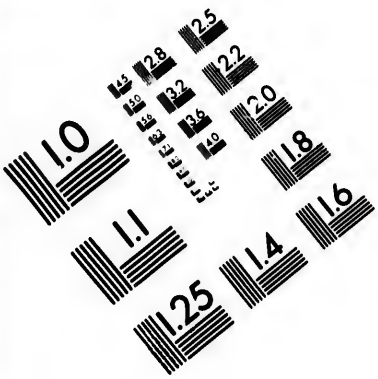

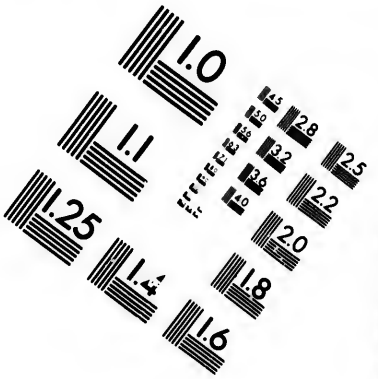

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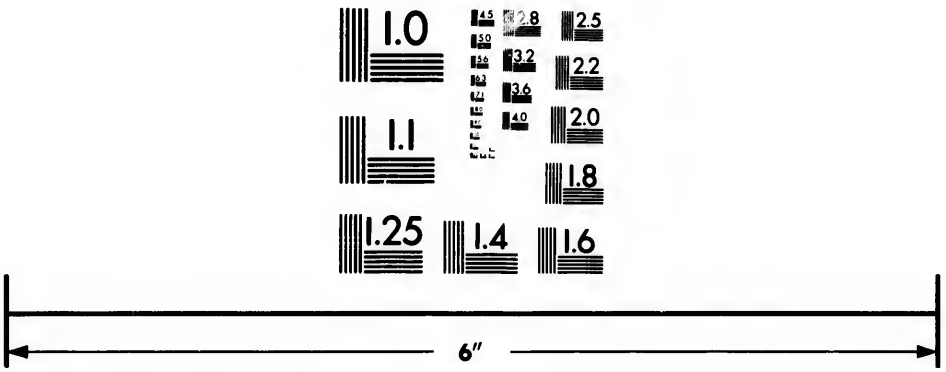

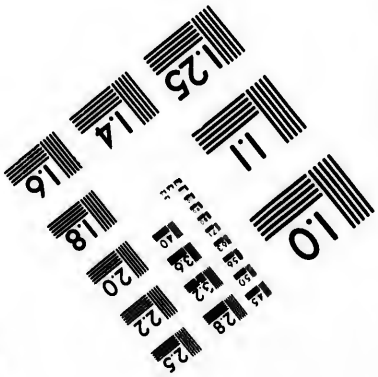

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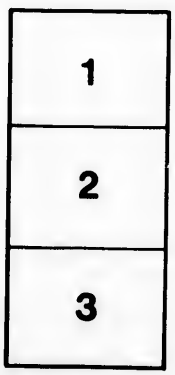

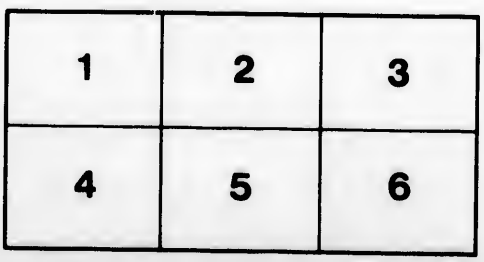

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SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

BY REV. T. M. EDDY.

THE fate of this brave explorer will, perhaps, never be ascertained till "the sea shall give up the dead that are in it," and the "thick-ribbed ice" be rent by the voice of the archangel and the trump of God. I have no speculations to offer, but design simply to condense, from the means within my reach, a synopsis of his various expeditions, and the efforts made for his recovery.

The record may be prefaced with the following account from O'Byrne's Naval Biography, and the reader will see that *titles* are conferred elsewhere than in American colleges—always *pro merito*, of course!

John Franklin, Kt., K. R. G., K. C. H., D. C. L., F. R. S., was born in 1786 in Spilsby, Lincolnshire, England. In 1800 he entered the navy *a boy* on the Polyphemus, commanded by Captain Lawford, under whom he served as midshipman in the action off Copenhagen. Subsequently he sailed with Captain Flinders, in the sloop Investigator, on a voyage of discovery to New Holland, and, joining the armed storeship Porpoise, was wrecked on a coral reef near Cato Bank, August 17, 1803. Passing over a part of his history, we find him, October 21, 1805, as signal midshipman on the good ship Bellerophon, amid the thunders of Trafalgar. He was confirmed as Lieutenant on board the seventy four Bedford February 11, 1808, and escorted the royal family of Portugal from Lisbon to South America. In 1814 he figured in the boat service at the battle *fought at New Orleans*, and was slightly wounded, and for his skill and heroic bearing was warmly recommended for promotion.

In 1818 an expedition was fitted out to seek for a passage over or as near the Pole as was possible, through Bhering's Straits into the Pacific. While this as the main design, attention was to be paid to coast surveys and all ordinary objects of scientific exploration. It was under the command of Captain David Buchan. There were two vessels—the Dorothea, Captain Buchan, three hundred and eighty-two tuns, and a complement of fifty-five men; the Trent, of two hundred and forty-nine tuns, Lieutenant and Commander, John Franklin, and a complement of thirty-eight men. Having laid in provisions for two years, they sailed on the 25th of April.

Their progress through fields of ice; the fantastic shapes assumed by floes and bergs of mountain, glen and fairy grotto, chapel and cathedral; the broad red disk of the sun, sweeping the northern horizon at midnight, must be pictured by the reader's imagination. On the 28th of May, while plying to windward on the western side of Spitzbergen, the vessels were struck by a violent "sou'west" gale, and parted company. After an exciting and dangerous sail, and after being surrounded by the main body of ice in latitude eighty degrees north on the 3d of June, the Trent fell in with her consort before entering the appointed rendezvous in Magdalena Bay. Here were many objects of thrilling interest. Among them were the quatrain of huge glaciers, which, like grim Norse giants, "kept watch and ward" over the bay. The smallest one hung two hundred feet above sea level, upon the smooth slope of a mountain, reminding the beholder of Montgomery's description of the Underwalden avalanche:

> "If a pulse but throb alarm—
> For a pulse will break the charm—
> Falling headlong, in a trice,
> Downward rolls the rock of ice."

The largest stands at the head of the Bay, with a scarred and thunder-riven front, three hundred feet in hight, seven thousand feet in length!

While at their anchorage they were surprised by the appearance of a strange boat, the crew of which proved to be Russian adventurers, who, in the true spirit of "squatter sovereignty," had built a small hut about four miles from the bay, lined it with moss, and engaged in gathering morse's teeth and peltries for the merchants of Archangel. They had a pleasant interview; for they were strangers who had met in gloomy realms of ice and snow, and who mutually desired the offices of friendship. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

June 7th they weighed anchor, and endeavored to force their way some leagues northward. They had a dangerous see-saw ride in a vast field of "brash ice," and were compelled to point the vessels to strike the large pieces bow foremost to avoid taking them broadside, which would have sunk the gunwale under the floes, and proved fatal to all on board. Steering eastward they escaped the *field*; and bearing northward, on June 11th they passed Cloven Cliff, which indicates the north-western boundary of Spitzbergen, and moved through an intricate channel between ice and land till morning, when they found themselves ice-locked. All before them was solid and immovable. In their rear the narrow channel had closed. They had reached about the same latitude attained previously by Baffin, Hudson, Poole, and Phipps, and, like them, were called to a halt amid the gloomy courts of

> "Winter's eternal palace built by time."

Their situation was one of no slight peril. Large masses of ice pressed against the ships, twisting them severely and threatening instant destruction. By almost superhuman exertions the vessels were dragged into small bays in the floes, and made fast to large hooks driven into the ice, called "ice anchors." Here they remained thirteen days, the crews laboring alternately at pump and windlass. At the end of this time there was *a break*, and they succeeded in making good anchorage in fifteen fathoms water, near the island of Vogel Sang. On this lonely island they found a plenty of fat reindeer and eider ducks, which they enjoyed with a perfect epicurean zest.

