

## Anthology of Arctic Reading: United States

### GENERAL

**Allen, Everett S.** *Arctic Odyssey: The Life of Rear Admiral Donald B. MacMillan*. New York: Dodd, Mead, 1962.

A young-adult hagiography of MacMillan with some interesting insights.

p. 114, at the end of Peary's 1909 North Pole trip MacMillan went to Fort Conger and spent some time in Greely's house where he found a Greely note on the floor of the living room and the following: A book lay on a small table, thick with dust. On the flyleaf, written in a boyish hand, it read: "To my dear father. From his affectionate son, Harry Kislingbury. May God be with you and return you safely to us." MacMillan took the book and eventually returned it to the son.

p. 139-40, in 1910 MacMillan met an Eskimo family near Nain in Labrador with whom he compared notes on Inuit books: They were a friendly family and the little girl showed him her books, including "*Kristib Nipliajorutinga Nutaungitok*" (*Christy's Old Organ*), a volume printed by the Moravian Church, and "*Takkorngartaub Arvertarninga*" (John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*).

In the evening the father handed MacMillan an Eskimo Bible, opened to the fourth chapter of St. Mark, and read to him, pointed out the words with his finger, [long Eskimo quote] which is to say, "And he began to teach by the seaside, and there was gathered unto Him a multitude, so that He entered into the ship, and sat on the sea, and the whole multitude was by the sea on the land."

Then the mother sat down at the little organ and their three voices blended in Eskimo, singing, "God be with you till we meet again." All this in a small cotton tent, by the descendants of a once-savage hoard of which both English and French fisherman had been mortally afraid. But since the day when the Moravian missionaries held out their hands to the natives of Labrador, saying "We are your friends," life has been safe there.

p. 156, in 1912 on a summer trip to Labrador: They [MacMillan and Jot] headed next for the Moravian mission at Hopedale, called Aivilik (whaling place) by the Eskimos, arriving on a Saturday in time for church service, for devotions are Saturday evening and twice on Sunday. The church organ was played by an Eskimo, and the congregation sang the hymns with obvious pleasure, many of them in four-part harmony. One of the hymns contained in the book they were using referred to “Guduvaptingnepok” ... and “Heilig, heilig, heilig, engelingiy imgerput.” The use of the German words for God and “Holy, holy, holy,” interspersed with the Eskimo, indicates that the Eskimo language contains no equivalents for these....

p. 157: The Lord’s Prayer was somewhat easier for Dan, although there is an interesting idiom in the Eskimo version. When the Moravians first arrived in Labrador, they failed to find a word for “bread” in the passage reading “Give us this day our daily bread.” The Eskimos had never had or known bread; they had no word for it. Thus some important article of food must be substituted, so that the essential meaning of the prayer would be clear. As agreed upon by the original Christianized Eskimos, the word must be *pipsit*, dried trout, found in nearly every Eskimo home.

**Allen, Frederick Lewis.** *Only Yesterday*. New York: Harper, 1931.

p. 353, re Byrd: Yet the noble art of ballyhoo, which had flourished so successfully in the nineteen-twenties, had lost something of its vigor. Admiral Byrd’s flight to the South Pole made him a hero second only to Lindbergh in the eyes of the country at large, but in the larger centers of population there was manifest a slight tendency to yawn: his exploit had been over-publicized, and heroism, however gallant, lost something of its spontaneous charm when it was subjected to scientific management and syndicated in daily dispatches. [See also chapter 8, “The Ballyhoo Years,” p. 186ff.]

**Ames, Nathaniel.** *Mariner’s Sketches, Originally Published in the Manufacturers and Farmers Journal, Providence*. Revised, Corrected

and Enlarged by the author. Providence: Cory, Marshall and Hammond, 1830.

The author Nathaniel Ames was the son of the statesman, Fisher Ames (1758-1808), of Dedham, Massachusetts, and was a congressman from 1789 to 1797. Nathaniel was named for his grandfather, Nathaniel Ames, famous for the Ames Almanacs, which were the inspiration to Benjamin Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanac".

Although sometimes described as a juvenile title, Ames's book would need a very mature juvenile to appreciate his satiric style.

p. 8, part of "Crossing the line" ceremony: As ringing the bell is now only practised by the Dutch, most modern editions read, "heave the lead" for "ring the bell." Several able papers, both in support and confutation of this new reading, may be found in the "Philosophical transactions" for the last century. I forbear intruding my own opinions on a subject, which may hereafter become the source of jealousy and heartburnings between this country and Holland.

Indeed, the whole Dutch nation have entered into the argument, with such zeal, that on board both men of war and merchant-men, the bell is rung, not only at "krout time," but not a single glass of "schnaps" can be served out, without due tintinnabulary notice being given thereof.

p. 126: ...opposition is the very food that enterprize lives upon. History furnishes us with plenty of proof of this fact; the Christian religion, so persecuted by the Roman Emperors, seemed to acquire fresh vigor from being watered by the blood of saints; the Huguenots in France, and the Lollards and Wickliffites in Great Britain, were hunted down like wild beasts;—that 'sweet ounce of man's flesh,' John Calvin, burned bishop Servetus, who was, if I mistake not, a Unitarian, still that 'infidel' sect continues to increase, election and faith without works notwithstanding. I omit the Salem witches, as every body knows that Molly Pitcher maintained her Delphic tripod to the last, in spite of persecution and broken windows.

I will adduce one more instance to prove that opposition is the food of enterprize. Every modest man of pure and correct taste, every man, in

fact who prizes modesty in a female, has decided that Tom Moore's poems and Don Juan, are not proper books for the eye of a *passably* modest woman. The consequence is, that there are hardly a dozen females throughout the United States, that have not a splendidly bound copy of Moore's bawdiest poems, or Don Juan on her dressing table.

p. 173: Rats and white ants aboard ships passing through the tropics 'are the most destructive insects in the world, no wood is safe from their ravages; masts are eaten asunder, furniture reduced to dust, books, papers, clothes, any thing and every thing, that is not metal or stone is devoured by them in most incredibly short time.'

p. 241-42: Landsmen have generally very strange and very absurd notions of sailors. They look upon them as specimens of total depravity, they regard them as vessels of wrath, children of the devil.

Some few indeed, on the principle that 'the greater the sinner, the greater the Saint' have volunteered a feeble crusade against the vices and sins of seamen and have accordingly stuffed ships full of tracts which have entirely defeated their own object, as they are of that gloomy species which represent the Almighty as a kind of 'spiritual and everlasting' being, whose thirst for human blood is gratified but not appeased by inflicting everlasting damnation upon infants who did not live long enough in this world to be able to commit sin, and heathen, 'poor benighted brethren,' who did not know any better than to commit it.

The writers of these tracts not only inculcate the maxim "ignorantia legis neminem excusat," ignorance of the law excuses nobody, but they take a peculiar delight in informing their terrified and despairing readers that the gates of mercy are forever shut against them.

It is true they allow that out of the whole marine population of a country, free grace might pick out one or two to be saved, but they intimate that they will probably be captains or mates and sailors consider the chance not worth trying for, pay but little attention to the 'serious calls' of these 'gospel trumpeters,' as far as my own observation extends have quietly handed over to the cook all the tracts which a blind sectarian zeal had intruded; upon their notice.

Sailors universally are extremely fond of reading and are far better judges of books than they are allowed credit for. The bible, from the laudable exertions of the different bible societies, is to be found in almost every ship and the men are generally very fond of reading it.

I have observed however that they are very much puzzled to reconcile the doctrine of election and free grace, as laid down in these tracts, with the promise to the dying thief upon the cross, or [of] there being ‘more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons,’ &c.

I once undertook to explain the operations of free grace (no easy matter) to a well informed sailor, but he could not see through it. ‘Why d—n it,’ said the perplexed seamen [sic] turning his quid and hitching up his trowsers. ‘If we can do nothing of ourselves, why would it not be best to *heave to*, and let free grace come up with us?’

I must confess I did not see why the plan was not a good one. If our prayers and our alms do not ‘go up as memorials before God,’ it is hardly worth while to perform them, they become works of supererogation, we are doing more than our duty requires of us.

The tracts above mentioned inform us that good works are no recommendation to Almighty favor, that the practicing the moral and social virtues is only a ‘loss of time, and hindrance of business.’ [Goes on to speak of miraculous conversions of seamen.]

p. 255: I found I could undergo a vast deal of ease, without any perceptible injury to my health, or disparagement to my appetite and spirits.... I had one day a ‘lookout’ in the main top mast cross trees from twelve to four. I slept from one till half past four, when I was waked by the firing of Admiral Guise’s squadron, which I was stationed aloft to look out for, and the batteries on shore.

I was immediately relieved and sent down on deck, where I went with a beating heart; fortunately the first lieutenant was on deck. ‘Ar’nt you a pretty fellow?’ I had few or no doubts of my ‘prettiness,’ but did not see what it had to do with the case in hearing. ‘You were asleep, sir.’ ‘No, sir, I was reading.’ ‘Let me see your book,’ and I produced from my bosom a volume of ‘Woodstock,’ that had just arrived on the coast. ‘Next time you have a look-out, don’t you take a book aloft with you.’

We were generally well supplied with books by the kindness of the officers, whose friends sent out Scott's novels, and other new and interesting works, as fast as published in America.

Philadelphia and Baltimore newspapers we had pretty regularly; but few masters of vessels north of those places ever troubled themselves to bring out any. They are also very negligent in delivering letters entrusted to their care; one Boston captain, an intimate acquaintance of mine, and who knew that I was on board the frigate, carried a letter directed to me all over the Pacific, till it had acquired the respectable age of nineteen months, fifteen of which it had passed in his cabin.

p. 258, Ames: he ends his sketches with a typical day at sea: So that with hearing and telling news, reading, sleeping, playing chess and checkers, dancing, theatricals, &c. our time passed pleasantly 'free from thought, from sorrow free.'

I have thus, most gentle, and I presume by this time dormant, reader, brought them to the conclusion of my sea life. If thou hast patience to turn over a leave or two, 'you shall see what you shall see.'

p. 280-83 is a scurrilous if magnificent tirade against women preachers.

**Astrup, Eivind.** *With Peary Near the Pole...* Translated from the Norwegian by H. J. Bull. London: C. Arthur Pearson, 1898.

Astrup participated in two of Peary's early Greenland expeditions.

p. 5: LITTLE did I think when, a few years ago, sitting at the school-table striving laboriously with my Norwegian exercises, which were so limited in length and range, that I should ever attempt the writing of a whole book; for I was by nature a sun-worshipper, and loved a life in the open air far beyond books and writing-desks.

But wonderful are the ways of fate.

It happened that for a couple of years I passed beyond the pale of civilisation, and visited places where none had ever been. These things I had, of course, to describe; and so I wrote some letters telling of my travels to the *Morgenbladet*, after which I considered all necessary results of my strange adventures had been attained.

p. 11-12, in preparing for his job interview with Peary, Astrup was concerned with his imperfect knowledge of English: However, in order to be able to express myself with ease and elegance during our conversation, I had cunningly furnished my two largest coat-pockets with an English and a Norwegian dictionary; armed with these, and the required doctors' certificates and testimonials, I entered the corridors of the dockyard's office, certain of victory.

A young man of African origin, the afterwards illustrious "Matt," showed me into Lieutenant Peary's working-room, where I was most heartily received by the explorer. His whole appearance inspired me with absolute confidence... [but] Scarcely had our conversation begun before I found myself obliged to pull the friendly textbooks out of my pocket. With feverish quickness I ran over the leaves during the remainder of my visit, hardly ever finding the words I wanted, but managing at last, in rather laconic sentences, to give expression to what was in my mind.

In the course of conversation I noticed that Mr. Peary's black servant now and then disappeared through a side door with strange grimaces, returning soon after with an uncomfortably serious and distorted face. He afterwards admitted that this happened whenever he lost control over his risible muscles as he saw me consult my dictionary.

p. 16: As a matter of course we were all volunteers; and "Matt," the nigger, who for several years had been Mr. Peary's servant, did not hesitate to follow his master as our excellent cook. Our small company was also cheered by the presence of Mr. Peary's wife—a fact which, in America, added not a little to the prestige of our enterprise.

p. 24: Much of our leisure time during the winter was spent in reading newspapers and periodicals a year old, and also in studying scientific notes and books on travel in the Arctic regions, with which we were amply provided. The evenings were usually passed in gossip with the Esquimaux, telling them tales about the distant southern countries, to which they would listen eagerly for hours. But if we asked them whether they would go back with us in our ship, they answered gravely that they would never leave their own country of mountains and ice.

**Balch, Thomas Willing.** *The Alaska Frontier.* Philadelphia, PA: Allen, Lane and Scott, 1903.

A treatise in defense of the United States claim to Alaska against later claims of Canada.

p. 71: "Mr. President: You have just listened to the reading of the treaty by which Russia cedes to the United States all her possessions on the North American continent in consideration of \$7,200,000., to be paid by the United States. On the one side is the cession of a vast country with its jurisdiction and its resources of all kinds; on the other side is the purchase-money. Such is the transaction on its face."

p. 181-82:

#### POSTSCRIPT.

Just as the book itself is printed, the Public Ledger, Philadelphia, Tuesday, February 17th, 1903, page I, publishes the following article :

#### "ALASKA BOUNDARY PROOF.

#### "PRESIDENT AND SECRETARY OF WAR FIND IT IN A BRITISH MAP.

"Washington, Feb. 16. — An interesting discovery was made yesterday by President Roosevelt and Secretary Root in regard to the Alaska boundary. As they were speaking of the labors of the Alaska Boundary Commission, of which Mr. Root is a member, they consulted the large geographical globe that stands near the Cabinet table.

"The globe is so big that the map of Alaska appears on a large scale, and they easily traced the boundary line between that Territory and the British possessions. To their surprise they found that the boundary as shown there sustains the contention of the United States in all particulars, although it was prepared under the direction of the British Admiralty."

The fact that the British Admiralty sustains the United States claim in Alaska, was discovered in London by my brother, Mr. Edwin Swift



Balch, who found British Admiralty Chart No. 787, corrected up to August, 1898. I bought the copy from which Map No. 22 is reproduced September 1st, 1901, at Edward Stanford's in London. This chart was referred to and its importance explained in an article by the writer *La Frontiere Alasko-Canadienne*, which was printed at the beginning of the first number of the *Revue de Droit International* at Brussels for the year 1902 (Second Series, Vol. IV., page 17).

**Balch, Thomas Willing.** *The North Pole and Bradley Land.*  
Philadelphia: Champion, 1913.

An exploration of the Cook-Peary controversy, with excerpts below based on his reading experience and that of others.

p. 7: Some years after the successful drift of the *Fram* across the Eastern Arctic ocean, Mr. R. A. Harris, of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, read before the Philosophical Society of Washington, on April 9, 1904, an important paper, to advocate a theory that there was land in the then still unknown Arctic. He based his theory on reports of observations about ice, tides, and currents; on the drifting of driftwood; on the reported sighting of land north of Alaska by the American whaling captain Keenan; on the traditions and legends of the Eskimo of lands in the Arctic; on the drifts of the *Jeannette* and the *Fram* and the observations of their commanders; and on the observations of numerous other explorers, among them Collinson, Osborn, McClure, Richardson, Sverdrup, and Peary. Mr. Harris thought that "the tides clearly prove that there can be no large and deep polar basin, extending from Spitzbergen and Franz Josef Land to Alaska" and from the various sources mentioned he reasoned out that there must be a big mass of land, some of it in the eastern but the majority in the western hemisphere, extending between the Siberian islands, Banks Land, Grant Land and the North Pole.

Three years after Mr. Harris had broached his theory about lands in the unknown Arctic, Dr. Fridtjof Nansen published a paper expounding the theory, that the then unknown Arctic is nearly all, if not all, ocean. Dr. Nansen based his argument largely on the movements of the sea

currents and the drift of the ice, on soundings on the continental shelf of Siberia, on the nature of the ice in different parts of the Arctic ocean, on the driftwood found on the various Arctic coasts, on the temperatures of the ocean, on the tides, on meteorology, on migratory birds, and on Eskimo legends. He published with his article a map which delineates the Central Arctic wholly as an ocean.

p. 22: Henry M. Stanley, as a reward for finding and relieving Dr. Livingstone, was welcomed in England with the information that it was Dr. Livingstone who had discovered and relieved Mr. Stanley, who was nearly destitute, whilst Dr. Livingstone was in clover. And when Stanley read an account of his journey before the British Association, the Vice-President said to the meeting, "We don't want sensational stories, we want facts."

p. 35: The writer has not seen any report published by these gentlemen themselves, but the gist of it is as follows: "The copy of Dr. Cook's note-books which had been sent to the University contained no astronomical records, but only results, and the Committee stated that there were no elucidatory statements which might have rendered it probable that astronomical observations had really been taken. Nor were any practical details of the journey supplied such as would enable the Committee to form an opinion relative to Dr. Cook's claim.

**Borup, George.** Correspondence, 1908-1912. AMNH Mss. B67

Folder 1: Long letter to his father from Peary expedition, an account of his experience starting Thurs, July 23 from Turnavik in 1908:

July 25: working on his navigation and photography books.

July 29<sup>th</sup>, p. 3: We have a very extensive Arctic library on board and we are all deep into it.

Aug. 11, 08, p. 14: Etah: Dear Dad... Read in "Open Polar Seas" by Hayes, p. 404 the walrus hunt. It's somewhat like ours only *our guns* were effective

Aug. 15<sup>th</sup>, p. 12: looking for Dr. Cook at Etah. Borup calls him an "S.O.B."

Much of folder 1 involves materials and drafts for *A Tenderfoot with Peary*.

April 26, 1911. Folder 7. Letter from Peary to Senator Lodge, denying that any of his men would have introduced sexual diseases to the Inupiat men and women. Also has letter from Peary to Borup speaking of Shackleton's plans, counseling Borup to say nothing about using natives in plans for Crocker Land Expedition.

**Capelotti, P. J.** *By Airship to the North Pole: An Archaeology of Human Exploration*. New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers University Press, 1999.

Deals with Andrée and Walter Wellman and their attempts to reach the North Pole through Danes Island, Spitsbergen. Chapter One is a summary of North Pole attempts.

p. 12: On a shelf in *Fram*'s library was a copy of one of the crew's favorite stories—and one of the best-selling books in the world—Jules Verne's *Five Weeks in a Balloon*.

p. 33: In *Fram*'s library Lachambre noticed a copy of Jules Verne's novel *Five Weeks in a Balloon*. Hansen told Lachambre the crew of *Fram* often daydreamed of a balloon expedition coming to their relief [after *Fram* escaped the ice and returned to Spitsbergen].

[The second chapter, "The greatest show in the Arctic," on Wellman's attempt in the airship *America*, is a dismal tale of failure put by Wellman in terms of successful experimentation—his newspaper accounts of failures described as successes reminds one of the Vietnam and Iraq wars.]

**Caswell, John Edwards.** *Arctic Frontiers: United States Explorations in the Far North*. Norman, OK: University of Oklahoma Press, 1956.

p. 43, in 1859 Charles Francis Hall petitioned the British government to make the *Resolute* available to him for a further Franklin search. No success there.

p. 66: Just before leaving Polaris House, Hall's Arctic library, the two logbooks of the *Polaris*, and some of the instruments were placed in a trunk and cached about one-fourth of a mile from the house. The *Tigress* rescue party failed to find these, but did find one mutilated logbook and other books in various stages of disrepair. The *Polaris*' men reported that they had copied all records for easier transport. [Goes on to report the loss of Hall's personal papers: "*Captain Hall's papers thrown overboard today.*"]

p. 7, re the *Jeannette*: To the engineer, George W. Melville, DeLong assigned the duty of assembling all hydrographic information on polar currents available in the ship's fine Arctic library. [Somehow all the scientific records of the expedition survived.]

p. 84, navigation books for Schwatka's 1878 expedition in search of Franklin records were contributed by James Gordon Bennett.

p. 90, for the Howgate expedition of 1877, the navy supplied charts and sailing directions. At the time Howgate was disbursing officer of the Signal Corps. Although the Howgate expedition commanded by Tyson was a failure, and Howgate ended life in a corruption scandal, he did muster the support in Congress and elsewhere that led to the Greely expedition of 1881.

p. 100, re both American IPY expeditions, to Fort Conger and Pt Barrow: Each expedition carried fine technical libraries, lists of which are available in both Greely's and Ray's reports:

Greely, Adolphus Washington. *Report on the proceedings of the United States Expedition to Lady Franklin Bay, Grinnell Land.* 49<sup>th</sup> Congress. 1st sess., House Misc. Doc. 393 (Congressional Ser. 2427-28) Washington, 1888.

Ray, Patrick Henry. *Report of the International Polar Expedition to Point Barrow, Alaska.* 48 Cong., 2 sess., House Exec. Doc. 44 (Cong. Ser. 2298). Washington, 1885. [Issued also by U.S. Signal Office, Arctic Series of Publications, No. 1.]

p. 104: When no ship came, and the expedition had to fight its way down the channel, all the collections [of specimens] were abandoned except for an incomplete set of botanical duplicates carried back by

Greely and Brainard. Drawings of mollusks and jelly-fish and a photograph of a single fish were brought back.

p. 107, quoting from *Three Years of Arctic Service* (p. 539-40): ...after fifty-one days and five hundred miles of travel, I landed near Cape Sabine not only my party, in health and with undiminished numbers, but its scientific and private records, its instruments and its baggage, with arms and ammunition sufficient, in a land fairly stocked with game, to have insured our lives and safety.

p. 113: Although only six of the party reached the United States alive, the written records were brought back intact. For almost a year Greely had been at work arranging and reducing his reports and observations against the possibility of just such a retreat. He had taken along his most valuable instruments, not even abandoning the heavy pendulum. In 1902, Peary removed all the records and collections from Fort Conger that were fit to be moved. Much of the material had been left in barrels outside the house and was in wretched condition.

op. p. 129 is aerial photo of Fort Conger site.

p.146, May 23, 1899 at Fort Conger: On May 4, the party began a vain search for a route across to northern Greenland. The ice in Robeson Channel was too broken to cross, so they returned to Conger and on May 23 started back to the ship with the scientific records and private papers abandoned by Greely sixteen years before.

p. 148, other equipment and government property from Fort Conger was brought to Payer Harbor in 1901-02.

p. 174, for Baldwin's expedition of 1901-02 the Signal Corps lent a number of items—could they have lent books?

Caswell is strongly pro-Peary but otherwise gives a judicious overview of American 19<sup>th</sup>-century Arctic endeavors.

**Clay Family Papers.** Manuscripts and Archives Division, Library of Congress.

Henry [Harry] Clay, of the Howgate Preliminary Expedition on the *Gulnare*, was the grandson of the famous Henry Clay of Lexington, KY.

Materials about him and by him are in Section II. Box 46, and probably elsewhere in the Library of Congress manuscript collections.

July 30, 1877: Dear Tommy from your “aff. Brother,” telling him he made a mistake changing regiments: I hope you will be only a short time with the negro troops.

Second folder is labeled Feb – May 1880:

April 16 1880 Susan M. Clay, his mother to Harry, is shocked & dazed at his decision to go to the Arctic: such a mad scheme to which you would sacrifice yourself...in two years more you might be elected to Congress. ...nothing will be gained and every thing lost—hardships & perils and to your certain death.—The expedition will end as all others have—Some may return broken in health & fortunes, having accomplished nothing & leaving the bones of their companions to leach on those desolate horrible Arctic shores.

May 16 letter to Charley, Harry’s brother, sees the mother moderating her fear & depression. But follows this with a series of religious letters, injunctions to Harry to avoid evil. Fourteen letters of an ardent evangelical spirit, dated from June 17 to 28.

Another letter from his brother [Charley?], not in an easy hand [p. 6060] has this at bottom: I have been reading Stephens “Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan”. It is very interesting and you should read it if you have it on ship board.

Folder 3 has a long series of continuous letters, almost in the form of a diary, from Lucretia Hart Clay, to her brother Harry, from July 12, 1880, to June 19, 1881, mostly reporting on life & gossip of the Clay home in Lexington, again not an easy hand.

July 12, 1880, No. 1 [6144]: I hope you will relieve my mind in respect to the safety of the Gulnare. Even if you get to Lady Franklin Bay I am afraid it will be too late in the season for the vessel to return.

July 18: By the way, Mrs Preston told Aunt Mary that if the Expedition was successful your name should be known all over the world and you would be more celebrated than your Grandfather was.” [6152v]

July 21, letter from Harry saying little but that they are cheerful.

July 23, after his first letter was received in Greenland: The Expedition has been unfortunate, but I trust that all will come right.... I was

beginning to think it was not meant for Man, to penetrate the ice barriers, and even if he does, he may find nothing but a dreary waste of ice and water [6154v]

I talked to Professor Patterson about the Arctic regions. He told me some things in regard to the “Magnetic Pole” that I had never heard before—“that it is gradually moving towards the West (?), and that after it reaches a certain point it will come towards the east again.” Perhaps the dip that is said to take place every few thousand (or million) years at the North Pole, causes it.’ [6155] (Not clear who is writing to whom here, probably to Harry from Lucretia.)

July 22: As we were returning Lizzie Swift overtook us, and told us she had seen in a morning paper, Cincinnati Gazette, I think, that the Gulnare was found to be unseaworthy, and that the expedition had been postponed to next year...I must say it would be a relief to me, as I will be constantly uneasy about you, but I will not consult my own feelings and be selfish enough to wish for your return. I can only wish you success, and a safe return after you have accomplished all you desire. [6155v]

Folder 4 (May 1880-March 1881), continues Lucretia’s continuous letter to Harry at July 12:

Aug 22, 1880: She has news of two American expeditions, one searching for relics of Franklin, the other commanded by Symmes. Cites last Saturday’s Courier (?) Journal Supplement (probably Louisville) containing the article written by American Symmes—It is headed “The Undiscovered Country: Captain Howgate, Henry Clay, and the Symmes Theory.” Most of it tells of the Expedition gone before and lauds the evidence of Captains Parry, Hall, Kane, Nordenskjold and others—to prove the Symmes theory. He speaks of you in the first part, says “The Howgate exploring expedition to the North Pole, that has just sailed with Henry Clay of this State on board, is the first expedition that ever went out that [had?] any knowledge of the Symmes theory. When Mr. Clay heard from Captain Howgate that he could accompany the expedition, he did me the honor of coming out to see me in Company with a Mr. Willis, a young lawyer of Louisville and spent an afternoon in learning of the chief point of the Symmes theory. And he promised (?) that he would

keep an eye to the development of the theory that had been the puzzle of all former expeditions [garbled, something like not sharing of the Symmes theory]. He wishes to prove the truth of the Symmes theory of the hollow earth by -----of ice at the North Pole coming out at the South Pole.

Sept. 5, 1880: note from his mother to Harry, enclosing \$185 begging him to come home. Doesn't quite make sense because she says he would be returning to the East from wool business in the west—could it be for another brother?

March 9, 1881: Howgate to Thomas J. Clay [brother] replying to an inquiry. Says Congress has made appropriation for LFBE, headed by Greely. Get details from Sec. of War. "I know he has selected one officer already but no men and it is possible your application if promptly made may receive favorable consideration, but of this I am unable to speak positively." Did Thomas want to join Harry? Howgate still undetected. His letterhead is for Office of the Howgate Grant of Lake George, Florida, 75 Maiden Lane, NY, with globe of polar regions covering half the sheet.

Next folder has letter from Greely to Harry's mother about Harry's departure from Expedition and Greely's regret that he was leaving. Later Greely named Camp Clay for him.

**Creighton, Margaret S.** *Rites and Passages: The Experience of American Whaling, 1830-1870*. Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 1995.

A delightful sociological study of American whaling and whalers in the mid-nineteenth century, based largely on hundreds of sailors' journals, diaries, and logs.

p. 12-14: Seamen also kept journals for themselves. Men who sought a raise in rank or who wanted to be seamanlike made careful notes of the wind, whale sightings, and sail changes. George Dyre, a first-time sailor, was handed a new book as he departed from home, along with directions for its use. "George," wrote his uncle, "you are now about to embark on a whaling voyage and about to enter upon a new career of life—perhaps



a few words advice from an experienced person may be of benefit to you.” George was reminded to write down everything he could, including the force of the wind, the passing of “large flocks of birds, Gulfweed, kelp,” and the latitude and longitude.

Journals served not only the interests of the upwardly mobile mariner but also the young man eager to improve his position in life more generally. Journal keeping was a means, said nineteen-year-old James Allen, “to improve my writing.” Samuel Chase, aboard the *Arab* in 1842, similarly claimed that making daily entries “gives a person practice in composition [and] penmanship and I am shure it is time well (at least not ill) employed.”

Greenhands, who were wide-eyed at the newness of life at sea, were among the most enthusiastic and prolific keepers of journals. They took to their pens to record everything from the first bout of seasickness to the first smashed whaleboat, and they describe shipboard life and work, landfalls, and liberty days with observant detail. Veteran seamen authored diaries, too, in their case not to record novelty but to relieve dull familiarity. Third mate Edwin Pulver was among many experienced whalemens who turned to his journals when boredom got the better of him. At the end of his voyage aboard the *Columbus* in 1852, he penned the following poem in honor of diary keeping:

Farewell old journal I love you well  
Because of by gone days you tell  
And I love you for other reasons too  
One is because you allways give me something to do.

p. 103: Sailors themselves were occasionally eager and willing participants in programs for self-improvement and salvation. There were some men before the mast who experienced joyful conversion to the cause of Christ and who spent their dogwatch time earnestly contemplating their sins. But there were many men for whom the Bible and prayer books were not reading matter of choice. Ezra Greenough, aboard the *Ann Parry* in 1847, joined his shipmates in reading the Bible because “we have read everything else there is in the ship so much that we have it all by heart and we have talked over everything that has

happened for the last ten years so we are read out and talked out.” Resorting to the Bible, Goodnough said, that it is time to go home.” p. 124-25, in a chapter on the social structure of the forecastle: William Abbe, the Harvard alumnus who had joined a whaler to improve his health in 1858, endured a lengthy come uppance at the hands of his fellow sailors. Abbe arrived on board the bark *Atkins Adams* with a dangerous social agenda: he was eager to cement the social bond that he felt tied him to the aftercabin. He made it a point, for example, always to bow to the shipmaster’s wife, and he sought to impress the mate with his knowledge of oceanic physics. During his watch below he tried to distance himself from his shipmates by submerging himself in works by Shakespeare and the Bronte sisters, reading behind his bunk’s private curtain.

While he was laughed at for his literary proclivities and chided for his penchant for privacy, it was Abbe’s allegiance to the shipmaster’s wife that opened him to special rebuke. Because he “wanted to be smart before the ‘old woman,’ ” he refused to join some fellow sailors in a prank. Several members of the crew then chastised him by refusing to relieve him of duty at the ship’s wheel.

p. 126: As Abbe came to know and identify with his shipmates, even those trappings of his Harvard education, used initially to isolate himself from fellow sailors, became communal property. He read his journal to members of the watch, and he shared Shakespeare with them. They in turn let them know what they thought of his “fancy” literary interests and informed him of their biases against the Bard. One sailor in particular, said Abbe, was strongly prejudiced against the playwright:

John Come Lately – who is the comedy of my forecastle life – keeps me awake for near an hour every night by his ludicrous fears – that I will turn out in my sleep and throttle him or do him some murderous damage in a dream. He swears that I spout Shakespeare every night --.... He says I won’t live long if I read Shakespeare much more – for it’s a bad book & and will make me commit suicide.

p. 137 cites an incident of an auction of a dead sailor's goods following his burial at sea. One sailor bought a used copy of Dana's *Sailor's Friend* for "one-fifty," more than it would have cost new ashore.

p. 165: Women who sailed... sometimes made broad efforts to better to habits of seamen. Mary Chapman Lawrence of the *Addison* was among several captain's wives who brought boxes full of Bibles and New Testaments aboard ship the distributed them generally to the men before the mast. [On Sundays] they might use the time to find a quiet place to pursue "some vile novel." The contemplation of sin and salvation may have played a small part in the activities of this Holy Day.

p. 189-94 is a fascinating section male sexual interactions aboard ship, in the forecabin and beyond. Handles the question more than most books, though it doesn't talk of any related reading on the subject.

**Ellsworth, Lincoln.** Autobiographical manuscript in the AMNH [RB Collection. J-3] Typescript, with corrections in pencil by G.H.G. Pre 1935.

p. 1: Perhaps the first awakening of my interest in these regions came from reading Nansen's "Farthest North."

p. 19, crossing Taymyr Peninsula: There is but a single record of a man crossing this vast waste. Then someone writes, "Who was it?"— [Kennan?]

p. 29A, on Snow Hill I stand, Nordenskiöld's 1902-03 expedition: Inside in front of one of the windows was a table upon which lay an old-fashioned phonograph and a dozen or so cylindrical wax records. Tried these out on *Wyatt Earp*, but the tunes were terrible.

p. 33, fossils on Snow Hill: These were for the most part the fossilized versions of creatures that had lived in warm waters.

**Ellsworth, Lincoln.** *Beyond Horizons: Arctic and Antarctic Explorer.* New York: Book League of America, 1938.

Quite an engaging autobiography by the wealthy playboy who took his exploration of unknown places very seriously.

p. 10-11, recollections of his childhood in Chicago from Mme Mabel Dunlop Grouitch: My upper room, with its plain iron bed, was almost austere, she says, but my shelves were full of adventure books. There were maps on the wall, a globe or two. If so I have no remembrance of it.

In the library there were some other books about which I have deferred mention. They were on a low shelf, easily reached by a boy of twelve, and with their drawings and charts I could entertain myself for hours. Too heavy to hold up; like an ordinary volume, I opened them on the floor and lay on my stomach to pore over them.

In those colored maps were white patches marked *Unknown* or *Unexplored*—many more white areas than there are today.

“Why don’t people go there? I wondered. “What can be in those white places?”

It hardly occurred to me then that I should be one to find out.  
p. 157, with Amundsen and the flight to Spitzbergen: All my life, it seemed, I had been reading about Arctic pack ice, and for years I had dreamed of reaching it. Now at last I was beholding it with my own eyes.

p. 173, Ellsworth quotes Swinburne.

p. 263, aboard *Wyatt Earp* enroute from NZ to the Bay of Whales, December 10, 1933: We had a small library—a few volumes we picked up in New Zealand, and a set of paper-bound classics from Everyman’s Library presented to us by the publisher. Wilkins brought a little library of his own—doctoring books and old books of philosophy mostly. He also brought a small phonograph and a batch of records with him and played them at night as he read Nietzsche or fussed with some contraption he was working on.

p. 264: The members of the crew when off duty lay in their forecastle bunks and read or slept, or sat on the floor playing some Norwegian game with a pack of greasy cards. The assistant engineer had a fiddle on which he played lugubrious music. Each bunk was curtained so that its occupant could shut out the light if he wanted to sleep.

p. 307, on the flight of the *Polar Star* from Dundee Island to Little America: The only book on the plane was a small Bible, which I had in

my rucksack. [But on the next page he speaks of their nautical almanacs, charts, and notebooks.]

p. 345ff., at the abandoned Little America just before Christmas 1935, after their trans-Antarctic flight ended 16 miles from the Bay of Whales: In almost every cabin Hollick-Kenyon dug up books—mostly detective stories. He had stacks of them in his upper berth....

... As a result we left several things behind [at the plane] that we could have used in Little America. There was one serious omission for me—my glasses. I left them in the cockpit of the Polar Star, and as a result I could read nothing and could write only with uncertainty. This at least doubled the boredom of the wait for me. Hour after hour in his upper berth Hollick-Kenyon lost himself in detective stories, while I had only my thoughts for company.

p. 348: But it grew dreadfully monotonous for me in the isolation into which I had been thrown by the loss of my glasses and by Hollick-Kenyon's absorption in his stack of mystery stories.

p. 350: There was plenty to call us back to the Polar Star. By New Year's Day I would willingly have paid a thousand dollars for my reading glasses.

p. 351, Ellsworth speaking: Will the Wyatt Earp never come for us? Wilkins said five or six weeks to come the 3,000 miles from Dundee Island, and here it is almost seven. One can't sleep all the time, and it's awful not to be able to read. My glasses are in the plane along with all my flags and souvenirs.

p. 361. The Australians sent a rescue ship, *Discovery II*, when they thought that Ellsworth and Hollick-Kenyon were lost. Hubert Wilkins could have made the pickup at Little America, but he "allowed the British ship to get ahead" and it was on the *Discovery* that Ellsworth returned to Australia and civilization: The chief scientist's cabin which I occupied was luxurious. It contained a splendid library of books, nearly all relating to the Antarctic. The ship's surgeon soon discovered my lack of glasses, canvassed everybody on board, and found a pair of spectacles that fit me well enough for reading. We took a month coming up from the Bay of Whales.

**Fiala, Anthony.** *Fighting the Polar Ice.* New York: Doubleday, Page, 1906.

p. 61-62: The Christmas and the New Year holidays passed happily. We celebrated them with banquets, to which our hard working steward contributed many delicacies. A Christmas issue of the *Arctic Eagle*, our camp newspaper, was printed, Assistant Commissary Stewart making up the forms and running the press, and Seaman Montrose, who had once been a printer, acting as compositor. Nearly all the members of the party contributed to its columns and much amusement at its quips and personals was the result.\*

\*Footnote p. 62: On Sunday evenings the men were called together for a short devotional service, and a chapter or two read from the Scriptures out of an old Bible that had been the property of the Captain of the yacht *America* during her victorious cruise in the International races of 1851....

p. 68, in a list of Ziegler Polar Expedition activities at Camp Abruzzi, dated Jan. 14, 1904:

[No.] 22. We have not forgotten to celebrate the festivals of Christmas and New Year with enjoyable banquets and perpetuated the memory of the time by the publication of a six page newspaper.

p. 156: During the storms, which were many, and when the clouds obscured the feeble light of the stars and absolute darkness kept us imprisoned, the men made use of the excellent library after the hours of labour, and played chess or cards—usually listening at the same time to the strains of music from a Regina music box or a phonograph.

p. 181: Mr. Vedoe carried a bag of mail for Camp Ziegler and Cape Flora. Some postage stamps had been designed and printed and, before the departure of the mail, the men found pleasure in writing to their comrades at the southern stations and in pasting on the envelopes the expedition stamps. Porter cut a cancelling stamp on rubber and with it the postage was marked in the most approved and regular style.

**Green, Fitzhugh.** *Peary: The Man Who Refused to Fail.* New York: G.P. Putnam's, 1926.

A lightly disguised paeon to Peary and his endeavors, by a sometime participant in Peary's expeditions

p. 40-41, on Peary's reading of Kane in 1885: One evening, in one of my favorite haunts, an old book-store in Washington, I came upon a fugitive paper on the Inland Ice of Greenland. A chord, which as a boy, had vibrated intensely in me at the reading of Kane's wonderful book, was touched again. I read all I could upon the subject, noted the conflicting experiences of Nordenskjold, Jensen, and the rest, and felt that I must see for myself what the truth was of this great mysterious interior.

Peary did not visualize the North Pole at this moment. His was only a momentary excitation. What young man has not had the same momentary passion to see some distant part of the globe on reading the gripping passage?

"I read all I could upon the subject ..." Those are the key words of his text. It is worth digressing for a moment to skim over what he read in order that we may carry with us the historical background young Peary began to soak himself in." [Fitzhugh proceeds with a summary of the literature of Arctic exploration, from Davis through Greely, that Peary probably had read.]

p. 47, re Peary's preparation for a Greenland crossing: He began to read up in encyclopedias and other books of reference. He learned all the little men know of the land's interior; simply an elevated unbroken plateau of snow, 1500 miles in length and 900 in width, lifted from five to eight thousand feet and more above the level of the sea; an arctic desert—unless its interior contained a vast oasis of which men knew nothing. Beside this Arctic Sahara the African one pales into insignificance.

Between his books and his charts Peary soon worked out three routes for a practicable crossing of Greenland. One of these Nansen used in 1888. One proved completely successful when Peary himself crossed the northern end in 1891.

p. 196, on the progress of the Peary Arctic Club: The Club's new enthusiasm was now directed toward two important goals: first, the altering of public opinion so that existing prejudice against Arctic work

would be lessened; and second, the construction of a vessel that would place Peary and his party at a base on the shores of the Polar Sea. Both of these tasks required great talent and a lot of money. The effectiveness of Peary's rejuvenation of the Club may be gathered from the fact that within a month of the new charter, magazine and newspaper articles were appearing all over the country putting the new Arctic plans in the most favorable light possible. This work of propaganda was done with the greatest amount of finesse. No undue claims for scientific or commercial success were put forward; nor was there any maudlin emotionalism in the way people's interest was solicited in the broad geographical aspects of the work. As a result there seemed to be by the winter of 1904 a complete reversal of the public's estimate of the value and national prestige to be gained by discovery of the Pole.

p. 369, "The Promised Land": Despite its distance and the difficulty of its access the Island has seen some thrilling times. In the fall of 1909 after the discovery of the Pole, reporters were swarming over the place; messages from the Labrador were being rushed in; and a dozen other kinds of excitement kept everyone at a fever pitch. Then when the *Roosevelt* came along she stopped there to discharge such of Peary's effects as he did not wish to drag on to New York. The whole expedition came ashore and fell joyfully upon groaning tables of home cooking and fresh vegetables again. After the newspaper men followed the feature writers for magazines and books. Mr. William Rau of Philadelphia came up with a staff of photographers to develop and print up the priceless polar pictures. Experts accompanied him to retouch negatives; others to put up the colored slides. From such scenes it was a far cry to loneliness.

p. 369, "The Promised Land": As the years went on there was less of a rush, but the stream of visitors has never greatly dwindled.

Distinguished scientists and explorers, notables and friends from all over the world, have drifted in from time to time. There was always the charm and sense of privilege that went with a visit which proved a magnet even beyond the great pleasure of meeting one of the world's great men of his time.



**Foulke, William Parker.** Papers, ca. 1840-1865, ca. 3000 items, photographs. American Philosophical Society. *APS* 1854.

A pillar of Philadelphia society and the APS, Foulke's papers are quite diverse and include Arctic material related to Kane and Hayes in particular.

**Box 1** has file labeled "Catalogue of Books Read" by me from October 1834 to July 1845. An extensive list of perhaps 20 pages with a preamble about his reading experience of retaining and forgetting what he has read, and by a number of signs he tries to indicate the degree of recollections of his reading.

There is also a "Commonplace Book" of Foulke's in this box. Foulke to Frederick E. Church May 10 & 17 1862, on getting Church's picture of Hayes' dog into a Philadelphia exhibit: All who have seen it admire it greatly. Your ice-summits are much praised. Your dog will be a favorite. [Foulke says he also has a water-color of Dr. Hayes winter quarters.]

Henry Grinnell to Foulke, NY 18<sup>th</sup> March 1861, Suspicions about Hayes' Surgeon when they returned to U.S. Discovered by McClintock in Greenland that the surgeon had stolen valuable specimens. A Greenland official also loaned a Book to the Surgeon who denied having it, but when his box was opened and the Book found therein. Also has folder labeled "Arctic Expedition."

**Box 3:** Hayes letter reporting back from Upernavik in August 1860, writing to four men, presumably supporters of his expedition, mainly on his easy and successful trip north.

Note says Hayes wrote a eulogy for Kane, Oct. 1859?

Fine Preface to Hayes "An Arctic Boat Journey in the Autumn of 1854"—never published.

File 2 has draft letter by Hayes to Ticknor and Fields dated Jan 23, 1860, with critical commentary on McClintock's book. London *Times* May 28, 1867 on awarding the RGS gold medal to Isaac Hayes: In the meantime, the unpretending volume of Dr Hayes, entitled the *Open Polar Sea*, was written in such a clear, manly, and attractive style as must make it popular among all readers in the British Islands and America.

**Box 6:** Arctic Expedition Party, Oct. 1853 – Oct. 1854. Has partial transcript of John Wall Wilson diary of this expedition, Oct. 1853 – Oct 1854, in Hayes hand and excerpting sections critical of Kane:

p 1: Kane doesn't give enough food for health. May 17 1854: I never saw so troublesome a man in my life.... I hardly think judging from what they say there is a man in the ship fore or aft who would mourn much if he was to kick the bucket today. Pencil p. 49?

In 1854 Kane amputated two of Hayes' toes, p. 30: There is not a well man among us. All, have, more or less of Scurvy & Rheumatism.

Same section, in a cleaner and clearer hand: Wilson remains very critical of Kane: ...I never was more deceived with a man in my life than in Dr. Kane. He is a perfect wolf in sheep's clothing.

Feb. 26 [1853] p. 5: This being Sunday (we hardly know it from any other day for men and officers are both at work almost all day) at 7 o'clock in the evening Dr Kane read some prayers and a chapter from the Bible as he always does. After which cards and chess are prepared and accepted. Cards having the preference.

Kane is characterized as peevish, quick-tempered, and nasty.

**Greely, Adolphus W.** *Reminiscences of Adventure and Service. A Record of Sixty-Five Years.* New York: Scribner's, 1927.

A sanitized, somewhat saccharine autobiography which delves shallowly into the IPY expedition of 1881-84 ( p. 120-51), and doesn't even mention his one-time friend Henry W. Howgate, without whom the expedition never would have happened. Although descended from British settlers from 1623, Greely was a working-class boy, educated through high school (including Latin). He enlisted as a private in 1861, served in a number of battles (incl. Antietam) before being promoted to lieutenant at age 18 to command a black infantry regiment. For the Greely Arctic expedition he emphasizes the scientific purposes of the IPY over pole-seeking adventure. At Fort Conger (p. 122) "needful relief from scientific labors was had by the celebration of festive occasions, the issue of a newspaper, the training and coddling of our dogs, the devising of contests and games. So, work and play marked our

lives in the comfortable home, where well-cooked meals, warm quarters and plentiful reading matter were duly enjoyed.” Such was not the case at Camp Clay at Cape Sabine at the end of their retreat. Greely does deal with the execution of Private Henry but not the cannibalism allegations, nor with his bad relations with officers and men.

After his survival of the expedition, Greely went on to command the Signal Corps for 20 years, and had a substantial, well-connected career. Later chapters are devoted to his relations to important people, Presidents and their wives, and especially polar explorers. At the end of the book (p. 336) he talks of his determination “to give the youth of the District of Columbia a library.” which he did by raising private subscriptions for a short-lived library from 1895 to 1898 when Congress authorized a municipal library.

**Grinnell, Joseph.** *Gold Hunting in Alaska as Told by Joseph Grinnell.* Edited by Elizabeth Grinnell... Dedicated to Disappointed Gold-Hunters the World Over. Elgin, IL., David C. Cook Publishing Company, 1901.

A youthful tale, claimed to be true, edited and published by Grinnell’s mother, intended merely for “the folks at home.”

p. 3: It will give the reader, be he man or boy, a hint as to how a young fellow may spend his time in the long Arctic winter, or in the whole year, even though he be a disappointed gold-hunter.

p. 18: This will prove my last entry on the Kotzebue, but the winter's record will not be dull, I am thinking, by the time we thaw out in the spring of 1899. C. C. and the doctor, whose proclivities are well known to be of a semi-religious type, have a whole library of good books, such as “Helpful Thoughts,” “The Greatest Thing in the World,” Bible commentaries, and so on, with which we may enliven the winter evening that knows no cock-crowing. However, we shall have games and lighter reading.

p. 37: I have just finished reading “Hugh Wynne.” The doctor brought home some numbers of “Appleton's Science Monthly ” from the Hanson Camp, also some back numbers of “Harper's,” and I am reading articles in them.

The doctor, Brownie, Uncle Jimmy and I had a hot argument today on capital punishment, also one on “how a young student should begin to specialize in any branch of study.” I always take the side opposite the majority, so I can have more opportunity for argument. We have good and instructive times in this employment. Wednesday evening next is the first of a series of literary entertainments to be held weekly. Solsbury will lecture on “The Practical Value of Art.”

p. 42: I am studying hard. I am at work on my physiology, and also committing to memory a “Glossary of Scientific Terms.” The boys ridicule me for reading the dictionary so much, saying that the subject is changed too often to make it profitable reading. I am also teaching German to Rivers and Brownie. They are a very willing class. Other times I am studying bacteriology with the doctor. We are a literary and scientific crowd. Our latest argument last night was “How to Dispose of the City Slums.” The doctor reads portions of Josiah Strong's “New Era” to us and then we discuss it. The Literary Society of the Kowak met Wednesday evening with a good attendance. “The Practical Value of Art” was thoroughly expounded by Solsbury of the Hanson Camp, though he required two hours to do it and some of the art-less ones grew sleepy.

p. 50: In this igloo—about twelve feet in diameter—fifteen people live almost all the time, only going outside when they must for wood and water. No books to read, no politics to discuss, no school to get ready for, and no visiting to do. Once in this residence, we were allotted a space next to the oldest man of the igloo. We were content with our small lot, for we were tired and hungry.

p. 55: I have been reading “A Scientific Demonstration of the Future Life,” by Hudson. It interested me very much, and the doctor and I got into many a warm argument over it. It is a strange fact that we never argue upon subjects we agree upon. I always stick to my sharp point and he to his. Our discussions are usually on some biological topic, and the rest of the men do not know what we are talking about.

p. 60, on Christmas presents from home: It contained every thing that could give pleasure to a boy from two years old to twenty-one—from tooters and jumping-jacks to warm woolen hoods and handkerchiefs and books....

The books are all new to our library, which has been pretty thoroughly digested by this time. I brought the three novels out and they were immediately pounced upon. The doctor is reading “A Tennessee Judge,” Miller “A Kentucky Colonel,” and Mrs. Samms “Oliver Twist.” I shall get at them in course of time.

I have read very little of late aside from my physiology.

**Hamilton, David Mike.** *“The Tools of My Trade”: The Annotated Books in Jack London’s Library.* Seattle, WA: University of Washington Press, 1986.

An impressive compilation of London’s reading and annotations in his library books (now at Huntington Library, Pasadena).

p. 6: Clearly London had not neglected his reading, even aboard the *Sophia Sutherland*, which took him to the Bering Sea. Charmian London reported that London took great pains on the voyage to improvise a saucer of slush-oil, containing a floating wick and fitted with a shade to serve as a lamp for late-night reading of books such as *A Nest of Gentlefolk* by Ivan Turgenev. [London’s story, “The Mercy of the Sea,” is about that 1893 voyage.]

p. 8-9: July 15<sup>th</sup>, 1897 Jack London boarded the S.S. Umatilla for the Klondike. He took with him Miner Bruce’s *Through the Goldfields to Alaska*, John Milton’s *Paradise Lost*, and Charles Darwin’s *Origin of Species*.

Naturally, books were rare commodities in the Klondike goldfields. What few books did make it into the interior were prized possessions eagerly sought by miners trying to wait out the cold winter. One of London’s gold rush comrades, Emil Jensen, remembered the budding author’s Klondike library (“Jack London at Stewart River,” p. 4, HL [Huntington Library]): One unwritten law of the camp was that at night all regular visitors must bring their own candles. With candles worth a dollar and a half each, this rule was nothing more than just. Another thing well understood was that books must be kept no longer than was absolutely necessary. Few of us had brought more than one, although some had brought as many as three. It was from Jack I

borrowed my first book. Anywhere else, I would have passed that thing up without a second thought, but in the Yukon, a book was a book and I read it—Darwin’s *Origin of Species*. I confess I did not like Jack so well that week.

Jensen must have hidden his temporary dislike for London and Darwin, for London persisted in trying to educate him. “Try [Thomas] Huxley” London suggested, but Jensen only shook his head mournfully. “How about [Herbert] Spencer?” “Too serious” was the reply. “Well then,” remarked Jack with finality, “here is your last bet;” saying which he resurrected from among the blankets in his bunk a book and placed it on the table before me. A book of poetry this was—portly and awe-inspiring. ‘You have read every scrap of paper in camp but this,’ he continued, sliding a loving hand gently over the upturned page as though this thing beneath his fingers were the very embodiment of all that is beautiful and joygiving.”

p. 29: description of books in the library of *The Snark* on which London took a trip around the world in 1907-09 going westward through Hawaii, China, India, New York, and around the Horn: London overwhelmed the boat with books.... [He didn’t finish the voyage but his *Snark* reading seems fairly well documented.]

Books in London’s library of Arctic interest are few but include: Mikkelsen, Ejnar. *Conquering the Arctic Ice*. (Philadelphia, PA: Jacobs, 1910), in which he has marked passages on the treatment of dogs, and one on Herschel Island as “quite a metropolis”.

**Hawes, Joseph M.** “The Signal Corps and its Weather Service,” *Military Affairs* 30 (Summer) 1966, p. 68-76

p. 73, Hawes notes that when Hazen became Chief of the Signal Office in 1880 one of his projects was the “study room” which signaled an effort of the Office to do its own scientific research, independent of outside physicists. Apparently, this study room played a role in the bibliography of meteorology. See also Cleveland Abbe, “Meteorology and Allied Subjects” in *Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution...for 1881* (Washington: GPO, 1883) p. 231-331,

which cites Hazen's hopes that the Signal Corps would "take its stand among the foremost in the scientific study and investigation of...theoretical meteorology" (p. 239). Also notes (p. 234) the intention of the International Polar Commission to publish summaries of the data collected by all the IPY stations. Says nothing of the "study room." p. 74, has a neat summary of the Howgate scandal.

**Howe, Herbert L.** *The Seaman's Library Manual*. Prepared by Herbert L. Howe, Librarian. New York: American Merchant Marine Library Association, 1939. No pagination.

Introduction by Christopher Morley: I have seen the Green Box in use aboard American ships at sea, and I know what it means...to the reader off duty.

p. [4]—besides loaning books to seamen, the AMMLA puts a crew librarian aboard every American flag ship. Each library has forty books, and ships with large crews may have several libraries aboard. Some member of the crew takes care of the books and sees to it that the library is changed every two or three months. The Port Representation of the library brings the books down to the dock in a truck. This pamphlet includes a list of technical books available through the AMMLA library.

**Hoxse, John.** *The Yankee Tar. An Authentic Narrative of the Voyages and Hardships of John Hoxse, and the cruises of the U.S. Frigate Constellation, ...* Written by Himself. With an Extract from the Writings of Rev. John Flavel. Northampton: MA: John Metcalf, for the Author, 1840.

p. 7, introducing what must have been one of the first author publicity tours: Having got this work up in a handsome style, and at a great expense, I have concluded to make a tour through the principal towns in this and the adjoining states, and to call personally upon every individual who may wish to purchase one of the books, that all who do this, may rest assured there is no imposition; for it would be a hard task for any person to counterfeit my

**Jewell, J. Grey.** *Among Our Sailors*. New York: Harper, 1874.

Contains excerpts “from the laws and consular regulations governing the United States Merchant Service.”

p. viii, Preface: Many books have been written dealing with the romantic phases of sailor life. Much of this romance the writer of this work has been compelled to dispel. His official experience as consul has made him familiar with the more repellant features of a seaman's career. The sea has been the scene of the boldest adventures; but it has also been the theatre of the most brutal and revolting of human manifestations. With these latter it has been no pleasing task to deal, but rather a stern duty—an imperative necessity. The author has done his work. It remains with the reader to do his, as his responsibility or his humanity may dictate.

p. 21: Some captains there are who have not even had a common-school education; the wonder is how they know so much, having learned so little from books. Perhaps the great German philosopher, Alexander von Humboldt, struck the key-note as to the cultivation of sailors as well as nations when he said that "contact with the ocean has unquestionably exercised a beneficial influence on the cultivation of the intellect, and the formation of the character of nations." I need scarcely say that a thorough education is no disadvantage to men who follow the sea, any more than it is to any other class; indeed, I think it is a special advantage to them. The few highly cultivated ship-captains whom it has been my good fortune to meet, were, in every case, an honor to their profession, being thorough sailors and thorough gentlemen at the same time. And where the addition of a strong religious feeling exists in such persons, they stand forth as glorious representatives of humanity.

p. 77: The benefits afforded by the Seamen's Friend Society extend to the sailors when afloat as well as when ashore. In 1859 it began to furnish loan libraries to naval and merchant ships. The total number of libraries now afloat is about 4500, or about 185,000 volumes, accessible to 180,000 seamen. The report for the year ending May, 1872, shows the following facts: Number of new libraries sent to Sea, 312; refitted and reshipped, 424; total (available to 10,888 men), 756; conversions during



the year in connection with the work, 70. Both officers and men use the libraries, and the volumes are returned to the society, often years after their issue, in perfect condition; often, too, when a ship has been lost, the library has been placed in a small boat, with the compass and a little store of food, and so preserved. It may not be advisable for the Government to undertake to furnish homes for our seamen; and even were this judicious, the Government could not, consistently with its proper functions, compel seamen to resort to these homes. But the above facts show what a Christian community may do for our seamen. The work so well begun in New York City, if perfected and extended to every port, will do much to increase the number of American ships, and to improve the character of our merchant marine.

**Joyce, Barry Alan.** *“As the Wolf from the Dog”; American Overseas Exploration and the Compartmentalization of Humankind: 1838-1859.* Univ. of California Riverside Ph.D. dissertation, Sept. 1995.

Examples used are the Charles Wilkes’ US Exploring Expedition 1838-43, and Elisha Kent Kane’s search for Franklin in 1859.

p. 23-4: It will be seen in the following pages that along with their charts, navigational instruments, specimen bottles, and general supplies, Americans carried their cultural and ideological baggage with them on every voyage undertaken during this period. The observations of American explorers in this period were colored by the values and ideologies of religion, manifest destiny, Anglo-Saxonism, and nationalism. They were citizens of a nation built upon the subjugation and dislocation of Native Americans and the enslavement of Africans, a people riding roughshod on a rapacious Turnerian thrust westward, straining to gratify some unsatiated Anglo inner urge.

p. 42: By the summer of 1837, most of the appointed scientists had gathered in Philadelphia in order to collect books, materials, and hardware for the impending voyage, making frequent use of the libraries and facilities of the Academy of Natural Sciences and the American Philosophical Society.

**Leary, William M.** *Under Ice: Waldo Lyon and the Development of the Arctic Submarine.* College Station, TX: Texas A&M University Press, 1999.

p. 149, on scattering of ashes of Hubert Wilkins at North Pole from the submarine *Skate*: While two men held red flares, Calvert [commander of *Skate*] read from the *Book of Common Prayer*; then paid a personal tribute to Wilkins....

p. 190-91: In search of information on the [Arctic] area, Steele and his navigator, Lt. Edward A. Burkhalter, Jr. [of *Seadragon*], visited the extensive Stefansson Collection of Arctic Literature at Dartmouth College. The naval officers enjoyed the opportunity to discuss their upcoming voyage with Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the famous explorer. ... Browsing through the books in the library, Steele and Burkhalter discover 'a number of priceless gems,' including a copy of Sir Edward Parry's *Journal of a Voyage for the Discovery of a North-West Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific*. *Seadragon* would be following the same route as Parry had sailed in 1819-20 when he penetrated Barrow Strait and Viscount Melville Sound before being stopped by ice at the entrance to McClure Strait. Steele received permission to take a copy of the book with him on the patrol.

**Little, George.** *American Cruiser; A Tale of the Last War.* Boston, MA: M.J. Reynolds and Waite, Pierce, and Co., 1847.

A rather slight novel on two sailors during the War of 1812.

p. 20: THE two seamen had returned to their lodgings, (a respectable private boarding house in Cherry street,) where they were quietly seated after supper, in a neat and well furnished room. The young seaman was engaged in **reading** aloud for his companion, for although the elder was a prime seaman, yet, unfortunately, his education was exceedingly limited; a circumstance by no means strange or singular, considering the length of time he had pursued a sea life, and the narrow facilities of acquiring an education in the days of his boyhood.

p. 252: “There is no want of instruction, if seamen will receive it; for in all our seaports there are men who are appointed for that especial purpose, viz. to distribute Bibles, tracts, and other good **books**, and impart such advice, to which if seamen will only adhere and follow, as will make them better men, and what is infinitely more important, it will make them wise unto salvation.”

This grave and serious conversation made a deep impression on the boatswain, so that during his confinement, which was not of long duration, he frequently interrogated the young seaman, in regard to these, and other subjects of a similar nature.

p. 364: After the storm had abated, and the minds of the prisoners had become somewhat tranquillized, there might have been seen two men, sitting composedly in one of the mess berths, deeply interested in a book, which the younger of the two was **reading** aloud, to his most attentive listener; they were so much absorbed, that for some moments they took no notice of the loud and extravagant expressions of joy, which rang throughout the prisons, and all over the prison-yard; nor were they entirely aroused until a loud peal resounded through the air like rolling thunder, in three cheers, from more than three thousand human beings, immediately after which one of the prisoners entered with a newspaper, and read with stentorian lungs, the overwhelming and joyful intelligence, that “Peace was proclaimed between America and England.”

**Loomis, Chauncey C.** *Weird and Tragic Shores: The Story of Charles Francis Hall, Explorer.* New York: Knopf, 1971.

Excellent account of the life of the most eccentric of Arctic explorers who essentially abandoned his family in Cincinnati to pursue his Arctic dreams. Uneducated and inexperienced in Arctic ways, he adopted to and adapted Eskimo ways of living and survival by living with them for long periods and learning from them their secrets of survival. Both his origins and demise are clouded in mystery.

Loomis makes no definitive judgment on how Hall died and whether was killed by Bessels. The following passage is from Russell Potter's blog on the subject:

Loomis could be bold -- but he was also, when he felt it right, cautious. Despite his discovery of arsenic in tissue samples taken, at his behest on an expedition he'd organized, from the grave of Charles Francis Hall, he refused to jump to the conclusion that Hall had been murdered, or say who was to blame, without more than what he considered, at best, circumstantial evidence. In that case, I once thought he was a bit too cautious, but having had the experience of seeing a few of my own bold conclusions founder upon the sands of presupposition, I see his views in a somewhat different light. When it came to the important things -- bringing a character such as Hall to vivid life -- there was no one better than Loomis. The Hall papers offer a daunting cart-load of contradictions, the remains of a life he never lived to set in order; that Loomis was able from such jumbled materials the narrative he did is an exemplary work of humane scholarship, and a book which to this day my students find among the most readable and engaging on my list of texts. *Weird and Tragic Shores* has been re-issued by the Modern Library, although I've found that, year to year, it seems to go in and out of stock at the publisher's. If for some reason any of you who are reading these words have not read it, you owe it to yourself to obtain a copy, and head directly to a comfy chair to read it. It is a book which, as Cervantes once said of Tirant lo Blanc, deserves to be kept in print forever. [Russell Potter blog, "Chauncey Loomis, 1930-2009," *Visions of the North*, Sept. 10, 2009.]

p. 41-42, discusses Hall's notebooks describing his reading which were quite random until Kane's death in 1857 when Hall begins to focus on the Arctic: For several years he had been in the habit of taking notes on whatever reading he was doing, and of jotting down random thoughts, quotations, and statistics in innumerable little notebooks. These notebooks are a fantastic hodgepodge. On a few pages of one are the following items: a letter to a newspaper from Baron Humboldt on

slavery (he was against it); a quotation of Lord John Russell on prose style (advising imitation of Defoe's simplicity); a fact recorded apparently for its own sake ("85,000,000£ national debt of Grt. Britain after Russian War"); a list of articles Hall intended to read; several scriptural quotations, Latin tags, and newspaper "fillers" ("IMPORTANT EXPERIMENT—On Saturday Drs. Contaret, practical chemists from France, succeeded in deodorizing the contents of a privy under the direction of the contents of a privy under the direction of the New York City Inspector. The sink contained 312 cubic feet of fecal matter.") Hall's notebooks are relics of an unfocused but energetic effort in self-education.

In 1857 the notebooks began to take on focus, becoming less haphazard as Hall concerned himself with the Arctic. In the past he had read about the Arctic with casual interest, but now he began to study with intensity of purpose. He went regularly to the Young Men's Mercantile Association Library to comb the latest magazines and newspapers for articles about recent Arctic activities and to study back files of periodicals. He purchases and borrowed all the books he could find that in any way concerned the North; he read Humboldt, Scoresby, Barrow, Parry, Ross, Franklin, Richardson, Beechey, Back, McClure, and, of course, Kane. He wanted to inform himself about Arctic History, Arctic Navigation, Arctic geography, Arctic flora and fauna. Painstakingly he read; painstakingly he recorded and remembered what he recorded and remembered what he read. The notebooks reveal a particular concern with the problems of Arctic survival. Hall recorded Kane's opinion that fresh meat was the "only specific" for scurvy, and he listed the food supplies of several expeditions....

Something of Hall's personal thought also emerges from the notebooks of this period: whenever was not jotting down facts and statistics about the Arctic, he was quoting little messages of moral uplift.

He espoused the positive and the assertive, possibly because he was stiffening his sinews to make a decision that would change the course of his life. From the 1857 *Annual of Scientific Discovery* he quoted "all obstacles yield to a resolute man."

p. 62, on Hall's reading of Arctic books in preparation for his first expedition that would be sponsored by Henry Grinnell who offered Hall the use of his library.

p. 74, reads from "Masonic Manual" in funeral rites for Kudlago aboard *George Henry*. Hall like Kane was a Freemason, as were many of the British and American explorers.

p. 87: On Hall's missionary instincts among the natives of Greenland: Let working colonies be established as in Greenland, with three or four Tookoolitos and Ebierbings in residence, and civilization would soon spread throughout the Arctic. He immediately began to give Tookoolito reading and writing lessons, and when Christmas came he gave her the Bible that had been presented to him by the Young Men's Christian Union of Cincinnati.

p. 112, speaks of native memory of the Frobisher voyages three hundred years earlier: Hall checked Barrow's *Chronological History of Voyages into the Arctic Regions*, which he had brought with him: on Frobisher's first voyage he had arrived with only two ships, on his second with three, and on his third with a fleet of fifteen [although some sank enroute]. Oral tradition appeared to agree with recorded history.

**MacMillan, Donald Baxter.** *Kah'Da: Life of a North Greenland Eskimo Boy*. Garden City, NY: Doubleday, 1930.

A juvenile about the Smith Sound Eskimos, with whom MacMillan had lived for a total of six years.

**MacMillan, Donald Baxter.** *The Humorous Side of Arctic Exploration: Laughable Incidents that Break the Monotony of the Hard and Dangerous Work above the Arctic Circle, the Eskimos' Sense of Humor, and Some Amusing Anecdotes of Northern Life*. (Garden City, NY: Doubleday, Page, 1923).

p. 1, on departures for the North Pole: Some one of the crew inadvertently mentioned the fact to one of these scribes (reporters) that we had no reading matter on board for the long Arctic nights.... In the

next morning's issue the fact was called to the attention of the kind people of New York. That afternoon a stream of books was flowing down East 23<sup>rd</sup> Street to the Recreation Pier, carried by young, middle aged, and old, and even trucks. It was the most cosmopolitan library ever assembled, for there was everything , with one exception...and that exception a Bible—not a one. Peary wondered where they all came from & intended to throw them overboard when out to sea.

**McElwaine, Eugene.** *Alaska, the Golden Land of the Midnight Sun.*  
Chicago: Published by the Author, 1901.

The author spent three years in Alaska and hopes his general account “would be accepted by readers with appreciation of the spirit in which it was written—the desire to tell the truth about a region which has not hitherto been favored in this regard, and, for the benefit of such as may be interested in this part of our country, to supply, however imperfectly, the information which he felt grievously the need of when such interest was first aroused in him (p. vi-vii).” The book does include sections on Russia and Siberia.

p. 138-39: In an historical work published but a few years ago, it was proclaimed among other similar things that “Alaska, the unorganized Northwestern Territory of the United States, is desolate and cold to the last degree and can never become very populous, or of any economic value, until the plane of the ecliptic changes, and what is now an Arctic climate becomes torrid or at least temperate.”

Such a description of the vast territory and its vaster possibilities, reckless as it is, fairly illustrates the treatment accorded Alaska by writers and speakers since the day she came into the possession of the United States unto the present time.

The author of the words quoted, like many others, in the absence of information, drew the materials for his statements and predictions from unadvised and prejudiced political speeches, and from the reports of explorers who sailed along our coast and then wrote books as unreal and misty as the hills and mountain ranges they seemed to see. In assigning Alaska forever to hopeless inertness and solitude, he was not aware of

the premonitory signs of life that were even then manifest. For hundreds of years neglected, and apparently in the icy grasp of death, Alaska has only been sleeping. It has needed but the kiss of civilization to make the tingling blood of progress and development leap along her arteries and veins and to cause her to awaken in her true character of a resourceful, helpful, even kindly Queen of the North.

p. 170-71, on education in Alaska after annexation: In 1841 a theological school was established at Sitka, which in 1849 was advanced to the grade of a seminary. At the time of the transfer of Alaska from Russia to the United States the teachers were recalled to Russia and the schools were suspended; but with the change of government came a new people; the majority of the Russians left the country and their places were taken by Americans. Two months after the transfer a petition, signed by forty-nine persons, was presented to the Common Council of Sitka asking for a citizens' meeting to empower the Council to establish a school. In the spring of 1868 the school was opened, and kept up for five years, when it was suspended.

The first permanent schools in Alaska were established by Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., who, in 1877, acting for the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, established a school at Fort Wrangell, and the following year one at Sitka. In 1881 schools were started at Haines, Hoonah and Jackson. These schools were all supported by the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions. Largely through the work of Dr. Jackson, in 1884, Congress made a small appropriation of \$25,000 for education in Alaska, and in 1885 he was appointed "United States General Agent of Education in Alaska." The schools previously established by the churches were turned over to the government and new schools were started at Juneau, Douglas, Kodiak, Unalaska, Bethel, Carmel, Anvik, Metlakatla and Koserefsky.

In 1890 schools were opened among the Eskimos at Cape Prince of Wales, Point Hope and Point Barrow. The position of Superintendent of Schools for the Nome district was created in 1900.



p. 193, on hope of domestic reindeer: The first importation of the domestic reindeer into Alaska from Siberia for the purpose of furnishing food to the starving natives was made in 1892. During the year previous a large number of natives along the coast of Bering Sea and Arctic Ocean had perished for the want of food, and to prevent the recurrence of the ghastly scenes of that year, an appeal in behalf of the destitute and dying aborigines was made to the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, General Agent of Education for the Territory, located at Washington. The matter was taken up promptly by Dr. Jackson and after a careful investigation had been made he concluded that the only "way to save the remainder of the natives from starvation is to educate them to raise, train and use the reindeer." He therefore appealed to Congress, but the destitute wards of the government received no relief from that quarter. But not to be baffled in a righteous cause he appealed to the people through the medium of the newspapers. The hearts of the "generously good" were touched by Dr. Jackson's plain statement of the poor Indians' condition; their pocketbooks were opened to the cause of suffering humanity, and money poured into the good man's lap to provide food for the hungry men, women and children of the polar zone.

p. 261: The city has made certain reservations for public purposes, notable among which is Block 29, for city buildings; Block 33 for public schools and school fund; Block 55, for hospital, church and free reading room, and Block 70, for charitable purposes.

p. 55, on the Bering Sea: The sun set that night at 10:30 and rose the next morning at two. It was twilight in the interim, and from the deck of the vessel one could see to read common print at any hour during the night. The fact is, we had no night in the literal meaning of the word. We were nearing the latitude of the Midnight Sun, where "the night shineth as the day," and where "darkness and light are both alike."

**Mitchell, William.** *General Greely; The Story of a Great American.* New York: Putnam's, 1936.

A shamelessly hagiographic account, the year after Greely's death, by a fellow General.

p. 76: Greely had brought along a very good library, which proved to be a great source of interest and comfort during the dark months. Besides the scientific works, encyclopedias and books relating to the Arctic, there were over one thousand novels and magazines. Various games had also been brought, and a few musical instruments. Private Schneider, a young German, played the violin, his favorite selection being "Over the Garden Wall."

p. 123, at Cape Sabine as their desperate conditions were growing: In order to occupy their minds and keep them from dwelling on their desperate condition, Greely began to give daily lectures of from one to two hours on the physical geography and resources of the United States, followed by similar talks on each state and territory. Israel talked on astronomy, and Dr. Pavy about France, natural history and physiology. In the evenings, some one usually read aloud from one of the six or seven books in their "library": "Pickwick," "Coningsby," Hardy's "Two on a Tower," Hayes' "Polar Sea," "A History of Our Times," "The Life of St. Patrick," the Bible, and Army Regulations, a copy of which was left for them in the wreck.

p. 201-02: Greely assembled and developed the War Department Library, which had not amounted to much before his magic hand touched it. This saved the remarkable Brady Civil War photographs. A compilation of literature about the Civil War was also arranged and made available for the use of officers and educational institutions. It was about this time, too, that he started the first Free Public Library in Washington, by personally soliciting funds and private subscriptions for it. He received a good-sized contribution from the owner of one of the city's newspapers.

p. 217-18, on Greely's New Hampshire retirement home: Their summer home was at Conway, New Hampshire, where they first started going in the early nineteen hundreds. Mrs. Greely's cousin, Joe Nesmith, an artist, had discovered

the place and bought up seven or eight miles along the front of Lake Pequaquet (now called Conway Lake). ...

