

WILLIAM BRYAN,
Merchant Tailor.
Just received a handsome assortment
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES and VESTS,
very superior in quality, and variety
of colors, all of which he has determined to
sell at a low price. His shop is kept in the house of
William G. York, Esq., next door to
Messrs. Hart & Franklin's store. He will
do up work at the shortest notice, and in
the most and most fashionable style. Gentles
wishing to encourage him will do well to
call on him.

The Maryland Gazette.

TOL. IX. ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1835. NO. 18.

A BY-LAW,
ESTABLISHING WEST STREET.
SECTION 1. Be it established and ordained,
That the Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen and
Common Council of the city of Annapolis,
by authority of the same, That the City
Commissioners be and they are hereby author-
ized and empowered by the authority afore-
said to fix, establish, lay off and extend
a street, to wit: beginning at and near a
brick building owned by Rachel Severe,
running West to the limits of the city,
a said street or road is at this time weedy
with the street not to be contracted
extended beyond its present limits, as de-
termined by the houses and fences thereon erected.

SECTION 2. And be it established and ordained
That the authority aforesaid, That if the City
Commissioners find it necessary, they may
employ the Surveyor of the county for the
purpose of correctly laying down said street, and
it shall be the duty of said Surveyor to make
and return a plat of said street to the cor-
poration.

SECTION 3. And be it established and ordained
That the authority aforesaid, that it shall be
the duty of the commissioners to appoint a
person to lay down said street, and to
publish in the newspapers of this city to all
persons who may be interested in establishing
aforesaid street.

SECTION 4. And be it further established and
ordained by the authority aforesaid, that as
soon as the City Commissioners and Surveyor
shall have made return of their proceed-
ings according to the provisions of this by-
law, to the corporation, and the same shall
have been received and confirmed by the
corporation, then the said street shall from
that time forward be established and known
and called by the name of West street ended.

OXFORD EXALLS,
is free, but did belong to Deborah
Laughlin, of Anne-Arundel county. She
is about 60 years of age, 5 feet 3 inches
high; had on when committed a blue cloth
coat, blue pantaloons, coarse shoes, old
hat, and a blue camlet great coat. The
owner, if any, of the above described negro
is requested to come forward, prove property,
pay charges, and take him away, otherwise
he will be discharged according to law.

ST. MARY'S COUNTY COURT,
March Term, 1835.
ORDERED by the Court, That the credi-
tors of William J. Yates, a petitioner for
the benefit of the Insolvent Laws of this
State, be and appear before the County Court
to be held at Leonard-town on the first Mon-
day of August next, to file allegations if any
they have, and to recommend a permanent
trustee for their benefit.

JO. HARRIS, Clk.
True copy,
JO. HARRIS, Clk.
St. Mary's county court,
March 19.

PRINTING
Neatly executed at the
OFFICE.

Printed and Published by
SONAS GREEN,
at the Brick Building on the Public
Circle.

Price—Three Dollars per annum.
JOHN E. HOWARD,
Attorney at Law.
Annapolis, Maryland.
Office in West Street.

SUBSCRIPTIONS
The Penny Magazine, Penny Cyclopæ-
dia, Republic of Letters, New York Re-
porter and New York Truth Teller, received
of the subscribers, where spe-
cial Numbers can be seen.
FRANCIS M. JARBOE,
Church street—Annapolis.

NOTICE.
I am committed to my custody as a Rona-
n on the 13th March inst. a Negro
man who calls himself
HENRY JOHNSON,
said fellow is five feet eight inches
high, dark complexion, appears to be about
thirty-two years of age; clothing a round-
about of grey cloth, and pantaloons of the
same, black cap, old shoes and stockings,
is a Stoue Cutter by trade. The
owner of said fellow is hereby notified to
come forward, prove property, and take him
away, he will otherwise be discharged agree-
ably to law.

