

below, I assisted the dogs down as they were forced over—much against their will—by the doctor and Jens. Then the doctor, exhibiting great strength, lowered the sledge, with its light load, to the same level. Jens appeared to have lost his head. The dogs stood trembling and would not move. I took Redeye, the leading dog and the first to cross bad places, under my arm and tried to drag the others along. The doctor was pushing the full weight of the sledge and Jens was urging the dogs. The latter could not keep their traces from being caught upon the ice and I dropped Redeye to clear the lines. The intelligent brute had now gained confidence and began picking her own way. I next seized Howler, a dog near at hand, and in this way—the doctor propelling the sledge from behind and Jens and I clearing the lines and dragging the dogs—we succeeded in reaching the other side to a ledge that gave me a secure footing, with the dogs all around me, but the sledge with the doctor was still on dangerous ground and no time was to be lost. I had an open knife in my teeth with which to cut the dogs clear should they become inextricably entangled, and it now came in use in clearing the lashing of the sledge. Jens unloosed the dogs, and, pulling them past me, they filed one by one up the slippery steps which the rocks and projections of ice in the wall afforded. From the top the animals looked down on us with scared faces, some of them whining piteously. With great difficulty I followed them, but when part of the way up I dislodged a large piece of ice which, striking me in the stomach, carried me sprawling to the lower level, but fortunately not falling on me.

“Another attempt was more successful. I carried the seal-skin thong, and, reaching the top, pulled up, one by one, the different articles that comprised our load and which the doctor and Jens made fast to the other end. They next, after all the load was safe, fastened the line to the sledge and joined me on the top of the ice-foot when the sledge was pulled up after them. It was ten A. M. While crossing we were so absorbed as not to notice the motion of the ice, but I think it must have stopped swinging for a moment, held by the pressure of the pack, as we were strangely free from the falling blocks which were in motion when we started across. Be that as it may, our passage was very propitious, for as soon as we could look about from our new and safe vantage ground we found the

pack still moving out with a great noise from the terrible grinding and friction. It appeared to touch only at one point and a short distance in the bay. At Cape Henry's outward point we could see the open water boiling and eddying with the tide which sweeps around this prominent point with great rapidity. We knew the appearance of the particular floe on which we had encamped, and soon got a view of our tent, but it was much farther out than we expected. The swinging of the great pack was carrying it out quite rapidly. Notwithstanding our safety, it was not pleasant to see our only shelter, and with it all our provisions, equipments and hopes of reaching the 'highest,' receding from our view on the frozen ocean.

“It was a great disappointment. We had succeeded in advancing our provisions and outfit to a point which promised us at least the satisfaction of attaining a higher latitude than ever before reached. Of course this would have been but a barren victory, for we knew that the terrible character of the ice before us would not permit a sufficient distance to be made to solve the question of presence of land to the north, and we knew that our experience would only add to the opinion of our predecessors—that the frozen ocean cannot be traversed by sledges, and of course not at all. Our hardest work was over, the coldest temperature past, and to be stopped so near the end of our journey was not pleasant. When, however, we looked down on the seething black water that separated us from the field of our labors we could not deny that we were fortunate in escaping when we did. We have nothing more to do with an attempt to get north; nothing remains but to return to the station. So states my sledge journal, and we looked about for a passage around the cape. We found it practicable—very rough, but our sledge was now very light, and it was better than going up the bay and crossing Fieldin Peninsula.

