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ADVENTURES OF EXPLORATION

General Editor;
EBNEST YOUNG, B.Sc.

BOOK VI

NORTH AMERICA

BY
SIR JOHN SCOTT KELTIE, LL.D.

Formerly Secretary to the Royal Geographical Society

AND
SAMUEL CARTER GILMOUR

Formerly Travel Editor of THE FI EL D

WITH NUMEROUS MAPS, PORTRAITS AND
OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

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Adventures of Exploration

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" Philips Human Geographies "

BY

SIR JOHN SCOTT KELTIE, LL.D.

Formerly Secretary to the Royal Geographical Society

AND

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Formerly Travel Editor of THE FIELD

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PREFACE

IT is with deep regret that owing to the death of Sir John Scott Keltie I pen the preface to this, the last volume of the series, without his collaboration.

The purpose of the present Reader like that of the earlier volumes in the series, is to quicken interest in geography by stories of adventurous travel. It is not intended to serve as a history of North American exploration, but the hope is that it will afford an idea of some of the main steps by which knowledge has been gained of the vast regions now comprised in Canada and the United States.

Grateful acknowledgment is made of assistance which has been rendered in the preparation of these stories by the Rev. Cuthbert McEvoy, M.A., Classical Master in Watford Grammar School. Thanks are tendered also to Mr. Edward Heawood, M.A., Librarian of the Royal Geographical Society, for reading the manuscript and giving freely of his unrivalled knowledge of geographical literature; and to Mr. A. A. Sainsbury, B.A., Headmaster of the Council School at Northwood, for reading the proofs and making suggestions as a practical teacher.

S. C. G.

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NORTH AMERICA

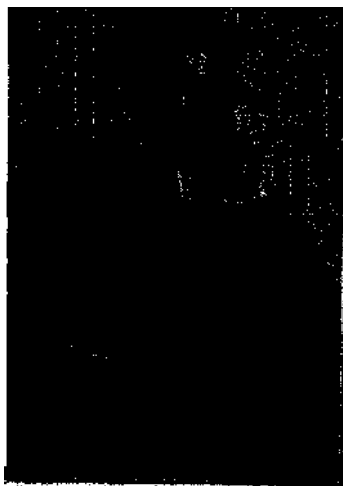
I. WITH CARTIER TO THE ST. LAWRENCE

THE first European discoverers of land across the Atlantic were the Norsemen. Iceland was colonized by them in the ninth and tenth centuries of the Christian era. In the year 985 a quarrelsome viking, Eric the Red, who had been outlawed from Iceland, sailed to the west and founded a settlement in Greenland. From Greenland it is probable that voyages were made to North America. Very little is really known, however, about these voyages. Stories of them are told in the Norse sagas, but these sagas were composed hundreds of years later, and how far the details are true is a matter of dispute among geographers. In any case the Norsemen soon had too much trouble at home to continue their voyages across the Atlantic. The settlements in Greenland and—possibly—North America were cut off from communication with Europe, and people forgot all about them. It was only after Columbus discovered the "New World" at the end of the fifteenth century that North America became definitely known to Europe.

In 1497, five years after Columbus's first voyage, John Cabot, a Venetian who had settled

in England, sailed from Bristol and is believed to have discovered Newfoundland. The records both of that voyage and of a second expedition which sailed from Bristol under Cabot are very scanty. Other explorers of various nationalities followed in the same direction and hardy mariners began to

visit the coast of Newfoundland for the sake of the fisheries.



*From a painting in the Town Hall at
St. Malo.*

JACQUES CARTIER.

The first explorer to do much more than this, and to reveal a way into the heart of North America, was a Breton sailor, Jacques Cartier. He was born in Brittany at the seaport of St. Malo in 1491, the year before Columbus made his great discovery, and six years before Vasco da Gama sailed round the Cape of Good Hope and crossed the Indian Ocean. He grew up amid all the

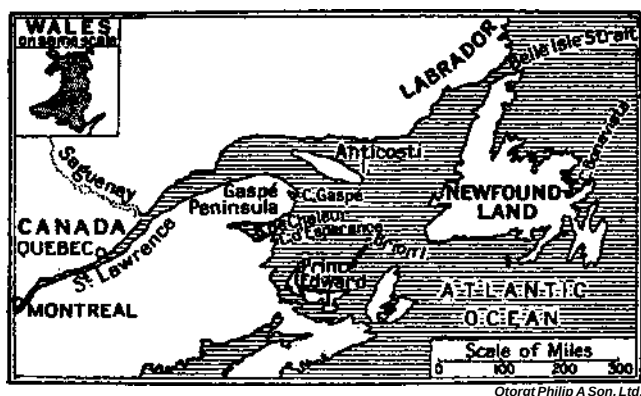
wonder excited in Europe by the voyages of the Spanish and Portuguese navigators who followed in the tracks of Columbus and Vasco da Gama. The Spaniards and the Portuguese wanted a monopoly of the "New World" and of the new routes to the East Indies. The other seafaring nations of Europe were not strong enough to contest the claim just then, but the idea occurred to some bold spirits among them that they might,

as it were, find a back entrance to the treasure-house of the East; they would leave the southern routes to the Spaniards and the Portuguese and seek out a new northern route.

To make this discovery became Cartier's ambition in life. He was no great scholar, but he was a skilful sailor and an accurate observer. He did not know that Newfoundland was an island. He thought that it was continuous with the mainland to the south, and that west of it extended a great sound, to which the Straits of Belle Isle were the entrance. It might be that this sound was the desired "back way" to India. He would go that way on his voyage of discovery.

Cartier's proposal met with much opposition, not only from the Spaniards but from his own countrymen, who were engaged in the Newfoundland fisheries and did not want competitors. But he was a determined man, and at last he set sail from St. Malo on April 20th, 1534, with two small vessels and sixty men.

The voyage of over 2,000 miles across the Atlantic was accomplished in twenty days, and the expedition reached the coast of Newfoundland at Cape Bonavista. After spending some days there Cartier sailed north along the coast and passed through the Straits of Belle Isle. On the southern coast of Labrador he discovered a harbour which he described as one of the good harbours of the world. But for the land about it he had no good word. He could not see a cart-load of earth upon it, though he landed in many places. "I deem rather than otherwise," he wrote, "it is the land that God gave to Cain!" Of the people he recorded that "they are wild and savage folk who



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE " WITH CARTIER TO THE ST. LAWRENCE."

have their hair tied upon their heads like a fistful of hay with a nail or some other thing passed through it, and therein they stick some feathers of birds. They clothe themselves with skins of beasts and paint themselves some tawny colour. They have boats made of the bark of birch-trees where-with they fish a great many seals."

Cartier did not proceed farther along this desolate coast, but sailed down the mountainous west coast of Newfoundland. The weather was stormy and foggy, and to get sea room he steered into the open waters of the "sound." His course took him towards Prince Edward Island, past Brion Island, where he and his men saw gooseberries and strawberries and peas in flower, meadows, corn and roses, all wild and yet looking as if they had been planted. Around this island great beasts were lying asleep on the shore at the water's edge. They were like great oxen and had "two teeth in their chops," like the teeth of the elephant. This was the explorer's description of the walrus,

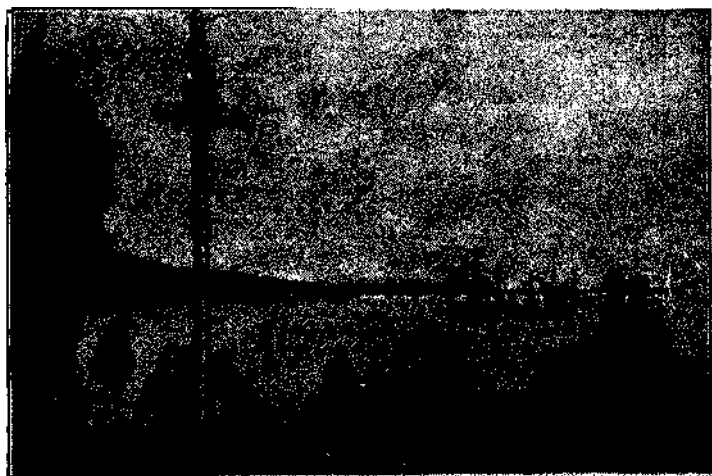
Steering north-west from*Prince Edward Island Cartier sighted the highlands of Gaspé Peninsula. The coastline ran westward, forming the northern shore of what seemed to be a great channel. Could it be that here at last was the way to the Indies? Under the clear sky of that brilliant July day Cartier began to hope that his life's ambition was about to be realised. Because of his hope he named the cape on the south of the bay Cape d'Espérance, and because of the heat of the day he named the broad stretch of water Bay de Chaleur. On July 6th he set out with his men in boats to explore the bay westwards.

They had not gone far before they encountered swarms of savages in canoes; others on the shore made signs to them with skins tied to sticks that they should land. Meanwhile the boats of the savages were surrounding them, and Cartier, not knowing their intentions, fired two shots over their heads. At this they retreated hurriedly, while Cartier and his men regained their ship. The next day the savages came out again in their canoes and made signs that they wished to trade with the strangers. Cartier and some of his men put off in boats with a few knives, some iron implements, and a red hat. These things the natives received with great delight, dancing and throwing seawater over their heads. They gave the Frenchmen everything that they had and made signs that they would return next day with skins.

But Cartier was eager to press on up the bay to discover, if he could, the passage through to the West. To his intense disappointment he found that the bay ended in lowlands, with high mountains in the rear, Returning to their ships the explorers

weighed anchor and followed the coast north to Gasp6 Bay, at the head of which is one of the finest harbours on the Atlantic seaboard. Again the natives welcomed them with dancing and singing, and showed extravagant delight at receiving glass beads, pieces of cloth, and rosaries. On the shore Cartier erected a great cross thirty feet high, bearing a shield with the inscription "Vive le Roy de France." This gave offence to the Indians, who interpreted it as a sign of ownership, and the chief, clothed in a black bear skin, came out in a boat with three of his sons to make a protest.

As soon as the boat came alongside, some of the sailors jumped into it and made the Indians go on board ship. Cartier gave them food and drink, and tried to make them understand by signs that the cross was only meant to be a beacon. He also made signs that he wanted to keep two of



AT GASPE BAY CARTIER ERECTED A GREAT CROSS.

the chiefs sons, but would bring them back again. He dressed up the two young Indians in European clothes and gave the others presents, and they did not seem to mind when he sailed away. It was the habit of explorers in those days to capture natives and carry them back to Europe. The old voyagers did not see anything wrong in treating savages in that way; but naturally the practice made the natives suspicious and fearful, and Cartier's action helped to sow the seeds of the hostility which afterwards grew up between the North American Indians and the "pale faces."

On his way home Cartier coasted round most of Anticosti Island and became convinced that there was some great waterway between the island and the coast to the north. But it was too late in the season to continue his explorations that year, and passing through the Straits of Belle Isle on August 15th he reached St. Malo three weeks later.

In the following year he resumed his quest with three ships, which sailed from St. Malo on May 16th, 1535. So dreadful were the Atlantic storms that during the voyage to Newfoundland the vessels lost sight of one another and were not re-united until July 26th. There was no further delay. Cartier knew his goal and made straight for it. Passing through the Straits of Belle Isle he came again to Anticosti Island, the limit of his former expedition.

He had brought back the two young Indians, in accordance with his promise to their father, and they became very excited as they strained their eyes towards the horizon and recognised familiar landmarks. Two days' sail to the west, they told

him, was the -kingdom of Saguenay. He was, they said, at the entrance to a great river, so long that they did not know whence it came; but along it lay the way to Canada and the great Indian town of Hochelaga (*Hosh-e-la-ga*).

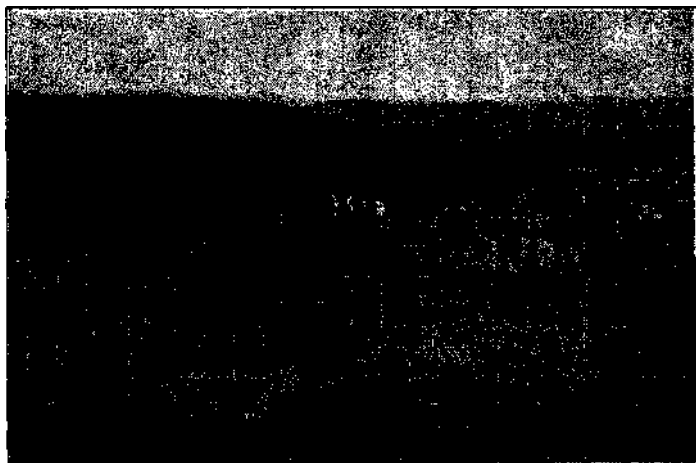
This part of Cartier's narrative is of special interest, because it contains the first mention of Canada. The Indians had a similar word, *cannata*, meaning a settlement. Cartier applied the name to the country bordering on the great river, and gradually its range extended, until now it embraces all the vast territories included in the Dominion of Canada.

To Cartier the statements made by the Indians about the route which was opening up before him were disappointing. He was seeking not a river but an ocean sound leading to Eastern Seas. For a time he continued his search, but without success. Then he turned towards the river. The spirit of adventure was upon him. The land was new and wonderful. It had never been penetrated by any European before. And so to Canada he would go and on to Hochelaga.

The voyage up the river—which was the mighty St. Lawrence, though it was not known by that name till later—began on September 1st. On the way the explorers saw some curious fish "as big as porpoises, with head like a greyhound, as white as snow, without having any spot." This was Cartier's way of describing the white whale. On and on he sailed until on September 7th he came to a large island where he landed with the two young Indians. The island was inhabited by some Indian fishermen and their families. These Indians were greatly frightened by the coming of

the ships and the landing of the strangers, and when Cartier and his men began to go up to them they ran away, until the two young Indians who were with him spoke to them and told them who they were. Then fear gave place to rejoicing, and the islanders loaded their visitors with presents of fish and grain and big melons.

After Cartier had returned to the ships, parties of the Indians, both men and women, came to see him in canoes, and next day the explorer had a visit from "The Lord of Canada," a chief named Donnacona, who came with a fleet of twelve canoes. Friendly relations were established, and Cartier found a good harbour for his ships just above the island. Near here was the Indian settlement, Stadacona, where the chief lived. In course of time it was to become the historic city of Quebec. The scene was almost fairy-like in



CARTIER'S SHIPS IN THE ST. LAWRENCE, OFF THE SITE OF THE
FUTURE CITY OF QUEBEC.

its beauty. About the river bank were broad pasture-lands dotted with trees of all kinds. There was an abundance of vines covered with clusters of luscious grapes. Behind the bay rose thickly wooded heights, just beginning to put on that glory of brilliant autumn colouring which is seen at its best in North America. It was indeed a place which might have tempted any man to linger. But Cartier, with the true adventurer's instinct, was eager to press on to Hochelaga.

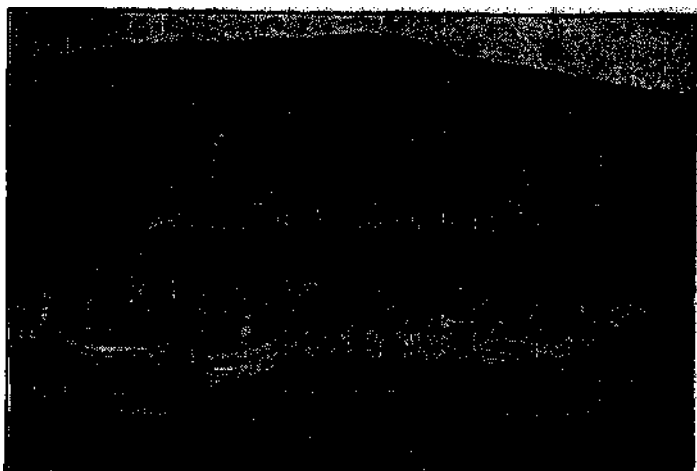
This proposal did not meet with the approval of Cartier's new friends, and his plans met with a mysterious opposition. He was told that Donnacona had forbidden any of his people to take part in the voyage. Then one day there came down the river a canoe propelled by three hideous figures. Their faces were blackened, and from their heads projected horns as long as a man's arm. They passed Cartier's vessel without apparently observing it, the middle man haranguing and gesticulating. Driving straight on to the shore opposite they all fell dead, as it were, in the bottom of the canoe. Donnacona and his party, with apparent consternation, met them on the shore and carried canoe and all up into the woods near by. After a time the two young Indians who had been to France with Cartier emerged from the woods uttering piteous cries. Asked by the captain what was the matter they pretended that three messengers had come from their god to warn Cartier against attempting his expedition to Hochelaga ; there was so much ice and snow there, they said, that Cartier and his men would assuredly perish.

But none of these things moved Cartier.

Setting sail on September 10th in his smallest ship and some boats, with fifty men, he passed on amid delightful scenery—"as fine country as one could desire, and full of the finest trees in the world." There were many dwellings of Indian fishermen on the banks. Once the captain hailed a hunting party, and, finding them friendly, made to go ashore ; whereupon a gigantic Indian waded out and carried Cartier ashore as easily as if he had been a child.

Presently the channel of the river became dangerous, because of shoals. Leaving his ship and taking to the boats Cartier pressed on, and on October 2nd Hochelaga came in sight. On a terrace at the foot of a mountain was the Indian settlement. Cartier met with a great reception. Men, women, and children crowded to the shore, and with touching hospitality showered such an abundance of food into the boats that it seemed, as Cartier recorded, "as if it tumbled from the air." The captain did what he could to show his gratitude. Causing all the women to be seated he gave to them rosaries and other small gifts, and to the men knives. Such was their delight at receiving these things that long after the captain and his party had retired for the night to their boats the natives remained dancing and singing round fires which they had kindled on the shore.

The next day an even more imposing reception awaited the explorers. They were led up to the terrace on which Hochelaga stood. It was about three miles from where they had moored their boats. Half-way there they were met by one of the chiefs and his retainers and were made to rest by a great fire which had been kindled as a sign of



CARTIER LANDING ON THE SHORES OF THE ST. LAWRENCE, WHERE
THE CITY OF MONTREAL NOW STANDS.

welcome. After Cartier had bestowed some gifts on the chief he and his men were escorted through fine cultivated lands to the town of Hochelaga.

They found it curiously constructed. It was perfectly round and was enclosed by a twelve-foot stockade of timber, formed of great planks sloping together at the top and securely fastened within. Round the inside of this stockade ran a wooden gallery at a convenient distance from the top. At intervals along the gallery were heaps of rocks and stones to be used as missiles in case of attack. The wall had only one gateway. This led into a town of well-built wooden houses, garnished with great pieces of bark. In the open space in the middle of the town the inhabitants crowded round the explorers, weeping for joy and stroking their arms as a sign of affection. Their king, who was paralysed, was borne out for

Cartier to touch him, and the lialt and blind and lame were brought " as if God had descended there to cure them."

Cartier, who was a devout Catholic, read passages from the Gospels and prayed aloud, making the sign of the Cross over the sick people, while the other Indians, looking on in wonder, " kept a great silence." Afterwards they took Cartier up the mountain behind Hochelaga, and from the summit he gazed on a marvellous landscape. He saw a vast plain, with the majestic river St. Lawrence winding through it from the unknown West; and, struck with admiration, he named the mountain on which he stood Mont Royal. To-day that height is still known as Mount Royal, and in another form the name survives as Montreal—the name of the city which has grown up between the river and the mountain, one of the busiest and most thriving cities in Canada.

Cartier did not stay long in Hochelaga. Returning to his ships at Stadacona, he made preparations for wintering there. A fort had already been built by his men, and this was strengthened, for the explorers were distrustful of the Indians and the Indians of the explorers. The winter was long and severe, and the river, as always at that season, was thickly frozen. Both Indians and Europeans were attacked by scurvy, a disease caused by the long continued use of salt food and by unhealthy conditions of living. It was a new and mysterious disease to Cartier and his men; one which they could not understand and for which they had no remedy. Many of them died, and in order to prevent the

Indians from knowing how their numbers were reduced, Cartier made a great pretence of keeping his men at work on board ship and not allowing any to go outside the fort. At last he learned from one of the young Indians who had been to France of a cure for the disease. The leaves and bark of a certain tree were boiled, and the sufferers drank the liquid, while the pulp from the leaves was applied to their swollen limbs. The result was a rapid recovery.

With the return of spring and the breaking up of the ice in the St. Lawrence, Cartier sailed away to France. During the voyage he rounded the southern end of Newfoundland, thereby proving that that country was an island. He had on board a number of Indians, including the chief Donnacona, whom he had kidnapped in accordance with the unhappy practice of those days. The Indians were greatly distressed by the loss of their chief, and it is sad to record that he, as well as the others who were carried off, died in France before they could be returned to their native land.

One more voyage at least Cartier made to the St. Lawrence, some years later, in connection with a French colonization scheme; but he did not go beyond Hochelaga, and the settlement, which was under the command of another Frenchman, Roberval, was not a success. Not until nearly three-quarters of a century later were Cartier's discoveries to be extended and the foundations laid of successful French settlements along the St. Lawrence. The hero of that story is Samuel de Champlain, and to his explorations we shall now turn.

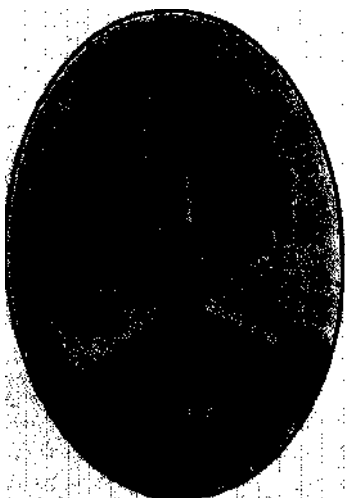
I I . WITH CHAMPLAIN TO THE GREAT LAKES

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN was born in 1567 at Brouage, a seaport on the shores of the stormy Bay of Biscay. His people were sea-faring folk, and young Samuel had a passion to be a sailor too. Often he heard his elders talk of the wonderful voyages of Jacques Cartier: how he had crossed the Atlantic Ocean in search of a Western Way to China, how he had discovered the great River St. Lawrence, how he had sailed up this river through magnificent country for hundreds of miles, and how he had met with tribes of savages who gave him costly furs in exchange for simple toys of glass and tin. When Champlain heard these things his heart beat faster and he longed to continue the search for the Western Way which Cartier had never found. But to do that he would need the support of rich and powerful people, and he was only the son of an ordinary citizen. It would have seemed like a fairy-story to him if he could have looked forward thirty years into his life, as we shall do now.

* * * *

One summer's day in 1609 there set out from Quebec a fleet of Indian canoes manned by savages in full war-paint. Among the canoes was a, shallop, or light open boat, manned by Freneh-

men. Their leader was a grave, rather sad-faced man, to whom both Frenchmen and Indians looked up. It was none other than Samuel de Champlain, now forty-two years of age, and honoured and respected as one of the best leaders and wisest navigators of his day. This reputation had been gained during the earlier years of his manhood, in which he had fought in the French



SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN.

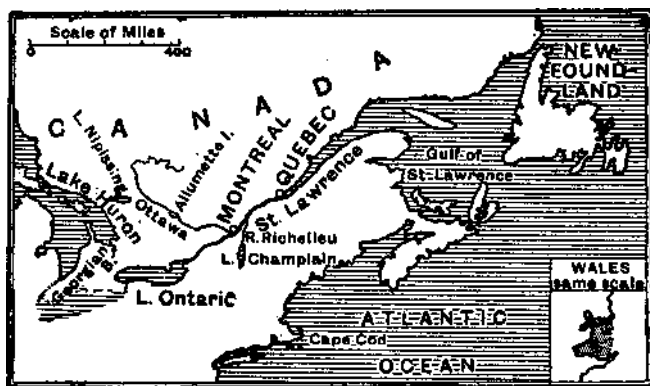
army in France; had gone as captain under the Spanish flag to the West Indies; had been up the River St. Lawrence to Cartier's Mont Royal (Montreal); and had explored the Atlantic coast of North America from the Gulf of St. Lawrence southwards to Cape Cod. The French were again taking an active interest in the exploration and colonization of this part of North America, which they called New France,

and in 1608 Champlain had been sent out at the bidding of the French King with authority to found a colony, to trade in furs, and to explore the country with a view to finding a waterway through to China. He had wisely chosen Quebec as the site of the new colony, and there, where the present city of Quebec rises from the river bank up the rocky heights of the St. Lawrence, a settlement had been formed in the month of July,

1608. The name Quebec was the name by which the place was known to the Indians. It means "a narrowing," and the place was so called because the St. Lawrence is much narrower at that point than it is lower down; though even at Quebec the river is three-quarters of a mile wide.

We have seen that Champlain had been sent to trade and to explore. But when he set out from Quebec in the summer of 1609, in company with a fleet of Indian canoes, he was going to fight. The friendly Algonquin Indians on the north bank of the St. Lawrence had made an agreement with him that they would act as his guides, if in return he would join them in their summer expedition against their enemies, the fierce Iroquois Indians, who lived on the south bank. Champlain was not altogether willing, for he was a humane and kindly man and he knew that the savages, although they were friendly to him, were cruel to their foes. But he saw no other way to success in his explorations, and he consented to the arrangement.

Up the great river they went for many miles until they reached a place where another friendly tribe was encamped on the northern bank. These Indians were ready beforehand to join the expedition, but when Champlain had shown them what could be done with fire-arms their excitement knew no bounds. After singing and dancing, they put off in their canoes and all proceeded in a body to a point where the broad Richelieu River entered the St. Lawrence from the south. The Iroquois had come down this river so often to attack them that they called it the Iroquois war-path. At the river-mouth they landed and spent two whole days in feasting on venison and fish and



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE " WITH CHAMPLAIN TO THE GREAT LAKES."

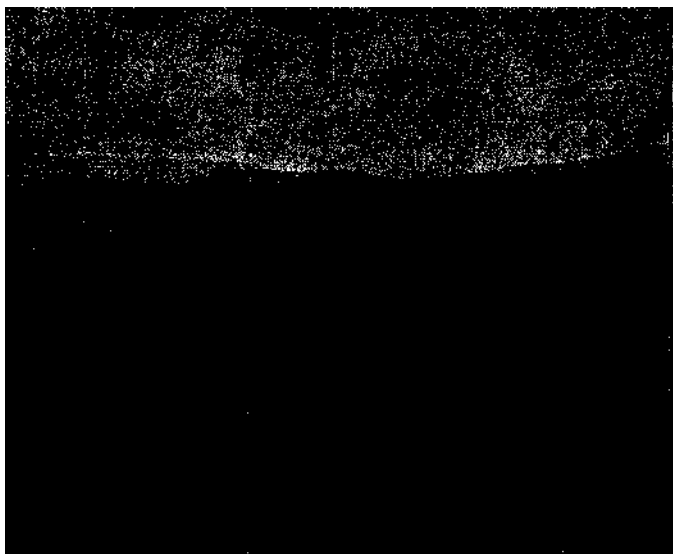
wild-fowl. They were now in enemy country. Passing up the Richelieu, they were to reach and attack the very heart of the Mohawk tribe. So they rested and feasted before beginning the final stage of their journey.

One fault of these savage allies was that they could not be trusted. Soon after they had started a quarrel arose among them, and a great number deserted, leaving only sixty men with twenty-four canoes. Then, too, Champlain had been assured by them that his shallop, with his twelve Frenchmen, could travel the whole way by open river; but after some leagues he found that the current became swift and rough and full of swirling eddies, and he was in danger of being drowned. A great stretch of rapids and waterfalls made it impossible to proceed, for the shallop was too large and heavy to be carried like a canoe. Sending it back to Quebec with ten Frenchmen, he and two others took to the bark canoes and continued the journey with the Indians.

Danger of attack now "threatened them at every turn. Scouts were sent ahead, and Champlain and his Indians travelled only by night, paddling noiselessly upstream in the shadow of thick forests which made the darkness darker still. No fires were lighted. Grain soaked in cold water furnished a kind of porridge on which they lived. At length there came a night when, just as day was breaking, they reached a place where the river opened out into a great lake. In the far distance, on the left, Champlain saw a mountain whose top appeared to be covered with snow, and on the right another mountain; on both mountains were forests, and in the valleys fertile meadows. The mountain on the right, the Indians assured him, was thickly settled with Mohawks.

Proceeding with the utmost caution along the western shore of the lake, which the explorer called after himself, Lake Champlain, the Algonquins caught the first glimpse of their enemies at ten o'clock at night. They were encamped on a piece of land which jutted into the lake. Though they were within bow-shot, two of Champlain's Indians were sent to ask whether they wished to fight. They brought back the answer that they would fight at sunrise. The canoes were drawn up to the shore and both sides erected a stockade ; the whole night was spent in dancing and singing, each side jeering at the other and boasting what they would do on the morrow.

When day broke Champlain's party advanced in close array, and the Mohawks came out to meet them. The two Frenchmen with him had been sent to conceal themselves in thickets on the enemy's right flank. Just as the plumed Mohawk



By courtesy of the Delaware and Budson Company, Albany, N.Y.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

chiefs, now only thirty yards away, had their fingers on their bow-strings, Champlain advanced with his gun and fired. At the same time the two Frenchmen fired on the right flank. Three chiefs fell. The Mohawks, after a few moments of astonishment, scattered through the woods, pursued with deafening yells by Champlain's party.

The next night was passed by the victors torturing their prisoners. So horrible were the tortures that they turned Champlain's heart sick. He protested strongly, but was told that it was the custom of both sides to treat their prisoners so. Finally he was allowed to end with a shot the misery of one captive, who had borne the most terrible tortures without showing any sign of

pain. The fighting for the year was over. The Indians, in appreciation of Champlain's service, pressed him to accept the head of a prisoner and a pair of arms to show to the French king. With these ghastly trophies Champlain returned to Quebec.

In the autumn he sailed for France, and nearly four years passed before he was able to continue his explorations. Both in 1610 and in 1611 he spent the summer months in Canada, strengthening the French settlements. We read of him, at one time, building a new palisade round the settlement at Quebec ; at another time, going up the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Richelieu River and there again helping his Indian allies to defeat their enemies, the Iroquois ; and, at still another time, clearing away the forest trees at the foot of Mont Royal.

In between these summer visits to Canada, and during the whole of the year 1612, Champlain was in France, making arrangements to carry on the work of colonization, trading, and exploration. In 1612 there also returned to France from Canada a young man named Nicholas Vignau, who had been living among some friendly Indians in order to learn their language and find out all he could about their country. He reported that he had travelled north with the Indians and had come to a salt sea, that he had seen the wreck of an English vessel there and had seen an English boy who was living with the Indians. To Champlain it seemed as if the dream of his life was about to be realized and that he would find that Western Way to China which Cartier had sought in vain. Filled with this hope he went back to Canada in the spring of

the year **1613**, "and as soon as possible after his arrival he set out with two bark canoes from Montreal up the Ottawa River, taking with him Vignau and three Frenchmen, and one Indian as a guide.

The journey was toilsome and perilous, owing to the swirling rapids and the dense forest growth upon the banks. Once, when Champlain was making his way with difficulty along the rough bank, towing his canoe by a rope wound round his hand, a sudden eddy in the wild river caused the canoe to pull on him so that he lost his balance. He fell between two rocks which supported him, otherwise he must have been lost in the boiling rapids. As it was, his hand was nearly cut off by the tugging of the rope.

Sometimes paddling, sometimes towing the canoes, and sometimes carrying them round rapids and waterfalls, the little party struggled slowly up the river. The difficulties exceeded all expectations, and Champlain began to suspect Vignau. At length he came to an Algonquin stronghold—Allumette Island—where his suspicions were confirmed. The Indians were as astonished to see him as if he had dropped from the clouds. They could not believe that the Frenchmen had tramped and paddled all the way from Montreal. They recognised Vignau, who had lived among them, but when they heard his story they protested that it was a tissue of lies.

Bitterly disappointed, Champlain set out on the return journey, attended by a large number of Algonquins. The Indians were fearful of attack by the Iroquois, and one night one of them, dreaming that the Mohawks were upon them, ran

shouting into the river. The others woke up in a panic and began to take to the river too, but when they found that no foe was pursuing, the alarm ended in laughter. Through forest path, by river, fall, and rapid, the journey to Quebec was at last accomplished, and soon afterwards Champlain returned to France.

For a year and a half he busied himself at home in the interests of his overseas enterprise, and then, in the spring of 1615, he went back to Canada and began to prepare for a new expedition. This proved to be the greatest of all his explorations, and was especially notable for the discovery of Lakes Huron and Ontario, which form part of the wonderful lake system known as the "Great Lakes" of North America. The main purpose of the expedition was an attack on a Mohawk stronghold south of Lake Ontario, but Champlain had to travel far afield to gather up his various detachments of savage warriors.

Striking westwards first to Lake Nipissing, he went on to the Georgian Bay of Lake Huron, and then, passing south through a country rich in stags and bears, by rivers full of fish, and among meadows where grapes and strawberries were abundant, he came out at the eastern end of Lake Ontario. Though he did not explore these lakes fully, Champlain knew from his Indian allies that they were very large. Indeed, as is often the case with new discoveries, they were supposed at first to be even larger than they actually are. In his account of the journey Champlain said that Lake Huron was nearly 1,000 miles long; really its greatest length is 240 miles. In the case of Lake Ontario he was more nearly right; he

reported* it to be 200 miles long and its real length is 180 miles.

The attack on the Mohawk fortress failed, owing to the indiscipline of Champlain's Indian allies. The fortress was strongly and cleverly constructed, and had inside it a system of water-channels as a protection against fire. Champlain's Indians piled huge logs against it and set fire to them, but in vain. Champlain himself was wounded by an arrow in the knee and was carried off on the retreat in great pain, strapped to a hurdle.

Winter was coming on, and when the party reached the north shore of Lake Ontario they set to work to lay in a stock of food. Some went hunting deer, others bears and beavers, others went fishing. Champlain had an opportunity of seeing the Indian method of hunting deer. In a forest of firs they made an enclosure shaped like a triangle, with one side left open. At the end of the triangle was a small enclosure, to which entrance was gained from the wider enclosure by a narrow passage. The Indians drove the deer into the big enclosure, and then, howling like wolves, pursued them into the small enclosure, where they were shot down. In thirty-eight days they captured one hundred and twenty deer.

At another camping place Champlain, whose knee was better by this time, was attracted by a bird of strange and brilliant plumage which he followed for some distance as it flew from tree to tree. Just as he was about to shoot it, it flew away and was lost to sight. When Champlain tried to retrace his steps he discovered that he was lost. He felt for his compass, and to his dismay remembered that he had left it in his tent.



From Vol. I of "The Makers of Canada " Series, by courtesy of me oxford university press.

THE DISCOVERY OF LAKE HURON : CHAMPLAIN ON THE SHORES OF GEORGIAN BAY IN THE YEAR 1615.

From the painting by Humme.

