The Polynesian.

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The Polynesian;

Published weekly at Honolulu, Oahu, H. I.
CHARLES GORDON HOPKINS, EDITOR.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JAMES WILSON. JNO. F. COLBURN.
WILSON & COLBURN,
Ship Chandlers and General Commission Merchants,
LAHAINA, MAUI, S. I.
Successors to Bolles & Co., on the old Premises. 7tf

HENRY RHODES,
Importer of and Dealer in
BEER, WINES AND SPIRITS,
KAAHUMANU-STREET, NEAR THE POST-OFFICE. 39-tf

S. HOFFMEYER,
COMMISSION MERCHANT.
Dealer in Ship Chandlery and General Merchandise. LAHAINA, MAUI, H. I. 19-tf

C. A. & H. F. POOR,
SHIPPING & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Honolulu, Oahu, Sandwich Islands.

ALLEN & CO.,
Commission Merchants,
Dealers in Ship Chandlery, Hawaiian Produce, and General Merchandise.
Corner of Queen and Kaahumanu sts., Honolulu, Oahu H. I. 11-tf

C. A. ALDRICH, C. R. BISHOP.
ALDRICH & BISHOP.
Importers and Dealers in General Merchandise.
Honolulu, Oahu, S. I.
Island Produce bought and sold. Agents for the sale of the products of the Lihue Plantation.-35-tf

JAS. L. SAXTON. AMOS S. COOKE.
CASTLE & COOKE,
Importers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in General Merchandise.
Agents for Jayne's Medicines.
At the old stand, corner of King and School streets, near the large Stone Church.—Also, at the Store formerly occupied by C. T. Nicholson, in King St., opposite the Seamen's Chapel. 35-tf

ROBERT C. JANION,
Merchant and Commission Agent,
Honolulu, Oahu, H. I. 35-tf

A. HACKFELD & CO.,
General Commission Agents and Ship Chandlers,
Honolulu, Oahu, H. I. 35-tf

J. C. SPALDING,
Commission Merchant and Importer,
Honolulu, Oahu, H. I.
Money, bills of Exchange on the U. S. and Europe. Consignments from abroad promptly attended to. Island produce in all kinds taken in Exchange for goods.-35-tf

WM. AHPUNG,
C. P. SAWSING & CO.,
Dealers in China Goods,
Honolulu, Oahu, H. I.
Opium and Rice for sale, Sugar, Molasses, Tea and Coffee 35-tf

VINCENT GRENIER,
Importer & Commission Merchant,
Nuuanu Street, Honolulu.
VINCENT GRENIER, Proprietor, Bordeaux. J. J. CARANAVE, Agent, Honolulu 15-tf

CHARLES BREWER,
Commission Merchant,
Boston, U. S. 35-tf
Refer to Messrs. Ladd, Austin & Co. and R. W. Wood.

C. BREWER & Co.,
General Commission Merchant.
Honolulu, Oahu, S. I.
Money deposited on favorable terms for Bills of Exchange on the United States, England, or France. 35-tf

GUST. C. MELCHERS, GUST. REINERS.
MELCHERS & CO.,
Commission Merchants and Ship Chandlers,
Honolulu, Oahu, S. I.
Store, corner of Kaahumanu and Merchant sts. Money advanced on favorable terms for Whaler's Bills on the United States and Europe 35-tf

VON HOLT. C. TH. HEUCK.
Von HOLT & HEUCK,
General Commission Merchants.
Honolulu, Oahu, S. I. 35-tf

W. N. LADD,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN HARDWARE
Fort Street, Honolulu. 44 tf

P. MICHEL,
Dealer in General Merchandise.
Honolulu, Oahu, S. I.
The French Store corner of Nuuanu and Marines t.-35-tf

J. WORTH,
Dealer in General Merchandise,
Hilo, Hawaii.
Ships supplied with Recruits at the shortest notice, on reasonable terms. Bills of Exchange wanted. tf-5

ERNST KRULL. EDUARD MOLL.
KRULL & MOLL,
Importers and Commission Merchants.
Kaahumanu st., Makee & Anthon's Block.—18

B. PITMAN.
Ship Chandler and Dealer in General Merchandise.
Byron's Bay, Hilo, Hawaii.
Ships supplied with general Recruits, Wood, &c., at the shortest notice, and most reasonable terms in exchange for Bills or goods adapted to the market. Wanted, Whaler's bills on the United States or Europe, for which money will be advanced on favorable terms. N. B.—Storage for 3 or 400 barrels taken at customary rates.-35-tf

S. N. EMERSON,
Dealer in General Merchandise and
Country Produce, such as
CORN, BEANS, BANANAS, BUTTER, EGGS, &c.
WAIALUA, OAHU.
May 24th. 3-tf*

GILMAN & CO.,
Ship Chandlers and General Agents.
Lahaina, Maui, S. I.
Ships supplied with Recruits, Storage, and Money 35-tf

WM. WEBSTER,
Land Agent to His Majesty.
Office in the King's Garden, Beritania Street. tf 14

J. F. COLBURN,
AUCTIONEER,
7-tf Lahaina, Maui.

M. C. MONSARRAT,
Auctioneer, Honolulu,
Oahu, S. I. 35-tf

G. D. GILMAN,
Auctioneer, Lahaina,
Maui, S. I. 4-tf

GEORGE G. HOWE,
LUMBER MERCHANT,
Lumber Yard Corner of Queen and Nuuanu Sts. on the Punchard Premises. 34-tf

BUSINESS CARDS.

