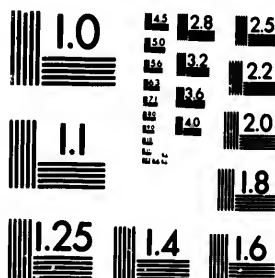
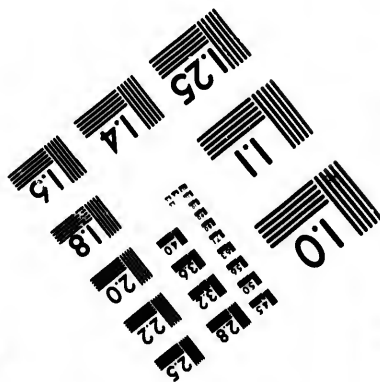


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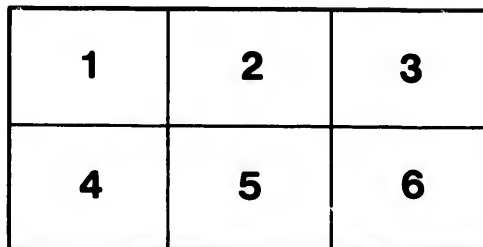
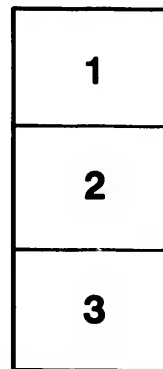
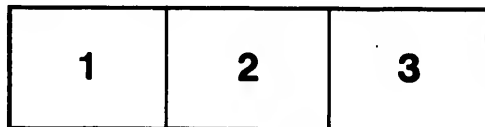
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THE DISCOVERY OF THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE.

THE more we learn of the perils and the promise of Arctic navigation, the more unlikely does it appear that future generations will hazard valuable lives and property in the congeries of islands to the north of the American continent. It is possible that further discoveries may demonstrate the usefulness of following up the track of Dr. Kane through Smith's Sound, or—which is more likely—may instigate voyages to the "open sea," by the channel between Greenland and Norway. There may be something to learn there: geography may benefit by navigation of that unexplored region; possibly—who knows?—trade may find a return for consignments thither of ice-ships, furs, and pluck. But it seems as fully proved as any thing can be, that no adequate recompense awaits further expeditions to the scene of the labors of the late British Arctic discovery ships. One more party will probably be sent by the British Government to King William's Land, for the purpose of clearing up finally the mystery which yet overhangs the fate of Sir John Franklin, and his ships, the *Phebus* and *Terror*. The British public—the civilized world—can hardly remain satisfied with the cloudy and partial accounts brought from Fish River by Mr. Rae; and now that a voyage to Boothia is reduced to a mere question of time and endurance, men will not be wanting to pay this merited tribute to the memory of brave Sir John and his gallant companions. With this exception, we see no reason why there should be any more flying in the face of nature by explorations of the God-forsaken and man-forbidden region lying westward of 65°.

On this account, and also from the historical importance of the actual discovery of the northwest passage, some interest attaches to the account of the voyage of Captain McClure in the *Investigator*, now first published—an interest which the tedious and somewhat snobbish narrative of the historiographer, Captain Osborn, does not wholly succeed in extinguishing.

On the 20th January, 1850, the *Investigator* sailed from Plymouth, in company with the *Enterprise*, both bound for the Arctic regions, via Behring's Straits, to resume the search for Sir John Franklin's ships. Sir John Ross had just returned from an unsuccessful search on the side of Baffin's Bay, having been unable to penetrate further westward than Leopold's Island. Two other British expeditions had been equally fruitless. There only remained, in the

opinion of persons best qualified to judge, the chance of penetrating to Banks's Land and the adjoining archipelago, by the way of Behring's Straits. It was to test this chance that the *Investigator* and *Enterprise* were dispatched.