“Satisfied with the outlook, we returned to the sledge, melted some ice, and hitching up started for View Point, where our first cache of provisions was, and which we must reach before we could get a meal. We arrived at View Point at 11 P. M. The temperature was 49° at the time, and in fact the weather had been comparatively warm after the open water occurred. This made our first sleep in the bags without shelter very pleasant. Next day, April 24th, we made another long step

homeward. The ice seemed fast in Marco Polo Bay, so we started across for Harley's Spit. It soon began to snow thickly. We feared losing our way in the blinding drift, and camping on the ice was out of the question. The wind in our faces was so biting that we could hardly advance against it. The dogs could with difficulty be prevented from turning around. Our progress was slow, and I cannot recollect having had a more difficult march during our whole trip. After ten hours of such travelling we reached our old camping-ground at Harley's Spit. On the evening of April 26th we were again at our snow-house on Lincoln Bay, our old depot. We did not find the ice in the straits disturbed after leaving Black Cape. We found the snow-house drifted full, which gave us some trouble to make it habitable. We spent the 27th until evening in wandering about Lincoln Bay and looking for a passage in the interior which Dr. Pavy thought would connect with the valley of Wrangell Bay. At half-past eight Jens had harnessed up, and we started along the ice-foot until we struck the dry water-course, and then turned up its bed toward the interior. We went through a narrow pass which opened into another broad valley surrounded by high, frowning hills. The sun shone out brightly at midnight, and the temperature was pleasant for travelling.

"Travelling along next morning, we fell in with a herd of musk-oxen. They were very wild, and, apparently taking our dogs for wolves, they galloped off at great speed. As we advanced, we found the water-course and openings all trending to the interior and no outlet toward the shore. Our backs were toward the coast, and as yet we could see no opening toward Wrangell Bay valley. After travelling about nine hours we halted, left Jens with the dogs, and walked ahead some distance to reach an elevation for a better view. Finding no encouragement to advance, we came back to the sledge tired and footsore, and turned in the sleeping-bags, over which the amorous dogs made love and fought all night, making sleep impossible, although the temperature was pleasant—only $6\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ below zero. We started back to Lincoln Bay in the morning, so as to follow the coast line from there home. In passing the place where the musk-oxen were seen, I noticed that the vegetation was quite abundant for that region. There was considerable tuft grass, and from what could be seen I am convinced that the musk-oxen had

not migrated, but wintered here. There was much snow removed, as if in grazing. We arrived at Lincoln Bay on the 29th, where we fed the dogs for only the second time in five days. In the evening of the same date we were again on the way home, following along the coast line. We did not find the ice disturbed at any place after leaving Black Cape. As we anticipated, the disruption was at the northern entrance of Robeson Channel, and bordering on the Polar Sea. The ice in the straits remained intact, because more landlocked, held between the two shores. On May 1st we were at depot B, near Cape Beechey, and were able to learn something of the movements of the other party by the notes left in the record-book by the travellers passing through.

"Next day, after six hours' pleasant travelling over the well-beaten track between depot B and Fort Conger, we arrived at the latter place. As we neared the station, on which the sun was shining brightly, with the Stars and Stripes waving gayly over it, we considered it very cheerful in appearance, and contrasting favorably with its desolate look when last we saw it. In fact, the old station always looks inviting to returning travellers, although, as a human habitation, it may not be either elegant or commodious. We found the quarters almost deserted. The Greenland party was still out in the field, and the commanding officer, with a party of three, had started a week before for the interior. Of the officers, only Lieutenant Kislingbury was at the station, Israel and Gardiner of the observers, and five of the working party. A breakfast of delicious musk-ox steak, washed down with a bottle of wine, made us feel at home again. We could not have procured the same viands in civilization that morning—our appearance was too much against us. We should have passed for tramps. With noses and cheeks scarified and peeled by the frost, eyes red and swollen with incipient snow-blindness, hair unkempt, and beards half grown and bleached nearly white, we were not lovely to look upon. Looking over the records of the temperature at the station during our absence, we found that the maximum for March was -8.0 ; minimum, -46.6 , and mean, -29.9 —not so cold as was observed in the field. The mean temperature for April was -8.6 ; maximum, $+13.9$; minimum, -42.1 . Mercury froze for the last time on April 3d, and rose above zero for the first time on April 8th, making 160 consecutive days during which

the temperature was below zero. The weather at Fort Conger was now beautiful, and the dogs lay basking in the sun, enjoying their well-deserved rest. The travellers were also enjoying the change of life which returned sledgers only can appreciate. Never did our beds seem softer, our fare so excellent, or a bath so welcome."

