THE ARCTIC HEROES.

Thrilling Story of the Polaris Castaways.

THE STEWARD'S DIARY.

The Most Graphic and Complete Account of the Disaster from Beginning to End Yet Furnished.

The Ship "Nipped" and Provisions Overboard.

Abandoned in the Night Amid the Crashing Icebergs.

COLD AND STORM AND DARKNESS

The First Fearful Night on the Frozen Floe.

"GOD ALONE CAN SAVE."

A Tale of Terror, Toil and Tribulation Never Equalled.

THE HAND OF GOD IN EVERYTHING.

How Food and Fuel Came as from Heaven.

Celebrating Thanksgiving and Christmas.

A Long, Long Night, but a Glorious Return of Day.

Hope and Sunshine Come Together.

The Dreadful Thoughts of Cannibalism Dissipated.

SAILS IN THE DISTANCE!

Despairing Signals of Distress Made in Vain.

LAND WITHIN SIGHT.

So Near and Yet So Hard to Reach.

ANOTHER SAIL!!

The Welcome Tigress Approaching to the Rescue.

SAVED AT LAST!!!

The Story of the Steward in Washington.

MORE ABOUT THE POISONING STORY.

Buddington's Drunkenness Exposed.

Perhaps never in the history of newspaper enterprise has there been a more remarkable instance of conscientious accuracy in narrative than was displayed in the first accounts given by the HERALD of the recent Arctic disaster which overtook the exploring expedition of the government. Every detail of the story as then told has been corroborated with wonderful minuteness by the sworn evidence educed in the official investigation which has just taken place. But in addition to the testimony already published a document is now produced for the first time which is the most intensely interesting of all that has yet been written or said about this subject. The steward of the Polaris, John Herron, who is evidently a worthy seaman, began, after his party were left so suddenly upon the ice, a journal, which he continued to the day of their rescue, and which may claim a curious importance in the annals of Arctic perils. In a most simple yet graphic manner he presents an unembellished and real picture of the adventures and sufferings through which they struggled with such admirable fortitude back into the life of civilization out of that of horror and dangers. No one can read his ingenuous pages without at once feeling enlisted in a warm sympathy with the man who records his trials in such a manly spirit and evinces such a touching faith in ultimate deliverance by the power which he believes is omnipotent.

The best portions of the diary of the steward are published below.

Diary of John Herron the Steward.

OCT. 15.—Gale from the S.W.; ship made fast to floe; bergs pressed in and nipped the ship until we thought she was going down; threw provisions overboard, and thirteen souls got on the floe to receive them and haul them up on the ice. A large berg came sailing down, struck the floe, shivered it to pieces, and freed the ship. She was out of sight in five minutes. We were afloat on different pieces of ice. We had two boats. Our men were picked up, myself among them, and landed on the main floe, which we found to be cracked in many places. We remained shivering all night. Saved very little provisions.

THE POLARIS STEAMS AWAY.

OCT. 16.—Morning fine; light breeze from the N.; close to the E. shore. The berg, that did so much damage, half mile to the N. E. of us. Captain Tyson reports a small island a little to the N. of the berg and close to the land. Plenty of open water. We lost no time in launching the boats, getting the provisions in and pulling around the berg, when we saw the Polaris. She had steam up, and succeeded in getting a harbor. She got under the lee of an island and came down with sails set—jib, foresail, mainsail and staysail. She must have seen us, as the island was four or five miles off. We expected her to save us, as there was plenty of open water, beset with ice, which I think she could have gotten through. In the evening we started with the boats for shore. Had we reached it we could have walked on board in one hour, but the ice set in so fast when near the shore that we could not pull through it. We had a narrow escape in jumping from piece to piece, with the painter in hand, until we reached the floe. We dragged the boat two or three hundred yards, to a high place, where we thought she would be secure until morning, and made for our provisions, which were on a distant part of the floe. We were too much worn out with hunger and fatigue to bring her along to-night, and it is nearly dark. We cannot see our other boat or our provisions; the snow-drift has covered our late tracks.

OCT. 23.—Wind light and S. E. With the aid of our marine glass to our great joy we discovered in the distance a boat, and, at some distance therefrom, the tent. The ice for a few miles between us and the floe which they are on is very thin, but we must risk it, as we have six bags of bread there, forty-five pound cans of pemmican, and two dozen cans of meat. Returned to headquarters weak, but thankful to God. Rejoicing in our good fortune we treated ourselves to a good supper, thanking God for our increase of stores. We have now eleven bags of bread, thirteen cans of pemmican, eleven dozen cans (pint and quart) of meats, soups, with some green corn, and fourteen hams. My bag of clothing I found in the boat.

OCT. 24.—Weather thick and cold. Four men made another trip to the tent to bring some planks with which to make a sleigh. All are in good health.

OCT. 25.—This morning thick, with light wind. Half of the men have gone to the tent with the sled made this morning, drawn by the dogs. The rest of us are remaining here by the boat ready to shove off in case the ice should open. Evening—The men returned with a sledload of poles. All well.

