SERGT. RICE'S LAST TRIP.

THE JOURNEY ON WHICH THE BRAVE FELLOW LOST HIS LIFE.

Another Interview With Sergt. Fredericks in Which He Tells the Story of the Terrible March to Find Provisions They Had Been Forced to Abandon.

Each new detail that becomes known to the public relating to the terrible privations and sufferings of the Greely party increases the interest and sympathy therein.

Two weeks ago this day THE REPUBLICAN told the story of Sergeant Julius R. Fredericks of the march to Cape Isabella after the meat in the Nares cache, and of how the party was obliged to abandon their prize on the glacier to try and save poor Ellison's life. In this sketch Sergeant Fredericks tells of the effort made by Sergeant George W. Rice and himself to recover in April last the meat abandoned during the previous November, and will be read with great interest here, where Rice lived and was widely and affectionately known.

"About the middle of March

RICE AND MYSELF VOLUNTEERED

to Maj. Greely for a trip to the place where we were forced to abandon the English meat the November before. He saw the extreme danger and peril of such a journey and would not at first consent, but as we kept on talking about it every day, and all of us thought it would add so largely to our chances of life, the major at last, about the 1st of April, gave his consent and accepted our services.

"In justice to our heroic comrades, living and dead, I must tell you that Rice and I were not the only ones who volunteered, for every one else who was able to walk made the same offer. However, as Rice and I had been of the party that was forced to abandon the meat on the ice the fall before, and as we were in as good if not better health and strength than the others, it was thought that our chances of success would be the best, and we were selected to go.

"Rice and myself left Camp Clay at 10 p. m., April 6, our whole outfit being as follows: One small sledge, one two-man sleeping bag, one Remington rifle, with ammunition, one ax, and an alcohol lamp and pot for cooking, with alcohol for fuel.

OUR ALLOWANCE OF RATIONS

was six ounces of pemmican and six ounces of bread daily, and we carried also a small quantity of brandy, some pills, and a small phial of aromatic spirits of ammonia as medical stores.

"Lieut. Kislingbury, Sergt. Brainard, Ellis, and Whistler had during the day pulled our sledge and outfit over to the brow of the island, about four miles, from which trip they returned. When we left, the good wishes and prayers of the whole party for our success went with us, and as we went through the door or entrance of the hut they gave us three as hearty cheers as the weak condition of the poor fellows permitted.

"A very fresh wind was blowing, which increased to a furious gale by the time we reached the sledge. We went on down the hill very fast, and had a good many tumbles before we reached the bay.

"We were forced to stop traveling about 8 o'clock the next morning on account of the

HIGH WIND AND DRIFTING SNOW,

and after partaking of a piece of frozen pemmican we unrolled our sleeping bag on the ice and crawled into it. There we were forced to remain for twenty-two hours during a raging snow storm.

"About 6 o'clock the morning of April 8 we dug our way out of the bag through the heavy snowdrift that had formed around us and started at once on our journey, for we were too cold to stop and cook. After an hour's travel we found ourselves warmed up enough, and halted and got some warm food, which revived us very much. The traveling was very good, except that it was blowing a fresh breeze and light snow was falling, and that made it hard for us on account of our weak condition. About 7 p. m. it became so dark and blustering that we hauled up our sledge between a large iceberg and the foot of a glacier near Eskimo Point for shelter for the night.

"April 9 we broke out about 7 a. m. and reached Eskimo Point in about an hour. The morning was calm and the sky clear, while the traveling was very good. Here we

ABANDONED OUR SLEEPING BAG,

as we hoped to find the meat and get back to this point by night, and we could travel so much faster with the lightened sledge. The day before we had looked closely after passing into Ellison bay for the tracks we made the fall before, but did not discover them. We found that in places where the ice had been smooth the fall before it was now very rough, and again we found the rough places smooth; evident signs that it had been broken up since our last journey. At times we found large pools of water between grounded icebergs, which we had to go around, throwing us out of our course as much as a mile. We got our feet wet, and as soon as we got on dry ice or snow they froze. To add to our misfortunes a high wind came up from the northwest about 11 o'clock, with a thick, drifting snow storm, so that we were unable to see any distance. At 3 o'clock we thought we were at the spot where the meat had been abandoned, but, notwithstanding an extended and very careful and thorough search, we failed to find the least trace of the food we went for. Can you, or any one, imagine our deep sorrow and bitter disappointment?