They took six months, in round numbers, to reach the Sandwich Islands, by way of the Horn; took in supplies there, and sailed northward at the very time the Grinnell expedition was clearing Newfoundland. By the close of July the *Investigator* (the *Enterprise* arrived too late, and took no part in the expedition) had safely passed through Behring's Straits, in a dense fog, and in a few days bade adieu to the world in the Arctic Ocean. They met with the first heavy ice early in August, in lat. 72°, and were much enlivened by the sight of the immense herds of walruses basking upon the loose masses. Ferocious-looking as these creatures are, it does not appear that the editors of Captain Cook's voyages are justified in representing them as formidable to man. Their tusks are useless out of the water. Captain McClure seems to have been rather prepossessed in their favor by the affection shown by the mothers for their young, and would not allow them to be shot.

The only chance of making easting enough to gain the scene of operations, was by creeping along the coast, in what Arctic navigators call the *landwater*. This is a narrow lane of water between the shore ice and the heavy sea ice, the latter being so thick as to ground in six, seven, and eight fathoms water. The *Investigator* worked her way into this lane shortly after sighting Cape Lisburne, and jogged on to Cape Barrow, and thence along the northern coast; keeping so close to the shore as to be in constant communication with the Esquimaux. These primitive people the *Investigators* cultivated with considerable success. They were somewhat addicted to stealing. A lady who visited the ship, actually stowed away under her petticoats two iron winch-handles, and an ice-anchor; and while Captain McClure was placing some presents in the right hand of a chief, in token of good-will, with an appropriate admonition, he felt the fellow's left in his pocket. The Esquimaux, however, laughed heartily when they were caught, and so the Englishmen thought best to do the same, and not allow peccadilloes to mar the harmony of their intercourse. It was perhaps well they did; for it was from these Esquimaux that Captain Maguire afterward discovered the traces of the *Investigator*. They told him that a ship had passed that way: when asked to describe her, they were unable; but they remembered that the sailors had given them twisted tobacco. From this simple fact Captain Maguire knew that the vessel must be the *Investigator*, as no other Arctic ship was supplied with negro-head.

After some narrow escapes from the ice, once running aground, and once meeting with a furious rain-storm with thunder and lightning

(the first recorded in so high a latitude. 70° north), the *Investigator* reached Cape Bathurst on 31st August. There more Esquimaux were met with; a fine race of people, as it seems, with whom the navigators were soon on the best of terms. Indeed, if scandal speak truth, some of the bold mariners were soon on such terms with the bright-eyed girls of Cape Bathurst, that Captain M'Clure was obliged to use his authority to keep them on board ship. When a whale is killed by one of these Esquimaux, a grand banquet takes place, to which all the men and women of the tribe are invited; and after the roast venison, the stewed whale, and the other delicacies of the season have been discussed, the entertainment winds up in a fashion more suitable, one would imagine, to a relaxing southern meridian than to the borders of the Arctic Ocean.

From Cape Bathurst the *Investigator* followed the landwater to a level with Cape Parry, from whence they struck a northerly course, sighting, on the 7th of September, the southern cape of Banks's Land. One can not help smiling at the grave manner in which this loyal British captain—not knowing that the land he saw had been discovered before—landed on the bleak and miserable shore, and announced to the icebergs and the winds that he claimed the country for his mistress Queen Victoria. But it is a habit with English sailors. A short while before, Captain Kellett, of the *Herald*, sighted land to the north and northwest of Behring's Straits. It was so wretched a place, with so iron-bound a coast, that, with all his exertions, Captain Kellett could not climb the bluffs, or be quite certain in his own mind whether he stood on the beach or on the ice: nevertheless, he "hoisted the jack, and took possession of the island, with the usual ceremonies, in the name of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria." It is to be hoped it will do her good.