July 6th the ice had moved northward, and Captain Buchan determined to make a desperate effort to advance. To do so, the vessels must be *dragged* through the ice. Consequently the large hooks were driven firmly, the ships made fast, and drawn up by heaving upon the windlass—a slower process than dragging a keel-boat up the Mississippi by cables attached to the trees on the shore. Despite their utmost efforts, they could reach no more northerly latitude than eighty degrees, thirty-seven minutes. Though fastened to the ice, the hardy sailors found that ships, ice, and all were drifting bodily toward the south. For several days the commanders braved every peril in search of an open channel by which they might regain smooth water. On the 28th the Captain—Buchan—believing he had given the ice where he was a fair trial, determined to test its condition toward the eastern coast of Greenland; and in the event of its being equally impenetrable there, to proceed around the south cape of Spitzbergen, and make an attempt to pass between that island and Nova Zembla. To give the reader some idea of their perilous situation, I will give a brief account of the storm which burst upon them on the 30th of July, and which compelled them to turn homeward.

A furious gale come on suddenly, and put the whole mass of ice in motion, and brought it down upon the ships. No shelter was near; their only alternative was to run boldly into the "pack" itself. Every precaution the limited time allowed was taken. Cables were cut into lengths of thirty feet, and iron plates four feet square attached, and hung around the ships as fenders. Heavy walrus skins were placed upon the bows. The masts were secured by additional ropes, and the hatches securely battened down.

Now the vessels were driven before the gale, and held directly *on* the mass of ice. The keen eye at the helm eagerly scanned the line of the pack in search of an opening. All in vain. There was an unbroken edge, and this was fronted by a line of furious breakers. True, the pack was broken in places, but not to form a quiet bay; the wild waves upheaved the mountains of ice, and these, as they descended, smote and crashed against each other with a roar rising above the din of the storm. The effort to pierce that sea of madly rolling ice mountains for safety was like flying from a burning dwelling and taking shelter in the very center of the Vesuvian crater. Anxious glances were cast for relief to the firmament; but they saw only the clear, silvery Arctic atmosphere, bounded by a dark line of hard storm-clouds, like the pall of despair enveloping the angel of hope.

The Lieutenant of the Trent says: "I will not conceal the pride I felt in witnessing the bold, decisive tone in which our Commander [Franklin] issued his orders, and the promptitude with which they were obeyed. The vessel flew before the gale, and rapidly neared the scene of danger. Every person instinctively secured his own hold, and with his eyes fixed upon the masts awaited in breathless anxiety the moment of concussion.

"It came! The brig, [Trent,] cutting her way through the light ice, came in conflict with the main body. We all lost our footing; the masts bent; the cracking timbers from below bespoke a pressure awakening the most serious apprehensions. The vessel staggered under the shock, and for a moment seemed to recoil, but the next wave, curling up under her counter, drove her about her own length within the margin of the ice, when she gave one roll, and was thrown broadside to the wind by the succeeding wave, which beat furiously against her stern, and brought her side in contact with the main body, leaving her weatherside exposed at the same time to a piece of ice twice her own size. This prevented her penetrating the ice far enough to avoid the force of the gale, and she was assailed on all sides as by so many battering-rams, which dealt such fierce blows that it seemed impossible to save her from foundering. We could scarcely keep our feet, much less render any assistance to the vessel. The ship's bell, which, in the heaviest gale, had never struck of itself, now tolled so constantly that it was ordered to be muffled, to escape the unpleasant association it produced."

Ay, indeed, how dirge-like must have sounded that tolling bell amid the moanings of the tempest!

The Commander ordered the launch prepared and provisioned as the *forlorn hope*, if they failed in getting the brig before the wind. Providentially they were at last enabled to do this. The masts were already tottering, but more sail was crowded on, and under the pressure the vessel came to the desired position; was driven against a large piece of ice, which it split, and forced a passage between the pieces. Additional fenders guarded against the repeated blows, and she rode out the gale, and at last reached open sea. When the Dorothea was found she was in almost a foundering condition. Both vessels being unfit for service, they bore up for "Fair Haven" in Spitzbergen. An examination showed them to be so severely damaged, that Captain Buchan decided to patch them up, and sail homeward. Franklin solicited permission to proceed with the Trent on the unfinished service; but the Captain refused his consent on account of the danger of proceeding home alone in so damaged and unseaworthy a craft as the Dorothea. They put to sea the last of August, and reached old England by the middle of October.

So ended the first Arctic naval exploration.

HIS FIRST LAND EXPEDITION.

Brief rest was allowed him. The battered Trent was paid off in November, 1819, and in April, 1820, he was appointed to take charge of an overland expedition from Hudson's Bay to the most northern American shores, to ascertain the latitudes and longitudes, and to explore the continental coast eastward from the Coppermine river. This proved to be an expedition of great suffering

and fatality—the angel of desolation went with the little company.

Dr. John Richardson, R. N., Mr. George Back and Mr. Robert Hood, Admiralty midshipmen, were placed under his orders. Mr. Back had been with him in the Trent.

May 23d witnessed Captain Franklin's embarkation in one of the Hudson Bay ships. A stormy and disagreeable voyage awaited them; but their ocean perils past, they landed at York Flats August 30th.

Ten days of rest and preparation were spent at York Factory, and then the Captain and his company embarked in a boat, by way of the rivers and lakes, for Cumberland House, another Company post, which they reached October 22d. Thence by sledges and snow-shoes Franklin, Back, and a sailor named Hepburn made their way to Fort Chipewayan, distant eight hundred and fifty-seven miles, which they reached in sixty five days. In July they were joined by Richardson and Hood, and made their arrangements for explorations still northward.

Franklin agreed with the "Indian authorities" for suitable guides, but had much trouble with his tawny associates to compel compliance with the contract. After some difficulty and suffering, the party reached Fort Providence on the 29th of July. The whole number was now thirty-two, including English, French, Canadians, Indians, and three children.

On the 2d of August they started for Coppermine river; and after a preliminary taste of the privation before them, they halted at Fort Enterprise, September 2d, about six hundred miles from Fort Chipewayan. His guides positively refused to go any farther, and the Captain went into winter quarters, into which he was compelled to remain ten months. The stores which were to have reached them mostly failed. Their principal diet was reindeer meat, with a meager allowance of flour, and no vegetables. That they had rather a cold time may be imagined when it is stated, that a cask of rum which reached them on the 15th of January, and which was tapped instanter, gave forth its contents of the consistency of honey. But gloomy as was that long and dreary winter, its privations are not to be mentioned in comparison with those subsequently endured.

On the 4th of June, 1821, they began to move. Dr. Richardson, with a party of twenty-three—Indians and voyageurs included—started for Point Lake and Coppermine river, each man carrying, or drawing on a sledge, eighty pounds beside his personal property, nearly as much more. On the 15th the sea was discovered, "full of ice and choked with islands." They named two conspicuous capes "Hearne" and "M'Kenzie," and a river west of the Coppermine "Richardson."

On the 21st Captain Franklin embarked his company in two canoes, with fifteen days' provisions, to navigate the Polar Sea eastward. They reached Point Turn again, where the low state of provisions compelled them to bout ship, August 22d, having sailed six hundred geographical miles in tracing the indented coast of Coronation Gulf from Coppermine river. They made for Hood's river by way of the Arctic Sound.

