

The Romance of Canada

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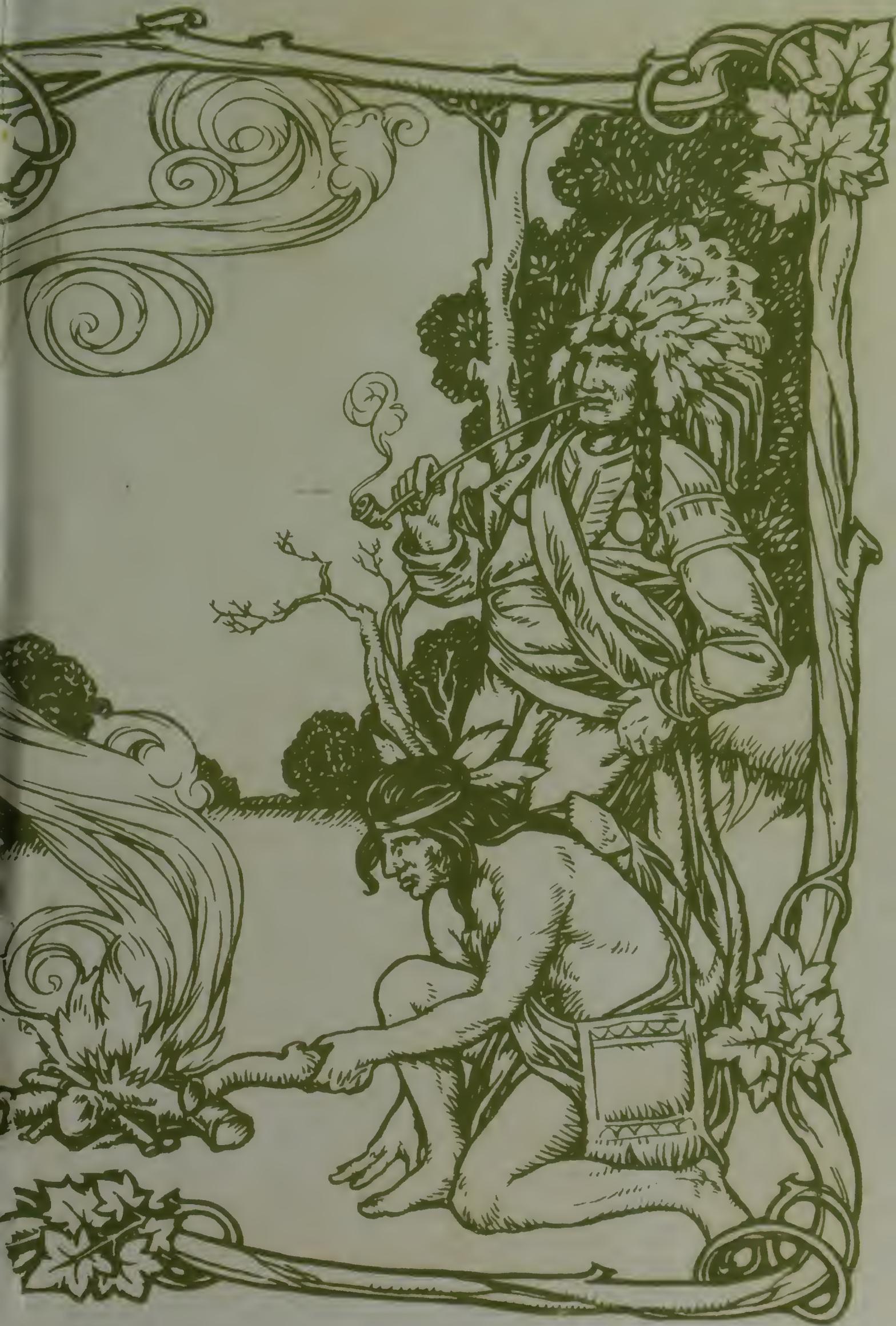
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Canada's Story

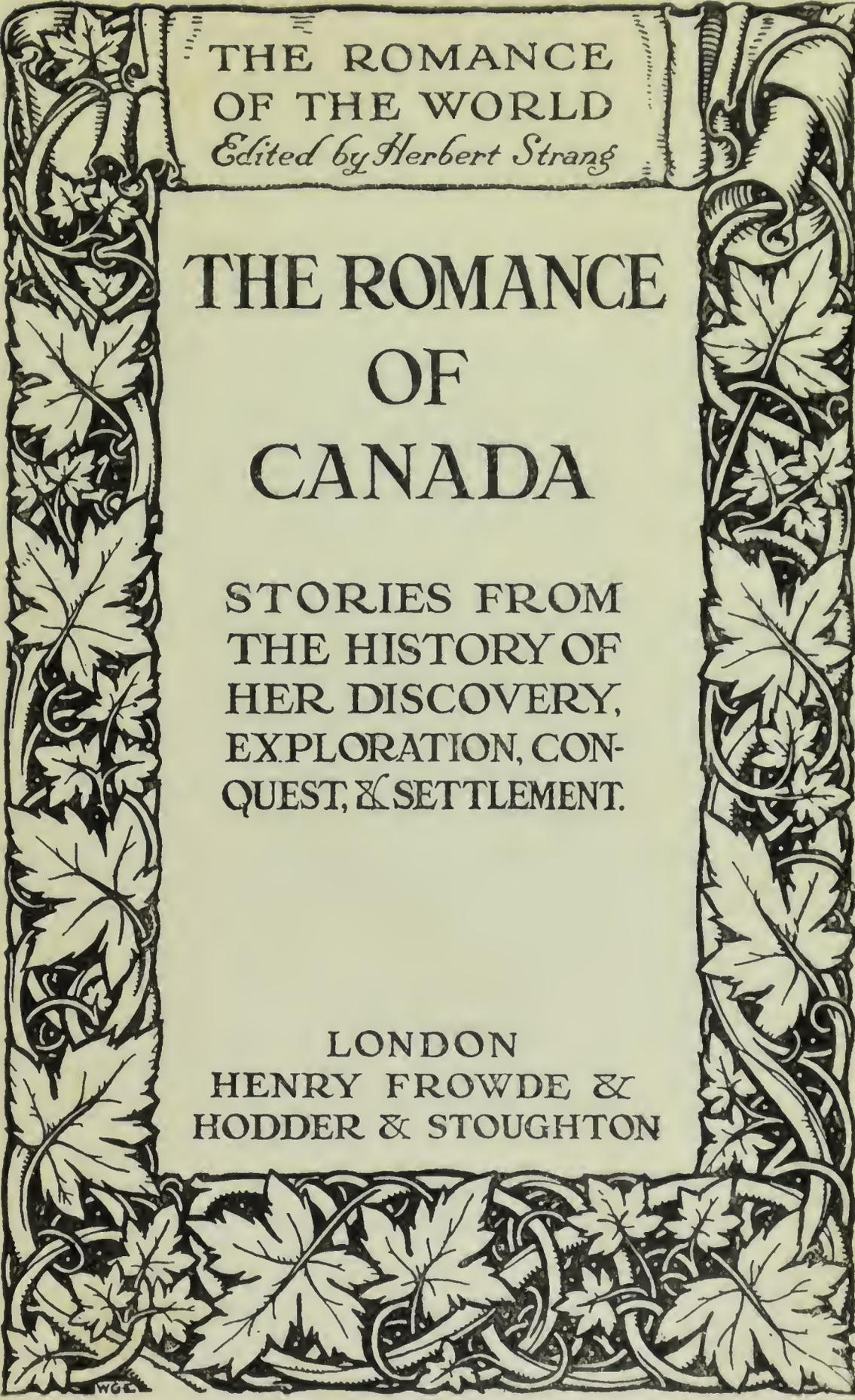


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THE CAPTURE OF RADISSON



THE ROMANCE
OF THE WORLD
Edited by Herbert Strang

THE ROMANCE
OF
CANADA

STORIES FROM
THE HISTORY OF
HER DISCOVERY,
EXPLORATION, CON-
QUEST, & SETTLEMENT.

LONDON
HENRY FROWDE &
HODDER & STOUGHTON

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PREFACE

WITH the exception of the Mother Country, there is no part of our Empire that has so great and moving a history as Canada. This history is the heritage, not only of the Canadian, but of the whole British race; it is one of which we may well be proud.

In these pages it has been my object to illustrate, as in a panorama, the successive stages in the discovery, conquest, exploration, and settlement of the vast territory that extends from the Great Lakes to the Arctic, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. This, it has seemed to me, can be most successfully attempted by selecting a number of typical incidents or episodes in each field, and using a large canvas in presenting them. The records of explorers and settlers, the biographies or autobiographies of soldiers and administrators, many of which are not easily accessible to the general reader, contain a wealth of romantic incident of which only historians who work on the scale of Parkman can hope to make effective use. In most histories and text-books these incidents are dismissed in a few lines, or, for want of space, altogether omitted. Yet a few such passages, reproduced on an adequate

scale, may give a truer view of the times they represent than can be obtained from the most skilful historical abstract.

In making these selections I have cast a wide net. The earliest include passages from writers so old as Hakluyt: the latest, passages from the works of such recent authors as Sir W. F. Butler and Mr. J. G. Donkin, for which I am indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Burns and Oates and Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. respectively. The selections have been carefully edited for the reading of young people, and are supplemented with introductory notes, printed in "solid" as distinguished from the "leaded" type of the main extracts, and with footnotes where they seemed to be necessary.

HERBERT STRANG

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THE GREAT EXPLORERS

JOHN AND SEBASTIAN CABOT

THE FIRST VOYAGE TO NEWFOUNDLAND

HENRY VII of England narrowly, and somewhat hardly, missed the glory of attaching to his name and that of his country the discovery of the Transatlantic world. Columbus, finding his negotiations at the courts of Spain and Portugal in an unpromising state, sent his brother, Bartholomew, to treat with Henry, who, notwithstanding his cautious and penurious habits, appears very readily to have closed with the proposition. Before, however, Bartholomew returned to Spain, his brother, under the auspices of Isabella, had sailed on the voyage, from which he returned triumphant.

Henry, though he had missed the main prize, continued still disposed to encourage those who were inclined to embark in the brilliant adventure. An offer was soon made to him from a respectable quarter. Such are the vicissitudes of human destiny, that the English, who were to become the greatest maritime people in the world, ventured not then to undertake distant voyages save under the guidance of Italians. Finding encouragement, however, from the rising spirit of the

nation, John Caboto, whom we call Cabot, a Venetian, came over with his three sons to settle in England. By him a plan was presented to Henry for a western voyage to undertake the discovery of lands and regions unknown. Fabyan¹ and Ramusio² assert that Henry defrayed the cost of at least one ship; but their testimony cannot stand against the express words of the charter, in which the Cabots are authorized to carry out ships and men, but at their own charges. Their commission, indeed, is abundantly ample. They are empowered to discover all the parts, regions, and bays of the eastern, western and northern seas. They may fix the royal banners of England in any city, castle, town, island, or firm land, which may be by them discovered. John and his sons, their heirs and assignees, are to conquer, occupy and rule the said cities, castles, towns, islands, and firm lands, as governors and lieutenants under the king; and no man is to approach or inhabit the said cities, castles, etc., without their permission. They are to enjoy the exclusive trade of these newly-discovered regions, being only bound to bring all their productions to the port of Bristol. These goods are to be exempted from all the ordinary duties of customs, but a fifth of the net profits arising from their sale is to be paid over to the king.

¹ Robert Fabyan, a London draper, once Sheriff, who wrote a *Concordance of Histories*, a chronicle of English history down to 1504. Died 1512.

² An early collector of voyages and travels, born at Venice in 1485

Under this warrant Cabot set sail, and on the 24th of June, 1497, saw land, which he termed *Prima Vista*;¹ but the English afterwards substituted their native term of Newfoundland. He afterwards sailed along a considerable extent of coast both to the north and south, when, finding a continuous range of coast, and no opening to the westward, he returned to England.

This was the first discovery of the American continent, for it was not till the following year, and in his third voyage, that Columbus saw the coast of South America, where the Orinoco pours its vast flood into the ocean. It is remarkable, and seems to indicate a very supine state of feeling upon these subjects, that while the Spanish discoverers found such numerous historians, not a single narrative should exist of this memorable voyage. Hakluyt² has with difficulty collected from various quarters a number of shreds, which do not harmonize very well together, and give only a very imperfect idea of the proceedings. The most authentic document is contained in a writing made on a map drawn by Sebastian, which was kept at Whitehall, and of which there are said to have been copies in the houses of many of the old merchants. It is very short, and merely states the discovery of Newfoundland, and some of its qualities. The natives, it states, are clothed in the skins of wild beasts, which they value as much as we do our most precious

¹ First seen.

² The English clergyman, born 1553, who collected the *Principal Navigations, Voyages, and Discoveries of the English Nation* (1589).

garments. In war they use bows and arrows, darts, wooden clubs and slings. The land is barren and bears no fruit, whence it is filled with bears of a white colour, and stags of a magnitude unusual among us. It abounds in fishes, and those very large, as sea-wolves (seals?) and salmon; there are soles of a yard in length; but, above all, there is a great abundance of those fishes which we call baccalaos (cod).

This chart is stated by Sir Humphrey Gilbert¹ to be, in his time, still preserved in the Queen's private gallery at Whitehall; but it is believed that it was afterwards destroyed by fire.

The only other meagre testimony is that of Fabyan, who saw three natives brought over by the Cabots from Newfoundland. "These were clothed in beasts' skins, and did eat raw flesh, and spake such speech that no man could understand them." However, two years afterwards he saw them appavelled after the manner of an Englishman in Westminster Palace, "which that time I could not discern from Englishmen till I was learned what they were; but as for speech I heard none of them utter one word."

Such are all the records which England has seen fit to preserve of this, her earliest and one of her most illustrious naval exploits. John Cabot, it would appear, soon died, and Sebastian, the most intelligent of his sons, finding no sufficient honour or encouragement in England, repaired to Spain, where the ardour for discovery still continued. He was readily received into the service of the

¹ See p. 39.

Catholic king, and sent to the coast of Brazil, where he made the important discovery of the Rio de la Plata. He became the most eminent person of his age in the sciences connected with his favourite pursuits: the construction of maps, geography and navigation; and after age had rendered him unfit for the active exertions of a seafaring life he guided and directed others in this career, and obtained the honourable title of Piloto Mayor¹ of Spain. Afterwards, on the accession of Edward VI to the throne of England, when the nation caught at last the enthusiasm of maritime adventure, Cabot was invited back to England, and constituted by a special deed Grand Pilot of England, with an ample salary. In this capacity he formed the plan and drew up the instructions for the expedition sent under Sir Hugh Willoughby and Chancellor,² to attempt the discovery of India by the north-east. Sebastian, with all his knowledge and in the course of a long life, never committed to writing any narrative of the voyage to North America. The curious on the Continent, however, drew from him, in conversation, various particulars which gave a general idea of the extent and nature of his discovery. Butrigario, the pope's legate in Spain, told Ramusio that he had much intercourse with him, and found him a very polite

¹ *i. e.* Grand Pilot.

² Willoughby and Chancellor set out in 1554. Their fleet became separated off the coast of Lapland. Willoughby never returned, but Chancellor reached Russia and journeyed to Moscow; and his account of Russia led to the establishment of the Muscovy Company for trading with that country. He was wrecked off Pitsligo (Aberdeenshire) in 1556 and perished.

and agreeable person; and Peter Martyr¹ mentions in his history that he had him often at his house, and was quite on an intimate footing with him. In the reports from these different quarters there are discrepancies, and even errors, which mark imperfect memory on the part of the narrators; but the general outline of the voyage appears to have been as follows:—The Cabots, like Columbus, held it for their main object to reach Cathay and the golden regions of India, which had still attached to them all the European ideas of wealth. Sebastian first proceeded to the north, in the hope that, by turning on that side the boundary of the continent, he might find himself in the expanse of ocean which led to the eastern regions. He reached the latitude of sixty-seven degrees, or, by a more probable account, only of fifty-six degrees; but finding the sea encumbered with floating ice, and the coast tending back to the eastward, he was either himself discouraged, or, as others say, overpowered by a mutiny of the sailors. Perhaps there might be a combination of both causes. Retracing his steps and reaching his former point, he thence proceeded to the southward, still keeping the same object in view. But though this, like the former coast, tended steadily to the westward, it preserved the same unbroken continuity and gave as little

¹ Born at Arona on Lake Maggiore in 1455. His full name was Pietro Martire d'Anghiara. He lived at the court of Ferdinand of Spain, and wrote a book on the discovery of the New World, based on the papers of Columbus. He is not to be confused with the Florentine Peter Martyr the Reformer, professor of divinity at Oxford in 1549.

hope as ever of the passage, to find which had been his primary object. Worn out with a voyage of such unusual length for that age, he returned to England. He claimed in this southern course to have reached the latitude of Gibraltar and the longitude of Cuba, which would place him near the entrance of the Chesapeake.

It cannot fail to strike us as remarkable that in all the foreign accounts of this voyage Sebastian is represented as its mover and sole conductor; but the charter of Henry, and the record on the map, place it beyond a doubt that old John was at the head of the whole undertaking.

JACQUES CARTIER

JACQUES CARTIER was born in 1491, at St. Malo in Brittany, of a race of sailors, and was sent by Francis I in 1534 to find a short passage to Cathay (China) and to give new glory and dominion to France.

After the expeditions described below, Cartier made a third, in the course of which he found a worthless metal which he supposed to be gold, and some quartz crystal which he believed to be diamonds. He is said to have made a fourth voyage in 1543 for the purpose of bringing home Monsieur Roderval, whom Francis I had appointed his lieutenant of all the places visited by Cartier. That famous mariner is supposed to have died in

1577, keeping to the last the title of "Captain," and honoured as the founder of a possession which the French retained for more than two centuries.

THE STORY OF CARTIER'S DISCOVERIES

THE ancient town of St. Malo—thrust out like a buttress into the sea, strange and grim of aspect, breathing war from its walls and battlements of ragged stone, a stronghold of privateers, the home of a race whose intractable and defiant independence neither time nor change has subdued—has been for centuries a nursery of hardy mariners. Amongst the earliest and most eminent on its list stands the name of Jacques Cartier. St. Malo still preserves his portrait—bold, keen features bespeaking a spirit not apt to quail before the wrath of man or of the elements.

Sailing from St. Malo on the 20th of April, 1534, Cartier steered for Newfoundland, passed through the Straits of Belle Isle, entered the Gulf of Chaleurs, planted a cross at Gaspé, and, never doubting that he was on the high road to Cathay, advanced up the St. Lawrence till he saw the shores of Anticosti. But autumnal storms were gathering. The voyagers took counsel together, turned their prows eastward and bore away for France, carrying thither as a sample of the natural products of the New World two young Indians lured into their clutches by an act of villainous treachery. The voyage was a mere reconnaissance.

The spirit of discovery was awakcned. A passage to India could be found, and a new

France built up beyond the Atlantic. Mingled with such views of interest and ambition was another motive scarcely less potent. The heresy of Luther was convulsing Germany, and the deeper heresy of Calvin was infecting France. Devout Catholics, kindling with redoubled zeal, would fain requite the Church for her losses in the Old World by winning to her fold the infidels of the New. But in pursuing an end at once so pious and so politic, Francis I was setting at naught the supreme Pontiff himself, since, by the preposterous bull of Alexander the Sixth, all America had been given to the Spaniards.

Cartier was commissioned afresh. Three vessels, the largest not above a hundred and twenty tons, were placed at his disposal, and Claude de Pontbriand, Charles de la Pommeraye, and other gentlemen of birth, enrolled themselves for the voyage. On the 16th of May, 1535, officers and sailors assembled in the Cathedral of St. Malo, where, after confession and hearing mass, they received the parting blessing of the bishop. Three days later they set sail. The dingy walls of the rude old seaport, and the white rocks that line the neighbouring shores of Brittany, faded from their sight, and soon they were tossing in a furious tempest. But the scattered ships escaped the danger, and, reuniting at the Straits of Belle Isle, steered westward along the coast of Labrador, till they reached a small bay opposite the island of Anticosti. Cartier called it the Bay of St. Lawrence—a name afterwards extended to the entire gulf, and to the great river above,

To ascend this great river, and tempt the hazards of its intricate navigation with no better pilots than the two young Indians kidnapped the year before, was a venture of no light risk. But skill or fortune prevailed, and on the 1st of September the voyagers reached in safety the gorge of the gloomy Saguenay, with its towering cliffs and sullen depth of waters. Passing the Isle des Coudres and the lofty promontory of Cape Tourmente, they came to anchor in a quiet channel between the northern shore and the margin of a richly wooded island, where the trees were so thickly hung with grapes that Cartier named it the island of Bacchus! ¹

Indians came swarming from the shores, paddled their birch canoes about the ships, and clambered to the decks to gaze in bewilderment at the novel scene, and listen to the story of their travelled countrymen, marvellous in their ears as a visit to another planet.

Cartier received them kindly, listened to the long harangue of the great chief Donnacona, regaled him with bread and wine, and when relieved at length of his guests, set forth in a boat to explore the river above.

As he drew near the opening of the channel, the Hochelaga again spread before him the broad expanse of its waters. A mighty promontory, rugged and bare, thrust its scarped front into the surging current. Here, clothed in the majesty of solitude, breathing the stern poetry of the wilderness, rose the cliffs, now rich with heroic

¹ Now the island of Orleans.

memories, where the fiery Count Frontenae cast defiance at his foes ; where Wolfe, Montcalm and Montgomery fell. As yet all was a nameless barbarism, and a cluster of wigwams held the site of the rock-built city of Quebec. Its name was Stadaconé, and it owned the sway of the royal Donnacona.

Cartier set forth to visit this greasy potentate, ascended the river St. Charles, by him called the St. Croix, landed, crossed the meadows, climbed the rocks, threaded the forest, and emerged upon a squalid hamlet of bark cabins. When, having satisfied their curiosity, he and his party were rowing for the ships, a friendly interruption met them at the mouth of the St. Charles. An old chief harangued them from the bank, men, boys and children screeched welcome from the meadow, and a troop of hilarious squaws danced knee-deep in the water. The gift of a few strings of beads completed their delight and redoubled their agility ; and, from the distance of a mile, their shrill songs of jubilation still reached the ears of the receding Frenchmen.

The hamlet of Stadaconé, with its king, Donnacona, and its naked lords and princes, was not the metropolis of this forest state, since a town far greater—so the Indians averred—stood by the brink of the river, many days' journey above. It was called Hochelaga, and the great river itself, with a wide reach of adjacent country, had borrowed its name. Thither, with his two young Indians as guides, Cartier resolved to go ; but misgivings seized the guides as the

time drew near, while Donnacona and his tribesmen, jealous of the plan, set themselves to thwart it. The Breton captain turned a deaf ear to their dissuasions; whereat, failing to touch his reason, they appealed to his fears.

One morning, as the ships lay at anchor, the French beheld three Indian devils descending in a canoe towards them, dressed in black and white dog-skins, with faces black as ink, and horns long as a man's arm. Thus arrayed, they drifted by, while the principal fiend, with fixed eyes, as of one piercing the secrets of futurity, uttered in a loud voice a long harangue. Then they paddled for the shore; and no sooner did they reach it than each fell flat, like a dead man, in the bottom of the canoe. Aid, however, was at hand; for Donnacona and his tribesmen, rushing pell-mell from the adjacent woods, raised the swooning masqueraders, and, with shrill clamours, bore them in their arms within the sheltering thickets. Here, for a full half-hour, the French could hear them haranguing in solemn conclave. Then the two young Indians issued forth, enacting a pantomime of amazement and horror; whereupon Cartier, shouting from the vessel, asked what was the matter. They replied that the god Coudouagny had sent to warn the French against all attempts to ascend the great river, since, should they persist, snows, tempests and drifting ice would requite their rashness with inevitable ruin. The French replied that Coudouagny was a fool; that he could not hurt those who believed in Christ; and that

they might tell this to his three messengers. The assembled Indians, with little reverence for their deity, pretended great contentment at this assurance, and danced for joy along the beach.

Cartier now made ready to depart. And first he caused the two larger vessels to be towed for safe harbourage within the mouth of the St. Charles. With the smallest, a galleon of forty tons, and two open boats, carrying in all fifty sailors, besides Pontbriand, La Pommeraye and other gentlemen, he set forth for Hochelaga.

Slowly gliding on their way, by walls of verdure brightened in the autumnal sun, they saw forests festooned with grape-vines, and waters alive with wild fowl; they heard the song of the blackbird, the thrush, and, as they fondly thought, the nightingale. The galleon grounded; they left her, and, advancing with the boats alone, on the 2nd of October neared the goal of their hopes, the mysterious Hochelaga.

Where now are seen the quays and storehouses of Montreal,¹ a thousand Indians thronged the shore, wild with delight, dancing, singing, crowding about the strangers, and showering into the boats their gifts of fish and maize; and as it grew dark, fires lighted up the night, while, far and near, the French could see the excited savages leaping and rejoicing by the blaze.

At dawn of day, marshalled and accoutred, they set forth for Hochelaga. An Indian path led them through the forest which covered the site of Montreal. The morning air was chill and sharp,

¹ *i. e.* Mount Royal.

the leaves were changing hue, and beneath the oaks the ground was thickly strewn with acorns. They soon met an Indian chief with a party of tribesmen, or, as the old narrative has it, "one of the principal lords of the said city," attended with a numerous retinue. Greeting them after the concise courtesy of the forest, he led them to a fire kindled by the side of the path for their comfort and refreshment, seated them on the earth, and made them a long harangue, receiving in requital of his eloquence two hatchets, two knives, and a crucifix, the last of which he was invited to kiss. This done, they resumed their march, and presently issued forth upon open fields, covered far and near with the ripened maize, its leaves rustling, its yellow grains gleaming between the parting husks. Before them, wrapped in forests painted by the early frosts, rose the ridgy back of the Mountain of Montreal, and below, encompassed with its cornfields, lay the Indian town. Nothing was visible but its encircling palisades. They were of trunks of trees, set in a triple row. The outer and inner ranges inclined till they met and crossed near the summit, while the upright row between them, aided by transverse braces, gave to the whole abundant strength. Within were galleries for the defenders, rude ladders to mount them, and magazines of stones to throw down on the heads of assailants. It was a mode of fortification practised by all the tribes speaking the dialects of the Iroquois.

The voyagers entered the narrow portal.

Within they saw some fifty of those large oblong dwellings so familiar in after years to the eyes of the Jesuit apostles in Iroquois and Huron forests. They were fifty yards or more in length, and twelve or fifteen wide, framed of sapling poles closely covered with sheets of bark, and each containing many fires and many families. In the midst of the town was an open area, or public square, a stone's throw in width. Here Cartier and his followers stopped, while the surrounding houses of bark disgorged their inmates—swarms of children and young women and old, their infants in their arms. They crowded about the visitors, crying for delight, touching their beards, feeling their faces, and holding up the screeching infants to be touched in turn. Strange in hue, strange in attire, with moustached lip and bearded chin, with arquebus and glittering halberd, helmet and cuirass; were the marvellous strangers demigods or men?

Due time having been allowed for this exuberance of feminine rapture, the warriors interposed, banished the women and children to a distance, and squatted on the ground around the French, row within row of swarthy forms and eager faces, "as if," says Cartier, "we were going to act a play." Then appeared a troop of women, each bringing a mat, with which they carpeted the bare earth for the behoof of their guests. The latter being seated, the chief of the nation was borne before them on a deer skin by a number of his tribesmen—a bedridden old savage, paralyzed and helpless, squalid as the

rest in his attire, and distinguished only by a red fillet, inwrought with the dyed quills of the Canada porcupine, encircling his lank black hair. They placed him on the ground at Cartier's feet, and made signs of welcome for him, while he pointed to his powerless limbs, and implored the healing touch from the hand of the French chief. Cartier complied, and received in acknowledgment the red fillet of his grateful patient. And now, from the surrounding dwellings, appeared a woeful throng, the sick, the lame, the blind, the maimed, the decrepit, brought or led forth and placed on the earth before the perplexed commander, "as if," he says, "a god had come down to cure them." His skill in medicine being far behind the emergency, he pronounced over his petitioners a portion of the Gospel of St. John, of infallible efficacy on such occasions, made the sign of the cross, and uttered a prayer, not for their bodies only, but for their miserable souls. Next he read the passion of the Saviour, to which, though comprehending not a word, his audience listened with grave attention. Then came a distribution of presents. The squaws and children were recalled, and, with the warriors, placed in separate groups. Knives and hatchets were given to the men, beads to the women, and pewter rings and images of the Agnus Dei flung among the troop of children, whence ensued a vigorous scramble in the square of Hochelaga. Now the French trumpeters pressed their trumpets to their lips, and blew a blast that filled the air with warlike din and the hearts of the

hearers with amazement and delight. Bidding their hosts farewell, the visitors formed their ranks and defiled through the gate once more, despite the efforts of a crowd of women, who, with clamorous hospitality, beset them with gifts of fish, beans, corn and other viands of strangely uninviting aspect, which the Frenchmen courteously declined.

A troop of Indians followed, and guided them to the top of the neighbouring mountain. Cartier called it Mont Royal (Montreal), and hence the name of the busy city which now holds the site of the vanished Hochelaga. Stadaconé and Hochelaga, Quebec and Montreal, in the sixteenth century as in the nineteenth, were the centres of Canadian population.

From the summit, that noble prospect met his eye which at this day is the delight of tourists, but strangely changed since, first of white men, the Breton voyager gazed upon it. Tower and dome and spire, congregated roofs, white sail and gliding steamer, animate its vast expanse with varied life. Cartier saw a different scene. East, west and south, the mantling forest was over all, and the broad blue ribbon of the great river glistened amid a realm of verdure. Beyond, to the bounds of Mexico, stretched a leafy desert, and the vast hive of industry, the mighty battleground of later centuries, lay sunk in savage torpor, wrapped in illimitable woods.

The French re-embarked, bade farewell to Hochelaga, retraced their lonely course down the St. Lawrence, and reached Stadaconé in safety.

On the bank of the St. Charles their companions had built in their absence a fort of palisades, and the ships, hauled up the little stream, lay moored before it. Here the self-exiled company were soon besieged by the rigours of the Canadian winter. The rocks, the shores, the pine-trees, the solid floor of the frozen river, all alike were blanketed in snow beneath the keen, cold rays of the dazzling sun. The drifts rose above the sides of their ships; masts, spars, cordage were thick with glittering incrustations and sparkling rows of icicles; a frosty armour, four inches thick, encased the bulwarks. Yet in the bitterest weather the neighbouring Indians, "hardy," says the journal, "as so many beasts," came daily to the fort, wading, half-naked, waist deep through the snow. At length their friendship began to abate; their visits grew less frequent, and during December had wholly ceased, when an appalling calamity fell upon the French.

A malignant scurvy broke out among them. Man after man went down before the hideous disease, till twenty-five men were dead, and only three or four were left in health. The sound were too few to attend the sick, and the wretched sufferers lay in helpless despair, dreaming of the sun and the vines of France. The ground, hard as flint, defied their feeble efforts, and, unable to bury their dead, they hid them in snow-drifts. Cartier appealed to the saints; but they turned a deaf ear. Then he nailed against a tree the image of the Virgin, and on a Sunday summoned forth his woe-begone followers,

who, haggard, reeling, bloated with their maladies, moved in procession to the spot, and, kneeling in the snow, sang litanies and psalms of David. That day died Philippe Rougemont, of Amboise, aged twenty-two years.

There was fear that the Indians, learning their misery, might finish the work that scurvy had begun. None of them, therefore, was allowed to approach the fort; and when, perchance, a party of savages lingered within hearing, Cartier forced his invalid garrison to beat with sticks and stones against the walls, that their dangerous neighbours, deluded by the clatter, might think them vigorously engaged in hard labour. These objects of their fear proved, however, the instruments of their salvation. Cartier, walking one day near the river, met an Indian who, not long before, had been prostrate, like many of his fellows, with the scurvy, but who now, to all appearances, was in high health and spirits. What agency had wrought this marvellous recovery? According to the Indian it was a certain evergreen, called by him *ameda*, of which a decoction of the leaves was sovereign against the disease. The experiment was tried. The sick men drank copiously of the healing draught—so copiously indeed that in six days they drank a tree as large as a French oak. Thus vigorously assailed, the distemper relaxed its hold, and health and hope began to revisit the hapless company.

When this winter of misery had worn away, when spring appeared, and the ships were thawed

from their icy fetters, Cartier prepared to return. He had made notable discoveries ; but these were as nothing to the tales of wonder that had reached his ear—of a land of gold and rubies, of a nation white like the French, of men who lived without food, and of others to whom Nature had granted but one leg. Should he stake his credit on these marvels ? Far better that they who had recounted them to him should, with their own lips, recount them also to the King. To this end he resolved that Donnacona and his chiefs should go with him to court. He lured them therefore to the fort, and led them into an ambuscade of sailors, who, seizing the astonished guests, hurried them on board the ships. This treachery accomplished, the voyagers proceeded to plant the emblem of Christianity. The cross was raised, the fleur-de-lis hung upon it, and, spreading their sails, they steered for home. It was the sixteenth of July, 1536, when Cartier again cast anchor under the walls of St. Malo.

MARTIN FROBISHER

MARTIN FROBISHER, one of the famous sea-dogs who made the reign of Elizabeth glorious, belonged to a Welsh family which had migrated to Yorkshire. He was born near Doncaster, probably in the year 1535, and was sent to sea at so early an age that his education was utterly neglected. He made a voyage to Guinea in 1554, but did not become prominent until 1576, when he set sail from Deptford in three small ships in quest of the

north-west passage to India, China and Japan, the existence of which had been argued by Sir Humphrey Gilbert some years previously. The Queen witnessed the departure, and wished the crew Godspeed by waving her hand from a window.

The voyage lasted four months. Frobisher passed Newfoundland and Labrador, and reached Baffin's Land, which he supposed to be the eastern shore of Asia. Running into a bay, which has since been called Frobisher's Sound, he made the acquaintance of some Eskimo tribes and discovered some black ore which he supposed to contain gold. Visions of immense wealth induced Elizabeth to patronize a second expedition, and to lend Frobisher a sloop of the royal navy of two hundred tons. This voyage is described below by one of those who shared in it. The quest of gold retarded the progress of discovery, and was a snare to Frobisher, as it was to Raleigh and other navigators. He returned to England with vast quantities of the ore, which the assayers pronounced worthless.

Frobisher's failure led to his disgrace with the Queen and the nation, and his temporary retirement from active service. He, however, made a third voyage to the west, and entered Hudson Strait, which later became a great highway of commerce.

In 1585 Frobisher accompanied Drake on his famous West Indian expedition. Three years later he assisted at the rout of the Armada, and commanded the *Triumph*, one of the largest of the English ships, in the final scattering of the huge Spanish fleet off Gravelines. For his signal services on this occasion he was knighted by Lord Howard of Effingham. In 1590 and 1592 he

commanded a squadron against the Spaniards, and took many rich prizes. In 1594 he served under Sir John Norris in an expedition for the relief of Brest, which was being besieged by the Spaniards. During an engagement he received a wound of which he died a few days after his return to Plymouth.

THE SECOND VOYAGE OF MARTIN FROBISHER

ON Whit Sunday, the 26th of May, in the year 1577, Captain Frobisher departed from Blackwall, with one of the Queen's Majesty's ships, called the *Aid*, of nine score tons, or thereabouts ; and two other little barks, the one called the *Gabriel*, of which Master Fenton, a gentleman of my Lord of Warwick's, was captain : and the other the *Michael*, of which Master York, a gentleman of my Lord Admiral's, was captain. He was accompanied by seven score gentlemen, soldiers and sailors, well furnished with victuals and other provision necessary for one half-year, on this his second voyage for the further discovering of the passage to Cathay and other countries thereunto adjacent, by west and north-west navigations. This passage, or way, is supposed to be on the north and north-west part of America ; and the said America to be an island surrounded by the sea, through which our merchants may pass and repass with their merchandise, from these the northernmost parts of Europe to the eastern coasts of Asia, in much shorter time than by any other route.

Upon which considerations, the day and year before mentioned, we departed from Blackwall to Harwich, where, having made all necessary preparations, the last of May we hoisted our sails, and with a merry wind on the 7th of June we arrived at the islands called Orcades, or vulgarly Orkney, where we made provision of fresh water. While this was being done, our general permitted the gentlemen and soldiers, for their recreation, to go on shore. At our landing, the people fled from their poor cottages, with shrieks and alarms, to warn their neighbours of enemies, but by gentle persuasion we recalled them to their houses. It seems they are often frightened with pirates, or some other enemies, that move them to such sudden fear. Their houses are very simply built with pebble stones, without any chimneys, the fire being made in the midst thereof. The good man, wife, children, and others of their family eat and sleep on the one side of the house, and the cattle on the other—a very nasty custom as it seems to me.

We departed hence on the 8th of June, and followed our course between west and north-west until the 4th of July. All this time we had no night, so that we could easily enjoy our books, and other pleasures to pass away the time: a thing of no small moment to such as wander in unknown seas, especially when both the winds and raging surges do pass their common and wonted course. This benefit lasts in those parts not six weeks, while the sun is near the tropic of Cancer; but further north it continues much longer.

All along these seas, after we were six days

sailing from Orkney, we met, floating in the sea, great fir-trees, which as we judged were rooted up by the fury of great floods and so driven into the sea. Iceland has almost no other wood or fuel, but such as they take up upon their coasts. It seems that these trees are driven from some part of Newfoundland, by the current that sets from the west to the east.

The 4th of July we came within sight of Friesland. From this shore ten or twelve leagues, we met great islands of ice, of half-a-mile, some more, some less, in compass, showing above the sea thirty or forty fathoms, and as we supposed fast on ground, where with our lead we could scarce sound the bottom for depth.

Here, in the place of the fragrant smells of sweet gums, and the pleasant notes of musical birds, which other countries in more temperate zones yield, we met with the most boisterous northerly blasts mixed with snow and hail, in the months of June and July.

All along this coast ice lies, as a continual bulwark, and so defends the country that those that would land there incur great danger. Our general three days together attempted with the ship's boat to go on shore, but since he could not do so without great danger, he deferred it until a more convenient time. All along the coast lie very high mountains covered with snow, except in such places where, through the steepness of the mountains, it must needs fall. Four days coasting along this land, we found no sign of habitation. Little birds, which we judged to have lost the

shore, by reason of thick fogs which that country is much subject to, came flying into our ships, which made us suppose that the country is both more tolerable and also habitable within, than the outward shore would lead us to believe.

From hence we departed on the 8th of July, and on the 16th of the same we came within sight of the land which our general, the year before, had named The Queen's Forland, being an island, as we judge, lying near the supposed continent of America. On the other side, opposite to the same, is another island called Hall's Isle, after the name of the master of the ship, near the mainland, supposed to be part of Asia. Between these two islands there is a large entrance or strait, called Frobisher's Strait, after the name of our general, who first discovered it.

At our first coming, the straits seemed to be shut up with a long wall of ice, which gave no little cause of discomfort to us all; but our general (to whose diligence imminent dangers and difficult undertakings seemed nothing, so willing was he to take risks for the welfare of his prince and country), with two little pinnaces specially prepared, passed twice through them to the east shore and the adjacent islands, and the ship, with the two barks, lay off and on somewhat further into the sea, from the danger of the ice.

Whilst he was searching the country near the shore, some of the people of the country appeared, leaping and dancing, with strange shrieks and cries, which gave no little astonishment to our

men. Our general, desirous to allure them unto him by fair means, caused knives and other things to be offered to them, which they would not take at our hands; but when they were laid on the ground, and the party went away, they came and took them up, leaving something of theirs in exchange for them. At length two of them, leaving their weapons, came down to our general and master, who went forward, commanding the company to stay. After certain dumb signs and mute congratulations, our general and master tried to lay hands upon them, but they cleverly escaped, and ran to their bows and arrows, and came fiercely upon them, not heeding the rest of our company who were ready for their defence, but with their arrows hurt several of them. We took one, but the other escaped.

Whilst our general was searching the country, and those islands adjacent on the east shore, the ship and barks (having great care not to put far into the sea from him, because he had small store of victuals) were forced to abide in a cruel tempest which came on in the night, amongst and in the thickest of the ice. This was so monstrous that the smallest of the masses would have been strong enough to shiver our ship and barks into small portions, if God had not provided for this our extremity a sufficient remedy through the light of the night, by which we were able to see how to avoid such imminent dangers. If we had not incurred this danger amongst these monstrous islands of ice, we should have lost our general and master, and most of our best sailors, who were on

the shore destitute of victuals; but by the valour of our master gunner, Master Jackman, and Andrew Dyer, the master's mates, men expert in navigation, and with other good qualities, we were all content to incur such dangers rather than for our own safety run into the seas, to the destruction of our general and his company.

The day following, being the 19th of July, our captain returned to the ship, with a report of supposed riches which he had discovered in the bowels of those barren mountains. At this we were all very well pleased.

Within four days after our arrival at the entrance of the straits, the north-west and west winds dispersed the ice into the sea, and made for us a wide entrance into the straits, so that, without any impediment, on the 19th of July we entered them. On the 20th our general and master with great diligence explored and sounded the west shore, and found out a fair harbour for the ship and barks to ride in, and named it after our master's mate, Jackman's Sound, and brought the ship, barks, and all their company to safe anchorage, except one man, who died by God's visitation.

At our first arrival, after the ship rode at anchor, our general, with such company as could well be spared from the ships, in marching order, entered the land. He had exhorted us that at our entrance thereinto we should all, with one voice, kneeling upon our knees, first thank God for our safe arrival; secondly, beseech Him long to preserve our Queen, for whom our general and all the rest

of our company in this order took possession of the country; and thirdly, that by our earnest endeavours as Christian men, those barbarous people, trained up in Paganism and infidelity, might be brought to the knowledge of true religion, and to the hope of salvation in Christ our Redeemer.

These things being accomplished, our general commanded all the company to be obedient, in things needful for our own safeguard, to Master Fenton, Master York, and Master Best his lieutenant, while he was occupied in other necessary affairs.

After this order we marched through the country, with ensign displayed, so far as was thought needful, and now and then heaped up stones on high mountains and other places, in token of possession.

Travellers to those countries have not only extreme winds and furious seas to encounter, but also many huge islands of ice. We were forced several times, while the ship rode here at anchor, to have continual watch, with boats and men ready with hawsers to fling round the masses of ice that with the ebb and flood were tossed to and fro in the harbour, and draw them away, so that the ship should not be damaged.

For some days our general searched this supposed continent of America, and not finding it answer his expectation in regard to its wealth, he departed with two little barks, and men sufficient, to the east shore, being the supposed continent of Asia. There he left the ship with most of the

gentlemen, soldiers and sailors, until such time as he either thought good to send or come for them.

The stones of this supposed continent of America sparkle and glisten in the sun like gold, so likewise does the sand in the bright water; yet they verify the old proverb: All is not gold that glitters.

On this west shore we found a dead fish floating, which had in its nose a horn straight and twisted, in length two yards all but two inches, being broken at the top, where we saw that it was hollow. Some of our sailors put spiders into it, and they died at once. I did not see this myself, but it was reported to me as true; and we supposed it therefore to be the sea unicorn.

After our general had found out a good harbour for the ship and barks to anchor in, and also a quantity of supposed gold ore, he returned to the *Michael*, of which Master York was captain, accompanied by our master and his mate. Coasting along the west shore, not far from where the ship rode, they perceived a fair harbour, and at the entrance they espied two tents of seal skins, to which the captain, master, and others of the company resorted. At the sight of our men the people fled into the mountains; nevertheless we went to their tents, where, leaving certain trifles of ours, as glasses, bells, knives, and such like things, we departed, not taking anything of theirs except one dog. We also left behind a letter, pen, ink and paper, by which our men whom the captain lost the year before might (if any of them were alive) be informed of our presence.

On the same day, after consultation, all the gentlemen, and others that could be spared from the ship, under the lead of Master Philpot (to whom, in the absence of our general and his lieutenant, Master Best, all the rest were obedient), went ashore, determining to see if by fair means we could either induce the people to make friends with us, or otherwise take some of them, and so attain to some knowledge of those men whom our general lost the year before.

On our returning to the place where their tents were before, we found that they had removed their tents further into the bay or sound, where, if they were driven from the land, they might flee with their boats into the sea. Dividing into two companies, and going round a mountain, we came suddenly upon them by land, who espying us, without delay fled to their boats, leaving the most part of their oars behind them in their haste, and rowed down the bay, where our two pinnaces met them and drove them to shore. But if they had had all their oars, so swift are they in rowing, that it had been lost time to have chased them.

When they were landed they fiercely assaulted our men with their bows and arrows, who wounded three of them with our arrows. Perceiving themselves thus hurt, they desperately leapt off the rocks into the sea, and drowned themselves: which if they had not done, but had submitted themselves, or if by any means we could have taken them alive, we would have saved them, and tried to cure their wounds received at our hands.

Having this knowledge both of their fierceness and cruelty, and perceiving that we could not by fair means win their confidence, we decided, contrary to our inclination, to adopt sterner measures. We returned to their tents and plundered them, where we found an old shirt, a doublet, a girdle, and also shoes of our men, whom we lost the year before. On nothing else belonging to them could we set our eyes.

Their riches are not gold, silver, or fine clothes, but tents and boats, made of the skins of red deer and seal skins ; also dogs like wolves, but for the most part black, with other things of little value, more to be wondered at for their strangeness than for any use they were to us.

Returning to our ship on the 3rd of August, we departed from the west shore, which we supposed to be the mainland of America, after we had anchored there thirteen days : on the 4th we came to our general on the east shore, and anchored in a fair harbour named Anne Warwick's Sound, near which is an island named also after the Countess of Warwick.

In this isle our general resolved to load the ship and barks with enough stone or supposed gold mineral to pay the expenses of both his voyages to these countries.

While we stayed here some of the country people came to show themselves to us several times on the main shore, near to the said isle. Our general, desirous to have some news of his men whom he lost the year before, with some of the crew repaired with the ship's boat to try to

establish friendly relations with the people. They at the first meeting made signs to him that three of his five men were alive, and desired pen, ink and paper, and that within three or four days they would return, and (as we judged) bring those of our men, who were living, with them.

They also told us in signs about their king, whom they called Cacough : how he was carried on men's shoulders, and was a man far surmounting any of our company in bigness and stature.

When we saw them make signs of desiring writing materials, pen, ink and paper was delivered them, which they would not take from our hands, but when we laid them upon the shore, and went away, they took them up. They do the same when they desire anything in exchange for theirs, laying for that which is left so much as they think will be equivalent, and not coming near us. It seems they have been used to this trade, or traffic, with some other people adjoining, or not far distant from their country.

After four days some of them showed themselves upon the mainland, but not where they were before. Our general was very glad at this, thinking he would hear of our men. So he went from the island, with the boat, and sufficient company with him. The people seemed very glad, and allured him about a certain point of the land, behind which we were able to perceive a company of the crafty villains to lie lurking. Our general would have nothing to do with them because he knew not what company they were, and so with

a few signs dismissed them and returned to his company.

Another time, as our general was coasting along the country with two little pinnaces, three of the crafty villains enticed us to approach them. Once again our general, because he hoped to hear of his men, went towards them. At our coming near the shore whereon they were, we saw a number of them hiding behind great stones, and those three in sight striving by all means possible to entice some of us to land. Perceiving we made no haste by words or friendly signs, such as clapping of the hands, and being without weapons, and but three in sight, they tried other ways of persuading us. One laid flesh on the shore, which we took up with the boat hook, as necessary victuals for the man, woman, and child whom we had captured, for as yet they could not digest our meat. Once again, to show more fully their crafty natures, and subtle tricks with the intention of entrapping some of our men, one of them pretended to be impotent and lame of his legs. He seemed to descend to the water side with great difficulty, and to disguise his trickery the more, one of his companions came down with him, and in places where he seemed unable to pass, he took him on his shoulders, set him by the water side, and departed from him, leaving him all alone, apparently thinking thereby to provoke some of us to come on shore.

Our general having compassion of his impotency, determined (if it were possible) to cure him; so he ordered a soldier to shoot at him with

his caliver, and the bullet just grazed his face. The deceitful villain at once fled, without any impediment at all, and ran back to his bows and arrows, and the rest came out of their lurking holes with their weapons, bows, arrows, slings and darts. Our general caused some calivers to be shot off at them, so that some being hurt, they might hereafter stand in more fear of us.

This was all we could learn at this time of our men, or of our general's letter. Their crafty dealing on these three occasions will plainly show that their disposition matched in other things. We judged that they used these stratagems to catch some of us, with the idea of delivering the man, woman, and child whom we had taken.

They are men of large make and good proportion. Their colour is not much unlike the sunburnt countryman, who labours daily in the sun for his living.

They wear their hair somewhat long, and cut before, either with stone or knife, very disorderly. Their women wear their hair long, and knit up with two loops, fastened on either side of their faces, and the rest into a knot. Also some of their women paint their chins, cheeks and foreheads, and the wrists of their hands, on which they lay a colour which becomes dark blue.

They eat their meat all raw, both flesh, fish and fowl, or partly boiled with blood and a little water which they drink. For lack of water they will eat ice, as pleasantly as we do sugar candy or other sugar.

They keep certain dogs, not much unlike wolves, which they yoke together, as we do oxen and horses, to a sledge or trail, and so carry their necessities over the ice and snow from place to place. And when those dogs are not fit for this employment, or when they are constrained for lack of other victuals, they eat them; so that they are as needful for them as our oxen are for us.

They clothe themselves in the skins of such beasts as they kill, sewn together with the sinews of them. All the fowls which they kill, they skin, and make of them one kind of garment or other, to defend them from the cold.

They make their garments with hoods and tails, and make a present of these tails in return for any friendship shown them : a great sign of friendship with them.

The men and women wear their hose close to their legs, from the waist to the knee. Upon their legs they wear hose of leather, with the fur side inward, two or three pairs on at once, and especially the women. In those hose they put their knives, needles, and other things needful to carry about. They put a bone within their hose, which reaches from the foot to the knee, on which they draw their hose, and so in place of garters they are kept from falling down about their feet.

They dress their skins very soft and supple, with the hair on. In cold weather or winter they wear the fur side inward and in summer outward.

Those beasts, fishes and fowls which they kill, are their meat, drink, clothes, houses, bedding, hose, shoes, thread, and sails for their boats, with

many other necessaries of which they stand in need, and almost all their riches.

Their houses are tents made of seal skins, stretched on with four fir poles foursquare, meeting at the top, and the skins sewed together with sinews, and laid thereon. They are so placed that the entrance into them is always south, or against the sun.

They have other sorts of houses which we found not to be inhabited. These are raised with stones and whale bones, and a skin is laid over them, to withstand the rain, or other weather. The entrance of them is not much unlike an oven's mouth. I think they resort to these for a time to fish, hunt, and fowl, and then leave them until the next time they come hither.

Their weapons are bows, arrows, darts and slings. Their bows are of wood a yard long, sinewed at the back with strong sinews, not glued on, but tightly bound on. Their bowstrings are likewise sinews. Their arrows in length do not exceed half-a-yard, or little more. They are feathered with two feathers, the pen end being cut away, and the feathers laid upon the arrow with the broad side to the wood. They have also three sorts of heads to those arrows: one sort of stone or iron, shaped like a heart; the second sort of bone, much like a flat head, with a hook on the same; the third sort of bone, likewise made sharp at both sides, and sharp pointed.

They are not made very firm, but lightly tied on, or else set in a notch, so that it often happens that the arrows leave these heads behind them;

and they are of little power unless they are very near when they shoot.

Their darts are made of two sorts : the one with many forks of bones in the fore end and likewise in the midst, and these they let fly from an instrument of wood, very skilfully. The other sort is larger than the first, with a long bone made sharp on both sides, not unlike a rapier, which I take to be their most hurtful weapon.

They have two sorts of boats made of leather, set out on the inner side with quarters of wood, cunningly tied together with thongs of the same. The larger sort are not unlike our wherries, wherein sixteen or twenty men may sit; they have for a sail the finely dressed skins of such beasts as they kill, which they sew together. The other boat is but for one man to sit and row in with one oar.

They fish and shoot birds and animals with these weapons : but how they use them we have no perfect knowledge as yet.

I cannot suppose that they constantly make their abode here, because neither their houses nor apparel are good enough to withstand the extremity of cold that prevails in the country.

Those houses, or rather dens, which stand there, have no sign of footway, or beaten path, which is one of the chief signs of habitation. And those tents which they bring with them, when they have sufficiently hunted and fished, they remove to other places : and when they have sufficiently stored them with such victuals as the country brings forth, they return to their winter stations

or habitations. I come to this conclusion from the unfertile nature of the country.

They have some iron, of which they make arrow-heads, knives, and other little instruments, to work their boats, bows, arrows, and darts with. These tools are very rough, and accomplish nothing except with great labour.

It seems that they have intercourse with some other people, with whom they exchange similar articles. They are greatly delighted with anything that is bright, or gives out a sound.

There is no manner of creeping beast hurtful, except some spiders (which, as many affirm, are signs of great store of gold) and also certain stinging gnats, which bite so fiercely that the place where they bite shortly after swells and itches very painfully.

The countries on both sides the straits lie very high, with rough, stony mountains, and great quantity of snow thereon. There is very little level ground and no grass, except a little which is much like moss that grows in soft ground. There is no wood at all. To be brief, nothing fit or profitable for the use of man grows in that country. There are, however, great numbers of deer, whose skins are like asses, and their heads or horns far exceed in length and breadth any in these our parts or countries; their feet likewise are as large as those of our oxen, which we measured to be seven or eight inches in breadth. There are also hares, wolves, fishing bears, and sea birds of various sorts.

The 24th of August, after we had obtained sufficient freight for our vessels, though we were by no means satisfied with what we had learnt of the country, people and productions, we departed thence. The 17th of September we came to the Land's End of England, and so sailed to Milford Haven, from whence our general rode to the court for orders to what port or haven to conduct the ship.

We lost our two barks on the way homeward, the one the 29th of August, the other the 31st of the same month, by reason of great tempest and fog. God brought the one safe to Bristol, and the other sailed round Scotland to Yarmouth. In this voyage we lost two men, one on the way by God's visitation, and the other homeward, washed overboard by a wave.

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT was born at Dartmouth in the year 1539, and was educated at Eton and Oxford. When quite young he lost his father, and his mother, having married Mr. Raleigh, became the mother of the famous Sir Walter Raleigh.

Humphrey first entered the military profession, in which he distinguished himself. But his natural bent was for speculation and discovery. He married a rich woman, but lost a great part of her property in a joint scheme with Sir Thomas Smith for converting iron into copper. He then

turned his attention to the Arctic Seas, concerning his expedition to which he wrote a "Discourse of the Discovery of a New Passage to Cataia and the East Indies," which was published in 1576, and is reprinted in Hakluyt's collection of voyages.

His last voyage and its tragic end are recounted below.

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT'S DISCOVERIES

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT was a native of Devonshire, had a good fortune, was well allied, had a competent knowledge both of military and maritime affairs, and a generous desire to raise his private fortune by the pursuit of the public service. It was with this view that he represented to Queen Elizabeth the expediency of colonizing all those countries upon the continent of America which had been formerly discovered by John and Sebastian Cabot, because, otherwise, it was not at all unlikely that the French, who had often coveted those places, would be desirous of supplanting the English, and because it was far from improbable that those countries abounded with rich minerals. Upon these suggestions letters patent were granted by the Queen to Sir H. Gilbert, with free leave, not only to explore, but to plant and colonize, and even to fortify any of these northern countries, not then in the possession of any Christian prince. He also received authority to govern such colonies, according to the known laws of the land.

After obtaining this favour from the Queen, Sir

Humphrey Gilbert applied himself to his relations and friends in order to frame a society capable of carrying this design into execution, and he met with such success therein, that he thought himself very soon in a condition to undertake a voyage for this purpose. When it came to the point, however, things went somewhat amiss, for some of his associates began to form particular projects inconsistent with his general scheme, and others absolutely failed in performing their engagements. But this did not hinder Sir Humphrey from putting to sea with such of his friends as had fulfilled their promises.

The voyage proved very unfortunate, and was attended with the loss of one of his best ships, in which was Mr. Miles Morgan, whom he much esteemed, and several other persons of worth and repute. This was a severe blow, which he was the less able to sustain, as he had already suffered extremely in his fortune by the expenses he had been obliged to meet in fitting out the expedition, and therefore he was constrained to assign part of his patent to other persons, who were about to make settlements in the northern parts of America. These people proving likewise very dilatory, Sir Humphrey found it necessary to undertake another voyage in person, because his patent was to expire within the space of five years if he had not some tangible result to show for it.

By the spring of the year 1583 he was again ready to embark with an expedition. A small squadron was fitted out, consisting of the following vessels: the *Delight*, of one hundred and twenty

tons, admiral,¹ in which went Sir Humphrey himself as general; the bark *Raleigh* (fitted out by Sir Walter Raleigh), of two hundred tons, vice-admiral; the *Golden Hind*, of forty tons, rear-admiral; the *Swallow*, of forty tons, and the *Squirrel*, of ten tons. In these vessels were shipped about two hundred and sixty men, among whom were many shipwrights, masons, carpenters, smiths, miners and refiners. The resolution was that the ships should begin their course northerly, and follow as directly as they could the trade-way to Newfoundland; from whence, after having refreshed and supplied themselves with all necessaries, the intent was to proceed to the south, and not to pass by any river or bay which should appear worthy their looking into.

The 11th of June they set sail from Causet Bay near Plymouth, but on the 13th, their large ship, the *Raleigh*, under pretence that her captain and a great number of her men were suddenly taken ill, left the fleet and returned to Plymouth, some say in great distress, but others that it was done with a design to break the voyage. After her departure the *Golden Hind* succeeded her in place as vice-admiral. The 30th of July they had the first sight of land, as they computed it about 51°, but with such foggy weather that they could not possibly perceive where they were. From thence they followed the coast to the south with clear weather, till they came to Labrador. Here they met with the *Swallow*, which had been separated from them

¹ The word was originally applied to the chief *vessel* of a fleet, the chief *commander* being called a general.

in the fog, but were surprised to see her men in a different garb from what they had on when they left them. Upon inquiry, they found they had met a Newfoundland fishing bark returning homewards, which they had rifled of tackle, sails, cables and provisions, and the men of their apparel.

Continuing the same course southward, they came the same day, being the 3rd of August, to the harbour of St. John, Newfoundland, where they found the *Squirrel*, which had also been separated from them, riding at anchor at the mouth of the harbour, having been refused entrance by the fishing vessels which were within, to the number of thirty-six. Sir Humphrey was preparing to force an entrance, but having first sent in his boat to inform the masters of the fishing vessels that he had command from the Queen to take possession of these lands for the crown of England, the captains were satisfied, and submitted to the levying a tax of provisions from their ships, for supplying the wants of Sir Humphrey's small squadron. Going into the harbour, the admiral ship was, by the carelessness of the men, run upon a rock, which lay visible above water; but by the assistance of the fishermen's boats, she was got off again, with little or no damage.

On the 4th Sir Humphrey, whom they called the general, and his company were conducted on shore by the masters of the English fishing vessels and their owners or merchants who were with them. On the 5th the general, having caused a tent to be set up in view of all the ships in the harbour, to the

number of between thirty and forty, and being accompanied by all his little force, summoned the merchants and masters, both English and foreigners, to be present at his taking formal possession of these territories. Being assembled, he caused his commission to be openly read before them, and to be interpreted to those who were strangers to the English tongue. By virtue of this commission, he declared that he took possession of the harbour of St. John, and two hundred leagues every way, on behalf of the Queen of England, and having had (according to custom) a rod, and turf of soil delivered to him, he entered possession also for himself, his heirs and assigns for ever. He signified to those who were present, and through them to all men, that from thenceforward they should look upon those territories as appertaining to the English crown, and himself as authorized under her Majesty to possess and enjoy them, with power to ordain laws for their government.

There now remained only to gather in the tax of provisions granted by every ship which fished upon the adjoining coast, and while some of the men were doing this, others were set to repair and trim the ships, and the remainder the general sent to inquire into the customs and commodities of the country. This party found no inhabitants in the south, which district had probably been abandoned by the natives on account of its being so much frequented by Europeans. In the north there were savages of a very harmless disposition. Among other things, the general had particularly

ordered a search to be made for metals. There was in this company a Saxon miner, and he brought to the general a lump of ore which resembled iron more than any other metal. Soon afterwards he found ore of another sort, which he delivered with a show of great satisfaction to Sir Humphrey, and assured him, upon the peril of his life, that if silver was what he and his companions sought, there it was, and they need seek no farther.

But though Sir Humphrey was very well satisfied with the account given him by the miner, yet he thought himself obliged to proceed in his discoveries southward. While he was preparing to depart, some of his men fell sick, some died and some deserted; others indulged in plundering and piracy. The number of his people was consequently so lessened that he thought it advisable to leave the *Swallow* behind him. The captain of the *Delight* returning to England, Captain Brown of the *Swallow* took the command of the *Delight*, and the captain of the *Squirrel* also deserting, Sir Humphrey took command of that little vessel himself, deeming her, from her small size, best fitted for the work of examining the coast. The expedition having refitted, and plenty of provisions of all sorts having been put on board, Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed on the 20th of August from the harbour of St. John with three ships, the *Delight*, the *Golden Hind* and the *Squirrel*, as well as boats and pinnaces for exploring creeks and inlets of the coast. The next night they reached Cape Race, which is twenty-five leagues distant, and from

thence sailed about eighty-seven leagues towards Cape Breton.

All this time they had a favourable wind, but were unable to get sight of the land, on account of adverse currents, and at last they unhappily fell into those flats and shoals in which most of them perished. On the 27th the general ordered his men in the frigate to sound, and found thirty-five fathoms with a white sand bottom, in the latitude of 44°. The wind coming south, the next evening they bore in towards the land, bearing west-north-west, contrary to the advice of Mr. Cox, master of the *Golden Hind*. On the 29th, the wind blew vehemently from the south-east, bringing rain, and so thick a mist that they could not see a cable's length before them. Early in the morning they found themselves in the midst of sandbanks, among which they found the water to vary from deep to shoal, within every three or four ships' lengths. A signal was immediately given to the *Delight* to go about, but it was too late, for she struck directly afterwards, and her stern was battered to pieces. Seeing this, the *Golden Hind* and the frigate turned to go about, bearing to the south. This carried them to the seaward of the shoals, of which, with much difficulty, they got clear.

In the *Delight* perished Captain Maurice Brown, with near one hundred persons. The captain might probably have saved his life if he would have left the ship when she first struck, but he refused to set a bad example to the seamen by being the first to quit the sinking vessel. In the

meantime sixteen men leaped into a small pinnace of a ton and a half burden, no bigger than a Thames barge. They looked out some time for the captain, but not seeing him, they cut the rope and committed themselves to the mercy of the waves, without any provisions, or a drop of fresh water, and nothing to work with but one single oar. The boat seeming to be overloaded, one of the men, named Edward Headley, thinking it was better for some to perish than all, proposed to cast lots, and that four of the number, upon whom the lot might fall, should be thrown overboard to lighten the boat. But he was overruled by the others, who thought there was a possibility of their all reaching safety by remaining on board. The boat was driven before the wind six days and six nights, during which time these poor wretches had no other sustenance than some weeds that swam on the surface of the water; yet in spite of their sufferings from cold, wet, hunger and thirst, only two of them perished. The other fourteen were driven, on the seventh day, on to the Newfoundland coast, whence they were shipped to France, and so to England, where they arrived before the end of the year. During their seven days adrift in the boat, they had the wind always at south, to which circumstance they owed their lives; and it is very remarkable that half-an-hour after they were on shore it came about and blew full north.

After the loss of the *Delight*, the men being generally discouraged and in want of necessaries, Sir Humphrey Gilbert proposed returning home. Accordingly, on the last of August they set their

course for England. On the 2nd of September they passed in sight of Cape Race, and frequently afterwards had very bad weather, with such high seas that they in the *Golden Hind* often expected to see the *Squirrel* swallowed up. Notwithstanding this, Sir Humphrey would not be persuaded to leave her. On the 9th, the storms and the swelling of the seas increasing, he was again pressed to leave the frigate, but his answer was, "We are as near to heaven by sea as by land." About midnight, the *Squirrel* being ahead of the *Golden Hind*, the lights of the former vessel were suddenly extinguished, and those on the *Hind*, seeing this, cried out, "Our general is lost!" It was supposed she sank instantly, for she was never more heard of.

The *Golden Hind* arrived in safety at Falmouth on the 22nd of September, more fortunate than her companions, and having lost but one man during the whole course of this unfortunate undertaking. Such was the end of this expedition, which proved indeed disastrous to its author, who lost first his fortune, and then his life by it.

JOHN DAVIS

JOHN DAVIS (or Davys) was born at Sandridge near Dartmouth in 1550. He was of good family, and a friend of the Raleighs. Like many other men of Devon, he went to sea early; his most famous voyage is described below. He returned from it convinced of the existence of

a north-west passage, and maintained that the climate at the North Pole must be delightful, owing to the perpetual daylight which he mistakenly supposed to reign there. His subsequent career was adventurous, and he met his death in a fight with Japanese pirates off Bintang, a small island east of Singapore, in December 1605.

A SEARCH FOR THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE

IN 1585, "certain honourable personages and worshipful merchants," both of London and of the West, determined to make another attempt to discover a north-west passage to the East. Mr. William Sanderson, merchant of London, was one of the gentlemen who rendered financial and other aid to the undertaking, and he recommended Captain Davis as a fit person to be the conductor of this enterprise. Davis was furnished with two vessels, the *Sunshine* and the *Moonshine*, but neither of these two great planets was of very ample dimensions, the *Sun* holding only twenty-three and the *Moon* nineteen men. On the 7th of June they set sail from Dartmouth, and for six weeks remarked nothing but the vast number of fishes, among which were "great store of whales." On the 19th of June they heard "a great whistling and bruffling of a tyde," after which they came into a very ealm sea. "Here we heard a mighty great roaring of the sea, as if it had been the beach of some shore," yet when the *Moonshine* sounded, it could not find ground in three hundred fathoms. Its boat was immediately sent, with

strict injunctions to fire a musket at every glass of sand, so as to ensure the ship of its safety. The crew soon found themselves encircled by islands of ice; on mounting which they discovered that all the roaring which they heard arose from "the rowling of this ice." Next day the mists dispersed, showing them the land, which was "the most deformed, rocky, and mountainous land that ever we saw. It appeared in form of a sugar-loaf, standing to our sight above the clouds; for that it did show over the fogge like a white list in the sky, the tops altogether covered with snow, the shore beset with ice, making such a noise, that our captain called it the Land of Desolation." They observed, however, the phenomenon of driftwood floating along the coast; among which was one tree fifty feet long, having the roots still adhering to it.

On the 25th of July, Davis left this dreary land, and directed his course north-west, "hoping in God's mercy to find our desired passage." In four days he came in sight of new land, still to the eastward (a continuation of West Greenland). He found it to contain many fair sounds and great inlets, insomuch that he judged it to consist of a great number of contiguous islands. The explorers landed, and having seen some traces of inhabitants, mounted a rock, where they were descried by the natives, who raised a great noise. "We, hearing them, thought it had been the howling of wolves." Hereupon the party uttered loud sounds, at once inviting the savages and informing their countrymen on

board of their situation. Several of the company made haste to the spot, well armed, and with a band of musicians; thus alike prepared, "either by force to rescue us, or with courtesy to allure the people." As this last was the primary object, the minstrels began to play, and the seamen to dance, with signs of friendship. This induced ten canoes to approach, and the people spoke "very hollow through the throat," but in words not intelligible. At length one of them lifted his hand to the sun, and forcibly struck his breast, repeating this gesture many times; and "when John Ellis of the *Moonshine*, appointed to gain their friendship, had several times done the same," their confidence was gained. Next day thirty-seven canoes appeared, and the natives were soon on the most intimate footing with the explorers, to whom they readily gave up their canoes, even the clothes from their backs, composed of seal-skins and bird-skins, the feathers on their buskins of fine wool, and their hose gloves of leather. "They appeared very tractable people, void of craft and double-dealing, and easy to be brought to any civility and good order." On seeing the value set on furs, they offered, in less than a month, to procure an ample supply; but Davis, finding a favourable gale, set sail from this friendly shore. He steered directly across the sea or broad strait which bears his name, and came in view of the coast of Cumberland Island. He named different parts of it Mount Raleigh, Exeter Sound and Cape Walsingham; while the most southern point was called Cape of God's

Mercy. They had several encounters with the white bear; and a large band of dogs approached in peaceful guise; but the men, thinking they came to prey upon them, fired and killed two. Various circumstances encouraged Davis to hope for a passage; the numerous sounds and inlets, the currents which came through them, the ebb and flow coming apparently from various quarters. The season, however, was now so late that he was obliged to return to England.

The accounts brought by Davis appeared on the whole so favourable, that the adventurers hesitated not to send him out next year with a larger equipment. To the *Sunshine* and the *Moonshine* were now added the *Mermaid*, of a hundred and twenty tons, and a small pinnace. Nothing remarkable occurred until they came to the former coast, where their old friends soon recognized them, and "hung about the boat with such comfortable joy as would require a long discourse to be uttered." Davis, on seeing their friendly disposition, landed and displayed twenty knives; upon which they leaped out of their canoes, and embraced him and his company with many signs of hearty welcome. He presented to each of them a knife, refusing any return. A familiar intercourse thus commenced, and sometimes a hundred canoes would crowd round the English, bringing various species of skins, fishes, and birds. Several excursions were made into the interior of the country, and some extensive plains discovered, like the moors of England. The natives accompanied them in these excursions,

and gave them all the aid they could in mounting and descending the rocks. Davis caused trials to be made at wrestling and leaping. The strangers decidedly overleaped them; but when it came to wrestling, they showed themselves strong and skilful, and cast some that were accounted good wrestlers.

These people are described as “of good stature, well proportioned, with small, slender hands and feet, small visages, and small eyes, wide mouths, the most part unbearded, great lips and close-toothed.” Some bad qualities, however, began gradually to show themselves. They made great use of witchcraft and incantation. Their chief experiment of this nature was to take a round stick, thrust it into a hole in a board, and by forcibly agitating it, “in the fashion of a turner with a piece of leather, to produce a fire.” Into this, with many words and strange gestures, the magician put divers things. He then endeavoured to induce Davis to go into the smoke; but Davis caused one of his sailors to put out the fire, and throw it into the sea, “to show his contempt of their sorcery.” By and by, moreover, they were found to be “marvellous thievish.” They cut the ships’ cables, cut the *Moonlight’s* boat from her stern, and seized every article of iron they could; whereat the master and crew, being sorely grieved, called upon Davis “to dissolve this new friendship.” Davis agreed accordingly to fire, first a caliver and then a falcon, “which did sore amaze them, and they fled”; yet in ten hours they came back. All

their intimacy was now renewed; “but, seeing iron, they could in nowise forbear stealing”; yet the good-natured captain only laughed, and bid his men look carefully after their own goods. Davis now attempted to penetrate and take a view of the land; but “the mountains were so many and so mighty,” that this purpose was defeated. He attempted to ascend a large river, which proved, however, to be only a creek, and the land not as supposed, an unbroken continent, but “huge, waste, and desert isles, with mighty sounds and inlets passing between sea and sea.”

He was also astonished by the view of a water-spout, an object new to him, and described as “a mighty whirlwind taking up the water in very great quantity, furiously mounting it into the air.” On his arrival at the ships, the people opened a fearful budget of the sins of the Esquimaux, all of which they ascribed to his “lenitie and friendly using.” They had stolen an anchor, cut a cable, cut away boats, and “now, since your departure, with slings they spare us not, with stones of half-a-pound weight; and you will still endure these things?” Davis bade them be content, and all should be well. Instead of any rigorous measure, he called the natives on board, presented them with bracelets, and used them with much courtesy; but the sun was no sooner down than they began with slings to throw stones very fiercely into the *Moonshine*. Human patience, even the most enduring, has its bounds. “I changed my courtesie and grew to hatred.” Several shots were discharged upon the Esqui-

maux; but they rowed off so quickly that it was to little purpose. However, next day, when five approached in their usual manner, beating their breasts and protesting friendship, one, deemed the chief ringleader of mischief, was allured on board and, the wind becoming favourable, was carried off along with the ships. He at first made many doleful signals to his brethren in the boats, but afterwards became a pleasant companion, and was very joyful at receiving a suit of good English frieze.

On the 17th of July the explorers fell in with a large mass of what appeared to be land, with bays and capes; but, on sending their pinnace, they learned, with horror and amazement, that it was entirely ice, a thing incredible to them. Davis coasted, however, for several days along this formidable mass of ice, which proved a fixed bar to his progress. The men's strength began to sink, and, in a discreet and orderly, but very solemn manner, they represented to Davis that success was now hopeless, that he ought to regard his own life and theirs, and not, through any overboldness, to "leave their widows and fatherless children to give him bitter curses." Davis took the matter into serious consideration, and was much inclined to comply with their wishes; but feeling that it would be to his great disgrace if the expedition should turn back while there remained a hope of success, he left behind the *Mermaid*, his largest vessel, as not being sufficiently "convenient and nimble," and, in the *Moonshine* alone, with the boldest part of his crew, determined to push forward in search of the desired

passage. He steered to the south-east, and came to a land which, however, appeared to be nothing but islands; but these supposed islands were probably only the coasts bordering on the numerous sounds and inlets leading into Hudson's Bay. He did not enter them, but pushed southward till he came to a continuous mass of land, which was Labrador. It was found covered with extensive forests of pine and birch, the sea abounding with cod, and the air filled with numberless sea-fowl. The inhabitants showed a ferocious spirit, which does not agree with their general character. Five Englishmen, having gone ashore, were assailed with a cloud of arrows, by which two were killed and two severely wounded. The natives had offered neither speech nor parley before making their onslaught. It is, however, suspected that these people must have been actuated by the recollection of some wrongs received from other Europeans. The sorrows of Davis were increased by a tempest, which blew with such fury that it threatened to drive the vessels on shore; but being happily delivered, and favoured with a west-north-west wind, he lost no time in making his way back to England.

Davis, in a letter to Mr. William Sanderson, admits that the enterprise had not yet proved profitable to the adventurers; but he now urges that, having had much experience of the north-west part of the world, he had satisfied himself that the passage must either be in one of four places, or else not at all. That enterprising and substantial person joined in setting forth Davis

a third time, with a smaller equipment of two barks and a pinnace. Soon after their departure, they were alarmed by the pinnace apparently showing a desire to run away; but it proved only that the tiller of her helm was broken. This pinnace, which had been much boasted of by the owners, was found to move through the sea like a cart drawn by oxen. However, it was reported that she would brook the sea, and they trusted that a hard beginning would make a good ending.

On the 14th of June they came in sight of the high mountains of Greenland. The natives came, crying in their usual manner, and offering skins. They soon, however, manifested their old thieving propensities. Davis had brought out the material of another pinnace, which he now began putting together. The natives contrived to carry off two of the largest planks, solcly with a view to the nails and other pieces of iron in them. Davis caused them to be fired at, aiming at their legs; but making the planks a bulwark, they retained their legs entire, with which they carried off their bodies to a neighbouring island, where they left the planks, having first plucked all the iron out of them. This trouble was soon driven out of their minds by a more serious one. John Churchyard, the pilot, gave notice that the good ship in which they must all venture their lives had received three hundred strokes as she lay in the harbour. This gave rise to much disquietude, and even doubt whether it was possible to proceed; but Davis, to whom the matter was referred, determined “rather to end his life with credit, than to return

with infamy and disgrace; and they all proposed to live and die together." They sailed then onward to the north, touching at several points, and treating in a friendly manner with the natives.

At length they reached the latitude of 72° , the highest which had been yet attained by any navigator. Yet the sea was still perfectly open to the north and west. They then left the coast and sailed due west, in which direction they continued for forty leagues without any sight of land. Davis seemed now on the point of discovering his hoped-for passage, or at least of solving the grand problem, whether it existed. But his career was suddenly arrested by a "mighty bank of ice." He endeavoured at first to double round it to the northward; but the wind in that direction was opposite, and he was obliged to coast it southwards, which he continued to do for successive days, vainly hoping to find a point at which it could be rounded, and its western side reached. He at length determined to lie off for some days, hoping that the loose ice continually beating upon the mass, and the heat of the sun always shining upon it, would break up the barrier. When he returned to the coast, through some error of reckoning, he found himself on Cumberland Island, near the point which he had formerly named Mount Raleigh. The season being now advanced, he confined all his efforts to the discovery of an open sea to the south. He passed Frobisher's Straits, to which he gave the name of Lumley's Inlet, and afterwards a broad gulf, the same subsequently entered by Hudson, but without attempting to

penetrate either of these openings; and finding himself on the coast of Labrador, and the season far advanced, he sailed for England.

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN first became prominent in the year 1603, when he accompanied the expedition of Pontgravé, a merchant of St. Malo, who went, under the auspices of Henry IV, to open up Canada to settlement and commerce.

Champlain's early life was varied and adventurous. He fought in the wars of Henry of Navarre, and made expeditions to the West Indies and Mexico in Spanish ships. The accounts of these adventures, written by him, are the most valuable of the records of this period.

In 1603 Pontgravé and Champlain sailed up the St. Lawrence as far as Montreal Island, where they found only a few wandering Indians instead of the populous Hoehelaga of Cartier's days. He made several expeditions, which enabled him to add greatly to Cartier's information of the district and the country round the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The head of the next expedition in which Champlain took part was a Calvinist named De Monts, a friend of Henry IV. They landed in Acadia (Nova Scotia) in June 1604, in what Champlain calls "the pleasantest place we have yet seen in this country." During three years he explored and surveyed the southern coasts of Nova Scotia and of New England as far as Vineyard Sound.

In Champlain's second expedition up the St.

Lawrence he laid the foundations of Quebec (1608) (from the Indian word *kebec*, a strait, the river being narrow here). These were his head-quarters for twelve years, until he built the fort and castle of St. Louis on the heights which overlook the town.

Champlain had serious trouble with his own mutinous countrymen and with the Indians, particularly the Iroquois. Other tribes, including the Hurons, were friendly to him, and with their aid he made expeditions northward and discovered the lake which was named after him (1609). As lieutenant-governor of the French possessions Champlain ruled wisely for many years. He had the misfortune to see Quebec surrender to the English in 1628. But next year it was restored to the French, and Champlain remained governor of Canada until his death in 1635.

CHAMPLAIN AT QUEBEC

A LONELY ship sailed up the St. Lawrence. The white whales floundering in the Bay of Tadoussac, and the wild duck diving as the foaming prow drew near—there was no life but these in all that watery solitude, twenty miles from shore to shore. The ship was from Honfleur, and was commanded by Samuel de Champlain.

De Monts, after his exclusive privilege of trade was revoked, and his Acadian enterprise ruined, had abandoned it to Poutrincourt. Well, perhaps, would it have been for him had he abandoned with it all Transatlantic enterprises; but the passion for discovery, and the noble

ambition of founding colonies, had taken possession of his mind. Nor does it appear that he was actuated by hopes of gain. Yet the profits of the fur trade were vital to the new designs he was meditating, to meet the heavy outlay they demanded; and he solicited and obtained a fresh monopoly of the traffic for one year.

Champlain was, at the time, in Paris; but his unquiet thoughts turned westward. He was enamoured of the New World, whose rugged charms had seized his fancy and his heart; and as explorers of Arctic seas have pined in their repose for polar ice and snow, so did he, with restless longing, revert to the fog-wrapped coasts, the piny odours of forests, the noise of waters, the sharp and piercing sunlight, so dear to his remembrance. Fain would he unveil the mystery of that boundless wilderness, and plant the Catholic faith and the power of France amid its ancient barbarisms.

Five years before, he had explored the St. Lawrence as far as the rapids above Montreal. On its banks, as he thought, was the true site for a settlement—a fortified post whence, as from a secure basis, the waters of the vast interior might be traced back towards their sources, and a western route discovered to China and the East. For the fur trade, too, the innumerable streams that descended to the great river might all be closed against foreign intrusion by a single fort at some commanding point, and made tributary to a rich and permanent commerce; while—

and this was nearer to his heart, for he had often been heard to say that the saving of a soul was worth more than the conquest of an empire—countless savage tribes might by the same avenues be reached and redeemed.

De Monts embraced his views; and, fitting out two ships, gave command of one to the elder Pontgravé, of the other to Champlain. The former was to trade with the Indians and bring back the cargo of furs which, it was hoped, would meet the expense of the voyage. To the latter fell the harder task of settlement and exploration.

Pontgravé, laden with goods for the Indian trade of Tadoussac, sailed from Honfleur on the 5th of April, 1608. Champlain, with men, arms and stores for the colony, followed eight days later. On the 15th of May he was on the Grand Bank; on the 30th he passed Gaspé, and on the 3rd of June neared Tadoussac. No life was to be seen. Had Pontgravé arrived? He anchored, lowered a boat, and rowed into the port, round the rocky point at the south-east, then, from the fury of its winds and currents, called La Pointe de Tous les Diables. There was life enough within, and more than he cared to find. In the still anchorage under the cliffs lay Pontgravé's vessel, and at her side another ship. The latter was a Basque fur trader.

Pontgravé, arriving a few days before, had found himself anticipated by the Basques, who were busied in a brisk trade with the bands of Indians cabined along the borders of the cove. In all haste he displayed the royal letters, and

commanded a cessation of the prohibited traffic ; but the Basques proved refractory, declared that they would trade in spite of the King, fired on Pontgravé with cannon and musketry, wounded him and two of his men, and killed a third. They then boarded his vessel, and carried away all his cannon, small arms, and ammunition, saying that they would restore them when they had finished their trade and were ready to return home.

Champlain found his comrade on shore, in a disabled condition. The Basques, though still strong enough to make fight, were alarmed for the consequences of their procedure, and anxious to come to terms. A peace, therefore, was signed on board their vessel ; all differences were referred to the judgment of the French courts, harmony was restored, and the choleric strangers betook themselves to catching whales.

This port of Tadoussac was long the centre of the Canadian fur trade. A desolation of barren mountains closes around it, betwixt whose ribs of rugged granite, bristling with savins, birches, and firs, the Saguenay rolls its gloomy waters from the northern wilderness. Centuries of civilization have not tamed the wildness of the place ; and still, in grim repose, the mountains hold their guard around the waveless lake that glistens in their shadow, and doubles in its sullen mirror, crag, precipice and forest.

Near the brink of the cove or harbour where the vessels lay, and a little below the mouth of a brook which formed one of the outlets of this small lake,

stood the remains of a wooden barrack built eight years before. Above the brook were the lodges of an Indian camp—stacks of poles covered with birch bark. They belonged to an Algonquin horde called Montagnais, denizens of surrounding wilds, and gatherers of their only harvest—skins of the moose, caribou and bear; fur of the beaver, marten, otter, fox, wild-cat, and lynx. Nor was this all, for they were intermediate traders betwixt the French and the shivering bands who roamed the weary stretch of stunted forest between the head-waters of the Saguenay and Hudson's Bay. Indefatigable canoe-men, in their birchen vessels light as eggshells, they threaded the devious tracks of countless rippling streams, shady by-ways of the forest, where the wild duck scarcely finds depth to swim; then descended to their mart along those scenes of picturesque yet dreary grandeur which steam has made familiar to modern tourists. With slowly moving paddles they glided beneath the cliff whose shaggy brows frown across the zenith, and whose base the deep waves wash with a hoarse and hollow cadence; and they passed the sepulchral Bay of the Trinity, dark as the tide of Acheron—a sanctuary of solitude and silence: where the soul of the wilderness dwells embodied in voiceless rock: depths which, as the fable runs, no sounding line can fathom, and heights at whose dizzy verge the wheeling eagle seems a speck.

And now, peace being established with the Basques, and the wounded Pontgravé busied, as far as might be, in transferring to the hold of his

ship the rich lading of the Indian canoes, Champlain spread his sails, and once more held his course up the St. Lawrence. Far to the south, in sun and shadow, slumbered the woody mountains whence fell the countless springs of the St. John, behind tenantless shores, now white with glimmering villages: La Chenaie, Granville, Kamouraska, St. Roche, St. Jean, Vineclot, Berthier. But on the north the jealous wilderness still asserts its sway, crowding to the river's verge its rocky walls, its domes and towers of granite; and to this hour¹ its solitude is scarcely broken.

Above the point of the Island of Orleans, a constriction of the vast channel narrows it to a mile; on one hand, the green heights of Point Levi, on the other, the cliffs of Quebee. Here, a small stream, the St. Charles, enters the St. Lawrence, and in the angles betwixt them rises the promontory, on two sides a natural fortress, and among the walnut-trees that formed a belt between the cliffs and the St. Lawrence. Climb the steep height, now bearing aloft its ponderous load of churches, convents, dwellings, ramparts and batteries—there was an accessible point, a rough passage gullied downward, where Prescott Gate now opens on the Lower Town. Mount to the highest summit, Cape Diamond, now zigzagged with warlike masonry. Then the fierce sun fell on the bald, baking rock, with its crisped mosses and parched lichens. Two centuries and a half have quickened the solitude with swarming life,

¹ Written in the year 1865.

covered the deep bosom of the river with barge and steamer and gliding sail, and reared cities and villages on the site of forests; but nothing can destroy the surpassing grandeur of the scene.

Grasp the savin anchored in the fissure, lean over the brink of the precipice and look downward, a little to the left, on the belt of woods which covers the strand between the water and the base of the cliffs. Here a gang of axemen are at work, and Points Levi and Orleans echo the crash of falling trees.

These axemen were pioneers of an advancing host—advancing, it is true, with feeble and uncertain progress : priests, soldiers, peasants, feudal scutcheons, royal insignia. Not the Middle Ages, but engendered of it by the stronger life of Modern Centralization; sharply stamped with a parental likeness; heir to parental weakness and parental force.

A few weeks passed, and a pile of wooden buildings rose on the brink of the St. Lawrence, on or near the site of the market-place of the Lower Town of Quebec. The pencil of Champlain, always regardless of proportion and perspective, has preserved its semblance. A strong wooden wall, surmounted by a gallery loopholed for musketry, enclosed three buildings, containing quarters for himself and his men, together with a courtyard, from one side of which rose a tall dovecot, like a belfry. A moat surrounded the whole, and two or three small cannon were planted on salient platforms towards the river. There was a large

magazine near at hand, and a part of the adjacent ground was laid out as a garden.

In this garden Champlain was one morning directing his labourers, when the pilot of the ship approached him with an anxious countenance, and muttered a request to speak with him in private. Champlain assenting, they withdrew to the neighbouring woods, when the pilot disburdened himself of his secret. One Antoine Natel, a locksmith, smitten by conscience or fear, had revealed to him a conspiracy to murder his commander and deliver Quebec into the hands of the Basques and of certain Spaniards lately arrived at Tadoussac. Another locksmith, named Duval, was the author of the plot, and, with the aid of three accomplices, had befooled or terrified nearly all the company into bearing a part in it. Each was assured that he should make his fortune, and all were mutually pledged to poniard the first betrayer of the secret. The critical point of their enterprise was the killing of Champlain. Some were for strangling him in his bed, some for raising a false alarm in the night and shooting him as he issued from his quarters.

Having heard the pilot's story, Champlain, remaining in the woods, desired his informant to find Antoine Natel, and bring him to the spot. Natel soon appeared, trembling with excitement and fear, and a close examination left no doubt of the truth of his statement. A shallop, built by Pontgravé at Tadoussac, had lately arrived, and orders were now given that it should anchor before the buildings. On board was a young man in whom confidence could be placed. Champlain

sent him two bottles of wine, with a direction to tell the four ringleaders that they had been given him by his Basque friends at Tadoussac, and to invite them to share the good cheer. They came aboard in the evening, and were instantly seized and secured. "Voyla donc mes galants bien estonnez,"¹ writes Champlain.

It was ten o'clock, and most of the men on shore were asleep. They were wakened suddenly, and told of the discovery of the plot and the arrest of the ringleaders. Pardon was then promised them, and they were dismissed again to their beds, greatly relieved, for they had lived in trepidation, each fearing the other. Duval's body, swinging from a gibbet, gave wholesome warning to those he had seduced, and his head was displayed on a pike, from the highest roof of the buildings, food for birds and a lesson to sedition. His three accomplices were carried by Pontgravé to France, where they made their atonement in the galleys.

It was on the 18th of September that Pontgravé set sail, leaving Champlain with twenty-eight men to hold Quebec through the winter. Three weeks later, and shores and hills glowed with gay prognostics of approaching desolation—the yellow and scarlet of the maples, the deep purple of the ash, and garnet hue of young oaks, the bonfire blaze of the tupelo at the water's edge, and the golden plumage of birch saplings in the fissures of the cliff. It was a short-lived beauty. The forest dropped its festal robes. Shrivelled and faded, they rustled to the earth. The crystal air and

¹ "My fine fellows were mightily astonished."

laughing sun of October passed away, and November sank upon the shivering waste, chill and sombre as the tomb.

A roving band of Montagnais had built their huts near the buildings, and were busying themselves in their autumn eel-fishery, on which they greatly relied to sustain their miserable lives through winter. Their slimy harvest gathered, and duly smoked and dried, they gave it for safe-keeping to Champlain, and set forth to hunt beavers. It was deep in the winter before they came back, reclaimed their eels, built their birch cabins again, and disposed themselves for a life of ease, until famine or their enemies should put a period to their enjoyments. These were by no means without alloy. As, gorged with food, they lay dozing on piles of branches in their smoky huts, where, through the crevices of the thin birch bark, streamed in a cold capable at times of congealing mercury—as they thus reposed, their slumbers were beset with nightmare visions of Iroquois forays, scalplings, butcherings and burnings. As dreams were their oracles, the camp was wild with fright. They sent out no scouts and placed no guard; but, with each repetition of these nocturnal terrors, they came flocking in a body to beg admission within the fort. The women and children were allowed to enter the yard and remain during the night, while anxious fathers and husbands shivered in the darkness without.

On one occasion a group of wretched beings was seen on the farther bank of the St. Lawrence, like wild animals driven by famine to the borders of

the settlers' clearing. The river was full of drifting ice ; none could cross without risk of life. The Indians, in their desperation, made the attempt ; and midway their canoes were ground to atoms among the tossing masses. Agile as wild-cats, they all leaped upon a huge raft of ice, the squaws carrying their children on their shoulders—a feat at which Champlain marvelled when he saw their starved and emaciated condition. Here they began a wail of despair ; when happily the pressure of other masses thrust the sheet of ice against the northern shore. Landing, they soon made their appearance at the fort, worn to skeletons and horrible to look upon. The French gave them food, which they devoured with a frenzied avidity, and, unappeased, fell upon a dead dog left on the snow by Champlain for two months past as a bait for foxes. They broke this carrion into fragments, thawed and devoured it, to the disgust of the spectators, who tried vainly to prevent them.

This was but a severe access of that periodical famine which, during winter, was a normal condition of the Algonquin tribes of Acadia and the Lower St. Lawrence, who, unlike the cognate tribes of New England, never tilled the soil or made any reasonable provision against the time of need.

One would gladly know how the founders of Quebec spent the long hours of their first winter ; but on this point the only man among them, perhaps, who could write, has not thought it necessary to enlarge. He himself beguiled his leisure with trapping foxes, or hanging a dead dog

from a tree and watching the hungry martens in their efforts to reach it. Towards the close of winter, all found abundant employment in nursing themselves or their neighbours, for the inevitable scurvy broke out with virulence. At the middle of May, only eight men of the twenty-eight were alive, and of these half were suffering from disease.

This wintry purgatory wore away.

Great was the joy of Champlain when he saw a sailboat rounding the Point of Orleans, betokening that the spring had brought with it the longed-for succours. A son-in-law of Pontgravé, named Marais, was on board, and he reported that Pontgravé was then at Tadoussac, where he had lately arrived. Thither Champlain hastened, to take counsel with his comrade. His constitution, or his courage, had defied the scurvy. They met, and it was determined betwixt them that, while Pontgravé remained in charge of Quebec, Champlain should enter at once on his long-meditated explorations, by which, like La Salle seventy years later, he had good hope of finding a way to China.

But there was a lion in the path. The Indian tribes, war-hawks of the wilderness, to whom peace was unknown, infested with their scalping-parties the streams and pathways of the forest, increasing tenfold its inseparable risks. That to all these hazards Champlain was more than indifferent, his after-career bears abundant witness; yet now an expedient for evading them offered itself, so consonant with his instincts that he was fain to accept it. Might he not anticipate

surprises, join a war-party, and fight his way to discovery ?

During the last autumn, a young chief from the banks of the then unknown Ottawa had been at Quebec ; and, amazed at what he saw, he had begged Champlain to join him in the spring against his enemies. These enemies were a formidable race of savages, the Iroquois, or Five Confederate Nations, dwellers in fortified villages within limits now embraced by the State of New York, to whom was afterwards given the fanciful name of “ Romans of the New World,” and who even then were a terror to all the surrounding forests. Conspicuous among their enemies were their kindred the tribe of the Hurons, dwelling on the lake which bears their name, and allies of Algonquin bands on the Ottawa. All alike were tillers of the soil, living at ease when compared to the famished Algonquins of the Lower St. Lawrence.

It was past the middle of May, and the expected warriors from the upper country had not come—a delay which seems to have given Champlain little concern, for, without waiting longer, he set out, with no better allies than a band of Montagnais. But as he moved up the St. Lawrence, he saw, thickly clustered in the bordering forest, the lodges of an Indian camp, and, landing, found his Huron and Algonquin allies. Few of them had ever seen a white man. They surrounded the steel-clad strangers in speechless wonderment. Champlain asked for their chief, and the staring throng moved with him towards a lodge where sat, not one chief, but two, for each band had its



CHAMPLAIN'S FIRST APPEARANCE AMONG THE INDIANS

own. There were feasting, smoking, speeches ; and, the needful ceremony over, all descended together to Quebec ; for the strangers were bent on seeing those wonders of architecture whose fame had pierced the recesses of their forests.

On their arrival, they feasted their eyes and glutted their appetites ; yelled consternation at the sharp explosion of the arquebus and the roar of the cannon ; pitched their camps, and bedecked themselves for their war-dance. In the still night, their fire glared against the black and jagged cliff, and the fierce red light fell on tawny limbs convulsed with frenzied gestures and ferocious stampings ; on contorted visages, hideous with paint ; on brandished weapons, stone war-clubs, stone hatchets, and stone-pointed lances ; while the drum kept up its hollow boom, and the air was split with mingled yells, till the horned owl on Point Levi, startled at the sound, gave back a whoop no less discordant.

Stand with Champlain and view the war-dance ; sit with him at the war-feast—a close-packed company, ring within ring, of ravenous feasters ; then embark with him on his hare-brained venture of discovery. It was in a small shallop, carrying, besides himself, eleven men of Pontgravé's party, including his son-in-law, Marais, and La Route, his pilot. They were armed with the arquebus, a matchlock or firelock somewhat like the modern carbine, and from its shortness not ill suited for use in the forest. On the 28th of May they spread their sails and held their course against the current, while around them the river was alive

with canoes, and hundreds of naked arms plied the paddle with a steady, measured sweep. They crossed the Lake of St. Peter, threaded the devious channels along its many islands, and reached at last the mouth of the Rivière des Iroquois, since called the Richelieu, or the St. John. Here, probably on the site of the town of Sorel, the leisurely warriors encamped for two days, hunted, fished, and took their ease, regaling their allies with venison and wild-fowl. They quarrelled, too; three-fourths of their number seceded, took to their canoes in dudgeon, and paddled towards their homes, while the rest pursued their course up the broad and placid stream.

On the left and right stretched walls of verdure fresh with the life of June. Now, aloft in the lonely air, rose the cliffs of Belœil, and now, before them, framed in circling forests, the basin of Chambly spread its tranquil mirror, glittering in the sun. The shallop outsailed the canoes. Champlain, leaving his allies behind, crossed the basin and essayed to pursue his course; but as he listened in the stillness, the unwelcome noise of rapids reached his ear, and by glimpses through the dark foliage of the Islets of St. John he could see the gleam of snowy foam and flash of hurrying waters. Leaving the boat by the shore in charge of four men, he set forth with Marais, La Route, and five others, to explore the wild before him. They pushed their tedious way through the damps and shadows of the wood, through thickets and tangled vines, over mossy rocks and mouldering logs. Still the hoarse surging of the rapids

followed them ; and when, parting the screen of foliage, they looked forth, they saw the river thick-set with rocks, where, plunging over ledges, gurgling under drift-logs, darting along clefts, and boiling in chasms, the angry waters filled the solitude with monotonous ravings.

Champlain, disconsolate, retraced his steps. He had learned the value of an Indian's word. His allies had promised that, throughout their course, his shallop could pass unobstructed. But should he abandon the adventure, and forgo the discovery of that great lake, studded with islands and bordered with a fertile land of forests, which his red companions had traced in outline, and by word and sign had painted to his fancy ?

When he reached the shallop he found the whole savage crew gathered at the spot. He mildly rebuked their bad faith, but added that, though they had deceived him, he, as far as might be, would fulfil his pledge. To this end, he directed Marais, with the boat and the greater part of the men, to return to Quebee, while he, with two who offered to follow him, should proceed in the Indian canoes.

The warriors lifted their canoes from the water, and in long procession through the forest, under the flickering sun and shade, bore them on their shoulders, around the rapids, to the smooth stream above. Here the chiefs made a muster of their forces, counting twenty-four canoes and sixty warriors. All embarked again, and advanced once more, by marsh, meadow, forest, and scattered islands, then full of game, for it was unin-

habited land, the war-path and battle-ground of hostile tribes. The warriors observed a certain system in their advance. Some were in front as a vanguard ; others formed the main body ; while an equal number were in the forests on the flanks and rear, hunting for the subsistence of the whole ; for, though they had a provision of parched maize pounded into meal, they kept it for use when, from the vicinity of the enemy, hunting should become impossible.

Late in the day they landed and drew up their canoes, ranging them closely, side by side. All was life and bustle. Some stripped sheets of bark, to cover their camp-sheds ; others gathered wood—the forest was full of dead, dry trees ; others felled the living trees, for a barricade. They seem to have had steel axes, obtained by barter from the French ; for in less than two hours they had made a strong defensive work, a half-circle in form, open on the river side, where their canoes lay on the strand, and large enough to enclose all their huts and sheds. Some of their number had gone forward as scouts, and, returning, reported no signs of an enemy. This was the extent of their precaution, for they placed no guard, but all, in full security, stretched themselves to sleep—a vicious custom from which the lazy warrior of the forest rarely departs.

They had not forgotten, however, to take counsel of their oracle. The medicine-man pitched his magic lodge in the woods—a small stack of poles, planted in a circle and brought together at the tops like stacked muskets. Over these he placed

the filthy deer-skins which served him for a robe, and creeping in at a narrow orifice, he hid himself from view. Crouched in a ball upon the earth, he invoked the Spirit in mumbling, inarticulate tones; while his naked auditory, squatted on the ground like apes, listened in wonder and awe. Suddenly the lodge moved, rocking with violence to and fro, by the power of the Spirit, as the Indians thought, while Champlain could plainly see the tawny fist of the medicine-man shaking the poles. They begged him to keep a watchful eye on the peak of the lodge, whence fire and smoke would presently issue; but with the best efforts of his vision, he discovered none. Meanwhile the medicine-man was seized with such convulsions that, when his divination was over, his naked body streamed with perspiration. In loud, clear tones, and in an unknown tongue, he invoked the Spirit, who was understood to be present in the form of a stone, and whose feeble and squeaking accents were heard at intervals, like the wail of a young puppy.

Thus did they consult the Spirit—as Champlain thinks, the Devil—at all their camps. His replies, for the most part, seem to have given them great content; yet they took other measures, also, of which the military advantages were less questionable. The principal chief gathered bundles of sticks, and, without wasting his breath, stuck them in the earth in a certain order, calling each by the name of some warrior, a few taller than the rest representing the subordinate chiefs. Thus was indicated the position which each was

to hold in the expected battle. All gathered round and attentively studied the sticks, ranged like a child's wooden soldiers, or the pieces on a chess-board; then, with no further instruction, they formed their ranks, broke them, and reformed them again and again with an excellent alacrity and skill.

Again the canoes advanced, the river widening as they went. Great islands appeared, leagues in extent: Isle à la Motte, Long Island, Grande Isle. Channels where ships might float, and broad reaches of expanding water stretched between them, and Champlain entered the lake which preserves his name to posterity. Cumberland Head was passed, and from the opening of the great channel between Grande Isle and the main, he could look forth on the wilderness sea. Edged with woods, the tranquil flood spread southward beyond the sight. Far on the left the forest ridges of the Green Mountains were heaved against the sun, patches of snow still glistening on their tops; and on the right rose the Adirondacks, haunts in these later years of amateur sportsmen from counting-rooms or college halls; nay, of adventurous beauty, with sketch-book and pencil. Then the Iroquois made them their hunting-grounds; and beyond, in the valleys of the Mohawk, the Onondaga, and the Genesee, stretched the long line of their five cantons and palisaded towns.

At night they encamped again. The scene is a familiar one to many a tourist and sportsman; and perhaps, standing at sunset on the peaceful

strand, Champlain saw what a roving student of this generation has seen on those same shores, at that same hour—the glow of the vanished sun behind the western mountains, darkly piled in mist and shadow along the sky; near at hand, the dead pine, mighty in decay, stretching its ragged arms athwart the burning heaven, the crow perched on its top like an image carved in jet; and aloft, the nighthawk, circling in its flight, and, with a strange whirring sound, diving through the air each moment for the insects he makes his prey.

The progress of the party was becoming dangerous. They changed their mode of advance and moved only in the night. All day, they lay close in the depth of the forest, sleeping, lounging, smoking tobacco of their own raising, and beguiling the hours, no doubt, with the shallow banter and jesting with which knots of Indians are wont to amuse their leisure. At twilight they embarked again, paddling their cautious way till the eastern sky began to redden. Their goal was the rocky promontory where Fort Ticonderoga was long afterwards built. Thence, they would pass the outlet of Lake George, and launch their canoes again on that Como of the wilderness, whose waters, limpid as a fountain head, stretched far southward between their flanking mountains. Landing at the future site of Fort William Henry, they would carry their canoes through the forest to the river Hudson, and, descending it, attack, perhaps, some outlying town of the Mohawks. In the next century this chain of lakes and rivers

became the grand highway of savage and civilized war, a bloody debatable ground, linked to memories of momentous conflicts.

The allies were spared so long a progress. On the morning of the 29th of July, after paddling all night, they hid as usual in the forest on the western shore, not far from Crown Point. The warriors stretched themselves to their slumbers, and Champlain, after walking for a time through the surrounding woods, returned to take his repose on a pile of spruce boughs. Sleeping, he dreamed a dream, wherein he beheld the Iroquois drowning in the lake; and, essaying to rescue them, he was told by his Algonquin friends that they were good for nothing and had better be left to their fate. Now, he had been daily beset, on awakening, by his superstitious allies, eager to learn about his dreams; and, to this moment, his unbroken slumbers had failed to furnish the desired prognostics. The announcement of this auspicious vision filled the crowd with joy, and at nightfall they embarked, flushed with anticipated victories.

It was ten o'clock in the evening, when they descried dark objects in motion on the lake before them. These were a flotilla of Iroquois canoes, heavier and slower than theirs, for they were made of oak bark. Each party saw the other, and the mingled war-cries pealed over the darkened water. The Iroquois, who were near the shore, having no stomach for an aquatic battle, landed, and, making night hideous with their clamours, began to barricade themselves. Champlain could see them in the woods, labouring like beavers, hacking down

trees with iron axes taken from the Canadian tribes in war, and with stone hatchets of their own making. The allies remained on the lake, a bowshot from the hostile barricade, their canoes made fast together by poles lashed across. All night, they danced with as much vigour as the frailty of their vessels would permit, their throats making amends for the enforced restraint of their limbs. It was agreed on both sides that the fight should be deferred till daybreak; but meanwhile a commerce of abuse, sarcasm, menace, and boasting gave unceasing exercise to the lungs and fancy of the combatants—"much," says Champlain, "like the besiegers and besieged in a beleaguered town."

As day approached he and his two followers put on the light armour of the time. Champlain wore the doublet and long hose then in vogue. Over the doublet he buckled on a breastplate, and probably a backpiece, while his thighs were protected by *cuisse*s of steel, and his head by a plumed casque. Across his shoulder hung the strap of his bandolier, or ammunition-box; at his side was his sword, and in his hand his arquebus, which he had loaded with four balls. Such was the equipment of this ancient Indian-fighter, whose exploits date eleven years before the landing of the Puritans at Plymouth, and sixty-six years before King Philip's War.

Each of the three Frenchmen was in a separate canoe, and, as it grew light, they kept themselves hidden, either by lying at the bottom, or covering themselves with an Indian robe. The canoes

approached the shore, and all landed without opposition at some distance from the Iroquois, whom they presently could see filing out of their barricade, tall, strong men, some two hundred in number, and the boldest and fiercest warriors of North America. They advanced through the forest with a steadiness which excited the admiration of Champlain. Among them could be seen several chiefs, made conspicuous by their tall plumes. Some bore shields of wood and hide, and some were covered with a kind of armour made of tough twigs interlaced with a vegetable fibre supposed by Champlain to be cotton.

The allies, growing anxious, called with loud cries for their champion, and opened their ranks that he might pass to the front. He did so, and, advancing before his red companions-in-arms, stood revealed to the astonished gaze of the Iroquois, who, beholding the warlike apparition in their path, stared in mute amazement. But his arquebus was levelled; the report startled the woods, a chief fell dead, and another by his side rolled among the bushes. Then there rose from the allies a yell which, says Champlain, would have drowned a thunder-clap, and the forest was full of whizzing arrows. For a moment the Iroquois stood firm and sent back their arrows lustily; but when another and another gunshot came from the thickets on their flanks, they broke and fled in uncontrollable terror. Swifter than hounds, the allies tore through the bushes in pursuit. Some of the Iroquois were killed; more were taken. Camp, canoes, provisions, all were abandoned, and

many weapons flung down in the panic flight. The arquebus had done its work. The victory was complete.

At night, the victors made their bivouacs in the forest. A great fire was kindled, and, near it, one of the captives was bound to a tree. The fierce crowd thronged around him, firebrands in their hands. Champlain sickened at his tortures.

“Let me send a bullet through his heart.”

They would not listen, and he turned away in anger and disgust. They followed.

“Do what you will with him.”

He turned again, and at the report of his arquebus the wretch's woes were ended.

The victors made a prompt retreat from the scene of their triumph. Three or four days brought them to the mouth of the Richelieu. Here they separated; the Hurons and Algonquins made for the Ottawa, their homeward route, each with a share of prisoners for future torments. At parting, they invited Champlain to visit their towns and aid them again in their wars—an invitation which this paladin of the woods failed not to accept.

The companions now remaining to him were the Montagnais. In their camp on the Richelieu, one of them dreamed that a war-party of Iroquois was close upon them, whereupon, in a torrent of rain, they left their huts, paddled in dismay to the island above the Lake of St. Peter, and hid themselves all night in the rushes. In the morning they took heart, emerged from their hiding-places, descended to Quebec, and went thence to Tadoussac, whither

Champlain accompanied them. Here, the squaws swam out to the canoes to receive the heads of the dead Iroquois, and, hanging them from their necks, danced in triumph and glee along the shore. One of the heads and a pair of arms were then bestowed on Champlain—touching memorials of gratitude—which, however, he was by no means to keep for himself, but to present them to the King.

HENRY HUDSON

HENRY HUDSON was born probably in 1570. He was the grandson of Henry Hudson, an alderman of London, who helped to found the Muscovy Company in 1555, and died in the same year. All his family were interested in this company, and his grandson Henry took service in it in 1607, as commander of the *Hopeful*, with a commission to discover the North Pole.

Sailing from Gravesend, the *Hopeful* proceeded to Greenland, and from thence to Prince Charles' Island and Spitzbergen, reaching latitude $80^{\circ} 45'$. Hudson hoped to cross the Pole and reach "the islands of spicery." But he satisfied himself that there was no passage to these regions from this quarter and returned to England.

Next year, still in the service of the Muscovy Company, he sailed in search of the North-west Passage. He endeavoured to traverse the Waigatz, or Kora Strait, and so double "the North Cape of Tartaria," which he supposed would take him to within easy distance of the

Pacific. But the Waigatz was impassable, and Hudson returned to Gravesend after an absence of four months.

In the spring of 1609, Hudson took service with the Dutch East India Company, and sailed from Amsterdam in command of two ships, the *Good Hope* and the *Half Moon*. But his crew, chiefly Dutchmen, refused to go beyond Novaya Zembla. The *Good Hope* is supposed to have returned to Holland, while Hudson, in the *Half Moon*, crossed the Atlantic to Nova Scotia, and sailed southward to latitude 35° , visiting Chesapeake and Delaware Bays, and Sandy Hook. The Indian reports of the great chain of lakes led to the belief in a strait right through the continent. Hudson satisfied himself of the incorrectness of this, and spent the next month in exploring the river which was named after him.

His last voyage is described below.

HUDSON'S LAST VOYAGE

It is said that Hudson made new proposals to the Dutch East India Company for a further voyage, and that these proposals were declined. His plan was to set sail (with a crew of twenty men) from Dartmouth on the 1st March, "spend the month of April and half of May in killing whales and other creatures near the island of Panar; after that, sail to the north-west, and stay there until the middle of September, and at last return to Holland by the north-east of Scotland."

Whether this story be true or false, certain it is that he was not long seeking employment. Another voyage had given him a greater name, and

the story of his discoveries roused once more the spirit of the London Company. His old employers (who had sent him out in 1607–1608) now called him again into their own service. They determined to make an effort for a north-west passage by examining the inlets of the American continent, and more especially Davis' Straits, through which it was supposed a channel might be found into the "Great South Sea." Early in the spring of 1610, therefore, the ship *Discovery*, of fifty-five tons, was equipped, manned with twenty-three men, and the command given to Henry Hudson.

One of these twenty-three was Robert Juet, who had sailed with Hudson before; another, his son, John Hudson; and another, Henry Green, whose history may be briefly related, as he was to act a conspicuous part in this voyage.

Henry Green was a young Englishman, born of respectable parents, and had respectable connections; but by his extravagant and wicked habits he had forced them to cast him off, and was now almost a beggar. In this condition Hudson fell in with him, and having pity for his youth, and a desire to reclaim him from his worthless ways, he clothed and fed him, hoping to gain the young man's love and gratitude. The thought now struck him that he would take Green out on this voyage. His name was not entered as one of the crew; he was only the companion of the master. Yet to rouse his ambition and prompt him to that which was good, Hudson promised him wages, and to awaken his pride the more, encouraged him to hope that he should be made, upon his return, one of

the "Prince's Guards." Through Hudson's persuasion, a friend went to the mother of Green and asked for enough money to purchase some clothes for the voyage. Yet she knew the profligacy of her son so well that she hesitated long before she would advance even £5, and then it was bestowed on the express condition that it should not be given to the young man, but expended for him.

On the 17th April, 1610, the *Discovery* dropped down the Thames. On the 1st May Hudson passed the north of Scotland and the Orkneys, which he says he found to be "not so northerly as is commonly set down." On the 8th he saw the Faroe Islands, and on the 11th was upon the eastern shores of Iceland. Coasting along its southern shore, he beheld in the distance Mount Hecla casting forth its flames of fire; and after struggling for more than a fortnight against head winds and icebergs, at length, on the 30th, made a harbour in the western part of the island. The natives of this island were poor and miserable, but they treated him very kindly. He found upon going ashore a hot spring (Iceland abounds in these springs)—so hot that "it would scald a fowl"—yet we are told the men bathed in the water freely. Here Hudson began to discover that he unfortunately had about him some dissatisfied men. It was rumoured that Juet, the mate, had been speaking lightly of the enterprise, discouraging the men, and trying to destroy their confidence in Hudson. He had been calling up their fears by telling them of the hazards of the voyage; he even had urged two of the men "to keep their muskets

charged and swords ready in their cabins, for there would be bloodshed before the voyage ended," and had talked boldly about turning the head of the ship homeward. While the ship lay here at anchor, a circumstance occurred which gave Juet the chance of making new mischief. The surgeon and Henry Green got into a quarrel, and Juet took part in it. The whole story is told by Habakkuk Pricket, one of the sailors and an eye-witness, in the following words: "At Iceland the surgeon and he (Henry Green) fell out in Dutch and he beat him ashore in English, which set all the company in a rage, so that we had much ado to get the surgeon aboard. I told the master of it, but he bade me let it alone, for, said he, the surgeon had a tongue that would wrong the best friend he had. But Robert Juet, the master's mate, would needs burn his finger in the embers, and told the carpenter a long tale when he was drunk, that our master had brought in Green to crack his credit that he should displease him, which word was carried to the master's ears, who, when he understood it, would have gone back to Iceland when he was forty leagues from thence, to have sent home his mate, Robert Juet, in a fisherman.¹ But being otherwise persuaded, all was well. So Henry Green stood upright and very inward with the master, and was a serviceable man every way for manhood; but for religion he would say he was clean paper, whereon he might write what he would."

On the 1st of June Hudson sailed from Iceland.

¹ Fishing vessel.

Deceived by a fog-bank, he fancied that he saw land in the west, but it was not till the 4th that he beheld the coast of Greenland "rising very mountainous and full of round hills like two sugar loaves covered with snow." The ice lay so thick along the shore that Hudson did not attempt to make a landing, but stood immediately for the south of Greenland. In his voyage now he met great numbers of whales. Some came close alongside, and one passed directly under the ship, but fortunately no harm was done, for which they were very thankful. Doubling the southern point of Greenland, he passed in sight of Desolation Island, near which he saw a "great island or mountain of ice," and kept his course north-west for the American continent. As he passed on across Davis' Straits he continually met these floating ice mountains, always endangering and sometimes obstructing his progress. One of these overturned near the ship, and taught him to keep further from them; but while struggling to avoid one, he would meet another, and the further he went they seemed to him to grow more "numerous and terrifying." Still, by perseverance and skill he managed to reach a bay (supposed to be near the great Strait which now bears his name), when a storm overtook him. The ice was now driving so rapidly against the ship, that Hudson was forced, as his only chance for escape, to run her into the thickest of it, and there leave her.

Some of the men were now dismayed and sick, or as the journal says, "some of our men fell sick ;

I will not say it was fear, although I saw small sign of other grief." When the storm ceased they went to work to extricate themselves. It was a sad prospect, for, as far as the eye could see, the waters were covered with huge masses of floating ice. They stood now for one clear sea, and then for another, but were still hemmed in by the ice in every direction. After trying to make their way through north, north-west, west and south-west, they at last laid the ship's course to the south. Yet the more they laboured the worse their situation became, until at last they could proceed no further. Hudson's heart now sickened, for as he cast his eyes again and again upon the desolate scene, there seemed no possibility of escape. Yet his courage failed not, though he afterwards confessed to one of the men that he feared he should never escape, but was doomed to perish there in the ice. His crew, however, saw no sign of fear in him, for he carried a cheerful countenance, while they were dismayed and broken-spirited.

He now brought out his chart, and calling all the men around him, showed them that they had passed three hundred miles further than any Englishman had been before, and gave them their choice, whether they would proceed or turn back. The men could come to no decision; some were for proceeding, some for returning. One man said that "if he had a hundred pounds he would give four score and ten to be at home;" while the carpenter, who had some courage, said that "if he had a hundred he would not give ten upon

any such condition, but would think it to be as good money as any he ever had, and to bring it as well home by the leave of God." The great majority of them did not care where they went, provided they were clear of the ice, and some spoke angry words against the master. This was precisely what Hudson expected. He knew that he had a mutinous set of men, and that they themselves scarcely knew what they desired. Yet this was no time to resent their words and punish them. His object was to pacify them. He therefore reasoned with them, trying to allay their fears, rouse their hopes, and inspire them with courage, until at length they all again set resolutely at work to bring the ship from the ice and save themselves. After much labour they succeeded in turning her round. They now worked their way by little and little, until at length they found themselves in a clear sea, and kept on their course north-west.

There is no scene in the life of Hudson showing greater firmness and presence of mind than this. With his little ship hemmed in by mountains of ice, and a murmuring and desperate crew on board, he might naturally have exhibited some symptoms of fear, both as to the dangers without and the dangers within the ship. There can be few situations more perilous, yet he is calm. His mind rises with the occasion, he brings around him these desperate sailors, calms their fears, and inspires them with new courage. Overcoming these, he now overcomes the storm without, and presses on his voyage.

On the 8th of July he again saw the land bearing south-west, but it was all covered with snow, and he gave it the name of Desire Provoked. Having now entered the Straits which bear his name, he kept his course west, and spent nearly the whole of July in passing through them. This was a new world round them, and, as he passed on, he gave names to the new bays, capes and islands which fell under his observation. The mainland he called "Magna Britannia." To some rocky islands near which he anchored as a shelter from a storm, he gave the name of the "Isles of God's Mercies," and to a high point of land which he passed, the name of "Hold with Hope." To other places he gave the names of Prince Henry's Cape, King James's Cape and Queen Anne's Cape. They were still occasionally in the neighbourhood of ice, but the men seem now to have become familiar with this sort of danger, and even from time to time to have amused themselves by chasing bears that were seen upon the floating pieces. The last point of land which he seems to have marked upon this course was a bold headland upon the northern shore to which he gave the name of Salisbury's Foreland. From this point he stood south-west, and running about fourteen leagues, entered a strait about two leagues broad. In honour of two of the company that had employed him, he named the cape on the south side of the strait, Cape Worsenholme, and that on the north, Cape Digges. This strait was but the passage-way to the great bay which now bears his name.

Full of hope now that the long-sought passage

to the East was clear before him, he sent a number of men on shore at Cape Digges, that they might climb the hills and see the great ocean beyond the straits. As the men wandered on the land, which was covered with grass (among which was much sorrel and scurvy grass), they saw herds of deer, at one time as many as sixteen in a herd, and abundance of fowls flying over their heads. Still pressing towards the hills, which seemed to grow further as they advanced, they met with strange piles of stones. These they thought must be the work of some civilized people, but on coming near and lifting up one of the stones, they found the piles were hollow, and filled inside by fowls hung by the neck. A thunderstorm now came on, and prevented their exploring further. With some difficulty they reached the ship, for a fog had risen upon the water, and Hudson found it necessary to fire two guns that they might know where he was. They told of what supplies they had found, and when the storm was over tried to persuade the master to remain here a day or two while they went ashore again and provisioned the ship.

But Hudson would listen to no such request. He could suffer no delay, for he felt almost certain that his way was clear before him, and he burned to press onward. He weighed anchor immediately, and, keeping the mainland on his left, touched the rocks among the Sleepers, encountered a storm, and passing south-east, soon discovered two points of land before him. He now sent some of the men ashore again, to notice if they could see the ocean beyond. They returned reporting that the sea was

open to the south. Pressing immediately between these points, he entered the sea, and continuing his course south (stopping only once to take in ballast and water) was ere long at the southern extremity of it. It proved to be only a part of the great inland sea (Hudson's Bay) upon which he was voyaging; and, disappointed that he could proceed no further in this direction, with a sad heart he prepared to retrace his course northward.

Here he began to hear once more the murmurings of his mutinous crew. He had borne with their complaints patiently before, but now he would endure them no longer. Robert Juet, the mate, and Francis Clements, the boatswain, were suspected of making the trouble, and Juet, like most guilty men, endeavoured to make a show of innocence by demanding that the charges against him should be investigated. A court of inquiry was therefore appointed to try him. It was proved that, before they reached Iceland, Juet had tried to dishearten the men and shake their confidence in the commander; his insolence as regards the quarrel between Green and the surgeon, and his wicked advice to some of the men to keep their arms loaded by them, were also sworn to; and there were witnesses to show that ever since the ship left Cape Digges he had been endeavouring to plot mischief. Hudson decided, therefore, that he should no longer be the mate, and Robert Bylot was appointed in his place. The boatswain was found guilty of conduct almost as bad, and his place was given to William Wilson. Hudson seems to have felt sorry that he found these acts necessary, for he

admonished both Juet and Clements kindly, and promised that if they would behave well for the future he would not only forgive past injuries, but be the means of doing them good.

It was now the 10th of September, and Hudson, moving north again, spent the whole of this and the next month in exploring the great bay, still longing for his eastern passage. From time to time tempests would strike the ship, and he would make a harbour where he could. During one storm they were forced to cut their cable, and thereby lost their anchor. At another time the ship ran upon rocks, and stuck fast for twelve hours, but fortunately got off without much injury. At length the end of October was at hand; "the nights long and cold, the land covered with snow," wherever it was seen, and it was evident that the season for navigation was well-nigh past. Hudson now ran the ship into a small bay, and sent Habakkuk Prieket, one of the sailors, and Philip Staffe, the carpenter, off in the boat to search for a proper place where they might shelter themselves for the winter. In a little time they found what they thought a suitable position, the ship was brought there, and hauled aground. It was now the first day of November, and by the 10th they found themselves shut up for the season; hard freezing weather had set in, and the ship was completely fastened in the ice.

Some have found fault with the commander for wintering in this northern bay. It is said "that Hudson, on finding, instead of the Indian passage, that he was embayed, became distracted, and

committed many errors, especially in resolving to winter in that desolate region." It is easy to find fault with a man when we do not understand the difficulties of his position, and especially when he proves in the end unfortunate. He had enough to distract him; but we can hardly call him distracted, who bore himself again and again so firmly and calmly against his mutinous crew, and met so resolutely tempest after tempest in that great bay, which the journal speaks of as "a labyrinth without end."

A long and dreary winter was now set in. Two hardships were distinctly before them: the rigours of a northern winter, and a scanty supply of provisions; for the ship had been victualled only for six months. Their only hope, therefore, was to take care of what they had, to get what they could in the neighbourhood, and have patience till the spring, when they might reach Cape Digges, and then probably obtain supplies.

Hudson prudently commenced at once putting the men on an allowance, and then, to encourage them to industry in procuring other provisions, offered a reward to every man who should kill a "beast, fish, or fowl." In about a fortnight one of their number (John Williams, the gunner) died, and in addition to the sorrow of losing a companion, another difficulty attended this misfortune.

It seems it was customary, when a man died at sea, after his burial to bring his clothes to the mainmast, and there sell them to the highest bidder among the sailors. The poor gunner had,

among other garments, left an old grey cloth gown, which Henry Green desired, and begged the commander that he would allow him to have it. Upon his agreeing to pay as much as any other man would, Hudson imprudently promised that it should be his. This dissatisfied the crew, for it evidently showed that Green was a favourite.

Finding his winter quarters not so comfortable as they might be, Hudson ordered the carpenter to go ashore and build a house for the better accommodation of the crew. The carpenter refused to obey, saying that the frost and snow were such that he could not do it, and moreover that it was no work of his, for he was only the ship carpenter. Hudson now became angry, and, driving him out of the cabin, followed him with abusive words, and even threatened to hang him. The carpenter, still insolent, replied that "he knew what belonged to his place better than Hudson, and that he was no house carpenter." The carpenter, though insolent, was right enough, it would seem, in one particular: it was late to build the house now; it should have been attended to when they were first frozen in, and he had then spoken to Hudson about it, but at that time he refused to have it done. In this quarrel Henry Green sided with the carpenter, and this displeased Hudson the more. The difficulty being ended, the carpenter had time for reflection, and, thinking that obedience was best, not only built the house (which, however, proved of little advantage), but was ever after one of the warmest friends that Hudson had in the ship.

The day after this the carpenter went ashore

with his gun, taking Green along with him. Green left contrary to orders, and the master was again displeased with him. He now took the cloth gown of the gunner that had been promised to Green, and gave it to Robert Bylot, the mate. Upon Green's return he was angry, and reminded the master of his promise. Hudson, upon this, spoke harshly to Green, telling him that "all his friends would not trust him with twenty shillings, and therefore why should he? As for his wages, he had none, nor should have, if he did not please him well." These words were never forgotten by Green, but sank deeply in his heart. He seems to have forgotten all former kindness in the remembrance of them.

As the season now advanced they suffered severely from the cold, most of the men from time to time having their feet frozen and being thereby rendered lame. But in the way of provisions they fared for a while much better than they had ever expected. For three months they found abundance of white partridges around them, and killed of these more than one hundred dozen. Other birds, too, were sometimes shot. These afforded supplies through "the extreme cold weather," and when spring came they were visited by other fowl, such as swan, geese and ducks. These, however, were taken with difficulty. Hudson hoped when they first made their appearance that they came to this region to breed, and might be taken easily, but he found they went further north for that purpose. Before the ice broke up these, too, began to fail, and starvation

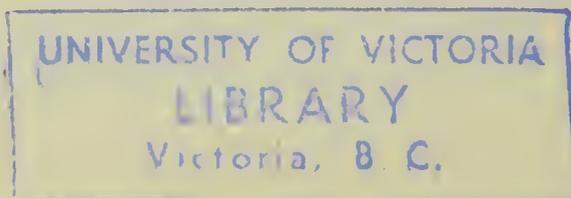
now drove the voyagers to sad extremities. They went climbing over the hills and wandering through the valleys, in search of anything that might satisfy hunger. They ate the moss on the ground, and every frog that could be found. It was a great comfort to them when Thomas Wydhouse, one of their company, discovered in his wanderings a tree bearing certain buds full of "turpentine substance." They now, from time to time, would gather these, boil them, and make a palatable drink. These buds, too, answered another purpose. When steeped hot and applied by the surgeon to their aching limbs, they gave great relief to the sick.

About the time the ice began to break up they were visited by a savage (the only one they had seen through the winter), and they were greatly cheered by his arrival. Hudson treated him with great kindness, made him a present of a knife, looking-glass, and some buttons, and the man made signs that he would return again. He was true to his promise this time, for he came back before a great while, drawing his sled, loaded with deer and beaver skins. He was received again very kindly, and when he strangely returned the presents he had received, Hudson immediately restored them to him again. He then traded with him for one of his deer-skins, and the savage, as he left them, now made "many signs of people to the north and to the south," and promised that after so many sleeps he would come again. Whether (as has been said) Hudson's hard bargain for the deer-skin displeased him, or whether some other cause actuated him,

certain it is that he came no more, and now all hope of obtaining provisions through him were at an end.

Fortunately, now the ice was so far broken up that they were enabled to make up a fishing party, to try their skill with the net. On the first day they were very successful: they took five hundred fish. They now began to think their sorrows at an end, so far as food was concerned, but they were doomed to disappointment, for on no day after did they take "a quarter of that number." At this time two of the men (Henry Green and William Wilson) were so dissatisfied that they plotted to steal the boat, push off and shift for themselves. But Hudson now called for the boat himself, and their plot proved idle. He had perceived the woods on fire at the south for some time, and fancied that if he could reach them he might find some of the people and obtain provisions. Accordingly he made ready the boat, took in eight or nine days' provisions, and leaving orders that the crew should take in wood, water, and ballast, and have everything in readiness by his return, he departed. His voyage, too, proved profitless—ere long he came back disappointed and tired, for though he could come near enough to see the people setting the woods on fire, he could never reach them.

The men had obeyed his orders during his absence, and were now prepared to depart from their cold winter quarters. Before he weighed anchor, Hudson, with a sad heart, "distributed among the crew the remnant of provision," about a pound of bread to each man, "and knowing





THE LAST OF THE PROVISIONS

their wretched condition, and the uncertainty of what might befall, he also gave to every man a bill of return which might be showed at home, if it pleased God that they came home, and he wept when he gave it to them."

It was about the middle of June when they hoisted sail. Unfortunately, in three or four days they found themselves surrounded by ice and were forced to cast anchor. Here it was discovered that some of the men had already ravenously eaten up all their bread; and now some cheese was found and divided amongst them, "about three pounds and a half to each person." Some of the more prudent part of the crew remonstrated against this, saying that if "all the cheese was given out, some of the men would devour their share at once, as they had their bread," and they therefore advised that a part should be kept back. But as some of the cheese was bad, Hudson determined to make an equal division of all at once, and thereby prevent, as he hoped, all complaints.

They were now detained at their anchorage amid the ice for nearly a week, and it was during this time that signs of mutiny began to appear among the crew. Hudson, it seems, said to one of the men (Nicholas Simmes) that there would be a breaking up of chests, and a search for bread, and told him if he had any to bring it to him. The man obeyed, and immediately brought forward a bag containing thirty cakes. Others of the crew now became greatly exasperated, and at once commenced their plot for the destruction of their commander.

Green and Wilson now went at midnight to Pricket, who was lame in his berth, and told him the plan. This Pricket had been a servant of Sir Dudley Digges (one of the company who had fitted out the ship), and the mutineers hoped to secure him as a friend, that he might intercede for pardon on their behalf with his old master, when they should reach England. These men complained to Pricket that there was only fourteen days' provision in the ship, that the master was irresolute, not knowing what to do, that they had eaten nothing for three days, and "therefore were determined either to mend or end, and what they had begun they would go through with or die." Declaring that they believed their only hope was in taking command of the ship themselves, they expressed themselves fully resolved to do so at all hazards. Their plan was to take the master and all the sick, place them in the shallop, set it adrift, and then shift for themselves.

In vain did Pricket plead with them, pointing out the blackness of this intended crime. He reminded them also of their wives, their children, and their country, from which they would cut themselves off for ever by the deed; but all to no purpose, they were fully bent upon it. Green told him to hold his peace, for he knew the worst, which was, to be hanged when he came home, "and therefore of the two, he would rather be hanged at home than starved abroad." He then commenced cursing, and threatened to have Pricket put in the shallop with the rest. Finding his efforts useless, Pricket now begged that they

would delay the crime, but here again he was unsuccessful, they declaring that, if they waited, the plot would be discovered, and sorrow would fall upon themselves. He begged for a delay of three days, of two days, of even twelve hours, but all without effect. He now upbraided them, telling them that it was not their own safety they sought, but blood, and that they were actuated by feelings of revenge. Upon this, Green seized a Bible before him, and swore "he would do harm to no man, and what he did was for the good of the voyage, and nothing else." Wilson then took the same oath; afterwards Juet, Thomas, Perse, Moter and Bennet came in and swore to the same purpose. How heartless they proved, and how utterly they forgot the oath, we shall presently see.

Their plan was now arranged, to be executed at daylight, and in the meantime the wretch Green hung around the master with pretended love. Besides Hudson and the siek, they had resolved to put into the shallop the carpenter and Henry King. They pretended to be dissatisfied with these, because of some injustice done about the provisions; but the true cause of their dislike of the carpenter was that Hudson loved him, and after leaving their winter quarters had made him the mate in place of Robert Bylot. Pricket, however, urged that they could not do without the carpenter, and they consented that he should remain. It happened that King and the carpenter slept upon deck that night, and at daybreak King was observed to go down "into the hold" as Bennet, the cook, was going down for water.

Some of the mutineers now ran and closed down the hatches on him, while the others held the carpenter in talk, so that he did not notice what was going on. Hudson now came up from his cabin and was immediately seized by Thomas and Bennet, who held him fast while Wilson bound his arms behind him. He asked them what they meant; they told him "he should know when he was in the shallop." In the meantime Juet went into the hold to attack King. Here there was a sharp conflict, for King had got a sword, and not only kept him at bay but would have killed him, had not others who heard the noise run down to Juet's assistance. Hudson now called to the carpenter, telling him he was bound, and could give him no help. Ludlo and Bute reproached their shipmates, telling them "their knavery would show itself." The boat was now hastily hauled alongside, and the sick and lame were called up from their berths, and ordered to get into the shallop. Hudson now called to Pricket to come to the hatchway to speak with him. Pricket crawled up, and on his knees "besought them, for the love of God, to remember themselves and do as they would be done unto." Their only answer was to order him back to his berth, and they would not allow him one word with the commander. He went back, Hudson still calling to him at "the horn which gave light into his cabin, and telling him that Juet would overthrow them all." "Nay," replied Pricket, "it is that villain Henry Green."

Hudson, thus bound, was thrown into the

shallop, and his son John thrown in alongside of him. Then came the sick and the lame, Arnold Ludlo, Sidrach Franer, Thomas Wydhouse, Adam Moore, Henry King and Michael Bute. Two others were to have been put in: Francis Clements and the cooper; but John Thomas was a friend of Clements, and Bennet of the cooper, and while Henry Green swore they should go, they swore they should not, and at last they were allowed to remain. The carpenter was now free, and they desired him to remain, but he declared he would not desert his commander, or stay with such villains. He asked for his chest of tools, and they placed it in the shallop. Before leaving, he went below to talk with Pricket, who begged him to remain and use his influence to have the others taken back. But the carpenter refused, saying that they would all be in the ship again, for there was no one on board who knew enough to carry her home. He thought the boat would be kept in tow only for a time, but begged Pricket, if they should be parted, that if it was his lot first to reach Cape Digges, he would leave some token there by which he might know it. Promising in return that he would do the same thing, if he had the good fortune to be first there, "with tears in their eyes," they parted. The carpenter now taking a gun, some powder and shot, an iron pot, a small quantity of meal, and some other provisions, leaped into the shallop. The anchor was weighed, the sails hoisted, and with a fair wind they stood eastward, dragging the shallop at the stern. When they had nearly

cleared the ice, they cut the rope, and the boat was adrift.

Now they hoisted their topsails, and stood away into a clear sea. In a little time they lowered their topsails, righted helm, and commenced the work of ransacking the ship. Chests and lockers were broken open, and every place was pillaged. In the cabin they found some biscuit and a butt of beer; and a few pieces of pork, some meal, and a small quantity of peas were found in the hold. While they were busy at this work, some one cried out that the shallop was in sight. Pricket besought them to take their poor comrades on board again. But this they refused to do. Although they had now obtained all the provisions to themselves, and might at least have taken the boat in tow as far as Cape Digges, where Hudson and his companions might have found some relief, and perhaps once more reached Europe, they positively refused to aid them in any way. The truth is, the mutineers did not desire that they should live: so they again hoisted sail and stood away from the boat, "as from an enemy."

A more outrageous and heartless crime than this committed by the mutineers, can hardly be thought of. It was not only murder, but murder under the very worst circumstances. Green, the ringleader in it, had been taken by Hudson, when he was a castaway from his own mother, and treated as his son. He repaid the love of his benefactor by this act of base ingratitude, and his conduct serves to show how early profligacy and

sin will deaden the feelings of the heart, and steel it against all that is good. Juet, another conspirator, had sailed with the commander on former voyages, and shared all his glories and his perils. Wilson, another of the set, had been selected by Hudson as a good man, and appointed as boatswain. This was the man who, more than any other, refused to hearken to the entreaty of Pricket, that the men might be taken on board—and these were the three principal men who had plotted this mischief.

To make the crime worse, with cold-blooded cruelty they took the sick and the lame, and gave these suffering men to the rough winds and cold waters of the northern sea, with scarcely a morsel to subsist upon. It would have been merey indeed to have killed them all at once, but their cruelty preferred leaving them to a long, lingering and horrible death. And this horrible death even the young son of Hudson was to share, though his tender years might have pleaded in his behalf.

The mutineers now kept on their way under Henry Green, who was appointed their commander. His aim was to reach Cape Digges, but it was more than a month before this was accomplished. Green was utterly ignorant and unfit to command; Robert Juet thought he was wiser, and offered his counsels; but Robert Bylot was the most serviceable man among them, and, but for him, they would probably have never reached the cape. During this month the ship seems to have been tossed about at the merey of the winds, and their lives were more than once

endangered. At one time they were for a fortnight embayed with ice, which stretched for miles around them, and feared they should never escape. Thrice did the ship run upon rocks, and, on one occasion remained so for hours, until the flood tide floated her off. Provisions, too, were scanty; but they were able to make landings sometimes, and catch a few fish, shoot a few fowls, and gather the cockle-grass which spread itself along the shores. Guilt will make a coward of any man, and so these men were all cowards; for while they feared the perils which surrounded them, they also feared even the success of reaching England. Cursing and swearing, they were continually declaring that England was "no safe place for them"; and Green swore that the ship should keep the sea until he had the King's hand and seal for his pardon.

At length, to their great comfort, they came in sight of the capes, where they hoped for supplies. The boat was immediately sent ashore for provisions. As it approached it was met by seven canoes filled with natives. The savages were at first alarmed and drew back; but presently they became familiar, and hostages were exchanged between the parties. Afterwards they all went ashore, and met in the tents of the natives. The savages danced, leaped, stroked their breasts, and offered them many things, so that the men returned to the ship greatly pleased, thinking they had found a kind and hospitable people. Some few of the mutineers were suspicious of these savages; but most of them, with Henry Green at their head, had all confidence in their kindness.

Accordingly, the next day Green ordered the boat to be made ready, and with Wilson, Thomas, Perse, Moter, and Pricket, started for the shore. The boat was laden with such articles as they thought of trafficking, and Pricket, being lame, was to remain in the boat, and guard the articles while the others landed. Green foolishly went unarmed, though some of his companions advised him to the contrary. As they came near they saw the savages upon the hills, dancing and leaping. The boat touched land and was fastened; and while Green, Wilson, and Thomas met the savages on the beach, who came down displaying their articles of traffic, Perse and Moter went up on the hills to pick sorrel; Pricket in the meantime remaining in the stern of the boat. While matters were going on thus, one of the savages stepped into the boat. Pricket, being suspicious, ordered him out. In the meantime another stole behind Pricket unobserved and stabbed him twice before he could reach his own dagger and dispatch him. Now there was a general conflict on shore. Green, Perse, Wilson, and Thomas came tumbling into the boat badly wounded. Moter, seeing the fight from the hill, leaped from the rocks, plunged into the sea, and held fast to the stern; Perse helped him in, seized a hatchet, laid one of the savages dead, and pushed off the boat. They were followed by clouds of arrows; Green was instantly killed, and Perse and Pricket again wounded. Still Perse and Moter rowed rapidly towards the ship, until Perse fainted and Moter was left to manage the boat alone. Fortunately, the savages did not follow

them with their boats. Moter now made signals to the ship (for he could not reach her), and she came to his relief. The body of Green was thrown into the sea; Wilson and Thomas died the same day, cursing and raving in the most awful manner; and Perse died two days afterwards.

The wretched crew still needed supplies, and it was necessary, even at the peril of their lives, to obtain them. A party was therefore formed, and went along the shore, killing a quantity of fowls. Then they hoisted sail again, glad enough to depart from this inhospitable region. By the time they reached the inlet of Hudson's Straits, their provisions again ran so low that they were obliged to live on short allowances, and devour even the skins of the fowls. Now they pressed towards the Desolations, as well as they could. Robert Juet urged them to steer for Newfoundland, stating that they would find relief from some of their countrymen, or, if they failed in that, would at least discover some supplies left behind by them. Accordingly they altered their course; but, fortunately for them, as it turned out, the wind changed, and they determined to shape their course for Ireland. It is hardly possible to give any idea of the sufferings of these miserable men, as they were tossed about upon the ocean. Ignorant, discontented, and sad, they lived on, with their sorrows increasing from day to day. All their meat being gone, they were forced to take salt broth for dinner, and half a fowl for supper; then, as provisions became more scanty, they took

the bones of the fowls, fried them in tallow and ate them gladly. Even the vinegar and candles were divided among them, about a pound of candles to each man. Yet they were far from Ireland. Exhausted and weakened, they became unable to stand at the helm, but sat and steered the ship. Juet died in agony, of starvation, and the rest were now in despair. They had lost all hope of reaching Ireland, they cared not which way the ship went. The poor wretches "would sit and see the foresail or mainsail fly up to the tops, the sheets being either flown or broken, and would not help it themselves, nor call to others for help." At length it pleased God to bring them in sight of land. They raised a joyful cry, and strove to reach the coast. This they could not do, but now, by God's mercy, a still more joyful cry was heard: "A sail! a sail!" A fishing bark on the coast had marked their distress, came off to them, and took them safely into a harbour in Ireland. Their wants were supplied, and through the kindness of the commander of the bark, and the sympathy of a stranger, they were enabled to reach Plymouth; thence they proceeded to Gravesend, and ere long were in London.

Great was the astonishment of Sir Thomas Smith (one of the company who had fitted out this ship) when these men appeared before him. He had not heard of the ship for nearly eighteen months, and supposed, of course, that she was lost. Great, too, was his sorrow, and the sorrow of all England, when the sad story of their sufferings and sins was made known; for Hudson had ever

reflected honour upon his country, and his countrymen loved him and grieved over him.

Such was their love, that the London Company was not satisfied till it had made an effort to save him. The next year, hoping that they might learn something of the fate of Hudson, and possibly relieve him, two ships (the *Discovery*, in which Hudson had last sailed, and the *Resolution*) were sent out under the command of Captain Thomas Button. Pricket was taken along as a sort of guide; and as the floodtide near Cape Digges was represented by him as coming from the West, a faint hope was entertained that they might also find the North-west Passage.

The ships returned the next year, having failed in both objects. No tidings of Henry Hudson were ever more received. Whether he persevered until he reached Cape Digges, and was then murdered by the savages; whether he perished in the ice, or died by famine, or was swallowed by waves, no man can tell. All that is known is, that Hudson and his companions were never more heard of.

PIERRE ESPRIT RADISSON

PIERRE ESPRIT RADISSON was a native of St. Malo, where he was born probably in the year 1636. At the age of seventeen he left France, accompanied by Medard Groseilliers, who afterwards became his brother-in-law, and lived with him for a time at Three Rivers, a French settlement on the St. Lawrence, between Quebec and

Montreal. He was connected by marriage also with Abraham Martin, who gave his Christian name to the Heights above Quebec.

Not long after his arrival at Three Rivers Radisson was taken prisoner by the Indians, by whom he was adopted and with whom he lived nearly two years as one of the tribe, painted and greased like a young brave. During that time he became an expert trapper and pathfinder. On returning to civilization he entered the service of some Quebec merchants, and with Groseilliers made expeditions in search of skins and furs, as far as the Upper Mississippi and Lake Winnipeg. The friends returned to France to appeal against the injustice of their employers, but received no better treatment in Paris than at Quebec.

After a visit to Boston they came to England to ask for ships for an expedition to Hudson Bay. They were introduced by Lord Arlington to Prince Rupert, who was hoping for a grant of land in America. Persuaded by him, the London merchants fitted out two ships, which they dispatched under the command of Captain Gillam, who on his return gave a glowing description of the Hudson Bay territory and its capabilities as a fur-producing country.

A company was then formed under the title of "the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England, trading into Hudson Bay." The King granted them a charter, and in a few years, mainly through the exertions of Radisson, they laid the foundations of a very lucrative fur trade.

After a period of hostility to the company Radisson again entered their service, and was sent to England, when he was presented to Charles II

and became a lion in London society. During his former visit he had married Mary Kirke, a niece of the admiral to whom Champlain had surrendered Quebec. On returning to America he again quarrelled with the agents of the company, who, in spite of his great services, procured his dismissal.

Radisson spent the last years of his life in England, in obscurity and poverty except for a pension of £50 a year which was grudgingly and irregularly paid. The probable date of his death is 1720. Groseilliers died ten years before.

RADISSON AMONG THE INDIANS

BEING persuaded in the morning by two of my companions to go out shooting wild fowl, I clothed myself as lightly as possible, both for ease of movement in our sport, as well as to escape the dangers of capture by the cruelest of enemies. It is to be observed that the French were then at war with a wild nation called the Iroquois, who were so strong, and so to be feared, that scarce any one durst stir beyond the shelter of his house without being taken or killed, unless, indeed, he escaped their fury by the nimbleness of his heels.

Having reached a river a mile from our dwelling, we met a man who kept cattle, and asked him if he had seen any signs of the enemy, also which way he would advise us to go, both for safety and to get better fortune with our guns. He guided us in the best way he could, recommending us by no means to go near the skirts of the moun-

tains, as doubtless there were enemies in that direction. Upon hearing this we charged two of our fowling pieces with great shot, and the other with small; and priming our pistols, we went where our fancy led us. We killed some ducks, upon which success one of my companions desired to go no further. This was not to my inclination, and I charged him with being timorous; but this had a contrary effect to what I had hoped for, for not only did he keep to his resolution of turning back himself, but prevailed upon my other companion to do the same.

I let them go, laughing them to scorn; and then pursued my way alone by the side of a wood that ran parallel to the river. I found something to shoot at, though in no considerable quantity, which caused me go to a league or more further, until I came to St. Peter's, nine miles from the plantation, where my way was barred by the River Ovamasis. I now began to think how I could transport my fowl home. I hid one part in a hollow tree, to keep it from the eagles and other devouring creatures, and returned with the other part by the way which I had come. Arriving within half-a-mile of where my comrades had left me, I rested awhile, being loaded with three geese, ten ducks, one crane, and some teal.

Having laid down my burden upon the grass, I thought I heard a noise in the wood by me, which made me look to my arms. I found one of my girdle pistols wet, whereupon I shot it off and charged it again, and went up to the wood, softly as I might. After I had gone from tree

to tree some thirty paces and espied nothing, I came back out of the wood to an adjacent brook, where I perceived a great number of dueks.

My failure to discover any savages, and the fact that I was so little way from the fort, emboldened me, and I determined to shoot once more. I was preparing to do so, when I was startled to come upon the two young men whom I had parted with some hours earlier, lying dead. Whether they had come to the spot in search of me, or had been brought thither by the savages, I knew not. However, there they were murdered, the one being shot through with three bullets, and the other run through in several places with a spear and smitten with a hatchet. I was going down to the water side in order to see if any one were following me, when I espied twenty or thirty heads in the long grass. Mightily surprised at the sight, and knowing I must either pass through the midst of them or turn back into the woods, I slipped a bullet into my gun with the small shot. I was trying to persuade myself that I had not been perceived, when I heard a noise in the opposite direction, and at the same time several guns were shot off.

Seeing myself compassed about by a multitude of savages, who rose from the grass, rushes, and bushes, I let off my gun (whether unawares or purposely I know not) and shot with my pistol; but I was seized on all sides by a great number of Indians, who threw me down and took away my arms, but did me no further injury. They then took me into the wood, where they showed me

the severed heads of my two companions. After they had consulted together for a while, they retired to their boats, which were four or five miles from thence, and near where I had been some time before. They carried me to the embarking place, and then proceeded to erect their huts and to boil their meat, of which they had plenty. They made me sit by while this was being done. Afterwards they searched me and took what I had; then tied a rope about me. They offered me some fœtid meat to eat, but seeing that my stomach rebelled against it, they took some of the best of the victual, boiled it in clean water and mingled with it a little Indian meal. To show myself not ungrateful, I swallowed down some of this, which nevertheless seemed to me very unsavoury. Having supped, they untied me and made me lie between them, putting a red coverlet over me, through which I might have counted the stars. I slept a sound sleep, and they awakened me upon the breaking of the day.

I was at a loss to understand why my life had been thus spared; for my captors continued to act kindly towards me, giving me the best of the viands. I was afterwards led to the water side, where there were seven-and-thirty boats. They tied me to a bar in one of these boats, and then themselves all embarked. Amid a great noise of shouting and firing of guns we spread out upon the river. We kept on our course the whole day, the Indians leaping and singing as we went; and by sunset we arrived at the Isles of Richelieu—a place rather more pleasant for victors than cap-

tives. Here were to be seen three hundred wild cows, a number of elks and beavers, and an infinite quantity of fowl. Having found a spot suitable for an encampment, the Indians proceeded to erect their huts. They showed me great kindness, and bade me be cheerful and merry; and though far from feeling either cheerful or merry, I tried to put on a smiling countenance, and to conceal the aversion which I felt for their proceedings. Some of the young men took delight in combing my hair; they greased it, and rubbed into it a kind of red powder; and finally tied it with a red cord.

We remained three days in this encampment, my captors spending the time in hunting for food. All the while I was becoming more familiar with them, and was even allowed to go from hut to hut with only one or two guards with me. They took pleasure in making me speak words of their language, and were earnest that I should pronounce them correctly. They gave me meat as often as I could take it, and also served me with sufficient salt to last me the whole of the voyage. There was nothing else but feasting and singing during our abode here. I observed that our numbers decreased, for every night one or other of the boats went its way, which led me to believe that they were for the wars, to get more booty.

The fourth day, early in the morning, my brother (as the Indian in whose boat I journeyed styled himself) embarked me without tying me. He gave me an oar, which I took and used with a good will. Our company, which had been con-

siderable hitherto, was now reduced to three-score. By midday we reached the Richelieu River, where we came upon another encampment of these people. As we approached, my captors began to shout. They made me stand upright in the boat, as they themselves also did, saluting one another with all kindness and joy. In this new company there was one that had a mind to do me mischief, but was prevented by some of our party. Taking no notice of the ill intent of this fellow, I endeavoured to show friendship towards him. I got some meat roasted for him and threw over it a little salt and meal; and, finding this very good to the taste, he gave some of it to the rest as a rare dainty; nor did he afterwards molest me.

We passed that day and the night following with very little rest, by reason of the demonstrations of joy and mirth in which the savages indulged; and on the second day we again embarked. We made good progress, which enabled us the same evening to arrive at a good pleasant harbour. The Indians did not trouble to erect their huts, but, having kindled a fire, provided what was necessary for their food. In this place they cut off my hair in the front and upon the crown of my head; and dabbed what remained with thick grease. This done, they brought me a looking-glass. I viewed myself with wonder, my face being smeared with red and black, my hair cut in such a fashion, and my locks tied with a red cord.

At this time I had thoughts of effecting my escape; but being alone, and fearing that I might

be apprehended and dealt with more violently, I forbore to make the attempt. And, moreover, I was desirous to see their country.

The next morning I rose early while the others were still asleep. I went down to the water side, where I walked awhile. Here I amused myself with throwing a spear into the sand. One of the Indians, seeing me engaged in such an exercise, called me, and showed me his way of doing it. As we were embarking, one of the company noticed that I had not a knife, and brought me his, which I kept for the rest of the voyage.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we came to a rapid stream, where we were forced to land and carry our boats and equipage past the dangerous place. At night we arrived at some deserted huts, where we decided to encamp; and here I engaged in cutting wood with the others with all diligence.

The following morning we resumed our journey in silence, instead of singing and shouting as usual. After travelling some hours we came to a lake six leagues wide, situated in a very pleasant, wooded country. That day our people killed two bears, one of monstrous size, the other small. During the night our camp was disturbed by the sound of shots, which caused the Indians to embark speedily. I was compelled to lie down in one of the canoes, while they rowed very hard; and, being wearied, I slept soundly till the morning, when, on awakening, I found the boat in the midst of tall rushes by the lake side. Here we stayed without molestation.

From thence we proceeded for some days across the lake, not without some fear of surprise by our enemies the Algonquins; and then entered the woods, each man carrying his bundle. After a day's march, we reached a little river, where we stayed that night. The day following, proceeding on our journey, we met two men, with whom our party seemed to be acquainted, and certain signs passed between them. Following these men came a company of women, twenty in number, who brought us some dry fish and Indian corn. These women, after we had eaten, loaded themselves like mules with our baggage; and we went forward by a well-marked track through the wood. In the evening we reached a native village of fifteen huts, where, although my companions were well received, I was regarded with suspicion. One of the young men of the village, indeed, struck me, whereupon I turned on him and grappled with him. The Indians instantly swarmed around us, encouraging us by shouts and gesticulations. My adversary, being afraid that I should get the best of the encounter, kicked me; but my French shoes, which I still wore, were harder than his, and he quickly abandoned that mode of fighting. He gripped me around the waist, but almost before he was aware of it, I had him upon the ground, and held him there until some others came and parted us. The Indians of our party, seeing me unhurt, began to shout lustily. They gave me water in which to wash, and fresh fish to eat; and also showed their good feeling towards me by greasing and combing my hair afresh.

We remained here two days, and during the remainder of our stay nobody dared trouble me.

In the hut where I was lodged, there was also an Indian who had been wounded with small shot. I thought I remembered seeing him on the day of my capture, which made me fear lest it was I who had injured him, as was indeed the case. He, however, though knowing this to be so, bore me no ill-will. Another of his fellows, whom I had wounded, came to me upon my first arrival, as I imagined for revenge; but on the contrary he spoke cheerfully, calling me his brother.

Hitherto I had not carried any burden upon our journeys, but on the first day after quitting the village, seeing an old man well laden, I took from him a sack of tobacco and bore it upon my head, as is their usual custom. As we advanced our company increased; and, among others, a great many Hurons, who had been lately captured, and were being held as slaves, joined us. The next day we marched into a village, where we were greeted with loud outcries from all sides. Our party sat down, and I in the middle of them; and very soon I saw advancing towards us a number of Indians, armed with staves, and evidently bent on doing mischief. One of my companions gave me a sign to be gone as fast as I could, but before I could get away our party was surrounded by a large number of hostile villagers. They stripped me of my clothes, but before they could do me any injury I was rescued by a kind old woman, who had come near me, accompanied by a boy carrying a hatchet. The woman gave me

back some of my clothes, while the young man took me by the hand and led me safely out of the company. They brought me to their hut, where they treated me with great kindness. The woman gave me food to eat, but the terror I had so recently been in had taken away all my appetite.

Within the space of an hour I was visited by the chiefs of the village—old men with pipes in their mouths—who sat down round about me. After smoking for some time in silence, they led me to another hut, and made me sit down by the fire; which I did, not without some apprehension of being cast into it. But it proved otherwise, for my benefactress had followed me and now spoke to the chiefs, who answered her with a loud “Ho!” The woman then took her girdle, tied it about me, and so led me out from the assembly, back to her own house, where she made me sit down in the place I had before occupied. She then began to dance and sing awhile; after which she produced a comb from a box, and gave it to a maid standing near by, who immediately fell to combing my hair with it.

I was now parted from the Indians who had taken me captive in the first place, and continued to dwell in this village, where, after some time I formed many acquaintances. I did all I could to make myself familiar with their ways. During the time I stayed with these people I suffered no wrong at their hands, and was allowed entire freedom of movement. Of this privilege I fully availed myself. I had a small gun at my com-

mand, and took all the pleasure imaginable in shooting partridges and squirrels, and joining in the games of my companions. I frequently had presents made to me by one or another, all of which I handed over to the old woman with whom I dwelt for safe keeping. She called me by the name of her son (who had before been killed) Orinha—a word which signifies a stone.

In this manner I lived many weeks without taking thought of whence I came, or of making my escape.

Radisson made two attempts to escape. The first was unsuccessful; at the second he succeeded. He had accompanied a party of warriors on an expedition against the Dutch post at Albany; and it was to that point he resolved to direct his flight. He left the Iroquois camp without arousing suspicion, and after a painful journey sought shelter within the walls of the fort. His late companions sought for him there, but the Dutch settlers hid him away until the danger was past. Radisson then took ship to Europe, whence he returned to Quebec, reaching his home at Three Rivers just two years after the date of his first capture.

PIERRE DE LA VÉRANDRYE

A FELLOW-COUNTRYMAN of Radisson's, Pierre Gaultier de Varennes, Sieur de la Vérandrye, usually known by the last part of his name, has a distinguished place among the pioneers. He was the son of a former officer in the French army, and

was born towards the end of the seventeenth century at Three Rivers. He left the New World through lack of occupation, and returning to France, entered the army, and fought in the war of the Spanish Succession.

On recovering from a severe wound received at the battle of Malplaquet he returned to Canada and engaged in the fur trade. Following the course of Radisson and Groseilliers, he explored the region of Lakes Superior and Nepigon and cherished the hope common to the early French explorers of discovering the North-west Passage, and the Western Sea.

In 1731 Vérandrye, with his two sons and his nephew, reached Rainy Lake and built their first fort, St. Pierre, on the river of the same name. Next year they discovered the Lake of the Woods, and from that descended by a rapid river to Lake Winnipeg, after having explored Minnesota and Manitoba. The parsimony of the French Government prevented their further progress, but they did a good trade in furs with the Indians between Lakes Winnipeg and Superior.

Vérandrye, nevertheless, was deeply in debt, and to add to his troubles one of his sons and twenty of his men were killed by the Sioux Indians. In spite of those disasters he continued his search for the Western Sea in 1738, and discovered the prairies of north-west Canada. At the head of fifty Frenchmen and six hundred Indians he took possession, in the name of France, of the plain of the Upper Missouri. Then he was compelled to return to New France to find that all his forts and goods had been seized by his creditors, and that he must repair to Montreal to defend himself in the law courts.

In 1740 Vérandrye again set out in search of the Western Sea, of which the Indians in Missouri had some vague ideas. In 1742 he reached a spur of the Rocky Mountains. But the great explorer was not to realize his hopes. In addition to the anxieties caused by his debts, he had to withstand the accusations of jealous rivals, who were eager to get the fur trade into their own hands. His command was given to M. de Noyelles, whose attempts to carry on the work of exploration ended in disaster and utter failure. Vérandrye was reinstated, but when about to resume his travels he died at Montreal in 1749, a victim of the jealousy of his countrymen, a failing which has brought about the ruin of so many French undertakings.

SAMUEL HEARNE

SAMUEL HEARNE was an official of the Hudson Bay Company, quartered at Fort Prince of Wales at the mouth of the Churchill River. After some years of inactivity he became an ardent explorer, and was the first European to reach the Arctic Ocean.

The successors of Vérandrye had advanced from the Missouri to Athabasca, and the bales of furs which used to find their way to Hudson Bay were now frequently intercepted. Then there was discontent in London, and some talk of revoking the company's charter.

The charges of supineness brought against the officials were well founded, for they remained idle in their fort, and only did such business as was

brought to them by the Indians. But orders were now sent to Moses Norton, the governor, to dispatch explorers at once for the discovery of unknown regions, particularly the North-west Passage, and some copper mines, the richness of which had long been noised abroad.

Norton was an Indian chief who had spent nine years in England. He was cruel and tyrannical, but devoted to the English cause. So was another chief named Matonabbée, who by a combination of craft and bravery had gained the region of Athabasca for the Hudson Bay Company. Hearne's first expedition ended in failure, but his second, in conjunction with Matonabbée, achieved some solid successes and has gained for him the name of the Mungo Park of Canada.

After suffering terrible hardships Hearne reached the Arctic Circle in June 1771, and next month arrived at the Far-off-Metal River; but it did not lead straight to China, as was expected, nor to the North-west Passage. He returned along the Coppermine River to Athabasca, which he took possession of in the name of his company, discovered the copper mines, from which the Copper Indians take their name, and reached Fort Prince of Wales after an absence of eighteen months.

Shortly afterwards Norton died, and Hearne succeeded him as governor. He held the position for ten years, when the fort fell before a vastly superior French force. Hearne was taken prisoner, and his old friend Matonabbée, when he heard the news, and saw the fort in ruins, was so distressed that he blew his brains out. Hearne's active life ended with his capture. He returned to England in 1787 and died in 1792.

JOURNEY TO THE COPPERMINE RIVER

IF, as is alleged, the Hudson's Bay Company felt for some time an unworthy jealousy of any attempts to explore the coasts which they had assumed as their own, their sentiments seem ultimately to have become much more liberal. Samuel Hearne was commissioned by them, in the year 1769, to undertake a land journey to the northward, with a view of tracing the famous Coppermine River, of observing the numbers and economy of the Indian tribes, and, finally, of the old question, whether there was a passage across the continent? Hearne was furnished with two Europeans, who proved to be of very little use; and his chief dependence was on Captain Chawchinahaw and eight or ten northern Indians, who undertook to be his guides and providers. He carried with him nothing but one change of clothes, some necessary implements, and an outline map, which he was to fill up with delineation of the country through which he passed. He soon, however, found himself reduced to a very uncomfortable dependence on his Indian guides, who did not conduct themselves with much discretion.

Though by no means unskilful in hunting, they were impelled to it only by the most urgent necessity, and, even when a good quantity of game had been brought down, they had such enormous appetites that two or three meals converted the greatest abundance into a famine. "It was all feasting or all fasting." Such a regimen ill fitted

him to withstand the rigour of the cold, which increased as he proceeded into the interior, and against which the Indians carefully protected themselves by tents and warm clothing; but they viewed with the most calm philosophy the sufferings of the British. Moreover, both they and all their countrymen whom they met besought Hearne incessantly for iron tools, powder and tobacco, as if he had carried the Company's warehouse along with him; and it was vain to represent how impossible it was for him to bear on his single person what would supply all the Indians of the north. Sometimes they proceeded to more serious extremities. A party of Indians began a regular work of plunder, conducting it with the most cool deliberation. "They entered my tent, and first asked me to lend them my skippertogan¹ to fill a pipe of tobacco. After smoking two or three pipes, they asked for several articles which I had not, among others a pack of cards. One of them then put his hand on my baggage, and asked if it was mine. Before I could answer, he and his companions had all my treasure spread on the ground. One took one thing, and another another, till at last nothing was left but the empty bag, which they permitted me to keep. By these disasters, and by the severity of the climate, Hearne was twice obliged to return to the fort after he had made some progress northwards. The guidance of Chawchinahaw was exchanged for that of Con-nc-a-queueze, without any benefit resulting. At length there occurred

¹ Presumably a traveller's hold-all.

a leader named Matonabbée, who showed much more of intelligence and courtesy than the rest of his countrymen, and who undertook to guide him to the Coppermine River.

On the 7th of December, 1770, Hearne again began to journey over the great northern plain, and was safely and faithfully conducted by Matonabbée. As, however, the same system of irregular hunting and improvident devouring of its produce still continued, they were liable as before to severe temporary famines. After Matonabbée had eaten what to an ordinary man would make six full meals, he was quite astonished to find his stomach not in perfect order, and would ask Hearne if he could explain the cause; but when the latter ventured to hint at the enormous repast which had preceded, this solution was always repelled with some indignation. The consequence was, that severe want began to be felt, and it pressed heavier on the mind of Hearne, from his thoughts dwelling on the plentiful fare spread at this season on the tables of his friends in England, the refuse of which would have sufficed to deliver him from all his misery. Occasional supplies came in; but Matonabbée deeply commiserated the case of our traveller in not being provided with wives, without whom, he argued, it was impossible to traverse with any comfort these northern wilds. In fact, this fair part of the creation among these tribes are viewed completely as beasts of burden; and the capacity of carrying enormous weights is the principal charm in the eyes of a northern wooer. Beauty is a very secondary object, and

even, after marriage, good temper; for the Indian husband has methods which he hesitates not to employ, by which the most stubborn and the most pliant are soon placed completely on a level. Hearne, however, seeing the chief possessed of seven or eight wives, suggested the great expense of their maintenance amid those frequent dearths; but Matonabbée intimated that, according to Indian ideas, the mere licking of their fingers in the process of cooking ought to suffice for their maintenance; and, in fact, whenever famine became severe, the poor women fell the first victims. A wife, however, is a precarious possession. Any Indian who confides in his strength can challenge the husband to a wrestling-match, and, on his being thrown, the wife becomes the prize. Hearne, a frequent spectator of these contests, viewed with interest the various manners in which the object of them was affected, while her lot was first in suspense, and then decided. Sometimes, attached to her former partner, she uttered loud screams, and was dragged away only by force; at other times, some feigned tears evidently concealed real satisfaction. With the exception of these wrestlings, the northern Indians have few violent contests with each other. Though there exists no law or punishment against murder, an indelible brand is affixed on the murderer. Cannibalism, of which they have been accused, seems to take place only in those dark extremities to which their mode of life exposes them, and which have impelled even civilized man to this dreadful mode of relief; and even then the per-

sons guilty of it are ever after viewed with horror and shunned.

Hearne and his party proceeded directly northwards to the west of the great northern expanses of the Athabasca and Slave Lakes, but passed along others of smaller size, to which he gives the names of Cossed, Snow-bird, Pike, Peshew and Cogead. He came now in view of what he calls the Stony Mountains, which appeared at first sight to be absolutely inaccessible, being merely a congeries of loose stones, piled confusedly over each other; but the Indians showed him a path by which, scrambling upon hands and knees, it was possible to get across. Then he arrived soon at the object of his search, the Coppermine River; but it appeared little like the descriptions of the Indians, who had represented it as navigable even for large vessels; here it could barely float a canoe, and was interrupted by shoals and waterfalls. Before proceeding downwards, he was doomed to witness one of those scenes which present savage man under so dark and dire an aspect. The Indians learned that at some distance there was an encampment of Esquimaux, whom they considered as the deadly enemy of their race. A plan was instantly formed to surprise and murder them. The moment this diabolical purpose was conceived a strict union was established between the Indians, all their private quarrels were forgotten, and one soul seemed to animate the whole party. They moved in silence and haste, only taking care to paint their faces black and white, and to delineate on their shields the figure of the sun, the moon,

and some bird or beast which each had chosen as his guardian power. In this frightful array they rushed at midnight upon the unhappy Esquimaux while they were buried in slumber. The massacre was complete, and perpetrated with every circumstance of the most wanton barbarity. Hearne in vain entreated mercy, especially for a poor girl who clung to him ; but the Indian, after giving her repeated stabs, disdainfully asked him if he wanted an Esquimaux wife. When this butchery had been completed, seven Esquimaux tents were descried on the opposite bank of the river ; but the Indian canoes having happily been left at some distance above, all they could do was to fire across. The poor creatures, quite strangers to musketry, took up the balls as presents that had been sent to them, till one was wounded in the leg, when they ran off and effected their escape.

Hearne, now proceeding on his survey, very soon reached the mouth of the river, and had a full view of the Arctic Ocean. The tide was out during the short time that he remained ; but the marks which the waters had left, and the quantity of whalebone and sealskin in possession of the Esquimaux, left no doubt of its really being the sea. This discovery formed a grand era in the geography of America ; for all the delineations made at this time showed it as an unbroken mass of land stretching towards the pole. The unexpected discovery that there was here an ocean threw an entirely new light on the structure of the continent, and inspired those grand schemes of

discovery and navigation which were afterwards so extensively acted upon.

Hearne, having now effected the main objects of his mission, bent his way back to Hudson's Bay. On his return he was shown the copper mine of which Indian report had raised so great an expectation. It bore very little correspondence with its fame. The ore was found in lumps among pebbles; but after a search of four hours, they found no piece of any consequence, except one, which indeed weighed four pounds. The mine had probably been exhausted by the natives, who, being originally acquainted with no other useful metal, had exchanged it with some reluctance for the iron of Europeans.

The party, in their return, took a more westerly route by the Athabasca Lake; after passing which they found themselves in a level country abounding with game. Here, having seen the track of a strange snow-shoe, they traced it till they found a handsome young Indian woman, who had lived solitary for seven months in a hut which she had built for herself on the shores of the lake. The Athabasca Indians, who murdered her father, mother and husband, had taken her prisoner. She had contrived to hide her infant, but on reaching her place of captivity it was discovered and killed by one of the Athabasca women. Unable after this to endure living among this tribe, she effected her escape, but was unable to find her way home, and winter surprised her on the banks of the lake. In this circumstance she had shown amazing activity and ingenuity.

With snares made of the sinews of rabbits and deer she had procured a sufficiency of game; she had built a wooden hut, and even sewed a neat suit of clothes out of the skins of animals. Her story and her accomplishments excited so much interest that numerous wrestling-matches were necessary to decide the happy mortal who was to carry her off as his wife.

Along with the other information collected by Mr. Hearne, he communicated that of the great breadth of the American continent and the distance of the Pacific, which had been generally supposed to be only two or three hundred miles west of Hudson's Bay. He had been five hundred miles westward, and had met with Indians who had gone a much greater distance further, without even hearing of any termination of the land. This observation, at that time new, was soon amply confirmed by the discoveries of Cook.

SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE is believed to have been born at Inverness in the year 1755. In 1779 he entered the counting-house of the Northwest Fur Company, which was started in opposition to the Hudson Bay Company, by some Englishmen whose head-quarters were at Montreal.

In 1784 Mackenzie was sent by his employers with some goods to Detroit, with instructions to penetrate into the Indian territory in the following

spring. But rival traders stirred up the Indians against him, and many of his followers were killed.

After several years' residence at Fort Chippewayau, at the head of Lake Athabasca, Mackenzie was appointed by his company to explore the region of the North-west, supposed to be bounded by the frozen sea. He started June 3rd, 1789, and reached the Great Slave Lake a week after. The great river which flows into this lake was named after him—descending which he reached the Arctic Ocean, and returned to Fort Chippewayau after an absence of one hundred and two days.

In 1792 he attempted to reach the Pacific. This journey proved to be far more difficult and perilous than the preceding. After nine months of persevering travel, Mackenzie crossed the Rocky Mountains, being the first white man to do so, and reached the Pacific coast near Menzies in 1793. On his return to Chippewayau, he devoted himself to trade, and amassed a considerable fortune. During a visit to England he was knighted by George III, and, returning to America, sat in the Legislative Assembly as member for Huntingdon county, in Lower Canada. On finally quitting the west he settled on an estate in Ross-shire. He was taken ill at Dunkeld, while journeying to Edinburgh, and died there in 1820.

CROSSING THE CONTINENT

May 1793.—That the discouragements, difficulties and dangers which had hitherto attended the progress of our enterprise should have excited a wish in several of those who were engaged in it to discontinue the pursuit might be naturally

expected; and indeed it began to be muttered on all sides that there was no alternative but to return.

Instead of paying any attention to these murmurs, I desired those who had uttered them to exert themselves in gaining an ascent of the hill, and encamp there for the night. In the meantime I set off with one of the Indians, and though I continued my examination of the river almost as long as there was any light to assist me, I could see no end of the rapids and cascades; I was, therefore, perfectly satisfied that it would be impracticable to proceed any further by water. We returned from this reconnoitring excursion very much fatigued, with our shoes worn out and wounded feet; when I found that by felling trees on the declivity of the first hill my people had contrived to ascend it.

Tuesday, 21st.—It rained in the morning, and did not cease until about eight, and as the men had been very fatigued and disheartened, I suffered them to continue their rest till that hour. Such was the state of the river, as I have already observed, that no alternative was left us; nor did any means of proceeding present themselves to us but the passage of the mountains, over which we were to carry the canoe as well as the baggage. As this was a very alarming enterprise I dispatched Mr. Mackay with three men and the two Indians to proceed in a straight course from the top of the mountain, and to keep the line of the river until they should find it navigable. If it should be their opinion that there was no practicable

passage in that direction, two of them were instructed to return in order to make their report; while the others were to go in search of the Indian carrying place.

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, which, according to their calculation, was a distance of three leagues. The two parties returned by different routes, but they both agreed that, with all its difficulties, and they were of a very alarming nature, the outward course was that which must be preferred. Unpromising, however, as the account of their expedition appeared, it did not sink them into a state of discouragement; and a kettle of wild rice, sweetened with sugar, which had been prepared for their return, with their usual regale of rum, soon renewed their courage, which disdained all obstacles that threatened our progress.

Wednesday, May 22nd.—At break of day we entered on the extraordinary journey which was to occupy the remaining part of it. The men began without delay to cut a road up the mountain; and as the trees were but of small growth, I ordered them to fell those which they found convenient, in such a manner that they might fall parallel with the road, but, at the same time, not separate them entirely from the stumps, so that they might form a kind of railing on either side. The baggage was now brought from the water side to our encampment. This was likewise, from the

steep shelving of the rocks, a very perilous undertaking, as one false step of any of the people employed in it would have been instantly followed by falling headlong into the water. When the important object was attained, the whole of the party proceeded, with no small degree of apprehension, to fetch the canoe, which in a short time was also brought to the encampment; and as soon as we had recovered from our fatigue we advanced with it up the mountain, having the line doubled and fastened successively, as we went on, to the stumps, while a man at the end of it hauled it round a tree, holding it on and shifting it as we proceeded; so that we may be said, with strict truth, to have warped the canoe up the mountain; indeed, by a general and most laborious exertion we got everything to the summit by two in the afternoon.

Thursday, 23rd.—The weather was clear at four this morning, when the men began to carry. I joined Mr. Mackay and the two Indians in the labour of cutting a road. The ground continued rising until noon, when it began to decline; but though on such an elevated situation, we could see but little, as mountains of a still higher elevation, and covered with snow, were seen far above us in every direction. In the afternoon the ground became very uneven; hills and deep defiles alternately presented themselves to us. At five, in a state of fatigue that may be more readily conceived than expressed, we encamped near a rivulet or spring that issued from beneath a large mass of ice and snow.

Our toilsome journey of this day I compute at about three miles; along the first of which the land is covered with plenty of wood, consisting of large trees, encumbered with little underwood, through which it was by no means difficult to open a road, by following a well-beaten elk path; for the two succeeding miles we found the country overspread with the trunks of trees, laid low by fire some years ago; among which large copses had sprung up of a close growth, and intermixed with briars, so as to render the passage through them painful and tedious.

Friday, 24th.—We continued our very laborious journey, which led us down some steep hills, and through a wood of tall pines. After much toil and trouble in bearing the canoe through the difficult passages which we encountered, at four in the afternoon we arrived at the river, some hundred yards above the rapids or falls, with all our baggage. I compute the distance of this day's progress to be about four miles; indeed, I should have measured the whole of the way, if I had not been obliged to engage personally on the labour of making the road.

Wednesday, 29th.—The rain was so violent throughout the whole of this day that we did not venture to proceed. As we had almost expended the contents of a rum-keg, and this being a day which allowed of no active employment, I amused myself with the experiment of enclosing a letter in it, and dispatching it down the stream to take its fate. I accordingly introduced a written account of all our hardships, etc., carefully enclosed in

bark, into the small barrel by the bung-hole, which being carefully secured, I consigned this epistolatory cargo to the mercy of the current.

Thursday, 30th.—We were alarmed this morning, at break of day, by the continual barking of our dog, who never ceased from running backwards and forwards in the rear of our situation; when, however, the day advanced, we discovered the cause of our alarm to proceed from a wolf, who was parading a ridge a few yards behind us, and had been most probably allured by the scent of our small portion of fresh meat. The weather was cloudy, but it did not prevent us from renewing our progress at a very early hour. A considerable river appeared from the left, and we continued our course till seven in the evening, when we landed at night where there was an Indian encampment.

Friday, 31st.—The morning was clear and cold, and the current very powerful. On crossing the mouth of a river that flowed in from the right of us, we were very much endangered; indeed, all the rivers which I have seen appear to overflow their natural limits, as it may be supposed from the melting of the mountain snow. At nine the men were so cold that we landed in order to kindle a fire, which was considered as a very uncommon circumstance at this season; a small quantity of rum, however, served as an adequate substitute; and the current being so smooth as to admit of the use of paddles, I encouraged them to proceed without any further delay. In a short time an extensive view opened upon us, displaying a

beautiful sheet of water, that was heightened by the calmness of the weather, and a splendid sun. Here the mountains, which were covered with wood, opened on either side, so that we entertained the hope of soon leaving them behind us. When we had got to the termination of this prospect, the river was barred with rocks, forming cascades and small islands. To proceed onwards, we were under the necessity of clearing a narrow passage of the driftwood on the left shore. Here the view convinced us that our late hopes were without foundation, as there appeared a ridge or chain of mountains, running south and north as far as the eye could reach.

On advancing two or three miles, we arrived at the fork, one branch running about west-north-west, and the other south-south-east. If I had been governed by my own judgment I should have taken the former, as it appeared to me to be the most likely to bring us nearest to the part where I wished to fall on the Pacific Ocean; but an old man who had been frequently on war expeditions in this country warned me not, on any account, to follow it, as it was soon lost in various branches among the mountains, and that there was no great river that ran in any direction near it; but by following the latter, 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.

I accordingly ordered my steersman to proceed at once to the east branch, which appeared to be

more rapid than the other, though it did not possess an equal breadth. These circumstances disposed my men and Indians, the latter in particular being very tired of the voyage, to express their wish that I should take the western branch, especially when they perceived the difficulty of stemming the current in the direction on which I had determined. Indeed, the rush of water was so powerful that we were the greatest part of the afternoon in getting two or three miles—a very tardy and mortifying progress.

On the first of June we embarked at sunrise, and towards noon the current began to slacken. We put to shore, in order to gum the canoe, and then continued our course.

In no part of the north-west did I see so much beaver-work, within an equal distance, as in the course of the day. In some places they had cut down several acres of large poplars; and we saw also a great number of these active and sagacious animals. The time which these wonderful creatures allot for their labours, whether in erecting their curious habitations, or providing food, is the whole of the interval between the setting and the rising sun.

The succeeding morning being clear and pleasant, we proceeded at an early hour against a rapid current, intersected by islands. The men were so oppressed with fatigue that it was necessary they should encamp at six in the afternoon. We therefore landed on a sandy island, which is a very uncommon object, as the greater part of the islands consist of a bottom of round

stones and gravel, covered from three to ten feet with mud and old driftwood.

Tuesday, 4th.—We embarked this morning at four, in a very heavy fog. The water had been continually rising, and in many places overflowed its banks. The current also was so strong that our progress was very tedious, and required the most laborious exertions.

We could not find a place fit for an encampment till nine at night, when we landed on a bank of gravel, of which little more appeared above water than the spot we occupied.

Wednesday, 5th.—This morning we found our canoe and baggage in the water, which had continued rising during the night. We then gummed the canoe, as we arrived at too late an hour to perform that operation on the preceding evening. This necessary business being completed, we traversed to the north shore, where I disembarked with Mr. Mackay and the hunters, in order to ascend an adjacent mountain, with the hope of obtaining a view of the interior part of the country. I directed my people to proceed with all possible diligence, and that, if they met with any accident, or found my return necessary, they should fire two guns. They also understood that when they should hear the same signal from me, they were to answer, and wait for me, if I were behind them.

When we had ascended to the summit of the hill, we found that it extended onward in an even, level country; so that, encumbered as we were with the thick wood, no distant view could be obtained;

I therefore climbed a very lofty tree, from whose top I discerned on the right a ridge of mountains covered with snow, bearing about north-west; from thence another ridge of high land, whereon no snow was visible, stretched towards the south; between which and the snowy hills on the east side there appeared to be an opening which we determined to be the course of the river.

Having received all the satisfaction that the nature of the place would admit, we proceeded forward to overtake the canoe, and after a warm walk came down upon the river, when we discharged pieces twice, but received no answering signal. I was of opinion that the canoe was before us, while the Indians entertained an opposite motion. I, however, crossed another point of land, and came again to the water side about ten. We repeated our signals, but without any return; and as every moment increased my anxiety, I left Mr. Mackay and one of the Indians at this point to make a large fire, and send branches adrift down the current as notices of our situation, if the canoe was behind us; and proceeded with the other Indian across a very large point, where the river makes a considerable bend, in order that I might be satisfied if the canoe was ahead. About twelve we arrived once more at the river, and the discharge of our pieces was as unsuccessful as it had hitherto been. The water rushed before with uncommon velocity; and we also tried the experiment of sending fresh branches down it. To add to the disagreeableness of our situation, the gnats and mosquitoes appeared in swarms to torment

us. When we returned to our companions, we found that they had not been contented with remaining in the position where I had left them, but had been three or four miles down the river, but were come back to their station, without having made any discovery of the people on the water.

At half-past six in the evening, Mr. Mackay and an Indian set off to proceed down the river as far as they could before the night came on, and to continue their journey in the morning to the place where we had encamped the preceding evening. I also proposed to make my excursion upwards; and, if we both failed of success in meeting the canoe, it was agreed that we should return to the place where we now separated.

In this situation we had wherewithal to drink in plenty, but with solid food we were totally unprovided. We had not seen even a partridge throughout the day, and the tracks of reindeer that we had discovered were of an old date. We were, however, preparing to make a bed of the branches of trees, where we should have had no other canopy than that afforded us by the heavens, when we heard a shot, and soon after another, which was the notice agreed upon if Mr. Mackay and the Indian should see the canoe. That fortunate circumstance was also confirmed by a return of the signal from the people. I was, however, so fatigued from the heat and exercise of the day, that I did not wish to remove till the following morning; but the Indian made such bitter complaints of the cold and hunger which he

suffered, that I complied with his solicitations to depart; and it was almost dark when we reached the canoe, barefooted, and drenched with rain. But these inconveniences affected me very little when I saw myself once more surrounded with my people. They informed me that the canoe had been broken; and that they had this day experienced much greater toil and hardship than on any former occasion. I thought it prudent to affect a belief of every representation that they made, and even to comfort each of them with a consolatory dram; but, however difficult the passage might have been, it was too short to have occupied the whole day, if they had not relaxed in their exertions.

Sunday, 9th.—The rain of this morning terminated in an heavy mist at half-past five, when we embarked. After we had proceeded some distance we perceived a smell of fire; and in a short time we heard people in the woods, as if in a state of great confusion, which was occasioned, as we afterwards understood, by their discovery of us. At the same time this unexpected circumstance produced some little discomposure among ourselves, as our arms were not in a state of preparation, and we were as yet unable to ascertain the number of the party. I considered that if there were but few it would be needless to pursue them, as it would not be probable that we should overtake them in these thick woods; and if they were numerous it would be an act of great imprudence to make the attempt, at least during their present alarm. I therefore ordered my people to strike off to the

opposite side, that we might see if any of them had sufficient courage to remain; but, before we were half over the river, which, in this part, is not more than a hundred yards wide, two men appeared on a rising ground over against us, brandishing their spears, displaying their bows and arrows, and accompanying their hostile gestures with loud vociferations. My interpreter did not hesitate to assure them that they might dispel their apprehensions, as we were white people, who meditated no injury, but were, on the contrary, desirous of demonstrating every mark of kindness and friendship. They did not, however, seem disposed to confide in our declarations, and actually threatened, if we came over before they were more fully satisfied of our peaceful intentions, that they would discharge their arrows at us. This was a decided kind of conduct which I did not expect; at the same time I readily complied with their proposition, and after some time had passed in hearing and answering their questions, they consented to our landing, though not without betraying very evident symptoms of fear and distrust. They, however, laid aside their weapons, and when I stepped forward and took each of them by the hand, one of them, but with a very tremulous action, drew his knife from his sleeve, and presented it to me as a mark of his submission to my will and pleasure. On our first hearing the noise of these people in the woods, we displayed our flag, which was now shown to them as a token of friendship. They examined it, and everything about us, with a minute and suspicious attention.

They had heard, indeed, of white men, but this was the first time that they had ever seen a human being of a complexion different from their own. The party had been here but a few hours; nor had they yet erected their sheds; and except the two men now with us they had all fled, leaving their little property behind them. To those which had given us such a proof of their confidence we paid the most conciliating attentions in our power. One of them I sent to recall his people, and the other, for very obvious reasons, we kept with us. In the meantime the canoe was unloaded, the necessary baggage carried up the hill, and the tents pitched.

It was about three in the afternoon when we landed, and at five the whole party of Indians had assembled. It consisted only of three men, three women, and seven or eight boys and girls. With their scratched legs, bleeding feet, and dishevelled hair, as in the hurry of their flight they had left their shoes and leggings behind them, they displayed a most wretched appearance; they were consoled, however, with beads and other trifles, which seemed to please them; they had pemmican also given them to eat, which was not unwelcome, and, in our opinion at least, superior to their own provision, which consisted entirely of dried fish.

When I thought they were sufficiently composed I sent for the men to my tent, to gain such information respecting the country as I concluded it was in their power to afford me. But my expectations were by no means satisfied; they said that they were not acquainted with any river to the

westward, but that there was one from whence they were just arrived, over a carrying place of eleven days' march, which they represented as being a branch only of the river before us. Their ironwork they obtained from the people who inhabit the bank of that river and an adjacent lake, in exchange for beaver skins and dressed moose skins. They represented the latter as travelling, during a moon, to get to the country of other tribes, who live in houses, with whom they traffic for the same commodities; and that these also extend their journeys in the same manner to the sea coast, where they trade with people like us, that come there in vessels as big as islands. They added that the people to the westward, as they have been told, are very numerous. Those who inhabit the other branch they stated as consisting of about forty families, while they themselves did not amount to more than a fourth of that number; and were almost continually compelled to remain in their strongholds, where they sometimes perished with cold and hunger, to secure themselves from their enemies.

Monday, 10th.—When the dawn appeared I had already quitted my bed, and was waiting with impatience for another conference with the natives. I now repeated my inquiries, but my perplexity was not removed by any favourable variation in their answers. About nine, however, one of them still remaining at my fire, in conversation with the interpreter, I understood enough of their language to know that he mentioned something about a great river, at the same time

pointing significantly up that which was before us. On my inquiring of the interpreter respecting that expression, I was informed that he knew of a large river that ran towards the midday sun, a branch of which flowed near the source of that which we were now navigating; but that it did not empty itself into the sea. The inhabitants, he said, built houses, lived on islands, and were a numerous and warlike people. I desired him to describe the road to the other river, by delineating it with a piece of coal, on a strip of bark, which he accomplished to my satisfaction. The opinion that the river did not discharge itself into the sea I very confidently imputed to his ignorance of the country.

My hopes were now renewed, and an object presented itself which awakened my utmost impatience; I accordingly resolved to depart with all expedition.

Monday, 10th.—At ten we were ready to embark. I then took leave of the Indians (one of whom accompanied us as a guide), but encouraged them to expect us in two moons, and expressed a hope that I should find them on the road, with any of their relations whom they might meet.

We now pushed off the canoe from the bank, and proceeded east half-a-mile, when the river flowed in from the left, about half as large as that which we were navigating. At length we quitted the main branch, which, according to the information of our guide, terminates at a short distance, where it is supplied by the snow which covers the mountains. In the same direction is a valley

which appears to be of very great depth, and is full of snow, that rises nearly to the height of the land, and forms a reservoir of itself sufficient to furnish a river, whenever there is a moderate degree of heat. The branch which we left was not, at this time, more than ten yards broad, while that which we entered was still less. Here the current was very trifling, and the channel so meandering, that we sometimes found it difficult to work the canoe forward. The straight course from this to the entrance of a small lake, or pond, is about east one mile. This entrance into the lake was almost choked up by a quantity of driftwood, which appeared to me to be an extraordinary circumstance; but I afterwards found that it falls down from the mountains. The water, however, was so high that the country was entirely overflowed, and we passed with the canoe among the branches of trees. The principal wood along the banks is spruce, intermixed with a few white birch, growing on detached spots, the intervening spaces being covered with willow and alder. We advanced about a mile on the lake, and took up our station for the night at an old Indian encampment. Here we expected to meet with natives, but were disappointed; but our guide encouraged us with the hope of seeing some on the morrow.

We landed and unloaded, where we found a beaten path leading over a low ridge of land to another small lake. The distance between the two mountains at this place is about a quarter of a mile; rocky precipices presenting themselves on both sides. The natives had left their old canoes

here, with baskets hanging on the trees, which contained various articles. From the latter I took a net, some hooks, a goat's horn, and a kind of wooden trap, in which, as our guide informed me, the ground-hog is taken. I left, however, in exchange a knife, some fire-steels, beads, awls, etc. Here two streams tumble down the rocks from the right, and lose themselves in the lake which we had left; while two others fall from the opposite heights, and glide into the lake which we were approaching; this being the highest piece of land dividing these waters, and we are now going with the stream. This lake runs in the same course as the last, but is rather narrower, and not more than half the length.

We embarked on this lake, which is in the same course and about the same size as that which we had just left, and from whence we passed into a small river that was so full of fallen wood as to employ some time, and require some exertion, to force a passage. At the entrance, it afforded no more water than was just sufficient to bear the canoe; but it was soon increased by many small streams which came in broken rills down the rugged sides of the mountains, and were furnished, as I suppose, by the melting of the snow. These accessory streamlets had all the coldness of ice. Our course continued to be obstructed by banks of gravel, as well as trees which had fallen across the river. We were obliged to force our way through one, and to cut through the other, at a great expense of time and trouble. At four in the afternoon we stopped to unload and carry, and at five

we entered a small round lake of about one-third of a mile in diameter. From the last lake to this is, I think, in a straight line, six miles, though it is twice that distance by the winding of the river. We again entered the river, which soon ran with great rapidity, and rushed impetuously over a bed of flat stones. At half-past six we were stopped by two large trees that lay across the river, and it was with great difficulty that the canoe was prevented from driving against them. Here we unloaded and formed our encampment.

Thursday, 13th.—At an early hour of this morning the men began to cut a road, in order to carry the canoe and lading beyond the rapid; and by seven they were ready. That business was soon effected, and the canoe reloaded, to proceed with the current, which ran with great rapidity. We pushed off, and had proceeded but a very short way when the canoe struck, and, notwithstanding all our exertions, the violence of the current was so great as to drive her sideways down the river, and break her by the first bar, when I instantly jumped into the water, and the men followed my example; but before we could set her straight or stop her, we came to deeper water, so that we were obliged to re-embark with the utmost precipitation. One of the men, who was not sufficiently active, was left to get on shore in the best manner in his power. We had hardly regained our situations when we drove against a rock, which shattered the stern of the canoe in such a manner that it held only by the gunwales, so that the steersman could no longer keep his place. The violence



A PERILOUS MOMENT

of this stroke drove us to the opposite side of the river, which is but narrow, when the bow met with the same fate as the stern. At this moment the foreman seized on some branches of a small tree in the hope of bringing up the canoe, but such was their elasticity that, in a manner not easily described, he was jerked on shore in an instant, and with a degree of violence that threatened his destruction. But we had no time to turn from our situation to inquire what had befallen him; for in a few moments, we came across a cascade which broke several large holes in the bottom of the canoe, and started all the bars, except one behind the scooping seat. If this accident, however, had not happened, the vessel must have been irretrievably upset. The wreck becoming flat on the water, we all jumped out, while the steersman, who had been compelled to abandon his place, and had not recovered from his fright, called out to his companions to save themselves. My peremptory commands superseded the effects of his fear, and they held fast to the wreck; to which fortunate resolution we owed our safety, as we should otherwise have been dashed against the rocks by the force of the water, or driven over the cascades. In this condition we were forced several hundred yards, and every yard on the verge of destruction; but at length we most fortunately arrived in shallow water and a small eddy, where we were enabled to make a stand, from the weight of the canoe resting on the stones, rather than from any exertions of our exhausted strength. For though our efforts were short, they

were pushed to the utmost, as life or death depended on them. This alarming scene, with all its terrors and dangers, occupied only a few minutes; and in the present suspension of it we called to the people on shore to come to our assistance, and they immediately obeyed the summons. The foreman, however, was the first with us. He had escaped unhurt from the extraordinary jerk with which he was thrown out of the boat, and just as we were beginning to take our effects out of the water, he appeared to give his assistance. The Indians, when they saw our deplorable situation, instead of making the least efforts to help us, sat down and gave vent to their tears.

The loss was considerable and important, for it consisted of our whole stock of balls, and some of our furniture; but these considerations were forgotten in the impressions of our miraculous escape. Our first inquiry was after the absent man whom, in the first moment of danger, we had left to get on shore, and in a short time his appearance removed our anxiety. We had, however, sustained no personal injury of consequence, and my bruises seemed to be in the greater proportion. All the different articles were now spread out to dry. The powder had fortunately received no damage, and all my instruments had escaped.

Friday, 14th.—The weather was fine, clear, and warm. At an early hour of the morning we resumed our repair of the canoe, and this work we contrived to complete by the conclusion of the day. The guide, who had hitherto manifested continual signs of dissatisfaction, now assumed an air of

contentment, which I attributed to a smoke that was visible in the direction of the river; as he naturally expected, if we should fall in with any natives, which was now very probable from such a circumstance, that he should be released from a service which he had found so irksome and full of danger.

Saturday, 15th.—The weather continued the same as the preceding day, and according to the directions which I had previously given, my people began at a very early hour to open a road, through which we might carry a part of our lading; as I was fearful of risking the whole of it in the canoe, in its present weak state, and in a part of the river which is full of shoals and rapids. Four men were employed to conduct her, lightened as she was of twelve packages. They passed several dangerous places, and met with various obstructions, the current of the river being frequently stopped by rafts of driftwood and fallen trees, so that after fourteen hours' hard labour we had not made more than three miles.

Sunday, 16th.—The fine weather continued, and we began our work as we had done the preceding day; some were occupied in opening a road, others were carrying, and the rest employed in conducting the canoe. I was of the first party, and soon discovered that we had encamped about half-a-mile above several falls, over which we could not attempt to run the canoe, lightened even as she was. This circumstance rendered it necessary that the road should be made sufficiently wide to admit the canoe to pass; a tedious and toilsome

work. In running her down a rapid above the falls, a hole was broken in her bottom, which occasioned a considerable delay, as we were destitute of the materials necessary for her effectual repair.

When the people had repaired the canoe in the best manner they were able, we conducted her to the head of the falls; she was then unloaded and taken out of the water, when we carried her for a considerable distance through a low, swampy country. I appointed four men to this laborious office, which they executed at the peril of their lives, for the canoe was now become so heavy, from the additional quantity of bark and gum necessary to patch her up, that two men could not carry her more than a hundred yards without being relieved; and as their way lay through deep mud, which was rendered more difficult by the roots and prostrate trunks of trees, they were every moment in danger of falling; and beneath such a weight, one false step might have been attended with fatal consequences. The other two men and myself followed as fast as we could with the lading. Thus did we toil till seven o'clock in the evening, to get to the termination of the road that had been made in the morning.

The extent of our journey was not more than two miles south-east; and so much fatigue and pain had been suffered in the course of it that my people, as might be expected, looked forward to a continuance of it with discouragement and dismay. I was, indeed, informed that murmurs prevailed among them, of which, however, I took no notice.

When we were assembled together for the night, I gave each of them a dram, and in a short time they retired to the repose which they so much required. We could discover the termination of the mountains at a considerable distance on either side of us, which, according to my conjecture, marked the course of the great river. On the mountains to the east there were several fires, as their smoke was very visible to us. Excessive heat prevailed throughout the day.

Having sat up till twelve last night, which had been my constant practice since we had taken our present guide, I awoke Mr. Mackay to watch him in turn. I then lay down to rest, and at three I was awakened to be informed that he had deserted. Mr. Mackay and an Indian, accompanied by the dog, went in search of him, but he had made his escape: a design which he had for some time meditated, though I had done everything in my power to induce him to remain with me.

This misfortune did not produce any relaxation in our exertions. At an early hour of the morning we were all employed in cutting a passage of three-quarters of a mile, through which we carried our canoe and cargo, when we put her into water with her lading, but in a very short time were stopped by the driftwood, and were obliged to land and carry. In short, we pursued our alternate journeys, by land and water, till noon, when we could proceed no further from the various small unnavigable channels into which the river branched in every direction; and no other mode of getting forward now remained for us but by

cutting a road across a neck of land. I accordingly dispatched two men to ascertain the exact distance, and we employed the interval of their absence in unloading and getting the canoe out of the water. It was eight in the evening when we arrived at the bank of the great river. This journey was three-quarters of a mile, through a continued swamp, where, in many places, we waded up to the middle of our thighs. At length we enjoyed, after all our toil and anxiety, the inexpressible satisfaction of finding ourselves on the bank of a navigable river, on the west side of the first great range of mountains.

THE GREAT FIGHT FOR CANADA

THE FIRST CONQUEST OF QUEBEC

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN, the governor of New France, as Canada was then called, had received his commission in 1613, and had ruled the country with tolerable success until 1627. In that year the relations between the colonists and the mother country became strained, the former, strange to say, suffering greatly from want of provisions, and the company at home being callous to everything but their own profits. Cardinal Richelieu, the all-powerful minister of Louis XIII, on Champlain's representation dissolved the old fur company, and formed a new one, generally known as the Hundred Associates—with himself at their head. It was proposed to send out two or three hundred artisans of various trades, at once, and four hundred thousand additional colonists within fifteen years. Only Roman Catholic natives of France were to be allowed to enter the colony, and the company was to have a monopoly of the trade.

In furtherance of these plans, four armed vessels, convoying a fleet of eighteen transports laden with emigrants and stores, together with one hundred and thirty-five cannons, left France in 1628 for Quebec. But the expedition never reached the St. Lawrence. For the English Government, having espoused the cause of the

French Huguenots, with whom Richelieu was at war, had sent out a fleet under David Kirk, to attack the French foreign possessions. Kirk entered upon his duties with special enthusiasm. He was animated by religious zeal, and by feelings of revenge against those who had driven his family from France. He captured the transports and convoy and conveyed them to England. Then he sailed to Canada, to the great consternation of the French colonists, who were eagerly expecting assistance from France. This action of Kirk long rankled in the minds of the rulers of France, and partly explains their hostility in after years to Radisson, who had married Mary Kirk, a relative of the admiral.

THE attempts of Sir William Alexander¹ to colonize Acadia had of late turned attention in England towards the New World; and on the breaking out of the war an enterprise was set on foot, under the auspices of that singular personage, to seize on the French possessions in North America. At its head was a subject of France, David Kirk, a Calvinist of Dieppe. With him were his brothers, Louis and Thomas Kirk; and many Huguenot refugees were among the crews. Having been expelled from New France as settlers, the persecuted sect were returning as enemies. One Captain Michel, "a furious Calvinist," is said to have instigated the attempt, acting, it is affirmed, under the influence of one of his former employers.

¹ Afterwards Earl of Stirling, a poet and statesman. He was tutor to Prince Henry, son of James I, and in 1621 was given jurisdiction over Acadia.

Meanwhile, the famished tenants of Quebec were eagerly waiting the expected succour. Daily they gazed beyond Point Levi and along the channels of Orleans, in the vain hope of seeing the approaching sails. At length, on the 9th of July, two men, worn with struggling through forests and over torrents, crossed the St. Charles and mounted the rock. They were from the outpost at Cape Tourmente, and brought news that, according to the report of Indians, six large vessels lay in the harbour of Tadoussac. The friar Le Caron was at Quebec, and, with a brother Récollet, he set forth in a canoe to gain further intelligence. As the two missionary scouts were paddling along the borders of the Island of Orleans, they met two canoes advancing in hot haste, manned by Indians, who with shouts and gestures warned them to turn back.

The friars, however, waited till the canoes came up, when they beheld a man lying disabled at the bottom of one of them, his moustaches burned by the flash of the musket which had wounded him. He proved to be Foucher, who commanded at Cape Tourmente. On that morning—such was the story of the fugitives—twenty men had landed at that post from a small fishing-vessel. Being to all appearances French, they were hospitably received; but no sooner had they entered the houses than they began to pillage and burn all before them, killing the cattle, wounding the commandant, and making several prisoners.

The character of the fleet at Tadoussac was now

sufficiently clear. Quebec was incapable of defence. Only fifty pounds of gunpowder were left in the magazine; and the fort was so wretchedly constructed that, a few days before, two towers of the main building had fallen. Champlain, however, assigned to each man his post, and waited the result. On the next afternoon a boat was seen issuing from behind Point of Orleans and hovering hesitatingly about the mouth of the St. Charles. On being challenged, the men on board proved to be Basque fishermen, lately captured by the English, and now sent by Kirk unwilling messengers to Champlain. Climbing the steep pathway to the fort, they delivered their letter, a summons, couched in terms of great courtesy, to surrender Quebec. There was no hope but in courage. A bold front must supply the lack of batteries and ramparts; and Champlain dismissed the Basques with a reply, in which, with equal courtesy, he expressed his determination to hold his position to the last.

All now stood on the watch, hourly expecting the enemy; when, instead of the hostile squadron, a small boat crept into sight, and one Desdames, with ten Frenchmen, landed at the storehouses. He brought stirring news. The French commander, Roquemont, had dispatched him to tell Champlain that the ships of the Hundred Associates were ascending the St. Lawrence with reinforcements and supplies of all kinds. But on his way Desdames had seen an ominous sight—the English squadron standing under full sail out of Tadoussac, and steering downwards as if to

intercept the advancing succour. He had only escaped them by dragging his boat up the beach and hiding it; and scarcely were they out of sight when the booming of cannon told him that the fight was begun.

Racked with suspense, the starving tenants of Quebec waited the result; but they waited in vain. No white sail moved athwart the green solitudes of Orleans. Neither friend nor foe appeared; and it was not till long afterwards that Indians brought them the tidings that Roquemont's crowded transports had been overpowered, and all the supplies destined to relieve their miseries sunk in the St. Lawrence or seized by the victorious English. Kirk, however, deceived by the bold attitude of Champlain, had been too discreet to attack Quebec, and after his victory employed himself in cruising for French fishing-vessels along the borders of the Gulf. Meanwhile the suffering at Quebec increased daily. Somewhat less than a hundred men, women and children were cooped up in the fort, subsisting on a meagre pittance of pease and Indian corn. The garden of the Héberts, the only thrifty settlers, was ransacked for every root or seed that could afford nutriment. Months wore on, and in the spring the distress had risen to such a pitch that Champlain had well-nigh resolved to leave to the women, children and sick, the little food that remained, and with the able-bodied men invade the Iroquois, seize one of their villages, fortify himself in it, and sustain his followers on the buried stores of maize with which the strong-

holds of these provident savages were always furnished.

Seven ounces of pounded pease were now the daily food of each; and, at the end of May, even this failed. Men, women and children betook themselves to the woods, gathering acorns and grubbing up roots. Those of the plant called Solomon's seal were most in request. Some joined the Hurons or the Algonquins; some wandered towards the Abenakis of Maine; some descended in a boat to Gaspé, trusting to meet a French fishing-vessel. There was scarcely one who would not have hailed the English as deliverers. But the English had sailed home with their booty, and the season was so late that there was little prospect of their return. Forgotten alike by friends and foes, Quebec was on the verge of extinction.

On the morning of the 19th of July, an Indian renowned as a fisher of eels, who had built his hut on the St. Charles, hard by the new dwelling of the Jesuits, came, with his usual imperturbability of visage, to Champlain. He had just discovered three ships sailing up the south channel of Orleans. Champlain was alone. All his followers were absent, fishing or searching for roots. At about ten o'clock his servant appeared with four small bags of roots, and the tidings that he had seen the three ships a league off, behind Point Levi. As man after man hastened in, Champlain ordered the starved and ragged band, sixteen in all, to their posts, whence, with hungry eyes, they watched the English vessels anchoring in the

basin below, and a boat, with a white flag, moving towards the shore. A young officer landed with a summons to surrender. The terms of capitulation were at length settled. The French were to be conveyed to their own country; and each soldier was allowed to take with him furs to the value of twenty crowns. On this some murmuring rose, several of those who had gone to the Hurons having lately returned with peltry of no small value. Their complaints were vain, and on the 20th of July, amid the roar of cannon from the ships, Louis Kirk, the admiral's brother, landed at the head of his soldiers, and planted the cross of St. George where the followers of Wolfe again planted it a hundred and thirty years later. After inspecting the worthless fort, he repaired to the houses of the Récollets and Jesuits on the St. Charles. He treated the former with great courtesy, but displayed against the latter a violent aversion, expressing his regret that he could not have begun his operations by battering their house about their ears. The inhabitants had no cause to complain of him. He urged the widow and family of the settler Hébert, the patriarch, as he has been styled, of New France, to remain and enjoy the fruits of their industry under English allegiance; and, as beggary in France was the alternative, his offer was accepted.

Champlain, bereft of his command, grew restless, and begged to be sent to Tadoussac, where the admiral, David Kirk, lay with his main squadron, having sent his brothers Louis and Thomas to seize Quebec. Accordingly, Champlain, with the

Jesuits, embarking with Thomas Kirk, descended the river. Off Mal Bay a strange sail was seen. As she approached, she proved to be a French ship. In fact she was on her way to Quebec with supplies which, if earlier sent, would have saved the place. She had passed the admiral's squadron in a fog; but here her good fortune ceased. Thomas Kirk bore down on her, and the cannonade began. The fight was hot and doubtful; but at length the French struck, and Kirk sailed into Tadoussac with his prize. Here lay his brother, the admiral, with five armed ships. Though born in Dieppe, he was Scotch on his father's side, and had been a wine merchant at Bordeaux. His two voyages to Canada were private adventures; and, though he had captured nineteen fishing-vessels, besides Roquemont's eighteen transports and other prizes, the result had not answered his hopes. His mood, therefore, was far from benign, especially as he feared, that, owing to the declaration of peace, he would be forced to disgorge a part of his booty; yet, excepting the Jesuits, he treated his captives with courtesy, and often amused himself with shooting larks on shore in company with Champlain.

Having finished their carousings, which were profuse, and their trade with the Indians, which was not lucrative, the English steered down the St. Lawrence. Kirk feared greatly a meeting with Razilly, a naval officer of distinction, who was to have sailed from France with a strong force to succour Quebec; but peace having been proclaimed, the expedition had been limited to two

ships under Captain Daniel. Thus Kirk, wilfully ignoring the treaty of peace, was left to pursue his depredations unmolested. Daniel, however, though too weak to cope with him, achieved a signal exploit. On the island of Cape Breton, near the site of Louisbourg, he found an English fort, built two months before, under the auspices, doubtless, of Sir William Alexander. Daniel, regarding it as a bold encroachment on French territory, stormed it at the head of his pikemen, entered sword in hand, and took it with all its defenders.

Meanwhile, Kirk, with his prisoners, was crossing the Atlantic. His squadron at length reached Plymouth, whence Champlain set forth for London. Here he had an interview with the French ambassador, who, at his instance, gained from the king a promise that, in pursuance of the terms of the treaty concluded in the previous April, New France should be restored to the French Crown.

COUNT FRONTENAC'S SUCCESSFUL DEFENCE

By the treaty of St. Germain in 1632, the whole of Canada, Cape Breton and Acadie were restored to the French, and Champlain resumed the governorship, which, however, he held but for a short time. He died in 1634, on Christmas day, at the castle of St. Louis, which he had built for himself on the summit of the cliffs of Quebec.

During the next half-century none of the

governors of New France proved worthy successors of Champlain. Scarcely a hundred Europeans were added to the colony during the five years following that great man's death; and when, in 1662, the charter of the Hundred Associates was annulled, the total foreign population did not exceed two thousand. The reason of this slow growth was that the direction of affairs was under the control of the Jesuits, who devoted their energies to the conversion of the Indians, and paid little attention to colonization. From 1632 to 1682 they were indefatigable in their exertions on behalf of the savages, and are justly considered the pioneers of civilization in the Far West.

Count de Frontenac, who was appointed governor in 1672, proved himself, after Champlain, the most distinguished of the early French officials. Under his administration the Jesuit fathers Joliet, Marquette, La Salle and Hennepin explored the Mississippi River, and the Great West. But the savagery of the Indians, especially of the Iroquois, appeared to be untamable, and they waged such persistent and fierce war against the colonists that they almost realized their great hope of expelling the "palefaces" from the country. The Jesuit fathers suffered almost incredible hardships and torture, but they never faltered in their zeal, although the results of their labours were insignificant. To add to the trouble of the colonists, war broke out again between England and France in 1689, and whenever the mother countries attacked each other, their children, scattered over the world, dutifully followed their example.

BUT now the greatest danger that had ever yet menaced the power of France upon the American continent hung over the Canadian shores. The men of New England were at last aroused to activity by the constant inroads and cruel depredations of their northern neighbours, and, in April 1690, dispatched a small squadron from Boston, which took possession of Port Royal and all the province of Acadia. In a month the expedition returned, with sufficient plunder to repay its cost. Meanwhile, the British settlers deputed six commissioners to meet at New York in council for their defence. On the 1st of May, 1690, these deputies assembled, and promptly determined to set an expedition on foot for the invasion of Canada. Levies of eight hundred men were ordered for the purpose, the contingents of the several states fixed, and general rules appointed for the organization of their army. A fast-sailing vessel was dispatched to England with strong representation of the defenceless state of the British colonies, and with an earnest appeal for aid in the projected invasion of New France; they desired that ammunition and other warlike stores might be supplied to their militia for the attempt by land, and that a fleet of English frigates should be directed up the river St. Lawrence to co-operate with the colonial force. But at that time England was too much weakened by the unhealed wounds of domestic strife to afford any assistance to her American children, and they were thrown altogether on their own resources.

New York and New England boldly determined, unaided, to prosecute their original plans against Canada. General Winthrop, with eight hundred men, marched by the way of Lake Champlain, on the shores of which he was to have met five hundred of the Iroquois warriors; but, through some unaccountable jealousy, only a small portion of the politic savages came to the place of muster. Other disappointments also combined to paralyse the British force: the Indians had failed to provide more than half the number of canoes necessary for the transport of the troops across the lake, and the contractor of the army had imprudently neglected to supply sufficient provisions. No alternative remained for Winthrop but to fall back upon Albany for subsistence.

The naval expedition against Quebec was assembled in Nantasket Road, near Boston, and consisted of thirty-five vessels of various sizes, the largest being a 44-gun frigate. Nearly two thousand troops were embarked in this squadron, and the chief command was confided by the people of New England to their distinguished countryman Sir William Phips, a man of humble birth, whose own genius and merit had won for him honour, power, and universal esteem. The direction of the fleet was given to Captain Gregory Sugers. The necessary preparations were not completed, and the fleet did not get under weigh till the season was far advanced; contrary winds caused a still further delay; however, several French posts on the shores of Newfoundland and of the Lower St. Lawrence were captured without op-

position, and the British force arrived at Tadoussac on the Saguenay before authentic tidings of the approaching danger had reached Quebee.

When the brave old Frontenac learned from his scouts that Winthrop's corps had retreated, and that Canada was no longer threatened by an enemy from the landward side, he hastened to the post of honour at Quebee, while by his orders M. de Ramsey and M. de Callières assembled the hardy militia of Three Rivers and the adjoining settlements to reinforce him with all possible dispatch. The governor found that Major Provost, who commanded at Quebee before his arrival, had made vigorous preparations to receive the invaders; it was only necessary, therefore, to continue the works and confirm the orders given by his worthy deputy. A party under the command of M. de Longueuil was sent down the river to observe the motions of the British, and if possible to prevent their landing. At the same time two canoes were dispatched by the shallow channel north of the Island of Orleans to seek for some ships with supplies, which were daily expected from France, and to warn them of the presence of the hostile fleet.

The Count de Frontenac continued the preparations for defence with unwearied industry. The regular soldiers and militia were alike constantly employed upon the works, till in a short time Quebee was tolerably secure from the chances of a sudden assault. Lines of strong palisades, here and there armed with small batteries, were formed round the crown of the lofty headland,

and the gates of the city were barricaded with massive beams of timber and casks filled with earth. A number of cannon were mounted on advantageous positions, and a large windmill of solid masonry was fitted up as a cavalier.¹

At daylight, on the 5th of October, the white sails of the British fleet were seen rounding the headland of Point Levi, and crowding to the northern shore of the river, near the village of Beauport; at about ten o'clock they dropped anchor, lowered their canvas, and swung round with the receding tide. There they remained inactive till the following morning. On the 6th Sir William Phips sent a haughty summons to the French chief, demanding an unconditional surrender in the name of King William of England, and concluding with this imperious sentence: "Your answer positive in an hour, returned with your own trumpet with the return of mine, is required upon the peril that will ensue."

The British officer who bore the summons was led blindfold through the town and ushered into the presence of Count Frontenac in the council-room of the castle of Quebec. The bishop, the intendant, and all the principal officers of the Government surrounded the proud old noble. "Read your message," said he. The Englishman read it, and when he had finished, laid his watch upon the table with these words: "It is now ten; I await your answer for one hour." The council started from their seats, surprised out of their dignity by a burst of sudden anger. The Count

¹ *i. e.* an elevated support for the artillery.

paused for a time ere he could restrain his rage sufficiently to speak, and then replied, "I do not acknowledge King William, and I well know that the Prince of Orange is an usurper, who has violated the most sacred rights of blood and religion . . . who wishes to persuade the nation that he is the saviour of England and the defender of the faith, though he has violated the laws and privileges of the kingdom, and overturned the Church of England: this conduct the Divine Justice, to which Phips appeals, will one day severely punish."

The British officer, unmoved by the storm of indignation which his message had aroused, desired that this fierce reply should be rendered to him in writing for the satisfaction of his chief. "I will answer your master by the mouth of my cannon," replied the angry Frenchman, "that he may learn that a man of my rank is not to be summoned in this manner." Thus ended the laconic conference.

On the return of the messenger Sir William Phips called a council of war; it was determined at once to attack the city. At noon, on the 8th, thirteen hundred men were embarked in the boats of the squadron, under the command of Major Walley, and landed without opposition at La Canardière, a little to the east of the river St. Charles. While the main body was being formed on the muddy shore, four companies pushed on towards the town in skirmishing order to clear the front; they had scarcely begun the ascent of the sloping banks when a sharp fire was

poured upon them by three hundred of the Canadian militia posted among the rocks and bushes on either flank, and in a small hamlet to the right. Some of the British winced under this unexpected volley, fired and fell back, but the officers, with prompt resolution, gave the order to charge, and themselves gallantly led the way; the soldiers followed at a rapid pace, and speedily cleared the ground. Major Walley then advanced with his whole force to the St. Charles river, still, however, severely harassed by dropping shots from the active light troops of the French; there he bivouacked for the night, while the enemy retreated into the garrison.

Towards evening of the same day the four largest vessels of Phips's squadron moved boldly up the river, and anchored close against the town. They opened a spirited but ineffectual fire; their shot, directed principally against the lofty eminence of the Upper Town, fell almost harmless, while a vigorous cannonade from the numerous guns of the fortress replied with overwhelming power. When night interrupted the strife, the British ships had suffered severely, their rigging was torn by the hostile shot, and the crews had lost many of their best men. By the first light of morning, however, Phips renewed the action with pertinacious courage, but with no better success. About noon the contest became evidently hopeless to the stubborn assailants; they weighed anchor, and, with the receding tide, floated their crippled vessels down the stream beyond the reach of the enemy's fire.

The British troops under Major Walley, although placed in battle array at daylight, remained inactive through some unaccountable delay, while the enemy's attention was diverted by the combat with Phips's squadron. At length, about noon, they moved upon the formidable stronghold along the left bank of the river St. Charles. Some allied savages plunged into the bush in front to clear the advance, a line of skirmishers protected either flank, and six field-pieces accompanied the march of the main body. After having proceeded for some time without molestation, they were suddenly and fiercely assailed by two hundred Canadian volunteers under M. de Longueuil; the Indians were at once swept away, the skirmishers overpowered, and the British column itself was forced back by their gallant charge. Walley, however, drew up his reserve in some brushwood a little in the rear, and finally compelled the enemy to retreat. During this smart action M. de Frontenac, with three battalions, placed himself upon the opposite bank of the river, in support of the volunteers, but showed no disposition to cross the stream. That night the English troops—harassed, depressed, diminished in numbers, and scantily supplied—again bivouacked upon the marshy banks of the stream; a severe frost, for which they were but ill prepared, chilled the weary limbs of the soldiers, and enhanced their sufferings.

On the 10th Walley once more advanced upon the French positions, in the hope of breaching their palisades by the fire of his field-pieces, but this attempt was altogether unsuccessful. His

flanking parties fell into ambushes, and were very severely handled, and his main body was checked and finally repulsed by a heavy fire from a fortified house on a commanding position, which he had ventured to attack. Utterly dispirited by this failure, the British fell back in some confusion to the landing-place, yielding up in one hour what they had so hardly won. That night many of the soldiers strove to force their way into the boats, and order was with great difficulty restored; the next day they were harassed by a continual skirmish; had it not been for the gallant conduct of "Captain March, who had a good company and made the enemy give back," the confusion would probably have been irretrievable. When darkness put an end to the fire on both sides, the English troops received orders to embark in the boats, half a regiment at a time. But all order was soon lost, four times as many as the boats could sustain crowded down at once to the beach, rushed into the water and pressed on board. The sailors were even forced to throw some of these panic-stricken men into the river, lest all should sink together. The noise and confusion increased every moment, despite the utmost exertions of the officers, and daylight had already revealed the dangerous posture of affairs before the embarkation was completed. The guns were abandoned, with some valuable stores and ammunition. Had the French displayed, in following up their advantages, any portion of the energy and skill which had been so conspicuous in their successful defence, the

British detachment must infallibly have been either captured or totally destroyed.

Sir William Phips, having failed by sea and land, resolved to withdraw from the disastrous conflict. After several ineffectual attempts to recover the guns and stores which Major Walley had been forced to abandon, he weighed anchor and descended the St. Lawrence to a place about nine miles distant from Quebec, whence he sent to the Count de Frontenac to negotiate for an exchange of prisoners. Humbled and disappointed, damaged in fortune and reputation, the English chief sailed from the scene of his defeat; but misfortune had not yet ceased to follow him, for he left the shattered wrecks of no less than nine of his ships among the dangerous shoals of the St. Lawrence.

Great, indeed, was the joy and triumph of the French when the British fleet disappeared from the beautiful basin of Quebec. With a proud heart the gallant old Count de Frontenac penned the dispatch which told his royal master of the victory. He failed not to dwell upon the distinguished merit of the colonial militia, by whose loyalty and courage the arms of France had been crowned with success. In grateful memory of this brave defence the French king caused a medal to be struck, bearing the inscription, "Francia in novo orbe victrix : Kebecca liberata.—A.D. MDCXC." In the lower town a church was built by the inhabitants to celebrate their deliverance from the British invaders, and dedicated to "Notre Dame de la Victoire."

By the treaty of Ryswick, in 1697, England and France made a mutual restitution of conquests. Frontenac died next year, and was mourned as "the father of the people, and the preserver of the country." He was succeeded by De Callières, who smoked the pipe of peace with the Iroquois in 1701, and freed New France from its greatest danger. After four years of peace England joined the enemies of France in the War of the Spanish Succession, which, of course, involved the colonies in hostilities, during which the English, French and Indians seemed to vie with each other in bloodthirstiness. Colonels Church and Wainwright made unsuccessful expeditions into Acadia in retaliation of French and Indian raids on the New England states.

The conquest of Canada was then seriously planned by the English colonists, but a home squadron, on which success depended, was recalled for service off Portugal, and nothing could be done until 1710. In that year Colonel Nicholson captured Port Royal, which was renamed Annapolis Royal in honour of Queen Anne and has retained the name ever since.

Next year the English Government made a serious attempt to conquer Canada, but failed through the incapacity of the commanders, Admiral Walker and Colonel Hill. The triumphant French dedicated the church they had built to commemorate the defeat of Phips to "Notre Dame de la Victoire." After these failures the English gave up for fifty years all hope of conquering the North-west, and of getting the fur trade of that region into their hands. But in 1713 Louis XIV, humbled by Marlborough's victories, signed the treaty of Utrecht, and ceded to Great

Britain Acadia, Newfoundland and the Hudson Bay territory, which have never passed out of her hands.

FIGHTING THE IROQUOIS: THE HEROINE OF VERCHÈRES

THE most powerful of the natives with whom the early European settlers came into contact formed the confederacy of "the Five Nations," who had their dwelling around the great lakes. According to legend, this confederacy was founded by a mythical hero whose name Longfellow has transformed into Hiawatha. The name Iroquois, by which they are best known, was derived by the French from *hiro*, "I have spoken," with which word they concluded their harangues, and *kowé*, an exclamation denoting sorrow or joy, according as the word was accentuated. Each tribe was divided into clans or families, having a name derived from the animal world. A rude picture of this formed the totem, or coat-of-arms, of the clan, and was put over the doors of their huts, and tattooed on the limbs of its members. Each tribe was governed by its own council of sachems and chiefs of inferior rank, elected by the clans, and supreme in all matters relating to the community.

In the virtues of the Indians, such as charity and hospitality, as well as in their vices, the Iroquois were pre-eminent. Their stoicism and endurance were heroic, but their savage ferocity and cruelty inspired general terror. They were relentless in war, and have been aptly described as the

Scourge of God upon the other tribes, although they could muster no more than three thousand warriors. They had no special discipline in their warlike expeditions, and depended for success on surprises and furious onslaughts. Their patience and resources were exhausted by a siege. Their treachery equalled their bravery, and their greatest delight was to tomahawk sleeping foes, and return home with many scalps. The other tribes took no precautions against such surprises, but relied for safety on the protection of their manitous, or guardian spirits.

The religious opinions of the Iroquois, like those of the other tribes, were of a very hazy description. They believed in innumerable mysterious agencies, and they pictured the hereafter as a land of shadows, in which man, as a shadow, would continue his ordinary avocations.

ONE of Phips's officers, charged with the exchange of prisoners at Quebec, said as he took his leave, "We shall make you another visit in the spring;" and a French officer returned, with martial courtesy, "We shall have the honour of meeting you before that time." Neither side made good its threat, for both were too weak and too poor. No more war parties were sent that winter to ravage the English border; for neither blankets, clothing, ammunition nor food could be spared. The fields had lain untilled over half Canada; and though four ships had arrived with supplies, twice as many had been captured or driven back by English cruisers in the gulf. The troops could not be kept together, and they were quartered for

subsistence upon the settlers, themselves half famished.

Spring came at length, and brought with it the swallows, the bluebirds, and the Iroquois. They rarely came in winter, when the trees and bushes had no leaves to hide them, and their movements were betrayed by the track of their snowshoes; but they were always to be expected at the time of sowing and harvest, when they could do most mischief. During April about eight hundred of them, gathering from their winter hunting grounds, encamped at the mouth of the Ottawa, whence they detached parties to ravage the settlements. A large band fell upon Point aux Trembles, below Montreal, burned some thirty houses, and killed as many of the inmates as could not escape. Another band attacked the Mission of the Mountain, just behind the town, and captured thirty-five of the Indian converts in broad daylight. Others prowled among the deserted farms on both shores of the St. Lawrence; while the inhabitants remained pent in their stockade forts, with misery in the present and starvation in the future.

Troops and militia were not wanting. The difficulty was to find provisions enough to enable them to keep the field. By begging from house to house, getting here a biscuit and there a morsel of bacon, enough was collected to supply a considerable party for a number of days; and about a hundred and twenty soldiers and Canadians went out under Vaudreuil to hunt the hunters of men. Long impunity had made the Iroquois

so careless that they were easily found. A band of about forty had made their quarters at a house near the fort at Repentigny, and here the French scouts discovered them early in the night.

Vaudreuil and his men were in canoes. They lay quiet until one o'clock, then landed, and noiselessly approached the spot. Some of the Iroquois were in the house, the rest lay asleep on the ground before it. The French crept towards them, and by one close volley killed them all. Their comrades within sprang up in dismay. Three rushed out and were shot; the others stood on their defence, fired from windows and loopholes, and killed six or seven of the French, who presently succeeded in setting fire to the house, which was thatched with straw. Young François de Bienville, one of the sons of Charles Le Moyne, rushed up to a window, shouted his name like an Indian warrior, fired on the savages within, and was instantly shot dead. The flames rose till surrounding objects were bright as day. The Iroquois, driven to desperation, burst out like tigers and tried to break through their assailants. Only one succeeded. Of his companions, some were shot, five were knocked down and captured, and the rest driven back into the house, where they perished in the fire.

For weeks the upper part of the colony was infested by wolfish bands prowling around the forts, which they rarely ventured to attack. At length help came. A squadron from France, strong enough to beat off the New England privateers, which blockaded the St. Lawrence, arrived at

Quebec with men and supplies; and a strong force was dispatched to break up the Iroquois camp at the Ottawa. The enemy vanished at its approach; and the suffering farmers had a brief respite, which enabled them to sow their crops, when suddenly a fresh alarm was sounded from Sorel to Montreal, and again the settlers ran to their forts for refuge.

Since the futile effort of the year before, the English of New York had fought only by deputy, and contented themselves with hounding on the Iroquois against the common enemy. These savage allies at length lost patience, and charged their white neighbours with laziness and fear. "You say to us, 'Keep the French in perpetual alarm.' Why don't you say, 'We will keep the French in perpetual alarm'?" It was clear that something must be done, or New York would be left to fight her battles alone. A war party was therefore formed at Albany, and the Indians were invited to join it. Major Peter Schuyler took command; and his force consisted of two hundred and sixty-six men, of whom a hundred and twenty were English and Dutch, and the rest Mohawks and Wolves or Mohicans. He advanced to a point on the Richelieu, ten miles above Fort Chambly, and, leaving his canoes under a strong guard, marched towards La Prairie de la Madeleine, opposite Montreal.

Scouts had brought warning of his approach; and Callières, the local governor, crossed the St. Lawrence and encamped at La Prairie with seven or eight hundred men. Here he remained for a

week, attacked by fever and helpless in bed. The fort stood a few rods from the river. Two battalions of regulars lay on a field to the right, and the Canadians and Indians were bivouacked on the left, between the fort and a small stream, near which was a windmill. On the evening of the 10th of August a drizzling rain began to fall, and the Canadians thought more of seeking shelter than of keeping watch. They were, moreover, well supplied with brandy, and used it freely. At an hour before dawn the sentry at the mill descried objects like the shadows of men silently advancing along the borders of the stream. They were Schuyler's vanguard. The soldier cried "Qui vive?" There was no answer. He fired his musket and ran into the mill. Schuyler's men rushed in a body upon the Canadian camp, drove its occupants into the fort, and killed some of the Indian allies, who lay under their canoes on the adjacent strand.

The regulars on the other side of the fort, roused by the noise, sprang to arms and hastened to the spot. They were met by a volley which laid some fifty of them on the ground and drove back the rest in disorder. They rallied and attacked again, on which Schuyler, greatly outnumbered, withdrew his men to a neighbouring ravine, where he once more repulsed his assailants, and, as he declares, drove them into the fort with great loss.

Tried by the standard of partisan war, Schuyler's raid had been a success. He had inflicted great harm and suffered little; but the affair was not yet ended.

A day or two before, Valrenne, an officer of birth and ability, had been sent to Chambly with about one hundred and sixty troops and Canadians, a body of Huron and Iroquois converts, and a band of Algonquins from the Ottawa. His orders were to let the English pass, and then place himself in their rear to cut them off from their canoes. His scouts had discovered their advance, and on the morning of the attack he set his force in motion and advanced six or seven miles towards La Prairie on the path by which Schuyler was retreating. The country was buried in forests. At about nine o'clock, the scouts of the hostile parties met each other, and their war whoops gave the alarm. Valrenne instantly took possession of a ridge of ground that crossed the way of the approaching English. Two large trees had fallen along the crest of the acclivity, and behind these the French crouched, in a triple row, well hidden by bushes and thick standing trunks. The English, underrating the strength of their enemy, and ignorant of his exact position, charged impetuously, and were sent reeling back by a close and deadly volley. They repeated the attack with still greater fury, and dislodged the French from their ambuscade. Then ensued a fight which Frontenac declares to have been the most hot and stubborn ever known in Canada. The object of Schuyler was to break through the French and reach his canoes; the object of Valrenne was to drive him back upon the superior force at La Prairie. The cautious tactics of the bush were forgotten. Three times the combatants

became mingled together, firing breast to breast and scorching each other's shirts by the flash of their guns. In the midst of the tumult, Valrenne was perfectly cool, directing his men with admirable vigour and address, and barring Schuyler's retreat for more than an hour. At length the French were driven from the path.

The work of fortifying the vital points of the colony, Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal, received constant stimulus from the alarms of attack, and, above all, from a groundless report that ten thousand "Bostonnais" had sailed for Quebec. The sessions of the council were suspended, and the councillors seized pick and spade. The old defences of the colony were constructed on a new plan, made by the great engineer Vauban. The settlers were mustered together from a distance of twenty leagues, and compelled to labour, with little or no pay, till a line of solid earthworks enclosed Quebec from Cape Diamond to the St. Charles.

The river Ottawa was the main artery of Canada, and to stop it was to stop the flow of her life blood. The Iroquois knew this, and their constant effort was to close it so completely that the annual supply of beaver skins would be prevented from passing and the colony be compelled to live on credit. It was their habit to spend the latter part of the winter in hunting among the forests between the Ottawa and the upper St. Lawrence, and then, when the ice broke up, to move in large bands to the banks of the former stream, and lie in ambush at the Chaudière,

the Long Saut, or other favourable points, to waylay the passing canoes. On the other hand, it was the constant effort of Frontenac to drive them off and keep the river open; an almost impossible task. Many conflicts, great and small, took place with various results; but in spite of every effort the Iroquois blockade was maintained more than two years. The story of one of the expeditions made by the French in this quarter will show the hardships of the service and the moral and physical vigour which it demanded.

Early in February three hundred men under Dorvilliers were sent by Frontenac to surprise the Iroquois in their hunting grounds. When they were a few days on their march, their leader scalded his foot by the upsetting of a kettle at their encampment near Lake St. Francis, and the command fell on a youth named Beaucour, an officer of regulars accomplished as an engineer, and known for his polished wit. The march through the snow-logged forest was so terrible that the men lost heart. Hands and feet were frozen; some of the Indians refused to proceed, and many of the Canadians lagged behind. Shots were heard, showing that the enemy were not far off; but cold, hunger and fatigue had overcome the courage of the pursuers, and the young commander saw his followers on the point of deserting him. He called them together and harangued them in terms so animating that they caught his spirit and again pushed on. For four hours more they followed the tracks of the Iroquois snowshoes till they found the savages in their bivouacs, set

upon them and killed or captured nearly all. There was a French slave amongst them, scarcely distinguishable from his owners. It was an officer named La Plante, taken at La Chine three years before. "He would have been killed like his masters, if he had not cried out with all his might, 'Miséricorde, sauvez-moi, je suis français.'"

The brunt of the war fell on the upper half of the colony. The country about Montreal, and for nearly a hundred miles below it, was easily accessible to the Iroquois by the routes of Lake Champlain and the upper St. Lawrence; while below Three Rivers the settlements were tolerably safe from their incursions and were exposed to attack solely from the English of New England, who could molest them only by sailing up from the gulf in force. Hence the settlers remained on their farms and followed their usual occupations, except when Frontenac drafted them for war-parties. Above Three Rivers their condition was wholly different. A traveller passing through this part of Canada would have found the houses empty. Here and there he would have seen all the inhabitants of a parish labouring in a field together, watched by sentinels and generally guarded by a squad of regulars. When one field was tilled they passed to the next, and this communal process was repeated when the harvest was ripe. At night they took refuge in the fort, that is to say, in a cluster of log cabins surrounded by a palisade.

Many incidents of this troubled time are preserved, but none of them are so well worth the

record as the defence of the fort at Verchères by the young daughter of the seignior. Many years later the Marquis de Beauharnais, governor of Canada, caused the story to be written down from the recital of the heroine herself. Verchères was on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, about twenty miles below Montreal. A strong block-house stood outside the fort, and was connected with it by a covered way. On the morning of the 22nd of October, the inhabitants were at work in the fields, and nobody was left in the place but two soldiers, two boys, an old man of eighty and a number of women and children. The seignior, formerly an officer of the regiment of Carignan, was on duty at Quebec; his wife was at Montreal; and their daughter Madeleine, fourteen years of age, was at the landing-place not far from the gate of the fort, with a hired man named Laviolette. Suddenly she heard firing from the direction where the settlers were at work, and an instant after Laviolette cried out, "Run, mademoiselle, run! here come the Iroquois!" She turned, and saw forty or fifty of them at the distance of a pistol shot. "I ran for the fort. The Iroquois who chased after me, seeing that they could not catch me alive before I reached the gate, stopped and fired at me. The bullets whistled about my ears and made the time seem very long. As soon as I was near enough to be heard I cried out, 'To arms! to arms!' hoping that somebody would come out and help me; but it was of no use. The two soldiers in the fort were so scared that they had hidden in

the blockhouse. At the gate I found two women crying for their husbands who had just been killed. I made them go in and then shut the gate. I next thought what I could do to save myself and the few people with me. I went to inspect the fort and found that several palisades had fallen down and left openings by which the enemy could easily get in. I ordered them to be set up again, and helped to carry them myself. When the breaches were stopped I went to the blockhouse where the ammunition was kept, and here I found the two soldiers, one hiding in a corner and the other with a lighted match in his hand. 'What are you going to do with that match?' I asked. He answered, 'Light the powder and blow us all up.' 'You are a miserable coward,' said I; 'go out of this place.' I spoke so resolutely that he obeyed. I then threw off my bonnet, and after putting on a hat and taking a gun I said to my two brothers, 'Let us fight to the death. We are fighting for our country and our religion. Remember that our father has taught you that gentlemen are born to shed their blood for the service of God and the King.'"

The boys, who were twelve and ten years old, aided by the soldiers, whom her words had inspired with some little courage, began to fire from the loopholes upon the Iroquois, who, ignorant of the weakness of the garrison, showed their usual reluctance to attack a fortified place, and occupied themselves with chasing and butchering the people in the neighbouring fields. Madeleine ordered a cannon to be fired, partly to deter the

enemy from an assault and partly to warn some of the soldiers who were hunting at a distance. The women and children in the fort cried and screamed without ceasing. She ordered them to stop, lest their terror should encourage the Indians. A canoe was presently seen approaching the landing-place. It was a settler named Fontaine trying to reach the fort with his family. The Iroquois were still near, and Madeleine feared that the new-comers would be killed if something were not done to aid them. She appealed to the soldiers, but their courage was not equal to the attempt; on which, as she declares, after leaving Laviolette to keep watch at the gate, she herself went alone to the landing-place. "I thought that the savages would suppose it to be a ruse to draw them towards the fort in order to make a sortie upon them. They did suppose so, and thus I was able to save the Fontaine family. When they were all landed I made them march before me in full sight of the enemy. We put so bold a face on it that they thought they had more to fear than we. Strengthened by this reinforcement, I ordered that the enemy should be fired on whenever they showed themselves.

"After sunset a violent north-east wind began to blow, accompanied with snow and hail, which told us that we should have a terrible night. The Iroquois were all this time lurking about us, and I judged by their movements that instead of being deterred by the storm they would climb into the fort under cover of darkness. I assembled all my troops, that is to say six persons, and spoke

to them thus: 'God has saved us to-day from the hands of our enemies, but we must take care not to fall into their snares to-night. As for me, I want you to see that I am not afraid. I will take charge of the fort with an old man of eighty and another who never fired a gun, and you, Pierre Fontaine, with La Bonte and Gachet (our two soldiers) will go to the blockhouse with the women and children, because that is the strongest place, and if I am taken don't surrender, even if I am cut to pieces and burned before your eyes. The enemy cannot hurt you in the blockhouse if you make the least show of fight.' I placed my two young brothers on two of the bastions, the old man on the third, and I took the fourth; and all night, in spite of the wind, snow and hail, the cries of 'All's well' were kept up from the blockhouse to the fort and from the fort to the blockhouse. One would have thought that the place was full of soldiers. The Iroquois thought so and were completely deceived, as they confessed afterwards to Monsieur de Callières, whom they told that they had held a council to make a plan for capturing the fort in the night, but had done nothing because so constant a watch was kept.

"About one in the morning the sentinel on the bastion by the gate called out, 'Mademoiselle, I hear something.' I went to him to find what it was, and by the help of the snow which covered the ground I could see through the darkness a number of cattle, the miserable remnant that the Iroquois had left us. The others wanted to open the gate and let them in, but I answered, 'God forbid.



THE DEFENDER OF VERCHERES

You don't know all the tricks of the savages. They are no doubt following the cattle, covered with skins of beasts, so as to get into the fort if we are simple enough to open the gate for them.' Nevertheless, after taking every precaution I thought we might open it without risk. I made my brothers stand ready with their guns cocked in case of surprise, and so we let in the cattle.

“At last the daylight came again, and as the darkness disappeared our anxieties seemed to disappear with it. Everybody took courage except Mademoiselle¹ Marguerite, wife of the Sieur Fontaine, who, being extremely timid, as all Parisian women are, asked her husband to carry her to another fort. He said, ‘I will never abandon this fort while Mademoiselle Madelon (Madeleine) is here.’ I answered him that I would never abandon it; that I would rather die than give it up to the enemy, and that it was of the greatest importance that they should never get possession of any French fort, because if they got one they would think they could get others, and would grow more bold and presumptuous than ever. I may say with truth that I did not eat or sleep for twice twenty-four hours. I did not go once into my father's house, but kept always on the bastion, or went to the blockhouse to see how the people there were behaving. I always kept a cheerful and smiling face, and encouraged my little company with the hope of speedy succour.

¹ In those days the title even of married women not belonging to the nobility.

“ We were a week in constant alarm, with the enemy always about us. At last Monsieur de la Monnerie, a lieutenant sent by Monsieur de Callières, arrived in the night with forty men. As he did not know whether the fort was taken or not he approached as silently as possible. One of our sentinels, hearing a slight sound, cried, ‘ Qui vive ? ’ I was at the time dozing, with my head on a table and my gun lying across my arms. The sentinel told me that he heard a voice from the river. I went up at once to the bastion to see whether it was Indians or Frenchmen. I asked, ‘ Who are you ? ’ One of them answered, ‘ We are Frenchmen; it is La Monnerie, who comes to bring you help.’ I caused the gate to be opened, placed a sentinel there, and went down to the river to meet them. As soon as I saw Monsieur de la Monnerie I saluted him and said, ‘ Monsieur, I surrender my arms to you.’ He answered gallantly, ‘ Mademoiselle, they are in good hands.’ ‘ Better than you think,’ I returned. He inspected the fort and found everything in order and a sentinel on each bastion. ‘ It is time to relieve them, monsieur,’ said I; ‘ we have not been off our bastions for a week.’ ”

A band of converts from the Saut St. Louis arrived soon after, followed the trail of their heathen countrymen, overtook them on Lake Champlain and recovered twenty or more French prisoners. Madeleine de Verchères was not the only heroine of her family. Her father’s fort was the Castle Dangerous of Canada, and it was but two years before that her mother, left with

three or four armed men, and beset by the Iroquois, threw herself with her followers into the blockhouse, and held the assailants two days at bay till the Marquis de Crisasi came with troops to her relief.

THE OPENING OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1759 : FORT NIAGARA AND CROWN POINT

THE apathy and incapacity which had characterized the government of England since the death of Henry Pelham in 1754 had brought the country to the brink of ruin, and the colonists of America to the verge of extinction. William Pitt (afterwards Earl of Chatham), the most capable man in the kingdom, was kept out of office as long as possible by the jealousy of the king, until George recognized the truth of Pitt's conviction that he, and he alone, could save the country. Then the famous coalition between Newcastle and Pitt took place, in which it was stipulated that while the duke managed the individual members of Parliament, and dispensed the patronage of the crown, Pitt should have complete control of foreign affairs, which at that time included all colonial matters.

During the first year of the Seven Years' War, which lasted from 1756 to 1763, the French had carried all before them in America. The disasters of the English had not been confined to the northern states, for the French determined to shut them completely out of the west, and to

enclose them by a chain of forts between the Alleghany mountains and the Atlantic. This chain stretched from Quebec to Louisiana, and included a fort on the Ohio which the English had built, but which the French had seized and strengthened and named after their governor, Fort Duquesne. The defeat of Washington at Fort Necessity left the French in complete possession of the Ohio valley. In dismay, Virginia appealed to the mother country for help, and General Braddock was sent out in 1756. On his way to attack Fort Duquesne he was met by a force of French and Indians, and utterly routed. Of his army of 86 officers and 1,373 men, 63 of the former and 904 of the latter were either killed or wounded, Braddock himself being among the slain. The survivors made a hasty retreat under Washington, who in this expedition acted as aide-de-camp to Braddock, and was the only member of his staff who escaped unhurt. A series of sanguinary Indian raids took place all along the frontier. General Johnson tried to capture Crown Point, but failed ignominiously, and General Shirley, who had marched against Fort Niagara, did not attempt to attack it. The English appeared thoroughly disheartened and paralysed.

But the energy and enthusiasm of Pitt infused unwonted courage and confidence into his countrymen, both in Europe and wherever the English and French came into contact, which enabled them in a short time to retrieve all their losses. One of the first acts of the new minister was to recall the incompetent and indolent commander-in-chief in America, the Earl of Loudoun, together with Admiral Holbourne and General Webb, who

were no match for the Marquis of Montcalm, the brilliant French governor of Canada. With the instinct of genius he chose as their successors General Amherst, Admiral Boscawen and General Wolfe, who all in a short time admirably justified his choice.

The plan of campaign, which opened in 1758, was to attack simultaneously the three all-important French positions: on the Ohio, on Lake Champlain and at the entrance of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. General Forbes, a Scottish veteran, was to march on Fort Duquesne, General Abercromby on Crown Point and Ticonderoga, while General Amherst and Admiral Boscawen were to lay siege to Louisbourg, the recognized key to the St. Lawrence. To Wolfe was entrusted the most important duty of the whole expedition, that of attacking the French in the stronghold and centre of their dominions, Quebec.

One of the first successes was gained by General Forbes, who took Fort Duquesne, which was re-named Pittsburg in honour of the great statesman.

THE campaign of 1759 opened with the advance of Brigadier Prideaux, at the head of nearly four thousand regular troops and militia, and a large body of Iroquois, led by Sir William Johnson,¹

¹ This remarkable man, born in Ireland in 1715, went to America in 1738 to manage an estate belonging to his uncle on the Mohawk river. By just and honest dealings, and his native eloquence, he obtained great influence over the Indians, one tribe of whom made him a chief. He was instrumental in bringing many tribes to the British side in the struggle with France, and concluded the treaty with the Indians in 1768 which brought the Indian war to a close.

against the fort at Niagara. Leaving a detachment under Colonel Haldimand to construct a tenable post at Oswego, the army embarked on Lake Ontario the 1st of July, and, coasting its southern shore, landed on the 7th at one of its inlets six miles east of Niagara. Situated at the apex of the angle formed by the junction of the river with the lake, the fort was easily invested on the land side, while the numerous armed boats of the British effectually intercepted all communication by water.

Pouchot, the French commandant, had no sooner learned the approach of the British than he dispatched a courier eastward to Frontenac to solicit aid, and another to Detroit and the other western posts, with orders to their commandants to hasten to his assistance with all the men they could spare and as many Indians as could be collected. Confidently expecting succour, he determined to defend the fort to the last extremity, and returned a prompt refusal to the demand of the British general requiring him to surrender at discretion. "My post is strong," said he, "my garrison faithful, and the longer I hold out the more I will win the esteem of the enemy."

Prideaux planned his approaches with skill, and rapidly advanced them towards the defences, which soon began to crumble under a well-aimed and vigorous fire. Encouraged by the arrival of a small body of French and Indians, who succeeded at night in getting into the fort unobserved, the besieged made a sally on the 11th, but were almost immediately repulsed and driven

in under the shelter of their guns. On the night of the 13th the British finished their parallels to the lake, and the next day their fire became so heavy that the besieged could only find safety in the covered way and behind their ramparts. On the 19th the French schooner *Iroquois* arrived from Frontenac, and lay off the fort, but dare not venture in owing to the British guns, which night and day kept up a harassing and destructive fire. Still Pouchot held bravely out, and watched anxiously for the aid which the summer breezes of Erie should bring to his assistance, and which Prideaux, aware of its approach, had already taken measures to intercept. But the latter was not fated to see the successful issue of his skill and courage. On the evening of the 19th he was killed in the trenches while issuing orders, when the command devolved on Sir William Johnson.

Meanwhile, De Aubrey rapidly descended from Detroit at the head of twelve hundred Frenchmen collected from the different posts towards Ohio, and nearly fourteen hundred Indians. On the 23rd four savages made their way into the beleaguered fort with a letter to Pouchot, informing him that succour was at hand and that the British lines would speedily be attacked. But Johnson's scouts had given him ample intelligence of De Aubrey's approach, and he coolly prepared for the combat. Leaving sufficient troops to guard the trenches, he threw forward strong pickets on the evening of the 23rd to occupy the woods on either side of the rough forest road leading from

Chippewa to Niagara, and connected these by a chain of Indian skirmishers. These arrangements completed, and no enemy appearing, the troops lay down to rest with their arms in their hands.

It was a warm July night, and the stars glimmered brightly down upon the sombre forest, now unruffled by even the faintest breeze. To the contemplative mind the scene must have been one of peculiar solemnity and grandeur. Close at hand the stillness was unbroken save by the monotonous breathings of the many sleepers or the sentinel's tread. A little further on there was a brief pause around the beleaguered fort, and then its dark sides were suddenly illuminated by its own guns, or revealed by the red light of a salvo from the hostile trenches. From the distance, the dull boom of the cataract fell upon the ear like the noontide roar of life in London, or the rush of the approaching storm. The white tents of the besieging army, the watch-fires of the camp, the bright moon whose rays peered softly down amidst the sprays of the forest tree to glance from the polished muskets of the sleeping sentinel or the Indian tomahawk, and the soft feathery cloud of spray that rose upward from the Horse-shoe Falls, all tended to complete a scene of surpassing interest.

On the following morning, at daybreak, Johnson pushed forward his grenadier companies and part of the 26th regiment to strengthen his front, while the 44th regiment was formed in reserve to preserve the communication with the troops in the trenches,

and to act wherever its assistance might be needed. About eight o'clock the head of the French column was perceived advancing through the woods, with large bodies of Indians covering either flank. As the enemy came on, the British outposts fell steadily back on the main body without firing, while the Iroquois pressed forward to parley with the French Indians, with a view of inclining them to peace. The latter refused to abandon their allies, and accordingly the warriors of the Six Nations again resumed their post on the flanks of the British.

De Aubrey now speedily formed his force, and advanced to the attack. Shouting their appalling war-cry, the Indians burst through the woods, and fell furiously upon the British line, which coolly awaited their approach, and swept them away with a few rolling volleys. The close and steady fire with which they were received astonished the western warriors, and so thorough was their discomfiture that they disappeared altogether from the field of battle. Their flight left the flanks of the French completely exposed, and they were soon boldly turned by the Iroquois, who pressed rapidly forward through the woods, while the British held their ground in front with the utmost steadiness. Attacked on all sides by greatly superior numbers, the French hesitated, gave way, and, after an action of little more than half-an-hour, broke into utter rout. De Aubrey and all his surviving officers, with a great part of his troops, were taken prisoners, while the fugitives were rapidly pursued and slain or driven

into the wilderness, where the numerous dead lay uncounted.

No sooner had Johnson withdrawn his forces from the battle-field, than he sent an officer with a flag of truce to inform Pouchot of the victory he had won, and exhorted him to surrender without further bloodshed. The French chief doubted the information, and requested that one of his officers might be allowed to see the prisoners, and hear the tale of their defeat from them. The request was granted, and thus assured of the hopelessness of aid, Pouchot surrendered up the fort and garrison. The terms were liberal. The French were to march out with all the honours of war, and then to lay down their arms on the lake shore. The women and children were to have safe conveyance to the nearest port of France, while the garrison, six hundred strong, were to be conveyed to New York by the most convenient route. All stores, provisions and arms, were to be given up to the British general, who undertook, on his part, to preserve his prisoners from every injury and insult, a promise which, unlike Montcalm, he faithfully redeemed.

Meanwhile the commander-in-chief assembled the main army at Lake George, and had considerable difficulty in keeping the militia together, owing to desertion to their homes. Threats and promises and moderate punishments failed to keep them by their colours, till at length a general court-martial sentenced four deserters to be shot, and even this terrible example did not altogether abate the evil. On the 22nd of June, Amherst

traced out the plan of Fort George, near the spot where Fort William Henry formerly stood, and on the 21st of July, every preparation being completed, his army, over eleven thousand strong, one-half of whom were regulars, with fifty-four guns, embarked and moved down the lake in four columns. Next day it landed near the place where Abercromby had disembarked the year before. The British vanguard, composed principally of light troops, pushed rapidly forward into the bush, and soon encountered a detachment of French and Indians, who were overpowered and dispersed. Amherst followed with his main body in good order, and halted for the night at the saw-mills, preparatory to an assault on the French lines, which he learned from some deserters were guarded by De Bourlemaque, with a body of three thousand four hundred men, composed of regulars, Canadians and Indians.

That night the British lay upon their arms, while every exertion was made to bring up the artillery. But, although Amherst's force was inferior to Abercromby's army, the French next morning withdrew from the lines which had enabled them to gain their victory of the preceding year, and fell back upon Fort Carillon. The British grenadiers immediately occupied the deserted entrenchment, and the rest of the army encamped a short distance to the rear. A sharp fire was soon opened from the fort on the British camp, but no loss was sustained owing to the great height and strength of the breastwork, which now proved a most effectual shelter. De

Bourlemaque soon perceived that even the defence of the fort was impracticable, and, in pursuance of his orders in that case, silently abandoned it on the night of the 23rd, leaving four hundred men behind to continue such resistance as might conceal his retreat. These carried out their orders in the most effectual manner by making an assault upon the besiegers' trenches, where they killed and wounded sixteen men, and caused considerable confusion in the darkness of the night. During the 24th and 25th they kept up a constant fire on the trenches, and having got the range accurately, caused a good deal of trouble and some loss of life. On the night of the 26th, deserters brought intelligence to Amherst that the garrison had abandoned the fort, but left every gun loaded and pointed, mines charged to blow up the defences, and a lighted fuse communicating with the powder magazine. In a few moments a tremendous explosion confirmed their statements, and the next minute the flames of the wooden breastwork, barracks, and stores, fell far and near upon the lake and forest, their yellow hue deepened at intervals by flashes of the bursting guns and exploding mines.

General Amherst promptly detached some light troops in pursuit of the retreating French, who captured several boats laden with powder and sixteen prisoners. At daybreak a sergeant volunteered to strike the French flag, which still floated uninjured above the ruined fort, and raise that of Britain in its place. A detachment soon after succeeded in extinguishing the flames, when

the work of repairing the fort was speedily proceeded with, while Captain Loring of the navy raised some French boats which had been sunk, and commenced the construction of a brig, in order to strengthen the British naval power, which was much inferior to that of the enemy on the lake.

The capture of Crown Point was the next important step to be accomplished, and Major Rogers was dispatched with two hundred rangers to examine the position, establish himself in some strong point near the fort, and hold out if attacked, till relieved by the advance of the army. But it was soon ascertained that the French had also dismantled and abandoned Crown Point, which was accordingly taken possession of by a British detachment. On the 4th of August Amherst came up with his main body, encamped, and traced out the lines of a new fort, as a protection against the scouting parties of the French and Indians, who had so long been the terror of the British frontier settlements.

While the bulk of the army lay inactive at Crown Point, a detachment of two hundred rangers, under the indefatigable Rogers, already so distinguished in border warfare, was dispatched to punish the Indians at Lake St. Francis for detaining an officer and some men who had been sent with a flag of truce to offer them peace on condition of their remaining neutral. Rogers suffered the greatest hardships in penetrating the untrodden wilderness. One-fourth of his men dropped behind from fatigue, or perished in the march. Still he persevered, arrived in the vicinity

of his destination on the evening of the 22nd of October, and pushed forward alone to reconnoitre. The Indians were engaged in the war dance, and, exhausted by fatigue, as midnight approached they sank into a profound slumber. But a foe as subtle as themselves, and infuriated by long years of injury, now hovered near, prepared to inflict the punishment their numerous massacres of women and children so justly merited. At two o'clock in the morning the British burst upon the sleepers with a loud cry of vengeance, and two hundred warriors were speedily slain, but the women and children were spared. Meanwhile a French detachment had captured Rogers's boats, and threatened to cut off his retreat. Breaking into small parties, the British sought the shelter of the forest, and underwent the most extreme hardships before reaching a friendly settlement.

On the 10th of October a brig mounting eighteen guns arrived at Crown Point from Ticonderoga, and a sloop of sixteen guns being also ready, the army embarked in boats for Isle-aux-Noix, and proceeded up the lake in four divisions. But a severe storm and mishaps of various kinds retarded its progress, and although the greater part of the French fleet was destroyed, the lateness of the season rendered it useless to advance, and Amherst reluctantly retired to place his troops in winter quarters; a measure the more necessary as the Provincials had become unusually sickly. Thus closed the campaign of the British forces, which menaced Canada towards the west.

THE SIEGE OF LOUISBOURG

THE period between the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, by which Cape Breton was restored to France, and 1759, when it was re-taken by the English, was a time, if not of actual warfare, of almost constant intrigues. The French were irritated at the mistake they made in giving up Acadia, and set their hearts upon regaining possession of it. They asserted that the ancient limits of that territory did not extend beyond the isthmus of Chignecto, upon which they proceeded to erect the forts of Gaspereau and Beauséjour, and also one at the mouth of the river St. John to control the land and sea approaches to Cape Breton. The approaches by way of Lake Champlain and the Richelieu were guarded by Fort St. John at the northern extremity of the lake, and by Fort Frederick, Crown Point, and Ticonderoga, at the head of Lake Sacrament, later known as Lake George. These forts were not only a protection to Cape Breton, but also a menace to Acadia. The English, on their side, did not neglect precautions against attack.

The town of Halifax, which has ever since been the capital of Nova Scotia (Acadia), was founded and fortified by soldiers discharged after the peace of 1748. It was also decided, as a matter of precaution, to bring the Acadians more completely under English authority. There had never been a formal transfer of allegiance, and the sympathies of these French settlers were naturally with their countrymen. When called upon to

take the oath of fealty to King George they stipulated for exemption from military service. The governor, General Lawrence, could not consent to this, and as the Acadians adhered to their conditions they were ordered to leave the country and were scattered far and wide among the English colonies. This, of course, was a harsh proceeding, but the state of affairs rendered it absolutely necessary. Longfellow's poem, *Evangeline*, deals only with the sentimental side of the question, and takes no notice of political exigencies.

THE island of Cape Breton, whose destiny was now about to be determined, was appropriated by France under the regency of the Duke of Orleans, after the death of Louis XIV, and named Isle Royale. Appreciating the importance of its position at the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, no expense was spared by the French Government in the erection of Louisbourg, the stronghold and capital of the island, upon which, according to Raznal, no less a sum than £1,250,000 sterling was expended. Large though the amount appears, it is not incredible, for the stone was quarried and the lime prepared in France, whence engineers, masons and labourers were sent out to construct the town and citadel, and to fortify the harbour. Although deemed almost impregnable, and styled the Dunkirk of America, Louisbourg was reduced by Pepperel and Warren in 1745, from which time it remained in the possession of England until 1748, when, in accordance with the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, she was obliged to restore it; for France attached so much

importance to the island, as the bulwark of Canada, and as a central point of communication with her West Indian territories, that she would consent to no terms of peace which did not include its restoration.

The Bay of Gabarous, in which the British fleet was now anchored, extends from Cape L'Orembeek on the north-east to Cape Cormorant on the south-west, with an inland sweep of about ten miles. Inside this bay, and completely landlocked, was the magnificent natural harbour of Louisbourg, the narrow entrance to which, between the lighthouse point on the right hand and the extremity of the tongue of land upon which stood the town, was further defended by a formidable battery on an island in the centre of the channel. In this inner basin, protected by the cannon of the town, and a grand battery on the north bank, lay the French fleet, while the fortress to the left, or west of the harbour, presented heavy batteries towards the sea, and three strongly fortified fronts towards the land. In addition to these permanent works, the French had established, for the present occasion, strong breastworks, defended by three thousand men, posted along the shore of the bay for a distance of several miles westward of the town, at every spot where a descent was possible. At intervals were masked batteries of heavy cannon, and swivels of large calibre; and between the lines and the water's edge, wherever there was an impenetrable barrier of rocks, there were artificial thickets of prostrate trees, with their branches towards the sea.

Until the 7th of June the tempestuous state of the weather prevented every attempt on the part of the invaders; but the wind and the swell abating that evening, the admiral gave hopes that something might be done next morning. Accordingly, at midnight, the troops began to enter their boats, and with the first glimpse of dawn on the 8th the covering cannon of the fleet began to play upon the shore. The fire ceasing in about a quarter of an hour, the boats, in three divisions, made for the land. The division on the right, consisting of five battalions commanded by Brigadier Whitmore, rowed eastward, in the direction of Louisbourg, as if intending to land upon White Point; and the central division of six battalions, under Brigadier Lawrence, proceeded straight forward towards Freshwater Cove, in order to make a show of landing there, but virtually with the object of diverting the attention of the enemy from the real descent of Wolfe's brigade upon the left.

The detachment commanded by Brigadier Wolfe comprised twelve companies of Grenadiers, Frazer's Highlanders, Major Scott's Light Infantry corps of five hundred and fifty marksmen selected from the different regiments, and a company of Provincial Rangers. The sailors plied their oars vigorously through the heavy sea, while the strictest order and silence were observed by the soldiers, who were assured by the confidence and calmness of their young leader, towards whom not only the men, but officers double his age, looked up as the rising star of

their profession. No sooner had they got within musket shot of the shore than a deadly volley issued from the batteries behind the green branches of the trees which concealed them. But cannon and musketry were not their worst antagonists. The sea, which had grown more and more boisterous since they had set out, now lashing the coast, dashed them against the rocks, shattering several of the boats, upsetting others; and many a brave fellow, who hoped ere night to win renown in the field, found an instant watery grave.

Wolfe, perceiving that some of the Light Infantry had got ashore, beckoned to the rest to follow. Without arms of any kind, his cane only in his hand, he sprang from his boat and, scrambling through the spray, over rocks and steeps, quickly joined them and formed the men upon the beach, as, one way or another, they reached the land. The troops, in no wise discouraged, but exasperated by the masked fire which raked them, had still to climb a height of about twenty feet in order to reach the hostile lines; but, following their chief, they soon gained the ascent, and attacking the defenders of the nearest post with their bayonets, speedily routed them. In like manner post after post was taken. Lawrence's division, having landed at the same place immediately after Wolfe's, and additional reinforcements arriving from the fleet, the enemy, forsaking their cannon and stores, fled towards Louisbourg, and for four miles were pursued over hills, hollows and swamps by Wolfe's and Lawrence's brigades. As soon as the fugitives had gained their refuge,

a fierce cannonade from the town was opened upon the pursuers, "which," says General Amherst in his journal, "was so far of use that it pointed out how near I might encamp to invest it." On the ground before the town then taken possession of, the invaders afterwards formed the encampment which the main army continued to occupy until the end of the siege, and in the course of the same day the remainder of the land force got on shore; but owing to the roughness of the sea and the constant fog, neither artillery, tents, provisions, nor ammunition could be landed for three days.

On the 12th, the commander-in-chief learned that the French had dismantled their grand battery on the north side of the harbour, called in their outposts, and concentrated all their power within the walls of Louisbourg—a proceeding which gave the English an uninterrupted range of the country. He therefore sent Wolfe, with twelve hundred men, round the harbour to the lighthouse point, which at once commanded the sea wall of the town, the shipping and the island battery, and at the same time he sent the requisite artillery and stores by sea to meet the brigadier at L'Orembeck.

From the Lighthouse Point, Wolfe kept up an incessant fire upon the island battery until the 25th of the month, on which day it was silenced. Then, leaving a detachment of artillery behind him to keep it from being restored, he returned to the camp of the grand army before Louisbourg to superintend the formation of an

approach to the west gate. In order to prevent the English fleet from getting into the harbour, rendered defenceless by the demolition of the island battery, the French sank four men-of-war at the entrance; and of their entire fleet there were now left but three line-of-battle ships and one 36-gun frigate.

A large party from the town having crept out on the morning of the 1st of July, Wolfe, ever on the alert, heading the Light Infantry corps, drove them back with a brisk fire. The brigadier on the same day took post on the hills northward of the town, and began to erect a powerful battery, which continued to play with the most destructive effect on the fortress, as well as on the shipping that remained in the harbour.

On the 3rd, Wolfe was back again with the grand army, forming an approach to the right within six hundred and fifty yards of the covered way; but the delays arising from the rugged nature of the country, which necessitated the construction of roads and draining of bogs, together with adverse weather, greatly retarded his operations. The making of fascines, of which the *épaulement*¹ consumed a vast quantity, kept five hundred men employed; and constant fogs hindering the cannonade for hours at a time, it could only be resumed at intervals whenever there was an occasional glare of light.

Besides these impediments, more than a hundred of Colonel Messorvey's company of carpenters were at one time disabled by small-pox, of which

¹ Rampart.

the colonel and his son died; the admiral, however, rendered great assistance by sending four hundred seamen to work at the batteries.

The garrison seizing every opportunity of making sorties, there were frequent skirmishes; but Wolfe having taught the Light Infantry corps a method of attacking and retreating behind the hills, they invariably compelled the enemy to retire. It is said that after an occurrence of this kind, many of the English officers, having expressed surprise at the expertness of his men, and the novelty of the performance, Wolfe asked one more intelligent than the rest what he thought of it. "I think I see something here of the history of the Carduchi, who harassed Xenophon, and hung upon his rear in his retreat over the mountains," was the reply. "You are right," said Wolfe, "I had it thence; but our friends are astonished at what I have shown them because they have read nothing."

Notwithstanding heavy rain, the works were not discontinued for a moment; and on the 16th, Wolfe, with a body of Highlanders and Grenadiers, took possession of the heights in front of the fortress, and effected a lodgment in the glacis, which exposed the parapet and embrasures to the fire of the musketry. The approaches, in carrying on which the men underwent great fatigue, were considerably advanced, when an accident happened which afforded them great relief, and increased the distress of the enemy. On the 21st the *Entrepreneur* exploded in the harbour, setting on fire two other ships, which burned furiously;

whilst, in order to prevent boats from the town coming to their assistance, the batteries kept firing upon them until they were completely destroyed. Next day the besiegers' shells set the citadel in flames, but General Amherst humanely ordered his fire to be directed against the defences, so as not to destroy the town. The following night the barracks were burned to the ground.

Meanwhile Wolfe was erecting more batteries, and progressing with his approaches. On the 25th he writes to the general from the "trenches at daybreak": "The five-gun battery is finished, and the cannon in readiness to mount. We want platforms, artillery officers to take the direction, and ammunition. If these are sent early, we may batter in breach this afternoon. Holland has opened a new *boyau*,¹ has carried on about one hundred and forty or one hundred and fifty yards, and is now within fifty or sixty yards of the glacis. The enemy were apprehensive of a storm, and fired smartly for about half-an-hour, which drove the workmen in; but when the fire ceased they returned to their business and did a great deal. You will be pleased to indulge me with six hours' rest that I may serve in the trenches at night."

Although M. Drucour, the brave governor of Louisbourg, was by this time convinced that the reduction of the place was inevitable, he determined to hold it as long as he possibly could; for should he not receive the succour he expected from Montcalm, he at least hoped, by prolonging

¹ A zig-zag trench connecting with other trenches.

his resistance, to detain the besiegers until it would be too late in the season for them either to reinforce the British army upon the American continent, or to ascend the river St. Lawrence. In this resolution he was ably seconded by his intrepid wife, who was continually on the ramparts, supplying the wants of the soldiers, and encouraging them by occasionally firing the guns with her own hand. The condition of the garrison was now such that for eight days neither officers nor men had a moment's rest, nor, indeed, a place to take rest, for there was not even a secure spot in which to lay the wounded. Yet there was not a murmur amongst them, and none deserted but a few German mercenaries. The cannonade, which they had kept up night and day, grew weaker and weaker, and instead of balls, they were driven to discharge grapeshot, old iron, or whatever missiles they could find.

Admiral Boscawen, having at length resolved to take or destroy the two ships which remained of the French fleet, Captains Balfour and Laprey, with six hundred sailors in boats, entered the harbour on the night of the 25th, when they gallantly took the *Bienfaisant* of seventy-four guns, and towed her away from the town; but the *Prudent* being aground, they were obliged to burn her. In consequence of this misfortune, and Wolfe's batteries having made several breaches in the King's, the Queen's and the Dauphin's bastions, while his approaches rapidly neared the covered way, the governor, advised by a council of war, wrote to General Amherst

early on the 26th of July, offering to capitulate upon the same terms as those granted to the English at Port Mahon.

The admiral had just come ashore, and told the general that he purposed sending six ships into the harbour next day, when the messenger arrived with the Chevalier Drucour's letter. The British commanders immediately answered by informing him of their intention to attack the town by sea as well as land; but wishing to avoid the effusion of blood, they allowed him one hour to decide, either to surrender at discretion, or incur the consequences of further resistance. Piqued at this, the governor replied: "To answer your Excellencies in as few words as possible, I have the honour to repeat to you that my resolution is still the same, and that I will suffer the consequences and sustain the attack you speak of." His mind was made up to abide by his decision, when M. Prévot, the intendant of the colony, presented him with a petition from the inhabitants, imploring him to spare them the horrors of a general assault. Satisfied that he had done his duty towards his king, and that obstinacy on his part would only lead to unnecessary bloodshed, he at length yielded, and sent back the officer who had carried his previous communications to inform his more fortunate adversaries that, trusting to the honour of a generous foe, he would submit to the law of force.

By a provision of the capitulation agreed upon between the British commanders and M. Drucour, the surrender of Cape Breton included all appurten-

ances, the inhabitants of which, as well as of Louisbourg, were to be carried to France, while the several garrisons were to yield as prisoners of war. General Amherst therefore sent Lord Rollo and Major Dalling to take possession of Isle St. Jean, now Prince Edward's Island, which, from its convenient position, mildness of climate, and fertility, had been invaluable to Canada, supplying Quebec with corn and cattle. It was likewise a source of great annoyance to Nova Scotia, affording shelter to hostile Indians, who made frequent irruptions into that colony. The removal of the wretched people, many of whom escaped to Canada, was a painful and tedious operation, which delayed the detachment until the end of the season.

TICONDEROGA

FROM the brilliant successes on the island of Cape Breton it is now necessary to turn to the painfully chequered course of events on the American continent, where the execution of Pitt's magnificent designs was unhappily entrusted to very different men from the conquerors of Louisbourg. The great minister's plan of operations had embraced the whole extent of French American dominions, from the embattled heights of Louisbourg and Quebec to the lone but luxuriant wilderness of the west. By the protracted defence of the loyal and skilful Drucour, the overwhelming forces of Amherst and Boscawen were

delayed till the advancing season had rendered impossible, for that year, their descent upon the valley of the St. Lawrence.

The next British expedition in order and in importance was directed against Ticonderoga and Crown Point. By the possession of these strongholds the French had long been enabled to harass the English frontier almost with impunity, and to command the navigation of the extensive lakes which formed the high road to the heart of Canada.

The third army was destined to march upon Fort Duquesne, of disastrous memory, and to establish the British power in the valley of the Ohio, for the possession of which the sanguinary war had commenced, and the spot where blood had first been shed. By the success of this object, all communication between the French of Canada and Louisiana would be effectually cut off, and the countries watered by the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi left at the mercy of England's naval power.

The largest European army ever yet seen on the American continent was assembled at Albany and in the neighbourhood, under the command of Abercromby, the general-in-chief since Lord Loudoun's recall. A detachment of the Royal Artillery, and seven strong battalions of the line, amounting altogether to 6,350 regulars, with 9,000 of the provincial militia, composed this formidable force. Their object was the destruction of Ticonderoga and Crown Point. Towards the end of June they broke up from Albany, and encamped

upon the ground where the melancholy ruins of Fort William Henry still remained. On the 5th of July the cannon, ammunition and stores arrived, and on that day the army embarked on the waters of Lake George; 1,035 boats conveyed this powerful expedition, and a number of rafts armed with artillery accompanied them, to overcome any opposition that might be offered to the landing.

The armament continued its progress steadily through the day; when evening fell Abercromby gave the signal to lie to at a place called Sabbath Point, on the shores of the lake; there the troops landed for a time and lighted large fires to distract the attention of the enemy. In the dead of night they were suddenly re-embarked, and hurried on to the Narrows, where the waters contract into the stream that communicates with Wood Creek; there they arrived at five o'clock the following morning. An advanced guard of two thousand men was thrown ashore at first dawn under the gallant Bradstreet, and these having encountered no enemy, the remainder of the army was rapidly landed. As the troops disembarked they were formed into four columns, some light infantry were sent on to scour the line of march, and the advance was sounded.

Ticonderoga, the first object of the British attack, was a fort of some strength, situated on the most salient point of the peninsula between lakes George and Champlain. To the eastward the rugged shore afforded sufficient protection; to the west and north regular lines of defence had been erected by the French engineers, and an

extensive swamp spreading over nearly all the landward face embarrassed the approaches of an enemy. The neighbouring country was a dense and tangled forest.

Early in the summer of this year the Marquis de Vaudreuil, governor of Canada, had received intelligence of Abercromby's extensive preparations to gain the positions of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and with them the command of the important chain of waters leading to the river St. Lawrence and the heart of the French possessions. The governor saw the necessity of defending this enterprise at any cost; he called to his aid Montcalm, already famous by deserved success, and placed at his disposal all the troops that could be spared from every part of the colony; on the 20th of June they reached the position they were directed to defend.

On the 1st of July Montcalm sent an advance of three regiments under M. de Bourlemaque along the north-western shores of Lake George. When the British disembarked, however, they were in such force as to render opposition hopeless; this corps of observation therefore fell back upon M. de Bourlemaque, and he too retired towards the main body, under the command of Montcalm.

So difficult and tangled were the woods on their retreat that, in spite of their knowledge of the country, one French column of five hundred men lost their way, fell into confusion, and in their bewilderment almost retraced their steps. The English pressed rapidly on in pursuit, and from the ignorance of the guides their divisions

also became confounded, and mixed up together in alarming disorder. The officers vigorously exerted themselves to restore the broken ranks, but in the midst of their efforts, the right centre column, led by the good and gallant Lord Howe, was suddenly fronted by the body of the enemy, who had gone astray in the forests. They joined in bitter strife: almost hand to hand, in the swamps, or from tree to tree on the hill-side, the stout Frenchmen held their own against the British troops, and, nothing daunted by the unexpected danger, disdained to yield. At the first shock many of Howe's light infantry went down; he himself, hurrying to the front, was struck by a musket ball in the breast, and instantly expired. His men, infuriated by the loss of their beloved leader, swarmed on through the thick woods, and finally overpowered or destroyed the enemy. Not, however, till four-fifths of the French were wounded, slain or taken, and many of the conquerors killed and disabled, did they yield their ground.

That night the victors occupied the field of battle; to this their advantage was confined, for the disorganization of the troops had frightfully increased during the unpropitious march, in the hard-fought skirmish, and by the loss of their best and most trusted chief. The vigour and spirit of Abercomby's army seemed to pass away with Lord Howe. This gallant man, from the time he had landed in America, had wisely instructed his regiment for the peculiar service of that difficult country: no useless encumbrance of

baggage was allowed; he himself set the example and encountered privation and fatigue in the same chivalrous spirit with which he faced the foe; graecful and kind in his manners, and considerate to the humblest under his charge, his officers and soldiers heartily obeyed the chief because they loved the man. At the fatal moment when he was lost to England her glory and welfare most needed his aid. He lived long enough for his own honour, but not for that of his country.

The price of this slight advantage was ruinous to the English army; from the unhappy moment when Lord Howe was slain the general lost all resolution, and as a natural consequence the troops lost all confidence. Order and discipline were no longer observed, and the after-operations can only be attributed to infatuation. At dawn on the day subsequent to the combat, Abercromby actually marched his forces back to the place where they had disembarked the day before, through the dreary and almost impassable wilderness, traversed with the utmost difficulty but a few hours before. However, on the return of the army to the landing-place, a detachment was sent to gain an important post held by the French at some saw-mills, two miles from Ticonderoga. Colonel Bradstreet was selected for this duty; with him were sent the 44th regiment, six companies of the 60th, some Rangers, and a number of boatmen, among whom were those who had forced the passage of the Onondaga River; altogether nearly seven thousand men.

The point to be assailed was approachable only

by one narrow bridge; this the French destroyed, and, not caring to encounter a very superior force, fell back towards their stronghold. Bradstreet was not to be deterred by difficulties; accustomed to the necessity of finding resources, the stream was soon spanned by a temporary arch; with unwearied zeal he urged on the exertions of his men, and that very night, not only his own command, but the whole British army was once more advanced across the stream, and established in an advantageous position near Ticonderoga.

At earliest light, Colonel Clark, chief engineer, and several officers of rank, reconnoitred the enemy's position to the best of their power. They could discover but little: a dense forest and a deep morass lay between them and Ticonderoga. They observed, indeed, a breastwork, with some felled trees in front rising out of the only accessible part of the dreary swamp, but as to its nature, strength, and disposition for defence, their military skill and experience could afford them no light. Their report included a variety of opinions: some treated the defences as slight and inconsiderable, and presenting only a deceptive show of strength; others, and they far better qualified to judge, acknowledged their formidable strength. Abercromby unfortunately adopted the former opinion, and rashly resolved to attack without waiting the essential aid of his artillery: his penalty was severe.

On the morning of the 8th of July the French garrison was called to arms, and marched into the threatened entrenchments. The regiments

of Bearn, La Reine, and Guienne, under M. de Levi, occupied the right of the defences; those of La Sarre, Languedoc, and two strong detachments under M. de Bourlemaque the left. In the centre Montcalm held under his own command the regiments of Berry, Royal Roussillon, and the light troops. The colonial militia and Canadian irregulars, with the Indians, were posted behind some fieldworks in the plain, on the flanks of the main defence, supported by a small reserve. The French entrenchment presented in front, as was too late discovered, an almost impassable barrier; a solid earthen breastwork of eight feet in height protected the defenders from the hostile shot, and the gradual slope from its summit was covered for nearly one hundred yards with abattis of felled trees laid close together, the branches sharpened and turned towards the foe. However, on either flank this grim position was open; no obstacle presented itself that could have stopped the stride of an English grenadier. Of this the hapless Abercromby was ignorant or unobservant. The French chief knew it well, and gave orders that, in case of the assailants appearing on either of these weak points, his troops should abandon the field and retreat to their boats as they best might.

With the rashness that bears no relation to courage, the British general determined to throw the flower of his force upon the very centre of the enemy's strength. Whilst the army was forming for the ill-starred attack, Sir William Johnson arrived with four hundred and forty

Indians, who were at once pushed forward into the woods to feel the way and occupy the enemy.

At one o'clock, when the midday sun poured down its burning rays upon the scene of strife, Abercromby gave the fatal order to attack. As his advance felt the fire, the light troops and the militia were moved aside, and the regular battalions called to the front. The grenadier companies of the line led the way, Murray's Highlanders followed close behind. With quick but steady step these intrepid men pressed on through the heavy swamp and tangled underwood; their ranks now broken by the uneven ground, now shattered by the deliberate fire of the French; impeded, though not confused, they passed the open ground, and without one faltering pause or random shot, the thinned but unshaken column dashed against the abattis.

Then began a cruel and hopeless slaughter. With fiery valour the British grenadiers forced themselves through the almost impenetrable fence; but still new obstacles appeared, and while, writhing among the pointed branches, they threatened the inaccessible enemy in impotent fury, the cool fire of the French from behind the breastwork smote them one by one. The Highlanders, who should have remained in reserve, were not to be restrained, and rushed to the front; they were apparently somewhat more successful; active, impetuous, lightly clad and armed, they won their way through the felled trees, and died upon the very parapet; ere long, half of these gallant men and nearly all their officers were

slain or desperately wounded. Then fresh troops pressed on to the deadly strife, rivalling the courage, and sharing the fate, of those who had led the way. For nearly four hours, like the succeeding waves of an ebb tide, they attacked again and again, each time losing somewhat of their vantage ground, now fiercely rushing on, unflinchingly enduring the murderous fire, then sullenly falling back to reform their broken ranks for a fresh effort. It was vain at last as it was at first: the physical difficulties were impassable, and upon that rude barrier—which the simplest manœuvre would have avoided, or one hour of well-plied artillery swept away—the flower of British chivalry was crushed and broken.

An accident at length arrested this melancholy carnage. One of the British columns, in a hurried advance, lost their way, and became bewildered in the neighbouring forest; when, after a time, they emerged upon the open country, a heavy fire was perceived close in front, as they thought from the French entrenchments. With unhappy promptitude they poured a deadly volley upon the supposed enemy, but when a breeze from the lake lifted the curtain of the smoke from the bloody scene, they saw that their shot had fallen with fatal precision amongst the red coats of their countrymen. Then, indeed, hesitation, confusion and panic arose in the English ranks; their desperate courage had proved vain; a frightful loss had fallen upon them; their officers were struck down, the bewildered general gave them no orders, sent them no aid; their strength was exhausted by

repeated efforts under the fiery sun, and still, from behind the inaccessible breastwork, the French, steady and almost unharmed, poured a rolling fire upon their defenceless masses. The painful tale must now be told: the English infantry turned and fled. The disorder, in a few minutes, became irretrievable; those who had been foremost in the fierce assault were soon the first in the disgraceful flight. Highlanders and Provincials, Rangers and Grenadiers, scarce looked behind them in their terror, nor saw that no man pursued. In this hour of greatest need, General Abercromby remained at the saw-mills, nearly two miles from the field of battle.

When the fugitives found that the French did not venture to press upon their rear, they in some measure rallied upon a few still unbroken battalions that were posted around the position by the general. Scarcely, however, had anything of confidence been restored, when an unaccountable command from Abercromby, to retreat to the landing-place, renewed the panic. The soldiers instantly concluded that they were to embark with every speed to escape the pursuit of the victorious enemy, and, breaking from all order and control, crowded towards the boats. Happily the brave Bradstreet still held together a small force, like himself, unshaken by this groundless terror; with prompt decision he threw himself before the landing-place, and would not suffer a man to embark. To this gallant officer may be attributed the preservation of Abercromby's army: had the disordered masses been allowed

to crowd into the boats, thousands must have perished in the waters of the lake. By this wise and spirited step, regularity was, in a little time, again restored, and the troops held their ground for the night.

The loss remains to be recorded: 1,950 of the British army were slain, wounded, and missing; of these, 1,642 were regular troops with a large proportion of officers. The French had nearly three hundred and ninety killed and disabled, but as their heads only were exposed above the breastwork, few of those who were hit recovered. It is unnecessary to speak of their admirable conduct and courage, or of the merit of their chief; their highest praise is recorded with the deeds of those they conquered.

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

THE disaster at Ticonderoga, so far from discouraging Mr. Pitt, merely spurred him to greater efforts; and in them he was vigorously seconded by the American colonies. In the summer of the following year, General Wolfe, with some 8,000 men, supported by a powerful fleet under Admirals Saunders and Holmes, made his way up the St. Lawrence, and established himself on the Island of Orleans, immediately below Quebec. At the same time General Amherst, who had superseded Abercromby, led another army of 11,000 men upon Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and Prideaux with a smaller force descended the St. Lawrence to attack Fort Niagara. The idea was that Amherst

and Prideaux should subsequently join hands in an attack on Montreal; and having taken that place, should combine with Wolfe in accomplishing the great objective of the campaign—the capture of Quebec. Amherst captured Ticonderoga and Crown Point, Prideaux was equally successful at Niagara; but owing to want of transport Amherst was unable to reach the St. Lawrence, and as the months passed without the arrival of the expected reinforcements, Wolfe was driven to the conclusion that he must either capture Quebec with the forces at his disposal, or retreat before the approach of winter. To a man of Wolfe's indomitable spirit, the latter was an impossible alternative. Early in the siege he had attacked the French front and left; and although he led his troops in person, the attack had been repulsed, largely owing to the heedless impetuosity of his own men. Now he resolved to attack the French right which, lying on high rocky cliffs above the river, was deemed by Montcalm to be secure.

QUEBEC stands on the slope of the eastern extremity of that lofty range which here forms the left bank of the St. Lawrence; a table-land extends westward for about nine miles from the defences of the city, occasionally wooded and undulating, but from the top of the narrow path to the ramparts, open, and tolerably level; this portion of the heights is called the Plains of Abraham. Wolfe's plan was to ascend this path secretly with his whole army, and make the plains his battle ground. The extraordinary audacity of the enterprise was its safety; the wise and cautious Montcalm had guarded against all the probable

chances of war : he was not prepared against an attempt for which the page of romance can scarcely furnish a parallel.

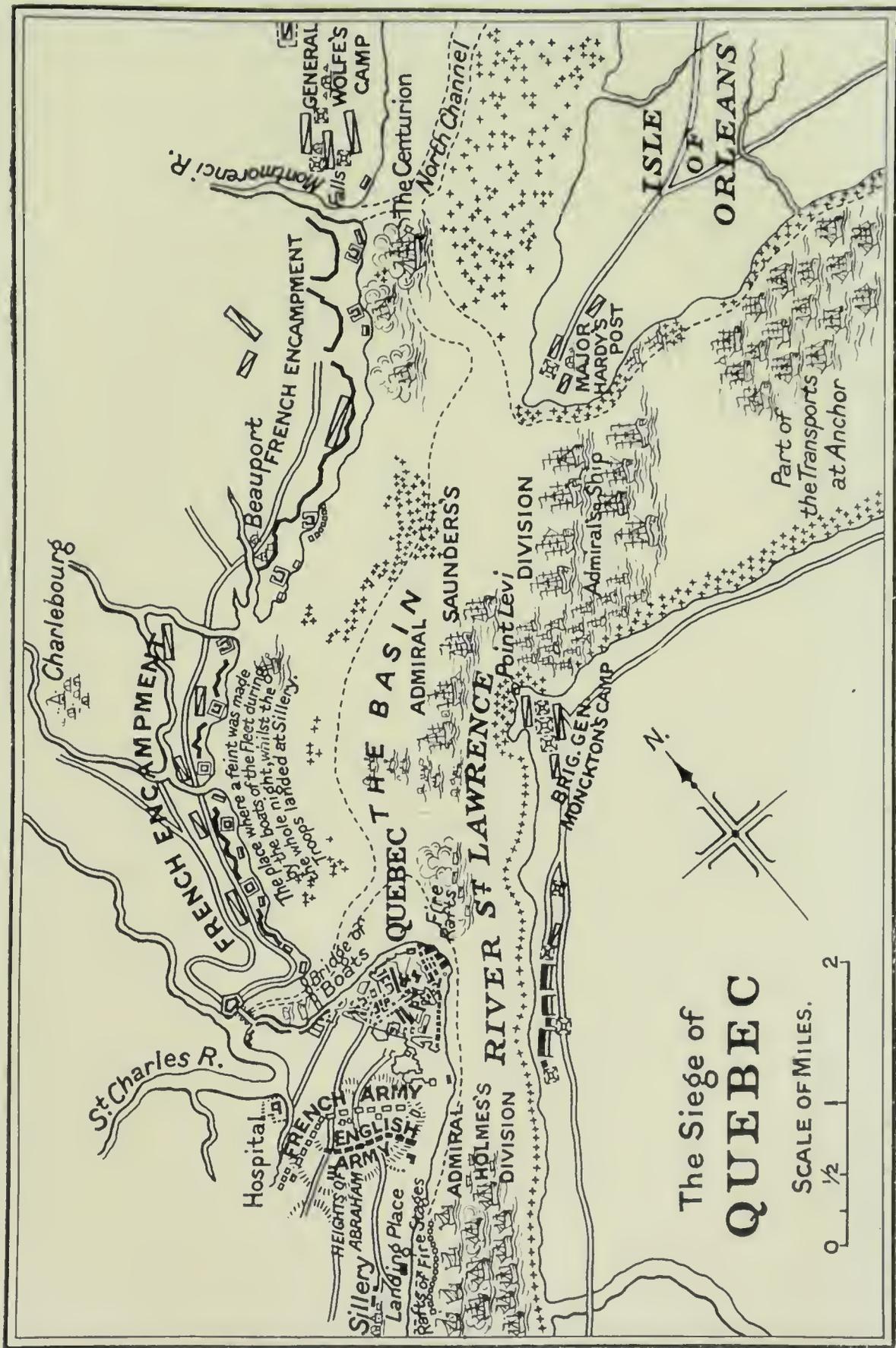
It was on the 9th of September that Wolfe addressed to the Secretary of State a letter which bears a deep and melancholy interest. His own view of the prospects of the expedition was most gloomy, and he seemed anxious to prepare the public mind in England for his failure. The letter conveys the impression that he only continued his operations to divert the attention of the enemy from other points; it concludes in the following desponding words: "I am so far recovered as to do business, but my constitution is entirely ruined, without the consolation of having done any considerable service to the State, or without any prospect of it." But while he wrote almost in despair, he acted as if he had never doubted of success.

On the evening of the 12th of September the heavier ships of the line moved towards the Beauport shore, anchoring as near the enemy's lines as the depth of water would permit. While daylight yet remained, all the boats of that portion of the fleet were lowered, filled with marines and seamen, and ranged in order, threatening a descent upon the shore. At the same time the remaining ships suddenly hoisted sail, and with a favouring breeze they swept proudly past the batteries of Quebec, and joined Holmes's squadron at Cape Rouge, eight miles above the city. Monckton and Murray, who, with their brigades, still occupied Point

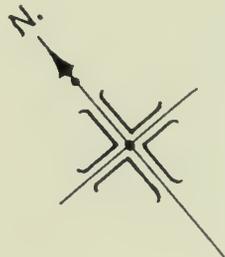
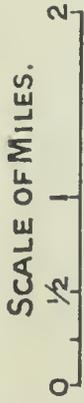
Levi and the village of St. Michaels, now pushed rapidly up to the left bank of the St. Lawrence till they arrived opposite the fleet, and there embarked without being observed by the enemy. At nine o'clock at night the first division of the army, sixteen hundred strong, silently removed into flat-bottomed boats; the soldiers were in high spirits; Wolfe led in person. About an hour before daylight the flotilla fell down with the ebb tide. "Weather favourable; a starlight night."

We must leave Wolfe for awhile to take a brief review of the position of affairs in his enemy's camp. Montcalm's difficulties were also great. He knew not where to turn for a ray of hope, except, indeed, to the now rapidly advancing winter. The toils were spread on every side; the stately fleet riding below the town cut off all supplies from France; the fall of Niagara and of Fort Frontenac broke off the chain of communication with the distant west; Amherst, with an overwhelming force, hung over the weakest point of the Canadian frontier; Montreal, with neither army nor fortification, lay exposed to the British advance. But, worst of all, distrust of his colleagues and contempt of the prowess of his militia paralysed Montcalm's vigour, and destroyed his confidence. "You have sold your country," exclaimed he, in uncontrollable indignation, to M. de Vaudreuil, when the latter opposed his views; "but while I live I will not deliver it up."

Not only provisions but even ammunition were



The Siege of
QUEBEC



becoming short in Montcalm's camp : there was no hope of supplies from any quarter. The Lower Town and a large portion of the Upper Town were laid in ruins by the British artillery; the defences, it was true, still remained uninjured; but, except in natural advantages, they were by no means formidable.

One only hope remained to the French general : the winter approached. In a few weeks the northern blast would scare away the stubborn enemy against whom his arms and skill were ineffectual. Could he struggle on a little longer, the fate of Canada might be thrown upon the chances of another campaign, and a turn in European affairs yet preserve the splendid colony of France. " Unless Wolfe lands above the town, and forces me to a battle, I am safe," writes Montcalm. But while, on the night of the 12th of September, he watched in confident expectation the deceitful preparations of the fleet below the town, the ebbing tide silently floated down the British army towards that position, the occupation of which he knew must be his ruin.

Silently and swiftly, unchallenged by the French sentries, Wolfe's flotilla dropt down the stream in the shade of the overhanging cliffs. The rowers scarcely stirred the waters with their oars; the soldiers sat motionless. Not a word was spoken, save by the young general; he, as a midshipman on board his boat afterwards related, repeated in a low voice to the officers by his side Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*; and as he concluded the beautiful verses, said, " Now, gentle-

men, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec!" But while Wolfe thus, in the poet's words, gave vent to the intensity of his feelings, his eye was constantly bent upon the dark outline of the heights under which he hurried past. He recognized at length the appointed spot, and leaped ashore. Some of the leading boats, conveying the light company of the 78th Highlanders had in the meantime been carried about two hundred yards lower down by the strength of the tide. These Highlanders, under Captain Donald M'Donald, were the first to land. Immediately over their heads hung a woody precipice, without path or track upon its rocky face; at the summit a French sentinel marched to and fro, still unconscious of their presence. Without a moment's hesitation, M'Donald and his men dashed at the height. They scrambled up, holding on by rocks and branches of trees, guided only by the stars that shone over the top of the cliff; half the ascent was already won, when for the first time "Qui vive?" broke the silence of the night. "La France," answered the Highland captain, with ready self-possession, and the sentry shouldered his musket and pursued his round. In a few minutes, however, the rustling of the trees close at hand at length alarmed the French guard; they hastily turned out, fired one irregular volley down the precipice and fled in panic. The captain, M. de Vergor, alone, though wounded, stood his ground; when summoned to surrender, he fired at one of the leading assailants, but was instantly overpowered;

the Highlanders, incensed at his vain valour, tore from his breast a decoration which he bore, and sent him a prisoner to the rear. In the meantime nearly five hundred men landed and made their way up the height; those who had first reached the summit then took possession of the entrenched post at the top of that path which Wolfe had selected for the ascent of his army.

Wolfe, Monckton, and Murray landed with the first division; as fast as each boat was cleared it put back for reinforcements to the ships, which had now also floated down with the tide nearly opposite to the point of disembarkation. The battalions formed on the narrow beach at the foot of the winding path and, as soon as completed, each ascended the cliff, when they again formed upon the plains above. There all was quiet; the light infantry, under Lieutenant-colonel Howe, brother of the gallant Lord Howe who fell at Ticonderoga, had driven away the enemy's picquets. The boats plied busily; company after company was quickly landed, and as soon as the men touched the shore they swarmed up the steep ascent with ready alacrity. When morning broke the whole disposable force of Wolfe's army stood in firm array upon the tableland above the cove. Only one gun, however, could be carried up the hill, and even that was not got into position without incredible difficulty.

After a few minutes' anxious observation of the face of the country, Wolfe marched the army by files to the right in the direction of the city, leaving two companies of the 58th Regiment to

guard the landing-place; he then formed his line of battle upon the Plains of Abraham, and resolved there to cast the die for Canada.

At about six o'clock some parties of the enemy appeared upon the slopes under the ramparts of the city; at seven they mustered in greater force, and brought up two field-guns, which caused some annoyance. Shortly afterwards they threw a body of Canadians and Indians into the brush-wood on the face of the precipice over the river, into a field of corn in front of the 35th Regiment, and into a coppice opposite the British centre; these skirmishers caused considerable mischief, but were speedily routed by Colonel Howe, with a detachment of the 47th. The whole line then received orders to lie upon their arms, while light infantry vedettes covered their position at some distance in advance.

Meanwhile Montcalm had been completely deceived by the demonstrations of the fleet below the town. Through the whole of that anxious night boats were approaching the shore and again retiring, on various points of the line between the Montmorency and the St. Charles. The English ships of war had worked up as near as they could find depth of water, and their guns played incessantly upon the beach, as if to prepare the way for a debarkation. Day broke before Montcalm even suspected that another struggle awaited him on his eastern lines; then, however, a stray cannon shot, and the distant echo of musketry from above the town caught his ear; while he yet doubted, a horseman reached him at full speed with tidings

that the English had landed on the Plains of Abraham. The news spread like lightning through the Canadian camp. Aides-de-camp galloped to and fro in fiery haste; trumpets and drums aroused the sleeping soldiery. As fast as the battalions could be mustered they were hurried across the valley of the St. Charles, over the bridge, and along the front of the northern ramparts of Quebec to the battle ground. M. de Vaudreuil, with some Canadian militia, was left to guard the lines.

Under some mysterious and incomprehensible impulse, Montcalm at once determined to meet his dangerous enemy in the open field.

Even when the alarming news of Wolfe's landing reached Montcalm, he professed confidence—confidence which he could not have felt. When the position of the English army was pointed out to him, he said, "Yes, I see them where they ought not to be;" and he afterwards added, "If we must fight, I will crush them." He, however, altogether failed to communicate to the Canadian troops the sanguine spirit which he himself professed.

At eight o'clock the heads of French columns began to appear, ascending the hill from the St. Charles to the Plains of Abraham; the only piece of artillery which Wolfe had been able to bring into action then opened with some effect, and caused them slightly to alter their line of march; as they arrived they formed in three separate masses upon a slope to the north-west of the city, where they were sheltered from this solitary but mischievous gun.

At nine o'clock Montcalm moved some distance to the front, and developed his line of battle; at the same time M. de Bougainville, who was hastening down the left bank of the St. Lawrence, made a demonstration with some light cavalry upon Wolfe's extreme left. Townshend checked this movement by throwing the third battalion of the 60th into a line extending from the threatened flank to the post over the landing-place.

Montcalm was already worsted as a general; it was, however, still left him to fight as a soldier. His order of battle was steadily and promptly arrayed. The centre column, under Montcalm in person, consisted of the regiments of Bearn and Guienne, numbering together no more than 720 bayonets; with them were formed 1,200 of the Canadian militia. On the right stood the regiments of La Sarre and Languedoc, and a battalion of the marine or colony troops, in all 1,600 veterans; 400 of the militia, with one field-piece, completed this wing. On the left, the Royal Roussillon, and a battalion of the marine, mustered 1,300 bayonets, while these disciplined regiments were supported by no less than 2,300 of the Canadian levies. The total force, therefore, actually engaged, amounted to 7,520 men, besides Indians; of these, however, not more than one half were regular troops; it was on them the brunt of the battle fell, and almost the whole loss. Wolfe's "field state," on the morning of the 13th of September, showed only 4,828 men of all ranks from the generals downwards, but of these every man was a trained soldier.

The French attacked. At about ten o'clock a crowd of Canadians and Indians emerged from the bush on the slope which falls towards the valley of the St. Charles; as they advanced they opened fire upon the English picquets of the extreme left, and drove them into their supports. Under cover of the cloud of smoke which rose above the scene of this attack, the French veterans of the right wing passed swiftly round the left of Murray's brigade, and turned his flank; then, throwing aside their irregulars, they fell upon Howe's light infantry. This gallant officer felt the importance of his post; the houses and the line of coppice which he occupied formed almost a right angle with the front of the British army, covering it in flank and rear. He was hard pressed; his men fell fast under the overpowering fire of the French, but in a few minutes Townshend, with the 15th, came to his aid; soon afterwards the two battalions of the 60th joined the line, and turned the tide of battle.

In the meantime swarms of skirmishers advanced against the right and centre of the British army; their stinging fire immediately dislodged the few light infantry which Wolfe had posted in his front, and forced them back in confusion upon his main body. This first impression was not without danger; the troops who were in the rear, and could not see the real state of affairs, became alarmed at the somewhat retrograde movements in front. Wolfe perceived this; he hurried along the line, cheered the men by his voice and presence, and admonished them on no account to fire

without orders. He succeeded; confidence was restored.

The spirited advance of the skirmishers was but the mask of a more formidable movement. The whole of the French centre and left, with loud shouts and arms at the recover, now bore down to the attack. Their light troops then ceased firing, and passed to the rear. As the view cleared their long, unbroken lines were soon rapidly approaching Wolfe's position. When they reached within one hundred and fifty yards they advanced obliquely from the left of each formation, so that the lines assumed the appearance of columns, and chiefly threatened the British right. And now, from flank to flank of the assailing battalions rolled a murderous and incessant fire. The 35th and the Grenadiers fell fast. Wolfe, at the head of the 28th, was struck in the wrist, but not disabled. Wrapping a handkerchief round the wound, he hastened from one rank to another, exhorting the men to be steady and to reserve their fire. No English soldier pulled a trigger: with matchless endurance they sustained the trial. Not a company wavered; their arms shouldered as if on parade, and motionless, save when they closed up the ghastly gaps, they waited the word of command.

When the head of the French attack had reached within forty yards, Wolfe gave the order to "fire." At once the long row of muskets was levelled, and a volley, distinct as a single shot, flashed from the British line. For a moment the advancing columns still pressed on, shivering



WOLFE RESTORES CONFIDENCE ALONG THE LINE

like pennons in the fatal storm, but a few paces told how terrible had been the force of the long-suspended blow. Numbers of the French soldiers reeled and fell; some staggered on for a little, then dropped silently aside to die; others burst from the ranks shrieking in agony. The Brigadier de St. Ours was struck dead, and de Senezergues, the second in command, was left mortally wounded upon the field. When the breeze carried away the dense clouds of smoke the assailing battalions stood reduced to mere groups among the bodies of the slain. Never before or since has a deadlier volley burst from British infantry.

Montcalm commanded the attack in person. Not fifteen minutes elapsed since he had first moved on his line of battle, and already all was lost! The Canadian militia, with scarcely an exception, broke and fled. The right wing, which had recoiled before Townshend and Howe, was overpowered by a counter-attack of the 58th and 78th; his veteran battalions of Bearn and Guienne were shattered before his eyes under the British fire; on the left the Royal Roussillon was shrunk to a mere skeleton and, deserted by its provincial allies, could hardly retain the semblance of a formation. But the gallant Frenchman, though ruined, was not dismayed; he rode through the broken ranks, cheered them with his voice, encouraged them by his dauntless bearing, and, aided by a small redoubt, even succeeded in once again presenting a front to his enemy.

Meanwhile, Wolfe's troops had reloaded. He

seized the opportunity of the hesitation in the hostile ranks, and ordered the whole British line to advance. At first they moved forward in majestic regularity, receiving and paying back with deadly interest the volleys of the French. But soon the ardour of the soldiers broke through the restraints of discipline: they increased their pace to a run, rushing over the dying and the dead and sweeping the living enemy off their path. On the extreme right the 35th, under the gallant Colonel Fletcher, carried all before them, and won the white plume which for half-a-century afterwards they proudly bore. Wolfe himself led the 28th and the diminished ranks of the Louisbourg Grenadiers. The 43rd, as yet almost untouched, pressed on in admirable order, worthy of their after-fame in that noble light division which "never gave a foot of ground but by word of command." On the left, the 58th and 78th overcame a stubborn and bloody resistance; more than one hundred of the Highlanders fell dead and wounded, the weak battalion by their side lost a fourth part of their strength in the brief struggle. Just now Wolfe was a second time wounded, in the body, but he dissembled his suffering, for his duty was not yet accomplished; again a ball from the redoubt struck him on the breast; he reeled on one side, but at the moment this was not generally observed. "Support me," said he to a grenadier officer who was close at hand, "that my brave fellows may not see me fall." In a few seconds, however, he sank, and was borne a little to the rear.

The brief struggle fell heavily upon the British, but was ruinous to the French. They wavered under the carnage; the columns which death had disordered were soon broken and scattered. Montcalm, with courage that rose above the wreck of hope, galloped through the groups of his stubborn veterans, who still made head against the advancing enemy, and strove to show a front of battle. His efforts were vain; the head of every formation was swept away before that terrible musketry; in a few minutes the French gave way in all directions. Just then their gallant general fell with a mortal wound; from that time all was utter rout.

The English followed fiercely in the pursuit; the 47th and 58th, with fixed bayonets, pressed on close to the St. Louis and St. John's gates, till the first were checked by grapeshot from the ramparts, and the latter by the artillery of the hulks which were grounded in the river. But foremost in the advance, and most terrible to the flying enemy, were the 78th Highlanders; active and impetuous in their movements, and armed with the broadsword, they supplied in this case the want of cavalry to the British army. Numbers of the French fell beneath their vigorous blows; others saved themselves by timely surrender, piteously craving mercy, and declaring that they had not been at Fort William Henry.¹ The

¹ Montcalm captured Fort William Henry, and promised that the garrison should be allowed to march out unmolested. His Indian allies, however, fell upon the defenceless troops and massacred them. He was not responsible for this breach of faith, which the British bitterly resented.

remainder of Montcalm's right wing only found shelter beyond the bridge over the St. Charles. The survivors of the right and centre soon placed the ramparts of Quebec between themselves and their pursuers.

The battle was now over, but the general of the victorious army had still to guard against another antagonist, as yet untouched and unbroken. It has been related that, at the commencement of the action, the extreme left of the British position had been threatened by some light cavalry—the advance guard of de Bougainville's formidable corps; the main body and their chief had now arrived upon the scene, but so rapid and complete had been the ruin of Montcalm's army that his lieutenant found not a single unbroken company remaining in the field with which to co-operate. He himself, however, was still strong; besides three hundred and fifty cavalry—an arm in which the invaders were altogether deficient—he had with him nearly fifteen hundred men, a large proportion of whom were grenadiers and light infantry.

Townshend, now in command, hastened to recall his disordered battalions, but he determined not to imperil the victory by seeking another engagement with fresh troops. His arrangements were strictly defensive; while re-forming a line of battle, he dispatched the 35th and the 48th with two field-pieces to meet de Bougainville, and if possible check his advance. The demonstration sufficed; the French soldiers, demoralized by the defeat of their general-in-chief, were in no condition to meet a victorious

enemy. They recoiled before the resolute front of the British force, and retreated with precipitation up the left bank of the St. Lawrence.

The loss of the English in this memorable battle amounted to fifty-five killed and six hundred and seven wounded of all ranks. That of the French has never been clearly ascertained, but it was not probably less than fifteen hundred in killed and wounded and prisoners. Moreover, a very large proportion of the Canadian militia dispersed and never rejoined their colours.

While the British troops were carrying all before them, their young general's life was ebbing fast away. When struck for the third time, he sank down; he then supported himself for a few minutes in a sitting posture, with the assistance of Lieutenant Brown, Mr. Henderson, a volunteer, and a private soldier, all of the Grenadier company of the 22nd; Colonel Williamson, of the Royal Artillery, afterwards went to his aid. From time to time Wolfe tried with his faint hand to clear away the death-mist that gathered on his sight; but the effort seemed vain; for presently he lay back, and gave no signs of life beyond a heavy breathing, and occasional groan. Meantime the French had given way, and were flying in all directions. The grenadier officers, seeing this, called out to those around him: "See, they run." The words caught the ear of the dying man; he raised himself, like one aroused from sleep, and asked eagerly, "Who run?" "The enemy, sir," answered the officer; "they give way everywhere." "Go one of you to Colonel Burton," said Wolfe;

“tell him to march Webbe’s (the 48th) regiment with all speed down to the St. Charles River, to cut off the retreat.” His voice grew faint as he spoke, and he turned as if seeking an easier position on his side; when he had given this last order, he seemed to feel that he had done his duty, and added feebly, but distinctly, “Now, God be praised, I die happy.” His eyes then closed, and, after a few convulsive movements, he became still. Despite the anguish of his wounds, he died happy, for through the mortal shades that fell upon his soul, there rose, over the unknown world’s horizon, the dawn of an eternal morning.

FIGHTING AFTER THE FALL OF QUEBEC

THE condition of Canada, so recently the most important colony of France, had been completely altered by one disastrous campaign. Shut out from Lake Champlain by the loss of Ticonderoga and Crown Point; from the west by the fall of Niagara, while the conquest of Quebec excluded her from the seaboard; all the posts of importance that now remained in French hands were those of Three Rivers, Montreal, Frontenac, Detroit, and Mackinac. The strongest positions had all passed into British hands, and many of the bravest veterans of France had found graves in the land which their valour had vainly striven to defend, or had been borne away as prisoners across the

Atlantic. The condition of the unfortunate inhabitants was most deplorable. Every hamlet had its sick or wounded men. Provisions became scarcer than ever as winter progressed, rose to famine prices, and many people perished from want. At length the farmers would scarcely part with their provisions at any price; still, Bigot and the commissary-general, Cadet, managed by force at one time, by threats and promises at another, to procure a scanty subsistence for the troops at Montreal. Even at Quebec the British soldiers suffered severely owing to the want of fresh provisions. Scurvy broke out amongst them from the almost continual use of salt food and biscuit, and carried off eight hundred men, while it rendered nearly twice that number unfit for duty.

During the winter Murray made every exertion to strengthen the defences at Quebec, and provide for the comfort of the garrison. He erected eight timber redoubts outside the defences towards the Plains of Abraham, and armed them with artillery, laid in eleven months' provisions in the citadel, and repaired five hundred of the injured houses as barracks for his troops. He likewise established outposts at favourable points in the neighbourhood, which proved of considerable advantage in concealing his movements from the enemy, collecting provisions, and confirming the country people in their allegiance, eleven parishes having already placed themselves under the protection of the British.

Meanwhile the French troops at Jacques Cartier

were not idle. They harassed the British outposts whenever an opportunity presented itself, while De Levi, at Montreal, steadily pushed forward preparations for the recapture of Quebec in the spring, before succour could arrive. The moment the weather permitted he directed the French vessels, which had escaped up the river from Saunders' fleet, to be refitted, the small craft to be repaired, and galleys built, on board of which he placed stores and ammunition withdrawn from the forts at St. John's and Chambly, and such other supplies as he could collect.

On the 17th of April, De Levi, having completed his preparations, left Montreal with all his available force, and collecting on his way downwards the several detached corps scattered at the different posts, arrived at Cape Rouge with eight battalions of regular troops, four thousand five hundred strong, six thousand Canadians, of whom two hundred were cavalry, and over two hundred Indians.

On the morning of the 27th, before day, a French artilleryman was rescued from the river off a floating cake of ice, who gave Murray the first intelligence of the approach of a hostile force.

Murray marched out during the day, with all the troops that could be spared from garrison duty, to cover the retreat of his advanced posts at Cape Rouge and elsewhere, a duty he performed with a loss of only two men, and retired on the approach of evening, after breaking down all the bridges. De Levi, however, pushed rapidly forward down the St. Foy road, and at nine o'clock

on the morning of the 28th was within three miles of Quebec. The British general, with an army reduced by disease, desertion and death, to less than three thousand five hundred available men, had already formed the unaccountable resolution of giving the enemy battle. In his subsequent report to the Secretary of State, he excused his unfortunate determination: "having well weighed my peculiar position," said he, "and well knowing that shutting myself within the walls of the city I should risk the whole stake on the chance of defending a wretched fortification, which could not be lessened by an action in the field."

Shortly after daybreak Murray formed his skeleton battalions on the Plains of Abraham, supported by twenty pieces of artillery, planted at the most favourable points. Having completed his order of battle, he rode to the front to reconnoitre the enemy's position. The previous night had been wet, so he found the French occupied in putting their arms into order, and in other respects unprepared, as he supposed, for action. Thinking this a favourable opportunity to assail them, he gave orders for an immediate attack, which was gladly obeyed by his little army, who pushed forward in admirable order over the brow of the heights and into the plains beyond.

For an hour and three quarters did the battle rage with the utmost fury; but finally the numbers of the French prevailed. The British left was thrown into disorder and gave way; the right was also hard pressed, and Murray was finally compelled to retreat, leaving nearly the

whole of his guns in the hands of the enemy, and three hundred dead upon the field.

Nearly a third of the British army was either killed or wounded; but still the French had dearly purchased their victory by a loss, according to their own admission, of fully eighteen hundred put *hors de combat*. So exasperated were they at the obstinacy of the contest by so small a force that they stained their triumph by refusing quarter to several English officers, and by giving up the wounded, left on the field, to the fury of the Indians. Out of nearly one hundred of these unfortunate men, unavoidably abandoned by Murray in his retreat, only twenty-eight were sent to hospital; the rest were massacred by the savages.

But if the British general had committed an error in hazarding a battle with his inferior force, he amply atoned for it by the resolute manner in which he prepared to defend the city. On the very evening of the battle he issued a general order to his troops, in which he sought to raise their spirits by stating that, "although the morning had been unfortunate to the British arms, yet affairs were not desperate; that a fleet might soon be expected; and it only remained for officers and men patiently to bear the unavoidable fatigues of a siege." The garrison was now reduced to two thousand two hundred effective men, but these were animated by the best spirit, and even the wounded men, who could not walk without crutches, seating themselves on the ramparts, made sandbags for the works, and cartridges

for the cannon. The soldiers' wives, of whom there were nearly five hundred, and all of whom, with scarcely an exception, had enjoyed excellent health during the winter, were also active in attending the wounded and cooking for the troops.

De Levi broke ground on the evening of the 28th, eight hundred yards from the ramparts, but several days elapsed before his batteries, consisting of thirteen guns and two mortars, opened upon the town. Murray had, in the meantime, placed one hundred and thirty-two guns in position on the walls, and as many of the infantry had been trained to act as artillerymen during the preceding winter, he was enabled to keep up a fire which completely overpowered that of the French. But the hopes of the besieged rested chiefly for deliverance on the arrival of the fleet. The French army looked also for aid from an expected squadron. On the 9th of May a frigate was seen rounding the headland of Point Levi, and standing towards the city. For a brief space an intense anxiety had complete possession of besiegers and besieged. But presently a flag is run up the mizen peak of the strange ship, the *Union Jack* floats boldly out, and a boat puts off for the Lower Town, when the garrison, officers and men, mounted the ramparts in the face of the enemy, and made the welkin ring with hearty British cheers. On the 15th two other frigates arrived, under the command of Commodore Swinton. Next day, the French shipping above the town, consisting of two

frigates and several armed vessels, were attacked and forced on shore, or destroyed.

The following night the siege was raised, and De Levi precipitately retreated to Montreal, where the last stand was to be made against the efforts of the British.

By the 22nd of July Amherst had assembled an army ten thousand strong, and seven hundred Indians, at Oswego. On the 10th of August he embarked *en route* for Montreal, and arrived at Ogdensburg on the 19th. The French fort at this place was invested next day. When the British batteries opened their fire, it was vigorously replied to by the garrison, who, however, surrendered at discretion on the 23rd. Amherst learned that the Iroquois intended to massacre the French soldiers as soon as they gained admission within the works. This he sternly forbade, and declared that if they attempted such an outrage, he would restrain them by force. They now sullenly threatened to return home, to which course Amherst gave his consent; but at the same time stated that if they committed any acts of violence on their way, he would assuredly chastise them.

Passing down the St. Lawrence, the British army, after losing eighty-four men and several boats in the Cedar Rapids, landed on the Island of Montreal, about nine miles from the town, on the 6th of September. Meanwhile, Murray had left Quebec on the 14th of June, with a force of two thousand four hundred men of all ranks, and ascending the river, subduing some small posts

on its banks, and compelled their inhabitants, whenever practicable, to submit to the authority of Great Britain. At Sorel he found De Bourlemaque posted with four thousand men, and judged it prudent to await the arrival of an expected reinforcement from Louisbourg. This coming up, he pursued his way. On the 7th of September his troops were disembarked, and posted to the north-east of the town. On the following day Colonel Haviland, who had penetrated into Canada by Lake Champlain and the Richelieu, also arrived at Montreal with a force of over three thousand men; and thus an army of nearly sixteen thousand men were assembled under the walls of what might be deemed a defenceless town. On the same day the Marquis de Vaudreuil signed the capitulation which severed Canada from France for ever.

THE INDIAN WAR

CANADA, Cape Breton, and all the other islands at the mouth of the St. Lawrence were ceded to Great Britain by the Treaty of Paris in 1763, and the King of England (George III) pledged himself to govern his new subjects with justice, and to protect the Roman Catholics in their worship as far as the laws of England would allow. No religious restrictions were imposed, beyond the stipulation that the parochial clergy should confine themselves to their clerical duties and take no part in civil affairs. None of the inhabitants of

Canada left the country except a few members of the nobility and some of the officials. The long war seemed to be over, and the Canadians at last appeared to have a period of rest and peace in view. The country was divided into three districts, Quebec, Three Rivers and Montreal, and the military chiefs placed over these divisions endeavoured to soothe the minds of the vanquished by mild government, and an impartial administration of justice. And they so far succeeded that the great majority of the French resigned themselves to the change and became loyal and peaceable subjects of the British Crown.

But if the French were reconciled to the new state of things, their Indian allies by no means shared their feelings. The majority of the native tribes, after their agreement with Champlain in 1701, had become attached to the French, who seemed thoroughly to understand their character, who treated them as friends and allies, and took pains to flatter their vanity and pride. The English, on the other hand, treated the Indians with coldness and neglect, and made no efforts to win their confidence.

THE country was scarcely transferred to the English when smothered murmurs of discontent began to be audible among the Indian tribes. From the head of the Potomac to Lake Superior, and from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi, in every wigwam and hamlet of the forest, a deep-rooted hatred of the English increased with rapid growth. Nor is this to be wondered at. The French had laboured to ingratiate themselves with the Indians; and the slaughter of the

Monongahela, with the horrible devastation of the western frontier, the outrages perpetrated at Oswego, and the massacre at Fort William Henry, bore witness to the success of their efforts. Even the Delawares and Shawanoes, the faithful allies of William Penn, had at length been seduced by their blandishments; and the Iroquois, the ancient enemies of Canada, had half forgotten their former hostility, and well-nigh taken part against the British colonists. The remote nations of the west had also joined in the war, descending in their canoes for hundreds of miles, to fight against the enemies of France.

Under these circumstances, it behoved the English to use the utmost care in their conduct towards the tribes. But even when the conflict with France was impending, and the alliance with the Indians of the last importance, they had treated them with indifference and neglect. They were not likely to adopt a different course now that their friendship seemed a matter of no consequence. In truth, the intentions of the English were soon apparent. In the zeal for retrenchment, which prevailed after the close of hostilities, the presents which it had always been customary to give the Indians, at stated intervals, were either withheld altogether, or doled out with a niggardly and reluctant hand; while, to make the matter worse, the agents and officers of government often appropriated the presents to themselves, and afterwards sold them at an exorbitant price to the Indians.

The English fur trade had never been well

regulated, and it was now in a worse condition than ever. Many of the traders, and those in their employ, were ruffians of the coarsest stamp, who vied with each other in rapacity, violence, and profligacy. They cheated, cursed, and plundered the Indians; offering, when compared with the French traders, who were under better regulation, a most unfavourable example of the character of their nation.

But what most contributed to the growing discontent of the tribes was the intrusion of settlers upon their lands, at all times a fruitful source of Indian hostility. Its effects, it is true, could only be felt by those whose country bordered upon the English settlements; but among these were the most powerful and influential of the tribes. The Delawares and Shawanoes, in particular, had by this time been roused to the highest pitch of exasperation. Their best lands had been invaded, and all remonstrance had been fruitless. They viewed with wrath and fear the steady progress of the white man, whose settlements had passed the Susquehanna, and were fast extending to the Alleghanies, eating away the forest like a spreading canker. The anger of the Delawares was abundantly shared by their ancient conquerors, the Six Nations. The threatened occupation of Wyoming by settlers from Connecticut gave great umbrage to the confederacy. The Senecas were more especially incensed at English intrusion, since, from their position, they were furthest removed from the soothing influence of Sir William Johnson, and most exposed to the

seductions of the French, while the Mohawks, another member of the confederacy, were justly alarmed at seeing the better part of their lands patented out without their consent.

The discontent of the Indians gave great satisfaction to the French. Canada, it is true, was gone beyond hope of recovery; but they still might hope to revenge its loss. Interest, moreover, as well as passion, prompted them to inflame the resentment of the Indians; for most of the inhabitants of the French settlements upon the lakes and the Mississippi were engaged in the fur trade, and, fearing the English as formidable rivals, they would gladly have seen them driven out of the country. Traders, *habitants*, *coureurs des bois*,¹ and all other classes of this singular population, accordingly dispersed themselves among the villages of the Indians, or held councils with them in the secret places of the woods, urging them to take up arms against the English. They exhibited the conduct of the latter in its worst light, and spared neither misrepresentation nor falsehood. The French declared, in addition, that the King of France had of late years fallen asleep; that, during his slumbers, the English had seized upon Canada; but that he was now awake again, and that his armies were advancing up the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, to drive out the intruders from the country of their red children.

It is difficult to determine which tribe was first to raise the cry of war. There were many who

¹ Woodmen and hunters.

might have done so, for all the savages in the backwoods were ripe for an outbreak, and the movement seemed almost simultaneous. The Delawares and Senecas were the most incensed, and Kiashuta, chief of the latter, was perhaps foremost to apply the torch; but, if this were the case, he touched fire to materials already on the point of igniting. It belonged to a greater chief than he to give method and order to what would else have been a wild burst of fury, and to convert desultory attacks into a formidable and protracted war. But for Pontiac, the whole might have ended in a few troublesome inroads upon the frontier, and a little whooping and yelling under the walls of Fort Pitt.

Pontiac was principal chief of the Ottawas. The Ottawas, Ojibwas, and Pottawattamies, had long been united in a loose kind of confederacy, of which he was the virtual head. Over those around him his authority was almost despotic, and his power extended far beyond the limits of the three united tribes. His influence was great among all the nations of the Illinois country; while, from the sources of the Ohio to those of the Mississippi, and, indeed, to the farthest boundaries of the widespread Algonquin race, his name was known and respected.

Pontiac was now about fifty years old. Until Major Rogers came into the country, he had been, from motives probably both of interest and inclination, a firm friend of the French. Not long before the French war broke out, he had saved the garrison of Detroit from the imminent

peril of an attack from some of the discontented tribes of the north. During the war, he had fought on the side of France. It is said that he commanded the Ottawas at the memorable defeat of Braddock; but, at all events, he was treated with much honour by the French officers, and received especial marks of esteem from the Marquis of Montcalm.

When the tide of affairs changed, the subtle and ambitious chief trimmed his bark to the current, and gave the hand of friendship to the English. That he was disappointed in their treatment of him, and in all the hopes that he had formed from their alliance, is sufficiently evident from one of his speeches. A new light soon began to dawn upon his untaught but powerful mind, and he saw the altered posture of affairs under its true aspect.

It was a momentous and gloomy crisis for the Indian race, for never before had they been exposed to such pressing and imminent danger. With the downfall of Canada, the Indian tribes had sunk at once from their position of power and importance. Hitherto the two rival European nations had kept each other in check upon the American continent, and the Indian tribes had, in some measure, held the balance of power between them. To conciliate their good-will and gain their alliance, to avoid offending them by injustice and encroachment, was the policy both of the French and English. But now the face of affairs was changed. The English had gained an undisputed ascendancy, and the Indians, no

longer important as allies, were treated as mere barbarians, who might be trampled upon with impunity. Abandoned to their own feeble resources and divided strength, the tribes must fast recede, and dwindle away before the steady progress of the colonial power.

Revolving these thoughts, and remembering, moreover, that his own ambitious views might be advanced by the hostilities he meditated, Pontiac no longer hesitated. Revenge, ambition, and patriotism wrought upon him alike, and he resolved on war. At the close of the year 1762, he sent out ambassadors to the different nations. They visited the country of the Ohio and its tributaries, passed northward to the region of the upper lakes, and the wild borders of the river Ottawa; and far southward towards the mouth of the Mississippi. Bearing with them the war-belt of wampum,¹ broad and long, as the importance of the message demanded; and the tomahawk stained red, in token of war; they went from camp to camp, and village to village. Wherever they appeared, the sachems² and old men assembled, to hear the words of the great Pontiac. Then the head chief of the embassy flung down the tomahawk on the ground before them, and holding the war-belt in his hand, delivered, with vehement gesture, word for word, the speech with which he was charged. It was heard everywhere with approbation; the belt was accepted, the hatchet snatched up, and the assembled chiefs stood pledged to take part in the war. The blow was

¹ Ornamented deer-skin.

² Principal chiefs.

to be struck at a certain time in the month of May following, to be indicated by the changes of the moon. The tribes were to rise together, each destroying the English garrison in its neighbourhood, and then, with a general rush, the whole were to turn against the settlements of the frontier.

To begin the war was reserved by Pontiac as his own peculiar privilege. With the first opening of spring his preparations were complete. His light-footed messengers, with their wampum belts and gifts of tobacco, visited many a lonely hunting-camp in the gloom of the northern woods, and called chiefs and warriors to attend the general meeting. The appointed spot was on the banks of the little river Ecorces, not far from Detroit.

The council took place on the 27th of April. On that morning, several old men, the heralds of the camp, passed to and fro among the lodges, calling the warriors, in a loud voice, to attend the meeting.

In accordance with the summons, they came issuing from their cabins—the tall, naked figures of the wild Ojibwas, with quivers slung at their backs, and light war-clubs resting in the hollow of their arms; Ottawas, wrapped close in their gaudy blankets; Wyandots, fluttering in painted shirts, their heads adorned with feathers, and their leggings garnished with bells. All were soon seated in a wide circle upon the grass, row within row, a grave and silent assembly. Each savage countenance seemed carved in wood, and none could have detected the deep and fiery passions

hidden beneath that immovable exterior. Pipes with ornamented stems were lighted, and passed from hand to hand.

Then Pontiac rose, and walked forward into the midst of the council. According to Canadian tradition, he was not above the middle height, though his muscular figure was cast in a mould of remarkable symmetry and vigour. His complexion was darker than is usual with his race, and his features, though by no means regular, had a bold and stern expression, while his habitual bearing was imperious and peremptory, like that of a man accustomed to sweep away all opposition by the force of his impetuous will.

Looking round upon his wild auditors, he began to speak, with fierce gesture, and loud, impassioned voice; and at every pause, deep guttural ejaculations of assent and approval responded to his words. Holding out a broad belt of wampum, he told the council that he had received it from their great father, the King of France, in token that he had heard the voice of his red children; that his sleep was at an end; and that his great war-canoes would soon sail up the St. Lawrence, to win back Canada, and wreak vengeance on his enemies. The Indians and their French brethren should fight once more side by side, as they had always fought; they should strike the English as they had struck them many moons ago, when their great army marched down the Monongahela, and they had shot them from their ambush, like a flock of pigeons in the woods.

Many other speeches were doubtless made in

the council. All present were eager to attack the British fort, and Pontiac told them, in conclusion, that on the 2nd of May he would gain admittance with a party of his warriors, on pretence of dancing the calumet dance before the garrison; that they would take note of the strength of the fortification, and, this information gained, he would summon another council to determine the mode of attack.

The assembly now dissolved, and all the evening the women were employed in loading the canoes, which were drawn up on the bank of the stream. The encampments broke up at so early an hour, that when the sun rose, the savage swarm had melted away; the secluded scene was restored to its wonted silence and solitude, and nothing remained but the slender framework of several hundred cabins, with fragments of broken utensils, pieces of cloth, and scraps of hide, scattered over the trampled grass, while the smouldering embers of numberless fires mingled their dark smoke with the white mist which rose from the little river.

Every spring, after the winter hunt was over, the Indians were accustomed to return to their villages, or permanent encampments, in the vicinity of Detroit; and, accordingly, after the council had broken up, they made their appearance as usual about the fort. On the 1st of May, Pontiac came to the gate with forty men of the Ottawa tribe, and asked permission to enter and dance the calumet dance before the officers of the garrison. After some hesitation he was

admitted; and proceeding to the corner of the street, where stood the house of the commandant, Major Gladwyn, he and thirty of his warriors began their dance, each recounting his own valiant exploits, and boasting himself the bravest of mankind. The officers and men gathered around them; while, in the meantime, the remaining ten of the Ottawas strolled about the fort, observing everything it contained. When the dance was over, they all quietly withdrew, not a suspicion of their sinister design having arisen in the minds of the English.

After a few days had elapsed, Pontiac's messengers again passed among the Indian cabins, calling the principal chiefs to another council, in the Pottawattamie village. Here there was a large structure of bark, erected for the public use on occasions like the present. A hundred chiefs were seated around this dusky council-house, the fire in the centre shedding its fitful light upon their dark, naked forms, while the sacred pipe passed from hand to hand. To prevent interruption, Pontiac had stationed young men, as sentinels, near the house. He once more addressed the chiefs, inciting them to hostility against the English, and concluding by the proposal of his plan for destroying Detroit. It was as follows: Pontiac would demand a council with the commandant concerning matters of great importance; and on this pretext he flattered himself that he and his principal chiefs would gain ready admittance within the fort. They were all to carry weapons concealed beneath their blankets. While

in the act of addressing the commandant in the council-room, Pontiac was to make a certain signal, upon which the chiefs were to raise the war-whoop, rush upon the officers present, and strike them down. The other Indians, waiting meanwhile at the gate, or loitering among the houses, on hearing the yells and firing within the building, were to assail the astonished and half-armed soldiers; and thus Detroit would fall an easy prey.

In opening this plan of treachery, Pontiac spoke rather as a counsellor than as a commander. Haughty as he was, he had too much sagacity to wound the pride of a body of men over whom he had no other control than that derived from his personal character and influence. No one was hardy enough to venture opposition to the proposal of their great leader. His plan was eagerly adopted. Deep, hoarse ejaculations of applause echoed his speech; and, gathering their blankets around them, the chiefs withdrew to their respective villages, to prepare for the destruction of the unhappy little garrison.

The garrison of Detroit consisted of a hundred and twenty soldiers, with about forty fur traders and *engagés*;¹ but the latter, as well as the peaceful Canadian inhabitants of the place, could little be trusted, in the event of an Indian outbreak. Two small armed schooners, the *Beaver* and the *Gladwyn*, lay anchored in the stream, and several light pieces of artillery were mounted in the bastions.

¹ Volunteers.

Standing on the water bastion of Detroit, the landscape that presented itself might well remain impressed through life upon the memory. The river, about half-a-mile wide, almost washed the foot of the stockade; and either bank was lined with the white Canadian cottages. The joyous sparkling of the bright blue water; the green luxuriance of the woods; the white dwellings, looking out from the foliage; and, in the distance, the Indian wigwams curling their smoke against the sky—all were mingled in one great scene of wild and rural beauty.

Pontiac was accustomed to spend the early part of the summer upon a small island at the opening of the Lake St. Clair, hidden from view by the high woods that covered the intervening Île au Cochon. His cabin was a small, oven-shaped structure of bark and rushes. Here he dwelt, with his squaws and children; and here, doubtless, he might often have been seen, carelessly reclining on a rush mat, or a bear-skin, like any ordinary warrior. We may fancy the current of his thoughts, the uncurbed passions swelling in his powerful soul, as he revolved the treacheries which, to his savage mind, seemed fair and honourable.

Looking across an intervening arm of the river, Pontiac could see on its eastern bank the numerous lodges of his Ottawa tribesmen, half hidden among the ragged growth of trees and bushes. On the afternoon of the 5th of May, a Canadian woman, the wife of St. Aubin, one of the principal settlers, crossed over from the western side, and visited

the Ottawa village, to obtain from the Indians a supply of maple sugar and venison. She was surprised at finding several of the warriors engaged in filing off the muzzles of their guns, so as to reduce them, stock and all, to the length of about a yard. Returning home in the evening, she mentioned what she had seen to several of her neighbours. Upon this, one of them, the blacksmith of the village, remarked that many of the Indians had lately visited his shop, and attempted to borrow files and saws for a purpose which they would not explain. These circumstances excited the suspicion of the experienced Canadians. M. Gouin, an old and wealthy settler, went to the commandant, and conjured him to stand upon his guard; but Gladwyn, a man of fearless temper, gave no heed to the friendly advice.

On the afternoon of the 6th a young Ojibwa girl, known to the garrison, came to the fort, and repaired to Gladwyn's quarters.

“To-morrow,” she said, “Pontiac will come to the fort with sixty of his chiefs. Each will be armed with a gun, cut short, and hidden under his blanket. Pontiac will demand to hold a council; and after he has delivered his speech, he will offer a peace-belt of wampum, holding it in a reversed position. This will be the signal of attack. The chiefs will spring up and fire upon the officers, and the Indians in the street will fall upon the garrison. Every Englishman will be killed, but not the scalp of a single Frenchman will be touched.”

Gladwyn was an officer of signal courage and

address. He thanked the girl, and, promising a rich reward, told her to go back to her village, that no suspicion might be kindled against her. Every preparation was made to meet the sudden emergency. Half the garrison were ordered under arms, and all the officers prepared to spend the night upon the ramparts.

The night passed without alarm. The sun rose upon fresh fields and newly budding woods, and scarcely had the morning mists dissolved, when the garrison could see a fleet of birch canoes crossing the river from the eastern shore, within range of cannon shot above the fort. Only two or three warriors appeared in each, but all moved slowly, and seemed deeply laden. In truth, they were full of savages, lying flat on their faces, that their numbers might not excite the suspicion of the English.

The whole garrison was ordered under arms. The English fur traders closed their storehouses and armed their men, and all in cool confidence stood waiting the result.

At ten o'clock, Pontiac, with his treacherous followers, reached the fort, and the gateway was thronged with their savage faces. All were wrapped to the throat in coloured blankets. Some were crested with hawk, eagle, or raven plumes; others had shaved their heads, leaving only the fluttering scalp-lock on the crown; while others, again, wore their long black hair flowing loosely at their backs, or wildly hanging about their brows like a lion's mane. Their bold yet crafty features, their cheeks besmeared with ochre and vermilion,

white lead and soot, their keen, deep-set eyes gleaming in their sockets, like those of rattlesnakes, gave them an aspect grim, uncouth, and horrible. For the most part, they were tall, strong men, and all had a gait and bearing of peculiar stateliness.

As Pontiac entered, it is said that he started, and that a deep ejaculation half escaped from his broad chest. Well might his stoicism fail, for at a glance he read the ruin of his plot. On either hand, within the gateway, stood ranks of soldiers and hedges of glittering steel. The swarthy, half-wild *engagés* of the fur traders, armed to the teeth, stood in groups at the street corners, and the measured tap of a drum fell ominously on the ear. Soon regaining his composure, Pontiac strode forward into the narrow street; and the chiefs filed after him in silence, while the scared faces of women and children looked out from the windows as they passed. Their rigid muscles betrayed no sign of emotion; yet, looking closely, one might have seen their small eyes glance from side to side with restless scrutiny.

Traversing the entire width of the little town, they reached the door of the council-house, a large building standing near the margin of the river. Entering, they saw Gladwyn, with several of his officers, seated in readiness to receive them, and the observant chiefs did not fail to remark that every Englishman wore a sword at his side and a pair of pistols in his belt. The conspirators eyed each other with uneasy glances. "Why," demanded Pontiac, "do I see so many of my

father's young men standing in the street with their guns?" Gladwyn replied through his interpreter, La Butte, that he had ordered the soldiers under arms for the sake of exercise and discipline. With much delay, and many signs of distrust, the chiefs at length sat down on the mats prepared for them; and after the customary pause, Pontiac rose to speak. Holding in his hand the wampum belt which was to have given the fatal signal, he addressed the commandant, professing strong attachment to the English, and declaring, in Indian phrase, that he had come to smoke the pipe of peace, and brighten the chain of friendship. The officers watched him keenly as he uttered these hollow words, fearing lest, though conscious that his designs were suspected, he might still attempt to accomplish them. And once, it is said, he raised the wampum belt as if about to give the signal of attack. But at that instant Gladwyn signed slightly with his hand. The sudden clash of arms sounded from the passage without, and a drum rolling the charge filled the council-room with its stunning din. At this, Pontiac stood like one confounded. Some writers will have it that Gladwyn, rising from his seat, drew the chief's blanket aside, exposed the hidden gun, and sternly rebuked him for his treachery. But the commandant wished only to prevent the consummation of the plot, without bringing on an open rupture. His own letters affirm that he and his officers remained seated as before. Pontiac, seeing his unruffled brow and his calm eye fixed steadfastly upon him, knew not what to think,



PONTIAC ADDRESSING THE GARRISON OF DETROIT

and soon sat down in amazement and perplexity. Another pause ensued, and Gladwyn commenced a brief reply. He assured the chiefs that friendship and protection should be extended towards them as long as they continued to deserve it, but threatened ample vengeance for the first act of aggression. The council then broke up; but before leaving the room, Pontiac told the officers that he would return in a few days, with his squaws and children, for he wished that they should all shake hands with their fathers the English. To this new piece of treachery Gladwyn deigned no reply. The gates of the fort, which had been closed during the conference, were again flung open, and the baffled savages were suffered to depart, rejoiced, no doubt, to breathe once more the free air of the open fields.

Balked in his treachery, the great chief withdrew to his village, enraged and mortified, yet still resolved to persevere. That Gladwyn had suffered him to escape, was to his mind an ample proof either of cowardice or ignorance. The latter supposition seemed the more probable, and he resolved to visit the English once more, and convince them, if possible, that their suspicions against him were unfounded. Early on the following morning, he repaired to the fort with three of his chiefs, bearing in his hand the sacred calumet, or pipe of peace, the bowl carved in stone, and the stem adorned with feathers. Offering it to the commandant, he addressed him and his officers to the following effect: "My fathers, evil birds have sung lies in your ear. We that stand

before you are friends of the English. We love them as our brothers, and, to prove our love, we have come this day to smoke the pipe of peace.”

Early on the following morning, Monday, the 9th of May, the French inhabitants went in procession to the principal church of the settlement, which stood near the river bank, about half-a-mile above the fort. Having heard mass, they all returned before eleven o'clock, without discovering any signs that the Indians meditated an immediate act of hostility. Scarcely, however, had they done so, when the common behind the fort was once more thronged with Indians of all the four tribes; and Pontiac, advancing from among the multitude, approached the gate. It was closed and barred against him. Pontiac shouted to the sentinels, and demanded why he was refused admittance. Gladwyn himself replied, that the great chief might enter, if he chose, but that the crowd he had brought with him must remain outside. Pontiac rejoined, that he wished all his warriors to enjoy the fragrance of the friendly calumet. Gladwyn's answer was more concise than courteous, and imported that he would have none of his rabble in the fort. Thus repulsed, Pontiac threw off the mask which he had worn so long. With a grin of hate and rage, he turned abruptly from the gate, and strode towards his followers, who, in great multitudes, lay flat upon the ground, just beyond reach of gunshot. At his approach, they all leaped up and ran off.

When Pontiac saw his plan defeated, he turned

towards the shore, and no man durst approach him, for he was terrible in his rage. Pushing a canoe from the bank, he urged it, with vigorous strokes, against the eurrent, towards the Ottawa village, on the farther side. As he drew near, he shouted to the inmates. None remained in the lodges but women, children, and old men, who all came flocking out at the sound of his imperious voice. Pointing across the water, he ordered that all should prepare to move the camp to the western shore, that the river might no longer interpose a barrier between his followers and the English. The squaws laboured with eager alacritty to obey him. Provision, utensils, weapons, and even the bark covering to the lodges were carried to the shore; and before evening all was ready for embarkation. Meantime, the warriors had come dropping in, until, at nightfall, nearly all had returned. Then Pontiac, hideous in his war-paint, leaped into the central area of the village. Brandishing his tomahawk, and stamping on the ground, he recounted his former exploits, and denounced vengeance on the English. The Indians flocked about him. Warrior after warrior caught the fierce contagion, and soon the ring was filled with dancers, circling round and round with frantic gesture, and startling the distant garrison with unearthly yells.

Every Englishman in the fort, whether trader or soldier, was now ordered under arms. No man lay down to sleep, and Gladwyn himself walked the ramparts throughout the night.

All was quiet till the approach of dawn. But

as the first dim redness tinged the east, and fields and woods grew visible in the morning twilight, suddenly the war-whoop rose on every side at once. As wolves assail the wounded bison, howling their gathering cries across the wintry prairie, so the fierce Indians, pealing their terrific yells, came bounding naked to the assault. The men hastened to their posts. And truly it was time, for not the Ottawas alone, but the whole barbarian swarm, Wyandots, Pottawattamies, and Ojibwas, were upon them, and bullets rapped hard and fast against the palisades. The soldiers looked from the loopholes, thinking to see their assailants gathering for a rush against the feeble barrier. But, though their clamours filled the air, and their guns blazed thick and hot, yet very few were visible. Some were ensconced behind barns and fences, some skulked among bushes, and some lay flat in hollows of the ground; while those who could find no shelter were leaping about with the agility of monkeys, to dodge the shot of the fort. Each had filled his mouth with bullets, for the convenience of loading, and each was charging and firing without suspending these agile gymnastics for a moment. There was one low hill, at no great distance from the fort, behind which countless black heads of Indians alternately appeared and vanished, while, all along the ridge, their guns emitted incessant white puffs of smoke. Every loophole was a target for their bullets; but the fire was returned with steadiness, and not without effect. The Canadian *engagés* of the fur traders retorted the Indian war-whoops

with outcries not less discordant, while the British and provincials paid back the clamour of the enemy with musket and rifle balls. Within half gunshot of the palisade was a cluster of out-buildings, behind which a host of Indians found shelter. A cannon was brought to bear upon them, loaded with red-hot spikes. They were soon wrapped in flames, upon which the disconcerted savages broke away in a body, and ran off yelping, followed by a shout of laughter from the soldiers.

For six hours the attack was unabated; but as the day advanced, the assailants grew weary of their futile efforts. Their fire slackened, their clamours died away, and the garrison was left once more in peace, though from time to time a solitary shot, or lonely whoop, still showed the presence of some lingering savage, loath to be balked of his revenge. Among the garrison, only five men had been wounded, while the cautious enemy had suffered but trifling loss.

Gladwyn was still convinced that the whole affair was but a sudden ebullition, which would soon subside; and being, moreover, in great want of provision, he resolved to open negotiations with the Indians, under cover of which he might obtain the necessary supplies. The interpreter, La Butte, who, like most of his countrymen, might be said to hold a neutral position between the English and the Indians, was dispatched to the camp of Pontiac to demand the reasons of his conduct, and declare that the commandant was ready to redress any real grievance of which he

might complain. At La Butte's appearance, all the chiefs withdrew to consult among themselves. They returned after a short debate, and Pontiac declared that, out of their earnest desire for firm and lasting peace, they wished to hold council with their English fathers themselves. With this view, they were expressly desirous that Major Campbell, second in command, should visit their camp. This veteran officer, from his just, upright, and manly character, had gained the confidence of the Indians. To the Canadians the proposal seemed a natural one, and returning to the fort, they laid it before the commandant. Gladwyn suspected treachery, but Major Campbell urgently asked permission to comply with the request of Pontiac. He felt, he said, no fear of the Indians, with whom he had always maintained the most friendly terms. Gladwyn, with some hesitation, acceded, and Campbell left the fort, accompanied by a junior officer, Lieutenant M'Dougal, and attended by La Butte and several other Canadians.

In the meantime, M. Gouin, anxious to learn what was passing, had entered the Indian camp, and, moving from lodge to lodge, soon saw and heard enough to convince him that the two British officers were advancing into the lion's jaws. He hastened to dispatch two messengers to warn them of the peril. The party had scarcely left the gate when they were met by these men, breathless with running; but the warning came too late. Once embarked on the embassy, the officers would not be diverted from it; and passing up the river road, they approached the little

wooden bridge that led over Parent's Creek. Crossing this bridge, and ascending a rising ground beyond, they saw before them the wide-spread camp of the Ottawas. A dark multitude gathered along its outskirts, and no sooner did they recognize the red uniform of the officers, than they all raised at once a horrible outcry of whoops and howlings. Indeed, they seemed disposed to give the ambassadors the reception usually accorded to captives taken in war; for the women seized sticks, stones, and clubs, and ran towards Campbell and his companions, as if to make them pass the cruel ordeal of running the gauntlet. Pontiac came forward, and his voice allayed the tumult. He shook the officers by the hand, and, turning, led the way through the camp. It was a confused assemblage of huts, chiefly of a conical or half-spherical shape, and constructed of a slender framework covered with rush mats or sheets of birch bark. Many of the graceful birch canoes, used by the Indians of the upper lakes, were lying here and there among paddles, fish-spears, and blackened kettles slung above the embers of the fires. The camp was full of lean, wolfish dogs, who, roused by the clamour of their owners, kept up a discordant baying as the strangers passed. Pontiac paused before the entrance of a large lodge, and, entering, pointed to several mats placed on the ground, at the side opposite the opening. Here, obedient to his signal, the two officers sat down. Instantly the lodge was thronged with savages. Some, and these were for the most part chiefs, or old men, seated them-

selves on the ground before the strangers, while the remaining space was filled by a dense crowd, crouching or standing erect, and peering over each other's shoulders. At their first entrance, Pontiac had spoken a few words. A pause then ensued, broken at length by Campbell, who from his seat addressed the Indians in a short speech. It was heard in perfect silence, and no reply was made. For a full hour, the unfortunate officers saw before them the same concourse of dark, inscrutable faces, bending an unwavering gaze upon them. Some were passing out, and others coming in to supply their places, and indulge their curiosity by a sight of the Englishmen. At length, Major Campbell, conscious, no doubt, of the danger in which he was placed, resolved fully to ascertain his true position, and rising to his feet, declared his intention of returning to the fort. Pontiac made a sign that he should resume his seat. "My father," he said, "will sleep to-night in the lodges of his red children." The grey-haired soldier and his companion were betrayed into the hands of their enemies.

Many of the Indians were eager to kill the captives on the spot, but Pontiac would not carry his treachery so far. He protected them from injury and insult, and conducted them to the house of M. Meloche, near Parent's Creek, where good quarters were assigned them, and as much liberty allowed as was consistent with safe custody.

On the morning after the detention of the officers, Pontiac crossed over, with several of his chiefs, to the Wyandot village. A part of this

tribe, influenced by Father Pothier, their Jesuit priest, had refused to take up arms against the English; but, being now threatened with destruction if they should longer remain neutral, they were forced to join the rest.

Having secured these new allies, Pontiac prepared to resume his operations with fresh vigour; and to this intent, he made an improved disposition of his forces. Some of the Pottawattamies were ordered to lie in wait along the river bank, below the fort; while others concealed themselves in the woods, in order to intercept any Englishman who might approach by land or water. Another band of the same tribe were to conceal themselves in the neighbourhood of the fort, when no general attack was going forward, in order to shoot down any soldier or trader who might chance to expose his person. On the 12th of May, when these arrangements were complete, the Indians once more surrounded the fort, firing upon it from morning till night.

Time passed on, and brought little change and no relief to the harassed and endangered garrison. Day after day the Indians continued their attacks, until their war-cries and the rattle of their guns became familiar sounds.

For many weeks, no man lay down to sleep, except in his clothes, and with his weapons by his side. Parties of volunteers sallied, from time to time, to burn the outbuildings which gave shelter to the enemy. They cut down orchard trees, and levelled fences, until the ground about the fort was clear and open, and the enemy had

no cover left from whence to fire. The two vessels in the river, sweeping the northern and southern curtains of the works with their fire, deterred the Indians from approaching those points, and gave material aid to the garrison. Still, worming their way through the grass, sheltering themselves behind every rising ground, the pertinacious savages would crawl close to the palisade, and shoot arrows, tipped with burning tow, upon the roofs of the houses; but cisterns and tanks of water were everywhere provided against such an emergency, and these attempts proved abortive.

Meanwhile, great efforts were made to procure a supply of provisions. Every house was examined, and all that could serve for food, even grease and tallow, was collected and placed in the public storehouse, compensation having first been made to the owners. Notwithstanding these precautions, Detroit must have been abandoned or destroyed, but for the assistance of a few friendly Canadians, and especially of M. Baby, a prominent *habitant*, who lived on the opposite side of the river, and provided the garrison with cattle, hogs, and other supplies. These, under cover of night, were carried from his farm to the fort in boats, the Indians long remaining ignorant of what was going forward.

They, on their part, began to suffer from hunger. Thinking to have taken Detroit at a single stroke, they had neglected, with their usual improvidence, to provide against the exigencies of a siege; and now, in small parties, they would visit the Canadian families along the river shore, passing from

house to house, demanding provisions, and threatening violence in case of refusal.

While perils were thickening around the garrison of Detroit, the British commander-in-chief at New York remained ignorant of their danger. Indeed, an unwonted quiet had prevailed, of late, along the borders and about the neighbouring forts. With the opening of spring, a strong detachment had been sent up the lakes, with a supply of provisions and ammunition for the use of Detroit and the other western posts. The boats of this convoy were now pursuing their course along the northern shore of Lake Erie; and Gladwyn's garrison, aware of their approach, awaited their arrival with an anxiety which every day increased.

Day after day passed on, and the red cross of St. George still floated above Detroit. The keen-eyed watchfulness of the Indians had never abated; and woe to the soldier who showed his head above the palisades, or exposed his person before a loophole. Strong in his delusive hope of French assistance, Pontiac had sent messengers to M. Neyon, commandant at the Illinois, earnestly requesting that a force of regular troops might be sent to his assistance; and Gladwyn, on his side, had ordered one of the vessels to Niagara, to hasten forward the expected convoy. The schooner set sail; but on the next day, as she lay becalmed at the entrance of Lake Erie, a multitude of canoes suddenly darted out upon her from the neighbouring shores. In the prow of the foremost the Indians had placed their prisoner, Major

Campbell, with the dastardly purpose of interposing him as a screen between themselves and the fire of the English. But the brave old man called out to the crew to do their duty, without regard to him. Happily, at that moment a fresh breeze sprang up; the flapping sails stretched to the wind, and the schooner bore prosperously on her course towards Niagara, leaving the savage flotilla far behind.

The fort, or rather town, of Detroit had, by this time, lost its wonted vivacity and life. Its narrow streets were gloomy and silent. Here and there strolled a Canadian, in red cap and gaudy sash; the weary sentinel walked to and fro before the quarters of the commandant; an officer, perhaps, passed along with rapid step and anxious face; or an Indian girl, the mate of some soldier or trader, moved silently by, in her finery of beads and vermilion. Such an aspect as this the town must have presented on the morning of the 30th of May, when, at about nine o'clock, the voice of the sentinel sounded from the south-east bastion, and loud exclamations, in the direction of the river, roused Detroit from its lethargy. Instantly the place was astir. Soldiers, traders, and *habitants*, hurrying through the water-gate, thronged the canoe wharf and the narrow strand without. The half-wild *coureurs des bois*, the tall and sinewy provincials, and the stately British soldiers, stood crowded together, their uniforms soiled and worn, and their faces haggard with unremitted watching. Yet all alike wore an animated and joyous look. The long-expected

convoy was full in sight. On the farther side of the river, at some distance below the fort, a line of boats was rounding the woody projection, then called Montreal Point, their oars flashing in the sun, and the red flag of England flying from the stern of the foremost. The toils and dangers of the garrison were drawing to an end. With one accord, they broke into three hearty cheers, again and again repeated, while a cannon, glancing from the bastion, sent its loud voice of defiance to the enemy, and welcome to approaching friends. But suddenly every cheek grew pale with horror. Dark naked figures were seen rising, with wild gesture, in the boats, while, in place of the answering salute, the distant yell of the war-whoop fell faintly on their ears. The convoy was in the hands of the enemy. The boats had all been taken, and the troops of the detachment slain or made captive. Officers and men stood gazing in mournful silence, when an incident occurred which caused them to forget the general calamity in the absorbing interest of the moment.

Leaving the disappointed garrison, we will pass over to the principal victims of this deplorable misfortune. In each of the boats, of which there were eighteen, two or more of the captured soldiers, deprived of their weapons, were compelled to act as rowers, guarded by several armed savages, while many other Indians, for the sake of further security, followed the boats along the shore. In the foremost, as it happened, there were four soldiers and only three Indians. The larger of the two vessels still lay anchored in the

stream, about a bow-shot from the fort, while her companion, as we have seen, had gone down to Niagara to hasten up this very reinforcement. As the boat came opposite this vessel, the soldier who acted as steersman conceived a daring plan of escape. The principal Indian sat immediately in front of another of the soldiers. The steersman called, in English, to his comrade to seize the savage and throw him overboard. The man answered that he was not strong enough; on which the steersman directed him to change places with him, as if fatigued with rowing, a movement which would excite no suspicion on the part of their guard. As the bold soldier stepped forward, as if to take his companion's oar, he suddenly seized the Indian by the hair, and gripping with the other hand the girdle at his waist, lifted him by main force, and flung him into the river. The boat rocked till the water surged over her gunwale. The Indian held fast to his enemy's clothes, and, drawing himself upward as he trailed alongside, stabbed him again and again with his knife, and then dragged him overboard. Both went down the swift current, rising and sinking; and, as some relate, perished, grappled in each other's arms. The two remaining Indians leaped out of the boat. The prisoners turned, and pulled for the distant vessel, shouting aloud for aid. The Indians on shore opened a heavy fire upon them, and many canoes paddled swiftly in pursuit. The men strained with desperate strength. A fate inexpressibly horrible was the alternative. The bullets hissed thickly around their heads; one of

them was soon wounded, and the light birch canoes gained on them with fearful rapidity. Escape seemed hopeless, when the report of a cannon burst from the side of the vessel. The ball flew close past the boat, beating the water in a line of foam, and narrowly missing the foremost canoe. At this, the pursuers drew back in dismay; and the Indians on shore, being further saluted by a second shot, ceased firing, and scattered among the bushes. The prisoners soon reached the vessel, where they were greeted as men snatched from the jaws of fate; "a living monument," writes an officer of the garrison, "that Fortune favours the brave."

On the 19th of June, a rumour reached the beleaguered garrison that one of the vessels had been seen near Turkey Island, some miles below the fort, but that, the wind failing her, she had dropped down with the current, to wait a more favourable opportunity. It may be remembered that this vessel had, several weeks before, gone down Lake Erie to hasten the advance of Cuyler's expected detachment. Passing these troops on her way, she had held her course to Niagara; and here she had remained until the return of Cuyler, with the remnant of his men, made known the catastrophe that had befallen him. This officer, and the survivors of his party, with a few other troops spared from the garrison of Niagara, were ordered to embark on board of her, and make the best of their way back to Detroit. They had done so, and now, as we have seen, were almost within sight of the fort; but the critical part of

the undertaking yet remained. The river channel was in some places narrow, and more than eight hundred Indians were on the alert to intercept their passage.

For several days, the officers at Detroit heard nothing further of the vessel, when, on the twenty-third, a great commotion was visible among the Indians, large parties of whom were seen to pass along the outskirts of the woods, behind the fort. The cause of these movements was unknown till evening, when M. Baby came in with intelligence that the vessel was again attempting to ascend the river, and that all the Indians had gone to the attack. Upon this, two cannon were fired, that those on board might know that the fort still held out.

The schooner, late that afternoon, began to move slowly upward, with a gentle breeze, between the main shore and the long-extended margin of Fighting Island. About sixty men were crowded on board, of whom only ten or twelve were visible on deck, the officer having ordered the rest to lie hidden below, in hopes that the Indians, encouraged by this apparent weakness, might make an open attack. Just before reaching the narrowest part of the channel, the wind died away, and the anchor was dropped. Immediately above, and within gunshot of the vessel, the Indians had made a breastwork of logs, carefully concealed by bushes, on the shore of Turkey Island. Here they lay in force, waiting for the schooner to pass. Ignorant of this, but still cautious and wary, the crew kept a

strict watch from the moment the sun went down.

Hours wore on, and nothing had broken the deep repose of the night. The current gurgled with a monotonous sound around the bows of the schooner, and on either hand the wooded shores lay amid the obscurity, black and silent as the grave. At length the sentinel could discern, in the distance, various moving objects upon the dark surface of the water. The men were ordered up from below, and all took their posts in perfect silence. The blow of a hammer on the mast was to be the signal to fire. The Indians, gliding stealthily over the water in their birch canoes, had, by this time, approached within a few rods of their fancied prize, when suddenly the dark side of the slumbering vessel burst into a blaze of cannon and musketry, which illumined the night like a flash of lightning. Grape and musket shot flew tearing among the canoes, destroying several of them, killing fourteen Indians, wounding as many more, and driving the rest in consternation to the shore. Recovering from their surprise, they began to fire upon the vessel from behind their breastwork; upon which she weighed anchor, and dropped down once more beyond their reach, into the broad river below. Several days afterwards she again attempted to ascend. This time she met with better success; for, though the Indians fired at her constantly from the shore, no man was hurt, and at length she left behind her the perilous channels of the islands. As she passed the Wyandot village, she sent a shower

of grape among its yelping inhabitants, by which several were killed; and then, furling her sails, lay peacefully at anchor by the side of her companion vessel, abreast of the fort.

The schooner brought to the garrison a much-needed supply of men, ammunition, and provision. She brought, also, the interesting and important tidings that peace was at length concluded between France and England. The momentous struggle of the French war, which had shaken North America since the year 1755, had indeed been virtually closed by the victory on the Plains of Abraham, and the junction of the three British armies at Montreal. Yet, up to this time, its embers had continued to burn, till, at length, peace was completely established by formal treaty between the hostile powers. France resigned her ambitious project of empire in America, and ceded Canada and the region of the lakes to her successful rival. By this treaty, the Canadians of Detroit were placed in a new position. Hitherto they had been, as it were, prisoners on capitulation, neutral spectators of the quarrel between their British conquerors and the Indians; but now their allegiance was transferred from the crown of France to that of Britain, and they were subjects of the English king.

The two armed schooners, anchored opposite the fort, were now become objects of awe and aversion to the Indians. This is not to be wondered at, for, besides aiding in the defence of the place, by sweeping two sides of it with their fire, they often caused great terror and

annoyance to the besiegers. Several times they had left their anchorage, and, taking up a convenient position, had battered the Indian camps and villages with no little effect. Once in particular—and this was the first attempt of the kind—Gladwyn himself, with several of his officers, had embarked on board the smaller vessel, while a fresh breeze was blowing from the north-west. The Indians, on the banks, stood watching her as she tacked from shore to shore, and pressed their hands against their mouths in amazement, thinking that magic power alone could enable her thus to make her way against wind and current. Making a long reach from the opposite shore, she came on directly towards the camp of Pontiac, her sails swelling, her masts leaning over till the black muzzles of her guns almost touched the river. The Indians watched her in astonishment. On she came, till their fierce hearts exulted in the idea that she would run ashore within their clutches, when suddenly a shout of command was heard on board, her progress was arrested, she rose upright, and her sails flapped and fluttered as if tearing loose from their fastenings. Steadily she came round, broadside to the shore; then, leaning once more to the wind, bore away gallantly on the other tack. She did not go far. The wondering spectators, quite at a loss to understand her movements, soon heard the hoarse rattling of her cable, as the anchor dragged it out, and saw her furling her vast white wings. As they looked unsuspectingly on, a puff of smoke was emitted from her side; a loud report followed,

then another and another; and the balls, rushing over their heads, flew through the midst of their camp, and tore wildly among the thick forest-trees beyond. All was terror and consternation. The startled warriors bounded away on all sides; the squaws snatched up their children, and fled screaming; and, with a general chorus of yells, the whole encampment scattered in such haste, that little damage was done, except knocking to pieces their frail cabins of bark.

This attack was followed by others of a similar kind; and now the Indians seemed resolved to turn all their energies to the destruction of the vessel which caused them such annoyance. On the night of the 10th of July, they sent down a blazing raft, formed of two boats secured together with a rope, and filled with pitch pine, birch bark, and other combustibles, which, by good fortune, missed the vessel, and floated down the stream without doing injury. All was quiet throughout the following night; but about two o'clock on the morning of the 12th, the sentinel on duty saw a glowing spark of fire on the surface of the river, at some distance above. It grew larger and brighter; it rose in a forked flame, and at length burst forth into a broad conflagration. In this instance, too, fortune favoured the vessel; for the raft, which was larger than the former, passed down between her and the fort, brightly gilding her tracery of ropes and spars, lighting up the old palisades and bastions of Detroit with the clearness of day, disclosing the white Canadian farms and houses along the shore, and revealing the dusky

margin of the forest behind. It showed, too, a dark group of naked spectators, who stood on the bank to watch the effect of their artifice, when a cannon flashed, a loud report broke the stillness, and before the smoke of the gun had risen, these curious observers had vanished. The raft floated down, its flames crackling and glaring wide through the night, until it was burnt to the water's edge, and its last hissing embers were quenched in the river.

Though twice defeated, the Indians would not abandon their plan, but soon after this second failure, began another raft, of different construction from the former, and so large that they thought it certain to take effect. Gladwyn, on his part, provided boats which were moored by chains at some distance above the vessels, and made other preparations of defence, so effectual that the Indians, after working four days upon the raft, gave over their undertaking as useless.

It was now between two and three months since the siege began; and if one is disposed to think slightly of the warriors whose numbers could avail so little against a handful of half-starved English and provincials, he has only to recollect that where barbarism has been arrayed against civilization, disorder against discipline, and ungoverned fury against considerate valour, such has seldom failed to be the result.

At the siege of Detroit, the Indians displayed a high degree of comparative steadiness and perseverance; and their history cannot furnish another instance of so large a force persisting so

long in the attack of a fortified place. Their good conduct may be ascribed to their deep rage against the English, to their hope of speedy aid from the French, and to the controlling spirit of Pontiac, which held them to their work. The Indian is but ill qualified for such attempts, having too much caution for an assault by storm, and too little patience for a blockade. The Wyandots and Pottawattamies had shown, from the beginning, less zeal than the other nations; and now, like children, they began to tire of the task they had undertaken. A deputation of the Wyandots came to the fort, and begged for peace, which was granted them; but when the Pottawattamies came on the same errand, they insisted, as a preliminary, that some of their people, who were detained prisoners with the English, should first be given up. Gladwyn demanded, on his part, that the English captives known to be in their village should be brought to the fort, and three of them were accordingly produced. As these were but a small part of the whole, the deputies were sharply rebuked for their duplicity, and told to go back for the rest. They withdrew, angry and mortified; but, on the following day, a fresh deputation of chiefs made their appearance, bringing with them six prisoners. Having repaired to the council-room, they were met by Gladwyn, attended only by one or two officers. The Indians detained in the fort were about to be given up, and a treaty concluded, when one of the prisoners declared that there were several others still remaining in the Pottawattamie village.

Upon this, the conference was broken off, and the deputies ordered instantly to depart. On being thus a second time defeated, they were goaded to such a pitch of rage that, as afterwards became known, they formed the desperate resolution of killing Gladwyn on the spot, and then making their escape in the best way they could; but, happily, at that moment the commandant observed an Ottawa among them, and, resolving to seize him, called upon the guard without to assist in doing so. A file of soldiers entered, and the chiefs, seeing it impossible to execute their design, withdrew from the fort, with black and sullen brows. A day or two afterwards, however, they returned with the rest of the prisoners, on which peace was granted them, and their people set at liberty.

From the time when peace was concluded with the Wyandots and Pottawattamies until the end of July, little worthy of notice took place at Detroit. The fort was still watched closely by the Ottawas and Ojibwas, who almost daily assailed it with petty attacks. In the meantime, unknown to the garrison, a strong reinforcement was coming to their aid. Captain Dalzell had left Niagara with twenty-two barges, bearing two hundred and eighty men, with several small cannon, with a fresh supply of provision and ammunition.

Coasting along the south shore of Lake Erie, they soon reached Presqu'Isle. Thence, proceeding on their voyage, they reached Sandusky on the 26th of July; and here they marched inland to

the neighbouring village of the Wyandots, which they burnt to the ground, at the same time destroying the corn, which this tribe, more provident than most of the others, had planted there in the spring. Dalzell then steered northward for the mouth of the Detroit, which he reached on the evening of the 28th, and cautiously ascended under cover of night.

On the morning of the 29th, the whole country around Detroit was covered by a sea of fog, the precursor of a hot and sultry day; but at sunrise, its surface began to heave and toss, and, parting at intervals, disclosed the dark and burnished surface of the river; then lightly rolling, fold upon fold, the mists melted rapidly away, the last remnant clinging sluggishly along the margins of the forests. Now, for the first time, the garrison could discern the approaching convoy. Still they remained in suspense, fearing lest it might have met the fate of the former detachment; but a salute from the fort was answered by a swivel from the boats, and at once all apprehension passed away. The convoy soon reached a point in the river midway between the villages of the Wyandots and the Pottawattamies. About a fortnight before, as we have seen, these capricious savages had made a treaty of peace, which they now thought fit to break, opening a hot fire upon the boats from either bank. It was answered by swivels and musketry; but before the short engagement was over, fifteen of the English were killed or wounded. This danger passed, boat after boat came in to shore, and landed its men

amid the cheers of the garrison. The detachment was composed of soldiers from the 55th and 80th Regiments, with twenty independent rangers, commanded by Major Rogers.

Scarcely were these arrangements made, when a great smoke was seen rising from the Wyandot village across the river, and the inhabitants, apparently in much consternation, were observed paddling down stream with their household utensils, and even their dogs. It was supposed that they had abandoned and burned their huts; but in truth, it was only an artifice of these Indians, who had set fire to some old canoes and other refuse piled in front of their village, after which the warriors, having concealed the women and children, returned and lay in ambush among the bushes, hoping to lure some of the English within reach of their guns. None of them, however, fell into the snare.

On the day of his arrival Captain Dalzell had a conference with Gladwyn, at the quarters of the latter, and strongly insisted that the time was come when an irrecoverable blow might be struck at Pontiac. He requested permission to march out on the following night, and attack the Indian camp. Gladwyn, better acquainted with the position of affairs, and perhaps more cautious by nature, was averse to the attempt; but Dalzell urged his request so strenuously that the commandant yielded to his representations, and gave a tardy consent.

Pontiac had recently removed his camp from its old position near the mouth of Parent's Creek,

and was now posted several miles above, behind a great marsh, which protected the Indian huts from the cannon of the vessel. On the afternoon of the 30th, orders were issued and preparations made for the meditated attack. Through the inexcusable carelessness of some of the officers, the design became known to a few Canadians, the bad result of which will appear in the sequel.

About two o'clock on the morning of the 31st of July, the gates were thrown open in silence, and the detachment, two hundred and fifty in number, passed noiselessly out. They filed two deep along the road, while two large bateaux, each bearing a swivel on the bow, rowed up the river abreast of them. Lieutenant Brown led the advanced guard of twenty-five men; the centre was commanded by Captain Gray, and the rear by Captain Grant.

A mile and a half from the fort, Parent's Creek, ever since that night called Bloody Run, descended through a wild and rough hollow, and entered the Detroit amid a growth of rank grass and sedge. Only a few rods from its mouth, the road crossed it by a narrow wooden bridge, not existing at the present day. Just beyond this bridge, the land rose in abrupt ridges, parallel to the stream. Along their summits were rude entrenchments made by Pontiac to protect his camp, which had formerly occupied the ground immediately beyond. Here, too, were many piles of firewood belonging to the Canadians, besides strong picket fences, enclosing orchards and gardens connected with the neighbouring houses. Behind fences, wood-

piles, and entrenchments crouched an unknown number of Indian warriors with levelled guns. They lay silent as snakes, for now they could hear the distinct tramp of the approaching column.

The sky was overcast and the night exceedingly dark. As the English drew near the dangerous pass, they could discern the house of Meloche upon a rising ground to the left, while in front the bridge was dimly visible, and the ridges beyond it seemed like a wall of undistinguished blackness. They pushed rapidly forward, not wholly unsuspecting of danger. The advanced guard were half-way over the bridge, and the main body just entering upon it, when a horrible burst of yells rose in their front, and the Indian guns blazed forth in a general discharge. Half the advanced guard party were shot down; the appalled survivors shrank back aghast. The confusion reached even the main body, and the whole recoiled together; but Dalzell raised his clear voice above the din, advanced to the front, rallied the men, and led them forward to the attack. Again the Indians poured in their volley, and again the English hesitated; but Dalzell shouted from the van, and, in the madness of mingled rage and fear, they charged at a run across the bridge and up the heights beyond. Not an Indian was there to oppose them. In vain the furious soldiers sought their enemy behind fences and entrenchments. The active savages had fled; yet still their guns flashed thick through the gloom, and their war-cry rose with undiminished clamour. The English pushed forward amid the

pitchy darkness, quite ignorant of their way, and soon became involved in a maze of outhouses and enclosures. At every pause they made, the retiring enemy would gather to renew the attack, firing back hotly upon the front and flanks. To advance farther would be useless, and the only alternative was to withdraw and wait for daylight. Captain Grant, with his company, recrossed the bridge, and took his station on the road. The rest followed, a small party remaining to hold the enemy in check while the dead and wounded were placed on board the two bateaux, which had rowed up to the bridge during the action. This task was commenced amid a sharp fire from both sides; and before it was completed, heavy volleys were heard from the rear, where Captain Grant was stationed. A great force of Indians had fired upon him from the house of Meloche and the neighbouring orchards. Grant pushed up the hill, and drove them from the orchards at the point of the bayonet—drove them, also, from the house, and, entering the latter, found two Canadians within. These men told him that the Indians were bent on cutting off the English from the fort, and that they had gone in great numbers to occupy the houses which commanded the road below. It was now evident that instant retreat was necessary; and the command being issued to that effect, the men fell back into marching order, and slowly began their retrograde movement. Grant was now in the van, and Dalzell at the rear. Some of the Indians followed, keeping up a scattering and distant fire; and from

time to time the rear faced about, to throw back a volley of musketry at the pursuers. Having proceeded in this manner for half-a-mile, they reached a point where, close upon the right, were many barns and outhouses, with strong picket fences. Behind these, and in a newly dug cellar close at hand, lay concealed a great multitude of Indians. They suffered the advanced party to pass unmolested; but when the centre and rear came opposite their ambushade, they raised a frightful yell, and poured a volley among them.

The men had well-nigh fallen into a panic. The river ran close on their left, and the only avenue of escape lay along the road in front. Breaking their ranks, they crowded upon one another in blind eagerness to escape the storm of bullets; and but for the presence of Dalzell, the retreat would have been turned into a flight. "The enemy," writes an officer who was in the fight, "marked him for his extraordinary bravery;" and he had already received two severe wounds. Yet his exertions did not slacken for a moment. Some of the soldiers he rebuked, some he threatened, and some he beat with the flat of his sword; till at length order was partially restored, and the fire of the enemy returned with effect. Though it was near daybreak, the dawn was obscured by thick fog, and little could be seen of the Indians, except the incessant flashes of their guns amid the mist, while hundreds of voices, mingled in one appalling yell, confused the faculties of the men, and drowned the shout of command. The enemy had taken possession of a house, from the

windows of which they fired down upon the English. Major Rogers, with some of his provincial rangers, burst the door with an axe, rushed in, and expelled them. Captain Gray was ordered to dislodge a large party from behind neighbouring fences. He charged them with his company, but fell, mortally wounded, in the attempt. They gave way, however; and now, the fire of the Indians being much diminished, the retreat was resumed. No sooner had the men faced about, than the savages came darting through the mist upon their flank and rear, cutting down stragglers, and scalping the fallen. At a little distance lay a sergeant of the 55th, helplessly wounded, raising himself on his hands, and gazing with a look of despair after his retiring comrades. The sight caught the eye of Dalzell. That gallant soldier, in the true spirit of heroism, ran out, amid the firing, to rescue the wounded man, when a shot struck him, and he fell dead. Few observed his fate, and none durst turn back to recover his body. The detachment pressed on, greatly harassed by the pursuing Indians. Their loss would have been much more severe, had not Major Rogers taken possession of another house, which commanded the road, and covered the retreat of the party.

In the meantime, Captain Grant, with his advanced party, had moved forward about half-a-mile, where he found some orchards and enclosures, by means of which he could maintain himself until the centre and rear should arrive. From this point he detached all the men he could

spare to occupy the houses below; and as soldiers soon began to come in from the rear, he was enabled to reinforce these detachments, until a complete line of communication was established with the fort, and the retreat effectually secured. Within an hour, the whole party had arrived, with the exception of Rogers and his men, who were quite unable to come off, being besieged, in the house of Campau, by full two hundred Indians. The two armed bateaux had gone down to the fort, laden with the dead and wounded. They now returned, and, in obedience to an order from Grant, proceeded up the river to a point opposite Campau's house, where they opened a fire of swivels, which swept the ground above and below it, and completely scattered the assailants. Rogers and his party now came out, and marched down the road, to unite themselves with Grant. The two bateaux accompanied them closely and, by a constant fire, restrained the Indians from making an attack.

Grant resumed his retreat as soon as Rogers had arrived, falling back from house to house, and joined in succession by the parties sent to garrison each. The Indians, in great numbers, stood whooping and yelling, at a vain distance, quite unable to make an attack, so well did Grant choose his positions, and so steadily and coolly conduct the retreat. About eight o'clock, after six hours of marching and combat, the detachment entered once more within the sheltering palisades of Detroit.

Day after day passed on; a few skirmishes

took place, and a few men were killed, but nothing worthy of notice occurred, until the night of the 4th of September, at which time was achieved one of the most memorable feats which the chronicles of that day can boast.

The schooner *Gladwyn*, the smaller of the two armed vessels so often mentioned, had been sent down to Niagara with letters and dispatches. She was now returning, having on board Horst, her master, Jacobs, her mate, and a crew of ten men, all of whom were provincials, besides six Iroquois Indians, supposed to be friendly to the English. On the night of the 3rd, she entered the river Detroit; and in the morning the six Indians asked to be set on shore, a request which was foolishly granted. They disappeared in the woods, and probably reported to Pontiac's warriors the small numbers of the crew. The vessel stood up the river until nightfall, when, the wind failing, she was compelled to anchor about nine miles below the fort. The men on board watched with anxious vigilance; and as night came on, they listened to every sound which broke the stillness, from the strange cry of the nighthawk, wheeling round and round their heads, to the bark of the fox from the woods on shore. The night set in with darkness so complete, that at the distance of a few rods nothing could be discerned. Meantime, three hundred and fifty Indians, in their birch canoes, glided silently down with the current, and were close upon the vessel before they were seen. There was only time to fire a single cannon-shot among them, before they were beneath her bows, and

clambering up her sides, holding their knives clinched fast between their teeth. The crew gave them a close fire of musketry, without any effect; then, flinging down their guns, they seized the spears and hatchets with which they were all provided, and met the assailants with such furious energy and courage, that in the space of two or three minutes they had killed and wounded more than twice their own number. But the Indians were only checked for a moment. The master of the vessel was killed, several of the crew were disabled, and the assailants were leaping over the bulwarks, when Jacobs, the mate, called out to blow up the schooner. This desperate command saved her and her crew. Some Wyandots, who had gained the deck, caught the meaning of the words, and gave the alarm to their companions. Instantly every Indian leaped overboard in a panic, and all were seen diving and swimming off in all directions, to escape the threatened explosion. The schooner was cleared of her assailants, who did not dare to renew the attack; and on the following morning she sailed for the fort, which she reached without molestation.

It was now the end of September. The Indians, with unexampled pertinacity, had pressed the siege since the beginning of May; but at length their unwonted constancy began to fail. The tidings had reached them that Major Wilkins, with a strong force, was on his way to Detroit. They feared the consequences of an attack, especially as their ammunition was almost exhausted; and by this time most of them were inclined to sue for peace, as the easiest mode of

gaining safety for themselves, and at the same time lulling the English into security.

The Ottawas alone, animated by the indomitable spirit of Pontiac, refused to ask for peace, and still persisted in a course of petty hostilities. They fired at intervals on the English foraging parties, until, on the 30th of October, an unexpected blow was given to the hopes of their great chief. French messengers came to Detroit with a letter from M. Neyon, commandant of Fort Charters, the principal post in the Illinois country. This letter was one of those which, on demand of General Amherst, Neyon, with a very bad grace, had sent to the different Indian tribes. It assured Pontiac that he could expect no assistance from the French; that they and the English were now at peace, and regarded each other as brothers, and that the Indians had better abandon hostilities which would lead to no good result. The emotions of Pontiac at receiving this message may be conceived. His long-cherished hopes of assistance from the French were swept away at once, and he saw himself and his people thrown back upon their own slender resources. In rage and mortification, he left Detroit, and, with a number of his chiefs, repaired to the river Maumee, with the design of stirring up the Indians in that quarter, and renewing hostilities in the spring.

During the first few months of the siege, what news had filtered through to the garrison from the outside world had been tidings of disaster. The train fired by Pontiac had set the whole of the frontier in a blaze. Westward from Fort Niagara in the north to Fort Pitt (now the site of Pittsburg)

in the south, Detroit was the only fort that had successfully held out against the revolted tribes. Everywhere else in this vast region, forts, trading posts and settlements, had been overwhelmed by the tidal wave of barbarism, and their garrisons and inhabitants ruthlessly massacred.

It was many months before the British and colonial troops succeeded in stamping out the rebellion in the remoter districts. Punitive columns were sent out on various parts of the frontier, forts were captured, or where they had been destroyed by the Indians, rebuilt, and due punishment meted out to the offending tribes. It was not, however, until late in August—fifteen months after the beginning of the siege—that an army under Colonel Bradstreet finally relieved Detroit. Since their return in the spring the Indians had contented themselves with investing the fort : they had shown little of the energy that distinguished their conduct during the earlier siege.

Peace was made with the northern tribes; but Pontiac, still irreeconcilable, fled westward to the Maumee, and attempted to rally the western tribes between that river and the Mississippi. The enterprise was only partly successful; Pontiac applied for aid to the French Governor of New Orleans, who, however, was unable to help him, and counselled him to make his peace with the British. After long hesitation, Pontiac at last tendered his submission to Sir William Johnson. Some years later he was treacherously killed near St. Louis by an Indian, instigated, it is said, by an English trader.

THE AMERICAN INVASION, 1812-13

THE war between England and her late colonies was one outcome of Napoleon's Continental System, by which all Continental ports were blockaded against English goods. His efforts to cripple England by ruining her trade were altogether unsuccessful, for his orders were disregarded in some countries, much smuggling was carried on, and an extensive carrying trade flooded France itself with English goods, brought in by ships flying neutral flags.

England's answer to the Berlin decrees were the Orders in Council by which all vessels bound for the blockaded ports were compelled to call at British ports under pain of seizure. The United States passed a Non-Intercourse Act in 1808, which suspended all trade with both France and England. In 1811, Napoleon and America amicably settled their commercial differences. But the English Government would consent to no compromise, and instead of making concessions, increased the difficulties by insisting on a "right of search" which compelled American vessels to surrender all British subjects found among their crews, who were assumed to be deserters from the English navy. The irritation caused by this, and the losses brought about by the cessation of trade, ended in a cry for war, in which, however, the New England states did not join, and to the prosecution of which they furnished neither men nor money. The other states forced Congress to raise twenty-five thousand men, and President Madison to declare war. Neither side was prepared for a struggle. England was

exhausted by the contest with Napoleon, and the Americans were without military training. When in 1812 England offered to withdraw her Orders in Council, it was too late to avert hostilities.

ON the 24th of June it became known at Quebec that Congress had declared war, so all American citizens were warned by the Government to quit the province by the 3rd of July. On the 30th of June a proclamation was issued imposing an embargo on all vessels in the harbour, and convening the legislature for the 16th of July. Parliament acted with the greatest liberality. A statute to legalize the issue of army bills to the amount of £250,000 was passed, in order to replenish the public exchequer; and an annual grant of £15,000 was made for five years, to pay whatever interest might accrue. On the 6th of July the whole militia of the province had been directed to hold themselves in readiness to be embodied, while the flank companies of the Montreal militia were formed into a battalion and armed.

Meanwhile, General Broek, in Upper Canada, had been busily employed in making preparations for the contest. He had considerable difficulties to encounter. There were but few troops in the province, and not sufficient muskets to arm the militia; while at the same time the Governor-general informed him that no aid need be looked for from England for some months.

No sooner had General Broek learned, on the 26th of June, that war had been declared by the United States, than he sent orders to Captain

Roberts, commandant of a military post at Lake Huron, to possess himself of Mackinac if possible; but if first attacked he was to defend himself to the last extremity, and then retreat upon St. Mary's, a station belonging to the North-west Company. By the 15th of July Roberts had prepared his little armament, consisting of forty-two regulars, three artillerymen, one hundred and sixty Canadian voyageurs, half of whom only were armed with muskets or fowling pieces, and two hundred and fifty Indians. On the following morning he embarked, and landed on the 17th near Mackinac, garrisoned by sixty regular soldiers under the command of Lieutenant Hancks. Roberts immediately summoned him to surrender, which was complied with after a few minutes' delay. Thus, at the very outset of the war, a most important post, commanding the entrance into Lake Michigan, was acquired without loss of blood.

Meanwhile General Hull, who had spent several months in organizing a force for the invasion of Western Canada, crossed over the Detroit river, on the 12th of July, with two thousand five hundred men, to Sandwich, where he planted the American standard, and published a most inflated proclamation, calling on the inhabitants to surrender. "He did not come to ask their assistance," he said; "he had a force which would beat down all opposition, and that force was but the vanguard of a much greater. The United States," he continued, "offer you peace, liberty, and security; your choice lies between these and

war, slavery, and destruction.” Very few of the Canadians joined his standard, or accepted his offers of protection. On the 22nd of the same month, Brock issued a counter-proclamation at Fort George, in which he showed the odious alliance of the Americans with the despotic Napoleon, and taught the people the duty they owed to their country.

Eighteen miles from Hull’s camp stood the village of Amherstburg, defended by Fort Malden, now unfit to stand a siege, so imperfect were the works, and garrisoned by three hundred regular troops, under the command of Lieutenant-colonel St. George. The surrounding country was difficult to traverse, and the river Canard, flowing a little distance behind the village, and falling into the Detroit river some three miles above it, offered a favourable position for checking the advance of an enemy. Off the mouth of the Canard lay the British sloop of war, *Queen Charlotte*, eighteen guns, which effectually prevented the advance of an armament by water.

On the 17th, Hull pushed forward a detachment towards Amherstburg to reconnoitre, which was speedily driven back by the few troops and Indians St. George had ambushed at the Canard. Next day the Americans, in greater numbers, attempted to force a passage, with no better success; and on the 20th they were a third time repulsed. On this occasion two hundred of their army, attempting to ford the river higher up, were put to inglorious flight by twenty-two Indians; many, in their hurry to escape, throwing away their

arms and accoutrements. Hull now began to be encumbered with wounded, and the vessel in which were the hospital stores of his army having been captured, his difficulties increased. In his rear Mackinac had fallen, while Colonel Proctor, who had been sent on by Brock with a small reinforcement, pushed a force across the river opposite Amherstburg, on the 5th of August, which routed two hundred and sixty of the enemy, captured a convoy of provisions, and effectually interrupted his communications with Ohio. Had Hull pushed forward at once after crossing the river, with resolution and skill, Amherstburg must have fallen. But the right time for action had been allowed to pass; the Indians were arriving in considerable numbers to aid the British, the militia also began to muster; and, worst of all, Brock was advancing from Toronto. On the 7th and 8th, Hull re-crossed the river with the whole of his army, except a garrison of two hundred and fifty men left in a small fort he had erected at Sandwich, and established himself at Detroit. From thence he dispatched a body of seven hundred men to re-open his communications with Ohio, a duty effected with heavy loss to themselves, while the British and their Indian allies, although compelled to retreat, suffered very little.

After a fatiguing journey by land and water, Brock arrived at Amherstburg on the night of the 13th, and met the Indians in council on the following morning.

In one of the recent skirmishes, Hull's dispatches to his Government had been captured.

These breathed so desponding a tone, and painted his position in such unfavourable colours, that Broek determined to attack him before he received succour, a course most amply justified by the result. By the 15th a battery was constructed on the bank of the river, opposite Detroit, and three guns and two howitzers placed in position, when Broek summoned Hull to surrender. He refused to comply, and the battery opened fire. Next morning the British, numbering in all seven hundred regulars and militia, and six hundred Indians, crossed the river three miles below the town. Forming his men in column, and throwing out the Indians to cover his flanks, General Broek advanced steadily towards the fort. When at the distance of a mile he halted to reconnoitre, and observing that little or no precautions for defence had been taken at the land side, resolved on an immediate assault. But Hull prevented this movement by capitulating; the garrison, with troops encamped in the vicinity, amounting together to two thousand five hundred men, surrendered to little more than half their number. With Detroit a large quantity of military stores and provisions were given up, and the territory of Michigan also surrendered on the simple condition that life and property should be respected. The American militia were permitted to return to their homes, while the regular troops and officers, over one thousand in number, were sent down to Quebec.

Thus disgracefully, on the part of the Americans, ended the first attempt to conquer Upper Canada.

Within the short space of five weeks Mackinac had fallen, Detroit had been captured, and the chief part of their army of invasion compelled to surrender; while their whole north-western frontier was left exposed to hostile incursions. The successes of British regular troops and militia, against a force so much their superior in numbers, had a most excellent effect in raising the spirits of the Canadian people, and securing the fidelity of the Indians.

On the same day that Detroit was surrendered, General Brock issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of Michigan, confirming them in the full enjoyment of their properties; and stating that the existing laws would continue in force until the pleasure of the Crown should be known. Having made such other arrangements as he deemed necessary, he returned to Toronto, where, on the 17th, he was received by the heartfelt acclamations of a grateful people. He would have followed up his success by an immediate attempt on Fort Niagara, but was prevented by his instructions from Sir George Prevost.

The home Government hitherto had been inclined to pursue a policy of forbearance towards America, under the supposition that, the Orders in Council having been repealed, the quarrel would soon be arranged. Aggressive measures, it was thought, would only tend to exasperate the Americans, widen the breach, and hinder the establishment of peace. In pursuance of this line of policy, Prevost had proposed, in the latter part of July, an armistice to the commander-in-

chief of the United States army, Major-General Dearborn, in the hope that existing differences might be speedily arranged. The latter agreed to this measure, excepting, however, Hull's army; but the American Secretary of War, General Armstrong, refused to ratify the armistice, presuming it originated in a sense of weakness and danger on the part of the British general.

The recent invasion of Canada had been based on the same principle of combined movement pursued by Amherst. Hull was to enter this country at Detroit, and Van Ransallaer at the Niagara river, while Dearborn assailed it by way of Lake Champlain and the Richelieu. In addition to the troops assembled at these points, the Americans had established military posts at various favourable positions along the frontier, whence harassing incursions were frequently made across the border, which inflicted serious injury upon the inhabitants. At Ogdensburg a considerable force was stationed, under Brigadier Brown, which seriously interrupted the communication between Kingston and Montreal. Lieutenant-colonel Lethbridge, commanding at Prescott, formed the design of capturing this position, and advanced across the river, on the 4th of October, under cover of the guns of his own fort. When about mid-channel the enemy opened a warm and well-directed fire upon the boats, which speedily compelled him to retreat, with a loss of three men killed and four wounded. On the 9th, an affair of more importance occurred at Fort Erie. An armed brig, as well as another

vessel laden with prisoners and furs, had arrived the preceding day, and was cut out just before dawn by a strong party of Americans. Both vessels drifted down the current of the Niagara river, and grounded near the opposite shore, where the crews, after a sharp contest, were made prisoners. During a fog a party of British from Fort Erie succeeded in boarding and dismantling the armed brig.

Owing to the infatuation of the home Government, who still confidently looked for the establishment of peace, and had no idea that the conquest of Canada was really desired by the Americans, the 103rd regiment and a weak battalion of the 1st or Royal Scots, with a few recruits, were the only assistance dispatched to Sir George Prevost up to this period. Matters had in the meantime assumed a more threatening appearance along the American frontier. Irritated rather than discouraged by the surrender of Hull, preparations by land and water were energetically pushed forward for the conquest of Upper Canada before the winter set in. General Harrison had collected a large army at the west to revenge the fall of Detroit, while Dearborn instructed Van Ransallaer to penetrate Brock's line of defence on the Niagara at Queenston, and establish himself permanently in the province. For this operation the force at his disposal was amply sufficient, the British regulars and militia collected for the defence of this entire frontier of thirty-six miles being under two thousand men. But owing to the exertions of Brock, who saw clearly the approaching

storm, these troops were in the best possible state of efficiency, and thoroughly on the alert.

During the 12th, Van Ransallaer completed his preparations for attacking Queenston. The following morning was cold and stormy, but nevertheless his troops embarked in boats at an early hour, and everything was made ready to push across the river with the first blush of dawn. These movements were soon discovered by the British sentries, who gave the alarm. Captain Dennis of the 49th, who commanded at Queenston, immediately collected two companies of his regiment and about one hundred of the militia at the landing-place to oppose the enemy, whom he held in check for a considerable time, aided by the fire of an eighteen-pounder in position on the heights above, and a masked gun about a mile lower down. A portion of the Americans, however, landed higher up, and ascending by an unguarded path, turned the British flank, captured the eighteen-pounder, and speedily compelled Dennis to retreat, after having sustained considerable loss, to the north end of the village. Here he was met by General Brock, who had heard the cannonade at Niagara and pushed forward in company with his aides-de-camp, Major Glegg and Colonel M'Donnell, to ascertain its cause. Having learned how matters stood, he dismounted from his horse, and, resolving to carry the heights, now fully in possession of the Americans, placed himself at the head of a company of the 49th, and, waving his sword, led them to the charge in double-quick time under a heavy fire from the enemy's riflemen.

Ere long one of these singled out the general, took deliberate aim, fired, and the gallant Brock, without a word, sank down to rise no more. The 49th now raised a shout to "revenge the general:" regulars and militia madly rushed forward, and drove the enemy, despite their superior numbers, from the summit of the hill.

By this time the Americans had been strongly reinforced, and the British, who had never exceeded three hundred altogether, finding themselves nearly surrounded, were compelled to retire, having sustained a loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, of about one hundred men, including several officers. They re-formed in front of the one-gun battery, already stated as being a mile below Queenston, to await the arrival of assistance. Van Ransallaer, therefore, made a solid lodgment on Canadian soil with nearly a thousand men, and after giving orders to form an entrenched camp, re-crossed the river to send over reinforcements. But the American militia, having now seen enough of hard fighting, were suddenly seized with conscientious scruples about going out of their own territory. Comparatively few crossed over to the assistance of their comrades beyond the river, who were thus left to shift for themselves. Early in the afternoon, a demonstration was made against the American position in the most gallant manner by young Brant, at the head of some fifty Mohawks. These, after a sharp skirmish, were compelled to retire, owing to the steady front presented by Colonel, afterwards General Scott, who had meanwhile arrived, and



THE DEATH OF GENERAL BROCK

assumed the chief command, Wadsworth, a militia general on the field, waiving his right thereto.

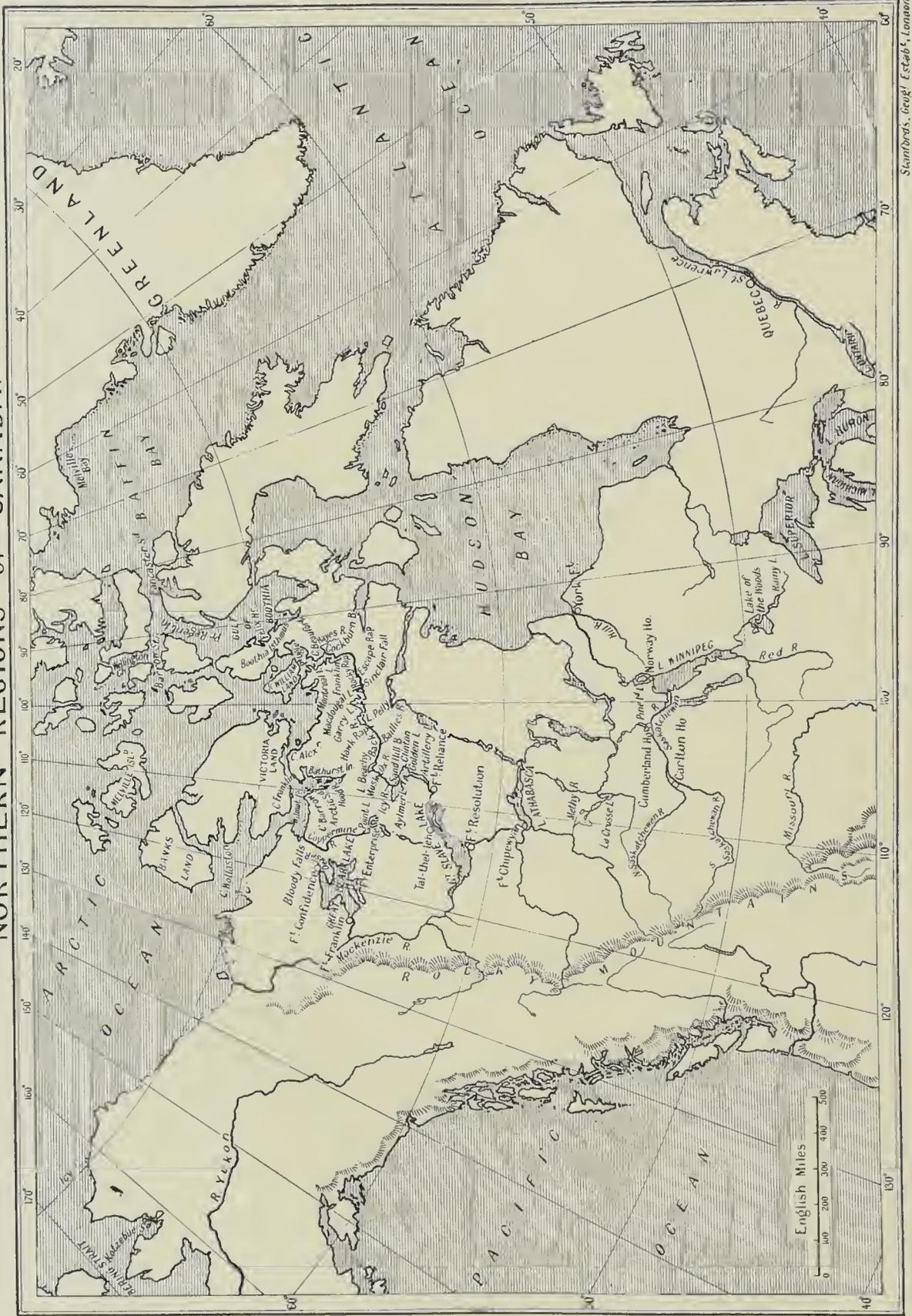
But the British had no intention of surrendering Queenston so easily. Major-general Sheaffe, an American by birth, assumed the chief command on Brock's death, and having collected all the troops at Niagara and Chippewa, moved forward in admirable order to drive the enemy from their formidable position. His force, inclusive of one hundred Indians, was under one thousand men, of whom only five hundred and sixty were regulars, with two small guns. After making a long detour to the right, to gain the open ground in rear of the heights, Sheaffe began the attack by an advance of his left, which, after delivering a volley, charged with the bayonet, and drove in Scott's right. He then advanced his main body, and after a sharp conflict, a part of the enemy were driven back over the first ridge of heights to the road leading to the falls, while another portion let themselves down by the aid of the roots and bushes towards the river, hotly pursued by the Indians, who were with difficulty withdrawn.

Resistance was now out of the question, and the Americans, to the number of nine hundred and fifty regulars and militia, surrendered. So completely had they been scattered, that hardly three hundred men remained with Scott when he gave himself up.

Thus ended in total discomfiture the second attempt of the Americans to establish themselves permanently in Upper Canada. The British loss, in a numerical point of view, was comparatively

small, and did not, in killed and wounded, amount to one hundred men; but the death of gallant Brock dimmed the lustre of victory, and cast a gloom over the country. Descended from a respectable family in Guernsey, he had embraced the profession of arms at an early age, and served with distinction in some of the principal campaigns in Europe; among the rest at Copenhagen with Lord Nelson. As a civil governor he was firm, prudent, and just; as a soldier, brave, skilful, and humane, and the idol of his troops; while the Indians regarded him as their beau ideal of a gallant warrior. He fell at the early age of forty-two, just as his harvest-time of honour and distinction had begun, and his country had learned to regard his opening career with pride. He was respected by all classes—by friend and foe alike, and minute guns from the American as well as from the British batteries bore honourable testimony to his great personal worth, as he was buried at Fort George, on the 16th October, side by side with Colonel M'Donnell, in a grave watered with the tears of brave soldiers and sorrowing citizens. Brock's name has not been forgotten; the people of Canada West still cherish his memory, and while the current of the Niagara speeds past the scene of his death, he will occupy an honourable place in the pages of its history.

NORTHERN REGIONS OF CANADA.



Standards, Geogr. Estab^t. London.

[To face page 321]

ADVENTURES IN THE FAR NORTH

IN WINTER QUARTERS

MANY expeditions for the exploration of the Polar regions were undertaken by English, Dutch and Russians after the discovery of the Mackenzie River by Alexander Mackenzie in 1789, and much good work was done by English whaling captains, notably Captain Scoresby. It was not, however, until after peace had been concluded with France in 1815 that systematic exploration was carried on. Large rewards were offered by the British Government for discovering a north-west passage.

One of the most notable of nineteenth-century explorers was William Edward Parry, a native of Bath, where he was born in 1790. He entered the navy as a first-class volunteer in 1803. Three years later he became a midshipman, and in 1810 a lieutenant on board the *Alexander*, which was commissioned, first to the Baltic, and thence to Spitzbergen for the protection of the whale fishery in the northern seas.

Parry took part in the American war of 1813, and remained on the North American station until 1817, when he returned to England. At this time the Admiralty were fitting out expeditions for the discovery of the North-west Passage

and the North Pole. Parry went out in the first of these, which, through a mistake of Captain Ross the commander, ended in nothing.

Next summer Lieutenant Parry, in command of two vessels, repaired the error of the previous year by sailing through Lancaster Sound and Barrow Strait and discovering Prince Regent's Inlet, Wellington Channel and Melville Island. He was frozen up in the last place, and compelled to stay there from November 1819 to August 1820. He made a second expedition in 1821, and a third in 1824.

The following narratives were written by George Francis Lyon, a naval officer who served with Parry from 1820 to 1824.

ON the forenoon of the 8th of October, 1821, I accompanied Captain Parry on shore, to examine from the hills the distant sea ice. Everything indicated the settled commencement of the winter, and it was decided to remain in our present position with the ships. We found the land covered with snow, on which we frequently crossed the recent tracks of bears; and in one place found the lair, or hole in the snow, where one of these animals had slept the preceding night.

On our return we walked off to the ships, not, however, without being pretty frequently reminded of our situation, for the ice bent like leather beneath our weight; a quality which I believe is only possessed by salt-water ice, and that when recently formed.

In the evening both ships' companies were employed in cutting a canal, by which we might

enter farther into the bay, and having advanced about half a mile, the ships took up their winter quarters. During the operation of sawing, several men at various times fell through the ice, but being speedily drawn out and fresh clothed, no unpleasant consequences were brought on by these cold baths.

During the first week our time was fully occupied in clearing and preparing the ships for the winter, and every arrangement which could contribute to our general comfort and health was made by Captain Parry. The crews and officers of each ship were put on rather a reduced allowance of provisions, which, however, was still amply sufficient, now that no severe labour was going on. The carpenters were set to work in erecting a small house for an observatory on a beach about two cables' length ahead.

A liberal subscription having been made amongst the officers prior to leaving England, by which a stock of theatrical clothes, etc., was purchased, it was now proposed by Captain Parry that, as our active operations had ceased for a time, we should make arrangements for performing plays once a fortnight throughout the winter, as a means of amusing the seamen, and in some degree to break the tedious monotony of our confinement. As there could be no desire or hope of excelling, every officer's name was readily entered on the list of *dramatis personae*. Those "ladies" who had cherished the growth of their beards and whiskers, as a defence against the inclemency of the climate, now generously agreed to do away

with such unfeminine ornaments, and everything bade fair for a most stylish theatre.

The weather had of late been clear and fine, and during the last week a party from each ship had been employed on shore, in boiling and extracting oil from the blubber we had obtained during the summer, as a winter store for our lamps. The smell of the burnt fat attracted numerous foxes to our neighbourhood, and on the 19th I was so fortunate as to catch one in a trap. He was small and not perfectly white, but his tameness was so remarkable, that I could not resolve to kill him, but confined him on deck in a small hutch with a scope of chain. The little animal astonished us very much by his extraordinary sagacity, for, during the first day, finding himself much tormented by being drawn out repeatedly by his chain, he at length, whenever he retreated to his hut, took this carefully up in his mouth and drew it so completely after him, that no one who valued his fingers would endeavour to take hold of the end attached to the staple.

During the night of the 25th the foxes were observed in great numbers on the beach, and in four hours fifteen were caught in my trap alone. I was surprised on getting up in the morning to see this immense heap piled on the deck of my cabin. It was remarkable that all which had as yet been caught or shot were males and very fat; their flesh, indeed, had so good an appearance, that many trials were made of it. All were horrified at the idea of eating foxes, but very

many very soon got the better of their delicacy and found them good eating. Not being myself very nice, I soon made the experiment and found the flesh much resembling that of kid, and afterwards frequently had a supper of it.

Northerly winds had now become very prevalent, and I observed, on poles which had been placed as direction posts, that a thin coating of transparent ice was formed on the side opposite to that quarter, while to the southward the wood remained dry and clean. Scarcely a night passed without the appearance of the aurora borealis, which, although not so magnificent as might be expected a few months later, was extremely beautiful.

Much to the credit of our seamen, a proposal was on this day made in each ship for permission to open an evening school. We most gladly entered into their views, and gave orders for the necessary arrangements; we had abundance of stationery for the writing scholars, and there were several elementary school-books in the ships for learners to read, while Bibles were in each mess for those who had made some progress. Almost every man could read and write a little, but several found that from long disuse it was requisite to begin again.

On this afternoon, we for the first time witnessed the beautiful phenomena of a pair of mock suns; they were situated on each side of a brilliant halo, of which the sun was the centre and whose diameter was 22° : their regular form continued about half-an-hour, after which they gradually vanished. Our first play was performed on the

evening of the 9th, and appeared to afford much amusement to the men. Our dresses were good, and the theatre tolerably large; to which may be added that the "ladies" were, with the exception of beards, figure, voice, and feminine action, most bewitching personages.

The weather having been for some time very unsettled, and the temperature high, we feared some chance gale would send us and our harbour ice out to sea. On this day it cracked in many places, and, as a precaution, we got anchors and cables on the beach.

The morning of the 14th was rendered particularly interesting by uncommonly beautiful appearances which attended the rising of the sun. Previous to its becoming visible, a spiral ray of a most delicate pink hue shot from the horizon, and increasing in size and brilliancy at length reached the zenith, at which time its form was like that of the flame produced by a blow-pipe. On the appearance of the sun, the whole eastern sky partook of the blush colour of the first ray; and the snow, the ships, and the whole of the desolate surrounding scenery, were warmly illuminated until the entire of the sun's disc had risen above the horizon. Then the usual grey tints assumed their accustomed place, the scene became doubly desolate, and a fall of snow completed the contrast with the delightful vision which was past.

The unsettled, comparatively mild, and cloudy weather now ceased, and a decided and severe frost, with a clear sky, gave us reason to expect

the winter in good earnest. The sea to the eastward continued open at times, owing to the rapidity of the tides, and dovekies constantly frequented the holes of water. These, and two ravens, furnished conversation and gun-carrying to all our sportsmen. At times a phenomenon which is called frost-smoke was seen. This only appears when some space of water, by the sudden breaking or constant motion of the ice, is left exposed and unfrozen; a vapour then rises in clouds, which floats immediately over the open space, like the steam from a cauldron. This freezes instantly, and being driven by the wind, deposits itself in a fine powder on the surrounding ice.

The cold was more severely felt on the 28th than any other time since entering winter quarters, from the extreme sharpness of the wind; several of our people were frost-bitten, and a poor fox on deck was found to be severely benumbed. This animal was considered as untameable, and would not even agree with two others of his own kind, which were also prisoners; but in his distress, on being taken below, his nature appeared to change, and he became as tame as a dog, walking to the different messes, and quietly taking food from the hand. The sudden change of temperature, however, proved too much for him and before morning he died.

A whale was seen to the south-east, and seals frequently rose in the open water. Our walking parties frequently found traces of a hare, which on the 13th was killed. The animal was miserably poor, weighing only 5lb. 15oz. Excepting the

usual black tips to the ears, it was quite white, and its fur resembled swan's-down rather than hair. It was a matter of wonder to us how this creature could have escaped the large packs of foxes which were constantly hunting during the night, and whose tracks absolutely covered the place where it was shot. Above sixty foxes had now been taken, and yet there seemed but little diminution in their numbers.

A bear was seen in the afternoon of the 20th, at about a mile from the ships, to which he was cautiously walking, smelling as he advanced. The warning-signal was hoisted to parties on shore, and I accompanied several others in chase of him; but after a most fatiguing run to no purpose, he cantered off with the speed of a horse, and making for the moving ice in the inlet, was soon lost sight of in the frost-smoke. By his foot-marks we judged that he could not have been very large. The shape of a bear track is curious, as resembling that of a man, were it not for the too plainly marked toe-nails, which make deep dents in the snow.

December 22nd, our shortest day, was extremely fine, and the sun rose to 37° above the horizon, giving us three hours' daylight, at least sufficiently clear to allow of our taking a long walk. Comfortless as an arctic winter certainly is, yet it has degrees of wretchedness, amongst which the absence of light is the most severely felt. This winter, however, we were blessed by the daily appearance of the sun, although it was powerless as to warmth.

On Christmas Eve, in order to keep the people quiet and sober, we performed two farces, and exhibited phantasmagoria, so that the night passed merrily away.

Christmas Day was very fine, and we all attended church on board the *Fury*, as we had been accustomed to do every Sunday since we were frozen in. The people then returned to their dinners, at which English roast beef, that had been kept untainted since the transport left us, was the principal luxury. To this were added cranberry pies, and puddings of every shape and size, with full allowance of spirits. I never indeed saw more general good humour and merriment on a Christmas Day since I went to sea.

We had now reached the end of our first year, without having experienced any weighty difficulties, and both officers and men enjoyed excellent health. A good footing had been established on the coast of North America, from which we could again proceed in the summer, and we were blessed with spirits and zeal for the renewal of our exertions. No signs of scurvy, the usual plague of such voyages as ours, had occurred; and owing to a plan of Captain Parry's, we had been in the practice of raising a sufficiency of mustard and cress between decks to afford all hands a salad once, and sometimes twice a week. Our men had taken the greatest pleasure in their school, which might in some measure be attributed to their having had the management of it in their own hands. There was not a man in the ship who could not, by this time, read and write, and

on Christmas Day I received sixteen copies from those who, two months before, scarcely knew their letters. These little specimens were all well written, and sent with as much pride as if the writers had been good little school-boys, instead of stout and excellent seamen.

As we had now seen the darkest, although not by many degrees the coldest season of the year, it may not here be irrelevant to mention the beautiful appearance of the sky at this period. To describe the colours of these cloudless heavens would be impossible; but the delicacy and pureness of the various blended tints excelled anything I ever saw, even in Italy. The sun shines with a diminished lustre, so that it is possible to contemplate it without a painful feeling to the eyes; yet the blush colour, which in severe frost always accompanies it, is, in my opinion, far more pleasing than the glittering borders which are so profusely seen on the clouds in warmer climates. The nights are no less lovely in consequence of the clearness of the sky. The moon and stars shine with wonderful lustre, and almost persuade one to be pleased with the surrounding desolation. The aurora borealis does not appear affected by the brilliancy even of the full moon, but its light continues still the same. The first appearance of this phenomenon is generally in showers of falling rays, like those thrown from a rocket, although not so bright. These, being in constant and agitated motion, have the appearance of trickling down the sky. Large masses of light succeed next in order, alternating from a faint glow

resembling the Milky Way, to the most vivid flashes, which stream and shoot in every direction with the effect of sheet lightning, except that after the flash the aurora still continues to be seen. In stormy weather the northern lights fly with the rapidity of lightning, and with a corresponding wildness add considerably to the magic of the whole scene.

I have never contemplated the aurora without experiencing the most awful sensations, and can readily excuse the poor untutored Indians for supposing that in the restless motions of the northern lights, they behold the spirits of their fathers roaming in freedom through the land of souls.

A SLEDGE JOURNEY

CAPTAIN PARRY landed for the purpose of endeavouring to induce the natives to bring a sufficient quantity of fish for the supply of the ships, and succeeded in engaging a man named Tōo-lě-māk, to set out for that purpose on the morrow. He was to be absent four days. As I could well be spared at this time, and liked this kind of excursion, I asked and obtained Captain Parry's permission to accompany the Esquimaux, and was landed the same night, accompanied by George Dunn (seaman) of the *Hecla*.

We soon found Toolemak, and were welcomed

to his tent; where for two hours the crowd was so great that it was impossible to move an elbow. A new deer-skin was spread for me, and Dunn having found a corner for himself, we all lay down to sleep. It rained incessantly during the night.

At 10 a.m. on the 26th we set off and, walking about two miles, found the sledge on a beach, near the southern ice. Four men were to accompany us on this vehicle, and the good-natured fellows volunteered to carry our luggage to it. A second sledge was under the charge of three boys, who had eight dogs: our team consisted of eleven. Passing along the strait which divides the island from the mainland to the southward, Toolemak pointed out two assemblages of stone huts, to which in the summer, or more properly when the ice breaks up, the natives come in order to fish, and sometimes to kill a whale or an unicorn. The weather was so thick that we could not at times see a quarter of a mile before us, but yet we went rapidly forward to the WNW where, after about six hours' run, we came to a high bold land and a great number of islands of reddish granite, bold and barren in the extreme. We here found the ice in a very decayed state, and in many places the holes and fissures were difficult, if not dangerous to pass. At the expiration of eight hours our impediments in this respect had increased to such a degree as to stop our further progress. Dunn, the old man, and myself therefore walked over a small island, and saw beyond it a sheet of water, which quite precluded any advance but by boats. At three miles west

of this were two bluff hills, separated by an apparent strait of half a mile in width, and beyond that lay a flat field of ice, over which was land in the distance.

In the hope that the morning would prove more favourable for our obtaining a view of the land, it was decided to pass the night on one of the rocky islands. The Esquimaux, with their customary improvidence, having brought no provision with them, I distributed our four days' allowance of meat in equal proportions to the whole party, and they all lay down to sleep on the rocks, having merely a piece of skin to keep the rain from their faces; and in this comfortless state they remained very quietly for eight hours.

The morning of the 27th was rather fine for a short time or, more properly speaking, the rain was less violent; and we saw above thirty islands in one group, varying from one hundred yards to a mile in length; these I named the Coxe group. Two deer were seen in the northern land (Khiad-la-ghioo), and Toolemak accompanied Dunn in chase of them: one was killed by the latter, as he informed me, in consequence of the old man's lying behind a stone, and imitating the peculiar bellow of these animals, until it was led by its curiosity to come within a short gun-shot. We crossed with the sledges in order to bring the deer down, and found that the old man had skinned and broken it up after his own manner, and I divided it into shares. Arriving on the ice, a skin was taken from the sledge for a seat, and we all squatted down to a repast which was quite

new to me. In ten minutes the Esquimaux had picked every one of the deer's bones so clean, that even the hungry dogs did not attempt to gnaw them a second time. Dunn and myself, as an experiment, made our breakfast on a choice slice cut from the spine, and found it so good, that at dinner-time we preferred the same food to our share of preserved meat, which we had saved from the preceding night.

Of the *neroo-ka* I also tasted a small portion, considering that no man who wishes to conciliate or inquire into the manners of savages should scruple to fare as they do while in their company. I found this substance acid and rather pungent, resembling, as near as I could judge, a mixture of sorrel and radish leaves. The smell reminded me of fresh brewer's grains; and the young grasses and delicate white lichen on which the deer feed, were very apparent. Wishing to procure some salt water to give a relish to our venison, we found that although five or six miles from the fishing-place (or river, as *Toolemak* called it), the water was almost fresh in the broad fissures amongst the ice.

Soon after noon the weather became as foul as ever, and I was unable to obtain sights for the longitude; we therefore set out on our return, and without seeing any other object than the flat and decayed ice, passed from land to land with our former celerity; dashing through large pools of water much oftener than was altogether agreeable to men whose clothing had been wet for thirty or forty hours, and who had not been

warm for a longer period. We had proceeded in this manner for about five hours, when Kongolik, who was driving at the time and paying more attention to the food which he was voraciously eating, than to his dogs, upset us into a deep hole, which broke the sledge, and gave us a complete ducking. The vehicle being mended by our shivering party, we again made boldly forward; but our misfortunes did not terminate here, for we were twice again upset; and, finally, the dogs broke the main trace, and ran like a pack of wolves for the land. A large block of ice at length entangled and stopped them, and the Esquimaux soon brought them back, when another hour, and some plentiful floggings to the delinquents, brought us to the place from which we had first set out.

This excursion had given me many opportunities of observing the dexterity with which the sledges and dogs are managed. Our eleven dogs were large and even majestic-looking animals; and an old one of peculiar sagacity was placed at their head by having a longer trace, so as to lead them through the safest and driest places; these animals having such a dread of water as to receive severe beatings before they will swim a foot. The leader was instant in obeying the voice of the driver, who never beat, but repeatedly called to him by name. When the dogs slackened their pace, the sight of a seal or bird was sufficient to put them instantly to their full speed, and even though none of these might be seen on the ice, the cry of "a seal! a bear! a bird!" etc., was enough

to give play to the legs and voices of the whole pack. It was a beautiful sight to observe the two sledges racing at full speed to the same object, the dogs and the men in full cry, and the vehicles splashing through the holes of water with the velocity and spirit of rival stage coaches. There is something of the spirit of professed whips in these wild races: for young men delight in passing each other's sledge, and jockeying the hinder one by crossing the path. In passing on different routes the right hand is always yielded, and should an inexperienced driver endeavour to take the left he would have some difficulty in persuading his team to do so. The only unpleasant circumstance attending these races is that the poor dog is sometimes entangled and thrown down, when the sledge, with perhaps a heavy load, is unavoidably drawn over his body.

The driver sits on the fore part of the vehicle, from whence he jumps when requisite to pull it clear of any impediments which may lie in the way, and he also guides it by pressing either foot upon the ice. The voice and long whip answer all the purposes of long reins, and the dogs can be made to turn a corner as dexterously as horses, though not in such an orderly manner, since they are constantly fighting, and I do not recollect to have seen one receive a flogging without instantly wreaking his passion on the ears of his neighbours. The cries of the men are not more melodious than those of the animals, and their wild looks and gestures when animated give them an appearance of devils driving wolves before

them. Our dogs had eaten nothing for forty-eight hours, and could not have gone over less than seventy miles of ground; yet they returned, to all appearance, as fresh and active as when they first set out.

We were joyfully welcomed to Ooyarra's abode, where the place of honour, the deer-skin seat, was cleared for my reception. His two wives occupied one end of a double tent, while at the opposite extremity the two aged parents, with the young brother and sister of his senior wife, were established. The old mother Now-kit-yoo assisted the young women in pulling off our wet clothes and wringing our boots, which being of Esquimaux manufacture, she afterwards soled and mended without any request on our parts, considering us as part of the family.

A large assemblage was gathered on the 28th to "hear me talk of Neoo-ning-et-ua, or Winter Island, and to see us eat." The women anxiously volunteered to cook for us, and as we preferred a fire in the open air to their lamps, the good-natured creatures sat an hour in the rain to stew some venison which we had saved from our shares of the deer.

After noon, as I lay half asleep, a man came and took me by the hand, at the same time telling Dunn to follow. He led me to a tent, which, from the general silence within, I supposed was empty; but on entering I found eighteen women assembled, and seated in regular order, with the seniors in front. In the centre near the tent-pole stood two men, who, when I was seated on a large

stone, walked slowly round, and one of them began dancing to the favourite tune of Am-naa-ya a-ya in the usual manner. For the second person I could not at first account, but soon found that he was the dancer's assistant; and when the principal had pretty well exhausted himself, he walked gravely up to him, and taking his head between his hands, rubbed noses with him, amidst the plaudits of all present. After this, as if much refreshed, he resumed his performance. The rubbee, if I may use the expression, was at length led forward by the rubber, who then rushed into the air to cool himself. In this manner five or six couples exhibited, obtaining more or less applause according to the oddity of their grimaces. At length a witty greasy fellow, in consequence of some whispering and tittering amongst the ladies, advanced towards me, and I was obliged to stand up and have my nose rubbed, to the great amusement of all present. My turn being come, I exhibited a figure invented expressly for the occasion, and chose as my partner a very pretty girl, which highly delighted the women, and her mother in particular. As this young lady's education had not made her a great proficient in dancing, she compromised by making faces and crying the Magh-ma, in which accomplishments she was very expert, and was assisted by the whole of the other females.

On the morning of the 29th I was really happy to find that the ships were not yet in sight, as I should thus be enabled to pass another day amongst the hospitable natives, and still see



AN ESQUIMAUX WELCOME

them in their quiet state. I soon discovered that an Esquimau, when not agitated by the pleasure of seeing us land from our boats and distribute presents, was quite a different creature from what I had before supposed; uttering no screams, showing the utmost readiness to oblige, and being to all appearance grateful for any kindness shown. While making my rounds I met several others of the natives who were also visiting, and who each invited me to call at their tent in its turn. In one tent I found a man mending his paddle, which was ingeniously made of various little scraps of wood and bone, lashed and pinned together. He put it into my hands to repair, expecting that I should succeed much better than himself. An hour afterwards the poor fellow took me by the hand and led me to his tent, where I found a large pot of walrus flesh evidently cooked for me. His wife licked a piece and offered it, but on receiving some hint from him she took out another, and having pared off the outside, gave me the clean part; and had it been carrion I would not have hurt them by refusing it. During the showers of rain that fell frequently throughout the day, the inmates of whichever tent I was detained in, did all they could to amuse me. The men showed some curious knots on their fingers, and other puzzles, for which in return I exhibited the cat's cradle.

The weather clearing in the afternoon one ship was seen in the distance, which diffused a general joy amongst the people, who ran about screaming and dancing with delight. While lounging along

the beach, and anticipating the arrival of the ship, I proposed a game of leap-frog, which was quite new to them; and in learning which some terrible falls were made. The women would not be outdone by the men, and accordingly formed a party of jumpers also. Tired with a long exhibition, I retired to the tent, but was allowed a very short repose, as I was soon told that all the people from the southern tents were come to see my performance; and on going out I found five men stationed at proper distances, with their heads down for me to go over them, which I did amidst loud cries of Koo-yen-na! (thank you).

As the ship drew near in the evening I observed her to be the *Hecla*, but not expecting a boat at so late an hour, I lay down to sleep. I soon found this a vain attempt, for a clamorous party came drumming on the leather sides of the tent, telling me a little ship was coming; and I soon found that the boat was nearly on shore. When the boat landed, a general rush was made for the privilege of carrying our things down to it. Awarunni, the girl who owned the little dog which slept with me, ran and threw him into the boat, when after a general koonik we pushed off, fully sensible of the unremitting attentions of these good-tempered people. Toolemak and Ooyarra came on board in my boat, in order to pass the night and receive presents, and we left the beach with three hearty cheers.

THE FIRST AND SECOND JOURNEYS OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN

JOHN FRANKLIN passed his childhood at Spilsby in Lincolnshire, where he was born in 1786. He began his naval career at the age of fourteen, and took part as a midshipman in the battle of Copenhagen in 1801. His next two years were spent round the coast of Australia, whence he returned to be present at the battle of Trafalgar. He was engaged in the American war of 1812, and was wounded at New Orleans.

This war had interrupted some preparations for an expedition to the Arctic regions, which were resumed on the conclusion of peace; and Franklin sailed in search of the North Pole in 1818, under Captain Buehan, in what proved an unsuccessful voyage. Next year he was sent to America to co-operate with Parry in exploring the northern shores of that continent.

Undeterred by previous dangers and failures, Franklin, now a captain, took command of an expedition which sailed from Liverpool to the Mackenzie River in 1825, in search of the Northwest Passage. Having spent the winter encamped by the Great Bear Lake, he and his companion explored the country east and west of their settlement. They made many valuable discoveries, but the extreme severity of the weather rendered the attainment of their object impossible. Franklin was knighted on his return to England. Twenty years later another expedition to the North Pole was proposed, and Franklin eagerly offered his

services as leader, although nearly sixty years old. He set sail in 1845 in command of two vessels which under Captain Ross had been previously engaged in South Polar research. On the 25th of July these ships were seen to enter Melville Bay, but from that time no direct tidings was ever received from them.

WHILE efforts were being made to penetrate by sea along the northern boundary of America, other plans were laid by which its discovery might be effected with still greater certainty, and navigation might thus be ultimately promoted. The expeditions of Hearne and Mackenzie had proved what that of Captain Parry had fully confirmed, that there was a northern coast, probably of great extent, and very probably forming a continuous boundary to the continent; and they had proved also the possibility of reaching this coast by a long land-route over the vast frozen plains that stretch northward from Canada and Hudson's Bay. If an expedition were duly fitted out and provided, it must then reach this arctic shore, and might explore its whole extent. The command of this expedition was assigned to Lieutenant Franklin, accompanied by Dr. Richardson, who was to employ his scientific knowledge particularly in exploring the mineral structure of the newly discovered regions.

The expedition sailed from England on the 23rd of May, 1820, and arrived at York Fort in Hudson's Bay on the 30th of August, but could not set out for their journey till the 9th of September. They

judiciously chose, not the most direct line, but that which was best known from being the beaten track of the fur-traders. They had first to ascend Hill River, so named from numerous eminences on its banks; one of which, rising to 600 feet, presented a view of thirty-six lakes. They had a laborious course, being often obliged to drag the boats by ropes, and to carry the goods across the severe portages. After reaching the head of Hill River, they embarked on the Echimamys, which conveyed them down to Lake Winnipeg, where, after a short halt at Norway House, they ascended the Saskatchewan to Cumberland House on Pine Island Lake. Cumberland House was merely a cluster of log huts surrounded by stockades, with windows of parchment instead of glass. There were about sixty men belonging to the Hudson's Bay and North-West Companies, who depended chiefly for food on the hunting of the Cree Indians—a precarious supply which Williams the Governor was endeavouring to improve by planting grain and pot-herbs and rearing domestic animals.

The frost had now set in so intensely that all idea of reaching the Polar sea this season was out of the question. Franklin, however, with the view of being nearer the coast, and collecting information respecting it, pushed on to Carlton House, on the Athapeseow, or, as he calls it, Athabasca Lake. He left behind, however, the stores and materials of the boats under the charge of Dr. Richardson and Lieutenant Hood, and set out himself with all equipments of an Arctic

journey—the snow-shoe, so skilfully contrived, that European art has been unable to improve it, the dog-sledge made of thin wooden boards, the capot, or great-coat, with hood going under the fur-cap, the leathern trousers, and a blanket over all. Three dogs drew a weight of three hundred pounds, but did not travel more than fifteen miles a day.

Early in the spring of 1821 Captain Franklin moved from Cumberland House, and on the 26th of March reached Fort Chepewyan, at the opposite extremity of the Athabasca Lake. This was a considerable establishment on a rocky point in the lake, with a watch-tower. Those stationed there during the summer depended for food entirely upon the fishing; but in June the snow melts, the country appears well-wooded, and is covered in a few days with a brilliant vegetation. It drew furs from above two hundred and forty Chepewyan Indians, a race with broad faces, projecting cheek-bones, and wide nostrils; determined incorrigible beggars, yet tolerably honest, and so imbued with national pride that, while they give to other nations their proper appellations, they call themselves by way of eminence “the people.”

At Fort Chepewyan, the whole expedition were collected, and set forth on their purpose of discovery. After travelling the shores of Great Slave Lake, they reached, on the 1st of September, a spot on Point Lake, which they called Fort Enterprise. Here the surrounding country had quite a Lapland aspect, and was entirely covered

with herds of reindeer. On the 14th of June the party left Fort Enterprise, and passed over a number of frozen lakes, where, however, the ice, being broken in many places, rendered their path dangerous. On the 1st of July they embarked on the Coppermine River, and had then a course clear before them. But the channel was not wholly clear of ice, and they were involved for three miles in a succession of rapids, where the boats were obliged to shoot between large stones, a collision with one of which would have destroyed them. At length the approach to the sea was indicated by the appearance of small parties of Esquimaux; whereupon the Coppermine Indians, who had been engaged as guides, determined not to expose themselves to contact with that people, of whose ferocity they gave the most dreadful reports, and between whom and their nation there reigned a rooted enmity. No entreaty or remonstrance could dissuade them from their resolution; and the English were thus deprived of their services as hunters, on which they had mainly relied for a regular supply of provisions.

On the 21st of July, after a journey of 334 miles from Fort Enterprise, Franklin and his companions had the satisfaction of embarking on the Arctic Ocean, and commencing their career of discovery. For four days the coast stretched almost due east; and notwithstanding impediments of winds, ice, and tides, they made a course of four degrees of longitude. The shore, at first well covered with vegetation, presented afterwards the most

sterile and inhospitable aspect, and consisted only of a series of trap-rocks which covered with their débris all the intervening valleys. There was an open channel immediately along the coast, but without were crowded ranges of rocky and barren islands, on whose shore rose high cliffs of a columnar structure. A considerable quantity of drift-wood, of which no trace had appeared in the Coppermine River, but which was known to be brought down by the Mackenzie, formed an important indication of a current and open sea to the westward.

On the 25th the boats were involved in a thick fog, and the sea was encumbered with large masses of drift-ice, through which it was extremely difficult, amid the darkness, for the explorers to shape their way. The coast, composed of craggy granite cliffs, allowed no landing, and rendered their situation singularly dreary, desolate, and perilous. The fog clearing partially on the 25th showed a bold cape which they had just doubled, and to which they gave the name of Cape Barrow. They then penetrated through a narrow and ice-entangled channel, between what they supposed to be an island and the main; but after they had passed it, both sides proved to have been continent, and they were in a close bay or harbour. The same wind too which had blown them in, made it impossible to get out, and here they were kept enclosed for some days, while there was a fair wind in the open sea.

The party remained in this tantalizing position till the 29th of July, when by favour of a land-

breeze they got themselves out. They then rounded what they called Cape Kater, and entered a deep gulf, to which they gave the name of Arctic Sound. They found themselves now at the mouth of a river; and as their provisions were becoming spoiled, and moreover scanty, a party was dispatched upwards to open, if possible, a communication with some Esquimaux hunters. No Esquimaux were found; but they caught two deer and a brown bear; the paws of which were boiled by the officers, and found excellent food.

The expedition now proceeded along the eastern shore of the Arctic Sound, to which they gave the name of Bank's Peninsula; and after sounding Point Wollaston, they found themselves in another large opening. Unable to determine whether it was a bay or a channel between islands, they were obliged to spend several days before they ascertained it to be a very large inlet, stretching north and south. This they called Bathurst's Inlet.

On the 10th of August the boats had again reached the open sea, and were holding apparently a prosperous course between the continent and a large island, when to their utter dismay, this island proved to be part of the mainland, and they were again in the centre of a large bay called Melville Bay.

The canoes now again found their way into the open sea, and the commander had his attention strongly called to the state of the expedition. They were reduced to three days' provisions, were

without fuel, and the season threatened more and more to become unfavourable. So much time had been lost in exploring these deep sounds and inlets, that all hope of reaching Hudson's Bay and accomplishing the full objects of the expedition was abandoned. In these circumstances, Franklin felt himself not justified in exposing himself and his companions to almost certain destruction by an attempt to push his discoveries farther. He sailed three days along a coast which extended directly north, till he came to a cape where there was appearance of the coast again assuming an easterly direction. This cape he called Turnagain as being the point where he was compelled to perform this operation; and though it was only six degrees and a half east of Coppermine River, they had sailed 555 geographical miles in order to reach it.

The question now arose, by what route or resources they were to effect their return, destitute as they were of food, or any provision for traversing so vast an extent of the frozen regions. The route by which they came had the great advantage of being a known route; yet it was very circuitous, and the supplies of food, now so urgently wanted, were extremely uncertain. It was, after full consideration, resolved that they should endeavour to penetrate direct to Fort Enterprise from Arctic Sound by the way of Hood's River, which falls into that sound.

In their return from Point Turnagain, the expedition sent parties to hunt on shore; but as they were not successful they were put upon a

single and scanty meal of pemmican per day. On the 23rd they arrived at the broad channel of Melville Sound; but it was agitated by a strong wind and heavy sea, which rendered their frail canoes very unfit to cross it. However, the pangs of hunger overcame the sense of danger, and they pushed across; with the utmost difficulty the canoes were kept from turning their broadsides to the waves, and one of them in the middle of the channel was nearly upset. On the opposite side they found a rocky shore, on which a heavy surf was beating, and towards which the wind was driving them. They sought in vain for a sheltered nook, and at length finding a spot of sandy beach, they ran the ships ashore upon it, fortunately with little damage.

Having now entered on Hood's River, which it was fondly hoped would bring them towards Fort Enterprise, they got on tolerably well, finding some fish in the waters, and the hunters ever and anon bringing in a deer or musk-eow, which kept them above absolute want, though always on the brink of it. On the 26th they came to some magnificent falls, the entire height of which was 250 feet, and to which they gave the name of Wilberforce. This grand natural feature marked the commencement of their misfortunes. The river above was found at once so rapid and so shallow, that the canoes could not navigate it; it was therefore necessary to frame out of their materials two smaller ones, and place them on the backs of the travellers, to be employed in passing any river or lake which might cross their

path. They were now obliged to proceed on foot. On the 4th of September there came on so severe a storm of snow that it was impossible for them either to proceed or seek for food. Being destitute of fuel, they were obliged to remain two days in bed, unable to protect themselves by blankets from the severity of the frost. Even when enabled to move on the 7th the deep snow allowed them to walk only in single file, the Canadian voyageurs being placed in front to make a path for the rest. Few animals were to be seen; and the travellers, now exhausted from want of food, were no longer equal to the task of pursuing and bringing them down. These severe distresses led to others unexpected and still more dreadful.

The voyageurs, and Indians hired as servants, felt themselves, in this extremity of evil, restored to their state of natural equality. They assumed even airs of superiority, inasmuch as their greater skill in hunting rendered the English in a great degree dependent upon them. They were very ill qualified, however, to provide even for their own safety. They grumbled at the burden of carrying two canoes, and performed the task so carelessly, that one was destroyed and the other rendered nearly unserviceable. They had the extreme folly to throw away their fishing lines, which might have proved of the very greatest service. These errors came home to them when they arrived on the borders of an extensive sheet of water, of which the eye could not discover the boundary. After proceeding for some space westward, they found a river issuing from it, on the

smoothest part of which, immediately above a rapid, they launched the shattered remnant of their canoe. The breeze being fresh, it became difficult to manage this frail vessel. "The current," says Franklin, "drove us to the edge of the rapid, when Belanger unfortunately applied his paddle to avert the apparent danger of being forced down, and lost his balance. The canoe was upset in consequence in the middle of the rapid. We fortunately kept hold of it until we touched a rock where the water did not reach higher than our waists. Here we kept our footing, notwithstanding the strength of the current, until the water was emptied out of the canoe. Belanger then held the canoe steady, while St. Germain placed me in it, and afterwards embarked himself in a very dexterous manner." Belanger himself, however, could not be embarked, and, after long struggling in the water, was drawn to the shore by means of a cord, and arrived insensible from the effects of the cold.

Their situation now became daily more distressing. The gun no longer supplied them with food, and life was preserved only by a nauseous vegetable called *tripe de roche*. This meagre food not only caused an always increasing decay of strength, but rendered them unable to withstand the cold, which no blankets could prevent from piercing through and through their bodies. They were successively obliged to leave behind them their instruments, specimens, and all they had collected in the course of the voyage. The men again let fall the canoe, which was severely broken, and

were in vain entreated by the officers to carry it forward, even in its shattered state, when it might still have been made to serve them at an extremity. This crisis soon arrived, when they came to the broad channel of the Coppermine River, and searched in vain for a ford at which it could be passed. Yet either they must cross, or an immense and calamitous detour must be made round Point Lake. It was proposed to frame a raft of willows; but this was rejected by the men as impracticable, and they began defiling along the lake, in hope of finding pine branches fitted for the purpose. Happening to alight on the remains of a putrid deer, which afforded an unexpected breakfast, their spirits improved, and they resolved to make trial of the willows. By binding faggots together, they fashioned a raft, which could support one man at a time; but they had no means of conveying it across without oars, or a pole which could reach the bottom. The only hope lay in getting a line to the opposite shore, by which the raft could be dragged across. Dr. Richardson generously undertook to convey one by swimming, and launched into the stream with a line tied round him. Soon his arms became benumbed; but turning on his back he continued to move on, till his legs also became powerless, and he sank. By hauling the line, he was brought first to the surface, and then back to the shore, but almost lifeless. However, being wrapped in blankets and placed near a good willow fire, he revived after a few hours.

After this failure the troop became so despondent that they could scarcely be induced to collect the

scanty food which the rocks afforded. At length St. Germain, one of the voyageurs, suggested that something of the nature of a canoe might be made out of the canvas in which they wrapped their bedding. The proposal was approved, and her seams were covered up with pitch obtained from small pines on the shore. On the 4th of October the canoe was launched; St. Germain entered it, and with the eager gaze of the whole party fixed upon him, and with ardent prayers for his success, he succeeded in reaching the opposite shore. The canoe was then drawn back, and one after another passed over till the whole were mustered on the farther bank.

After having achieved this passage, the party set out at first with considerable spirit; but the privations under which they suffered pressed continually harder and harder upon them. The depth of the snow and their own exhaustion prevented them from obtaining any food except the *tripe de roche*, which scarcely sufficed to maintain life; and the only addition obtainable was by boiling or singeing their old shoes. On this wretched fare their strength sank to the lowest pitch. Several, and particularly Lieutenant Hood, became unable to move, except at a rate disastrously slow. Lieutenant Beck had already been sent forward with several voyageurs to Fort Enterprise, that he might find or seek the Indians, and urge them to hasten to meet the party with a supply of fresh provisions; and Dr. Richardson with a man named Hepburn, undertook to remain with Hood till relief could be forwarded.

Captain Franklin set out; but several of the

party, in dragging themselves through marshes and deep snow, soon foundered, and it was necessary to send them back. After several days of sore toil and hunger, the marching party at last came in view of Fort Enterprise. In approaching the fort they were variously agitated between hope and fear. No symptoms of life appeared, and on entering, they found it utterly desolate. There was neither provision, nor any trace of Indians; nor was there any letter to report where they were to be found. The doors of the principal apartment had been thrown open, and carelessly left so; and the wild animals of the woods had resorted to it as a place of shelter. Their own condition was thus rendered dreadful, and they were still more distressed in thinking of their companions, whom they had left in the depths of the frozen wilds, and whose relief was thus indefinitely postponed. It was necessary, however, to make the best of their condition. They collected in the house and in its vicinity, pieces of the skins and bones of deer, the refuse of former meals. The skins were singed, and being pounded, made, with the *tripe de roche*, a sort of weak soup. Captain Franklin then, with two of the most vigorous of his companions, set out in search of the Indians; but soon found himself so exhausted, that he was obliged to return. They continued to grow weaker and weaker on their miserable diet of skin and bone, being tantalized with the view of herds of deer, which they attempted to shoot, but none of them were able to hold the gun steady. On the 29th, after

they had been here about three weeks, a voyageur called out " Ah ! le monde ! " and Dr. Richardson and Mr. Hepburn entered the room. Each party presented to the other a deplorable spectacle, and the small number of the new-comers inspired alarms, which were but too well justified, when Dr. Richardson had leisure to relate his story.

Of the companions whom Captain Franklin had sent back only one, Michel, an Iroquois, rejoined Richardson's party; and the account he gave of the other two was so indistinct and unsatisfactory as to give rise afterwards to the darkest suspicions; but these did not at first occur; and Michel, bringing with him a hare and a partridge, was received almost as a deliverer. He assisted in removing the party to a spot which Captain Franklin had desired them to point out as more desirable. Next day he brought them a piece of flesh which he represented as part of the dead body of a wolf; but they had afterwards too much ground for the frightful suspicion that it was a part of one of his slaughtered companions. From this time the conduct of Michel became more and more strange. He refused, under various and frivolous pretences, to go out to hunt, notwithstanding the urgent necessity. On one occasion he used the strange expression: " It is no use hunting—there are no animals—you had better kill and eat me." Mr. Hood seems to have held long and somewhat warm arguments with him. One morning, as Dr. Richardson had gone out to gather *tripe de roche*, and Hepburn to cut wood, the report of a gun was heard. The

doctor did not at first pay much attention to it, until he was summoned by Hepburn with a voice of alarm. He ran to the tent, and saw Mr. Hood lying lifeless by the fire, a ball having pierced his forehead. He was at first struck with horror at the idea that his friend had been hurried into the crime of suicide; but another suspicion instantly arose when he observed that the ball had entered at the back of the head, and come out at the forehead, and that only a second person could have placed the muzzle of the gun in such a position as to inflict the wound. The dark suspicion which thus arose against Michel was confirmed by many peculiarities in his conduct. He watched carefully to prevent the two others from being alone, or having any communication together; and though they durst not show any signs of their secret suspicions, he was continually asking them if they thought him capable of such an action as that of murdering Mr. Hood.

As Mr. Hood's situation had been the only cause of remaining there, Dr. Richardson determined no longer to delay his departure for Fort Enterprise. They singed the hair off Mr. Hood's buffalo robe, and obtained some meals out of it. On the road there arose fresh ground to conclude, not only that Michel had been guilty of Mr. Hood's death, but that he was meditating the same design against the two survivors. He was constantly muttering to himself and throwing out threats against Hepburn, whom he accused of having told stories against him. He expressed an unwillingness to go to the fort, and threw out

obscure hints of freeing himself from all restraint on the morrow. At the same time he assumed unwonted airs of superiority over his companions, showing that he considered both to be completely in his power, and venting expressions of hatred against the whites, whom he even accused of having killed and eaten an uncle and two of his other relations. In fact, his strength was much superior to theirs united, and he was completely armed. In the afternoon he halted on pretence of gathering some *tripe de roche*, when Richardson and Hepburn had an opportunity of consulting together, and communicating various particulars not before known to both; whence they came to the conclusion that Michel was only using them at present to show him the way, of which he was ignorant, and that he would certainly kill them before their arrival. There was therefore no safety but in anticipating his purpose. Hepburn offered to do the deed; but Dr. Richardson determined to take the whole responsibility upon himself, and as soon as Michel arrived, went up and shot him through the head. The necessity was terrible, but the facts detailed respecting the conduct of this ruffian seem clearly to have left no alternative.

Dr. Richardson and Hepburn found now no obstacles in slowly dragging their exhausted frames to Fort Enterprise. It was discouraging, as they approached, not even to see the mark of footsteps on the snow; but on attaining an eminence they saw smoke issuing from one of the chimneys. They entered with hope, which was instantly

chilled by the wretched and desolate aspect of the place, and the ghastly visages and sepulchral voices of Captain Franklin and his companions. They joined themselves now as fellow-sufferers, and being in a state of somewhat greater vigour, could afford some aid to the rest. But the condition of the whole party became worse every day. Their stock of bones was exhausted, and the separation of the skin from the hair was so troublesome, that they had less leather than they could have contrived to eat. The gloom was increased by the death of two of the voyageurs and the alarming weakness of a third.

They were approaching to the greatest extremity, and the last voyageur was just dying, when Dr. Richardson and Hepburn, walking out to cut wood, heard the report of a musket. They were instantly all attention, the first noise was soon followed by a shout, and quickly there appeared three Indians. They were known by the names of Boudel-Kell, Crooked Foot, and the Rat. As soon as Mr. Beck brought intelligence of the state of the party, they had hastened from the camp of Akaitcho, their chief, with a supply of food. Dr. Richardson immediately went in to Captain Franklin, who had been alarmed by the noise, told him that deliverance had come, and they joined in thanksgivings. By a natural imprudence they ate a great deal more than was safe after so long a fast, which they excuse on account of the weak state of their minds; and even Dr. Richardson, while exhorting the rest to moderation, overate himself. They suffered severely in



INDIANS BRINGING HELP TO FRANKLIN AND HIS PARTY

consequenee, and the supply being small, was soon exhausted, when the Indians suddenly disappeared and left them under the dread of being again involved in their former famine. These kind creatures, however, appeared next day with a larger supply; and the party now lost no time in leaving Fort Enterprise. In ten days they arrived at the tent of Akaiteho, who received them with the most friendly hospitality. Thence they proceeded to Moose-Deer Island, where they met Mr. Beek, who had as sad a tale to tell as any of his comrades. After the dreadful disappointment of his party in finding Fort Enterprise deserted, they were reduced to the greatest extremities by want of food, and one of them perished. The rest were only preserved by finding some deer's heads half-buried in the snow, where they had been left by the wolves. They were again sinking into extremity, when the foremost cried out, "Footsteps of Indians!" This joyful cry brightened every countenance, and St. Germain following the tracks, soon arrived at the tents of Akaiteho.

At Moose-Deer Island this suffering remnant met with every kindness, and recovered their health in the course of the winter. Next summer they had no difficulty in effecting the journey home, after having travelled by land and water 5550 miles.

On the return of Captain Franklin and Dr. Richardson from an expedition where they had purchased so very dearly the glories of discovery, it was not asked, or even expected by the Govern-

ment, that they should brave again the perils of these distant and terrible shores. Yet so high was the ardour with which they were inspired, that scarcely had they rested from their fearful journey, when they presented a new scheme for completing the outline which they had only begun to sketch, and for tracing from the Coppermine River eastward the great northern boundary of America. The Government cordially embraced the proposal, and furnished liberally any means of prosecuting the undertaking with success, and escaping the evils which had before pressed on them so terribly. Three boats were constructed of mahogany with ash timbers, so light that they could be carried on men's shoulders across the portages, yet so firm that they could face the waves of the northern ocean. Provision was laid in, consisting chiefly of pemmican, calculated to last for two years; and the boats being sent forward by way of Hudson's Bay, where they could be conveyed up the rivers, the officers took the more open and agreeable route of New York.

On the 15th of February 1825 Captain Franklin and Dr. Richardson sailed from Liverpool in the Columbia American packet, and on the 15th of March arrived at New York, where they were hailed with the same enthusiasm as if it had been a British capital. All the inhabitants vied with each other in kindness, and in furnishing every thing which could aid their undertaking. They proceeded across the territory of New York to the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario; thence across the portages to Rainy Lake, the Lakes of the Woods

and Winnipeg, and thence northwards till, on the Methye River, a tributary of Lake à la Crosse, they met their boats. It was now, however, the end of June, and in consequence of the heavy portages, it was the middle of August before they could embark on the Mackenzie River. At this period of the season it was out of the question to undertake a voyage on the Icy Sea; but Captain Franklin had time, and felt an ardent desire, to sail down, and take a view of the ocean on which his next adventurous summer was to be spent. On the 16th of August in latitude $69^{\circ} 14'$, favourable omens were conceived from the brackish taste of the water, which in the course of three miles became decidedly salt. At length the party landed on an island, from the highest point of which they enjoyed the most gratifying prospect. The Rocky Mountains were seen to the west; while to the north the sea appeared in all its majesty, unobstructed by ice, and without any visible impediment to its navigation. Whales, black and white, and numerous seals, were sporting on its waves, and the prospect was not only grand in itself, but inspired the most sanguine hopes of a prosperous future navigation.

The expedition now returned to their winter quarters on Great Bear Lake, where a comfortable habitation, called Fort Franklin, had been reared for them. They contrived to supply themselves during the winter with dried meat and fish, so as scarcely to break at all on the original stock which they had brought from home.

By the 1st of March the softened snow began

to form icicles. In the beginning of April they were cheered by some omens of approaching spring. The thermometer rose above zero, water began to drip from the roofs, and a load of birch was obtained for making charcoal. Early in May, swans, and then geese and ducks, made their welcome appearance. By the end of the month the flowers began to bloom. It was the 7th of June, however, before the ice on the small lake, after a duration of eight months, had completely disappeared. In the Great Lake there was only a narrow channel, and that of the Bear Lake River was so filled with masses of ice which were drifting down, that it could not be safely navigated. On the 24th of June the navigation commenced, and on the 3rd of July, having come to a point where two branches separated, one eastward, the other westward toward the Rocky Mountains, Captain Franklin determined to divide his men into two parties, one of which, under Dr. Richardson, was to take the eastern fork, while he himself pushed on toward the west.

Captain Franklin in descending the river found his course leading directly towards the Rocky Mountains. About $69^{\circ} 36'$, the spruce-fir, the last of the arctic forest, disappeared, and the dwarf willow alone remained. At the same time a grand view was obtained of the Rocky Mountains, comprising the entire outline of their peaks, formed into two successive ranges with a lower line of round hills in the foreground. Two days after they came in view of the mouth of the river, and of an island forming the east side of the bay into which

it opened; on this was a numerous assemblage of Esquimaux tents, with many of that people roaming about among them. Captain Franklin made preparations for opening communication with these people, which, as in all such instances, was a work of great delicacy; and he gave strict injunctions to his men, on no account, without his most express sanction, to have recourse to violence. On approaching the island, where the water was found very shallow, a signal of invitation was given to the natives. Three canoes first appeared, and were followed by others in such quick succession, that in a few moments, the whole sea was covered with kayaks and oomiaks. They showed great caution in their approach; but on seeing the commodities brought by the explorers, and receiving invitations to open a trade, they soon began briskly bartering, with much clamour and bustle, eagerly offering bows, arrows and spears, which had been hitherto kept concealed. All went on, however, with much harmony, and they even assisted to float one of the boats which had got aground. At this time one of the natives, having fallen into the sea, was caught into one of the boats, where he discovered a mass of treasure in knives, kettles, and toys, of which neither he nor his countrymen had before any idea. Having in vain asked for everything he saw, he went over to his countrymen, and communicated to them the discovery. The chiefs, as was afterwards understood, retired, and, counting their numbers, determined to possess themselves by force of the contents of the two

boats, without scrupling to sacrifice the crews of both to their greed. This resolution formed, they advanced, two hundred and fifty, in two parties, and seizing the boats, which they could do without going deeper than their knees, began dragging them on shore. At the same time, there appeared two oomiaks full of women, who, with loud howling, cheered them on to the attack. No strong steps being yet thought advisable, they succeeded in both their objects; first the *Reliance*, and then the *Lion* were brought to the shore.

The Esquimaux then began a systematic pillage of everything in the boats, bearing with the most stoical firmness the heavy blows with the butt ends of the muskets, which were liberally dealt to them. Enraged at being baffled or imperfectly successful in repeated efforts, they at length began a most desperate struggle to overpower the crews and possess themselves of both boats. Three of them had at one time pinioned Captain Franklin, who was released only by the interference of a friendly chief; but they renewed the assault, and had brought matters to a somewhat alarming crisis, when suddenly they all fled, and hid themselves behind the drift-timber on the beach. This mystery was explained by Lieutenant Beck, who had given very seasonable orders for the whole of his men to level their muskets at these rude assailants, whose courage at this spectacle entirely forsook them. They soon repented, however, of their panic, and rushed forward anew; but the boats were now afloat, and Captain Franklin giving notice through the

interpreter that he would shoot the first that approached, their courage again cooled.

Captain Franklin no longer delayed his voyage along the northern coast, and though the ocean presented only an unbroken field of ice, the land was bordered by a narrow lane of water, through which he could clear his way. At the end of twelve miles, however, he was stopped, and obliged to retreat for several miles, in order to find a landing-place. Here they stumbled upon another party of Esquimaux, with respect to whom a rigorous system of precaution was from the first adopted. A line was drawn around the boats and tents, within which they were by no means to enter, under penalty of being shot. The Esquimaux did not resent these marks of jealousy, but leaped for joy at the prospect of the benefits they might derive from trade with the Europeans. This tribe seemed to have no idea of cloth, but, taking hold of the English coats, asked of what strange and unknown animal these were the skins. They showed the usual avidity for metallic articles, which they applied often to every different purposes from those intended. An awl was suspended from the nose; ear-rings and needles were stuck as ornaments in different parts of the dress.

A strong gale springing up from the west, the ice partially gave way, and a lane opened, through which, though it was narrow and encumbered with pieces of floating ice, the expedition pushed their way, till stopped by an icy barrier and heavy fog. Thus they continued slowly to work a

passage along the coast, always rendered difficult and dangerous by fogs and floating masses, and ever and anon interrupted by impassable barriers. The Rocky Mountains continued to accompany them, and to run parallel to the coast.

Although the progress of the boats was now more satisfactory, yet some discouraging circumstances began to arise. The sun, which had for some time been perpetually above the horizon, set about eleven at night; flowers which they had seen open began to fade. The fogs also, which render the navigation among loose ice excessively delicate and dangerous, became continually thicker. They were found in the highest perfection on what they termed Foggy Island, when the mist was so dense, that they could not walk beyond a limited space, fixed by particular marks. Sometimes, seeing at a hundred yards' distance what appeared to be a deer, and approaching it, the object took wing, and proved to be a crane or a goose.

Captain Franklin had made very little progress beyond Foggy Island, when his attention was forcibly drawn to the condition and prospects of the expedition. Though it was now only the middle of August, symptoms of approaching winter already appeared; the thermometer seldom rose much above the freezing-point, and flocks of geese were seen winging their way southward. The middle of August had been wisely fixed as the utmost term, unless there should appear a certainty of reaching Kotzebue's Inlet. It was contrary, therefore, both to the commander's

judgment and instructions to push on, and the determination was formed to return.

Meantime something was doing in another quarter. That no means might be wanting to give the expedition every chance of success, Government had sent another under Captain Beechey, in the *Blossom*, round by the Pacific and Behring's Straits, to await in Kotzebue's Inlet the arrival of Captain Franklin. Captain Beechey actively fulfilling his mission, not only reached this station early in the season, but pushed on to Icy Cape, beyond which he found it impossible for the *Blossom* to proceed. Mr. Elson, the master, was sent forward in a boat, and reached 120 miles farther, but a long cape, or "spit" as it is called here, stretched to N. lat. $71^{\circ} 23' 39''$ —the most northerly point of the American continent yet known. On this point the ice grounded so heavily, spreading to the horizon in every direction, that no opening could be found. The boat even was driven ashore by the currents, the attempts to drag it over land failed, and it was sunk in one of the lakes, to be picked up, if possible, at a future season.

From these facts it appears, that the two parties, in their closest approach, were only about five degrees, or 160 miles distant from each other. Captain Franklin declares that had he entertained the least idea of such a proximity, nothing would have induced him to return. In fact, however, such a knowledge, unless it had been mutual, would only have lured him to destruction. There was little likelihood, indeed, that setting

out on the 18th of August, he would have reached the point from which on that day the *Blossom's* boat began to return. The chance is that he would have been arrested by the same "spit" which the boat could not pass, at a very perilous distance both from Kotzebue's Inlet, and from his quarters on Bear Lake.

Captain Franklin's return was effected without any serious difficulty, and he reached Fort Franklin in safety on the 21st of September, where he found Dr. Richardson had already arrived.

A VOYAGE TO THE ARCTIC REGIONS

JOHN ROSS, the hero of the following narrative, was the son of the Rev. Andrew Ross, minister of Inch in Wigtonshire. He was born in 1777, and like Parry began life as a first-class volunteer on board a man-of-war. In 1817 he was appointed by the Admiralty to command an Arctic expedition for the discovery of the North-west Passage with Parry as his lieutenant. Having proceeded a considerable distance up Lancaster Sound, Ross conceived the erroneous idea that a chain of mountains which he saw afar off formed the termination of the Sound. He therefore returned to England without having accomplished the main object of his expedition.

Sir Felix Booth, a wealthy distiller, fitted out a steamer for Ross's next expedition, which sailed

in 1829. It was frozen up in Felix Harbour on the west side of the Gulf of Boothia in 1830 and again in 1831. After a third imprisonment in the ice in 1832, Ross deserted his ship, and proceeded to a place where he knew a vessel had been abandoned in 1825, and which he found to contain a store of provisions. In the repaired boats of this derelict he made for Leopold's Island, on which he was compelled to pass his fourth Polar winter. He and his crew escaped on the breaking up of the ice and landed safely at Hull.

Ross's last voyage was undertaken to ascertain the fate of Sir John Franklin, during which he spent his last winter in the Arctic regions, and returned without having gained any information. He was raised to the rank of admiral in 1851, and died in London in 1856.

The following extracts relate incidents of the second voyage.

April 5.—The morning was far from proving favourable for our journey, as it snowed hard, and there was a fresh northerly wind; my guides indeed, disliked the look of the weather so much that they were very desirous of deferring the expedition to another day. I still hoped, however, that it would improve; and as I was anxious to reach the spot which we had been looking to with so much desire and interest, we at length prevailed on them, and set off at six in the morning.

Our party consisted of Awack and Ooblooria,¹

¹ Two Esquimaux.

as guides, together with Mr. Blanky, the chief mate, and myself. Our own baggage was lashed on two sledges drawn by dogs; and being much heavier than that of our companions, we were much troubled to keep up with them, especially as they occasionally rode in their sledges, while we were obliged to run by the side of ours, and very often to drag them through the deep snow drifts which were perpetually occurring.

Our direction was to the south-westward, and close along the shore, until noon, when the wind increased to a fresh gale, and the driving snow became so thick that Awack, who was leading the party, lost his way, and getting among some hummocky ice, had his sledge broken in two pieces. This accident had nearly put an end to our journey before it was well commenced, as we had no means of repairing the damage. On that account and because of the gale, which it was now impossible to face should we have desired to return, the guides began to build a snow hut; a project which we did not at all approve of, could any means of proceeding be discovered. Mr. Blanky, therefore, suggested the possibility of mending their sledge by means of their spears; but as I knew that they would not consent to this surrender of their weapons, I broke them both, without asking any questions, into lengths fit for the purpose. As might have been expected, this was followed by a sudden burst of united surprise and anger; but on assuring them that I would give them two much better spears as soon as we should return to the ship, they became

pacified, and set about the work with the utmost good-nature.

Having succeeded in this, we set off once more, in spite of the snow and the gale, but found ourselves even more hampered than we had expected; since in addition to these extreme annoyances, we had the ill fortune to fall in with a considerable tract of rough and hummocky ice. This occupied us during two hours of severe labour, when we once more contrived to reach the mainland. The guides, however, were now completely at fault, as they could not see twenty yards before them, from the thick drifting of the snowstorm; so that we were obliged to give up all further attempts for the present, and to consent to their building a snow hut.

This was completed in half-an-hour; and certainly never did we feel better pleased with this kind of architecture, which, in so very short a time, produced for us a dwelling, affording a shelter at least as perfect as we could have obtained within the best house of stone. It was indeed barely large enough to hold our party of four, but in the wretched plight that we now were, even a worse accommodation than this would have been most acceptable. Our clothes were so penetrated by the fine snow dust, and frozen so hard, that we could not take them off for a long time, and not till the warmth of our bodies began to soften them. We also suffered exceedingly from thirst; so that while the Esquimaux were busy with the arrangements of their building, we were employed in melting snow by the aid of

a spirit lamp. The quantity which we thus produced in a short time was sufficient for the whole party; while the delight of our guides was only equalled by their surprise; since with them, the same operation is the work of three or four hours, performed as it is in stone vessels, over their open oil lamps.

There was, however, an attendant evil, owing chiefly to the exceeding smallness of our hut. Its walls naturally melted also; and so fast that our dresses soon became wetted to such a degree that we were compelled to take them off and get into the fur bags. Here at length we could keep out this enemy, and in these we slept.

I have already said that we travelled along the mainland during the whole of this day; but as the density of the snow drift prevented us from seeing objects, at any time, more than a quarter of a mile off, I was unable to form even a tolerably correct idea of the direction in which we had travelled. I believe, nevertheless, that the distance did not exceed twenty miles. This had occupied us during eight or nine hours, notwithstanding the rapidity with which we had performed the first part of our journey; and so many hours' exposure to labour and cold, together with the severe exertions that we had undergone among the rough ice, had very completely tired us all.

April 6.—We had in return the advantage of sleeping most soundly, and might not have awoke very soon, had it not been for a mutiny and rebellion which broke out among the dogs. They had rid themselves of their traces and got loose;

while, being never overfed and at that time doubtless tolerably hungry, they had attacked the sledge of Awack for the purpose of devouring the frozen fish of which it was constructed, unless, indeed, they preferred the hides of the musk-ox by which these were bound together. The owner soon ran to the rescue; and as the damage was only commenced, the repairs were neither very difficult nor tedious. We had, indeed, but too much time on our hands for this work; as the inclemency of the weather rendered it impossible to proceed.

This leisure enabled us to have a good deal of conversation with our new friends; who being now at their ease, and free from the apprehensions which they had at first entertained, began to improve very much in our estimation; displaying in particular far more acuteness and intelligence than we could have expected to find under countenances so heavy and physiognomies so dull. What was of most importance, however, to us, was the information which they afforded respecting the nature of the coast and the ocean to the westward; the latter they represented to be of great extent.

We were greatly interested in hearing them relate the circumstances which had brought them to this part of the coast, and to our immediate neighbourhood. Two of their people had been fishing to the northward, at a place called Ow-weet-tee-week, and there saw the ship beset by the ice and carried past to the southward; this being as well as I could conjecture on the second or third

of September. Being much alarmed in consequence, they immediately set off to join the main body of their tribe at Nei-tyel-le, where they remained till the arrival of a woman called Ka-ke-kag-iu. This person had a sister who was one among the party that had been with us at Winter Island, in the former voyage to this part of the world; and from her they received so enticing an account of the reception which the latter had met with from us on that occasion, that they came to the resolution of going to seek us, wherever the *Victory* might chance to have been brought up. This they accordingly did; and our companions now described to us their sensations at the first sight of our footmarks in the snow, their astonishment at the size of the prints, and the consultation which they held, to determine whether they should proceed or not. The eloquence of Ka-kè-kag-iu, however, overcame all their fears; and they now repeated to us the delight which they had felt when, after drawing up in a line to receive us, they had seen us throw away our arms.

During all this time their oratory did not interrupt their eating; for this is an occupation never neglected, as long as there is anything to eat; nor could all our experience among this gluttonous race diminish the perpetually recurring surprise that we felt at the persistence of their appetites, the capacity of their stomachs, and the energy of their digestive powers.

Their provisions were in consequence consumed sooner than they would have desired; for the stock

was small. It was, therefore, fortunate that the weather soon began to clear, and thus gave our guides a speedy prospect of replacing their larder.

On my return from a rising ground to which I had gone for the purpose of obtaining better ideas of our situation and of the coast in general, I found the two guides, Awack and Ooblooria, busily employed in loading their sledge. I was equally surprised and displeased to find that they were preparing to return to the place that we had left, to obtain fresh supplies, especially of provisions, since they had eaten up everything, damaged their sledge, and broken their spears for the purpose of repairing it; and without these latter, they had no means of procuring provisions.

There was nothing left for me, to prevent them from putting this provoking resolution into practice, but to trick them into abandoning the scheme; since it is not very easy to reason with a man's stomach; above all, with that of an Esquimau. A question of geography would not have weighed with them, when put into competition with a dinner of seal and a drink of oil; and how could I expect that our pursuits of this kind, which must really have seemed purposeless to them, and which, perhaps, may not seem of vast importance to any one else, were to influence them, when put into the balance against the slightest wishes or caprices of their own?

To carry my object, I therefore engaged them apart in conversation, while Mr. Blanky selected some of the best pieces of seal's flesh in our possession, part of a considerable provision that we

had made for the dogs, and wrapped them up in a piece of canvas. I then informed them that I should proceed to Nei-tyel-le without them, that they would thus lose the promised reward, and that I had moreover plenty of meat in my possession, as they could now see. On this, they consented to go on, and we were soon on our road again towards our original destination.

After crossing a neck of land, about three miles broad, and occupied by two small lakes, which, as we were informed, were well stocked with fish, we again descended upon the salt-water ice, which the guides described as belonging to the head of a maritime inlet to which they gave the name of Tar-rio-nit-yoke. The meaning of this phrase, however, is "not salt water," so that it is probably a place into which there runs a river, or rivers, so considerable as to justify this name.

We halted on a small islet in the north-west corner of this bay, where we found a canoe covered with stones, having been buried in this manner to preserve the timbers from rotting, while the skin covering had also been taken off, for the same reason. From this place we now continued our course directly inland; ascending the bed of the river, and passing several narrow lakes; travelling through deep snow for the space of four or five miles. Our progress was necessarily slow, until we reached the banks of the farthest lake, to which the guides gave the name of Ty-shag-ge-wuck, and which they described as abounding in three kinds of trout. I here shot two grouse which had allowed me to approach

them sufficiently near to render my aim certain; to the equal surprise and delight of our guides, who had never before witnessed the effect of fire-arms.

The wind now increased, and blew over the snow so keenly, carrying with it a perfect torrent of drift snow, that we were no longer able to face it; so that we were at last, at seven in the evening, obliged to betake ourselves to the shelter of a snow hut, which our guides built at the west end of the lake.

Our friends had noticed and recollected the inconvenience that we had experienced from the smallness of the hut they had constructed on the preceding occasion, and the present one was therefore made considerably larger. The Esquimaux, as every one knows, are very short, though thickly made; and thence, calculating for themselves and forgetting our much greater stature and longer limbs, the one they had made before was so confined, that we could not stretch ourselves out without opening the doorway and putting our feet and legs beyond it; which, in such a temperature as that of this country, was by no means agreeable. We were now very thankful even for the small amount of observation that had discovered this fact, and for the good-nature, or politeness, that had laboured to find the remedy.

April 8.—In the morning it was foggy, with much snow. Our guides therefore proposed to leave the baggage behind, that we might travel the more quickly, and thus be enabled to reach

Nei-tyel-le, and afterwards return to sleep at the hut. I could not have selected a more unfavourable day for a visit to a place of so much interest; but as I well knew the capricious and changeable characters of these people, I was unwilling to make any objections. In any event, I should thus have seen the place and ascertained the way to it; which would enable me to reach and examine it at some future day, under more favourable circumstances.

We accordingly set off at nine in the morning; and after passing two small narrow lakes, we arrived by a short and steep descent at a place named Pad-le-ak; a word which means "journey's end." The total absence of any tide-mark made me at first doubt whether we had really reached the sea; but the man Awack having cast off his dogs, one of them soon found a seal hole, and thus allowed me to taste the salt water.

Keeping on our course to the south-west until eleven o'clock, we passed an island which the guides called O-wuk-she-o-wik, because the particular cod, termed by them O-wuk, is caught near this place during the summer and the autumn; frequenting its shores, as they informed us, in great abundance. From this we turned towards the south, and, after that, to the south-east; when, passing first a small lake where I procured a meridian altitude of the sun, and traversing a low shore of limestone, we arrived at the great lake of Nei-tyel-le at one o'clock.

The east shore of this piece of water presented a ridge of granite hills, and the guides pointed

out on the faces of these several winter huts which they called O-ka-u-eet. The guide Awack had left his canoe here; and he therefore separated from us to go in search of it, while we pursued our course to the southward, soon reaching the banks of the river. We found the canoe belonging to the other guide on a small islet in the river; and, at this point, we estimated the stream to be half-a-mile in breadth; while, as the ice on it was of very considerable thickness, I was inclined to believe that the water was deep. From the information of the guide Ooblooria it runs into the sea in a direction to the south-west of this islet, flowing out of the south-eastern end of the lake which we had passed. The banks were of limestone; and, from some fragments of this rock, with the assistance of Mr. Blanky, I erected a cairn, and we went through the usual ceremony of taking possession. At three o'clock we had finished all that we could now do in this quarter, and prepared for our return.

In no long time we found the canoe, which Awack had left for us to pick up, while he went forward to melt some snow to be ready on our arrival at the hut. At six we reached the sea once more, and the river of Pad-le-ak at seven; at which time the weather had become settled and clear. I therefore ascended an elevated ground with Ooblooria, and thus obtained a very perfect view of this extensive inlet.

I concluded that we were now looking on the great western ocean, of which these people had so frequently spoken to us, that the land on which

we stood was part of the great continent of America, and that if there was any passage to the westward quarter, it must be sought to the northward of our present position. To the cape in question I gave the name of Isabella, being that of my sister, on whose birthday it was discovered.

We reached our hut at nine in the evening, and found that Awack had, as we had expected, arrived before us. He had displayed his newly-acquired learning, or his ingenuity, in a rather unexpected manner, having succeeded in procuring a light by means of the oxymuriatic matches which he had seen us use for that purpose; and he had thus provided us with an ample supply of water; a refreshment of which we were much in need, and the want or scarcity of which is always exceedingly tantalizing in a country of snow and ice; seeing that we are living among water, walking on water, and eternally annoyed by water, in one at least of its forms.

Being now on our way home, we for the first time afforded ourselves a warm mess of grouse soup, while we also boiled some seal's flesh for our companions. Ooblooria was completely tired, from his great exertions during the day. His partner was suffering from snow-blindness; and it therefore fell on him to lead the way, as it was unknown to ourselves. Thus labouring through snow which was often very deep, with the drift in his face, and at a very quick rate, at the head of the sledge, he had gone at least forty miles, so that his fatigue was no cause of surprise. All slept soundly, and, by ten o'clock the following

morning, April 9, we resumed our journey homeward.

At noon I observed for the latitude, near the east end of the great lake of Ty-shag-ge-wuck, and found it to be $69^{\circ} 38' 53''$. Here Awack left us, but rejoined us again, within four hours, at Tar-rio-nit-yoke; bringing with him the paunch of a deer, which the Esquimaux esteem a great delicacy, together with some fish that he had concealed in the summer. We arrived at our hut on the inlet of Too-nood-lead at four in the afternoon, and just in time to escape a most violent gale of wind from the northward, accompanied by a very heavy drift, which continued without intermission during the whole night, and made us doubly thankful for the shelter which our little nest afforded us. It was sufficiently cold too; for the thermometer fell to minus 16° .

Towards nine on the following morning the gale began to abate, and as we were anxious to reach the ship, we set out at noon, when the wind gradually subsided, and the remainder of the journey proved very agreeable, as the weather at length became as fine as possible. The guide Ooblooria was, however, in a very lamentable condition, suffering from snow-blindness, and his knees being ulcerated from the friction of his frozen trousers.

The Esquimaux sledge was occupied by the three canoes which formed the principal object of their journey, so that there was no room in it for this unlucky man, who could scarcely see his way, in consequence of the streaming of tears

from his inflamed eyes. I therefore desired him to seat himself in ours, but had much difficulty in prevailing on him to do so, as his politeness or good-nature did not choose that we should walk for his accommodation. This, however, proved of no inconvenience either to Mr. Blanky or myself, who were fresh, and had not laboured more than was necessary to keep us warm. Knowing now also the ground, we took on ourselves the office of guides, walking at the head of the sledges alternately, to point out the best way through the rough ice and hummocks. It was, finally, the only good day and the only agreeable journey which we had experienced since quitting the ship; while it also permitted me to take all the observations necessary for the future survey of this line of coast; and thus we at length reached the *Victory* at six in the evening.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ROSS

GEORGE BACK, Admiral and Arctic navigator, is famous also as the historian of many Polar expeditions. He was a native of Stockport in Cheshire where he was born in 1796. He entered the navy as a midshipman on board the *Arethusa* in 1808, and was taken prisoner by the French at Deba, while on a cutting-out expedition with the *Arethusa's* boats. He and his fellow-captives were sent to St. Sebastian, and Back was small enough to be carried across the Pyrenees in the

pannier of one of the pack-horses. During his seclusion at Verdun he studied mathematics, French and drawing, to his great subsequent advantage. On his release from confinement he spent the winter 1813-1814 in travelling on foot through a great part of France.

After a short stay in England, Back was sent against the French on the North American station. In 1818 he volunteered for service under Franklin in his voyage to Spitzbergen, and took part in the North American expedition under the same commander next year. After some service in the West Indies, he became Franklin's companion in his journey to the Mackenzie River, during which his influence with the Esquimaux proved of great service.

Accompanied by Dr. Richard King, surgeon and naturalist, and an experienced band of explorers, Back in 1833 went in search of Captain Ross, whose prolonged absence caused much anxiety, but who subsequently reached Hull without assistance. Back was two years absent from civilization, during which time he travelled 7500 miles and discovered the Great Fish River. He made other visits to the north, spending altogether eleven years in the Polar regions. "Arctic work had got into his blood," as Brougham said of Franklin, and he returned to it whenever he had a chance. The following is from his own account of the 1833 expedition.

THERE is something exciting in the first start even upon an ordinary journey. The bustle of preparation, the act of departing, which seems like a decided step taken, the prospect of change,

and consequent stretching out of the imagination, have at all times the effect of stirring the blood, and giving a quicker motion to the spirits. It may be conceived then with what sensations I set forth on my journey into the Arctic wilderness. I had escaped from the wretchedness of a dreary and disastrous winter, from scenes and tales of suffering and death, from wearisome inaction and monotony, from disappointment and heart-sickening care. Before me were novelty and enterprise; hope, curiosity, and the love of adventure were my companions; and even the prospect of difficulties and dangers to be encountered, with the responsibility inseparable from command, instead of damping, rather heightened the enjoyment of the moment. In turning my back on the fort, I felt my breast lightened, and my spirit, as it were, set free again; and with a quick step, Mr. King and I (for my companion seemed to share in the feeling) went on our way rejoicing.

Taking a northerly direction through the woods we soon got into a succession of swamps; then ascended steep rocks and subsequently gained a sight of the Ah-hel-dessy, which seemed in that part to be navigable, though, from the noise, it was certain that a heavy fall was not far distant.

The oppressive sultriness of the weather having affected my servant so much that he was unable to proceed, we halted; and as we had no tent we took up a position for the night on a smooth carpet of reindeer moss under the thick and spreading branches of a tall pine. A smart fall of rain in the night reminded us that we were out of our

rooms; and this, or, it may be, the excitement of getting away, banished sleep from my eyes. Nevertheless I endeavoured to cheat myself, by fancying drowsiness; and had just arrived at the falling-off point—a kind of misty half-consciousness—when a white partridge came burring within five paces of us, and rang such an alarm, that no fewer than three heads were simultaneously popped up, to discover the cause of this unwelcome disturbance.

Our march was resumed at 3 o'clock of the following morning by descending one side and scrambling up the other of a very deep ravine, thickly interlaced with underwood, through which we had much trouble to get our dogs; but a greater misfortune was the weakness of my servant Malley, which by 6 o'clock had increased so much as to oblige him to stop altogether. Believing that his indisposition was attributable to confinement and sedentary occupations at the fort during the winter, and that a few days would restore him, I requested Mr. King and one of the men to stay with him, using their discretion in coming forward; while I with the Indian and the remaining man, pushed on as quickly as possible to Artillery Lake.

Our way lay through swamps, covered with what the Indians call women's heads, which are round hummocks of moss-covered earth, the bases of which are reduced by the action of the surrounding water to about one-third of the diameter of their surface, yet strong enough owing to the fibrous roots which they contain to keep upright;

being, in short, something like a large mushroom. In crossing the sloppy swamp, the traveller is tempted by their dry appearance, to step upon them; but unless he tread exactly on the centre, which is a matter of nice judgment and calculation, they invariably fall over, and down he tumbles, or gets an awkward twist; in either case plunging up to the knees or deeper into the swamp. My Indian was caught twice and called out "Sass" (Bear), the well-known expression of his tribe when not inclined to be overgentle.

Tracks of deer were visible at different points; and leading from these tracks the Indians had placed rows of moss on the ice, to keep the timid animals in a particular direction. In the evening we reached the bay and found that the carpenters had just completed the boats, which, considering the knotty and indifferent material of which they were constructed, did much credit to the builders. They were precisely such as I required; being sharp at both ends, with good beam, and plenty of floor for stowage; my only apprehension was that they were weak. The one selected for the voyage was thirty feet over all, and twenty-four feet keel; extra oars, masts, tiller, etc., were prepared, and the bottom of the boat was paid over with a coating of tar.

My first care was to dispatch three smart men to assist in bringing up Malley; and at 4 p.m. the following day, the whole party arrived with Mr. King, who reported that his patient would be unable to perform any duty for several days; a circumstance untoward enough, when every

man was required to drag forward his allotted proportion of baggage. Mr. McLcod had left only two days before; and on examining what pieces he had taken, I was rather chagrined to find that what remained was more than could be conveniently carried by us at one trip; and as the arrangements had been definitive, there was no alternative, but to make two, which was, in other words, trebling the distance. The evening was passed in getting everything ready for our departure, and to each of the eight men who were to compose the boat's crew were given a new gun, powder-horn, etc.

My old guide, Maufelly, with another Indian, had been selected to show us the nearest cuts, and now promised to hunt a little ahead of us. Accordingly at 3.30 a.m. of the 10th of June the larger boat was dragged about three-quarters of a mile through a half-dry swamp, and over some rocks to Artillery Lake, where she was placed firmly on runners plated with iron, and drawn over the ice by two men and six fine dogs. The smaller boat was launched into a pool, where she would be quite safe until she would be required in the autumn. By 8 a.m. each man had his runner laden with something less than a hundred pounds' weight; when leaving Mr. King to superintend the transport of what yet remained, I took the party forward, intending to send them back as soon as we had attained the appointed distance; which, for the accomplishment of my object, would not be less than from six to eight miles. The scene was new to every one but

myself, and I took care to encourage the mirth which the grotesque and awkward attitudes of slipping people continually excited. The runners appeared to slide easily, and for half-an-hour a brisk pace was kept up. By degrees, however, it slackened, on account of the badness of the ice, which was literally a bed of angular spikes, of many shapes and sizes, but all so sharp as to make mere walking a most painful and laborious operation. From the same cause the runners were also peeled, or otherwise much injured; and it was easy to foresee their speedy destruction, unless timely measures were adopted to prevent it. Iron seemed to be the only effectual defence, but we had none left, except one large saw which it was thought might answer, if the carpenters could manage to cut it into the proper breadths and lengths.

Our prospect of reaching the portage of Thlew-ee-choh on the ice depended entirely on the soundness of our tackle, and this early assault on the wood showed me the necessity of devising some method of protecting it, either with the saw, or, failing that, with reindeer horn, bones, or binders of birch. We halted consequently at the end of six miles; and the people, after a couple of hours' rest, returned to Mr. King, who was desired to set the carpenter immediately to work about the saw, and to join me as soon as convenient with the rest of our provisions.

In the morning (June 11th) I took a stroll with my gun, with the double object of procuring, if possible, a change of food, and observing what



IN HARNESS

effect the early sun would have upon the ice. In the first, I failed; but as to the second I succeeded in convincing myself that it would be injurious to the men, and very soon knock up the dogs, to persist in travelling through the heat of the day; and that it would be better, therefore, to reverse the order of marching and rest, and to take advantage of the fresh air of the night. In the afternoon Mr. King and his party arrived, having succeeded in converting the pit-saw to the purpose required. All were immediately at work in shoeing their respective runners, and after resting until 9 p.m. we started again.

To husband the pemmican, which, from the want of other provision, was already in consumption, I was desirous of following, as nearly as possible, the track of Mr. McLeod, who had been instructed to put conspicuous marks wherever he had made a cache¹ for us. But, as this would necessarily lead us round all the bays of the main shore, and greatly increase the distance and fatigue of the journey, I determined on undertaking it myself, with one man selected for the purpose, leaving directions with Mr. King to proceed with the boat in a straight line from point to point, until he should see signals to guide him to the caches, or to encamp. The air was keen, even to freezing; the ice hard, and galling to the feet. Indeed, the sensation was like that of treading on sharp palisades; but the runners now slipped smoothly over it, and opposed considerably less resistance to the men, who began to talk of

¹ A secret store of food.

carrying heavier loads, so as to avoid the fatigue of returning for the baggage left behind at every encampment. The land had a uniform and uninteresting outline, with here and there a dark clump of pines, though these began now to be less frequent. After four hours' brisk walking in the night—but not in the dark, for it was quite light all the time—we stopped at the mouth of a small river, the banks of which it was thought might produce a little wood; and on inspecting some recent marks, the place was found to have been an encampment of Mr. McLeod. The boat arrived safely, but somehow or other the men had contrived to break the runner; so having harnessed the dogs to single sledges, they were dispatched to the carpenters with orders to take the present and only opportunity of supplying themselves with what wood might be required for the repair of the sledges. By 10 a.m. all the things were brought.

During our march five deer and some geese had been seen, but no other animal, except two mice, which were making a rather hazardous traverse across the ice; one little adventurer of the same family was found dead (apparently drowned), at the distance of a full mile from the nearest land. I had been trying for a trout in the river, and happening to espy in the sand an old copper kettle, much bruised, I had the curiosity to take it up. Hearing something rattle within, I had it forced open, when it was found to contain thirty-four balls, a file broken into pieces, an awl, a fire-steel, and a crooked knife. This, to

an Indian valuable property, had apparently been thrown away, according to the custom unfortunately prevailing with that people, either as an expiatory sacrifice for some calamity, or as a token of extreme affliction for the loss of a wife or child. At 9 p.m. the boat's runners having been repaired, and the dogs' feet eased with leather shoes, we recommenced the route; and soon afterwards, being attracted by some stones piled upon an island, from which bits of moss laid in line led to the shore, I expected to have discovered a cache; but my attendant (a half-breed) and I sought in vain for the wished-for treasure. We saw, indeed, an Indian encampment, where a deer had been killed, and the traces of a sledge near the shore, and hence surmised that our store had been pilfered. Before morning, however, we were compensated for the disappointment by the acquisition of two deer, shot by Sinclair and Taylor.

June 13.—The few trees now met with were stunted pines from three to six feet high, spreading much at the base or near the root, and generally dead at the top. They were seen only on sand-hills, near small rivulets, or (very rarely) on some moist declivity. The double trips fatigued the people so much that I acquiesced in their request to be permitted to take additional burdens, and travel more slowly, on condition, however, that they were to make good a greater distance each journey; and at the usual hour this plan was put into execution, and appeared likely to answer. Some marks led us to a cache; and again at mid-

night we found a second, the meat of which I caused to be placed on the ice, so that the main party might not be drawn aside from their course. We encamped this day (June 14th) at the point of a large opening leading to the eastward, and the greater proportion of the men came up in tolerably good condition, considering the badness of the ice, the spikes of which were just soft enough to allow the runners to cut through, instead of sliding over it, increasing thereby the labour of getting along. It was past noon when the carpenters, who were always the last, arrived; one of them was so affected by the glare of the ice as to be almost unable to see, and would fain have excused himself on that account from taking any share in the work. He had, however, brought the evil on himself by not keeping pace with his companions in the night march, which he could well have done, as he had a much lighter load to drag, and his strength was unimpaired; so, notwithstanding his complaints he was obliged to take hold of a cord made fast to his brother's sledge, and to drag his burden as usual. Indeed, squeamishness is little heeded in such travelling as this, and shirking is quite out of the question.

In the course of the night the weather became overcast and threatening; and being perplexed as to the most direct route from the seeming continuity of the land to the eastward as well as the deep bays and strange sand-hills in the same quarter, I made for two dark points that stood out boldly from the opposite western shore. The points, when reached, proved not to be islands,

as I had conjectured, but the extreme promontory of an extensive bay. I, therefore, ascended the highest hill near me, and perceived that we were actually on the western main shore; though, so great is the difference between a summer and winter prospect, and so deceptive an appearance does the ice give to heights, that I could not, by any strain of memory, recollect the outline of a single part, the whole being in fact entirely changed. Nevertheless, we were fortunate enough to hit upon the right course; and after some hard walking were stopped by a ridge or barrier of ice and a lane of water, which compelled us to make a long detour before the line of route could be recovered. In doing this, we got sight of two sand-hills which I remembered; and about 4 a.m., June 15th, we encamped under the shelter of a high rocky hill, about a quarter of a mile from the river, at which we expected to find the Indians. Had they been with us, much of the late tedious and unsatisfactory march would have been avoided, greatly to the benefit of the feet of all the party; for this continual walking on spikes was certainly doing severe penance.

Snow showers ushered in the morning; and when these cleared off it was seen that we were on the borders of a swamp, caused by the melting of the snow from the upper lands, which, from the ground underneath being frozen, collected into pools, that slowly discharged themselves into the lake. There was not the least sign of vegetation, for the sun as yet exerted little influence over the cold and barren soil. Divine service

having been performed to the men assembled in the tent, the journey was resumed by the line of the river. A partial channel in its centre induced me and my attendants to keep to the right bank, which, though it receded to the eastward, offered nevertheless, somewhat higher up, a shorter cut to the other side, the river at the place where we were being of considerable width. The channel, however, led us much farther round than had been anticipated and finally ended near a small rapid, which my party forded; but as a serious loss of time would have attended the attempt to follow us, I hastened back and directed the boat and sledges to return to the mouth of the river, and go along its western bank. In the meantime my party kept to the right, and, on their way, saw occasional traces of Indians, at places where they had been fishing. The ice was more or less decayed and shelved from the banks, where it was four feet thick, becoming much honey-combed towards the middle, where it dipped into the open water of the narrow channel formed by the current. Walking, therefore, was painful and dangerous; for so slippery was the surface, that the nicest caution was required to keep our footing, and a single false step would have sent us sliding into the stream. As some defence to the soles of the feet, I placed pieces of undressed buffalo skin with the hair on between two pair of moccasins and thick blanket socks, and obtained by this means sensible relief.

About 1 a.m. of the 16th, on turning a point, we discerned in front of us the usual mark of piled

stones, and soon increased our store with two deer, a quantity just enough for as many days' consumption. I learned from a note, that Mr. McLeod's party were living upon the chance of the day, feasting or fasting, as it might happen, with seldom enough and never too much; but that this was the fifth cache he had made, so that we had passed two unnoticed.

The many interruptions of the ice, over which the boat had to be dragged, caused frequent delays, and it was late before she came up. Here, therefore, we encamped; and after a short repose, proceeded to caulk the boat in several parts, to prepare her for the water, which was now sufficiently unobstructed to admit of her being towed along shore.

The morning was gloomy in the extreme, and snow fell so thick that the hills again wore their wintry garment. By 5 p.m. the boat was ready launched, and everything stowed in her, the bow and steersman alone remaining on board while the others hauled her along with a tackling line. The water was a great deal lower than in the autumn, so that on arriving at the first rapid some trouble and waste of time were experienced in ascending its contracted and furious torrent. Once the boat grounded, the line broke, and only by jumping out was the bowman enabled to save her from being driven on the rocks; and such was the immense force of the water, that it was not until she was lightened of her cargo that the men succeeded in hauling her up. In doing this, they were obliged to pass along the margin of the

ice nearest the stream; and, though five others had done so in safety, yet the sixth (Carron) broke through, and sunk over head. His next companion fortunately looked behind him at the moment, and on his reappearance, instantly seized him by the arm, and saved him from being swept away by the current. The weather, already cold and gloomy, soon became squally, which at about 9 p.m. settled into a storm of sleet and wet snow. Coming from ahead, and driving upon our faces, it so injured our eyes that we were frequently compelled to turn round to shelter and recruit them. A second rapid was gained, and the channel about it being interrupted by ice, the former plan of dragging the boat on runners was again resorted to. In less than an hour a third rapid made it necessary again to launch her, and having surmounted this, we got fairly on the lake, not far from the island where, last season, I had made my cache of pemmican. It was here that I depended on finding our two Indians; and as they might be either asleep or hunting, I encamped to give them an opportunity of seeing the white tent, which, on the barren lands, was a conspicuous object.

The thermometer stood at 33° , with snow and a raw cold wind that pierced through us in spite of the cloaks or blankets. It was 2 o'clock in the morning, and as I had not yet dined, certain internal gnawings began to intimate the propriety of supplying the organs of digestion with some occupation which might keep them from quarrelling among themselves. Oh! thought I, for a

cheerful fire, and a warm, comfortable meal! Accordingly, having managed to collect a "beggarly account" of wet branches, we applied ourselves, with laudable zeal, to ignite and blow them into flames. The moss and shrubs were saturated, and would not burn; but it was fondly imagined that, by dint of perseverance and relieving each other quickly, the dwarf birch might be importuned into a blaze. We puffed, and it smoked—again, and it lighted—still more, and it went out; the puffing was renewed—it looked cheerful, and wanted only a little more coaxing. "The least thing in the world," said one, blowing gently, though at the distance of a yard. "Mind what you're about," cried another, "there! it will go out, it's all over." "Oh, get out of the way, let me come!" bawled a third; and thrusting himself forward applied himself to the work with such vigour and force of lungs, that the few embers yet living flew scattered about like the spark of an exploded cracker. "We cannot make a fire," said my servant to me, who had been latterly a passive though not an uninterested spectator of the proceeding; "but I have brought you *some pemmican and a little cold water, sir.*"

As the Indians did not make their appearance by the following noon, the men were sent to light large fires with the moss, which by that time was dry on the neighbouring hills; a well-understood signal, which if they were within sight, would immediately bring them in. I was the more anxious about this, as, without their assistance, we could not hope to find the way correctly,

at least, not without vexatious delays and many useless perambulations. To give them a further chance, for it never entered into my imagination that they had deserted us, I remained all night; and this the more readily, as the weather was so cold as to make it desirable to court the pale sunshine of the day.

