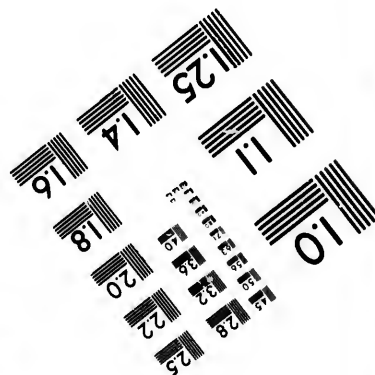
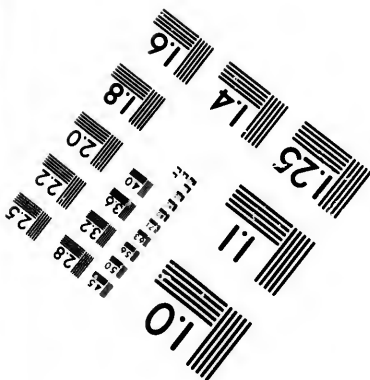
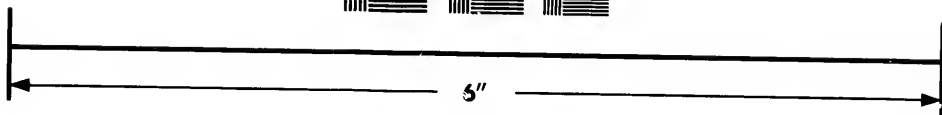
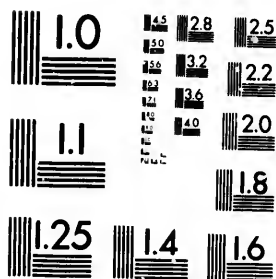


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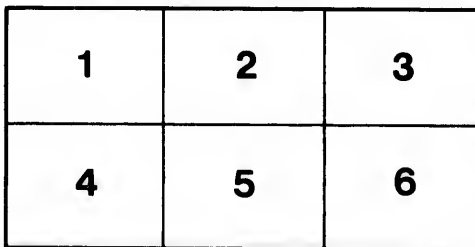
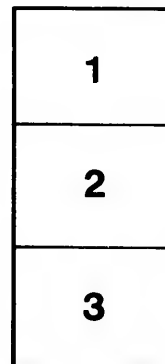
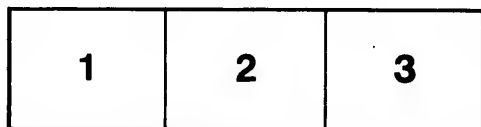
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The Search for Sir John Franklin.

(FROM THE PRIVATE JOURNAL OF AN OFFICER OF THE "FOX.")

THE last of the Government expeditions in search of Franklin returned in 1854, without bringing further intelligence than had been previously ascertained, namely, that the missing ships had spent their first winter, 1845-46, at Beechey Island, and had departed thence without leaving a single record to say whence they came or in what direction they intended to explore in the following season.

The war with Russia engrossed the public attention, and the Admiralty determined that nothing more could be done for our missing sailors.

Franklin and his companions were pronounced to be dead, and the search to be closed. But many Arctic officers and private persons thought otherwise. By the extraordinary exertions of the previous expeditions the country to be searched had been reduced to a limited area in which the ships must be, if above water, and through which the crews must have travelled when they left their ships. Every other retreat from the Arctic Seas had been explored, and the Great Fish River alone remained unexamined.

Later in the same year (1854), Dr. Rae, the celebrated traveller for the Hudson Bay Company, who was endeavouring to ascertain the northern extreme of America, brought home intelligence, which he had obtained from the Esquimaux of Boothia, of forty white people having been seen upon the west coast of King William Land in the spring of 1850: that they were travelling southward, and that later in the same year it was supposed they had all died in the estuary of a large river, which Dr. Rae conjectured to be the Great Fish River.

In 1855, the Hudson Bay Company, at the request of the Admiralty, sent an expedition, conducted by Mr. Anderson, to explore the Fish River. Mr. Anderson returned, having ascertained that a portion of the missing crews had been on Montreal Island, in the mouth of that river; but Mr. Anderson, without an interpreter, or the means of going beyond the island, could only gather the most meagre information by signs from the Esquimaux, and by a few relics found upon the land. Where the ships had been left, or what had become of the people, seemed as great a mystery as ever.

It was then that Lady Franklin (who had already sent out three expeditions) urged again that the search should be continued, and that our countrymen should not thus be left to their fate; but although her appeal was backed by the most competent officers, the season of 1856 passed away without endeavours to clear up the mystery; and determining that another year should not be lost in vain entreaties, Lady Franklin once more undertook the responsibilities and the expenses of a final effort to rescue our long-lost sailors from their perhaps living death among the

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DEPARTURE OF EXPLORING PARTIES FROM PORT KENNEDY.

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Esquimaux, or to follow up their footsteps in their last journey upon earth, and to give to the world the scientific results of the expedition for which those gallant men had given up their lives.

In the spring of 1857 Lady Franklin commenced preparations for the contemplated expedition. She was supported by some of the most distinguished Arctic officers and scientific men, and the friends of Sir John Franklin, among whom were Sir Roderick Murchison, General Sabine, Captain Collinson, and many others.

To Captain M'Clintock was offered the command; and he who had served in three previous expeditions, and to whom are principally due the results of the extraordinary journeys over the ice that have been made during the search for Franklin, cheerfully accepted the appointment, as, in his own words, being the post of honour.

The next thing was to seek a suitable vessel, and fortunately the *Fox* was in the market. Built for a yacht of some 180 tons register, with auxiliary steam-power applied to a lifting screw, the *Fox* appeared in every way adapted for the service. She was at once purchased, and the necessary alterations and fortifying commenced; and such was the feeling of confidence in Captain M'Clintock's sincerity of purpose, his daring and determination, combined with eminent talent, and every qualification for command, that numbers sought the honour of serving with him. The few who were so fortunate as to be selected were soon appointed in their different capacities, and by the exertions of Lady Franklin and Captain M'Clintock everything that could possibly conduce to the comfort or recreation of the ship's company was supplied, and the *Fox* was ready for sea by the end of June.

We intended first to touch at some of the Danish settlements in Greenland, to purchase sledge-dogs; then to proceed to Beechey Island, and there to fill up stores from the depôt left by Sir E. Belcher. We were next to endeavour to sail down Peel Sound (supposed to be a strait), but failing by that channel, to try down Regent's Inlet, and by the supposed Bellot Straits to reach the neighbourhood of the Great Fish River; and having in the summer of 1857 and following spring searched the adjacent country, we should return home either westward by Behring's Straits, or by our outward route, according to circumstances. If we failed to reach King William Land or the Fish River, it was our intencion to winter as near the desired position as possible, and by means of sledge journeys over the ice, to complete the search in the following spring. We hoped to finish the work in one year; but in this we were to be disappointed, as the narrative will show.

We left Aberdeen on July 1, 1857; and after a favourable run across the Atlantic, we made our first acquaintance with the Arctic Seas when near the meridian of Cape Farewell, by falling in with the drift-wood annually brought from Arctic Asia by the great current known as the Spitzbergen current—the shattered and mangled state of these pine logs bearing evidence of their long water-and-ice-borne drift. This great

Arctic current brings masses of ice from the Spitzbergen seas, at seasons completely filling up the fords, harbours, and indentations on the south coast of Greenland, and often in a pack extending for 100 miles southward of Cape Farewell. A whole fleet of whale ships were, in June, 1777, beset in lat. 76° north, and nearly in the meridian of Spitzbergen, and were drifted southward by the current, until one by one they were crushed. The last and only surviving ship arrived in October, in latitude 61° , in Davis' Straits, and the crew escaped to the land near Cape Farewell, 116 in number, out of 450 men, who only a few short months before were looking forward to a happy return to their homes.

Late in the summer, the weather mild and the nights short, and with steam-power at command, we had no occasion for much anxiety about this ice, but determined to push direct for Fredericksshaab, and with a fair wind we steered to pass within sight of Cape Farewell. On the night of the 13th July, we were becalmed, and on the following day we steamed slowly to the north-westward, amidst countless numbers of sea-birds. At daylight the coast of Greenland showed out in all its wild magnificence. Cape Farewell bore north 45° east, distant twenty-five miles; but from the peculiar formation of the adjacent land the actual cape is difficult to distinguish. Hitherto we had not seen the Spitzbergen ice; and we hoped that we might follow the coast round to Fredericksshaab without obstruction; but in the course of the forenoon a sudden fall in the temperature of the sea, with a haziness in the atmosphere to the northward, indicated our approach to ice. Straggling and water-washed pieces were soon met with, and in the evening the distant murmur of the sea, as it broke upon the edge of ice-floes, warned us of our being near to a pack.

We made but little progress during the two following days, the winds being from the northward, and a dense ice-fog rolling down from the pack. On the 17th, Fredericksshaab bearing N. 28° E., distant fifty miles, we determined upon endeavouring to push through the pack; and after being at times completely beset, and with a constant thick fog, we escaped into the inshore water, with a few slight rubs, having been carried by the drifting body of ice nearly thirty miles northward of our port. We sounded upon the Tallert bank; and on the fog lifting, the great glacier of Fredericksshaab was revealed to us, and we bore away for the harbour, which we reached on the 19th. We had a little difficulty at first in making out the entrance to Fredericksshaab; but a native kyaek coming out to meet us, we were soon escorted in by a fleet of these small canoes.

We found the natives busily breaking up the wreck of an abandoned timber ship, which had drifted to their harbour, with a few of the lower tiers of cargo still in her; and another wreck was said to be lying upon the Tallert bank—the same wreck, it is said, which Prince Napoleon had boarded on his homeward passage in the *Atlantic* the previous year, and had left a record on her to prove the currents round Cape Farewell.

