

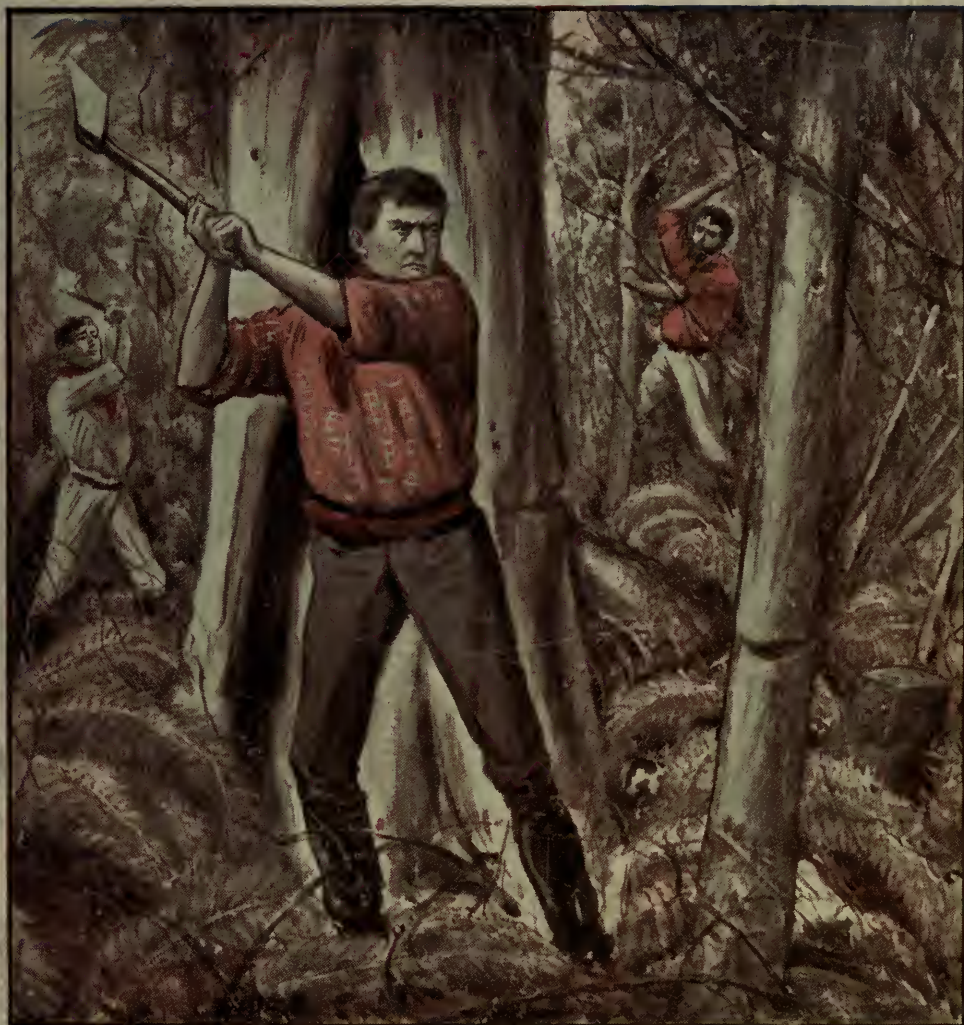
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PATHFINDERS OF THE EMPIRE



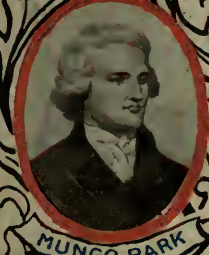
RALEIGH



HUDSON



COOK



MUNGO PARK



BAKER



SPEKE



RHODES



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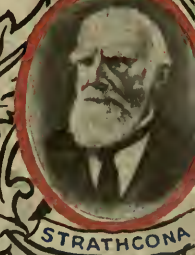
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LIVINGSTONE'S LAST JOURNEY.

PATHFINDERS OF THE EMPIRE

Travel and Adventure
On Continent and Ocean

By
JOHN LEA



LONDON: CHARLES H. KELLY

The great Empire to which we are all proud to belong is the largest the world has ever seen. It covers one fifth of the earth's surface, and within its borders dwell 400 million inhabitants of every colour, clime, and tongue. This volume recounts some of the heroic deeds of the famous men who helped to build up this Empire, upon which the sun never sets, and whose influence reaches to the ends of the earth.

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*In this Volume
You can Read the Story of—*

IN SEARCH OF SPANISH TREASURE.

The Daring Exploits of Sir Walter Raleigh.

ADRIFT ON THE ICE-HAUNTED SEA.

How Hudson Died in the Great Lone Land.

THE ADVENTURES OF A FAMOUS NAVIGATOR.

How Cook Helped to Build the Empire.

THROUGH JUNGLE AND SWAMP TO THE RIVER NIGER.

The Wonderful Adventures of Mungo Park.

THROUGH THE BLUE MOUNTAINS.

Cutting a Mountain Gateway to the Green Pastureland.

IN SEARCH OF THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

Sir John Franklin in the Ice King's Grip.

30,000 MILES THROUGH WILD AFRICA.

The Adventures of a Famous Missionary and Explorer.

FROM ATLANTIC TO PACIFIC BY THE ALL-RED ROUTE.

Making the Canadian Pacific Railway.

FROM KHARTOUM TO ALBERT NYANZA.

How Baker Discovered the Source of the White Nile.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE NILE.

How Speke Found the Secret of the Victoria Nyanza.

THE GREAT 'WHITE CHIEF.'

The Man who Started the Cape to Cairo Railway.

THROUGH THE GREAT WHITE WILDERNESS.

Scott's Last Journey to the Pole.



Captain Cook's Monument,
Hyde Park, Sydney.

In Search of Spanish Treasure.



The
Daring
Exploits
of
Sir Walter
Raleigh.



Sir Walter Raleigh.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Walter Raleigh was born the son of a Protestant in 1552. Little if anything is known of his early boyhood. He entered the University of Oxford at the age of fourteen. A little later we find him a soldier in France. He then served the Government in Ireland, and being sent to Court with dispatches, won the favour of Queen Elizabeth. He was made a knight in 1584. After many adventurous voyages, and military service against the Spaniards, he fell into disgrace, and under the Government of James I was surrounded by enemies eager for his ruin. After trial on a false charge of treason, he was beheaded at Westminster on October 29, 1618.



In Search of Spanish Treasure.

THE shadows of a March evening in 1595 had fallen gently over the island of Trinidad. The busy harbour of Port of Spain showed no outward sign of approaching trouble, though inwardly the Spanish Governor—Don Antonio de Berreo—was very uncomfortable concerning five English ships which had been lying for some days close to his landing stages. What had they come for? Why did they stay so long? If the captain of the little squadron spoke the truth, they had no other object than to rest a spell before crossing to the opposite coast to look for gold-mines in Guiana. But the captain in question was master Walter Raleigh, and in the ears of a Spaniard that name had a very unmusical sound. Don Antonio de Berreo felt so strongly on this point, that before the evening of which we speak he secretly sent to a distant part for a fresh supply of soldiers, little guessing that directly he did this a stealthy native, who had suffered much cruelty at his hands, stole on board one of the English ships and warned master Raleigh of the danger he was in.

A Daring Exploit.

Never was there a captain who knew better how to take advantage of a hint like this. As soon as darkness had sufficiently deepened, one hundred men were cautiously landed. With a suddenness that took all by surprise, the

IN SEARCH OF SPANISH TREASURE

clatter of arms was heard in the town, and well-nigh before the first echoes had died away the garrison was overcome. But this was not enough. The Governor himself must be made a prisoner, and the Governor was seven good miles away, in the new capital of St. Joseph, which he had built among the forests in the mountains. Not a moment was to be lost, or news of what had taken place at Port of Spain might reach the capital.

Raleigh therefore sent forward his second in command with sixty men, following later himself with forty more. It was a difficult road to pursue, dense over-hanging foliage casting a deeper shadow than the light alone would give. But the captain and his men had willing guides; for the natives of Trinidad welcomed with joy an opportunity of ridding themselves of a tyrant who seemed to take delight in torturing them with dreadful inhumanity.

At last the walls of St. Joseph were reached. With the first volley from the English guns the defenders laid down their arms, and at break of day Raleigh, sword in hand, made himself master of the town. Antonio de Berreo surrendered with as good a grace as possible.

But the work of that night was not yet ended. In the streets and prisons of St. Joseph the English found too many proofs of the cruelty of the Governor. Several Indian chiefs, well-nigh at death's door from the tortures they had been subjected to, were set at liberty; and by the express desires of these poor people, Raleigh fired the town, that they might see in ashes a place where they had suffered so much distress.

Then the conquerors, with their captive, returned to the harbour, and Don Antonio became an unwilling member of the expedition to Guiana on the opposite coast of South America. In spite of all this man's threats while on board, Raleigh continued the voyage; for while Berreo was with him there was no fear of the danger he might have caused if left behind in Trinidad.

A Daring Exploit.



In the darkness Raleigh landed a force at Port of Spain, in Trinidad, and by a sudden attack overcame the garrison. Hastening to St. Joseph, the capital, seven miles away, he made himself master of the town at daybreak, took the Governor prisoner, and burnt the town to the ground at the express wish of the natives, who had suffered much cruelty from the Spaniards.

IN SEARCH OF SPANISH TREASURE

A Vain Search.

We cannot follow in detail the search for the gold-mine which was never found, beyond simply stating that for a weary while Raleigh explored the maze of waters that form the mouth of the great river Orinoco, leaving his ships, with Berreo as a prisoner, in deeper water twenty miles from shore. After suffering many privations and disappointments, he was forced to return home to England and confess to



The Birthplace of Sir Walter Raleigh.

Queen Elizabeth that the great expedition had come back with empty pockets.

Still he declined to lose hope, though for the time being thought must be turned to other matters.

What went before.

The youth of Sir Walter Raleigh is like a sun that rises behind a morning mist. It is only dimly seen while near the horizon; but on climbing to the open sky, it shines with a dazzling brilliance. We only know, therefore, that our hero

IN SEARCH OF SPANISH TREASURE



Exploring the Orinoco.

was born at Hayes Barton, East Budleigh, in Devonshire, about 1552. At fourteen years of age he was a student in Oxford; but how long he stayed there, or how he behaved himself, we do not know. But the sun begins to rise above the mist by the end of 1569, when he was fighting for the Protestants in the wars of France. Eight years later he had become known to the great Queen Elizabeth, and entered on that career which was to make him one of the most famous of Englishmen. Yet if he made himself useful at Court; if he amused himself writing clever poetry, and attended to business on estates which the Queen had given him in Ireland, he also listened to the stories of the wild Western sea, where the Spaniards were opening mines of treasure. Why should England not do the same? What could be wiser than to send out ship-loads of English men and women to make new homes on the coast of North America? In

IN SEARCH OF SPANISH TREASURE

dreams of this kind Raleigh was encouraged by his half-brother, Humphrey Gilbert, and with this enterprising young man he crossed the Atlantic twice; but it was not till 1584 that he was able to carry out his cherished plan. In that year the Queen granted him a charter to found a colony, and on April 27 a small fleet set sail with a number of emigrants on board. Had Raleigh been able to accompany them, they might have been more fortunate; but even as it was, 108 of them made a settlement at Roanoke, in what was afterwards named Virginia. Though the place was abandoned in 1586, are we not right in saying that this experiment entitles Raleigh to a place among the Empire-builders?

