

APPLETONS' JOURNAL

LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ART

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

No. 303.—Vol. XIII.]

JANUARY 9, 1875.

[PRICE TEN CENTS.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
THE GERMAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION. Second Paper. (With Illustrations.)	33	EDITOR'S TABLE	51
JUDITH STARR. II. (From the German of Paul Heyse.)	35	LITERARY	53
RALPH WILTON'S WIFE. A Novel. Chapter II. By the Author of "The Wooling o't"	44	THE ARTS	55
THE PERSONAL CHARACTER OF GENERAL LEE. By J. ESTER COOKE.	47	MUSIC AND THE DRAMA	55
		SCIENCE, INVENTION, DISCOVERY. (With an Illustration.)	60
		MISCELLANY: NOTWORTHY THINGS SAID HERE AND THERE	61

Applications for Advertising in "Appletons' Journal" should be addressed to Mr. HENRY W. QUIN, at D. Appleton & Co.'s, 549 & 551 Broadway.

GEO. A. PRINCE & CO.
ORGANS and MELODEONS.

The Oldest, Largest, and most Perfect Manufactory in the United States.

54,000

NOW IN USE.

No other Musical Instrument ever obtained the same popularity.

Send for Price-Lists.

Address **BUFFALO, N. Y.**

PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL

Has now a world-wide reputation as the safest and best Illuminating Oil for Family use ever made.

Absolutely safe. Perfectly odorless. Always uniform. Illuminating qualities superior to gas. Burns in any lamp without danger of exploding or taking fire. Manufactured expressly to displace the use of volatile and dangerous oils. Its safety under every possible test, and its perfect burning qualities, are proved by its continued use in over 500,000 families.

Millions of gallons have been sold, and no accident, directly or indirectly, has ever occurred from burning or handling it.

For sale by the trade generally.

CHAS. PRATT & CO.,

(ESTABLISHED 1770.)

Proprietors, 108 Fulton Street, New York.

REDUCTIONS IN HOLIDAY GOODS.

WE WILL OFFER FOR TWO WEEKS.

EMBROIDERED

Initial Handkerchiefs,
EMB'D FRENCH SETTS,
Rich Fans, and Fancy Goods,
At Extraordinarily Low Prices.

MILLER & GRANT,
879 Broadway, N. Y.

WEBER PIANO-FORTES.

NILSSON. I shall take every opportunity to re-assessment and praise your instruments.

KELCOCK. For the last six years your Pianos have been my choice for the Concert-room and my own house.

LUCCA. Your Uprights are extraordinary instruments, and deserve their great success.

PATTI. I have used the Pianos of every celebrated maker, but give yours the preference over all.

MURSKA. Your instruments surpass my expectation, and I rank you justly as the foremost manufacturer of the day.

STRAUSS. I assure you that I have never yet seen any Pianos which equal yours.

Prices reasonable. Terms easy.

WAREHOUSES:

Fifth Avenue, cor. Sixteenth St., N. Y.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

Extraordinary Bargains.

A. T. STEWART & CO.

ARE NOW OFFERING, AT ABOUT ONE-HALF THE COST OF IMPORTATION, A LARGE INVOICE OF

Paris and Vienna Fancy Goods,

Consisting of LADIES' and GENTS' DRESSING-CASES and WORK-BOXES; ALBUMS, leather-bound, very handsome, from 75c. each upward. Very fine sets of GLOVE and HANDKERCHIEF BOXES, at proportionately low prices. A large line of elegant OPERA-GLASSES, PORTEMONNAIES, POCKET-BOOKS, IVORY MIRRORS, and ELEGANT TOILET SETS, at prices less than one-half their cost. The above are exhibited on the Second Floor, Centre Section, Fourth Avenue Side.

A SUPERB ASSORTMENT OF

Paris Fans.

The Latest Novelties, and the most elegant manufactured, at extremely attractive prices.

FIVE CASES GENUINE FRENCH BON-BONS, in Silk and Satin Sacks, and in beautiful Ornamental Boxes. LADIES' and GENTLEMEN'S very choice UMBRELLAS, best London Make, at the extremely low price of \$3 each upward—decided bargains. LADIES' SILK TIES, HANDKERCHIEFS, and SETTS, just opened; many Exclusive Styles, selected especially for the Holiday Season. LADIES' READY-MADE DRESSES, in Silk, Poplin, and other Fabrics, at about the cost of material. NOVELTIES in MEN'S FURNISHING, particularly adapted to the wants of the present season. They have also largely replenished all their Popular Stocks with

The Latest Novelties,

Suitable for the present Holiday Season, at prices which must command immediate attention.

A VISIT OF INSPECTION WILL AMPLY REPAY.

Broadway, 4th Avenue, 9th and 10th Streets.

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

No. 303.]

NEW YORK, JANUARY 9, 1875.

[VOL. XIII.

THE GERMAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

SECOND PAPER.