Further attempts to regain the track seemed to plunge him into deeper mazes. At length darkness compelled him to stay his steps, and he lay down and slept at the foot of a great tree. The next day he walked till three o'clock in the afternoon, but still without recovering the path. Fortunately he had his gun with him and was a good shot. Coming to a pool he rested there, and making a fire of brushwood he cooked and ate the game that had fallen to his gun.

Sustained as he always was by a deep faith in the guiding power of God, Champlain was preserved from that terrible distress of mind under which those who have been lost in the trackless wilds have sometimes gone mad. His second night in the forest was cloudy and wet, but he prayed for direction and at dawn set calmly to work to find some stream, feeling that if he followed this he might win deliverance. Such a stream he found, and following its course he came, with intense relief, to a place whence he saw the smoke of the Indian encampment curling up against the dark background of trees. His Indian friends were equally delighted to see him, and during the remainder of the journey would never permit him to go into the woods alone.

After the unsuccessful attack on the Mohawk fortress Champlain wanted to return to Quebec. The Indians had promised to escort him there, but when he reminded them of their promise they made excuses, and he had to stay with them all through the winter, sometimes living in their villages and sometimes travelling through the forests, which were deep in snow. Not until the summer came could he persuade them to give him

guides and an escort for the* return journey to Quebec, and he did not get there till July, after being away for a year.

This was not only the greatest but the last of Champlain's journeys of exploration. He planned other journeys but was not able to carry them out. Though he often visited Canada, he never found the Western Way of which he had dreamed as a boy. Once, in 1629, when England and France were at war, an English expedition sailed up the St. Lawrence and captured Quebec. Champlain was taken to England as a prisoner-of-war, but when the English fleet arrived home it was learned that peace had been concluded nearly three months before the capture of Quebec ! The fact that the news had not reached Canada shows not only how slow were communications in those days, but how few ships made their way across the Atlantic to the St. Lawrence. As peace had been concluded before the capture of Quebec, the capture did not count, and the English had to wait for another 130 years—that is, till Quebec was again captured by General Wolfe in 1759—before they obtained possession of French Canada.

After the mistake about the first capture was found out, Champlain was released and Quebec was restored to the French. He continued to visit Canada, and it was at Quebec that he died, on Christmas Day, 1635. Great was the grief both of the French and of their Indian allies, and many were the honours paid to Champlain's memory at his burial. His wonderful travels, his careful records of his journeys, and his wise and just administration earned for him the title of the "JFather of Canada."

III. PETER RADISSON, FUR TRADER

ONE of the stories in *The Arabian Nights* tells how a certain king had a living map, on which he could see all that was taking place in the world about him. If we had such a living map of the Atlantic and the River St. Lawrence in the years following Champlain's death in 1635, we should see more and more French ships passing between France and Quebec. We should see merchants and men of noble birth settling along the river. We should see growing numbers of French priests going out as missionaries and penetrating far among the Great Lakes. We should see, too, adventurous traders making their way in their frail canoes farther and farther west. Some of them we should see building their rough log cabins near to the mission churches, and busily exchanging hatchets, knives and guns for the costly furs which the Indians brought from their winter hunting to the traders' stores. Not all the Indians were friendly. We should see the fierce Iroquois, whose country was south of the St. Lawrence, swooping down on the Indian tribes across the river, lurking round the French settlements and outposts, and returning with French as well as Indian scalps.

It was in these circumstances that a man named Radisson emigrated from France in the year

1651, and settled with his family at a place called Three Rivers, on the north bank of the St. Lawrence, between Quebec and Montreal. One morning, in the following year, his son, young Peter Radisson, was invited by two of his friends to go shooting. It was foolhardy to wander from the Settlement, because of the hostility of the Iroquois ; Vbut Peter was reckless, and he and his friends set out. They were warned by a farmer to keep away from the mountains, as there were enemy Indians about.

The young men became absorbed in their sport and wandered on from point to point, shooting wild ducks, which were plentiful. At length, feeling they had gone far enough, Radisson's companions wished to return. Radisson jeered at them for being faint-hearted, and saying that he would bring back plenty to eat he went on alone. So successful was he that presently he found himself loaded with three geese, ten ducks, a crane, and some teal. Having shot as much as he could carry, he began to retrace his steps. When he came near to the place where he had left his companions he heard a noise near him, in the wood. Examining his pistols he found one of them wet, and shot it off and re-loaded. Then he went up into the wood to see if he could discover the cause of the sound he had heard. He suspected enemy Indians, but he saw nothing.

Just then a great number of wild ducks in a brook near by attracted his attention, and as he knew he was not far from home he determined to have a shot at them and risk the possibility of bringing the enemy about him. After he had crept some way through the long grass in order to

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RADISSON FINDS HIMSELF SURROUNDED BY IROQUOIS.

get a better shot, he came upon a sight that made his blood turn cold. There lay his two companions, stripped of their clothes and bearing the marks of terrible wounds. Scarcely had he recovered from the shock of this sight when, lifting his eyes, he saw twenty or thirty Iroquois Indians raising their heads from the long grass around the scene of the tragedy. With a horrible cry the Iroquois rushed on Radisson and bound him. To make matters worse he had discharged his pistol and wounded one of the Indians as they seized him. He expected instant death, but his captors dragged him off by the hair of his head to where their canoes were hidden.

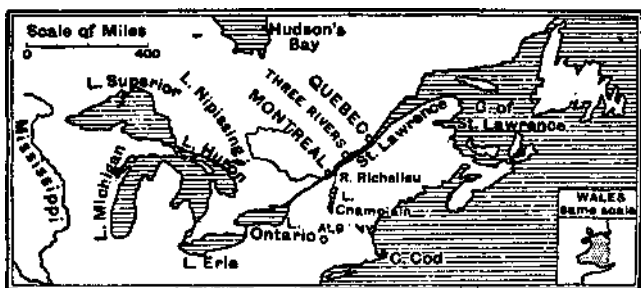
Radisson feared that the Iroquois were going to practise on him some of the terrible tortures about which the French settlers spoke to one another in horrified whispers. When they reached

the place where they had landed they stripped him of his clothing and tied a rope round his waist, mocking and howling at him. Just then a scout reported that Radisson's friends were coming to rescue him. It was a false alarm, but it stopped the sport that the Indians were having with their prisoner. Fires were lighted and supper was prepared. Some of the Iroquois were set to guard Radisson, and they gave him back most of his clothes. Then they combed his hair and plastered it with thick grease, and daubed his face with red paint. Supper was an even worse ordeal. It consisted of stinking, maggoty meat, boiled over the fire with a little meal. This he had to eat, though he was sick with terror at the thought of the fate before him.

That night was spent by Radisson between two savages, who spread a red coverlet over him and themselves lay upon the ends. Exhausted by the trials of the day he slept soundly. The next morning, with howling and shouting, the Iroquois embarked, placing Radisson in a canoe in which he shuddered to see the heads of the two companions with whom he had gone hunting. He felt that at any moment he might share their fate if he angered his captors. For some reason, however, they seemed disposed to treat him kindly. At first he was kept bound, but after a few days they set him to paddle, and when they saw that his efforts put him in a great sweat they told him to leave off. They also gave him food that suited his stomach better than the putrid meat.

The homeward journey of the Iroquois was along the Richelieu River, up which Champlain had passed years before. When they reached

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MAP TO ILLUSTRATE " PETER RADISSON, PUR TRADER."

Lake Champlain they were met by other Indians who accompanied them to a village. Here Radisson was adopted by an old squaw who took pity on him. Her he called mother, her husband he called father, and her daughters sisters. This Indian woman made him garments, his sisters combed his hair as a sign of devotion and affection, and for many weeks he lived the life of an Indian savage, clothed as the Iroquois were clothed and eating the food which they ate.

At last there came a time when a hunting expedition was planned, and three Iroquois hunters asked permission to take Radisson with them. One day, when they had killed several bears and stags, they met an Algonquin Indian who had been captured by the Iroquois and, like Radisson, was forced to live in their country. The Algonquin managed to suggest a plan of escape to Radisson. It was a treacherous plan, and to Radisson's shame it has to be recorded that while the hunters lay asleep round the watch fire, wearied with the hunt, the two conspirators clubbed them to death.

For a time Radisson and the Algonquin **were free, but** they were to pay dearly **for** their **ill-won**

PETER RADISSON, FUR TRADER 33

liberty. After many nights of paddling in a canoe which contained grim evidence of their treachery in the shape of the heads of the three Iroquois hunters, they came to a wood within a few hours' journey of home and safety. They concealed themselves in the wood during the greater part of the day, but before nightfall the impatience of Radisson's companion overcame him and they ventured out on to the broad river, risking all on a final dash for safety. Far behind them they saw what looked like a dark shadow on the surface of the water. "It is but a flight of waterfowl," said the Algonquin, and they resumed their paddling.

Presently, casting another look behind them, they saw that the dark shadow was nothing less than a fleet of Iroquois canoes in hot pursuit. They were rapidly overtaken. The heads which they threw overboard only confirmed the suspicions of the pursuers. Shots rang out. The Algonquin collapsed across his paddle, dead. Another shot ripped up the canoe, which began to sink. Radisson was near enough to the bank to see the bottom of the river, but not near enough to reach the shore. He was seized and bound and carried off to a camping ground where a number of captives—men, women and children, both Indians and French—were assembled.

Days of bodily and mental torture followed for Radisson. His own sufferings were heightened by witnessing groups of Indian captives made to sing what he called their "fatal song" before death, and then roasted at a slow fire. He himself was tied up in a public place, and the Indian children were encouraged by their parents to gather round

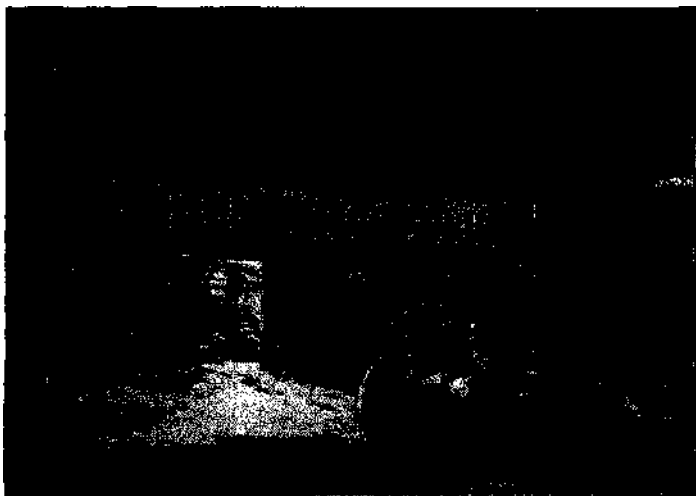
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him and inflict torments upon him. One child of four tried to cut off one of his fingers. Others stuck thorns into his flesh. One of the savages pulled out one of his nails. An old man smoked three pipes in succession with one of Radisson's fingers held in the glowing bowl. Finally a slow fire was lighted, and the wretched youth was laid with the soles of his feet before it. Then a wonderful thing happened. An old woman broke through the ring of spectators, and, rebuking them, pulled Radisson away and covered him with a garment. It was the old squaw who had previously adopted him. By her entreaties to the assembly of chiefs his life was spared, and by her careful nursing he was sufficiently restored in a month's time to be able to walk.

For a long time Radisson lived with the Iroquois, taking part in their forays and hunting expeditions, and becoming renowned among them for his exploits. But the longing for home grew so strong in him that he determined at the first opportunity to make another dash for liberty. A trading expedition to a Dutch settlement at Orange (now Albany, in the United States) gave him the chance he wanted. Marking the way followed by the Indians, he waited some weeks and then set off, pretending that he was going hunting. He reached Orange in safety, and was given shelter behind some sacks of flour in a Dutchman's shack. From his hiding-place he heard the voices of the Indians inquiring for him outside the hut, and lay trembling till the pursuit was over. Then, with the help of the Dutch, he made his way to the coast, sailed in a Dutch vessel to Holland, and from there easily reached France,

It shows how strong was the spirit of adventure in Radisson that the very next year he returned to Canada, and, what is more, was soon pushing into the wilds again. A peace of sorts had been patched up between the French and the Iroquois, and some Jesuit priests had started a mission in the Iroquois country to the south of Lake Ontario. Reinforcements were being sent to them, and Radisson offered his services, which were accepted. The mission was reached by ascending a river which flowed into Lake Ontario. This river led to another lake, on whose shores a fort had been built. Some time after Radisson's arrival at the fort it became known that the Indians were plotting against the little settlement. The French decided that they must abandon the mission. But how were they to get away without exciting the suspicion of the Indians? To give any hint of their intended departure would be fatal.

The escape was planned very cleverly. Two big boats to carry the French and their baggage were built secretly inside the fort, where the Indians could not see what was going on. When everything was in readiness the French invited the Indians to a great feast in a building outside the fort, and kept on giving them huge quantities of food, until they could eat no more. By night the guests were so gorged with their gluttonous meal that one after another they sank down into a heavy sleep. Their hosts also retired, apparently to rest, but really to make their escape. Silently at dead of night they launched their boats. The lake was covered with ice and they had to break a passage for the boats with big poles; but at last they reached the open water of the river



THE ESCAPE FROM THE FORT.

flowing into Lake Ontario. They were afraid of being pursued, but the Indians were a long time in recovering from the effects of the feast, and thought that the French too were resting inside the fort, so that a week went by before the escape was discovered. Meanwhile the French got clean away—down the river, across Lake Ontario, and into the St. Lawrence. It was a terrible journey. The weather was very stormy; snow and rain beat upon the fugitives as they paddled along; masses of ice in the St. Lawrence made a terrifying noise as they clashed together; one of the boats was wrecked and some of the men were drowned. But in the end Radisson and the rest of the party reached Quebec in safety.

More adventures followed. The year 1658 found Radisson and his brother-in-law—a man named Chouart, who had married Radisson's

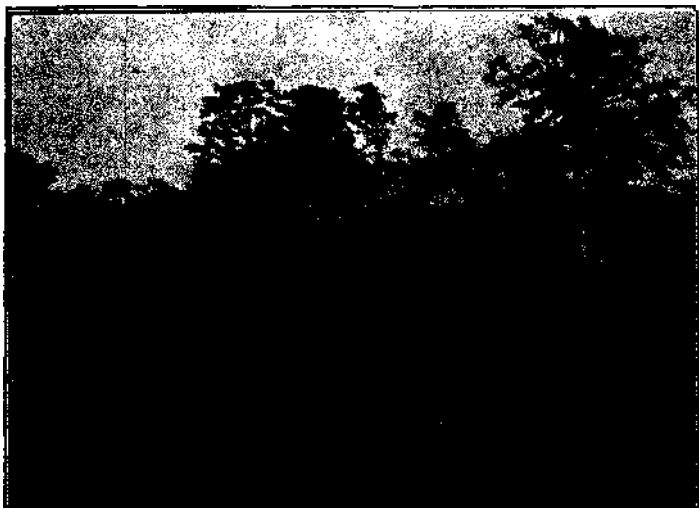
sister—paddling for their lives up the Ottawa River. They had set out with a large party of boastful young Frenchmen who did not know how to take care of themselves and would not be advised. A brave Indian had ventured to warn the boasters of their danger; for reward they took him prisoner and killed him. A surprise attack by the Iroquois threw them in a panic and they turned back. Radisson and Chouart were glad to be rid of them. With some friendly Indians who belonged to the party they pushed up the Ottawa River at top speed, travelling at night and hiding by day, till the danger was past.

At length they came to Lake Nipissing, and, beyond that, to the mighty Lake Huron. Champ-lain had been the same way before, but the two adventurers far outstripped him. In the northern part of Lake Huron they found a tribe of Indians whose hair was like an upturned brush, and Radisson called this part "The Lake of the Staring Hairs." Still farther west they went till they came to a great lake which opened towards the south and was called by the unpleasant name, "The Lake of the Stinking People," owing to a wrong translation of the name of the Indians who lived there. To-day this vast sheet of water is known as Lake Michigan. Upon its southern shore there now stands one of the busiest and most thriving cities in the world—the city of Chicago. But when Chouart and Radisson paddled their canoe upon its waters the only signs of habitation along its shores were the wigwams of Indian tribes. Radisson thought it "the delightfulest lake in the world." Its waters were alive with fish. The land around it was so fertile that it

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gave crops twice a year. Fruit trees of many kinds flourished. There were plentiful supplies of game—wild turkeys, and deer, and "buffaloes," as the North American bison are commonly called.

Here Radisson and his brother-in-law stayed till the following year. Sometimes they hunted, and sometimes they traded with the Indians; sometimes they explored the shores of the lake, and sometimes they made expeditions into the interior of the country, going as far as the Mississippi. In the autumn of 1659 they passed out of the northern end of Lake Michigan back into Lake Huron, and turned round to the west into Lake Superior (that is, Upper Lake), where no white man had been before. Another winter and spring were spent among the Indians of those parts, and then at last they returned to Three Rivers in the



By courtesy of the Canadian National Railways.

FORTH AMERICAN BISON, COMMONLY CALLED " BUFFALOES,"

summer of 1660, taking with them an immense stock of valuable furs.

For a year they remained at home, looking after their business interests and planning a new enterprise. On the shores of Lake Superior they met parties of Cree Indians who had come south to winter after spending the summer months along the "Bay of the North Sea." This was what we know as Hudson's Bay. It had been discovered by Hudson half a century before, and had since been visited by other English explorers. But these had all made their way to it by sea. No one had been there overland, from Canada. This was the journey which Radisson and Chouart wanted to undertake in 1661.

The enterprise began badly. The two brothers-in-law had to get permission from the French Governor of Quebec to start upon their new venture. But the Governor was a grasping man and made such hard terms that rather than accept them Radisson and Chouart determined to start secretly. Sending some Indians up the river to await them, they tricked the sentry and stole away at night. Soon after joining the Indians, they found that they were being watched by the dreaded Iroquois. The journey up the Ottawa River was one of great peril and hardship, and by the time they reached Lake Nipissing they were almost starving. So little food had they that one day one of the Indians who saw a beaver pop its head out of the water dived after it from the canoe to the bottom of the lake, and brought it up in his arms, careless of the bites he might suffer from its sharp, strong teeth.

From Lake Nipissing the travellers passed on

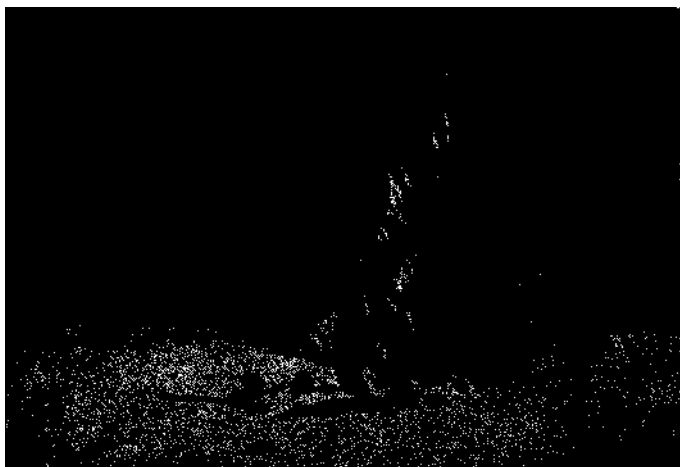
to Lake Huron, and from Lake Huron to Lake Superior. The winter was spent round the western end of Superior, and was a time of famine both for the Frenchmen and for the Indian tribes among whom they lived. The cold was intense. The earth was frozen two or three feet deep. In the forest the trees were so heavily laden with snow that it seemed as though the sun were eclipsed. Food failed. Everybody had to live on roots. They were forced to eat even their dogs, and a man counted himself happy if he could have the bones which others had boiled two or three times already. They were even reduced to boiling the skins used for making shoes and leggings.

At last the weather improved and they were able to kill some game. The time of scarcity was followed by a great feast, attended by many tribes, and the traders promised the Crees that when spring came they would join them on the north side of the lake, to make the long journey to Hudson's Bay. While preparing for this journey, Radisson met with an accident. He and Chouart were hauling some heavy sledges. The snow and ice were beginning to thaw, and Radisson's sledge stuck fast. In trying to move it he strained his leg so badly that he could not walk or even stand. Chouart hurried on to fetch help from a neighbouring village, and Radisson was carried to an Indian wigwam. For a week he was in great pain, unable to rest day or night, but gradually the leg grew stronger.

Presently Chouart went ahead to make arrangements, while Radisson followed with the Indians. For a day or two he kept up with them, then the leg became bad again; he could only hobble

along, and the Indians left him to manage as best he could by himself. Struggling on alone, he came one evening to a deserted wigwam, and after lighting a fire and eating a scanty meal he lay down to sleep. In his exhaustion he had not been as careful as usual. Suddenly he woke up to find the wigwam in flames, and he had only just time to fling his things outside and escape himself into the darkness and snow. On the fifth day he thought he heard a wolf howling, and stopped short in his tracks, with straining eyes and ears. To his relief he saw an Indian coming towards him. It was this man's call that he had heard. A party of friendly Indians were out looking for him, and soon he was in camp with his brother-in-law.

The time had come to keep the appointment with the Cree Indians on the north side of Lake Superior. There was still ice on the lake and the



HE WOKE TO FIND THE WIGWAM IN FLAMES.

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crossing- was attended by great danger; but Radisson and Chouart arrived safely. They and the Crees started on their journey. They went by way of "the great river" and "came to the seaside, where we finde an old house all demoUished and battered with bouulletts." Radisson wrote the story of his travels in English, which was a foreign language to him. It is sometimes difficult to know what he means, both on that account and because he does not always explain clearly where he went. Some geographers have doubted whether the "seaside" he mentions was really Hudson's Bay, but others feel sure that he did get there in 1662, and certain it is that he went there afterwards. This is how it became about.

After many adventures Radisson and Chouart returned through the Great Lakes to the St. Lawrence, laden once more with a rich stock of furs. But the Governor of Quebec had not forgotten that they had started without permission, and he imposed such heavy fines on them that in disgust they transferred their services to the English. It was largely owing to their activities that the famous Hudson's Bay Company was founded in 1670, and Radisson assisted in establishing some of its earliest trading stations. But he quarrelled with the English as he had done with the French, and shifted backwards and forwards, now in the service of one, now in the service of the other. His narrative ends with the year 1684. At that time he was again in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, but he closes with a complaint that the members were jealous of him. Of his later life nothing is known.

IV. WITH LA SALLE DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI

WHERE the River Seine winds with many a lazy turn through the plain of Normandy on its way to the English Channel, there was born in the year 1643, in the cathedral town of Rouen, a boy named Rene Robert Cavelier. His parents were wealthy, and from one of the family estates he took the further name, Sieur de la Salle. He received a good education, and showed a special aptitude for mathematics and the sciences of those days. He was a devout Roman Catholic, and at one time he seemed likely to follow the example of an elder brother who had entered the priesthood.

This brother was sent to Canada, and La Salle did indeed follow in his footsteps—not, however, as a priest, but as an explorer, fired with the ambition to extend the French empire in the New World. Despite all the journeyings of missionaries and fur-traders up the St. Lawrence and among the Great Lakes, no one had yet found the Western Way—the way leading to China and the East Indies which Cartier and Champlain had sought in vain. The explorer who could find that would cover himself with glory and would make the already splendid empire of the French King,



George Philip & Son, Ltd

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE "WITH LA SALLE DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI."

Louis XIV, more splendid yet. It was a daring ambition, but La Salle had many of the qualities required by the man who would dare to pursue it. He was quiet and reserved, but his curious, bison-like profile, the proud curve of his lips, his high forehead and dark flashing eyes told of a high spirit and dogged determination, while his sturdy frame betokened a strong constitution and great powers of endurance.

La Salle began his career in the New World in 1666, when he was twenty-three years of age. He obtained from the Church a large grant of land on the north bank of the St. Lawrence, about eight miles above Montreal, and set to work to develop it with a small company of settlers. But from the first he had other plans. To fit himself for his great quest he studied seven or eight Indian languages and dialects. For the time being there was peace between the French and the Iroquois, and one day a roving band of these Indians, while enjoying La Salle's hospitality, told him of a river to the south of the Great Lakes that flowed into a distant sea—a river so long that to reach its mouth required a journey of eight or nine months. Could this be the way to the Pacific Ocean—the Western Way that Cartier and Champ-lain had tried to find ?

So eager was La Salle to settle the question that he sold his land. With the proceeds he fitted out canoes, hired men, and set off on his voyage of discovery in the summer of 1669. As far as Lake Ontario he travelled with a party of missionary priests, and with them he spent several weeks around its shores. Then the two parties separated, the missionaries going westward through the

Great Lakes, while La Salle went in search of the wondrous river of which he had heard. His men deserted him, and some of them, returning to Montreal, gave to his old settlement the nickname *La Chine*, in mockery of his dream of a Western Way to China. The name survived, and to-day Lachine and the Lachine rapids are known throughout the world.

Neither desertion nor ridicule could turn La Salle from his purpose. He made his way south to the Ohio, or Beautiful, River, and in the next year or two explored much country south of the lakes, probably including the headstreams of the Illinois River. His diary of these years is missing, and the precise extent of his discoveries is not known. But he soon came to the conclusion that the river of which he had been told did not flow into the Pacific Ocean.

Apart from La Salle's own discoveries, another French explorer, Louis Joliet, led an expedition in 1673 far down the unknown river, now so famous as the Mississippi. From Green Bay, in Lake Michigan, Joliet and his companions passed up the Fox River, made the portage (that is, carried overland the canoes and baggage) to the tranquil waters of the Wisconsin River, and paddled down that stream to the Mississippi. On and on they went—past the mouth of the Missouri, past the mouth of the Ohio, on to the mouth of the Arkansas, more than a thousand miles from where they had embarked on the Wisconsin. At this point, Joliet turned back. We know now that he was still 700 miles **from** the mouth **of** the Mississippi. **He did not know for** certain where it went: but its course

encouraged no hope of its flowing into the Western Sea.

La Salle had read how one of the old Spanish explorers, De Soto, about the year 1540, had journeyed inland from the coast of Florida till he came to a great river flowing south. De Soto himself had died, but his followers descended the river and found that it issued into the Gulf of Mexico. Putting two and two together, La Salle had little doubt that the great river of which he had heard from the Iroquois, whose upper tributaries he had begun to explore, and whose main stream Joliet had followed down to the Arkansas, was really the river which De Soto had discovered. If so, his hope of finding in it a Western Way to China was indeed only a dream.

But La Salle was not a man to sit down under disappointment. He found scope for his energy and enterprise in a new idea. Though the Western Way was still to seek, the Mississippi opened up new prospects more than vast enough for any one man. He would try to secure for France the whole of its basin, thus hemming in the English and Dutch settlements which were beginning to spring up along the east coast of North America. To the expansion of "New England" he would oppose on the west the barrier of a mightier "New France," extending from the lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

It was a different ambition from that with which La Salle had come to Canada, but not less immense. It made him enemies even among his own countrymen, and though his friends supported him with money and he had the support of the Count de Frontenac, a famous Governor of

Canada, several "years passed before he was in a position to advance into the new kingdom of his dreams.

During these years La Salle paid two visits to France. On his first visit, in 1674-75, he was raised to noble rank and given the grant of a fort (which he named Fort Frontenac) on the shores of Lake Ontario, where the town of Kingston now stands. There he spent two years, looking after his interests; then again he went to France for the winter of 1677-78, and this time he obtained the King's permission to carry out explorations and build forts in "the western parts of New France, through which, to all appearance, a way may be found to Mexico."

Armed with this royal authority and the financial support of his friends, La Salle returned to Canada in the summer of 1678 with a band of followers over thirty strong. One of these, an Italian officer named Tonty, had lost a hand in the Sicilian wars, and beneath his glove he concealed, literally, an iron hand—as disorderly people found to their cost! A brave man and devoted friend, he was to prove himself La Salle's main support in the difficult task that awaited them.

The difficulties soon came crowding thick and fast, testing all La Salle's courage and strength of purpose. The preparations for his great enterprise kept him some time at Quebec, and it was December before he and Tonty arrived at Fort Frontenac. Leaving again almost at once, he sailed across Lake Ontario to the Niagara River, **where an advance party had already built a log house.** From there the baggage was carried laboriously up the heights to the river above the



• NIAGARA FALLS. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM TH

• an idea of the size of the Falls, note the steamer in the lower left-hand

Niagara Falls. It was La Salle's intention to build on the upper river a ship in which he could sail westward through the lakes in the following summer. But meanwhile his ship on Lake Ontario had been wrecked by a careless pilot, and valuable supplies and stores had been lost; so while Tonty superintended the building of the new vessel above the falls, La Salle and two men with a dog sledge returned to Fort Frontenac, a distance of 250 miles. It was the depth of winter, with snow in the forests and ice on the lake. The only food they had was a bag of parched corn. This they finished before the end of the journey, and for two days they had nothing to eat.

At the fort La Salle found fresh trouble. His enemies had spread alarming reports, and his creditors, fearing that the expedition would end in disaster, had laid claim to all his property. Summer was well advanced before he could get away again with fresh equipment and supplies, but when at length he arrived at the camp on the upper Niagara he had the satisfaction of seeing, moored in mid-stream, a vessel of forty-five tons. She was the ship built under Tonty's direction, the *Griffin*. Soon all was ready for the voyage. The great adventure was about to begin.

* * * * *

One day in August, 1679, the Indian village near the mission church on the straits of Michilimackinac, leading from Lake Huron to Lake Michigan, was thrown into a fever of excitement. Far away on the eastern horizon, where the waters opened on Lake Huron, was seen a sight that had never been seen by human eyes on that **lake before**—a ship in full sail. The priests knew **who**



FOR THE FIRST TIME ON THOSE WATERS A SHIP WAS SEEN.

was coming, and so did the fur-traders who had settled round the mission. An advance party of La Salle's men had arrived some months before, and told of his plans. As the *Griffin* drew near the shore a cannon was discharged on board as a salute. Then La Salle and his company disembarked in state and marched to the Jesuit chapel to hear mass. La Salle knelt in a scarlet cloak embroidered with gold; about him were his men—blacksmiths, ship's carpenters, soldiers, black-robed priests and fur-traders—and, looking on with astonished gaze, the dark-faced Indians.

At the mission the explorer heard bad news. Some of the men of his advance party were unfaithful and had decamped, taking his trading goods with them. Sending Tonty after the deserters, La Salle himself continued his voyage through the straits into Lake Michigan. At

Green Bay he found some faithful members of the advance party, and from there in mid-September he sent the *Griffin* back to Niagara, laden with the furs which they had collected. Afterwards she was to return through Lakes Erie and Huron to Lake Michigan and follow him to the southern end of it. With him he kept fourteen men, including three priests, a carpenter and blacksmiths, and a Mohegan Indian who followed La Salle with dog-like devotion. The party travelled in four canoes which, in addition to their human burden, were heavily laden with guns, hatchets, tools, a forge, and other stores.

The voyage to the end of the lake was as far as from London to Penzance. It was no pleasure trip. At the outset the explorers were overtaken by a tempest which threatened to swamp them, and which kept them stormbound for five days. When they were able to start again, fierce storms continued to beset their course, and they were glad of what shelter they could find in the dripping forest which bordered the lake. Provisions began to give out. A handful of corn had to last them all day. Each night they had to run their canoes through the breakers, haul them up the steep banks, and, wet as they were, fling themselves on the ground to sleep. But always watch had to be kept, in case of attack by wild beasts or savages.

They were gladdened at last by the sight of three eagles circling high in the air; they knew that a carcase lay below. Tracing their way to the spot they found a dead deer half devoured by wolves. From that day the Mohegan, who was a skilled hunter, supplied them with venison **and bear's flesh in plenty. But there were other**

troubles in store. On the soft wet sand of the shore they found the fresh imprint of a human foot. They suspected that hostile Indians might be lying in wait for them. A watch was kept, and sure enough the sentry discovered a party creeping towards them under cover of the high bank of the shore. On being challenged the Indians came forward, offering friendship and saying that they had feared La Salle's party were Iroquois.

After some talk the visitors departed, and then one of the Frenchmen found that his coat had been stolen. Out went La Salle, pistol in hand, until he met a young savage whom he took captive and led back to camp. Again he sallied out, found the Indian encampment, and told the chief that the coat must be returned or the captive would be killed. Unfortunately the Indians could not return the coat; it had already been divided among several members of the tribe. After taking counsel together they determined to try to rescue their comrade. Upon La Salle and his fourteen men there advanced through the woods a hundred and twenty screeching savages. But the resolute bearing of the Frenchmen made the attackers pause. Neither side really wanted to fight. They began to parley, and presently some furs were offered and accepted in place of the stolen coat.

Passing round the southern end of Lake Michigan, La Salle came on November 1st to the mouth of the St. Joseph River, where he had arranged to meet Tonty. The Italian had not arrived, and while waiting for him La Salle employed his men in building a rough fort. Three weeks passed before Tonty appeared. He had

coasted down the east side of the lake, and, like La Salle, had endured many hardships and dangers. Of the *Griffin* he had neither seen nor heard anything, and La Salle felt very anxious about her. But he could wait no longer. December had already set in when the re-united party—thirty-three strong, in eight canoes—ascended the St. Joseph River, whence they were to make the portage to one of the headstreams of the Illinois River. Once there, they would be in the basin of the mighty Mississippi, the goal of their endeavours.

In the absence of the Mohegan on a hunting trip, the party missed the trail between the two rivers, and when La Salle landed to look for it, he lost himself in the forest. Without food or compass, and blinded by the snow which had now begun to fall, he wandered aimlessly all day. Towards night he saw the light of a camp-fire. Stealing towards it he found no one there, but in the long grass was the impress of a human form, and the place was still warm. La Salle called out into the darkness in several Indian dialects, inviting the last occupier to return. As there was no answer he called out again that he was going to occupy the place himself, and with amazing courage he lay down quietly by the fire and fell asleep. The next day he was able to make his way back to his anxious followers.

With the help of the Mohegan the right trail was found, and after a long tramp over quaking, marshy ground the travellers came to a tiny thread of stream winding through a vast treeless plain. It was just wide enough to take their canoes ; ,at a distance they looked like men sailing on the

DOWN THE &

land. Now they began to bones of buffaloes upon the plain. Once they found a live one stuck in the mud where he had come down to drink, and so they were provided with food.

The stream had soon widened, and presently it began to flow between wooded hills, which here and there came down to the river in great cliffs. As they paddled on they saw, grouped along the western bank, the lodges of an Indian town. It was the chief settlement of the Illinois Indians, but at this time of the year it was empty ; everyone was away for the winter hunting. La Salle knew of the Indian habit of making *caches*, or hiding places for their corn, and when one of these was found he took sufficient for the needs of his men, who had been on short commons; but he was careful to leave hatchets and knives and other things in payment.