Such an active life as his is hard to follow in the short space we have here, as every day was full of deeds; so we will hurry on to say that among the fruits of his attempt to found a colony was the introduction of the potato into the British Isles. One of his servants brought a few specimens home, and Raleigh had them planted on his Irish estates. We all know what the result has been.

What came after.

A few more years of honour and prosperity, and then the days of trouble came. Though sometimes in disgrace with Queen Elizabeth, he was never in favour with James I. Accused of crimes he never committed, he suffered years of imprisonment in the Tower of London, only being set at liberty at last because the King thought it possible that, after all, his belief in the gold of Guiana might be justified. Therefore in 1616 he went again, only to return as empty-handed as before. Meanwhile his enemies had been plotting his ruin, and four months after landing in England again he was condemned to death on an old and false charge of treason.

He died at the hands of the executioner on October 29, 1618, in Old Palace Yard, Westminster.

**ADRIFT ON THE
ICE-HAUNTED
SEA.**



**How
Hudson Died
in the
Great
Lone Land.**



Henry Hudson.

HENRY HUDSON

Little is known of the early days of this great explorer. He first won fame by making a daring voyage in the year 1607 for the Muscovy Company of merchants in order to discover an ocean route across the North Pole. A year or two later, under the patronage of the Dutch East India Company, he sought a passage through the frozen seas above northern Europe. Next he explored the Atlantic coast of North America from Newfoundland to Florida, including a careful survey of the Hudson River. In 1610 Sir Dudley Digges furnished him with a ship to search for a North-West passage, and while on this cruise he was abandoned by his men in the midst of Hudson's Bay, where he was last seen on June 21, 1611.



Adrift on the Ice-Haunted Sea.

A STRANGE scene was taking place on an ice-haunted sea of the Arctic regions. Look where you might, desolation alone was to be seen. No human dwelling, no verdant hills, only a wild and rocky shore, and vast crystal bergs, tossing and heaving in the surging sea, that had only recently been released from the iron grip of winter. It was the early morning of June 21, 1611; but in this latitude even summer wears a forbidding aspect, and to the little knot of discontented sailors, standing on the deck of a tiny vessel which was picking its way northward among the threatening fleet of icebergs, there appeared no hope of escape to safer waters.

A Mutiny.

'I tell you,' said one, a man named Greene, 'the master has betrayed us. By false seamanship he has brought the *Discovery* into a land-locked bay. The trials through which we have passed, the deaths of our brave comrades, and all the pains of our starvation are upon his head.'

'I am with you,' cried Wilson, the boatswain; 'it is our right to mutiny against such a leader, and we had been wiser to do so long ere this.'

'Cast him adrift,' put in a third savagely. 'There are too many mouths for the food we have. Seven sickly men are lying forward. Their days are likely to be few. Why should we, who might have a chance of life if we shared the food among

ADRIFT ON THE ICE-HAUNTED SEA

ourselves, part with any more of it to them? Would they not make a fitting crew,' he added bitterly, 'for the captain who has brought us into jeopardy?'

And cruel as it may seem, this wicked suggestion was greeted with approval.

'They shall have the shallop,' said Wilson, 'to navigate at will, but the *Discovery* shall be kept under our own control.'

Thus the terrible plot was laid, and almost before each man had learned the part he was to play the moment for action came. As Captain Henry Hudson stepped on deck, little suspecting any danger, he was seized from behind by two of the mutineers, and in spite of his struggles was securely bound. His demands for an explanation were answered with savage reproaches, in the midst of which he was hustled to the ship's side and lowered into the little boat tossing on the waves below. A moment later his son, a boy of about seventeen years old, was similarly treated, and the seven sick men quickly followed. Only one of the crew showed any disapproval of this wicked deed. John King, the carpenter, hastened to his master's aid, but was soon overpowered, and of his own accord leapt into the boat where Hudson lay bound, to share whatever fate might befall him. A fowling-piece, a little powder and shot, and a small quantity of meal were thrown to the castaways, and then the boat was cut adrift. A light wind filled the *Discovery's* sails. She bore away to the north. A short time only had elapsed when the abandoned boat was no more than a speck on the wide waste of waters. Then it faded from sight with its ten doomed beings, never again to be seen by human eye.

Yet all this wickedness was of no avail, for not a ring-leader of the mutiny lived to reach home.

A Great and Courageous Navigator.

Such was the end of Henry Hudson, one of England's greatest navigators. The inland sea on which he lost his life

Lost on the Wide Waste of Waters.



Whilst searching for the North-West passage, Hudson became lost in the bay of the great Lone Land. Some of the sailors grew discontented, and secretly desired to cast the captain adrift. As Hudson came on deck one morning he was seized from behind and bound, and then lowered into a boat, to be quickly followed by his son and seven sick men. The mutineers then cut the boat adrift and sailed away; and the abandoned sailors were never seen again by mortal eye.

ADRIFT ON THE ICE-HAUNTED SEA



Dwellers
in the
Wild Waste.

still bears his name, for his adventuring sails were the first to traverse its icy waters. But on our maps Hudson's Bay is not the only place that tells us of his explorations. In three short years he had made no less than six notable voyages, daring in every instance the perils of the frozen zone, and all for the sake of finding a new route by sea to the eastern hemisphere, that British or Dutch commerce might benefit. In 1607 it was thought that you could not do better than sail right over the North Pole to reach the East Indies. Hudson boldly went to see if this were so, but came back with the story of a wall of ice that no ship could pass.

Then in the same year he tried to sail round the north of Europe, a voyage which added greatly to our geographical knowledge. Two more efforts were made in vain in the same direction; and then, in 1609, the merchants of Holland engaged him to take a ship across the Atlantic and see if he could find a passage through the continent of North America. Of course we all see now how hopeless such an attempt would be; but by looking busily for one thing, we

ADRIFT ON THE ICE-HAUNTED SEA

sometimes find another; and Hudson went back to his Dutch friends with the story of a magnificent river he had explored. Encouraged by his report, the merchants of Holland quickly made a settlement at the mouth of this river, and called the settlement New Amsterdam. To-day it is the city of New York, and the river bears the navigator's name.

The Last Voyage.

Then he set out on his last sad voyage. Among the people who felt convinced that the proper way to the East Indies lay to the north of North America was Sir Dudley Digges, and this gentleman bought and fitted out the little *Discovery*, appointing Henry Hudson as her commander. She sailed from the Thames on April 11, 1610, and among the crew was the captain's son John, a boy of sixteen, who had accompanied his father on all his voyages. After encountering terrible



In the Ice-bound Sea.

ADRIFT ON THE ICE-HAUNTED SEA

ice in the straits now bearing the commander's name, the little *Discovery* entered the mouth of the great bay, and steered south-west, hoping the path lay unobstructed into the southern ocean. But the rugged shores soon drove the vessel farther south, till she was brought to an anchorage in the ice-bound pocket marked on the maps as James Bay. Here a winter of terrible privations led to the outbreak of the mutiny we have already described.

The Origin of a Famous Company.

It was during this fatal winter, however, that an event took place which was to prove the forerunner of a great and flourishing trade. One day a wandering Indian visited the castaways and was presented with a few small articles in exchange for a little food. The next day he came again, this time bringing a quantity of animals' skins and furs, which he was quite willing to part with as payment for the presents he had already received. It was these furs that told the story of the commercial value of the frozen regions surrounding Hudson's Bay, though sixty years were to pass before a company was formed in England for exploiting the trade. But the lost time has been made up for since. The romantic story of the company is too long to tell now, so we will only mention that before it was bought up by the Canadian Government it would export in a single year more than 840,000 skins of different animals, totaling a value of some £700,000.



The Adventures of a Famous Navigator.



**How
Cook
helped
to Build
the
Empire.**



Captain Cook.

CAPTAIN COOK.

James Cook was born, the son of a farm labourer, at Marton in Yorkshire, in 1728. At an early age he was employed to scare the rooks from a farmer's fields. He then became a shop assistant at Staithes, on the Yorkshire coast; but love of the sea quickly made him seek work at a shipowner's in Whitby. In this man's service he made several voyages to the Baltic. In 1755 he joined the Navy, and rapidly rose, being made a captain after his first great cruise in the Pacific. All nations acknowledged the greatness of his work; and though England was at war with France and America at the time, both these countries issued orders to their sailors that when Captain Cook was met with on the seas, 'he must be allowed to go upon his way unmolested.'



The Adventures of a Famous Navigator.

IT was the morning of February 14, 1779. Surrounded by his officers, on the deck of the *Resolution*, Captain James Cook was making preparations for a warlike undertaking.

A short distance away stretched the verdant coast of the island of Hawaii, upon which groups of natives were talking excitedly together; while here and there a boat would paddle out from the strand, only to return again as if afraid to venture farther.

Property Stolen.

Truth to tell, the men who plied the paddles knew that the commander of the two great English ships lying in the bay had given orders to stop any native boat from going down the coast till certain property stolen from the ships had been given back.

'We must not allow these people,' said Captain Cook, 'to think that they can steal from us without being punished, or they will look upon us as so weak that our very lives will be in danger. The good friendship that has existed between us till to-day cannot be relied upon. I shall therefore make my way to the village, and bring back the king and his two sons to hold as prisoners till our property is restored. Let all our men be armed and on their guard while I am gone.'

With that the pinnace was lowered, and, accompanied by

ADVENTURES OF A FAMOUS NAVIGATOR

a lieutenant and nine marines, the commander steered shorewards. As he stepped on land, the natives threw themselves on their faces before him with little cries of friendly welcome and loud declarations of innocence.

'Lead me to your king's house,' was Cook's angry demand. 'Bring his two sons to me. No harm shall befall you or them.'

The order was obeyed at once, and the little party was led on to the village, greeted respectfully at every step by fresh natives.

Unfriendly Natives.

Yet, with all this show of friendliness, the great English sailor felt distrust. He saw clearly that mischief was on foot, and knew that the danger would grow every minute if he did not show a firm front.

The old king and his two sons, all of whom had often been treated with kindness by Captain Cook, willingly surrendered themselves, and returned at once with the little band of armed men to the shore. But what a change had taken place when the spot where the boat was moored was reached again. Thousands of native warriors had assembled. They made a path for the Englishmen to pass between them; but before the boat could be launched a dozen swarthy hands seized the old king and his sons.

'They shall not go to the ships,' they said.

Cook claimed his rights, and was answered with insolence. A gun was fired to overawe the excited crowd; but ere its echoes could die away, the little party of marines was surrounded.

Cook's Last Words.

'Make for the boats!' rang out the voice of the commander.

They were the last words he was ever heard to speak,

Captain Cook's Last Words.



While on a voyage in the Pacific, Captain Cook discovered the Sandwich Islands and other groups. He landed at Hawaii, intending to survey the islands, but unfortunately he came into conflict with the natives, who had stolen some of his property. 'Make for the boats!' cried the Captain. These were the last words of the famous navigator, for he was killed before he could put off from the shore.

ADVENTURES OF A FAMOUS NAVIGATOR



In the South with Captain Cook.

for in a moment a short but terrible skirmish had begun. Cook was the first to fall, struck down by a heavy club, and stabbed again and again by a dozen spears. The few survivors only escaped by plunging into the sea and swimming to a boat sent out from one of the ships.

It is strange to have to describe thus the death of a man whose whole life was spent in peaceful discoveries; who left friendly memories behind him wherever he had been

on his marvellous voyages, and even in the island of Hawaii was regretted by large numbers of the natives.

How he Helped to Build the Empire.

Let us see in what way Captain Cook assisted in

ADVENTURES OF A FAMOUS NAVIGATOR



A Labrador Harbour in Spring.

building the British Empire. Perhaps the first step he took in this direction was when he threw off the uniform of a ship's master in the merchant service, and presented himself before the commander of a British man-of-war to volunteer the work of a common sailor.

The manner in which he performed these duties quickly won promotion, and in 1759 we find him giving important help toward the capture of Quebec, not with gun and sword, but with compass and lead-line, sounding the depths of the St. Lawrence, and constructing accurate maps of its shores. For eight years he sailed his ship in and out of the thousand bays on the icy coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador, proving himself such a splendid map-maker that almost as soon as the task was completed, the Royal Society of England were glad to have his services in conducting a voyage to the sunny islands of the South Pacific.

Sailing from Plymouth in August 1768, Cook was nearly three years away, throwing new light on unknown regions.

ADVENTURES OF A FAMOUS NAVIGATOR

He explored the Society Islands; he sailed his ship completely round New Zealand, and through the straits now bearing his name. Steering north-west, he visited the eastern shores of Australia, naming that now important part of the Empire New South Wales, and bringing away from the coast a fund of information valuable to those who shortly left England to make their homes there.

Twice more did this greatest of all navigators spread his sails for unknown waters, first with the object of exploring the Antarctic land, and then to find a sea passage from Baffin's Bay into the Atlantic. It was while engaged upon this task that the ice king of the north drove him southwards; and to make use of the time till summer should melt again the icy barrier, he dropped anchor off the island of Hawaii, intending to carry out a complete survey of its shores. We have seen how his good work here was cut short.

Though Captain Cook was not a soldier nor a statesman, he cut more paths for the Empire's expansion than many of these have done.



Raft on the St. Lawrence.

**THROUGH JUNGLE
AND SWAMP
TO THE
RIVER NIGER.**



**The
Wonderful
Adventures
of
Mungo Park.**



Mungo Park.

MUNGO PARK.

Mungo Park was born, the son of a poor farmer, at Foulshiels in Selkirkshire, on September 10, 1771. Educated for a doctor, his fondness for scientific study led to his introduction to Sir Joseph Banks, president of the Royal Society, who obtained for him the post of assistant surgeon on board the 'Worcester,' East Indiaman. In this ship Park travelled to Sumatra, where he made many botanical discoveries. In 1794 he was appointed by the Society for Promoting Discovery in Central Africa to explore the basin of the Niger, and in the following year his daring journey to this region added greatly to our knowledge. Setting out once more in 1805, he met his death at Boussa, at the age of thirty-five.



Through Jungle and Swamp to the River Niger.

THE fierce heat of the African sun beat mercilessly down upon the desert; and if the natives born in this tropical region panted for cooling airs and refreshing water, what must the suffering have been to the solitary white man who stood a prisoner among them? Many hundreds of miles had he marched through unknown jungle and fever-haunted swamps, only to find himself at last robbed of all he possessed, and made captive by a barbarous chief—Ali the Moor. This man had pitched his camp at Benaun in the western Sudan, when he heard that a stranger, come to explore the country, wished to pay a friendly call. Soldiers were sent to conduct him to the chief's presence; and when he came, Ali, who was busy trimming his beard with a pair of scissors, continued his occupation, rudely disregarding of his guest. The visitor's heart sank. By such behaviour he clearly saw that the help he had hoped to receive would not be given, but instead every difficulty would be thrown in his way.

Dismissed from the tent, he was handed over to the rabble of the camp, and these lost no time in showing their spite and barbarity. They stole the last of his remaining property; they threatened his life; they denied him food; and, worst of all, they dragged from his side a negro boy servant, who had faithfully attended him through all the difficulties of his journey. He never saw the boy again.

Fortunately, through ignorance and superstition, his

THROUGH JUNGLE AND SWAMP

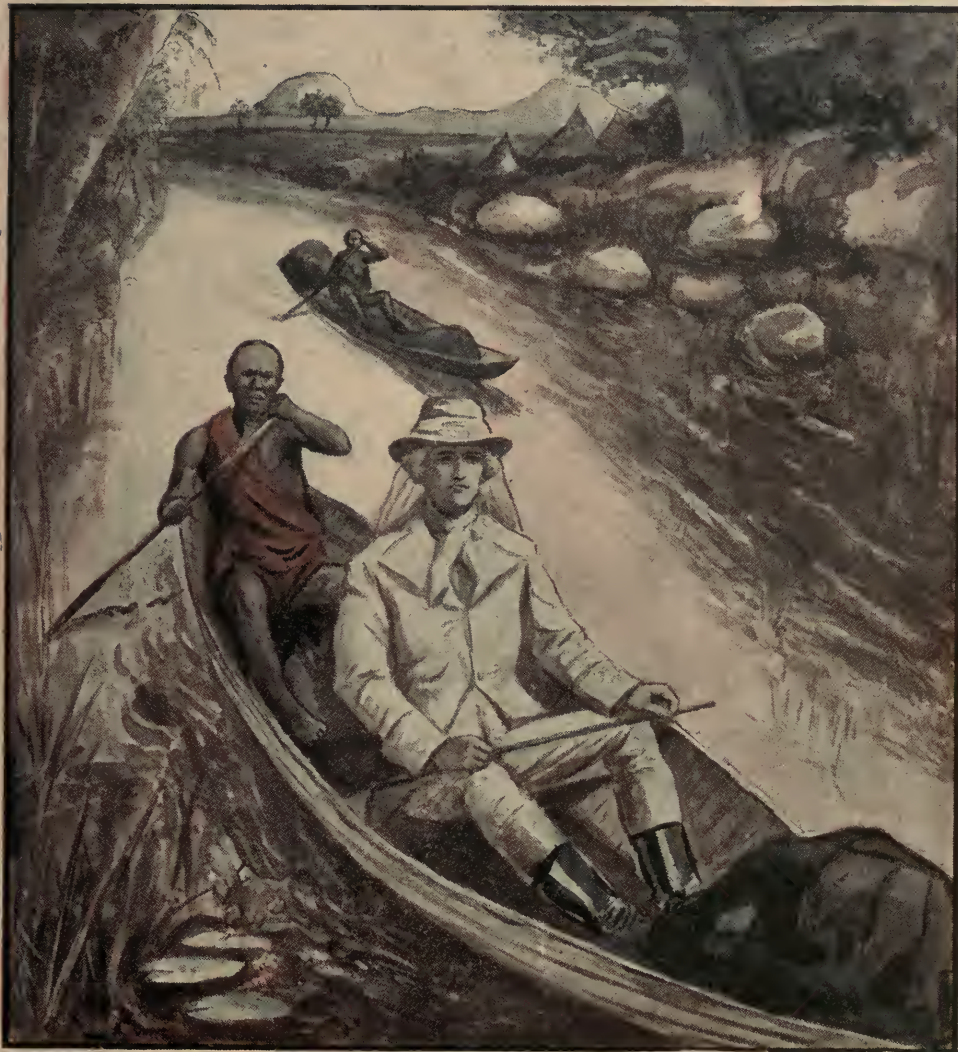
persecutors feared to rob him of one precious treasure. This was a small pocket-compass. The fact that the needle, do what they might, persisted in pointing in one direction, filled the thieves with such terror that they restored it after keeping it a very short time.

Escape from Captivity.

Such was the position in which Mungo Park, the most courageous of explorers, found himself in the month of March, 1796. He had set out from England ten months before on the dangerous mission of discovering the headwaters of the mysterious river Niger. Many a traveller had preceded him, to be lost for ever, victims of the fever jungle or the murderous attack of savage men. But such dangers as these were small obstacles in the path of Mungo Park. Arrived at the English station near the coast of Gambia, he spent nearly six months in the careful study of native languages, and making many other equally valuable preparations for the inland journey. A long and severe illness in the midst of these labours would have been considered sufficient excuse by most men for giving up the enterprise; but without waiting for complete recovery, Mungo Park turned his face to the wilderness on December 2, 1795, bidding farewell to his European friends, who never expected to see his face again.

And now an ever-growing burden of trouble had ended in captivity, with little apparent hope of accomplishing his object. Lying in a miserable reed tent, when feebleness and ill health made it impossible to do the tasks which his persecutors had been wont to force upon him with lash and rod, he was not allowed the consolation of sleep. The crowd would torment his ears with abuse and uproar, while the guards at the entrance found delight in menacing him with death, by rushing upon him with their spears. For weeks and months this cruelty was continued, but the victim was armed

EXPLORING THE RIVER NIGER.



Mungo Park made his way down the River Niger, intending to reach the sea. For more than eleven hundred miles he traced the ever-growing river; but when at a narrow part of the stream, disaster met the party. They were attacked by hostile natives, when Mungo Park and all those who were with him were killed.

THROUGH JUNGLE AND SWAMP

with an astonishing patience. Perhaps the story of no explorer affords a better example of the value of patience than that of Mungo Park. And patience won.



Elephant-hunting in an African Forest.

Carried far back upon his journey to a place called Jarra, he was allowed to roam at will about the camp, and from this place, during a period of war-like excitement, he managed to escape with his horse in the night-time, step-

ping over the bodies of the sleeping sentries.

To the Niger.

What mattered now all the suffering; what mattered it now that his garments hung in rags, that his body was emaciated by hunger, and that feebleness made every step an agony? He was free.

Turning his horse's head in the direction of the Niger, he rode all that night over the trackless waste, pressing on with utmost speed till all fear of recapture was past. Through many more days of terrible suffering he toiled; and when despair had well-nigh taken possession of even *his* dauntless heart, he entered upon a land of kindly people and fruitful soil. At last, on July 21, 1796, accompanied by a little band of travelling natives, he saw before him the prosperous town of Segu, and beyond it the glittering waters of the

TO THE RIVER NIGER

mighty river. 'I hastened to the bank,' he says, 'and having drunk of the water, lifted up my fervent thanks in prayer to the great Ruler of all things for having thus far crowned my endeavours with success.'

Achievements sweeten hardships; and though after that day Mungo Park found many sorrows, they were not quite so hard to bear. He followed the banks of the stream for more than a hundred miles toward its source; he embarked in



A Native African Village.

native boats, and in spite of dangerous and terrible illnesses, drifted down stream, making careful geographical notes of its course, till the hostile character of the people whose country he was entering compelled him to abandon further progress.

Home Again.

Thus all hope of reaching the unknown mouth of the great river was given up for the time being, and Mungo Park

THROUGH JUNGLE AND SWAMP

began the long tramp of six hundred miles to the western coast whence he had set out. After countless perilous adventures with wild men and wild beasts, the sea was reached. We may guess that his subsequent arrival in England was hailed with astonishment. Honours were thickly poured upon him, not only by those in whose service he had gone, but by various learned societies, who welcomed with joy the treasures of knowledge he had brought back.

To the Wilds once more and—Death.

For eight years he remained at home, marrying a Scotch lady and settling down as a doctor in his native land. Then he went again. From the Gambian coast he led a little company of about forty men. Alas, only nine of these ever reached the town of Segou, the rest falling victims to fever by the way. The presents which Mungo Park now gave to the king of Segou induced that ruler to allow a boat to be built in which the explorer intended to make his way down stream till the ocean was reached. The boat was built and the journey was started. For more than eleven hundred miles the voyagers tracked the windings of the ever-growing river, but at a point scarcely half that distance from the end of their pilgrimage disaster fell upon them.

A band of hostile natives waylaid the boat at a point where the stream grew narrow, on its way between high banks of rock. Capture or death was now certain, and as the boat rushed toward the narrows, Mungo Park and his companions leapt into the stream. One of their number was taken and killed, the rest were never seen again.

Through the Blue Mountains.



**Cutting a
Mountain
Gateway
to the
Green
Pastureland.**



Gregory Blaxland.

GREGORY BLAXLAND.

Gregory Blaxland was born in Kent, England, in 1779. At the age of twenty-five he settled as a cattle-rancher at South Creek, New South Wales. He died there on January 11, 1853. In recognition of his services to the colony, a monument has been erected at the Land Hall in Sydney.



Through the Blue Mountains.

ON a May morning in 1813 there set out from South Creek Farm, twenty miles west of the town of Sydney, in New South Wales, a party of travellers. A few neighbours collected together to bid them farewell; and had they guessed what the results of the journey would be, it is probable that they would have made more careful note of the details of the event: but the record is sufficient for us to form some idea of what the little cavalcade was like.

That sturdy, thick-set farmer, with the bronzed face, riding among the first in the procession, is Mr. Gregory Blaxland. He settled in the colony seven years ago, but has long been convinced that he and his fellow cattle-rearers would have a much better chance if new pasturage could be found beyond the distant Blue Mountains which so many travellers have declared as impassable. Beside him rides a mere youth only twenty years of age, lately come out from England—William Charles Wentworth. He is destined to become a great Australian statesman, but at the present moment has only one desire, to scale those rugged heights toward which he is riding, and find fresh fields for the colony's expansion. The third leader of the party is Lieutenant Lawson, a friend with whom Blaxland has often talked over his scheme of exploration.

The rest of the company is made up of four assistants,

THROUGH THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

prepared to face all trials; a few pack-horses (to carry the tents, a store of provisions, and some necessary tools); and quite a little crowd of hunting dogs, that from the very start show the usual eagerness of their kind when 'out for a walk.'

A Short Journey but a Long Way.

If you judge the journey by its distance, you will say that the one we are about to describe is scarcely worthy of notice, for it is little more than forty miles between Mr. Gregory Blaxland's farm and the land of promise he has set out to find. Yet it will take him twenty-one days to travel those forty miles, for the stern precipices and mist-filled valleys of the Blue Mountains will make the path a difficult one to find; while the dense jungle on the slopes stands like an army with level spears that seem to say:

Beyond us lies enchanted land! Advance no farther!

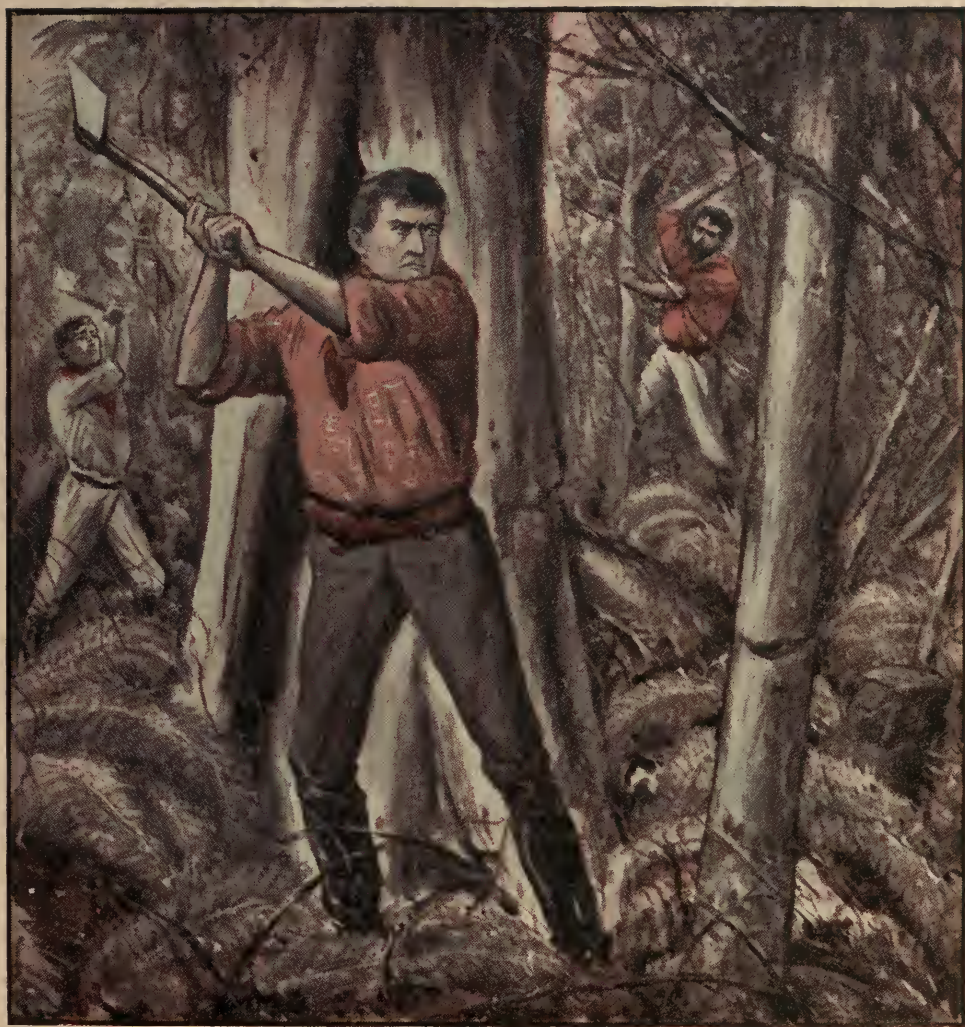
It was indeed a lonely country that the travellers entered as soon as the plains were left behind. Hitherto those who had attempted to pass the Blue Mountains had sought a direct path through them, carrying ropes and climbing-irons to enable them to scale the precipices and lower themselves into the deep chasms with which the range abounds.

But Gregory Blaxland's idea was to reach the top of the ridge and follow its windings till a way was found that would allow them to descend into the country beyond. To carry this notion out, it was necessary to cut a path through the vast and terrible jungle; to fight their way forward foot by foot, almost twig by twig, till the land of promise was won.

The Axe and the Jungle.

We can better realize the great trials of that journey if we remember that, though they left the eastern plains well clothed, well fed, and in robust health, they emerged three weeks later on the western slopes of the mountains in a state

Opening the Mountain Gateway.



Many brave explorers had declared that the Blue Mountains were an eternal barrier between New South Wales and the setting sun. But Gregory Blaxland and his friends drew their woodmen's axes and fell upon the opposing jungle. After weeks of arduous labour, they succeeded in cutting a gateway through the almost impenetrable forest, and were rewarded by a vision of green pastureland where their flocks could graze in plenty, and they themselves could find fresh fields for their colony's expansion.

THROUGH THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

more like shadows than men. Their clothes hung in tatters, their boots had dropped to pieces, their food was gone, their health had fallen from them in the jungle, and so feeble were some of the party that they could only move forward at all by



Zigzag descent of the Blue Mountains.

the help of those scarcely better off than themselves. But what mattered all this? Upon their weary sight had burst the vision of a world of green meadow-land, enough to furnish their flocks with food for thirty years to come.

A few hours more of exploration, and they turned to retrace their steps, following easily now the well-cut path which on the outward journey had often cost them a day's cruel labour for every two miles.

Welcome News.

The good news was received with joy. The cattle that

THROUGH THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

had so long suffered through the seasons of drought were quickly driven over the hard-worn path into the land of plenty.

Year by year the new province was developed, and the bold pioneer who had broken open the mountain gateway with his axe lived to see the railway scale the heights to carry mer-



A Mountain Road in New South Wales.

chandise between Sydney and the flourishing towns now scattered over the grassy plains he had discovered. And if the locomotives that puff and pant their way across the Blue Mountains could speak, they would surely say: 'No wonder Gregory Blaxland found the task a hard one!' For the engineers have been obliged to make the line go up the steep slopes in a number of zig-zag curves, so that many miles have to be travelled right and left, to get a few miles forward. Some of the angles of the line are so sharp that the

THROUGH THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

engine, which at one moment is dragging the train along one side of the angle, has to reverse steam so as to *push* it up the next.

Development.

But with all their opposition, the Blue Mountains have failed to stop the growth of New South Wales. When Blaxland and young Wentworth set out on their memorable journey, the colony covered a piece of land measuring eighty miles by forty. Its present area is 311,000 square miles, containing 127,000,000 acres of pasturage, and the flocks of sheep which browse upon this domain yield a yearly harvest of wool valued at £13,000,000.



Flocks of sheep in the green pastureland.

**In Search
of the
North-West
Passage.**



Sir JOHN FRANKLIN
in the
**Ice King's
Grip.**



Sir John Franklin.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

Sir John Franklin was born at Spilsby in Lincolnshire in 1786. He entered the Navy in 1801, and was present at the battles of Copenhagen and Trafalgar. Under the command of his cousin, Captain Flinders, he explored a large portion of the western Pacific, and made his first voyage to the Arctic regions in 1818. In spite of terrible sufferings, he went again in 1825, making important discoveries, for which he received the honour of knighthood. From 1838 to 1843 he was Lieutenant-Governor of Tasmania, and shortly after returning to England was appointed to the command of the 'Erebus' and 'Terror'. He died, while accomplishing the object of the expedition, on June 11, 1847.



In Search of the North-West Passage.

THE little village of Greenhithe on the banks of the Thames, two miles from Dartford, was in a state of excitement on May 18, 1845. The river was alive with craft, and not a boat among them failed to fly some coloured flag in honour of two ships lying amid stream, evidently about to depart upon an ocean voyage. Furthermore, on account of these two ships, a group of distinguished people had come down from London, and were now taking special interest in every detail above and below decks, which their sailor friends were only too eager to explain.

The 'Erebus' and 'Terror.'

These two vessels were named the *Erebus* and *Terror*. They had lately undergone repairs and improvements, after returning from a cruise in the icy waters of the South Polar seas. They were fitted with engines and screws to assist the sails, they were strengthened with additional timbers to resist the pressure of the northern ice, and they were provisioned with enough food to last for three years. With such advantages as these, who can wonder that every man looked forward to a prosperous voyage, and told friends with a smile of confidence that *this* time the long-sought passage round North America from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific would be found?

'Send all letters that you wish us to get,' said one, 'to

THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE

the Sandwich Islands, and we will call for them as we sail south from Behring's Straits, after taking our ships through the North-West Passage.'

Hopes for Success.

Those who heard this cheerful prophecy had little doubt that it would be kept, for the chief commander was Sir John Franklin, a sailor of renown, and a courageous explorer who had already won much knowledge of the realms of the ice king.

So the *Erebus* and *Terror*, with 138 men on board, sailed away, and in less than seven weeks after leaving the Thames dropped anchor off the west coast of Greenland in Davis Strait. At this point a transport-vessel which had accompanied them from England trans-shipped a large store of provisions into Franklin's ships and trimmed its sails for home again. She brought back five sailors whose health was not equal to the trials of Arctic exploration, and she also returned with a mail-bag full of hopeful letters from those who 'went on.'

The Last Farewell.

Three weeks after the men of the transport had bade them farewell, the captain of a whaling-ship, cruising in Melville Bay, far up beyond the Arctic circle in Baffin's Sea, saw the *Erebus* and *Terror*, and received a visit from one of Franklin's officers. The next day a favourable wind wafted them from sight beyond the western horizon, and they were never seen again by mortal eye. As people in England recalled all that Franklin had accomplished, they could not doubt that he would bring his ships home again safe and sound.

A Brave Career

At the early age of fifteen Franklin had fought at the battle of Copenhagen; he explored the Australian coasts

In the Wild White Waste.



In 1845 Sir John Franklin set out on an expedition to discover a passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean by way of North America. Twelve years passed before any definite news was heard of the courageous explorers, when it was discovered that they had all perished upon the snowy wastes in the Ice King's grip.

THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE



Discovery of Franklin's Relics.

under his cousin's command in the same year, 1801; he was shipwrecked in Torres Straits, but was back in England in time to take part in the battle of Trafalgar. Thirteen years later he made his first journey into the Arctic seas; and next led an overland expedition to the Copper-mine River. Though undergoing great privations on this occasion, he travelled more than one thousand miles on foot. The Copper-mine River was reached in June 1821, and Franklin journeyed down it to the Arctic Sea, where he explored no less than 650 miles of coast.

Such a knowledge surely well fitted him to take command of the expedition which the British Admiralty planned in 1845 as a last effort towards discovering a passage from sea to sea above North America.

THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE

But the letters of welcome sent to the Sandwich Islands were never called for. Little by little alarm began to be felt, and relief parties left England early in 1848. These were quickly followed by others.

Sad News.

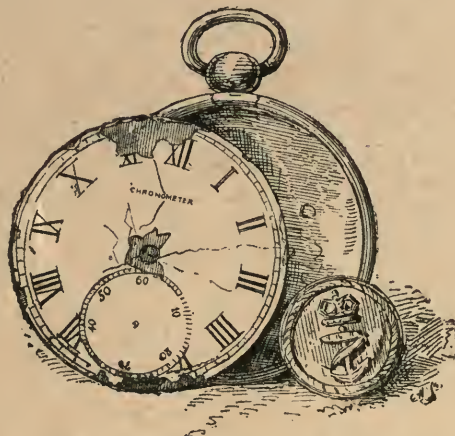
Twelve years, however, passed away before any definite trace of the lost explorers was found. Then a small steam-yacht, called the *Fox*, commanded by Captain M'Clintock, set sail from England on July 1, 1857. She returned two years later with the whole sad story, gathered from a few wandering natives, and relics found here and there upon the snowy wastes. Principal among the latter was a document discovered in a rocky cairn built on a snow ridge, along which nine years before, a forlorn party from the *Erebus* had passed. On this paper Captain M'Clintock read:

'April 25, 1848. H.M. ships *Terror* and *Erebus* were deserted on April 22, five leagues from this place, having been beset (by ice) since September 12, 1846 . . . Sir John Franklin died on June 11, 1847, and the total loss by deaths in the expedition has been nine officers and fifteen men.'

Then followed the signatures of Captains Crozier and FitzJames, and beneath were added the words:

'Start to-morrow, 26, for Back's Fish River.'

With this to guide him, M'Clintock followed, to find at intervals upon the desolate path sad proofs of how one by one the starving men had fallen and died, till none were left to push on for help they hoped to find from natives at the Fish River.

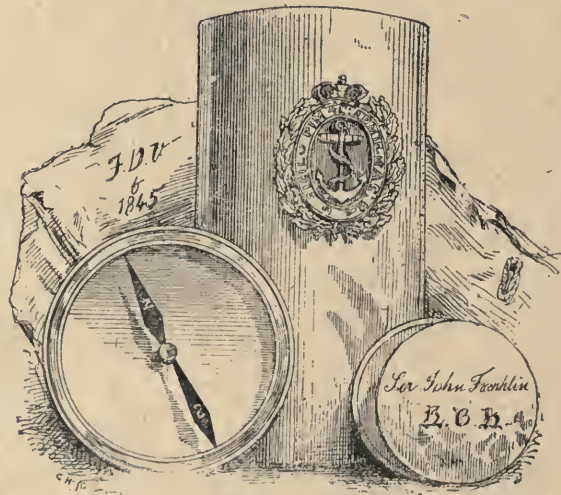


Franklin's Watch, found among the relics.

THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE

Success in Spite of All.

But the records brought back by the *Fox* contained other information as well. On the same piece of paper upon which Captain Crozier told of the death of his commander, there was another note written many months before by a Lieutenant Gore. It described a sledge journey made from the ships to a point at which open water was seen to the westward, and this note leaves no doubt that before Sir John Franklin's death a North-West Passage was discovered—barred to him by twenty short miles of relentless ice, which two Arctic summers had unfortunately failed to melt.



Some of the Relics found.

30,000 Miles Through Wild Africa.



**The
Adventures
of a
Famous
Missionary
and
Explorer.**



David Livingstone.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

David Livingstone was born on March 19, 1813, in a humble cottage eight miles from Glasgow. At the age of ten he was earning his own living in a cotton factory, employing every spare moment for the improvement of his knowledge, thus fitting himself for greater tasks. In 1838 he offered his services to the London Missionary Society, and, having practised as a doctor in a London hospital, he was sent out to Africa in 1840. Between that date and 1873 he returned home only on two occasions, in 1857 and 1864.

- He died at Chitambo on May 1, 1873, and his native servants carried his body to Zanzibar, a difficult journey occupying nine months. Thence it was brought to England, and laid in Westminster Abbey on April 18, 1874.



30,000 Miles Through Wild Africa.

IT was an exciting moment. For some weeks past the natives of the little village of Mabotsa had been troubled by the night attacks of marauding lions, which leapt into their cattle-pens and destroyed numbers of their cows. Success had made them so bold that they even ventured to come in the daytime; and when the natives found this to be the case, they said, 'These are no common lions, but bewitched by our enemy, and we dare not go out to hunt them.'

Fortunately for these timid people help was near at hand, for in the midst of their trouble a white man arrived at the village bringing with him all that was necessary for establishing a mission station on the banks of the river Mabotsa, near which the village stood. This new arrival was David Livingstone.

An Exciting Adventure.

Hearing the wonderful tale of the four-footed robbers, he called a number of the bravest men round him and set out to attack the enemy. And now the exciting moment had come. With as much courage as they could muster, the black men, armed with spears, spread themselves into a great ring surrounding the district in which they knew the lions were hiding. With loud shouts and clappings of hands they gradually drew nearer and nearer together, ascending the slope of a little hill covered by trees and bushes. And on

30,000 MILES THROUGH WILD AFRICA

this hill there presently appeared a large lion, sitting on a solitary rock—the better to view the approaching foe. David Livingstone, with a native companion, standing in the lower ground, raised his gun; but before he could shoot, the companion discharged his own weapon. The shot missed its mark, and the lion bounded away, the line of timid hunters opening to let him pass. Again the ring was formed, but again the enemy escaped, and the expedition seemed likely to end in defeat, when Livingstone spied a lion hiding behind a bush thirty yards away.

‘I took a good aim,’ he says, ‘and fired both barrels. The men called out, “He is shot! he is shot!” but I told them to wait till I had loaded again. When in the act of ramming down the bullets, I heard a shout, and, looking half round, saw the lion in the act of springing upon me. He caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier does a rat. Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebalwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. . . . The lion immediately left me, and, attacking Mebalwe, bit him in the thigh. Another man attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebalwe. He turned at once upon this man, gripping him by the shoulder, but next moment fell dead from the wounds received from the first shot.’

The village was no longer plagued by the nightly visits, for it is well known that when one lion of a marauding group is killed the rest will leave the neighbourhood.

A Brave Explorer.

Thus did David Livingstone, in the year 1843, come to this remote corner of Africa and rid it of an evil. Who would have guessed at that time how many other and greater evils he would remove—how far, single-handed, he would carry

Livingstone's Fight with the Lion.



While loading his gun, Livingstone looked half round, and saw the lion in the act of springing at him. The animal caught his shoulder, bore him to the ground, and shook him like a terrier does a rat. He then turned from Livingstone, and attacked his servants; but at length fell dead from the wounds he received from the first shot.

30,000 MILES THROUGH WILD AFRICA

the light through the 'dark continent,' and die at last in the midst of his labours?

The scene of his adventure with the lion would now be described as the neighbourhood of Mafeking, a spot just within the border of the Transvaal.

Sent out by the London Missionary Society in 1840, he started from Algoa Bay on the long march to Kuruman, in Bechuana Land, the most northern station established at that time by Europeans. From this point, where he made a close study of native languages, he lost no time in pushing farther into the wilderness in search of a suitable place for a new station. This he finally found at Mabotsa.

To follow Livingstone on all the paths he trod through the unknown continent would be too great a task here; but perhaps we may overtake him at a few of the points where he lingered in the thirty long years he gave to Africa.

Filling in the Map.

If you would learn at a glance the story of this great and brave man's labours, look at a map of Central Africa published before 1840, and then at one issued forty years later.

Ever seeking for new horizons, he started out afresh in 1849, and did not return to the outlying station till Lake Ngami and a portion of the Zambesi had been explored. It was like peeping into an enchanting book, and he could not close it again until the story had been read. So, sending his wife and children back to England, he once more (attended by a few natives) sought the banks of the Zambesi. Here, entering into friendly relations with a native chief, he undertook a journey on the latter's account to the Atlantic coast, and it was while returning from this expedition that he visited the Victoria Falls, now such a familiar natural wonder in all our school books.

Then followed six years of exploration of the Shire River up to Lake Nyassa. After a short visit to England, he

30,000 MILES THROUGH WILD AFRICA



Livingstone being carried by his faithful attendants.

returned to the tropical forests, piercing his way to Lake Tanganyika, and, traversing a thousand miles of unknown country, he discovered Lake Bangweolo. In spite of severe illness, this journey was continued till the banks of the Lualaba were reached.

Closing Years.

So many years had now passed since the civilized world had heard of him, that search expeditions were sent out,

30,000 MILES THROUGH WILD AFRICA

and Mr. H. M. Stanley, the leader of one of these, found him in sore need of help. His wants relieved, he continued his heavy labours until one May morning in 1873, when his faithful native servants entering his hut found him dead at his bedside in the attitude of prayer.

In all the long story of discovery in Africa, no name is so great as that of David Livingstone, the man who won the affections of its people, and marched alone in forty years over 30,000 miles of unknown paths.



The Victoria Falls.

**FROM ATLANTIC
TO PACIFIC
BY THE
ALL-RED
ROUTE.**



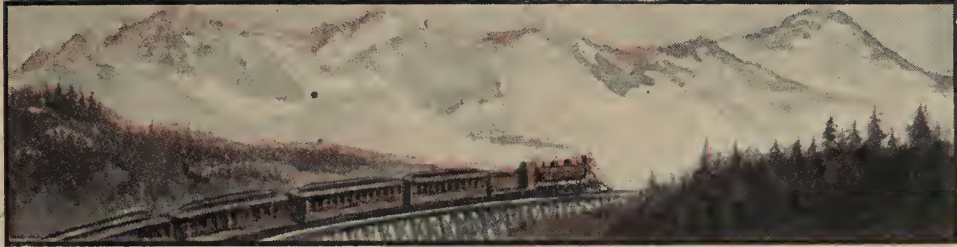
**Making the
Canadian
Pacific
Railway.**



Lord Strathcona.

LORD STRATHCONA.

Donald Alexander Smith was born at Forres, in Scotland, in 1820, and died on January 21, 1914. He went to Labrador at the age of eighteen, and rapidly rose in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. In 1869 he prevented a rebellion without the use of arms. He planned and carried out the Canadian Pacific Railway, completing the work five years before the time allotted for it. He was knighted in 1886, and made a peer in 1897. During the Boer War he armed 600 mounted men for the service of the Empire, and he also did much to help the free hospitals of Canada and England.



From Atlantic to Pacific

By the All-Red Route.

IF an inquisitive eagle, soaring above the lonely crags of the Rocky Mountains on November 7, 1885, had looked down upon a certain spot near the Columbia River and about 350 miles from Vancouver, it would have seen a very unusual sight. A railway train had come to a standstill at this spot to allow a number of gentlemen to alight, and these, surrounded by a great concourse of working men, had gathered together to see one among them perform an action, apparently simple and uninteresting. At the side of one of the shining rails was an iron plate with a hole in it, and through this hole a spike had to be driven which would fasten it firmly to the wooden sleeper.

Surely it was not necessary, you will say, for all these gentlemen to come from a distance to do what any one of the stalwart workmen could have done with the greatest ease! Ah, but it was a very special spike, the last of millions that had been driven in the course of constructing a railway which was to join the town of Montreal with the Pacific Ocean, and by so doing—but more of that presently, or we shall miss seeing the ceremony.

Driving the Last Spike.

There were no flags waving their bright colours in that lonely mountain valley; no trumpets to sound their fanfares

FROM ATLANTIC TO PACIFIC

of triumph. Yet the achievement of a great undertaking was being celebrated. At the appointed moment the spike was placed in the hole; a white-haired gentleman (Mr. Donald Alexander Smith), wearing a silk hat and long black coat, seized a heavy hammer, and after saying a few words to his companions about the value of the railway they were in the act of completing, he 'drove it home.'

What ringing blows they were! It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that they echoed all through the British Empire. The shippers of Victoria, British Columbia, heard them, and knew that they meant an increase in the carriage of merchandise through their town to and from Japan, because the railway would lessen the distance between London and Yokohama by many hundreds of miles. The farmers of Manitoba, a thousand miles away, heard them too, and knew that they meant a larger market for their corn and fruit; and farther away still, in the old Canadian cities, the merchants heard them, and knew that commerce in the great western lands, hitherto unreached by railways, would grow more prosperous. If you had asked all these people what the hammer blows said, many would surely have replied, 'Stand fast, and you shall win.'

The Road that led to Success.

For everybody knew that before that spike was driven, long years of labour, disappointment, hope, and doubt had been overcome because the gentleman who swung the hammer had stood fast to his purpose. It is not difficult to realize that a wonderful road must be followed to reach such a success as this; and if we look back a little, we shall find that Mr. Donald Smith's road was wonderful indeed.

Born at the village of Forres, in Scotland, in 1820, he set out, while still a boy, for the snowy solitudes of Labrador, to earn his living in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company. At the loneliest out-post he arrived, friendless

Driving the Last Spike.



The white-haired gentleman seized a heavy hammer, and drove home the spike, the last of millions that had been used in making the great Canadian Pacific Railway, which is more than 3,000 miles in length, and connects the Atlantic with the Pacific Ocean.

FROM ATLANTIC TO PACIFIC

and poor, after a journey of hundreds of miles on snowshoes. Who could have imagined, on seeing him that day, what wonders he would work in Canada; that upon him would largely depend the rapid spread of the British Empire over the vast wastes stretching from the Eastern settlements



View in the Rockies.

on the St. Lawrence River to the far-away Pacific Ocean? Yet young Donald Smith had brought with him from Scotland the most useful tools that an empire-builder can possess: love of duty, honesty in dealing with others, and determination.

Rising rapidly in the service of the Company, he became in 1868 the chief officer in North America. Shortly after this the great districts over which he ruled were transferred from the care of the Company to the Government, and the province which you will find marked on the map as Manitoba was formed. From that time Mr. Donald Smith did more than any man to spread prosperity through the far-stretching prairies, and worked with such energy that farms and villages and towns grew up as if by magic, where but a short time before white men were seldom seen.

BY THE ALL-RED ROUTE

At last there came a day when the settlers in British Columbia, beyond the Rocky Mountains, said that they were willing to be considered as part of Canada if a railway could be made between them and Montreal, a distance of nearly 3,000 miles. The task was begun, but it was found to be too difficult, and quite a dark shadow of disappointment was falling upon the Canadian people, when Mr. Donald Smith, talking the matter over with a number of gentlemen as courageous as himself, undertook to build the railway. It is too long a story for us to tell here, because it was nearly 3,000 miles of trouble and difficulty, by rocky wastes, through mighty forests, across boundless prairies, and over snow-capped mountain ranges; but it was done at last, as we have already seen.

'Stand Fast.'

At one time the difficulty was so great that a message was sent to Mr. Donald Smith to say that it was impossible to go on. He replied by telegraph in the one word 'Craigellachie,' which means 'Stand fast,' and the shovel and pickaxe began again. Is it not, therefore, only right and proper that the little station among the lonely moun-



Montreal, from Mount Royal.

FROM ATLANTIC TO PACIFIC

tains where that last spike was driven (and a monument stands there to record the fact) is known as Craigellachie?

For these great services to the Empire the poor boy who set out from Forres in 1838 was made a peer of the realm in 1897, under the title of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal.



A Scene in the Rocky Mountains.

**From Khartoum
to the Albert Nyanza.**



**How Baker
Discovered
the Source
of the
White Nile.**



Sir Samuel Baker.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER.

Samuel White Baker was born in 1821. He explored the Blue Nile and traced the course of the White Nile from Khartoum to the Albert Nyanza in 1864. He was knighted on his return to England from this journey, and went again in 1869, spending four years in the Uganda country, suppressing the slave trade, and bringing the whole region under the control of the British flag. Back in England by October 9, 1873, he lectured before the Royal Geographical Society two months later. In 1879 he made a valuable exploration of the island of Cyprus.

Sir Samuel Baker was the author of many excellent books describing his travels. He died in 1893 at the age of seventy-two.



From Khartoum to the Albert Nyanza.

EVERYTHING was in readiness except the weather. Servants had been engaged, tents carefully packed, the line of route chosen, and nothing remained to be done but set boldly out into the unknown desert in search of the great river flowing solemnly by. But the weather was in a bad humour, and two persons who had gone to much trouble and expense to make the arrangements just referred to watched the sky with anxious glances. These were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Baker, and the place in which King Weather was thus keeping them prisoners was the far-away city of Khartoum on the river Nile. The year was 1862, a period at which the continent of Africa was receiving much attention from various brave explorers.

Indeed, while Mr. and Mrs. Baker were fretting at their enforced idleness, interesting though uncertain rumours reached them concerning two travellers, who had set out more than a year and a half ago from Zanzibar with the object of striking the head-waters of the Nile, and then following the stream to Khartoum and the Mediterranean. No reliable news had been received of these travellers since they disappeared into the wilderness, and it is not difficult to imagine the eagerness with which Mr. Baker and his wife waited the chance of going to meet them.

A New Companion.

Before that chance came another companion was to join

FROM KHARTOUM TO ALBERT NYANZA

them. One day, while sitting at tea, a small Egyptian boy suddenly presented himself before them, and with more fervour than the greatest explorer had ever shown begged to be allowed to join the expedition.

'But my arrangements are all made,' said Mr. Baker. 'And why should one so young wish to leave Khartoum in search of danger?'

'The Mission School does not want Saat,' replied the boy. 'The Mission School say he is a thief, and it is not so. There may be many who are thieves in the Mission School, but Saat is not one.'

The would-be explorer was so evidently in earnest that Mr. Baker called at the school, where he was informed that Saat was in truth an honest boy, wholly mistaken in thinking that they thought him a thief. So, to his great delight, Saat was engaged to accompany the expedition, and King Weather—as though approving of this arrangement—at once put on a smiling face, and the caravan set out.

Saat's Good Service.

It was fortunate for Mr. Baker that he listened to the pleadings of little Saat, for very few days had passed when the boy, by his faithfulness, saved the expedition from disaster. Lying awake at night, he overheard a number of his fellow servants arranging a plot for the murder of Mr. Baker at a suitable time and the capture of all his property. Little Saat cautiously told his story at dawn, and the plotters were surprised by having their arms removed. They were then dismissed from service, and the march was continued without them.

A Great Undertaking.

To get some idea of the journey our travellers had undertaken it is necessary to look at the map; and when doing so, remember that the Africa of those days was not the

Tracing the Source of the Nile.



After suffering many hardships and dangers, Sir Samuel Baker succeeded in tracing the White Nile from Khartoum to its source, which he named the Albert Nyanza. He then explored the country between this vast sheet of water and the larger lake, Victoria Nyanza, discovered by Speke; and a few years later he visited the Uganda country, suppressed the slave trade, and brought the whole country under the protection of the British flag.

FROM KHARTOUM TO ALBERT NYANZA

well-known country it is to-day. Khartoum was a native town far removed from civilization, and the waters of the Nile were never ploughed by pleasantly furnished steamers. Small and comfortless native craft only were to be found upon its tide;



A Steamboat on the Nile.

but the true explorer never grumbles over things of this sort. Long desert tramps and occasional voyages on the broad stream of the White Nile at last brought the party to Gondokoro, an unhealthy little village, though

of great importance as the seat of the Egyptian Government, and a centre of the ivory and slave trades.

Resting on his boat at this unpleasant place, Mr. Baker was one day surprised by hearing in the distance the sound of guns fired in rapid succession. At the same time a number of his servants came running towards him full of excitement to say that they had met two white men who had 'walked all the way from the sea.'

Guessing at once what this meant, Baker sped off to meet the new arrivals, and we can imagine his delight when a few minutes later he was shaking hands with Messrs. Speke and Grant, the travellers we have already spoken of. We can only mention a small portion of the great and glorious news they gave to Mr. Samuel Baker. The main source of the Nile had been discovered—a huge lake on the far-away equator, which they had named Victoria Nyanza.

FROM KHARTOUM TO ALBERT NYANZA

What Was Left to be Done.

'But,' said Captain Speke, 'I regret that I was unable to explore a second lake of which the natives told me, and which perhaps has some connexion with the great water system that feeds the Nile.'

'Then you have left something for me to do,' was the reply, 'and I shall continue my expedition with all the greater vim for your achievement.'

