

THE TERROR AND TERROR, THE TWO VESSELS IN WHICH SIR JOHN FRANKLIN AND PARTY, NUMBERING 140 SOULS, SAILED ON HIS LAST EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

THE  
**EXTRAORDINARY AND ALL-ABSORBING**  
**JOURNAL OF WM. N. SELDON,**

ONE OF A PARTY OF THREE MEN WHO BELONGED TO THE  
 EXPLORING EXPEDITION OF

**SIR JOHN FRANKLIN,**

AND WHO LEFT THE SHIP TERROR, FROZEN UP IN ICE, IN THE ARCTIC  
 OCEAN, ON THE 10TH DAY OF JUNE, 1850, TO ENDEAVOUR  
 TO FIND A PASSAGE FOR THE VESSEL THROUGH  
 THE FIELDS OF ICE BY WHICH SHE  
 WAS SURROUNDED;



*Expeditionists in full costume.*

TOGETHER WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE DISCOVERY OF A NEW AND BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY,  
 INHABITED BY A STRANGE RACE OF PEOPLE; AND AN INTERESTING AND IN-  
 TENSELY EXCITING NARRATIVE OF A SOJOURN OF FIVE MONTHS  
 AMONGST THEM; THEIR HABITS, CUSTOM, RELIGION, &c.

DETROIT, MICH.;

PUBLISHED BY E. E. BARCLAY, A. R. ORTON & CO.  
 1851.



THE EXPEDITIONISTS SAWING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE ICE.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1851,  
 BY E. E. BARCLAY,  
 in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District  
 of Pennsylvania.

## BIOGRAPHY

OF

## SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN was born in 1788, at Spilsby, in Lincolnshire. He entered the Navy Oct. 1, 1800, as a boy, on board the ship *Polipohemus*, 65 guns, Capt. John Lanford, under whom he served as midshipman in the action off Copenhagen, April 3, 1801. He then, in the sloop *Investigator*, sailed with Capt. Flinders, on a voyage of discovery to New Holland, where, on joining the *Porpoise*, an armed storeship, he was wrecked on a coral reef, near Oato Bank, Aug. 17, 1803. While on his passage home in the *Camden*, East Indiaman, Mr. Franklin had charge of the signals, and he distinguished himself at the repulsion of a French squadron under Admiral Lenois, Feb. 14, 1804. On his arrival in England, he joined the *Bellerophon*; and subsequently, under Capt. Cook, took part in the battle of Trafalgar. On being transferred to the *Bedford*, 74 guns, Mr. Franklin was confirmed a lieutenant of that ship, Feb. 11, 1808, and escorted the royal family of Portugal from Lisbon to South America.

During the after-part of the war he was chiefly employed at the blockade of Flushing; he then, toward the close of 1814, joined the expedition to New Orleans; and for his brave conduct, on Jan. 8, 1815, he was officially and very warmly recommended for promotion. On Jan. 14, 1818, Franklin assumed command of the hired brig *Trent*, in which he accompanied Capt. D. Buchanan, of the *Dorothea*, on a perilous voyage of discovery to the neighbourhood of Spitzbergen. In April, next year, Franklin was invested with the command of an expedition to proceed overland from Hudson's Bay to ascertain the actual position of the Copper-mine River, and the exact trending of the shores of the Polar Seas, to the eastward of that river.

This fearful expedition endured until the summer of 1822, through a journey of 5,550 miles; its perils and adventures, Capt. Franklin (whose Commander's and Post Commissions bear date respectively, 1821 and 1822) has ably described in his "Narratives" of the journey. In 1825, he left England to co-operate with Captains Beechy and Barry, in ascertaining, from opposite quarters, the existence of a north-west passage. The results of this mission, which terminated in lat. 70 24 N., long. 148 39 W., will also be found in Capt. Franklin's Narrative, 1825-27. On his return to England, in Sept. 1827, he was presented by the Geographical Society of Paris, with a gold medal, valued at 1200 francs, for having made the most important acquisition to geographical knowledge during the preceding year. In 1829, he received the honour of knighthood, besides the Oxford degree of a D. C. L. Sir John Franklin married, first, in 1823, the youngest daughter of William Pardon, Esq., architect; and secondly, in 1828, the daughter of John Griffin, Esq., of Bedford Place. From 1830 to 1834 he commanded the *Rainbow*, 28, on the Mediterranean station; and for his exertions in connexion with the troubles in Greece, he was presented with the order of the Redeemer of Greece. In 1836, Sir John Franklin was created K. C. H.; and was afterwards, for some time, Lieutenant-Governor of Van Deimen's Land. In 1845 Sir John Franklin was appointed to the command of another expedition to the north, the *Erebus*, (Capt. Franklin,) and the *Terror*, (Capt. Crozier,) on a fresh attempt to explore a north-west passage through Lancaster Sound and Behring's Strait. The ships left Greenhithe, May 19, 1846.

At the close of 1847, government resolved to send out three expeditions in search of Franklin and his party, and numbering 140 souls. The first of these expeditions, H. M. S. *Plover*, sailed January, 1848; the second expedition, the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, was placed under the command of Capt. Sir James Ross, and sailed in May, 1848; the third expedition (overland) under Sir John Richardson, having left Liverpool about two months previously. In the spring of 1849, the *North Star* left with provisions for Ross' expedition; and a reward of £20,000 was offered by government to any land or sea expedition that might render efficient assistance to Sir John Franklin, his ships, or their crews, and contribute directly to extricate them from the ice.

## INTRODUCTION.

We are now able to give the most interesting journal on record, being that of three of the men who accompanied Sir John Franklin in his last exploring expedition; and who left the ship in which they sailed, frozen up in ice. They started on foot with furs, blankets, and provisions, and after travelling on the frozen ocean for five days, they reached land; then taking a southerly direction, and crossing over mountains and through valleys, arrived at a most delightful country, where every thing is perpetual summer. This country, it seems, has never been spoken of, and the narrative furnishes a faithful account of the strange race who inhabit it. They seem to live in luxury and magnificence, but yet very few have any education whatever. They worship and believe in images, and are no doubt originally from some other country. They speak the Spanish language fluently, but not very correctly. It appears that they have had Canadian hunters among them, but none have ever returned. It is a wonderful and strange matter how these people have learnt something of us, and yet we remain in ignorance of the existence of such a nation. We give this work from a Journal which is in the handwriting of one of the three men, two of whom have lately arrived at Mackinaw, Mich.



TERRIBLE AND FEARFUL CONFLICT BETWEEN THE EXPEDITIONISTS AND POLAR BEARS.—P. 34.

## JOURNAL.

WE left the ship in high glee after bidding good bye to our companions. My two friends were Americans, who had shipped for the purpose of adventure. We had permission from Sir John to endeavour to find a pass for our vessel, and it was our intention to return and give what information we could gather; but after wandering toward the South for five days, we found no sign of an opening. The ship was out of sight, and lo! when we wished to return to it, the ice had melted, or been driven away, between ourselves and the noble vessel. We were thus forced to continue South in the hope of coming to land. After much travelling we arrived on the beach, and as soon as we set foot upon land, we found a sudden but pleasant change in the atmosphere. The sun shone hot, and every thing appeared as if it was the land of dreams. I will now give a little account of my companions before proceeding with my narrative, relative to what happened to us in this delicious country, and how we passed the time.

