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BY DAVID OVER.

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The Marriage of Pocahontas.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

During the lovely Indian summer time, in the autumn of 1608, there was a marriage on the banks of the Powhatan, where the English had laid the cornerstone of the great fabric of the Anglo-Saxon Empire in the New World. It was celebrated in the second church which the English settlers had erected there. Like their first, which fire had devoured the previous winter, it was a rude structure whose roof rested upon rough pine columns, fresh from the virgin forest, and whose ornaments were little indebted to the hand of art. The officiating priest was "good Master White," who had lost all his books by the conflagration. History, poetry, and song, have kept a dutiful silence respecting that first English marriage in America, because John Laydon and Anne Barrows were common people. The bridegroom was a carpenter, among the first adventurers who ascended the Powhatan, then named James in honor of a bad king; and the bride was waiting-maid to "Mistress Forrest," wife of Thomas Forrest, gentleman. These were the first white women ever seen at the Jamestown settlement.

Almost five years later, was another marriage at Old Jamestown, in honor of which, history, poetry, and song have been employed. The bridegroom was "Master John Rolfe, an honest gentleman, and of good behavior," from the realm of England; and the bride was a princess—royal, named Matoa, or Pocahontas, the well-beloved daughter of the Emperor of the great Powhatan confederacy, on the Virginia peninsula.

The officiating priest was Master Alexander Whitaker, a noble apostle of Christianity, who went to Virginia for the cure of souls. Sir Thomas Dale, then Governor of the colony, thus briefly tells his masters of the Company in London, the story of Pocahontas: "Pocahontas's daughter I caused to be carefully instructed in the Christian religion, who, after she had made a good progress therein, renounced publicly her country's idolatry, openly confessed her Christian faith, was, as she desired, baptised, and is since married to an English gentleman of good understanding (as by his letter unto me, containing the reason of his marriage of her, you may perceive) another knot to bind this peace the stronger. Her father and friends gave approbation to it, and her uncle gave her to him in the church. She lives civilly and lovingly with him, and I trust will increase in goodness, as the knowledge of God increaseth in her. She will go to England with me, and, were it but the gaining of this one soul, I will think my time, toil, and present stay, well spent."

So discoursed Sir Thomas Dale. Curiosity would know more of the Princess and her marriage, and curiosity may here be gratified to the extent of the revelations of recorded history. The finger of a special Providence, pointing down the vista of ages, is seen in the character and acts of Pocahontas. She was the daughter of a pagan king who had never shed of Jesus of Nazareth, yet her heart was overflowing with the cardinal virtues of a Christian life. She was a landscape of mild earth, where all was harmony, and calm quiet, and luxuriant budding. "Blessed to grow."

When Captain Smith, the boldest and best of the early adventures in Virginia, penetrated the dense forest he was made a prisoner, was conducted in triumph from village to village, until he stood in the presence of Powhatan, the supreme ruler, and was then condemned to die.

Upon the barren sand
A single captive stood;
Around him came, with low and brand,
The red-men of the wood.
Like him of old his doom he hears,
Rock-bound on ocean's rim;
The chief's daughter kneels in tears,
And breathes a prayer for him.

Above his head in air
The savage war-club swung;
The frantic girl, in wild despair,
Her arms around him hung.
Then shook the warriors of the shade,
Like leaves on aspen-leaf;
Subdued by that heroic maid
Who breathed a prayer for him.

"Unbind him!" gasped the chief—
"O' my king's decree!"
He kissed away her tears of grief,
And set the captive free.
The ever thus, when in life's storm,
Hope's star to man grows dim,
An angel kneels in woman's form,
And breathes a prayer for him.

How could that stern old king deny
The angel pleading in his eye?
How touch the sweet, imploring grace
That breatheth in beauty from his face,
And let her speaking action gave

A power to soothe and still subdue,
Until, though humbled like a slave,
To more than queenly sway she grew.