They had succeeded in killing some game, on their outward voyage, on some of the capes they explor[illegible] but when they turned homeward, if such it co[illegible]'be called, there were but one or two days' prov[illegible]ns left. On the 31st they found their canoes unfit for use. They abandoned them, and constructing two smaller ones, which they could carry, and thus cross the rivers, they set out for Fort Enterprise on foot. Each man carried about ninety pounds, and their speed was one mile an hour, including rests. On the 5th of September—they made a wretched meal on the last piece of pemmican* and a little arrow-root the night before—they had nothing to eat, and, having no means of making a fire, they remained in their miserable beds all day. The snow was drifting into their comfortless canvas tents, even covering their blankets to the depth of several inches. The thermometer was twenty degrees below zero; but the suffering from the cold was light compared with the intolerable pangs of hunger. On the 7th they again set out, packing their frozen tents and bedclothes. Up to the 10th they lived almost exclusively upon a species of lichen, called *tripe de roche*, when they had the good fortune to kill a musk ox. This was food for a day or two, and they were reduced again to *tripe de roche*. They ate pieces of singed hide, and occasionally picked up the bones of some deer which had been killed by the wolves in the previous spring. These were rendered friable by burning, and occasionally an old shoe was added to the repast. Some of the party grew desperate; one of the canoes was broken, and in their despair three of their fishing nets were thrown away. On the 26th of September they discovered the putrid carcass of a deer in a cleft of a rock. This was surrounded with joy, and a large portion devoured on the spot. The health of the men began to yield. It could not be otherwise when their diet was only the wild moss and putrid remnants of wild game. One by one they began to break down. On the 5th of October they ate the last remnants of their old shoes to strengthen their stomachs for the day's toil. But it would not do. Mr. Hood and several others sank entirely. Part must be left behind. Dr. Richardson remained with them, and Franklin with the others determined to push on to Fort Enterprise, and obtain help. This band, however, was reduced rapidly, till the brave Captain found himself with only five. *They* pressed on. The lichen failed, and they drank an infusion of the Labrador tea plant; and when this failed, they crept under their blankets, and tried to fall asleep and *dream of food*. They would

* Meat finely pulverized, cured, and mixed with fat.

not despair. They were nearing Fort Enterprise. At last they came in sight; but no smoke rose up, cheerily, indicating "rest, and food, and fire." Their hearts began to tremble. They came nearer; no signs of life. They dragged their weary limbs to the door—*the fort was deserted*—no living being was within it—they were *alone* and *starving in the wild desert*. The strong men, whose hearts had borne up under sore privation, now in the bitterness of disappointment, wept like children. Their grief was not for themselves alone—those who were awaiting their return would have *to die*. They found a note from Mr. Back that he had reached the fort two days before, and had gone in search of the Indians, intending, if unsuccessful, to push on to Fort Providence, and send supplies from there; but he doubted if his debilitated party could endure the fatigue. They began to search for food, and found some deer-skins which they had thrown away in the spring. These they converted into soup, adding the *tripe de roche*, and eating the deer bones they were able to find, though so acrid as to excoriate the mouth.

On the 20th of October Franklin and two others set out to hunt relief, intending to press through to Fort Providence. The second day he broke his snow-shoes, and was compelled to return, leaving the others to go forward. On his return he found those he left in a wretched condition. They had "given up to perish." He nerved them as well as he could, and made it his business to hunt for skins under the snow to sustain life. The lichen on which they had been subsisting now became frozen. Flocks of reindeer were visible from the door, but none could go after them.

As they were seated around the fire, conversing on the probabilities of being relieved, they heard voices, and exclaimed, "The Indians!" They believed help had come. In another moment the emaciated forms of Hepburn and Dr. Richardson were in the doorway. Bitter as was the disappointment, they gladly received their comrades, and attempted to supply them with such food as they had. Hepburn had shot a partridge; the feathers were torn off; it was held to the fire a few moments, and then divided into six parts, and eagerly devoured. Franklin and his companions had not tasted flesh for thirty-one days, unless the acrid gristle adhering to the half-decomposed skins they had devoured could be so called. The Doctor tried to rally them on their sepulchral tones. He then produced his Prayer-Book and Testament, and sought calmness of spirit in the utterances of our holy religion.

The next day the Doctor gave Franklin a narration of events occurring after they separated. They had subsisted as best they could for several days on scraps and the decoction of the wild tea-plant, which warmed, if it did not strengthen. Their time was spent in reading a small collection of religious books given the Doctor by a pious lady in London, and they found them full of comfort. On the 9th of October they were joined by Martin, an Iroquois Indian guide. He was a cool, crafty man, and there was reason to believe he had murdered two of the Canadians who had been with him from the confused and contradictory statements he gave.

They proceeded on their journey toward Enterprise slowly. Poor Hood was rapidly sinking, and needed such attentions as they could not give. Martin was gone from the 10th till some time next day. He said he had been hunting, but had only found a wolf which had been killed by a stroke from a deer's horn, and he had brought a part of it Subsequent events led them to believe that this was a part of the body of Perrault or Belanger—that he had murdered them. Martin was obstinate and churlish. The next morning he again set out, refusing Dr. Richardson's offer to accompany him. He returned unexpectedly about noon. He refused to render any assistance, and became especially furious against poor Hood. On the morning of the 20th they endeavored to persuade him to hunt, and leave them some provisions, as he had said he meant to leave them next day. He refused. Richardson went out to gather lichen and Hepburn to prepare wood, leaving Martin and Mr. Hood. The wily Iroquois placed his gun close to poor Hood's head and shot him. The other two rushed into camp; he was quite dead. Martin said he had shot himself. They found that the ball had entered the back of his head, and so close had the muzzle been that the night cap worn by Hood had been set on fire. The Indian stoutly asserted his innocence, and they dared not deny him. They resolved to make an effort to come straight on to the fort, and singed a buffalo robe and ate a part, and reserved the rest for their journey. Martin violently opposed going to the fort; threw out threats that next day would find him free from restraint. He halted to gather some *tripe de roche*, telling them he would overtake them. Now for the first time were they alone since Hood's death. They were convinced that the guide meditated their murder. Every thing proved it. He was superior in strength to both of them. They decided that he must die. He came up; he had gathered no lichen, but had been putting his gun in order. His tone was overbearing and insolent. Dr. Richardson put an end to it all by shooting him through the head with a pistol. They made their way to the fort, which they reached on the verge of starvation.

To resume the history of the fort. On the 1st of November two of the Canadians died. On the 7th three Indians arrived with a supply of dried meat, some fat, and a few tongues. Mr. Back had reached the Indian encampment, and sent help with the utmost speed. These tawny sons of the forest were ministering angels. With rude tenderness and skill they nursed the sick and emaciated sufferers, cleansed their house, collected firewood, and rendered every comfort possible. The adventurers

wept again, but this time tears of joy. THEY WERE SAVED.

Mr. Back and his company had suffered intolerably before they reached the camp Akaitcho, the chief having devoured their gun cover and a pair of shoes. Death had also thinned their number.

In July they reached York Factory, whence th y had started three years before, and thus terminated a journey of five thousand, five hundred and fifty miles, during which human fortitude and endurance were exposed to almost unparalleled suffering. But what a lesson does the narrative teach of the powers of human endurance—ay, and the care of almighty Providence!

Dispatches from England announced the successful termination of Captain Parry's second voyage, and the promotion of Captain Franklin, Mr. Back, and Mr. Hood. Alas for Hood! the honor came too late. We may hope the good books "given by a pious lady in England," and read far away in the dreary camp on the southern bank of the Coppermine river, led his spirit to trust in "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world."

"Therefore, in the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.*

BY REV. T. M. PITT.

Notwithstanding the disasters of the preceding expeditions, Captain Franklin was ready to undertake similar duties and brave similar exposure and sufferings. In his first land expedition he had gone from York Factory to the Polar Sea, at the mouth of Coppermine—or Hearn's—river. From thence a complete survey of the coast had been made eastward to Cape Turn-Again, in longitude 109 degrees, 25 minutes, west, and only about four hundred and fifty miles from the Atlantic survey of Captain Parry. The year after he returned the Government desired him to proceed a second time to the Polar Sea, for the purpose of exploring the coast *westward*, from the Coppermine river to Icy Cape, or the point east of it, where he would unite his survey with that made by Captain Beechey in the sloop Blossom, and thus complete the examination of the entire coast, except that portion lying between Cape Turn-Again and Cape Garry, or Melville Peninsula. The sufferings of the preceding expedition were from causes which he believed could be prevented; and so thought Dr. Richardson and Lieutenant Back, his former comrades, for they again accompanied him.