In 1912 or 1913, Rose and Gertrude bought an old abandoned farmhouse, about eight miles from South Conway, which they named "Hidden House." It is what its name implies, rather difficult to find. A newspaper reporter once spent three days driving around the country trying to find it, when General Greely's opinion was being sought during the Peary-Cook controversy. He went back to Boston unsuccessful, and stated that the North Pole was easier to find than General Greely.

They did very little to change the house, but added a small lean-to room for General Greely, which he called his office. It was built of old boards from a barn and left quite plain. Austere and unaffected, it was a real explorer's room, not the sort designed by interior decorators with pine paneling and every refinement, but what an explorer would make for himself. The walls were lined with bookshelves from floor to ceiling, crammed with books and papers and orderly litter.

**Norris, Frank.** *A Man's Woman*. New York: Doubleday & McClure, 1900.

Norris's turn-of-the-century novel is loosely based on George Washington De Long's U.S. North Polar expedition aboard the *Jeannette* (1879-81). It borrows freely from the locale (Wrangell Island and environs), the beset and crushed ship, the forced march on ice and pressure ridges, the heroic commander, the few survivors finally rescued. He adds the love interest, a strong-minded woman who resists the commander, succumbs, marries, and subtly convinces the hero that he is the one who must achieve the North Pole for the United States, knowing his safe return to be doubtful. He sails from New York in a new ship clearly modeled on Nansen's *Fram*. Sources in Greely's expedition and parallels with Robert E. Peary, who had already begun his North Pole quest and was in Northern Ellesmere land at the time of publication, are easily drawn.

This edition is the first separate publication of the novel, a year after its first appearance in combination with *McTeague*. See also Sherwood, John C. "Norris and the *Jeannette*," *PQ* 37 (April 1958) 245-55 which says the sources for the novel are 1) a San Francisco acquaintance, Joseph Hodgson, who was part of a *Jeannette* search aboard the *Rodgers*; 2) De Long's own account; and 3) Greely's *Three Years of Arctic Services*. Similarities of the two stories include two cutters and a whaleboat; McClintock sledges and dogs; mock moons; starvation diets; amputation of limbs; and a series of parallel passages of De Long's journal and Norris' novel which shows fairly direct borrowing. But Norris's Ward Bennett doesn't have the personality of De Long—if he had there would be no novel.

**Norling, Lisa.** *Captain Ahab Had a Wife: New England Women and the Whalefishery, 1720-1870*. Chapel Hill: Univ. of North Carolina, 2000.

This book has some smatterings of women's reading matter but most of it is ashore. An exception:

p. 259 where Julia Fisk joins her husband Silas's ship, and Lydia Sigourney approves: My dear Mrs. Fisk, I have just received your letter saying you have decided to sail with your husband, and hasten to send you both some books,--to which I add a few pamphlets and periodicals,--thinking light reading might be agreeable on so long a voyage, and that you might like some to distribute to the sailors....

p. 260: To Sigourney, even a whaling voyage could be domesticated by bringing along some reading and some peppermints.... Sigourney suggested that Mrs Fisk might distribute appropriately improving reading to the sailors, thereby extending a Christian woman's moral influence not only over her husband but also over the crew.

**Nourse, Joseph E.** *American Explorations in the Ice Zones...Prepared Chiefly from Official Sources*. Third edition. Boston, D. Lothrop and Co., 1884.

A comprehensive and readable account of American expeditions up to the rescue of Greely, with reference to Great Britain only where necessary, e.g. to explain the Franklin search voyages.

p. 33, Sir John Franklin's last letter (to his sister) from Disco, 11<sup>th</sup> July 1845: "MY DEAR SISTER,— ... The appearance, dress, and manners of the Esquimaux bespeak that care is taken of them by the government. Several of them can read the Bible with ease, and I am told that when the families are all collected the children are obliged to attend school daily. I looked into one of the huts arranged with seats for this purpose. When the minister comes over from Disco he superintends the school; at other times the children are taught by a half-cast Esquimaux. How delightful it is to know that the gospel is spreading far and wide, and will do so till its blessed truths are disseminated through the globe...."

p. 68: Kane had some two thousand pounds of pemmican and a liberal supply of dried fruits and vegetables, with the usual navy rations; a well-chosen library, furnished partly by Government and partly by Jr. Grinnell; ...

p. 88, the end of Hall's library in June 1855: By the middle of June all of Kane's disabled men, and some twelve hundred pounds of stores, had been transported, by journeys of in all 1,100 miles, to Annaotah, their first sick station/. The U.S. Coast survey theodolite, the apparatus furnished by the American Philosophical Society, and the valuable library were left behind; the documents of the Expedition were carried forward.

p. 178, Hall's first sledging journey: Having now acquired some knowledge of the native language, and having the company of the two natives just named, with a third, Koodloo, a relative of a woman whom he had befriended when dying, he thought himself ready for the discomforts of an Arctic journey. His sledge was loaded for a team of ten dogs, with a fair outfit of clothing, provisions, and sleeping comforts; his telescope, sextant, thermometer, and marine glass; a rifle, with ammunition; and a Bowditch Nautical Almanac and other books.

p. 325, on the cruises of the *Juniata* and then the *Tigress* in summer of 1879? and their discoveries: The Polaris House was still standing, with its bunks, mattresses, furniture, galley, etc., but provisions, instruments,

books, and stores were everywhere scattered along the shore. The “Tigress” took on board all the manuscripts, a mutilated log-book and all other books not torn into pieces; no cairn or place of concealment for records was found.

p. 351, Schwatka sledging near Northern Hudson Bay with a team of Inuit in May 1879, when they met another group of natives who gave further information on Franklin: This was in part substantially the same learned by Hall, viz.: that a ship had been found in the ice off the west coast of Adelaide Peninsula, and that knives, spoons, and utensils had been taken out by cutting a hole into the ship on a level with the ice, as they did not know how to get inside by the doors; they saw no bread; they saw books on board and left them there; and when the ice broke up in the following summer, the ship filled through the hole they had cut, and sank.

p. 408, DeLong’s diary on the Lena Delta, Sept. 19, 1881, under extreme duress: {after four days] we will be at the end of our provisions and must eat the dog (the last of forty) unless Providence sends something in our way. When the dog is eaten—? I was much impressed and derive great encouragement from an accident of last Sunday. Our Bible got soaking wet, and I had to read the Epistle and the Gospel contained some promises which seemed peculiarly adapted to our condition. (The passage is in Matthew v. 24).

p. 585, on the rescue of Greely at Cape Sabine: Commander Schley and his officers arrived at 9 P.M., to find Greely in his sleeping-bag, his head reclining forward, his remaining strength being exercised in apparently reading from the prayer book to Sergeant Connell, who was in a dying state.... The sight of the officer thus attempting in his own desperate condition to minister consolation to a dying companion brought tears to the eyes of the stoutest.

**O’Reilly, Bernard.** *Greenland, the Adjacent Seas, and the North-West Passage to the Pacific Ocean.* Illustrated in a Voyage to Davis’ Strait during the Summer of 1817. London: Baldwin, Craddock, & Joy, 1818.

O'Reilly served as surgeon aboard a whale-ship, in order to gather scientific information on the northern regions. He gives much information concerning Arctic zoology, whale fishery, natural atmospheric phenomena, observations of magnetic variation, the history and habitation of Greenland, and observations concerning the possibility of a Northwest Passage." Field - "The observations of the author on the natives of Greenland, are recorded on pp. 52 and 85, of which the last two are occupied with a vocabulary of their language. Five of the plates are illustrative of the features, or habits of life of the Exquimaux." According to Abbey an article in the 'Quarterly Review' called the book 'a bare faced imposition.' Stanton & Tremaine mentions the book is said to have been plagiarized from material prepared by Sir Charles L. M. von Giescke. Hill: Pacific Voyages, p. 219. Field: Indian Bibliography, p. 297

**Pálsson, Gísli.** *Travelling Passions: The Hidden Life of Vilhjalmur Stefansson.* Hanover, NH: Dartmouth College Press, 2005.

In a chapter called "The Saga of Alex Stefansson" Pálsson recounts interviews he had with Stefansson's grandchildren, the children of his son Alex.

p. 227-28, quotes Rosie in defense of her mother Pannigabluk who she saw as responsible for Stef's survival and ability to live on the land. Quoting her grandmother she says: Your grandfather thought he was so smart he could live without me or anything. He could've died if it wasn't for me. So if you learn how to live white-man way how are you gonna live on the land? You could starve to death. And you don't know where to look for things. In life that's what you're supposed to be doing, not reading those books and learning how to read and write...that's for lazy people.

p. 239: According to Rosie, the family often argued about the use of reading books, as if the Icelandic heritage and Inupiat traditions conflicted. Panigabluk and her daughter-in-law thought reading was only for good-for-nothings. It was a custom Stefansson had introduced and Alex then preserved with the help of his children:

So my mother would get so tired of us reading that she'd grab anything we could read and throw it in the fire. "You girls are not doing right. This is not the way you're supposed to be." So my father would come back, and he'd find that she'd thrown all the papers away. He, I don't know, one way or the other, he'd start getting books; the Reader's Digest, that was the first book that we started getting, just Reader's Digest; then we could read again. My grandmother said, "You know, that's just the way their grandfather was." And, "Well, you lived with him, you had your son from him, he's our dad. He must have been good for something." "No. He would have starved it it wasn't for me. He didn't know how to hunt and trap nothing." "Well, why did you live with him then?" Then she had no answer for that.

**Parker, Hershel.** *Herman Melville: A Biography*. Two volumes. Baltimore, MD: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1996- .

Volume I:

p. 231: The *Charles and Henry* also offered stimulus for his mind from books. On the real *Lucy Ann* the real John Troy, Melville says in the partly fictional *Omoo*, possessed books, but "a damp, musty volume, entitled 'A History of the most atrocious and Bloody Piracies' " may be an imaginary composite of real titles such as *The History of the Lives and Bloody Exploits of the Most Noted Pirates* (Hartford, 1835). After being taken off the *Lucy Ann* Melville had spent weeks in Tahiti and Eimeo outdoors all the time, "an utter savage" (in the phrasing he used of himself in 1852, after spending weeks out of doors), reading nothing so far as we know. Once he got aboard the *Charles and Henry* and settled into the routine of sailing without sighting whales or at least without capturing whales, he had time to catch up on his reading. The wealthy Nantucket owners of the ship had supplied their craft remarkably well in every regard, not omitting the ship's library. Thanks to the surviving bill for \$16.24 that the Nantucket Coffins paid on 5 April 1841, we have a good idea of what Melville could have laid his hands on—the first books we have much reason to think he read since,



by his own account, he read Owen Chase's *Narrative* in his early months in the Pacific. The surviving list of the books purchased (all new, apparently) often gives only short titles and no authors; from the list Wilson Heflin identified likely editions of the books named. Following Heflin's identifications, here I sort the ship's library into rough categories. Like Heflin, I assume that most of the books shipped at the end of 1840 were still aboard after less than two years; vandalism or even careless handling would not likely be tolerated in a well-run ship, despite the perhaps fictional bibliographical mutilation Melville describes (*Omoo*, ch. 20) as taking place on a poorly captained Australian whaler. In addition, individual sailors brought some books aboard, which in due course might have found their way into the community book-chest.

On the *Charles and Henry* when it sailed from Nantucket were several books of adventure or travel, on sea or land, among them *Jack Halyard*, by W.S. Cardell; *Visit to Constantinople and Athens*, by Walter Colton; *Shipwreck on a Desert Island; A Narrative of the Shipwreck, Captivity, and Sufferings of Horace Holdin and Benj. H. Nute: Who Were Cast Away in the American Ship Mentor; on the Pelew Islands, in the Year 1832: And for Two Years Afterwards Were Subjected to Unheard of Sufferings among the Barbarous Inhabitants of Lord North's Island*, by Horace Holdin; John H. Amory, *The Young Rover; Poor Jack*, by Frederick Marryat; and the *Child's Robinson Crusoe*. Heflin shows that the edition of Defoe's classic on the ship, "Carefully Adapted to Youth," was likely the one that advertised itself as "Purified from every thought and expression that might sully the mind...of youth." There was also a history of the American Revolution, a biography of Washington, and two books from the recent election, a campaign life of Harrison and a book called (on the cover) *Harrison versus Van Buren*.

Once a sailor like Melville got past the adventure and history, he could sample the selections in several collections and anthologies aboard the *Charles and Henry*: four volumes of the Harper's "Family Library"; *Cabinet of Literature*; "Fire Side Book" (possibly *The Fireside Book, A Miscellany*, with a plate of Abbotsford, the revered home of the revered Sir Walter Scott); and single volumes of *Abbott's Magazine* and of

*Family Magazine*. There were religious works for the literate sailor desperate enough to read anything once: *The Young Christian*, by Jacob Abbott. In *Are You a Christian or a Calvinist?* By John Lowell (uncle of a contemporary of Melville's, the poet James Russell Lowell), Melville could have encountered *this eye-catching assertion*: "*Jesus Christ himself was a Unitarian*"—not, Lowell irrefutably proved, a Calvinist. The ship's library included several fictions, mainly didactic, among them *Strive and Thrive*, by Mary Botham Howitt; *Home*, by Catharine Maria Sedgwick, the sister-in-law of Helen's teacher at Lenox; *Merchant's Widow, and Her Family*, by Barbara Wreaks Hoole Hofland; the baldly titled *Moral Tales*, by Samuel Griswold Goodrich;; and the popular Rousseauistic romance, *Paul and Virginia*, by Jacques-Henri Saint-Pierre, at the climax of which Virginia drowns because she is encumbered by clothing, when, naked, she might have survived—a remarkable European contrast to the Marquesan damsels. There were moral dissertations (not sugar-coated with fiction): *Victims of Gaming; Being Extracts from the Diary of an American Physician* and, most practical of all, *A Lecture to Young Men on Chastity*, by Sylvester Graham, the deviser of the popular antiaphrodisiac cracker.

Of these books, the condensed (many removes from the book first published in 1719) is probably the most curiously significant for Melville's life, since it was an obvious model for a white traveler who might want to write about his adventures on a remote island peopled by "savages." (Only three years later Melville became known as the "Modern Crusoe.") In view of his portrayal of the American Amasa Delano in "Benito Cereno" (1855), it would be good to know how much of Defoe's complex portrayal of Crusoe's concept of Providence Melville ever encountered in copies that came his way; he may never have known *Robinson Crusoe* except in a form both shortened and expurgated for children. All in all, Melville found some genuine literary stimulus on the *Charles and Henry*. (He probably already knew another classic from early in the eighteenth century, Jonathan Swift's 1726 *Gulliver's Travels*, most likely in a condensed and even more rigorously expurgated form than *Robinson Crusoe*, there being so much more to expurgate....

Volume II:

**Peary, Robert E.** *Report of the Executive Committee in Charge of Kane Lodge Reception to Bro. Robert Edwin Peary, U.S.N., and Other Arctic Explorers. At Sherry's, New York, April 8<sup>th</sup>.* New York: Kane Lodge, No. 454 F. & A.M., 1896.

Includes a short address by Peary and his presentation of a Masonic flag that he carried twelve hundred miles through the Arctic; the book is a presentation copy from Joseph L. Little, the committee's chairman, to Joseph Morris Ward, the Treasurer reading in part "... I believe the issuing of this little souvenir volume finishes up the Peary incident as connected with the Lodge...".

**Peary, Robert E.** *Secrets of Polar Travel.* New York: Century, 1917.

A chapter on winter quarters describes lodges he built for wintering in Greenland.

p. 131-2, Red Cliff House 1891-93: ...heavy blankets of bright red, adding warmth and color to the interior, were used to cover the walls and ceiling; bunks were built along the wall; and a few chairs and a table, a library, and our cooking-utensils, our house was ready for occupancy.

p. 134, in 1894-95, space arranged for three people: A closet for dishes and books and another for medicines was built on the east wall of the room. The walls and ceiling of the room were decorated with magazine pictures, which not only covered the cracks, but made the room brighter and more cheerful.

p. 153ff finds Peary critical of the house at Fort Conger and he used materials from it to build his own in 1900. Seldom is Peary not critical of Greely.

p. 158-9: I had a fairly complete arctic library in my cabin, and these books were borrowed one at a time by different members of the expedition. We also had a good collection of the best novels, which did

much to wile away the long evenings, and a pianola...gave us all great pleasure.

**Peirce, Benjamin Mills, compiler.** *A Report on the Resources of Iceland and Greenland.* Washington, DC: GPO, 1868.

This is a report commissioned by William H. Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State, on the desirability of acquiring Iceland and Greenland for the US, just as the U.S. had acquired a few Caribbean islands and Alaska.

p. 7-36 deal with Iceland, p. 37-60 to Greenland, with p. 61 to 72 giving a bibliography and various appendices. The work is a fairly dry compilation of statistics and resources, with some historical sections, mainly on American explorers. It is clearly influenced by the Peterman and Hayes view of warm currents and an open polar sea, a view not yet abandoned by polar explorers, and concludes with an abstract of Petermann's (April 1967) paper on the arctic regions (p. 52-60).

p. 51, the author's own conclusion is the desirability of pursuing the researches of Kane and Hayes: Let us hope, for her own honor and for the fame of American navigators, that what she has so gloriously begun will be followed up. If national glory has any meaning in the present state of civilization, it can be gained in no nobler way than by such achievements.

**Pool, Beekman H.** *Polar Extremes: The World of Lincoln Ellsworth.* Fairbanks, AK: University of Alaska Press, 2002.

A sympathetic but not uncritical account of Ellsworth, his problems with his father, his relationships to Amundsen and Nobile on Svalberg to Alaska flight, etc.

p. 178, aboard *Wyatt Earp* enroute to Antarctica from Dunedin, during very heavy seas: With no general cabin and a mess room so small it would seat only six at a time, those off duty retreated to their bunks to read or nap. Belying Balchen's sneer that Wilkins read only novels, Ellsworth remembered him as having his own small library of books on

philosophy and medical matters, as well as a gramophone on which, in calmer weather, he played soft music in the evenings. According to Ellsworth, Wilkins might also spend an evening pondering the provocative philosophy of Nietzsche.

p. 192, on the Polar Star flight in Antarctica, 1935: As if to absorb the spirit of his frontier hero, he carried Wyatt Earp's cartridge belt with his belongings, and wore the frontier marshal's gold ring. He also brought a small Bible with him.

p. 205-6, at Little America following his trans-Antarctic flight, Dec. 1935 to Jan. 1936, where he and Kenyon found some good books at this abandoned base: Kenyon had found plenty of books in the camp and he read constantly, never speaking, his pipe incessantly gurgling. Ellsworth had left his glasses on the plane and was unable to read, although he worked on his log and reworked navigation sights taken during the flight.

**Raabe, H. E.** *Cannibal Nights: Adventures of a Free-Lance Trader*. New York: Albert and Charles Boni, 1931.

Nothing to do with whaling or reading but a good swash-buckling story worthy of Flashman: A peerless hero of U. S. mariners is Captain Ahab, the vindictive old salt who sailed the southern oceans screaming for more canvas, cursing tired crews, laughing wildly into the gale as he hunted the Great White Whale, Moby Dick, who had cost him a leg. Last week U. S. mariners heard a voice reminiscent of the great mad Ahab—almost.

Captain H. E. Raabe, 73, an oldtime slave-&-ebony trader in the Solomon Islands, who once skippered a ship with Author Jack London in the crew, had set out by himself in the 40-ft. powered yawl Spindrift from Port Washington, L. I., bound for the South Sea Islands. A friend received a letter from him, describing an adventure, as follows:

It was half past four toward evening of Monday, Nov. 2. While I was sailing with all sails drawing under a half gale from the north in Chesapeake Bay, I was under a lee shore. The sun was sinking. To my surprise the glare on the water became unbearable to my

sight. (I was steering a westerly course.) I looked up at the mainsail. What a shock! It had turned from white to black. An optical illusion, of course. The sky, too, had turned black. Another glance at the sinking sun, and while I was looking, the bright orange orb turned to green. Then no matter where or how long I looked in other directions, whether I shut my eyes or opened them, I saw nothing but a bright green disk. Of the sails, the boat, the compass or the water I saw nothing.

I groped my way forward and, after several narrow escapes of going overboard, managed to take in the mainsail, then sailed on under reduced canvas, steering by the wind and a sense of direction, hoping that some vessel would come near enough to be hailed.

Unhappily, no boat drew near Captain Raabe that night. There was nothing but howling wind and rushing water. Blinded, he was unable to light his running lights. He ran afoul something in the dark. The Spindrift began to ship water . . . not until well on in the next day, after a night of horror, did the storm abate and his sight return sufficiently to see where he was— caught in a fish trap.

He got the crippled Spindrift into Annapolis to be refitted, and in the conclusion of his letter gave an inkling as to the difference between himself and heroic Ahab.

"What in the world could have been the cause of my eyesight failing at such a critical moment? Is it liable to happen again without the aid of the 18th Amendment? I saw the old Constitution outside of Annapolis the other day. She looked quite innocent of having had any part in diabolic Amendments. Well, thank the Lord, that part is over with. Now for the next. Let's hope it will happen in waters too deep for the 18th Amendment—fish traps. . . . Well, here's how to you and all. Hope this is safer stuff. The other bottle went overboard, so the fish won't see the fish trap.

This description comes from the internet website of Time/CNN.

No one, including OCLC, claims *Cannibal Nights* as fiction, but that it is.

**Raines, Rebecca Robbins.** *Getting the Message Through: A Branch History of the U.S. Army Signal Corps.* Washington, DC.: Center of Military History, 1996.

p. 58, on Howgate's embezzlements from the Signal Corps and his various periods as a fugitive: This time [1881] Howgate eluded capture for thirteen years. He was finally seized in New York City in 1894, where he had been posing as a rare book dealer....

Not surprisingly, Hazen [Chief, Signal Office] assigned an officer to duty as examiner of accounts in the wake of the scandal. Howgate had spent a great deal of the embezzled money on his mistress, but he also used some of it to finance Arctic exploration, an area in which the Signal Corps became involved as part of the International Polar Year (1882-1883), the forerunner of what is now known as the International Geophysical Year. Unfortunately, this well-intentioned scientific endeavor became a new source of controversy and even scandal for the Signal Corps.

**Rawlins, Dennis.** Bentley Historical Library Archives: Carlton Frank Wells Papers, File 1-53-A, Box 14, folder 14

Wells was a Michigan professor of English who corresponded extensively with Rawlins about Rawlins' very critical Peary book: *Peary and the North Pole: Fact or Fiction* (1973).

Folder 14, item 16: Rawlins to Wells, July 2, 1970: Rev. Hayes' 1936 death (before he could reply to Hobbs [pro-Peary biographer and geographer of Michigan]—who was, as you say, a “flaming zealot”—wait til you see some of the shenanigans I've caught him doing with the evidence!) was the third time Peary was saved by the knell. The other timely deaths were those of Congressman Helgesen (1917) and (I now learn) Ward (1935).

item 17: Wells to Rawlins, July 9, 1970: I had a letter...from Rev. William Hays, in which he said that America, with its proud history, was sometimes regrettably careless in appraising its heroes.

item 35: Edward Weyer to Rawlins, Nov. 14, 1970, re the Snow Baby: I seem to recall we were on the same program a few years ago when the Explorer's Club received Peary's library.

I thought the world of Matt. Henson. And his widow gave the Explorers Club something like \$5000! Very fine people both of them. Folder 14 has a good deal of correspondence about Ward's "The Peary Myth" and why Yale UP didn't publish it, mainly because Isaiah Bowman said it was libelous and would cause incalculable consequences.

Toward end of folder 14 is a Rawlins' letter to Wells concerning a review of Rawlins' book in *Sky and Telescope*, Sept. 10, 1973, in which Rawlins refers to Hobbs as ("Ann Arbor's most notorious flagwaver and Hun-sniffer.") Hobbs was virulently pro-Peary and did much to pursue the smear campaign against Frederick cook.

Bentley also has William Herbert Hobbs' Papers, Bentley 851610 Aa2, with finding aid.

**Robinson, Michael.** *The Coldest Crucible: Arctic Exploration and American Culture.* Chicago, IL: University of Chicago Press, 2006.

p. 61-62, re Hayes expedition of 1860, amidst other calamities: ...two local Danish naturalists accused William Longshaw, the expedition's surgeon, of stealing their books and natural history specimens. A search of Longshaw's trunk turned up some of the missing items. With the Danish community in an uproar, Hayes quietly sent Longshaw home, where the surgeon told surprised reporters that he had returned because of snow blindness. But this did not silence talk about Longshaw's actions in Greenland. "This surgeon's rascality," Grinnell fumed, "had spread the whole length of the Greenland coast." And it would soon spread further. By the spring of 1861, Grinnell would learn the full story of the scandal from his son, who reported from England that the matter had become a topic of conversation among British explorers.



*The Sailors' Magazine, Containing the Life of Peter Heywood, Midshipman of the Bounty. Also a Sketch of the Principal Mutineers of the Bounty.* (Boston: American Seamen's Friend Society, 186-?).

An alleged mutineer, Peter Heywood, according to this account, was a good Christian as was the illiterate John Adams, alias Alexander Smith.

p. 44: After his companions had all perished...his thoughts were turned to religion. In the good providence of God, a bible had been left at the island when the mutineers landed. When the ship was burned the book which brings 'life and immortality to light' was saved from the conflagration. He had never learned to read; but by the aid of some scraps of printed paper which he had picked up on the streets of London, he at length succeeded in learning to read the Bible. But it was a sealed book to him.... He now set apart a portion of each day for *special* prayer, that his mind might be illumined. Morning, noon and evening he called upon God. His prayer was heard and light was poured into his dark soul. He became a Christian...." Adams went on to teach the children of Pitcairn Island (those of Tahitian women and the late mutineers who had been killed) the Bible, and he did this for 30 years until his death in 1829 at 65 years.

**Schley, Winfield Scott.** *Forty-Five Years under the Flag.* New York: D. Appleton, 1904.

p. 4: About the year 1855 a number of comparatively new books, such as *Midshipman Easy*, *Peter Simple*, *Jacob Faithful* and *Frank Mildmay*, written by that inimitable author of sea fiction, Captain Marryat, came into the writer's reach and so fascinated his young mind as to determine an almost unconquerable desire for a sea life. Under this influence, joined to the fact that his great namesake and sponsor, General Winfield Scott—a conspicuous figure in the war of 1812 and that of Mexico in 1847 and 1848—had encouraged the idea of a military life, and had promised his influence to this end when the writer had reached the

proper age, a military career with its ambitions and hopes seemed to exclude thoughts of all others. Nothing was known of the limitations to a military life in that time, and no thought of its requirements, its sacrifices, its exposures or its responsibilities could enter a mind filled with dreams and hopes that the time would come in later life when there might be such opportunities as others had had to do some lasting benefit to their home and country.

Toward the end of the year 1855 events took such shape in the political outlook of the Fifth Congressional District of Maryland, where the author's family resided, that the Hon. H. W. Hoffman was elected to Congress. It so happened that during the contest, which was a spirited one, the author's relatives became influential in carrying the District by a handsome majority for Mr. Hoffman, who in turn acknowledged their services by nominating the writer for appointment as acting midshipman in the Navy early in the year 1856.

p. 5: After the writer's appointment, the Navy Department, then under Secretary Dobbin, sent him two pamphlets setting forth the mental and physical requirements of candidates for admission to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md. In looking them over attentively, some apprehension was aroused that among the many defects from which the candidate must be free physically in order to secure admission, there might be some of which the candidate was not aware. Although the writer was in robust health from the outdoor life he had led and was fairly well advanced in study, he was unaware of any physical impediment; yet the anxiety in the interval of waiting was only relieved when the Board of Surgeons and the Academic Board of the academy, after careful examination, on the 20th day of September, 1856, pronounced him qualified for admission.

p. 44-45, on problems in reading signal flags.

p. 128-29, in the South Atlantic: A good offing from the land being made, sail was set and steam allowed to die down in the boilers, as the ship's motion was less disagreeable under sail, though only in small degree, as she worked her way southward to the region of variable winds off the Rio de la Plata, where the prevailing breezes were westerly. Those brave "west winds," as Maury calls them in his Physical

Geography of the Sea, were reached in eight or ten days out of Rio, and before them the *Essex* scudded like a winged racer for some eight days more, when the high peak of that wind-swept, desolate island of Tristan d'Acunha, away off in the middle of the South Atlantic, was raised ahead in the gray mists of the morning on the eastern horizon, and was reached on the morning of October 10th, the only day in the previous month when it had been possible for the islanders living on its northwest side to communicate safely with passing vessels. The day of the *Essex*'s arrival was exceptionally beautiful. The sea had calmed down and the winds had lulled for a few hours. During the short stay there full advantage was taken of the occasion by the islanders to visit the ship with vegetables, chickens, eggs and sheep for sale. The governor of this forlorn outpost was an American sailor from New London or Stonington of the name of Peter Green, who was astonishingly well read and intelligent, being well-informed on topics of the day and what was going on in the great world beyond his horizon. He explained graphically the manner in which the American ship *Mabel Clark* was lost, and the manner of discovering the fact from wreckage seen the following day drifting past the island.

p. 159: From this time until the Duck Islands were passed, frequent gatherings of the captains of the several vessels were had on board one or the other of the relief ships. These were known in the whaling vernacular as "mollies," which, interpreted, meant a sort of "smoker" where experiences in the ice regions were related. As the commander's ice experience was limited to knowledge acquired from reading the literature upon this subject, he was receptive on these occasions rather than communicative. The thrilling adventures, the hairbreadth escapes, the suffering and exposures, when caught and crushed by the ice, were harrowing yet fascinating. But from these descriptions of those veritable old sea vikings much that was valuable afterward was derived. Some among the relief officers were inclined to infer that our lack of these experiences would discount the chances of success. Not so, however, with the commander, who reached the conclusion, during these

conferences, that the experiences related were to be considered excellent, if the object was to catch whales; but where the purpose was to relieve Greely, risk, rather than too much caution, was to be the rule of action. The value of experience may be overestimated in this work; it sometimes begets conservatism; and nothing is more true in ice work than that they who know nothing fear nothing. This proved the dominant factor in the expedition's work.

p. 335: The mail of July 10th brought many newspapers from home to the squadron, and in all of them were fuller details of the battle of July 3d. [in which Spanish force surrendered. Almost without exception those dailies gave the credit of the victory to the commander of the Second Squadron and ignored the *New York* as a factor in it. In that same spirit of generous fairness to share the honors and glories of that great victory with all who helped to achieve it, no matter how little in degree, the telegram which follows was transmitted the afternoon of that day, through Admiral Sampson, to the Secretary of the Navy.

FLAGSHIP *Brooklyn*,  
OFF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, July 10, 1898.

Feel some mortification that the newspaper accounts of July 6th have attributed victory on July 3d almost entirely to me. Victory was secured by the force under command Commander-in-Chief, North Atlantic Station, and to him the honor is due. The end of line held by the *Brooklyn* and the *Vixen* was heavily assailed, and had the honor, with the *Oregon*, of being in the battle from the beginning to the end. And I do not doubt for a moment full and proper credit will be given to all persons and all ships in the official report of the combat.

W. S. SCHLEY

This telegram was handed in person to Admiral Sampson, who, after reading it carefully, said: "Schley, this is kind and generous; I will transmit it at once." The admiral and the commander of the Second Squadron had been friends for forty years, and during their official association there had been no break or misunderstanding.

Location:

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**Schmitt, Frederick P.** *Mark Well the Whale! Long Island Ships to Distant Seas*. Port Washington, NY: Kennikat Press, 1971.

A rather light bit of local history re Cold Spring Harbor and whaling out of Long Island, incl. Sag Harbor, and descriptions of voyages and disasters.

p. 25: The seamen and greenhands who signed on were often a wretched lot in search of either a quick dollar or a bit of adventure. Almost half the crew of the *Monmouth*, sailing in 1851, was illiterate, which was often the rule. Some of the crewmen were juvenile delinquents, drunkards or deranged, while others were wharf rats of the worst variety, recruited by agents in the bars and brothels which lined the New York waterfront....

p. 53: When fortunate enough to 'knock off' on a Sunday or holiday, the crew prayed from Bibles or psalm books or reread old newspapers, magazines, books and letters from home. And perhaps they would 'line their insides' with a good dinner, then read some more, lounge on deck if the weather was pleasant, or just lie in their bunks.

p. 55: Every captain had to keep an official ship's log, which was generally filled with dull, terse entries relating to the weather, ship's course or working of the sails. But many of the literate mates, and even a few of the seamen, kept private journals in which they entered their own personal feelings and thoughts of the many interesting happenings which occurred during a particular voyage....

**Schwatka, Frederick.** *Nimrod in the North, Or Hunting and Fishing Adventures in the Arctic Regions.* New York: Cassell & Co., 1886.

A general account of hunting and fishing in the Arctic, by the eminent explorer who later rescued what was left of Adolphus Greenly's expedition. Schwatka's brief Introduction summarizes his intent:

In writing of *Nimrod in the North*, the author has confined himself almost exclusively to such scenes and adventures as came within his personal knowledge a few years since, in the region north of Hudson's Bay, and, more recently, in the interior of Alaska. He has sought at the same time, however, to describe in a general way the life of the sportsman in the Polar wastes,—his trials and his triumphs, his cares and his comforts, his camps and his sledges, his singular native allies and their ingenious weapons of the chase, and (above all) the animals he may pursue—or that may pursue him,—and in doing so has added a very few interesting hunting anecdotes from the Arctic works of others. [That last phrase is the only indication of Schwatka's reading here.]

p. 61, on clothing in Arctic conditions: When the white man has become entirely at home in this furry clothing, and accustomed to life in the native *igloos*, the question of temperature alone, however low it may be, becomes of inferior importance. The *igloo*, or snow-hut, has been described so often by previous Arctic travelers, that it would be a superfluous burden on your time to describe it here. The utility of the *igloo* and reindeer clothing cannot be exaggerated. Habituated as my little party of four white men was, during our two winters in these desolate zones, to a constant life in these simple habitations and the many comforts accruing therefrom, I often marveled how white men

could stand the distresses and oftentimes even dangers of a spring tent life, on the many expeditions wherein tents were used. I have read so often of their sufferings while living in this manner, and dressed in clothing made from the furs of the temperate zone, under circumstances that to my party would have been absolutely pleasure, and of their discomfort even when housed in ships, and of the perils they risked in short daily journeys from these abodes during such intensely low temperatures as—50°,—60° and—70° Fahrenheit, when, under the same temperature, my party was prosecuting a sledge journey, with no discomfort, four hundred to five hundred miles from its depot, with no provisions except such game as was killed from day to day, that the conviction becomes two-edged that the accessories of *igloos* and reindeer clothing are essential to a well-managed Arctic sledge journey. With their help the subject of the intensity of cold, strange as it may seem, becomes of secondary if not entirely of minor importance, and if it were not for the long dark night which accompanies the season of these depressions of temperature, a winter sledge journey could be carried forward in almost any part of the Arctic region appropriate for it with no small chance of success.

**Sealts, Merton M., Jr.** *Melville's Reading: A Check-List of Books Owned and Borrowed.* Madison, WI: University of Wisconsin Press, 1966.

**Sleeper, John Sherburne.** [Hawser Martingale, pseud.] *Salt Water Bubbles; Or, Life on the Wave.* Boston, MA: W.M.J. Reynolds, 1854.

Stories which originally appeared in the Boston Journal, all dealing with all aspects of nautical life in the American merchant service in the early part of the nineteenth century

p. 290: It was the Sabbath day. The crew had partaken of their Sunday dinner, and, in neat and trim attire, and happy countenances, were lounging about the main deck and forecastle; some were **reading** their Bible, happily the present of a venerated mother ; a small group, gathered around the heel of the bowsprit, were conversing in cheerful

but subdued tones, spinning yarns, or indulging in interesting reminiscences. Some were humming or attempting to hum a good old-fashioned psalm tune, such as they had listened to in the old meeting-house of their fathers in days gone by, and others were intently busied in reading, perhaps for the hundredth time, the last letters received from home, or gazing, with eyes sparkling with affection, on the gift of a dear, perhaps loved, friend. It was a pleasant day, that Sabbath on the ocean. The captain was engaged in the cabin in working out a series of lunar observations that he had taken the night before; the chief mate was employed in his state-room, in transferring the record on the log-slate to the log-book; the second officer, who had charge of the watch on deck, was comfortably seated on the hen-coop, beneath a temporary awning, reading an interesting book of adventures, and ever and anon rising to look over the quarter, and note the progress of the ship, or to peep into the binnacle, and see that the helmsman kept her strictly on her course. p. 317, a practical joke, making fun of an "unfortunate darkey": At this moment, Jack Thompson, who, with a countenance beaming with mischief, had been for some time carefully watching the various proceedings on deck, stealthily stepped to the caboose and abstracted from the fire a live coal of goodly size, which he quietly deposited in a natural nest among the wool which grew in such luxuriance on Sambo's head. He then resumed his place on the forecastle, lighted a cigar, and, with a sedate countenance, began reading a well-thumbed edition of "Dampier's Voyages."

**Stefansson, Viljhamur.** *The Friendly Arctic: The Story of Five Years in Polar Regions.* New York: Macmillan, 1921.

Stef's most famous of many books, admired by many, reviled by some including Amundsen, who said it represented a danger in its claim that adoption of Inuit customs would assure safety in the north. The book is prefaced by testimonials from both Peary and Greely. p. 22: When I first went North to spend the winter of 1906-07, I was a good deal of a hero. I had all the wrong notions about the North, or nearly all, for I had read most of the books that had been written



on the subject. But, like the typical explorer, I was brave and prepared to fight the best fight I knew how and to die if necessary for the advancement of science. (You see I came from an instructorship in a university, and "science," rather than adventure or a desire for the laurels of the hero-martyr, loomed great before me.)

I discreetly feared all the terrors of the North but I feared the darkness most. For in addition to the published books I had come in contact with miners from Alaska who had told me how people up there went crazy and shot themselves, either because of the depressing effect of the winter darkness or because of the nervous strain and insomnia caused by the "eternal daylight" of summer.

Fortunately for me, this winter was not spent with men like myself. In that case we might have hypnotized each other into actually feeling what we expected to feel. I had gone to an appointed rendezvous at the mouth of the Mackenzie but the ship that was to meet me there never turned up and I, the only white man in the vicinity, had to throw in my lot with the Eskimos.

p. 35, on Dr. Mackay who had spent some time in Antarctica: This was nearly the most northerly point of continental North America, and it measured up to neither the books that he had read nor the Antarctic in which he had spent a year. The fact is, however, that although in appearance the Antarctic does come more nearly up to story-book standards, it is an easier country to deal with, especially for those who come to it burdened with the heroic ideals of the classic explorer. Peary has made this clear in various of his books and other writings. [What an odious comparison.]

p. 74: The lands commonly supposed to be covered with ice are even now covered with grass; the "eternal silence" of the North exists only in books; the "vast arctic deserts where no living thing can flourish" are the abode of fat herds of indigenous grazing animals winter and summer—as you will see if you read on in this book.

The "Far West" is gone. But in the North is a greater frontier than the West ever was, stretching across Canada and across Siberia. The commercial value of the remotest arctic islands will be seen ere we die who now are young.

p. 93: However, the trip served the useful purpose of easing their consciences, for now they knew that no game could be got and that there was no occasion for them to do anything but wait for the spring in the orthodox way of explorers, reading the Encyclopaedia Britannica or penny novels, according to temperament, making long diary entries, listening to victrolas and having flashlight photographs taken now and then, showing the comforts and convivialities of an arctic home.

p. 116: It had been O'Neill's intention to proceed forthwith up the Herschel River, but as he had, in common with most of the men at Collinson Point, spent the entire winter in the house, he was so "soft" and became so badly laid up with the fifteen-mile walk from where he met me to Herschel Island that his departure for the mountains had to be deferred several days. Such "softness" is the inevitable result of the time-honored polar explorer custom of spending the winter in camp whether in study (where the officers teach the men), theatricals, and the publishing of busy-work newspapers known as Boreal Bugle or North Polar News, as was done by the British expeditions from Parry to Nares; or whether in reading, listening to phonographs and writing reams of home letters for next summer's mail, as has been the custom on recent expeditions. Such idleness makes muscles flabby and (what is worse) breeds discontent, personal animosities and bickerings of all sorts. That is one reason why I seldom spend more than a few days in any winter camp. Another reason is that there is always plenty of work to be done.

p. 128, re Nansen and seal hunting on his North Pole probe: So it is clear that there were no seals for dog-feed that Nansen might have secured with his English rifle which he tells us was so good and had cost so much. In reading his book we all accept as necessary though deplorable the killing of dog to feed dog until the last survivor was killed for the explorers themselves (presumably) to eat. For it is a commonplace of our knowledge that, as Markham puts it, the polar ocean is "without life."

p. 243: Like many others, I had gathered from reading polar books that fuel is hard to get in arctic lands, at least where driftwood is absent. But during my previous expedition I had learned that on the mainland of northern Canada, at least, there is excellent fuel to be found nearly

everywhere, and so it proved on Banks Island. It has always been a marvel to me how the northern Indians who hunt out on the so-called "barren grounds" and the Eskimos of northern Alaska are able to grow up from childhood to maturity and old age without learning, either by accident or by the instruction of some wiser people, how to use certain common plants for fuel.

Readers of Frank Russell, Warburton Pike, Caspar Whitney, and others know how the northern Indians load up their sleds with dry spruce wood for furtive dashes into the dreaded "barren grounds."

p. 278, on Banks Island, 1914: Doubtless the average man turns to polar narratives, when he turns to them at all, with the desire and expectation of reading about suffering, heroic perseverance against formidable odds, and tragedy either actual or narrowly averted. Perhaps, then, it is partly the law of supply and demand that accounts for the general tenor of arctic books. However that may be, my main interest in the story is to "get across" to the reader the idea that if you are of ordinary health and strength, if you are young enough to be adaptable and independent enough to shake off the influence of books and belief, you can find good reason to be as content and comfortable in the North as anywhere on earth.

p. 315: In outfitting the *Karluk* I had provided her library with those of the British Parliamentary Blue Books which contain the route maps and diaries of the sledge parties of the Franklin Search—one containing the diaries and surveys of McClintock and Meham. These documents had gone with the *Karluk* and through lack of them I did not know that we were now in the vicinity of one of McClintock's cairns.

p. 318-19, on discovering a McClintock document cylinder: I got home about midnight, to learn by exactly what perversity of nature each hunter had again been prevented from getting the seal he went after. But another day was coming and these trials of a hunter were soon forgotten in our interest in the McClintock record. First we discussed how the cylinder should be opened, and settled on cutting off one end with a penknife. With the three others watching I did this very delicately, lest the document be mutilated. But it came out in marvelous condition,

considering that the sealing of the tube with sealing-wax had not been quite tight.

There was a thrill about unrolling that damp and fragile sheet and reading the message from our great predecessor which had been lying there awaiting us more than half a century. We felt it as marvelous that his steady hand was so legible after so long a time. It brought the past down to us, quite as wonderfully as it did for me five years later to talk in London with McClintock's wife, still hale and charming, and with his sons, and to be shown the manuscript diary of the day he wrote this message.

The record was on the ordinary printing paper of that time, and the message had in part been printed at the Dealy Island winter base before the party started on their western journey, in part written in red ink at the base, and in part entered by McClintock in pencil just before the record was deposited. The print was legible and so was the pencil writing, but the red ink had faded badly. I noted in my journal that while I should continue keeping my diary with a fountain pen for the sake of clearness, I should write in pencil any records I wanted to deposit.

The record follows, the print denoted by ordinary type and the writing in italics.

"Cylinder buried 10 feet true north from this cairn: *None.* \*

Traces: *None found.* \*\*

*Party. All well. Have examined this shore to the southeastward for about 150 miles. The sledge is now returning to the SE preparatory to crossing to Melville Island. I am about to proceed to the westward with a light sledge and two men for three marches, and will then return after the main party and make the best of my way to Pt. Nias and Dealy Island.\*\*\**

*F. L. McCLINTOCK,*

*15th June, P. M.*

*"I have searched the islands and reefs lying offshore to the northward."*

[Footnotes] \*It was a rule in the expeditions of the Franklin Search that any party finding a monument were to dig in the ground ten feet true

north took for a message unobtrusively buried. This was for fear of Eskimos in inhabited lands who might remove any message frankly left in the cairn.

\*\* Traces of Sir John Franklin's Party.

\*\*\* McClintock made this exploration from his and Kellett's base at Dealy Island. The journey lasted 105 days (April 5 to July 18), and was estimated by McClintock at 1,030 geographical miles. Except the similar journey of Meham from the same base to Prince Patrick Island simultaneously with McClintock's, it was far the best arctic journey with sledges up to that time. It has frequently been called "the greatest of all arctic journeys." Cf. Sir Clements Markham, "Life of Admiral McClintock," p. 166.

p. 320: On the reverse of the sheet was the following, chiefly in print:

"Record, deposited *15th June, 1863*, by a Sledge party from H.M.S. *Intrepid*. Parties searching the NW, NE, SW & East coasts of Melville Island and Banksland for the Expeditions under Sir John Franklin & Capt. Collinson.

"At Beechey Island: H.M.S. North Star, also Depot, House, Decked boat.

"Port Leopold, Depot, House and Steam Launch.

"Navy Board Inlet—Depot.

"Dealy Island (Bridport Inlet) H.M.S. Resolute and Steamer *Intrepid the winter of 1852-53*. All well: Will deposit depot, Boat, Sledges, &c. H.M.S. Assistance, and Steamer Pioneer went up Wellington Channel 1852

H.M.S. Investigator wintered north side of Banksland in long. 118° W. 1851-52. All well (learnt from her record left at Winter Harbour April 1852; and found October, 1852.

"*F. L. McCLINTOCK*,  
"Officer Commanding Party."

(The following in red ink in another hand):

*"Commander . . . winter at Point Barrow if practicable; but is to send a . . . at Grantly Harbour and at Michaelowski Redoubt."*

It is a matter of curious interest that this record is dated "P. M., June 15, 1853," and that I picked it up at 9:58 P. M. local apparent time, June 15, 1915, just sixty-two years later to the nearest half day.

[p. 320-22 has more information on the manuscript]

p. 323: And if the idea of the barrenness of the Arctic could have been shed a decade earlier there would have been no Franklin Search, for Franklin's men would not have starved to death, as we now know they did, in a region where game is abundant.

p. 350: In comparing the recent Admiralty charts with McClintock's original survey as published in the Admiralty Blue Books I have noted several differences, and in practically every case I have found that McClintock's original work corresponded with our observations better than the alterations as published by the Admiralty. For instance, McClintock shows the trend of the coast from Cape De Bray towards Sandy Point to be more easterly than indicated on the Admiralty chart. Our observation is that it is even more easterly than shown by McClintock. In most cases of difference between McClintock's original maps of Melville Island and the more recent ones it is strange that any change has been made, for most of that coast has been untraversed by any one since his time.

p. 463-65: I had decided to spend the next winter in Melville Island [1916] or farther north whether our ships could get there or not. It has always been one of only two or three serious privations that with our system of long sledge journeys we are separated from our supply bases much longer than ordinary explorers and are therefore compelled to do without books to read. On my first expedition I carried five books wherever I went; complete India paper editions of Byron, Shelley, Heine's poems in German, a volume of Icelandic poems, and Quain's "Anatomy." On my second expedition I had most of the standard books written about the Eskimos, whether in English, Danish or German. On the present expedition there was a thoughtfully selected and extensive library on both the *Karluk* and the *Alaska*, together with a general

jumble of books presented to us. On each ship we had the new Britannica presented by its publishers, a hundred books, mainly scientific, presented by the Macmillan Company, and a hundred of more general range presented by the Frederick A. Stokes Company. On the *Karluk* was also my private library gathered through many years [Stef was under forty at the time], for I had expected to remain aboard ship for four or five months each year and was hoping to do much scientific writing, some of it by aid of my notes of the previous expedition. All these books and manuscript materials were lost with the *Karluk*, and the contents of the manuscripts irreparably lost, for memory in most cases is so unreliable that when one's notes go the value of the work of months or years goes with them. I read now as new revelations the notes in my Eskimo diaries of ten years back, and continually find it valuable to check up my assertions by those records.

Most of the books originally on the *Alaska* continued with her, although several were sent to me with the *Star*, notably a valuable collection of ethnographical works selected and forwarded by Jenness. I had now read all the books on the *Star* with the exception of a few which I arranged to have carried to Melville Island during the spring. Some of these I carried because I knew I wanted to read them, others because they were there and had not yet been read. They were Hedin, "Trans-Himalaya;" Harrison, "Philosophy of Common Sense" and "National and Social Problems;" Hegner, "Introduction to Zoölogy;" Ingersoll's "Lectures;" Comte, "Positive Philosophy;" De Morgan, "When Ghost Meets Ghost;" Sue, "Wandering Jew;" Hobbs, "Earth Features;" Mikkelsen, "Conquering the Arctic Ice;" Ellis, "Man and Woman;" and Boulger, "Botany."

The books in the list above I did not carry on the sledge trip of 1916 except the Hobbs, Hegner and Comte. On most of my trips I carried some book on mathematical astronomy. Puzzling out problems and figuring are in themselves good or passing as distinguished from killing time.

There was one book that never ceased to engage and amuse me. I was a small boy when Rider Haggard's "King Solomon's Mines" was published. I was brought up in the cowboy country, consequently

handicapped in my power to enjoy Wild West stories, but I would swallow every yarn that came out of Arica. I don't know that I actually believed Rider Haggard's stories to be veracious histories, but I supposed them to be the sort of thing that easily happens in Africa, and every incident made as vivid an impression on me as if I had believed them to be literally true. It stuck in my mind for twenty years that wherever he went Sir Henry Curtis carried with him a copy of the Ingoldsby Legends. I often wondered what sort of book it could be that so admirable a man as Sir Henry had chosen to be his constant companion. Somehow I managed to go through school and college without running into it or into any one who had, and I was beginning to imagine that the book did not exist any more than King Solomon's mines when one day I was looking around a bookstore and saw on the shelf the Ingoldsby Legends. I bought the volume and, like Sir Henry Curtis, I have carried it with me ever since.

p. 490: In general my polar experience has been nearly free from the hardships that most impressed me in the books I read before going North. For nine polar winters I have never frozen a finger or a toe nor has any member of my immediate parties.

p. 502: I don't think there were more than one or two seals secured by all the British polar explorers that searched for Sir John Franklin in the region southeast of us, although the diaries of several commanders as published in the Parliamentary Blue Books show that attempts were made to get them.

As previously observed the ease of catching seals is taken for granted by those who in recent years have read narratives of the Antarctic. The implements needed for the butchery are a hammer to stun the animal and a knife to cut its throat. It is also well known that schooners go out from Newfoundland and Norway and kill seals by the ten thousand. The explanation here is again largely the same as in the Antarctic; the seal has no "natural enemies" and is therefore largely devoid of fear in the regions where the commercial sealing is done.

p. 513-14: In "Farthest North," Nansen tells us that no pressure ridges are more than thirty or thirty-five feet high and that accounts of pressure ridges much higher are merely careless statements founded on inaccurate



observation. This statement has been much quoted and generally believed by those writers forced to rely on books for their information. But Nansen's ice experiences were of a particular and limited sort. All those who have made journeys out over the ice from a base on land have noted that the pressure ridges are highest near shore and get lower as you proceed to seaward. They are also, by more elementary logic, most numerous near shore and get fewer farther away from land. Captain Sverdrup was with Nansen both on his crossing of Greenland and in the drift in the Fram, so that Nansen's only ice experiences which were not the same as Sverdrup's were on his journey with Johansen after they left the Fram, first north and then back to Franz Josef Land.

p. 574: In the geographic books of seventy-five years ago and less, the Great American Dessert covered a large part of the United States. There are only little dessert spots left now, and these are getting smaller under the advance of knowledge and skill in irrigation, dry farming and the like. The "Frozen North" is now large upon our maps, but during the next fifty years most of it will go the way of the Great American Dessert, by the same removal of ignorance from men's minds.

p. 576: I dined with Captain Bernier in 1908 just before my second expedition, and he told me of depots he had made and of his intention to go North again. I think that in Ottawa in 1913 I must have heard some mention of a depot at Winter Harbor but if so I nearly forgot it. Bernier's books and reports were all on the Karluk and lost. But Storkerson now reminded me that in the summer of 1914 when we were waiting for the Star on northern Banks Island I had told him and Ole that I thought there was a depot at Winter Harbor and had discussed going there in case the Star did not come. We had decided that my vague notion was not to be relied on, and also that the depot at Dealy Island, being more than sixty years old, was too ancient to be relied on either. Anyway, the arrival of the Sachs had taken these considerations out of our minds until Storkerson recalled them when, some miles from Winter Harbor, they saw through their glasses a frame house very much of the type you find among new settlers on the western prairies of Canada.

p. 605: The late Archdeacon Hudson Stuck had a gift for terse expression well known to the readers of his delightful books about Alaskan travel and to those who have heard him lecture. He was stationed for many years at Fort Yukon, three or four miles north of the arctic circle in Alaska. It is a wooded country and free from the strong winds that are our greatest handicap in the open, but, so far as mere cold is concerned, the Archdeacon experienced more of it than I or any polar explorer known to me. The United States Weather Bureau has records of sixty-eight degrees below zero from Fort Yukon, which is probably about eight or ten degrees lower than I have ever seen it, although I may have experienced such temperatures without knowing it north of Great Bear Lake in 1911 when I had no thermometer. The Archdeacon and I met in New York in 1919 and were comparing notes about our experience with the inquiring public who always know how dreadfully cold it is in the North and marvel that any one can live through it. He said that the inquiry which he found most tedious usually took the form, "How can you stand the dreadful cold up there?" Most of his inquirers were women and he had devised the stereotyped reply, "Madam, we do not endure the cold; we protect ourselves from it." There it is in a nutshell.

p. 637, gives an account of finding the McClure 1851 *Investigator* document claiming its discovery of the North West Passage, which Stef took with him. Where now?

p. 638: Without having any reason to think that the things we left would be found by any one who would want to use them, we still packed up everything in the safest manner possible. We then made a platform between the two sledges and put most of the things upon this platform, protected as well as possible from rain. A few articles we left on the ground. Some books were among the things we had to abandon—Dickens' "Christmas Stories," Churchill's "Crisis," Bigelow's "Applied Biology," Mikkelsen's "Conquering the Arctic Ice." These were left behind either because they were heavy or because we knew them almost by heart. And these others were carried on, either because they were lighter or more highly valued—Barham's "Ingoldsby Legends," Combe's "Fundamental Principles of Positive Philosophy," Boas' "Mind

of Primitive Man,” the Royal Geographical Society’s “Hints to Travellers,” and the American Nautical Almanac for 1916.

p. 661: The outfit that had been left for us was conspicuous for the want of certain things. There were no sledges or means of travel, so that we were as nearly prevented as possible from leaving Banks Island. Indeed it would have been necessary for us, had we desired to leave by sled, first to go back overland with pack dogs to the northeast corner and pick up the sleds we had left there, bringing them home on the first snow. This would have required two months of tedious work. Neither had primus stoves been left nor suitable equipment for traveling, but in this respect we could have made out somehow. There were no writing materials except those we had brought with us overland, and scarcely any books to read. All the best had been carried away.

My companions with the dogs arrived three days after me. The Stevensonian romance of being deserted and marooned appealed far less to them than to me, and feeling ran high for a while, with many remarks of all they would do and say when they got out to civilization.

p. 678, on Herschel Island Stef came down with typhoid: Conditions of severe illness in the Far North are different from those of ordinary civilized surroundings, even in an outpost of civilization such as Herschel Island, and may therefore have interest justifying description. My treatment had been in many ways the opposite of the orthodox way with typhoid. They had not realized that I had typhoid and I had thus so far mercifully escaped the orthodox treatment of ten years ago, which was still in vogue when the medical books of Herschel Island were written. But Constable Lamont's case was handled according to these antiquated proprieties. He became steadily worse and just when I was lowest with pneumonia he died in his room across the hall.

Some one now started the idea that this might be typhus. The medical books of the island had been hunted up and read by every one except me, for, although I had more medical knowledge than the rest, it was considered that an invalid must not be allowed to read about disease for fear of some dreadful deteriorating effect upon him. One medical book did get into my hands. It was one of a three-volume set and contained treatments, where the other volumes were devoted to

symptoms. I wanted to read about the symptoms to be able to decide what my treatment ought to be, but those volumes were carefully kept away from me.

\*The Dartmouth College Library catalogue describes one of its copies of this book as follows: "This volume was carried on board the U.S.S. Seadragon (SSN584) during the transpolar cruise of this ship from Portsmouth, N.H. to Nome and Pearl Harbor, Hawaii in August-September, 1960. Seadragon was the first ship to go east-west across the Arctic Ocean, the first to transit the Northwest Passage submerged, and the first to complete the Parry Channel," signed, G.P. Steele, Commander, U.S. Navy, Commanding, on fly-leaf. 1921 printing.

**Stefansson, Vilhjalmur.** *My Life with the Eskimo.* New York: Macmillan, 1913.

Stefansson's account of his first trip to the North in which he begins to develop themes best shown in *The Friendly Arctic*.  
p. 249: I have always been a great admirer of the work of David T. Hanbury. Although Franklin's parties, Richardson's, Dease and Simpson's, and many others have been over ground adjacent to or overlapping that covered by Hanbury, I have always found that in all practical matters relating to means and methods of travel, distances, etc., and especially in my intercourse with the Eskimo, I have derived greater help from Hanbury's book than all the others put together.

p. 363, at Langton Bay, Feb. 20, 1912, and meeting a family of Baillie Islands Eskimo. The man was incapable of hard work: But his wife Guninana proved to be so valuable find for my linguistic work that no matter what the rest of the family might have been, I should have been glad to keep them. Up to this time my chief informant had been Mamayauk, but I found that Guninana was far better versed; in the ancient lore of her people, spoke the Baillie Islands dialect with undoubted purity of accent, and was the most cheerful and long-suffering person I have ever encountered in answering what must necessarily be tedious questions because of the great sameness about them and their (to the Eskimo mind) complete lack of point; for

naturally the Eskimo can see little importance in the laws if sound change between dialects, or in the modifications of sounds through association with other sounds within a word.

p. 407-08, on superstitious religious beliefs of Eskimos: It may seem to you that these that we have described are extraordinary and untenable views, and that it ought to be an easy thing to undeceived the men who hold them, but if you have ever tried to change the religious views of one of your own countrymen so as to make them coincide with yours, you will know that the knowledge that comes through faith is not an easy thing to shake, and if you want to appreciate such an attitude of mind as that of the Eskimo and cannot find an analogy among your own neighbors, I would recommend the reading of Mark Twain's *A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*. ... Mark Twain's Englishmen of King Arthur's time think such thoughts as I have found the Eskimo thinking in our own generation, and justify them in the manner in which the Eskimo justify theirs. If you were to try to displace from the minds of the Eskimo such beliefs as we have described, you would find (as I have found upon occasion) that you would succeed no better than did Mark Twain's Yankee in his crusade against Merlin. But if you concern yourself not with the unteaching of old beliefs but with the teaching of new ones, you will find an easy path before you. The Eskimo already believe many mutually contradictory things, and they will continue believing them while they gladly accept and devoutly believe everything you teach them. They will (as the Christianized Arctic Eskimo are in fact doing) continue believing all they used to believe and will believe all the new things on top of that.

The belief in the spirit flight is as strong at Point Barrow after more than ten years of Christianity as the belief in witchcraft was in England after more than ten centuries of Christianity.

p. 413: Most of the abstract and strange ideas of which the Eskimo of even the civilized north coast of Alaska have knowledge have been presented to them first by missionaries, who generally precede the school-teacher into distant fields, yet we shall draw our first case for consideration from an Alaskan public school. The winter of 1908, and for a year before that and a year after, the government school-teacher at

Point Barrow was Mr. Charles W. Hawkesworth. Mr. Hawkesworth was a New Englander, a graduate of Bowdoin, a fine type of man of the sort that is rare even in New England. He said, and I agreed with him, that he thought the Eskimo boys and girls at Barrow had as much native intelligence as boys and girls of a similar age and the same grade in school in Massachusetts or New Hampshire. But I told him that, admitting all that, I did not believe they were getting from the books which they read and the lectures which he delivered to them the same ideas that pupils in a Massachusetts school would get, for their environment was so essentially different from that described in the books that many a thing which is a plain statement to a boy in Massachusetts must be to the boy of northern Alaska a riddle without a key.

p. 428-29: One day there arose in our house a discussion of the various arts and inventions possessed by the white men, and the Eskimo, in a moralizing way, said that we had to be thankful to Christ not only for the spiritual blessings which He had bestowed upon mankind and the hope of salvation He had given them, but also for teaching them useful things, and especially for teaching them to read and write, for they considered reading and writing to be the foundation of all knowledge and of all the advancement of the white men. With reference to this, I said that they had evidently misunderstood the missionary. The missionary had no intention of telling them that Christ had taught us to read and write. "Well," they asked me, "if Christ did not teach you, how did you first learn it?" I had to reply that I did not know how we first learned, but I did know that it occurred longer ago than the date assigned as that on which Christ lived on earth, and explained to them the fact that many books of the Bible much antedated the coming of Christ. That was as it might be, about the antiquity of the books of the Bible, they said in reply, but one thing they did know was that Mr. Whittaker had told them that Christ taught mankind to read and write, and as for them, they believed it." Stef used as his example the student assumption of the Boston Tea Party, that "the English were so mean that they put tacks in the tea they sold the Americans...." [See p. 414]

**Sullivan, C. J.**, Carpenter on *Erebus* with James Ross Clark: character used by Peter Delpeut in the film *Forbidden Quest*. (Kew Botanical Gardens Archives) [JDH/1/7: Antarctic Expeditions 1842-1903 (J. D. Hooker Papers)]

This bound, indexed volume contains the following documents: papers and correspondence dated c.1887-1903 relating the National Antarctic Expedition of the HMS *Discovery* (1901-1904) including a photograph of the ship; correspondence dated c.1842-1843 by J. Davies, J. Savage and C.J. Sullivan whilst on HMS *Erebus* and HMS *Terror* (1839-1843), including some poetry by Sullivan; and a lecture (original manuscript and typed transcript) given by J.D. Hooker on this expedition at the Royal Institution of South Wales, Swansea on 17 June 1846. SPRI Mss. 367/22: see *Polar Pioneers* p. 228, 229, 231—calls him blacksmith aboard *Erebus*, first name Cornelius.

**Sullivan, Thomas V.** *Scarcity of Seamen*. Second Edition. [Boston: Press of J. Howe, 1854.]

This 32-page pamphlet joins the interests of the needs of American commerce with the concerns of US seamen's missionary activities in behalf of their moral probity.

p. 23-24: REPORT OF LABORS AND RESULTS.

The operations of the Mission since the last published Report, have been of the same general character, as in previous years, and attended with encouraging results. The attendance at the religious ship-board services on the Sabbath, at 9 A. M. and 5 P. M., has been good, and the visitation of vessels at the wharves, early Sabbath mornings, has been carried forward with constantly increasing efficiency. Twenty-five young men, all members of churches in the city, and all volunteers, have been zealously engaged in the work in sunshine and in storm, distributing religious tracts, and in extending to seamen the kindly invitation to attend church, and the blessings of many ready to perish have come upon them.

The labors on ship-board have been prosecuted with vigor. Many valuable acquaintances have been made with officers and seamen, and influences set at work calculated to do good socially and morally. Among the agencies employed in this department is that of supplying vessels gratuitously with books and other reading matter for the use of the crews at sea, especially those bound on long voyages. The following extract of a letter from the Captain of a first class clipper, exhibits the nature of the work.

*East Boston, Nov. 12, 1853.*

Capt. THOS. V. SULLIVAN—Dear Sir: I have received your very handsome present of most useful books. I have examined them and think that they are much better selected than any other lot ever put on board any vessel which I have commanded. You will pardon me for saying that I think the selection of books usually made for sailors are not wisely selected; they consist almost entirely of Bibles, Testaments, Prayer Books, and Tracts, all of which are invaluable treasures. But sailors are like other folks, at least not more religious, and they want useful reading matter that will enlist them. Yours, truly.

These books, beside an assortment of Bibles in thirteen different languages spoken among seamen, contained four volumes of Tracts prepared by this Mission, each volume containing ten different languages, an assortment of moral and religious, entertaining and instructing books, with a set of School Books to meet the wants of all on board, who might desire to improve themselves from the A, B, C, of knowledge up to the study of Latin and Greek. A most gratifying result in connection with these efforts has been the hearty cooperation of ship-masters. [Pamphlet goes on to recount accomplishments of the author's Mission in distributing Bibles and temperance Tracts, in developing a Marine Free Circulating Library, in developing Snug Harbors for "decrepit" retiring seamen.]

p. 26, the author concludes his fund-raising pitch thus: In closing this Report, your Missionary would acknowledge, with gratitude, the favor of God, which has attended this enterprise in every stage of its progress. Commencing nearly six years ago, at first an experiment, the work has continued on to the present time. The effort can no longer be considered



in the light of an experiment. To preach the Gospel to seamen on shipboard, on the Sabbath; to visit them through the agency of Christian young men on board their floating homes on Sabbath morning, inviting them to the house of God, scattering the religious Tract, and directing the unfortunate and destitute to where they may find friends—to get the confidence of the humble but trusting Christian sailor, place before him motives to effort for the salvation of the soul of his shipmate, that furnish him with the means of doing good—to send the Bible, the Tract, History, Biography, and other good and instructive reading on a tour of benevolence around the world—to seek out and relieve human suffering in the Alarine Hospital, the Poor House and elsewhere, and obtain for the worn out and decrepit sailor a home in the Sailors' Snug Harbor; such cannot be a work of experiment merely, but one of permanent interest and importance.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

THOMAS V. SULLIVAN.

**Sullivan, Walter.** “Obituary: Vilhjalmur Stefansson 1879-1962.” *Geographical Review* 53 2 April 1963, p. 291.

The polar collection that Stef assembled in his later years was initiated by a gift to him of three hundred books by the American Geographical Society. By now the collection, the property of Dartmouth College, numbers some twenty-five thousand bound volumes and forty-five thousand manuscripts, pamphlets, and the like. His widow, the former Evelyn Schwartz Baird, is still its able librarian, and until the end Stef could be seen quietly at work in a corner of the stacks that hold this vast assemblage of polar information.

Despite his inherent kindness, Stef did not mince words when it came to incompetence. A case in point is his evaluation of Sir John Franklin, who led an expedition to the Canadian Arctic in the mid-nineteenth century. Its entire complement of some 129 men was lost. Franklin, he said, was "by the canons of that age noble, generous, just and brave; by any standards, however, about the least professionally competent man who ever won a secure place in history.

**United States. Navy Department.** *Towards the Poles.* Prepared for the Arctic and Cold Weather Coordinating Committee of the Office of Naval Operations. [Washington]: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1950.

A fascinating harbinger of U.S. participation in the International Geophysical Year (1957-58). One could only wish, sixty years later, that the Navy had distributed this work widely among its officers and men to help them understand what they were dealing with. The work consists of a series of timelines of polar expeditions, including in addition to the introductory chronologies, other sections on the Franklin Search, the Northwest Passage, the Northeast Passage. Part II includes two chapters on Antarctica, the second another timeline. Appendices include an Arctic index, a select bibliography, and a glossary.

p. 34: HUMAN PROBLEMS IN POLAR EXPLORATION

The Arctic is merciless. It does not treat men well, disposing of them in its own harsh way. It is not a place for heroes, but for determined, ordinary, rugged men. “The human elements of patience, endurance, and courage are the most important of all in polar work.” “Physique is of significance, but temperament is more important.” (Peter Freuchen?)

In the story which follows, there are numerous recitals of the horrors and hardships of the arctic winter, with scant food, shelter, and clothing; of fine plans gone to smash when wind and ice and drifting snow took charge; of scurvy and frostbite; of ships beset for months and even years; of ice packs and ice fields of extent and mass so gigantic that no description can convey a just idea of their sizes; of land marches where exhausted human beings staggered on and on, leaving patterns of blood in the snow, and unburied dead men behind on the ice; of sledge journeys over the rugged polar pack ice and the inland ice of Greenland and Spitsbergen; of murders and suicides—tragedies shrouded in deep and unsolved mystery; of awful silence, continuous darkness, and monotonous surroundings that unbalanced the minds of strong men; of heroic defeats of the enemy elements; and of dazzling and unexplained arctic mirages.

The commanders of expeditions have emphasized the importance of routine and regular work to prevent attacks of polar melancholia. A neat ship or camp along with adequate food, books, music, games, and entertainment was always conducive to discipline, then as now. It has always been a point of honor in the north to persist and get the job done. p. 52-71. Chapter 3, contains a thorough timeline of Western exploration in the nineteenth century.

p. 72-99 . Similarly, Chapter 4 covers the first half of the twentieth century, lacking the covert British Operation Tabarin (1944-46).

p. 142-43, on Adolph Nordenskjold's Northeast Passage expedition of 1873: "*The leisure time of the crew was principally occupied with reading, but also with various games as draughts (checkers), chess, and dominoes.... Song, music, and sometimes dancing shorted many leisure hours for the men.*

p. 204, describing the Operation Highjump expedition of the USS *Yancey* to Antarctica in 1946: The U. S. S. *Yancey* was loaded hurriedly in Norfolk with cargo and departed for the Canal Zone and California on October 21, 1946. During the period from arrival at Port Hueneme (?) in early November to departure on December 2, the ship's machinery and equipment were repaired and prepared for extended operations 8,000 miles from base. The personnel were given leave and liberty as practicable. The crew and stevedores loaded supplies, clothing, movies, recreation materials, and made provision for the health and comfort of the men, which is always done when putting to sea for a long cruise. Each person was given a dental and medical examination. The unfit were transferred. En route to Scott Island drills were held and schools conducted daily on safety, the geographic nature of Antarctica, and other subjects. Cold-weather clothing was fitted to each man. All hands were instructed in its proper use. There were happy hours, movies each night, and books, magazines, and other reading materials provided in great quantities. Contests of various character were held with prizes given to the winners. A regular Christmas dinner with turkey, ham, fruit cake, and all the usual delicacies was served on this Holy Day celebrated way down under at 60° S. latitude, in the same manner as the world around. .... Hobby crafts of various types—photography, wood work, leather

work, etc.—were available. Over 5,000 photographs were printed on the ship, and each man was given a handful to take home to show the folks.