The Danish authorities, ever ready to assist vessels entering the Greenland ports, supplied us with everything in their power, and after purchas-

ing some cod-fish from the natives, we proceeded on our voyage. On leaving Fredericksshaab, we experienced strong north winds, and had to beat up between the pack and the land, until off the settlement of Fiskernaas, on July 23rd. The temperature of the sea then rose from 35° to 46° Fahrenheit; and seeing no ice, we considered that we were past the limits of the Spitzbergen stream. Finding that our foretop mast-head was sprung, we ran into Fiskernaas, to repair it. We purchased more cod-fish at Fiskernaas, at an almost nominal price. These fish are very plentiful, and the Danish authorities annually collect about 30,000 from the Esquimaux, to be dried, and again served out to them in the winter, the habits of the natives being so improvident, that they will not make this provision for themselves. Having made a few magnetic and other observations, we sailed for Godhaab to procure a passage home for one of our seamen, who, it was feared, was too ill in health to stand the rigours of an Arctic winter. We met the Danish schooner coming out, and the captain kindly received our invalid on board, and took our letters for home. Outside Godhaab lie the Koku Islands, upon which Egede first landed in 1721, and commenced recolonizing Greenland. The mainland here is divided into four fiords, the largest being Godhaab Fiord (or Baal's River on old charts), which extends up to the inland ice, and upon the shores of which are still to be seen many ruins of the ancient Scandinavians. Upon the Koku Islands we were near leaving the *Fox*, for in coming out, the wind fell suddenly calm, and the steam being down, we were drifting with a strong tide fast upon the rocks, and we only just towed the ship clear with all our boats. We now steered for Diskoe, and after passing some magnificent icebergs, one of which we found by measurement to be 270 feet above the sea, we saw the precipitous cliffs of the island, entered the harbour of Godhavn at night, and sailed on the following day for the beautiful fiord of Diskoe, where a smart young Esquimaux, Christian, by name, was received on board, as dog-driver to the expedition. We had not time to examine this fine fiord, which has never been explored, and which is thought to be of great extent; nor had we time to visit the Salmon River; but our guide brought us a few fish, and with salmon-trout and ptarmigan for breakfast, and a bouquet of flowers from the ladies of Godhavn upon the gum-room table, we had no cause to complain of the Arctic regions so far.

We next steered for the Waigat Straits, intending to take in coals from the mines there. As we passed Godhavn, the Esquimaux guide seated himself in his kyaek on the deck, and, notwithstanding a rough sea, he was launched out of the gangway at his own request; a feat wonderful to us, but evidently not strange to him, as he paddled away to the shore without further notice. The native kyaek is so small and crank, that the natives cannot get in or out of it alongside a ship; but are generally pulled up or lowered with it in the bight of two ropes' ends.

As we approached the Waigat, thousands of eider ducks covered the water, and we shot many of the younger ones, but the old birds were too

crafty for us, and kept out of range. We now never lost an opportunity of adding to our stock of fresh provisions, which already began to make a show in the rigging, where we could feast our eyes upon salmon, eider ducks, looms, cod-fish, ptarmigan, and seal beef, besides two old goats, that we had purchased at Fredericksshaab. We entered the Waigat on August 3rd, on a beautiful day; and for wild and desolate grandeur, I suppose these straits have no equal—lofty, rugged mountains here abruptly facing the sea, or there presenting a sloping moss-covered declivity—mountain torrents, and the small streams, which, leaping over the very summits, at an elevation of 3,000 to 4,000 feet, appear from beneath like threads of spun glass. In some places may be seen the foot of a glacier high up a ravine, as if there arrested in its course, or not yet grown sufficiently to fill up the valley, and bring its blight down to the sea; in other places beautiful valleys, green and grass-clothed, where the hare and ptarmigan love to pass their short summer with their young broods. The sea itself is scarcely less picturesque than the land; for thousands of icebergs, of every size and fantastic form, cast off from the ice-streams of the mainland, sail continually in these beautiful straits.

We found the coal mine without difficulty, the seams of coal cropping out of the cliffs under which we anchored. It was a very exposed position, and the ground hard; the only safe way to lie would be by making fast to a piece of grounded ice, if one can be found, as anchors will not hold.

In the early spring the ice-foot forms a natural wharf, and the coals may be collected, and at high water the boats can go alongside to receive the sacks. Now that steam has been introduced into the whale fishery, these coal mines must sooner or later become much frequented, and it is to be hoped that so valuable a resource will be taken advantage of. If moorings could be laid down, and natives from the opposite settlement of Atenadluk employed to collect coals in readiness for embarkation, a ship might readily fill up in a few hours.

We had scarcely completed our coaling, when the weather began to threaten, the barometer fell, and shortly after noon it blew almost a gale from the southward. Our anchors soon began to jump over the ground, and the drift ice to set in. Steam was immediately got ready, and we ran through the straits to the north-westward. Passing the magnificent headland of Swarten Huk, we touched at the settlement of Proven to purchase dogs and seal-beef, and then bore away for Upernavik, steering close along the coast, and intending to attack the breeding-place of looms, at Saunderson's Hope; but a strong south-west wind and high sea prevented our sending in the boats. Arrived off Upernavik, we obtained more dogs, and having left our last letters for home, we bore away, on the afternoon of August 6, to try to cross Baffin's Bay.

We were now fairly away from the civilized world, and all that we could look forward to, or hope for, was a speedy passage through the middle pack of Baffin's Bay, a satisfactory finish of the work before us on the other side, and a return the following year to England. We had a fine

ship and a fine crew, all eager to commence the more active duties of sledge travelling; and, indeed, on looking at our thirty large and ravenous dogs that crowded our decks, we could not but think that our sledge parties would solve, in the following spring, the extraordinary mystery of Franklin's fate. How these hopes were to be disappointed that year the sequel will show. It is well for us that we cannot know what the morrow may bring forth. During August 7 and 8, we steered out due west from Upernavik to try to cross in that parallel of latitude; but on the evening of the latter day, the keenness of the air, the ice-blink ahead, and the fast increasing number of bergs, prepared us for seeing the Middle Paek. In the evening and during that night we passed streams of loose sailing ice, and on the morning of the 8th further progress was stopped by impene- trable floes. This was in lat. $72^{\circ} 40'$ north, long. $59^{\circ} 50'$ west.

Getting clear of the loose ice in the pack edge, we steered to the north- ward, to look for an opening in any place where we could attempt a passage. The ice, however, presented an impenetrable line, and having reached, on August 12, latitude $75^{\circ} 10'$ north, longitude 58° west, we made fast to an iceberg aground under the glacier. It was a lovely evening; the sky bright and clear, and the thermometer standing at 36° in the shade. Seals were playing about the ship, and we added to our stock of beef. But a dreary prospect rather damped our pleasure. The ice extended in one unbroken mass right into the land, and pressed hard upon the very coast; not a drop of water could be seen from the masthead, in the direction in which we desired to go. The southerly winds, before which we had been running, appeared to have driven the whole pack into the head of Melville Bay. The season was passing away, and without an early change to wind and a continuance of it from the northward, we were almost without a hope.

In the evening we visited the glacier, but the *débris* of shattered ice, and the innumerable bergs and floe pieces, prevented our getting close to its base. It was a beautifully calm night; not a sound to be heard, save the crashing of some enormous mass rent from the face of the glacier, or distant rumbling of the vast inland ice, as it moved slowly down towards the sea. Far away over the continent, nothing but the surface of glacier could be seen, excepting here or there a mountain peak, showing up through the ice; and the bright glare of the ice-blink shot up into the sky, giving a yellow tinge to the otherwise deep blue vault of heaven. Flights of ducks winged their way to the southward, reminding us that it was the season when those desolate regions were deserted, and that we should be left alone. Our distant ship was lying so surrounded with huge and lofty bergs, that only her masthead could be seen through an opening; and a low melancholy howling (such as an Esquimaux dog alone knows how to make) occasionally broke upon the ear—for our dogs had all gone up to the very top of a lofty berg, and were thus expressing their home-sick longings, and, perhaps, a foreboding of the unhappy fate that awaited many of them.

We lay secured to the iceberg until the 16th August, when the wind changed to the north-eastward, and the floes began to move off the land

and to separate. Now or never were we to get through; for to lose this opportunity would have shut us out from crossing that year, and have left us no other resource than to return to Greenland for the winter. McClintock was not the man to turn back from his work, but would rather risk everything than leave a chance of our thus passing an inactive winter. The *Foe* was therefore steered into a promising lead or lane of water, and all sail made to the breeze. We were in high spirits, and talked of getting into the west water on the morrow. But at night a dense fog came on, the wind shifted to the southward, and the floes again began to close upon and around us. There was no help for us—we were beset, and it appeared hopelessly so; for the season was fast passing away, and the new ice beginning to form. On the 17th the wind increased, and the weather was dark and dreary. We struggled on for a few ship's lengths by the power of steam and canvas, and at night we unshipped the rudder, and lifted the screw, in anticipation of a squeeze.

During the three weeks following we lay in this position, endeavouring, by every means, to move the ship towards any visible pool or lane of water. Once only did our hopes revive. On September 7, the wind had again been from the north-westward; the ice had slackened, and we made a final and desperate attempt to reach some water seen to the northward of us. We were blasting with gunpowder, heaving, and warping during the whole day, but at night the floes again closed. We had not now even a retreat; the tinker had come round, as the seamen say, and soldered us in; and from that time until the 17th of April, 1858, we never moved, excepting at the mercy of the ice, and drifted by the winds and currents. We had lost all command over the ship, and were freezing in the moving pack.

Preparations for the winter were now made in earnest. We had thirty large dogs to feed besides ourselves, and we lost no opportunity of shooting seals. The sea-birds had all left for the southward; and the bears, which occasionally came to look at the ship, we could not chase, from the yet broken state of the ice. Provisions were got up upon deck, sledges and travelling equipages prepared, boats' crews told off, and every arrangement made by the Captain in the event of our being turned out of the ship. As the winter advanced, the ship was housed over with canvas, and covered with snow; and we had made up our minds for a winter in the pack and a drift—whither? This we could not tell, but we argued from the known constant set to the southward, out of Baffin's Sea and Davis' Straits, that if our little ship survived through the winter, we should be released in the southern part of Davis' Straits during the following summer.