OCT. 26.—This morning clear, with a light breeze. Another journey to the tent brought off the remainder of the lumber and some canvas. Found two more dogs. There is one more load left on the floe. The remainder of the men stayed by the boat as before. All well.

OCT. 27.—Clear, with light wind. We have brought the remainder of our tent and two bags of coal off; that is all we can find. Three men have been out in another direction, but have found nothing.

A START FOR THE SHORE.

OCT. 31.—This morning cold, but fine. Sent Joe and Hans with a dog team to see how the ice will stand, as we intend starting to-morrow for shore. If the ice stand good we shall be there in two or three days. We have eaten as much as we could to-day to get strength for the journey. We have been living very poorly so as to make our provisions last six months. If we can reach the shore we can live better, as we may kill some game.

Nov. 1.—Started to-day for the large floe four miles distant, and one-third of the distance, I should say, to the shore. After a hard day's work we succeeded in getting two boats and our provisions off, also one sleigh-load of bed-covering, skins and canvas and some poles; leaving three bags of coals, the only ones we had left. We left a great many poles, some canvas, two kyacks and other things, among them two boxes of clothing belonging to Joe, tools and other very useful articles, which are a great loss to us.

Nov. 2.—This morning we were surprised to find the ice open and water all around us. We started before daylight with the dogs and sled, not knowing what had happened until we had nearly driven into the water. There was no wind, so all the mischief was done by the high tide at night. The ice closed in a little. We tried again, leaving the dogs and sled on the east side of the floe and ventured across on the other floe. We saved one rake, some of Joe's clothing, three guns and a few other things. When the men returned to the crack it was opening. They got across just in time, as the ice opened and the floe has not since been seen.

Nov. 3.—This morning, snow storm. Building snow houses. All well. No chance now of getting ashore; must now give that up.

Nov. 6.—Captain Tyson ill with a severe cold and pains all over him. The weather mild; light wind. Joe caught a seal, which has been a godsend. We are having a feast to-night, three-fourths of a pound of food being our allowance. Mr. Meyer made a pack of cards from some thick paper and we are now playing euchre. Plenty of water around us. We are a good deal further from the land and are drifting south pretty smart.

Nov. 7.—Captain Tyson better. Wind strong; snow drifting; weather thick.

IMPRISONED BY THE STORM IN A SNOW HUT.

Nov. 8.—Weather very bad. We cannot leave the hut.

Nov. 9.—Weather the same; very severe. We are prisoners in the hut.

Nov. 10.—Wind strong; snow drifting. We are drifting fast to the south. The west land is not to be seen. The Esquimaux are out hunting. Joe has returned late; Hans has not come yet. Joe and Robert have gone in search of him. He had left the floe for another one, and with great difficulty found his way back, very late. They saw him coming, dressed with skins and covered with snow, and took him for an ice bear; loaded their pistols and made ready, when, to their joy, they found it was Hans.

SATURDAY, Nov. 16.—Calm, but thick. Joe saw three seals yesterday and a fox track, but got nothing. We have nothing to feed our dogs on; they got at the provisions to-day; we shot five, leaving four; shot some two weeks since. Lining our new hat with canvas.

TUESDAY, Nov. 19.—Cold and clear; stiff breeze from N. E. Four hours of twilight yet. We must be going south fast; the Esquimaux fell in with two bear tracks and five seal holes; I wish we could kill some of them; we are pretty well starved. Peter fell through the ice with the rake to-day. All well.

THURSDAY, Nov. 21.—Light wind; clear. The natives caught two seals; they shot three, but lost one of them in the young ice. We moved into our new house to-day. We shot two dogs; they got at our provisions. We have two left.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

THURSDAY, Nov. 28.—Thanksgiving to-day; we have had a feast—four pint cans of mock turtle soup, six pint cans of green corn, made into scouch. Afternoon, three ounces of bread and the last of our chocolate—our day's feast. All well.

MONDAY, Dec. 2.—No open water has been seen for several days; cannot catch anything. Land has been seen for several days; cannot determine what shore it is, E. or W. It has been so cloudy that we cannot select a star to go by; some think it is the E. land; for my part I think it is the W. Boiled some sealskin to-day and ate it—blubber, hair and tough skin. The men ate it; I could not. The hair is too thick, and we have no means of getting it off.

THURSDAY, Dec. 5.—Light wind; a little thick; 15 deg. below zero. A fox came too near to-day; Bill Lindemann shot him; skinned and cut him up for cooking. Fox in this country is all hair and hair.

FRIDAY, Dec. 6.—Very light wind; cold and clear. The poor fox was devoured to-day by seven of the men, who liked it; they had a mouthful each for their share; I did not think it worth while, myself, to commence with so small an allowance, so I did not try Mr. Fox. Last night fine northern lights.

EXTREME HUNGER.

SATURDAY, Dec. 8.—All in good health. The only thing that troubles us is hunger—that is very severe; we feel sometimes as though we could eat each other. Very weak, but, please God, we will weather it all.