R. WELCH, of Ben.
Shill, A. A. County.
PROSPECTUS.
THE Subscriber proposes to publish, in
Upper Marlboro', Prince George's county,
Maryland, a weekly journal, to be called
THE BULLY.
In undertaking to supply this acknowledgment
to the popular and intelligent
district in which the subscriber has the
pleasure to reside, his hope of ultimate suc-
cess finds not its origin in sanguine
speculation, but proceeds from the eminent
advantages of its location. Published in the
vicinity of a large and wealthy county, sit-
uated equidistant from the State and Na-
tional capitals, facilities of an early com-
munication of whatever may interest its patrons,
are especially afforded to the Editors; and
it may not be far from the truth to say,
that he may not hope to present to his
readers much foreign information through the
medium of his columns, not derivable from
his own journals, it is still certain that intel-
ligent and local nature, interesting to all
important to many, and otherwise unat-
tainable, will by this means be communicated.
It will also offer to those whose means are in-
adequate to the expense of the larger jour-
nal, at least a synoptical view of all the im-
portant information they contain; and he
trusts that those of literary taste may some-
times find in its columns, articles not unwor-
thy of the employment of their leisure. As
the price of every publication which is to find
a success in popular support, must first be
proved before public patronage can be ex-
pected, the Editor would here mark the out-
come of his design, with the full knowledge
that it will constitute an ordeal, by which, to
obtain both its merit and the fidelity of its
presentation.

The Editor proposes to adapt his paper to the
wishes of those by whom he is immediately sur-
rounded, and among whom he must naturally
find a majority of his patrons; he knows
that to be intelligent and inquiring.—The
Editorial department, shall, therefore, be as-
suredly regarded, and the most approved
domestic and foreign periodicals resorted to
for letters notices. He knows them to be
patriotic, and that they feel a deep interest
in the welfare of our common country. To
justify this sentiment to the extent of his abili-
ties, his columns shall afford whatever intelli-
gence of a political character may be calcula-
ble to interest them. No man, with the fa-
cility of thought, is at this crisis neutral in re-
spect to the party distinctions now prevail-
ing in this country, and the Editor does not wish
to suppress his political sentiments—they are
entirely conformable to the measures of the present
administration. But having neither the tem-
per nor the motive of a partisan, his comments
on party movements shall be characterized
by frankness of argument, not violence or abuse
and as it never has been his practice, so shall
it never become his habit to deal in political
calumnies or party virulence. He will cheer-
fully heed the aid of his columns to communi-
cate from all parties—reserving to himself
the privilege of rejecting such as are objec-
tionable. In addition to the advantages of ap-
parently political and literary selections, he
will also be tempted to exercise whatever of
his talent may surround him, and with such
advantages he may not presumptuously hope to read
any uninteresting and interesting. He asks
for the patronage of his friends, longer than
for the merit and reply, it, as he wishes not
to deny that (prior to personal labors, which
he has denied to his editorial labors, which
he will publish on Thurs-
day of each week. Terms of subscription \$5
per annum.

WILLIAM H. HALL,
Printer, Feb. 14, 1835.

POETRY.

The following beautiful lines from the Charleston
Rose Bud, contain a useful and interesting moral to the
comprehension of Children, and may not be devoid of
interest to minds of older growth.

"IS IT SUNDAY?"
"What is the Lady doing there,
In such a posture?" Anna cried;
"The Lady kneels in humble prayer,"
Her sister Bell replied.

Young Anna's siskin lashes fell;
"O say the Lady kneels in prayer,
To-day, you know in Friday, Bell,
And not Sunday there?"

"Oh, sister, dear, can no one pray
At any other time as well?
Must Sunday be the only day?"
Said thoughtful Isabel.

"I should be very sad if I,
Who sorrow almost every day
For something wrong, must wait 'till
Till Sunday comes, to pray."

"When I have erred in deed or word,
And tears arise, and blind my eye,
My heart and lips with prayer are stirred,
Till I forget to sigh.

"When softly on my downy bed,
I wake, and find the morning there,
I think 't were amiss that morning made,
And speak to God in prayer."

"When day's bright dews are shut, I know
Whose viewless hand forbids her beam,
And dare not to my slumber go,
Till I have prayed to Him.

"Oh, sister, dear, no matter where,
No matter what the hour of day,
The solemn eve, the morning fair—
'Tis always good to pray!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

TOUR ON THE PRAIRIES.

From Washington Irving's New Work.

We have spoken of the huntsman Beatte,
who subsequently became the guide of the
expedition. Here he is at hiring and start-
ing.