DOCTOR McKIBBIN, Surgeon, &c,
HONOLULU MEDICAL HALL,
Corner of Merchant and Kaahumanu Streets. Prescriptions carefully prepared. Medicine chests examined and completed on reasonable terms; constant superintendence of himself or his son.
Attendance for consultation at office from 9 A. M. till noon, and from 4 till six P. M. on week days, and from 9 A. M. till 11 on Sundays. At other times at his residence Union Street. 17-tf

DR. FORD'S
Office and Drug Store, Queen Street, near the Market.
Ship's Medicine Chests refitted and Prescriptions carefully prepared under the supervision of LANGHERNE Hot, cold, vapor, shower and medicated Baths, at all hours. 16-tf

CHAS. F. GUILLOU,
LATE SURGEON UNITED STATES NAVY.
Consular Physician to Sick American Seamen.
OFFICE next door to J. C. Spalding, Kaahumanu Street: Residence at the mansion of B. Pitman, Esq., *corner of Beretania and Alakea sts.*
Respectfully offers his professional services to resident families, to the shipping, and to strangers generally. Medical and Surgical advice in English, French, Spanish and Italian.
☞ Office hours from 11 A. M. to 2 P. M., and from 4 to 5 P. M. At other hours enquire at dwelling. 41-tf

DR. CH. FR. BERG,
Physician and Surgeon,
Honolulu, Oahu, S. I.
☞ Office in King-st., 2d door from Nuuanu-st.; residence at Mr. Evens', next house below the Methodist Chapel.—39-tf

E. HOFFMANN,
Physician and Surgeon,
☞ Office in the New Drug Store, corner of Kaahumanu and Queen sts., Makee & Anthon's Block. 11-tf

DR. L. C. BROY,
French Physician and Surgeon,
LATE OF OREGON.
Will give gratuitous consultations at his Office in Nuuanu st., every morning from nine to eleven o'clock, A. M 1-tf

J. W. MARSH,
Attorney at Law,
Office in Honolulu House, over Mr. Whitney's Bookstore. 42-tf

PAUL C. DUCORRON,
Attorney at Law,
Conveyancer and Accountant.
Over Dr. McKibbin's Drug Store, corner of Kaahumanu and Merchant Streets. 24-6m*

JOSEPH P. GRISWOLD,
Attorney at Law.
Office Kaahumanu Street, Honolulu, Oahu.-26-tf

J. E. CHAMBERLAIN,
Attorney at Law.
Office corner of Fort and Merchant Sts. 45-tf

AGENT FOR LLOYD'S.
THE UNDERSIGNED begs to notify to Merchants, Shipowners, and Shipmasters, that he has received the appointment of AGENT at these islands for Lloyd's, London.
ROBERT C. JANION.
Honolulu, March 25th, 1856. 47-tf

AGENT FOR THE
Liverpool Underwriters' Association.
THE UNDERSIGNED begs to notify to Merchants, Shipowners and Shipmasters, that he has received the appointment of AGENT at these islands for the *Liverpool Underwriter's Association.*
ROBERT C. JANION.
Honolulu, March 25th 1846. 47-tf

FLORENS STAPENHORST,
Agent for the Bremen Board of Underwriters.
THE UNDERSIGNED having been appointed Agent for the Bremen Board of Underwriters, begs to inform the commercial public in general, that all average claims against the said Underwriters, occurring in or about this Kingdom, will have to be verified by him. Masters of Bremen vessels entering this or any other port of the Hawaiian Islands, in distress or average, are requested to apply to the same at their earliest convenience.
FLORENS STAPENHORST.
Honolulu, 1st July, 1854. 42 tf Office Nuuanu-street.

KRULL & MOLL,
Agents of the Hamburg and Lubeck Underwriters,
Honolulu, Oahu, S. I. 18-tf

Honolulu Family Market,
(Formerly the Rose Cottage Market,)
Honolulu, Oahu, S. I.
THE UNDERSIGNED, would respectfully inform the Residents and Shipmasters, that they can be supplied with the best Beef Pork and Mutton, at his establishment nearly opposite the Bethel, at the very lowest prices. Families, Hotels and Boarding Houses can be supplied at any time of day with the best Sausages, Pork, Sugar Cured Hams &c.
N. B. Shipping supplied with Corned Beef Live Stock and Vegetables, at the shortest notice on reasonable terms.
12-tf B. F. HARDER, Proprietor.

