning,