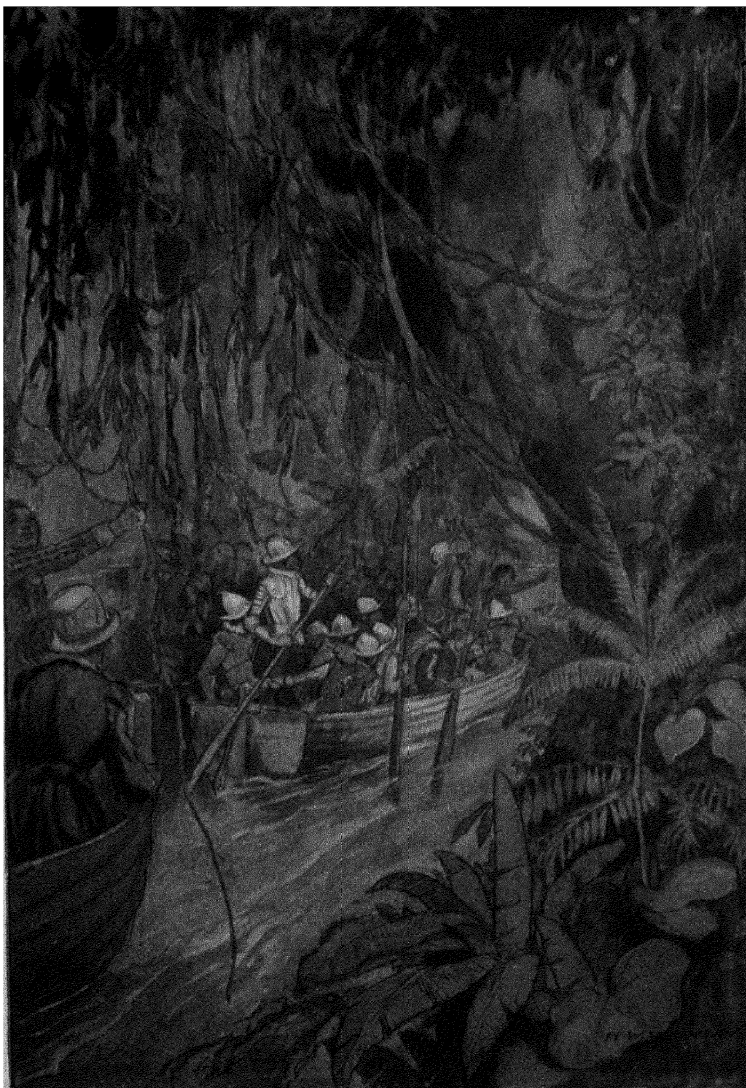


UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

OU_172692

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY



SIR WALTER RALEIGH IN SEARCH OF EL DORADO (see p. 51).
[Vol. II, *Frontispiece*.]

ADVENTURES OF EXPLORATION

General Editor :
ERNEST YOUNG, B.Sc., F.R.G.S.

BOOK II

CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA

BY

SIR JOHN SCOTT KELTIE, LL.D.

Formerly Secretary to the Royal Geographical Society

AND

SAMUEL CARTER GILMOUR, F.R.G.S.

Travel Editor of THE FIELD

*WITH FOUR COLOURED PLATES, AND NUMEROUS
MAPS, PORTRAITS, AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS*

LONDON

GEORGE PHILIP & SON, LIMITED, 32, FLEET STREET

Liverpool : PHILIP, SON & NEPHEW, Ltd., 20, Church Street

Adventures of Exploration

General Editor

ERNEST YOUNG, B.Sc., F.R.G.S.

*Formerly Headmaster of the County School, Harrow
Joint Author (with J. Fairgrieve, M.A.) of
"Philips' Human Geographies"*

BY

SIR JOHN SCOTT KELTIE, LL.D.

Formerly Secretary to the Royal Geographical Society

AND

SAMUEL CARTER GILMOUR, F.R.G.S.

Travel Editor of THE FIELD

- BOOK I. FINDING THE CONTINENTS. 1s. 6d.
II. CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA.
1s. 8d.
III. ASIA. 1s. 10d.
IV. AFRICA. *In preparation.*
V. AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND.
In preparation
VI. NORTH AMERICA. *In preparation.*

PREFACE

THE purpose of these Supplementary Readers is to quicken interest in Geography by stories of adventurous travel. They are not intended to serve as a history of exploration, but it is hoped that they will afford an idea of some of the main steps by which knowledge has been gained, first of the World as a whole, and then of the separate continents outside Europe.

We are grateful to the Royal Geographical Society for permission to reproduce portraits from the Society's collection; to Mr. Edward Heawood, M.A., the Society's Librarian, for reading the proofs and placing at our disposal his unrivalled knowledge of geographical literature; and to Mr. A. A. Sainsbury, B.A., Headmaster of the Council School at Northwood, for much practical help in other ways.

J. S. K.

S. C. G.

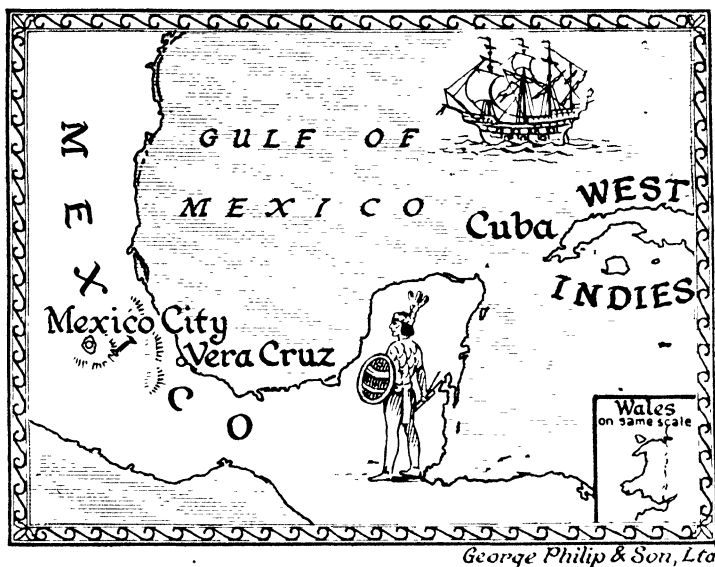
CONTENTS

	PAGE
I. WITH CORTES IN MEXICO	1
II. WITH PIZARRO TO PERU	22
III. WITH RALEIGH IN SEARCH OF EL DORADO	44
IV. THE ADVENTURES OF MADAME GODIN	64
V. TWO NATURALISTS ON THE AMAZON	81
VI. TO THE TOP OF ACONCAGUA	99
VII. DOWN THE RIVER OF DOUBT.	117
VIII. THE VOYAGE OF THE "ENDURANCE"	138

CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA

I. WITH CORTES IN MEXICO

A FEW hundred years ago the people living in Europe knew nothing about America. Then, in 1492, a clever sailor named Columbus made a daring voyage across the Atlantic and found some of the islands which are now called the West Indies. He had set out to find a new way to India, and he always thought that the islands he had found were part of Asia. It was soon discovered, however, that they were really part of a great new continent. An Italian named Amerigo Vespucci sailed along the mainland southwards for many hundreds of miles, and found that it reached



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE "WITH CORTES IN MEXICO."

so far that it seemed like a new world. That is what he called it—the "New World," but afterwards it was named America, in honour of Amerigo.

Many Spaniards went out to the New World, and wherever they landed they took possession of the country in the name of the King of Spain. At first they kept to the islands of the West Indies, but soon they began

to make voyages of discovery to the mainland. Thirteen years after the death of Columbus a Spanish captain named Hernando Cortes went on one of these voyages of discovery. Cortes expected he would have to fight, so he took with him a little army of 600 men. He also had sixteen horses, and some small brass cannon. To carry all the men and horses and cannon, and the other things that Cortes had to take with him, eleven ships were needed. The starting place was Cuba, the largest of the islands in the West Indies, and the ships sailed from there in February 1519.

After sailing about the neighbouring sea for a month, Cortes landed on the coast of what is now called the Gulf of Mexico. Thousands of the native Indians had gathered to prevent him from landing, and he had to fight his way ashore. These Indians were very different from the timid people whom Columbus had met. They attacked the Spaniards fiercely with showers of arrows, with stones which they shot out of slings, and with sharp-pointed

4 WITH CORTES IN MEXICO

lances, or javelins, which they threw with great force from sticks called "throwing sticks." They had long wooden swords, edged with flint stones which were sharper than



From a specimen in the British Museum.

THROWING STICK FOR JAVELINS, SHOWING SOCKET
AND FINGER LOOPS.

knives. They killed and wounded many of Cortes' men, and though the Spaniards fired at them from cannon, muskets, and crossbows,



WOODEN SWORD, EDGED WITH
FLINT STONES.

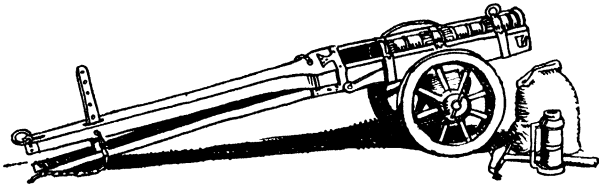
they kept in good order and retreated slowly, with their faces towards the foe. All the while they continued to shoot stones and arrows.

At last they were driven away, and Cortes made a strong camp on land. He gave his men orders to keep a sharp look-out, and to be instantly ready in case the Indians returned. Two or three days afterwards the Spaniards

marched out of the camp and met an army of warriors gathered from all the neighbouring towns. In a book about the expedition, written by one of Cortes' companions named Diaz, we are told: "All the men wore great feather crests, they carried drums and trumpets, their faces were coloured black and white, and they were armed with large bows and arrows, lances and shields and swords, slings and stones and fire-hardened javelins. All wore quilted cotton armour."

There were so many of these warriors that they covered the whole plain. Rushing on the Spaniards, they completely surrounded Cortes' little force, and let fly such a cloud of arrows, javelins, and stones, that straightway they killed two men and wounded seventy. The Spaniards fought stoutly, but they could not drive the enemy off. Every time the Spaniards fired shots the Indians gave great shouts and whistles and threw dust and rubbish into the air, so that the Spaniards could not see how much damage had been done.

The fight went on fiercely, and the Spaniards were in great danger. But Cortes had planned a surprise. Before the battle began he had



SPANISH CANNON.

told his horsemen to go round behind the Indians secretly, and suddenly charge them. His orders were obeyed, and the Indians were



SPANIARD WITH CROSSBOW.

so frightened when the horsemen came galloping along that they stopped fighting and fled. They had never seen a horse before, and they thought that the horse and rider were one animal.

After their victory the Spaniards counted 800 dead Indians on the plain. The battle had lasted over an hour, and all that time the

Indians had fought like brave warriors, until the horsemen came up. When the fighting was over, the Indians agreed to make peace and to obey the King of Spain as their Emperor. But there were other Indians who would not do so at first. Wherever Cortes went he met large armies that resisted him fiercely, as long as they could. They were used to fighting for their liberty, for after they had made peace they told Cortes that a warlike king named Montezuma, who ruled over a country among the hills inland, was always sending great armies to conquer the surrounding nations. This king made them pay tribute, and took many of them as slaves. His chief city was called Mexico, and in it were great treasures of gold, silver, and precious stones.

When he heard this, Cortes decided to go to Mexico. The Indians who had made peace with him, and who now acknowledged him as their ruler in the name of the King of Spain, told him that it was madness to attempt the

journey, for Montezuma had hundreds of thousands of warriors, and the Spaniards would surely all be killed.

Montezuma had heard about the Spaniards from his spies, who were in all parts of the country, and one day he sent messengers to Cortes' camp at a place now called Vera Cruz. The messengers were great chiefs, and they brought with them a hundred Indians, all heavily laden. When they came before Cortes they kissed the ground and waved incense round him and the soldiers who stood near; this was a sign of friendship. They gave Cortes a golden shield like a sun, as big as a cartwheel, a bigger one of silver, like a moon, a helmetful of gold dust, and many other rich presents for the King of Spain and for himself and his men.

With the messengers there also came from Mexico clever artists, who made pictures of Cortes and his men, his ships, horses, and cannon. These pictures, which were painted on cloth, were for Montezuma, so that he could see what the white men looked like who

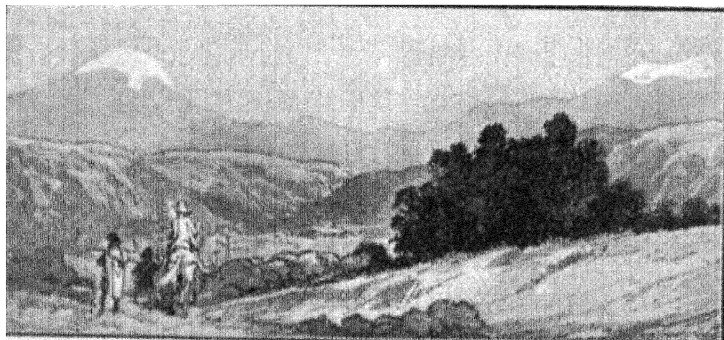
had come from across the sea and had brought such wonderful things with them. It was the custom of the Mexicans, when anything important happened, to tell the story of it in the form of pictures. The Spaniards afterwards saw many such pictures.

In return for the rich presents sent by Montezuma, Cortes gave the messengers beads of twisted glass and an armchair, richly carved and inlaid. He told them that he wished to meet Montezuma to give him a message from the King of Spain. But the messengers answered proudly that only very great lords were allowed to speak to their king, and he would not think of seeing the Spaniards. Cortes was sorry to hear this, for he had hoped that Montezuma would receive him peaceably ; but he made up his mind to visit him all the same. Some of Cortes' men were unwilling to go ; they were tired of continual fighting and hardship, and wanted to return to Spain. But Cortes was determined. He ordered that everything should be taken out of the ships, and then he

10 WITH CORTES IN MEXICO

did a very daring thing. He had all the ships burned! After this it was no use wishing to return home.

The march to Mexico City took three months. A start was made in the month of August. Vera Cruz is on the coast, within the Tropics, and it is generally very hot there ;



THE WAY THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS TO MEXICO CITY.

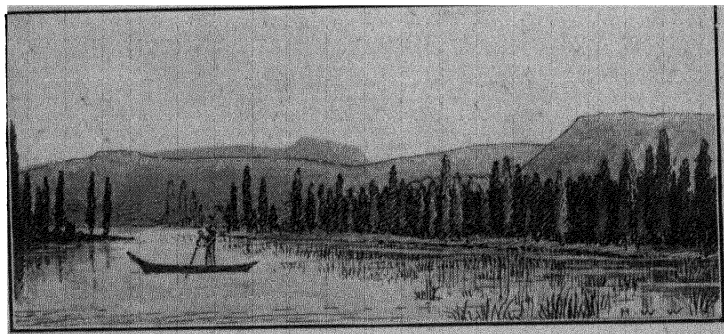
Mexico City lies on a cool plateau over 7,000 ft. high, surrounded by mountains much higher still. To reach the city the Spaniards had to toil up the mountain passes and to fight many battles on the way ; often they had no food, and on the hills it was bitterly cold, with storms of rain, hail and

snow. Yet they had only the clothes they had worn in the plains along the coast. Sometimes the passes were blocked by great trees and stones, which Montezuma's men had placed there ; sometimes the roads were broken quite away. Several times the Mexicans hid themselves and tried to trap the Spaniards, but Cortes kept such a good look-out that his men were never caught unawares. Still, when they reached Mexico City in November, there were only 400 Spaniards left.