We were then in latitude $75^{\circ} 24'$ north, longitude $64^{\circ} 31'$ west, and westward of us could be seen a formidable line of grounded bergs, towards which, by our observations, we were driving. Our next eight months were passed in a manner that would be neither interesting to read nor to relate; but a few extracts from a private journal will show our mode of life.

Sept. 16.—We passed the grounded bergs last night, after considerable

anxiety, for we feared we might be driven against them. We saw the floes opening and tearing up as sod before the plough; and had we come in contact with them, the ship must have been instantly destroyed. We are cut all day long, by the sides of the water-pools, with our rifles, and shoot the seals in the head when they come up to breathe; they are now getting fat, and do not sink so readily as in the summer.

Oct. 17.—We obtained good observations, and found that we have drifted north-west 65 miles, since the 15th inst. It has been blowing hard from the south-eastward, and we consider that we have thus been carried helplessly along by the effect of a single gale.

Nov. 2.—A bear came to look at the ship at night, and our dogs soon chased him on to some thin ice, through which he broke. All hands turned out to see the sport, and notwithstanding the intense cold many of the people did not wait to put on their extra clothes. The bear was dispatched with our rifles, after making some resistance, and maiming several of the dogs. We have not seen the sun to-day; he has now taken his final departure from these latitudes. It is getting almost too dark to shoot seals, and we employ ourselves with such astronomical observations as are necessary to fix our position, and to calculate our drift, with observations upon the thermometer, barometer, and meteorology generally.

Nov. 28.—After a zigzag drift out to the westward, until the 24th inst., into latitude $75^{\circ} 1' N.$, longitude $70^{\circ} W.$, we have commenced a southern drift, and we trust now to progress gradually out of the straits, until released in the spring. We have had considerable commotion and ruptures in the ice-floes lately, but fortunately therips have not come too close to us. We ascend the masthead, to the crow's-nest, every morning, to look out for water, for our dogs are getting ravenous, and we want food for them.

December 4.—Poor Scott died last night, and was buried through the floe this evening, all hands drawing his earthly remains upon a sledge, and the officers walking by the side. It was a bitterly cold night, the temperature 35° below zero, with a fresh wind, and the beautiful paraselene (ominous of a coming gale) lighting us on our way. The ice has been more quiet lately, and we are becoming more reconciled to our imprisonment.

A reading, writing, and navigation school has commenced, and our Captain loses no opportunity of attending to the amusement and recreation of the men, so necessary in this dreary life. Besides the ordinary duties of cleaning the ship, the men are exercised in building snow houses, and preparing travelling equipage.

December 21.—The winter solstice. We have about half an hour's partial daylight, by which the type of *The Times* newspaper may be just distinguished on a board facing the south, where, near noon, a slight glimmer of light is refracted above the horizon, while in the zenith and northward the stars are shining brilliantly. In the absence of *light and shade* we cannot see to walk over the ice, for the hummocks can scarcely be distinguished from the floe; all presents a uniform level surface, and, in walking, one constantly falls into the fissures, or runs full butt against

the blocks of ice. We must now, therefore, be content with an hour or two's tramp alongside, or on our snow-covered deck under housing; and, during the remainder of the day, we sit below in our little cabin, which has now crystallized by the breath condensing and freezing on the bulkheads, and we endeavour to read and talk away the time. But our subjects of conversation are miserably worn out; our stories are old and oft-repeated; we start impossible theories, and we bet upon the results of our new observations as to our progress, as we unconsciously drift and drift before the gale. At night we retire to our beds, thankful that another day has passed; a deathlike stillness reigns around, broken only by the ravings of some sleep-talker, the tramp of the watch upon deck, a passing bear causing a general rousing of our dogs, or a simultaneous rush of these poor ravenous creatures at our cherished stores of seal-beef in the shrouds; and, as we listen to the distant groaning and sighing of the ice, we thank God that we have still a home in these terrible wastes.

December 28.—During Divine service yesterday, the wind increased, and towards the afternoon we had a gale from the north-westward, attended with an unusual rise of temperature; to-day the gale continues, with a warm wind from the N.N.W.

“The Danish settlers at Upernavik, in North Greenland, are at times startled by a similar sudden rise of temperature. During the depth of winter, when all nature has been long frozen, and the sound of falling water almost forgotten, rain will fall in torrents; and as rain in such a climate is attended with every discomfort, this is looked upon as a most unwelcome phenomenon. It is called the *Warm South-east Wind*. Now, if the Greenlanders at Upernavik are astonished at a warm *South-east Wind*, how much rather must the seamen, frozen up in the pack, be astonished at a warm *North-west Wind*. Various theories have been started to account for this phenomenon; but it appears most probable that a rotatory gale passes over the place, and that the rise in temperature is due to the direction from which the whole *mass of air* may come, viz. from the southward, and not to the direction of *wind* at the time.”

Let us now return to the narrative, for our days were now becoming mere repetitions of each other. We saw no change, nor did we hope for any until the spring. Gale followed gale; and an occasional alarm of a disruption in the ice, a bear or seal hunt, formed our only excitement; indeed, we sometimes hoped for some crisis, were it only to break the dreadful monotony of our lives. Our walks abroad afforded us no recreation; on the contrary, it was really a trying task to spin out the time necessary for exercise. Talk of a dull turnpike-road at home! Are not the larks singing and the farm boys whistling? But with us what a contrast! Our walks were without an object; one had literally nothing to see or hear; turn north, south, east, or west, still snow and hummocks. You see a little black mark waving in the air: walk to it—it is a crack in a hummock. You think a berg is close to you; go to it—still a hummock refracted through the gloom. The only thing to do is to walk to windward, so as

to be certain of returning safe and not frostbitten, to pick out a smooth place, and form imaginary patterns with your footprints. Philosophers would bid us think and reflect; but if philosophers were shut up with us amid the silence and darkness of an Arctic winter, they would probably do as we did—endeavour to get away from their thoughts.

By the 29th of January, we had drifted into latitude $72^{\circ} 46'$ north, longitude 62° west, and by the aid of refraction we saw the sun for the first time since November 2. We ought indeed to have greeted him on a meridian far westward of our present position, but it had been out of power to do more this year, and we could only hope for more success in the next. The weather had now become intensely cold, the mercury was frozen, and the spirit thermometer registered 46° below zero. We had great difficulty in clearing our bed-places of ice, and our blankets froze nightly to the ship's side; but we had the sun to shine upon us, and that made amends for all. What a different world was now before our eyes! Even in those dreary regions where nothing moves, and no sounds are heard save the rustling of the snowdrift, the effects of the bright sun are so exhilarating that a walk was now quite enjoyable. If any one doubt how necessary light is for our existence, just let him shut himself up for three months in the coal-cellar, with an underground passage into the ice-house, where he may go for a change of air, and see if he will be in as good health and spirits at the end of the experiment as before. At all events, he will have obtained the best idea one can form at home of an Arctic winter in a small vessel, save that the temperature of the Arctic ice-house is -40° , instead of $+32^{\circ}$, as at home; only 72° difference!

On the 14th of February some of us walked out to where the ice was opening to the northward, and saw a solitary dorekie in winter plumage. These beautiful little birds appear to winter on the ice. The water, appearing deep black from the long absence of any relief from the eternal snow, was rippled by a strong wind, and the little waves, so small as to be compared to those of the Serpentine at home, sending forth to us a new, and, consequently, joyous sound, induced us to linger long by the side of the small lake—so long, that we were only reminded, by our faces beginning to freeze, that we were at least three miles from the ship, a gale blowing with thick snow-drift—besides no chance of getting anything for the pet.

A memorable day was the 26th of February, when we opened the skylight and let in daylight below, where we had been living for four months by the light of our solitary dijs. The change was indeed wonderful and at first uncomfortable, for it exposed the manner in which we had been content to live. With proper clothing you may laugh at the climate, if not exposed too long without food. It is not the cold outside that is to be feared, but the damp, and plague-engendering state of things below. This can only be guarded against by having good fires and plenty of light.

Towards the latter end of March, the ice was getting very unquiet, and we had frequent disruptions close to the ship. On the night of the

25th of March, a wide fissure, which had been opening and closing during the previous fortnight, closed with such force as to pile up tons and tons of ice within forty yards of the ship, and shattered our old floe in a line with our deck. The nipping continued, and on the following night a huge block was hurled within thirty yards from us. Another such a night and the little *Floa* would have been knocked into lucifer matches, and we should have been turned out upon the floe.

April was ushered in with a continuance of heavy northerly gales; we were constantly struggling with the ice. We were three times adrift, and expecting to see our ship destroyed; and on the night of the 5th, the floes opened, and as their edges again came together, they threatened to tear everything up. We were on deck throughout the night; our boats and dogs were cut off from us, but with great exertion we managed to save the dogs, although we nearly lost some of our men who went in search of them. We that night secured the ship by the bower chains, and we afterwards had a few days' quiet. On the 10th we saw the mountain peaks about Cape Dyer, on the west side of Davis' Straits, the first land seen since the previous October. We had drifted into lat. $66^{\circ} 5' N.$, and long. $58^{\circ} 41' W.$; and we hoped that after passing Cape Walsingham, the pack would open out.

On April 17, in a heavy storm, a general breaking-up of the ice took place, and we were turned completely out of our winter dock, and into an apparently open sea. A scene of wild confusion ensued; the floes were driving against each other in all directions, and the whole ocean of ice appeared in commotion, while a blinding snow-drift distorted and magnified every surrounding object. Our first care was to save our dogs; but as an Esquimaux dog always expects either a thrashing or to be put in harness when approached by a man, and the poor creatures were terror-stricken with the storm, they ran wildly about over the ice, and many of them were obliged to be abandoned to their fate, after sharing the perils of the winter with us. On board the ship, preparations were made to get her under command; for we were driving down upon the lee, and into loose ice, where our men could not have rejoined us with the boats. We shipped the rudder, and soon got some canvas upon the vessel, and having got the men and boats safely on board, we steered to the eastward, and really thought that we were released. A dark water-sky hung over the eastern horizon, and we thought that we were not far from the open ocean. But we had not proceeded more than some seventeen miles, when at midnight we came to a stoppage. It was fearfully dark and cold, and with the greatest difficulty we cleared the masses of ice. The water space in which we worked the ship became gradually less and less; we flew from side to side of this fast decreasing lake, until at last we had not room to stay the vessel. By 4 A.M. we were again beset.

