DENT'S CANADIAN HISTORY READERS

D. J. DICKIE

THE LONG TRAIL

BOOK FOUR

TORONTO
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BOOK IV

THE LONG TRAIL

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BY

D. J. DICKIE

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PREFACE

It is scarcely necessary to say that no original research has been done in preparing these stories, though the facts have been checked and rechecked by reference to as many writers as possible. I am especially indebted to Mr. Wallace, to Mr. Long, and to Mr. Burpee. To the first two, I have made grateful acknowledgment verbally; to make parts of Mr. Burpee's fine work available to the younger children has been a delight. Other debts for pictures, maps and material are acknowledged in the text and bibliography. The stories have been read and discussed in the Normal Practice grades; we hope that other boys and girls will like them.

D. J. Dickie.

Calgary, *January* 1, 1925.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION

It is no longer true to say, as I said in the preface to the first and second editions of this Reader, that no original research has been done in connection with the stories. Since the second edition was published, the whole subject, and especially that part of it relating to Western exploration, has been studied at first hand, and the facts as given in earlier editions have been substantiated. The Hudson's Bay Company having taken exception to the little play "Granting the Charter" as giving an unfair impression of the origin of the Company, I have withdrawn it and have substituted "The Voyageurs," which I have built up about the French-Canadian song "Send her on along." For permission to use it, I am deeply indebted to Mr. Amédée Tremblay and Mr. Charles Marchaud, who arranged the music, and to Mr. Murray Gibbon, whose translation has made this charming old chanson accessible to English-speaking Canadians.

D. J. Dickie.

CONTENTS

LIST OF COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS

Canadian Pacific Railways.

FIVE ISLANDS BEACH.

THE LONG TRAIL

THE FISHERMEN

WHEN Jacques Cartier went home to St. Malo, he told his friends that the seas of Canada were full of fish. Most of the people of St. Malo were fishermen who were very glad indeed to hear of any good place to fish.

In those days, the fishermen of France and England took out their boats in the spring, remained all summer on the fishing-grounds, and came home to their towns when their boats were full in the autumn. They sold their fish to the merchants and so made a living. Men had already fished off Newfoundland, but after Cartier's voyage, many more French boats sailed across to the Canadian shore.

Off Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, sure enough, they found the waters swarming with very fine fish: cod, herring, mackerel, and many other kinds. They put down their nets and drew them in again as full as they would hold. When they had a good catch, they cleaned the fish, and either dropped them into barrels of brine waiting in the hold of the ship to receive them, or went ashore and dried them in the hot Canadian sunshine.

For fifty years and more, the fishermen had the Canadian waters all to themselves. They did not want sailors and explorers coming about bothering the fish, so they kept quiet and worked at their fishing.

Meantime the French, Spanish, and British sailors explored the south and middle of America. The merchants wanted gold, jewels, and spice; these, they thought, would be found in the warm south.

When the south had been explored, and the land taken for different kings, the sailors turned toward the north. Slowly they crept nearer and nearer to Canada. They did not know what a splendid country lay waiting for them behind the fishing-banks and the River St. Lawrence. They did not know that the furs and wheat-fields of Canada would make greater fortunes for them than the gold of the south. They thought Canada was a poor land, cold and bare.

The stories in this book tell how brave men found paths through the woods and across the great prairies into all parts of our country; how, at last, men learned that Canada was rich and very great.

YOUNG JEAN MAGEAU

Pierre Mageau was a St. Malo fisherman. He was a large brown man with a great black beard and a voice that seemed always to be pitched against the noise of the waves.

He lived in a little three-cornered house not far from the waterside with his wife, Marie, and his two children, Jean and Angel. In the kitchen of the three-cornered house, the big voice was as gentle as Mother Marie's, and the black beard wagged in time to his stories of the sea, for Pierre loved his family and was, indeed, one of the kindest of men.

Jean and Angel were happy in the winter-time, for then their father was always at home. All day he lounged about the wharf chatting with his friends. In the evening he sat in the chimney-place telling stories while Mother Marie knitted.

As soon as the first warm days of April came, everything was changed. Pierre and his partner brought their boat, *La Belle Marie,* down from her berth up the harbour. The whole family helped in overhauling her. Pierre himself examined her hull and fittings. Mother Marie patched her brown sails. Angel mended the nets. Jean ran back and forth to shop and market, carrying stores aboard. By May all was in order, and Pierre, with his partner and crew, sailed away to the "Canadian Banks."

Then began a lonely time for the family. Pierre could not return before September, and the days seemed long and dull enough without him. When the summer storms blew in from the Atlantic, Mother Marie arose from her bed and knelt to pray for her man, tossing on the wide ocean in his little boat.

When Jean was ten, his father took him to the fishing. Jean was a strong lad, and large for his age, so his father thought it was time he should begin to learn his trade, though his mother begged hard to keep him at home another summer.

Jean for his part was very glad to go. He acted as cabin-boy, cooked for the men the simple dishes his mother had taught him to make, and ran errands for his father. He learned to split and clean the fish and, best of all, was allowed, on calm days, to hold the wheel.

He loved the wheel. It seemed to him like a living thing as it turned the ship this way and that under his hand. On hot, still afternoons his father and the

crew often fished from the small boat. There was no sound about the ship except the "plop, plop" of the fish which the coxswain, who was cleaning, dropped into the brine. Then Jean would whisper to the wheel wonderful stories of what he meant to do when he was a man.

Three summers Jean cooked, cleaned fish, helped with the nets, and held the wheel, till he knew every harbour on the coast as well as his father.

The summer Jean was fourteen had been a very fortunate one. By the end of July *La Belle Marie* was nearly full of fish. Pierre and the crew talked of being the first boat home that autumn.

They were fishing out of Devil's Harbour, a place not so often fished because of the rocky shore and dangerous passage to the land.

The day had been heavy and still. The air seemed asleep. The men were out in the small boat. Jean and his father fished from the deck. They hardly spoke to one another, each drowsily intent upon his work.

Suddenly a mist settled down upon the sea, thin at first, then thicker. A long sigh breathed over the water. The wind came in short gasps like those of a tired dog. It licked up the water into white caps.

Jean sprang to the wheel. His father blew a long blast on the horn used to call in the small boat, and then rushed to lower the sail. Before he had it in hand, the wind was upon them. He cast the rope round the rail and held on, shrieking an order to Jean which the boy did not hear.

The great waves ran by like greyhounds racing the boat to the shore. Jean needed all his young strength to keep her nose into them. He tossed his hair out of

Canadian Pacific Railways

THE BLUE BOAT.

his eyes and shouted aloud. As his voice went down the wind he heard a cry. He turned his head and saw the boom, which had broken loose, sweep his father into the sea.

"My father! Oh, my father!" he shouted, but no answer came back from the boiling waves. "Father!" he cried, and again, "My father!" but only the wind replied.

He could not stop the boat, he could not turn, he could not take his hands from the wheel, he dared not even let the tears stand in his eyes, for they were nearing the shore and the roaring of the breakers was in his ears. All his mother's living was in *La Belle Marie*. He must save the ship for her.

Through the breakers the little vessel raced, and dry-eyed, sobbing "Father, father!" under his breath, young Jean steered her safely down the dangerous passage between the islands, till she rode at anchor in Devil's Harbour.

For several days after the storm no one ventured into the harbour. Jean was alone. At first he hoped that the men in the small boat might have been saved, might have picked up his father. He fished and cleaned as he had been taught to do.

On the fifth day, a smack from Rochelle put in. When the captain heard Jean's story he shook his head. "There is no use in waiting for your father, my lad," he said kindly; "you had better let me lend you a couple of men to work your boat home."

That was a sad home-coming for *La Belle Marie*. As she sailed into the harbour of St. Malo, the sun shone on her brown sails; she carried a rich cargo, but her master was not there to shout a greeting to the two women waving on the quay. The three-cornered house was soon filled with soft weeping. Jean grieved anew

with his family; but he comforted them, too, and through the long years cared for them as bravely as he had done that day in Devil's Harbour, when he had been a man for his mother's sake.[1]

THE GREENLAND FISHERY

In seventeen hundred and ninety-four,
On March the twentieth day;
We hoist our colours to the mast,
And for Greenland bore away, brave boys!
And for Greenland bore away.

We were twelve gallant men aboard,
And to the north did steer:
Old England left we in our wake—
We sailors know no fear, brave boys!
We sailors know no fear.

Our boatswain to the mast-head went,
Wi' a spy-glass in his hand;
He cries, "A whale! A whale doth blow,
She blows at every span, brave boys!
She blows at every span."

Our Captain on the master-deck
(A very good man was he),
"Overhaul! overhaul! let the boat tackle fall,
And launch your boats to sea, brave boys!
And launch your boats to sea."

[1] This story is not an historical one. It was written to describe to you the lives of the fishermen. Now you write one telling what Jean did when he grew up.

Our boat being launch'd, and all hands in,
The whale was full in view;
Resolved was then each seaman bold
To steer where the whale-fish blew, brave boys!
To steer where the whale-fish blew.

The whale was struck, and the line paid out,
She gave a flash with her tail;
The boat capsized, and we lost four men,
And we never caught that whale, brave boys!
And we never caught that whale.

Bad news we to the Captain brought,
The loss of four men true.
A sorrowful man was our Captain then,
And the colours down he drew, brave boys!
And the colours down he drew.

"The losing of this whale," said he,
"Doth grieve my heart full sore;
But the losing of four gallant men
Doth hurt me ten times more, brave boys!
Doth hurt me ten times more.

"The winter star doth now appear,
So, boys, the anchor weigh;
'Tis time to leave this cold countree,
And for England bear away, brave boys!
And for England bear away.

"For Greenland is a barren place,
A land where grows no green,
But ice and snow, and the whale-fish blow,
And the daylight's seldom seen, brave boys!
And the daylight's seldom seen."

Old Ballad.

MARGUERITE DE ROBERVAL

On his third voyage to Canada, Cartier had with him a great French merchant, Sieur de Roberval. De Roberval had arranged a large scheme for making money out of the fishing and the fur trade. He planned to build a town near Stadacona, so that the Indians should have a place to bring their furs for sale at any time of the year. The King made De Roberval Viceroy of all Canada.

Five ships were to be fitted out to carry the stores and people to the St. Lawrence. Cartier was to be the captain of the fleet. De Roberval was so slow in getting his ships ready that Cartier became tired of waiting. He sailed off, leaving Roberval to follow with the other ships the next spring.

Now De Roberval was a very stern man. He had a beautiful niece called Marguerite. A young man had fallen in love with Marguerite, but he was poor, and the proud merchant would not let his niece marry him. So that they should not be married while he was away, he took her with him to Canada.

When the young man heard that Marguerite was to be taken to Canada, he made up his mind that he would go there too. The night before the ships sailed, he swam out to the boat in which Marguerite was, and hid himself till they were out of sight of land.

For a long time De Roberval did not find out that the young man was on board. The sailors hid him because they were afraid of their stern captain. At last, however, he did find it out. Then he was very angry. He said that Marguerite had disgraced him and her family. Marguerite and the young man begged forgiveness, but the cruel uncle would not listen to them.

Not far from Newfoundland is a small island, a wild and lonely place. The rocks are high and bare. There are strange holes in them through which the wind howls like a lost soul. The fishermen had heard these dreadful cries as they sailed near the island. They were very much frightened by them and never would land there; "The Isle of Demons," they called it.

Canadian National Railways

IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE

When De Roberval's ship drew near "The Isle of Demons," he had the small boat lowered, and ordered Marguerite and her old nurse to get in. The sailors rowed them to the isle and, giving them some food and several guns, left them there, two women all alone. Such a thing had never been heard of; men fight with men, but no man of honour harms a woman. De Roberval must have been a very bad man indeed.

Marguerite's lover waited till the small boat had returned to the ship. He waited till the ship was again

sailing along. Then he dropped quietly over the side and swam to the isle. He found Marguerite and her nurse upon the sand, weeping and praying. How they thanked God when he came to them! He comforted them as well as he could.

All summer long they gathered weeds and berries which they dried for their winter's food. They shot birds and animals, carefully saving the skins to make clothing. They built a small cabin out of such poles as they could get, but no large trees grew on the island, so they could not make a very strong house. The summer passed quickly away. They were happy together, but they could not help being anxious about the winter. They knew it would try them.

A little baby was born to Marguerite. She loved the baby, and it comforted her in her sorrow; yet it made her sad to look at it, for she knew she had not the proper things to give it to eat, and she feared that they would not be able to keep it warm enough in the winter.

Then troubles came, one on top of another. Her strong young husband fell suddenly ill and died. Then the poor little baby died, and, soon after it, the old nurse. Now Marguerite was left quite alone in that dreadful place.

She kept up her courage bravely. She hunted game for food, and made clothes for herself out of the skins of the animals she shot. She spent a good deal of time gathering driftwood along the shore. This she piled near the cabin. Through the long winter nights she kept a great fire burning to frighten the wolves and bears away.

Often she saw ships sailing by, but the sailors were too much afraid of "The Isle of Demons" to come near. Marguerite lived two whole years alone on the isle.

At last, one summer day, she saw a fishing-smack

standing in toward the island. She hurried to light her bonfire. The sailors, seeing the smoke, sailed nearer. Presently they made out a woman waving upon the beach. One of the men remembered to have heard that De Roberval had left his niece upon an island. He persuaded the other man to send a small boat ashore for her.

When Marguerite saw that they were really coming for her, she sank down upon the beach half fainting with joy. The men took her away and within a month she was in France. You may imagine how glad the poor woman was to be at home again. For a year she was obliged to hide from her cruel uncle. Then he was lost at sea, and Marguerite returned to her friends. She lived to be a happy old lady.

Ross Robertson Collection

JACQUES CARTIER

A CRADLE SONG

Sleep, little baby, sleep;
The holy angels love thee,
And guard thy bed, and keep
A blessed watch above thee.
No spirit can come near
Nor evil beast to harm thee:
Sleep, sweet, devoid of fear
Where nothing need alarm thee.

Christina Rossetti.

THE CONVICTS OF SABLE ISLAND

The Marquis de la Roche was a nobleman of France. He was a rich and generous man. He wished to do his share for the good of his country.

He had heard how much money the fishermen made by fishing on the "Canadian Banks." He had heard, too, that the Indians had rich furs which they would sell for a few beads or a gun. These furs were worth large sums in France. The fur-traders made even more money than the fishermen. The Marquis thought he would like to be a fur-trader. He had another idea in mind also.

In those days people believed that if you were not baptised you would not go to heaven. They took great care to have their little children baptised at once, so that if anything should happen to them they would be sure to go straight to heaven.

The Marquis de la Roche was a good man. When he heard of all the poor Indians in Canada who had never heard about God, he was very sorry. He thought, "I must send out some good priests to teach these people and to baptise them."

He thought he had better send out people to build a town in Canada. Then the priests would be able to baptise all the Indians who came to the town, while the traders traded them beads, red cloth and guns for their furs. The more he thought about this plan the more interested and excited he became.

He gathered together all the money he could get and bought ships. Ships are very expensive, you know. He fitted them up with everything needed for supplies, and for trade with the Indians.

When all was ready, he suddenly remembered that he would need men to live in his town and do the trading. He had quite forgotten that. He sent round to all the towns and villages near, and invited the men to go out in his ships. But very few came. The fishermen had their own boats, and the other men did not want to leave their homes to go so far away. The Marquis could get plenty of priests, but no traders.

The poor man was in despair. Then he thought of something. He went to the King, who was his friend, and asked if he might have the convicts out of the prisons to go in his ships.

The King said he might. So they went round to all the prisons, and told the prisoners that they might have their freedom if they would go out to Canada in the ships of the Marquis de la Roche. Many of the convicts were glad to get out of prison on any excuse. They said they would go.

At last they had the ships manned and sailed away. Some of the convicts were desperate men, but at first

they pretended to be good and mild. They pretended to be very thankful to the good Marquis for getting them out of prison. All the way across the ocean they behaved very well.

When they drew near the Canadian shore they began to make trouble. The Marquis and his officers were only a few honest men among many desperadoes. They knew they could not make the convicts behave. They did not know quite what to do with them.

The Marquis had not chosen any place to build his town. He had never been in Canada before, and knew very little about the country. As they sailed along they came to a low sandy island. It was called "Sable Island." One of the officers suggested that they should land their people here. It would be safe from the Indians, they thought. It was not very far from shore, but too far for the Indians to paddle in their light canoes.

Without stopping to see whether or not there was plenty of good water on the island, wood for building, and other needful things, they landed the men. They left them a good store of food, plenty of guns, and powder and shot. De la Roche promised to come back to get them very soon. Then he and his officers sailed away to look for a place to build the town.

It was an unlucky voyage altogether. Storms wrecked some of the ships. The others were driven back to France. The Marquis had spent all his money. He could not buy more ships and supplies to take out to his men on the little island. He could not get anyone else to go out in his place. In the end, he died of a broken heart at the failure of all his plans.

Meantime the men found "Sable Island" a very poor place. They had to live in the earth like foxes, for there was neither wood nor stone in the island fit for building houses. Some cattle, which had escaped from a wrecked

Spanish ship, were roaming wild among the sand-hills. The men caught and tamed these, so that they had milk and meat. When their own clothes were worn out they dressed in the skins of seals.

Five years the poor men were left there alone. Then the King ordered one of the men who had been with La Roche to go and get them. When the French ship came to the island only twelve men were left. Their hair and beards had grown long and shaggy. They looked like wild men. They were taken back to France and given fifty crowns apiece to make up to them for their sufferings.

A RISING SEA

THE FATHER OF CANADA

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN

THE CHAMPLAIN MONUMENT, PLACE D'ARMES, QUEBEC

Samuel de Champlain was the son of a sailor who lived in a little seaport town in France. As soon as he was old enough to think at all he made up his mind to be an explorer. His life was full of hardship, but till his death he still thought exploring the most interesting kind of work in the world.

In France, in those days, there were two churches. At first they quarrelled, then they fought. They fought for years and years. All the young men went out to fight for one church or the other. Champlain fought for ten years.

When the war was over he went home and looked out for a place in a ship. Soon he was made captain of one which was about to sail to the West Indies—the islands which Columbus had found.

Champlain had a good voyage. He enjoyed it very much. When he came home again he wrote a book about America. The book said that America was a fine country, and that it was too bad to let Spain and England get all of it.

The King of France read Champlain's book. He was pleased with it. He wished to have some of America

Canadian Pacific Railways.

TADOUSSAC.

for France, but he had spent all his money on the war. He was poor.

Champlain had a friend, De Chastes by name, who had heard of the rich furs the Indians in Canada had to sell. He fitted up a ship to sail to Canada to buy furs. He asked Champlain if he would like to go. Champlain said he would very much if the King would let him.

The King sent word that he wished Champlain to go to Canada and to bring him a faithful report of that country. So it was arranged. Champlain was to be the explorer. He was to find out all he could about the lands, lakes, rivers, climate, and people. Pontgravé was the merchant. He was to buy furs from the Indians. De Chastes, who was quite an old man, did not go himself.

They sailed up the St. Lawrence till they came to Tadoussac. That is the place where the great River Saguenay flows into the St. Lawrence. At Tadoussac a few cabins had been built by the fur-traders, and many of the Indians came there to trade.

The ships stayed at Tadoussac to buy furs, but Champlain and Pontgravé with five sailors in a very light little boat sailed away up the river. They came to Stadacona, but found no Indians. It was sixty years since Cartier had been there, and the Indians had all moved away to new hunting-grounds. They sailed on to Hochelaga, but that town too was empty.

Champlain and the sailors went on up the river till they came to great rapids. The river came boiling down over the rocks. They could not take the boat up, so they left it by the shore and tramped through the woods till they came to the top of the rough water. They called it the Sault St. Louis.

When Champlain had written down a careful account

of all they had seen, for the King, they went back to Tadoussac. The ships were well loaded with furs by this time, so they sailed back to France.

ST. CROIX

WHEN Champlain and Pontgravé got home that autumn, they found that the good De Chastes had died. For a time they feared they would have to give up their plan of building a town in Canada.

Then, in 1604, God raised up De Monts, a gentleman who had given good service to the King in all his past wars. De Monts, though his head now bore the weight of some grey hairs, wished to spend his remaining years in the further service of God and the King. He thought he could do this in no better way than by going out to Canada and building a town, where the Indians might be baptised and the fur trade carried on.

As it costs a great deal to build a town, the King told De Monts that he and his company could have all the furs the Indians brought to trade. No one else was to have any. This helped De Monts, but it was not fair to the other merchants.

Champlain, as before, went as an explorer. He promised the King to bring back a faithful report of all that he discovered.

They had two ships this time. One went to Tadoussac to trade. The other sailed toward the south, seeking a warmer place in which to build the town. They sailed round the coast of Nova Scotia—they called it New France—till they came to a beautiful large bay which

Champlain named Port Royal. Champlain thought this would be a good place to build the town, but De Monts, who feared the cold winter, wished to go still farther south.

By-and-by they came to a place where three rivers flowed together in the shape of a great cross. An island lay at the mouth of the largest of the three rivers. Because of the shape, they called this place St. Croix. It looked a pleasant island, and De Monts chose it as the site of their town.

The men were eager to begin building. First they cleared the trees from a pretty large space. Then they built a storehouse and a house for De Monts. Next they constructed an oven, and a handmill to grind their wheat. They laid out gardens and planted seeds, but these did not come up as the island was too sandy. The men worked hard and joyfully, though the mosquitoes bothered them terribly.

All went well until winter came. It was a very long and hard winter. The snow was three feet deep. The icy winds blew across the little island. There were no hills or great forests to shelter them. Their houses were not very warm, and they had used up all the best timber of the island in building them, so that now they had little left for firewood.

Their water and wine froze solid. They had to drink melted snow. There was very little game on the island, so they lived on salt meat. This brought on scurvy. Thirty-five of the men died.

As soon as spring came they set out to explore, hoping to find a better place to build their town.

De Monts, Champlain, and their men sailed past Plymouth Rock. (There is a good story about that which you shall hear at another time.)

At the Saco River they met some Indians who tilled the soil. As Champlain had never seen Indians farming before, he went on shore to see their fields. They planted Indian corn, three or four grains in a hill, and then heaped the earth over it with a bit of shell. In each hill they planted also three or four beans. These grew up with the corn, twined round it, and helped to keep the weeds away. They had squash too, and pumpkins, and tobacco.

Tobacco did not grow in the Old World. In those days white men did not smoke. When they discovered America they found the Indians smoking. The white men soon learned.

These Indians had little cabins among their fields. They seemed to live in some comfort. Champlain asked them if the winters were cold there. They could not speak French, so they answered him with signs. First they touched Champlain's white shirt. Then they took some sand and spread it upon the ground. Then they touched the shirt again to show that they meant "white sand" or snow. Then they slowly raised their hands about a foot from the ground to show that the snow fell till it was about a foot deep in winter.

These Indians were great thieves. The Frenchmen dared not leave any of their things about on shore. The Indians made off with everything as soon as it was laid down.

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AT PORT ROYAL.

At one place Champlain sent three men to the land in a canoe to get fresh water. Two men paddled the canoe, the third had a bright tin kettle in which to carry the water. As the sailor climbed the bank to get the water from a spring which bubbled up there, an Indian reached his hand out from among the trees and snatched the kettle. The sailor struck at the Indian, who struck him in return with such force that he died.

When the sailors found their comrade dead, they set up a great cry, rushed back to the boat, and begged Champlain to bring the guns ashore, and to kill all those Indians.