THIS house that the *Hansa's* crew was about to construct upon the ice was to be twenty feet in length and fourteen feet in breadth and six and a half feet in the gable, the side-walls being only four feet eight inches in height. A firm spot, free from any fracture, was chosen about four hundred and fifty paces from the ship. Had the house

raise the walls with a double row of stones; but unfortunately the stock was over-estimated, and the builders were therefore obliged to economize, and only use the nine-inch-broad stones up to about two feet, and after that lay them singly. A brook which had been dug in the ice hard by, and which gave them the sweetest of water, also afforded the

the present, was composed of sail-cloth and some matting, which had by chance been left on the *Hansa* after her last West-Indian voyage. The rafters were made out of the spars and staves of tubs; the first-named were laid crossways upon the latter. On this framework the sail-cloth and matting were nailed, and, in order to give the somewhat



WRECK OF THE HANSA.

been a farther distance, the difficulty of bringing up the heavy materials would have been greater, and thus have retarded the progress of the building. The work began on the 27th of September with the foundations, which here were more ready to hand than on land. With snow-axes and ballast-shovels about a foot and a half of snow was cleared away from the firm ice. It was intended to

most excellent cement. While wall-building on land has to be given up in frosty weather, their building, on the contrary, progressed the more rapidly. They only needed to strew finely-powdered snow between the grooves and cracks, pour water upon it, and in ten minutes all was frozen to a strong, compact mass, from which one single stone would with difficulty have been extracted. The roof, for

airy structure more solidity and firmness, snow was thrown upon the top. A double door, two and one-half feet wide, was made, and the floor was filled in with coal-blocks. After a labor of seven days, or on the 3d of October, the house was ready to receive its stores. Enough was provided at this time to last two months—four hundred pounds of bread, two dozen tins of preserved meats,

a side of bacon, coffee, brandies, fuel, and coal.

Meanwhile, the deck of the vessel was roofed in with planks and sail-cloth, for, in case the weather proved favorable, and the ice forbore to destroy the ship, the cabin and fore-castle would, of course, afford better accommodations in the coming winter than the small cramped quarters on the ice. No sooner was the work completed, than a severe snow-storm set in, accompanied by raging winds and intense cold. The ice, broken by the sub-surface currents, attacked the vessel in a most threatening manner, and occasioned great uneasiness. At regular intervals, like a succession of waves, it groaned and cracked, squashed and puffed—now sounding like the banging of doors, now like many human voices raised one against the other, and, lastly, like a drag on the wheel of a railway-engine. The evident immediate cause of this crushing was that the field had turned in drifting, and was now pressed closer to the coast-ice. The two floes of ice lying before the vessel received the hardest pressure, so that for a time the *Hansa* was spared, though trembling violently. The masts often swayed so much that it seemed as though some one was climbing them. On the morning of the 10th, the symptoms of disturbance among the ice-fields, which had swelled during the previous night, were again revived. The air was thick and gloomy, and the coast, which was only four miles distant, was not to be seen. The first heavy pressure came at ten o'clock, but it was not until noon that the position became serious.

"At this time the constantly-nearing, piled-up masses of young ice (about four feet thick) had broken up on the starboard side of the vessel, and pressed heavily on the outer side. The fore-part of the ship rose somewhat, and would have risen more, had not the high ice-blocks prevented it; it had therefore to bear the whole weight of the pressure. A trial of the pumps in the mean time showed that she was still water-tight. Shortly before one o'clock the deck-seams amidship sprang, but still she seemed tight. After this strong pressure followed a short pause, which we employed in taking our mid-day meal on deck. Below, it was very uncomfortable. But soon some mighty blocks of ice pushed themselves under the bow of the vessel, and, although they were crushed by it, they forced it up, slowly at first, then quicker, until it was raised seventeen feet out of its former position upon the ice. This movement we tried to ease as much as possible by shoveling away the ice and snow from the larboard side. The rising of the ship was an extraordinary and awful, yet splendid spectacle, of which the whole crew were witnesses from the ice. In all haste the clothing, nautical instruments, journals, and cards, were taken over the landing-bridge. The after-part of the ship, unfortunately, would not rise; and therefore the stern-post had to bear the most frightful pressure, and the conviction that the ship must soon break up forced itself upon our minds.