We now commenced a second drift with the pack, which took us down to latitude 64° north, and longitude 57° west, on the 25th April, when, towards midnight, a swell entered into the pack, and gradually increased,

until the ice commenced churning up around the vessel, and dashing against her sides. These violent shocks continued throughout the morning, and really seemed as if they would soon destroy the ship. However, by the power of steam, we got the vessel's head towards the swell, and with a strong fair wind, we commenced pushing out. After many narrow escapes from contact with the icebergs, we were by night in comparatively open water. We were free! and steered a course for the settlement of Holsteinborg, in Greenland, to recruit, and to prepare for another attempt. What a change on the following morning! Not a piece of ice could be seen, save a few distant bergs. We once more had our little vessel dancing under us upon the waters, innumerable sea-birds flew around us, and the very sea, in contrast to its late frozen surface, appeared alive with seals and whales. All nature seemed alive, and we felt as if we had risen from the dead! In the evening, the snow-covered peaks of Sukkertoppen were seen, and on the 28th of April, we moored in Holsteinborg harbour. Our anchors had not been down, nor had our feet touched the land since the 3rd of August. Ice-bound and imprisoned, we had drifted upwards of 1,200 miles. Need it be added how thankful we were to that kind Providence who had watched over us, and under Him to our gallant Captain, to whose unremitting attentions to our comforts and safety we owed our health and deliverance!

The winter in Greenland had been very severe, and the country was still snow-covered, and without an indication of spring. The natives were scarcely aroused from their winter's sleep, and all our expectations of venison and ptarmigan feasts soon vanished. Very few reindeer had yet been taken, the season not commencing before July, when the hunters go up the fiords and kill them by thousands for the sake of their skins alone, leaving their carcasses to be devoured by the wolves.

Our men, however, were bent upon enjoying themselves, and as Jack's wants are few, with the aid of a couple of fiddlers and some bottles of grog, they kept up one continuous ball—patronized by all the fair Esquimaux damsels—in the dance-house on shore. The whole population had turned out to meet us. We were entertained by the kind-hearted dames upon stockfish and seal-beef, and such luxuries as they could afford, with a hearty welcome to their neat and cleanly houses; and we in our turn endeavoured to do the hospitalities on board the *Fox* with pickled pork and preserved cabbage. It was new life to us, who had been confined so long in our little den, thus to mingle with these friendly people. Never was sympathy more needed. We arrived hungry and unshaven, our faces begrimed with oil-smoke, our clothes in tatters; the good women of Holsteinborg worked and washed for us, repaired our sadly disreputable wardrobes, danced for us, sang to us, and parted from us with tears and a few little presents by way of *souvenirs*, as if we could ever forget them. We wrote a few hasty letters, hoping that they would reach home in the autumn, and sailed once more upon our voyage.

We wished to call at Godhavn for another Esquimaux and some more

dogs, besides a few stores, of which we stood in need; so, sailing up the coast, we arrived off the harbour on the night of May 10, but an impenetrable stream of loose ice blockaded the entrance. It was a wild night, and snowing heavily; sea, air, ice islands and icebergs seemed all mingled in one common haze. We endeavoured to haul off the land, and near midnight we narrowly escaped destruction upon an island, which, seen suddenly on the lee-beam, was at first taken for a berg. We all thought our ship must be dashed upon the rocks, and we were only saved by the presence of mind and seamanship of our Captain, who never left the deck, and wore the ship within a few yards of the shore. We anchored next day at the Whale-fish Islands, and fell in there with the *Jane* and *Heroine* whalers, whose captains gave us a true Scotch welcome, and ransacked their ships to find some little comforts for us. We again tasted the roast beef of old England. From the islands, we crossed to Godhavn, where finding the harbour still full of ice, we hauled into a rocky creek outside, a perfect little dock just capable of holding the ship, but exposed to southerly winds.

By the 25th of May we were prepared for another and final attempt to accomplish our mission, and to try our fortunes in the ice. We were certainly sobered down considerably by our late severe lesson; but although less confident in our own powers, a steady determination to do our best prevailed throughout the ship. Passing again through the Waigat, we stopped at the coal-deposits to fill up with fuel, and we shot a few ptarmigan while thus detained. We next stopped at Saunderson's Hope, "the Cape where the fowls do breed," but it was yet too early for eggs, and as the looms had no young to protect, they flew away in thousands at every discharge of a gun; we got but few of these, in our opinion, delicious birds. On the 31st, we made fast to an iceberg off Upernavik, to await the breaking up of the ice in Melville Bay. When we were in these latitudes the previous year, all things living were migrating southward, but now constant flights of sea-birds streamed northward, night and day, towards their breeding-places and feeding-grounds, and by sitting on the rocky points, and shooting them as they passed, we could generally make a fair bag. We were now almost subsisting on eider ducks and looms.

On June the 6th, we commenced our ice-struggles in Melville Bay, endeavouring, according to the usual mode of navigation, to push up, between the main pack and the ice still attached to the land, on all occasions when the winds moved the pack out, and left a space or line of water. While thus following up the coast, on the 7th, we ran upon a reef of sunken and unknown rocks, and, on the tide falling, we lay over in such a manner as to threaten to fill upon the water again rising. We succeeded, however, in heaving off without damage.

After many escapes from being squeezed by the ice closing upon the land, and after three weeks of intense labour, we reached Cape York on June 26th. We there communicated with the natives who had so much assisted Dr. Kane, when he wintered in Smith Sound. These poor

creatures live upon the flesh of the bear, seal, and walrus, which they kill upon the ice with bone spears. They are, perhaps, the only people in the world living upon a sea-coast without boats of any kind, and are so completely isolated, that, previous to their being first visited in 1818, they considered themselves to be the only people in the world. Dr. Kane left among them a Greenland Esquimaux, "Hans," with his canoe. They told us that Hans was married, and was well, but that they had eaten the boat, besides many of their dogs, when hungry, during the last winter. We invited them on board, and they saw all our treasures of wood and iron; but they appeared to covet more than all, our dogs, and a few light pieces of wood, fit for spear-handles. We sent them away rejoicing over a few presents of long knives and needles, and they continued to dance and brandish the knives over their heads until we were out of sight.

Passing Cape Dudley Diggs, we landed at a breeding-place of rotges (little auks); the birds were sitting in myriads upon the ledges of the cliffs, and we shot a great many; but our time was too precious to wait long, even for fresh food, and so we bore away. We were considerably baffled with ice-floes in crossing over towards Lancaster Sound, and we did not reach that side until July 12.

Near Cape Horsburgh we found a small and enterprising family of natives, who had crossed over to this barren land from Pond's Bay, two years previously, in search of better hunting ground. These poor people could give us no information of the missing ships; so we merely stopped to give them a few presents; we then steered for Pond's Bay, from whence we had heard rumours of wrecks and wreck-wood being in the possession of the natives. In crossing Lancaster Sound, we were completely beset in the pack, and were even threatened with another drift out to sea like that of last year; we fortunately escaped, however, from the grip of the ice, after being carried for seven days in a helpless state, and as far as Cape Bathurst, before we could regain command over our ship.

At the entrance to Pond's Bay, we found an old woman and a boy living in a skin tent, their tribe being some twenty-five miles up the inlet, at a village on the north side. This village, called Kapawroktolik, could not be reached by land, on account of the precipitous cliffs facing the sea. The inlet was, however, yet full of ice, and Captain McClintock endeavoured to reach the natives by sledge. In the meantime, we on board were employed in collecting sea-birds from the neighbouring breeding cliffs of Cape Grahame Moore. We also frequently visited the land to collect cochlearia, or scurvy-grass, which grew luxuriantly about the old Esquimaux encampments. A trade was commenced with the old lady on shore; for we found that, concealed among the stones, she had a number of narwhales' horns, teeth, and blades of whalebone, of which she would only produce one at a time, by way of enhancing the value by its apparent scarcity. Around her tent were snares set in all directions for catching birds, and she had a large quantity of putrid blubber lying *en cache*, which was her principal food and fuel. The boy brought us a hare, which he

had shot with his bow and arrow. Captain McClintock having failed to reach the village, owing to the ice being all adrift in the inlet, he determined to take the ship there if possible, and to take the old woman as pilot.

We ran alongside her tent, which she soon packed up with all her worldly riches, and came on board thoroughly drenched with the rain, which had poured in torrents all day. Our people managed to rig her out in some dry clothes; the poor boy was made snug in the engine room, and the old lady voluntarily took her station as pilot upon the deck throughout the night, and was very anxious to point out the beauties of her country, and the "pleasant sleeping places."

We could only get within eight miles of the village, owing to there being fast ice in the inlet; so, securing the ship to it, the Captain and Hobson started over the ice. On board the ship we hoped to have a quiet Sunday, but a number of right-whales playing round the vessel, and pushing their backs under the ice, constantly broke away the rotten edge to which we lay. We were thus kept constantly beating up again to it; and in the evening, about six or seven miles of the ice coming away in one floe, and turning round upon us, we were forced upon the south shore of the inlet, and momentarily expected being driven upon the rocks; but after blasting the ice with gunpowder for nearly two hours, in order to gain every inch, we got clear just as we were touching the ground.

