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A table of contents for *The Churchman* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_churchman_os.php

## ART. V.—"THREE YEARS OF ARCTIC SERVICE."

*Three Years of Arctic Service.* An account of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition of 1881-84, and the attainment of the farthest North. By ADOLPHUS W. GREELY, Lieutenant United States Army, commanding the Expedition. With nearly one hundred illustrations made from photographs taken by the party, and with the official maps and charts. Two vols. R. Bentley and Sons. 1886.

JUST three centuries ago—wrote Lieutenant Greely last year—that is in the year 1585, two tiny craft set sail from Dartmouth in quest of the North-west Passage. They were commanded by that daring explorer and skilful seaman, John Davis. Davis's discoveries were remarkable, and his descriptions of the Greenlanders[1] are curious and instructive, showing them to have been the same "tractable" and honest people 300 years ago as they are known to be at the present time. In the year 1616, another of our great discoverers, William Baffin, sailed from Gravesend for the icy North, in a craft of only fifty-five tons. In his wonderful voyage he sailed over 300 miles farther north than his predecessor Davis. His latitude, about 77° 45′ N., remained unequalled in that sea for 236 years. In the year 1852, in the *Isabel*, Captain Inglefield (who opened to the world the Smith Sound route), reached 78° 21′ N.[2]

For two centuries the waters first navigated by Baffin remained unvexed by any keel, and the very credit of his discoveries passed away. Baffin's narrative, indeed, was called in question. On Barrington's chart, in the year 1818, appeared the words, "Baffin's Bay, according to the relation of W. Baffin, in 1616, but not now believed;" and Sir John Barrow, in his history of Arctic voyages, omitted Baffin Bay from his circumpolar chart. But in the same year, 1818, Captain John Ross set sail, and the story of adventure and discovery in the high Northern Seas has been continuous from that time.

It was in March, 1881, that Lieutenant Greely was appointed commander of the U. S. expeditionary force. His instructions were, "to establish a station north of the eighty-first degree of north latitude, at or near Lady Franklin Bay, for the purposes of scientific observations,[3] etc., as set forth" in the Acts of

[1] Speaking of the good work done by Moravian Missionaries in Greenland, Lieutenant Greely says: "These missions were, for a time, as important as the missions in our own State of Pennsylvania, which then, strange as it may seem, constituted with Greenland a diocese, which was visited by the same Bishop."

[2] Captain Markham, in 1876, on the frozen ocean, reached 83° 20′ 26″ N.

[3] Lieutenant Greely's chapter on "International Circumpolar Stations" has a special interest.

Congress. The members of the Expedition were volunteers; they had been highly recommended, and had passed a strict medical examination; there were twenty-one men, three officers, and a surgeon. On July 7th the Expedition sailed from St. John's, Newfoundland; on the 15th they entered the harbour of Godhavn. The usual Greenland hospitality was shown them at Upernivik, and they made a prosperous voyage to Lady Franklin Bay. On the 18th of August, all the supplies having been landed, the steamer left them; a strip of packed floes, however, cut her off from open water, and not until the 26th did she pass from their sight. "Already from August 18th," says Lieutenant Greely, "freezing temperatures occurred daily; and at 3 p.m. of the 29th the temperature fell below the freezing-point, there to remain for a period of nine months." The building of the house, and all preparations for winter, were pushed on with the utmost rapidity.

On Sunday, August 28th, the entire party were assembled, and the commander laid down the programme for future Sundays.

> In dealing with the religious affairs of a party of that kind, which included in it members of many varying sects (says Lieutenant Greely), I felt that any regulations which might be formulated should rest on the broadest and most liberal basis. I said to them that, although separated from the rest of the world, it was most proper and right that the Sabbath should be observed. In consequence, I announced that games of all kinds should be abstained from on that day. On each Sunday morning there would be read, by me, a selection from the Psalms, and it was expected that every member of the Expedition should be present, unless he had conscientious scruples against listening to the reading of the Bible. After service on each Sunday, any parties desiring to hunt or leave the station should have free and full permission, if such exercise was deemed by me especially suited to our surroundings, as serving to break in on the monotony of our life, and thus be conducive both to mental and physical health. The selection of Psalms for the 28th day of the month was then read. Although as a rule, during our stay at Conger,[1] I refrained from any comments on what was then read, I felt obliged that morning to especially invite the attention of the party to that verse which recites how delightful a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.

These were wise and wholesome counsels; and we are glad to read that thereafter, while sledging expeditions were being made, prayers for the travellers were offered at the station.

