THE BOY WHO LOVED THE SEA

THE STORY of CAPTAIN JAMES COOK

MARY H. WADE

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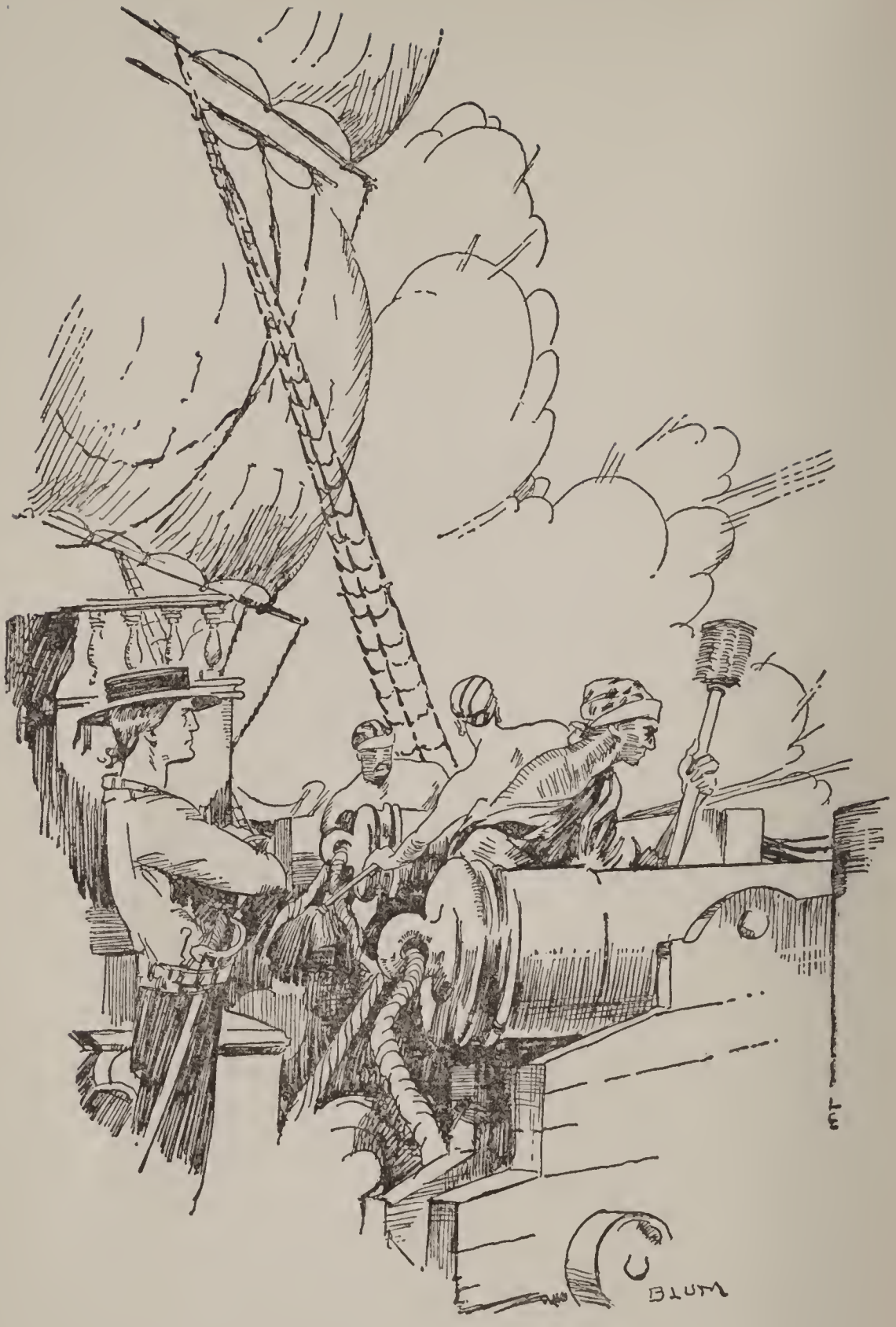

Cook and his company were treated to a glorious sight.

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THE BOY WHO LOVED THE SEA

The Story of Captain James Cook

BY

MARY HAZELTON WADE

Illustrated by

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CHAPTER I

On the Farm

'TIS time to water the horses, laddie."

At his father's words, the scarcely eight-year-old lad would hurry to the barn to give the animals the drink they needed.

No sooner was this task done than he might hear: "Come, come, be on your way to the pasture with the cows."

Or it might be: "Scamper to the house as fast as your legs can carry you. Mistress Walker has just called, saying she wants you to do an errand for her."

So the day would pass, with little James ever on the go, doing this one's or that one's bidding, without complaining.

Then, when night set in, he would leave the farm with his father, to get a sound night's sleep in the humble home where his mother was already watching for him.

This home was somewhat better than the mud hut of two rooms in which James had first opened his eyes, far up there in northern England. A "clay biggin"—that was what the Yorkshire people around him called the hut. Little of comfort it held in the

way of furniture. But the all important thing in life was there: it was the love that overflowed from the hearts of the poor but ignorant couple who dwelt in that humble home with their two children—James, who was born on the twenty-seventh day of October in that long-ago year of 1728, and his older brother John.

Even when the family moved to a larger house, it was poor enough beside the farm where James's father worked daily for the wealthy yoeman, William Walker.

"A grand place!" So little James must have thought of the Walker home. Why, there were many rooms in the house! And outside in the barns, sleek horses and cattle were sheltered. And there were pigs, no doubt, on the farm, and sheep and fowls in great number.

James, who was always a fearless little fellow, could have all sorts of adventures there, because one never knew what horses, and cows, and even chickens, might take it into their heads to do.

Far away, as it seemed to the lad, but really not very many miles distant, was a vast ocean on which rode immense ships. Sailors spent their lives on those ships and stories of the wonderful sights they beheld drifted from time to time to the farm. James, busy and happy as he was, had chance moments in which he could listen to these tales with amazement.

Mistress Walker liked the lad. "He is always

willing to do what I ask," she thought. "He never sulks about his tasks, and is faithful. And he is so bright, he deserves to get some of the learning books can give."

So it was that, busy as she was with her many cares, she found time to teach James his letters and give him some lessons in reading, thus starting him on the road to knowledge.

He had grown fast out of babyhood. With coarse but nourishing food to eat, and with his days spent in the great outdoors, he became tall for his age and strong of body, while his bright, dark, deep-set eyes showed that his mind was wide awake.

So the weeks and the months flew by till James was eight years old. Then, one day, he was told exciting news: there was to be a change in the family fortunes. The father had obtained a job in the village of Great Ayton about five miles away, and a much larger place than Marton which was the only home James had known up to that time.

"How good it will be to live in Great Ayton!" thought the lad as he dreamed of new sights to look upon, new playmates to join in his sports, and new adventures.

"Only to think!" he considered. "My father is actually to have charge of a farm owned by the rich lord of a manor. No longer must he go out to work by the day, and we will live right there on the farm in a comfortable home. It will be glorious!"

It was, without question, a rise in the fortunes of

the honest laborer. When quite a young man, he had left his native Scotland where wages were very poor, and had crossed over the border into England in search of better pay than he could obtain in his native land.

His mother's blessing had gone with him. "God send you grace," she had said in parting with her dear son. Her words were impressed upon his mind, and when, not long afterwards, he fell in love with a Yorkshire lassie named Grace, he felt it might well be in accord with his mother's wish that the young girl should become his wife.

You can readily guess what followed. The church bells soon rang out merrily for the wedding of James Cook, the poor and honest Scotchman, and the equally poor English maiden who was industrious and self-reliant like himself.

The young couple began their simple housekeeping at once, and when their second child James came to them, they were managing only by hard work to keep the grim wolf, hunger, from the door of their mud cabin.

It was a wretched home according to our way of thinking to-day.

Times were different in that long ago when George II was King of England. While some people were very wealthy, lived in castles, and wore rich garments, there was great poverty in the land, and many were clad in scarcely more than rags, and

satisfied their hunger with food little better than was given to swine.

The exciting day came at last for the Cook family to move to Great Ayton. How were they to make the journey of a few miles? And how were they to carry the few household goods they possessed? When James's father had made his way from Scotland down into England he had used "Shanks' mare," as country folk sometimes say when they are forced to walk. To be sure, the distance was not great, but the roads and pathways were rough and little trodden, so that days doubtless passed before the journey ended.

The way to Great Ayton must have seemed long to James. Very likely the goods were packed on a stout farm horse's back while the boys trudged along barefooted as was their daily habit.

At last the new home was in sight, with a brook running through the village, spanned by a strong stone bridge, and more houses grouped together than James had ever seen before.

Best of all, there were lofty hills not far away. One of these, Roseberry Topping, was at least a thousand feet high with a summit all of sandstone.

"What fun there will be," James must have thought, "in climbing that hill and hunting for birds' nests on its slopes! Roseberry Topping is so high that when I have reached the top I will be able to see the ocean, the wonderful blue ocean that stretches farther than the eyes can follow."

The boy's dark eyes sparkled with excitement as he thought of the exciting life of the men who took long voyages on that ocean. How vast it was! One could sail far out on it, so people said, till all sight of land was lost. And still ahead would be those waters that seemed to have no limit, and were never still—not even for a moment, day or night. Marvelous to say, also, their color changed with the changing sky. Now it was blue as a robin's egg, now gray, and dark, and foreboding.

With the move to Great Ayton, James was brought nearer to those magic waters that had hitherto seemed to him so far, far away because railroads and automobiles were then unknown. And yet the sea had been ever striving to make the little fellow hear her call.

"Behold!" she was saying, "It is not too early for you to be planning for a life on my breast. Gain all strength possible because a great experience is ahead of you. Dangers will be many, but you are brave and daring. You will not fear."

"And think!" she could well have added, "The world of men is waiting for the knowledge you will bring them through the discoveries that you will make."

However strongly the sea might now be calling to James, he was largely concerned with getting settled in his new home, Airy Holme Farm, on the borders of Great Ayton.

CHAPTER II

The Wonderful Sea

JAMES'S father began at once to take up his new duties. Besides the fairly comfortable house in which he and his family were to live, he was to receive regular wages from Mr. Skottowe, the lord of the manor. On the other hand he was to hand over all the produce he raised to his landlord. Hard work was ahead of him, but he had no longer to fear actual want for his wife and children.

It soon came to pass that Mr. Skottowe took as great a liking to little James as Mistress Walker had done.

"The lad is so bright he should have a chance to learn," he decided after watching him carefully.

Accordingly, he said to James's father, "If you will send the lad to the village school, I'll pay for his tuition."

The young farmer was glad enough to accept the offer for his son, and James was soon busily solving simple problems in arithmetic and mastering penmanship in the little cottage on the "High Green" where the schoolmaster, Mr. Pullen, soon discovered that he had a prize pupil. He saw that the boy did not have to be driven to study, but took a

real joy in it. Mr. Skottowe, for his part, was so pleased at James's progress that the lad was allowed to continue at school the greater part of the next four years. And since he was quick to learn, he must have tucked away in his head quite a deal of helpful knowledge.

He had considerable time for play with his mates, too. With them he explored the hills and fields around, hunted for birds' nests to his heart's content, and entered into other boys' sports with a will. They liked him, of course—no one could have helped that—but they found fault with him at times. They declared: "James Cook wants to have his own way. He won't follow what we propose if it doesn't suit him. He always insists that he knows how to do a thing better than we do. He won't give up to us, even if we threaten to go off and leave him."

A determined little fellow he was without doubt, and one not easily turned from what he believed the right way of solving a problem, whether in arithmetic or in climbing a steep cliff.

When he was twelve years old, his father declared: "The boy has all the book learning he needs. He must settle down to farm work now and help me support the family."

By that time several brothers and sisters had been born to John and James, and the household had many needs. Some people have since said that James worked with his father right there in Great

Ayton for the next four years. Again, the story has been handed down that the good father began early to think of a more promising future than farming for such a lively, intelligent son.

"He shall learn trading," he finally decided, "since he has a mind for figures."

There was no opening, however, in this line for the lad, in Great Ayton. But at Staithes, on the coast fifteen miles away, lived a shopkeeper whom Mr. Cook knew well, and who might aid him.

"I'll ask Mr. Sanderson to take James to work for him, on trial," he decided.

So it came about that James, while still in his teens, went to Staithes which proved to be a far more wonderful place to him than Great Ayton even with its good schoolmaster, its high hills, and the pretty brook where boys could go wading and fishing for minnows. Staithes was on the shores of the sea itself! A narrow, lovely bay stretched before its very doors. On either side of this bay were high cliffs that shut in the waters. Thus the harbor made a safe resting place for the boats of the fisher folk who lived in the village, as well as for bigger craft that went off on long voyages.

James loved Staithes, or The Staith as it was sometimes called, from the moment he arrived there. It was a dream place made real! The shop where he worked was so near to the water's edge that when storms raged, the waves were likely to make their way to its very door. The air was filled with

the delicious saltness of the sea. Fisherfolk were to be seen on every hand—yes, and sailors resting between long voyages. The sleepy quiet of the countryside was not to be found there. The place was full of mystery, and with every rise and fall of the tide the sea was calling to James, ever more loudly and insistently. Beside it, the cliffs and streams and meadows of his old home had no charm. Here, with the ocean spread directly before him, his fancy could wander to the ends of the earth.

There were many drawbacks to James's happiness at Staithes, however, because life inside the shop was far from pleasant. Mr. Sanderson was a harsh, coarse man and a heavy drinker. He was often cruel to his young assistant, beating him till his shoulders ached when the shopkeeper was out of temper or not satisfied with his work. Little did it matter to his master if he left heavy welts on James's back. Such treatment of apprentices was common enough in those days, and no one criticized him for his cruelty. Other boys who had been bound to him had run away. But he had not learned the need of kindness, and he only considered that he had another youth in his power, whom he was free to abuse when he felt like doing so.

It was James's task to keep the dingy shop as clean as possible. He had to wash the floor, scrub the counters, dust the shelves, run errands, and help in waiting upon the customers if need be till the time came for closing the shop. It was a queer kind of

a place, somewhat like what we find in little villages in this country and call a general store. On one side were piled groceries. On the other were bonnets, coats, material for draperies, and so on.

This dingy shop was the only home James knew for possibly eighteen months. He had scant fare to strengthen his tall slender body. A hunk of bread, a slice or two of bacon, and a mug of ale must satisfy his hunger. When night came, his only bed was a heap of straw under one of the counters, with rough covering of some sort. But he had no chance to feel lonely there. Far from it! There was plenty of company, though not to his liking. Mice scurried around his head through the hours of darkness, while beetles and earwigs crawled freely over the floor and bed coverings.

During James's work hours he must have gained a little happiness from the smiles of the fishermen's kind-hearted wives who traded at the shop, the merry words of pretty maidens who sometimes passed by, and the sound of surf along the shore, that he could hear when the door stood open.

Ah! but when he was freed from duty, he could have joy in the great outdoors. Sitting on the edge of the sea wall, the lad could dream contentedly. Then, too, he could listen with eager ears to the tales told by the fishermen in their idle hours. In good weather, when not out in their boats, they would sit in little groups on the quay. And between the long whiffs drawn from their pipes, they would

outvie each other in describing the approach of fierce storms when they were far from land, and the dangers that beset them when the storms raged and their little boats were tossed about like feathers in the angry waters. Or perhaps some described a tremendous haul of fish when fortune favored them, or the unexpected breaking of nets just as they were about to draw in their prey.

More thrilling even than tales of this sort were those related by sailors who had gone far away from England and taken part in adventures that made the listening James gasp in astonishment. Some of these sailors had looked upon strange people with their own eyes! They had heard them speak in strange tongues! A number of them had barely escaped when their ships had been wrecked on dangerous reefs. Oh, it was all wonderful, wonderful! Every day of those long months at Staithes James's heart beat with increasing longing to leave his hateful tasks behind him and sail far away over the wide ocean to have adventures of his own.

In biting wintry weather the sailor folk could not sit at their ease on the quay. Then they would gather at one of the inns—the Cod and Lobster, the Shoulder of Mutton, or the Black Lion—to drink and smoke and tell more tales of their "life on the ocean wave." James, when free from the shop, would often seek them at one such place or another to drink in eagerly all he could hear of the exciting experiences that the men described.

As the freezing winds blew about the inn, and the snow piled up about the doors, it was easy for the young listener to picture to himself the mighty icebergs encountered by the men who described dangerous voyages far up into the Arctic in search of whales. With them he could in fancy send harpoons into the whales' bodies and, if successful, end the creatures' lives after a fierce struggle.

James could easily imagine himself coming upon fierce polar bears that slowly made their way over floating cakes of ice in search of prey. He watched gentle-eyed seals sporting along the shores of barren rocky lands, as happy as kittens in their play, and quite unconscious that human enemies were close upon them.

Again, the youth would listen with eagerness to the stories of men who had gone forth to fight battles on the sea for their king, or who had, perchance, spent years in sailing along the coast of their own country, carrying cargoes to different English ports and learning the ways of their countrymen. Everything the boy heard had interest of its own.

Not the least thrilling to the young listener must have been the tales of the fishermen who never sailed far from home, but who had to go forth night after night, no matter how severe the weather, to catch boatloads of cod and haddock and herring. The sale of these brought money enough to support the men's families. They must not consider possible danger even though violent storms were rag-

ing and they were leaving sweethearts and wives and little children behind them. In their hearts was the hope that they would return safe, with the arrival of morning light. But alas! Sometimes their frail boats were overpowered by wind and wave, and many a brave man was carried down into the deeps where greedy sharks were waiting to devour his body.

Besides the stories James could hear within a stone's throw of the shop where he lived and worked, there were sights to interest him not very far away. In fact, around the bend of Coburn Nob, one of the cliffs that shut in the bay, were shipyards where all sorts of sea craft were built. There the lad could, in occasional visits, watch the shaping of a little fishing smack, or even of a big whaler which was soon to be sent out from that peaceful spot to meet with adventure in dangerous waters.

So it was that between the shipbuilding and the tales of the sailors and fishermen during their stay in port James's mind was kept filled with thoughts of the sea and the marvels thereof. Little wonder was it that he had no desire to become a shopkeeper and sell groceries and cloth over dingy counters for the rest of his life.

CHAPTER III

The Runaway

"I WON'T stay here any longer," James said to himself after eighteen months had passed by in Mr. Sanderson's shop, and he was still dusting shelves, scrubbing floors, and running errands for his hard taskmaster.

His love of the sea had been growing ever deeper through the long months till his heart was filled with one tremendous longing: to follow the life of a sailor on the great ocean.