The next morning (August 2) the Captain and party returned. They had a most interesting trip, and described the village as situated in a most romantic spot, close upon the shore, at the foot of a deep valley filled with a glacier, which completely overhung the settlement, and threw jets of water almost to the tents. The natives were delighted to see them, and, in answer to the inquiries through the interpreter (Mr. Petersen), they said that two old wrecks were lying four days' journey southward of Cape Bowen—probably in Scot's Inlet. These two ships came on shore together many years ago. They also confirmed an account from our lady pilot of an old wreck lying to the northward in Lancaster Sound, one day's journey from Cape Hay, or, as they call it, Appak (breeding-place of birds). The wood in their possession was now accounted for, as also their great anxiety to procure saws, which they always asked for in barter. These wrecks were not those we sought, and we had no occasion to delay our voyage by looking at them. The natives drew a rough chart of the interior of this unknown country. They especially pointed out the salmon rivers, and the hunting and sleeping places, and gave a few general ideas of the profile of the land, and the main directions of the different channels which intersect it; describing North Devon as an island, and showing a water communication with Igloodik, where Parry wintered. We had now set at rest all rumours of Franklin's ships being in the neighbourhood of Pond's Bay; and having made a few observations for the survey of the place, we departed for Beechey Island, regretting that the whaleships had not been with us to profit by the number of fish we had seen. As we entered Lancaster Sound, five huge bears sat watching a dead whale;

they sat upon different pieces of ice, apparently taking turns to feed, and evidently afraid of each other. We shot a couple of them, but one escaped over the ice after a long chase, although desperately wounded.

The next morning (August 7) the wind increased to a perfect storm from the eastward; the fog was, as seamen say, as thick as pease-soup; we could see nothing; and compasses being here useless, we had to trust to our luck rather than good guidance for keeping in the fairway. We saw very little ice, but the sea ran so high upon the 8th, that we thought it prudent to lie-to for some hours. On the 10th, a herd of walrus was seen off Cape Felfoot, upon a piece of sailing ice, and lying so close as to completely cover it. The ship was run close alongside, and several were shot, but we did not succeed in getting one; for, unless instantaneously killed, they always wriggle off the ice and sink. The only practical method of getting a walrus is with a gun-harpoon from a boat; as yet we had shot only one during our voyage. Steering round Cape Hurd in a thick fog, we struck on an unknown shoal, but soon backed off again, and let go the anchor, as we could not see our position. About midnight the fog lifted, and we proceeded. A large bear was seen swimming round a point, and was shot; and shortly after, one of the men fell overboard: he was picked up rather exhausted with his cold bath, and perhaps a little alarmed at bathing in company with polar bears. We anchored next day off Cape Riley, where the *Bredalbane* was lost, after Captain Inglefield had landed some of her stores and coals. We found that the bears had been amusing themselves with the provisions, and had eaten out the bilges between the hoops of many of the casks. They evidently had a particular relish for chocolate and salt pork (we hoped they liked it), and had taken the greatest trouble to throw everything about. We visited the stores at Beeceyh; they had been stored and housed with extreme care. A violent gale had passed over the place, for the door of the house was blown in and the entrance full of snow, but nothing was damaged excepting some biscuit. We also visited the graves, so often described, yet ever interesting, of the poor fellows who died in Franklin's first winter quarters, and whose comrades we were now seeking.

Our coaling from Cape Riley was completed by the 15th, and we were glad to leave that exposed and dangerous place. We had been considerably troubled with drift ice, and on the 13th we drove half across the bay, with both anchors down, and had to moor to a piece of ice grounded close to the ship. We crossed to the house at Beeceyh, and there landed a handsome tombstone (sent out by Lady Franklin), in memorial of Sir John Franklin and his companions. It was placed close to the monument erected by their shipmates to the memory of poor Bellot and those who had died in the previous searching expeditions. Taking in such stores as were actually necessary, and having repaired the house, we crossed over to Cape Hotham for a boat (left there by Penny), to replace one of ours which had been crushed by the ice. Wellington Channel appeared to be clear of ice, and a jumping sea, from the southward, gave us promise of clear water in that

direction. On the 17th, we were sailing down Peel Sound with a fresh wind, and carrying every rag of canvas. Passing Limestone Island and Cape Granite, we began to think that we should go right through, for as yet no ice could be seen ahead; but the southern sky looked bright and icy, while, in contrast, a dark gloom hung over the waters we had left in the northward. Still we sailed on merrily, and were already talking of passing the winter near the Fish River, and returning the following year by Behring's Straits, when "Ice ahead!" was reported from the crow's-nest; and there it certainly was, a long low white barrier, of that peculiar concave form always indicating fast-ice. The Straits had not broken up this season, and we could not pass that way. We were bitterly disappointed, but not disheartened, for we had yet another chance of getting to our longed-for destination by way of Bellot Straits. Not an hour was to be lost; the season was passing away; and thither our captain determined to go at once. We reluctantly ran out of this promising channel, and sailed close along the north shores of Somerset, without seeing any ice of consequence. The night of the 18th set in dark and squally, but in the absence of ice we were quite at our ease. We steamed close under the magnificent castellated cliffs of Cape Clarence, and entered Leopold Harbour to land a boat, in the event of our having to abandon our ship and fall back this way.

We found Regent's Inlet clear, excepting a few streams of loose ice, through which we easily sailed. We passed Elwin and Batty Bays, and everything, as an old quartermaster expressed it, looked "werry prosperous." Poor fellow! he knew that every mile sailed in the right direction would save him a hard pull at the sledge ropes.

On the 20th, we passed close to Fury Beach, where the *Fury* was lost in 1825; but the pace was too good to stop to visit even this most interesting spot. We came on with a fair wind and clear water to the latitude of Bellot Straits. Our excitement now became intense. The existence of the strait had been disputed, and upon it depended all our hopes. Running into Brentford Bay, we thought we saw ice streaming out, as if through some channel from the westward, but as yet we could see no opening; and being unable to get farther that night, we anchored in a little nook discovered on the north side of the bay. A look-out was set upon the highest hill, to watch the movements of the ice, and on the next day we made our first attempt to sail through. We started with a strong western tide, and under both steam and canvas, and, after proceeding about three miles, we were delighted to find that a passage really existed; but we had not got half way through when, the tide changing, a furious current came from the westward, bringing down upon us such masses of ice that we were carried helplessly away, and were nearly dashed upon huge pieces of grounded ice and reefs of rocks, over which the floes were running, and would have immediately capsized the little *Fox* had she touched. This current ran at least seven knots an hour, and was more like a bore in the Hooghly than any ordinary tide. Struggling clear, after

some considerable anxiety, and carried out of the straits, we reluctantly went back to the anchorage we had left. Night and day we now earnestly watched Bellet Straits, but they remained choked with the ice, which apparently drove backwards and forwards with the stream. We made another desperate attempt on the 25th August, and hung on, at imminent risk, in a small indentation about two-thirds through, and close under the precipitous cliffs. We were soon driven out of this again by the ice; yet so determined was our Captain to get through, that he then thought of pushing the ship into the pack, and driving with it into the western sea. We found, however, that the western entrance must be blocked, for the ice did not move fast in that direction. We could now do nothing but wait a change; and to employ the time, we sailed down the east coast of Boothia for some forty miles, to land a depôt of provisions, in case we should require, in the following winter, to communicate with the natives about Port Elizabeth. Navigation was now very cold and dreary work: we struggled back to Bellet Straits against strong north winds, sleet, and snow, and without compass, chart, or celestial objects to guide us. The Captain next went away in a boat, determining, when stopped, to travel over land to the western sea to examine the actual state of things there; and Young was sent to the southward for five days with boat and sledge, to ascertain if another passage existed where a promising break in the land had been seen.

The Captain returned to the ship on the 31st, bringing with him a fine fat buck; he had reached Cape Bird by water and land, and brought us a favourable report of Victoria Straits. Our hopes of getting through were again raised. Young returned unsuccessful from the south; no other strait existed, but only an inlet, extending some six miles in, and a chain of lakes thence into the interior to the south-westward. Young saw only one deer, but many bears were roaming about the coast.

On the 6th September we made another dash at the straits, and this time succeeded in reaching a rocky islet, two miles outside the western entrance; but a barrier of fast ice, over which we could see a dark *water-sky*, here stopped us. Moored to the ice, we employed ourselves in killing seals, hunting for bears, and making preparations for travelling. Young was sent to an island eight miles to the south-west, to look around; and on ascending the land, he was astonished to see water as far as the visible horizon to the southward in Victoria Straits. While sitting down, taking some angles with the sextant, he 'ackily turned round just in time to see a large bear crawling up the rocks to give him a pat on the head. He seized his rifle and shot him through the body, but the beast struggled down and died out of reach, in the water, and thus a good depôt of beef was lost. Hobson, who, for some days, had been employed carrying provisions on to this island, started on the 25th with a party of seven men and two dog-sledges to carry depôts as far as possible to the southward, and the Captain placed a boat on the islet close to the ship, in case we should have to leave for winter quarters before Hobson's return.

The winter now set in rapidly, new ice was fast increasing, and the weather very severe; all navigation was at an end, and the barrier outside of us had never moved. We had now no hopes of getting further, and as no harbour existed where we were, we had nothing for it but to seek our winter home in Bellot Straits, and finish our work in the following winter and spring. So leaving Hobson to find his way to us, we ran back through Bellot Straits towards a harbour that we had discovered and named Port Kennedy. The straits were already covered with scum, and almost unnavigable, but we reached the harbour at midnight on the 27th, and ran the ship as far as possible into the new ice which now filled it. The *Van* had done her work until the following summer. No opportunity was now lost of procuring fresh food. The deer were migrating southward and a few were shot as they passed. But the hunting was very precarious; the deer were travelling, and did not stop much to feed; there was no cover whatever, and stalking over the rugged hills and snow-filled valleys was most laborious. A few ptarmigan and hares were also shot, but we were altogether disappointed in the resources of the country. We had, however, a fair stock of bear and seal flesh for our dogs and ourselves to begin upon.

On the 6th October Hobson returned, having reached some fifty miles down the west coast of Boothia, but was there stopped by the yet broken-up state of the ice. Finding that we had left Cape Bird, and that Bellot Straits were impassable for the boat, he travelled back to the ship over the mountains. The people were now clearing out the ship, landing all superfluous stores, and building magnetic observatories of snow and ice, besides hunting for the pot. We once more buried the ship with snow.

