

and his wife and Hans Christian seemed to have been in most constant attendance upon Captain Hall during his sickness according to their accounts. Joe speaks better English and is generally more intelligible than Hans, though a great deal of caution and preparation are necessary to make them communicative and to avoid mistaking their meaning. They have a habit of giving utterance to disjointed and ejaculatory clauses, which is apt to perplex one not accustomed to such a method of conversation. There is, however, a bright expression of understanding about the dark eye, which now and then extends itself over the swarthy features in proportion to the amount of feeling created by the subject of discussion. Their very significant gesticulations, too, operate as a most intelligent means of communicating their ideas—equal to any pantomime. There is a great deal of sincerity (apparent at all events) in their countenances, which, in these instances, I am much inclined to believe a true indication of character. Joe and Hannah and Hans, at first, when your correspondent interviewed them, exhibited a great deal of cautious (if not timorous) reserve, but it gradually decreased, till they conversed (each separate from the others) without any restraint. All the Esquimaux showed an uncommon fondness for Captain Hall. In order to prevent misconception I prefer to give their own words in reference to Captain Hall's death.

**JOE, THE ESQUIMAUX'S SON.**  
Joe says (partly in answer to my inquiries and partly speaking on his own account, without being interrogated at all):—

Very fond of Captain Hall. We were crushed in ice. Didn't like Buddington; always talking behind back; asking story all time. Ship's stern broken. Blow hard when drove from ship. Couldn't get aboard. Some men here (in St. Johns) and some in ship used to quarrel. I went with Captain Hall purpose to go sledge to North. After Hall died Buddington wouldn't go. I see with two eyes and two ear. I tell Buddington. I come to go North. He wouldn't let me go. Buddington and I quarrelled good deal about it. I went with Hall on last sled and Hans and Chester (the mate). We went fifty miles north of ship on ice and land. Found musk ox tracks on land. Sun nearly gone when came back to ship. Hall told me when sick

**SOMEBODY GIVE HIM SOMETHING BAD.**  
He was sick two weeks. Buddington did not take care of him. I think it not right; made me feel bad. Sick man good man, too. Throat swelled something; couldn't drink. Said he burn inside. I stopped up with him every night with another man; he sleep I wake, I wake he sleep. Hall was in cabin. I talked to Hall much. He no talk to others much as me. I didn't see Hall in first night after he came aboard from sled. Came aboard with him in afternoon. He looked well, happy, and spoke nice. The four of us—

**HALL, CHESTER, HANS AND JOE.**  
Had coffee when came aboard. I had mine in my own room, underneath cabin. Hall in cabin, and two others in galley. At 10 o'clock that night my wife told me

**HALL VERY SICK; VOMITING;**  
eat something. Next morning I go see him and say, "What matter?" He all alone in cabin. He say, "You pretty well, Joe?" I say "Yes." He say, "You drink bad coffee last night?" I say "No." I ask him, "Did he drink bad coffee?" He say, "Something bad in coffee I drink last night, making me sick and stomach bad." Same morning he get very sick, vomiting. After five days he feel better; wake up and say he want to see my little girl, and say to her he think he would leave her, but didn't like. After he get better he get four doctor books to try and see what make him sick. He study hard, and say to me, "That name is makin' me sick." [Joe explained that he (Captain Hall) here pointed to a name in one of the books, which he read out.] It was

**SOMETHING ABOUT POISON, I THINK.**  
After Hall die everybody watching one another. Me no understand what they mean. All afraid somebody put down poison in water, bread or something. It looked like it he was poisoned to me all same. Buddington didn't like to go to cabin. He was quarrelling all time.

**HANS CHRISTIAN'S STATEMENT**  
upon this subject, though much briefer, is to the same effect. He is more significant in his action than Joe, although less intelligible in his speech. He represented, or rather limited, the symptoms of paralysis upon Captain Hall, confining himself to the part he said he was affected, which I understood to be the right side. He made use, when speaking of Hall's illness, of the remarkable words, "Me plenty saved, but not much speak English," and in connection with that he

**SEVERAL TIMES CALLED "FORBIDDEN,"**  
which I understood from him afterwards to mean poison.  
He said—I went in sled with Captain Hall. Aboard ship I slept in fore-cabin. Captain Hall was well when he got aboard (i. e., from the sleighing expedition before alluded to). He laugh and cheerful when he got aboard; looked all right. Saw him when he was sick. Joe told me Captain was poisoned and not to tell; by and by he'd come to America and then tell.