FRIDAY, Dec. 13.—Light wind; cloudy; 19 deg. below zero. Hans caught a small white fox in a trap yesterday. The nights are brilliant, cold and clear. The scene is charming, if we were only in a position to appreciate it.

FRIDAY, Dec. 20.—Light wind; cloudy. Joe found a crack yesterday and three seals. Too dark to shoot. It is a good thing to have game underneath us. It would be much better to have them on the floe for starving men. To-morrow will be our choicest day—then the sun returns.

SATURDAY, Dec. 21.—To-day clear; light wind. The shortest day, so cheer up. In three weeks we will have daylight. Then we hope to catch game.

SUNDAY, Dec. 22.—Calm and clear as a bell; the best twilight we have seen for a month. It must have been cloudy or we are drifting south fast. Our spirits are up, but the body weak; 15 deg. below zero.

TUESDAY, Dec. 24.—Christmas Eve. We are longing for to-morrow, when we shall have quite a feast—half pound of raw ham, which we have been saving nearly a month for Christmas. A month ago our ham gave out, so we saved this for the feast. Yesterday, 9 deg. below zero; to-day, 4 deg. above zero.

MEAGRE CHRISTMAS CHEER.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 25.—This is a day of jubilee at home, and certainly here for us; for, beside the approaching daylight, which we feel thankful to God for sparing us to see, we have quite a feast to day. One ounce of bread extra per man, which made our soup for breakfast a little thicker than for dinner. We had soup made from a pound of seal blood, which we had saved for a month; a two-pound can of sausage meat, the last of the canned meat; a few ounces of seal, which we saved with the blood, all cut up fine; last of our can of apples, which we saved also for Christmas. The whole was boiled to a thick soup, which, I think, was the sweetest meal I ever ate. Half pound of ham and two ounces of bread gave us our Christmas dinner. Then, in the evening, we had our usual thin soup. So ended Christmas Day.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 1, 1873.—Poor dinner for New Year's Day—mouldy bread and short allowance.

AN EXTRA PIPE OF TOBACCO.

TUESDAY, Jan. 7.—Mr. Meyer took an observation last night; latitude 72 deg. 7 min., longitude 60 deg. 40 min. 45 sec. The news was so good that I treated myself to an extra pipe of tobacco at twelve o'clock last night. The tobacco is getting very short, so that I have to be very saving this month. We are obliged to cook our meals with a lamp—pretty slow work. Light wind; 31 deg. below zero. Good northern lights last night.

GROWING WEAKER.

THURSDAY, Jan 16.—No wind; very thick. The glass ranges from 26 deg. to 31 deg. below zero. Hans caught a seal to-day; thank God, for we are very weak. Our light would have been finished to-morrow, and our cooking also. But God sent this seal to save us; thanks to His holy name! it has been so all the time. Just as we were played out something came along. I am afraid I have a touch of the scurvy. A little raw meat will drive it out, I hope.

THREE CHEERS FOR THE SUN!

SUNDAY, Jan. 19.—Clear; light wind; 39 deg. below zero. The sun has made his appearance to-day. I gave him three cheers, hoping we will be able to start a month from now. Thank God for this day! we have long wished to see it. The sun has brought us luck in the way of a seal Joe caught. The finest display of northern lights that I ever saw came off to-night. They had to go about six miles to-day to open water, where they saw many seals.

MONDAY, Jan. 20.—Light wind N.; very cloudy and thick; 34 deg. below zero. The sun has not made his appearance to-day. Mr. Meyer took an observation last night. We are in latitude 70 deg., 1 min. N., and 42 miles from the E. shore. We have not seen the E. shore yet. I hope to see the island of Disco; the land is very high there, but I am afraid we will drift past it. We cannot help ourselves, however. We are in the hands of God, and I am thankful. Hans shot a dovekey. I hope he will give it to his boy.

MONDAY, Jan. 27.—Calm; very cold; mercury frozen; thick this morning; clearing up now. The sun is out. Mr. Meyer took an altitude of the sun to-day and an observation from a star last night. He makes it latitude 69 deg. 32 sec. Godhavn, in the island of Disco, is in 69 deg. 13 sec.; that leaves us nineteen miles north of our storehouse, which I am afraid we will never see. God knows where we will fetch up. Mr. Meyer thinks we are forty-two miles from the E. shore; but I am afraid he does not know much about it.

TUESDAY, Feb. 4.—A gale from the west; very thick snow drift. I seldom see it snow here, for when it is blowing hard the snow comes like flour with the wind. Whether the snow falls or the wind takes it up from the ice I cannot tell, but it is so fine and thick you cannot see. There is no leaving the hut in such weather as the snow is always either drifting or falling with the blow no matter from what quarter. Then there is no going out as it fills the ice and will penetrate almost anything. The temperature to-day has been from 16 deg. to 10 deg. below zero. All are well, thank God, but me. I have a slight touch of the scurvy and feel very ailing, but, please God, it will soon leave me. We hope when this blow is over we shall see the land and have a little open water.

