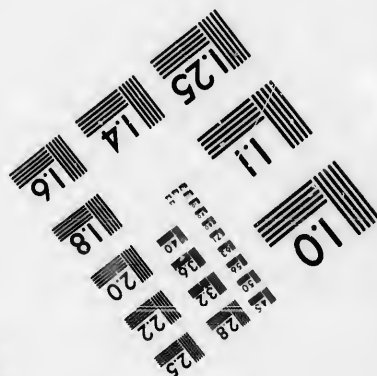
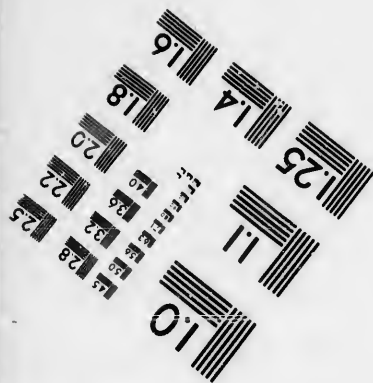
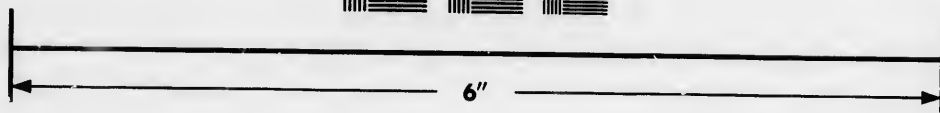
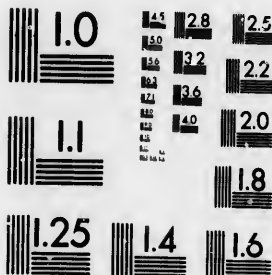


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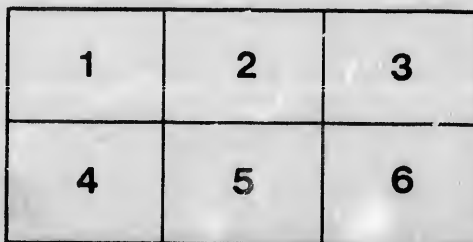
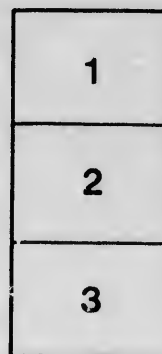
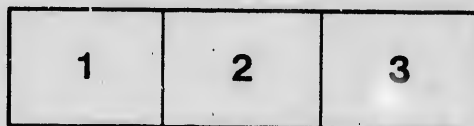
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THOMAS HICKLEY

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OF THE

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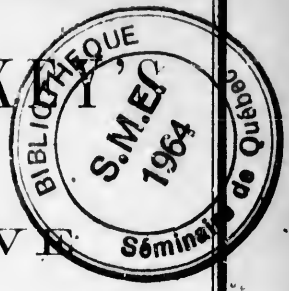
DR. KANE.

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1858.



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THOMAS HICKEY'S
NARRATIVE
OF THE
LAST ARCTIC EXPEDITION
OF
DR. KANE.



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1858.

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NARRATIVE.

My connection with Dr. KANE commenced at St. John's, Newfoundland, where I entered his service as second steward. Seven years spent in this region in hunting seals upon the ice, had prepared me somewhat for the trials of an Arctic life; and it was, in fact, chiefly for this reason that Dr. Kane desired me to join his party. I shipped with little hesitation, expecting, it is true, to encounter hardships, but not with a full sense of the horrors through which I was about to pass. Indeed, had I been aware of it all, I could not have hesitated to follow a commander whose eye indicated so much bravery and benevolence.

During his stay at St. John's, Dr. Kane won the admiration of everybody; and not a few would have been found to risk their lives and fortunes in his service. Compliments of every kind were heaped upon him, and many little articles calculated to promote and cheer his voyage, were sent to him. The hospitable Governor, Mr. Hamilton, among others, presented him a noble Newfoundland dog team.

Intent upon pursuing his voyage, Dr. Kane stopped no longer at this place than was necessary to procure such provisions, cooking-utensils and dogs as he needed; and on the 17th of June, 1853, escorted to the vessel by the military of the town, we bade farewell to home and civilization, amid the most enthusiastic cheers, mingled with the tunes of "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle."

Our next port was Fiskernaes, the first and most southern Danish settlement on the coast of Greenland. At this place Dr. Kane engaged an Esquimaux hunter, Hans Christian, a lad about nineteen years of age, who proved to be

of great service to the expedition. Here, also, Dr. Kane encountered the first difficulty with his men, two of whom, William Godfrey and John Blake, were put in irons for disobedience. Their place of confinement was under the booby hatch, where they comforted themselves by tapping a barrel of whiskey, and passing the liquor down their throats by means of a straw.

Leaving Fiskernaes, we touched at Sukkertopen, where the settlers surrounded our vessel in boats, offering for sale large quantities of furs, of which Dr. Kane laid in a good supply for our Arctic journey. The Danes were expecting us all along the coast, for government dispatches had been sent from Copenhagen informing them of our intended journey, and directing them to assist us as far as they were able. Just one month from our departure from St. John's we arrived at Proven, where we met with a hospitable reception, which we returned by giving a ball to the inhabitants. Our men declared the dancing of the Esquimaux ladies to be little short of perfection, and thought that their costume might suggest valuable and economical improvements to the Bloomers of civilization. After remaining two days at this place, and obtaining good supplies of furs and Esquimaux dogs, we proceeded to Upernavick, the last and most northern Danish settlement on the Greenland coast. Here Dr. Kane engaged Mr. Petersen, as an interpreter between the Esquimaux and ourselves. He was by birth a Dane, and appeared to understand perfectly the Esquimaux language, while his English was almost unintelligible. Except as an interpreter, he was of very little service to the expedition. At this place we completed our supplies of furs and dogs, and, just previous to our departure, the priest and his family, together with the Governor, came on board of the *Advance* to partake of the banquet prepared for them by Dr. Kane.

Our passage through Baffin's Bay was rendered exceedingly rough and dangerous by the numerous ice bergs which

rose up around us. It was however accomplished, and we entered Melville Bay to encounter still greater dangers from the pack ice, or large floating fields of ice several miles in diameter, which make this body of water almost impassable. Finding it impossible to make any progress, we moored our vessel to an ice berg, and, at the expiration of four days, found ourselves in the North Water. Here we floated about, surrounded by immense bergs, and unable to move, as there was not the slightest breeze to fill our sails. Unwilling, however, to remain stationary, the whale boats were launched, and the vessel thus slowly towed along by means of oars. In the midst of this work, Mr. Godfrey, becoming somewhat disgusted with the exercise of rowing, gave an exhibition of his talents as a pugilist. He made an assault upon Mr. Wilson, but was arrested before much blood had been spilt, and sent for a second time under the booby hatch, where he enjoyed a week's rest from labor.