WILLIAM G. SIMMS.
The emperor yielded to the maid, and the captive was set free.

Two years after that event Pocahontas again became an angel of deliverance. She hastened to Jamestown during a dark and stormy night, informed the English of a conspiracy to exterminate them, and was back to her couch before dawn. Smith was grateful, and the whole English colony regarded her as their deliverer. But gratitude is often a plant of feeble root, and the causer of selfishness will destroy it altogether. Smith went to England; the morals of the colonists became depraved; Argall, a rough, half-piratical navigator, unmanful of her character, bribed a savage, by the promise of a copper kettle, to betray Pocahontas into his hands, to be kept as a hostage while, compelling Powhatan to make restitution for injuries inflicted. The emperor loved his daughter tenderly, agreed to the terms of ransom gladly, and promised unbroken friendship for the English.

Pocahontas was now free to return to her forest home. But other bonds, more holy than those of Argall, detained her. While in the custody of the rude buccaners, a mutual attachment had budged and blossomed between her and John Rolfe, and the fruit was a happy marriage—"another knot to bind the peace" with Powhatan much stronger.

April, in the Virginia peninsula, where the English settlers first built a city, is one of the loveliest months in the year. Then winter has bidden a final adieu to the middle regions of America; the trees are robed in gay and fragrant blossoms; the robin, the blue-bird, and the oriole, are just giving the first opening preludes to the summer concerts in the woods, wild flowers are laughing merrily in every hedge, and upon the green banks of every stream.

It was a day in charming April, in 1613, when Rolfe and Pocahontas stood at the marriage altar in the new and pretty chapel at Jamestown, where, not long before, the bride had received Christian baptism, and was named the Lady Rebecca. The sun had marched half way up toward the meridian when a goodly company had assembled beneath the temple roof. The pleasant odor of the "spews of cedar" mingled with the fragrance of the wild flowers which decked the festoons of ever greens and sprays that hung over the "fair, broad windows," and the commandment tablets above the chancel. Over the pulpit of black-walnut hung garlands of white flowers, with the wazon leaves and scarlet berries of the holly. The communion-table was covered with fair white linen, and bore bread from the wheat fields of Jamestown, and wine from its luscious grapes. The font, "heaven hollow between, like a canoe," sparkled with water, as on the morning when the gentle princess uttered her baptismal vows.

Of all that company assembled in the broad space between the chancel and the pews, the bride and groom were the central figures in fact and significance. Pocahontas was dressed in a simple tunic of white muslin, from the looms of Daeca. Her arms were bare even to the shoulders, and, hanging loosely towards her feet, was a robe of rich stuff, presented by Sir Thomas Dale, and fancifully embroidered by herself and her maidens. A gaudy fillet encircled her head, and held the plume of birds and a veil of gauze, while her limbs were adorned with the simple jewelry of the native workshops. Rolfe was attired in the gay clothing of an English cavalier of that period and upon his thigh he wore the short sword of a gentleman of distinction in society. He was the personification of manly beauty in form and carriage; she of womanly modesty and lovely simplicity; and as they came and stood before the man of God, history dipped her pen in the indelible fountain of truth, and recorded a prophecy of mighty empires in the New World. Upon the chancel steps, where no railing interfered, the good Whitaker stood in his sacerdotal robes; and, with impressive voice, pronounced the marriage ritual of the liturgy of the Anglican Church, then first planted in the Western continent. On his right, in a richly carved chair of state, brought from England, sat the Governor, with his ever attendant halberdiers, with brazen helmets, at his back.