FRIDAY, Feb. 7.—Hans caught a seal and fired at a narwhale. Joe shot and killed a big fellow, but could not get him; he turned belly up and sank. He would have been food for a month. There were a great many of them going N.; it is their time of year. Temperature from 26 deg. to 21 deg. below zero.

SHOOTING UNICORNS.

SATURDAY, Feb. 8.—Wind S. E. A pretty large crack around the floe. Shot five unicorns to-day, but we could not get them, as they got away under the ice. Seven have been shot altogether. Joe said a large fleet of them were going north, but they could not find water, so they came back again. We cannot find any seals when they are about. Joe says they are not afraid of the whale, but it appears to me they are, for while the whales are here they will not make their appearance. Temperature, 21 deg. to 16 deg. below zero.

SUNDAY, Feb. 10.—Wind W. S. W.; 16 deg. below zero. Saw plenty of whales; wish they would take their departure; they frighten the seals away, which we are now so badly in want of; our provisions are getting very low. When you take a glass and look around you see the ice in the distance piled up as high as a ship's mast, so that it seems impossible to travel over it—certainly not with a boat—and no land to be seen yet. We want water to escape, and, please God, we will get it when the time comes. All well.

"LAND HO!"

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 19.—The welcome cry this morning was "Land ho!" to westward, Cape Walsingham. Now we will be out of the narrows. The straits commence to widen here so that we can travel south fast if we cannot reach land. Joe caught a small seal to-day; 23 deg. to 15 deg. below zero. All well.

THURSDAY, Feb. 20.—Calm and very thick. Water around; cannot see land. The seals are very scarce here. I hope we will soon strike better ground. We must soon get a good lead of water running in shore, and so escape, or kill plenty of seals to live on, else our time in this world will be short. But God's will be done. Shot some small birds yesterday and to-day, called dovekins. Temperature 11 deg. to 4 deg. below zero.

MONDAY, Feb. 24.—Very light wind; thick; below zero. Can see the land, but cannot start. Such a quantity of light snow has fallen, and you sink into it so that it would be impossible to get the boat through it. Land is twenty miles off, I should say, and we appear to be leaving it. My advice is to start for it—making a sleigh out of some spare skins, loading it with provisions and clothing, and the rake to ferry us across the cracks; also ammunition for hunting purposes when we get on shore. By that means we could leave the boat and travel light, for it is my opinion that we will never get the boat over the ice any distance. We seem to have left the sealing ground. We cannot catch anything to speak of, and we have only three weeks' provisions left. Captain Tyson and some of the men are afraid to venture in shore and unwilling to leave the boat; so we have made up our minds to stay, come down in our provisions and trust in God, hoping we may drift on a better sealing ground, and thus live through it. I asked the Esquimaux' opinion about it—what they would do if they had not us to influence them. They told me they would start for land directly they saw it. They do not like to speak their minds openly for fear something might happen, meaning they would be blamed for it; so they are silent, following only the advice and opinions of others. Joe is very much to be praised; also his wife Hannah. We may thank them and God for our lives and the good health we are in. We could never have gotten through this far without them. If we ever get out of this difficulty they can never be paid too much. Joe caught a very small seal, which makes the eighth this month. Northern lights very brilliant to-night. All well.

KILLING A MEAL OF DOVEKIES.

FRIDAY, Feb. 28.—Followed up a bear track, but at a crack lost it, where he broke through the young ice and swam across. Shot a meal of dovekies to-day, which we will have for breakfast to-morrow morning, please God. We have been saving them for a few days, so that we have nearly enough for a second meal. We are allowed two dovekies per man. Boiled with a pot of soup it will save our provisions a little. Bill fell through the young ice and had a swim for it a few days ago. The temperature was above zero, so he did not get frozen, but he cannot get his clothes dry. Twenty-eight to twenty-three degrees below zero. Saw some seals to-day, but could not get them.

SUNDAY, March 2.—To-day God has sent us food in abundance. Joe shot an oogjook, one of the largest kind; plenty of meat and oil; and forty-two dovekies. It took all hands to drag him home. That was a good Sunday's work; dragging the fine fellow to the hut, and thanking God for His mercies. All well and happy.

WEDNESDAY, March 5.—Blowing a gale from the N.W. Snow drifting; cannot get out. Joe went out in the last blow; it seems to me he cannot stay in; he is a first-rate fellow; we would have been dead men long since had it not been for him; 30 deg. to 18 deg. below zero. All well.

THURSDAY, March 6.—Every man complaining of headache from the oogjook liver. I am very sick with violent headache. 24 deg. below zero.

FRIDAY, March 7.—The gale abated this morning. Stiff breeze yet, and snow drifting. Immense icebergs all round the floe. There was a fearful noise all last night, which kept us awake. The floe was cracking, splitting and working in the most fearful manner; just like a park of artillery and musketry. I expected to see it split into a thousand pieces every moment. I feel very bad yet, in my head and stomach. The liver of bear and oogjook, they say, is very dangerous to eat. But what is a hungry man to do? We have eaten the seals, hair, skin and everything about them, and are glad to get them; 12 deg. below zero. Joe caught two dovekies. Weather getting bad.