Past experience had taught him that the light birchen canoes of the Indians would not endure the crashing and straining of a Polar expedition. Ere leaving England he had three boats built—in shape as nearly resembling the birch canoes as possible—in *firmness* as dissimilar as they could be made. They were of ash; both ends exactly alike, and fitted to be steered either with a sweep or rudder. The largest—twenty-six feet long and five feet, four inches broad—was adapted for six rowers, a steersman, and an officer; it could be borne on the shoulders of six men, and was found, on trial, to be capable of carrying three tuns' weight in addition to the crew. The two others were each twenty-four feet long, four feet, ten inches broad, and capable of receiving a crew of five men, a steersman, and an officer, with an additional weight of two and a half tuns. There was also a fourth—a little affair—called the "Walnut-shell," invented by Colonel Patley. It was nine feet long, four feet, four inches broad, framed of well-seasoned ash, fastened with thongs, covered with prepared canvas, and shaped like one valve of a walnut shell. It weighed only eighty-five pounds, could be taken apart, made up into several parcels, and, when needed, put together in less than twenty minutes.

When all was ready, Franklin's feelings had to undergo a severe struggle between conjugal affection and duty as an officer. His first wife lay at the point of death. She, however, urged her husband to depart on the day appointed, and gave him a silk flag, which she had made with her own

* Continued from page 445.

hands, with instructions to hoist it only when he reached the Polar Sea. She died the day after he sailed from England, which was February 16, 1825. On the 15th of March they reached the United States, where the brave Captain met greeting which made his heart warm. He says, "Our baggage and stores were instantly passed through the Custom-House—at New York—without inspection; cards of admission to public scientific institutions were forwarded to us the same evening, and during our stay every other mark of attention was shown by the civil and naval authorities, as well as by private individuals, indicating their lively interest in our enterprise. At Albany we experienced similar civilities. Every body seemed to desire our success, and a fervent prayer for our preservation and welfare was offered up by Rev. Dr. Christie, whose church we attended. The Hon. De Witt Clinton, the Governor of the state, assured me, that had we not been accompanied by a gentleman so conversant in the different routes and modes of traveling as Mr. Buchanan, he would have sent his son with us, or would himself have conducted us to the confines of the state." Put that honest, hearty, *English* recognition of American hospitality alongside the slanders of Dickens and others of the same truthful (?) type!

The details of their travel need not be given. Their boats did good service, and they reached Fort Resolution in safety, from which they departed July 31st, and, crossing "Slave Lake," entered M'Kenzie's river. They reached Fort Norman August 7, five hundred and seventy-four miles from Fort Resolution. They had made such rapid advance that Captain Franklin determined to push on to the Polar Sea, instead of halting till spring at Bear Lake, as he had intended. Leaving the largest part of his company to prepare winter quarters, the Captain and the remainder hurried down the river, and on the 16th of August, in latitude 69 degrees, 29 minutes, north, longitude 135 degrees, 41 minutes, west, the boat touched Garry Island, on the beach of which the Polar Sea rolled in all its majesty, entirely free from ice, and presenting no visible obstruction to navigation, while the waters were alive with seals, and white and black whales floated freely on the waves. Franklin's journal has this record: "The men pitched the tent on the beach, and I caused the Union silk flag to be hoisted, which my deeply lamented wife had made, and presented to me as a parting gift, under the express injunction that it was not to be unfurled before the expedition reached the sea. I will attempt no description of my emotions as it expanded to the breeze; however natural, and, for the moment, irrepressible, I felt it was my duty to restrain them, and that I had no right, by an indulgence of my own sorrows, to cloud the animated countenances of my companions. Joining, therefore, with the best grace I could command, in the general excitement, I endeavored to return with corresponding cheerfulness their warm congratulations on having thus planted the British flag on this remote island of the Polar Sea."

On the 18th of August they turned toward Lake Bear, and on the 5th September reached "Fort Franklin," as Lieutenant Back had designated the winter home.

Here were spent two dreary Polar winters, the second of which was unusually severe. The thermometer frequently stood at from forty to fifty-eight degrees below zero. The precautions taken saved them from hunger. The officers, for the amusement and benefit of the men, opened a school three times a week, and Dr. Richardson delivered a course of lectures on geology. To these were added various amusements. The little fort was a sort of language epitome. English, Gaelic, French, and Indian were heard, and *variations* were given on the violin and bagpipe.

The circumstances connected with their summer surveys can not be sketched, unless there was room to enter largely into the geography and natural history of the Polar seas and coasts. At the mouth of M'Kenzie river they narrowly escaped robbery and murder from a large body of Esquimaux; but generally their relations with the tribes were of the most amicable character.

The long searched for North West passage was not yet discovered. The number of miles of unsurveyed coast was reduced from fifteen hundred to six hundred. The most northern point attained was Cape Bathurst, in longitude 149 degrees, 37 minutes, west, latitude 70 degrees, 24 minutes, north, at which place they were within one hundred and sixty miles of a boat from the Blossom, lying to the west, waiting to meet them. Nevertheless, they believed the existence of the desired passage was demonstrated, and also the possibility of navigating the Polar basin.

Their surveys and scientific explorations, their investigations of the geology and natural history of the country, were accurate and valuable. During the winter Mr. Drummond collected two hundred specimens of birds and animals and more than fifteen hundred of plants.

On the 29th of September, 1827, Franklin and Richardson reached London; the rest of the English party shortly after landed at Portsmouth, except two persons who had died—one of consumption, and the other was accidentally drowned.

Thus ended this expedition, one of the most interesting and useful of all sent out in search of the North-West passage, or to explore the Arctic regions. They were gone from England two years and seven months.

FRANKLIN'S LOST EXPEDITION.

The Lords of the Admiralty were not content. Various other expeditions had sailed and returned, still the channel connecting the two oceans was not found. In 1827 the brave Captain Parry, with his old ship Hecla, made his fifth Polar voyage, and reached his northern *ultimatum*, 82 degrees, 45 minutes, north. From 1829 to 1833 Captain

John Ross, the pioneer of the nineteenth century in Arctic explorations, sanguine in the belief that he should send the glad eureka shout from the Pole, was beaten about with his brave comrades, having perils and hairbreadth escapes innumerable. At one time they were imprisoned eleven long months in the ice. On their return to England they were hailed as those received from the grave. From 1833 to 1835 Captain Back, who had accompanied Franklin in both his land expeditions, himself conducted a similar one—similar in its privation and intense suffering to the first. Reaching 68 degrees, 13 minutes, 57 seconds, north, in longitude 94 degrees, 58 minutes, 1 second, west, suffering and want compelled him to retrace his steps. In 1836, however, in the Terror, he undertook a voyage up Hudson's Strait. The same year the Hudson's Bay Company made an exploration under Messrs. Dease and Simpson, who boldly and adventurously performed almost miracles, and were handsomely and generously rewarded by the Home Government.

In 1845 the Lords Commissioners, on the recommendation of Sir John Barrow, determined to fit another expedition to the North Pole; and as they preferred *sending* to *going*, Captain John Franklin, K. C. H., was appointed to command. The well-tried ships Erebus and Terror were very carefully fitted up.

The reader must permit the record of the names officering these vessels. For their welfare, and the welfare of the brave men under their charge, how many an anguish-throb has been felt, how many a prayer offered, how many a noble deed performed!

Erebus—Sir John Franklin, Captain.

Commander—Captain James Fitz James.

Lieutenants—Graham Gore, (Com.,) Henry T. D. Le Vesconte, James William Fairholme.

Mates—Charles F. des Vaux, (Lieut.,) Robert O. Sargent, (Lieut.)

Second Master—Henry F. Collins.

Surgeon—Stephen S. Stanley.

Assistant Surgeon—Harry D. S. Goodsir, (Acting.)

Paymaster and Purser—Charles H. Osman.

Ice Master—James Reid, Acting.