There was yet but few women in the colony, and these, soon after this memorable event, returned to native England. The "society young women, pure and uncorrupted," whom the wise Sandys caused to be sent to Virginia, as wives for the planters, did not arrive until seven years later. All then at Jamestown were at the marriage. The letters of the time have transmitted to us the names of some of them. Mistress John Rolfe, with her child, (doubtless of the family of the bridegroom); Mistress

Easton and child, and Mistress Horton and grandchild, with her maid-servant, Elizabeth Parsons, who, on a Christmas eve before, had married Thomas Powell, were yet in Virginia. Among the noted men then present, was Sir Thomas Gates, a brave soldier in many wars, and as brave an adventurer among the Atlantic perils as any who ever trusted to the ribs of oak of the ships of Old England. And Master Sparks who had been co-ambassador with Rolfe to the court of Powhatan, stood near the old soldier, with young Henry Spilman at his side. There, too, was the young George Percy, brother of the powerful Duke of Northumberland, whose conduct was always as noble as his blood, and near him, an earnest spectator of the scene, was the elder brother of Pocahontas; but not the destined successor to the throne of his father.

There too was a young brother of the bride, and many youths and maidens from the forest shades; but one noble figure—the pride of the Powhatan confederacy—the father of the bride, was absent. He had consented to the marriage with willing voice but would not trust himself within the power of the English at Jamestown. He remained in his habitation at Werowocomoco, while the ROSE and the TORW were being wedded, but cheerfully commissioned his brother, Opachisee, to give away his daughter. That prince performed his duty well, and then, in careless gravity, he sat and listened to the voice of the Apostle, and the sweet chanting of the little choristers. The music ceased, the benediction fell, the solemn "Amen" echoed from the rude vaulted roof, and the joyous company left the chapel for the festal hall of the Governor. Thus "the peace was made stronger, and the ROSE of England lay undisturbed upon the HARPER of the Powhatans, while the father of Pocahontas lived."

Months glided away. The bride and groom "lived civilly and lovingly together," until Sir Thomas Dale departed for England, in 1616, when they, with many settlers, accompanied him. Tomocomo, one of the shrewdest of Powhatan's councillors, went also, that he might report all the wonders of England to his master. The lady Rebecca received great attention from the court and all below it. "She accustomed herself to civility and carried herself as daughter of a king." Dr. King the Lord Bishop of London, entertained her "with festival state and pomp," beyond what he had ever given to other ladies; and at the court she was received with the courtesy due to her rank as a princess. But the silly bigot on the throne was highly incensed, because one of his subjects had dared to marry a lady of royal blood, and, in the midst of his dreams from his preogatives he absurdly apprehended that Rolfe might lay claim to the crown of Virginia? Afraid of the royal displeasure, Capt. Smith was then in England, and would not allow her to call him father, as she desired to do. She could not comprehend the cause and her tender simple heart, was sorely grieved by what seemed to be his want of affection for her. She remained in England about a year; and, when ready to embark for America with her husband, she sickened and died at Gravesend, in the flower of youth of June, 1617, when not quite twenty-two years of age. She left one son Thomas Rolfe, who afterwards became quite a distinguished man in Virginia. He had but one child a daughter. From her, some of the leading families of Virginia trace their lineage. Among these are the Bolings, Murrays, Guys, Eldridges, and Randolphs. But Pocahontas needed no posterity to perpetuate her name—it is imperishably preserved in the amber of history.—*Home Journal.*

Eloquent Extract.

We present below an extract from a speech delivered in the House of Representatives of this State, in February, 1847, by James Fox, Esq., Representative from Dauphin county, in reply to Mr. Hasson, the member from Cambria county.

"A word more, Mr. Speaker, in regard to my rosy-bore friend from Cambria, and I have done. That valiant and redoubtable second edition of Col. Plank, has indulged himself in denouncing the Whigs and their principles, thus:—

"From the earliest period of the American Revolution down to the present time, the Whigs have always been Tories. Their principles are identical with the black-coated Federalists, and they have never failed to enroll in the histories of our times. In the county of Cambria a volunteer company composed one hundred and four men, started for Mexico, and there were only sixteen Whigs in it."

