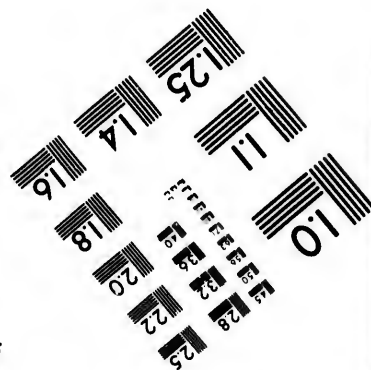
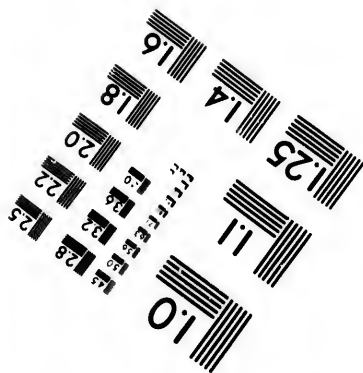
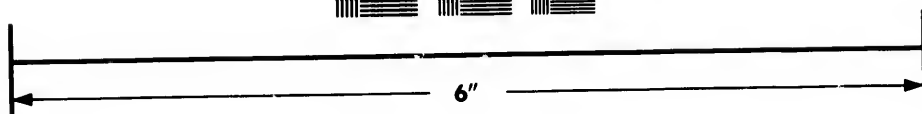
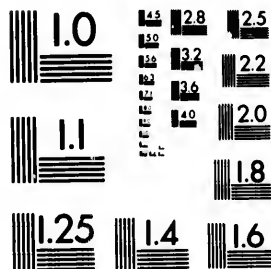


**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

28  
25  
22  
20  
18

**CIHM/ICMH  
Microfiche  
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH  
Collection de  
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

10  
11  
12

**© 1981**

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la  
distortion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may  
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these  
have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées  
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,  
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont  
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material/  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Only edition available/  
Seule édition disponible
- Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata  
slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to  
ensure the best possible image/  
Les pages totalement ou partiellement  
obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure,  
etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à  
obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

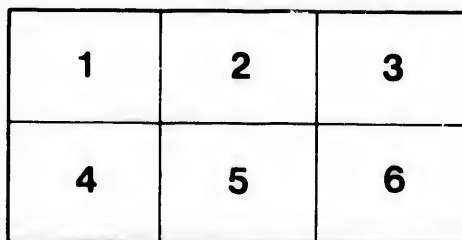
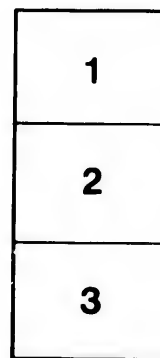
Library Division  
Provincial Archives of British Columbia

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol  $\rightarrow$  (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol  $\nabla$  (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Library Division  
Provincial Archives of British Columbia

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole  $\rightarrow$  signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole  $\nabla$  signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

NWP  
K16A  
4694

W.P.E.

MEMOIR AND EULOGY

OF

DR. ELISHA KENT KANE,

PRONOUNCED BY

BRO. E. W. ANDREWS,

BEFORE THE GRAND LODGE OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE FRATERNITY  
OF FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK,  
JUNE 5, 1857,

TOGETHER WITH THE

OPENING ADDRESS

BY THE

M. W. GRAND MASTER,

AND LETTERS RECEIVED ON THE OCCASION, FROM EDWARD EVERITT,  
WASHINGTON IRVING, GENERAL WOOL, JUDGE KANE, COMMODORES  
PERRY, STEWART AND READ, AND MANY OTHER  
DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMEN IN VARIOUS  
PARTS OF THE UNION.

---

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE GRAND LODGE.

1857.

NWP  
B  
K16A

J. F. CARR  
\$10.00

MAY 14 '64



## Correspondence.

---

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY OF THE GRAND LODGE  
OF FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK,  
New York, June 22, 1857.

*Dear Sir and Brother :*

At the Annual Communication of the M. W. Grand Lodge of the State of New York, held in this city on the 6th of June, A. L. 5857, the following resolution was adopted:

" *Whereas*, The members of the M. W. Grand Lodge of the State of New York, in Annual Communication assembled, having listened to the eulogy, pronounced on the evening of the 5th inst., to the memory of our distinguished and beloved brother, Dr. E. K. KANE, do desire to express to our worthy and esteemed brother, E. W. ANDREWS, their high pleasure and satisfaction with the ability and fidelity with which he has discharged the duty imposed upon him; therefore,

" *Resolved*, That our brother, E. W. ANDREWS, be requested to place his manuscript in the hands of our R. W. Deputy Grand Master and R. W. Grand Secretary, to be published under their supervision, for distribution among the members of the Grand Lodge."

To enable us to carry out the wishes of the Grand Lodge, will you be kind enough to furnish us with a copy of said eulogy?

Very truly and fraternally yours,

JAMES M. AUSTIN,  
*Grand Secretary.*

To Hon. E. W. ANDREWS.

---

New York, June 24, 1857.

R. W. JAMES M. AUSTIN,  
*Grand Secretary.*

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER :—Your letter of the 22d inst., inclosing a copy of the resolution adopted by the New York Grand Lodge, on the 6th of June last, was duly received, and is gratefully acknowledged.

In accordance with the wish embodied in the resolution, I herewith send you my manuscript, and place it at your disposal.

Truly and fraternally yours,

E. W. ANDREWS.





## Introduction.

---

WHEN the painful intelligence of the death of Dr. KANE was received in the United States, the brethren of Arcana Lodge, in the city of New York, immediately adopted measures to pay suitable public honors to the memory of the illustrious deceased, as a worthy brother of the Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, and an honorary member of that Lodge, by adopting the following preamble and resolutions:

WHEREAS, In the removal of Br. KANE from our midst, we recognize a dispensation of the Great Architect of the Universe, to which we bow in humble submission, while as mortal beings we mourn the loss to mankind of so much worth beyond that which Supreme Wisdom has endowed a large majority of His earthly intelligences; and

WHEREAS, In his decease we are sensible of the loss of a true and valued Brother; viewing it as an event of no ordinary sorrow, not to us alone as a Fraternity, but to the country in whose service his life has been sacrificed, after a short but brilliant career, to place a new and beautiful chaplet on her brow; and to the world, of which he was one of the brightest ornaments in science, bravery and worth, having inscribed his name on the great scroll of time, to be read and respected by future generations; and

WHEREAS, His devotion to the Fraternity and to humanity was so nobly exhibited in his untiring efforts to rescue a lost Brother, in the person of SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, and in planting, with the American flag, Masonic emblems, to arrest the attention of travelers and voyagers in the desolate region of eternal ice; therefore,

RESOLVED, That a Lodge of Sorrow be holden, at such time and place as may be hereafter designated, in honor of our cherished and lamented Brother, Dr. ELISHA K. KANE.

Upon subsequent consultation, however, with the officers of the Grand Lodge of the State, it was adjudged proper that this body, at its Annual Communication, to be held in June, should take the lead, in giving expression to the profound grief of the brotherhood, at the early death of one of its most distinguished members, and their respect and affection for his memory; and the following named brethren were appointed a

**Committee of Arrangements:**

Rt. W. ROBT. MACOY,	W. CHAS. S. WESTCOTT,
Rt. W. JAMES M. AUSTIN,	W. THOMAS S. SOMMERS,
Rt. W. CHAS. L. CHURCH,	W. THOMAS E. GARSON,
Rt. W. JOHN W. SIMONS,	W. NEHEMIAH PECK,
W. WM. GURNEY,	W. ARTHUR BOYCE,
W. CHAS. A. PECK,	W. GEO. C. WEBSTER,
W. A. P. MORIARTY,	W. J. B. Y. SOMMERS,
W. HENRY W. TURNER,	W. ANDRES CASSARD,
W. CHAS. F. NEWTON,	W. JAMES B. TAYLOR,

Bro. SIDNEY KOPMAN.

The evening of the 5th of June was designated as the time, when some appropriate, public demonstration should be made, and the church of the Rev. Dr. CHAPIN, on Broadway, was selected as the place. Brother E. W. ANDREWS, of New York, was invited to pronounce the eulogy on the occasion, which invitation he accepted. The music was placed under the direction of Bro. JAMES B. TAYLOR, and other arrangements were made, which the dignity and solemnity of the occasion demanded. When the appointed evening arrived, a large and most respectable audience assembled; the church was draped in mourning; a fine bust of Dr. KANE was placed prominently in front of the pulpit, resting on a pedestal draped with the tattered flag of the two Arctic ex-

peditions, and in the rear of it was hung a beautiful banner, emblazoned with the symbols of Freemasonry. The music, both vocal and instrumental, was in harmony with the mournfulness of the scene, and deepened the solemn impression it produced. The officers and members of the Grand Lodge appeared in full regalia and wearing badges of mourning. As in sad procession they entered the centre aisle of the spacious church, and with slow and measured step, passed up beneath its lofty arches, toward the sacred altar, while the deep-toned organ pealed forth its solemn notes, and the voices of the choir, in the mournful dirge, seemed the breathings of bereaved hearts, the scene was deeply impressive. Every heart seemed touched with the spirit of sadness. When the music ceased, amidst the profound stillness that prevailed through the large and thoughtful assembly, the Grand Chaplain, Rt. W. and Rev. R. L. SCHOONMAKER, arose and in a most fervent and touching prayer addressed the Throne of Grace. The following

### ODE,

WRITTEN BY BRO. JAMES HERRING, WAS THEN

SUNG BY MRS. SPROSTON, MISS GEER AND MESSRS. TAYLOR AND WILLIAMS

HERE let the sacred rights decreed  
 In honor of departed friends,  
 With solemn order now proceed,  
 While living *faith* with sorrow blends.

Now let the hymn, the humble prayer,  
 From hearts sincere ascend on high,  
 And mystic *evergreen* declare  
 The *hope* within us cannot die.

The mortal frame may be conceal'd  
 Within the narrow house of gloom,  
 But God in mercy has reveal'd  
 Immortal life beyond the tomb.

The friends we mourn we still may love,  
Then let our aspirations rise  
To that bright spirit-world above,  
Where virtue lives, *love never dies.*

The M. W. Grand Master, JOHN L. LEWIS, JR., then briefly addressed the audience upon the melancholy nature of the occasion which had brought them together.

### Address.

BRETHREN OF THE MASONIC FRATERNITY,  
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

A few hours since I was first informed, by reading the printed programme, that it was announced that I was to take an active part in the exercises of this evening. My Masonic brethren need not be told, that my engagements elsewhere, till within the last hour, have prevented me from making any preparation, or reflecting upon the subject matter of what I should here speak. But this consideration did not, could not restrain me from being present and contributing my humble aid in this public testimonial to the services and worth of him, who is wrapped in the silent slumber that knows no waking, in a distant city. I might indeed catch inspiration from the scene presented before and around me. This large and attentive assemblage intent on doing homage to departed genius; the fervid and thrilling petition to the Throne of Grace, just offered; the rich harmony pealing from yonder skilled choir, all awaken deep emotion; but I will not attempt to give them utter-

ance. My simple duty will best be discharged by a brief allusion to the reasons that have brought us together.