"Indeed," said Champlain, "we must do nothing of the kind. We should have all the Indians along the shore waiting to kill us. I must look into this matter."

He questioned the men carefully, looked at the place where the sailor had been struck, and talked with the few Indians who could be coaxed to come near.

"The Indian did not mean to kill our friend," said Champlain at last, "I feel sure it was an accident. In any case he has fled, and it would not be fair to kill all the others for the fault of one."

So they buried their comrade with sorrow and, leaving the Indians in peace, sailed away. From this you see that Champlain was a very wise and good man. He knew that Indians are like children who do not know very much yet, and so must be treated gently. All his life he was a good friend to them and, in return, the Indians loved and trusted him.

PORT ROYAL

As they had found no better harbour, they now decided to move their town to Port Royal. They took their houses to pieces, loaded everything upon two boats, and carried them to the new site.

They chose a pleasant place on the shore of the bay well sheltered from the north-west wind. They built a storehouse, houses for the men, and a wall to protect them. They put up the buildings in a square, with a platform for the guns at one corner.

Champlain was pleased with Port Royal. De Monts went home to France that winter, but Champlain stayed in Canada. He laid out a garden near his house and planted many seeds in it. This time the seeds came up and the plants did well, for the earth was good.

The men planted gardens, too, and grew fine vegetables in them. They ate the vegetables with their meat, and so did not fall sick. They had good water to drink. Champlain taught them to play football and other games to keep them in good health. Very few of them died of the scurvy that winter.

THE ORDER OF GOOD TIMES

In Port Royal, in the winter of 1606, there was a young man who had come from France for a trip. His name was Lescarbot. He was a very clever and jolly young man. He helped Champlain to keep the men cheerful through the cold weather.

In the morning all were up in good time. They said

their prayers and had their breakfast. Then each man did the work laid out for him. After lunch they played games in the yard, or tramped through the woods on snow-shoes till dark.

They formed a society which they called The Order of Good Times. Champlain invented the rules. By the rules, two of the men had to go out each day and hunt till they had taken something good for their dinner that night. Many kinds of game and fish lived about Port Royal, so they had splendid feasts.

When they had shot their meat for dinner, they brought it in to the cook, who prepared it in the best way he could. When the table was laid and all were ready, the ruler of the feast for that night threw open the door of the dining-hall and led the way into the room, carrying the roast on a great platter before him. The others followed and took their seats. At dinner each man had to tell some funny story. When dinner was over, the ruler of the feast named some game or contest to amuse the men till bed-time. They had a warm house, plenty of firewood, good food, a little work, and plenty of fun, so the winter passed pleasantly away.

But alas! in the spring, instead of De Monts with a shipload of good things from France, came word that the King would not let them trade in furs any more. Enemies had told him tales of De Monts, and he had taken away his fur-trading rights. As they could not make money in any other way, and it costs a great deal to keep up a town, they had to give up Port Royal. Very sad and sorry they were as they packed their goods, loaded them on the ship, and sailed home to France.

CAPTAIN ARGALL

WHEN De Monts was forced to give up Port Royal, he sold his land there to a man named Poutrincourt, who thought he would like to try his hand at building a town in Canada. A rich and good lady, Madame Guercheville, said she would send out some priests to baptise the Indians.

In 1613 her ships came to Port Royal with priests, men, and stores on board. They found only five people there, and these were glad to go with them. They moved on a little farther, and began to clear away the trees to build a new town.

They had hardly begun this work when they saw a ship sailing in to the land. It was an English vessel, and the captain of it, Captain Argall, brought his men ashore to fight with the French.

Captain Argall and his men came from Virginia, where the English had some towns. They had been fishing for cod on the "Banks," and lost themselves in the fog. Their clothes were worn out, their food was all gone, so they had come to fight the French for theirs.

The English won that fight. They took the Fathers (priests are called Fathers), and as many Frenchmen as they could catch, on board their ships. Captain Argall promised them that he and his men would do them no harm. He said that if they would go home with him and work for him upon his farm in Virginia for a year, then he would let them go free.

So they sailed away to Virginia. When they came there the English Governor sent word to the captain that he must give up these Frenchmen, who were enemies of the King of England. They must be put to death at once, he said.

Now Captain Argall was a man of honour. He had promised the Frenchmen that no harm should come to them, and he meant to see that no harm did come. He explained that these men were officers of the French King, and that it would not be wise to hurt them. When the Governor understood this, his wrath was appeased, and he let them go. That time Argall saved the Fathers and the Frenchmen.

HOW THE GOOD FATHERS SAVED ARGALL

In the autumn Captain Argall sailed across the ocean towards England. Heavy winds blew them somewhat out of their course. Their water was nearly gone, and they had to go ashore on an island of the Azores to get a fresh supply.

The people on that island were good Catholics. They would have killed Argall and his men if they had known that they were keeping the Fathers as prisoners. But as Captain Argall had saved the Fathers before, now the Fathers saved Argall and his men.

They hid down in the dark hold of the ship. The people of the island came on board to look about. They went down into the hold to see if the ship carried any stolen goods. The Fathers had only to cry out and they would have been freed. But they knew that the people who freed them would have killed the sailors who had saved their lives, so they kept as still as mice. The people neither saw nor heard them. They went away and knew nothing about it.

At last Captain Argall brought his ship safely to England. There the Fathers were kindly treated and afterwards sent home to France.

CHAMPLAIN FIGHTS WITH A PIRATE

CHAMPLAIN and De Monts would not give up their plan. As they had been driven out of Port Royal, they thought they would try to build their town on the St. Lawrence. The King gave them leave to buy furs there for one year.

In the spring of 1608 they sailed out from France with two ships. Pontgravé was the captain of one, Champlain of the other. Pontgravé's ship was the faster vessel, and he reached the St. Lawrence some days before Champlain.

When he sailed up to Tadoussac, what should he find there but a Spanish pirate ship buying furs from the Indians. Pontgravé told them they must leave that at once. The pirates said they would leave when they were well ready. They fought, and the pirates had the best of it. They went on board Pontgravé's ship, took his guns away, and wounded Pontgravé himself in the leg.

Just then Champlain's ship sailed up the river. The pirates now began to draw in their horns. They did not wish to fight two ships. They pretended to make peace. They gave back the guns and said they would do no more harm.

In secret they gave money to Jean Duval, one of Champlain's own men, bribing him to kill his captain. Duval hired four of the sailors to help him. They plotted to shout "Fire!" outside Champlain's tent at night, and then to shoot him as he rushed forth.

Fortunately Natel, an honest seaman, got wind of the plan. He told the captain, and Duval and his men were taken prisoners. Duval was hanged and the others sent back to France.

AN OLD GARDEN IN QUEBEC

QUEBEC

MEANTIME Champlain had sailed up the St. Lawrence, seeking for a good place to build his town.

"I have found none," he said, "more convenient or better situated than the point of Quebec, which was filled with nut trees and vines." It had the river in front and a great rock behind to keep them safe. The country about was beautiful and pleasant. All kinds of trees and a great many fruits grew there, such as walnuts, cherries, plum trees, vines, strawberries, raspberries, and gooseberries. There were plenty of fish in the rivers; plenty of game in the meadows.

Going ashore, the strongest men began at once to clear the land. Some, Champlain set to sawing boards, some to digging a cellar, and others to making ditches.

They built their storehouse first so that they might put their provisions under cover. Next they built two houses. They put galleries round each house at the second storey so that they might shoot down upon their

enemies if attacked. Around the group of three houses they dug deep ditches to serve as a moat.

This time Champlain had chosen the site of his town well. It was a strong place to defend against enemies, and so many Indians lived near that trade in furs was easy.

In after years many sorrows fell upon Quebec, but it has never been destroyed. At last, Champlain had built a town in Canada. Many had tried, but he was the first to succeed. That is why we call him the FATHER OF CANADA.

CAST AWAY ON THE ICE

IN September Pontgravé went home, and Champlain settled down with twenty-seven men to spend the winter in his new town. The carpenters, sawyers, and other workmen cleared the land about the town and laid out gardens ready for spring planting. In October Champlain planted wheat and rye and some grape-vines which did very well.

Many Indians camped near Quebec that winter. They were a great bother, always begging and complaining. Many came to sell furs. At first they came in their light canoes, later tramping through the woods on snow-shoes.

The beautiful autumn leaves blew away, the snow fell, and the river froze over. The men could no longer work outside. Champlain did his best to keep them healthy and happy, but there was a great deal of sickness. Champlain himself had the scurvy very badly.

By February the Indians had eaten all their food and were in great need. The ice in the river was break-

ing up. Some starving Indians came down to the shore across from Quebec and, by signs, begged Champlain to help them. He dared not cross the river for fear of the floating ice.

Then the poor things, driven by hunger, made up their minds to cross the river or die in the attempt. They knew that if they could reach Quebec, Champlain would not refuse to give them some food. They got into their canoes, and pushed out into the river. Alas! before they reached the middle of the stream, the ice caught them and broke their canoes into a thousand pieces.

The squaws had their babies on their backs, but men and women alike were able, somehow, to cast themselves upon a large cake of ice which floated near. They cried out pitifully for fear, so that Champlain and his men could not bear to listen to them.

Suddenly a great piece of ice struck the cake upon which they were with such force that it threw them all upon the bank. Then they shouted aloud for joy, but very feebly, for they were so weak that they could hardly stand up.

Champlain had bread and beans given to them. They were so hungry that they could not wait to cook them, but ate more than half of them raw.

A FIGHT WITH THE IROQUOIS

In order to see the country, and secure the fur trade for the French, Champlain promised the Canadian Indians that he would help them to fight against their enemies, the Iroquois.

In June 1609, a band of Hurons and Algonquins came for him, and he set out with them in their canoes. They paddled up the river, past long shores covered with the most beautiful trees, past many little brooks and smaller rivers. Champlain was the first white man to see this beautiful country of ours. By-and-by they turned into the River of the Iroquois (now called the Richelieu), and paddled away to the south. At last they came to a large and beautiful lake.

"In this," says Champlain, "there are many pretty islands covered with wood and meadows, where there are many animals for hunting, such as stags, deer, fawns, roebucks, bears and others. We caught a great many of them.

"Now, as we began to approach the home of their enemies, we did not advance more except by night, and by day we rested. The Indians often came to me to ask me if I had dreamed, and if I had seen the Iroquois. I answered them 'No.' One night I did dream. I saw the Iroquois drowning in the lake. I told my friends what I had dreamed, and it seemed to give them faith that we should win.

"We met the Iroquois at ten o'clock at night. They were coming to war. We both began to make loud cries and to get our arms ready. We took our canoes out into the lake. The Iroquois went ashore and barricaded

themselves. When they were in array, they sent two canoes to ask if we wanted to fight. We replied that we wanted nothing else. They suggested that as there was not much light we should wait for the day.

"After plenty of singing and dancing, daylight came. My two men and I each took a gun and went ashore. I saw the enemy come out of their barricade, nearly two hundred men, strong and robust to look at. At their head there were three chiefs.

"Our men began to call me with loud cries. I marched forward till I was about thirty paces from the enemy. When I saw them making a move to shoot, I raised my gun and aimed at one of the three chiefs. Two of them fell to the ground, and another man was wounded. Seeing their chiefs dead, the Iroquois lost courage and took to flight.

"After we had gained the victory, my Indians amused themselves by taking a great quantity of Indian corn and meal from their enemies, and also their arms, which they had left in order to run better. After having made good cheer, danced and sung, we returned.

"The place where this charge was made I named Lake Champlain."

THE BOY WHO TOLD CHAMPLAIN A LIE

His name was Nicholas Vignau. The Indians invited him to go home with them to spend the winter. Champlain let him go so that he should learn to be a good hunter and to speak the Indian language.

When Nicholas came back in the spring, he told Champlain a wonderful tale. He said that he had gone

with the Indians up a large river, across a lake and down a little river into the great North Sea. There he had seen the wreck of an English ship. He said that one could go there in seventeen days.

Champlain was very much excited by this story. Like all the other explorers, he longed to find a way round or through Canada to the Pacific Ocean, China, and the Spice Islands. He thought Nicholas had found it.

As soon as the weather was fit, Champlain set out to find the North Sea. He took Nicholas and three other Frenchmen with him. They paddled up the St. Lawrence to the Sault St. Louis. Then they turned north into the Ottawa River. It is a very swift river and full of rapids. They had a hard time getting up. Nicholas hurt his leg. Champlain had his hand nearly cut off by a rope. Still they pressed on.

At last they came to the country of Tessouat and his tribe. Tessouat was very glad to see them. He made a feast for them. His squaws swept the tee-pee, while runners went out to invite the guests.

When they had eaten, Champlain and Tessouat smoked the Peace Pipe together. The chiefs made long speeches of welcome. Then Champlain spoke.

"O Tessouat," he said, "thou art a great and mighty chief. We thank thee for the feast, and beg thee to give us four canoes and four of thy young men to take us to the tribe of the Nipissings."

"The Nipissings are very bad people," replied Tessouat, "we will not give you canoes to go there. If we did they would kill you."

"Nicholas has been there and he says the Nipissings are not bad people. He says they are good people, and that they will take us across their lake and down the river to the great North Sea," said Champlain.

"Nicholas Vignau, did you tell the Great White

Chief that you had been to the Nipissings and to the North Sea?" asked Tessouat in a very loud voice.

"I have been there," said Nicholas impudently.

"You are a bold liar," said Tessouat angrily. "You know very well that you slept with my children here in the wigwam every night the whole winter through."

"Nicholas Vignau," said Champlain, "tell the truth! Did you or did you not go with the Nipissings to the North Sea? Tell the truth, or you shall hang upon the nearest tree."

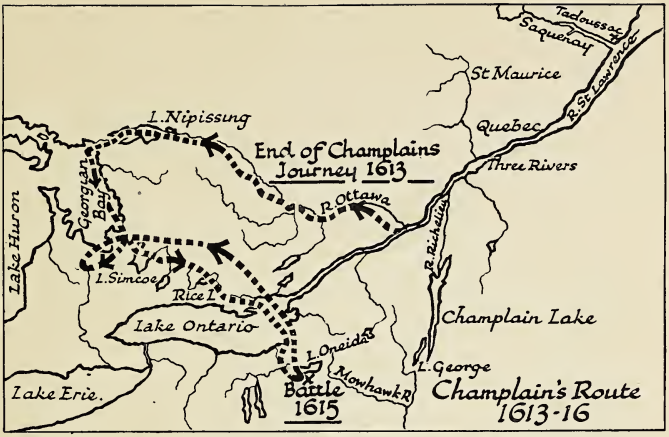
Then Vignau was afraid. He fell upon his knees and begged Champlain to forgive him for the lies he had told.

Champlain was very angry. He told the Indians to take Vignau out of his sight lest he forget his promise and hang the wicked young man. As there was now no use in going on, they all went back to Quebec.

CHAMPLAIN

THERE is a star to westward,
It burns for me alone;
Golden in the dawnlight,
Silver in the twilight,
Ruddy in the moonlight,
It burns upon its throne.

There is a star to westward,
It calls to me alone;
Sweetly in the dawnlight,
Softly in the twilight,
Clearly in the moonlight,
I hear its singing tone.



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CHAMPLAIN DISCOVERS LAKE HURON

SAD and angry as he was, Champlain did not give up his plan of exploring Canada. The next time he took an honest man as guide. This was Etienne Brulé, a young Frenchman who, like Vignau, had spent a winter with the Indians, and spoke their language.

The Ottawa River was full and dangerous when they went up. Again and again they had to go ashore and carry the canoes over long portages. Often the woods were so thick that they had to force the canoes through the bushes. They had only sagamite to eat. This is a very thin kind of porridge with a few scraps of fish boiled in it. The mosquitoes tormented them until they almost lost their minds. Champlain had to tie up his face in his handkerchief in order to get on at all.

This time they did not stay with Tessouat, but went on at once to the Nipissings. They found them to be

a kindly tribe, living beside a beautiful lake. The braves were all out gathering blueberries for their winter store when Champlain and his men arrived, but they soon came home and gave the white men a warm welcome. As Tessouat had done, they tried to coax Champlain to stay with them, but as he would not, they sent two of their young men with him as guides.

Paddling across the lake and down the French River,

Canadian Pacific Railway

GEORGIAN BAY

Champlain at last looked out upon the great blue lake about which he had heard so many stories. The sun was shining, the white caps tossing, the little waves lapping the shore. It was not the North Sea. It would not take him to China or the Spice Islands, but it was one of the largest lakes in the world. It was the most beautiful lake that Champlain had ever seen. "Mer Douce," he called it, "The Sweet Sea." You may imagine how proud he was to have found it.

The Hurons were old friends of Champlain's. They took their furs to Quebec every spring, and were glad to have him visit them. They welcomed him with feasting and dancing. They built him a fine lodge and made him stay with them all winter.

In the spring Champlain crossed from Lake Simcoe to Rice Lake, down the River Ottanabee into Lake Ontario, and so down the St. Lawrence to Quebec, having passed through a part of Ontario where some of you live to-day.

HOW CHAMPLAIN SAVED QUEBEC

The King of England and the King of France went to war. All the French ships were busy fighting. None came to bring food to Quebec for many months. A few ounces of pease each day was all the people had to eat. Soon even that was gone. Then men, women and children had to go out into the woods to dig roots and hunt to keep themselves alive.

In July 1629, three English ships sailed up the river. A young officer went ashore with a white flag. He told Champlain that he must give up Quebec. Poor Champlain! He had neither food nor guns. He could not fight. He gave up his beloved town. The English treated him kindly. They sent him and his men home to France.

For three years Champlain was in France; and every day of it he worked to get Quebec back from the English. The French King did not care much about Canada. He thought it was a bare and frozen country, hardly worth bothering about.

At last the two kings made peace. Champlain was ready to remind the King of France to ask for Canada. The English King sold it back. As soon as ever he could, Champlain sailed again to Quebec.

CHAMPLAIN COMES HOME

Scene

The riverside at Quebec. The small fort crouches at the foot of the great rock. The gate is wide open. People rush in and out. They hurry down to the little pier which runs out into the river, and upon which a crowd is gathered.

Characters

Champlain. He wears a suit of purple velvet trimmed with gold lace. His cloak is of yellow satin. He wears a plumed hat and carries a sword.

Captain De Caen. The French officer who received Quebec back from the English. He is in a scarlet uniform.

A French Priest. In a long black gown.

Couillard. The Frenchman who had a farm just above Quebec, and grew grain and vegetables for the fort. He wears a brown blouse, and has a red scarf tied round his waist. He is son-in-law to Madame Hébert.

Madame Hébert. Widow of Hébert, the first Canadian farmer, with her daughter and grandchildren.

An Old Frenchwoman. Housekeeper to Champlain. She wears a white cap and apron.

The Captain of the French ship bringing Champlain.

English soldiers, French soldiers, Indians, squaws and their children.

Couillard (*pointing to the ship coming up the river*). She makes good time. She will be here quickly. See! Already she swings out of the current.

Madame. I think I see Sieur Champlain. Look! Is not that he at the bow?

Old Woman. 'Tis he! 'Tis he! Let the blessed God be thanked! Even my dull old eyes see him, my good master! (*She falls on her knees.*)

Children. Sieur Champlain! Champlain! Welcome, Lord Champlain!

Couillard. The wind carries. He waves in answer. My good Lord Champlain, he comes home again. (*To Indians.*) Shout! you Redskins! lest I prick you with my knife, and make you both shout and dance to welcome our best friend.

Chief (*grunting*). Great White Chief come home again. Great White Chief, Indian's brother. Indian glad. No prick. Indian sing. Indian dance.

[*The ship draws near the pier. Out of the gate of the fort marches Captain De Caen, a drummer-boy before him, his men behind. They march down to the pier, and form two lines on either side of the spot where Champlain will land. They stand sharply at attention.*

The People (*who have moved out to the end of the pier*). Champlain! Champlain! Welcome! Welcome home!

[*They wave and shout.*

Old Woman. Oh, my good master, welcome home again!

Champlain (*from deck of ship*). Greeting, friends! Greeting, my people! The air of New France is sweet to me. I am glad to be at home.

Captain (*at the wheel*). Lower sail! Steady, my boys, steady! Ease her in, the current does it. Steady!

Sailors. Aye, aye, sir!

[*Ship reaches wharf and Champlain lands.*

De Caen (*stepping forward*). Honoured sir! Willingly indeed I give back to you the good town which, a year ago, I took from Kirke. I am glad that it is to you, sir, I hand the keys; to you, who of all men has the most right to hold them. (*He gives keys.*)

Champlain. I, in my turn, am honoured, sir, to receive these keys from so brave a gentleman.

De Caen (*turning and walking with Champlain between the lines of soldiers*). The town is on holiday, Sieur Champlain, in honour of your return. We have made a feast with what poor dainties were at hand, and hope that you will honour us by sitting once at our board before we leave you the town. Having welcomed you to-night, we shall not trespass upon your hospitality beyond to-morrow.

Champlain. Your presence, and that of your men, will be a pleasure, sir, so long as it may be convenient to you to bestow it upon us.

De Caen. But here are your friends. They have waited here since dawn this morning lest some freak of wind or tide should bring you to a dock bare of welcome.

The People (*crowding round Champlain; kneeling down, kissing his hands, catching the skirts of his coat*). Champlain! Our good father Champlain! Welcome! Welcome a thousand times to your own Quebec!

Couillard. You will be amazed, my lord, to see the size of our new fields. From the sheds to the brook, all is now clear and ready for the seed. You will see that I have not been idle.

Madame Hébert. Indeed, sir, we have not. The herd is increased by ten, and my chickens, whose eggs made you many a welcome breakfast, number more than a hundred.

Champlain. And these are your boys and girls, good Couillard, they have grown out of knowing in these

three years. (*He pats the heads of all the children who press near.*)

Old Woman. Master, good master, none are so glad to see thy return as I. I feared, indeed, I might never have lived to see it, but God is good.

Champlain. I have thought of thee, Marthe, many a day when far away. (*To the Indians.*) And here are my Indian friends. It would be no home-coming without your dark faces to shine gravely upon me. (*He shakes hands with each in turn.*)

[*Champlain and De Caen go toward gate. All follow shouting*:

Champlain! Welcome, Champlain! Welcome Home!

CURTAIN

Champlain was now more than sixty-eight years old. For twenty-seven years he had travelled by land and sea, in heat and cold, working for Canada. He was worn out. On Christmas Day, 1635, he died. Champlain was Canada's first friend, and she has never had another more brave and loving.

Canadian Pacific Railway

THE ST. JOHN RIVER

MADAME DE LA TOUR

WHEN Champlain left Port Royal for the St. Lawrence, a few Frenchmen who had taken up land there stayed behind. They lived peacefully upon their farms until Captain Kirke took Quebec from Champlain. Acadia was then given up to the English with Quebec. They named it Nova Scotia.

Now there lived in Acadia a French gentleman called Claude de la Tour. He had a very large estate and he did not wish to lose it. When the English took the country he went to England and did homage to the English King for his lands. The King promised that they should not be taken from him.

He came sailing back to Acadia in high feather to tell his son Charles, who also had a large estate there, that all was well, and that the English would not take their lands from them.

But Charles de la Tour was a very different man from his father. He was a Frenchman, and he had no notion of turning English even to save his lands. He shut himself up in his "habitation" and would have nothing to do with his father, or with any of the other Frenchmen who had turned English.