The city was a wonderful sight. It was built in the middle of a lake, and was reached by three straight roads which the Mexicans had made by throwing wood and stones into the lake till the top came above the surface of the water. Here and there in these " causeways " were gaps, which were crossed by bridges. The bridges could be moved away, and then there was no way in or out of the city except by canoes. The houses were built in the water, and were joined by little bridges. They had flat roofs, and, as the Spaniards

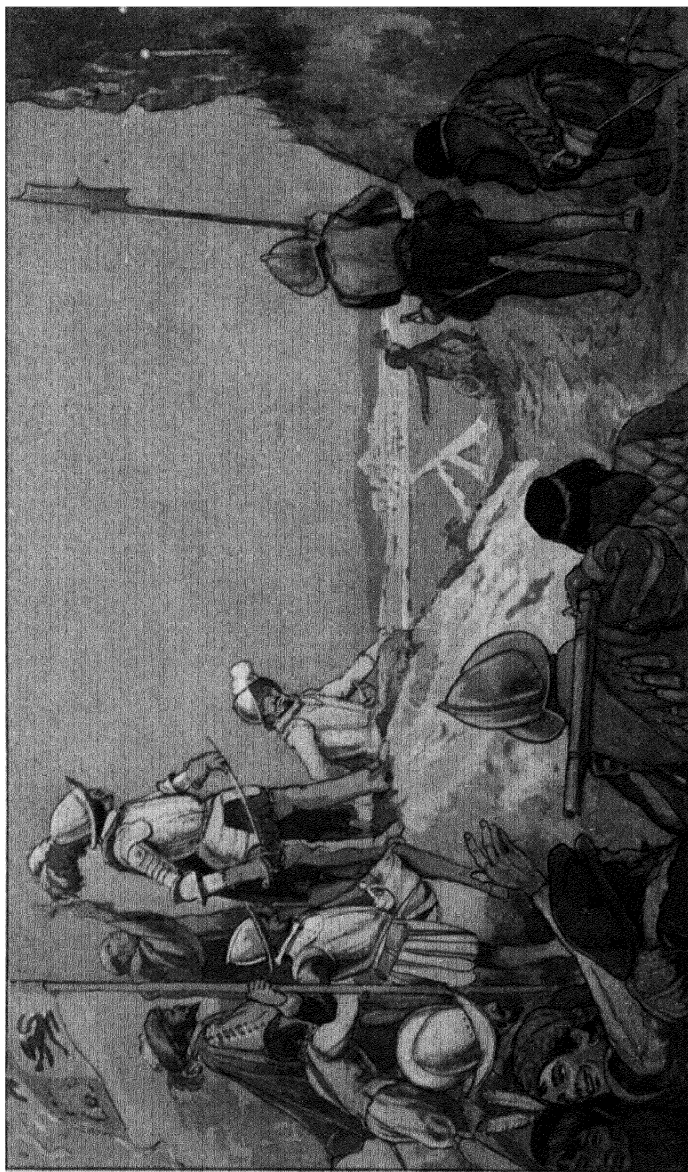
found out later, the Mexicans could put up wooden walls round them and turn them into little fortresses. There were, too, great temples built of stone, with high towers and many steps.

When the Spaniards arrived, there were thousands of people in the houses and on the



A CORNER OF THE LAKE AT MEXICO CITY.

causeways, as well as in canoes on the lake, all crowding to see the strange white men who had fought their way so far. No wonder Cortes felt anxious as his little band marched along one of the causeways into the city. Montezuma had done his best to prevent the Spaniards from coming, but now his priests



CORTES IN SIGHT OF MEXICO CITY (see p. 11).

told him that he should let Cortes and his men into the city, where it would be easy to kill them and offer them up as sacrifices. It was the custom of the Mexicans to kill their enemies, cut out their hearts with stone knives, and sprinkle the blood on the floor and walls of the temple ; after this they feasted on the legs and arms of the victims, and the rest of the bodies they gave to the wild beasts. Cortes, in other towns through which he had passed, had found prisoners in cages who were being fattened for these sacrifices, and he had always broken up the cages and set the prisoners free.

Montezuma was afraid of the Spaniards, for they had escaped all their dangers so wonderfully that the Mexicans began to think they were gods. So he pretended to be friendly, and came to meet Cortes, surrounded by his nobles and chief men. They were all very richly dressed. Four of them carried a canopy over the king, while four others supported him by the arms. Others swept

the ground before him and spread cloth for him to walk on. Carefully they kept their eyes turned away from the king, for none might look upon his face.

The Spaniards were taken to lodge in a great court of large houses. Every day Montezuma sent food for them, and continued to appear friendly. But news came to Cortes that some Mexican chiefs, or *caciques*, had fought and killed a Spanish captain and some Spanish soldiers who had been left to guard the camp at Vera Cruz. Though he showed no fear, Cortes was afraid that the Mexicans meant to attack him and his men, and he determined to seize Montezuma. He invited the king to visit his quarters, and when Montezuma arrived, Cortes took him prisoner. Then he made him send for the *caciques* who had killed the Spaniards, and they too were taken prisoners. They were burned to death in front of the king's palace, and Montezuma himself was put in chains.

Afterwards Cortes pretended to show

Montezuma great respect, and let the nobles who had any business with the king come to see him. Montezuma told them that he was staying with the Spaniards of his own free will, and did not wish to go back to the royal palace. This was not true, but Montezuma was so afraid of Cortes that he not only said it to please him, but gave him the royal treasure, which was a room full of gold and precious stones.

Several months went by, and the Mexican chiefs and priests grew more and more angry because their king was kept prisoner. One day Montezuma told Cortes that they meant to make war on the Spaniards, and he could not stop them, so he asked Cortes to go away from Mexico. Cortes himself really wanted to go, for he had heard that another Spanish captain, named Narvaez, had come to Vera Cruz with nineteen ships and 1,400 men to take him prisoner and be leader in his stead. So, leaving eighty men to guard Montezuma, Cortes marched away to fight Narvaez early

in the month of May 1520. Narváez was defeated and taken prisoner, for he was not so good a general as Cortes, and many of his



By courtesy of Mr. Alfred Maudslay and the Hakluyt Society.

HERNANDO CORTES.

men went over to Cortes' side. This brought Cortes' army up to 1,300 men, with ninety-six horses and many cannon.

After his victory, Cortes hastened back to Mexico City. He had received a message that the Indians had attacked the men left behind and had killed nine of them, and the rest were in great danger. When he reached

the city, near the end of June, he found the natives very unfriendly. They were determined to rescue Montezuma if possible, and to drive the Spaniards away. Cortes had

been careful, from the first, to make the place where he and his men were lodged as strong as possible. The cannon were put in the best places, the doors and windows were guarded, and there were always soldiers keeping a sharp look-out. It was like a little fortress.

In this fortress the Spaniards were soon besieged. The Mexican warriors completely surrounded them, and began to shoot arrows and stones and javelins at them from the roads and from the roofs of all the houses around, shouting and whistling and yelling all the time. They kept up the fighting all day, continually bringing up fresh men to take the place of those who needed a rest. Once they got near enough to set fire to the Spaniards' quarters, and Cortes and his men were nearly suffocated by the smoke; the fire was only put out at last by throwing earth upon it. Even at night the Mexicans did not cease shooting, and the ground inside the fortress was covered with their arrows and javelins and stones.

Fighting went on like this for several days, and Cortes found that he could not conquer the Mexicans, so he told Montezuma to go up to the roof and speak to the people, asking them to make peace and saying that the Spaniards were willing to go away. While Montezuma was speaking, some Mexican warriors shot stones at the Spaniards who were standing near him, and three of the stones struck Montezuma and killed him.

Though they themselves had killed their king, the Mexicans were angrier than ever, and continued their attacks with even greater fierceness. At last Cortes saw that his only chance of escaping was to try to slip away at night. The Mexicans had broken down a bridge in the causeway, so Cortes had a bridge made, which his soldiers could carry. Then he told his men that they could take what they liked from the treasure which Montezuma had given him: Many of them did so, but the gold was so heavy that afterwards, when they were trying to escape

from the Mexicans, they were sorry they had it.

When all was ready, Cortes set out on a dark and cloudy night. The horsemen went first to clear the way, and the rest followed. They placed the new bridge in its place, and the horsemen had crossed it safely, when shouts and the noise of trumpets and whistles were heard, and crowds of Mexican warriors appeared along the causeway and in canoes on the lake. These warriors charged the Spaniards and broke down the bridge, and then there was a fight in the darkness such as the Spaniards had never had in all their battles. Men were pushed off the causeway and drowned, others were speared by the long lances of the Mexicans or killed by the arrows and stones, until the whole space where the bridge had been was full of dead and dying men. Some of the Spaniards escaped, but the Mexicans followed them all night and for several days, and out of 1,300 men over 900 were killed.

So for a time ended the conquest of Mexico. But the Mexicans had enemies among the natives they had conquered—the natives whom Cortes had fought when he first landed. When his men had recovered from their terrible defeat, Cortes persuaded these people to join



THE SPANIARDS' ALLIES.

him. Then, in the month of December, he marched back to Mexico. This time he did not enter the city, but placed his men so as to stop any one from going along the causeways. He also built twelve boats, so that his men could fight on the lake and prevent canoes from taking food to the Mexicans. When all was ready, in the month of May 1521, he began the attack. The fighting was bitter and the cruelty terrible on both sides. Thousands of the Mexicans died of starvation, and at last,

after a siege of three months, they had to give in. The new king, named Guatemoc, and all his chiefs were taken prisoners, and Cortes was made Governor in the name of the King of Spain.

So in the end, two and a half years after he set sail from Cuba, Cortes and his little army conquered Mexico. They made slaves of the natives and robbed them of their gold, caring for little but to make themselves rich and powerful ; yet, though cruel, they showed great bravery, and they were the first white men to explore a wonderful country.

II. WITH PIZARRO TO PERU

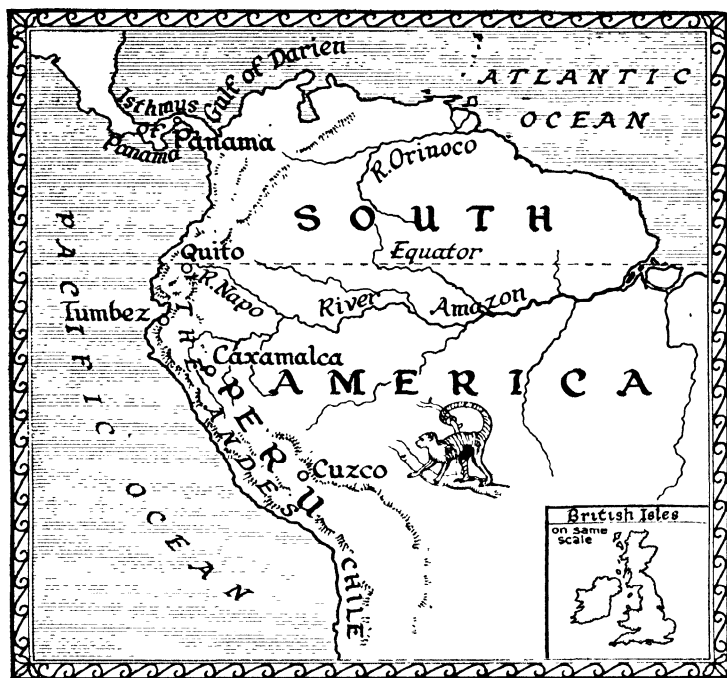
IN the year 1513, six years before Cortes set out for Mexico, the great Pacific Ocean was seen for the first time by a white man from the shores of America. The name of this man was Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, and he was the earliest of a little band of bold Spaniards who became famous for their deeds in South America.

Balboa arrived on the mainland of America in a very strange way. He had tried farming in the West Indies but had failed. He owed money to many people, and to escape from them he ran away and hid himself in a barrel on board a ship. Without money or friends, he was landed in the Gulf of Darien. If you look at the map you will see this gulf where the north coast of South America meets the neck of land which joins it to North America. The neck of land is called the Isthmus of

Panama. Here Balboa found many of his own countrymen who had been sent from Spain and the West Indies to form colonies. They were poor and miserable, dying of fever and starvation, and were only too glad to welcome him as a new leader.

Balboa did all he could to help them. Though the dangers and hardships of travel were very great, he went about the country trying to get food from the native Indians. At that time he never dreamed that he was on a narrow strip of land, with a great sea on the other side ; but one day an Indian chief told him that if he climbed to the top of some mountains he would see an ocean stretching away to the west.

On hearing this news Balboa gathered together a few followers and set out to cross the mountains. The little party had to overcome great difficulties. They had to force their way through thick forests before they came to the mountains, and the mountains were very high and steep. But at last Balboa



George Philip & Son, Ltd.

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE "WITH PIZARRO TO PERU."

reached the top and saw the great sea stretching away before him, as the Indian chief had said. It was an exciting moment. A great English poet named Keats has described in famous lines the feelings of the explorer,

when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
 Look'd at each other with a wild surmise,
 Silent upon a peak in Darien.

Balboa ran down the slopes of the mountains and rushed into the water, waving the flags of Spain above his head and shouting that he claimed the sea and all that it contained for the King of Spain.

The Indians told Balboa wonderful stories about the gold and precious stones which were to be found in the countries bordering this sea farther to the south—that is, in South America. He had already collected some gold from the natives. He was weighing this gold one day when an Indian chief struck the scales with his fist, scattering the shining metal in all directions, and said, “If that is what you prize so much, I can tell you of a land where the people eat and drink out of golden vessels and gold is as cheap as iron in your country.” Balboa was eager to find this land where gold was so plentiful, and he at once planned to sail away to look for it. He began to build ships, but before he could set sail in them he was put to death by one of his own countrymen who had become jealous of his success.

For many years after Balboa's death no one set out in search of the rich lands to the south ; but at last the wonderful stories told by the natives about the gold to be found in



From Enock's "Spanish America," by courtesy of Messrs. T. Fisher Unwin.

FRANCISCO PIZARRO.

those lands tempted one of Balboa's followers to try his fortune there. His name was Francisco Pizarro. He was a brave but harsh man, and he set out from the town of Panama,

on the Pacific coast of the Isthmus, in November 1524, with about a hundred men. How he overcame terrible hardships and dangers and in the end conquered the great empire of Peru, with its millions of natives, is more like a fairy tale than a true story.

Pizarro's first attempt to explore South America was very disappointing. From Panama he sailed for some distance southward along the Pacific coast and then landed. It was the rainy season, and the land was covered with muddy swamps, in which grew forests of trees and creepers so dense that the men could only get through them by cutting a passage with their axes. Behind the forests the weary Spaniards came to a hilly country full of rough rocks, which cut their feet to the bone. They saw no living thing except flies and other insects, and the men became weak through lack of food, some of them dying. In their despair they blamed Pizarro and wanted him to lead them back to Panama. But Pizarro was determined to go on, and at

last the starving survivors of the little party found a small native village where they obtained food.

From the natives in the village Pizarro heard fresh stories about the land of 'gold and precious stones farther to the south. He was told also of a great king who dwelt at a distance of ten days' journey across the mountains. With fresh hopes, Pizarro's followers were now eager to push forward to find the rich land and to conquer its proud ruler. They went back to their ships and continued the voyage southwards. Often they went on shore to see what the country was like, and once they had a fight with Indians, in which Pizarro nearly lost his life. The Spaniards had started to make a camp, when the Indians, who had been lying in wait, rushed upon them and drove them back. Pizarro was wounded in seven places, and in retreating he slipped and fell. The Indians dashed forward to kill him, but he jumped to his feet and fought back so fiercely that

the Indians began to give way and soon ran off into the mountains.

Though the Spaniards pushed on bravely along the coast, they suffered terribly from the constant toil and hunger, and again many of them wanted to turn back and give up the adventure. But Pizarro was as determined as ever to go on, and at last, drawing his sword, he cut a line with it in the ground from east to west. Then, turning towards the south, he said, "Friends and comrades, on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desertion and death; on this side are ease and pleasure. To the south lies Peru with its riches; here is Panama with its poverty. Choose, each man, what best becomes a brave Spaniard. For my part, I go to the south." With these words Pizarro stepped across the line. Thirteen men followed him, and the rest were sent back to Panama.

To conquer the great empire of Peru with only thirteen men was too great a task for even the bold Pizarro. But he thought he

would sail farther southwards to find out all he could, and on this voyage he saw for himself some of the wonderful riches of Peru. At Tumbez, a big city on the coast, he found palaces and temples covered with plates of gold, and many gold ornaments in the houses,



From ancient pottery in the British Museum.

THE PEOPLE OF PERU.

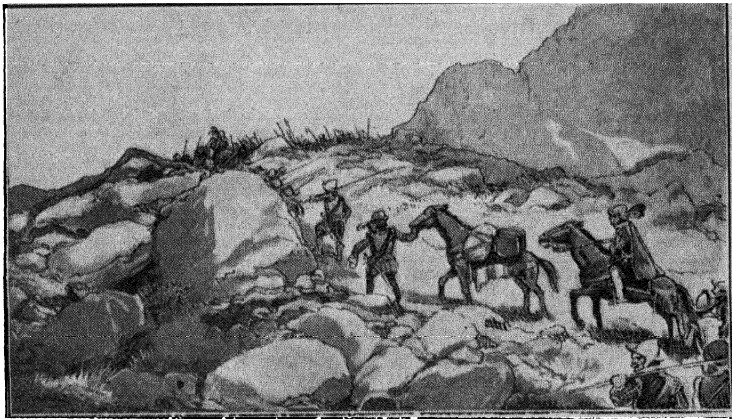
while the land was laid out with fine crops. Taking some of the gold with him, Pizarro made up his mind that as he could not find enough soldiers in Panama he would go to the King of Spain and

ask for help in conquering the country.

In Spain Pizarro succeeded in persuading a number of men to join him ; but many people did not believe his stories of the gold to be found, and when at length he set sail for Peru, in January 1531, he had only about two hundred soldiers, with twenty-seven horses. Pizarro was not discouraged. He went straight to Tumbez, and from there set out

to find the powerful king about whom he had heard so much from the natives. This king was the Inca of Peru, Inca meaning King.

The Inca was in camp on the other side of a great range of mountains. These mountains run along the western coast of South America



THE SPANIARDS CROSSING THE ANDES.

for thousands of miles, and are called the Andes. At first the soldiers were filled with fear that they would be lost among the mountains, and would be attacked by Indians lying in wait there. In places the path was only a rocky ledge, so narrow that the horses

could hardly pass along it; if they had slipped they would have had a dreadful fall into the valley thousands of feet below. As the men climbed, they and their horses suffered very greatly from the cold, but they did not see any Indians; indeed, they saw hardly a living thing of any kind.