This respectable and intelligent auditory scarcely require to be reminded of the cause of this assemblage. These emblems of Masonry; these drooping flags; these mute, yet speaking evidences of sorrow, remind us that we are in the house of mourning. The Grand Lodge of the State of New York, now assembled in Annual Communication, have resolved to set apart a portion of their time to do public honor to the name and memory of Dr. ELISHA K. KANE, as not only indicative of their own feelings, but as due to his character. And why should we thus honor his name and memory? He was not a citizen of our state, nor a regular member of any lodge under this jurisdiction; and we have apparently only the feelings of sorrow entertained in common by the entire Craft, that a distinguished and beloved brother of our world-wide Fraternity has passed away. It would be sufficient to base our action alone upon this. While we claim that a connection with the Masonic Fraternity reflects credit upon each individual member, it frequently occurs that the character of its distinguished votaries also reflects a brighter renown upon our institution. Their fame becomes our fame; their honor is our honor; their renown our renown, and in this instance we feel that the achievements of KANE have shed a halo of glory around the Masonic brotherhood "bright as the mystic aurora of the clime he braved." The distinguished and eloquent brother, from whose glowing lips we are to hear a truthful

eulogy upon the life and character of Dr. KANE, will tell how he loved our institution; how its lessons cheered the rigor and gloom of Polar night; and how, erecting his country's standard as at once a shield and a signal, he spread to the blast beneath it, a flag bearing the peculiar devices of the Craft, that it might perchance catch the eye of some wanderer in that frozen clime, and urge him by its mute appeal to more vigorous exertions to cheer and save. It is proper that I should remind you (as I have once already done at the opening of the Annual Communication,) that the Grand Lodge of New York thus publicly pays tribute to his merits and genius because he was an honorary member of one of the lodges under its jurisdiction, (Arcana 246), and because his last spoken farewell, previous to his departure upon his latest perilous expedition, was to this Grand Lodge, assembled in special communication to exchange parting salutations, and to cheer him onward in his hazardous enterprise of seeking for an eminent lost brother in the regions of perpetual wintry desolation.

It is as much the province of our ancient Fraternity to gather around the open grave and silent tomb of a brother as it is to meet upon festal or ceremonial occasions, where mutual smiles and innocent festivity denote the joyousness of the heart. We gather in our Lodges of Sorrow when the loved and honored have departed, and sit in the chambers of death, to give expression to the emotions which stir our souls, and ours is the mournful duty of strewing the grave of a brother with the weeping acacia as a token that

while we witness the mortality of the body, we also believe in the immortality of the soul, and lingering around the little mound of earth which crowns his last resting-place, while we speak of his virtues and our own bereavement. Ours is the mournful task of weaving chaplets for the sepulchre, as well as garlands for the living brow, and of planting the shady cypress in the cemetery of the silent dead. We have thus met, as in a Lodge of Sorrow, tonight, and while our spirits kindle at the recollection of what our distinguished brother has done for the cause of our common humanity, and for the fresh honors he has shed upon our gallant navy, we mourn at the remembrance that he has passed away from earth forever, but yet in the fullness of his fame and the brightness of his early renown.

We do not mourn alone. Listen to what his former distinguished and gallant commander, Commodore PERRY; that brave and renowned veteran, Commodore STEWART; the enlightened MAURY, and others of high meritorious character, say of their lamented brother officer. Nor alone does the voice of sorrow come up from the surges of the sounding sea. The gallant soldiery of the country delight to honor skill and daring, whether by sea or land. Hear the language of the distinguished and renowned second in command of the U. S. Army, Major-General WOOL. Hear also the voices of our statesmen and men of literature; the accomplished EVERETT, IRVING, WILLIS, HALLOCK, LESTER, and a host of other celebrities, from the pulpit, the bar, and the mystic circle.

The Grand Master then read a number of letters, which had been received in response to the following invitation :

OFFICE OF THE GRAND LODGE OF  
Free and Accepted Masons of the State of New York.

New York, June 1st, 1857.

Dear Sir:

The Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of New York, desirous of testifying their high appreciation of the lamented and distinguished Bro.,

DR. ELISHA KENT KANE,

have made arrangements for appropriate public honors to his memory. The ceremonies to take place on Friday evening: June 5, at the Church of the Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin, in Broadway, at half-past 7 o'clock.

EULOGIUM—By the Hon. Bro. E. W. ANDREWS,  
and other appropriate exercises.

You are respectfully invited to attend and join in this tribute of respect to the memory of the departed.

CHAS. A. PECK, } Committee  
ROBT. MACOY, } on  
SIDNEY KOPMAN, } Invitation.



## Letters.

[From Commodore Stewart, U. S. Navy]

PHILADELPHIA NAVY YARD, June 3d, 1857.

GENTLEMEN:—I have the honor to receive your kind invitation of the first instant, in behalf of the Honorable the Free and Accepted Masons of the state of New York, to attend in the contemplated public honors to the memory of the lamented and distinguished Brother Doctor Elisha K. Kane.

Could I have been spared from the duties of this post, without public inconvenience, on the fifth instant, it would have afforded me the most grateful feelings to have united with our brethren of the state of New York by my attendance, on the occasion of their tribute of respect to the memory of one so honorably distinguished and self-sacrificed for the benefit of the human family.

Accept, gentlemen, with the assurance of my regret, from inability on this occasion, to comply with your interesting wishes, that I have the honor to remain,

Most respectfully,

Your affectionate brother,

CHARLES STEWART.

To Brothers

CHAS. A. PECK, }  
ROBERT MACOY, } *Committee on Invitation.*  
SIDNEY KOPMAN. }

[From Commodore Perry, U. S. Navy.]

38 WEST THIRTY-SECOND STREET,  
NEW YORK, June 3d, 1857.

GENTLEMEN:—I regret exceedingly that a protracted illness, which has confined me to my house for several weeks, will deprive me of the gratification of joining you in doing honor to the memory of our departed brother "The lamented and distinguished" Doctor E. K. Kane.

Be assured, gentlemen, of my warmest sympathies being with you on the occasion of your melancholy ceremonies.

Most respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

M. C. PERRY.

CHAS. A. PECK, }  
ROBERT MACOY, } *Committee on Invitation.*  
SIDNEY KOPMAN, }

[From Commodore Read, U. S. Navy.]

PHILADELPHIA, June the 3d, 1857.

GENTLEMEN:—I have the honor to acknowledge the polite invitation received from you to-day, to attend and join in a ceremony, the object of which is to bestow appropriate honors on the memory of the lamented Doctor Elisha K. Kane.

Allow me to say that I feel highly flattered by this mark of attention, and that I would, with much pleasure, attend and join in the tribute of respect to the memory of an old shipmate, were it not at present out of my power to do so.

I am, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,

GEORGE READ.

To MESSRS.

CHAS. A. PECK, }  
ROBERT MACOY, } *Committee on Invitation.*  
SIDNEY KOPMAN, }

[From Captain John S. Chauncey, U. S. Navy.]

NEW YORK, June 3d, 1857.

GENTLEMEN:—I have the honor to acknowledge, and I shall have great pleasure in accepting your invitation to unite in the proposed tribute of respect to the memory of Doctor Elisha K. Kane.

The honor which he conferred upon humanity by the consecrated purpose which led him to brave privation and death, derives an additional lustre, from the fact that he belonged to a noble profession, which is supposed to be favorable to the growth and culture of every high impulse, and which is never more worthy of itself than when its members employ the resources of force and power to relieve suffering, and promote the happiness of mankind.

I have the honor to be,  
Very respectfully, &c.,

JOHN S. CHAUNCEY.

To MESSRS.

CHAS. A. PECK, }  
ROBERT MACOY, } *Committee on Invitation.*  
SIDNEY KOPMAN, }

[From Lieutenant Maury, U. S. Navy.]

OBSERVATORY, WASHINGTON, June 8, 1857.

GENTLEMEN:—It will not, I regret to say, be in my power to participate with you in the melancholy satisfaction of rendering homage to the merits of our illustrious fellow-countryman, the late Doctor Kane.

Did not occupations and engagements, which I am not at liberty to set aside, prevent, I would surely be with you on Friday evening.

Respectfully, &c.,

M. F. MAURY.

To Messrs.

CHAR. A. PECK,	} Committee on Invitation
ROBERT MACCOY,	
SIDNEY KOPMAN,	

[From Washington A. Bartlett, Lieutenant U. S. Navy.]

HOTEL D'IVERNOIS,

WASHINGTON CITY, June 4th, 1857.

GENTLEMEN:—I have had the honor, this moment to receive your communication, date of first instant, by which you invite me, in the name of "the Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons of the state of New York," to attend and assist in paying public and appropriate honors to the memory of the illustrious Doctor Elisha Kent Kane, deceased.

I am highly honored by this attention, for I have felt, in common with our whole country, that he has honored his age and nation, and has left behind him a brilliancy of character, brighter and more enduring even, than the eternal fields of ice and snow over which he toiled, so successfully and gloriously, in the cause of a world-wide humanity and self-sacrificing devotion to the highest aspirations of science.

But his memory needs no eulogy at my hands. I had not the honor of his personal acquaintance, although I did hope, at one time, that I could have been permitted to share in the triumphs of his rescue from the perils to which he was exposed, and from that death to which many who knew not the man and his energies, had already consigned him among the dreary expanse of eternal ice-fields.

In the interests of science, and as a lover of those who so ennoble mankind, we could wish he had longer survived to enjoy the praises of his fellow-countrymen and the admiration of the world. But in this it is our duty to bow humbly to the Divine will, remembering that "those whom the Gods love die young."

If possible, I shall be present to-morrow evening in New York, to witness the interesting ceremonies of this occasion.

With great respect, I have the honor to be, gentlemen,  
Your very obedient servant,

WASHINGTON A. BARTLETT.

To Messrs.

CHAS. A. PECK, }  
ROBERT MACOY, } *Committee on Invitation.*  
SIDNEY KOPMAN, }

[From Major General John E. Wool, U. S. Army.]

HEADQUARTERS, DEP'T OF THE EAST,  
TROY, N. Y., June 3d, 1857.

GENTLEMEN:—I had the honor to receive your invitation of the first instant, to join in the ceremonies intended as a testimony of the high appreciation entertained by the Free and Accepted Masons of the state of New York for their lamented and distinguished Brother, Doctor Elisha K. Kane, to take place on Friday evening, June fifth.

I deeply regret that my official duties will not permit me to avail myself of the opportunity of doing honor to the memory of your brother, who was no less distinguished than he rendered great and important services to his country.

I am, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,

JOHN E. WOOL, U. S. Army.

To Messrs.

CHAS. A. PECK, }  
ROBERT MACOY, } *Committee on Invitation.*  
SIDNEY KOPMAN, }

[From Hon. Judge Kane, Penn.]

PHILADELPHIA, 6th June, 1857.

GENTLEMEN:—My absence from home when your note of invitation arrived, prevented my receiving it till this morning; but I cannot omit to thank you for it, and to say how deeply I have been moved by the justly fraternal feeling which it represents. I believe I can speak of Doctor Kane as he was, for I knew him in the relations that determine the judgment as well as in those that affect the heart. I cannot suspect myself of a father's partiality, when I say that our order never had a brighter rep-

presentative, that there was never a better son or brother, a truer friend, a purer man, or a more expanded and self-sacrificing philanthropist; that his memory is honored by those who can emulate his virtues, and by that brotherhood especially which adopts them as its symbols, gives assurance that he did not live or die in vain.

With grateful respect,  
I am, gentlemen,  
Your obedient servant,

J. K. KANE.

To Messrs.

CHAS. A. PECK, }  
ROBERT MACOY, } *Committee of the Gr. L., &c., &c.*  
SIDNEY KOPMAN, }

[From C. Edwards Lester, Esq.]

SPENCERTOWN, COLUMBIA COUNTY,  
NEW YORK, June 10th, 1857.

GENTLEMEN AND BROTHERS:—I thank you for remembering me in connexion with the honors you are to show to the memory and achievements of our beloved and heroic brother, Dr. Kane. I shall be with you if I can.

No more befitting or touching occasion could occur to call out our friendship or our grief. Thousands knew him as a *friend*; the uncounted hosts of the Masonic Fraternity knew him as a *Brother*. His contributions to science laid the whole world under obligation; his writings embellish Literature; while his whole life is radiant with the divine spirit of Humanity. We should feel a new glow of gratitude and pleasure as we commemorate his virtues. He was a cherished member of a Brotherhood on which the sun and the stars never go down; and from the genial air of our Lodge-rooms and firesides, he carried our banner of peace to the frozen children of the Pole. Such are the men who have transmitted the torch of light from age to age.

Most faithfully, yours,

C. EDWARDS LESTER.

To Messrs.

CHAS. A. PECK, }  
ROBERT MACOY, } *Committee on Invitation.*  
SIDNEY KOPMAN, }

[From Hon. Edward Everett, Mass.]