You remember that, after three years, the English King gave Quebec back to the King of France. With it Nova Scotia, or "Acadia" as the French called it, was given back.

Now Charles de la Tour thought his turn had come. He expected the King of France would be pleased with him for not having given in to the English, and would make him Governor of Acadia. Instead of that, another man became Governor, one Charnisay. Bitter enmity sprang up between Charles de la Tour and Charnisay.

La Tour had his land on the St. John River. Here he had built a strong fort. When Charnisay tried to arrest him, he shut himself up in his fort.

But he had very little food, and Charnisay blockaded the harbour, keeping the store-ship outside. At last La Tour could hold out no longer. One dark night in June, Charles and his wife slipped out of the gate and ran along the shore to a little cove where a boat lay hidden. They found it, and rowing out, reached the store-ship which carried them safely to Boston. When he discovered that they were gone, Charnisay sailed away; and La Tour returned to his fort with the food which he had bought in Boston.

When those supplies were used up, Charles went secretly to Boston to get more. He left his brave wife in charge of the fort on the St. John.

He had been gone but a few days when Charnisay found out that La Tour had left the fort. He attacked

at once, thinking it would be easy to take it from a woman. But Madame de la Tour was not an ordinary woman. She sent the men to their posts and defended the fort for a long time.

Then a cowardly Swiss, for money, opened the gate and let Charnisay in. Still Madame de la Tour held the inner fort for three days. When she did give in, Charnisay, angry at being held so long by a woman, made her stand by and watch while her brave soldiers were shot.

The poor woman was so shocked that she lived only three weeks in prison.

LADY LA TOUR

Lady La Tour is fighting
As bravely as she may.

Lady La Tour is praying;
O, Good Lord, hear us pray.

Lady La Tour is sighing;
O, husband, woe the day!

Lady La Tour is weeping;
She weeps as well she may.

THE LAKE HURON SHORE

FATHER BRÉBEUF

When Champlain was gone, there was no one who cared about exploring the country. The people were interested only in the fur trade; the priests in baptising the Indians.

The "Blackrobes" *did explore* a great part of Ontario, as they wandered from one village to another preaching and baptising. The Hurons, who lived on the eastern shore of Lake Huron, traded in furs with the French, and were their friends.

Father Jean de Brébeuf went out in 1634 to build a mission house among the Hurons. He was a large and very strong man, but the labour of paddling the canoes up the swift rivers, of carrying them over the long portages, of going for days with almost nothing to eat, and of being night and day tormented by the mosquitoes, was so great that even he doubted whether he should have strength to arrive.

At last they reached the Huron country. On the shore the Indians threw down Brébeuf's luggage and, leaving him quite alone, dashed off to their homes in the woods. It was evening. A storm was gathering. The dark forest came down to the shore. Instead of complaining, Father Brébeuf fell upon his knees and thanked God for bringing him safely thus far. Then he stumbled through the woods till he came to the village of Awandoay, a rich Huron, who kept him till the other Fathers arrived.

THE MISSION HOUSE [1]

When anyone wanted a house in the Huron country, it was the custom for the whole village to help him build it. The Fathers chose the place, and all the Indians near joined in the building, though not without expecting presents in return.

The mission house was built exactly like one of the Huron houses. It was thirty-six feet long and twenty feet wide, framed of strong poles planted in the earth with the ends bent into an arch for the roof; the whole lashed together with cross-poles, and covered with sheets of bark.

Inside the Fathers divided their house into three rooms, with doors leading from one to the other. This greatly astonished the Indians, who had their houses all in one room. The Fathers used the first room as a hall, the second as kitchen and bedroom, the third as their chapel. Their fire was placed in the middle of the kitchen floor. Along the sides of the room they built

[1] Make a model of the mission house in the school yard or on your sand-table.

platforms about four feet from the earth. Upon these they placed their trunks and boxes, and under them they slept upon fur robes.

For furniture they had a few stools, a handmill, and a clock. To the Indians the clock was a great marvel. They would squat on the floor for hours, waiting to hear it strike.

"What does the Captain say?" they would ask.

"When he strikes twelve times he says, 'Hang on the kettle,'" answered the Father; "when he strikes four times he says, 'Get up and go home.'" The Indians were always careful to obey the Captain, so after four o'clock the good Fathers had a little quiet time to read and chat together.

THE LITTLE SCHOOL

As soon as they had built their mission house, the Fathers gathered in the little Huron children to teach them about God. Father Brébeuf put on his white surplice and his high cap, and sat down in front of his little class.

First he made them say "Our Father," which Father Daniel had put into Huron words for the children. Then he told them Bible stories and taught them little rhymes and hymns. Afterwards he asked them questions to see if they remembered what he had taught them the day before. Usually they did, for they were clever little boys and girls, and said their rhymes to one another as they played about the village so as to be ready for the Father when he questioned them next day.

At four o'clock Brébeuf gave them two or three bright beads or a few raisins, and off they ran as gayly as you do when school is out.

THE SMALLPOX

Soon after the Fathers had begun their mission among the Hurons, the smallpox broke out. The priests went from one village to another, helping the people as well as they could. They had no medicine except a little senna and a few raisins, but these they gave freely.

They baptised anyone who would let them. Many Indians would not be baptised. "Heaven is a good place for the Frenchmen," said one old man, "but I would rather be with my Indian friends in the Happy Hunting Grounds."

The Fathers always tried to baptise the children, even if the parents did not wish it. Father Pijart baptised a little boy who was very ill in this way. He pretended to give the child a spoonful of sugar and water. As he poured the water into the spoon, he dipped his little finger into it. The child's father called out to him not to baptise him, so Pijart gave the spoon to a squaw who stood near. The squaw said that the child was asleep. Father Pijart bent over to see if he really were asleep, and as he did so he touched the child's head with his wet finger, at the same time saying the baptismal words under his breath. Then he felt that the little boy was safe.

THE FATHERS IN DANGER

The Fathers did not take the smallpox, but a still greater danger now befell them. The Indians said that the "Blackrobes" had brought the disease from Quebec, and were killing as many Hurons as they could, so that the Great White Chief (Champlain) would have a large band of warriors about him in the Land of Souls.

A great council was held in the night to decide what should be done. The Fathers were there. An old chief made a long speech in which he told the warriors what the Fathers had done. He said that Father Brébeuf had brought the disease in a magic cloth, which he had in the Mission House.

"We have no magic cloth," said Father Brébeuf in his reply; "if you do not believe me you may go search our house. You may throw all our clothes into the lake if you wish."

"Magicians always speak so!" grumbled the old chief.

"Then what do you wish me to say?" asked Brébeuf.

"Tell us what is the cause of the sickness."

Brébeuf explained as well as he could.

"If some young man would split your head, we should have nothing to say," said the old chief fiercely.

The Fathers felt sure they were to be put to death, so they gave a farewell feast, as was the custom among the Hurons when about to die. They invited everyone. When they had eaten, Brébeuf made a great speech of farewell. The feast showed the Indians that the Fathers were not afraid to die. It pleased them. The smallpox began to grow less, so the priests escaped for that time.

From this time on the Hurons received the "Black-

robes" with open hearts. Father Brébeuf and the others made the mission house at Saint Marie their home. From it they travelled everywhere through the Huron country, teaching, preaching, and baptising.

They heard many strange stories. The Indians told them of a great sea only a few days' journey westward. On its shores, they said, were copper mines and great rocks where Manitou himself had drawn pictures.

They told the Fathers also of a great river which flowed southward a three moons' journey, and emptied at last into the ocean. In the country beyond this great sea and river lived, said the Indians, a people without hair or beards, who travelled in great wooden canoes. The priests thought these must be the Chinese.

Jean Nicollet was a young man who had lived for nine years with the Nipissings. He believed the stories, and taking seven Hurons to paddle his canoe, he set out to visit these strange people. As he thought he was going to see the Chinese, he took with him a fine Chinese coat of silk, embroidered with birds and flowers, so as to be in the fashion.

They paddled along the north shore of Lake Huron till they came to the Falls of St. Mary. Following the shore, they travelled on west and south till they discovered Lake Michigan. (Trace with your finger on the map their journey.) On the shore of Green Bay they left their canoes, and struck west through the woods to find the great river and the strange people. Nicollet put on his silk coat and made all ready. They did not find the river, but they met some Indians who told them that there were no Chinese in that country. There was no one there but the Sioux, who lived on the shores of the great sea.

When the Fathers heard of the Sioux Indians, they wished to build a mission among them. Father Jogues

and another priest went up to the Falls of St. Mary, and there built a little bark church. They carried their canoes above the falls, paddled up the river, and stood upon the lonely shore of the largest lake in the world. They knew it was not the sea, for the water did not taste

Canadian Pacific Railway

LAKE SUPERIOR

salty, but they did not know how large it was. They did not dream that, some day, it would carry on its breast ships filled with wheat from the Great West. Good Father Jogues knelt upon the pebbly shore and prayed for those who lived in that far-off land.

This was the farthest west in Canada which anyone had yet gone.

FATHER JOGUES

ISAAC JOGUES was one of the bravest of the Fathers. He was quite a young man when he came from France, a gentle, kindly person who loved books and a quiet life.

In August 1642 he had been in Quebec getting supplies for his mission, and was returning with a party of French and Hurons, when suddenly the Iroquois fell upon them. Jogues sprang up the bank of the St. Lawrence and might have escaped, but he would not desert his friends, so came back and gave himself up.

They were carried down the Richelieu River, across Lake Champlain to Lake George. Jogues was the first white man to see and report about this beautiful lake.

They were now in the Mohawk country. A village stood on a hill. The women and children formed two lines from the foot of the hill to the gate, and the captives were forced to run the gauntlet. They were beaten with such fury that Jogues fell as if dead.

Inside the village they were placed upon a platform, where each of the Indians in turn hacked at them with his knife. Jogues' thumb was cut off with a clam shell. They were taken from one village to another, and at each were tortured anew.

Jogues did not try to escape, so after a time they left him free. He was among them for a year, wandering about preaching and baptising anyone who would let him.

At the end of the year the Mohawks took him with

them to a Dutch town on the Hudson River, where they went to trade. The Dutch people were very sorry for him, and urged him to escape to a vessel which lay in the river and was soon to sail for France.

The Indians were sleeping in a large barn. At one end were the cattle; at the other, the farmer slept with his wife and family; in the middle, lay the Indians with Jogues. In the evening, when the Father went out to look about, a dog rushed at him and bit him in the leg. Hearing the noise, the farmer came out and led him inside.

Very early in the morning, while all were still asleep, the hired man came in to attend to the fire. Jogues woke. He could not speak Dutch, but he made the man understand by signs that he wished to get away. The man led him out, quieted the dog, and showed him the path to the river.

It was more than half a mile away. His leg hurt him badly, but he managed to hobble down to the bank. Here he found that the tide had gone out and left the boat high up in the sand. He called to the ship for help, but he dared not call very loudly, so they did not hear him. He knew he must save himself. He pushed, and pushed, and pushed. The boat was very large and heavy, but at last he got it into the water, and rowed out to the ship.

When the Indians found that Jogues was gone they were very angry. They searched everywhere. The kind sailors hid the Father in the ship while the Indians searched the town, and in the town while they searched the ship.

Soon the ship sailed away; and Father Jogues landed safely in France, where he was made much of. Even the Queen sent for him and kissed his poor wounded hands.

As soon as ever they would let him, he went back to Canada. Here he found that a man was needed to go to the Iroquois to make peace with them. Father Jogues spoke their language better than anyone else, so he was ordered to go. He did not flinch, but went straight back to the Mohawks who had treated him so cruelly.

Byron Harmon, Banff

INDIAN WARRIOR

At this time the Iroquois wished to make a treaty with the French, so they were kind enough to Jogues. He found among them many Huron prisoners, whom he comforted. He was sorry for the fierce Mohawks also, and longed to tell them about God. He made up his mind that, when he had taken the treaty wampum back to Quebec, he would return and try to baptise the Iroquois. As he meant to return, he left behind him a small box of trinkets.

He went to Quebec with the peace treaty and was gone all summer. It was an unlucky summer; the corn crop failed; sickness broke out, and many of the Mohawks died. They blamed the box which Father Jogues had left behind. They said it was a magic box and that he had left it behind to kill them.

There were three great families, or totems, among the Mohawks in those days: the Wolf, the Tortoise, and the Bear. The Bear family raged against Jogues. The Wolf and the Tortoise did not wish him to be killed, but the Bear family had their way. When Father

Jogues returned, they were ready for him. He was invited to a feast, and as he entered the door his head was struck off with a tomahawk. So died one of the bravest of Canadians.

FRANÇOIS MARGUERIE

A BRAVE CANADIAN

MEANTIME a terrible thing had happened. The Iroquois came down upon the Huron towns while the braves were away hunting. They killed the women and children, burned the towns, and carried off any goods they could find. Father Brébeuf, Father Lalement, and the other priests who would not leave their poor friends, were put to death with torture.

When they had killed or driven away all the Hurons, these fierce Iroquois said, "Next we will drive the French out of Canada." And they began to do it. They hid in the woods along the St. Lawrence, around Quebec, and near the little village of Three Rivers. Every time a Frenchman showed his face, they shot him. Soon, no one dared go out of the fort either to hunt or to till the soil without soldiers to guard him.

François Marguerie was a young French hunter who went out with a friend to kill some game for the people of Three Rivers. They fell into an Iroquois ambush, and were carried off. Not long afterwards a fleet of canoes paddled up to the village. In the foremost stood Marguerie carrying a white flag. The Governor came out to treat with them.

"The Iroquois," said Marguerie, "wish to make peace with the French. They will make peace if you will give them thirty-six guns and help them to fight against the Canadian Indians."

"We cannot make peace," said the Governor, "unless the Governor at Quebec agrees."

"If you do not make peace and give up the guns," said Marguerie, "they have promised, when I go back, to cut off my fingers with clam shells, to scald me, and then to burn me with a slow fire."

"But you must not go back," shouted his friends from the shore. "Jump from the canoe and swim for it. We will fire our guns to keep the Indians from following you."

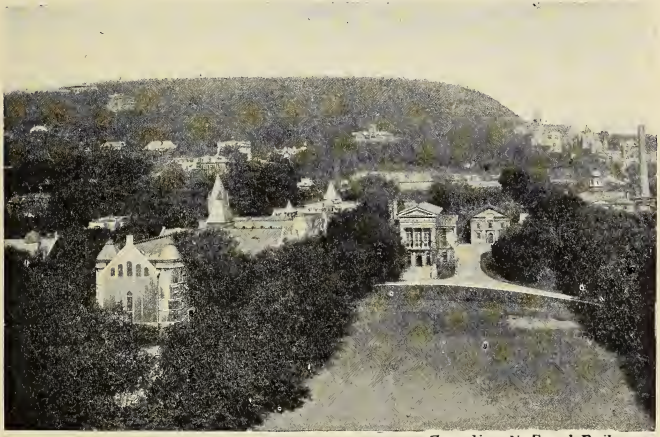
"I have given my word of honour to go back," said Marguerie; "besides, if I did not they would torture my friend whom they have with them. I must go back. But do not listen to their coaxings. Do not give them the guns. They are traitors and will use them to shoot you. My friend and I are ready to die, and we beseech you not to give up the guns."

"At least," said the Governor, "let us gain what time we may. Tell them that I cannot make peace unless the Governor of Quebec agrees. We will send for him. Ask them if they will wait till he comes. So we shall gain a little time."

Marguerie explained this to the Indians, and they agreed to wait till the Governor of Quebec should arrive. He came in a few days with four boats full of soldiers. The Indians were now somewhat daunted. They agreed to give up Marguerie and his friend in return for presents of value. So the brave young men were saved.

HOW MONTREAL WAS BUILT

In a small town far off in France lived a little man with a round happy face. He was not very rich, and perhaps not very wise; but he was a good little man. His name was Dauversière. He dreamed that God wished him to go out to Canada and build a mission at Montreal.



Canadian National Railways

A PART OF MONTREAL AS IT IS NOW

Dauversière had a wife and six children, who did all they could to keep him from spending his money in this way; but he thought God wished it, so there was nothing else to do.

He went to Paris. As he went in at the door of a church, he met a young priest. They had never seen

each other before, but they began to talk at once. The young priest said he had dreamed the very same dream. He said they were to build a church, a hospital, and a school. They had not much money, but a rich widow gave them some, and a young lady, Mademoiselle Mance, said she would go out as nurse. They chose as their leader Sieur de Maisonneuve.

Maisonneuve was a wise and gallant soldier. He set sail from France with two ships in 1641. When they reached Quebec, the Governor tried to persuade them to settle there.

"If you go to Montreal," he said, "the Iroquois will not leave one of you alive. No one is safe outside the walls of the fort. Stay here at least till we have made peace with these demons."

"It is my duty and my honour to found a town at Montreal," said Maisonneuve in reply, "and I would go though every tree in the forest were an Iroquois." They spent the winter in Quebec, and in May went up the river to build their town.

They chose a spot where a creek ran through a pleasant meadow gay with flowers. Maisonneuve sprang ashore and fell upon his knees. The others followed. They landed their tents and stores. Then they erected an altar which the three women decked with flowers. As twilight fell, the fireflies came out and danced over the meadow. They caught them and, tying them together with threads, hung them upon their altar.

For some time the Iroquois did not know Montreal was there. Then one day some Hurons, chased by their foes, fled to the town for refuge. The Iroquois were astonished when they saw it. After that they made it their business to kill any of the settlers who ventured outside its walls.

which seemed, therefore, very flat and tasteless to the French.

Father Le Moyne was pleased with the thought of bringing Frenchmen to live among the Indians. He felt sure that it would help to make peace between the French and the Iroquois. He went back to Quebec to ask the Governor to send out settlers.

THE KING OF THE FUR-TRADERS

He was only a boy. His name was Pierre Radisson. When he was fifteen he came with his family to Canada and settled in Three Rivers.

One day Pierre went out with two friends to shoot ducks. When they had gone a little way from the fort the friends, in fear of the Iroquois, turned back. Radisson, laughing at them, went on till he had shot more fowl than he could carry. He hid some in a hollow tree, and started home with the others.

When half-way there, he found his two friends dead upon the ground. In another moment he found himself surrounded by yelling Iroquois. He fired at them, but someone tripped him. He fell flat upon the ground and was quickly made prisoner.

Seeing him so young and brave, the Indians were pleased. They offered him some of their meat. It smelt so horribly that Radisson could not make himself eat it, so they cooked some fresh for him.

The Iroquois now travelled slowly homeward, often stopping to hunt. Radisson laughed, joked, and sang French songs for them. "Often," says he, "have I sunged in French, to which they gave eares with a deepe

silence." They trimmed his hair and greased it in Iroquois fashion.

When they reached their village the other prisoners were made to run the gauntlet, and Radisson expected nothing less for himself; but as he was about to start, an old squaw came, took him by the hand and led him to her wigwam. She and her husband adopted him in place of their son who had been killed. Their son's name had been Orimha, which means "a stone." When they found out that Radisson's name was Pierre, which also means "a stone," they were very happy. They felt sure the Great Spirit had sent Pierre to them to replace their lost boy. They called him Orimha, and did everything they could for him.

Radisson stayed with his Iroquois parents nearly two years. At last he had a chance to escape. As Father Jogues had done, he fled to the Dutch, who sent him to France in one of their ships. As soon as he could he made his way back to Three Rivers, where his people had long given him up for dead.

FORT ONONDAGO

Father Le Moyne, who had now a mission at Onondago, requested the Governor to send Major Dupuis with sixty Frenchmen to found a colony among his Iroquois. In 1656 these men came and built Fort Onondago.

When Radisson reached home, he found that another party of twenty Frenchmen and a hundred Hurons were just about ready to go up to settle at the new fort. Now Pierre was fond of the Iroquois, and though he had

been at home only a short time, he said he would go with them.

They had not gone far when they saw plainly enough that the Iroquois meant mischief. Soon they fell upon the poor Hurons and killed them all. They did not harm the French, for they were afraid of the Governor. They were very good to Radisson, whom they called Orimha.

The party paddled up the Oswego River to Lake Onondago, where the fort was. It stood upon a hill near the lake, and had a palisade and a deep ditch around it.

From the first the Iroquois treated the Frenchmen very rudely. They built their tee-pees in front of the fort, and threw their refuse in at the gate. They laughed at the Fathers when they tried to teach them about God. They tripped the Frenchmen up whenever they could, knocked them down, and even killed one or two during the winter.

In February, one of the Fathers went to attend a dying Mohawk. The sick man told him that the Iroquois had made a plot to kill half the Frenchmen and to keep the rest of them as hostages.

The French now thought of every means to escape. They knew they could not get away in canoes, for the ice in the lakes and rivers would break them up. They began to build two large boats. A faithless Huron told the Iroquois that the French were building boats. The Iroquois came to look, but the carpenters had quickly laid down a rough floor over their boats and had piled their canoes on top of it. The Indians found nothing and went away.

March came, the ice began to break up more and more. The Frenchmen thought that they could now get through if only they could think of a way to escape from the camp.

RADISSON FINDS A WAY

Characters

MAJOR DUPUIS — THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD
RADISSON — A CARPENTER
A FATHER — FRANÇOIS (a sick man)
SOLDIERS. INDIANS.

SCENE I

Inside Fort Onondago. An open space in front of the gate, store-rooms to the right and kitchens to the left. Dupuis, Radisson, the Captain, and the Father are in council in front of the sleeping-rooms.

Dupuis. The carpenter tells me that the boats are almost ready.

Captain. The ice has broken up very quickly during the last few days. The boats should be able to get through now.

Father. If we could only think of some plan to escape from the fort.

Radisson. I have been thinking. (*They all turn to look at him.*) Listen! You know that the Indians believe if anyone is sick a feast should be given. Everyone must come to the feast and must eat every single thing that is put upon his plate. If this is done they think the sick man will get better. If we could just get the Indians to eat enough they would fall asleep and we might get away.

Dupuis. Eureka! Radisson, you have found the way. Surely we can get them to eat enough. You know how greedy they are.

Captain. Father Jean might pretend to be ill, he has looked ill enough all winter.

Father. Now that the snow is melting, the deer are very easily shot. The men can go out for venison this afternoon.

Radisson. We must cook everything we have and can shoot between now and Friday.

Dupuis. This is Tuesday. I will ask the carpenter to have the boats ready for Friday.

Captain. I will send the men out to hunt at once.

Radisson. Send other men to fish. Beyond the bend the water runs under the ice. Ictoma had a long string of fish last night.

Father. We must see to the cooking.

Radisson. Yes, Father, we must cook, cook, cook! But first, Major, send someone through the camp to invite the Indians to the feast.

Dupuis. I will send Henri. He has the loudest voice.

Captain. And I will go to explain to Father Jean and tell him to get his groans ready. [*All exit.*

Scene II

The same. Next day. Men hurrying back and forth. Some carry food from store-rooms to kitchen. Others hurry about with arms full of things to be packed. Loud groans from Jean, who has pretended to break his arm, and is placed upon a couch near the gate. Two soldiers piling wood by the kitchen door.

First Soldier (*throwing the logs off the sled*). There! that makes a fine pile for our reverend cook. That will cook a pot full of good things.

Second Soldier. I know a place under a bank where we can get another load of fine dry logs.

First Soldier. Here are the men back from hunting. See what a pile of meat they have brought!

Enter Hunters.

First Hunter (*sliding a deer from his back*). Ha! That is a load indeed. Fortune was with us this morning. We could have taken twenty young deer.

