

KEEPING HOUSE IN THE ARCTICS.

Mrs. Peary Tells How She Provided for the Comforts of the Kite Expedition.

ALL SORTS OF PERILS.

Wading Through Ice Rapids and Fighting Off the Cold.

Fitting Out the Little Home Under the Midnight Sun—Caring for the Lieutenant's Broken Leg—How an American Woman Shoots Deer and Narwhal—A Trip that the Soom King Spotted—The Death of a Big Polar Bear—Birthday Dinners With Low Temperature—The Costume for a Woman Explorer—A Wonderful Story Graphically Told.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

HE North and West Greenland expeditions of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences left New York June 6, 1891. It was only at this time that the general public became aware of the fact that I intended accompanying my husband, and the numerous and harsh were the criticisms which appeared in the press. However, Mr. Peary had foreseen this, and for that reason my going was kept quiet until I should be in a place and position where it would not be annoying in the least. Strange, it is not that I did not heed the advice of people who cared nothing for me, and, moreover, did not know what they were talking about and based their views

on the subject of the fact that no woman had ever before ventured into the Arctic regions, preferring rather to be guided by one to whom I was everything, who had visited Greenland only five years before and who based his opinions on actual experience. We left Godhavn on the afternoon of Monday, June 29, amid the firing of cannon and dipping of flags for Upernavik, the most northerly white settlement in the world. This we reached early the next morning, and we found there decay and apparent poverty. The houses were built in the mud and were covered with an exceedingly dirty and poverty stricken aspect.

A Salute to an American Woman. I found Governor and Mrs. Beyer very pleasant people; Mrs. Beyer especially won my heart. While seated at the table the Governor rose, glass in hand, and said, "All honor to the American woman; for only to an American woman would we look for such a sacrifice—who follows her husband even into the dreary Arctic regions. May God bless her and keep her in safety! Mrs. Peary, I salute you."

At the word "salute" the booming of the cannon in front of his house startled us for an instant, and then we understood this was his salute. We left these pleasant people on the afternoon of the day of our arrival, Tuesday, July 1, and headed for the Duck Islands, so called because the elder duck breeds there in thousands. Here we were to have a supply of ducks and eggs for our next home, which should last us until the house was built and the hunting parties established. I was particularly anxious to have the eggs, for every housekeeper knows how necessary they are in the culinary department, and it was the only thing with which we could not provide ourselves at home.

At 4 a. m. Captain Pike knocked at our door and said: "In half an hour we will be at the islands." We rose at once and at 5 o'clock had a cup of hot coffee and went ashore. There began a day's sport such as I never expected to see. The ducks flew in thick flocks all about us, and on every side and all over this island were the nests, as large as a domestic duck's nest, but made entirely of mud and lined with moss, and were six to eight inches deep. The nests were not hidden, but were made right out on the ground, though so near the color of the rocks about them that, had it not been for the bluish white eggs, we might easily have passed them by.

Gathering the Down of the Elder. To my great disappointment we were too late for the eggs. They were already incubated. I did not take my gun ashore, as I had intended to devote my time to gathering the eggs, and now that this occupation was denied me I busied myself with gathering the down, leaving only enough in each nest to protect the eggs temporarily, for I knew the duck would pluck herself again and make up the amount I had taken. In five hours I gathered 43 pounds, which, cleaned and put in pillow cases made of cotton, served us as a mattress in our cot at Redcliffe, and a very nice one it was. Although 97 ducks were shot, Mr. Gibson, the lion of the day, having alone shot 51.

The Glorious Fourth Celebrated. Immediately after dinner we steamed away and headed for the dreaded Melville Bay. In a few hours we encountered the pack ice opposite the Devil's Thumb, and from this time the evening of July 2, we rammed our way through the ice. There were days and days when we never moved. These were spent in shooting the guilts that hovered about the Kite and in hunting the seal on the ice. At midnight of July 8 the ship's guns were fired, the flags which had been run up were dipped and greeted with a volley of small arms, then a toast was drunk to the Red, White and Blue, and

the members of both expeditions took their positions on the ice and were photographed by the light of the midnight sun in a temperature of 31°. We had Fourth of July dinner, to which Captain Pike was invited. At dinner I served Melville Bay punch, which consisted of a mixture of rum, lime juice and sugar poured over it, but so sorry to say it was a failure, the rum and lime juice being too strong in the mixture. Yet the boys behaved beautifully, and even pretended to eat it.