IT IS FEARFUL EVEN NOW

to think of how I felt at that time. We couldn't find any tracks to guide us to the spot where we had stuck up the Springfield rifle over the meat that might save all our comrades' lives. At this juncture I proposed that we should up-end the sledge for a landmark, so that we could find it again and go back to our sleeping bag for the night, and then resume our search the next morning, for we did not intend to give it up so soon. Rice thought a moment or two, and as he had an idea that the weather would clear up or moderate, suggested that it would be the best chance of success to remain where we were.

"I discovered about 4 p. m. that Rice was weakening, and therefore reminded him of an agreement that we made before leaving Camp Clay. This was to the effect that if either one of us should show signs of exhaustion, his comrade should tell him of it, so that necessary steps might be taken to prevent disaster. I then again urged upon Rice the absolute necessity of returning to the sleeping bag for rest and shelter, but he said that I was mistaken; that he was only a little tired, and would soon recover by traveling a little slow.

"In a very short time, however, I could see plainly that

HE WAS WEAKENING RAPIDLY,

but noticing an iceberg about a thousand yards away, to the west of us, I urged him to reach it in order to obtain at least a partial shelter from the storm, and fortunately we accomplished this. By this time he was completely exhausted, and I gave him some brandy and spirits of ammonia, which seemed to partially revive him. I then lighted the lamp and prepared some warm food, and after he had eaten it and drank a cup of warm tea, I tried to start him on in order to keep him from freezing. It was all in vain. His condition was becoming alarming. He was then too weak to stand up; his mind began to wander, and his recollection was mostly of his relatives and friends at home, of whom he spoke, and he also kept talking of the different meals he would eat when he reached home. He seemed, too, to realize his critical condition, and asked me, in case he should die there and I survive, to send his manuscripts to the New York *Herald* and his personal effects to his relatives.

"We remained there on that desolate ice for two hours or more with the wind blowing a hurricane, by which time my poor heroic companion had lost consciousness. I did everything for him that my limited means permitted. I wrapped him up in my temiak,* and remained on the sledge amidst the drifting snow with my unconscious friend in my arms until 7:45 p. m., when

POOR RICE PASSED AWAY.

"There I was left alone with the dead body of my poor loved friend, in an ice-bound region, out of the reach of human aid. The death of my companion, under these circumstances, made a deeper impression on my mind than any other experience of my whole life. As I stood there by the remains of poor Rice, completely exhausted, shivering with the extreme cold, unable to give him burial, and hardly able to move, I realized fully that my chances of reaching Eskimo Point, seven miles away to the north, were very small indeed, and how I did it I can hardly understand. I felt more like remaining there to perish by the side of my dead companion than to make another effort, but the sense of the duty which I owed to my country and my companions, and to my dead comrade, to bear back the sad tidings of the disaster, sustained me in that dark hour of trial and impelled me to make the effort. I stooped and

KISSED DEAR RICE'S FACE,

and left him there for the wild winds of the Arctic to sweep over his colder form. I traveled to the north for Eskimo Point, and after seven hours of hard and weary traveling reached it and the sleeping bag, completely exhausted. I found the bag frozen as stiff as a piece of cord wood, and as in my exhausted condition I was unable to unroll it, I thought surely that I would have to perish there. As good fortune would have it, I found in my pocket the small phial that still held a few drops of aromatic spirits of ammonia. I swallowed this, and it revived me so much that it enabled me to unroll and get into the bag, where I lay until morning.

"About 8 o'clock on the morning of April 10 I hustled out of the bag, and after getting some warm food started back to bury the remains of my dead companion. The morning was bright, and I found the traveling much easier than the night before. When I reached the gloomy spot where poor dead Rice lay, thinking that there might be something on his person that should be preserved for his relatives, I searched his clothing and found several small articles, which I delivered to Maj. Greely on my return.

"I then began the difficult task of

DIGGING A GRAVE

for my dead comrade, which was accomplished after several hours of hard labor. I had no pick or shovel, only the ax, and had to remove the loose ice with my hands; and here, on a paleocrystic floe, I laid away to eternal rest the remains of the comrade who was so dear to me. There I left my comrade in his icy grave, and determined to make the strongest endeavor to carry back to the others the sad news.

"After a few hours I again reached Eskimo Point, where I camped for the night. Now, it became a question of vital importance to me as to how I was to reach Camp Clay and my remaining comrades. In my enfeebled condition I was unable to travel eight or nine miles on a stretch, for after the first three or four hours I would become weak and be forced to travel so slow that I would freeze in my tracks. I therefore resolved to take the alcohol which we had carried for fuel, dilute it with water, and take a small quantity of it whenever I laid down, so that

I WOULD GO TO SLEEP AT ONCE.