Jones, a Kentuckian, was the senior of the two. He carried as good a head-piece as ever surmounted a mad-cap's shoulders. He stood six feet four inches in his stockings: if any thing was wanting in size, he made it up in his external appurtenances. For these he gave himself some praise. His outside was put together rather choicely, somewhat like a Kentucky beau—that is, he wore a coat of true blue, with a Jehu cut, and buttons on it the size of a dollar; a standing shirt collar, which reached full an inch above his ears; his pants were of real Kentucky corduroy, with the bottoms turned up over his boots. There was a queer mixture in him, and altogether he was as good a fellow as one could wish for on such a perilous expedition as was ours. To me a perfect God-send.

Wilson was a Yankee, a Green Mountain Boy, not yet nineteen,

but a perfect cupid. His eyes were as blue as heaven, and the rose itself had not a richer tint than glowed on his cheeks. His vagabond life had led him to England, where he shipped under Sir John, with Jones and myself. But to our Journal:—

After marching on shore for a few miles, we saw at a great distance off a sort of castle and some men and women. One of the men came towards us, and told us, in pantomime, that he was our servant. We soon found he could speak Spanish, and signified to him that we wished to go to the castle, or whatever building it was which we saw in the distance. This guide we noticed was extremely beautiful, and looked for all the world like a woman, but for his dress. Still, as we expected to find nothing but Indians here, we did not notice particularly whether he was male or female. On we marched after him, until we came to a tremendous high ridge, behind which we thought the other people we had seen must have gone, as they disappeared quickly after the guide came to us. The mountain shot straight up into the heavens before us, seeming wholly impassible on the side where we stood, frowning savagely down on us, with its sharp crags and jagged teeth, where not even a bear, much less a human being or a poor mule (of which we saw many around us, perfectly tame) could set its foot. However, our guide, by dint of hands and feet, gradually worked his way to a cliff, high above us, and we with great risk followed. Wilson soon got above the guide, when I halloed to him:

"Any signs of a castle?"

"Any signs of a castle! The devil! I can see nothing but splintered rocks above and around me, and an abyss three thousand feet below me. Hold your tongue a couple of minutes, will you, while I work my way over this next cliff."

And Wilson wormed, and shoved himself on the next ledge, and then pulled himself up to a third and fourth, and so on, until he hung a hundred feet above Jones and myself.

"I see the house," shouted he, panting for breath, and holding his hands so as to make a sort of speaking trumpet of them.

"Bravo!" we shouted back from below.

"But I wish," continued Wilson, "that all exploring expeditions were at the bottom of the bottomless pit."

"What?" said I, "and all the beautiful women we will no doubt find in this new country?"

"Yes, all the beautiful women!"

"Wilson, you are a perfect barbarian!" said I.

"I guess not!" replied he.

"At least you are an old Turk," added Jones.

"I suspect you are a bigger one," shouted the Vermonter.

"Well," continued I, "do you see the house?"

"I reckon I do!"

"Hurrah for the house!" shouted we below. "Now we will go ahead!"

At this moment, Wilson, on whom all eyes were turned, suddenly vanished from sight. Creeping from cliff to cliff, he would now swell out on some jutting point to a giant's size, and now shrink away to that of a dwarf—now shine in all the colours of a rainbow in a flood of sunlight, like a blazing image, and the next moment be changed by an overhanging shadow into a black hobgoblin, suddenly driven out of the mountain caverns, until at length he stood forth a moment in clear view, on the top, and then vanished from sight.

"Do you see the castle?" we cried, somewhat fearful, for it was a dizzy height, and enough to damp the courage even of a Vermont boy. But there was no reply.

"Wilson!" we cried, in agony—still there came no answer.

At length we discerned a slight motion above us—then a head appeared, and then a body, till the whole man finally emerged into view. He was evidently completely exhausted by his effort, and it was a long time before he could speak.

"Wilson!" screamed Jones, "do you see the castle?" Wilson snook his head.

"No castle?" again bellowed the impatient Jones. "Damn it, no castle. A broad terrace and shivered rocks, as big as houses, scattered around on every side; and far away a black wilderness—but no castle;" was the only reply.

"Where, then, is the castle?" shouted we to the guide,—but no guide was now to be seen or heard. He had fled, unobserved.

"Wilson!" again cried we, in the most beseeching tone; but he was gone. "Where can he be?" murmured I; and Jones did the same.

All at once, right out from a thicket of cactuses and mimosas, rang a loud, clear laugh. We turned round, and there upon the breast of the mountain, on the other side of the barranca—which we, by the way, had not given the attention it deserved—hopped our guide, scarcely two hundred feet from us. The mantle he had hitherto worn around his head and shoulders, he now flung down like a mantilla, and began in the strangest manner to leap around, the maddest bacchante we had ever seen,—for we knew he was

drunk, as he had an empty bottle in his hand. Amid all the odd things we had seen in this land, this capped the climax. And lo! there stood Wilson, scarce ten feet from the guide, greatly enjoying the spectacle, and clapping away like a fool.

"Wilson!" cried Jones,—but Wilson did not hear.

"Wilson!" we shouted together, but still he paid no attention.

"*Yo te matare, querido!*" (I kill thee, beloved,) shouted and screamed, and sung the guide—still dancing and leaping around like a crazy creature.

We stared at them, utterly confounded. The Indian was raving mad, and the dance was the wildest, craziest thing we had ever seen. It was wholly incomprehensible to us how Wilson, the usually so sensible Wilson, could be carried away by such a spectacle.

"Wilson!" shouted Jones, "bring this infernal dance to a close, or I'll shoot!" raising his rifle as he spoke. Wilson now turned towards us, but so completely beside himself that it was a long time before he could utter a word.

"Why would you shoot us?" at length he uttered, in a low tone.

He then clapped his hands again, and the guide immediately began to leap and skip about, and we stood and gazed on the foolish spectacle in wonder. At length Jones said to me, as he observed with what an intensity I stood staring on the Indian and Wilson—

"What the deuce do you find so interesting in those mad Indian springs?"

"What do I see," replied I; "what any one who is not stone blind can see—that this guide is no man, but a woman, who is giving our chaste patriarch, Wilson, a lesson on the secret of love."

"A she-Indian, who is giving him a lesson on the secret of love!" cried Jones, laughing; "bah! you are crazy."

"Well! we will see if I am crazy. I tell you this guide is a '*senorita de amour*' on the top of a mountain at least ten thousand feet above the sea, and is no other than a maiden siren. Our friend Wilson is gone. The youth who can look on this dance must fall, even though an angel held him."