MEDFORD, MASS., June 4th, 1857.

GENTLEMEN:—Your letter of the first has been forwarded to me at this place, inviting me to attend the commemoration ceremonies in honor of the late lamented Doctor Kane, on the evening of the fifth, under the auspices of the "Free and Accepted Masons of the state of New York." I much regret that it is not in my power to be present on the interesting occasion.

I remain, gentlemen with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

To MESSRS.

EDWARD EVERETT.

CHAS. A. PECK, }  
ROBERT MACOY, } *Committee on Invitation.*  
SIDNEY KOPMAN, }

[From Washington Irving, Esq.]

SUNNYSIDE, June 5th, 1857.

GENTLEMEN:—Your obliging invitation did not reach me until last evening. I regret to say that engagements which detain me in the country will prevent my attendance at the interesting ceremonies with which you propose to testify your high appreciation of the merits of our illustrious and lamented countryman.

Very respectfully,

Your obliged and humble servant,

To MESSRS.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CHAS. A. PECK, }  
ROBERT MACOY, } *Committee on Invitation.*  
SIDNEY KOPMAN, }

[From Hon. Henry E. Davies, N. Y.]

NEW YORK, June 3d, 1857.

GENTLEMEN:—I am much honored by your invitation to attend the ceremonies in honor of the memory of that distinguished American, Doctor Elisha K. Kane, and greatly regret that absence from the city will deprive me of the pleasure of listening to the eloquent and accomplished gentlemen who are to address you on the occasion.

I have the honor to be,

With respect, yours,

HENRY E. DAVIES.

[From Fitz Greene Halleck, Esq.]

GUILFORD, CONNECTICUT, July 18th, 1857.

GENTLEMEN:—I deeply regret that your letter, inviting me to be present on the fifth June ultimo, at the ceremonies, under your auspices, in remembrance of the late Doctor Kane, did not reach me in time to enable me to avail myself of its courtesy, and to unite with you in doing public homage to the memory of a good and gallant Brother of the Brotherhood you represent, whose life was an honor to that Brotherhood and to Humanity, and whose heroism of head and heart and hand was worthy of all homage.

With grateful acknowledgment of the compliment your invitation has paid me, I am, gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

To MESSRS.

CHAS. A. PECK,	} <i>Committee on Invitation.</i>
ROBERT MACOY,	
SIDNEY KOPMAN,	

[From Hon. Fernando Wood, N. Y.]

MAYOR'S OFFICE, June 4th, 1857.

GENTLEMEN:—I regret that other engagements render it impossible for me to attend the proposed ceremonies in memory of the late distinguished Doctor Kane, to which you have invited me. You propose a just tribute to the fame of one of our country's most honored names.

It is well to thus honor the distinguished dead, that others, struggling for fame in the glorious paths of laudable ambition, may have an additional incentive to exertion and success; and none so proper to commemorate the virtues and greatness of him you meet to mourn, as those who were bound to him in bonds of Masonic brotherhood.

Very truly,

FERNANDO WOOD.

To MESSRS.

CHAS. A. PECK,	} <i>Committee on Invitation.</i>
ROBERT MACOY,	
SIDNEY KOPMAN,	

[From Hon. Charles Scott, Mississippi.]

JACKSON, June 10th, 1857.

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS:—It would be very grateful to my feelings, could I unite with my brethren of New York, in paying a just tribute to the memory of so great and so good a Mason as our lamented and departed brother. He was the master of the craft who braved the perils of sea and climate in search of a lost and distinguished Mason. The designs which he drew were good, and the work was conducted in harmony, with honor to himself and credit to his country.

Accept assurances of my fraternal regard,

CHARLES SCOTT.

To MESSRS.

CHAS. A. PECK, }  
ROBERT MACOY, } *Committee on Invitation.*  
SIDNEY KOPMAN, }

[From Joseph D. Evans, P. G. M.]

NEW YORK, June 5th, 1857.

BRETHREN:—I have the honor of receiving your kind invitation to attend and join in the tribute of respect proposed to be paid to our lamented and distinguished Brother, Doctor E. K. Kane, by the Masonic Fraternity of this state.

Although I find it impossible to be present this evening to participate in the ceremonies of the occasion, I nevertheless fully sympathize with you and the brotherhood generally in our irreparable loss.

Doctor Kane not only stood high in the estimation of his countrymen, and with the world at large, but by the noble traits of his social and moral character, won the affection and respect of his Masonic brethren.

It is due to his memory that the Fraternity generally should do honor to so estimable a gentleman and so true and warm-hearted a Mason.

With the highest respect, I remain, dear Brethren,

Yours, truly and fraternally,

JOSEPH D. EVANS.

To MESSRS.

CHAS. A. PECK, }  
ROBERT MACOY, } *Committee on Invitation.*  
SIDNEY KOPMAN, }



NEW YORK, June 8, 1857.

VERY DEAR BRETHREN:—Your fraternal favor of the first instant, inviting me to join in the public honors you propose, to the memory of our lamented Brother, Doctor Elisha K. Kane, in this city, on the fifth instant, has just been handed me, and I avail myself of the earliest moment to express my acknowledgments for your kind remembrance, and to testify my warm appreciation of the praiseworthy object you have in view.

There are associations which cluster around the name and mission of the departed, which bid me to join in this tribute of respect to his honored memory. His name, it appears to me, most fittingly deserves a prominent niche in the loftiest turrets of our moral temple. He realized and exemplified, in his own great character, that attribute of our Fraternity which, in its philanthropy, regards not kindred, country or race, but spreads its ample charity over, and covers with its benevolence the family of man. He stopped not to inquire whether the bold navigator he sought was the denizen of our own or a foreign clime; but he saw, in his mind's eye—though a Briton, whom he had never seen—a *Brother*, pent up in the ice-girt seas and eternal snows of the North, awaiting, with prayerful hope, to be rescued from his long and fearful imprisonment. He saw a distant nation, aye the civilized world, looking with earnest solicitude for the return of the long lost mariner. He felt the pulsations of the heart of society propounding the great question, *who* will go to the rescue? And last, he witnessed the ceaseless watchings of undying hope wearing away the life of that noble woman who had bid her fond husband a God-speed in his daring undertaking. With these incentives prompting his generous nature, he embarked upon the forlorn hope with a boldness and determination which no fears could intimidate and no obstacles could abate. But the history of his perilous voyage, his "Advance" to the highest point of northern latitude yet attained by man, his important discoveries, his sufferings, his return and the sad incidents attending his ultimate death, are all as familiar to you as household words. His hallowed remains have been gathered to the tomb; yet his name, his magnanimous example and the history of his noble deeds live after him,—they live in the affections and grateful memories of his race, and they will not cease to live—

"Till the last red light, the farewell of day,

"From the rock and the river shall have faded away."

Let us, then, gather at the place you have appointed and offer the tribute of our respect to his memory.

I have the honor to be, brethren,  
fraternally yours,

FINLAY M. KING.

[From R. L. Schoonmaker, Grand Chaplain.]

GRAND LODGE ROOM,  
New York, May 4th, 1857.

WORSHIPFUL BROTHERS:—I have received your kind communication of yesterday, inviting me to be present and officiate on the occasion of the funeral obsequies to be observed in memory of our beloved and deceased Brother, Doctor E. K. Kane, in the church of the Rev. Doctor Chapin, of this city. It will afford me high satisfaction to be present with you on that occasion, so deeply interesting to us as American citizens; but especially as members of the great Masonic Fraternity. It is well thus to do honor to the memory of one who has so deservedly gained the respect and admiration of the world, for his distinguished scientific attainments; for his indomitable energy and perseverance in the prosecution of those high purposes upon which his heart was fixed; for his sterling and excellent qualities as a man, and his warm devotion to the best interests of our beloved and cherished institution.

May it be our aim to emulate him in all those respects, and with him, at last, end our weary pilgrimage here on earth in a triumphant faith in God.

Truly and fraternally yours,

R. L. SCHOONMAKER,

*Grand Chaplain.*

To Messrs.

CHAS. A. PECK,	} <i>Committee on Invitation.</i>
ROBERT MACOY,	
SIDNEY KOPMAN,	

—  
[From Hon. Horace F. Clark, N. Y.]

New York, June 5th, 1857.

GENTLEMEN:—I thank you for your invitation to attend this evening, and unite with the Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons of the state of New York, in paying appropriate honors to the memory of Doctor Ellsha K. Kane.

Your invitation, however, did not reach me until this morning, and a prior engagement from which I cannot escape, prevents me from availing myself of the opportunity afforded to join in your tribute of respect to one of the most honored names of the Republic.

Yours, very truly,

HORACE F. CLARK.

[From John D. Willard, P. G. M.]

New York, June 4th, 1857.

GENTLEMEN:—Should it be possible for me to remain in town, it will afford me very great satisfaction to accept the invitation with which I have been honored, and join in the Masonic tribute of respect to the memory of our departed Brother, Doctor Elisha K. Kane.

There are few men of our age who, in my estimation, are so worthy of every public and every Masonic honor. His whole life was an exemplification of the beautiful tenets of our noble institution. The principles of our Order took deep root in his heart; they were entwined in all his affections; and they brought forth fruit in all his acts. How remarkably is this exhibited, to the eye of a Mason, in his last great contribution to the literature of our country—his touching narrative of the expedition that he commanded. How often, by little remarks and by the narration of little incidents, does he show his attachment to Free Masonry. How ready was he to peril life in the discharge of duty, and *for the relief of a Brother*. And how proud was he to bear the "Masonic Banner" beside the stars and stripes of our glorious Union, to the unknown regions of the North, and plant it, amid eternal ice and snows, where the footsteps of civilized man had never before trod.

But I am saying more than I intended. I meant simply to express this sentiment, which we all feel in our hearts, that the rendering of these public Masonic honors is alike due to ourselves and to the memory of the illustrious dead.

Very respectfully and fraternally yours,

JOHN D. WILLARD.

To Messrs.

CHAS. A. PECK,	} Committee on Invitation.
ROBERT MACOY,	
SIDNEY KOPMAN,	

[From Judge De Coin, North Carolina.]

GIBBARD HOUSE—PHILADELPHIA, June 4th, 1857.

GENTLEMEN AND BROTHERS:—I have received your respected invitation to participate with the "Free and Accepted Masons of the state of New York," in the testimonial which they propose in commemoration of the

deeds of the deceased and lamented Kane; and I truly regret my inability to be present with you in person, as I shall be in heart.

It is well and proper that the Masonic Fraternity have taken in hand the pleasurable task of offering a tribute, before the world, to the memory of Doctor Kane, since Masonry had conferred its high and honorable privileges and mysteries upon him, and he went on his perilous expedition in search of a lost brother Mason. The world does not, and cannot know, the philanthropic teachings of our Order, or the honor it confers upon its votaries, nor the duties it imposes, or the true feeling by which a true Mason is actuated in the performance of noble deeds. A Leonidas may battle at a Thermopyle and inscribe his name upon the immortal scroll, either through fear of Spartan laws; a love of his country's glory, or the pride of ambition; but a Kane—our own lamented brother—could have been actuated only by one feeling of pure philanthropy; a heart-felt, urgent, ceaseless wish to find a lost brother and rescue him and his fellows from peril, if yet alive; and this truth is enough to elevate him far above the sphere of the warrior chieftain, whatever may have been his achievements in war. The warrior's province is to destroy life, while the mission of our Brother was one of peace and love, requiring more bravery to save life and rescue it from peril, than the warrior requires to go to battle.

It is true that our Brother Kane proceeded to regions on which the footsteps of civilized man had never been imprinted, and established a fact which had existed only in speculation and surmise, so far as human knowledge was concerned; and this alone will give immortality to his name; and yet, it was but a result from his efforts to carry out his first, greatest, and noblest aim to find a brother amid the ice mountains of the north, and bring him back, if possible, to a realm of genial sunshine and a happy home.