There were still a few days of summer left, and a lane open to the northeast. Through this the *Investigator* was worked slowly against head-winds; on their left they had the high bluffs of Banks's Land, on their right, at a distance of some thirty miles, stretched another island, which loyal Captain M'Clure named Prince Albert's Land. Creeping between the two, by the 9th September they were irresistibly led to the conclusion that the channel in which they were must lead to Barrow's Strait. One can readily understand Captain M'Clure's agitation at the thought, "Can it be possible that this water shall prove to be the long-sought Northwest Passage? Only give us time, and we shall discover it!" They pushed on, northward, working bravely; but when they were in latitude 73° 10' N., only thirty miles from Barrow's Strait, winter overtook them. It was the 17th September. Four more days would probably have solved the problem; but those four days were denied them. On the 17th they were stopped by the ice; on the 18th it formed

round the ship; they began to drift with the pack; before the week was out they had resolved to winter there, and were at work housing the ship, and making all needful preparations for escape in case she should be crushed by the ice. These preparations were made under circumstances that might well shake the nerves of a strong man. As the ice surged the ship was thrown violently from side to side, now lifted out of water, now plunged into a hole. "The crashing, creaking, and straining," says Captain M'Clure, in his log, "is beyond description; the officer of the watch, when speaking to me, is obliged to put his mouth close to my ear on account of the deafening noise."

While wintering here, Captain M'Clure's loyalty was very near cutting short his career of usefulness. On the eastern side of the strait there was an ice-bound tract of land (forming part, in fact, of Prince Albert's Land, already visited) of which the gallant Captain felt bound to take possession for his Gracious Mistress. He did so accordingly, "with the usual ceremonies;" but on his return to the ship, when the party reached the junction of the land and sea ice, they found, to their horror, a yawning black gulf fifty yards wide. Night was just closing in: they had no boat; their only provision was one can of preserved meat, so hard frozen that knives would barely scratch it; the men were jaded by a twenty miles' walk over hummocks and rocks. They did the only thing they could do—walked about to keep up the circulation, and fired guns to attract the attention of the people on board the ship. It needed all M'Clure's energy to prevent the fagged men from sitting down to snooze; but he kept them moving, and, after a while, the ship answered their signals, and a light was seen approaching over the ice. The Captain's party now began to speculate anxiously on the chances of their friends having brought a boat; for without one, of course, assistance was useless. They watched the light draw nearer and nearer to the lane, one man swearing that he heard the sound of the sledge-boat on the ice, another persisting that there was no sound but footsteps; till at last the relief party was within hailing distance. Every man held his breath as M'Clure shouted, "Have you a boat with you?" There was a moment's silence, as if the men across the gulf were taken by surprise by the question. Then came the answer, "No; we didn't know you wanted one." M'Clure instantly sent them back to the ship for the Halkett's boat. It was a critical moment. Tired as the men were, it was quite unlikely that they could be kept moving till the party returned to the ship and brought the boat. But by one of those providential accidents which so often occur in Arctic navigation, a second relief party, with a boat, met the first on their way to the ship, and so all were saved.

Before winter set in completely, Captain M'Clure determined to test the vital question, whether the channel in which the ship lay did

really lead to Barrow's Strait or not. He set out on 22d October, with a sledge party, for the north. It hardly appears, from the account given by Captain Osborn, that the party were equipped and provided in the best possible manner; for though they had 200 pounds apiece to draw in the sledge, they were pinched both for fuel (and, consequently, water) and food; and though the thermometer does not seem to have fallen much below zero, some of the men were badly frost-bitten. Four days after leaving the ship they saw to the northeast the wonderful blue crystalline sea-ice described by Parry; and that night, after a long march, M'Clure went to sleep with the thrilling conviction that next morning he would feast his eyes on the sea-ice in Barrow's Strait. Long before daybreak he was astir and afoot. Climbing a hill some 600 feet above the sea-level, he waited for sunrise in a state of excitement which can be well conceived. At last the first streak of dawn appeared, revealing the land called after Prince Albert (whom, by-the-way, the gallant historiographer of the expedition does not forget, even at such a moment, to designate in full as His Royal Highness, etc., etc.); then the coast-line of Banks's Land became visible, and at the same moment the delighted explorers saw at their feet the frozen waters of the great strait called Barrow's or Melville Strait.