W. BENSON'S
Polynesian Daguerrean Gallery,
MERCHANT STREET.
Over the Office of the "Pacific Commercial Advertiser."
PICTURES TAKEN IN ANY WEATHER. 8-tf

H. STANGENWALD,
HONOLULU DAGUERREAN GALLERY,
King street, opposite the Globe Hotel.
47 Pictures taken in any weather. tf

FELDHEIM & CO.,
Importers and Commission Merchants,
Queen st., Honolulu, Oahu, S. I. 35-tf

G. H. BURGESS,
Artist and Wood Engraver. 32-tf

C. H. MARSHALL,
Cooper, Honolulu, Oahu, S. I.,
Has removed his shop to the yard in rear of the store formerly occupied by Punchard & Co., and would respectfully inform the public that he is now prepared to execute any order in the cooperage line, at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. Tubs, shower baths, and work of every description made to order.-35-tf

W. R. CUTHBERT.
Agent for the Shipment of Foreign Seamen.
Office on Kaahumanu st.,
Directly opposite the Store of J. C. Spalding, Esq.
N. B.—Having conformed with the Shipping Law passed by the last Legislature, relating to the shipment of Foreign Seamen, W. R. Cuthbert is now prepared to transact all the necessary business connected with his office, and hopes that by strict attention to his business he will merit the patronage of the Floating Public. 20-tf

S. JOHNSON,
Carpenter, Merchant Street.
N. B.—Houses to let. 8-tf

F. EVANS,
CARPENTER,
Next door to the Wesleyan Chapel, Nuuanu Valley. Building and all Jobbing done on very low terms. 5-6m*

C. H. LEWERS,
Carpenter and Lumber Merchant,
Fort Street, Honolulu. 27-tf

FISCHER & JURGENS,
Cabinet Makers and French Polishers,
Hotel St., opposite Government House. 43-6m

C. A. TANER,
Sail Maker, Honolulu, Oahu, S. I.
Has constantly on hand and for sale, hemp and cotton Canvass, Duck, Rigging, Patent Blocks, Needles, Old Sails and everything appertaining to the trade. Orders promptly attended to, and executed with quick despatch.

BUSINESS CARDS.

J. T. WRIGHT, JR.,
Agent of
Hawaiian Steam Navigation Co.
26-tf

G. CLARK,
DEALER IN DRY AND FANCY GOODS,
45 tf Hotel Street, Honolulu.

SAVIDGE & MAY,
GROCERS, COFFEE ROASTERS
AND PROVISION MERCHANTS.
KING STREET, NEAR THE BETHEL.
46-tf

McCOLGAN & CAMPBELL.
MERCHANT TAILORS,
Fort st., opposite Bay Horse Hotel. 9tf

T. E. HAMILTON,
Accountant and general Agent.
Tradesmen's Books made up and Accounts made out and collected. Office corner of Alakea and Hotel streets. 13 tf

GODFREY RHODES,
ACCOUNTANT AND GENERAL AGENT,
OFFERS HIS SERVICES as a Broker, in bringing up books, making out and collecting accounts, translating from and into the French and Hawaiian languages, &c. &c.
Office at the store of Mr. H. Rhodes, opposite Mr. Monsarrat's Auction Room. 11tf

R. S. HOLLISTER,
Attorney and Councellor at Law,
and Solicitor in Chancery.
Kolou, Kauai. 10-13*

C. H. NICHOLSON,
Merchant Tailor.
[Establishment opposite Seamen's Chapel,]
Honolulu, Oahu, H. I.
A large assortment of Broadcloths, Cassimeres and Linen Drillings, constantly for sale. Garments made at short notice, in latest fashion. 35-tf

T. MOSSMAN, T. MOSSMAN JR.
MOSSMAN & SON,
Bakers, Grocers and Dealers in Dry Goods.
Nuuanu St. Honolulu, Oahu, S. I. 35-tf

F. L. JONES,
RETAIL DEALER IN
DRY GOODS, CLOTHING &C.,
Corner of Queen and Nuuanu Streets.
Honolulu, H. I. 50-tf

P. EMMERT
Lithographer.
PORTRAITS, Landscapes, Private Residences Maps, Plans Bill-heads, Circulars, Labels, Business, Show, and Visiting Cards, neatly Lithographed and Engraved.
Portraits and Landscapes painted in Oil or Water-Colors. All orders neatly and promptly executed. Caranaves' Building, over Vincent Grenier, Nuuanu St., Honolulu. 29-tf

D. N. FLITNER,
CONTINUES his old business at the new store in Marsden's new fire proof building next door above Dr. Hoffman's Drug Store on Kaahumanu street.
Chronometers Rated by observations of the sun and stars with a transit instrument accurately adjusted to the Meridian of Honolulu. Particular attention given to fine watch repairing. Sextant and Quadrant glasses silvered and adjusted. Charts and Nautical instruments constantly on hand and for sale.
Honolulu, Nov. 17th, 1852. 28-tf