After passing these bergs we had fair sailing as far as Smith's Sound, near which, on Littleton Island, we buried our metallic life-boat, together with a quantity of provision to be used in case of a retreat. Dr. Kane called this place Life Boat Cove. The boat was buried, or rather protected against the claws of the polar bear, by piling heavy rocks along her gunwale and then filling the spaces between with sods and small stones. Over the whole, sand and water were poured at intervals, until all became a solid mass. While gathering rocks for this purpose, we found the remains of human bodies, together with other indications that this lonely spot had been, at some period, inhabited. As the surface of the earth is, in this region, almost impenetrable, the Esquimaux generally enclose their dead in a sack of skins, place them upon the snow or ice, and then cover them with a pile of stones. Trinkets of different kinds, bits of wood and ivory, are often buried with them.

Proceeding about thirty miles we encountered the heavy pack-ice of Smith's Sound, and while waiting here

for the wind to clear a passage for the vessel, Dr. Kane discovered upon the shore a dead unicorn, or narwhal. We fried out the fat of this animal and made two barrels of oil. At the end of four days a severe gale carried us thirty miles up the Sound, breaking our hawsers and robbing us of our best anchor. Off Cape Cornelius Grinnell, we encountered a severe nip. An ice berg drove our little brig high and dry upon the shore. For a time we thought her to be a perfect wreck, but the next high tide set her dancing as bravely as ever upon the waves. Our passage now was very slow, as we were compelled to track, or draw the vessel along with ropes. Making about one hundred yards in twenty-four hours, we managed at the expiration of twenty days to tow her into Rensselaer Harbor, our winter quarters. This was about the 20th of September, a little more than four months after leaving St. John's.

Our vessel being snugly harbored, we prepared to battle with an Arctic winter. In the first place, we put all our provisions on Butler Island, a very convenient retreat, about one hundred yards from the brig, and named by Dr. Kane after Butler Place, in Philadelphia. Here also we built a house of canvass for our dogs, which we found afterward to be a waste of labor and materials, for the dogs being determined to share our company upon the brig, compelled us to set apart a portion of the hold for their especial benefit. Indeed, we were glad enough to get them under lock and key, for, while upon the island, the improvident brutes broke loose from their house, and destroyed about thirty beautiful hams, which constituted nearly our entire stock of palatable meat. The vessel was very poorly fitted out, there being on hand not a single pound of preserved meat besides what Dr. Kane himself had purchased in St. John's, and along the coast of Greenland.

The spot which our noble brig seemed to have chosen for her resting-place was, perhaps, as favorable as any that could have been selected. Indeed Dr. Kane came to this

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conclusion, after looking about several days for the safest winter quarters. In speaking of it he says: "It was secure against the moving ice; lofty headlands walled it in beautifully to seaward, enclosing an anchorage with a moderate depth of water; yet it was open to the meridian sunlight, and guarded from winds, eddies and drift. The space enclosed was only occupied by a few rocky islets and our brig." Not a hundred yards north of us was an iceberg, while at the south stretched a mountain ridge.

On the 10th of September a depot party was sent out with 1400 pounds of provisions. This party was under James McGary and Mr. Bonsall, and consisted of Riley, Baker, Whipple, Godfrey and myself. After traveling three days our sledge cut through the ice, completely drenching our sleeping bags and buffalo robes. It can easily be imagined that, with the thermometer below zero, we must have suffered somewhat under such circumstances. Before proceeding any farther, it was necessary to repair the damages done by the water, and we accordingly hauled our sledge upon the shore, and spent three days in reducing our frozen garments to their original pliability. The cold was intense, and the whole party growled over their misfortunes like a pack of starved wolves. Mr. Grinnell, the United States government, and all the Geographical and Scientific Societies in the civilized world were cursed by turns as murderers and cut-throats, for sending men to perish so cruelly amid ice and snow, against which it was almost impossible to contend.

At Cape Frederick, sixty miles from the brig, we buried one hundred parcels of pemican, a kind of food composed of pulverized meat mixed with lard. This relieved us somewhat, but it was still toilsome work to draw the sledge over the ice and snow. We persevered, however, and, at a distance of fifty miles further north, made another depot. This was the spot which was afterwards called by Dr. Kane Bear Point, in honor of my adventure with a polar bear, of

which I shall speak in its appropriate place. Thence we continued our route as far as the Great Glacier of Humbolt, having traveled on foot, and drawn our sledge a distance of about 180 miles from the brig. Here we deposited the remainder of our provision, and, after resting two days and two nights, sleeping upon the rocks, we started upon our return to the brig, carrying with us scarcely a morsel of food, as we did not wish to diminish the provision depots. Contrary to our expectations, we found but little game upon the route, and a fox which we managed to get, soon became so frozen that it was impossible to skin it. McGary, however, put it in the pot, skin and all, and contrived to make of it a very respectable stew. This, with a few biscuits, was the only food which we were able to get during the next eight days. In the mean time, the difficulties of traveling had greatly increased. The ice appeared to be breaking up before us; and frequently immense chasms, a hundred yards in width, would stop all progress. On these occasions, we were obliged to make a boat of our sledge and ferry over. During the last three days we had marched more than fifty miles, and were now almost exhausted with cold and hunger. Still we continued to cheer one another's spirits by songs and jokes, though they were often made with very wry faces. While trudging slowly along, on the 15th of October, we discovered some distance ahead of us, a dark object, which we concluded must be a tent belonging to some of the party sent out from the brig in search of us. It was a joyful sight; and, with renewed spirits, we sprang forward, singing to the top of our voices. As we drew nearer to the tent, what was our delight to hear the well known voices of our beloved commander and John Blake, who were watching our approach and cheering us forward. They had, in reality, set out in search of us, and were fully prepared to comfort us with hot coffee and other delicacies. After resting a little while, and telling our adventures, we set out altogether for the brig, Mr. Bonsall

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taking a seat with Dr. Kane in the sledge in which he had journeyed to meet us, drawn by his Newfoundland dog team.

Twenty-eight days had elapsed since our departure from the brig, and, during all this time, we were constantly exposed to the searching cold of an Arctic winter. Still we received no injury beyond frosted hands and feet. Dr. Kane, in speaking of this expedition, says: "Like good fellows they postponed limping until they reached the ship." A few days' rest made us all sound again.

Arrangements were now made for the Arctic night of four months' duration, which was close upon us. The building of ice huts for various scientific purposes, together with a hundred other little things, kept us occupied, and enabled us to forget our lonely situation. And when the long night, with all its horrid dreariness, began, Dr. Kane contrived all sorts of games and amusements to keep us cheerful. Foot balls were set in motion upon the ice, and theatrical representations were got up in the cabin. On Christmas day Dr. Kane gave a grand Fancy Dress Ball, at which all the fashionable people of the brig were present, dressed in every variety of costume. Hot coffee and other good things enlivened the occasion. Mr. Godfrey, however, who had always a liking for something strong, tapped a keg of alcohol which Dr. Kane had put aside for preserving specimens of Natural History. Partaking rather freely of this delightful beverage, he was discovered, and compelled to exchange his ball jewels for a pair of iron bracelets.