By the middle of September their observatories were constructed, and much of the necessary station work was happily finished. Autumn-sledging closed about the middle of October; later trips were reckoned part of the winter duty. Twenty-six musk oxen, ten ducks, a hare, two seal, and a

[1] The station was named Conger, after Senator Conger, who had interested himself greatly in the Expedition.

ptarmigan, rewarded their hunter's efforts during September and October, which afforded about six thousand pounds of fresh meat for the party, and nearly an equal amount of offal for their dogs. The first signs of the coming Polar night were noted on the evening of September 9th, when a grateful change to the eyes came, with a bright moon and the sight of a star of the first magnitude. While the mental irritation and depression consequent on the Arctic night, says Lieutenant Greely, are not experienced during the Polar day, yet the latter has disadvantages. In some members of the party a marked tendency to sleeplessness developed, and even the most methodical fell into irregular hours and habits, unless routine was imposed on them. On October 8th the use of lamps became necessary within doors, except for an hour at midday; and on the 15th it was only for a little while that the station was gladdened with sunlight. For four and a half months the sun departed.

The chapters describing the journeys of Lieutenant Lockwood's party in the spring of 1882 are full of interest. On May 13th, in their twenty-fifth and last march—ten hours' work carrying them only sixteen miles, worn out by travel through deep snow—they made 83° 24′ N, the highest latitude ever attained by man. This is the field-note: "We have reached a higher latitude than ever before reached by mortal man, and on a land farther North than was supposed by many to exist. We unfurled the glorious Stars and Stripes to the exhilarating northern breezes with an exultation impossible to describe." The honour which for three centuries England had held now fell to the possession of her "kin across the sea." Lieutenant Lockwood and his inseparable sledge-companion Sergeant Brainard, with proper pride, looked that day from their vantage-ground of the farthest North (Lockwood Island) "to the desolate Cape which, until surpassed in coming ages, may well bear the grand name of Washington."

On August 25th, a year having elapsed since the steamer left them, the commander's journal has this note: "I have quite given up the ship, as indeed have most of the men." Yet, for a few days, they hoped against hope; but no relief came.

The second winter could hardly pass as pleasantly as the first. The novelty of Arctic service was over. A gloom had been cast over the party by the non-arrival of the promised ship; and a restriction in the use of certain articles of food was absolutely necessary. Nevertheless, owing to the commander's care, the men passed the winter in good spirits and condition. The health of the party as a whole, indeed, was excellent; three men, for a few days, were ordered a special

amount of fresh meat, but they speedily returned to their normal diet.

The commander's diary for 1882-3 is almost as interesting as that for 1881-2. On September 8 a fiord seal (*Phoca hispida*)[1] was killed; a large, snowy owl was shot. On September 21, temperature was down to 0·7° (−17·4° C.), showing the approach of winter. A musk-ox (dressing 371 pounds) was joyfully secured; a large fine raven was quite a novelty; an ermine was caught already in his winter fur; foxes were trapped. A bear visited the station in the night, but unhappily he got away. This was the only bear seen at Conger.

On October 1, the temperature fell below zero (−17·8° C). for the first time; on the 15th, it fell (permanently) below zero, sixteen days earlier than in the previous year. The sun was last seen on the 13th.

Thanksgiving Day was celebrated after the following order:

Thursday, Nov. 30, 1882, being without doubt the appointed day of national thanksgiving, is herewith designated as a day of thanksgiving and praise. Exemption from death and disease, success in scientific and geographical work, together with the present possession of health and cheerfulness, may be mentioned as special mercies for which this command has reason to be thankful.

On the 1st of March, 1883, the commander wrote: "The first day of spring brings a sense of relief that the second winter is over, and that the entire party is in perfect health. The unfavourable experiences of other expeditions . . . and the knowledge that no party had ever passed a second winter in such high latitudes . . . caused me much uneasiness." And he added (no wonder!), "Perfect ease of mind cannot come until a ship is again seen."

In the spring of 1883 the coast-line explorations were successful, and between April and July, discoveries were made in Grinnell Land. But all the while a retreat from Conger was kept in view. Early in the year, in fact, preparations were begun, a depôt of provisions being established at a southern point. As the summer days went on—no steamer appearing—packing-up and travelling arrangements became more definite. On the 9th of August, the station was abandoned.[2]

Our means of transportation (wrote Lieutenant Greely) consisted of the 27-foot navy launch, which afforded motive-power for our other boats, which were towed by it. Lieutenant Lockwood was especially put in

[1] In their struggle to make the shore, near Cape Sabine, an Eskimo member of the party killed a large bladder-nose seal, 8 feet 4 inches long; a rare seal along the Greenland coast. The fiord seal (*Phoca fœtida* or *hispida*) is known by the English whalers as the "floe-rat."