At the beginning of January, 1680, the party reached a place where the Illinois River widened into a lake, Lake Peoria. On coming to the southern end of this lake, where the river narrowed again, they saw, rising above the distant trees, a thin pillar of smoke. Gliding noiselessly with the current past a bend in the river they suddenly found themselves in the midst of a village built on both banks. La Salle gave orders to his men to paddle boldly on, and to land with guns loaded and ready for action. At once all was tumult. The Indian braves yelled and laid their arrows to their bow strings ; squaws screeched and children wailed. La Salle stood his ground and waited. Rallying from their first fright the Indians at last came forward, holding out the calumet, or pipe of

peace, and fear and suspicion gave place to friendliness and feasting.

Early next morning, while his men lay sleeping, La Salle saw an Indian chief stealing towards the camp fire. He had come in friendship to warn the Frenchmen that treachery was at work. On the previous night an Indian messenger sent by La Salle's enemies had arrived in the village to tell the chiefs that he was stirring up the Iroquois against their tribe, and that they must prevent him from going farther. When La Salle met the chiefs later that morning he could see by their looks that their feelings were changed towards him. But using his knowledge of what had happened he described to them the incident of the previous night so accurately that they placed their hands over their mouths in astonishment and cried out that he was a great *manitou*, or spirit. They were still suspicious, but he was permitted to build a fort on the banks of the Illinois a little below the village.

La Salle had trouble not only with the Indians but with his own men, who were discontented with their present lot and fearful of future dangers. So little heart had some of them for the exploration before them that they deserted. By personal example he persuaded the others to begin to build the vessel in which he hoped to sail down the Mississippi. But he lacked the equipment and stores which he had ordered by the *Griffin*. Until **now** he had hoped to hear that she was safe, and that the things he wanted were being sent after **him** from Lake Michigan. But no news of any kind reached him. Nothing definite about the *Griffin* was, indeed, ever heard again; probably

she was wrecked in the storms that swept over Lake Michigan immediately after her departure from Green Bay.

What was La Salle to do? It was heart-breaking not to go forward after all he had endured, but he could not hope to carry out his plans without further supplies. He decided that he himself would go back all the weary way to Fort Frontenac, leaving the faithful Tonty in charge of the new fort on the Illinois—Fort Crevecoeur (*Heartbreak*) as he called it. Accompanied by four Frenchmen and the Mohegan hunter, he started on March 1st. The little party had two canoes, but Lake Peoria was frozen over, and they travelled along the shore dragging the canoes on rough sledges which they made for the purpose. Beyond the lake they pushed slowly upstream—now breaking a way for the canoes through the thin ice; now tramping knee-deep in soft snow



THEY DRAGGED THE CANOES ALONG ON ROUGH SLEDGES.

through the woods; now, after a hard frost, gliding along on snow-shoes; and now again, after rain, paddling their canoes in the swollen river, which was filled with drifting blocks of ice.

After more than a fortnight of this toilsome travel, the conditions along the river became so difficult that La Salle hid the canoes and struck across country for the southern end of Lake Michigan. The way lay across the prairie, now in a half-thawed condition, its surface muddy and slippery under a cloak of dirty, melting snow. For a week the travellers struggled through this morass; then, on March 24th, they reached the log-house they had built on the southward journey, while encamped on Lake Michigan at the mouth of the St. Joseph. Here two of La Salle's men who had been left behind could only confirm his fears by telling him that nothing had been heard of the *Griffin*; so again the little party set off across country, this time making for Lake Erie.

Describing their experiences, La Salle wrote: " We continued our march through the woods, which were so interlaced with thorns and brambles that in two days and a half our clothes were all torn, and our faces so covered with blood that we hardly knew each other. On March 28th we found the woods more open and began to fare better, meeting a good deal of game, which after this rarely failed us ; so that we no longer carried provisions with us, but made a meal of roast meat wherever we happened to kill a deer, bear, or turkey. These are the choicest feasts on a journey like this; and till now we had generally gone without them, so that we had often walked all day without breakfast."

But if food was more plentiful, so were the dangers from Indians. The travellers were now in the borderland between several Indian "nations," whose warriors were often on the war-path. One evening, to quote La Salle again, "having made our fire by the edge of the prairie, we were surrounded by a band of Indians ; but as the man on guard waked us, and we posted ourselves behind trees with our guns, these savages took us for Iroquois, and thinking that there must be a great many of us because we did not travel secretly, as they do when in small bands, they ran off."

So, with adventures of many kinds, La Salle pursued his way to Lake Erie, fashioned a new canoe, skirted the shore of the lake to the Niagara River, passed from there down to Lake Ontario, and at length reached Fort Frontenac on May 6th, In just over two months he had travelled about 1,000 miles, under conditions of hardship and danger which had broken down his companions and tested to the full even his iron strength and powers of endurance. Now, at the end of the journey, he found trouble piled on trouble. Not only was the *Griffin* lost, but a ship bringing a valuable cargo for him from France had been wrecked in the mouth of the St. Lawrence ; men sent out to help him had been turned back by his enemies, and canoes laden with furs belonging to him had capsized in the St. Lawrence.

Hastening to Montreal La Salle succeeded, in spite of these losses, in securing the supplies he needed ; then, returning to Fort Frontenac, he made ready for the long journey back to Fort CHvecceto, on the Illinois River, whew he **had**

left the main party under Tonty. Alas ! Just as he was about to start he received, on July 22nd, a letter from Tonty which dashed his hopes to the ground. Tonty reported that most of the men who had been left at Fort Creveceur had deserted after destroying the fort; he himself, with the few who remained faithful, was staying on the Illinois River, in the Indian town which had been deserted when the expedition passed south in the previous winter.

Hard on the heels of this letter, word came to La Salle that the deserters had returned to Lake Ontario, plundering the other forts on the way, and that a dozen of them were advancing on Fort Frontenac with the intention of murdering him. Here was a danger to be met at once. Sallying forth with only nine men, La Salle took the deserters by surprise and captured all but two of them, who were killed. Their treachery was a grievous blow to him, but it did not keep him from going to the Illinois River again. Tonty had still to be succoured, and the Mississippi had still to be descended to the sea. So forward, ever forward ! Difficulties were made to be overcome !

La Salle left Fort Frontenac for this second attempt on August 10th, 1680. He had with him twenty-five men, and this time he did not proceed *via* Niagara and Lake Erie but travelled from Lake Ontario to Georgian Bay, in Lake Huron. Pushing on from there to Lake Michigan he reached the plundered fort at the mouth of the St. Joseph on November 4th, and so continued by the old route to the Illinois River. What a difference since he was there in March ! **Then the country was still in the grip of winter; how the**



By courtesy of the British Museum, from the portfolio of drawings by the Swiss artist Charles Bodmer, illustrating Prince Maximilian of Wied's "Reise durch Nord America."

INDIANS HUNTING BUFFALOES IN THE MIDDLE WEST.

plains were alive with buffaloes. The hunters of the party killed twelve buffaloes in three days, as well as deer, geese, and swans. But when La Salle came to the great town of the Illinois Indians where he expected to find Tonty, he saw that it was not only deserted again, but devastated; the Iroquois had been there, burning the lodges and desecrating the graves of the dead.

A feverish search among the ruins showed no trace of Tonty and his companions. Continuing the journey down the Illinois River at top speed with a few picked men, La Salle passed the remains of Fort Crevecoeur and hurried on to where the Illinois joins the Mississippi, some 250 miles below the devastated town. On the way he had abundant evidence of the savage

warfare which the Iroquois had waged, but nowhere was there any sign of Tonty. So, though he had reached the Mississippi at last, he did not linger, but, turning round, he and his men impelled their canoe up the Illinois so vigorously that they reached the Indian town again in four or five days.

Retracing his way from there more slowly, La Salle came in the New Year, 1681, to a point where the river was joined by a northern head-stream of the Illinois, and advancing up this a little he was rejoiced to find a sawn piece of wood, which suggested that Tonty had passed that way. With this gleam of hope, La Salle made his way back to the fort on Lake Michigan, at the mouth of the St. Joseph River. The next few months were spent there, and in journeyings among the Indian tribes for the purpose of making friends with them and banding them together against the Iroquois. Then, in May, he went north to the Straits of MichiUmackinac, and there at last he found Tonty, who related to his friend and captain how, after many adventures with the Iroquois during their attack on the Illinois, he had been expelled by them from the town and had made his way back to the northern end of Lake Michigan.

During the summer of 1681 La Salle and his trusty lieutenant returned to Fort Frontenac, and La Salle again visited Montreal to secure fresh credit and supplies. Again he was successful, and by the early autumn he had organised another expedition ; for the third time and in the third successive year **he** set his face towards the Mississippi.

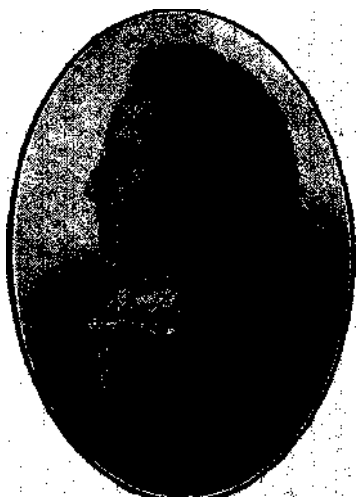
It was within a few days **of Christmas when the members of the expedition left the fort on the**

St. Joseph, at the southern end of Lake Michigan, to make their way to the Illinois. They were a large party—twenty-three Frenchmen and thirty-one Indians, including thirteen Indian women and children—and this time La Salle tried a new route. Crossing the lake in canoes to the Chicago River, the party ascended that stream and made the portage to the northern branch of the Illinois, which Tonty had ascended. Now it was frozen over, and they had to drag the canoes behind them as they passed along it.

La Salle had given up the idea of building a special vessel for the voyage down the Mississippi, and on reaching open water below Lake Peoria the travellers embarked in the canoes and pushed straight on down the Illinois to its junction with the main river. The Mississippi,

which was reached on February 6th, 1682, was full of floating ice, and for a week the expedition waited, till the course was clearer.

Towards the evening of the day on which they resumed the voyage they encountered, flowing in from the west, a vast flood of yellow water. It was the Missouri, greatest of all the affluents of the Mississippi, and larger even than the **upper**



From Shea's "Exploration of the Mississippi Valley," by courtesy of Joseph McDonough Co., Albany, N.Y.

LA. SALLE.

Mississippi itself. At the confluence, the mud borne down by this rushing torrent from the mountains in the far West discoloured the clear waters of the Mississippi, and its current was swollen to the proportions of a mighty river—one of the mightiest in the world.

A few days later the travellers passed the mouth of the Ohio, flowing in from the east, and on February 24th they came to some bluffs, or cliffs, on the same side of the river, where they encamped while the hunters went in search of game. One of them failed to return, and for over a week his companions scoured the woods for him. Then he staggered into camp, more dead than alive ; he had lost his way and had been wandering about all the time. To make up to him for his sufferings, a rough fort which had been built in his absence was named after him, Fort Prudhomme, and he was left in command of it with a few men.

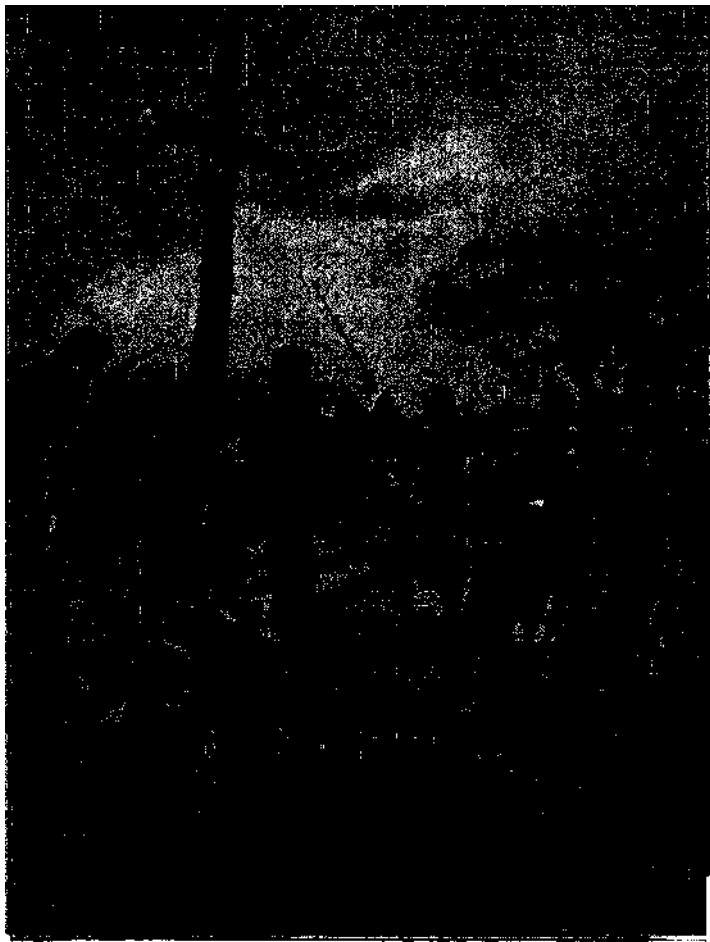
The others continued the voyage through low swampy country, in which the river made many a twist and turn, yet ever, on the whole, pursued its way southwards. And now the combined effects of this southward advance and the approach of spring were seen in the budding plants and trees, and were felt in the genial warmth of the atmosphere. One day in the middle of March, as the voyagers drew near the mouth of the Arkansas River, they were enveloped in a dense fog. Through it came the muffled boom of an Indian war drum, and La Salle, hurriedly seeking the farther shore, set his men to throw up a rough defence of logs. When the fog cleared, an Indian town was seen across the river. The Indians were quite willing to be friends, after La Salle had

offered them the pipe of peace, and they not only feasted the strangers but provided them with guides to accompany them down the river.

Eagerly La Salle pressed forward along this new section of the river. He was now beyond the farthest point reached by Joliet, who, it will be remembered, had passed down the Mississippi as far as the mouth of the Arkansas in 1673. League after league and day after day the explorers paddled on, and still the great river poured its huge volume of water southward. About 300 miles beyond the Arkansas their guides told them that there was an important Indian town, the town of the Taensas Indians, to the west of the river, and Tonty was sent with a small party to visit it.

The way lay through a swamp and then across a lake. The town was different from anything they had seen before. A large open space was surrounded by square, dome-topped huts. The walls were made of mud and straw, and the roofs of bent cane. One building of outstanding size was a Temple of the Sun, and another was the dwelling of the chief, who was held in great reverence as a demi-god. He received the visitors in state, attended by sixty venerable counsellors, and showed himself very friendly. He honoured La Salle by returning the visit in person. Messengers were sent ahead of him to prepare the way and announce his coming, and when he reached the camp there walked in front of him two white-robed attendants waving large fans, and a third carrying a great copper disc, polished till it shone like the sun.

Other tribes related to these Sun Indians were



From the coloured plate reproducing an original painting by T. de Thulstrup, in Professor Aide Fortier's "A History of Louisiana," published by Manzi, Joyant and Co., Successors, New York.

LA SALLE TAKING POSSESSION OF LOUISIANA.

visited as the explorers advanced down the river. On March 31st, in foggy weather, they passed the mouth of the Red River. Three days later they came upon some fishermen, who at sight of them turned their canoes and fled. A landing was made to reconnoitre, but as the men struggled along the swampy shores they were greeted with a shower of arrows, and La Salle, wishing to avoid hostilities, ordered the men back to the boats.

They were nearing the end of their long voyage. On April 6th they came to a place where the river divided into three channels, and passing down these in three parties the explorers met again on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. There, on April 9th, 1682, La Salle crowned his marvellous perseverance by erecting a great cross bearing the arms of France and inscribed with the name of Louis XIV. As it was raised into position he proclaimed in a loud voice that he took possession, in the King's name, of all the country comprised in the basin of the Mississippi; and this vast region he named Louisiana.

In spite of this success, little came of La Salle's great schemes for a new French empire in the west. He himself, on a later expedition which he made by sea to the Gulf of Mexico, met his death by treachery. One of his followers, who bore him a grudge, made a plot against him and shot him dead. This was in 1687. Every one of the conspirators met with a violent end. But the name of La Salle stands out among explorers as that of one of the most hardy and intrepid, one of the most determined and ambitious, that the world has ever known.

V. WITH LA VERENDRYE ACROSS THE PRAIRIES

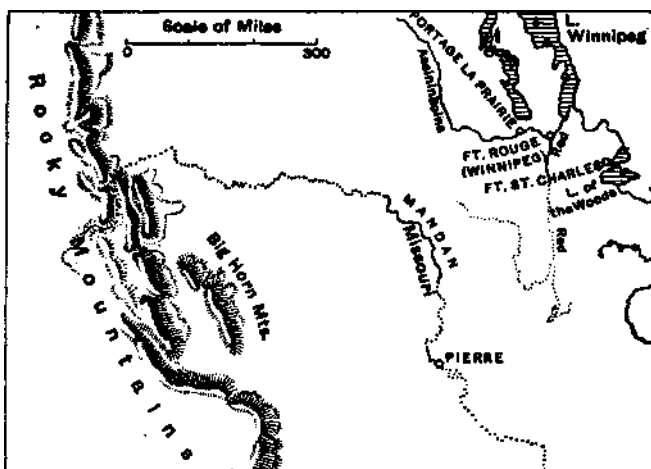
PIEBBE DE LA VERENDRYE, who takes high place among the explorers of the Western Way, was different in one respect from Cartier, Champlain, Radisson, and La Salle. They had all been born in France ; La Verendrye was Canadian by birth. His father was Governor of the district around Three Rivers, the chief settlement on the St. Lawrence between Quebec and Montreal; and there he himself was born in 1685, two years before La Salle's death.

From the first he breathed the air of adventure. Often, when the day's work was over, men would gather round the great log fires and would speak of the perils of forest and flood, and of the still more ghastly dangers from human foes that awaited unwary travellers. Sometimes, when La Salle's name cropped up, or when a fur-trader had come back from the Lakes, they would talk of the unknown West, which stretched beyond the farthest range of explorer and trader, hemming in the French settlements and outposts like a wall of mystery. What lay beyond ? How far was it to the shores of the Pacific ? Was there **any** Western Way for trade with China ?

Few took any active interest in these old questions—most of the settlers had enough to

do to make a living and defend their homes. As yet young Pierre had no such responsibilities, and he was fired with the ambition to become an explorer. He found, however, as others have found, that his dreams did not fit in with his circumstances. He was one of a large family, of gentle birth but no great wealth, and at the age of twelve he was entered as a cadet in the army. In 1702 the War of the Spanish Succession broke out in Europe, with England and France on opposite sides. As a consequence there was fighting between the British and French colonies, and La Verendrye soon had plenty of experience of the hardships and horrors of frontier warfare, in which the forces of both parties were aided by Indian allies.

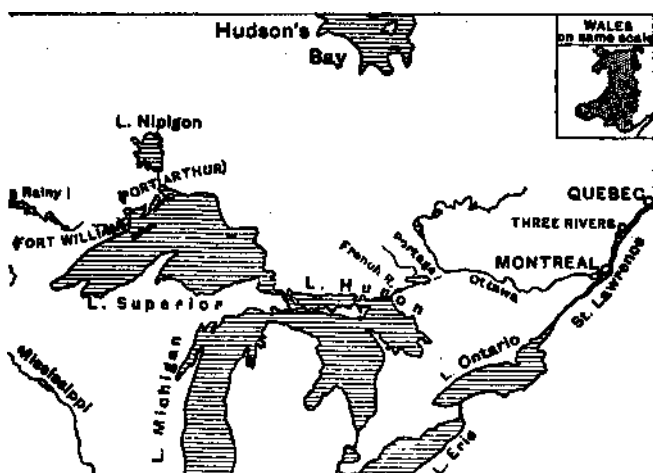
After five years he joined the French army in Europe, and in 1709, in the fierce fighting at the battle of Malplaquet, he was wounded in nine places and left for dead on the field. Eventually he recovered and was promoted to be lieutenant, but advancement in the army was slow, and in 1711—the war being nearly over—he returned to Canada. For a time he remained in the colonial forces, then he left the army and took charge of a trading post near the St. Lawrence. He **had** married on his return from Europe, and as the years went by four sturdy sons were born to him. It seemed as if he were like others who had abandoned their early ambitions amid the cares of family life. But La Verendrye was of a different stamp. In middle life he still cherished his dreams, and when, in 1726, he was offered the command of a trading post on Lake Nipigon, north of **Lake Superior**, he jumped at the **opportunity**.



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE LA VERENDRYES TRAVELS: WESTERN HALF.

To this post there came one day an Indian who said that he had made a long journey in the direction of the setting sun. After many days he had come to a lake, out of which a river flowed in the same direction, and this he had followed to a point where the water ebbed and flowed. Savage tribes blocked the way to its mouth, but he had heard that it emptied into "the Great Water which was not fit to drink," where ships came and went, and on whose shores dwelt men who rode on horseback and wore armour.

La Wrendrye did not know how much of this to believe, but the tale took such a hold upon him that he determined to see for himself whether it were true. Back he went to Quebec to organise an expedition. The Governor-General was friendly, but he could not get any **money from France to pay for the expedition.** All that



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MAP TO ILLUSTRATE LA VERENDRYE'S TRAVELS : EASTERN HALF.

the King would do was to give La Verendrye sole permission to trade in furs beyond the Great Lakes, and to carry on the work of discovery out of the profits. Armed with this privilege, the explorer bargained with the merchants of Montreal that they should fit out an expedition for him and he would build trading forts west of Lake Superior and send back to them all the furs he obtained.

It was an eager party that set off from Montreal in a fleet of large, well-stocked canoes in June, **1731**. Besides La Verendrye, then in his forty-sixth year, there were three of his sons, Jean, Pierre, and Frangois ; his nephew, La Jemeraye ; and a party of some fifty soldiers, boatmen, and hunters. The way lay up the Ottawa River, thence by portage to the French River, and so down to Lake Huron and on to Lake Superior.

It was a long and toilsome journey, and August was drawing to a close before the voyagers reached the place where the twin cities of Port Arthur and Fort William now stand. La Verendrye wanted to go on to Rainy Lake before winter set in, but that could only be reached by a long and difficult portage, and when he gave the order to advance his men turned mutinous.

At length it was arranged that some of the men should go forward with La Jemeraye and young Jean de la Verendrye, while the leader spent the winter with the others on the shores of Lake Superior. This plan worked well. In the spring of 1732 Jemeraye returned to his uncle with a glowing report of the conditions to the west of Lake Superior. He had built a fort on Rainy Lake amid woods full of game and waters teeming with fish ; and he brought back with him a rich cargo of furs. Thus encouraged, the main party under La Verendrye moved forward to Rainy Lake, and from there pushed on to the Lake of the Woods, attended by a large fleet of Indian canoes. Lake of the Woods—otherwise known as Lake of the Isles, because of the many wooded islands which divide its surface into narrow winding channels—also offered good hunting and fishing, and here another fort, named Fort St. Charles, was erected. In the following year, 1733, young Jean was sent forward again to Lake Winnipeg, and there he built a third fort.

La Verendrye had fulfilled his promise to the Montreal merchants, but the expenses of the expedition had been very heavy, and the merchants were dissatisfied with the returns they were getting. La Verendrye himself **had** to go back

in 1734 to persuade them to let him have further supplies. He spent the winter at Montreal, and painted such a glowing picture of the new country which he was opening up to trade that the merchants agreed to continue to support the expedition a little longer. Westward went the explorer at top speed with the good news, and arrived at Fort St. Charles in the late summer of 1735. The supplies he had secured travelled more slowly; when winter set in they had not arrived, and La Verendrye and his men had to go on short commons.

Worse was to follow. One day Jean arrived from Lake Winnipeg, bringing word that his cousin Jemeraye was dead. Jemeraye had been a tower of strength to the expedition. An experienced and capable traveller, as keen as La Verendrye himself, he had been unceasing in his labours, and had toiled on and on till exhausted by privation and fatigue. His death was a serious blow to La Verendrye, whose position was becoming very difficult in other ways, owing to the continued absence of supplies. It was arranged that Jean should go back to Lake Superior as soon as navigation opened and hurry along the supplies, which had been waiting there throughout the winter.

A start was made early in June, 1736, the party consisting of Jean himself, a young priest, and twenty men. At break of day the canoes sped swiftly across the Lake of the Woods. After many miles had been covered, a halt was called for breakfast on one of the wooded islands in the lake. A thin mist hung over the water, but before the canoes reached the shelter of the island

they were seen for a moment by a party of Sioux Indians who were crossing the lake in the opposite direction. The hearts of the Sioux were hot with anger against the French. They played the same part on the Western plains that the Iroquois played in the East, and were as proud as they were fierce and warlike. They had not opposed the coming of the white man, and some time previously a few of them had set out on a friendly visit to Fort Charles. On the way they had been ambushed by some Chippewa Indians, who opened fire on them and, in response to their shouts of indignant surprise, yelled back that this was the welcome that the French had for them.

It was a cruel lie, but the Sioux had believed it and had withdrawn, vowing vengeance against the white man. Now, when they saw the party under Jean de la Wrendrye crossing the Lake of



THE SIOUX CREPT LIKE SNAKES THROUGH THE WOOD.

the Woods without any suspicion of danger, they rejoiced in the opportunity for revenge. Paddling gently up to the island on the side opposite to that on which the French had landed, they stole ashore and crept like snakes through the wood towards where their victims were having breakfast. Suddenly, rising to their feet, they gave their war-whoop and fired. Jean and the priest among others were killed at the first onslaught. The rest, in a panic, jumped into the lake and tried to escape by swimming, but one by one they became exhausted, sank and were drowned.

A few days later a party of friendly Indians, landing on the island, found the dead bodies of Jean and his companions and carried word of the massacre to Fort Charles. It was a terrible shock to La Verendrye. In a letter to a friend he wrote : "I have lost my son, the reverend Father, and my Frenchmen, misfortunes which I shall lament all my life." The Indians inhabiting the country around the fort, the Chippewans and the Crees, wanted him to lead them on the warpath against the Sioux, but he forbade all reprisals. To set the West aflame with war would be fatal to the hopes which he still cherished of finding a way to the Western Sea.

The supplies which had been so long awaited arrived before the news of the massacre, and with them came La Verendrye's youngest son, Louis. The work of re-organising the expedition made it impossible to start on the westward journey that summer. During the following winter the explorer visited the fort on Lake Winnipeg, but the delay had reduced his supplies again, and he

was also short-of men. In the summer of 1737 he made the long journey back to Montreal to appeal once more to the merchants who were supporting the expedition. The appeal was successful, and in 1738 he returned to Lake Winnipeg, ready at last to pursue his quest.

This time there was no delay. In September, 1738, he started up the Red River, which flows into the southern end of the lake, and followed it to the point where it is joined by the Assiniboine, coming in from the west. Here, where the city of Winnipeg now stands, La Verendrye afterwards built a fort, Fort Rouge (*rouge* is the French for *red*). First, however, he ascended the shallow stream of the Assiniboine to Portage la Prairie, and there too he built a fort.

His object now was to find a people called the Mandans. He had long heard strange tales about these people. The Indians who visited his forts told him that they were white, like the French, and wore the same sort of clothes ; they lived in strong towns, far towards the setting sun, on a great river which flowed into the ocean, and they had much wealth in horses and cattle and the fruits of the soil. Could these people be the Spaniards, who had settled on the Pacific Coast of North America?

La Verendrye knew that the Indians were inclined to tell him what they thought he wanted to hear, and he distrusted their tales about the Mandans. Still, he could not help feeling a little excited at the prospect of finding these people. The Assiniboine Indians knew about them and offered to lead him to them. One whole village packed up all its belongings and accompanied

the expedition across the prairie, southward and westward, till they came to the country of the Mandans. Then La Verendrye saw how greatly he had been deceived, for the Mandans were much the same as the other Indians of the plains. True, their villages were along the banks of a river, and as far as he could make out from them this river grew bigger and bigger till it came to a land where white men dwelt—men who wore armour and fought on horseback. But it did not seem to him as though the river were flowing in the right direction to reach the Western Sea. It was, indeed, though he did not know the fact, the upper course of the Missouri River, which mingles its waters with those of the Mississippi and so flows on, as we have seen in the story of La Salle, to the Gulf of Mexico.

The Mandans, though not greatly different in appearance from other Indian tribes known to La Verendrye, were more advanced in some respects. They lived in walled villages, with wide ramparts, and round about each, on the outside, ran a deep trench. Their dwellings were large and comfortable. Most Indians made little or no provision for the future, and were accustomed to feast during a time of plenty and then to starve. But the Mandans had underground storehouses in which they kept supplies of food for use in winter or at other times of scarcity. They also played games, including a ball game which may have been the forerunner of lacrosse. They were friendly to La Verendrye, and showed him great honour. When he entered a village they carried him shoulder high, while his son Francis marched in front, holding aloft



THEY CARRIED HIM SHOULDER HIGH.

the French flag, and his men came behind in soldierly array.

By this time it was the month of December, and La Verendrye's supplies were exhausted. He did not want to wear out his hosts' patience, and if he went forward he had no gifts for the new tribes he would meet. He decided to return to his trading posts, attend to matters there, and then once more set out in search of the Western Way. Meanwhile he would leave two of his men among the Mandans to learn their language and find out as much as possible about the country to the west of them.

The return journey was a terrible experience. The Assiniboiné Indians had already gone home, frightened by reports that the Sioux were on the war-path—reports invented by the Mandans to get rid of their Indian guests, whose numbers

were a serious tax on their-food supplies. Just as La Verendrye was ready to start he was prostrated with sickness, and when he was able to move again he suffered greatly—as did all the party—from the biting cold and the fierce storms which swept across the prairies. The Assiniboine camp was sighted on Christmas Eve, but it was February, 1739, before the explorer and his sons reached their fort on the Assiniboine river.

Back again among his trading posts, La Verendrye was plunged in trouble with the Montreal merchants, who laid claim to all his property in payment of the debts which they said were owing to them. He himself could not go West again, but in 1742 he sent his sons Pierre and Francois to make one more attempt to solve the problem of the Western Way. First they visited the Mandan Indians, with whom they had kept up an acquaintance, and whose language they now understood. The Mandans, however, could add little to their knowledge and were with difficulty persuaded to provide guides. Indeed, the brothers found, as their father had done, that it was always the next tribe which was going to bring them to their goal, but never did; so that as they advanced the goal ever receded, luring them on like some will-o'-the-wisp.

Beyond the Mandan villages, across the Missouri, the way lay through a weird region with brilliantly coloured alkaline soils arranged in mounds and pillars of blue and crimson, yellow and green. Across these "Bad Lands" of the Little Missouri, as they are called, the guides led the Frenchmen till they could hand them over to another tribe. In spite of difficulties and

disappointments the brothers pressed on till at length, towards the end of November, they came to a great camp of the Bow Indians.

Unlike the tribes to the east of the Missouri, these Indians owned riding and baggage animals—horses, asses and mules. The size of their camp was due to the fact that they were collecting their forces for an expedition against the Snake Indians. The Bow Indians, contrary to the explorers' hopes, had never been to the Western Sea ; " but," said they, " the Snake Indians live at the foot of great mountains, and if you climb these you will see the sea." Here at last seemed to be some definite news, and the brothers Verendrye joyfully accepted an invitation to join the expedition. The way was long, and at first the women and children accompanied the men, the whole tribe with all their belongings swarming across the plains in scattered array, some on horses and some on foot.

On New Year's Day, 1743, the dim outline of mountains was seen afar off. It was a notable day in the history of North American discovery. For the first time on record, white men gazed on the Rocky Mountains. The whole concourse moved forward for another week. Then the women and children were left with the old men in camp, while the warriors advanced against the Snake Indians. The Frenchmen went with them, and a few days later they were among the foothills of that section of the Rockies now known as the Big Horn Mountains. High above them rose the rocky cliffs and precipices, the dazzling snow-crowned summits of one of the most wild **and** rugged mountain chains **in** the **world**. **Just**



TOR THE FIRST TIME ON RECORD, WHITE MEN GAZED ON THE
ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

on the other side of the range, they thought, was the Western Sea they so desired to reach. They little knew that between them and that sea there still stretched nearly a thousand miles of mountainous country.

They had no chance, indeed, of learning what really lay beyond the mountain crests that towered above them, for the expedition of the Bow Indians came to an abrupt ending. Arrived at the camp of the Snake Indians, they found it empty. The effect produced on the war party by this discovery was the reverse of what might have been expected. Though their chief declared that the camp had evidently been deserted in a panic, the braves feared that the Snakes had gone to seize the women and children who had been left in the rear; and, stricken with panic themselves, they fled precipitately. Their own

camp, when they reached it, was quite safe, but all idea of attacking the Snakes was abandoned, and the expedition returned.

On their way back the brothers Verendrye, at the end of March, 1743, buried a lead plate on the banks of the Missouri, opposite to where the town of Pierre now stands, recording their visit. Frangois mentioned the fact in his journal, and testimony to his truthfulness was furnished just 170 years later, in March, 1913, when a young girl found the plate. Early in July, 1743, the brothers reached the fort on the Assiniboine, much to the relief of their father ; they had been away nearly fifteen months.

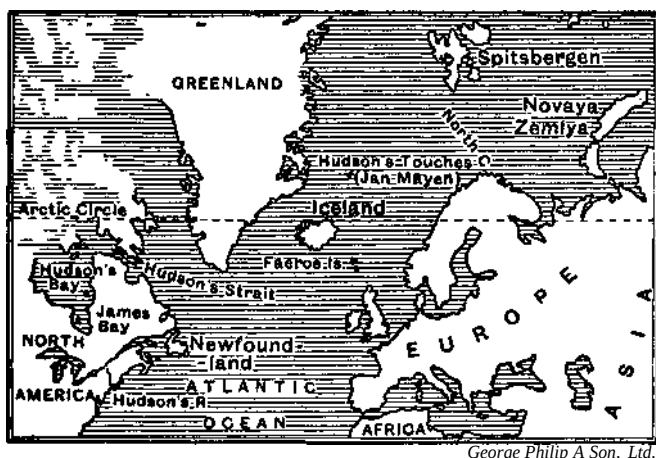
La Verendrye himself was still having trouble with the Montreal merchants. False reports were spread that he was enriching himself, and in 1746 he was recalled. Under his successor it was seen how difficult was the task of combining trade and exploration. The pendulum of official favour swung back towards La Verendrye. He was awarded a royal decoration, the Cross of St. Louis, with permission to resume his explorations, and eagerly began to plan a new expedition. But his work was done. In the middle of his preparations he was stricken with illness, and on December 6th, 1749, he died. His sons wanted to take his place, but were not allowed to do so. Others failed completely, and in the end the forts were abandoned. France had no further chance of resuming the search. In 1759 the capture of Quebec by General Wolfe brought Canada under British rule, and it was left to British and American explorers to complete the long trail across the continent.