The most important of the undertakings by exploring parties from Lady Franklin Bay was the journey of Lieutenant Lockwood to the north, along the coast of Greenland. In it he attained at Lockwood Island the highest point of the globe yet reached by foot of man, and looked off on the frozen ocean beyond for some twenty-five or thirty miles more. No land was visible to the north or northwest, but to the northeast could be descried a cape jutting out from the coast, which will probably prove to be the northernmost point of Greenland. The expedition, after incredible hardships, returned to Fort Conger on June 1st, 1883, after an absence of two months. The North Greenland sledging party, as it was called, were only turned back from proceeding farther by the drifting ice of the Polar Ocean, after they had narrowly escaped being carried out to sea. An account of their adventures and discoveries is given by Sergeant Rice in his interesting diary. The writer says he is indebted to Sergeant Brainard, who accompanied Lieutenant Lockwood, for most of his information, which Sergeant Brainard's admirably kept sledge journal amply afforded. "In fact," says Sergeant Rice, "the record of many intelligent observations and interesting details are lost sight of in this account, in which I confine myself to a record of the principal features of their experience and a comprehensive connection of the same. To do this, I have taken notes from the sledge-journal, and have been assisted by the gossip of the sledgers, with which the quarters were of course rife after their return." The narrative is here given in Sergeant Rice's own language, than which none could be more appropriate:

"On April 3d the main party, bound for North Greenland, left the station. They pulled out of Shift Rudder Bay on the evening of the 5th, intending to travel by night and sleep during the warmest part of the day. The outfit consisted of one dog-sledge, with team and driver (Fred), and four Hudson Bay sledges (toboggans). To the former Lieutenant Lockwood and Sergeant Jewell were attached, while the

Hudson Bay sledges were manned by Brainard, Ralston, Saler, Biederbeck, Elison, Fredericks, Henry, Whistler, Lynn, and Connell. Two of the sledges were pulled by three men each, and two were drawn by two men each. The party followed the northern Bend of Shift Rudder Bay until Cape Beechey was reached, after which they struck across for the Greenland shore. At the end of the first march they went into camp on the ice, erecting their tents. This day's halt was hardly a rest, for they found their sleeping-bags frozen into the semblance of sheet-iron casings. Only by gradually introducing their bodies to thaw out the bags by degrees could they envelop themselves. Their position on the ice a few miles from shore was very exposed and unsheltered. The temperature was -47 degrees. Sleep was an impossibility to most of the travellers. Morning brought its changes. Henry, afflicted with rheumatic pains, was compelled to return home, and Connell, with a frozen foot, was carried in the dog-sledge to the shore to follow him. The main party kept on across the straits, Jewell taking the place of one of the men who had returned, and the place of the other being supplied by 'doubling up.'

"April 7th.—They are still toiling over the rough highway of the straits, the travelling at most times execrable. Struggling through places where the ice was of the worst description, where their sledges were continually being overturned, alternating with patches of deep snow, they found themselves on a paleocrystic floe, where the conditions for travelling were much more favorable. Here they again camped. The wind was blowing violently; temperature -29 . Cooking under the circumstances was very difficult, as the small tent, violently agitated by the wind, precipitated a constant fall of the rime that was condensing on its sides and roof, damping the spirit lamp and the spirits of the cook. The inmates of the sleeping-bags were not exempt from the inconvenience of the miniature snowstorm, for it showered upon every barefaced exposure and insinuated itself in the mouths of the bags. At 9 P. M. the party is again under way. A snowstorm coming on during the night had so increased as to force them into camp at 2 A. M. of the 8th, before completing the allotted number of travelling hours. Biederbeck and Saler, drawing a toboggan, became detached from the main body, and attempting to follow the tracks of the dog sledge lost sight of their compan-

ions. The storm coming on with blinding drift hid them from their surroundings. The main party camping, Brainard started to look them up.