"The next morning I broke camp about 7 o'clock, packed up my traps and started for Camp Clay, but after pulling and hauling and stumbling for about four hours I got so tired that I had to go into camp. I turned my sledge upside down and stretched the sleeping bag between the runners, and took a small drink of the diluted alcohol. I was soon in the land of dreams, and after laying there for three or four hours, waked up completely chilled through. I at once packed up and traveled until I was thoroughly warmed, and then stopped and prepared some warm wood. By the time this was done, and the scanty meat ration eaten, I was chilled through again, so I was forced to start ahead and travel until I was again tired out, when I again camped, took another dose of alcohol and turned in.

"When I approached the divide between Ellison bay and Rosse's bay I found I was too weak to drag my load across; so I fastened a rope to the sleeping bag and hauled it over first and then went back for the sledge. In this tiresome and laborious manner, and in my weakened condition, I worked my weary way back until April 13, when I reached Camp Clay.

"When I reached Camp Clay I met Sergeant Brainard at the door of our small snow hut, and he at once asked for Rice. When I told him that poor Rice had perished, he exclaimed:

'MY GOD! HOW TERRIBLE!'

it's too bad; we have killed a bear, which would have enabled us all to pull through. I am very sorry.' He then entered the hut with me and announced the sad news, which brought tears from every one of us.

"Maj. Greely at once ordered rum for me, which was given me by Biederbick, and I then told them all of our trials and hardships, and of the death of poor Rice. I have never seen a party of men take anything more to heart than that story of the sad disaster.

"After having listened to my sad narrative they gave me the sorrowful news of the death of Lieut. Lockwood and Sergts. Jewell and Linn, who had perished during my absence.

"I have no command of words adequate to describe the scene in that miserable, wretched snow hut, when, after an absence of seven days in the fruitless search for the food abandoned on the ice, I had to report the failure of our expedition, the death of a cherished and brave companion, and to be informed of the additional losses to our small and feeble community of three as good and brave men as have ever faced the dangers and privations of Arctic cold and darkness in the execution of their duty to their country."

*A hooded sealskin Innuit upper garment.—ED.

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Fishing Through the Ice.

The ponds are frozen over, and pickerel fishing will be in order within a few days. Several Hartford gentlemen are well prepared for business. A tobacco dealer has several thousand minnows for bait in the cellar of his State street store. Capt. Sherman generally has a good supply. A North End gentleman has 10,000 at least in tanks in his cellar, captured out in the Blue hill road section. The little fish sell at $1 per hundred usually. Mr. Lane, "Ted" Naedele, and several other gentlemen have fine lots of tip-ups of improved models. A well-known dentist has had fifty new ones made this winter. Favorite places in this section for pickerel fishing through the ice are Weathersfield's cove, Keeny's cove, Bolton reservoir, Suipsic lane, Shuttle Meadow lake, Cranberry pond, and Farmington river. Pickerel will not bite on Sundays. Down New London way there is good sport "jigging" frost fish on the Thames. The fisherman uses no bait. He takes a couple of sticks two feet in length. Upon the end of one he ties a cluster of oak leaves, and the end of the other a sharp hook, making a miniature gaff. He takes his "bushed" stick and puts it down in front eight inches to a foot and a half of water and begins to oscillate it patiently and the frost fish comes to it. They swim slowly beneath it, rubbing against the leaves, when the "jig" is deftly lowered, and they are jerked out with a suddenness that must astonish the fish. The fish do not seem to get frightened, but continue to swarm beneath the leaves and be "hooked up" as long as the jigger has patience to pull them.—*Hartford Times.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE MONEY MAKERS—A SOCIAL PARABLE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Washington: W. H. Morrison.

The newspaper man is coming to the front as a hero of romance. There are two of them in this novel, and though they start together they gradually diverge in the paths of journalism. The story is an unusual and in many respects a striking one. Of the two it is the honest and conscientious one who has convictions and is not afraid to express them, who is really the hero of the tale. But even more carefully drawn is the character of the brilliant, talented, attractive Hilliard, with his unusual abilities and his keen desire for life's highest opportunities. He is at first too scrupulous to accept the rich man's check sent him in appreciation of a great service. He finally overcomes his scruples so far as to speculate with the money before scrupulously returning it. By a lucky *coup* he makes a fortune, and attains the social pre-eminence he has sighed for. But in getting much he loses more. His standard gradually lowers, and later on he is not too scrupulous deliberately to win the love of the millionaire's daughter, and after doing everything to show her that he cares for her, except to tell her so, calmly to drop her at her father's order. If this social parable be a true one, in love, in politics, in literature, in everything, money is omnipotent. The book has many faults of style, not the least of which is the constant use of unnecessary foreign phrases. In some parts there is a coarseness of tone, but, as a whole, it is original and vigorous, and will find many interested readers.