VI - HENRY HUDSON'S VOYAGES

THE English had not been idle in North America while the French were pushing their way up the St. Lawrence and around the Great Lakes. Following Cabot's discovery of Newfoundland in 1497, the bold and hardy seamen of Western Europe—English and French, Spanish and Portuguese—began to visit its shores for the sake of the fishing in the neighbouring seas, which then as now abounded in cod. The West of England fishermen were especially prominent in this industry, and in 1583 Sir Humphrey Gilbert, acting under a commission granted to him by Queen Elizabeth, proclaimed Newfoundland to be English territory.

It was the age of Drake and Raleigh, Cavendish, Hawkins, and other great captains who sailed their ships into every sea. English explorers, as well as French and Dutch, were eager to find a northern route to the Pacific Ocean. Foremost among the seekers after such a route was Henry Hudson. We know nothing of his birth and upbringing, and all that we know of him as a man is contained in the records of four voyages that he made in the years **1607, 1608, 1609, and 1610**; but those voyages have won for him undying fame.

The first glimpse that we have of him is in



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE " HENRY HUDSON'S VOYAGES."

April, 1607, when he and his crew of ten men, with his son John, a mere lad, knelt to receive Holy Communion in the dim and ancient little church of St. Ethelburga in Bishopsgate, London, before going to sea in the *Hopewell* "to discover a passage by the North Pole to China and Japan." The money for the expedition was found by one of the greatest merchant companies of those times, the Muscovy Company, which was engaged in trade with Russia.

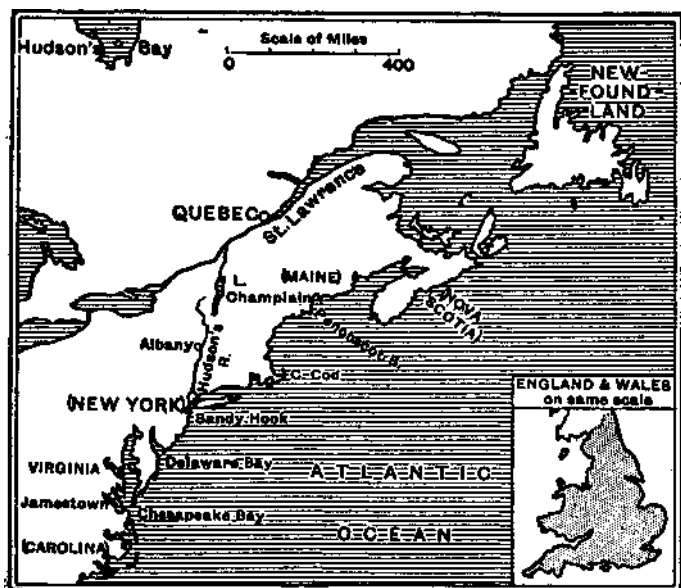
After a long battle with storm and fog, cold and ice, during which he sailed to the east coast of Greenland and from there across to Spitsbergen, Hudson had to admit defeat, and in September he was back in the River Thames. He had been to beyond latitude 80° N.; on the homeward voyage he had discovered the island of Hudson's Touches (now known as Jan Mayen); **and, what** pleased the Muscovy Company most,

he brought back word that • whales and walruses were plentiful in the northern seas.

In 1608 Hudson set out to try again to reach China, this time by way of a North-East Passage. He got as far as Novaya Zemlya, and then once more the ice blocked his way and he had to return.

After this second failure the Muscovy Company gave up the attempt to find a northern route to the Far East; but Hudson was still undaunted. The Dutch East India Company was willing to continue the search, and in the last week of March, 1609, Hudson set sail from Amsterdam in a Dutch ship, the *Half Moon*. Again he directed his course towards Novaya Zemlya, but finding the sea full of ice, and having trouble with his crew, which was partly Dutch and partly English, he turned about and set sail across the Atlantic, hoping to find a Western Way to China. On some of the old maps there was shown, in what is now the Atlantic coast of the United States, a large opening which, it was thought, might be part of a chain of waterways extending to the Pacific Ocean. That there were rivers along this coast was known from the discoveries made by French and Spanish expeditions in the previous century ; the rest was guesswork.

After calling at the Faeroe Islands at the end of May to fill his watercasks, he sailed on in a south-westerly direction. In mid-ocean the *Half Moon* lost her foremast in a storm. Early in July she reached the shallow seas known as the Newfoundland fishing banks, which stretch to the south-east and south of the island. Here a fleet of French fishing boats was sighted, but Hudson did not stay to speak to any of the fishers. **One**



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MAP TO ILLUSTRATE HUDSON'S THIRD VOYAGE.

day the crew of the *Half Moon* themselves caught 130 " great coddess " and saw " many great shoals of herrings." Often the weather was very foggy, a common experience on the fishing banks, where the Gulf Stream meets the cold Arctic currents.

On July 9th the explorers arrived off the coast of what is now the Canadian province of Nova Scotia, and a week later they came to land which is now part of the State of Maine. Here the *Half Moon* was steered into a good harbour near Penobscot Bay, and a party went ashore to cut and trim a new foremast. It was a pleasant change for men who had been nearly four months at sea. Lobsters as well as cod were plentiful. The Indians were friendly, and brought furs to

exchange for simple gifts. They were accustomed to trade with French fishermen, and some of them spoke a few words of French ; but the chronicler of Hudson's voyage says that they were not to be trusted. Unhappily, the crew of the *Half Moon* could not be trusted. When the new foremast was in position a party from the ship seized one of the Indian fishing boats and looted the Indian dwellings. Then the expedition sailed away.

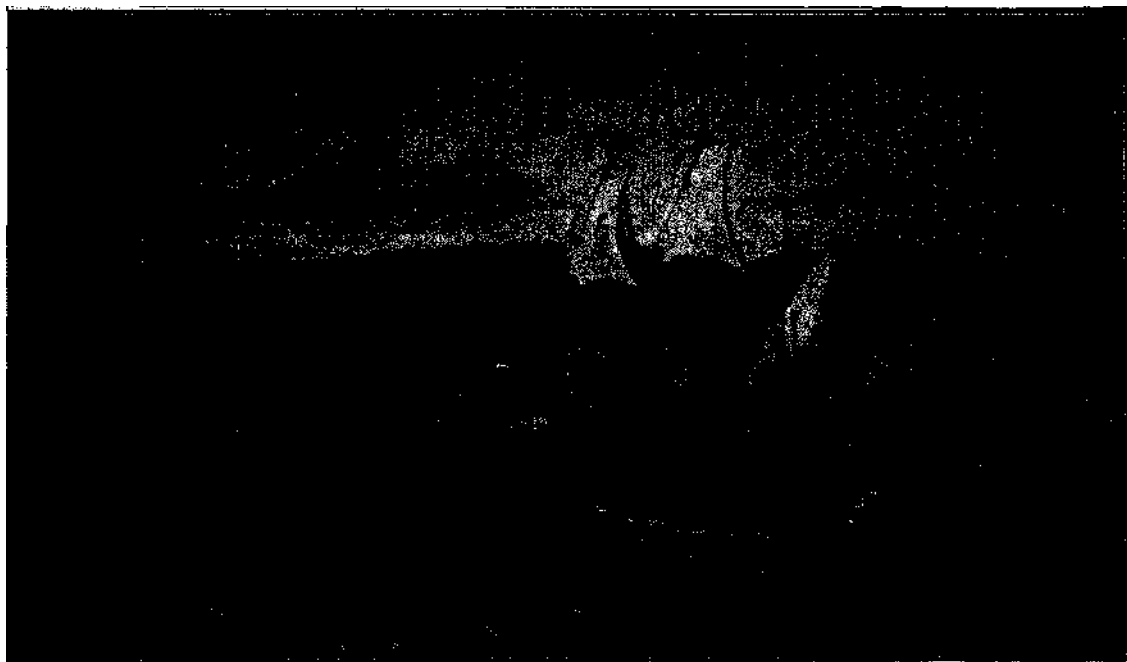
It was now nearly the end of July, and the weather was very hot. For a month Hudson sailed south-westwards, following the direction of the coast for over 600 miles. Landing near Cape Cod, his men found " goodly grapes and rose trees " and met with friendly savages. On they sailed, past the entrance to Chesapeake Bay, not far from where a tiny English settlement had recently been founded at Jamestown, on the James River. A quarter of a century before this voyage by Hudson, all the country round about had been named Virginia in honour of Queen Elizabeth—the Virgin Queen as she was called. Sir Walter Raleigh had sent out parties of settlers to form a colony, but these settlements had been abandoned. Now, at Jamestown, a new and successful attempt was being made to found a colony, and this was the real beginning of the English settlements which were to grow into the United States of America. The success of the new colony was largely due to Captain John Smith, who was a friend of Hudson and had written to him about the possibility of finding, farther north, a new way to the Pacific.

Hudson did not interrupt his voyage to visit

his friend. He sailed on till he was off the coast of North Carolina, then turned and began to search northwards. Chesapeake Bay he partly explored, and Delaware Bay; neither detained him more than a day or two. But when he came, at the beginning of September, to the river which now bears his name—the river at whose mouth there has since grown up the great city of New York—he spent a whole month exploring it.

Round the long narrow spit of Sandy Hook the *Half Moon* passed into an outer harbour—the Lower Bay of modern times—where the first few days were passed. Indians had sighted the ship, and many of them came on board. They were dressed in skins, and some of them were decked out with fine fur robes and feather mantles. In exchange for knives and beads they gave the sailors green tobacco and dried currants. They themselves smoked pipes with copper stems and earthenware bowls.

On September 6th one of the men, John Colman, was sent in charge of a boat's crew to find a safe passage for the ship. Through the channel now known as the Narrows they made their way to an inner harbour—the Upper Bay. It was an enjoyable excursion, for the country on either side was "as pleasant with grass and flowers and goodly trees as ever they had seen." But for some unknown reason, on their way back at the end of the day they were attacked by two canoes full of Indians. It was growing dark and beginning to rain. The light which they carried for the purpose of firing their primitive muskets fizzled out. John Colman was killed by an arrow which pierced his throat, and two of the other



From the painting by Gustave Alaux, by permission of the London Electrotpe Agency, Ltd.

THE HALF MOON AT THE MOUTH OF HUDSON'S RIVER, WHERE NOW STANDS THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

men were wounded. In the gathering darkness the survivors escaped, but they could not find the ship, and all night they rowed about in vain. Next morning they sighted the ship, and boarded her without further mishap.

Notwithstanding this unhappy incident, Hudson proceeded up the river in the *Half Moon*, and in the course of a fortnight, during which he sailed almost due north, he reached a point near to where the city of Albany now stands, close on 150 miles from the mouth of the river. If he could have continued northwards for another 150 miles he would have come to the scene of the discoveries which were being made at practically the same time by another seeker after the Western Way—Samuel de Champlain. As we have already read (p. 19), it was in this very year, 1609, that Champlain, travelling southwards from the River St. Lawrence, came to the northern end of the long narrow lake which bears his name; at its southern end it is separated from Hudson's River by only a low watershed.

Hudson knew nothing of this, and probably it would not have made much difference if he had known. For he had his ship to look after, and a party which he sent upstream in a boat brought back word that after going some twenty-five miles they found the river too shallow for navigation. So Hudson turned round, and on September 23rd began the voyage downstream.

Throughout his exploration of the river, he was often in touch with the Indians living along its banks. Many came on board the *Half Moon* to see the strange white men and their wonderful floating wigwam. The sailors did not trust them,

and would not allow on board all who wanted to come ; for the tribes were not all alike, and the explorers had made enemies. Soon after Colman had been killed, Hudson had seized a couple of Indians and taken them with him up the river, but they had escaped by jumping through a porthole.

In general, the relations between the explorers and the Indians were friendly, and by the end of September the *Half Moon* was back near the mouth of the river. On October 1st, while a party of Indians was visiting the ship, one of them aroused suspicion by hanging about the stern in a small canoe. Presently he was seen to clamber up the rudder, reach into a cabin through a porthole, and drop back into his boat with a pillow, two shirts, and two bandoleers. At once the mate shot at the man and killed him. The other Indians fled in a panic, some in their canoes, while others, who thought they would be safer overboard, dived from the canoes into the river. A boat was lowered from the ship to recover the stolen property. As it was returning, one of the Indians in the water caught hold of the gunwale and tried to upset the boat; whereupon the cook, drawing his cutlass, cut off the man's hand, and the Indian sank back into the water and was drowned.

The next day the Indians tried to avenge their comrades' deaths. They attacked the ship both from canoes and from a point of land which the *Half Moon* had to pass, but their bows and arrows were no match for the European muskets and cannon, and after eight or ten of them had **been killed they abandoned the unequal contest.**

On October 4th Hudson sailed out to sea, and a month later, having crossed the Atlantic without further attempt at exploration, he anchored at Dartmouth on the South Devon coast. For the third time he had failed to discover a new passage to India, but in other ways his voyage was of great importance. His account of the noble river he had explored led the Dutch to send out parties of colonists, who founded at the mouth of the river a settlement which was eventually called New Amsterdam. It was renamed New York after its capture by the British in 1664.

The English and the Dutch were not at war when Hudson returned from his third voyage in 1609 ; but the English Government was annoyed that he had been making discoveries in the service of a foreign country, and for many weeks the *Half Moon* was detained at Dartmouth. Eventually she was allowed to sail to Amsterdam, but Hudson remained in England, and a number of English gentlemen agreed to find the money to fit out a fourth expedition under his command. North and north-east and south-west he had sailed without finding a new way to China, but he had not yet made search to the north-west, where there was known to be a great strait leading westwards. Hudson and his patrons decided that the new expedition should explore in that direction.

He sailed from the Thames in a ship named the *Discovery* in April, 1610. His mate was Robert Juet, who had been with him on earlier voyages, and young John Hudson also accompanied him again. Among others on board was Henry Greene, a wild young fellow who **had**

squandered his substance in illotous living. Hudson had taken pity on him and allowed him to live in his own house ; now he was taking him on this voyage in order to keep him out of further mischief.

From the first there was trouble on board. The *Discovery* had scarcely left the Thames before one man was transferred by Hudson to another ship and sent back. With the others he sailed north to Iceland, famous for its great volcano, Mount Hecla, and for its geysers and hot springs. In one of these the crew had a bathe, and the chronicler of the expedition, Abakuk Prickett, noted that " the water was so hot that it would scald a fowle."

Leaving Iceland on June 1st, Hudson sailed to the west, past the south end of Greenland and on to the entrance of the great strait which now bears his name. Navigation in the strait was both difficult and dangerous. There were great icebergs and fields of pack-ice to be avoided; the currents ran very strongly, sometimes like a millrace ; and the difference between low and high tide was in places between twenty and thirty feet.

In the little *Discovery* Hudson spent all June and July in passing through the strait. Early in August there opened out before him the vast expanse of Hudson's Bay. Was this the Passage which he was seeking, which would lead him to the Pacific Ocean and the East Indies, and crown his past failures with success ? The western end of the strait, where the coast swung round to the south, was marked by two great capes, and here a party of sailors that was sent ashore found

a great breeding ground for wildfowl. They saw no natives, but scattered about were small storehouses made of grass, which looked like haystacks, but were full of dead birds. They saw also a small herd of caribou (American reindeer), and they wanted Hudson to stay here and replenish his supplies. But Hudson would not hear of delay; he was all eagerness to push forward and the *Discovery* sailed on down the east coast of the Bay.



A CARIBOU—THE REINDEER OF NORTH AMERICA.

Presently he found that the surface of the Bay, parallel with the coast that he was following, was broken by long, narrow islands, and that the water was becoming shallower. This way and that he turned,

seeking a passage for the *Discovery*, but no opening could he find either to the south or west.

After pursuing a zigzag course for three months through what we now know to be only the southeastern arm of Hudson's Bay—James Bay as it is called—Hudson went into winter quarters in a sheltered inlet. The nights were now long and cold, the ground was covered with snow, and on November 10th the *Discovery* was frozen in—thick ice had formed all around her.

During the vain search for a passage towards the Pacific the men had been growing more and more discontented, and Hudson had deposed the mate, Juet, and the boatswain for their part in stirring up strife. Henry Greene was one of the chief mischief-makers. There was much sickness among the crew under the new conditions of an Arctic winter, and when one of them died, Greene asked Hudson to let him have the dead man's cloak. This the captain promised to do, but about the same time Hudson had trouble with the carpenter, who objected to an order to build a hut on shore, saying that he was a ship's carpenter, not a house-builder; and when, immediately afterwards, Greene became very friendly with this man, the captain was so angry that he gave the cloak to someone else. Then Greene was angry, and there was an open quarrel between him and Hudson.

This spirit of wrangling was not the worst of the trouble. Throughout the winter, bird life was plentiful in the neighbourhood of the ship, and the men added to the ship's provisions large numbers of "partridges as white as milk" (ptarmigan). These were followed in the spring by wild geese or ducks, and other wildfowl, but after a time they too disappeared, and the men were glad to eat anything they could find—even frogs and moss—in the woods along the shore. One welcome discovery was a tree, from whose buds the ship's doctor made an excellent medicine for the sick men.

All this time the explorers had seen no human being but themselves, though there were signs that the country was not altogether without inhabi-

tants.' At length, when spring came round again and the ice began to break up, there appeared one day a solitary savage. Hudson wanted to get in touch with the natives around the Bay, both to learn if there were any outlet from it to the Pacific, and to replenish his supplies. He gave his visitor a knife, a looking glass, and some buttons, and the man went away highly delighted, making signs that when he had slept he would come again.

He was true to his word, and the manner of his coming showed that this untutored savage, so far from being merely greedy for more gifts, wanted to pay for those he had already received. He came drawing behind him a small sledge, on which were two deer skins and two beaver skins. When he reached the ship he took from a leathern wallet first the knife, which he laid on one of the beaver skins, and afterwards the glass and buttons, which he placed on the other beaver skin. Then he gave the skins to Hudson and replaced the knife and other things in his wallet. Hudson offered him a hatchet for the two deer skins, but the savage did not wish to give more than one skin for it. Hudson insisted on having both in exchange, and at last, very reluctantly, the savage gave way. Then he departed, making signs that he would come again after a number of days. But nothing more was seen of him.

As the spring advanced, the sailors were able to go fishing in the ship's boat—a sailing boat with two masts, called a shallop. The first day they caught 500 fish about the size of herrings, but afterwards they were not so successful, and again they felt the threat of starvation. Hope

still lingered in Hudson's breast that a channel leading towards his goal might be found, and he went for a week's cruise in the shallop in a last effort to find it. But he met with no success, and though he sometimes saw natives along the shore they always avoided him, even setting fire to the brushwood when he tried to go after them.

At last he gave up the attempt, and in the middle of June, the *Discovery* being now free from the ice, he sailed away from his winter quarters. Very little food was left for the homeward voyage, and though each man had his share, it was rumoured that Hudson was keeping some of it back. All through the winter and spring a mutinous spirit had been growing. He had changed his officers a second time, and Greene, Juet, and a few other ringleaders fanned the flames of suspicion and fear in the hearts of the men. The crisis came on June 22nd. When Hudson went on deck in the morning he was seized from behind and his arms were pinioned.

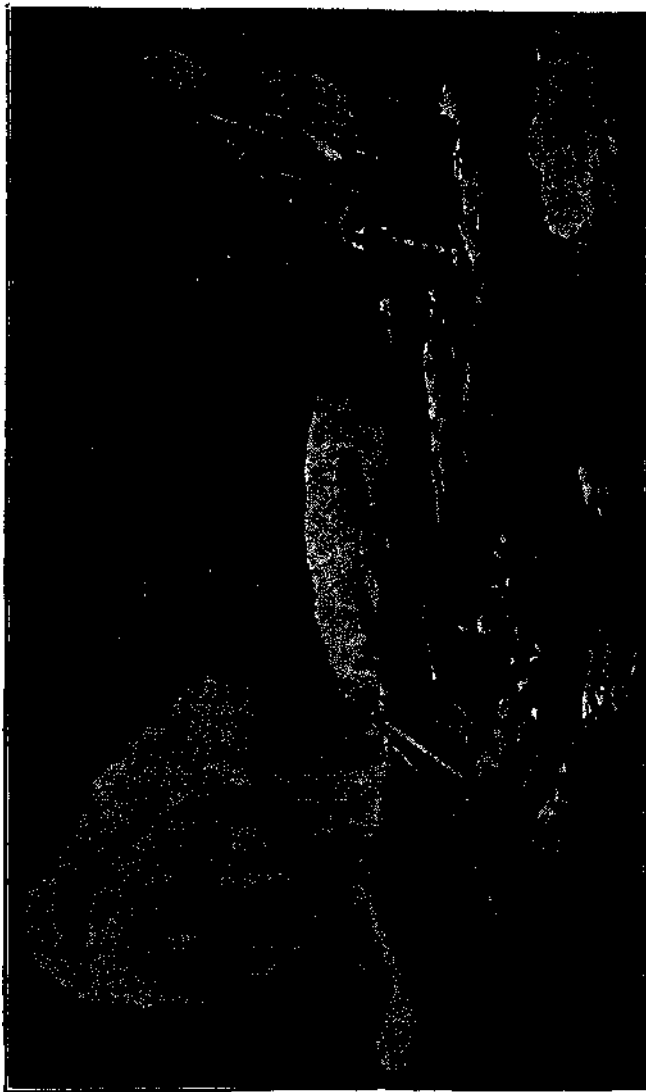
"What does this mean?" he asked.

"You will know when you are in the shallop," was the reply.

During the previous night a dastardly plot had been hatched. Prickett says that Greene and the other conspirators had come to him while he was in his bunk and had told him what was afoot. He protested, but was told roughly that if he tried to interfere he would share the captain's fate. The plot was to seize the ship and turn Hudson adrift in the shallop along with his son, the sick men, who would be only a burden to the mutineers, and one or two others whom the mutineers disliked and mistrusted.

Only one of the men whom the mutineers invited to join them refused to fall in with their heartless plans. Philip Staffe, the carpenter, who despite his quarrel with Hudson at the beginning of the winter had been of a cheerful spirit and a good courage throughout all the dangers and hardships of the voyage, upbraided Greene and the other plotters to their faces and said that rather than be a party to their schemes he would throw in his lot with the captain. And so he did. With Hudson and seven others he took his place in the shallop, which was then cast adrift, while the mutineers crowded sail on the *Discovery* and fled from the scene of their treachery, eager to lose sight of their victims as soon as possible.

The homeward voyage, begun in such a tragic fashion, did not prosper. Greene became captain of the *Discovery*. Juet and one or two others knew something of navigation, and though they quarrelled among themselves as to the right course they came at the end of July to the great cliffs at the north-east corner of Hudson's Bay. This time some Eskimos were encamped there. A party from the ship went ashore and met with a friendly reception. The following day they repeated the visit. Abakuk Prickett was left in the boat while Greene and the rest of the party went towards the native encampment. Suddenly a native crept up behind Prickett and stabbed at him with a knife. Prickett caught hold of his assailant's arm and a desperate struggle ensued. The white man was the stronger and ended the fight by drawing his dagger and striking his opponent dead. Meanwhile Greene and his



From the painting by Gustavo Alauz, by permission of the London Electrotape Agency, Ltd.
HUDSON CAST ADRIFT FROM HIS SHIP BY THE MUTINEERS IN HUDSON'S BAY.

companions had been attacked on land. They themselves were unarmed and came running back to the boat with dreadful wounds. As the boat was pushed off, the Eskimos shot at them a flight of arrows, one of which struck Greene and killed him. The others rowed to a safe distance and then threw his body into the sea. They themselves were in a terrible plight and had to signal to the ship for help. Two of them were mortally wounded. One died the same day, with dreadful curses on his lips. The other lingered a couple of days longer.

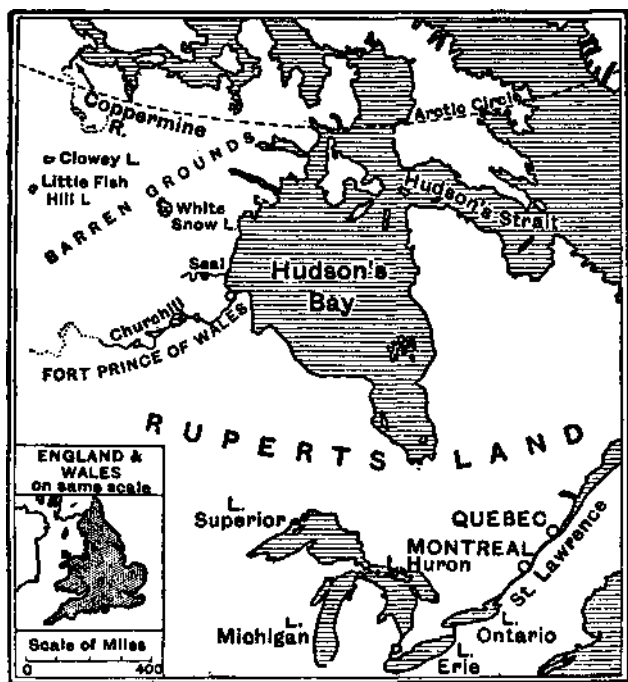
After landing again to lay in a stock of wild-fowl, of which they killed about three hundred, the remnant of the crew continued the voyage through Hudson's Strait and across the Atlantic. Before its close they were reduced to living on the bones of the wildfowl fried in candle grease; and, "as a great daintie," each man was given a pound of candles a week. Before they sighted land, Juet died of starvation, and when at length, early in September, they arrived off the coast of Ireland the others were too weak to work the ship. Finally a skipper of a fishing boat came on board and steered the *Discovery* into Berehaven, on the south-west coast of Ireland.

So Henry Hudson's ship came home, but he himself had an unknown grave. A search expedition was sent to Hudson's Bay in the following year, but no trace of him or his companions was ever found.

VII. WITH SAMUEL HEARNE TO THE COPPERMINE RIVER

IN the year 1670—that is, just sixty years after Hudson sailed into the great Bay which is named after him—there was formed in London the famous Hudson's Bay Company. Various English expeditions had sailed into the Bay since Hudson's tragic voyage. Also, as we have read in an earlier story, the French fur-trader, Peter Radisson, had approached the Bay from the Great Lakes and had brought to England glowing tales of the rich trade to be done in the northern country. Prince Rupert, the dashing leader of the Cavaliers in the Civil War, became interested, and so did a number of English nobles and merchant princes. The King of England, Charles II, was Rupert's cousin, and from him they obtained a Royal Charter, giving them the sole right to trade around the Bay and in the unknown countries beyond, to which the name Rupert's Land was given.

The new company began to establish trading posts on Hudson's Bay, and as the years went on its business grew and prospered; but the company, in spite of its monopoly in the north, had to face keen competition from another quarter. The French fur-traders, working from the St. Lawrence **and** the Great Lakes, tried to persuade the



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE JIEARNE'S TRAVELS.

Northern Indians to bring their pelts south to the French posts, and the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company saw that if they wanted to keep their trade they must push out to the West, as the French were doing under La V6rendrye.

One or two journeys of exploration were made from Hudson's Bay before the British capture of Quebec in 1759. After the change of rulers on the St. Lawrence, competition for the northern trade still continued. Indeed, the Hudson's Bay Company found that the British merchants who

began to settle in Quebec and Montreal were even keener rivals than the French.

About this time there was stationed in Prince of Wales's Fort, on the western shores of Hudson's Bay, an enterprising young Englishman named Samuel Hearne, who had served in the Navy as a midshipman. Reports had been brought to the Fort by Indians of a great northern river, along whose banks were supplies of copper which the natives used for making axes and spears and other tools. Hearne was eager to go in search of this river—the Coppermine River as it came to be called—and it was a red-letter day in his life when, in the summer of 1769, he received a letter from the Directors of the Hudson's Bay Company, offering him the leadership of such an expedition.



By courtesy of the Hudson's Bay Company, from "The European Magazine," 1797.

FORT PRINCE OF WALES.

He began to make preparations at once. Though he expected to be away nearly two years, he could not take a great deal of baggage, for everything would have to be dragged on sledges or carried on the shoulders of himself and his followers. Guns, powder and shot; hatchets, knives, and other tools; gifts for the natives, a tent, a quadrant for surveying—these things he must have, and they alone made a heavy load. For food and clothing he must depend mainly on the game he could kill.

On November 6th, 1769, with two Englishmen and a party of Indians, Hearne set off in great style, the Governor of Prince of Wales's Fort giving him a farewell salute of seven cannon. But the journey which began so grandly came to a sudden and humiliating end. A month later, Hearne and a few followers, looking thin and weary, tramped into Prince of Wales's Fort again. His Indian guides had played him false, and finally had deserted him.

It speaks well both for the Governor of the Fort and for the explorer that in two months' time, on February 23rd, 1770, Hearne was ready to start again. This time he was the only white man in the party, and he had as guide an Indian who had been very near to the Coppermine River. The cannon were buried deep in snow, but the Governor gathered together all the people in the Fort and they sent the expedition off with three hearty cheers.

The way lay up the valley of the Seal River, which flowed into Hudson's Bay near the Fort. The weather was very stormy, and when, early in **March**, the party came to a lake, Hearn decided,

on the advice of his guide, to encamp there till the spring. The tent was pitched near the mouth of a stream which discharged into the lake through a stretch of rapids, with so strong a current that a section of the lake a mile long and half a mile wide was kept free from ice. Elsewhere the surface of the lake, which extended for many miles, was thickly frozen. Woods of pine, birch, larch, and poplar trees lined the shores of the lake, and above the tree tops could be seen the snow-clad summits of high hills.

The Indians were expert in fishing with lines and with nets, both in open water and through holes in the ice. Fish were so plentiful and were caught in such large numbers that until the end of March there was no need to search for other food supplies. Then, suddenly, the lake ceased to yield its usual harvest. Other game was scarce; it was with difficulty that Hearne could snare an occasional partridge. The guide went out every day to hunt, but the other Indians made little effort to supply the larder.

On April 10th, when they had had scarcely anything to eat for three days, the guide was late in coming back from his hunting. It was nearly midnight when he reached the tent, bringing with him some lumps of meat from two deer which he had killed. The famished men devoured these ravenously, and early next morning they set out for the place where he had left the carcasses. Several more deer were killed, and the next few days were spent in feasting and gluttony. When all the meat was eaten they began to starve again.

Towards the end of April, strings of geese

and ducks and other wildfowl began to wing their way north for the summer, and Hearne moved back to the Seal River in readiness to resume his journey. It was some time before he and his men could shoot or capture any of the wildfowl, and for nearly a week they had nothing to eat but a few cranberries. Sometimes they would try to allay the pangs of hunger by gnawing scraps of old leather and burnt bones. Fortunately they always had water to allay their thirst, and they found solace in their pipes.

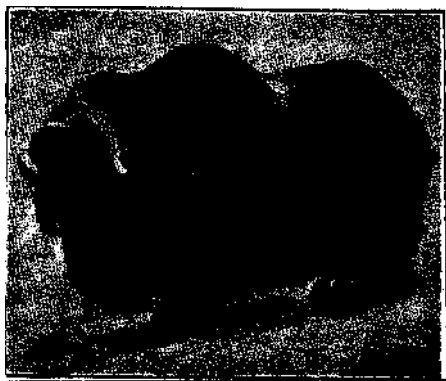
At length, in the middle of May, the birds became sufficiently numerous to enable the party to supply their daily needs, and after waiting for a few days to renew their strength they began to travel north, following a chain of streams and lakes. There were no woods in this direction; they had reached the so-called "Barren Grounds." But game was plentiful and the weather delightful, and for a week or two all went well. Then the thaw made the snow so wet that they had to cast away first their snow shoes and, a few days later, their sledges. The loads were divided, and Hearne's own load weighed 60 lb.

Game was not always plentiful, and spells of fasting continued to alternate with bouts of gluttonous feeding. Just before midsummer they tramped nearly twenty miles a day for three days without food. On the fourth day they saw three musk oxen—shaggy-haired beasts that are found only in the Arctic regions. They have a musky smell, and in some ways resemble both oxen and sheep; hence their Latin name, *ovibos*, from *ovis*, a sheep, and *bos*, an ox.

The musk oxen seen by the travellers were

grazing, and the Indians, creeping up stealthily, killed all three. Just as they had skinned the carcasses and were ready to roast the flesh a violent storm of rain came on, so that they could not light a fire; but so great was their hunger that they ate the flesh raw.

At the end of June they came to a lake with an Indian name meaning White Snow Lake, from which flowed a river too deep for them to ford. At the river was an Indian encampment, and the party was ferried across in a canoe. Learning that there were more deep rivers ahead, Hearne bought a canoe in exchange for a knife. In the lake his men caught trout weighing up to 16 lb.



A MUSK-OX.

All through July they pushed on. And now the herds of deer increased to such an extent that not only had the hunters no difficulty in providing the party with meat, but with their usual wastefulness in times of plenty, they killed the poor beasts merely for the sake of their tongues and other tit-bits, leaving the rest of the carcasses to rot. The number of Indian bands roaming in the lake district also increased, until at the end of July Hearne found himself moving with an encampment numbering some 70 tents and 600 people.

One night when he got back to his tent from a day's hunting he found that the man who had been carrying his quadrant was missing. Next day he followed the trail back to a point where the deserter had gone off with some other Indians. Following the new trail he came to the bank of a river, and there to his joy he found that the man had left the precious quadrant on the bank. But his joy was short-lived. Two days later, when he had set up the quadrant to take his bearings, a sudden gust of wind blew it over and it was broken.

To continue the journey was useless, especially as some Indians who joined him on the following day shamelessly plundered him of his remaining goods. The march back to the Fort was begun on August 19th. Week after week he and his followers plodded on. They were ill-prepared for another winter, but fortunately they fell in with a remarkable Indian named Matonabee (*Mat-on-ab-bee*), who was in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company and who helped them on their way.

On November 21st, when they were within a few days' journey from the Fort, Hearne, with four Indians, pushed on ahead of Matonabee. That night—a night of clear, biting cold—a violent gale sprung up from the north-west, lifting the snow from the ground and driving it along in blinding clouds. Unable either to sleep or to keep a fire alight, Hearne and his men pushed on through the darkness with the wind at their backs. Though they could not see ten yards in front of them, they had glimpses overhead of the moon and the stars to guide them. All

next day the wind raged. So intense was the cold that in the evening a dog belonging to the party collapsed and died. For another couple of hours they struggled on. Then, completely exhausted, they dug a hole in the snow and hung a few deer skins at the entrance to keep off the wind. With great difficulty they lit a fire behind their rude shelter and cooked a supper of venison. Next day the weather improved, and on November 25th they arrived back at the Fort.

In spite of the hardships he had suffered, Hearne was eager to try again. He felt that his guide was largely to blame for his failure, and that if he had the help of Matonabee he would yet succeed. Matonabee was willing to go with him; the Governor gave his consent, and after only a fortnight's rest the explorer set out a third time, on December 7th, 1770.