**Whymper, Frederick.** *Travel and Adventure in the Territory of Alaska, Formerly Russian America—Now Ceded to the United States—and in Other Parts of the North Pacific.* New York: Harper & Brothers, 1869.

p. 22: Enroute from England to Vancouver in June 1862 *viâ* the Horn on a steamer called *Tynemouth*: On board were some three hundred passengers, two-thirds of whom showed a total loss of dignity and self-respect during these early days, and made our vessel much resemble a floating hospital. But there is an end to all things; and by the time we reached the tropics, our friends had recovered their appetites, and, clad in light attire, lounged, smoking, chatting, and reading under the awnings, giving our decks the appearance of a nautical picnic. Our passengers were a study in themselves. They included a number of young men, much too large a proportion of whom had apparently no profession, business, or definite aim in life, to auger well for their future career in a new country.

p. 23: Our most noticeable living freight was, however, an “invoice” of sixty young ladies, destined for the colonial and matrimonial market. They had been sent out by a home society, under the watchful care of a clergyman and matron; and they must have passed the dreariest three months of their existence on board, for they were isolated from the rest of the passengers, and could only look on at the fun and amusements in which every one else could take a part. Every benevolent effort deserves respect; but, from personal observation, I can not honestly recommend such a mode of supplying the demands of a colony. Half of them married soon after arrival or went into service, but a large proportion quickly went to the bad, and, from appearances, had been there before. The influence of but a few such on the more respectable girls could not have been otherwise than detrimental. To speak ungallantly, but truly, many of these ladies were neither young nor beautiful, and reminded me of the crowd who answered the advertisement in the farce of “Wanted 10,000 Milliners!” Of course much might be said about giving the poor

creatures a chance! but the fact is that the market would, in the course of affairs, more naturally supply itself. The prosperous settler would send for his sweetheart, or come home in search of one, and could always get suitable domestics sent out by his friends, and meet them at the port of arrival. It will be readily understood too, that in a new country there is a floating population, among whom some individuals by “chance” or by industry have acquired a little money, and are ready to plunge into matrimony on the slightest provocation....

p. 63, on the folk tales of natives of Vancouver Island, told with the help of a white named Macdonald and a guide named Thomas Antoine (Tomo): Here, too, a half-breed, Thomas Antoine by name, but known elsewhere as “Tomo,” joined us, and proved a great acquisition. He could speak any number of Indian dialects, was a good shot, though he had but one arm, could travel or “pack” with the best, and was reliable except when he got hold of some whisky, when he was a perfect devil. Spirits seem to have even more attraction for the half-breed than for the full Indian, and more influence upon him.

p. 64-65: And then the yarns of those evening camps! Macdonald’s story—often begun and never ended—the narrative of his eventful life. Born on Fraser River, the son of a Hudson’s Bay chief trader, the tedious barter with Indians for their peltries had proved distasteful to him, and he ran away, when quite young, to sea, got shipwrecked, and detained a prisoner in Japan. Here he was closely confined, but on the whole well treated, till he was rescued from the Japanese by Commodore Perry, U. S. Navy, when he called there on his well-known expedition. After many wanderings, Mac brought up in Australia, mined, made money, and spent it; had once kept a gambling-house and dancing booth at the “diggings.” Later the British Columbian mines had attracted him back to his earliest home; he had “run” a ferry on Fraser River, kept a grog-shop at Lillooet, and played the “honest miner” in Cariboo, and now, hale and hearty as ever, was a member of the V. I. E. E. [Vancouver Island E. E.?] Or else the Indian yarns of Tomo, many of them childish, some incomprehensible, but sometimes showing that the natives have inventive power and a sense of humor. Here is one of them, apparently a native version of the book of Jonah! “An Indian, paddling in his ‘frail

kanim' on the great 'salt chuck' or sea, was swallowed—canoe and all—by a great fish, and lay down at the bottom of its belly, sad at heart, thinking it was all up with him, and that never more would he see his people. But in the midst of his affliction comfort came to him; a brilliant idea flashed through his brain—sweet revenge was at least possible, and he proceeded to execute a hastily conceived project. He cut his paddles into shavings—'wittled' them, as a Yankee would say—broke his canoe into fragments, and lighted a great fire on the floor of the creature's stomach. It was not long before the fish showed, by a tortuous uncomfortable wriggling of his body, that this operation did not agree with him, and he consequently attempted, by swallowing wave after wave, to cool his fevered body, but did not succeed in putting out the fire, though our hero was nearly drowned in the operation. Our Indian, averse to water at all times, appeared at this juncture to get in a very bad temper, and drawing his long knife, stabbed the lining of the creature's inside till the coats of its stomach were in a very dilapidated state. It was evidently expiring fast, and swam ashore on the beach. Here, while it lay in the agonies of death, our friend cautiously crept-up its throat, and through its gasping mouth, just in time to avoid the collision of its jaws, which came together with a terrific crash, and the great fish was dead!" This formed part only of a long story; many such we had, and varied them by making the woods echo with the latest gems of "nigger" minstrelsy, or even more classical productions.

p. 103, on the transition from Russian to American ownership: In the "good old Russian times" there-were, it is said, about 180 church holidays to the year, now they will be confined to Christmas and New Year's days, Washington's birthday and the 4th of July (Independence Day). But if the enlightened citizens of the country choose to avail themselves of the privilege, they can enjoy two Sundays each week. Owing to the fact that the Russians came eastward and we came westward, there is of course a day's difference where the two meet, and their Sunday in Sitka falls on our Saturday. "The San Franciscan," says a Californian newspaper, "who arrives at Archangel on Friday night, according to his reckoning, will find the stores closed and business suspended on the following morning, and so will lose not only that day,

but the next, too, if his conscientious convictions and the force of habit are only strong enough.

p. 103-04: On the other hand, the pious Alaskan merchant, who belongs to the Greek Church, will look with horror on the impious stranger who offers to trade or swap jack knives on Sunday, but who on Monday morning suddenly assumes a clean shirt, black broadcloth, a nasal twang, and that demurely self-satisfied air which is our national idea of a religious demeanor.”

p. 198: This day we gave a dinner-party to “Ivan,” the bidaishik, and his clerk “Iagor.” Ivan, a half-breed, had been promoted to his present position from the fact that he was a good trader; in other respects, he was an ignorant man, able neither to read nor write. We found him a pretty good fellow. Our banquet of baked ptarmigan and fried ham, pancakes (known, reader, by the poetical name of “flap-jacks”) molasses (known by us as “long-tailed sugar”), and coffee, pleased our Russian friends well, but our tea was not to their standard.

p. 201, Christmas dinner of 1866: Winding up with a limited supply of rum punch, and pipes *ad libitum!*

Not a bad dinner of itself; the iced cheese was a novelty I can recommend, only the traditional pudding was missing.

We passed the evening singing and reciting. Dall read an original poem, and I brought out a MS. story (still there!) entitled the “Missing Mummy!”\*

[Footnote] \* Our men at Unalachleet organized some private theatricals, and an original piece, called “Roderick Doo, and how He was Done,” was played with great success.

p. 257-58, on missionary work in Fort Yukon: During our stay, the Rev. Mr. M’Donald, who is a representative of our Church Missionary Society, held several services with the Indians, addressing them sometimes directly, and sometimes through the fort interpreter, Antoine Houle—a man who speaks French, English, and any number of Indian dialects. They listened with apparent attention, and joined in some singing. This gentleman has taught some of the younger people to read English, and his influence is doubtless good. I could not, however, help thinking that with an audience of Indians, representing half a dozen

different tribes, speaking as many dialects, it must be very questionable whether they all understand the missionary's words. As in other places, so here there is a general jargon called "broken slavee," used for purposes of intercourse; but such a bastard dialect will barely express the language of common life, how much less then the figurative language of the Bible.\* One of the great difficulties in Mr. M'Donald's way in this place is that the Indians are for the larger part of the year scattered all over the country hundreds of miles apart. Of the gentleman himself I can only speak in the highest terms; he is an undoubtedly earnest and zealous missionary, and he has one point in his favor, that so far no whisky trader has come in to interfere with the good work in which he is engaged, and that no rival sect, so far as Fort Yukon is concerned, is present to unsettle the minds of his converts.

[Footnote] \* We find in our own land that the Oriental tinge, the metaphors and parables of the Bible, render it somewhat hard to be understood, though we are addressed by teachers of our own race, who have a perfect command of our own language. The missionary, with at the best a foreigner's knowledge of a strange tongue, addresses those who have no collateral education to assist them, and who know little of anything but their own immediate surroundings. I have shown before how a phenomenon of nature had no name in the Chinook jargon, and that the phrase "children of the forest" could only be translated in a manner to excite the Indian's laughter. It is not, then, difficult to understand how the poetry of the Bible might become the subject of a jest, and its imagery be wholly unintelligible.

p. 334: In the discussion which followed the reading of Mr. Waddington's paper at the Royal Geographical Society's meeting, Dr. Rae pointed out the shallowness of the Saskatchewan River. It would ill become me to criticise the statements of a traveller who has seen as much, or probably a great deal more, of northernmost America than any other man. Nevertheless, no one who is familiar with American river-steamers would lay much stress on this point. I have seen flat bottomed stern-wheel steamers built to draw no more than a foot or fifteen inches of water. On the Upper Missouri, on the Columbia and Fraser rivers, such steamers are common. I well remember, in British Columbia,



passing through a “slough,” as it was called, at which the passengers were asked to walk from one side of the boat to the other to assist it in wriggling through, and where a part of the crew and passengers got out into the water to help it on, much as we did with our rafts on the rivers of Vancouver Island.

p. 340: Very severe snow-storms, called “poorgas,” swept across the open and barren country at times during winter; but, nevertheless, our men persevered, in what eventually proved a thankless task. They were often camped out at temperatures below the freezing of mercury. At the station, among other devices for passing the long winter evenings, our men concocted a MS. newspaper, which was entitled *The Esquimaux*. This was afterward printed in San Francisco, as a memento of the expedition. [Note: this newspaper is not included in the census of expeditionary papers published in *Adventures in Polar Reading*, and should be added.]

### **1811-1814 US Voyage to Northwest Coast of America and America’s First American Settlement**

The voyage involved John Jacob Astor and the establishment of Astoria as the first American settlement on the Pacific at the outlet of the Columbia River.

**Franchère, Gabriel.** *Narrative of a Voyage to the Northwest Coast of America in the Years 1811, 1812, 1813, and 1814, or the First American Settlement of the Pacific.* Translated and Edited by J. V. Huntington. New York: Redfield, 1854. [See also the Champlain Society Edition of 1969]

p. 5-7, in Preface to Second Edition: Without disparagement of Mr. IRVING’s literary fame, I may venture to say that I found in his work inaccuracies, misstatements (unintentional of course), and a want of chronological order, which struck forcibly one so familiar with the events themselves. I thought I could show or rather that my simple narration, of itself, plainly discovered that some of the young men

embarked in that expedition (which founded our Pacific empire), did not merit the ridicule and contempt which Captain THORN attempted to throw upon them, and which perhaps, through the genius of Mr. IRVING, might otherwise remain as a lasting stigma on their characters.

But the consideration which, before all others, prompts me to offer this narrative to the American reading public, is my desire to place before them, therein, a simple and connected account (which at this time ought to be interesting), of the early settlement of the Oregon Territory by one of our adopted citizens, the enterprising merchant John Jacob Astor. The importance of a vast territory, which at no distant day may add two more bright stars to our national banner, is a guarantee that my humble effort will be appreciated.

#### NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

It has been the editor's wish to let Mr. Franchere speak for himself. To preserve in the translation the Defoe-like simplicity of the original narrative of the young French Canadian, has been his chief care. Having read many narratives of travel and adventure in our northwestern wilderness, he may be permitted to say that he has met with none that gives a more vivid and picturesque description of it, or in which the personal adventures of the narrator, and the varying fortunes of a great enterprise, mingle more happily, and one may say, more dramatically, with the itinerary. The clerkly minuteness of the details is not without its charm either, and their fidelity speaks for itself. Take it altogether, it must be regarded as a fragment of our colonial history saved from oblivion; it fills up a vacuity which Mr. IRVING'S classic work does not quite supply; it is, in fact, the only account by an eye-witness and a participator in the enterprise, of the first attempt to form a settlement on the Pacific under the stars and stripes.

p. 163-64: Messrs. Halsey and Wallace having been sent on the 23d, with fourteen men, to establish a trading post on the Willamet, and Mr. M'Dougal being confined to his room by sickness, Mr. Clapp and I were left with the entire charge of the post at Astoria, and were each other's only resource for society. Happily Mr. Clapp was a man of amiable character, of a gay, lively humor, and agreeable conversation. In the intervals of our daily duties, we amused ourselves with music and

reading; having some instruments and a choice library. Otherwise we should have passed our time in a state of insufferable ennui, at this rainy season, in the midst of the deep mud which surrounded us, and which interdicted the pleasure of a promenade outside the buildings.

### **1822-31 Four US Voyages to South and North Pacific Seas and Antarctica (Capt. Benjamin Morrell aboard Various Ships)**

**Morrell, Benjamin, Jr.** *A Narrative of Four Voyages, to the South Sea, North and South Pacific Ocean...and Antarctic Ocean. From the Year 1822 to 1831.* New-York: J. & J. Harper, 1832.

Morrell opens the work with a brief sketch of his own life, eldest son of a Stonington ship-builder, born in 1795 at Rye, NY. His merchant service seems to have taken him throughout the world.

p. 37, September 4, 1822, in Rio de Janeiro: So far as my own observation extends, their peculiar characteristics appear to be superstition, indolence, filthiness, and an irrepressible propensity for overreaching others in commercial transactions. I wish to be understood as expressing myself in general terms; there are, of course, some bright and honourable exceptions; but these are by no means confined to the higher classes. The extent to which bribery is carried on in this place by the officers of government, especially in the custom-house, is almost incredible. It is in fact difficult, if not impossible, to bring any business with government to a consummation, without a frequent application of the golden spur, alias an exorbitant fee—in plain English, a bribe. Their cupidity seems to know no bounds, but eternally cries, "Give! give!"

In Rio Janeiro ignorance of every thing but trade prevails to a melancholy degree, literature and science being almost totally unknown among the people, who are at least a century behind the age they live in. Nothing but an arbitrary government can restrain them from cutting each other's throats. Several generations must pass over the stage before the great mass of Brazilians will be capable of appreciating and enjoying liberal institutions. Those who know how to **read** are too

indolent for the task; while others are too lazy to learn. The magnificence and luxury of the wealthy and titled classes form a curious contrast with their habitual want of neatness and cleanliness. This is manifested in their skin, in their apparel, in the furniture of their houses, and in their cookery, which could not fail to disgust a citizen of the United States. Their persons are seldom if ever free from a species of vermin which among us is considered disgraceful; and that cutaneous disease which is the necessary concomitant of filth and unwholesome food is common to all.

p. 124, at island of Juan Fernandez 670km off the Chile coast: Every schoolboy knows that the island of Juan Fernandez was, for four or five years, the solitary residence of a Scotch sailor, named Alexander Selkirk; he having been left there by his captain, on account of a quarrel between them. It was from his journal that De Foe filched the materials for his interesting romance of Robinson Crusoe—a **book** that has never been equalled in popularity since the art of printing was discovered—a **book** that has had, and still has, more influence on the minds of youth than ever had the legends of chivalry in Spain, or the dramas of Schiller in Germany.

p. 371-73, Jan. 21, 1830, on the Eastern Coast of the North Island of New Zealand. Describes the civilizing work of the missionaries and the native development of language skills

p. 371: This place was once inhabited by wild and ferocious cannibals but through the philanthropic labours of missionaries, the natives here and in the vicinity have become civilized, friendly, hospitable, and anxious to do good to others. Indolence and filthiness have given place to industry and personal cleanliness; ferocity, to gentleness; ignorance, to intelligence; idolatry, to the pure and undefiled religion of the Gospel. Go on, ye messengers of Divine Mercy; pursue the good work, until all the isles of the ocean shall rejoice; "until the knowledge of Jehovah covers the earth as the waters cover the sea." Soon may these labours of love be extended to the south island of New-Zealand, where the people now sit in intellectual darkness, and in the shadow of moral death.

p. 373, after the males finish their field labors: They assemble at six o'clock, and partake of a light upper, after which the natives receive lessons in **reading**, writing, and arithmetic; or hear a religious lecture. At nine, P. M., the day is closed with prayer, when a sweet night's rest recruits their health and spirits, and fits them for the exercises of the following day.

While the missionaries are thus occupied with the male natives, their wives and daughters are equally busy with the females, teaching them to read and write, and also the art of needlework. Thus these good people devote their whole time in labouring to promote the temporal as well as the eternal welfare of the natives of New-Zealand. Several handsome specimens of their writing were shown us, together with some pieces of original composition that evinced no ordinary degree of genius and talent. I heard some of them read, also, with great accuracy, both in English and in their own tongue, which the missionaries have so reduced to a grammatical system, that it has become a written and printed language.

**Morrell, Abby Jane.** *Narrative of a Voyage to the Ethiopic and South Atlantic Ocean, Indian Ocean, Chinese Sea, North and South Pacific Ocean, in the Yeas 1829, 1830, 1831.* New-York: Published by J. & J. Harper, 1833.

Mrs. Morrell followed her husband's larger and multi-voyage 1832 narrative by only one year, and was considerably more successful with her account of the last of her husband's voyages. No doubt its greater appeal lay in the unusual phenomenon of a woman's account of such a voyage. The pair deserve a dual biography.

p. 113-14: A great deal of information of these seas may be found in Horsburgh's Directory; a work which my husband praised so highly that studied it as a country justice does the Farmer's Almanac, not only for dates, but for matters of opinion. This cool and intrepid navigator spent a good proportion of his life in the East India seas, for the East India Company, and was a great matter-of-fact man, to which were united

sound judgment and wonderful perseverance. Such a man is truly a benefactor to mankind; he shows us how to shun evil, and how to take the best advantage of our situation. This East India Company, whatever politicians may say about monopoly and exclusive privileges, has done more to make safe the navigation of those seas, than all the world besides. Governments are not generally disposed to do much for a general interest; our own has hardly made a chart for the navigator. I was mortified that in every country we visited, we had to sail by charts of other nations; we even left our own "sublime port," the harbour of New-York, by an English chart. I am not wise enough to understand this. when next to the English we are the greatest wanderers over the globe, and have as much at stake as any other nation but the English everywhere, from the north to the south pole. Nor had we any books on board written by our countrymen, giving us particulars of those seas which we visited. I have understood, however, that one or two volumes have lately been written upon this subject by our countrymen, which give some account of a part of our course, but I have not seen them; we had nothing of the kind with us when we sailed. Our books were generally English, and to these alone we had recourse. Much may be written, however, without interfering with what has been done.

p.139-43, where Mrs. Morrell follows a lengthy disquisition on African fauna (from elephants to ostrich) with a tribute to Portuguese author Camoens and his *Lusiad*. What appears to be a simple reading of the epic at sea turns into a thoughtful exercise in literary criticism:

The Cape of Good Hope promises, under present auspices, to be an opening for civilization to enter Africa; and not half of the wonders and the treasures of this country are as yet known. The region over which we have lately traversed, and where we now were, was one of epic grandeur, although still so much unknown. Camoens, who was born soon after Gama doubled the stormy Cape, and who wrote before Shakspeare or Milton, made the voyage of Vasco de Gama the subject of an heroic poem. Among the first recollections of this poet were the tales of the adventures of this great navigator. Delighted with his romantic theme, Camoens, who had tried his hand in madrigals and sonnets, in early life, contemplated an epic, which he called the *Lusiad*; and to bring

it to perfection he visited those seas and countries which had been discovered by Gama. His life was one of trials and misfortunes; he lived with kings and expired with beggars. He held honourable employment under some of the viceroys, and at one time accumulated no small portion of wealth, which was afterward lost in a shipwreck. He was too open, bold, and satirical to live in a court of parasites and flatterers, and he despised the whole of them, from the highest to the lowest. He died with the patriotic expression "*Oh my country!*" on his lips, and with more reason than most men who have used this lamentation. Portugal was then the first of all the maritime powers, but Spain and other countries were in the days of Camoens contending with, and indeed rivalling Portugal. The epic of Camoens is divided into ten books, and, for the age, was full of poetry. To his credit, too, after all the fiction he has introduced, sometimes revelling in heathen mythology, mingled with scriptural allusions, it abounds in truths. He carries his hero around the Cape, and brings him in competition with all the Moorish princes, who had held the best portions of the traffic of the Indies for ages. His struggles with these warlike merchants are finely described, and all the new sensations which this mighty struggle produced. Everywhere, after his time, the navigators of these regions inscribed on the bark of trees wherever they landed this proud inscription, "TALENT DE BIEN FAIRE." The reader of the *Lusiad* of Camoens will find in it at all times many beautiful passages; but when reading it on the, very spots he describes, it seems to bring author and reader together, although nearly three centuries have elapsed since the poet visited them. Camoens was surely an observer of nature, as well as an accurate historian. He describes the high-born cavalier preparing for his departure to unknown regions with graphic accuracy and in an elegant style. De Gama leads all his sailors to a chapel the night before he departs, and spends the night in prayer. On the road from this place to his fleet his friends met him, and prayers, tears, and wailings filled the air. Full of his glory he moved firmly onward: no one but those who have parted with friends to go on long and perilous voyages can realize this part of the scene. Oh! it is true to nature; it is true to the life, humbler life than the proud Spanish don.

Many a mother, wife, and sister, at such times, has breathed in spirit the lines of Camoens;

“Cursed be the man who first on floating wood  
Forsook the beach, and braved the treacherous flood!”

But this feeling is soon lost in a nobler one, which incorporates the pride of science and individual heroism. Woman, more than man, delights in glory; it is, perhaps, that she does not examine so deeply as to see the motives and means, but looks at things in the aggregate or the result; she feels the national glow that would sink every thing at the thought of honour.

“While thy bold prows triumphant ride along  
By trembling China, to the isles unsung  
By ancient bard, by ancient chief unknown,  
Till ocean's utmost shore thy commerce own.”

Some of the conceptions in the *Lusiad* are noble; but honest critics tell us that we are much indebted to the translator of this work into English for our pleasure, the translation being superior to the original. This may be true, but, read as we have it, it is full of beauty and truth to those who see the country while they read the poem, though it must be confessed that there is nothing wonderfully original in the machinery. The poet copied Homer, Virgil, and Ariosto, after the manner of the schools; but his descriptions are natural, and that is enough. Although this is the epic of commerce, yet I believe that almost every other epic is read by merchants before the *Lusiad*.

It is surprising that commerce and letters should have been so long divorced, as it were; for they were once closely united. It was the Phenicians [sic] who diffused letters over Europe, while they were drawing wealth from the commerce of the world. The schools of the Hebrews flourished most when their commerce was at the highest prosperity. Letters have at all times been the necessary consequence of commercial enterprise, and from the days of De Gama the difficulties of



the navigator have extended the science of astronomy and mathematics. These difficulties are so forcibly impressed upon the mind every one who trusts himself on the ocean, that I am surprised that any one would go a mile from land a second time without knowing enough of the science of navigation to find a port when he wished. Woman as I am, I never would sail another voyage without some knowledge of this science; enough to make ordinary calculations cannot lie very deep when so many pretend to it.

One great defect of the *Lusiad* was more owing to the laws of the schools than to the want of genius in the writer; this was a disposition to describe all the events, distances, escapes, &c., to the neglect of the natural world. Ichthyology, ornithology, conchology, and all natural history, were then beneath the epic standard. If these would have offended the critic of his day as not of sufficient importance, the voyager would now pardon him if he had descended to the description of the works of nature which were scattered around, and no doubt his copious mind was delighted with them all; but as he was writing an epic, he dared not interweave them with his verse. There is no want of feeling in the *Lusiad*, if there is of minute nature. Camoens was not a favourite of fortune; his name is added to those who live for others rather than for themselves. He had a just idea of the happiness of those minions of fortune who sail smoothly over the sea of life, and find prosperous gales every where, and yet felt what he forcibly described of the unfortunate man:

"—Through the dim shade, his fate casts o'er him  
A shade that spreads its evening darkness o'er  
His brightest virtues; while it shows his foibles,  
Crowding and obvious as the midnight stars,  
Which in the sunshine of prosperity  
Never had been descried."

It made me almost sick to think of poor Camoens's fate; that one so talented, so learned, so noble in his feelings, should have died so wretchedly, and found an ignoble grave. I tried to console myself with

the reflection that he had been dead two centuries and a half, but could not; for where genius is impressed on the page, the immortal shade stands for ever before the reader. There is nothing of decay in the thought; all is fresh and blooming as it was before the ink was dry. Embalmed by the tears of ages, a moving story grows fresher by the lapse of time. To a feeling heart the meeting of Hector and Andromache was but yesterday, and the wailings of Jephthah's daughter still sound in our ears.

p. 157: There is something for ever so new in the Scriptures that no human mind can feel satisfied of having reached near their full meaning. Some new thought will spring up in every text for contemplation. I do not believe there ever was a mutiny on board of a ship where the Bible was read diligently by the whole crew. Works of fancy and taste after a while grow tedious, from absorbing too much of our attention at once, while the Scriptures are not only interesting, but compel us to direct our reasonings and views to ourselves. If there ever was a book which could be called an awakener of our own thoughts, it is that which furnishes so many thoughts for us, the Bible. I have read it where Christianity was professed, followed, and held the highest claims to attention; I have read it where superstition abounds, and where infidelity, pagan infidelity, darkened the whole land: it was the same heaven-illuminated page everywhere; but if ever peculiar glory rested on it, it was when we were near those who had never received its glad tidings, and who never knew the true God.

p. 157-58: On the 19th of April we crossed the equator, but we were now all such old, experienced sailors that Neptune did not think it worth while to pay us a visit, nor did we expect him. If he had come on board he would have found our stock of liquor nearly the same as when he saw us before, except a little which had been used as medicine; and if he had brought his log-book, as sailors playfully say he keeps, of all bad deeds done during his absence, I question whether he would have found a single oath recorded, or one vile or blasphemous expression set down to anyone of the crew of the Antarctic; and, heathen as he is, he would have been delighted to know how much time they had devoted to reading the Bible.

p. 182-86: In Bordeaux I found a file of American newspapers. It was true that they contained nothing new or interesting to most readers; but to me they were dear as the light that visited my eyes. There were the little squabbles of editors; the complaints of some neglected actors, the puffs required to vend patent medicines, or to call the attention to a sale of the last importation of bonnets or fans. All was delightful to me, for I knew that the interesting Mr. A was to preach in street, on a particular evening, and that the learned Dr. M would give a lecture on such an evening on political economy, or on steam-engines, or internal improvements, or on the raising of hemp, or the last public sale of domestic manufactures. This medley was delightful. I could rejoice at the hymeneal register, and drop a tear over the obituary notices. The exile never kissed the ground on his return to his native land with more enthusiasm than I read these newspapers; only some fifty days old. To me they seemed as thrown on the breakfast-table all wet from the press. I read all the advertisements, as delicious morsels of information; not a word was omitted. The speeches of politicians at dinners given for their political services were read with attention, in truth devoured. It made not a cent's difference on which side they spoke, for they were my countrymen, and they had a right to differ among themselves; nor was I sure I wished them to agree if they found more pleasure in disputing? I felt no disposition to set them right if I could have had the power given me, for I did not know who was right, but thought them all so. The number of new publications I saw advertised was such that it seemed as if all that my countrymen had been doing while I was absent had been to cultivate their minds; and I was happy to find that they had enjoyed themselves in this way. I expected to find every one so improved that I should hardly dare to see my old friends. I learned the "whereabouts" of all the state and general government politicians, and what they had been saying and doing in my absence.

I picked up a few American books in this city, of recent date, and these were greeted as old friends, and read with delight; but I made no criticisms, for one long absent from home never complains of any thing from that quarter. I could wish that all who criticise their own people were obliged to wait before they commenced their review until they had

got three or four thousand miles from home, and I really think we, should have much less vituperation. If any writer of distinction could see his works in distant countries, and know what ubiquity he possesses, he must be happy indeed if he is conscious that what he has written is not exceptionable on the score of principle. Irving, Cooper, Webster, and several of our poets are found at many places we visited; and those and other American names were familiar in Asia and Africa as well as in Europe. I must say, however, that English vessels are more likely to bring out recent literary and scientific productions than our own, but do not equal us in general in the extent of the useful library made up for the voyage. Hardly a single vessel thinks of putting to sea for a long voyage without taking several hundred volumes. Master mariners have found out that officers and men on a long voyage can do their duties, and have some time to improve their minds too. The selection is often not the best that might be made for this purpose, particularly of books relating to our own country, for there are but few who visit other countries that know much about our own. It would be doing a service, if some one acquainted with books were to make out a catalogue of such as should be collected for ordinary and for long voyages. All the approved naval journals and voyages are indispensable as guides for the purpose of obtaining the most information in the shortest time. Some good commercial dictionaries, and geographies, and gazetteers should be always at hand; and works of taste should not be forgotten. An interesting work appears with double charms on shipboard. The mind is then concentrated, and cannot be dissipated by amusements or trifles—it comes with all its force to a subject. Not only a matter of taste but a moral lesson sinks deeper in the mind when there is nothing to distract our attention. The great mathematician of our country, who is considered greater in Europe than in America, gained most of his information during voyages at sea. His name and his commentaries on La Place's great mathematical work are familiar to all men of science in France. Dr. Bowditch performed many long voyages, as factor and master, from the United States to India; always having with him good officers, he had leisure to go through those long and difficult calculations which have laid the foundation of his great fame, so valuable and so dear to his country.

Every person at sea is constantly reminded of him, as his Navigator is on every officer's table. This book, I believe, has taken the place of all others among our mariners, and is highly esteemed by navigators of other countries.

### **1829-30 US Voyage to the South Seas (aboard USS Vincennes)**

**Stewart, Charles S.** *A Visit to the South Seas, in the United States Ship Vincennes, during the Years 1829 and 1830.* Two volumes. New-York: John P. Haven; Thomas George, Jr. Printer, 1833- .

Title page epithet: "A principal fruit of these circuits of the globe seems likely to be the amusement of those that stay at home." Cowper's Correspondence.

Stewart was a US Navy chaplain, a former missionary, and an official of the American Board of Foreign Missions. Assigned to serve on the corvette Vincennes, on an 1828 mission to the Sandwich, Islands via Brazil, Cape Horn, Chile, returning to the US via the Cape of Good Hope.

p. 25-26: For the first fortnight it was impossible to write, and most of my time was occupied in reading. There is a large and good collection of **books** on board. Besides several private libraries, a public one of many hundred well chosen volumes, purchased by a subscription of the ship's company, is arranged in the dining cabin under the direction of a librarian: a provision for the recreation and improvement of the crew, of which no public ship bound on a long cruise, should be destitute. Irving's Life of Columbus, Scott's Napoleon, the Lady of the Manor, Erskine's Freeness of the Gospel, Weddell's Voyages, Payson's Sermons, and Martyn's Life, are the volumes which have thus far principally occupied my attention. The last has long been a kind of text book with me; and I have now finished it for the fourth time since its publication, in the devoutest prayer that my life might partake some little of the character of his, and my death be blest with the spirit which dictated the last paragraph he ever penned.

p. 29-31, on the “Moral Aspect of the Crew,” and their respectful view of devotional services aboard the *Guerriere*, at sea, March 20th, 1829: A more interesting and attentive audience than that formed by the five hundred of our crew at worship on the Sabbath, I have seldom addressed; and every look, and the whole appearance of the men, after the first sermon I preached, as I passed among them while at dinner to distribute a set of tracts, plainly told they were far from being indifferent to the services of my office, and regard me personally with feelings of kindness and good will. ... I am fully persuaded that a more powerful auxiliary in the discipline of a ship could not be adopted; and that this single service, properly performed, would soon be found to do more in promoting the good order of a crew, than all the harshness of the rope's end, backed by the terrors of the cat-o'-nine-tails.

p. 275-77, on their visit to the Sandwich Islands, Stewart shows his ardent missionary credentials: On Saturday, Captain Finch informed the chiefs that the next day would be our sabbath, or day of public worship, and he wished a proclamation to be made apprising the people of it, and interdicting their coming round the ship, either for amusement or barter; and at the same time invited the chiefs themselves to attend the service. This they did, deporting themselves with great propriety during both prayers and sermon, expressing their approbation of the form of our worship by the usual pleasant exclamation, “Mo-taki,” “good,” when they are particularly interested.

I had designed devoting a part of the afternoon to a conversation with them on the subject of religion, and the introduction of missionaries among them; but the captain of the French ship had invited them on board to receive some presents, and I deferred it till Monday. I had intimated my intention to them; and on going on shore, I found Haapé, Piaroro of the Hapas, the prince Moana, and Tauahania of Taioa, assembled to meet me. The interview was long and interesting.

I explained to them some of the leading principles of the Christian religion, the nature of missions, and the character and object of missionaries: that they were men and women of enlightened and powerful nations, who at a sacrifice of many advantages and enjoyments in their native countries left their fathers, and mothers, and

sisters, and brothers, behind them, and went voluntarily to live with people such as themselves; to introduce among them the arts of civilized life; to give them **books** and writing; and, above all, to communicate to them the knowledge of the true God, and the salvation of the soul in the world of spirits, through the death of Jesus Christ, the only redeemer of sinners. I told them that many persons in America had a sincere desire for their welfare and happiness, and intended to send such teachers among them; and then inquired whether they wished them to come: and if any did, whether they would receive them kindly, and be their friends?—to which, “Ael Ae 1” burst from them all in much animation, followed by “Motaki, motaki”—“good, good.”

Haapé then said, “It is with the king Moana”—to which the little fellow at once replied, “So let it be; it is good, very good.” Taua adding, “When they come, some of them must live with me at Taioa—I will give them land, and build a large house for them.” I told him they would gladly live in his valley, if he and his people would cast away their idols, and believe in and worship Jehovah the only true God. To which he answered, “I know Jehovah is a mighty God. I have heard of him from Tahiti, where the people have burned their images, and taken him for their God; and it might be well for us to do the same;” adding, “Jehovah is a greater God than any of ours, for he is the God of thunder and lightning.” Taking this impression, as I discovered, from the flash and report of cannon, which they consider to be essentially lightning and thunder. He said, whenever it thundered at the island, they knew that a ship was approaching; and that Jehovah caused the thunder to apprise them of it.

### **1831-34 US Naval Expedition Round the World**

**Warriner, Francis.** *Cruise of the United States Frigate Potomac Round the World, During the Years 1831-34.* New-York: Leavitt, Lord & Co.; Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 1835.

p. 28-29, in Rio Janeiro: The public library is in an edifice connected with the Emperor's palace, and contains about seventy thousand

volumes, most of which are very ancient. We saw here a copy of the first printed edition of the Bible on parchment, impressed in 1461 by the wonderful mechanism of John Faust, the inventor of printing. We noticed also several different editions of the Polyglot Bible in various languages, bearing the marks of extreme antiquity. The works on law and history are considered rich and valuable.

The people are allowed to visit the library during the day, but it is not much frequented, owing to a want of taste for reading among the inhabitants. This remark does not apply to the English and Americans resident here. The spirit which they have manifested for their own improvement is worthy of all praise. They have an English library in connection with a reading-room, where they pass their leisure hours usefully and profitably. The traveller has only to be introduced by a member, and any book is at his command.

p. 152-53, in Malaysia: We were reminded, by the chiming of the village bell, that the hour for public worship had arrived. A well-dressed native came to inform us, that the people were assembled at the church, in readiness for the preacher. The church is a neat little building, situated on a gentle elevation, a short distance from the village. It is constructed of stone or brick, whitewashed on the outside, and is sufficiently large to accommodate two or three hundred people. The clerk, a venerable looking Malay about fifty years of age, commenced the exercises by reading a chapter in the Bible. He was dressed in European costume, a long black coat, with pantaloons of the same color, and a white cravat. It was pleasing to witness this assembly of natives, all neatly clad, and simple and unassuming in their appearance, and I heartily wished that some of the enemies of missions could have been present, to witness the good which the introduction of Christianity has effected among these uncultivated natives. They appeared very devotional, and a deep solemnity seemed to pervade their minds. It might be well for other Christian assemblies to learn a lesson from them in this respect. The congregation, generally, was more solemn, and gave better attention to the services, than many I have witnessed in our own country.

p. 302-03, a burial of a friend at Callao: At ten, in company with several of the officers, I again went on shore, where with some of the citizens



we formed a procession, and moved to the church yard, where, in the absence of the chaplain, I read the beautiful and impressive burial service over the grave of our departed friend.

It was formerly customary to bury the dead by daylight, but as the funerals of foreigners were attended with more splendor than those of the natives, a jealousy was created; the governor therefore directed that all burials should take place in the night.

p. 326, burial at sea enroute from Galapagos Islands to Guayaquil: About nine o'clock I received a message from the Commodore, desiring me to read the burial service over the remains of one of the men, who had died the night previous. It excited in my mind melancholy feelings, to see one after another of our ship's crew leaving the world with all its hopes and joys behind them.

## **1854      US North Pole Mission of Charles Francis Hall**

**Hayes, Isaac I.** *An Arctic Boat Journey, in the Autumn of 1854.* New Edition. Boston: James R. Osgood, 1871.

Hayes participated in Charles Hall's 1854 attempt to reach the North Pole, and contributed a couple of versions of his account before completing this 1860 version, closely following publication of Hayes's *The Open Polar Sea*.

p. 154: Every one, except Mr. Sonntag, smoked his pipe; and those who kept journals embraced the opportunity to make spasmodic entries;-- for the fingers and the pencil could not long keep company. Petersen had a sly joke for us now and then; and Bonsall entertained us from time to time with some original drollery.

p. 154, October 5, 1854: Our bedding, bad yesterday, is infinitely worse to-day; and, inactive as we are, we have a hard task to keep cheerful, with starvation staring us in the face. Were we doing something, this tormenting ghost could be frightened off. Bonsall has a copy of *Ivanhoe*, with which I spend the morning.

p. 183: The men smoothed the bedclothes on the north side of the hut; and Sonntag, Bonsall, and myself took turns with them in a game of whist, and in reading some chapters from "The Fair Maid of Perth." The genial warmth of Scott was felt in that snow-imbedded hut, and our faces expressed the interest excited by his tale.

p. 188, October 30th: One of my little household gods is "David Copperfield;" and I spent the evening reading aloud of the early struggles of the widow's son.

p. 209-10, while living near Esquimaux and nourished by *tripe de roche*: The hours hung wearily on our hands. Our usual joint resources failed us. With our mittened fingers we could not manage the cards which had, heretofore, been one of our sure means of diversion. The circumstances were too depressing for us to feel our ordinary interest in reading aloud, or in listening; and the time was passed mainly in silence. Yet never had I appreciated the value of books as I then did. Bonsall's copy of 'Waverley' was an unfailing friend. Upon leaving the brig I had selected from the narrow shelf which held the little library that I had learned to love so well during the last long winter, three small books, which I thrust into my already crowded clothes-bag. They were the before-mentioned volume of Dickens, the "In Memoriam," and a small pocket-Bible; all parting gifts from kind friends to me when leaving home; and all doubly precious,--for themselves, and for the memories they recalled. They had become thoroughly water-soaked when the Ironsides filled off Cape Alexander; but I had dried them in the sun; and although they were torn, and their backs were loose, there was no part lost. I kept them under my head as helps for a pillow, and for their companionship.

I had brought, beside, two volumes of "Anatomy" and one of "Practice," as the most convenient form in which to carry waste paper; for lighting fires. Nearly all of the "Anatomy" had been consumed during the journey down the coast; but I had saved the "nerves" and the "muscles;" and, in retracing the ramifications of the one, and the attachments of the other, I passed cheerfully many an hour that would otherwise have weighed heavily upon me. The "Practice" was now being fast sacrificed; but I got a start on the cooks, and kept ahead of them.

## 1854 Letter from Isaac Bent, May 31, 1754

**Bent, Isaac.** Letter to his Sister [Mrs William C. Carr] from Frigate *Powhatan*. Hakadada, Japan, 31 May 1854. Library of Congress. Miscellaneous Manuscript Collections.

Bent was appointed Flag Lieutenant on the *Powhatan* after the Treaty of Kanagawa opened access of US to Japanese ports. His duties under Cmd. Perry were diplomatic, but he tells a story of his own belligerent behavior to Japanese officers.

p. 4: A number of natives were off to the Entertainment & seemed greatly delighted, but somewhat bewildered by the naval appearance & antics of the “Niggas of the South”

File also has a daguerreotype portrait of Bent [AC19,344]—there was a daguerreotype camera on the expedition.

## 1860-61 US North Pole Expedition (aboard *United States*, commanded by Isaac Hayes)

**Bender, Jacob (George Layerzapf).** Diary. Transcribed diary appearing on [www.arcticwebsite.com/GreelyBenderDiary](http://www.arcticwebsite.com/GreelyBenderDiary). July 7, 1881-Feb. 19, 1882.

July 19<sup>th</sup>, 1881: ...we loaded some stores left here by the U.S. Gullnare last year. [Could easily have included books from the Howgate Expedition, those so stamped in the Arctic Collection found by Peary in 1898.]

Sept. 16th, very funny passage on three men in sleeping bag meant for two.

Oct 9, 16, 23, Nov 20, 24, Dec 25, Feb 19, 1882—notes sermons by Greely, the last with “prayers for those who are travelling.”

Nov. 23, notes first appearance of *Arctic Moon*.

**Hayes, Isaac I.** *The Open Polar Sea: A Narrative of a Voyage of Discovery towards the North Pole, in the Schooner “United States.”* New York: Hurd and Houghton, 1867.

The Open Polar Sea was a prominent but false theory of the nineteenth century that as one approached the highest latitudes the ice would give way to an open sea fed by warm currents which would reach as far as the poles.

p. 12: From numerous friends, whose names I cannot here mention without violating the obligations of confidence, we received books and a great quantity of “small stores” which were afterward greatly appreciated during our winter imprisonment in the ice.

p. 22: My own cabin gets washed out at irregular intervals, and my books are half of them spoiled by tumbling from their shelves in spite of all I can do to the contrary. Once I caught the whole library tacking about the deck after an unusually ambitious dive of the schooner, and the advent of a more than ordinarily heavy rush of water through the ‘companion-way.’

p. 134, on returning from a glacial survey trip: The curtains which inclose what is my lounge by day and my bed by night have taken on a brighter crimson...; the books, which are stuck about in all available places, seem to be lost friends found again; and the little pictures, which hang around wherever there is room, seem to smile upon me with a sort of sympathetic cheerfulness. Rolls of maps, unfinished sketches, scraps of paper, all sorts of books, including stray volumes of the ‘Penny Cyclopædia’ and Soyer’s ‘Principles of Cooking,’ drawing implements, barometer cases, copies of Admiralty Blue Books, containing reports of the Arctic Search, track charts of all those British worthies, from Ross to Rae, who have gone in search of Sir John Franklin, litter the floor; and, instead of annoying me with their presence, as they used to do, they seem to possess an air of quiet and refreshing comfort.... My good and faithful friend Sonntag sits opposite to me at the table, reading. I write nestling among my furs, with my journal in my lap; and when I contrast this night with the night on the glacier summit..., I believe that I have as much occasion to write myself down a thankful man, as I am very sure I do, for once at least, a contented one.

p. 146: I have passed an hour of the evening very pleasantly with the officers in their cabin, have had my usual game of chess with Knorr, and now, having done with this journal for the day, I will coil myself up in

my nest of furs and read in Marco Polo of those parts of the world where people live without an effort, know not the use of bear-skins, and die of fever. After all, one's lines might fall in less pleasant places than in the midst of an Arctic winter.

p. 149-50: As far as possible, Sunday is observed as we would observe it at home. ...I read to them a portion of the morning service; and this is followed by a chapter from the good Book, which we all love alike, wherever we are. Sometimes I read one of Blair's fine sermons, and when meal time comes round we find it in our heart to ask a continuance of God's provident care; and if expressed in few words, it is perhaps not the less felt.

p. 157-62, November 11th: My journal is looking up,—two novelties in one day. First a thaw, and then a newspaper. The free press follows the flag all over the world, and the North Pole rejoices in "The Port Foulke Weekly News." During the past week everybody has been much interested in a newspaper enterprise, bearing the above title. Thinking to create a diversion that would confound our enemy, the darkness, I proposed some time ago to the officers that we should publish a weekly paper, offering at the same time my assistance. [A four-page paeon to Hayes' innovation follows.]

p. 164: November 16<sup>th</sup>. McCormick has established a school of navigation, and has three good pupils in Barnum, Charley, and McDonald. There is indeed quite a thirst for knowledge in that quarter known as "Mariner's Hall," and an excellent library, which we own to the kindness of our Boston friends is well used. Dodge has already consumed several boxes of "Littell's Living Age" and the "Westminster Review." Knorr studies Danish, Jensen English, and Sonntag is wading through Esquimaux, and, with his long, mathematical head, is conjuring up some incomprehensive compound of differential quantities.

p. 184, has a long passage on the monotony of winter: From the officers I continue to have the same daily reports; the newspaper comes out regularly, and continues to afford amusement; the librarian hands out the books every morning, and they are well read; the officers and the men have no new means of entertainment, and usually fill up the last of the

waking hours (I cannot say the evening, where there is nothing else but night) with cards and pipes....

p. 224, with reference to the *Nautical Almanac*, to find date of return of the sun.

p. 303, during a blizzard on a sledging expedition on Smith Sound: "The temperature has come up almost to the freezing point, and it is a great relief to write. What else should I do? I have two small books which I have brought along for just such emergencies as this, and while my companions play cards and bet gingerbread and oyster suppers and bottles of rum to be paid in Boston, I find nothing better to do than read and write; and, since I cannot remain unoccupied, but must kill time in some manner, or else sleep, suppose I describe this den in the snow-bank.

p. 393, at the final stage of the expedition: As I turned away and commenced my descent, I found myself repeating these lines of Byron, penned as his poet-fancy wandered up the ice-girdled steeps and over the ice-crowned summits of the Alps:

. . . . . these are  
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls  
Have pinnaced in clouds their snowy scalps,  
And throned Eternity in icy halls  
Of cold sublimity.

p. 397, on reaching Upernavik on Aug 12, 1861: These and some files of papers, and the Doctor's memory, gave us the leading occurrences which had taken place at home up to near the end of March, 1861. We learned of the inauguration of the new President and of the leading events following his election, but of the startling incidents of a later period we were ignorant. We could not apprehend that war had actually broken out. [Later at Halifax they picked up "some files of New York papers" and soon learned of the terrible struggle that had been going on for many months.]

**Hayes, Isaac I.** *Pictures of Arctic Travel. Greenland.* New York: G.W. Carleton & Co., 1881.

## PREFACE.

THIS book is not a narrative of travel. The purpose of the author has been to draw, from personal experience, some pen-pictures of life and nature among the sublime mountains, crags, glaciers, and icebergs of Greenland. [p. xii]

Hayes short book consists of three prose pictures: The Doctor; The Savage; Snow and Ice.

p. 31, on the sophistication of Hayes' Greenland doctor: Odd *étagères*, hanging and standing, and a large solid walnut case were all well filled with books, and other books were carefully arranged on a table in the center of the room. My eye quickly detected the works of various English and American authors, conspicuous among which were Shakespeare, Byron, Scott, Dickens, Cooper, and Washington Irving. Sam Slick had a place there, and close beside him was the renowned Lemuel Gulliver; and, in science, there were, besides many others, Brewster, Murchison, Agassiz, and Lyell. The books all showed that they were well used, and they embraced the principal classical stores of the French and German tongues, besides the English and his own native Danish. In short, the collection was precisely such as one would expect to find in any civilized place where means were not wanting, the disposition to read a habit and a pleasure, and the books themselves boon companions.

p. 36-37, a conversation between the Greenlandic doctor and the author: "But, my dear sir, you forget these shelves. Those books are my friends. Of them I never grow weary; they never grow weary of me. We understand each other perfectly. They talk to me when I would listen, they sing to me when I would be charmed, they play for me when I would be amused. Ah! sir, this country is great, as all countries are great, each in its way; and this is a great country to read books in. Upon my word, I wonder everybody don't fill ships with books and come up here, burn the ships as did the great Spaniard, and each spend the remainder of his days in devouring his shipload of books. In this fancy of mine you

may perhaps imagine that you find something quite peculiar, but I assure you it is nothing of the kind. Each one to his taste, you know, and, like everybody else, of course I think mine the best. Another of your poets, Henry Taylor I think, must have had some notion of this sort in his mind when he wrote,

‘We figure to ourselves  
The thing we like, and then we build it up  
As chance will have it, on the rock or sand;’

and so you see that I have built in fact as well as fancy on the rock.”

I could not help being pleased with this novel way in which my host viewed his situation and exhibited his desires; and I amused him greatly when I told him so. Then I said, “Truly a pretty picture you have drawn of the country, and of the wonderful uses to which it may be put; but let me ask you, how often do books reach you?”

“Once a year, when the Danish ship comes out to bring us bread, sugar, coffee, coal, and such like things, and to take home the few trifles, in the shape of furs, oil, and fish, which the natives have gathered in the interval.”

“Books to the contrary, I should say the ship would not return more than once without me, were I in your situation.”

“So you would think me a sensible fellow, no doubt, if I would pick up this box and carry it off to Paris or Copenhagen, or may be to New York?”

p. 42-44, on how the Doctor was able to keep up with current affairs; Our conversation, naturally enough, ran upon the affairs of the big world on the other side of the Arctic Circle, upon its politics, and literature, and science, and art, passing lightly from one to the other, lingering now and then over some book which we had mutually fancied. I found my companion perfectly posted up to within a year, and inquired how he managed things so well. “Ah! you must know,” answered he, “that is a clever little illusion of mine. I’m always precisely one year behind the rest of the world. The Danish ship brings me a file of papers for the past twelve months, the principal reviews and periodicals, the latest maps,



such books as I have sent for during the year, and besides this the bookseller and my other home friends make me up an assortment of what they think will please me. Now, you see, in devouring this I pursue an absolute method. The books, of course, I take up as the fancy pleases me, but the reviews, periodicals, and newspapers, I turn over to Sophy, and the faithful creature places on my break fast table, every morning, exactly what was published that day one year before. Clever, isn't it? Our conversation, naturally enough, ran upon the affairs of the big world on the other side of the Arctic Circle, upon its politics, and literature, and science, and art, passing lightly from one to the other, lingering now and then over some book which we had mutually fancied. I found my companion perfectly posted up to within a year, and inquired how he managed things so well.

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I could but smile at this ingenious device, and the Doctor, seeing plainly that I was deeply interested in his novel mode of life, loosened a tongue, which, in truth, needed little encouragement, and rattled away over the rough and smooth of his Greenland experiences, with an enjoyment on his part perhaps scarcely less than mine, for it was easy to

see that his love of wild adventure kept pace with his love of comfort, and that he heartily enjoyed the exposures of his career, and the reputation which his hardihood had acquired for him. I perceived, too, that he possessed a warm and vivid imagination, and that, clothing everything he saw and everything he did with a fitting sentiment of strength or beauty, he had blended wild nature and his own strange life into a romantic scheme, which completely filled his fancy leaving, apparently at least, nothing unsupplied; and this he enjoyed to the very bottom of his soul.

p. 48-51: When the Doctor had finished this half soliloquy, I could not help asking what had impelled him to the life of solitude and exposure of which he had clearly grown so fond.

“The motives are various,” he answered, “but before we say anything under that head, let me revert to a word which you have just let fall, and which you have, perhaps, not duly considered the value of.”

I asked him what it was.

“Solitude.”

“But, surely,” I replied, “the word can hardly fail to suit a description of this place.”

The Doctor shrugged his shoulders while playfully answering, “Evidently all my talk about books, and the pleasure I have in them, has been quite thrown away, and my sweetness has been ‘wasted on the desert air.’ Perhaps you may have seen upon my shelves a rather fine edition of Lord Byron. Of all the poets he is my favorite, when describing wild nature. Why, what do you think would have been his handling of this grand midnight scene—these glorious cliffs, these snow-clad mountains, these glittering icebergs, glaciers, midnight sun—he who could behold the comparatively insignificant ice streams of the Alps, and call them ‘palaces of nature,’ where eternity sat throned in ‘icy halls of cold sublimity,’ and write so grandly about their expanding, yet appalling the human spirit, and how insignificant man stands forth in contrast with nature in her rugged grandeur? Why, sir, what Byron saw was as nothing compared with this, and yet you call this solitude. Now let me answer you in this with a quotation from my favorite, which

everybody, no doubt, who reads your splendid language, has by heart—that is to say, if I am not tiring your patience.”

“By no means,” I answered. “You cannot please me better than by praising this great poet, or by quoting from him.”

“That being the case, then here are the lines I want to use—

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,  
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,  
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,  
And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely, been;  
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen;  
With the wild flock that never heeds a fold;  
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;  
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold

Converse with nature's charms, and see her stores unroll'd.’

“To be sure there is here no ‘forest's shady scene,’ but I have oftentimes, in the winter moonlight, come to this same spot, and, looking out over the desolate, frozen sea, have, in the dark trailing shadow of a high ridge of hummock ice and icebergs, imagined that I was looking out upon a great woodland, such as I have many a time seen in winter time elsewhere. But if the forest is not here, all the rest of it most surely is; but the reverse of the picture quite as surely, is not. And now to wind up all this Byronic sentiment, let me just say, in the same Spenserian meter as before, and from the same excellent fountain head of poetry,

‘I live not in myself, but I become  
Portion of that around me; and to me,  
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum  
Of human cities torture.’

[**Maury, J. B.**] “The Gateways to the Pole,” *Putnam's Magazine* N.s. IV No. 23 (Nov. 1869) 521-537; “The Dumb Guides to the Pole” N.s. IV No. 24 (Dec. 1869) 727-40.

An extended and approving study of Silas Bent's theories of the open polar sea and thermal currents, saying that previous explorers have ignored the natural paths of warm currents & that Bent's purpose is the humane one of saving lives in fruitless attempts on the North Pole. p. 527, Kane had read Bent & in Vol. I of *Arctic Explorations*, p. 309, shows his approbation of Bent's theory. p. 727, uses bird observations as guide to the Pole, using Noah's dove as well as Kane citing numerous birds at 79 degrees (Vol. I. p. 289). p. 740. Conclusion: Captain Bent's—we speak advisedly—is *the first proposition ever seriously made to the world, for a direct practical and commercial sea-lane from the North Atlantic to the North Pacific*. To try it would involve less expense than any Polar expedition known to history. [It is roughly what the *Jeannette* attempted a few years later, at considerable expense and lives.]

**Schott, Charles A.** Scientific Observations of Dr. I. I. Hayes' Arctic Expedition of 1860-61. Port Foulke Observatory, Sept 9 1860. Library of Congress. Miscellaneous Manuscript Collections. Nine notebooks labeled 2108

Schott, who worked for the Coast and Geodetic Survey, appears to have done the analysis of Hayes' data in 1865. At end of Part I, the "Computation of the Astronomical Observations" is a draft letter from Schott to Hayes (Feb. 13, 1865) about their publication.

Part II is Magnetic Observations (in books labeled V. VI and VII). Schott was doing this on contract with the Smithsonian & on June 3, 1865 sent them a bill for \$175—see tipped in letter at end of Vol. VI. An earlier letter from Nov. 28, 1864, outlining payment is tipped in front of Vol. VII.

A later volume, Box 2 of Box 1 of the Schott papers has letter from Schott to Howgate, April 10, 1880 (re Howgate's hope of magnetic observations at LFB) in response to Howgate's request on April 6, 1880: If there is any special magnetic work that occurs to you as being desirable from this locality [LFB] be kind enough to indicate it and I will

endeavor to have it done as well as possible. Very Truly Yours H. W. Howgate.

Howgate used a handsome letterhead with a round map of the Arctic regions covering half of the front sheet and naming Lady Franklin Bay. On April 14 he thanked Schott for his of April 10: I hope to see you in person before the Expedition starts and when we can talk this subject over more fully.

The last volume in this box has to do with US rain tables & wind measurements. Schott in 1870 was finding work for a Mr. Diebitsch (re Josephine?). These three volumes are mostly observations and tables, with incoming correspondence laid in and many of Schott's draft replies included.

## **Wamsley, Douglas.**

### **1869 US Greenland Expedition of William Bradford (aboard *Panther*)**

**Bradford, William.** *The Arctic Regions: Illustrated with Photographs Taken on an Art Expedition to Greenland.* Michail Lapedes, Editor. Boston, MA: David R. Godine, in association with the New Bedford Whaling Museum, 2013.

The narrative of Bradford's 1869 original is all but unreadable in its original elephant folio format. This version offers a readable Bradford at last, with reduced text format and all the illustrations. The text is a fairly straightforward account of the Greenland voyage, with some good coverage of the natives encountered and especially of the Danish hospitality in several outports. Bradford proudly says at the outset that his ship, the *Panther*, was a temperance ship for all crew and passengers. p. 21, July 14<sup>th</sup>, 1869: At first it was plain sailing, the ship encountering only a hard knock now and then. But on getting out into the open water a long heavy swell set everything in motion. Lulled into a feeling of security by the comparative quiet of the last few days, trunks, boxes,

books, bottles, had been lying loose, and as the *Panther* met this swell they seemed endued with life.

p. 24: “News,” so considered, is far from new when it reaches Greenland; but Dr. Rudolph, at Upernavik, manages to maintain the semblance of old associations, after a very original plan of his own. He receives by the store-ship files of all the Danish daily papers for the previous year, and every morning with his coffee takes from the file papers of the same date, and goes through the form of discussing the current topics of the day.

p. 147: alludes to a choice library of Dr. Rudolph at Upernavik.

### **1870-73 US North Pole Expedition of Charles Hall (aboard USS *Polaris*)**

**Bessells, Emil.** *Polaris: The Chief Scientist's Recollections of the American North Polar Expedition, 1871-73.* Translated from the German ... by William Barr. Calgary, CAN: University of Calgary Press, 2016.

**Davis, Charles H.** *Narrative of the North Polar Expedition. U.S. Ship Polaris, Captain Charles Francis Hall Commanding.* Edited under the Direction of Hon. G. M. Robeson... by Rear-Admiral C. H. Davis, Washington, DC: Government Printing Office, 1876.

Here is the official report of the Expedition, prepared from the journals of the officers and men, including the incidents of George Tyson's ice-floe party. William Barr, in his 2016 edition of Bessel's journal, refers to this as a “sugar-coated” account of the expedition. p. 54, a description of divine service in Godhavn: The services were very simple. Three hymns were sung, or rather chanted, in a low tone of voice, the slowness of utterance increasing the monotony. A passage of Scripture was read, prayers were offered, and a sermon preached.

p. 62, at Upernavik: The wooden house constructed by the crew of the *Polaris* was still standing, with its bunks, mattresses, furniture, galley, &c, as also was the rough carpenter's bench ; while provisions,

instruments, books, and stores of various kinds were scattered in every direction. All the manuscripts, including a mutilated log-book, and all the other books not torn into pieces, together with some fire arms and broken instruments, the ship's bell, and some medical stores, were taken on board the Tigress. The provisions were of no value. No cairn, or place of concealment

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The Seamen's Friend Society of New York City, in addition to the gift of a ship's library which they usually make to all vessels bound on long cruises, had presented to Captain Hall copies of "The Sailor's Companion," for use on the Polaris. This work, prepared by Dr. Jas. Alexander of Princeton, contains a manual of worship, forms for special occasions, and sermons from the pens of eminent divines. The society also presented copies of sermons by Rev. Dr. W. S. Plumer, D.C., of South Carolina. The American Tract Society gave a number of hymn-books, called "Songs of Zion." The Bible Society had made a donation of a number of bibles. [cf. the library now at Mystic Seaport].

p. 101-02: At 11 a.m., all hands were called to the cabin to attend divine service. Before the service Captain Hall took the opportunity to speak of their work and future prospects. He said that the vessel had reached latitude 82° 26' N.—a position higher than that attained by any other ship; that they had done all they could, and had only given in to a force that it was impossible to resist; that if it were God's will that the vessel should continue to drift during the winter, they still might be proud of the success already accomplished.... In conclusion, he urged upon all to give the closest attention to the religious services in which they were

about to engage, as, at that particular time, they all needed the assistance of a higher power.

p. 154-55, during Hall's 1871 sledge trip: On the morning of the 17th, Captain Hall made the following record: "This morning read prayers; the beautiful and appropriate one of Dr. Newman's, designed for the use of sledge-parties while away from the ship, traveling toward the North Pole. All listened to its impressive sentiments." Dr. Newman, at the request of Captain Hall, had prepared three prayers for use on the expedition, which were printed in small books, for circulation among the men. These forms were frequently used at divine service on Sundays and at daily morning prayers. Becoming dissatisfied with that arrangement, and thinking that no exact form of words could express the particular wants and desires of each occasion, and that the men did not take much interest in the exercise when they knew exactly what would be said, Captain Hall had persuaded Mr. Bryan to offer extemporaneous prayer. He favored also extemporaneous speaking, and had frequently said that before the winter was over the written sermons must be laid aside, and the Sunday discourse be delivered without notes

p. 212-13, re William Morton: He had been with De Haven in the first Grinnell expedition (1850-51), and with Kane in the second (1853-55). Dr. Kane said of Morton that he was as gallant and trustworthy a man as ever shared the fortunes or claimed the gratitude of a commander. Morton transferred to Hall the allegiance he had formerly given to Kane.

Mr. E. Schumann, the engineer, had been assistant engineer in the service of the Lloyds Steamship Company, having been a long time on board the Saxon. He was an excellent engineer and machinist. The manner in which he saved the Polaris from destruction (described in the body of this narrative), proved that he possessed great coolness and excellent judgment. When he joined the Polaris, he could scarcely speak a word of English; before he returned to the United States he not only spoke the language well and fluently, but enjoyed reading the works of Dickens.

p. 458, November 1872: On the 14th, though it was cloudy, no difficulty was experienced in reading the smallest type. Mr. Chester was busy



copying his log into a smaller book, which would be more easily carried, while the original might be cached near the house.

p. 586, August 1873: The wooden house constructed by the crew of the *Polaris* was still standing, with its bunks, mattresses, furniture, galley, &c, as also was the rough carpenter's bench; while provisions, instruments, books, and stores of various kinds were scattered in every direction. All the manuscripts, including a mutilated log-book, and all the other books not torn into pieces, together with some fire arms and broken instruments, the ship's bell, and some medical stores, were taken on board the *Tigress*. The provisions were of no value. No cairn, or place of concealment, for records or papers was found.

p. 599: On the 21 [June 1873], Captain Hall's large Arctic library was carefully packed in his trunk, taken about one-fourth of a mile in a direction E.S.E. from the house, and there placed in a cache; where also were deposited the pendulum, the transit-instrument without its glasses, three box-chronometers (sidereal), and the two log-books of the *Polaris*, together with a statement of what had been done by the Expedition. And of their present prospect of reaching in the boats either one of the Scotch whalers at Cape York, or the Danish settlements. [p. 670 inventory refers to "Two or three trunks containing the arctic library of the late Capt. C. F. Hall."]

**Henderson, Bruce.** *Fatal North: Adventure and Survival Aboard USS Polaris, the First U.S. Expedition to the North Pole.* New York: New American Library, 2001.

A mediocre recounting of the *Polaris* expedition, the poisoning of Captain Hall, the Tyson trip on the ice floe. Nothing about reading except one note on the presence of books.

p. 250, on abandoned camp on Littleton Island: The winter camp was a scene of complete disorder and wilful destruction.... But its condition showed that no pains had been taken to seal up or preserve in any way the records, books, or scientific instruments. Also, a careful search failed to reveal any written record of *Polaris* being abandoned. Violating one

of the oldest rules of Arctic exploring, there had been nothing left in writing about which route the men intended to go looking for rescue.

Tyson uncovered a log book, out of which was torn, he noted, all reference to the death of Captain Hall. Also strangely missing from the chronology, much to Tyson's discontent, was any account of the October 15 separation of eighteen souls left on the ice. He did find this disturbing undated note: 'Captain Hall's papers thrown overboard today.'

**Loomis, Chauncey C.** *Weird and Tragic Shores: The Story of Charles Francis Hall, Explorer.* New York: Knopf, 1971.

An excellent account of the life of the most eccentric of Arctic explorers who essentially abandoned his family in Cincinnati to pursue his Arctic dreams. Unprepared and inexperienced in Arctic ways, he adopted to and adapted Eskimo ways of living and survival by living with them for long periods and learning from them their secrets of survival. Both his origins and demise are clouded in mystery.

p. 41-42, Hall kept notebooks describing his reading, quite random until 1857 when he began to focus on the Arctic.

p. 62, re Hall's reading of Arctic books in preparation for his first expedition.

p. 74, reads from "Masonic Manual" in funeral rites for Kudlago aboard *George Henry*.

p. 87: He immediately began to give Tookoolito reading and writing lessons, and when Christmas came he gave her the Bible that had been presented to him by the Young Men's Christian Union of Cincinnati.....

**Nickerson, Sheila.** *Midnight to the North: The Untold Story of the Woman Who Saved the Polaris Expedition.* New York: Jeremy P. Tarcher/Putnam, 2002.

Recounting the *Polaris* debacle from the perspective of Tookoolito, a fairly compelling narrative with not much new added, and a good deal of sentimental slush.

p. 95, On January 29, Tyson noted: ...It is now one hundred and seven days since I have seen printed words! *What a treat a bundle of old papers would be! All the world over, I suppose some people are wasting and destroying what would make others feel rich indeed.*

I remember visiting the Yupik village of Aleknagik near Dillingham, Alaska, where a teacher claimed to have read 103 books during one winter there. The specificity grabbed my heart as I looked through the fall, fading grasses of late summer at dogs barking from the roofs of their small houses. Beyond stretched the immensity of the lakes and mountains of the Kuskokwim. This teacher did not say ‘about one hundred books.’ She did not say ‘many’ books. She said ‘103.’ Tyson said ‘107 days.’ Loneliness can wear this suit of numbers, a clothing as stark and unadorned as arithmetic.

p. 98ff, describes Charles Francis Hall archives at the National Museum of American History, Smithsonian.

**Parry, Richard.** *Trial by Ice: The True Story of Murder and Survival on the 1871 Polaris Expedition.* New York: Ballantine Books, 2001.

A rather pedestrian and purple account of the *Polaris* expedition of 1871, the death of Charles F. Hall, the separation of the ship from several of the crew, the stranded sailors’ remarkable survival, and the whitewash of the inquiry into the fate of Hall and the expedition.

p. 27: In the captain’s cabin, Hall packed books on Arctic exploration, including a copy of Luke Fox’s *Arctic Voyage of 1635*.

p. 245: According to Buddington, the books about the Arctic that Charles Francis Hall had loved so well were packed in his sea chest along with two of the *Polaris*’s logbooks the following day and dragged a quarter mile from the camp. There—along with two boxed chronometers, the pendulum, and the transit—they were buried in a stone cashe. As an afterthought Buddington included a letter detailing the directions and the plans of the two lifeboats in case a whaling vessel might stumble upon the marker.

p. 279-80, on returning to the Arctic to rescue the remaining *Polaris* party, Tyson, Ebierling, a covert *NY Herald* reporter, and Commander

Greer, the search party found the ruined remains of the Buddington camp: Shaking his head, Greer walked among the mess, collecting torn books and manuscripts and broken instruments. Not only was this deliberate destruction of government property, but maintaining records of the expedition and its scientific findings was one of the highest priorities of the mission, next only to reaching the North Pole.

Examining the mutilated papers aboard the *Tigress*, Tyson and Greer found many pages missing from the logs. The defacing of the logs and journals was carefully done, something entirely different from the random scattering of the supplies. All references to the death of Captain Hall were torn out. 'I had an opportunity last evening,' Tyson wrote in another journal he had started on boarding the *Tigress*, 'of looking over the mutilated diaries and journals left in the deserted hut off Littleton Island. Not one but has the leaves cut out relating to Captain Hall's death.' In fact, no mention of the separation of Tyson's group on the night of October 15 existed either.

p. 292-95 gives a list of the first books about the disastrous expedition: Epes Sargent's *The Wonders of the Arctic World*. Philadelphia 1873, including William H. Cunningham's evasive account of the expedition which Parry calls the beginning of the coverup.

**Tyson, George Emory.** *Arctic Experiences: Containing Capt. George E. Tyson's Wonderful Drift on the Ice-floe, A History of the Polaris Expedition, the Cruise of the Tigress, and Rescue of the Polar Survivors. To which is Added a General Arctic Chronology.* Edited by Euphemia Vale Blake. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1874.

A fascinating account of an extraordinary drift on an ice-floe, preceded by "A General Arctic Chronology" by the Editor, E. Vale Blake, (p. 19-74).

p. 73, in a section titled Modern Chivalry: The Arctic regions alone remain a *terra incognita*, so attractive to the knights-errant of science. Where, then, shall the Mr. Greathearts disport themselves, if not in the land of the Aurora? Away with your calculating financiers, who count

the cost of every thing to the uttermost farthing; and give place to the royal enthusiasts who are ready once more to try again—ready to attack and demolish the only geographical mystery left to this book-whelmed generation.

Do you doubt the courage? do you doubt the chivalry? Hunt up your books of travel, bring out your biographies, and see if you can find a parallel to the courage, skill, endurance, tact, self-control, and Christian trust in an ever-guiding Providence, which enabled the chief officer on the ice-floe, Captain Tyson, to maintain, without any positive exhibition of authority, a tranquil, firm, and careful oversight of the eighteen persons providentially thrown upon his direction. The Arctic regions alone remain a terra in-cognita<sup>^</sup> so attractive to the knights-errant of science. Where, then, shall the Mr. Greathearts disport themselves, if not in the land of the Aurora? Away with your calculating financiers, who count the cost of every thing to the uttermost farthing; and give place to the royal enthusiasts who are ready once more to try again—ready to attack and demolish the only geographical mystery left to this book-whelmed generation.

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to their places while the winds and waves contended for their hunger-smitten bodies.”

p. 92-97—good account of boarding of the *Resolute* after a similarly long drift.

p. 104-05: In the cabin, in addition to the small but select library which Captain Hall always had with him, was a cabinet organ, which had been generously presented to the late commander by the “Smith Organ Company,” with the hope that its sweet strains would not only assist the regular Sunday service on board the *Polaris*, but that on other occasions it would help to while away the tedious hours when prevented from the exercise of more active duties, during the long Arctic night.

Some very valuable books were lost when the *Polaris* foundered. That generous and long-trying friend of Arctic exploration, J. Carson Brevoort, of Brooklyn, New York, had, among other volumes of interest and value, placed on board of that vessel for Captain Hall’s use, an entire set of the British Parliamentary Blue-books relating to the English Arctic exploring expeditions. There was also a copy of Luke Fox’s “Arctic Voyage of 1635,” much valued by its owner, partly from its bearing the following endorsement in Captain Hall’s own handwriting, it having been loaned to him also in 1864:

This book belongs to my friend, J. Carson Brevoort.

To-morrow, March 31, myself and native party, consisting of 13 souls, start on my sledge-journey to King William Land.

C. F. HALL,

29th (Snow House) Enc’t., near Fort Hope, Repulse Bay,

Lat. 66° 32' N., long. 86° 56' W.

Friday, March 30, 1866.

[The entire letter is given in an Appendix, p. 467-68.]

Part of his library Captain Hall saved—a few books—by leaving them in Greenland with Inspector Karrup Smith, but many others went down with the good ship *Polaris* in sight of Life-boat Cove, while others were mutilated, destroyed, or abandoned.

p. 109: To assist in this being done [proper measurements of location], the *Polaris* was liberally supplied with all needed instruments of the best quality as also with charts and books, and whatever else was needed to command success.

p. 115: Tyson describes Hall's enthusiasm for Arctic literature: For nearly ten years before he sailed on his first Arctic voyage he had been an enthusiastic reader of Arctic literature. Naturally attracted by the subject, which has fascinated so many brilliant minds, he searched out, read up, and carefully studied every thing relating to Polar affairs which he could get hold of; and by the time that England and the United States were fully awakened to the necessity of sending relieving parties to search for Sir John Franklin, young Hall was fully aroused, eager and anxious to join in the search. The first Grinnell Expedition especially excited his enthusiasm, but no way then appeared open to him by which he could join it. Disappointed in that, he made another unsuccessful effort to go out with M'Clintock, in 1857.

At this time his mind was so unsettled between his desire to go on a Polar expedition and the necessary claims of his family — for he had married in Cincinnati—that his business, never very profitable, became more and more embarrassed. To his eye, the Polar regions had all the attraction of a terrestrial paradise; its glistening icebergs and snow-clad plains were as enchanting to his imagination as the fairy-tales of younger days; and, above all, he had that impression of fatalism, that inspiration of a personal mission, which looked to some of his friends like a mania, but which was a convincing voice to him that success was possible, and that he was the person to succeed.

p.144-45: In Goodhavn near Disco Island: “On Sunday, August 6, went to church, which, considering the size of the place, was well attended both by resident Danes and Esquimaux. Here, I suppose, we shall wait for the *Congress*, United States store-ship. Mr.—told me that my commission would be sent out by her. After seeing what I have, it would

suit me just as well if it did not come, for then I should have a decent excuse to return home. There is nothing I should like better than to continue the voyage if all was harmonious, and if each person understood his place and his proper duties.