J. FOX, *BAKER AND GROCER*, Nuuanu st., between Hotel and Chaplain sts., Honolulu respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he constantly has on hand a well selected stock of Groceries, best Flour in barrels and 1-4 bags, best Fresh Butter, Cheese, Ham, Rice, Preserves in tins, etc., etc., all of which he offers for sale cheap.
N. B. Best Fresh Bread, **12 Loaves for One Dollar.**
Hot Mince, Cranberry, Gooseberry, Apple and Banana Pies, daily. 35-6m

IRON BEDSTEADS, single, double, and children's; Sugar Mills, Copying Presses, Coffin Furniture, Brassware, Chests of Tools, Door Scrapers, &c., &c., for sale by
47-tf ROBERT C. JANION.

HARDWARE, Holloware and Earthenware, for sale by 47-tf ROBERT C. JANION.

NAVY BILLS and WHALERS' BILLS taken at the lowest rates by
47-tf ROBERT C. JANION.

Cargo for the Fall Season.
The new A 1. 13 years, British Clipper Barque
"AVERY,"
380 tons per register, Jelland, Master, was to leave Liverpool on or about the 1st. inst., with a full complete cargo of European goods, selected expressly for this market; and will be fully due at this port on the 1st. October next.
ROBERT C. JANION.
Honolulu, May 23rd, 1856. 3-tf

The Northern Assurance Company, (Established 1836.)
FOR FIRE and Life Assurance at home and abroad.
CAPITAL £1,259,760 STERLING.
The undersigned has been appointed Agent for the Sandwich Islands.
ROBERT CHESHIRE JANION.
June 16th, 1856. 7-tf at Honolulu.

SUPERIOR CHAMPAGNE, from Chalons sur Marne, for sale by
50-tf ROBERT C. JANION.

DRY GOODS and CLOTHING, in great variety, for sale by
47-tf ROBERT C. JANION.

WANTED.—An unmarried man, 37 years of age, who has had fourteen years experience in mercantile business, and a good accountant, wishes to obtain employment in any respectable business. He has resided on the Islands four years, and would demand but a moderate salary. Address M. D., Box 25, Post Office. 29-tf

FOR SALE by the Agent, Hudson's Bay Company,
200 doz. Byass' Ale, qrts,
150 " Allsop's do do.
4 packets best English Hops.
April 10, 1856. 49-tf

WILLIAM GREIG
OFFERS for sale at his Store in King-street, next door to H. Dimond, the following goods, expressly selected for this market, and imported from Scotland and England, viz.:
White dress shirts of superior quality, babies' robes, chemisettes, collars, boys' Glengary caps, coats, cotton threads, sprig-muslin, printed muslin, carpet bags, superior quality, ladies's enamelled bags, do steel-chain do., do. plush do., India-rubber air-tight cushions, assortment of ribbons. An assortment of CUTLERY and HARDWARE, Sheffield manufacture, among which attention is specially called to table cutlery, razors and choice pen-knives.
Also—On hand, a quantity of FLOUR. 1-tf

The Polynesian.

[From the Boston Daily Advertiser.]

The Last Voyage of the Resolute.

(Concluded from our last.)

Here we must stop a moment, to tell what one of these sledge parties is, by whose efforts so much has been added to our knowledge of Arctic geography, in journeys which could never have been achieved in ships or boats. In the work of the "Resolute's" parties in this spring of 1853, Commander McClintock travelled 1325 miles with his sledge,—and Lieut. Mecham 1168 miles with his, through regions before wholly unexplored. The sledge, as we have said, is, in general contour, not unlike a Yankee wood-sled—about eleven feet long. The runners are curved at each end. The sledge is fitted with a light canvass trough so adjusted, that, in case of necessity, all the stores, &c., can be ferried over any narrow lane of water in the ice. There are packed on this sled a tent for eight or ten men; five or six pikes, one or more of which is fitted as an ice chisel; two large buffalo skins, a water-tight floor cloth, which contrives—

"——a double debt to pay,
A floor by night, the sledge's sail by day"—

(and it must be remembered that "day" and "night" in those regions are very equivocal terms). There are, besides, a cooking apparatus, of which the fire is made in spirit or tallow lamps, one or two guns, a pick and shovel, instruments for observation, pannikins, spoons, and a little epitome of such necessaries, with the extra clothing of the party. Then the provision—the supply of which measures the length of the expedition, consists of about a pound of bread and a pound of pemmican per man per day, six ounces of pork, and a little preserved potato, rum, lime juice, tea, chocolate, sugar, tobacco, or other such creature comforts. The sled is fitted with two drag-ropes, at which the men haul. The officer goes ahead to find the best way among hummocks of ice, or masses of snow. Sometimes in a smooth floe, before the wind, the floor cloth is set for a sail, and she runs off merrily, perhaps with several of the crew on board, and the rest running to keep up. But sometimes over broken ice, it is a constant task to get her on at all. You hear, "one, two, three, *haul*," all day long, as she worked out of one ice "cradle-hole" over a hummock into another. Different parties select different hours for travelling. Capt Kellett finally considered that the best division of time, when, as usual, they had constant daylight, was to start at four in the afternoon, travel till ten P. M., *breakfast* then, tent and rest four hours; travel four more, tent, dine and sleep nine hours. This secured sleep, when the sun was the highest and most trying to the eyes. The distances accomplished with this equipment are truly surprising.