Fifty eight petty officers, seamen, etc. Full complement, seventy.

Terror—Captain Fras. R. M. Crozier.

Lieutenants—Edward Little, (Com.,) George H. Hodgson, John Irving.

Mates—Frederick J. Hornby, (Lieut.,) Robert Thomas, (Lieut.)

Ice Master—T. Blankly, (Acting.)

Second Master—G. A. Maclean.

Surgeon—John S. Peddie.

Assistant Surgeon—Alexander M'Donald.

Clerk in Charge—Edward J. H. Helpman.

Fifty-seven petty officers and seamen. Complement, sixty-eight.

A glance at the above list shows how carefully the ships were manned. The number of promoted officers in subordinate positions is far above the average,* and proclaims an unusual amount of educated mind and nautical skill. But "let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might." What a comment on this text is the history of the Terror and Erebus!

They were not expected to return before 1847, unless they were successful. The last reliable intelligence concerning them was a letter written by Sir John on the 12th of July, 1845, from the Whalefish Islands.

Since then all that man's wealth, indomitable perseverance, and death-defying effort, and woman's holy, tireless, ever hoping love, could do has been done, but all in vain. The graves of some have been found; relics have been discovered; all have yielded in despair, save the devoted love of Lady Franklin. She, although the naval authorities, wearied by their efforts, have entered the missing Captains and their crews among "those who have died in her Majesty's service," she *hopes on*. She will not despair.

This lady, for whom so deep an interest has been felt, was the second daughter of John Griffin, Esq., of Bedford Place. She was married to Captain Franklin on the 5th of November, 1828. The name of Jane Franklin must hereafter be a synonym of conjugal affection. She has prayed, and wept, and written; she has passed from port to port, bidding God speed to every public and private vessel which has gone forth to search for the lost ones. How often has hope sprang up boundingly as some paragraph from the Times, Athenæum, or Chronicle mentioned a rumor that the track had been found! How often did that "deferred hope" turn woefully back, making "the heart sick!"

A brief narration of the efforts for the recovery of the missing ships will now be sketched. Toward the fall of 1847 serious apprehensions were felt; but the Admiralty had such confidence in Franklin, his crews, the stability of his vessels, and abundance of his provisions, that they dismissed their fears as unreasonable. In 1848 their alarm increased, and a searching expedition was sent out. Expedition followed expedition in rapid succession. The old pioneers of Arctic exploration were written to, their opinions carefully noted, and every gleam of hope carefully followed.

In 1848 the Admiralty announced that to any whaling vessels that brought accurate information should "be paid one hundred guineas or more, according to circumstances." Lady Franklin, about the same time, offered rewards of £2,000 and £3,000 to the officers and crew of any vessel affording relief to Sir John, making extraordinary efforts to reach them, and more to bring them safely to England. In 1850 the British Government offered the following rewards to any persons of any country:

"1. To any party or person who, in the judgment of the Board of Admiralty, shall discover

* Those marked in parentheses were promoted subsequently to sailing.

and effectually relieve the crews of her Majesty's ships Erebus and Terror the sum of £20,000.

"2. To any party or parties, etc., who shall discover and effectually relieve any portion of the crews, or shall convey such intelligence as shall lead to the relief of any of the crew, £10,000.

"3. To any party or parties who shall, by virtue of his or their efforts, first succeed in ascertaining their fate, £10,000."

Surely these rewards would tempt cupidity to its utmost. But noble impulses were stirring. The efforts made to search and save the lost negative most emphatically the assertion of Burke, "The age of chivalry is past." Knight-errantry never afforded nobler daring.

How many relief ships have sailed I can not tell with certainty. I here present a list as complete as I can make it:

		Men.	Commanders.
1.	H. M. ship Enterprise	68	Capt. Collinson.
2.	" " Investigator*	65	Com. M'Clure.
3.	" " Plover	52	Com. Moore.
4.	" " Resolute	68	Capt. H. Austin.
5.	" " Assistance	60	Capt. E. Ommaney.
6.	" " Pioneer, (screw steamer)	30	Lieut. S. Osborn.
7.	" " Intrepid, (screw steamer)	38	Lieut. Cator.
8.		The Lady Franklin	25	Mr. Penny.
9.		Sophia, (tender to the above)	22	Mr. Stewart.
10.	U. S. brig Advance	20	Lieut. De Haven.
11.	U. S. vessel Rescue	18	Mr. S. P. Griffin.
12.	(English) Felix Yacht		Capt. Sir John Ross.
13.	" Mary, (tender to the Felix.)		
14.	" North Star		Com. Saunders.
15.	" Prince Albert	18	Com. Forsythe.

The above is a formidable array; and when we read the efforts made by each vessel, the self-sacrifice, and the perils which they barely escaped with life, we are *compelled* to exclaim, *"There is no hope!"*

In the spring of 1849 Lady Franklin made an appeal to American sympathy in a touching letter to the President of the United States, and which should be inserted entire did space permit. After detailing the efforts made by her own Government and the assistance promised by Russia, she pleads earnestly that there should be American action "in a national spirit." This was answered by the Secretary of State—Hon. John M. Clayton—in a delicate and admirable manner, pledging all the aid the executive government could render, "in the exercise of its constitutional powers," to "rescue your husband and his companions." Subsequently she addressed a second letter to the President. The Executive, however, had no authority to build vessels suited to such a voyage, and was obliged to forego action till the meeting of Congress.

Meanwhile Mr. Henry Grinnell, a worthy and wealthy merchant of New York, with his own means, built two small vessels, and tendered them to the Government of the United States, that they might be officered and manned by competent seamen and scientific explorers, and more especially that the crews might be under United States naval discipline. The proposition was favorably reported to Congress, and resolutions passed both houses receiving the vessels on Mr. Grinnell's proposition.

The vessels were brigantines—the Advance one hundred and forty-four tuns, the Rescue ninety-one—and cost the donor $30,000. The Advance was manned by twenty men; the Rescue by eighteen. The expedition was placed under the command of Lieutenant De Haven, a young man, but one of good judgment and undaunted intrepidity. The result demonstrated the wisdom of the selection. His officers were Mr. Murdoch, sailing-master, Dr. E. K. Kane, surgeon and naturalist, and Mr. Lovell, midshipman. The Rescue was under command of Mr. Griffin. The expedition was singularly fortunate in its historian, if not in the main object for which it sailed. Dr. Kane's book, descriptive of Arctic scenery and their expedition generally, is one of the works you must read through before you can put it down.

The little vessels cleared from New York May 23, 1850, and were absent sixteen months. When they reached Melville Bay—also called the *Devil's* Nip—the seamen began to witness the grandeur and peril of Arctic scenery. Masses of ice came around them—rolling, dashing, and grinding—occasionally, as if in mere sport, throwing one of the vessels almost on its beams ends, but by using saws, axes, ice anchors, and ropes they kept afloat.

They had on one of the ships a French cook, always on the *qui vive*, bouncing hither and thither with all the agility of his skipping, bouncing race. Aiming one day to make himself useful as well as ornamental, he mounted a berg, and was cutting a place for the anchor, when, *presto*, the whole mass split open, and down went the professor of gastronomy into the water—thirty feet fall before he reached it, and then as much farther as specific gravity and momentum would carry him. Luckily the mass did not immediately close up, and poor *monsieur* was fished up, half dead with fright and cooled "slightly."