I ask, sir, why is not the "representative of the frosty sons of thunder" himself unwavering towards the battle-field? I can easily imagine from the ginger-pop patriotism of the gentleman, that he could not enter a company as a private soldier, but I

would have supposed from his enlarged proportions, and comprehensive love of country, that he would tender himself to the Governor of the Commonwealth, as a whole company, officers, privates and all, of which he was Captain No. 1, of Company No. 2."

I fancy I can now see the gentleman standing on the summit of some mighty mountain in Cambria, robed cap-a-pie in the soldier's garb, swelling with patriotic indignation at the boldness of Mexican braggadoocio, his face rosy as a summer's pepper, and suffused with a compound of tears and other mucilaginous liquids, bidding a rapid adieu to the cliffs and quarries, the toads, frogs and snakes, of his own, his darling Cambria. Behold him tearing himself from the scenes of his childhood and marching with hurried steps to the field of slaughter. Company No. 2, commanded by Captain No. 1, is now in the plains of Mexico, "his heart is in the fray and eager for the fight." The music of the fife and drum are lost in the hoarse thunder of the cannon's roar, the beams of heaven are partially obscured by the dust and smoke of battle, when the gallant Captain No. 1, of Company No. 2, is seen emerging from the shantee or chapparel.

Around his head he wears a wreath of shamrock, over his back is spanned a coat of scarlet, significant of his murderous intentions, his breeches woven to the leg, as though the flesh had been melted, and run into them, on either shoulder floats a mackerel, in his left hand he carries a brick-bat and in his right, flourishes the mighty shill-lah. Thus armed and equipped, straddled upon a mule, gorgeously caparisoned, he enters the arena and looks fiercely forth for the mighty Santa Anna himself.

"Hoods up, Captain No. 1, attention Company No. 2, count in sections of four, and march at walking distance for sixteen. Behold that lubberly spalpeen Santa Anna and FOLLOW YOUR GENERAL," and darting for his rival, like a true knight of the olden time, he strikes the shield of the mighty chief. The astonished followers of the Mexican General recoil at the fearless courage of the stranger soldier.—"G'it out of my road, Mither Santa Anna or I'll be the dirt of ye," shouts Captain No. 1, of Company 2. "Sir, I'm the descendant of Teddy O'Toole, I was borne in the town of Limerick, in the county of Tipperary, I am the representative from Cambria county and the right arm of the Democratic party of Pennsylvania. I've travelled a thousand miles to see you, and by the undecayed shens of St. Patrick and the strawberry lips of Kate Killarney, but I'll be the dirt of ye," and suiting the action to the word, he rushed headlong against his antagonist. It was a fearful and might yastack. It combined the enthusiastic energy of Fall-staff, the serene judgment of Quixotte, and the skill and strategy of an animated, living blood and bones, Jack O'Clubs. Sir it was irresistible, it staggered the plumed warriors of the South, and both riders fell to the earth. It was a dreadful and most intensely exciting moment.

The palfrey of the gentleman was seen darting across the plain, his darling shill-lah was flying through the air, like the stick of a rocket, and last, though not least, the unmentionables of the gallant, though unfortunate Captain No. 1, of Company No. 2, were rent asunder, and like Cardinal Wolsey, he was left "naked with his enemies."

Sir, misfortune commands our pity and respect, and we here drop the curtain mentioning, however, that the latest accounts from the seat of war, represent the Captain as being totally bewildered, and running to and fro, like the affrighted sons of Jerusalem, and exclaiming in imitation of the duke of York, at the battle of Bosworth, "a horse, a horse, my lads, my military laurels for a horse, but if you see got no horse, I'll swoop 'em for my Jack Ass."

Nebraska City, now numbering 850 inhabitants, with all the necessary conveniences of life, has been built up at the old military station, Fort Kearney, within the last twelve months. The census of the Territory taken last fall, indicates a population of 4,500.