"They were soon found on the same floe with the encampment. Brainard's arrival was most opportune. They were making preparations to pass the day as best they could. A hole was already burrowed in a snowbank which, with a rubber blanket held at their backs, was their sole protection against the storm. The waifs were soon guided to their companions. The storm increased so that Lynn's tent, only ten yards away, could not be seen from the other tent. The temperature in the tent was -9 while the meals were being cooked. All day the storm raged, at times the wind blowing at the rate of sixty miles an hour. On the 9th the party are still stormstayed, and their misery must be imagined. The drifting snow had so pressed in the sides of the tents that the travellers were curtailed of the small space which their covering generally afforded them. The wind appeared to be from the southwest. Later it veered, and at 8 P. M. had sufficiently moderated to admit of a start being made. The temperature had risen and stood at zero. This was the first night of the season on which the travellers saw the sun above the horizon at midnight. They reach Cape Sumner on the 10th, and halt at the boat camp.

"This is the camp occupied by the party from the Polaris who attempted to get north by boat. Their abandoned boats and tent still remain as left when the attempt was given up. Our party found the location a very uncomfortable place. At 7 A. M. their tents were erected, but were soon after blown down and the ridge pole of one broken. Their shelters were again raised, and the sides of the canvas weighed down with provisions. At 5 P. M. the tent occupied by Brainard and his companions was again blown down. They began to make an excavation in the snow, but it was six hours before it was suitable for occupancy. In the confusion attending the collapse of the tent the allowance of alcohol fuel for cooking the evening meal was spilled, so the cold travellers went supperless to bed—or to bag. At a quarter to 10 P. M. Lieutenant Lockwood arrived with the dog team. He had separated from his party on the first morning of the storm, and had been snowed up for two days.

"April 11th.—The party occupied three tents, Lieutenant

Lockwood, Jewell and Esquimau Fred in one and the main party occupying the two larger ones. During the time Sergeant Brainard and his tent mates were unhoused, although sincerely sympathizing with their neighbors, Sergeant Lynn and his companions did not refrain from some badinage at their expense. An old proverb was aptly illustrated, however, when this morning their canvas was lifted bodily from its fastenings and carried some distance, leaving the astonished occupants completely exposed in their sleeping-bags. It was now their turn to dig in the snow for several hours. Life in these dug-outs in the snow was almost the acme of misery. The atmosphere soon became unwholesome, breathing was difficult and matches would hardly burn, so completely was the air mephitized. The sleeping-bags were damp from the melting of the snow which had been driven into them. One of the men fainted and another was suffering very much from the effects of the cold, and most of the party were afflicted with frozen or burned fingers. The outlook on the morning of April 12th was not very encouraging for the success of the party. The weather had indeed improved, and they were enjoying the pleasant temperature of only -3 , but they found that their Hudson Bay sledges were about played out. They were totally unfit for such work. The tents were used up, and the sleeping-bags uninhabitable in the condition they were. Two of the men—Whistler and Biederbeck—were sent back home because of their illness. On this day the party go down the coast to Gap Valley for the cache placed there by Dr. Pavey in March, and return to the boat camp after seventeen hours' continuous work.

"The 13th gave the travellers very pleasant temperature, and the sleeping-bags were exposed to the sun to evaporate some of the moisture. One of the Polaris' boats was righted and placed in a position to contain the provisions to be left for use when returning. In the afternoon Lieutenant Lockwood started back to the home station with dog team and driver to procure a new sledge runner. Main party under Sergeant Brainard go to Cape Sumner, south, for the provisions there; camping-place still at boat camp. By April 14th the tents have been repaired and are again occupied, but also again thrown down by the gusts of wind which appear to have been inseparable from this locality. The sudden gusts of wind would draw down the rocky declivities, detaching

stones and masses of snow in such a manner as to raise their apprehensions of even greater misfortunes than the discomfort the cold wind caused them. Brainard notes an especially remarkable sight he witnessed when a large body of snow, starting from a high elevation among the rugged cliffs, came pouring down like a cataract of foam. It was a perfect snow cascade, leaping from rock to rock like a mountain stream. Next day is spent at the boat camp making preparations for starting north from this point.