For four months, under Matonabee's guidance, the party travelled in a westerly direction. Conditions were very much the same as in the previous winter. When food was plentiful the Indians would eat as much as six ordinary men. Even Matonabee ate so much that he became ill and had to be dragged along on a sledge. But if the Indians were greedy in time of plenty, they were also uncomplaining when food was scarce, and on days when they had nothing but a pipe of tobacco and a drink of snow water they would joke with one another about their hunger.

Early in April the party arrived at a lake with an Indian name meaning Little Fish Hill. Here Matonabee called a halt. From this point they were to travel almost due north, and before leaving the wooded country for the Barren Grounds

they had many things to do. Part of the time was spent in hunting, not only for immediate needs but to provide a reserve of dried meat. When they were not hunting, the Indians were busy in the woods, preparing lengths of timber and bark from the birch trees. The country was still in the grip of frost and snow, and even islands in the middle of the lakes could be reached by walking, but it was necessary to be prepared for the summer, when canoes would be required for crossing the rivers and lakes. Light poles were also needed; they would be used first as supports for the light summer tents, and afterwards, when winter came again, they would serve **for** new snow shoes.

So for a fortnight the party stayed in the neighbourhood of Little Fish Hill Lake. Then they moved north to Clowey Lake, which was reached early in May. Here the canoes were built, the lake being a well-known Indian rendezvous for this purpose. Parties of Indians to the number of over 200 arrived while Hearne was there. When they heard that he was bound for the Coppermine River some of them said that they would go with him to make war on the Eskimos who lived along its banks. They made themselves wooden shields as a protection against the arrows of the Eskimos, and when Hearne tried to dissuade them from their intention they taunted him with being a coward.

He was afraid to say much for fear of angering them, and though some of them drew back at the last moment, a score or more set out with him when he and his party left Clowey Lake on May 22nd. **At the end of the month most of the**

women and children were left behind, and the others pressed on more rapidly. As they advanced, Hearne knew by the length of the days that they were approaching the Arctic Circle. The sun dipped below the horizon only for a short time, and they could see to hunt deer in the middle of the night. Round about midsummer, when they were within the Arctic Circle, the sun did not set throughout the twenty-four hours.

On June 22nd the travellers came upon a party of Copper Indians who were encamped on the banks of a river, waiting to kill the deer which crossed at that season. They were very friendly to Hearne and his party and helped him to cross the river. Hearne smoked the pipe of peace with them, and gave them small gifts. He was the first white man they had seen, and



*By courtesy of the Hudson's Bay Company,
from "The European Magazine" 1797.*

SAMUEL HEARNE.

they pronounced him a perfect human being except for the colour of his hair and his eyes, which were light. His hair, they said, was like the stained hair of a buffalo's tail, and his eyes like the eyes of a gull. Some of them asked for the hairs out of his comb and wrapped them up carefully as a great curiosity.

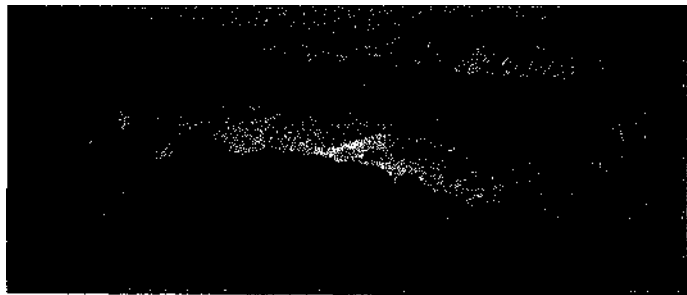
Some of these Copper Indians joined the party, which continued to press on through all kinds of

weather and over very rough ground. Storms of rain were varied by snow and frost; at other times the weather was sultry and the mosquitoes were numerous, their stings being almost insufferable. At the Stony Mountains some of the Indians were so discouraged that they turned back. Beyond that range Hearne came to a lake where he saw so many musk oxen that he called it Musk Ox Lake.

A few days later, on July 13th, 1771, the party reached the Coppermine River at a point about 40 miles from the sea. Its total length, as we know now, is about 400 miles. But Hearne was very disappointed in this "great river" of the Indians. So far from being navigable for shipping it was scarcely navigable by an Indian canoe, for although it was over 100 yds. wide it was full of shoals, and from where he stood he counted three water-falls.

Hearne followed the river downstream till he came within sight of the Arctic Ocean. Though it was the height of summer, the sea was blocked with ice, and he was satisfied that the idea of finding a North-West Passage which would be of any commercial value must be abandoned. He found, too, that the reports of copper along the river had been greatly exaggerated. One "mine" which he visited was little more than a jumble of earth and stones. Still, there was copper there, and after searching for some time he found a lump of ore weighing 41b., which afterwards was sent to the Hudson's Bay Company in London.

He had been successful at last in his expedition, **but there was one** sad blot upon it. The **Indians**



From Franklin's "Journey to the Polar Sea," by courtesy of Mr. John Murray

SCENE OF THE MASSACRE ON THE COPPERMINE RIVER.

who accompanied him came upon a defenceless Eskimo encampment, and after making their faces horrible with black and red paint they rushed upon the inhabitants and butchered them every one. A young girl of eighteen who had been speared by two Indians clung about Hearne's feet asking for mercy, but the only help he could give was to ask the Indians to stab her to the heart to put her out of her misery. Hearne describes his own sorrow and tears at the terrible spectacle. Though he returned to the Fort in safety, and though he was honoured and rewarded for what he had done in the face of many difficulties, the memory of that dark scene on the Coppermine River remained with him to his dying day.

VIII. ACROSS CANADA WITH ALEXANDER MACKENZIE



MAP SHOWING THE POSITION OF
MACKENZIE'S BASE.

IN their competition with the Hudson's Bay Company for the fur trade of the great North West, the Montreal merchants in 1783 formed two rival associations. After a time the two combined under the name of one of them -the North West Company; and eventually, in 1821, this in turn was taken over by the Hudson's Bay Company. But before then, the agents of the North West Company had extended their explorations far and wide.

Among the partners of the Montreal merchants was an enterprising young Scotsman, Alexander Mackenzie. In 1788, while still only twenty-five years of age, he was given charge of the district around Lake Athabaska, one of the largest of the many large lakes in the heart of the North West; it is 200 miles long, and, at its widest, thirty-five miles across. Mackenzie was delighted to go to this remote region, and at once arranged to

establish a trading post, Fort Chipewyan (*Chip-e-wy-an*), on the shores of the lake. He wanted to develop the trade there, but he also had other plans. No one had yet found the way across North America to the Western Sea. Mackenzie was strong and hardy, bold and ambitious ; and he set his heart on achieving this task.

* * * *

One day in the early summer of the year 1789, there was an unusual stir at Fort Chipewyan. Men and women could be seen bearing packages down to the lakeside and stowing them in canoes. Directing operations was a tall handsome man, whose commanding voice and keen searching glance marked him out as leader. This was Alexander Mackenzie. He was about to start on a voyage of discovery. All told, there were fourteen people going—among them a young French trader, M. Le Roux; a German; four French-Canadian *voyageurs*, two of whom were accompanied by their wives; and a party of Indians, including a couple of squaws.

On June 3rd all was ready, and with a farewell cheer from their friends on shore the men dipped their paddles in the water. The voyage had begun—whither would it lead ?

At the western end of Lake Athabaska a large river flows in from the south and flows out to the north. Down this river Mackenzie led his party. They had gone along it some thirty miles when they passed the mouth of a still larger river, coming from the west; it was the Peace River, so named because two Indian tribes had concluded a treaty of peace near its mouth. The united streams—known as the Slave River—flowed northward



George Philip & Son, Ltd.

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE "WITH MACKENZIE
ACROSS CANADA."

between wooded banks that were often half a mile apart. Sometimes it expanded to flow round islands. At one place it was a mile wide. Then the bed of the river dropped rapidly, and for sixteen miles the Slave was a succession of dangerous rapids. Thrice the travellers had to land and carry their canoes. In one rapid a canoe was lost through the carelessness of the squaw who was paddling it, and she herself narrowly escaped with her life.

Some days the weather was very cold and wet. Once everything was so drenched that the party had to camp without a fire. Happily they had not to go hungry. Many wild geese and ducks fell to their guns; they also caught many fish, and found plenty of cranberries along the banks.

On the seventh day, when they had followed

the windings of the river for 300 miles, the travellers came to a great lake which was still covered with ice. This was Great Slave Lake, which is 300 miles long by sixty miles across at its widest. They had to wait nearly a week before the ice opened up sufficiently for them to continue their voyage, and it took them over a week to cross the lake, picking their way cautiously through the drifting masses of ice, which were blown backwards and forwards by the wind.

When they were about halfway across, the ice closed in again, and they could not go on for five days. Fortunately there were many islands in the lake on which they could camp at night. On one of these islands was a herd of caribou, and they were able to lay in a good stock of meat. Near another camp they saw wild onions growing, and in many places they came upon wild berries—raspberries and gooseberries and juniper berries, as well as cranberries.

It was Midsummer Eve when the party reached the far side of the lake. Here there was an encampment of the Red Knife Indians, and M. Le Roux was left to trade with them while Mackenzie pursued his explorations with the rest of the party. One of the Red Knives went with him to guide him to where the lake discharged its waters into a great river—the continuation of the Slave.

The guide himself had to search for the place, **and** it was not until June 29th that the river was reached. Mackenzie's heart bounded within him as he entered its channel. Samuel Hearne, on his way back from the Coppermine River, and M. Le Roux had both been to Great Slave Lake **before him; but no** white man had been down

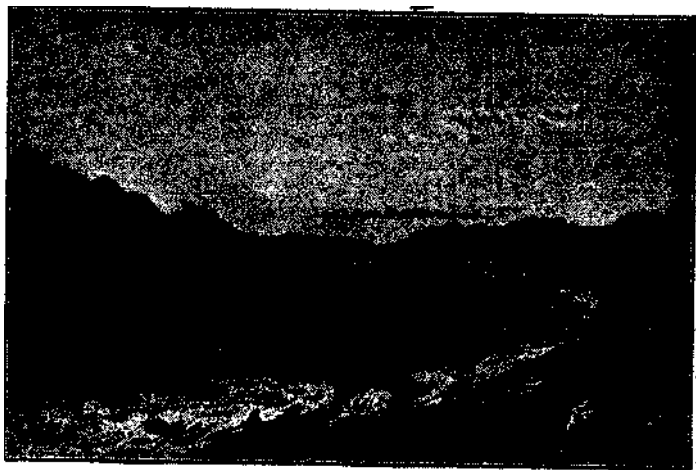
the river which flowed from the lake. It was known from Indian reports, but there was doubt whether it flowed into the Arctic Ocean or the Pacific Ocean.

Though making many a twist and turn, the river flowed on the whole in a north-westerly direction. Wherever it might lead, it was certainly a magnificent waterway. Here and there it narrowed to half a mile or less in width, but as a rule it was over a mile wide, and sometimes the banks were two or three miles apart.

The current flowed strongly, and aided by paddles and sails the explorers covered long distances every day. Tireless himself, Mackenzie urged his men forward, and the French-Canadians responded nobly. In these northern latitudes and at this season of the year there was no real darkness, and more than once Mackenzie kept awake all night, observing the movements of the sun.

Occasionally they met with Indians, who, so far from attempting to attack them, were generally seized with terror and scurried off like rabbits to the woods. After hiding away their women and children the men would peep out, and when they saw Mackenzie coming towards them with gifts of beads they would fetch their families back to their village, and supply the travellers with food and other necessities in exchange for knives and hachets, hammers and bradawls.

These Indians tried to frighten Mackenzie by their stories of the difficulties that lay ahead of him. They told him that it would take him several winters to reach the sea; that he would encounter impassable waterfalls; and finally that, farther down the river, there was a *manitou* or



From Franklin's "Second Journey to the Polar Sea," by courtesy of Mr. John Murray.

RAPIDS OF THE MACKENZIE RIVER.

spirit which swallowed any one who ventured that way.

Although these stories did not turn Mackenzie from his purpose, the Indians of his party were frightened, and complained that he was leading them into danger and making them work too hard. The fatigue of the journey was, indeed, beginning to tell on all. Each day they started at three or four o'clock in the morning, and went on till evening. Everywhere they were tormented by mosquitoes and the fierce biting flies known as "bulldogs."

At length, on July 10th, Mackenzie promised his men that if he did not reach the sea in another week he would turn back. They were now within the Arctic Circle, and had come to where the river flowed in a maze of channels, spread out to a width of many miles. Following what seemed to

be the main~channel, Mackenzie reached on July 12th a lake-like expanse of the river covered with ice. That night the water rose beside their camp; they thought that the wind was banking it up. Next morning one of the men called out excitedly that there were strange monsters swimming in the river. Mackenzie saw that they were whales, and he and his men went in pursuit. It was a reckless thing to do; for, as Mackenzie himself realised afterwards, a blow from the tail of one of the whales would have shattered his canoe. But the chase came to an end before there was any such disaster. A fog crept up, and the party returned to camp.

Next night Mackenzie woke up to find that the river had risen again and was flooding the camp. This time the rise could not be accounted for by the wind; it was due to the tide. The "lake" was the estuary of the river; they had reached the shores of the Arctic Ocean.

Mackenzie did not trouble to go farther. He was disappointed that the river did not flow into the Pacific Ocean. Disappointment River he called it when writing to his friends. But the name by which it has lived in history is the Mackenzie River, and the explorer might well be proud that his name should be given to it; for, though it disappointed his hopes, it is one of the great rivers of the world—nearly 1,000 miles long from where it flows out of the Great Slave Lake, and 2,500 miles from its source in the Rocky Mountains to its outlet in the Arctic Ocean.

One thing which the journey had taught Mackenzie was that he needed lessons in surveying if he was to make a really good map of his travels.

For two years after his return to Fort Chipewyan he worked hard in the business of the North West Company. Then in the autumn of 1791 he crossed the Atlantic and studied surveying in London. He intended to make another great journey of exploration. This time he would go from Lake Athabaska up the Peace River, cross the Rocky Mountains, and try to make his way down to the Pacific Ocean.

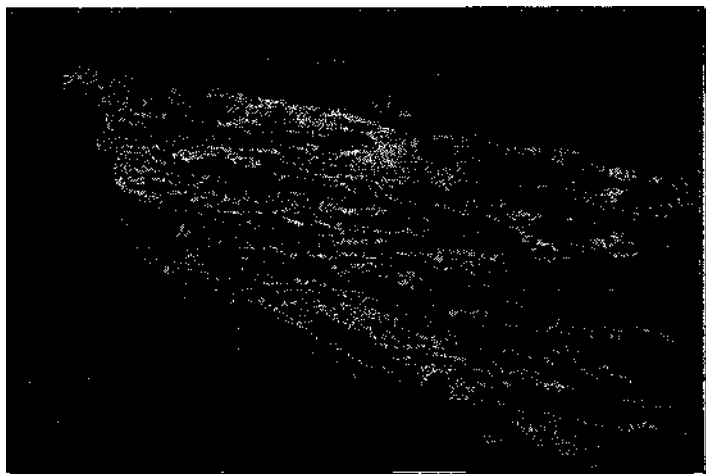
Returning from England to Fort Chipewyan in the summer of 1792, he ascended the Peace River in the same year to a few miles beyond where it is joined by the Smoky River. There he built a log house which he called Fort Fork, and settled down for the winter.

The expedition started from Fort Fork on May 9th, 1793. This time there were no women in the party, which consisted of Mackenzie himself, an assistant named Mackay, six French-Canadians, and two Indians. Mackenzie also took his dog with him. They all travelled in one large canoe, twenty-five feet long. There was room in it for 3,000 lb. of baggage, as well as the ten men ; yet it was so light that two men could carry it.

Up the unknown course of the Upper Peace River the explorers slowly made their way, paddling or potholing the heavily laden canoe against the rapid current. The country through which the river flowed was the loveliest that Mackenzie had ever seen. Away from the river it mounted in a series of great natural terraces, dotted with groves of poplar trees; along the banks were willows and alders, and beyond these grew spruce and silver birch. Large herds of

buffaloes roamed over the lower lands, while on the higher levels were vast numbers of elks. Once the travellers saw two huge grizzly bears.

On May 17th the snow-capped summits of the Rocky Mountains were seen in the distance. For some days the character of the river had been changing. It now flowed through deep gorges, in places only from 50 to 100 yds. wide. The current was so strong that some of the men had to tow the canoe, clambering as best they could over the rough and rocky ground. In one of the rapids the line broke, and Mackenzie had a terrible moment, expecting to see the canoe dashed to pieces. Instead, it was flung on one side into comparatively calm water, and the men were able to guide it ashore. But plainly the voyage could not be continued in this fashion. As far ahead as they could see, the river was a foaming cataract.



IN ONE OF THE RAPIDS THE LINE BROKE.

Mackay, who was sent overland to reconnoitre, reported that he had traced the cataract for nine miles, and then the river became navigable again. It was a terribly long portage to make, especially through wooded mountainous country, but Mackenzie was determined to go forward. A trail was cleared by felling trees, and the canoe was hauled and pushed and carried up a steep hill-side and over the broken country at the top. It took three days of exhausting toil to cover the nine miles, and all were glad of a day's rest at the end. Then they launched the canoe again and continued the voyage.

On the last day of May they came to where two rivers—now known as the Finlay and the Parsnip—flowed together to form the Peace. Which should Mackenzie follow? On the advice of an Indian he turned south, up the Parsnip. After battling against the current for nine days, the explorers came suddenly upon a small band of Indians, who were very suspicious and fearful of the strangers; but Mackenzie soon reassured them with gifts of beads. He questioned them about the way to the Pacific, and they told him of a great river which flowed thither, whose source was near to that of the river he was ascending.

Continuing upstream, with one of the Indians as guide, he came on June 12th to a small lake which was the source of the Parsnip. From here a short portage took the travellers to another lake, from which flowed a tributary of the great river that the Indians had described. The expedition had crossed the Great Divide of the **Rocky Mountains—the watershed between the**

rivers that flow to the Arctic Ocean and those that mingle their waters with the Pacific,

It was one of those moments of triumph that live in the memory of explorers. But the Pacific was still far distant and the way was long and difficult. The stream to which Mackenzie had now come descended the western side of the Rockies with such tumultuous haste that he named it the Bad River. Once the canoe foundered in a rapid and the men narrowly escaped with their lives. Often they had to go overland; but the woods along the banks were swampy and nearly as dangerous as the river. When they came to its mouth they found it blocked by a great mass of fallen timber, and the surrounding country was a huge morass. At last this obstacle too was passed, and then they had their reward: before them flowed a broad navigable river.

This was on June 17th. Four days later, during the voyage downstream, a party of Indians was seen on the bank. The canoe was steered towards them, and Mackenzie's Indians shouted out that the white men came as friends. But the Indians on shore were terror-stricken, and as the canoe continued to advance they let loose a shower of arrows against the explorers. Hastily the canoe was turned towards the opposite bank, and Mackenzie and his men landed. He was anxious to make friends with the local Indians, for he knew that on the impression he made would depend his reception lower down the river. Laying down his gun, he ordered his men to keep out of sight, while he himself walked up and down in full view of the party on the other side.

Overcome by astonishment and curiosity, two



MACKENZIE TRYING TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH THE INDIANS

of the Indians presently put off in a canoe and came cautiously across the river. Mackenzie held out to them necklaces and looking-glasses, and tried to make them understand that they had nothing to fear. For a time they sat in their canoe with the bow pointing towards their own side of the river, ready to flee at the least alarm. As nothing happened they drew nearer and nearer to Mackenzie, and at length landed by him in fear and trembling. His gifts filled them with delight, and after a time they went back to their friends with such a glowing report that Mackenzie was invited to go across with his men. He lost no time in accepting the invitation, and soon all were on the best of terms.

When he resumed the voyage one of the local Indians went with him as guide. Though he had made friends with them he was beginning to feel

rather anxious. He wanted to go west, but the river flowed south. Really he was on the Fraser River (so named after a later explorer), but he thought that he was on the Upper Columbia. His supplies were running short, and the Indians told him that he had a very long way to go to reach the sea if he kept to the river. Going south, he was travelling parallel to the coast, which according to his reckoning lay at no very great distance to the west. Should he leave the river and travel overland? The Indians said that one of their trails ran westward, but he had passed it higher up the river.

After a sleepless night he decided to try the overland route. But would his men go with him? They were tired of the long and toilsome journey and wanted to go home. Calling them to a council, Mackenzie praised them for their courage and endurance, urged them not to fail after overcoming so many difficulties and dangers, told them of his new plan for striking overland, and reminded them of the fame which would be theirs if they persevered to the journey's end and completed the crossing of the continent. "But," said he, "do not be mistaken; if we fail by the overland trail I shall come back and continue the voyage by river, for I am determined to reach the Western Sea, even if I have to go on alone."

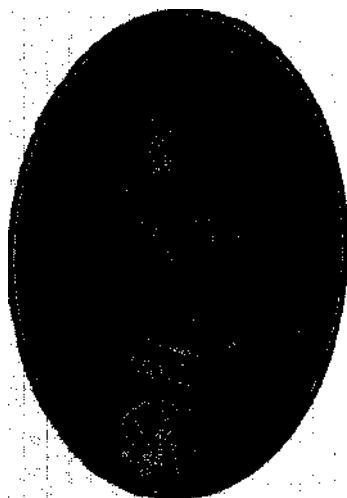
Mackenzie's speech had the desired effect. The men responded to the spirit of their leader, and declared their willingness to follow him to the end. It was Midsummer Eve, and they had reached a place on the Fraser River where afterwards there was founded and named in honour of Alexander Mackenzie the settlement of Alexandria.

The return voyage upstream in search of the overland trail began badly. It was rumoured among the Indians that the white men were not to be trusted. Their guide disappeared, and the encampments passed on the voyage downstream were now found to be deserted. One night, at one of these encampments, there was a rustling among the bushes. Mackenzie's dog barked furiously, and one of the men caught sight of something prowling on all fours. Careful watch was kept, and in the morning search was made. Then they found that the object of their alarm was an old blind Indian who had been left behind when his companions ran away. He trembled when Mackenzie touched him, but his fears were calmed by kindly treatment, and he was able to tell the explorers where the overland route began.

Fortunately, the guide turned up again, bringing some of his friends with him, and on July 4th they all set out along the Western trail. For a fortnight they tramped across mountains and valleys, making their way through forests and crossing rivers and swamps. They had to pass over the coastal range, and at one place the ground was covered with snow even at that season of the year. At length, on July 17th, they emerged on the banks of a river flowing down to the sea. The river was so full of salmon that Mackenzie called it the Salmon River. The Indians who lived along its banks were less fearful and more friendly than the Indians along the Fraser. They had often heard tell of white men who sailed along the coast in great ships. Among others Captain Cook had been that way in 1778, on his last voyage, and only the year before, in 1792,

another British naval officer, Captain George Vancouver, had explored the coast.

Mackenzie was received by these Indians with great honour, and when he left they lent him canoes in which to descend the Salmon River. And now indeed the long journey was drawing to a close. Two days' paddling down the river brought the explorers to an inlet of the Pacific Ocean. They had crossed the continent from sea to sea: they had followed the Western Way to its end—though it had been a very different Way from that of which Cartier and Champlain and La Salle had dreamed.



*From an old print after the painting by
Sir T. Lawrence, R.A.*

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

The Indians on the coast were not very friendly. One of them professed to have a grievance against some white men who had come that way in ships, and he went about stirring up trouble against Mackenzie. Once, when Mackenzie arrived alone at a small village, this man and his friends rushed **out** upon him furiously. They stopped when Mackenzie levelled his gun at them, but one of them crept round and seized him from behind. The explorer soon wrenched himself free, and when one of his men appeared on the scene the Indians turned and fled.

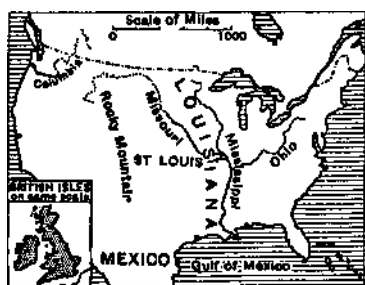
Angered by this attack, Mackenzie followed the Indians and told them that they must restore some things which they had stolen from his camp, and provide him with food supplies for his return journey. The Indians were now as meek as formerly they were violent. They did as Mackenzie said, and he paid them for everything he had from them. Then he started to go back, and having favourable conditions he returned to the Peace River in half the time that the outward journey had taken.

When the people in England heard what he had done, the King honoured him by making him a knight—Sir Alexander Mackenzie. It was, indeed, a great journey that he had made, though the record of it that Mackenzie had left on the shores of the Pacific Ocean was simple enough. With paint mixed from grease and vermilion powder, one of the party had written on a rock in large red letters these words :

" ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, FROM CANADA, BY
LAND, THE TWENTY-SECOND OF JULY, ONE
THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-
THREE."

Mackenzie had bidden the man write " from Canada " because in those days the name Canada was confined to the settlements along the St. Lawrence. It is owing to Mackenzie, and to men of like spirit who came after him, that to-day Canada is a great Dominion extending across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

IX. WITH LEWIS AND CLARK ALONG THE MISSOURI



Quercy Philip A Son, LU

MAP SHOWING THE ORIGINAL
EXTENT OF LOUISIANA.

WE have read how, in 1682, La Salle descended the Mississippi River and gave to the huge tract of country he had traversed, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, the name of Louisiana, in honour of King Louis XIV of France. For eighty years Louisiana

was counted as part of the French Empire in North America. Then, after the war in which General Wolfe captured Quebec, the territory east of the Mississippi became part of British North America, and the territory west of the river was added to the Spanish possessions in Mexico.

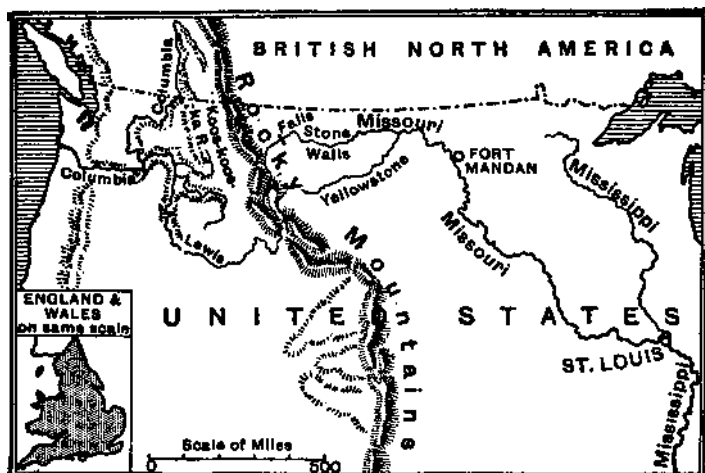
The Mississippi basin did not long remain divided between England and Spain. Before the end of the eighteenth century the New England colonies, discontented with English rule, had won the War of Independence and formed the United States of America. In 1800 the Spanish territory west of the Mississippi again became French,

when Napoleon placed his brother Joseph on the throne of Spain; but in 1803 Napoleon sold the country to the United States for the sum of 60,000,000 francs. Thus, in little more than a hundred years after La Salle's death, the whole of the vast territory which he had dreamed of making a great Western Empire for France had passed into the hands of the new American republic.

The United States Government at once began to explore its new possessions. The most important expedition which it fitted out was that entrusted to the command of Captains Lewis and Clark. They were given orders to explore the Missouri River, from its confluence with the Mississippi River to its source in the Rocky Mountains ; to cross the mountains by the shortest route; and to follow the first navigable river on the western side as far as the shores of the Pacific Ocean. In their travels they were to make friends with the Indian tribes so as to open up the way for traders.

Besides the two leaders, the party consisted of three sergeants, twenty-four privates, and Clark's negro servant. They had a large decked boat and two smaller open boats. Into these they packed all their necessary things—clothing, tools, guns, flints, powder and shot. There was also a box of presents for the Indians whom they would meet—richly laced coats, medals, flags, knives and tomahawks, beads, looking-glasses, ribbons, handkerchiefs, paints and other things beloved of Indians.

Entering the Missouri on May 14th, 1804, the expedition travelled 1,600 miles up the river



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE THE JOURNEY OF LEWIS AND CLARK.

to the country of the Man dans, where La Verendrye had been in his search for the Western Sea. There the American explorers built a log fort and stayed through the winter, when the river was frozen over. They continued their journey early in April, 1805, and four months later reached the highest navigable point of the Missouri, nearly 3,000 miles from the Mississippi. Lewis traced it to its source in the mountains, and one of his men stood with one foot on one side and one on the other.

Abandoning their canoes the travellers procured horses and a guide from the Shoshonees, a small tribe of the Snake Indians, and pressed westwards across the Rocky Mountains for a distance of sixty miles. Their horses could hardly get a foothold on the narrow track and two of them rolled over and over into the depths. It

was so cold that snow and ice gathered on their coverings at night. Food gave out and they had to kill their horses and even their dogs for meat. Many times they lost their way, but they still pushed on, and at last reached the Koos-koos-ka River, a navigable stream flowing towards the Pacific. Disposing of their remaining horses to the Pierced Nose Indians, the explorers again took to canoes; they descended the Koos-koos-ka to the Lewis River, and the Lewis River to the Columbia River, where they found themselves in a fertile plain that lies between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean. Rain fell almost incessantly and there was a steamy fog for two months, but on Thursday, November 7th, the fog lifted and ahead of them lay the sea.

The winter was spent among the Clatsop Indians at the mouth of the Columbia River, and on March 23rd, 1806, the return journey was begun. Lewis and Clark crossed the Rockies together, but on the eastern side they separated, Lewis descending the Missouri and Clark the Yellowstone River. They met on August 12th at the confluence of the Yellowstone and the Missouri, and proceeded together again down the Missouri until, on September 23rd, they entered the Mississippi and reached St. Louis. The journey of nearly 9,000 miles had lasted two years and four months.

During the expedition they had seen many strange sights and had many hair-breadth escapes. While proceeding up the Missouri they came to what looked like a series of gigantic black walls which rose perpendicularly from the river bed to a height of 100 feet, some even to 200 feet,



By courtesy of the British Museum, from the portfolio of drawings illustrating Prince Maximilian of Weid's "Reise durch Nord America."

THE "STONE WALLS" OF THE MISSOURI.

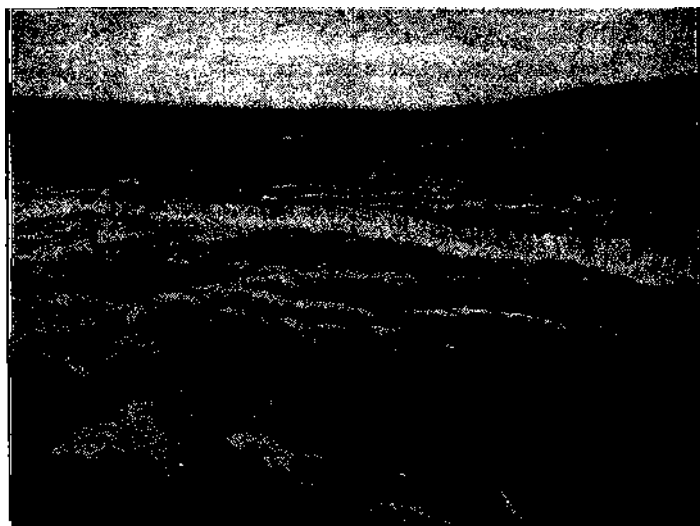
while in thickness they ranged from one foot to twelve feet. So regular were they in shape that it almost seemed that they were the work of human hands. This impression of human handiwork was strengthened by the weird appearance of the cliffs on either side. The water trickling down the soft sandstone rock had worn it into a thousand fantastic shapes, so that the imagination could fancy there were long and elegant galleries supported by sculptured pillars, and parapets adorned with statuary.

Sometimes the scenery was beautiful, as when they paddled in their canoes round a bend in the river and found themselves in a great plain flooded with sunshine. Ahead of them the plain stretched as far as the eye could see. On either side, at a distance of some six miles, rose immense

mountains, the lower slopes of "Which were clothed with dark forests of pine. Far above the forests the mountain peaks were crowned with dazzling snow.

Often in their journey the travellers encountered magnificent waterfalls and roaring cascades and rapids, and sometimes they were obliged to make long portages. Once, on the upper Missouri, their course was obstructed by a whole series of falls, cascades and rapids; at one spot the river swept over a sheer fall eighty-seven feet high, and when finally it ran smoothly again, free from rapids and falls, its bed was more than 350 feet lower. In order to avoid this part of the river the men had to carry the boats and baggage overland for eighteen miles.

Up among the snows of the Rocky Mountains



THE HORSE-SHOE FALLS OF THE MISSOURI RIVER.

the travellers found some hot springs. The Indians used to bathe in the springs and then leap out and plunge into the water of an ice-cold stream near by. They changed from one to the other many times, but always ended with a cold plunge. The Indians of some tribes were very fond of hot baths. Where they had no hot springs they would dig a shallow pit, fill it with water, and erect over it a small shed. Then they would heat stones red hot, throw them into the water, and sit in the steam.

Herds of buffaloes were plentiful in the plains and foothills, and provided the travellers with meat. The Indians had strange ways of hunting these animals. Towards the end of winter, when the ice on the river was beginning to break up, they waited till the wind was blowing in that direction and then set fire to the grass behind a herd. The buffaloes rushed towards the river and tried to cross the treacherous ice. While they were shpping about, the Hghtfooted Indians leapt from cake to cake of ice, struck them down at close quarters, and then drew the carcasses ashore.

Another method was for one Indian to dress himself in the hide of a buffalo while some of his friends startled a herd and drove it towards him. He then ran at full speed before the edge of a cliff overhanging the river and suddenly stepped aside to some hollow in the rocks. The foremost buffaloes, when they reached the edge of the cliff, could not stop because of the pressure of the others behind them, and so they poured over and were killed on the rocks beneath.

One day when Lewis was hunting buffalo

he shot one of a large herd. "He was so certain that it would soon fall that he did not trouble to reload his rifle. While he was watching the buffalo he failed to see that a large brown bear was making for him. It was not until the bear was less than twenty steps away that he became aware of its shambling gait and its wicked little eyes directed towards him. He was on an open plain; the nearest tree was three hundred yards away. But he was near the river, and the bank was only three feet above the water. The bear was coming at him with open mouth. Quick as thought the desperate man made for the river in the hope that if he went in deep enough the bear would have to attack him swimming and so be hampered in its movements. The plan was successful. The bear came to the water's edge and stopped. When Lewis pointed at it the end of his gun it seemed suddenly to take fright, and retreated as quickly as it had come.

It was not only the flesh of buffaloes and bears that supplied the travellers with food. Swans, ducks, partridges, and eagles fell to their guns. They were no less successful in fishing. In the rivers on the west of the Rockies the fish—a kind of salmon—were so abundant that the natives built up stacks of dried fish for future use just as we should build up hayricks. But sometimes for long periods all ordinary food would fail, and then the party had to live on roots and other indigestible things which made them ill.