The Accident to Mr. Peary. Saturday, July 11, was, as usual, cold and foggy, but at 3:30 p. m. we found ourselves suddenly moving, and everyone hoped we would be able to reach the open water, which the mate said could be seen from the crow's nest. After supper we huddled up and went forward. Reclining on the forecastle we watched the old Kite grind her way through the masses of heaped-up ice.



REDCLIFFE HOUSE FROM THE BEACH.

pushing them aside like so much foam. Then we would run against an extra hard floe, without making any impression on it, and then gradually slide off and along the edge until we touched a weak place, when the floe would be shattered just as a sheet of taffy is shattered when struck a quick, sharp blow.

We waited this interesting sight until about 8 o'clock, when Mr. Peary decided to go down into the ice. I accompanied him as far as the bridge, and there I stopped to chat. Before going down, Mr. Peary stepped to the taffrail to take a look at the ice under the stem of the vessel. The Kite was backing at the moment, and as he leaned over the rail the rudder struck a particularly solid cake of ice, tearing the wheel from the helmsman's grasp, throwing him completely over on to the deck. As he regained his feet, he called to the officer on the bridge, "Stop her, sir, there is a man hurt." Although I had not noticed Mr. Peary step to the rail I could see him now leaning against it and knew it was he who was hurt. I do not know how I reached him, but I got to him before anyone else and found him pale as death, standing on his left leg and supporting his right one with hands above the knee.

Making the Injured Man Comfortable. In a few moments he was carried into the cabin by Dr. Sharp and Mr. Gibson, laid on the table and his boots and clothing out from the leg. Dr. Holt, Hughes Sharp and Keely, of the West Greenland expedition, and Dr. Cook of our party, examined the leg and pronounced both bones broken above the ankle. His leg was dressed and a box made for it, and the patient made as comfortable as circumstances would permit, on a bed made of rough boards, hastily nailed across one end of the little cabin and covered with blankets. I shall never forget how carefully and tenderly these gentlemen of the medical profession, as well as Mr. Gibson, handled my husband, and how kind and considerate all the members of the expedition were.

From Saturday until Tuesday I never closed my eyes, nor had any desire to do so. Then Dr. Cook insisted on my lying down, and knowing that I should break down if I did not get some sleep I did so while Dr. Cook sat with Mr. Peary. I fully intended to sleep only for an hour at the most, but knew nothing until the supper bell rang. I felt as if I had been dead an hour or more, and this was the last time I slept in my bunk. Every night I took my dress, put on a gray flannel wrapper, placed a pair of blankets on the cabin table, and here I slept, or rather lay, for I was up every hour of the night. I darkened the cabin, as we now had constant daylight, by pinning a blanket across the skylight, and then hung a blanket broken above the end of the table, so the boys could pass through the cabin without disturbing Mr. Peary.

Shooting a Polar Bear. In this way we got along until we reached McCormick Bay, July 25, having only one excitement. It occurred on the evening of July 16, when Captain Pike came to the skylight and called "Mrs. Peary, come up; there is a bear coming directly toward the Kite." In a momentary way I was crouching behind the rail, ready to have the bear rush at me word from the Captain. In the meantime

carried into it. I made him a bed upon some of the boxes, from which he could watch the progress of the house. Here also the boys could come to him for any information they might want, as they were all novices at the work. Two days after Mr. Peary was carried ashore all our provisions had been landed, with seven tons of coal from the Kite, the walls of the house were up and the floor down, and, although the day before the doctor had said the bear had been killed, he decided to turn the Kite over to Prof. Heilprin that he might start on the return trip as soon as possible.

That same evening all our shipmates, including dear old Captain Pike and his officers and crew, bade us goodby, many of them expecting never to see us again. The captain pleaded with me to return with him, said it was next to impossible for me to stand the long cold, dark winter, and utterly impossible for me to cross the boat journey, and I refused to return with him. But I remained firm in my determination to stay with my husband as long as he wished me to stay. That night all the boys slept on the floor, and the last time Mr. Peary and I sleeping in the tent on shore. Had anything happened during the night the only help I could have had was from the Kite, lying in a narrow strait.