"I'll run away!" the youth decided. "I'll go to Whitby ten miles from here. It is a wondrously big town, close to the sea like Staithes, but busier, oh, much busier! There are large shipbuilding yards at Whitby and big vessels go out from there to trade with other countries. I am sure I can get a job as a sailor on one of them. And then—then!"

Many a happy dream of the future filled James's mind after he had once determined on the great venture and was making his plans for departure.

The last evening (it was that of the Sabbath) arrived to find him in his bed under the counter.

Mr. Sanderson, little guessing what was shortly to happen, drank an unusual amount of grog that

evening. Then he sought his couch to sleep heavily from the effects of the liquor.

How much James slept that night we shall never learn. It is enough for us to know that, with the first ray of light next morning, he was wide awake and moving softly about the shop. He dressed himself and got his belongings together. An easy task, that last! His one handkerchief was spread out, and in it he tied his extra shirt and a treasured jackknife.

Now for the start, after a bite or two to stay his stomach on the long tramp. Then out of the shop, down through the narrow village street he hurried, with the people in the houses he passed still peaceably asleep, ignorant that young James Cook was daring to run away. In those days there were no roads stretching between the village and Whitby. Rough bridle paths had to be followed, but little concern was that to the would-be sailor lad.

Perhaps even in the midst of his joy over his new freedom he still felt a little sad at leaving pretty Staithes behind him, with its red-roofed cottages and its quaint inns in which sailors and fishermen were wont to gather. But the youth's thoughts must have been mainly busy with the glorious life he believed was ahead of him.

As he hurried along with head held high and with rapid strides of his long legs, excitement was brewing in the home of the Sandersons. The master, who had slept later than usual, woke up and looked

out of his window. By the high tide on the shore, he knew that it was close to six o'clock. It was time for his helper, James, to be busy opening up the shop and cleaning it up for customers. But there was no sound below!

As the master dressed himself, he thought with an ugly frown, "If that lazy scamp has overslept himself, he shall have a good beating."

Furious with anger, he went down the narrow stairs and entered the shop. The shutters were still closed! No broom had as yet brushed the floor!

And then, so the story goes, the shopkeeper with fury in his eyes sought the corner where he kept his stout stick—his oft-used instrument of torture.

"I'll see that that young scoundrel gets what he deserves," he promised himself, as with staff in hand he moved noiselessly towards the counter under which he expected to find his sleeping assistant. The bed was empty!

The master went to the door. He found the bolt had been drawn. James had run away—that was certain—like other apprentices before him who had worked in the shop and been fired, like him, with the longing for a seafarer's life.

"Hm!" grunted Mr. Sanderson, "I'll see if that useless fellow took aught with him to help him on his way."

Accordingly, the shopkeeper went suspiciously to the till where change was kept.

"I left a new shilling there yesterday," he muttered. "I'll see if it is there still."

On opening it he found it empty. "James took it, the wretch," he said to himself.

Going to the door, with the empty till in his hand, he called to some men who happened to be standing outside, "Ha ye seen James Cook? He's run awa' and robbed the till of a shilling."

One of the men, a wise old fellow, spoke up at once. "Thou robbed the till thysel' last night to pay for the grog thou drank. Art thou still too drunk to mind goin' oot for the shilling?"

That should have settled the matter. James had always been an honest lad as the village folk well knew, but it was as easy then as now to suspect wrong of others, so that the tale of a stolen shilling was repeated for a while by many an evil tongue after the runaway had left his life at Staithes far behind him.

Long afterwards, when he had become a hero to all the world, the tale was a far different one. Then every one who had even talked with the youth was proud of the fact. Chance words he had said were repeated again and again. His good qualities were boasted of. And even a certain honor was attached to the storekeeper because James Cook had once served him. Just now, however, we may wonder for a moment why Mr. Sanderson did not start out with some fellow villagers in pursuit of the runaway. It was without doubt, because that would

have been easier said than done, for the surrounding country was largely a hilly wilderness, and traveling both afoot and on horseback was extremely difficult. Moreover, no one could be certain as to the direction the youth had chosen to follow. So let us turn to join James as he entered the bustling town of Whitby that bright July day nearly two hundred years ago.

CHAPTER IV

Off to Sea

WHEW! what a busy place! Surely there will be a chance for me there." In such wise, James talked to himself as he reached the top of a steep cliff and looked down at the town of Whitby stretched below.

Though it was still early in the day, the smoke rising from the furnaces already set to work was so thick that objects were not as clear to the runaway's eyes as he might have wished. Yet he could see the red-tiled roofs of the houses built along the slopes below him and the outlines of the church standing on a cliff to the east, that could be reached from the lower town only by climbing two hundred steps.

On looking more closely still, James could make out the town hall and the big market on the low stretch of land by the water's edge. But what thrilled him most was a ship with sails set, moving grandly out of the harbor. Where was she bound? How long a voyage was ahead of the men who sailed her.

And, yes! there was another ship lying at the dock. She was being loaded rapidly. Perhaps the

main part of her cargo was already on board, and she was nearly ready to depart for distant shores.

"I'll go thither as fast as possible," James said to himself. "Who knows but I may get a job on that very ship?"

With all possible speed the youth descended the cliff. Then, in his usual straightforward fashion, he made his way to the vessel lying at the dock.

Something in his manly, cheery face must have pleased the mate who had charge of the loading of the vessel because, when James saluted him respectfully, he at once appeared ready to answer the youth's questions.

"Please, sir, I want to get a job as a sailor," explained James.

He had to admit that he had had no experience in this line. But he was ready to do his best and was sure he could learn fast.

"I believe this young stranger will quickly make himself useful," decided the mate, and he advised James to seek the owners of the ship, two Quaker brothers.

Following his directions, the youth at once sought the house of the coal merchants, John and Henry Walker, to repeat the tale he had told the mate.

We may well believe that the lad's heart was light, as well as his steps, as he hurried along with high hopes that his dream was to be realized. His mind was too busy otherwise to heed the children playing about the pier. Perhaps, even, his ears

were closed to the sound of the hammers plied by the builders in the near-by shipyard as they worked on one of the famous Whitby ships, known for their strength in withstanding the liveliest gales.

One thought alone possessed him: "I will get myself bound in service if possible on board the *Freelove* as the mate suggested."

A few minutes' walk brought James to the office of the brothers who owned the ship and traded in the towns along the coast.

Mr. John Walker, a calm, kindly man, listened with patience to James's story. From the start he was interested in the young stranger and sympathized with his longing for a life on the sea instead of spending his days in a tiresome shop. Looking into James's steady bright eyes, he saw only good there. And in the youth's determined chin he noted purpose.

"It is clear enough," he thought, "that here is no weakling, but just the kind of fellow to make a first-rate sailor."

The honest Quaker, however, being a just man, deliberated: "If the youth wishes to bind himself to the ship for a term of years, he must have his father's permission before I can accept his serviecs. If that can be obtained, all will be well."

The story goes that the desired permission was obtained and James entered upon his new life with pride and delight.

No doubt he pictured to himself freedom such as he had never had on land. How grand it must be to spend day after day, week after week, in the invigorating sea air! And then there were to be wonderful adventures, to say nothing of the constant company of men who had spent years on the ocean, and who could teach him the control of a ship, how to manage the sails, how to work the rudder. Not always would he be at the beck and call of the officers and sailors, as he must be at first. Oh, no! The time would come when he would be a master among them. But he must be faithful in little ways; he must not complain; he must expect to bear hardship.

Do you imagine that young James Cook glanced even for a moment at the other side of the picture? I doubt it. Of course he must have known that the fare would be rough. His own food in the past had certainly been poor enough. But to eat biscuit day after day, so hard that his strong teeth must struggle to break them into bits, and furthermore, to find a certain kind of beetles, called weevils, already at home in the biscuits, this would be a new and decidedly unpleasant experience. And then to be served "junk" and no other meat whatever throughout a voyage—junk that was as salt as brine, and so tough that it was well-nigh impossible to chew it! An unappetizing diet sailors had in those early days —that was certain. It was fortunate that those seafaring men had stout appetites, and that they

were satisfied if only the wretched food they ate stopped the craving of their stomachs.

Worse than such rations was the wretched disease that frequently attacked the sailors on long ocean voyages, after living upon them too steadily. It was called scurvy. It caused the gums to bleed and the teeth to fall out, it brought loss of flesh and weakness, and death generally ended the lives of the sufferers. In fact, the victims had no chance of getting well unless the ship reached a landing place where they could obtain the fresh meat and vegetables their bodies demanded.

As for the bed upon which young James must lie, he knew beforehand what to expect—a hammock swung, very likely, in dark stuffy quarters below decks where the pitching and tossing of the vessel would be felt distressingly in time of storm.

"Even this could be no worse than a pile of straw under the counter of the shop at Staithes," James might have told you. "And as for the cockroaches and rats that share the quarters of the sailors, why, they are not a bit worse than the mice and earwigs I've been used to at Mr. Sanderson's store."

As for the oaths and cuffs that the officers freely distributed among the seamen, James could have no fear of them—he had been used to such treatment in the past. It could be no worse now. Mr. Sanderson, however, did not possess a cat-o'-nine-tails with which to flay the backs of his apprentices. This dread instrument of torture was commonly used on

board most of the ships that sailed in those days, though it is quite likely it was not resorted to on the craft belonging to the Quaker merchants who did not encourage having the sailors on their ships treated with harshness. Consequently, there was little likelihood of mutiny on board the *Freelove*. In many other vessels of the day, the officers felt obliged to stand ready, at a moment's notice, to fall upon the men with their swords or sharp-pointed knives. Otherwise, they might lose their lives at the hands of the men they had abused unduly.

Altogether James might well feel fortunate that it had fallen to his lot to be taken as an apprentice on board the stout little vessel that had been built right there in a Whitby shipyard.

He was ignorant, oh, so ignorant, of the duties he had to perform. But he set to work with a will, and was speedily mastering the most difficult lessons in handling the ship and gaining skill in going aloft with the agility of a cat. Even when violent winds arose, and the vessel swung suddenly over on her side, he had no fear, but remained as firm on his feet as the most toughened sailor.

He had plenty of hard work but the mate who had taken a liking to James when he first set eyes on him was unusually sparing in the cuffs and hard words generally administered to underlings.

"Young Cook will fulfill my early promise to him," he doubtless meditated as he watched him carrying out orders, always cheerfully, always speed-

ily, and with unusual understanding. "Who knows but he will rise in time to the position of mate, even as I have done?" he thought.

Week after week passed by with James growing ever more rugged and agile though he often turned into his bunk with aching limbs when hours for rest arrived. But he must have been gloriously happy even then, with the waves dashing against the ship to lull him to undreaming sleep and the skies brooding tenderly over the ship as she sailed on and on.

There were times of the greatest jollity too, when James was free to join a group of sailors gathered on deck in the starlight to sing gay songs of the sea or tell stories of wild adventure. Oh, there could be no life, after all, to James's thinking, so free and joyous as that of a sailor, in spite of the hardships he must undergo.

Since the Walker brothers were coal merchants, the cargoes with which the vessel was loaded were carried mainly to places along the eastern coast of England, even down to the great city of London itself. A wonderful place it must have appeared to the country lad when he first visited London, with its big buildings and noisy streets. If that seemed so marvelous to him, how think you, would the London of to-day appear to him with its subways and railways, its tens of thousands of autos and trucks, its telephone and telegraph wires, its airplanes flying over the heads of the people below?

In course of time James went on longer voyages

than to England's capital. He sailed more than once across the North Sea, clear to Norway where he met people speaking an unknown tongue, and with habits and customs quite different from those of "Merrie England." So the youth's knowledge of the world broadened, and in the meantime he lost no chance to learn all he could about seamanship, not only through experience on board ship but through the handbooks used by the captain and mate, which he read whenever chance offered.

He spent the time between voyages at Mr. Walker's home, for such was the custom with sailor apprentices in those days. It was a plain home in which the housekeeper, Mistress Mary Prowd, kept the big house in orderly Quaker fashion. In summer there were only brief stays for the ship in port; but in severe winter weather she was sometimes laid up for months.

Do you imagine that the young apprentice filled those weeks of idleness with mischievous deeds? Indeed not! His appetite for knowledge never seemed to lull, and in the Quaker home there were precious books that James was avid to devour.

Now Mistress Mary Prowd was pleased with the youth. She must have said to herself, "Here is no common sailor. He is ambitious, and book learning will help him."

So when James asked if she would let him have a little table in a corner of the room where he and his mate ate their meals and where the talk of

others would not disturb him in his study, she granted his request. More than this, she let him have a candle by whose light he could read and write during the long winter evenings.

Mr. Walker, who had had to do with many sailors, looked on the young student with interest, as he noted how eager he was to learn, and especially to gain knowledge in regard to navigating a ship.

For several years young Cook served faithfully aboard the *Freelove.* Then came a time when his employers decided to keep him on shore helping to fit up a ship called the *Three Brothers.* When she was ready for sea he went with her on coaling trips along the coast. Afterwards he was still one of her crew when she carried troops of soldiers to near-by countries where England was carrying on war.

During those busy years no experiences that fell to the lot of this adventure-loving youth were more interesting than the trading voyages to Norway on the *Three Brothers,* and his opportunity to learn the ways of a country unlike his own. During one of these trips a heavy gale arose. Violent winds blew against the vessel, bringing strange visitors. These were countless birds in such danger of their lives from the fierceness of the gale that they took refuge in the rigging of the *Three Brothers* which became fairly covered with the helpless creatures. Alas, some among them were hawks who took advantage of the opportunity to destroy many of the smaller and weaker birds. James, whose heart was tender

toward all suffering, could never afterwards forget the pitiful sight.

When the young seaman had reached his twenty-fourth year, he was rewarded for faithful service by being made mate of a new vessel owned by the Walker brothers. It was called the *Friendship*.

"James Cook deserves the promotion," these good men decided. "We can trust him to fulfill his new duties as well as all others that have fallen to him in years past."

To become mate so soon! It seemed a remarkable rise to those who knew the young man. His heart must have leaped with joy as he thought that henceforth he was to *command*—no longer be at another's beck and call, but to be of direct aid to the captain in running the ship. Mate! How glorious the word must have sounded in James's ears!

And then, the home folks! what joy there was in the little household at Great Ayton when word came that the one-time barefooted boy tending cattle on his employer's farm, was now a man of authority in a grand uniform, with pay that seemed colossal to his humble family.

By this time James's father had himself risen in the world. He was no longer a farm servant to Mr. Skottowe but had set himself up as a builder in the little village and had a comfortable cottage of his own.

Three years passed by rapidly on the *Friendship* with the young mate developing steadily in ability

to command the sailors below him in the management of the ship.

By the end of that time the Walker brothers were so satisfied with James that they were ready to promote him still further. They decided to make him captain of the ship. Then something happened that prevented their carrying out this plan for his further success.

CHAPTER V

In the King's Service

"WE can never tell when we will be pressed into the King's service."

So the seamen aboard the *Friendship* were agreed. Many a time they had heard of their fellows being treated in this way. In fact, whenever more men were needed on a warship, sailors were seized when they happened to touch shore or even in the midst of a voyage. Then they were carried on board one of His Majesty's vessels to go wherever the officer in charge commanded.

"Sometimes there's a goodly fight before they are mastered," so the gossiping sailors heard. But in the end they had to submit and make the best of it. The English laws were against them, so it was far better for them afterwards if they went willingly.

While James Cook was serving as mate on board the *Friendship* a serious war arose between England and France.

"We must have a large increase of men in our navy," so the leading members of the English government decided. "Our warships must be ably manned."

Consequently the crews of sailing vessels never

felt safe from being seized by the "press gang." In the big city of London the government agents were particularly busy, because ships were constantly coming into port there.

The young mate, James Cook, now twenty-seven years old, was somewhat troubled. "I don't want to lose the high position I have gained," he thought. "And if I am forced into the King's service, I may very likely stand no higher in the navy than any common sailor."

So, while the *Friendship* lay to at the London dock, Cook, like many another seaman, kept in hiding as much as possible.

"It certainly is not safe to frequent taverns and other public places," he thought, "because I'd be seized at once."

But he soon changed his mind about the whole matter. "I'll enlist in the King's service," he decided. "I will get a recommendation from the Walker brothers as to my character and ability. Then I may be given a much better position than would fall to my lot if I were pressed into the navy against my will."

He showed wisdom in making this decision, as was soon evident. After obtaining the recommendation he desired, he went out to Wapping, a town near London where enlistments were made. There he offered himself as a volunteer on board the *Eagle,* a warship commanded by Captain Joseph Hamer, and stationed in Portsmouth Harbor, soon to sail

forth to meet the enemy. James Cook had not served many days on the man-of-war before the officers began to see that here was no ordinary volunteer. He knew so much about navigating a vessel! He was so faithful, so alert! Of one thing only was he ignorant—he had had no experience in handling the guns. If necessary, this knowledge could be speedily gained by such an intelligent, quick-witted fellow.

The rank of able seaman had already been given to Cook. Soon afterwards the studious young sea lover found himself holding the title of master's mate, with much power at his command.

Do you understand what this rank meant? In olden times, the captain of a man-of-war was a soldier having special charge of the men who did the fighting. He had full command during a naval engagement.

On the other hand, the office of "master" of an ordinary vessel corresponded to that of captain, as we understand it to-day. He guided the ship on its course, and gave orders to the sailors. He had need of a good assistant in his many duties.

It so happened that at the time young Cook volunteered on the *Eagle* the crew was not as large as it should have been, while many of those in the service had been "pressed" into it and were ignorant landsmen who were consequently of little use at first. Great indeed must have been the master's joy when he discovered what a valuable helper he had gained.

Lively work was ahead of the young man. Only six days after his enlistment, Captain Hamer received an order somewhat like this: "Fit the ship with everything necessary for a long voyage and encounters with the enemy. You will then make your way with all speed to the Leeward Islands, ready for action there."

But when it was learned that the captain did not have the proper number of men and marines, the order was changed.

"Go with whatever crew you have," he was told, "to the waters between the Island of Scilly and Cape Clear. You are then to cruise about in those waters."

How do you think the fearless young mate, scarcely at home as yet on a man-of-war, felt now? Without doubt he bestirred himself to act his part in the dangers he must expect. That part showed itself a lively one when shortly after setting sail, a violent storm arose. Hither and thither the ship was tossed by the angry winds, and her injuries were so serious that she was taken back to Plymouth for repairs.