THE MURDER OF JUSTUS MATTHEWS.—At New Haven, on the 17th inst., the Grand Jury indicted Samuel Slys as principal, and Rhoda Wakeman (as prophesies,) and Thankful S. HERSHEY, as accessories to the murder of Justus Matthews. Their trial will soon take place. Abigail Sabes and Josiah Jackson have been discharged from prison. The prophesies wept like an infant on being told that she must remain.—Mrs. HERSHEY said, pointing to the prophesies, "they little know what they are about in shutting up that person there."

DR. KANE.

A SKETCH BY DR. WILLIAM ELDER.

When a man's life is heroic, and his name has passed into history, the world wants to know him personally, intimately. The "grave and revered chronicler," passing over his beginnings, presents him abruptly in his full-grown greatness; men render the admiration earned, but the sympathetic emulation awakened is concerned to know how he grew into his maturity of excellence. This curiosity is not an idleness of the fancy, but a personal interest in the facts that springs out of those aspirations which put every man upon the fulfilment of his own destiny. How came this man to excel—that was in him—what happened to develop it? "Some men are born great; some achieve greatness; some have greatness thrust upon them." How came this man by it? Is it within my reach also, and by what means? History provokes us with such queries as these. Biography answers them.

Doctor Elisha Kent Kane is not quite thirty-four years old, yet he has done more than circumnavigate the globe; he has visited and traversed India, Africa, Europe, South America, the islands of the Pacific, and twice penetrated the Arctic region to the highest latitude attained by civilized man. He has encountered the extremest perils of sea and land, in every climate of the globe; he has discharged in turn the severest duties of the soldier and the seaman, attached to the United States Navy as a surgeon, he is nevertheless, engaged at one time in the coast survey of the tropical ocean, and in a month or two, we find him exploring the frigid zone; and all the while that his personal experiences had the character of romantic adventure, he was pushing them in the spirit of scientific and philanthropic enterprise.

As a boy, his instinctive bent impelled him to indulgence and enjoyment of such adventures as were best fitted to train him for the work before him. His collegiate studies suffered some postponement while his physical qualities pressed for their necessary training and discipline. It was almost in the spirit of irony that he explored the Blue Mountains of Virginia, as a student of geology, under the guidance of Professor Rogers, and cultivated, at once, his hardihood of vital energy and those elements of natural science which were to qualify him for his after services in the field of physical geography. But, in due time he returned to the pursuit of literature, and achieved the usual honors, as well as though his collegiate studies had suffered no diversion—his muscles and nerves were educated, and his brain lost nothing by the indirectness of its development, but was rather corroborated for all the uses which it has served since.

He graduated at the University of Pennsylvania—first, in its collegiate, and afterwards, in its medical, department. His special reliances in study indicated his natural drift—chemistry and surgery; natural science in its most intimate converse with substance and the remedial art in its most heroic function. He went out from his Alma Mater a good classical scholar, and surgeon. But he lacked, or thought he lacked, robustness of frame and soundness of health. He solicited an appointment in the navy, and upon his admission, demanded active service. He was appointed upon the diplomatic staff as surgeon to the first American Embassy to China. This position gave him opportunity to explore the Philippine Islands, which he effected mainly on foot. He was the first man who descended into the crater of Taal; lowered more than a hundred feet by a bamboo rope from the overhanging cliff, and clambering down some seven hundred more through the scorias, he made a topographical sketch of the interior of this great volcano, collected a bottle of sulphurous acid from the very mouth of the crater; and, although he was drawn up almost senseless, he brought with him his portrait of this hideous cavern, and the specimens which it afforded.

Before he returned from this trip, he had ascended the Himalayas, and triangulated Greece, on foot; he had visited Ceylon; the Upper Nile, and all the mythologic region of Egypt; traversing the route, and making the acquaintance of the learned Lepsius, who was then prosecuting his archeological researches.

At home again, when the Mexican war broke out, he asked to be removed from the Philadelphia Navy Yard to the field of a more congenial service; but the government sent him to the Coast of Africa: Here he visited the slave factories, from Cape Mount to the river Bonny, and through the infamous Da Souza, got access to the baracoons of Dahomey, and contracted besides the Coast Fever, from the effects of which his has never entirely recovered.

