

Victory, and the other relics either found lying in their place or purchased from the wandering Esquimaux. Well appointed as the ships were known to be, hopefully and cheerfully as their officers and men were prepared to work together, first as they were destined to be in the completion of the discovery of a passage round the north coast of America, not one man of those crews was to reach habitable land with the tale. No hint of their work or of their fate was to be found, but through year upon year of enterprise, perseverance, and self-devotion on the part of one after another of their brothers in the naval service of Great Britain. Like the Ulysses of Dante and of Tennyson, they were bound—

“To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars”—

until they died. It is all the more our duty to acknowledge that they did the work they were sent to do. That Franklin did virtually solve the problem which was the object of his voyage, is not only testified to by all who have a right to speak authoritatively, but is a fact which rests on unimpeachable grounds. He designedly took the very course down Peel Sound and Franklin Channel which would have carried his ships, but for the terrible duration of that temporary obstacle of the ice-pack in which they were beset for two winters, straight to the most easterly point of the along-shore channel which he already knew. He died himself in full sight of the goal: his ships never traversed the short water-space which lay between their anchorage in the pack and the lines which other keels had ploughed from the west. Neither did the *Investigator* cross from Bank's Land to Parry's harbour in Melville Island. Yet if the reappearance of McClure or Cresswell in England was a living proof of the discovery of the passage, so is the single skeleton found by McClintock five miles to the south-east of Cape Herschel (and therefore within the line of coast traced from the west by Simpson) an imperishable memorial of that discovery having been anticipated by Franklin's expedition four years earlier.

To the total loss of that expedition, and the absolute want of information as to its fate, the present completeness of Arctic research in those longitudes is owing. Had Franklin's crews returned safe in 1848, after leaving their ships irretrievably fixed in the ice-pack, it is almost certain that no further attempts would have been made to force the navigation of a practically fruitless passage. And even if scientific inducements had prompted the organization of another enterprise, it may be questioned whether any such universal and permanent stimulus to unsparing exertion and minute investigation could have been found as that which animated alike officers and common seamen in the search for the missing ships and their crews. Other motives were doubtless at work among the searchers, in the shape of professional emulation, and that sheer love of adventure, which would fill up to-morrow with volunteers the muster-roll of any fresh expedition for the Arctic zone: but the chief goad which pricked on the leading spirits among those searchers to attempt and to accomplish things almost impossible, and drove the whole body of fellow-labourers to keep pace with the contagious enthusiasm of the foremost, was undeniably the hope at first of rescuing the lost ones, and later, when that prospect faded away through the lapse of time, the laudable and brotherly yearning to penetrate the mystery which surrounded their fate. Captain Inglefield's chart, published by the Admiralty hydrographer in October, 1853, which marks in different touches the various strips of coast explored by the ships and travelling parties of the several expeditions in the seven preceding years, gives the clearest notion of the amount of labour that had been performed. McClure's vivid description of the appearance of Lieutenant Pim from the *Resolute*, a wild gesticulating figure, shouting across the floe, as he came to announce their rescue to the ice-bound *Investigator's* crew, is one among many typical pictures of the highly wrought energy of feeling with which Pim, and those like him, prosecuted the search after those who, if alive at all, must then have been in far worse plight than even the “Investigators.” And the whole of McClure's voyage, as drawn from his journals, through the spirited and cordial narrative of his friendly interpreter Sherard Osborn, shows with equal distinctness the need of iron nerve, quick decision, steady judgment, and untiring energy in the commander on special service, such as that on which the *Investigator* was bound, and the ready supply of all those qualifications possessed by her captain. The sailors' rule—“always obey the last order”—is nowhere of more constant application than in the conduct of a vessel through an Arctic campaign. The directing and responsible mind has to be ready at every moment for every possible eventuality; to show under every emergency the equal temper of an heroic heart, and (to quote another line from that ideal of Ulysses to which we have pointed before)

“To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield.”

Leopold McClintock, the commander of Lady Franklin's yacht *Fox* in the last and crowning expedition, had served in three consecutive Arctic voyages, under Ross, Austin, and Kellett, from 1848

to 1854. It may be truly said of him, that from the first to the last he devoted to the search not only his heart, but his brain. Every improvement in the details of sledging, and the consequent increase in the width of field which sledging parties are able to cover, made during those years, is, we believe, due to McClintock alone. The combination of the *minimum* of weight with the *maximum* of convenience, the most judicious apportionment of the load to be drawn day after day, so as not to overtask the strength of the men and dogs, the extension of the area of search by the previous laying out of successive depôts along the line, were studied and tested by him in theory and practice, as quietly and as carefully as the subaltern Arthur Wellesley studied the work and the capacities of his own great machine, the English soldier. And the palm must be given to McClintock for the actual amount of personal fatigue undergone, and personal service performed in conduct of a sledging party. The extreme headlands of Prince Patrick's Island (lat. 77° 30' north) were worthily signed with his name, years before the newly-explored channel from Melville Sound to Victoria Strait was christened in his honour at the request of Lady Franklin. No better man could have been found to command the *Fox*, and no commander of her could have been more nobly seconded than was McClintock by Hobson and Allen Young.

The voyage of the sharp-bowed little steam-yacht, of 177 tons, from Aberdeen (July, 1857,) to Bellot Strait and back to the docks at Blackwall (September, 1859,) is a most comprehensive and picturesque instance of the varieties of hazard incident to Arctic navigation. The 1st of September, 1857, saw the *Fox* beset among the closing ice in Melville Bay. Once or twice in that month McClintock saw close to him long lanes of water open through the floes towards the west, and a watersky towards Cape York, which told him that if he could once get clear he might yet winter in Barrow Straits. By the use of steam and blasting-powder on one occasion he had struggled through 100 yards of ice, out of 170 which lay between the *Fox* and the lead of water, when the floes began to close again. The end of the month found the *Fox* and her crew irretrievably fixed for the winter; condemned to drift for months of darkness wherever winds and the invisible currents might take them; to use McClintock's expressive phrase—“a legacy to the pack.” Between that date and the last week of April, 1858, they drifted with their ice-continent down Baffin's Bay and Davis' Strait into the Atlantic, a distance of more than twelve hundred miles. In bursting the bars of that prison in the spring, as much or more risk had to be run than in finding a secure shelter for the winter within its folds. As soon as the floes began to crack and



DANGERS OF ARCTIC NAVIGATION.—BREAKING UP OF AN ICE FLOE.

open into lanes around the vessel, the greatest efforts were necessary to warp her into the safest position within the chauce shelter which projecting corners of the newly fractured ice might afford, in case of a change of wind closing up the mass upon her. And when once “the dear old familiar ocean-swell” began to lift its crest above the hollows of the sea, and dash the huge ice fragments as in a grinding mill against each other, till they broke into smaller and smaller pieces, as the edge of the drift came nearer and nearer to the little imprisoned vessel, her position was critical in the extreme. For eighteen hours, and twenty-two miles, she was slowly boring out under steam against a heavy sea of close-packed rolling ice. As she steered head-on to the swell, the masses were hurled against her sharply-chiselled iron-plated stem, and fell off to either side, knocking obliquely against her bows with such force as to shake her frame all over. More than once the engines were stopped by the ice choking the screw. Had the rudder or the screw been disabled at any moment long enough