"While a new mast is being set up, I'll have the bottom of the boat cleaned and scraped," decided Captain Hamer.

After port was reached the mast proved to be all right, and Captain Hamer was blamed by the Lords of the Admiralty for his return.

"We will put another captain in his place," they decided indignantly.

The chase was an exciting one.

Accordingly, Captain Hugh Palliser, who had lately returned from a voyage to America, was given command of the *Eagle* which soon put to sea to attack any enemy vessels that might be approached unawares.

A few days afterwards young Cook found himself doing his utmost to overtake a French vessel that appeared.

The chase was an exciting one. The *Eagle* might have succeeded had she not met with an accident: her main topmast broke and some of the rigging was injured. Not a moment was to be lost now in repairing the damage! But unfortunately, by the time the repairs were made, the French ship was out of danger from the *Eagle's* guns. Young Cook was sorely disappointed at this; but that very evening the English man-of-war *Monmouth* hove in sight. The two ships, the *Eagle* and the *Monmouth,* set chase the next morning and it so happened that the honor of capturing the enemy man-of-war fell to the *Monmouth.*

After that the *Eagle* made several small captures herself before she returned to Plymouth where she was stationed for nearly four months afterwards.

During that period, young Cook, strong and healthy as he usually was, was attacked by illness and taken to the hospital where he recovered in a short time.

He was as fine a looking man in those days as one might wish to see. Straight as an arrow he was, and

tall—over six feet in height. His face was one to be remembered—narrow and thin, with high cheek bones. He had a long straight nose, a mouth and chin that showed great firmness, and eyes that were piercingly bright, though small and deep-set.

In his position as master's mate, he quickly won the respect of the sailors who were under his orders. "He is stern, but just," they would have told you. While they feared him, they also trusted him. Seldom did they hesitate about doing his bidding.

Before two years had passed in his new position, orders came for the ship to cross the wide Atlantic and sail directly to Louisburg which stood on a promontory of Cape Breton Island off the Canadian coast. French troops held that island and were doing all they could to keep English vessels from carrying on trade along the coast.

"We must take Louisburg from the French." So declared the English government.

Young Cook must have been filled with delight at the prospect before him. Many adventures he had had already in his voyages in the dangerous North Sea. But he was now to sail thousands of miles across an ocean then little known, and draw close to the shores of the great continent, North America, of which many a tale had come to his ears. Yes, and there was likely to be fighting. He must be prepared for brave deeds and quick action.

Little is known about the long voyage except that it was made in safety. In due time the fortress of

Louisburg was reached, and after a lively defense had been carried on by the French, the English succeeded in getting possession of it and also of the whole of Cape Breton Island. While doing this they took five French frigates and destroyed five others.

After this great achievement, Cook returned to England, hardy and enduring as ever, with the will to overcome every difficulty that should come in his way.

During the very next year, 1759, he had his reward.

"You are appointed to be master of the *Grampus,*" he was told.

Not much over thirty years old and master of a vessel! It seemed almost beyond belief that he should receive such a promotion when he had served so short a time in the navy; yet so it was.

As it was, the order was changed almost at once; he was to be transferred to the *Garland.* Immediately afterwards the order was again changed when it appeared that the *Garland* had already left England for action elsewhere.

"You are to be master of the *Mercury,*" Cook now was told, "and sail for Canada."

He learned, furthermore, that his vessel was to be one of a fleet ordered to lay siege to the powerful French fortress at Quebec.

"Sir Charles Saunders is commander of the fleet," Cook was informed.

He also learned in due time that the fleet was to give aid from the St. Lawrence River after an army under General Wolfe had landed on the shore to storm the citadel at close range.

Thus with thrilling adventures ahead of him the young master sailed a second time across the Atlantic. Once arrived in the St. Lawrence, he was speedily set to work on a dangerous undertaking.

"To my thinking," was the advice that Captain Palliser, who had a high opinion of Cook's ability and wisdom, had given the Admiral, "you would do well to choose James Cook for this enterprise."

Because of Palliser's words, therefore, Cook was ordered to make the soundings, and he set to his task with a will.

Secretly, as he understood well, he must make his examination of the river because he would be under the very nose of the enemy.

"I must choose the darkness of the night for my work," so he told himself. "And there must be no noise—not the slightest, else I will be discovered, and the French guns be directed against us. Then a speedy death for my men and myself."

His plans were soon made. When the sun had gone to rest and darkness had fallen upon earth and sea, the master set forth in a small launch with a few companions. Their oars were muffled. They spoke only in whispers.

In due time they reached the part of the river where the soundings were to be made, and the boat

lay to. Then Cook, who had been watching carefully for the position he was seeking, drew from its place a long rope with a heavy lead fastened to the end. Over the boat's edge he threw the rope, letting the lead sink till it touched the river bottom.

He next drew out his notebook in which to record the depth to which the lead had fallen. Then, without delay, his companions rowed the launch to another place and a second sounding was made. And so on and on to one part of the river after another, moved the master and his men, with every moment fraught with danger from the guns of the enemy on the near-by shore.

All too rapidly the hours passed for the busy worker till the first rays of the rising sun began to light up the sleeping world. Then, at a signal from Cook, his men drove the launch farther away from the dangerous shore, till all were able at last to breathe freely as they reached the English ships lying out of reach of the enemy's guns.

Night after night found Cook busy in the same way, with momentary possibility of his discovery by the French. But throughout that time of danger he was making soundings that were to be of great aid to the English in the forthcoming conflict with the French.

In the meantime the enemy were awakening to the fact that something was wrong.

"I'll press our Indian friends into service," decided the commander at Montmorency. "They must

discover for me if any immediate danger is threatening us from the river."

Indian tribesmen who were friendly to the French were prevailed on to gather in the woods along the shore past which Cook would be returning to his headquarters. With the first suggestion of daylight a band of red men crept down to the water's edge and leaped into their light birch canoes. Then, while the shadows of night still lay upon the river, they paddled out into the deeper waters.

Not a sound of their approach had been heard by Cook or his companions when they found themselves surrounded by the savages. No longer silent, the red men filled the air with fiendish yells and leaped madly about in their canoes, at the same time drawing closer and closer to the English launch which they were planning to board.

Cook, though taken completely unawares, remained calm and cool as ever.

"We are so few in numbers and the Indians so many," he decided promptly, "it would be useless to fight with them. Our only chance lies in flight."

"Give way!" he ordered, and at the command, his men bent to their oars.

"Our lives are at stake," all realized, as they strained to their utmost.

The red men, paddling with equal speed, were shortly surrounding them till a single loophole remained between two canoes that had not as yet closed in the circle. Through that the launch shot

with the speed of a rocket. On it drove toward English quarters, which happened to be the grounds of a hospital on the island of Orleans where a guard was stationed to defend it.

Even then, safety was not assured for Cook and his companions. So close upon them was one of the canoes that some of the savages began to leap into the stern of the launch just as Cook sprang to the shore from the bow of the boat.

It was a narrow escape for him and his men. They had saved themselves in the nick of time. The Indians did not dare to pursue them farther. Nevertheless, they succeeded in making off with the launch, and were at a safe distance from the island before the English soldiers on shore had gathered to attack them.

Fortunately for Cook, the soundings required by the admiral had been completed the night before. So he now busied himself making a map of the channel of the St. Lawrence which he had been exploring, together with details of the soundings he had taken.

But how had he, an almost untrained draftsman, succeeded in performing such a difficult task? He must have used his wits, as people say, in learning all he could through his power of keen observation.

So pleased indeed was the admiral with Cook's maps that the young master was called upon to give his services soon afterwards in another dangerous undertaking, since Canada was still in the hands of

the French, and Quebec had not as yet been seized.

"I must know still more of the St. Lawrence if the English fleet is to remain safe here," thought Admiral Saunders. "The river below Quebec is particularly dangerous to navigate. Ah! I'll have Cook make careful surveys there."

Cook was accordingly soon performing this new task, and he did it so thoroughly that the chart he made was used ever afterwards.

"It is good enough," Admiral Saunders decided. And it must have been because of his appreciation of the young man's ability that Cook was transferred not long afterwards to the mastership of the Admiral's own ship, the *Northumberland,* a man-of-war of the first rank.

Before this happened, however, the famous battle with the French had been fought on the Plains of Abraham and Quebec had come into the hands of the English, though the noble General Wolfe had fallen a victim in the siege.

It is now believed that Cook had no direct part in the undertaking, but was performing some duty elsewhere till after Quebec had been taken. With his brave spirit and love of adventure, he must have been grievously disappointed that he had no share in the victory.

During the winter months that followed, all was quiet for the fleet, and the *Northumberland* lay anchored in the harbor of Halifax, Nova Scotia. But Cook was not idle.

"Now is the chance for study," he told himself. "There is much still for me to learn, especially in mathematics, Euclid, and astronomy, if I am to advance in seamanship."

Day after day, therefore, found him busily "plugging away" as boys would say, at the most tiresome-looking books. But to Cook they were filled with wonder. Through them he would learn much about marine surveying of which he was as yet ignorant. He could also gain knowledge in chart-making, taking observations, and making calculations in regard to latitude and longitude.

Thus the cold months flew by rapidly, with the master gaining valuable knowledge through his studies, as well as the ability to rule over his men with increasing power.

He wasn't perfect, of course—that should not be expected in the greatest hero. He had a quick temper which he did not always control. But there was often good reason for his anger. He himself was a tremendous worker, full of energy, hating laziness. So when his men showed carelessness and held back in the performance of their duties, he was sometimes angry with them. In the main, however, he was remarkably just and interested in the welfare of his crew. While his men feared him, they trusted him and willingly obeyed his commands.

CHAPTER VI

Wedding Bells

"THE *Northumberland* is to sail to Newfoundland," Cook was told early in the year 1762, after spending months of quiet while his ship lay anchored at Halifax. He was told further why he was ordered to Newfoundland. As it was still in the hands of the French, the British were anxious to get it into their power, together with the rest of Canada. Accordingly, he turned all his energy to the new task which fell to him. He was to draw a plan of the harbor with the heights along the shore, before which the British fleet were soon gathered for the coming siege. He was so accurate and skillful in performing this task that he won great praise from the principal officers of the fleet.

Thus, because of his aid, and the strength of the British forces, Newfoundland was soon conquered, and the *Northumberland* was free to make her way home before the year ended.

Once more then, Cook sailed across the Atlantic, and after his return to England his heart was filled with pride at the praise given him for his splendid services in America.

"He showed genius and capacity throughout."

In some such words Lord Colville, Captain of the *Northumberland,* wrote to that person of authority, the Secretary of the Admiralty.

The young man, only thirty-four years old, after receiving an honorable discharge from the navy, was now free for a while to do as he pleased.

From the time he had started out as a cabin boy nearly twenty years before till now, he had had no time to think of anything but the sea and adventures thereon.

But now, quite naturally, his mind turned to what was of deepest interest to most men; he felt that a home with a loving wife and little children to fill it with cheer and happiness, must be very beautiful.

It is not strange, therefore, that he fell in love with a pretty rosy-cheeked maiden who lived in Essex, near London, and whom Cook met shortly after he landed in England.

"She is the wife for me," decided the young man.

And Elizabeth Batts, the girl who had won his heart? Well, she must have been quick to return young Cook's love, as well as proud that she, a girl of the middle class, had been chosen by a ship's master who had already won high praise for service to his country.

So it came about that one month after young Cook set foot on English soil, the church bells rang merrily at the wedding of those two, just as church bells had pealed forth similar joyful news long years before for James's father and mother.

The happy bride and groom went to housekeeping at once in a cozy little home in the East End of London.

Four months filled with gladness passed by for the young couple. Then came the news that must have made the fair Elizabeth's heart heavy. Captain Graves, who was to go to Newfoundland to make maps of the island and vicinity, asked James Cook to go with him to assist in his undertaking.

Thus it came about that the lively young bride had to bid good-by to her lover-husband, but she had one thought to comfort her: he might not have to be away from her very long. Moreover, he was to act as marine surveyor, which was a position of importance, and this gave her reason for added pride in her adored James.

When the Atlantic had been crossed, Cook was promptly given his first task.

"I want you to survey the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon," Captain Graves told him.

The war between France and England was now ended, you must understand, and the Treaty of Paris had been made between the two countries. One of its terms was that St. Pierre and Miquelon were henceforth to be in French possession.

"It is well, however, for my country to have full knowledge of the waters around the islands," the captain had decided. "Hence Surveyor Cook had best examine them thoroughly and make accurate

charts of the same before the French arrive to take possession.

No time must be lost, therefore, in making the survey, and Cook, leaving the big ship which had brought him across the ocean, started in a small schooner to carry out his orders.

All went well for the first three days. Then a grievous accident befell Cook. He happened to be holding in his hand a large horn filled with powder. Somehow or other, there came a violent explosion. The powder had taken fire and the horn burst into fragments. On the instant the brave man's hand was horribly mangled and his thumb was torn apart from the rest of it.

The suffering must have been frightful, and there was no means at hand of relieving it even slightly. Only one thing could be done: an instant return to the *Grenville* for aid. But alas! There was no physician on board the ship. So now the order was given: Set sail for Neddy's Harbor at once.

It seems that there was a physician on a French ship stationed in that harbor, and he would doubtless be able to give the needed help.

In the meantime Cook was enduring the most intense pain, and hours had to pass before he received any aid. And then? It was not what skilled surgeons to-day, with the aid of anæsthetics, are able to give. There was no kindly ether, no morphine even, with which to ease Cook's sufferings. In

those days a glass of strong liquor might perhaps be drunk to increase a person's courage while boiling pitch was poured into a wound to allay inflammation, but that would be the only help.

We may be sure that James Cook did not cringe under the ordeal. On the other hand, he was so impatient at the delay caused by the accident that he insisted that some one else should go on with the work till he could take charge of it once more.

During his enforced days of idleness, there was plenty of excitement on board the ship. One day, for instance, the sailors drank too heavily of a kind of grog, and many of them got drunk. In that state, they became quarrelsome and rose up against their officers. It was a dangerous condition of affairs and quick action was needed to stop the mutiny; but Cook was equal to the situation. Three of the worst offenders were promptly bound on deck, and the ringleader of the mutiny was discovered and punished by being forced to run the "gantelope," similar, no doubt, to the gantlet of the American Indians.

With the example set the sailors by the suffering of their mate, and the wearing off of the effects of the liquor they had drunk, they returned to their duties in short order, and peace ruled once more on the *Grenville*.

Soon after Cook had sufficiently recovered from his wound he received fresh orders; he was to leave

the ship and explore a number of small rivers flowing out from the Canadian mainland.

"I'll take provisions for six days," he decided, "and carry a small boat along with the cutter on which I shall sail. In this little boat I can enter very small rivulets."

Once more, then, he started out on a surveying trip. But all was not to go well with him even now. As he was passing a rocky point of land on his way to St. John's, New Brunswick, the tiny boat carrying him came near the ledge. Almost on the instant it was destroyed, and Cook and his companions were cast into the rough waters.

Fortunately for them, the cutter was near at hand. Nevertheless, anxious moments passed before the men were rescued. Once on board, within sight of the wrecked boat and with angry waves dashing about the cutter, Cook might well thank God that his life had been spared. Little did he guess at that time that the world had need of the important discoveries the future had in store for him. Honor and high reward were, in fact, awaiting him for noble services of which he did not dream even in his most hopeful moments.

Not long after the accident which brought him near death, he was ordered back to England to give a report of what he had accomplished. But even now he found valuable work to do as he bade good-by to America.

"I'll take soundings as I cross the Banks of New-

foundland," he promised himself. "Everything possible must be learned of the waters in this part of the world."

After carrying out this plan, he ordered the *Grenville's* course pointed towards England where he arrived after the usual voyage of many weeks.

How happy was his fair young bride at sight of her brave husband! And how rejoiced he must have been entering his cozy home to find a precious new occupant there! During his absence, indeed, he had become the father of a little baby—and now for the first time he looked upon its bright face and heard its sweet voice.

Even now he could not spend long idle days with his loved ones. He had charts to prepare for the Admiralty, showing the soundings he had taken across the ocean. The rough maps he had made of the coast of Newfoundland, showing its outlets and harbors, also had to be copied with great care.

"Afterwards I trust these will be published for general use," the ambitious master must have hoped with pride in his accuracy.

While he was busy making maps and charts, the *Grenville* was being overhauled for future service and more sailors added to her crew. By spring she was to be ready for a fresh voyage with Cook in command. So the winter passed rapidly till the ice melted and the sun began to shine more brightly on land and sea.

Do you remember Captain Palliser who had

shown faith in Cook's ability in past years? By this time he had become Sir Hugh Palliser and been made Commodore and Governor of Newfoundland and Labrador, to take the place of Captain Graves.

"I know the story of James Cook," he thought. "He is one of the best marine surveyors in the British service.

"I look upon him as a friend and as a man to be trusted. Consequently I want him to go to Newfoundland with me and help me in my work across the ocean by making more charts of the coast of the island and also of Labrador."

So it came about that James Cook received the title of Naval Engineer. Once more he bade goodby to his young wife, and dandled his little child the last time for months to come. Then out into the west he sailed in search of fresh adventure.

He had an abundance of it when once the Canadian shores were reached and he went on with the surveying he had already begun. Once, while anchored in a lonely harbor, he spied two men on shore who had been lost for a month in the woods and were nearly starved. What a relief the sight of the *Grenville* and its master so close at hand must have been to the poor creatures! And how great was their delight when they had been brought on board the brig and given a square meal after weeks of almost vain search for roots and berries to nourish them! The kind-hearted master very likely watched them with pleasure as the color returned

to their faces and strength to their weakened bodies.

At another time the *Grenville* ran hard onto the rocks just as she was about to enter a harbor.

"There is only one way to get off," decided Cook, after careful examination. "We must unload the brig as fast as possible."

The order was given and the sailors set lustily to work. Hour after hour without let-up they kept at it, till the next day found the boat free at last and able to go on her way. She had been damaged severely, however, and repairs had to be made before she could be used once more.

Three years, altogether, passed by before Cook had finished the needed surveying. Each autumn he returned to his happy home, but each succeeding spring found the sea lover back at his work across the Atlantic. While his ship was anchored off the Newfoundland coast he explored a great deal of the country inland, and located lakes and rivers, thus gaining valuable knowledge for his homeland. Besides this, the study he had made of astronomy in past years was put to good use. This is the way it happened: as he was fond of observing the heavens as well as the sea, he carried with him on the *Grenville* some telescopes and other instruments that would aid him in observing the wonders of the sky.