"For our own parts, the Commissioner and
myself were desirous, before setting out to pro-
cure another attendant, well versed in wood-
craft, who might serve as a hunter; for our lit-
tle Frenchman would have his hands full, when
in camp, in cooking, and on the march, in tak-
ing care of the pack-horses. Such a one pre-
sented himself, or rather, was recommended to
us in Pierre Beatte, a half-breed of French and
Osage parentage. We were assured that he was
acquainted with all parts of the country, hav-
ing traversed it in all directions, both in
hunting and war parties; that he would be of use
both as a guide and interpreter, and that he was
a first rate hunter.

"I confess I did not like his looks when he
was first pointed out to me. He was lounging
about in an old hunting-trook and moccasins,
or leggings, of deer skin, soiled and greasy, and
almost jannoned by constant use. He was ap-
parently about thirty-six years of age, square
and strongly built. His features were not bad,
being shaped not unlike those of Napoleon, but
sharpened up, with high Indian cheek-bones.
Perhaps the dusky greenish hue of his complexion
added to his resemblance to an old bronze
bust I had seen of the Emperor. He had, how-
ever, a sallow, saturnine expression, set off by a
slouched wooden hat, and elflocks that hung a-
bout his ears.

"Such was the appearance of the man; and
his manners were equally unprepossessing. He
was cold and laconic—made no promises or
professions—stated the terms he required for
the services of himself and his horse—which
we thought rather high, but he showed no dis-
position to abate them, nor any anxiety to secure
our employ. He had, altogether, more of the
rod than the white man in his composition—
and, as I had been taught to look upon all half-
breeds with distrust, as an uncertain and faith-
less race, I would gladly have dispensed with
the services of Pierre Beatte. We had no time,
however, to look about for any one more to our
taste, and had to make arrangements with him
on the spot. He then set about making his pre-
parations for the journey, promising to join us
at our evening's encampment.

"We had not been long encamped, when our
recently-engaged attendant Beatte, the Osage
half-breed, made his appearance. He came
mounted on one horse and leading another,
which seemed to be well packed with supplies
for the expedition. Beatte was evidently an
'old soldier' as to the art of taking care of him-
self, and looking out for emergencies. Finding
that he was in government employ, being en-
gaged by the commissioner, he had drawn ra-
tions of flour and bacon, and put them up so as
to be weatherproof. In addition to the horse,
for the road, and for ordinary service, which
was a rough, hardy animal, he had another for
hunting. This was of a mixed breed, like him-
self, being a cross of the domestic stock with the
wild horse of the prairies—and a noble steed it
was, of generous spirit, fine action, and admir-
able bottom. He had taken care to have his
horns well shod at the agency. He came pre-
pared at all points for war or hunting; his rifle
pouch at his side, his hunting-knife stuck in his
belt, and coils of cordage at his saddle bow,
which, we were told, were *larriats*, or noosed
cords, used in catching the wild horse.

"Thus equipped and provided, an Indian hun-
ter on a prairie is like a cruiser on the ocean,
perfectly independent of the world, and com-

petent to self protection and self-maintenance.
He can cast himself loose from every one, shape
his own course, and take his own fortunes. I
thought Beatte seemed to feel his independence,
and to consider himself superior to us all, now
that we were launching into wilderness. He
maintained a half proud, half sullen look, and
great taciturnity; and his first care was to un-
pack his horse, and put them in safe quarters
for the night. His whole demeanor was in per-
fect contrast to our vaporing, chattering, bust-
ling little Frenchman. The latter, too, seemed
jealous of this new comer. He whispered to
us, that these half-breeds were a touchy, capri-
cious people, little to be depended upon; that
Beatte had evidently come prepared to take care
of himself; and that, at any moment in the course
of our tour, he would be liable to take some sud-
den disgust or affront and abandon us at a mo-
ment's warning, having the means of shifting
for himself, and being perfectly at home on the
prairies."

It has been hinted that our author had accom-
panied a Government expedition. The mid-
body, however, had started when they arrived,
and the tourists had to follow them. Among
the friends of Washington Irving was a young
Swiss count, brimful of romance and enthusias-
m; he is the person alluded to in the follow-
ing.

