

to have caused the *Fox* to broach to, or, indeed, to present anything but her pointed stem to the force of the the sea, not one of her crew would have reached the open water alive. "After yesterday's experience," says McClintock in the next day's journal, "I can understand how men's hairs have turned grey in a few hours." A swell of thirteen-foot waves of tumbling ice, with large icebergs here and there crashing through the smaller pack as the spray came showering over their summits seventy feet high, was an ordeal through which few men can have driven their ships with safety, and might well try the sternest nerves. Such was the end of the first year's labour. After escaping from the pack, McClintock turned his bow north, and refitted at Holsteinberg with the least possible delay. The *Fox* was nearly stranded on a rock off the Whalefish Islands in a heavy snow-storm in May, ran upon a sunken ice-capped reef in Melville Bay in June, where she lay for eleven hours in the greatest danger of falling over, till the tide floated her off unhurt; and after several narrow escapes from being nipped or again beset in the pack, anchored in August off Beechey Island. "All the adventures so far," Captain McClintock remarks, "are only preliminaries,—we are only now about to commence the interesting part of our voyage. It is to be hoped the poor *Fox* has many more lives to spare."

From Beechey Island McClintock steered through an open sea straight across to Peel Sound, which he penetrated for twenty-five miles till brought up by ice extending from shore to shore. With the same promptness of decision which marked McClure's sudden determination in 1851 to retrace his steps for the whole length of Prince of Wales' Strait, and sail round Bank's Land by the west, McClintock instantly turned about for Prince Regent Inlet and Bellot Strait. Notwithstanding Kennedy's discovery, it was even then thought doubtful whether Bellot Strait was an unbroken deep-water channel at all. "Does it really exist?" asks McClintock of himself at the moment of this hardy decision; "and if so, is it free from ice?" It did exist; but the close-packed ice sucked into it from its western mouth by a permanent tide of several miles an hour to the eastward, defeated four attempts to force the *Fox* through. On the fifth attempt, McClintock steamed right through to the western outlet of the strait, but finding the wider channel beyond impracticable, returned to winter in safe quarters at Port Kennedy, the destined starting-point of his sledging parties for the next spring.

Through the details of the discovery of the only authentic record of the end of Franklin and his crews by one of those sledging parties, we need not follow Captain McClintock in these pages. The most salient points of his story are too deeply impressed upon all who have heard them to need repeating. The question which on McClintock's return many persons were in the first instance disposed to ask—what, after all, has he told us of the ultimate fate of the main body of those two ships' crews, beyond what Dr. Rae had told us before?—has been thoroughly answered in the paper read by McClintock before the Geographical Society, as well as in his published volume. He has shown us by the recovered record of Point Victory, that those thirty or forty men of whom Rae heard as having died one by one on the island at the mouth of the Great Fish river, were the main body, and not a detachment, as had been supposed. He had tracked them on their course from Point Victory to Capes Crozier and Herschel, in the direction of the river at whose mouth they vainly hoped to find a supply of fish, starting in their extremity at least two months too early. He can speak, with authority, at least equal to that of any man alive, of the greatest number of days' journeys for which they could have carried sufficient provisions, and show how, before they reached the river's mouth, they dropped, as the Esquimaux said, one by one as they walked along. He has fixed the fate of the ships themselves, and of their veteran commander, who was destined to be spared a repetition of such bitterness of death as he had undergone in his youth so nobly. The hasty, laconic record itself, the statement of the proportion of officers and men, already dead, from which the strongest inference of the scurvy-ridden condition of the survivors must be drawn, the date of the abandonment of the vessels, the masses of clothing and other articles brought from shipboard and left so early on the march, the boat found in the snowdrift some eighty miles farther along the coast, turned back towards the ships, with its two skeletons on guard, two guns leaning against the side, loaded and cocked for the chance of a passing animal, and its tantalizing superfluity of chocolate and other unsubstantial provision,—form a connected chain of evidence of the result to which Dr. Rae's informants could only point partially and vaguely. No reasonable doubt can remain after the perusal of McClintock's narrative, that not only could no survivors by any possibility still exist, but that no further trace or record would be found undisturbed by the covetousness or curiosity of the Esquimaux. On the smooth ice over which they dragged their sledges along the shore—on the bare hillocks over which they walked to survey the chances of food in the desolate landscape before them, or on the bleak island at the mouth of the frozen river—lies every

one otherwise unaccounted for of the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*—

"Noble, nameless, English heart,
Snow-cold in snow."