The August of 1766 arrived. "It is calculated that on the fifth of the month there will be an eclipse of the sun when the full moon will shut off its light from us for a few seconds," reflected Cook.

"And here I am at Newfoundland, one of the best places in the world from which to observe it. I'll have my instruments ready. By using them I may learn something not yet known to the Royal Society of London."

Cook succeeded so well in his observation of the eclipse that he wrote an account of what he had seen, calling his paper, "An Observation of an Eclipse of the Sun at the Island of Newfoundland, 5th August, 1766, with the Longitude of the Place of Observation deduced from it." In due time this account was received by the Royal Society of London, whose members forthwith declared: "This marine surveyor, James Cook, is a man of unusual ability. He shows great and unusual knowledge both of mathematics and astronomy. We must not lose sight of him."

With the coming on of the winter in 1767, Cook found himself in England once more, ready to enjoy the company of his wife and the three little children who had come since his marriage.

There were many now who were proud to claim friendship with the man who had begun life on the sea as a humble cabin boy and through his own efforts had become the commander of a vessel, a surveyor in the service of the king, and an esteemed helper of the Royal Society of London.

In the meantime he had earned sufficient money to make his growing family very comfortable in a house which he had bought on Mile End Road in

London. His parents, be it said, had no need of his help. For years his father had had a business of his own and lived in a house which he had built himself. When word came from time to time of James's rise in fortune and in the esteem of his countrymen, this good father doubtless smiled with pride.

"My sailor son gives me credit," he thought. "It is well that his love of the sea made him leave Mr. Sanderson in his little shop at Staithes."

CHAPTER VII

The Great Unknown

"THERE must be a great deal yet to learn," Cook probably said to himself as he pored over the map of the world that was spread before him.

Yes, there was indeed much to learn, far more than he imagined. To be sure, the Pacific Ocean had been discovered by the Spaniard, Balboa, two hundred years before. Magellan, the Portuguese, had followed in Balboa's steps and sailed through the strait that still bears his name, thus finding an easier way to enter the great ocean.

"They met with grievous misfortunes—those two." So Cook may have said to himself when considering their fate. "Balboa was afterwards beheaded, Magellan for his part found the strait opening into the Pacific a dangerous one, and instead of happiness being his portion for many years to come, he was murdered in a conflict with the savage people of the Philippines."

Afterwards, as Cook knew, ship after ship was forced from entering the strait by terrific winds and storms, so that sailors, who are generally superstitious, held back from going on voyages that

would take them to the Pacific where they felt sure of encountering danger.

In thinking over the experiences of early discoveries, Cook's mind doubtless turned often to that daring old Spaniard, Ponce de Leon, whose voyage in the Caribbean Sea, two years after Balboa's sighting the Pacific, brought him to the Isthmus of Panama. At his command, his men carried small boats across the Isthmus and launched them in the Pacific. In one of these Ponce de Leon sailed for some distance along the western coast of North America. He was, therefore, the first white man to ride upon the waters of the great ocean.

Other Spaniards followed in the wake of Balboa and made important discoveries in the Pacific, of which Cook was also aware. And now, with the map spread before him, he could trace the course of their voyages. There, too, he could note what had been discovered in late years by Dutch explorers.

"The Spaniards can no longer lay claim to the Pacific," declared Holland after her sailors had reached the shores of Java and brought home tales of that island's riches.

Then, at last, England caught fire with the desire to explore the South Seas. Ship after ship manned by English sailors set sail for the East and brought back reports of fresh discoveries.

Yet even in the year 1774 the map which Cook examined was far different from the one we have

to-day. The western coast of North America was outlined as far north as California which appeared to be an island. Japanese and Chinese coasts were marked but not accurately placed. The Philippine, Spice and Ladrone Islands also appeared, but only a corner of New Zealand had yet a place on the map.

"There must be a southern continent," believed many wise heads of the time. But no one had as yet been able to locate it.

Cook must have longed to join the ranks of the Pacific explorers. In fancy he could share the adventures of the brave Englishman, Sir Francis Drake, with whom he could picture himself standing on the Isthmus of Panama, viewing for the first time the vast Pacific.

Drake's words at the time had been handed down through the centuries. "Almighty God," he had cried, "of Thy goodness give me life and leave to sail once more in an English ship upon that ocean."

Drake's prayer, as Cook must have known, had been answered and he succeeded in voyaging along the western coast of North America up to latitude 48 degrees.

What was he searching for, you may wonder. He hoped to find a passage through which he might sail into the Atlantic. But he failed, as did other Englishmen after him. He did succeed, however, in sailing around the world, which was considered at the time a wonderful accomplishment.

About the time of Cook's last return from New-

foundland, Captain Wallis, an Englishman, sailed through the Strait of Magellan with great difficulty. Altogether, four months passed before his ships reached the Pacific side of the Strait.

Yet Wallis was not idle while his men labored at their difficult task: he made a chart of those waters, and wrote careful directions to be followed by the men who should come after him. He also studied the lives of the natives living in the desolate lands along the shores.

Afterwards he discovered the Society Islands, as well as Tahiti to which he gave the name of King George the Third's Island.

Two other Englishmen, Commodore Byron and Captain Carteret, also had discovered islands in the Pacific, so Cook learned.

Now we can understand what was before him if he should follow in the pathway of other explorers in the East. They had been obliged to combat unknown waters; they had had to fight that dread disease, scurvy, when their crews lived too long on salted meats; they had had to keep their ships armed, ready for instant action against enemy ships from other countries, and often they had been called upon to defend themselves with their lives.

Yet James Cook was without fear of the ills that might befall him if he might only have a chance to explore unknown parts of the world. He loved his wife and children tenderly. But the sea was ever calling to him when he was on land. Its voice was

strong, insistent. He could not turn a deaf ear to it.

"Your place is on my breast," it kept repeating.

So it came about that when he had been at home for a number of months he was quite ready to embark once more in search of adventure. People were already talking about a rare event which astronomers were predicting would take place in the future. The beautiful planet Venus was to pass across the face of the sun in June of the following year, 1769. Thereupon, the Royal Society of London came to this conclusion: "Since in this passage the planet will move in a direct line between the sun and the earth, those privileged to observe it may be able to gain valuable knowledge of Venus herself and of the distance of the sun from the earth. Furthermore, the transit can be observed in no part of the world so well as in the South Pacific."

Forthwith, the Society petitioned the king to grant the fitting out of a ship for carrying certain eminent astronomers to one of the islands there. They were to observe the transit and learn therefrom all they could. England, so the members of the Society believed, should bear the expense of the undertaking.

King George, hoping to gain more laurels for his kingdom and added knowledge of the stars, gave the desired permission readily, and then the important point was raised: "Who is best fitted to head the expedition?"

CHAPTER VIII

Off to the South Seas

"YOU are to command the expedition to the South Seas."

When this news was brought to the little household at Mile End, Old Town, Cook's delight must have been unbounded. He, to have full charge of the ship on which noted astronomers were to sail for distant and little known waters! And these men to be in quest of knowledge for which the whole world was eager! It was wonderful, wonderful.

But how had he, out of all adventuring seamen, come to be chosen?

The Royal Society, as it happened, had at first selected a certain Mr. Dalrymple to be commander of the ship.

At that, the head of the Admiralty objected strongly. "Mr. Dalrymple is not even a sailor," he declared. "Nor does he belong to the navy. Consequently, it will not be wise to give him command."

"Who, then, shall be chosen for the position?" the members of the Admiralty asked each other.

Mr. Stephens, the Secretary of the Admiralty, shortly proposed that James Cook should be made commander of the expedition.

"I know Mr. Cook," he said. "He has been a master in the royal service and has done faithful work as naval engineer and surveyor on the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador. He is the fittest person I know to have charge of the undertaking. Furthermore, Sir Hugh Palliser, Governor of Newfoundland, knows Cook's past work and will certainly recommend him."

When the Secretary had finished speaking, his fellow members nodded their heads.

"Mr. Stephens's words are sensible," they agreed. "We will ask Sir Hugh Palliser to tell us what he can about James Cook."

You can easily guess what Palliser said when he was questioned.

He gave Cook the highest praise for his skill and determination and his knowledge of navigation, as well as for the uprightness of his character and his ability to control sailors wisely.

Thus it shortly came about that James Cook received a most unusual promotion for the master of a ship: he was raised to the rank of lieutenant and was given command of the coming expedition.

"You are to select the ship you think best fitted for the long and dangerous voyage," he was told.

"I must get busy without delay," he decided as soon as he learned what was ahead of him. "Sir Hugh Palliser will help me, I am sure, in choosing the vessel."

This good friend was only too glad to give what

aid he could. Accordingly, the two men went to inspect certain vessels lying in the harbor, that might suit the needed purpose. Among them was a coaling ship which had been built in Whitby and from which Cook had sailed years before as cabin boy. It bore the name *Earl Pembroke.*

"She is a well-built vessel," agreed Cook and Palliser, "and is stout enough to withstand the storms she may have to encounter."

"She must be renamed," decided her new master when the Admiralty had purchased her and given her into his hands for fitting out. "Henceforth she shall be known as the *Endeavor.*"

"As I met with success after starting from Whitby, it is a good sign also that my ship was built there and first sailed away from that port," Cook thought, as he set about having the *Endeavor* fitted up for the coming undertaking.

With careful thought, therefore, he had supplies of food stored on board, that would last those who sailed on the vessel for a year and a half.

"We must carry plenty of arms too," determined Cook. "These may be needed to defend us from any attack made by pirate ships."

Accordingly, he purchased twelve swivel guns and ten carronades, together with ammunition for the same.

Before all was ready for departure, forty-one well trained sailors, twelve marines, and nine servants including a cook had been hired to make the

voyage. These, with the officers, a surgeon, a carpenter, and several tradesmen, made a company of eighty-five men altogether.

Three distinguished scientists accompanied Cook. One of these was the astronomer, Charles Green, who was deeply interested in the coming eclipse. The second was the noted botanist, Joseph Banks. He was young and had great wealth and was consequently able to bring servants to attend to his wants, two of them white men and two colored. Besides these, he had in his special company two naturalists and two artists to aid him in his work.

"After the astronomers in the company have made their observations of the Transit of Venus," Mr. Banks promised himself, "my party can make discoveries to enrich Natural History. We will gather and preserve the strange insects to be found in these hot regions we will visit. Then, too, we will fish for coral and will gather the seed of plants unknown to England. We will search for strange animals and preserve in spirits those we succeed in killing."

The third scientist, Dr. Solander, was already famous as a naturalist.

Thus Lieutenant Cook had distinguished men in his company to liven the long voyage ahead of him and add to his knowledge by interesting conversation.

The month of July, 1768, arrived after busy

weeks of preparation by the commander who could now say, "All is ready for the start."

A last good-by had already been said to the little family Cook was leaving behind him when he boarded the ship to sail into the great unknown.

"Will he ever return to us? Will he be able to stand out bravely against the tempests he will encounter? Will his life be spared by the savages whom he will find on the island chosen for observation of the transit of Venus?" Such must have been the questions the commander's wife asked herself as she turned to the care of the little home and the children who might never see their brave father again. Cook himself was at first too busy with his duties on the ship to have time for much thought of the loved ones he was leaving behind.

With the English ensign raised aloft, the *Endeavor* sailed down the Thames, with the watchers on shore echoing the question of the fair Elizabeth, "Will James Cook return to us?"

At Plymouth, the ship came to anchor to receive arms and provisions that had not as yet been put on board. Then out into the ocean the *Endeavor* moved on the twenty-sixth day of August.

Twenty-six years before or thereabouts, a lively lad, moving quickly, had darted hither and thither about a coaling ship sailing out of Whitby. He strove hard to obey the commands of the mate and escape as much as possible the blows freely admin-

istered in those days. Of course he was for a time the butt of the sailors who looked upon him as an ignorant landlubber and shouted loud guffaws at his mistakes. He had scant food and that the coarsest. He was never sure when or how he might get the sleep needed by aching eyes and heavy head. His one comfort was the sea that stretched about him and that he loved with all his might.

What a difference time makes! Now at the age of forty the raw youth had become a man, the very sight of whose keen, brilliant eyes made those who served him hasten to do his bidding. His chin and mouth had grown more determined each year. His wide forehead spoke of rare intelligence and understanding. He had, it would seem, been born to command.

"Head into the south." Such was the order he gave, as the *Endeavor's* sails were set to the wind and the ship went on her way. Past France and Spain she traveled, drawing ever nearer to Africa.

The voyage was not to be an easy one. Heavy storms shortly arose and the ship was buffeted by angry waves and floods of rain fell through a whole day and night.

While the gale lasted there could be little sleep for James Cook and his sailors. To the commander's dismay, a small boat was washed away from the *Endeavor,* leaks were discovered in her upper works, and "three or four dozen of our

poultry which was worst of all," so the commander wrote in his Journal, "were drowned."

"A bad beginning makes a good ending." So the old adage runs. At any rate James Cook was not discouraged by the poor start. Nor was he disheartened when a sad accident happened after the *Endeavor* had come to anchor in the harbor of Funchal on the Madeira Islands off the coast of Africa.

As it happened, the sailor in charge of the lowering of the anchor must have been careless, because next morning it was found to have slipped. Therefore it had to be lifted up and carried farther out. Then it was that the accident occurred. As the rope was thrown out the mate got caught in it. In the twinkling of an eye he was lifted from his feet and carried overboard. Held helpless, he fell into the depths below, where he was speedily drowned before any one could reach him.

"This dreadful thing happened because we sailed away from England on Friday," the superstitious sailors grumbled. "We can expect only misfortune to follow us."

Their sensible commander was above such foolish notions. Friday was to him as good as any other day. Nevertheless, he must have been grieved at the unfortunate death of the mate so soon after leaving England.

There was much to divert him, however, during his stay at Funchal. The English consul stationed

there was very hospitable and entertained him splendidly.

"He is behind the times, though," the commander must have said to himself, after the consul had shown his ignorance of many things known in England at that time. Sometimes he was even really amusing, as when he came on board the *Endeavor* and was treated to shocks from a simple electrical machine which Cook had brought with him. He had "as many shocks as he cared for, perhaps more," so Mr. Banks wrote afterwards.

Cook found that the people settled on the island were friendly, but ignorant and lazy. If Madeira had been Eden before Adam's fall, one of her governors once declared, "the people there would never have been willing to cover their nakedness with clothes."

Five busy days were spent at Funchal while Cook saw that fresh beef, poultry, water, fruit and wine were added to the ship's stores. He also obtained a large supply of onions.

"If the sailors eat these plentifully," he thought, "they may be saved from having that dread disease, scurvy."

Right here you shall learn what happened to two of the men who refused to eat the fresh beef doled out to them. Oddly enough, sailors become so fond of salt meat that they come to detest that which is unsalted. When those men dared refuse to obey their commander's order, they got what was to be

expected in those days of long ago, twelve lashes upon their bare backs. Not lightly was the cat-o'-nine-tails used, either. Horrible, wasn't it? Yet Cook looked upon the punishment as necessary to the life of his men.

"If this marine and this sailor are not forced to do my bidding in the matter," he thought, "others will follow their example. Scurvy will then shortly break out because of the constant eating of salt meats. Then woe to the crew and to the success of the expedition!"

Before leaving Funchal, Cook, with several companions, visited a convent and met the nuns who were eager in questioning their guests about the outside world from which they had shut themselves. Such silly questions as they asked, evidently believing that their guests knew everything. "When will it thunder?" was one of their questions. It was pitiful to see their ignorance.

A monastery was also visited. The monks were kindly men, but very poor. There was so little food in their larder they could not invite their guests to remain for dinner.

"Come back to-morrow," they said, "and you shall have a roast turkey with us."

This could not be, however. The *Endeavor* would be ready for sailing in a few hours. So good-by was said to the monks, and the next morning the voyagers went on board the ship, ready to continue on their way.

Still southward sailed the *Endeavor,* till four days after Funchal had been left behind the island of Teneriffe came into sight.

Soon afterwards Cook beheld a strange sight: it was that of fishes leaving the sea and flying a short distance up into the air. One of them rose so high that it actually made its way into a cabin below decks.

"Marvelous indeed are God's ways that this could happen," the commander must have thought.

But fresh wonder awaited him soon afterwards when he discovered the sea to be aglow with a strange soft light. The path of the ship through the waters showed itself in a trail of this beautiful light.

"What causes it?" the watchers on deck asked each other, whereupon the order was given: "Cast a net overboard. Then we may be able to discover the meaning of this phenomenon."

The net was thrown out, and lo! it brought up a number of creatures belonging to the jellyfish family.

"Now we understand what no one before us could explain," decided the naturalists on board. "The phosphorescent light is given off by these fishes."

Every day now was full of interest. Strange birds were shot, and hitherto unknown fishes were caught in the nets thrown out from the ship. Moreover, a young shark was killed and given to the cook to prepare for eating.

"It is delicious," declared Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander when they had tasted it.

The sailors, however, would not touch it. They had a notion that their religion forbade it.

And now each day grew warmer as the *Endeavor* moved farther into the south. The weather was perfect. The sky was clear save for a few soft clouds. A gentle northeast wind blew steadily, driving the ship on its course with little need of work by the sailors. Life seemed a beautiful dream to the men bound on the great adventure.

But their easy life was not to last long. As they drew near the equator, the wind died down and the hot sun beat upon the ship so that it was hard to breathe with comfort. It was well-nigh impossible for the sailors to get sleep in their bunks below deck.

Slow as the passage was, the equator was reached at last.

"Proper respect must be shown to Father Neptune," insisted the crew.

Their commander willingly consented to the ceremony that now took place. All were summoned on deck, and those who had never crossed the equator before were set apart from the rest of the company, to undergo a strange ordeal. Cook probably was not asked to share in it because of his high position. Still others, including Mr. Banks, were excused on one condition only: they must agree to go without wine for the next four days.

Now then for the fun! Each victim was blindfolded and placed in turn in a rough sort of swing in which he was lowered into the sea. Once, twice,

thrice, he was ducked. And all the time the company gathered on deck looked on in great merriment. Cook himself was as much amused as the others. He afterwards said of what had taken place—that it "was performed to about twenty or thirty to the no small diversion of the rest."

CHAPTER IX

Exciting Adventures

"WE will surely be as kindly received at Rio de Janeiro as we were at Madeira." So Cook believed when the Atlantic had been safely crossed and the *Endeavor* was nearing the beautiful South American harbor close to which stood the capital of Brazil.

Nearly two months had passed in the voyage from Madeira.