Night Piece.—Hoping to reach the encamp-
ment of the rangers before nightfall, we pushed
on until twilight, when we were obliged to lit
in a ravine. The rangers bivouacked under
trees, at the bottom of the dell, while we pitched
our tent on a rocky knoll near a running
stream. The night came on dark and overcast
with flying clouds, and much appearance of
rain. The fires of the rangers burnt brightly
in the dell, and threw strong masses of light up
on the robber-looking groups that were cooking,
eating and drinking around them. To add to
the wildness of the scene, several Osage In-
dians, visitors from the villages we had passed,
were mingled among the men. Three of them
came and seated themselves by our fire. They
watched every thing that was going on around
them in silence, and looked like figures of men-
tal torment. We gave them bread, and what
they most relished, coffee; for the Indians par-
take in the universal fondness for this beverage
which pervades the West. When they had
made their supper, they stretched themselves
side by side before the fire, and began to smoke
calumet, continuing with their hands upon their
breasts by way of accompaniment. This custom
seemed to consist of regular staves, every one
terminating in a narrow pipe, which he held in
the abrupt interjection, half an hour after the
calumet. This custom, we were told by our in-
terpreter for Beatte, related to our forefathers, and
reminded them of all that they knew of our
plans. On one part of the pipe of the calumet,
whose animated character had captured for
Indian captives had struck their fancy, and they
had held in some waggish jest, but which
the young half-breed, that presented a great
merit in a common half-breed.

**The Notes of the Woods, the Men without
a Star.**—The Indians that I have had an op-
portunity of seeing in real life, are quite differ-
ent from those described in poetry. They are
by no means the staid that they are represented
to be, taciturn, unassuming, without a tear or smile,
in their way, it is true, when in company
with white men, whose good will they distrust,
and whose language they do not understand;
but the white man is equally taciturn and like
circumstances. When the Indians are among
themselves, however, there cannot be greater
gossip. Half their time is taken up in talking
over their adventures in war and hunting, and
in telling whimsical stories. They are great
mimics and buffoons also; and entertain them-
selves excessively at the expense of the whites,
with whom they have associated, and who have
supposed them impressed with profound respect
for their grandeur and dignity. They are cu-
rious observers, noting every thing in silence,
but with a keen and watching eye, occasion-
ally exchanging a glance or a grunt with each other,
when any thing particularly strikes them, but
reserving all comments until they are alone.
Then it is that they give full scope to criticism,
satire, mimicry, and mirth.

In the course of my journey along the fron-
tier, I have had repeated opportunities of notic-
ing their excitability and boisterous merriment
at their games; and have occasionally noticed
a group of Osages sitting round a fire, until a
late hour of the night, engaged in the most ani-
mating and lively conversation, and at times
making the woods resound with peals of laugh-
ter.

As far as I can judge, the Indian of poetical
fiction is like the shepherd of pastoral romance
—a mere personification of imaginary attributes.
A hint for crossing a river.—It was now that
our worthies, Beatte and Tonish, had an oppor-
tunity of displaying their Indian adroitness and
resource. At the Osage village which we had
passed a day or two before, they had procured
a dried buffalo skin. This was now produced;
cords were passed through a number of small
eye-holes with which it was bordered, and it was
drawn up until it formed a kind of deep trough.
Sticks were then placed athwart it on the inside,
to keep it in shape; our camp equipment and a
part of our baggage were placed within, and the
singular bark was carried down the bank and

set afloat. A cord was attached to the prow,
which Beatte took between his teeth, and, throw-
ing himself into the water, went ahead, towing
the bark after him, while Tonish followed be-
hind, to keep it steady, and to propel it. Part
of the way they had foot hold and were enabled
to wade, but in the main current they were ob-
liged to swim. The whole way they whooped
and yelled in the Indian style, until they landed
safely on the opposite shore.

The Commissioner and myself were so well
pleased with this Indian mode of ferrage, that
we determined to trust ourselves in the buffalo
hide.

Our men having recrossed with their cockle-
shell bark, it was drawn ashore, half filled with
saddles, saddle-bags, and other luggage, amount-
ing to about a hundred weight, and being as-
sembled in the water, I was invited to take my
seat. It appeared to me pretty much like the
embarkation of the wise men of Gotham, who
went to sea in a bowl. I stepped in, however,
without hesitation, though as cautious as possi-
ble, and sat down on the top of the luggage, the
prow of the hide sinking to within a hand's
breadth of the water's edge. Rills, flowing pieces,
and other small bark were then handed
round, and I protected against receiving any more
burden. We then launched forth upon the
stream, the bark being towed and propelled as
before.