"About five o'clock there was again a pause in the pressure of the ice-floes, and the raised ice retreated, so that in the course of an hour the ship, lying on her starboard side, glided into more open water. The hawsers, which had been cast loose, so as not to stop her from rising, were again made fast; after which we went to the pumps, and found that there were seventeen inches of water in

the hold. We set them working at once, and about seven o'clock had the pleasure of finding them run more slowly. We now allowed ourselves time for our evening meal, for we might entertain the hope that, in spite of the frightful pressure she had sustained, our ship was not very leaky. But, in a quarter of an hour's time, we found, to our terror, that there were again two feet of water in the pumps. Even admitting that part of this water had penetrated slowly from the after-part, the ship must be dreadfully leaky. Again we set to work at the pumps, determined to do all in our power to rid our vessel of the water. A half-hour's work, however, showed that all exertions were vain; the depth of the water in the cabin was increasing steadily, though slowly. The most careful investigation of the ship, however, did not reveal the position of the leak. In vain did both captain and steersman listen for the sound of water dripping. Evidently this was taking place at some part of the ship's bottom, under the coal. Besides the leak in the stern-post, the keel must have sustained a fracture; perhaps even the ship's sides near the floor-heads had been forced in. Enough! the fate of the *Hansa* was sealed; our good ship must go to the bottom! Calmly, though much moved, we faced this hard fact. The house of coal on the southward-drifting ice-fields was destined now to be, through the long arctic winter, our only place of refuge—perhaps, too, our grave! There was not a minute's time to be lost. The work went steadily forward. By nine p. m. the fall of snow had ceased; a clear, starry heaven shone down upon us, and the moon shed her light over the dreary ice-field. Now and then the northern-lights shot upward in ever-changing colors, as if in triumphant illumination at the victory of the elements over too feeble man."

The pumps were kept at work, and part of the men continued the task of securing what was needful from the fated ship. Bedding, clothing, provisions, chests, stores, were all hastily dragged upon deck and carried to the ice in safety. The water rose higher and higher, and it was with something like superstitious dread that the men watched it creep from seam to seam, and from stanchion to stanchion, in its labor of dragging the ship to the bottom. On the morning of the 21st the masts were cut down, and the *Hansa*, half covered with snow, and with her bows pointed, one might almost say prayerfully, toward the heavens, presented a most sad and dreary spectacle.

There now devolved upon the crew a mournful task. The weight of the vessel's hull upon the ice-field imperiled them. The floe, thus unduly weighted, might break asunder, and precipitate them into the sea. It was necessary to permit the *Hansa* to sink. The hawsers, which had hitherto held her in her place, were cast off from the surrounding hummocks, and, on the night of the 21st, the *Hansa* slipped slowly from her perch and gradually settled out of sight in the too hungry waters.

This happened in 70° 52' north latitude, and 21° west longitude, and about six miles from the rugged Greenland coast. And yet, close as they were to the land, there was no passage for the explorers through the awful labyrinth. They were surrounded by unconquerable difficulties, and were compelled to lay passive in their dangerous retreat.

With the skill and ingenuity that always

develop under such circumstances they improved their hut, and so protected it with snow that they were enabled to gain a heat of 72½°, while the atmospheric temperature was 13°. The thirteen men very quickly sank into their respective places, and adopted a routine of work. The last night-watch woke them at seven. They rose, threw on their woolen clothing, washed in melted snow, and enjoyed their morning coffee with hard bread. Then they all betook themselves to the ever-plentiful stock of work—the finishing of all sorts of useful and still-wanting furniture, sail-sewing, wood-chopping, replacing clothes from the clothes-store, keeping the diaries, and study. In clear weather astronomical observations were taken, and all necessary calculations recorded. At one they dined. Strong meat-soup formed the substantial part of this meal; and, as they were in no want of preserved vegetables, they had plenty of changes prepared for them. Of salt meat and bacon they ate little. Of all spirits they had to be very sparing, only allowing themselves one glass of strengthening port-wine on Sundays. Their state of health all through the winter was good. "We were always actively employed, and daily order and regularity were rigidly kept up."

The floe was investigated, by degrees, in every quarter. Roads were cleared, marks were set up for short turns, and a general survey of their huge raft was accomplished. It appeared to be about seven nautical miles in circumference, and it had, in nearly all directions, a diameter of about two miles. It was composed of the roughest sort of ice, heaped and compacted in the most tragic manner, and presenting a very dreary aspect.

The floe, as it proceeded to the southward, turned slowly round and round, and the landmarks changed places, from north to south, in the course of every few hours. The succession of storms was almost uninterrupted, and the fiercest winds, accompanied by the bitterest cold, swept about the snow-hidden abode with extraordinary violence.

But now and then there were days and nights of exquisite calm. Under the sun, the snow-crystals glittered like millions of diamonds. The morning and evening aurora turned the white flakes to pale green. The nights were beautifully light, the light streaming downward from the heavens; and the snow, with its receptive and reflective powers, glittered so brilliantly, that one could read the finest writing without trouble, and see far out into the distance. Among other things, on such nights, the aurora borealis was always visible. As an instance, on the 5th of December, it shone so intensely that the starlight waned, and objects on the field cast shadows.

The monotony of fearing and repining was now and then broken by a hunting adventure, and a walrus and a huge polar bear were laid low with the needle-gun. The food thus provided was very welcome, and the accounts in the journals kept by the men prove a vigorous and healthy appetite.

Christmas now approached, and it was welcomed right heartily.

On Christmas-eve it snowed with such ven-

gence, that it became possible to walk on a level over the roof of the house; truly, a piteous state of affairs.