At last they reached the top of the pass leading over the mountains, and soon afterwards a messenger from the Inca arrived. He said that the Inca sent his greetings and wished to know when Pizarro and his men would reach his camp at Caxamalca. Pizarro sent back a friendly message, saying that he was making haste; but in reality he did not trust the Inca. The Spaniards feared that though the Inca had not attacked them on the mountain paths, it was only because he wanted to get them in his power more completely, and when they were in his camp, surrounded by his army, they would all be taken prisoners, and perhaps be killed. They feared this all the more when they arrived

in the broad valley where the city of Caxamalca was built and saw the great numbers of the Inca's soldiers. There were thousands of them gathered together, and their tents covered the ground for many miles. But it was too late then to turn back, so the Spaniards advanced boldly into the city.

Pizarro at once sent a messenger to the Inca, who replied that he and his chief men would visit Pizarro on the next day. So far the Inca seemed friendly enough, but the Spaniards were very much afraid that they would be attacked and overpowered by the Indians. Pizarro did not know what to do, but he thought that if only he could get the Inca into his power the Spaniards might yet conquer the country. So he drew up a deceitful plan to capture the Inca when he came to visit the Spanish camp.

At daybreak next morning, Pizarro called his soldiers together and told them of his plan. They were encamped on a great square in the city, and they all hid in the surrounding

buildings to wait until Pizarro gave the signal for them to rush out on the Inca's followers. The Inca entered the square in royal state, with a long procession of nobles, but as he wanted to appear friendly he had no armed



THE CAPTURE OF THE INCA OF PERU.

soldiers. When all the people, numbering five or six thousand, were in the square, Pizarro gave the signal. The Spanish soldiers rushed from their hiding-places and flung themselves into the midst of the unarmed Indians. The crowd took fright and tried to

escape in all directions, but the nobles fought fiercely to save the Inca. Throwing themselves on the Spaniards, they held out until they were cut down by the soldiers' swords. The fight raged furiously round the Inca, until at last he fell to the ground. He was at once seized by Pizarro and carried off into a building. Seeing their leader fall, the Indians stopped fighting and tried to save themselves. As they fled over the country, the great army of the Inca encamped on the hills also took fright and scattered far and wide. Though the fight lasted only about half an hour, thousands of Indians were killed.

The captive Inca was treated with respect by the Spaniards, and it was not long before he saw how great was their love of gold. One day he told Pizarro that he would fill the room in which they stood with gold as high as a man could reach, if Pizarro would set him free. Though the Spaniards had seen much gold on their travels, they hardly believed that this could be done, but Pizarro thought

that he would let the Inca try. Indians were then sent all over the country to gather in gold from the royal palaces, temples, and other public buildings. All sorts of heavy gold ornaments and plates were brought in, and gradually the heap grew under the wondering eyes of the Spaniards until the room was filled nearly as high as the Inca had promised.

Pizarro did not want to wait for the rest of the ransom to be collected. He was eager to push on to Cuzco, the capital of Peru, so as to make himself master of the country and all its riches. The gold already collected was worth millions of pounds, and he told the Inca that no more need be paid. But he refused to keep his promise to set the Inca free. He was afraid that if he let him go the Inca would collect an army to fight the Spaniards. It was said that the natives were arming to fight, and Pizarro accused the Inca of plotting against the Spaniards. This was not true, but Pizarro and some of the other Spaniards were determined to put the Inca to death,

and the unhappy king was condemned and executed.

By this time—August 1533—more soldiers had arrived from Panama. Pizarro had now nearly 500 men, and he felt sure that he could beat off any attacks by the natives. The Spaniards marched to Cuzco and began to rule the country as conquerors. Soon they quarrelled, and for many years they were fighting among themselves, as well as against the natives. All this time the work of exploring South America went on. One expedition went a long way down the west coast to a country called Chile. Another went east to find a land where cinnamon trees were said to grow in large numbers. Cinnamon is a spice which the Spaniards prized very highly, and the leader of this expedition was one of Pizarro's brothers, named Gonzalo Pizarro. He started from a city called Quito, which is in the Andes, near the Equator.



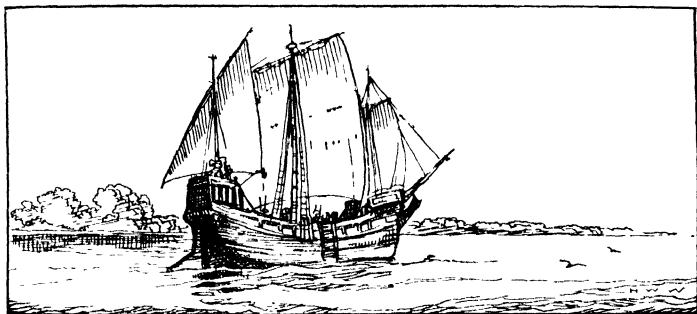
CINNAMON PLANT
AND FRUIT.

Gonzalo set out towards the end of the year 1539 with an army of 340 Spaniards and over 4,000 Indians, but hardship and toil soon began to cause many deaths in his force. While they were resting in one small village, the ground was shaken and split open by an earthquake, and heavy rains drenched the men to the skin. For two months the rain did not stop for a single day, and the men's clothes rotted on them with the wet. It was so cold that many of the Indians were frozen to death.

Through thick forests, where the soldiers had to cut a path with their axes, Gonzalo and his followers forced their way, weary and hungry, until they came to a broad river called the Napo. Hoping to find villages along its banks, Gonzalo pushed on for many miles, and at last he decided to build a boat to sail on it. There was plenty of wood in the forests, but the soldiers had no nails or other things that they needed. So they made nails out of the shoes of horses that had died, took resin

from the trees to use as tar, and tore up their clothes to use as oakum, for filling in the spaces between the planks.

In this rough vessel some of Gonzalo's men sailed down the river, while the others marched along the banks. The men suffered dreadfully from starvation, and each day some



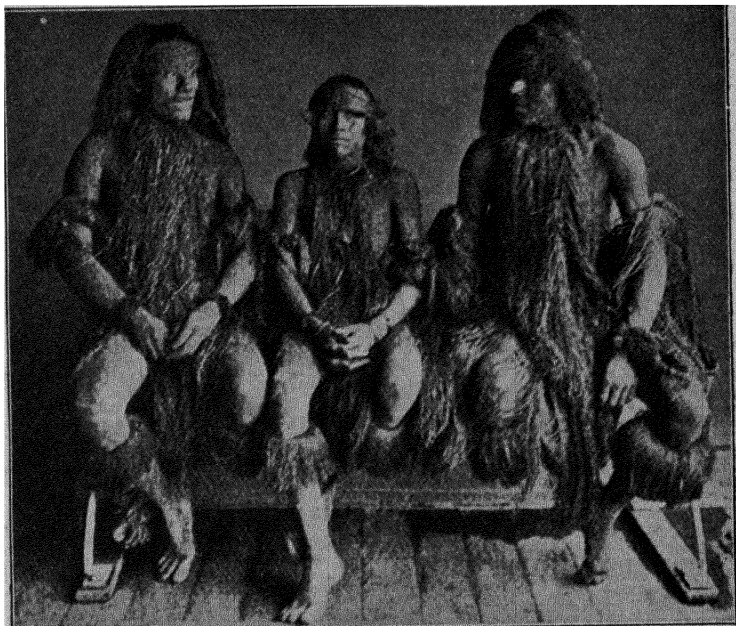
ORELLANA SAILING DOWN THE UNKNOWN RIVER.

of them died. At last they heard with joy of a place ten days' journey away where they could get food. As the boat could sail quicker than the men could march, Gonzalo decided to send it to fetch supplies of food, and he gave charge of the ship to one of his most trusted officers named Francisco de Orellana.

The boat was carried swiftly down on the strong current, and in three days it came to a place where the Napo flowed into a much larger river ; but no signs of human life or of the promised supplies of food could be seen. Orellana did not know what to do, for the current was so strong that it would take him a long time to get back to Gonzalo's party, and he had no food for them. So he decided to sail on down the new river and see where it would lead him.

While Orellana was doing this, Gonzalo's men marched still farther into the wilderness, but their plight became worse and worse, and at last they turned back. Starving and weary, they struggled through forests and swamps until they came in sight of Quito again. They had been away two years, and all that were left of the army were eighty men, so thin that they hardly knew one another. Two hundred and ten Spaniards, and nearly all the 4,000 Indians who started, had died on the journey.

Meanwhile, Orellana was sailing on down the new river, through forests and swamps, wondering when he was going to come to the



By courtesy of Mr. Charles W. Domville-Fife.

WILD INDIANS OF THE UPPER AMAZON BASIN.

end of it. On its banks he saw many strange tribes of natives, and among the fiercest of them were some who looked like women. It is known now that they were not women but

men of a tribe who dressed like women. In that part of South America there are still Indians who wear their hair long and dress in capes and skirts of grass. Orellana thought that those whom he saw were really women, and he called them "Amazons," from a Greek word meaning female soldiers. He wrote that "these women warriors appeared to be very tall and fair, with long hair twisted over their heads. In their hands they carried bows and arrows, with which they killed seven or eight Spaniards." At a bend in the river where the Spaniards were attacked by large numbers of natives, those who looked like women showed very great bravery and fought in front of the others.

When Orellana at last reached the mouth of the river he found that he had travelled right across South America and come to the Atlantic Ocean. From there he sailed home to Spain, where he told people about the "Amazons" whom he had seen. Because of this, the river itself was afterwards called the

Amazon River. It is one of the longest rivers in the world, nearly 4,000 miles from source to mouth. Now you know why it is called the Amazon, and who was the first explorer to sail down it.

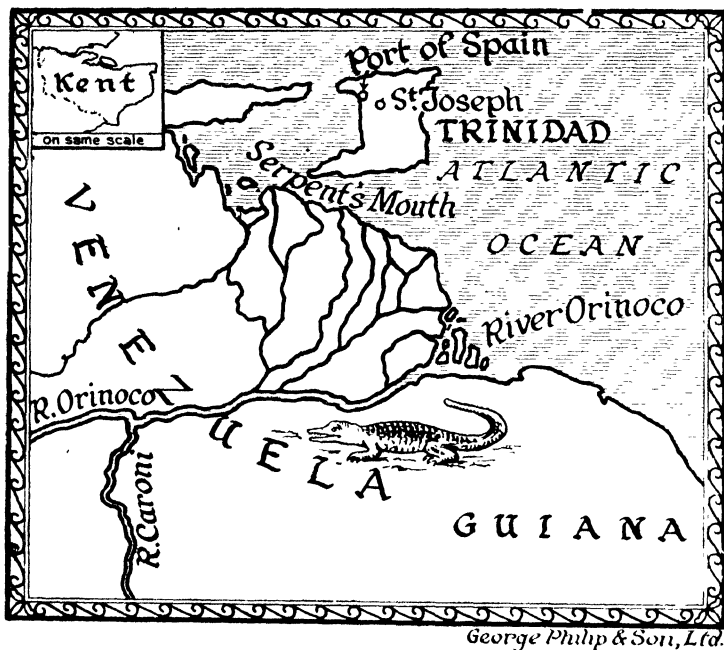
III. WITH RALEIGH IN SEARCH OF EL DORADO

IN the north of South America there is a country called Venezuela, more than three times as large as the British Isles. Through this country runs the river Orinoco, one of the largest rivers in South America. It flows into the sea by many mouths, covering thousands of square miles. Near the coast of Venezuela and the mouths of the Orinoco there is an island called Trinidad. Both the island and the Orinoco were found by Columbus in 1498. Spanish ships were soon sent out to Trinidad and Venezuela, and also to Guiana, the country next to Venezuela, and these ships returned to Spain with gold, silver, precious stones, and other valuable things.

Somewhere in Guiana or in the country beyond, it was said, there was a great city

whose buildings were covered with gold, and the hills round the city were so rich in gold and precious stones that they shone in the sun. It was also said that at certain times during the year, on great feast days, the king of the city appeared before his people covered with gold ; and because of these tales both the king and the city became known as "El Dorado," which means in the Spanish language, "The Golden One." Orellana, about whose voyage down the Amazon you have read in the last story, heard of this city, and several Spaniards made expeditions into the country to look for it. But the country was covered with huge forests and thick swamps, in which lived tribes of fierce Indians. Many of the explorers were killed, and none of them ever reached El Dorado or gained any of its riches.

At first the English did not take part in these expeditions, but during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, English ships began to sail to all parts of the world, and one of the most



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE "WITH RALEIGH IN SEARCH OF EL DORADO."

famous of Englishmen, Sir Walter Raleigh, made up his mind to go in search of El Dorado. When Raleigh was a young man he was not rich, but handsome and gallant. A story is told about him that one day, when Queen Elizabeth was out walking, she was stopped by a muddy patch in her path. Raleigh was

standing near and saw that the Queen did not want to dirty her shoes, so he quickly pulled his fine cloak off his shoulders and flung it over the mud for the Queen to walk on. Whether this is true or not, it is true that Raleigh became a great favourite of the Queen, who gave him lands and houses and made him a rich man. He started an English colony, which he named Virginia, in the country now called the United States. He also fought as a soldier in several wars, and helped to defeat the great Spanish fleet, called the Armada, which was sent to attack England. He captured many rich prizes from the Spaniards, and when he decided to go in search of El Dorado he had plenty of money to fit out his ships.

Leaving England at the beginning of 1595, Raleigh reached the island of Trinidad after a good voyage of six weeks. The ships sailed through the Serpent's Mouth, as the narrow opening between the island and the mainland of South America is called, and followed the

coast northwards. At one place Raleigh and his men were surprised to see oysters on the trees by the seashore. The coast was low and swampy, and the trees were of a strange kind called mangroves. They had roots above



By courtesy of Messrs. Cassell & Co.

A MANGROVE SWAMP.

ground, stretching like long props from the branches down into the swamp. At high tide the sea came up to the roots, and the oysters fastened on to them. At low tide the oysters were left behind, and to Raleigh and his men

it looked as though they were growing on the trees.

Farther along the coast another strange thing was seen. This was a lake, not of water but of black, sticky pitch, like that now used in making our streets and roads. Raleigh found that it did not melt in the sun, and he made the decks of his ships watertight with it.



THE PITCH LAKE, TRINIDAD.

The ships anchored near Port of Spain, which is now the chief town of Trinidad, and the Spaniards who were living there pretended to be friendly. They had built a town called St. Joseph a few miles inland from Port of Spain, and Raleigh was very interested to hear that the governor, Don Antonio de Berrio, had been on an expedition to the mainland in

search of El Dorado. For two reasons Raleigh stayed at Port of Spain. He wanted to find out all he could about the River Orinoco; and he wanted to have revenge on the Spaniards, who had trapped and killed eight Englishmen the year before. Presently he heard from an Indian chief that Don Antonio had sent for some more soldiers, so he decided to attack at once.

Late in the evening Raleigh landed with a hundred men, killed the Spanish soldiers who were on guard at Port of Spain, and marched during the night towards St. Joseph. He reached the town at daybreak, and, taking the Spaniards by surprise, killed all of them except Don Antonio and another, whom he took prisoners. The natives of Trinidad, who had been cruelly treated by the Spaniards, were overjoyed at Raleigh's victory, and they set fire to St. Joseph and burned it.

With Don Antonio on board, the ships returned to the Serpent's Mouth and anchored near the coast of Trinidad. Raleigh now began

to make preparations for his voyage up the Orinoco in search of El Dorado. Near to where his ships were anchored, some of the branches of the Orinoco entered the sea, and Raleigh determined to go up one of them. But he found that he could not do so in his ships, because of the sandbanks and rapid currents. Five rowing-boats were therefore launched, and into these were crowded a hundred men to make the dangerous journey into the unknown country.

Crossing the open sea from Trinidad to the mainland in their overloaded boats, the men were drenched to the skin by heavy showers of rain, and scorched by the burning rays of the sun. On the way they captured a canoe containing two Indians, who were brothers. Raleigh took them with him, and one of them promised to guide the boats up the river. But the Indian had not been there for many years, and soon the boats were lost in a maze of streams flowing through hot swampy forests. The country is very flat,

and in the rainy season it is flooded for hundreds of miles, except in a few places which are higher than the rest. For this reason, when the Indians are living in the forests, they build their huts on the top of



INDIAN HUT IN THE FORESTS OF THE ORINOCO DELTA.

tree stumps. After the rainy season the flood water flows away to the sea, and the channels which are left are so confusing that only the natives who live among them know how to get from place to place without being lost.