Jones shook his head incredulously. But, it seemed to myself, passing strange. It is true the guide's dance was somewhat lascivious, yet also so wild and fierce, and the movements so coarse and convulsive, so utterly unfeminine, that they seemed only the distortions of a drunken man. And like a drunken man he fell at length upon Wilson, who clasped him in his arms and laid him down upon the grass, on which he stretched himself in a way that attracted our attention. Wilson stood wholly lost in his gaze. All

at once the Indian sprang up, and seizing both the hands of Wilson, clapped them on his breast, whispered something in his ear, then shoved him back, and sprang with a fearful bound over the ridge, and disappeared. Wilson then turned and came to us in great confusion and haste, and said:

"Turn back to the *barranca* where the guide sat, some fifty feet below. There you will find a path through the agaves and mimosas, which will lead you up to the castle."

This spoken, he darted over the ridge and followed the course taken by the Indian. Nothing of course remained for us to do but to follow his advice; and we commenced our break-neck descent. Reaching the *barranca* with much difficulty, we cut our way through the cactuses, mimosas, &c., wishing the while that *barranca*, Indian and mountain, were all deep in perdition. After more than an hour's toil, which carried us about a hundred feet up, we stood at length on the other side of the ridge. But instead of being two or three hundred feet as we supposed, we were at least eight hundred feet from the top,—on which now shone again, in a flood of golden light, that castle, with its Gothic towers and flashing battlements, and high windows sparkling like vast rubies, with bright countenances within, and slender forms, smiling and beckoning us on. We stood and stared for a long while like men enchanted—then giving one loud hurrah, we rushed impatiently up the precipice. The mountain was very steep on this side also, but not wholly insurmountable. We found now and then among the crags and broken rocks, little moist grass flats, on which we rushed along; while here and there a gnarled oak or oleander gave us a little assistance. Thus straining and pushing, we at length came to the last ledge of the precipice, when Jones, who was a little ahead of me, suddenly cried out—

"By the old Nick! that castle is all at once changed into water, or rather vanished into air!"

"Pshaw! Jones, you are not yet at the top; it is at least good two hundred feet to the summit," replied I.

"Come, then, and see for yourself," answered Jones; "it is the truth, or there are no snakes in old Kentuck!"

I toiled up, though not with a very light heart. Vast masses of rocks, in all forms and shapes, stood around me, but no sign of a castle, a house, or a human habitation. What we had taken for a castle, were upright rocks and huge granite blocks, such as would deceive any body. The towers were the pointed pinacles shooting up into the sky, and the rents and chasms between the windows,



through which streamed the light of the sun, converting vultures into human forms. We were on the last ledge of a precipice, which was at least eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, without a sign of human existence. So vile a trick no mountain had ever served weary travellers before. To climb up and up for several long hours, and in the end find nothing but turkey-buzzards and vultures for society, was too much. A sadness I had never before experienced fell on me, and I felt a sudden loathing toward the whole world. At once I determined to put this cursed mountain behind my back; but Jones, with difficulty, prevented me from so doing. He had reached the top, and stood beckoning me on. Exhausted and spiritless I dragged myself along, not deigning a look on the scenery which now began to unfold itself to my view. But suddenly, as I reached the granite block on which he stood, a silver and gold dome rose before me in the north-east, and one in the south-east. My loud curses were soon hushed, and we seemed to tread amid melted bronze upon the gold and crimson terraces that sparkled in the glorious sunlight. At length green pastures—the bright scarlet, the light yellow, and molten-glowing crimson of the mountain declivities, and lofty valleys, began to unroll before us. I seemed rebuked for my passion. So glorious a creation never before opened on my vision. Before us rose the massive form of a mountain more than twelve thousand feet high, and behind us another. We then turned to the Eden-like valley, that smiled in nearer beauty before us—with its orange and citron—its banana and palm trees—and spreading gardens and silver streams, and rainbow-tinted meadows, and gleaming, changing atmosphere. We were weary, faint, hungry and thirsty; but weariness, faintness, hunger—all were forgotten in this indescribable scene. Every minute, every second, unfolded new beauties and new glories. Now would gleam like a silver sea the peaks of the far-off snow mountains, the next moment they flowed in a golden stream into each other, and then again changed into the brightest purple, wearing still their rosy-tinted veils; while below glowed the vast rocky terraces, bronze-like, contrasting with the deep indigo-blue of the forest-covered ridges around. Farther on was the deep green, and the flashing crimson, and the bright gold of the meadows, and trees, and gardens, and magnificent plants, and verdure; while a thousand rainbows belted and clasped the lovely landscape, which, swaying and lifting in the sparkling atmosphere, seemed as if rising to greet us. Time passed unheeded by, while we gazed in bewilderment on the indescribable magnificence of this most glorious of

all earthly panoramas. Indeed, this is the most beautiful land in the world. No where else blows an air so pure, bloom flowers so fragrant, or grows fruit so sweet. An eternal spring reigns here. We trod with a soft step over this classic ground. The mild air, the charming fragrance, and Eden-like beauty softened our hearts. Whilst we were in this mood, who should steal to our side but our lost companion, Wilson. We were rejoiced to see him. He told us in answer to our inquiries, that he had been to the castle—the guide having taken him there—and saw many people. He gave us much information about the inhabitants.

"But why the devil did you not take us with you?" growled Jones.

"I could not—I dared not," replied Wilson, "the guide would not allow me to do so at first, but I will tell you all I know. These people are part Indian and part Spanish. Their women are passionate, and by far the most beautiful of the red race. They are the Circassians of the western world. There is a sort of nobility in their very countenance, which is free from the hard, dark appearance usually met with in the red race. There is also a loftiness in their bearing, which, with their native grace, freshness and liveliness, render them perfectly irresistible. You see no where else such attractive female forms and true beauty. Fierce desire flames out of their dark-brown, gazelle-like eyes, and glows under their light brown cheeks, and nothing can be more exciting than their elastic movements. No where in the world do they wear their dress, (which is a kind of mantilla and rebozo,) so gracefully as here. They understand how to use it, and wrap them around their sweet forms in your true antique style. There is something also of the old classic style about them in their dress and features. They wear their hair in knots, fastened by a gold or silver comb, with strings of coral, or pearls about their necks. My heart was ravished oftentimes, when, passing by the banana and citron, orange and nopal gardens, I caught a glimpse of their glorious forms, scattered around under the trees and bushes. There is an unstudied grace in all their movements, a sweetness in their whole nature, which makes them like the bewitching nymphs of the olden times. Every thing is fresh and natural, yet peculiarly civilized, though without our mannerish, artificial customs. Around this castle is located many villas, houses and huts, all imbedded in banana groves, woven over with the most beautiful flowers, while corn and sugar fields line all the green paths to the cochineal gardens: and instead of rough horse-chestnuts, as below, oranges and citrons

hang in yellow profusion on every side. Their houses and huts are buried in a forest of palms, bananas, figs, &c., and the whole land laughs in eternal spring. It is the paradise of the world; and as all paradises have their seductive Eves to entice one with their forbidden fruit, you find them also here. You will need all your stoicism to keep your passions in equilibrium among those seductive creatures. Their looks, their whole nature has nothing of our educated, and yet uneducated beauties. There is something perfectly *naïve*, and tender, and harmless, and affectionate in all their manner. Oh! Jones and Bill," (that is what he always called me,) "how the colour flared up in my cheeks, when one of these beautiful creatures would leap out from behind a nopal bush, and, before I was aware, wind like a serpent around my neck, and shower innumerable kisses on my cheeks! Indeed, these exquisite girls would gaze a moment on me, as if I had fallen from the sky, and then one of them would fall upon my neck, and kiss me over and over again! and when I would seem tired of the sport, she would scamper away like a frightened deer. I then felt ashamed of myself, and would blush till I could feel the blood tingling in my cheeks, and trilling back to my heart!"