Notice how these child-hearted Germans kept the great festival:

"In the afternoon, while we went for a walk (clearly a walk designed to clear the coast), the steersmen put up the Christmas-tree; and, on our return, the lonely coal-burner shone with wonderful brightness. Keeping Christmas on a Greenland floe! Made of pine-wood and birch-broom, the tree was artistically put together. For the lights, Dr. Laube had saved some wax-candles. Paper-chains and home-baked gingerbread were not wanting. The men had made a knapsack and a revolver-case for the captain; we opened the leaden box of Christmas gifts from Professor Hochstetter, and the other from the Geological Reichsanstalt, which caused much merriment. Then we had a glass of port-wine, and fell upon the old newspapers in the boxes, and distributed the gifts, which consisted of small musical instruments, such as whistles, Jew's-harps, and trumpets, also little puppets and games of roulette, cracker-bonbons, etc. In the evening, chocolate and gingerbread-nuts.

"Saint Sylvester was kept up exactly as they do at home, with salvoes of fire-arms and punch, and at midnight we did not forget mutual good wishes for the New Year with the loud clink of glasses.

"These good wishes, so often but a polite formula, here came from the heart. Wonderful as our preservation in great dangers had been up to this time, we each felt how greatly we needed God's support for the future in strength, endurance, and health."

But ah, what holidays! A stinging wind from the northeast; a continual, driving snow, that made an awful whitish gloom; an atmosphere that sent the mercury to 0° and lower; and an eternal onward rush amid the shrieking ice! The prisoners were ever reminded that danger was present in the chance that their floe might be shattered to splinters, either by pressure between larger floes or by grinding upon rocks beneath, or by collision with some one of the mountainous icebergs that now thronged the way. The field had already diminished by two-thirds, and had changed its circular form into a long and narrow one. It was more likely to receive damage in this shape than in the other, and the voyagers, with quickly-beating hearts and sleepless eyes, kept perpetual watch.

Alarm after alarm brought them to their feet. Now the cry was, "Water on the floe close by!" now, "We are drifting upon an iceberg!" now, "The field is splitting!" That portion of the ice where the fire-wood (inestimable treasure!) was piled was wrenched away, and the boat Bismarck was nearly lost. The largest of the boats was too cumbersome, and it was abandoned temporarily, for the time had come when it was necessary to be ready for a quick leap for life. At any instant, the whole party might be required, for life's sake, to quit the present foothold, and to take any other desperate chance that might offer. Therefore, all useless material was put aside, and only the most essential portions of the equipment retained.

The crew divided into three parts, one for each boat, and they bade each other farewell with a shake of the hand. It had come to

this. No man dared hope for life, and even those who had faced death in its most violent forms were cowed and silent.

The floe was now only one hundred and fifty feet in diameter.

On the 14th of January, at about eleven o'clock, a new fissure was made in the floe, and the house was placed in the greatest danger. The boat *Klog William* lay upon the new edge of the ice, and it was with the greatest difficulty that she was rescued. It was nine and one-half degrees below zero, and blowing a gale. Some of the men, after the first flush of the new danger was passed, crept back to the house, that was already half full of snow, and some of the others lay in a boat, half in snow and half in water, wet to the skin.

Three nights were passed under these terrible circumstances, and the house was abandoned, for the new split separating the floor through the centre had made irreparable ruin of the walls. A new house was built, one-half the size of the other, but with all requisite arrangements. But, on the first night that the crew inhabited it, the roof flew off, and the snow came in in drifts. The hapless party migrated to the boats once more. Could any situation have been more miserable and distressing? Here is a scrap from the original narrative:

"Toilet and cleanliness have long since become uncertain ideas with us. Washing is a luxury, which at the uttermost we can only allow ourselves twice a week, and which the scientific men have quite given up. The coal-walls of our house, smoke from the lamp, and dust from the stove, have so blackened us, that we might be taken for some of the choicest Esquimaux. Hair and beard were intact from the time we left Bremen. Weeks have passed since the clothes have left our bodies."

One blessing they had, however, for which they could not have been too thankful—that was, a good-natured and phlegmatic cook. This hero managed to boil coffee under the most adverse circumstances. It was only required that he should have a little tobacco to set the glorious machinery of his wit and skill in full operation, and to enable him to produce in the most savage storm a steaming pot.

Day after day crept by, and still the floe was not shattered, and the men were not drowned. Their attitude of fear gradually disappeared, and their general confidence returned. The weather improved, and there was a perceptible increase of warmth in the atmosphere.

The great peril that now threatened them was collision with icebergs. A strong current always whirls about these ponderous and slowly-moving giants, and the smallest shock against their iron-like sides would cause the frail ice-cake to shiver into a thousand pieces. Therefore, the strictest watch was kept, and there were many breathless moments, as the small field drifted under the lee of some one of the awful mountains, all blue and white, and escaped only by so much as an oar's length.

February passed, as the log says, in quiet. That means, no doubt, in miserable suspense, unbroken by any fresh catastrophe.