Each man, of course, is dressed as warmly as flannel, woollen cloth, leather and seal-skin will dress him. For such long journeying, the study of boots becomes a science, and our authorities are full of discussions as to canvass or woollen, or carpet or leather boots, of strings and of buckles. When the time "to tent" comes, the pikes are fitted for tent poles, and the tent set up, its door to leeward on the ice or snow. The floor cloth is laid for the carpet. At an hour fixed, all talking must stop. There is just room enough for the party to lie side by side on the floor cloth. Each man gets into a long felt bag, made of heavy felting literally nearly half an inch thick. He brings this up wholly over his head and buttons himself in. He has a little hole in it to breath through. Over the felt is sometimes a brown holland bag, meant to keep out moisture. The officer lies farthest in the tent,—as being next the wind, the point of hardship and so of honor. The cook for the day lies next the doorway, as being first to be called. Side by side the others lie between. Over them all, Mackintosh blankets with buffalo robes are drawn by what power this deponent sayeth not,—not knowing. No watch is kept,—for there is little danger of intrusion. Once a whole party was startled by a white bear smelling at them, who waked one of their dogs, and a droll time they had of it, springing to their arms while enveloped in their sacks. But we remember no other instance where a sentinel was needed. And occasionally in the journals, the officer notes that he overslept in the morning, and did not "call the cook" early enough. What a passion is sleep to be sure, that one should oversleep with such comforts round him!

Some thirty or forty parties, thus equipped, set out from the "Resolute" while she was under Capt. Kellett's charge, on various expeditions. As the journey of Lieut. Pim to the "Investigator" at Banks Land was that on which turned the great victory of her voyage, we will let that stand as a specimen of all. None of the others, however, were undertaken at so early a period of the year, and, on the other hand, several others were much longer,—some of them as has been said, occupying three months and more.

Lieut. Pim had been appointed in the autumn to the "Banks Land search," and had carried out his depots of provisions when the other officers took theirs. Capt. McClure's chart and dispatch made it no longer necessary to have that coast surveyed, but made it all the more necessary to have some one go and see if he was still there. The chances were against this, as a whole summer had intervened since he was heard from. Lieut. Pim proposed, however, to travel all round Banks Land, which is an island about the size and shape of Ireland,—in search of him, Collinson, Franklin or anybody. Capt. Kellett, however, told him not to attempt this with his force, but to return to the ship by the route he went. First he was to go the Bay of Mercy; if the "Investigator" was gone, he was to follow any traces of her,—and, if possible, communicate with her, or her consort, the "Enterprise."

Lieut. Pim started with a sledge and seven men, and a dog sledge with two under Dr. Domville, the surgeon, who was to bring back the earliest news from the Bay of Mercy to the captain. There was a relief sledge to go part way and return. For the intense cold of this early season, they had even more careful arrangements than those we have described. Their tent was doubled. They had extra macintoshes, and whatever else could be devised. They had bad luck at starting,—broke down one sledge and had to send back for another,—had bad weather and must encamp, once for three days. "Fortunately," says the lieutenant of this encampment, "the temperature arose from fifty-one below zero, to thirty-six below, and there remained," while the drift accumulated to such a degree around the tents, that within them the thermometer was only twenty below, and, when they cooked, rose to zero. A pleasant time of it they must have had there on the ice, for those three days, in their bags smoking and sleeping! No wonder that on the fourth day they found they moved slowly, so cramped and benumbed were they. This morning a new sledge came to them from the ship, they got out of their bags, packed and got under way again. They were still running along shore, but soon sent back the relief party which had brought the new sled, and in a few days more set out to cross the Strait, some twenty-five to thirty miles wide, which when it is open, as no man has ever seen it, is one of the North West Passages discovered by these expeditions.

Horrible work it was! Foggy and dark so they could not choose the road, and, as it happened, lit on the very worse mass of broken ice in the channel. Just as they entered on it one black raven must needs appear. "Bad luck," said the men. And when Mr. Pim shot a musk ox, their first, and the wounded creature got away, "So much for the raven," they croaked again. Only three miles the first day, four miles the second day, two and a half the third, and a half a mile the fourth; this was all they gained by most laborious hauling over the broken ice, dragging one sledge at a time, and sometimes carrying forward the stores separately and going back for the sledges. Two days more gave them eight miles more, but on the seventh day on this narrow strait, the dragging being a little better, the great sledge slipped off a smooth hummock, broke one runner to smash, and "there they were."