[From Hans' language and gesture I judged he meant Hall was paralyzed partially on the right side. He spoke very indistinctly in reference to this.]  
I had a book, and wrote in Esquimaux about Captain Hall's sickness. It is now lost. The coffee did not make me nor Joe nor Chester sick. "Me plenty saved, but not much speak English. I think somebody kill him. All same Captain poison." Whether Hans meant this—"Captain poisoned," or "Captain poison him," I could not well gather, but I am inclined to think he meant to say "Captain was poisoned."

**MYSTERY SOMEWHERE.**  
The circumstances connected with the death of Captain Hall, thus collected, wear a palpable appearance of mystery. Setting aside the testimony of the Esquimaux, Hans and Joe, suspicion is inseparable from this version of the story. No doubt Captain Tyson and Mr. Myers are in possession of information which they are unwilling to communicate yet, but which will, doubtless, become public at the proper time. The facts stated, though their veracity be assumed—which induce the suspicion that there is something more, and that there has been a suppression, if not a perversion, of the truth—are that a man in perfect health, good spirits, and in the lively possession of all his faculties, should suddenly be prostrated by a dangerous and ultimately fatal illness, arising solely from the simple cause of

**DRINKING PART OF A CUP OF COFFEE**  
or from the heat of his cabin. It may be answered, however, that Captain Hall had just returned from an exploring expedition which had occupied a

fortnight; that during that period of time he had camped out upon the ice, in a temperature of extreme cold, without the luxuries and comforts of his ship; that the system had become assimilated to this mode of living, and the sudden transition from excessive cold to extreme heat sufficiently explained the consequences. Still this, which is the only explanation to be given, will hardly stand the test of strict scrutiny.

In the first place, it does not appear that there was any occasion for serious exposure during this expedition, nor was there any, in fact. On the contrary, the bitterest cold of the Arctic Winter had not yet set in, as we shall presently see. The journey was not upon drifting, or unsafe ice, but partly on land and partly on an immovable surface of ice. The expedition had their sleds, skins, food and all things necessary to their comfort or convenience, and encountered no unusual adventures. The fact of one suddenly entering a warm room and complaining of the heat is no remarkable occurrence, and is not shown to be connected in any way with the subsequent illness. There is no sufficient cause alleged to which it can be traced. The Doctor is said to have pronounced his disease apoplexy, and this is, of course, a question for medical knowledge and experience to determine. Apoplexy, generally understood to be a sudden affection of the system, terminating in sudden death, is, at all events, inconsistent with what is related of Captain Hall's disorder. There was nothing sudden about his death. He took to his bed; after five days became better; was then perfectly delirious, was partially paralyzed, and died (as Heron says) quite easily—

**WENT OUT "LIKE THE SNUFF OF A CANDLE."**  
With all due deference to the medical adviser, there is very little apoplexy about such an illness as that, nor does it appear that Captain Hall had the slightest predisposition to apoplexy. It has been said that this account, irrespective of the statements made by the Esquimaux, has not the *prima facie* character of truth; but, coupled with that evidence, which, the apoplexy excepted, does not conflict with, but rather explains it, there seems to remain no doubt but that Captain Hall was the

**VICTIM OF FOOT PLAY**  
at the hands of some person or persons on board, from which his death resulted. This is further evident from the fact that the strong impression upon his (Captain Hall's) own mind was that he had been poisoned. If such a design did exist in the minds of any on board the vessel it will be seen that no better opportunity to perpetrate the villainous deed could present itself than immediately on his return from a long journey, when his weary condition and probably want of refreshment could be easily availed of to practice the necessary imposition. If a motive for such a despicable act is wanting it may perhaps be inferred from many of the following circumstances:—