At length, wearied with waiting, we commenced the journey at 10 a.m. of the 18th of June, in the accustomed line of march, except that I now preceded as guide, having deputed others to look out for the caches. The thermometer at 36° , with a strong north-west gale blowing, made it necessary to defend the eyes from the sharp drift that beat upon them; and going entirely from memory (for, depending on the Indians, I had not thought it worth while to bring my last year's survey) I can ascribe it only to good fortune that I hit upon the right course, in a part so narrow that the current, which was perceptible, had already forced an open passage. On the borders of this narrow grew a few straggling willows, and I had nearly run against one before I perceived a note for me stuck into a notch of a projecting branch. It was to apprise us that two caches had been made in a bay just passed; and although I thought it likely they would be picked up by those behind, yet to avoid disappointment, I sent Peter Taylor, one of my party, with the note to Mr. King. He, wishing to shorten his distance, ventured on some dark ice (at this season generally rotten) which gave way; and but that he was a very active fellow, and kept hold of his gun, which

stretched across the hole, and so prevented his going under, he would certainly have perished. Mr. King found one of the caches, and dispatched a couple of men after the other.

It was easier to launch the boat, and pull her as far as the narrow went (about a quarter of a mile) than to drag her along the shelving slips of ice on the banks; this done she was again placed on the runners, ready for the following day; after which we encamped. A flock of geese, some gulls, and two loons were playing about in the open water, but cautiously remained far out of shot. A partridge that I shot was quite white, though those about Slave Lake, near the fort, were partly brown before we left.

The night was bleak and cold, with the same north-west gale, accompanied with showers of sleet and snow; and so thick and forbidding was the morning of the 19th that we did not attempt to move before noon, when, encouraged by a gleam of stray sunshine, we determined on setting forward. Accordingly Mr. King went to direct the men, who were a little apart from us, to get ready; and to his surprise found them all snug under their blankets, quite unconscious of the march of time. We were soon off, but met with great inconvenience as well as hazard, in consequence of the snow having fallen in such quantities as to render the good and bad ice undistinguishable, and to reduce it to a lottery whether we fell through or not. Luckily nothing more important befell us than an occasional dip up to the knees, and, as a set-off, marks, stretching far out

on the ice, led us to two fine buck deer, which had been shot by Mr. McLeod himself.

I was not at all certain of the route at this point, remembering that last year we had gone astray hereabout; and after a tedious march of doubt and perplexity, I ascended a hill, and discovered that we were too far to the eastward. The course was therefore changed six points, though upon no better ground than personal recollection, which, by reason of the altered appearance of the country, was but vague and indistinct. In this uncertainty I made for a bluff bearing north-west, and finding no passage at its base, I ascended another high hill, whence I saw a black line of open water, which appeared to come from the direction of the narrows leading into Clinton Golden Lake. This supposition was soon after agreeably confirmed by the discovery, near the spot which I have before described as the Deer Pass, of a cache, containing more than three whole animals, with a note written by Thomas Hassel, a pure Indian, who had been educated at Red River, and engaged by me as an interpreter.

The water and wind together had so wasted the ice that not unfrequently we had to lift the boat and sledges over dry stones and rivulets to get to the next sheet; and the sheets themselves were so rotten that on one occasion James Spence fell through and got a complete ducking before he could be pulled out. But the worst was that this rough highway strained the runners; several of which were already in so indifferent a plight, that we should have thrown them away, if we could have in any way supplied their place.

As we were now about to traverse Clinton Golden Lake, it was material not only to our comfort, but to our successful progress, that we should have fine weather; and many a look was cast to windward to read our fortune in the face of nature. But the north-west gale continued unabated; and the morning of the 20th was squally, dark and cold with heavy showers, which contributed more than anything to the decaying of the ice, and made it unfit for travelling on. There was no change at noon, but as every hour was of consequence, an effort was made to head the gale, which was with difficulty accomplished, the boat being driven greatly to leeward, even with the assistance of extra men bearing up against her. The ice was exceedingly rotten, and twice all but sunk with us (for in this state it does not break short), a danger which we endeavoured to avoid by running quickly and with light step over it. The sledges, though heavier, were in less danger because covering a larger space.

I took a direction more westerly than that of Maufelly last year, hoping by so doing to shorten the way; in fact it was matter of mere chance whether, even if I tried I should succeed in tracing his route through a labyrinth of islands, so that I rather trusted to the compass and my general recollection for groping out the way. In the meantime the weather got worse, and the assistance of every man was required for the boat, Mr. King taking charge of some of the sledges. Nor was it without the most laborious, or, as they called it, killing exertions, that she was at length hauled to a shelter under the lee of a rock, which, though it

seemed at the distance like the boundary of a bay, was found to open upon a large expanse of lake. As it was now about full moon we looked for a favourable change of the weather, not without some anxiety; for I was apprehensive that, with the constant drenchings and fatigue together, two or three of the weaker hands might be laid up. But the night was more boisterous than ever, and never was seen a more gloomy sky than that which ushered in Midsummer's Day. It was of a leaden-grey colour, with horizontal streaks of dirty brick-red clouds, except to the north, where, in strong contrast with the cold whiteness on which it rested, were accumulated, in one black mass, all the horrors of an hyperborean winter. Hail, snow and rain pelted us one after the other, for some time without respite, and then only yielded to squalls that overturned the tent. I watched till noon for some propitious omen, but watched in vain; so having encouraged the men to stick to their work, we again tried what could be done, though with little expectation of making more than a few miles. At this part the lake was so wide, that between the openings of the land there was everywhere a clear horizon. With alternate spells and haltings to rest, we gradually advanced on the traverse, and were really making reasonable progress, when pelting showers of sleet and drift dimmed and confused the sight, so as to render it an extremely perplexing task to keep even near the course. Towards evening it cleared to windward, and showed us an island which, though partly covered with

snow, I thought I remembered. Accordingly, we went there, and were gratified by observing some marks which removed any doubt about the route. The boat arrived late, and the men complained of being tired. "However," said the poor fellows, "we should not mind that, if the sun would only shine for us to dry our clothes." Fatigued as they were the marks were followed; but, in this instance, the cache had been plundered; by whom was never discovered.

At length the gale wore itself out, and long lulls, with now and then a feeble moan, showed that its strength was nearly spent. Nevertheless, the morning of the 23rd of June was unpromising and dull; but as the distant land was visible, I lost not a moment in starting. I made for the south-west; and having traversed a wide opening, suddenly came upon fresh marks that pointed to the horns of reindeer fixed on the top of a heap of stones. Mr. McLeod, it seemed, had left only on the 18th, having been detained by collecting the meat, which notwithstanding his care had suffered no inconsiderable mutilation from the wolves. The cache was most welcome, as, but for this seasonable supply, we must have opened the pemmican that night. It consisted of deer and musk-oxen, both very poor, and the latter strongly impregnated with the odour to which it owes its name. This was so disagreeable to some of the party, that they declared they would rather starve three days than swallow a mouthful; which coming to my knowledge, though not spoken within my hearing, I thought it right to

counteract the feeling, and accordingly ordered the daily rations to be served from it for our own mess as well as theirs, and took occasion to impress on their minds the injurious consequences of voluntary abstinence, and the necessity of accommodating their tastes to such food as the country might supply.

The similarity of the extensive openings right and left made me again hesitate where to direct my steps; but aware of the deception arising from overlapping points, I ultimately persevered in my first idea, though against the opinion of my party, who thought we were going into a bay; nor, indeed, was I by any means certain, until some rotten ice, and a lane of open water following, indicated the narrow of which we were in search. All doubt on this score was soon removed by a long line of marks leading to another cache, which, with the former one, made a total of eleven animals to-day. The weather was now clear and warm, the thermometer being 66° in the sun, and 54° in the shade; so that not only were the dogs panting from heat, but as the snow was made slushy, and the surface of the ice softened, there was great difficulty in dragging the boat along at all. However, by 9 p.m. the whole party came up, and we encamped.

June 24.—A warm day was so great a novelty and so much needed, that I rested for the purpose of enabling the men to dry their clothes and blankets and getting observations myself for time and latitude. To collect a few willows that were growing on the opposite side it was necessary

to cross the *détroit*;¹ and the strength of the ice being unequal, owing to the undercurrent, several of the party broke through, and amongst others Mr. King, who fortunately recovered himself, however, before his chronometer touched the water. Just as we started at 8h. 15 m. p.m. there was a brisk shower, but without thunder or lightning. The decayed and unsafe state of the ice rendered it advisable to launch the boat, and transport the baggage to the next solid piece, which was a little beyond the conical mound called the Sand Hill. Opposite to this sand-hill above fifteen Indians and their families were encamped; they formed a part of those whom we had supplied with ammunition and other articles to help them to make the best of the summer; but so proverbially improvident are these miserable people, that nearly the whole of what they had received was already lost or expended; a few had two or three charges of powder and ball, but by far the greater part had to depend on their bows and arrows or the uncertain chance of fishing. We were informed by them that many of the Yellow Knives and Chipewyans, who were carrying our pemmican to the Thlew-ee-choh, had either eaten or made away with a considerable portion of it; not by reason of any deficiency of provision, since they had abundance, but from sheer indolence or wantonness. Our guides also again annoyed us by their mulish conduct; for though directed to hold themselves in readiness to accompany us, when the moment of departure

¹ Narrow channel.

came one was absent hunting, and the other was quietly lounging on the bank wrapped in his blanket, and smoking his pipe with all imaginable unconcern. I ordered him, with some signs of impatience and displeasure, to equip himself, and come with me without delay, which order was silently obeyed after we had been kept waiting a full hour.

We now entered upon Lake Aylmer and made for a detached and rounded mass of rock forming an island in the distance. Here we would gladly have stopped, had there been moss enough to make a fire; but this not being the case, the route was continued at a rate that made me wonder what had called forth this sudden and extraordinary spirit of emulation. I was obliged to put my best foot forward to keep up with it; and when we halted for encamping I wiped my brow, and asked where the deer were which we had been chasing, or why they had started off at full speed, as if the "manito" or evil genius had been behind them. After a pause and looking at each other the Indian said he thought Taylor was trying how fast he could walk, and Taylor said he was sure the Indian wished to pass him, which he was determined he should not do; so that it seemed I had been assisting at a foot race; and the people behind were four hours in coming up to us.

The 25th was dark and gloomy. A fog that had been more or less prevalent for the last fourteen hours became rather thicker as night drew on; but having now my guides, and judging that the men would suffer less in travelling than

from lying inactive in their wet clothes, I started at 10 p.m. The Indians, always timorous, kept close along the land and fixed us constantly among the bad and unsafe ice, which now resembled spikes from two to three inches long. Shoes were soon perforated, as well as the pieces of reindeer skin with the hair on which had been fastened round them as a slight protection to the feet.

About midnight the guides hesitated to proceed on account of the dense fog: they thought they had already erred, and affected to be fearful of misleading me; but to this pretence I quickly put an end by directing the route with the compass. It must be confessed that the travelling was by no means agreeable; for to say nothing of the darkness the fog almost wet us through, creating a chill which exercise was unable to overcome.

A wild rocky point which we made I recognized as one of my last year's encamping places, and was not a little glad to find that we were within one march of Sand Hill Bay, where our labours on this lake would terminate. About a mile farther we stopped, and the boat arrived about 7 a.m. of the 26th.

Throughout the whole of this day not a gleam of sunshine came to cheer our spirits or dry our wet clothes; on the contrary we had a weary continuation of gloomy weather, and rain in torrents. The night was yet more forbidding, and when the usual time of departure came we could not distinguish objects a hundred yards off. Under such circumstances to continue the route

was impossible. All were drenched to the skin and no fire could be made; but the men with great resignation making the best of their damp lodgings looked about for the most sheltered place to lie down; some wrung their blankets, while others, as a last resource, put on their whole wardrobe, in the hope of a little warmth. These precautions, however, were ineffectual; for in the morning the greater part found themselves in pools of water, which their own weight had brought down on them from the higher surface. I happened to see one of them awake, and could not help laughing at the sudden jerk with which he withdrew his right hand out of the puddle in which he had unconsciously placed it.

The morning of the 27th was still foggy; but a prospect of clearing to the north-west encouraged us to start, and about noon it became fine. A fresh cache afforded a seasonable recruit to our provisions, which would not have held out beyond this day. It was a joyful sight to see Sand Hill Bay, and to know that we were now within a few miles of that water which was to carry us to the Polar Sea. As we neared the portage of the Thlew-ee-choh a white tent was distinguished with a crowd of people around it; and this, of course, proved to be McLeod and his party, who scarcely expected us so early.

The morning of the 28th being fine, I obtained sights which corroborated those taken the previous year on the same spot. Having ordered everything to be taken out of the boat preparatory to dragging her across the portage, about a quarter

of a mile in breadth, to the Thlew-ee-choh, my astonishment may be conceived when information was brought me that the carpenters would not answer for the consequences of such a step, as the wood of which she was built was too soft to allow of her being dragged over that or any other portage. This was a contretemps for which I certainly was not prepared; and my only chance of surmounting the difficulty was the possibility that the crew might be able to carry her, though to effect this (never previously contemplated) it was necessary to cut away the wash-boards, which had been purposely riveted to the gunwales to enable them to support the pressure. The moment of lifting the boat up was one of intense anxiety; and it is impossible to describe the burst of my feelings when I saw the men walk away with her. The task, however, though successfully accomplished, was a severe one, and taxed their strength to the utmost. Twice one of the best men of the party declared he knew not if he should stand or fall, when, from the inequality of the ground, the weight pressed particularly on him; and all were greatly fatigued.

At 1 p.m. the boat was launched upon the Thlew-ee-choh, but as the river was open only in and about the shallow rapids of the upper parts, it was unavailable for any purpose of transport; even when quite light, it was not without trouble and a good deal of waiting that the boat was floated, or lifted over the shoal parts of the first three rapids. These passed, the men who had charge of her returned for their baggage to the

other end of the portage; but this method, in our case unavoidable, occasioned so many delays that it was very late before the task was completed, though the direct distance accomplished did not exceed four miles.

June 29.—The baggage was again carried to the border of a small lake, where, after the boat had been made use of to set us on the ice, the sledges and runners were again tackled, and we proceeded as before until we reached the extremity, having picked up on the way a cache of two deer. At the next portage we landed: the baggage was carried over, and the boat taken down the rapids, three of which followed in quick succession.

June 30.—The labour was resumed at an early hour, though the sky was still enveloped in mist or fog; but the immense boulders, half blocking up the narrow parts of the rapid, presented impediments which greatly increased the difficulty and the tediousness of our progress. Taking with me a couple of hands, I preceded the party; and having got on the ice by means of the boat, we soon came to a cache of three deer which were placed on the track.

Soon after we encamped, Mr. McLeod's party also came up, thus uniting our force; and as there was still daylight, a part of the baggage was carried forward, and the boat safely moored in the eddy below the upper rapid.

July 2.—Some Indians with pemmican were yet missing; having, as it was supposed, loitered behind to hunt: the rest were directed to go with

the interpreter, and deposit their respective charges at the north end of the portage, there to be released from their servitude—an intimation which was received with wonderful satisfaction, as they were yet puzzled to comprehend why we should take such pains to plunge into the dangers which they considered as assuredly awaiting us. The desire to rescue our fellow-creatures from calamity or death, and still more the thirst of enterprise and the zeal of discovery, were notions far beyond the conception of these rude children of nature, whose only desires are for food and raiment, and whose pity is a merely animal sympathy, which ceases with the presence of the object that excites it.

July 3.—Two Indians were dispatched this morning in search of those who were yet absent with the pemmican, whom having found a few miles off, they conducted them to the encampment with their burdens. This precious article which, from the commencement of the winter to the present moment, had been a continual subject of anxiety to me, was now counted and examined, and most happy was I to learn that, to all appearance, it had been brought without injury or spoliation, except in a solitary instance.

We had altogether twenty-seven bags of pemmican, weighing about eighty pounds each; two boxes of macaroni, some flour, a case of cocoa, and a two-gallon keg of rum : an adequate supply, if all good, for the three months of our operations. It does not become me to enlarge upon the difficulty and danger of transporting

a weight, all things included, of near five thousand pounds over ice and rock, by a circuitous route of full two hundred miles; but when the pain endured in walking on some parts, where the ice formed innumerable spikes that pierced like needles; the risk encountered in others, where, black and decayed, it threatened at every step to engulf us; the anxiety about provision, and the absence of a guide for a considerable part of the way: when these and other difficulties are taken into consideration, it will, perhaps, be conceded that the obstacles must be great which cannot be surmounted by steady perseverance.

OVERLAND TO THE ARCTIC¹

July 28.—On as disagreeable a morning as ever dawned, we commenced the navigation of Lake Franklin, and made for an island to the north as well as a chilly north-west wind and a short breaking sea would admit. From the summit of a tolerably high hill we perceived overnight a quantity of floating ice, covering the lake in the direction of our route, which by the morning had in a great measure disappeared, although a sufficient quantity remained to unite with the wind and weather in impeding our progress. The island formed a strait with the mainland, where, very much to our surprise, we found a

¹ The author of the following narrative was surgeon and naturalist to Back's expedition.

current running to the south of east, which led us to a succession of shoal rapids.

After passing the first rapid in safety, we reached another of about three-quarters of a mile in breadth, rolling onwards as far as the eye could reach in a continuous sheet of foam, with spray rising in every direction. After a preliminary examination, the boat, lightened as much as possible, was lowered down by means of ropes and poles, through an inner channel running for about a mile along the western bank of the river; hence to avoid a fall it was necessary to plunge into the breakers on the eastern side of an island; and although it was a rapidly inclined descent, not the slightest accident occurred. In the passage, the men had to lift the boat over a shoal part of the rapid; which caused a considerable delay, and excited in our minds great apprehensions for their safety, as triple the time that was requisite to bring them in sight had elapsed before they made their appearance. A fine open reach for three miles aided our progress, when the river became again interrupted by rapids, and was at length so pent in by high rocks that the water rushed with so great a force against their sides as to produce a series of high waves even more overwhelming than anything we had hitherto witnessed.

Having ascertained from the summit of the highest hill near us, that the river continued to preserve a rapid course along the western bank, we carefully scanned the eastern shore for a more favourable passage. In the course of this examin-

ation we descried a party of Esquimaux, tented on the eastern boundary of a fall, who, as soon as they perceived us, commenced running to and fro in the greatest confusion. After every attempt to pass by the western shore had failed (for it was considered prudent to avoid a meeting with the Esquimaux if possible), we crossed over and made for the eastern shore, to obtain a view of the fall where these people were encamped. The Esquimaux, about nine in number, perceiving that it was our intention to land, approached the boat brandishing their spears tipped with bone; and having formed themselves into a semicircle they commenced an address in a loud tone of voice, during the whole of which time they continued alternately elevating and depressing both their arms. They motioned us to put off from the shore, and at the same time uttered some unintelligible words with a wildness of gesticulation that clearly showed they were under the highest state of excitement.

We were prepared with a vocabulary of the Esquimaux language, taken from Sir Edward Parry's works, to which we referred in the hope of gathering some slight idea of what they were saying; and although it was useless in that respect it furnished us with several words that were of the utmost importance. At the sound of *tima* (peace), *kabloons* (white people), they ceased yelling; and after repeating these words, they one and all laid down their spears, and commenced alternately patting their breasts, and pointing to the heavens. After this manifestation of their

peaceful intentions, Captain Back landed with the two steersmen and shook them heartily by the hand; a mode of salutation as new to them, as the rubbing of noses practised by some of the tribes was to our own countrymen. Captain Back, having presented a couple of brass buttons to each of them, proceeded with the two men to take a view of the fall, which was found too dangerous to admit of running the boat; we therefore commenced making a portage.

We had scarcely left the fall when the current ceased to be perceptible, although the breadth of the river barely exceeded half-a-mile; which convinced us that the main stream followed another course. Having regained the current, after much trouble we reached some mountains on the western shore and encamped. The following morning was cold and cloudy, with a northerly breeze, which at sunrise caused a fog so dense, that, after finding ourselves involved in the midst of two rapids without any previous warning of their presence, we were obliged to put ashore. The atmosphere, however, soon cleared; and having taken observations, we resumed the journey. A majestic headland in the extreme distance to the north soon caught our view, which on a nearer approach had a coast-like appearance; while to the westward the sandbanks, at first cliff broken, gradually decreased into low flats, here and there interrupted by sandy knolls thinly capped with grass. The remarkable promontory to the north was subsequently honoured by receiving the name of her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria.

While crossing over to the headland, a fresh breeze sprang up, which soon raised so high a sea that the boat shipped a good deal of water, and ultimately obliged us to run for shelter into Cockburn's Bay. Accompanied by Sinclair and Taylor I ascended a mountain continuous with Victoria Headland, to obtain a view of the western shore. Large quantities of ice were seen lining its whole course, to an extensive opening, which was completely covered with it at its extreme western bearing, where no land was perceptible. In the course of the night the boat was discovered high and dry on the beach, which at eight o'clock of the morning of the 30th was as deep in the water as when we landed.

This was considered as one of the mouths of the Great Fish River. This magnificent stream had now made a tortuous course of five hundred and thirty geographical miles impeded by falls, cascades and rapids, to the number of eighty-three, and swelled frequently into immense lakes with clear horizons; during the whole of which distance there was not a single tree lining its banks. Between a tolerably extensive island and the main, some seals were sporting in the water; which afforded us no little amusement, and one of them basking in the sunshine narrowly escaped with his life. From the summit of a high rock near which we landed, and directly opposite to a point called after Rear-Admiral Gage, we traced a line of ice to Elliot Bay, but no farther. That opening appeared entirely clear of ice; there was, however, still no land visible at the vanishing

point; from which circumstances we strongly suspected that it had some communication with Lake Franklin.

To the north of that opening two or more islands were seen extending across the inlet from west to east, distant about twenty miles; which offered a favourable opportunity for making the opposite shore; we therefore advanced for that purpose. It was desirable to gain the western land before the shores diverged too much, since our present position was considerably to the eastward of the farthest point reached by Captain Ross, according to the chart which was sent out to us. Our route, therefore, lay entirely to the westward; and in fact had it not been for the ice lining the western shore, we should not have made the eastern land at all. It was evident that our progress would be rendered slow and laborious; for round Point Beauford, so named after the distinguished hydrographer of the navy, large masses of ice were drifting with the tide in such quantities that we were under the necessity of hauling the boat ashore to secure her from injury. From the height of the projecting barren rock, estimated at eight hundred feet, there appeared drift-ice extending from shore to shore; while to the northward it was bounded only by the horizon. Nothing but a southerly wind could extricate us from our present difficulty, although by taking advantage of the movement of the ice we made no doubt of reaching the western land; and as this was manifestly the narrowest part of the opening, and therefore the safest part

for crossing over, we had but the alternative of waiting submissively until the barrier was removed.

A fresh breeze from the southward during the night cleared the ice around us, and packed it against the western shore, leaving a clear channel to the north-east. Had it been considered desirable at that time to reach the Isthmus of Boothia Felix, we might have reasonably expected in two days to set at rest for ever the problem of a North-west passage by Regent's Inlet; but, since it was deemed of more importance to survey the line of coast to the westward, it was evident that by proceeding farther along the eastern shore we should only increase the difficulty of crossing over, for the land on either side was seen gradually widening from this spot. The water was slightly brackish, and an ebb of eight inches was observable on the shingle, which in this instance was not in the least affected by the wind, for the weather was calm and the thermometer in the shade 72° .

At ten o'clock on the morning of the 1st of August, as the ice had sufficiently cleared along the western shore to admit of our crossing over, we lost no time in launching the boat. The weather remained perfectly calm during our passage, which was effected in three hours and a half—a computed distance of twelve miles. A slight breeze from the north-east soon hampered us again with floating masses of ice, and made it necessary to unload and haul the boat upon the beach to secure her from injury. It was satisfactory, however, to find the whole to be drift-

ice as far as the eye could reach; so that we still entertained a reasonable hope of threading our way to the northward. Some old caches of the Esquimaux were discovered here, and a dish formed of pot stone, one side of which had been fractured and riveted with several thin pieces of copper.

The following day we divided ourselves into hunting parties, since there was not the least prospect of getting away, and pursued a herd of deer; which circumstance led to the discovery of our being on an island, instead of the main shore, as had been previously supposed. Between Montreal Island, as it was called, and the main land there was an open sea, which gave us fresh hopes of creeping onwards as soon as the boat could be launched with any degree of safety. The tide was observed to rise twelve inches; which in all probability was occasioned by the wind, and very likely the vast floating bodies of ice had some influence in augmenting it. The night was very stormy, with the wind southerly; which in the morning we agreeably discovered had been the means of crushing a great deal of ice on the beach, and in the course of the afternoon a barrier of about three hundred feet was entirely destroyed. A visible alteration had taken place in the main body of ice to the northward; and although it still adhered to both shores, yet in the centre it had opened to a width of ten miles, which encouraged us in the anticipation of a favourable breeze yet dispersing it.

A young musk-ox cow was discovered feeding

under the lee of some high rocks by a solitary hunter, who succeeded in killing it, and thus afforded us an agreeable change of food, it being devoid of that unpleasant flavour of musk which is so universally the case with the older animals, and more especially the males. Some great northern divers, brown cranes, as also a smaller species of diver, were found, with young ones just hatched; and a specimen of the flat-billed phalarope was shot: besides which the island abounded in gulls, terns, snow buntings, and a species of tringa. Our little terrier busied himself in swimming after the young broods; but, being fairly beaten off by the old birds, particularly by the cranes, was glad to seek our protection from their determined and courageous attacks.

The gale continued without intermission until the evening of the 5th of August, when the weather moderated sufficiently to admit of our launching the boat. We ran for shelter between the island and the main; for although there was less wind, and the swell had in a great measure abated, yet from the aspect of the clouds there was every reason to expect a renewal of the boisterous weather rather than a calm. Scarcely were the sails set, when a dense fog enveloped us in a comparative darkness; yet we made our way through the mist for a few miles, until arrested by a quantity of drift-ice which was evidently the advanced guard of the main body. As soon as we landed, three of the men were directed to proceed on foot along the coast, for the purpose of examining the state of the ice, and the general direction of the western

land, with permission to absent themselves a couple of days, unless they saw a probability of our moving forward.

The rain fell in torrents as the day advanced, which saturated the moss and heath we used for fuel, and obliged us to forgo the comfort of a warm cup of tea. As the wind lessened, the ice drifted rapidly to the southward, and the open water, on which our hopes greatly depended, soon became converted into one compact field of ice. The exploring party returned in the evening, having made a direct distance of fifteen miles. Very far, however, from bringing a favourable report, they described the whole line of coast in every direction to be literally jammed with ice. But what exceedingly surprised us was that, during the entire march, they had an extensive body of water on their left, with a clear horizon to the westward and without a single particle of floating ice perceptible in any direction.

The weather cleared on the morning of the 7th with a south-easterly breeze, effecting a general movement of the ice, which disappeared from our view with such astonishing rapidity, that a little after noon we were sailing at the rate of five knots an hour, and only overtook our enemy at eight in the evening. In our progress we passed a low sandy point, whence the vegetation sensibly grew less and less until it gradually subsided into sterility. Scarcely an elevation of any kind exceeding eight or ten feet featured the western land from the mouth of the river to this spot; while, on the contrary, the eastern coast still

retained its bold and mountainous appearance. A hillock of sand, distant a mile and a half from the beach and about ten feet high, formed a conspicuous landmark; towards which we bent our course immediately on landing.

The sandy point of our encampment, called after Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Ogle, was made somewhat more acute by a small island which at low water appeared connected with the main by a very narrow isthmus. It rained incessantly for two days, accompanied by thunder and lightning, rendering our situation extremely uncomfortable; which was greatly aggravated by the want of fire. The rain ceased at noon of the 10th of August, when it was succeeded by a fog; but as the ice had in a great measure disappeared, we pulled to the island and made a portage across the small isthmus. After advancing a mile the ice again paced the shore, being drifted by a north-westerly breeze, which obliged us to haul the boat on the beach and encamp.

The men, in wandering along the shore found a log of drift-wood nine feet long and nine inches in diameter, but little soddened, which caused many suggestions as to whence it came. One of our party who accompanied Sir John Franklin down the Mackenzie, and who was proverbial for a certain straining of the imagination, persisted that it must have come from the banks of that stream; pointing out as a proof of his assertion the freedom from knots which the log presented. The rest supposed it to have come from the eastward, having been drifted down the Fish River;

which, according to the Indians, was not only said to fall into the sea so close to the mouth of the large stream, that a fire could be seen from either, but that its banks were well wooded also.

The morning of August the 13th set in with rain, and in the course of the evening a smart gale from east-south-east drove the ice, previously wedged against the shore, to the west-north-west; it, however, returned again on the shifting of the wind. The following day, therefore, Captain Back sounded a retreat, and having launched the boat between the island and the main, we took up our quarters at our former station of the 9th. The men were assembled on the afternoon of the 15th and informed by Captain Back that, as the period fixed by the Government for the return of the expedition had arrived, it only remained to unfurl the British flag, and salute it with three cheers in honour of His Most Gracious Majesty; whilst his royal name was given to this portion of America, under the title of William the Fourth's Land. This done, we embarked.

August 15.—In a few hours we reached Montreal Island, and partook of a warm repast, for the second time in nine days. Here we were detained by a heavy rain, accompanied by strong breezes from the north, until nine p.m. of the succeeding day, when the weather sufficiently moderated to admit of our resuming the journey. In making the traverse to Point Beauford a thick fog enveloped us for a short time in darkness, which afterwards turned to rain, drenching us to the skin; and notwithstanding any exertion on the

part of the men, it was past two in the morning before we reached the eastern shore. It had no sooner ceased raining, than a violent gale of wind set in from the north-west, which obliged us early on the morning of the 17th to seek a more sheltered situation, as well for our own comfort, as the security of the boat. The day following commenced equally rough, causing a high surf along the shore; but the weather sufficiently calmed on the morning of the 19th to justify us in embarking.

A light breeze from the eastward aided our progress at first, but ultimately freshened so much, that we were glad to run for shelter under the lee of Victoria Headland. The wind soon after increased into a gale, and the rain fell in such torrents, penetrating through and beneath the eaves of the tent like so many rills, that it was with extreme difficulty that we managed to keep ourselves dry. A fog ensued; not, however, so dense but that we were able to creep along inshore to the mouth of the river, in effecting which the boat frequently grounded on the shoals. The following day (22nd) we reached the fall where the Esquimaux were first discovered, who to our great astonishment had disappeared; this was the more singular, as we parted from them on the most friendly terms. Notwithstanding the heavy rain that had been experienced almost continually for the last five days, the water in the river, as indicated by the marks on the rocks, appeared three feet lower than was observed in our descent, and we were enabled to haul the

boat along the western shore, with the exception of a narrow part where it was launched. All the rapids were found so extremely shallow as to occasion the utmost difficulty in towing the boat along, and obliged us frequently to lift it over almost bare stones.

Just on opening the view of Lake Franklin, the Esquimaux were perceived flying with the utmost consternation to the far-distant hills, where they could be just made out with our telescopes as living objects. Their tents were deserted and their canoes deserted; a conduct so widely different from what had been expected from our first interview, that we were convinced something extraordinary must have taken place. Nor could this in any way be accounted for until after our arrival in England, when it was ascertained that the three men dispatched to Mount Barrow, whose evasive manner at the time gave indications of something unusual having occurred, had fallen in during their march with a party of Esquimaux, and an affray ensued, in which three of the natives lost their lives. The men, it appeared, having surrounded a small lake to secure some wild fowl, were surprised by a party of Esquimaux, and at once retreated. The natives in following them fired a few arrows, upon which the men turned, and discharged their guns, killing three of the party, and might possibly have wounded others, it being a practice with the voyageurs to load their fowling-pieces with two balls, so as to give them a double chance of securing their game. The natives, thoroughly dismayed at seeing their

countrymen fall around them, fled in the greatest disorder; and the men, equally alarmed, betook themselves to flight also.

A depression of spirits in the steersmen, two of the three men that visited Mount Barrow, was observed by Captain Back for some days previously to our leaving the coast; and it increased as they approached the site of the Esquimaux encampment and fall to so great an extent, that a gloom spread itself, as if by infection, over the rest of the party, nor could it be dispelled without the aid of a glass of rum. I confess that these symptoms of fear escaped my notice; and although the circumstance was not mentioned to me by Captain Back at the time it happened, it doubtless occurred; which I am now the more inclined to believe, from my knowledge of the conflict with the natives.

The Esquimaux, had they been inclined, might have murdered us in our beds with the greatest ease; for Captain Back and I were so little apprehensive of danger, that the night-watch had for some time been discontinued. That some of the party were in a far less happy state of mind, was evinced by the gloom Captain Back perceived amongst them; and in all probability it caused them many an anxious night. Ignorant of this circumstance, and considering no good could arise from any further interview, we neither crossed over to that side of the river where the natives were encamped, nor made the least signs to attract their notice, which must have very much increased their suspicions of our amicable intentions. On

our leaving the rapids, a number of iron hoops were placed on a pile of stones, together with ribands of various colours, awls, fish-hooks, brass rings, and beads; which, of course, would be construed into treachery on our part, for the purpose of alluring them across the river, that they might fall an easier prey to our attacks. During the whole of the 23rd, which was too boisterous to admit of our moving, some of the Esquimaux were distinctly seen, by the aid of our telescopes, watching our motions from behind the rocks, while others were busily engaged in hiding their kayaks. About noon, the wind having moderated, we hauled up a rapid, and sailed along the waters of Lake Franklin. This was the last time these people were seen; and it is much to be feared, we left them with a very unfavourable impression of the white character.

As we advanced the weather improved until the 25th, when the rain again poured down in torrents, and the wind and current combined obliged us to relinquish the oars for the tow-line; by which means the distance was considerably lengthened, as we necessarily had to make the circuit of all the bays. However, the next day a fair wind made up for this, and carried us to Wolf Rapid; although in several parts we had to lower sail and have recourse to tracking. This duty was rendered exceedingly fatiguing, not only from the steepness of the banks, but from a mixture of boulders and small stones lining their sides, which slid away under the pressure of the men's feet and occasioned some severe falls. The

shallowness of the stream also afforded another impediment, and in many parts the rocks were perceptible over which the boat had passed in our descent. Having picked up in the course of the afternoon our cache of ammunition, which was found perfectly secure and dry, we encamped for the night.

Running against a sunken rock the following day in ascending some rapids, we stove in the boat under her larboard bow, which was, however, made sufficiently water-tight to admit of our reaching a cache of two bags of pemmican. It had evidently been opened, and the contents examined, though carefully covered up again; which was attributed to the Esquimaux; and, as several of their encampments were found close by, this was very likely to have been the case. Having effectually repaired the boat at this spot, we continued on to Escape Rapid, in one of the eddies of which the oar broken in our descent was found. After hauling up this rapid, aided by a fair wind, we arrived at Sinclair's Falls, on the shelving sides of which some musk-oxen and deer were feeding, neither scared at our approach, nor at two wild wolves that were baying them close by.

After making a portage in the same place as on descending the river, at 9 a.m. of the 29th, we arrived safely at Rock Rapid, and in less than three hours afterwards were navigating the waters of Lake Macdougall. This overwhelming torrent, so fearful and appalling in aspect at first view, had now subsided into insignificance; and in fact the

whole of the rapids were so changed, that it became a matter of considerable difficulty in very many instances to recognize them. It was not a little singular that, with the exception of the musk-oxen, the animals had entirely deserted us; and what had become of the vast herds of deer could not be divined, except that some other extensive river, either to the east or to the west, afforded a fresh pasturage for their southerly migration. Having ascended the line of rapids connecting Lake Garry with Lake Macdougall, we bent our course to a sand-hill, the site of our former encampment, where we had evidence of the stormy weather that must have visited this part of the country, by the fields of unbroken moss washed from its summit and shelving sides, and covering its base. At that part of the lake where we were first detained by the ice, several fresh marks tipped with newly gathered moss were perceptible; and on landing several tracks of men and dogs were also imprinted on the sand. We had not proceeded far on our course before some of the men espied three Esquimaux slowly rising from behind some rocks, where they must have lain concealed at the time of our pacing the shore.

A little farther on, we came suddenly in sight of ten tents, surrounded by men, women, and children, altogether amounting to about seventy or eighty Esquimaux. The women and little ones instantly fled to the rocks for protection; but the men awaited us along the shore uttering some unintelligible words, and making the same motions with their arms as had been witnessed

with the former party. In a few minutes, however, we were beyond their sight with the exception of an elderly man, who followed us for some distance whirling his sling, and, from a variety of antics, appeared to be conjuring us away.

Little difficulty was experienced in ascending the rapid leading to Lake Pelly, where we arrived on the 1st of September, and soon afterwards secured our third cache of provision. An island close by was discovered literally covered with drift willows and goose-quills, which had escaped our observation on passing it before. Several hundreds of geese commenced their southerly migration on the 4th, taking advantage, as had been frequently before observed, of a fair wind. Although equally favourable for our place of destination, that benefit was unavailing to us, owing to the numerous rapids which obstructed the part of the river we were then ascending. The sand-banks and islands which, owing to the shoal state of the water, appeared in every direction, proved extremely troublesome, and so changed the general feature of the stream, that it could scarcely be recognized as the same. The Hawk Rapid was particularly low; but in this instance it proved a blessing, for within a short distance of its centre, the line by which the men were towing the boat suddenly gave way, and as the boat grounded no accident occurred. Had this casualty happened at the time when the force of water was anything like so great as in our descent, it would undoubtedly have been attended with the most distressing consequences.

For two days we were detained by a violent

storm from the north-east, that caused the river to rise four feet, and by overflowing its banks, obliged us to remove the boat and baggage three different times, to secure it from the inundation.

On the 8th, however, as the sun shone bright, a favourable opportunity presented itself of continuing our journey; and although a perceptible increase had taken place in the current, we encamped at the upper part of the rapid above Baillie's River. The continual northerly breezes produced an atmosphere so chilly, that on one occasion the rain was turned into sleet; but the warmth of the ground melted it as it fell. The softer earth of the banks everywhere presented innumerable crannies, formed by the rain; an obvious demonstration of the season having been unusually wet, of which there cannot be a more convincing proof than the fact that scarcely a mosquito or sand-fly had been seen during the whole voyage, and the few that made their appearance were too weak to give us the least annoyance.

At the cascades on the 11th we were favoured with the company of a little visitor, the *Strix funerea*, or American hawk-owl, which appeared hovering round our fire after its accustomed manner. This small owl, which inhabits the Arctic Circle in both continents, belongs to a natural group that have small heads destitute of tufts, small and imperfect facial discs, auditory openings neither covered nor much exceeding those of other birds in size, and considerable analogy in their habits to the diurnal birds of prey. It is very common throughout the fur

countries, from Hudson's Bay to the Pacific Ocean. That it is more frequently killed by the hunters than any other bird, may be attributed to its boldness and habit of flying about by day. When the hunters are shooting game this bird is occasionally attracted by the report of the gun, and is often bold enough, like the *Strix nyctea*, on a bird being shot, to pounce down upon it, though, unlike the large species, it may be unable from its diminutive size to carry it off. In the summer season it feeds principally on mice and insects; while in the winter it mostly preys upon ptarmigan, and is a constant attendant on the flocks of those birds in their spring migration to the north.

After a detention of a few hours by wind on Lake Beechey, we arrived late in the evening of the 15th of September at the upper end of Musk-ox Rapid. With the exception of a herd of musk-oxen that quite perfumed the air for a short distance, not a trace of a living creature was to be seen, the Indians having apparently deserted the place as soon as we took our departure in July. After crossing Musk-ox Lake in a fog, brought on by a northerly wind, we found ourselves, on its clearing away, abreast of Icy River, which from some peculiarity is always, as its name implies, clothed in a wintry garb.

On the 17th of September at 8 a.m. we reached Sandy-hill Bay, where we had the pleasure of finding Mr. McLeod¹ with four men and two Indians.

¹ Mr. A. R. McLeod, of the Hudson's Bay Company, who accompanied Captain Back.

For several days his attention had been riveted to the north, anxiously watching in that direction for any distant fires, or other signs of our appearance. Although he had effected his most arduous journey to Fort Reliance without the least accident, he had not been without privation; for days together neither himself nor his party had tasted food, and two of the dogs had died from absolute want. Having embarked in one of the bateaux, he acted from necessity as his own steersman, a duty to which he was fortunately quite competent, and after a prosperous voyage arrived safely at Fort Resolution. No time was lost in loading the boat with our outfit from York Factory, and having retraced his steps to the house and placed the goods under the charge of one of the men, he fulfilled his last instructions by arriving at the source of the river.

For two days we were detained by strong weather, but as Mr. McLeod and his Indian hunters had killed several deer, the delay was of no immediate importance. The animals were exceedingly numerous, appearing from the eastward; whence it is not unlikely that, after having reached the Polar Sea, they had retraced their steps along the banks of the Fish River. This plentiful supply of provision was hailed by the Indians with inexpressible delight; for they had endured extreme suffering in the privation of food in consequence of the severity of the weather, which since our departure had been worse than was ever remembered, even by the elderly men of the tribe. Mr. McLeod having determined to

take advantage of the abundance of deer, remained behind to hunt the shores on either side of the lake; while we made a direct route to the house. Prior to starting a slight frost had covered the ground; but the weather as we sailed along Lake Aylmer appeared more like summer, and in the evening became calm and warm.

We encamped near the first rapid at the southern extremity of Clinton Golden Lake, where a party of Yellow Knives visited us, who were tented about two miles farther on. They had a quantity of dried reindeer meat and grease prepared for us; and a party of Chipewyans, according to their account not far distant, had a larger supply at our disposal. Having learned that Maufelly's old father lay ill at their tents, accompanied by the interpreter, I crossed overland to visit him; but his illness was beyond the aid of medical skill. Grief for the loss of one of his sons, aggravated by constant exposure to the extreme heat of the sun with scarcely a covering of any kind, had caused a melancholy which time alone could remove.

Independently of the destruction of the whole of his clothes and property, according to a custom that unfortunately prevails amongst all the American tribes upon the loss of a relative, he had shaved his head in order that the rays of the meridional sun might effect the greater injury. At the encampment of the Chipewyans' party, Maufelly himself and a

younger brother were in the same pitiable condition, except that they had very wisely abstained either from shaving their heads or exposing themselves to the midday sun.

Maufelly was engaged to accompany George Sinclair to Fort Chipewyan in a small canoe, for the purpose of conveying the greater part of Captain Back's baggage to that post, so as to render the more easy a trip across the ice in the spring of the ensuing year, which plan he intended to adopt to secure an early arrival in England. Burdened with as much provision as the boat could well carry, the Indians were directed to convey the remainder to the fort; when we hoisted the foresail, and about noon of the 24th of September reached the A-hel-dezza. After running a succession of rapids and making several portages,

“Charming the eye with dread, a matchless cataract,”

compared with anything we had seen during the whole course of the Great Fish River, entirely arrested our progress. On either side of this fall, named after Captain Anderson, R.A., the country was so rugged and mountainous, that to convey the boat, or in any way to proceed with it beyond this spot, appeared utterly impossible. We therefore placed it in security amongst some willows, and having made a cache of everything not in immediate requisition, commenced a journey across land to the fort, each man being laden with a weight of rather less than a piece.

Maufelly, who was again leading the way as guide, fell backwards with his load against a shelving point of rock, from which he received so severe an injury that he was incapable of proceeding any farther. Leaving him, therefore, with an ample supply of provision, we resumed the journey, fully intending to send some Indians back to his assistance immediately on our reaching the house.

Having placed ourselves under the guidance of George Sinclair, whose knowledge of the route was little inferior to that of the Indian, we breakfasted on the morning of the 27th of September at Fort Reliance. It was quite evident that the summer had been as stormy here as elsewhere, for the buildings were in a great measure unroofed and the mud used for plastering mostly washed away by the rain; the house, moreover, inclined so much to one side, that our first care was to prop it up. The necessary repairs were immediately commenced; and as Captain Back had determined upon relinquishing any further attempts at discovery by land, we made only those arrangements indispensably requisite to render our situation as comfortable as possible during the winter, and were therefore soon again domiciled in our habitation.

Mr. McLeod soon joined us, and a few days afterwards proceeded with his family and all the men except six to the fishery at Tal-thel-leh. The boat in which they embarked contained the greater proportion of pemmican and other goods, which, now that it was not intended

the expedition should remain out a third year, was to be forwarded to Fort Resolution, for its use through the country. The men were then to return without loss of time laden with fish from Tal-thel-leh for our consumption during the winter.

The aurora borealis, as soon as evening sets in, overspreads the ethereal space, as if intended by Providence to cheer the hours of darkness by its beautiful and varied coruscations. For about two hours after midnight it was invariably observed by us to be most brilliant and active; passing from east to west or vice versa and northerly; sometimes appearing in the form of a splendid arch flitting across the heavens with inconceivable velocity, and resembling the spiral motions of a serpent. Then suddenly disappearing, the veil of night would be at once diffused around; when as quick as the flash of a star, a thousand dancing lights would again be seen playing mysteriously through the sky, assuming a variety of forms and diversity of motion, of which it is too difficult for an inanimate description to convey an adequate idea.

By the latter end of November the bay was frozen over in one solid mass as far as the outer point to the south; which prevented the men from Tal-thel-leh from approaching the house in the boat, and obliged us to transport across the ice the whole of the cargo, consisting of white-fish, tullibee, inconnu and trout, to the number of five thousand. The main body of the lake was nevertheless sufficiently unen-

cumbered with ice to render the return of the men to the fishing-house by open water tolerably certain.

The odour of fish brought us a number of visitors of the wolf kind; which, increasing in numbers and consequent boldness, were to be met with at all hours, either prowling about the doors of our establishment or sneaking along the shade of the thick woods, seeking whom or what they might devour. It was expedient, therefore, to shut up the dogs during the night. With a view of reducing the number of the marauders we set several traps and a spring-gun, and in a very short time succeeded in killing ten, almost all of them being instantly devoured by their more fortunate companions.

A sufficient number still remained to occasion us considerable annoyance; they tore up our nets, and from an artful manner of decoying our dogs within their reach, kept us in a constant state of alarm for their safety. By making their appearance, either singly or in pairs, on the ice in front of the house, the dogs were induced to venture towards them; when one more eager in the pursuit appeared separated from the rest, the wolves immediately attempted to cut off its retreat. After this manner our little terrier was singled out and deliberately carried away, though within a few paces of us; the wolf making off so speedily with its prey, that notwithstanding the weight attached to its jaws exceeded ten pounds, a considerable time elapsed before two of the men who had

started in pursuit, succeeded in overtaking it. Our little pet was still alive, but died a few minutes afterwards, the whole of one side having been sadly mutilated before it was rescued.

Mr. McLeod and all the men except two, according to previous arrangement, arrived at the fort within two days of the close of December, for the purpose of conforming to a custom, originating with the traders, in the commemoration of the new year, by giving to the people forming the establishment as sumptuous an entertainment as the season and situation would permit. It is usual on the first dawn of that day to fire several discharges of musketry; which ceremony has been observed by the servants of the Company for many years; but it was dispensed with in our case, as we had no ammunition to squander. The men were regaled in the evening with a preparation of meat and fat fried in butter, and as much rum as they could well consume; for in addition to what remained from our last year's stock, we received a further supply of eight gallons by the last remittance from York Factory. After dancing and singing until daylight of the following morning, they retired to rest thoroughly happy; so happy, indeed, that their journey to Tal-thel-leh was necessarily postponed until the 3rd of January, when they commenced their return and left us to our former solitude.

Our packet from England arrived without delay; which, containing in addition to our

letters, files of periodicals and newspapers, afforded us at times amusement during the whole winter. An hour every night was devoted to the instruction of the men, and Sunday held sacred as a day of rest, when divine service was read in the morning in English, and in the evening in French for the benefit of those who did not comprehend the two languages. Every hour between six in the morning and midnight the observatory was visited for the purpose of registering the state of the thermometer and position of the magnetic needle; and when the aurora was bright, we frequently sat up until two in the morning to watch its varying coruscations. The bartering with the Indians and assignment of the men to their different duties, the writing our journals, taking the means of the temperatures, and other meteorological observations, fully employed our time; and very far from finding the winter tedious or dreary, I have frequently amid these various occupations exclaimed with the poet,

“ Oh ! there is sweetness in the mountain air,
And life, that bloated ease can never hope to share.”

EXPLORING THE NORTH COAST

THE author of the following narrative was Thomas Simpson, a servant of the Hudson Bay Company, and nephew of Sir George Simpson, who was administrator of the Company's territories.

ON Monday, the 20th of August, 1838, at 8 a.m., we set out on our journey of discovery. My companions were five of the Hudson Bay Company's servants and two Indians. Each man's load at starting weighed about half a hundredweight, including a tent for the nightly shelter of the whole party, a canvas canoe with frame and cords, to ferry us across rivers, a box of astronomical instruments, a copper kettle, two axes, guns, ammunition, and provisions for ten days—in short, our food, lodging, bedding, arms, and equipage. As for myself, my trusty double-barrel slung at my back, a telescope, compass and dagger formed my only encumbrance; so that I might at pleasure ascend the rising grounds to take bearings and view the coast. The plan of march I adopted was as follows:—We set out at 7 or 8 a.m. after breakfasting (which lessened the loads), and obtaining observations for longitude; and travelled for ten hours, exclusive of a halt of half-an-hour at noon to procure the latitude and variation. With their burdens the men advanced fully two miles an hour, our daily progress thus averaging twenty geographical, or twenty-three English, miles. A fatigue-party of three men attended us to our first encampment. About the middle of this day's journey we passed the extreme point to which Sir John Franklin and his officers walked in 1821. A little farther we found several old Esquimaux camping-places, and human skulls and bones were seen in various situations. One skeleton

lay alongside that of a musk-bull, in such a manner as rendered it extremely probable that the dying beast had gored the hapless hunter. The coast-line continued low; our road alternately leading over sand, sharp stones, through swamps and rivulets. Large boulder rocks rose here and there upon the shore and acclivities. The ice all along was forcibly crushed upon the beach, the edging of water being so shallow that the gulls waded betwixt the ice and the sand. During the greater part of the day we were drenched with rain. The land preserved its north-north-east direction to our encampment—on the pitch of a flat cape—in lat. $68^{\circ} 37' N.$, long. $108^{\circ} 58' W.$ This spot I named Cape Franklin, as a tribute of respect to that enterprising and justly celebrated officer.

We had no sooner turned Cape Franklin on the 21st than we came in view of a very distant hill, which I rightly conjectured to stand not far back from the coast. The latter is remarkably straight; but the walking was very fatiguing, the shore consisting chiefly of soft, wet sands, traversed by a multitude of brooks. These descended from a range of low, stony hills, which at the distance of two or three miles closed the inland view, and were partially clothed with moss and scanty herbage. The ice was everywhere grounded on the shore; but the weather had by this time improved, and continued so clear and moderate during the rest of the outward journey, that I daily obtained astronomical observations. A flight of white

geese passed us, led on, or officered, by three large grey ones. Numerous flocks of these fowl were luxuriating in the fine feeding that the marshes and little bays afforded. The young geese were large and strong; but, having not yet acquired the perfect command of their wings, we captured several upon the ice. Two white wolves were skulking on the hill-side, and a brace of Alpine hares were shot. Our tent in the evening wore the semblance of a tailor's and cobbler's shop, every one being engaged in repairing the injuries his habiliments had received during the day. At this place we secured, under a heap of stones, two day's provisions to serve for our return to the boats.

The shore next day maintained nearly the same character, and was intersected by many small streams, none of which, on our choosing proper crossing-places, reached more than waist-high. The ice grew heavier as we advanced, and had been driven ashore with such violence by the gales as to plough up the shingle and raise it in heaps upon the beach. The stranded fragments were from three to six feet thick, but no icebergs were anywhere to be seen. We found to-day the bones of a large whale and the skull of a Polar bear, and sea-wrack and shells strewed the beach. No deer were seen, but the recent print of their hoofs often appeared in the sand. In the afternoon we passed, at a distance of six miles, the conspicuous hill mentioned yesterday. It is about

six hundred feet high and received the name of Mount George, after my respected relative, Governor Simpson. Drift-wood was become so scarce that we made a practice of picking up every piece we could find, an hour or two before camping-time, to prepare our supper and breakfast. Some of the men's legs were much swelled and inflamed this evening from the fatigue of their burdens, the inequalities of the ground, and the constant immersion in icy-cold water.

On the 23rd the coast led somewhat to the northward. The travelling was exceedingly painful; the beach and the slopes of the hills being formed of loose stones, varied here and there by moss, and an ample number of brooks and streams. We, however, advanced with spirit, all hands being in eager expectation respecting the great northern land, which seemed interminable. Along its distant shore the beams of the declining sun were reflected from a broad channel of open water; while on the coast we were tracing, the ice still lay immovable, and extended many miles to seaward. As we drew near in the evening to an elevated cape, land appeared all round, and our worst fears seemed confirmed. With bitter disappointment I ascended the height, from whence a vast and splendid prospect burst suddenly upon me. The sea, as if transformed by enchantment, rolled its free waves at my feet, and beyond the reach of vision to the eastward. Islands of various shape and size overspread

its surface; and the northern land terminated to the eye in a bold and lofty eape, thirty or forty miles distant, while the continental coast trended away south-east. I stood in fact on a remarkable headland, at the eastern outlet of an ice-obstrueted strait. On the extensive land to the northward I bestowed the name of our most gracious sovereign Queen Victoria. Its eastern visible extremity I called Cape Pelly, in compliment to the Governor of the Hudson Bay Company, and the promontory where we encamped, Cape Alexander, after an only brother, who would give his right hand to be the sharer of my journeys.

Cape Alexander is a rounded, rocky ridge, covered with loose stones, four miles in width and two or three hundred feet high. The weather was ealm, and the tide falling when we halted. A considerable quantity of loose ice passed to the westward, and floated baek again as the water rose in the morning, affording a seeming presumption that the flood came from that quarter. A solitary deer bounded up the ascent, and along the shore ran a path beaten by those animals. Sinelair wounded one of a small herd of musk-eattle that were grazing on the banks of a lake behind the cape, but it escaped. Esquimaux marks stood upon the heights, but no recent traees of inhabitants could be found.

Next morning we eut aecross the eastern shoulder of Cape Alexander to Musk-ox Lake, which lies in a valley. It is half-a-mile long

and empties itself by a subterraneous channel, through a steep ridge of shingle, into another basin about half its size, which was frozen to the bottom. Crossing the ice we forded the little stream below, which, like many others, still retained drifts of snow on its banks. Our rough route lay amongst large boulders, and through wet mossy tracts producing dwarf willows. The immediate coast-line continued flat, not skirted as before by low stony hills.

At 6 p.m. we opened what appeared a very extensive bay, running far away southward, and studded with islands. We proceeded on to a projecting point where we encamped. As the time allotted for outgoing was now expired, this great bay, which would have consumed many days to walk round, seemed an appropriate limit to our journey. Under any circumstances, the continued and increasing lameness of two or three of my men must have rendered my return imperative. I had, indeed, at one time hoped to fall in with Esquimaux, and with their assistance to reach Ross's Pillar; but we had already explored a hundred miles of coast without encountering an inhabitant. The site of three lodges, with a little fire-place of stones apart, was found here, but they were not of this year. Cold and famine, I fear, are gradually wasting away that widely scattered people.

The morning of the 25th was devoted to the determination of our position, and the erection of a pillar of stones on the most elevated part of the point; then, hoisting our Union Jack,



HOISTING THE UNION JACK IN THE FAR NORTH

I took formal possession of the country in Her Majesty's name. In the pillar I deposited a brief sketch of our proceedings.

Our present discoveries were in themselves not unimportant, but their value was much enhanced by the disclosure of an open sea to the eastward, and the suggestion of a new route—along the southern coast of Victoria Land—by which that open sea might be attained, while the shores of the continent were yet environed by an impenetrable barrier of ice, as they were this season. Our portable canoe, which we had not had occasion to use, was buried in the sand at the foot of a huge round rock on the beach, and with lighter burdens we commenced retracing our steps. As we approached our encampment for the night, we had a capital deer-hunt, which ended in our dispatching a young buck in a small lake; and it was carnival-time with us, for one evening at least. This was the last fine day that we enjoyed. During the remaining four occupied by our return to the boats, we had to face piercing north and westerly winds, with fog, snow, and rain, aggravated by hard frosts at night. Our march through swamps, sand, stones, and streams, grew more and more laborious; and, being continually wet, we suffered much from the cold, for the shore did not yield sufficient fuel to dry our clothes at night. Sandpipers and other little birds lay dead in several places upon the beach, having apparently perished by the severity of the weather. We saw some

herds of deer migrating southward. One magnificent buck marched before us, like a doomed victim, for two days, and was shot near our last encampment. Geese were still numerous, but quite unapproachable. We could not help enjoying the speed with which they sailed past us, high amidst the storm, in quest of more genial climates. So barren and desolate is this coast, that during the whole journey, we did not find a single berry. The lameness of two of my men increased so much, that, after sitting down to rest themselves, they had to lay hold of each other in order to get upon their legs again. They suffered acute pain; and one of them—a sturdy Greenland sailor---was laid up for some time after our return to winter quarters. With respect to the ice, it seemed to have made a grand move during our absence. We first encountered it on our return at Trap Cape, rapidly driving to the eastward. It continued to obstruct the shore all along from Cape Alexander to Cape Franklin, but there was now a clear offing that a fleet might navigate.

The bad weather and advanced season now rendered every one anxious to return to winter quarters, and I reluctantly acquiesced in the general sentiment. A furious gale from the westward, accompanied with snow, detained us till 10 in the forenoon of the 31st, when we cut our way out of our icy prison—the grave of one year's hopes. We experienced a dangerous swell among the streams of ice outside;

then, steering a west-south-west course, a traverse of nine miles brought us to Harry Cook Island, so named on the former expedition. On a close approach, however, it turned out to be a cluster of six or eight rocky isles. From thence we crossed the Wilmot Islands, a very numerous group, merely seen at a distance by Sir John Franklin. Another traverse of ten miles extends to some islands on the eastern side, within fifteen miles of Cape Barrow. From thence we were favoured with a fine passage on an open sea; but there was a frequent fall of snow, the weather was cold and wintry, and we had some rough sailing during the dark nights. We met no natives; and at 6 p.m. on the 3rd of September we safely re-entered the Coppermine River.

The Esquimaux had ventured back during our absence, and carried away everything except their sledge and stone kettles; leaving marks on the hillock, pointing to the seaward islands as the place of their retreat. To evince our friendly disposition and compensate the loss of their dogs, we left them a copper kettle, two axes, with an assortment of knives, files, hooks, awls, beads, buttons, rings, and a parcel of hoop iron. This to them invaluable gift was secured in a box on which boats and men were figured with charcoal. Next day the boats were towed up to the Bloody Fall, now diminished to a strong shelving rapid. There, in a deep cleft in the rocks, we secured ten bags of pemmican, to meet the exigencies

of another season. The masts, yards, rudders, and spare oars were secreted on an island below the fall.

On the morning of the 5th the boats were, by M'Kay's and Sinclair's united skill, successively passed up the fall perfectly light, both crews hauling on ropes formed of the rigging spliced together for the purpose. In the lower part where the descent was too steep, they made a launch over the rocks. In another place, the boat sheering out, the waves broke copiously into her; and the bowman was on the point of cutting the line, to save the trackers, who, ignorant of their danger, because concealed from view by a projecting point of rocks, would have been jerked into the abyss the instant the boat overset. Her depth of keel, however, prevented a catastrophe which must have happened to any of the flat-bottomed inland bateaux in the same situation. It snowed heavily, and ice an inch thick formed at night in the kettles; but our people worked their way up the rapids with equal spirit and dexterity, and we encamped two miles below the Escape. At the foot of the long succession of precipices which we shot past with such amazing velocity in June, there was now, in most parts, a narrow bank or ledge exposed by the subsiding of the waters. Where this was not the case, all hands embarked; and, if no bottom could be found with the setting-poles, the boats were drawn up by means of the ice-hooks, fixed in crevices and on sharp points of the rock. In this difficult operation it was necessary actually

to graze the cliffs, some fending off the boat's side; otherwise the force of the current must have overpowered our hold, and carried us down backwards. In some of the worst places short portages were made; in others the boats took in much water; and the strain on the lines was often so great, that the trackers, even on all fours, could scarcely maintain their ground. Where bars and shallows occurred, the boats were poled up in zigzag fashion; or the men, getting out in the water, handed them over the obstruction. Numerous fragments of rock kept falling from the face of the cliffs as the towing parties passed under them, and one man narrowly escaped getting his leg fractured; their feet were at the same time much galled by the sharp stones which strewn their difficult path. Nothing but the skill and dexterity of guides long practised, like ours, in all the intricacies of river navigation could have overcome so many obstacles. We felt a positive comfort in encamping once more among standing trees, though ever so diminutive.

We were now above all the bad rapids; the banks became less steep, the current regular, but swift and strong. The waters had a fine sea-green colour: it was deep, and so clear, that fish were often seen by the bowmen darting along the stony bottom. The weather grew mild under the influence of southerly breezes, to which we had long been strangers; and, in the height of the day, the sandflies even became troublesome on the immediate borders of the river.

The towing-party picked up several small

pieces of copper and galena washed down by the river, and passed the carcasses of a number of deer that had been drowned in the rapids. At 1 in the afternoon of the 9th we reached a well-wooded spot, five or six miles below the junction of Kendall River. This being the nearest point of the Coppermine to Fort Confidence, and at the same time an eligible place for repairing the boats in the ensuing spring, we determined to deposit them here. They were accordingly hauled up into the woods, beyond the reach of the spring inundation. Three bags of pemmican, two of flour, and everything else not absolutely required for the land journey, were secured from beasts of prey in a cache of ponderous stones; all that we carried with us scarcely amounting to thirty pounds each man.

On the 10th, striking straight out through thin dead woods, and barrens abounding in small lakes, we fell upon Kendall River at the end of ten miles, about half a league below our spring provision station. It was only knee-deep there, full of large stones, and, like Dease River on the opposite side of the height of land, must be quite unnavigable except in the month of June. Deer were scarce, but, having wounded a small one, we were surprised to see the biggest of our Esquimaux dogs, though, like the rest of the party they carried bundles on their backs, rush forward and throttle the poor animal as it strove to escape.

Next day we traversed a range of wild rugged hills of naked rock, to the south branch of Kendall River; then, ascending the valley, we discovered

in the evening smoke issuing out of the solitary cluster of pines where I slept on the 4th of April. We marched along the hillsides, and, when within hearing, discharged our guns; upon which several fires were simultaneously kindled. Descending from the heights, we crossed the streamlet, and found a numerous camp of Hare Indian women and children, the men being out a-hunting, or gone to Fort Confidence with meat. These kind people were delighted to see us, and offered us food. The greeting which our two hunters—their relatives—received was boisterously affectionate. The old women closed around them, hugged them over and over again, and, in the transports of their joy, even went the length of abstracting knives and sundry other small articles from their persons, doubtless as memorials of their safe and happy return. The poor fellows themselves seemed rather ashamed of this hubbub in the presence of whites, and looked as if they would gladly have dispensed with the disinterested attentions of the elderly ladies.

We travelled all the succeeding day over bare mountains covered with loose stones; the weather snowy and bitterly cold. In the evening we descended to the borders of some lakes, where the natives had constructed a deer hedge set with nooses.

On the 13th, seeing large smokes on the north side of Dease River, we made towards them, though a good way out of our course. Falling upon a deep part of the stream, some crossed it on a raft, others found a ford. We lighted fires

in conspicuous places, which were answered; and at length we were overtaken by two Indians, who, with as many others carrying a bag of pemmican, had been considerably dispatched by Ritch to meet us. Fortunately we did not stand in need of their assistance, and proceeding on we encamped at Chollah Lake, which is three miles long, and contains some pretty islands.

On the 14th we traversed a woody tract to the north of Dease River; and came in view of Great Bear Lake at noon, from Cranberry Hill, six miles distant from the establishment. Throwing ourselves down, we regaled freely on the acid fruit which grew profusely among the rocks; then, setting out at a quick pace, in two hours more we arrived at Fort Confidence.

LIFE IN A HUDSON BAY FORT

THE following account of daily life in the Far North was written by R. M. Ballantyne, the famous writer for boys, who spent six years of his youth, from 1841 to 1847, in the service of the Hudson Bay Company.

As the season advanced the days became shorter, the nights more frosty, and soon a few flakes of snow fell, indicating the approach of winter. About the beginning of October the cold, damp, snowy weather that usually precedes

winter set in; and shortly afterwards Hayes River was full of drifting ice, and the whole country covered with snow. A week or so after this the river was completely frozen over; and Hudson Bay itself, as far as the eye could reach, was covered with a coat of ice. We now settled down into our winter habits. Double windows were fitted in, and double doors also. Extra blankets were put upon the beds; the iron stove was kept constantly alight; and, in fact, every preparation was made to mitigate the severity of the winter.

The water froze every night in our basins, although the stove was kept at nearly a red heat all day, and pretty warm all night; and our out-of-door costume was changed from jackets and shooting-coats to thick leather capotes,¹ fur caps, duffle socks, and moccasins.

Soon after this white partridges showed themselves; and one fine clear, frosty morning, after breakfast, I made my first essay to kill some, in company with my fellow clerk and room-mate Crusty, and the worthy skipper.

The manner of dressing ourselves to resist the cold was curious. I will describe Crusty, as a type of the rest. After donning a pair of deer-skin trousers, he proceeded to put on three pair of blanket socks, and over these a pair of moose-skin moccasins. Then a pair of blue cloth leggings were hauled over his trousers, partly to keep the snow from sticking to them, and partly for warmth. After this he put on a leather

¹ Long, rough overcoats.

capote edged with fur. This coat was very warm, being lined with flannel, and overlapped very much in front. It was fastened with a scarlet worsted belt round the waist, and with a loop at the throat. A pair of thick mittens made of deer-skin hung round his shoulders by a worsted cord; and his neck was wrapped in a huge shawl, above whose mighty folds his good-humoured visage beamed like the sun on the edge of a fog-bank. A fur cap with ear-pieces completed his costume. Having finished his toilet, and tucked a pair of snow-shoes, five feet long, under one arm, and a double-barrelled fowling-piece under the other, Crusty waxed extremely impatient, and proceeded systematically to aggravate the unfortunate skipper (who was always very slow, poor man, except on board ship), addressing sundry remarks to the stove upon the slowness of seafaring men in general, and skippers in particular. In a few minutes the skipper appeared in a similar costume, with a monstrously long gun over his shoulder, and under his arm a pair of snow-shoes gaudily painted by himself; which snow-shoes he used to admire amazingly, and often gave it as his opinion that they were "slap-up, tossed-off-to-the-nines" snow-shoes!

In this guise, then, we departed, on our ramble. The sun shone brightly in the cold blue sky, giving a warm appearance to the scene, although no sensible warmth proceeded from it, so cold was the air. Countless millions of icy particles covered every bush and tree, glittering tremulously in its rays like diamonds. The air was biting

eold, obliging us to walk briskly along to keep our blood in eirculation; and the breath flew thick and white from our mouths and nostrils, like clouds of steam, and, condensing on our hair and the breasts of our coats, gave us the appearance of being powdered with fine snow. Crusty's red countenance assumed a redder hue by contrast, and he cut a very eomieal figure when his bushy whiskers changed from their natural auburn hue to a pure white, under the influence of this icy covering. The skipper, who all this while had been floundering slowly among the deep snow, through which his short legs were but ill ealculated to earry him, suddenly wheeled round, and presented to our view the phenomenon of a very red, warm faee, and an extremely livid eold nose thereunto affixed. We instantly apprised him of the fact that his nose was frozen, which he would scarcely believe for some time; however, he was soon eonvined, and after a few minutes hard rubbing it was restored to its usual temperature.

We had hitherto been walking through the thiek woods near the river's bank; but finding no white partridges there, we stretched out into the frozen swamps, which now presented large fields and plains of compaet snow, studded here and there with clumps and thickets of willows. Among these we soon discovered fresh traeks of birds in the snow, whereat the skipper became exeited (the sport being quite new to him), and expressed his belief, in a hoarse whisper, that they were not far off. He even went the length

of endeavouring to walk on tiptoe, but being unable, from the weight of his snow-shoes, to accomplish this, he only tripped himself, and falling with a stunning crash through a large dried-up bush, buried his head, shoulders, and gun in the snow. Whir-r-r! went the alarmed birds—crack! bang! went Crusty's gun, and down came two partridges; while the unfortunate skipper, scarce taking time to clear his eyes from snow, in his anxiety to get a shot, started up, aimed at the birds, and blew the top of a willow, which stood a couple of feet before him, into a thousand atoms. The partridges were very tame, and only flew to a neighbouring clump of bushes, where they alighted. Meanwhile Crusty picked up his birds, and while reloading his gun complimented the skipper upon the beautiful manner in which he *pointed*. To this he answered not, but raising his gun, let drive at a solitary bird, which, either from fear or astonishment, had remained behind the rest, and escaped detection until now, owing to its resemblance to the surrounding snow. He fortunately succeeded in hitting this time, and bagged it with great exultation.

During the whole day we wandered about the woods, sometimes killing a few ptarmigan, and occasionally a kind of grouse, which are called by the people of the country wood-partridges. Whilst sauntering slowly along in the afternoon, a rabbit darted across our path; the skipper fired at it without even putting the gun to his shoulder, and to his utter astonishment killed it.

After this we turned to retrace our steps, thinking that, as our game-bags were pretty nearly full, we had done enough for one day. Our sport was not done, however; we came suddenly upon a large flock of ptarmigan, so tame that they would not fly, but merely ran from us a little way at the noise of each shot. The firing that now commenced was quite terrific. Crusty fired till both barrels of his gun were stopped up; the skipper fired till his powder and shot were done; and I fired till—*I skinned my tongue!* Lest any one should feel surprised at the last statement, I may as well explain *how* this happened. The cold had become so intense, and my hands so benumbed with loading, that the thumb at last obstinately refused to open the spring of my powder-flask. A partridge was sitting impudently before me, so that, in the fear of losing the shot, I thought of trying to open it with my teeth. In the execution of this plan, I put the brass handle to my mouth, and my tongue happening to come in contact with it, stuck fast thereto—or, in other words, was frozen to it. Upon discovering this, I instantly pulled the flask away, and with it a piece of skin about the size of a sixpence. Having achieved this little feat, we once more bent our steps homeward.

During our walk the day had darkened, and the sky insensibly become overcast. Solitary flakes of snow fell here and there around us, and a low moaning sound, as of distant wind, came mournfully down through the sombre trees, and eddying round their trunks in little gusts, gently

moved the branches, and died away in the distance. With an uneasy glance at these undoubted signs of an approaching storm, we hastened towards the fort as fast as our loads permitted us, but had little hope of reaching it before the first burst of the gale. Nature had laid aside her sparkling jewels, and was now dressed in her simple robe of white. Dark leaden clouds rose on the northern horizon, and the distant howling of the cold, cold wind struck mournfully on our ears, as it rushed fresh and bitterly piercing from the Arctic seas, tearing madly over the frozen plains, and driving clouds of hail and snow before it. Whew! how it dashed along—scouring wildly over the ground, as if maddened by the slight resistance offered to it by the swaying bushes, and hurrying impetuously forward to seek a more worthy object on which to spend its bitter fury! Whew! how it curled around our limbs, catching up mountains of snow into the air, and dashing them into impalpable dust against our wretched faces. Oh! it was bitterly, bitterly cold. Notwithstanding our thick wrappings, we felt as if clothed in gauze; while our faces seemed to collapse and wrinkle up as we turned them from the wind and hid them in our mittens. One or two flocks of ptarmigan, scared by the storm, flew swiftly past us, and sought shelter in the neighbouring forest. We quickly followed their example, and availing ourselves of the partial shelter of the trees, made the best of our way back to the fort, where we arrived just as it was getting dark, and entered the warm precincts

of Bachelors' Hall like three animated marble statues, so completely were we covered from head to foot with snow.

It was curious to observe the change that took place in the appearance of our guns after we entered the warm room. The barrels, and every bit of metal upon them, instantly became white, like ground glass! This phenomenon was caused by the condensation and freezing of the moist atmosphere of the room upon the cold iron. Any piece of metal, when brought suddenly out of such intense cold into a warm room, will in this way become covered with a pure white coating of hoar frost. It does not remain long in this state, however, as the warmth of the room soon heats the metal and melts the ice. Thus, in about ten minutes our guns assumed three different appearances: when we entered the house, they were clear, polished, and dry; in five minutes they were white as snow; and in five more, dripping wet!

On the following morning a small party of Indians arrived with furs, and Mr. Wilson went with them to the trading-room, whither I accompanied him.

The trading-room—or, as it is frequently called, the Indian shop—was much like what is called a store in the United States. It contained every imaginable commodity likely to be needed by Indians. On various shelves were piled bales of cloth of all colours, capotes, blankets, caps, etc.; and in smaller divisions were placed files, scalping-knives, gun-screws, flints, balls of twine, fire-steels,

canoe-awls, and glass beads of all colours, sizes, and descriptions. Drawers in the counter contained needles, pins, scissors, thimbles, fish-hooks, and vermilion for painting canoes and faces. The floor was strewn with a variety of copper and tin kettles, from half-a-pint to a gallon; and on a stand in the farthest corner of the room stood about a dozen trading guns, and beside them a keg of powder and a box of shot.

Upon our entrance into this room trade began. First of all, an old Indian laid a pack of furs upon the counter, which Mr. Wilson counted and valued. Having done this, he marked the amount opposite the old man's name in his "Indian book," and then handed him a number of small pieces of wood. The Indian then began to look about him, opening his eyes gradually, as he endeavoured to find out which of the many things before him he would like to have. Sympathizing with his eyes, his mouth slowly opened also; and having remained in this state for some time, the former looked at Mr. Wilson, and the latter pronounced *ahcoup* (blanket). Having received the blanket, he paid the requisite number of bits of wood for it, and became abstracted again. In this way he bought a gun, several yards of cloth, a few beads, etc., till all his sticks were gone, and he made way for another.

During winter we breakfasted usually at nine o'clock; then sat down to the desk till one, when we dined. After dinner we resumed our pens till six, when we had tea; and then wrote again till eight; after which we either amused ourselves

with books (of which we had a few), kicked up a row, or, putting on our snow-shoes, went off to pay a moonlight visit to our traps. On Wednesdays and Saturdays, however, we did no work, and generally spent these days in shooting.

Winter passed away. A winter of so long duration could not be expected to give up its dominion without a struggle.

On the 12th of May, Hayes River, which had been covered for nearly eight months with a coat of ice upwards of six feet thick, gave way before the floods occasioned by the melting snow; and all the inmates of the fort rushed out to the banks upon hearing the news that the river was "going." On reaching the gate, the sublimity of the spectacle that met our gaze can scarcely be imagined. The noble river, here nearly two miles broad, was entirely covered with huge blocks and jagged lumps of ice, rolling and dashing against each other in chaotic confusion, as the swelling floods heaved them up and swept them with irresistible force towards Hudson Bay. In one place, where the masses were too closely packed to admit of violent collision, they ground against each other with a slow but powerful motion that curled their hard edges up like paper, till the smaller lumps, unable to bear the pressure, were ground to powder, and with a loud crash the rest hurried on to renew the struggle elsewhere, while the ice above, whirling swiftly round in the clear space thus formed, as if delighted at its sudden release, hurried onwards. In another place, where it was not so closely packed, a huge lump suddenly

grounded on a shallow; and in a moment the rolling masses, which were hurrying towards the sea with the velocity of a cataract, were precipitated against it with a noise like thunder, and the tremendous pressure from above forcing block upon block with a loud hissing noise, raised, as if by magic, an icy castle in the air, which, ere its pinnacles had pointed for a second to the sky, fell with stunning violence into the boiling flood from whence it rose. In a short time afterwards the mouth of the river became so full of ice that it stuck there, and in less than an hour the water rose ten or fifteen feet, nearly to a level with the top of the bank. In this state it continued for a week; and then, about the end of May, the whole floated quietly out to sea, and the cheerful river gurgled along its bed with many a curling eddy and watery dimple rippling its placid face, as if it smiled to think of having overcome its powerful enemy, and at length burst its prison walls.

Although the river was free, many a sign of winter yet remained around our forest home. The islands in the middle of the stream were covered with masses of ice, many of which were piled up to a height of twenty or thirty feet. All along the banks, too, it was strewn thickly; while in the woods snow still lay in many places several feet deep. In time, however, these last evidences of the mighty power of winter gave way before the warm embraces of spring. Bushes and trees began to bud, gushing rills to flow, frogs to whistle in the swamp, and ducks to sport upon

the river, while the hoarse cry of the wild goose, the whistling wings of teal, and all the other sounds and cries of the long-absent inhabitants of the marshes, gave life and animation to the scene.

Often has nature been described as falling asleep in the arms of winter, and awaking at the touch of spring; but nowhere is this simile so strikingly illustrated as in these hyperborcan climes, where, for eight long, silent months, nature falls into a slumber so deep and unbroken that death seems a fitter simile than sleep, and then bursts into a life so bright, so joyous, so teeming with animal and vegetable vitality, and, especially when contrasted with her previous torpidity, so noisy, that awakening from sleep gives no adequate idea of the change.

Now was the time that our guns were cleaned with peculiar care, and regarded with a sort of brotherly affection. Not that we despised the sports of winter, but we infinitely preferred those of spring.

Young Crusty and I were inseparable companions; we had slept in the same room, hunted over the same ground, and scribbled at the same desk during the whole winter, and now we purchased a small hunting-canoe from an Indian, for the purpose of roaming about together in spring. Our excursions were always amusing; and a description of one of them may perhaps prove interesting.

Crusty and I shouldered our canoe between us, after having placed our guns, etc., in it, and

walked lightly down to the river bank under our burden. We were soon out in the middle of the stream, floating gently down the current towards the Point of Marsh, which was to be the scene of our exploits.

The day was indeed beautiful, and so very calm and still that the glassy water reflected every little cloud in the sky; and on the seaward horizon everything was quivering and magically turned upside down—islands, trees, icebergs, and all! Happiness is sometimes too strong to be enjoyed quietly; and Crusty and I, feeling that we could keep it down no longer, burst simultaneously into a yell that rent the air, and, seizing the paddles, made our light canoe spring over the water, while we vented our feelings in a lively song.

In half-an-hour we reached the point; dragged the canoe above high-water mark; shouldered our guns, and, with long strides, proceeded over the swamp in search of game.

We had little doubt of having good sport, for the whole point away to the horizon was teeming with ducks and plover. We had scarcely gone a hundred yards ere a large widgeon rose from behind a bush, and Crusty, who was in advance, brought it down. As we plodded on, the faint cry of a wild goose caused us to squat down suddenly behind a neighbouring bush, from which retreat we gazed round to see where our friends were. Another cry from behind attracted our attention; and far away on the horizon we saw a large flock of geese flying in a mathematically correct triangle. Now, although far out of shot,

and almost out of sight, we did not despair of getting one of these birds; for, by imitating their cry, there was a possibility of attracting them towards us. Geese often answer to a call in this way, if well imitated; particularly in spring, as they imagine that their friends have found a good feeding-place, and wish them to alight. Knowing this, Crusty and I continued in our squatting position—utterly unmindful, in the excitement of the moment, of the fact that the water of the swamp lay in the same proximity to our persons as a chair does when we sit down on it—and commenced to yell and scream vociferously in imitation of geese; for which, doubtless, many people unacquainted with our purpose would have taken us. At first our call seemed to make no impression on them; but gradually they bent into a curve, and, sweeping round in a long circle, came nearer to us, while we continued to shout at the top of our voices. How they ever mistook our bad imitation of the cry for the voices of real geese, I cannot tell—probably they thought we had colds or sore throats; at any rate they came nearer and nearer, screaming to us in return, till at last they ceased to flap their wings, and sailed slowly over the bush behind which we were ensconced, with their long necks stretched straight out, and their heads a little to one side, looking down for their friends. Upon discovering their mistake, and beholding two human beings instead of geese within a few yards of them, the sensation created among them was tremendous, and the racket they kicked up in trying to fly from us was

terrific; but it was too late. The moment we saw that they had discovered us, our guns poured forth their contents, and two out of the flock fell with a lumbering smash upon the ground, while a third went off wounded, and, after wavering in its flight for a little, sank slowly to the ground.

Having bagged our game, we proceeded, and ere long filled our bags with ducks, geese, and plover. Towards the afternoon we arrived at a tent belonging to an old Indian called Morris. With this dingy gentleman we agreed to dine, and accordingly bent our steps towards his habitation. Here we found the old Indian and his wife squatting down on the floor and wreathed in smoke, partly from the wood fire which burned in the middle of the tent, and partly from the tobacco-pipes stuck in their respective mouths. Old Morris was engaged in preparing a kettle of pea soup, in which were boiled several plover and a large white owl, which latter, when lifted out of the pot, looked so very like a skinned baby that we could scarcely believe they were not guilty of cannibalism. His wife was engaged in ornamenting a pair of moccasins with dyed quills. On our entrance the old man removed his pipe, and cast an inquiring glance into the soup-kettle; this apparently gave him immense satisfaction, as he turned to us with a smiling countenance, and remarked (for he could speak capital English, having spent the most of his life near York Factory), that "duck plenty, but he too hold to shoot much; obliged to *heat howl*." This we agreed was uncommonly hard, and after presenting him

with several ducks and a goose, proposed an inspection of the contents of the kettle, which being agreed to, we demolished nearly half of the soup, and left him and his wife to "heat" the "howl."

After resting an hour with this hospitable fellow, we departed, to prepare our encampment ere it became dark, as we intended passing the night in the swamps, under our canoe. Near the tent we passed a fox-trap set on the top of a pole, and, on inquiring, found that this was the machine in which old Morris caught his "howls." The white owl is a very large and beautiful bird, sometimes nearly as large as a swan. I shot one which measured five feet three inches across the wings, when expanded. They are in the habit of alighting upon the tops of blighted trees, and poles of any kind, which happen to stand conspicuously apart from the forest trees—for the purpose, probably, of watching for mice and little birds, on which they prey. Taking advantage of this habit, the Indian plants his trap on the top of a bare tree, so that when the owl alights it is generally caught by the legs.

Our walk back to the place where we had left the canoe was very exhausting, as we had nearly tired ourselves out before thinking of returning. This is very often the case with eager sportsmen, as they follow the game till quite exhausted, and only then it strikes them that they have got as long a walk back as they had in going out.

After an hour's walk, Crusty and I arrived at the place where we left the canoe.

Our first care was to select a dry spot whereon to sleep, which was not an easy matter in such a swampy place. We found one at last, however, under the shelter of a small willow bush. Thither we dragged the canoe, and turned it bottom up, intending to creep in below it when we retired to rest. After a long search on the sea-shore, we found a sufficiency of drift-wood to make a fire, which we carried up to the encampment, and placed in a heap in front of the canoe. This was soon kindled by means of a flint and steel, and the forked flames began in a few minutes to rise and leap around the branches, throwing the swampy point into deeper shadow, making the sea look cold and black, and the ice upon its surface ghost-like. The interior of our inverted canoe looked really quite cheerful and snug, under the influence of the fire's rosy light. And when we had spread our blankets under it, plucked and cleaned two of the fattest ducks, and stuck them on sticks before the blaze to roast, we agreed that there were worse things in nature than an encampment in the swamps.

Supper in these out-of-the-way regions is never long in the eating, and on the present occasion we finished it very quickly, being both hungry and fatigued. That over, we heaped fresh logs upon the fire, wrapped our green blankets round us, and nestling close together, as much underneath our canoe as possible, courted the drowsy god. In this courtship I was unsuccessful for some time, and lay gazing on the flickering flames of the watch-fire, which illuminated the grass of the

marsh a little distance round, and listening, in a sort of dreamy felicity, to the occasional cry of a wakeful plover, or starting suddenly at the flapping wings of a huge owl, which, attracted by the light of our fire, wheeled slowly round, gazing on us in a kind of solemn astonishment, till, scared by the sounds that proceeded from Crusty's nasal organ, it flew with a scream into the dark night air; and again all was silent save the protracted, solemn, sweeping boom of the distant waves, as they rolled at long intervals upon the sea-shore. During the night we were awakened by a shower of rain falling upon our feet and as much of our legs as the canoe was incapable of protecting. Pulling them up more under shelter, at the expense of exposing our knees and elbows—for the canoe could not completely cover us—we each gave a mournful grunt, and dropped off again.

Morning broke with unclouded splendour, and we rose from our grassy couch with alacrity to resume our sport, but I will not again drag my patient reader through the Point of Marsh.

In the afternoon, having spent our ammunition, we launched our light canoe, and after an hour's paddle up the river, arrived, laden with game and splashed with mud, at York Factory.

SEARCHING FOR FRANKLIN

WHEN no tidings of Sir John Franklin reached England, voyage after voyage was undertaken, in the hope at first of relieving and rescuing the lost ships' companies, and then of ascertaining their fate, until the Admiralty decided that to send forth more exploring parties was a vain risking of valuable lives. It was only the earnest perseverance of Sir John Franklin's wife and the chivalrous adventure of individuals that carried on the search, until, at the end of fourteen years, Captain, afterwards Sir Leopold M'Clintock, in the *Fox* yacht, discovered the last records. These placed it beyond all doubt that the gentle and courageous Franklin had died peacefully, before evil days had come on his party, and that the rest had more gradually perished under cold and hunger, in the fearful prison of icebergs.

Gallant and resolute as were all these northern travellers, there are two names that perhaps deserve above the others to be recorded, because their free offer of themselves was not prompted by the common tie of country. One was the French Lieutenant Bellot, who sailed in the *Albert* in 1851, and after most manful exertions was drowned by the breaking of the ice in Wellington Sound. The other was Dr. Elisha Kane, an American naval surgeon, who in 1853 volunteered to command an American expedition in search of the lost vessels.

His vessel was the brig *Advance*, and his course was directed through Davis's Straits; and on the way past the Danish settlements in Greenland he provided himself with a partially educated young Esquimau as a hunter, and with a team of dogs, which were to be used in drawing sledges over the ice in explorations.

The ship was brought to a standstill in Renfaelner Bay, on the west side of Smith's Strait, between the 79th and 80th degrees of latitude. It was only the 10th of September when the ice closed in so as to render further progress of the ship impossible. On the 7th of November the sun was seen for the last time, and darkness set in for 141 days—such darkness at times as was misery even to the dogs, who used to contend with one another for the power of lying within sight of the crack of light under the cabin door.

Before the light failed, however, Dr. Kane had sent out parties to make caches, or stores of provisions, at various intervals. These were to be used by the exploring companies whom he proposed to send out in sledges, while the ice was still unbroken. The same work was resumed with the first gleams of returning light in early spring, and on the 18th of March a sledge was dispatched with eight men to arrange one of these depôts for future use. Towards midnight on the 29th, Dr. Kane and those who had remained in the ship, were sewing moccasins in their warm cabin by lamplight, when steps were heard above, and down came three of the absent ones, staggering, swollen, haggard, and scarcely able to speak.

Four of their companions were lying under their tent frozen and disabled; "somewhere among the hummocks, to the north and east, it was drifting heavily." A brave Irishman, Thomas Hickey, had remained at the peril of his life to feed them, and these three had set out to try to obtain aid, but they were so utterly exhausted and bewildered, that they could hardly be restored sufficiently to explain themselves.

Instantly to set out to the rescue, was of course Dr. Kane's first thought, and as soon as the facts had been ascertained, a sledge, a small tent, and some pemmican, or pounded and spiced meat, were packed up. Mr. Ohlsen, who was the least disabled of the sufferers, was put into a fur bag, with his legs rolled up in dog-skins and eiderdown, and strapped upon the sledge, in the hope that he would serve as a guide; and nine men, with Dr. Kane, set forth across the ice in cold seventy-eight degrees below the freezing-point.

Mr. Ohlsen, who had not slept for fifty hours, dropped asleep as soon as the sledge began to move, and thus he continued for sixteen hours, during which the ten proceeded with some knowledge of their course, since huge icebergs of noted forms served as a sort of guide-posts. But just when they had come beyond their knowledge, except that their missing comrades must be somewhere within forty miles round, he awoke, evidently delirious and perfectly useless. Presently, they came to a long, level floe, or field of ice, and Dr. Kane thinking it might have been attractive to weary men unable to stagger over the wild

hummocks and rugged surface of the other parts, he decided to search it thoroughly. He left the sledge, raised the tent, buried the pemmican, and took poor Ohlsen out of his bag, as he was just able to keep his legs, and the thermometer had sunk three degrees lower, so that to halt would have been certain death. The thirst was dreadful, for there was no waiting to melt the snow, and in such a temperature, if it be not thawed before touching the mouth, it burns like caustic, and leaves the lips and tongue bleeding. The men were ordered to spread themselves so as to search completely; but though they readily obeyed, they could not help continually closing up together, either, Dr. Kane thought, from getting bewildered by the forms of the ice, or from the invincible awe and dread of solitude, acting on their shattered nerves in that vast field of intense lonely whiteness, and in the atmosphere of deadly cold. The two strongest were seized with shortness of breath and trembling fits, and Dr. Kane himself fainted twice on the snow. Thus they had spent two hours, having been nearly eighteen without water or food, when Hans, their Esquimaux hunter, thought he saw a sledge-track in the snow, and though there was still a doubt whether it were not a mere rift made by the wind, they followed it for another hour, till at length they beheld the stars and stripes of the American flag fluttering on a hummock of snow, and close behind it was the tent of the lost.

Dr. Kane was among the last to come up; his men were all standing in file beside the tent, wait-

ing in a sort of awe for him to be the first to enter it and see whether their messmates still lived. He crawled into the darkness, and heard a burst of welcome from four poor helpless figures lying stretched on their backs. "We expected you! We were sure you would come!" and then burst out a hearty cheer outside, and Dr. Kane was well-nigh overcome by strong feeling.

Here were fifteen souls in all to be brought back to the ship. The new-comers had travelled without rest for twenty-one hours, and the tent would barely hold eight men; while outside, motion was the only means of sustaining life. By turns then, the rescue party took two hours of sleep each, while those who remained awake paced the snow outside. Food having been taken, the homeward journey began, but not till all the sick had been undressed, rubbed, and newly packed in double buffalo skins, in which they were laid on their own sledge and sewn up in one huge bale, with an opening over each mouth for breathing. This took four hours, and gave almost all the rescuers frost-bitten fingers, and then, all hands standing round, a prayer was said, and the ten set out to drag the four in their sledge over ice and snow, now in ridges, now in hummocks, up and down, hard and wild beyond conception. Ohlsen was sufficiently restored to walk, and all went cheerfully for six hours, when every one became sensible of a sudden failure of his powers.

"Dr. Bonsall and Morton, two of our stoutest men, came to me, begging permission to sleep; they were not cold, the wind did not enter them now, a

little sleep was all that they wanted." Presently Hans was found nearly stiff under a drift, and Thomas, bolt upright, had his eyes closed, and could hardly articulate. At last John Blake threw himself on the snow, and refused to rise. "In vain I wrestled, boxed, ran, argued, jeered, or reprimanded: an immediate halt could not be avoided." So the tent was pitched again with much difficulty, for their hands were too powerless to strike a light, and even the whisky, which had been put under all the coverings of the sledge at the men's feet, was frozen. Into the tent all the sick and failing were put, and James M'Gary was left in charge of them, with orders to come on after four hours, while Dr. Kane and William Godfrey pushed on ahead, to reach the tent that had been left halfway, and thaw some food by the time the rest came up.

Happily, they were on a level tract of ice, for they could hardly have contended with difficulties in the nine miles they had still to go to this tent. They were neither of them in their right senses, but had resolution enough to keep moving, and imposing on one another a continual utterance of words; but they lost all count of time, and could only remember having seen a bear walking leisurely along, and tearing up a fur garment that had been dropped the day before. The beast rolled it into a ball, but took no notice of them, and they proceeded steadily, so "drunken with cold" that they hardly heeded the sight of their half-way tent undergoing the same fate. However, their approach frightened away the bear,

after it had done no worse than overthrowing the tent. The exhausted pair raised it with much difficulty, crawled in, and slept for three hours. When they awoke, Dr. Kane's beard was frozen so fast to the buffalo-skin over him that Godfrey had to cut him out with his jack-knife; but they had recovered their faculties, and had time to make a fire, thaw some ice, and make some soup with the pemmican, before the rest of the party arrived.

After having given them this refreshment, the last stage of the journey began, and the most severe; for the ice was wild and rough, and exhaustion was leading to the most grievous of losses—that of self-control. In their thirst, some could no longer abstain from eating snow—their mouths swelled, and they became speechless; and all were overpowered by the deadly sleep of cold, dropping torpid upon the snow. But Dr. Kane found that, when roused by force at the end of three minutes, these snatches of sleep did them good, and each in turn was allowed to sit on the runners of the sledge, watched, and awakened. The day was without wind, and sunny, otherwise they must have perished; for the whole became so nearly delirious that they retained no recollection of their proceedings; they only traced their course afterwards by their footmarks. But when perception and memory were lost, obedience and self-devotion lived on—still these hungry, frost-bitten, senseless men tugged at the sledge that bore their comrades—still held together, and obeyed their leader, who afterwards continued the soundest

of the party. One was sent staggering forward, and was proved by the marks in the snow to have repeatedly fallen; but he reached the brig safely, and was capable of repeating with perfect accuracy the messages Dr. Kane had charged him with for the surgeon.