And so he did. Speke and Grant having taken their

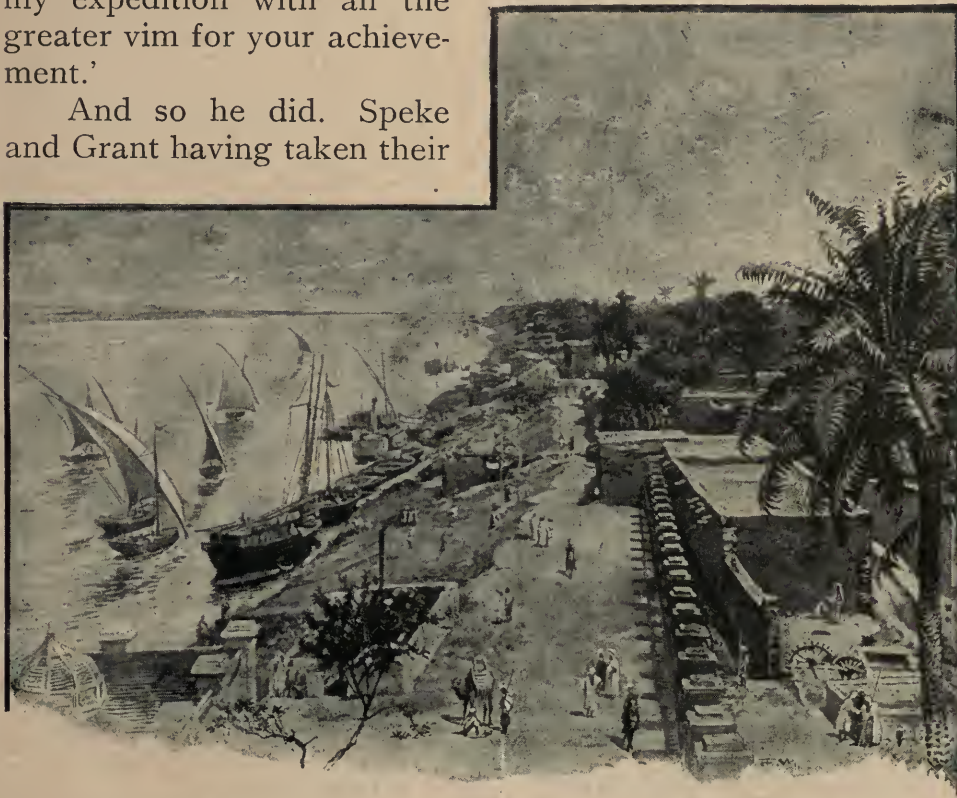


Photo by]

The Blue Nile at Khartoum.

[R. Buchta.

departure on the way to the Mediterranean, Baker pushed southward. A journey of 175 miles, during which he and his party suffered many hardships and dangers, brought him in sight of a vast sheet of water that sparkled under the

FROM KHARTOUM TO ALBERT NYANZA

tropic sun like quick-silver. He named it the Albert Nyanza, and spent a long period diligently exploring the country between it and the still greater lake which Speke had discovered. It is sad to have to tell that on the return journey to Khartoum the faithful little servant Saat died of the plague, and was buried at a lonely spot on the banks of the Nile under the shade of a clump of palm-trees.

Rewards.

For the services rendered to the Empire by this famous journey, Mr. Baker was made a knight. A few years later he returned to the same region with a force of men, completely put down the slave trade, and placed the country under the protection of the Egyptian Government. It has flourished exceedingly since those days, coming more directly under British management, and the vast continent of Africa has no more beautiful district to show than that of the Uganda Protectorate.



The Great Pyramid and Sphinx.

**THE BIRTHPLACE
OF THE
NILE.**



**How Speke
Found the
Secret of the
Victoria
Nyanza.**



John Hanning Speke.

JOHN HANNING SPEKE.

Speke was born at Jordans, near Ilminster, Somerset, in 1827. He joined the Army, and served in the Crimean War. Promoted captain, he went in 1858 with an expedition under Captain Burton to look for the lakes in equatorial Africa, of which the natives only had spoken. Tanganyika was found and fully explored. Speke then went on alone and reached Victoria Nyanza. This he visited again five years later, discovered the outlet of the Nile from its northern shore, and followed the stream to Gondokoro. Here he met Baker, and gave him information which led to the discovery of Albert Nyanza. Speke returned to England in 1864, and in the same year met his death by a gun accident. He published several interesting accounts of his travels.



The Birthplace of the Nile.

THROUGH the dense jungles and fertile plains of equatorial Africa, an exploring party, led by an English officer, had for some days been travelling northwards from the district of Unyamwebe. The path was a toilsome one, gradually rising into higher country, but revealing at every step more and more beauty. Captain John Hanning Speke, the leader we have mentioned, was second in command of an expedition which had lately thrown much light on this portion of the Dark Continent, one of their greatest triumphs being the discovery of Lake Tanganyika.

A Great Discovery.

But after this event the head of the expedition (Captain Burton) had fallen ill, and Speke gained permission to take a few men in search of a still vaster lake which the natives spoke about in a vague uncertain way. Setting out, therefore, in July 1858 from the little village where his chief was resting, the young officer pushed his way northwards; and though troubled greatly by a painful affection of the eyes which well-nigh rendered him blind, he allowed no check to his progress. At last the goal was reached. From an elevated point he and his companions looked forth over a wide waste of waters with no horizon but the sky.

How much more wonderful it would have been if Captain Speke had realized what a few years were to show—that this

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE NILE

vast expanse of water, which he named the Victoria Nyanza, was the largest fresh-water lake on earth except Lake Superior, and that its area was more than equal to the whole of Ireland, while round its northern shores lay the most beautiful and productive regions of equatorial Africa; a region which would become a protectorate of the Empire reached by railways from the coast, and growing harvests for British trade to deal with. But without knowing all this he knew quite enough to tell him that he had made a discovery of great importance; he knew that the Victoria Nyanza lay at a height above the sea of nearly 5,000 feet, collecting its water from surrounding mountain ranges of greater altitude.

The Source of the Nile.

But, best of all, a careful study of the matter led him to believe that this beautiful lake was the birthplace of the Nile, which so many travellers had searched for through so many centuries. With this conviction he hurried back to Unyamembe, and told Captain Burton what he thought. But as Captain Burton declined to see any reason in his arguments, Speke set out for England to tell his tale to the Royal Geographical Society. Here he was listened to with more interest, and a fresh expedition was arranged at once.

In 1860 Captain Speke, accompanied by a military friend named James Grant, went once more to read the secret of the Victoria Nyanza. With a supply of scientific instruments, fire-arms, and a quantity of small presents for the various native chiefs who might otherwise bar the way, the explorers started from the mainland opposite Zanzibar, and through unknown Africa cut a new path, which ended two years later at Gondokoro on the Nile.

That long journey meant much for the British Empire. It gave us knowledge of the beautiful but cruelly governed dominions of King Mtesa, and of all the northern shores of the great lake, and it showed how the waters of the baby

The Birthplace of the Nile.



Speke started from the mainland near Zanzibar, and made his way through unknown Africa, and after two years' journey reached the beautiful lake which is the birthplace of the Nile, which many travellers had searched for in vain for hundreds of years.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE NILE

Nile ripple over the edge of this huge cup in a cascade twelve feet high, and begin their journey of 3,470 miles to the Mediterranean.

An Encounter with King Mtesa.

In spite of the presents which Captain Speke carried with him, he often found his path obstructed by hostile men, and months would sometimes pass away before he would be allowed to pursue the journey. It is a story that every British boy and girl would delight to read, for through all his trials Speke showed a patience combined with firmness which the most savage of the chiefs he met was obliged to give way to in the end. A good example of his courage is the incident which took place when he approached the capital of Uganda, King Mtesa's country. Speke was alone at the time, the two travellers having parted with the object of making more extensive investigations, the arrangement being that they would meet again later at a certain point on the chosen route.

As Speke drew near to Mtesa's town he sent an interpreter to tell the king of his approach, and to ask for suitable shelter. In reply, the king dispatched his 'chamberlain' (if such a savage monarch may be supposed to have had such an official), and this old man conducted the explorer to a miserable hut some distance from the palace. Speke's anger was roused at the insult.

'Go back to your king,' said he, 'and tell him that one who comes from the Great White Queen must be treated with more respect.'

The chamberlain meekly did as he was told, but shortly returned with the statement that King Mtesa was not inclined to offer better lodgings than those he had already granted. Speke saw clearly that his majesty of Uganda was putting a cunning test upon him. A man of less determination would have given way, and thus made himself the victim of a tyrant. Instead of taking such an unwise course, he showed greater

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE NILE



The dominions of Mtesa were most cruelly governed, his subjects being in constant fear of their lives. Here we see Speke stopping the tyrant when about to slay one of his slaves.

anger than ever (probably more than he felt), and told the messenger that if he was not invited to suitable lodgings in the palace itself before the sun went down, Mtesa should answer for it to the Great White Queen in a way he little expected.

This stern message had its effect, and not only was Speke

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE NILE

admitted a guest at the royal household, but when the king had got over the sulks which this defiance caused he became extremely friendly. The visit, however, was far from a pleasant one; for no crueller man ever ruled in Africa than Mtesa, and our explorer breathed more freely when the road was open once more for his northern journey.

A Sad Ending.

After following the Nile for a short distance from Victoria Nyanza, native warfare compelled Speke and Grant to make a detour; so that many miles were traversed before the river-bank was reached again. This unfortunate fact led Speke into much trouble later on; for when he told his tale in England, those who doubted its correctness said that the river he had left was not the same one he reached farther on. So strong became the dispute that arrangements were made for a discussion in public, but the day before the time appointed Captain Speke met with a fatal accident. At his home in Somersetshire he had gone out shooting with some friends; and when he was in the act of climbing a stone wall, his gun went off, the charge entering his chest. A monument now marks the spot where this sad event took place.

It is gratifying to know that later travellers have proved that his statements were correct concerning his discovery of the source of the Nile.



**The Great
'White Chief.'**



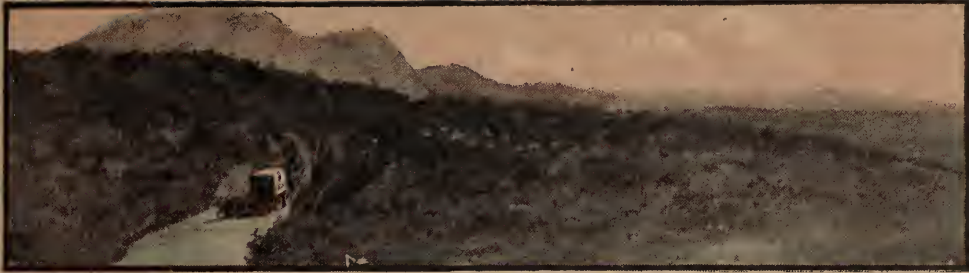
**The Man
who
started
the Cape
to Cairo
Railway.**



Cecil John Rhodes.

CECIL JOHN RHODES.

Cecil John Rhodes was born at Bishop's Stortford on July 5, 1854. At the age of sixteen he joined his elder brother in Natal at a cotton farm, and shortly afterwards went to Kimberley to work a diamond claim. Great wealth was quickly acquired, and he was able to gratify his wish of taking a degree at Oxford University, which he visited from Africa during several years in succession. Rising into public prominence, he took a leading place in South African politics, and held the office of Premier there from 1890 till 1896. He died in March, 1902, leaving £6,000,000 in various bequests to the public service.



The Great 'White Chief'

Who Started the Cape to Cairo Railway.

A LITTLE party of horsemen were following a winding path among scattered rocks and small, parched bushes in the direction of a line of bold hills, the summits of which rose against the sky, about two miles away. On either side the path there was to be seen at intervals, tied to the scanty bushes, fragments of white cloth, dangling motionless in the hot August air of tropical Africa; and these fragments of cloth, properly understood, will explain much that is strange about the company of travellers we have referred to. They stand as a sign of peace; an assurance that the horsemen in question may pursue their way to the top of those distant, rocky hills without fear of attack.

Ending a War.