“Aug. 10. United States store-ship *Congress* arrived from New York with provisions and coal. After storing the *Polaris* to her utmost capacity, the rest was landed at Disco, as a depot, in case the expedition should need it hereafter. Captain Davenport and Rev. Dr. Newman, who came up in the *Congress* have had their hands full trying to straighten things out between Captain Hall and the disaffected. Some of the party seem bound to go contrary anyway, and if Hall wants a thing done, that is just what they won't do. There are two parties already, if not three, aboard. All the foreigners hang together, and expressions are freely made that Hall shall not get any credit out of this expedition. Already some have made up their minds how far they will go, and when they will get home again—queer sort of explorers these!

“Aug. 17. Captain Hall has purchased a number of dogs for our sledge -excursions. The Rev. Dr. Newman, of Washington, came aboard the *Polaris* and held a service, using the following prayer, one of three which he has written expressly for the expedition:

#### PRAYER AT SEA.

“ ‘O God of the land and of the sea, to Thee we offer our humble prayers. The whole creation proclaims Thy wisdom, power, and goodness. The heavens declare Thy glory, and the firmament showeth Thy handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. And we thank Thee for the clearer and fuller revelation of Thyself to man in Thy precious Word. Therein Thou hast revealed Thyself as our Sovereign and Judge. Thy law is perfect, converting the soul. Thy testimony is sure, making wise the simple. Thy statutes are right, rejoicing the heart. Thy commandment is pure, enlightening the eyes. Thy fear is clear, enduring forever. Thy judgments are true and righteous altogether. Although far from home and those who love us, yet we are not far from Thee. We are ever in Thy adorable presence; we can never withdraw from Thy sight. If we ascend up into heaven. Thou art there; if



we make our bed in hell, behold, Thou art there; if we take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy right hand lead us, and Thy right hand shall hold us. Oh, help us to be ever conscious that Thou seest us, and knowest us altogether. Though the darkness may cover us, yet the night shall be light about us; for the darkness and the light are both alike unto Thee. While on the mighty deep, be Thou our Father and our Friend; for they who go down to the sea in ships, that do business in the great waters, see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep. It is Thee who raiseth the stormy wind which lifteth up the waves; it is Thee who maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.

“Oh, hear us from Thy throne in glory, and in mercy pardon our sins, through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour. Give us noble thoughts, pure emotions, and generous sympathies for each other, while so far away from all human habitations. May we have for each other that charity that suffereth long and is kind, that envieth not, that vaunteth not itself, that is not puffed up, that seeketh not her own, that is not easily provoked, that thinketh no evil, but that beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things; that charity that never faileth.

“May it please Thee to prosper us in our great undertaking, and may our efforts at this time be crowned with abundant success. Hear us for our country, for the President of the United States, and for all who are in authority over us. And hear us for our families, and for all our friends we have left at home; and at last receive us on high, for the sake of the great Redeemer, Amen.”

"After the service we weighed anchor and steamed out of the harbor. The men on board of the *Congress* cheered us as we went off, and the most of us returned it. The weather is fine, but many icebergs are all around; some nice steering is required to avoid running afoul of them.”

p. 159, *Oct.* 24, 1872: “[Among the articles found on the ice-floe was a small private desk of Captain Hall’s which Esquimoux Joe took charge of. In this was found a small book of nine pages, containing the three prayers composed for the use of the expedition by Dr. Newman.

On the outside it was indorsed:

C. F. HALL.

“*Thank God Harbor*; lat. 81° 38' N., long. 61° 44' W.”

On the upper margin of the first page was penciled, “By Dr. Newman, for the North Polar Expedition.”

The second prayer, “on leaving the ships,” was indorsed as follows, in Captain Hall’s handwriting:

“Read 1st time 6h. 45m. to 6h. 50m. A.M., Tuesday, Oct. 17, 1871, in our snow-house, 5th enct. (encampment) on the New Bay. Lat. — N., long.— W.

“*Oct. 20, 1871. Read A.M., 7h. 0m. at our 6th enct., N. side entrance of what I now denominate Newman Bay, after Rev. Dr. Newman, the author of the three prayers of this book.*”

p. 257: from Tyson’s journal of the ice-floe trip. “*Jan. 29 [1873]. “Oh it is depressing in the extreme to sit crouched up all day, with nothing to do but try and keep from freezing! Sitting long at a time in a chair is irksome enough, but it is far more wearisome when there is no proper place to sit. No books either, no Bible, no Prayer-book, no magazines of newspapers—not even a *Harper’s Weekly*—was saved by any one, though there are almost always more or less of them to be found in a ship’s company where there are any reading men. Newspapers I have learned to do without to a great extent...but some sort of reading I always had before. *It is now one hundred and seven days since I have seen printed words!* What a treat a bundle of old newspapers would be! All the world over, I suppose some people are wasting and destroying what would make others feel rich indeed.”*”

p. 259, Soon after Tyson makes a kind of last will, not knowing if he would survive his ice-floe experience. “I make the above statement not knowing whether I shall get through this affair with life. I have told Joe and Hannah, should anything happen to me, to save these books” [this, with other notes was written on small pocket blank-books.—*Ed.*] and carry them home. It is very badly written with pencil, in a dark hut, and with very cold fingers; but, so help me God, it is all true.

“My present life is perilous enough; but I can truly say that I have felt more secure sleeping on this floe, notwithstanding the disaffection of some of the men, than I did the last eleven months on board the *Polaris*.”

p. 267, on the stunning shapes of icebergs, according to Tyson: “The most beautiful and the most grotesque may sail side by side; one may be a mile square, and the other only forty or fifty feet. Whether large or small, but a small proportion of either is seen; the great mass is always below the water. The proportion varies according to the amount of salt in the water; but a berg never shows more than an eighth or a seventh of its size. But for the terror and the beauty combined, if any one is interested in the birth, life, and death of icebergs, let them read Dr. Hayes’s book, called ‘The Land of Desolation’—meaning Greenland.”

p. 354 on finding the Polaris camp after the ship sank: “...but its condition showed at least that no pains had been taken to seal up or preserve in any way the records, books, or scientific instruments. The most diligent search failed to reveal any writing which indicated the time of their breaking up, or what route they meant to pursue. One expressive article was found, namely, a log-book, out of which was torn all reference to the death of Captain Hall.”

p. 355: “Captain Greer took possession of all the manuscripts, the log-book, the medical stores, and remains of instruments, and whatever else was of any use or value, either intrinsically or as relics, and then returned on board the Tigress.”

p. 366: “We picked up many relics of the Polaris, such as books, tools, and manuscripts, which Captain Greer has now in his possession.”

p. 467-68: Extract of Letter from J. Carson Brevoort, Esq., to the Editor  
Brooklyn, December 20, 1873 \*

\* \* “The Polaris expedition was an official one, and I had nothing to do with it beyond lending to Captain Hall a few books, and consulting with him about his proposed line of search. I do not know whether the ‘Blue-books’ were saved or not. \* \* \* Kane had a lot of my books with him in the Advance, which he abandoned in Rensselaer Harbor; Hayes had some, which have been returned. Hall had a copy of ‘Luke Fox’s Voyage of 1635, ...’”

**Davis, C. H.** *Narrative of the North Polar Expedition, U. S. Ship Polaris.* Washington: Government Printing Office, 1876.

**Sargent, Epes L.** *The Wonders of the Arctic World: A History of All the Researches and Discoveries in the Frozen North, from the Earliest Times.* [“Perils and Escapes among Icebergs!” precedes title.] *Together with a Complete and Reliable History of The Polaris Expedition.* By William H. Cunnington. Philadelphia, John E. Potter, 1873.

This large volume neatly combines two works, the first a general history of arctic exploration up to the Hall expedition (Sargent) with an early hagiography of Hall, or in Parry’s words, a “massive whitewash” .

p. 37, on Barentz expedition: They lost one of their number on the 26th; he had long been ill; they dug a grave seven feet in the snow; and then, as is mournfully recorded, “after that we had read certaine chapters and sung some psalmes, we all went out and buried the man.” As the days lengthened, the light enabled them to take exercise, though the weather still remained as severe as before.

p. 55, on relics of Barentz expedition: The huts were still there, just as Barentz had left them nearly three hundred years before. In the rude hearth lay the relics of the long extinguished fire. Upon the shelf were books from the old Dutchman's library—a work on navigation, the latest edition published before he had sailed, and a history of China translated into Dutch. Jugs and dishes, wherein had been prepared the drink and food of the adventurers, were scattered here and there, and even a pair of shoes were found which had belonged to a little cabin boy, who, as says the records, had died upon the voyage. There were also quaint engravings, and a curious mathematical instrument intended to assist in obtaining longitude. All these articles were carefully collected, and were carried to Europe on Carlsen’s return.

p. 390, on winter occupations of the Bellot and Kennedy expedition in February 1852: They had a good library on board, and spent much of their time in reading. The doctor kept school, and the crew would often sit in groups, listening to his discourses, or employed in making flannel socks, canvas jackets, and other useful articles.

p. 511: The collections of natural history the party were reluctantly compelled to leave behind, and part of the apparatus for observations, as well as the library of the commander, and the books furnished by the government and Mr. Grinnell for the use of the vessel. Nothing was retained but the documents of the expedition.

p. 534-38, finding the abandoned *Resolute* and its subsequent adventures: In the month of September, 1855, the whaler George Henry, Captain Buddington, of New London, Connecticut, was drifting along, beset by the ice, in Baffin's Bay, when one morning the captain, looking through his glass, saw a large ship some fifteen or twenty miles distant, apparently working her way towards him. Day after day, while helplessly imprisoned in the pack, he watched her coming nearer and nearer. On the seventh day, the mate, Mr. Quail, and three men, were sent to find out what she was.

After a hard day's journey over the ice,—jumping from piece to piece, and pushing themselves along on isolated cakes,—they were near enough to see that she was lying on her larboard side, firmly imbedded in the ice. They shouted lustily, as soon as they got within hailing distance; but there was no answer. Not a soul was to be seen. For one moment, as they came along side, the men faltered, with a superstitious feeling, and hesitated to go on board. A moment after, they had climbed over the broken ice, and stood on deck. Everything was stowed away in order—spars hauled up and lashed to one side, boats piled together, hatches calked down. Over the helm, in letters of brass, was inscribed the motto “England expects every man to do his duty.” But there was no man to heed the warning.

The whalemens broke open the companion-way, and descended into the cabin. All was silence and darkness. Groping their way to the table, they found matches and candles, and struck a light. There were decanters and glasses on the table, chairs and lounges standing around, books scattered about—everything just as it had been last used. Looking curiously from one thing to another, wondering what this deserted ship might be, at last they came upon the log-book. It was endorsed, “Bark *Resolute*, 1st September, 1853, to April, 1854.” One entry was as follows: “H. M. S. *Resolute*, 17th January, 1854, nine a. m.—Mustered

by divisions. People taking exercise on deck. Five p. m.—Mercury frozen.”

This told the story. It was Captain Kellett's ship, the *Resolute*, which had broken away from her icy prison, and had thus fallen into the hands of our Yankee whalers.

While the men were making these discoveries, night came on, and a gale arose. So hard did it blow that they were compelled to remain on board, and for two days these four were the whole crew of the *Resolute*. It was not till 19th September that they returned to their own ship, and made their report.

All these ten days, since Captain Buddington had first seen her, the vessels had been nearing each other. On the 19th he boarded her himself, and found that in her hold, on the larboard side, was a good deal of ice. Her tanks had burst, from the extreme cold; and she was full of water, nearly to her lower deck. Everything that could move from its place had moved. Everything between decks was wet; everything that would mould was mouldy. “A sort of perspiration” had settled on the beams and ceilings. The whalers made a fire in Kellett's stove, and soon started a sort of shower from the vapor with which it filled the air. The *Resolute* had, however, four fine force-pumps. For three days the captain and six men worked fourteen hours a day on one of these, and had the pleasure of finding that they freed her of water,—that she was tight still. They cut away upon the masses of ice; and on the 23d of September, in the evening, she freed herself from her encumbrances, and took an even keel. This was off the west shore of Baffin's Bay, in latitude 67°. On the shortest tack, she was twelve hundred miles from where Kellett left her.

There was work enough still to be done. The rudder was to be shipped, the rigging to be made taut, sail to be set;—and it proved, by the way, that the sail on the yards was much of it still serviceable, while a suit of new linen sails below were greatly injured by moisture. In a week more, she was ready to make sail. The pack of ice still drifted with both ships; but, on the 21st October, after a long north-west gale, the *Resolute* was free.

Capt. Buddington had resolved to bring her home. He had picked ten men from the *George Henry*, and with a rough tracing of the American coast, drawn on a sheet of foolscap, with his lever watch and a quadrant for his instruments, he squared off for New London. A rough, hard passage they had of it. The ship's ballast was gone, by the bursting of the tanks; she was top-heavy and undermanned. He spoke a British whaling-bark, and by her sent to Captain Kellett his epaulets, and to his own owners news that he was coming. They had heavy gales and head were driven as far down as the Bermudas. The water left in the ship's tanks was brackish, and it needed all the seasoning which the ship's chocolate would give to make it drinkable. "For sixty hours at a time," says the captain, "I frequently had no sleep;" but his perseverance was crowned with success, at last, and, on the night of the 23d of December, he made the light off the harbor from which he sailed, and on Sunday morning, the 24th, dropped anchor in the Thames, opposite New London, and ran up the British ensign on the shorn masts of the *Resolute*.

Her subsequent history is fresh in the minds of our readers. The British government generously released all their claim in favor of the salvors. Thereupon, Congress resolved that the vessel should be purchased and restored as a present to her majesty from the American people. This design was fully carried out. The *Resolute* was taken to the dry-dock in Brooklyn, and there put in complete order. Everything on board—even the smallest article—was replaced as nearly as possible in its original position; and, at length, having been manned and officered from the United States navy, and placed under the command of Captain Hartstein, the *Resolute*, stanch and sound again, from stem to stern, "with sails all set and streamers all afloat," once more shaped her course for England, where she arrived in December, 1856, and was presented to Queen Victoria with appropriate ceremonies.

p.548, on finding some Franklin relics: Lieut, Hobson continued his journey southward along the western shore of King William's Land, but made no further discovery until he reached lat. 69° 9' N., and long. 99° 27' W., when he noticed what appeared to be two sticks peering above the frozen snow. Struck with their singularity in this barbarous region,

he was led to examine them more closely, and was rewarded by finding that these “sticks” were in fact the awning stancheons of a boat buried in the snow; and on clearing around it, the ghastly spectacle of two human skeletons presented itself. One of these lay in the after part of the boat, under a pile of clothing; the other, which was much more disturbed, probably by animals, was found in the bow. Five pocket watches, a quantity of silver spoons and forks, and a few religious books, were also found, but no journals, pocket-books, or even names upon any articles of clothing. Two double-barreled guns stood upright against the boat's side, precisely as they had been placed eleven years before. One barrel in each was loaded and cocked. There was ammunition in abundance, also thirty or forty pounds of chocolate, and some tea and tobacco. Fuel was not wanting; a drift tree lay within a hundred yards of the boat. It appears that this boat had been intended for the ascent of the Fish River, but was abandoned apparently upon a return journey to the ships, the sledge upon which she was mounted being pointed in that direction. She measured twenty-eight feet in length by seven and a half feet wide, was most carefully fitted, and made as light as possible, but the sledge was of solid oak, and almost as heavy as the boat.

p. 562 The few Franklin books recovered of the 3000 aboard the two ships: The books recovered are very few; they would, of course, succumb early to the rigors of exposure,—but there is still well preserved a small edition of the ‘Vicar of Wakefield,’ some religious poetry, and a French Testament, on the fly-leaf of which is written, in a delicate female hand, ‘From your attached (the appellation is obliterated) S. M. P.’

p. 569, on Hall's early life: He evinced a fondness for books of travel and adventure in early boyhood. Having been put to the trade of engraving, he devoted his spare change to procuring, and his spare moments to reading, works of this class. He early became an ardent sharer in the interest in the then uncertain fate of Sir John Franklin, and in 1850 began to look forward to taking an active part in the search for him and his party, or at least for some certain information concerning them. It was about this time that the first Grinnell expedition was in course of fitting out, and the popular interest was intense throughout this



country and indeed in all parts of the civilized world. Hall, during the next decade, became not only an enthusiastic student, but devoted every moment of leisure at his command to acquainting himself with all that was known in regard to polar matters; and being of active mind, he made his own deductions, formed his own opinions, and matured his own plans.

p. 641, on Hall's first winter with the Esquimaux: Thus, in a short time, our friends found themselves quite comfortable, with a good house, plenty of warm clothing and a sufficient supply of food, which, if not the best, was palatable and wholesome. The general health was excellent, and every one was cheerful. Time did not hang so drearily upon them as might have been anticipated, though hunting and other like pastime appeared impracticable, and they were restricted to reading (and this embraced no large supply or variety of reading matter), chess, draughts, cards and spinning "yarns."

### **1877-78            US Preliminary Arctic Expedition for IPY 1881-84 (led by Howard Howgate)**

**Howgate, H. W.** *Polar Colonization: The Preliminary Arctic Expedition of 1877*. Washington: Beresford Printer, 1877?.

Describes a preliminary plan of exploration, useful for another main expedition of 1878, but involving both meteorological and naturalist research. The expedition had George Tyson as choosing a suitable ship, the *Florence*, and captain of the expedition which sailed on August 3 from New London for a year-long venture. Howgate was a flawed character who nonetheless was a consummate bookman, none better to prepare for the book needs of the IPY expedition in 1881.

p. 3: Kind friends from all parts of the country have contributed from their stores, in addition to articles of food and clothing, a liberal supply of books and papers to wile away the long, weary hours of the sunless Arctic winter. A spare berth in the forecandle is filled with story-books, histories, novels, and volumes of poetry: a large trunk is filled to overflowing with papers, and still another is loaded down with

magazines; the whole making a library of considerable dimensions.... The Secretary of the Navy furnished a complete outfit of maps, charts, and sailing directions.

p. 4, the objective was to prepare a base at Lady Franklin Bay and Tyson's instructions or the same to his possible successors as commander were to carry out the objects of the expedition "keeping a stout head and committing himself and comrades to the care of Divine Providence." In addition to a future colony at Lady Franklin Bay, objectives were to collect scientific data and specimens, and capture sufficient bone and oil to make a profitable return cargo. Finally it was intended to link up with the next expedition of 1878 at Disco and return home. Also called for temperance, fair and firm dealing with aborigines, and finally (p. 5) "I commend yourself and crew to the care of an All-wise Power, with the prayer that your voyage may be prosperous and your return a safe and happy one." (H.W. Howgate, United States Army).

p. 41, aboard *Florence*: Kind friends from all parts of the country contributed...a liberal supply of books and papers to while away the long, weary hours of the sunless Arctic winter. A spare berth in the forecabin was filled with story-books, histories, novels, and volumes of poetry. A large trunk was filled to overflowing with papers, and still another loaded down with magazines; the whole making a library of considerable dimensions....

p. 42: The Secretary of the Navy furnished a complete outfit of maps, charts, and sailing directions.

p. 45, Howgate cautions against use of alcohol.

In 1879 Howgate gave a copy of this book to the American Philosophical Society (*Proceedings*, 18, no. 103 (1879) p. 154. The APS library catalogue indicates a signed copy at PAM 350.no.9. Another version signed by Howgate is PAM 350.no.8.

**Kumlien, Ludwig.** *Contributions to the Natural History of Arctic America, Made in Connection with the Howgate Polar Expedition, 1877-78.* Washington: Government Printing Office, 1879.

No references here to books or reading, though his work as naturalist would probably have required some sources.

**Tyson, George E.** *The Cruise of the Florence; Or, Extracts from the Journal of the Preliminary Arctic Expedition of 1877-78.* Edited by Captain H. W. Howgate, U.S.A. Washington, DC: James J. Chapman, 1879.

This expedition had three stated objectives, preparation for a colony at Lady Franklin Bay, collection of scientific data, and commercial whaling (p. 8-9). Despite Howgate's description of books aboard *Florence* (see below), there are no references to reading in Tyson's abstracts, though he has an engaging and easy-going style. p. 7: Kind friends from all parts of the country contributed from their stores, in addition to articles of food and clothing, a liberal supply of books and papers to while away the long, weary hours of the sunless Arctic winter. A spare berth in the forecabin was filled with story-books, histories, novels, and volumes of poetry; a large trunk was filled to overflowing with papers, and still another was loaded down with magazines; the whole making a library of considerable dimensions.... The Chief Signal Officer of the Army supplied a complete outfit of necessary instruments for making meteorological observations.... The Secretary of the Navy furnished a complete outfit of maps, charts, and sailing directions.... (Howgate introduction).

p. 60-61: Chapter on "Winter in Cumberland Gulf": Often, when about to retire, I find the blankets frozen to the side of the berth, and the books, papers, and clothing in a like condition from freezing. Our kerosene oil is also frozen, and is consequently much injured.

p. 113: April 25, 1878: Last night at 12 o'clock it was light enough to see to read large print.

**1879 US Treasury Summer Cruise to Alaska (Captain Bailey aboard *Richard Rush*)**

**Wardman, George.** *Trip to Alaska. A Narrative of What was Seen and Heard During a Summer Cruise in Alaskan Waters.* San Francisco: Samuel Carson & Company. 1884.

p. 79-80, on Russian church services in the 1880s: As you enter, the congregation stands facing the screen, but back from the rotunda. The men stand upon the right, the women on the left. The singers consist of men and boys led by the second priest. In Sitka the choir had a position behind a screen to the right of the rotunda. Here in Onalaska they occupy a narrow gallery, where there is also a bench for visitors.

There may be no priest in sight, but the singing in a monotonous half-chant continues at all times when the priest is not reading or praying. Presently the curtain in the centre is drawn back, an altar within the *sanctum sanctorum* is revealed, and a priest in gorgeous vestments and wearing a tall, bell-crowned, blue-velvet hat, is seen reading, praying, or swinging a censer. The attendant who waits upon him kisses his hand with each article given him, and crosses himself as he passes the altar. The curtain is drawn again and the holy of holies is once more concealed from view.

p. 81-83, on Russian-native relations regarding religion among the Aleuts of Onalaska: As to religion, it is with these people a matter of faith, pure and unadulterated. It is the priest's business to conduct them to heaven. All they have to do is what they are told, and this they appear to do in great earnestness, at least in form.

The Russians had the advantage over others in dealing with these people, which is the result of both using the same language and of long domination, which completely subjected them to the will of what they for generations felt be a superior race backed by unlimited power. The children got some exceedingly primitive rudiments of book knowledge in the Russian language, but not enough to hurt them with all the proverbial perils of limited learning. Now the Alaska Commercial Company supports an English school upon this as upon each of the seal islands. Until English becomes the language of the country, American missionaries need not look to do much proselyting from the Russian church. In truth there does not seem to be any reason why they should.

The Aleuts are peaceful and contented, and will ask for nothing that their present condition does not afford them until their characters shall have been changed by the intermingling of Anglo-Saxon blood. When this occurs they may want politics and an improved religion.

Just now they get along very well, all things considered. They are lazy, but, as they have to subsist on fish and oil as staples, it could not be expected that they should be enterprising or industrious. They may sin, but they go to confession and are guaranteed forgiveness. They go to church on Sunday morning and have a dance in the evening. A dance on Sunday night is considered a very proper thing, and as there is no gossip and nothing stronger than tea for them to drink, perhaps no great harm comes of it. Onalaska consists of a straggling settlement of some sixty houses of natives and a few Company buildings, situated upon a sand-spit, about six miles from Captain's Bay, where Cook, the navigator, wintered in 1804-5 [*sic*, more likely 1778].

p. 216-17, on marriage ceremonies in the Aleutians: There is not much of the spooney business in Aleut courtship. The steamer landed the wife-hunting seal-skinners on Friday. On Saturday one of them was asked, "Are you married yet?" "Not yet, but I shall be to-morrow." "Who are you going to marry?" "I don't know yet."

On Sunday, two days after the arrival of the wife hunters, three of them were married, two couples at one time and one at another. The three couples would have been executed [*sic*] together but there were only four crowns among the church properties. Crowns and candles are indispensable at these weddings. When marrying a couple, the priest appears in full vestments, with the tall, slightly tapering coffee-pot-shaped velvet hat; and a choir of male voices chant nasal responses to the long service read by his reverence. The couples to be married are stood up in a row, the first step being to place a lighted candle, decorated with a crimson bow, in each hand. Then the reading commences, and continues till the priest shows signs of fatigue, when the attendant brings out blessed rings on a blessed tray, and each one puts on his or her ring, taken at random from the tray, man and woman being treated alike in this respect. After the rings there is more reading, with responses from the nasal choir; and when the priest becomes exhausted again the blessed

crowns are brought out. On this occasion there were four crowns,—two which were old and lustreless, and two which were not only new, but brilliant with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds, or what looked like them, and answered every purpose just as well. There stood the two couples, like the kings and queens of a chessboard, with crowns upon heads which did not fit them.

Of the two couples in this case one bride, of a Russian appearance, was dressed in a light silk with a purple stripe; she had a blue bow at her throat, and a pink sash around her waist. Her hair had been braided damp over night, and hung in waves down her shoulders. Her eyes were downcast constantly during the ceremony, and her nose, long and straight, pointed sharply toward the floor in an ominous manner. She wore a cynical sort of smile, like that of an experienced circuit preacher when he knows that large-headed fellow with a thick neck, high cheek bones, and a twenty-pound fist, so that when he should have bowed he dared not, knowing that if he attempted it his crown would tumble to the floor. On the other hand the bride's crown was altogether too large for her, and, wearing her abundant hair down her back on that day only gave the crown a greater chance to settle. If she had worn it in a coil on the back of her head, or in a braid clubbed up behind, or in a pad on top *à la pompador*, or *en chignon*, or *watteau*, or in any of the thousand and one *à la* styles known to modern capillary engineering, the crown might have been stayed in some sort of a genteel position. But it settled down too far at first, and every time she bowed in response to the words read by the priest, and every time she nodded in reply to the questions, if she would obey; &c., with the hardly-ever smile upon her resigned face, the crown sunk lower and lower till it got down over her ears; and when the priest led the couple, hand in hand, three times around the little stand that served as an altar on this occasion, she looked like the most abandoned creature in the world, and as if she did not care who knew it. Of course the effect was all due to the crown coming down over her ears and to the Mephistophelean smile upon her countenance, which deepened as the crown descended, but it was enough to scare all thought of marrying in Onalaska out of the head of any reflecting man.

**1879-81            US North Pole Expedition (commanded by George De Long aboard *Jeannette*)**

**De Long, George W.** *The Voyage of the Jeannette. The Ship and Ice Journals of George W. De Long, Lieutenant-Commander U.S.N. and Commander of the Polar Expedition of 1879-1881.* Edited by his Wife, Emma De Long. Two Volumes. London: Kegan Paul, Trench and Company, 1883.

Volume I begins with a brief chapter of De Long's biography.

p. 4: Meanwhile he amused himself with books, the friends which his secluded life had given him, and spent day after day at the Mercantile Library, where he read voraciously, feasting especially upon books of adventure and travel. He attached himself to the librarian, helped him about his duties, and even filled the office for a few months during an interregnum. His restlessness was not satisfied, but was stimulated by his reading, and Captain Marryat and other seductive mariners again gave him an almost uncontrollable longing for the sea.

p. 68: "Requirements for crew [of *the Jeannette*]: Single men; perfect health; considerable strength; perfect temperance; cheerfulness; ability to read and write English; prime seamen of course. A musician, if possible. Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes preferred. Avoid English, Scotch, and Irish. Refuse point blank French, Italians, and Spaniards. The steward must be A 1. and not necessarily a seaman. The cook must be a good cook, since he cooks for all hands. Look among recruits in receiving ship to begin with. Pay to be navy pay. Absolute and unhesitating obedience to every order, no matter what it may be. . . . Excuse my scratchy and jerky way of putting things, but I am woefully hurried," (See Appendix C.)

p. 193, while beset in the ice: But it is unnatural for us to have this enforced close companionship, and we seem to get in each other's way. We are warm and comfortable, but we would like to be able to go "somewheres." We cannot go out and walk in the dark with any object

except exercise, and our two hours' walking match from eleven to one seems to supply enough of that. We read and smoke, and growl at the stove when it does not throw out enough heat, or at the cabin door when it lets in too much cold. The uncertainty of our remaining quiet in the ice for an hour at a time prevents the erection of our observatory, and the taking of interesting astronomical and magnetic observations. We are able to make our hourly meteorological observations only.

p. 200: *December 15th, Monday*.—An uneventful day. The Snellen type test seems not a good way to obtain even a comparative record of the intensity of our daylight; for whereas we could read a certain kind of type at a distance of twenty feet on the 10th inst., we can today read the same type twenty-seven feet, and yet the circumstances of sky and weather seem exactly the same.

p. 207-08. 1880, *January 1st, Thursday*: At three p. m. everybody sat down to a capital dinner, and afterward we got ready for the minstrel performance in the evening. Our men had rallied from their failure to get up one for Christmas, and seemed determined to make this entertainment good enough for both occasions. During the day invitations were sent aft, accompanied by programmes. At 8.30 one of the men came to the cabin and invited us into the deck house. Entering, we found a nice little stage erected with drop-curtain, footlights, etc., and tastily decorated with flags. The performance commenced with a minstrel variety, jokes and conundrums sandwiching in with the songs. One conundrum was excellent (pointing to one of the stanchions of the deck-house): "Why is that stanchion like Mr. James Gordon Bennett? Because it supports the house." Sweetman's songs were very good, and Kuehne's violin solo was fine indeed, especially when one takes into consideration the fact that a seaman's life does not serve to render the fingers supple and delicate. Mr. Cole gave us a jig with all the gravity of a judge. One of the features of the evening was the reading of a prologue composed by Mr. Collins, in which each one of the crew was made the subject of a rhyme in turn. Alexey and Aneguin gave us native dances, and the latter an imitation of a song sung by our Chinamen. The Chinamen gave us their native song, and a sham fight with knives and a pole, winding up



by imitating with much contempt Alexey's and Aneguin's manner of singing and dancing.

Instead of shadow pictures we had *tableaux vivants*, "Neptune" (Cole turning a wheel, our broken spare one, mounted on a camp stool); "Sailors mourning over a dead marine" (two sailors mute with grief over an empty brandy-bottle); "A glimpse at Vulcan" (our prize blacksmith, Dressler); "Queen Anne" (Aneguin—Anne Gwyne—Queen Anne); "Is that a bear I see?" (Alexey with dog, aiming at some unseen object); "Mars" (man on crutches); "Taking an observation" (man drinking out of uplifted bottle), were all capital. When, the performance over, we broke up at eleven o'clock, we all felt satisfied alike with the ship, the minstrels, ourselves, and the manner in which we had celebrated the first day of the year of our Lord 1880.

p. 284: As the ship heels 3° to starboard, these little streams run down hill and collect in little puddles on the starboard side, where they are dried up. The ice and frost back of my desk and book-shelves thaw and run down the curved poop to the bulwark, and thence to the deck, where the steward wipes them up as liquid when he can, or breaks them up with an axe and removes them with a shovel otherwise. And yet the ship's company, as a whole, are healthy, happy, and contented.

p. 382-83: There can be no greater wear and tear on a man's mind and patience than this life in the pack. The absolute monotony; the unchanging round of hours; the awakening to the same things and the same conditions that one saw just before losing one's self in sleep; the same faces; the same dogs; the same ice; the same conviction that tomorrow will be exactly the same as to-day, if not more disagreeable; the absolute impotence to do anything, to go anywhere, or to change one's situation an iota; the realization that food is being consumed and fuel burned with no valuable result, beyond sustaining life; the knowledge that nothing has been accomplished thus far to save this expedition from being denominated an utter failure; all these things crowd in with irresistible force on my reasoning powers each night as I sit down to reflect upon the events of the day. and but for some still small voice within me that tells me this can hardly be the ending of all my labor and zeal, I should be tempted to despair.

All our books are read, our stories related; our games of chess, cards, and checkers long since discontinued. When we assemble in the morning at breakfast we make daily a fresh start. Any dreams, amusing or peculiar, are related and laughed over. Theories as to whether we shall eventually drift N. E. or N. W. are brought forward and discussed. Seals' livers as a change of diet are pronounced a success. The temperature of the morning watch is inquired into, the direction and velocity of the wind, and if it is snowing (as it generally is) we call it a "fine summer day." After breakfast we smoke. Chipp gets a sounding and announces a drift E. S. E. or S. E., as the case may be. We growl thereat. Dunbar and Alexey go off for seals with as many dogs as do not run away from them *en route*.

p. 409-10, De Long in near despair about the failure of his mission: Some day or other some one, myself perhaps, looking over these pages will complain of their sameness and lack of interest. The popular idea is, no doubt, that the record of daily life in the Arctic regions should be vivid, exciting, and full of hair-breadth escapes, or enjoyable and profitable because of the acquisition of valuable information. If the popular idea is the correct one, how dull and weary and unprofitable will the record of our cruise have been! I confess to so much disappointment and mortification that I am ashamed each day to make an entry in this book, and willingly defer it to the last moments before going to bed. What can I say that has not already been said over and over again? Here we are, held fast in the ice, drifting south instead of north, powerless to change our movement an inch, hoping to-day that to-morrow will bring a change; realizing to-morrow, when it becomes "to-day," that it is the same as yesterday was; seeing a summer (?) slip by without doing anything to retrieve our reputation or make us worthy of being numbered in the list of Arctic expeditions; full of health and energy, with zeal to dare anything, and yet like captives behind bars: add all these together, as making up the sum of one's sensations and experiences, and it will be seen that the surroundings are hardly favorable to glowing narrative or absorbing tale.

[In addition, in Volume I there are numerous references to De Long's reading of the divine service, usually in his cabin.]

Volume II:

p. 448: September 12th, Sunday.—One more week is added to the long and weary round of weeks which records our imprisonment and drift, and we seem as far from liberation as ever. There is nothing I know of more wearing than waiting,—waiting without a chance of relief visible. Are we to be blamed if we find a year of such a life monotonous? Or is it to be wondered at that we do not welcome the beginning of a second year of the same thing? I say a second year, but not a last year; for as far as we can see ahead and judge of the future by the past, there is no good reason for this condition of things to change this side of eternity. We may pass away and our ship may be among the things that were, but I calmly believe this icy waste will go on surging to and fro until the last trump blows. But it is a long lane that has no turning, and our troubles may be approaching a relief. I hope they are, for I am becoming weary of the load of cares and anxieties I have so long carried about.

At ten A. M. I inspected the ship, and after this read divine service in the cabin, with Chipp, Melville, Dunbar, and the doctor as my congregation. Although there is no fear of my taking up a collection, a larger attendance is rare.

p. 797, “The Final Search,”

p. 848-62: *October 21st, Friday*.—One hundred and thirty-first day. Kaack was found dead about midnight between the doctor and myself. Lee died about noon. Read prayers for sick when we found he was going.

*October 22d, Saturday*.—One hundred and thirty-second day. Too weak to carry the bodies of Lee and Kaack out on the ice. The doctor, Collins, and I carried them around the corner out of sight. Then my eye closed up.

p. 855-59, on the discovery of De Long’s body and his two companions: **[need to check who wrote this following account of de Long’s death and finding of his journals.]**

p. 855: “I supposed that the party had got tired of carrying their books and papers, and had made a deposit of them at this place, and erected these poles over the papers and books as a landmark, that they might return and secure them in case they arrived at a place of safety.”

p. 856, at the fireplace where they died: "They apparently had attempted to carry their books and papers up on this high point, because they carried the chart case up there, and I suppose the fatigue of going up on the high land prevented their returning to get the rest of their books and papers. No doubt they saw that if they died on the river bed, where the water runs, the spring freshets would carry them off to sea.

"I gathered up all the small articles lying around in the vicinity of the dead. I found the ice journal about three or four feet in the rear of De Long; that is, it looked as though he had been lying down, and with his left hand tossed the book over his shoulder to the rear, or to the eastward of him. I referred to the last pages of the journal, and saw where the next man had died after Ericksen. The first man that died after Ericksen was Alexey, the Indian hunter. The journal stated that he had died in the flat-boat; that was about five hundred yards from where we then were. Referring to the journal, I found that the whole of the people were now in the lee of the bank, in a distance of about five hundred yards. ...

p. 589: "... just before night set in we found the head of one man and the feet of another underneath the snow-bank. The natives being frightened jumped out of the hole quickly. I told them to dig a little longer, that the books might be there; and after digging for a spell they threw out a box of books, and exposed the shoulders of a third person. It was about twenty versts (about thirteen miles) across the bay to Mat Vai, where our camp was. We stuck a stick of timber in the hole where we were digging, gathered up some traps we found, and returned to Mat Vai."

**Danenhower, John W.** *Lieutenant Danenhower's Narrative of the "Jeannette"*. Boston: Osgood, 1882.

A well-written and sympathetic account by the syphilitic officer who actually served fairly well despite his periodic illnesses, and the opprobrium of having concealed his condition in order to join the expedition.

p. 3, natives offered to show them where the *Vega* had passed the winter [near Cape Kamen]: We found nothing there of any consequence. In the tents, however, we found tin cans marked "Stockholm," scraps of paper

with soundings marked in Swedish, and some interesting pictures of Stockholm professional beauties.... The natives indicated to us by signs that the steamer [*Vega*] had passed safely out to the east. They talked of “Horpish” as having been able to speak their own language—probably referring to Nordquist, who, I notice, is mentioned in Nordenskiöld’s book. After purchasing some of the pictures and tin cans we returned to the ship.

p.10: The evenings in the cabin are passed pleasantly in games of cards, chess, back gammon, and the like, and in reading works of scientific interest or lighter literature.

p. 13: We were very much disappointed at not being able to shift for ourselves, and up to this time we had only demonstrated to our satisfaction that Dr. Petermann’s theory in regard to Wrangell Land being a portion of Greenland was no longer tenable, for its insularity was evident, as subsequently proved.

p. 15: On many occasions I heard the statements in “The Threshold of the Unknown Regions” [by Clements Markham] criticized. In it the authors says that “this part of the ocean is teeming with animal life” and that “navigable polynias are numerous.”

p. 30, Monday, June 6<sup>th</sup>: At 1.30 P.M. divine service was read in the cabin.

p. 75-6: Danenhower had a cross which he showed to Siberian natives: It was the only article in possession of the party, indeed, that indicated to the natives that we were Christians. You can imagine our feelings at meeting these people, for they were the first strangers whom we had seen for more than three years, and I never before felt so thankful to missionaries as I did on that day at finding that we were among Christian natives.

**De Long, Emma Wotton.** *Explorer’s Wife*. Introduction by Vilhjalmur Stefansson. New York: Dodd, Mead, 1938.

p. 1: During the winter of 1932 Vilhjalmur Stefansson asked me to lend some of the relics of the *Jeannette* Expedition, commanded by my husband, to Mr. Bassett Jones of the Explorers Club. Mr. Jones was

organizing a private exhibition of Arctic books and relics at the Grolier Club of New York. I had such things aplenty, of course, and gladly complied. Among those chosen were the large journal written by my husband on board the *Jeannette* up to the time of her crushing by the ice pack, the two ice journals in pencil, which faithfully recorded his fearful trip southward with his men to Siberia across the ice, and a silk flag which I had made as my contribution to the Expedition.

The exhibition was a great success and brought together many people who had been concerned with the Arctic, among them Mrs. Robert E. Peary, whom I had always admired but had never before met. A few weeks later I invited about twenty of the group of my house for tea, and there the talk turned largely on an old clipping I had which told of a tattered section of chart found on Commander De Long's body.

Mr. Stefansson and the others were much interested, and more than ever when I found that I had a portion of the chart, too. My husband had carried it, rather than the full sized map, to guide him southward on the Lena Delta.

When I mentioned that I had in my cellar a trunkful of letters which dealt with those years of preparation and consummation of the *Jeannette* Expedition, Mr. Stefansson urged me to get them out and re-read them. He was confident that there was a story in them and that I ought to write it.

p. 127, Mrs. De Long describes the library aboard the *Juniata*, the ship that would be renamed the *Jeannette* after it completed its trip from New York to San Francisco, via the Straits of Magellan:

We had a very fine library. Sir Allen Young had left some of his books and Mr. Bennett sent us his whole Arctic collection, telling us that some of the volumes were very valuable but that he thought they would be more use to us than to him. I decided to do my Arctic reading chronologically and so began with *Scoresby the Whaler* and read the account of each expedition as it came along. I became deeply interested and, as my husband and the other officers were all reading on the same subject, we had a great deal of food for thought and discussion.

Sometimes, when he thought I had read long enough, George would pull me from my chair, pass my arm through his and walk me

briskly up and down the deck, with little Sylvie [their daughter] hurrying alongside to keep up with us....

Not once in all that six months did the time hang heavy upon our hands. There was always plenty to do. Not once did we have recourse to a game of cards, to backgammon or any of the diversions common to idle hours at that time. We were utterly absorbed in the study of the Arctic and the preparations for the coming Expedition.

**Ellsberg, Edward.** *Hell on Ice: The Saga of the "Jeannette."* New York: Dodd, Mead, 1938.

p. viii-ix, Preface: Reading what I could get my hands on concerning it [the *Jeannette* expedition], I soon enough saw that De Long's early failure was a more brilliant chapter in human struggle and achievement than the later successes of Peary and of Amundsen.

But in my early search, based mainly on De Long's journals as published nearly sixty years ago, much of what had happened eluded me; first, because De Long himself, fighting for the lives of his men in the Arctic, never had opportunity to set down in his journal what was going on (the most vivid day of his life is covered by two brief lines); and second, because the published version of his journal was much expurgated by those who edited it to create the impression that the expedition was a happy family of scientists unitedly battling the ice, whereas the truth was considerably otherwise as I soon learned.

Fortunately there came into my hands the old record of the Naval Court of Inquiry into the disaster, before which court the survivors testified, from which it appeared that De Long's struggles with his men tried his soul even as much as his struggles with the ice; and on top of that discovery, with the aid of Congressman Celler of New York, I got from the records of Congress the transcript of a Congressional Investigation lasting two solid months, a volume of nearly eleven hundred closely printed pages, from which the flesh to clothe the skeleton of De Long's journal immediately appeared. For there, fiercely fought over by the inquisitors (Congressional investigations apparently being no different over half a century ago from what they are today)

were the stories of every survivor, whether officer or man, dragged out of him by opposing counsel, insistent even that the exact suppressed reports relating to the expedition, the expurgated portions of De Long's journal, and the unpublished journals of Ambler and of Collins.

From the records of these two inquiries, Naval and Congressional, backed up by what had been published—the journal of De Long appearing as “The Voyage of the *Jeannette*”; “In the Lena Delta,” by G. W. Melville, chief engineer of the expedition; and “The Narrative of the *Jeannette*” by J. W. Danenhower, navigator—stood forth an extraordinary human story. Over this material I worked three years. [Ellsworth here goes on to outline his approach to telling the De Long/*Jeannette* story.]

p. 102-05: Over the side, through a hole chopped in the thick ice, we provided an opening for our dredge and our drift lead. Hourly we took observations (and carefully recorded them) of every type of phenomenon for which we were equipped to measure— magnetic variation and dip, wind velocity and direction, humidity, air pressure and temperature, gravity readings, temperature of the sea at top, bottom, and points in between, salinity of the sea water, speed and direction of drift— all this data laboriously read night and day in the Arctic chill went into our logs. And for the zoological and botanical side of our expedition, all hands were directed to bring in for Newcomb's inspection specimens of anything found on the ice, under, or above it, which meant that what ever our guns could knock down in the form of birds or beasts, or our hooks could catch in the way of fish, passed under Newcomb's scrutiny before (in most cases) they went to Ah Sam and were popped into the galley kettles.

And to top off all in completing our polar records, we brought along an extensive and expensive photograph outfit, intending to get a continuous record of our life in the Arctic and particularly some authentic views of Aurora Borealis.

So there being nothing else to compete with it for our time, science received a double dose of attention, too much in fact. Taking the multitude of readings every hour (there were sixteen thermometers alone to be read) kept the watch officer hopping, and as each of us, except



Collins and Newcomb, had ship and personnel matters to look after, it became to a high degree a nuisance. Most of this scientific work naturally should have fallen to Collins and Newcomb, but unfortunately matters in their departments went none too smoothly. The captain received a severe jolt when he learned that the photographic outfit, entrusted to Collins' care, was practically useless because our meteorologist had neglected when buying his photographic plates in San Francisco to get any developer for them and that not a picture he took could be developed till we got back to civilization. When on top of this, one of our barometers and some of our precious thermometers entrusted also to Collins were carelessly broken, the captain began to mistrust Collins as a scientist and loaded a considerable part of the observation work on Chipp, on Ambler, and on me—a development which did not help to make any more amicable the attitude of Collins towards his shipmates.

Speaking frankly, after two months' close association in the cabin of the *Jeannette*, we were beginning to get tired of each other's company. Life on shipboard is difficult at best with the same faces at every meal, the same idiosyncrasies constantly rubbing your nerves, the same shortcomings of your messmates to irritate you; but ordinarily there are compensations. Shore leave gets you away from your shipmates, while foreign ports, foreign customs, foreign scenes, and foreigners give flavor to a cruise that makes life not only livable but to my mind rich in variety, and to a person like myself, completely satisfying. But in the polar ice, we came quickly to the realization that life on the *Jeannette* was life on shipboard at its worst—a small cramped ship, a captain who socially had retired into himself, only a few officers, and not a solitary compensation. No possibility of shore leave, no foreign ports—nothing but the limitless ice pack holding us helpless and no hope of any change (except for the worse) till summer came and released us. And, impossible to conceal, a mental despondency, as ponderable and as easily sensed as the cold pervading the ship gripped our captain as we drifted impotently with the pack between Herald Island and Wrangel Land, a thousand miles from that Pole which in a

blare of publicity from the *Herald*, he had set out in such confidence to conquer.

Gone now were all the fine theories about the Kuro-Si-Wo Current and the open path to the northward through the Arctic Ocean that its warm waters would provide. We had only to look over the side at the ice floes fifteen feet thick gripping our hull to know that the "black tide" of Japan had no more contact with these frozen seas than had the green waters of the Nile. And just as thoroughly exploded was that other delusion on which we had based our choice of route—the Herr Doktor Petermann's thesis that Wrangel Land was a continent stretching northward toward the Pole along the coasts of which with our dog teams we could sledge our way over firm ground to the Pole. Every glimpse we got of it as we drifted northwest with the pack for our first eight weeks showed conclusively enough that Wrangel Land was nothing more than a mountainous island to the southward and not a very large island at that. As for Dr. Petermann and his idea that Greenland stretched upward across the Pole to reappear on the Siberian side as Wrangel Land, if that ponderous German scientist who so dominated current European opinion on polar matters could have been forced to spend a week in our crow's-nest observing how insignificant a speck his much publicized Wrangel Land formed of the Arctic scene, I am sure the result would have been such a deflation of his ego and his reputation as might be of great benefit at least to future explorers even if too late to be of service to us in the *Jeannette*, already led astray by the good doctor's teachings.

How much the general knowledge amongst our officers that every theory on which the expedition had been based was false had to do with the lack of sociability and of harmony among us, and how much of it may have been owing simply to our physical imprisonment in the ice, I will not venture to say. But in my mind, the belief of all that as a polar exploring expedition we were already a failure, doomed never to get anywhere near the Pole, had a decided, if an unconscious, bearing on the reactions of all of us, and most of all on the captain and on Collins, both of whom had brought along massive blank journals whose pages they had confidently expected to fill with the records of their discoveries.

p. 212, August 1880: We came to the middle of the month, with the only change in our condition an increase in our heel to  $7\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , a change indeed in something, but not an improvement. We began to get morose— summer was fast fading, we were not released, and our hopes of doing anything in 1880 or in any succeeding year were vanishing into space. I tried to cheer the mess up by singing (if I say it myself, for an engineer I have a very good voice), Irish songs and ditties having been my specialty since early in my Civil War days on blockade. Whether I cheered up anyone except myself with the sound of my voice, I do not know, but I did get some sullen looks for my efforts from Collins, who being Irish himself may have thought I failed to do justice to the songs of his native land. Collins (who also imagined he could sing) reciprocated by regaling us with melodies from *Pinafore*, then only two years old, but I thought he did the English far more violence than I did the Irish. In this conclusion, I have as independent evidence the reactions of Newcomb, who, whenever I sang in the cabin, continued reading wholly oblivious of me, but whenever Collins opened up on *Pinafore*, immediately closed his book and remembered that he had a gull or a seal that required stuffing.

p. 249, from Engineer Melville's Narrative: With a few precious drops (and precious few) of medicinal whiskey, I christened the spot HENRIETTA ISLAND, after which we six sick seamen drank the remainder of the medicine in honor of the event, and then revelling in a brief tramp over real earth for the first time in over twenty-one of the longest months men have ever spent, we hauled our sleeping bags about our weary bones and lay down, at last to rest again on *terra firma*.

At ten a.m. we woke, startled to have slept so long, for we were not to stay on the island longer than twenty-four hours. On a bold headland nearby, we built our cairn, burying in it two cases, one zinc and one copper, containing the records with which Captain De Long had provided us. This promontory, Mr. Dunbar named "Melville Head" in my honor, but after considering its bareness of vegetation, I decided "Bald Head" was more appropriate and so entered it on the chart which I now proceeded to make.

p. 327-28: Sunday, as on every Sunday without exception which we had passed whether on the pack or in the boats since the *Jeannette* went down, after mustering the crew and reading them the Articles of War, De Long held Divine Service in his tent, attended as usual only by Chipp, Ambler, Dunbar, Danenhower, and myself. Solemnly we listened, seamen about to embark in frail shells for a long and dangerous voyage across the open Arctic Sea, as De Long reverently read the service, and never were we more sincere in our lives than when at the end our rough voices, mingling with the freezing gale howling outside, rose in the final fervent plea, "Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee For those in peril on the sea!"

**Gilder, William H.** *Ice-Pack and Tundra: An Account of the Search for the Jeannette and a Sledge Journey through Siberia.* New York: Scribner's, 1883.

A chatty and often witty account of the 1881 *Jeannette* search aboard the *Rodgers* by a reporter for the *New York Herald*.

p. 10: The routine on board the *Rodgers* is conducted with all the regularity of a man-of-war, and cheerfulness predominates under the most trying circumstances. The evenings in the cabin are passed pleasantly in games of cards, chess, back gammon, and the like, and in reading works of scientific interest or lighter literature.

p. 49: describes a house in St. Michael's on Stuart Island: His wife [Lorenz, a native of Maine] is a cultivated and intelligent lady, and a small, but well selected library gave token of refined taste in literature. One would naturally be surprised, here, beyond the limit of civilization, to find a house with walls covered with Morris paper, and carpet and chairs in keeping with that style of decoration, so that I scarcely felt at each there in my coarse sailor garb.

p. 120, when the *Rodgers* was lost by fire, the shipwrecked comrades were sent substantial supplies including: some reading matter, and about a hundred pounds of tobacco and cigarettes....

p. 149-50, in March 1882 Gilder met a Russian named "Wanker", who agreed to be his guide: I knew he was a liar, because he said he could

read, and when I handed him a letter in the Russian language from the Russian Consul in San Francisco he read it all through with the deepest interest and most intense satisfaction depicted upon his countenance, occasionally smiling over some official pleasantries of the Consul's, or stumbling over a particularly hard word, and all the time held the letter upside down. I righted it once, but he immediately turned it again, with a look as much as to say, "I always prefer to read my letters that way." He then returned the letter after having carefully inspected the black border and the watermark on the paper, and said it was "All right;" an opinion for which I was truly grateful.

p. 154: When forced to lie over on account of storms or some notion of Wanker's, with nothing to do and nothing to read, it seemed to me that all I did was to lie on my back and watch for indications of the next meal. It was all there was to break the monotony, unless my pipe needed cleaning.

p. 196-97, on sledge journey approaching the Lena, Gilder was with a Cossack who spoke only Yakout and Russian: This seemed at first a serious drawback, but I was not discouraged.... I had also a polyglot dictionary of the French, Russian, German and English languages, with the French as the initial language; which was rather a drawback, as first I must know the French equivalent for what I desire to explain in Russian. It fortunately happened that my Cossack, besides being unusually intelligent for one of his class in that country, was able to read and write, though by no means a scholar—so, with my dictionary and the universal sign language we got along quite well.... My dictionary was never packed away; it was always placed under my pillow in the sled, and always brought into the *povarnniars* and stations with the cooking utensils. Here we would pore over that book until the meal was ready.

p. 201, March 24, 1882, G. W. Melville to Secretary of the Navy: I found De Long's note book alongside of him, a copy of which please find enclosed, dating from October 1, when at Usterday, until the end. Under the poles were found the books, records, &c., and two men. The rest of the people lie between the place where De Long was found ... a distance of five hundred yards.

p. 203, March 25, 1882, G. W. Melville to Secretary of the Navy: When I had read these letters I turned to the papers which accompanied them and found them to be the diary kept by De Long from October 1st till October 30th, 1881. It was the most horrible tale of agonizing, lingering death.

p. 211, after H. H. Ericksen's death on October 6, 1881, and the reading of the burial service: His clothing was divided up among his messmates. Iverson has his Bible and a lock of his hair. Supper at 5 P.M., half a pound of dog meat and tea.

p. 215, in mid October, close to the end of De Long's ordeal he is still reading prayers for the sick.

**Gilder, William H.** *Schwatka's Search: Sledging in the Arctic in Quest of the Franklin Records*. New York: Scribner's, 1881.

Not to be confused with his Greely rescue, much of this earlier journey was published in the *New York Herald* for whom Gilder was a correspondent who also had gone in search of the *Jeannette*. The book credits the Schwatka expedition with confirming the loss of Franklin records (at Starvation Cove), the burial of the men and bones of the victims, the transport of one body home, and the recovery of the relics that went to Greenwich.

p. 15, on meeting some natives on King William [Is]land: We learned with deep regret that one of the Naatchillis, who was said to have spoken to Captain Barry about the existence of books among the Franklin relics, had since died, and that nobody knew what had become of the other. We determined to make every effort to find the latter, for should he know where the books were hidden, and be willing to conduct us there, our labor would have been materially lessened. But in any case, whether we found him or not, we had great faith that, by staying at least one season on King William Land, when the snow was off the ground, we should be able to find the records, and complete the history of Sir John Franklin's last expedition.

p. 106, an interview with natives about relics: In answer to a question which we asked his mother, he said he saw books at the boat place in a

tin case, about two feet long and a foot square, which was fastened, and they broke it open. The case was full. Written and printed books were shown him, and he said they were like the printed ones. Among the books he found what was probably the middle of a compass or other magnetic instrument, because he said when it touched any iron it stuck fast.

p. 108: Some of the books were taken home for the children to play with, and finally torn and lost, and others lay around among the rocks until carried away by the wind and lost or buried beneath the sand.

p. 109, Gilder's guesses about the books: [They] were the more important records of the expedition, and in charge of the chief surviving officers, as it is not probable that men who were reduced to the extremity that they were, and having to drag everything by hand, would burden themselves, with general reading matter.... There is no doubt, however, that every thing superfluous had been dropped from time to time, until nothing remained that could possibly be dispensed with, and such books as they had, besides the Nautical Almanac and Ephemeris, if indeed under the circumstances they would even carry them, were probably the most important records of the expedition.

p. 277, on the homeward journey, after many hardships, they enjoy the hospitality of a fishing vessel whose captain tries to impress his Steward with the importance of Greely's rescuers:—"Steward,, it is a great treat to see these gentlemen. You ought to take a good look at them. They have had one of the toughest times you ever heard of. They have just come down from—where?" (aside to me)."King William's Land," said I, scarcely able to retain my composure. "King William's Land, "he repeated, "and were looking for Franklin." The doubt in his mind as to who this mystical "Franklin" was seeming to add much to the interest that invested us.

p. 279, again with the clueless fishing captain offering more generosity: "...Let me have some fish put into your boat before you go." And the kind-hearted fisherman gave us about a barrel of fine fresh cod and haddock, besides a fifty-fathom line and some hooks. Also gave us three late newspapers; and we sent him in return a copy of Hall's "Life

Among the Esquimaux,” and some other reading matter, besides a pair of sealskin slippers, and a fine walrus skull with the ivory tusks in it. p. 307, in an appendix on Inuit Philology: It used to be an endless source of amusement to the men, women, and children in the Arctic regions to look at the pictures in the illustrated books and journals. Colored maps were also very attractive to them, and the large type in advertisements apparently afforded them great pleasure. They were not at particular to hold the pictures right side up; side-wise or upside down seemed quite as satisfactory. Though admiring pictures exceedingly, I did not find them very proficient draughtsmen, and yet nothing seem to give them more pleasure than to draw with a lead pencil on the margin of every book they could get hold of, and my Nautical Almanac and “Bowditch’s Epitome” are profusely illustrated by them.

**Guttridge, Leonard F.** *Icebound: The Jeannette Expedition’s Quest for the North Pole*. Annapolis, MD: Naval Institute Press, 1986.

Excellent account in every respect of a disastrous expedition. p. 36: For the balance of the voyage from Havre to San Francisco he [De Long] and [John] Danenhower discussed plans for the expedition. The ship’s library [then called the *Pandora*] was augmented by Bennett’s valuable collection of books on the Arctic, and De Long had ‘obtained all the charts of the world north of the 65<sup>th</sup> parallel.’ Some of those charts were those of August Petermann, one of the villains of the book; Petermann misled De Long into his theories of warm Japanese currents, open polar seas, Wrangel Land as a continent, etc. Danenhower regarded the disproving of those theories as the main accomplishment of the expedition (see p 328).

p. 85-6: De Long talked publishers into in-kind contributions of books of anthropology, exploration, medicine, and romantic novels. There is little in this book showing who read the books or under what circumstances.

p. 114: Wintering in the pack may be a thrilling experience to read about alongside a warm fire in a comfortable home, but the actual thing is sufficient to make any man prematurely old.... [De Long, Journal, 6-24 November 1879]



p. 145, during summer on the icebound ship: Yet in all other respects a steady and emphatically reassuring routine was upheld, even though every book had been read, all stories told, and game of cards, chess and checkers long since abandoned, in the officers' quarters at any rate.

p. 228-9, in *Lena Delta*: Thick snow fell upon the two tents that evening as De Long prepared to read divine service. He found his bible too sodden and read instead from a prayer book. Calculating the day to be the fifteenth Sunday after Trinity, he afterwards noted that the ordained text was 'peculiarly apt to our situation.' It was Matthew VI, 34. 'Take therefore no thought for the morrow...sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'

p. 245, as death approached some of the lost men: De Long read prayers for the sick, 'though I fear my broken utterances made little of the service audible.' Erikson died that day, leaving his mates a bible and hymn book.

p. 257: Sunday, Oct. 30. 140<sup>th</sup> day. Boyd & Görtz died during the night—Mr Collins dying. ....Carl Görtz and Nelsk Iversen lay dead in the snow a couple of yards away. Boyd had taken Iversen's psalm book with the inked inscription "Presented by the California Evangelical Society for Foreigners," and he crawled nearest the fire, so close his scraps of clothing burned through to the skin as he breathed his last, but Iversen's psalm book was safe, tucked under his body.

p. 308, when bodies were shipped across Siberia: the cortege as it were covered the twenty-five-hundred-mile journey to Irkutsk in nineteen days and gathered more wreaths and honors, while printed copies of an epic poem recounting the story of the *Jeannette* were distributed among the crowds on the streets by members of the East Siberia Geographic Society.

p. 319, during Congressional hearings on the scandals of the expedition, the attorney criticized Danenhower for not bringing a *Bowditch Navigator* from the stricken ship, and for leaving instruments that could have made *Bowditch* usable.

One thing seems evident, that De Long was determined not to fail as Franklin did in losing the ship's expeditionary records, and as a result a great deal more is known about this disaster than Franklin's.

**Melville, George Wallace.** *In the Lena Delta: A Narrative of the Search for Lieut.-Commander DeLong and His Companions; Followed by an Account of the Greely Relief Expedition, and a Proposed Method of Reaching the North Pole.* Edited by Melville Philips. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, 1885.

This was the crucial expedition in finding the fate of DeLong and the *Jeannette*.

p. 149: This was the close of October 30th, 1881. A memorable day, for about one hundred miles distant from Tamoose it sealed the sad fate of De Long and his comrades; and five months later, when I found their bodies, turning to the last written page of De Long's note-book, or "ice-journal," as it is now known to history, I read the last pitiful entry, evidently written in the morning,—

"Oct. 30th, Sunday.—One hundred and fortieth day. Boyd and Görtz died during the night. Mr. Collins dying."

So the close of the day that saw me finish and pack my sled at Tamoose doubtless closed the eyes and earthly career of the commander and remainder of as gallant a band of men as ever struggled against fate, or its cruel emissaries, ice, snow, hunger, and cold.

p. 245-46, the Dec. 7, 1881, suggestions to the Russians on looking for DeLong and his records and papers: I have already traveled over this ground, but followed the river bank; therefore it is necessary that a more careful search be made on the high ground back from the river for a short distance as well as along the river bank. I examined many huts and small houses but could not possibly examine all of them; therefore it is necessary that all—every house and hut, large and small, must be examined for books, papers, or the persons of the party. Men without food and but little clothing would naturally seek shelter in huts along the line of their march, and if exhausted might die in one of them. They would leave their books and papers in a hut if unable to carry them farther. If they carried their books and papers south of that section of country between Mat Vay and Bulcour, their books and papers will be

found piled up in a heap, and some prominent object erected near them to attract the attention of searching parties; a mast of wood or a pile of wood would be erected near them if not on them. In case books or papers are found, they are to be sent to the American minister resident at St. Petersburg. If they are found and can be forwarded to me before I leave Russia, I will take them to America with me.

If the persons of my comrades are found dead I desire that all books and papers be taken from their clothing and forwarded to the American minister at St. Petersburg, or to me if in time to reach me before leaving Russia.

p. 248-49: In the hut I found four other young men, Messrs. Loung, Zack, Artzibucheff, and Tzarensky, all political exiles; the oldest twenty-seven, and the youngest eighteen years of age. They were all professional men, and spoke French fluently; some, German, too, and others a little English. All were earnest Nihilists, though several said they had not been so until after their banishment. Each had his sad and sorry story to tell, and all looked upon me as a most curious phenomenon. They came from different parts of the empire, had known the interior of Russian prisons all the way from Archangel to the Crimea, and were finally sent to the frontier to insure their safety. They were eager questioners in regard to the navigation of the Siberian coast, having in their possession a number of charts and maps, and they had often talked and dreamed, they said, of attempting an escape, but two thousand miles of coastline and more than one thousand miles of river navigation had seemed an impossible feat until we had accomplished it, and risen before them like a pillar of hope.

With Kasharofski's permission, I visited them daily while awaiting the arrival of my men from Belun. In the evenings several little parties were given, where I met the élite of Verkeransk. At these affairs the people sang, played, ate, and everybody seemed to gamble, drink, and smoke. The women had separate apartments wherein they did all these things; and I dumfounded the assemblies by telling them that I never played cards, not even in my own country. Leon, who was present, said:

“They will suspect you of some evil, for they argue thus: This is a queer man who neither gambles nor drinks: he must be always thinking,

and a man who thinks much must have some evil thoughts—so banish him at once!”

But this was the speech of a poor exile, whose life was ruined because by reading and reflecting he had learned to speak the truths of moral and political science, yet had unwisely spoken them too loud, and so convicted himself as a corrupter of the truth. He was fully acquainted with the works of our modern philosophers and political economists, John Stuart Mill, Richard Cobden, Herbert Spencer, etc., and longed for a supply of English books; for at the hut, though they had French, German, and English dictionaries, they had no reading matter of any kind in our language, and so implored me to give them the Bible or any other English print I had in the navigation box; but as these were relics of the expedition, I, of course, could not part with them.

p. 331: I identified De Long at a glance by his coat. He lay on his right side, with his right hand under his cheek, his head pointing north, and his face turned to the west. His feet were drawn slightly up as though he were sleeping; his left arm was raised with the elbow bent, and his hand, thus horizontally lifted, was bare. About four feet back of him, or toward the east, I found his small note-book or ice-journal, where he had tossed it with his left hand, which looked as though it had never recovered from the act, but had frozen as I found it, upraised.

p. 332-33: One after another died until only three were left, and then De Long perceived that unless the books and papers and the bodies of his comrades were removed from the low bed of the river, the spring floods would sweep them all out to sea. So the surviving three had tried to carry the records to the high ground for safety, together with a cake of river ice for water, the kettle, a hatchet, and a piece of their tent-cloth, but their little remaining strength was not even equal to the task of lifting the cases of records up the steep bank, so they sank down from the effort, after securing the chart-case and other small articles, leaving the records to their fate. At the root of a large drift tree that had lodged on the bank some twenty-five or thirty feet above the river, they built a fire and brewed some willow tea; and the kettle when I found it was one quarter full of ice and willow shoots. The tent-cloth they set up to the southward of them to protect their fire, but the winter winds had blown it down, and

it now partly covered Ah Sam, who lay flat upon his back, with his feet towards the fire and his hands crossed upon his breast; a position in which the last two survivors had evidently placed him. De Long had crawled off to the northward and about ten feet from Ah Sam, while Doctor Ambler was stretched out between,—his feet nearly touching the latter, and his head resting on a line with De Long's knees. He lay almost prone on his face, with his right arm extended under him, and his left hand raised to his mouth. In the agony of death he had bitten deep into the flesh between his thumb and forefinger, and around his head the snow was stained with blood. None of the three had boots or mittens on, their legs and feet being covered with strips of woolen blanket and pieces of the tent-cloth, bound around to the knees with bits of rope and the waist-belts of their comrades. Ah Sam had on a pair of red knit San Francisco socks, the heels and toes of which were entirely worn away. p. 335-36, discovering the bodies: When the bodies were searched, I rolled them, with the aid of the natives, in a piece of tent-cloth, and then covered them with snow, for I could not as yet haul them to Mat Vay. The faces of the dead were remarkably well-preserved; they had all the appearance of marble, with the blush frozen in their cheeks. Their faces were full, for the process of freezing had slightly puffed them; yet this was not true of their limbs, which were pitifully emaciated, or of their stomachs, which had shrunk into great cavities. Dr. Ambler, ostensibly to ease the gnawing pangs of hunger, had wrapped his little pocket diary in his long woolen muffler, and then thrust this great wad under the waistband of his trousers.

From the reading of the journal I now expected to find the balance of the party near the myach, or where I had sighted the tent-poles. I therefore started the natives to digging, telling them that the bumagas and kinneagas (papers and books) were there. Exerting themselves then to their utmost, they soon came upon the wood and ashes of the fire-place, when, digging around the base of the cone-shaped pit, they presently exhumed, much to their delight, a tin drinking-pot, some old scraps of clothing, a woolen mitten, and two tin cases of books and papers.

Suddenly the two men scrambled out of the pit as though the archfiend himself was at their heels, gasping, as soon as they could,—  
" Pomree, pomree, dwee pomree " (the dead, the dead, two dead).  
Dropping into the hole I saw the head of one corpse partly exposed, and the feet of another ; and then ordered the natives to continue their labors. They obeyed, and finally disclosed the back and shoulders of a third. It was now dark and the snow was drifting wildly, so I concluded to return to Mat Vay for the night, and send instant word to Cass Carta for the rest of my party to join me here and assist in excavating the bodies.

p. 250-52, continued: My coming filled them with the wildest hopes, for heretofore it had been considered as impossible to effect an escape by the ice of the Arctic Ocean as to cross a living sea of fire; and doubtless for them it would be, as there was not a sea-faring man in their number, or one, I suspect, who had ever seen the rolling ocean. Yet before I left they told me that they intended to make the attempt, and I ardently hoped that it might be crowned with success. For here I saw youth, intelligence, and refinement immured for life in an Arctic desert, with no companionship of books or cultivated society, surrounded by filthy and disgusting Yakuts, who were partly their keepers. For the natives are held strictly accountable, under penalty of the dreaded knout and imprisonment, for the escape of an exile, since it is utterly out of the question for any one to travel a great distance into the country without their aid or knowledge. As a guest of the nation and a continuing recipient of its succor and hospitality, I could not honorably abet the exiles in their plans for escape; yet as a Republican I am free to say that all my sympathies were with them,—the oppressed for speech sake. For it was one of these young men who told me that all they asked and strove for was a constitutional form of government, let the constitution be what it might. They only wanted the *privilege* of being imprisoned, and hanged, if needs be, under a Russian law and constitution; and not driven like a herd of sheep by the police master of a town or city into prison or exile, without the benefit of trial before any tribunal, or if a mock hearing could be had, as in Leon's case, yet not before such an administrator, who on his very commitment papers would record himself a judicial ass.

Still, Leon, in his character of interpreter, obtained for himself and companions the full benefit of my recountal to Kasharofski of the Jeannette's cruise and equipment; our retreat, supplies, clothing, and line of march. The youngest of the exiles, called the "Little Blacksmith," had been a polytechnic scholar, and seemed to be the physicist in general of the party. He gazed fondly on the sextant in my possession; for with it he could find his way across the *tundra* and the ocean. They had watches and compasses, but no means of determining latitude, or tables for computing longitude. So this earnest young Nihilist began the construction of a sextant, and had already his navigation tables in course of preparation, using a Russian almanac to find the sun's declinations, etc. It was their intention to build a boat on the Jana River, near Verkeransk, and attempt a passage of one thousand miles to the seaboard, and then a voyage of nearly two thousand miles along the coast of Siberia to East Cape or Behring Strait.

I afterwards learned with regret that they had indeed essayed, but unsuccessfully, to carry their bold project into effect. Eluding their pursuers, they succeeded, after many difficulties, in working their way down the Jana, past a large village near its mouth, to within sight of the sea, and could then have accomplished their escape with comparative ease; but the rolling waves paralyzed them with terror and tumbled into the boat, which was over laden with its freight of thirteen exiles; and when they ran ashore it swamped and soaked their provisions. One of their number was a young woman, of whom more anon; but even she was made of sterner stuff than the two others who, frightened at their situation, straightway surrendered themselves to the authorities at Oceansk, who soon after captured the rest and sent them all into worse exile, if possible, than before. Leon was forwarded to the river Kolyma, and others were removed from the settled districts, and placed among the Yakuts. And what else could I do but admire them and their pluck, whose greatest offenses had been boyish indiscretions, rows in the streets, for none of them had yet become master of his profession? And so, in the eyes of every American, born to believe that free speech and a free press are absolute and indefeasible rights, must the overwhelming

and horrible punishment meted out to these exiled youth appear shamefully despotic and cruel.

p. 367-68, the final search: I AT once interrogated Bartlett concerning the where-abouts of Mr. Gilder, the correspondent, and learned that he had departed the day before for Tamoose.

From one of the many letters which Mr. Gilder sent to me, I gleaned that he belonged to the relief ship Rodgers, commanded by Lieutenant Robert M. Berry, U. S. N., and that, after making an extended cruise in the Arctic Ocean, and visiting the islands of Herald and Wrangel, the Rodgers was finally burned at St. Lawrence Bay, south of East Cape, in Eastern Siberia; that after the destruction of the vessel, Lieutenant Berry ordered Gilder to proceed along the coast to Nijni Kolymsk, on the Kolyma River, and thence to Irkutsk, the terminus of the telegraph line, there to communicate the news of the Rodgers' loss to the Navy Department, and then follow the telegram to the United States as a bearer of dispatches. But upon his arrival at the Kolyma he met my old friend Kasharofoski, the ex-espravnick of Verkeransk, who told him of the Jeannette's fate and of was posting to Yakutsk with my sealed dispatches to General Tschernaieff and the Navy Department. The Cossack, who had heard the news at Verkeransk, told Gilder of the contents of the sealed packet, which that spirited journalist straightway induced the derelict courier to surrender into his hands, and coolly broke open. He abstracted the desired particulars, and then forwarded the packet to General Tschernaieff, sending, however, in advance to the "Herald" an account, taken from my report, of the finding of the bodies of De Long and comrades. He here turned over to his traveling companion, the ex-espravnick of Kolyma, Lieutenant Berry's dispatches to the Secretary of the Navy, directing him to mail them to the United States, and likewise to forward his telegram to the "Herald." It is needless to state that General Tschernaieff expressed great surprise to me at the very questionable liberties taken by Mr. Gilder, but dropped the subject at length with the remark that he supposed the breaking of a seal was a matter of little or no consequence in a free country like the United States, but in Russia it was a penal and serious offense, and he



assured me that the Cossack would not go unpunished for his part in the transaction.

p. 369-70, on US newspaper coverage of the discovery of De Long:  
When, at last, I was on the eve of starting for the Jana, I received a message from Tamoose informing me that two Americans were there, at the hut of Kusma. Thither I drove on a sled, thinking that I was about to meet the naval officers of whom I had heard, but picture my surprise when, instead, I beheld Noros, who had set out for home in January with Mr. Danenhower. He was accompanied by a Mr. John P. Jackson, correspondent of the "New York Herald," who, journeying to the Delta to "write up" the Jeannette disaster, had met the Danenhower party at Irkutsk, and telegraphed their stories to his journal. He had then secured permission from the Secretary of the Navy to take Noros along with him to the Delta as companion and aide, and here they were with all the paraphernalia of Oriental travelers. Noros had shed his deer-skin rags, and was clothed in purple and fine linen, so to speak. Jackson had a Cossack escort and two covered sleds filled with toothsome foods and other good things.