"But," said I, "were none more clear and handsome than our guide was?"

"Heavens, yes! she was but a servant or waiting maid, and wished to lure me to her mistress—the daughter of a chieftain. This angel has killed me," murmured he, in a tremulous voice, "I can never tell you what I feel relative to her."

"Come, come," remarked Jones, "this is no time for love. The sun is declining, and I want something to eat. This broad stone will serve as a table."

"Yes," answered I, and we all sat down around the granite block, and commenced eating our meal of ship biscuit, beef, &c.

After taking a bottle of wine from his pocket, Wilson began to toast his lady-love, and we joined in. Before we were aware of it, our leather bottle was empty, and Wilson half out of his head. This brought the dinner or supper to a close. A quarter of an hour after, Jones leaned his head against a moss-covered rock, and Wilson spread himself out on the grass, while I lay down on the stone which had served us as a table, and let the wonderful panorama below me sink into my spirit. From afar the tinkling of bells, coming faint on the air, brought back dear images to my fancy. They sounded from a far-off mountain, up which mules no doubt were slowly winding their way—now hanging on cliffs and declivities—

and now disappearing among the mimosas and oleanders, and strawberry trees of some promontory. The flutter of mantillas and rebozzos, notwithstanding the great distance, were plainly visible in the clear air. They were female travellers, hastening, perhaps, to their homes and their fathers' house. Jones and Wilson were asleep soundly. Beside the latter lay his Bible. The noises slowly died away. My eyes closed, and I slumbered.

It must have been ten o'clock the next day before we awoke. The day seemed very short, at all events. Jones still slept, whilst Wilson was leaning over his Bible. He seemed a new made man, and really looked beautiful in his devotions. As the bright beams of the sun flashed on the sleeping sea, and banana and orange groves, and rocky terraces, and mountain tops, it spread its light over his earnest countenance, which, sunken in prayer and silent joy, swam in the golden glow like the face of a cherub, bowing in rapture before the throne of the Highest. His cheeks glowed in the glorious light; and around his lips, in spite of their accustomed roguish expression, was an inward, deep devotion, as he gazed with looks of the highest rapture, now upon the holy page, and now upon the stupendous scenery around him. I bent over his shoulders into the book.

"Wilson," said I.

He murmured to himself in a low, plaintive, yet mysterious and prophetic tone:

"My mother is now praying for me."

I remained silent, and he read on. After awhile he murmured again, his eyes turning toward the north-east, where every thing below looked like a black and great forest.

"A strange and mysterious tone is still ringing in my ear, full of heavenly sweetness!"

I gazed in wonder upon him, and then aroused Jones. Wilson now closed the book—his nature seemed so suddenly exalted. He looked like a bride-groom in the moment of his highest rapture.

"It seems as if an angel spoke to me of her!" whispered he again.

"The fellow is deranged or bewitched!" said Jones; and as I took the book from the hands of Wilson, I noticed his eyes were swimming in tears, and he trembled violently in every limb.

"Why are you not yourself, Wilson! What's the matter?" asked Jones.

"You and my angel," murmured he, scarcely audible, but deeply moved.

"Yes, *his* angels," said I, in the same tremulous tone; "yes, *his*



angels," I again added, pointing to the glorious scene that now began to unfold before our eyes. The sun was scarcely hanging a foot above the broad ocean, whose boundless expanse flashed like a glowing mass of fluid silver, flinging out fiery banners in every direction, and setting sea and land, and valley and mountain, in a blaze of glory. All heaved and swayed, and flowed together, and nature, unbalanced, seemed to whirl and dance in the glowing atmosphere, and to send the eternal and vast snow peaks, the lofty table lands, and the Eden-like valleys, with their giant forests streaming together, to the flaming ocean. Death-like silence rested on sea and land. Not a breath was in motion, till the mighty fire-ball touched the deep. The moment it struck the water, there arose a low sigh or whisper, which gradually grew louder and clearer, until from the limitless deep, like spirit voices from their spheres, came tones of heavenly sweetness and power. Louder and clearer they pealed on their organ anthem, till the sound burst like the meeting of tempests on the ear. Through all the strain swelled this gentle whisper—from the deepest base to the loftiest tenor—while between rushed the wind-gust, as if shot out of the deepest caverns of the mountains. We stood, breathless and motionless, amid the terrific scene. Wilson prayed, and Jones stood staring like one out of his senses. As for myself, I felt the most fearful anxiety. It seemed as if the flaming ocean had seized the strong earth in its grasp, and was hurling mountains and valleys, rocks and gulfs into its boiling cauldron. The next moment, and the ocean lay as calm and quiet as before. On its utmost verge spread a violet and purple hue; the fiery banners which hung from the snow-peaks and precipices, grew white in the evening air, while that low rushing sound melted away into the sweetest harmony—thrilling soul and body with its soft, mysterious music. From cliff and valley, mountain and barranca, it rung and echoed, and multiplied, until ten thousand organs seemed rolling their anthems through the heavens. We all stood uncovered and prayed—and while we did so, the last purple streak faded away, and the vast Arctic ocean lay like a boundless mirror below us—and lo! we now discovered the whole phenomena. We heard a bell ringing afar off. Its loud vibrations, borne back by the sea breeze, among the cliffs which gathered and rolled back their thousand echoes, and dashed them again to the plains, had caused this strange uproar in the atmosphere. The sun at length vanished behind the sea, but the soft harmony of the bell, and its echoes, still rung up and over the high mountains. Whilst Jones and I sat chatting, Wilson stole away

from us. The sun had been down about half an hour, and only the highest mountain tops reflected its crimson light, while half way down the daylight faded away into twilight, and darkness spread into the valleys below. We walked about silently amid the piled up rocks and oleanders, toward a wreath of fir trees and cedars, which wound around the mountain about five hundred steps from the peak—our souls still so full of the glorious vision which had passed before us, that we did not perceive Wilson and the guide, though standing scarcely three steps from us, behind a rock. The cat-like, backward spring of the latter, first made us notice them. In a moment Jones remarked—

"Wilson, is that you?"

Wilson stepping out, laughingly answered, "Yes!" But there was something in this laugh which did not please me—it was a sort of forced, scornful laugh, and had a tone of embarrassment in it, as if he felt caught in a bad deed. I asked, somewhat sharply, "Who was it that just sprang from you? It looked like a woman."

"I took it to be the guide," remarked Jones.

"It is possible you were both right," answered Wilson, with a savage laugh. "It might be the guide and also a woman—or rather a maiden."

"How?" asked we both, "is she really a woman?"

