

volunteered to make the attempt. He said precisely where the missing expedition was to be found—and the result has proved the accuracy of his knowledge. But, generous and brave as well as sagacious, Dr. King told Earl Grey he did not want to make a place for himself—he was “not soliciting employment;” but he would relinquish “five appointments of honour and emolument,” and ask of their lordships no compensation, if, for the “sake of humanity,” they would send him out. Offers like this—an example of this quality—demanded some cordial recognition if unhappily it was unaccepted. In March, 1848, Mr. H. G. Ward acquaints Dr. King, in cold and sardonic terms, that “My lords have no intention of altering their present arrangements, or of making any other that will require his assistance, or force him to make those sacrifices he appears to contemplate.” Yet “so lately as 1850,” says the narrative from which we quote the words in *Once a Week*, “some of Sir John Franklin’s party were absolutely *alive* upon the Great Fish River.” But we need not pursue the frightful narrative much further. The writer of it, though