The utter darkness of our Arctic night began about the middle of December. At this time there was no difference between noon-day and midnight; and at either of these periods it was impossible to see an object a single foot from the eyes. All was total darkness; and for months we saw nothing except by the feeble light of our lanterns. The influence of this upon us was sad enough, especially as we had but very little to occupy our time and thoughts. Even the poor dogs, though natives of this region, were unable to

withstand it, and most of them died, doubtless as much in consequence of the absence of light as from the severity of the cold. It was not until the latter part of January that the darkness began in the least to diminish. Then the southern sky became slightly tinged with yellow, and, gradually, the objects around us exhibited their forms. Towards the close of the ensuing month, the tops of the icebergs began to sparkle, and in March perpetual day at last arrived. Still the weather was intensely cold.

As soon as the brightening of the skies announced the approach of the Polar spring, we began to prepare for explorations. All hands were in excellent health, having suffered but little from sickness, and having been well supplied by the Esquimaux with walrus, seal meat and blubber. These articles were not eaten simply from necessity, but were really relished, either cooked or raw. But our good health and spirits were, in a great measure, due to the care and counsels of our brave commander, who, with a cheerful heart, undertook anything that he thought would keep us from desponding. He was captain, nurse, physician and cook, constantly forgetting himself in order to add to the comforts of others.

On the 19th of March everything was ready for another sledge journey for the purpose of making depots of provisions for the use of Dr. Kane on his long trip. The party detailed for this expedition were Mr. Brooks, Mr. Ohlsen, Mr. Sontag, Mr. Peterson, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Baker, Mr. Schubert and myself. We started off in very good spirits, although the thermometer was between 40 and 50 degrees below zero. It required all our strength to pull along the Esquimaux sledge, whose thin runners were constantly cutting through the snow crust, and, at the end of the day, we had proceeded but four miles.

Dr. Kane observing our slow progress from the brig, guessed correctly at the cause, and got in readiness a large sled, with broad runners, upon which he placed a quantity

of pemican and a boat. This sled was called "The Faith." At midnight, while we were sound asleep upon the ice, he and a party of men from the vessel brought this sled to our tent, and without disturbing us, transferred to it the load from our Esquimaux sledge. Then, having allowed us to take a good rest, they woke us up with three hearty cheers, and soon after started for the brig.

The sled "Faith," even with an increased load, was far easier to draw than the one with which we had started; still, it was a toilsome business, and our progress was slow enough. After another journey of about two hours, we deposited two kegs of pemican upon an iceberg. The cold during the day was intense, and Wilson and Baker broke down. We wished to send them back to the brig, but they would not consent to go.

Our destination, at this time, was the west coast of Smith's Sound, where we were instructed to make a cache; but, after traveling seventy-five miles from the brig, we found it impossible to make any further progress, and having held a consultation, determined to return. The next day, while slowly retracing our steps, a violent hurricane, blowing from the north-west, compelled us to take shelter under the lee of an iceberg. Before we could pitch our tent, nearly all of the party became senseless with the cold; and I, being most accustomed to such weather, was compelled to put my comrades in their buffalo sleeping bags. Four of the party were severely frozen—Baker, Brooks, Wilson and Schubert. Their cries and moans were heart-rending. My own hands were frozen in taking off their boots, and rubbing them into life. They were all, however, snugly stowed away, and, notwithstanding the fury of the gale, I had the pleasure of contributing still further to their comfort by preparing for them a cup of hot coffee and a good supper. Two hours afterwards, I gave them hot chocolate, when Brooks, who acted as our commander, ordered three of the party to go to the brig and

notify Dr. Kane of our condition. It was determined that these three should be Sontag, Ohlsen and Peterson, while I was to remain and take care of our frozen companions. It was a dreadful journey, and the poor fellows started with sad hearts. In thirty-two hours they reached the brig, where, upon arriving, Dr. Kane says, they were scarcely able to speak.

Our noble Captain was frightened by their appearance, and shocked by their sad story; but, without the least delay, he set off with a suitable party in search of us. According to his own account the thermometer was seventy-eight degrees below zero. Mr. Ohlsen was strapped in a bag, placed upon a sled, and drawn along as a guide. He was, however, of very little service, as the cold had nearly deprived him of sense and speech.

During the three days that we were thus waiting for relief, I was cooking for my frozen companions, and watching them with scarcely an hour's rest. It was, however, a comfort to me to know that my beloved commander would certainly come to our aid, if alive, and aware of our condition; and in order to direct him to our tent, I hoisted close by it an American flag together with the Masonic emblems. At the close of the third day, while looking out for the expected aid, I saw dark spots at a distance moving upon the snow. As they drew nearer, I became certain that they were our deliverers, and, then, firing a gun to guide them to us, I began to prepare coffee and other refreshments to offer to them.

On their arrival, Dr. Kane, in an exhausted condition, was supported by Morten and Hans Christian. At the desire of the party he entered the tent alone, where he was received with a shout of joy by the poor frozen men. They told him that they had expected him, and that they knew he would come to their relief. There was room in the tent for only four of those who had come to our rescue. Of these Dr. Kane was one, as he had suffered more during

the journey than any other of the party. The tent being full, the rest of us slept in our buffalo bags upon the ice outside. We suffered extremely from the cold, and were most of the time unable either to sleep or walk.

In the morning, preparations were made for our return to the brig. Several hours were spent in this work, as it was necessary to secure our frozen companions comfortably upon the sledge; and the operation was, of course, slow, with the thermometer seventy-five degrees below zero. We were obliged to leave our guns and most of our provisions behind us, as there were no accommodations for them upon the sledge. Every thing being ready, the terrible journey began, and for a few hours we went on bravely and with little hindrance. The wind blew with frightful fury, and when, at night, it became necessary to encamp, there was scarcely enough strength in our arms to pitch the tent. So intense was the cold that a bottle of whiskey froze solid, although wrapped up in buffalo skins and placed at the feet of the sick men upon the sledge. There was, of course, nothing for us to drink, and it was almost impossible to put any thing to our mouths to eat.

We travelled onward in a sort of dream, mechanically dragging our sledge, and, half of the time, scarcely knowing what we did. Our rests were frequent, and indeed we would all have been contented to lay down and die, had not Dr. Kane urged and cheered us on. He watched us while sleeping, and woke us at intervals, so that we should not sleep the sleep of death. When within a few miles of the brig, he sent Bonsall forward to obtain relief. Peterson and Whipple responded to the call, and came to us with a dog team and a supply of restoratives. We were all of us so crazy with the cold that we did not know of their arrival, but crawled along like animated stones until we reached the vessel. How we got on board none of us could ever tell.

Every possible assistance was rendered to the frozen men.

Dr. Kane himself was, for a time, unable to do anything for their relief, as he was completely exhausted by the dreadful journey. Poor Baker was the greatest sufferer, his feet being frozen above the ankles. He lingered some time in dreadful agony, and was finally carried off by lock-jaw. We all mourned for him as a brave fellow, a true friend, and an efficient workman; and with sad hearts we built upon Butler Island a stone tomb, where we placed his remains and covered them with stones.