If the two officers had a little bit of a "tiff" out there on the ice with the thermometer at eighteen below, only a little dog sledge to get them anywhere, their ship a hundred miles off, fourteen days travel as they had come, nobody ever knew it, they kept their secret from us, it is nobody's business, and it is not to be wondered at. Certainly they did not agree. The Doctor, whose sled, the "James Fitzjames," was still sound, thought they had best leave the stores and all go back; but the Lieutenant, who had the command, did not like to give it up so, he took the dogs and the "James Fitzjames" and its two men and went on, leaving the Doctor on the floe, but giving him directions to go back to land with the wounded sledge and wait for him to return. And the Doctor did it, like a spirited fellow, travelling back and forth for what he could not take in one journey, as the man did in the story who had a pack of corn, a goose and a wolf to get across the river. Over ice, over hummock the Lieutenant went on his way with his dogs, not a bear nor a seal nor a hare nor a wolf to feed them with, preserved meats, which had been put up with dainty care for men and women, all he had for the ravenous, tasteless creatures, who would have been more pleased with blubber, came to Banks Land at last, but no game there; awful drifts; shut up in the tent for a whole day, and he himself so sick he could scarcely stand! There were but three of them in all, and the Captain of the sledge not unnaturally asked poor Pim, when he was at the worst, "What shall I do, Sir, if you die?" Not a very comforting question!

He did not die. He got a few hours sleep:—felt better and started again,—but had the discouragement of finding such tokens of an open strait the last year that he felt sure, that the ship he was going to look for, would be gone. One morning, he had been off for game for the dogs, unsuccessfully, and when he came back to his men, learned that they had seen seventeen deer. After them goes Pim:—finds them to be *three hares*, magnified by fog and mirage, and their long ears answering for horns. This same day they got upon the Bay of Mercy. No ship in sight! Right across it goes the Lieutenant to look for records,—when, at 2 in the afternoon Robert Hoile sees something black up the bay. Through the glass the Lieutenant makes it out to be a ship. They change their direction at once. Over the ice towards her! He leaves the sledge at 3 and goes on. How far it seems! At 4 he can see people walking about, and a pile of stones and flag staff on the beach. Keep on Pim, shall one never get there? At 5 he is within a hundred yards of her and no one has seen him. But just then, the very persons see him who ought to! Pim beckons, waves his arms as the Esquimaux do in sign of friendship. Captain McClure and his Lieut. Haswell are "taking their exercise," the chief business of those winters, and at last see him! Pim is as black as Erebus from the smoke of cooking in the little tent. McClure owns, not to surprise only, but to a twinge of dismay. "I paused in my advance," says he "doubting who or what it could be, a denizon of this or the other world." But this only lasts a moment. Pim speaks. Brave man that he can. How his voice must have choked, as if he were in a dream "I am Lieutenant Pim, late of Herald." Capt. Kellett, "is at Melville Island." Well chosen words Pim, to be sent in advance over the hundred yards of floe! Nothing about the "Resolute" which would have confused them. But "Pim," "Herald" and "Kellett," were among the last signs of England they had seen,—all this was intelligible. An excellent little speech,—which the brave man had been getting ready, perhaps, as one does a telegraphic despatch, for the hours that he had been walking over the floe to her. Then such shaking hands,—such a greeting. Poor McClure could not speak at first. One of the men at work got the news on board, and up through the hatches poured everybody, sick and well to see the black stranger, and to hear his news from England. It was nearly three years since they had seen any civilized man but themselves.

The 28th of July, three years before, Commander McClure had sent his last despatch to the Admiralty. He had then prophesied just what in three years he had almost accomplished. In the winter of 1850 he had discovered the North West Passage. He had come round into one branch of it, Banks's Straits, in the next summer,—had gladly taken refuge on the Bay of Mercy in a gale,—and his ship had never left it since. Let it be said in passing, that most likely she is there now. In his last despatches he had told the Admiralty not to be anxious about him if he did not arrive home before the autumn of 1854. As it proved, that autumn he did come with all his men whom he had not sent home before, and those who had died. When Pim found them, all the crew but thirty were under orders for marching, some to Baffin's Bay, some to the Mackenzie River on their return to England. McClure was going to stay with the rest, and come home with the ships, if they could; if not, by sledges to Port Leopold, and so by a steam launch which he had seen left there for Franklin in 1849. But the arrival of Mr. Pim put an end to all these plans. We have his long despatch to the Admiralty explaining them, finished only the day before Pim arrived. It gives the history of his three years exile from the world,—an exile crowded full of effective work; in a record which gives a noble picture of the man. The Queen has made him Sir Robert McClure since, in honor of his great discovery.