Raleigh and his men might have rowed about for months in these channels before they

reached the main stream of the Orinoco. But one day they saw and overtook a canoe with three Indians in it. The Indians tried to escape, because the Spaniards had told them that the English were cannibals, or man-eaters. But when the Englishmen treated them kindly, the Indians became friendly and guided the boats to the mouth of a small channel leading to their town. Here the Englishmen rested for a while, and the two Indians who had been captured first—the first guide and his brother—went to the town to get some fruit. When the two Indians reached the town the Indian chief was very angry with them for bringing the white men into the country. He tried to kill them, but they quickly ran away—the guide into the forest, and his brother, who was a faster runner, back to the boats.

The faster runner shouted out that his brother was being killed, and the Englishmen caught one of the Indians standing near and said that his head would be cut off if the

guide was killed. The Indian, a very old man, was terrified, and shouted to his people to let the guide go free, but they took no notice. The hunting dogs were turned loose in the forest, the Indians followed on foot, and the barking and shouting echoed among the trees. Half dead with fear, the guide managed to reach the river and climb a tree, and as the boats passed he jumped into the river and swam to safety. The old man was not released, but was kept as a guide.

Day after day the men rowed the boats up the river against the strong current. Once the biggest of the boats ran aground, and it had to be emptied of everything in it before it could be floated off again. Food was scarce, the rowing was hard work, the days were very hot, and the men began to grumble. Raleigh and the other officers took their turn at the oars, but everybody was feeling worn out. Raleigh tried to cheer the men up by telling them every day that there was only one more day's rowing to be done before they

reached the main river. At last they came to a branch river, along which, the guide told them, was an Indian village where they might be able to buy food. The guide said that it would take only three hours to get there, and the three small boats set out, leaving the other two to wait until they came back.

The men rowed and rowed, but there were no signs of the village. Night approached, the river became narrower, and the branches of trees struck the men in the face. They were tired and hungry, and began to fear that the guide was leading them into a trap. Only the thought that they did not know the way back prevented them from killing him. But he kept calm, saying that the village was only a little farther on, and at last, about one o'clock in the morning, a light was seen, the barking of dogs was heard, and the village was reached. The Englishmen were well received, and their boats were soon loaded with food. On the way back they met their companions, who were afraid that something

had happened and were hurrying to the rescue.

All that night the explorers continued their journey in the boats, and when daylight came they found that they were passing through beautiful country. Groves of trees were dotted about wide, green plains; deer were feeding by the waterside; birds of many kinds were flying over the water and among the trees,

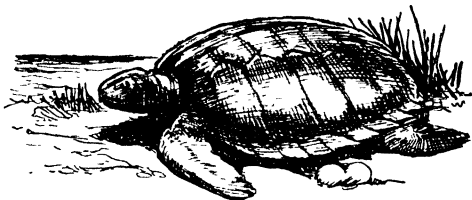


AN ALLIGATOR.

and there were all sorts of strange fish in the river. Thousands of alligators, which are something like crocodiles, were seen, and Raleigh's negro servant, when swimming in the river, was caught by one of these ugly creatures and devoured in full view of all the men.

Food supplies were again running short, when four canoes were met coming down the

river. One of the boats immediately gave chase, and two of the canoes were captured. They were loaded with bread for a Spanish settlement on the coast, and the hungry men were glad to have it. While these canoes were being seized, the other two managed to escape among the side channels of the river. Afterwards Raleigh learned that three Spaniards were in them, with a lot of gold, but though he searched for them he could not find them.



A TURTLE.

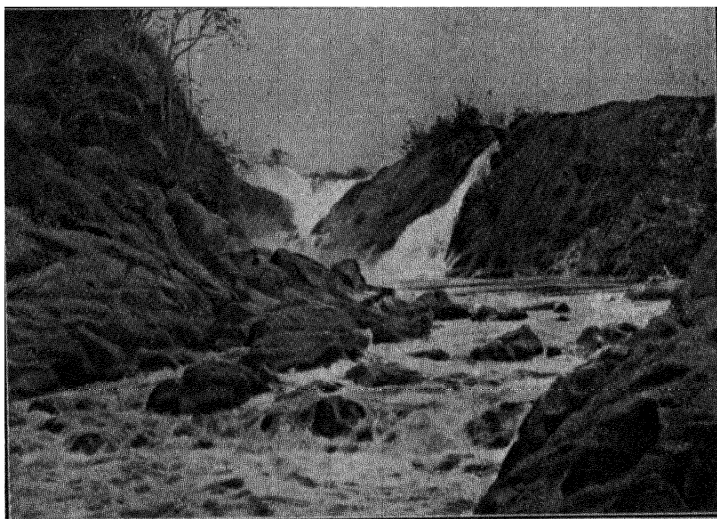
Soon after Raleigh gave up searching for the canoes, the explorers reached the main channel of the mighty river Orinoco, and all were surprised at its great width and the number of islands in it. On the islands many turtles' eggs were found, buried in the sand by the turtles. The men liked these eggs very much, and they became more cheerful. They were now right away from the dull and

lonely watery jungle, and the country was opening out into wide grassy plains. In the far distance high mountains could be seen, mountains supposed to be full of gold and precious stones.

Villages on the banks of the river became more numerous, and Raleigh called at all of them and made friends with the natives. He was careful to see that everything his men received from the natives was paid for, and that the natives who sold the things were satisfied. In this way his fame spread among the Indians living along the river, and he gained the friendship of the chiefs of the people. One of these chiefs, a very old man who was said to be 110 years of age, walked fourteen miles to see him, and then returned to his own town the same day, so that when he arrived home he had walked twenty-eight miles altogether. When he was more than a hundred years old this chief had been captured by the Spaniards, who treated him very badly. They put him in chains and dragged him

from place to place like a dog, until he paid them a large amount of gold to set him free.

Pushing on up the Orinoco, Raleigh and his men reached the mouth of one of its largest tributaries, the Caroni. This river flows from



THE FALLS OF THE CARONI RIVER.

south to north, and Raleigh wanted to ascend it. If he could do so he would be going southwards towards Guiana, where he hoped to find El Dorado. But the attempt failed. The current of the Caroni was so fast that the men

could not row against it, and a short distance from the mouth of the river the way was blocked by high waterfalls. Raleigh and his men camped where they were, and parties of men were sent out to explore the surrounding country. Among other things they found rocks containing gold and iron, and also precious stones.

It was, indeed, a fine country that Raleigh had reached—healthy, rich, and able to grow plenty of fruit and other kinds of food. He would have liked to go on to look for El Dorado, but he could not advance in his boats, and he had been away from his ships for nearly a month. Besides, the rainy season was drawing near; every day there were drenching showers of rain and fierce gusts of wind which were dangerous to the boats. All these things made Raleigh decide to turn back. The return voyage was not easy. The River Orinoco began to rise and overflow its banks, and the water rushed down towards the ocean, making the voyage perilous because of the many

rapids, sandbanks, and floating trees. But the current carried the boats swiftly along, and at last the ships were reached in safety.

Raleigh was proud of the fact that though



By courtesy of the Royal Geographical Society.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

the men had passed through many dangers, not an Englishman had lost his life, and not one of them was ill. The ships started to

sail northward towards his new colony of Virginia, on the coast of North America, but the weather was unfavourable, and they sailed along the Spanish mainland instead. The Spanish towns would not sell him food, so Raleigh set them on fire. Then he sailed for home, and, after calling at the West Indies on the way, reached England at the end of the summer of 1595, the same year in which he started.

Raleigh had been obliged to give up the search for El Dorado, but he meant to go again. Before he left the mouth of the Caroni he arranged for one of his men and a boy to stay behind and live with the Indians. The man was to explore the country and learn all he could about its riches, especially where the Spaniards found their gold; the boy was to learn the language of the Indians, so as to be able to act as interpreter when Raleigh came again. The man, however, was captured by the Spaniards and taken to Spain, and only escaped to England after being a prisoner

for years. To save the boy from the Spaniards, the natives said that he had been killed by a tiger. Many years afterwards he was found to be still alive, but he had almost forgotten how to speak English.

Raleigh was not able to start on his second expedition to the Orinoco until the year 1617. The story of this expedition was a very sad one. Raleigh himself was ill and had to stay in Trinidad. His followers went on to the mouth of the Caroni, but many of them, including his own son, were killed in fighting with the Spaniards ; others died from disease, and the expedition ended in failure.

IV. THE ADVENTURES OF MADAME GODIN

NEARLY two hundred years ago some clever men in France were trying to find out the exact size and shape of the Earth. They wanted very careful measurements to be taken in two places—one within the Arctic Circle, where the Earth is flattened out a little, like the top of an orange, and the other near the Equator, where it is round like a ball. This is a story of the adventures of some of the people who were sent to take measurements near the Equator.

If you look at the map you will see that the Equator is drawn across the northern part of South America. The Frenchmen thought about all the countries all round the world which are crossed by the Equator, and they

decided that they could get the measurements they wanted better in South America than anywhere else. So that is where they went, to a city about which you have read before in this' book. It was the city of Quito, from which Orellana started on the journey that ended in his finding the great River Amazon and sailing down it to the sea.

Quito is one of the most wonderful cities in the world. It is only a few miles from the Equator, and is over 9,000 feet, or nearly two miles, above the level of the sea. It lies on a plateau, or tableland, in that great mountain range, the Andes, which stretches all along the western side of South America. This plateau was a splendid place for the work which the Frenchmen wanted to do. They had to measure over 200 miles in a perfectly straight line, and they did not want to make a mistake of even an inch. So the work was very difficult and slow, and it took them over seven years to finish it.

When the work was done, most of the party



George Philip & Son, Ltd.

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE "THE ADVENTURES OF MADAME GODIN."

returned to France, but one of them, Monsieur Godin, stayed in Quito some years longer, with his wife. At last, in 1749, he had to return home, and he decided to go across South America down the River Amazon to the sea. This is a journey of over three thousand miles, and as Madame Godin was not very strong, her husband went first to make arrangements for a safe and easy journey for her. He reached the mouth of the river safely, and went on to Cayenne, a town in French Guiana a little farther north. From there he intended to go back for his wife, but before he could return up the Amazon it was necessary to obtain a "passport" from the King of

Portugal, to whom, in those days, that part of South America belonged.

Godin wrote asking for a passport, and after a time he received a message that one had been sent to the Governor of Pará, a city near the mouth of the Amazon. But the Governor never received the passport. It was a time of war, and letters sent across the ocean were often lost. Again and again Godin wrote for the passport, but he had no answer for seventeen years. Then at last there came to Cayenne from Pará a ship which had been sent to fetch him. The King of Portugal had given orders to the captain to take Godin up the Amazon as far as that river belonged to Portugal. There the ship was to wait for him while he went on to Quito for his wife, and then the captain had orders to take them both back to Cayenne.

Before Godin could get ready for the voyage up the Amazon he fell ill. At the end of six weeks he was no better, and he felt that he could not keep the captain of the ship waiting

any longer, so he decided to send a messenger instead of going himself. The messenger sailed in the ship to Tabatinga, the last village on the Amazon that belonged to Portugal, and from there on to a village called Loreto, in country that belonged to Spain. Then the



THE CITY OF QUITO, NEAR THE EQUATOR.

ship went back to Tabatinga to wait for Madame Godin. But the messenger, instead of completing his errand, gave the letters which he carried to a priest who was going towards Quito. The priest gave them to another traveller, and this other traveller gave them to some one else, and in the end the

letters were lost. Not until after two years did Madame Godin hear that there was a Portuguese ship waiting at a little village on the Amazon to carry her back to her husband.

The distance from Quito to where the ship was waiting was about 1,000 miles, and it took some time to prepare for so long a journey, but at last, in October 1769, Madame Godin set out. She was accompanied by some other people, including her two brothers, who were going to Europe. One of them took with him his son, about ten years old. There were also in the party a French doctor, a negro servant, three women servants, and thirty natives to carry Madame Godin and her baggage. The first part of the journey was among the high mountains of the Andes, where no one could ride. Not even mules could travel along the roads. People had to walk, or be carried.

After going a long way, the travellers reached a village called Canelos, which stands on the bank of a river. Here they intended to embark in canoes and sail down the stream

into a larger river, which is a tributary of the Amazon. But at Canelos they found that smallpox had broken out, and the village was deserted. The people had scattered and gone to live in huts in the woods. The thirty natives had been paid in advance, as was the custom in that country, and they had scarcely reached Canelos when they all deserted and went home. In the village were found only two Indians, and they had no boat ; but they agreed to build one and take the party to a place called Andoas, where there was a Spanish mission, about twelve days' journey down the river.

The boat was finished, and Madame Godin paid the Indians before they started on the voyage. The party travelled safely for two days, but on the third morning it was found that the Indians had deserted during the night, leaving them without any one who knew how to manage the boat. There was nothing to do but go on without a pilot, and they managed that day without any accident. Next day at

noon they saw on the bank of the river a hut built of leaves, and there they found a native who had been ill, but was getting better. He agreed to guide them down the river, and for three days he did so ; but on the third day, as he was reaching out to pick up a hat which had fallen into the water, the poor man fell overboard ; his illness had left him too weak to swim to the bank, and he was drowned.

So once again the travellers were without any one to manage the canoe, and very soon afterwards it was upset, and all the party were thrown into the water. They managed to get to the bank, and there they built themselves a hut for shelter. Madame Godin and her brothers would not trust themselves in the boat again without a proper pilot, but the doctor said he would go on. They were only five or six days' journey from Andoas, and he promised to send back a canoe with natives within a fortnight, to fetch those who were staying behind. He and another man set out with Madame Godin's negro servant, and the

rest of the party made themselves as comfortable as possible while they waited for the promised canoe.

The fortnight passed, but no one came. Another week went by; every day they watched anxiously for the canoe, every night



“THE RAFT STRUCK AGAINST A SUNKEN BRANCH AND WAS OVERTURNED.”

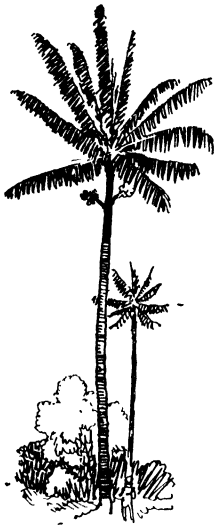
they went disappointed to rest. In the middle of the fourth week they gave up hopes of its coming, and decided not to wait any longer. So they made a raft and put on it all their food and baggage. Then they stepped on it themselves and pushed out into the stream. The

raft almost at once struck against the branch of a sunken tree and was overturned, and all the party were thrown into the water. They were still near the bank, and Madame Godin, after sinking twice, was saved by her brothers. None of the party was drowned, but they lost almost everything they possessed.

What to do in their distress they did not know. After talking the matter over, they decided to make the journey to Andoas on foot, finding the way by keeping along the river bank. They returned to their hut and took some food which they had left there, and then started on their journey. The way was very difficult ; trees and bushes grew thickly alongside the river, and were so closely entwined with creepers that often it was necessary to cut a way through. The windings of the river, too, made the journey very long.

At length the travellers left the river bank and tried to go straight through the forest. This was a great mistake ; there was no path, they had nothing to guide them, and after a

day or two they found, to their horror, that they were completely lost. They were worn out with their long march through the thick woods, in which travelling is difficult even for the natives who are used to the country. Their feet were torn by thorns and brambles ;

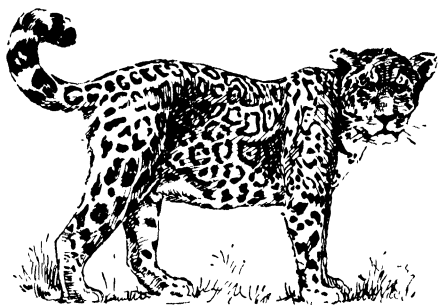


they had used up all their food, and were dying with thirst. There was no water, and all they could find to eat were a few seeds, wild fruits, and “palm cabbage”—that is, the leafy buds of a kind of palm tree.

They struggled on as long as they could. Then, overcome with hunger, thirst, and weariness, they sank to the ground exhausted, and had no strength to rise again. There they lay for three or four days, growing weaker and weaker. They had given up all hope, and at last, one by one, they died, until only Madame Godin was left alive. Imagine her feelings in that lonely

and desolate forest, fainting and stupefied with hunger, tormented with choking thirst, with the dead bodies of her companions beside her.

After a time she summoned up courage to drag herself from the spot. She had no shoes, and her clothes were torn to rags, but she cut the shoes off her brothers' feet, and made herself a pair of rough sandals from the soles. In these she managed slowly and painfully to struggle along. She had



A JAGUAR.

no idea which way she was going, but on the second day she found water, and on the day after some wild fruit and the fresh eggs of a bird something like a partridge. She had been without food for so long, and her throat was so parched and sore, that she could hardly swallow. For six more days she wandered like this, just managing to keep herself alive with the scanty

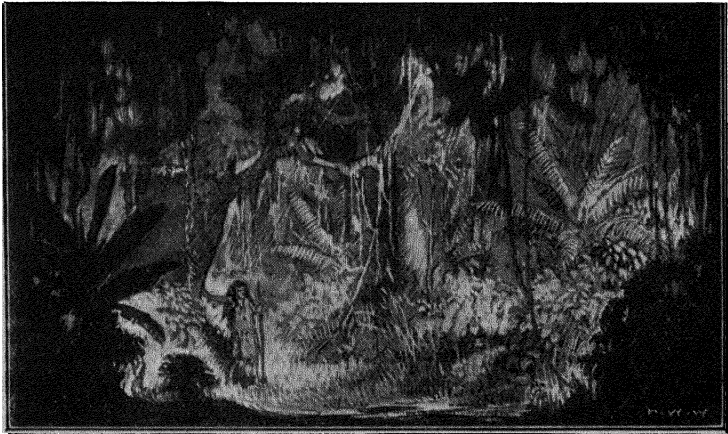
food she found. Though the forest was full of jaguars and dangerous snakes, by great good fortune she saw none; but the scenes she had witnessed and the sufferings she had endured reduced her almost to a skeleton, and turned her hair grey.