It was with a sensation, half serious, half com-
ical, that I found myself thus afloat, on the skin of a
buffalo, in the midst of a wild river surrounded by
a wild forest, and towed along by a half savage
whooping and yelling like a devil incarnate.
To please the vanity of little Tonish, I discharg-
ed the double-barrelled gun to the right and left,
when in the centre of the stream. The report
echoed along the woody shores, and was an-
swered by shouts from some of the rangers, to
the great exultation of the little French man,
who took to himself all the whole glory of this In-
dian mode of navigation.

Our voyage was accomplished happily; the
commissioner was tired across with equal suc-
cess, and all our efforts were brought to a
successful issue. Nothing could equal the val-
lourous sporting of little Tonish, as he strut-
ted about the shore, and exalted in his superior
skill and knowledge to the rangers. Beatte,
however, kept his proud, saturnine look without
a smile. He had a vast contempt for the igno-
rance of the rangers, and felt that he had been
undervalued by them. His only observation was,
"D'ye know see the Indian good for some-
thing, any how?"

From the Y. Commercial Advertiser, April 16.
CAPTAIN ROSS.

Wm. Wiley and Long have just republi-
shed a small volume, an interesting outline of
Captain Ross's late hazardous and memorable ex-
pedition—brided from the evidence taken before
the Parliamentary Committee—and accompani-
ed by a sketch of previous Arctic Discoveries,
with an engraved map of the discovery regions ex-
plored. We have seldom met a little work so
interesting and so well intended to super-
cede the large work now preparing by the
galant Captain himself—but merely as the Lon-
don publisher says, as a preparatory what to
the substantial banquet, which the forth coming
volumes will present, we feel no hesitation in
presenting a few extracts to our readers, which
will be found highly interesting. It is well
known that it was the rare and disinterested
munificence of Mr. Felix Booth, which origi-
nated the expedition. Captain Ross, suffering,
as he conceived, unjustly from the failure of his
former expedition, and smarting under the neg-
lect he experienced, while the more successful
and popular Parry was basking in the sun-shine
of favour, determined to make another voyage,
and relieve his honor, if not his fortune. He
was baffled, however, in every successive ap-
plication, to the Admiralty, who growing weary of
repeated applications, had given up the project
as chimerical, and finally, as it were, to destroy
all hope, they had abolished the magnificent prize
of £20,000 so long offered for the discovery of
the North West passage. But this very act was
the immediate cause of this princely merchant's
taking up the hopeless cause. Conscious then,
that no one could impugn his motives, and un-
der a strict promise of secrecy from Ross, he ad-
vanced £19,000 to fit out an expedition, and
that without not only the slightest prospect of
ever being repaid, but with almost the certainty
of losing the whole.

We now give several extracts of much in-
terest, relating to the expedition. The follow-
ing letters from men so distinguished are highly
to the honour of the parties concerned.
Capt. Ross received gratuitous offers of ze-
alous service and assistance in any capacity, from
two distinguished officers, Capt. Back and Capt.
Hopper, officers equally creditable to Captain
Ross and to those who made them. Captain
Back's offer was made in Parliament street,
where he met Capt. Ross walking with his ne-
phew, when he said, "Will you take me on any
terms? I will go as draftsman, or any thing you
choose to make me." Capt. Hopper made a
similar offer, verbally at first, and subsequently
in writing. The following is a copy of Capt.
Hopper's letter:

My Dear Sir:—As I feel so much interested
in the noble enterprise, I cannot help express-
ing myself more explicitly on the subject next

my heart. If you will accept my service, I am
ready to go with you in any capacity, and will
make over all I am worth in the world for the
advancement of your object. I promise you
most implicit obedience; and will never offer an
opinion, unless required. Be assured of my
devotion to the great and noble undertaking, and
Believe me,
Your very humble servant,
H. P. HOPPNER.
R. N. Club, Bond-street.
Saturday, March 21st.

P. S.—There is no occupation so lowly that
I will not undertake.

Captain Ross, however, naturally enough preferred,
even to this most disinterested offer, that his own ne-
phew should accompany him.

The following exhibits the degree of cold to which the
prizes was exposed—and the value of total abstinence
in supporting the frame under the most rigorous priva-
tions, and is triumphant evidence for the temperance
cause.

The lowest point at which the thermometer ever stood,
during the period their stay here embraced, was sixty
degrees and a half below zero, which is ninety-two and
a half below the freezing point of Fahr. scale. This
was in January, 1831. It was very seldom so low as
that; it had been frequently as low as eighty degrees be-
low the freezing point, but never except once, for a few
days, so low as ninety. They often however had eighty-
five; at this time there was no wind.