Early the next morning our boys landed, and the little vessel with our friends on board sailed for home. Overcome by sleep and exhaustion, I did not even hear the rattle of shells or the shouting of the boys and the cheers and shouts of the little party in the whaleboat, who were heading for the shore of the unknown Arctic country, away from friends and home. It was, of course, very necessary that the house be under roof and the doors and windows in place, for although we had had beautiful weather for some time, no one could tell when it would change, and the little tent could not possibly give all of us shelter. So the boys worked away at the fire, down went the Kite, and the wind grew fresher and fresher, while the wind began to roll up from the south. I prepared our lunch of Boston baked beans, coffee and biscuits, and called the workers. Seated about on boxes and boards, inside and outside the tent, tin mess pans and spoons on their knees and cups of coffee beside them, they certainly did justice to the meal.

A Supper Under Difficulties. Long before supper time it was raining in torrents and the wind constantly increasing in force and velocity until the boys were compelled to stop work and seek shelter in the half-roofed house. For supper we had corned beef, stewed tomatoes, biscuits and ten, served in the same sumptuous style as our lunch, except that some of the boys crowded in the tent, while others seized their mess pans and ran through the pouring rain into the house where the water was running in streams along some portions of the floor and the wind whistling through it like mad. The storm grew worse and worse, the little tent swayed and rocked, and I expected from moment to moment to see it go. That day and the following night passed very slowly to me, for every minute was full of anxiety. By noon of Saturday (the second day after the Kite left us) the house was under cover, the doors and windows in place, our stove up and a roaring fire of blocks and shavings drived out everything, and in the afternoon Mr. Peary was carried in and placed on a pile of sundries in one corner. What a relief to get under a shelter that did not rock and sway with every gust of wind, and where I could step about without sinking in mud to my ankles. I stretched a pair of blankets across our

corners of the house and this was kitchen and dining room in common and bedroom and dressing room for Mr. Peary and myself. Gradually the interior of the house began to assume a homelike appearance. We did not have an extension table, but the boys carried heads and made one just large enough to accommodate us comfortably. No allowance was made for company, as we did not expect to entertain to any great extent. Our chairs were not fancy but substantial ones, and, though it seemed at first as though I could not be comfortable on a chair without a back, I soon accented myself to the contrary. My return to civilization had almost forgotten there were such things as chairs with backs, cushioned chairs and rockers.

Our beds were simply a framework, with a canvas stretched across for the bottom. Those in the large room were one over the other, after the manner of bunks on a ship. One was placed at the end of the little apartment, feet by feet, which had been partitioned off for us, about three feet from the floor. In it I placed all the down I had gathered on the Duck Islands, made into five large pillows which covered the bottom of the bed. These were put on top of the contents of four oilskin bags, consisting of long, heavy woolen stockings, reaching to the hips, heavy woolen finger gloves, the most of the eiderdown wool, and heavy woolen kidney protectors, besides ordinary woolen socks, stockings and mittens; all knit by the loving hands of my mother, who wrote so many prayers for our safety as she did strands of wool into the garments.

Then a goodly supply of soft woolen blankets were piled on and our bed was fit for a king. A bamboo pole across the room, within a foot of the ceiling and short distance from the bed, and on this I fastened the two silk American flags in a pyramid. These could be drawn in such a manner as to completely hide the bed and its occupant.

All the walls of the house were hung with red blankets, the black striped border forming a fringe around the rooms, and our room, within a foot of the ceiling and short distance from the bed, and on this I fastened the two silk American flags in a pyramid. These could be drawn in such a manner as to completely hide the bed and its occupant.

We would have no trouble in getting all the venison we wanted, for the deer tracks were countless. We decided to build our house on the south shore, directly the next morning our boys, accompanied by some of the members of the West Greenland expedition, went ashore, armed with picks and shovels, and began to dig the foundation of our house at the foot of some red cliffs about 1,700 feet high.

Beauty of Northland Scenery. Here, in the midst of a field of yellow poppies and yellow flowers, surrounded by great banks of the greenest moss, watered by tiny rivulets which gurgled down through their bright red cliffs, stood the boys—some in red flannel shirts, some in white shirts and others scripped to the waist—digging up the earth which had never before been disturbed by man. The sun was shining bright and warm, and the little Kite out on the bay, surrounded by flocks and flocks of gulls, looked like a toy ship in contrast with high cliffs on one side and the huge bergs on the other. The boys worked until late at night and began again early in the morning.