**THE QUARRELS ON BOARD.**  
In the circumscribed limits of a ship's company many differences, having their origin in incompatibility of disposition or character, or jealousy of superior attainments or general diversity of interest, and frequently more trivial and unworthy motives, which in the world at large, by reason of a less frequent collision, would but very seldom interfere with the harmony of society, are here constantly kept in view and augmented from time to time by their daily contact with one another, until at length they assume the form of open and bitter hostilities. So it would seem to be in this instance. And the isolated condition of the vessel, its peculiar situation and the extraordinary nature of the expedition afforded many opportunities for the exhibition of petty jealousies and small spite. That such miserable feelings were entertained towards Captain Hall cannot be for a moment doubted, as the following circumstances will show:—

**CAPTAIN HALL'S DEVOTION TO HIS WORK.**  
Captain Hall was devoted to his work, and all his efforts were strenuously exerted towards the North Pole, or such a high latitude as would determine the possibility of arriving at that long cherished object of his ambition. The Winter of 1871 was favorable to his purpose, and he had reached, as already stated, the highest known latitude, where the difficulties which obstructed his progress did not materially increase. They had passed what Kane supposed to be the Polar Sea, which now

**PROVED TO BE A SOUND.**  
Beyond this they penetrated into Robeson's Channel and were there on the last day of August, 1871. The admissions of some, and the statements of all, prove that had they continued here and pressed on they might at that time have penetrated into the sea beyond. Some idea of their locality may be given by the fact that from the observatory erected in Polaris Bay, in latitude 81 degrees 33 minutes, Cape Leber bore west 5 degrees south, distant about forty-five miles, while their present latitude was 82 degrees 15 minutes. But a few miles from here was a body of clear water, stretching as far as the eye could reach—it is estimated about eighty or ninety miles. Many important circumstances unmistakably indicated the existence of an unbroken ocean beyond the channel.

**MILD WEATHER, WITH FOGS AND MISTS**  
brought down by northerly winds, could come from no other source. Land was visible to the north and west of this body of water a great distance. Now was the moment to embrace the present favorable opportunity, which was liable to be defeated by the slightest sudden change, and by a prompt continuation of their hitherto successful adventure, achieve the glorious goal for which they had hazarded so much. But here, on the eve of an easy victory, arose that

**FATAL DIFFERENCE OF OPINION,**  
which blasted all the heroic explorer's prospects and rendered fruitless that mighty energy and labor which had already led him such a distance over the barren and inhospitable regions of the unknown North. The sailing master, Buddington, had several times expressed his anxiety to go no further, and strongly urged the necessity of retreating to winter at Port Hope, in latitude 78 degrees 30 minutes, nearly two hundred and forty miles south of their present highly advantageous position. Hall was determined to proceed, if possible, and would not consent to this latter proposition. Buddington, however, persisted,

**GROSSLY MISREPRESENTING THE DIFFICULTIES**  
and dangers of pressing further north or even remaining where they were. Buddington, being the navigator, was the judge of these expediences, and Hall, believing what Buddington had reported, at length consented to yield, and the ship returned and put up at Polaris Bay for the Winter. The rescued crew say they could not see any good reason for adopting this course; there was no neces-

sity, and; although the intelligent portion of them admit that there was the utmost amount of peril to be anticipated from venturing further, such as is incident at all times to an expedition of the kind, yet, they say, that it was their duty to pursue the object for which it was instituted unmindful of the danger, which was in fact not greater than previously. Before concluding to retreat

**HALL CALLED A COUNCIL,**  
consisting of himself, Captain Tyson, Chester (the mate) and Buddington, to consider which course was most advisable. At this council Captain Tyson strongly advocated Captain Hall's views, and urged the impropriety of desisting. The brave and the right cause was overruled, to which circumstance it is possible that Captain Hall owed his death. If the vessel had continued on its course, as Captain Hall desired and urged, the expedition would in all probability have been crowned with success, and the dreams of geographers and explorers been realized; but an unaccountable timidity, the offspring of a craven cowardice or other improper motive, annihilated the hopes of Captain Hall. Buddington, from the position which he occupied, was master of the situation; he said "Thus far have you gone—you shall go no further," and he was obeyed, reluctantly of course, as a matter of necessity. It is impossible to analyze the motives which prompted Buddington. From his knowledge of the Arctic regions he must have known that it was

