

from Behring's Strait to the strait of the Fury and Hecla has been navigated by Englishmen, excepting a distance of less than one hundred and seventy-five miles; and it is proved that any part of the distance can be traversed at a certain season of every year. It is certain that the bottom of Regent's Inlet may be reached in any one year from England by a good steamboat, and that the voyage is attended with no greater danger than any other whaling trip. What is to hinder the establishment of a trading post at the isthmus of Boothia, and another at the mouth of the Coppermine? A third is already near the mouth of the McKenzie. A fourth might be established at Kotzebue's Sound, which is approachable from the Pacific every year. Supposing steamboats to be kept at each of these stations; who can calculate—who can guess the results? Whales, seals, birds, and fur-clad animals abound in the sea of Hearne and McKenzie. There is nothing to hinder the pursuit of them there. Men have wintered in Spitzbergen—men have been born, lived, and died, in the most northern regions of America yet known or even guessed at.

It is something to have added a continent nearly as large as Europe to the world, though it be but cold and sterile. It is something that we are enabled to ameliorate the condition of the natives of that country, to communicate to them a knowledge of the arts of life, and the blessings and promises of Christianity. It is something that, without taking an inch of ground from the poor tribes who live north of Lake Winnepeg, without injuring them in the slightest degree, we have improved their condition while we have benefited ourselves; we have furnished employment to hundreds and hundreds of thousands. We have drained the half of a continent of its wealth without impoverishing it. We have served the cause of humanity. The miserable Esquimau no longer perishes by the ruthless hand of the almost as degraded Dog Rib, and the degraded Dog Rib holds his hut, his wife, his life, at the pleasure of the capricious Copper Indian no more. The one is no longer able, or even willing, to oppress the other as before. All parties have risen in the scale of being.

With these reasons for rejoicing there mingles one drop of bitterness—no, of regret rather. We cannot feel bitterly to see good done even by an enemy; far less by a friendly and a kindred people. We may, however, without subjecting ourself to the imputation of envy or lack of charity, express our sorrow that no part of this harvest of true glory was reaped by us. It is our consolation that we can fall back upon the honors of Lewis and Clarke, of Daniel Boone, and many a hardy pioneer, whose enterprise, fortitude, and magnanimity would have done honor to Parry, or Franklin, or Ross, though they were displayed on a less conspicuous field of action than theirs.

We have but two faults to find—one with Captain Ross, and the other with his American publisher. The first is, there was no need, in speaking of the not-too-highly-to-be-praised liberality of Felix Booth, of a sneer at Benjamin Franklin, who also had a heart as big as a whale, or a kraken, or as Booth himself. Such a sarcasm was unworthy of Ross and of Booth. The fault of the publishers is, the carelessness or stinginess which has sent the work into the world without a chart, which might have been given for twenty or thirty dollars, and the want of which takes away half its value.