The longer I looked at these shores, which were to be my home for at least one and possibly two years, the better I liked the place. I looked at my mirror again and endeavored to show the beauties of the landscape to Mr. Peary, but I fear it was not satisfactory. At any rate, that afternoon he insisted upon having the tent put up near the sight of the house and being



A Reception Committee.

carried into it. I made him a bed upon some of the boxes, from which he could watch the progress of the house. Here also the boys could come to him for any information they might want, as they were all novices at the work. Two days after Mr. Peary was carried ashore all our provisions had been landed, with seven tons of coal from the Kite, the walls of the house were up and the floor down, and, although the day before the doctor had said the bear had been killed, he decided to turn the Kite over to Prof. Heilprin that he might start on the return trip as soon as possible.

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down near Redcliffe House, the man to show us the best hunting grounds and assist in bagging all kinds of game and the woman to make up the tent, and to make up our boots or kamiks in order. They were also instructed to visit the "loomeries," as the breeding places of the birds are called, and bring back as many birds as they could get. The boys returned at the end of a week bringing with them a native man named Ikwa, his wife, "Mane," and two children, both little girls, "Annadore," aged two years and 6 months, and a baby of 6 months whom we called "Noyah," short for "Noyah-yarhlich." They brought their dog, a sled, a tent, a kayak or canoe, and all their householding utensils and articles of furniture, which consisted of two or three deerkins, on which the family slept; a stove made of soapstone, in which they burned seal fat, and a dish or pot made of the same material, which they hang over their stove and in which they melt the ice for drinking purposes and also heat their seal and walrus meat, for we would have called it cooked when they take it out of the water.

The skin tent put up and these articles put in place the house was considered furnished and ready for occupancy. We used every square of the tents we put up with narwhal tusks, which are more plentiful and answer the purpose. The tent itself is made of seal's intestine, and sewed together with narwhal sinews.

Delighted With Little Girls. These people who were very curious to see the white woman, who they were given to understand, was in the American "igloo" (house), and when Mr. Peary and I came out they looked at both of us and then Ikwa asked, "Soomah koonah?" Of course we did not know what he wanted, but he soon made us understand that he wished to know which was the woman. I delighted him and won his lasting favor by making him a present of a knife. His wife, Mane, was almost overwhelmed by a pair of sewing needles, while Annadore, the elder of the children, amused herself by making

faces at her image in a small mirror that I had presented to her. The fall and winter passed rapidly. My anxious time and the time that seemed longer than all the rest of our stay began May 3, when Mr. Peary left Redcliffe for the inland ice, and lasted until August 6, when he returned from his 1,300 mile tramp. From May 3 until June, when the supporting party, consisting of Mr. Gibson and Dr. Cook, returned, I had been confined closely to Redcliffe.

About July 15 the boys expected to be through with their excursions and I intended to take my vacation, planned to take the tent and provisions for two weeks for Matt and myself and go to the head of McCormick Bay, where Mr. Peary expected to come off the ice, and there await his return. July 13 I left Redcliffe for my camp. Matt had gone while the bay was still practicable for sledge travel, taking Ikwa and the dogs to help him with the load. I went on foot along the shore.

Fording in Ice Cold Water. When we reached the mouth of the river it was low tide, and I said, "I believe we can cross here now, and it would save five miles; suppose we try it." Matt stepped out and beat our feet and limbs. They were so numb that we could hardly control them. Then on we went, but the last fourth of the distance was the deepest, the water coming above my knees. It took us 15 minutes to cross and the temperature of the water was certainly not over 35°, for large and small pieces of ice were floating about in it.

The current was very strong in places, and had it not been for the boathook I had taken, on which to hoist a flag over the cache, I should have been swept off my feet many times across and our wet stockings changed for dry ones. I did not regret coming, though Matt kept talking about the return. I thought we might be able to cross at the head of the lake without much discomfort, and so did not worry.

We found the cache after some little trouble, and I deposited a note and put up to remain open during our walk along the river bank toward the head of the lake. On the way Matt, who had taken my little

gun, shot several specimens and a pair of long tailed ducks for our supper. On reaching the head of the big lake we found that it communicated with a smaller one by a deep, roaring torrent, which, although narrower than the river below, was still too wide and deep to be crossed. So on we went till we reached the end of the second lake.

Real Suffering at Last. On either side of this stretch of water the valley was carpeted with yellow poppies and fairly alive with birds. We tramped here quite awhile. I could not make up my mind to leave so beautiful a scene.