"Lieutenant Lockwood returns from Fort Conger and brings some small articles of clothing and letters from their comrades. The latter were very welcome, and served to amuse and interest the unhappy travellers more than one who has not been similarly situated can understand. On the 16th the wind is strong. The Hudson Bay sledges are repaired; one completely worn out is abandoned. This increased the weight on the others, so that the weight on one sledge was at least two hundred and twenty pounds to a man. At twenty-four minutes past 10 P. M. the party have pulled out from the boat camp and are plodding across Newman Bay, headed for the 'Gap Valley'—not 'Gap,' which is south of them. April 17th finds them in the 'Gorge,' which they entered from the Newman Bay side and by which they intended to travel overland so as to cut short the projection of land at Cape Brevoort. Temperature at midnight is -9 , light snow falling and the sun above the horizon. The 18th was a very trying day, and every one was completely exhausted after the march, which was attended with worse travelling than they had yet encountered. The snow was lying deep, and over it there was formed a crust just strong enough not to bear. Through this the feet and sledges broke at every step.

"April 19th.—The travellers are still tramping overland toward Repulse Harbor. The Hudson Bays are manned for thirteen consecutive hours. It is a significant fact that the dog sledge could travel over the same ground in four hours. On the 20th only about four miles were made. The travelling in the valleys, the coast not yet reached, presented a new feature on the 21st. The deep snow was succeeded by patches of bare ground and gravel beds over which the sledges could only be dragged by standing pulls. The following day they enter Repulse Harbor by the valley through which the watercourse empties, and grope their way down the

dry gorge to the bay with little knowledge of their whereabouts or surroundings.

"They stumbled blindly on until the nature of the travelling indicated that they were once more on the coast or an arm of the sea. The storm forced the party into camp. To go into camp does not, however, always secure rest or comfort to the Arctic sledger. Our little band were busily occupied for two hours before their tents were sufficiently secured to insure their not being carried away by the storm. Then the trials of the cook—a miniature snowfall showering on his head, down his back and over his lamp and utensils, and these latter burning the hands whenever they are touched, until the sputtering lamp raises them to a higher temperature. I cannot do better than transcribe from Brainard's journal an entry made on this occasion: 'Shorty' is cook. After the tent is closed up he finds that the fuel (alcohol) is outside under a huge snow-drift, which covered the side of the tent and completely closed the entrance, making it necessary for him to tunnel his way through to the outside. Here new obstacles intervened: the alcohol is four feet under the snow and the shovels all covered up. But he manfully digs away with his hands, occasionally stopping to utter anathemas on Arctic work generally.'

On April 24th the travellers are winding their way along the shore to the northward, with Repulse Harbor behind them. On the 25th Fred, the dog driver, is sick and unable to take his accustomed place behind the traces. He guides the dogs by wielding the whip from the top of the load, on which he has been placed. The party is near Cape Stanton. The travellers encamped to-day on a more northerly point on the coast of Greenland than had ever before been attained by Americans. They were enjoying fine weather, the indirect effects of which are indicated by a humorous allusion in Brainard's diary to Fredericks' proficiency in snoring. I do not think the circumstance would have been noticed at any previous stage of the journey.

On April 26th the cache of provisions left by Lieutenant Beaumont is discovered and found to contain forty rations in good condition. The red heart rum was especially well preserved. The travelling was good and the prospects brightening. I find Brainard extolling in an unqualified manner the maps of the coast as laid down by the British expedition.