Second Hunter (*opening a sack*). Three geese, ten ducks, and a swan.

Enter Radisson from kitchen.

Radisson. Welcome, Jean, you come in the nick of time. The oven cools. We have not a moment to waste. At that pile with your axes, boys. La Fraque, pick out some small sticks and take them in at once.

Father (*putting head out of door*). Wood here? The fires burn low. Come!

Radisson. Jaques, off with those feathers. Strip the birds, man! Strip them! The ovens are so small we must keep them full every moment as well as all the pots.

Enter two Soldiers with fish.

First Fisher (*opening basket*). Sixteen big fellows and ten small. We have had good luck to-day.

Second Fisher. We cut a hole in the ice and took them. They run as thick as mosquitoes in July. A big fellow carried off the barb from my spear.

Father (*coming out with flour on face*). Here, someone help me with this pot of venison.

Dupuis (*at the gate*). The Indians are gathering from far and near. We shall have a great crowd. Think you we shall have enough to feed them sleepy?

Radisson (*coming out*). The stock mounts fast. We must not slacken, though.

Captain (*coming out of kitchen covered with flour*). Five hundred pancakes have I made this day. Pheu! How I hate the smell of burning fat. My arms ache with flipping them. (*He stretches.*)

All. Well done, Captain! Keep it up. Make another five hundred. We shall make our escape yet.

Captain (*running back to kitchen*). Saved by pancakes! Hurrah!

Scene III

Outside the gate of the fort. Several fires, about which groups of Indians sit. Frenchmen darting about from one fire to the other, carrying pots and platters of food.

Radisson. Beaver tail, O Chief! You cannot refuse to taste of the beaver tail.

Chief. Palefaces make great feast. I have eaten of the beaver tail already.

Radisson. Taste again. Oh, illustrious warrior, taste again.

Captain. Pancakes! Pancakes, fresh made of flour. Lift your platters, braves of the Iroquois. Eat again that my brother may grow well.

Indian (*grunting*). I can eat no more. I have had enough. Palefaces give great feast.

Father Jean. Would you have me die? (*He groans very loudly again and again.*)

Indian. We must save the Frenchman's life. I will eat again; bring venison.

Dupuis (*carrying out a steaming pot*). Hither, O chiefs! Save our Father's life: eat, eat, eat again!

Chief. I sleep. (*He grunts and falls over fast asleep.*)

Radisson (*to Captain*). Send now to the carpenter to have all ready. They begin to sleep.

Soldiers (*carrying about food*). Eat, braves, that our Father may live. Eat! Eat!

[*The Indians drop down and fall asleep in all directions.*

Dupuis (*ordering in the soldiers*). Quick, all! Quick now and silence.

[*The gate is opened and the two boats are pushed out and down the steep slope to the river edge. Soldiers follow with arms full of other things.*

Dupuis (*at the water-side*). Quick now and silence! No! No! Father, you must keep groaning till the last. Is Henri there! Here, Henri, run back and see if anything is left in the guard-room.

Captain (*running down with arms full of papers*). I have brought all.

Father (*his small altar and robes in his arms*). I have cleared the chapel.

Dupuis. Where is Radisson? Haste! all is ready. Where is that boy?

All. Where is Radisson? Where is Radisson?

[*Several start back towards the gate.*

Henri (*running down from gate and laughing softly*). He is tying the last pig to the string of the latch. When the braves pull the string, the pig will grunt and move. They will think we are still there.

A Soldier. He has left the hens plenty of corn, so they will keep on clucking and scratching.

Dupuis. Well, well, but we are ready. Run, one of you, and tell him we cannot wait longer.

[*Radisson comes out and carefully locks the gate. He fastens the string so that it hangs outside the keyhole.*

Dupuis. Hurry, boy. We must be off. We must make as much time as we can before they waken lest they take us yet.

Radisson. We shall have at least two days before they are after us. It will be twenty-four hours before they waken. After that they will wait at least another day before they begin to think we are gone.

[*All get into the boats.*

Captain. Push off! Push off!

A FLIGHT BY NIGHT

"HIST! is that you, Pierre?"

"Yes; have you the keys?"

"Yes; is François with you? Have you the packs?"

"Yes; hush!"

Three men drew back into the black shadow of the house. A door opened somewhere in the village. Laughter and loud voices were heard. The door closed and all was silent. The men moved again.

"I have the packs," whispered Radisson; "here, I will help you on with yours." They crept towards the gate of the fort.

"Who goes there?" called the sentry.

"Hush, fool! It is I, the Captain of the Guard," whispered one of the men with Radisson. "You must let us out, Jean Ribot, we have important business."

"It is forbidden to leave the fort at night, sir," answered the sentry.

"You take your orders from me, Jean. See! I have the keys."

The Captain unlocked the gate, and the three men

S. J. Hayward, Montreal

ON THE UPPER ST. LAWRENCE

slipped out into the darkness, while the sentry whispered, "God give you a good voyage."

The Captain of the Guard at Three Rivers was Groseillers, a trader who had married Radisson's sister. He and Radisson were great friends. They had been out on a long trading trip the year before. They had gone with the Indians far inland, crossed the head-waters of the Mississippi, and had gone on hunting and trading till they reached the Missouri. They had brought back a fine load of furs.

In the spring of 1661 they asked the Governor to let them go out again into the West. He refused. He said they might not go unless they took his men with them, and promised to give him half their furs when they got home. They would not do this, and making up their minds to go without his leave, they slipped away in the night.

A BRUSH WITH THE IROQUOIS

It was a fine moonlit night and the three men made good time through the woods. Some miles above Three Rivers they met a party of Ottawa Indians with whom Radisson had arranged to make the trip.

On the Ottawa they had a brush with some Iroquois who were camped in an old fort there. Radisson and his party fired at the fort, but as it was growing dark they did no harm to the enemy.

They had plenty of gunpowder, so they filled a barrel with it, tied the barrel to a long pole, and tried to push it over the wall. It fell back on them and killed three men.

Then Radisson wrapped up three pounds of gunpowder in some birch bark, and tying a fuse to it, threw it over the wall. It exploded and killed many of the Iroquois.

When they heard the explosion, Radisson and his men rushed at the gate and forced their way in. They would easily have overcome the Iroquois, but at that moment a thunder-storm broke over them. The rain came down in torrents. Both parties ran to shelter. When the storm was over the Iroquois were gone.

Radisson knew that they would return with a large party to seek revenge for their defeat, so he and his men paddled "from Friday till Tuesday without stopping." Then feeling fairly safe they had a rest, but they took it in their canoes. They went on for twenty-two days without once sleeping upon the land.

After this hard journey they reached the Falls of

St. Mary. Here they feasted upon whitefish. It was a fine clear night, so after supper they portaged round the falls, and by daylight stood upon the shores of Lake Superior, where good Father Jogues had made his prayer. These men had come for a very different purpose.

A NEW KIND OF SENTRY

Radisson and his brother now explored the south shore of Lake Superior. They saw the Rock of the Manitou,[1] and the Indians told them of a copper mine.

When they reached the western end of the lake, Radisson and Groseillers camped while the Indians went to their homes. They built a little three-cornered fort with a door toward the lake. At first they took turns in watching, but soon tiring of that, Radisson invented a sentry for them. He tied many little bells to a long string which he stretched all round the hut, low down near the ground. After that they slept in peace, knowing that if an enemy came near they would hear the little bells ring. This worked well except that they were often wakened by a fox or a rabbit running against the string and ringing the bells.

After twelve days the Indians came back for them, and helped them to carry their goods to the village. Here they gave rich gifts to all: kettles, hatchets, and knives; the Indians feasted and pow-wowed for them. Indeed, they foolishly ate up all their provisions, and when the snow fell they nearly starved. They boiled and ate the skins which they had saved to make moccasins and shirts; even the tents were cut up in strips, and boiled to make soup.

[1] Radisson called it "the Portal of St. Peter."

Towards spring heavy rain fell, and then frost came. This made a thin crust upon the deep snow. The deer and other animals could not get away, and the braves killed many of them.

Now the people who had starved feasted again. They seemed to have no thought for the morrow, seldom tried to save food for a hard winter, but ate everything they had and trusted to luck to bring them more.

THE GREAT TRADE

Soon there came a group of Indians from a nearby tribe to visit and trade with the white strangers. They brought gifts of wild rice. This meant more feasting. News of the "white strangers" seems to have gone all through the West, for braves from eighteen different tribes came to visit and trade with them. There were, at last, about five hundred in the camp.

"Then there were," says Radisson, "playes, mirths, and batails for sport. In the public place the women danced with melody. The yong men endeavored to gett a pryse. They endeavored to clime up a great post, very smooth, and greased with oyle of Beare."

With all these people Radisson and Groseillers did an amazing trade. All that summer they travelled about among the Indians. They explored the north shore of Lake Superior, where they found great quantities of fowl, fish, and fresh meat. The shores were covered with fields of wild rice. "The great number of ffowles," said Radisson, "are so fatt by eating of this graine that hardly they will move from it." In a few days, at Sturgeon River, he and his party caught and dried one thousand fish.

During their wanderings they heard much from the Indians of the "Great Bay of the North." "There," said the Indians, "the beaver are as plentiful as rabbits." Radisson was very eager to discover this "Great Bay." He had sprained his ankle badly; but, in spite of it, he started out with a party of Indians to go there. Whether or not he reached it, no one is quite sure, but it is certain that he learned a great deal about it.

In the autumn, he and Groseillers returned to Montreal with three hundred and sixty canoes loaded with beaver skins. This was the largest load of furs that had ever been brought down from the upper lakes. "The great number of our boats," says Radisson, "did almost cover the whole river." The merchants of Montreal and Quebec had been very short of beaver skins. They gave the traders a rousing welcome.

Radisson and Groseillers felt sure that the Governor would be pleased with what they had done. They expected to be rewarded for their discoveries, and honoured for the splendid load of furs they had brought in. Instead of that, the Governor put Groseillers in prison for going to the lakes without his permission. He made them pay half the value of their furs as a fine. This made them very angry, and you shall hear what they did to pay the Governor out.

MR. RADISHES AND MR. GOOSEBERRY [1]

WHEN they were free, Radisson and Groseillers left New France and fled to the English town of Boston. Here they met a man called Carterett, and to him they told their story. When Carterett heard of the Great Bay of the North where beaver skins were as thick as blueberries he said, "You come home with me and tell that story to the King of England. If he doesn't want those beaver skins, I miss my guess." So they sailed for England on Carterett's ship.

On the ocean they had a fight with a Dutch pirate. Carterett and his men had to surrender. They were taken on board the Dutchman and questioned. Radisson told his story to the Dutch captain, who tried to coax him to go home with him to Holland with the secret of the Great Bay of the North. But Carterett had been very kind to the two Frenchmen, and they said they would stand by him.

The pirate captain landed them in Spain. They had no money and were forced to beg their way, but at last they did reach England. The plague had been in London and the King had gone to Oxford with his court. Times were dull and King Charles loved excitement. As soon as he heard of the two travellers he sent for them to come to him.

Carterett brought them before the King, who received them graciously. The ladies and gentlemen of the court made much of them. They called them Mr.

[1] These names are borrowed from the book called *By Star and Compass*, by Wallace. You should read it.

Radishes and Mr. Gooseberry, and were never tired of hearing their stories of the Indians and the fur trade.

Mr. Radishes told how they went up the Ottawa to Lake Superior, and from there, hundreds of miles in canoes, to the Great Bay of the North.

"We had thwarted (portaged) a place forty-five miles. We arrived on the side at night. When we came there, we knew not where to go. At last, as we with full sail came from a deep bay, we perceived smoke and tents. Many boats came from thence to meet us. We were received with joy by these poor Crees. They suffered not that we tread the ground; but carried us into the middle of their cottages in our boats like cocks in a basket. We went away with all haste possible to arrive the sooner at the great river. We came to the seaside, where we found an old house all demolished and battered with bullets. We were told that those that came there were of two nations, one of the wolf, the other of the long-horned beast. We went from isle to isle all summer."

King Charles listened as eagerly as his courtiers to the tales of Mr. Radishes and Mr. Gooseberry. He remembered how that great bay, "Hudson Bay," had been found, and claimed for England, by Henry Hudson. He wished to have it and the furs, but there had been a war and he was poor.

Mr. Radishes then turned to Prince Rupert, the King's cousin. He was a sailor and a very dashing gentleman. From the first, he had been enthusiastic about the whole matter. He got half a dozen of his friends to join with him. They promised to pay the sailors' wages, and provide their food. There were plenty of merchants who would be glad to send some of their goods to trade. King Charles then ordered a ship, the *Eaglet*, to be given them. They bought another,

the *Nonsuch*, and on June 3, 1668, they set sail for Hudson Bay.

In mid-ocean a storm came up. The ships lost one another. When it was over, the *Eaglet* was so badly crippled that Mr. Radishes, who was sailing in her, had to put back to London.

This was a great blow, but Mr. Radishes was not the man to give up. He set to work at once to beg another ship. After a great deal of talk, he got one. The *Wavero* was a very old ship, but he thought she might do. She was got ready, loaded, and sailed. But they had gone only a little way when they found she was leaking, and again had to put back.

The luck now turned. When Mr. Radishes reached London in his leaky ship, who should he find tied up to the dock but Mr. Gooseberry in the *Nonsuch*—that was a joyful meeting. Mr. Gooseberry had driven his little ship through the storm, had reached Hudson Bay, traded all winter, and was now returned with a rich cargo of furs.

Now indeed there was no more trouble in getting ships or goods, or money. The merchants, the courtiers, Prince Rupert, King Charles himself, all were eager to have a share in the new fur trade. But if everyone crowded in, each one would make only a little profit. It would be much better to have only a few in the trade. Secret meetings were held. A company was formed. When all was arranged, Prince Rupert with Mr. Radishes, Mr. Gooseberry, and the members of the new company, went to King Charles to ask for a charter.

THE VOYAGEURS

Characters

BRULÉ. A hunter in deerskin clothes and scarlet sash. He carries a gun and a long knife.

TELAS. A Huron in deerskin clothes, and feather head-dress. He carries a bow and arrows as well as a gun.

FOUR IROQUOIS. In war-paint and feathers. They carry bows and arrows. They show themselves from time to time but do not speak.

FRANÇOIS. PIERRE. ANTOINE. TROYARD. ARMAND. — These men are voyageurs. They wear bright-coloured shirts and sashes, and soft hats with feathers. They wear their guns slung behind their backs. They sing.

Scene

A small clearing in the woods. The ground is rough with stumps and fallen logs. The Ottawa River runs by on the right, just out of sight under its bank. Brulé and Telas enter from the left.

TELAS. Ugh! (*He drops behind a fallen log.*)

BRULÉ (*hiding also*). Is my brother wounded?

TELAS. A scratch. (*Leaning on one elbow, he draws an arrow from a wound in his leg just above the knee. The blood gushes out. He tries to stop it with his neckerchief.*)

BRULÉ (*kneeling behind the log, his gun resting on it*). Iroquois?

Canadian Pacific Railways.

THE RIVERMAN.

TELAS (*examining the arrow*). Iroquois.

BRULÉ (*his eyes fixed steadily upon the wood*). How many?

TELAS. Three, four, not many.

BRULÉ. How know you that, brother?

TELAS (*sniffing*). Four!

BRULÉ (*grinning*). Can you smell them, Telas?

TELAS. I smell them. There are four.

[*An arrow strikes the log. Instantly Brulé fires at the spot in the woods from which it flew. There is a rustle among the trees.*

BRULÉ (*triumphantly*). Hit him! *mon brave*. Hit him! Load again for me.

TELAS (*giving Brulé his gun and reloading*). He is wounded only, my brother.

BRULÉ. Can you see him, Telas?

TELAS. Ugh! The leaves rustle, brother. When a man falls the little branches crash. The Paleface does not listen.

BRULÉ. I can hear them moving on the right, Telas. How many charges have you?

TELAS (*holds up fingers of one hand*).

BRULÉ (*dismayed*). And I no more.

TELAS. It is not a war-party. They have no guns. We must use——

BRULÉ (*breaking in*). Use the bow and arrow to draw them from cover.

TELAS (*offended at being interrupted*). They will not come out. They pass behind us.

BRULÉ. On guard with your bow, Telas, and I will draw up the other log.

[*Telas braces himself against the large log and holds his bow ready. Brulé wriggles along the ground a few feet and wriggles back. He drags back a small cedar log and, placing one end upon the*

large log, makes a >-shaped barricade. The limbs of the cedar make a kind of screen behind the two men.

TELAS. They pass behind us. Can my brother reach the birch?

BRULÉ. He can try, Telas, my boy.

[*Brulé wriggles past Telas and drags at a fallen birch, meaning to draw it up to the large log also. The birch has long leafy branches and will not come. Brulé struggles with it, rising, at last, to his knees. An arrow pierces his sleeve and he drops to the ground.*

BRULÉ (*softly*). Telas!

[*There is no answer and, looking behind him, Brulé sees that Telas has fainted from loss of blood. Rising again to his knees, with a sudden jerk Brulé drags the birch back until its butt rests upon the log and its branches screen both him and Telas. He wriggles back to his gun.*

BRULÉ. Telas! Telas! (*He shakes the Huron.*)

TELAS (*opening his eyes*). I cannot see, my brother.

[*An arrow strikes the log just above Brulé's head.*

BRULÉ (*tossing the hair out of his eyes*). Must stop this bleeding, *mon brave*. Come, then.

TELAS (*dizzily*). Give me the bow.

[*Brulé braces Telas against the log. Gives him his bow, and hastily makes a tourniquet about the Huron's leg. The blood ceases to flow and Telas revives. Raising his head, he sees an Iroquois peering from behind a stump near. Telas shoots but his hand wavers and the arrow flies wide. The Iroquois disappears.*

BRULÉ (*seizing his gun*). Which stump, brother?

TELAS. The cedar. (*An arrow from behind cuts through Telas' hair.*)

BRULÉ. On guard, *mon brave*. Take the log. I will take the barricade.

[*Three Iroquois are now seen, flitting from cover to cover, drawing steadily nearer the little fort. Brulé fires but without result. Suddenly Telas stiffens, listening.*

TELAS (*very softly*). Hist! (*An Iroquois, listening, shows himself. Brulé fires. The Iroquois drops.*

BRULÉ (*triumphantly*). Two! come, then!

TELAS (*more loudly*). Hist!

BRULÉ (*turns his head, listening, hears faintly from down the river paddle-blades and singing. He throws up his hand. An arrow quivers in his arm*).

TELAS. Is my brother mad?

BRULÉ. Listen, Telas. The Voyageurs!

TELAS (*contemptuously*). The Paleface is, then, not deaf.

[*The Song comes up as from the river more and more clearly.*

VOYAGEURS (*singing*). "Send her on along, along!
Send her on along!"

[*Brulé slips down half-fainting with the pain in his arm.*

TELAS (*kindly drawing out the arrow and staunching the blood*). The Iroquois hear, my brother. See! They slip off.

BRULÉ (*sitting up*). Listen! they sweep round the bend, *les braves!*

VOYAGEURS (*singing clearly as if near*).

"Send her on along, along!
Send her on along!"

BRULÉ (*shouting*). Hola!

[*The singing stops abruptly. There is silence.*

BRULÉ (*shouting more loudly*). Hola! Hola!

[*Presently François' face appears as if above the bank from the river. He peers about cautiously.*

BRULÉ (*rising from the cover*). François Pivert! Come then, old friend. You relieve the fort. (*He sits down nursing his arm.*)

FRANÇOIS (*scrambling up*). Brulé! What is it? Art wounded?

BRULÉ. It is nothing. Telas has the real hurt. We were hunting the deer, Telas and I. We saw nothing, heard nothing. As we entered the clearing the Iroquois——

[*He describes with much waving of arms.*

FRANÇOIS (*breaking in*). The Iroquois!

ANTOINE (*face appearing above the bank*). What goes? Hola! Brulé.

FRANÇOIS. Hist! The Iroquois!

BRULÉ. It was not a war-party. Telas thinks there were only four. We wounded two.

TELAS. No more than four. They have fled.

[*Antoine drops out of sight and is heard talking below.*

BRULÉ (*gesticulating*). Telas was hit at once. We took cover behind this log, drew up the branches—a small fort. *Voila!* (*He laughs.*)

TELAS. They had not guns, but their shooting was good.

BRULÉ. We had but nine charges.

FRANÇOIS. Bravo, comrades! Let me see your arm and the leg of Telas. Pierre has some cotton.

[*Antoine climbs over the bank with Pierre and the others.*

ARMAND. Antoine and you, Troyard, to the woods. You have noses for an Iroquois. Scout about the clearing, on guard, *garcon.*

[*Antoine and Troyard trot off.*

PIERRE (*bustling up*). Let me see these wounds. Come, now. (*Shouting*) Armand, bring up the bundle.

[*Armand hands up a bundle of not very clean rags and then he, with François, builds a fire and begins to cook slices of pork, while Pierre dresses the wounds of Brulé and Telas.*

BRULÉ. Telas has the wound, Pierre; to him, first.

PIERRE (*glancing at Telas' leg*). The tourniquet holds. He will do for a little. I shall look at your shoulder first.

[*He helps Brulé off with his coat and tearing away his ragged shirt begins to dress the wound.*

BRULÉ (*wincing under Pierre's hand*). When did you leave Montreal, my comrades?

FRANÇOIS. We are from Three Rivers, Brulé, en route to the Long Reach.

ARMAND. We go up for Monsieur Chouart.

PIERRE. We are to meet Winnegoa, the Huron. He has furs and Chouart has bought them. There, my friend, that will do. (*He fastens the bandage and turns to Telas.*)

BRULÉ (*puzzled*). But why does not Winnegoa bring down his own furs to the Fur Fair at Three Rivers as he did last year?

ARMAND. His son was killed by the Iroquois at the Long Sault last autumn and he now refuses to let any of his young men come down to the Fur Fair.

FRANÇOIS. He sent a message to Monsieur Chouart that if he wanted his furs he must send for them.

PIERRE (*bandaging Telas' leg*). And so we go! A fine cargo we shall bring back.

FRANÇOIS. Telas was right. The Iroquois are gone.
ARMAND (*calling*). Antoine, Hola! Troyard, supper!
TROYARD (*following Antoine in*). All safe!

[*The men gather round the fire and François serves each with a piece of pork on a bit of bread.*

BRULÉ (*munching*). What news in Three Rivers!
ANTOINE. Jean Roget has planted oats in his field.
ARMAND. He is to marry Heloise Pontneuf.
BRULÉ. Good! she is a handsome girl.
TROYARD (*who has finished his slice, singing*):

"Send her on along—along!
Send her on along!"

[*The others sit up as if in a canoe and, sweeping their arms as if paddling, they keep time to the song which they sing through.*

"Now when the lumber camp is done,
We jolly boys are full of fun.
To see the old folks once again,
We jolly boys sing this refrain:
Send her on along, along!
Send her on along!

"To see the old folks once again,
We jolly boys sing this refrain;
But when we come to Canada
We have a good old time, ha! ha!
Send her on along, along!
Send her on along!"


Now when the lum-ber camp is done, We jol - ly
Mais quand on pâ - re des chan-quiers, Mes chers a -
boys are full of fun. To see the old folks once a -
mis tous le cœur gai, Pour al - ler voir tous nos pa -
- gain, We jol - ly boys sing this re. - frain:
- rents, Mes chers a - mis, le cœur con - tent.
Send her on a - long, a - long!, Send her on a - long!
En - voy - ons d'l'a - vant, nos gens! En - voy - ons d'l'a - vant!

