

es. It was said of the horrible tragedy that was to be revealed. Some one was seen on the ice-signaling. I ran forward to read it, but he added, "and I had begun his message, and I only got following: "*Harlow with photograph machine. Doctor with stretchers. Seven alive.*" When it came to the last two words, I had repeat them. They might be D-E-A-D. A-I-L-I-V-E waved plainly through the air, and the fate of the Greely party was down on board the *Thetis*. Two boats were covered at once, and Taunt, Lemly, Melville, Doctor Green, and I started with strong bows for the shore. The wind had increased a full gale, and was tearing over the hills furious blasts. It was a *hard* pull; it came a long pull; but with water dashing over the bows at every lunge and rolling swales under in the short but heavy seas, we finally reached the shore. The boats were hauled to the ice-foot in the quiet of a little cove, and we landed at Camp Clay. Shouldering my camera, I started for the tent. A few steps farther and I met Fredericks, one of the survivors, who was strong enough to walk to the boats. A clean white blanket was thrown over his head and wrapped about his shoulders. A sailor supported him on either side. His face was black with dirt, and his eyes gleamed with the excitement of relief. He said to say to him I did not know. The commonplace "How are you, old fellow?" elicited the reply, "Oh, I am all right"; and I passed on. Turning a little to the left, the tent came in view. To my right, stretched out on the snow-drift, lay one of the dead. His face was covered with a woolen hood, and his body with dirty clothes. Hurrying on past a little fire, over which a pot of milk was warming, I came to the tent. One pole was standing, and about it the dirty canvas belled and flapped in the fierce gusts. Brainard and Biederbeck lay outside at the bottom of the tent and a little to the left of the opening, one with his face swollen and rheumy, so that he could barely show by his eyes the wild excitement that filled him; the other uttering in a voice that could scarcely be heard in the howling of the gale his hungry appeal for food. Reaching over, I wiped their faces with my handkerchief, spoke a word of encouragement to them, and then brushed aside the flap of the tent and entered. The view was appalling. Stretched out on the ground in their sleeping-bags lay Greely, Connell, and Ellison, their pinched and hungered faces, their glassy, sunken eyes, their ragged beards and disheveled hair, their pitiful appeals for food, making a picture not to be forgotten. I had time for a glance only; the photograph must be taken and the poor

fellows removed to the ships. Stepping over to Greely, whom I recognized by his glasses, I pressed his hand. A greeting to the other two, and I returned to my camera to take the plate I had so often pictured to myself: "The meeting with Greely!" How different it was from the ideal picture, only my own imagination can know.

Strewn about the ground were empty cans, a barometer case, chronometer boxes, a gun, old clothes, valuable meteorological instruments, showing the indifference they felt for anything that was not food or fuel. The difficulties in the way of a successful photograph at 11 p. m. in the twilight of an Arctic evening were innumerable, but there was no time to be lost; so I made the exposure with many misgivings as to its results. But four plates remained in my holders. Two of these I devoted to the tent, one to the winter-house, and one to the graves. While I was absent for these last two views, Greely and his men were wrapped in blankets, placed on stretchers, carried down to the little cove where the boats lay, and taken off to the ships—Greely, Connell, Brainard, and Biederbeck to the *Thetis*; Fredericks and Ellison to the *Bear*. The living having been attended to, our next duty lay with the dead. Placing my camera on the rocks near the tent, I joined Captain Emory and Colwell, who, with a party of men, had been directed to disinter the bodies. On a piece of canvas cut from the tent I drew a diagram of the graves, numbering each one from the right facing their heads. This precaution was necessary, in order to avoid any confusion in identifying the remains. With a memorandum of the order in which they had been buried, the name of each one could be appended to its number. By the aid of tin cans and dishes as implements, each body was then uncovered, wrapped in the tent canvas, or some of the new blankets that we had with us, lashed with the tent-cords, numbered according to its place on the diagram, and sent down to the boats on the shoulders of the men. This task finished, and the bodies divided between the boats, the next difficulty was to reach the ships. The gale had increased to a hurricane by this time, and the moment the boats got clear of the land oars became perfectly useless. The ships steamed up as close to us as they dare come; and by alternately drifting and struggling to keep the boats' head to wind, their bows deeply loaded with the dead bodies, shipping gallons of water until it swashed nearly to the thwarts, we finally got alongside. Meanwhile the survivors were under treatment, having their rags removed, and being bathed and fed.