"If a pair of breasts as big as a pair of oranges make a woman," replied Wilson, "I take it the guide is one!"

This speech from Wilson shocked us. He was usually so very careful in his expressions.

"Yes," continued he, "if you had stood nearer during the dance you would have seen enough to convince you," and he laughed coarsely. In a moment, he uttered a wild scream, and said—

"Hold! there she is! Fair one, I come!" and he bounded like a deer into the forest.

"Wilson!" we shouted after him. But he was already out of sight—vanished among the pines and cedars. We sprang after him with all our might; but had not advanced more than three hundred steps before Jones cried out:

"Stop!"

"Do you see any thing," said I.

"Yes! two figures moving toward that little clearing."

"On, then!" said I; "after them, quick."

We rushed on toward the clearing, but the fugitives were gone, and naught was to be seen but the lofty firs and cedars waving to and fro in the night wind.

"This is a strange scene," remarked Jones: "I am almost out of my head myself—no wonder Wilson is mad."

"Yes, he is completely love mad. This infernal squaw has him entrapped. I am afraid the adventure will have a bad end. The poor fellow is"—

I stopped short, for suddenly a stream of light poured through the trees, and tones of such wild and strange music filled the air, that we stood and stared speechless on each other.

"Let us on," said Jones, anxiously.

We pressed on—but the tones grew louder and more muffled, till they rang like the roll of mighty trumpets at a chieftain's funeral, yet with a more stunning and a gloomier sound. We clapped our hands to our ears, but the stream of light that now rolled brighter and stronger through the forest, drew us irresistibly on.

"Is not this wonderful!" I whispered. "My soul! we are in a land of enchantment. Look now on these stars; how they blaze in the heavens, and are so near that they seem to rest on the hill-top."

"They do seem to touch the very hill-top, indeed," replied Jones. "Where are we? Is this a dream or a reality?"

We were now on the edge of the forest, where the peak sinks away into a ridge. Beneath us lay a broad mountain valley, like a saddle, on which the full moon now floated in all its glory—blazing like a vast ball of Bengal fire, green and gold, and dazzling bright. As this golden and again green and red flaming fire-ball swam over the tops of the distant mountains, the snow-fields and precipices, and peak and terraces, and forests and high pasturages, gleamed out, one after another, in the increasing light, till they spread a spirit-land on the view. What, a minute before, lay buried in darkness and night, now swam in an ocean of fire. Mountains and cliffs, and rocks, and forests, rose and sank like a hundred thousand green and silver veils, gently swaying in the breeze; while the torrents and rivers still streamed onward, yet upward, till they seemed to pour together in the heavens. "The whole earth seemed set in a whirling motion, drawing mountains, valleys, and heaven together. Deep down in the valleys waved back the same green and silver veils, as if woven of gossamer threads, amid which shimmered in changing colours, trees, and plains, and meadows, as from the bottom of a clear lake; while stripes of dazzling red and purple flashed out of houses, orchards, and flower gardens. Wonderful night scene!—infinitely more enchanting than that in the day time! We grew dizzy with the sight, and clung to the

trees around for support; when, suddenly, as if lifted by an unseen hand, we seemed ourselves drawn toward heaven. At length this strange giddiness passed, and we came to ourselves.

"By my soul," said Jones, drawing a long breath, "I believe I am bewitched; it seems as if I were lifted up and carried towards the moon!"

"It is the same with me. But what is that down there? witch fires and night spirits in their revels?"

"No!" said Jones, "it is light from the village or castle. Wilson is, no doubt, below there. Let us go, too, they can't more than kill us."

"Push forward, then!" cried I; and on we rushed until the castle was close by. It presented a picturesque appearance, standing, as it did, on the last declivity of the huge mountain. It had a large window, into which we could plainly see. A young girl, of perhaps fourteen or fifteen years, stole softly across the hall. Like a heavenly vision she came and departed, melting away in the struggling moonbeams and the lamp light. We crept lower down, but the beautiful vision had disappeared. But at length she came again to our view. A more ideal creature we had never seen. Head, neck, shoulders, limbs, feet, all were moulded in perfect roundness. The upper part of her form was bare, with the exception of two golden bands that passed over her budding bosom. From her richly wrought girdle hung a short dress reaching to her knees, worked in different colours, and bordered with scarlet. Her hair was braided into a knot, and fastened with a gold comb, while a string of rich pearls entwined her neck. As she stood before us in the streaming moonbeams, and the flickering light, her gazelle eyes straying around in dreamy desire, she seemed a being of another sphere. In a moment a shadow, which we recognized as Wilson, glided along the wall, and she rushed into his arms with a look of such passionate love that even to us, who stood fifty feet off, it seemed to burn like a living flame.

"Who could resist that?" whispered Jones, while he grasped my arm tightly.

"No one, I should think," replied I, "but—"

As I spoke I heard a footstep, and the guide touched me on the shoulder and informed us that we were now much wanted by the people below. A grand procession was already on its way to welcome us, he said; and sure enough, as he spoke, our attention was suddenly arrested by the appearance below us, of twenty men with red lamps, and twenty more with green ones; while behind them

followed an equal number of girls, bearing in their hands small illuminated balloons of every colour. We were confounded and astonished. But soon Wilson came to our relief, and explained that it was the custom of the people to receive guests in this way, and he assured us that we would be treated very kindly. By this time the procession had come up to us, and formed in a hollow square enclosing us, and we were thus marched into the castle, a few hundred feet below which was situated the only village in the country. Every thing was magnificent in the halls of this tower, but presented quite an antique appearance. The style of the furniture was Gothic and Corinthian. The chieftain was a middle-aged man, perhaps forty years old. The people all seemed remarkably healthy and happy, and after much talk, in Spanish, we were permitted to retire to our chambers, which were all separated from the main building. The beds were made of buffalo robes, the skins of the white bear and reindeer; and the covering of the thickest and most costly silk, much of which was made in the village. Every thing denoted splendour and comfort, though on a scale different from what we had ever seen. After a parting kiss from all the ladies, including the only daughter of the chieftain, (who was beside Wilson all the time,) we retired to rest. The sun was just bursting from the sea when we awoke. Nature was awakening from her slumbers. I gazed out of the window and thought myself in Paradise—all looked so beautiful. Jones was also awake, but Wilson lay happy in his dreams. The stars were still shining, although the sun was nearly up.

"Just look at the stars," said Jones. "Did you ever in your life see such stars? Don't they look as if they would every moment fall down upon the mountains, and lay there bright and big. You can almost clutch them with your hands."

"Yes, it is true, Jones. But see, Wilson awakes, and here, too, comes some one to our door." As I spoke, an aged man came in with a splendid breakfast on a large waiter. We hastily washed and dressed ourselves, and then partook of the excellent meal, which was cooked remarkably well. We were soon up and out to view the village, accompanied by the lord or chief of the people. Every one gazed on us wildly, and we looked at many a dark-eyed maid in return. All was happiness and pleasure when night again arrived—there were pretty girls for the dance, plenty of guitar music and good singing. The voices of these ladies are all good—ringing through their pearly teeth like silver bells, and making the air murmur and sigh with the echoes of sweetest melody.