April 27th.—Skirting along the coast the party passed Hand and Frankfield Bays. Cape Bryant, their next objective point, stands out bold and inviting, apparently but a short distance ahead. A cynic would say, however, had he ever travelled in the Arctic, that with the exception of a woman nothing is so deceiving as an Arctic landscape. Here distances cannot be very correctly estimated by the eye. Our travellers stepped out hopefully, but hour after hour they plodded on without perceptibly diminishing the distance. Quite tired out, the camp is at last reached. The temperature is -15 . The indefatigable Fredericks, affectionately called "Shorty" by his comrades, freezes his fingers while lashing up the broken ridge-pole of the tent. The outlook of the party was now becoming very encouraging, about twenty-five miles having been made in the last two days and the travelling ahead apparently very good. To the northward Cape May and other prominent points presented a fine view. This day a small covey of ptarmigan were fallen in with and Esquimau Fred killed five. The 28th was passed as a day of rest, preparatory to the final dash of the advance party and the return of the supporters. The clear weather afforded the party a fine view of Cape Britannia and St. Andrew's Bay, from which latter place the English party were forced to return.

April 29th the party separated, Lynn, Jewell, Ralston, Ellison, Fredericks and Saler starting back for Boat Camp, and Lieutenant Lockwood, Brainard and Esquimau Fred continuing on to the north. With the supporting party we have now nothing to do. They had performed their work well and faithfully through the worst, and deserve the highest credit for it.

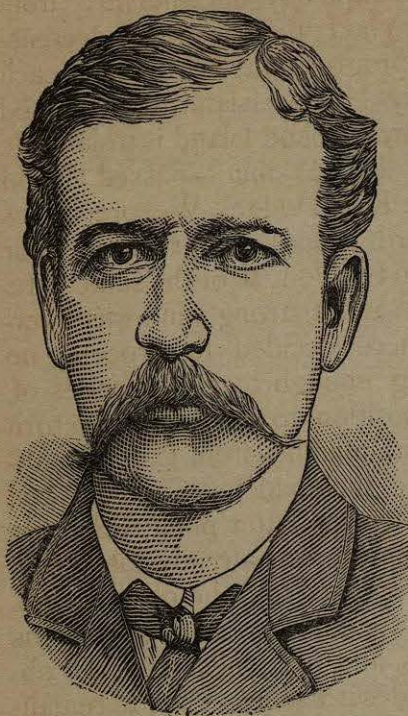
We will now follow the fortunes of Lieutenant Lockwood and his companions. After the good-byes and handshakings were over—good-byes that in this case had the appropriate accompaniment of tears from at least three of the party who were greatly affected with snowblindness—the dogs were directed across St. George's Fiord. They had rations for dogs and men for twenty-five days, which, with moderate good fortune, should enable them to trace a great distance of coast line and place them at a far higher point than had ever been attained on the Greenland continent. The party camped at one A. M., dogs very tired. Brainard is suffering

from snow-blindness and essays to find relief by poulticing his eyes with tea leaves. Snow laid so heavy that two loads were made and ground travelled over twice. May Day under such circumstances! The weather is very warm and at midnight the temperature is -27 degrees, accompanied by wind. This was the first occasion on which the temperature was at the freezing point of water in the tent since they started out. The snow becoming worse as they kept in the bay, Lieutenant Lockwood decides to head directly for Cape Britannia instead of Cape May, as at first intended. Lines of ice hummocks skirted the fiord at intervals.