On the 24th, Hobson again started for the south-westward, to follow up his last track, and to endeavour to push his depôts further on. He returned to the ship on November 6, having experienced most severe weather, and great dangers from the unquiet state of the ice. When encamped near the shore, in latitude $70^{\circ} 21'$, the ice broke suddenly away from the land and drifted out to sea before the gale, carrying them off with it. They were perched upon a small floe piece, and a wide crack separated the two tents. Dense snow-drift heightened the darkness of the night, and they could not possibly tell in which direction they were driving. The next morning they found themselves fifteen miles from where they had pitched the previous evening. By the mercy of Providence a calm succeeded, and they escaped to the land over the ice which immediately formed. So thin was this new ice, that they momentarily expected to break through. By great exertion Hobson saved the depôt; and finding it impossible to do any more, he landed the provisions and returned to the ship. Our autumn travelling was now brought to a close. A depôt of provisions was to have been carried by Young across Victoria Straits, but this was given up as evidently impracticable. We sat down for the winter, praying that we might be spared to finish our work in the spring. The whole ship's company marched in funeral procession to the shore

on the 10th November, bearing upon a sledge the mortal remains of poor Mr. Bland (our chief engineer), who was found dead in his bed on the 7th. The burial service having been read, he was deposited in his frozen tomb, on which the wild flowers will never grow, and over which his relations can never mourn. We were all on board almost as one family, and any one taken from us was missed as one from the fireside at home. It was long before this sorrowful feeling throughout the ship could be shaken off. On the 14th the sun disappeared, and we were left in darkness; our skylights had long been covered over with snow, and by the light of our solitary dip we tried to pass the weary hours by reading, sleeping, and smoking. We were frozen in, in a fine harbour, surrounded by lofty granite hills, and on these were occasionally found a few ptarmigan, hares, and wild foxes; whenever the weather permitted, or we could at all see our way, we wandered over these dreary hills in search of a fresh mess. We varied our exercise with excursions on the ice in search of bears. But although exercise was so necessary for our existence, yet from the winds drawing through the straits and down our harbour as through a funnel, there were many days, and even weeks, when we could scarcely leave the ship. The men set fox-traps in all directions, and Mr. Petersen set seal-nets under the ice. The nets were not successful, but the traps gave an object for a walk. Magnetic observations were carried on throughout the winter;—the reading of one instrument, placed in a snow-house some 200 yards from the ship, being registered every hour night and day. On some of the wild winter nights, there was some risk in going even that distance from the ship. Christmas and New Year's days were spent with such rejoicing as in our situation we could make, and we entered upon the year 1859 with good health and spirits. Our dogs, upon which so much depended, were also in first-rate condition, and not one of them had died.

The sun returned to us on January 26th; the daylight soon began to increase; and by February 10th, we were all ready to start upon our first winter journey. Bad weather detained us until the 17th, when Captain McClintock and Young both left the ship; the Captain, with only two companions, Mr. Petersen (interpreter) and Thompson as dog-driver, to travel down the west coast of Boothia, to endeavour to obtain information, preparatory to the long spring journeys, from some natives supposed to live near the magnetic pole. Young was to cross Victoria Straits with a dépôt of provisions, to enable him in the spring to search the coast of Prince of Wales Land, wherever it might trend. He returned on March 5.

The Captain's party hove in sight on the 14th, and we all ran out to meet him. He had found a tribe of natives at Cape Victoria, near the magnetic pole, and from them he learnt that some years ago a large ship was crushed by the ice, off the north-west coast of King William Land; that the people had come to the land, and had travelled down that coast to the estuary of the Great Fish River where they had died upon an island (Montreal Island); the natives had spears, bows and arrows, and other implements made of wood, besides a quantity of silver spoons

and forks, which they said they had procured on the island (more probably by barter from other tribes). It was now evident that we were on the right track, and with this important information Captain M'Clintock returned to the ship.

Our winter travelling was thus ended, fortunately without any mishap.

Those only who know what it is to be exposed to a temperature of frozen mercury accompanied with wind, can form any idea of the discomforts of dragging a sledge over the ice, upon an unknown track, day after day, and for eight or ten consecutive hours, without a meal or drink, the hands and face constantly frostbitten, and your very boots full of ice; to be attacked with snow blindness; to encamp and start in the dark, and spend sixteen hours upon the snow, in a brown-holland tent, or the hastily erected snow-house, listening to the wind, the snow-drift, and the howling of the dogs outside, and trying to wrap the frozen blanket closer round the shivering frame. The exhaustion to the system is so great, and the thirst so intense, that the evening pamikin of tea and the allowed pound of pemmican would not be given up were it possible to receive the whole world in exchange; and woe to the unlucky cook if he capsized the kettle!

On the 18th March, Young again started for Fury Beach, distant seventy-five miles, to get some of the sugar left there by Parry in 1825, and now considered necessary for the health of our men by the surgeon. This journey occupied until the 28th, one sledge having broken down, and the whole weight—about 1200 lbs.—having to be worked back piecemeal with one sledge, by a sort of fox-and-geese calculation. Dr. Walker, who had also volunteered to go down for the provisions left on the east coast in the autumn, and now not required there, returned about the same time. With the information already obtained, and which only accounted for one ship, Captain M'Clintock saw no reason for changing the original plan of search, viz., that he should trace the Montreal Island and round King William Land; that Hobson should cross from the magnetic pole to Collinson's farthest on Victoria Land, and follow up that coast; and that Young should cross Victoria Straits and connect the coast of Prince of Wales Land with either Collinson's farthest on Victoria Island or Osborne's farthest on the west coast of Prince of Wales Land, according as he might discover the land to trend. Young was also to connect the coast with Browne's farthest in Peel Sound, and explore the coast of North Somerset from Sir James Ross's farthest (Four River Bay) to Bellot Straits. This would complete the examination of the whole unexplored country.

The travelling parties were each to consist of four men drawing one sledge, and six dogs with a second sledge, besides the officer in charge, and the dog-driver. By the aid of depôts, already carried out, and from the extreme care with which Captain M'Clintock had prepared the travelling equipment, and had reduced every ounce of unnecessary weight, we expected to be able to be absent from the ship, and without any other resource, for periods of from seventy to eighty days, and if necessary even longer. The Captain and Hobson both started on the 2nd April, and Young

got away upon the 7th. The *Fox* was left in charge of Dr. Walker (surgeon), and three or four invalids, who were unfit for the fatigues of travelling.

Although we all felt much excited at the real commencement of our active work, and interested in these departures, this was perhaps the most painful period of our voyage. We had hitherto acted in concert, and all the dangers of our voyage had been shared together. We were now to be separated, and for three months to travel in detached parties over the ice, without an opportunity of hearing of each other until our return. It was like the breaking up of a happy family, and our only consolation lay in the hope that when we again met it would be to rejoice over the discovery of the lost ships. Nothing of interest occurred on board during our absence; but one of the invalids, poor Blackwell, had been getting gradually worse, and died of scurvy on June 14, the very day on which Hobson returned.

The Captain and Hobson travelled together as far as Cape Victoria. There they learnt the additional news that another ship had drifted on shore on the west coast of King William Land in the autumn of the same year in which the first ship was crushed. Captain M'Clintock, now knowing that both ships had been seen off that coast, and that on it the traces must be found, most generously resigned to Hobson the first opportunity of searching there, instead of crossing to Victoria Land, as originally intended. Captain M'Clintock then went down the east side towards the Fish River. Near Cape Norton, he found a tribe of some thirty or forty natives, who appeared much pleased to meet the strange white people. They answered readily any inquiries, and concealed nothing. They produced silver spoons and forks, and other relics from the lost ships, and readily bartered them for knives or needles. They were acquainted with the wreck, which they said was over the land (on the south-west coast), and for years they had collected wood and valuables from it, but they had not visited it for a long time. They had seen Franklin's people on their march southward, but had not molested them. They said that they had seen one human skeleton in the ship. Proceeding on his route, Captain M'Clintock next found a native family at Point Booth, near the south-east extreme of King William Land; these natives gave him the additional information that the remains of some of the lost people would be found on Montreal Island. Having searched Montreal Island and main land in the neighbourhood without finding other traces than a few pieces of copper and iron, and now having connected the search from the north with Anderson's from the south, Captain M'Clintock proceeded to examine the shores of Dease and Simpson Straits, and the southern shore of King William Land.

Near Cape Herschel, the Captain's party found a human skeleton upon the beach as the man had fallen down and died, with his face to the ground; and a pocket-book, containing letters in German which have not yet been deciphered, was found close by.

The large cairn, originally built by Simpson, at Cape Herschel, had been pulled down, probably by the natives, and if any record or document had ever been placed therein by Franklin's people, they were now lost, for

none could be found within or around the cairn. Passing Cape Herschel, Captain M'Clintock travelled along the hitherto unknown shore, and discovered it to extend out as far as the meridian of 100° West. There all traces of the natives ceased,* and it appeared as if they had not for many years lived or hunted beyond that point which was named Cape Crozier (after Captain Crozier, Franklin's second in command).

The land then trended to the north-eastward, and about twenty miles from Cape Crozier, M'Clintock found a boat, which had only a few days previously been examined by Hobson from the north, and in it a note left by Hobson to say that he had discovered the records of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, and after travelling nearly to Cape Herschel without finding further traces, had returned towards the *Fee*. Captain M'Clintock, from the south, had now connected his discoveries with those of Lieutenant Hobson, to whose very successful journey we will now turn.

Parting from the Captain at Cape Victoria, Hobson crossed to Cape Felix, and near that point he found a cairn, around which were quantities of clothing, blankets, and other indications of Franklin's people having visited that spot, and probably formed a depôt there, in the event of their abandoning their ships. Anxiously searching among these interesting relics without finding any record, Hobson continued along the shore to Cape Victoria, where, on May 6, he discovered a large cairn, and in it the first authentic account ever obtained of the history of the lost expedition. It was to the following effect:—That the *Erebus* and *Terror* had ascended Wellington Channel to latitude 77° north, and had returned west of Cornwallis Island to Beechey Island, where they spent their first winter, 1845–46. Sailing thence in the following season, they were beset, on September 12, 1846, in latitude $70^{\circ} 5'$ north, longitude $98^{\circ} 23'$ west. *Sir John Franklin died on June 11, 1847*; and on the 22nd of April, 1848, having, up to that date, lost by death nine officers and fifteen men, both ships were abandoned in the ice, five leagues north north-west of Point Victory. The survivors, 106 in number, had landed, under the command of Captain Crozier, on the 25th April, at Point Victory, and would start on the morrow (April 26) for the Great Fish River. Another record was also found, stating that previously, on the 24th May, 1847, Lieutenant Grahame Gore and Mr. Charles DesVœux, mate, had landed from the ship, with a party of six men. The record did not state for what reason they had landed; but from the number who finally abandoned the ships, this party must have returned on board, and it is probable that they merely landed to examine the coast.