A NIGHT OF DREAD.

TUESDAY, March 11.—Blowing a strong gale yet. All hands were up last night and dressed, ready for a jump, for the ice was splitting, cracking and making a fearful noise all night. To-day has been a fearful day—cannot see, for snow-drift. We know the floe is broken into small pieces. We are afloat, jumping and kicking about. This is not very pleasant. My hope is in God. 6 degs. above zero.

WEDNESDAY, March 12.—Last night was a fearful night of suspense—ice creaking and breaking, the gale roaring and the water swashing; but where? We know it is around us, but we cannot see anything. Since one o'clock this morning the wind has been going down, thank God, and now I can see around. A nice picture! Everything broken up into small pieces. The best piece we are on. The houses are nearly covered. Afternoon—It has calmed down to a fine day, with a light breeze. Joe caught two seals and Hans caught one. Captain Tyson also caught one. Joe caught three dovekies and the cook two, showing how good God is to us. From 6 to 10 degs. below zero.

SATURDAY, March 22.—Splendid day; very light wind, W. N. W. The first day of Spring; thank God we have lived to see it. The sun shines very powerfully, at least I think so. 10 degs. to 12 degs. below zero. Joe caught two seals to-day.

THE FLOE GETTING SMALLER.

SUNDAY, March 30.—Blowing a gale from W. N. W.; it looks fearful. Last night the sight was dreadful. I went out, and there, within ten or twelve yards of the door of our hut, was a very large and ugly looking iceberg grinding against us. Our little floe gets smaller in open water. To-day we had the pleasure of launching the boat. We saw on a piece of ice a large seal. We fired and thought we hit him. When we had pulled there with the boat, we found a large bladdernose and her pup. She showed fight, but was soon killed, and, with her pup, towed to our floe. The buck was shot, but got under the young ice. When opened, we found considerable milk in her; so we can have some good soup to-night, using the milk and two quarts of blood. We made some good sausages from the bear. This bear was more tender than the one we caught in Polaris Bay. 6 degs. to 8 degs. above zero. Hans shot another calf.

MONDAY, March 31.—Strong wind W.N.W. Thick. Looks like clearing up. A seal and two calves killed by Joe; one calf by Hans. Mr. Meyer got an observation—59 degs. 41 min. N. That makes twenty-three miles per day that we have drifted the last five days, besides what eddying we have made with this W. wind. These seals have all been caught on the ice which drifted by us. Our piece of ice gets much smaller. Open water. Sometimes we get separated from the ice and it looks like the ocean which we have on one side of us—the E. side. We are nearly off Cape Farewell. Last night ran a very heavy sea; not a bit of ice to be seen as far as the eye could reach. To-day closed around a little, but plenty of water. Dare not venture in our open boats; we must watch and wait and trust in God. 7 min. to 12 sec. above zero. Caught three more calves and one more seal. Heavy weather setting in; the floe wearing away rapidly. I must hope for the best. All well.

TAKING TO THE BOATS.

TUESDAY, April 1.—Wind N. W. A fearful night, last night. Cannot stay on our floe; must leave it at once. Got under way at eight A. M., the boat taking in water. Loaded too deep. Threw overboard 100 pounds of meat; must throw away all our clothes. Cannot carry anything but the tent and a few skins to cover us with, a little meat and our bread and pemmican. Made ten to fifteen miles S. and three or four miles W. from eight A. M. to twelve, noon. We landed to lighten our boat, pitched our tent and intend stopping all night. Caught a young seal as soon as we got on the ice. When we left this morning, 12 deg. above zero. This afternoon spent in making from canvas washboards for the boat, to keep her dry. Caught two more seals. This piece of ice is not very safe, it is cracking. All well. Splendid weather this afternoon.

WEDNESDAY, April 2.—Lovely last night. The floe lost several pieces. I could not sleep for two reasons—the ice breaking up and too cold. Had to keep in motion to keep warm. Started at five A. M.; the weather very fine and calm. Worked the oars for two hours; then a breeze sprung up and increased until it blew almost a gale. We made several narrow escapes with our boat before we could find a piece of ice safe enough to land on, and when we did she was making water fast. When emptied we found a hole in her side, which we are repairing this afternoon. Weather still very bad. We are in a very bad fix. Caught a seal. All well.

THURSDAY, April 3.—Repaired our boat, and started at 8:45 A. M.; wind ahead; yesterday S. W.; to-day calm. Pulled three hours, when a breeze sprang up from N. N. W. We kept underway until 2:30 P. M., when we had to haul up on a piece of a floe. We were beset by the ice and could not get through; so we encamped for the night. The wind is now fair for us, N. N. E., but we cannot get through the ice. I hope for better luck to-morrow. We take seal when we want them, old or young, so that it is not necessary to croak any more until they get more scarce.

