

expectation that he might have an opportunity of falling in with his missing brother Harry (as he familiarly calls him in the narrative), the assistant-surgeon of the "Erebus," and the naturalist of the Expedition.

The friends of Sir J. Franklin, contemplating a most vigorous search in every direction in which he might possibly appear, could not help observing that one, and not the least important, spot—the Wellington Channel—was still unprovided for; and, that it might stand high in public estimation, Jones's Sound, and probably also Smith's Sound, were early associated with it. Its deservedly popular name, however, soon rendered it popular upon its own merits; and the painfully intimate relation which it had to keep up, for a time, with the already-mentioned localities, across the bleak, and perhaps also cheerless, tracks of North Devon, was happily discontinued: it was still open for renewed negotiations, in the event of a long and favourable stride being made by some stray but lucky whaler. This unoccupied field of research was daily exhibiting new attractions, and at length it was finally settled at head-quarters that an expedition should be equipped with a view to explore it.

From the fact that the "North Star" had not