On May 3d, when near Cape May, Lieutenant Beaumont's farthest, they found that a tidal crack of considerable extent had opened up. This offered an opportunity for deep sea sounding, of which the travellers at once availed themselves. Four hundred and twenty-four feet of line, 240 of sealskin lashing and some rope—in all 820 feet—was lowered with the lead. No bottom. The whip was then added, but the weight failed to reach soundings. In pulling up the line it parted and all except the whip and seventy feet of rope was lost. On May 4th our travellers are nearing Cape Britannia, their Ultima Thule heretofore. They have already passed Lieutenant Beaumont's farthest. At seven P. M. Cape Britannia is reached, and the American flag enthusiastically raised over land never before trodden by man. Lieutenant Lockwood now made his first observations for latitude and longitude, and found, as near as he could compute it, that the position given to that point by the Nares map was correct, although the expedition did not reach the place. The travellers ascended the cape, which they found to be about 2,700 feet high, and affording a fine view. Britannia appeared to be an island, and was not the termination of Greenland, for they could see unknown land extending to the northeast. Lieutenant Lockwood, inspired with an explorer's ardor, indicated to the driver, Fred, a prominent point on the new land to the north, and promised him a reward of 100 kröns—currency with which Fred was familiar—if he succeeded in getting his dogs that far.

After leaving Cape Britannia the travelling was good. On the 5th the party heard the grinding of the ice in the distance. While lashing the sledge Fred told Brainard he thought the ice outside was moving. A tidal crack 100 yards wide was

seen. They travelled inside of this over the embayed or land-locked ice, which did not appear to have been broken for many years. May 6th the dogs were so ravenous that they actually chewed up the wooden casing of the thermometer. This was showing almost as much contempt for science as did "King," of our team, when he appeared to mistake one of those ordinary thermal instruments for a hygrometer. Temperature, +6.



LIEUTENANT JAS. B. LOCKWOOD.

Our travellers were now enjoying the satisfaction of following a coast line never before seen. New points were reached from time to time. The coast was formed of a rapid succession of projections and capes, with inlets and bays of more or less depth intervening. A prominent point, which they called Black Cape, was passed this day, and they camped on the morning of the 7th at a smaller point a little farther on, which was dubbed Rabbit Point, because of the killing of a hare as they were going into camp. Animal life did not appear less abundant here than farther south. Traces of musk oxen, not fresh, and two ptarmigan were seen. On the 8th the little party passed the mouth of another fiord and arrived at Distant Cape.

[These names are descriptive, being some suggestive titles which have since, in the projection of the map, been supplemented by a more lasting appellation which I shall add, parenthetically, to the former.]

We will not follow the explorers closely at this part of their journey, but state that from the 8th to the 13th of May they continued to advance along this new coast line, reaching new points at every march and sometimes passing several in one day. Dome Cape (Cape Nijkander), then Cape Mohn, were passed—the last mentioned is in latitude 83 deg. 10 min.

They then crossed a large fiord (Meiggs) and reached Cape Storm (Hoffmeyer). The coast line trended to the northeast and each cape, until passed, completely hid the next from view. The travelling was very good; their load was decreasing at every march and rapid progress was being made each day. From Shoe Island (Mary Murray Island) they started on the 13th, and in one long march—Shoe Island is in latitude 83 deg. 19 min., longitude 42 deg. 21 min.—passed "Wild Fiord," Hummock Cape (Cape R. I. Dodge), Weyprecht Inlet, "Pyramid Island" (Brainard Island), and reached their farthest at twenty-five minutes to twelve P. M. of the same date. It was snowing hard at the time and a strong wind was blowing. Lieutenant Lockwood here decided to proceed no farther, but, after stopping long enough to take a series of observations to determine his position, to start on the return journey. The party had made six marches from Cape Britannia. It was thirteen days since they had left Cape Bryant, and as they were provisioned from the latter point with only twenty-five days' rations, half or more was already consumed. At 10 A. M., May 14th, the storm ceased and the observations were taken, after which a cairn was built and some specimens of the vegetation, chiefly lichens, and rock collected. To obtain observations for equal altitudes it was necessary to remain over till the next day, the 15th.