I invited him over to Jamaveloch, where he learned from Bartlett and Nindemann the details of the search, and how and where we buried the dead. And now a Mr. Larsen, artist and correspondent of the "Illustrated London News," appeared on the scene. He and Mr. Jackson had been fellow-travelers as far as Yakutsk, and now joined company, and wished to visit together the places of interest on our recent search. Mr. Jackson desired that I would detail either Nindemann or Bartlett to accompany him; but, as I had no authority to detach any of my party for such service, I declined to do so, greatly to the displeasure of Mr. Jackson, who seemed to imagine that he had only to order in the name of his master, and I would obey. The egregious egotism of this kind of person is amusing in the extreme. At our first meeting he told me, with a great show of importance, that he would be obliged to me if I would turn over to him for his perusal and inspection the log-books and journals of Lieutenant De Long and Mr. Collins; that Mr. Bennett had so ordered, etc.; that if there was anything I wished to have done, he would be pleased to forward all my projects, etc.; or if I wanted any money he was

empowered to draw on Mr. Bennett, etc., etc. In short, he was prepared to take me in charge and complete in a proper manner the work I had almost finished.

Very much to his astonishment, I was in need of no assistance, and not at all inclined either to surrender myself into his keeping, or to be captured by force. Had I supposed it was the intention of this ghoul-like party to break open the cairn-tomb, I would certainly have accompanied them, and prevented such a desecration. But I never dreamed that a person born in a Christian land would so far forget the respect due to our honored dead as to violate their sacred resting-place for the purpose of concocting a sensational story, and making sketches, or out of idle curiosity. Yet this, I afterwards learned, was done; and the timbers were sawn off and tumbled down, and the structure left so weakened that it no longer served the purpose for which it was intended.

p. 455, on the rescue of the Greely party at Camp Clay: Further up the hill lay the summer camp or tent, black with smoke and partly blown down, the flaps flying in the wind, which was blowing loose papers, leaves of books, and old clothing hither and thither; and on their backs within this half-open inclosure lay the poor creatures whom we had come to rescue, now more dead than alive.

p. 459: Greely, in his sleeping-bag, and resting on his hands and knees, was peering out through the open door-way; his hair and beard black, long, and matted, his hands and face begrimed with the soot of months, and his eyes glittering with an intense excitement. For what terrible days of agony had been swept into oblivion by this supreme moment of joy. Succor had come at last! And yet he scarcely seemed to realize it. Mr. Norman told him who I was, and he said he was glad to see one of the people of the Jeannette, for he had learned a great deal of the history of our expedition from scraps of newspapers that had been wrapped around some lemons left by the Garlington party.

**Muir, John.** *The Cruise of the Corwin: Journal of the Arctic Expedition of 1881 in Search of De Long and the Jeannette.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 2000.

This work collects reports from Muir's trip, mainly dealing with glaciology and other naturalist interests. His is a graceful and easy style and he has an observant eye, down to the hair on the bottom of a polar bear's foot.

p. 12, from Unalaska: The Aleuts are far more civilized and Christianized than any other tribe of Alaska Indians. From a third to one half of the men and women read and write. Their occupation is the hunting of the sea-otter for the Alaska Commercial Company.

p. 16: We called at the house of the priest of the Greek Church, and were received with fine civility.... The wallpaper, the ceiling, the floor, the pictures of Yosemite and the Czar on the walls, the flowers in the window, the books on the tables...all proclaimed exquisite taste of a kind that could not possibly originate anywhere except in the man himself or his wife.

p. 97, on the shipwrecked *Vigilant* the foraging Inuit found many items: Not a single private name was found on any of the articles; nor did the natives produce any books or papers of any sort, though they said that they saw books in the cabin.

p. 130, re the natives of the Arctic seashore: Though safe and sensual, they are by no means dull or apathetic like the sensual savages of civilization, who live only to eat and indulge the senses, for these Eskimos, without newspapers or telegraphs, know all that is going on within hundreds of miles, and are keen questioners and alive to everything that goes on before them. They dearly like to gossip. One tried to buy some of the cabin boy's hair, on account of its curious whiteness; another, who has red hair, is followed and commented on with ludicrous interest.

### **1881-83 International Physical Year US Expedition to Point Barrow Alaska (Ray)**

**Murdoch, John.** *Ethnological Results of the Point Barrow Expedition.* Introduction by William W. Fitzhugh. Washington, DC: Smithsonian Institution, 1988. [First published 1892.]

p. xvii, re IPY cruise on *Golden Fleece* to Point Barrow, Aug 8, 1881, Murdoch to Richard Rathbun at Smithsonian: The hold and the deck are filled with our stuff, while we are so crowded in the cabin that we are only able to keep out the simple necessary articles and a few books. ... I had hoped to have things so that I might do some work on the voyage up, but the vessel is so small and we have so much material that it is entirely out of the question.... They feed us well and by reading, writing, eating and sleeping we manage to fill up the time.

Introduction goes on to describe tensions between the military leadership of Ray and the scientists; the tension of both with the natives and Ray's control over what ethnological specimens could be acquired, and the lack of time for the scientists to do much beyond the obligatory observations. Their expertise was not used to collect items of social or religious import.

p. xxiv, Murdoch to Rathbun, March 28<sup>th</sup>, towards end of winter: Time has been very dull here because we have so few amusements. Nothing at all has been done in the way of systematic amusement. Ray doesn't even consider it necessary to try to make things pleasant for people, doesn't even consider it necessary to try make [sic] things pleasant for people, in fact goes out of his way to be disagreeable to Dark and Cassidy, to whom he has taken a dislike. Consequently we are all thrown on books, especially light-reading as our only relaxation.

Goes on to criticize Ray for making things unpleasant and Gen. Hazen (Signal Corps.) for special orders to postpone all zoological work: By the way, if you know of any convenient book for identifying sea anemones, down to genera at least, I wish you'd have it sent up to me in '83.

Murdoch later served as librarian of the Smithsonian (1887 to 1892) and then as a cataloguer at the Boston Public Library.

### **1881-84 International Physical Year US Expedition to Lady Franklin Bay (led by Adolphus Greely)**

**Bender, Jacob (George Layerzapf).** Transcribed diary appearing on [www.arcticwebsite.com/GreelyBenderDiary](http://www.arcticwebsite.com/GreelyBenderDiary). July 7, 1881-Feb. 19, 1882.

July 19<sup>th</sup>, 1881: ...we loaded some stores left here by the U.S. Gullionare last year. (Could easily have included books from the Howgate Expedition, those so stamped in the Arctic Collection found by Peary in 1898.)

Sept. 16<sup>th</sup>, very funny passage on 3 in sleeping bag meant for two.

Oct 9, 16, 23, Nov 20, 24, Dec 25, Feb 19, 1882—notes sermons by Greely, the last with “prayers for those who are travelling.”

Nov. 23: first appearance of *Arctic Moon*.

**Brainard, David L.** *Six Came Back: The Arctic Adventure of David L. Brainard*. Edited by Bessie Rowland James. Indianapolis, IN: Bobbs-Merrill, 1940.

David Brainard's diary, kept during the Lady Franklin Bay Arctic Expedition which had started out in 1881, is here edited by Bessie Rowland James. Brainard was a Sergeant at the time but attained the rank of Brigadier-General by the end of his career. A remarkable diary for its clarity, regularity, modesty, and dispassionate approach to whatever happened.

p. 25, Sunday, August 28<sup>th</sup> [1881]: Work suspended for the day and we assembled in men's quarters to listen to reading of the Bible. This is the beginning of regular Sunday services. All games for pleasure or money are prohibited on the Sabbath. There is no objection to necessary work or to hunting. It looks as if the day will be spent walking. Arguments are plentiful....

p. 30, Oct. 4: Lieut. Greely has had shelves put in our rooms and is filling them with books and magazines contributed by persons in the civilized part of the world who took an interest in the fortunes of his little party....

p. 36, November 14: The first issue of the *Arctic Moon*, edited by Lieut. Lockwood, Sergt. Rice and Pvt Henry will appear Thanksgiving....

Sunday, November 20<sup>th</sup>. Divine service at the usual hour; all present. Lieut. Greely is organizing a school. Only one member of our party cannot read or write.

p. 41-2: February 1<sup>st</sup>. [1882] The steady light from the returning sun brightened up the southern horizon at noon and almost dissolved the resplendent beams of the full moon. I was able to read *Harper's Monthly* by turning the page towards the south.

p. 97: October 26<sup>th</sup>... A very interesting lecture this evening by Lieut. Greely on tides. Also a reading from Longfellow's poems....

p. 102: December 5<sup>th</sup>. The monotonous routine of our life is felt more keenly every day, even though our stay in the Arctic is gradually approaching the end. Our time, after the usual hour's work in the morning, is spent in reading, writing or discussion. Several have applied themselves to study under the Commanding Officer, but nothing seems to hurry the flight of time.

Sunday, December 10<sup>th</sup>. Service was omitted this morning because the Bible was mislaid. Our dogs ate a portion of the original weather record today.

p. 162: Lands opened in the direction of Cape Prescott this morning, but we were unable to get into them. Our time is passed principally in reading, sleeping and eating.

p. 190-91: Sunday October 21<sup>st</sup>. A lemon was issued to each of us this morning in lieu of lime-juice. The scraps of newspapers in which the lemons were wrapped have been removed and carefully dried for future reading. It will be a rare treat to receive news again from the civilized world. We have already learned from scraps that Garfield died and Arthur is President.

[The editor on p 191 adds an example:]

[In one of the torn newspapers the men encountered for the first time the word 'dude.' It had come into vogue while they had been out of touch with the world. From its use by the newspaper, they had little trouble figuring out the meaning. This particular item made them laugh despite their disappointments and since it was re-read often at Cape Sabine when their spirits were at low ebb, it is printed below to bring a little cheer to the reader.]

(From the *Courier-Journal*, Louisville, Ky., May 19, 1883.)

ATTENTION DUDES!

*The Prince of Wales Says That the Reverse in Waltzing  
Must no Longer Be Indulged in*

Wash., May 28.—A bit of fashionable intelligence was reported to a society gentleman today. The fact has gone out in the best London and Continental society that the reverse of the waltz shall no longer be permitted. The reform seems to have been originated by the Prince of Wales and, of course, it was immediately taken up by the smaller fashionables in London. The ill-natured say His Royal Highness never did dance well in his golden youth....]

Another example from the same paper predicts the problems to be faced by the Cape Sabine contingent is given on p. 193-5, in a remarkably prescient way that apart from the author's (Mr. Henry Clay) concern for the men could not have been much comfort.

p. 196: To prevent our minds from becoming torpid, an hour or so each evening is devoted to reading aloud. Gardiner reads the Bible, Lieut Greely, the army regulations (a copy was left for this abandoned Polar party in the wreck cache!) and Rice, one of Hardy's novels, *Two on a Tower*.

p. 249, March 28<sup>th</sup>: The evening readings which have been a source of so much gratification were discontinued this evening, owing to an inclination on the part of some to sleep rather than to hear them.

p. 265-66, April 22<sup>nd</sup>: We have discarded reading at present owing to the scarcity of light and lack of interest. Our conversation flags for want of subjects, and all are asleep by 7 P.M. Undoubtedly it is better for us that our troubles are drowned in sleep.

p. 271-72: Will anyone ever be able to decipher this writing? It is in great part illegible, the sentences disconnected and incoherent and written in semi-darkness with great rapidity.

p. 281, May 22<sup>nd</sup>: The meager amount of food consumed does not require our bowels to function oftener than from twelve to eighteen days. This act is always attended with great pain and followed by extreme exhaustion.

p. 282, May 25: My God! This life is horrible; will it never change?

Brainard's diary ends on June 21<sup>st</sup>, shortly before the rescue of 7 of the explorers and Elison was to die shortly after getting some decent food. This is one of the most straightforward and seemingly honest of exploration diaries, told with a dry crispness but enormous effect.

**Greely, Adolphus W.** "Daily Journal. Lady Franklin Bay Expedition (primarily temperature, animal, auroral, and magnetic observations). Explorer's Club Inventory 2003-007. Each page bears stamp reading: "Recovered by Robert E. Peary, C. E., U.S.N., from Fort Conger, May, 1899, under the auspices of the Peary Arctic Club, and by it restored to the United States, December, 1899." These volumes are in good condition and show none of the wear seen in other Fort Conger books.

The official records of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition (1881-84) at the Explorers Club include the Daily Journal, copies of Letters sent, and the Sledge Journal.

August 16, 1881: Proteus at last succeeded in getting clear of the ice and steaming down the channel soon disappeared from sight. [No mention is made of Kislingbury's abortive attempt to return with the ship.]

August 28, 1881: The day observed by Lieut. Greely reading one of the psalms and all games suspended, on the Sabbaths day.

The second unbound journal covers Jan 1<sup>st</sup> 1883 –August 2<sup>nd</sup>: On July 29 Lt Greely gave orders that the stations would be abandoned on the 7<sup>th</sup> of August 1883. Each man to be allowed 8 lbs of luggage for the retreat.

Aug 2, gives last entry here: Journal items will here after be entered in Original [Records] of observations. [Entries are given in various hands.]

Next volume is "Letters sent 2 July 1881 – 3 August 1882" (These are copies of letters sent by Greely.)

p. 25: July 18 1881 Letter to Herr Fernker, Governor of Christianhaab, Greenland, soliciting bird specimens (male and female plus 6 eggs of each kind of bird): It would give me personal pleasure if you would advice me through Herr Inspector Smith as to the books on Ornithology or other subjects of interest which I could have forwarded to you in



1883. [Presumably that was when he thought the Expedition would return. Written from Upernavik Greenland July 28, 1881.  
p. 42-49, copies of records found by Greely at Discovery Bay, from Nares *H.M.S. Discovery* 11 August 1876.  
p. 50-68, Greely reports of Aug. 15, 1881 from Fort Conger on the Expedition so far.  
p. 83, to C.S.O. Aug 17, 1881 from Fort Conger: ...a list of articles found and brought away from Polaris winter quarters, Life Boat Cover.  
p. 84: The books belonging to Dr. Bessels would most probably be gladly recovered by him [i.e. several parts of books from France?].

**Greely, Adolphus Washington.** *International Polar Expedition. Report on the Proceedings of the United States Expedition to Lady Franklin Bay, Grinnell Land.* Two volumes. Washington: Government Printing Office, 1888. [U.S. House of Representatives. 49<sup>th</sup> Congress, 1<sup>st</sup> Session. Misc. Doc. No. 393]

Greely's official report is only 93 pages and records, mostly in monthly segments, the chief events of the expedition. It does not amplify what he already had published more expansively in his *Three Years of Arctic Service* (1886), but continues the defensiveness over some disputed actions. He is always concerned about the safety of the scientific records and other journals prepared by the expedition.

Volume I:

p. 13, November 1881: A tri-weekly school was commenced during the month and kept up through the winter, with benefit to the men attending. Of the educational qualifications of the expedition it may be said that every man of the party but one could write, and he acquired the attainment during the winter. A semi-monthly newspaper, *The Arctic Moon*, continued for four numbers, exciting interest and affording amusement.

The 24<sup>th</sup> was appointed as a day of thanksgiving and praise. Selections from the Psalms were read in the morning. Amusements of various kinds, races, rifle-shooting, etc., filled up the day pleasantly and added zest to the excellent dinner which followed.

p. 16: March 1882 re Lt. Lockwood's trek to Thank God Harbor: Although the roof and a side were gone, the observatory building at Thank God Harbor was found yet standing, and the stores fairly protected from weather and animals. In quantity and variety the articles in no way agreed with the list in the Polaris narrative. [The records of the English expedition March 1876: Nares exped. aboard *HMS Discovery*] and their store-book were brought to Fort Conger. They form, with Lieutenant Lockwood's orders and report, Appendices Nos. 38, 39, and 40. (p. 144-155, q.v.)]

p. 22-23, May 1882 when Greely sent Dr. Pavy to the Polaris Boat Camp (Hall): He returned on the 16<sup>th</sup> via Thank God Harbor, from which place he brought one hundred and ten pounds of pemmican, a grindstone, and three books belonging to the English Arctic expedition. The books were abandoned at Fort Conger. No written report of this trip was made by Dr. Pavy." [see p. 147-48 where several books from Thank God Harbor are listed:

p. 147-8: List of stores at Thank God Harbor and their condition, includes the following:

2 volumes "Punch," bound, good.

1 book (— ---), good. [could be "Two in a Tower"?)]

1 book (Eulalie) good. [a short lyric poem by Edgar Allan Poe]

1 book (Foul Play), good. [Charles Reade novel or Dion Boucicault dramatic adaptation]

1 book (Albert Nyanza) by Baker, good. [Samuel Baker's *The Albert N'yanza: the Great Basin of the Nile*, for which a new edition appeared in 1874.]

p. 37: October 1882 I inaugurated a series of lectures for the winter, and was assured co-operation from Dr. Pavy and Sergeant Israel, my astronome.

p. 65-66, while describing the harsh trip towards Cape Sabine, Greely praises the general conduct of his party, with improprieties only on the part of a few members: Fortunately the party as a whole was never otherwise than subordinate and united. Such subordination and united action had been our safety in five hundred miles travel, which had ended

in our party of twenty-five landing in health and strength, with records and instruments safe, on the barren coast of Ellesmere Land.

p. 68: I refused to abandon either records, instruments, or any part of our provisions until their ultimate safety was secured, by caching them on the island where the three provision depots were situated.

p. 73: To break the monotony of our winter routine I commenced on November 17 [1883] daily lectures on the physical geography, the history, the resources, etc., of the United States in general and the States in detail. The natives of any State generally supplemented my own knowledge. This arrangement occupied about two hours daily, and was continued throughout the winter, being omitted only on days when some other means of diverting the mind were adopted for a change. Readings were given nearly every evening, which lasted from one to two hours. Although scarcely able to spare the small quantity of seal-oil needful for the miserable light used at such times, yet it is impossible to doubt that in no other way could so much benefit come from it to the party. Later in the winter Dr. Pavy gave many very interesting lectures on various subjects, physiology, etc.

p. 76: The last days in January [1884] were occupied by me in copying our meteorological records and in writing letters to Lieutenant Garlington, the Chief Signal Officer, and others, to be carried to Littleton Island.

p. 107. VI. Memorandum of Outfit: List of apparatus to be furnished to Point Barrow and, with some exceptions and additions, to Lady Franklin Bay.

*Blank books and forms.*—Twelve diaries for 1881, 1882, and 1883, respectively, one to be kept by each man; two hundred and fifty books for original record of meteorological observations; fifty blank books for daily journal, for miscellaneous observations; fifty volumes Form 4, for copy of origin record; three hundred star charts, for auroras, &c.; one hundred forms for comparison of barometers; eight hundred forms for anemometer register.

*Books.*—Instructions to Observers, Signal Service, U. S. A.; Annual Reports of the Chief Signal Officer, from 1873 to 1880, inclusive; Loomis's Treatise on Meteorology; Buchan's Handy Book of

Meteorology; Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections, Vol. I.; Guyot's Meteorological and Physical Tables; Church's Trigonometry; Chauvenet's Practical Astronomy; Bowditch's Navigator; Bowditch's Useful Tables; Lee's Collection of Tables and Formula; American Nautical Almanac for 1881, 1882, and 1883; Admiralty Manual of Scientific Inquiry, 4<sup>th</sup> ed.; Admiralty Manual and Instructions for Arctic Expedition, 1875; Nares's &c., Reports of English Arctic Expedition; Nares's Narrative of Voyage to Polar Sea, London, 1878; Charts, United States Hydrographic Office, No. 68, and British Admiralty, Nos. 593, 2164, 2435; Bremiker's edition of Vega's Logarithmic Tables; Barlow's Tables; Coast Survey Papers on Time Latitude, Longitude, Magnetics, and Tidal Observations; Everett's Translation of Deschanel; Sigsbee on Deep Sea Sounding, &c. (U. S. Coast Survey Report); Markham's Collection of Papers Relating to Arctic Geography, London, 1877; Schott's Reduction of Observations of Hayes, and Sontag, of Dr. Kane, and of McClintock; Manual of Military Telegraphy; Myer's Manual of Signals; J. R. Capron, *Auroraë: their characters and spectra*; Pope's *Modern Practice of the Electric Telegraph*; Instructions for the Expedition toward the North Pole, from Hon. George M. Robeson, Secretary of the Navy; stationery, as ordinarily supplied; drawing paper and instruments.

All officers and observers of the expedition are charged to at once familiarize themselves in detail with these instructions, and in the practice of the duties they prescribe, together with a thorough knowledge of the instruments and their use; and commanding officers are specially charged to see that these requirements are observed.

The identical list is found in P. H. Ray, *Report of the International Polar Expedition to Point Barrow, Alaska*.... Washington: Government Printing Office, 1885. p. 17.

p. 109, records left at Southeast Cary Island from the Nares expedition were returned to the Admiralty, via the war department.

p. 110, Aug. 2, 1881. Kislingbury finds fragments of books at Life Boat Cave, where *Polaris* crew camped after ship went down, and where Nares later visited.

p. 117, report of Sgt. Jewell Sept. 3 1881: ...in the ice was in small packs, with no apparent movement. This apathy of the ice did not long continue, as an inward movement was discovered about 11 a.m., the pack bearing down upon the boat from the eastward.

p. 132, Dr. Pavy report from Cape Henry, Feb. 17, 1882: Like a symphonie of nature in such a far away place I shall never forget; and for a long time the noise of the howling of the winds and the grinding of the floes...will remain impressed on my memory.

p. 147-8, for a list of surviving *Polaris* books see p. 22-23 above.

p. 213, Lockwood found considerable records between Drift Point and Gap Valley in May 1882—he made shorthand copies and left originals there.

p. 225-27 provides transcripts of records left by the British Arctic Expedition 1875-'76 (Nares) at Stanton Gorge, Repulse Bay in 1876 recounting some woes of that trip, scurvy in particular.

p. 335, in Medical Report of Hospital Steward Biederbick, December 8, 1884: Our amusements were varied. We had an excellent library, and the greater part of our spare time was passed in reading. Games of cards, chess, checkers, dominoes, &c., were indulged in. In November, 1881, a small bi-monthly newspaper, the "Arctic Moon," was started, but the interest in it lessened considerably after a few months' existence, and its issue was discontinued. A few private theatricals were also indulged in, but, as the talent among us for such entertainments was very limited, interest in these was soon lost. Lieutenants Greely and Lockwood, Dr. Pavy, and Sergeant Israel delivered interesting lectures. Lieutenant Greely especially persisted in his efforts to entertain and amuse his party during the long arctic nights, when, perchance, one or more would show signs of depressed spirits.

The spirits of the party during the dark winter months were sometimes a little depressed, but never very low. Loss of appetite and a general feeling of lassitude were quite common complaints, always successfully treated with tincture of iron, taken after each meal, and an extra diet of raw meat.

p. 344, in Lieutenant Lockwood's supplementary report on hygiene: Bagatelle, chess, cards, rifle-matches, &c., reading, lectures, and the

editing of a paper were resorted to. No indulgence ever requested by either officers or men was ever refused. Every possible plan was followed to induce cheerfulness, confidence, and harmony, conditions in arctic service which are not only essential to health but success.

p. 461, in Brainard's Diary of the period from "Besetment" to the final rescue. Sunday October 21, 1883: Everyone complains of excessive weakness, and even the strongest of our party may be seen to stagger while walking along. A lemon in lieu of lime-juice was issued to each man this evening. The scraps of newspapers in which the lemons were wrapped have been carefully removed and dried for future reading. It was indeed a rare treat to again receive news from the civilized world. From these scraps we have already learned that Garfield died on September 19, 1881, and that Arthur is now President. [These papers came from a cache of provisions found at Rice Straits.]

p. 462, Thursday, October 25, 1883. The first of a series of very pleasant entertainments took place to-night. The scraps of newspapers taken from the lemons were read aloud for fifteen minutes by Rice just after dinner. This will be repeated every night until all are read. I observed an aurora this evening at an early hour. The next day the sun disappeared for the winter.

Saturday, October 27, 1883: Lieutenant Greely has decided to call this place "Camp Clay," in honor of Mr. Henry Clay, a fellow-passenger on the *Proteus* in 1881 to Lady Franklin Bay, from which place he returned to St. John's. We found a Louisville Courier-Journal in one of these caches, which contains an article written by Mr. Clay regarding our deplorable situation, and making certain specific recommendations which, it is needless to say, have not been followed by the Government. He predicts in this article our present condition, and urges that Cape Sabine (where we now are) should be provisioned. Tobacco was issued to the smokers this evening.

Monday, October 29, 1883: In order that our minds may be lifted from this mire of morbidness and prevented from sinking into a state of torpor an hour or so is devoted each evening to reading aloud. Gardiner reads the Bible; Lieutenant Greely the Army Regulations; and Rice is perusing one of Hardy's novels, entitled "Two in a Tower." With the

exception of Gardiner's Bible, these books, together with several others, were found in the wreck cache. [from the *Proteus*, see p. 23]

p. 468, Saturday, November 17, 1883: Lieutenant Greely entertained us this morning with a description of the physical conditions of North America, in which he is well versed. In his remarks he confined himself principally to the United States. This will be followed by lectures on astronomy by Israel, and on natural history, physiology, and the history of France by Pavy. The evening's entertainment will be contributed to by all the other members of the party, who will relate their early experiences, converse on various subjects, and read aloud from the few books in our possession.

p. 475, Tuesday, December 25, 1883: The records from Brevoort Island, which were found by Rice in October, were read again aloud and many moistened eyes were observed at its close.

p. 481, Wednesday, January 23, 1884: Dr. Pavy, who is an indefatigable talker on all subjects and at all times, enlivened the evening by recalling reminiscences of his journeyings through Switzerland and adjacent countries. Kane's Arctic Explorations were also produced and read aloud.

p. 485, Monday, February 11, 1884: Without firm ice on which to cross the sound to Littleton Island but slight hope for life can remain for us. The words contained in Lieutenant Garlington's record, written after the crushing of the *Porteus* by ice, 'Everything within the power of man will be done to rescue the brave men at Fort Conger from their perilous position,' brought tears to the eyes of the strong men who listened to the reading of the letter that night in October in our dimly-lighted hut at Eskimo Point. Situated as we then were his words inspired us with hope, but months have passed without bringing the promised assistance, and now I am of the opinion that his hopeful words were written without due consideration, and without a full knowledge or appreciation of the difficulties to be encountered.

p. 488, Thursday, February 21, 1884: Dr. Pavy is entertaining us with a series of lectures on the history of France from the earliest authentic date to the present time.

p. 499, Brainard reports that the record cache at Peyer Harbor is in “excellent condition, no portion of the cairn having fallen.”

**Volume II:** Note on p [ii]: In the House of Representatives, *June 17, 1886. Resolved by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring)*. That 4,500 copies, with the necessary illustrations, be printed of the Report on the Proceedings of the International Polar Expedition to Lady Franklin Bay, Grinnell Land, by First Lieutenant A. W. Greely, Fifth Cavalry, United States Army, Acting Signal Officer; 1,250 copies of which shall be for the use of the Senate, 2,500 copies for use of House, and 750 copies for distribution by the Signal Office to foreign libraries and Arctic explorers.

The rest of Vol. II is scientific reports and observations from the expedition.

**Greely, Adolphus Washington.** *Three Years of Arctic Service, An Account of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition of 1881-84 and the Attainment of the Farthest North.* Two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner’s Sons, 1886.

These volumes are Greely’s personal, not official, somewhat sanitized version of his expedition and its aftermath. Much of the work is taken from Greely’s journals, and those passages are given within quotation marks, as in the original publication.

Volume I:

p. xiiii: BORING is the operation of forcing a ship through crowded ice by steam or sail. [In a glossary of technical terms, but the pun is irresistible.]

p. 31, a general description of Greenland ca 1880s: The naturally amiable qualities of the Eskimo have been fostered by the Christianizing influences of the Danish pastors and the Moravian missionaries.

Religious and instructive books have been printed in Eskimo text, and a large portion of the natives read, although but few of them can write.

p. 64: On the western coast of the [Littleton] island I also found a wet wad of paper, which was carefully dried, and examined a few days later. It seemed to show conclusively that the Nares cairn had been opened,



probably by the Eskimo, as the paper proved to be part of the *London Standard*, dated May 17, 1875, in which was contained intact an account of a lecture of Captain Nares on the Arctic expedition, delivered at Winchester Guildhall, April 30, 1875.

p. 71: As the *Proteus* passed Washington Irving Island [Aug 1881], we picked up our photographer, as well as Dr. Pavy and Lieutenant Lockwood, who had been searching the cairn on the island. The latter officer brought back Captain Nares' record of August, 1875, and September 1876, which gave a brief account of his visit and action. Copies of these papers were left, and a new record added, which gave briefly our experiences to date....

p. 88, Sunday routine at Fort Conger: ...I announced that games of all kinds should be abstained from on that day. On each Sunday morning there would be read by me [Greely] a selection from the Psalms, and it was expected that every member of the expedition should be present, unless he had conscientious scruples against listening to the reading of the Bible.... The selection of the Psalms for the 28<sup>th</sup> day of the month [Aug. 1881] was then read. Although, as a rule, during our stay at Conger, I refrained from any comments on what was thus read, I felt obliged that morning to especially invite the attention of the party to that verse which recites how delightful a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. A few words were added upon the depressing effect which an isolated and monotonous life produced upon men experiencing the trials and hardships of a long Arctic winter. I further expressed the hope, that every one would endeavor to conciliate and reconcile those who drifted into any unpleasant controversy instead of exciting them to further feeling.

p. 117: Our usual psalms on the 11<sup>th</sup> [Sept] were supplemented by prayer for those who travel, a practice regularly followed whenever sledge parties were in the field.

p. 119: Lamps were first lighted for general use on September 16<sup>th</sup>....

p. 145-46: Most of our winter amusements were necessarily of a mental character, owing to lack of space for much physical exercise. The library was an excellent one, comprising about seventy-five volumes of Arctic works, many encyclopædias, scientific works, etc., for the studios.

There were probably a thousand novels, magazines, and books of a light character.

Cards, chess-boards, backgammon, parchesi, and other games were much in use, but no gambling, save for tobacco, was allowed. One variety entertainment was given, and a semi-monthly newspaper lived for two months only. Hunting was assiduously followed as long as light lasted, and skating was practiced until the roughness of the ice rendered it difficult.

One of the party had a violin and an orguette, with about *fifty* yards of music, afforded much amusement, being particularly fascinating to our Eskimo, who never wearied grinding out one tune after another.

When these amusements seemed stale, the monotony was broken by a series of lectures commenced and generally maintained by me. I lectured some six times the first winter, on Sound, Storms, Magnetism, Poles (geographical and others), Arctic Expeditions, and War Reminiscences, which were supplemented by readings. Lieutenant Lockwood delivered two lectures on Arctic Sledging, and Dr. Pavy one on Africa. The second winter I was assisted in this work by Dr. Pavy, who lectured on Napoleon, and by Sergeant Israel, who gave a series of excellent and instructive lectures on Astronomy.

p. 162: The monotony of Arctic life commenced about that time [mid-Nov]. Different methods to alleviate its discomforts and depressions were broached, none of which were particularly successful, as, indeed, none can be. A tri-weekly school was commenced by me during the month, which was kept up through the entire winter with marked benefit to the men attending.... Arithmetic, grammar, geography, and meteorology were taught. For a time Dr. Pavy instructed two men in French. The educational qualifications of the men were very good, and there was but one of the party on its original formation who was unable to write, and he acquired that attainment during our stay at Conger.

p. 163: Lieutenant Lockwood, with the assistance of Sergeant Rice and Private Henry, edited a semi-monthly newspaper, the *Arctic Moon*.... It lived, however, only for two months, dying for lack of interest, although it served its temporary purpose of amusement and diversion.

p. 174: At 10 A.M. the Psalms for Christmas were read, to which I added as appropriate the second selection, consisting of the 139<sup>th</sup> and 140<sup>th</sup> Psalms. The reading was supplemented by the singing of a hymn and the doxology, led off by Lieutenant Kislingbury. I remember no service in all our Arctic experiences which so affected and impressed the men, unless it was that at our first burial in the winter at Sabine.

p. 176: A female impersonation followed, by Schneider, which afforded amusement for the party, but particularly so to the Eskimo. Schneider had provided himself at the Greenland ports with the entire costume of the Eskimo belle, and being a small man, was able to squeeze himself into the garments....

p. 180-81, description of his quarters ashore at Fort Conger, including an illustration of books and bunk on the opposite page: My own domain of eight by eight was in general thrown into the main room, but heavy curtains were so arranged that at night, or whenever I desired privacy, they could be drawn so as to cut off my corner from view. Such little trappings as I had taken with me were arranged to the best advantage. On shelves near me were placed my personal books and the excellent Arctic library we were favored with. To save space my bunk was built on the top of an ammunition-chest, in which the greater part of my clothing was packed. A small desk, a rocking-chair, and some private carpeting added much to my comfort as I daily applied myself to mental work. The ink froze nightly at my head, and the water spilled on carpet or floor at all times turned to ice, but as a compensation the thermometer by day—if day there be without the sun—rose to 90° (38° C.) around my head. Despite these and other drawbacks, it was a comfortable nook to me in that time, and it will always abide in my mind with pleasure, as a place where I did good work myself and planned better for others.

p. 223-24, on sledge journey when matches wouldn't light [needed to produce drinking water]: "Jewell finally produced a love-letter, which was very carefully worn in some inside garment, and holding a piece to the next match it caught the flame slowly and immediately communicated it to the alcohol-lamp, one wick of which was allowed to burn until we quit the snowhouse." [Quoted from Brainard's field-journal.]

p. 236: “St. Patrick was honored this evening by a few songs from ‘The Wild Irishman.’” Singing songs when sheltered only by a light tent from the drifting gale and a temperature lower than —40° (—40° C.) was a fair sample of the indomitable spirit and unvarying cheerfulness of the men of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition.

p. 355: ...Dr. Pavy visited instead Sergeant Lynn’s party at Polaris Boat Camp, taking them some delicacies from the station. He returned on the 16<sup>th</sup>, coming in accordance with his orders by way of Thanks God Harbor, from which he brought three cans of pemmican, a grindstone, and several books.

Volume II: Quotations are taken from Greely’s journal of the Camp Clay period before the June 1884 rescue.

p. 6: “Oct. 16<sup>th</sup>.—Psalms were read as usual at ten o’clock. Bender is the first man who has objected to the service, and was excused to-day, at his own request, on religious grounds. It is proper and essential that there should be an observance of the day, but I have rarely commented on what was read and have endeavored to avoid anything like sectarianism in my selections, having no wish to constrain the religious opinion of any man.”

p. 12: “Jan. 7<sup>th</sup>.—Read Psalms at 9 a.m.”

“Jan. 11<sup>th</sup>.... I read a number of extracts, mainly poetical, to the men this evening. Yesterday our last lamp-chimney broke, and we resort now to broken stubs, bottles, etc.”

p. 180-81, in a reading passage quoted from Greely’s Camp Clay diary: “October 26<sup>th</sup>.—Our day of sunlight for a hundred and ten long days, and how to pass this coming Arctic night is a question I can’t answer. Last evening we had a reading by Rice from the scraps of paper, which I had carefully unwrapped from each lemon and dried out in my sleeping-bag. We have learned, some days since, that Garfield is dead, and that the Cabinet, except [Secretary of War Robert T] Lincoln, has been entirely changed; we consider Lincoln’s retention hopeful for us. The wretched Eskimo lamp, with its faint glimmer of light, is held close to the reader. Some already begrudge the oil for this purpose, but I look on it as more than well spent in giving food for our minds, which, turned inward, these coming months would inevitably drive us all insane.”

p. 198, the winter quarters at Camp Clay, Cape Sabine, must have had some reading material since Greely reports on November 4<sup>th</sup> “ Reading in the evening as usual, including the Psalms for to-day.” [Elsewhere Greely claims the men had no Bible, but that he had a prayer-book. See p. 325]

p. 201-02, [Nov. 17.]: “I have been casting about for some means to amuse and divert the party during the weary time now upon us.... After much thought and some consultation, I have decided to give, daily, a lecture, of from one to two hours in length, upon the physical geography and the resources of the United States in general; followed later by similar talks on each State and Territory in particular....”

“November 18<sup>th</sup> [Camp Clay, 1883]. —I talked for an hour or more to-day regarding the peculiarities of climate and the various products, etc., of the United States. In the evening I read the Psalms for the day. Rum was issued, except to those who drew in advance on their return from their last trip to Long Point....”

“November 19<sup>th</sup>.... Talked for an hour or two on the grain and fruit products of the United States. Last evening there was reading from ‘Pickwick’ [Dickens] by Jewell; ‘Two on a Tower,’ [Thomas Hardy] by Rice; ‘A History of Our Own Times,’ [Justin McCarthy, 1879?] first by Lieutenant Lockwood, and later by Henry.” \* [\*Footnote, p. 202:

\*These books, with the exception of Two on a Tower, which was found in the wreck cache, were taken from Conger.]

p. 203: “November 21st.— ... I gave an hour on the mineral productions of the United States. It was interesting to note the lack of interest shown by the party regarding the production of gold and silver. Several have spoken on the subject of money, and there are but few men who would not willingly sacrifice their entire pecuniary fortunes, if by so doing they could guarantee the successful return of the expedition to the United States.”

p. 204: “November 22d.—I gave another hour to the United States in general, treating particularly of its geographical subdivisions, as I intend commencing on the States in detail tomorrow.”

“November 23d.—Talked for nearly two hours to-day on the State of Maine, touching on its climate....” [Other talks over the next weeks

including Kentucky, Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa, Germany, Baden-Baden, etc.]

“November 24th. —Talked for a couple of hours on New Hampshire; my remarks being supplemented by Jewell by an account of life on Mount Washington, which he contrasted very favorably with our present deplorable condition. Instead of the customary reading from the Bible, Dickens, and the Army Regulations, this evening was given up to reminiscences pertaining to the past lives and domestic surroundings of the men.”

p. 207-08: “December 5th: ...Our reading in the evening, which is apart from my lectures upon the various states, generally consists of a chapter or two from the Bible, by Gardiner; the Army Regulations, by myself; and a chapter of ‘Pickwick,’ by Jewell.”

p. 216: “December 27th—I talked an hour this morning on Kentucky, my remarks being supplemented by Jewell, who gave an interesting account of the manner in which horse-breeding is conducted in that State; Jewell, having made a specialty of the pedigree of horses, whiled away an hour or two for us very pleasantly. The temperature is very low, down to  $-40^{\circ}$  ( $-40^{\circ}$  C.).”

p. 217, discussion on December 28 on using blubber as cooking fuel: “Objections are made to using blubber for light even, except during cooking, but I believe mental occupation, such as reading, is worth much more than the blubber burned, even if the light does not do us physical good. The information we have picked up from the few books abandoned by Lieutenant Garlington and the discussions which have arisen from them have tended to keep us alive.”

p. 219, on January 4th: “Instead of the usual geography, I read an hour or more from a statistical book which Lieutenant Kislingbury brought from Conger.”

p. 223, January 15th, 1884: “I talked for an hour upon the Indian Territory. Conversations of this character are not as popular as they have been, and they are exceedingly trying upon me, leaving me perfectly exhausted when I am through.”

p. 229-30 [Jan 25, 1884]: “In addition to commencing the ‘Life of St. Patrick,’ [Mary Cusack or Patrick Lynch?] and reading statistical

information from the almanac, I perfected a chronological list of the principal events in the history of the world. After my stock of information was exhausted, I was materially assisted by Dr. Pavy and Sergeant Israel in extending the table.”

p. 231, January 28th: “Drilled Brainard and one or two others this evening in the chronological table. ‘Coningsby’ [Disraeli] was finished last night, and our attention is now directed to Kane [*Arctic Explorations*], whose record of his starvation diet creates in us an indescribable longing for even half as much food as his men had.”

p. 243, February 8th: “I read to-day from McCarthy’s ‘History (of Our Own Times)’ and Gardner from Hayes’ ‘Polar Sea.’ ”

p. 325: Sergeant Gardiner was a young man of excellent habits, fine mind, and amiable disposition, and had ambition and application. He was a valuable man to the expedition in many ways, and had endeared himself to his comrades. He was more religious than perhaps any other one in the party; although allowed only eight pounds of luggage on the retreat, he denied himself to bring with him his Bible, our only one, though I had a prayer book.

p. 331 [June 22, 1884]: I tried with indifferent success to read from my prayer-book and the few scraps we had, but the high wind and lack of food made it too exhausting.

**Greely, Adolphus Washington.** “The United States Arctic Expedition to Lady Franklin Bay,” *Proceedings of the Royal Geographic Society and monthly record of geography*, 4 no. 3 (March 1882) p. 171-175

Greely’s report from Fort Conger in 1881 on the first few months of the expedition, including discovery of fragments from the Nares expedition, and his conviction: ...that in my opinion, a retreat from here southward to Cape Sabine, in case no vessel reaches us in 1882 or 1883, will be safe and practicable, although all but the most important records will necessarily have to be abandoned. Abstracts could and would be made of those left. (p. 175)

**Brainard, David L.** *The Outpost of the Lost: An Arctic Adventure.* (New York: Bobbs-Merrill, 1929).

Mainly Brainard's diary of the Greely retreat from Fort Conger, starting on August 9<sup>th</sup>, 1883, to the rescue of only six survivors of the twenty-eight men, including Brainard, in June 1884.

p. 70, August 29<sup>th</sup>: Lanes opened in the direction of Cape Prescott this morning, but we were unable to get into them. Our time is passed principally in reading, sleeping and eating.

p. 120, Sunday October 21<sup>st</sup>: A lemon was issued to each of us this morning in lieu of lime-juice [from a cache left by *Proteus* on Oct. 15]. The scraps of newspapers in which the lemons were wrapped have been removed and carefully dried for future reading. It will be a rare treat to receive news again from the civilized world. We have already learned from scraps that Garfield died and Arthur is President.

p. 123, October 27<sup>th</sup>: According to an article written in May 1883 and salvaged from the lemons, Mr. Clay has been making noble efforts in behalf of our rescue. [Clay left the expedition in Greenland in 1881 after a falling out with Dr. Pavy.]

p. 124, October 29<sup>th</sup>: To prevent our minds from becoming torpid, an hour or so each evening is devoted to reading aloud. Gardiner reads the Bible, Lieut. Greely, the army regulations (a copy was left for this abandoned Polar party in the wreck cache!) and Rice, one of Hardy's novels. "Two in a Tower."

p. 181, January 19<sup>th</sup>: at Cross's burial: The remains were dressed for burial by Biederbick and myself, and wrapped in a large gunny sack. Lieut. Greely read the beautiful Episcopal burial service while we were yet in our sleeping bags, and about noon the solemn procession moved slowly across the lake and up the gentle incline to the grave. The body was covered with the Stars and Stripes....

One cannot conceive of anything more unearthly—than this ghostly procession of emaciated men moving slowly and silently away from their wretched ice-prison in the uncertain light of the Arctic night, having in their midst a dead comrade about to be laid away forever in the frozen ground. It was a scene that I can never forget.



The bread ration has been increased to seven and a half ounces.  
p. 220, March 28<sup>th</sup>, in the midst of starvation: The evening readings which have been a source of so much gratification were discontinued this evening, owing to an inclination on the part of some to sleep rather than hear them.

p. 248, April 22<sup>nd</sup>: We have discarded reading at present owing to the scarcity of light and lack of interest. Our conversation flags for want of subjects, and all are asleep by 7 p.m. Undoubtedly it is better for us that our troubles are drowned in sleep so that the full extent of our misery may not at all times be apparent.

**Brainard, David L.** Cape Clay Diary, March 1 – June 21, 1884.  
Dartmouth Digital Collections.

<https://collections.dartmouth.edu/teitexts/brainard-diary/diplomatic/brainard-2-diary-diplomatic.html>

To an almost hallucinatory degree, this diary by one of the six survivors is remarkably full of recipes and lists of foods and ingredients. A veritable wish list for foods, and even desirable books, as in entry below:  
p. 107: Spanish hash — Lt. G. Get mince meat [illegible] in Philadelphia — Gardiner. Guava jelly either in jars or boxes — the former the best. Proctor's Star charts for students \$2.50 — For general knowledge of solar system +c procure Newcombs + Haldens Popular Astronomy + Tait's astronomical discussion in the International Scientific Series — Procure the latter work of which there eight or nine volumes published. Tribune Almanac the best for general information — the Scientific American also publish a similar work of great value.

Lost bet of Boston Box Oyster Stew with Biederbick. Bet copy of Plutarchs Lives with Ralston that seal would be got on or before April 18th 1884 and won Scollops [illegible].

p. 108: I made bet of Putmans [sic] Dictionary of Dates that our new pemmican had lime juice in it. (April 18th 1884)

Bet the same against a bushel of peanuts + on the same date with Lt. Greely. Get good work on Natural History. Purchase Eugene Sue's Mysteries of Paris + The Wandering Jew.

p. 169. April 18, 1884: Lt. Kislingbury + I sealed the notebooks of Rice + they were turned over to my custody to deliver to the Chief Signal Officer by Lt. Greely.

p. 191, May 3, 1884: Tempt. at 6 a.m. at zero. at 11 am. +12. at 3 P.M. +6. The tempt remains very low for this season. Even nature is against us, will nothing be favorable for us. Our ration is now only 8 oz daily except the shrimps + kelp in which there is little or no nutriment. Will these days of misery + wretchedness never end — can we endure it much longer with thieves + men devoid of all honor in our midst. Tempt. inside at 6 a.m. [illegible] Lt. G has taken nothing but three or four spoonfuls of stew.

Will anyone ever be able to decipher this writing. It is in great part illegible the sentences incoherent, + all written in a hurry + with great rapidity and under the most trying circumstances that our miserable condition would admit of.

p. 230-31, June 1, 1844: We are all very weak + much depressed, especially those who were exposed to the fury of the storm in the miserable shelter + without food for over thirty six hours + as the end of that time when deserving of the best breakfast that could be ordered at Delmonico's were content with 3 oz shrimps in a little of their soup + a cup of tea. Lt. K. became unconscious at 8 a.m. + breathed his last at 3 P.M. The beautiful Episcopal Service was read this evening as has been the custom on all these occasions. A short time before he became unconscious he begged hard for water + wound up by singing the Doxology.

**Heilprin, Angelo. Papers. Academy of Natural Sciences  
Philadelphia. Mss. 147 (1).**

Among Angelo Heilprin Papers was a folder marked Peary Relief Expedition, an 1892 expedition in which Heilprin was involved aboard the *Kite*. However, the folder is mislabeled and refers not to Peary but to the Greely Relief Expedition of 1883 aboard the *Proteus* under the command of Lt. Garlington. There is a diary of 14 pages written by a member of that expedition, covering the period from July 19<sup>th</sup> to August

10. This was the period during which the *Proteus* was nipped and sank on July 23, 1883. There is an eye-witness account of the sinking, as well as passages concerning the landing of provisions from the wreck onto the ice.

**Unger, Hellmuth.** *The White Betrayal*. Translated by Derick Wulff. New York: Brentano's, 1928.

Translation of *Eisland*, a romanticized juvenile novel about the Greely expedition, concentrating on the last year, what he calls “the greatest tragedy in the annals of the Arctic” (pace Franklin, etc).  
p. 85: In the interminable nights at Fort Conger there had been little to do but to gossip, read, and keep up a diary. The few books had soon been read and re-read.... [Hard to imagine where the author picked that up—there were several thousand books available at Fort Conger.]

**United States. War Department. Proteus Court of Inquiry.**  
*Proceedings of the “Proteus” Court of Inquiry on the Greely Relief Expedition of 1883*. 48th Congress, 1st Session, Ex. Doc. No. 100. Washington: Government Printing Office, 1884.

p. 77, part of government inquire into the failure of the relief expedition of 1883 and the *Proteus*. The witness here is Lieut John C. Colwell:

[By the RECORDER]:

Q. Now, from your observation there and from your reading of the works of Arctic explorers, do you not know that Melville Bay is habitually full of ice and very much dreaded by all navigators in consequence, it being regarded as one of the most perilous parts of the route of Arctic travelers?—A. It is so regarded, but exceptional voyages have been made across Melville Bay when no ice has been seen.

p. 84, The witness here is Commander Frank Wildes, USN:

By the COURT:

Q. Was this your first experience in the Polar seas?—A, Yes, sir.

Q. Then all your knowledge of the difficulties to be encountered in your sailing north was gathered I suppose from your reading?—A, From

reading it since boyhood, from what I saw this summer, and from talking with people there.

Q. Of course, in your instructions, you must have understood the object of sending the Yantic as a tender to the Proteus—that there must be some object in view. What was your understanding of it?—A, Just what is stated in my orders; but I did not confine myself to them; I understood that I was to go beyond those orders; not to cover myself by the actual wording of the orders; I understood the object of the expedition.

p. 172 , the next witness was WILLIAM H. CLAPP, of the Sixteenth Infantry:

BY THE RECORDER:

Q. Do you remember, captain, that about November 1st, 1882, the Secretary of War returned the copy of the plan of the relief expedition of next year with the remark that it seemed to be much more desirable to endeavor to procure in the Navy the persons that are needed in this relief, and requesting the views of the Chief Signal Officer on that subject?—A. I remember such a paper.

Q. Do you remember the discussion or consultation held, and the reply of the Chief Signal Officer that it would not be better to do so; that the expedition should be entirely under the control of the Signal Service? — A. I heard no discussion upon that subject. Lieutenant Greely's plan for his relief contemplated the detail of men from the Army, and I always understood General Hazen favored that scheme.

Q. You were not called upon for advice upon that subject from your reading? — A. I was not.

Q. From the history of Arctic explorations, what would be your opinion as to the propriety of the conduct of an expedition by water being under direction of the Navy Department rather than the War Department, or in charge of the Army?—A. It seems to me that involves a criticism of even those greater than the Chief Signal Officer.

THE RECORDER. I will not press the question then.

THE COURT. You might give your opinion.

A. Am I to answer? Then my opinion would be that the conditions of ice travel and navigation through ice and over ice is so much different

in every respect from what either landmen or sailor experiences in ordinary life that neither would have much advantage of the other. I think success would be gained more by a resolute endeavor and a properly equipped party, without reference to whether they belonged to the one service or the other.

BY THE RECORDER:

Q. Still, most Arctic expeditions have been intrusted by all civilized countries to the navy, have they not?—A. I think the majority of them.

By the COURT:

Q. I will ask the question that if in the captain's opinion the ship and crew should be under martial law, such law as would prevail in case of a ship regularly in the service of the Navy?

The WITNESS. You are speaking of the crew?

THE COURT. More especially of the crew itself.—A. Undoubtedly the restraint of discipline, the habits of discipline, are as valuable under the trying circumstances likely to be met with there as anywhere, probably more so.

Appendix p. 15 in No. 10 Special Orders No. 97, repeats the list of books to be sent on both of the IPY expeditions (see Greely report above for transcript). I see no mention of hectograph equipment which was used for printing aboard the base (e.g. *Arctic Moon*).

p. 26-29, Appendix 26 Aug 15, 1881, Greely's first report from Fort Conger to Chief Signal Officer Hazen", notes a cairn of Geo. Nares found, probably plundered "as a piece of London Newspaper, 'The Standard,' was found by me on the west side of the island. It contains a notice of a lecture by Sir geo. Nares in 1875.

Appendix 39, p. 35 has Hazen requesting from the Surgeon General US Army package of publications from his office, no doubt for Dr. Pavy's use. Dated Dec, 3. 1881, doubtful whether the request ever was granted. Appendix 214 deals with provisioning for Howgate's 1880 *Gulnare* expedition to Lady Franklin Bay says of READING MATTER, This has been contributed in abundance, and is ready for shipment (p. 153).

**United States. War Department. Signal Corps.** *Annual Report of the Chief Signal-Officer [Albert J. Myer] to the Secretary of War for the Year 1872.* (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1872).

p. 87: The library of the Office has been increased from six hundred volumes to one thousand three hundred and forty. These books have been catalogued and arranged conveniently for reference, and form the nucleus of a valuable meteorological library, to which additions may be made from time to time.

A system of exchanges with foreign societies has been instituted during the year, and on the part of this Office over five hundred sets of tri-daily weather maps and bulletins have been sent abroad.”

p. 115, gives a list of books of reference and record which the Signal Office provided to each of its stations. These lists overlap with the books sent to Point Barrow and Lady Franklin Bay in 1881.

**Wesławski, Jan Marcin, and Joanna Legeżyńska.** “Chances for Arctic Survival: Greely’s Expedition Revisited.” *Arctic* 55 4 (Dec. 2002) 373-379

The caloric requirements of the expedition survivors could not have been met by their available resources exclusive of cannibalism.

**Green, Fitzhugh.** Archives at Georgetown Univ.

Green was ghostwriter for Byrd’s *Skyward*, participated in MacMillan’s Crocker Land Expedition, and was responsible for killing a native.

Box 1, Fold 16. George P. Putnam. 1926-28. Contains 2 typed carbons of memoranda for Putnam. N.B. memo dated 4/27/1926 re a conversation between Donald B. MacMillan and Putnam about the proposed polar flight of Richard E. Byrd, as well as about Knud Rasmussen, neither of whom enjoyed his good opinion: ...Byrd has no hope or thought of success on this flight. The whole expedition is for the purpose of publicity. Byrd's ambition is to be Governor of Virginia...Byrd knows, as I know, that it is utterly impossible to do

anything with a heavier-than-air machine in the Arctic. When Byrd says he flew 6000 miles last year out of Etah, it is an untruth.... ; concerning Rasmussen, he says: Rasmussen deliberately went off and left his men to starve in Nyboeland. Rasmussen makes every Eskimo pay ten fox-skins before he will start dealing with them at all....

Box 1, Fold 17. Knud Rasmussen. 1915-16. Contains 2 TL by the famous Danish arctic explorer and ethnologist. Dated 11/22/1915 to Henry Fairfield Osborn and 1/22/1916 to George H. Sherwood, acting chairman of Committee in Charge of the Crocker Land Expedition, both refer to the return expedition of the Crocker Land exploration team.

Box 2, Fold 4. Crocker Land Expedition: Fitzhugh Green Journal Feb. 19 to 23, 1914; May 1, 1914: Green reading Marcus Aurelius during sledge journal (verso p. 36). Blank leaf after p. 36, may have been at time of the Eskimo killing. There are 5 typed lines and three handwritten notes: 1 *large* sized *string* of *profanity*. Leaf 37: Second Spring Trip, 1914. Note at top: Rewritten for Mac to be sent to Harper's Magazine. [Heavily edited typescript. Leaf 44 is Green's account of the killing, May 1, 1914.]

Box 2, Fold 5. Ten-day handwritten diary, including a bear hunt and some coastal profiles.

Box 2, Fold 7. Crocker Land Expedition: Donald MacMillan Journal Extract. May 4, 1914. Contains an extract from the journal kept by Donald B. MacMillan during the Crocker Land Expedition. Entry for Monday, May 4, 1914, 55th day. Contains account given to MacMillan by F Green of the circumstances leading to the shooting of the Eskimo Pee-ah-wah-to by FG. 2 typed pp. Originally attached to TLS from George Sherwood to FG, dated 5/12/1921 (see Folder 1:20)

TLS 3/30/1917, to FG from George Sherwood, 2 pp. on Crocker Land Expedition letterhead. Refers to preceding report originally enclosed with this letter: My dear Mr. Green, I am enclosing herewith a copy of a report that I made to our Executive Committee in regard to the status of the Crocker Land Expedition, and I have now the necessary authorization to procure a third ship and despatch her to Etah this summer. My expectation is that we will charter one of the Newfoundland sealers of the "Neptune" or "Erik" type and we hope to

send Bob Bartlett as captain of her. If we succeed in making these arrangements, I feel that we will have done everything that is possible to make certain the rescue of our friends....I was very glad to receive your letter of March 2, and appreciated your willingness to go north again.... Later, when we have secured a ship and our plans are more definite, I wish it might be possible for you to get leave of absence and come to New York in late April or early May to assist us in making the final arrangements, but with the crisis now facing the country, I presume that leave of absence for any officer is out of the question....

As told to MacMillan by FG: Twice I found Pee-ah-wah-to trying to get away from me by leaving the trail. Watching my chance I quickly grabbed the rifle from the sledge, I asked him where the igloo was. Starting out in the direction of his pointed arm I ordered him to follow closely behind me. Looking back a few minutes later I noticed that he had left the trail again. I shot over his head. He did not stop so I shot him through the body. He fell back against the upstanders. As the dogs did not stop I thought that possibly he might still be alive so I shot again splitting his head open so that his brains fell out....

Box 2, Fold 9. Aug. 20, 1915 to July 26, 1916 ms. diary. A stylish writer.

**Green, Fitzhugh.** *The Mystery of the Erik.* New York: Appleton, 1923.

An engaging juvenile fiction account of a mutiny aboard a Northwest Passage expeditionary ship, with a reasonable plot concerning an insurance claim for a sunken ship. Like many Arctic juvenile tales, this is a very good vehicle for instructing boys in almost all aspects of expeditionary life: sailing, sealing, natives, walrus, magnetism, you name it.

## **Explorers Club Archives**

Lady Franklin Bay Expedition, EC2007-07



Saturday, July 31<sup>st</sup>, a day out of St Johns: We pass the day in harmlessly amusing ourselves with cards, dominos, music and reading.

August 30—refers to Captain Palmer and first mate Bailey, not Doane as Holland lists it. Who was the Captain?

August 7 (?), has a diatribe against tobacco.

Box 1, File 6, Octave Pavy materials with typescripts and some translations. These notes at the outset appear to have been written while Pavy was preparing to depart from Washington, to take up a position as acting assistant surgeon of the Arctic expedition of Capt.... (blank) and at the temporary station to be established in the Arctic seas. Pavy lists certain books as follows but it isn't clear whether he has them or they are desiderata:

Naphys: Cohen: Diseases of throat, larynx, etc.

Books:

French Dictionary

Pepe---

Another list, a few pages on:

Science Books

Limas...Botany

Findale...Excursion in Alpes

Agony Sketches, Vol. II.

Reclus: The Ocean

Reclus: The Land

Nicholson: Zoology

Figuier: Sea

Figuier: Vegetation

Rutby: Study of Rocks

Thompson: Depths of the Sea

Dana: Minerology

Nicholson Manuel of paleontology ('geology' crossed out)

Hartshorne.

Books:

Naphes..Surgical therapy

Naphes...Medical Therapy  
Banding: Nervous diseases  
Gross: Urinary Diseases  
Seguin: Medical therm...  
Albut: Use of Ophthamology scope  
Cohen: Diseases of throat, larynx etc  
Toynlice: Disease of the ear  
Bernard: Surgical operations.

Box 1, File 26: Polar Depot 1876, Nares material found by Fort Conger sledgers, including material "Stored in the House, Aug. 21, 1876, including 3 books (*Four Plays, Eulalie, and Albert Nyansa*).

File 28 contains a nice copy of *A Monthly Letter addressed to the Officers, Seamen and Marines of the Arctic Expedition*. February Monthly Text, 1876.... Plymouth: Printed by John Smith, 102 Old-Town St. [1875]. This is a tract by and signed by Agnes Weston, one of those prepared in advance and distributed monthly aboard ship or on the base. This copy has inscription on verso of front cover: This book found in a "cache" at "Thank God Harbour" Greenland on Mch. 11<sup>th</sup> 1882 by W. S. Jewell by whom it was presented to myself. H. D. Gardiner. Originally property of the English Polar Expedition of 1875-6 under command of *Sir G. Nares*. "Thank God Harbor," "Hall's Rest," and 20 miles from Fort Conger.

Box 2, File 2: Daily Journal of Rice? [possibly 3:19; 3:26;3:27; 3:31; 3:34; 4:06]

Sunday Aug. 28<sup>th</sup> (p. 25): The day observed by Lieut Greely reading one of the psalms and all games suspended on the Sabbath day. [Not a valuable journal except for meteorological observations, if then.]

Box II, File 3, "Letters Sent" by Greely, copies of letters mostly to Signal Office recording his actions.

p. 25 July 28, Greely to Herr Dincker?, Governor at Christianbad: It would give me great pleasure if you would advise me through Herr Inspector Smith, as to the books on ornithology or other subjects of interest which I could have forwarded to 1883.

Box III, File 3 Feb 1 to 24 Nov 1881, journal of R. R. Schneider:

On Dec 15 '81 the second copy of the Arctic Moon was issued and caused great merriment among us, and you [his parents] will no doubt enjoy to look at the paper on my return. [see Greely v. 1, p. 177.]

Schnieder also notes lectures by Greely and Pavy, that Christmas presents included books, playing cards, and candies, and that Christmas saw a theatrical performance.

Box III, File 5: Journal of Private C. B. Henry, in the form of a letter to the Gutter family: the food thief later executed appears from this to be a sincere and sensitive youth. Re a Greenland sledge party he says: I regretted very much not being one of the party as I desired greatly to visit Capt Hall's grave.

The Irish element being absent St Patrick's day was not celebrated at the station but the Greenland party unable to sleep, formed a parade at 3 am and tramped around for an hour before breakfast.

Boxes IV to VI are primarily observations and data with some diaries (Elison). Not examined.

Box VII: File 11: ALS from B. M. Russell [Sgt. in Signal Corps) to Adolphus W. Greely: Boston, June 14, 1881

Sir

I received yesterday (13<sup>th</sup>) a box containing back numbers of Harpers & Scribners magazines for your expedition, from Mrs. G. Swan, Lexington, Mass.... Packages 60 or 70 lbs.

Greely to Mrs. G. Swan July 17, 1882

My dear Madam:

From Lexington—dear with its [illegible words] to every American heart—came the first installment of magazines and books which did so much to make our night of 135 days bearable and endurable to my men. We all appreciate deeply your kind thoughtfulness and I send you the thanks of the Lady Franklin's bay expedition therefore.

Very cordially

A W Greely

Box VII: File 12, with the boxes noted in Russell's June 14, 1881 letter came something called "The Multiplication Game" given by Mrs.

Edward Foote of Boston. The game was invented by Mrs. Foote and a 4-page brochure describing the game is included here.

Box VII: File 13: ALS from Sgt. B. M. Russell to Greely (in Halifax);  
Boston June 26, 1881

I have the honor to inform you that on Sat. morning (25<sup>th</sup>) a large pkg of the "London Graphic" the "Living Age", and a few Novels were received for your party, at my office. They were sent by a boy who was instructed to not give the donors name—His P.O. box is "2285" city.... I send a copy of Army and Navy Register with this. You will probably not see another soon.

Greely ALS to PO Box 2285 from Conger July 17, 1882

Mr-----

Box 2285. Boston, Mass.

My dear Sir:

The long dreary night (of 135 days length) of this expedition during the winter of 1881-2 was made tolerable and endurable in a large measure by magazines, novels, books, &c. contributed by friends personally unknown to us.

For my men I have to thank you for the "Graphic", "Living Age" and various novels which you so kindly and thoughtfully contributed.

A W Greely

Box VII: File 16, hectograph Christmas dinner menu. Dec. 25, 1881.

Box VII: File 17, "Lime Juice Club at Dutch Island Opera House."

Hectograph programme, 26 Dec. 1881

Box VII, File 18 [??] draft letter from Pavy to ?? in which Pavy offers his provisions, "scientific books, and all the books (except those which I have shown you as the property of the Signal Office)," his instruments etc to "remain with you as a guarantee for what you have advanced me." Why was this collateral needed?

Box VII, File 2, Brainard letter to his mother, dated Aug 1<sup>st</sup> 1882 and describing the first year of the Expedition, in a serial letter probably based on his diaries. File includes two other versions, one to a Mr. Wilkins, the other unaddressed and much shorter, but both covering the same material.

Box VII: File 19 and VII:22, material on the *Arctic Moon*. See *Polar Record* (1991) 27, p. 43. File 22 is an illustration for the *Arctic Moon* masthead, and one page of the hectographed first issue.

Box VII: File 24, folio 4, p. 4, has passage on the winter lectures and school, designed for intellectual health.

folio 5, p. 1-2, Every effort was made to lead the minds of our party in pleasant channels, and with the limited means at our command think that we succeeded remarkably well. Through the kind thoughtfulness of friends to the expedition, a large collection of papers, magazines, and games of all kind were contributed for our use, as well as the complete works of several eminent authors, and all the standard Arctic works since the beginning of the present century. Theatricals were started but after one exhibition were abandoned for lack of interest as well as scarcity of talent.

folio 6, p. 1-2: A quantity of material having been furnished for the purpose, a newspaper was issued on Thanksgiving day. No type or printing press being available, a hectograph was substituted for the purpose of striking off copies. This enterprising little paper was called "The Arctic Moon" and was issued by Lieut. Lockwood with Rice and Henry as assistant editors; the latter also acted in the capacity of devil. It was a spicy sheet and contributed much to our enjoyment during the long winter months, diverting our minds, and raising them from the apathetic state in which they were prone to fall.

folio 12, p. 1: August 20<sup>th</sup> 1882 Disappointed. The ship has not arrived and at this late season we have abandoned all hope of her reaching us this year.

Box VII, File 25: second account of Brainard's journal address to "My dear Wilkins".

folio 3, p. 1: Magazines, newspapers and books embracing the complete works of several celebrated authors was contributed by the many friends of the expedition, these in addition to a few dramatic entertainments...

Box VII, File 26: the third unaddressed account, dated Aug. 9<sup>th</sup> as initial date, but unfinished and much briefer than other two:

folio 2, p. 1: Through the kind thoughtfulness of friends to the expedition a large collection of papers, magazines, games of every

description and the complete works of several eminent authors in addition to other books of special interest to Arctic explorers were contributed and which the weary hours were beguiled Box VII, File 27: Lt. Lockwood's serial letter to his father, commencing Jan. 9 1882: p. 13 Jan. 12, 1882: Today the "Arctic Moon" should appear but I have decided to postpone it to the end of the month. I have occupied myself today in tracing a map of Lieut. Beaumont, of the north shore of Greenland and in reading McCauley's History of England also in transcribing my shorthand journal. Beaumont commanded the Eastern sledge party of the last English Expedition in the Polar Regions (that of Nares). I will use the map as far as it goes but if I get no further than he did I shall not consider that I have done anything. I find McCauley very interesting so far. I have got to Charles II, rather an introduction you know to the real history.

p. 19, Jan 29<sup>th</sup>: I will be frank and say that the winter is very trying. A daily routine of reading, eating and sleeping, hardly varied by anything except a daily walk on the "ice-foot." This sort of thing combined week after week and month after month with no lamps [?] is monotonous in the extreme. We are all perceptibly [p. 20] affected by it as seen by our want of sociability and amiability.

Box VII, File 28, Manuscript of Lt. Lockwood's lecture on Arctic Sledge Journeys and Equipment. Lockwood says his lecture is based on the writings of explorers and he mentions the experience of many of them in the course of his text: Parry, McClintock, Kane, Payer, Rae, etc. etc. Deals with all aspects from sledges to dogs, rations, speeds, clothing, footwear, etc. Gives two principles of sledge journey planning: 1) bring only what is absolutely necessary; 2) use travel gear that is perfect and convenient (notes that Franklin departed from these principles with melancholy results). Works by most of the explorers Lockwood mentions were in the Fort Conger library (as recorded by Peary's Arctic Library Catalogue), a splendid example of the usefulness of the Library.

Box VII, File 38, p. 1. Mrs Lilla Pavy to Octave Pavy. March 1<sup>st</sup> 1881: Tonight, I sent to you some seaside library books which I hope you will enjoy. The Lucile I sent, intending to mark passages all through when I

returned home this evening but the clerk kindly offered to prepare it for the mail and I consented.

Box VII, also folder 14 [??], another letter p. 5-6, Lilla to Octave in 1881: They talk so much about Howgate being slippery & under handed—But remember that I never say a word against him—I am now dependent upon him, and waiting for his help to get—Situations &c (?) I do not admit to anyone that there has been injustice. [Mrs Pavy: see I:19; I:20; 7:36-7:40]

p. 6: It is not best to get Capt Howgate's hatred, as I fear coming back will do, for he would not allow you to go again in his colonies. [Lilla goes on to encourage Pavy to sign on with Greely as surgeon, a fateful bit of advice.]

Box VIII, File 8, George Rice's translation from French of a German tale, *Histoire de Prince Z et de la Princesse* (by P.-J. Stahl [pseud. of Pierre Hetzel], Bruxxelles and Leipzig, Kiessling, 1855). The book from which the translation was made is in the Fort Monmouth Communications Museum, given by Greely to Rice at Christmas 1882 and found by Donald MacMillan later, probably in 1899. George Rice says he did the translation "to while away a few hours of Hyperborean *ennui*."

Here the record numbering goes askew—what follows is what I started on July 26 and I assume some new file numbers for LFBE.

Box VIII, File 13: Garlington, Ernest A. *Report on Lady Franklin Bay Expedition of 1883*. Washington. Signal Office, 1883. Signal Services Notes, No. X. Photocopy of copy with Bessells signature on cover.

p. 25: Memorandum B: "Scientific Outfit for Relief Expedition" includes the following books:

- 97 1 Volume "Meteorological Record"
- 100 Treatise on Aneroid Barometer
- 101 Admiralty Manual of Scientific Inquiry
- 102 Arctic Manual
- 103 Vega's Logarithms
- 104 2 copies Nautical Almanack 1883
- 105 2 copies Nautical Almanack 1884
- 106 Chauvenet's Astronomy

- 107 Chauvenet's Trigonometry
- 108 2 copies Loomis' Meteorology
- 109 2 copies Guyot's Tables
- 110 1 copy Everett's Deschanel
- 111 1 copy Bowditch Useful Tables
- 112 2 copies Negur on Chronometers
- 135 Webster's Dictionary

Box VIII, File 22: Charles H. Harslow, USN "Greely at Cape Sabine," *Century Magazine* (1884) No. 5, p. 77-90

Box VIII, File 26 Ms. letter from Peary to PAC President Jesup on condition of Fort Conger when Peary came there in January 1898.

Dated Etah Aug. 28 '99. Following p. 3 is notice Peary prepared to leave at Conger: "it is hereby forbidden to remove or destroy anything in or about said station," something which of course Peary later did.

p. 4, describes thawing of objects: In this way the records and most of the books and instruments were secured and taken into the house.

p. 5: Another effort will be made next season to remove these. I imagine that the contents of all boxes will be more or less valueless.

p. 6: I imagine that a classification as to relative value of the government property abandoned at Conger would be as follows:

- 1 Original records of the expedition
- 2 Scientific collections
- 3 Scientific instruments
- 4 Provisions and equipment.

"The first I return to you." He asks that he be given pro forma permission to use any of item 4.

Box VIII, File 27, another Peary letter to Jesup, dated Aug. 28 1899 suggesting that the scientific specimens should go to the American Museum and the War department should "make no serious objection."

File 28, another Aug 28, 1899, letter from Peary to Jesup, on finding Fort Conger in 28 Aug. 1899. Includes inventory by the roster of men of items found, e.g. H. Gardiner's list includes two diaries, probably those now at the Fort Monmouth Museum. Peary apparently made genuine attempts to return belongs to the appropriate next of kin of the dead men.