[2] At Fort Conger, they had "experienced two years of unequalled cold and darkness. Nine months (less twelve days) had been marked by total absence of the sun, during which the *mean* temperature had been −31·4° (−35·2° C.)."

charge of her, with a crew of six, including engineer and fireman, which, with Lieutenant Kislingbury and myself, raised the number to nine. The remaining sixteen of the party were divided between the three boats in tow; in one of which, the whale boat, Dr. Pavy went by preference. . . . To provide against disaster to any of the boats, the records, provisions, coal, etc., were as generally distributed as possible.

On the 10th they turned their prows into Kennedy Channel, to the southward, and they hoped to safety. They then knew not that one relief steamer ("*nipped*") was at the bottom of the sea, and that its consort—its commander "convinced that this frozen region is not to be trifled with"—was that very day steaming safely southward, with undiminished stores, into the harbour of Upernivik.

Beset fifteen days, drifting with ice, the cold steadily increasing, the party was in a truly pitiable plight. On the 10th of September, they resolved to exchange the boats for the sledge. On the Sunday evening they "offered words of praise to the Almighty," and with the new purpose of action expressed "renewed faith in the Divine Providence."

After a weary and most perilous struggle, they reached the shore (Smith Sound), September 29th. They had preserved their instruments and baggage, scientific and private records, arms and ammunition. The retreat from Conger to Cape Sabine, which had taken fifty-one days, involved over four hundred miles travel by boat, and fully a hundred with sledge and boat; and the greater part of this journey was made under such circumstances as to test their endurance to the utmost. The story of this retreat will rank among the most memorable illustrations of courage, coolness, and indomitable perseverance.

The journal of the winter (the *third* winter)—one of suffering from lack of food, and light, and fuel—we must pass over. Here is an entry in the spring of 1884, April 5th:

The night before, Christiansen, one of the Eskimos, had been somewhat delirious, but in early morning he grew worse, and at nine o'clock died. During the previous week considerable extra food had been issued him in the hope of saving him. His body was carefully examined by Dr. Pavy . . . Death resulted from the action of water on the heart induced by "insufficient nutrition." We dreaded to use or hear the word "starvation," but that was the plain meaning of it.

On April 9th, Lieutenant Lockwood[1] passed away. On May 3rd their last bread was gone, and only nine days' meat remained, even at the small rations then issued. On June 1st Lieutenant Kislingbury died; at the close, in extreme weakness, he sang the Doxology. On the 5th Dr. Pavy died.

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[1] "A gallant officer, a brave, true, and loyal man. Christian charity, manliness, and gentleness, were the salient points of his character" (Vol. II., p. 288).

By the morning of June 22nd the seven remaining members of the party were all exhausted. At noon, Brainard obtained some water; that and a few square inches of soaked sealskin was all the nutriment which passed their lips for forty-two hours prior to their rescue. About midnight Greely heard the sound of a steamer's whistle. His comrades doubted; nothing could be seen or heard. "We had resigned ourselves to despair, when suddenly strange voices were heard calling me; and in a frenzy of feeling as vehement as our enfeebled condition would permit, we realized that our country had not failed us, that the long agony was over, and the remnant of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition saved."

## Art. VI.—CHURCH PATRONAGE.

FROM the third century, when the Bishopric of Carthage was purchased by a wealthy matron for one of her servants, traffic in Church Preferment has been an evil practice from which the chief officers of the Church have never, at least until recent times, been wholly free. The quasi-parental fondness of celibate Roman Catholic Bishops for their "nephews," shown in collating them to rich benefices, caused a scandal whose memory is kept alive in the word Nepotism, as applied to family jobs generally. The faithful laity branded these transactions as Simony—a misuse of the term, no doubt, but pardonable as marking the height of their indignation. Shakespeare makes it a prominent article in Queen Katharine's indictment of Cardinal Wolsey, that "to him simony was fair play." The Legislature has adopted the term, and defined it—in a manner to which I shall call attention presently.

In no historical work to which I have access can I find any trace of simony on the part of the laity in pre-Reformation days. In the eleventh century (according to Hallam), "Simony, or the corrupt purchase of spiritual benefices, was the characteristic reproach of the clergy." Acting on a shrewd suspicion that the chief inducement to this traffic was the temporalities rather than the spiritualities of the benefice, our kings interposed investiture by the Bishop between the assumption of the spiritual privileges and the possession of the emoluments, in the hope that thus the Bishop might be enabled to check the growing evil. But when, after the Reformation, the action of a Bishop in refusing institution became, in its turn, subject to the control of the Courts of