My letter is longer than I intended to make it, while I knew that your talented orator would cover the whole ground. Such as it is, however, I offer it to you and the "Craft" of New York, with my warmest assurances of fraternal regard, and sympathy with you in your praiseworthy demonstration.

ROBT. L. DE COIN.

To Messrs.

CHAS. A. PECK,	} <i>Committee on Invitation.</i>
ROBERT MACOY,	
SIDNEY KOPMAN,	

[From Alex. C. Morton, Esq.]

NEW YORK, JUNE 2, 1857.

BRETHREN:—I regret exceedingly that my personal attendance will be prevented at the celebration of those honors which are to be so justly paid to the memory and virtues of our deceased brother, ELISHA K. KANE. I do, however, if there be any concert of admiration and love for the achievements of this noble martyr of science and philanthropy, which can speed the thought onward, intend to join with you in your tribute of affection and remembrance to our heroic brother. It is true that he requires no trophied urn; no sculptured monument; no marble mausoleum, to keep his memory alive in the hearts and minds of men. If the sole object of our duty was to keep the name of KANE immortal our efforts would be superfluous; but we have duties to ourselves, and the neglect of a public recognition of the worth; of the toils and sacrifices of this; our illustrious brother, would be at once a crime and an infamy in the eyes of mankind. I know that the honors you intend to celebrate will be meet and becoming the seriousness of the occasion, and the dignity of the character of Doctor KANE. They will be solemn, as being almost in the presence of death, and triumphant, because bestowed on a hero. Doctor KANE has reared his own monument in his history of the expedition under his command. It is a noble contribution to American literature; and as long as the language of SHAKESPEARE and MILTON endures, the hair-breadth escapes of KANE and his companions, amidst the crashing of giant bergs, and the sweeping of irresistible floes,—will be read with wonder and amazement. No epic can surpass the interest of the flight of the weary voyagers from their vessel, imprisoned in the dread grasp of an icy dungeon, when they saw that the Arctic summer would bring no means of escape, and that their only refuge was to reach the dark and frigid waves of Baffin's Bay. They trusted almost to a miracle, but their faith was not in vain; and, after many days of toil, over ice and through the waves, the welcome light of port was seen through the driving snow, and they were rescued.

If this expedition had been sent to solve a problem in geographical science,—to search for gold, gems or commercial advantages, KANE would have achieved, by his daring, gallantry and literary genius, the highest meed of praise. Do not forget, brethren, that he whom you meet to honor and lament, was a volunteer at the call of humanity; that he went into those solitudes, where winter has set up his everlasting reign, to rescue the

lives of others, and restore the gallant FRANKLIN to the yearning arms of his constant and loving wife. Such fame as this grows not on mortal soil:

"But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,  
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove."

He has been called from his labors by the Supreme Architect, and his reward is far beyond what we can bestow. We may indeed twine the laurel around his marble effigy, but the spirit of our brother walks with the wise and good men of old, and his brow is unshaded by the immortal amaranths that crown it. We may bid the polished shaft be gilded with inscriptions, but the name of KANE is left on that mighty glacier which shuts the gate of the polar sea. It will melt, but it will be only when the world, at the command of the Grand Master of life, is passing away.

Fraternally, yours,

ALEX. C. MORTON.

To Messrs.

CHAS. A. PECK, }  
ROBERT MACOY, } *Committee on Invitation.*  
SIDNEY KOPMAN, }

[From Hon. Joshua G. Ferris, Connecticut.]

STAMFORD, June 3, 1857.

GENTLEMEN:—It would give me great pleasure to unite with the Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons of the state of New York, at their meeting, on the evening of the fifth instant, to testify their high appreciation of the lamented and distinguished Doctor Elisha K. Kane, and to bestow appropriate public honors upon his memory; but previous and indispensable engagements will require me to be elsewhere on that evening, and deprive me of the honor of uniting with such an association, for such a purpose.

Most respectfully, yours, &c ,

JOSHUA G. FERRIS.

To Messrs.

CHAS. A. PECK, }  
ROBERT MACOY, } *Committee on Invitation.*  
SIDNEY KOPMAN, }

[From Rob Morris, Kentucky.]

LODGETON, KENTUCKY, June 5, 1857.

SIRS AND BROTHERS:— It is with profound regret that I have to express to you my inability to accept your kind invitation of the first instant To join in a tribute of respect to one, whose character I have so much admired, as Doctor Kane's, were a duty I should make any reasonable sacrifice to perform; how much more to unite with so distinguished a body of the Masonic Fraternity as the Grand Lodge of New York; but other engagements render it impossible.

Allow me to say to you, gentlemen of the Committee, and through you to the illustrious body you represent, that we, Western and Southern Masons, have followed the body of Bro. Elisha K. Kane from New Orleans, where it was landed, to the point which separates the Eastern from the Western states. At every landing on the great rivers, at every railway station on our iron roads, crowds of loving Masons have gathered around that body, weeping that one so young should have thus passed beyond us, triumphing that his departure was not too soon for his own glory. Thus we claim, that though we cannot be with you in person, we will not be absent in admiration and respect.

For myself, my admiration for the intrepid navigator, has made his history a familiar theme in my household. My children were taught to follow him upon his dangerous track and they rejoiced with him upon his glorious return. As far back as 1853, I ventured to express that admiration publicly in these poor words. The prophecy truly has failed but the sentiment is eternal, "Sir John Franklin, whose protracted absence upon an expedition to the Northern coasts of America has aroused the solicitude of the world, is a Freemason. Doctor E. K. Kane, the young and enthusiastic traveler, whose recent departure in search of Franklin has been chronicled throughout the land, is bound in the same holy communion, and in token thereof bears our symbol of the square and compass upon his foresail. What a meeting will it be, when amidst Arctic night and desolation these two Masons shall come together and grasp the brotherly hand!"

"Midst polar snows and solitude,  
Eight weary years the voyager lies  
Ice-bound upon the frozen flood,  
Till expectation vanishes.  
Ah! many a hopeful tear is shed  
For him thus numbered with the dead.

Midst joys of homo and well-earned fame,  
 Young, healthful, honored, there is one  
 Who pines to win a nobler name,  
 And feels his glory but begun.  
 His heart is with the voyager, lost  
 Midst Polar solitude and frost.

Is there some chain of sympathy  
 Flung thus across the frozen seas?  
 Is there some strange, mysterious tie  
 That joins these daring men? there is:  
*This*, honored, healthful, free from want  
 Is bound to *that* in covenant!

For though these twain have never met,  
 To press the hand or join the heart,  
 In unison their spirits beat,  
 Brothers in the Masonic art!  
 One in the hour of joy and peace  
 One in the hour of deep distress.

The voice from off the frozen flood  
 Appeals in trumpet-tones for aid;  
 'Tis heard, 'tis answered—swift abroad,  
 The flag is flung, the sail is spread—  
 That flag, that sail, on which we see  
 The emblems of Freemasonry.

Away on glorious errand now  
 Thou hero of a sense of right!  
 Success be on thy gallant prow,  
 Thou greater than the sons of might!  
 Thy flag the banner of the Free,  
 Oh may it lead to victory.

And by that symbol, best of these  
 Time-honored on our ancient wall—  
 And by the prayer that ceaseless flows  
 Upward from every Mystic hall—  
 And by thine own stout heart and hand  
 Known, marked and loved in every land—  
*Thou shalt succeed*—his drooping eye  
 Shall catch thy banner broad and bright;  
 These symbols he shall yet desery  
 And know a *Brother* in the sight.  
 Ah! noble pair, who happier then  
 Of those two daring, dauntless men!

Very fraternally, yours,

ROB MORRIS.

To Messrs.

CHAS. A. PECK, }  
 ROBERT MACOY, } *Committee on Invitation.*  
 SIDNEY KOPMAN, }



[From Hon. Walter Coleman, Tennessee.]

NEW YORK, June 3d, 1857.

GENTLEMEN:—Your note, inviting me to be present at the time and place appointed by the "Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons of the state of New York," to "testify their appreciation of our late lamented Bro. Doctor Elisha K. Kane," has just been read. I fully sympathize with the feelings which have prompted the action of the Fraternity in this matter. We honor ourselves in paying a proper tribute of respect to the memory of one in whose character, both moral and intellectual, we find so much worthy of admiration and imitation.

I shall gladly avail myself of your kind invitation to be present, and participate in the sublime and impressive ceremonies of our Ancient and Honorable Order.

Very truly,

Your friend and brother,

WALTER COLEMAN.

To Messrs.

CHAS. A. PECK, }  
ROBERT MACOY, } *Committee on Invitation.*  
SIDNEY KOPMAN, }

[From N. P. Willis.]

IDLEWILD, June 4th, 1857.

GENTLEMEN:—I received your polite and honoring invitation to-day, and am exceedingly sorry that it is out of my power to accept it. The ceremony is one which every way interests my respect and sympathies, and I rejoice in witnessing the tribute to such a man, paid by so estimable and honorable a society.

With thanks for the compliment to myself, expressed in your valued invitation, I remain, gentlemen,

Yours, with highest respect,

N. P. WILLIS.

To Messrs.

CHAS. A. PECK, }  
ROBERT MACOY, } *Committee on Invitation.*  
SIDNEY KOPMAN, }

[From Hon. Henry G. Beardsley, N. Y.]

HAMILTON, NEW YORK, June 3, 1857.

GENTLEMEN:—I am in the receipt of yours of the first instant, extending to me an invitation to unite with you and other brethren of the "Mystic Tie," on the evening of the fifth instant, in the due observance of appropriate honors to the memory of our late distinguished Brother and philanthropist, Doctor E. K. Kane.

Be assured, Messieurs, I appreciate the honor, and reciprocate the fraternal warmth of heart manifested in your note of invitation, and, Providence permitting, shall be present, on that interesting occasion, with the Grand Lodge and others of the Fraternity, to join in that heart-felt tribute, so justly due to the memory of him who, in his early manhood, prompted by sympathy for suffering humanity, and an ardent desire to entwine a fresh laurel leaf of geographical science around our country's escutcheon, fearlessly traversed the Polar seas; scaled the glaciers of the Arctic regions, and planted our country's banner on an eternal rock of ice, at a higher elevation than was ever before attained by civilized man. Who, from that frozen eminence, with eagle eye, discovered the "open Polar sea," demonstrating a problem, or theory in geographical science, that had ever before been deemed hypothetical. For this alone he deserved a lofty niche in the temple of our country's illustrious sons.

But, when we unite with this, that philanthropic spirit, (a cherished principle of our institution,) which first inspired his soul to brave the dangers of those unexplored regions of the Arctic, to the rescue of suffering humanity, we find in him those combined elements that are ever ennobling to man. And such was Doctor Kane.

With great respect,

Yours, fraternally,

HENRY G. BEARDSLEY.

To Messrs.

CHAS. A. PECK,	} Committee on Invitation.
ROBERT MACOY,	
SIDNEY KOPMAN,	

## A HYMN,

WRITTEN BY BRO. GEO. F. MORRIS, WAS THEN

SUNG BY MRS. SPROSTON, MISS GEER AND MESSRS. TAYLOR AND WILLIAMS.

"MAN dieth and wasteth away,  
And where is he?"—Hark I from the skies,  
I hear a voice answer and say,  
"The spirit of man never dies :  
His body, which came from the earth,  
Must mingle again with the sod ;  
But his soul, which in heaven had birth,  
Returns to the bosom of God."

The sky will be burnt as a scroll,  
The earth, wrapt in flames, will expire ;  
But, freed from all shackles, the soul,  
Will rise in the midst of the fire.  
Then, Brothers, mourn not for the dead,  
Who rest from their labors, forgiven :  
Learn this, from your Bible, instead,  
The grave is the gateway to Heaven.

O LORD GOD ALMIGHTY ! to Thee  
We turn as our solace above ;  
The waters may fall from the sea,  
But not from thy fountains of love :  
Oh teach us thy will to obey,  
And sing with one heart and accord,  
"The LORD gives—the LORD takes away,  
And praised be the name of the LORD."