RADISSON ON THE BAY

THE names of Radisson and Groseillers were not on the charter. They were not given shares in the Company. As they had done all the hard and dangerous work of opening up the fur trade on the Bay they felt aggrieved.

They said nothing, but sailed on many voyages and brought back a wealth of furs. The Company began to prosper. After three years, Radisson and Groseillers being still dissatisfied with their positions in the Company, retired, Radisson to France, and Groseillers to his home in Three Rivers.

A year or two passed. The Canadian fur-traders heard of the rich trade of the Bay and longed to have a share in it. A few of them planned to send ships there to trade, in spite of the English Company. They asked Radisson to lead the party. He was weary of life in cities, and consented.

Once again the two old comrades sailed into the Bay. They took their ships fifteen miles up the Hayes River, beached them, and built a fort in which to spend the winter trading.

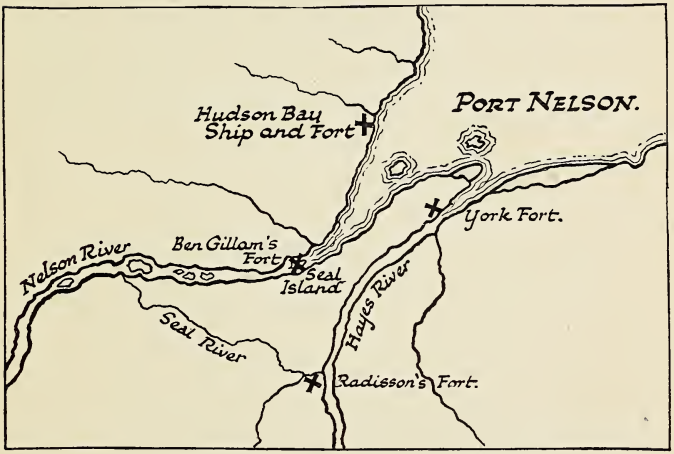
One day they heard cannon. Radisson with two men set off to find out where the sound came from. Soon they came upon a ship and fort upon the Nelson River. It was a Boston ship, and they were Boston men. Radisson knew the leader, young Ben Gillam, well. His father was one of the trusted captains of the Adventurers, and here was the son stealing furs from the Company.

Pollard, Calgary.

INDIAN IN WOODS.

Now Radisson, too, was poaching upon the Company's land. He wished to know what young Ben was about, so he went boldly up to his fort, dined with him, and told him about the large fort and the many soldiers which he had over on the Hayes River.

Radisson then paddled on down the Nelson River.



ENTRANCE TO NELSON AND HAYES RIVERS

At the mouth, what should he find but the Company's ship with Captain Gillam, Ben's father, in command. Again he went boldly to the ship, dined with the captain, and told him about his fort and his soldiers.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish. Young Ben poaching on one river, Radisson on another, and the Company's ship between the two. Radisson knew how matters stood. The others did not. He made up his mind that, if he were to win out, he must keep his enemies apart.

He thought he might overcome them in turn. He knew if they joined their forces they would be too many for him.

By-and-by young Ben began to suspect that Radisson had not so many soldiers as he said. He told Radisson that he should like to see his fort. Radisson at once took him over to the Hayes River. The fort was not very large, and there were not very many men. Young Ben laughed and jeered, but when he wished to go home again he found himself a prisoner.

The young man was very angry at that. He stormed and raved. He said his men would soon rescue him. Radisson laughed, and said that he would take Ben's fort with any nine men which Ben might choose from among his Frenchmen. He forced Ben to choose the nine men. He chose the weakest of Radisson's garrison.

Radisson then took his nine men, went over to Ben's fort, walked up to the gate, and in. Once inside, his men sprang to the guns, turned them until they faced the inside of the fort, and asked Ben's men to surrender. They did so without firing a shot.

Ben's fort was really better than Radisson's, so the Canadians stayed there. In a few days word came up the river that the Company's ship had been crushed by the ice and sunk. Captain Gillam, many of the men, and all the food had gone to the bottom of the Bay. The Company's agent, with the few men who remained, were glad to take refuge with Radisson, who fed and housed them through the winter.

In the spring Radisson loaded all the furs into his two ships, and took furs and prisoners to Quebec. Once again he reached Canada with a richer cargo than had ever been brought there by any other trader; once again he expected to be praised and rewarded; and once again he was refused and shamed.

The French King was at peace with the King of

Hudson's Bay Company

YORK FACTORY, 1782

England, and did not wish any trouble between the two countries. Radisson was forced to give back the ship to young Ben Gillam, and to send the English prisoners home. The Governor of Quebec took more than half his furs. Radisson and Groseillers had had their trouble for almost nothing.

Groseillers said he would never trade again. He settled down at his home in Three Rivers. The Hudson's Bay Company, seeing plainly that they could not do without Radisson, offered him a salary[1] to come back to them. He did not wish to go; but the French King gave him permission, his English wife coaxed him, and at last he gave in.

He returned to the service of the Company, and sailed for them until he was an old man.

[1] About £100 a year.

JOLIET

Louis Joliet was born in Quebec. He was the first native-born Canadian to do a great deed. He was tall and exceedingly strong. He must have been kindly, for everyone liked him, and we read that at the public examination given the school by the Bishop, Joliet gave the best answers.

As soon as he was grown up, he made ready to go out to explore the distant parts of Canada. The Governor sent him to seek for the copper mine which, the Indians said, was to be found on the shores of Lake Superior. Joliet did not find the copper mine, but he explored the country south of the lake.

While there he heard from the Indians much of that great river, the Mississippi. For years the Indians had been telling the French tales of this great water. It had become a sort of dream-river to the Fathers and traders. Joliet made up his mind that he would be the one to discover it.

He went back to Quebec and told the Governor his plans. The Governor was very glad to have him go to seek the river. He told him he had better take Father Marquette with him.

Father Marquette had a mission at the Sault. The Indians loved him, and had told him many tales of the Mississippi. He knew more about it than most white men. He knew that it was seven days' journey from the Green Bay Mission to the river; that it flowed from the north to the south; and that, though no one had been to the mouth of it, the Indians thought it flowed into the Sea of Florida.

Joliet went at once to Green Bay, where he took on board Father Marquette, who was very glad to go with him and told him all he knew about the river.

They set out on May 15, 1673, paddling along the shore of Green Bay till they came to the Fox River. Here stood an Indian village, and they hired guides to go with them up the Fox, which is a small river but very winding.

They paddled up the Fox as far as they could. Then they took their canoes upon their heads, and walked through the woods a mile and a half to the head-waters of the Wisconsin River. This river flowed west, so they felt sure it would carry them to the Mississippi. The current was now in their favour, and they advanced quickly. On the tenth day they floated out upon the broad bosom of the great river which flowed past them, dark and splendid. When Joliet saw it he stood up in his canoe and shouted aloud for joy.

"Now," said he, "we will sail to its very mouth." It was June. The sun shone gloriously by day, the stars were kind by night. There were fish in the river; deer and buffalo in the meadows by the water-side; all promised well. But Joliet knew that the Indians of the south were very warlike. He knew that he and his men must watch both night and day.

For two whole weeks they paddled south without seeing a living soul. Then one evening, when they landed to make their camp for the night, they saw footprints in the mud by the river edge. Scouting about, they found a well-marked footpath. Joliet and Father Marquette followed it. They came to a large Indian village. The chief had them into his own house and feasted them. He gave them a young slave, and a peace pipe to smoke if they should meet any unfriendly tribes.

One day, as they paddled easily round a bluff, their light canoes were swept suddenly far out into the middle

of the stream. They soon found out the cause. On the other side of the bluff a great river rushed into the Mississippi. It was the Missouri, wide and strong, and it threw its muddy waters far out into mid-stream. Joliet's canoes were almost overturned.

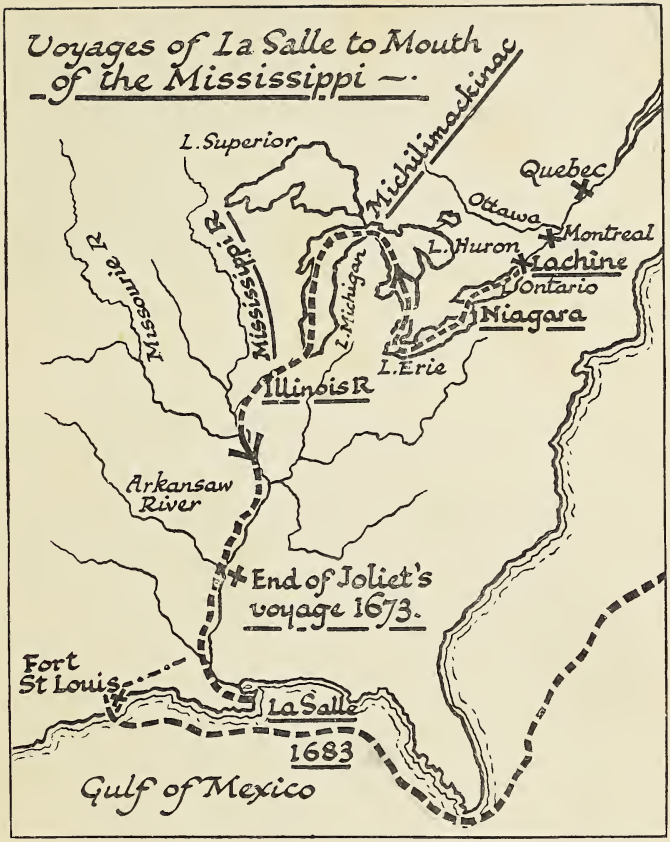
As they went farther south, they met Indians who wore clothes and carried guns which they had bought from the Spaniards. Joliet knew that he was now in Spanish country and in danger. The young slave and the pipe made their peace with several warlike tribes, but at the point where the Arkansaw flows into the Mississippi, they made up their minds that it was not safe to go farther.

It took them till the end of September to get back to the mission at Green Bay. Joliet spent the winter there. In the spring he returned to Quebec to report his important discovery to the Governor. As his canoe shot the rapids near Montreal it was overturned, and all his maps and papers were lost. Joliet himself barely escaped with his life. Luckily he was able to make a map of the country through which he had passed, and thus prove that he had discovered the Mississippi.

SONG OF THE VOYAGEURS

PASSING by along a field,
The reapers reaped all day,
And in their pretty song would say,
"Ah! watch him reap! Ah! watch him reap!"
I, all astray, heard them say,
"Ah! catch the thief! Ah! catch the thief!"
And I would flee—flee—flee,
And I would flee away.

Translated by MURRAY GIBBON.



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VOYAGES OF LA SALLE TO THE MOUTH OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

AT LACHINE

ROBERT LA SALLE

CHAMPLAIN had been dead thirty years before there came to Canada another man who gave his life to exploring.

Robert La Salle had rich parents who lived in Rouen. He was a clever boy with a strong body and a handsome, haughty face. His shy nature made it hard for him to be friendly. Also he had a hot temper which he often lost; then he spoke harshly. Men thought him proud, and though some loved him, many hated him.

His elder brother, a priest, lived at Montreal. In 1666, when he was twenty-three, La Salle came out to Canada to visit him. The young man liked the country and obtained from the priests a large piece of land. His farm was nine miles from Montreal, just above the great rapids of St. Louis.

For a time young La Salle was very busy clearing his land, building his house, and trading with the Indians. His post was the farthest west, so the Indians came to him first. Everyone from the west stayed a

Ross Robertson Collection.

OLD BLOCKHOUSE, KINGSTON.

few days with La Salle before going on to Montreal and Quebec. He got all the best of the furs. This made the other traders jealous.

The Indians told La Salle stories of the great river in the west. As others had done, he hoped it might lead him to China. He was tired of working on his farm. He longed to discover and explore the great river. He talked of it so much that the other traders laughed at him. They called his farm "La Chine," meaning "China." It is called so to this day.

THE PARADISE OF CANADA

La Salle had put all his money into his farm; but he wished so much to go exploring that he went to the priests and asked them if they would buy it back from him. They did so. With the money La Salle bought canoes and food for the trip.

Father Galinée was getting ready to go upon a trip into the west at the same time. The Governor said they had better go together. La Salle did not wish to go with the priest, but he dared not disobey the Governor, so they made one party.

They paddled along the south shore of Lake Ontario. As they passed the mouth of the River Niagara they could hear the roar of the great falls though it was seven miles away. At the western end of the lake they left their canoes and marched inland.

In a few days they reached the Grand River. Here they met Joliet, who was on his way back from hunting the copper mine. While here La Salle went out to hunt, and when he came back he was ill of a fever. The men said he had seen three huge rattlesnakes

climbing a rock, that he was afraid, and only pretending to be ill. He was no coward as he afterwards proved, but perhaps he was pretending to be ill so that he should not have to go exploring with the priests. In any case, he and his men left the party.

Father Galinée and his men went down the Grand River to Lake Erie. Here they spent the winter. They built a strong cabin, killed deer, and smoked the meat for their winter food.

It was October. The woods were glorious with autumn colour, the meadows still gay with golden-rod. Apples, plums, and grapes were ripe on every hand.

"I call this," said Galinée, "the Paradise of Canada."

The winter was a very mild one. They lived in great comfort. In the spring, they went up Lake Huron and home by way of the French River and the Ottawa.

FORT FRONTENAC

La Salle now spent three years with the Indians. He learned their languages, and their ways of travelling through the forests. With them he explored the country south of Lake Erie.

Governor Frontenac wished to build a fort at the head of the St. Lawrence River. He thought it would be a good place for a fur post. He sent for La Salle to bring the Iroquois chiefs to meet him there.

Governor Frontenac was a great soldier, and a very polite and dignified man. The Iroquois admired him very much. They usually did what he told them. Two hundred of them came to meet him.

Frontenac brought with him, from Quebec, one hundred and twenty canoes and two large boats, which he had painted scarlet and gold so as to astonish the Indians.

They landed at the place where the city of Kingston now stands. Frontenac made a feast for the Indians,

FORT FRONTENAC AS IT IS NOW

and gave them many presents. He told them that he was about to build a trading post there to save them the trouble of paddling their furs all the way down to Montreal or Quebec.

Even as they talked and feasted, Frontenac's men dug trenches, cut down trees, and began to build the fort. La Salle was made Governor of the new trading post.

FATHER HENNEPIN [1]

The braves were tall, the braves were thin,
Who went with Father Hennepin.

The lake was gray, the lake was blue,
Through which their stealthy paddles flew.

The green birch tree, the green sapin,
Watched Indians and Hennepin.

The nearer shore, the farther shore,
Hark! the distant, dismal roar.

The Father prayed, the Father said,
"It may be we are demon led."

They meet the river, they leave the lake,
Into its mouth their way they make.

They pull with oar, they push with oar,
While louder grows that far-off roar.

At last they stop, at last they stay,
A rainbow quivers in the spray.

The waters foam, the waters fight,
And fling themselves from that vast height.

The waters boom, the waters boil
To sweep the boat within their coil.

"Such wondrous sight, such hideous din,
I ne'er saw nor heard," said Hennepin.

[1] Father Hennepin was the first white man who saw Niagara.

THE "GRIFFIN"

La Salle was now a very busy man. He built his new fort of stone; managed the fur trade; went to France and brought back materials out of which to build four large boats. In these boats he traded up and down Lake Ontario, making a great deal of money.

By this time Joliet had discovered the Mississippi; but La Salle still hoped to be the one to explore it to its mouth. He planned to build forts here and there down the river, and so to hold all the west for the French King.

Other men had gone out in canoes, but La Salle thought he would build a ship to carry his food and furs up and down the lakes while he was exploring. They could not take a ship past the great falls at Niagara.

"We will take the lumber and tools over the portage and build the ship above the falls," said La Salle.

They did that. First, they built a little camp which they called Niagara. They spent the winter building the ship. They had to keep a sharp look-out all winter, for the Indians did not wish them to build a fort there.

In May the ship was finished. They made a christening party for her. The Indians were invited, and after the feast the little vessel was named the *Griffin*.

La Salle loaded her with guns, knives, beads, and tobacco, and they sailed up Lake Erie. In the St. Clair River the current was so strong that the men had to tie a rope to their ship and, walking along the shore, pull her up into Lake Huron. From there they soon reached the mission at Michilimackinac.

Here La Salle did a roaring trade in furs. He got so many that he thought it best to send the *Griffin* down to Niagara at once with a load. La Salle had many debts and, being an honest man, he wished to pay them. He told the captain to sell the furs, pay his debts, and bring back a load of food to provide them for the trip down the Mississippi.

FORT BROKEN HEART

The day after the *Griffin* started back to Niagara to sell the furs, La Salle and his men paddled south along the shore of Lake Michigan to get more furs by trade, while they waited for the return of the ship.

The second day a great storm came up over the lake. They feared danger to the little *Griffin*; but La Salle was bold and hopeful. He paddled on to the south end of the lake.

Here they waited and waited for the *Griffin*. Winter was upon them. They had only such food as they could kill, and what little corn they could buy from the Indians.

They moved up the Wisconsin River and began to build a fort. The Indians here were not very friendly. It was necessary to be always on the watch. While the fort was building, six of La Salle's men deserted him and went off to live among the Indians. The few who remained finished the walls. Poor La Salle called it "Fort Broken Heart."

LA SALLE WALKS HOME

STILL they had no news of the *Griffin*. La Salle now felt sure she had been lost. All his wealth was in her. He determined to go back to Niagara to learn her fate.

It was winter. The rivers and lakes were frozen. They could not return by canoe. They must walk most of the way through the forest. It was many hundreds of miles; but La Salle did not flinch. He set out with four Frenchmen and his faithful Indian Nika.

They had their luggage in two canoes which they pushed up the rivers, breaking the ice in front of them with their paddles, or cutting it with their tomahawks. Often they could not break the ice. Then they had to carry their canoes on their heads over the ice or through the woods.

When they reached Lake Erie they built a canoe of bark, and paddled along the lake shore to the fort at Niagara. Here they learned that the *Griffin* had been lost. All La Salle's wealth was gone. His men, who were quite worn out, stayed at Niagara; but he, with three fresh men, went on at once to Montreal to get food and canoes to take back to his men at Fort Broken Heart.

THE MAN WITH THE IRON HAND

LA SALLE had two faithful friends: the Indian Nika, who went everywhere with him, and a brave Italian whose name was Tonti. Tonti had been a soldier, and in a battle his hand had been blown off. He had, in place of it, an iron hand upon which he always wore a glove.

Once having a dispute with an Indian, Tonti struck him with his iron hand. The Indian fell as if a thunderbolt had hit him. He was astonished at the force of the blow, and told his friends that Tonti had a devil in his glove. After that the Indians looked upon Tonti with great respect.

When La Salle left Fort Broken Heart, he placed Tonti in charge. Tonti loved La Salle and did his best, but most of the men were greedy and faithless. They robbed the fort of everything of value and set off for Canada, leaving word that they would kill La Salle if ever he went back to that country.

Tonti at once sent a runner to tell La Salle what the men had done and said. The runner was at Niagara when La Salle got back from Montreal with the food and canoes. La Salle, with his new men, paddled up the river and hid, to watch for the deserters. Soon they came along, paddling easily, looking for no attack. They were quickly taken, and La Salle had them put in prison.

Then he set out to rescue Tonti, who had been left almost alone among hostile Indians. This time he took twenty-five men and a doctor with him. They found Fort Broken Heart destroyed and Tonti gone.

Tonti, with the three men who did not desert, had gone to live in an Indian village. Soon after that the Iroquois attacked the village, and the people said that Tonti had brought them there. He helped them to fight against the Iroquois, and so gained their good-will again. The Iroquois won the fight, and Tonti and his men escaped only by great good luck. After many hardships they made their way back to the mission at Green Bay.

Ross Robertson Collection.

MARTELLO TOWER, KINGSTON.

SUCCESS AT LAST

A FEW days before Christmas in the year 1682, La Salle, Tonti being with him again, and all his men and supplies ready, set out at last for the mouth of the Mississippi.

For once he had good luck. The lakes and river were frozen hard. The snow had a hard crust which made walking upon snow-shoes easy. They travelled over the land at a good pace, dragging their luggage after them on sledges.

In February they reached the great river, and packing all their goods into their canoes, paddled away to the south. They stopped every day to fish and hunt. One day they caught a cat-fish large enough to make a supper for twenty-two men. They found plenty of wild beans, too. As they travelled farther south, the sun grew warmer; the trees showed their green leaves; the banks were covered with spring flowers. Everyone was happy.

One morning, as they were drifting easily along, they heard a war drum beating. At once La Salle ordered them to land. Quickly they threw up a fort. Ten Indian canoes came round a bend in the river. La Salle held up a peace pipe and the Indians, after some talk, landed and smoked it with him.

At this place, the Arkansaw River flows into the Mississippi. It was here that Joliet and Father Marquette had turned back. La Salle buried a small lead plate upon which he had scratched a message, saying that this land now belonged to the King of France.

On April 6, 1683, La Salle reached the mouth of the Mississippi. At its mouth the river divides into three streams. La Salle took his canoe down one, Tonti went down another, and one of the men paddled down the third. As they advanced, they felt a fresh breeze blowing in their faces. They scooped up handfuls of the water. It tasted salty. They had reached the sea.

LA SALLE BEFORE THE KING

Scene

The court of Louis XIV. A very large room. A throne at one end. King seated on throne. Pages and lords behind and about him. Room full of ladies and gentlemen.

Characters

Louis XIV. of France
La Salle
The Count of Toulouse
The Duke of Burgundy
A Gentleman-in-Waiting

Louis. Bring in this traveller from Canada. I would hear his story from his own lips.

The Duke (*to the Count*). Have La Salle sent for.

The Count (*to Gentleman*). Bring in La Salle.

Gentleman (*announcing*). The traveller from Canada, the brave Sieur de la Salle.

[*La Salle falls on one knee and kisses the King's hand.*

Louis. Welcome, La Salle. We have heard with pride

of your travels and discoveries. We are told that you have at last reached the very mouth of that great river, the Mississippi, which has long baffled our explorers.

La Salle. I have discovered the mouth of that great river, your Majesty, and have taken possession of all the land about it for the crown.

Louis. Tell us something of that country, La Salle.

La Salle. It is very fertile, your Majesty. Trees grow to a great height; corn and oats flourish as well as the wild rice, which grows thickly by the river edges. Fruits of all kinds abound.

The Duke. Your Majesty's empire will be much extended by the lands this brave man has found.

La Salle. All my toils and journeys have been for the sake of his Majesty and for France.

Louis. You have, I am told, a request to make of me. No reward could be too great, La Salle, for one who has added such great riches to the crown of France. Name your desire.

La Salle. As I travelled back from the mouth of the Mississippi, your Majesty, I fell sick. For weeks I lay in a little hut of bark with my faithful Indian Nika and the good Father to tend me. The other men were sent on in charge of Tonti.

Louis. Ah! I have heard much of that brave traveller also. How is he of the iron hand?

La Salle. Never man had a truer friend or a more helpful lieutenant, your Majesty. Without Tonti, your Majesty's new lands would yet remain an unknown wilderness.

Louis (*to Count*). See that the King's picture in a frame of gold and jewels be sent to the brave Tonti.

La Salle. So gracious a gift will indeed delight that faithful servant, your Majesty.