She lost count of time, but at length, on the eighth or ninth day of her wanderings, she found herself once more on the bank of the river. At daybreak she heard a noise a little way from her. Terrified at first, she ran back into the woods, but only for a few moments. Overcoming her fear, she went back to the river bank, and there she saw two natives launching a boat into the stream. They were travelling on the river and were just starting after their night's rest.

Madame Godin begged the two natives to take her to Andoas. They were going there themselves, and they gave her a seat in their boat and treated her with great kindness during the journey. When she arrived at Andoas she obtained a cotton petticoat from

a native, to wear instead of her own tattered dress, and the next day she hired a canoe and men, and continued her journey.

While she had been wandering in the woods, her faithful negro servant had returned up the river with some natives ; the doctor who



MADAME GODIN WANDERING IN THE FOREST.

had promised to send back the canoe from Andoas had gone on without troubling to do so. The negro reached the hut where he had left his mistress and her brothers, traced them through the woods, and came to the spot where the bodies lay. He believed that no one had

escaped, and returned to Andoas before Madame Godin arrived there. He went on to find the doctor, who sent him back to his home at Quito ; so Madame Godin missed him.

Presently, as she continued her journey, she came to a mission station called Laguna. Dr. Romero, the chief of the mission, was very kind to her, and she stayed there for six weeks, trying to recover her health and forget her misfortunes. When she was beginning to get better, Dr. Romero told her that although she had travelled many hundreds of miles, and had so narrowly escaped death, she had yet to go several times as far before she reached Cayenne, and there would be fresh dangers on the way. He offered, if she chose to return, to send her back to Quito and to make all arrangements for a safe journey. But Madame Godin replied that she alone had been preserved amid perils in which all her former companions had perished ; after such a wonderful deliverance it would seem like acting against the will of God not to go

forward, and she was determined to rejoin her husband.

Dr. Romero fitted out a canoe, and gave orders for Madame Godin to be taken, without stopping anywhere, to the Portuguese vessel. The ship's captain received a message to say that she was coming, and sent two of his men to meet her, with a boat stored with provisions. The ship itself, which had been waiting for her more than three years, was brought up the river to Loreto, and there Madame Godin was taken on board. From that time till she reached the end of her journey, everything was done to make her comfortable. Her sufferings were not quite over. While in the forest she had run some thorns into one of her thumbs. The thorns had not been extracted, and they caused a very bad abscess. At first it was thought that her thumb would have to be cut off, but a doctor at one of the settlements on the Amazon succeeded in taking out the thorns. It was a painful operation, but it saved her thumb.

When, at the end of the long voyage, the vessel reached the mouth of the Amazon, a boat was seen approaching from the shore. In it was her husband ; they had met at last, after having been parted for twenty years.

V. TWO NATURALISTS ON THE AMAZON

NATURALISTS are people who study animals and plants. In the month of May, 1848, two British naturalists, Henry Walter Bates and Alfred Russel Wallace, arrived in South America at the port of Pará. Pará is a beautiful city on the right bank of the Pará River, about seventy miles from its mouth. Even at that distance from the sea the river is twenty miles wide, or nearly as wide as the Straits of Dover. It flows into the sea near the mouth of the River Amazon, and it is joined to the Amazon by narrow channels. Ships going to and from the Amazon pass through these channels, and most of them call at Pará.

In front of Pará is the great wide river, stretching as far as the eye can see, like the ocean itself. Round about the city on the land side is a dense, gloomy forest—part of



George Philip & Son, Ltd.

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE "TWO NATURALISTS ON THE AMAZON."

the great forests which stretch for thousands of miles along the banks of the Amazon and its tributaries. Bates and Wallace had come all the way from England to study nature in these forests. Earlier travellers had told wonderful tales of what was to be found there ; tales of giant trees and creepers, of wonderful plants and flowers, of strange birds and beasts

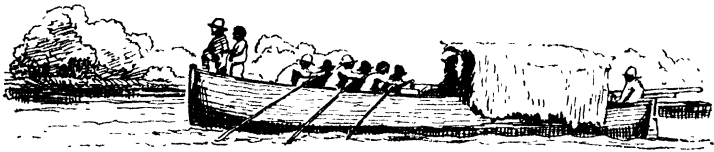
and reptiles, of beautiful butterflies and moths and insects of many kinds. Bates and Wallace believed that if they searched carefully they would find many curious creatures and plants that had never been seen in Europe, even in the big museums.

To help them in their work they rented a house on the edge of the forest near Pará, and this house was their headquarters for over a year. They did not live in it all the time. Sometimes they made journeys into the forest or up the Pará River. On one of these journeys they visited the Tocantins River, which flows into the Pará River. The Tocantins River is 1,600 miles long, and where it joins the Pará River it is ten miles wide.

One day during the journey Wallace was attacked by a swarm of wasps which stung him severely before he could escape from them. About a fortnight later he met with a more serious accident. His gun was lying loaded on the top of a canoe, and, wishing to shoot some small birds, he pulled it towards him by

the muzzle. The trigger caught in a joint of the canoe, and the gun went off. Fortunately the shot only wounded him in the hand, but the accident taught him never to handle a gun carelessly.

In 1849, the two friends left Pará to travel up the River Amazon. Wallace started at the beginning of August, in an old, leaky canoe. Bates followed a month later, in a big trading



A BOAT ON THE RIVER AMAZON.

boat something like a barge. Both of them made side trips up the rivers flowing into the Amazon, but they were not the same trips, and first Bates got ahead of Wallace, and then Wallace got ahead of Bates. Once Bates's boat passed Wallace's boat in the night, without either of the travellers knowing that they were so near to each other. This could easily happen, because the Amazon is such a

big river that even far inland it is miles in width.

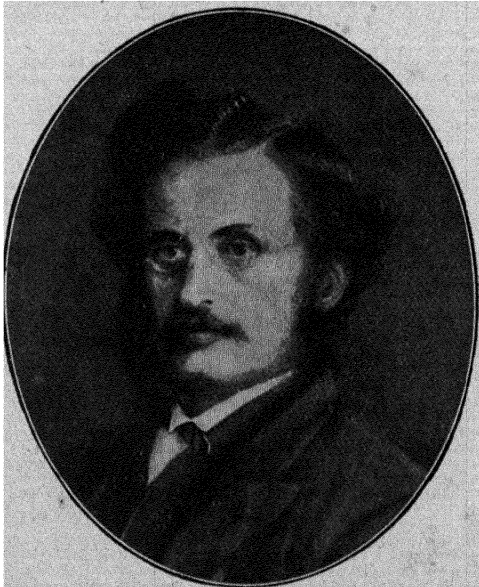
At last, after they had been travelling for several months, Bates and Wallace met again at the town of Manaus. This town is a thousand miles from the mouth of the Amazon. It is not on the Amazon, but about nine miles up one of its big tributaries called the Rio Negro. Rio means river, and Negro means black ; and the Rio Negro is so called because its waters are dark in colour, while those of the Amazon, where the Rio Negro joins it, are yellow. To get there Bates and Wallace travelled in sailing boats, but three years after they made their journey steamers began to go up the Amazon, and nowadays big ocean liners ascend the river from Pará to Manaus in four days.

At Manaus Bates and Wallace stayed for some weeks, making plans to continue their travels. It was decided that Wallace should go up the Rio Negro and that Bates should go farther up the Amazon.

Bates travelled in a trading boat manned by Indians. The boats had sails, but the current of the Amazon was so strong that usually they could not make any progress either by sailing or by rowing. They had to fasten a rope to a tree in front of them and pull the boat up to the tree ; then untie the rope and fasten it to another tree, and pull the boat up again ; and so on. Now and again the wind blew so strongly that they were able to sail against the current ; but strong winds were not always helpful. Once a sudden squall drove the boat ashore and lifted it on to the tall bushes which lined the banks.

One night, when the boat had been anchored near the river bank, Bates was awakened an hour before sunrise by a terrific crash. This was followed by more crashes and rumblings, and presently the pilot woke up and told Bates that a great landslip must be taking place not far away. They kept on hearing the crashes, and at daybreak they could see on the other side of the river, three miles away, great patches

of forest, with trees 200 feet in height, rocking to and fro and falling into the river. Two hours later, when the boat continued its voyage up the river, the land was still slipping from the steep, earthy banks.



By courtesy of the Royal Geographical Society.

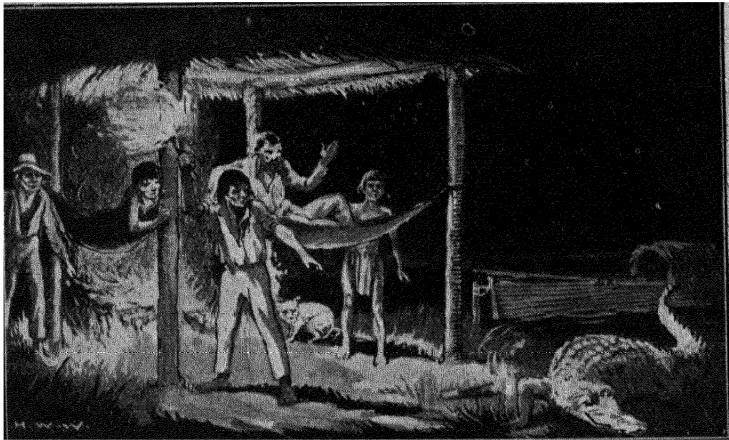
HENRY WALTER BATES.

After travelling for five weeks, Bates arrived at a village called Ega, 370 miles from Manaos. The boat was not going any farther, so Bates landed at Ega and made it his head-

quarters while he explored the surrounding country and added to his collections of rare birds and beasts and insects. For nine years longer he stayed on the Amazon and its tributaries, sometimes travelling down the river and sometimes up the river, and having many adventures. He lived with the Indians, and the only white men whom he saw were a few traders.

The rivers were full of alligators, which could be seen floating lazily near the shore, waiting to seize any one who entered the river. Bates was told a story about a little Indian boy who was playing in the water while his father and some other men were resting on the river bank. Suddenly the boy screamed, and the men saw that an alligator had seized him and was dragging him into deep water. The boy's father plunged into the river, caught hold of the alligator, and drove his fingers into its eyes, forcing it to let the boy go. The boy was not dangerously wounded, and the father soon escaped with him to the river bank.

Once Bates was out with some Indians, who were searching the sandbanks in the river for turtles' eggs. The Indians had built small shelters on the sandbanks, and Bates and one of the Indians named Cardozo had their shelter near the edge of the water. They slept in



DRIVING OFF THE ALLIGATOR FROM THE CAMP AT NIGHT.

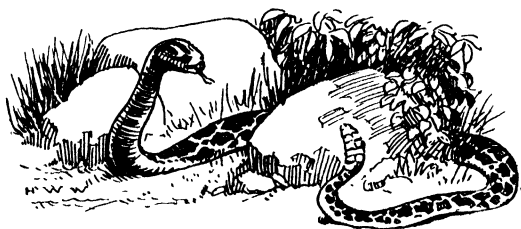
hammocks, and a dog belonging to Cardozo slept beside a wood fire. One night Bates was awakened by a great noise. Cardozo was shouting at the top of his voice and throwing burning firewood at a big alligator, which had crept up the sandbank to eat the dog.

In doing so, it had crawled underneath the hammock in which Bates was sleeping. The barking of the dog woke Cardozo, and his attack on the alligator sent it scrambling down the bank into the river, with the sparks from the firewood flying from its bony back.

At another time, when Bates was on an expedition up the Tapajos River, a large tributary of the Amazon, he heard that on the other side of the river there was a kind of white monkey, which he had not seen. The river was three miles wide, and to cross it Bates had to go in an old boat in which were twenty other people and three sheep. About halfway across, the sheep kicked a hole in the bottom of the boat. The water spouted up, and the boat was in danger of being swamped. But some of the men stuffed their clothing into the hole, while others baled out the water, and the boat was kept afloat until the shore was reached.

As soon as they were ashore, Bates and an Indian took their guns and entered the

forest. As they were walking along, Bates nearly trod on a rattlesnake, which was lying across the path. So fast was he walking that he could not stop, but with a quick jump he just cleared it. The rattlesnake would not move until it was poked with a stick. Then it shook its tail, making the harsh rattling noise



A RATTLESNAKE.

from which it is named, and Bates killed it with a blow on the head.

An anaconda, or great water serpent, once caused him some trouble. His canoe had been anchored near the shore for the night and he was all alone on board. Just after midnight he was awakened by a heavy blow on the side of the canoe, near his head. Then there was a loud splash in the river, and Bates jumped

up to have a look round. All was again quiet, except for the cackle of fowls in the hen-coop, which hung over the side of the canoe; so Bates returned to bed.

In the morning he found that the chickens were running loose in the canoe, and that a



THE ANACONDA AFTER THE HENS.

large hole had been made in the hen-coop and two fowls stolen. As the Indians living along this part of the river had also lost many ducks and fowls, they joined with Bates to search for the thief, which they guessed was an anaconda. Searching carefully along both sides of the river, they at last found the snake

at the mouth of a small, muddy stream, where it was lying along a log in the sun. The Indians killed it with harpoons, and Bates found that it was nearly nineteen feet long. He afterwards measured some which were twenty-one feet long and two feet round the body.

The Amazon flows near the Equator, the rainfall is very great, and the air is hot and damp. It is not a healthy part of the world for travellers who have to lead a rough life, and at last Bates had a serious illness. This left him very weak, and in the year 1859 he returned to England. He had collected nearly 15,000 specimens of animals, birds, and insects, and over 8,000 of them were new to European naturalists.

Wallace had been taken ill and had returned to England long before Bates, after exploring the Rio Negro and its tributaries for two years. On the banks of one river, called the Uaupes, he came across a tribe of Indians who went about naked, and painted their bodies in

patterns of black, yellow, and red. The men let their hair grow long; it was tied behind their heads in a long tail reaching a yard down the back, and on the top of the head was stuck a comb ornamented with feathers.

The Indians lived by fishing and hunting, and the men were very clever with bows and arrows, and with the blow-pipe. They would glide silently through the forest until they



BLOW-PIPE, QUIVER, AND ARROW.

found their game on the trees, high overhead. Then, without the slightest sound, they would shoot arrow after arrow, and bring down bird after bird without disturbing the others. In this way Wallace collected some valuable new specimens.

In those days parties of armed men used to be sent up the river to attack tribes of Indians and carry them off as slaves. On his last voyage up the Uaupes, Wallace met a raiding party coming down the river in canoes.

They had about twenty prisoners, mostly women and children. During the attack on the village seven men and one woman had been killed, while the rest of the men had escaped.

Because of this raid, Wallace had difficulty in persuading the Indians to paddle his canoes back to Manaos. Those who did help him would only go a short distance, and he had to keep changing his crew and giving them presents of axes, knives, beads and mirrors. At last he managed to reach



INDIAN SHOOTING BIRDS IN THE FOREST WITH A BLOW-PIPE.

Manaos, and from there he made his way down the Amazon to Pará and booked a passage to England on a sailing vessel, which left Pará on July 12th, 1852.

For three weeks the ship made good progress in fine weather. Then, one morning, dense smoke was seen pouring out of the fore hatchway, an opening into the hold of the ship where the cargo was stored. Sailors were at once set to work to clear away the cargo and search for the fire, and a hole was cut in the floor of the cabin, so that water could be poured into the hold. But soon the flames burst through the cabin floor, and at last the captain ordered every one into the boats; he himself was the last to leave the ship. The boats had not been in the water for a long time, and the hot sun had dried the wood, leaving gaps between the planks. All the people and all the things in the boats were drenched, and the sailors had to keep baling out the water all the next night.

In the morning the wreck of the ship was

still burning, and the boats set sail for the nearest land. This was the island of Bermuda, 700 miles away. If the wind remained fair, the island could be reached in seven days ; but after two days the wind changed and the sea became rough. When the shipwrecked men had been a week in the boats they were still only halfway to land, and the captain cut down the water supply. The wind died away, and the boats scarcely moved. The sun was intensely hot, and the men suffered terribly from thirst. They had almost given up hope, when the men in one of the boats sighted a sail. A ship was coming towards them. They were saved !