The M. W. Grand Master then introduced the distinguished orator, Hon. Brother E. W. ANDREWS, who proceeded, for more than an hour, to delineate the life and portray the character of our lamented Brother KANE ; the audience testifying their deep interest in the theme by the most undivided and rapt attention, only broken by an occasional murmur of suppressed applause at the impassioned eloquence of the speaker.

At the close of the eulogy the benediction was pronounced by the Grand Chaplain, Rt. W. and Rev. JOHN GRAY, and the audience dispersed as the rich, full harmony of the governmental band resounded through the arches above, in a sad requiem

To the Memory of

KANE.

## EULOGY.

---

MOST WORSHIPFUL GRAND MASTER,  
BRETHREN OF THE GRAND LODGE, AND OF OUR  
ANCIENT AND HONORABLE FRATERNITY GENERALLY :

*Ladies and Gentlemen :—*

We are assembled within these sacred walls tonight to render our humble tribute of affection and honor to the memory of our lamented brother, Dr. KANE. Rarely has a death occurred which has touched with so deep and universal a sorrow the heart of man. Cut down in the morning of his active life, and in the midst of a career which had already given him place among the most beloved and honored of men, and which was rich, almost beyond parallel, in its promise for the future, his untimely fall has called forth the strongest and tenderest expressions of grief throughout the civilized world.

Science mourns the loss of one of her most earnest and successful votaries ; Philanthropy weeps the death of one who was ever eager to obey her heavenly behests ; and Religion, sad at the necessary sacrifice of such a life, but joyful at the signal triumph of her own divine power in his peaceful death, stands by his tomb, pointing to the skies.

And, brethren, *our own Venerable Order*, whose mystic tie spans the earth, binding in sweet and sacred unison, thousands of hearts in every clime—*our own Venerable Order*, ever the true friend and ally of Science, Philanthropy and Religion—everywhere bow their heads in

grief, lamenting the early fall of a brother, whose life, already illustrious by its beautiful harmony with our pure and exalted principles, promised to give them, in the future, even a brighter illustration, a more commanding power.

Under this impulse of grief, we meet in "a Lodge of Sorrow" tonight. We meet to spend this hour in the calm, though mournful contemplation of a history, crowded, during its brief continuance, with the most interesting events; marked by the noblest deeds; adorned by the purest virtues. We meet not to praise the dead; our praise could add not the faintest ray to the brightness that encircles his memory; we meet rather to study a life which we may safely imitate—a character formed to give higher elevation and dignity to our nature—a death that may teach us how to die.

I respectfully ask your attention, therefore, while I give, as appropriate to the present occasion, and indeed necessary to a correct estimate of his character, a brief outline of the eventful life of our departed brother.

Dr. KANE was a native of Pennsylvania, born in Philadelphia on the 3d of February, 1822. During his early years, his character was marked by that filial tenderness and fraternal affection, which afterward, amid all the stern realities of his manhood, shed such a charm over his life. As illustrative of this trait of his character, I may say, that from the first years of his remembrance, to the closing scene of his life, *home*—that word which is the pride and boast of our vernacular tongue—was to him the central spot of interest and love. To that spot, amid all his wanderings and all the startling vicissitudes of his wonderful career, his heart ever turned with sacred pleasure. But these sentiments of his nature, influential as they were in giving character to his life, could not prevent the early and

rapid development of that spirit of adventure and love of bold investigation, which afterward led him through the remotest and most mysterious regions of the earth. Says one who knew him well, "his boyhood was vigorous, ardent in pursuit, bold in purpose, daring in action, keen in enjoyment." At a very early period, the study of the natural sciences became his favorite pursuit; and he attained to a high degree of proficiency in chemistry, geology, mineralogy, astronomy, surveying and navigation. While yet a mere youth, he joined in geological explorations of the mountainous regions of his native state and of the Blue Ridge of Virginia. In 1843, he graduated with honor from the University of Pennsylvania, and immediately entered upon a course of professional study in the medical department of the same institution. His student life was one of close confinement and intense application, which, it is said, somewhat impaired his constitution, so that when he left the walls of the university, he was far from being in robust health. But the restless energies of his nature demanded activity, and he applied at once for service in the navy. In this application he was successful, and was appointed on the diplomatic staff of the first American Embassy to China, as Assistant Surgeon. While thus in the East, we find him entering, with characteristic zeal and boldness, upon that career of exploration and adventure, which so distinguished his whole subsequent life. He visited all the accessible portions of China; traveled through, the island of Ceylon—the Phillippine Group—traversed the plains of India—ascended the Himalayas—ventured fearlessly among tribes of the most savage races—wandered amidst the sacred mysteries of Egypt—surveyed the regions of the Upper Nile, and penetrated some of the darkest wilds of Africa. It was during these adventures that he performed

the daring feat, for the first time performed by civilized man, of going down into the crater of Taal, on the island of Luzon. Suspended by a bamboo rope from a crag which projected hundreds of feet above the interior scoriae, he was let down amidst the heated and noisome gases which escaped from the hidden volcanic fires beneath. Here, although scarcely able to breathe in the poisoned atmosphere around him, he remained till he had made a sketch of the scene, and collected the specimens he wished, when he was drawn up, amidst the admiring plaudits of the surrounding natives. Subsequently, having obtained his discharge from the embassy, he visited Greece; traveled on foot through its scenes of deepest historic and classic interest; made a brief sojourn in some of the countries of Europe, and reached the United States in 1846. Shortly afterward he was ordered to the coast of Africa, and while engaged in exploring portions of this dangerous coast, he was severely attacked by the terrible fever peculiar to this clime, and in 1847 was sent home an invalid. Our war with Mexico was now in progress, and Dr. KANE, before he had regained strength scarcely sufficient to leave his room, applied to President POLK for active service in the campaign. His application was successful, and he was sent to Mexico, charged with important dispatches to Gen. SCOTT. While passing through the enemy's country, in the execution of this trust, he was wounded, and his horse shot under him; he continued in the service, however, until the close of the campaign. Upon his return to the United States, he was detailed for service on the coast survey, and by his great industry and varied scientific attainments, rendered valuable aid to that important corps. "On the 12th of May, 1850," to use his own language, "while bathing in the tepid waters of the Gulf of Mexico, I received one of those

courteous little epistles from Washington, which the electric telegraph has made so familiar to naval officers. It detailed me from the coast survey, and ordered me to proceed forthwith to New York, for duty upon the Arctic Expedition. Seven and a half days later, I had accomplished my overland journey of thirteen hundred miles, and in forty hours more our squadron was beyond the limits of the United States. The department had calculated my traveling time to a nicety."

This Arctic Expedition was the first United States Grinnell Expedition, sent forth in search of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN. To penetrate the mysteries of that sea which lies inclosed between the northern shores of Asia, Europe and America, and discover, through its waters, a northwest passage, has for a long period, enlisted the efforts of European governments, and awakened extensively the spirit of private enterprise and adventure. Especially has this been true of England and her daring and accomplished navigators, during the past century. Under such gallant commanders as GILBERT, HUDSON, PARRY, ROSS, RICHARDSON and others, have expeditions been sent forth, determined to break through the icy gates of the north, and reveal her secrets to the world. But while they had made valuable additions to our geographical and hydrographical knowledge of the Arctic world, they had all failed to penetrate that icy annulus or belt which surrounds what is now found to be an open Polar sea. Among these Arctic explorers, Sir JOHN FRANKLIN had, for many years, borne conspicuous rank. Three times had he been forth to solve the Arctic problem, and had ever distinguished himself by his bold and valuable researches in that perilous field of scientific toil. In 1844 he was appointed by the British government to the command of his final expedition. With two noble vessels,



thoroughly fitted for the dangerous service ; with a carefully selected crew of a hundred and thirty-six men, and as accomplished a band of officers as ever went forth on a voyage of peril, Sir JOHN, on the 25th of May, 1845, weighed anchor and sailed for the Arctic Circle. On the 26th of July following, his ships were seen, moored to an iceberg in the upper waters of Baffin's Bay, waiting for the breaking up of the mighty plains of ice beyond. From that day the expedition has not been seen. After the lapse of three years, with no tidings from the gallant party, the English government dispatched three separate expeditions for their rescue ; in less than two years these had all returned without success. The fate of the Franklin Expedition had now become a subject of profound interest to the civilized world ; the generous sympathies of men had everywhere become deeply enlisted. In the beautiful language of Dr. KANE himself, " Science felt for its votaries—humanity mourned its fellows, and an impulse, holier and more energetic than either, invoked a crusade of rescue."

At this juncture, that noble-hearted woman, the wife of the lost navigator, under the power of impulses in the highest degree honorable to her nature, made her appeal to our nation, as brethren of the kindred tie, to join in the enterprise of delivering the wanderers from a dreary grave. That appeal, full of the eloquence of deep, holy feeling, awakened in millions of hearts emotions of unwonted power. We all remember how our own feelings were stirred to their deepest depths as we read its words of trembling hope, anxious love and tender appeal, and how universal was the sentiment amongst us, that our Republic should bear an immediate and prominent part in this enterprise of mercy. But " compliance with the necessary forms of legislation," united with other difficulties, which I need not here name,

caused delay in the action of Congress ; the bill lingered on its passage ; the season for sending out an expedition, that year, was rapidly drawing to a close, and the heart of the nation was becoming sad, lest no worthy response was to be made by America to the appeal of that devoted wife. But at this trying hour there came a response from an American heart, which, while it surprised by its more than regal munificence, awakened an admiration which will be perpetuated as long as the faithful page of history shall transmit deeds of noblest virtue. The name of HENRY GRINNELL is one which every American is proud to speak—a name to which the civilized world pays cheerful honor. By the gratuitous offer to the government of two of his own vessels, completely furnished for the Arctic service, all obstacles in the way of the expedition were removed, and under the auspices of the Federal government, it was at once sent forth on its mission of humanity. Under the command of Lieut. DE HAVEN, the squadron sailed on the 22d of May, 1850. Dr. KANE was appointed the senior medical officer of the expedition ; subsequently he became its historian, in a volume, which has been read in every land with the deepest interest. To his fidelity, skill and wonderful success in the discharge of his official duties, during the trying scenes of their voyage of eighteen months, the commanding officer bears the highest testimony, in his report to the Naval Department of our government. The expedition, on its return, arrived at New York on the first of October, 1851. Time will not permit me even to allude to the scenes of peril and suffering through which this heroic band were called to pass ; the mighty labors, the noble deeds of self-sacrificing heroism they performed. Suffice it to say that all which the highest gallantry, courage, skill and fidelity, both of officers and crew, stimulated by the intensest im-

pulses of a lofty humanity, could accomplish, under the circumstances which surrounded them, was attained by this first United States Grinnell Expedition. True, it resolved not the painful mystery which hung around the fate of FRANKLIN; but it made valuable additions to our geographical knowledge of the Arctic regions, especially of the regions lying north and northwest of Wellington Channel; and its discovery, in conjunction with the English squadrons under Capt. Sir JOHN ROSS and Capt. PENNY, of the first wintering place of Sir JOHN and the graves of three of his crew, at the entrance of Wellington Channel, revealed the course he had taken in his explorations, and awakened new hopes of his ultimate discovery and rescue. In the heart of Dr. KANE these hopes took deep root, and ripened almost into a delightful assurance. Scarcely had he stepped on his native shore, before he began to mature the scheme of a renewed effort to rescue the imprisoned band, or if they were no longer among the living, to solve the mystery of their fate. He declares that "his mind could never realize the complete catastrophe, the destruction of all FRANKLIN'S crew." "I think of them ever with hope—I sicken, not to be able to reach them." With these sentiments, he found the heart of the munificent, philanthropic GRINNELL beating in unison; and his brig "Advance," already so thoroughly tested by the perils of Arctic navigation, was unhesitatingly placed by this gentleman at Dr. K.'s disposal, for the humane though perilous service. Aided also in his outfit by the liberality of GEORGE PEABODY, Esq., of London, whom Dr. KANE justly styles "the generous representative of many American sympathies," and by various scientific associations and distinguished friends of science, who made valuable contributions to the expedition, he was ready, on the thirtieth of May, 1853, to set forth

on his voyage of love. The Naval Department of our government had already given its formal sanction to the expedition, and appointed Dr. KANE to its command, furnishing ten of the eighteen volunteers who embarked on the voyage. A few days before the sailing of the expedition, the fact was announced to Arcana Lodge, of this city, that Dr. KANE was a member of the Masonic Fraternity. This announcement produced a deep sensation among the members, and resolutions, expressive of their high admiration of his character, and their profound sympathy with his generous, self-sacrificing plans and labors for the rescue of a lost brother, were unanimously adopted and transmitted to him at Philadelphia. He returned the following reply :

PHILADELPHIA, May 12th, 1855.