Duke. La Salle was about to tell us further of his illness.

Louis. Continue, La Salle.

La Salle. After four months, I was well enough to go back to the fort at Green Bay. Here I was obliged to lie all winter. As I lay in the hut, and afterwards during the long winter at the fort, I had, sire, a vision. I saw all that great land of the west, thousands of miles long and of unknown width—I saw, sire, all that land tributary to France. It is a vast land, sire, and empty. The few wandering tribes might easily be kept in check by forts built here and there along the river, and by a town built at its mouth.

Louis (*his eyes kindling*). It is a great vision. But is it possible, sir?

La Salle. I ask your Majesty for but a few ships with supplies, and the right to build the town at the mouth of the Mississippi in your name. We have named that country Louisiana after your gracious Majesty. We ask now for permission to found a colony, and so make it safely yours for ever.

Louis. That permission is yours. [*To Count.*] See to it, Count, that La Salle has ships and men, supplies and stocks such as he requires.

Count. I will see to it, your Majesty. The merchants already are eager to have part in the enterprise. They will be glad to provide goods for trade.

Louis. I command that La Salle shall be Governor of the new town and colony. Let the Duke of Burgundy have the papers made out.

The Duke. I will have it attended to at once, your Majesty.

Louis. What plans have you made, La Salle, for reaching the mouth of the Mississippi with your

new ships and stores? I understand it is a great way, and part of it overland.

La Salle. With your Majesty's gracious permission, I purpose to discover the mouth of the river by sea. It flows into the Gulf of Mexico. We shall sail up the Gulf, and land at the mouth. When the town is well begun, I shall travel up the river, building forts at the places where trade is likely to be good with the Indians.

Louis. I desire to be kept informed of the doings of La Salle. All good fortune go with you, brave traveller. We will drink your health at dinner this evening. [*Rising.*] The audience is over. Farewell, La Salle.

La Salle (*bowing*). Farewell, your Majesty.

CURTAIN

A LETTER FROM LA SALLE TO HIS MOTHER

MADAME, MY MOST HONOURED MOTHER:

At last, after having waited a long time for a favourable wind, and having had a great many difficulties to overcome, we are setting sail with four vessels and nearly four hundred men on board. Everybody is well including little Colin and my nephew. We all have good hope of a happy success. We are not going by way of Canada, but by the Gulf of Mexico. I passionately wish, and so do we all, that the success of this voyage may contribute to your repose and comfort. I shall spare no effort that it may; and I beg you, on your part, to preserve yourself for the love of us.

You need not be troubled by statements from Canada, which are nothing but the artifices of my enemies. I hope to be as successful against them as I have been thus far, and to embrace you, a year hence, with all the pleasure that the most grateful of children can feel for so good a mother as you have always been. Pray let this hope, which shall not disappoint you, support you through whatever trials may happen, and be sure that you will always find me with a heart full of the feelings which are due to you.

Madame, my most honoured Mother, from your most humble and most obedient servant and son,

LA SALLE.

THE END OF THAT STORY

FORTUNE had smiled once upon La Salle. She seemed to think that was enough, and now turned her back upon him. The voyage was not a pleasant one. Most of the people were sick. There was a great deal of quarrelling. La Salle himself was nervous and excited. He did not always take the wisest way to make peace among his men.

At last they entered the Gulf of Mexico. They had begun to rejoice that their long voyage was almost over, when suddenly a new trouble arose. When at the mouth of the Mississippi, La Salle had not taken exact note of its position. He could not find it again. They sailed about and about, but could not light upon the entrance.

At last they landed, and found themselves some four hundred miles farther west than the Mississippi. They built a small fort and, leaving the women and supplies, La Salle set out overland to find his river.

RENÉ ROBERT CAVELIER, SIEUR DE LA SALLE

By permission of the Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto

They travelled for a long time. Food grew scarce. Some of his men hated him and plotted to kill him. One day La Salle went out hunting. As he returned alone, one of the men shot him. So died a brave man and a great explorer.

LA VERENDRYE

JEAN, PIERRE, FRANÇOIS, LOUIS

Canadian Pacific Railway

NIPIGON

When there is work to do, someone is always found to do it. A great deal of Canada still remained to be explored. Two years before La Salle died, there was born in Three Rivers a little boy who was to carry on the work.

Pierre La Vérendrye was the son of the Governor of Three Rivers. He had nine brothers and sisters, and they all lived together in a rambling old house with thick walls to keep out the Iroquois.

Pierre grew up among the wood-runners, or *coureurs de bois,* and fur-traders who came down from the west every spring with canoes piled high with furs. Many a long evening the boy sat by the roaring fire of logs, and listened to their tales of the land beyond the sunset.

Ever and again some *coureur* told of the Western Sea of which he had heard from the Indians; the same Western Sea which Cartier, Champlain, and La Salle had hoped in vain to find. Whenever this story was told young Pierre went to bed with his head full of dreams, for he thought, "Who knows but that I, Pierre La Vérendrye, may be the one to find it?"

Years went by, La Vérendrye grew up, married, and

took up a farm near Three Rivers. Afterwards he was given command of a trading post on Lake Nipigon, north of Lake Superior. Here, on the edge of the unexplored country, he was happy, for he felt that he had taken the first step towards living out his dream.

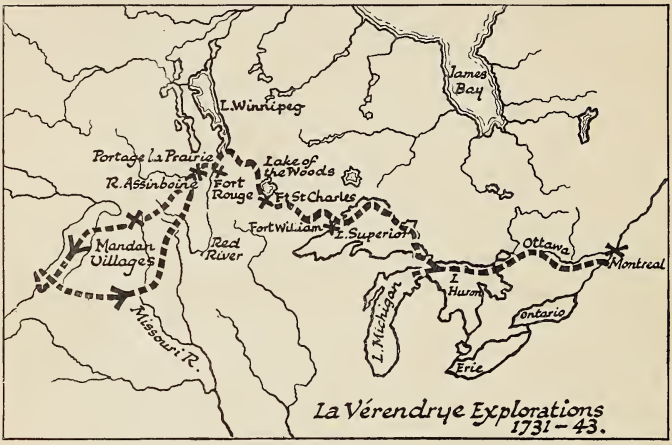
One day there came to the post an old Indian, who told La Vérendrye that he had travelled westward down a river which flowed through a great prairie. He had paddled on and on till he came to the sea, where there were large towns and men rode upon horses.

La Vérendrye remembered his dreams. He made up his mind to go and see. He had not much money of his own, so he went back to Quebec and told the Governor that he hoped to discover the Western Sea for France. The Governor wrote asking the King of France to give La Vérendrye money to go exploring. The King refused, but he said that La Vérendrye might have all the furs found in the lands he discovered.

La Vérendrye took all his own money. Then, by promising them furs, he got the merchants of Montreal to give him what more he needed to buy canoes, food, and stores to trade. What rejoicing there was in the family then! At last the father was to make his dreams come true. When he said that his three eldest sons might go with him, what excitement!

In a few days the canoes and supplies were ready. Besides his sons and his nephew, La Jemeraye, La Vérendrye had fifty men in his party. The canoes were loaded with bright-coloured cloths, guns, knives, beads, and tobacco. Beside them stood the fifty voyageurs in their buckskin shirts and crimson scarves. The whole town had come down to the river to see them off. The priest offered a prayer, the men took their places in the canoes, the people cheered. At a word the paddles fell, and away they went.

They took the old trail up the Ottawa, across to Lake Huron, and round the north shore of Lake Superior. It was late in August, and already beginning to be chilly at nights, when they reached Grand Portage at the western end of the lake. La Vérendrye wished to



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go on at once to Rainy Lake, which he knew to be about a month's journey farther west. But his men would not go. They had had enough of journeying for one summer. La Vérendrye sent La Jemeraye forward with a small party to build a trading post on Rainy Lake, while he stayed at Grand Portage and gathered furs.

In the spring La Vérendrye took his men forward to Rainy Lake. Here he found that La Jemeraye had built a fort and collected a store of furs. That summer they made friends with the Crees, and pushing still farther west built a fort upon the Lake of the Woods. Here La Vérendrye spent the winter looking after the fur trade, while his son Jean, with twenty men, tramped across the frozen country to Lake Winnipeg, where they built still another fort.

They had now gone much farther west than any white man had been before. They had built three trading posts, had made friends with the Indians, and had sent many canoe-loads of furs back to Canada. In spite of all this, someone told tales of La Vérendrye to the merchants of Montreal. They were told that La Vérendrye was keeping the best of the furs for himself. They refused to send him any more supplies until he sent in more furs. He was forced to go all the way back to Montreal to tell them the truth.

While La Vérendrye was in Montreal, his son Jean was out with a small party. As they crossed a lake in the misty morning, they were seen by some Sioux Indians. The Sioux had been attacked some time before by men whom they mistakenly took to be French. They determined to take revenge. Jean de la Vérendrye and his party had landed upon a small island, and were cooking their breakfast. Suddenly the Sioux burst upon them and killed the whole party.

It was a sad return for La Vérendrye; but he had explained all to the merchants, and had persuaded them

to continue sending him stores. He had brought back with him enough for present needs and, though his heart was breaking for his son, he set out at once toward the west.

In the summer of 1738 they paddled across Lake Winnipeg and up the Red River till they reached the point where the Assiniboine flows into it. Here, where the city of Winnipeg now stands, they built a little post which they called Fort Rouge. They were at last upon the great prairies. From Fort Rouge they looked out across limitless miles of level, treeless country, empty except for wandering tribes of Indians and herds of buffalo. From Fort Rouge they pushed west up the Assiniboine, and autumn found them doing a thriving trade with the Assiniboine Indians at Fort La Reine, which they had built at the place where Portage La Prairie now stands.

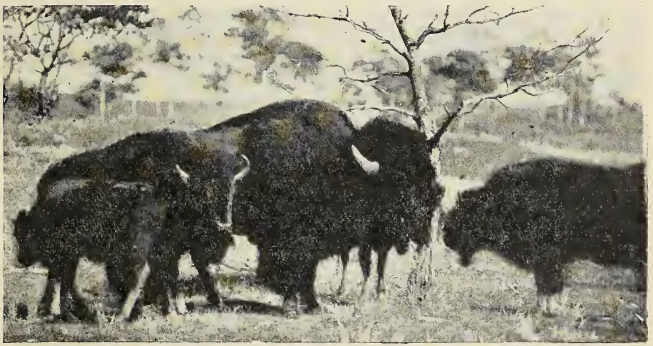
Great things had been achieved, but La Vérendrye's dreams still urged him on. From the Assiniboines he heard stories of the Mandan Indians. They were white, he was told, and lived in fine towns upon a great river which flowed westward. La Vérendrye hoped they might be Spaniards, and that their river might flow into the Western Sea.

Taking twenty men with him, he set out, in October 1738, to visit the Mandans. Soon after they left Fort La Reine, they met a band of six hundred Assiniboines who said they had come to take care of the French on their journey to the Mandans. La Vérendrye feared so large a party, containing many women and children, would delay the march, but he could not refuse their company, so they all went on together.

As it turned out, the Indians were fine travellers. "They march," La Vérendrye tells us, "in three columns, with skirmishers in front and a good rearguard, the old

and lame marching in the centre and forming the central column. If the skirmishers discover herds of buffalo they raise a cry. This is answered by the rear-guard, and all the most active men join the vanguard to hem in the buffalo. Of these they secure a number, and each takes what flesh he wants. The women and dogs carry all the baggage, the men being burdened only with their arms."

After six weeks of travel they reached the Mandan



Superintendent, Wainwright Park

BUFFALOES

villages. There were six of them. Each village was defended by a strong wall and a deep ditch. Inside the walls the cabins were set out in neat streets. The houses were large, having several rooms, with cellars below where they stored their meat and grain.

The Mandans were a much higher type of Indian than any La Vérendrye had seen before; they treated him with the greatest kindness; but he was bitterly disappointed. They were not white, and their river flowed to the east and south and not westward. It was, indeed, the Missouri, which flows into the Mississippi.

As La Vérendrye could not understand the Mandan language, it was rather difficult to ask questions; but he made out that the Mandans had heard of the Spaniards, who were white, and lived on the shores of a sea that was bitter to drink. In December, La Vérendrye, leaving two of his men among the Mandans to learn their language, went back to Fort La Reine.

The next summer, 1739, La Vérendrye sent out his son François to see what he could find. Striking north from Lake Manitoba, the young man came to a place where a great river fell into Lake Winnipeg. He built a post there, and began trading with the Crees. They told him that the river came from the mountains many months' journey across the prairie, and that beyond the mountains was a great lake the water of which was not good to drink. François paddled up the Saskatchewan, for it was this river he had found, till he came to the forks. Here he built a little post, now called the Pas, which he thought would be a good starting-point for the journey to the mountains and the sea.

THE SHINING MOUNTAINS

When the two men who had been left among the Mandans came back to Fort La Reine, they had great tales to tell. They had seen and talked with the Horse Indians who had come from the west to visit the Mandans. The Horse Indians told of the white men who lived on the sea-shore. La Vérendrye had been ill, but he sent his sons, Pierre and François, to find the land of the Horse Indians.

Pierre and François went to the Mandans first, then on to the country of the Horse Indians. The latter had just been attacked by their enemies, the Snakes, who had killed many warriors and carried off many women. The Horse Indians told Pierre and François that the Bow Indians, who lived still farther west, would lead them to the sea.

The two young men set off at once to the country of the Bows. The chief welcomed them most kindly. "We are going out to fight against the Snakes in a few days," he said, "and if you will come with us, we will show you the Shining Mountains. From their summits you will be able to look down upon the sea."

The brothers were overjoyed. At last they were to see the Shining Mountains and find the Western Sea. What a tale they would have to tell their father when they reached home again!

The Bows travelled on for days and days. On New Year's Day, 1743, Pierre and François saw, far away in the west, a long line of shining white peaks. It was some days before they came to the foot of the mountains, and when they arrived there they found a deserted

camp of the Snakes. The Bows thought that the Snakes must be attacking their camp back on the plains. They fell into a panic and refused to go farther. The brothers begged, the chief commanded, but it was of no use. The braves would go no farther till they were sure that their squaws and children were safe.

Pierre and François were ready to weep with disappointment. But they could not go on to the tops of the mountains alone. They were forced to turn back. They made up their minds that they would come back again; and so returned to their father at Fort La Reine.

Alas! it was not to be. They never saw the Shining Mountains again. At Fort La Reine they found their father in trouble. Again lying tales had been told about him in Montreal. Father and sons all went back to Canada. Here the Governor took their part, and once more La Vérendrye was able to set all right with the merchants. He was almost ready to set out again for the west when he died.

La Vérendrye's sons wished to go back to the prairies to finish the work they had begun; but a new Governor came to Canada who did not know these brave young men. He gave the command to others.

THE BOY KELSEY

Ever since Radisson had gone back to them, the Hudson's Bay Company had been trading quietly in their posts on the Bay. The Indians brought their furs to them, so the Company did not need to send its men out into the west to explore and trade. Indeed, servants of the Company were forbidden to hunt or trade without special permission.

By-and-by, however, trade began to fall off. Fewer Indians came to the Hudson's Bay posts with their furs. Already the French-Canadians were meeting the Indians before they came to the Bay, and taking their best furs, leaving only the coarser ones for the Company. In the summer of 1686, d'Iberville, a daring young Frenchman, raided the Hudson's Bay posts and stole their beaver skins. The Company decided that it was time to bestir themselves. They sent orders that "the boy, Henry Kelsey," should be sent north to Churchill River to make friends with the Indians there, and to invite them to bring their furs to the Company's posts.

Henry Kelsey was a boy who had come out to the Bay with Radisson. He had been a street-arab in London living by his wits. He was a very sharp, active lad, delighting much in Indians' company, and finding it easy to make friends with them. He went off to Churchill River as upon a holiday, and easily persuaded the Indians there to bring their furs to the Company.

When he returned from his visit among the Indians, young Henry found life in Fort Nelson very dull indeed. Often he slipped out to join his young friends in the Indian camp. If the gates were locked, he climbed the walls. One day Governor Geyer gave him a sound thrashing for going hunting without leave. That night Henry climbed the walls and left the fort for good.

After Kelsey went, trade grew worse and worse for the Company, but none of the traders would go out to coax the Indians in. They had been trained to live quietly in the comfortable forts; and they did not care to face the hard journeys, the long winters, and the scanty rations of life in the wilds.

One day in 1691 when the Governor was almost at his wits' end thinking how to recover the trade, an

Indian runner came to the fort with a message. It was written with charcoal upon a bit of birch bark, and said that Henry Kelsey had been far inland with the Indians and that, if Geyer would forgive him for running away, he would come back and bring many Indians with him. The Governor was delighted. He sent word that Kelsey was freely forgiven, and asked him to come back at once.

MR. AND MRS. KELSEY

SCENE: Outside Fort Nelson.

Characters

HENRY KELSEY, dressed like an Indian
A YOUNG SQUAW, his wife
THREE TRADERS
GOVERNOR GEYER

First Trader (*pointing to a canoe approaching the shore*). Here is an Indian and his squaw. I wonder what they want. They do not seem to have furs in the canoe.

Second Trader (*going down to canoe*). Welcome, Indian! Have you come to trade?

First Trader. Of what tribe are you, friend? Is the rest of your village up the river?

Kelsey (*jumping out and offering his hand*). Of the English tribe, Jim Beven. Don't you know me?

Second Trader. Why, I do believe it is that young rascal Kelsey. Welcome, boy! It is a long day since you left us.

First Trader. And many a time we have missed you, and your tricks and mischief.

Second Trader. I believe the Governor himself has missed you, if he would admit it.

Kelsey (*laughing*). I am glad to be back. How are all the boys?

First Trader. Everyone is well but Tom Anderson, who hurt his foot with his axe the other day. But come in! Everyone will be glad to see you.

Second Trader. You must have a good story to tell, Kelsey, I long to hear it.

First Trader. Yes, where have you been? Have you had good hunting? And how . . .?

Kelsey (*laughing and slapping him upon the back*). One question at a time, old man; and don't you think I had better answer the Governor's questions first?

Second Trader. Yes, yes. Leave him alone, Jim. Come up to the fort, Henry, and you, Jim, run ahead and tell the Governor that Kelsey has come.

[*Jim hurries off and they walk toward the gate, the squaw following.*

Third Trader (*hurrying out of the gate*). Hello! Kelsey. Welcome back. Glad to see you. Thought you must be dead and eaten long ago.

Kelsey (*shaking hands*). No, indeed! Alive and eating still.

First Trader (*returning*). You are to come in to Governor Geyer at once. He is glad you are returned and has much to say to you.

Kelsey (*to squaw*). Follow me, Wind-of-Dawn!

Second Trader. You can't bring her inside the fort, Kelsey, it is against the rules.

Kelsey. Then I won't go in myself.

Third Trader. But you must, Kelsey, the Governor is even now expecting you.

Kelsey. I won't go in without my wife.

First Trader. But she is a redskin, Kelsey, and you know the rules.

Kelsey. Redskin or not, rules or no rules, she is my wife and I won't go in without her. [*He sits down on a log.*

Second Trader. Go, Jim, and ask the Governor if Kelsey may bring his wife into the fort with him.

Third Trader (*sitting down also*). Meantime, Kelsey, tell us where you have been.

Kelsey. I have been many months' journey into the west. When we had passed through much rough land, we came out into a pleasant rolling country set out with birch and poplar trees, very pretty. Passing through these parks, we came to the edge of a vast plain, treeless, and covered with tall grass that has often a sweet savour.

Second Trader. Had you good hunting? What did you shoot?

Third Trader. Did you see the buffalo cattle the Indians talk so much of?

Kelsey. We shot both moose and buffalo, as many as we needed. And of beaver there are great plenty.

The Governor (*entering with First Trader*). We have ourselves come to invite Mr. and Mrs. Kelsey into the fort. [*He bows low, laughing.*

Kelsey. Your servant, sir.

Governor. Come in, Kelsey. Come in and bring your wife with you. We have much to ask of you and many things to discuss. It is the wish of the Company that a suitable man be sent out to the Indians of the west to invite their trade. Would you go?

Kelsey. Gladly, sir. And I have those friends among the tribes that will, I hope, make my journey a profitable one.

Governor. Come, then. Come in, and (*making a low bow to the squaw*) bring Mrs. Kelsey with you.

CURTAIN

Canadian Pacific Railways

HARVEST ON THE PRAIRIES.

After this Kelsey travelled with the Indians far into the west, to the country which is now the Province of Saskatchewan. Everywhere he invited the Indians to bring their furs to the Company's posts on the Bay. He lived to be an old man, and rose to high office in the Company.

ANTHONY HENDRY

ANTHONY HENDRY was another young Englishman who, too restless and daring to do well at home, made a name for himself in the New World. He was said to have been a smuggler and to have taken service with the Hudson's Bay Company when England became too hot for him.

Hendry was a decent young fellow and was, no doubt, ashamed of his former dishonest trade. He settled down at York Factory, and served the Company faithfully for four years. But he was young, and the quiet life seemed dull indeed to him. He longed to hunt with the Indians, and to explore the unknown west; anything to get away from the tiresome life at the fort.

Since Kelsey's day, La Vérendrye and his sons had pushed the French-Canadian trading posts far out upon the prairies. As the Indians could get all the guns, knives and trinkets they wanted in their own country, they did not care to make the long journey to the posts on the Bay. Trade, for the Company, was bad.

In the summer of 1754, four hundred Assiniboines came down the Hayes River to York Factory to trade. They piled their canoes bottom-up on the shore, and set up their teepees outside the fort. The chiefs sat

with the Governor, the braves lay smoking in the sun; the squaws, each in a bright new pink, or red, or yellow print, cooked over the fires; everywhere children and dogs shouted, barked, and played.

Among them Hendry moved about with small gifts for old friends, and kind words for new ones. Beside a fire, he found Little Elk smoking. Sitting down beside him, Hendry asked endless questions about the Far West. By what trail had they come? How many suns since they had left their hunting-grounds? What kind of country was theirs? Were there trees, rocks, rivers? What animals did they shoot there? Had he seen the Shining Mountains? By what trail might one reach them? How many suns would it take?

"My brother asks too many questions," said Little Elk at last. "It would be easier to take him to my country than to answer so many questions."

"Would you take me back with you, Little Elk?" said Hendry eagerly. "I am weary of this dull fort. I long to be out on the wide prairies with the young men of the Assiniboines. Come! Say you will take me, Little Elk, and I will give . . ."

"And what will my brother give?" said Little Elk quietly. They bargained. Hendry promised many things. Little Elk asked for still others. At last they agreed. The Governor gladly gave Hendry permission to leave the fort. When the Assiniboines turned homeward, he set forth with them.

HENDRY JOURNEYS UP THE SASKATCHEWAN[1]

Great Stone Rock, 26th June.

Set out this morning with the Assiniboines for the trip up the Hayes River. The stream is very full from the summer rains and the current, therefore, strong. In spite of this, made twenty-four miles to-day. Camped at Great Stone Rock.

Mosquito Point, 1st July.

Have paddled one hundred and thirteen miles from York Factory. The rains have been very heavy with much thunder and lightning. The mosquitoes torment us day and night. The Hayes River breaks up here into three or four branches.

Nelson River, 20th July.

Have worked across from the Hayes to the Nelson River, a hard trip. At first the land was barren rock, lacking both fish and game. At Steel River shot three beaver, but we were not well fed, and were greatly fatigued with carrying our canoes. The natives smoke continually, which, I find, allays hunger. At Duck Lake we found fish and fowl in plenty. At Shad River met a party of Crees taking furs to York, so sent a letter by them to the Governor.