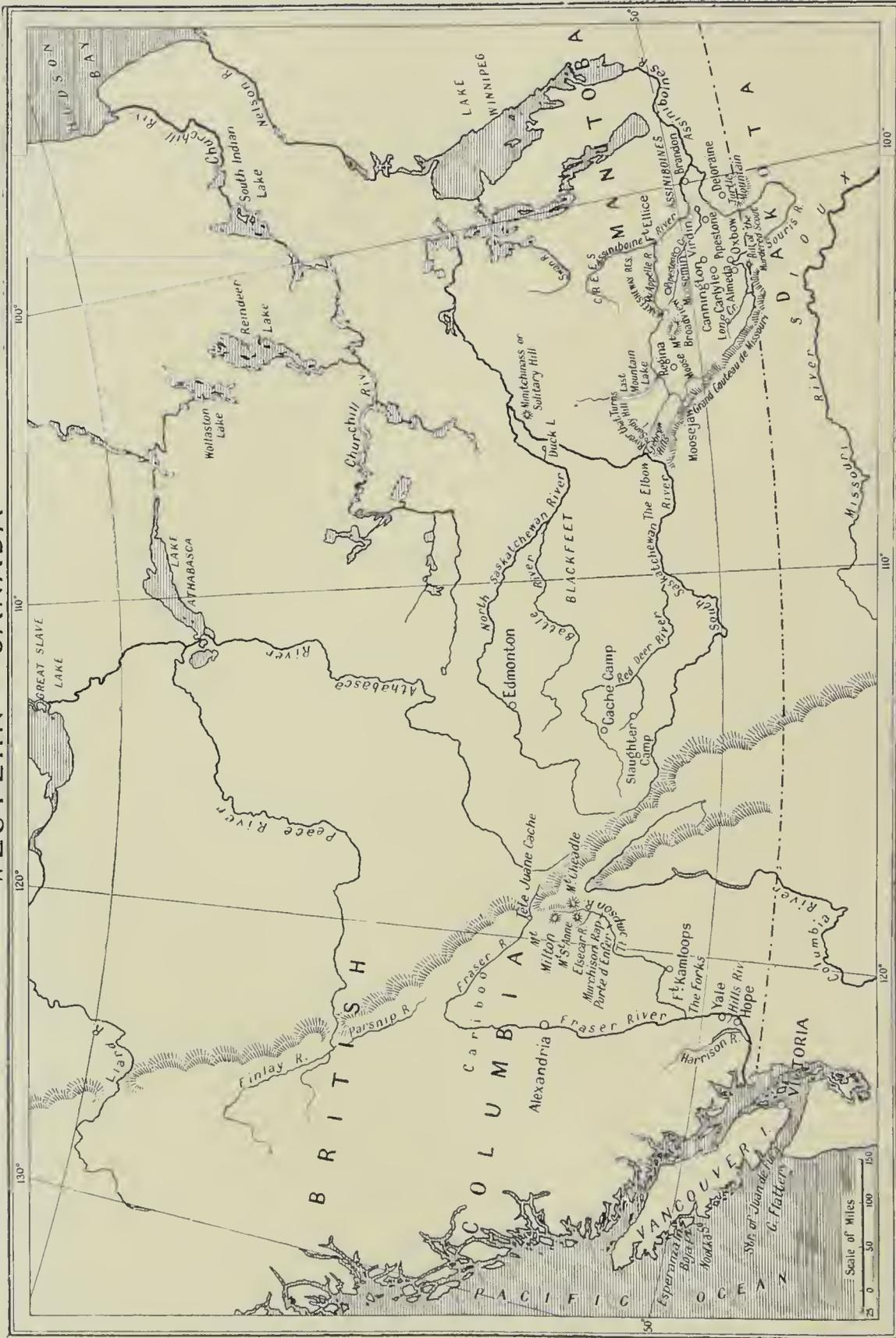
A dog-team, with a sledge and some restoratives, was at once sent out to meet the others, with the surgeon, Dr. Hayes, who was shocked at the condition in which he encountered them—four lying, sewn up in furs, on the sledge, which the other ten were drawing. These ten, three days before, hardy, vigorous men, were covered with frost, feeble, and bent. They gave not a glance of recognition, but only a mere vacant, wild stare, and still staggered on, every one of them delirious. It was one o'clock in the afternoon of the third day that they arrived, after sixty-six hours' exposure, during which they had been almost constantly on foot. Most of those who still kept their footing stumbled straight on, as if they saw and heard nothing, till they came to the ship's side, where, on Dr. Kane giving the word to halt, they dropped the lines, mounted the ship's side, and each made straight for his own bed, where he rolled in, just as he was, in all his icy furs, and fell into a heavy sleep.

There were only the seven who had been left with the ship (five of them being invalids) to carry up the four helpless ones and attend to all the rest. Dr. Kane, indeed, retained his faculties, assisted in carrying them in, and saw them attended to; after which he lay down in his cot,

but, after an hour or two, he shouted, "Halloo, on deck there!" and when Dr. Hayes came to him, he gave orders "to call all hands to lay aft, and take two reefs in the stove-pipe!" In like manner, each of the party, as he awoke, began to rave, and for two days the ship was an absolute mad-house, the greater part of its inmates frantic in their several cots. Dr. Kane was the first to recover—Ohlsen the last, his mind constantly running upon the search for his comrades in the tent, which he thought himself the only person able to discover. Of those whom the party had gone to assist, good "Irish Tom" soon recovered; but two died in the course of a few days, and the rest suffered very severely.

Dr. Kane's ship remained immovable and, after a second winter of terrible suffering from the diseases induced by the want of fresh meat and vegetables—the place of which was ill-supplied by rats, puppies, and scurvy-grass—it was decided to take to the boats; and, between these and sledges, the ship's company of the *Advance*, at last, found their way to Greenland. Dr. Kane did not live long after his return; but he survived long enough to put on record one of the most striking and beautiful histories of patience and unselfishness that form part of the best treasury this world has to show.

WESTERN CANADA



ADVENTURES IN THE FAR WEST

AMONG THE INDIANS

DANIEL WILLIAMS HARMON was a partner in the North-west Company in the days before that organization united with its more famous rival, the Hudson Bay Company. For nineteen years Harmon resided in the North American wilderness, during which time the only marks of civilization that he encountered were in and around the lonely posts of the fur traders scattered here and there throughout the great North-west. His *Journal*, from which the following pages are taken, was first published in 1820. It was written partly for his own amusement and partly to gratify his friends, who, he thought, would like to know how he spent his time during his absence; but the curiosity which, on his return to civilized society, he found to be awakened as to the state of the country of his travels, led him to submit the work to the wider circle of the general public.

Friday, January 1, 1802.—This being the first day of the year, in the morning I gave the people a *dram* or two to drink in the course of the day, which enabled them to pass it merrily, although they had very little to eat; for our

hunters say they can kill nothing. One of them will not go out of his tent; for he imagines that the Bad Spirit, as they call the Devil, is watching an opportunity to find him in the open air in order to devour him. What will not imagination do!

Saturday, 9.—Several days since, I sent a number of my people to Alexandria for meat, as neither of my hunters kills anything, though there is no scarcity of animals in this vicinity. But they have just returned without anything. They say that the buffaloes, in consequence of the late mild weather, have gone a considerable distance into the large prairie. We are, therefore, under the necessity of subsisting on pounded meat, and dried chokeberries. The latter article is little better than nothing.

Sunday, 17.—Last evening our people brought from the tent of our hunter the meat of a moose, which lighted up a smile of joy upon our countenances. We were happy to find that a kind Providence, instead of abandoning, had favoured us with one of the richest dainties that this country affords. There are twelve persons in the fort; and yet, for the last fifteen days, we have subsisted on what was scarcely sufficient for two people! These were certainly the darkest days that I ever experienced in this or any other country.

Tuesday, 19.—I have taken a walk, accompanied by Paget, a short distance from the fort, where we found hazelnuts still on the bushes in such plenty that a person may easily gather a bushel

in the course of a day. I am told that, when sheltered from the wind, all of them do not fall off until the month of May.

Monday, February 1.—For several days past, the weather has been excessively cold; and this has been, I think, the coldest day that I ever experienced. In fact, the weather is so severe, that our hunters dare not venture out of their tents, although they, as well as ourselves, have little to eat.

Sunday, 7.—During the last three days we have subsisted on tallow and dried cherries. This evening my men returned from Alexandria, with their sledges loaded with buffalo meat; and the sight of it was truly reviving. Had this favour been withheld from us a few days longer, we must have all miserably perished by famine. . . .

Saturday, March 6.—I have just returned from a visit to my friends at Alexandria, where I passed four days very pleasantly in conversing in my mother tongue. This is a satisfaction that no one knows, excepting those who have been situated as I am, with a people with whom I cannot speak fluently, and if I could, it would afford me little satisfaction to converse with the ignorant Canadians around me. All their chat is about horses, dogs, canoes, and strong men, who can fight a good battle. I have, therefore, only one way left to pass my time rationally, and that is reading. Happily for me, I have a collection of good books; and mine will be the fault if I do not derive profit from them.

I also begin to find pleasure in the study of French.

Saturday, 20.—The greatest number of our Indians have returned from the prairies; and as they have brought little with them to trade, I, of course, give them as little; for we are at too great a distance from the civilized world to make many gratuities. Yet the Indians were of a different opinion; and at first made use of some unpleasant language. But we did not come to blows, and are now preparing to retire to rest, nearly as good friends as the Indians and traders generally are. With a few exceptions, that friendship is little more than their fondness for our property, and our eagerness to obtain their furs.

Wednesday, April 21.—The most of the snow is now dissolved; and this afternoon the ice in the river broke up. All our Indians, who for several days past encamped near the fort, have now departed to hunt the beaver. While they were here, they made a *feast*, at which they danced, cried, sung and howled, and, in a word, made a terrible, savage noise. Such feasts the Crees are accustomed to make at the return of every spring; and sometimes also at other seasons of the year. By so doing they say they appease the anger of the Evil Spirit, and thus prevent him from doing them harm, to which they consider him as ever inclined. They have, also, certain places, where they deposit a part of their property, such as guns, kettles, bows, arrows, etc., as a sacrifice to the same Spirit. The above-men-

tioned feast was made by the Chief of the band, whose name is Kâ-she-we-ske-wate, who for the long space of forty-eight hours previous to the entertainment neither ate nor drank anything. At the commencement of the feast every person put on a grave countenance; and the Chief went through a number of ceremonies, with the utmost solemnity. After the entertainment was over every Indian made a voluntary sacrifice of a part of his property to the Evil Spirit.

Sunday, May 2.—Accompanied by one of my interpreters, I have taken a ride to a place where I intend building a fort in the ensuing summer. The animals in this vicinity are moose, red deer, a species of the antelope, grey, black, brown, chocolate-coloured and yellowish bears, two species of wolves, wolverines, polecats or skunks, lynxes, kitts, beavers, otters, fishers, martens, minks, badgers, musk-rats, and black, silver, cross and red foxes. Of fowls, we have swans, geese, bustards, cranes, cormorants, loons, snipes, several species of ducks, water-hens, pigeons, partridges, pheasants, etc. Most of the above-named fowls are numerous in spring and autumn; but, excepting a few, they retire to the north in the summer, to brood. Towards the fall they return again; and before winter sets in they go to the southward, where they remain during a few of the coldest months of the year.

Thursday, 6.—This morning I received a letter from Mr. McLeod, who is at Alexandria, informing me that, a few nights since, the Assiniboines, who are noted thieves, ran away with twenty-two

of his horses. Many of this tribe, who reside in the large prairies, are constantly going about to steal horses. Those which they find at one fort they will take and sell to the people of another fort. Indeed, they steal horses, not unfrequently, from their own relations.

Wednesday, 12.—It has snowed and rained during the day. On the 7th inst. I went to Alexandria to transact business with Mr. McLeod. During this jaunt it rained almost constantly; and on my return, in crossing the river, I drowned my horse, which cost, last fall, one hundred dollars in goods, as we value them here. . . .

Monday, 31.—Alexandria. Here, accompanied by two of my people, I arrived this afternoon. In crossing the Swan River, I was so unfortunate as to drown another horse; and I was, therefore, obliged to perform the remainder of the journey on foot with nothing to eat. Here I find a tolerable stock of provisions. Mr. Goedike is to pass the summer with me; also two interpreters and three labouring men, besides several women and children, who together form a *snug* family.

Wednesday, June 23.—On the 16th inst., accompanied by two of my people, I set off for Swan River Fort on horseback. The first night we slept at Bird Mountain: and the day following we arrived at the lower fort. From that place I returned in one day, which is a distance of ninety miles. I, however, took a fresh horse at the Bird River Mountain. One of my people, who travelled less rapidly, has arrived this evening, and informed me that he drowned his horse

at the same place where before I had drowned two.

On my return here, those in whose charge I had left the place had nothing to offer me to eat, excepting boiled parchment skins, which are little better than nothing, and scarcely deserve the name of food. I have, therefore, sent a part of my people to endeavour to take some fish out of a small lake, called by the natives Devil's Lake, which lies about ten miles north from this. If they should not succeed, and our hunters should not be more fortunate than they have been for some time past, I know not what will become of us.

Friday, July 2.—For six days, after I sent the people to fish in the above-mentioned lake, we subsisted at the fort on parchment skins, dogs, herbs, and a few small fish, that we took out of the river opposite to the fort. But now we obtain fish in greater plenty.

One of our hunters has been in and told me what he thought to be the cause why he could not kill. He said that when he went to hunt, he generally soon fell upon the track of some animal, which he followed; but that, as soon as he came nigh to him, he heard the terrible voice of an Evil Spirit, that frightened both himself and the animal. The animal would, of course, run off, and the pursuit would end. I told the hunter that I had a certain powerful medicine; and provided he would do with it as I would direct him, it would not only frighten the Evil Spirit in his turn, but would also render him at

first speechless, and that shortly after it would cause him to die.

I then took several drugs and mixed them together, that he might not know what they were, which I wrapped in a piece of white paper, and tied to the butt end of his gun, and thus armed him to encounter great or little devils; for they believe in the existence of different orders. I told him to go in search of a moose or deer; and as soon as he should hear the voice of the Evil Spirit, to throw the paper tied to his gun behind him into the air, and that it would fall into the mouth of the Evil Spirit pursuing him, and silence and destroy him. I warned him not to look behind him lest he should be too much frightened at the sight of so monstrous a creature, but to pursue the animal, which he would undoubtedly kill.

The same day the Indian went to hunting and fell upon the track of an animal, which he followed, as he has since told me, but a short distance before the Evil Spirit, as his custom was, began to make his horrid cries. The Indian, however, did with the medicine as I had directed him, and heard no more of the frightful voice, but continued following the animal until, approaching him, he fired, and killed a fine fat red deer; and he has since killed several others. Not only he, but the other Indians, place, from this circumstance, perfect confidence in my medicines.

Sunday, 4.—Mr. William Henry and company arrived from the Bird Mountain, and inform us

that they are destitute of provision there. They will, therefore, come and pass the remainder of the summer with us; for we now have provisions in plenty.

Monday, 19.—In consequence of the great increase of our family of late, we are again poorly supplied with provisions. In order, if possible, to obtain a supply, I sent seven of my people several different ways in search of the natives, who will be able to relieve our wants, should our men chance to find them. For this is the season of the year when almost all wild animals are the fattest; and, therefore, it is the best time to kill them, and make them into dry provisions.

Friday, 23.—There are at present, in this vicinity, grasshoppers, in such prodigious numbers as I never before saw in any place. In fair weather, between eight and ten o'clock a.m., which is the only part of the day when many of them leave the ground, they are flying in such numbers that they obscure the sun, like a light cloud passing over it. They also devour everything before them, leaving scarcely a leaf on the trees, or a blade of grass on the prairies; and our potato tops escape not their ravages. . . .

Saturday, August 28.—I have sent Primault, one of my interpreters, with a letter, about six days' march from this, where I expect he will meet Mr. McLeod and company, on their way from the Grand Portage. Two of our people, whom I sent a few days since into the large prairie, have just returned with the news that buffaloes are numerous within two days' march from this.

They say that the natives, during the two days that they remained with them, killed upwards of eighty, by driving them into a park made for that purpose. . . .

Tuesday, November 9.—Bird Mountain. Here I am to pass another winter; and with me there will be one interpreter and six labouring men, etc. Thus I am continually moving from place to place.

Friday, 19.—I have just returned from the lower fort, where I have been accompanied by part of my people, for goods. I find here a band of Indians, who have been waiting for my return in order to procure such articles as they need, to enable them to make a full hunt. The Indians in this quarter have been so long accustomed to use European goods, that it would be with difficulty that they could now obtain a livelihood without them. Especially do they need fire-arms, with which to kill their game, and axes, kettles, knives, etc. They have almost lost the use of bows and arrows; and they would find it nearly impossible to cut their wood with implements made of stone or bone.

Wednesday, May 4, 1803. Alexandria.—Here, if Providence permit, I shall pass another summer, and have with me Mr. F. Goedike, one interpreter, and several labouring men, besides women and children. As Mr. Goedike will be absent from the fort during the greater part of the summer, I shall be, in a great measure, alone, for ignorant Canadians furnish little society. Happily for me, I have lifeless friends, my books, that will never abandon me, until I first neglect them.

Thursday, June 2.—I have set our people to surround a piece of ground for a garden with palisades, such as encompass our forts.

One of our men, a Canadian, gave me his son, a lad about twelve years of age, whom I agree in the name of the North-west Company to feed and clothe, until he becomes able to earn something more. His mother is a Sauteux woman. He is to serve me as cook, etc. . . .

Sunday, 26.—I have just returned from an excursion to the large prairies, in which I was accompanied by two of my people; and in all our ramble we did not see a single Indian. The most of them, as is their custom every spring, have gone to war again. We saw, and ran down and killed, buffaloes, and also saw red deer and antelopes bounding across the prairies, as well as bears and wolves roving about in search of prey. In the small lakes and ponds, which are to be met with occasionally all over the prairies, fowls were in considerable plenty; and with our fire-arms we killed a sufficiency of them for our daily consumption. Although it rained during the greater part of the time that we were absent from the fort, yet the pleasing variety of the objects which were presented to our view made our ride very agreeable. One night we slept at the same place where, a few days before, a party of the Rapid Indian warriors had encamped. They were probably in search of their enemies, the Crees and Assiniboines; and it was happy for us that we did not meet them, for they would undoubtedly have massacred us, as they consider

us as enemies, for furnishing their opponents with fire-arms.

Monday, August 8.—We have now thirty people in the fort and have not a supply of provisions for two days. Our hunters, owing to a bad dream, or some other superstitious notion, think that they cannot kill, and therefore make no attempt, notwithstanding animals are numerous. In the civilized parts of the world, when provisions are scarce in one place they can generally be obtained from some other place in the vicinity. But the case is otherwise with us. When destitute, we must wait until Providence sends us a supply; and we sometimes think it rather tardy in coming.

Thursday, 18.—An Indian has just arrived who brings the intelligence that forty lodges of Crees and Assiniboines, who the last spring, in company with forty lodges of other tribes, set out on a war party, are returning home. They separated at Battle River from their allies, who, the messenger says, crossed that river, to go and make peace with their enemies, the Rapid and Black-foot Indians. The tribes last mentioned inhabit the country lying along the foot of the Rocky Mountains, between the Saskatchewan and Missouri rivers. Both parties begin to be weary of such terrible wars as have long been carried on between them, and are much disposed to patch up a peace on almost any terms. Thus do ruinous wars, waged by restless and ambitious people, in civilized and savage countries, lay waste and destroy the comforts of mankind. . . .

Sunday, November 6.—On the 26th ult. we sent eight of our men, on horseback, into the plain to look for buffaloes; and they returned this evening with their horses loaded with the flesh of these animals. They say that they are still three days' march from this.

Tuesday, December 27.—Messrs. Henry and Goedike, my friends and companions, are both absent, on excursions into two different parts of the country. I sensibly feel the loss of their society, and pass occasionally a solitary hour, which would glide away imperceptibly in their company. When they are absent, I spend the greater part of my time in reading and writing. Now and then I take a ride on horseback in the neighbourhood of the fort, and occasionally I visit our neighbours, drawn in a "cariol" by horses if the snow is light, or by dogs if it is deep.

Wednesday, February 22, 1804.—Lac La Pêche, or Fishing Lake. This lies about two days' march into the large plains, west from Alexandria, which place I left on the 15th ult., accompanied by twelve of our people. I have come here to pass the winter by the side of the X Y people. For some time after our arrival we subsisted on rosebuds, a kind of food neither very palatable nor nourishing, which we gathered in the fields. They were better than nothing, since they would just support life. When we should procure anything better I knew not, as the buffaloes at that time, in consequence of the mild weather, were a great distance out in the large plains, and my hunters could find neither moose nor deer. We

hoped, however, that a merciful God would not let us starve; and that hope has not been disappointed, for we have now provisions in abundance, for which we endeavour to be thankful.

On the 11th inst. I took one of my interpreters and ten labouring men with me, and proceeded several days' march into the wilderness, where we found a camp of upwards of thirty lodges of Crees and Assiniboines, of whom we made a good purchase of furs and provisions. They were encamped on the summit of a hill, whence we had an extensive view of the surrounding country, which was low and level. Not a tree could be seen as far as the eye could extend; and thousands of buffaloes were to be seen grazing in different parts of the plain. In order to kill them, the natives, in large bands, mount their horses, run them down and shoot with their bows and arrows what number they please, or drive them into parks and kill them at their leisure. In fact, those Indians who reside in the large plains or prairies are the most independent, and appear to be the most contented and happy people upon the face of the earth. They subsist upon the flesh of the buffalo, and of the skins of that animal they make the greatest part of their clothing, which is both warm and convenient. Their tents and beds are also made of the skins of the same animal.

Thursday, March 2.—Es-qui-un-a-wâch-a, or the last mountain or rather hill; for there are no mountains in this part of the country. Here

I arrived this evening, having left Lac La Pêche on the 28th ult., in company with my interpreter and seven men. The men I ordered to encamp at a short distance from this, and to join me early to-morrow morning. On our arrival, we were invited to the tents of several of the principal Indians, to eat and smoke our pipes. Indians show great hospitality to strangers, before they have been long acquainted with civilized people, after which they adopt many of their customs; but they are by no means always gainers by the exchange. . . .

Monday, 5.—This morning I sent six of my people to the fort with sledges loaded with furs and provisions, in order to obtain a further supply of goods, to enable us to go and trade with another large band of Indians who are about two days' march from this into the plains.

Tuesday, 6.—North side of the Great Devil's Lake. As I had nothing of importance to attend to, while our people would be absent in their trip to and from the fort, and was desirous of seeing my friend Henry, who, I understood, was about half-a-day's march from where I was the last night, I therefore set off this morning, accompanied by an Indian lad, who serves as guide, with the intention of visiting this place. After walking all day, without finding either wood or water, and but a few inches of snow, just as the sun was descending below the horizon, we thought we descried a small grove, at a considerable distance, directly before us. So long, therefore, as the light remained, we

directed our course to that object; but as soon as the daylight failed we had nothing by which to guide ourselves, excepting the stars, which, however, answered very well, until even their faint twinkling was utterly obscured by clouds, and we were enveloped in total darkness. In this forlorn condition we thought it best to continue our march as well as we could; for we were unwilling to lie down, with little or nothing with which to cover us and keep ourselves from freezing. There was no wood with which we could make a fire, nor could we find water to drink; and without fire we could not melt the snow for this purpose. We suffered much for want of water, as we had nothing to eat but very dry provisions, which greatly excited thirst. To be deprived of drink for one day is more distressing than to be destitute of food for two. It would not have been safe for us to encamp without a fire; for we should have been continually exposed to be trodden upon by the large herds of buffaloes that are perpetually roving about in the plains, or to be devoured by the wolves which ever follow the buffalo. We, therefore, continued travelling, uncertain whither we were going, until at length the dogs that drew my sledge suddenly passed by us, as if they saw some uncommon object directly before us. We did not attempt to impede their motion, but followed them as fast as we could until they brought us to the place where we now are. It is almost incredible that my dogs should have smelt this camp at such a distance; for we walked vigor-

ously no less than four hours after they passed us, before we arrived here.

We are happy in finding fifteen tents of Crees and Assiniboines, who want for none of the dainties of this country; and I meet, as usual, with a very hospitable reception. The mistress of the tent where I am unharnessed my dogs, and put my sledge, etc., into a safe place. She was then proceeding to give food to my dogs, which labour I offered to do myself; but she told me to remain quiet and smoke my pipe, for, she added, "they shall be taken good care of, and will be safe in my hands, as they would be were they in your own." Notwithstanding it was near midnight when I arrived, yet at that late hour the most of the Indians rose, and many of them invited me to their tents, to eat a few mouthfuls, and to smoke the sociable pipe.

But now all those necessary ceremonies are over; and I am happy in being able to lay myself down on buffalo robes, by the side of a warm fire, expecting to obtain sweet and refreshing repose which nature requires, after a day's march so fatiguing.

Wednesday, 7.—Canadians' Camp. This place is so called from the fact that a number of our people have passed the greater part of the winter here. As there is a good footpath from the place where I slept the last night to this place, I left my young guide and came here alone. Frequently on the way I met Indians, who are going to join those at the Devil's Lake. I came here in the pleasing expectation of seeing my

friend Henry; but I am disappointed. Yesterday morning he set out for Alexandria. I hope to have the satisfaction, however, of soon meeting him at the fort.

Saturday, 10.—In the middle of an extensive plain. Early in the morning, accompanied by my young guide, I left our last night's lodgings, to go to the place where I expect to find my people, which is about two days' march farther into the great plain than where I separated from my interpreter on the 6th inst. After walking all day, without finding either wood or water, at eight o'clock at night, we have concluded to lay ourselves down, in order, if possible, to get a little rest. In the day-time the snow melted a little; but in the evening it has frozen hard, and our feet and our legs, as high as our knees, are so much covered with ice, that we cannot take off our shoes; and having nothing with which to make a fire, in order to thaw them, we must pass the night with them on. A more serious evil is the risk we must run of being killed by wild beasts.

Sunday, 11.—Ca-ta-bug-se-pu, or "the river that calls." This stream is so named by the superstitious natives, who imagine that a spirit is constantly going up and down it; and they say that they often hear its voice distinctly, which resembles the cry of a human being. The last night was so unpleasant to me, that I could not sleep, arising in part from the constant fear which I was in of being torn to pieces, before the morning, by wild beasts. Despondency to a degree took

possession of my spirit. But the light of morning dissipated my fears, and restored to my mind its usual cheerfulness. As soon as the light of day appeared, we left the place where we had lain, not a little pleased that the wild beasts had not fallen upon us. It has snowed and rained all day.—Here I find my interpreter and eighty tents, or nearly two hundred men, with their families.—Along the banks of this rivulet there is a little timber, consisting principally of the inferior species of the maple; but nowhere else is there even a shrub to be seen. The surrounding country is a barren plain where nothing grows excepting grass, which rises from six to eight inches in height, and furnishes food for the buffalo.

Here again, as usual, I meet with a kind reception. These Indians seldom come thus far into the plains, as the part of the country where we now are, belongs to the Rapid Indians. A white man was never before known to penetrate so far.

Wednesday, 14.—Last evening my people returned from the fort. Being so numerous they made a terrible noise. They stole a small keg of spirits from us, and one of them attempted to stab me. The knife went through my clothes, and just grazed the skin of my body. To-day I spoke to the Indian who made this attempt, and he cried like a child, and said he had nearly killed his father, meaning me, and asked me why I did not tie him when he had lost the use of his reason. My people inform me that there is little or no

snow for three days' march from this; but that after that, there is an abundance all the way to the fort.

Friday, 16.—About twelve o'clock we left the Indians' camp; but being heavily loaded, considering there is no snow and our property is drawn by dogs on sledges, we made slow progress. After we had encamped, we sent our dogs, which are twenty-two in number, after the buffalo; and they soon stopped one of them, when one of our party went and killed him with an axe, for we have not a gun with us. It is, however, imprudent for us to venture thus far without fire-arms, for every white man, when in a savage country, ought at all times to be well armed. Then he need be under little apprehension of an attack; for Indians, when sober, are not inclined to hazard their lives, and when they apprehend danger from quarrelling, will remain quiet and peaceable.

Saturday, 17.—North-west end of Devil's Lake. The weather is extremely mild for the season. The surrounding country is all on fire; but happily for us, we are encamped in a swampy place. When the fire passes over the plains, which circumstance happens almost yearly, but generally later than this, great numbers of horses and buffaloes are destroyed; for these animals, when surrounded by fire, will stand perfectly still, until they are burned to death. This evening we killed another buffalo, in the same manner as we killed one the last evening.

Sunday, 18.—The weather is still mild, and we see many grasshoppers, which appear unusually

early in the season. As I found that we were coming on too slowly with our heavy loads, about twelve o'clock I left our property in charge of three of my people, and am going to the fort with the others, for horses to come for it.

Thursday, 22.—Lac la Pêche. Here we have arrived, and I am happy in reaching a place where I can take a little repose after so long and fatiguing a jaunt. Yet it has been in many respects both pleasant and profitable. The country which I travelled over was beautifully situated, and overspread with buffaloes, and various other kinds of animals, as well as many other delightful objects, which in succession presented themselves to our view. These things made the day glide away almost imperceptibly. But there were times when my situation was far from being agreeable; they, however, soon passed away, and we all have abundant reason to render thanks to a kind Providence for His protection, and for our safe return to our home and our families.

RESIDENCE IN THE FOREST

SIR GEORGE HEAD, an officer in the British army, who served through the Peninsular War, spent several years in Nova Scotia and Canada. In the winter of 1828-9 he made a journey from Halifax to Lake Huron, a distance of more than 1,200 miles, and afterwards wrote an interesting

account of the extensive tract of forest land that intervenes between New Brunswick and Canada proper.

March 15th.—At an early hour this morning, Captain Collier, Lieutenant Elliot, and the whole party of shipwrights, were ready for their journey to York, leaving me in sole possession of the log house I was in. I accompanied the party to the beach and a little way over the ice, when, wishing them a good journey, I returned back alone to my solitary demesnes. The fire had been neglected in the bustle of departure, and had got low; remnants of packages and rubbish lay strewed about; my Canadians were at work at some distance in the woods; and nothing disturbed the loneliness and silence of the place. The building consisted of a single room of sixteen feet by twelve. The sides and roof were rude logs laid one upon another, and caulked in so insufficient a manner, that the sky was visible in more places than I was able to count. The door, of thin deal, was too ill fitted to fill its frame, and the remaining light which entered the apartment passed through a small window containing four panes of green inferior glass. A gloomy feeling invariably envelops the mind upon finding oneself suddenly deserted, as it were, and alone. Without stopping to think why, the very act of saying “good-bye,” and turning south while a friend or acquaintance walks away to the north, is always sufficient to produce this sensation in a slight degree, and now, at this instant, I did

indeed feel inclined to despond. But a remedy, the best of all others, immediately suggested itself. I seized my axe, and, by a couple of hours' hard work in the woods, reaped the benefit of my prescription.

Returning to my house through the snow, I found my servant had put everything in order. The fire was replenished, and my simple repast was nearly ready. What was to be done? I had no books; and if I had, my house was too cold to sit still in. Reading, therefore, was out of the question. I fashioned a couple of forked boughs with my axe, and fastened them with a cord in a warm place over the fire, to support my gun, which I had taken out of its case, and put together; and, confiding in the private communication I had received, I resolved to fancy myself settled at least for some time in my present abode. The house of the Canadians was about a hundred and fifty yards from mine; and with these men my servant, whose services I seldom needed, resided. When I wanted his assistance I opened my door and shouted. If the wind happened to set the right way, my summons was heard; if not, I was obliged to wade through the slushy snow to fetch him. Rising soon after daylight, I immediately breakfasted; dined at noon, and supped at sunset. To prepare these meals cost little trouble; my toilette less; and the wood for my fire I chopped and piled myself; keeping the latter always alive both day and night. I began to make a bedstead, such as I had at Penetangushene, and spread moss and spruce

boughs before the fire to dry, intending to make a bed whereon I could lie undressed, as soon as the bedstead was finished; for I had, besides my buffalo skin, four small blankets, as many sheets, and a strong rug. These arrangements took up nearly the whole of the day, and served to banish the apathy which, in the morning, had almost rendered me incapable of any occupation.

March 16th.—Before noon I had perfectly finished my bedstead, and heaped upon it as many spruce boughs and moss as I considered necessary, confining the whole by a long cord made of strips of bark tied together, and wound round and round till the whole was tight and compact. It was soft withal to lie upon. This done, I first laid on my buffalo skin, then my sheets and blankets, and all was ready. A large bundle of spruce boughs also, confined with strips of bark, made a good pillow.

Having thus provided for my rest, I took my gun off the newly-arranged hooks over the fire, and sallied forth into the forest, in hopes of finding anything to shoot, no matter what, that would come in my way. The snow was frozen hard, but the top, thawed by the sun of the morning, was so soft, that sometimes I sank in up to my knees. Walking was excessively heavy and difficult, and the solitary appearance of the woods moderated my expectation of success. I wore moccasins during my walk now, as I did at all other times, except when obliged to wear shoes for the purpose of skating. The tracks of squirrels were abundant, and I saw also some

woodpeckers speckled with white and scarlet; and I perceived on the snow the track of a larger bird, which, as it was quite fresh, I followed for a good way. It turned backwards and forwards and round and round, twisting about the trees in such a manner that I had much difficulty to follow the track, and was on the point of giving up the pursuit, when I heard a sound close by me, as of a pheasant rising into a tree. Turning round, I saw the partridge I had been pursuing, sitting on a bough, and shot him. An unsportsmanlike act, certainly, but to be justified, not only by present circumstances, but by the stupid disposition of the bird, which nothing can persuade to fly. A pound of any sort of fresh meat was a prize not by any means to be neglected.

This was a beginning in the way of partridge shooting. With game in the woods, there was an end of solitude; wherefore, blowing upon the feathers of the bird, and minutely examining his wounds and plumage, I put him into my pocket, with the intention of having him, ere long, twirling at the end of a string before my fire. There are two sorts of these birds in this part of the country: the birch partridge, such as the one I had just killed, and the spruce. The former is the larger of the two, and the size of an English grouse. The bones are very slight, and the flesh white, and so extremely delicate as to render it impossible to carry it suspended by the head. The body literally tears off by its own weight and the motion. The spruce partridge is a little smaller than the birch; the flesh, much firmer and darker

coloured, bears a strong flavour of the spruce-fir. Both sorts perch on trees, and are fringed to the feet with feathers.

I pursued my walk, in the course of which I shot also a squirrel and a woodpecker, following the course of a ravine, at the bottom of which the snow lay in some places unusually deep. Here and there, in parts more exposed to the sun, a stream might be detected gurgling through its deep, hollow channel, while the crackling surface, and the icicles which crowned the points of protruding rocks, bore evidence of the severe alternations of temperature. On the summit of the banks, in the warmest and most sheltered spots, the ground was already quite bare, and the green points of the early succulent plants were preparing to burst forth into their first leaves. The buds, too, on some of the trees, were distinctly visible. Thus, while the snow was distributed all over the woods in unequal proportion, so as to confine one's progress within small limits, the increasing power of the sun continued to diminish every day more and more the mass, giving additional strength to the consolatory hopes of approaching spring.

March 17th.—This was a very tempestuous day. An unusually high wind hurried along clouds of small drifting snow, which penetrated the sides and roof of my house from top to bottom. Not a dry place was to be found in it; and upon my table, which stood close to the fire, I could write my name with my finger in the covering of snow which, like powder, lay upon it. The

temperature, too, was exceedingly low. Finding it impossible to stay in the house, I took my axe and went to the most sheltered spot that I could find in the forest, where I worked, without stopping, till I made myself warm, when I returned home to dinner. The partridge served me for supper the evening before, and now the squirrel and woodpecker were put before me in a pudding. The squirrel, being well peppered, tasted like a rabbit, and I believe was perfectly good eating; something, however, told me that it was not right to eat the little animal, nor could I overcome my scruples. For the woodpecker, I had no compunction, nor was it necessary that I should; the colour of his flesh was sufficient protection, as black as that of an owl—absolute carrion! besides lean and stringy. I consoled myself, however, by thinking that I was only a loser by the weight he carried on his bones, which was so little that it did not much signify.

March 18th.—This day I walked out again with my gun. I saw a flock of twenty or thirty birds about the size of fieldfares, or a little bigger, and somewhat resembling them in flight and action. They kept together on the tops of one tree after another, and on my pursuing them were very shy, and persisted in keeping out of distance. At the same time they were extremely noisy, and some of them were always chattering, while others whistled. I got near enough to see that their plumage was chiefly blue, and at last shot a straggler as he flew over my head. I found he was a blue jay, a bird resembling the

English jay in shape, and having also a similar black mark on the jaws.

New sounds and new colours now tended to enliven the solitary scene around me, as each feathered stranger thus established his summer residence in the neighbourhood of my dwelling. The forest was day by day more embellished by their brilliant plumage. It was beautiful to see the birds welcoming the budding leaf by a happy return from their long winter's banishment. The eye followed their flitting track through the air while the ear listened to notes lovely in themselves and till then unheard. . . .

March 20th.—Very early this morning I was awakened by a scratching at my door; and on listening attentively, distinctly heard the feet of some animal which evidently had an intention of making its way into the house. It put its nose to the bottom of the door, snuffling and whining from eagerness, after the manner, as I thought, of a dog. Conceiving that it might possibly be either a bear or a wolf, without stopping to put on my clothes, I seized my gun, which was ready loaded over the fire, and keeping my eyes upon the door, which was of such very thin deal, and so imperfectly fastened by a wooden latch, that I could place no confidence whatever in its strength, I remained still a minute or two, not making up my mind what to do. My window was fixed, and the glass so bad that light would barely pass through it. As to distinguishing any object on the other side, that was quite impossible. There was many a hole in the house

of which I might have availed myself, but it was scarcely daybreak, and therefore too dark to discern anything without. So I threw a small log or two upon the fire to blaze up, thinking it best to remain where I was, even in case the creature might break into the house, when I should be sure to have a fair shot at it.

Scarcely a minute had elapsed from the very beginning before I concluded from the sound, the perseverance, and total absence of fear of the animal, that it must be a dog and nothing else; so I opened the door very little and with extreme caution, and discovered to my surprise and satisfaction, that I was right, for a dog it was; and in an instant, a brown, rough water-spaniel bounced into my room, overjoyed at having reached a human habitation. To account at once for the circumstance: my house was but little removed out of the line of march of the North-west traders, to one of which persons, as I afterwards discovered, the dog belonged, and having lost his master, had wandered through the forest, till he came by chance to my dwelling.

Happy to have a companion—an honest friend, whether from the clouds or elsewhere no matter—I greeted him with a most cordial welcome; and wishing his former master, whoever he might be, all sorts of worldly prosperity, my only hope was that he might never show his face in my neighbourhood; and I put a string round the neck of the dog. The poor fellow was, on his part, just as happy to see me as a dog could well be. He frisked and jumped, wagging his tail, and

licking my hands, while his eloquent eyes, plainly as letters engraved on brass, besought me to make trial of the merits of one ready to execute a bond of allegiance. I showed him my gun, holding it down low to his nose; upon which, as he held his head back, a sagacious glance of recognition ratified the treaty. Calling immediately for my servant, I got my breakfast, not forgetting my new guest. I had nothing for myself but bread and salt pork, which I shared with him. He ate voraciously, having been, apparently, a long time without food. I tried all the names of dogs, in order to see to which he answered best; and at last fancied that he attended most to that of Rover. So Rover, at all events, I determined to call him.

To sportsmen, at least, it may be readily imagined that no time was expended in useless preparation, before we sallied forth together, without further ceremony, into the forest in quest of game. The snow in the woods was crisp from the night's frost; the sun was just rising in a clear sky. I, that yesterday had no resource but to track a poor unfortunate bird by its footsteps, had now my gun on my shoulder, my dog before me, and the best of a fine day unexpended. The haunts of a description of game, of which I was totally ignorant, were evidently familiar to my dog; and as he quartered his ground from right to left, I felt the most eager interest and curiosity in the pursuit.

I had walked about half-an-hour, when he suddenly quested; and on going up to him, I

found him at the edge of a swamp, among a clump of white cedar trees, on one of which he had evidently treed some description of bird; for he was looking steadfastly up into the tree, and barking with the utmost eagerness. I looked attentively, but nothing whatever could I discover. I walked round the tree, and round again, then observed the dog, whose eyes were evidently directly fixed upon the object itself, and still was disappointed by perceiving nothing. In the meantime, the dog, working himself up to a pitch of impatience and violence, tore with his paws the trunk of the tree, and bit the rotten stieks and bark, jumping and springing up at intervals towards the game; and five minutes had at least elapsed in this manner, when all at once I saw the eye of the bird. There he sat, or rather stood, just where Rover's eyes were fixed, in an attitude so extraordinary and steady, with outstretched neek, and body drawn out to an unnatural length, that twenty times must I have overlooked him, mistaking him for a dead branch, which he most closely resembled. About twenty feet from the ground he sat on a bough, eight or ten feet from the body of the tree. So, retreating to a little distance, I shot him.

This done, I pursued my way, and in the course of the morning killed four more partridges, which I came upon much in the same way as I did upon the first. My larder was now handsomely stocked with game. The snow was as usual very soft in the middle of the day, so that I never was

otherwise than quite wet through about the feet and legs. To have a house of my own, however, and the advantage of an excellent fire, by far more than compensated for other inconveniences, and I felt a growing interest in everything about me.

March 21st.—During the whole of this day the weather was particularly mild, but the hard night frosts continued to preserve the vast quantities of snow, with which the ground and the ice in the bay were covered. I went out again with my dog for a few hours in the morning, and brought in some more partridges. At one of these my gun flashed three times without his attempting to move, after which I drew the charge, loaded again, and killed him. The dog all the time was barking and baying with great perseverance. There is no limit to the stupidity of these partridges, and it is by no means unusual, on finding a whole covey on a tree in the autumn, to begin by shooting the bird which happens to sit lowest and then to drop the one above him, and so on till all are killed; this has very often been done. . . .

April 4th.—Shortly after daylight, in the morning, I heard a chattering of birds close to my house, as loud and incessant as if a thousand parrots had perched upon the neighbouring trees. I hurried on my clothes, and taking my gun in my hand, was out of doors in the space of two or three minutes. The day was unusually soft and mild, and there was a fog so dense that I could only see a few yards before me. It was

quite spring weather, and the snow was thawing as fast as it possibly could. I soon perceived that a flock of wood-pigeons had settled themselves all round about me, though I was surprised at the note so little resembling that of any sort of pigeon I had ever heard. Indeed, I can think of no better comparison than the one already chosen.

As I approached towards the busy gabbling which directed my course, the first that struck my eye were perched on the branches of a dead old tree which was literally laden with them. They stuck all over it as thick as they could possibly sit. I no sooner caught sight of them than they immediately rose, and this movement was the signal for legions of others, which I could not see, to do the same. It was unlucky that the fog was so thick, or the sight must have been grand; there seemed to be enough to carry me away with them, house and all. I shot at them as they rose, but I was rather too late and only killed four. However, I no sooner loaded my gun than I perceived the stragglers flying about in circles, and settling themselves in the different trees. I therefore continued the pursuit, and before breakfast bagged in all twenty-two birds.

This description of wood-pigeon which visits the country in such prodigious flocks, is about the size and colour of the English dove-house pigeon; the bill is, however, longer, and the form of the body more tapering and slender. On the wing, the tail being so long, their shape and flight exactly resemble that of a hawk; and, like a hawk,

they twist and turn among the branches of the trees with astonishing strength and rapidity. Towards the middle of the day, the sun broke out through the fog, and it became hot. The ice in the bay, covered with watery slushy snow, now began to put on an appearance of totally breaking up. It had melted away entirely round the edges, and in some places twenty yards or more of clear water intervened between it and the shore. . . .

April 11th.—Large cracks now began to appear in the ice, traversing the whole length of the bay. By its extreme thickness it, nevertheless, held together most obstinately. Nearly the whole surface was covered with water. It was now perfectly impassable. I killed a bird about the size of a jackdaw, and very like one, except that he was only grey round the eyes. I also shot a woodpecker, about as large as a dove, with a black mark on the jaws and a bright scarlet spot on the poll. Large patches of ground, quite clear of snow, now appeared in the woods in those places the most exposed to the sun.

I discovered a quantity of wild leeks just shooting up out of the earth, of which I gathered a good many. I was unfortunate in this, my first essay on vegetable diet, for they heated me to such a degree that I was for some time afraid they had possessed some deleterious quality; but the intolerably high flavour of the plant quieted my apprehensions. I was in a burning fever, at the same time quite sure that I had eaten nothing but leeks. Though they abounded

all over the woods, for a long time afterwards I was too well satisfied with my first dose to try another. I shot some partridges, also a striped squirrel, a harmless little creature somewhat smaller than the English squirrel.

April 12th.—The length of the days being considerably increased, the forest assumed every hour a more vernal appearance. Still none but the earliest trees, and those only in the warmest situations, were in forward bud. Relentless winter had not as yet loosened the ice, which bound up the waters in the bay, and every night destroyed the hopes that each morning created of an event now most wofully protracted.

I had walked this morning, with my gun on my shoulder, some distance from my house, considerably farther than I had ever ventured before, having come upon a spot so clear from snow, as to induce me to extend my ramble, as the day was fine, without thinking of my return. Trusting only to my footsteps, and neglecting all other means of precaution, it was not till I began to attempt to return home that I perceived I was bewildered and unable to find my way back. I grew very eager, and hurried backwards and forwards in the hopes of being able to retrace the path by which I had arrived at the spot where I was, but to no purpose.

At last I came quite to a standstill, and very soon was completely puzzled. Very uncomfortable reflections immediately suggested themselves, not at all calculated to assist the dilemma, and these were not much relieved when, having climbed

to the top of a high tree, I could see nothing but the waving summits of trees in all directions. I began to think of my own folly, and the change in my life and prospects thus effected within the space of a few short minutes. I might, by good fortune, find my way back, but should I take a wrong course, the long odds were certainly against me. Not to make a bad matter worse, I thought it as well to sit still and think a little, being, moreover, as near the summit of the tree as I could venture without the immediate chance of breaking my neck. Having observed the highest spot of ground and taken the best observation I could of the direction of this point, I descended and made towards it, notching the branches as I went on with my knife. Then making choice of the highest of the trees, I climbed to the top, where I received payment in full and compound interest for my trouble, by catching a glimpse of the ice in the bay. I very joyfully made towards it, marking the trees in my way as before, and, having arrived at the shore, found I was not more than three miles from my house, to which I bent my steps as straight as possible; so much so as to toil pretty hard in clambering over the trunks of the huge trees which impeded my progress, and floundering through the deep snow.

These exertions brought to my mind indispensable reflections relating to the scanty way I had provided myself with clothes, for I had not calculated upon the extra wear and tear to which my manner of life subjected my wardrobe. What

with working with my axe, moving and piling heavy logs, and such sort of occupations, I had been for some days past very much out at elbows; and when I got home, after this morning's adventure, the state of my dress was a matter of serious consideration. In climbing the trees, I had left parts of my things sticking on the branches, from the eagerness with which I went up and down; and now that I came to take a cool survey of myself, I found that I was literally in rags, and that too without a tailor to help me. I had, however, needles and thread in abundance, which nothing but sheer necessity could induce me to use; but the time was come, and I employed myself upwards of two hours in the evening, by the light of the fire, in cutting out patches, and sewing them on as well as I could. . . .

April 17th.—A strong wind having set in during the night, blowing directly out of the bay, I perceived in the morning all the ice broken in pieces, and floating towards the lake. It was moving slowly away, and a considerable extent of water uncovered. This was a joyful sight, for of all things a sheet of water conveys the most lively impressions to the mind; and, confined as I was from the impassable state of the ice to the shores on one side of the bay, the barrier was no sooner removed than I felt a sensation of liberation, which seemed to be participated by the turbulent waves themselves, as, just risen from their bondage, they rallied as it were and held council together, bubbling and fretting in their eagerness to press on the rear of their retiring enemy. The

wind chased the chilly field before it, split into mammocks, and every minute retiring farther from the sight, till, about three o'clock in the afternoon, the lively change was altogether perfect, and Kampenfeldt Bay, long the type of dreary winter, now became a lovely basin of pure water. And, as if to add to the gratifying occurrence, the ice had no sooner disappeared than the wind lulled, and the sun beamed forth to embellish the natural beauties of a spot in themselves very much above the common order.

As the evening advanced it was beautiful to see the enormous pines with which the banks were fringed reflected in the water, while the winding shore presented a pleasing variety of sandy beach and bluff rocky headland. Nor were the animal creation insensible to the moment: the large fish leaped incessantly high out of the water, and it was scarcely dark before a flock of wild fowl flew round and round in circles, lowering themselves by degrees, and then each, one after another, dashing heavily into the favourite element. A sportsman can readily comprehend how animating it was to listen to the wild sounds which now broke upon the ear, as the feathered troop held gabbling conversation together, and, diving and splashing by turns, commenced every now and then a short flight for the sake of a fresh plunge in the water. Everything now was new; Nature had thrown off her homely winter's garb, and began to unveil her beauties. My enjoyments were from that day increased; fish also and fowl were added to my resources.

PIONEERS IN THE GOLD-FIELDS

IN the following passage Mr. Kinahan Cornwallis relates his journey to Vancouver and his ascent of the Frazer River in 1856. Gold had been discovered on that river, and Mr. Cornwallis accompanied the eager adventurers who poured from California towards this new Eldorado.

IT was a bright and beaming morning in early June on which I embarked on board the steamer *Cortes* for Victoria, Vancouver Island; all things to me wore a riant and festive aspect, for my spirit was elate with hope and buoyed up with the pleasures of anticipation; to my eyes all was gold and glitter, and all that glittered gold.

I stood upon the deck of the vessel as she slowly moved from her place at San Francisco wharf, one of nearly fifteen hundred passengers, and I blended my voice with the farewell of that mighty crowd in a hearty, hopeful cheer to those collected on shore, although I had no friend there to respond.

The cheers of those on shore died faintly away in the distance, as the paddle-wheels flew round; the waving of hats ceased, and the broad bay, with its bounding and picturesque coastlands, lay out before our view. The bright glare of the sun lent a golden tinge to the rippling waters, and all nature seemed clad in her most brilliant array. The majority of those on board were, like myself, alone in California, and had forsaken the city we were so fast receding from, without

compunction or regret, without a shade of sorrow at parting from any beloved object, or a qualm of conscience for the past. But some there were whose anxious, lingering looks proclaimed the inner working of the heart, and as the wharf became entirely hidden from the view, seemed to utter within themselves a benediction on those whom they had left behind—wives and children dear to them—for the gold-digger is a man of deep and generous feelings; his avocations foster affection and endear the remembrance of home, and as he rocks away at his cradle-rocker, and gathers the glittering treasure presented to his eye, he thinks of those to whom he is endeared, and contemplates it more for the sake of the good it will be productive of to those whom he loves, than he does for the mere sake of gratifying his taste for gain. Away went the ship, her sails pouting in the gentle breeze; soon we cleared the strait, and the ocean, calm and expansive, lay spread out before us, with here and there a sail coursing along the horizon, not “small by degrees and beautifully less,” but

Slowly expanding as we nearer drew,
'Neath and above the ever-rolling blue.

There were several companies on board, numbering from three to six men each. Some of these had brought whale-boats with them, in which they intended making the voyage up river from Victoria, and all were tolerably well stocked with mining tools and provisions. Swarthy, restless fellows, they walked backwards and forwards,

and "guessed" and "calculated," either on deck or in the cabins, from early morning till midnight. The same restlessness of tongue and manner manifested itself during the consumption of their usual meals, when pork and beans, pickles and molasses, were thrown together on the one plate, and buried into obscurity with all the impetuosity of an ardent gusto and excitement peculiar to themselves.

At length, on the morning of the sixth day from San Francisco, the bold shore of the destined island was presented to our longing view, and in two hours afterwards we anchored within the harbour of Esquimalt, Victoria.

We all went ashore immediately, that is as fast as boats could be had to carry us, so that very shortly the streets of the island town presented an appearance of human traffic not dissimilar to that of Panama after receiving a similar freight. We lost no time in repairing to the Government gold licence office, where we tendered our five dollars each, in exchange for a monthly voucher, privileging us to dig, which also was our necessary passport to travel up river, for without it we could not have proceeded along the mainland. This tax was frankly paid, but heartily denounced.

The town wore a highly flourishing and pleasing appearance, the most noticeable feature in the shop and trading line being the scarcity of anything like hotels; there were five places, however, where liquor was sold, the proprietor of each having to pay the Hudson's Bay Company a

licence fee of no less than £120 per annum for the privilege. For my own part, I strolled a little way inland along green Jamaica-looking lanes, running like channels through a continent of cultivation; acres of potatoes, wheat, maize, barley, and gently-waving rye, were successively presented to my admiring view. The fertility of the soil was everywhere apparent. Limestone-built villas here and there decked the suburbs, and cottages festooned with a profusion of blossoming creeping plants flanked the road a little to the westward of Government House, which from its elevated position seemed to hold precedence over all the lesser architecture around.

The sun with his golden radiance was shedding floods of light over the varied landscape, casting the shadow of Indians on the placid water of a lagoon, which wound like a river in a gently-shelving valley beyond, and giving a glow of life and animation to the bending corn-fields and the Parian habitations of men. The birds were joyfully carolling away in sweet and hope-inspiring unison; the herds at pasture lowed plaintively, and the bleating of sheep and lambkin broke audibly to life as I passed by natural hedges of wild rose and blackberry bushes, and fields redolent of grass and clover, whose aroma was borne on the breeze far away to the uplands, where the wild man still holds sway and civilization has seldom or never trodden.

At five o'clock on the same day I embarked on board the American steamer *Surprise* for the highest navigable point of the Frazer River; the

passage-money being twenty dollars without distinction, whereas the San Francisco steamers' fares varied from thirty to sixty-five dollars. We passed and saluted the steamer *Satellite*, as we entered the mouth of the river, after crossing, or rather rounding, the Strait of San Juan de Fuea, which separates the island from the mainland, and after that, threaded our way amongst the canoes past Fort Langley and the mouth of the Harrison River, towards Fort Hope, which we reached early on the morning of the second day afterwards; having sailed a hundred and sixty miles in all from Victoria. The slowness of our progress was owing to the strong down-river current; had the supply of coal not been limited, the steamer would have advanced as far as Fort Yale. Here I disembarked.

The weather was delightful, and tended to enhance the merry excitement of the gold-hunters. The right bank of the river on either side of the fort and the Que-que-alla River was dotted with miners, each stooping and busy, roeking, digging, or scooping up the gold. Gold glittered amongst the sand on the beach; I stooped down and gathered a few grains, and finding the bait too tempting to resist, I set manfully to work, turning over the sand with a geological shovel I had brought with me from San Francisco. I was but an amateur, and had entered on the Frazer River journey more for the sake of seeing a young nation spring into life than anything else, although I do not disclaim having turned digger for the time being, an avocation too

remunerative and independent to be considered *infra dig.* True, I had dug for gold at the Sonora mines and at Ballarat, on two respective occasions of half-an-hour each, and found a little, but still, as the Yankees would say, I was green at the business; yet, in spite of my greenness and geological shovel, I realized, to use another of their expressions, in the space of three hours, no less than fifteen dollars and sixty cents' worth of particles. I thought myself in for a run of luck, and resolved to set to work on the next morning in the same place; in the meantime, however, I met with several of the red-shirted community, who rather made small of my day's earnings and geological shovel than otherwise, and guessed if they hadn't realized more than that 'ere they'd be looking down flat on their rockers.

“ I guess I calculate pretty correctly when I say that I've realized three hundred and seventy-three dollars and fifty-eight cents this ar week,” said a gaunt, sleek-haired man with a black beard and restless eyes, and with two revolvers slung to his belt. He stood in front of a large tent used as a boarding house, the only concern of the kind nearer than Fort Langley, and in which I had engaged residence at a charge of three dollars a day, being half a dollar in excess of the charge at the hotel-palaces of New York. It was supper-time and seven o'clock, so I sat down with my successful double-revolvered friend, and commenced with considerable gusto the work of tea-drinking, mutton-chop eating, and speculation

as to the probable yield of gold both during and after the freshets. There were fifteen of us in all, including our German host, who had only just set up his canvas hotel, having run down from San Francisco on the previous steamer to the *Cortes*, for the purpose of boarding and lodging the miners in the octagonal tent he brought for the occasion.

“ I guess he’s realizing a pretty considerable sum,” remarked a party with only one revolver, but a terrific pair of moustachios. I nodded assent, guessing at the same time that we should have to sleep on the ground. My companion guessed likewise, but accompanied it with the ejaculation “ skins ” and a significant point of the head and the eye towards the tent wall; seeing nothing there, I guessed the skins alluded to were outside for the time being. I was right; they were lying *al fresco*, and were destined to constitute our only beds. After dark the skins were brought in and spread along either side of the tent, leaving a space of about half a foot for the purposes of navigation. They were soon covered with the lounging and recumbent bodies of the miners, who kept on talking till about ten o’clock, when silence supervened, or rather snoring was substituted for talking. All slept with their revolvers and gold under their variously improvised pillows, and I did not form an exception to the rule. The host slept in the middle of his pantry, surrounded and almost hidden by pots and pans, and occasionally making commotion amongst his scanty supply of crockery ware.

I did not very readily yield to the embrace of slumber, for the novelty and excitement of my new life kept my thinking powers awake. It was a little past midnight, and the sickly oil lamp which swung from the tent roof still shed its hazy light. Suddenly I heard a rustle and a hissing noise, something between that of a hostler currycombing and stifled laughter. I lifted my head, and directing my eyes towards the tent's opening, beheld a Red Indian, more than six feet in height, holding the canvas drop up, and grinning with evident delight, while the heads and eyes of two or three of his fellows were to be seen peering in the background.

"Hillo!" I involuntarily exclaimed: two or three awoke at the signal, and sprang upon their legs as they heard the glee shouts and tramp of the Indians, who bounded off at the instant. A least a dozen awoke and asked "What's up?" but after ascertaining that it was all over, went to sleep again, including our host, who upset a mustard pot over his whiskers, in his sudden endeavour to attain the perpendicular, and dropped flat on a gridiron when he proceeded to resume the horizontal. At about five o'clock several began yawning, and recommended "the bolt upright."

"I guess, mate, you've had a pretty good hiding?" said one jocularly, in allusion to a good night's rest on the skins.

"Guess I have, it's done me a sight more good than a cow-hiding," was the response.

"What was that about Indians?" some one

asked; and so they talked, meanwhile assuming the bolt upright, and adjourning outside the tent to make their slight and hasty toilet. After that gold was the sole and absorbing theme, the great order of the day.

Already miners were at work along the river's banks, and the lurid sun shot out his rays of fire in dazzling brightness, and hope-inspiring effulgence far and wide, over the river and over the grass land, lighting up the mountains in beauty of many shades, and displaying the mighty foliage of the forest in gilded loveliness, giving gaiety and animation to everything; and while buoying up the hearts of men, making all nature glad and rosy. It was such a morning—the first of my arrival—when I again set to work with my geological shovel, not half a mile from the tent, and about three miles above Fort Hope.

The river was a little lower than on the previous day, and miners were busy, either singly or in twos, rocking the washing stuff. It requires two to work a rocker well, one to dig and the other to wash and collect the "bits." Some who had not brought rockers with them were engaged in making them out of green timber; the bottom, however, a thin metal plate punctured with holes, had to be purchased, and at an exorbitant price—one of my fellow boarders has given forty dollars for one—a thing that in England would cost about eighteenpence, and in San Francisco two dollars and a half. But the necessity for a rocker in wet diggings is all but absolute. For my own part, I gave four dollars for a pan, and worked

that in lieu of a rocker, making four bits each washing, equivalent to two shillings sterling.

This continued throughout the day, so that by nightfall I had realized "pretty considerable," which means more than two ounces of clean gold. In spite of the proverb of a rolling stone gathering no moss, I was impelled by force of reports coming down river of great yields nearer the mountains, as well as by seeing the canoes making their way past me for a higher part of the river, to join in the purchase of a canoe for eighty dollars, with five others; and accordingly we set off at seven o'clock on the next morning for Fort Yale, afterwards to advance as we deemed best. Two or three miles below the latter, however, at a point called Hill's Bar, a sandy flat about five hundred yards in length, we went ashore, having heard reports before starting of good returns there.

We found the place crowded with Indians, at least five hundred of them, men, squaws, and children; with about eighty miners at work on the bar. These were averaging from fifteen to twenty-five dollars a day each man. Provisions were exceedingly dear and scarce, flour selling at eighty dollars the barrel, bacon at seventy-five cents per pound, and butter at a dollar per pound. A party of twenty miners had set out on the previous day to prospect for dry diggings in the interior, under the guidance of a batch of Indians, who said there was plenty of gold to be found, but no tidings of their success had yet been heard of. The population were subsisting



GOLD-WASHING ON THE BANKS OF THE FRAZER

chiefly upon deer's flesh and salmon, both of which were abundant. My companions went "in for a dig" as they termed it, at this place, but being anxious to explore new spots, I did not remain beyond noon on the day following, during which time I ate a "green bear" steak—the first of the kind I had ever partaken of, and worthy of being ranked with shark cutlets, and pieces of a whale's tail, not omitting the morsel of horse-flesh, which I had previously demolished in other regions of land and water.

About half-a-mile higher up than Fort Yale the river rushes between huge and naked rocks, almost perpendicular. Here a portage has to be made along an Indian trackway, and over rugged ground; the scenery on either side, however, is highly picturesque and mountainous.

We ascended the river under the pilotage of an Indian, whom we had engaged at eight dollars a day wages, passing the "Forks," the junction of the Thompson and Frazer, on our way, and making a hundred and seventy miles in all from the river's mouth. During the journey we had to stem and round a rapid where the water fell and swirled rather heavily over rocky shoals; this was about five miles below "Sailors' Diggings," and twenty above Fort Yale, consequently about forty miles from where we now found ourselves.

There were not more than half-a-dozen miners to be seen along the shore in either direction; and these were stragglers, or rather prospecting explorers from the Thompson and Sailors' Diggings lower down, and reported to be very rich,

but whom our party were eager to "beat," and outvie by fresh discoveries.

On shore we jumped, pell-mell and excited, for there is ever an excitement about gold-digging; and blunted must be the susceptibility, and torpid the soul, of that man who can gather naked gold and not feel a throb of delight and an ever unsatisfied longing for more, which keeps alive every faculty of the human mind, and makes imagination picture joys and comforts to be bought, and perhaps castles to be built, with that same lucre. Thus, practical as is the labour of the "digger," it is the strongest incentive to romance of thought, as well as the most ambition-firing of any of the manual occupations of the age.

My companions of the canoe were soon hard at work: three were single-handed, that is, without partners; the other two were in partnership, and had a rocker between them, one filling, the other rocking. I set to work, after a salmon dinner, with my geological shovel and my tin pan, and washed away with all the gusto of a veritable digger. At about sunset I was interrupted by a coarse "Hillo, mate!" from one of my canoe brethren, an Anglo-Saxon Californianized pick and shovel handler.

"The yellow fever's pretty high with you, I guess," he observed.

Of course, I comprehended his metallic joke, and retorted by the ready calculation that it was the same with him.

"Sartinly," was the reply, "it's raging up here awful strong."

After this interesting exchange of feverish ideas we joined the rest of our party, and found that each man, during the six hours we had been working, had realized from three to five ounces, or in other words, from forty-eight to eighty dollars; the market value of gold being sixteen dollars the ounce.

These were good earnings, and as satisfactory as any we had heard of lower down the river; but still the mania was for advancing farther still, by making a land portage with the canoe to avoid the rapids a few miles higher up. The miners had the impression, and truly so, that whatever the yield here might be, it was sure to be still greater higher up, for it was evident that the grains became more plentiful and larger the more we advanced; thus demonstrating that such, during the course of time, had been washed down from the mountains, or other highly auriferous regions adjacent, which, when reached, would far outvie the most sanguine expectations. We looked forward to fields of gold; and our imaginations transformed the very mountains into gold, which we should find in unportable abundance. We thought of gold as a collier does of coal; but still we treasured every grain we gathered, and would have defended it at the revolver's point as desperately as life itself.

As for provisions and habitations, at this stage they were both equally scarce. We had to run down river three miles, towards Sailors' Bar, before we arrived at a newly-constructed store of green timber, where flour was selling at a

hundred dollars the barrel; molasses, seven dollars a gallon; pork, a dollar per pound; tea, four dollars per pound; sugar, two dollars per pound; beans, one dollar per pound; picks at six dollars each, and shovels three dollars each, and where we were taken in for the night at three dollars a head.

For the benefit of the unsophisticated, I may as well mention that five dollars go to the sovereign, the dollar Yankee being here worth forty-eight pence British currency.

The Indians at this spot were straggling in their numbers, but were as well stocked with gold as the white men. They carried it about with them in skin pouches and bags containing from one to five hundred dollars' worth, and manifested the most friendly feelings towards us, frolicking about in the highest glee imaginable; and giving ejaculatory utterance to a more complicated amount of Chinook¹ than I could possibly comprehend. They "absquatulated" as the evening closed in, and sought rest, or revelry, as the case might be, in their encampment, which lay at the distance of a mile or so inland.

As for myself, I "turned in," or rather on to a wooden bench covered over with a bear skin, at about ten o'clock, and so passed the night together with about twenty others, who were variously located about the store, which, of course, consisted of one room only; most of them occupying positions on the top of boxes of merchandise, surrounded by varieties, raw and

¹ The pidgin-English of the Indians.

manufactured, in a manner similar to the German boarding-house keeper amongst his crockery, and constituting in all a perfect chaos of legs, arms, provisions and hardware.

No Red Indian disturbed our slumbers during this night, which, to speak poetically, was beautifully radiant with moonbeams that penetrated with welcome light (through the place where the windows ought to be) into our chaotic dormitory, where molasses and butter were the silent witnesses of our unconscious repose, and where nails were our sharpest bedfellows. By the bye, speaking of nails, they were here selling at a rate equivalent to a shilling each, thus placing their famous brethren, the so-called Ninepennys, completely in the shade.

We were up and at work by six o'clock, and on one of the most lovely mornings that the month of June ever ushered into existence. The air, at once warm and fragrant of the forest and wild clover, was just sufficiently stirring to prevent the heat feeling oppressive, while the enchanting rays of the rising sun decked out the prospect in magnificent array, brightening the more prominent parts of the mountains hundreds of miles away, and leaving the recesses lost in a deeply-contrasting shade; while far and high in the background the lofty snow-capped summits shone in crystal purity, white and dazzling in the midst of a sky of tranquil blue. Farther down, the picturesque shores of the river enhanced the beauty of the scene, and as the eye ranged far and wide over the landscape of forest and

prairie, gentle hill and sloping valley, admiration could not fail to take possession of the beholder, and make even the most practical of gold-diggers feel that he stood up within view of a perfect paradise of scenery—a land as rich and as beautiful, a clime as golden and luxurious, as any upon which Nature ever lavished her inviting treasures.

Not finding the yield to come up to expectation, and being myself equally, or even more, anxious than my partners in the canoe to press on higher up the river, we set out with a newly-engaged Indian, with a view of passing the upper falls, either by land portage or skilful steersmanship. The latter, however, we were warned against trusting to, as two miners and an Indian had been drowned in the attempt to pass through, their canoe being also smashed to pieces, five days previously.

In the vicinity of Fort Hope an American ill-treated an Indian chief, which resulted in a return of hostilities, the former drawing his revolver and shooting the chief through the left side, from the effects of which he died almost instantly. This aroused the wrath of the Indians standing near, one of whom being also armed returned the fire, and shot a miner through the heart, from which he fell dead. The murderer of the chief then made his escape; and some days of commotion and anger elapsed before the Indians were pacified by the agent of the Hudson's Bay Company, who very laudably exerted himself in the re-establishment of peace.

On reaching the falls we disembarked, each

man carrying his own kit, and our Indian pilot the canoe. Had it not been for the unusually high state of the river at this particular time and season, we could have easily avoided making the portage, but as the river ran, it was the wisest thing we could do to abstain from trying it. Still the American character—and four out of the five were Americans—is more apt to study dispatch than safety, as, for instance, a go-ahead Yankee would sooner travel by a train that was likely to take him to his destination an hour quicker than another one, although the chances were in favour of his having his neck broken on the journey. The American is eager, pushing, and impetuous; he is fond of risk, if there is the remotest chance of gaining anything by it; and in undertakings of a hazardous and uncertain nature he is without rival in his achievements. He will “drive a trade,” and explore, in the hope of gain, farther and quicker into the heart of a country, no matter what the hardships and obstacles to be contended against, than any other, not even his Anglo-Saxon cousins excepted.

Civilization follows more briskly in his wake than with any other nation; he has scarcely “set up” in the wilderness before he finds materials for a newspaper arriving and a “spick-span” editor heralding the events of the hour, and that on a spot where the red man dances and the wild animals of the forest are still to be seen.

However, to our portage: after proceeding nearly a mile the canoes were again laid on the water, and our oars plashed away with feathered

spray towards—where we knew not, nearer than the mountains. We seemed hemmed in by mountains, and we positively talked of nothing but the mountains and the probability of our making “big strikes” as we drew nearer them. At dusk, feeling hot and tired, we drew up in a small natural cove on the right bank of the river, partly overhung by a species of water-willow, which for beauty of position might have had the advantages and labour of art and cultivation devoted to its planting and bestowed upon its growth. We stepped ashore with the feelings of pioneers, and the reliant self-confidence which steals upon us when alone in the wilderness and far away from the haunts of civilization. We felt morally armed, and hedged against danger and foreign foes. We expected to meet with unaccustomed things, and hardships that we had hitherto escaped; but fortitude gives strength, and we stood up each as a pillar to brave and to defy.

It is under such circumstances as these that men unite in one common and solid friendship, and are ever ready to join together in the cause of self-defence, mutual protection, and well-being. All conventionalism is quickly banished or thrown aside, and generosity and the better feelings of the human heart preside and unite men in one honest brotherhood.

The singing of a bird, shrill, long, and musical, and the half-seething murmur of the flowing waters of the river, alone disturbed the solitude of the seemingly primeval wilderness into which

we had plunged, and which the rustling sound, gently wafted from the giant forest, only tended to enhance and to render our loneliness the more impressive. But for us solemnity of scene had fewer charms than for those who, fresh from the lap of luxury, may contemplate Nature's beauties in idle peace. For us there was the excitement of danger and uncertainty, the hope of gold and the risk of starvation.

True, all these were powerful incentives to hard work and enterprise; but they, in their sharpening influence, tended to disturb that calm and happy contemplation of the beautiful which, under less adventurous circumstances, could not have failed to soothe and to inspire. We were eager, impatient, and restless; and, as a matter of necessity, our thoughts were more engrossed by the consideration of where our camping-ground should be, and where and when we might be able to renew our stock of provisions, than by the scenery which met our gaze. I must say, however, that, in spite of hope and danger, I dwelt with something like rhapsody on the picturesque region of mountain and forest which delighted my admiring, not to say astonished, gaze. No doubt the brilliant and changing hues of the sky, which were reflected upon the landscape, and threw out the irregular outline and undulations of the mountains, contributed greatly to the fascination of the view; but still I became enamoured of it, and I thought it the loveliest clime it had ever been my changeful lot to wander in.

Not an Indian was to be seen, the woodland was deserted. We began, of course, with our usual avidity, to explore and prospect, from the instant of our mooring the canoe, while our native pilot collected faggots for a fire. I soon saw that the country was not so thickly wooded as at first sight I had been led to suppose. A belt of trees merely flanked the waterside, beyond which deeply-grassed rich prairie land stretched for several miles, bounded to the westward by lofty forest trees, and to the north by the over-towering mountains, but open to the south, and reaching farther than the eye could carry. We returned to our camping-ground near the beach, and a few yards only from the canoe, before darkness set in, and very soon the crackling of the pile of leaves and branches, which our Indian pilot had collected, was heard amid the lively flames of an *al fresco* fire. The weather was warm, so that we would have readily dispensed with such, had it not been for the sake of cooking some dried salmon, and making a decoction of tea.

The fire crackled as if rejoicing; merrily, laughingly curled the flames; and the pleasant smoke, wriggling out of their embrace, sailed up peacefully over our heads and wasted itself away in the pure atmosphere of the forest. We sat ourselves down on the cool turf and partook of the repast with all the gusto of a healthy appetite and relish, and then sat round the cheering fire, which we piled with faggots from time to time, talking of our hopes and fears, but chiefly of

the successes that awaited us,—for the miner is constitutionally sanguine, and hard, indeed, must have been his luck when *he* is bowed down and despairing.

Each man had blankets with him, and for myself I had an opossum rug in addition, which I found highly serviceable. I spread it at the base of a large tree not far from the fire, and there I prostrated myself, the rest of the party following my example, one by one, within a radius of twenty yards. As the night fell, the stars shone out like jets of fire, and the moon again, with steady light, silvered the landscape. Once through an opening in the forest above me I caught a glimpse of her radiant face, and felt glad in the contemplation of such heavenly beauty, which, although a common sight, was nevertheless to me, under the circumstances in which I then lay, peculiarly grateful and soothing; for I am an admirer of the great and beautiful, and a sunny elime to me is earthly paradise.

The howling of a wolf and the cries of other animals of the wilderness were heard from time to time coming faintly from the distance, but did not excite our fears; at any rate, our revolvers were ready, and our Indian pilot was as quick of hearing, whether asleep or awake, as Paddy might say, as he was sure and composed as to our safety and his own.

We were up and “hard at it” soon after day-break on the following morning. We found gold everywhere; and my only surprise was that a region so long palpably auriferous should have

remained so long unproclaimed and hidden from the gaze of civilization. I found a very choice quartz "specimen," six ounces in weight, half jutting out of the sand on the river's bank, which contained at least four ounces of the precious metal,—in fact, the larger half of the piece was solid gold, and could have been broken off from the quartz to which it was attached.

This was a sure sign to us that large masses of gold must lie somewhere higher up the river than we had yet proceeded, most probably in the recesses, and at the foot of the mountains themselves; and that the gold found on the banks, and which is no doubt equally abundant in the bed of the river, was merely the off-scouring and broken fragments of the great gold region lying farther inland. During this day's work seven "nuggets," varying from about half-an-ounce to five ounces in weight, were picked up, while the average yield of "dust" was no less than four ounces each man, equal to about sixty-four dollars (£12 16s.), besides the nuggets. This was glorious; but still the Yankees were anything but satisfied; it seemed as if the more they got the more they expected to get; and if they could only find out and reach this "source," of which we talked so much, they would have nothing to do but use their picks and shovels in gathering as much gold as they could get horses and canoes to carry.

We appeared to be the first who had tried this spot; and although it was known that another party of six had ascended the river higher than

we were, they were reported to have diverged into the interior, and found diggings at the foot of the Cascade Mountains, many miles in a south-westerly direction, and away from the river altogether. We, therefore, entertained strong hopes of being ourselves the sole discoverers of the prime mine of wealth; and leaving the rich diggings behind us, pushed on for richer diggings and "bigger strikes" still, on the very day following the yield last quoted, assured in our own minds, and moreover with experience in our favour, that we could not but be gainers by the movement, and perhaps—as, indeed, we sanguinely hoped, and I as reliantly as any of them—solve the grand problem as to where the gold came from. So with this hope impelling us, and this achievement strongly before us, we moved away from the newly-baptized Willow Bank (which, by the bye, had been and, if we could do no better elsewhere, still promised to be a very good bank for us); and while the word "Exeelsior" rang out from the lips of one on board, we rowed swiftly along a somewhat rapid and now shoaly river, the navigation of which was both intricate and dangerous, towards the mountains, now transformed into visionary gold.

IN THE DOMAIN OF THE BUFFALO

MR. HENRY YOULE HIND, professor of chemistry and geology in the university of Trinity College,

Toronto, was in charge of exploring expeditions in the years 1857 and 1858, the object of which was to ascertain the practicability of establishing an emigrant route between Lake Superior and Selkirk Settlement, and to obtain some knowledge of the natural resources of the Valley of Red River and the Saskatchewan. He discovered the immense fertile belt lying between the Lake of the Woods and the Rocky Mountains, now of such importance to Canada and the Empire. The following passage describes his adventures in the Qu'Appelle Valley.

AFTER leaving the Fourth Fishing Lake and the marshes at its western extremity, we paddled, sailed, or tracked up a narrow swift stream, four or five feet deep, seventy feet broad, and winding through a valley of considerable breadth and depth. The hillsides were now absolutely bare, not a tree or shrub was to be seen. We had reached the point where timber ceases to grow in the valleys of the rivers except in peculiar situations; the altitude of the banks could not be less than two hundred and eighty or three hundred feet. The prairie on either side is also treeless and arid. On the 21st of July, after spending a restless night owing to the attacks of multitudes of mosquitoes, we left the canoe in the hands of our half-breeds to track up the stream, and, ascending to the prairie, walked for some miles on the brink of this great excavation. We waited five hours for the canoe to reach us, the windings of the stream involving a course three times as long as a straight line up the valley.

In the afternoon of this day we made many miles by sailing before a strong east wind, notwithstanding a heavy rain and thunderstorm; we were glad to be able to push on through this seemingly interminable and now monotonous valley, as the air from the marshes on either side of the river was fetid and oppressive. A scramble to the summit of the steep hill bank, three hundred feet high, though very fatiguing, was amply repaid by the cool, pure, and delightful breeze blowing over the desolate prairies around us. Roses of three different varieties, red, white, and variegated, were numerous on the upland; and in the morning, when the dew was on them, or at night, when it was falling, the fresh air from above came down in puffs into our deep, hot valley with delicious and invigorating fragrance. On the fourth day after our departure from the lakes we sighted the Grand Forks. Leaving the canoe, I hastened on to a point where the men with the carts and horses were to await our arrival, and found them safely encamped on a beautiful meadow, anxiously looking for us. An empty cart and a couple of horses were dispatched for the canoe, still some miles below us, and in the evening we were joined by Mr. Fleming and the two voyageurs. During the day the temperature of the river was found to be 74°.

Near our camp, on the 23rd, were six or seven log houses occasionally inhabited during the winter months by freemen, that is, men no longer in the service of the Company. The prairie above the freemen's houses slopes gently to the edge

of the valley from the distant horizon on both sides. Clumps of aspen vary its monotonous aspect, and though clothed with green herbage, due to the late abundant rains, the soil is light and poor. Some distance back from the valley it is of better quality, the finer particles not having been washed out of it; the grass there is longer and more abundant, but the greatest drawback is the want of timber.

Soon after sunset our camp received an unexpected addition of six "Bungays,"¹ who were on their way to Fort Ellice with dried buffalo meat and pemmican. They had been hunting between the two branches of the Saskatchewan, and represented the season as very dry and the buffalo scarce. We passed a quiet and friendly night with them, and on the following morning made them a small present and pursued our way to the Grand Forks.

I happened to be about one hundred yards in advance of the carts, after we had travelled for about a quarter of an hour, when, hearing a loud clatter of horses' feet behind me, I looked round and saw the six Indians approaching at a gallop. One of them, who had represented himself as a chief, seized my bridle, drew the horse's head round, and motioned me to dismount. I replied by jerking my bridle out of the Indian's hand. My people came up at this moment, and asked in Cree what this interference meant. "We wanted to have a little more talk," said the chief; "we

¹ Crees and Ojibways of mixed origin.

are anxious to know the reason why you are travelling through our country."

It turned out, after a little more "talk," that they wished to establish a sort of toll of tobacco and tea for permission to pass through their country, threatening that if it were not given they would gather their friends in advance of us, and stop us by force. We knew that we should have to pass through about a hundred tents, so there was some little meaning in the threat. The old hunter, however, knowing Indian habits and diplomacy well, at once remarked that we were taking a large present to the chief of the Sandy Hills, and we did not intend to distribute any tobacco or tea until we had seen him, according to Indian custom. They tried a few more threats, but I closed the parley by unslinging a double-barrelled gun from the cart, and instructing the men to show quietly that they had theirs in readiness. Wishing the rascals good day, we rode on; they sat on the ground, silently watching us, but made no sign.

We crossed to the north side of the Qu'Appelle when we arrived at the Grand Forks, and ascended the hill bank to the prairie. The Grand Forks consist of the junction of two deep and broad valleys bearing a great resemblance to each other; the one on the south is that in which the Qu'Appelle River flows, the other, occupied by Long Lake, or Last Mountain Lake, being in fact an exact counterpart of the Qu'Appelle Valley and Lakes. In its general aspect Last Mountain Lake is similar to the Fishing Lakes. A rapid,

winding stream, thirty feet broad, runs from it into the Qu'Appelle. Both valleys are of uniform breadth and depth, and very little narrower than, when united, they form the main valley of the Qu'Appelle River.

A few miles west of the Souris Forks the Qu'Appelle is nineteen feet wide and one and a half feet deep, but the great valley is still a mile broad and two hundred feet deep. Here on the 25th we caught a glimpse of the blue outline of the Grand Coteau, with a treeless plain between us and the nearest part, which is called the "Dancing Point of the Grand Coteau," and has long been distinguished for the "medicine ceremonies" which are celebrated there. After passing these forks, the country is more undulating; small hills begin to show themselves; the general character of the soil is light and poor; the herbage consists of short tufted buffalo grass and plants common in dry arid plains. This afternoon we saw three fires spring up between us and the Grand Coteau. They were Indians' signs, but whether they referred to the presence of buffalo, or whether they were designed to intimate to distant bands the arrival of suspicious strangers, we could not then tell, and not knowing whether they originated from Crees, Assiniboine, or Blackfeet, we became cautious. In a few days we ascertained that the fire had been put out¹ by the Crees, to inform their friends that they had found buffalo.

The grandeur of the prairie on fire belongs to

¹ A native expression; "put out fire" signifies to set the prairie on fire.

itself. It is like a volcano in full activity; you cannot imitate it because it is impossible to obtain those gigantic elements from which it derives its awful splendour. Fortunately, in the present instance, the wind was from the west, and drove the fires in the opposite direction, and being south of us we could contemplate the magnificent spectacle without anxiety. One object in burning the prairie at this time was to turn the buffalo; they had crossed the Saskatchewan in great numbers near the Elbow, and were advancing towards us, and crossing the Qu'Appelle not far from the Height of Land; by burning the prairie east of their course, they would be diverted to the south, and feed for a time on the Grand Coteau before they pursued their way to the Little Souris, in the country of the Sioux.

“Putting out fire” in the prairies is a telegraphic mode of communication frequently resorted to by Indians. Its consequences are seen in the destruction of the forest which once covered an immense area south of the Qu'Appelle and Assiniboine, and the aridity of those vast prairies is partly due to this cause.

Wood began to be a great treasure in the prairie after passing the Moose Jaws Forks; we were compelled to go supperless to bed on the night of the 25th, because we had neglected to take a supply at the last aspen grove we passed. No tree or shrub, or even willow twig, could be seen in any direction from our camp on the morning of the 25th. Our customary breakfast of tea and buffalo meat was impossible. We

had to content ourselves with uncooked pemmican and water from a marsh.

Making an early start in search of wood, we came suddenly upon four Cree tents, whose inmates were still fast asleep; and about three hundred yards west of them we found ten more tents, with over fifty or sixty Indians in all. They were preparing to cross the valley in the direction of the Grand Coteau, following the buffalo. Their provisions for trade, such as dried meat and pemmican, were drawn by dogs, each bag of pemmican being supported upon two long poles, which are shafts, body, and wheels in one. Buffalo Pound Hill Lake, sixteen miles long, begins near the Moose Jaws Forks, and on the opposite or south side of this long sheet of water, we saw eighteen tents and a large number of horses. The women in those we visited on our side of the valley and lake had collected a great quantity of the mesaskatomina berry, which they were drying.

In gathering the mesaskatomina, which the Indians represented to be scarce in the valley of the Qu'Appelle they break off the branches of the trees loaded with fruit in order that they may collect the juicy berries with greater ease to themselves, never thinking that this practice continued from year to year must diminish and ultimately extirpate the shrub which they prize so highly, and which forms an important part of their summer food. They announced the cheering intelligence that the Chief Mis-tick-oos, with some thirty tents, was at the Sandy Hills

impounding buffalo. Leaving the hospitable Crees after an excellent breakfast on pounded meat and marrow fat, we arrived at Buffalo Pound Hill at noon. The whole country here assumed a different appearance; it now bore resemblance to a stormy sea suddenly become rigid; the hills were of gravel and very abrupt, but none exceeded a hundred feet in height. The Coteau de Missouri, particularly the "Dancing Point," is clearly seen from Buffalo Pound Hill towards the south, while north-easterly, the last mountain of the Touchwood Hill Range looms grey or blue in the distance. Between these distant ranges a treeless plain intervenes.

We now began to find the fresh bones of buffalo very numerous on the ground, and here and there startled a pack of wolves feeding on a carcass which had been deprived of its tongue and hump only by the careless, thriftless Crees. On the high banks of the valley the remains of ancient encampments, in the form of rings of stones to hold down the skin tents, are everywhere visible, and testify to the former numbers of the Plain Crees, affording a sad evidence of the ancient power of the people who once held undisputed sway from the Missouri to the Saskatchewan. The remains of a race fast passing away give more than a transient interest to Buffalo Pound Hill Lake. The largest ancient encampment we saw lies near a shallow lake in the prairie about a mile from the Qu'Appelle Valley. It is surrounded by a few low sandy and gravelly hills, and is quite screened from observation. It may have been

a camping-ground for centuries, as some circles of stones are partially covered with grass and embedded in the soil.

At noon on the 26th we rested for a few hours opposite to a large camp of Crees on the other side of the lake; our sudden appearance at the edge of the prairie threw them into a state of the greatest excitement, as evinced by their haste in collecting their horses and gathering in groups in the valley below. A few of them set out to ride round the lake, but in the wrong direction, so that the chance of their overtaking us was highly doubtful.

Toward evening we arrived at another Cree encampment, where we were again hospitably treated to beaten buffalo meat and marrow fat. Birch bark dishes full of that nutritious but not very tempting food were placed on the ground before us, and we were requested to partake of it. The Indians took a piece of the pounded meat in their fingers, and dipped it into the soft marrow. A hunting knife which I employed for the same purpose excited their admiration; and after allowing them to examine it, I placed it, as I thought, securely in my coat pocket. On the following morning, however, the knife was not to be found, nor did I ever see it again. They were delighted to receive a small present of tea and tobacco, and while I was engaged in the tent with the men, the girls, children, and old women assembled round the carts, asking if we had any rum, and snuffed the boxes and bags containing provisions, in search of that odoriferous stimulant.

We left our hospitable friends in the evening and camped about three miles from the last Cree tent. The chief of the band, an old man, accompanied us for some distance, expressing very amicable sentiments, and hinting that it would be as well to keep a watch over our horses during the night, for there were some young scamps among his band who would think it an honour to steal a white man's horse. Visitors came during the evening, and from their actions we thought it advisable to keep watch and tether the horses; observing these precautions they retired at an early hour after a friendly smoke. On the following morning, when looking for my hunting knife, I was very suspiciously reminded of the old chief's caution; it flashed upon me that the cunning fellow had himself secretly abstracted the knife while pressing his friendly advice.

At dawn we were *en route* again, and towards noon approached the Sandy Hills, the valley continuing about one hundred and forty feet deep and maintaining its width. Two days before our arrival the Indians had been running buffalo, and many carcasses of these animals were scattered over the arid, treeless plain through which our route lay. Several herds of buffalo were visible wending their way in single file to the Grand Coteau de Missouri, distinctly looming south of the Qu'Appelle Valley. After traveling through a dry, barren region until 2 p.m., we arrived at the lake of the Sandy Hills, and on the opposite side of the valley saw a number of tents, with many horses feeding in the

flats. When within a mile of the lake, a buffalo bull suddenly appeared upon the brow of a little hill on our right. A finer sight of its kind could hardly be imagined. The animal was in his prime and a magnificent specimen of a buffalo. He gazed at us through the long hair which hung over his eyes in thick profusion, pawed the ground, tossed his head and snorted with proud disdain. He was not more than fifty yards from us, and while we were admiring his splendid proportions he set off at a gallop towards some low hills we had just passed over.

Our appearance on the brink of the valley opposite the tents surprised the Indians. They quickly caught their horses, and about twenty galloped across the valley, here quite dry, and in a quarter of an hour were seated in friendly chat with the half-breeds. When the men were going to the lake for water to make some tea, the Indians told us it was salt, and that the only fresh water within a distance of some miles was close to their camp on the opposite side of the valley. We were, therefore, constrained to cross the other side and erect our tents near to the spring. Although still early in the afternoon, the difficulty of obtaining water and fuel, as well as a desire to procure a guide from the Indians, induced us to camp at the east end of Sand Hill Lake with the Crees by whom we were surrounded.

Scarcely had we made a distribution of tobacco and tea, when a buffalo bull, appearing on the opposite side of the valley near where we had passed in the morning, afforded one of the young

Indians an opportunity of showing his skill and bravery in attacking this formidable animal single-handed and on foot, a conflict which we witnessed through a good telescope from our camp on the south side of the valley.

Armed with bow and arrows, neatly feathered with the plumes of the wild duck, and headed with a barb fashioned from a bit of iron hoop, the young Plain Cree threw off his leather hunting-shirt, jumped on a horse and hurried across the valley. Dismounting at the foot of the bank, he rapidly ascended its steep sides, and just before reaching the top, cautiously approached a large boulder which lay on the brink and crouched behind it.

The buffalo was within forty yards of the spot where the Indian crouched, and slowly approaching the valley, leisurely cropped the tufts of parched herbage which the sterile soil was capable of supporting. When within twenty yards of the Indian the bull raised his head, snuffed the air, and began to paw the ground. Lying at full length, the Indian sent an arrow into the side of his antagonist. The bull shook his head and mane, planted his fore feet firmly in front of him, and looked from side to side in search of his unscen foe, who, after driving the arrow, had again crouched behind the boulder.

Soon, however, observing the fixed attitude of the bull, a sure sign that he was severely wounded, he stepped on one side and showed himself. The bull instantly charged, but when within five yards of his nimble enemy, the Indian

sprang lightly behind the boulder, and the bull plunged headlong down the hill, receiving after he had passed the Indian a second arrow in his flanks. As soon as he reached the bottom he fell on his knees, and looked over his shoulder at his wary antagonist, who, however, speedily followed, and observing the bull's helpless condition, sat on the ground within a few yards of him and waited for the death-gasp. After one or two efforts to rise, the huge animal drooped his head and gave up the strife. The Indian was at his side without a moment's pause, cut out his tongue, caught his horse—an excited spectator of the conflict—and galloping across the valley, handed me the trophy of his success.

We made ourselves acceptable to the Indians by offering them a present of powder, shot, tea, and tobacco, and in return they invited us to partake of pounded meat, marrow fat and berries. The chief of the band assured us that his young men were honest and, trustworthy; and, in compliance with his instructions, property would be perfectly safe.

I visited the interior of most of their tents, and found the squaws almost exclusively engaged in drying buffalo meat. A couple of table-spoonfuls of tea and a small plug of tobacco always ensured a hearty welcome, and in return they generally presented me with a choice piece of buffalo meat from a fat cow, or a small skin of marrow fat. One of the young men took a fancy to a checked flannel shirt I was wearing at the time, and offered me his saddle for it; on my

declining the bargain, he added his bow and a quiver of arrows. I told him to bring the bow and arrows to my tent at night, and I would give him a new shirt for them. He said he should prefer a white one, and then the buffalo would not mind him; and when he came to complete his bargain, he selected a white jersey in preference to a showy coloured check.

From time to time scouts would come in and go out towards the Grand Coteau, on the lookout for Blackfeet, and as nightfall approached, the wandering horses were gathered closer to the camp. The dogs, however, are their great protection; it is almost impossible for any stranger to approach a camp without arousing the whole canine population; and the passage of bands of buffalo during the night-time is signalized by a prolonged baying, which, however suggestive of sport and good cheer, is most wearisome to those who are anxious to rest. During the night a heavy rain filled the hollows with water, and gave us promise of an abundant supply until we arrived at the Sandy Hills, where the main body of Plain Crees were encamped. On the following day, the 28th, I rode to the Eyebrow Hill range, a prolongation of the Grand Coteau, and distant from the Qu'Appelle Valley about four miles. It was there that the Indians told me I should find one of the sources of the Qu'Appelle River. After an hour's ride I reached the hills and quickly came upon a deep ravine, at the bottom of which bubbled a little stream about three feet broad. I subsequently followed

its course until it entered the prairie leading to the great valley, and traced it to its junction with the main excavation, through a deep narrow gully.

In the afternoon I bade farewell to our Cree friends, and riding west, joined the carts on the south side of Sand Hill Lake, on the brink of which we travelled until we arrived at the gully through which the stream from the Eyebrow range enters the Qu'Appelle Valley. It was here nine feet broad and three deep, having received accessions in a short course through the prairie from the hills where I had observed it scarcely three feet broad.

On the morning of the 29th we prepared to visit the main body of the Crees at the Sandy Hills, and, with a view to securing a favourable reception, sent a messenger to announce our arrival, and to express a wish to see Mis-tick-oos, their chief. Soon after breakfast we crossed the valley, and at eight o'clock we came in sight of the Cree camp. Soon afterwards messengers arrived from Mis-tick-oos, in reply to the announcement we had transmitted to him of our approach, expressing a hope that we would delay our visit until they had moved their camp half-a-mile further west, where the odour of the putrid buffalo would be less annoying. We employed the time in ascertaining the exact position of the Height of Land, an operation which we soon found it necessary to close for the present, in consequence of the arrival of about sixty Cree horsemen, many of them naked with exception of the breech

cloth and belt. They were accompanied by the chief's son, who informed us that in an hour's time they would escort us to the camp.

They were about constructing a new pound, having literally filled the present one with buffalo. We sat on the ground and smoked, until they thought it time for us to accompany them to their encampment. Mis-tick-oos had hurried away to make preparations for "bringing in the buffalo," the new pound being nearly ready. He expressed, through his son, a wish that we should see them entrap the buffalo in this pound, a rare opportunity few would be willing to lose.

We passed through the camp to a place which the chief's son pointed out, and there erected our tents. The women were still employed in moving the camp, being assisted in the operation by large numbers of dogs, each dog having two poles harnessed to him, on which his little load of meat, pemmican, or camp furniture was laid. After another smoke, the chief's son asked me, through the interpreter, if I would like to see the old buffalo pound, in which they had been entrapping buffalo during the past week. With a ready compliance I accompanied the guide to a little valley between sand hills, through a lane of branches of trees, which are called "dead men," to the gate or trap of the pound.

A horrible sight broke upon us as we ascended a sand dune overhanging the little dell in which the pound was built. Within a circular fence one hundred and twenty feet broad, constructed of the trunks of trees, laced with withes together,

and braced by outside supports, lay tossed in every conceivable position over two hundred dead buffalo. From old bulls to calves of three months old, animals of every age were huddled together in all the forced attitudes of violent death. The Indians looked upon the scene with evident delight, and told how such and such a bull or cow had exhibited feats of wonderful strength in the death-struggle. The flesh of many of the cows had been taken from them, and was drying in the sun on stages near the tents. At my request the chief's son jumped into the pound, and with a small axe knocked off half-a-dozen pair of horns, which I wished to preserve in memory of this terrible slaughter. "To-morrow," said my companion, "you shall see us bring in the buffalo to the new pound."

After the first "run," ten days before our arrival, the Indians had driven about two hundred buffalo into the enclosure, and were still urging on the remainder of the herd, when one wary old bull, espying a narrow crevice which had not been closed by the robes of those on the outside, whose duty it was to conceal every orifice, made a dash and broke the fence. The whole body then ran helter-skelter through the gap, and dispersing among the sand dunes, escaped, with the exception of eight who were speared or shot with arrows as they passed in their mad career. In all, two hundred and forty animals had been killed in the pound, and it was its offensive condition which led the reckless and wasteful savages to construct a new one. This was formed in a pretty dell between

sand hills, about half-a-mile from the first; and leading from it in two diverging rows, the bushes they designate "dead men," and which serve to guide the buffalo when at full speed, were arranged. The "dead men" extended a distance of four miles into the prairie, west of and beyond the Sand Hills. They were placed about fifty feet apart, and between the extremity of the rows might be a distance of from one mile and a half to two miles.

When the skilled hunters are about to bring in a herd of buffalo from the prairie, they direct the course of the gallop of the alarmed animals by confederates stationed in hollows or small depressions, who, when the buffalo appear inclined to take a direction leading from the space marked out by the "dead men," show themselves for a moment and wave their robes, immediately hiding again. This serves to turn the buffalo slightly in another direction, and when the animals, having arrived between the rows of bushes, endeavour to pass through them, Indians here and there stationed behind a "dead man" go through the same operation, and thus keep the animals within the narrowing limits of the converging lines. At the entrance to the pound there is a strong trunk of a tree placed about one foot from the ground, and on the inner side an excavation is made sufficiently deep to prevent the buffalo from leaping back when once in the pound. As soon as the animals have taken the fatal spring they begin to gallop round and round the ring fence, looking for a chance of escape; but

with the utmost silence, women and children on the outside hold their robes before every orifice until the whole herd is brought in; they then climb to the top of the fence, and, with the hunters who have followed closely in the rear of the buffalo, spear or shoot with bows and arrows or fire-arms at the bewildered animals, rapidly becoming frantic with rage and terror within the narrow limits of the pound.