DEAR SIR AND BRO.—I have received your eloquent letter, inclosing the resolutions of the Free and Accepted Masons of Arcana Lodge. These resolutions, expressive of the sympathy of our brethren with the object of the expedition under my command, are to me especially pleasing. I shall communicate them formally to the officers and men, as an indication of valued sympathy at home, and a useful stimulus in the search after our lost brother Sir JOHN FRANKLIN.

I have the honor to be,  
Faithfully, your friend and bro.,

E. K. KANE.

To SIDNEY KOPMAN, Sec'y Arcana Lodge.

On the evening before he sailed, the members of the Grand Lodge of New York and a large number of the personal friends of Dr. KANE, assembled in this city, to testify their high appreciation of his character, and to express their deep sympathy with his heroic purpose of Christian philanthropy, in again venturing forth, amidst the perils of an Arctic voyage. Judge KANE, the father of Dr. KANE; HENRY GRINNELL, and other distinguished gentlemen, were

present. Dr. KANE was seated, during the evening, by the side of the M. W. Grand Master; Masonic exercises, of an appropriate and interesting character, were performed. Among these was an address to Dr. KANE by the Deputy Grand Master, embodying, in the most eloquent and touching language, the sentiments which the body entertained toward their distinguished guest. To this address Dr. KANE replied in the following appropriate and beautiful terms:—

“In behalf of myself and my associates in the American Arctic Expedition, I thank you, sir, most cordially, for the tone and language of your very appropriate and feeling address, and the pleasure I have experienced in hearing it. With regard to your remarks directly associated with my name, I should be embarrassed could I not refuse to believe them addressed to me in any other capacity than that of the representative of a cause which perhaps may claim to associate Christian charity with American enterprise—the attempt to save a gallant officer and his fellows from a dreadful death, without inquiring whether he or they and ourselves are citizens of the same, or of another race, or clime, or nation. Worshipful, I have heard upon this floor to-night, our party characterized as a Masonic expedition. And is it not this? And is its work not substantial Masonry? Are you, sir, or you, brothers, here, that are gathered around me, are we blindly attached to this or that ritual of this or that form or order of the Masonic institution? Say, is it not, rather, that we see reflected in Freemasonry the cause of free brotherhood throughout the world, and that our signs and our symbols, our tokens, legends and pass-words, are only honorable in our eyes, and honored, because they are a language in

which affection can securely speak to sympathy, and humanity safely join hands with honor?

Brethren, we are called in our day, perhaps, to make Masonry what it should be: not a sectarian society, to garb, or rank, or enroll men, to separate them from their fellows, but a bond to unite the good and true in a common union, for the common defence and welfare of all who are good and true men. Our brother, FRANKLIN! he was one who ruled his conduct by the compass and the square, and the accents of woe never for him fell on an unpitying ear. It may be he cannot hear your voice to-night, calling to him, "Brother, be of good cheer." But there are others living—other Franklins yet to live and to be born—whom your example and your sympathy will help to encourage and excite to emulate his example, when they, too, peril their lives for the advantage and advancement of their species. These will not fall unnoticed—they shall not shrink while a brother's outstretched hand can save them. The Mason, the true man, wherever is the Grand Lodge that the Most Worshipful has built up for our habitation—wherever is it that the cry of affliction is heard—hastens to the rescue of the widow's son."

Such are the sentiments that reflect, in true colors, the character of Dr. KANE, as a Man—a Mason—a Christian!

At the close of this address, a delegation from the Grand Lodge of New Jersey was presented to Dr. KANE, who communicated to him resolutions which had been adopted by that body, expressing its warmest sympathies with the holy enterprise in which he was engaged, and giving to him, "*as a Mason*, on a worthy brother Mason's errand, and to his officers and men, an affectionate God-speed on their voyage." To this communication Dr. KANE made a brief but thrilling reply, and the meeting soon after ad-

journed. The whole scene was one of deep and tender interest—one, the impression of which, can never fade from the hearts of those who had the privilege to witness it. As the brethren gathered around the departing hero, to give him the farewell hand, many a manly breast heaved with deep emotion, and many a manly cheek was wet with the tears of brotherly affection. All felt that it was, *in truth*, the hand of a *brother* they grasped—of a true man—a faithful Mason—a member of a family whose children are bound together “by a mystic cord, whose every thread is woven in the loom of Love.”

The next morning he sailed. His departure was an event which, as you well know, excited a deep interest through the nation. From thousands of family altars and ten thousand silent hearts, there went up that morning intense aspirations to the God of the Sea and the Land, invoking his watchful care over the fearless mariner. Vast crowds gathered on the Battery and on the wharves to take a parting look at the adventurous brig, her honored commander and gallant crew. The waters of our spacious bay everywhere swarmed with steamers and sailing craft of every description, bearing the flags and emblems of Masonry, and bidding God-speed to the calm but determined and noble band. True, it was no novelty to see a vessel go forth from these secure and beautiful waters, to voyage upon the great deep. Ships, of almost every nation of the earth, are daily to be seen, borne away, by the breezes of heaven, from this port to different seas and the remotest climes; but there was not one among the thousands who gazed that morning upon the little brig of a hundred and forty-four tons, manned by a crew of only eighteen men, as she slowly moved down the bay, who did not feel that the sight was novel and august; there was not one who was not conscious

of unusual emotions at that hour and at that sight. There was moral sublimity in it. It was a triumph of what is great and pure and Godlike in our nature. It was the commencement of a voyage, not for the gains of commerce, nor for the crimson glories of war, nor yet for the advancement of science; but the commencement of a voyage of LOVE—a voyage for the rescue of a band of strangers, of a distant nation, from a dreary grave. It was a beautiful, an impressive recognition of the worth of man as man—a noble tribute offered to the transcendent ties of our humanity—a deed of lofty charity for coming ages to ponder upon and emulate.

At length, amid salutes and cheers of farewell, they cast off from the steamer, and were soon out upon the Atlantic, ploughing their way toward the eternal winters of the north. Their destination was to the highest penetrable point of Baffin's Bay, and from thence, by means of dog-sledges, to attempt a search for the missing expedition, by following the trend of the coast.

Dr. KANE was a firm, enthusiastic believer in the existence of an open Polar sea. This belief he had not only often expressed in conversation, but had supported, with great ability, in an elaborate paper read before "The American Geographical and Statistical Society," December 14th, 1852. In that paper, he also expresses his firm conviction that the search for Sir JOHN FRANKLIN will be best promoted by a course leading directly to this open sea. This course he pursued, and on the first of September had reached Rensselaer Bay, on Smith's Strait, in latitude 78 deg. 30 min. After making every effort in his power to penetrate the ice with his brig, to a still more northern point, without success, he at length determined to make this bay his winter quarters. I can say nothing of the



scenes through which the expedition passed to reach this point; the labors they performed—the perils they encountered—the sufferings they endured, amidst raging storms, and drifting ice, and crushing bergs, and dashing flocs, and hidden rocks, and benumbing cold. The pictures of these scenes, drawn by the pen of Dr. KANE himself, with a graphic power never surpassed, can alone give any just conception of that almost superhuman energy, skill, forecast and power of endurance which guided the movements of that little vessel, amidst the terrors that so often surrounded her; nor can I detain you by attempting even the slightest description of the thrilling events of their life, as for the period of twenty months, and nine of these Polar night, they made their home in that little brig, fast imbedded in the growing ice. No page of human history ever written, reveals a character uniting in itself the elements of power and moral beauty in a higher degree than does the page which records this period of the life of Dr. KANE. In the emergencies which arose, often so terrible and overwhelming in their character, that it seems to the trembling reader no human power can stand the shock, the great and commanding, as well as the more amiable and lovely qualities of his nature, shone forth with new lustre and sweeter attraction. But I anticipate. During this long and dreary period, Dr. KANE never lost sight of the great object of his expedition, the discovery of some way of access to an open Polar sea; that launched upon its waters, and sailing westward along the northern American coast, he might prosecute, with greater promises of success, the search for the lost. To this end, parties, sometimes led by himself in person, and sometimes by his officers and most trust-worthy men, were sent forth from the brig whenever circumstances would permit. These parties, traversing northward the icy

channel in which they were imprisoned, and the bordering Greenland coast on the east, and the American coast on the west, enabled Dr. KANE to accomplish much that is of the highest moment to science. To say nothing of the important results he attained by his observations in meteorology, astronomy, and by his geological investigations, he succeeded in surveying and delineating the north coast of Greenland to its termination. He also surveyed an immense glacier, which he found to bound the north coast of Greenland, running thence northward. Beyond this glacial extension he discovered a new land, which he called "WASHINGTON." He surveyed and delineated the coast of this new land to its termination, at about 81 deg. 30 min. of north latitude; so that we have now a reliable survey of the whole extent of the western coast of Greenland and of Washington land to its termination at the Polar sea.

He also discovered and delineated a large tract of land, forming the extension northward of the American Continent, which he appropriately named after the liberal patron of the expedition, HENRY GRINNELL.

He also completed the survey of the American Coast, from Cape Sabine, in latitude about  $78\frac{1}{2}$  deg. northward to about  $82\frac{1}{2}$  deg.; so that hereafter geography will present us a map of the east coast of our continent to a point only  $7\frac{1}{2}$  deg. distant from the North Pole.

But what was of greater interest to science, and afforded higher satisfaction to the immortal explorer and to scientific men throughout the world, was his discovery of an open Polar sea. In the month of June, 1854, Dr. KANE sent out a small party, with their dog-sledges, giving them special instructions to proceed on the ice to the farthest point north they could possibly reach. After proceeding, in the midst of the most formidable difficulties, about one

hundred and fifty miles from the brig, they perceived that the ice of the channel was growing weak and dangerous. They consequently took to the eastern shore, (Washington land,) and after traveling a few miles, found the channel entirely free from ice. Along the shore of this open channel, which was about thirty-five miles wide, they traveled some fifty miles, when they found it losing itself in an open and expanding iceless sea, with its heavy ocean swell, rolling in and breaking upon the rocks at their feet. Mr. Morton, the leader of the party, states that he could scarcely believe the evidence of his own senses, his astonishment at the sight was so great. Ascending a rocky cliff, some five hundred feet in height, he was able to see the American coast, some thirty miles to the westward, stretching far away toward the north and west, with an iceless horizon, and the waves breaking in upon its rocky base. To the north and east, within a horizon of fifty miles, which they were able to command, nothing was seen but an unbroken expanse of waters, bearing to their ears the deep-toned and gladdening music of the sea. Marine birds of various species—such as the Brent goose, the Eider, the King duck, the Sea swallow, different species of the Gull—were met in flocks. Fish abounded in the open waters—snow melted on the rocks—vegetable life, in different forms, was advancing. Indeed, every thing around them indicated that that open sea, with its milder climate, surrounding the North Pole, which had so long been the topic of speculation and theory, whose existence, from the days of Barenitz, in 1596, to this time, had been the theme of profound study and earnest discussion in the most distinguished circles of science; that open Polar sea, the hope of whose discovery had led so many of the most accomplished and daring navigators of the world to bid defiance to "the cold's death-