But this was not the end of our sad work. Pierre Schubert, the good-natured French cook, was so badly frozen that it became necessary to amputate his foot above the ankle. Mortification subsequently took place, and we were obliged to make another visit to Butler Island, to bury him by the side of the lamented Baker. Mr. Brooks and Wilson were more fortunate, each escaping with the loss of three toes. The brave Wilson held his own foot while Dr. Kane performed the operation.

At the time Baker was lying dead in the fore-castle, a great commotion arose among us in consequence of the arrival of strangers, who proved to be Esquimaux. The first notice of their appearance was given by a man on watch, who said that there were people on shore calling to us. We went to the deck, whence we could perceive at no great distance upon the ice, a number of stout figures tossing themselves about, and making strange noises in order to attract our attention. Dr. Kane, accompanied by Peterson, the interpreter, went from the vessel to ascertain their wishes. They were met about half way upon the floe by the chief of the strange party, and in a few moments were surrounded by the entire band. But as this was not agreeable to our commander, he invited the chief to follow him on board the brig, requiring, at the same time, his company to remain behind. To these he requested me to furnish some food, and, accordingly, I carried out to them a large quantity of nice wheat bread and corned pork, with

plenty of white sugar ; but the fastidious creatures, shrugging their shoulders and grunting, refused to touch a morsel of it.

Dr. Kane, soon after, invited them to the cabin, where a number of them entered without the least hesitation or apparent fear. They were fine looking, tall fellows, of prodigious strength and muscle. The only arms about them were knives, which they carried in their boots. They also had lances made of the bones of the narwhal and bear, but these were lashed upon their sledges. Although quite inoffensive, they gave us a great deal of trouble upon the vessel, talking incessantly, several at the same time, going about in all directions, peeping into boxes, casks and bunks, and rendering themselves annoying in every possible manner. Dr. Kane did everything in his power to keep them quiet, but all to no purpose ; and we began to think seriously of ejecting them by force, but this would no doubt have been a difficult matter in our feeble condition.

Satisfied, at length, with their examination of our domestic arrangements, and having stolen all they could lay their hands upon, they finally threw themselves down upon the floor of the hold and went to sleep. They did not sleep, however, in a recumbent position, but sitting, rather, with their heads resting upon their breasts. In the morning, expressing a determination to go away, Dr. Kane made a treaty with them, purchased of them a large quantity of walrus meat and several dogs, and, in return, gave them needles, beads, and old cask-staves, which they greatly prized. They promised to return in a few days, but failed to do so.

In the midst of our discouragements Dr. Kane made preparations for another sledge party to the North. But the weather was now becoming more mild, and we could travel with less dread of the intense cold. The persons selected for this expedition were Mr. McGary, Hans Christian, George Riley, Stephenson, Morton and myself. Great

importance was attached to this expedition which, after all, was brought to a sudden and unfortunate termination. We set out on the 26th of April, Dr. Kane and Godfrey following us the next day with a dog team. They were able to travel faster than we, and occasionally passed us upon the route, though we generally managed to encamp together. Our traveling was done by night, which differed from day only in being somewhat colder. At this season of the year, the sun was continually above the horizon, though a little lower at that period of time which we called night. For several days we progressed with little impediment, except that two or three of our men, with myself, were somewhat troubled with symptoms of scurvy. Dr. Kane also complained a little, though his anxiety to accomplish the journey kept him up. Finally he was obliged to yield to his disorder; and it is painful to say, that at the moment when he needed the kindest attention he was alone, and in the hands of Mr. Godfrey, with whom he had remained behind the sledge party, in order to obtain rest. His complaints of illness to Mr. Godfrey were entertained with bad humor, and nothing was done to relieve him. Godfrey, however, carried him forward to join us, when we immediately made a halt, and began to use all the remedies at hand to restore him.

His symptoms, however, became worse. To proceed with him was impossible, and to leave him behind was equally out of the question. Upon holding a consultation as to what should be done, it was determined that we should return to the brig. The distance was eighty-four miles, and it seemed important to get our commander in comfortable quarters as soon as possible. We accordingly placed him upon the sledge, and at the end of the third day, once more reached the vessel. Four men carried him from the sledge to the cabin, where he remained two months scarcely able to move.

On the 4th of June another party was sent northward,

consisting of McGary, Riley, Bonsall, Morton and myself, the only men who were able and willing to go. We carried but little provision, trusting to the caches which we had made on former occasions. In four days we reached Cape Frederick, a distance of sixty miles from the brig, and found that the bears had destroyed all the provisions that we had deposited at this place. Continuing our course, we reached, in three days more, a point fifty miles further north where we had previously made another cache. This was undisturbed, and here we resolved to take a good night's rest. The tent was accordingly pitched, and we stowed ourselves away in our buffalo bags, determined to indulge in a good long sleep, of which our weary bodies sorely felt the need. A little past midnight Mr. McGary produced such an unearthly scream that we all simultaneously lifted our heads to see what could be the cause. "A bear! a bear!" shouted the terrified McGary; and, sure enough, there was the head of one of those huge monsters, quietly gazing upon us through the opening of the tent. Unfortunately all our guns were outside upon the sledge, and we were consequently unable to offer the least defence. Lucifer matches were, however, at hand, and these we rubbed off under his nose, fancying that he might be frightened into a retreat. But he paid not the slightest attention to them, and very leisurely began to make his supper upon the carcass of a seal which we had killed the day before.

Thinking that he might determine to make his dessert upon one of us, I cut a hole through the tent with my knife, and getting hold of a boat hook, gave his bearship a heavy blow upon the nose. This seemed to alarm him somewhat, for, dropping the seal, he retreated for an instant. But during this instant I darted to the sledge, snatched up a gun, and returned immediately to the tent. Meantime his bearship's head once more appeared, when a ball was sent completely through him.

Our night's rest was somewhat disturbed by this adven-

ture, but we revenged ourselves in the morning by making a good breakfast upon the destroyer of our repose. We concluded afterwards that his flesh was unwholesome, for we all became terribly sick. Notwithstanding this, we carried away with us a hundred pounds of his meat, and partaking more sparingly of it at our next meal, found it in no wise injurious.

On the thirteenth day after leaving the brig, we arrived at the Great Glacier of Humbolt, a distance of one hundred and eighty miles. Here we found the cache of five hundred pounds of pemican and bread totally destroyed by the bears, notwithstanding the immense stones and piles of ice with which we had protected it. Bears' meat was consequently our only resource, and hunger making us imprudent, we eat to such an extent, that we were all once more laid upon our backs with sickness.