RURAL LYRICS. By HON. J. F. SIMMONS. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Washington: W. H. Morrison.

The book is beautifully printed on thick paper, with wild flowers prettily stamped in gilt on its cover. The so-called poetry contained in it is unusually poor—the weakest sentiments expressed in halting meter and commonplace rhyme. The reader is lost in wonder as to what can have induced either author or publisher to put them in print.

THE CRIME OF CHRISTMAS DAY, A TALE OF THE LATIN QUARTER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Washington: W. H. Morrison.

A story of murder and mystery, of avarice and generosity, of love and friendship, one of those ingenious French detective stories that are now so popular. It is clearly and graphically told, and the reader is spared the mass of wearisome detail that frequently makes this sort of story so tiresome. The close friendship between the two impecunious students, the unjust but strongly probable charge of murder brought against one of them, his friend's determined efforts to clear him, his sweetheart's constancy, and the final triumphant and dramatic scene at the Odeon Theater form the elements of a very interesting, though somewhat tragic tale.

PERSONAL TRAITS OF BRITISH AUTHORS: Byron, Shelley, Moore, Rogers, Keats, Southey, Landor. Edited by EDWARD T. MASON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Washington: William Ballantyne & Son.

Of biographies and autobiographies, longer or shorter, the world has had such a satiety that it is refreshing to greet this new publication, which bears the credentials of originality and which without unnecessary pretension or verbiage proceeds to tell us those things which we want most to know about the great men of whom it treats. How they looked and acted, what were their theories, habits, and hobbies, their likes and dislikes, their strong points and weak ones—this is the story told by their various associates and acquaintances, each from his own standpoint, and in such a chatty way that the reader is entertained to the end and sorry when the tale is concluded. The array of witnesses summoned by the editor is so striking and their views so many sided and comprehensive as to render the sketches quite a complete resume of the life and character of the men who left so great an impress upon their time. In the preface we are informed that the series of volumes of which this is the first will comprise the personal characteristics of twenty-seven authors, seven of whom are embraced in this book. There is a brief introductory note to each sketch in which is contained some points of general interest in the life and character of the author, and an enumeration of such works as will give a full and detailed statement of such matters. Then follows in every instance a chronological table of the leading events in the private and literary life of each author, and at the close an appendix containing the list of works consulted and index of authors quoted and subjects treated of in the different volumes. That the work of the editor has required great labor and rare discrimination is seen from the list of authorities referred to and the great mass of material from which selection was necessary.

The second book of the series is treated in the same manner as the first, but is rendered especially interesting from the fact that its group of characters—Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlett, Leigh, and Proctor—were more than passing acquaintances, and from their mutual observations one upon the other we are introduced, as it were, to the very hearthstone and intimacy of men whose companionship is delightful and fascinating.

WOMEN, PLUMBERS, AND DOCTORS; OR, HOUSEHOLD SANITATION. By MRS. H. M. PLUNKETT. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Washington: W. H. Morrison.

When the writer tells us that "if women and plumbers do their whole duty there will be comparatively little occasion for the services of the doctors" she states a fact which could not be better formulated by a convention of medical or sanitary experts. Ignorance of the commonest hygienic principles destroys more lives and lays the foundation for more diseases than is commonly supposed, and the ablest physician finds his work frequently futile from the unpardonable neglect of patient and friend to lend him an intelligent co-operation.

The little treatise before us presents the views of a woman who has used her eyes to good purpose and arrived at conclusions based upon experience and common sense, which must prove serviceable to the dullest mind. She lays no claim to originality, but gives in addition to her own observations the views of such men as Dr. Koch, August Flint, J. T. Billings, Mr. Wm. Paul Gerhard, and Prof. C. F. Chandler. The range of subjects touched upon includes sewerage, ventilation, wells, illuminating material, sewer gas and germs, public sanitation, &c. When it is known that the connection between these evils and diptheria and various forms of epidemics is close and immediate it becomes a duty for wives and mothers to inform themselves, at least upon the condition of their own houses from garret to cellar, and what constitutes a proper sanitary condition. The book abounds in illustrations and is written in so clear and forcible a style as to render it well worth perusal by every practical housekeeper

Literary Notes.