On the 7th of June they became locked in, and so remained till July 23d, amusing themselves with foot-races, theatricals, bear-shooting, and running from wounded bears, etc. While here they were joined by the Prince Albert, Captain Forsythe. August 7th they reached Cape Dudley Digges, and beheld with wonder the "crimson cliffs"—cliffs of dark brown stone, covered with snow which bears a crimson hue. The vessels beat onward to Wolstenholme Sound, and, standing toward the south-west, emerged from the fields of ice into the open waters of Lancaster Sound. Here they were parted by a severe storm, August 18th. The Advance made her way to Barrow's Straits, when they again found the Prince Albert. Captain Forsythe had been disappointed in finding an outlet, and determined to sail for home. The two vessels remained together a day or two and separated—the Albert homeward bound, the Advance determined to *go ahead*. Off Leopold Island the Advance gave the John Bulls a taste of its quality; the occurrence

* See Repository next month.

is thus described by one of the attaches of the Prince Albert—Mr. Snow—who chanced to be on the deck of the Advance at the time: "The way was before them—the stream of ice had to be either gone through boldly, or a long *detour* made; and despite the heaviness of the stream, *they pushed the vessel through in her proper course.* Two or three shocks as she came in contact with some large pieces were unheeded; and the moment the last block was past the bow, the officer sang out, 'So: steady as she goes on her course,' and came aft as if nothing more than ordinary sailing had been going on. I observed our own little bark following nobly in the American's wake; and, as I afterward learned, she got through it pretty well, though not without much doubt of the propriety of keeping on in such procedure after the 'mad Yankee,' as he was called by our mate." The affair reminds us decidedly of two school-boys jumping into the creek in mid-winter with the exclamation, "We won't take a dare!"

Near Cape Riley the Rescue overtook her consort, and they here fell in with a portion of an English exploration. Together the explorers of both nations proceeded on their work of love. On the east side of Wellington Channel—Beechey Island or Cape—they found in a cove unmistakable evidence that Sir John and his company had been there in April, 1846. They found a piece of canvas bleached to snowy whiteness, marked with the name of the Terror. Near by was a prostrate guide-board, and a number of tin canisters, such as were used for packing meats; remnants of clothing, patched and threadbare, part of a wool-lined India-rubber glove, some old sacks, a tub partly full of charcoal, and an unfinished rope-mat showed that those whom they sought had been there and had departed in haste

In a small sheltered cove they found the most touching traces of the lost seamen. These were three graves, with a board at the head of each, with the name of the sleeper. There they were; the hardy sailors stood and gazed silently, tearfully, on the British graveyard—the English cemetery in the Arctic Ocean. American and English read reverently the inscriptions:

"Sacred to the memory of JOHN TORRINGTON, who departed this life January 1, A. D. 1846, on board her Majesty's ship Terror, aged 20 years."

"Sacred to the memory of JOH[illegible]ARNELL, A. B. of her Majesty's ship Erebus; died January 4, 1846, aged 25 years. 'Thus saith the Lord of hosts, Consider your ways.' Haggai, chap. i, 5, 7."

"Sacred to the memory of W. BRAINE, R. M. of her Majesty's ship Erebus, who died April 3, 1846, aged 32 years. 'Choose you this day whom you will serve.' Joshua, chap. xxiv, part of the 15th verse."

From these graves there were sledge tracks toward the north—and no more could be ascertained. How long they remained after the 3d of April none can tell.

The American vessel reached Barrow's Inlet on September 4, 1850, and narrowly escaped being frozen in. After remaining seven or eight days they abandoned the effort to enter, and moved slowly westward, "battling with ice every rod of the way." On the 11th they reached Griffin's Island, 96 degrees west longitude from Greenwich. They could go no farther west. They turned eastward, hoping to reach Davis Strait, on their homeward way, by the southern route, before the darkness of Polar winter.

They could not. They were hemmed in, near the mouth of Wellington Channel, by hummock ice, and were being resistlessly floated with the frozen mass toward the Pole.

And now Polar darkness began to shroud them. Every day they drifted north, and every day the thermometer sank lower. They were liable to be crushed any instant in the compact mass of moving ice. Small was their hope of reaching home. They kept cheerful, and made preparation for winter comfort and amusement as tranquilly as if lying in Barrow's Inlet.

Before the last of October the sun paid them his last visit for the season, and went into winter quarters. Polar night was around them. The mercury congealed, and the spirit thermometer showed 46 degrees below zero. They drifted up Wellington Channel almost to where Captain Penny supposed he beheld the Polar basin, and where "there is a more genial clime than between the Arctic Circle and seventy-fifth degree." *Almost there*, suddenly the mighty tide ebbed, and back, back, resistlessly floated the vessels through Barrow's Straits into Lancaster Sound! For five months the pressure of ice kept the Advance "elevated seven feet by the stern, and keeled two feet, eight inches, starboard." Thus they drifted along the south-west coast of Baffin's Bay more than a thousand miles from Wellington Channel.

The night lasted eleven weeks. It was not altogether darkness. Aurora borealis streamed with its luster high up that northern sky, and, stranger still, *Aurora Parhelia* dotted the starry dome with mock suns and moons. "Brilliant, too, were the northern constellations; and when the real moon was at its full, it made its stately circuit in the heavens without descending below the horizon, and lighted up the vast piles of ice with a pale luster, almost as great as the morning twilight of more genial skies."

They passed the time in amusements in the ships and on the ice. Five hours of each twenty-four they spent in the open air, drawing sledge-loads of provisions taken from the carcass of the shaggy-vested Polar bear, skating, ball-playing, etc. Once a week each man washed his body in snow water. Thus sickness was avoided.

Many were their dangers, and imminent also. On the 23d of January the crushing ice threatened to grind the sturdy vessels into destruction. They were ninety miles from land. They loaded their

sledges with provisions; lowered their boats; their officers and crews stood on the ice, holding the ropes of the sledges in their hands, watching their much-loved ships. Suddenly, in terrific violence, burst upon them a north-eastern gale, shrouding them in a dense snow-drift. Had the vessels then gone down, they must *all have perished.* But God, the Omnipotent, reigneth! He held their lives in his hand, and by the strength of his arm were they upheld.

On the 18th February three hearty cheers from both crews greeted the golden rim of the sun, as it came up from behind ice mountains and glittering snow-drifts.

The vessels continued to drift through Davis Straits till the 6th of June, when the ice gave way. This event had been anticipated, and due preparation made. But the suddenness of the "break up" had not been anticipated. A peculiar cracking was heard; all hands were on the look-out; another and another, and, lo! the vast field in which they had been imprisoned so many long months was rent in all directions. About forty-eight hours were spent in cutting loose the ice which clung to the stern of the Advance, and the ships were again afloat. The glad shouts of the men may be imagined. They entered open water June 10th, in latitude 65 degrees, 30 minutes, north.

The vessels repaired to Godhaven on the Greenland coast, where they refitted. This done, they again turned northward, determined to make another effort to reach the Pole. They traversed the coast of Greenland to the seventy-third degree. They then bore westward, and on the 11th of July, at Baffin's Island, fell in with their old acquaintance, Prince Albert, which was out on another cruise.

Lieutenant De Haven pressed on till August 3d, when, finding the north and west closed against him, he determined to sail homeward. He had done all that he could—done bravely and well. The vessels bounded over the waves as though themselves conscious that they were "hieing to a quiet home."

Off Newfoundland a severe storm parted the ships. The Advance reached Brooklyn safely September 30th, and the Rescue a few days afterward. The expedition returned without losing a single man!

In October the vessels were returned to Mr. Grinnell by the Government, with the proviso that they were to be surrendered to the Secretary of the Navy the following spring, "if required for another expedition in search of Sir John Franklin."

Reader, do you not err when you say that Selfishness is a *universal* despot? Dr. Thomson has said the "history of modern missions has furnished an appendix to the eleventh chapter of Hebrews." Has not the search for Sir John Franklin added another chapter to the—alas! too meager—history of BROTHERLY LOVE?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE FINAL FAREWELL.

BY C. C. BEDELL.

SOLEMN scene, though full of blessing,
When the loved of earth depart;
Weeping friends and friends caressing
Tend to melt and soothe the heart.

In the overflow of feeling,
In the heavings of the soul,
All the depths of love revealing,
While the tears of anguish roll,

Do we see the fond affections
Growing stronger in the strife,
And the native predilections
Interwoven with the life.

But the heart is nigh to breaking,
And the deeper feelings swell,
As the preparation's making
For the final, sad farewell.