It is scarcely necessary to give much account of our stay amongst these good and innocent people. Our time was taken up, principally, in hunting, and instructing them in the mechanic arts, of which they knew little. We advised them to form a government like that of the United States, a copy of the Constitution being then among them; but they seemed to think it unnecessary. There was no sin there—no robberies, no wars, no guilt of any kind. They were, indeed, a happy, happy people, and Heaven had made them so. Modern civilization had not done its work, and if we were to put education and law now among them, they would become corrupted in a short time.

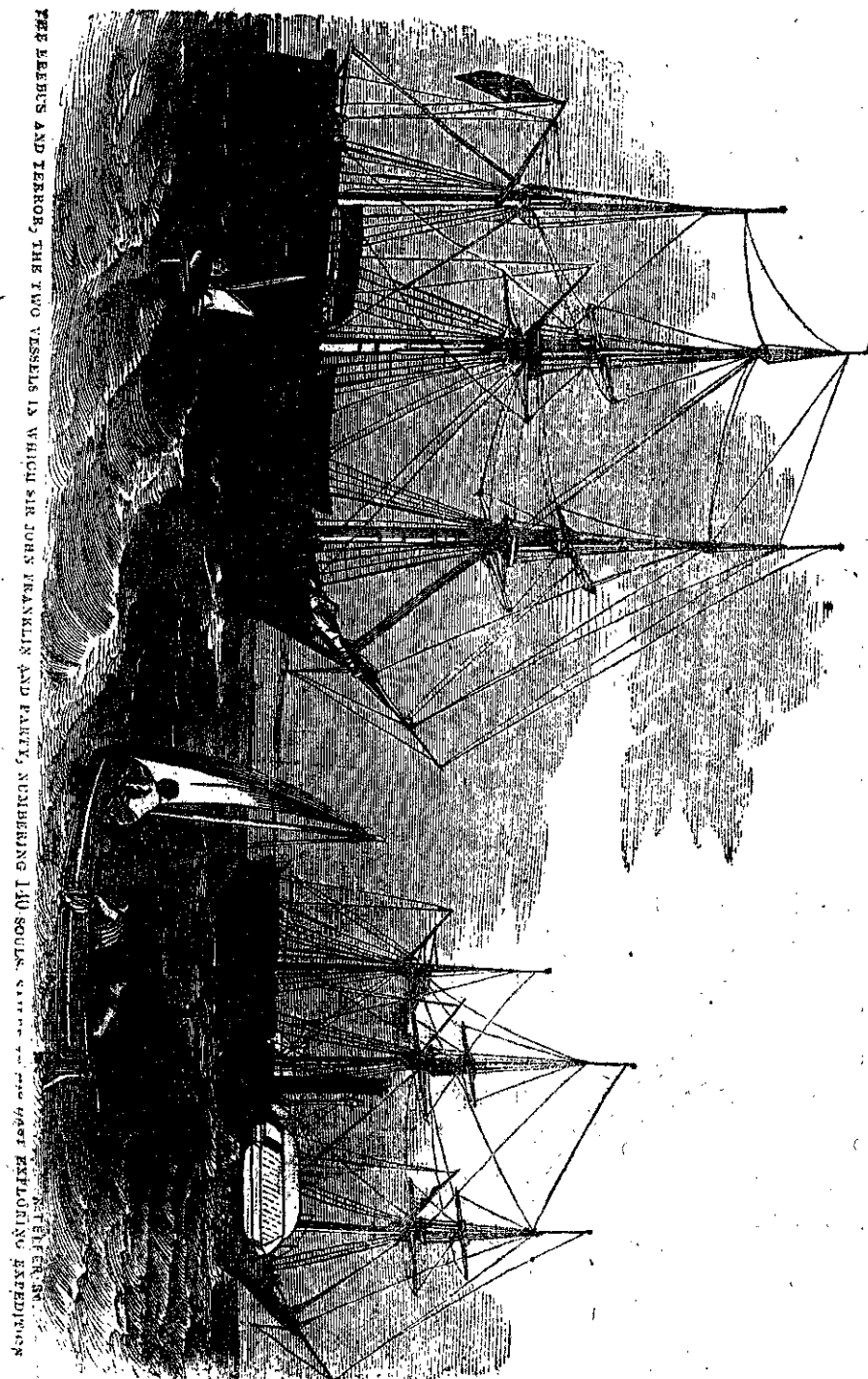
We remained there for five months, during which time Wilson married the daughter of the chief, thereby rendering her very happy, as well as himself and her father, (whose kindness we never shall forget.) She devoted on him, and he loved her as only he could love.

On a hunting excursion after we had been in the country some two months, we lost our way, and suffered much misery therefrom. Night closed around us, and all was dark as pitch.

"Where are we? what does this mean?" asked Jones, after we had marched in the darkness for an hour or so. Creatures of all sorts fluttered and screamed around us, while far ahead we heard fiendish, hellish laughter, about which there was much of mystery. Every thing now seemed to have a sickly glare. The heat became suffocating. At length, thank Heaven! we stopped—but where are we? This sultriness is horrible. We can hardly see each other, the vapour lies so darkly over us. It makes up a sort of a seething pot or fever pond. "But where are we?" is asked by Jones, and none can answer. "Last night we were in heaven—to-night we are in hell," groaned Wilson. These were the last words uttered. We lay down overcome—our eyes closed—we drew our feet together—covered ourselves over with our blankets, and sank away! where—no one can tell. The whole night without a moment of rest! but a buzzing, a whining, a howl, a roar, a storm of tones, and discords, fearful and horrible! Like a million trumpet blasts, pealing out of the storm-cloud, or exploding from the bottom of the sea: it roars around you and pierces the ear like a hundred thousand groans from the field of battle. Then, again, came a laughter, a howl, a bellowing, a rattle as if ten thousand drums were beating the reveille in the bowels of the earth. The deeper you bury yourself in the covering, the more fearful it grows, and with it a sultriness and heat that are suffocating. We seemed

roasted on a gridiron; and if we stuck out our heads, it fared still worse with us, for mouths, nostrils, ears, and eyes, seemed instantly on fire with burning poison. Another minute, and we would have been stung to death. Our throats became so choked up and twisted together, that they seemed no longer our own, but given as a spoil to others. It was not air, it was not water, nor dust, nor sand, but something a thousand times worse, and which drove you to such desperate efforts to spit it out, that it threatened to tear the very bowels from your body. If we but opened our lips a hair's breadth they seemed instantly seized with pinchers, which bit through and through. We kicked and struck about us with our feet and hands, but the moment we lifted one, or doubled up the other, they too became filled with the burning poison, which stung and gnawed as if it were scourged with nettle, or had boiling oil dashed over us. We could not endure it any longer. We threw off our covering in fury—but where were we? Outwardly every thing had a goblin look.