**AS DANGEROUS TO TURN BACK AS TO PROCEED,**  
and that, if the vessel was to be frozen in, she might as well be frozen in at one place as another. The fact that Captain Tyson supported the views of Captain Hall furnishes additional confirmation that the latter was right and Buddington was wrong. Great expeditions have often failed through the ignorance, incompetence or obstinacy of subordinates, and it was so in this particular instance. The blame, if there is blame attending the failure of the expedition, will cleave to Buddington, unless he can, if still living, satisfactorily explain what now seems to be his unaccountable conduct. It is not too much to say that his action blasted all the hopes of his superior.

**A GREAT MAN'S END.**  
Although thwarted in his grand designs for the time, the explorer did not abandon his investigations, but, in company with the Esquimaux men and the mate, started upon the sledge expedition, from which he returned to die. Captain Hall appears to have been the only one of the scientific department who ventured.

So died and was buried Captain Hall—buried, like Sir John Moore, by "the lantern dimly burning," but unlighted by the ray of the assistant moon, in the howling wilderness of frozen ice, where the footfall of man was never heard nor had the sound of his voice ever disturbed the supremacy of the raging elements. Dust to dust! Ashes to ashes! The beautiful, though rudely rendered strains of the Episcopal service for the burial of the dead consigned the mortal to his primitive source and last resting place, but figuratively, indeed, for in that impenetrable territory of impenetrable rock and everlasting frost was there neither sod nor ashes to constitute the hero's sepulchre. And the blasts of Boreas wailed his requiem, and the unmitigated blackness of the Arctic Winter darkness, relieved but by the flickering flame of a single tannabea, proclaimed the gloom of his melancholy end, unerring presage of the uncertain light now alone remaining to direct the progress of the survivors. Rest thee, then, undaunted soldier, faithful in thy futile fight against the freaks and frolics of fickle fortune, honored, though fruitless raider in the former fate of faultless, fearless philanthropist!

Though the tomb of thy material remnant be not enshrouded 'neath the green sward of thy loved and loving parent land; though thou sleepest in company with the creeping and prowling denizens of that icy, night-bound shore, yet shall thy name repose with honor in the hearts of thy countrymen and the friends of science, and, save that the same surroundings cannot deck thy grave and enshrine it in their affections by those typical tokens, we may say, with the poet, of thou who art far from the land:—  
Oh, breathe not his name; let it rest in the shade  
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid;  
Sad, silent and dark be the tear that we shed;  
As the night dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

**AFTER HALL'S DEATH.**  
During the remainder of that Winter the weather in Polaris Bay was very mild for that locality. Captain Tyson says that the temperature was generally zero, or 5, 10 or 15 degrees below. About the latter part of the first Winter it was one day 58 degrees below. March was the coldest month, the thermometer being below 40 throughout. There was much moisture in the air, weather very foggy, aurora borealis seldom visible. The ice constantly broke up and was swept away south. There were many very

**HEAVY GALES OF WIND.**  
He concluded that if they did not find the North Pole they certainly had the Wind Pole. The wind was at the rate of fifty and sixty miles an hour. The scientific people could keep no account of it. It often blew them flat down on the ice. He picked up pebbles on the ice a mile and two miles from the mountains, whence the wind had blown them down. The cloudy weather, fogs and mists led him to believe that there was an expansive ocean immediately north of where the ship was—an ocean probably beset with drifting ice. They might, he says, have continued north and pressed into the ocean through Robeson's Channel, as they had plenty of coal. He thinks the land there, which separated them from the Spitzbergen Sea, is very narrow, but no attempt was made to cross it, which would have been a very great advantage in determining the character of the locality beyond. They twice attempted to find a harbor north, but could not.

