

time. The ships were no longer safe, and the stores dwindled low, and presumably there was no alternative but to abandon the ships, and strike across the land in search of safety and succour. What became of these hundred and five men who left their doomed ships to their fate, and then went out to meet their own, the world will never know. The one thing certain is that they all perished—some probably early in the march on King William Land—"falling down and dying as they walked," as an old native woman, who may have witnessed the gaunt procession, pathetically put it; many more perhaps upon the mainland of the Great Fish River, one by one falling out of line to answer "Here!" elsewhere.

Fate was more merciful to the hero of our story. He lived long enough to discover the object of his search, though he was never able to traverse it, and he died early enough to miss the terrible sufferings of his heroic companions and the pain that it would have cost him to witness it. Like Moses on Mount Pisgah, he had a distant view of the promised land he might not enter; and, for the rest, "no man knows his sepulchre unto this day."

As results of these discoveries Sir John Franklin has been recognised as the discoverer of the North-West Passage, the strait separating King William Land from Victorian Land, and has been so described upon the pedestal of the statue raised to his memory at the public cost in Waterloo Place; and Captain Leopold McClintock received the honour of knighthood.

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