Where are we? by the eternal powers, where are we? On, or under the earth, or already in hell? Certainly, it is not earthly here. Our senses and reason were overwhelmed—pain and anguish drove us to despair. We felt involuntarily, yet irresistibly, as if God slept, and had withdrawn his protection from us and the world, and given us up to the sport of devils and hellish spirits. We staggered about like drunken men, and nature herself seemed drunk, and to stagger—jarred from her firm fastenings and driven into the midst of an infinite maelstrom, which rolled and roared as if a hundred thousand drums were beating to the step of the storm. Upon the heights, in the valleys, down from the loftiest peaks, out of the deepest abysses, up and out of the very bowels of the earth, it bellowed, and rolled, and burst away—not your European or American thunder, coming in full volley, now holding up for a minute, then pealing forth again—no! but deep and blackening thunder, rolling on and on, unceasingly on, until the last drop of patience was exhausted, and we cried out in despair against God, who had so forsaken us and the world, and given us over to devils to get a foretaste of hell. Then came a scorching heat, in which we panted and groaned after air and breath, and gasped in the mongrel light, that was neither light nor darkness, but more horrible than the blackest night. A true mephitic chaos brooded over us and pressed us down. Out of this chaos danced up creatures that made every nerve and fibre of the body shiver and tremble with their myriad on myriad of poisonous stings. They were a countless multitude of black mosquitoes, which, attracted by our blood,



THE PERILS AND TERROR, THE TWO VESSELS IN WHICH SIR JOHN FRANKLIN AND PARTY NUMBERING 120 SOULS, STARTED ON THE LAST EXPEDITION.



TERRIBLE AND FEARFUL CONFLICT BETWEEN THE EXPEDITIONISTS AND POLAR BEARS.—F. 34.

broke out like furies from the swamps, and in such masses that you could get, not a handful, but a hatful, a whole bushel, at a single swoop. They would have torn in pieces the nerves of a rhinoceros, for every sting is so poisonous that it pierces, burning and feverish, through bone and marrow. Ten thousand of these stings had already entered our hands, faces, eyes, temples, and ears. Every limb, not trebly protected, was stuck full until we roared and raged, and whimpered in the thousand-fold pain.

"Oh! for a flash of lightning," I inwardly exclaimed; "a single ray of light, one breath of air, in this horrible darkness, this frightful exhalation, which lies so thick around, that you can see, hear, and feel nothing but those dreadful mosquitoes; which, indeed, you see, hear and feel with your whole body, inside and out, and your whole soul, for every nerve and fibre twitches, and quivers, and shrinks back as from the instrument of torture—as if a million nippers had already closed upon them." Thus we stood, as if pressed on by vampires, and snatched after air and light, and groaned and gasped, and wished even the thunder itself would peal again, for it was more endurable than this horrible screeching, and groaning, and howling, with its interludes of laughter, that the damned in hell could not vent forth more despairingly. They passed through our hearts like swords of ice; they would have broken iron nerves, for they were neither human nor beastly, but perfectly demoniacal. Down from the tree tops, out of the forest, up from the morasses, came this infernal laughter, and groaning, and whistling, as if devils were passing through the air and stretching out their claws for prey. Like devils we, also, began to feel under the thousand poisonous stings and hellish nippers, that made us burn and bleed in every part till we became furious, and raved like God-forsaken madmen. We felt as if Satan had got possession of us bodily. A wild, desolate, demoniacal desire to fight, raged in us, and drove us blindly around. We could see, hear and feel nothing but the devils in us, and the hobgoblins without us. How we came by our weapons—whether we leaped back to some old uninhabited huts which were standing near by, in which we had left them, or whether they were handed to us, we know not—we saw only the horrible monsters around us, wringing their hands in despair, and yelling, and flying over our heads, and leaping after us in frightful bounds, and grinning upon us in scornful laughter, and reaching out their long paws, and striking their claws into our shoulders and arms, and snapping at us like tigers. Even now, sense and hearing forsake us, as we recall this frightful moment—this desperate battle, in



which we strove in vain, with mad plunges, to drive our knives through the impenetrable hair and hides of these infernal beasts, that kept yelling in our ears till every nerve in us shuddered and crept with horror. The fiercer we struck on their shaggy hides, the wilder became their yells, stifling breath, sense, and consciousness in us.

That awful moment—and then the suddenly flashing flame! As this flame lighted up, the monsters let us go; and springing up six feet high, yelled and screeched in our ears, till driven into desperate wildness, we also began to hop and scream, and snap our teeth like the monsters themselves—then sunk irresistibly away into a fearful, fearful depth!

We see, hear, and feel this now, if it were this moment passing before us. As we gradually awoke from our swoon, it grew clearer and clearer by degrees, and we saw tender female forms hanging over us; I felt soft hands touching my lacerated and stung limbs. We saw, also, the huts burn; and we remember that we had strove to unriddle who had set them on fire, and where we were, and who, and what we were—but in vain. The thousand stings, the hellish prickings, the poisonous fever wounds—that made nerves and brain, and every fibre in our body, to quiver and twitch—snatched us back into delirium; and we could see only the heavenly Samaritans that hung over us, while the mosquitoes, which now, as the flames wrapped round them, flew away with a dull, loud hum, in various directions. Yet we did not see them with our eyes, nor hear them with our ears—no! but with our limbs, our stung hands, and feet, and faces, our rebellious blood, our pricking, twitching, tormented nerves and fibres, we both heard and felt the abominable swarms, as they parted in thick clouds asunder, letting in the day.

Except this we saw, and heard, and felt nothing; not even the frightful vapour, nor the roll of the thunder, nor the screeching and howling of the thousand animals on every side of us—nor the demoniacal laugh of the goblins with which we had battled. Has the mosquito fever ever bored and stung you through—I mean that kind of a fever which pierces you with ten thousand stings at once, driving you raving mad—prickling and stinging you to death—where every sting is pointed with poison, carrying with it burning torture—burning and piercing you so with keen anguish and poisonous itchings, that with every twinge, blood, and nerves, and bones, and marrow, and body and soul, tremble and throb with pain! Ah! if you have ever enjoyed such a delectable fever, you can understand and feel what we say—otherwise, not; for no one

can describe it: it must be felt—this feverish, hellish, poisonous smart—this piercing of ten thousand stings, which sets you in a burning paroxysm. Ah! the bare thought of those frightful hours, makes me even yet shrink and tremble, and sets my blood and nerves heating.

In this state we were the prey of the most conflicting sensations and emotions. The healing balsam which was poured over us by the females, would now cool down our feverish blood, and send a sensation of delight through our frames—then the old pain and smart would return. We seemed endowed with new powers of feeling, and quicker sensations. Every nerve seemed irritated to its highest state of sensibility, and shrunk as if seized by instruments of torture. So, on the contrary, when the cooling fluid was poured on us, we seemed for a moment lifted into the third heavens. In the mean time, as consciousness returned, screeches and howlings, and all discords, again mingled confusedly around us, we no longer believed our own senses, and began to think we ourselves were beasts, and groped about for our ears, and nose, and eyes—but these were all so out of shape, that the fancy that we ourselves had become changed into these monsters, was not so unnatural. Even the tender fingers that bathed our faces, felt much like bear's paws. We endeavoured to cry out, but our voices sounded so strange and horrible to ourselves, that we ceased in affright. We attempted to stand, but were held down by a stronger power. At length, narrow strips of light began to glimmer before us. We attempted to seize them, but seized, instead, something that held us down—whilst hands passed quickly and softly over our faces. At length these strips of light became broader and broader. We felt that we were coming to ourselves, and uttered a cry of joy and strove to open our eyes still wider—but in vain; and we closed them impatiently together. But it was now getting day—though, to us, every thing swam in chaotic confusion—every thing but the tender hands that held us down, and bathed so softly our swollen faces. And now something trickled down our throats, which cooled the scalding pain and fever, like heavenly nectar. Strange forms swept around us, and heavenly voices seemed whispering in our ears. It was like the voice of a mother over the cradle of her babe; and as that mother bends over the sleep of her first-born, so gentle forms bent over us, and faces and eyes looked down on us—oh, those eyes, those looks—how kindly and sweetly they were fastened on us!