Wallace now began to feel the greatness of his loss. His wonderful collection had gone down with the ship. After all his weary and dangerous journeys into the forests of the Amazon, he had not a single specimen to show. Even now his troubles were not over. The weather was very stormy, and the voyage was long ; there was not enough food on board

98 TWO NATURALISTS ON THE AMAZON

for so many men. First one thing and then another was eaten up, and every one was put on short allowance. Twice they managed to buy supplies from other ships. At last the ship reached England, and after a voyage of eighty days from Pará, Wallace landed at Deal, glad to tread once more on English ground.

VI. TO THE TOP OF ACONCAGUA

STRETCHING from north to south along the whole of South America, near the western side, is one of the longest and highest mountain ranges in the world, called the Andes. As you have read in the story of Pizarro and the conquest of Peru, this mountain range was discovered by the Spanish explorers of long ago. They soon found their way over the passes, or gaps between the mountains ; but it is only in recent years that some of the biggest of the mountains have been climbed to the top. The highest of all is called Aconcagua. It is over four miles high, and lies towards the southern end of the Andes, where the range divides the country of Chile on the west from Argentina on the east.

In October 1896, a party of explorers sailed from England to attempt to climb Aconcagua.

100 TO THE TOP OF ACONCAGUA



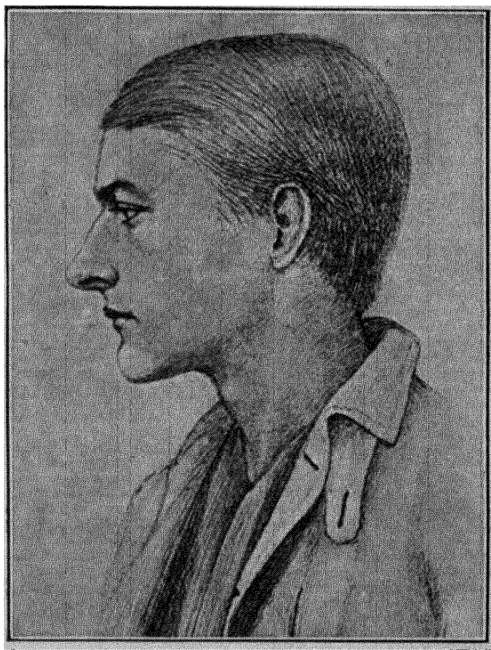
MAP TO ILLUSTRATE "TO THE TOP OF ACONCAGUA."

The leader of the expedition was Mr. Edward Fitzgerald. He had climbed many mountains in other parts of the world, but never one so high as this. The other members of his party were also used to climbing; some of them were Swiss and Italian guides and porters who had spent all their lives in the Alps, the highest mountains in Europe. Six months had been spent in preparing for the expedition, and a hundred large cases had been filled with food and warm clothes, tents and blankets, cameras, and scientific instruments of many kinds.

The party landed in November at the port of Buenos Aires, and went by train across Argentina to the foot of the Andes. It was

TO THE TOP OF ACONCAGUA 101

summer time in that part of the world ; to climb the mountain in winter would have been impossible. The first thing to do was to find



From the édition de luxe of Fitzgerald's "High Climbs in the New Zealand Alps," by courtesy of Messrs. T. Fisher Unwin and the Alpine Club.

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

a way to Aconcagua. Its snowy peak can be seen on a clear day from the Pacific Ocean, 100 miles away, but on the Argentine side

102 TO THE TOP OF ACONCAGUA

of it are winding valleys, bordered by mountains which shut out the view of the higher peaks and make it difficult to reach them. None of the people living in that part seemed to know the way to Aconcagua.



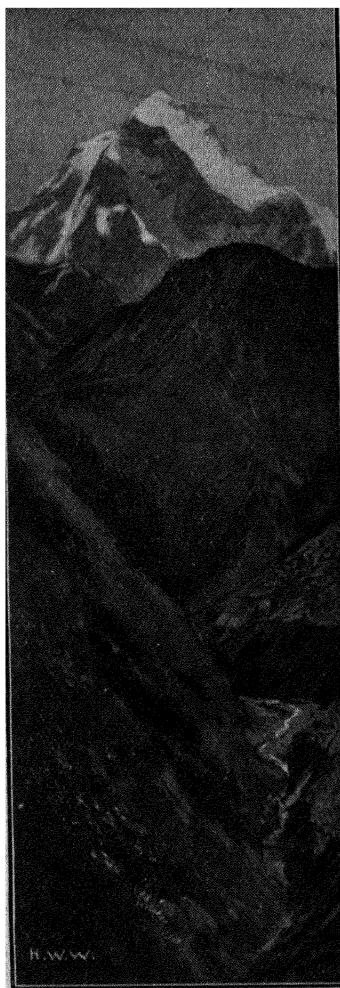
THE ROUTE TO THE SUMMIT.

A spring of fresh water was found in the valley of a stream called the Inca, and here the members of the expedition formed their base camp. A little higher up the valley another stream, called the Horcones, joined the Inca. Fitzgerald sent parties to

explore the valleys, and after four days one of the guides, named Zurbriggen, came back with the news that he had seen Aconcagua, and had found a way to reach it up the Horcones valley.

On hearing this report, Fitzgerald decided

to attempt the climb at once ; so two days before Christmas he set out with Zurbriggen, four porters, two horses and ten mules. The scenery in the Horcones valley was wonderful. The mountains on each side showed regular layers of rock of many colours. But the party had great difficulties in travelling. They had to ford the river two or three times, and sometimes go a long way round to avoid great rocks, as well as mounds of frozen snow left from the winter. The sides of the valley were



MOUNT ACONCAGUA, THE HIGHEST
PEAK IN SOUTH AMERICA.

very steep, and the climbers had many nasty falls before they reached the head of the valley, just where the river flows out from a glacier. Higher up than this there was no more grass, so the mules could not be taken any farther. The baggage was unloaded and a camp formed, at a height of 14,000 feet above sea level.

Taking a few packets of food with them, the men started again at once, on foot, though it was now after four o'clock in the afternoon. At 16,000 feet they halted, and decided to spend the night there. The sun was setting, and as soon as it went down the air grew bitterly cold. They were too tired to pitch the tent, so they crawled into their sleeping-bags and huddled together for warmth. During the night one of the Swiss porters fell ill. He suffered terribly from faintness, and was very sick. This "mountain sickness" often attacks people at great heights. Few of the party were able to sleep, and at the first sign of the sun they crept from their bags, cold and miserable. They tried to boil some

water, but their spirit stove would not burn, and it was only with great difficulty that they managed to melt some snow and make a little lukewarm coffee.

As the sun rose they saw the giant cliffs and crags of Aconcagua towering above them. Fitzgerald determined to press on, and sent back one of the men to the camp at the glacier to bring up more provisions. They were all feeling ill and weak, and it did not make them feel better when they found that they had to climb a great slope of small loose stones. At every step they took they slipped back, sometimes halfway, sometimes more than the whole length of their step. It was a terrible struggle. They had to take long



A PARTY OF CLIMBERS.

rests, often as long as half an hour, and when, at midday, they reached a patch of snow, Fitzgerald felt that they could go no farther that day. The Swiss porter was ill again, and had to be sent back with another man to the glacier camp.

The others did not wish to spend a second night in the open, so they found a patch of flat ground and set to work to put up the tent. It was very hard work, for the ground was so hard that they could not drive the tent pegs into it, and all the ropes had to be fixed to large stones. Owing to the great height the air was very thin, or "rarefied," and breathing was very difficult. The men could not get enough air, and were forced to breathe through their mouths. This made their throats dry and sore, and they had to cough and gasp, and often nearly choked.

On Christmas morning they could not cook anything, so for breakfast they had some tins of Irish stew, melting the great white frozen lumps of grease slowly in their mouths and

then swallowing them. This made them violently sick, and Fitzgerald decided that they would never be able to reach the top of the mountain until they had brought up plenty of wood to make fires and cook their food properly. But he wanted to fix a camp on the top of the ridge on which they were, so in the afternoon, after sending two men back for more provisions, he and Zurbriggen set out to find a suitable spot. They had to pause at every dozen steps to rest and catch their breath, and often they sat down for ten minutes at a time ; but after about two hours and a half they reached the top of the ridge.

They were now 19,000 feet up, and had a splendid view of the peak of Aconcagua. Here Fitzgerald began to feel ill again, so they hastened down, but not before they had found a sheltered spot for the high camp. That evening they managed, after a lot of trouble, to make some hot coffee, heating the water with methylated spirit which the two men had fetched from the lower camp, and

108 TO THE TOP OF ACONCAGUA

they crept into the tent early to escape from the terrible cold. The nights were the worst part of the time spent on the mountain. It was difficult to sleep, and whenever any one did fall asleep he was awakened in a few minutes by a fit of choking. The tent was



A SHELTERED SPOT FOR THE HIGHEST CAMP.

small, and no one could turn round without waking the others.

The next day was spent in carrying the camp to the top of the ridge, but everybody was so exhausted that Fitzgerald determined on the following morning to go back to a camp in the Horcones valley at 12,000 feet, where there was plenty of wood. Here he hoped,

they would recover, and get ready for a fresh start. As they came down the mountain side they began to feel better, and by the time they reached the glacier camp at 14,000 feet they were well enough to walk down to the camp at 12,000 feet quite easily. Here at last they were able to make a good fire and enjoy a hot meal.

They slept late next morning, only waking when the sun became so hot that their tent was like an oven. They rested all that day and spent the next in collecting three large mule-loads of firewood. Very early in the morning of the third day they set out again for the high camp with the wood, plenty of blankets, and fresh provisions. By night they had reached the camp on the ridge, 19,000 feet up, but they were bitterly disappointed to find that their wood would not burn well, and they could not boil any water. They scattered the fire and sat among the embers, but even then they could not get warm.

Next morning they managed to make some

110 TO THE TOP OF ACONCAGUA

coffee and cook some breakfast, and started, full of hope, for the top of Aconcagua. They had reached a height of about 20,000 feet when it was found that Zurbriggen's feet were frozen. The others took his boots off and began to rub his feet, first with snow, then with brandy, but he could feel nothing. Still they kept on rubbing, and at last he began to feel a little



“IT WAS FOUND THAT ZURBRIGGEN'S FEET WERE FROZEN.”

pain. This was a good sign, for it meant that the blood was beginning to flow again. Soon his feet began to hurt him very much. He begged his companions to stop rubbing, but they knew that it was the only thing that would save him, and though he was in such pain that they had to hold him down, they kept on. All thoughts of reaching the top

that day had to be given up, and when he was a little better they returned to camp.

By the next morning Zurbriggen had quite recovered, and another attempt was made. This time they reached a height of 21,000 feet, and then they met another slope of small loose stones, down which they slipped as fast as they tried to climb. A piercing wind blew the sand and small sharp stones violently into their faces, cutting them cruelly and making them gasp for breath. It was impossible to go on, and once more they returned to camp.

That night they went supperless to bed, for they could cook nothing, and their stomachs turned against the cold and frozen food they had. The cold was terrible, and several times during the night they had to rub each other to save themselves from frost-bite. In a book about the expedition, Fitzgerald wrote: "Every time I got up suddenly my head swam, and I nearly fell fainting to the ground, while great black blotches floated before my

eyes." This was the result of the cold, the rarefied air, and the want of proper food.

They decided to go down to the base camp to get quite well before trying again, so after making everything fast, they set off down the valley. As they reached the denser air lower down they began to feel much better, and by the time they reached the camp in the Inca valley they felt as if they had never had anything the matter with them.

After a week's rest they set out again. They went easily, so as not to tire themselves, and at the end of the second day they reached the high camp. This time they had plenty of pinewood, which soon burned up into a good fire, and after a hot supper they went to bed, looking forward eagerly to next day. But in the night there was a great hurricane. They could hardly breathe, and they had no sleep. The cold was worse than they had ever known it. Icicles formed on their leggings, and remained all next day. Fitzgerald thought that a rest would do them

good, so they did not attempt the climb till the fourth day. It was a pity they waited, for they were beginning to feel the effects of the height again. When they reached 20,000 feet Fitzgerald was so sick that they had to turn back.

Next morning a tin of condensed milk which they used at breakfast was sour, and made them all very sick, and though they managed to climb to 21,000 feet they could go no farther, and had to come down to camp once more.

Again next day they set out. This time they felt better. The guide Zurbriggen had found a way by which they could avoid the loose stones. They went slowly, carefully picking their steps between great blocks of stone, and never taking a long step where two short ones would do. By midday they had arrived within four hundred yards of the top of the mountain, and sat down to prepare a meal, feeling sure of success. It was a bitter disappointment to Fitzgerald to find himself

seized with sickness again. He struggled with all his might to finish the climb, but could not do so. Zurbriggen was not sick, and he was allowed to try. Think of Fitzgerald's feelings



AT THE TOP OF ACONCAGUA.

when he had to stay behind, while somebody else did what he had come all the way from England to do!

Zurbriggen reached the summit. It is about 23,000 feet high. He planted an ice axe there as a sign that he had conquered the mountain. When he arrived back in camp he was so weak and tired that he could scarcely walk, and though he was proud of his success, at the moment he did not seem to care what happened to him. Next morning they all returned to the Inca camp. Fitzgerald made several more attempts to climb Aconcagua, but he never succeeded.

Two other members of the expedition were successful. These were Mr. Stuart Vines and an Italian named Lanti Nicola. They had a wonderful view from the summit. To north and south stretched the snow-clad peaks of the Andes, looking white and dazzling above the clouds far below. On the Argentine side a great expanse of mountains some sixty miles in width shut in the view, except for one break, through which the climbers had a glimpse of the distant plains. On the Chilean side they looked over range after range of mountains, to where, 100 miles away, the Pacific Ocean glittered in the evening sun. The sun was low on the horizon, and the whole ocean glowed blood red. It was hard to believe that it was so far away. Looking down Mount Aconcagua itself they could see the valleys, "wide bleak wastes of grey stone, bounded by black crags or red and brown slopes, and ending in glaciers encircled by peaks of ice and snow." Far below could be seen the camp like a tiny speck, and what had seemed

great cliffs above it when they were down there, now looked like small rocks.

Such views as this are the reward of those who undertake the toil of mountain climbing.

VII. DOWN THE RIVER OF DOUBT

FOR four hundred years, men of the white races have been exploring South America. They have climbed among the mountains and valleys of the Andes, the great mountain range which lies along the western side of South America ; they have been up and down the rivers which rise in the Andes and flow across the continent to the Atlantic Ocean ; they have pushed into the tropical forests and across the grassy plains between the rivers. Great cities have been built, and people may now go quickly and comfortably in trains and river steamers to many places which the old explorers could only reach after months of difficult and dangerous travel.

But South America is so large that even now the work of exploration is not finished. There are many parts of the continent about



George Philip & Son, Ltd

MAP OF SOUTH AMERICA TO ILLUSTRATE "DOWN THE RIVER OF DOUBT."

which very little is known, and there are still some parts where no white man has ever been. It is not very long since a little company of white men explored for the first time a river flowing for hundreds of miles through unknown parts of Brazil, the biggest country in South America. The river is now called the Rio Roosevelt. "Rio" means "river" in the Portuguese language, which is spoken in Brazil. But why is the river called Roosevelt? You will know the answer when you have read this story.

In the year 1858 there was born in the city of New York, in the United States, a boy named Theodore Roosevelt. His father was a well-to-do merchant. Theodore was a delicate boy. He suffered from asthma, and he was very short-sighted. When he began to wear spectacles it seemed as though they opened to him a new and beautiful world. He was fond of nature study, and the spectacles helped him to see, in the woods and fields, things which he had never seen before.

120 DOWN THE RIVER OF DOUBT

Though he was delicate and nervous, Theodore was a determined boy. By constant open-air exercise he made himself healthy and strong, and by study and hard work he grew to be a great man. He was honest and fearless in his wish to do good, and was chosen to help in the government of his country. He trained as a volunteer soldier, and when a war broke out between the United States and Spain about the island of Cuba, in the West Indies, he went to fight in Cuba as Lieutenant-Colonel of a regiment of brave but rough horsemen nicknamed the Rough Riders. When the war was over, he became Governor of New York State, and afterwards President of the United States.

Colonel Roosevelt always liked to spend his holidays in places where he could camp out and shoot bears and other wild animals. One of his nicknames was "Teddy," and the toys called Teddy-bears were named after him. While he was President he was not able to leave his own country, but afterwards he

travelled in Central Africa, and a few years later, in 1913, he planned a journey through Brazil. He was fond of adventure, but he



By courtesy of the proprietors of "Punch."

"THE ROUGH RIDER."

Punch's cartoon of Col. Roosevelt when he became President of the United States.

wanted the journey to be useful. So he arranged for other men to go with him to collect and preserve animals and birds for the museums of the United States. He also took

with him his son, Kermit Roosevelt, who was twenty-four years old.