From Africa he returned before the close of the Mexican war, believing that his constitution was broken, and his health rapidly going, he called upon President Polk, and demanded an opportunity for service that might crowd the little remnant of his life with achievements in keeping with his ambition; the President just then embarrassed by a temporary non-intercourse with General Scott, charged the Doctor with despatches to the General, of great moment and urgency, which must be carried through a region occupied by the enemy. This embassy was marked by an adventurous romance, and so illustrative of the character of the man, that we are tempted to detail it.

On his way to the Gulf he secured a horse in Kentucky, such as a knight errant would have chosen for the companion and sharer of his adventures. Landed at Vera Cruz he asked for an escort to convey him to the capital, but the officer in command had no troopers to spare—he must wait, or he must accept, instead, a band of ruffian Mexicans called the Spy Company, who had taken to the business of treason and trickery for a livelihood. He accepted them, and went forward. Near Puebla his troop encountered a body of Mexicans, escorting a number of distinguished officers to Orizaba, among whom were Major-General Gaona, Governor of Puebla; his son, Maximilian, and General Torrejon, who commanded the brilliant charge of horse at Buena Vista. The surprise was mutual, but the Spy Company had the advantage of the ground. At the first instant of the discovery, and before the ranks fully comprehended their involvements, the Doctor shouted in Spanish, "Bravo" the capital adventure, Colonel, form your line for a charge!" And down they were upon the enemy; Kane and his gallant Kentucky charger ahead. Understanding the principle that sends a tallow candle through a plank, and that the momentum of a body is its weight multiplied by its velocity, he dashed through the opposing force, and turning to engage after breaking their line, he found himself fairly surrounded, and two of the enemy giving him their special attention. One of these was disposed of in an instant by rearing his horse, who with a blow of his fore foot, felled his man; and wheeling suddenly, the Doctor gave the other a sword wound, which opened the external iliac artery, and put him "Hore de Combat." This subject of the Doctor's military surgery was the young Maximilian.

The brief melee terminated with a cry from the Mexicans "we surrender." Two of the officers made a dash for an escape, the Doctor pursued them, but soon gave up the chase. When he returned, he found his ruffians preparing to massacre the prisoners. As he galloped past the young officer whom he had wounded, he heard him cry "Senor, save my father." A group of the guerrilla guards were dashing upon the Mexicans, bundled together, with their lances in rest. He threw himself before them—one of them transfixed his horse, another gave him a severe wound in the groin. He killed the first lieutenant, wounded the second lieutenant and blew a part of the colonel's beard off with the last charge of his six shooter; then grappling with him, and using his fists he brought this party to terms. The lives of the prisoners were saved, and the Doctor received their swords. As soon as General Gaona could reach his son, who lay at a little distance from the scene of the last struggle, the Doctor found him sitting by him, receiving his last adieu. Shifting the soldier and resuming the surgeon, he secured the artery, and put the wounded man in a condition to travel. The ambulance got up for the occasion, contained at once the wounded Maximilian, the wounded second lieutenant, and the man that had prepared them for slow travelling, himself on his litter, from the lance wound received in defence of his prisoners. When they reached Puebla, the Doctor's wound proved the worst in the party. He was taken to the government house, but the old General, in gratitude for his generous services, had him conveyed to his own house. General Childs, American commander at Puebla, hearing of the generosity of his prisoner discharged him without making any terms, and the old General became the principal nurse of his captor and benefactor, dividing his attentions between him and his son, who lay wounded in an adjoining room. This illness of our hero was long and doubtful, and he was reported dead to his friends at home.