The Northwest Passage was discovered! With one voice those brave Englishmen shouted, as they gazed on the long-sought spectacle, "Thank God!"

From the point in Barrow's Strait upon which they were looking—a point opposite to Cape Hay, in Melville Island—Parry had sailed into Baffin's Bay and home. The existence, therefore, of a water-communication round the north coast of America was finally demonstrated. They had not found any trace of Franklin; but they had done the next best thing, and enough for M'Clure's fame.

He was nearly lost on his way home. Having started in advance of the sledge, he was overtaken by a snow-storm, in which he lost his way. Though only six miles from the ship, he might as well have been six hundred in that storm. Night came on, with a temperature 15° below zero. Abandoning the attempt to gain the ship, after much random tra-ving over hummocks, he began to pace the top of a great lump of ice, in the hope of seeing some signal from the sledge or the ship. But the drift was too thick to see anything. Up and down he marched, till eleven o'clock, wondering what he should do if the bears—whom he heard growling around him—were to take a fancy to attack him; at last, fairly worn out, he crept to the lee side of the ice-lump, found a soft bank of snow, threw himself upon it, and was soon fast asleep. Strange to say, he awoke next morning none the worse, and found himself full four miles beyond the ship.

Christmas was kept with the usual banquet and frolic. A strange picture might have been

seen that Christmas-day by a spirit who could have roamed from end to end of the icy continent and taken it in at a glance. No less than ten Arctic discovery-ships were wintering within a few hundred miles of each other. Under Griffith's Island lay H. B. M.'s ships the *Resolute*, *Assistance*, *Pioneer*, and *Intrepid*. In a small bay in North Devon were securely snugged Captain Penny's two brigs. The *Investigator*, as we have seen, lay in Prince of Wales' Strait. And at the mouth of Lancaster Sound, drifting helplessly in the pack which had borne them already twelve degrees to the eastward, were the two unfortunate ships of the Grinnell expedition. But this was not all. Only three to four hundred miles from the *Investigator*'s winter quarters, Mr. Rae was waiting on the border of Great Bear Lake for weather that would allow him to start on his land journey. And in all human probability, on that same Christmas-day, Sir John Franklin and his men, the object of so many expeditions and so much anxious hope, were miserably subsisting on short allowance somewhere in King William's Land, or on the bank of Peel Sound.

The *Enterprise* had failed to pass Icy Cape before the winter season began, and was not, therefore, within the Arctic circle. Her commander, in the spring of 1851, injudiciously permitted a young officer named Barnard to land in Russian America for the purpose of making inquiries with regard to the course of the *Investigator*; while at a trading-post called Darabin, the traders were attacked by Indians, and poor Barnard, among others, was murdered. Captain Osborn publishes a letter of his, revealing his sad fate. It was to the surgeon of the *Enterprise*, and ran as follows:

"DEAR ADAMS.—I am dreadfully wounded in the abdomen; my entrails are hanging out. I do not suppose I shall live long enough to see you. The Cu-u-chue Indians made the attack while we were in our beds. Boake is badly wounded, and Darabin is dead.

"I think my wound would have been trifling had I had medical advice. I am in great pain. Nearly all the natives of the village are murdered. Set out for this place in all haste.

JOHN BARNARD."