ISOLATED IN THE ICE.

FRIDAY, April 4.—Wind N. E.; favorable for us, but I am sorry to say we cannot start. The ice surrounds us; the ice opened at 8:30, and we got under way at 8:45 A. M. After two hours' good run we are beset in the ice again, and have to stop for the present, hoping it will open to-morrow. Mr. Meyer took an observation; latitude 56 deg. 47 min. N. The wind is springing up; I am afraid we shall have bad weather.

SATURDAY, April 5.—Blowing a gale from the N. E. and a fearful sea running. Two pieces broke from the floe. We are on one close to the tent. At five A. M. removed our things to the centre. Another piece broke off, carrying Joe's hut with it; luckily it gave some warning so that they had time to throw out some things before it parted. A dreadful day; cannot do anything to help ourselves. If the ice break up much more we must break up with it; set a watch all night.

THE FLOE BREAKING.

SUNDAY, April 6.—Wind changed to N. W.; blowing a very severe gale. Still on the same ice; cannot get off. At the mercy of the elements. Joe lost another hut to-day. The ice, with a roar, split across the floe, cutting Joe's hut right in two. We have but a small piece left. Cannot lie down to-night. Put a few things in the boat and now standing by for a jump; such is the night.

MONDAY, April 7.—Wind W.N.W.; still blowing a gale, with a fearful sea running. The ice split right across our tent this morning at six A. M. While getting a few ounces of bread and pemmican we lost our breakfast in scrambling out of our tent and nearly lost our boat, which would have been worse than losing ourselves. We could not catch any seal after the storm set in; so we are obliged to starve for a while, hoping in God it will not be for a long time. The worst of it is we have no blubber for the lamp, and cannot cook or melt any water. Everything looks very gloomy. Set a watch; half the men are lying down, the others walking outside the tent.

RESCUING THE BOAT AND KYAK.

TUESDAY, April 8.—Last night, at twelve o'clock, the ice broke again right between the tent and the boat, which were close together—so close that a man could not walk between them. There the ice split, separating the boat and tent, carrying away boat, kyak and Mr. Meyer. There we stood, helpless, looking at each other. It was blowing and snowing very cold and a fearful sea running. The ice was breaking lapping and crushing. The sight was grand, but dreadful to us in our position. Mr. Meyer cast the kyak adrift, but it went to leeward of us. He can do nothing with the boat alone, so they are lost to us unless God returns them. The natives went off on a piece of ice with their paddles and ice spears. The work looks dangerous; we may never see them again. But we are lost without the boat, so that they are as well off. After an hour's struggle we can make out, with what little light there is, that they have reached the boat, about half a mile off. There they appear to be helpless—the ice closing in all around—and we can do nothing until daylight. Daylight at last—three A. M. There we see them with the boat; they can do nothing with her. The kyak is the same distance in another direction. We must venture off; may as well be crushed by the ice and drowned as to remain here without the boat. Off we venture all but two, who dare not make the attempt. We jump or step from one piece to another, as the swell heaves it and the ice comes close together, one piece being high the other low, so that you watch your chance to jump. All who ventured reached the boat in safety, thank God, and after a long struggle we got her safe to camp again. Then we ventured for the kyak, and got it also. Mr. Meyer and Fred. Jamkins fell into the water. Luckily we had two or three dry shirts left, so that they could change. Most every man is more or less wet. Have taken our tent down and pitched it on the middle of our little piece of ice, with our boat alongside. Joe has built another hut alongside the tent. We have made our breakfast on a few ounces of pemmican and bread. Have set a watch, and the remainder of us have laid down to get some sleep which we are in need of. Wind, W. N. W. Still blowing a gale. I think there is a northeaster outside by the way the pass has closed.

WEDNESDAY, April 9.—Things were quiet last night. Wind N.W. Blowing a N. E. gale outside. The sun has shown himself for a few minutes. Mr. Meyer shot him; latitude 55 deg. 51 min. N. The sea runs very high, threatening to wash us off every minute. We are in the hands of God; may He preserve us. The ice is much slacker, and the water is coming nearer. Things look very bad. God knows how the night will end. Evening.—Washed out of our tent; Hannah from her snow-hut. Have gotten everything in the boat ready for a start; she can never live in such a sea. The sun has set very good. Land in sight. It has cheered us up. The women and children are in the boat. We have not a dry place to walk about nor a piece of fresh water ice to eat. The sea has swept over all. The ice is closing in fast; the wind and sea going down. Midnight, twelve o'clock.—Things look so quiet and the ice so closed around that we have pitched our tent, intending to have a sleep, for we are worn out.

STILL PRISONERS.

THURSDAY, April 10.—Last night, quiet. Calm and cloudy; no sun has shown itself; very warm. The ice close around. We are prisoners yet.