The Government of Brazil helped him in every way. One of its officers, Colonel Rondon, while travelling in the interior, had found part of a river which was not marked on any map. It had no name, and no one knew where it went; so it was called the Rio da Duvida, which means the River of Doubt. To launch a boat on this river and follow it downwards would be a fine adventure, and that was what the Government of Brazil arranged that Colonel Roosevelt should do, in company with Colonel Rondon.

First the Roosevelt party had to get to the River of Doubt, and to do so they had to make a very long journey from the coast. The best way was not from the coast of Brazil but from the mouth of the great River Plate, farther south. From there they travelled north by train to Asuncion, a city built on the banks of a big river named the Paraguay. Up this river and its tributaries they travelled in

steamers for over 1,000 miles. Alligators were plentiful, and they shot many of these ugly and dangerous reptiles. They also shot some jaguars, which in South America are called tigers. In the river itself they found a bloodthirsty fish called a piranha. Some of these fish are very small, and the biggest are only 18 inches long ; but they all have strong, sharp teeth, and once they taste blood they will attack any living thing in the water, so that bathing is dangerous when they are near.



A PIRANHA.

After going as far as they could by steamer, the travellers still had in front of them a land journey before they reached the River of Doubt. They were now in Brazil. The hot forest lowlands were left behind, and they travelled across high, open grasslands. This part of the country was very pleasant and healthy. Some of the Indians who lived there wore clothes and some were nearly naked, but

all looked well and happy. One of their games was played with a light, hollow rubber ball, nearly as large as a football. The players were not allowed to touch it with either their hands or their feet, but only with their heads. The game was to keep it in the air, passing from head to head, until at last the players on one

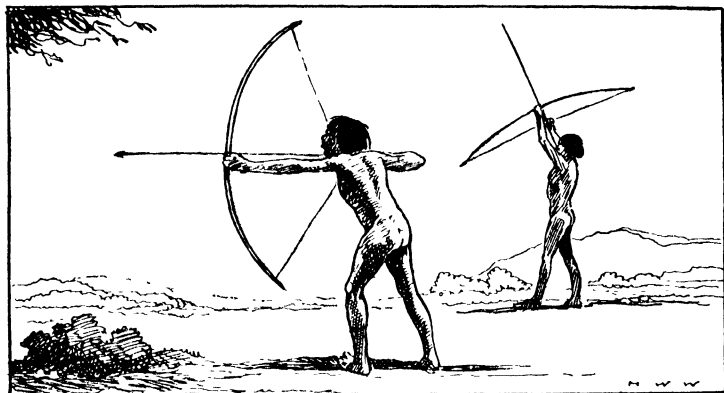


INDIAN GAME OF HEAD-BALL.

side sent it over the heads of the players on the other side. Farther on the expedition entered a part of the country where the Indians were quite naked. The men hunted with bows and arrows, but they were not very good marksmen.

These Indians were the last human beings seen by the travellers for a long time. After

they reached the River of Doubt they did not see a single person besides themselves for forty-eight days. In the party that descended the river were Colonel Roosevelt, his son Kermit, and one of their companions from the United States; Colonel Rondon, another



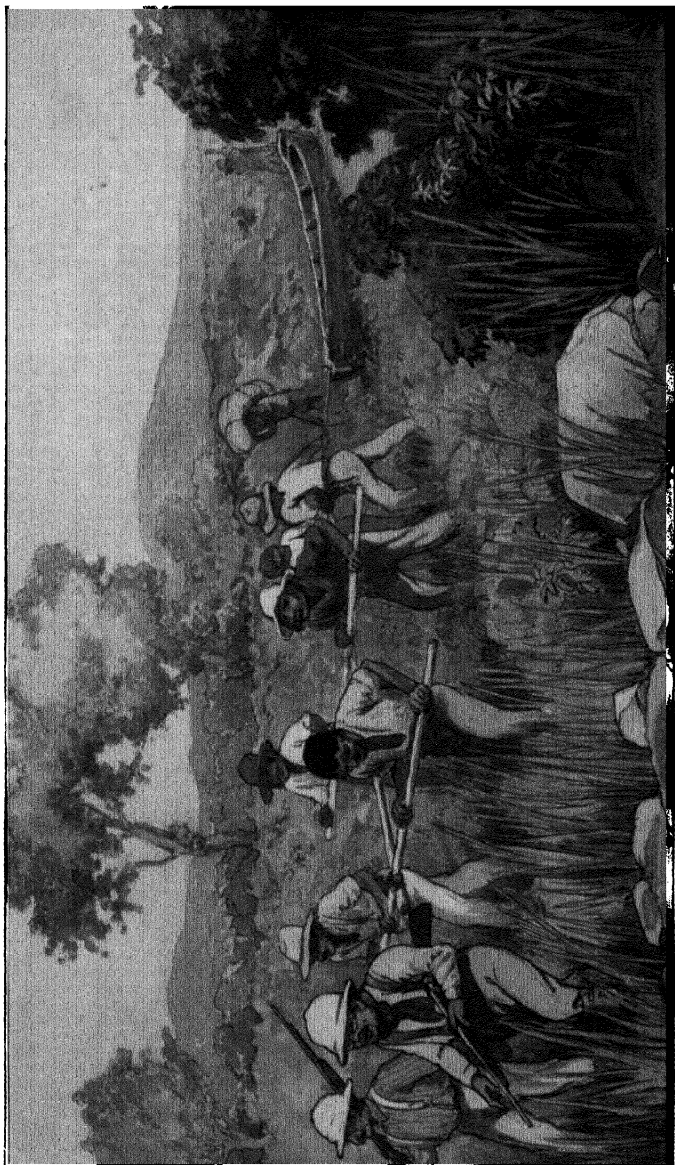
INDIANS PRACTISING SHOOTING.

Brazilian officer, and a doctor; and sixteen men to paddle the canoes. They had seven canoes, each made out of a single tree. The canoes carried not only the explorers but their food, tents, weapons, tools, and instruments for making maps.

The voyage down the river was begun at

the end of February 1914. It was the middle of the rainy season in that part of the world. The river was in flood, and the torrent was swift and muddy. During the first two or three days the explorers enjoyed paddling down the middle of the river, wondering where it would lead, and watching all that was new and strange. But one day the men in the leading boats saw ahead of them some rapids, where the water was rough and dashed along over rocks at a furious rate.

All the canoes had to be emptied and the things in them carried along the banks for a mile to the foot of the rapids. The canoes themselves had to be dragged over the rough ground the same distance, launched in the river again, and reloaded. Then the voyage was continued, and the tired explorers were glad to sit in the boats quietly after their hard work. But soon they came upon some more rapids, and had to repeat the work of unloading the canoes and carrying the goods along the banks until they came to smooth



HAULING THE BOATS ROUND A STRETCH OF RAPIDS IN THE RIVER OF DOUBT (see p. 126).

[Vol. II. facing page 126.]

water again. This time the task of hauling the canoes overland was more difficult, and some days passed before the work was finished.

Just when all was ready for a fresh start, the river rose during the night and carried away two of the biggest canoes, smashing them on the rocks. This meant more delay. Men were sent into the forest to look for a tree from which a new canoe could be made, and the whole party had to wait for some days while the tree was being hollowed out and shaped. The leaders began to wonder whether they would have enough food to last till the end of the voyage. Animals and birds which were good to eat were scarce, and so were fish.

On March 14th, the canoe was finished in a downpour of rain, and the explorers were soon going swiftly down the flooded river once more. On they rushed, keeping out of the way of wild-looking ripples which showed that there were hidden rocks, and dashing through rapids which made their hearts beat fast with excite-

128 DOWN THE RIVER OF DOUBT

ment. In one of the rapids the canoes were nearly swamped, and the men had to paddle to the bank and empty out the water before they could go on with safety.

Starting again the next morning, they



RUBBER TREE.



BRAZIL NUT TREE
AND FRUIT.

drifted and paddled for about four miles, and were able to admire the great forest trees along the banks. Some of the trees were the kind from which rubber is obtained, and others were the kind on which Brazil nuts grow. But it was not long before there was more

trouble. The river began to flow through hilly country, and suddenly, on going round a bend in the river, the explorers saw in front of them white, foaming water, with an island in the middle.

Kermit was leading in a small canoe, with two men and a little dog he had with him. Both men were negroes, and good faithful workers. In order to see what the rapids were like, he paddled to the island. After having a good look, he ordered the men to steer to the bank they had just left. They were paddling the canoe upstream to carry out the order, when it was sucked into a whirlpool. The canoe swung round, and though the men paddled as hard as they could, they were not able to keep it from drifting into the rapids. Struggling to turn the bow towards the danger, they were hurried along in the rushing, roaring torrent, and had almost succeeded in reaching the shore when they were caught in another whirlpool and swept into the middle of the rough water,

130 DOWN THE RIVER OF DOUBT

where the canoe filled and turned over. One of the men managed to swim ashore, but the other, named Simplicio, must have been dragged under by the current and had the life beaten out of him on the rocks beneath. He was never seen again.

Kermit clutched his favourite rifle and clung to the upturned canoe, but was carried into some more rapids, and swept away from the canoe. His sun-helmet was driven over his eyes and he went under. His father thought that he was drowned, but he rose to the surface and struggled hard to save himself. He had lost his rifle, and his strength was almost gone, but he just managed to grasp an overhanging branch and to cling to it until his friends came to the rescue. His faithful dog went through the rapids with him, and scrambled ashore after his master. Next morning a wooden post was erected, and the following notice was carved on it in Portuguese :

“IN THESE RAPIDS DIED POOR SIMPLICIO.”

Then the explorers went on their way down the river.

One day, when the canoes had to be taken through some rapids, Colonel Rondon walked along the bank to see what the river was like in front. With him went a dog named "Lobo," which means "Wolf" in Portuguese. Colonel Rondon thought that he heard a spider-monkey—a kind of monkey with long, "spidery" limbs—howling in the forest, and he turned in the direction of the noise. Lobo dashed in front of him and was quickly out of sight. Directly afterwards there was a yelp of pain, and the Colonel could hear the dog come running back, followed by the howling creature. There was a second yelp, and then silence. Colonel Rondon guessed what had happened, and fired his gun in the

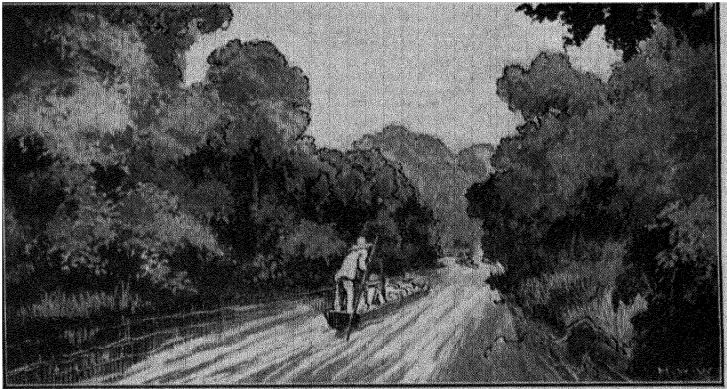


A SPIDER MONKEY.

air. He guessed that an Indian hiding in the forest had imitated the howling of a spider-monkey, and when Lobo went dashing after the noise the Indian had killed the dog. Colonel Rondon was right. Lobo's dead body was found, and in it were two arrows.

No Indians were seen, but the explorers decided to get away as quickly as they could from such a dangerous place, where they might be shot and yet never see an enemy, because of the dense forest. It was not easy, however, to get away. One of the canoes was wrecked in the rapids, and the others were not large enough to carry all the party and their belongings. The explorers dared not stay to build a new canoe, so they threw away two large tents, a box of scientific instruments, and a lot of clothes and other things. Even then some of the men had to walk along the river banks, because there was not room for them in the canoes. They had no boots, and the rough ground hurt their feet. They were bitten by flies and poisonous

ants and many other insects; their feet and legs swelled, and they became so lame that they could scarcely crawl along. Some of them fell ill with fever, and each day the doctor gave everybody a big dose of quinine, a medicine which is good for fever, but sometimes makes people rather deaf.



“DOWN THE RIVER OF DOUBT.”

At last the explorers reached a place where they thought it would be safe for them to stop to make some new canoes. They soon found suitable trees, and in three days two canoes were made. On March 22nd the whole party started down the river again in the new and

134 DOWN THE RIVER OF DOUBT

the old canoes, but the voyage was still very difficult. There were many rapids, and the hills among which the river flowed became higher and higher. It was no longer possible to drag the canoes overland round the rapids. When the explorers came to a rapid the things in the canoe were taken out, and carried along the face of the cliffs that rose up from the river, but the canoes were too heavy to carry over such steep, rough ground. So what the explorers did was this: when a canoe was empty, a rope was tied to the stern, the men took hold of the other end of the rope, and then they let the canoe drift down the rapid, they themselves scrambling along the edge and trying to guide it safely through the rocks.

It was very hard work, and the men were nearly worn out. They were covered with bruises and scratches, and had nasty sores due to insect bites. They dared not stop to rest for a single day. Already they were so short of food that they were half starved, and they did not know when they would

reach a place where they would find other people and be able to buy food. Most of the party did their best and tried to keep cheerful, but one man, named Julio, gave a lot of trouble. He was a lazy fellow, and shammed sickness so that he might be excused from his share of the work. One day the sergeant caught him stealing the other men's food. The sergeant was very angry and struck him in the mouth. Julio ran to Colonel Roosevelt and Colonel Rondon to complain, but when they heard what he had done they told him that he was fortunate not to be punished more severely.

After this, the sergeant kept telling Julio to be a man and get on with his work, and Julio hated the sergeant more and more. One day, when they were carrying the baggage round some rapids, the sergeant put down a load and left his rifle beside it, while he went back for another load. Then Julio came along with his load, picked up the rifle, and started to go back. The others thought that he

wanted the rifle to shoot an animal, and they were not alarmed when they heard the sound of a shot. But soon some of the other men came running up with terrible news. Julio had shot the sergeant dead, and had fled into the forest with the rifle. It needed courage to go after him, for he might be waiting to shoot someone else. Colonel Roosevelt and some of the others did go to look for him, and though they could not find him they found the rifle, which he must have dropped or thrown away. Without the rifle he could not do much harm, even if he followed the canoes, so they decided to give up the search and go on with their journey.

Weak and hungry, covered with sores, and often ill with fever, they struggled on until at last they came to a place where there were signs that people had been looking for rubber. Soon they came to a house where they were given food and guides, and were told that the river flowed into a big tributary of the Amazon, called the Madeira River. They had

been two months in the canoes, and had travelled down the river for a distance of 468 miles. The total length of the river was proved to be about 930 miles. There was no longer any doubt about the "River of Doubt," and the Government of Brazil ordered that it should be named the Rio Roosevelt, in honour of Colonel Roosevelt.

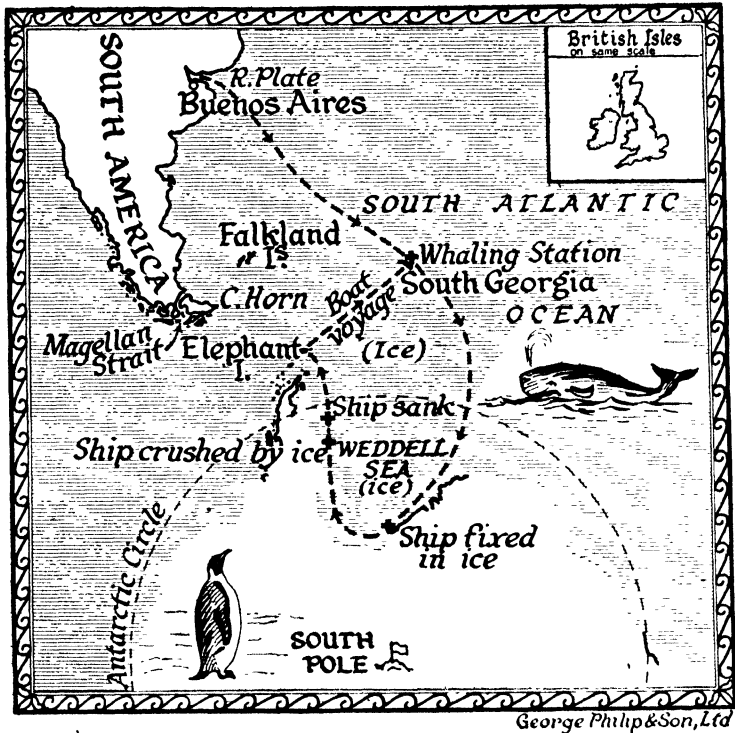
VIII. THE VOYAGE OF THE “ ENDURANCE ”

SOUTH AMERICA stretches farther towards the South Pole than any of the other continents, and many explorers who have wanted to make discoveries in the Antarctic have started from South America. One of these was a famous British explorer, Sir Ernest Shackleton. He was the son of a doctor, and was born in Ireland in 1874.