wielding strength—the rushing ice—the pathless glacier—the night and death of eternal frost”—that open Polar sea which poetry had invested with a beauty and attraction that made the youthful mariner pant to reach the icy gates of the North ;—every thing, I say, indicated that the waves of *that sea* were now indeed dashing at their feet! It was a moment of triumph, of lofty exultation to that little band. The confident predictions of the master-spirit of the expedition, were now verified ; his beautiful dream, as some had called it, was now a glorious reality ; his almost boyish enthusiasm upon the theme was completely vindicated ! After gazing for some time in silence on the scene, and remembering that the hour was not only one of triumph for his noble commander, but for the republic he represented, Mr. Morton raised, upon the summit of the cliff where he stood, the Stars and Stripes—the flag of our Union. This flag Dr. KANE calls “THE GRINNELL FLAG OF THE ANTARCTIC—a well cherished little relic which had now followed me on two Polar voyages.” This flag had been saved from the wreck of the U. S. sloop-of-war Peacock, when she stranded off the Columbia river. It had accompanied Com. WILKES in his far southern discovery of an Antarctic continent. It was now its strange destiny to float over the highest northern land, not only of America, but of our globe. Side by side with this flag were placed our own Masonic emblems of the Compass and the Square. Here, mingling their folds, they floated from the black cliff over the dark, rock-shadowed waters, which rolled up and broke in white caps at its base.” By the kindness of Mr. GRINNELL, I am able, to-night, to unfurl that memorable little flag in your presence—“a flag, which,” in the language of Mr. GRINNELL, in his note accompanying the flag, when he sent it to me, “has been further south, and twice further

north, than any other in existence." Here it is, (the flag was here unfurled by Mr. A. ;) and I am authorized by its distinguished owner to say, that whoever will plant this flag at any point further north than that on which Dr. KANE planted it, shall be entitled to its possession. Writing, subsequently, of this discovery, Dr. K. says, "Coming as it did, a mysterious fluidity in the midst of vast plains of solid ice, it was well calculated to arouse emotions of the highest order, and I do not believe there was a man among us who did not long for the means of embarking upon its bright and lovely waters. But he who may be content to follow our story for the next few months, will feel, as we did, that a controlling necessity made the desire a fruitless one." The events that follow, until the conclusion of the expedition, are too familiar to you to need explicit narration. Suffice it to say, the brig being still held fast in her icy imprisonment, after the usual time for the breaking up of the ice was past, Dr. KANE, after much painful deliberation, refused yet to abandon her, and resolved to face the perils of another winter. For nine long months, one half of it dismal night, he remained, amidst labors, hunger, cold, sickness and suffering, such as no language can adequately describe. At length, on the 20th day of May, 1855, the party, now consisting of sixteen, two of their number having died, leaving their little brig still fast bound in the unyielding ice, trusted themselves to the frozen sea; dragging, on ice-sledges, their boats, laden with their baggage and with what provisions they had left. The sick and helpless of their little party were borne on the only dog-sledge remaining to them, which was driven by Dr. KANE himself. "This attempt to escape by crossing the southern ice on sledges," says Dr. K., "is regarded by me as an imperative duty, the only

means left of saving ourselves and preserving the laboriously-earned results of the expedition." For eighty-four days they toiled their weary way southward, some thirteen hundred miles, until they reached the Danish settlement of Upper Navik. Here they remained till the 6th of September, when they sailed homeward in a little Danish barque, the *Marianne*. On the 11th, the barque reached Godhaven, the Inspectorate of North Greenland, where they remained for a few days. Just as they were about leaving this port, a steamer in the distance was announced. Her stars and stripes were soon recognized by Dr. KANE, and he and his party, launched in their little boat "*Faith*," (which may now be seen at the Navy Yard, New York,) were soon along side. In his own words, "An officer whom I shall ever remember as a cherished friend, Capt. HARTSTEIN, hailed a little man in a ragged flannel shirt—"Is that Dr. KANE?" And with the 'Yes' that followed, the rigging was manned by our countrymen, and cheers welcomed us back to the social world of love which they represented." On the 18th day of September, he sailed for New York, where he arrived on the 11th of October, 1855, having been absent about two years and a half. A few days prior to his arrival, the public mind had been painfully agitated by the sad rumor, that a ship had been spoken at sea, having the dead body of Dr. KANE on board. With the exception of this startling rumor, nothing had been heard of him since he sailed, and the anxiety of the nation had grown into general alarm; and when the intelligence was received, and shot through the land, that the searching expedition, sent out by government, had returned with Dr. KANE and his party on board, in safety, from ten thousands of hearts in all sections of our Union, spontaneously burst forth the liveliest expressions of gratitude and joy. The great

heart of the Republic seemed to beat high with thankfulness at the restoration of her honored son, whom her fears had already consigned to a dreary grave. Public honors, from various sections of the country, were offered him, but with characteristic modesty, he declined them, and with his usual energy and industry, entered at once upon the preparation of his narrative, since published under the title of "The Arctic Explorations." Having, by incessant labor, completed this truly great work, he sailed, in November last, for England; not, as has been generally supposed, primarily for the benefit of his health, although his health at the time was much impaired—but at the invitation of that *blessed woman*—that *true-hearted wife*, whose love and devotion are giving to female character a higher power and a diviner beauty; at her invitation he went to take charge of another expedition, which she was then fitting out, (and which, as you are aware, has just sailed,) for the deliverance of her husband from an imprisonment in which her affection believes him still to linger. Lady FRANKLIN felt, that to no one, could she intrust the command of this, the last expedition she could ever hope to send, with equal confidence, as to the American navigator, Dr. KANE, and therefore some time previous, had tendered him, and urged upon him, the acceptance of this position of honor and responsibility. Dr. KANE, although fearing that his physical strength and vigor would prove inadequate to the demands of the responsible and perilous post, yet, viewing the subject in the light of duty, at length decided that conscience called him to the work, and resolved to spend, if necessary, the last *remnant* of his strength—to lay down his life, in *one* more effort to save the veteran mariner, the lost brother, and restore gladness to the heart of that dying wife. For this purpose he once more left his native shores. He was received in England

with the greatest cordiality ; but his health still failing, he appeared but little in public, and after a short time, finding his decline becoming more rapid, he sailed for Havana—but in vain. The balmy air of that green island of the south could afford no relief. "The grim tyrant had devoted him for sacrifice;" had bound, slowly and in silence his chains upon him, and now openly came to claim his own. But he who had calmly faced death in so many of its most terrible forms, quails not now before the enemy. Not a fear disturbs the peacefulness of his believing and trusting spirit ; and in the full triumphs of the Christian faith, he passes away to the bosom of his God !

I have thus traced, in its faintest outline, the life of our lamented brother. The prominent events of his career were of a nature fitted to develop and place in a strong light, the leading traits of his character. That these traits, as combined in him, formed one of the most remarkable men of the age, is now universally acknowledged—one of the truest and noblest, whose name adorns the page of American biography. *The unconquerable energy of his nature* was one of his most prominent and striking traits. This element of power never failed him; from his early childhood, it stamped his career. Although small in size, (his ordinary weight being about a hundred pounds,) and with an organization singularly delicate and refined, yet he exhibited an activity, physical and mental—a capacity for labor—a power of endurance—a resoluteness of purpose and an iron will, such as the stoutest and strongest, the Goliaths of earth, have rarely shown. When an object was before him, to the accomplishment of which duty pointed, he shrank from no labor; was disheartened by no obstacles, refused no sacrifices. If for the moment baffled, he seemed to rise from his defeat in renovated strength to renew the struggle. Whether toiling up the precipices of



the Himalayas, or fighting his way through the ranks of the embattled hosts of Mexico, or contending amidst the wild war of elements on a stormy Arctic sea, or from his ice-enchained little brig, going forth alone amid the darkness and dreariness of a Polar night, to secure, if it may be, a mouthful of food that can minister to the strength of one of his dying crew—*whatever* his purpose, *wherever* the scene of his efforts, nothing seemed to daunt or discourage him—*onward, straight onward* to his object he directed his course, and if within the compass of human power to reach it, success was the result. It has been truly said, "Our victory is in its nobility somewhat as are our enemies in their strength." The foes of an Arctic explorer are among the most terrible that man can encounter; and *triumphantly* to meet them, demands a physical courage—a brave endurance—a moral heroism, higher and nobler than any battle field whose scenes redden the page of history. Justly, therefore, to appreciate the mighty energy of his nature, of whom we speak, we must follow him through the fearful conflicts to which he was called in that zone of mystery and terror. We must see how the mightiest powers of nature were arrayed against him—how the wildest elements encompassed him with fatal arms of death—how the sea raged, and the blinding snow fell, and the sun sank out of sight for months, and the mountain icebergs are seen in the spectral twilight, approaching to crush his little vessel in their mighty embrace. We must see "how contrivance was defeated by accident—how foresight proved insufficient to provide—how human strength was wasted in attempts that failed"—how bread was wanting and fuel was not found—how famine and disease came with ghastly terrors—how the strong man laid down despairingly, and died—and then how *he* rose up against all this, and asserting the supremacy

of that nature which God had given him, triumphed over all, and bore back the remnant of worn and wearied men that was left him, to the fair havens of their home in the south! Well has it been asked, "Are not the Arctic explorations a Christian Iliad, and is not our Achilles nobler than Thetis' son?"

But this controlling element of his nature, while it crowded his brief career with brilliant achievements and noble results, yet shortened his life. His constitution, never the most vigorous, yielded and finally gave way under the overwhelming burdens which his insatiate energy imposed upon it.

The intellect of Dr. KANE was of a high order. Quick in perception, rapid both in combination and analysis, sound in deduction and powerfully retentive of memory, he acquired with great ease, and ever had his acquisitions at immediate disposal. In a high degree inquisitive—enthusiastic in pursuit, and favored as he was with abundant means of early discipline and culture—the range of his attainments was wide and varied, especially in the boundless fields of physical science, his favorite sphere of intellectual effort. Although naturally impulsive, yet he exhibited in his career great prudence and calm self-reliance; and when the emergency demanded new resources, his fertility of invention was wonderful. He was capable of the most intense mental concentration. No man, whenever investigation required it, was more laborious, patient and unyielding. The paper he read before the American and Geographical Statistical Society, already alluded to, affords a fine illustration of his powers in this direction. His conclusions, in regard to the existence of an open Polar sea, therein embodied, he had worked out by a chain of induction as severe as mathematical demonstration; he no more proceeded

on mere conjecture than did the immortal discoverer of our hemisphere, when, in the face of a scoffing world, he asserted its existence. Indeed, Dr. KANE may justly be styled the COLUMBUS of the Arctic. His mind also was of that refined cast which rendered him alive to true grandeur and beauty and would have enabled him, had he chosen, to range successfully the flowery paths, and tempt the untrodden heights of the literary world. To nothing that unfolded the mysterious purposes, and illustrated the exquisite perfection of nature's handiwork, was he ever indifferent. Whether upon the ocean or the land—in the torrid or the frigid zone—whether gazing in amazed delight upon the Arctic Aurora, with its startling and beautiful modifications of light in swiftly-varying succession—or penetrating the caves of his own Alleghanies, and there reading the history of earth amongst the hidden rocks and in the successive strata of her various formations—whether watching the silent growth of the tiny flower, that, under some overhanging cliff of eternal ice, opens its modest leaves to the pale beams of a Polar sun, or measuring the heavenly bodies, in their distant spheres, and with mathematical accuracy marking out the paths along which they fly in their impetuous courses—whether wandering amidst the pyramids of Egypt or through the classic ruins of lovely Greece;—no object of beauty, no scene of sublimity, no illustration of excellence, no proof of virtue that ever met his eye, failed to minister pleasure to his soul. As we follow him in his Arctic wanderings, surrounded, as he often was, with horrors thick and dark enough to overwhelm an ordinary mind, we are astonished at the beautiful, glorious thoughts, invested often with the loftiest poetical imagery, which abound on the pages of his daily journal. Listen to his language, on one occasion, after he had been pacing the deck of his little

brig, as she lay motionless in her icy chains, and surrounded by the unbroken silence of her mysterious solitude: "The intense beauty of the Arctic firmament can hardly be imagined. It looks close above our heads, with its stars magnified in glory, and the very planets twinkling so much as to baffle the observations of the astronomer. I have trodden the deck when the life of earth seemed suspended—its movements, its sounds, its coloring, its companionships; and as I looked on the radiant hemisphere circling above me, as if rendering worship to the Unseen Centre of Light, I have ejaculated, 'Lord! what is man, that Thou art mindful of him?' And then I have thought of the kindly world we had left, with its revolving sunlight and shadow, and the other stars that gladden it in their changes, and the hearts that warmed to us there, till I lost myself in the memories of those who are not, and they bore me back to the stars again." Never have the beauties, the wonders, the terrors of that mysterious circle of earth's surface, been so fully, graphically, and with such fascinating power of rhetoric revealed, as they are in his "Arctic Explorations"—a work which, while it will ever awaken the highest admiration for its gifted author, will ever be invested with a melancholy interest, as the last monument of his genius, reared with his dying strength.