In accordance with this promise, the leader of the band rides without rifle or sword at his side; yet if we hurry on in advance, to see what awaits him on the summit of the hills, we shall realize the courage he showed. In a wilderness of granite boulders that crown the Matoppos, a large army of rebellious Matabeles had taken up a position from which no cannon or bayonets could hope to dislodge them. Here they were lying when Mr. Cecil Rhodes bade the army, before which they had retreated, to discontinue the attack, for he was anxious to stop the war by peaceful means.

THE GREAT 'WHITE CHIEF'

With this object he set out from Buluwayo, one July day in 1896, and pitching his tent miles ahead of the British army, sent word to the chiefs of the rebels that he was now in their power, if they wished to imprison or kill him. The answer, after six weeks of waiting, was an invitation to visit their camp, unarmed, and hear what they had to complain of. He went at once, but the conference was delayed for a week, and thus we find him setting out again on August 28, 1896, accompanied by a few friends, to make peace without the use of sword or rifle.

Unruly Warriors.

Arrived at the end of their toilsome journey, the horsemen found themselves in a wild spot, surrounded by huge masses of rock. Here a number of native chiefs had assembled to receive their guest, but scarcely had Mr. Rhodes dismounted, when from behind the neighbouring boulders there sprang a host of armed warriors, who rushed toward him with spears raised.

His friends called to him to retreat, but instead, he faced the enemy, and called out in a loud voice:

'Go back, I tell you! I trusted your word! Is this how you keep it?'

The spears were lowered, but with sullen looks, as Rhodes, seating himself on a rock close to the company of chiefs, went on:

'I am ashamed of you all. I came unarmed. You promised to be unarmed as well. If you are the chiefs, why do you let your young men behave in this way?'

'We are sorry,' said the chiefs; 'our young men have indeed acted in an unruly manner, but they shall listen to what the "white chief" would say.'

'I come to hear your complaints,' replied Rhodes, 'and if you have suffered any injustice, I will have the wrong put right.'

Making Peace with the Matabele.



Anxious to stop the war with the Matabele, Mr. Rhodes entered their camp unarmed. At first the natives were hostile towards him, but at the word from their leaders they listened to what the 'white' chief' had to say. Rhodes promised that if any injustice had been done, the wrong should be put right; and after a long discussion, peace was arranged, to signify which the chiefs laid their spears at his feet.

THE GREAT 'WHITE CHIEF'



The Victoria Falls.

Peace.

The words were received with delight, and a long discussion followed by the aid of an interpreter. At the end, Rhodes put the question: 'Is it to be peace between us?'

And for answer the chiefs cast their spears at his feet, to signify: 'It is peace.'

This ended the last trouble in Rhodesia with the Matabele nation, and well might Rhodes afterwards say, in referring to this scene among the Matoppo Hills, 'Such a day as that makes life worth living.'

Expanding the Empire.

Yet before that day he had lived many which were to leave a mark on the British Empire. Very soon after his first arrival in Africa, at the age of sixteen (in 1870), he had formed the ambition to see the great continent under the rule of the Union Jack. From Cape Colony his fancy ever wandered northwards, longing to bring fresh provinces into the Empire; not by expelling the native tribes, but by placing them under British laws. Thus, if we look at the map of Africa, we shall see the progress of this empire-builder towards accomplishing his wish. Bechuanaland, to the west of the Orange River Colony; Matabeleland, north of the Transvaal; and Mashonaland, extending to the Zambesi river; were brought under the flag by his persistent effort; while the British South Africa Company, formed at his sug-

AND THE CAPE TO CAIRO RAILWAY



Making the Cape to Cairo Railway.

gestion, pushed forward British influence to the southern shores of Lake Tanganyika. These vast regions are now combined into the province known as Rhodesia, in honour of their founder.

A Long Railway.

It was long his wish to see a continuous railway under British rule constructed from Cape Town to Cairo, a distance of 5,700 miles, and during his life he did much to plan and build this railway, laying down many miles in Cape Colony and Rhodesia. Since his death the work has gone steadily forward, and it is possible to travel from Cape Town northwards for over two thousand miles, when, after passing through the now famous towns of Kimberley, Mafeking, Buluwayo, and crossing the Zambesi at Victoria Falls, a

THE GREAT 'WHITE CHIEF'

station is reached at a spot called Broken Hill—some 200 miles south of Chitambo, where David Livingstone died.

Rhodes's Funeral.

Over the main portion of this railway there passed, in March 1902, a funeral car. It bore the body of Mr. Cecil John Rhodes, who had died at Cape Town in the early part of the month. From Buluwayo station this funeral continued its way by road to the summit of those wild Matoppo Hills of which we have already spoken, and here the great 'white chief,' as the natives called him, was buried, a simple granite slab, bearing his name, marking the spot.



The Grave of Rhodes in the Matoppo Hills.

**THROUGH THE
GREAT WHITE
WILDERNESS.**



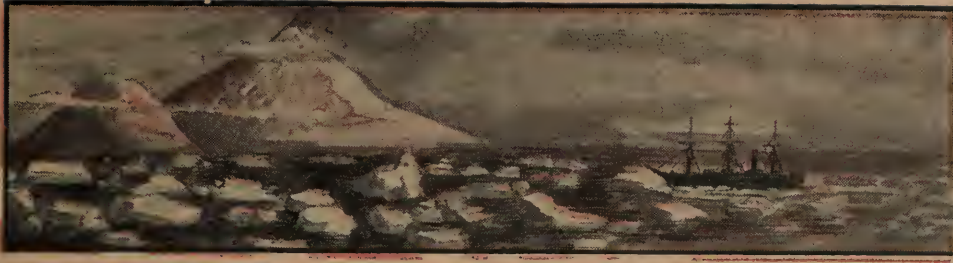
**Scott's
Last Journey
to the
Pole.**



Captain Scott.

CAPTAIN SCOTT.

Robert Falcon Scott was born at Devonport in 1868. At the age of fourteen he entered the British Navy, and was made a commander in 1900. After his famous voyage to the Antarctic (1900-1904), he was promoted to the rank of Captain. A year later he published an account of the 'Voyage in the "Discovery."' When a new expedition was arranged for, after Shackleton's explorations, Scott was appointed to lead it. He left England in June 1910; made researches for more than a year in the Antarctic; reached the South Pole on January 17, 1912; and died during the return journey, in March 1912.



Through the Great White Wilderness.

A WASTE of snow and ice: far as the eye could see, a great white wilderness with the dim outlines of mountains on the northern horizon, but in the south an 'everlasting' plain, ending only at the distant curtain of the sky.

The Farewell.

On January 3, 1912, nine men, dressed in the furs and wrappings of Arctic travellers, had halted with two hand-drawn sledges in this pathless waste; for the time had come when four of their number were to turn back toward the far-off sea-coast, while the remaining five trudged on into the unknown south. The spot at which they were gathered together is known on the map as latitude 87.32 south—and this means 150 miles from the South Pole.

The leader gave to the commander of the returning party all accounts he had so far written of the progress of the expedition, together with other papers concerning the men who were to push onward with him, and with a final handshake all round the last goodbyes were said. The homeward party began the long tramp of nearly 800 miles back to their winter quarters; their five friends turned their faces south, carrying on their tiny sledge enough provisions to last them thirty days. The names of this little band who carried our Empire's flag into such unknown regions of the earth were—Captain Robert Falcon Scott, Dr. E. A. Wilson, Lieu-

THE GREAT WHITE WILDERNESS

tenant Bowers, Captain L. E. G. Oates, and Petty Officer Edgar Evans.

It is easy to guess that, after the parting, those who were coming home looked frequently back till at last their recent companions appeared as no more than tiny black specks on the white and boundless plain. Then they faded from mortal sight, never again to be seen alive.

The Beginning of the Story.

Before we tell of what happened after they passed from sight on that far-away horizon, suppose we take a glance back at the beginning of the story.

For some hundreds of years past, brave explorers have tried to read the secrets of the icy world surrounding the South Pole, but until quite recent times no one penetrated farther than the great ice barrier in Ross Sea (named after Admiral Ross, who first explored it in the early part of the last century). In 1900 Scott made his first great voyage thither in the *Discovery*, and brought back to his country a world of knowledge. Six years later, Lieutenant Shackleton (now Sir Ernest) led a party over the great ice-field, through the mountains beyond, until a point was reached only 111 miles from the Pole, thus making a track through the hitherto untrodden snow for others to follow at a future time.

And this time came in the autumn of 1911, when Captain Scott, who had left England in June 1910, set out from his winter quarters on the shores of McMurdo Sound, Ross Sea, for his long march to the Pole, 900 miles away. Sledges, drawn by dogs and ponies, accompanied him for a great distance, conveying stores of food and fuel. At every sixty miles depôts were made, each holding enough of these necessities to supply him and his men on the return march.

One by one the sledges, having performed their duties, returned, with the men in attendance, to McMurdo Sound, carrying sufficient food for the journey. We have seen how

Their Last Journey.



On January 3, 1912, when 150 miles from the South Pole, these five dauntless men bade farewell to their friends, who had to return to the sea-coast, and trudged on into the great white wilderness. This, alas! was their last journey; for after leaving the Pole, they were overtaken by the Antarctic winter, and perished when only eleven miles from safety.

THE GREAT WHITE WILDERNESS



Exploring in the Bitter South.

Huge mountains of ice breaking up with the noise of thunder.

the exploring company dwindled till only nine men were left by the time that the Pole was 150 miles away. For the rest of the distance Captain Scott carried his own necessaries, and among these nothing was more precious than a small silk Union Jack presented by Queen Alexandra to be unfurled in the icy winds that blow round the South Pole—the first to flutter there. Alas! this honour was to be denied to the courageous travellers, for a few days after parting from their friends

they came upon traces in the snow showing that

Some one else had come before them,

crossing the mountains at another point than the pass through

THE GREAT WHITE WILDERNESS

which they had marched. At last on January 17, 1912, they saw far ahead a small black speck on the plain in the region of the Pole. It was a tent with a little flag flying above it, and as they drew nearer they found it to be the flag of Norway. It had been unfurled there just one month before by Captain Roald Amundsen and his men, who had performed a wonderful march from the shore of Ross Sea, where his ship, the *Fram*, lay anchored.

The Return.

Scott and his companions remained two days at the Pole, taking scientific photographs and making observations. Then they started on the long journey back. Storm and misfortune soon beset their way. Before the great plain (which



Fishing Schooner in the Ice field.

THE GREAT WHITE WILDERNESS

lies at an altitude of 8,000 feet) could be recrossed, Petty Officer Evans fell ill, and died on February 17. The survivors, continuing the journey, climbed the long Beardmore glacier, made valuable collections of minerals from a place known as Buckley Island, and commenced the march across the great ice cap toward the sea. That march they were never to finish. Pitiless blizzards blocked their way. The Antarctic winter had overtaken them. Captain Oates fell ill, and by an act of noble self-sacrifice walked out into the storm to die rather than delay his friends. The three survivors pressed on, and, eleven miles from safety, pitched their last tent. Imprisoned in this for eight days by a long-continued storm, Captain Scott, Lieutenant Bowers, and Dr. Wilson died; the last record being made by the gallant leader on March 29, 1912.

In the tent, among other things, was found thirty-five pounds' weight of valuable specimens collected from the remote south, and dragged through storm and ice and untold trials by these dauntless men. Let every British boy remember that those who go forth for the honour of the Empire must go armed with a readiness for self-sacrifice.



An Eskimo Dog.

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