From March to July the *Investigator*'s crew spent the time in searching the vicinity of their winter quarters for traces of Sir John Franklin. Three sledge parties were sent out, and there was no lack of courage, perseverance, or forethought in their leaders; but, as the world knows, they discovered nothing. In July the ice broke up sufficiently for the ship to move. A strenuous effort was made to force her through the remaining portion of Prince of Wales' Strait into Barrow's Strait—she actually reached a point only twenty-five miles from the latter—but the heavy ice of Melville Sound was jammed against the mouth of Prince of Wales' Strait, and she could advance no farther. After persevering but fruitless endeavors to find a lane through the dense pack, Captain M'Clure put the ship about, and steered for the west coast of Banks's Land. As before, the ship sailed in the land-water, creeping round the island at

a small's pace; sometimes working her way through such narrow passages that the studding-sail boom had to be "topped" to enable her to pass between the cliffs on one side and the floss on the other. Of course, close as they were to the land, they went ashore frequently. They found no Esquimaux to enliven their labors; but Captain McClure noted a striking confirmation of the well-known theory that the climate of the polar regions was once much milder than it is. On the northwest cape of Banks's Land, north of the line 74° N. lat., where the ground-willow has now a hard struggle for existence, he found layers upon layers of large wood, sometimes twenty and forty feet in depth. Some of the logs were so hard that men could jump upon them without breaking them; many were petrified; and all, it seems, unfit for burning. Similar discoveries of fallen trees, in a state of semi-petrification, were made in 1853, by an officer of the *Resolute*, in a latitude two degrees higher north.

Winter overtook the *Investigator* this year on 21st September, and Captain McClure, who had vainly hoped to get into the pack in Barrow's Strait before the close of the season, so as to drift with it eastward during the winter, laid the ship up in a bay on the north of Banks's Land, which he appropriately christened Mercy Bay. The winter passed—or rather the early portion of it—like any other Arctic winter in a well-appointed ship. Captain McClure had, however, thought it prudent to reduce the allowance of food to two-thirds, in order to provide against the mishap of being detained another winter in the ice; and, consequently, every exertion was made to supply the deficiency by hunting.

One of the hunting parties had well-nigh proved fatal to a colored man serving on board the ship. He had wounded a deer, and chased it till a fog came on, and he lost his way. It was in January, and the weather was bitterly cold; the poor fellow began to fancy himself frozen to death, and lost his wits entirely. While in this state, a sergeant of marines named Woon met him, and offered to lead him to the ship. The negro, beside himself with terror, could not be made to understand any thing, and stood crying and shuddering till he fell down in a fit. The Sergeant waited till he was restored; then partly by force, partly by entreaty, he induced him to walk toward the ship. Night soon closed in, at about two in the afternoon; and the darkness reviving all the terrors of the negro, he fell to the ground, bleeding at the nose, and writhing in convulsions. The question now was, what was to be done with him? To wait till he recovered would have placed both lives in jeopardy; to leave him there and go to the ship for assistance would have insured his freezing to death, independently of the wolves. Sergeant Woon, like a brave man, slung his own and the negro's musket over his shoulder, took the half-dead man's arms round his neck, and began to trudge toward the

ship with his burden. The negro was a large man; such a weight over so uneven a road was enough to try a giant's strength. The only relief the Sergeant had was when he had climbed a hill or hummock; he then loosed his hold of the negro, and rolled him down the opposite side. Rough treatment, seemingly, for a sleek man, but it rather did him good. By eleven o'clock the couple were within a mile of the ship. But Sergeant Woon was exhausted. He exerted all his powers of eloquence upon the negro to induce him to walk. The poor creature only begged to be "let alone to die." Finding all his arguments unavailing, the Sergeant laid him in a bed of deep snow, and with all his remaining strength ran, alone, to the ship. He procured assistance directly, and returning to the place where he had left the negro, found him with his arms stiff and raised above his head, his eyes open, and his mouth so firmly frozen that it required great force to open it to pour down restoratives. He was alive, however, and eventually recovered.

The wolves, which the Sergeant had so gravely feared on this occasion, were the most ravenous of their species. They do not seem to have actually attacked the hunters, but more than once they disputed with them the game they shot. A sailor once had a hard tussle with a female wolf for the carcass of a deer he killed; she laid hold of the tail, he of the head, and they pulled against each other until the sailor received a reinforcement from a hunting party in the neighborhood.