Box VIII, File 29, Peary letter Aug 28 '99 to Jesup: It gives me great pleasure to send to you the Original Scientific Records of the U.S. International Polar Expedition to Lady Franklin Bay. 1881-83,... Peary is sending this material in a box aboard the *Windward*, and wants the Club to return them to the Government: While it is true that Lieut. (now General) Greely when he abandoned Fort Conger in '83 took with him copies of nearly all records, it is nevertheless a simple statement of fact to say that copies are not originals, and that these originals represent a cost to the Government of \$800,000 - \$900,000 in money and eighteen (20 crossed out) lives.

Box VIII, Files 32-48, individual files listing belongings of the dead men. Several refer to books and diaries.

Box IX, copies of *NY Herald* for March-August 1884; very fragile might be worth looking at microfilm for period.

## **Explorers Club Archives**

Lady Franklin Bay Expedition, EC2007-07 [Not all of these files have been carefully reviewed and some await further inspection.]

Box 1, file 24: TLS from H. Bridgman to Melvil Dewey, January 13, 1908:

Dear Dr. Dewey:

Action on your suggestion of the 7<sup>th</sup> inst., has been a little delayed, that I might secure Peary's definite approval, but to-day I send, by express, prepaid, the Fort Conger buffalo overcoats for disposal on the terms stated by you. Each purchaser can obtain, I am sure, a certificate with Peary's signature that the coat is one recovered by him at Fort Conger in 1889 [sic?], from the outfit in 1881 of the Lady Franklin Bay party. I have not had an opportunity, personally, to examine the goods, but I m inclined to leave the working out of details of the matter to your good judgment and good offices, which I can assure you will be cordially appreciated by the Peary Arctic Club. Yours very truly,

Secretary, Peary Arctic Club

Melvil Dewey. Esq.,  
Lake Placid Club,  
Lake Placid, N. Y.

Box 2, File 3, "Letters Sent" by Greely, copies of letters mostly to Signal Office recording his actions.

p. 25 July 28, Greely to Heer Dincker?, Governor at Christianbad: It would give me great pleasure if you would advise me through Herr Inspector Smith, as to the books on ornithology or other subjects of interest which I could have forwarded to 1883.

p. 2 [re Aug. 1899]: The "Windward" preceding the "Diana" one week in her departure from Etah arrived at Brigus, N. F., two days earlier, having on board the scientific records and personal effects of each officer and man of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition; the sextant abandoned in 1876 by Lieutenant, now Rear-Admiral, Albert Beaumont, R. N., at Cape Britannia, Greenland, and copies of the Nares-Markham records from the cairns of Norman Lockyer and Washington Irving Island, all recovered by Commander Peary in 1898 and 1899. The personal effects were subsequently distributed by the club to the survivors and the next of kin of the deceased, and the relics of the Royal Navy, deposited through the Lords of the Admiralty in the Royal Naval Museum at Greenwich.

p. 3, [re Sept. 1902]: New boilers and engines having been installed in the "Windward" she sailed a third time for the North from Sydney, C.B., July 20, with Mrs. Peary and Miss Peary on board, effected junction with Commander Peary August 5<sup>th</sup> at Cape Sabine, and after a stay of less than a day, bringing him with his party, and the record of 83.17 North of the highest on the Western Continent – May 1901, with his party, library, instruments, and all the remaining equipment of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition to Sydney, C. B., Sept. 5.

p. 4, notes that one object of the club was "collecting receiving and preserving narratives and manuscripts, relating to Arctic explorations in general...."

Box 3, file 79: collection of Club correspondence, 1897-99, mainly Peary describing his solicitation of funds from wealthy men, an interesting example of late 19<sup>th</sup>-century development work.

Box 3, file 80: TLs to H. Bridgman from McClure's Magazine re 4 articles re the North in Harper's Weekly, McClures, or Harpers Magazine. (Did these appear in 1899 -1900?)

Box 3, File 82: TLs from Bridgman to Jesup, Nov. 17, 1899, with draft statement about Fort Conger material: Received under the auspices of the Peary Arctic Club from Fort Conger in May, 1899, and restored by the Club to the United States, December, 1899.

Box 3, file, 83, p. 5, July 10, 1900 in Bridgman memorandum: The Secretary of the club caused to be made a rubber stamp reading 'Recovered from Fort Conger in May, 1899, by Civil Engineer R. E. Peary, C.E., U.S.N., under the auspices of the Peary Arctic Club and by it restored to the United States.' And after impressing this upon several thousand sheets and pages suspended his work, believing that it would be fruitless. [...] The records are now in the original package stored in the fireproof warehouse of the Brooklyn Warehouse and Storage Co.

Box 3, file 85, Oct. 20.1902, Peary to Bridgman: it was extremely nice of the Club to resolve to give me the Arctic library. I appreciate both the act and the gift very highly.

Oct. 23, 1902, Peary suggests to Bridgman that they make "as much as possible out of the return of the Lady Franklin Bay instruments."

Oct. 23, 1902: Mrs Peary to Bridgman, an apparently satirical letter on invitations to a dinner to include: John B. Pond (Biggest man in NY); F. W. Stokes (Greatest Arctic Artist); Thomas S. Dedrick, only sane man in Peary Expedition. Also "send A.W.G [Greely, a great Peary enemy] no less than two invitations.

Oct. 27, 1902, Peary to Bridgman, a nasty letter on how to handle Dedrick's request for his "bonus" compensation: This whole thing on D---'s part (in spite of his fine words & role of martyr) is simply a game to obtain the notoriety which he never would have obtained by legitimate work.

Box 3, file 86

Nov., late November shows declining interest of PAC members in continued financing of Peary's ventures.

File 86, Dec. 19, 1902, Bridgman to Elihu Root, Secretary of War: The Peary Arctic Club tenders to the War Department the original records and scientific instruments of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition, abandoned at Fort Conger, in August, 1884, and brought thence in 1899 and 1901 by the expedition under its auspices led by Commander Robert E. Peary, U.S.N.

File 89: Letter to Peary Arctic Club after two claims were made. [??] B Boxes IV to VI are primarily observations and data with some diaries (Elison?)

Box 4, file 88: PAC correspondence, November 1906—February 1908  
Box 4, p 91: Albert Operti, Peary artist, has diaries of 1896 Peary expedition aboard *Hope*, July 14, 1896—November 1896. Operti was also on 1897 voyage retrieving the largest of Peary's meteorites.

Verso of 1. 9, Thurs. 23<sup>rd</sup>: Have been into the top with Mr. Smith—humming a few Hymns—smoking and card playing, with reading of Arctic books is the present pastime.

File 92, Petition of 2 seamen, Moses & Crossman to the Peary Arctic Club for payment of 33% bonus after 15-month voyage, unfairly denied them. Suit is against Captain John Bartlett of the *Windward*, dated Dec. 1, 1899. The outcome of the petition is unclear from these documents. Reminds one of Dedrick litigation above.

File 93, John Bartlett in turn sued PAC for \$1205 for services as master of *Windward*.

File 94, Copies of letters from Henson to Bridgman, looking for money and jobs.

File 95, December 5, 1907: Peary to Bridgman: Left a book for him (Lever's "Con Cregan") from the Roosevelt's library at Cape Sheridan, as a souvenir of my appreciation of his luck. (left to Mr. Kanton).

File 96, October 7, 1908; contains an angry telegram to Bridgman from Peary: Whitney should promptly contradict to Associated press Cook's lies about provision in Bernier letter. [Then something about "pumping Matt," "if that matter gets out without Map or to the other side before our statement is published it will destroy its force.... Osborne must keep

it absolutely quiet.” This was written from South Hopewell, Me., after Peary’s return.]

File 106, various accounts of 1898-1902 voyage, prefaced by Peary’s attacks on Sverdrup and Nansen, a paranoid letter threatening all his plans.

March 3, 1902: My supporting party of Eskimos returning from Conger brought down the instruments, chronometers, & Arctic library. (p. 2).

The *Windward* has on board the instruments, chronometers & Arctic library abandoned by the Expedition at Conger; numerous specimens in natural history.... (p. 6)

File 107, Peary letters, 1899-1900. Includes long report by Peary for this period, including time at Fort Conger, dated Aug. 18, 1899, and written aboard and near *Windward*: Not believing it desirable...to do any traveling north I completed the work of securing the meat & skins obtained, getting the records and private papers of the U.S. International Expedition together, rescuing as far as possible collections and property, housing material and supplies still remaining serviceable and making the house more comfortable for the purposes of my party.

Aug. 25: finds English records “from the summit of Norman Lockyear I., deposited there twenty-two years ago [by Nares?]. This record was as fresh as when left.

Comments about proximity of Sverdrup on p. 3 and 5, obviously feeling that he represented threatening competition. He finds his sledge tracks. Somehow Peary knew where the *Fram* was, and how many animals they had killed.

p. 9: one of his men deserted but when overtaken, received “a lesson he will not forget.”

p. 11-12, arrives at Fort Conger where they ate from open tins and biscuits “just as they had been dropped over fifteen years ago.”

p. 15: May 23<sup>rd</sup> we started for the ship, carrying only the original scientific records of the expedition, the private papers of its members and necessary supplies. Routine office records, such as mess and tobacco accounts, property returns were left. I was still obliged to ride continuously. Favored with abundant light & continuously calm weather, and forcing the dogs to their best, the return to the ship was

accomplished in six days, arriving there May 29<sup>th</sup>. Should the War Department desire the above mentioned records, I will endeavor to get them out another year. [The last sentence is crossed out in dark blue ink, looking particularly Pearyesque.]

p. 18, saw *Fram* stuck in ice.

Sept. 17, 1902: Sydney, N.S. Peary to Bridgman: About a week later my Eskimos began to fall sick, not one escaping. By Nov. 19 (1901?) six adults & one child were dead. Nearly all the others were weak, but out of danger.

Files 107 and 108 have not been reviewed.

File 109, June 17, 99, William Libbey to Bridgman: I enclosed a list of books I have picked out and packed up for the Arctic Library—I send it so that you may avoid duplicates in making your selection.

File 110: Russell Porter Hunting Party

File 112: Resignation of Dedrick in 1901—very interesting letters.

Box 5, File 122, Peary to Bridgeman, Dec. 25, '02, gives Inventory of Fort Conger instruments “now in the possession of the Club.” The letter itself is followed by “Invoice of Peary Arctic Club Material Brought back by R. E. Peary, USN. September 1902.” Boxes 1-6: Arctic Library from Fort Conger (see detailed catalogue).

File 126, newspaper clipping about Dedrick/Peary feud, including allegation that Peary would give him nothing to read.

File 120-30, these files show Peary using Dept. of Navy letterhead for his personal business. See for example File 130, Feb. 2, 1903, where it is clear that Peary is using his Navy Dept. job for his planning of the next expedition. The same file shows Peary inquiring about several well-known Polar ships as possible purchases for his next expedition: *Stella Polare* (Italy), *Scotia* (Scotland), *Discovery* (UK), *Terra Nova* (UK)

File 146, application of George Bryce for surgeon on next expedition (6 March 1907)

File 153, lists books stolen from *Roosevelt*. TLs John E. Kehl [U.S. Consul, Sydney, Nova Scotia] to H. L. Bridgeman, Secretary, Peary Arctic Club, September 30, 1909:

Dear Mr. Bridgeman:- I am sending you to-day per express the following lot of books, two of which were delivered to the

Consulate, and two were received by the Police. Professor McMillian's [sic] notes on "Birds seen North of 82" were recovered by Policeman John B. Floyd of this City. Perhaps you or Professor McMillian will address a few lines to him.

The books sent are as follows:-

"Notes on Birds seen North of 82"

"Conquering the Arctic Ice", evidently the property of George Borup.)

"Goethe and Schiller"

"Folk Lore", also the "War Cry", with a cartoon which, I believe, you will appreciate. The enclosed newspaper clipping explains itself. My supply of "crystal and mementoes" are decidedly small.

Sydney certainly did its share in tendering Commander Peary a most enthusiastic reception. When one considers that we have a population of only 17,000, and that fully 15,000 were along the water front on the day of his arrival, we can feel justly proud of the results attained.

With the very kindest regards, Yours very truly, John E. Kehl  
[sig.] Consul

The attached undated newspaper clipping is apparently from the Sydney newspaper in late September, and reads as follows:

#### RET[URN OF] NOTE BOOKS.

They are [of interest?] to Prof. McMillan

And [nobo?]dy Else.

United States Consul Kehl has been handed three more of the books which were taken from the cabin of Commander Peary's Arctic steamer Roosevelt. There were many more books taken from the ship when she was moored at the ferry landing upon the day of the explorer's arrival here. As these books are all of a technical character, they are absolutely no use or service to anyone of the persons who took them away, but they are of use to the members of the Arctic expedition, and the parties who carried

them away should have the decency to return them immediately. What are of even much less value than the books to local people are the note books and manuscripts belonging to Prof. McMillan, and which contained copious notes of Esquimaux and bird life within the Arctic circle. If the parties holding these will return them immediately nothing more will be said about the matter. The persons who took these books from the ship are now known and will be proceeded against unless they immediately return the articles which they purloined. It is recognized that the persons who took any kind of articles from the Roosevelt carried them away not with a deliberate attempt at stealing but solely as mementoes of the Arctic trip. If these parties will return these note books and manuscripts, Consul Kehl will present them with crystals and other mementoes of actual value.

Box VI, File 154, 10/8/09 Letter from Marvin's pastor in Elmira asking Peary for testimonial to his fine character.

10/7/09, Peary to Bridgman on telegraph form: Whitney should promptly contradict to Associated press Cooks lies about provision in Bernier Letter. Hubbard should be fully informed of Bumpus action in pumping Matt if that matter gets out without [map?] or to the otherside before our statement is published it will destroy its force Bumpus and Osborne must keep it absolutely quiet. Peary.

10/9/09—Erie Railroad caboose sent north with Peary in 1898 on *Windward*. Return to Railroad at Newburgh NY in 1902.

10/23/09 F.R Kenyon to Birdgman on the offer of a sledge to B.M. Follow up one to Bridgman 11/18/07. Profuse thanks but suggests RGS would be better place.

File 157, an analysis of the death of Prof. Ross Marvin, by Thomas F. Hall.

Sept. 30, 1909, Peary telegram to Bridgman. Tells him to tell Brtlett that no one on Roosevelt was to talk about Cook. Same day Peary asks for a copy of Sverdrup's maps or his book *New Land*.

October 17, 1909, Peary to Bridgman from Portland, MA: If Henson as newspapers say has pictures of the north pole or the sledge journey he



has lied to me and these pictures must on no account be shown by him I doubt the papers, Peary.

File 158, re Goodsel MS, journal and lecture—reviewed by Mabel Wood at Explorers Club for possible acquisition (July 1962). Suggests Peary's duplicity in remaining silent on whether he achieved the North Pole during the period of his return. Where are the mss. & journals?? Goodsell, was surgeon on 1908-09 journey. And wrote a critical book about Peary.

Box VII, File 188—a very extensive correspondence between Peary and Bridgman and a few others, in transcript copies. Where are originals?

Oct. 7, 1909: Peary to ??

Box VII, File 7, material on *Arctic Moon*. See *Polar Record* (1991) 27, p. 43

Box VII, File 14, p. 1. Mrs Lilla Pavy to Octave Pavy. March 1<sup>st</sup> 1881: Tonight, I sent to you some seaside library books which I hope you will enjoy. The Lucile I sent, intending to mark passages all through when I returned home this evening but the clerk kindly offered to prepare it for the mail and I consented.

Box VII, also folder 14, another letter p. 5-6, Lilla to Octave in 1881: They talk so much about Howgate being slippery & under handed—But remember that I never say a word against him—I am now dependent upon him, and waiting for his help to get—Situations &c (?) I do not admit to anyone that there has been injustice.

p. 6: It is not best to get Capt Howgate's hatred, as I fear coming back will do, for he would not allow you to go again in his colonies. [Lilla goes on to encourage Pavy to sign on with Greely as surgeon, a fateful bit of advice.]

Box VII, File 18, draft letter from Pavy to ?? in which Pavy offers his provisions, “scientific books, and all the books (except those which I have shown you as the property of the Signal Office),” his instruments etc to “remain with you as a guarantee for what you have advanced me.” Why was this collateral needed?

Box VII, File 22, purports to be a translation from French of a German tale, translated by Sgt George Rice “to while away a few hours of Hyperborean *ennui*.” He must have had an original to work from.

Here the record numbering goes askew—what follows is what I started on July 26 and I assume some new file numbers for LFBE.

Box VII, File 25, a second account of Brainard's journal address to "My dear Wilkins: ??

folio 3, p. 1: Magazines, newspapers and books embracing the complete works of several celebrated authors was contributed by the many friends of the expedition, these in addition to a few dramatic entertainments...

folio 2, p. 1: Through the kind thoughtfulness of friends to the expedition a large collection of papers, magazines, games of every description and the complete works of several eminent authors in addition to other books of special interest to Arctic explorers were contributed and with which the weary hours were beguiled away.

Box VII, File 27, Lt. Lockwood's serial letter to his father, commencing Jan. 9 1882: ??

p. 13, Jan. 12, 1882: Today the "Arctic Moon" should appear but I have decided to postpone it to the end of the month. I have occupied myself today in tracing a map of Lieut. Beaumont, of the north shore of Greenland and in reading McCaulays History of England also in transcribing my shorthand journal. Beaumont commanded the Eastern sledge party of the last English Expedition in the Polar Regions (that of Nares). I will use the map as far as it goes but if I get no further than he did I shall not consider that I have done anything. I find McCaulay very interesting so far. I have got to Charles II, rather the introduction you know to the real history. [stopped at p. 19, Jan 29<sup>th</sup>]

Box VII, File 26, the third unaddressed account, dated Aug. 9<sup>th</sup> as initial date, but unfinished and much briefer than other two:

folio 2, p. 1: Through the kind thoughtfulness of friends to the expedition a large collection of papers, magazines, games of every description and the complete works of several eminent authors in addition to other books of special interest to Arctic explorers were contributed and which the weary hours were beguiled away."

Box VII, File 27: Lt. Lockwood's serial letter to his father, commencing Jan. 9 1882: ??

p. 13 Jan. 12, 1882: Today the "Arctic Moon" should appear but I have decided to postpone it to the end of the month. I have occupied myself

today in tracing a map of Lieut. Beaumont, of the north shore of Greenland and in reading McCaulays History of England also in transcribing my shorthand journal. Beaumont commanded the Eastern sledge party of the last English Expedition in the Polar Regions (that of Nares). I will use the map as far as it goes but if I get no further than he did I shall not consider that I have done anything. I find McCaulay very interesting so far. I have got to Charles II, rather an introduction you know to the real history. [stopped at p. 19, Jan 2 ??]

Bridgman from Eagle Island, Private and Confidential. Peary here talks about the possibility of submitting his proofs simultaneously with Cook's for examination by the Royal Danish Geographical Society, with a typescript of Peary's ms. notes explaining that "my proofs in refutation of Cook's": Records of my own work are for home, not foreign examination." If Henson's version of the Eskimo narrative [sic] is kept absolutely quiet until our statement is out there is no harm, but every additional person who becomes familiar with the substance of that statement, increases the chance of either the Herald's or Cook's friends getting hold of it, and then making it public in garbled form to weaken the force of the real statement, or for them being fully prepared for its appearance.

Oct 12 letter to General T. L. Hubbard, Peary cites the *Review of Reviews*, Oct 09, p. 445 for an article on Cook by Stead: This [article in the *Review*] may be a good reply to what will undoubtedly be the immediate answer of Cook and his friends to our statement; namely, that Eskimo evidence is worthless.

October 15, 1909, something about a Henson challenge to Cook in a letter from Peary to Bridgman: It is likely to make a fool of Henson by giving him pronounced megalomania; it will put him in a position to be tangled up and made to say anything by emissaries of the Herald, and it will introduce into the matter the race issue.

October 19, 1909, Peary to Bridgeman, p. 2: It is a simple statement of facts to say that Cook stole the field of work, the methods, the assistants and the material of another man, to enable him to steal that man's honor.... Since then he has stolen the dollars of the public.

[The whole of File 188 is one of Peary fearing conspiracies, invoking paranoid strategies, planting anti-Cook ideas for others to put forth.] File 189, St Louis Mirror, Feb. 3, 1910—most of an issue defending Cook.

File 194, Evelyn Briggs Baldwin, “Positive Proof of Dr. Cook’s Attainment of the Pole,” 9 p. privately printed pamphlet.

File 196, Pro and con correspondence on Cook’s claims. Cities Farley Mowat article on “The North Pole,” *McLeans Magazine*, Sept 4, 1965, p. 28-30 where Mowat says Peary never reached the Pole.

March 3, 1911, Cook to Pres. Taft attacking Peary for robbing schoolchildren “to make Arctic concubines comfortable.” Peary is covered with scabs of unmentionable decency.

BOX VIII: File 212—Treasurer Cannon’s files of account letters 1899-1903, correspondence copies on onion-skin paper containing typed letters, primary financial, receipts for membership fees, etc. Many are illegible but clear enough to indicate concerns about the finances of the Club at a time when PAC was buying a ship for Peary in 1900 (see Dec 5, 1899, ltr from Treasurer to Bridgman).

File 213, copy of “Peary’s North Pole Exploration: Field Work of the Peary Arctic Club, 1898-1902.” From Smithsonian report for 1903, p. 427-57. Washington, GPO, 1904 (No 1512).

Boxes IX to XII + one unnumbered box: Photographs.

Box IX, Collection of photos from Peary Expedition (probably last), a few annotated but most unidentified. One shows an Inuit man and an annotation that the woman introduced the clap aboard ship [*Roosevelt*] and for a time was most unpopular. Another shows grave of Einarsson (sp?) of Nares expedition

Box X, Unnumbered. Has small black photo album, probably from last Peary expedition, with photos of Peary, Henson, Marie Peary, Marie with other women, etc., and others of landscapes & villages. Probably taken by a member of 1908-09 expedition. #3: Peary; #7: Henson; #10 and 20: Marie Peary with other woman, possibly at Sydney, N.S. #24: Crowds greeting Peary, Sydney? #25: Peary arrival at Battle Harbour; #31: Marie Peary, at reception in Sydney?; #32: Peary being feted.

Reception photos are probably from Sydney, N.S. on July 21, 1909, after Peary arrived from Battle Harbour.

Box X: Many photos of wildlife, musk oxen, walrus, reindeer, etc. One group of musk oxen is labeled Lady Franklin Bay, another is being chased by dogs. Also has pictures of natives in groups or singly. One labeled 10.42 is labeled Cape Rawson "on our start for home. This is the Cape marking the end of the Robeson Channel, the corner turn into the Polar Sea." Rawson was on Nares exped. And was later killed in Egypt. BOX Unnumbered as three issues of *Hampton Magazine*, Jan, Feb, July 1910, printing three chapters of Peary's "The Discovery of the North Pole." First installment was January, underplaying Henson with no picture.

BOX XI and XII: Photos, including Operti's Photo album from Fiala (Ziegler Ex) and Peary's 1896 exped. and duplicates from other boxes, including pictures of Roosevelt. Pictures are not well organized or documented. Box XII includes reproductions from elsewhere but with Peary, Macmillan, natives, and Henson with dog team (folder 3).

### **Fort Monmouth Communications Museum, Fort Monmouth, NJ**

An extensive collection of Greely material, much of it given to Fort Monmouth by Mrs. Stafford in March 1964, shortly before her and her brother's gifts to the Explorers Club. This included chinaware from Fort Conger (brown floral design) and from the *Proteus* (2 eggcups), botanical specimens, other artifacts, and a good number of manuscripts and printed material. These were materials retrieved by Peary in 1899 and included letters, condensed meteorological and other observations, etc. The Collection was moved to the Aberdeen Proving Grounds, Maryland, in 2008.

In no particular order, here is a description of materials found:  
--P.-J. Stahl's *Histoire du Prince Z et de la Princesse Flores*, par P.-J. Stahl [Pierre Hetzel]. (Bruxelles et Leipzig: Kiessling, Schnpes et co. 1855). This book was found by Donald MacMillan, probably when he visited Lady Franklin Bay in 1915. It had been presented by Greely to

Rice on Christmas 1882, and Rice attempted to translate the book into English.

--Journals of H. S. Gardiner, Signal Corps. Private journals from 1881-83,

--Letter of Feb 1899, a report by Peary that the orig. observations of the LFBE are carefully packed and that the letter press copies would "be taken with us." Does this refer to forms or observations that were actually printed there?

--variety of printed forms, for expenditures, for sealskin suits and boots, for rations Sept. 30, 1881. Greely seems to have kept a close eye on these.

--Copy of *Arctic Moon* No 2, Dec. 15, 1881. Price 25c. Ed. by Lockwood, Rice, and Henry. Another letter of Nov. 25, 1881, says of the *Arctic Moon*: it is supposed to shed light when the original orb is on the other side of the earth. Its reception [by the men] presages well its future success.

--Frank Leslie's Illustrated. Cover Aug 16, 1884, engraving showing reunion of Greely and his wife in Portsmouth.

--Instructions No 71 and 72, for the two IPY parties, incl. on p. 45-47 a list of books expected to be taken on the Barrow and Lady Franklin expeditions. Prepared by Louis V. Caziac of the Signal Corps.

--Programme hectograph of "Lime Juice Club" (Dutch Island Opera House), Dec. 26, 1881. Programme included Indian war dances, female impersonators, and plantation melodies. Also a menu for the 1881 Christmas dinner.

--Marie Peary Stafford on "Fort Conger re-discovered": But what concerned Peary most were the books & papers, most of them in sealed bundles with the name of someone inscribed on the outside. Even these had been left behind on that desperate march to the south, but evidently there had been hopes that the ship would return to the fort & pick up the expedition equipment.

--typescript of Greely letter on death of Israel. He read as much of the burial service as he could without offending Israel's Jewish faith.

--Letter to Mrs Pavy to Peary: My dear Mrs. Pavy: In accordance with my promise I send you the papers of Doctor Pavy, found by me in his

trunk at Fort Conger. Besides these, the trunk, a small one, contained nothing but soiled clothing, some books, none of which contained any inscription and some blank paper. I think these will reach you safely. Very sincerely, PEARY. [Elsewhere Peary said he couldn't bring out the books or clothing this year.]

--Sermons of Phillips Brooks (not found on our 9/17/07 visit), also found by MacMillan in 1909

--there are also letters from the final and desperate part of the journey after leaving Fort Conger.

**Garlington, Ernest A. *Report on Lady Franklin Bay Expedition of 1883*.** Washington, DC: Signal Office, 1883. [Signal Service Notes No. X.]

p. 25, among supplies provided for the expedition:

45. 150 blank books.

46. 12 blank daily journals.

47. 280 star charts for auroras.

48. 750 forms No. 102 for self register.

53. 4 boxes pens.

54. 2 reams legal cap.

55. 4 reams letter paper.

57. 2 reams foolscap.

58. 4 quarts Arnold's ink.

60. 1 reading glass.

69. 1 ream computing paper.

70-82. multiple copies of forms and instructions.

100-12. Various titles: Treatise on Aneroid Barometers; Admiralty Manual of Scientific Inquiry; Arctic Manual, 1875; Vega's Logarithms; Nautical Almanac, 1883 (2 copies); Nautical Almanac, 1884 (2); Chauvenet's Astronomy; Chauvenet's Trigonometry; Loomis' Meteorology (2); Guyot's Tables (2); Everett's Deschanel; Bowditch Useful Tables; Negur on Chronometers (2).

135. Webster's dictionary.

**Guttridge, Leonard F.** *Ghosts of Cape Sabine. The Harrowing True Story of the Greely Expedition.* (New York, Putnam's, 2000).

p. 41: He was just as meticulous about ordering 'a hand atlas, well-bound with guards, so the maps while being of half size-when closed, will open smoothly and of full size.' Harper and Brothers in New York would supply volumes on exploration, anthropology, medicine, and miscellaneous other subjects, besides a score of novels and some sixty magazines.

p. 44: With the advent of spring, Henrietta Greely regained strength. Still seeing little of her husband, she persuaded other Army wives to donate for the expedition, as did she, clothes, books, games, cigars, and plum puddings.

p. 45: At Greely's request, the State Department had asked the British to provide copies of charts used by Nares in 1875, and a list of four depots he had left along the shores of Smith Sound and Kennedy Channel. The Admiralty in London generously complied.

p. 56, Lt. Kislingbury at Littleton Island: But among the many items strewn around and about, Kislingbury found pages from a prayer book. 'My eyes rested on a 'Prayer at the North Pole.' I shall retain it and should it be my fortune to reach the Pole I will offer the prayer with fervent zeal.' [He neither made it nor survived the trip.]

p. 61, notes that Greely's quarters at Fort Conger "included a small desk and rocking chair. Shelves above the desk held 'the excellent Arctic library we are furnished with.'" (Photo plate 5 bottom)

p.67: On August 28 [1881 at Fort Conger], a Sunday, he [Greely] assembled all hands and told them that although separated from the rest of the world, they would observe the Sabbath. Games were forbidden, and all but those genuinely nonreligious were to assemble to hear him read the Psalms. Greely's choice on that first occasion was Psalm 133: "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell in unity." True enough. But...."

p. 72, on the Fort Conger routine: There were novels to relax with, textbooks on Arctic exploration, chess, checkers, backgammon, playing cards, a sackful of amusement. And music—.



p. 75-6, Greely: initiated a school with regular classes in arithmetic, grammar, geography, and meteorology. Every other week he taught on the nature of storms, magnetism, and previous polar expeditions....

Lieutenant Lockwood edited and hectographed a fortnightly news sheet, "Arctic Moon," which carried droll, sentimental, or sober features contributed by the literary minded, described in one of its issues as "the finest minds of the country." Another carried an advertisement intentionally humorous but in retrospect sadly ironic: Information wanted of the Greely Arctic Expedition. It strayed away from home last July and was last heard from at Upernavik, Greenland. Address: Bereaved Parents." The newsheet was later abandoned for lack of interest (p. 104).

p. 77: In mid-November, instead of giving a lecture, Greely read poems to his party....

p. 96, Henrietta Greely promised that her husband would receive "a cart load of reading matter" when the relief ship arrived.

P. 104, Pavy unhappy with medical supplies and the extent of his medical consulting library.

p. 153: Retreat: Most men turned in their private diaries, which, with forty eight photographic negatives, were carefully packed in a stout watertight box." Volumes of records were stuffed into three tin boxes, including original and letterpress copies of magnetical and meteorological papers—fifty pounds.

p. 177, on the ice floes: Lockwood complained of the lack of reading matter. He had brought from Fort Conger pamphleteered bits of Shakespeare and old copies of the *Nineteenth Century Magazine*. 'Also, we have Kane, Hayes, and Nares on the launch.'

p. 222, found copy of *Louisville Courier-Journal* in cache from the sunken *Porteus* which talked about their plight.

p. 225: He fell back on lecturing. In November his subjects ranged from the state of Maine, 'touching on its important cities, its history and famous men,' to notable battles of the Civil War. There were readings from Dickens, the Bible, even Army regulations. Often the reading was done by Private Henry, because, wrote Lockwood, 'he has the loudest

voice.’ By nightfall, rambling reminiscences would drift from sleeping bags, and mutterings of fancied menus and remembered women.

p. 235: The men kept mostly to their sleeping bags. Few read....

Lieutenant Lockwood improvised a lecture on the St. Louis riots....

Then he read from *The Pickwick Papers*.

p. 281—Schley had studied *Proteus* inquiry and innumerable Arctic books.

p. 282: Schley found this note on Brevoord Island where Greely had cached his records: This cairn contains the original records of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition, the private journals of Lieutenant Lockwood, and a set of photographic negatives. The party are permanently camped at a point midway between Cape Sabine and Cocked Hat Island. All well.” (dated Oct. 1883)

p. 309: Howgate... calling himself Harvey W. Williams, opened a basement bookshop on 4<sup>th</sup> Avenue in New York City. Here he dwelled eight years, made regular appearances at book auctions, and even performed jury service.

p. 315: Greely resigned from the Army in 1908. He took a round-the-world trip with Henrietta, wrote *A Handbook of Alaska*, and produced the latest edition of his *Handbook of Polar Discoveries*. In 1912 came *True Tales of Arctic Heroism in the New World*.... Greely was himself an advocate of civic improvement and was particularly active in the founding of the first free library in the nation’s capital.

p. 319: MacMillan much later, in 1909 found in a hut at Conger a tattered schoolbook inscribed to Kislingbury from his son: “To My Dear Father, May God be with you and return you safely to me. Your affectionate son, Harry Kislingbury.” MacMillan eventually returned the book to the orphaned boy in Arizona.

**Howgate, Henry W.** “Arctic Meeting at Chickering Hall. Plan for Exploration of the Arctic Regions,” *Journal of the American Geographical Society of New York* 10 (1878) 276-98

Includes meeting commentary by William Cullen Bryant, Bayard Taylor, Lord Dufferin, and Isaac Hayes. Hayes approved Howgate’s

plan but recommended the mouth of Smith Sound rather than Lady Franklin Bay because he wasn't confident that the later could be reached every year. He was right.

**Howgate, Henry W.** *Congress and the North Pole; An Abstract of Arctic Legislation in the Congress of the United States.* Kansas City, Mo.: Kansas City Review of Science and Industry, 1879.

p. 22ff, discussion on April 16, 1856, by Congressmen of Kane's *Narrative*, Mr Tyson recommending the purchase of "fifteen thousand copies for the use of Congress."

p. 23: Mr. Seward, of New York, submitted a substitute for the resolution, which was accepted by Mr. Bigler and read as follows: "Resolved, That the Committee on the Library be instructed to purchase, for the use of the Senate, ten thousand copies of Dr. Kane's *Narrative of his late Expedition to the Arctic regions*, from Messrs. Childs & Peterson : Provided the price shall not exceed five dollars per copy." In the end Congress did not want to authorize an unofficial publication and voted only that medals be struck for the officers and men.

p. 26-35 on the recovery of the *Resolute*.

p. 36-40 is on the *Polaris* expedition.

**Lanman, Charles.** *Farthest North; Or, The Life and Explorations of Lieutenant James Booth Lockwood, of the Greely Arctic Expedition.* (New York: D. Appleton, 1885).

A determined hagiography of Lockwood, based on his journals before his death towards the end of the Greely expedition. But Lockwood does come across here as one of the most level-headed participants in the expedition.

p. 6, on passage from Greenland to Lady Franklin Bay in July 1881: Lt. Lockwood was in good spirits, and amused himself by reading Kennan's interesting book on Siberian life.

p. 68: Lockwood, who seemed never to be idle, now finished Barrow and took up Captain Nares's "British Expedition of 1875-76," reading, writing, and Bowditch occupying much of his time.

p. 71, re Inspector Smith at Disco whose house stood near the water: A piano, a small billiard-table, a well-filled book case, carpets, pictures, and many other evidences of civilization and even elegance were there.

p. 74, visiting homes on the island: The walls were adorned with rough prints of illustrations from European and American papers. In one house was seen a translation of the Psalms into Esquimaux. Their words are run together, as in the German language.... He was surprised to find that these people had a paper currency, the units being the ocre and the crown.

p. 94: On Sunday, the 28<sup>th</sup> of August, all work was suspended, and some appropriate notice was taken of the day. Lieutenant Greely read a chapter in the Bible, having previously stated that any one would be excused from attending the service who had conscientious scruples.

p. 102, by late September: Lockwood's time was now chiefly occupied in drawing maps, making finished drawings from sketches, reading, and sledge-work.

p. 108: In Payer's "History of the Austrian Expedition to Franz-Josef Land," Lockwood found much of interest in connection with the requirements for a sledge-journey—details of clothing and other matters best suited to fit one to stand the cold. The book he considered of great value to any novice in Arctic sledging.

p. 109, at Fort Conger: The men seemed comfortable and contented. They had a bath-room and bath-tub, with hot and cold water ready at hand, and books and periodicals in abundance.

p. 115: About this time [Oct. 16] Lockwood took up a course of Arctic literature, with which they were liberally supplied. This was chiefly in view of his sledge-journey in the coming spring.

p. 120: During a period of dullness at the station, Rice and Henry projected a newspaper, to be called the "Arctic Moon," and Lockwood, to whom, also the idea had occurred, agreed to join them as one of the editors. They wanted something to dispel the monotony which was depressing all hands, as all were tired of reading, of cards, and other

games, while two of Lockwood's room-mates were gloomy and taciturn. To counteract this, he resumed his reading, especially history and travels—anything but novels. Kane's work interested him especially, and he considered him a remarkable man, courageous, energetic, and determined. Their own manner of life just then reminded Lockwood of a rainy day in the country intensified. "Yet," says he, "why not be contented? Books and leisure afford an opportunity for reading and studying which we may never have again. We have a warm comfortable house, plenty of food, and other things which many are without. Life in this world is just what one chooses to make it. Man can make of it a heaven or a hell."

p. 121: True to his intellectual instincts, Lockwood formed a class in geography and grammar, consisting of Ellison, Bender, Connell, and Whistler, while Lieutenant Greely taught them arithmetic. On the 22<sup>nd</sup> of November appeared, with a flourish of trumpets, the first number of the "Arctic Moon." Of course the editors thought it a great success. It had for the frontispiece a sketch of the house, drawn by Lockwood, while Rice made fair copies of the paper by the hectograph process—enough for all, and many to spare.

p. 123: On the 14th of December appeared the second number of the "Arctic Moon," which was thought to be an improvement on number one, and was well received. Lieutenant Greely gave a lecture on the "Polar Question."

p. 124: Speaking of Arctic literature, Lockwood] says: Hayes' book, though beautifully written, is far below that of Kane as to information and reliability. No one who has been up Smith's Sound can fail to notice this.

p. 125, Lockwood on Jan. 9: I have been looking up the subject of nautical astronomy for some time past....

p. 133ff, Chapter X is devoted to "The Arctic Moon." and its production, quoting from articles on Christmas, New Year, and other miscellaneous topics.

p. 163-64, during a difficult sledge journey in early April 1882, Lockwood is found reading "King Lear" in his sleeping bag.]

p. 207-8, Lockwood: Have been reading of Kane and his travels. He is my *beau ideal* of an Arctic traveler. How pitiful that so bold a spirit was incased in so feeble a frame! Why is Nature so inconsistent? In the Arctic his health seems to have been fair. He of all his advance party escaped the scurvy. It was his spirit, doubtless, that kept him up. Hayes does not compare with him. Though beautifully written, there is an air of exaggeration about Hayes' book, which destroys its interest. Doctor Pavy, who has hitherto been the advocate of Hayes, since his return from Carl Ritter Bay seems to have changed his mind about him, and now agrees with Greely and me that Hayes never reached Cape Lieber. To have done so, he must have performed in part of his journey ninety-six miles in fourteen hours—an impossibility.

p. 208: Our stock of reading matter, unfortunately, is limited except in Arctic books. One must live up here within himself, and is unfortunate if dependent on others for happiness....

p. 213-14: Our supply of books comprises only novels and Arctic literature. A few really solid books of history, biography, essays, etc., are much to be desired, though, under the circumstances, I suppose it would be difficult to concentrate one's mind on them.

p. 215, daily routine: Our lamps now burn all day. How wearisome this constant artificial light becomes, we know from the experience of last winter. I dread it under our present social relations. Even Lieutenant Greely refers to these as intensifying what would otherwise not much distress him. At noon, a walk to Proteus Point if possible. Afterward, read or sleep till dinner at four. Then a few games of chess with Lieutenant Greely or checking with the Esquimaux. Then read a little French or a good deal of whatever I find most interesting. Then to my army-bunk, to sleep till next morning, when the same routine is repeated. [The illustration opp. p. 215 shows Lockwood's corner of the Fort Conger hut, complete with writing desk and bookshelves. ]

p. 219: Contrary to his resolve, a few days later he [Lockwood] commenced reading novels. His feeling was that they withdraw one from one's self, which is something gained; but they put one up in the clouds from which it is often painful to descend. They cause the reader

to live for a time in an ideal world, and bring him back to the stern reality with a sense of disappointment.

p. 278: Have been reading the authorities on glaciers, and regret I did not inform myself better before going out. But perhaps that Chinese Wall will make up for my short-comings.

p. 284, Aug 5, 1883: As the time for moving approaches, I feel a singular apathy. If we had plenty of fresh meat and more good books, I could stand another winter here.

p. 292: A second effort was made by Rice and a party to reach Cape Sabine, which was successful. They not only brought news about the wreck of the Proteus, but also a copy of the Army Register for 1883, in which appeared Lockwood's name as a first lieutenant.

p. 294, on Oct. 23, 1883 Lockwood built a cairn on Cape Sabine, with a note in lead-pencil: This cairn contains the original records of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition, the private journal of Lieutenant Lockwood, and a set of photographic negatives. The party is permanently encamped at a point midway between Cape Sabine and Cocked-Hat Island. All well.

p. 299: ...nor did the exiles omit the reading of a few chapters from the Bible [before their Thanksgiving meal].

**Mackey, Thomas J.** *The Hazen Court-Martial: The Responsibility for the Disaster of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition Definitely Established with Proposed Reforms in the Law and Practice of Courts-Martial.* New York: Van Nostrand, 1885.

Mackey held Secretary of War Robert T. Lincoln responsible for the tragedy by withholding necessary support because of his animosity to Hazen, Chief Signal Officer. Secondly he blamed Garlington for not following the plan as ordered, a plan on which Greeley depended for survival. (p. 7). On p. 6 Mackey refers to the North Pole as "the crown jewel of the Arctic dome."

p. 314-, on the potentially lethal effects of failing to read something required:

STATEMENT OF W. H. LAMAR, JR., SERGEANT  
SIGNAL CORPS.

Washington, D. C., December 3, 1884.

GENERAL W. B. HAZEN, *Chief Signal Officer, U. S. A.*:

Sir: In compliance with your request I have the honor to submit the following report and accompanying chart:

The Greely relief party left this city at 9.50 p.m., June 11, 1883, and on the following morning went aboard the United States steamship *Yantic* in the Brooklyn Navy-Yard. The day passed and Lieutenant Garlington said nothing to the Signal Service observers about comparison of instruments in New York. On the morning of the 13th we learned that the vessel would sail at 4 p.m. Knowing that we had instructions to compare some instruments in New York, we went to Lieutenant Garlington. I asked him what we were to do about the matter. "Don't you do anything until you are ordered," was his quick and irritated reply. I said: "Well, lieutenant, we have received very explicit instructions in regard to making these comparisons, and, as the Signal Office is looking to us to do our work well, I thought it but proper to call your attention to this subject before leaving this place"; to which he replied in the same irritated manner: " Yes, old Abbe [Professor Cleveland Abbe], and, among them, have got up a *lot* of d — d instructions about your work. It is too late now to do anything about it; the vessel sails at 2 o'clock." I then told him I would like to have a copy of the instructions. He said that he only had one copy of them; that he would let me have those, but that we must be very careful with them, as this was the only copy he had, and that *he had not read them*. He got the instructions at once and gave them to me, and I kept them until we reached St. John's. At that place the instructions contemplated scientific work for us, but in disregard of them Lieutenant Garlington ordered us to other work not in the line of our duty, and said nothing about the work we were instructed to do at that place. We knew that he had not read these instructions, and therefore if we said nothing we should fail entirely to accomplish our mission; so, after consultation, we decided



that if we could only get him to read the instructions he could not fail to see the importance of our work, and would give us an opportunity to comply with our instructions. So we carried them to him and told him that our duties with the expedition were other than those he had assigned us; that our reputation at the Signal Office depended upon the manner in which we performed the important work entrusted to us; that he was not giving us a fair opportunity to perform our duties, and insisted upon his reading the instructions. He seemed enraged that we should presume to approach him on the subject, and told us that our duties would be the same as the regular Army party. We protested that we were detailed for special duty, and that from his instructions he would find that this special work was calculated to occupy every moment of our time; that this was the service we had volunteered for, and that it was entirely different from that of the regular Army party. He was very angry, and ordered us back to work shifting the cargo of the *Proteus*. He took the instructions, but in a few minutes handed them to Ellis without reading them, saying that he did not have time to read them then, but that he would call for them some time when he was at leisure. We kept them until the *Proteus* sank. He never called for them, and could never have read them. Whenever approached in regard to our work in any way he always became irritated, and answered pettishly, so we avoided contact with him as much as possible, never speaking to him except when it was absolutely necessary in order to carry on our work.

The instructions required him to issue to each man a blank-book for a diary. These books were with observers' stationery supplies, and were unpacked at St. John's, and kept ready to be issued when called for by Lieutenant Garlington. This he never did.

The *Proteus* was the same vessel that took Lieutenant Greely's party to the Arctic in 1881. The cabin was very large, having ten berths besides those in the captain's state-room. In this cabin Lieutenant Greely took two lieutenants, the surgeon, and all of his observers; but Lieutenant Garlington packed these berths full of bedding, and could not find room for his two observers, who were always on duty in that portion of the ship, and in all kinds of weather had to go the entire length of the ship, over a deck stacked with lumber, to take observations. His

attention was called by Captain Pike to the disposition Lieutenant Greely had made of his men, and the captain offered to accommodate Ellis and myself in the cabin; but Lieutenant Garlington would not agree to such an arrangement, but forced us to go into the dirty forecastle of the ship and eat and sleep with the sailors, his own description of whom is to be found in his report. It is a noteworthy fact, which I respectfully submit, that, whilst Lieutenant Garlington refused his observers permission to accept the accommodations offered by the captain and provided by the government, these observers were paying out of their own private means as much for ship's fare as himself.

The *Proteus* entered Smith Sound on the morning of July 22. No ice was to be seen with the large glass from the crow's nest. Pandora Harbor was reached about 6 a.m. Lieutenant Garlington went ashore to examine the cairn, and at 7 a.m. we started for Littleton Island, which was passed between 8 and 9 o'clock, but no one landed to examine the cache. Passing Littleton Island, the ship was headed northward. At 11.36 a.m. we met the solid ice-pack, which extended from Cape Inglefield to Cape Sabine. The *Proteus* steamed along the edge of the pack to Payer Harbor, but not the slightest opening could be discovered by the watch in the crow's nest, so the captain decided to go into Payer Harbor and wait for a change in the ice. He told me that he was not discouraged by meeting this barrier; that in a few days great changes would take place in the ice; that we were at least ten days earlier than any one else had ever passed Cape Sabine; that he would go into Payer Harbor and spend several days filling his bunkers with coal, and would then go out and see about the ice. After this conversation with Captain Pike I went to Lieutenant Garlington and told him that, as the vessel was going to stop several days, Ellis and myself would like to make some magnetic observations on the shore. He then spoke to Captain Pike about the time we should remain at Payer Harbor, and Captain Pike repeated about what he had just told me. Lieutenant Garlington made no objection to the delay, and when the vessel anchored at 2 p.m. he put us ashore with our instruments, and went on round the cape to examine the Beebe cache. He returned between 5 and 6 o'clock and reported open water towards Cape Albert, and Ellis and myself were called to hurry on board

with our instruments. At 7 p.m. the vessel "was again under way. I soon met Captain Pike on deck, and asked him why his plans had been changed so suddenly. He said Lieutenant Garlington thought he had discovered open water to the northward, but that he had told him his men in the crow's nest with the large glass had not seen it, and he did not think there was any safe water there, and that, besides that, he wished to fill his bunkers; but that Lieutenant Garlington insisted upon his going at once, saying that he (Pike) would not be doing his duty to the United States government or Lieutenant Greely's party if he did not go at once. That he then started under protest. He told me that in his opinion it was very dangerous, and entirely unnecessary, to attempt to force a passage through the ice.

Passing round Cape Sabine, the vessel was put into a narrow lead extending in almost a straight line from Cape Sabine to Cape Albert. This lead was followed till we were nearing Cape Albert, when it closed, and all the heavy ramming that followed failed to break a passage through to the open pool of water round Cape Albert. At 11.30 p.m. the vessel was turned about, and after retreating several miles back towards Cape Sabine she was put in another lead, which extended several miles in a northeasterly direction, and then turned almost at right angles in a northwesterly direction, entering the pool of open water around Cape Albert a little northeast of the Cape. At 2 a.m. of the 23d the *Proteus* was nipped and held for two hours near the close of this lead. At this point the ice was light and no damage was done to the ship by the nip. At 4 A.M. the lead reopened and we steamed forward only to find that the open pool of water had vanished and heavy ice-pack was in its place. Lieutenant Garlington was now satisfied to return to Cape Sabine. We entered the lead which we had abandoned on the night before, but which was now our only chance of escape, and hurried back to Cape Sabine, passing without difficulty through the heavy floes that stopped the vessel on the previous evening. Our hasty retreat was almost concluded, only a few hundred yards more would bring us to the open water, when the treacherous lead closed, and at 2.45 p.m. the vessel was nipped between the heavy floes, she was crushed, and at 6.05 p.m., when the lead again opened, she sank, leaving us upon the ice.

As soon as the nip occurred Lieutenant Garlington set all the men to work getting provisions on deck, and when it became evident that the vessel could not withstand the enormous pressure the stores were thrown upon the ice on both sides of the vessel by those on board and carried back to a safe place by those on the ice. The ship's party worked in the stern of the vessel, most of their provisions being in the cabin store-room. The expedition party worked in the forward hatch and forward peak, where our supplies were kept; hence there was very little chance for collisions between the two parties — in fact, it was only those members of both parties on the ice that could see each other, those on board being the length of the ship apart, and with engine-works between them.

Our party worked effectively and as hard as they were able to work, many of us to perfect exhaustion. Before we left the ship, and while we were working at the forward hatch, it struck me that in case of a wreck the charts, boat compasses, and chronometers which we had in the cabin would be almost indispensable, so I ventured to suggest to Lieutenant Garlington that it would be well for me to go and get them out on the ice. He replied with great excitement: "Damn the instruments; save provisions." After the vessel was crushed in, and most of us were on the ice, I was getting articles away from near the vessel, and if I did not happen to get the very articles he had in his own mind he would rail in a most disagreeable manner to me. Convinced that I could do more effectual service away from Lieutenant Garlington, I took the first opportunity to get on the port floe under the command of Lieutenant Colwell, who was always cool and calculating, never becoming fretted, inspiring respect and confidence in every one. Had it not been for his presence of mind at the wreck our largest and best whale-boat, which was indispensable to a successful retreat, and much, if not all, of the provisions on the port floe would have been lost. I remained with his party till this floe was abandoned. When the vessel sank the lead opened rapidly, and both floes drifted southeastward, the port floe travelling much faster than the other. Some of the provisions were transferred to the other floe in boats; but it soon became impossible to get the boats across, and the port floe, with all the provisions on it, was then

abandoned, and the entire party united on the starboard floe. It was early morning of the 24th before it was safe for the boats to attempt to reach the shore. At that time Lieutenant Colwell launched a loaded whale-boat, and with a crew of six men, four of whom belonged to the ship's crew, started for the shore. Captain Pike some time later got off one of his boats, and Lieutenant Garlington soon followed with our other whale-boat, the ship's crew following soon after with another boat; Lieutenant Colwell's boat was the only one of these four that returned to the floe before it was abandoned. When he reached the floe there were on it Dr. Harrison and myself, of the expedition party, with our dingey loaded, and Captain Pike and ten or twelve of his men, with one boat. The captain and several of his men soon started for the shore in their only boat, and Lieutenant Colwell took off all the men that were left, leaving our dingey loaded on the ice. This boat we were to take in tow, but the ice looked dangerous, so it was left. When we left the floe it was off Cape Sabine, and drifting southeasterly, and bearing away on it the greater part of the provisions saved from the wreck. We reached Cape Sabine, and found Lieutenant Garlington, Captain Pike, and all the others had landed at the same point except the first boat-load, by Lieutenant Colwell, which was landed about half-way between Cocked-Hat Island and Cape Sabine, and was never seen by our party again. After we had unloaded the boat in which I came ashore I observed that no further effort was being made by Lieutenant Garlington to save anything more from the floe. I spoke to Moritz about going back to the floe again, and he expressed a willingness to make another trial. We asked Lieutenant Garlington if we could go back, telling him we could get up a party; but he refused, saying we must not risk it. About this time several of the ship's crew decided to go back to the floe to get provisions and clothing, and as they stepped into their boats Moritz and myself got in with them. We soon readied the floe, which, with a change of tide, was drifting back to the northeastward. Moritz and myself got out our dingey, which was already well loaded, and made the shore safely. The boat we went over in was loaded and reached the shore soon after we did. Another boat with a volunteer crew of expedition men and ship's crew succeeded without difficulty in reaching the floe soon after we left

it, and it also brought a heavy load of provisions ashore. Ellis, perhaps, knows better than any one else available what remained on the floe after this boat left, as he was in it, and was about the last man to leave the floe. Thus by the *voluntary action* of the men three heavy boat-loads were saved, Lieutenant Garlington not approving of the risk and positively refusing to let our whale-boats go back to the floe. If he had made another trip to the floe with our party, in our own boats, then the three boats of the ship's party would have been available for another trip with their own crews, and two or three more boat-loads would have been saved. But as it was most of the regular members of our party made the last trip in the ship's boats, and when they returned were too tired to go again, even if Lieutenant Garlington had asked them to do so; but he did not make such a request, nor did he endeavor to get a boat party from those men of the ship's crew who had not made an extra trip to the ice. They could easily have gone, and in my opinion could have been hired to do anything. When the last boat left the floe, about 2.30 P.M., it was drifting back northwestward, and must have continued in that course till high tide, about 6 p.m., and hence it must have remained in reach of the shore for several hours later.

p. 326, where roughly the same account of Garlington's refusal to read or even recognize the Signal Corps special orders, in this case to Sergeant Frank W. Ellis

**Marshall, David J.** "Adolphus Washington Greely," in *The Story of the U.S. Army Signal Corps*. Edited by Max L. Marshall. (New York: Franklin Watts, 1965) p.90-111.

p. 96, at Fort Conger Greely organized a school: More informally, he delivered lectures on a variety of subjects. And every Sunday Greely conducted church services; a typical New Englander, tall, spare, and stern, he had a tender conscience and could preach a better sermon, it was said, than the average Army chaplain. For a certainty he was a great

talker—at times, it would seem, unmercifully so. But he had worthwhile things to talk about, for Greely was also a great reader of books.

He had brought with him to Lady Franklin Bay a variety of volumes, including all the available records of men who had previously explored that part of the earth. To encourage his men to read, he had brought along books for them too—and that became, in a way, the subject matter of a Congressional investigation.

The investigation was actually centered upon money. Fiercely resented was an expenditure of \$181.76 for books of fiction, sent to Point Barrow and Lady Franklin Bay. An angry Congressman cross-examined the comptroller of the War Department on that point:

*Q. Do these books have any relation whatever to the science of meteorology?—A. Not that I am aware of...*

*Q. And you know of nothing in Innocents Abroad, Roughing It, or the Leather Stocking Tales that applies to any purpose of that expedition?—A. No, Sir....*

Anyway, there was at Fort Conger—to enable the men to while away the weeks and months of enforced idleness—somewhat of a library; and more than half the men, those who knew how to read, made use of it when they were kept indoors by the cold.

p. 101, Marshall says that during the retreat Greely had Arctic books with him: Searching through his books and papers, poring over the records of early explorers, Greely found that many years earlier a party of Englishmen had cached meat at Cape Isabella, forty miles to the south of Camp Clay....

p. 105, to the survivors at Cape Sabine: it seemed important that they had brought back all their records. These were America's chief contribution to the international effort to unlock what then appeared to be the basic mystery of the weather. And they were, in fact, among the best-kept scientific records history had ever known. They formed an unbroken series of hourly meteorological tidal, magnetic, and pendulum observations covering a period of two full years.

**Powell, Theodore.** *The Long Rescue.* (London: W. H. Allen, 1961).

Re the Lady Franklin Bay expedition, its retreat to the South and its terrible trials. A rather romantic reconstruction, with no index. Author claims his work is based on NYPL sources. There are some bits of reading material in the book.

p. 66, on ennui and what Brainard called “the treadmill existence of our darkest days.” Their amusements included checkers and long arguments: ...even if most of the arguments are senseless, the men seemed to enjoy the excitement and I believe it must do them good. It’s exercise. As usual, the man with the strongest lungs won the debate... (Greely).  
opp. p. 96 is a good photo of Greeley’s corner at Fort Conger, with lots of books.

p. 135: While collecting the clothing [at Cape Sabine]...Rice noticed a page of newspaper which had been used in the packing. The name Henry Clay caught his eye. It was an article by their friend who had left them at Fort Conger because of Dr. Pavy’s antagonism. This discovery inspired Rice and the others to collect each scrap of newspaper (many pages were wet and torn) to be carried back to camp. There they were dried and later provided much information and entertainment for men who had received no news of the rest of the world in more than two years.

It was from one of these scraps of newspaper that they learned President Garfield had died. The news had a special impact on the commanding officer who could recall his last meeting with the President before leaving with the expedition....

p. 180: In the evening there were readings from the books that were brought from Fort Conger and from the *Army Register* left in the cache by Lieutenant Garlington.

p. 185: The evening readings were designed to provide variety in readers and subject matter. Gardiner would read a chapter or two from the Bible. Jewell would read a chapter of Pickwick, and Greely, characteristically would read selections from the *Army Register*.

p. 215-16, re Lockwood’s depression: I do little talking, finding it difficult to raise my voice. I am pursued by ennui, aimlessness, apathy and indifference, induced by hunger, cold, gloom, dirt and all the miseries of this existence. I am very weak, both physically and morally,



and find it impossible to shake these sad thoughts off; but my spirits today are better than usual, and those of the party very good indeed.

**Rice, George W.** Diary, 1881 July 7—1883 Aug 2. Stefansson MSS. 186, Dartmouth College Library.

A record of Rice's experiences as photographer on the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition, 1881-1884. Unpaged but carefully dated throughout.

Aug. 2, 1881: We found Lt. Greely and his party on time. They shortly after came in here with keys and boxes of letters and periodicals that had been left for the Nares party. Lt G will send them by the *Proteus* to go to England via Newfoundland. [This was written near Smith Sound.]

Aug. 24, 1881: when house at Fort Conger was completed: I still remain in the tent, as I anticipate that life in the house will be so monotonous during the long dark winter that the longer I camp out the better as to the change will be more agreeable.

Aug 15, 1881: I find reading a pleasant occupation and in the circumstance, although the conditions are certainly different from those under which this recreation is generally indulged in. After [hoisting?] myself as a sword into the fur [sealband?] and my sleeping bag up under my chin, and putting on cap and mittens enjoy myself with Dickens or the less enjoyable but more instructive legal works of [K-----t?] A sense of comfort is experienced notwithstanding the fact that the snow can be heard whirling against the canvas of the tent, and this is August. [This passage was written the day the *Proteus* left them, leaving Kislingbury behind.]

Aug. 26, 1881: It snowed all day today. I spent most of the time in sleeping and reading....

Sept. 4, 1881, Sunday indicates they found provisions at Cape I--? left by the Nares expedition of 1875-76. Rice then got sick with rheumatism and couldn't move. A rescue party saved him.

Sept. 18, 1881, Sunday: Lt. Greely reads a chapter from the Bible aloud to us every Sunday evening. This with a prayer for those who [howl, or hurt?] comprise our religious sciences."

[10/17/06 DHS read thru September. Worth going back to sometime.]

**Schley, Winfield Scott.** *The Rescue of Greely.* By Commander W. Scott and Professor J. R. Soley. New York: Scribner's, 1885.

The author sums up the expedition on p. 142 as follows: As for the work of the relief expedition itself, while there was no apprehension of disaster, there was no expectation that success would come with a hurrah; and it was recognized as a serious undertaking, to which everybody must give his best efforts. The officers and men of the expedition sailed, if not with a certain, at least with a possible prospect of wintering beyond Kane Sea; and although few of them knew much about ice navigation except what they had read of its dangers, and the events of the last two years did not offer much encouragement to the hopes of the public at large, such considerations did not lead those connected with the squadron to have any doubts about a successful result.

p. 60-62, on the 1883-84 relief expeditions has a succinct summary of the expeditions, including the misreading of conflicting instructions: It subsequently appeared that the memorandum was drawn up by Lieutenant Caziarc, of the Signal Office, upon his own views of the necessities of the case, at the order of the Acting Chief Signal Officer, during the absence of General Hazen at St. John's, and in consequence of a request from the Secretary of the Navy that the Signal Office should indicate what it wanted the tender to do. A copy of the memorandum was sent to the Navy Department, by whom or through whom could never be ascertained, but not through the regular official channels. Here it was seen at one time by an officer in the Department, the copy being headed "Memoranda," or "instructions for naval tender," but it subsequently disappeared, and could not be traced.

An unsigned copy of the memorandum was also, through misunderstanding or inadvertence, put in the envelope containing Garlington's instructions. Upon reading it Garlington immediately went to the Chief Signal Officer, and pointed out the contradictions between

the main instructions and the unsigned memorandum. In the conversation that ensued, he was verbally informed by the Chief Signal Officer that he was to follow the main instructions and Greely's letter, and that the memorandum "was no part of his orders"; and this direction appears to have had reference to the landing of stores on the way up. This was, in its consequences, by far the most momentous decision made in connection with the expedition, up to the time of its arrival in Smith Sound.

p. 213-14, on the rescue and its papers: Within half an hour after the first parties had left the ship [the *Thetis*], *cheers* were heard above the roaring of the wind. At first it was impossible to tell from what quarter the sound proceeded, but soon the cheering was heard a second time more distinctly, in the direction of Brevoort Island. Almost immediately after, Ensign Harlow was observed signalling from Stalknecht Island. His message read : "Have found Greely's records; send five men." Before this request could be carried out, Yewell was seen running over the ice towards the ships, and a few minutes later he came on board almost out of breath with the information that Lieutenant Taunt had found a message from Greely in the cairn on Brevoort Island. Yewell brought the papers with him, and called out, as he gave them to the officer of the deck, that Greely's party were at Cape Sabine, all well. The excitement of the moment was intense, and it spread with the rapidity of lightning through both the ships. It was decided instantly to go on to the Cape, and a general recall was sounded by three long blasts from the steam whistle of the *Thetis*.

The first thing to be done before taking definite action was to go carefully over the papers that Taunt had found. All the officers who had remained behind in the two ships gathered around the ward-room table of the *Thetis*, and the records were hurriedly read aloud. As one paper after an other was quickly turned over, until the last was reached, it was discovered with horror that the latest date borne by any of them was Oct. 21, 1883, and that but forty days' complete rations were left to live upon. Eight months had elapsed since then, and the belief was almost irresistible that the whole party must have perished during this terrible period of waiting and watching for relief. [Greely's own summary of the

expedition up to October 27, 1882, as recorded in these papers follows this passage.]

p. 234-35, on saving and organizing relics of the rescued parties: Meantime Emory was carrying out the orders given him some time before to collect the property belonging to the camp and to exhume and bring off the bodies. Articles of all kinds were scattered about the tent, — clothing, sleeping- bags, note-books and diaries, guns and ammunition, empty tins, cooking utensils roughly constructed,—the debris of the winter, most of it little better than rubbish. Everything of value was first carefully collected, to be returned to the owners,—or to their representatives, for most of the owners, unhappily, lay on the ridge across the hollow. One of the seamen found a pocket-book containing a large roll of bank bills, which the owner, for what reason it is hard to say, had carried with him to Lady Franklin Bay. Within the tent, near each sleeping-bag was found a little package of cherished valuables carefully rolled up, and addressed to friends or relatives at home. It was not alone to the dead that those belonged; the survivors, too, had already made up their little packages.

**Stam, David H.** “Congering” the Past: *The Books of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition (1881-84), Before and After*. In *North by Degree*. Edited by Susan Kaplan and Robert Peck. (Philadelphia, PA: American Philosophical Society, 2014). p. 240-56,

An account of the library at Lady Franklin Bay, its planning under Henry Howgate, its active use under Adolphus Greely, and its disposition under Robert Peary.

**Todd, Alden L.** *Abandoned: The Story of the Greely Arctic Expedition, 1881-1884*. Introduction by Vilhjalmur Stefansson. (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1961).

A compelling account of the tragedies and muted triumphs of the Adolphus Washington Greely Expedition. Stefansson’s introduction is fascinating for its discussion of cannibalism and what he calls “rabbit

starvation” or “protein poisoning” which makes the case that those who died were the more likely cannibals than the survivors. Todd himself calls his story “essentially one of the physical and moral courage displayed by a small group of men abandoned to hunger and cold in the distant, early days of Arctic work” (p. xix).

p. 24, Greely’s reading of 133<sup>rd</sup> Psalm to his troops, urging them “to dwell together in unity” just as the unity of his group was falling apart.

p. 30: From his reading of arctic literature the commander knew that man’s greatest winter enemy is boredom; he sought by every possible means to postpone the shutdown of outdoor work, which would force men into idleness....

p. 32, on the books at Fort Conger, their base on Lady Franklin Bay in the far north: The more studious found plentiful reading matter—including encyclopedias general scientific works, and some seventy-five volumes on the Arctic. For lighter reading Greely’s collection held close to a thousand novels and other books, as well as magazines.

Thanksgiving Day was the first holiday celebration. After a short psalm-reading session at 9:30 A.M. the entire party bundled up against the crisp 33-below cold for sporting contests on a terrain lighted by stars and lanterns.

p. 33, on the post newspaper, *Arctic Moon*, reproduced by hectograph. It only survived for two months, but opened with this grandiloquent flourish: With this issue of the *Arctic Moon* a new luminary dawns above the literary horizon.... “A guide by day and a light by night,” the *Arctic Moon* will shine for the public good. In politics conservative, our influence shall always be used in supporting the established policy of Grinnell Land, which has withstood the mutations of centuries of time. In no case shall its traditions be disregarded. We shall earnestly endeavor to cultivate friendly relations with our neighbors over the water. To make Greenland our ally in all steps of progress and advance would be doing much for the future of the North Pole.

p. 38-39, on the camp’s lecture series during the first winter—apparently not a great success.

p. 54, from Brainard’s diary: The monotonous routine of our life is felt more keenly every day.... Our time, after the usual hour’s work in the

morning, is spent in reading, writing or discussion.... Nothing seems to hurry the flight of time.... Everything annoys and aggravates us. We give way readily in any situation with a burst of unreasonableness, rather than bolster up our will-power.

p. 61, Greely had a feud with Dr. Pavy over the latter's refusal "to turn over all the expedition's medical stores to Lockwood—as well as his diary" to the Chief Signal Officer, i.e. himself.

p. 126, describes odd experience of finding some newspaper wrappings from a May 1883 Louisville *Courier-Journal* describing themselves, written by Henry Clay who had been on the *Proteus* when it left Lady Franklin Bay.

p. 128: From the [newspaper] scraps they gleaned the facts that Garfield had died from his wounds two years before, that Chester A. Arthur was President, and that the entire Cabinet had changed with the exception of [Robert Todd] Lincoln.

p. 133, on their move to Cape Sabine: Several of the party later took their turns reading aloud, an evening occupation Greely initiated to combat the loneliness of the hours before sleep, when the men were most likely to sink into moodiness. The scanty store of reading matter included Thomas Hardy's novel *Two on a Tower*, Dickens' *Pickwick Papers*, and *Peck's Bad Boy*—all left by the *Proteus* party—and a Bible that Sergeant Hampden S. Gardiner, a deeply religious man, had brought from Fort Conger in preference to an equal weight of clothing.

p. 159, from the speech of Senator John James Ingalls on the futility of trying to rescue Greely: "...whatever secrets are secluded in that mysterious region that surrounds the North Pole, they are guarded by nature with the most zealous solicitude. The results of the disposition of man to penetrate every mystery upon the surface of this planet has been one uninterrupted succession of failures and disasters. Expedition after expedition has followed into that dangerous and tempting region with simply one result—and that is an absolute failure to discover any of the mysteries that are alleged there to exist, and with a loss of life that is appalling to contemplate."

p. 225, in writing his will in anticipation of death, Greely writes to his wife Henrietta: Maj. Appleby has a Hunt Atlas for you. I would like

some book from my library to go to Lucius, one to Riss & one to Meade Emory as keepsakes. [Greely's library was eventually acquired by the National Geographic Society.]

p. 260, notes that Greely began reading shortly into his recovery aboard *Thetis*.

**Wesławski, Jan Marcin, and Joanna Legeżyńska.** "Chances for Arctic Survival: Greely's Expedition Revisited." *Arctic* 55 4 (Dec. 2002) 373-79

The caloric requirements of the expedition survivors could not have been met by their available resources exclusive of cannibalism.

**1884 Greely Relief Expedition of 1883 (Commander Winfield S. Schley)**

**U. S. Navy Dept.** *Report of Winfield S. Schley, Commander, U.S. Navy, commanding Greely relief expedition of 1884.* (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1887).

With its extremely detailed accounting of the provisioning of this expedition, the report lists books ordered for the journey on March 1, 1884, for each of the three ships (*Alert, Thetis, and Bear*) as follows:

p.10:

Nautical Almanacs, 1884 and 1885 (two for each year)

Bowditch's Practical Navigator

Arctic Azimuth Tables

Rosser's Book of Stars

Finding Compass Error

Longitude by Chronometer, Sunrise and Sunset

Binnacles and Swinging Ship

Instructions for Hydrographic Surveyors (for "Alert" only)

Table Mast-Head Angles

Regulations for Preventing Collisions at Sea

Weather Guide, Baromete, Thermometer, and Hygrometer

North Atlantic Sailing Directions  
North Atlantic Light List  
List of Foreign Lights  
Set Hydrographic Office and British Admiralty North Atlantic and  
Arctic Charts  
Sailing Directions, Davis' Straits, Baffin's Bay and Smith Sound  
Newfoundland Pilot  
Bible  
Prayer Book  
Navy Regulations  
Articles for the Government of the Navy  
Webster's Dictionary  
International Signal Code  
Meyer's Army Signal Code

No recreational reading is listed, though supplies included checkers, packs cards, dice-boxes, sets chess men, checker-boards, and dice. Considerable supplies of stationery were also ordered for the trip. In addition there may have been ASFS libraries provided to the ship. (Look up at Mystic: departure dates from Brooklyn were April 24 for the *Bear*; *Thetis* on May 1, and *Alert* some time in that period.)

**1899-1901 US Revenue Operations in Alaska (commanded John C. Cantwell aboard Revenue Steamer *Nunivak*)**

This operation was intended for enforcement of customs law and navigation laws in the Yukon River region of Alaska.

**Cantwell, John C.** *Report of the Operations of the U.S. Revenue Steamer Nunivak on the Yukon River Station, Alaska, 1899-1901.* Washington: Government Printing Office, 1902.

p. 49: Grouse and ptarmigan were fairly abundant throughout the winter and not only afforded excellent sport, but also furnished an agreeable change from our rather monotonous fare of canned meats. Two days of



the week were set aside as holidays for the crew and permission was granted them to go hunting and trapping in the vicinity of Fort Shoemaker. With one or two exceptions, however, the men preferred to remain on board reading, smoking, or sleeping, rather than to go on hunting trips through the woods after game. As the regular drills and other duties gave them plenty of out-of-door exercise, I did not interfere with their method of spending the time given them for recreation and amusement.

Books, periodicals, and magazines belonging to the officers were freely loaned to the crew, and no effort was spared to make life as pleasant for them as possible consistent with the maintenance of good discipline. The system of routine adopted for the government of the command during the winter was modeled on the plan of a ship's daily, weekly, and monthly bill of stations and duties, with such modifications as were necessary to adapt it for our use, and it was carried out with regularity during the period of our enforced detention in winter quarters. p. 78, at Fort Shoemaker: The clubhouse was particularly desirable as furnishing a place in which the men could congregate during the long winter evenings and amuse themselves without disturbing others on the vessel. It was well lighted and furnished with a large table, benches, etc., and kept supplied with files of newspapers, magazines, and books contributed by the officers.

p. 215, on education in the Yukon region: At the present time there are five schools for the instruction of the native children in the portion of the Yukon Valley covered by our observations, namely, at Russian Mission, Koserofski, Anvik, Nulato, and Tanana. The school at Russian Mission is in charge of the priests of the Russian Church at that place and is partly supported by an appropriation made for this purpose by the Russian Church authorities, whose headquarters in the United States is at San Francisco. Those at Koserofski and Nulato are under the supervision of priests of the Roman Catholic Church, and the teachers are Sisters of Charity of the order of St. Anne, a Canadian organization having headquarters at Quebec, Canada. Of these the school at Koserofski is better known as the Holy Cross Mission, and that at Nulato is called the Mission of St. Peter Claver. ...