Finding it impossible to pass beyond this point, we concluded to return. Morton and Hans continued their journey northward, and made the discovery of the open Polar Sea, which has rendered this expedition so famous. At the end of another ten days, the remainder of our party were once more upon the brig, having been absent therefrom twenty-eight days. Not long after our return, active preparations were made for cutting the brig out of the ice and going homeward. Our efforts were successful, and she floated for about four miles, when she became again completely and immoveably frozen up. An attempt was now made to reach Beachy Island, where a vessel had been left by Sir Edward Belcher. The party, upon this occasion, consisted of Dr. Kane, McGary, Riley, Hans Christian, Morton and myself. Before reaching the open water, it was necessary to haul our boat a distance of thirty miles upon the ice, and among those who aided us in this tedious business was William Godfrey, the man who had been already several times placed in irons for misbehaviour, and who has recently published a scurrilous attack upon our

brave commander. We had scarcely performed the half of our tiresome journey before this troublesome fellow became rudely disobedient to orders, and abusive in his language to Dr. Kane; and when an effort was made to punish him for his disorderly conduct, he attacked his commander with a gun, striking him so violently as to deprive him, for some time, of the use of his arm. Like a miserable coward, he then fled to the brig, where orders were promptly sent to have him confined in iron. These orders were faithfully obeyed, and the fellow was fed upon bread and water until the return of Dr. Kane.

Having reached the open water, we traveled in our boat a distance of two hundred miles, when we encountered a heavy pack, which forbade all further progress. After waiting, in vain, four days, for an opening, we commenced our return to the brig, and succeeded in bringing our boat within five miles of her. This distance we accomplished on foot, and were received with loud cheers by our comrades on board.

Another effort was now made to liberate the brig, the open sea being within twenty miles of her; but finding it impossible, Dr. Kane decided to remain by her another winter. At this time we had on hand twelve months' provisions, consisting of salt pork, beef, rice and beans. Some of the officers having expressed a disinclination to remain, and a number of the men being like minded, Dr. Kane called all hands together, and informed them that all those who were determined to abandon the brig should report themselves within twenty-four hours. At the appointed time the roll was called, when the following named persons decided to give up the ship, viz: Dr. J. J. Hays, Wilson, Bonsall, Peterson, Sortag, Riley, Blake, Whipple Ohlsen, Stephenson and Godfrey. Afterwards Wilson and Riley decided to remain by the brig, and Dr. Kane finally concluded to retain Mr. Ohlsen, as he was the ship carpenter. Those who were determined to remain were Dr. Kane,

Brooks, McGary, Goodfellow, Hans Christian, Merton and myself, all of us firmly resolved to share the fortunes of our brave commander.

Dr. Kane gave the deserters all the provisions they could carry, together with half the ammunition and guns, besides two whale boats and sledges. He also gave them the assurance, that in case they should be compelled to return, he would receive them like brothers, and do all in his power to make them comfortable. I thought that this desertion of our companions, under such circumstances, was one of the hardest trials that I had ever undergone. Nevertheless, I cheerfully aided them with their sledges as far as the open water, and, after launching them thereupon with their provision, bade them a hearty farewell. This was near the end of August.

We now began preparations for another dismal Arctic night which was fast approaching. Hans and Ohlsen, the hunters of our party, were continually upon the ice, securing such game as they could for winter use. Indeed, fresh meat was our principal remedy for scurvy, which was already breaking out among us. These hunters were very successful in killing rabbits, foxes and ptarmigans, and just as the sun was taking farewell of us for the next four months, we were so fortunate as to kill two fine white bears. But while thus careful to provide food, we did not forget that our store of fuel was very low. This could not be supplied in a region almost destitute of vegetation; still, much could be done to save what we had, and to this end most of our party were employed in getting moss for the purpose of making thick walls to our cabin. This was a very tedious and painful operation, as the moss, heath and grasses were frozen solid. It was necessary to quarry it like so much rock.

When, finally, we were shut up in our prison with little work to do, and most of us lying in our bunks, suffering with scurvy, the time passed wearily enough, and we felt dis-

posed to do anything in the world to kill it. Occasionally some little incident would rouse us up and make us very cheerful, but these seasons occurred very rarely. A grand excitement, however, arose among us about the first of December. Five Esquimaux sledges, with dog teams, came scampering over the ice towards us, bearing Peterson and Bonsall, two of the men who had deserted us three months before. They reported that all their comrades were sick, two hundred miles away, and that they would be glad enough to be with us again. Our kind-hearted commander listened to their story with the greatest interest, and took measures immediately, to relieve those men who had so unkindly forsaken him. He sent sledges and provisions to them, and they were all brought back in safety to us. They had travelled three hundred and fifty miles, as far south as Cape Parry, suffering intensely from cold and hunger, and living nearly half the time on frozen seal and walrus meat. Dr. Hayes was completely prostrated, and was obliged to submit to the loss of two toes. The poor fellows had paid well for their folly in deserting us. We made them, however, as comfortable as our close quarters would permit.

Such an increase of our numbers made it necessary to obtain further supplies of provisions, and excursions for this purpose were made to Etah, an Esquimaux settlement about seventy miles distant. A number of these excursions were made at different times. Upon one occasion Hans set off alone with a dog sledge, and when it was nearly time for him to return, Godfrey and Blake formed a plan to run away from the brig, waylay Hans, take possession of his sledge and provisions, and start southward. Fortunately for Hans, and for us, their conversation was overheard by Stephenson, who reported it to Dr. Kane. Godfrey and Blake were both questioned by him in regard to it. The latter denied every thing, while the former talked and acted as if he thought the plot wholly justifiable. Godfrey was, accordingly, put in irons, but as there were now

only two men able to do duty, he was soon liberated. His liberation, however, proved to be of little service to our sick and disabled party, for it had no sooner been granted than he deserted us and fled to Etah.

At this place Godfrey found Hans sick, his dog-sledge being loaded with meat and ready for a start to the brig. Godfrey told him that he had been ill-treated by Dr. Kane, and had consequently run away. In reply Hans said to him. "Bill, you one bad man, you no take meat to brig, me sick." Bill pondered, perhaps, upon this judgment concerning him by a savage, and could not probably drive from his mind the condition of his unfortunat comrades. At any rate, he concluded to take the meat to the brig. His approach having been observed at some distance, Dr. Kane and Mr. Bonsall went out to meet him, thinking that it was Hans.

"Is that you, William," said Dr. Kane, as they met. "I suppose it is," replied Godfrey. "Where is Hans?" "Sick at Etah," answered Godfrey, "and I have determined to spend the rest of my days with the Esquimaux; here is the meat and the dogs, but I am going back to Etah." "You must not do this," replied Dr. Kane; and, at the same time, he and Bonsall marched the truant, at the point of their guns, to the vessel. Arriving at the side, Dr. Kane went on deck for irons, leaving Godfrey in charge of Bonsall upon the ice. "I am going," said the prisoner to his guard, "surely you would not shoot your companion." "If you move an inch I will fire," replied Bonsall. "Then you must fire," said Godfrey, for I am going," and suiting the action to the word, he scampered off as fast as he could go. Very fortunately for him, Bonsall's gun missed fire, and when Dr. Kane returned with the irons, he was too far off to be re-taken.

On the return of Hans, which took place a short time afterwards, we learned that Godfrey had suffered much during his journey, and arrived completely exhausted at

Etah, where he was kindly treated by the Esquimaux. Here, indeed, he was living quite comfortably, and adopting the customs of the people, when Dr. Kane, some week's after his desertion, visited the settlement, and persuaded him to return to the vessel.