In all former attempts to live under such an extreme
degree of cold, death was the result; as the melancholy
cases of Sir Hugh Willoughby's crew who all perished
and were found dead in their hut, and the party of ad-
mirals at Spitzbergen, who were likewise all found dead
with cold, too will attest.

Captain Ross attributes the preservation of his party
from the fatal effects of cold, to the method they took
of ventilating their hut, and covering it with ice. They
were also without exception for the latter fifteen months
of the voyage, and he attributes to this fact a considerable
portion of the healthy state in which the party were.
They had also some coals during the greater part of the
time, but latterly the allowance was extremely limited,
and for the last six months they remained, it was wholly
exhausted. They had some coffee made of burnt peas.

The following is the description of the country where
these daring outcasts from the world lived so unrelaxed,
ly.

The sea around (the ship) presented one continual
field of ice, towering icebergs of gigantic size, and singu-
larly fantastic form; immense masses thrown up at plea-
sure, called hummocks; pyramids, cavities, and an end-
less variety of forms, heaped together in wild disorder;
from some high summits are gracefully pendant others
are surrounded by sparry crystals and brilliant scales,
the prominent surfs tinged with the most vivid emerald
and violet tints, and the most intense blue shades
marking in the recesses, presenting a splendid exhibition
of icy grandeur.

The continent called by Captain Ross, Boothia, and
the adjacent islands, present in nearly the same appear-
ance, being only distinguished from the ocean by the bare sur-
face of steep and precipitous rocks which occasionally rise to
a great height, presenting horizontal and perpendicular
strata of primitive granite, and in some places vast mas-
ses of red sandstone, exhibiting in others so confus-
ed that they evidently mark some violent convulsion of
nature. These dark and forbidding precipices, without
the least mark of vegetation, form a singular contrast
with the parched ice, and the sparkling whiteness
of the surrounding snow. On every side the eye
stretches over one interminable field of ice and snow,
whose very barrenness is beautiful, but which conveys a
feeling of total privation and utter desolation.

Towards the south, the horizon was overcast by an
arch of bright and splendid crimson light, which was
always visible about noon, even when the sun was at
its greatest southern declination; indeed, the return of
what might be considered day was always marked by so
considerable a light, that by turning a boat towards the
south, the smallest print might be read without difficul-
ty; and the brightness of the moon and stars, together
with the reflection from the ice, rendered anything ap-
proaching a deep or positive gloom of rare occurrence.
The opposite portion of the hemisphere was splendidly
flamed by that extraordinary and beautiful phenom-
enon, the Aurora Borealis, vividly darting its brilliant
coruscations towards the zenith in endless variety, and
tinging the ice and snow with its pale and mellow light;
the remaining portions of the sky are clear, dark, and
unclouded, thickly studded with numberless stars, shin-
ing with peculiar lustre, the whole forming a striking
and romantic scene, difficult to conceive, and impossible
to describe; the awful grandeur and sublimity of which
cannot be contemplated but which the most intense in-
terest and enthusiastic admiration.

We conclude our extracts with the description of the
manner in which the adventurers entreated them-
selves for the winter—and in which they performed
their perilous journey in search of the wreck of the
Fury.

On the arrival of the Victory in Felix Harbour, every
possible arrangement had been made to render the an-
ticipation of the officers and crew as comfortable as, under
the circumstances, it was possible to render them. The
whole of the deck was covered over at a moderate height
with sail cloth properly stretched on spars. The whole
of the steam machinery was removed. A snow wall of
considerable thickness, about seven feet, composed of
large blocks, was erected to defend the vessel from the
northern blast, and the still more dangerous snow drifts
which were daily driven on them. Another great advan-
tage they felt from this wall, as well as from the situa-
tion in which they were when Capt. Ross describes them
as "the inhabitants of an iceberg," was that the non-con-
ducting power of the snow retained the heat longer than
otherwise would have been the case; within this first
also the men usually exercised, when it was too stormy
for them to walk on shore or to a distance.

We shall now proceed to give some account of the
circumstances of unparalleled difficulty and hardship at-
tending this part of the expedition, to which the Com-
mittee advert in their report. The determination to