Any state that was not one in which total engulfment and extinction were imminent was reckoned as a state of peace, and valued as such.

On the 19th of March, however, they had another reminder that they were not yet quite free from jeopardy.

"While drifting swiftly along within six nautical miles of the land, we nearly ran upon another of these ice-cliffs. When, however, we were within twenty-five paces of the monster, the ice-current which bore us upon its bosom suddenly stopped, and for three hours we lay completely still. Then the ice loosened once more, and the journey began quicker than before. A collision, perhaps the total destruction of our floe, seemed imminent; for twenty minutes we were in the greatest danger, and looked on at the grand spectacle with breathless attention. The nearest part of the berg was a firm, connected mass. Farther on its bold, under the combined influence of sun and water, had been worn into magnificent cliffs and gateways. On the south side was an aperture which seemed broad and high enough to hold a ship as large as the *Hansa*. As we came nearer the mass, we suddenly saw, directly above us, numerous points and jagged spikes—one projecting angle, indeed, we could grasp. 'We are lost!' such was the thought of each of us. But, wonderful! our floe was unshaken; it did not even graze it. Small pieces of floating ice which surrounded it served both as 'fender' and protector to our raft from a fatal collision. The berg once behind us, we drifted for some time in open water, which had collected itself here as in the wake of a ship."

On the 26th of March the voyagers found themselves in the latitude of *Nukarbik*, a low island near the entrance to three great fjords. There circled about this island currents of the most tremendous force, and the floe became entangled in them. For four wretched weeks it was hurried hither and thither, up and down, and round about with its miserable tenants, and they could do nothing but pray and repine.

Then there came a strong wind from the north, and the ice floated out of the bay, and began once more its journey to the south. For the next three weeks the travelers sailed, full of pleasant expectations, along the rough and rocky shore, with its many branching mountain-chains, its fjords, creeks, islands, and capes, and the grand "*Pulsortak*" Glacier, a mighty ice-field, extending thirty nautical miles along the coast.

During the first days of May it rained. The water melted the snow, and nearly destroyed the house. Everybody looked to see open water. Then, to the boats!

On the 7th of May the open water appeared.

All was excitement, Captain *Hegemarn* called a council. He was not willing to command his fellow-voyagers to quit a place of comparative safety, even while it seemed plain that final rescue would result. Every man, except Dr. *Laube*, was eager to make the venture. His objections were overruled, however, and a scene of great hurry and confusion then ensued.

The boats were loaded, the crew told off, directions given to the several commanders, and all in feverish haste.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the sails

were set, and, with one last long look at the faithful floe that had borne them two hundred miles through numerous terrors and dangers, the little fleet pushed off, while three hearty cheers rang through the strange solitudes.

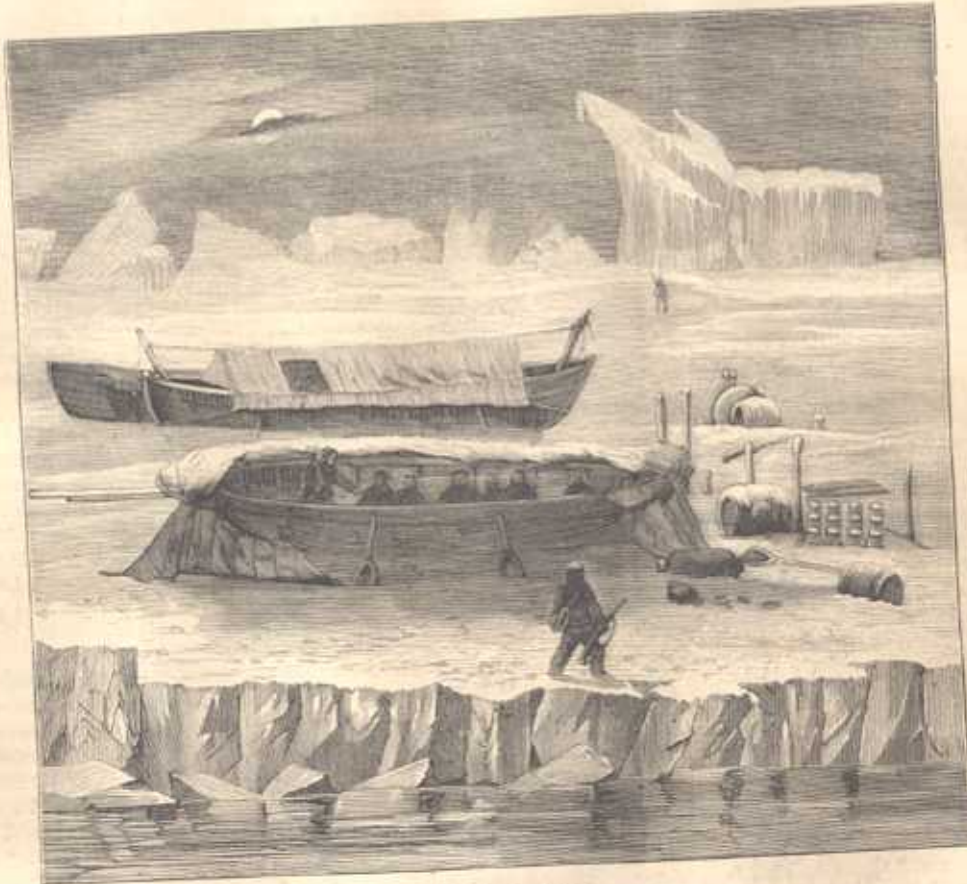
They sailed first to the west, but to reach the coast was a task beyond their strength. It was defended by a chain of ice so rugged and broken that it was nearly impossible for even an unincumbered man to traverse it; so they turned toward the south, and crept along as best they could.