But the *moral qualities* of Dr. KANE constituted the governing power and the highest adornment of his nature; for they gave useful direction to his mighty energy, harmony and true wisdom to the workings of his lofty intellect, and brought his whole being into unison with the great law of Love.

Brethren, brightly and beautifully were the fundamental principles of our *Venerable Order* displayed in the life of our lamented brother. Never, perhaps, were justice and

truth more perfectly realized by man. Every foot of the wall which he built in the temple, was in the strictest conformity to the square and the plummet. Deception, misrepresentation, unjust concealment, falsehood, oppression, wrong in every form, seemed his abhorrence. A beautiful instance of this may be found in his narrative of the first United States Grinnell Expedition. It seems that to a tract of land first discovered by Dr. KANE, while on this expedition, lying to the north of Wellington Channel, Commander DE HAVEN had given the name of GRINNELL. A year afterward, this land appeared on the English maps, inscribed with the name of "Prince ALBERT;" and the map from the hydrographer of the Admiralty not only inscribes "Albert Land" on this newly discovered region, but pretends to explain the error of the American claim, by stating, in a note, that "Baillie Hamilton Island is the Grinnell Land of the American squadron." Dr. KANE, after demonstrating from the journals of the English navigators themselves, that the Americans were the actual discoverers of this region, and so demonstrating it that the hydrographer of the English Admiralty, in a letter to Mr. GRINNELL, which I have had the pleasure of reading, has honorably acknowledged their mistake, and given assurance that hereafter their maps will be made to correspond with the facts, proceeds to say :—

"The controversy is perhaps of little moment. The time has gone by when the mere sighting of a distant coast conferred on a navigator or his monarch either ownership of the soil or a right to govern its people; even the planting of a flag-staff, with armorial emblazonments at the top and a record-bottle below it, does not insure nowadays a conceded title. Yet the comity of explorers has adopted the rule of the more scientific observers of nature, and holds it for law everywhere that he who first sees and first announces shall also give the name. I should be sorry to withdraw from the extreme charts of northern discovery any memorial, even

an indirect one, of that Lady Sovereign, whose noble-spirited subjects we met in Lancaster Sound." Mark now his ingenuousness—his honesty—his love of justice and truth. "*It was only by accident that we preceded them, under the guidance of causes that can assert for us little honor since they were beyond our control, and we should have been glad to escape them. But we did precede them; and the most northern land on the meridian of 94° west must retain, therefore, the honored name which it received from the American commander.*"

I have said that Dr. KANE was a man of justice. A British reviewer has, I am aware, charged him with an act of flagrant injustice toward GODFREY, one of his crew. This man had been disobedient and mutinous on previous occasions; now he was in the act of openly and boldly setting at defiance the authority of his commander, and fleeing from the ship. Dr. KANE, standing on the deck, raised his gun and fired upon him, doing him, however, no injury. Subsequently GODFREY returned, and was restored to his place among the crew. Now, any man who, after reading the account of this matter, as given by Dr. KANE, and confirmed by his officers and men—after hearing the reasons which he believed rendered it his imperative though painful duty to adopt the course he did, for the maintenance of that discipline of the vessel, which was vital to their safety, will charge him with cruelty or injustice in this act, would blacken the memory of WASHINGTON for signing the death warrant of the interesting ANDRE, although he firmly believed that the safety of the army—the welfare of the struggling Republic—that *unerring justice* required it. No! never was there a commander more just or generous toward those under his authority; and this is the testimony of the officers and men who shared with him the dangers and sufferings of the perilous voyage, and gathered around him, under the poor shelter they had, through those dismal and interminable winters—and with quivering lip, heaving breast and

moistened eye do they speak of his self-devotion, self-sacrifice, his never-failing regard for the welfare of his comrades, in that hazardous search for the lost.

Nor was he less distinguished by our other great principle of love. "Strong and binding was this cement of his edifice—plastic and soft as the purest gem in its application—grasping and tenacious and abiding as the sculptor's adamant which it unites, to form the whole outward aspect of his noble structure." Our brother fell a martyr to the benevolence of his nature. He died—*died out of time*, because he would rescue others from death. Human suffering, wherever he encountered it; in whatever accents he heard its moans, stirred up the deep fountains of love within him. His career was full of the most touching manifestations of this divine principle. Follow him through the scenes of his two Polar expeditions, and the streams of his kindness never ceased to flow. Yes, in an age of predominant avarice and mechanical routine, he has set us an example of as chivalrous self-devotion and as lofty, magnanimous enterprise as ever illumined the tracks of the holiest champions in the world's best day. See him during the long and dreary months of the second winter of their imprisonment in Rensselaer Bay, with every officer and man, but one, prostrate and helpless with disease. Day and night, he gives himself no rest. With the tenderness and gentleness and assiduity of a mother's love he seeks to heal their diseases and alleviate their sufferings, by his unceasing ministries of skill and compassion. Now we see him with his gun, going forth alone and toiling his way for hours, through the snow drifts, and over the ice covered rocks, to secure food that will not aggravate the disease of the sick and dying;—and now, we see him seated by the side of the pale and desponding, speaking words of comfort and hope

to sinking hearts. I know of no record of human kindness more beautiful, more touching, none which reveals a spirit in closer sympathy with His, "who went about doing good," than does the record of this portion of the Arctic life of Dr. KANE.

Go with me at another time, and visit that lonely brig. It is the month of March, 1855. The hour is midnight. A fearful storm is raging. The thermometer is at seventy-eight degrees below the freezing point. Dr. KANE, with a portion of his crew, are in their moss-lined cabin below, their thoughts it may be, far away with loved ones amid the comforts of home. Suddenly the noise of footsteps is heard on the deck, and the next moment, three of a party of eight, who had gone forth two weeks before, on an expedition of search and survey, enter the cabin. Their looks are startling; trembling with weakness, swollen, haggard, benumbed with cold and but just able to utter a few broken words, their appearance tells of the terrible sufferings they have endured. Their story is short and frightful. Weak and faint with fatigue and hunger, their party were toiling their slow and painful way back to the brig, their only home amidst the mighty desolation around them, when they were overtaken by a storm of fierceness and power unusual even in that region of tempests. After battling against the enraged elements for hours, four of their number, exhausted and frozen, sank down on the ice to die. Of the remaining four one remained with his dying comrades; the others, after many hours, (how many they know not,) of wandering and struggle, half delirious, reached the brig. *Where* they have left their dying companions they cannot tell. But notwithstanding the terrors of the night and the faint prospect of success in their fearful search, and the probability of their own destruction in the apparently



desperate attempt, yet the purpose of their leader is instantly formed, and immediate preparation for the rescue is ordered. Amid the darkness and howling tempest, the band, led by their master spirit and commending themselves to the protection of Him who rides on the storm, start forth. Ignorant how to direct their course, yet they press forward. Hour after hour, through the mighty snow drifts; in face of the blinding tempest; over the frozen and lacerating hummocks, they struggle on. Twice does the strength of their gallant commander give way and he falls fainting upon the snow. At length, after twenty hours of constant and incredible toil and endurance, and just as they feel that they must yield and abandon their comrades to their sad fate, the keen eye of the Esquimaux boy HANS, detects the faint, half filled track of a sledge in the snow; following this, they soon perceive, in the far distance, a little signal, fluttering in the wind; a nearer approach reveals the small tent of the lost party, almost buried in the snow, and from a little flag-staff on the top, floats the ensign of the Republic and underneath *the Masonic flag*. Trembling with anxiety, they approach the silent tent. Their leader, dreading to realize his worst fears, slowly works his way through the surrounding drifts and enters the tent amid the darkness and ominous silence that prevail. There the lost party lay, prostrate and helpless on the icy floor. He speaks; his voice is recognized; it gives new life to their benumbed and torpid senses, and with reawakened hope and revived courage and swelling hearts, they exclaim: "We knew you'd come! we knew you'd come, Brother!" And why did they "know he'd come?" Why were they sustained by this assurance, when the cold arms of death were encircling them? Ah! they knew that the divine principles, symbolized by that little Masonic flag, that fluttered over

their sinking heads, were the principles that ruled the heart and the life of their beloved and trusted leader, and that under their power, no distance; no darkness of the night; no fierceness of the tempest; no terrors of the cold; no *obstacles* that human strength and skill *could* surmount would prevent his flying to their rescue, even at the expense of the last pulsation of his great and benevolent heart. "We knew you'd come!" Yes, frozen men, just ready to die! he did come! Your faith in your noble Brother, the true man, the faithful Mason, was no delusion. *He did come!* and kindly and gently he bore you back to your cabin home; and although one of your number fell a victim to the stern power of the frost king of the North, and his body now lies entombed in sight of that "deserted hulk, bound in the deathful ice," *you live*, to tell with what constancy, fidelity and beauty he illustrated the principle of love in his brief but immortal career.

*Finally*—Dr. KANE distinctly and constantly maintained the authority of religion, and with reverent faith, sought its guidance and consolations. "Our honored Society, Brethren, maintains this open profession, in carrying ever before us and in our midst, with solemn reverence, the Holy Bible; *an open Bible.*" Our lamented Brother had faith in GOD and in his revealed word, when faith meant something and cost much. Daily his little band knelt around him amid the Arctic darkness, and he led them in prayer, to the eternal Throne. He faithfully taught them the great truth of a Providence which presides over the course of events. He says: "Call it fatalism, as you ignorantly may; there is that in the story of every eventful life, which teaches the inefficiency of human means, and the present control of a Supreme Agency. See how often relief has come at the moment of extremity, in forms strangely unsought, almost

at the time unwelcome! See still more, how the back has been strengthened to its increasing burdens, and the heart cheered by some conscious influence of an Unseen Power!" Such was his faith, and his life was in beautiful harmony with it. Strong and fearless before men, calm and intrepid amidst surrounding perils, yet he humbly asks God's help and blushes not to declare his humble trust in Him: When hastily escaping from his vessel, which is threatened with instant destruction by the crushing ice, he grasps his "little home Bible," inscribed it may be, with a mother's hand, as the treasure *first to be secured*. When about forsaking his little ice-enchained vessel, which had so long been his home in that mighty desolation, "he gathers all hands around" and lifts up their hearts to God. His faith ever sustained him. Guided by its rules, his work, Brethren, from the time that he mounted the wall as an apprentice, to the glorious day, when as a wise master builder, he set the key of his arch and brought forth the top stone of the moral temple he built, his work was done and was well done.

Then translated to a place of blessedness and dignity in that "Temple not built with hands, eternal in the heavens," he still works, as angels do,—the great God of the Universe being the Grand Master Builder.

Such, imperfectly, was the life and such the character of him, to whose memory we have assembled to render this humble tribute of honor. He has gone to his grave, but in the fullness of his young renown. We shall see him here no more; but his noble life, his thrilling story, his beautiful example, his model character, and his precious memory are our imperishable inheritance. Brethren let us guard them well and emulate them as we may. Let us enshrine them in the deepest thoughts of our efforts, and as he still works on the walls of the temple we build, let us be ani-

mated to greater diligence and high fidelity, that we too may enter, in due time, the portals of that Upper Temple whose proportions of harmony, beauty and infinite grandeur, shall awaken our admiration and draw forth our increasing praises through eternal ages.