"How good it will be to step once more on dry land and taste fresh food!" thought the adventurers, as the picture of future feasts arose in their minds.

"Undoubtedly," thought Cook, "we will be received with kindness by the people of Rio de Janeiro."

But no! to his disappointment the Viceroy met him with coldness.

"Why has this English ship come here?" the suspicious Viceroy said to himself. "It cannot be for a good purpose. All this talk of being on the way to view what these visitors call the transit of Venus from an island in the South Seas is nonsense. I suppose from what the silly men say, they expect that

the North Star is going to travel to the South Pole. Bosh, I say, to this nonsense!"

You can see from this how ignorant and stupid the Viceroy was when he had such ideas. Furthermore, he made the *Endeavor's* stay at Rio de Janeiro as unpleasant as possible. He would not give permission to any one on board to come ashore except Cook, and even he was suffered to go about in the city only with an officer who had been chosen to spy on his movements.

"Nevertheless, I must somehow get a fresh supply of water for the ship before leaving the place," decided the commander. "I must also purchase a quantity of fresh beef, fruit, and wine because of the long voyage ahead of us."

He managed to obtain these after considerable difficulty, though the water was very poor and the meat dry and high priced. Then, on the fifth of December, the *Endeavor* sailed away, and the voyagers gladly bade good-by to Rio de Janeiro. But they suddenly found themselves in danger when the fort in the harbor discharged two shots at the ship. At once the *Endeavor* was halted in her course, while Cook sent a messenger ashore to demand why the attack had been made.

"I had received no word from the Viceroy that the *Endeavor* was leaving," was the answer. Then, when the Viceroy was asked to explain, he said he had not remembered to send a permit to the fort, though he had written one.

Two days were wasted before the matter was settled, after which Cook gave the order to sail as directly as possible down toward bleak Tierra del Fuego. It was the seventh of December, and midsummer in Brazil; but the days grew colder for the company making their way southward.

Christmas Day arrived. The sailors had looked forward to its coming because it meant light work and liberal feasting. But there could be no entertainment such as Commander Byrd and his companions were able to enjoy not long ago in their camp near the South Pole. There was no radio by means of which they could talk with their friends at home; no player piano, victrola, or other musical inventions known to-day. But quite likely, the sailors danced on the deck and, mayhap, played on rough instruments of their own making, such as canvas stretched over a round box for a drum, etc.

Some of those sailors on the *Endeavor* drank more grog that Christmas Day than was good for them. They became so unsteady on their feet that Mr. Banks wondered, so he wrote in his journal, what would have happened if a violent storm had arisen.

January, 1769, found the ship still moving safely on her way; and on the eleventh, the coast of Tierra del Fuego came into sight.

It was now bitter cold, but Cook found the island looking less desolate than he expected.

"I will not attempt the long and difficult passage

through the Strait of Magellan," decided the commander, as he thought of Captain Wallis who had recently spent three months in sailing in constant danger through the Strait.

"No," he concluded, "I believe that on the whole it will be safer for the *Endeavor* to sail down close to the southern shore of Tierra del Fuego and make her way through the strait which the Dutchman, LeMaire, discovered flowing between it and barren little Staten Island. By doing that, LeMaire was able to reach the Pacific in safety."

Cook guessed truly, however, that great danger was in waiting for him even now. He would encounter violent winds blowing from the west and striving with a deafening roar to hold the ship back from her course. Mighty waves, mountain high, would dash constantly against the rocky shores on either side; and the only sounds of life would be the harsh cries of sea birds as they fought their way through the air. But the commander was unafraid, and his spirit gave the sailors courage to strive their hardest to hold the *Endeavor* against the terrific tide that had set in. They strained every nerve and muscle to their task manfully and the worst was over in three days and a half. Then all on board breathed again in comfort.

Though ever on the watch for danger, Cook had been able to make some important observations, the first ones ever taken so far south in the Western Hemisphere.

The two naturalists, Banks and Solander, were not idle at this time.

"If only we could stay for a brief time at Staten Island," they told Cook, "we might be able to collect some interesting specimens."

So they were landed with difficulty on the island. They were rewarded by being able to collect some plants and flowers unknown in Europe.

Soon afterwards a good harbor came into view on the coast of Tierra del Fuego. It was the Bay of Success on whose shores Cook hoped to get a supply of wood and fresh water.

When he and a few companions had landed, they were met by the black natives who seemed kindly disposed, especially when Cook presented them with some bright-colored ribbons and shining beads.

These dark-skinned people with the hides of animals over their shoulders and their bodies smeared with paint were a strange sight to Cook in this first venture of his into southern waters. The savages spoke an unknown tongue, but the commander made signs of friendship they were able to understand. He found that they had well-made bows and arrows which they treasured. With these they were able to kill the seals and penguins that visited the bleak shores.

How did these people manage to exist in such a cold desolate land where even the trees were scanty and dwarfed? That question which arose in Cook's mind was answered in part when he found that they

had homes (homes, indeed!) built of boughs with a covering of grass and leaves.

The savages, moreover, had somehow learned to make fires. Without the warmth thus gained they could never have endured the piercing winds and icy storms that visited the island.

During the *Endeavor's* stay in the harbor a party of nine men left the ship to explore the country. They managed with difficulty to climb the slopes of several hills that were covered with deep underbrush. Then, all at once, the weather became bitter cold and a driving snowstorm arose. Worst of all, the weary trampers, benumbed by the cold, were almost overpowered by the longing for sleep. Woe to them if they should yield to the longing! The next day their frozen bodies would have been found lying lifeless in that desolate land.

It so happened that one of the sailors and Mr. Banks's two black servants who were in the party dropped behind the others whose loudest calls could not reach them.

Night came on.

"We cannot find our way back to the shore in the darkness," agreed the forlorn company. "We must gather brush for a fire to warm our chilled bodies and get through the hours till daylight as well as possible."

The fire was made and its heat was comforting. But the stomachs of the explorers were empty. They had not expected to be long away from the ship, and

had brought only enough food for the noon lunch. So, hungry as bears, they settled themselves around the fire.

Hark! After hours had passed, shouting could be heard in the distance. The sailor who had not kept up with the others was crying afar off for help. He was found and brought to the fire, and its warmth revived him. But alas! his two companions, the black men, were not so fortunate. Next morning they were found frozen to death.

When the party longed for breakfast to furnish strength for the tramp ahead of them there was nothing to eat, as on the night before.

"We *must* have food," they were quite agreed. So they looked about in search of possible prey. It was in vain till they caught sight of a vulture within shooting distance. The horrible creature was brought down and its body divided among the company. Each one cooked his own small piece, not more than three mouthfuls altogether, and had to be content with the nourishment it gave him.

By that time the storm was over, and the hungry, weary men were able to make their way back to the ship.

How do you suppose Cook felt when he listened to the story of the adventure and of the death of two of the party?

"Those black men lost their lives through drinking too much of the strong liquor that was in their keeping," he decided. "I feel sure of that."

With this thought in his mind, his keen eyes must have looked unusually stern, and his lips shut closely together. But theirs was a pitiful death, nevertheless, and a great loss had befallen Mr. Banks who would henceforth have no black servants to attend to his wants.

Though the naturalists had undergone much suffering in the expedition, they had gathered some rare flowers. Besides this, they had found a quantity of wild celery and cress which they showed with pride.

"These will help in fighting scurvy in the long voyage ahead of us," thought Cook who was ever mindful of the health of his men.

The twenty-seventh of January was an important day, because then the *Endeavor* left Cape Horn wrapped in fog behind her, and sailed into the calmer waters of the Pacific.

"Steer south," Cook ordered. He was watching for possible discoveries. And he had his reward when he found no currents to encounter.

"Ah!" he thought, "currents show that a land is not far away. Now then! I do not believe there is a vast continent stretching around the South Pole, whatever other people suppose about the matter."

After this the ship was directed northward. Weeks passed, and still she moved so little that life was monotonous day after day. Consequently when Banks killed an albatross there was considerable excitement on board.

"Now we can find out how stewed albatross

tastes," his companions said to each other. They waited eagerly while the albatross was skinned, soaked in salt water, and boiled by the cook till it was tender. When it had been served with a tasty sauce it was pronounced delicious.

"Better than fresh pork!" cried those who ate it.

Soon afterwards another unusual dish was served at the captain's table. It was a large cuttlefish that had been seen floating near the ship and caught. Such a savory soup was made out of that fish that Banks wrote of it in his journal: "Only this I know that of it was made one of the best soups I ever ate."

Land folks like ourselves can scarcely imagine how good those odd dishes tasted to the seafarers who had been without fresh meat for many weeks.

About two months after the voyagers had left Cape Horn behind them, a pitiful thing happened. It was the suicide of one of the marines who had stolen a piece of seal skin from one of the men on board and afterwards been found out and railed at by the other marines.

"We will report you to the sergeant," they told him, and continued to heap abuse on him till he could bear it no longer and threw himself into the sea.

April had opened when land was sighted. It proved to consist of reefs with a lovely lagoon in the center. Undoubtedly it had been built up during many centuries by coral insects.

"There is no place to anchor, so it is useless for us to try to land," decided Cook.

But he must have been deeply interested at the sight of the cocoanut palms and other tropical trees growing on the island. Still more so perhaps was he interested in the people with black hair and brown skins who came paddling out toward the ship, and followed it for a while.

"They don't seem to want us to land," the voyagers decided as they watched them.

"I will name this place Lagoon Island," said the commander, as the *Endeavor* left it behind and sailed on past still other lovely lands to which Cook also gave names. Some of these had already been discovered by the explorer Bougainville.

The twelfth day of that month of April was one to be long remembered. The *Endeavor* came close to a most beautiful place, one of the Society Islands of which Captain Wallis had brought back word to England shortly before Cook started out on his great undertaking.

King George's Island, so Wallis had named it, though the natives there called it Otaheite, and we know it to-day as Tahiti. From Wallis's description the Royal Society had decided that it would be an excellent place from which to observe the transit of Venus.

When the ship came to anchor on the following day the hearts of all on board were filled with joy. They had been away from England more than eight

long months and the thought of staying for a while on dry land was very pleasant.

Almost as soon as the *Endeavor* appeared in the harbor the natives of the island sprang into their canoes, and paddled out around the ship when she came to a standstill.

"They are fine-looking fellows, straight as an arrow," agreed the voyagers admiringly. "Their bronze skins are really beautiful. And their big brown eyes are gentle."

"They wish to make friends with us," decided Cook.

He must have been pleased at the sight of the rare fruits they had brought to offer in trade to the white men. Among these were cocoanuts, and breadfruit which Cook could never have seen before. There were also fresh fish, both raw and cooked, and a pig.

The commander, however, would not accept the pig. The visitors asked too much pay for it—a hatchet. "We haven't many hatchets on board, so I can't give even one of them for the creature," thought Cook.

However, he gladly purchased the fruit and fish, since the savages were satisfied to receive some glass beads in return for them. When the bartering was over, a party of the explorers made ready to go on shore. There they met with a friendly reception, and had a chance to watch the curious ways of the people whose words they could not understand.

The next day two brown visitors, who seemed to be leading men among the natives, visited the ship. Cook and his company treated them with respect, and invited them down into the cabin where they went without the slightest fear.

Forthwith, a strange ceremony followed. Mr. Banks wrote a description of it in his journal: "Each singled out his friends," said the naturalist. "One took the captain and the other chose myself. Each took off a part of his clothes, and dressed his friend with what he took off. In return for this, we presented them with a hatchet and some beads."

"Visit us on shore," then said the chiefs in sign language.

So it came about that soon afterwards Cook, Banks, and a few companions found themselves entering a long hut where they were presented to an old chief who was evidently an important man in the settlement. Forthwith, he gave Cook a cock, and Banks a hen.

"These two men," the islanders had probably decided, "are the leaders among our white visitors."

After Banks had presented the old savage with his lace-trimmed silk neckcloth and a handkerchief, the ceremony was over, and the visitors went out into the open air, free to look about as much as they wished. Everywhere they met kindly faces. More than this—the friendly people held out to them green branches to show their good will to the visitors and their wish for peace. Then, before the

white men returned to the ship, they were bidden to a feast prepared in their honor. It consisted mostly of fish, and breadfruit whose white pulp had been baked.

Before the feast ended an unpleasant thing happened: an opera glass and a snuff box had been stolen from two of the party. There was a great to-do when the theft was discovered. As soon as one of the newly made friends among the natives learned what had happened he began to strike at his people, right and left. He even knocked some of them down and drove off the rest.

"Take these," he signed to the visitors, holding up strips of cloth made by the natives.

After the white men had made him understand they would not accept these nor anything else he offered, but wished only to have the stolen opera glass and snuff box given back to them, these were in due time returned. The natives, so Cook soon discovered, were "prodigious expert" in thieving, though friendly and good-natured.

"Since we are to make a long stay on this island," he promptly decided, "we must hold their friendship as well as treat them with justice. On the other hand, they must be dealt with firmly."

Consequently he made several rules which his own men were to obey in all their dealings with the natives. He held his men strictly to these rules and so when, later on, one of them threatened to cut the throat of a native woman for not being willing to

trade a little stone hatchet for the nail he offered, the commander ordered the man to be stripped, tied to a mast, and severely whipped. He was so wise, however, that he waited till one of the chiefs of the island, accompanied by some of his people, came on board the ship.

"They shall witness the flogging," thought Cook. "Then they will see that I am as ready to punish any of my own men who do wrong as quickly as I would one of these savages."

The effect of the punishment on the natives must have amazed Cook. They began to weep at the first lash of the whip on the offender's back.

"Spare him," they begged in their strange tongue. They could not bear to see suffering even though it was deserved.

Cook was already making plans for the undertaking which had brought him to the island.

"We must without delay choose the spot from which we are to make observations of the transit," he said to those who were to share his undertaking.

Hence the second day after his arrival he started out with a small party to explore the island and soon found what seemed an excellent site. It was on an eastern point of land reaching out into the bay and not near a settlement of any natives. Forthwith Cook called the place Point Venus.

"We must build a fort here," he told his companions, "in which we can store the instruments we will need in making our observations."

The work was begun as soon as workmen had come from the ship, accompanied by some marines to guard them and the supplies from harm. And now to the task with a will! Tents were put up, ditches dug, and banks thrown up, to protect the place from possible attack.

Unfortunately, soon after Cook had gone away to explore the island further, sore trouble began. A native, who had been watching with some of his people, crept up behind the sentinel who stood on guard, seized his musket, and fled.

"Shoot him!" instantly ordered the midshipman in command of the marines. But the shot missed its mark. The midshipman himself now made after him, and his shot succeeded in bringing the man down "dead as a doornail."

Cook and his fellow explorers off in the woods heard the report of the musket.

"That means trouble!" they thought. The commander hurried back to the camp, greatly disturbed.

When he learned that one of the natives had been killed, he was still more troubled.

"We may lose the trust of the savages because of this," he said to himself. "I must do all I can to restore it."

Well might the officer who had sent the fatal shot tremble when he came before his chief whose eyes must have flashed as he rebuked the man sternly. The midshipman was not likely to act a second time with such cruel haste.

A native seized a musket and fled.

In the meantime, all the natives save one had fled from the camp grounds, fearing harm to themselves. One fellow alone, who had considerable influence among his people, had dared to remain. Cook made signs to him that he was sorry for what had happened and wished to be just to all. Peace was consequently made after a fashion; nevertheless, for days afterwards the natives would have little to do with their visitors.

Another unfortunate happening soon followed. Mr. Buchan, an artist who had come on the expedition was taken ill with an epileptic fit, and died.

"What shall be done with his body?" wondered Cook. "The savages are full of superstition. They might be troubled if we buried our friend in the ground, something contrary to their custom."

Accordingly, the last services for Mr. Buchan were held on board the ship and his body was then cast into the ocean. The natives, as Cook knew, had treated the body of the man who had stolen the musket in a far different manner. After wrapping it in a cloth, they had taken it into a stretch of woods. There they had set up a rough framework on posts, with a roof over it. On this platform they laid the body, together with the man's weapons, some water and some fruit.

"Now," they seemed to feel, "he is provided with all he needs for his journey to the beyond. We can do no more."

As the days went by, the defenses of the fort were

finished, and guns were set up ready to be fired off in case of an attack.

"There is little danger of harm coming to it now," reflected Cook, as he thought of the forty-five men whom he had selected to garrison the place.

Last of all, the instruments needed for the approaching observation were brought from the ship, to be ready for use when the right time for using them should arrive. A sentinel took his place to guard the treasured articles.

Lo, next morning a great loss had occurred—almost right under the sentinel's nose, too! The quadrant, stored in a tent before which the guard had paced back and forth all night long, had been stolen and carried off. It was a heavy instrument, and of the greatest value because without it the observations for which the expedition had left England could not take place. Dreadful indeed was the discovery of its disappearance! A search for it began at once.

Green and Banks with a friendly chief, Toubourai Tamaide, started out at once, Cook following close behind with some marines. They traveled a long distance before they came upon a native carrying a portion of the missing instrument.

Now was the moment for speedy action. Banks instantly held out his pistol. At the same time he drew a circle on the ground. "Now," he signed sternly to the natives who had gathered about him, "place inside that circle the parts of the quadrant which have been stolen from us."

They did not dare to disobey the command. One after another came forward and laid a portion of the instrument where Banks had commanded. A few small parts were found to be still missing, but in course of time these too were recovered.

Now for a rather amusing story. It seems that a certain chief, Taburai, who had become a devoted friend of Mr. Banks, sent word to the naturalist that he was very ill and wanted much to see him. He had been poisoned, so the messenger managed to explain, by something given him by one of the sailors.

"What could it have been?" wondered Banks.

After asking a few questions one of the men brought him a package containing some tobacco.

"Aha!" he thought, "now I understand what is the matter with Taburai. After seeing the sailors chewing tobacco, he thought it was good to eat, and swallowed some of it. I believe the poor creature can be cured by drinking a quantity of cocoanut milk which will soothe his inflamed stomach."

The cocoanut milk was given the sufferer, and in a short time he was well and no doubt grateful to his white physician.

The natives acted like loving, happy children in most ways. But they had never learned that it was wrong to steal. So, whenever they had a chance, they took clothing, tools—anything they liked on which they could lay their hands. One night, for

instance, when Cook was sleeping in a native hut, his stockings were stolen from him though he had been careful to place them under his head before closing his eyes!

Banks had even greater trouble that same night. While sleeping in a canoe on the shore when he had found it was too late to make his way back to the fort, all his clothing except the pants which he had on were taken from the boat. So, too, were his flask of powder and his pistol. He and Cook must have been a funny sight next morning when they met, Banks almost naked and Cook barelegged.