More interesting than the scenery and the animals were the tribes of wild Indians. They lived in small groups in primitive wigwams built near good fishing places on the rivers, and

wandered from place to place over the prairies. Though they all had swarthy skins they differed in appearance, in dress, and in customs. Some were brave, some cowardly, some honest and friendly, some fierce and treacherous. One day Lewis caught sight of an Indian on horseback in the distance and signalled to him. But the Indian was suspicious and sat motionless on his horse while the travellers approached. Lewis threw down his gun and walked slowly towards him with his hands outstretched and filled with beads. Then he stopped to take his blanket from his knapsack, swung it over his head, and spread it out upon the ground as a sign that he wished the Indian to come and have a peaceful talk. But the rider began to move away, and when



By courtesy of the British Museum, from Prince Maximilian's "Travels."

BLACKFOOT INDIANS ON HORSEBACK.

Lewis approached closer the wild man touched his horse, which suddenly leapt forward and was soon lost to sight.

On another occasion Lewis caught sight of a man, two women, and some dogs on a hill about a mile away. As he approached, the women hid themselves. The man stood his ground till Lewis came within a hundred yards and then took to his heels. The dogs were more friendly, and it occurred to Lewis that he might tie a message round their necks for them to carry to their masters. But the dogs would not allow him to touch them, and at last they also ran away.

Lewis now found himself on a regular track, and on turning a corner he saw before him three more Indians—an old woman, a young woman and a little girl. The young woman ran away, but the other two saw that flight was useless, and according to the custom of Indians who are helpless in the presence of their enemies, they sat down and hung their heads for the blow which they expected. Lewis instantly put down his rifle, and walking up to them took the woman by the hand and bade her rise, repeating the words *tabba bone*!—"white man." At the same time he pulled up his shirt sleeve to prove that he was white, for his hands and face by constant exposure were as dark as her own. Having thus calmed her fears Lewis gave her a few awls, pewter mirrors and a little paint, and asked her to recall the young woman, who had escaped to some distance. He was afraid she might give the alarm, and the Indians swoop down upon him and kill him before he had time to explain.

Fortunately the young woman had seen that

Lewis was making presents to her old companion, Mid she returned out of breath. She received an equal number of trinkets and the captain painted the swarthy cheeks of both a bright vermillion—an act which was a sure sign, of peace. Ha was only just hi time. Suddenly, there ap-



WILLIAM CLARK.

peared a troop of nearly sixty warriors mounted on excellent horses and riding at full speed. The chief, who was riding in front of his men, puled up and spoke to the women. They displayed with great delight the presents they had received and explained that Lewis was a white man, The manner of the wanior changed, and leaping from their horses they embraced the captain most affectionately, putting their left arm over his right shoulder and clasping his back, and laying their left

cheek against his, crying out. *Ah hi ef Ah hi ef*—" 1 am much pleased 1 1 am much pleased!"

The encounters with the Indians were not always *m* pleasant. One of the party named Drewyer had been out hunting alone and suddenly came upon an Indian camp in which there was *mm*-old maiif a young man,' three women and a "boy | they shoved no stuprise at swing *Mm*,

so after turning his horse loose to graze he sat down and began to talk to them by signs. They had just finished a meal of roots when one of the women spoke to the rest of the party, who immediately went out and began to saddle their horses. Drewyer, feeling rested, thought he would continue his hunt, and he too went to catch his horse, which was at a short distance. But he forgot to pick up his rifle. He had scarcely gone fifty paces when the Indians mounted their horses, the young man snatched up the rifle, and leaving all their baggage they set off at full speed.

Jumping on his horse, Drewyer started in pursuit. After galloping nearly ten miles he began to gain on the party, and the women raised dreadful cries. This made the young Indian

slacken his pace, and being mounted on a very swift horse he rode round them at a distance. Drewyer now came up to the women and assured them he meant them no harm. At this the young man approached, and Drewyer, watching his opportunity and seeing the Indian off his guard, galloped up to him and seized the rifle. The Indian struggled for some time, but finding Drewyer too



From the painting in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, by courtesy of Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago, from their edition of the Narrative of the Lewis and Clark Expedition.

MERIWETHER LEWIS.

strong for him he had the presence of mind to open the pan and let the powder and shot fall out. Then he let go his hold, and giving his horse the whip he escaped at full speed.

One instance of Lewis's presence of mind shall close our story. He and one of his men, Windsor, were making their way along a narrow ledge on the side of a precipice with a river roaring nearly a hundred feet below. Suddenly Lewis, who was in front, heard a cry, and turning he saw that Windsor had slipped and was hanging with his right arm and right leg over the precipice; with his left arm and left leg he was just clinging to the path. He could not raise himself, and Lewis could not help him up; the ledge was so narrow that both might have overbalanced and toppled down the precipice. Concealing his anxiety, Lewis calmly told the frightened man to draw his dagger out of his belt with his right hand, and cut a hole in the side of the cliff to support his right foot. This Windsor at last succeeded in doing, and so regained the path and safety.

Such were some of the adventures which befell the explorers as they traced the Missouri to its source, crossed the Rocky Mountains, and descended to the Pacific coast. Scarcely a day passed without some adventure to face, some difficulty to overcome, and it was only by the continual exercise of the qualities which all great explorers must possess—strength and endurance, **courage** and resourcefulness, kindness and patience—that the expedition was carried to a **successful** conclusion.

X. WITH DAVID THOMPSON THROUGH THE GREAT NORTH-WEST

NEAR the end of the year 1783 the Hudson's Bay Company wrote to the Governors of a charity school in Westminster, asking if they had four boys suitable for the Company's settlements in America. Only two boys could be recommended, and one of these, when he heard what was in store for him, promptly ran away ! The other, David Thompson, the son of Welsh parents, awaited his fate, and in the summer of 1784 he was landed at Fort Churchill to serve a seven-years' apprenticeship under the Company.

David was then fourteen years old, short but sturdily built. He was a good scholar and had been taught a little navigation. He was enterprising and persevering, and he was a lad of strong and upright character.

His adventures began early. With two Indians he was sent on a tramp from Fort Churchill to York Factory, a journey of 150 miles along the coast. Every day the party passed from twelve to fifteen polar bears lying near the shore. After his arrival at York Factory he was sent out with another party. One evening two of the men and an Indian woman were in the tent, frying pork and grouse for supper. The smell attracted a polar bear, who poked his head inside. One of

the men swarmed up the tent pole; the other seized his musket, but it missed fire. Snatching up an axe, the Indian woman rained a storm of blows upon the bear's head, and the great beast hastily withdrew. Meanwhile other members of the party had come up, and the bear was shot. When it was skinned, although the skin of the head had been damaged by the blows, there was not a single mark upon the skull.

David was only sixteen years of age when he was sent with a large party on a long journey into the interior, to found a new post on the North Saskatchewan River. In the following year he pushed on across the plains to the Bow River, within sight of the Rocky Mountains, not far from where the city of Calgary now stands. Most of the winter he spent in an encampment of Piegans, an important tribe of the Blackfoot Indians. One of the difficulties of winter travel is the glare of the snow. If the eyes are not protected, they become red and inflamed, and are very painful; finally the traveller is smitten with snow-blindness. David found that the best cure was to let the steam from a kettle play on the eyes.

After completing his apprenticeship he remained for some years in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. By this time he was not only an experienced and hardy traveller, but a very skilful surveyor. He was fond of astronomy, and among the Indians he became known as the Star Man. Often he would sit up at night taking observations while his men were asleep, and his maps were models of painstaking accuracy.

In 1796 he explored a new route from the coast

to Lake Athabaska, by way of Reindeer and Wollaston Lakes and the Black River. His only companions were a couple of Indians, and the party travelled in a birchbark canoe. On the way back up the Black River they had to make a portage round a waterfall. There were rapids above the fall, and when the canoe was launched again Thompson acted as steersman while the Indians walked along the bank hauling on a line attached to the bow. They had not gone a hundred yards when they came to a birch tree growing at the water's edge, and while they were debating how they should pass it, the canoe slewed round till it was broadside on to the current. Thompson shouted to the men, but his voice was drowned by the thunder of the waterfall. Leaping to the bow he cut the rope and turned the nose of the canoe downstream, just before it was swept over the fall.



THE CANOE WAS SWEEPED OVER THE FALL.

Thompson Vas flung out, and when he came to the surface the canoe was on top of him. Fortunately, the water below the fall was shallow, and striking his feet down to the rocky bed of the river he raised himself, grasped the canoe, and brought it ashore. Nothing remained in it but an axe, a small tent, a gun, and a pewter basin. The Indians recovered a cork-lined box, containing the sextant, a few other instruments, the survey maps, and the paddles. But Thompson was in a sorry plight. The flesh of his left foot had been torn away from heel to toe. He and his companions were very scantily clad: it was the summer season and it had been hot work carrying the canoe and baggage round the fall. But the nights were cold, and now they had lost both clothing and food.

The need of clothing was partly supplied by the tent; it was cut into three pieces, and each man took a piece to wrap round him. The food problem was more serious. On the third day Thompson remembered that they were drawing near to an eagle's nest which, when they passed it on the outward journey, contained two young ones. The eaglets were still there, and the starving men divided the flesh into three equal parts. Thompson and one of the Indians devoured the yellow fat of their portions and kept the flesh for the next day. The other Indian oiled himself with the fat. He was the wisest. Thompson and the Indian who had eaten the fat were attacked by dysentery, and though they still struggled on through the chain of lakes, they were brought to death's door.

When they were almost at the last gasp a

friendly party of Indians helped them, and a few days later they came to an empty log hut on the Churchill River. Here they stayed for a month, just managing to live by hunting and fishing, and then their troubles were ended by the arrival of an agent of the Hudson's Bay Company, coming from York Factory with four canoes laden with goods and supplies.

The united party now went back to Reindeer Lake, where they built a new trading post. Scarcely was it finished when there began one of the severest winters that has ever been known even in that part of Canada. The lake was frozen over for nearly eight months; the temperature fell to fifty-six degrees below zero, and "the smoke from chimneys fell in lumps to the ground."

This was the end of Thompson's service with the Hudson's Bay Company. He was told that no further explorations could be sanctioned, so he offered his services to the rival North West Company, and that company was glad to employ him in opening up new routes for trade.

In the first year of his new service, 1797-98, he made a journey of 4,000 miles from Lake Superior to the villages of the Mandan Indians on the Missouri, and back by way of the sources of the Mississippi. In later years he pushed out to the North West.

Among the tribes with whom he entered into friendly relations were the Nahathaway (*Na-hath-away*) or Cree Indians. On the occasion of one of his visits to the North Saskatchewan River, near to where the city of Edmonton now stands, a band of Iroquois who had migrated from the

east of Canada were making themselves offensive to the Nahathaways by their vain and insolent manners. Already their behaviour had led to trouble with some other Indians, who had defeated them heavily. Now they were trying to provoke a conflict between the tribes, and were showing off their war dance before the Nahathaways, who were politely contemptuous of these boastful strangers.

At length Thompson whispered to Spikanoggan, a fine stern warrior of the Nahathaways, that he should show the Iroquois how he could dance the war dance. At first he proudly refused. "You are the fittest man," said Thompson, "to show these strangers what the Nahathaways are like. Do you wish them to return and report that you are a set of women."

Nettled at this, Spikanoggan rose and put on a light war dress, took his large dagger in his right hand, and began the war dance, imitating first the scout, then the spy, the discovery, the return to camp, the council, the silent march to an ambuscade, the war whoop of attack, the tumult of battle, the yells of doubtful contest, and the war whoop of victory ; finally, his breath short and quick, and perspiration pouring from him, he pictured the pursuit of the enemy, and as his dagger was driven home the closing war whoop over the death of his foe rang in the ears of his audience.

During the performance all eyes were riveted on him and the breathless silence of the spectators showed their admiration. The* Iroquois were dumbfounded, and when at last they spoke they said, " Our dances give pleasure, but your dance

is war itself, to victory and to death." Thompson relates that the Iroquois lost all their self-conceit, left off talking of war, and turned to hunting.

Vast as were the great plains of the North West, they could not confine Thompson's restless spirit. He was eager to penetrate the Rocky Mountains and to push beyond them to the Western Sea. This ambition brought him into conflict with his old friends, the Piegan Indians. The mountain tribes were their ancient enemies, contesting with them the right to hunt the bison among the eastern foothills of the Rockies. They had beaten these tribes since the coming of the white man, who sold them firearms as well as other goods in exchange for their furs. The advantage which the new weapons gave them would be lost if the white man crossed the mountains and traded with the Indians there. So when Thompson, working his way up the Saskatchewan River, prepared to cross the Divide in 1807 by the pass which the Indians used—Howse Pass, it was afterwards called—the Piegans determined to stop him.

Thompson was a patient man and he waited. Presently, as he expected, the Piegans went off on some tribal foray, and seizing his opportunity he slipped across the pass. On the other side he came to the upper course of the Columbia River, and near to where the river issues from Lake Windermere he built a collection of log huts which he named Fort Kootenay.

The Piegans were furious when they found that Thompson had eluded them, and sent a party of forty braves under one of their chiefs to attack him. He was ready for them. The



By courtesy of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

THE THOMPSON MEMORIAL FORT AT LAKE WINDERMERE, B.C.

fort was stocked with food, loopholes were bored in the walls, and his men were well armed. There was no well inside the fort, but it was built beside a stream, and at night time the defenders supplied their needs by drawing up water in two brass kettles which they let down by cords. The attackers laid siege to the fort, but they dared not try to carry it by assault, and after a time they withdrew, more angry than ever.

A larger party, 300 strong, was organised under the command of the great war chief of the Piegans. He was really friendly to Thompson, and realised that it was useless to try to stop the westward advance of the palefaces; but he could not refuse to lead the attacking party. Two spies were sent ahead and came to the fort pretending that they were friendly hunters. Thompson was

not deceived, but Tie welcomed them as friends and showed them round the fort, telling them how well prepared he was to resist attack. They had a reminder, too, that they were in enemy country, for while they were at the fort a couple of Kootenay Indians arrived, and though no blood was shed the newcomers glared angrily at the Piegans.

Taking the supposed hunters on one side, Thompson bade them hurry back to their war party, about which he pretended to know everything. He told them that if the Piegans attacked the new trading fort they would have to fight not only him but the Kootenay Indians. He was well able to defend the fort, he said, but he wanted peace not war, and he sent to the Piegan chief a handsome present of tobacco and a fine pipe in which to smoke it.

The spies took back the present and delivered the message. "What can we do with this man? He knows everything we plan against him," exclaimed the war chief; "our women cannot mend a pair of shoes but he sees them!" Then he handled the pipe and tobacco thoughtfully. "Of course," he said, "if we are going to attack him we cannot accept his gifts." The other chiefs looked longingly at the tobacco; they had none with them and the temptation to smoke was very great. They were not at all keen to proceed with the expedition; it had been those who had stayed behind who had been loudest in urging it. At length the eldest of them spoke up:

"You all know," he said, "that I am no coward. But why should we fight people with **whom** we are at peace? How, indeed, can we



From Kane's " Wanderings of an Artist" by courtesy of Messrs. Longmans.

A GROUP OF BLACKFOOT CHIEFS.

fight those whom we cannot see ? What is the use of firing at logs of wood that a bullet will not pierce ? I go no farther." The others grunted approval, and filling the pipe with tobacco he handed it to the war chief, who accepted it and passed it round. The expedition was at an end.

Though the danger was averted for the time being, Thompson knew that the Piegiens were still hostile to his trading activities west of the Rocky Mountains. For two or three years he went backwards and forwards, not only trading but pursuing his explorations, which extended from British territory southwards into what are now the States of Idaho and Montana. The rivers were both dangerous to navigate and very confusing to map ; for they swung in great loops through the mountain ranges, and a river which flowed northwards might be continuous with

another a little farther west which flowed southwards. We can trace them now on the map, but to the pioneer explorer they were like parts of a gigantic puzzle which had to be pieced together.

While he was trying to find the solution, Thompson had to keep in touch with his trading posts, and to go back to the east periodically to report progress and renew his supplies. In the autumn of 1810, while returning up the Saskatchewan River from one of these journeys, he went overland with another white man and a couple of Indian hunters to lay in a stock of meat. The rest of the party were following in canoes along the river when they were turned back by a party of Piegans. Thompson waited for them at the rendezvous, wondering why they did not come. One morning one of the Indian hunters said that he had been troubled by evil dreams, and he was sure the meat would never be eaten. Then he saddled his horse and rode off.

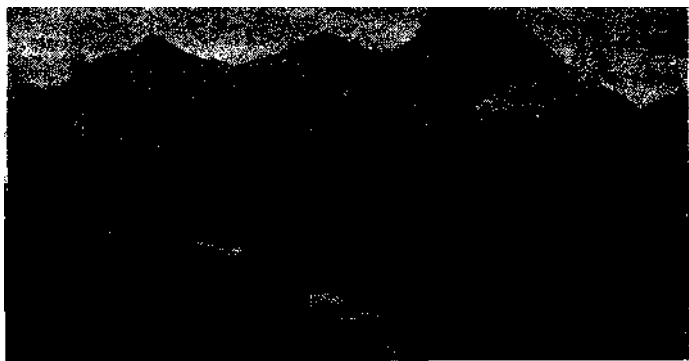
Thompson had been anxious before; now he sent his two remaining companions down the river to search for the missing men. They returned after dark and reported that they had seen a Piegan camp ; a little lower down the river they had come to a place where Thompson's men had evidently landed, but they had seen nothing of the party, though they had fired a gun to attract their attention if they were still in the neighbourhood.

Thompson told his companions that they had acted very foolishly. He had forbidden them to fire except in self-defence. Now the Piegans would be on their track. **Nothing** could be **done**

that night, but at dawn the three men were in the saddle and riding for their lives. The country was open forest, but they had to ride over or round so many fallen trees that they might very well be overtaken by a band of active Indians on foot.

Thompson's fears were justified. The Piegans reached the meat store early in the morning, and followed swift as sleuth hounds on the track of the horses. But before they could overtake them a fall of snow covered up the trail, and the fugitives got safely away. Thompson learned afterwards that the Piegans had met with three grizzly bears while trying to pick up the trail, and such was his reputation that they were convinced he had sent the bears to devour his pursuers !

Thompson was not long in finding his men and canoes lower down the river. As the Saskatchewan was closed to him he made his way north to



By courtesy of the Canadian National Railways

THE UPPER ATHABASKA VALLEY.

the headwaters of the Athabaska River and tried to cross the mountains from there. Winter came on, and the travellers had a terrible journey, but Thompson persevered through all difficulties and dangers. He crossed the Athabaska Pass and came again to the Columbia River. There he encamped till the spring, and then, after a journey of exploration upstream, he set out to descend the river to the sea.

The lower reaches of the Columbia presented a wonderful appearance. At one place the banks rose in a series of terraces, each of which was a mass of basalt pillars. Most of the Indians were friendly and were delighted at the prospect of receiving firearms and axes in exchange for furs; but they could not supply the travellers with much food except salmon.

Through pouring rain and fog the party came down to the lowlands, and in the middle of July they reached the Pacific Ocean. The natives about the coast were surly and treacherous, and on the return voyage the travellers were seriously threatened. The Indians took their stand along the bank of the river with bows in hand and poisoned arrows on the string. Thompson ordered his men to take aim with their guns, but not to fire, while the paddlers urged the canoes along. For a quarter of an hour the tension lasted, and then the danger zone was passed.

In the following year, 1812, Thompson retired from the service of the North West Company. Twenty-eight years had passed since he had landed on the shores of Hudson's Bay, a lonely little lad fresh from a charity school. In that time he had travelled on foot, in canoe, and on horseback

more than 50,000 miles, and had worked his way right across North America. Wherever he had been, after the first few years, he had carefully mapped his routes, and though he did not court fame and received no public honours during his lifetime, to-day he is accounted one of the greatest of North American explorers.

He was more than a great traveller and surveyor. From Hudson's Bay to the Pacific Ocean he was known among the Indians as a just and good man. Like most great explorers he was humane and devout. He would not tolerate harsh treatment of the Indians, nor would he trade with them for "firewater"—the deadly spirits which wrought so much mischief among them. When his partners insisted on his taking two kegs of spirits on one of his journeys into the Rockies, he fastened them to the most vicious horse he had, with the result that they were smashed against the rocky walls of the defiles. When he reported the loss he added that if more kegs were sent they would be treated in the same way. No more were sent!

After his retirement Thompson lived in Eastern Canada. He acted as astronomer for the British Government in the International Commission which fixed the boundary between British North America and the United States, and in other ways he continued to find work as a surveyor. He had married in the North West and had a large family to bring up, but he was fairly well-to-do till late in life. Then he lost all his money, and though he lived to be nearly eighty-seven he died as he had been born—in poverty.

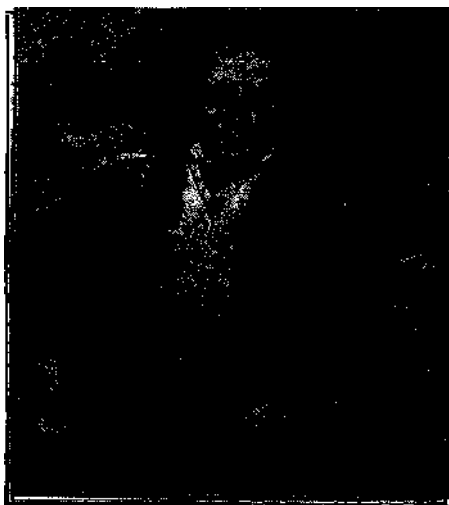
XL WITH FRANKLIN IN ARCTIC CANADA

ONE afternoon near the end of the eighteenth century, a small untidy boy stood in the market town of Spilsby, Lincolnshire, gazing at the fashionable visitors driving up to the big house opposite his home. The boy had often stood staring at such visitors before. His father, ashamed of his untidy appearance, had forbidden him to do so, threatening him with a whipping if he disobeyed. This time, punishment was duly administered to the over-curious boy. His name was John Franklin, and he grew up to be **one** of the most famous of English explorers.

John was one of a family of twelve. His father was a well-to-do business man, but nothing **would** satisfy the boy but a sailor's life, and in **the** year 1800, when he was only fourteen years **old**, **he** entered the Navy as a "first-class volunteer." He was at the battle of Copenhagen **in** 1801, when Nelson "failed" to see the signal to retreat by putting his telescope to his blind **eye**, and at Trafalgar in 1805, when the same **great** English sea captain fell mortally wounded **in the** hour of victory. In between these two **battles he** accompanied an uncle, Captain Matthew Flinders, on a voyage **of** exploration **round** Australia. **His spirit** of curiosity **and love of**

adventure found delight in voyages of discovery, and great was his joy when, after further naval service, he was given the command of one of the ships of a Government Arctic expedition. The voyagers had an exciting time in the stormy, ice-strewn seas around Spitsbergen, and so well did Franklin acquit himself in this venture that in the following year, 1819, he was given the command of another expedition. This was one of two expeditions sent out by the British Government. The other, commanded by Lieutenant Parry, was to go north to Baffin's Bay and then steer westwards towards Bering Straits. Franklin was to make for the west coast of Hudson's Bay, strike across country to the Coppermine River, and follow that river down to the Arctic Ocean; then, turning eastwards, he was to survey the north coast of America and, if possible, join forces with Parry.

Both expeditions sailed in the spring of **1819**. Franklin's voyage through Hudson's Straits to Hudson's Bay was long and perilous. Thrice



*From Franklin's "Second Journey to the Polar Sea"
by courtesy of Mr. John Murray.*

CAPTAIN JOHN FRANKLIN, R.N.

his ship was dashed on to rocks and once against a great iceberg. It was the end of August before he reached Fort York, one of the Hudson's Bay Company's posts. Ten days later he started on the journey inland.

The way lay up the Nelson River to Lake



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE "WITH FRANKLIN
IN ARCTIC CANADA."

Winnipeg, across the northern end of the lake, and up the Saskatchewan River to Cumberland House, one of the Hudson's Bay Company's posts. With Franklin were three other young naval officers—Dr. Richardson, Lieut. Hood, and Lieut. Back—and a blue-jacket named Hepburn. A party of boatmen and Indians accompanied them. It was hard

work forcing the boat up the rapids; sometimes everything had to be carried overland. In one of the rapids Franklin nearly lost his life. He slipped while standing on a rock and was swept downstream, but clutched at a branch of an overhanging tree and hung on to it till he was rescued.

These and other adventures only added a

spice of excitement to the voyage. The travellers were in high spirits and pushed on eagerly. The autumn tints delighted their eyes; the air was keen and invigorating. There were fish to be caught in the river, and deer to be hunted in the woods. At night the Aurora Borealis flashed its vivid colours across the northern sky. But winter was drawing on. Towards the middle of October the weather was bitterly cold. The spray from the oars froze as it fell, and the oars themselves were encrusted with ice. All were glad when Cumberland House was reached on October 23rd, after a journey of over 700 miles.

Franklin had hoped to obtain, at this outpost, Indian guides and hunters who knew the far north; but he was disappointed. So, leaving Hood and Richardson to bring on the stores in the spring, he himself set out on January 18th, 1820, with Back and Hepburn and a couple of Indians to make inquiries at Fort Chipewyan—the outpost which Alexander Mackenzie had established on Lake Athabaska, belonging to the North West Company.

This was Franklin's first experience of winter travel in North America. The supplies were carried on sledges drawn by dogs, while he and his companions toiled along on snow shoes. At night they cleared a space in the snow, lit a fire, rolled themselves in their blankets after supper, and lay down. It was so cold that the tea froze in the teapot before they could drink it; even the mercury froze in the thermometer. Yet the travellers seem to have suffered no ill effects. One of Franklin's entries in his diary reads : " We arose this morning after the enjoy-

ment of. a sound and comfortable repose and recommenced our journey at sunrise."

On March 26th they arrived at Fort Chipewyan, having travelled 850 miles in under ten weeks. Franklin was hoping to reach the Coppermine River and descend it to the Arctic Ocean that same year. He busied himself in collecting information as to the nature of the country and the conditions of travel farther north, but weeks and months passed before he could start. Richardson and Hood did not arrive till mid-July. Travelling along the rivers after the ice had thawed, they had been obliged to make many portages, and one of their men had been drowned through the upsetting of a canoe in a rapid. They brought with them several French halfbreed *voyageurs*, but the food they were bringing had turned mouldy and had been thrown away.

No more time was lost. Four days after Richardson and Hood arrived from the south, the whole party set out for the north in three canoes. In contrast with the conditions of winter travel, the thermometer stood at 106 degrees in the sun, and the travellers were continually pestered with mosquitoes. They were dependent for food on the supplies of fish and game; if these failed, they would starve. But meanwhile they had enough, and they were in high spirits: often the lonely forests echoed with the merry songs of the *voyageurs* as the canoes sped northwards.

Passing down the Slave River they came at the end of July to Fort Providence, on Great Slave Lake. Here they were met by a party of Indians

who knew the country along the Coppermine River and had promised to help them on their way to the sea. Unhappily these Indians were better at promising than performing. The chief—whose Indian name meant Big Foot—was greedy of presents, but never seemed satisfied. The journey was continued to the north of Great Slave Lake during the first three weeks of August, and then Big Foot announced that it was too late in the season to go farther.

The expedition had indeed been late in starting from Fort Chipewyan; Mackenzie had started six weeks earlier in the season when he had made his great journey to the Arctic Ocean.

But Big Foot had encouraged Franklin to hope that they would be able to reach the Coppermine River and descend it to the sea before the end of the summer, and the explorer was bitterly disappointed when he was told that this was impossible.



*From Franklin's "Journey to the Polar Sea," by
courtesy of Mr. John Murray.*

CHIEF BIG FOOT AND HIS SON.

The expedition had reached a lake near the headwaters of the Coppermine River, and at last Franklin agreed to winter there if the Indians would first show Hood and Back the way to the river. This was done early in September, and on the return of Hood and Back they all settled down on the shores of Winter Lake, as it was called, in some log huts which were built and named Fort Enterprise.

The winter had scarcely set in when supplies began to run short, and in November Back volunteered to fetch a fresh stock from Fort Chipewyan. The journey was made with no covering at night but a blanket and deerskin, in temperatures which were often down to 40 degrees below zero. Often he suffered from frost-bite; sometimes¹ he was without food for two or three days. But he reached Chipewyan safely, and on March 15th, 1821, he arrived back at Fort Enterprise with the needed supplies, after a total journey of over 1,100 miles.

On June 14th the expedition set out for the Coppermine River. It took them over a fortnight to get there, and another three weeks to descend the river, in which there were still masses of floating ice. In addition to Franklin and his four English companions, the party consisted of about a dozen *voyageurs*, an Iroquois Indian named Michel, and a couple of Eskimo interpreters. Big Foot and his followers did not accompany them down the river; the journey was not to his liking. But before they parted, Franklin obtained from the chief a promise to stock Fort Enterprise with food for the winter, in case the explorers had to return there.

On arrival* at the mouth of the Coppermine on July 21st Franklin turned eastwards, in accordance with his instructions, to explore the coast in that direction and to look out for the expedition under Parry. Franklin's men were in two canoes—frail craft for a sea voyage under the most favourable conditions. With the ice of the Arctic Ocean to seaward, and on the land side a succession of rugged cliffs fringed with masses of ice, the voyage was perilous in the extreme. But the explorer did not hesitate. For a month he followed the coast, mapping its many bays and inlets. No signs of Eskimos were seen, and the expedition came upon very little game. Once the two interpreters, while hunting ashore, killed a bear, and the officers thought the paws excellent, when boiled.

On August 18th, at a point which he named Cape Turnagain, Franklin decided to turn back. He had explored 650 miles of coast and had seen nothing of Parry. As a matter of fact, that explorer had been among the Arctic islands far to the north and had returned home in the previous year. Franklin was becoming anxious about his own return journey. The weather had turned stormy, and he had given up hope of replenishing his food supplies along so barren a coast. He decided to ascend a river whose mouth he had passed, and to make his way back to Fort Enterprise by a new route.

The river, which had been named after Hood, was entered on August 25th, but the explorers soon found that it did not flow from the direction in which they wished to go, and on September 3rd they left it and struck across country



From Franklin's "Journey to the Polar Sea" by courtesy of Mr. John Murray.

LANDING ON THE COAST OF ARCTIC NORTH AMERICA.

to the south-west, carrying their canoes with them.

On the morning of the following day they ate the last of their pemmican, and then began a time of terrible privation and hardship. For three days they were storm-bound in their tents. They could not light a fire ; the moss, which was their only fuel, was too wet to ignite. The weather had turned bitterly cold—so cold that their coverings at night were frozen. Franklin became so weak that he nearly fainted when the journey was resumed after the storm.

Deep snow covered the ground. Beneath the white mantle were sometimes slippery stones on which the men stumbled and fell, sometimes swamps and pools in which they sank knee-deep. In these tumbles one of the canoes was damaged beyond repair, so they used it **for**

making a fire and cooked what was left of their supplies—a little dried soup and arrowroot.

At intervals of three or four days they shot a few partridges, a musk-ox, and a couple of deer; then, after nearly a fortnight, five small deer. These did not last long among so many famished men, whose only other means of subsistence were pieces of old leather, which they chewed, and a kind of lichen which they gathered from the rocks. This lichen, known as *tripe de roche*, was horrible stuff, scarcely eatable by any of them. Hood could not stomach it at all, and it made most of them ill. But there was just enough nourishment in it to keep them alive for a few weeks.

It speaks much for the undaunted heart of Franklin that throughout this time he daily made up his diary. He records the nightly routine of encamping thus: 1. Encamp. 2. Thaw frozen shoes if there is sufficient fire and put others on (otherwise keep them on). 3. Write occurrences of day. 4. Evening prayers. 5. Supper, if any. 6. Bed and sleep as soon as warm.

So they struggled on through the month of September, growing weaker and weaker. Once, while Franklin was crossing a river, the canoe capsized. He himself just managed to struggle ashore, but a portfolio containing most of his observations was lost. Then there came a grievous day when the men arrived at camp without the canoe; they said it was broken and useless. Franklin begged them to go back for it. It might be, it must be, patched up. Without it, how were they to cross the rivers? But the men refused to go back; they had lost heart

and did not care what happened. He himself and the other Englishmen were too weak to fetch it, and in the end they had to go on without the canoe.

Soon afterwards they came to the headwaters of the Coppermine River, and now indeed they wished they had the canoe. Heartened by the discovery of the remains of a deer, which they devoured eagerly though the meat was putrid, the men made a tiny raft out of some willows; but the wind and the current were against them, and they could not cross the river.

Then Dr. Richardson tried to swim across with a rope. The icy waters numbed his arms, but turning on his back he continued to swim with his legs. He had nearly reached the other side when his friends saw him sink. They hauled him back, stripped him of his wet clothes, and wrapped him in blankets before a fire; and then they found that on entering the water he had gashed his foot to the bone on a jagged stone. All were shocked, when he was undressed, to see that he was a mere bag of skin and bones; and the sight made them realise more than ever their own terrible condition.

Richardson revived, and another raft was made, but all in vain. The weather was stormy, with heavy falls of snow. Scraps of roasted leather and *tripe de roche* were again their only food. Still Franklin would not abandon hope. A small canoe was built, and this time one of the *voyageurs* succeeded in crossing the river with a rope, by which the canoe was drawn backwards and forwards till all were across.

It was now decided that Back, who was the

strongest of the officers, should go on with some of the men to fetch supplies from Fort Enterprise. He set out on October 4th, and the others followed. Next day two of the *voyageurs* collapsed and died in the snow. Hood could hardly drag himself along, and it was decided to divide the party again.

This time Hood was left in camp, with Richardson and Hepburn to look after him, while Franklin went on with the men. Presently Michel, the Iroquois, turned back with one of the *voyageurs* who was too weak to continue. Then two more of the *voyageurs* turned back, leaving Franklin with only four men.

Doggedly the little party struggled on, stumbling and falling and picking themselves up again, sometimes hardly conscious, but sustained by the thought that every step brought them nearer to Fort Enterprise. As the days went by, they wondered why they did not meet Back, hastening to their relief. What could have happened to him?

The fort was reached on October 11th, but as they staggered into it, hope was turned to dismay. Chief Big Foot had not kept his promise to leave a supply of food for them. The fort was desolate and bare; the autumn wind howled through its broken roof and windows. "The whole party," wrote Franklin, "shed tears, not so much for our own fate as for that of our friends in the rear, whose lives depended on our sending them relief."

Back had left a note saying that he was pressing on in the hope of finding the Indians. Would they come in time? Franklin's party had



From Franklin's "Journey to the Polar Sea,"¹ by courtesy of Mr. John Murray.