Quantities of clothing, cooking, and working implements were scattered about near Point Victory, and a sextant, on which was engraved the name of Frederick Hornby, was found among the *débris*. Collecting a few of the most interesting of these relics to take with him upon his return, Hobson then pushed on to the southward, and when near Cape Crozier he discovered

* The wanderings of the Esquimaux may be traced by the circles of stones by which they keep down their skin summer tents.

the boat above mentioned, by a small stanchion just showing up above the snow. Clearing away the snow, he found in the bottom of the boat two human skeletons, one of which was under a heap of clothing. There were also watches, chronometers, silver spoons, money, &c., besides a number of Bibles, prayer and other religious books; and although one of the Bibles was underlined in almost every verse, yet not a single writing was found to throw further light upon the history of the retreating parties. There were two guns, one barrel of each being loaded and cocked, as if these poor fellows had been anxiously longing for a passing bear or fox to save them from starving; for nothing edible was found, save some chocolate and tea, neither of which could support life in such a climate. Lieutenant Hobson, having searched the coast beyond Cape Crozier, returned to the ship on June 11, in a very exhausted state. He had been suffering severely from scurvy, and was so reduced in strength that he could not stand. He had been for more than forty days upon his sledge, carried in and out of the tent by his brave companions, and his sufferings must have been beyond description. Throughout his journey he had only killed one bear and a few ptarmigan.

Captain McClintock returned on board the *Fox* on June 19, having been absent eighty days. He brought with him a number of relics, and had minutely examined every cairn and the whole coast of King William. He supposes that the wreck of the ship, unless upon some off-lying island, has been run over by the ice, and has disappeared; as he saw nothing of it. He made most valuable discoveries in geography, and surveyed the coast from Bellet Straits to the magnetic pole, besides having travelled completely round King William Island, and filled up its unknown coasts. Besides his other instruments, he carried with him a dip circle, weighing 40 lbs., with which he also made most valuable observations.

Young had crossed Victoria Straits (now Franklin Straits), discovered McClintock Channel, and proved Prince of Wales Land to be an island; having reached the point which Captain Sherard Osborn came to from the north. Owing to the very heavy character of the ice, he had failed in crossing McClintock Channel, and returned to the ship on June 8, for a day or two's rest. He had again started, on June 10, to recross Victoria Straits, and to complete the search to the northward upon Prince of Wales Land, and the unknown land of North Somerset, and was now absent; and although the ice was fast breaking up, and the floes already knee-deep with water, Captain McClintock, notwithstanding his late severe journey, fearing that something might be wrong, most kindly started immediately, with only one man and a dog-sledge, to look for him. He found Young perched up out of the water upon the top of the islet, off Cape Bird, and they returned together to the ship on June 28. We were now all on board, and once more together. We were in fair health, although some of us were a little touched with scurvy. We passed our time in shooting, eating, and sleeping, and then eating again: our craving for fresh food, or, as the sailors call it, blood-meat, was excessive; seal and bear flesh, foxes, gulls,

or ducks, went indiscriminately into the pot. We rejoiced whenever we got a fresh mess of any sort.

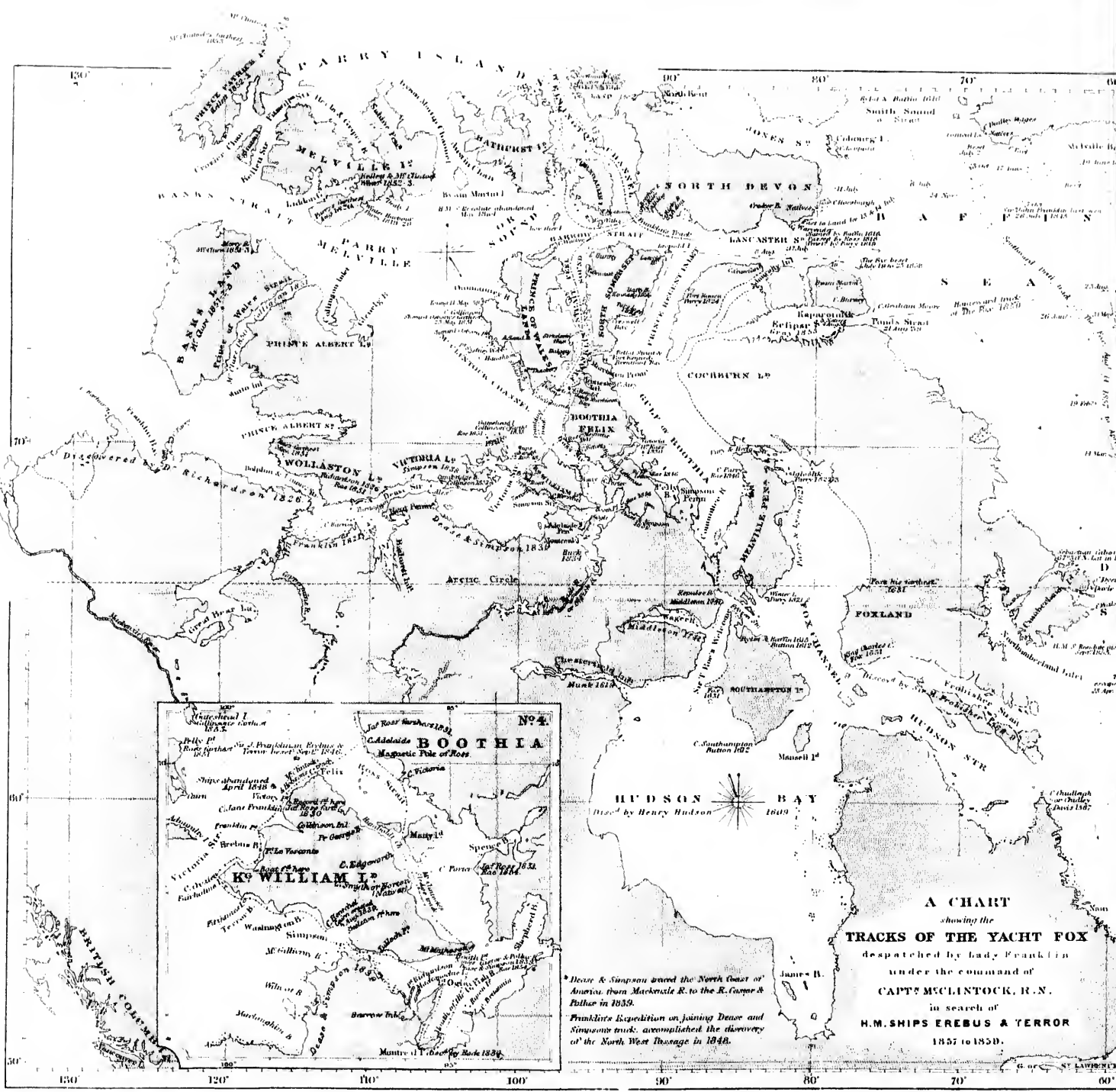
The summer burst upon us; water was pouring down all the ravines, and flooding the ice in the harbour, and with extreme satisfaction we saw the snow houses and ice hummocks fast melting away in the now never-setting sun. A joyous feeling existed throughout the ship, for our work was done, and we had only to look forward to an early release, and a return to our families and homes.

Over and over again we told our adventures, and we never tired of listening to the one all-absorbing, though melancholy subject, of the discovery of the fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions.

We had been prepared by the report brought from the Esquimaux in February to find that all hopes of survivors were at an end, and that the expedition had met with some fatal and overwhelming casualty; but we were scarcely prepared to know, nor could we even have realized the manner, in which they spent their last days upon earth, so fearful a sojourn must it have been. Beset and surrounded with wastes of snow and ice, they passed two more terrible winters drifting slowly to the southward at the rate of one mile in the month, hoping each summer that the ice would open, and determined not to abandon their ships until every hope was gone. In nineteen months they had only moved some eighteen miles, their provisions daily lessening, and their strength fast failing. They had at last left their ships for the Fish River at least two months before the river could break up and allow them to proceed, and in the then imperfect knowledge of ice travelling they could not have carried with them more than forty days' provisions. Exhausted by scurvy and starvation, "they dropped as they walked along,"* and those few who reached Montreal Island must all have perished there; and but for their having travelled over the frozen sea we should have found the remains of these gallant men as they fell by the way, and but for the land being covered deeply with snow, more relics of those who had struggled to the beach to die would have been seen. They all perished, and, in dying in the cause of their country, their dearest consolation must have been to feel that Englishmen would not rest until they had followed up their footsteps, and had given to the world what they could not then give—the grand result of their dreadful voyage—their *Discovery of the North-West Passage*. They had sailed down Peel and Victoria Straits, now appropriately named Franklin Straits, and the poor human skeletons lying upon the shores of the waters in which Dease and Simpson had sailed from the westward bore melancholy evidence of their success. * * * * *