"This thieving must certainly stop!" Cook decided indignantly.

He accordingly seized a number of natives' canoes loaded with fish, and declared he would hold them till everything which had been stolen was returned. He met with scant success. Some of the missing goods were brought back though many articles were never seen again by the white men. After a while the commander returned the boats when he found that the fish were spoiling.

During the weeks spent at Tahiti, the commander had to punish some of the sailors for wrongdoing. Nevertheless, for the most part the days were filled with pleasure for the members of the expedition. To begin with, the island was a beautiful dwelling place with its feathery palm trees, its blossoming plants, and its lovely shores bathed by the blue waters of the ocean. The air was soft and soothing. Birds

of brilliant plumage flew overhead, singing sweet songs. Then, too, the well-shaped, handsome natives were good to look at and graceful in their sports, whether bathing in the warm sea or paddling about in their canoes.

"Surely we are blessed in having such a resting place." So Cook must have thought as pictures of what he had encountered since leaving the homeland arose in his mind. The terrible storms encountered in rounding Cape Horn, the bitter cold of the far southern waters, the unkindness of the Brazilian governor, the ugliness of the dull-witted savages of Tierra del Fuego—all these must now have seemed unpleasant dreams.

"If only," he doubtless said to himself, "my good wife and loving children could enjoy the life with me here, feasting on delicious fruits and fresh fish!"

But they were thousands of miles away, and the telegraph and radio were yet to be invented. So they could only wonder what was happening to the dauntless husband and father in the South Seas. Months hence they were to hear about the strange concerts of the Tahitians when the brown men played on handmade flutes by blowing into the holes with their nostrils. They would also listen to descriptions of the mimic battles and the dances in which the natives took part for the entertainment of their guests.

Each day of their stay on the island, Cook and his company were looking forward with ever greater

interest to the forthcoming transit of Venus. Every astronomical instrument had been set in place when the second of June arrived. Only a few hours would now pass before the great event would take place.

"Will the weather to-morrow suit our purpose?" Cook wondered. "Will the sky be free from clouds, so that we can see clearly and make observations that will add to our country's fame?"

That night many wakeful people at the camp looked out into the darkness watching for hopeful signs in the heavens. They were not disappointed when dawn arrived. The eclipse lasted for six hours on that day of days for Cook—from nine o'clock in the morning till three in the afternoon. These were busy hours, but they brought the success the commander had hoped for. Important observations were made during that time and carefully noted.

When the great event was over, Cook had no thought of idling for a while. "I will sail close around the island in one of the boats and learn its size and nature," he decided.

Without considering the dangers he might encounter, he started out with Banks for companion. The two men soon found that they needed to be very careful because the shore in many places was edged with sharp rocks reaching out into the water. The boat might therefore easily capsize. Woe to the explorers if they were cast into those waters and dashed to destruction against the rocks or seized by

hungry sharks, ready to feast on their prey. Their lives were spared, however, throughout the passage during which they stopped from time to time to visit various parts of the island and make friends with the natives living thereabouts.

After their return to the ship, Cook prepared in earnest to leave beautiful Tahiti. Fresh meat and fruits were purchased from the islanders and stored on board the *Endeavor* for future use. When everything was nearly ready for the start two of the marines could not be found!

The commander learned from the natives that they had run away. Yes, and because they had fallen in love with two pretty maidens of Tahiti and decided that they wanted to marry them and live with them there for the rest of their lives. They had fled with the girls into the wilderness, though they were bound by the laws of the navy to remain with the ship!

"They must be found and brought back," declared Cook sternly.

But how could they be reached, was the question.

The commander promptly thought of a way to find his missing men. At his order, several of the native chiefs and the wife of one of them were seized and imprisoned in the fort.

"You shall not be set free," Cook told them, "till my marines have been brought back."

The captives saw that he meant what he said. Moreover, they didn't enjoy being imprisoned. So

it shortly came about that a company of the natives were soon on their way to find the runaways who were returned in short order to the ship.

Four days afterwards the *Endeavor* was ready for departure.

"Let me and my boy servant go with you," begged Tupia, one of the leading men of the island.

"Tupia has been a faithful friend to me throughout my stay," thought the commander as he looked into the brown man's earnest face. "I will let him come because he can be of great help to me in talking with natives elsewhere and make my wishes plain to them. Besides, he knows a good deal about the waters in these parts."

So it came about that the *Endeavor* sailed away with two Tahitians in her company, while the natives, who had crowded on shore to watch their departure, wept bitterly as their friends moved farther and farther away from their homeland.

CHAPTER X

Fresh Discoveries

AFTER spending three months at Tahiti I want to explore the other islands in these waters." So Cook thought, on giving orders to head the *Endeavor* toward the large island of Huaheine, not far distant.

As the ship neared the coast, the king of the country, Orea, came out in his canoe to meet the white visitors. He was very friendly and took a liking to the commander at once.

Now it was that Tupia made himself useful. He was able to interpret the words of the king and his followers to his white friends, and their words to him.

"Let us change names," Orea said to Cook as a sign of his friendship. "While you're on my island, you shall be *Orea,* and I will be *Cookee.*"

His dignified white guest consented with amusement. Wherever he went on the island afterwards he met only with kindness. He soon found, however, that the natives were given to thieving, like those he had left behind him.

Four weeks passed pleasantly with visits to other near-by islands where Cook hoisted the flag of Eng-

land and took possession for his king. He named the group as a whole, the Society Islands.

Then after getting a supply of fresh fruit and other provisions from the natives, he gave the order, "Let the ship sail into the south." It was now the month of August.

For the next four days no new land was sighted by the adventurers. Then a small island appeared in view. A little boat containing the ever adventurous Banks, Gore, and Tupia was sent ashore. But they met with a very unpleasant reception there, because the natives greeted them with fierce yells, and strove to prevent their landing. At that a shot was discharged by one of the seamen, striking the head of an islander. That, of course, made bad matters worse and it would have been foolish to try to land.

The boat was next rowed around the island in search of a harbor where the ship could be anchored but when none was found, Cook again gave the order, "Sail into the south."

What had he in mind, do you suppose? He was thinking, "If there is a great southern continent, as so many of the people at home believe, I want to be the one to discover it." On sailed the ship day after day through unknown waters till the twenty-sixth of August arrived, exactly one year since the adventurers had left their native land.

"We will have a celebration," decided Cook, "in

honor of what we have accomplished so far in safety."

Forthwith a Cheshire cheese was brought out for the feast, together with a cask of beer. It was a time of merriment for all on board.

Still southward, but a little west, sailed the ship with no fresh discoveries till at last, on the seventh of October, there rang out the cry from the youth Nicholas Young, "Land ho!"

"'Tis the great southern continent," insisted many of Cook's companions as the ship entered a bay on the northeast coast.

"Time will tell," thought the commander as he directed that the *Endeavor* should anchor at the mouth of a river entering the bay.

A large and fertile island with lofty mountains was spread before Cook's admiring eyes. Afterwards he discovered it to be one of two islands which we know to-day as New Zealand.

More than a hundred years before his coming the Dutchman, Tasman, had sighted the west coast of this land. But the natives, who seemed very warlike, had attacked the ship, and Tasman sailed away without trying to land.

"It is a beautiful country," agreed Cook and his companions as they gazed toward the shore.

"How soft and pleasant the air is!" they observed further. "But the natives here—will they be friendly? At any rate we will land and find out what kind of reception is waiting for us."

Two boats, a pinnace and a yawl, were shortly manned and the men provided with arms.

"When we land," Cook decided, "we will show ourselves friendly to the natives, but if need be, we must defend ourselves."

As the company stepped on shore, they beheld a group of the natives on the bank of the river opposite them. Curious-looking people were those savages, with their black hair fastened in knots on the tops of their heads, and wearing garments of cloth woven out of fiber. We speak of these people to-day as Maoris.

"By the signs they make, I judge that they will treat us well," thought Cook.

Accordingly, he and several companions were rowed over to the place where the men had gathered, but to his disappointment, at his approach the natives fled toward their huts which were some distance back from the shore.

Leaving the boat in charge of the youths who had rowed him over, he hurried after them. But no sooner had he left than four natives, carrying spears, came stealing down to the shore from some near-by woods. They evidently meant to steal the yawl and perhaps kill the youths guarding it.

"Look out for yourselves," shouted the coxswain of the pinnace, who was watching them. At the same time he shot off his musket, aiming over the heads of the Maoris, because he wished only to scare them away.

At that the savages stopped, though not for long. Then they headed for the yawl, one of them raising his spear to cast it at the occupants. A second shot of warning did not check the savages, but a third struck the man brandishing a spear and he fell to the ground lifeless, after which his companions were glad to retire.

"This is a bad beginning," thought Cook.

"But I won't give up easily," he soon promised himself.

The next day, therefore, he made another landing. This time three boatloads of sailors and marines together with Banks and his brother scientists as well as the commander and his officers, left the ship. Tupia was also in the company.

"Perhaps he may understand enough of the speech of these brown people to make it easy for me to come to terms with them," Cook had said to himself.

When the white men landed, they noticed at least a half hundred natives on the opposite bank of the river, awaiting their approach. The savages were in no kindly state of mind. They brandished their spears and performed what seemed to be a war dance, as much as to say to the white men, "Don't dare to come here. We will destroy you if you try it. We have only hate for you strangers."

But now Tupia showed himself useful. He spoke to the Maoris in his own tongue which was similar to theirs, saying that his companions wished only

peace, but at first the natives were too angry to listen. Again he tried to explain that the white men wanted to trade in friendly fashion, whereupon some of the savages became bold enough to approach the visitors who now offered them trinkets. But they were too warlike to care for these—they coveted the white men's muskets. One of them, in fact, grabbed Mr. Green's sword out of his hand and began to flourish it about in the air.

This was too much for the white men. Seeing him still threatening, two of them fired off their guns. The second shot killed him, and the other natives fled in fright after more shot had landed in their midst.

"We may as well return to the ship," so Cook told his companions. "After this, it will be impossible to win the good will of such fierce people."

Yet the commander did not give up the thought of landing elsewhere on the island. "It is necessary to get a supply of fresh water for the ship," he remembered. "The river water is too salty."

The next day, therefore, he and a small party set out from the ship in two boats, intending to visit another place bordering on the bay. The surf proved to be very heavy there and the boats could not land. And now two canoes could be seen farther out in the water, fighting their way to the shore. One was under sail, and the other was being paddled.

Cook began at once to carry out a plan he had

just made. "Chase the canoes," he commanded his men, "and cut off their chance to land.

"As soon as we reach them," he explained further, "the natives in them are to be seized and carried to the *Endeavor.*"

He had no thought of being cruel to the brown men, however. He planned only to treat them kindly while they were in his power so they might learn that he wished to be friendly. In the meantime, the Maoris in one of the canoes had discovered the white men and made out to sea. The others, however, had come quite close before they realized their danger. Then, too late, they strove to flee.

"Shoot at them, but over their heads," ordered Cook, who did not wish to wound them.

The command was obeyed. But to Cook's admiration of their courage, the seven Maoris in the canoe immediately turned about to defend themselves against the Englishmen in the boat that was close upon them. They threw stones, they tried to strike their assailants with their paddles, they raised their spears and stone axes to destroy any white man within reach.

"There is no help for it—we must shoot into their midst," decided Cook.

The command was given and obeyed. The next minute four Maoris fell dead. The others in the canoe, who were only boys, leaped into the water and made for shore.

They were finally caught and carried to the *En-*

deavor where Cook directed that they should be well treated. There they were kept for two days and enjoyed themselves so much they hated to be carried back to their own people.

"I am very sorry that those four natives were killed," grieved Cook. Though a stern man he was kind-hearted, and the shedding of their blood disturbed him greatly. Of them he wrote in his Journal that "they did not deserve death."

To his officers he said, "We will not stay any longer in these parts since we cannot get needed supplies here."

So the *Endeavor* again started out after Cook had named the waters where he had anchored, Poverty Bay, and the point of land which had been first sighted by Nicholas Young he called, Young Nick's Head.

"Though the natives have been unfriendly so far," Cook thought, "I want to learn all I can about this country before bidding it good-by."

Accordingly, the ship after sailing southward a short time, changed her course opposite a high bluff which Cook named Cape Turnagain. From time to time big canoes came scudding out from the shore. They were filled with fierce-looking Maoris singing war songs and armed as usual.

"We must win their good will enough to be able to trade with them," decided Cook.

They were very suspicious, however, and it was

hard to have any satisfactory dealings with them because they stole articles from the white men whenever they had a chance and sometimes showed themselves very tricky. For instance, one day Cook noticed a native wearing over his shoulders the skin of a strange animal, much like that of a black bear.

"I'd like to have that," the commander said to himself.

When the Maoris paddled up alongside the ship, therefore, Cook held out a piece of red cloth, offering to exchange it for the fur.

"I will give it to you, but not till I have received the cloth," the man answered by signs.

And then? Well, when the cloth had been handed down to him he placed it with the skin, and paddled off as fast as he could go. Cook never again saw either of the articles.

Afterwards, other natives came paddling up to the ship's side. They held up fish for sale. It chanced that Tupia's boy servant, Tayeto, was in a boat by the ship's side, helping to hand up the fish to his white friends. Of a sudden he was seized and held tightly by one of the savages, and the next instant he found himself in a canoe which was hastily paddled away from the ship. Quick work was needed now if the boy was to be rescued. At Cook's order, shots were fired after the departing natives while Tayeto, seizing his chance in the general commotion, leaped out of the canoe and swam toward

the ship. A boat was instantly lowered, and he was rescued.

"Hereafter, the point of land close by shall be called Cape Kidnapper," declared Cook, "in memory of the place where Tayeto was stolen from us."

CHAPTER XI

Cannibals

AS the ship sailed northward, every day brought some fresh adventure. Cook, who was "all eyes" for new sights, had already noted finely built canoes on the shores to the southward. Grotesque figures that must have required great skill were carved on them. The natives wore two pieces of clothing, one of these being a sort of loin cloth, and the other a cloak wrapped about the shoulders, and in most cases trimmed with dogskins. The native women had made these out of some fiber similar to hemp. Those worn by the chiefs were of finer texture than the others.

Short trips to the shore were made by Banks and Solander who were ever eager to gather specimens of the plants growing in this distant part of the world.

Four-footed animals were found to be scarce since only dogs and rats were seen. The dogs, poor creatures, were killed and eaten with relish by the natives, so the white men discovered.

One day more than forty canoes came out to the ship. The occupants had lobsters to sell, besides mussels, conger eels and other fish. Cook was glad

enough to trade with the savages who seemed tolerably friendly. As the barter went on, one of the savages, probably thinking he would not be discovered, seized sheets belonging to Cook's bed, that were on deck being washed.

"Give them up at once," he was ordered, but he refused. And then he and the rest of his companions made off in haste. The commander was never to see those sheets again.

Not long afterwards he sighted a good place for the *Endeavor* to anchor, close to Whale Island as he called the place.

Not far away, on the mainland, the explorers could see a mountain which Cook named Mount Edgecombe, in honor of the sergeant who commanded the marines.

"A transit of Mercury is reckoned soon to take place," Cook said to himself. "I ought to be able to observe it from this part of the world. The knowledge I can gain from the observation will help me to check up my longitude."

Accordingly, he gave orders for the *Endeavor* to sail into a near-by bay, on whose shores the natives showed they had no liking for white visitors. They came out in their canoes to attack them, singing fierce war songs and brandishing double-bladed axes.

After several unpleasant experiences, Cook wrote in his Journal that the natives were "sometimes trading with us, and at other times Tricking of us."

After the bartering ended, the Maoris did not re-

turn to land till the marines fired some shots over their heads to scare them.

Cook, having no wish to harm the savages, ordered that not one of them should be killed or even wounded by his men except in self-defense.

As it was, he decided to sail elsewhere, and soon found a good place to anchor. The people on the shores were more friendly than those he had seen before. They brought quantities of fish for sale, mackerel "as good as ever was eat," so Cook declared, and delicious crayfish which the brown women caught by diving down into the waves that dashed against the rocks.

There, too, was an abundance of fresh drinking water, a supply of which was much needed for the *Endeavor*. Yes, and wild celery grew abundantly on those shores. The explorers feasted on the celery as well as on the lobsters, oysters, and fish which were easily obtained, and sometimes on sweet potatoes which had been raised by the natives.

Cook made a landing on the coast of what he named Mercury Bay, in order to make observations of the transit of the little planet, Mercury. Many others of his company also spent considerable time on shore getting wood and water for the ship.

After a week's stay the *Endeavor* set sail once more into the north. The commander was very busy now, giving names to the capes and inlets he passed, and working on a chart of the country and the waters on its borders. He frequently ordered

the ship to anchor while he made little excursions on land where he learned a good deal about the natives who seemed strong and healthy, but tattooed their bodies in ugly patterns. The men had short beards and wore their hair in knots on the tops of their heads, fastening birds' feathers in the knots. The women's faces were oiled and daubed with bright red paint.

"They are more modest than the women of Tahiti," decided Cook, at the same time writing of them, "they are as coquettish as our most fashionable European ladies, and the young girls are as playful as unbroken colts."

As time passed by, others of the company made many trips on shore where some of the Maoris met them in friendly fashion, while others seemed always ready to make war on the strangers who needed to be continually on the watch and were sometimes obliged to use firearms to save their lives.

Cook, however, insisted on kindness being shown whenever possible, though he often found it so difficult to hold his men in check that he sometimes had to punish offenders severely for harming the natives.

During some of his visits on land he had the good fortune to visit some villages built on the hilltops and surrounded by ditches and palisades.

"Those that are well built make admirable forts," observed the commander. "Any enemies would have a hard time in attacking them."

In course of time he learned a dreadful thing

about the Maoris. They were cannibals! They commonly ate the bodies of enemies they killed in battle and with evident relish. It was a horrible discovery.

Cook spent more than a month studying the northern portion of New Zealand and the chart and maps he made at that time were so accurate that they are still considered of value.

As the ship began to round the northern country, she ran into one storm after another. The wind blew for four days without ceasing.

"It was a gale such as I hardly was ever in before," Cook wrote in his Journal. He added that the sea "ran prodigious high."

After a hard struggle the *Endeavor* reached the western coast in safety and proceeded southward till she approached a sound to which Cook gave the name of Queen Charlotte. He landed on its shores and climbed a hill from whose summit he made an important discovery: the waters he faced entirely cut off the land to the south which he discovered soon afterwards was an island—South Island, as he came to call it.