PREPARING AN ENCAMPMENT AND GATHERING *TRIPE DE ROCHE*.

nothing to eat but the nauseous *tripe de roche*, together with some old deer hides and bones which had been thrown away when they lived in the fort before. Their mouths were blistered by this horrible diet, and they grew daily weaker, but the flame of life still flickered within them.

On October 29th, footsteps were heard, and there was great excitement in the living hut. But again their hopes were dashed to the ground. The newcomers were Richardson and Hepburn, and they brought with them a tale of worse tragedy than any that had yet befallen the expedition. They were the only survivors of those who had been left behind. They reported that Michel, the Iroquois, had returned to the camp with some of the *voyageurs* who had fallen out of the ranks of Franklin's party. Soon afterwards he and the *voyageurs* had gone out

hunting, and he had returned alone, saying that the others had wandered away. But, he said, he had killed a wolf and brought back some of the meat. In the light of later events, they had a dreadful suspicion that he had slain his companions and turned cannibal.

One day Michel and the sick man, Hood, had an angry argument about something. Richardson and Hepburn were at a little distance from the tent, collecting lichen and cutting firewood. Presently they heard a gun shot. Hurrying back to camp they were told by Michel that Hood had shot himself; but when they examined the body they saw that the wound was in the back of the head. He had been murdered.

Richardson and Hepburn were powerless against the Iroquois. In their weak state he was more than a match for them both. Now that Hood was dead, there was nothing to keep them from following Franklin, and the three of them set out for Fort Enterprise. Michel's manner became more and more surly and threatening; Richardson and Hepburn felt sure that he was only awaiting an opportunity to murder them also; and as the only means of saving their lives, Richardson shot him dead.

After the arrival of Richardson and Hepburn at Fort Enterprise, the reunited party lingered on for more than a week. During that time two of the *voyageurs* died. The others were at the last extremity when, on November 7th, the sound of a shot was heard. A few minutes later the hut was filled with Indians. Relief had come at last.

The few survivors slowly recovered their

strength, and in the following year Franklin, Richardson, Back, and Hepburn returned to Hudson's Bay. From there they sailed to England, arriving home in October, 1822, after an absence of nearly three and a half years.

Remarkable as it may seem, all were eager to go out exploring again. In 1825-27 Franklin led another expedition to the mouth of the Coppermine River, and from there explored the coast westwards. Afterwards he was knighted and appointed Governor of Tasmania. Even then his career as an explorer was not ended. In 1845, when the old hero was in his 60th year, he set out in command of two ships, the *Erebus* and the *Terror*, in the hope of sailing through the North-West Passage. None of the party ever returned. Many expeditions were sent in search of them, and bits of the story were gleaned from the Eskimos. Finally in 1859 a record was found. After making good progress in the first year the ships had been imprisoned in the ice in September, 1846. In the following year Sir John Franklin had died. The ships had remained fast in the ice, and in April, 1848, had been abandoned. There the written record ends. None of the party survived the retreat.

In Westminster Abbey there is a monument of Sir John Franklin with an inscription by the poet Tennyson:

" Not here! the white North hath thy bones, and thou,
 Heroic sailor soul,
 Art passing on thy happier voyage now
 Towards no earthly pole/'

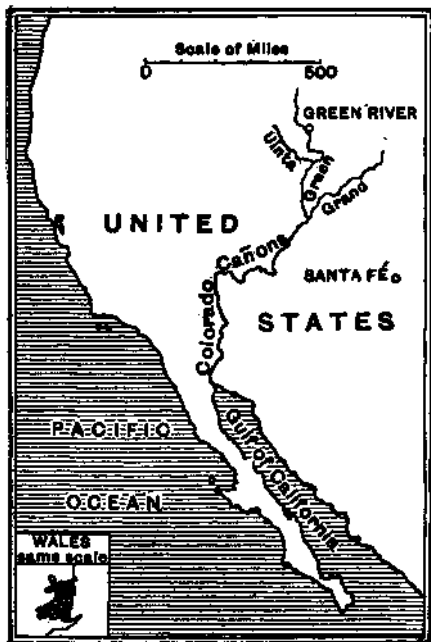
XII. WITH POWELL DOWN THE COLORADO

THE Colorado River is one of the most terrible rivers in the world. Fed at its source by the snows of the Rocky Mountains in the State of Colorado, it winds and leaps and thunders through dark and enormous chasms until it reaches the sea in the Gulf of California, after a course of more than a thousand miles.

The Spanish explorers in the sixteenth century were the first Europeans to discover the river. They came upon it at its mouth in the Gulf of California, where, as they recorded, " We found a very mighty river, which ran with so great a fury of stream that we could hardly sail against it." In 1776, Spanish missionaries from Santa Fe, in New Mexico, crossed the Colorado River at one or two points, with great difficulty descending the precipice on one side and scaling it on the other by means of ropes. At later dates various travellers tried to explore the river, but up to the time of the American Civil War no one had succeeded in following it throughout its course.

After the war, Major J. W. Powell determined to see whether he could succeed. It was all the more plucky of him to make the attempt, because he had lost his right arm in the war,

The son of a Methodist minister, he was a man of iron resolution and great physical strength. At the time of his expedition in 1869 he had a stalwart thick-set frame, with a shock of black hair above a full forehead, shaggy eyebrows, kindly keen



George Philip & Son, Ltd.

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE "WITH POWELL,
DOWN THE COLORADO."

eyes, and a black beard and moustache covering a firmly set mouth. The State Institution of Illinois and the Chicago Academy of Science provided him with funds. Powell chose his own brother to accompany him, and eight other men — Sumner, who had been a soldier in the late war, a fair, delicate-looking man, but very strong; Bradley and Hawkins, who had also been soldiers in the war; Hall, a

Scotch boy of nineteen; Goodman, a young Englishman; Dunn, who had been a hunter and trapper; Howland, who had been a printer, and Seneca Howland, his younger brother.

Four boats were specially built from Powell's designs. Three of them were of oak and were

divided into three compartments, of which the front and back compartments were checked and water-tight. Each of these boats was twenty-one feet long and could be carried by four men. The fourth boat was made of pine and divided into compartments like the others, but was built for fast rowing, and was very light. Provisions were taken for ten months, and double supplies of instruments and tackle, so that if one boat were wrecked the expedition would still have all needful equipment.

On May 24th, 1869, the party began the descent of the Green River, as the Upper Colorado is called. They started from the settlement of Green River, Powell leading the way in the light scouting skiff. For the first three days the river seemed to lure the explorers on by scenes of unexpected beauty, which Powell tried to describe by the names he gave to them. Thus the expedition passed through Flaming Gorge, where the cliffs on either side were of scarlet sandstone; Horseshoe Canyon, where the river made an almost complete loop; and Kingfisher Canyon, where the cliffs seemed to be all fluttering and flashing with the brilliant blue of innumerable kingfishers.

Presently the current began to quicken. Soon



*From Powell's "Canyons of the Colorado,"
by courtesy of the Chautauqua Press,
Chautauqua, New York.*

JOHN WESLEY POWELL.

it was running at the rate of twelve miles an hour, and the boats were -dashing and leaping like a herd of startled deer. This was a sign that they were approaching the terrible torrent of Lodore. Powell remembered what an old Indian had said to him about it a year before. "Rocks h-e-a-p, h-e-a-p high; the water go h-oo-woogh, h-oo-woogh; water pony (boat) h-e-a-p buck (jump); water catch 'em; no see 'em squaw (wife) any more! No see 'em pappoose (children) any more!" The warning was alarming enough, and Powell determined to take unusual care. He went ahead in his skiff, and when he saw that the river had become so rough that no boat could live in it, he landed and posted a man with a flag to signal to the other boats to pull in there too. Then he scrambled along the rocky bank to survey.

The river, as far as he could see it between its towering walls, was a thundering torrent. Suddenly, above the deafening roar, he heard a shout. Looking round he saw a sight at which his blood ran cold. In the middle of the river was one of the boats, borne along at sickening speed. As it shot past him he saw in it the two Howlands and Goodman. Following it as best he could he came out behind a great crag just in time to see it strike a rock. It rebounded and heeled over, the middle compartment at once filling with water. Broadside on it swept now, and, dashing against another rock, broke in two. The men were thrown into the river, but the next moment they clutched the larger part of the boat which, thanks to the water-tight compartments, remained floating. On they were hurled in their

mad course till the remaining fragment of the boat was flung against a rock and smashed to pieces. Powell now lost sight of them altogether and feared the worst. But, scrambling along the rocks, he came to a point where he could descry a man's head above the water, washed about in a whirlpool below a great rock. It was Goodman. Soon afterwards he saw the Howlands on an island in mid-stream. Eventually all three managed to get ashore, much bruised and battered.

The men were saved, but valuable supplies were lost. Sumner and Dunn volunteered to go out to the shattered hulk that lay stranded

against an island half a mile downstream. They were only able to recover barometers, a package of thermometers, and a three-gallon keg of whisky. It was then discovered that the whisky had been the cause of the accident. The men had opened

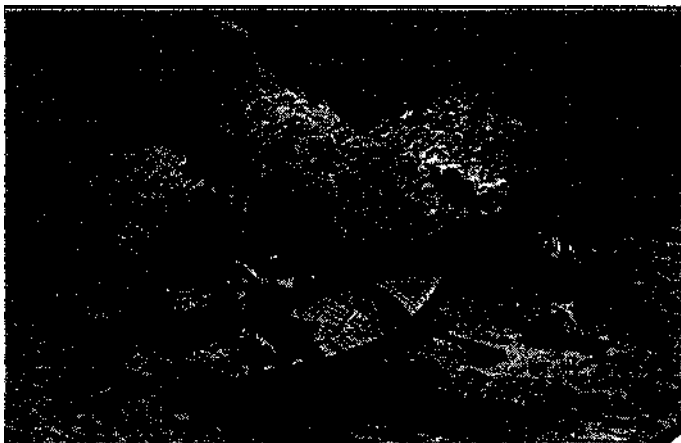


From Powell's "Canyons of the Colorado," by courtesy of the Chautauqua Press.

" HE COULD DESCRY A MAN'S HEAD
ABOVE THE WATER."

the keg and drunk so much that they became careless of danger and heedless of the signal from the bank warning them to land.

The other boats were "lined down" the rapids—that is, ropes were tied to them and they were allowed to drop downstream, while the men scrambled along the bank and guided the course of the plunging craft as well as they



From Powell's "Canyons of the Colorado," by courtesy of the Chautauqua Press.

" IN AN INSTANT THE BRUSHWOOD WAS ABLAZE."

could by hanging on to the ropes. On the evening of June 16th, after the men had been toiling all day in this way, they pitched camp at a spot where there was much dry brushwood. They had lighted their fire on the narrow bank when a sudden whirlwind scattered the red-hot embers. In an instant the brushwood was ablaze and great tongues of flame driven by the wind were darting down on the luckless campers. In

trying to rescue the mess kit the cook stumbled and spilled knives, iorks, spoons, and plates, into deep water. Hastily cutting loose the boats to save them from the flames, the voyagers drifted into an unexplored rapid, thickly beset with rocks. They got through safely, but for the rest of the voyage they had to do without the usual conveniences for eating.

Careful and cautious as Powell was on the water he was often reckless on land. The narrow ledges of rock, which the explorers had to climb daily to take observations, gave a very insecure foothold. For Powell, with his one arm, this part of the work was particularly dangerous. On one occasion he and Bradley had climbed by narrow ledges up the face of a precipice to a height of about 700 feet. The last seventy feet of the climb had been up a sheer wall. At this point, by making a spring, Powell was able to grasp a projecting piece of rock above him with his left hand, and just secure a narrow foothold on which his toes rested. From this position he found it impossible to move either backwards or forwards. He called to Bradley for help, and Bradley climbed to the rock over Powell's head but was powerless to help him.

The strain of clinging in this position began to act on Powell in a way which mountaineers know only too well. The straining muscles begin to tremble, and unless relief comes the climber has to let go. If once Powell lost his hold there was nothing to break his fall for seventy feet*. At the critical moment Bradley had a brilliant idea. He took off his pants and swung them down to Powell. Powell let go his trembling hold upon



*From Powell's "Canyons of the Colorado,"
by courtesy of the Chautauqua Press,*

THE RESCUE.

the rock and grasped the pants. With a powerful pull Bradley hauled him up to a place of safety.

Down through Whirlpool Canyon and Split Mountain Canyon the boats were carefully "lined." When they reached the point where the River Uinta joins the Colorado the party camped for a week to make observations and to visit an Indian encampment. Goodman, who went with Powell to the encampment, refused to return, saying that he had seen dangers enough.

Goodman certainly escaped dangers. Shortly after his desertion Powell, Sumner, and Dunn were capsized in Desolation Canyon, and two guns, two rolls of blankets, and a baro-

meter were lost. On the next day Bradley was tossed out of the boat head first, and, catching his foot under one of the seats, was dragged along head downwards. He was rescued from his perilous position by Powell's clever management of the boat, and so Powell had the satisfaction

of saving the life of the man who had previously saved his.

A few days later the explorers came to the mouth of the Grand River. A three-day halt to overhaul the boats and food supplies revealed the alarming fact that provisions were running short. Half their original ten months' supplies had been lost when the Howlands and Goodman wrecked their boat at Lodore, and only two months' provisions remained. They had barely done one half of their journey, and that the less difficult half. Before them lay unknown dangers and difficulties. But no thought of changing their plans occurred to them. On July 21st they cast off from the shore and entered Cataract Canyon. Rapids came frequently, between walls more than 2,000 feet high, and the passage through the forty-one miles of the canyon was a week of desperately hard work. Once a flock of mountain sheep was seen on the rocks not more than 100 feet above their heads. Quickly the hunters landed, and two fat sheep made a welcome addition to their diminishing larder.

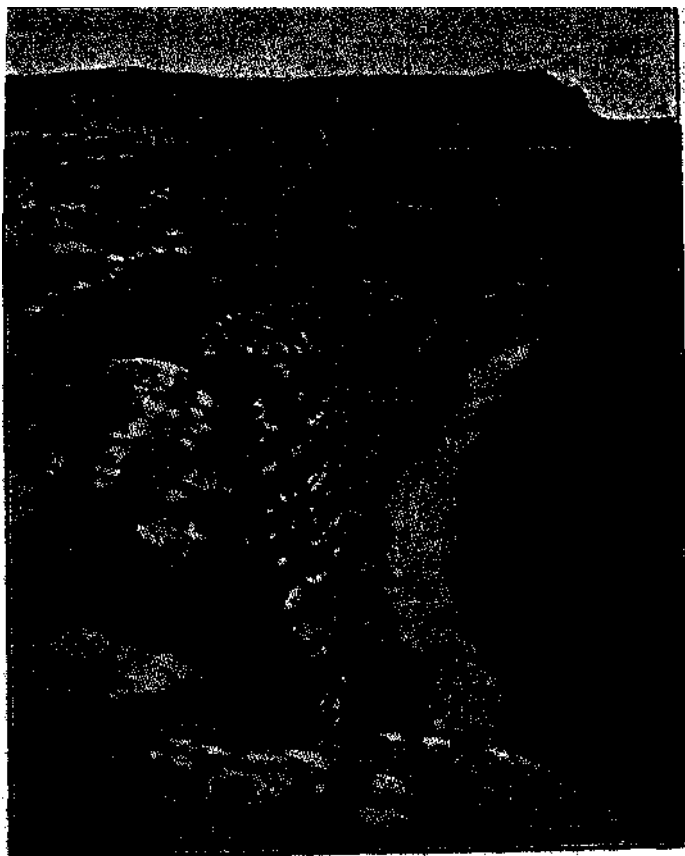
After leaving Cataract Canyon the river led them for a time through scenes of alluring loveliness, where the water flowed quietly for 150 miles between the walls of Glen Canyon. Many side streams and springs of crystal clearness trickled out at the base of the cliffs, forming the cool and inviting little glens to which the canyon owes its name. At one place the walls of the canyon were composed of rocks of many colours—creamy orange above, then vermilion, and below, purple **and** chocolate, with green and yellow sands.

By August 4th they had passed the Crossing

of the Fathers, one of the points where the Spanish missionaries crossed the river in 1776, and were at the entrance to the grandest of all the gorges, Marble Canyon. The hard marble walls were an ominous sign, for it is a rule of the river that the harder the rock the harder the course. Marble is not worn away like softer rocks, and the volume of water has to fight its way through a narrower channel. Though the gorge was only 200 feet deep at the beginning, the walls ran rapidly up and the river rapidly down, till in a few days the walls towered 3,500 feet above the water. Fall after fall appeared in quick succession, and progress was slow and laborious.

Where it was impossible to run the rapids in the boats, the men had to creep along the shelves of rock while they held fast to the straining rope attached to the boats in the current below. Where there was sufficient foothold, the boats were carried on the shoulders of the crew and a return journey made for the load of supplies. The scenery in the canyon was grand in the extreme. At one place the marble walls gleamed "white, grey, pink, and purple, with saffron tints," and at another place Powell walked for more than a mile "on a marble pavement, all polished and fretted with strange devices, and embossed in a thousand fantastic patterns."

On August 10th Powell reached the mouth of the deep, narrow gorge of the Little Colorado River, marking the end of Marble Canyon and the beginning of the Grand Canyon. A three-day halt was made for taking observations and overhauling the boats and food supplies. Only one month's rations were now left, and the explorers



THE GRAND CANYON : NOTE FIGURE SEATED NEAR TOP.

pushed off on the 14th with anxiety and misgiving. The river ran between cliffs of granite 1,000 feet high. Soon a heavy roar warned them of their approach to the savage Sockdologer Rapids, where Powell estimated that the river dropped seventy-five to eighty feet in a third of a mile, and the rolling waves at the foot of the rapids were

thirty feet high. The walls on either side went up sheer and slippery -from the water's edge. The travellers must either run the rapids or go back.

Powell would not think of retreat. Pushing off in his light boat, away he went at terrific speed, first on smooth water, then up to the top of a great wave, and over and down into the trough of it. Caught in a whirlpool and spun round several times while the other boats passed by, then dashed against a projecting rock, now on this side, now on that, carried into an eddy, hurled forward again and covered with breakers, but still uncapsized, the little boat emerged safely to join the other boats waiting in an eddy below. More of their precious food was spoiled when one of the boats was upset in another rapid. The bacon had to be thrown away, and on August 17th, rations were reduced to a ten days' supply of flour, a few dried apples, and plenty of coffee. Two or three days later the granite cliffs gave place to limestone, the river flowed more smoothly, and the spirits of the party were raised by a couple of days' good progress.

Their hopes were soon dashed. The sinister walls of hard granite again closed round them, and ahead of them they had glimpses of a wild confusion of thundering waters. To run such a rapid would be to court destruction. Yet there was no other way of going on. There was not room to "line" the boats through the gorge, much less to carry them. All night long the leader paced up and down a little strip of beach by the side of the river while his men lay asleep. Should he abandon the expedition which was so near to

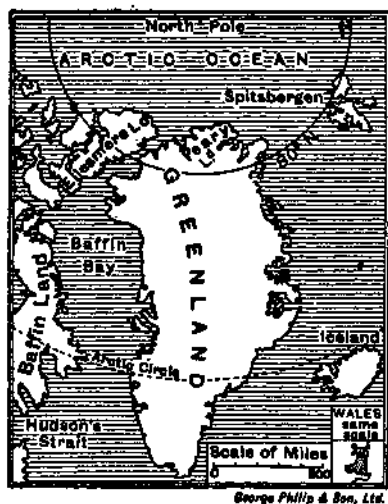
success ? Or should he take the risk of attempting to run the rapid ?

At last his decision was made. He would go on. Five of the others—his brother, Hawkins, Hall, Sumner and Bradley—were ready to go with him. Dunn and Howland refused. Howland's younger brother was willing to go on, but as he could not persuade his brother to do so, he too decided to remain behind. Each side respected the other's determination, and the parting that took place at Separation Rapids, as they were afterwards called, was solemn and affecting, for each thought that the other was taking the more dangerous course.

Dunn and the Howlands gave a hand in helping to lift the boats over a high rock and down to the water, where there was a clear run into the perilous roaring darkness before them. Powell, as usual, led the way, and, to his amazement, he ran through into quiet water in less than a minute. The others followed. Guns were fired as a signal to Dunn and the Howlands that Powell's party had come through safely. Powell thought they might determine to follow in the remaining boat. But there was no reply. He waited for two hours but they did not appear, and they were never seen by white men again.

The rest of the day was spent by Powell and his men in navigating bad rapids, but by night they had run out of the hard granite, and at noon next day they emerged from the depths of the Grand Canyon. The Colorado was vanquished.

XIII. WITH PEARY TO THE NORTH POLE



SKETCH MAP OF GREENLAND.

ONE day in the year 1885 a young engineer officer in the United States Navy stopped before a second-hand bookstall in Washington. As he rummaged among the old volumes exposed for sale he came across a book of Arctic travel, describing experiences in Greenland. He bought the book, and found the subject so fascinating that he himself

planned a voyage to Greenland.

The name of the young officer was Lieutenant Robert Peary. He was a man of iron will, and no sooner had he made up his mind to go to Greenland than he applied for leave from his naval duties. This was granted, and in the summer of the following year, 1886, off he went, full of enthusiasm. He soon had experience of the hardships and dangers of Polar exploration;

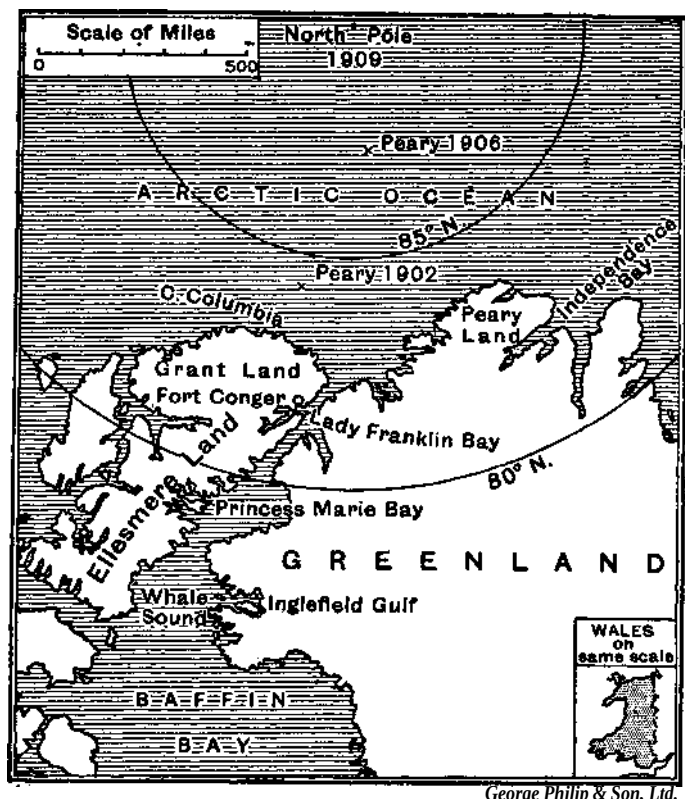
when he attempted a sledge journey into the interior he had to battle against violent storms, through deep snow, and once he was swept away in an icy stream. But these experiences only made him the more eager for further exploration. He returned, he said, with the Arctic fever in his veins.

For some years after this his naval duties engaged all his attention, but in 1891 he obtained leave to go on another voyage to the north. This time he decided to try to discover the northern limit of Greenland. He was accompanied by his wife, who was the first white woman to set foot on that frozen land.

Almost at the outset, Peary's courage and determination were put to a severe test. His ship, the *Kite*, was crashing her way through the thick ice off the west coast of Greenland when a large cake of ice struck the rudder, forcing it hard to one side. As the steering wheel went whirling round, torn from the hands of the man on duty, one of Peary's legs was caught in the iron gear, and he heard the bones snap. His leg was broken just above the ankle.

Though he knew it must be many weeks before he would be able to walk again, he had no thought of turning back. Strapped to a board, he was carried ashore to supervise the building of a hut in a bay where he had planned to establish his headquarters. This was in Whale Sound, on the north-west corner of Greenland. He and his wife spent the first night in a frail little tent, which was nearly blown away by a howling wind.

The arrival of Mrs. Peary in Greenland caused **much** excitement among the Eskimos living on



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE " WITH PEARY TO THE NORTH POLE.

the west coast, and many of them travelled long distances to see her. When the first party of Eskimos arrived at the hut she and her husband went out to meet them. The Eskimos looked puzzled, and asked " Soonal Koonah ? " Neither Peary nor his wife knew what this meant, but the Eskimos soon showed that they could not make out which was Mrs. Peary. Among them the women wore trousers just the same as the men.

These were made of the skin of some animal—generally the Arctic fox or the seal—and the dress of the men and women was so much alike that it was a day or two before Mrs. Peary could tell the one from the other.

After spending the winter at his base camp, Peary set off in the spring of 1892 on a sledge journey across Greenland to the north-east coast. The interior is buried beneath an enormous "ice-cap," forming a lofty plateau which is often swept by violent winds, bringing with them heavy drifting snow; the Eskimos believe that it is the abode of evil spirits. Accompanied by a single white companion named Astrup, Peary travelled over the ice-cap for fifty-seven days. At the end of that time he reached a high rocky cliff on the north-east coast, from which he looked down on a wide bay, with new land away to the north. He named the bay Independence Bay. To the west he saw an opening which looked like a channel separating the mainland from the new land, and this opening he called Peary Channel. In later years it was found that the supposed channel was really a bay, and that the land to the north was joined to the rest of Greenland by a low-lying isthmus.

When Peary and his companions returned to the base camp from the ice-cap the Eskimos were filled with awe. They spoke in low frightened tones and would not shake hands or even draw near, until they were convinced that the explorers were not spirits. Afterwards the Eskimos gained so much confidence in Peary's powers that they said they would go anywhere with him, even on to the dreaded ice-cap,

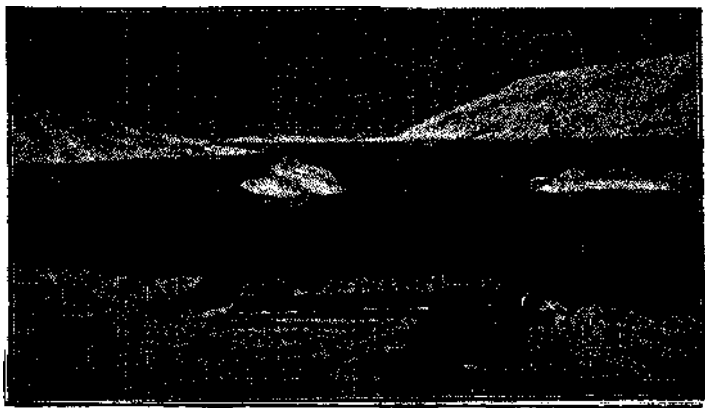
These Eskimos led a very hard life, devoted almost entirely to hunting and fishing in order to provide themselves with food and clothing. Necessity had made them wonderfully clever with their crude weapons and other implements, and when the expedition was on its way home down the west coast of Greenland, in the summer of 1892, the Eskimos at a place called Godthaab gave a display of remarkable feats in the water, with their light little canoes called kayaks. One of their feats was to turn a somersault in the water, kayak and all; they could also make one kayak jump over another.

In less than a year after his return, Peary was off on a more ambitious expedition to Greenland on board a ship called the *Falcon*. He was again accompanied by his wife. He made his headquarters in Inglefield Gulf, close to his old base camp, and there, just before winter set in, an event occurred which caused fresh delight and wonder among the Eskimos. This was the birth of Mr. and Mrs. Peary's first child, a baby girl, who was named Mary Abnighito Peary. As the news spread among the Eskimo settlements along the coast, whole families journeyed from places more than a hundred miles away in order to satisfy themselves that the baby was not made of snow, as they at first believed.

During the winter (1893-4), preparations were made for another sledge journey over the ice-cap, and with seven companions Peary set out in the early spring. From the first the conditions were unfavourable, and before the party had gone far, four of its members had to return to the base camp, suffering from sickness and frostbite.

Peary pushed on desperately for some distance, but was then forced to return.

Disappointed by his failure, Peary determined to stay on for another winter at his base camp and to make another attempt in the following spring—the spring of 1895. But most of the members of the expedition had by now had enough of the rigours of Arctic exploration, and



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PEARY'S WINTER QUARTERS ON ESTGLEFIELD GULF IN 1894r-95.

decided to return on the *Falcon*. Only two, Matthew Henson, Peary's coloured American servant, and H. J. Lee, agreed to stay with him.

The three men set out on their new attempt on April 1st, 1895. They were soon short of food, owing to their failure to discover supplies which had been stored on the ice and were now buried deep in snow, and it was a sadly weakened and exhausted party that at length came in sight of the north-east coast. They had barely enough

food left, to enable them to return, even under the most favourable conditions; and out of forty-two sledge dogs with which they had started only eleven remained, most of the others having been killed to provide food for the surviving dogs. Peary resolved to stake everything on the chance of finding some musk-oxen.

While Lee rested and looked after the dogs, Peary and Henson started on their desperate search. At first they tramped for many weary miles without seeing any signs of musk-oxen, but trying again they were at last gladdened by the sight of a herd resting on a rocky ledge, at a distance of 200 yards. Trembling with excitement, they dare not fire at the animals for fear of missing. They decided they must rush upon them and shoot at close quarters.

"Do you think they will come for us, sir?" asked Henson anxiously, as he and Peary lay quivering behind a boulder.

"I hope so, boy," answered Peary, "for then we are sure of some of them. Are you ready?"

With these words the two men dashed out across the rocks and snow. In an instant every animal was facing them with lowered head and horns. When about fifty yards off, Peary fired and a big bull fell dead. The next moment Henson had shot another animal, and as the herd turned tail several more were brought down. Almost overwhelmed with joy, the starving explorers plunged their knives into the dead animals, cutting off and eating lumps of the warm raw flesh, which they thought delicious.

On the return journey over the ice-cap Lee suffered agonies from a frozen toe and exhaustion.

Only one dog survived, and on reaching the base camp Peary saw that this member of the party was fed before he ate anything himself. But the memory of the days of famine on the ice-cap remained with the faithful animal long after, and he might often be seen hiding away scraps of meat and bone.

In the summers of 1896 and 1897 Peary made two more voyages to the west coast of Greenland, but he had set his heart on a more difficult achievement than the continued exploration of that country. He was planning to travel across the frozen Polar Ocean north of Greenland towards the Pole. Early in 1897 he announced his plans for a big expedition. If he failed in his first attempt to reach the Pole he would, he said, try again and again, and would not give up for five years. Such an expedition would be very costly, and he himself was not a rich man; but some of his friends in the United States formed the Peary Arctic Club to raise money for him, and in July, 1898, he set sail in a ship called the *Windward*, which was presented to him by an English newspaper proprietor, Alfred Harmsworth (afterwards Lord Northcliffe).

Unable to push his ship as far north as he had hoped, owing to the ice closing up, Peary made his winter quarters near Princess Marie Bay in Ellesmere Land, opposite to the north-west coast of Greenland, and resolved to take supplies of food farther north by sledges. The continual darkness of the Arctic winter had set in before he started, but at first the party had the Ught of the moon to help them.

Everything went well until the moon dis-

appeared. Peary was then crossing the sea-ice near to* Fort "Conger. In the now complete darkness the party stumbled and fell and groped their way over the broken ice, and when at last they reached Fort Conger, Peary found that both his feet and legs up to the knees were badly frozen. After rubbing them for many hours his companions managed to restore the circulation to his legs, but eight of his toes were so hopelessly frozen that no efforts could revive them.

For more than six weeks the explorer had to lie on his back, until the first return of daylight enabled the party to begin the return journey to the ship, some 250 miles away. Peary was strapped to a sledge, with his feet and legs wrapped in a musk-ox skin. The journey was accomplished in eleven marches, and on his arrival at the ship his frozen toes were amputated.

It was characteristic of the man that even in face of this crippling blow he had no thought of giving up. Before his feet were properly healed he was off again on sledging expeditions to explore Ellesmere Land. In the following season (1900) he made a long journey along the north coast of Greenland. Finally, in the fourth year of the expedition (1901), he was ready for his attempt to reach the Pole over the ice of the Polar Sea. His goal lay about 500 miles in a direct line from the north coast of Greenland.

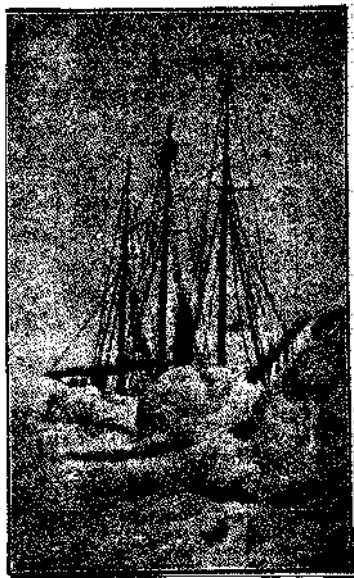
From the first the journey was a heart-breaking struggle, owing to rough ice, frequent channels caused by cracks in the surface, and deep snow. At last the snow became so deep that Peary saw it was useless to go on. He had reached latitude 84° 17' N., but the Pole still lay some

400 miles away. Bitterly disappointed, he wrote in his diary: "The game is off. My dream of sixteen years is ended. . . . I have made the best fight I knew. I believe it has been a good one. But I cannot accomplish the impossible."

Thus baffled, Peary returned home, but soon he was planning another expedition, and in 1905 he was off again, on board the *Roosevelt*, a strong vessel which had been specially built for him. This time, after a great battle with the ice, he succeeded in pushing his ship as far as the extreme north-east corner of Grant Land.

With the return of daylight after the long Arctic winter he started northwards over the ice of the Polar Sea, and made such progress that he began to dream of success. But alas! a setback soon came in the form of a wide channel

of water. Seven precious days of good travelling weather were spent in waiting for the channel to freeze. Then, soon after it had been crossed, a howling gale held up the party for several days. When the storm abated Peary pushed on in a last desperate effort, but eventually he saw that he must turn back. Observations for latitude



From Peary's "Farthest North," by courtesy of Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

THE ROOSEVELT IN THE ICE OFF THE COAST OF GRANT LAND.

showed that he had reached 87° 6' N. This was nearer to the Pole than any other explorer had been. But such a triumph gave him little satisfaction, for he was still 200 miles from the Pole. "I felt," he wrote, "that the mere beating of a record was but an empty bauble compared with the splendid jewel on which I had set my heart for years and for which, on this expedition, I had almost literally been straining my life out."

On the return journey the party made good progress until they came to the channel which had held them up on the outward journey. The channel had opened again, and about two miles of water faced them. Food was so short that they had begun to eat the sledge dogs, and delay was serious, so when two of the Eskimos reported the formation of a thin film of ice across the channel Peary decided that an attempt must be made to cross. The men were ordered to put on their snowshoes, and all the party set out, gliding along carefully to avoid putting any sudden strain on the thin ice. As they proceeded they could feel the ice giving beneath them. Near the middle of the channel, the toe of Peary's rear snow-shoe broke through twice in succession, and he thought to himself, "This is the finish." When at length they stepped on to the firm ice on the southern side of the channel they looked back and saw a new strip of water dividing the thin ice. They had been only just in time.