In the spring, Captain McClure crossed with a sledge party to Melville Island, but discovered nothing; on his return to the ship he made preparations for the summer cruise. All was ready to move out of winter quarters by June, and the men, who were very tired of their dull home, and many of whom showed symptoms of incipient scurvy, were once more in high hopes. These were somewhat dashed by the discovery that the ice in June and July, instead of diminishing in thickness, had increased about two feet. However, early in August, the ice began to move, and all was activity and excitement on board the *Investigator*. On the 16th August a lane opened in the ice, and water was seen in several places. The ship was on the point of wading out, when, on 20th August, the "lead" closed, and cold weather coming on, the summer was abruptly brought to a close.

This was terrible mischance. It was now certain that the *Investigators* must spend the winter of 1852-53 in the Bay of Mercy. They had been straitened in respect of provisions last year, what should they be this? As the season advanced hunger began to be seriously felt. The officers and men were reduced to one solid meal, and that a scanty one, per day. In the morning a cup of very weak cocoa, with the merest atom of bread, was served out; the dinner consisted of half a pound of salt meat, with a piece of bread, and "enough vegetable to swear by;" in the evening, weak tea was given

to all who chose to have it. Those who know the enormous quantities of food required by travelers in the Arctic regions will appreciate the severity with which these short commons were felt by the *Investigators*.

Captain McClure decided to send a part of his men home by land, via the McKenzie River, and another party via Griffith's Island to Capo Spencer, where there was a boat and provisions, retaining only thirty of the strongest men in the ship with himself. But before they started a change came over Arctic affairs.

Lady Franklin, unceasing in her entreaties to the Admiralty, had induced the British Government to send out another expedition—the largest that had yet sailed—in search of her husband. This was the expedition under Sir Edward Belcher, consisting of four vessels. Now Mr. Creswell, of London, had a son on board the *Investigator*. Paternal affection sharpening his wits, he divined, what no one else in England seemed to have imagined, that the *Investigator* might have discovered the Northwest Passage, found her way to Banks' Land, and be somewhere in the neighborhood of Melville Island. He therefore petitioned the Admiralty that it might be an instruction to the ships of Belcher's squadron to support McClure as well as search for Franklin; and in accordance with this request, when the little fleet arrived in Lancaster Sound, the *Resolute* and her consort made for Melville Island to search for McClure.*

On the 6th April, 1853, the little crew of the *Investigator* was in low spirits: one of their comrades had just poisoned himself. Let us give the rest in McClure's own words: "While walking near the ship, in conversation with the first lieutenant upon the subject of digging a grave for the man who had died, and discussing how we could cut a grave in the ground while it was so hardly frozen—a subject naturally sad and depressing—we perceived a figure walking rapidly toward us from the rough ice at the entrance of the bay. From his pace and his gestures we both naturally supposed at first, that he was some one of our party pursued by a bear, but as we approached him, doubts arose as to who he could be. He was certainly unlike any of our men; but recollecting that some one might be trying a new traveling dress, preparatory to the departure of our sledges, and certain that no one else was near, we continued to advance. When within about two hundred yards of us this strange figure threw up his arms and made gesticulations resembling those made by Esquimaux, besides shouting at the top of his voice words which, from the wind and the intense excitement of the moment, sounded like a wild screech; and this brought us both fairly to a stand-still. The stranger

came quietly on, and we saw that his face was as black as ebony; and really, at the moment, we might be pardoned for wondering whether he was a denizen of this or the other world; and had he but given us a glimpse of a tall or cloven hoof, we should assuredly have taken to our legs. As it was, we gallantly stood our ground, and, had the skies fallen upon us, we could hardly have been more astonished than when the dark-faced stranger called out—'I'm Lieutenant Pim, late of the *Herald*, now in the *Resolute*. Captain Kellett is at Dealy Island!' To rush at him and seize him by the hand was the first impulse, for the heart was too full for the tongue to speak. The announcement that relief was close at hand, when none was supposed to be even within the Arctic circle, was too sudden, unexpected, and joyous for our minds to comprehend it at once".....