Yet the thought—the thought of meeting,
When this changeful life is o'er,
And the welcome, blissful greeting
On the bright, immortal shore,

Calm and soothe the deep emotion,
And dispel the heavy gloom,
While we view the blissful portion,
And the triumph o'er the tomb.

CONFESSION.

BY ALICE CARY.

To be unpitied, to be weary,
To feel the nights, the daytimes dreary,
To find nor bread nor wine that's cheery,
To live apart;
To be unneighbored, among neighbors
Sharing the burdens and the labors,
Never to have the songs or tabors
Gladden the heart;

To be a penitent forever
And yet a sinner, never, never
At peace with the divine Forgiver;
Always at prayer—
Longing for mercy's white pavilion,
Yet all the while a stubborn alien,
Uprising hourly in rebellion
Heaven, hell, to dare;

To feel all thoughts alike unholy,
To count all pleasures but as folly,
To mope in ways of melancholy
Devoid of calm—
To be a gleaner, not a reaper,
A scorner proud, a humble weeper,
And of no heart to be the keeper,
Is what I am.

BASH-BISH FALLS.

BY H. N. POWERS.

Here are the mountains. Solemn, earnest, grand,
They lift their flinty faces to the dawn,
And with blanched locks in stern defiance stand,
Daring the thunder's fiery bolted hand.
In mazy splendor, like hot silver drawn,
From diamond-arched abysses, waters hiss,
And flash, and whirl, and hurtle with fierce glare
Down each wild reach of adamantine stair,
Till o'er the last black, slanting precipice
They slide from cisterns blue, and cool, and deep,
Down through the valley, kissing flowers asleep,
And chanting forest legends, how was torn
This mountain chasm, with what thunderous charms
Rock after rock was crushed with savage scorn,
And these scorched cliffs left with their naked arms
Uplifted round this temple-like abyss,
With all its music and its mysteries.

This temple like abyss! Yes, here the walls
In everlasting grandeur rise and rise,
And through the vastness of these God-built halls,
Age after age the mighty anthem falls,
While old cathedrals pointing to the skies,
Temples of Phidian glory built with hands,
Waste through long years and mingle with the sands,
And they who entered in, the pure, the fair,
Monarchs and laureled heroes, side by side,
Sleep in oblivion, and the swelling tide
Of chanted praises trancing the sweet air
Dies like a falling billow. But still here
In throned strength, through time's mysterious sphere,
The massy portals look on no decay;
Such as the red man saw with awe struck eyes,
When he bowed down and worshiped, 'tis to-day;
And the strong eagle screaming in the skies
Sees here a refuge from the frenzied blast,
When the red Whirlwind lightning-winged raves past.

Great Nature's holy place! Here let me lean
Above this dizzy cliff, in summer ease,
And taste the glory of this matchless scene—
The giant mountains, the great gulfs between,
Red sunlight shivering through the ancient trees,
Fragrance, and bloom, and softened melodies;
Or coming through the moonlight, let me steal
Up these majestic aisles, where evermore
The diapason of the forests pour,
And muse on human life, till I shall feel
The blessing, and the beauty, and the balm,
Sought not in vain, while like a tender palm
Each mellow beam from its warm, sinless sky
Shall meet me with soft-welcoming embrace.
O, here what wealth of touching ministry!
What inspiration showering tenderest grace
On hearts that, dry with earthly cares and dust,
Long for the freshness of their early trust!

HYMN TO NIGHT.

BY G. M. KELLOGG, M. D.

I love beneath a starry night
To walk while musing free,
Then, when the Moon her horn of light
Hath quenched within the sea,
O, then the sky,
Serene and high,
Comes grandly o'er us trailing,
And ne'er a cloud,
With misty shroud,
Her higher beauties vailing.

Beneath the gorgeous cope of night
Are sleeping all mankind;
It bounds for us the scope of sight
And farthest stretch of mind.
Unbent by time,
She rides sublime,
The lightnings leave no scath,
For in the sea
Replumeth she
That mirror in her path.

How proud the march of queenly Night
Sublimely o'er us sailing,
The twilight her long robe of light,
Far down the west is trailing;
Her ebon vest
In radiance dressed,
Ten thousand spangles sprinkling;
The stars that rest
Upon her breast
In ecstasy are twinkling.

Across the shoulders of the Night
On heaven's own breath is floating
A gauzy scarf so silvery white,
Her starry flight denoting.
Of suns, they say,
The milky way
In God's great loom was wrought,
Supported by
A subtile tie,
As men are swung by thought.

I love the soft, sweet breath of Night
From sighing woods exhaling,
And sleeping flowers, whose eyes so bright
Beneath the stars are vailing;
Such odors sweet
Are incense meet
Into the stars ascending.
Shall not man raise
Heart hymns of praise,
In worship lowly bending?

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.
No traveler ever reached that blest abode,
Who found not thorns and briers in his road.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.*

BY REV. T. M. EDDY.

SEARCH FOR SIR JOHN FRANKLIN—NORTH-WEST PASSAGE—EUREKA!

Few are the items of interest pertaining to the farther search for the brave explorers. The vail of mystery still shrouds their destiny. In August, 1852, Sir Edward Belcher went up Wellington Channel, at the entrance of which, on Beechey Island, was found the graves of three sailors. On the 25th he discovered the remains of several well-built houses—"not simply circles of small stones, but two lines of well-laid wall in excavated ground, filled in between by about two feet of fine gravel, well paved, and withal presenting the appearance of great care—more, indeed, than I am willing to attribute to the rude inhabitants or migratory Esquimaux. Bones of deer, wolves, seals, etc., were numerous. Coal was also found." After writing the above paragraph, Sir Edward does not express any opinion as to whether these "remains" were relics of the skill of the wanderers. But if not the work of the migratory Esquimaux, surely it will be hard to draw any conclusion which does not recognize in the ruins the handiwork of the homeless Sir John and his suffering associates. Here was their house in the wilderness! How often, as the wild Arctic blast went moaning by, did they think of warmer, brighter homes, green lawns, blooming flowers, and loved faces, dimmed now with sorrowing tears, and warm, true hearts, *now*, alas! sickened with the pangs of "hope deferred!"

It may be proper to add, that the voyage of Sir Edward led to the discovery of various lands. To the largest was given the name of North Cornwall. In latitude north 78 degrees, 10 minutes, he found a group of islands, which he named "Victoria Archipelago." The last dispatches from him were July 26, 1853, in which he announced his ships as liberated from the ice, and that his future course would be regulated by his instructions.

We now will sketch briefly the account of the reported discovery of the North-Western passage, though perhaps ere these pages shall be spread before the eye of our gentle readers other and later intelligence may rob them of their interest; nevertheless, we give the latest intelligence we have *now*, which the reader will recollect is *three months ago*.

Captain Robert M'Clure served his naval apprenticeship under the veteran Captain James Ross. He is a cool, calculating, but also a bold and intrepid man. He is not afraid to "take the responsibility," as his history shows. Early in 1850 the Enterprise, commanded by Captain Collinson, and the Investigator, Captain M'Clure, sailed for Bhering's Straits. Captain Collinson was chief officer of the expedition. After a fruitless effort to penetrate the pack-ice, Collinson was parted from the Investigator, and sailed for Hong-Kong, where he wintered. Captain M'Clure determined to press on. Captain Kellett, chief officer of the station, signaled the Investigator, ordering her to stop and put back. M'Clure ran up a signal informing him that he "couldn't stop, and would take the responsibility of proceeding." Accordingly he dashed on, determined to force a passage to the north-east, and accomplish the long sought discovery. Three years rolled by, and no intelligence was received from him in England. Intense interest was felt in his behalf, when, "singularly enough," Captain Kellett, whose commands he had treated so cavalierly, met him from the other side of the continent, and learned from him the accomplishment of one grand object of their mutual toil and danger—THE DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