During this terrible winter the ice increased so much upon us that we found the brig full ninety miles from the open water. To get her again afloat seemed impossible, and even if this could be done, she would be of little service, as we had been obliged to cut away her masts for fuel. But to pass another winter in this dreadful region, was more than we could think of doing, so long as there was the least chance of escape. We had small boats, sledges and dogs, but no provisions. Something might be done, and now was the time for action, as the Spring once more approached. A general council of officers and men was held, and a resolution taken to abandon the vessel and attempt a journey of 1400 miles in open boats. We had, at this time, but one barrel of flour, besides a quantity of pork, beans and rice, sufficient to last about thirty days. Hans asked permission to go to Etah to make arrangements for a supply of provisions; but we never saw him again; and we learned, some time afterwards, that he had fallen in love with a fat, blubber-fed native girl living at Etah, and that he had determined to spend the remainder of his life in hunting for her especial benefit. It seems that Hans had been taken sick at Etah, and that a young woman named Shunghu had nursed him with so much fidelity that his tender heart was completely won. A return to bachelor life became wholly impossible, and none of us could have the heart to wish the good-natured fellow any thing less than a happy future. We learned, also, that Godfrey had done all in his power to persuade Hans to drive off southward with him, and thus leave us without any sledge or dogs. Hans having refused to do it, he then consented to bring us the meat that had been obtained by our faithful hunter.

About the first of May, 1855, preparations were made for a journey southward. The three whale-boats—the “Faith,” the “Hope,” and the “Red Eric”—were brought out of their winter quarters and overhauled for active service. They had been severely battered by the ice, which, upon various occasions, we had been compelled to encounter, and required thorough repairing in order to render them fit for service. Two of them were whale-boats, twenty-six feet long and of proportionable width. We strengthened their gunwales and increased their depth by means of wash boards. Then stretching ridge-lines fore and aft, upon stanchions, we covered them with light canvas housings, which hung well over their sides. They were then mounted upon sledges, and rigged with rueraddies, or lines for hauling. Our guns, instruments, ammunition, extra clothing, and provisions, were snugly stowed away, and everything prepared for a long and cheerless journey.

It was a very affecting moment when we left the old brig that had been so long our home. We all assembled in the cabin, where Dr. Kane read prayers and a chapter of the Bible. He then addressed us in a solemn manner, telling us of the difficulties with which we would be obliged to contend, and impressing upon us the importance of courage and obedience to orders. After signing an agreement to stand by one another in the perilous journey before us, we went upon deck, raised and lowered the flags, and then walked solemnly once or twice around the brig.

It was certainly a very difficult and tedious journey. The loaded boats were very heavy, and our party were nearly all so enfeebled by disease, that it was impossible to take along more than one boat at once. At the end of every two or three miles, we were, therefore, obliged to retrace our steps to bring forward another boat. It required, in this way, thirty-five days to make the journey of ninety miles to the open water.

As long as we could procure provisions in any other way, it was determined that we would not encroach upon the stores placed within the boats, and we were consequently obliged to send once or twice to the brig for supplies. On one occasion Dr. Kane took me with him to bake a batch of bread, and as the dogs were then occupied with other work, we made the journey on foot, walking for about sixteen hours. Having forgotten to take our goggles, we were nearly blinded by the snow before we reached the brig. We made up a whole barrel of flour, kneading the dough in a large cask, and heating the oven with books and bits of wood stripped from the vessel's side. A violent storm compelled us to remain upon the brig several days, when Godfrey arrived with the sledge and dogs to carry off our baking.

Just before reaching the open water a sad accident befell us. Our carpenter, Mr. Ohlsen, in attempting to lift the "Red Eric," which had broken through the ice, ruptured a blood-vessel, and died within four days afterwards. He was a German by birth, and a most trusty and efficient workman. We buried him on Littleton Island, and the cape opposite to his icy tomb was, in honor of him, named Cape Ohlsen.

Three days after this occurrence we arrived in Etah, when the Esquimaux, men, women and children, came out to greet us, and accompanied us to the open water. Here we prepared to launch our two boats, the Faith and Hope, which, for the first time during a period of more than two years, were about to be put to their legitimate uses. The Red Eric was also put in order. The view of an iceless sea roused our spirits, and those who were most enfeebled by sickness, seemed to have new life infused into them.

In twenty-four hours our baggage was re-arranged, and every thing ready to take to our oars. Then came the scene of parting with the Esquimaux, who had been so long our friends in suffering, and who had shared with us

the perils of the chase upon the ice. Indeed, by them our lives had, more than once, been saved. They bade us good bye with swelling hearts. Dr. Kane collecting them around him, talked to them in a most affecting manner, and they wished him to promise them to return. A variety of presents, such as bits of wood, knives, needles and thread, were distributed among them.

A gale of wind delayed our launch for a few hours, but we finally succeeded, and amid the cheers of the Esquimaux, the hurrahs of our own men and the barking of a hundred dogs, our boats shot out into the open sea. Directing our course for Hakluyt Island, we arrived there at the end of the first day. The sea was very rough, and the Red Eric swamped. Her men escaped in safety to the other boats, but her cargo was a total loss. On this Island we hauled up our little crafts, which were sadly in need of caulking. After another delay of three days, during which time we secured a large number of birds, we set off again, steering for Cape Parry, a distance of fifty miles southward. It was near this point that Dr. Hayes, and the party that with him abandoned Dr. Kane, left their metallic life-boat. As one of our boats was very leaky, our commander dispatched some men in search of this one, but scarcely a trace of it could be found, the Esquimaux having broken it up. Encountering a great deal of ice, we were obliged to place our boats upon runners, and thus plod wearily along. Our provisions, in a few days, began to run quite low, and we were reduced to an allowance of two ounces of bread a day. On reaching Conical Rocks we were nearly worn out with fatigue and hunger. Here, fortunately, we found plenty of wild ducks and abundance of eggs, which, at first, we swallowed raw with the greatest avidity. Upon this spot we spent the Fourth of July, occupying most of the time in stuffing ourselves with duck and eggs. In consequence of this there was scarcely a man of the party fit for service on the following day. Every one com-

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plained, and there was no one in a condition to administer remedies.

Our next point of destination was the Crimson Cliffs, where we arrived after a week's very hard travel. Here we remained seven or eight days, waiting for an opening in the ice. This was finally produced by a heavy gale, which left every thing clear before us. Our boats were once more launched, and away we steered for Cape York, hoping to find some of the whalers who occasionally visit this vicinity. At Cape York we built a cairn of stones, deposited therein an account of our adventures and of our intentions, and after remaining a short time, undertook to cross Melville Bay, the ice upon which had now broken up. This was a steady pull at the oars for eleven days, with very little to appease our raging appetite. Indeed, we were almost famished before half the voyage had been accomplished. Some were so weak with hunger as to be scarcely able to raise an oar, and to crown our difficulties, the boats began to leak so badly that we were obliged to bail them out continually. Who shall describe our joy when, one day, as we were thus slowly starving to death, a large seal was discovered at a distance floating upon a patch of ice. It was a moment of terrible suspense as we cautiously drew near enough to shoot him. The oars were silently dipped into the water, and we dared not speak above our breath. Peterson stood in the bow of the Faith with his rifle cocked and aimed, while we all trembled lest he should miss his mark. But the old hunter had a steady hand, although it was daily growing poor for want of nourishment. Slowly we approached the lazy seal, who, as we came within a long gun-shot, rose on his fore-flippers, and prepared to plunge into the water. At this moment, crack went the rifle, and the monster dropped without a struggle upon the ice. A wild yell of delight burst from all the men, and dashing madly at the oars, we leaped, knife in hand, upon the ice, and cutting up the scarce dead animal, began to swallow it all raw and bloody.