“The aim of these schools is to teach the children such habits of industry as shall help them to grow up into self-supporting men and women and to give them enough instruction in the English language as will enable them to read and understand for themselves the Holy Scriptures; to make them intelligent citizens and Christians, and to free them from the superstitious beliefs that hinder their progress.”

p. 232: The grammatical construction of the Indian dialects is very complete, and I have been informed by Father Ragaru, at Nulato, and Mr. J. W. Chapman, at Anvik, both of whom have devoted years of study to this subject, that the verbal variations of the native language are sufficiently complex to express even the finest shades of meaning. Our own experience while in contact with the Indians at Dall River, while not long enough to enable us to do any more than acquire the use of a limited vocabulary and a few phrases to express simple ideas, still showed us that in conversing with each other the Indians never seemed to lack words to express their ideas on any kind of subject. This was particularly noticeable when they were engaged in looking over our stock of magazines and listening to the explanations given in English of the various subjects therein illustrated, and in noting the apparent ease with which these explanations could be translated by some of the Indians who understood English to the rest of the party. This is rather remarkable when the extent of the field of information which was covered by this means is considered. Some of these impromptu language lessons extended over a period of several hours, and I very seldom heard the interpreter make use of an English word to express his meaning when he was engaged in the work of translating into the Indian dialect what was read or spoken to him in English.

**1890      US Tourist Voyage to Alaska (Septima Collis)**

**Collis, Septima M.** *A Woman's Trip to Alaska, Being an Account of a Voyage through the Inland Seas of the Sitkan Archipelago in 1890.* (New York: Cassell Publishing, 1890).

An unusual woman's trip for the time, written to encourage other women to abandon their grand tours in favor of this northern one. Miss Collis proves to be a self-indulgent, spoiled wealthy New Yorker, with no sympathy for the natives who "should be coerced into good behavior" (p. 15). She was a Jewish southerner who married a Philadelphia soldier, a general in the Civil War. She travelled with him during the war and wrote a book about her experiences in a divided family. That may be a better book than this self-indulgent one.

p. 4, although she doesn't mention specific titles advised to take on the journey, she is already reading shortly after her train leaves New York for Philadelphia and points west: ... a parlour and dressing room, where we lounge peacefully and enjoyably with our books and newspapers. I am, of course, immensely absorbed in reading up the latest authorities on Alaska, my land of years of promise and; hope and, now that my dream is being realized, I proceed to delve into the most recent literature upon the subject.

p. 40: ...it was quite flattering to hear my little book, "A Woman's War Record," spoken well of by the orator of the day. It is not worth while pausing to think what would have been the condition of this great Northwest country if these brave men had failed, nor whether the Russian eagles would not still be flying at Sitka; but I never look upon their ranks and tattered flags without a patriotic sentiment of gratitude for all they accomplished for us and for posterity.

p. 182, at Fort Simpson: It boasts of a Methodist church, an exceedingly plain structure of four walls with a cheap lot of benches, and a simple decoration of "God is love" behind the pulpit, a great contrast to the Greek church of Sitka.

**1891-1920**

**Robert Peary and the Search for the North Pole**

**Weems, John Edward.** *Peary: The Explorer and the Man. Based on His Personal Papers.* (Los Angeles: Jeremy P. Tarcher, 1967).

DCS notes elsewhere some common facets of explorers lives: depressives, loners, readers, and writers. Ambitious.

p. 9, Peary probably exposed to accounts of Dr. Kane thru Sunday School papers at age 6.

p. 1, has a diary entry from high school, re reading:

How to read: There are a few books it is necessary for every intelligent person to have read, i.e. the Bible, the history of his country, general facts of the history of England, most of Shakespeare's plays. He should also possess a knowledge of geography or have an atlas.

Rules:

Do not try to read everything.

Do not read too much at a time.

Stop when you are tired.

In some way make a careful review of what he reads.

p. 37, describes Peary as an early depressive.

p. 38, cites a gloomy poem by Whittier.

p. 45-46, used LC and worked as draftsman of maps.

Other relevant notes appear on the following pages: p. 49, romance of exploration; p. 51, others "against me"; p. 65, mentions discovery of N. Pole in letter of 1883; p. 69, read Nordenskjöld re Greenland; also read Kane; p. 70, adopted native ways; p. 71, sees native women as necessary on N. pole venture to keep natives happy; p. 100, read Nansen; p. 101, depression; bought books on Arctic, and planned a Greenland trip; p. 105, unattributed quote: The more dramatic the expedition, the less efficient the leader; p. 149, cites Tennyson. Not much else in long book.

p. 213-4: In his spare time Dr [Louis J.] Wolf read the works of an earlier Arctic explorer, Isaac Hayes, and was impressed by the contrast of the two expeditions: the hardships Hayes described, and the smoothness of Peary's expedition. By comparison, for instance, these

meals were sumptuous.... [cites Wolf's diary, Dec. 25, 1905, but doesn't say where it is—Peary papers?]

**Weems, John Edward.** *Race for the Pole*. Preface by Vilhjalmur Stefansson. (New York: Henry Holt, 1960).

Generally a whitewash of the Peary legend and legacy (mainly about the 1908-09 expedition) written as a homely narrative based according to Weems on thorough documentation. Although there is a decent bibliography one can't find documentation for any given passage. p. 13, describing Peary's cabin on the *Roosevelt* when he showed it to Teddy: The cabin held a wide built-in bunk, an ordinary writing desk, several bookshelves holding an arctic library, a pianola, a wicker chair, an office chair, family photographs, and a chest of drawers.

p. 17: As a youth, always mature for his age, he read widely. He was especially fond of reading Elisha Kent Kane's books on arctic exploration, and he spent many winter evenings sitting before the fireplace, reveling in Kane's tales of adventure while a Maine blizzard whirled and shrieked outside.

p. 31-32: Shortly before departure, however, one seaman noticed the absence of reading matter. He became concerned enough to mention it to somebody else, and his remark eventually found its way into the columns of a New York newspaper.

Immediately the crew of the *Roosevelt* was swamped by gifts of books and magazines. In one morning alone 1,200 arrived. As they came aboard they were stowed wherever space was discovered. Eventually so much printed material had been dumped on the *Roosevelt* that Boatswain John Murphy, a nonreader himself, declared, 'Books, books, and more books—till I'm thinkin' we'll be able to use paper as a substitute for coal. A great pity we can't eat 'em.'"

p. 53, re first sledge departure toward Pole: This was the departure day for Bartlett's pioneer party, which had the job of breaking a trail. In preparation, Bartlett had discarded all of his plug tobacco, which he had first planned to carry on his person, for a copy of *The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*.

## **1891-97, 1898 US Northern Greenland and North Pole Expeditions (Commanded by Robert E. Peary)**

**Peary, Josephine Diebitsch.** *My Arctic Journal: A Year among Ice-fields and Eskimos....* (New York: Contemporary Publishing Company, 1894).

An account of Mrs. Peary's Greenland journey accompanying her husband in 1891-92. She comes across as fairly demure but domineering over both Henson and the natives.

p. 72: I am doing very little besides getting the meals and fixing up odd jobs about the rooms; reading Greely's work is about the extent of my labor.

p. 79: My daily routine is always the same; I take my coffee in bed, then get lunch for my family, take a walk afterward, usually with Peary, then sew or read, and at four o'clock begin to get dinner....

p. 103, January 17: The daylight was bright enough to-day to enable us to read ordinary print....

The remainder of the day we spent in marking, clipping, and sorting newspaper cuttings. This occupation we found so interesting that we prolonged it until after midnight.

p. 152: Thursday, May 26. A perfect day, clear, calm, and warm. Nearly four weeks have elapsed since Mr. Peary left me, and yet no news. For a full week, day by day, I have been expecting the supporting-party, and am now nearly desperate. Being in no mood for writing reading or sewing, I called Jack and started for Cape Cleveland, where open water had been reported.

p. 154-55, re an Inuit named Kyo: He is filled with the idea of going to America. Every night he comes for a magazine to look at after he has gone to bed, as he has seen some of the boys do. He says...when he gets to America he will learn to read, and then he won't have to select books with pictures.... His wife does not seem to care to go to America, so for the last few days he has borrowed two or three magazines to take into his igloo, where for three or four hours at a stretch he has sat with his

wife in front of him and the book between them, swaying himself from side to side, and singing a monotonous sort of tune at the top of his voice. In this way, the other natives assure me, he works a spell over her, and she willingly consents to go with him.

p. 204, on leaving their cabin at Redcliffe on August 24 to board the *Kite* home: It was with a feeling akin to homesickness that I took the pictures and ornaments from the walls of our little room, pulled down the curtains from the windows and bed, had Matt pack the books and nail them up, sorted the things on the bed, and packed those I wanted to keep.

[Her account of the expedition ends in August 1892 on p. 210. She returned with Peary the next year, August 1893 on the *Falcon*. On their journey north they visited “the site of the Polar House, where a portion of Captain Hall’s party wintered after the ‘Polaris’ was wrecked. We picked up a number of souvenirs in the shape of bolts, hooks, hinges, even buttons and leaves from books” (p. 219). Makes no mention of her pregnancy which occurred on one of these trips.]

**Peary, Robert E.** *Northward over the ‘Great Ice’: A Narrative of Life and Work along the Shores and Upon the Interior Ice-cap of Northern Greenland in the Years 1886 and 1891-1897.* Two volumes. (London: Methuen & Co., 1898).

Volume I:

p. xxxiv, Introduction: One evening, in one of my favorite haunts, an old book-store in Washington, I came upon a fugitive paper on the Inland Ice of Greenland. A chord, which, as a boy, had vibrated intensely in me at the reading of Kane’s wonderful book, was touched again. I read all I could upon the subject, noted the conflicting experiences of Nordenskjold [sic], Jensen, and the rest, and felt that I must see for myself what the truth was of this great mysterious interior.

My summer voyage to Greenland in 1886 and reconnaissance of the Inland Ice (Part I. of this narrative) was the outcome.

p. 84-85, of the Peary’s North-Greenland home in 1886: When the weather was extremely cold, the condensation from the warm air

escaping through the shafts was like thick white smoke. Rude but comfortable bunks were constructed for everyone, and these, with a number of chairs, table, and several boxes of books, completed the furnishing of the house. Our library included a large number of works on Arctic exploration, novels, and other reading matter, and also an Italian dictionary which some kind friend had sent us without accompanying it with any literature in that language.

p. 148, picture of Professor Chamberlain reading.

p. 155: On November 7<sup>th</sup>, there were seventeen men, women, and children besides our party at the camp, and the howling of twenty-one dogs made the night lively...

Meanwhile, all through the darkening days we were working about the house. I fitted up my library shelves, made a writing desk, and busied myself with many odds and ends that were likely to add to our comfort during the winter night.

p. 172: The activity of mind and expenditure of physical energy which all this called for, helped to keep us well in body and cheerful and sanguine in temper. We did a good deal of reading. I had a very complete arctic library, and this was chiefly in demand. The fact that we were living under arctic conditions, whetted the appetite of my boys for records of Arctic exploration. All these books were eagerly devoured for the story they contained, the adventures they recorded, and the useful hints we might derive from them. Somehow we could not make our ideas of the country, the natives, the winter night, the cold, the storms, or the hardships agree at all with those of some predecessors who had spent a season not very far from McCormick Bay. Viewed in the light of our own experience, some things we read seemed to us unjust, particularly in respect of the happy, simple-minded natives, with whom our relations were so friendly and who were so helpful to us; some things seemed exaggerated; and some in spite of our willingness to believe, took on the aspect of pure romance.

p. 181, [Christmas 1886]: After the punch, the Christmas numbers (of the previous year) of *Harper's*, *Frank Leslie's*, *Life*, *Puck*, the *London News*, and *London Graphic* were brought out, and we filled the evening with conversation and such music as our talent afforded.



p. 188 has a photo of the library, with a copy of Greely's *Thirty Years of Arctic Service* clearly visible. More photos of books and book cases are on p. 190-91.

p. 238: Sunday, April 10<sup>th</sup> was a beautiful day, which I gave up entirely to reading and basking in the sun on the roof.

p. 376: Now we trudged along in the sharp pure air. Bare-headed and in my undershirt I read *Exiles of Siberia* as I drove the dogs; but by lunch-time I was glad to put on my kooletah and pull the draw-strings tight.

Volume. II:

p. 54-55, At Lifeboat Cove in Greenland, Peary took his party ashore to visit the site of Polaris House: One of the natives with us, Kessuh, as a boy of twelve or fifteen, had been here at Lifeboat Cove with his parents when the Polaris party were here [1870?]. He took us at once to the site of the house, showed us where the ship was run on the rocks, and then told us how she afterwards floated off and drifted down nearly abreast of the upper end of Littleton Island, and sank out of sight. The site of the house and its neighbourhood were littered with a great variety of miscellaneous articles and ship's fittings, but everything in the way of wood or iron that could be made use of by the natives had disappeared. Each member of the party obtained a souvenir of some kind....

In a little bight in the rocks, just north of the house, was a tangled mass of rope, and among the rocks directly back from the shore there were scattered great quantities of loose leaves of various books.... [This is a site that the Greely party also visited ten years earlier, and Nares before that.]

p. 361, chapter on winter routines on second 1891 expedition: At five P.M. we sat down to our principal meal, the menu of which varied from day to day, though the chief dish was usually reindeer steak. After dinner, interest in our equipment frequently led us to continue work on it through the evening, or if not, there were books to read, notes to write, plans and details for further work to be perfected, and when, as frequently happened, a considerable number of natives was visiting us, there was always information to be obtained from them, and more or less amusement in taking their pictures.

p. 490, on finding an earlier 1892 cairn on Navy Cliff: From this I took the copies of the New York *Sun* and *Harper's Weekly* which I had deposited there, the papers still being in good state of preservation in spite of three years' Arctic experience.

**Heilprin, Angelo.** *The Arctic Problem, And Narrative of the Peary Relief Expedition of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia.* Philadelphia, PA: Contemporary Publishing Co., 1893.

Preface [n.p.]: The interest which at the present moment centres about Polar exploration is perhaps broad enough to permit of a few additional pages being added to the lengthening literature of the subject, even though they be wanting in a recital of those mishaps and hard ships which have made Arctic reading so fascinating.

**Astrup, Eivind.** *With Peary Near the Pole.* London: C. Arthur Pearson, 1898.

Astrup participated in two of Peary's early Greenland expeditions, in 1891-92 and 1893-94.

p. 11-12, in preparing for his job interview with Peary, Astrup was concerned with his imperfect knowledge of English: However, in order to be able to express myself with ease and elegance during our conversation, I had cunningly furnished my two largest coat-pockets with an English and a Norwegian dictionary; armed with these, and the required doctors' certificates and testimonials, I entered the corridors of the dockyard's office, certain of victory.

A young man of African origin, the afterwards illustrious "Matt," showed me into Lieutenant Peary's working-room, where I was most heartily received by the explorer. His whole appearance inspired me with absolute confidence... [but] Scarcely had our conversation begun before I found myself obliged to pull the friendly textbooks out of my pocket. With feverish quickness I ran over the leaves during the remainder of my visit, hardly ever finding the words I wanted, but

managing at last, in rather laconic sentences, to give expression to what was in my mind.

In the course of conversation I noticed that Mr. Peary's black servant now and then disappeared through a side door with strange grimaces, returning soon after with an uncomfortably serious and distorted face. He afterwards admitted that this happened whenever he lost control over his risible muscles as he saw me consult my dictionary.

p. 16: As a matter of course we were all volunteers; and "Matt," the nigger, who for several years had been Mr. Peary's servant, did not hesitate to follow his master as our excellent cook. Our small company was also cheered by the presence of Mr. Peary's wife—a fact which, in America, added not a little to the prestige of our enterprise.

p. 24: Much of our leisure time during the winter was spent in reading newspapers and periodicals a year old, and also in studying scientific notes and books on travel in the Arctic regions, with which we were amply provided. The evenings were usually passed in gossip with the Esquimaux, telling them tales about the distant southern countries, to which they would listen eagerly for hours. But if we asked them whether they would go back with us in our ship, they answered gravely that they would never leave their own country of mountains and ice.

## **1892-94 US University of Iowa Expedition to Far North**

**Russell, Frank.** *Explorations in the Far North: Being the Report of an Expedition under the Auspices of the University of Iowa during the Years 1892, '93, and '94.* Iowa City, IA: The University, 1898 [AMS Press reprint 1986]

This expedition was more ethnographic than geographic, dealing with Cree, Athabaskan, as well as natural history of the Mackenzie region, and venturing as far as Herschel and Wrangel.

p.31: "The missionary receives a small salary from the church missionary society of England, which also provides Bibles and hymn books, printed in the Cree language. Both the syllabic and the Roman characters are used in these publications and nearly all can read."

p. 132: The “Mackenzie River Library” contained several hundred volumes, nearly all of which had been carried over miles of portages on men’s backs, by way of the long boat route to York Factory. I there read, for the first time, the account of the *Journey to a Northern Ocean in 1771*, by that excellent observer, Samuel Hearne. I had just visited the territory which he has so quaintly described, and was in a position to appreciate the accurate and truthful account which he has given of the “Northern Indians.”

p. 159: Indeed the children are now taught to read and write by the Roman Catholic missionary at Rae and both men and women can read their prayer books readily. But the use of denotive symbols has not yet affected their mode of thought. Their ideas are not capitalized, so to say, by recorded language.

## **1894                      US Expedition to Greenland aboard *Miranda***

**Thompson, Arthur R.** *Shipwrecked in Greenland*. Boston: Little, Brown, 1905.

A summer pleasure expedition by a few American young men that ended in the shipwreck of the *Miranda* off the Greenland coast. Reads like a young adult adventure, introducing young readers to the realities of Arctic exploration.

p. 137, on the “theft” by an Eskimo woman of a looking glass: On the whole, he did not regret this experience, for it gave him a sidelight on the Eskimo character. He had read that these natives were strictly honest if intrusted outright with any kind of property, but that they would sometimes steal if they could do it slyly under the eye of the owner. So, in the present instance, they knew he might have distributed fewer glasses and kept better account of them, and it was in the nature of a practical joke that one turned up missing.

p. 175: Malcolm could not conceal his admiration for the seamanship of these natives, and more than once he broke out in exclamations of praise. “They 're simply perfect!” he declared. “They can read the water like a book.”

p. 178: "I wonder if we can't talk with the natives," said Henry, after a time. "On board the Viola I jotted down some of their words out of an old book of Arctic travels, and I believe it would be a good chance to use them."

"I should be interested to see the experiment tried," remarked the Professor.

Henry accordingly shouted "kikertak," which is supposed to mean "island." The Eskimos in the bow looked at him questioningly and did not seem to understand.

"Perhaps that word is obsolete," said the Professor, "or maybe you didn't pronounce it right. Try another."

There was just sufficient light for Henry to read his list. After consulting it a moment, and seeing that there was an unmistakable reef over against the nearest shore, he shouted "ikarlok." This word they recognized, and there was an instant chorus of "Ap, ap," as they pointed to the foaming shoal. Then he tried other words, and was usually comprehended, the Huskies doubtless making up their minds that he was a very learned linguist.

The Professor had some knowledge of Danish, and presently opened communication on a limited scale with Jacob. He also knew many of the Eskimo words, and altogether it was evident that they could talk with the crew when occasion demanded. When words failed, signs would probably suffice.

p. 227-29, on meeting the crew of an abandoned steamer from Gloucester, the Rigel: The relief party received a hearty welcome on board, the more so since, as Captain Dixon averred, his crew had grown tired of looking at one another so long. There is a monotony about protracted voyages very little appreciated by those who have never been to sea. Especially is this true of fishing voyages with few opportunities of going ashore. On the Iceland banks each American vessel has a particular crony in some one of the English fishing steamers, and the interchange of social visits is much enjoyed on both sides, but it was now two or three months since the men of the Rigel had left the Iceland fleet. They had read everything on board that was readable again and again; they had heard one another's yarns as often as they would bear

repeating; and at last they had come to that stage wherein they said only what had to be said, falling into a kind of mechanical, humdrum existence. Then it was that the advent of the little party, with new ideas, new stories, new ways of life, became a godsend. Nevertheless it behooved the new comers to recognize the fact that a great deal of generosity was also involved in their welcome. Every one of these big-hearted sailors had voted to stop in the midst of good fishing to come to their rescue. For this the men would take no credit, simply saying it was worth the uncaught half of the cargo just to see faces other than their own, and never so much as hinting at the nobler motive of humanity that had prompted their action.

**1897-98 US Revenue Service Cruise and Overland Rescue Expedition in Relief of Whalers (Capt. Francis Tuttle aboard Revenue Cutter *Bear*)**

**Tuttle, Francis, Capt.** *Report of the Cruise of the U. S. Revenue Cutter Bear and the Overland Expedition for the Relief of the Whalers in the Arctic Ocean, from November 27, 1897 to September 13, 1898.* Washington, D.C.: Government Printing Office, 1899.

p. 22, on the murder of a native by other natives: About 11 o'clock in the forenoon on the 17th of November, 1897, Mr. Rustan Nelson was sitting in his house reading, and Messrs. Charles Sandbourne and George F. Tilton were working in one of the other rooms, when they all heard two rifle shots fired in quick succession, followed shortly after by four others. Nelson thrust his revolver in his pocket, rushed out of the house, and there saw, close to the house, two natives, Avulik and Shukurana, each with a smoking rifle in his hand, standing over the body of Washok, which was lying on the snow close to his sled, pierced with six bullet holes. Washok's wife was close by, and several other natives were running to the scene of the firing. Sandbourne and Tilton ran out soon after Nelson, and after ascertaining that Washok was dead and beyond all help, they all returned to the house. Soon after the body was carried

out into the country and put up on sticks, after the native fashion, the murderers aiding in the ceremony.

p. 71: *March 10.*—We now began to strike soft snow and rough ice. In some places where the snow lay in hollows our sleds and dogs would sink almost out of sight; and at others, around the bluffs, we had to stop to cut off the corners of the rough ice, fill up the hollows, and make our own road. It was hard work, and it was not until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon that we came to the mouth of the Pitmegea River, where we had planned to meet Lopp. We looked anxiously around for some sign of the deer herd, and saw sticking in the snow a cross made of two pieces of bread box, which our natives immediately recognized as the work of a white man. Such it proved to be, and was the message Lopp had left for me according to our agreement. "Letter between boards" was what the sign read on the outside. Hastily tearing it apart, I found his note. He had arrived here on the 7th, having been six days crossing the mountains; the sled deer were nearly played out, but the herd was all right, and after one day's rest he had gone on the day before we arrived. The last great obstacle had been overcome; and though the cold, strong winds were hard to face it was now a straight drive over a level country, and it seemed we surely must arrive at Point Barrow before the month was out. Human nature could not accomplish more, than had been done, so, pushing on until nightfall, we went into camp, feeling we had things well in hand to go to the end of the journey.

p. 95, on the need for diversions among the crew: When the sun began to eat away the snow, the water settled through the drifts and promised to flood the houses, and men were kept busy digging and making drains all over the beach. With the moderate weather it was possible for all of them to be gotten out of the houses and kept out most of the day, and though it was a heavy tax on our resources to provide them with water boots, it was necessary for the health of all. Baseball had been in vogue for exercise during the cold weather when the snow was hard enough to give good footing. It was excellent exercise and gave all something of interest to talk about and furnished a relief from the idle monotony.

Later when the snow was off the ground the games were resumed, and I

required the men to either play baseball or carry ducks from our shooting camp 5 miles away, the exercise grew more popular.

p. 97: In the early part of that month great flocks of eider ducks were moving northward along the lead of open water off shore. This flight continued all of May and June, and the men out Avhaling not only kept themselves in ducks, but from time to time furnished us ashore enough to augment our food supply and vary the monotony of the diet.

p. 129: I had heard incidentally while at St. Michael that Lieutenant Bertholf, in obedience to orders from Lieutenant Jarvis, had discharged Koltchoff at St. Michael on January 1. Instead of reporting at the reindeer station at Unalaklik as ordered, he had gone overland with Mr. Tilton, who came down from the wrecked whalers. Koltchoff said Lieutenant Bertholf had given him a paper, the contents of which he claimed to be ignorant, which he had given to Lieutenant-Colonel Randall, United States Army, commanding at Fort St. Michael, and that Lieutenant-Colonel Randall, with Mr. Shepard, agent of the North American Trading and Transportation Company at Fort Get There, had sent him to assist Mr. Tilton to carry out the mail. I told Mr. Koltchoff that he had better go to the Port Clarence reindeer station and await the arrival of Dr. Jackson, who was daily expected.

p. 132: Knowing that if a southwest gale sprung up the pack would again move and nothing could save the vessel, I had a large quantity of provisions brought on deck and placed so they could readily be passed to the ground ice in the event of another nip. The ship's papers and books were also packed ready for removal. From the 3d until the 14th of August we remained in suspense. On the morning of the 3d the *Jeanie* came in sight to the eastward of Point Barrow. During the forenoon the *Jeanie*, *Fearless*, and *Newport* got around Point Barrow and came down inside the ground ice to abreast where we were. These vessels were all short of provisions—the *Newport* and *Fearless* short of coal. They were supplied with such quantities as could be spared from the *Bear*.

**1898-1905      US Expeditions to Franz Josef Land (Wellman,  
Baldwin and Ziegler)**



**Capelotti, P. J.** *The Greatest Show in the Arctic: The American Exploration of Franz Josef Land, 1898-1905.* (Norman, OK: University of Oklahoma Press, 2016).

A lengthy study of three incompetent American attempts on the North Pole from Franz Josef Land. The first left two Norwegians, hired by the American Wellman, isolated at Fort McKinley advised by second-in command Evelyn Briggs Baldwin, for the winter of 1898-99 on poor rations and little fuel for cooking or heat.

p. 179: The two Norwegians [Bjørvig and Bentsen] obliged by cooking the meat and blubber only twice a day. They then settled in to a routine that included reading and re-reading the solitary newspaper they had been left with. When that had been gone over, they started on the printed labels of the canned goods that were stored in the fort. [Bentsen died on January 2, 1899, mainly due to Baldwin's incompetent instructions leaving Bjørvig to survive another two months before joined by men from Harmsworth House.]

p. 260: When not steaming aimlessly back and forth to Camp Tegetthoff, the men were put to work to load, and then unload, and then load again, supplies from the holds of *America*. They responded by initiating a derisive expedition newspaper, the *Midnight Sun*, edited by "Petty Officer Larbear," a play on "Polar Bear." Baldwin soon forbade any further publication.

p. 298, a rather pious Fiala reading the 12<sup>th</sup> chapter of Corinthians.

p. 381, with various crew of the third expedition travelling from New York to Norway in April 1892: When he [Dr. Seitz] wasn't gambling, drinking, or reading *On the Polar Star*, the Duke of the Abruzzi's recently released account of his Franz Josef Land expedition, Seitz and all the other men were keeping close tabs on the young woman...."

p. 382, Dr Seitz reports in June 1903 on the stowage aboard *America* when they arrived in Trondheim: "Almost everything has been prepared before we start—dog harnesses, sledges, cookers (also a fine library and a printing press with papers from the *Brooklyn Eagle*, a sewing machine, and a large music box."

The printing press, a notion borrowed from Fiala's experience as a journalist, would produce a local newspaper for the men throughout two Arctic winters. Along with the musical instruments, these were further efforts by Fiala to avoid the problems with low morale that plagued the men under Baldwin.

p. 385—one book Fiala showed to some Russians visiting in Archangel aboard *America* was William Ziegler's checkbook which Fiala said covered Ziegler's accounts for millions of dollars: "I could write a check for each of you for any amount...naturally, as long as I was convinced that the expenditure would contribute towards the success of the expedition."

p. 389, July 25, 1903, first issue of *Arctic Eagle*, a corollary to Fiala's *Brooklyn Eagle* where Fiala had worked. [A cartoon from the newspaper of December 26, 1904, is shown on p. 485.]

p. 425, on November 11 aboard *America* Anton Vedoe, chief engineer, spent the afternoon reading *Treasure Island* just as the ship was beginning to be crushed by the ice while its captain and first mate were drunk. The ship succumbed on November 21, 1903.

p. 440-41: Christmas [1903] was celebrated with a new edition of the *Arctic Eagle* and a vast banquet. Vedoe looked on in wonder: "The [news]paper came out in six pages illustrated and with an illustrated wrapper. He menu was very handsomely gotten up with Mt. Ziegler's picture on the front page...."

p. 484: ...the supplies at Cape Flora, shared out among perhaps thirty men, would be a poor substitute for the relative luxuries of Camp Abruzzi at Teplitz Bay, "where there is plenty to eat and a good library."

p. 491, referring back to an earlier expedition of Leigh Smith: "This afternoon hunted around Leigh Smith's hut—found a lot of water-soaked tour charts and part of a book on surgery." The next day, another man found Leigh Smith's chart of Spitzbergen, one that marked out the routes of the Victorian explorer's daring cruises there in the 1870s.

p. 523, when William Champ aboard *Terra Nova* arrived to rescue the explorers at Cape Flora: Then Champ discovered that a parallel newspaper had been produced by the malcontents of Little Italy. It was called the *Polar Pirate* and had kept up a venomous drumbeat against

Fiala and the organizers of the expedition, Champ included. At this, as Seitz recorded, Champ exploded: “Mr. Champ all members ‘Little Italy’ & several others who had copies of the *Polar Pirate* held a long conference today which resulted in the turning in of all the copies the retraction of statements in the paper derogatory to Mr. Champ or Mr. Ziegler, and an apology for the same....”

p.529, Fiala’s Camp Abruzzi on Rudolf Island left behind “wine, alcohol, and books, including eighteen Bibles,” discovered by the Russians in the 1930s.

## **1900      Private Visit to Alaska by Elizabeth Robins**

**Robins, Elizabeth.** *The Alaska-Klondike Diary of Elizabeth Robins, 1900.* Ed. with Introduction by Victoria Joan Moessner and Joanne E. Gates. (Fairbanks, AK: University of Alaska Press, 1999).

Robins was an actress, singer, feminist, and something of an adventurer; this diary covers only the Alaskan portion of her active life. Among other things she translated Nansen (p. 5), and wrote several novels and other books.

p. 29, Mr Wirt to Elizabeth about her brother: Well I met him in Juneau I August or September ’98. I was at Juneau with my family—I was organizing our work, had established chapel reading rooms, societies, ‘services’ of various sorts. We had a fine library. Mr. Robins used it. He haunted it. It was there I became acquainted with him. [This man Wirt later turns out to be an enemy of the brother and a principal charlatan of Nome.]

p. 30, another quote from Wirt, again about her brother Raymond: I had my moorings. Mr. Robins came to Juneau an agnostic. One day in the library his eye caught sight of Drummond’s *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* and he laughed at the title. But he had the curiosity to take it down and he stood with it in his hand an hour reading. He took it home and finished it. He read Science. He read Tom Paine, and he read the Bible. And then he went back to Natural Law. One day he came to me and said he was conscious of a great change at work in him, etc., etc....

He was ready to devote himself to service of humanity.... [Again this is from a troublesome source, but there is no reason to doubt this account.]

p. 55, Miss Blane found reading *The Little Minister* (Barrie) while sitting in the rain on a bollard.

p. 89, gave a book by Hawthorne to Benton Wirt.

p. 100: Raymond read me some favourite passage out of Spencer's *First Principles* and *Data of Ethics* and of Ruskin's 'Sesames and Lilies.' I listen stupidly. Dinner at one and try to talk to the McKays. After, Raymond goes away to his study carrying *The Open Question* .... [her book of 1898 on hereditary diseases].

p. 102, campfire discussions of Victor Hugo, George Eliot, Thackeray's Becky Sharp.

p. 124, reference to Church library in Nome.

p. 125, dreams of a home with its own library.

p.137, reading *Coriolanus*.

p. 145 *Coriolanus* and Ibsen's *Brand*, two plays she had acted in.

p. 215, 217, on the Yukon boat she is reading Zola's *Fécondité*, as well as press clippings on Eleanore Duse's performance of D'Annunzio's *Giaconda*. She is still reading the book four days later at odd intervals.

p.242: on the Yukon aboard *Susie*: Rough fellow in duck and a slouch hat comes up.—'What you readin'—do you mind if I look over your shoulder. Ho! Guess I wouldn't read *that* in a month o' Sundays (*Fécondité*). Though I'd just tell you you could come up in the pilot house when you liked—it's the best place to see the river.

p. 266, reading Omar Khayyam and gives her copy away.

p. 289, in Juneau: I go about looking for the Congregational Reading Room from place to place (for Raymond's sake)—at last arrive at a parsonage near a Protestant church up a wide steep board walk opposite the back of the Russian Church. At the house I find the incumbent [who] talks much and willingly of Juneau's 'Christian work.' Spoke kindly of Mr. Wirt but said his work had left no trace—his reading room had fallen on evil days, was in debt and about to be shut up when a fire burnt the roof off. A good many of the books were saved and were boxed up and stored somewhere....

**Bryant, Henry.** Letterbooks. APS Mss. Collection 38, Vol. 1

January 15, 1903, Bryant to Commander Robert Peary, stating his skepticism toward the Smith Sound route to the North Pole: The chances of failure are too great to warrant further endeavor on the old lines.

Suggests repeating the *Fram* experiment of forcing a ship north of Spitzbergen or better routes. Pledges \$2000 to the Peary Arctic Club for this alternate proposal.

February 4, 1903, Peary's reply to Bryant, defending the Smith Sound route, in response Bryant still sees insurmountable difficulties: ... therefore I hesitate to pledge an amount that equals one fourth of my annual income. [Yet Bryant says he will try to find other contributors for Peary.]

**Counter, S. Allen.** *North Pole Legacy: Black, White & Eskimo.* 2017.

Introduction by Deirdre C. Stam: By the 1980's, when S. Allen Counter began to take an interest in the contact of Arctic explorer Robert Peary and his assistant Matthew Henson with the Greenland Inuit, it may have seemed to most readers that the story of the North Pole conquest was largely played out. The old debate of who got to the magic spot first seemed to have stalled with supporters of Peary and Frederick Cook at loggerheads. New insights into the exploration of the polar region were slow in coming, despite the partisan and non-partisan efforts of astronomers, physicists, mathematicians, historians, latter-day explorers, and nautical experts to find the definitive answer to the Peary-Cook debates over who got there first, or indeed whether either made it at all. There were outposts of research such as The Peary-MacMillan Arctic Museum and Arctic Studies Center at Bowdoin College, of course, where curators diligently combed through hard evidence of all kinds to piece together a detailed and objective narrative of Peary's years in the Arctic. By and large, however, by then public attention to exploration was focused elsewhere, such as continental Antarctica, outer space, and more mundane but promising regions of scientific research. The human element was certainly considered by researchers in Peary/Henson

studies, but more through the lens of the hard rather than soft sciences. There were some exceptions. There had been published anthropological observations of the Inuit culture – most notably by explorer Vilhjalmur Stefansson and even Peary himself. And interest in Henson largely invoked contemporary racial issues by the 1980's. But in general public interest in exploration seemed to have turned elsewhere.

Neurophysiologist and social historian Counter introduced a unique blend of methodologies to the understanding of the Peary/Henson experience in the far North with his book *North Pole Legacy; Black, White and Eskimo* (1991). Acting as participant observer and ultimately as actor in the lives of the explorers' Inuit progeny, Counter overcame many physical and administrative barriers to develop personal relationships with the indigenous descendants of Peary and Henson, to elicit community memories of their forebears, and ultimately to bring about meetings in the U.S. of the explorers' U.S. and Inuit descendants. Sharing the fact of African-American ancestry with Henson, Counter was particularly interested in the life experiences of Henson and his Inuit descendants and the possible role of racial prejudice in their lives. Counter brought story-telling skills to the presentation of his findings, resulting in his highly readable and enlightening book. In doing so, he provided new evidence about the personal interactions of Peary's parties with the Greenland Inuit. Social issues of race, sex, class, motivation, exploitation, and loyalty are addressed indirectly as Counter tells the personal stories of a few dozen Inuit whose lives were intimately affected by their shifting familial relationships to Peary and to Henson. Those looking for evidence of racial prejudice in Peary's northern ventures can find it, but compared with many contemporaries he tended to respect ability and practicality when he saw it, and while in the North he lived on intimate terms with those identified as racially "different," albeit within constraints of western notions of class and rank. Peary's long-standing relationship to Henson, an African-American considered of lesser social status, provides one example, of such close dependence and physical proximity. Peary's relationship to the Greenland Inuit (or "Eskimos" in his time) constitute another example. The race question for Henson was more complex. He seemed to have been entirely

comfortable with the Inuit who recognized that his coloration was similar to theirs and for this and other reasons welcomed him with particular warmth. In fact he is described as living at least as often in Inuit households as with fellow expedition members some of whom are known to have demonstrated or expressed racial prejudice.

From his Arctic experience and from its literature, Peary developed an appreciation of Inuit men as able hunters, providers, and responsible heads of households. He took full advantage of their skills, rewarding their work with the kinds of remuneration that generated long-term cooperation and loyalty. Peary also appreciated and exploited the skills of Inuit women in turning arctic resources into forms that could be eaten, worn, and enjoyed. He wrote admiringly of their skills: "Household duties are as carefully practiced (allowing for differences in materials) as in any domestic circle." (Robert E. Peary, *Nearest the Pole*, New York, Doubleday, Page & Company, 1907, p. 380.) Inuit women performed their duties while nurturing children in conditions that may strike us today as impossibly uncomfortable, inconvenient, and even hazardous. Although it has made many modern readers uncomfortable to acknowledge this fact, indigenous women were and are also valued by many Northern adventurers for the companionship and sexual comforts that they can provide to men far from home and lonely for female contact.

Peary himself developed a sexual relationship with a very young, already married woman named Ahlikahsingwah, who bore him two boys. The first, Anaukaq, died young, and the second, Kali born in 1906, lived well into old age. Henson too maintained a seemingly stable relationship with an Inuit woman named Akatingwah who in 1906 bore Henson one child, also named Anaukaq. He like Kali lived into old age. According to Counter, the husbands of these women, who were brothers, in effect adopted the explorers' children. Both Kali and (Henson's son) Anaukaq were alive at the time of Counter's visit and figure prominently in his story.

Henson's generally accepted liaison with his Inuit consort yielded many practical advantages which would otherwise have been unavailable to him, leading to facility in the Eskimo language, superior

native-style clothing, well-honed skills in dog driving, and knowledge of food acquisition and preparation. The entire expedition in effect benefited from Henson's close liaison with his close Inuit companions. Henson clearly indicates his approval of Eskimo marital arrangements in recollections of a courtship conversation with his second wife Lucy Ross whom he married in 1908. The exchange might strike the modern reader as a kind of test of Lucy's acceptance of Henson's unconventional domestic history.

Asked if he thought that Inuit women are pretty by Lucy Ross's mother, Henson addressed his response to Lucy.

"Yes, the Eskimo women are pretty... At least, the Eskimo men who marry them think so." [Mrs. Ross continued,] "You mean they really marry... I thought they were – were immoral and very dirty..." [Henson directed his answer to Lucy.] "Eskimos marry... but like innocent children, without laws and church, for they have neither... [but] sometimes I think they are more moral than we are, for they're honest and never lie. They marry to raise families, and a man is always happy when his wife presents him with a child, even if it isn't his." (Bradley Robinson, *Dark Companion*, Robert M. McBride & Company, New York, NY, p. 180-181.)

In more modern times, some have criticized Peary and to a lesser degree Henson for the "abandonment" of children born of these intimate relationships with Inuit women. While the behavior of both Peary and Henson in this matter could be seen as reflective of their time and circumstances, the story is complicated by the fact that neither man grew up with a father and neither had first-hand experience of paternal responsibility and nurturing. A further complicating factor is that Henson never had the resources to help his Inuit son, had he wanted to. The philosophical and moral questions raised by the story of the Inuit children of Peary and Henson are legion and confounding, especially from a position of hindsight. While Counter touches by implication on delicate matters of race, sex, class, motivation, exploitation, and loyalty, he largely avoids speculation and judgment. His is a factual telling of the story of the Peary and Henson Inuit family experiences over many



decades subsequent to the departure of the explorers in 1909. The account culminates with the affecting description of the Inuit families' emotion-filled meetings in 1987 in the U.S. with some of their American cousins.

**1905-06 US North Polar Expedition under Robert E. Peary  
(aboard *Roosevelt*)**

**Peary, Robert E.** *Nearest the Pole: A Narrative of the Polar Expedition of the Peary Arctic Club in the S. S. Roosevelt, 1905-1906.* (New York: Doubleday, Page, 1907).

Peary's 1905-06 attempt on the North Pole.

p. 9, describing the ship: In the port saloon, which was lighted by two twelve-inch ports on the side, and a window looking forward, a leather-cushioned locker extended around three sides of the room; and this, with an extension table screwed to the floor, a clock, a little library presented to the ship by the SEAMAN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and a brief notice to the members of the Expedition, stating the object of the Expedition, what was expected of the members and what success would mean to them, completed the furniture. Here the ship's officers, except the captain, messed. [The Seaman's Friend Society mentioned above is now in the collections of the Mystic Seaport Museum.]

p. 11, describing his cabin: In the forward corner was a stationary washstand, and on the inboard wall a series of shelves containing a small Arctic library, a few books of reference, and a few standard works of fiction.... Arctic maps upon the walls completed the fittings.

opp. p. 12, picture of his cabin with a bookcase [about four shelves] and a writing table.

p. 168, returning from his attempt to reach the Pole: Since reaching the ship I have had an aversion to pencil and paper, and have only cared to lie and think and plan. To think after all the preparation, the experience, the effort, the strain, the chances taken, and the wearing of myself and party to the last inch, what a little journey it is on the map and how far

short of my hopes it fell. To think that I have failed once more; and that I shall never have a chance to win again.

p. 390: I have often been asked: Of what use are Eskimos to the world? They are too far removed to be of value in commercial enterprises, and furthermore they lack ambition. They have no literature, nor, properly speaking, any art. They value life only as does a fox, or a bear, purely by instinct.

But, let us not forget that these people, trustworthy and hardy, will yet prove their value to mankind. With *their* help, the world shall discover the Pole. [What a sleaze! an impossible egotistical prig.]

### **1906-07 Anglo-American Polar Expedition (Ernest Leffingwell)**

**Collins, Janet R.** *On the Arctic Frontier Ernest Leffingwell's Polar Explorations and Legacy*. Pullman, WA: Washington State University Press, 2017.

A biography of Leffingwell based on his papers at Dartmouth, extending from his participation in the Baldwin-Ziegler expedition of 19

p. 6, in September 1906 on Flaxman Island on Beaufort Sea expedition of the *Thetis*: Meanwhile, Leffingwell dug a well two feet deep in ground ice for fresh water. He spent his leisure time reading *Barren Grounds of Canada* by Warburton Pike, and began working on a geology article about Flaxman Island and glaciation [published in 1908].

p. 72, the following December describes a Fall 1906 trip to Herschel Island aboard the *Duchess of Bedford*. On boxing day: In the evenings, Leffingwell read about Elisha Kent Kane's Arctic trip in search of Sir John Franklin and compared some of their experiences with his. He wrote a self-deprecating description: "judging by my own abilities which I place as high as those of a scurvy ridden crew of sailors." [The dates here make no sense to me; perhaps I missed something but 1906 was 15 years before Franklin's first overland expedition, while Kane's search for Franklin was written in the 1850s. Collins source note on Leffingwell's Papers gives no date for this quotation.]

p. 72 shows Leffingwell travelling and learning the Inupiat language.

By January 2, 1907, he is doing various tasks: He spent leisure time reading *Don Quixote*.

p. 79, returned to the ship by early March where they were greeted by intense winds: Leffingwell was grateful that they were on the ship and not on the ice. He used the time to read books, develop two dozen photographic plates, and make 40 prints.

p. 82, back to sledging amid various hazards: Leffingwell read *Hamlet* and wrote “Quite a delightful time in camp in spite of penetrating E wind outside.”

## **1907-09 US Navy Cruise Around the World with The Great White Fleet**

The ultimate in showing the flag, a publicity tour around the world (Cape Horn, San Francisco, Japan, Suez Canal, Gibraltar, etc.), showing American naval power under President Roosevelt, with sixteen battleships and ancillary escort vessels.

**Crawford, Michael J.** *The World Cruise of the Great White Fleet: Honoring 100 Years of Global Partnerships and Security*. (Washington, DC: Naval Historical Center, 2008).

Wonderfully illustrated volume, with the sixteen white battleships with gold trimmed bows, shown in formation. Not much about conditions aboard ship or amusements for the crew. Here is an example of the patriotic intent of the trip:

p. 28: The Navy sought solid, patriotic young men who possessed or could develop technical proficiencies. To attract these types of recruits, the Navy purposely improved living conditions, sponsoring such activities as organized sports and establishing a system of ship libraries. At the same time, with the victories of the Spanish-American War, and the increasingly powerful battle fleet, the Navy came in national

consciousness to embody the country's might. Pro-Navy sentiment benefited recruiting across the United States.

**Hart, Robert A.** *The Great White Fleet. Its Voyage Around the World 1907-1909.* (Boston: Little Brown, 1965).

A balanced account of sardonic admiration for what was intended as a show of naval strength and yet often regarded as President Roosevelt's political publicity stunt by much of the western world. It also touted the "Yellow Peril" despite a peaceful visit to Japan.

p. 40, giving a flavor of the European tension: The French press, busily hatching war scares of its own, had no use for anyone else's. It called Roosevelt a demagogue, imperialist, and militaristic megalomaniac. The old America of freedom, democracy, and peace was no more, having given away to violence, chauvinism, and the religion of supremacy. There was little doubt that the cruise would end in war between France and the United States. [Shades of 2017-20 are fairly obvious.]

p. 57, on departure from Hampton Roads: Goodbyes were saved for Sunday, when there was hardly time for them amidst the last-minute details. During a final inventory of supplies, someone discovered a missing item. A boat hurried ashore and returned before sundown with ten crates of Bibles. The oversight, though rectified, would bring stern comments from the pulpit.

p. 66-67: Guests saw the machine, carpentry, tailor, shoemaker, and sailmaker shops, the last providing canvas targets for artillery practice. The sick bays were "a bit too small," but the printing shops were large and busy places where ships' newspapers were going to press and some of the Trinidad party menus were already locked in their forms.... Plays and minstrel show were in rehearsal. Each ship had a portable wooden stage, shaped to fit into the point of the bow on the main deck, and storerooms filled with sets and costumes.

The correspondents approved of the "high type of literature" which they found in the libraries. "Volumes on etiquette were everywhere," and also travel books, "so that our boys in blue might converse intelligently with person they meet in foreign cities." Admiral Mahan

and Herbert Spencer were represented, as well as John Fiske's *Cosmic Philosophy*, a book which associated power politics with the Divine Will. On the lighter side were Kipling, Stevenson, and Dickens, as well as Alger's *Do and Dare*, McCutcheon's *Graustark*, Major's *When Knighthood was in Flower*, Tarkington's *Gentleman from Indiana*, and Zane Grey's *Spirit of the Border*.

### **1908-09 US North Pole Expeditions under Robert E. Peary (aboard *Roosevelt*)**

**Herbert, Wally.** *The Noose of Laurels: Robert E. Peary and the Race to the North Pole.* (New York: Athenaeum, 1989).

A genuine attempt at an objective assessment of Peary and his North Pole claim, which Herbert eventually concludes to have been off the mark, probably by 50 miles. He carefully avoids anything that might be prejudicial against Peary, but he doesn't seem to, the same restraint re Cook (but that itself might be prejudicial on my part). In the end he does seem to vindicate Peary as national hero (see Lisa Bloom).

p. 53-56, says that Peary had a childhood fascination dating back to reading Elisha Kent Kane's "wonderful book. What follows is a synopsis of much of Peary's reading of Polar literature, a brief history of Arctic exploration from Parry to Greely.

p. 74, Herbert asks why such an experienced polar traveler failed to reach the North Pole on his earlier expeditions: But where are we to go in search of answers? His published accounts covering these three expeditions offer some of the most fascinating reading in the history of exploration, but they are incomplete. His original diaries are more revealing, and some of the letters deeply moving. But his written words are guarded and we will not find the answers here, only the shape of the missing pieces and perhaps, from the uncompleted picture, an impression which may be true.

p. 104, in a letter to his wife Josephine Peary how he had hidden sensitive objects such as keys and guns. March 31, 1895: Should I not return [from his next expedition] the rest of the house [Anniversary

Lodge] should go back on the ship. Put on exhibition it will make you independent. All the keys I have put back of the books on the very top shelf.

p. 125-26, December 1900 at Fort Conger, Peary describes his daily routine, including evenings writing, reading, and planning. Herbert notes that this Fort Conger stretch of June 1900 to May 1901 “is almost inexplicably blank.”

p. 159, mentions three papers Cook gave at the Eighth International Geographic Congress in NY (14 Sept 1904) on his attempt to climb Mount McKinley, the second an explorer’s ‘comparative view’ of the Arctic and the Antarctic, and the third on his experience as surgeon on the *Belgica* (see *New York Sun* Sept 14 and 15, 1904).

p. 224-25, before the 1909 attempt to reach the Pole: Peary spent his last winter in the Arctic planning and reading while his eager crew worked, trained, blazed the trails and prepared the way for their master. Finally, one by one, his “divisions” set out for Cape Columbia until, by the 21st of February, 1909, Peary alone of the polar party was left on board the ship.

p. 238, short section on Peary’s ghostwriter, A. E. Thomas.

**Goodsell, John W.** *On Polar Trails*. Revised and edited by Donald W. Whisenhut. (Austin, TX: Eakin Press, 1983).

Mercer Co. Historical Society has Goodsell’s ms which in 650 pages shows his transition from Peary admirer to bitter enemy. This 200 p. revision is extensively cut and edited by Whisenhut from Goodsell’s diaries.

p. 17: As we went about the shipboard routine, we found another matter that needed resolution. Before leaving New York everyone on board had received many packages of books and magazines. Newspaper reports had indicated that we were short of reading material to entertain us on the voyage. As a result, kind and thoughtful friends, as well as the general public, had provided us with a wide variety of reading material. The unopened packages had been piled on the deck until we had time to sort through the material. Since we had to clear the decks for our

departure and for the reception for President Roosevelt, most of the packages were thrown through the main hatch into the coal bin to get them out of sight. We now discovered that the few remaining tons of coal were rapidly disappearing into the furnaces; much of the literature was going into the fire also.

I got busy in the hold amidst the coal and selected the best books and magazines, some of which were in packages that had never been opened. The sailors hoisted the literature I had discarded to the deck. Mr. Gushue, the mate, and I made a second brief inspection to be sure I had not overlooked anything of value. Then the rest was consigned to the waves. Our route northward could literally have been traced by the number of books, magazines and papers discarded on the sea.

For me and some of the others on board, the reading material proved a valuable gift. Although some friendly citizens had scoured their attics to donate several thousand pounds of old newspapers and outdated school books, many of them were mostly useless to us. Some of the gifts, however, were interesting and valuable books; after careful sorting, we had complete files for a year or two of the best magazines. The literature we salvaged was certainly a welcome addition to the small library available to the expedition members and served as a pleasant diversion in the long winter nights of the Arctic.

p. 19, carpenter Bartlett made several shelves for Goodsell's books: I had brought the majority of my medical library, and I had purchased some books of my favorite poets and other fiction from my home library, to which I had made a considerable addition culled from the books sent on board the *Roosevelt*.

p. 21, on Goodsell's admiration for Henson: One of the most remarkable men on the voyage, aside from Peary, was Matthew Henson. He had been with Peary longer than anyone else and was as experienced a seaman and arctic traveler as one could hope to find. I had first met Henson when I was in New York to sign on for the trip and had my first visit to the *Roosevelt*.

Henson was an athletic, light-colored man born on August 8, 1866, in Charles County, Maryland. His parents had been free before the Civil War; they later moved to Washington, D.C. After attending school for

six years, he shipped as a cabin boy, but on his next voyage, he signed as an able-bodied seaman. During four years as a seaman he visited China, Japan, Manila, North Africa, Spain, France, and southern Russia through the Black Sea....

During those long months in the North, I found Henson to be one of the most pleasant and helpful members of the expedition. He was resourceful and loyal; his presence on the ship made my initiation into arctic travel much more pleasant.

[Over the next few pages Goodsell goes on to give brief character assessments of fellow expedition members, with very little on Bartlett other than to say he was “a stable and valuable member.” Included are MacMillan, Marvin, Borup, Wardwell, Percy.]

p. 25: sorted more books and magazines. He used a file of *Strand* magazine illustrations to decorate and brighten the mess room.

p. 36-38—on a wrestling accident, also lice and other medical matters.

p.93: The space in my cabin was so limited—about four by eight feet—that I found it necessary to box my surplus books and everything else that could be spared and store them in the after hold where the uniform low temperatures would prevent condensation. The outer walls of the cabin, freezing and thawing alternatively, constantly formed great quantities of ice on the floor.

**Marvin, Ross.** Archives. Chemung County Historical Society, 415 E Water St. Elmira, NY.

Log book kept by Ross G. Marvin July 1905-Jan 1906, during Peary’s North Pole attempt. Marvin was an Assistant to Peary, and Henson was Peary’s Personal Assistant. Marvin also kept a personal diary from July 15 1905 to Sept. 12, 1905.

p. 59: During the evening I wrote an account of Matt’s recent trip also an account of his finding and securing the seven reindeer, three deer are to be given to the Museum of Natural History.

p. 67: The Coons are all engaged in sewing house straps for the dogs on the sledge trips. They had them nearly all finished but they had not made them the way Matt had told them about turning in at the seam and



so he ripped them all out and made them sew them all over again.”  
Goes on to say Peary’s success with natives was making them feel at home with him.

p. 147: I have finally found a Coone who is making me a pair of sealskin mittens and about the last one on the ship that I would expect it of. Had a long visit with her this evening and showed her Kane’s book.

### **1905-07 Private US Wellman Polar Expedition to North Pole**

**Baldwin, Evelyn Briggs.** *The Franz Josef Land Archipelago. E. B. Baldwin’s Journal of the Wellman Polar Expedition.* (Jefferson, NC: McFarland, 2004).

An early attempt to reach the North Pole by airship from Dane’s Island, Svalbard. It failed while the engines were being tested.

p. 23, on Baldwin’s connections to Freemasonry: Masonic affiliations led him to establish a crude Masonic lodge, “Kane Lodge,” on Greely Island.... [Baldwin was also a fairly strict Sabbatarian.]

### **1906 Frederick Cook Disputed Attempt to Climb Mount McKinley**

**Dunn, Robert.** *The Shameless Diary of an Explorer: A Story of Failure on Mt. McKinley.* (New York: Modern Library, (2001).

p. 26: Jack, stretched flat on his stomach, a red handkerchief over his head, is deep in my geology book.

p. 34: The reason this Diary seems so good-humored, is because it’s always written *after* eating. Never write a field journal on an empty stomach. You’ll hate yourself, if you do, when you read it over after eating. Every word of this is second thought, well considered and digested, with a day’s good hard work behind it.

p. 39: All to-day rhymes buzzed in my head. This one hardest, which I can’t locate:

Let me feel maggots crawling in the sod,

Or else—let me be God!

Just now, ‘Hist, said Kate the Queen,’ is the line bothering me, which I think is Browning. All this may be very foolish, but many things called foolish at home seem sensible up here. Anyway, most things that seem sensible at home appear foolish up here.

p. 45,: on the trail: Jack is putting tea-leaves on his sore eye, and reading the *Fortnightly Review* with the other. Our portable library contains ‘Pelham’ (Bulwer-Lytton), ‘Ardath’ (Marie C[orelli])—the Professor’s favorite, ‘Tom Sawyer,’ mine, a magazine or two, and some funny books on the ‘Hints to Explorers’ order. King, who is now asleep with his mouth open, and Simon, don’t read. It feels like rain.

p. 58: Now, we’re lying on three solid feet of spruce boughs spread on soggy quick sand, yet sloshing our backs in the ooze if we move—the worst camp made yet. You could cut the air in this tent, thick with the stink of sore-rubbed horse-blankets which we must sleep in, and the mosquito-corpse fetor of never-washed clothing. Rheumatism numbs my side. Where’s the Professor? He ought to meet us here now. Eaten by ‘skeets and green worms on Yenlo Mountain, I guess. Well, here’s for a page of ‘Tom Sawyer,’ to bring on drowsiness—but sleep, never!

p. 64, Miller is reading Jack’s ‘Pelham’.

p 69, Jack is reading a Government Survey report.

p. 70: Now he [Jack] is reading “Tom Sawyer,” and the Professor [Cook] the *Fortnightly Review*—for the first time in his life, I guess.

## **1907-09 US Circumnavigation by the Great White Fleet**

**Carter, Samuel.** *The Incredible Great White Fleet.* (New York: Macmillan, 1971.)

An extreme example of showing the flag in a convoy of fourteen battleships and ancillary vessels with 14,000 enlisted men travelling through the Magellan Straits and the Suez Canal. President Roosevelt welcomed the fleet back to the US at Norfolk in 1909, claiming it as his greatest act in support of peace, though it could have helped start an arms race. It also showed a marked goal of white supremacy, seen in

some comments below, shared by Roosevelt and much of the command of the great **white** fleet. The book is an easy read, but does a good job of balancing the basic jingoism of the voyage with the nautical and diplomatic problems encountered around the world.

p. 21: There was plenty to do in the way of recreation, too. Among the tons of equipment brought aboard at Hampton Roads were 24 grand pianos, 60 phonographs, 300 sets of chess, 200 packs of playing cards, and equipment for handball, quoits, and billiards. For mere self-indulgence, 200,000 cigars were provided, 400,000 cigarettes [cartons?], and 15,000 pounds of candy. Each ship had its library, its collapsible stage for amateur theatricals, sheet music for group singing, nickelodeon peep shows (censored before leaving) in the lounges, ice cream and soft drinks at the ship's canteen. No liquor or "grog" had been served in the navy since the Civil War, though officers were permitted beer and wine. p. 93-94, sounds entirely contemporary in this Trumpian age." At Auckland the officers and sailors of the fleet were confronted with a new interpretation of their mission. They had come to the South Pacific, they were told, as the predestined saviors of Australasia for the white man and the white man only. Between the islands of New Zealand and Australia, and the emigrating hordes of Japanese, the Battle of the United States presented a potential barrier. ... "They were also the background for a demonstration against Oriental immigration in the white man's lands."

p. 102: The current demonstrations toward Americans were partly aimed, in Melbourne as at Sydney, at impressing the mother country that all of Australasia lived in terror of the Yellow Peril [this after a successful and friendly fleet visit to Japan and a more troubled one to China]. Carter continues: Among certain elements these sentiments reached extremes, expressing the thought: Take heed, England! If you fail to recognize our fears, our aspirations for a navy to patrol our shores, we may well turn to the United States, closer to us in both geography and feeling. Some even spoke of secession from the Empire and alliance with America. In subtle ways this thinking was expressed in the words of the song "Big Brother"—played unceasingly in Melbourne as at Sydney—the chorus of which went:

We've got a big brother in America,  
Uncle Sam! Uncle Sam  
The same old blood, the same old speech,  
The same old songs are good for each;  
We'll all stand together, boys,  
If the foe wants a flutter, or a fuss;  
And we're hanging out the sign,  
From the Leeuwin to the Lione:  
This bit o' the world belongs to us!

p. 107, as to the Philippines, deemed by President McKinley unready for independence: There was nothing for conscientious Americans to do but rule them with a strong hand, following the widely touted words of Rudyard Kipling:

Take up the White Man's burden,  
Send forth the best ye breed....

[Thanks to a cholera epidemic there was no fleet visit to Manila.]

**Matthews, Franklin.** *With the Battle Fleet: Cruise of the Sixteen Battleships of the United States Atlantic Fleet from Hampton Roads to the Golden Gate, December, 1907—May, 1908.* Illus. by Henry Reuterdahl. (New York: B. W. Huebsch, 1909).

p. 103, on the bluejackets in Rio: The first thing that greeted the eye of every man who landed at the beautiful park that used to be an eyesore in the central part of the waterfront was a big sign **reading**: "Information Bureau for American Seamen." It was an information bureau, a real one. It was the most useful kind of a welcome ever provided in a foreign port for the sailors of any people. The American and English residents, aided by those of other countries, had been busy preparing for weeks for the visit of Jack ashore. Every safeguard, every assistance that was possible to make his liberty comfortable, profitable, enjoyable was looked after. It took hard cash to do it, but the money was raised and it amounted to thousands of dollars.

In the first place, the ferry company to Nictheroy set apart a large

room in its commodious new building .Counters were put up for information booths, postal card booths, exchange of money, sale of various kinds of tickets for things with guides by the score and attendants anxious to answer all kinds of questions. Men and women worked there from twelve to fourteen hours a day for ten days in the stifling heat, all eager to be of assistance to Jack ashore. A pamphlet was provided giving a map of the city and displaying all the chief places of interest. Full information was printed about everything that a man bent on rational enjoyment could desire. The pamphlets told all about transportation, about the places to see, about postage and the many general and special excursions that had been planned.

p. 197: Whatever may have been the motive that impelled President Roosevelt to send this fleet on its long journey to the Pacific — whether it was to dare Japan to resent it or to serve notice on that nation to be good; whether it was for political effect on the Pacific Coast in the hope of rounding up delegates for some one candidate for President or electing some man United States Senator; whether it was in accord with some suggestion perhaps that Secretary Root made in his trip to South America; whether it was simply a desire to be spectacular; whether it was a sincere belief that the navy needed just such a cruise to fit it for its best work and the Pacific was as much entitled to see how it could be protected as the Atlantic; whether it was for any or all of these, and all have been suggested in print —whatever it was, let this be said as to the unexpected and to some extent unforeseen advantages that have resulted: The Monroe Doctrine is today more of a living, vital thing with the nations of South America because of the cruise of this fleet than it has ever been since President Monroe penned its words.

p. 301-03: Take the libraries nowadays. There are two of them on every ship, the ship's library and the crew's library. The officers use the ship's library. It is scattered about the officers' quarters in various cases some in the wardroom, some in the Captain's or Admiral's quarters, some in the steerage. There are about thirty classifications, dealing with history, travel, adventure, poetry, a limited amount of fiction and so on. The crew's library is three times larger. There is a great deal of history and travel and adventures and some science in it, but the larger part is made

up0 of as good fiction as the English language provides. The classic authors are represented, but a large amount of the newer fiction is also represented. You find Kipling, Anthony Hope, E.W. Hornung, W.W. Jacobs, Jack London, Weir Mitchell, Booth Tarkington, S.J. Weyman, along with Bret Harte, Mark Twain, R.L. Stevenson, Scott, Thackeray, Charles Reade, Washington Irving, Bulwer-Lytton and so on.

And the men read these books! Far into the night you will come across some youngsters whose hammock is near a light and who cannot sleep straining his eyes in reading some book. At any time when the smoking lamp is lit and the men have knocked off work if you walk through the ship you will probably find 150 men reading books. Their association with the best fiction and best history is constant. They discuss these books and they get a fund of information that no other grade of men in a factory receive.

And how was it in the old days? Melville tells about it in his "White Jacket," the book that relates to the old frigate United States in 1843. He says:

"There was a public library on board paid for by Government and entrusted to the custody of one of the marine corporals, a little, dried up man of a somewhat literary turn. He had once been a clerk in a post office ashore, and having been long accustomed to hand over letters when called for he was now just the man to hand over **books**. He kept them in a large cask on the berth deck, and when seeking a particular volume had to capsize it like a barrel of potatoes. This made him very cross and irritable, as most all librarians are. Who had the selection of these **books** I do not know, but some of them must have been selected by our chaplain, who so pranced on Coleridge's 'High German Horse.'"

"Mason Good's 'Book of Nature,' a very good book, to be sure, but not precisely adapted to literary tastes, was one of these volumes; and Macchiavelli's 'Art of War,' which was very dry fighting; and a folio of Tillotson's sermons, the best of reading for divines indeed, but with little relish for a main top man; and Locke's Essays, incomparable essays, everybody knows, but

miserable reading at sea; and Plutarch's Lives — superexcellent biographies, which pit Greek against Roman in beautiful style, but then, in a sailor's estimation, not to be mentioned with the lives of the Admirals; and Blair's Lectures, University Edition, a fine treatise on rhetoric, but having nothing to say about nautical phrases, such as 'splicing the main brace,' 'passing a gammoning,' 'puddin'ing the dolphin,' and 'making a carrick-bend,' besides numerous invaluable but unreadable tomes that might have been purchased cheap at the auction of some college professor's library." [White Jacket, citation?]

**Matthews, Franklin.** *Back to Hampton Roads: Cruise of the U.S. Atlantic Fleet from San Francisco to Hampton Roads July 7, 1908—February 22, 1909.* (New York: B.W. Huebsch, 1909).

p. 76-77: Before the Americans came here they knew little in a definite way about Australia. They got all the **books** they could find on shipboard and read up about it, but even then the information was fragmentary, and it is well worth while to give some real information, even though it be elementary, about what they have learned in the few days they have been here.

p. 269: Ceylon's myth of the fall: Adam and Eve were spending their honeymoon in the seventh heaven when that nasty snake came along and got Eve to eat the apple. They were both driven out and fell to the earth. Eve landed in Mecca and Adam hit the high places right on that mountain in Ceylon. Adam was terribly sorry for what he had done and he stood on one foot right on that mountain top for 200 years and wore a big mark in the rock. That was his penance. The story is that God became sorry for him after a time and let him off, and Adam sent for Eve and she came across the Indian Ocean in some way and they finished their honeymoon in Ceylon, and, as the **books** say, lived happily ever afterward. When they died their bodies were taken — don't ask by whom — to Mecca, where their dust is now supposed to lie.

In Isaiah it says ; " I will make the place of my feet glorious." Well, along about the fourth century a Gnostic announced that the Saviour had

told the Virgin Mary that the mark on that Ceylon mountain was Adam's footprint and Mohammed's followers believed it, and hence there is no doubt about it. A patriarch of Alexandria once announced that it really was the footprint of the devil, but that cost him his job and he was fired out. Later some folks tried to make out that it was the footprint of Adam it remains duly authenticated for all time. What ailments the water it catches will cure you can guess.

**Miller, Robert J.** *Around the World with the Battleships...* with Introductory Note by James B. Connolly. (Chicago, IL: A.C. McClurg, 1909).

Not much here on reading by the sailors of the Great White Fleet but it does add some purple propaganda to the overall picture. p. 335, on Vatican collections: The whole house is simply one treasure house of art. It is said to contain twenty-two courtyards and eleven thousand rooms, not including the chapels, halls, museums, **library**, and similar rooms. Its area is that of a pretty large town. The art collection is simply magnificent, representing as it does the works of all ages and the best masters.

### **1908-09 Robert Peary North Pole Expedition (SS *Roosevelt*)**

**Peary, Robert Edwin.** *The North Pole, Its Discovery in 1909 Under the Auspices of the Peary Arctic Club.* (New York: Frederick A. Stokes, 1910).

p. 18: Many friends of the expedition who could not send cash sent useful articles of equipment, for the comfort or amusement of the men. Among such articles were a billiard table, various games, and innumerable books. A member of the expedition having said to a newspaper man, a short time before the *Roosevelt* sailed, that we had not much reading matter, the ship was deluged with books, magazines, and newspapers, which came literally in wagon loads. They were strewn in every cabin, in every locker, on the mess tables, on the deck,—



everywhere. But the generosity of the public was very gratifying, and there was much good reading among the books and magazines.

p. 31: There was also in my cabin a fairly complete, arctic library — absolutely complete in regard to all the later voyages. These books, with a large assortment of novels and magazines, could be depended upon to relieve the tedium of the long arctic night, and very useful they were found for that purpose. Sitting up late at night means something when the night is some months long.

p. 160, Peary writing on February 25, between the ship and Cape Columbia: “I am writing under difficulties, Innighito (an Eskimo) holding the candle. My hands are so cold that I can scarcely guide my pencil, as I recline on the bed platform of the igloo.”

p. 179-81, repeating some of the passage on p. 31: I had in my cabin a good arctic library — absolutely complete as regards the work of later years. This included Abruzzi’s “On the *Polar Star* in the Arctic Sea,” Nansen’s “Farthest North,” Nares’ “Voyage to the Polar Sea,” Markham’s two volumes on arctic explorations, the narratives of Greely, Hall, Hayes, Kane, Inglefield—in fact, all the stories of the Smith Sound region, as well as those who have attempted the Pole from other directions, such as the Austrian expedition under Payer and Weyprecht, Koldewey’s East Greenland expedition, and so forth.

Then, in Antarctic literature I had Captain Scott’s two magnificent volumes, “The Voyage of the *Discovery*,” Borchgrevink’s “The *Southern Cross* Expedition to the Antarctic,” Nordenskjöld’s “Antarctica,” the “Antarctica” of Balch, and Carl Fricker’s “The Antarctic Regions,” as well as Hugh Robert Mills’ “Siege of the South Pole.”

The members of the expedition used to borrow these books, one at a time, and I think that before the winter was over they all knew pretty well what had been done by other men in this field.

Every week or ten days throughout the winter we had to remove from our cabins the ice caused by the condensation of the moist air where it came in contact with the cold outer walls. Behind every article of furniture near the outer wall the ice would form, and we used to chop it out from under our bunks by the pailful.

The books were always placed far forward on the shelves, because if a book were pushed back it would freeze solid to the wall. Then, if a warmer day came, or a fire was built in the cabin, the ice would melt, the water would run down and the leaves of the book would mold.

The sailors amused themselves after the manner of sailors everywhere, playing dominoes, cards and checkers, boxing and telling stories. They used to play at feats of strength, such as finger-pulling, with the Eskimos. One of the men had an accordion, another a banjo, and as I sat working in my cabin I used often to hear them singing "Annie Rooney," "McGinty," "The Spanish Cavalier," and sometimes "Home Sweet Home." Nobody seemed to be bored. Percy, who had special charge of the phonograph, often treated the men to a concert, and all through the winter I heard nobody complain of monotony or homesickness.

p. 165: On Sunday mornings I breakfasted in my cabin, thus leaving the men to themselves. On these occasions conversation was less technical and ranged from books to table manners, and sometimes Bartlett seized the opportunity to give his companions half-serious, half-humorous advice on the matter of table conduct, telling them that the time would come when they must return to civilization, and that they must not allow themselves to get into careless habits..

p. 239, MacMillan at Fort Conger in 1909: One of the finds was a text book which had belonged to Lieutenant Kislingbury, who lost his life with the Greely party. Upon its flyleaf it bore the inscription: "To my dear father, from his affectionate son, Harry Kislingbury. May God be with you & return you safely to us."

**Borup, George.** *A Tenderfoot with Peary...with a Preface by G. W. Melville.* (New York: Frederick A. Stokes, 1911).

p. 6: ...as we were leaving Hawkes' Harbor, the Commander put the Doctor and us [Borup and Macmillan], the tenderfeet of the expedition, to work sorting the hundreds of magazines which were down in the lazarette and were filling every available space. There were fairly complete files of all the principle ones back to January, 1907 [as of June

1908], and as some one has said, 'If the serial stories weren't good, the cereal advertisements were,' and so for that matter were the open-work yarns in the ladies' journals.

p. 11: Five bookcase shelves were filled with photo material and ammunition; incidentally, books also.

p. 12, Sunday he studied navigation and photography.

p. 15: We all felt very Arctic indeed, and were deep in the very extensive library of books on northern exploration which we had on board.

**Henson, Matthew A.** *A Black Explorer at the North Pole*. Foreword by Robert E. Peary, Rear Admiral, U.S.N. Introduction by Booker T. Washington. Introduction to Bison Book Edition by Susan A. Kaplan. (Lincoln, Nebr.: University of Nebraska Press, 1989). [First published as *A Negro Explorer at the North Pole* in 1912; There are many other editions, often with variant titles.]