Let us now accompany the Investigator. With the bold signal flying, she pressed on, and on the 5th of August rounded Point Barrow, the north-eastern extremity of Bhering's Straits, and then bore to the east, keeping near the shore. On the 9th she passed the mouth of the Coolville river, and on the 11th reached Jones's Island, which they found thickly strewed with drift-wood, on which a notice of the visit was deposited. The Captain held some communication with the natives, but found they had the organ of acquisitiveness too largely developed for good neighborship. One of them had a gun with the name of Barnet and the date of 1840 on the lock. But he could hear no news of the missing ships and crews. With much difficulty the ship was worked through the narrow "leads" of water, and reached the Pelly Islands, at the mouth of M'Kenzie river, on the 21st of August, and Point Warren, near Cape Bathurst, on the 24th. Continuing eastward, Captain M'Clure found shallow water, but reached Cape Parry September 6th. High land was seen looming up to the east north-east, and taken possession of—"squatter sovereignty?"—and named Baring Island. The course was now changed, and the Investigator passed through a channel called Prince of Wales Strait, dividing Baring Island from Prince Albert Land. "This Strait runs to the north-east, and was a promising course for reaching the sea south of Melville Island." In it, centrally situated, a group of islands was discovered, and most loyally entitled "Princess Royal." On one of them the Captain established a depot with three months' provision for sixty-six men, together with a boat and ammunition. They hoped that thus brave Sir John or some other wanderer of the seas might be saved from perishing. Resuming their progress, they sailed smoothly till the 11th of September, when the ship was beset with ice, and rudely tossed and pressed on every side. Drifting with the ice, several times the noble craft narrowly escaped destruction. On the 8th of October, 1850, she became firmly fixed. The ice was

* Concluded from page 520.

immovable, and their progress was arrested, for how long they could not tell. Possibly they, too, should never be heard of more in their native land!

Various hygienic measures were adopted and executed. Plans for recreation and amusement were set on foot. But this was not all. Soon was made the electrifying discovery that Prince of Wales Strait, in which they lay unable to advance or recede, opened into Barrow's Straits. *This established the existence of the North-West Passage.* The problem was solved; the mystery was no more. Within that narrow strait arose the joyous eureka-shout, which swelled up to the clear, cold sky. Those brave men might never live to reach bonny Old England; they might die far away in that dreary ice realm, and their *great secret* might perish with them; but still theirs was the sublime consciousness of having wrested from the heart of stern old Winter his great secret kept so long. They had done it. They had found the pathway round the globe. They had discovered the joining of proud oceans; and though united with bands of ice and fetters of cold, still they rejoiced that to them was given to discover, to *prove*, that they *were wedded*—were really *one*. Ay, they now saw the foot prints of Omnipotence, as they beheld Jehovah's "way in the sea, his path in the mighty waters."

"Had the sea remained open a few days more, the expedition would have made the passage—not only in one season, but in the short space of little more than two months and a half." They had now only to wait the opening of the ice in the summer of 1851. They explored carefully the coasts to the north-east and south-west, in the direction of Bank's Land and Wollaston Land. They met tribes of Esquimaux who had evidently never seen a white man before. They found them peaceable and honestly disposed. How long will they remain so after they drink the white man's "fire-water" and learn the white man's oaths? O, why will civilization ever carry "mourning, and lamentation, and woe" written upon the first scroll unrolled for savages to read? Why will it not bear the blessings of peace and consolations of the Gospel? Alas! "the rulers" of the world "have taken counsel together against the Lord and against his anointed."

The explorers were fortunate enough to kill on Prince Albert Land a number of musk oxen, which proved a valuable auxiliary to their stores.

Summer came at last. "On the 14th of July the ice opened without any pressure, and the Investigator was again fairly afloat. Great exertions were made to pass through the Strait; but, after many efforts, the progress of the expedition was completely arrested on the 10th of August by strong north east winds driving large masses of ice to the southward. At this date the party were in latitude 73 degrees, 14 minutes, and longitude 115 degrees, 32 minutes. Thus baffled, Captain M'Clure boldly resolved on running to the southward of Baring Island, and sailing up northward along its western side. This he accomplished after many delays, and surmounting formidable obstacles. Eventually he succeeded in reaching the north side of Baring Island on the 24th of September. Had open water existed to the east, the rest of the passage might easily have been performed this way, for Melville and Barrow's Straits lay before them—the navigation of which from their position to Lancaster Sound was known to be practicable. Unhappily, however, on the night of the 24th the Investigator was frozen up; and to the date of Captain M'Clure's last dispatch—April 10, 1853—*she had not been liberated.* Her position 74 degrees, 6 minutes, north latitude, and 117 degrees, 54 minutes, east longitude. Captain M'Clure describes the location as being excellent—well protected from the heavy ice by the projection of a reef, which throws it clear of the ship six hundred yards."

The above long extract from an able journal gives an idea of the position of the vessel, and its crew. But how have they been heard from?

In April, 1852, a party crossed the ice to Melville Island, and deposited a paper detailing their discovery and present position. Captain M'Clure had determined to leave his frozen vessel and seek escape by land, if relief did not come within a given time. God, in his providence, was guiding the little band. A few days before the time fixed some of Captain Kellett's officers discovered the document, and gave it to their commander. The brave officer took immediate measures to communicate with them in their prison of ice. The officer deputed to visit the ship was Lieutenant Pim, and his meeting with M'Clure and his crew can only be appreciated by those who have passed long months of dreary imprisonment in such a Bastile, and who have purposed to essay escape by such gloomy, untrodden paths as lay before the inhabitants of the Investigator. They met in the wilderness—they met—strong and weather-beaten men, but beneath the bronzed skin the heart lived on, beat on, throbbed on with loving pulsations; they met, and the heart was full—the heart was overflowing! They met from opposite sides of the continent, citizens of one land, brethren in the midst of desolation.

The dangers of the service and the self-possessed spirit with which they were met may be seen by the following extracts from the dispatches of Captain M'Clure:

"It is my intention, if possible, to return to England this season, [1852,] touching at Melville Island and Port Leopold; but should we not be again heard of, in all probability we shall have been carried into the Polar pack, or to the westward of Melville Island—in either of which events, to attempt to send succor would only be to increase the evils, as any ship that enters the Polar pack must be inevitably crushed. Therefore, a depot of provisions, or a ship at winter harbor, is the best and only certainty for the safety of the surviving crew."

These very steps were taken, and resulted in saving the lives of the crew. As to the great question—"the leviathan of questions"—the navigability of the North-Western passage—Captain M'Clure says:

"A ship stands no chance of getting to the westward by entering the Polar Sea—the water along shore being very narrow, and wind contrary, and the pack impenetrable; but through the Prince of Wales Strait, and by keeping along the American shore, I conceive it practicable. Drift-wood is in great abundance upon the east coast of the Prince of Wales Strait, and on the American shore—also much game."

As to the set of the currents, he says: "At one time we found the set as much as two knots in a perfect calm; and that the flood-tide sets from the westward we have ascertained beyond a doubt, as the opportunity afforded during our detention along the western shore gave ample proof."

The health of the crew continued good till April, 1852, when scurvy made its appearance, and the succeeding winter was fatal to three persons. The last accounts were that Captain Kellett had dispatched his surgeon to inspect the crew of the Investigator and report upon their health. He had also given instructions that unless there were twenty men who were sufficiently well, and would volunteer to remain with the ship another year, Captain M'Clure was to abandon her.

Here let the narrative of Arctic voyaging end. True the expedition of Captain Inglefield is deeply interesting, but it adds nothing to the general information. There is no news of the missing ships and crews. The sea holds the mystery "sealed up amid its hid treasures."

The North-West passage has been found, and what of it? We ask the man who measures every thing by dollars and cents, what if a Christian mission—say to Africa or Asia—had cost a moiety, either in the sacrifice of life or the expenditure of "means," of the efforts to discover the North-West passage, and had produced no more tangible and reliable *profits*, what would he say? What would the Church say? Alas! we fear one common voice would demand the abandonment of the mission. Yet who derides England, Russia, and the United States for their costly efforts, so long continued, so oft repeated? No one. "The children of the world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." The seen is permitted to outweigh the unseen—earth is allowed to eclipse eternity. These things ought not so to be. Let us judge wisely.