FRIDAY, April 11.—Calm; cloudy. We cannot be far from shore. We saw a fox, some crows and small land birds. Mr. Meyer had his fingers and toes frozen the other morning. The ice is still close around us; nothing but ice to be seen. We have two large bergs nearly on top of us, so that we have no movement in the ice, so calm and still.

SATURDAY, April 12.—Light wind, S. E.; nearly calm; at times a little swell. We are still prisoners; the ice close. Saw some seals, but could not get them. Very hungry, and likely to be so. The sun shines for the first time in a good many days; very fine. Mr. Meyer took one observation; latitude 55 deg. 35 min. N.

SUNDAY, April 13.—Light wind, S. W. The ice opened last night, but closed again this morning; it remained open but a few hours. It has slacked a little to-day, but we cannot do anything in it. Last night splendid northern lights. Mr. Meyer took an observation; 55 deg. 23 min. N. Saw some seals to-day, but the ice is neither open nor close, so we cannot do anything. We remain prisoners on this piece. All well.

STARVATION NEAR AT HAND.

MONDAY, April 14.—Wind light, N. The pack still closed; no chance of leaving here yet. See one or two seals every day, but cannot get them, as the ice will not allow us to go through or over it. Weather very fine; sea calm, or, I should say, the ice, as there is no water. Latitude 55 degs. 13 mins. N. Our small piece of ice is wearing away very fast; our little provisions are nearly finished. Things look very dark; starvation very near. My trust is in God. He will bring us through. All well.

TUESDAY, April 15.—Nearly calm; very light wind, N. The ice the same; no change. Cold last night; snow fell very thick; thought we would have a change in the weather. The sun shines as bright as ever. Splendid weather for making a passage, but we cannot start. Latitude 54 deg. 58 min. Mr. Meyer looks very bad. Hunger seems to have more effect on him than on the rest of us; he gets weak looking.

A FEARFUL THOUGHT.

WEDNESDAY, April 16.—Wind increasing a little from N. N. W. The ice still the same; no swell on. My head and face have been swollen to twice their usual size. I do not know the cause of it, unless it is the ice head-pillow and the sun. We keep an hour's watch at night. Some one has been at the pemmican on their watch, and I can put my hand on the man. He did the same thing during the Winter, and on the night of the 7th I caught him in the act. We have but few days' provisions left. We came down on them this morning; rather weakening work, but it must be done to save life as long as we can, which cannot be much longer, unless something good comes along, which I hope may soon happen. The only thing that troubles me is the thought of cannibalism. It is a fearful thought, but may as well be looked boldly in the face as otherwise. If such things are to happen we must submit. May God save us!

THURSDAY, April 17.—Light breeze from the W. S. W. The ice the same—no opening yet. Latitude 54 deg. 27 min. N. We shot the dogs last Winter for stealing the provisions. If I had my way, with the consent of all hands, I would call out and shoot down that two-legged dog who has since been at them. I see most of the men have their faces swollen, but not so badly as mine. All well, but growing very weak.

LAND AGAIN IN SIGHT.

FRIDAY, April 18.—Very light breeze from the N. Ten o'clock. Joe saw a small hole of water half a mile off. He took his gun and ventured over the loose ice. No sooner had he gotten there than he shot a seal and sung out for the kyak, as the water made rapidly. It took an hour to get the kyak there and another to get it back. It is a nice size seal and will give us three meals, raw, and save us from starvation some days. The water is making quite a lead. A joyful sight met our view this morning when we turned out—the land in sight bearing S. W. We could see it very plainly this morning, but the weather has become so thick that we have lost sight of it for the present. We returned thanks to God for His mercy and goodness to us, for we have only a few pounds of bread left and sufficient pemmican for to-night. The lead closed up again but the push seems to have slackened. We had visitors to-day—a crow, two small birds and a school of canvasback ducks about a hundred and fifty in number. I wish we could have gotten a couple of shots at them and knocked down a meal or two. But they kept a mile or two off, so that we had to content ourselves with looking at them. We divided the seal very nicely, losing nothing but the gall. We divided it into sixteen parts. One man then turned his back and called out the names, each man stepping up and taking his share of meat, blubber and skin. The inside—heart, kidneys, liver, lights and stomach—were divided between the Esquimaux and us. We then gave some blubber and rags each, so that we got a fire under way and cooked some good soup from what at other times I would call offal. Cut up fine in a quart of soup, with a little blood, the mess was highly relished. We then turned in for the night, thanking God for His protection and goodness, to dream of friends and happy days to come.

FIGHTING THE WAVES.