Captain Tyson continued:—I don't know what the reason was for wintering in Polaris Bay. The sailing master, Buddington, several times wanted to stop the vessel and

**GO TO WINTER AT PORT HOPE,**  
where Hives wintered. Captain Hall wanted to go on, but believed it was not possible from Buddington's misrepresentations. Buddington was next in command after Hall's death, but he kept no discipline. Hall was a strict disciplinarian. We despised Buddington on account of his lying, cheating and stealing. The crew did not like Hall at first, but before his death they liked him very much, finding that his discipline was tempered with love, and that what he did was for the interests of all. Contrasting the dignity of his character with the meanness of that of Buddington they could not but bitterly mourn his loss; and if the disciples of the latter was not severe, all would have preferred the many rule of Hall, to the petting one of his successor.

**A SECOND ATTEMPT MADE.**  
It appears that on the 8th of June, in the following year (1872), another attempt was made under the command of Mr. Tyson to reach the North in two boats. One boat, in charge of Mr. Chester, the mate, was crushed by ice about July 7; the other boat was hauled up on the shore, and the men, who were about twenty-five miles off and were within communication, returned to the ship overland, as the sailing master was calling loudly for assistance because

**THE SHIP WAS LEAKY.**  
They were at that time watching an opportunity to get north, but none occurred. Northeast gales were piling up the ice, which drifted south. Could get no footing on it; it was crushed and all in hummocks. This was in Robeson's Channel, extending from 81 44 to 82 20 (or 25). Arrived at the ship they found her not in much distress—nothing like what was represented. She was leaking, but from an old leak caused by her breaking away in 1871 and swinging against an iceberg—called by Captain Hall "Providence Berg," on the sea of which she lay all that Winter.

**BUDINGTON ABANDONED THE EXPEDITION**  
altogether, and started for home on August 12. On the 15th of October the ship had drifted from latitude 30 deg. 2 min. to 77 deg. 33 min., where she encountered a heavy gale from south-east and was jammed by a heavy pressure of ice and bergs. The ice lifted her out of the water, so that she only drew six feet, and lay on her beam ends every low tide. At the six feet water mark she

**BROKE HER STERN**  
and started wood-ends. On the night of the 15th, fearing she would be crushed, and the vessel being reported leaking very badly, an order was given to shift provisions from ship to ice. They continued landing for two or three hours, when the pressure ceased. Tyson then went on board and asked the sailing master if the vessel was making any more water than usual; he reported that she was not. Tyson went to the pumps and ascertained that she was not making any more water than she had been making all Summer. He then went on the ice again. The rescued party were on the ice alongside the vessel where the provisions were deposited; the remainder of the ship's company were on board. The ice commenced to crack, and, in a few minutes more, broke up into pieces. The vessel broke from her fastenings, and was soon lost to sight.

**IN THE STORM AND DARKNESS.**  
On the broken ice were most of the provisions that had been taken from the ship, of which they succeeded in securing fourteen cans of pemican, eleven and a half bags of bread, ten dozen one and two-pound cans of meat and soup, fourteen hams, one small bag of chocolate, weighing twenty pounds, some musk-ox skins, a few blankets, a number of rifles and abundant ammunition.

As regards the moorings of the vessel, it seems that, had she been properly moored that night, she would have been able to hold on although Tyson says that he expected her to go as soon as the pressure of ice slackened. John Heron, being particularly interrogated

**AS TO HER MOORINGS,**  
says:—"The vessel was in great danger—timbers cracking and crashing; but I think if the fore-and-aft moorings had been properly secured she would have stood. The fore-and-aft hawser slipped and did not break; it was wrongly secured by a slippery hitch; it was done by a dreman, and not by one of the regular seamen; no seaman would have done that way."

The fastenings appear to have been ice anchors and hawsers made on to the main dog, on part of which the men were when the vessel broke away. The provisions were placed on the ice in anticipation of the vessel breaking away, with the women and children, to enable the crew to save all they could, and then jump for their lives if necessary.