These results were not gained for us at home, it is needless to repeat, without enormous personal danger and fatigue undergone by McClintock and the companions of his enterprise. Lieutenant Hobson, the actual discoverer of the record and the boat, was so worn by travel and illness, that he had to be carried for many days on the sledge drawn by his party. Captain Allen Young, the explorer of McClintock's Channel, was, with another in a party of three, attacked with snow-blindness while far away from the *Fox*; and day after day, wherever the dogs refused to draw the sledge over uneven ice, was regularly loaded and led along by the only one of his companions whose eyes remained serviceable. When McClintock started homewards in 1859 from his anchorage in Port Kennedy, both the engineers of the vessel were dead, and he was obliged to take personal charge of the engines, sometimes for twenty-four hours together, where every moment longer spent within the ice added a fresh risk to those the *Fox* had already undergone. From the 9th of August, when he left Bellot Strait, till he anchored at Godhaven, in Greenland, McClintock must have had many opportunities of congratulating himself on the "many lives" which the *Fox* had yet to spare. As long as our naval officers are trained in the school which has ripened such men as Robert McClure and Leopold McClintock, whose character is written on every page of their journals, we need never fear for the behavior of the British navy.

The following are the names of the commanders, and the dates of the expeditions, which have been sent to the Arctic Seas:

Sir John Ross and Capt. Parry.....	1818	Sir J. Franklin (by land).....	1825-27
Capt. Buchan and Sir J. Franklin.....	1818	Sir John Ross.....	1829-33
Sir J. Franklin (by land).....	1819-21	Capt. Back (by land).....	1833-35
Sir E. Parry.....	1819-21	Capt. Back (by sea).....	1836-37
Sir E. Parry and Capt. Lyon.....	1821-23	Messrs. Dease and Shupson.....	1836-39
Sir E. Parry and Capt. Hoppner.....	1824	Dr. J. Rae.....	1845-46
Sir E. Parry.....	1824-25	Sir J. Franklin. (Himself and crew have never returned.)	1845-46
Capt. Buchan.....	1826-27		

The Franklin searching expeditions—The following were sent out:

Commander Moore.....	1846-52	Mr. Maguire.....	1852-54
Sir G. Richardson.....	1848-49	Sir E. Belcher.....	1852-54
Sir James Ross.....	1848-49	Capt. Kellett.....	1852-54
Lieut. Pullen.....	1849-51	Lieut. Pullen.....	1852-54
Mr. Hooper.....	1849-50	Capt. Ingfield.....	1853-54
Mr. James Saunders.....	1849-50	Dr. Kane (American).....	1853-55
Capt. Collinson and McClure.....	1850-55	Messrs. Anderson and Stewart? (by land).....	1855
Capt. Austin.....	1850-51	Sir L. McClintock, in Lady Franklin's own steam-yacht <i>Fox</i> , found a record of Franklin's death, and discovered traces of the lost expedition at King William's Land.....	1857-59
Sir John Ross.....	1850-51		
Capt. Penny.....	1850-51		
Commander Forsyth.....	1850		
Capt. De Haven (American).....	1850-51		
Capt. Kennedy and Bellot.....	1851-52		
Dr. J. Rae (by land).....	1851-54		

The North-West Passage was made by Sir Robert McClure, from Baffin's Bay, through Lancaster Sound, Barrow Strait, Melville Sound, round Baring's Island, Banks' Land, to Bhering's Straits and the Pacific Ocean, in 1851.

II.—THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE UNITED STATES.

On the 20th Sept. the Prince left Hamilton for Detroit, Chicago, Dwight, on the Prairies, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Richmond, Harrisburgh, and Washington, where he was cordially received by the President of the United States. On the 6th inst., he visited the Tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon.

THE PRINCE AT WASHINGTON, OCTOBER 6TH.

The account of the visit is given as follows: The day was all that could be desired—the finest that the Indian summer could give. Having carefully inspected the house, the Prince stood reverently uncovered in the room in which Washington died, looked at the piano which he presented to Mrs. Lewis, and examined the key of the Bastille and the other curiosities there. The party expressed their gratification at the taste and neatness displayed in the arrangement of the place, and then proceeded to the Tomb of Washington. The Marine band had arrived before them, and, concealed by a neighboring thicket, begun playing a dirge composed by the leader. The scene was most impressive. The party, with uncovered heads, ranged themselves in front of the tomb, so simple yet so grand in its associations, and looked through the iron grated door at the sarcophagus which contains the remains of the Father of his Country. Then retiring a few paces, the Prince, the President and the royal party, grouped in front, silently contemplated the Tomb of Washington. The occasion will become historical. A sad cloud softened the sunlight, the sweet, solemn strains of the beautiful dirge floated around, bringing unconscious tears to eyes unused to weep. Without royal state royalty contemplated the last abode of one who,