"Ah-h!" he thought, "I know now that I have not been sailing for the past months along the coast of a great southern continent. Instead, it is one of two islands which may yet be of value to my country because of the rich soil and fine climate."

He accordingly took formal possession of New Zealand in the name of his king. The British flag

was raised aloft and a bottle of wine was opened. From this the commander and his companions drank to the health of His Majesty, King George III.

Shortly afterwards the adventurers made their way through Queen Charlotte Sound, after which they sailed through a narrow neck of water which they named Cook's Strait, and out into the ocean beyond.

Next came a voyage around South Island where the *Endeavor* had to fight her way through a forty-eight hour storm, with a violent wind blowing against her. Her foresail was split by the force of the gale, and she lost her main topsail. Days followed during which land was lost to view and Cook had to confess, "I do not know where we are." At last his anxiety was ended when longed-for land appeared in the distance. As the voyagers drew nearer they were cheered by a welcome sight: that of a fire burning brightly on the shore. Even now danger was close at hand because the ship barely escaped striking upon jagged rocks almost hidden in the water.

Cook wrote simply of his deliverance in this wise: "It is apparent that we had a very fortunate escape."

Every one on board breathed more freely when the voyage around South Island came to an end.

Few people seemed to live there, so the voyagers discovered. "This is not strange," thought Cook, "because the country is for the most part barren, much of it being rocky and mountainous."

Then he must have thought: "How different it is from beautiful North Island with its many grand high-coasted bays, much like the fiords of Norway, its wooded hill slopes, its fertile fields, and its lovely streams running through grassy valleys."

CHAPTER XII

On to Australia

"WE have spent six months on the coast of these islands," reflected Cook. "I have made many discoveries and given much new territory to my country—many small islands besides the two large ones of New Zealand. It is time to make plans for our return home."

He now asked himself: "Shall we sail eastward and round dangerous Cape Horn? Or shall we make our way into the west and possibly discover more islands in the Pacific? When I have explored this great ocean still further the *Endeavor* can be turned southward, sail around the Cape of Good Hope, and then up through the Atlantic till we reach England."

After much thought the commander decided on the latter course. So it came to pass that the adventurers bade good-by to Cape Farewell, on the New Zealand coast, and the good ship was headed toward *New Holland,* as Australia had been named by Dutch explorers who had sighted it some years before.

The weather was good at first; but a gale soon arose that drove the ship into the northwest. Then,

on the nineteenth day of April, land came into view and Cook saw ahead of him a large bay where ships could anchor in safety. When the *Endeavor* had sailed into the bay for two miles boats were lowered, and Cook, with a large company including Tupia and many marines, made for the port on the coast where they had seen people moving about.

As they neared the land all the savages except two fled in fright. These two began to brandish spears at least two feet long. At the same time, with angry looks they spoke to the white men in a strange tongue. Their voices were harsh and unpleasant. Tupia tried to understand their words, but in vain. So also was his attempt to make them catch the meaning of what he said to them.

"They intend to prevent our landing," decided Cook. "But we must show them that we wish to be friendly."

Accordingly, he offered the savages some nails and bright-colored beads, which somewhat softened their fierceness, so he began to make signs showing he meant only kindness. For a moment they looked pleasanter, and made signs to the white men to land. Nevertheless, when Cook and his companions drew up to the shore and sprang out of the boats, they advanced to do them harm.

"Fire off your guns, but so that the shots strike between them," commanded Cook who wished only to scare the savages.

As soon as they realized what the guns could do

they were evidently frightened for the moment, but all at once they began to throw stones angrily at the white men, one of whom forthwith sent his shot into the leg of an old native. Even then he and his fellows persisted in throwing stones and casting their spears against their visitors.

"Those spears may have poisoned tips," suggested Banks. "We had better not run the risk of their entering our bodies."

Yet Cook again gave the order to fire, and at the third volley of shot, the savages fled into the woods.

The party proceeded to land and began to look around them. Seeing some tents made of bark near the shore, some of the marines ventured to visit them, only to find a few children huddled inside, too scared to move even when cloth and trinkets were offered them.

The marines, pitying them, went away, leaving the gifts behind them and thinking, "When the grown-ups return to the huts and see these, they may become friendly to us."

On visiting the huts next day, however, the white men found their gifts had not been touched, nor was there a native in sight anywhere.

During the days that followed still other visits were made to the shore when the black people appeared now and then, only to flee with wild cries into the woods.

While the ship was lying at anchor in the bay, Cook explored the country around it with Banks and

Solander. They found it a goodly land rich in grassy fields and bright-colored flowers. And since the two naturalists discovered many interesting plants, the commander gave the waters close by the name of Botany Bay.

The explorers were filled with delight at the beautiful things growing in the earth and the richly colored birds that flew overhead, among them being brilliant parrokets whose chatter they listened to in amazement! Such immense mussels and oysters they found embedded in the sand along the water's edge, that provided feasts fit for a king, as the ship's company agreed.

Whenever Cook caught glimpses of the natives of this lovely land he found that they wore no clothing, not even loin cloths, and their faces showed little intelligence. Rough bark tents were their only homes. They planted no fields of grain or vegetables.

"These people know less than even the natives of Patagonia," judged the explorers, as they sailed out of Botany Bay on the tenth of May, and voyaged northward.

They soon passed a bay which Cook named Port Jackson on whose shores the great city of Sydney now stands, and countless vessels anchor in its calm waters.

For more than two weeks the ship sailed on, passing numerous points of land with small openings between. Then a lovely bay appeared into which

the *Endeavor* sailed and came to rest. Ever curious as to what he might find, the commander landed with Banks and Solander, and discovered a little inlet which looked so interesting that they followed it.

To Cook's delight, he found a lake at its source, around which grew the strangest trees he had ever seen. They belonged to the mango family and had aërial roots that bent over and down to the ground, making a dense thicket which was hard to break through. He also caught sight of naked natives, of smoke rising from fires built outdoors, and some huge birds which the two naturalists decided were pelicans. The creatures were so shy that the explorers could not get near enough to shoot them. They did, however, manage to kill a bustard so big that it made them a delicious meal after it had been cooked.

Then, too, the little party found oysters in abundance in the muddy banks along the shore, and to their joy they discovered that some of these contained valuable pearls.

After leaving Bustard Bay to which Cook had given its name because of the bird that had been killed during his stay there, the ship sailed safely on her way up the coast till the tenth of June, the commander keeping busy, making a chart of the country he was passing. Rocks and shoals had begun to appear, and all eyes were on the watch lest the *Endeavor* should founder, perhaps on a reef hidden below the surface of the water. Night came

on with bright moonlight to show the way. Ten o'clock arrived, and soundings were taken. Twenty-one fathoms!

"Surely all will be well if this depth continues," thought the officers. So they went to their own quarters for a restful sleep.

It was nearly eleven when the man at the lead made fresh soundings and found the depth of the water was much less than seventeen fathoms.

There was need for the most watchful care now, but before the man had time to make fresh soundings, there was a sudden shock and he heard a fearful sound as though the *Endeavor's* hull was being torn apart. She had struck on a sunken coral reef and was rocking from side to side in desperate fashion!

On the instant Cook had reached the deck and was standing, calm and cool as ever, with his horror-stricken crew about him. Realizing that delay would mean destruction, he proceeded to give order after order without the slightest apparent fear. Already the moonlight showed that some of the sheathing and a part of the ship's keel had been detached and were drifting about in the water close by. At any moment the sea was likely to rush into the hold and sink the vessel.

The commander saw that she must be lightened at once, else every life on board would be lost. So, while the pumps were set to work to draw out the water rushing in below, everything not absolutely

necessary was cast overboard. The heavy guns had to go; much of the stone and iron ballast and the oldest provisions followed. As the men worked, they spoke never a word; all their energy was directed to saving the ship. No doubt thoughts of the homeland thousands of miles away kept up their strength.

All night they worked at the pumps, while water still kept pouring into the hold. Morning came and land was sighted in the distance, but the ship was not yet free. The workers became discouraged. Some of them fainted from the difficult labor.

"Lighten the ship still further," Cook ordered.

Every one on board was joyful when this had been done and the *Endeavor* floated free once more. But the danger was still great because the water continued to pour into the hold, and pumping could not stop for a moment.

One of the officers now had a bright idea. "Wedge a sail into the leak," he proposed. "That will help to keep out the water."

This proved to be successful. The ship was soon making headway though stormy weather was against her and the men were still kept busy at the pumps.

At last, to the relief of all, a harbor was reached and the *Endeavor* was brought to rest in shallow water close to shore. She was promptly examined as to needed repairs, whereupon a fragment of rock was found fastened in the largest hole.

"If it had not been for this," Cook thought gratefully, "my ship would have been instantly destroyed when she struck upon that reef, and all of us on board would have gone down to a watery grave."

CHAPTER XIII

Danger Ahead

WHILE the repairing went on, the commander was busy much of the time making a chart of the coast. He also joined some of the parties who went about exploring the country. They found much that filled them with delight, especially since the whole company were in need of fresh food. To begin with, they killed some pigeons which were forthwith cooked for the sick men, Green and Tupia, both of whom had been stricken with that dread disease, scurvy.

They also secured turtles in abundance on the banks along the shore, wild cabbages, and plums that were a great delicacy to those explorers who had scarcely tasted fruit for more than a year.

In their wanderings they met strange animals that filled them with wonder. Among these was an enormous bat, which scared the sailor who discovered it creeping along through the grass.

"It must be the devil himself," the superstitious fellow said to himself.

The most marvelous creatures of all came leaping over the ground in a laugh-provoking fashion. They had short forelegs and long hind legs; their heads

were small; their tails, resembling those of rats, were very long. Homely creatures? Yes, but when killed and cooked, they proved most delicious to the taste. You can easily guess the name by which the natives called them and by which they are known to this day—kangaroos.

At first, no natives could be seen. But after a few days some of them came out of the woods back of the shore and then went into hiding again, only to appear later with still other savages. When they became brave enough to come close to the white men, Cook invited them to board the ship. Showing no fear, some of them paddled out in a canoe and went on board.

Now you must hear what happened when they caught sight of some huge turtles on the deck, which had been caught out in deep water. Seizing these, they tried to make off with them. But without success! Before they could spring over the ship's side into their canoe some sailors, after a lively struggle, made them loose their hold of the turtles.

"Now for revenge!" thought the savages. Leaping into their little boat, they paddled to the shore where they speedily set fire to the grass which happened to be so dry that the flames spread rapidly.

Bad indeed was this for the white men, because two tents which they had set up stood directly in the path of the fire. One of these tents held supplies of food and other necessities which had been brought from the ship for storage while she was being re-

paired. The second one contained the sick men, Green and Tupia.

Cook and some companions who had followed close upon the canoe had an exciting time before they managed to put out the fire in the neighborhood of the tents which they managed to save from destruction by their prompt action. Then the conflagration advanced toward the barren mountains beyond the woods. Altogether, the savages gained nothing from their attempt at revenge.

On the fourth of August the *Endeavor,* once more in good condition, sailed northward. But perils still dogged her path. Sand banks blocked her way more than once. And when her course was turned to avoid these, jagged reefs below the surface of the water threatened to cause sudden shipwreck.

"After all, it may be safer for us to turn about and sail southward," thought Cook.

"But if we do that," he considered, "I must give up finding out whether New Guinea is a part of the land along which we have been coasting."

He decided, therefore, to keep a general northerly course near the shore, but the danger in doing this soon became so great that he felt obliged to head somewhat into the west where the waters were more open.

The middle of August arrived. It found the adventurers cheerful, expecting that all would henceforth be well. Then the wind suddenly died down, and an ominous sound could be heard. Heavy

breakers were striking not a mile away against a reef.

"The water is too deep for us to anchor here," Cook explained to his men after soundings had been taken. "And in this calm the ship cannot be steered out of the danger facing us. We are drifting fast toward destruction."

He afterwards wrote in his Journal: "The same sea that washed the side of the ship rose in a breaker prodigiously high the very next time it did rise, so that between us and destruction was only a dismal valley the breadth of one wave, and even now ground could be felt with 120 fathom."

Can you imagine the horror of those moments? Can you in fancy watch the waves, mountain high, breaking over the ship with a sound like thunder; the reef nearer every moment, threatening speedy destruction to the helpless ship and all on board?

"We are lost," felt that brave company. Cook alone remained clear-headed and steady of nerve. He had already ordered boats to be lowered.

The oarsmen had received their orders. They must use all their strength to tow the ship in the opposite direction from the reef. For the next six hours those men worked bravely at their perilous post, but with scant success.

"Our last moment is close at hand," thought the watchers. But just as hope had fled, a light breeze arose. It gave the ship a chance to struggle toward safety.

Soon, alas, the breeze died down and the drifting began once more. But it was not for long, because a second breeze arose stronger and steadier than the first.

Now came a few moments of joyous relief for the explorers, while the ship's sails, filled to the wind, carried her safely along till Cook sighted a narrow channel parting the reef in two. It was soon found too dangerous for the *Endeavor* to attempt passing through. Soon afterwards a second channel appeared, wider than the first but still dangerous. Through that the ship was carried along with the help of the strong current and the towing of the boats. Safety came at last after hours fraught with frightful danger. But even now Cook did not dare relax his watch, while at the same time he was making plans for the future.

"One of the boats must go ahead of the ship so long as we continue in these treacherous waters," he decided, "to warn us when we are entering a shallow stretch."

With this safeguard, the *Endeavor* went cautiously on her way throughout the next two days, and the northern end of what is now known as Australia, was then reached without further accident, whereupon Cook found that New Guinea was separated from it and not a part of it, as had been supposed.

In his way along the Australian coast, Cook made only a few stops. From these he concluded that the soil of the country was rich; that many grains and

fruits raised in Europe could grow there easily, and that cattle would thrive on the rich grass that was so plentiful.

"I feel sure that no white man before me visited the eastern part of this vast land," he thought. "Hence I have the right to claim it for England."

And so, before leaving the country, he took possession of it in the name of his king. At this time he gave it the name of New Wales, not realizing, however, its size and that it was later on to rank as one of the six continents of the earth. It was late August when they left what we know to-day as Australia and the *Endeavor* headed toward New Guinea.

Though the distance was short, the sail was dangerous because of shallow water and sunken reefs, but after nine days the island was reached in safety. Some of the company went on shore where they met naked savages armed with spears. Making fierce cries at their approach, they threw curious sticks against the newcomers, from which fires flashed as they flew through the air.

"How are those sticks made?" wondered Cook. "There is no sound when the fire flashes, as there would be in an explosion of gunpowder."

But he never succeeded in having his question answered and no one afterwards learned the secret. Even as the commander wondered, the savages began to fling spears at the visitors who replied by shooting off their guns.

"We can gain nothing by remaining here," Cook decided shortly. He therefore returned to the water's edge with his companions, intending to row back to the ship at once. By that time many of the natives had gathered close by, and as the white men entered the boats, they cast more of their curious fire sticks after them.

CHAPTER XIV

The Glorious Welcome

"WE must head for Java," Cook ordered, as the *Endeavor* set sail into the west.

His plan was this: At Batavia, the principal city of the Dutch in the East Indies, he would buy fresh provisions for the ship. He would also have her overhauled for the voyage home, because she was much battered and had leaks that made it dangerous for her to sail a long distance.

On the way to Batavia the travelers sighted the little island of Savu where tropical fruits were growing in abundance.

"We will stop here," Cook decided at once. "I hope to be able to buy some provisions from the Dutch governor of the place."

We can easily fancy the pleasure of the explorers when they had landed and were able to feast on juicy oranges, tamarinds, and cocoanuts, and drink refreshing lemonade. Cook induced the governor to sell him some buffaloes and fowls for the ship's stores, though he had to haggle a good deal over the price.

After a short stay at Savu, the adventurers sailed

on to reach Batavia on the tenth of October, and the needed repairs on the ship began in earnest.

It seemed good at first to the voyagers to live on dry land for a while. But, unfortunately, the town was unhealthy because of bad drainage. One after another of the company fell ill with malaria, dysentery or scurvy. They did not wonder that the people living in the place looked pale and sickly, especially when so many of them chewed betel which had been obtained from nuts growing on the island, and was most unwholesome.

They met all sorts of people at Batavia. Some had come from China; some were Malays; still others were Negro slaves. Up to this time Cook could well have felt proud of the good health of his company. Little scurvy or any other disease had attacked them throughout the voyage because of his careful thought of the men's needs. He had insisted, first of all, on cleanliness, and he had provided fresh food whenever possible.

But now, he too felt ill from breathing the deadly air, and after a while only ten out of his whole company were free from sickness.

Tupia's little servant, Tayeto, had at first been so happy and filled with wonder at the strange sights of the big town that he had gone dancing through the streets. But he soon sickened and died. So did his master Tupia. Altogether, thirty of that brave company met death either at Batavia, or afterwards

when the ship had been fully repaired, and started on her way to South Africa.

Cook himself had soon regained his health. But his heart was heavy at his loss, not only of nine sailors, but of the corporal of the marines, the draughtsman Parkinson, the astronomer Green, two quartermasters, the carpenter, the cook and his mate, and many others.

"If I live," vowed the commander, "on whatever voyages I may afterwards sail, I will use every means possible to fight the loathsome scurvy."

The middle of March brought the *Endeavor* still with sick men on board, to the Cape of Good Hope, the southernmost point of Africa. The adventurers saw before them a bleak, desolate-looking country. Yet Cape Town proved to be a healthy town because the Dutch people settled there kept it clean.

"It is a good place in which to stay till my sick people get well," thought Cook.

Consequently the ship lay at anchor there a full month, though many of the men must have been longing to reach the homeland as soon as possible.

Only one more stop—a short one—was made before England was reached in safety. This was at the tiny island of St. Helena, owned by the British. Cook was ashamed of the way his countrymen there behaved toward their black slaves. "They are more cruel," he thought, "than the Dutch at Batavia and Cape Town toward their slaves."

The twelfth day of June, 1771, was a joyous one

to those on board the *Endeavor* when she came to anchor in The Downs, close to the city of Dover on the English coast.

Such a royal welcome followed! Every one in the country was thrilled over the return of the greatest seafaring man of the times. James Cook, once the ill-treated worker in a little shop at Staithes, was now hailed as a great discoverer who had sailed around the world and had spent nearly three years making a voyage fraught with danger.

Stories spread fast of the marvelous things he had accomplished. "He had given to his country," so Sir Walter Besant wrote long afterwards, "Australia and New Zealand—nothing less; he had given to Great Britain Greater Britain."