They were bound to Friedrichsthal. This is one of the younger mission-stations of the Moravian Confraternity, and it lies in 60° north latitude, northwest of Cape Farwell. To reach it, the voyagers would have to dou-

ble the difficulties that they now labored under very vividly:

"The work is getting more difficult. First the boats have to be emptied, and pulled to the spot where our next day's rest is to be taken, while we frequently have to go over walls of ice, the slipping downward being often more difficult than the pulling up. Then the boats tip over in the snow, or get caught behind a piece of ice, which costs us untold trouble to get them free again. Then, again, we have to go over rifts in the ice, and weary ourselves over places where it has fallen in. When this difficult manoeuvre is happily accomplished, all the things must be put in again. At this work each has to carry from one hundred to one hundred and five pounds weight; and one can imagine that, as with this burden we

and every morning at nine I give each a quarter of a pound of bread and a small bit of bacon, and at six in the evening the same weight of bread, and to all a half-ration of cold soup with meat in it. In the morning we could still have a drink of coffee; but in the evening cocoa only. Our brandy disappeared rapidly; if we did not soon kill a seal, to supply oil for fuel, we should be obliged to give up warm food. Thus one can imagine that we are plagued with a continual and never-satisfied wolf's craving. The bread-bag and remainder of the bacon I have always by my side for safety's sake. The conversation turns upon nothing but eating. Max only wishes he was in the Exchange Restaurant at Bremen; Konrad would be contented with a juicy beefsteak with some eggs, and maintains that he could at once demolish twenty-five eggs with one pound



BIVOUAC IN BOATS.

ble this cape, which is the most southern point of Greenland. Here at Friedrichsthal they would see Europeans once more, and would hear the news from Fatherland; besides this, they hoped to procure passage home from there. No wonder that they sprang to their work with boyish zeal!

Their first stage was to the island Illudlek, a desert rock ten miles in circumference. They had to drag their boats over the ice, working by night instead of by day, the light being sufficient, and the heat much less. Snow-blindness attacked some of the men, the terrible labor exhausted several more, and insufficient food produced a common weakness and supineness. A few words from the journal of one of the crew will set forth

now sink deep into snow or snow-water, and now have to climb over closely-packed fragments of floes, all that is not really necessary is left behind. On the night of the 30th to the 31st of May, we left the longest distance behind us yet accomplished, viz. twelve hundred paces. As we had drawn two boats to their destination, the captain, who had been leading and energetic the whole night, and also active in dragging the boats, fainted.

"In all this galling work, hunger tormented us; and, if night gave us sweet dreams of tables richly provided with food, on awaking, our murmuring, grumbling stomachs soon brought us back to reality.

"Our rations are getting scantier than ever. As there is not even a distant prospect of increasing our provisions, our meals are reduced to two in twenty-four hours;

of butter and sixpenny worth of bread; at the same time, the eye falls upon the clock and counts the hours which must pass before the scanty meal will recur.

"And how quietly and devotedly is the meal then taken! how busy is each in trying to stifle the gnawing hunger, if only for a short time! If one could only get rid of the burdensome feeling by sleep! But scarcely does sleep come than the water leaks on to our faces, or one of the coats on the roof glides from the edge of the boat, scattering the whole of its watery contents upon us."

The wearied and half-famished people arrived upon the firm land of Illudlek on the 4th day of June, and were welcomed by a pair of lonely gulls, the sole inhabitants of the place. It was now just four weeks since

their departure from the floe, which they had left in such confident hope of reaching the land in a few days.

There now remained provisions sufficient to last fourteen days. On the 6th day of June they set sail once more with their hearts still fixed upon the distant Friedrichsthal. In the evening they landed a few miles north of Cape Valløe, thus placing their feet for the first time upon the continent of Greenland. They threw themselves down and slept in peace. For the first time for nearly a year they had no dread of ice. In the morning they found sorrel, dandelion, and cinque-foil—sweet and indisputable evidence that they were upon the threshold of a gracious land.

was picturesquely surrounded by mountains, the waters of whose glaciers fell over a mountain terrace in a mighty torrent thundering to the sea. I thought of the 'Traunfall' in Upper Austria. No words are equal to the description of this majestic scenery; it wants a vivid water-color drawing to convey that impression to the reader which this picture-landscape made upon me. Pity that the journey to this region is so uninviting! If such were not the case, an artist might not be indisposed to undertake it, in order to bring home to the world full and glorious sketches and views of an unknown land abounding in Nature's beauty."