To us this was a most delightful feast, and doubtless one that saved our lives. Such was the strength imparted by it, that in three days more we succeeded in reaching the Duck Islands, where we stopped to recover from the effects of our toilsome journey. We were now within ninety miles of Upernavick, almost frightened at our good fortune, and trembling lest something should prevent us from performing this comparatively short distance. Having sufficiently rested, we again set off, and, at the end of three days, coming in sight of the place, hoisted our flag, and were met upon the beach by a crowd of men, women, children and yelping dogs.

After a life of eighty-four days in the open air, and surrounded by dangers of every kind, it may be easily imagined that the sound of human voices, and the sight of human habitations, were things calculated to madden us almost with joy. Here it was that Peterson, our interpreter, lived; and here he once more met his family, who had long since thought him dead. Every one bade us a hearty welcome, and all did their utmost to promote our comfort. Unable to endure the close atmosphere of a house, we were obliged to sleep in our boats, and it was some time, indeed, before we could become accustomed to beds and other luxuries of civilized life.

We remained three weeks at Upernavick; but our men being enormous eaters, Dr. Kane, who was unwilling to tax the kindness of the people, set off for Proven, thirty miles distant to obtain provisions. Here he found a Danish brig called the Mariana, which made an annual visit to these settlements for oil. The captain of this vessel agreed with Dr. Kane, to go to Upernavick, and take our party thence to the Shetland Islands, whence we could easily obtain a passage to England or the United States. The captain, accordingly, came, and, taking us on board his vessel, set sail for the island of Discoe, where, at the expiration of three days, we arrived all safe and sound.

It was the captain's intention to remain here only a single day ; but the Inspector contrived to detain him for a week, hoping for the return of Captain Hartstene, who was then in that region searching for us by order of the American government. The last day of the week arrived, and the captain declared that he could remain no longer. Preparations were therefore made to start on the following morning. A grand ball, in honor of our departure, was to be given, and while every one was bustling about in order to make it as brilliant an affair as possible, the man on the watch sang out lustily that two sails were visible in the distance. Suspecting strongly what they were, we lowered our boat, Faith, once more, and Dr. Kane and some others of us jumping in, we pulled away with all our might for the approaching vessels. All the Kayacks, and small craft in the settlement followed, with noisy demonstrations in our wake, and onward we dashed, the happiest and maddest little squadron in the world. Nearer and nearer we approached, and, finally reached the vessels, which proved to be the steamer "Arctic," and the barque "Release." Eagerly did every one upon their deck gaze upon our whale boat, where Dr. Kane, in a red flannel shirt, stood gazing, as intently, in return. A moment's silence ensued, as we rested on our oars, and then a clear voice called out from the steamer : "Is that Dr. Kane ?" "Yes," replied our noble commander, choking with emotion ; and instantly the rigging of the vessels was manned with gallant seamen, and a long and hearty shout of welcome filled the air. Captain Hartstene, the bravest and kindest of all American officers, received us with a cordiality that can never be forgotten by a single man of our little party. He provided for all our wants, and anticipated, in the most generous manner, the least of our desires. The vessel was made to us a Paradise, and it was almost with regret that we looked forward to our journey's end. It came at last, and we reached New York after a voyage of twenty-two days, and after an absence from civilized life of two and a half years.

DR. E. BEALE'S

GREAT ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATION OF

DR. KANE'S

FIRST AND LAST

ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS,

TOGETHER WITH THE

ENGLISH AND DANISH SEARCHES

For Sir John Franklin, in the Frigid Zone;

Embracing a complete Voyage from New York to the Regions of Ice, and vividly portraying the perilous adventures and wonderful discoveries of the explorers; executed by the great American artist, GEORGE HEILGE, ESQ., of Philadelphia, from original drawings taken by the lamented DR. KANE, of the American Expedition, CAPT. AUSTIN, of the English, and CAPT. GARDER, of the Danish.

MR. THOMAS HICKEY,

Who accompanied Dr. Kane's last expedition, and who won for himself an enviable reputation through his devoted attachment to the lamented navigator, will appear at the close of each exhibition

IN ESQUIMAUX COSTUMÉ!

SEVERAL INTERESTING RELICS of the Arctic Expeditions will be exhibited, among which is Dr. Kane's Kayack and Rifle, Arctic Suits, Medal presented by Queen Victoria to Mr. Thomas Hickey, Dr. Kane's celebrated Dog, (the only survivor of his Esquimaux Dogs,) Mr. Hickey's beautiful Esquimaux Dog, Wolf, presented to him by Lady Franklin, etc.

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 This work of art having had a most successful tour through Europe—patronized by her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, His Royal Highness, the Prince Consort, the Princess Royal, Prince of Wales, and Lady Franklin, at the Gallery of Illustration, 14 Regent Street, London, and acknowledged by American and European critics, to be the most sublime production—is now on exhibition through the United States.

PROGRAMME.

Drop Curtain.—The British Vessel, Prince Albert, fitted and sent out by Lady Franklin in search of her lost husband.

DR. KANE'S FIRST EXPEDITION, in 1850 and 1851.

1. View of the New York Navy Yard and Battle Ship North Carolina.
2. View of the shipping of New York, and Ferry Boats running from New York to Brooklyn and Williamsburg.
3. Fort on Governor's Island.
4. The steamer Union, with the friends of Dr. Kane on board, bidding him farewell.
5. Steam-tug Titania towing Dr. Kane's vessel, the Advance, out of harbor.
6. The frigate Sardinia firing a parting salute to the noble Arctic adventurers.
7. Barracks on Governor's Island.
8. Castle Garden and entrance to the garden, with a motley crowd who congregate around this great resort.
9. Harbor of New York, with steamers and vessels of all nations.
10. The fatal steamer Arctic going to sea, which sunk with so many souls on board.
11. Vessel sinking in the harbor, near Quarantine, while the artist is sketching.
12. Quarantine Ground, with New York in the distance.
13. Spile driving for shad fishing.
14. Hamilton Pavillion, Long Island, previous to its destruction by fire,—a great resort in summer for New Yorkers.
15. Steamboats running to Staten Island.
16. Fort Lafayette, situated on the Narrows.