**A MOMENT OF AGONY.**  
The prevailing impression among the unfortunate nineteen who were left behind was that Buddington had willfully abandoned them to their fate. He had been anticipating the breaking up of the ice for some time, and if he had wished to have Tyson and his companions on board he could easily have represented matters to them in such a light that they would not have ventured to be absent at so critical a juncture. But no such intimation was given to the men on the ice. The vessel did not drift away so suddenly that the men could not have been rescued from their perilous position; but

**RESCUE THERE WAS NONE.**  
and the inference is irresistible that the sailing master, thinking he would be rid of a troublesome companion in the person of Tyson, determined to seize the favorable opportunity, and, regardless of consequences, abandon the men to their fate whom it was his sacred duty to save. What must have been the feelings of the nineteen persons on the ice, five of whom were feeble women and helpless children, as they saw the vessel, which to them was the only means of salvation, drift slowly away? Around them was the breaking and floating ice, which every moment threatened to engulf all in the cold clutches of Death. Right in their sight the vessel moved away. They could not reach her. She could not or did not attempt to put back for them. Thoughts of home and friends, who in all probability might never be seen again, crowded upon the imagination, and it required all the efforts of the strong, brave men to quiet the weeping woman and children: if Buddington still lives and is accountable for the desertion he has

**A FRANK RESPONSIBILITY**  
upon his shoulders to which he should be strictly held to account. If it was impossible for him to have stayed the progress of the vessel on the first day, the day on which it drifted, there is no reason which can be ascertained why he should not have returned on the following day. The sea was clear enough for navigation, the distance made by the vessel could not have been very far from the locality in which Tyson and his companions were left. It was well known that the Polaris had plenty of coal on board. Why did she not return? To this question Buddington alone can make answer, and when he arrives home, if ever he does arrive, it will, doubtless, be asked in a way which will secure an answer. That the nineteen souls left behind believe that a very small exertion would have rescued them, and that that exertion was withheld, is undeniable from the statements they have made since they were landed by the Tigress. The stories they tell of the departure of the vessel are given below, and from them a correct impression can be gathered of

was with four others on the piece of ice that had provisions on it. It cracked and went adrift. We got back to the main dog in a scow or boat, which some under one of the men, but we all got safely back."  
Tyson says:—"I could have got aboard the vessel that night and been there now, but would not leave the women and children. My duty was on the ice. I thought he would get back to us next day, which he could have done. The breaking away was caused by the dog, to which the ship was fastened, drifting in between the land and some icebergs that were jammed. The jam broke up the dog and the vessel broke away. It was about

**NINE ON THE ICE ON THE 15TH NIGHT;**  
temperature about zero—that evening it had been nineteen degrees above. We did not save more than one-tenth of the provisions that were on the ice."

After the separation all lay down on the ice and went to sleep, except Tyson, who walked about all night. Next morning the vessel was not to be seen, and, knowing that their stock of provisions was not sufficient to last the whole company all Winter, they tried to make the land with a view to discover if there were any inhabitants in the locality to assist them in living through the Winter. Having got about half way to the shore, and the boats being heavily laden, progress became difficult on account of the drifting ice, and they were compelled to haul their boats on the ice again. At that time

**THE VESSEL CAME IN SIGHT,**  
under steam and canvas, rounding a point to the northwest. Instead of coming to the rescue, as they expected, she steamed along down the shore. They then set up a black rubber cloth, lashed to an ear on a pinnacle, which is the best mark in contrast with the ice and is easily distinguishable. The ship was at this time about eight or nine miles from the dog and must have seen the signal. She was soon lost to sight in the bend of the land and behind what they took to be Northumberland Island. The wind hauled to the northeast, the ice commenced drifting southwards, opening a little bay to the

**NORTHEAST OF NORTHUMBERLAND ISLAND.**  
There was the vessel in harbor, her sails furled, and no smoke issuing from her stack. They then attempted to bring the boats across the ice in an easterly direction, hoping to find water and reach the shore, to board the vessel from there; succeeded in dragging one boat across, took the water and attempted to reach the shore some distance below the vessel, but were driven back by the gale, drift and snow, and compelled to haul up the boat on the ice again. The vessel was about four or five miles from the dog at this time. The mainland was to the east, about three or four miles.

Tyson says:—"All that prevented us from reaching the vessel was 'slob' or 'posh' too thick for us to pull the boat through. If I had known what was to follow I would have gone through it or sunk. Had my men co-operated with me I

**COULD HAVE REACHED THE SHIP THAT DAY.**  
The men were tired and exhausted, but, though I had not slept at all the night before, I was ready for work, but was alone in my endeavors. It was Buddington's duty to come and take us on."