They were now close to the port that it was salvation to reach.

"How different it was over the soft, swelling, mossy carpet, in which the feet often sank up to the ankles, to the hard, stony rocks which we had trodden up to this time! Under the high mountains of the island, Spring's first children had been born to her; among blooming willows and birch-bushes, which rose in their succulent, green sprays from the mossy ground like embroidery, the kidney-leaved sorrel and sweet-smelling angelica, finely indented fan-like ferns, waved in the air, and on the hanging rocks the low-lying *Silbaldia* spread its violet flower-bed. Below, at our feet, lay the light-blue straits; branching off here and there, and forming deep fjords stretching into the mountains, which, with the glittering glaciers and bluish ravines, bounded the distant view. I thought of the glorious Lake of the Four Cantons! The small icebergs drifting on the water,



THE BOATS UNDER SAIL.

They then sailed on, and passed the grand Cape Hvítfelett, a thousand feet high. Beyond this the coast-mountains were of rich purple-brown; and, by the edge of the sea, the rocks were so worn by the water and the ice, that thousands of domes and cupolas were left to charm the eyes of those that went by in ships. One morning they found themselves in a haven where the scenery was, as one of the journals says, "indescribably grand. To the left it was bounded by a hilly chain clothed in green moss. To the right rose a mighty wall twelve hundred feet high. A rocky pyramid towered in the air, and broad cataracts shot over the slopes, the waters collecting at the bottom, and the overflow being borne to the sea. The background

Friedrichsthal was close at hand. Up to this time, in all their long voyages, they had not seen a single Esquimaux. Their approach to the region where life was certain to be found had, therefore, a double significance. They were not only departing out of a land of fearful aspects, but they were also quitting a loneliness that is far beyond the power of man to describe.

Sunday, the 12th of June, the voyagers passed in rest upon the island of Sedlevik. Some of them hunted, some slept, but all dreamed. Dr. Laube, armed with a geologist's hammer, searched far and wide for facts and treasures. He writes in the following poetic strain:

gave life to the picture, looking like a fleet of blinding white sails; but, instead of the smiling banks which delight the eye on that Swiss lake, it fell upon a desert shore. And yet, what a different impression the landscape made upon me now to what it did a short time ago, when we were so uncertain as to our fate, and scarcely ventured to look up, much less give our souls to the great beauty of a Northern landscape!"

On the 13th of June they were off betimes—at four in the morning—sailing and rowing, with their eyes glued upon the promontory in advance.

Each stroke was now like a hundred strokes.

All at once, like a flash from a magic-lantern, the haven was disclosed.

There before them, upon a shelving, green plateau, lay the few low, red houses of Friedrichsthal. Behind was a lofty range of snow-capped mountains bending around the settlement as if in protection of it.

A shout went up from the trembling, worn-out travelers, and a happy breeze springing up at this instant filled their languid sails and flung out their German flag.

The settlement began to flutter. A blue dress appeared for a moment at the door of the mission-house. Then it vanished. Then in an instant the little world of four hundred people poured out in streams. The rocks became covered with human beings, and a European strode up and down alone upon the strand, waiting officially.

German words saluted them. A grand cheer followed. The men leaped into the water in their haste to get on shore, and a tempest of welcoming followed. Thousands of questions were put and answered, and a thousand incoherent welcomes came from every side. These rough, uncouth heroes were as men raised from the dead.

They were led to the mission-house, with the whole settlement for a *cortège*.

How gratefully did they gaze upon the homely apartments! How sweet it was to their eyes to behold once more the work and care of woman's hands!

The table was set, and they fell upon it like wolves and cleared it. It was set a second time, and yet a third, and then they began to talk.

They talked for two days, and listened in due proportion. Then came questions about home. How were they to reach there? They found that a Danish brig, the *Constance*, was expected to arrive at once in Julianshaab, a trading-post eighty miles northwest of Friedrichsthal. It was only by means of this vessel that they could hope to reach home that year. Therefore they determined to set out at once.

First, however, they paid many visits to the Esquimaux portion of the settlement, and made many friends and some sweethearts among the young women. They had some few surprises, for there was a sleek Greenland who played a little organ in the church and composed music and wrote hymns. The maidens sang quite true, albeit their voices were thick; and the women made fine embroidery with leather. There was scarcely one that could not write her own name, and there was an odd scene when a few were importuned by the travelers to make their autographs in their note-books.

At length the voyagers sat, for the last time, with their good hosts at breakfast. In the few days that they had passed in the company of the missionaries and natives they had made many warm friendships, and so their farewells were sad and painful. They said their good-by with much emotion, and the women did not attempt to conceal their grief at their departure.