“Where are we? and where have we been?” I exclaimed, in



Spanish; the answer came from a man who held a bowl of ointment in one hand, and a palm fan in the other. He replied:

"You have been in the valley of death, three leagues from here. You lost your way and walked towards your own destruction. We feared this—followed you, and saved your lives from the *zambos*,\* and other beasts of prey, and insects of death which inhabit this swamp."

I turned towards him as he stooped to offer the bowl to a huge mass of flesh lying near me.

"What is that?" I exclaimed. The revolting thing rose up and stood a real monster, bathed in blood.

"My God! what is that?" I again asked. "Is it a face or a bloody lump of flesh? Who are you, for Heaven's sake, who are you?" I cried in a loud tone.

"Jones!" it groaned.

"You are not Jones!" I screamed to it.

"Am I not?" shouted the monster, calling himself Jones; while he shook his shapeless head, and began to weep aloud, and then laugh with a demoniacal sound; "I am Jones, nearly turned into a devil!"

"And I—I am Wilson!" groaned another voice.

Ah! we are at last waked out of our fever and swoon, and our glance is again clear and rational. A girl looks sorrowfully on me—every thing looks desolately. At last she murmured, in Spanish—"Thanks to the balm; they are reviving; the swelling is going down."

And so it was; the wonderful ointment had done us much good. In a few days we were getting quite well. Jones was under the care of a handsome, lovely girl, whilst the guide took charge of me. Wilson's wife served him, and every thing like success attended the kind efforts of these good girls—these ministering angels.

Another month of pleasure passed away; we had almost forgotten our late deadly encounter, and another hunt was proposed. Starting early in the morning, we soon came to the forest, and in a few hours we killed many birds, congars, deer, &c. The reports of our guns greatly astonished the game. On our return home we came across five white or polar bears, of the largest size. They rushed towards us, and before we could fire upon them, two of them had Wilson in their claws. We thought it all over with him. He struggled and fought manfully with his knife, cutting and stabbing them in every part. Still they held on to him. Jones and I managed to shoot two of the others which were about to attack us, and the third ran away after receiving a severe cut from

\* A kind of Ourang Outang, or Monkey.

my knife. We now rushed to Wilson—the ferocious animals were biting him on the legs and arms. A moment later, and we thought he would have been torn to pieces. The encounter was a fearful one. We ran to him and stabbed the bears to the very heart at least twenty times before they would release their victim, who was now nearly insensible from loss of blood and exertion. Presently they loosed their hold, and Wilson sank to the ground. In doing so he got free from their claws, and we hastily dragged him away, and then killed outright the dreadful monsters. Their groans were awful to listen to, and the battle was the most exciting and dreadful we had ever seen. Wilson was soon revived, and we found he was not so near dead as we expected he would be. He was covered with gashes and scratches, and all around us on the ground lay little pools of blood. Traces of crimson were visible on every side, and from out the thicket came the wildest and most heart-rending howls. It seemed as if ten thousand bears were yelling their infernal dirge. We stared at each other, frightened and trembling. Then, each giving an arm to Wilson, we hurried to the village, where we arrived in an hour. The people were all delighted to see us. Under the treatment of his fond and beautiful wife, Wilson soon recovered: he was then chosen a lord or chief by the inhabitants. He told us that, as he had no relatives living, he would spend his days among the race into which he had married. As for Jones and myself, we preferred to start for our homes in the United States. We were to be accompanied by a guide for many miles, who brought with him six large dogs, drawing a sled filled with provisions, powder, &c., how to manufacture which article I taught the inhabitants of the delightful country we were about leaving. We left them one of our guns and two pistols. After many farewell kisses, we started down the mountain, and we were soon out of sight.

Our guide led the way, and we reached the beach with little difficulty. Then taking a course directly south-west, we travelled for forty days in the snow and cold; at the end of which time our guide left us and returned. He told us the direction to follow, and said that in three days we would come to the camp ground of the buffalo hunters and fur trappers. The night after he left us we saw a few Indians near our encampment. In the morning one of them fired a gun at us, no doubt wishing to rob us, for we had a good many little articles of food which we carried with us. These he had probably seen. We found out in the morning, in an hour or so after our departure from the spot where we had encamped,

that this murderous savage was still following on our trail. By much cunning he stole quite close to us as we slowly trudged along. He had a gun, but evidently had shot away his last ammunition when he fired upon us in our camp. As he raised his gun to strike Jones from behind a tree where he had hid, I caught the weapon from him. He grit his teeth with rage, and grappled at a sheath knife which was dangling in my belt. In an instant Jones had him by the throat. The conflict was a short but deadly one. We got him down, and whilst I held him, Jones plunged the knife into his black, wicked heart. Still he struggled, and we at length let him up, thinking he would die in a few minutes, and then walked away. He followed us at least a hundred yards, with the blood gushing from the dreadful wound inflicted by my companion. As if one thought occupied both our hearts, we raised instantly our guns and shot him dead. He fell heavily, without a groan. We thought this a righteous murder—at least we consoled ourselves with the belief that it was done for our own safety.

In a few days we reached the camp. The hunters were French Canadians and English. We told our story, and we were attended to kindly.

Without any incident worthy of notice, we arrived in company with them on the Canadian side, near Mackinaw, whither they were journeying on their way when we fortunately found them.

Of Wilson we have not heard. No doubt he is happy and contented.

I am pleased to say that when we left Sir John Franklin, eight months ago, there was strong hopes of his soon getting free from the ice, and evidently a prospect of his finding out the north-west pass. He was gleeful and happy, as was also his adventurous crew.

I give this narrative in the hope that some effort will be made by government to find out the exact location of the nation of people we fell in with after our leaving the ship. They are, perhaps, living about one hundred miles south of the Arctic Ocean, or Polar Sea, in a beautiful country, located on the top of mountains at least twelve thousand feet above the ocean. They are worthy of a visit. How they came there, I cannot explain.

Hoping all may take an interest in this true and faithful narrative, and derive a degree of pleasure from its perusal, I am the public's obedient servant,

WILLIAM N. SELDON,

*Late of Sir John Franklin's Exploring  
Expedition to the North-West.*

DETROIT, MICHIGAN,  
Dec. 15, 1850.

225  
HR