SUNDAY, April 20.—Blowing a gale somewhere. The wind here from the N. W. Blowing a gale in the N. E. The swell comes from there, and is very heavy. The first warning we had—the man on watch sang out at the moment—a sea struck us, and, washing over us, carried away everything that was loose. This happened at nine o'clock last night. We shipped sea after sea, five and ten minutes after each other, carrying away everything we had in our tent, skins and most of our bed clothing, leaving us destitute, with only the few things we could get into the boat. There we stood from nine in the evening until seven next morning, enduring, I should say, what man never stood before. The few things we saved and the children were placed in the boat. The sea broke over us during that night and morning. Every fifteen or twenty minutes a sea would come, lift the boat and us with it, carry us along the ice, and lose its strength near the edge, and sometimes on it. Then it would take us the next fifteen minutes to get back to a safe place, ready for the next roller. So we stood that long hour, not a word spoken but the commands to "Hold on, my hearties; bear down on her; put on all your weight;" and so we did, bearing down and holding on like grim death. Cold, hungry, wet, and little prospect ahead. At seven o'clock there came close to us a small piece of ice, which rode dry, and we determined to launch the boat and reach it or perish. The cook went overboard, but was saved. All well. Tired and sleepy.

MONDAY, June 21.—Last night and yesterday all hands wet. Nothing dry to put on to-day. There is little to dry, but we have stripped off everything we can spare, and are drying it. The men are divided into two watches, sleeping in the boat and doing the best we can. Hunger disturbs us most. Nice breeze from the N. E. The ice around very pressing and thick. We cannot get the boat through, and must remain for a change. The sun has shown himself only sufficiently to get an observation; latitude 53 deg. 57 min.

AN OPPORTUNE BEAR.

TUESDAY, April 22.—Weather very bad. Last night commenced with snow squalls and sleet and finished with rain. Rained all the night and until twelve o'clock to-day. Still remains very thick. The ice in pash inclosed around us. It appears to me we are the sport and jest of the elements. The other night they played with us and our boat as though we were shuttlecocks. Men would never believe, nor could pen describe, the scenes we have passed through and yet live. Here we are, half drowned, cold and with no means of shelter. Everything wet and no sun to dry it. The scene looks bad; nothing to eat. Everything finished if some relief does not come along. I do not know what will become of us. Fearful thoughts enter my head as to the future. Mr. Meyer is starving; he cannot last long in this state. Joe has been off on the ice three times to-day, the little way he can get, but has not seen anything. Chewed on a piece of skin this morning that was tanned and saved for clothing; rather a tough and tasteless breakfast. Joe ventured off on the ice the fourth time, and after looking a good while from a piece of iceberg saw a bear coming slowly toward us. He ran back as fast as possible for his gun. All of us lay down and remained perfectly still. Joe and Hans going out some distance to meet the bear. Getting behind a hummock, they waited for him. Along came Bruin, thinking he was coming to a meal instead of furnishing one himself. Clack, bang! went two rifles, and down went Bruin to save a starving lot of men. The Lord be praised; this is His heavenly work! We cannot catch seal for the pash ice, and we are on a bad sealing ground. He therefore sends a bear along where bears are seldom seen, and we certainly never expected to find one. The poor bear was hungry himself; there was nothing in his stomach. Joe, poor fellow, looked very much down on our account. Everything looks bright again but the atmosphere; it looks threatening.

WEDNESDAY, April 23.—Wind E. N. E., and later in the day N. N. E., where I hope it will remain. The weather still disagreeable, full of rain squalls and cloudy. Living nearly on raw bear meat. Everything wet, but brighter days coming soon. It cannot last much longer. Here we are surrounded with the miserable pash ice and cannot get free. All well.

THURSDAY, April 24.—Wind N. N. E.; sometimes hauls around to N. Raining all night and to-day. Everything wet for some days past, and no chance of drying it. Saw a large school of ducks at four A. M., and another later in the day. Cannot be far from land; we have been allowed to see it sometimes, but were driven off again. There was a fine lead of water last night. I thought we were going to have a change, but it soon closed up again. Another lead to-day, but farther off.

THE LAST VENTURE FOR LIFE.

FRIDAY, April 25.—Wind increased to a gale last night from the N. E. Raining all night and to-day, with snow squalls. Launched the boat at five A. M. The case was desperate; running with a light-built boat, damaged as she is, patched and scratched all over. But what were we to do? The piece of ice we were on had wasted away so much it would never ride out the gale. Our danger to-day was very great; a gale of wind blowing, a crippled boat overloaded and a fearful sea running, filled with small ice as sharp as knives. But, thank God, we came safely through it. We are all soaking wet, in everything we have, and no chance of drying anything. We have had neither sun nor moon for over a week. Not a single star have I seen. All is dark and dreary; but, please God, it will soon brighten up. We have struck the sealmen's grounds. I never saw such an abundance of seals before; they are in schools like the porpoise. We hauled up on a floe after eight hours' pull; could make no westing. Shot some seals, but they all sunk; Joe shot them. Hard times.

SATURDAY, April 26.—Joe shot a seal last evening and broke the charm. Hans shot one this morning. Last night and this morning fine. Ice very thick around. Started at half-past six A. M. and were beset two hours afterward. Pulled up on a small piece of ice, the best we could find. Snowing all day. Repaired the boat here, which it wanted, and the weather cleared up in the afternoon. Got some things dried a little, and half of us turned in. Hans shot a seal, making two today.

SUNDAY, April 27.—Yesterday, wind light from S. E. In the evening changed to N. E., blowing