He was always fond of adventure and wanted to go to sea, and at last his father let him have his way. He worked hard and became an officer on a big steamship, and when he was twenty-seven years of age he was chosen as one of the members of a British expedition that tried to reach the South Pole from New Zealand, which is on the opposite side of the Antarctic to South America. The expedition, which was under a British naval

officer, Captain Scott, did not reach the South Pole, but it went a long way towards it. Afterwards Shackleton tried again, and this time he was leader of the expedition. He went nearer to the South Pole than any one had been before, and was only about 100 miles from it when he had to turn back. It was a very great journey, and when he came home the King knighted him.

A few years later, two other explorers—one Captain Scott, and the other a Norwegian, Captain Amundsen—went all the way to the South Pole; so Sir Ernest Shackleton decided that he would try not only to reach the Pole but to go right across the Antarctic, from the South American side to the New Zealand side. He made all his plans and sailed from England in August 1914, on board a ship called the *Endurance*. She was a wooden ship, not very big, but very strongly built to resist the ice in the Polar seas. Altogether there were twenty-eight men on board; besides the officers and crew there were men who had

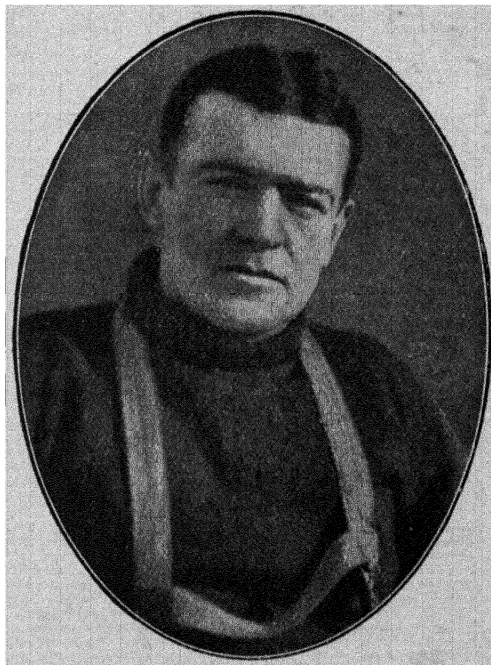


MAP TO ILLUSTRATE "THE VOYAGE OF THE 'ENDURANCE.'"

joined the expedition to do scientific work. The second-in-command was a friend of Sir Ernest Shackleton, named Frank Wild. He had been a bluejacket in the Navy, and had been in the Antarctic before with Sir Ernest Shackleton. He was a little, quiet man, but

very strong and very brave, and always kept cool in times of danger.

From England the *Endurance* sailed across



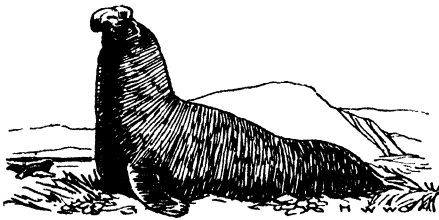
*From Sir Ernest Shackleton's "South," by courtesy
of Messrs. Wm. Heinemann.*

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON.

the Atlantic to the great port of Buenos Aires, in South America, at the mouth of the River Plate; and from there she sailed to the island of South Georgia, where there is a

whaling station. The expedition stayed at South Georgia for a month, finishing the preparations for the voyage into the Antarctic, and when all was ready a start was made at the beginning of December.

Sir Ernest Shackleton knew, from the discoveries of previous explorers, that before him was a great sea called the Weddell Sea,

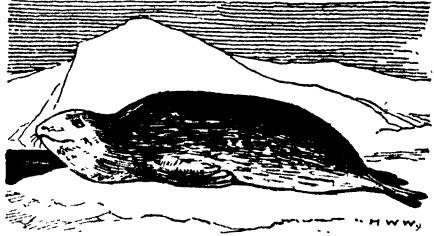


A SEA ELEPHANT.

in which there was a great deal of ice. Though the voyage would be difficult and dangerous, he hoped

to sail through the Weddell Sea a long way towards the South Pole. He knew that beyond the Weddell Sea there was land—not land like ours, but covered with ice and snow and rising up many thousands of feet into a great continent, in the middle of which was the South Pole. His plan was to land on this continent, make a sledge journey to the South Pole, and then go on to the other side.

He had sledges on board the ship, and also many dogs to pull the sledges. He had, too, all the food he would want for the journey, for there are no animals or plants on the Antarctic continent, and there are no people living



A WEDDELL SEAL.

there, though in the icy seas around it there are many creatures which explorers are often glad to eat—strange creatures such as sea-elephants and seals, and big birds called penguins, that look at a distance like little old gentlemen wearing black coats and white waist-coats.



PENGUINS.

In the southern half of the world the seasons of the year are the opposite to ours, and the month of December, in which Sir Ernest Shackleton sailed away from South Georgia

into the Weddell Sea, is a summer month. But the weather was not what we expect summer weather to be. At the start there were gusts of snow and sleet, and two days later the way was blocked by ice. Many icebergs were seen, but the ship could be steered clear of these. The real difficulty was the pack ice—that is, great cakes of ice which covered the sea like the pieces of a huge jigsaw puzzle. Sometimes the cakes of ice—or ice floes, as they are called—were not very close to one another, and the *Endurance* was able to make her way between them; sometimes they were jammed together, and then she had to go round a long way. Sir Ernest Shackleton had hoped that he would not meet this pack ice until he had gone much farther south; it was really one of the worst years he could have chosen for his voyage, for there was scarcely any proper summer weather, and he was in difficulties with the ice almost from the first.

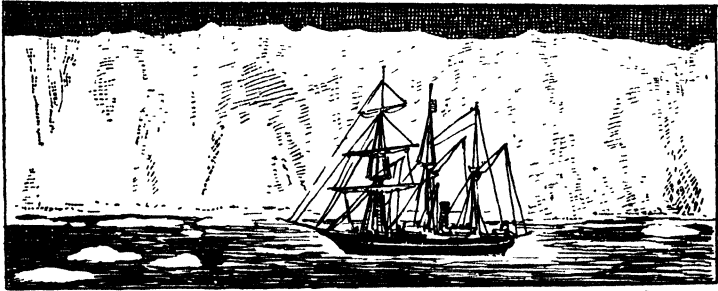
Little by little, turning this way and that,

wherever there was an opening, and sometimes driving the ship at the ice and breaking a way through, he slowly made his way southwards. Once the explorers went on to the ice alongside the ship and enjoyed a game of football. On Christmas Day they all had a merry time. The cabins in which they had their meals were decorated with flags, and little presents which they had brought from home were opened. A special dinner was cooked, and they had turtle soup, jugged hare, Christmas pudding, mince-pies, dates, figs, and crystallized fruits. Outside a gale was blowing, but for a time they forgot their troubles.

The days grew longer and longer as the ship sailed south, and after December 30th, when the *Endurance* crossed the Antarctic Circle, the sun did not set for seven weeks. Early in the New Year the *Endurance* passed out of the pack ice into open sea and sailed along merrily for 100 miles; but then she met with ice again, and on the same day land was seen. It was the eastern coast of the

Weddell Sea, and was covered with ice which came down into the sea, forming a great barrier or wall of ice all along the coast. In places this barrier was no higher than a man, but in other places it rose 300 feet, nearly as high as St. Paul's Cathedral.

Usually there was open water along the



THE "ENDURANCE" SAILING ALONG THE ICE BARRIER.

edge of this barrier, and the *Endurance* sailed on and on, for Sir Ernest Shackleton wanted to get as far south as he could before he landed. Then a great misfortune befell the expedition. On January 19th the pack ice closed in round the ship and held her fast. The captain hoped that it would open out again, but it did not. The *Endurance* could

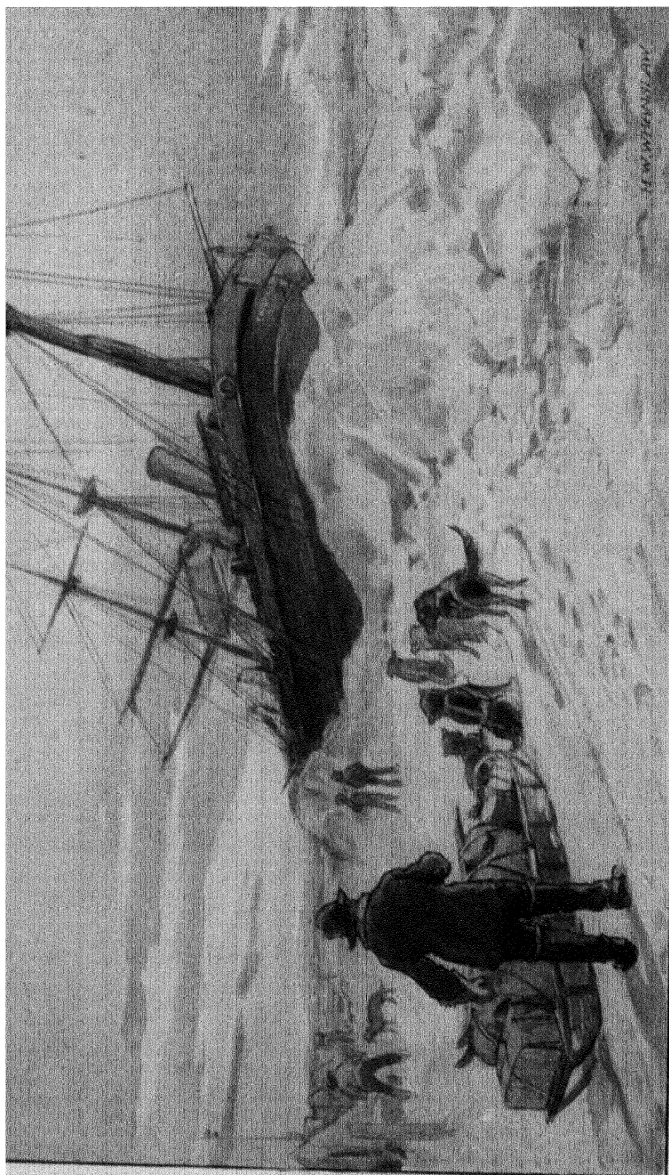
neither sail nor steam through it ; but she did not keep in one place. The ice drifted backwards and forwards with the ocean currents, and wherever the ice went the *Endurance* went too. At first she drifted south a little ; then she began to drift northwest, zig-zagging about, but gradually being carried away from where Sir Ernest Shackleton wanted to go.

Weeks and months went by. Summer drew to a close, and the sun began to set and rise again. Winter came on, and the days grew shorter and shorter, till at last, on May 1st, the explorers said good-bye to the sun. After it set that day, they did not see it again for three months. The weather was bitterly cold, and often there were great storms of wind and snow. Slowly the months of winter darkness passed ; in August the sun began to rise and set again, and as summer drew near the days steadily lengthened.

All this time the *Endurance* had been drifting northwards. Sir Ernest Shackleton was hoping that in the summer months the

ice would break up and the ship would escape into the open sea, so that he could make a fresh start towards the South Pole. But soon a new danger made every one anxious. The winds and currents were squeezing the ice into great mounds and ridges, and these began to press heavily on the ship. It seemed as though she would be crushed like a nut in a pair of nut-crackers. Sir Ernest Shackleton ordered that the boats and tents, the sledges and dogs, food and clothing, and other needful things, should be removed from the ship on to the ice. Next day, October 27th, he and all the other members of the expedition had to leave the ship. The *Endurance* had endured all she could, and now she was breaking up. So great was the pressure of the ice that her sides were crushed in, water poured from below through great leaks, the engines fell to pieces, and the decks were forced upwards.

It was a sad sight for the men who had lived in her so long, to see the gallant ship come to such an end. They themselves were in



THE *ENDURANCE* CRUSHED IN THE ICE (see p. 148).

great peril. During their first night on the ice, Sir Ernest Shackleton was walking up and down in anxious thought when he noticed a great crack in the ice-floe on which they were encamped, and the tent had to be hurriedly moved to a position of greater safety.

Sir Ernest decided to load the boats and other things on the sledges, and travel across the ice until he reached either land or open water where the boats could be launched. But the sledges were so heavy and the ice was heaped in such confusion that very little progress could be made, though men and dogs exhausted themselves in trying. Sir Ernest saw that he must wait for better conditions, and the explorers settled down on the ice as best they could, in what they called Ocean Camp. On November 21st, all that was left of the *Endurance* sank beneath the ice. A month later the explorers again tried to reach land by sledging over the ice. But the conditions were still too difficult. Another camp was formed, called Patience Camp, and this

time most of the dogs were shot ; Sir Ernest Shackleton wanted to save the food they ate. The ice continued to drift northwards, and in January the Antarctic Circle was crossed again.

At last, on April 9th, the ice broke up enough for the boats to be launched. A few days before, the rest of the dogs had been shot ; they could not be taken in the boats. The explorers were glad to be on the sea again, but they were not yet safe. They camped at night on an ice-floe, but Sir Ernest Shackleton felt uneasy and left his tent to see that all was right. As he looked, he saw the floe split in two, just under one of the tents. One of the men fell into the sea, but Sir Ernest pulled him out in the nick of time ; directly afterwards the two parts of the floe crashed together again.

On April 13th the boats reached the open sea, and two days later the explorers reached Elephant Island. It was a desert island, all rock and snow and ice, but the explorers were very glad to be on land again. All of them had

suffered terribly, and some were very ill. No one had landed on Elephant Island before, and Sir Ernest Shackleton wanted the youngest sailor to have the honour of being the first to jump ashore. The sailor did not seem in any hurry to move, and Sir Ernest gave him a push over the side. Instead of standing up,



THE CAMP ON ELEPHANT ISLAND.

he sat down in the water, and then it was found that both his feet were frostbitten. He was soon helped up, and a camp was formed.

For the moment the explorers were safe, but what were they to do next? The weather was very stormy, and the boats were not fit for the long voyage to South America. Sir

Ernest Shackleton decided to leave Frank Wild in charge on Elephant Island, while he himself put to sea in the best boat and tried to reach South Georgia, where he could get help to rescue those left behind. He chose



From Sir Ernest Shackleton's "South," by courtesy of Messrs. Wm. Heinemann.

THE BOAT VOYAGE: IN SIGHT OF SOUTH GEORGIA.

five men to go with him, and they started on April 24th. It was a wonderful voyage. They had to go over 800 miles in a little boat across one of the stormiest seas in the world. Only brave men and skilful sailors could have made

such a voyage. They were in constant danger ; gales were blowing nearly all the time, and more than once the boat was nearly swamped. Day and night for a fortnight they sailed, and then on May 8th they came in sight of South Georgia. Their thighs were rubbed raw by their wet clothes, and they were tortured by thirst, for some salt water had got into one of their water barrels and spoiled the contents. Now they were in sight of land, but the coast of South Georgia was steep and dangerous, another storm blew up, and for two more days they had to keep at sea.

On May 10th they found a place where they could land, but there was no settlement anywhere near ; the whaling stations were on the other side of the island. How were the explorers to get there ? The boat was damaged, and some of the crew were so weak that they could no longer be of any help. Sir Ernest Shackleton decided to try to walk across the island. No one had crossed it before. South Georgia is a mountainous island, and in the

interior is a lofty plateau covered with ice, from which great glaciers flow down the mountains into the sea. From the landing-place to the whaling station on the other side was a distance of about twenty miles in a straight line. In the depth of winter it was a difficult and dangerous journey for exhausted men ; but there was no other way, and Sir Ernest Shackleton started with two of the strongest of his companions on May 18th, at two o'clock in the morning. They climbed up the great snow slope to the plateau at the top of the island, and struggled on over snow and ice all that day and all the next night. At six o'clock on the following morning they passed through a gap in the mountains and saw below them the harbour where they knew they would find friends and food and clothing, and the means of rescuing the other members of the expedition.

It was a great moment for the explorers, and solemnly Sir Ernest Shackleton shook hands with his companions. They still had

many miles to go, and the descent was very difficult. At one place, where the only way was through a waterfall, they had to tie a rope to the rocks and let themselves down through the icy water. When at last they reached the whaling station their friends there did not know them; they were dirty and ragged, with long hair and beards, and had to explain who they were. But their troubles were nearly over. A ship was sent at once to the other side of South Georgia to rescue the three men who had been left there, and plans were made to begin the more difficult task of rescuing the party on Elephant Island.

As soon as possible Sir Ernest Shackleton started to go back to Elephant Island in a ship, but the ice blocked the way and the ship could not get through. Then he went north to the British colony in the Falkland Islands, and from there he tried again to reach Elephant Island in another ship; but again he failed. The people in South America were anxious

156 VOYAGE OF THE "ENDURANCE"

to help, so he went across to Magellan Straits and from there tried a third time to reach Elephant Island. Again he was unsuccessful, but he still persevered and tried a fourth time. This time the storms had blown away the ice round Elephant Island, and he arrived there just as the men on the island had eaten the last of their food. Frank Wild had never given up hope ; the men were ready to leave at any moment, and soon they were all on board the ship—safe at last.

Two years had passed since the expedition left England on board the *Endurance*. Sir Ernest Shackleton had failed to reach the South Pole, he had lost his ship, and he and his men had often been in danger of death ; but he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had led them through every peril without the loss of a single life.