After taking said observations Lieutenant Lockwood and Sergeant Brainard ascended the highest elevation on the cape they had reached to obtain a view to the northward. They attained an elevation of 2,600 to 3,000 feet in height, and could see to the northeast, distant about eight miles, another cape (Kane). The intervening fiord (Conger Inlet) appeared to connect with the one to the south of them (Weyprecht), thus making of the land on which they stood an island. Back to the eastward of them a mountain (Mount Howgate) about four thousand feet high intercepted the view. Farther to the northeast, beyond Cape Kane, could be seen another point of land. It appeared to be distant about fifteen miles. This has since been named Cape Robert Lincoln, and the opening, between it and Cape Kane, Hunt Fiord. The explorers could see nothing more to the northward of this last point. The horizon was hazy in that direction, and they are unable to say if the low blue streak they saw in the distance was land or only some atmospheric phenomenon. They incline, I believe,

to the latter opinion—probably a low cirrus cloud or the evaporation from a tidal crack. Should it be land it appears to have taken a direction more directly north than the coast they had discovered. Out upon the Polar Ocean to the north their view was more extended, including, so they think, a range of sixty miles. The ice was of a very rough, forbidding character, offering no chance for travelling, and no land could be seen. Looking eastward into the interior nothing met the eye but a confused mass of snow-capped mountain peaks and hills, the coast badly broken up by fiords.

They now descended to the tent and packed up, after which the dogs were turned homeward. The travellers were now indeed glad to think that every step placed them nearer home, albeit that home was only a rude habitation on the shores of Grinnell Land. A rough reduction of his observations showed Lieutenant Lockwood that he and his companions had reached the highest point on our globe yet attained. The observations have since been carefully computed by Israel, our astronomer, and place the "farthest" at latitude 83 deg. 24 min. north, longitude 40 deg. 46 min. west. It is interesting to know that at this northern point of Greenland traces of animal life were as frequently met with as at any other part of the coast. Tracks of foxes, hares, lemmings and ptarmigan were noticed. The question of whether this coast still furnishes a route much nearer the Pole or ends in the northern extremity of the continent of Greenland at a point not far from that reached by this expedition, still remains unsettled to vex the enterprising spirits of those who cannot rest until their feet have been placed on the northern axis of this globe.

The return journey was monotonous and uneventful. The travelling was, of course, tiresome. The temperature had become long before this very agreeable, but the unpleasant result was that the snow became much softened. On the 21st of May our travellers had Cape Britannia again to the north of them. They found the tidal crack closed and cemented by ice which was strong enough to bear a man. On the 22d, travelling across St. George's fiord, many snow buntings were seen and numerous fox tracks were observed. There was a severe snow-storm here, so thick that a compass was in requisition all the time. This storm was preceded by a perihelion, which Brainard states exceeded in beauty any

of those phenomena which he had before seen. It exhibited beautiful prismatic colors and formed in contact arches and concentric circles. On the morning of the 24th Cape Bryant was reached, and the sledgers found their cache in good order and were able to replenish their stock of provisions, which was so depleted that nothing remained on the sledge except four ounces of tea, half an ounce of onion powder and a handful of cracker dust. The dogs were almost starved; as will appear by the fact that they obtained access to a small quantity of shotgun ammunition and actually gnawed the cartridges—probably because of the grease on the wads—sending their teeth through the metal of at least a dozen of them. At Cape Bryant soundings were taken through a tidal crack about a quarter of a mile outside the cape, and the bottom found at 114 feet. They used the line left on the outward trip. At this time snow-blindness was making it very unpleasant for the travellers. They left Cape Bryant on May 26th and killed another ptarmigan on the way. Four miles south of the cape they found the cache of outfit discarded by Lieutenant Beaumont's party when an attempt was made to cross the straits. On the 27th our travellers changed their moccasins for sealskin boots, the snow being damp enough to wet their feet. They are on the west side of Repulse Harbor on the 28th, and find another cache and record left by Lieutenant Beaumont. On May 29th they are at Boat Camp with the men who were awaiting their return, and the whole party cross the straits and arrive at the home station on June 1st. Two or three of the party were suffering very much from snow-blindness, and during the last march Ralston had to be led.