When he recovered and returned, he was employed in the Coast survey. While engaged in this service, the government by its correspondences with Lady Franklin became committed for an attempt at the rescue of Sir John and his ill-starred companions in Arctic discovery. Nothing could be better addressed to the Doctor's governing sentiments than this adventure. The enterprise of Sir John Van exactly in the current of

one his own enthusiasms—the service of natural science combined with heroic personal effort; and, added to this that art of patriotism which charges itself with its own full share in the execution of national engagements of honor, and besides, this cordial assumption of his country's debts and duties, there was no little force in the appeal of a nobly brave, spirited man to the chivalry of the American navy.

He was "bathing in the tepid waters of the Gulf of Mexico, on the 12th of May, 1850," when he received his telegraphic order to proceed forthwith to New York for duty upon the Arctic expedition. In nine days from that date he was beyond the limits of the United States, on his distant voyage to the North Pole. Of this first American expedition, as it is well known to the public, he was the surgeon, the naturalist, and the historian. It returned disappointed of its main object, after a winter in the regions of eternal ice, and a fifteen month's absence.

Scarcely allowing himself a day to recover from the hardships of his cruise, he set on foot the second attempt, from which he has returned, and verifying by actual observation the long-questioned existence of an open sea beyond the latitude of 82 degrees, and beyond the temperature, also, of 100 degrees below the freezing point. His "Personal Narrative," published early in 1853, recounts the adventures of the first voyage, and discovers his diversified qualifications for such an enterprise.

The last voyage occupied two winters in the highest latitudes, and two years and a half of unintermitted labor, with the risks and responsibilities attendant. He is now preparing the history for publication. But that part of it, which best reports his own personal agency, and would most justly present the man to the reader, will, of course, be suppressed. We would gladly supply it, but as yet this is impossible to us. His journal is private property, the extracts which we may expect will be only too shy of egotism, and his companions have not spoken yet, as some day they will speak, of his conduct throughout the terrible struggles which together they endured.

To form anything like an adequate estimate of this last achievement, it is to be recollected that his whole company amounted to but twenty men, and that of this corps or crew he was the commander, in native phrase; and when we are apprised that his portfolio of scenery, sketched on the spot in pencil, and in water colors kept busy over a spirit lamp, amounts to over three hundred sketches, we have a hint of the extent and variety of the effects he filled on this voyage. He was in fact the surgeon-sailing-master, astronomer and naturalist as well as captain and leader of the expedition.

This man of all work, and desperate, daring and successful doing, is in height about five feet seven inches, in weight say one hundred and thirty pounds or so, if health and rest would but give him leave to fill up his natural measure. His complexion is fair, his hair brown, and his eyes dark gray, with a hawk look. He is a hunter by every gift and grace and instinct that makes up the character; an excellent shot and a brilliant horse-man. He has escaped with whole bones from all his adventures, but he has several wounds which are troublesome, and with such general health as his, most men would call themselves invalids, and live on furlough from all the active duties of life; yet he has won the distinction of being the first civilized man to stand in latitude 82 deg. 30 min. and gaze upon the open Polar Sea—to reach the northernmost point of land on the globe—to report the lowest temperature ever endured—the heaviest sledge journey ever performed—and the wildest life that civilized man has successfully undergone; and to return after all to tell the story of his adventures.

The secret spring of all this energy is in his religious enthusiasm—discovered alike in the generous spirit of his adventures in pursuit of science—in his enthusiastic fidelity to duty and in his heroic maintenance of the point of honor in all his intercourse with men.

In his deportment there is that mixture of shyness and frankness, simplicity and fastidiousness, and modesty rather than blarney, which marks the man of genius, and the monk of industry. He seems confident in himself but not of himself. His manner is remarkable for celerity of movement, alert attentiveness, quickness of comprehension, rapidity of utterance and spontaneous compactness of diction, which arise from a habitual watchfulness against the betrayal of his own enthusiasms. He seems to fear that he is boring you, and is always discovering his unwillingness "to sit" for your admiration. If you question him about his handsome official acknowledgment of his services by the British and American