Peary returned from this expedition firmly resolved to make one more bid for success. His plan was to send advance parties from his base to cut a trail over the rough surface of the frozen Polar Sea, and to establish at intervals snow

shelters and stores of provisions. These parties were to advance as far north as possible, leaving Peary and a few companions to make the final dash for the Pole.

Leaving New York on July 6th, 1908, in the *Roosevelt*, he again established his winter quarters at the north-east corner of Grant Land. During the winter, food and stores were conveyed to Cape Columbia, farther along the north coast of Grant Land, and from there, on the last day of February, 1909, the first party set out over the Polar ice under Captain Robert A. Bartlett, the commander of the *Roosevelt*, a hardy Newfoundland skipper who had accompanied Peary on his last two expeditions. Other parties followed, with Peary in the rear. Good progress was made until again a wide channel opened out in front of them, causing a delay of six days before a crossing could be made. During this time some of the Eskimos



From Peary's "Farthest North" by courtesy of Messrs. Harper and Brother*,

ON THE POLAR OCEAN: STOPPED BY OPEN WATER.

began to lose their nerve and to feign sickness in order to be sent back to the ship, and games and sports on the ice were arranged to keep up their courage.

After crossing the wide channel the parties had to cross several narrower water "lanes." Once, as a sledge was being taken across a crack in the ice, the dogs slipped and fell into the water.



From Peary's "Farthest North," by courtesy of Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

ONE OF THE ESKIMOS WITH PEARY
ON HIS LAST BID FOR THE POLE.

For a moment there was danger that the sledge would be dragged after them, and that its load, including 500 pounds of supplies, worth more to the party than their weight in diamonds, would sink to the bottom of the sea. Fortunately one of the party saw the danger and, leaping forward, just managed to catch hold of the sledge and pull it and the dogs back to safety.

One by one the advance parties, having done the work entrusted to them, returned to the base, until only Bartlett's party remained ahead of Peary. Finally Peary caught up Bartlett at the edge of another wide channel. The two parties were encamped a little way apart when Peary was startled to hear some one yelling excitedly. Looking round, he saw that another channel had opened between the two camps and that Bartlett's party was adrift. It was a dangerous situation,

but gradually the loose ice drifted towards the firm ice on which Peary's party stood, and eventually Bartlett's party was rescued.

Soon after this the explorers reached a point at which Peary decided to send Bartlett and two Eskimos back, while he, his coloured servant Henson, and four Eskimos made the final dash for the Pole, now distant about 150 miles. Straining every nerve and muscle he made five forced marches broken only by scanty sleep. At the end of the fifth march, on April 6th, 1909, he calculated that he was only a few miles from his goal, and he wrote in his diary: "The Pole at last. The prize of three centuries. My dream and goal for twenty years. Mine at last. I cannot bring myself to realise it. It seems all so simple and commonplace." To make sure that he really gained his objective he went on with two Eskimos for another ten miles, calculating that he had then crossed right over the Pole.

After setting up the American flag and enjoying a short rest on the scene of his triumph, Peary set



From Peary's "Farthest North," by courtesy of Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

ROBERT EDWIN PEARY.

200 WITH PEARY TO THE POLE

out on the return journey in the early hours of the next day. Cheered by success, and favoured by good conditions, the little party made rapid progress. The distance from Cape Columbia to the Pole is about 475 miles, and whereas the outward journey had taken thirty-seven days, only sixteen days were needed for the return to Cape Columbia.

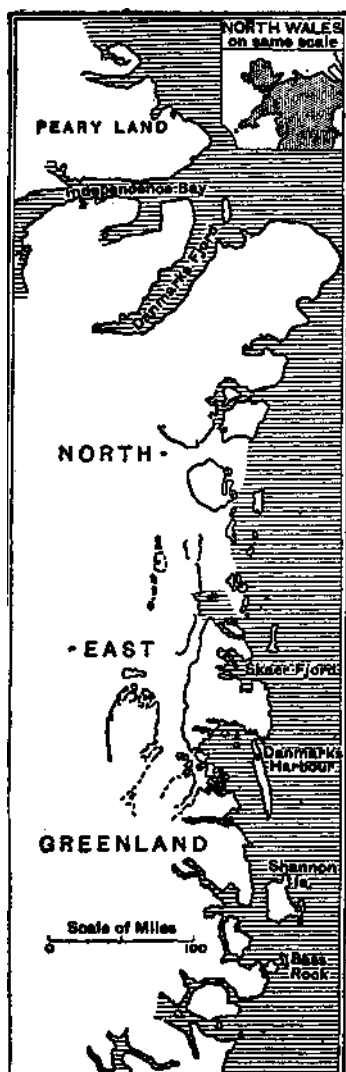
When Peary arrived back in the United States, it was to find that another American explorer, Dr. Frederick Cook, claimed to have reached the Pole a year before him. Then came the discovery that Dr. Cook's records were false, and that so far from having reached the Pole he had not been near it. This exposure caused doubts to be cast on Peary's own claim. Why, it was asked, had he sent back Bartlett, keeping with him only his coloured servant and four Eskimos? How had he managed to get back to land so quickly from the Pole? But Bartlett himself never doubted that Peary had done what he said, and when Peary's records were examined by the Royal Geographical Society, the Society's experts came to the conclusion that his final observations must have been taken very near to the Pole, perhaps a little short of it or perhaps a little beyond it. What British geographers thought of him was shown when he came to London to lecture before the Society. At a great meeting in the Albert Hall he was presented with a special gold medal for his Arctic explorations, and the President welcomed him with the words: "It has for long been the dream of Arctic explorers to reach the North Pole. At last that prize has been won by the United States, and we have assembled here to-night to welcome the winners."

XIV. LOST IN GREENLAND

" Perished on fjord, latitude 79 deg. North, after attempt to return over inland ice in month of November. Arrived here by light of waning moon. Cannot go on, because of frozen feet and darkness. Bodies of comrades in middle of fjord below glacier. Hagen died on November 15th, Mylius about ten days later.—Jorgen Bronlund."

SUCH was the message found by a search party in North-East Greenland in the spring of the year 1908 beside the dead body of an Eskimo sledge-driver. Educated in a Danish settlement, he had been one of a party of three explorers belonging to a Danish expedition, of which " Mylius " otherwise Mr. Mylius Erichsen, was leader. The object of the expedition was to explore the unknown north-east corner of Greenland. The settled parts of Greenland, chiefly along the south-west coast, form a Danish colony, and the Danes have done a great deal for the exploration of the whole island, which from south to north is about 1,600 miles long. Mylius Erichsen had himself previously led an expedition to West Greenland, and his later expedition to North-East Greenland was quite an important enterprise. The King of Denmark was its patron, and altogether there were twenty-eight members.

The explorers set sail from Copenhagen in June, 1906, on board the ship *Danmark*, and after much trouble with the ice they found a harbour



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE "LOST IN GREENLAND."

where they could establish a base camp near latitude 77 deg. North—that is, about 700 miles north of the Arctic Circle. They called it Danmarks Harbour, and they spent there the long, dark winter, during which the sun was below the horizon for over three months. With the return of spring Mylius Erichsen and several of his companions started on their explorations, with ten sledges and 100 dogs. They travelled north over the sea-ice along a mountainous coast broken by great fjords, something like the coast of Norway, but clothed with snow and ice. In places the huge ice-cap which covers the interior of Greenland came right down to the sea, ending in a sheer wall hundreds of feet high.

After going north for 200 miles, four of the sledges were sent back, but the others pushed

on along the unknown coast. -They found that it trended eastwards much more than they expected, but at last they reached the north-east corner, and there they divided into two parties. Mylius Erichsen, Lieut. Hagen, and the Eskimo Bronlund turned off westwards, while Capt. Koch and a couple of companions went on to the extreme north of Greenland, in latitude 83½ deg. North. The distance from the headquarters of the expedition was 450 miles in a straight line, and considerably farther round by the coast.

On the way back, Koch and his companions met Mylius Erichsen's party. The latter had explored a great fjord, which they had named Danmarks Fjord; but Mylius Erichsen wanted to do some further exploration westwards before returning to the ship, so again the two parties separated. Koch and his companions reached the base camp after an exciting journey, and it was expected that the leader's party would soon follow.

At the base they waited and waited, but Mylius Erichsen did not come. It was now late summer, and the conditions were not favourable for sending out search parties. The surface of the sea-ice was melting, and in places the water was knee deep. In other places the ice was broken by lanes of open water. Neither sledges nor boats could get along. In the inland ice, too, there were channels of running water, and deep, broad chasms, or crevasses.

When autumn came and new ice began to form, a search party was sent out, but it could find no trace of Mylius Erichsen and his companions, and it had to return after laying down

food depots for them in case they came along later. The winter passed, and in the spring of 1908 another search party was sent out. Then it was that the dead body of Bronlund was found, with the message already quoted, but though further search was made, the bodies of the leader and of Lieut. Hagen could not be found.

Bronlund's diary told how Mylius Erichsen, after the second parting from Capt. Koch, had continued his explorations westwards. Progress had been delayed by the discovery of new fjords and by the summer conditions of the snow and ice. Food supplies ran short and game was scarce. The situation became more and more desperate, until after heroic struggles the explorers succumbed, one by one. The brave, simple words of the last entry which Bronlund made in his diary, before he himself lay down to die, will always live in the history of Polar exploration.

When the expedition returned to Denmark in the summer of 1908, it was felt that a further attempt should be made to find the bodies and the diaries of Mylius Erichsen and Lieut. Hagen. A new expedition was organised and placed under the command of Capt. Einar Mikkelsen, a young sea captain with varied experiences of Arctic exploration. The new expedition sailed in the summer of 1909. It was quite a tiny affair. The ship, the *Alabama*, was a sloop of only 40 tons, and, including Capt. Mikkelsen, there were only seven men on board. The ice along the East Greenland coast was so thick that the *Alabama* could not reach Danmarks Harbour, and the expedition was obliged to establish its base at Shannon Island, nearly 100 miles farther south.



From Mikkelsen's "Lost in the Arctic," by courtesy of Messrs. Heinemann.

THE ALABAMA'S HARBOUR ON THE EAST COAST OF GREENLAND.

That same autumn, as soon as the young ice was thick enough for sledging, Mikkelsen and some of his companions went north to where Bronlund was buried, and searched round for traces of Mylius Erichsen and Hagen, but without success. Next spring they were off again, this time with the object of journeying over the inland ice to Danmarks Fjord, to see if they could find any records there. They began to ascend the inland ice from a bay to the west of Danmarks Harbour. The weather was very stormy, and soon Mikkelsen sent back all but one of his companions, the ship's engineer, named Iversen. This was on April 10th, and he and Iversen then had fifteen dogs and provisions and fuel for 100 days. They were at a height of 2,000 feet, and still were only halfway up the inland ice. So far the slope had been slight, but now it became

steeper and the surface was broken by broad crevasses. These were covered with snow, and the explorers first learned of the dangers amid which they were moving when Iversen's sledge broke through the snow ; fortunately the sledge caught on a point of an old snow bridge and there hung fast.

After reaching the plateau at the top of the inland ice, 4,000 feet high, they found the surface more level, but the crevasses became worse. The wide ones were really less dangerous than the narrow ones, because the snow sagged in the centre and gave warning of the conditions ahead. Near Danmarks Fjord the ice-cap ended in a sheer wall 100 feet high, and it was only after much searching that a place was found where a descent could be made. The explorers were very glad to be back on solid earth, where they had not always to be on the look out for hidden chasms.

After the desolation of the inland ice the scene before them, as Mikkelsen afterwards said when lecturing in London to the Royal Geographical Society, seemed " a perfect little Arctic paradise, with moss and heather, long grass, and little willow trees—the last-named being very low and stunted, creeping along the ground, but none the less most refreshing to the eye. Even this, however, was overshadowed by the discovery of tracks of musk oxen, together with prints of hare and their faithful followers, the wolf and the fox."

Why the explorers were so glad to see these tracks was because they hoped to shoot some game to supplement their food supplies. It was now May 12th; one of the three months for which

they had supplies was gone, and they were not anything like half way. But as they descended to the coast at the head of Danmarks Fjord the vegetation became poorer again and the signs of animal life were fewer. The scenery along the fjord was very grand, and once for a day and a half they sledged past a perpendicular wall of rock fully 1,500 feet high.

At length their perseverance was rewarded. They found first one and then another message left by Mylius Erichsen at places where his expedition had camped. One of these messages told of an important geographical discovery. It had been supposed that the northernmost part of Greenland—the part named Peary Land on the map—was a great island, and that it was separated from the mainland by a channel of the Arctic Ocean called Peary Channel. In 1892, as we read in an earlier story, the American explorer, Robert F. Peary, had made a journey over the inland ice from the north-west coast of Greenland, and had looked down on this supposed channel from a great cliff on its southern edge. But when Mylius Erichsen went to explore the channel in 1907, he found that it was really a gulf.

There are long fjords on both sides of Northern Greenland, but no through channel, and what Peary thought was the frozen Arctic Ocean is now known to be a deep valley between high mountains, with a frozen lake in the centre of it. Mylius Erichsen did not find out all these details, but he learned enough to be able to say, in the message which Mikkelsen discovered, that Peary Channel did not exist.

This message upset Mikkelsen's plans. Thinking to follow Peary Channel, he had been ambitious to go right round the northern end of Greenland; but when he knew that to achieve his ambition he would have to go all the way round Peary Land, he decided that he must give up the idea. So he and Iversen started to go back to the ship, keeping close to the coast. It was now the end of May, and their outfit was reduced to one sledge and seven dogs. The snow was getting soft, and progress was slow. Worst of all, Mikkelsen was not well; he grew easily tired and his legs were stiff and painful. Soon he had to ride on the sledge, and then he became too weak to stand; he was suffering from scurvy—that dread foe of travellers, and especially polar explorers, who have not proper food.

Midsummer Day drew near; great pools of water from the melting snow were forming on the ice in all directions, and it was decided to halt till some of the water drained away. This was a little north of the 80th parallel. Game was scarce, but by hunting for twelve or fourteen hours a day Iversen was always able to shoot one or two gulls. He found, too, a food depot left by the Mylius Erichsen expedition, and though the oatmeal was mouldy and the chocolate had turned green the explorers were not inclined to be dainty.

Mikkelsen had felt sure that he was going to die. For three weeks he had not been able to stand on his feet without aid, and his limbs had been growing blacker and more swollen. But one day camp had to be shifted, and he thought he would see if he could walk after his long

rest and his diet of fresh meat and porridge. Slowly and painfully he got on to his feet with the aid of a couple of sticks. The effort made him giddy, but the feeling passed and he took a step or two forward. Trembling with delight he threw away one of the sticks and took another step or two. Then the second stick was dropped and he walked alone.

All that night he lay awake whispering to himself, "I can walk, I can walk—not going to die this time—get well again soon and do my share."

Though camp was moved once or twice to a more convenient spot, it was eighteen days after they halted before they could continue their journey. In places the water pouring down from the glaciers had melted a broad channel along the coast, and from this channel branched

out smaller channels at right angles to the coast. Even these smaller channels, or "lanes," in the ice were up to 50 feet across, and the travellers had to make long detours around them. Sometimes if there were a loose cake of ice big enough, they used it as a raft.

One day they had drawn a big cake of ice to the edge of a channel to serve as a raft, and had



From Mikketeen's "Lost in the Arctic," by courtesy of Messrs. Heinemann.*

EINAR MIKKELSEN.

driven the dogs* on to it; but the dogs took fright at the water in front of them, and stopped pulling, though only the front part of the sledge had been drawn on to the "raft." Mikkelsen and Iversen were behind pushing the sledge, and when the dogs stopped pulling the "raft" began to drift away from the edge of the channel, drawing the rear part of the sledge after it. The explorers tried to drag the sledge back, but the dogs, fearing to move either way, threw their weight against them, and the two men were only just able to spring on to the cake of ice before it drifted out of reach.

The rear part of the sledge was now over the water, and began to dip down, down, down, until the sledge was resting almost vertically on the edge of the "raft." On the sledge was everything belonging to the explorers—all that



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

stood between them and death in that Arctic wilderness. There was only one thing to do, and that was to cut the sledge lashings and drag the things off it on to the cake of ice. This was done in feverish haste, and the sledge and most of its contents were saved. But several things, including the explorers' camera and survey instruments, went to the bottom, and the things that were saved were soaking wet. Much of the food was spoilt and almost uneatable.

Later on, with growing experience, the explorers managed so to pack the sledge that it would float on the water and could be punted across the pools and water lanes. At intervals along the coast they were able to replenish their supplies from the food depots established by the Mylius Erichsen expedition, and for a time things seemed more hopeful, but progress was very slow, the summer was passing, the dogs were dead or dying, and the explorers themselves were on starvation rations. So hungry were they that they even ate the liver of the last but one of their dogs, though they knew that it was not wholesome food. It sent them into a kind of stupor, in which they were troubled with horrible dreams, and from which they at length awoke with splitting headaches. Yet when the last dog died, they ate his liver too.

Worse was to befall them. Early in September, after further delays, they reached one of the depots where they expected to renew their supplies as usual, only to find that it was empty. And now there was so much water around them that they had to leave their sledge and tent on the ice and make their way to land over young

ice which* would "only just bear them ; it was so thin that a curious seal poked his head through to see what strange creatures were moving above. On land there was another depot, but this too was empty. If they could only reach Danmarks Harbour they would find there a hut and plenty of provisions. But Danmarks Harbour was sixty miles away, and they had only 3 lb. of food left. Their journey had become a race with death.

Plodding on along the coast they came to the mouth of Skaer Fjord, which they hoped to cross on the ice. But instead of ice they found open water. Somewhere up the fjord there might be ice on which they could cross ; if not they would have to walk all round its shores. Slipping and stumbling among the rocks, with barely room to pass between the cliff and the water, they struggled on till the conditions improved a little, and then their eyes were gladdened by sight of ice filling the inner reaches of the fjord. But before they could reach it a great snowstorm came on, and all the next day and night they had to shelter among the rocks.

When at last they faced the ice the crossing proved to be both difficult and dangerous. Near the further shore they encountered open water, and before they could find a way across, the storm came on again, driving them back to some rocks which rose out of the fjord. There they were storm-bound for forty hours, and so desperate was their situation that on leaving they deposited their diaries among the rocks for safety.

The ice was very thin, but they managed to reach the southern shore and staggered on towards Danmarks Harbour. They were on the

verge of collapse, and strange delusions possessed them. They thought they saw packets of sandwiches in front of them, and only on stooping to pick them up found that they were stones. A rest refreshed them, and the discovery of some food in a depot helped them to keep going till the hut in Danmarks Harbour came in sight. They had reached their goal.

It was now the third week in September, too late to think of getting home that year; but they looked forward to spending the winter on board the *Alabama*, and could not understand why their comrades had not come to look for them. After getting back some of their strength and making a vain attempt to go north for their diaries, they continued south to the *Alabama's* winter quarters on Shannon Island. The weather was very bad, and for days they were storm-bound on the way. And when they did arrive, what a sight met their eyes ! Instead of the ship they found a hut built from its timbers. The *Alabama* had been wrecked and the members of the expedition taken home on another ship.

Mikkelsen and Iversen felt very lonely, but they felt sure they would be rescued in the following year. Winter passed, and in the spring they succeeded in recovering most of the records which they had hidden on the rocky islet on Skaer Fjord. A bear had visited the hiding place, scattered its contents, and chewed up one of the diaries; but presumably he did not like it, for the explorers, after an anxious search, found the others intact. This done, they settled down to wait as patiently as they could for their rescuers. But summer came and went, and no

ship fetched them. Afterwards they learned that one had been within a few miles of them, at Bass Rock, but could not find them ; and at home their friends mourned them as dead.

Sick at heart, with the sickness of hope deferred, the two men prepared for another lonely winter. They were not without visitors. Foxes burrowed round the hut, and one day when they looked out of the door they saw a big bear gazing at them. He decided to investigate, and though they quickly shut and barred the door he did not go away but started tearing at it. The situation was rather alarming, for they had let their rifles get frozen, and until they thawed their only weapon was an axe. Iversen, with his back to the door, got his rifle to work just as a crashing blow burst open the door and sent him flying across the room. For a moment the bear



IVERSEN WAS SENT FLYING ACROSS THE HUT.

stood in the doorway, perhaps as surprised as the explorers ; then Iversen's rifle rang out, the great beast turned and ran a few steps, and dropped dead. One more danger was past; but they took care in future to keep their rifles in working order.

Even when the stove was alight, the temperature inside the hut never rose more than a couple of degrees above freezing point, and a dozen times a day the explorers had to pull off their foot gear and thrust their feet inside the stove to get a little warmth into them. Sometimes, when a storm was blowing, the big burner which had belonged to the ship's motor was lighted, and the upper part of the room would get nicely warm, but even then water spilt on the floor froze immediately, and the air was so foul that the lamp would hardly keep alight.

The second winter under these conditions came to an end at last. The sun, which had not been seen since the end of October, made its appearance again in the second week of February. Preparations were made for a journey to Bass Rock, and there they waited and waited until one morning in July they awoke to see a little steamer lying off the island. The lost were found, and after their long suspense they went almost wild with joy. Soon the steamer was carrying them home, and as the shores of Greenland receded, the experience of the three years they had spent there began to seem like a bad dream

XV. THE ASCENT OF DENALI



MAP SHOWING THE POSITION OF DENALI
(MT. MCKINLEY).

are in these two territories, On the British side of the boundary are Mt. St. Elias, 18,000 feet, and Mt. Logan, 19,000 feet. Highest of all is a gigantic mountain group in the interior of Alaska. This is Mt. McKinley, or, as the natives of Alaska call it, Denali, "The Great One." It rises abruptly from the lowlands on the north to an altitude of over 20,000 feet.

One of the missionaries to Alaska in the early part of the present century was Dr. Hudson

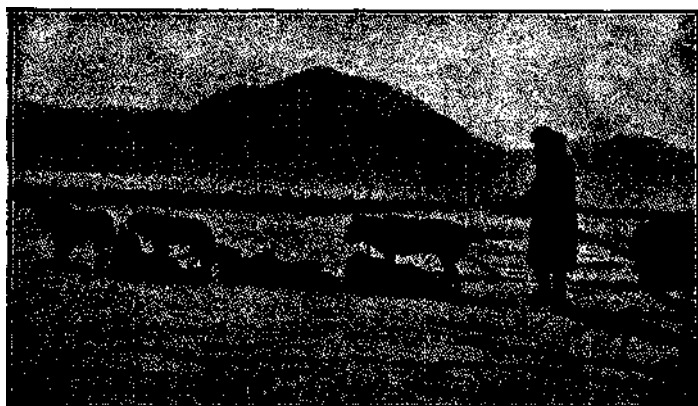
Stuck, an Archdeacon of the American Episcopal Church. He was a great traveller, and whenever his journeys took him within sight of Denali he would feast his eyes on the splendid vision of the great mountain thrusting its icy peaks into the upper air. He longed to explore its recesses and climb its heights, and gradually the longing grew into a fixed resolve.

Years passed before he was able to make the attempt. He knew it would test all his powers. Other men had had the same ambition, but none had reached the topmost point. Various expeditions had been baffled by the immense precipices in which the mountain falls to the lowlands at nearly every point. Then, in 1910, a party of prospectors and miners living in Alaska had discovered a way up a great glacier, and had climbed the North Peak, which rises to a height of about 20,000 feet. But the South Peak rises some hundreds of feet higher still. In 1912 a party of climbers from the United States, following the same route up the glacier, had gone on to within 300 feet or 400 feet from the top, but twice they had been forced to retreat by blizzard and fog.

At that very time Hudson Stuck was planning to make his attempt in 1913. In the autumn of **1912** he forwarded the bulk of his supplies to Diamond City, an old mining town on the Bearpaw River, about fifty miles north of Denali. He had already chosen the men who were to go with him. First was Harry P. Karstens, a **man** in the prime of life, tough in body through wrestling with the difficulties and dangers of travel in Alaska from his youth, and keen as **a** boy to take

part in the expedition. The next was Robert G. Tatum, who was connected with the mission and was in training to be a clergyman. He had worked for some time with a survey party, and had distinguished himself by making a perilous journey to convey food to an outlying mission-post threatened with starvation. He was to act as cook for the party. Then came Walter Harper, a young half-breed six feet tall, almost equal to Karstens in pluck, strength, and endurance. In addition to these were two Indian boys of fourteen or fifteen, Esaias and Johnny.

On March 17th, 1913, the party set out from the mission station of Tanana with a couple of sledges drawn by dogs. Reaching Diamond City on Easter Sunday, March 22nd, they found the food supplies in good condition, except that field mice had eaten all the rolled oats. Their first task was to haul a ton and a half of supplies



*From Hudson Stuck's "Ascent of Denali." Copyright, 1914, by Charles Scribner's Sons.
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to the base of the mountain, This was done by the process called relaying. The supplies could not all be hauled at once, so part of them was taken forward half a day's journey, and then the empty sledges returned to the starting point; next day the remaining supplies were taken forward a full day's journey; and on the third day the first lot was fetched from the mid-way point.

In this way the expedition slowly moved forward. On April 10th, a base camp was formed 4,000 feet up the mountain, and the travellers set to work to stock their larder with meat. There had been no need for them to haul up to this point great quantities of pemmican (or dried meat), for the land abounded in game. Karstens killed a caribou and Harper a mountain sheep. Then Esaias came upon a herd of caribou and three fell to his gun. This was plenty. It was tender, juicy meat, and when it had been stewed in a great can and minced, it was mixed with melted butter,, well peppered and salted, and rolled into balls about as big as tennis balls, A couple of hundred of these were made, and when frozen they kept perfectly. After the meat had been stewed, the liquor that was left was boiled down to a thick jelly, and this, with the pemmican balls and some rice, made a fine stew for the climbers at the end of each day.

When all was ready for the ascent, the base camp was put in order and banked round with a wall of snow; Esaias was sent back to Tanana with one of the dog teams, and the five other members of the party started up the mountain with the remaining dogs and sledge.

Still relaying their supplies, they ascended the McPhee Pass, a steep, narrow gulch winding upwards 2,500 feet to the Muldrow Glacier.

Up this glacier, which was bounded on either



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE "THE ASCENT OF
DENALI."

George Philip & Son, Ltd.

hand by immense, ice-covered rock walls, lay the way to the summit. The frozen snow on the surface concealed many crevasses, or yawning chasms in the ice beneath. The climbers roped themselves together for safety, and the leader prodded the snow at every step to make sure that it was strong enough to bear them. At one time they might be on one side of the glacier, and in order to get forward a few yards they might

have to cross right over to the other side. As they proceeded, yard by yard, they marked their winding route by thin willow-wands, so that when the tedious process of relaying began they would be able to find their way back through the labyrinth of pitfalls.



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BRIDGING A CREVASSE ON THE MULDKOW GLACIER.

They had carried forward one load of supplies and cached it where they intended to make camp, and were on their way up again with another load, when, as they approached the new camp, they noticed to their surprise a column of smoke rising in the clear air. Their first thought was that some mysterious climber had come up some other way, had found their supplies, and was cooking their food. To their dismay they found that the case was far worse. In the morning one of them had, presumably, thrown down a lighted match which had fallen unnoticed on the silk tents. It had smouldered slowly, and the fire had been eating all day into their precious provisions. All the sugar was gone, all the powdered milk, all the baking powder, prunes, raisins, dried apples, most of the tobacco, a sack full of woollen socks

and gloves, and a sack full of photographic films.

Saving what they could, the climbers continued their journey and established a camp at the head of the glacier at a height of 11,500 feet, more than halfway up the mountain. From this camp Harper and Johnny went all the way down to the base camp to bring up as much as could be spared from the supplies reserved for the return journey. The losses from the fire were thus made good to some extent, and the party prepared to carry out the next stage of the ascent. On May 9th the faithful Johnny was sent down again with the dogs, to wait at the base camp till the climbers came back. He was told that he might expect them in a fortnight.

The most difficult part of the climb lay before them. Just beyond their camp the Muldrow Glacier ended abruptly. They were in a blind alley, shut in on both sides and in front. Immediately on their right were precipitous cliffs incrustated with ice, rising many thousands of feet and stretching back to the North Peak of Denali. On the same side, a little farther along, was an immense ice-fall, descending from another glacier 4,000 feet above the one on which they were standing. This upper glacier they had to reach ; but they could see no way of climbing either the precipitous cliffs or the ice-fall on their right hand.

On their left, the rocky ice-incrustated wall which bounded the Muldrow Glacier on that side sank down into a comparatively low ridge, which swung round to form the end of the blind alley **and** then rose again to form the bounding wall

of the ice-fall and of the upper glacier. This ridge was the way by which they must climb to the upper glacier. The miners who had ascended the North Peak in 1910 had gone that way, and so had the mountaineers who had been defeated by bad weather in 1912. Neither of these parties had found the ridge specially difficult, but all was now changed. The ridge was still there, but what had been a steep snow slope was become a huge jumble of jagged masses of ice and rock.

Hudson Stuck was puzzled to know what had happened, till he remembered that the 1912 party had experienced a sharp earthquake shock after they had descended the mountain. Evidently the earthquake had shattered the ridge, and the task of climbing it was now one of very great difficulty and danger. Still, it had to be tackled; there was no other way up the mountain.

For three weeks the camp at the head of the Muldrow Glacier was the home of the little



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A LOOK AT THE CLIMBING IRONS.

party. Each morning, when the weather permitted, they would go as far as they could along the foot of the ridge, climb up to the crest, which overlooked another glacier on the other side, and carry on the work of cutting a way



From Hudson Stuck's "Ten Thousand Miles with a Dog Sled" by courtesy of Messrs. T. Werner Laurie.

ARCHDEACON HUDSON STUCK.

through the jumbled masses of rock and ice. Always there was the risk that the mere striking of the slope with the ice-axe might dislodge a block and bring it down upon them, carrying them to the depths below. Karstens struck one such block, as big as a two-story house, with his pole, and it toppled over and rushed down the slopes into space. Some seconds afterwards they heard a noise like thunder as it broke into a thousand fragments on the glacier floor below.

Each night, after a day's labour, they returned to the camp on the glacier, for they could find no place on the ridge where they could pitch a tent. Sometimes they were kept in camp all day by storms of wind and snow, or by mist which blotted out the ridge. The cold was intense, and even with three pairs of socks inside

their moccasins they could not keep their feet warm. The glare of the sunlight on the snow when the weather was fine had burnt their faces black and split their lips. Their eyes were protected by amber-coloured goggles, or they would have been smitten with snow blindness.

Whenever the weather cleared they returned doggedly to the ridge, and gradually success began to crown their efforts. On May 25th they were able to make a new camp on a tiny level space among the ice-blocks. Being nearer to their work they were now able to make more rapid progress in cutting steps through the confusion of ice and rock. Presently they came to the end of the shattered portion of the ridge; above them stretched a steep snow slope. The passage from one to the other was the most perilous of all, but that too was safely surmounted, and at the end of May they reached a sort of pass by which they made their way on to the upper glacier.

The ascent of the ridge had been safely accomplished, largely owing to the splendid work of Karstens, who hewed out steps through the maze of rock and ice for a distance of three miles; and in his honour the leader named it Karstens Ridge. He also gave the name of the young Alaskan half-breed, Harper, to the upper glacier which the party had now reached.

Mounting ever upwards along the Harper Glacier, the four men advanced to the final assault on the summit. They formed several camps on the way, the last being pitched on June 6th at the upper end of the glacier, at a height of 18,000 feet. On their right rose the North Peak of Denali.



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THE NORTH PEAK (20,000 FT.) FROM
CAMP AT 18,000 FT.

Before them, soaring 500 feet higher still, towered the South Peak, the goal of their ambition.

After a few hours⁵ sleep they started out at three o'clock in the morning of June 7th, with no provisions but their lunch. The sun was shining in a sky which was cloudless and so intensely blue as to seem almost black. A steep snow slope stretched before them, and beyond that the crowning glistening ridge stood out in brilliant relief. Other conditions were not so favourable. A bitterly cold north wind was blowing, which numbed their feet. They were suffering also from another difficulty which troubles mountaineers in high altitudes, namely, breathlessness. All were

trudging on very slowly with mouths wide open, gasping for breath. Hudson Stuck suffered so badly that after staggering along a few yards he had to lie down. This immediately restored him, and he got up again to face the slope. Then the attack would come upon him again, and every-

thing would turn black before his eyes ; he felt as though he were being smothered. Progress was so slow that he feared he would have to abandon the attempt and send on the others to complete the ascent. Not until they had stopped for lunch and had drunk scalding tea from thermos flasks did he begin to feel confident of success.

At last they were within 100 feet of the summit, and well above the great North Peak. Eagerly they pushed on. Harper, who had been leading all day, was the first to reach the top. Karstens and Tatum followed him closely, but Hudson Stuck had almost to be hauled up the last few feet. The excitement of the near approach to victory buoyed him up, and with one last effort he fell unconscious on the crowning snows of Denali. He soon recovered and was able to rise to his feet again, with the glorious sense that the whole of Denali lay around him and below him. Twenty miles away to the south there sprang from the plain the magnificent mass of a lesser peak which the Alaskans call Denali's Wife. To the north the land lay spread beneath them like a map—a maze of flashing lakes and glittering streams. Turning to the west they saw the beautiful crescent curve of the whole Alaskan range from Denali to the sea.

An hour and a half was spent on the summit, and in spite of the intense cold the time passed like a few minutes. Scientific observations were taken, a flag of the United States was hoisted, and a pole with a suitable inscription was driven deep into the crowning snows, with a transverse piece lashed to it so as to form a cross. Round this the party gathered and repeated the *Te Deum*.

The climbers were so filled with exultation at having reached their goal that on the long descent of the mountain they took many risks that were unwise. The steps they had cut in the jumbled masses of Karstens Ridge had since been buried two feet deep in snow, which had to be cleared away ; but as fast as they could they hurried on. They had told Johnny that they would be back at the base camp in a fortnight. Owing to the unexpected difficulties of the ascent they had kept him waiting a month. Would he still be there ? To their great relief, when the base camp came into view, they saw the tent still standing and some one moving near it. No sooner did Johnny catch sight of them than he started running towards them and did not stop till he had come up to them. All was well in the camp. The dogs gave the returning party a frantic welcome, and Johnny produced coffee made with milk and sugar—his own ration, which he had saved daily during their absence.

It was winter when they started, and now it was summer. Returning through melting snow and swollen rivers, by clumps of brilliant flowers and budding trees, with the cheerful song of innumerable birds in their ears, they arrived at Tanana on June 20th. The expedition was over, and their purpose was accomplished: the foot of man had been planted on "the top of the continent."