Stew of little Anks, with green peas. Broiled Elder Duck's Breast. Boston Baked Beans. Apples. Plum Duff, with brandy sauce. Coffee.

A cocktail named Mr. Peary's own recipe, and which the boys afterward named "Redcliffe House cocktail," two bottles of Rhine wine and two Sauterne helped to make a dining success. A Shot at Deer Hunters. Mr. Peary laughingly told the boys to take their rifles, go out and bring back a deer, while I prepared the birthday dinner. After they had gone he surprised me by announcing that he intended to get me a pair of deer antlers. He had taken the leg out of the box and put it in splints. When I saw that he had set his heart on making the effort I banded up the limbs as well as I could, and attached them to my coat. I could, as the catches which Dr. Cook had kindly made, and he rose from the bed and came into the other room, where he watched me prepare the feast of the "deer," as our boys afterward called my similar celebration, which was to be served at 5 o'clock. A little after 5 o'clock I heard footsteps, and looking out, saw the boys straggling down the cliffs, each one carrying some portion of a deer. This was too much for Mr. Peary to bear quietly, and he hobbled out and asked me to bring his kodak, that he might immortalize the return of the first hunting party that left "Redcliffe," as we now determined to call our little home, and to wait for the return of their success and brought back appetites that nothing short of a birthday dinner could have satisfied.

Three days afterward we repeated the feat, but in the bill of fare in honor of the third anniversary of our marriage, and this time we sampled the venison, which we found so delicious that the boys were more eager than ever to lay in a stock for the winter.

Interesting Esquimaux Assistants. The next day Mr. Peary sent all the boys except Matt in one of our whaleboats, the Faith, to search Herbert and Northumberland Island for seal blubber, and to bring us back, and if they were successful to induce a man and his wife to bring their family and settle

down near Redcliffe House, the man to show us the best hunting grounds and assist in bagging all kinds of game and the woman to make up the tent, and to make up our boots or kamiks in order. They were also instructed to visit the "loomeries," as the breeding places of the birds are called, and bring back as many birds as they could get. The boys returned at the end of a week bringing with them a native man named Ikwa, his wife, "Mane," and two children, both little girls, "Annadore," aged two years and 6 months, and a baby of 6 months whom we called "Noyah," short for "Noyah-yarhlich." They brought their dog, a sled, a tent, a kayak or canoe, and all their householding utensils and articles of furniture, which consisted of two or three deerkins, on which the family slept; a stove made of soapstone, in which they burned seal fat, and a dish or pot made of the same material, which they hang over their stove and in which they melt the ice for drinking purposes and also heat their seal and walrus meat, for we would have called it cooked when they take it out of the water.

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down near Redcliffe House, the man to show us the best hunting grounds and assist in bagging all kinds of game and the woman to make up the tent, and to make up our boots or kamiks in order. They were also instructed to visit the "loomeries," as the breeding places of the birds are called, and bring back as many birds as they could get. The boys returned at the end of a week bringing with them a native man named Ikwa, his wife, "Mane," and two children, both little girls, "Annadore," aged two years and 6 months, and a baby of 6 months whom we called "Noyah," short for "Noyah-yarhlich." They brought their dog, a sled, a tent, a kayak or canoe, and all their householding utensils and articles of furniture, which consisted of two or three deerkins, on which the family slept; a stove made of soapstone, in which they burned seal fat, and a dish or pot made of the same material, which they hang over their stove and in which they melt the ice for drinking purposes and also heat their seal and walrus meat, for we would have called it cooked when they take it out of the water.

The skin tent put up and these articles put in place the house was considered furnished and ready for occupancy. We used every square of the tents we put up with narwhal tusks, which are more plentiful and answer the purpose. The tent itself is made of seal's intestine, and sewed together with narwhal sinews.

Delighted With Little Girls. These people who were very curious to see the white woman, who they were given to understand, was in the American "igloo" (house), and when Mr. Peary and I came out they looked at both of us and then Ikwa asked, "Soomah koonah?" Of course we did not know what he wanted, but he soon made us understand that he wished to know which was the woman. I delighted him and won his lasting favor by making him a present of a knife. His wife, Mane, was almost overwhelmed by a pair of sewing needles, while Annadore, the elder of the children, amused herself by making

faces at her image in a small mirror that I had presented to her. The fall and winter passed rapidly. My anxious time and the time that seemed longer than all the rest of our stay began May 3, when Mr. Peary left Redcliffe for the inland ice, and lasted until August 6, when he returned from his 1,300 mile tramp. From May 3 until June, when the supporting party, consisting of Mr. Gibson and Dr. Cook, returned, I had been confined closely to Redcliffe.