Joe says:—"The ice between us and the vessel that morning was all small posh. Any steamer could come through it to where we were. We could see the men aboard with spy-glass and they could see us."

Heron says:—"She might have come to us that morning, I think. My private opinion is she could. There was no disagreement at all on board. (Heron probably means on that particular day, as his other statements are inconsistent with there being no disagreement at all.)

**CAUSE OF THE DISAGREEMENT.**  
Captain Tyson thinks the ill-feeling and bad designs of Buddington and a few others, who were his accomplices, had continued from the first, on account of Captain Hall's determination to go as far north as possible, and Buddington's determination, from fear or whatever cause, that he should not. After Hall's death most of the others were in favor of continuing and pushing north, and Tyson says that Buddington several times expressed his determination to send them (Tyson and his party) "on the road to hell as soon as an opportunity offered." He characterizes Buddington as a great scoundrel, and declares that he

**PURPOSEDLY ABANDONED THEM TO DESTRUCTION.**  
He gives Myers the character of being energetic and qualified in his department, but thinks he was not sufficiently aware of the condition of affairs at the time of separation and the possibility of getting rescued then to be able to give any opinion upon it. The Germans, according to his account, ruled the ship after Hall's death, and there was neither law nor system on board, every one working entirely on his own account. Bessel and Bryant were anxious to get as far north as possible. Myers had worked hard and lost all his labor.

**STAR.**  
is close to Northumberland Island, but could not be reached at that time. This is a village, or settlement, under the Danish government, inhabited by Danes and Esquimaux in Summer; but, like the other Danish settlements on the coast, generally by the Esquimaux only during the Winter. There is a resident Governor in each place, who comes annually from Denmark. Here the Danish ships are provisioned, and it was at Disco (one of them further south) that the Polaris took in her last supply of coal, when setting out for the North in 1871. All the necessaries of life in food and clothing can be had at these places. They are remarkable for their admirable system of schooling, established and maintained by the Danish missionaries, a creditable consequence of which is that nearly all the Esquimaux located in or near them are able to read and many to write. They have also their churches in each settlement so that, while within the sound of the bell, at all events, the Esquimaux are a tolerably civilized people. Had the unfortunate outcasts been able but to reach this place at the time what an age of misery and suffering had been spared them! It was a narrow chance, indeed, that might have saved them, but almost in the act of grasping security they were consigned to a cruel disappointment—how cruel and bitter they best can tell who have endured.

**THE ICE DRIFTS WITH THE PARTY.**  
New commenced the drift from the 15th of October, 1872, to the 30th of April, 1873, over six months, or 187 days. Night closed upon the scene last described. The abandoned party had fortunately two boats, the only remaining boats belonging to the Polaris.  
The gale during the night carried the ice and its unfortunate occupants to the southwest, and in the morning they were about thirty miles away from where the ship was lying comfortably at anchor. A heavy sea was running, which broke up the ice and separated the party from six bags

of bread, one of their boats and other articles of food, clothing, compasses, &c. When the gale abated they endeavored to shoot as many seals as possible for food and light as well as fuel, but did not succeed in getting more than three, owing to rough weather having set in. When the weather cleared up the party found themselves, as they supposed, on the east coast or west coast of Greenland, about forty miles from the ship. They now hoped to reach the shore, but the ice being weak, they could not transport boats and provisions to shore until it grew stronger. Fortunately they here discovered the other boat, provisions, &c., from which they had been separated, and saved all. The ice at length grew stronger, and they made another attempt to reach the shore, carrying everything in the boats and dragging them on their heels. The ice being exceedingly rough, they stove both boats, which did not, however, render them useless. On the 1st of November they succeeded in getting about halfway to the shore, when

**HEAVY AND STORMY WEATHER CAME ON,**  
and prevented further progress. In the morning it was found that the ice was broken and the ice drifting south very swiftly. No more land was seen for some days, and bad weather continued throughout November. Then, giving up all hope of present rescue, they built snow houses on the ice, reconnoitered to make them their home for a season. These huts were houses of snow, constructed of a circular form at the base, gradually converging towards the top; the sides, surmounted by a block of snow, which formed the roof, leaving a small hole for ventilation.