Mostly from Hensen's diary with connecting narrative of Peary's North Pole expedition of 1908-9.

p. 39: On board ship there was quite an extensive library, especially on Arctic and Antarctic topics, but as it was in the Commander's cabin it was not heavily patronized. In my own cabin I had Dickens' 'Bleak House,' Kipling's 'Barrack Room Ballads,' and the poems of Thomas Hood; also a copy of the Holy Bible, which had been given to me by a dear old lady in Brooklyn, N.Y. I also had Peary's books, 'Northward Over the Great Ice,' and his last work 'Nearest the Pole.' During the long dreary midnights of the Arctic winter, I spent many a pleasant hour with my books. I also took with me a calendar for the years 1908 and 1909, for in the regions of noonday darkness and midnight daylight, a calendar is absolutely necessary.

But mostly I had rougher things than reading to do.

p. 65-6, February 23: The hours preceding our advance from Cape Columbia were pleasantly spent, though we had lost no time in literary debates. There were a few books along.

Out on the ice of the Polar ocean, as far as reading matter went, I think Dr. Goodsell had a very small set of Shakespeare, and I know that I had a Holy Bible. The others who went out on the ice may have had reading matter with them, but they did not read it out loud, and so I am not in a position to say what their literary tastes were.

Even on shipboard, we had no pigskin library or five-foot shelf of sleep-producers, but each member had some favorite books in his cabin, and they helped to form a circulating library.

p. 74, February 26, 1909: The Peary discipline is the iron hand ungloved. From now on we must be indifferent to comfort, and like poor little Joe, in "Bleak House" we must always be moving on.

p. 89, March 7: Captain Bartlett describes it as "Hell on Earth"; the Commander has nothing to say, and I agree with him. Dr Goodsell reads from his little books [Shakespeare], studies Esquimo language, writes in his diary and talks to me and the rest of the party and waits.

p. 114, March 25 at 86° 38' north: The work of readjusting the loads kept me busy until seven P.M. While doing this work I came across my Bible that I had neglected so long, and that night, before going to sleep, I read the twenty-third Psalm, and the fifth chapter of St. Matthew.

**Lewin, Walter Henry.** *The Great North Pole Fraud.* (London: C. W. Daniel Co, 1935).

An extended case against Peary based on suspicions of fraudulent Peary timings of his polar dash, on previous fabrications, on his probable incitement to the murder of Ross Marvin by the Inuit, all delivered in the guise of pure innocence in search of truth. Fascinating book if overwhelmingly *ex parte*. Never mentions Cook at all, although a few references imply his name. Crucial to the case is logbooks and observations, or often the lack of them.

**Peary Arctic Club. Archives. Peary Report. Peary Report. 1990?**

You may also have heard of the controversy about whether or not Robert Peary had in fact made it to the North Pole in 1909 (not everyone

has), or had he willfully misrepresented his accomplishment. Even the National Geographic Society, an original supporter of Peary's work, had begun to express doubts. The Navigation Foundation was then commissioned by the National Geographic Society to carry out what is now considered the definitive answer to this question. The conclusion, after much diverse research and analysis, was that Peary did indeed make it to the Pole, and that there was no viable evidence that he had misrepresented his work. The Foundation study under the direction of Admiral Thomas Davies was published as *The Peary Report*, in 1990. Present directors Douglas R Davies, Roger Jones and Terry Carraway took part in that research. The report will be published again and available to the public in early 2007 in ebook format.

**Stowell, James Vinton.** *Ross Gilmore Marvin: Scientist Teacher Explorer; A "Tragedy in the Arctic"*. Elmira, NY: Chemung County Historical Society, 1954.

A memorial pamphlet for Ross Marvin by an admirer who believes firmly that Marvin drowned accidentally and was not murdered by the Inuit.

p. 1, Tuesday December 8, 1908: I am reading up on the story of General Greely and his party at Fort Conger, in case I have to go that way. Conger is where the ill-fated U.S. Army Expedition of 1881 met with catastrophe. Only Greely and six others, out of twenty-five men, survived to be rescued in the Spring of 1884. It is the knowledge, and records, of such disasters as this that make me think of what is, or might be, in store for all of us. However, we are better prepared in every way than they were. And the Commander has exercised great vision and care in preparing for such emergency.... I have but little time these days to devote to my writing.

**1915-17 Crocker Land Expedition Relief Schooner *Cluett* (George Comer)**

**Comer, George.** Private Journal of George Comer while on the Relief Schooner George B. Cluett for the Crocker Land Expedition Party at Etah, North Greenland, 915-1917 (RB Coll: GG-4 at AMNH Lib)

Expedition Outline:

August 12, 1915	Upernavik to North Star Bay	p. 13-38
Sept. 13, 1915	North Star Bay	p. 39-43
Sept. 24, 1915	Parker Snow Bay	p. 44-87
Dec. 26, 1915	North Star Bay	p. 88-163
(Land party of Comer, Peter?, Dr. Hunt & 5 natives for long Winter at North Star Bay)		
Sept. 8, 1916	Etah until 8/3/17	p. 164-302
Aug. 4, 1917	On Neptune returning to Sydney	p. 303-318

p. 13, Upernavik Harbor, Aug 11, 1915. Comer and Hovey invited the Governor and others to the ship: The evening was made pleasant for them with the Gramophone and light refreshments.

p. 15, Melville Bay 8/15—more gramophone for the men.

p.47, 9/14 Parker Snow Bay. Comer believes they can get out but has no faith in the Captain who shows no skill in Ice navigation, is very little on deck, and never gives orders for subordinates.

p. 60, Oct. 18, 1915 Monday [couldn't read all of my notes re Cruise of the *Neptune*]: The P-----? who we are is shown in a picture in the same? Book called the Cruise of the Neptune entitled Parker Snow Bay, p. 140.

p. 61, Thursday October 21: Have just finished reading with much interest a book entitled Creasy Decisive Battles of the World.

p. 64, Oct. 29: People take walks every day Doctor Tanqueray toes are well and he is able to take long walks. the evenings are passed in playing cards though Mr Allen reads while I spend my time working in Ivory and read some book.

Nov. 1915, Parker Snow Bay. Comer likes to make things: a pipe from soapstone for one of the men. A cane for Dr Hovey out of the wood from the old steamer Fox wrecked in Disco, another cane for Doctor

Tanqueray—both have every heads to represent foxes at rest; plaster casts of foxes.

Nov. 17—encounters both Freuchen and MacMillan.

Nov. 20, most of the crew have lice: I am making a gavel but not to kill lice with.

Friday, Nov. 26: as there is no work carried on but playing cards & reading

Wedn Dec. 15: Our mate Mr. Davis whose Education in books is limited wishes to learn and be able to take observations of the sun for latitude and I am showing what I can to help him. He is a very superstitious man and believes in spirits and mermaids...he also thinks the vessel is haunted.

p. 94, Friday Jan 14, 1916, at North Star Bay: it has greatly surprised me to hear the [native] crewmen in the other room sing religious hymns of course in their own tongue but the music of our own country one piece Nearer my God to thee they carry the air through in fine voices without a break....

p. 98, he is alone with some native women...: I am trying to work on Ivory in fact to anything to help pass away the time.

p. 99, Friday Jan 28 1916: some natives come back with him [Doctor Hunt] one of them a boy about 14 who is Peary's son a fine looking boy. [Annawak]

p. 110, March 4 Sat. 1916: Coo lo tingwar can not speak too highly of Doctor Cook who he thinks is a fine man and was pleased to hear that I knew him. He traveled with him a good deal when Cook was with Peary.

p. 110, Friday April 7: Outah and his brother Eginivar(?) [Peary north Pole men] they do not speak well of Peary from the fact that he has not given them what he promised to give them, and it has left a bad impression no doubt in my mind but that he at the time promised them more than he would but for the pleasure he felt at the time of having reached the Pole...they do not hesitate to say they are disappointed in Peary.

p. 122, April 18, another cane from the *Fox*.

p. 125, April 27, tensions with Ebla

p. 130, May 14: One of the natives was operated on by the Doctor I took a Plaster Cast of Oqueia's face another one of Peary's men this makes the 4<sup>th</sup> and completes the number. Have made 10 plaster casts in all also one pair of hands.

p. 132ff, Comer is doing archaeological work on Sanders Island

p. 138, 6/12/16, returns to North Star Bay to work on ruins there

p. 140, 6/17, Meets Rasmussen and Koch. Freuchen also there.

p. 149, 7/18: Continue to dig and find good material...a year ago today we sailed from Sydney and have not accomplished any thing only worse.

p. 153, 8/4, men on Carey Island: ... found the grave of a white man, one of a Swedish party of explorers their party died of starvation but just when the remainder died is uncertain in 1906 (Swedish Expedition).

p. 156, 8/15, leave for Etah. Aug & Sept sees constant concern for returning vessel which doesn't come, e.g. 9/7: I am still in hopes of a vessel coming to take us Home.

p. 165, Monday Sept 11, 1916 in Etah: ...there are many books here to read but just now would like more clothing.

p. 173, Oct 11: ... have done about all that can be done to make the House comfortable the others play cards about an hour each evening there is a very large number of Books which add very much to our comfort

p. 181, Sat Dec 4: ... there is always little things to be done so that there is no need to be idle there are many books here which is a great pleasure and though we should all be Home... I can not say that we are in any way uncomfortable....

p. 188, Monday Nov. 27: ... the natives come in and enjoy their selves looking over the Pictures in the Book, though they have seen them many times there is a splendid Library here so there is books of all kinds-

p. 192, Dec 7, 1916, Relief ship *Denmark*, hired by AMNH to rescue the Crocker Land Ex. Was stuck in ice at North Star Bay.

p. 205, Jan 12, 1917—sees Peary's son.

p. 206, Jan 17: The native young man who is employed here (Peary's son Sarmly?) brought up a woman as his wife.



p. 210, Jan 28: Now that we are in the far North I find reading *The Voyage of the Polaris* especially interesting as it was in these latitudes that they had their troubles.

p. 211, Feb 3: The expedition is well fitted out with many books so that a person has a great opportunity to study and become better acquainted with writers and their subjects.

p. 233, March 19 1917, Letter from Edmund Otis Hovey to Donald MacMillan: I would suggest that the books of light fiction in the library be posted in boxes separate from the rest of the books, so that they may easily be left at the Seamen's Institute or otherwise disposed of, as the Museum may direct.

p. 233, Mar 23, 1917: Mr. MacMillan looks out for the welfare of a few favored natives than he does for the white men who are with him this is apt to be a fault with some placed in charge who become infatuated with some of the natives this no doubt was one of the Principal causes of his losing the respect of his men.

### **1913-18 US Private Journeys round the Coast and Interior of Alaska (Hudson Stuck, "Archbishop of the Yukon")**

Hudson Stuck was born in England but emigrated to the US in

**Stuck, Hudson.** *The Ascent of Denali (Mount McKinley): A Narrative of the First Complete Ascent of the Highest Peak in North America.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1914.

Unfortunately, most of the readings recorded in Stuck's first book have only to do with temperature readings, with a few minor exceptions, compared to the prodigious reading recorded in his other books.

p. 163: The chief result of this expedition, besides the exploration of about one hundred miles of unknown country, was the publication by Robert Dunn of an extraordinary narrative in several consecutive numbers of *Outing.*, afterward republished in book form, with some modifications, as "The Shameless Diary of an Explorer," a vivid but unpleasant production, for which every squabble and jealousy of the party furnishes literary material. The book has a curious, undeniable

power, despite its brutal frankness and its striving after “the poor renown of being smart,” and it may live. One is thankful, however, that it is unique in the literature of travel.

p. 166: But it is not worth while to pursue the subject further. The present writer feels confident that any man who climbs to the top of Denali, and then reads Doctor Cook’s account of his ascent, will not need Edward Barrille’s affidavit to convince him that Cook’s narrative is untrue. Indignation is, however, swallowed up in pity when one thinks upon the really excellent pioneering and exploring work done by this man, and realizes that the immediate success of the imposition about the ascent of Denali doubtless led to the more audacious imposition about the discovery of the North Pole—and that to his discredit and downfall.

Although Cook’s claim to have reached the summit of Denali met with general acceptance outside, or at least was not openly scouted, it was otherwise in Alaska. The men, in particular, who lived and worked in the placer-mining regions about the base of the mountain, and were, perhaps, more familiar with the orography [*sic*] of the range than any surveyor or professed topographer,

p. 181: Having gratified this desire, as he supposed, there had meantime arisen another desire,—upon reading the narrative of the Parker-Browne expedition of the previous year, a copy of which we were fortunate enough to procure just as we were starting for the mountain. It was the feeling of our whole company that the names of Professor Parker and Mr. Belmore Browne should be associated with the mountain they so very nearly ascended.

**Stuck, Hudson.** *Ten Thousand Miles with a Dog Sled: A Narrative of Winter Travel in Interior Alaska.* London: T. Werner Laurie, 1914.

p. 77: The division of the labour of camping amongst four gave us all some leisure at night, and I found time to read through again *The Cloister and the Hearth* and *Westward Ho!* with much pleasure, quite agreeing with Sir Walter Besant’s judgment that the former is one of the best historical novels ever written. There are few more attractive roysterers in literature to me than Denys of Bergundy, with his

*“Courage, camarades, le diable est mort!”* This matter of winter reading is a difficult one, because it is impossible to carry many books. My plan is to take two or three India-paper volumes of classics that have been read before, and renew my acquaintance with them. But reading by the light of one candle, though it sufficed our forefathers, is hard on our degenerate eyes.

p. 130-31, in government schools for Eskimau children in Unalaklik: The school next day pleased me still more [than mission services], and I was glad that I had a school-day at the place. I heard good reading and spelling, saw good writing, and listened with real enjoyment to the fresh young voices raised again and again in song. There was, however, something so curiously exotic that for a moment it seemed irresistibly funny, in “The Old Oaken Bucket,” from lips that have difficulty with the vowel sounds of English; from children that never saw a well and never will see one;—and I was irreverent enough to have much the same feeling about “I love thy templed hills,” etc., in that patriotic Plymouth Rock song which is so little adapted for universal American use that, in a gibe not without justice, it has been called “Smith's Country, ‘tis of Thee.” One wonders if they sing it in the Philippine schools; and, so far as these regions are concerned, one wishes that some teacher with a spark of genius would take Goldsmith's hint and write a simple song for Esquimau children that should

“Extol the treasures of their finny seas

And their long nights of revelry and ease”;

the splendour of summer's perpetual sunshine and the weird radiance of the Northern Lights; but prosody is not taught in your “Normal” school. The thing is a vain, artificial attempt to impose a whole body of ideas, notions, standards of comparison, metaphors, similes, and sentiments upon a race to which, in great measure, they must ever be foreign and unintelligible. Here were girls reading in a text-book of so-called physiology, and, as it happened, the lesson that day was on the evils of tight lacing! The reading of that book, I was informed, is imposed by special United States statute, and the teacher must make a separate report that so much of it has been duly gone through each month before the salary can be drawn. Yet none of those girls ever saw a corset or ever

will. One is reminded of the dear old lady who used to visit the jails and distribute tracts on *The Evils of Keeping Bad Company*.

p. 252: The little log church that is still, as a local artist put it, “the only thing in Fairbanks worth making a picture of,” no longer stands open all day and all night as the town's library and reading-room, but has with drawn into decorous Sabbath use in favour of the commodious public library built by a Philadelphia churchman....

p. 265: Arthur, my half-breed boy, had recently been reading a story by Jack London, dealing with the Indians in the vicinity of Tanana, where he was bred and born, and his indignation at the representation of his people in this story was amusing. The story was called *The Wit of Porportuk*, and it presented a native chief in almost baronial state, with slaves waiting upon him in a large banqueting hall and I know not what accumulated wealth of furs and gold. Such pictures are far more flagrantly untrue to any conditions that ever existed in Alaska than anything Fenimore Cooper wrote about the Five Nations.

p. 317: In this book a good deal has been said, and, it may be thought by the reader, said with a good deal of asperity, about the whites who frequent Indian communities and come most into contact with the native people; yet the more the author sees of this class, the less is he disposed to modify any of the strictures he has put upon it. “The Low-Down White” is the subject of one of the most powerful and scathing of Robert Service's ballads, those most unequal productions with their mixture of strength and feebleness, of true and forced notes, the best of which should certainly live amongst the scant literature of the North. And, indeed, the spectacle of the man of the higher race, with all the age-long traditions and habits of civilisation behind him, descending below the level of the savage, corrupting and debauching the savage and making this corrupting and debauching the sole exercise of his more intelligent and cultivated mind, is one that has aroused the disgust and indignation of whites in all quarters of the world. Kipling and Conrad have drawn him in the East; Robert Louis Stevenson in the South Sea Islands; any army officer will draw him for you in the Philippines, which lack as yet their great delineator; Service has not overdrawn him on the Yukon.

p. 324-25: One thing pleased me at these road-houses. The only reading-matter in any of them consisted of magazines bearing the rubber stamp of Saint Matthew's Reading Room at Fairbanks, part of a five-hundred-pound cargo of magazines which the mission launch *Pelican* brought to the Iditerod the previous summer; virtually the only reading-matter in the whole camp. It was pleasant to know that we had been able to avert the real calamity of a total absence of anything to read for a whole winter throughout this wide district. But, although they were brought to the Iditerod and distributed absolutely free, each of these magazines had cost the road-house keeper twenty-five cents for carriage over the trail from Iditerod City, and they had been read to death. Some of them were so black and greasy from continued handling that the print at the edges of the pages was almost unreadable.

**Stuck, Hudson.** *Voyages on the Yukon and Its Tributaries: A Narrative of Summer Travel in the Interior of Alaska.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1917.

Stuck's second book on Alaska, this mainly on the interior of the state based on summer travels, on the Inside Passage, the Yukon, and its tributaries.

p. 3: Even its most enthusiastic admirers, however, must be willing to admit a certain monotony in a continuous thousand miles of scenery all of the same kind. "Always fine, no doubt, but always fine in the same way," as Conway writes of Smyth Channel. It is therefore well that the Inside Passage possesses other than merely picturesque interest; that it has historic interest; and the traveller is well advised who provides himself with books in which the history of these parts is set forth.

We are on the track of the great navigators of the eighteenth century as we pass through these waters, on the track of the two greatest of them all, Captain James Cook and Captain George Vancouver, and if the voyage be extended to the westward before or after the river journey is made, as is often done now, the track of still another will be crossed—Vitus Bering. It will add immensely to the interest of the trip if the work

of these bold seamen be understood and followed. Especially is this the case with George Vancouver. From Puget Sound to the Lynn Canal—that is to say, the whole stretch of the Inside Passage—the whole coast teems with the names that he applied. Cook's "Voyages" may be had in many editions, but Vancouver's "Voyages" are long out of print and very expensive.

p. 87, on Circle City, a briefly prosperous gold rush town of thirty hundred, founded in 1894: There must have been some active and intelligent men in that camp. A Miners' Association was formed with constitution and by-laws, and a gorgeous painted silken banner and a circulating library of several thousand volumes procured, many of which still remain at the place, though most have been scattered since the association lapsed. I was struck when I first examined the library (it was then almost intact) by the wise and comprehensive choice that had been exercised. Some one familiar with many fields of literature had a hand in selecting those books.

p. 152: The struggles of the early explorers with these names and the extraordinary results they print are sometimes amusing, and illustrate the famous Captain Cook's observation made while he was cruising on the Alaskan coast that he had frequently found "that the same words, written down by two or more persons from the mouth of the same native, differed not a little." Whymper writes Tozikaket "Towshecargot," and with Schwatka Nowikaket becomes "Newicargut." Dall, however, whose ears as well as eyes were by far the best of any of the early Yukon travellers, writes the names almost exactly as they are written now. Dall's "Alaska and Its Resources" was published in 1870; if Schwatka, whose journey was thirteen years later, had taken the trouble to read it, he would have been spared a great many blunders. I have spoken of Dall's book before; let me say here that I never turn to it without being struck afresh with the wealth of accurate observation and judicious reflection it contains.

p. 211-12, in chapter on Russian colonial life in Alaska: Master and men alike were grossly addicted to drunkenness whenever the necessary liquor was obtainable. It is rather amusing to read the mutual accusations of the Russian American Company against the Hudson's Bay Company,

and the Hudson's Bay Company against the Russian American Company, of selling liquor to natives, when neither seems to have had any scruples on that head whatever. And when Dall was finally leaving St. Michael, when the sway of both companies was terminated and the territory of Alaska had been transferred to the government of the United States, he saw a small schooner lying in the bay, and writes as follows: "To the eastward a bidarra was pulling for the canal, and rather seemed to avoid us. Taking the glasses, I made out one white man in it and the round sides of two barrels rose conspicuously above the gun wale. I felt sick as I sat down, knowing the cargo must consist of rum and seeing already the beginning of evils whose future growth none could estimate. The vessel in the bay was principally loaded with liquor, which had in some mysterious way eluded the vigilance of the United States officials at Sitka."

p. 262, re the Tanana River: Statistics of our white population are indeed skittish things to handle, and generalisations based upon them are likely to be of only immediate accuracy; it is entirely possible that between the writing and the reading of these words some new sensational gold discovery may shift the centre of gravity of the white population a thousand miles at a stroke, as it was shifted for a while by the Iditarod stampede, but, such a contingency aside, the Tanana River will probably continue to be the most important river of the interior.

p. 277: Although I knew a little of what had been written about glacial action, and had read Tyndall's "Forms of Water," as a boy and had even taken some interest in the famous controversy about glacial movement (an interest chiefly due, I am afraid, to the acrimony it aroused), yet my first visit to a glacier had something of the effect upon me that his "first looking into Chapman's Homer" had upon John Keats. It was a revelation of the mightiness of the ice; mightier than all storms and thunderbolts, mightier than the catastrophes of earthquake and volcano; secretly, almost silently, inch by inch through the long ages, grinding down mountains and carving out valleys; reducing the adamant primeval granite of thousands of lofty peaks to soluble dust and spreading it as soil over the low places of the earth. Once more it was

not the fire, nor the whirlwind, nor the earthquake, that was pregnant of most power, but a still small voice.

**Stuck, Hudson.** *A Winter Circuit of Our Arctic Coast: A Narrative of a Journey with Dog-Sleds around the Entire Arctic Coast of Alaska.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1920.

One of four travel accounts by the “Archdeacon of the Yukon and the Arctic,” with Walter Harper as companion. “My purpose was an enquiry into their present state, physical, mental, moral and religious, industrial and domestic, into their prospects, into what the government and the religious organizations have done and are doing for them, and what should yet be done” (p. viii). Among other things the archdeacon did a good deal of reading during his journey, not all of which will be captured here.

p. ix: The scattered inhabitants the reader may call savages if it please him, they are certainly primitive and have some habits and customs that are not attractive. But I think they are the bravest, the cheeriest, the most industrious, the most hospitable, and altogether the most winning native people that I know anything about, the most deserving of the indulgent consideration of mankind.

p. 9-11, on his young travelling companion, Walter Harper: It was hard for me to think of him as a man, approaching the end of his twenty-fifth year as he was; he was always to me the boy that I had found on the Yukon, the boy who had blundered and kindled as he read *Robinson Crusoe* aloud to me, that immortal work of genius, and later *Treasure Island*, of which its author was justified in saying “If this doesn't fetch the kids they've gone rotten since my time”—and not the kids only;—who had gained his first fragmentary acquaintance with history in that most delightful of ways, a long series of Henty's books, also read aloud. I am sorry for the boy who does not know Henty; Walter had built up no contemptible grasp of the great events of history by stringing together these narratives and hanging them on certain pegs of dates that I had driven home. Some time since I read a condemnation of these books on the score that they conveyed false views of history, but a false view or a



true view of any history depends largely upon the standpoint and I suppose Henty was as much entitled to his as another. Beside, what do a boy's "views" matter? The thing is to get the information into his head, to fire and fan his imagination, to extend his horizon. And whatever may come to him later I would rather he were nurtured in the generous and chivalrous school of Scott and Henty than in the sordid and cynical school prevailing today, however painfully and impossibly impartial it may strive to be. Shakespeare's history may be true or false—one thinks sometimes that the writers of Queen Elizabeth's reign were not so utterly ignorant of the Lancastrian and Yorkist affair as their critics of three centuries later maintain—but true or false Shakespeare's history is likely to remain history for nine-tenths of English-speaking people.

We had fallen into the habit of calling Henty's boy-hero, whose footsteps echo down all the corridors of time, "Cedric," and when a new story was begun, whether of ancient Egypt or of the Crusades or of the American Revolution, Walter would say "Here comes Cedric," when the gallant and fortunate youth made a new reincarnation in the first chapter. There must be fifty or sixty of these books, and there may be an hundred for aught I know, and "Cedric" bobs up in all of them with the same gallantry and the same marvellous luck. Together they form a most valuable and interesting compendium of history for youth, and I have often been glad of the refreshing of my own knowledge while they were reading. I will confess that I had my first clear conception of Peterborough's astonishing campaign in the war of the Spanish Succession and my most vivid picture of his storming of Barcelona, as also my clearest impressions of Wolfe's campaign against Montcalm and the taking of Quebec, from hearing Henty read aloud; to which perhaps the deliberation of the reading contributed.

p. 17-18: We lay long, and had no more than breakfasted when it was church time, and the afternoon slipped rapidly away while Walter read aloud to me from the Maccabees. Having read the greater part of the Bible aloud to me in previous years, I had chosen the Apocrypha for the winter's Sunday reading, and, since it is strangely omitted from most Bibles, had brought it along in an additional slim India-paper volume. I was again struck by the vigour and restraint of the narrative, equal to any

other of the sacred narratives, and superior to many. Of Antiochus Epiphanes the author writes "He spoke very proud words and made a great massacre." Walter looked up and said "That would do for the Kaiser." I have thought of the verse in that connection many times since, and I know not where else in literature so curt yet adequate a characterization of William II of Germany may be found. I submit it for his epitaph: "He spoke very proud words and made a great massacre." What a record!

p. 38: I have felt the freer to make these animadversions in connection with one of our own missions in which I am especially interested, where the school moreover is our own and not a government school, and in connection with an Eskimo boy of whom I am personally fond, because I found the same situation at many other places where criticism might seem invidious. The danger is recognized, and that is the first requisite towards averting it. I had told the assembled people on Sunday that I was much more ashamed of an Indian or an Eskimo youth who could not build a boat or a sled or make a pair of snowshoes or kill a moose or tend a trap-line, than of one who could not read or write. "Reading and writing are good things, and the other things the school teaches are good things, and that is why we put the school here to teach them, but knowing how to make a living on the river or in the woods, winter and summer, is a very much better thing, a very much more important thing, and something that the school cannot teach and the fathers must. Let us have both if we can, but whatever happens don't let your boys grow up without learning to take care of themselves and of their wives and children by and by."

p. 41: We were starting *Macbeth*; first I gave him a general sketch of the play and read an act aloud to him; then he read the same act aloud to me, and this, with its correction of mispronunciations, its assimilation of new words and thoughts, was always the most valuable part of our work. I marvel that reading aloud has fallen into educational disuse; there is simply no other exercise that can take its place. The dark and bloody tragedy made strong appeal to Walter, and its supernatural machinery of witches and apparitions called up remembrance of the old Indian stories with which his juvenile mind had been familiar, and thus there needed

not the half-contemptuous, apologetic explanations which the average high-school teacher of English appends nowadays to his edition of the play. Our half-educated youths grow too wise to appreciate the classics of literature, and turn eagerly to *Scientific American*, while the deep emotions of their dwindling souls remained untouched. From the weird sisters on the blasted heath was an easy transition when the reading was done to the tales of his childhood referred to, and he told me how the children would gather in the firelight round some old woman and beg her for a story, and sit still for hours while she wound the interminable course of some piece of Indian folk-lore, so replete with delicious terrors that sometimes they were afraid to go home to bed. The dissimilarities which a new strange people present make first appeal to the observer; afterwards it is the underlying resemblances, and at last the fundamental identity, that most prominently stand out, and, in particular, the more I see of Indian and Eskimo children the more I am struck with the oneness of childhood the world over.

p. 60, on Hearne's views on the sounds of the aurora: Then in the course of the re-reading of some scores of Arctic books, I began to note down the testimony of their authors, pro and con. I traced the beginning of what I am bold enough to call this auricular delusion to Samuel Hearne, who in his famous journey to the Coppermine river in 1771 says, "I can positively affirm that in still nights I have frequently heard them (i. e. the northern lights) make a rustling and cracking noise like the waving of a large flag in a fresh gale of wind."

p. 86-87, the author's memories of the books of a shipwrecked relative: There remained at home a cross-grained green parrot as a memento of his southern voyages, and a collection of books of Arctic exploration as memento of the northern. Those fine old quartos, with their delicate and spirited engravings of ships beset by fantastic icebergs, their coloured plates of auroras and parhelia, of Eskimos and their igloos and dog-teams, are amongst the most vivid recollections of my childhood. The first and second of Sir John Ross, the first and second of Sir Edward Parry, the first and second of Sir John Franklin, a number of the Franklin Search books (in which enterprise I think their owner had seen his Arctic service in some capacity or other). Sir John Richardson's books—these

were my companions and delights as a boy; and an illustrated volume that I know not the name of but that I should rejoice to discover again, describing the work of the Moravian missionaries in Greenland with much interesting detail, was, in particular, a sort of oasis in a desert of forgotten religious books to which, in the main, it was sought to confine my reading with notable unsuccess. Adding Sir Robert McClure, Sir Leopold McClintock, and remembering that George III had intended to knight James Cook had he returned from his third voyage, but by all that is modest and capable and kindly in the others leaving out Sir Edward Belcher, I think these Arctic knights constitute as fine a body of real chivalry as Christendom has ever known, and their humility of mind, even their frank ignorance, their deep reverence and religious feeling, seem to bring them as much closer to us as the cold self-sufficiency and egotism of some of our modern agnostic explorers seem to detach them. p. 121-23, on the Point Hope mission library: I have mentioned the well-selected mission library. It was a pleasure to find so many good books on the shelves, and I am glad to vary my steady diet of Gibbon with a re-reading of much of Motley, several volumes of Fiske, Justin McCarthy's *History of Our Own Times* and Victor Hugo's *History of a Crime*. I remember when I used to think *Les Misérables* the greatest novel ever written, but a maturer acquaintance with Hugo finds more to repel than attract. The bombast and egotism of the *History of a Crime*, the declamation, the pose, the ever-present self-consciousness, had the effect mainly of arousing my sympathy for Napoleon III; had much the same sort of effect on me that the reading of John Knox's *History of the Church of Scotland* had on John Wesley. But the prize of the library was a volume of some considerable value, I judge, from a collector's point of view—Pierce Egan's *Life in London* with coloured prints by George Cruikshank. The discovery of this book brought back my boyhood very vividly, for I once heard George Cruikshank give a temperance lecture (which I have completely forgotten) and was taken up at its close to shake hands with the veteran caricaturist and reformer, a little, wizened but most vivacious old man who danced about the platform; which I remember very well indeed. Upon our walls at home hung some of his clever prints, full of action and character, and I was

keen to meet the man who had drawn them. Here in the Arctic regions it was strange to come upon his work again, and the roistering high life which Pierce Egan depicts with so much gusto, with its Corinthian Tom, its Vauxhall, its Tattersall's, struck me chiefly, I think, from a sense of its wild incongruity with my present surroundings. Here was its fulsome dedication to "the accomplished gentleman, the profound and elegant scholar, the liberal and enlightened prince, George IV," then newly come to the throne; God save the mark!—one grew more grateful upon reading it to Beau Brummel for the delicious impudence of "Who's your fat friend?" How narrowly the English crown escaped ruin from that rake's wearing! Let me write it down to his credit, however, that Beechey declares that the voyages of Parry and the first of Franklin owed much to his "enlightened encouragement," and take hope that this also is not mere adulation from the circumstance that George IV was dead when it was written. . . . I wonder how that book came to Point Hope! I should like to write an essay some day upon books I have come across in most out-of-the-way places.

p. 132: There is one other incident I should like to record before the journey is resumed—one that unfortunately did not interest me enough. An excellent little monthly publication of the Bureau of Education at Nome, called *The Eskimo*, had offered prizes, or was understood to have offered prizes, for English transcriptions of native legends by native hands; and some interest had been excited in the matter at Point Hope. One day while Mr. Thomas was attending to postal matters and I was sitting reading *The Rise of the Dutch Republic* beside him, there entered a young man who had been encouraged to attempt such a transcription, with a manuscript book in his hand. Mr. Thomas was all interest and attention at once and asked me to listen, and the young man began to read. Those who are familiar with Indian and Eskimo legends know their interminable length and monotony. Their chief characteristic seems to be lack of all point and purpose. They have neither beginning, middle, nor end, and, once launched, there seems no reason why they should ever stop. I had heard many similar stories from Indians; years ago Walter had told me what he remembered of them. They have a certain ethnological value for comparison with similar stories from other

Eskimo people, from Indians; as giving some slight evidence of common or different origin and perhaps throwing a little light on possible migrations; very slight and not to be built upon at all, I should judge—did not David Livingstone find that the stories he heard around camp fires in South Africa were wonderfully like those told him in his childhood by his Hebridean grandfather!—yet perhaps giving a measure of corroborative force to some view otherwise sustained. It is partly upon the ground, for instance, of the frequent references to Ar-ki-li-nik in Greenland legends of widely separated tribes, as I understand, that the region northwest of Hudson Bay is regarded by many as the original home of the Eskimos, and the view of a general westerly rather than easterly migration of these people along the north coast of America, which seems to prevail in ethnological circles today, is based upon a close examination of many such stories, and other similar philological evidence of dialects and place-names. Historical or literary interest they have none.

I listened for awhile until, through the broken English which at first kept my attention in the effort to understand, I perceived that this story was of the same old kind. When the man had got up, started a fire, boiled a fish for breakfast and travelled along the coast all day a dozen times over, the thing became a burden, and rather shamefacedly I let my eyes drop to the book in my lap. Motley's heroic Dutchmen at least meaning something and attempting something. I thought I detected a turgidness, especially about the early part of Motley, that I had not associated with it upon a reading many years before; some sort of echo of Carlyle, perhaps?—some influence of the dithyrambs of the French Revolution? I wondered if it were so, or if I were growing finical and hypercritical. Gibbon perhaps spoiling me for any who cannot carry their learning so lightly. I suppose I had been reading half an hour, the voice still wearily droning along, the man still going to bed and arising and cooking his breakfast and his supper, meeting an occasional old woman and exchanging some cryptic remarks with a raven or a hare, rolling stones from the mountain upon the igloos of people who were unkind to him, when, happening to look up, I saw that Thomas was fast asleep in his chair. At the same moment the young man looked up and saw the

same thing, and our eyes thereupon meeting, we burst into laughter which woke Thomas to join in our merriment. The good nature of the Eskimo is what struck me most forcibly. There was no chagrin at the result of his laborious literary effort, but merely amusement at Mr. Thomas's expense that it had put him to sleep. It was the same young man who had sent a letter a few days before, beginning in the most formal way, "Dear Reverend Friend, Sir," and thereupon plunging into the utmost familiarity with, "Say, Thomas."

p. 168: The long evening gave us plenty of time for study, despite the cold. We lay half in and half out of our sleeping-bags, and Walter had to take off his fur mitt every time he turned a page. We were now reading *The Merchant of Venice*, and we got through several acts and discussed them, this being the second reading. But his mind was always much more interested in concrete physical things than in literature, and it was hard, when the reading was done, to keep our conversation on the educational lines that I desired.

p. 186: All the afternoon the monotonous travel continued with little chance of riding, so rough was the going, and it was just six o'clock, and long since dark, when we reached Point Lay. George I. Lay was the naturalist of Beechey's expedition, but beyond his name amongst the ship's company, and a reference to his preparation of specimens in the preface, I find only a single mention of him in the whole of Beechey's narrative. That one, however, is of much interest to me. While wintering between her first and second visits to the Arctic, the *Blossom* touched at the Loo-Choo islands between Formosa and Japan, then little known, and Beechey records that both he and Mr. Lay succeeded in distributing some little books in Chinese given them by the famous Dr. Morrison, the first Protestant missionary to China, whose Chinese dictionary, published in six volumes by the East India Company at a cost of \$60,000, brought him the coveted distinction of election to the Royal Society. Dr. Morrison is also remembered as having established the first medical mission. Beechey seems to have been a devout man, and Lay, from this single incident, I judge to have been like-minded. It is curious that the Russians, who had considerable trouble with the names given by the English navigators, transliterated this name on their charts as though

it were descriptive of layers, just as they misconstrued Point Hope as honouring a cardinal virtue instead of a lord of the admiralty.

p. 266, on reading about the sense of smell: Once I had occasion to read everything that I could lay my hand on with regard to the sense of smell, and I found that there is virtually nothing known about it. I do not believe that there is any hypothesis as to its *modus operandi* that is tenable, and the prevailing belief that the olfactory nerves are excited by minute particles flying off from odoriferous substances is to my mind absurd. That a grain of musk should give off such particles from the days of Marie Antoinette until now and lose no weight thereby, is utterly incredible to me. What infinite minuteness of subdivision it involves! What astonishing potency in the particle! What ceaseless rapidity of ejaculation! Nothing but the emanations of radium seem to be in the same class with it, and I should not be surprised if it turned out by and by that a whole series of activities, as unknown to science today as the activities of radium were unknown fifty years ago, are involved. Let him who is disposed to smile at this excursus into science read all there is to read (it is not much) about the sense of smell.

p. 273-74: One of the things much needed today is a full, critical history of the Hudson's Bay Company. Dr. George Bryce has done valuable condensed work, following Beckles Wilson of a decade earlier (though both of them have furnished their books with indexes that are a mere exasperation), but the great mass of material en shrouded in the company's archives is scarcely touched, and now that there can be no valid reason for keeping it secret, should afford a rich mine for research. I have hoped that Miss Agnes Laut would develop a sufficiently scholarly temper to undertake it, having already dipped into the records, but she remains wedded to her shocks and thrills, and the deep damnation of the word "popular" still affixes itself to the titles of her books in descriptive catalogues. My hope now, if not for the history itself, for the materials thereof, lies chiefly with the Champlain Society, and perhaps no history is possible until the records have been independently edited and published. If fifteen years of constant travel had been spent in Rupert's Land, if there were prospect of five years' free, undisturbed digging at the Hudson's Bay House and the British



Museum, the attempt at the compilation of such an history would not be without its attractions for the leisurely evening of life, as it would certainly be worth while.

p. 289-90, re the British artist and sculptor, John Flaxman: Most people with any smattering of artistic knowledge will probably remember Flaxman best as the designer of the exquisite little cameos that stand out so charmingly in dead white upon the dead blue background of Wedgwood pottery;—the pottery that brought to multitudes their first acquaintance with the grace of Greek art. But Flaxman's name chiefly recalls to me the noble line drawings which he made to illustrate Homer's *Iliad*, as I can still in memory turn the pages of that book and recapture something of boyhood delight, as I can still see the airy, flowing draperies of the procession of gods and heroes that moved with such lightness yet such dignity around a prized family teapot and cream pitcher that appeared on special occasions.

There is an accidental yet deep congruity in the association of Flaxman's name with this Arctic island. The marble of his statues was not purer than its snows; the lines of his drawings scarcely less severe and unadorned than its contour as it rose above the ice; and when we left it and from a distance looked back upon it, its dead whiteness stood out against a sky that was blue once more.

p. 297: So we settled down to another day of rest and refreshment and I browsed amongst the books. In the afternoon Walter and I resumed our Shakespeare and spent a couple of hours with the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

If it were noticed some pages back that I passed over several of Franklin's names without comment, it may be as well to say that it was because I can find nothing to tell about them. Gwydyr Bay, Prudhoe Bay, Yarborough Inlet, Franklin merely mentions as the names of indentations of the coast without any word as to those whom he designed to honour. The only one that I can make any conjecture about is the last, and since it disappears altogether from Mr. Leffingwell's map, it is not worth speculating as to whether it were named for Charles Anderson-Pelham, earl of Yarborough, or not,...

p. 325, on the Winter Circuit to Fort Yukon: From the agent, Mr. Harding, we had every kindness and consideration, and I found him the proud possessor of the first edition of Sir Alexander Mackenzie's *Voyages Through the Continent of North America*—a very valuable book nowadays—in which the famous journey to the mouth of the great river that bears his name is described. My own edition was a wretched cheap reprint, and I enjoyed re-reading the book, which he kindly lent me, in the dignity of the original quarto. Cheap reprints with their poor type and their absence of plates and maps are not the same thing as the original edition. Another book that I found here, and read through with the greatest interest, was David Hanbury's *Sport and Travel in the Northland of Canada*, a very valuable account of adventurous travel through the Barren Lands to the Coronation Gulf. Cowie's *The Company of Adventurers* (another Hudson's Bay book), I also found here and devoured; and was particularly glad to have lit upon Hanbury.

It was pleasant to me to find both the Hudson's Bay agent, and the missionary, the Rev. Mr. Fry, intelligently interested in the geography and exploration of the country, for it is surprising how little such interest is manifested all around this coast. The walls of the mission house were spread with the excellent Arctic charts of the British Admiralty, issued after the last of the Franklin search expedition of the fifties, which there has been very little occasion to add to or alter, save for Amundsen's mapping of the east coast of Victoria Island, until this present time; and I found Mr. Stefansson's three new islands of the Parry archipelago carefully inserted in their places.

p. 314, re Flaxman and Herschel Islands: But on the last day of our eastern travel, the long day that took us from Laughing Joe's to Herschel Island, the wind had swung back into its old quarter again, though rather more dead ahead than usual, with the thermometer at 40° below zero when we started. The minimum of the night had been 51 ° below, which is "some cold for the fifth of April" as Walter said. I recalled that I had read almost with incredulity in Bartlett's book that on his journey down the Siberian coast, when he had left Wrangell Island to seek rescue for the *Karluk* survivors, he had experienced a temperature of —65° at the same time of year....

p. 326: I wish that every missionary would show as much interest in the country to which he is sent; there is valuable work yet to be done in many lines in many quarters of the globe that a properly equipped missionary may very well do without any interference with his main occupation, indeed with distinct furtherance thereof: and I am jealous for the tradition of missionary contribution to the world's knowledge of the world. In some respects a missionary of general education is better fitted for such work than a scientific specialist who is a)', at sea outside his specialty.

On the Sunday that we spent at Herschel Island I was given the opportunity of speaking twice to the natives, through a fairly good interpreter, and of addressing the whites who assembled in the afternoon. I was glad to see that the whole native service was in the vernacular tongue, mainly the work of Archdeacon Whittaker, who was here for a number of years, who also translated many selections of Scripture, and of noticing the hearty and intelligent participation of the Eskimos therein. Man after man stood up and read aloud from the Scripture selections. At the white service the one prisoner at the police station, the Russian Jew to whose enormities I have already referred, was present by special permission, and at its conclusion he came forward and unctuously thanked me. I know not when I have been more repulsively impressed.

## **1919      Rockwell Kent Alaskan Trip at Fox Island**

**Kent, Rockwell.** *Wilderness: A Journal of Quiet Adventure in Alaska.* ...with an Introduction by Dorothy Canfield. New York: Halcyon House, c.1930.

A journal of Kent's seven-month winter sojourn on Fox Island, Resurrection Bay, Alaska, with his 9-year old son Rockwell, staying in the cabin of an old Alaskan hand named Olson. Illustrated with some of Kent's early work.

p. 15: ...at the far corner built to the floor in orthodox bookcase fashion, a library.

We may glance at the books. There are:

‘Indian Essays.’ Coomaraswamy  
‘Griechische Vasen’  
‘The Water Babies’  
‘Robinson Crusoe’  
‘The Prose Edda’  
‘Anson’s Voyages’  
‘A Literary History of Ireland.’ Douglas Hyde  
‘The Crock of Gold’  
‘The Iliad’ ‘The Odyssey’  
‘Fairy Tales.’ Andersen  
‘The Oxford Book of English Verse’  
‘The Home Medical Library’  
‘Poems.’ Blake  
‘Life of Black.’ Gilchrist  
‘The Three Dwellers,’ ‘The Cave Dwellers,’ ‘The Sea People,’ etc.  
‘Pacific Coast Tide Table’  
‘Thus Spake Zarathustra’  
‘The Book of the Ocean’  
‘Albrecht Durer’ (A Short Biography)  
‘Wilhelm Meister’  
‘In Northern Mists.’ Nansen

p. 31, Sept. 25: Rockwell and I worked some time with the cross cut saw. I’m constantly surprised by his strength and stamina. Rockwell read nine pages in his book of the cave dwellers. So nine of “Robinson Crusoe” were due him after supper. He undresses and jumps into bed and cuddles close to me as I sit there beside him reading. And “Robinson Crusoe” is a story to grip his young fancy and make this very island a place for adventure.

p. 42: Every day I read in the ‘History of Irish Literature.’ The Deirdre Saga I read to-day. It must be one of the most beautiful and the most perfect stories in all the world. So little do we feel ourselves related, here in this place, to any one time or to any civilization that at a thought we and our world become whom and what we please. Rockwell has been a

cave dweller hunting the primeval forest with stone hatchet and a bow of alder strung with a root. To me it is the heroic age in Ireland.

p. 50: Tuesday, October eighth:

RAIN! But what difference does it make to us. Everyone is in a good humor. The house is warm and dry; we've lots to eat and lots to do.

Olson's dory was again half full of water so we turned her and the skif over. I stretched canvass and primed it and finished Anson's "Voyage Around the World" a thrilling book. Late this afternoon it began to clear; the sun shone and we were presently at work with the saw—only to be driven in again by the shower. I expect fair weather tomorrow. But—

p. 63-64: Although it is nearly ten o'clock Rockwell is still awake. It is his birthday—by our choice. His one present, a cheap child's edition of Wood's 'Natural History,' illustrated, has filled his head with dreams of his beloved wild animals. I began to-night to teach him to sing. We tried Brahms's "Wiegenlied," with little success, and then "Schlaf, Kindlein, Schlaf," which went better. These songs and many other German songs, all with English words, are in the song book I bought him. I hope I shall have the patience and the time to succeed with Rockwell in this.

p. 68: It is the evening of October twenty-second and the feathery snow has just begun to fall. Olson comes stamping in. "Well, well," he cries, "how's this! How does our winter suit you?" It suits us perfectly. The house is warm, Rockwell's in bed, and I am reading "Treasure Island" to him.

"What are you going to make of him?" asked Olson that night speaking of Rockwell. I was at that moment pouring beans into the pot for baking. I slowed the stream and dropped them one by one:

“ ‘ Rich-man, poor-man, beggar-man, thief,  
Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief. ’

How in the world can anyone lay plans for a youngster's life?"

p. 71-72: We live in many worlds, Rockwell and I,—the world of the books we read,—an always changing one, 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Treasure Island,' the visionary world of William Blake, the Saga Age, 'Water

Babies,’ and the glorious Celtic past, --Rockwell’s own world of fancy, kingdom of beasts, the world he dreams about and draws—and my created land of striding heroes and poor fate-bound men—real as I have painted them or to me nothing is,--and then all around about our common daily, island-world, itself more wonderful than we have half a notion of. Is it to be believed that we are here alone, this boy and I, far north out on an island wilderness, seagirt on a terrific coast! It’s as we pictured it and wanted it a year and more ago,--yes, dreams come true.

And now the snow falls softly. Winter, to meet our challenge, has begun.

Short notes in the journal mark ‘Treasure Island’s’ swift passage. Then enter ‘Water Babies!’ ‘Just after Rockwell’s heart and mine,’ I have recorded it. But Kingsley must lose his friends,--a warning to the snob in literature. How it did weary us and madden us, his English-gentry pride,--unless we outright laughed. ‘At last it’s finished. That’s an event. When Kingsley isn’t showing off he’s moralizing, and between his religious cant and his English snobbery he is, in spite of his occasional sweet sentiment, quite unendurable. So to-night we read from ‘Andersen’s Fairy Tales’—forever lovely and true.’

p. 83, on his son’s reading: Hard, hard at work, little play, not too much sleep. The wind blows ceaselessly. Rockwell is forever good,—industrious, kind, and happy. He reads now quite freely from any book. Drawing has become a natural and regular occupation for him, almost a recreation—for he can draw in both a serious and a humorous vein. At this moment he’s waiting in bed for some music and another Andersen fairy tale.

p. 85, Saturday, November 16 [1918]: This night I shall not read in bed; it’s quite too far away from the stove.

p. 89, Nov. 19: I read “Big Claus and Little Claus” to Rockwell to-night. That’s a great story and we roared over it. Rockwell doesn’t like the stories about kings and queens, he says, “They’re always marrying and that kind of stuff.” Just the same Rockwell himself has his life and marriage pretty closely planned,—the journey from the East alone, the wife to be found at Seattle to save her carfare—and yet not put off as far as Alaska, for there they don’t look nice enough,—and then life in

Alaska to the end of his days. And I'm to be along if I'm not dead,—as I probably shall be, he says.

I have just finished the life of Blake and am now reading Blake's prose catalogue, etc., and a book of Indian essays of Coomaraswamy. The intense and illuminating fervor of Blake! I have just read this: "The human mind cannot go beyond the gift of God, the Holy Ghost. To suppose that Art can go beyond the finest specimens of Art that are now in the world is not knowing what Art is; it is being blind to the gifts of the Spirit." Here in the supreme simplicity of life amid these mountains the spirit laughs at man's concern with the form of Art, with new expression because the old is outworn! It is man's own poverty of vision yielding him nothing, so that to save himself he must trick out in new garb the old, old commonplaces, or exalt to be material for art the hitherto discarded trivialities of the mind.

p. 110, Dec. 6: I'm reading a little book on Dürer. What a splendid civilization that was in the Middle Ages, with all its faults. To men with my interests can anything be more conclusive proof of the superiority of that age to this than the position of the artist and the scholar in the community?....

p. 136, Dec. 22 Last night after Rockwell had been put to bed I sat down and did two of the best drawings I have made. At half past twelve I finished them, and then to calm my elation a bit for sleep read in the "Odyssey." At this my second reading of the book it's as intensely interesting—or more so—than before. As a story it is incomparably better than the "Iliad." To me it is full of suggestions for wonderful pictures.

p. 154-57: It is now after midnight and I've just finished a drawing. Rockwell is concerned about these late hours and when I told him that I could work so very well alone at night he seriously suggested that I send him out in the daytime to stay all day without dinner so that I could work better. I'm reading about King Arthur and the round table to him; that's good for both of us. He has made himself a lance and a sword and tomorrow I expect to confer some sort of knighthood upon him. Apropos of the book of King Arthur, Rockwell said to-day, "I don't think the pictures in the book are half nice enough. I think of a wonderful picture

when you read the story and then when I see the one in the book I'm disappointed." And these King Arthur pictures are rarely good in execution. It just shows that one need not attempt to palm off unimaginative stuff, much less trash, on children. The greatest artists are none too good to make the drawings for children's books. Imagination and romance in pictures and stories a child asks for above all, and those qualities in illustration are the rarest.

p. 157: Saturday night Rockwell received the order of knighthood. For three quarters of an hour he stayed upon his knees watching over his arms. He was all that time as motionless as stone and as silent. Now he is Sir Lancelot of the Lake and jousts all day with imaginary giants and wicked knights. He has rescued one queen for himself but as yet none for me.

p. 162, Jan. 18, 1919: I am now reading the Department of Agriculture year book. It's very instructive.

p. 168, Jan. 28: I'm reading "Zarathustra," "Write with blood, and thou wilt learn that blood is spirit." So that book was written. Last night I made a drawing of Zarathustra leading the ugliest man by the hand out into the night to behold the round moon and the silver waterfall. What a book to illustrate! The translator of it says that Zarathustra is such a being as Nietzsche would have liked himself to be,—in other words his ideal man. It seems to me that the ideal of a man *is* the real man You are that which in your soul you choose to be; your most beautiful and cherished vision is yourself. What are the true, normal conditions of life for any man but just those perfect conditions with which he would ideally surround himself. A man is not a sum of discordant tendencies—but rather a being perfect for one special place; and this is Olson's creed.

My chief criticism of Zarathustra is his taste for propaganda. Why, after all, concern himself with the mob. In picturing his hero as a teacher has not Nietzsche been tricked away from a true ideal to an historical one? Of necessity the great *selfish* figures of all time have gone down to oblivion. It's the will of human society that only the benefactors of mankind shall be cherished in memory. A pure ideal is to be the thing yourself, concerning yourself no bit with proving it. And if the onward path of mankind seems to go another way than yours—proud soul, let it.



p. 184: This morning the icy bath. Then without breakfast we began upon our mail. What a wonderful Christmas at last! The bed was piled high with presents, the table high with letters. We sorted and gloated like hungry tigers that in the ecstasy of possession merely lick their food. All through the morning and deep into the afternoon I read the mail. Unwashed dishes stood about, for meals we but ate what was at hand. (Here follows in the journal a list two pages long of presents, of books—what a shelf of them!—woolen clothes and sheepskin slippers, music for the flute, plum-pudding, candy, chocolate, cigarettes,—and ever so much more.) And that being about seven times as much as we've ever had before is all. Ah, in the wilderness you love your friends and they too think of you. Better than all, though, are the letters; such friendly letters never were before.

**1929      Private US Voyage to Greenland (aboard *Direction* with Arthur Allen and Rockwell Kent)**

**Allen, Arthur S., Jr.** *Under Sail to Greenland, Being an Account of the Voyage of the Cutter "Direction"*. 1929. (Philadelphia: Goodchild, 2002).

An easygoing and relaxed account of the Greenland trip by three twenty-year olds including Rockwell Kent (who took the trip for painting purposes primarily) in a small vessel which was wrecked near Godthaab in the summer of 1929. Tragic in that the author was killed in a car crash the month after returning to the US. A few reading and library references are included in this adventure:

p. 69: Read 'Ann Veronica' aloud to us—Rockwell.

p. 95, at the Governor's house at Godthaab: All the explorers have stayed there at various periods—Nansen, Rasmussen, MacMillan, Peary, etc. The house is beautifully appointed, with fine furniture, a large library of valuable books, many paintings and a general atmosphere of comfort.

p. 111, of Super-Governor Petersen: He is a jolly, happy, competent man, very picturesque. His wife is a wonder. He has the most complete library imaginable in such a colony, and a marvelous collection of birds.  
p. 125, on the steamship taking two of them to Copenhagen and return to US (the *Direction* was left in Greenland for repair): The chief engineer has kindly given us some good American magazines, “Red Book,” “America,” etc. and a book. We read a great deal, but time hangs heavy. At times it seems oppressively dull.

[The original edition of 1929 was designed by T. M. Cleland with map drawn by Rudolph Ruzicka—both printers known to the author’s father.]

**Kent, Rockwell.** *N by E.* (New York: Brewer & Warren, 1930).

An account of Kent’s small-boat journey with Arthur Allen on the yacht *Direction* from New York to Greenland, its wreck, and other adventures.

p. 81-82: It may seem that the appointment as navigator of one so inexperienced [as Kent] was rash—especially in view of the eminent qualification, to accept his own estimate, of the mate. “I have read,” said the mate pompously, “every book on navigation that there is.”

“You don’t *read* books on navigation,” I cried indignantly, “any more than you *read* arithmetics. You *study* them.” Goes on to talk of his lost navigational note book.

p. 111, drawing of someone reading in cabin.

p. 112: The cabin of a small boat at sea, hove to in a gale of wind. All hands below. Mess and confusion, wet and cold, and semi-darkness from the closed companionway. Skipper and mate wedged in their tilted berths; the cook, braced ‘thwartship on the floor, reads “*Ann Veronica*” aloud.

p. 119: Fortunately we had continuous daylight. And when during the hours of my watch that night we lay utterly becalmed, I secured the boom amidships, lashed the tiller, and sat—bundled with blankets and my legs down the warm companionway—reading until midnight.

p. 135, an account of the boatwreck: Havoc! It's no-man's land; a mass of wreckage: doors, drawers, shelves, sheathing, stove lids, pots and pans and crockery, springs, mattresses, tools, beans and butter and books,--torn, splintered, crashed and mashed, lifted and churned and hurled again with every shivering impact of the ship.

p. 159, while climbing a rockface inland in Greenland: And the foolish idea came to me that I with my burden was Christian. And that all this journey with its labors, roundabouts and hazards was contrived to try the faith and fortitude of Man through me, his type and symbol. And this thought became an obsession; so that against the clamoring voices of despair I muttered crazily, "I will, I will!" So by the grace of madness I attained the summit.

## **1929        Siberian Journey by Robert Gleason (aboard *Nanuk*)**

**Gleason, Robert J.** *Icebound in the Siberian Arctic: The Story of the Last Cruise of the Fur Schooner Nanuk and the International Search for Famous Arctic Pilot Carl Ben Eielson.* (Anchorage, AK: Alaska Northwest Pub. Co., 1982).

A fur trader who wintered over at North Cape when his ship was iced in near the Bering Straits tried to rescue Eielson who died in a Siberian air crash while delivering furs to Chukchi Eskimos in 1929.

p. 84: The Seamen's Library had provided a chest of old books and magazines, most of which were to be read and reread during the winter. Among the books were Stefansson's *The Friendly Arctic* and Amundsen's two volumes on *The South Pole*. Marion [Swenson] had a small portable phonograph and 40 records. [Those titles do not seem typical of the usual Seamen's Friend library—perhaps they belonged to *Nanuk* officers or seamen.]

## **1929-31    US Antarctic Expedition at Little America I (commanded by Richard E. Byrd)**

**Stam, David H.** "Byrd's Books

**1940-41 US Private Expedition of Donald MacMillan (aboard *Bowdoin*)**

**MacMillan, Miriam.** *Green Seas and White Ice: Far North with Captain Mac.* (New York: Dodd, Mead, 1948).

The wife of Donald MacMillan gives this account of her voyage to the Arctic on the *Bowdoin* in 1940 or 41.

p. 98, an evening of reading interrupted by the need to get into Battle Harbour.

p. 111, during storm in Davis Strait: Our cabin looked as though a cyclone had hit it.... At each lurch something flopped to the floor—kaplunk! Even books, which we had thought were securely boarded in on shelves around the walls, came flying across the cabin. Just as I was leaning over in an attempt to pull on my boots, my head bent for'ard in the effort, *The Open Polar Sea* [Hayes] left the shelf and flooded down squarely on top of my head; a terrific thud which practically knocked me out. I was reaching over to pick up that book when *Arctic Experiences*, [Hall] a still heavier volume, renewed the attack. It seemed to say, 'Now aren't you sorry you didn't stay at home?' I frankly admit I hadn't fully solved the lure of the North at that point.

222-23: Time, however, never dragged on the *Bowdoin*. Not with the large library of arctic books we carried. I'd read many of them at home, sitting comfortably before an open fire, but reading them right here gave many of those old records an icy realism. I reached for *Arctic Experiences* by Charles Frances Hall, the one man who has given more information about this locality than all others combined. How vivid it all seemed now. Near by was Brewster Point, the scene of Hall's visit; a few yards astern of us was No-yarn Island. I soon discovered that we had anchored right on the spot where he had found winter sledge tracks. It was all there on page 263:...

p. 243 gives reference to Frederick Wright's *Greenland Ice Fields* and his account of fast-moving glaciers.

p. 282, refers to small library MacMillan left at a scientific station in Labrador in 1927.

**1926-27 US Northern Greenland Expedition (commanded by Donald MacMillan aboard *Bowdoin*)**

**MacMillan, Donald Baxter.** *Etah and Beyond: Or, Life within Twelve Degrees of the Pole.* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1927).

A 1926-27 Greenland expedition aboard the *Bowdoin*, with the purpose of setting up new magnetic stations and resettling old ones.  
p. 47-8: In refutation of statements made by certain well-known explorers to the superiority of Eskimo morals and customs over our own and as to the expressed hope that civilization might never be the lot of their favorite tribe, an even cursory study of the works of our earliest explorers will suffice to prove that such a comparison, if it can be called such, is mere nonsense. Without exception, all early travelers found all Eskimo tribes to be thieving, lying, immoral, unmoral, and filthy. This is a strong statement, but it must be made in the interest of truth as much as I admire the character of my many Eskimo friends who have traveled with me for thousands of miles, and have shared with me the dangers and privations as well as the pleasures and contentment of the Northland.

p. 75, by contrast is this passage about one of Peary's Eskimo assistants, Panikpak: When questioned as to his thoughts when starving on the Polar Sea in 1906, he replied with a smile, 'We didn't worry. We let Peary do that!' And when questioned by me as to our real purposes in life and as to just why we were here, playing the part assigned to us in the drama of life, he replied, "I have often thought about it, and wondered why—I can think of one reason only—be kind to each other and help each other.'

These are the thoughts and words of a so-called 'savage.'  
p. 114: We have here a very primitive people, I mean that they clothe themselves in raw skins, never bathe, eat largely of raw meat, live in a whole in the ground. They have no books, no schools, no written or even

sign language, no marriage laws, no laws at all but the laws of custom, no king or queen or chief, or leader of any kind, no music but the most primitive, wanting really only two things, the two great essentials—food and shelter; and yet it is my opinion and that of every man who has accompanied me on my various trips that these so-called savages are every bit as *intelligent* as the most highly civilized. We often confuse intelligence with knowledge. These natives are really intelligent. They merely lack the essentials for progress—materials with which to work.

### **1930s?    US Hunting Trip to Alaska, Aleutian Islands, and Siberia**

I've been unable to determine the date of this journey, a trip recorded by a news cameraman, including a ship iced in for an extended period.

**Hudson, Will E.** *Icy Hell: Experiences of a News Real Cameraman in the Aleutian Islands, Eastern Siberia and the Arctic Fringe of Alaska.* London: Constable & Company, 1937.

p. 59: A few hours out of Petropavlosk as we headed north we found the ice! Into the Arctic ice at last! What a thrill, to say the least. All of the polar stories that I had read came back to me. From the time I was a small boy and read my first stories of adventures in the ice I had dreamed and longed for the experience of being in this ice wilderness. Mental pictures of Deschev, Bering, Cook, Kane, Amundsen, Scott, Peary, Shackleton, Stefansson and the host of others who have written their names in the pages of North and South Polar exploration passed in review.

p. 156: A writer of fiction who is interested in sea stories that contain a lot of ice, Eskimos, whales, bear, walrus, and real hard-bitten travelers, should by all means to Point Barrow and spend at least a year. The natives there have not been spoiled by too much civilization. Most of

them can read and write. They now have radio and magazines. Some of them have been able to make the trip as far south as Nome. As a result of these contacts they are enlightened to a degree, but have not lost their ancient traditions and customs.

p. 176: We were going through the first stages of being able to hunt one another. I was suffering from lack of reading material. One day I came across a copy of Victor Hugo's famed *Les Misérables*. That was a life-saver. I learned plenty about Jean Valjean during those days in the ice. I longed for an opportunity to take him from the slums of Paris and take him to the ice at Manning Point. A good cooling off might have caused him to change his style of crime.

p. 177: Our chances for getting back to Point Barrow or into good winter quarters at Herschell Island were getting slimmer and fainter day by day. I continued to read Victor Hugo. The mate was digging into the essays of Herbert Spencer with a vengeance. Our poker tournament was at high pressure at all times. I am quite positive that we derived great good from these red-hot poker sessions. These after-dinner battles prevented a lot of friction, and the morale of the party was kept up because they were busy mentally.

p. 190: While looking over an old log-book of Captain Cottle's I was surprised to find the complete record of a baseball series that had been played on the ice during the days when the fleet of the northern whalers was a fleet, some forty or fifty ships.

p. 304, on arriving at Circle, north of Fairbanks, near the Arctic Circle: In the lobby of this cozy little northern hotel we found stacks of papers and magazines fresh from the outside. Some of them were not over four years old. That was getting back to normal. Just before our cordial hostess announced dinner the radio operator came in with a bundle of news bulletins from the outside.

### **1965 US Coast Guard Surveillance Voyage to Russia's Kara Sea (aboard USCGC *Windward*)**

**Petrow, Richard.** *Across the Top of Russia*. New York: David McKay, 1967.

On the 1965 Coast Guard icebreaker, CGS *Northwind*, trip to the Kara Sea for scientific and spying purposes.

p. 18-19—oceanographic laboratory had a bookcase containing a score of volumes. Oceanographers also had books on bunks.

p. 20, describing his bunk: To my immediate right was another bunk—so far unoccupied. To my left, near the head of my bed, was the metal side of a sea locker cabinet, the top locker in the tier of three. On the stanchion behind my right shoulder was a small reading lamp.

p. 21, the Captain's cabin had a well-stocked bookcase with a complete set of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

p. 116, Oceanographer Jim Hauser: Added two books to my library, *The Pistol Shooter's Handbook* and *Boswell's Life of Johnson*.

p. 139, concerning one of the ensign's libraries after liberty in Copenhagen: None that I had met except Stanres had returned to the ship with an armful of books. He had prepared for the anticipated long slow days of our trip by buying eight books, all on a single theme: sailing. *Around the World Single Handed*, *Cruising Yachts*, *On Sailing the Sea*, *Sailing Alone Around the World*, *Sailing all Seas*—these were some of the titles in his library.

p. 151-52: on Willem Barents Ice Haven, the hut where Barents survived for a time 278 years before, rediscovered in 1871 by a Norwegian captain, Elling Carlsen: Carlsen also discovered what Barents had been reading: *The Chronicles of Holland, Zealand and Friesland to the year 1517*, a translation of the work of Medina on seamanship (the 1580 edition), and a translation in Dutch of Mendoza's *China*.

And in one man's bunk they found a flute which still gave out a few notes when tried.

Five years later Carlsen revisited Ice Haven for a more systematic view: They found the quill pen with which Barents had written his letters and they found the scroll he had left behind, still hanging in the chimney....

Other relics found included a small writing book with some navigational notes, a hymn book, a Dutch-French dictionary and a religious book in French. Notes on p. 153 that all the relics were



returned to Holland where “a model of the hut at Ice Haven in the Naval Department of The Hague and placed the relics inside, mute witnesses to the bravery and ingenuity of a small band of Dutchmen who survived an Arctic winter within 600 miles of the North Pole.”

p. 186: In the chief’s mess, the men lounge on long leather benches under giant *Playboy* pinups that are mounted, neatly framed, on the bulkheads. The pinups are changed at regular intervals, confirmation, as it were, that man does not accept monogamy with relish.

p. 215, comments by oceanographer Hauser: I got up somewhat earlier than usual today and started reading *Raise High the Roofbeam Carpenter*, by J. D. Salinger. It had the same effect as his books and short stories usually do. I have been trying to figure it out. I think aboard ship is probably a bad place for that type for book and me. Think I’ll read a Zane Grey tomorrow.

p. 217-21, August 4<sup>th</sup>, a holiday as Coast Guard Day, celebrating the founding of the CG. Petrow used the occasion to ask what people had done, providing what he calls a “good profile of how a group of young Americans entertain themselves on ship....” Lt (jg) Hutchins read *American Skyline—Growth and Form of Our cities and Towns* by Christopher Tunnard and Henry Hope Read Ice observer Romzek read *Taras Bulba* by Robert W. Krepps. Lt. Tom Finnegan: attended lecture on earth magnetism by Dr. Ostenso. Bos’n Mate 2 Speltz: listened to Ostenso’s lecture—“didn’t understand a damn word.”

Chief Harig—worked at the boilers Quartermaster 3<sup>rd</sup> Hayden—part of lecture and then cribbage. Capt. —watched prints from TV as well as writing night orders. Ned Ostenso gave lecture on magnetic ??

Oceanographer Don Milligan did some work and lost game of chess by losing all his pawns first. Ensign Starnes designed hull of sailing cruiser (presumably using his books) and watched Sun Valley Oceanographer Jim Hauser: also watched Sun Valley and “finished reading *Lawrence of Arabia* and started Faulkner’s *The Wild Palms*.

Ensign Onstad read *Ship of Fools* and played bridge.

Ensign Staton read James Bond’s *Thunderball*.

A good proportion did some reading, but Petrow didn’t include very many enlisted men in this survey.

p. 310: I had finally got around to reading Boswell's *Life of Johnson*—a good long book for a long voyage.

## **1966-68 US Deployment of USS *Flash* to Kamchatka and Beyond**

**Gleave, Dale.** Reminiscences of service aboard *USS Flasher* (SSN 613) as yeoman submariner in 1966-69. The sub adopted as its honorary submariner the novelist Louis LAmour, author of Western thrillers. Dale was the yeoman who corresponded with him, sent him a letter when they crossed the equator, and LAmour in turn sent signed copies of all his work to the ship.

Ship was assigned spy duty off Kamchatka. Seamen had to read their textbooks until they passed qualifying exams for their “dolphins.” Then they would be free to check out Lamour books. These books went from bunk to bunk and were read by battery light which was bright enough, especially in the privileged position of a high bunk. People also traded his books like trading cards: two old Lamours for one new one. The crew came to a general consensus naming Lamour an official submariner. Dale wrote the letter and Lamour responded to the honor by sending copies of his entire corpus.

Gleave (aka Gleep-Gleep) was also assigned to transcribe intercepted conversations between Russian trawlers with the Captain dictating, communications people translating, and Dale typing the translation. As a member of the E Division of the Ship (Admin.), he was also co-editor/compiler of the ship's newspaper, aptly named *SUC* [Submarine Underwater Command, a made-up title], together with the Chief of Boat(COB), with the Executive Officer acting as censor. It was produced “on a very early Xerox machine that barely fit through the hatch and it seems was in constant “jam” mode. Gleave retains memories of the censored material as largely off-color jokes. He also retains a few pages of the original in severely decayed condition, but good enough to provide a few examples of *SUC*'s deathless prose (undated and unpaginated):

*SUC NEWS* wishes to announce the engagement of MISS MYRA MARTIN / E & E / TO / MR. JACK BRAVLOR / IC ALLEY /

As a token of her affection, Miss MARTIN has presented MR BRAVLOR with a \$3.50 ship's Zippo lighter. Miss MARTIN was recently involved in the Torpedo Room Grease scandal.

UC looks at next week's menu, every item of which includes Tuna.

URBAN and MC MINN (nicknames of crew members) describe their newly constructed ULGR, a fictional device, featured in *SUC*:

SCISSORS HOLDER as "A true and meaningful work of art; a rare and refreshing example of what can be done to create a functional device that can still be subtly called beautiful; an outstanding example of the upcoming trend to functional art, revealed only by such works as Picasso's "CHICAGO".

Come into my parlor, said the spider, as he opened his fly.

As to content, the Editor has commented more recently (1/6/2019): "I suppose only Sub Sailors would appreciate our dry humor. It did help tremendously with morale and boredom though."

## **1967      US Plaister Polar Expedition (Ralph Plaisted)**

**Kuralt, Charles.** *To the Top of the World: The Adventures & Misadventures of the Plaisted Polar Expedition, March 28 – May 4, 1967.* (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1968).

An account of a quixotic Minnesotan's expedition by snowmobile to the North Pole, with the author representing CBS. It seems a tour de force of polar fund raising. There are a few comments about reading: p. 4-5, When Ralph Plaisted first decided to make this trip he read Stefansson's *Arctic Manual*—Kuralt said he read it in one sitting.

p. 26, one of the doctors was a teetotaler and carried a New Testament in his pocket.

p. 67, at one point the plane giving air support from the base station, Eureka, made a drop of small gifts, including “girlie magazines, a travel folder on the glories of Rome in spring, a few cans of K-ration sardines....”

p. 135-6, at the base camp while waiting orders for various duties: We fought off our cabin fever by reading for long hours, each man according to his taste. Most of us plowed through the weather station’s supply of murder mysteries; Jerry Church, who was developing a deep interest in the arctic, read histories of early polar explorations and guidebooks to northern flora and fauna; Jerry Pitzl, who had a scholarly bent, read a thick volume entitled *The Epicureans and the Stoic Philosophers* [Modern Library no doubt]; Pierre Drouin, who had been teased relentlessly for his argument with Plaisted before the expedition departed, pored through *How to Win Friends and Influence People* [Dale Carnegie].

p. 170, when the expedition faced a long windstorm which effectively ended the effort to get to the North Pole, and while sitting out “the big blow,” they did various things: Pitzl, also trying to release the tension, found a paperback copy of *Is Paris Burning?* and tore it into sections so they would all have something to read. That didn’t work, either. The din around them was so loud that even determined attempts to suppress the sound, to read, to write in their diaries, failed. Each violent gust snapped their attention back to the storm.