About July 15 the boys expected to be through with their excursions and I intended to take my vacation, planned to take the tent and provisions for two weeks for Matt and myself and go to the head of McCormick Bay, where Mr. Peary expected to come off the ice, and there await his return. July 13 I left Redcliffe for my camp. Matt had gone while the bay was still practicable for sledge travel, taking Ikwa and the dogs to help him with the load. I went on foot along the shore.

MR. MEANTWELL'S STREET CAR TROUBLES.



It's a pleasure to give my seat to a pretty girl.



And I don't like to see two women squabble over the seat I offer.



I never allow a lady to stand, but it makes me mad to see a fellow slip into the seat I vacate for her.



So I'll be dingy if I don't sit right here and let some one else be gallant.

Besides, we were now compelled to wait for low tide, which would be about 1 o'clock in the morning, and cross where we did before. It was 9 o'clock p. m. when we reached the mouth of the river again and the tide was falling. Had we had something to eat, although we were both tired, I think we would not have minded the waiting. However, we kept moving in order to keep warm, and at last it was time for bed. As we neared the shore we could see no familiar line of rocks which indicated a low tide, and on closer examination we were horrified to find a high tide.

Still we felt we must cross, and Matt started in, while I followed at his heels. The next came mid high, and I backed out, for I knew we were not near the deepest part, and besides the current was so strong I could hardly keep on my feet. What would I do in midstream. On hearing me say, "I cannot cross here," Matt came back and said, "No, I think it will be considerably above the waist before we get across here."

So we tried it lower down, but with the same result. Even had we made up our minds to bear the cold water, we could not possibly stand up against the current. We then determined to try in the lake, but were again unsuccessful. By this time we were pretty well drenched, and yet the only thing to do was to wait for the low tide of the next day, about 12 o'clock in the afternoon.

Cold, Hungry and Discouraged. We sat down on the rock, took off our stockings and kamiks, wrung the water out and then put them on again. I know it would do for us to sleep or even sit still in our wet clothes, and yet the prospect of 12 hours more of tramping, when we had already tramped 19 hours, with nothing to eat and the cold log settling down on us, was anything but encouraging. Still, we must do it.

Return of Lieutenant Peary. Two more thankful creatures never breathed than we when we found ourselves on dry land, on our side of the "kook" again. We were perfectly numb with cold, but by running and pounding our feet and limbs reached our tent in an hour. I dragged off my wet clothes and got into my sleeping bag, prepared a drink of hot water and whisky for us, and after Matt had cooked a meal we went to sleep and slept nineteen hours without waking.

After I had been in camp a week I was surprised one morning by the appearance of one of our "Huskies" (Esquimo) with the news "Oomiahk tighah" (a

ship has come), and two days later Dr. Cook arrived and requested me to shorten my stay in camp and return to Redcliffe and help them entertain our friends, the members of the returning party, which I remained at Redcliffe until August 3, when I accepted the invitation of Prof. Heilprin to accompany his party on the Kite to the head of the bay, where he intended to make a reconnaissance of the inland ice previous to starting on his search for Mr. Peary and Astrup. About 3 a. m. on August 6, while lying in my bunk, I heard the clank of cars and the shouts of the returning party. As the boat reached the vessel someone jumped over the rail and came tumbling down the companionway. My cabin door was hurriedly pushed open and my husband stood before me.

Shooting Deer and Narwhal. August 6 we landed at Redcliffe and myself, August 9 Mr. Peary, Mr. Verhoef and August with an Eskimo crew and Matt as their captain, started up Whale Sound and Inglefield Gulf to collect some specimens at neighboring settlements, which had been bought, but not delivered. We were absent a week and during this time I raised every day, and usually all day long, the experience in an open boat is one which I will not soon forget. However, we got ten deer, of which I shot three, and I killed my first and only narwhal.

August 24 we all boarded the Kite and steamed home. Everyone of us had a feeling of sorrow at leaving the good old Huskies, who had been so faithful to us and to whom our visit had given a glimpse of the way