The entrance was a small vacuum at the base, barely large enough for a man to crawl through. Any greater space would destroy the usefulness of the house by allowing access to the cold and wind. These houses, while the weather continued hard and dry, are warm and tolerably comfortable, but on the first appearance of wet or thaw have generally to be abandoned. The disposition of the Esquimaux to consumption is attributable, among other causes, to this method of life, constantly exposing themselves to the damp cold of their melting huts.

Their food from this time was a prudent allowance of such provisions as they had, with a large proportion of seal flesh fat, and, subsequently, when the seals were scarce, even seal skins.

Three of the huts were for dwelling houses and one for a storehouse. In one lived Captain Tyson, Joe, and Hannah his wife, and one child; in the second, Hans Christian, wife and four children; in the third, Mr. Myers and eight men. These huts were built side by side on the ice, and were continuously occupied from November to April, when they were

**COMPULSED TO ABANDON THEM.**  
They had no materials for fire, except old rags and blubber—both scarce—which had to be used very sparingly, and only when it was necessary to warm their scanty allowance of food, so that for nearly the whole six months they were without fire, a peculiarly distressing position under the circumstances, especially as these huts, unless heated artificially, are extremely cold.

**THE ARCTIC WINTER.**  
The darkness of the Arctic night, which lasts a long time, and commences about December 1, prevented the catching of seals or other animals except by accident. Then the sun disappeared, and did not reappear until the end of January or beginning of February. During this period day was not distinguishable from night, except by means of a streak of light on the southern horizon, which, however, afforded no light to our unfortunate wanderers. It was a darkness unlike the darkness of southern latitudes. There was no balmy breath of night; all was cold and cheerless and desolate. Day succeeded to day, and still the darkness continued. Gradually the eye became accustomed to it, and objects which at the first were dim, and indistinct could be plainly discerned at a distance. The Esquimaux of the party were, of course, used to the long, dark Winter and thought lightly of it, but it was not so with the Americans and the other members of the expedition. Some of them had had experience in the northern latitudes, but never such a trying one as this, and their hearts might have well failed them when they thought of the dreary prospect which spread out before them. Those who read this narrative in their comfortable homes can form but a faint impression of the sufferings which these people endured. The greatest privation which the darkness occasioned was that it put a stop for the time to the seal hunting, which to the crew was

**THE CHIEF MEANS OF SUSTENANCE.**  
The dark color of the animal prevented it from being seen at any distance, and the pursuit of it in the midst of the darkness was attended with so many perils that few had the temerity to engage in it. Even the Esquimaux, who were familiar with the habits of the seal and knew its every movement, refrained almost entirely from hunting it during the Stygian darkness. It must not be understood from this that the Arctic Winter's night does not vary in duration, as it lasts months longer in some latitudes than in others; but it must be remembered that, drifting south, they were gradually diminishing the period of that darkness which reigned at Northumberland Island and approaching the extending light of "other days." In the latter part of February they lived principally on birds—love-keys—which were picked up between the ice cracks.

The description of seal taken in the North is called by the natives netak and another known as the "bearded seal." It is short and chunky, and smaller than the better known harp of the Newfoundland shores.

The provisions lasted until the end of February, when the party had to fall back upon the rifle and seals and birds.  
**THE SUN APPEARED ON THE HORIZON**  
on the 19th of January for the first time after its disappearance in November, rising at half-past eleven A. M. and setting at half-past twelve P. M. After the sun set there was twilight for six or seven hours. The days after that rapidly grew longer until the party was picked up.

On the last of February they had remaining of their provisions brought from the vessel only two cans of pemican and 120 pounds of bread—the latter wet and mouldy. One of the boats was cut up to make fuel to melt the ice into water to drink. During the time they were without blubber their provisions were eaten solid.  
The natives were very faithful in their exertions to kill seals during the months of darkness; but, as said before, they rarely succeeded, the difficulties and dangers attending the undertaking being very great. Starvation now stared the party in the face, and the return of the