17. Fort Hamilton and landing.
18. Fishing ground, and Coney Island in the distance.
19. Emigrant ship being towed to the city, with her decks crowded, and all anxious to get a glimpse of the land of the free.
20. A storm arising.
21. New York pilots looking out for shipping.
22. Vessels making port to escape the threatening storm.
23. An American steamer at sea, answering signal of a vessel in distress.
24. The vessel in distress firing her signal guns.
25. A ship struck by lightning, and burning ship—an awful and terrific scene.
26. The crew of the burning ship being rescued by an American vessel.
27. Shipwrecks by moonlight, after a storm.
28. Boats picking up the poor survivors of the wreck—a heart-rending sight.
29. Shipping in fog and becalmed after storm.
30. French steamer and groups of vessels lying off Newfoundland.
31. Pilot boat off St. John's.
32. Dr. Kane's vessels, Advance and Reseue.
33. First icebergs seen, off the coast of St. John's.
34. Kane's vessels approaching the Island of Discoe, and a native going out to pilot him in.
35. View of the Inspector's house on the Island of Discoe, in Greenland, with barge landing coal.
36. Great snow storm.
37. Exterior view of an Esquimaux hut.
38. Interior view of an Esquimaux hut.
39. Kane's party trading with the natives for furs.
40. Lively Harbor, (Island of Discoe,) settled by English.
41. A group of whaling vessels off the coast of Greenland.
42. View of icebergs at night.
43. Rising moon—never before given in any exhibition.
44. The Devil's Thumb, a great land mark for Arctic mariners.
45. Kane's crew out on the ice shooting game.
46. Entering Melville Bay.
47. English vessel frozen in the ice.
48. The crew cutting their way out.

49. The Esquimaux mode of shooting bears.
50. Magnificent view of ships among icebergs.
51. Approaching Duncira Bay.
52. The mirage, or vision of the two suns, seen on Duncira Bay, by Dr. Kane; the Advance and Rescue.
53. Hummocks of ice, and Dr. Kane's vessel cutting an opening.
54. Finding the graves of Sir John Franklin's men buried on Beechy Island, Franklin's first winter quarters.
55. Skating scene on the ice, between the English and Americans.
56. Kane's party meeting the English.
57. Sunset.

ENGLISH EXPEDITION.

58. Interior of the British steamer, giving a reception party to Dr. Kane.
59. Deck of the steamer, with Kane taking his leave of the officers.
60. Iceberg in the distance with the sun behind it, throwing out his beautiful rays, and lighting up the whole scene with crimson and gold.
61. Captain Austin addressing his exploring party at sunrise.
62. Shooting bears on the ice.
63. The Esquimaux mode of drawing sledges and fishing, and vision of the perihelion.
64. Walruses at play.
65. Aurora Borealis at night.
66. Making ice houses in winter quarters.
67. Fishing in the ice.
68. Ship walled in for the winter.
69. Catching foxes by moonlight.
70. The Horizon Fires.
71. Mountains of Ice.
72. Going out to receive a dinner party from another vessel, during a four months' night.
73. Vessel in the distance in a snow storm.
74. Party attacked by bears, one of the crew being killed in the fight.
75. Captain Austin's western division of sledges in a snow storm, 250 miles from their ship.
76. Going on board ship to amusements.

77. Pantomime performance between decks; play, Old Mother Goose, or the Golden Egg.

78. Breaking up of the ice, and moonlight scene, where the moon passes through the clouds.

79. Landing of stores on the ice from the ill-fated ship Breadalbane.

80. Loss of the Breadalbane.

81. The Resolute frozen in the ice. This vessel was discovered Sept. 9th, 1855, and brought into New London by Capt. Buddington, of the whale-ship George Henry.

82. Cutting out of the ice.

83. Magnificent moonlight scene.

84. A desperate conflict with bears, and the Arctic steamer Intrepid thrown forty feet above water, on the Glaciers.

85. A party going to assist their comrades in killing bears.

86. Morning Aurora Borealis throwing its low rays on the water, and making it appear like seas of blood.

87. Shooting birds on the Glaciers.

88. A splendid scene of Glacial Columns.

DANES, UNDER CAPT. GARDER.

88. Breaking up of the ice.

89. Garder's party on cakes of ice, making signals to ship in the distance.

90. Wild, beautiful scene of the Morning Aurora.

91. Magnificent columns of ice.

92. Ship driven in the ice, and crew on the ice.

93. Wreck of the Danish vessel, and the crew saving their comrades on the Island.

94. The crew repelled by Polar Bear on entering a cave.

95. Sunrise after the storm.

96. The crew saving stores from the vessel.

97. Exploring party of the crew starting out.

98. The first foliage seen by Capt. Garder's party.

99. View of Heart Lake and tent pitched for the day.

100. A beautiful scene on the Island, and first discovery of the electrical tree. Hills of snow in the distance.

101. Building huts with the materials of the vessel.

102. Hot Water River and Electric Trees.

103. Surprised by a Bear in their tent at night.
104. Sublime view of the Horizon Fires, almost eclipsing the light of the moon.
105. The crew struck with wonder and astonishment at the discovery of the Boiling Springs.
106. Perilous situation while crossing a deep ravine.
107. A splendid chain of mountains, with Capt. Garder and one of his mates admiring their beauty.
108. Encampment in the Electric Forest.
109. Interior of their hut.
110. Sun rising in a mist. This is grand beyond description.
111. The crew taking their departure from the hut.
112. Entering a vast cavern.
113. Americans and English cutting their way out of the ice.
114. The vessel being relieved and towed through the channel.
115. Sparkling Icebergs at sunrise.
116. The Americans and English taking leave of each other on their return home.

DR. KANE'S LAST EXPEDITION, 1853, 1854, and 1855.

117. Advance moored to a degraded iceberg, entering Smith's Sound.
118. Crossing the Ice Belt at Coffee Gorge.
119. Dr. Kane with his Newfoundland dog team, making railroad speed passage over new ice.
120. Three brother turrets, discovered by Dr. Kane.
121. Tennyson's Monument, the most wonderful of all nature's works, 780 feet high
122. Climbing the Land Ice, on journey to the open Polar Sea.
123. Open Polar Sea, as seen from Cape Independence, in latitude $81^{\circ}, 22'$, and in longitude $65^{\circ}, 35' W$.
124. Illusion of Five Suns, or Parhelia.
125. Life Boat Cove, regions of gigantic icebergs.
126. October's sun rising through a stupendous cavern of glaciers.
127. "Hair breadth 'scape," broken floes, Doctor Kane's boat, Faith.

128. Brilliant Midnight Aurora seen by Dr. Kane during his last expedition.

129. Natural bridge through an island. Providence cliffs, where Dr. Kane and party encamped for ten days, waiting for an opening in the ice.

130. Dr. Kane and party abandoning the Advance after two years and six months imprisonment.

131. Sanderson's Hope—Upernavick, the first settlement seen by Dr. Kane, after traveling 1400 miles over ice and snow in 85 days.

132. The Bay of Havana.

133. Moro Castle and the steamer Cahawba.

134. Dr. Kane's Funeral in Havana.

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