"Tartarean Darkness" is the subject of a series of papers on the condition of the laws of the District of Columbia, by Edmund Alton, who will present them in *The Current*, beginning with the issue of Jan. 31. He reveals a most woful state of affairs, and it will be a surprise to many readers to learn that English statutes of the thirteenth century, Maryland laws, congressional enactments, and local ordinances struggle for precedence in the courts of the District to the dire confusion and peril of the citizens. It is altogether a lamentable instance of legislative incompetency.

The February number of the *Phrenological Journal*, of New York, contains an article entitled, "More About the Red Sky," by Mr. Isaac P. Noyes, of this city. Mr. Noyes has from the first championed the vapor theory. As the red skies continue, the article would seem to be worth perusal. It is in harmony with all that has appeared in these columns over the signature of I. P. N.

Magazines.

The United Service for February contains, among other things, an interesting series of reminiscences on the "Battles at Chattanooga," from the pen of Gen. H. V. Boynton, and a sketch by Rear-Admiral Preble, of Esek Hopkins, the first commander-in-chief of the American navy, 1775.

The Magazine of American History is crowded with rare historical sketches and data, among which may be noted "The Early New York Postoffice," by Rev. Dr. Vermilye, "Chief George H. M. Johnson—Onwanonsyshon," by Horatio Hale; "Benedict Arnold's March to Canada," by Wm. H. Mills, &c.

St. Nicholas, in addition to other illustrations, contains a fine frontispiece, "Beggar Boys at Play," engraved for the February number by T. Johnson from Murillo. E. P. Roe contributes the first chapter of "Driven Back to Eden," Gail Hamilton gives the "English Kings in a Nutshell," and Joel Stacy speaks "For Very Little Folk."

The first number in the third series of Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science—Herbert B. Adams, editor, is devoted to the discussion of "Maryland's influence upon land cessions to the United States," with minor papers "on George Washington's interest in western lands, the Potomac company, and a national university."

The Magazine of American History for February presents the following interesting table of contents: "The Early New York Postoffice," illustrated, by Rev. A. G. Vermilye, D. D.; "Chief George H. M. Johnson," illustrated, by Horatio Hale, M. A.; "Benedict Arnold's March to Canada," by William Howard Mills; "Early Virginia Claims in Pennsylvania," by T. J. Chapman, A. M.; "The Character of Andrew Jackson," by Hon. Charles Gayarre; "Some Recent School Books," by Edward Channing, Ph.D.; "Alexander William Doniphan," by Thomas Snead; "Political Americanisms" (3), by Charles Ledyard Norton. The article on "Benedict Arnold's March to Canada," by Maj. Mills, of this city, shows the result of careful research, and will be read with interest.

PROF. DUNCAN CAMPBELL, M. D., LL. D. president Royal College Physicians and Surgeons, member General Council University Edinburgh, &c., speaking of the Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic, says: "It has more than realized my expectations."

A Use for Sullivan.

Sullivan is about the only man who could "bounce" Haines from the speakership of the Illinois legislature, and the bruiser would have to avoid giving a "facer" out of regard for his own knuckles. Haines's "cheek" is adamantine.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

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AUCTION SALES.

UNITED STATES MARSHAL'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of venditioni exponas, issued out of the Clerk's office of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, and to me directed, I will sell at public sale, for cash, in front of the court house door of said District, on WEDNESDAY, THE 11TH DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1885, at 12 o'clock m., all the right, title, claim, and interest of the defendant in and to the following described property, to wit:

Part of a tract of land called "Fortune Enlarged," on the eastern side of the Eastern Branch of the Potomac river, beginning at the southeast corner to Shelby P. Scaggs's part of said tract; thence northerly with a public road on the east, adjoining said Scaggs's part to intersection of the Marlborough road N. 9° 50' E. 111¼ perches, N. 54° W. 139 perches with the Marlborough road, thence N. 57° 30' W. 44 perches on said road to a cedar tree; thence S. 11° W. 88 perches to a chestnut tree; S. 29° W. 49½ perches to a cedar tree; S. 70° 55' E. 71½ perches to the beginning, containing forty-four acres, one rood, and fifty-two perches of land, together with all and singular the improvements thereon, seized and levied upon as the property of the defendant, William G. Stutmeier, to satisfy venditioni exponas No. 25430, at law, in favor of James L. H. Campbell and George Rickards.

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