The rest is known. We all remember—for we have read the account in the newspapers—of the pusillanimous decision of Sir E. Belcher to abandon his ships in the Arctic seas, of the return of the officers and crews to England in the *North Star*, *Phanix*, and *Talbot*, and of the righteous court-martial whose venerable President returned Sir Edward his sword in stern silence. But it is due to Captain McClure to reproduce one passage in the dispatch which he had prepared to send home with the land parties he was about to dispatch in the spring of 1853:

"Should any of her Majesty's ships be sent for our relief and we have quitted Port Leopold, a notice containing information of our route will be left on the door of the house at Whalers' Point, or on some conspicuous position. If, however, no intimation should be found of our having been there, it may at once be surmised that some fatal catastrophe has happened, either from our being carried into the Polar Sea, or smashed in Barrow's Strait, and no survivors left. If such be the case, which, however, I will not anticipate, it will then be quite unnecessary to penetrate further to the westward for our relief, as, by the period that any vessel could reach that port, we must, from want of provisions, all have perished. In such a case, I would submit that the officers may be directed to return, and by no means incur the danger of losing other lives in quest of those who will then be no more."

Regulus, warning his countrymen against making peace with Carthage, did not rise higher than this.

One word more—as to Franklin. Mr. Anderson, the Hudson Bay Company's factor, who pursued the search on the traces of Rae, having added nothing to our previous knowledge, our actual information with regard to Franklin and his party may be summed up in a few sentences. His vessels, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, were last seen on the 26th of July, 1845, in the upper waters of Baffin's Bay, waiting for an opening in the pack. The winter of 1845-46 they spent at Beechy Island, as the Grinnell

* Our readers are aware that this is the same *Resolute* which, abandoned by her crew, was found by some Yankee whalers, brought into an American port, bought and fitted up by the United States Government, and sent to England as a present to her Majesty.

expedition proved. The next, and only remaining item of positive information, is the well-known story of the Esquimaux to Mr. Rae, touching the death of a party of emaciated white men on the banks of the Great Fish River, and the purchase by Mr. Rae of a number of articles of plate and utensils which had undoubtedly belonged to Sir John Franklin and his officers. Our negative information amounts to this. Sir John Franklin did not progress westward for any distance beyond his winter quarters in 1845-'46. He did not visit Cape Walker, Banks's Land, Melville Island, or Prince Regent's Inlet.

These are the data on which a judgment must be formed as to his fate. Dr. Kane, writing before Rae's discovery, surmised that Sir John might have been tempted to ascend Wellington Channel. The later, and doubtless the better opinion, being founded on larger information, is that he struck, in the summer of 1846, not to the north, but to the south. That he sailed in search of the Northwest Passage down Peel Sound, and never returned to Barrow's Strait. Whether his vessels were crushed by the ice, or locked in and abandoned, remains to be ascertained; Arctic explorers believe that it was quite possible for them to reach King William's Land, at the southern extremity of the Sound; and there, no doubt, they may be sought with a strong probability of finding the clue to the mystery. There are men of strong faith who believe that there are yet survivors of that expedition, who have adopted the Esquimaux mode of life, and subsist as those children of the ice do. Conjecture is legitimate where truth can not be discerned.

Lady Franklin, knowing no despair, petitioned, on the 5th of June last, that a new expedition—one more only—might be sent by way of Behring's Straits to explore King William's Land and Peel Sound. Her letter, which was addressed to the Admiralty, got into the "Circumlocution Office," and has never been answered. A number of learned men, geographers and others, with Sir Roderick Murchison at their head, addressed a separate appeal, with the same object, to Lord Palmerston: but, up to this time, it has not received a favorable answer. It would seem reasonable to hope that such a prayer will eventually be granted.