The Saskatchewan, 21st July.

We paddled two miles up the Nelson, and then came to the Saskatchewan, where the French have two trading houses. We are now five hundred miles from

[1] *To the Teacher.*—This is NOT a transcript from Hendry's *Journal.* It gives the facts as given there in this form for variety.

York. The mosquitoes are intolerable, giving us peace neither night nor day.

The Pas, 22nd July.

We paddled fourteen miles up the river west, when we came to a French house. On our arrival, two Frenchmen came to the waterside and, in a very genteel manner, invited me into their house. I readily accepted. One asked if I had any letter from my master, and why I was going inland. I answered I had no letter and was out to view the country; that I meant to return this way in the spring. He told me his master and men were gone down to Montreal with furs; and that they must detain me until his return. However, they were very kind, and at night I went to my tent and told Little Elk, my leader. He only smiled and said, "They dare not detain you."

The Mosquito Plains.

Left the French post on 24th July. Left the Saskatchewan, and followed a stream south for seventy miles. The stream became too shallow, so left the canoes, strapped our packs upon our backs, and struck across the plains. Neither bird nor beast to be seen. We have nothing to eat.

The Raspberry Patch.

At last came upon a large patch of ripe raspberries and wild cherries. In the brushwood we shot two moose. Met a band of Assiniboines. Smoked the peace pipe with them. Invited the tribe to take their furs to York, but they said the French at the Pas are much nearer.

The Province of Saskatchewan.[1]

I am now entering a most pleasant and plentiful country of hills and dales with little woods. Instead of sloughs, clear water lakes are seen everywhere. The

[1] Hendry did not know where he was. The provinces were not named then. The headings are to tell you where we now believe him to have been.

red deer abound. We make ten miles a day, hunting as we wish. Many Indians are met; but they are all friends of the French, and get all their supplies from them. They say it is too far to the Bay.

The Province of Alberta. Red Deer River, 8th August.

My Indians are now in their own country. We stopped here to make a feast of thanksgiving for their safe return from the long voyage. During twenty-four hours everyone feasted, and danced, smoked and drank to their hearts' content.

8th September.

I killed a bull buffalo. He was nothing but skin and bones. I took out his tongue and left his remains to the wolves, which were waiting around in great numbers. We cannot afford to expend ammunition on them. My feet are swelled with marching, but otherwise I am in perfect health. So expert are the natives in buffalo hunting, they will take arrows out of the buffaloes when the beasts are foaming and raging, and tearing the ground up with their feet and horns. The buffalo are so numerous, like herds of English cattle, that we are obliged to make them sheer out of our way.

17th September.

Two of my young men were badly wounded by a grizzly bear. One of them died. We were marching south-west to the land of the Blackfeet. Suddenly we came upon a great river which looks exactly like the Saskatchewan. [It was the South Saskatchewan.] We had no canoes. The Indians, in half a day, made boats of willow branches and moose-hide, and rafted us across the river.

11th October.

Came again to the Saskatchewan. This great river must have two or three branches. My Indians now begin

to prepare for winter. The squaws dress skins with the fur inside to make moccasins. Others weave moose-hide into snow-shoes.

14th October.

I have seen a whole tribe of Indians on horseback. They are the Blackfeet. Four riders came to take us into their camp. The leader's tent was large enough to contain fifty persons. He received us seated on a buffalo skin attended by twenty elderly men. He made signs for me to sit down upon his right hand, which I did. Our leaders (the Assiniboines) set several great pipes going the rounds, and we smoked according to their custom. Not one word was spoken. Smoking over, I was presented with ten buffalo tongues. My guide told the chief that I had been sent by the Grand Leader who lives on the Great Waters to invite his young men down with their furs. They would receive in return powder, shot, guns, and cloth. The chief made little answer; said it was far off and his people could not paddle.

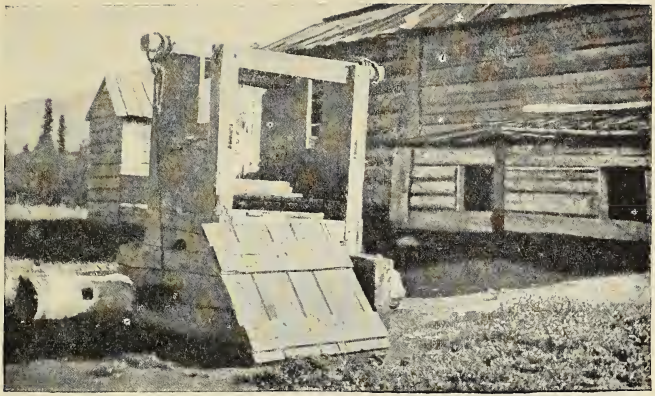
28th April.

Have spent the winter hunting and trapping north and south of the river. [This would be near Edmonton.] Only two pounds of powder left, but have great store of furs. The ice has gone out of the river, and to-day we set out down the river for York. We are sixty canoes and not a pot or a kettle among us. Everything has been traded to the Blackfeet for furs.

1st June.

Delayed four days at the French house. The master invited me to supper and, while I ate, gave brandy to my Indians. Before morning, the French traders had bought from them one thousand of the finest skins. My Indians were all drunk for three days.

Hendry reached York Factory on June 20.



The Hudson's Bay Company

OLD FUR PRESS

SAMUEL HEARNE

THE Hudson's Bay Company had now a post upon Churchill River where Kelsey had, so long ago, been sent to spy out the land. It was called Fort Prince of Wales, and was strongly built of stone. The Indians who came to trade at Fort Prince of Wales were mostly Chipewyans, and from the first the traders noted that they used weapons and tools of copper.

Many a question did the traders ask as to where this copper came from, but the Indians could never give exact directions or distances because they had no sure means of measuring. They told the traders that they got the copper from the Far Off Metal River, where, they said, there was a mountain of it.

The Company had not followed up Hendry's discoveries inland and trade was still poor. Canada had

been captured by England, but that did not help the Company, for the French-Canadian voyageurs were now sent out into the west in greater numbers than ever by the English and American merchants who had taken over the fur trade at Montreal.

Moses Norton, the Governor at Fort Prince of Wales, was a half-breed, but he was a clever man for all that. He felt that, if they could find this copper mine of which the Indians spoke, it would make up for the loss of furs. He got the Company's permission to send out a man to seek for the Far Off Metal River.

Samuel Hearne was chosen to lead the party because he knew more about geography and surveying than any of the others at the fort. Hearne was only twenty-four years old, but he had been sent to sea when only eleven, and had had much experience.

Hearne made three attempts to find the river and the copper mountain. On the first trip his Indian guides, under Chief Chawchinahaw, stole his supplies and ran off laughing into the woods, leaving Hearne and his two white companions to find their way back to Fort Prince of Wales as best they could.

After resting at the fort for six weeks, Hearne set out again with new guides. His Indians did not care about the copper mountain. They wished to follow the caribou, and they forced Hearne to trail back and forth, north and west, with them for many months, never really getting much nearer to the Far Off Metal River.

One day Hearne had been making a survey. He had not quite finished his work when he was called to dinner, and, leaving his quadrant standing, he sat down. While they were eating a strong gust of wind came by, toppled the quadrant over among the stones, and smashed the

delicate instrument to fragments. Such an accident was fatal to his purpose. He could no longer trace and record his journey, so with bitter disappointment in his heart he turned back once more to the fort.

MATONABEE

MARCHING sorrowfully homeward through the chilly September days, Hearne met, one evening, a party of strange Indians. Their chief striding at their head, they came stalking into Hearne's camp.

It was Chief Matonabee, a prince among the red men and a firm friend of the English. Matonabee was six feet tall, beautifully straight and supple, wise in war and the chase. He had lived for some years at the fort, and understood English well.

Byron Harmon, Banff

A WAR CHIEF

In half an hour the two parties were feasting joyously together. While the braves continued to feast and dance far into the night, Matonabee listened to Hearne's sorry story.

"The reason why you have not succeeded," said Matonabee, "is because you have taken no women with you. When all the men are heavily laden, they can neither hunt nor travel to any considerable distance; and in case they meet with success in hunting, who is to carry the produce of their labour? Women were made for labour. One of them can carry or haul twice as much as a man. They pitch

the tents, cook the food, and mend the clothes. And though they do all this it costs very little to keep them, for while they are cooking they may lick their fingers, which is enough for them when food is scarce. It is never wise to set out upon a journey without women.

"Now, my brother, would you search again for the mountain of copper?"

"That would I," answered Hearne eagerly, "if only I could find honest guides."

"I, Matonabee, have journeyed to the Far Off Metal River," said the chief proudly. "I will guide you there if the White Chief at the fort will give presents to my young men."

THE FAR OFF METAL RIVER

In December 1770, with Matonabee as guide, Hearne set out once more to find the river and the copper mountain. They skirted south round the Barren Lands. Matonabee had hidden some food in a cache, but the Indians had stolen it, so for their Christmas dinner they had only tobacco and snow-water.

They marched steadily on, however, and presently came up with a band of Indians who were taking deer in a pound. The pound is a space enclosed by a strong fence of brushy trees with an entrance as large as a common gate. Inside the pound, the Indians build hedges of brush, setting them in every direction like a maze, and placing snares in every opening. Then they stick rows of brushwood upright in the snow on either side of the entrance. When all is ready men, women,

and children chase the deer between the rows of brush, and so into the pound, where they are caught in the snares.

Matonabee said that they would need a large supply of food and tools for their winter journey into the north, so they joined this party of Indians and wandered about with them for some time. They shot many deer and moose and cured the flesh. They cut poles for tent-props, and withes for the frames of their snow-shoes, for they were going into the Land of Little Sticks where even a twig is precious.

Hearne was much amused by the way in which these Indians wrestled. If one of them had anything which another wanted, the two wrestled for it. They seldom hurt one another, as their wrestling meant no more than pulling one another about by the hair. Sometimes one of the wrestlers would grease his hair and ears; then his enemy could do nothing with him, and he obtained the prize.

By July 2 Hearne and his party were ready to set off into the north. When the Indians with whom they had been living heard where Hearne was going, they insisted upon joining him in order that they might fight with their ancient enemies, the Eskimos. Hearne did not want to take them, but he could not help himself.

After two weeks' travel, they came to the famous river. Hearne was very much disappointed in it. He had expected a great river flowing majestically to the sea. Here was only a little river, and there was no mountain of copper anywhere to be seen.

The Indians now said that the copper mountain had sunk into the ground. They said that, many years ago, their fathers had been shown the copper mountain by a very old woman. At first they took all the copper

they wished, but at last the old woman became angry. She sat down beside the mountain, saying, "I shall sink into the ground and take all the copper with me."

The Indians laughed at her and went away, but the next summer, when they came back for more copper, she had sunk into the ground up to her waist, and the copper mountain with her. The next summer she and the mountain were gone altogether.

THE WITCH WIFE

"Give us copper, Witch Wife! Witch Wife!
Witch Wife, give us copper!
Here we ask it
In a basket,
The copper for our pots and pans."

"Greedy," said the Witch Wife, Witch Wife,
"Witch Wife gives no copper."
Sinking! half-gone!
Sunken! all gone!
The copper for their pots and pans.

ESKIMO MOTHER

The Indians were now in the country of their enemies, the Eskimos, and Hearne had no longer any control over them. They sent out spies to seek for an Eskimo camp. The spies soon came back to report that there were five Eskimo huts at the mouth of the river.

The whole band quickly made themselves ready for battle. They tested their guns and spears; painted their faces and their shields with black or red or both; then they crept down the river, keeping well behind the rocks. With a fearful "whoop," they fell upon the poor Eskimos, every one of whom they killed.

Horrified, Hearne turned away from the slaughter which he could not prevent, and climbed a nearby hill. From its summit he saw, only a few miles away, the Frozen Ocean. He rallied his Indians, and paddled down to the salt sea, but they found only a narrow strip of free water near the shore. Everywhere else, east, west, and north, they could see nothing but ice.

Travelling south from the Coppermine River, Hearne discovered Great Slave Lake. This is one of the largest lakes in Northern Canada. Out of it the Mackenzie River flows to the Arctic Sea. The Company has now more than one fur-trading post upon the Great Slave.

In January, Hearne and his Indians crossed the lake on the ice. Hearne now found himself in a fine level

country where buffalo, moose, and beaver were very plentiful. Soon after he left the Coppermine, Hearne had lost his quadrant; on Great Slave his watch stopped, so that from there on he was unable to measure distance, direction, or time accurately. He found Slave River, but does not seem to have reached Lake Athabasca. Early in the spring he and his Indians turned east; they reached Fort Prince of Wales in June. Hearne had been absent a little more than a year and a half.

Hearne had not found the fabled mountain of copper, but he had done a number of much more important things. He had found the Far Off Metal River. He was the first white man to reach the Arctic Ocean overland, and he discovered Great Slave Lake and Slave River. He proved also that there was no passage from Hudson Bay into the Western Ocean, as many had believed; and that the distance from the Bay to the Western Sea must be very great.

Hearne was honoured by the Company for his discoveries. He was made the Governor of the fort and was sent to build Cumberland House, on the lower Saskatchewan, the Company's first trading post inland.

Valentine & Sons, Winnipeg

OX TEAM AT FORT RESOLUTION, GREAT SLAVE LAKE

CAPTAIN COOK

CAPTAIN COOK

From the portrait by Dance in the Gallery of Greenwich Hospital

WHILE still a young man, Captain James Cook commanded a ship which traded between England and Russia. In Russia Cook heard much of the voyage of Captain Bering, whom the Czarina had sent sailing into the North Pacific to find out whether or not there was a water passage between Asia and America.

Bering had discovered Bering Strait. (Find Bering Strait on the map.) In those far north seas he found countless herds of seal and sea otter, whose furs were even more beautiful and valuable than the beaver skins of the plains.

When this discovery became known, the old question came again to everyone's tongue: "Could ships sail round the north of America through Bering Strait into the Pacific Ocean?" Cabot, Davis, Hudson, and many another had sought the "North-West Passage" by sea; Cartier, Champlain, La Salle, and La Vérendrye had tried to get through by land. Was there a way?

In England, after Bering's discovery of the seal herds, the talk grew fast and furious. People said that if the Hudson's Bay Company did not find the way into the

Pacific, they should be made to give up their charter. The Company had no mind to give up their trade; indeed, they wished a share in the seal furs, if such a share could be obtained. They sent out Hearne. In two years' travel he found no end to the land westward. Canada was very broad.

Then the British Government sent out Captain Cook with two ships. He followed Magellan and Drake round the south end of America, and sailing steadily north past the Spanish country, he saw at last mountains towering upon his right. In a storm, he missed the passage between Vancouver Island and the mainland, and, in 1778, landed at Nootka, on the ocean side of the island. The Indians swarmed about his ship, their canoes gaily painted and carved, their women and children chattering and laughing at the strangers. It was springtime. The land was very beautiful with grass and flowers and sweet airs. The mountains lifted up their peaks, snowy and glorious, to the east. The deep woods came down to the shore. Cook and his men spent a happy month there, resting and trading.

In May they sailed northward. Day after day, week after week they sailed north, always hoping to get round into Hudson Bay or the Atlantic Ocean. Into Bering Strait they sailed, and still north till they came to an impassable wall of ice. Captain Cook was now satisfied that there was no passage from the Atlantic into the Pacific. He sent word to England that there was none.

Canadian Pacific Railways.

THE BEGINNING OF THE ROCKIES.

The Hudson's Bay Company

FORT CHIPEWYAN

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE

In the meantime great changes had taken place in Canada. England and France had fought the Seven Years' War, and England had won Canada.

The French-Canadian Governors, who had taken Radisson's furs and refused to let La Vérendrye's sons finish his work, were gone. Brisk Scotch and English merchants now ruled the fur trade in Quebec and Montreal.

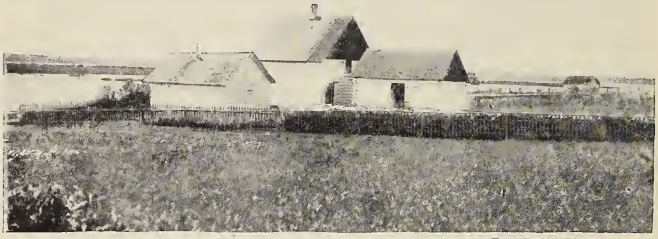
These men cared little for the charter of the Hudson's Bay Company. They meant to have their own share of the furs of the Great West. They hired skilled French-Canadian voyageurs who every year paddled up the rivers and lakes, and took the best of the furs from under the very nose of the Company.

Everyone now knew that there was a Western Sea. Magellan, Drake, and Cook had sailed up and down

and across it. Hearne and Cook had said that there was no passage round the north shore of America, but everyone felt that there must be a way across Canada.

Hired with the Montreal fur merchants was a young man called Alexander Mackenzie. He was Scotch, well educated, a master trader, and aflame with ambition.

The Montreal merchants had already pushed their fur posts far up into the country north of what is now

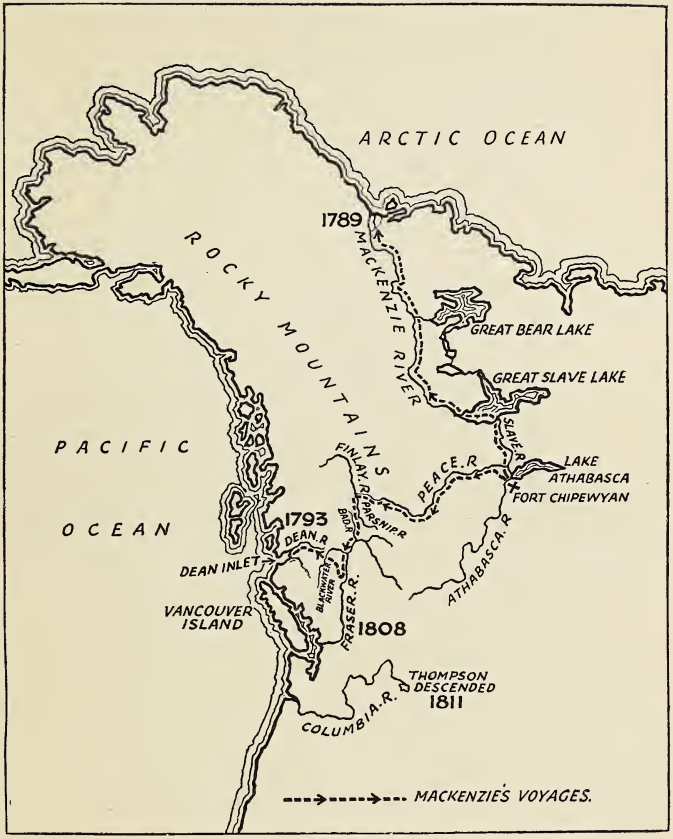


Dr. Bell, Vermilion

A MODERN TRADING POST IN THE FAR NORTH

the city of Edmonton. In 1787 they sent Mackenzie, then only twenty-four years old, to build a post for trade on Lake Athabasca. At last his chance had come.

For two years the young man worked faithfully, building his post and working up the fur trade. Fort Chipewyan became the spring meeting-place of all the Indians in that country. In early summer, when the canoes, loaded with the season's catch of furs, were on their way to Montreal, Mackenzie felt that he might take a few months' holiday. He had made up his mind just what to do and he did not waste a day.



ALEXANDER MACKENZIE'S VOYAGES

THE MACKENZIE RIVER

His Indians had told him of a great river flowing north and west out of Slave Lake. Did it fall into the Arctic or into the Pacific Ocean? Mackenzie meant to find out.

On June 3, 1789, at nine o'clock in the morning, he left Fort Chipewyan on Lake Athabasca. He had with him four French-Canadian canoemen and a young German. In another canoe went "English Chief," one of Matonabee's braves, with his two wives.

The first day they made only thirty-seven miles. This was not nearly enough to please Mackenzie, so the next morning he had the men up at four o'clock and they paddled sixty-two miles before night.

They had entered the Slave River; and on the second day they passed the mouth of the Peace, a splendid river, more than a mile broad, flowing into the Slave from the west. As Mackenzie looked at it no doubt he thought, "If this river fails I'll try that one."

In Great Slave Lake the ice was still unbroken. They had to wait five days till the south wind blew and opened a passage for them. The trees and grass were green and lovely, the lake swarmed with wild fowl, but Mackenzie longed only to be on his way northward.

The ice kept opening and closing in front of them, but at last they did reach the north shore of the lake. The Indians knew that there was a great river flowing out of Slave Lake, but they did not know just where the entrance to it was. Mackenzie and his men had to poke in and out of every little creek and bay along

the shore for fear they should miss the river. After eight days they found it and their canoes were carried swiftly down its strong current. The wind blew from the east too, so they put up sails and scudded along at a great pace.

As they voyaged they met many Indians who told them strange and dreadful tales of the river farther down. They said it was full of impassable falls; and that it would take the white men so long to reach its mouth that old age would have overtaken them before they arrived. Mackenzie knew Indians well. He paid no attention to their stories.

On July 1 they saw, far away in the south-west, a snow-capped mountain peak. As they paddled on they could see a long line of glittering mountains. Mackenzie wondered whether these might be a part of that "Shining Mountain" range which La Vérendrye's sons had seen. "Now," thought he, "to reach the Western Sea one must pass through those mountains. This river does not flow from them. It is too large and steady for a mountain river." His eager mind flew back to the majestic Peace. He shut his grim young lips together, and said to himself again, "If this fails, I'll try the Peace."

One night, when they had pitched their tents and the men had turned in, Mackenzie sat patiently by the camp fire. It grew later and later. The sun sank lower and lower. At eleven o'clock it was nearly down. At twelve it seemed not much lower. Soon after twelve it began to rise again in the sky. It had never passed out of his sight. Mackenzie called one of his men. "Time to be off," said the man, seeing the sun well above the horizon. "It is only two o'clock; the sun has never been down," said Mackenzie. He knew that he was now within the Arctic Circle, and he thought he must be near the sea.

The great river, which is called the Mackenzie, after its young discoverer, now divided into a number of different channels. The Indians wished to go back because they knew they were near the Eskimos whom they feared. Mackenzie promised them that if they did not reach the sea in seven days he would go back. He chose the middle channel of the stream, and they paddled on.

The river grew wider and wider. They could see no land ahead. The mountains stood up upon the left, many islands lay in their path; there was only ice to be seen in the east. It was too late in the year to go farther. The men were very much disappointed not to reach the sea.

That night the water rose and nearly carried off their luggage. Did that mean that there was a tide? Next morning they saw, far out, great fish floating and blowing. The men did not know what they were, but Mackenzie, who had been born by the sea, knew whales when he saw them. Without knowing it they had reached the sea.

The men were so excited that they flung themselves into their canoes and paddled after the whales. Of course they could not catch them, which was really very fortunate, as the whales could easily have dashed the canoes to pieces with their tails.

On July 14, 1789, Mackenzie had a post put up near their camp. On this he carved his name, the number of men he had with him, and the time they stayed there. Two days later they started back to Fort Chipewyan, which they reached on September 12.

FORT VANCOUVER

By courtesy, Ross Robertson Collection, Toronto Public Library

CAPTAIN VANCOUVER

A FORT had been built at Nootka by two Englishmen who came from China to trade. But the Spanish, who claimed all the Pacific coast, came and took it from the English. From Nootka the Spanish captain, Elisa, sent out his pilot, Narvaez, to chart the shores. Twenty years before Bruno Heceta, a Spaniard, had discovered and reported a great river flowing into the sea somewhere in this region. Narvaez, as he charted, kept a sharp look-out for it.