Banks Land, or Baring Island, the two names belong to the same island, on the shores of which McClure and his men had spent most of the e two years or more, is an island on which they were first of civilized men to land. For people who are not very particular, the measurement of it which we gave before, viz: that it is about the size and shape, of Ireland, is precise enough. There is high land in the Interior probably, as the winds from in shore are cold. The crew found coal and dwarf willow which they could burn,—lemnings, ptarmigan, hares, reindeer and musk oxen, which they could eat.

"Farewell to the land where I often have wended
My way o'er its mountains and valleys of snow,
Farewell to the rocks and the hills I've ascended,
The bleak arctic home of the lonesome and the dor,
Farewell to the deep glens where oft has resounded
The snow bunting's song, as she carrolled her lay,
To the hill side and plain, by the green sorrel bounded,
Till struck by the blast of a cold winter's day."

There is a bit of description of Bank's land, from the Anthology of that country, which, so far as we know, consists of two poems by a seaman named Nelson, one of Capt. McClure's crew. The highest temperature ever observed on this "gem of the sea" was 53° in midsummer. The lowest was 65° below zero in Jan 1853; that day the thermometer did not rise to 60° below, that month was never warmer than 16° below, and the average of the month was 43° below. A pleasant climate to spend three years in!

One day for talk was all that could be allowed, after Mr. Pim's amazing appearance. On the 8th of April, he and his dogs and Capt. McClure and a party were ready to return to our friend the "Resolute." They picked up Dr. Domville on the way, he had got the broken sledge mended and killed five musk oxen, against they came along. He went on in the dog sledge to tell the news, but McClure and his men kept pace with them,—and he and Dr. Domville had the telling of the news together.

It was decided that the "Investigator" should be abandoned, and the "Intrepid" and "Resolute" made room for her men. Glad greeting they gave them too, as British seamen can give. More than half the crews were away when the "Investigator's" parties came in, but by July everybody had returned. They had found islands where the charts had guessed there was sea, and sea where they had guessed there was land;—had changed peninsulas into islands and islands into peninsulas. Away off beyond the 78th parallel, Mr. McClintock had christened the furthest dot of land, "Ireland's eye,' as if his native island were peering off into the unknown there:—a great island, which will be our farthest now, for years to come, had been named "Prince Patrick's Land," in honor of the baby prince who was the youngest when they left home. Will he not be tempted, when he is a man, to take a crew like another Madoc, and, as younger sons of queens should, go and settle upon this tempting god-child? They had heard from Sir Edward Belcher's part of the squadron; they had heard from England,—had heard of everything but Sir John Franklin. They had even found an ale bottle of Capt. Collinson's expedition,—but not a stick nor a straw to show where Franklin or his men had lived or died. Two officers of the Investigator were sent home to England this summer by a ship from Beechy Island, the head quarters,—and thus we heard in October, 1853, of the discovery of the North West Passage.

After their crews were on board again,—and the "Investigator's" sixty stowed away also, the "Resolute" and "Intrepid" had a dreary summer of it. The ice would not break up. They had hunting parties on shore and races on the floe,—but the captain could not send the "Investigator's" home as he wanted to, in his steam tender. All his plans were made, and made on a manly scale,—if only the ice would open. He built a store house on the island for Collinson's people, or for you, reader, and us if we should happen there,—and stored it well and left this record:—

"This is a house which I have named the "Sailor's Home," under the especial patronage of my Lord's Commissioners of the Admiralty.

"*Here* royal sailors and marines are fed, clothed, and receive double pay for inhabiting it."

In that house is a little of everything, and a good deal of victuals and drink,—but nobody has been there since the last of the "Resolute's" men came away.

At last, the 17th of August, a day of foot racing and jumping in bags, and wrestling,—all hands present, as at a sort of "Isthmian games," ended with a gale, a cracking up of ice,—and the "Investigator's" thought they were on their way home, and Kellett thought he was to have a month of summer yet. But no,—"there is nothing certain in this navigation from one hour to the next." The "Resolute" and "Intrepid" were never really free of ice all that autumn, drove and drifted to and fro in Barrow's Straits till the 12th of November, and then froze up, without anchoring, off Cape Cockburn, perhaps one hundred and forty miles from their harbor of the last winter. The log-book of that winter is a curious record; the ingenuity of the officer in charge was well tasked to make one day differ from another. Each day has the first entry for "ship's position," thus, "In the floe off Cape Cockburn;" and the blank for the second entry, thus,—"in the same position." Lectures, theatricals, schools, &c., whiled away the time, but there could be no autumn travelling parties, and not much hope for discovery in the summer.