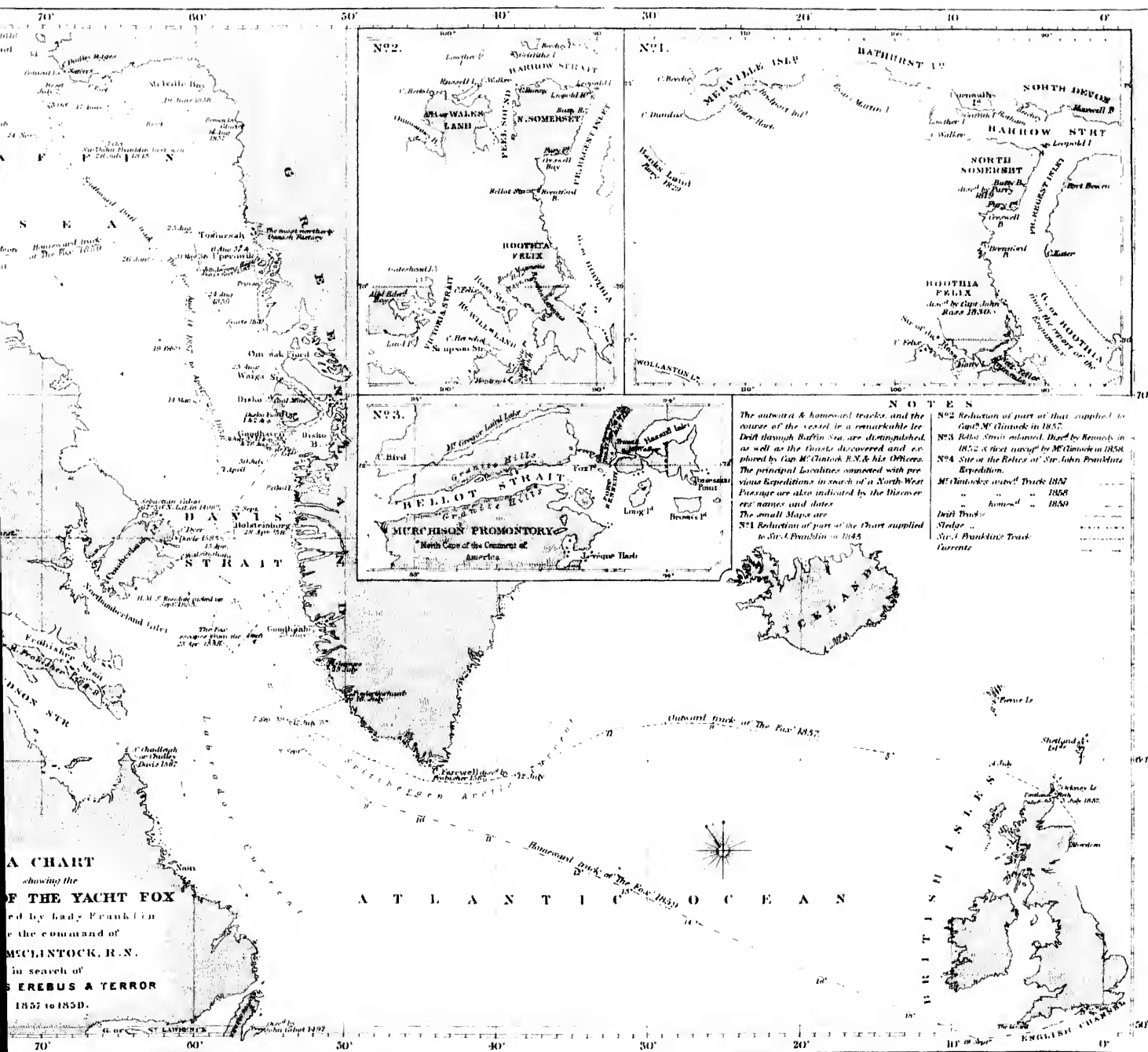
By the middle of July the dark blue stream rolled again through Bellot Straits, but yet not a drop of water could be seen in Regent Inlet. Our ship was refitted, the stores all on board, and we were quite prepared for sea. Our engineers were both lost to us, but the Captain soon got

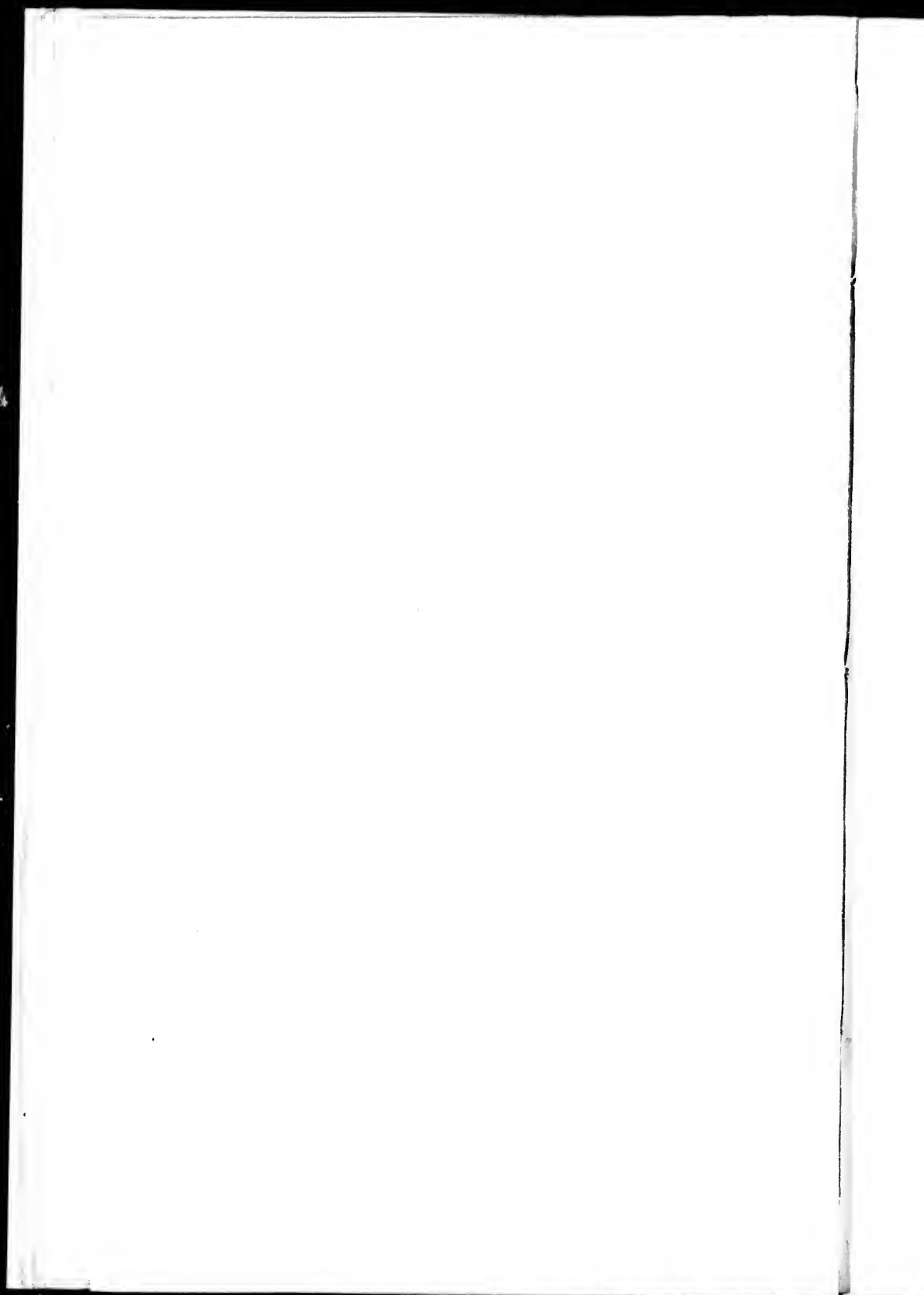
* Esquimaux report.



A CHART
 showing the
TRACKS OF THE YACHT FOX
 despatched by Lady Franklin
 under the command of
CAPT. MCCLINTOCK, R.N.
 in search of
H.M. SHIPS EREBUS & TERROR
 1857 to 1859.

*Deno & Simpson traced the North Coast of America from Mackenzie R. to the R. Cooper & Pittner in 1839.
 Franklin's Expedition on joining Deno and Simpson's track, accomplished the discovery of the North West Passage in 1848.





the engines into working order, and determined to drive them himself, for without steam we could reckon upon nothing.

July passed away, and during the first week in August we could still see one unbroken surface of ice in Regent Inlet; from the highest hill not a spoonful of water could be made out. We were getting rather anxious, for had we been detained another winter, we must have abandoned the ship in the following spring and trusted to our fortunes over the ice. However, a gale of wind on the 7th and 8th of August caused some disruption in the inlet, for on the morning of the 9th a report came down from the hills that a lead of water was seen under the land to the northward. Steam was immediately made, and pushing close past the islands, we were enabled to work up the coast in a narrow lane of water between it and the pack.

We reached the north side of Creswell Bay on the following day, but, the wind changing, we saw the pack setting rapidly in upon the land, and it had already closed upon Fury Beach. Our only chance was now to seek a grounded mass of ice, and to hang on to it. We were indeed glad to get a little rest, and especially for our captain, who had not left the engines for twenty-four hours. But we lay in a most exposed position on an open coast without an indentation, the pack closing in rapidly before the wind and threatening us with the same fate as befell the *Fury* when she was driven on the shore about seven miles from our present position. Hanging on to this piece of ice with every hawser, we saw it gradually melting and breaking away, and at spring tides it began to float. On the 15th the gale shifted to the westward, and blew off the land; we watched the ice gradually easing off, and directly that we had room, we cast off under storm-sails, and succeeded in getting out of Regent Inlet and into Lancaster Sound on the following day. We entered Godhavn, in Greenland, on the night of August 26, and not having heard from our friends for more than two years, we did not even wait for daylight for our expected letters. The authorities on shore kindly sent all they had for us at once to the ship, and I suppose that letters from home were never opened with more anxiety.

Having a few repairs to do, especially to our rudder, which, with the spare one, had been smashed by the ice, we remained a day or two to patch it up for the passage home. Then leaving Godhavn on the 1st September, although the nights were extremely dark, and the weather stormy, with many bergs drifting about, we passed down Davis Strait without incident, and, rounding Cape Farewell on the 13th, we ran across the Atlantic with strong, fair winds. Captain M'Clintock landed at the Isle of Wight on the 20th, and on the 23rd the *Fox* entered the docks at Blackwall.

Our happy cruise was at an end, and by the mercy of Providence we were permitted to land again in England.