He sailed in and about what is now called Burrard Inlet. Presently he came upon a great purple river behind the harbour. This was not Bruno's river. It was too far north for that; so Narvaez called it The River of White Flowers (it is now called the Fraser) and put it on his chart.

Meantime the fur merchants of the whole world were growing more and more interested in the North Pacific and the western coast of Canada. The British soon found out that the Spaniards had taken Nootka, and

they complained to the Spanish Government about it. The Spaniards did not wish to fight, so they said they would give it back. In 1792 the British Government sent out Captain Vancouver to take it over.

Vancouver had been with Cook, so he knew the way. He, too, had heard of Bruno Heceta's river, and as he sailed north past California he watched for it. As luck would have it he passed the mouth in a fog.

He found the entrance between Vancouver Island and the mainland, however. As he sailed in, he met a Boston ship commanded by Captain Gray. Gray told Vancouver that just two weeks before he had found Bruno's river, and had sailed twenty miles up it. Vancouver did not believe him, but it was quite true; and so the mouth of the Columbia (Bruno's river) belongs to-day to the United States instead of to Canada.

Vancouver sailed into the Gulf of Georgia. He explored Puget Sound carefully to make sure there was no passage leading to the north or east. He sailed completely round Vancouver Island and landed at Nootka.

A British officer, gorgeously dressed, was sent to the Spanish fort to present Captain Vancouver's compliments to the Spanish Governor. The Governor feasted Vancouver in the fort, and Vancouver feasted the Governor on his ship, all with much ceremony; but they could not agree as to the fort. The Governor said he had been told to give up just the fort and the land upon which it stood. Vancouver said he had been told to take possession of the whole country. In the end the Governor left the fort; and Vancouver, who was anxious to be exploring, soon followed him.

Vancouver spent the month of October exploring Bruno's river, and the rest of the year charting the coast, to prove that no passage through the continent existed.

SAID THE SPANISH GOVERNOR

Said the Spanish Governor of Nootka,
"Won't you dine with me to-day?"
Said Vancouver, so politely,
"Be *my* guest, I pray."

Said the Spanish Governor of Nootka,
"Will you take the fort to-day?"
Said Vancouver, so politely,
"And the island, too, I pray."

Said the Spanish Governor of Nootka,
"Pray come to the fort and stay."
Said Vancouver, so politely,
"Only when you've gone away."

The Spanish Governor of Nootka,
And Vancouver, brave and gay,
Had been brought up so politely
That they both just sailed away.

THE GATES OF THE PEACE
By courtesy of the Board of Trade, Peace River, Alberta

MACKENZIE ASCENDS THE PEACE

MACKENZIE called the river which he had followed to its mouth, and which is now called by his name, "Disappointment," because he had hoped that it would lead him to the Western Sea, and he had found only the frozen ocean.

His fellow-merchants were not interested in exploring Canada; they cared only for beaver skins. But Mackenzie had made up his mind to win through the mountains to the Pacific, and he was not the kind of man to give up anything that he had undertaken. The Mackenzie River had failed him; he would try the Peace.

He spent the winter of 1791 in London studying astronomy, which he knew would help him to find his way through the wilderness. His plan was to go in the autumn some distance up the Peace and camp for the winter, so as to be ready to strike out across the mountains with the first note of spring.

In October 1792, Mackenzie and his party left Fort Chipewyan, and paddled up the Peace beyond the place where the Cree and Beaver Indians had once made a treaty, and so given the river its name. Six miles from the junction of the Smoky and the Peace they built a stout little fort, and spent the winter very comfortably. They were amazed to feel the Chinook winds. In the midst of the coldest weather "the sky cleared away in the south-west; from whence there blew a perfect hurricane . . . it dissolved all the snow upon the ground; even the ice was covered with water, and had the same appearance as when it is breaking up in the spring."

They set out early in May. While on the journey, Mackenzie kept a diary in which he wrote down what happened each day. Here are some of the notes he made in it:

Thursday, 9th May, 1793.

We began our voyage with a course south by west against a strong current . . . and landed before eight on an island for the night.

Friday, 17th May.

At two in the afternoon the Rocky Mountains appeared in sight, with their summits covered with snow . . . they formed a very agreeable object to every person in the canoe, as we attained the view of them much sooner than we expected.

Monday, 20th May.

The weather was clear with a sharp air, and we renewed our voyage at a quarter-past four. . . . We now, with infinite difficulty, passed along the foot of a rock, which was not hard stone, so that we were able to cut steps in it for the distance of twenty feet; from which,

at hazard of my life, I leaped on a small rock below, where I received those who followed me on my shoulders. In this manner four of us passed and dragged up the canoe, in which attempt we broke her. Very luckily a dry tree had fallen from the rock above us, without which we could not have made a fire as no wood was to be procured within a mile of the place. When the canoe was repaired we continued towing it along the rocks to the next point, when we embarked.

Board of Trade, Peace River

JUNCTION OF PEACE AND SMOKY

Tuesday, 21st May.

It rained in the morning and did not cease till about eight, and as the men had been very fatigued... I suffered them to continue their rest till that hour. Such was now the state of the river . . . that no . . . means of proceeding presented themselves to us, but the passage of the mountain, over which we were to carry the canoe as well as the baggage. . . . I despatched Mr. Mackay with three men and the two Indians . . . to keep the line of the river till they should find it navigable.

At sunset Mr. Mackay returned with one of the men

and in about two hours was followed by the others. They had penetrated thick woods, ascended hills and sunk into valleys till they got beyond the rapids . . . a distance of three leagues. The two parties . . . agreed that the outward course [up the mountain] was that which must be preferred.

Wednesday, 22nd May.

At break of day the men began to cut a road up the mountain. The baggage was now brought from the water-side to our encampment. This was, from the steep shelving of the rocks, a very perilous undertaking, as one false step would have been instantly followed by falling headlong into the river. The whole party proceeded to fetch the canoe. We advanced with it up the mountain, having the line doubled and fastened, as we went on, to the stumps; while a man at the end of it hauled it round a tree. We got everything to the summit by two in the afternoon.

Thursday, 23rd May.

I joined Mr. Mackay and the two Indians in the labour of cutting a road. Our toilsome journey of this day I compute at about three miles.

Friday, 24th May.

We continued our very laborious journey.

Saturday, 25th May.

We now embarked. There were mountains on all sides of us, which were covered with snow; one in particular, on the south side of the river, rose to a great height. The Cancre [one of his men] killed a small elk.

Wednesday, 29th May.

I amused myself with enclosing a written account of all our hardships in bark, and introduced it into a small barrel which I consigned to the mercy of the current.

Friday, 31st May.

On advancing two or three miles we arrived at the fork of the Peace, one branch running north-west, and the other south-east. If I had been governed by my own judgment, I should have taken the former, as it appeared to me the most likely to bring us nearest to that part where I wished to fall on the Pacific Ocean, but the old man [an Indian] had warned me not, on any account, to follow it, as it was soon lost in various branches among the mountains. By following the latter branch, he said, we should arrive at a carrying-place to another large river, that did not exceed a day's march, where the inhabitants build houses and live upon islands.

Saturday, 1st June.

In no part of the north-west did I see so much beaver work, within an equal distance, as in the course of this day. In some places they had cut down several acres of large poplars; and we saw a great number of these active and sagacious animals.

Wednesday, 12th June.

Here we quitted the main branch. The branch which we left was not, at this time, more than ten yards broad, while that which we entered was still less. The straight course from this to the entrance of a small lake or pond is about east one mile. The lake is about two miles in length and from three to five hundred yards wide. This I consider the highest and southernmost source

of the Peace River, which after a winding course through a vast extent of country, receiving many large rivers in its progress, and passing through Slave Lake, empties itself into the Frozen Ocean.

We landed and unloaded, where we found a beaten path leading over a low ridge of land eight hundred and seventeen paces in length to another small lake. This being the highest point of land dividing these waters, we are now going with the stream.

MACKENZIE CROSSED THE GREAT DIVIDE

Mackenzie crossed the Great Divide:
In long canoes,
In short canoes,
With raft and pole
They sought the goal,
With axe and rope
They climbed the slope;
In wet and fine,
In storm and shine,
'Cross mountains tall
They stumble and crawl;
With weighty pack
And straining back,
Through forest black,
They cut the track;
So Mackenzie crossed the Great Divide.

Canadian National Railways

THE GREAT DIVIDE

THE GREAT DIVIDE

MACKENZIE had now crossed the Great Divide. From here his way lay, not up, but down stream. The trail did not prove to be much easier for that. They now descended what Mackenzie calls the Bad River because it was so full of falls, rapids, and fallen trees. Their canoe was wrecked and the whole party thrown into the river, and although no one was hurt, they lost their ammunition. The men were now determined to turn back, but Mackenzie, waiting till they had had a warm supper, persuaded them to mend the canoe and go forward.

After a very toilsome journey, during the last part of which they had to cut their way through the woods, they reached the Fraser, the great river which the Indians had told them flowed to the Western Sea. They had not gone far down the Fraser when they saw a party of Indians. Mackenzie wished to speak to them, but they seemed afraid. He then walked alone along the bank

of the river, inviting them to cross over to him. They did this, and when he had given them many presents, they made friends.

These Indians told Mackenzie that it was a very long way to the sea by the Fraser, which had many dangerous falls and rapids in its course. They asked him, if he wished to reach the sea, why he did not go by their path, which they said was easy and short. They went back up the Fraser to a small river, the Blackwater. Here they left their canoes and struck through the woods westward. The path, they said, was well marked and it took only two days to reach a river which would carry them to the sea in a few days.

After thinking the matter over carefully, Mackenzie made up his mind to leave the Fraser and follow the Indians' trail. Next day, they paddled back up the Fraser. When the Indians saw them returning, they were afraid. They were sure that Mackenzie meant to do them harm this time, and they fled. He tried to make friends, but they would not come near, and his men were forced to watch every night for fear of attack.

On July 3 they reached the Blackwater, and the next day they made ready to take to the woods. Here they met an Indian who had promised to be their guide. They wished to hide some of their food so as to have it on their return journey; but they knew the Indians would steal it if they saw the hiding-place. Mr. Mackay was sent off with the Indians. As soon as they were out of sight, the others made haste to put the food away. In a large oilcloth they rolled a bag of pemmican, two bags of wild rice, and a gallon keg of powder. Two packages of this sort they buried.

Next they built a stage upon which they placed the canoe bottom up and covered with branches to shade her from the sun. They then made a hollow square

of large logs in which they placed all the other material they wished to leave behind, covering the whole with large pieces of timber.

They came presently to the great main trail which led to the sea, and they went on at a fine pace. On July 17, late at night, they reached an Indian village on the Dean River. Here they hoped to get canoes to carry them upon the last stage of their long journey.

The Indians came out with shouts to receive them. They were led to the chief's house, a large place with steps leading up to the door and three fires within. Mackenzie advanced and seated himself beside the chief, who had a mat placed for his guest and a salmon, freshly roasted, given him. Mr. Mackay was also given a salmon, and half a fish was placed before each of the men.

At five o'clock the next morning, when Mackenzie awoke, he found that the Friendly Indians, as he calls them, had made a fire for him. They brought gooseberries, raspberries, and fresh salmon for his breakfast. These Indians believed that if they ate any meat, the salmon, upon which they chiefly lived, would go away from their river and leave them to starve. When they saw Mackenzie with some venison, they would not give him a canoe, but he willingly put away the meat, and two canoes were at once made ready for him.

Runners were sent ahead to tell the tribes that the white men were coming, and then, embarking in their two canoes, the party set off for the sea. They stopped here and there to feast with the Friendly Indians; but the current carried them swiftly along, and they soon neared the ocean. The river began to divide into several streams; they took deep breaths of the fresh salty air. At eight o'clock on the morning of July 20, 1793, they paddled

out into Dean Inlet, an arm of the Pacific. The tide was out. The rocks and sand lay bare and cool. Far out the blue waves tossed and rocked. The dream of Cartier, Champlain, La Salle, and La Vérendrye had come true. A Canadian had reached the Western Sea.

Mackenzie crossed to a great black rock which rose up from the shore. He mixed red paint with grease and wrote, in large letters, on the rock:

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE

FROM CANADA BY LAND

JULY 22, ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-THREE

The coast Indians were not friendly to the white men. For days they followed the party about, threatening them. As Mackenzie approached a village, an angry mob rushed out at him. He was alone, but he pointed his gun at them, and they halted. One crept up behind and seized him. Mackenzie threw the Indian off, but lost his hat and cloak. At this moment his men came up, and the Indians fled. Mackenzie followed them, however, and forced them to give up the hat and cloak as well as other things which they had stolen.

The party then returned to the Friendly village, where they rested before crossing the mountains. In a month they were back upon the Fraser, and on August 24 reached the fort on the Peace from which they had set out on May 9.

For this, one of the greatest explorations ever made, Mackenzie received much honour from the Canadian people and was made a knight by the King. He himself, no doubt, thought it a sufficient honour to have achieved that which, for three hundred years, so many heroes had dreamed of doing.

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE

THEY STOOD UPON THE WIDE WET SAND

They stood upon the wide wet sand
And, gazing out to sea,
A thousand ships, it seemed to them,
Came sailing o'er the lea.

And some were great, and some were small,
And some had masts of gold,
And treasures rich, it seemed to them,
Filled every bursting hold.

The ships sail'd north, the ships sail'd south,
They sail'd on every hand,
But none, so strange it seemed to them,
Came sailing to the land.

Canadian Pacific Railways.

THE FRASER RIVER CANYON.

SIMON FRASER

SIMON FRASER was born in the United States, but he came to Canada with his mother when he was a boy. When he grew up, he became a fur-trader and joined the North-West Company; Fraser followed Mackenzie's trail up the Peace through the Rockies, and traded in what is now the province of British Columbia.

The American traders had now taken possession of all the Pacific coast as far north as the Columbia, Bruno's river, the mouth of which the Boston captain, Gray, had discovered. Mackenzie had reached the mouth of the Dean, and had taken the land north of it for Canada. Between the Columbia and the Dean lay a great and rich territory. It was a race between the Canadian and American fur-traders to see who should first explore and take possession of it for his country.

In the spring of 1806, when Simon Fraser had sent off his winter's pack of furs to Fort Chipewyan, he set out to explore this new district. He and his friend, John Stuart, paddled down the Parsnip, portaged across to the Fraser, and began to follow it southward. Here they met the Carrier Indians, who had helped Mackenzie, and who now greeted Fraser kindly. Fraser had brought presents for the Indians. Among other things he gave the squaws several cakes of soap. Before the Canadians could stop them the squaws had eaten this pleasant-looking white stuff and were found frothing at the mouth.

During two years Fraser and Stuart travelled and traded in this country. They built four trading-posts

and sent back to Montreal large stores of valuable furs. All this time Fraser was planning to explore the river which now bears his name. He thought it was Gray's river, the Columbia. He built Fort George, a trading-post, at the place where the two branches of the river join and flow southward together. This they meant to make their starting-point.

In May 1808, Fraser and Stuart left Fort George

THE SALMON FLEET ON THE FRASER

with four canoes to follow their river to its mouth. Fifteen miles below the fort they had to pass through a narrow gorge where the river dashed roaring against its rocky walls. The second day they reached another dangerous canyon and, on the fourth day, still another.

The river was flooded with the melting snows from the mountain tops; the rocks which hemmed it in and dashed it wildly from side to side were too steep to climb; it was often impossible to portage. The men were forced, risking their lives, to run the rapids again and again.

Indians whom they met told Fraser that it would be madness to try to go farther by the river. Since he wished to go to the sea, they asked why he did not go further east and paddle down the great peaceful river which flowed there. They spoke of the Columbia, but Fraser did not know that. He still thought he was on the Columbia.

At last, he decided that they could not go farther in their canoes, but must take to the shore. He hired from the Indians some horses to carry their provisions, and the party set out scrambling along the banks and cutting its way through the woods, while the bravest and best canoe men brought the empty canoes through the rapids.

Soon the river turned sharply toward the west. As it kept on in this direction, Fraser became sure that it was not the Columbia, the mouth of which he knew to be much farther south. He was very much disappointed at this and said, had he known it, he would not have left Fort George. As they had come so far and through such dangers, they now kept on.

The river grew wider and wider. Instead of rocky walls with mountains behind them, lovely meadows now stretched beyond the banks. Though the current was still very strong and swift, the river flowed smoothly along. It was a deep blue colour, the "purple" river of Narvaez, his "river of white flowers." It flowed into the sea just behind the place where the city of Vancouver now stands.

As Fraser and his men came near the sea, they met strange Indians who were very hostile, howling like wolves and brandishing their war-clubs at the white men. As he had so small a party, Fraser dared not stay. He took possession of the land for Canada and hurried back to Fort George.

So Canada won that part of the race.

DAVID THOMPSON

DAVID THOMPSON was a poor boy who, by courage and industry, became the greatest land geographer who ever lived. During a working life of twenty-eight years he travelled by canoe, on horseback, and afoot, fifty-five thousand miles. He made the first map of all that vast territory which is now the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta. He had few and poor instruments with which to measure, yet his map is so accurate that modern scientists are amazed at it.

Thompson's people were poor; they could not afford to send him to the schools, which in those days were not free. But David wanted an education, and finally got into a charity school in London. When he was fourteen, he got a post with the Hudson's Bay Company and came out to Fort Churchill.

Soon after he reached Canada, Thompson was sent by the Company to Cumberland House on the Saskatchewan. Here he spent the winter. On the plains, the sky shows an immense expanse and, during the long frosty nights, it blazed with stars. They fascinated Thompson. He taught himself to measure distances by them. Thirty-five nights during that winter he sat up all night studying them. This was the beginning of his work as a geographer.

Thompson worked for the Hudson's Bay Company eight years. Then he joined the "North-Westers," the new company of Canadian traders, who were pushing their fur posts out across the prairies towards the north and west. The boundary line between Canada and the

United States had just been agreed upon; the Company wished to be sure that the trading houses they had built were all in Canada; they sent Thompson out to locate each post and report just where it was.

Canadian Pacific Railway

A ROCKY CANYON

IN THE MOUNTAINS

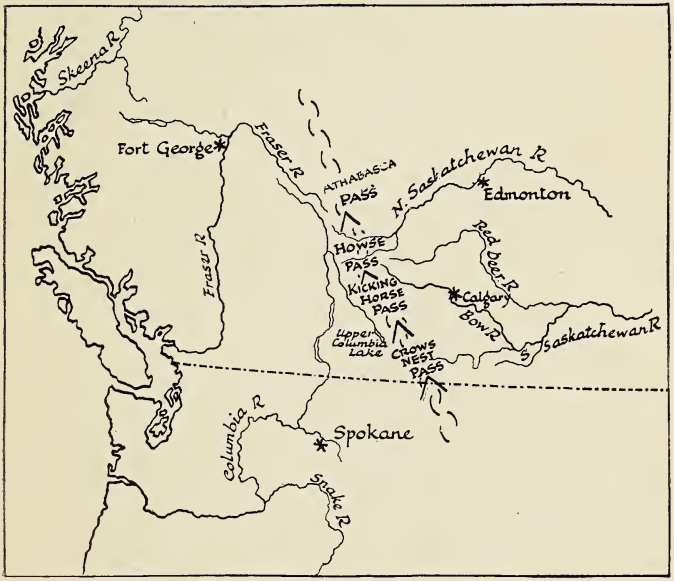
ANOTHER important work which Thompson had to do was to find passes through the Rockies so that the North-West Company might trade with the Indians of British Columbia. "The rivers know the way," thought Thompson. "They come through from the summit. I shall follow them to their sources and find out their paths." And so he did.

Thompson and his friend Duncan McGillvray worked together. McGillvray discovered Howse Pass by following up the North Saskatchewan and its tributary, the Clearwater. In the autumn of 1800, Thompson and McGillvray followed the Bow from Calgary, and went into the mountains through the Gap at Banff. Here they did a good trade with the Kootenay Indians. Another year they went in through Howse Pass, and Thompson found the Blaeberry, a tributary of the Columbia. He followed it till he reached the great river, and so up the Columbia to its source in Upper Columbia Lake. They paddled up to the north end of Lake Windermere, where Thompson built Fort Kootenay.

Year after year Thompson crossed the Rockies, and traded with the British Columbia Indians. It was never easy and often dangerous. In September 1810 they had many packs of goods. They made ready to take them in through Howse Pass, but the Piegan Indians were on the war-path, and would not let them through.

They had not yet found the Kicking Horse Pass. What was to be done? Give in? Never!

Secretly, Thompson and his men headed north; swiftly they travelled. It was four hundred miles round about to get in through the Athabasca Pass which the



THE FRASER AND THE COLUMBIA

Piegans were not guarding. The country was covered with thick woods; they had to cut their way through. For days they would starve; then one or other of the men would bring in game. The roads were so bad and the dogs so weak that they could not pull their loads. The men were nearly frozen; only Thompson's firmness kept them from mutiny. At last, in spite of all, they won through.

THOMPSON, like Fraser, wished to win the great Columbia River and its country for Canada. He explored whenever he could, but he was always being kept back by having to collect and take care of the furs. Then the "North-Westers" heard that the American traders, Lewis and Clark, were on their way to the Columbia. The Company sent orders to Thompson to make a dash for the mouth so as to claim it for Canada. Now Thompson was free.

He had often been in the Kootenay country and had, more than once, camped on the banks of the great river. He had followed it to its source in Upper Columbia Lake, but it puzzled him. For a long time Thompson, like other people, thought the Fraser and Columbia were the same river; again, this river flowed north instead of south and west. It was very puzzling.

In January 1811, Thompson set out to follow his river to its mouth. They had a hard time going down the western slope of the Rockies; the snow was soft, the dogs could not haul, and they had to abandon all but necessities. On January 18 they saw the Columbia and camped there till spring.

In April they portaged to the Kootenay River and, following the old Indian trail "Sheetshoo," they reached the Spokane River near where the city of Spokane now stands. The North-West Company already had a trading post at this point. Following the Spokane River

Canadian Pacific Railways.

THE BUTCHART GARDENS.

they soon reached the Columbia, and paddling down it, headed for the sea.

At the point where the Snake River runs into the Columbia, Thompson erected a post and affixed to it a paper taking possession of that country for Canada. He did not know that Lewis and Clark, the Americans, had already passed that way.

Byron Harmon, Banff
A MOUNTAIN STREAM

On July 15 or 16, 1811, Thompson reached the mouth of the Columbia, only to find that the Americans had arrived some weeks before and had already built a fort.

So the Americans won the mouth of the Columbia, though the country through which its upper waters flow, much of which had been explored by David Thompson, belongs to Canada.

In spite of all his toil and hardship, Thompson lived to be eighty-seven. He and his wife lived in Longueuil, Quebec. Here the great geographer spent his old age, "talking little, reading much," and giving long evenings to the study of his friends, the stars. He died in 1857.

For his magnificent work David Thompson received in his lifetime neither honours nor rewards. But Canadians now give him a more excellent reward; they hold his name in honoured memory, the last of that glorious roll: Champlain, La Salle, La Vérendrye, Hendry, Mackenzie, Fraser, Thompson, the heroes who fought their way over the long, long trail, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, across Canada.

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