When Mis-tick-oos was ready to receive me, I proceeded to the spot where he was sitting surrounded by the elders of his tribe; and as a preliminary, rarely known to fail in its good effect upon Indians, I instructed one of my men to hand him a basin of tea and a dish of preserved vegetables, biscuit, and fresh buffalo steaks. He had not eaten since an early hour in the morning, and evidently enjoyed his dinner. Hunger, that great enemy to charity and comfort, being appeased, I presented him with a pipe and a canister of tobacco, begging him to help himself and hand the remainder to the Indians around us. The presents were then brought and laid at his feet. They consisted of tea, tobacco, bullets, powder, and blankets, all of which he examined and accepted with marked satisfaction. After a while he expressed a wish to know the object of our visit; and having at my request adjourned the meeting to my tent in order to avoid sitting in the hot sun, we held a "talk," during which Mis-tick-oos expressed himself freely on various subjects, and listened with the utmost attention and apparent respect to the



AT CLOSE QUARTERS WITH THE BUFFALO

speeches of the Indians he had summoned to attend the "Council."

All speakers objected strongly to the half-breeds hunting buffalo during the winter in the Plain Cree country. They had no objection to trade with them or with white people, but they insisted that all strangers should purchase dried meat or pemmican, and not hunt for themselves. I asked Mis-tick-oos to name the articles he would wish me to bring if I came into his country again. He asked for tea, a horse of English breed, a cart, a gun, a supply of powder and ball, knives, tobacco, a medal with a chain, a flag, a suit of fine clothes, and rum. The "talk" lasted between six and seven hours, the greater portion of the time being taken up in interpreting, sentence by sentence, the speeches of each man in turn.

During the whole time we were engaged in "Council" the pipe was passed from mouth to mouth, each man taking a few whiffs and then handing it to his neighbour. It was a black stone pipe which Mis-tick-oos had received as a present from a chief of the Blackfeet at the Eagle Hills a few weeks before. When the pipe came round to me I usually replenished it, and taking a box of "vestas" from my pocket, lit it with a match. This operation was observed with a subdued curiosity, each Indian watching me without moving his head, turning only his eyes in the direction of the pipe. No outward sign of wonder or curiosity escaped them during the "talk."

On one occasion the pipe was out when passed

to the Indian sitting next to me; without turning his head he gently touched my arm, imitated the action of lighting the match by friction against the bottom of the box, and pointed with one finger to the pipe. They generally sat with their eyes fixed on the ground when one of them was speaking, giving every outward sign of respectful attention, and occasionally expressing their approval by a low gurgling sound. When the talk was over, I went with Mis-tick-oos to his tent; he then asked me to produce the match-box, and show its wonders to his four wives. One of them was evidently sceptical, and did not think it was "real fire" until she had ignited some chips of wood from the lighted match I presented to her. I gave a bundle to Mis-tick-oos, who wrapped them carefully in a piece of deerskin, and said he should keep them safely: they were "good medicine."

At noon on the 30th I bade farewell to Mis-tick-oos, and joining the carts, we wended our way by the side of "the River that Turns," occupying the continuation of the Qu'Appelle Valley, to the South Branch of the Saskatchewan. Now and then a fine buffalo bull would appear at the brow of the hill forming the boundary of the prairie, gaze at us for a few minutes and gallop off. The buffalo were crossing the South Branch a few miles below us in great numbers, and at night, by putting the ear to the ground, we could hear them bellowing. Towards evening we all arrived at the South Branch, built a fire, gummed the canoe, which had been sadly damaged by

a journey of seven hundred miles across the prairies, and hastened to make a distribution of the supplies for a canoe voyage down that splendid river.

EXPLORING THE WESTERN COAST IN A YACHT

CAPTAIN C. E. BARRETT-LENNARD, author of the following narrative, spent two years on the Pacific Coast of the North American continent, and cruised in his yacht round the island of Vancouver. He thus enjoyed unusual opportunities of becoming acquainted with the general physical character of the country, and also with the habits and customs of the local Indian tribes. He describes things as they existed in 1861, when flourishing townships were springing up in districts which a few years before had been covered with primeval forest.

THE first two days at sea we found the rolling swell left by the late tempestuous weather very troublesome, especially on the second, as the wind entirely failed us. Though by no means anxious to be too near in shore, as, in the event of a south-east wind springing up, we should have had great difficulty in standing clear, we did not bargain to be carried out as far as eighteen or twenty miles, reducing the appearance of land to a mere blue ridge in the distance. This was no doubt caused by the freshets, issuing from the various

arms of the sea in Nootka Sound, and finding an exit in Esperanza Inlet.

As all things must have an end, on the third day we got a nice breeze from the westward, and, as the moon changed, we hoped to have kept it all day. No such luck, however, was in store for us, and towards evening we found ourselves close to Mocuina Point, at the entrance to Nootka Sound. Could I have foreseen the weather that was reserved for us, I should have endeavoured to make the harbour that night. As it came on very dark, however, none of us being very well acquainted with the navigation of these waters, I deemed it more prudent to lay to and await daylight. Scarcely had we turned in, hoping to make ourselves comfortable for the night, when the gradually increasing motion of the vessel, and the rattle and clatter of the cordage, told us unmistakably that the wind was getting up, and sure enough from about one till four a.m. it blew half a gale. The proximity of Escalante Reef to leeward would alone have been sufficient to keep us awake and watchful, if the violent pitching to which we were subjected had not produced this effect. As the sun rose the wind went down, and we found we had drifted considerably out to sea. This must have been caused in great measure by the combined action of the sea and tide, after the wind failed, which was the case about five in the morning, though a tremendous sea was still running.

About nine, a slight breeze springing up, we had some hopes of getting round the point by

midday. The wind, however, proved light, and we drifted to the northward, the tide setting us up in that direction. About one p.m. we were fast approaching the Bajo Reef, a very ugly ledge of rock running out from Nootka Island. After taking turns at the sweeps at intervals, we got a breeze from the southward and westward, and were enabled to make a fair wind of it about nine at night. As a very thick fog came up, we kept her close round the rocks, leading into Friendly Cove, Nootka Sound. We ran her round the point into Friendly Cove just as the fog was at its thickest, and got our anchor down about ten p.m., all on board being very glad to exchange a sea-watch for an anchor-watch. As we could see neither fire nor light of any kind on shore when the fog lifted, we felt sure that the Indians had left their village at Mocuina. Early in the morning we fired our swivel-gun to attract the attention of any Indians who might be cruising about, as we were desirous of ascertaining where the Mowichats, inhabiting this shore of Nootka Sound, were then located.

Proceeding on shore we rambled through the now deserted Indian village, and making our way over the rocks above, we at length reached the shores of the Pacific. Great was our astonishment, on sighting the ocean again, to behold the unwonted spectacle of a sail on the horizon. We were lost in conjecture as to what vessel could be cruising in these waters at this season of the year, nor did our glass, which we soon brought to bear upon her, at all assist us in arriving at anything

like a satisfactory conclusion. We made her out, indeed, to be a two-masted vessel, but were thoroughly mystified by the nondescript character of her rig, and were almost disposed, while laughing at the absurdity of the idea, to set her down as a Chinese junk of the largest size.

While employed in gathering a crop of fresh greens, in the shape of turnip-tops—the wild progeny of some that had been sown years before by the Spaniards—we were recalled to our vessel by two shots, fired from the swivel-gun, the preconcerted signal of the approach of Indians. Hastening on board, we found that our gun of the morning had been heard, and that the Indians had come from some distance up the sound, fully expecting to find us in our present anchorage of Friendly Cove. Getting under way, we managed, by dint of alternately sailing and being towed, to reach the winter quarters of the Mowichats, Cooptee.

Early the next morning, the chief of the Mowichats and his wife came off to pay us a visit. Of course, it was merely a case of renewing a former acquaintance between ourselves and Mocoola, as the chief of the Mowichats is called. Captain Cook, on the occasion of his visit to Nootka Sound, speaks of the chief of this tribe by the same name. After an interchange of mutual civilities, Mocoola and his spouse seemed to find great pleasure in drawing my attention to a couple of gold rings, of which I had formerly made them a present, and which they still displayed on their fingers.

The chief of the Mowichats himself also again condescended to notice my little four-footed companion, a thoroughbred bulldog, of very small size, which I had brought with me from England, and which had greatly taken his fancy on the occasion of my first visit. So anxious, indeed, was he to become possessed of it, that he had proposed to me to exchange it for an animal of his breeding, a vile mongrel of the most worthless description. I unhesitatingly refused to do anything of the sort. At the same time, with a view of consoling him to some extent for the disappointment, I determined to make him a present of some article of clothing, and, on rummaging my wardrobe, found I could best spare a pair of trousers, which I accordingly presented to him, with all due ceremony, hoping he might be induced to regard them as an article of state attire, to be worn on high-days and holidays. In this, however, I was grievously disappointed, as my gift found no favour in his eyes. He declared them to be vain and foolish inventions of the white man for impeding free locomotion, and actually returned them to me as worthless, after having first cut off all the buttons, the only thing about them to which he attached any value.

It is not, however, so much to the chief of the Mowichats himself, as to his herald, or "spouter," that I would direct the reader's attention, and whom I forthwith beg to introduce as a friend, whose acquaintance we all had great pleasure in renewing, and who, we believe, fully recipro-

cated our feelings. Pe Sha Klim, as he called himself, was a thoroughly good-natured and, in his savage fashion, good-hearted fellow. In person he was stalwart and robust, his expression was good-tempered and agreeable, his countenance being lighted up by a frequent smile, displaying a good set of teeth. At times, however, I am bound to confess that I have seen, when engaged in an excited discussion with his fellows, the true fire of the savage flash into his eye, and give animation to his gestures. The title of "Scokum tum-tum Siwash," or "Strong-hearted Savage," which he was much given to insist upon as being one of his special designations, often seemed to me not inaptly to describe him. Being the herald, or "spouter," of the chief of the Mowichats, whose office it is to deliver messages and proclaim orders in the loudest possible tone of voice, supplying the want of a speaking-trumpet by force of lungs, he was of course selected for the strength and quality of those organs. The way in which he would sing out any announcement from the chief was quite startling when heard for the first time, and we have frequently caught the deep tones of his voice, floating over the still waters of the bay, from an almost incredible distance. He was commonly in the habit of shouting his orders to his men on shore, from the deck of our cutter, at a distance of at least five to six hundred yards.

We went through the ceremony of receiving presents from our various Indian acquaintance, a fine black bear skin being sent us from Mooloo,

which, unfortunately, was not dry enough for us to take away. The sub-chief of the Mowichats was a very cross-grained, churlish sort of a fellow, and having on a previous occasion had experience of his disagreeable temper, we kept studiously aloof from him, hoping he would abstain from making us any present, as we should not then be called upon to make any return; for receiving presents from Indians is merely another name for barter, an equivalent in return being in every case expected. There was no help for it, however, as he, in turn, came off in his canoe, and deposited his gift, a land otter, on our decks. Some few hours afterwards we sent him what we deemed a suitable recompense; but being, it would appear, of a different opinion himself, he again came alongside, and, after bitterly reproaching us with our niggardly spirit, to our great amusement walked off with the present he had lately made us, and which was still lying on the deck, keeping, at the same time, what we had given him in return. We were, however, glad to get rid of him even at this price.

Going ashore with our friend Pe Sha Klim, who, be it known to the reader, was the warlike representative of a line of ancestors illustrious for deeds of arms, he invited me to his tent, and displayed a number of arms and trophies that had descended to him as heirlooms, and of which he was not a little proud. Among these, my attention was especially drawn to a tomahawk of great age, which had evidently seen no inconsiderable share of service. The handle was a

massive club of hard wood, carved in the usual manner, into which the hatchet or cutting part, consisting of the point of an old whale harpoon, was inserted. The head of the animal it was carved to represent was decorated with a fringe or mane of human hair, taken from the heads of the different foemen who had bitten the dust before it, and in which I could plainly distinguish hair of different colours. Pe Sha Klim expressed a confident opinion that the result of his prowess in battle would be to add very considerably to the length of the mane. I made various offers to induce the Mowichat warrior to part with this trophy of savage life, on this and subsequent occasions, but without success.

His hut was decorated with arms of various descriptions, old bows and arrows, knives made of files stolen from the Hudson's Bay Company, and an old blunderbuss; in addition to these he possessed the usual musket carried by Indians generally.

On the morning of the 25th of November we got under way about half-past five. A fair breeze soon took us out abreast of the Escalante Reef, on passing which, however, the wind failed us. About midday we again fancied we made out something like a sail in the distance, and eventually with the aid of our glass we discovered her to be the same two-masted craft we had already sighted, and our curiosity was once more thoroughly aroused. About half-past one we perceived something coming towards us, which we at first supposed to be a boat, but which turned out to be

a canoe. On coming alongside, her Indian crew informed us that the vessel whose singular appearance had caused so much interest and speculation on board our cutter was a large craft, water-logged and in other respects a perfect wreck, and having King George's (English) men on board, who were short of food and water. The additional stimulus of a desire to aid our fellow countrymen in distress being now added to the curiosity we had from the first felt to know what vessel she could be, we resolved to try to board her.

A wind from the south-east springing up, we beat our vessel in a vain endeavour to approach her until near eight in the evening, when we found we could get no nearer. A canoe now put off from her, and we sent back all the food we could spare, being unfortunately very short ourselves just now, together with a good stock of fresh water, and also a note, saying we would try to make her in the morning. This we endeavoured for a long time to do, until, being at length again baffled, we were obliged to return to Friendly Cove about ten a.m.

During the morning, however, as we were going on shore to try to get some geese, we saw the ship herself coming up the sound. We fired our gun and displayed a red ensign from a commanding point of rock to attract the attention of those on board her. Failing to do so, we got under way, and after a troublesome beat, the wind coming down in tremendous puffs, we at length got so near her that two of our number put off in a small boat to go on board. She proved to

be the *Florentia*, of Callao, bound for that port from Victoria, with a cargo of timber. The crew turned out to be Americans, not Englishmen, it being a ruse on their part to describe themselves as "King George's men" to the Indians, in order to secure their good services, as had the latter been aware that they were "Boston men,"—the name by which all Americans of the United States are indiscriminately known among Indians—they would have been more likely to meet with ill-treatment than assistance, such is the hatred borne by the Indian races to the "Boston men."

The story of their shipwreck was one of those touching narratives of suffering, toil and danger that so often form a terrible yet thrilling episode in the lives of those whose destiny is cast upon the mighty waters.

She had capsized at sea in a gale of wind fifty miles south of Cape Flattery, just that day fortnight, it being now the 26th of November. The captain, supercargo, and a Dr. Baillie of Victoria, a passenger, perished by drowning. The remainder of the crew managed to cling to the wreck, owing their preservation from certain destruction solely to the fact of her being timber-laden, and therefore incapable of sinking. After a time she righted, but was, of course, completely water-logged, and sunk to the water's edge, every swell sweeping her deck.

The unhappy survivors found themselves, therefore, in possession of existence truly, but under circumstances which, in the eyes of most men, would seem to render it hardly endurable.

Drenched to the skin, almost without food, entirely without fresh water, without warmth, shelter, or comfort of any kind, in a water-logged and nigh unmanageable craft, on a part of the ocean where there was barely the remotest chance of their attracting the attention of any vessel, their ease did, indeed, seem desperate. At first it appeared as if death must inevitably, in a few days, put an end to their sufferings. That they survived to tell the story of their adventures is a signal proof that men should never lose heart, even when things seem at their worst, but trusting in Providence, resolutely, and at once, strive to set them right again. *Nil desperandum* is pre-eminently the motto of the seaman.

By dint of labour and perseverance, they contrived, when the weather moderated, to knock up a rude shed of loose planks on the most elevated portion of the wreck, which afforded them a tolerable shelter. Without being a smoker myself, the narrative of the crew of the *Florentia* has convinced me that the use of tobacco, under certain circumstances, may not be without its advantages, as they undoubtedly owed the preservation of their existence to the fact of one of their number having in his pocket a tin, and therefore water-proof, box of lucifer matches, which he used for lighting his pipe. They were thus enabled to kindle a fire; and another of the crew, who deserves infinite credit for his ingenuity and mechanical skill, managed, with the aid of a few feet of lead pipe, to construct an apparatus for distilling fresh water from the salt sea-water.

The quantity thus provided was but small, it is true; yet, by careful husbanding, it proved sufficient for their wants; at all events, it enabled them to preserve life.

The *Florentia* must originally have been a very handsome craft, a brig of about 400 tons. As we saw her she was, of course, a complete wreck, sunk to the water's edge; her deck cabin was gone—everything, in fact, had been swept away; her lower masts and the mere stump of her bowsprit alone remained standing. The crew had extemporized a foresail out of the foretopsail, and this, with a staysail, was all the canvas she carried. Some remnants of other sails, hanging from the shrouds, were beaten by the elements into mere rags, resembling wet tow. The crew were huddled together in the shed they had erected for themselves, and in which they had contrived constantly to keep their fire burning. Being very short of food, they were very grateful, poor fellows, for the trifling assistance we were able to afford them, especially for a bag of potatoes we had sent on board the day before.

From the account given of us by the Esquihat Indians, who had been our messengers on that occasion, they expected to find our vessel one of the launches of a man-of-war. Being accustomed to wear the jacket of the Thames Yacht Club, with its brass buttons, to which I sometimes added, when it was blowing, on account of its weight, an old cavalry cap, with its gold band, I always passed in this nondescript costume for a man-of-war Tyhee, or officer, among the Indians

of these coasts. The blue ensign of the Thames Yacht Club, which we flew at the peak, no doubt tended to confirm them in this impression, as it differed entirely from anything they had seen in use among trading vessels.

We ran that night into Resolution Cove—thus named by Captain Cook, after his own ship, if I remember right—promising to come and see the crew of the *Florentia* again next day, if they were unable to follow us. During the night it blew hard, and we felt no small anxiety for the fate of our friends on the *Florentia*. On searching for her the next morning we could discover no traces of her in any direction; I therefore set out in our little boat, accompanied by a friend and one other hand, to try to find her. I always used the paddle in preference to the oar in these waters, having by this time become thoroughly expert in handling it; I could thus see where we were going, and steer our craft accordingly. We paddled round the island, between which and the mainland the channel known as Zueiarte Arm runs. Here we found it very hard work against the tide. It rained all day. We could see nothing of the ship, and only sighted one canoe.

On rounding the island opposite Friendly Cove, we met a tremendous sea rolling in from the Pacific, much more than was agreeable in so small a boat. She was, happily, very buoyant; but we more than once began to think we should never see our yacht again, and it soon became apparent that we were in truth paddling for very life. The entrance to Nootka Sound, as I have

before mentioned, is full of rocky islets, on which the sea was now breaking with terrific violence. We had hard work to keep her clear of them; every now and then a gust would come down on us with a fury that made us bow to the gunwale, lest it should capsize us; but our little boat rode the waves gallantly, and at length, after working as men work when their lives are at stake, we succeeded in reaching the *Templar* once more.

Early the next day Pe Sha Klim, and seven other Mowichats, came alongside to inquire after the *Florentia*, and shortly after a canoe of Clayoquot Indians arrived on the same errand. This solicitude and anxiety respecting the fate of the vessel displayed by the Indians, arose no doubt from the fact that the moment a vessel goes on shore they regard her as their legitimate spoil; as a special gift of Providence, in fact, to the poor Indian. At the same time we must do them the justice to say that they are generally willing to lend all the assistance in their power to a vessel in distress, so long as she holds to her anchors. Some years ago a ship of the Hudson's Bay Company, having been driven ashore in Neah Bay, was, in spite of the captain's most strenuous efforts to prevent it, stripped of her copper and other valuables, and then burnt.

The next morning a canoe brought us a letter from on board the *Florentia*, informing us that she was safely at anchor, and telling us where to find her. We at once set sail, making the Indians come on board, and taking their canoe in tow. Soon after we cleared the point round

which Resolution Cove is situated, we sighted the masts of the ship. We made for her, but the wind failing and the tide running down, we put into a small cove in which the Indians reported there was good anchorage. We were about to let go the anchor, when, seeing the rocks very distinctly under the water, we hesitated, and ultimately dropped it in another spot. It was lucky we did so, as these rocks were left quite dry at low water, the tide having fallen two and a quarter fathoms since we entered the cove.

On going on board the *Florentia* we found her crew very much more comfortable; they had roofed in the house on deck, and were endeavouring to pump her dry with the assistance of the Indians. They informed us that she had drifted during the night, but that her anchors had at length brought her up in that spot.

The next day we paid a visit to the “Boeca del Inferno,” thus named by the Spaniards in consequence of the violence with which the tide ebbs and flows through its narrow rocky entrance. When once inside, we found ourselves in a land-locked basin of considerable extent.

One morning, while still at anchor, being detained by the wind, which continued obstinately in the south-east, Pe Sha Klim came alongside, and we were not long in remarking from his manner that there was something amiss. On coming on deck he gave us a flurried and excited account of the bad treatment his people were subjected to by the white men on board the ship—how they had been struck and even kicked by them while

working at the pumps, and saying that there would be a disturbance if this was not put a stop to. He requested me to accompany him back to the ship, and expostulate with the white men, saying, that if I would explain to them the proper line of conduct to pursue towards the Indians, he would explain to his own people the steps that had been taken on their behalf. This I willingly consented to do, feeling somewhat indignant that the good name of Englishmen should be brought into disrepute by these Yankees, who had borrowed it for their own convenience and security.

On going on board I represented to them the impropriety and, indeed, the impolicy of their conduct, as by thus recklessly causing ill-blood between themselves and the Indians, they ran the risk of drawing down upon themselves the vengeance of the whole tribe. Pe Sha Klim also used his best endeavours to soothe the irritated feelings of his own people, and we left, after having received the assurance of the crew of the *Florentia* that the Indians should be better treated in future. Having thus restored mutual good understanding between the white men and the redskins, I made arrangements for the Indians to supply the former with potatoes, dried salmon, and rock-cod, for which they were to receive payment in tobacco, which, although much damaged by sea-water, was still acceptable.

Having had so much to say about Pe Sha Klim himself, I feel it would be ungallant to take leave of him without some notice of his spouse, who

as wife of the “spouter” was a person of some importance in the tribe. Mrs. Pe Sha Klim was, undoubtedly, after her peculiar style, a showy dresser, and I should imagine led the fashion among the Mowichat belles. Her wardrobe was extensive and varied, and the really tasteful manner in which the gaily-coloured blankets she wore were ornamented and embroidered, testified to her skill with the needle. Strips of crimson cloth, not inartistically disposed on a ground of blue, and ornamented with an infinite number of small pearl buttons, formed, as may be supposed, a very gorgeous article of apparel. The manner in which she made use of the vermilion paint, so extensively patronized by all Indians, formed a striking contrast to that of other women. She applied it sparingly, and really made it produce the effect of rouge; whereas all the other women we saw laid it on in a thick bright dab, and the wife of Mocola himself had not sufficient taste to lead her to apply it in any other fashion.

Before leaving Nootka we notified to Pe Sha Klim that we wished to leave a letter for any man-of-war or other vessel that might put into Friendly Cove. With a view of attracting the attention of any such visitor, we painted the word “Notice” in large letters on the transverse beam of an Indian hut, suspending the letter itself underneath in a waterproof bag—Pe Sha Klim enjoining on all his followers not to touch it. Our object in doing this was to give information to any vessel that might arrive in search of the *Florentia*, where she was to be found. Such a

vessel might, in fact, be expected at any moment, as I forgot to mention that a portion of the crew of the *Florentia* had left in an Esquihat canoe for Victoria the day before we first sighted her, conveying intelligence of her wreck.

One interesting fact in connection with the Indians inhabiting the shores of Nootka Sound I must mention before taking leave of them.

Endeavouring one day to elicit all the information we could from them, we found that they preserved a tradition of the visit of white men in a King George's ship many years ago. From the description they gave, very little doubt was left in my mind that it referred to the visit of Captain Cook. They said the ship was in Resolution Cove, and that one of the Indians in getting on board hurt his thigh, the wound being dressed by the surgeon of the ship. An account of this very occurrence will be found in the published narrative of Cook's Voyages.

THROUGH THE TRACKLESS FOREST

IN 1863 Viscount Milton, accompanied by Dr. Cheadle, made an expedition through the Hudson Bay Territories into British Columbia, by one of the northern passes of the Rocky Mountains, with the object of discovering the most direct route through British territory to the gold regions of Cariboo. The following passage relates the travellers' adventures in the primeval forest west of the Rocky Mountains.

ON the 31st of July we left Slaughter Camp in a pouring rain, and plunged into the pathless forest before us. We were at once brought up by the steep face of a hill which came down close to the water's edge. But the steepness of the path was not the greatest difficulty. No one who has not seen a primeval forest, where trees of gigantic size have grown and fallen undisturbed for ages, can form any idea of the collection of timber, or the impenetrable character of such a region.

There were pines and thujas of every size, the patriarch of three hundred feet in height standing alone, or thickly clustering groups of young ones struggling for the vacant place of some prostrate giant. The fallen trees lay piled around, forming barriers often six or eight feet high on every side; trunks of huge cedars, moss grown and decayed, lay half-buried in the ground on which others as mighty had recently fallen; trees still green and living, recently blown down, blocking the view with the walls of earth held in their matted roots; living trunks, dead trunks, rotten trunks; dry, barkless trunks, and trunks moist and green with moss; bare trunks, and trunks with branches—prostrate, reclining, horizontal, propped up at different angles; timber of every size in every stage of growth and decay, in every possible position, entangled in every possible combination. The swampy ground was densely covered with American dogwood, and elsewhere with thickets of the azalea, a tough-stemmed trailer, with leaves as large as those of the rhubarb plant, and growing

in many places as high as our shoulders. Both stem and leaves are covered with sharp spines, which pierced our clothes as we forced our way through the tangled growth, and made the legs and hands of the pioneers scarlet from the inflammation of myriads of punctures.

The Assiniboine went first with the axe, his wife went after him leading a horse, and the rest of the party followed, driving two or three horses apiece in single file. Mr. O'B. had by this time been trained to take charge of one pack-animal, which he managed very well under favourable conditions. But although it had been hard enough to keep our caravan in order when there was a track to follow, it was ten times more difficult and troublesome now. As long as each horse could see the one in front of him, he followed with tolerable fidelity; but wherever any little delay occurred, and the leading horses disappeared amongst the trees and underwood, the rest turned aside in different directions. Then followed a rush and scramble after them, our efforts to bring them back often only causing them to plunge into a bog or entangle themselves against piles of logs.

When involved in any predicament of this kind, the miserable animals remained stupidly passive, for they had become so spiritless and worn out, and so injured about the legs by falling against the timber and rocks, that they would make no effort to help themselves, except under the stimulus of repeated blows. These accidents, occurring a dozen times a day, caused the labour

to fall very heavily; for we were so short-handed, that each man could obtain little assistance from the rest, and was obliged to get out of his difficulties as well as he could, unaided. When this was accomplished, often only to be effected by cutting off the packs, most of the party had gone he knew not whither, and the other horses in his charge had disappeared. These had to be sought up, and a careful cast made to regain the faint trail left by the party in advance. Another similar misfortune would often occur before he joined his companions, and the same exertions again be necessary. The work was vexatious and wearisome in the extreme, and we found our stock of philosophy quite unequal to the occasion.

With a view of economizing our provisions and making more rapid progress, we reduced our meals to breakfast and supper, resting only a short time at mid-day to allow the horses to feed, but not unpacking them. Our fare was what the half-breeds call "rubaboo," which we made by boiling a piece of pemmican the size of one's fist in a large quantity of water thickened with a single handful of flour. The latter commodity had now become very valuable, and was used in this way only, three or four pounds being all we had left. Occasionally we were lucky enough to kill a partridge or skunk, and this formed a welcome addition to the "rubaboo." The mess was equally divided, and two ordinary platefuls formed the portion of each individual. Under these trying circumstances we had the advantage of Mr. O'B.'s advice, which he did not fail to

offer at every opportunity. When we stopped for the night, and the work of unloading the horses and preparing camp was over, he would emerge from some quiet retreat fresh from the solace of Paley,¹ and deliver his opinions on the prospects of the journey and his views on the course to be pursued.

“Now, my lord; now, Doctor,” he would say, “I don’t think that we have gone on nearly so well to-day as we might have done. I don’t think our route was well chosen. We may have done fifteen or twenty miles” (we had probably accomplished three or four), “but that’s not at all satisfactory. ‘Festina lente’ was wisely said by the great lyrist; but he was never lost in a forest, you see. Now, what I think ought to be done is this: the Doctor and the Assiniboine are strong, vigorous fellows; let them go five or six miles ahead and investigate the country, and then we shall travel much more easily to-morrow.” The two “vigorous fellows” were, however, generally too much jaded by hard work during the day to adopt his advice, and declined the proposal.

The valley continued to run nearly due south, and ranges of mountains separated only by the narrowest ravines came down from the north-east and north-west up to it on each side at an angle of 45°. These proved serious obstacles to our progress, rising about perpendicularly from the water’s edge.

¹ The famous Archdeacon of Carlisle (1743–1805), whose book on the *Evidences of Christianity*, published in 1794, is a well-known text-book.

On the 1st of August we came in sight of a fine snowy mountain which appeared to block up the valley ahead, and we hoped this might be the second of two described to us as landmarks by an old woman at The Cache, which she stated was not far from Fort Kamloops. To this Milton gave the name of Mount Cheadle, in return for the compliment previously paid him by his companion. The river also became wider and less rapid, and at one point divided into several channels, flowing round low wooded islands. Only one snowy mountain could be seen to the right, to which we gave the name of Mount St. Anne; but the road was as encumbered as ever.

After cutting a path for two days, the Assiniboine was almost disabled by thorns in his hands and legs, and as we had not accomplished more than two or three miles each day, we attempted to escape out of the narrow valley in which we were confined, in the hope of finding clearer ground above. But the mountain sides were too steep; the horses rolled down one after another, crashing amongst the fallen timber; and we were compelled to imitate the example of the King of France, and come down again. On the 3rd we reached a marsh about 300 yards in length, scantily covered with timber, the first open space we had met with for ten days; and the change from the deep gloom of the forest to the bright sunlight made our eyes blink indeed, but produced a most cheering effect on our spirits. The horses here found plenty of pasture, although of poor quality—a great boon to them after their long

course of twigs and mare's tail. This was altogether a brighter day than common, for we met with several patches of raspberries, as large as English garden-fruit, and two species of bilberry, the size of sloes, growing on bushes two feet high. The woods were garnished with large fern, like the English male fern, a tall and slender bracken, and quantities of the oak and beech fern. We had the luck, too, to kill four partridges for supper, and although the day was showery, and we were completely soaked in pushing through the underwood, we felt rather jollier that night than we had done since the trail ended.

Before evening we came to a rocky rapid stream from the north-west. We all mounted our horses to traverse it except Mr. O'B., who had never become reconciled to riding since his dire experience along the Fraser. What was to be done? Mr. O'B. obstinately persisted that he dare not venture on horseback, and the river was too deep and rapid to be safely forded on foot. After some useless discussion with him, we plunged our horses in, the Assiniboine and his family having crossed already; but before Cheadle's horse had left the bank a yard, Mr. O'B. rushed madly after, dashed in, and grasping the flowing tail of Bucephalus with both hands, was towed over triumphantly. After this great success, his anxiety about prospective rivers was greatly alleviated.

After leaving the little marsh above mentioned we were again buried in the densest forest, without any opening whatever, for several days, and worked

away in the old routine of cutting through timber, driving perverse horses and extricating them from difficulties, and subsisting on our scanty mess of "rubaboo." Tracks of bears were numerous, and we saw signs of beaver on all the streams, but our advance was necessarily so noisy that we had small chance of seeing game, and we could not afford to rest a day or two for the purpose of hunting.

On the 5th the Assiniboine's single hand became so swollen and painful from the injuries caused by the thorns of the azalea, that he was unable to handle an axe, and the task of clearing a path devolved upon Chcadlc. This misfortune retarded us greatly, for he was, of course, not so expert a pioneer as the Assiniboine, and his assistance could ill be spared by the horse drivers, who were now reduced to Milton and the boy—with Mr. O'B., who began to afford more active assistance than he had done hitherto. During this day the valley appeared to open out widely a few miles ahead, and we reached a rounded hill, from which we could see some distance to the south. But we were bitterly disappointed; vast woods were still before us without a sign of open country, and in the distance the hills closed in most ominously. At the foot of this eminence we crossed a rapid stream, flowing into the main river by two channels some twenty yards in width, which Mr. O'B. crossed with great success by his improved method.

The following day we struggled on from morning to night without stopping, through difficulties greater than ever; but on the 7th of August, the

eighth day of our being lost in the forest, we crossed another stream, about thirty yards wide, clear and shallow, and evidently not fed by mountain snows. We named it Elsecar River. Soon after we were greatly encouraged by entering upon a tolerably level space, about a square mile in extent, the confluence of five narrow valleys. Part of this was timbered, some of it burnt, and the rest marshy meadow, with a few stunted trees here and there. In the burnt portion we found large quantities of small bilberries, not yet ripe, on which we stayed and dined, and then forced our way to the marshy open, where we encamped.

The hopes of speedy escape which had sprung up when we first observed the retreat of the hills to the west, were quickly dispelled. The flat proved to be a mere oasis in the mountains, surrounded by steep, pine-clad hills, from which the narrow gorges between the different ranges afforded the only means of egress. On this evening we ate our last morsel of pemmican, and the only food we had left was about a quart of flour. The distance from Tête Jaune Cache to Kamloops was, according to our man, about two hundred miles; but this estimate might be very erroneous, the exact latitude of either being probably unknown when our map was made. Calculating that we had travelled ten miles a day, or seventy miles when the road ended, and had done three miles a day, or thirty altogether, since we began to cut our way, we had still one hundred miles to travel before reaching the Fort. Nearly the

whole of this distance might be country similar to what we had already encountered. At any rate, the prospect around gave us no hope of speedy change for the better.

We progressed so slowly, at the best only five or six miles a day—often not one—that it must take us many days yet to get in. There seemed no chance of any assistance, for since leaving Slaughter Camp we had seen no sign that man had ever before visited this dismal region. No axe mark on a tree, no “blaze” or broken twig, no remains of an old camp fire had greeted our eyes. Animal life was scarce, and the solemn stillness, unbroken by note of bird or sound of living creature, and the deep gloom of the woods, increased the sense of solitude. We had become so worn out and emaciated by the hard work and insufficient food of the last ten days, that it was clear enough we could not hold out much longer.

We held a council of war after our last meal was ended, and Mr. O’B. laid down his one-eyed spectacles and his Paley, to suggest that we should immediately kill “Blackie,” as he affectionately denominated the little black horse he usually took charge of on the way. The Assiniboine and Cheadle proposed to starve a few days longer, in the hope of something turning up. Against this Mr. O’B. entered a solemn protest, and eventually Milton’s proposal was agreed to. This was that the Assiniboine should spend the next day in hunting; if he were successful, we were relieved; and if not, the “Petit Noir”¹ must die.

¹ *i. e.* “Blackie.”

There seemed some chance for his life, for the Assiniboine had caught sight of a bear during the day, and the dog had chased another. Their tracks were tolerably numerous, and the Assiniboine we knew to be the most expert hunter of the Saskatchewan.

Early next day the Assiniboine set out on his hunt; Cheadle and the boy went to a small lake ahead to try to get a shot at some geese which had flown over the day before; Milton gathered bilberries; and Mr. O'B. studied; whilst the women essayed to patch together shreds of moccasins. The party was not a lively one, for there had been no breakfast that morning. Mr. O'B. wearied of his Paley, declared that he was beginning to have painful doubts concerning his faith, and would read no more. He did not keep his resolution, however, but resumed his reading the same evening, and brought out his book afterwards at every resting-place with the same regularity as ever. In the afternoon Cheadle and the boy returned empty-handed. The Assiniboine arrived about the same time, and producing a marten, threw it down, saying dryly, "J'ai trouvé rien que cela et un homme—un mort."¹ He directed us where to find the dead body, which was only a few hundred yards from camp, and we set off with the boy to have a look at the ominous spectacle.

After a long search, we discovered it at the foot of a large pine. The corpse was in a sitting posture, with the legs crossed and the arms

¹ "I have found nothing but that and a dead man."

clasped over the knees, bending forward over the ashes of a miserable fire of small sticks. The figure was headless, and the skin, brown and shrivelled, was stretched like parchment tightly over the bony framework. The clothes, consisting of woollen shirt and leggings, with a tattered blanket, still hung around the shrunken form. Near the body were a small axe, fire-bag, large tin kettle, and two baskets made of birch-bark. In the bag were flint, steel and tinder, an old knife, and a single charge of shot carefully tied up in a piece of rag. One of the baskets contained a fishing-line of cedar bark, not yet finished, and two curious hooks, made of a piece of stick and a pointed wire; the other, a few wild onions, still green and growing. He was probably a Rocky Mountain Shushwap, who had been, like ourselves, endeavouring to reach Kamloops, perhaps in quest of a wife. He had evidently intended to subsist by fishing, but before his tackle was completed, weakness—perchance illness—overtook him; he made a small fire, squatted down before it, and died there.

But where was his head? We searched diligently everywhere, but could find no traces of it. If it had fallen off we should have found it lying near, for an animal which had dared to abstract that would have returned to attack the body. It could not have been removed by violence, as the undisturbed position of the trunk bore witness. We could not solve the problem, and left him as we found him, taking only his little axe for our necessities, and the steel, fishing-line and hooks

as mementoes of the strange event. We walked back to the camp silent and full of thought.

Every one took a rather gloomy view when we discussed our prospects that evening, and "Blackie" was unanimously condemned to die at daybreak. The marten, made into a "ruba-boo," with some bilberries, formed our only supper that evening, the nauseous mess being distasteful even to our ravenous appetites.

Early on the 9th of August "Blackie" was led out to execution, but although all were agreed as to the necessity of the step, every one felt compunction at putting to death an animal which had been our companion through so many difficulties. The Assiniboine, however, at last seized his gun and dispatched him with a ball behind the ear. In a few minutes steaks were roasting at the fire, and all hands were at work cutting up the meat into thin flakes for jerking. All day long we feasted to repletion on the portions we could not carry with us, whilst the rest was drying over a large fire; for although doubts had been expressed beforehand as to whether it would prove palatable, and Milton declared it tasted of the stable, none showed any deficiency of appetite. The short intervals between eating we filled up by mending our ragged clothes and moccasins, by this time barely hanging together.

Before turning into our blankets we crowned the enjoyment of the feast by one last smoke. We had not had tobacco for weeks, but now obtained the flavour of it by pounding up one or two black and well-seasoned clays, and mixing

the dust with "kinnikinnick."¹ But this was killing the goose with the golden egg, and as pure "kinnikinnick" did not satisfy the craving, we laid our pipes by for a happier day. We had tea, too, not indeed the dark decoction of black Chinese indulged in by unthrifty bachelors, or the greenish beverage affected by careful, mature spinsters, but the "tea muskeg" used by the Indians. This is made from the leaves and flowers of a small white azalea which we found in considerable quantities growing in the boggy ground near our camp. The decoction is really a good substitute for tea, and we became very fond of it. The taste is like ordinary black tea with a dash of senna in it.

By noon on the following day the meat was dry. There was but little of it, not more than thirty or forty pounds, for the horse was small and miserably lean, and we resolved to restrict ourselves still to a small "rubaboo" twice a day. As we had now two axes, and the Assiniboine's hand was nearly well, he and Cheadle both went ahead to clear the way, and we again entered the forest, still following the Thompson Valley. The same difficulties met us as before, the same mishaps occurred, and the horses proved as perverse and obstinate as ever.

The weather was fine and exceedingly hot, and the second evening after leaving "Black Horse Camp"—as we named the scene of "Blackie's" fate—the Assiniboine, worn out by the continual toil, became thoroughly disheartened, protesting

¹ Indian substitute for tobacco, made of leaves and bark.

it was perfectly impossible to get through such a country, and useless to attempt it. We anxiously discussed the question, as on every evening, of how many miles we had come that day, and whether it was possible that the river we had struck might not be the Thompson at all, but some unknown stream which might lead us into inextricable difficulties. We had got out our imperfect map, and showed the Assiniboine that according to that the river ran due south through a narrow valley shut in by mountains up to the very fort, in exact correspondence, so far, with the stream along the banks of which we were making our way. This encouraged him a little, and he worked away next day with his usual untiring perseverance. We found our diet of dried horse-meat, and that in exceedingly small quantity—for we still kept ourselves on half-rations—very insufficient, and we were frightfully hungry and faint all day long. We rarely killed more than two partridges in the day, and sometimes, though not often, a skunk or a marten, and these were but little amongst six people.

Cheadle at this time discovered three fish-hooks amongst the wreck of our property, and made some night-lines which he set, baited with horse-flesh. These produced three white trout the first night, one of which weighed at least a couple of pounds; but, although they were diligently set every night afterwards, we never had such luck again, occasionally killing a fish, but not a dozen in all during the rest of the journey.

The aspect of the country now changed, and

on the 12th of August we entered a region rocky and barren, where the timber was of smaller size, but grew much more thickly, and the surface of the ground was covered only by moss and a few small lilies. The ravine suddenly narrowed, its sides became precipitous, and the river rushed over a bed of huge boulders, a roaring mighty rapid. The fallen timber lay as thick and entangled as ever, and we had literally to force our way by inches. We met with a godsend, however, in the way of provisions, shooting a porcupine which had been "treed" by the dog Papillon. We found it delicious, although rather strong flavoured, a thick layer of fat under the skin being almost equal to that of a turtle. The road at this point became so impracticable from the steep, encumbered hillsides which came down to the water's edge, that we were frequently obliged to pull up and wait for hours whilst the Assiniboine found a way by which it was possible to pass. We expected every day to come to some barrier which would completely prevent our farther advance. What course could we take then? Take to a raft, or abandon our horses and climb past on foot? We feared the alternative, yet were unwilling to confess the probable extremity. We had come too far to turn back, even if we had been willing to retreat.

After three days' travelling along the banks of this rapid, to which we gave the name of Murchison's Rapids, never out of hearing of its continual roar (offensive to the ears of Mr. O'B.), the valley became narrower still, and we were

brought to a standstill by a precipice before us. We were shut in on one side by the river, and on the other by hills so steep and embarrassed that it seemed hopeless to attempt to scale them, for we had tried that before, and miserably failed. There was nothing for it but to camp at once and seek a way by which to pass the barrier. The horses had not tasted grass since leaving the marsh, four days ago, and for the last three had fed upon the moss and lilies growing amongst the rocks. They wandered to and fro all the night, walking in and out between us, and stepping over us as we lay on the ground. Mr. O'B., too, passed a restless night in consequence, and aroused us continually by jumping up and whacking them with his great stick. The poor animals grubbed up the moss from the rocks, and everything green within their reach had disappeared by morning.

The indefatigable Assiniboine started at day-break to search for a path, whilst the rest of us packed the horses and awaited his return. He came back in an hour or two with the news that the country ahead grew more and more difficult, but that we could, with care, lead the horses past the present opposing bluff. This relieved us from the fear that we might be compelled to abandon our horses here, and have to make our way on foot. We had to mount the hillside by a zigzag, over loose moss-grown rocks, leading the horses past one by one. The accidents which occurred, though perhaps not so numerous as on some occasions, were more extraordinary, and will serve to illustrate what occurred daily. All

the horses had safely passed the dangerous precipice except one which Cheadle was leading, and Bucephalus, in charge of Mr. O'B., who brought up the rear.

The length of the zigzag was about a quarter of a mile, and when the former had got nearly over, he turned to look for those behind him. They were not to be seen. Cheadle, therefore, left his horse, and going back to see what had happened, met Mr. O'B. climbing hastily up the mountain-side, but minus Bucephalus. "Where's the horse?" said Cheadle. "Oh," said Mr. O'B., "he's gone, killed, tumbled over a precipice. He slipped and fell over, you know, Doctor, and I have not seen him since. It's not the slightest use going back, I assure you, to look for him, for he's comminuted—smashed to atoms—dashed to a thousand pieces! It's a dreadful thing, isn't it?" Cheadle, however, sternly insisted that Mr. O'B. should accompany him back to the scene of the accident, and the latter reluctantly followed.

The place where the horse had slipped and struggled was easily found, for the bark torn off the recumbent trunks marked the course of his headlong descent. The place from which he fell was about a hundred and twenty or a hundred and thirty feet above the river, and the last thirty or forty feet of this a perpendicular face of rock. Cheadle crept down and looked over the edge, and on a little flat space below saw Bucephalus, astride of a large tree, lengthwise. The tree was propped up by others horizontally

at such a height that the animal's legs hung down on each side without touching the ground. The two then descended, expecting to find him mortally injured, but, to their astonishment, he appeared quite comfortable in his novel position. The packs were taken off, and Cheadle by a vigorous lift (Mr. O'B. declining the suggestion that he should haul at the tail, on the ground of the dangerous nature of the service) rolled the horse from his perch. He was uninjured, and Mr. O'B. led him past the most dangerous part, whilst his companion toiled after, carrying the packs up the brow to safer ground.

After the horse had been reloaded, the two pursued their way, but before many yards were passed, the other horse slipped and rolled down the hill. He luckily brought up against some trees, before reaching the bottom; but again the pack had to be cut off, again carried up, and the horse hauled on to his legs and led up the steep. Soon after they joined the rest, another horse, refusing to jump some timber in the path, bolted aside and fell into a regular pit, formed by fallen trees and rocks; every effort to extricate him was useless. We were alone, for the rest of the party had gone on, and after trying in vain for nearly an hour, Milton ran ahead, caught them up, and brought back the axe. It was another hour's work to cut him out and repack, but we found our companions not far before us, and indeed there was little danger of their leaving us any great distance behind.

The river still continued a grand rapid, and

a short distance more brought us to a place where the ravine suddenly narrowed to about fifty feet, with high straight-cut rocks on either side, through which, for about a hundred yards almost at the right angle, and down a swift descent, the waters raged so frightfully about huge rocks standing out in the stream, that it was instantly named by the Assiniboine the "Porte d'Enfer."¹ No raft or canoe could have lived there for a moment, and we thankfully congratulated ourselves that we had decided to make our way by land.

We camped for the night close to where we had started in the morning, and the Assiniboine, having cut his foot to the bone on the sharp rocks, amongst which we walked nearly barefoot, was completely disabled. That night he was thoroughly disheartened, declared the river we were following was not the Thompson at all, and we must make up our minds to perish miserably. Mr. O'B. of course heartily concurred, and it required all our powers of persuasion, and an explanation by the map, to restore hope.

Another day similar to the last brought us to the end of the rapid. The woman had bravely taken her husband's place ahead with an axe, and worked away like a man. The last of the dried horse-flesh, boiled with the scrapings of the flour-bag, formed our supper. We had only three charges of powder left, and this we kept for special emergency. The Assiniboine, however, and his son had succeeded in "nobbling" a brace of partridges, knocking the young birds out of

¹ Hell-gate.

the trees with short sticks, missiles they used with great dexterity. We had been cheered during the day by observing the first traces of man, except the dead body of the Indian, we had seen for sixteen days. These were old stumps of trees, which bore marks of an axe, though now decayed and mossed over.

The next day, however, was cold and wet, and we felt wretched enough as we forced our way for hours through a beaver swamp, where the bracken grew higher than our heads, and tangled willows of great size required cutting away at every step. Slimy, stagnant pools, treacherous and deep, continually forced us to turn aside. At last a stream, whose banks were densely clothed with underwood, barred the path, and we could not find a practicable ford. Drenched to the skin, shivering, miserable, having had no food since the previous evening, we felt almost inclined to give way to despair, for we seemed to have gained nothing by our labours. There was no sign of the end.

Our journey had now lasted nearly three months; for five weeks we had not seen the smallest evidence of man's presence at any time in the wild forest in which we were buried.

After several futile attempts to cross the stream, the Assiniboine sat down with his wife and son, and refused to go any farther. We did not attempt to argue the matter, but, merely remarking that we did not intend to give in without another struggle, took the axes, and renewed the search for a crossing-place. Having at length

discovered a shallow place and cut a path to it, we led the horses into the water, but the mud was so soft and deep, and the banks so beset with slippery logs, that they could not climb up, and rolled back into the water. At this juncture the Assiniboine, fairly put to shame, came to our assistance, and we unpacked the animals and hauled them out. We were quite benumbed by standing so long up to our waists in the ice-cold water, and after we had got the horses across, as the rain still poured down, we camped on a little mound in the midst of the dismal swamp. There was no chance of finding any other provision, and we therefore led out another horse and shot him at once. Another day was occupied in drying the meat and in mending our tattered garments as before.

We discussed our prospects, and various plans were proposed. It was certain that the horses, already mere skeletons, could not hold out many days longer, unless they found proper pasturage. For a long time past, indeed, we had expected some of them to lie down and die in their tracks. Their bodies mere frames of bone covered with skin, their flanks hollow, their backs raw, their legs battered, swollen, and bleeding—a band for the knackers' yards—they were painful to look upon.

The project of rafting was renewed, for the river now flowed with a tempting tranquillity; but the recollection of the Grand Rapid and Porte d'Enfer decided us against it, and doubtless we thus escaped great disaster, for we afterwards met with several dangerous rapids in the river

below. We agreed to stick to our horses as long as they could travel, then kill some for provisions, and make for the fort on foot. The Assiniboine was utterly dispirited, and continued gloomy and morose, dropping from time to time hints of desertion, and reproaching us bitterly with having led him into such desperate straits. He camped apart from us, with his wife and boy, holding frequent and significant consultations with them; and it required all the forbearance we could command, to prevent an open rupture with the man and his family.

On the morning of the 18th, before we started, our ears were greeted by the cry of that bird of ill omen, a crow, to us proclaiming glad tidings, for it was a sure indication of more open country being at hand. Our spirits were raised still more by observing, during the day's journey, signs of man's presence as recent as the preceding spring,—a few branches cut with a knife, as if by some one making his way through the bushes.

A heavy thunderstorm which came on obliged us to camp very early; but the next day we struck a faint trail, which slightly improved as we advanced, and towards evening we found the tracks of horses. The path disappeared and reappeared again during the next two days, and was still very dubious and faint, so that we were afraid it might be a deceptive one after all; but on the night of the 21st we came to a marsh where horse tracks were very numerous, and found on the right side, where we camped, a large cedar felled, from which a canoe had been made. On



A DIFFICULT LANDING

a tree was an inscription which was not legible, although the words seemed to be English.

To our intense delight, the next morning we hit upon a trail where the trees had been "blazed," or marked with an axe a long time ago, and old marten-traps at intervals informed us that we had at last touched the extreme end of an old trapping path from the fort. The valley began rapidly to expand, the hills became lower, the trail continued to become more and more beaten, and at noon on the 22nd we fairly shouted for joy as we emerged from the gloom in which we had so long been imprisoned, on to a beautiful little prairie, and saw before us a free, open country, diversified with rounded hills and stretches of woodland. We stopped with one accord, and lay down on the green turf, basking in the sun, whilst we allowed our horses to feed on the rich prairie grass, such as they had not tasted since leaving Edmonton.

The day was gloriously bright and fine, and the delight with which we gazed upon the beautiful landscape before us will be appreciated, if the reader will reflect that we had travelled for more than eleven weeks without cessation, and for the last month had been lost in the forest, starving, overworked, almost hopeless of escape. Even Mr. O'B., who had resumed the study of Paley with renewed zest, looked up from his book from time to time, and ventured to express a hope that we might escape after all, and offered his advice upon the course to be pursued in the happier time at hand.

IN THE WILD NORTH-WEST

THE Canadian government in 1869 bought out the monopoly of the Hudson Bay Company. During the subsequent official survey the half-breeds, for the most part children of French settlers and Indian wives, imagined that their rights to the prairie lands on the banks of the Red River were threatened. A rebellion was organized by a young half-breed named Louis Riel, and a boat expedition to suppress it was placed under the command of Colonel Garnet Wolseley (afterwards Lord Wolseley). Among his officers was Lieutenant William Butler, who wrote a brilliant account of the three months' expedition, and of his subsequent adventurous wanderings in the Saskatchewan Valley and the Indian countries of the west as far as the Rocky Mountains. The young lieutenant afterwards became the famous general Sir William Butler. The following narrative relates incidents in October 1870, at the beginning of Butler's journey to the west.

I REMAINED only long enough at Fort Ellice to complete a few changes in costume which the rapidly increasing cold rendered necessary. Boots and hat were finally discarded, the stirrup-irons were rolled in strips of buffalo skin, the large moose-skin "mittaines" taken into wear, and immense moccasins got ready. These precautions were necessary, for before us there now lay a great open region with treeless expanses that

were sixty miles across them—a vast tract of rolling hill and plain over which, for three hundred miles, there lay no fort or house of any kind.

Bidding adieu to my host, a young Scotch gentleman, at Fort Ellice, my little party turned once more towards the North-West and, fording the Qu'Appelle five miles above its confluence with the Assiniboine, struck out into a lovely country. It was the last day of October and almost the last of the Indian summer. Clear and distinct lay the blue sky upon the quiet sunlit prairie. The horses trotted briskly on under the charge of an English half-breed named Daniel. He was to bear me company as far as Carlton on the North Saskatchewan. My five horses were now beginning to show the effect of their incessant work, but it was only in appearance, and the distance travelled each day was increased instead of diminished as we journeyed on. I could not have believed it possible that horses could travel the daily distance which mine did without breaking down altogether under it, still less would it have appeared possible upon the food which they had to eat. We had neither hay nor oats to give them; there was nothing but the dry grass of the prairie, and no time to eat that but the cold frosty hours of the night. Still we seldom travelled less than fifty miles a day, stopping only for one hour at midday, and going on again until night began to wrap her mantle around the shivering prairie.

My horse was a wonderful animal; day after day would I fear that his game little limbs were growing

weary, and that soon he must give out; but no, not a bit of it; his black coat roughened and his flanks grew a little leaner, but still he went on as gamely and as pluckily as ever. Often during the long day I would dismount and walk along leading him by the bridle, while the other two men and the six horses jogged on far in advance; when they had disappeared altogether behind some distant ridge of the prairie, my little horse would commence to look anxiously around, whinnying and trying to get along after his comrades; and then how gamely he trotted on when I remounted, watching out for the first sign of his friends again, far-away little specks on the great wilds before us. When the camping-place would be reached at nightfall the first care went to the horse. To remove saddle, bridle, and saddle-cloth, to untie the strip of soft buffalo leather from his neck and twist it well around his fore-legs, for the purpose of hobbling, was the work of only a few minutes, and then poor Blackie hobbled away to find over the darkening expanse his night's provender.

Before our own supper of pemmican, half-baked bread, and tea had been discussed, we always drove the band of horses down to some frozen lake hard by, and Daniel cut with the axe little drinking holes in the ever-thickening ice; then up would bubble the water and down went the heads of the thirsty horses for a long pull at the too-often bitter spring, for in this region between the Assiniboine and the South Saskatchewan fully half the lakes and pools that lie scattered about

in vast variety are harsh with salt and alkalis. Three horses always ran loose while the other three worked in harness. These loose horses, one might imagine, would be prone to gallop away when they found themselves at liberty to do so; but nothing seems farther from their thoughts; they trot along by the side of their harnessed comrades apparently as though they knew all about it; now and again they stop behind, to crop a bit of grass or tempting stalk of wild pea or vetches, but on they come again until the party has been reached; then, with ears thrown back, the jog-trot is resumed, and the whole band sweeps on over hill and plain. To halt and change horses is only the work of two minutes—out comes one horse, the other is standing close by and never stirs while the hot harness is being put upon him; in he goes into the rough shafts, and, with a crack of the half-breed's whip across his flanks, away we start again.

But my little Blackie seldom got a respite from the saddle; he seemed so well up to his work, so much stronger and better than any of the others, that day after day I rode him, thinking each day, "Well, to-morrow I will let him run loose;" but when to-morrow came he used to look so fresh and well, carrying his little head as high as ever, that again I put the saddle on his back, and another day's talk and companionship would still further cement our friendship, for I grew to like that horse as one only can like the poor dumb beast that serves us. I know not how it is, but horse and dog have worn themselves into my heart

as few men have ever done in life; and now, as day by day went by in one long scene of true companionship, I came to feel for little Blackie a friendship not the less sincere because all the service was upon his side, and I was powerless to make his supper a better one, or give him a more cosy lodging for the night. He fed and lodged himself and he carried me—all he asked in return was a water-hole in the frozen lake, and that I cut for him. Sometimes the night came down upon us still in the midst of a great open treeless plain, without shelter, water or grass, and then we would continue on in the inky darkness as though our march was to last eternally, and poor Blackie would step out as if his natural state was one of perpetual motion. On the 4th of November we rode over sixty miles; and when at length the camp was made in the lea of a little clump of bare willows, the snow was lying cold upon the prairies, and Blackie and his comrades went out to shiver through their supper in the bleakest scene my eyes had ever looked upon.

About midway between Fort Ellice and Carlton a sudden and well-defined change occurs in the character of the country; the light soil disappears, and its place is succeeded by a rich dark loam covered deep in grass and vetches. Beautiful hills swell in slopes more or less abrupt on all sides, while lakes fringed with thickets and clumps of good-sized poplar balsam lie lapped in their fertile hollows.

This region bears the name of the Touchwood Hills. Around it, far into endless space, stretch

immense plains of bare and scanty vegetation, plains seared with the tracks of countless buffalo which, until a few years ago, were wont to roam in vast herds between the Assiniboine and the Saskatchewan. Upon whatever side the eye turns when crossing these great expanses, the same wrecks of the monarch of the prairie lie thickly strewn over the surface. Hundreds of thousands of skeletons dot the short scant grass; and when fire has laid barer still the level surface, the bleached ribs and skulls of long-killed bison whiten far and near the dark burnt prairie. There is something unspeakably melancholy in the aspect of this portion of the North-west. From one of the westward jutting spurs of the Touchwood Hills the eye sees far away over an immense plain; the sun goes down, and as he sinks upon the earth the straight line of the horizon becomes visible for a moment across his blood-red disc, but so distant, so far away, that it seems dream-like in its immensity. There is not a sound in the air or on the earth; on every side lie spread the relics of the great fight waged by man against the brute creation; all is silent and deserted—the Indian and the buffalo gone, the settler not yet come. You turn quickly to the right or left; over a hill-top, close by, a solitary wolf steals away. Quickly the vast prairie begins to grow dim, and darkness forsakes the skies because they light their stars, coming down to seek in the utter solitude of the blackened plains a kindred spirit for the night.

On the night of the 4th of November we made

our camp long after dark in a little clump of willows far out in the plain which lies west of the Touchwood Hills. We had missed the only lake that was known to lie in this part of the plain, and after journeying far in the darkness halted at length, determined to go supperless, or next to supperless, to bed, for pemmican without that cup which nowhere tastes more delicious than in the wilds of the North-west would prove but sorry comfort, and the supper without tea would be only a delusion. The fire was made, the frying-pan taken out, the bag of dried buffalo meat and the block of pemmican got ready, but we said little in the presence of such a loss as the steaming kettle and the hot, delicious, fragrant tea. Why not have provided against this evil hour by bringing on from the last frozen lake some blocks of ice? Alas! why not? Moodily we sat down round the blazing willows. Meantime Daniel commenced to unroll the oil-cloth cart cover—and lo, in the ruddy glare of the fire, out rolled three or four large pieces of thick, heavy ice, sufficient to fill our kettle three times over with delicious tea. Oh, what a joy it was! and how we relished that cup! for remember, cynical friend who may be inclined to hold such happiness cheap and light, that this wild life of ours is a curious leveller of civilized habits—a cup of water to a thirsty man can be more valuable than a cup of diamonds, and the value of one article over the other is only the question of a few hours' privation.

When the morning of the 5th dawned we were covered deep in snow. A storm had burst in the

night, and all around was hidden in a dense sheet of driving snow-flakes; not a vestige of our horses was to be seen, their tracks were obliterated by the fast-falling snow, and the surrounding objects close at hand showed dim and indistinct through the white cloud. After a fruitless search, Daniel returned to camp with the tidings that the horses were nowhere to be found; so, when breakfast had been finished, all three set out in separate directions to look again for the missing steeds. Keeping the snow-storm on my left shoulder, I went along through little clumps of stunted bushes which frequently deceived me by their resemblance through the driving snow to horses grouped together. After a while I bent round towards the wind and, making a long sweep in that direction, bent again so as to bring the drift upon my right shoulder. No horses, no tracks anywhere—nothing but a waste of white drifting flake and feathery snow-spray. At last I turned away from the wind, and soon struck full on our little camp; neither of the others had returned. I cut down some willows and made a blaze. After a while I got on to the top of the cart, and looked out again into the waste. Presently I heard a distant shout; replying vigorously to it, several indistinct forms came into view, and Daniel soon emerged from the mist, driving before him the hobbled wanderers; they had been hidden under the lee of a thicket some distance off, all clustered together for shelter and warmth.

Our only difficulty was now the absence of my friend the Hudson Bay officer. We waited some

time, and at length, putting the saddle on Blackie, I started out in the direction he had taken. Soon I heard a faint far-away shout; riding quickly in the direction from whence it proceeded I heard the calls getting louder and louder, and soon came up with a figure heading right away into the immense plain, going in a direction altogether opposite to where our camp lay. I shouted, and back came my friend no little pleased to find his road again, for a snow-storm is no easy thing to steer through, and at times it will even fall out that the Indian with all his craft and instinct for direction will not be able to find his way through its blinding maze. Woe betide the wretched man who at such a time finds himself alone upon the prairie, without fire or the means of making it; not even the ship-wrecked sailor clinging to the floating mast is in a more pitiable strait. During the greater portion of this day it snowed hard, but our track was distinctly marked across the plains, and we held on all day. I still rode Blackie; the little fellow had to keep his wits at work to avoid tumbling into the badger-holes which the snow soon rendered invisible. These badger-holes in this portion of the plains were very numerous; it is not always easy to avoid them when the ground is clear of snow, but riding becomes extremely difficult when once the winter has set in. The badger burrows straight down for two or three feet, and if a horse be travelling at any pace his fall is so sudden and violent that a broken leg is too often the result. Once or twice Blackie went in nearly to the shoulder, but

he invariably scrambled up again all right—poor fellow, he was reserved for a worse fate, and his long journey was near its end !

Day dawned upon us on the 6th of November camped in a little thicket of poplars some seventy miles from the South Saskatchewan; the thermometer stood 3° below zero as I drew the girths tight on poor Blackie's ribs that morning. Another long day's ride, the last great treeless plain was crossed, and evening found us camped near the Minitchinass, or Solitary Hill, some sixteen miles south-east of the South Saskatchewan. The grass again grew long and thick, the clumps of willow, poplar and birch had reappeared, and the soil, when we scraped the snow away to make our sleeping-place, turned up black and rich-looking under the blows of the axe. About midday on the 7th of November, in a driving storm of snow, we suddenly emerged upon a high plateau. Before us, at a little distance, a great gap or valley seemed to open suddenly out, and farther off the white sides of hills and dark tree-tops rose into view. Riding to the edge of this steep valley I beheld a magnificent river flowing between great banks of ice and snow 300 feet below the level on which we stood. Upon each side masses of ice stretched out far into the river, but in the centre, between these banks of ice, ran a swift, black-looking current, the sight of which for a moment filled us with dismay. We had counted upon the Saskatchewan being firmly locked in ice, and here was the river rolling along between its icy banks, forbidding all passage.

Descending to the low valley of the river, we halted for dinner, determined to try some method by which to cross this formidable barrier. An examination of the river and its banks soon revealed the difficulties before us. The ice, as it approached the open portion, was unsafe, rendering it impossible to get within reach of the running water. An interval of some ten yards separated the sound ice from the current, while nearly 100 yards of solid ice lay between the true bank of the river and the dangerous portion; thus our first labour was to make a solid footing for ourselves from which to launch any raft or make-shift boat which we might construct. After a great deal of trouble and labour, we got the wagon-box roughly fashioned into a raft, covered over with one of our large oil-cloths, and lashed together with buffalo leather. This most primitive-looking craft we carried down over the ice to where the dangerous portion commenced; then Daniel, wielding the axe with powerful dexterity, began to hew away at the ice until space enough was opened out to float our raft upon. Into this we slipped the wagon-box, and into the wagon-box we put the half-breed Daniel. It floated admirably, and on went the axe-man, hewing, as before, with might and main. It was cold, wet work, and, in spite of everything, the water began to ooze through the oil-cloth into the wagon-box. We had to haul it up, empty it, and launch again; thus for some hours we kept on, cold, wet and miserable, until night forced us to desist and make our camp on the tree-lined shore. So we hauled

in the wagon and retired, baffled, but not beaten, to begin again next morning.

There were many reasons to make this delay feel vexatious and disappointing; we had travelled a distance of 560 miles in twelve days; travelled only to find ourselves stopped by this partially frozen river at a point twenty miles distant from Carlton, the first great station on my journey. Our stock of provisions, too, was not such as would admit of much delay; pemmican and dried meat we had none, and flour, tea and grease were all that remained to us. However, Daniel declared that he knew a most excellent method of making a combination of flour and fat which would allay all disappointment—and I must conscientiously admit that a more hunger-satiating mixture than he produced out of the frying-pan it had never before been my lot to taste. A little of it went such a long way, that it would be impossible to find a parallel for it in portability; in fact, it went such a long way, that the person who dined off it found himself, by common reciprocity of feeling, bound to go a long way in return before he again partook of it; but Daniel was not of that opinion, for he ate the greater portion of our united shares, and slept peacefully when it was all gone.

Fortified by Daniel's delicacy, we set to work early next morning at raft-making and ice-cutting; but we made the attempt to cross at a portion of the river where the open water was narrower and the bordering ice sounded more firm to the testing blows of the axe. One part of the river had now closed in, but the ice over it was unsafe.

We succeeded in getting the craft into the running water and, having strung together all the available line and rope we possessed, prepared for the venture. It was found that the wagon-boat would only carry one passenger, and accordingly I took my place in it, and with a make-shift paddle put out into the quick-running stream. The current had great power over the ill-shaped craft, and it was no easy matter to keep her head at all against stream.

I had not got five yards out when the whole thing commenced to fill rapidly with water, and I had just time to get back again to ice before she was quite full. We hauled her out once more, and found the oil-cloth had been cut by the jagged ice, so there was nothing for it but to remove it altogether and put on another. This was done, and soon our wagon-box was once again afloat. This time I reached in safety the farther side; but there a difficulty arose which we had not foreseen. Along this farther edge of ice the current ran with great force, and as the leather line which was attached to the back of the boat sank deeper and deeper into the water, the drag upon it caused the boat to drift quicker and quicker downstream; thus, when I touched the opposite ice, I found the drift was so rapid that my axe failed to catch a hold in the yielding edge, which broke away at every stroke. After several ineffectual attempts to stay the rush of the boat, and as I was being borne rapidly into a mass of rushing water and huge blocks of ice, I saw it was all up, and shouted to the others to rope in

the line; but this was no easy matter, because the rope had got foul of the running ice, and was caught underneath. At last, by careful handling, it was freed, and I stood once more on the spot from whence I had started, having crossed the River Saskatchewan to no purpose. Daniel now essayed the task, and reached the opposite shore, taking the precaution to work up the nearer side before crossing; once over, his vigorous use of the axe told on the ice, and he succeeded in fixing the boat against the edge. Then he quickly clove his way into the frozen mass, and, by repeated blows, finally reached a spot from which he got on shore.

This success of our long labour and exertion was announced to the solitude by three ringing cheers, which we gave from our side; for, be it remembered, that it was now our intention to use the wagon-boat to convey across all our baggage, towing the boat from one side to the other by means of our line; after which, we would force the horses to swim the river, and then cross ourselves in the boat. But all our plans were defeated by an unlooked-for accident; the line lay deep in the water, as before, and to raise it required no small amount of force. We hauled and hauled, until snap went the long rope somewhere underneath the water, and all was over. With no little difficulty Daniel got the boat across again to our side, and we all went back to camp wet, tired and dispirited by so much labour and so many misfortunes. It froze hard that night, and in the morning the great river had its water

altogether hidden opposite our camp by a covering of ice. Would it bear? that was the question. We went on it early, testing with axe and sharp-pointed poles. In places it was very thin, but in other parts it rang hard and solid to the blows.

The dangerous spot was in the very centre of the river, where the water had shown through in round holes on the previous day, but we hoped to avoid these bad places by taking a slanting course across the channel. After walking backwards and forwards several times, we determined to try a light horse. He was led out with a long piece of rope attached to his neck. In the centre of the stream the ice seemed to bend slightly as he passed over, but no break occurred, and in safety we reached the opposite side. Now came Blackie's turn. Somehow or other I felt uncomfortable about it, and remarked that the horse ought to have his shoes removed before the attempt was made. My companion, however, demurred, and his experience in these matters had extended over so many years, that I was foolishly induced to allow him to proceed as he thought fit, even against my better judgment. Blackie was taken out, led as before, tied by a long line. I followed close behind him, to drive him if necessary. He did not need much driving, but took the ice quite readily.

We had got to the centre of the river, when the surface suddenly bent downwards, and, to my horror, the poor horse plunged deep into black, quick-running water! He was not three yards in

front of me when the ice broke. I recoiled involuntarily from the black, seething chasm; the horse, though he plunged suddenly down, never let his head under water, but kept swimming manfully round and round the narrow hole, trying all he could to get upon the ice. All his efforts were useless; a cruel wall of sharp ice struck his knees as he tried to lift them on the surface, and the current, running with immense velocity, repeatedly carried him back underneath. As soon as the horse had broken through, the man who held the rope let it go, and the leather line flew back upon poor Blaekie's head. I got up almost to the edge of the hole, and stretching out took hold of the line again; but that could do no good nor give him any assistance in his struggles. I shall never forget the way the poor brute looked at me—even now, as I write these lines, the whole scene comes back in memory with all the vividness of a picture, and I feel again the horrible sensation of being utterly unable, though almost within touching distance, to give him help in his dire extremity—and if ever dumb animal spoke with unutterable eloquence, that horse called to me in his agony; he turned to me as to one from whom he had a right to expect assistance. I could not stand the scene any longer.

“Is there no help for him?” I cried to the other men.

“None whatever,” was the reply; “the ice is dangerous all around.”

Then I rushed back to the shore and up to the camp where my rifle lay, then back again to the

fatal spot where the poor beast still struggled against his fate. As I raised the rifle he looked at me so imploringly that my hand shook and trembled. Another instant, and the deadly bullet crashed through his head, and, with one look never to be forgotten, he went down under the cold, un pitying ice !

It may have been very foolish, perhaps, for poor Blackie was only a horse, but for all that I went back to camp, and, sitting down in the snow, cried like a child. With my own hand I had taken my poor friend's life; but if there should exist somewhere in the regions of space that happy Indian paradise where horses are never hungry and never tired, Blackie, at least, will forgive the hand that sent him there, if he can but see the heart that long regretted him.

Leaving Daniel in charge of the remaining horses, we crossed on foot the fatal river, and with a single horse set out for Carlton. From the high north bank I took one last look back at the South Saskatchewan—it lay in its broad deep valley glittering in one great band of purest snow; but I loathed the sight of it, while the small round open hole, dwarfed to a speck by distance, marked the spot where my poor horse had found his grave, after having carried me so faithfully through the long lonely wilds. We had travelled about six miles when a figure appeared in sight, coming towards us upon the same track. The newcomer proved to be a Cree Indian travelling to Fort Pelly. He bore the name of the Starving Bull. Starving Bull and his boy at once turned

back with us towards Carlton. In a little while a party of horsemen hove in sight : they had come out from the fort to visit the South Branch, and amongst them was the Hudson Bay officer in charge of the station. Our first question had reference to the plague. Like a fire, it had burned itself out. There was no case then in the fort ; but out of the little garrison of some sixty souls no fewer than thirty-two had perished ! Four only had recovered of the thirty-six who had taken the terrible infection.

We halted for dinner by the edge of the Duck Lake, midway between the North and South Branches of the Saskatchewan. It was a rich, beautiful country, although the snow lay some inches deep. Clumps of trees dotted the undulating surface, and lakelets glittering in the bright sunshine spread out in sheets of dazzling whiteness. The Starving Bull set himself busily to work preparing our dinner. What it would have been under ordinary circumstances, I cannot state ; but, unfortunately for its success on the present occasion, its preparation was attended with unusual drawbacks. Starving Bull had succeeded in killing a skunk during his journey. This performance, while highly creditable to his energy as a hunter, was by no means conducive to his success as a cook. Bitterly did that skunk revenge himself upon us who had borne no part in his destruction. Pemmican is at no time a delicacy ; but pemmican flavoured with skunk was more than I could attempt. However, Starving Bull proved himself worthy of his name,

and the frying-pan was soon scraped clean under his hungry manipulations.

Another hour's ride brought us to a high bank, at the base of which lay the North Saskatchewan. In the low ground adjoining the river stood Carlton House, a large square enclosure, the wooden walls of which were more than twenty feet in height. Within these palisades some dozen or more houses stood crowded together. Close by, to the right, many snow-covered mounds with a few rough wooden crosses above them marked the spot where, only four weeks before, the last victim of the epidemic had been laid. On the very spot where I stood looking at this scene, a Blackfoot Indian, three years earlier, had stolen out from a thicket, fired at and grievously wounded the Hudson Bay officer belonging to the fort, and now close to the same spot a small cross marked that officer's last resting-place. Strange fate! he had escaped the Blackfoot's bullet only to be the first to succumb to the deadly epidemic. I cannot say that Carlton was at all a lively place of sojourn. Its natural gloom was considerably deepened by the events of the last few months, and the whole place seemed to have received the stamp of death upon it. To add to the general depression, provisions were by no means abundant, the few Indians that had come in from the plains brought the same tidings of unsuccessful chase—for the buffalo were "far out" on the great prairie, and that phrase "far out," applied to buffalo, means starvation in the North-west.

DAYS WITH THE NORTH-WEST
MOUNTED POLICE

THE formation of the North-west Mounted Police was recommended by Sir William Butler. The author of the following narrative, Mr. J. G. Donkin, left Liverpool in 1884, and after spending a few months in the service of a farmer at Brandon, he joined the Mounted Police, in which he became a corporal, and took part in the fighting which ensued upon Louis Riel's second rebellion. Riel had been exiled after his first abortive revolt, but being allowed to return after fourteen years, he at once began to foment trouble. He obtained some early successes over the Mounted Police; but after a series of fights at Batoche he was captured by two scouts, brought to trial, and sentenced to death.

IT was known in May that Major Jarvis and the troop head-quarters were to occupy their former station at Wood Mountain. I was detailed to accompany a subaltern officer, who was to command the Moose Mountain district, and the extreme eastern section of the frontier line.

The morning of Friday, May 13th, 1887, broke under a leaden sky, and torrents of rain were falling, as *réveille* rang across the gloomy square. At breakfast in the mess-room, every one was glum, for we were tired of the perpetual grind of riding-school, drill, parades, stables, and guards,

and longed once more for the comparative freedom of duty away out of the plains. We sipped our coffee, and ate our eggs and hash almost in silence while the rain splashed in the stable-yard without. One corporal wished to wager ten, twenty, or fifty dollars that we should not move out of barracks for another month. As he was vociferating his infallibility of prediction, an officer entered, and we immediately sprang to attention. Beckoning to me, he said, "Have your party ready in half-an-hour to march down to the station, the wagons loaded, and everything complete, parade mounted in the square. The train will be at Regina in half-an-hour."

This sort of thing must be expected, but no one seems ever to be ready for such an emergency. Brown has his washing out, Jones is up at the hospital, while Robinson is off on pass. I hastened to look up my men, and a nice flutter and hurry there was in the barrack-rooms. The horses had to be saddled, the two transport wagons were to be loaded with supplies of all kinds, including camp equipment; the men to dress in marching order, pack up their kits, roll up their bedding, be in the saddle, on the square, and down at the railway station, all in the brief space of one half-hour! Any one who knows the amount of a mounted policeman's kit will appreciate the difficulty. Luckily, the Wood Mountain party were not to leave until the following day, so our comrades came to the front with cheerful alacrity, and willing hands, to help us. Each of us had five different attendants busied in various ways.

One was engaged in fixing up a man's accoutrements, another had hurried off to saddle up his horse, a third was employed in rolling up bedding, while a fourth was ramming his kit into its proper receptacle. I was supposed to possess the miraculous properties of Sir Boyle Roche's famous bird, for, in addition to performing all the above duties for myself, I was to watch the loading of the wagons, and check every article off on Form No. 12,070, or some such figure. At length, with soddened cloak and pulpy helmet, I was at liberty to splash through the lake in front of the stables, and mount my trooper, Chocolate George. This was a fine-looking animal, and one of the few remaining Ontario horses. He was always on the dance. A series of musical rides had taken place in the school since the establishment of the band at head-quarters, and this species of dissipation seemed to have imbued him with the frantic desire to excel as a circus horse. Consequently, his chief happiness was in attempting some new ornamental move. If I took him out for exercise alone to town, he must needs "passage" up the street. Fortunately, every one was on parade in time. The major gave us a very short inspection, saying curtly, "March them off, Mr. McGibbon."

We went out of the square at the trot, and away over the soaked and sloppy prairie at the gallop. We were bespattered with mud from head to foot, and the pipe-clay from our white helmets came down in a Niagara of dirty water. Our gauntlets were saturated. It was a foretaste

of the coming summer's wet. On entering the town, we observed the two box-cars, which were to receive our horses and wagons, standing on the line. These were to be attached to the freight or luggage-train by which we were to travel to Moosomin. The loading of these cars was not by any means a labour of love in all the rain and mud. We had to take off our juicy gauntlets, and "wire in." The cincha—as the woven horse-hair girth is termed on a Californian saddle—upon one of the saddle-horses, slipped back, and he, in consequence, commenced a vigorous course of buck-jumping, and did not cease throwing his heels to heaven until he had sent the saddle flying into a convenient pond, whence it was dragged in anything but a regulation condition. The wagons had all to be taken to pieces, and the component parts and contents lifted into the car. The slimy mud was upon everything. Then the harness and saddlery was piled in. After this the horses had to be marched up the railed-in "shoot," into their compartment. The bronchos went up readily enough, but the Canadian horses seemed to regard it as a species of cunning trap to be obstinately avoided.

But after much tugging in front, and persistent walloping behind, we got them safely housed, and as soon as the doors were fastened, the train made its appearance in the distance, steaming slowly over the level prairie. We were a rough-looking lot, streaked with dirt, and plastered with mud. The inspector handed me the men's tickets which I distributed, and when the train came

alongside the platform, we all entered the conductor's caboose. This is a house upon wheels, and is very comfortable. At one end is a cooking-stove and cupboards, and a table. There is an elevated platform where the conductor and brakeman sit when on duty; they can see ahead through small windows above the roof. The body of the car is furnished with cushioned seats along the sides. There was a small lavatory also, where we gladly performed our much-needed ablutions. We carried towels and soap in our haversacks. The private car of the superintendent of the line was also hooked to this freight train, and the officer was invited therein.

As we neared Qu'Appelle, he came out and informed me that the above official had kindly consented to allow of a delay of half-an-hour at this station (formerly Troy), so that the men might have dinner. I was to see to this, for which he gave me the requisite funds, and I had also to take care that the allotted time was not exceeded. On our arrival, a good repast was ready for us at the Queen's Hotel, the conductor having telegraphed ahead. We created some excitement in the quiet village, and many "citizens" asked me if the Indians had broken out anywhere. On our return we made ourselves cosy, and smoked and sang, while the rain pattered against the blurred and streaming windows. Broadview was reached at six o'clock in the evening. The surrounding landscape was almost under water, while the rain continued to pour down with a steady persistency. We here discovered that

we should be unable to proceed until the following morning. Our cars were shunted, and we watered and fed our chargers. One man entered the car, and the buckets of water and forage were handed up to him. This is a risky proceeding with strange horses, as they are simply packed loose in the caravan, head to tail. Rooms were engaged for our party, and we took our meals in the refreshment-room. The Pacific express came clanging into the station, and fresh arrivals from England stared wonderingly at us, as we stalked about in rusty spurs, muddy boots, bedraggled cloaks, and dingy helmets.

Broadview is 264 miles west of Winnipeg, and is in the centre of a fairly good farming country. According to the pamphlets it is a well-laid-out town, and I have no doubt it is—on paper. There are three or four stores, and a handful of houses, which are prettily situated at the head of Wood Lake, and the C.P.R.¹ have workshops here. We set off for Moosomin on the morning of the 14th at seven o'clock, and passed through a level country sprinkled with birch and poplar bluffs, and drew up at Moosomin at half-past ten. After unloading the cars, putting together the wagons, and taking our horses to water, we went to the hotel for dinner. Lovely clumps of trees, with lakelets gleaming through the foliage, surround this town. There are churches and stores in abundance, and the growth of timber gives Moosomin an advantage over other prairie towns, and saves it from the generally unfinished appear-

¹ Canadian Pacific Railway.

ance which distinguishes these rising cities. It is 219 miles west of Winnipeg. We marched out at two in the afternoon, amidst an enthusiastic group of the inhabitants. The corporal in charge of the detachment here had kindly volunteered to saddle Chocolate George for me, while I was engaged in looking after the purchase of some supplies, and this I acquiesced in, to my subsequent discomfiture. The trail led through a finely-wooded and well-settled country. Good frame-houses, neat and brightly painted, characterized all the farms we passed. Lady Cathcart's crofter colony is situated out here. All this air of snug prosperity seemed strange to me, accustomed as I had been to life in the wilderness. This is the most thriving grain-farming country in the Territory, and is conterminous with the western boundary of the province of Manitoba.

My horse had been in the most exuberant spirits since starting, and in order to allow some of his superfluous joyousness to evaporate, as I was with the advance guard, I gave him his head and myself a little practice in the sword exercise. As I was bending over to a low guard, my saddle turned completely round, and off I went like a bolt from a catapult! My face was almost bare of skin, and I am afraid I was not very grateful for my brother non-commissioned officer's laxity in fixing up my saddle-girth.

Reaching the edge of the lofty cliffs that stand above the Big Pipestone Creek, we made a careful descent into the broad valley, by the rugged trail of stones and yellow mud that turned and twisted

among the hanging bushes. We pitched camp for the night by the side of the swollen stream as the sun was setting.

We were to proceed to the prairie settlement at Carlyle about eighty miles south of Moosomin, and to pick up a sergeant and five constables, who had been stationed at the outpost during the winter. Thence our march would lie in a south-easterly direction, and a camp was to be established on the Souris, where it crosses the frontier into Dakota. Leaving a detachment at this spot, the officer was to move westward with the rest of his command, following the boundary-line, and set up his head-quarters upon Long Creek, a sluggish stream that winds through the plains to the north of the Missouri Coteau.

Our camp upon the Pipestone nestled in a most romantic scene. The towering heights were robed in shaggy woods; and white farm-houses with roofs of red, or brown, peeped out from among the foliage. The vale was cultivated and laid out in fields with snake fences. Our horses were picketed by long ropes attached to iron pins by a ring. These pins were shaped like corkscrews, so that you could wind them into any ground. A broncho, when startled, is apt to draw the straight style of picket-pin. If a horse persistently drags his fastening from the ground, your best plan is to attach the rope to a hobble around one of his fore-feet; as a rule it is fixed around the neck by a loop. A couple of men were told off to look after the horses, dividing the night into two watches. Then the

blankets were spread in the tents; and only loud snores or the puffs of a pipe were heard from beneath the canvas.

A cold and cloudy morning, with occasional showers of snow, ushered in the 15th. We often grumble and growl, in this tight little island of ours, at the fickleness of that arch coquette spring; but her smiles are never to be depended upon in any climate. Even in the Riviera, a day of genial warmth may be followed by one on which the hideous mistral sends you shivering home. Evidences of prosperity and good farming lay on every side during the first period of the day. But any degree of success, out here in the north-west, is only to be attained by stern determination and rugged perseverance. The life of a pioneer is lonely and disheartening at first. And let him not hope to win a fortune from the soil. If he make a living, he should rest content. This is, emphatically, a hard land to dwell in; and existence is a struggle. Want of rain may paralyze his efforts one season; and a blighting frost in August may shatter his hopes the next. And for any one to stake his hopes on grain alone, is utter folly; but if he goes in for mixed farming, he may succeed.

The scenery through which we were passing was park-like and dotted with lovely groves of white oak. We entered a bleaker stretch about noon, and lit a fire, on the edge of the little Pipestone, to cook our bacon and boil our water. The surroundings were very bare, and a searching breeze swept down the slopes. The horses were

picketed in different places where the feed was good; and we rigged up a shelter by hanging horse-blankets from the wagons, to windward, behind which we lay upon the grass and smoked or slept. As we were riding down into the hollow, before we halted, I noticed the tops of some teepees¹ peeping above a few bushes upon the opposite hills. I mentioned this casually to the inspector, but he made no reply, as it was not a startling incident. We rested about two hours, and when we resumed our march, these nomad dwellings had disappeared.

When we had proceeded a few miles upon the trail, which was now dry and dusty, we came upon a band of Indians moving in extended order across the prairie. They seemed to increase their pace on our approach; but we merely exchanged the usual salutation of "How! How Koola!" and went ahead. Away in front a young brave and a pretty squaw were walking together, evidently bound by that one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. A few Red River carts contained blankets and sprawling youngsters in rags of gaudy hues. Some pack-horses carried bundles of teepee-poles. The men were mounted, while the women trudged on foot. This is the noble red man's way. He rides on horseback while the patient squaw shuffles alongside with her papoose strapped to a board behind, like a knapsack. Comic-looking objects are these same papooses, peeping from their dirty swaddling clothes with little black bead-like eyes. A few

¹ Indian tents.

sick were borne on travoies, which consist of two long poles crossed and attached to the neck of a horse; while the other two ends drag on the ground. Between these two sticks, behind the animal's tail, a blanket is slung, and in this uncomfortable couch the invalid reclines. It is indeed a case of the survival of the fittest.

Towards evening we again entered a lovely country magnificent in rolling woodlands, with the blue range of the Moose Mountains rising behind. We camped in a beautiful glade, with a velvety carpet of bright green; in the centre sparkled a tiny lake, its limpid waters tinged with the hues of a blushing rose by the long lines of crimson light flashed from the setting sun. It was a glorious evening, though cold, but we were well sheltered here. The white tents made a picture against the vivid emerald of the boughs, clad in their freshest tints. The birds sang among the leafy branches; and the gophers scampered off, sitting on their haunches with drooping paws and arch look for one brief minute before making a sudden dive into their burrows. The horses rolled upon the sward, and munched the grass, and the grey smoke of our fire curled up into the magic sunset. I told off the picquet, and after some welcome tea, entered my tent, unrolled my blankets on the clean springy turf, and lit the soothing pipe.

When winding our way over an excellent trail through thickets, vocal with the music of birds, it did not need a very strong imagination to make one fancy we were moving through some fine old

park in merry England. A flourishing homestead stood on a gentle rise, with barns, and byres, and folds. Sheep and cattle clustered round the outbuildings, some plethoric ducks waddled down to a pond, poultry cackled round the doors, and a group of chubby children gazed in awe as the red-coated soldiers went jingling by. After passing this glimpse of comfort, so painfully suggestive of the dear land across the sea, we faced once more the desolate plains, with lonely, ugly log shanties standing in hideous solitude here and there. A line of bush fringed the base of the Moose Mountains which rose to the right. This range is beautifully varied with wood and water; and there are three Indian reserves in its recesses.

The inhabitants are Assiniboines under the three chiefs, Pheasant Rump, Ocean Man, and White Bear. The total population amounts to 311. Elk, deer, partridge, and rabbits are fairly plentiful as yet, the lakes swarm with wild fowl and fish, while prairie chicken and snipe abound on the plains. The view here across the prairie shows a line of thick bush to the left, and in front the everlasting level stretches as far as the eye can reach, till it blends with the horizon.

We arrived at Carlyle about midday, and could see the familiar scarlet on some figures moving among the few houses while we were some distance off. These were the men of the winter detachment, and they were extremely glad to see us. They occupied a barrack-room attached to the hotel, and took their meals at the *table d'hôte* at Government expense. We pitched our row



AN EXCHANGE OF SALUTATIONS ON THE PRAIRIE

of tents some short way from the village. Carlyle is situated in the centre of a vast flat plain, as I have stated, and is the centre of a fairly settled region. I have seen more buildings around a farm-house at home, and yet this bantam hamlet is styled a city. It consists of three or four dwelling-houses, a general store, a blacksmith's shop, and the hotel. It was mail-day, and the place was thronged with people who had come in for their weekly supply of letters and newspapers, which arrive by stage from Moosomin.

There was also a civil trial proceeding, which seemed to excite some interest. The court of justice was an empty log-house, and tobacco-juice was freely squirted on the floor by the mob of settlers who crowded around in patched and seedy garments of homespun. These pioneers often flutter about in rags, and every one wears a battered slouch hat. After a wash and a shave in the barrack-room, the sergeant and I proceeded down-stairs to dinner. On regarding my features in a mirror, I found that I resembled a Tonga Islander in full rig, or an urehin after an interview with an irate eat. My face was a mass of serapes and scratches from my tumble. The morning of the 17th was spent in an inspection of the Carlyle detachment by our commanding officer, in fixing up stores and equipment, and in making arrangements for the ensuing summer. The merchant at Carlyle had obtained the contract for furnishing us with provisions. We were to receive half a ration extra, daily, per man, all through the season's campaign. This would give

each individual per diem $2\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. beef, $2\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. bread, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of potatoes, and other things in proportion, an exceedingly liberal allowance, and I will venture to say no other troops in the world receive so much. Any surplus at the end of each month we were at liberty to exchange for luxuries we fancied.

One of the Moosomin detachment came galloping into camp this afternoon, bearing a telegram for our officer, to the effect that nine families of Indians had left the Crooked Lakes Reserves, and that, if we came across them, we were to escort them back. These reserves are four in number, and lie along the right bank of the Qu'Appelle River, which widens into two lakes, bearing the above name, at this point. The chief, Mosquito, holds sway over 136 Indians on the west side. Next comes O'Soup (a name suggestive of an Irish king) with 345 redskins, and the nine families had deserted from his patriarchal jurisdiction.

It was at once surmised that the parties wanted were those Indians whom we had passed near the Little Pipestone; and men were at once dispatched to watch the various trails. On the 18th one of the constables returned with the intelligence that he and his comrade had run the Indians to earth on the trail in the mountain. He had left his companion to hold them there, and had himself ridden in, "with hoof of speed," to report the matter. A party of us were at once ordered off with wagons; but when we conducted the captives to the interpreter's house on Pheasant

Rump's reserve, we found them to be Sioux from Oak Lake, in Manitoba, on their way back to the Assiniboine camp at Indian Head for the annual Sun Dance. We allowed them to proceed on their journey, which they did with much hilarity. The Sioux are not a long-faced race by any means, but rather jovial and pleasant fellows. One of White Bull's braves used invariably to greet me with the most comic grin and hearty hand-shake; a contrast to the frigid hauteur of the dignified savage of romance.

The Sun Dance is a mighty festival, attended with many barbarous ceremonies. A large council lodge is erected fully 100 feet in diameter. The sides are formed of poles, with boughs of trees interlaced. The roof is constructed in the same manner with strong cross beams. In this place all the tribe and their visitors assemble; the medicine-men are in full uniform, wearing many charms; and the chiefs, councillors, and braves are in all the glory of paint and feathers. The squaws are seated on the ground. Those of the young bucks who are to be initiated as braves are stripped of all clothing except a breech-clout. Two parallel incisions are made with a knife in the neighbourhood of each breast, and through the muscles of the chest, thus laid bare, thongs of raw hide are passed. The other ends of these are attached to the beams above. The tomtoms are beaten, there is wild shouting, the medicine-men vociferate invocations to the Manitou, and a species of fierce frenzy epidemic in such scenes as these seizes upon all. The candidate dances

in ferocious ecstasy at the extremity of his bonds, and if the sinews of the chest give way and he has borne the torture well he is forthwith saluted as a brave. If, however, the lariat should break, then it is very "bad medicine" indeed for the unlucky youth. Sometimes the incisions are made in the back. I have seen Indians point to the cicatrices with a glow of pride. They are the badges of their manhood.

On Sunday, May 22nd, our arrangements being completed and our men all gathered together, we resumed our march to the south. A detachment of one corporal and one man who had been stationed at a settler's on the Souris during the winter were to join us *en route*. After leaving Carlyle, we had nothing but the prairie before us, with here and there a few scattered homesteads, looking gaunt and depressing amid their bare surroundings. We made a halt at noon by the side of a reed-fringed sleugh. At sunset we reached Alameda, dusty and tired. We had ridden the entire thirty miles at a walk. We were leg-weary and thirsty at the finish. It was this officer's fad to travel at a snail's pace. He had a pleasant theory that a horse was of more value than a man, and he once had the politeness to express this idea aloud before all his command. Unfortunately for the truth of his remark, all men were not of the same value as himself. I found to-night that a thoughtful teamster had brought a keg of cider in his vehicle, and I enjoyed a hearty draught.

Alameda, in spite of its flowery title, consists

of a few log shanties stuck here and there about the prairie above the valley of the Souris. There is a frame store, and post office. The Souris River rises near the Yellow Grass Marsh, south of Regina. It flows in a south-easterly direction at first, to within six miles of the American frontier; thence its course winds away northward to Alameda, where it takes a semi-circular curve and enters Dakota. In American territory it becomes the Mouse River. After forming the letter U it sweeps into Manitoba and joins the Assiniboine, not very far from Brandon.

The morning of the 23rd was lovely; the river prattled gaily, the dew sparkled on the grass, the birds trilled out their orisons, and a thousand pleasant perfumes floated in the air. We struck camp, and climbed the southern boundary of the valley, on our way to cross the Ox Bow. This is the name given to the stretch of prairie between the two arms of the river, from the peculiar form taken by the windings of the Souris. It is a sparsely settled region. Those who have pitched upon this spot hail for the most part from that abode of pine-trees, rocks, and bears, Manitoulin Island, on Lake Huron. They have chosen the lesser of two evils.

In the distance to the south-west, we could see the hazy contour of the low hills of the Grand Coteau du Missouri blending with the sky. Nearer still rose the lofty ridge of the solitary Hill of the Murdered Scout. A march of five hours brought us to the Souris again at the point where it enters American territory. The trail led

through a gully into a lovely vale, still and hushed. Oak and elm trees of vigorous growth spread their shade in dense clusters by the river's side, or stood in pleasant groves in the rich tall meadow-grass that grew in fragrant richness up to the foot of the hills. It was a charming scene, tinged with the gilding of a summer's afternoon. The trail which was formerly made by the Frontier Delimitation Commission crosses the Souris at this point by a dangerous ford just upon the boundary. This line follows the 49th parallel of north latitude, and is marked by mounds at intervals of half-a-mile. There was some difficulty in finding a comfortable spot upon which to make our permanent camp for the summer. The commanding officer left it to my judgment, as I was to be in charge, and I pitched upon a small level terrace with the slopes of the valley behind, and about 200 yards from the river in front.

On the morning of the 24th of May, the officer, sergeant and party set off for Long Creek, and I was left in undisturbed possession of my outpost.