They set out with their oars, for the wind was low; and, with three hoarty, ringing cheers, they began one more stage of their journey to Fatherland.

They rowed on along the coast, and came at four in the afternoon to Bear Island, where

there was a small Danish store or provision depot. Here they had a warm reception from the natives, who had long since heard of their presence upon the coast, and a European, the merchant of the place, Mr. Rosing, welcomed them, and invited them to accept his hospitality. But he had ill news for them; none less than that the *Constance*, which had arrived at Julianshaab, would put to sea again long before they could reach the port. They hit upon the plan of sending a lighter boat with all speed in advance; such a one had accompanied them from Friedrichsthal, and its owner, only too gladly, consented to carry a swift message to the superintendent of Julianshaab, asking him to assure the voyagers of passage in the *Constance*.

The travelers, to save time, arranged to go on to Lichtenau, and they set out upon the morning succeeding the day of their arrival at Bear Island. At noon they came to Igilopait, another of the mission-stations that are sustained upon this lonely and barren coast. Brave indeed must be the hearts that consent to come here upon a labor of love. The people are brutal beyond the ordinary conception of the word, and they are as little susceptible to good examples and improving influences as any in the wide world of savages. They are unclean to an almost indescribable extent, and their dwellings are not to be endured by European people. At Lichtenau the condition of the people was quite as bad as it had been elsewhere; untidiness, thrift, improvidence, and a supreme ugliness, being their prominent characteristics.

The messenger to Julianshaab came back with the crushing news that the *Constance* could not accommodate the party. This was indeed a blow. The astonished men cast about for some way out of their quandary, and when, after a day or two, they had decided upon another course, another message came from the *Constance* that dissolved all the disappointment at once. The *Constance* would take the whole party, and with pleasure.

The journey to Julianshaab was begun with great rejoicing, and, on the 22d of June, the boats rowed into the harbor. Their final port in Greenland was reached at last.

Thus came to an end the polar wanderings and struggles of the crew of the ill-fated *Hansa*. Its members have little to claim in the way of honors, and but little knowledge was added to the stock that the world already possessed by the efforts and researches that they made. As one reads the narrative of their adventures, he surely feels that there was a lack of fibre and strength among the dominant spirits, and that the men were not pushed to do their very utmost, notwithstanding the fact that their privations were great. To one who has heard of the tremendous perils and achievements of other explorers, the story of the *Hansa's* crew will seem tame, and it will be natural to ask if, with English or American energy, more might not have been done under the same circumstances, and with the same appliances. Still, it is an ungracious task to question the doings of men of this stamp, and perhaps it is

only the natural human desire to read of braver and braver things that makes the reader of this story think coldly of a tale that does not deal in death and terrific natural phenomena.

The career of the *Germania*, the company of which the *Hansa* so suddenly quitted, is yet to be told—the entirely separate interests of each vessel requiring a division of the history of the expedition into two distinct portions.

JUDITH STERN.

(TRANSLATED FOR THE JOURNAL, FROM THE GERMAN OF PAUL HEINE.)

(Conclusion.)

IT WAS a full hour before I had so far recovered from my fearful excitement, stupefaction, and confusion of mind, as to be able to regain the control of my limbs and slip out of the summer-house. My condition was indescribable; but if one can give any account whatever of chaotic states of feeling experienced so many years ago, I can hardly help thinking that neither my horror at the cold-blooded, treacherous audacity of this satanic being, nor honor for such noble, womanly purity and quiet security from wrong, was the controlling emotion in my confused mind; but rather a singular, mysterious happiness, an uncanny feeling of triumph because my secret was betrayed—betrayed to her from whom I had so anxiously concealed it—her who did not seem to give the least credit to its revelation.

"I could never have let it pass my lips to any human being—least of all to herself. And now suddenly—she knew it! It was incredible; it almost made my brain reel as I sought to comprehend it clearly.

"This service that the doctor had done me behind my back nearly reconciled me with the man I hated so bitterly. He almost seemed to me worthy of a certain sympathy, now that he was cast off and put to shame; and I could almost have been capable of a magnanimous bearing toward him, now that I had myself heard that I possessed all the qualities that were wanting in him."

"But, as soon as I saw him again, on the same evening, I easily perceived that such a man could never be in need of the mercy or sympathy of any other human being.

"The customary faces were collected again this evening around the lamp in Frau Judith's drawing-room; none was brighter or more indifferent than my enemy's. He jested with them all in his old fashion; drew the master of the house into a discussion on a new English book that he had brought him; talked with an old aunt of Frau Judith about gymnastics, which were just then the rage, and had been recommended for the twins, little as they were; and even, contrary to his custom, asked me to accompany one of the nieces, a very pretty girl, in a new song, of which they had recently been speaking. I was a very indifferent singer, but I could not escape, and we executed our duet tolerably enough. During the song, I caught a glance from the beautiful wife, who seemed to regard