Spring came. The captain went over ice in his little dog sled to Beechy Island—and received his directions to abandon his ships. It appears that he would rather have sent most of his men forward, and with a small crew, brought the "Resolute" home, that autumn or the next. But Sir Edward Belcher considered his orders peremptory "that the safety of the crews must preclude any idea of extricating the ships." Both ships were to be abandoned. Two distant travelling parties were away, one at the "Investigator," one looking for traces of Collinson, which they found. Word was left for them, at a proper point, not to seek the ship again, but to come on to Beechey Island. And at last, having fitted the "Intrepid's" engines so that she could be under steam in two hours—having stored both ships with equal proportions of provisions—and made both vessels "ready for occupation," the captain caulked down the hatches—and with all the crew he had not sent on before—forty-two persons in all, left her Monday the 15th of May, 1854, and started with the sledges for Beechey Island.

Poor old "Resolute"! All this gay company is gone who have made her sides split with their laughter. Here is Harlequin's dress lying in one of the wardrooms, but there is nobody to dance Harlequin's dances. "Here is a lovely clear day—surely to-day they will come on deck and take a meridian!" No—nobody comes. The sun grows hot on the decks—but it is all one—nobody looks at the thermometer! "And so the poor ship was left all alone." Such gay times has she had with all these brave young men on board. Such merry winters, such a lightsome summer! So much fun—so much nonsense. So much science and wisdom, and now it is all so still! Is the poor "Resolute" conscious of the change? Does she miss the races on the ice—the scientific lecture every Tuesday—the occasional racket and bustle of the theatre, and the worship of every Sunday? Has not she shared the hope of Captain Kellett, of McClure, and of the crew that she may *break out well!* She sees the last sledge leave her. The captain drives off his six dogs—vanishes over the ice, and they are all gone. "Will they not come back again?" says the poor ship. And she looks wistfully across the ice to her little friend the steam tender "Intrepid," and she sees there is no one there. "'Intrepid'! 'Intrepid'!! have they really deserted us? We have served them so well, and have they really left us alone?" A great many were travelling last year, but they came home. Will not any of these come home now? No, poor Resolute! Not one of them ever came back again! Not one of them meant to. Summer came. August came. No one can tell how soon, but some day or other this, her icy prison, broke up—and the good ship found herself on her own element again. Shook herself proudly—we cannot doubt—nodded joyfully across to the "Intrepid" and was free. But alas! there was no master to take latitude and longitude, no helmsman at the wheel. In clear letters cast in brass over her helm there are these words:

"England expects each man to do his duty." But here is no man to heed the warning, and the rudder flaps this way and that way, no longer directing her course—but stupidly swinging to and fro. And she drifts here and there—drifts out of sight of her little consort—strands on a bit of ice floe now—and then is swept off from it—and finds herself without even the "Intrepid's" company, alone on these blue seas with those white shores. But what utter loneliness! Poor Resolute! She longed for freedom—but what is freedom—where there is no law. What is freedom without a helmsman! And the "Resolute" looks back so sadly to the old days when she had a master. And the short bright summer passes. And, again she sees the sun set from her decks. And now even her top-masts see it set. And now it does not rise to her deck. And the next day it does not rise to her top-mast, winter and night together! She has known them before! But now it is winter and night and loneliness all together. This horrid ice closes up round her again. And there is no one to bring her into harbor—she is out in the open Sound. If the ice drifts west, she must go west. If it goes east, she must go east. Her seeming freedom is over—and for that long winter she is chained again. But her heart is true to old England. And when she can go east, she is so happy! and when she must go west, she is so sad! Eastward she does go! Southward she does go! True to the instinct which sends us all home, she tracks undirected and without a sail, the fifteen hundred miles of that sea without a beacon, which separates her from her own. And so goes a dismal year "Perhaps another spring, they will come and find me out, and fix things below. It is getting dreadfully damp down there: and I cannot keep the guns bright and the floors dry." No, good old "Resolute." May and June pass of the next year, and nobody comes—and here you are all alone out in the Bay, drifting in this dismal pack. July and August—the days are growing shorter again. Will nobody come and take care of me, and cut off these horrid blocks of ice, and see to these sides of bacon in the hold, and all these mouldy sails, and this powder, and the bread and the spirit that I have kept for them so well. It is September, and the sun begins to set again. And here is another of those awful gales. Will it be my very last? I all alone here—who have done so much—and if they would only take care of me I can do so much more. "Will nobody come? Nobody? . . . . What! Is it possible—are my poor old look-outs blind? Is not there the "Intrepid"? Dear "Intrepid," I will never look down on you again! No! there is no smoke-stack, it is not the "Intrepid." But it is somebody. Pray see me, good somebody. Are you a Yankee whaler? I am glad to see the Yankee whalers. I remember the Yankee whalers very pleasantly. We had a happy summer together once. . . . . It will be dreadful if they do not see me! But this ice, this wretched ice! They do see me—I know they see me, but they cannot get at me. Do not go away, good Yankees; pray come and help me. I know I can get out if you will help a little. . . . . But now it is a whole week and they do not come! Are there any Yankees? or am I getting crazy? I have heard them talk of crazy old ships in my young days. . . . . No! I am not crazy. They are coming! they are coming. Brave Yankees! over the hummocks, down into the slud