Greater Britain—yes, that was what it had become through the discoveries of James Cook. Rich lands never before seen by white men had been visited and explored by the man who had made his way in the world through his own determination and persistence—a hero in every sense because he had proved himself just and human toward all who served him.

In those long wanderings he must often have thought of the dear ones in the little home in London. And when he returned there you may well believe that great joy was his in the presence of his fair wife Elizabeth, and the three young sons who had grown so much in his absence. But sorrow too was awaiting the tender-hearted father: his only

daughter, four-year-old Elizabeth, had lately died. He also found that a baby boy born just before he had sailed away had lived only a brief time.

How proud and happy was this dear wife at the fame her husband had won! The years of absence must have seemed like a dream beside the glorious present. The newspapers published glowing accounts of what he had done. His Royal Highness, King George III, gave him audience. The Lords of the Admiralty congratulated him on his achievements. He was the most talked-of man in England, so it was said. Countless honors were paid him, not only because he had gained for his country rich new possessions but because of the priceless charts he had made of strange lands and waters, and the knowledge of natural history and astronomy he and the scientists of his company had gained.

Furthermore he was formally given this rank: Commander in the Royal Navy. He would have been better pleased at that of Post-Captain, but he had to be content with this title which was the highest that could be bestowed on him at the time. Everywhere he went people eyed him with wonder. Only to think of the people of other races he had looked upon, cannibals among them! Of the remarkable plants and trees and animals he had discovered! Of the fearful shipwrecks on coral reefs from which he had narrowly escaped! Of the bitter cold and burning heat he had experienced! Of the beauty he had feasted upon in the South Seas! Of

the riches that would be England's through his explorations! What curiosities had met his eyes! Among them all, none could have been more interesting than that odd creature, the kangaroo, which he said was the name given it by the natives of the country where he found it.

His little sons listened in wonder to the tales he told of his wanderings. "There is no one in the world like our brave father," they fondly believed.

So, too, felt their old grandfather, James Cook, who was almost bursting with pride when his noble-looking son came to visit him dressed in his new uniform. It was a pity, thought the old man, that his good wife who had died several years before was not there to rejoice with him.

The old friends of Cook's childhood and youth were equally proud. They could say, "I knew Commander Cook when he was a poor boy."

But no one, so the story goes, felt greater pride in him than the Walker Brothers' old housekeeper who had made it possible for the sailor lad, James, to study during winter evenings on shore when he was back from a voyage on the collier.

"He is coming to see you," the old dame was told, "in the midst of all his glory."

Her friends warned her that she must be sure to call him Commander Cook when he appeared. "It would never do," they told her, "to address him now as *James*."

"It will be easy enough to remember that," she

promised. But when her eyes fell upon him only one thought—that of old days—filled her mind.

"Eh, honey James," she cried, "how glad a's to see thee." And with that she began to cry, and took the tall, dignified man in her withered arms.

CHAPTER XV

Close Unto Death

COOK remained at home for the next year. At first he was very busy going over his journals and log books, and putting them in order. He had further to examine the charts and drawings he had made on the last voyage to see that they were in perfect condition to present to the Lords of the Admiralty.

He also wrote a valuable paper for the Royal Society about the tides in the South Pacific, and when this was published he must have felt rewarded for his labor.

While attending to these important matters, do you imagine that he had no thought of voyages and fresh discoveries to come? Far from it. The sea was calling to him just as insistently as in those days of his youth in the little fishing village of Staithes.

So it came to pass that he was soon filled with the longing to undertake another dangerous voyage. He had been hearing a good deal about the possible discovery of a great southern continent whose rivers, some of the people of that day dreamed, held rich deposits of gold and silver and precious stones. Still others imagined that in that undiscovered land

human beings lived who were remarkably wise, perhaps more so than any others on earth.

"If an Englishman is the first to find and claim that continent," declared the dreamers, "our country will lead all others in the world."

The head of the Admiralty, Lord Sandwich, listened to such talk with interest. "If there is such a continent," he thought, "it would be a shame if England could not claim it as her own."

Cook, eager for fresh adventure, naturally wished that he might be given command of an expedition sent out to search for the longed-for possession. And when Lord Sandwich proposed it and appointed him to lead it, he was delighted beyond measure. He set to work at once to make preparations for the expedition on which two ships were to sail.

"They must be strong, like the *Endeavor* that has served me so well," he decided.

Naturally, he went to the shipyard at Whitby where the *Endeavor* had been built, to make his choice. The *Resolution* proved to be the best fitted for his purpose. This was to be his headquarters on the voyage, while the *Adventure,* considerably smaller, was to be given into the charge of Captain Tobias Furneaux, a distinguished officer in the navy.

And now came the fitting out of the two vessels, which required much thought since the voyage was likely to last two years or more.

"I must select not only the machines, but the food

supplies with greatest care," mused Cook, as he thought of the men who had sailed with him before, never to return to England because of the dread illness, scurvy, which had fastened its fangs upon them.

Accordingly, he purchased among other things a supply of wheat instead of oatmeal, sugar instead of oil, sauerkraut and salted cabbage, carrot marmalade and a preparation of wort and beer which he thought would be specially good in preventing scurvy.

Very important, too, was his selection of the men who were to go with him on the expedition. Much as they had suffered before, some of the officers and sailors who had been on the first voyage were glad to accompany for a second time the leader whom they had learned to love and admire. Among the ones who did not join the company now was the naturalist, Mr. Banks, who had proved himself throughout the voyage ever eager for discoveries. Mr. Forster, another noted naturalist, took his place and his son George accompanied him as his assistant.

Before starting out on this voyage, Cook had heard about the one made by the Frenchman Bouvet into far southern waters where he believed he had come in sight of the mysterious continent 54° south of the equator. Because of the Frenchman's report, Cook was directed to follow his course as much as possible.

"And if you do not find land where Bouvet be-

lieved he sighted it," Cook was told, "go farther south still."

With these instructions well in mind, Cook and his companions left England July 13, 1772.

The commander's parting with his wife had not been an easy one. "Shall I return in safety to her and our precious children?" he must have asked himself.

And the still young wife—what must have been in her mind as she looked into the face of her husband? "Though God has brought him safely back to me before," she thought, "will he be spared again in the face of the dangers he will surely encounter? I pray that this may be so."

The two vessels sailed almost directly south till they came to Madeira. There they stopped to add wine and fruit to the stores, and also a supply of fresh water.

The next stop was at one of the Cape Verde Islands to get more water. Then still southward went the explorers with no exciting experiences till they reached the Cape of Good Hope. The Dutch Governor there received them kindly and seemed interested in their hopes of discovering the great southern continent.

"Eight months ago," he told Cook, "the Captain of two French ships sailing from the Island of Mauritius sighted a hitherto undiscovered stretch of country 48° south latitude in a direct line from Mauritius. A violent gale arose and they were car-

ried out to sea before they could explore the land."

The governor said furthermore that other French ships were now in search of the same continent.

"I must lose no time in getting under way," thought Cook. "The French must not be ahead of me in making a discovery of such value."

Consequently, as soon as needed supplies had been obtained and the two ships had been put in first class condition, the sail was continued. Day after day, week after week, the vessels pushed on, with the weather becoming more and more severe, and when the waters of the Antarctic were neared the sailors had need of all the heavy clothing the commander had brought for them. Dressed in warm garments from tip to toe, they could manage to keep off Jack Frost's attacks on hands and feet as they climbed the ice-coated rigging. The ships were soon forced to fight their way almost inch by inch against terrific winds. Waves, mountain high, came dashing against them with a noise like thunder. Again and again the waves swept over the decks and even entered the cabins. And again and again the vessels were lifted high above the raging waters to drop back almost sidewise with a mighty crash.

The sailors, who had to work with might and main for hours fraught with constant danger, lost their courage.

Seeing this, Cook gave the order that the men should be given enough strong drink to keep their bodies warm and their spirits undaunted.

Floating ice had already begun to appear in the waters. And soon came a sight to chill the hearts of the bravest of the company: huge icebergs loomed ahead of them. One of these, hidden at first from view because of dense fog and heavy falling snow, reached mountain-high toward the heavens. When first seen, it was less than a mile away. Every sailor on board had to work his hardest to keep the ship from approaching nearer.

Ah! An odd sound could be heard, like the sigh of a giant. The voyagers quickly discovered whence it came—it was the blowing of a whale that had come up to the surface of the water. Other whales were soon sighted. These desolate waters were evidently their playground.

Every instant there was need for the greatest care and watchfulness as the ships made their way in and out among numerous huge icebergs. On and still on Cook ordered the *Resolution* to proceed till she was almost surrounded by fields of floating ice, where the cakes were often jagged and overlapped each other, and where now and then, a hill of ice stood up above the rest.

There was life on the floes where creatures unlike any the explorers had ever seen before made sad cries as thy strutted or ran about on the ice. They were penguins who furnished a most amusing spectacle when they stood erect and turned their solemn eyes toward the strange human beings who watched them from the decks of the vessels.

Birds were sometimes seen also, many of them being blue petrels.

It was still summer in the Antarctic when, on the fourteenth day of November, the voyagers found themselves near an immense ice floe. It stretched north and south farther than the eye could see.

"It may be," thought Cook, "that this floe shuts off the undiscovered continent I am seeking. I will coast along its edge. Perhaps I will find some opening through which our ships can sail farther south and reach land."

With this in mind, he gave orders to continue the search which was carried on week after week.

The commander kept busy, as well as his men. He took care that the sailors' clothing gave them all possible protection from the cold. He had them lengthen the sleeves of their vests with warm flannel; he gave them close-fitting caps; he looked after their food.

"Scurvy must get no foothold on my ship," he promised himself.

All the time he was on the watch for the wished-for opening in the ice, and repeatedly sent out boats to help in the search.

In the meantime he made many calculations in regard to the longitude in which the ship was sailing, and experimented in preparing medicinal drinks for the men, that should keep them in good health.

Fogs and dampness made the cold very cutting. The sailors suffered and longed for the sunshine of

the north, as they attended to their duties with aching and sometimes bleeding hands.

Christmas, so beautiful in the homeland, came on. Away up in England Cook could picture his young sons enjoying the holiday with shouts and merry laughter. No doubt Elizabeth was thinking much about her absent husband in the frozen south. But he had no time to grieve at the lack of her company. With ice packs closing more and more closely about the ship, and with only fast freezing waters in sight, he must needs be cheerful if he would keep up the spirits of his companions. An extra good dinner was therefore served on the holiday, and toasts were drunk to the success of the undertaking on which the commander's heart was set.

The new year of 1773 appeared, and still the *Resolution* and *Adventure* voyaged about together in the Antarctic, searching for land.

January passed, and the first week of February found them still in those freezing waters. Then, on the eighth day of that month, Cook signaled through the dense fog to the *Adventure* which till then had kept near her sister ship.

It was in vain,—there came no answer. Two days passed and there was no reply to repeated signals. "Perhaps the *Adventure* has gotten out of her course through some mistake," considered Cook. "I hope to get in touch with her yet."

Accordingly, he ordered the guns of the *Resolution* to be fired once more, and each night flares were

lighted on board. Yet still, to his disappointment, there was no answering signal.

"Much as I wish the two ships could continue on the voyage together," Cook deliberated, "it is not safe for the *Resolution* to wait longer for the *Adventure* to join us. Indeed, I dare not delay longer in leaving these waters where the danger is increasing every day. Consequently, though I have failed so far in my search for a southern continent, the *Resolution* must set sail at once for Queen Charlotte Sound on the New Zealand coast. Furthermore, there is really no need to worry over the ships being separated for a while, because of Captain Furneaux's agreement with me that we should meet there later on in case of this very thing happening."

Shortly afterwards Cook and his company were treated to a glorious sight: the heavens were aglow with a strange light. Now it sent out rays in bewitching spirals; now it emitted sudden brilliant flashes.

The men who were watching it from the deck of the *Resolution* gazed in wonder, because little was known in those days about the electric currents proceeding from the poles. The explorers were consequently filled with awe at the display, and asked each other, "What is this marvelous thing?"

They were to learn long afterwards that it was the Aurora Australis of the Antarctic, similar to the Aurora Borealis of the Arctic.

CHAPTER XVI

Days of Gladness

BY the middle of March, the *Resolution* was well on her way northward. There had been dangerous moments when the ship found herself near a small iceberg as it turned over with a deafening crash.

And again she had to fight her way in the teeth of a frightful gale. But in course of time all on board could breathe freely once more as they left ice and bitter cold behind them, and they feasted in thought on pictures of what was ahead of them—beautiful growing things in a sunny clime which they hoped to reach before long, and balmy air without a tang.

"On our way to New Zealand," determined Cook, "we must sail along the coast of Van Dieman's Land, which Farman discovered, so that I can assure myself that it is an island as I believe it is."

He was unable to carry out this plan because a strong wind was against him. It carried the *Resolution* almost directly to the western coast of South Island, New Zealand. There, in Dusky Bay, the ship anchored in a fine harbor where the water was so deep close to shore that she could almost touch

the land. In fact, one tree near the edge reached so far out over the deck of the vessel that the sailors could land by swinging themselves across it.

It seemed glorious to that company of explorers to leave the ship which had been their only home for more than a hundred days. How delightful it was for them to wear thin clothing once more! How cheerful were the sunshine, the blue sky, and the flowery fields, after their living in chill fog with ice floes and bergs on every hand!

Cook might well rejoice in the good health of his men, as they set gayly to work pitching tents and setting up an observatory and forge. Only one out of the whole company was seriously ill with the scurvy against the appearance of which the commander had fought zealously throughout the long voyage. He continued his good work by having his men collect the leaves of certain shrubs similar to myrtle.

"These, together with malt and molasses," he said, "shall be brewed into beer which will take the place of vegetables in keeping my company in good health."

Soon after their arrival, some of the men went out hunting and shot a goodly number of ducks and other wild birds. Fish were also caught and seals were killed to add to the daily feasts. The seal meat, declared Cook, was as good as beefsteak. The fat obtained was also useful in furnishing oil for the lamps, and the creatures' skins were pre-

pared for new rigging needed for the ship. Then, too, some edible plants were found growing on the island, wild celery and scurvy-grass among them, and these were gathered by Cook's orders and boiled with the food served the sailors.

"My men will surely keep well," Cook thought, "with such varied diet."

From time to time natives of the island appeared, but they gave little heed to the white men. Then, one day after the commander had been out along the shore on an exploring trip, he came upon one of the native men with two women behind him, near the water's edge.

The man held a flat stone club and each of the women was armed with a spear.

"I'll win their good will if possible," Cook said to himself.

So he sprang out of the boat, and in the friendly fashion he had learned from the savages he clasped the man in his arms. Then he held out some trinkets he had brought with him. The gifts seemed to please the savages. The man at once presented Cook with a piece of native cloth. At the same time he made signs that he wished for a boat cloak like those he noticed the white men in the party were wearing. Such a garment was shaped for him at once out of red cloth. Thereupon he was so pleased that he gave Cook his stone club, or "patton" as he called it. After that the tongue of one of the women was let loose. She chattered on and on and

so rapidly that she fairly astonished the white visitors. Cook wrote of her afterwards in his Journal that her gift of speech "surpassed that of any talker whom I have ever heard." Unfortunately neither he nor any of his party could understand a word she said.

As the weeks passed, the natives appeared more and more often, and seemed to wish to be friendly. Then one day, two of them, a man and his daughter, ventured on board ship, bringing gifts of native cloth with them. They were as happy as children at what they saw. The chairs, for instance, filled them with wonder. They bent their bodies into them as if it were the most amusing thing in the world to do.

Before leaving the ship the man showed his good will for Cook in a rather unpleasant way. He opened a small bag he had brought with him, stuck his fingers inside and lo! they came out covered with sticky oil with a vile smell. And then he started to grease the commander's head with it! Cook simply could not submit to this. Thereupon the girl dipped some feathers into the oil and proceeded to drape them about the neck of the artist, Mr. Hodges, who happened to be standing near.

The music made by the white men entranced the savages. Never before had they heard bagpipes or fifes, while the drum seemed to them best of all. What would they have thought of the inventions of to-day by which wonderful sounds are heard with no musical instrument in sight?

"This is magic," they must have declared that day, and no doubt they fell down in worship of the gods as the white men must have seemed to them.

The days passed quickly for the explorers in this strange land, and May arrived in due time, bringing the rainy season.

"Leave Dusky Bay and proceed to Queen Charlotte Sound." Such was the order Cook gave, and his company regretfully bade good-by to their pleasant surroundings, and went on their way in search of fresh adventures.

After a week's voyage the wished-for harbor appeared in Queen Charlotte Sound. In it, to Cook's delight, the *Adventure* lay at anchor, waiting for his coming!

"I have been here six weeks," so Captain Furneaux told Cook.

He went on to explain how the *Adventure* had become separated from her sister ship down in the Antarctic. In the thick fog all sight of her had been lost. Then the captain heard the report of a gun. He returned the fire again and again, heading the *Adventure* in the direction from which the report seemed to come, but without avail!

"For three days," so he told Cook, "we sailed around, hoping to find you. Then we gave up the search and started for New Zealand as you had directed."

Unfortunately, Captain Furneaux's troubles had not ended after reaching Queen Charlotte Sound.

Scurvy had already broken out among his men because he had not followed Cook's example in obtaining the vegetable food needed so greatly by the sailors. Some of them died, and others were still ill when Cook arrived.

On learning this, he at once saw that supplies of scurvy grass were gathered on shore and cooked with wheat and broth for the sailors. It proved to be of great help in curing the sick.

"We will stay here in this sound for perhaps two months," the commander decided. "In that time we can explore the country more thoroughly than we did during our visit of three years ago."

He wished to do something else, too; he had brought seeds of different grains that grew in England which he intended to plant on the island, with hardy vegetables—potatos, turnips, etc. Regarding the country as an English possession, he thus meant to enrich it so it would be a good place in which his countrymen could settle later on. Consequently, he not only planted gardens there in New Zealand, but had two sheep and two goats carried ashore to live and multiply there, while Captain Furneaux landed three hogs. These creatures were the only ones left out of a goodly number which had been brought from the Cape of Good Hope. The others had perished in the cold and dampness of the Antarctic. Sad to say, the sheep died shortly after they had been put on shore, after eating weeds that doubtless poisoned them.

During his stay in Queen Charlotte Sound, Cook found the natives more ready to make friends than during his previous visit. They caught plenty of fish for the white men's table, and showed themselves eager to visit the ship. But they were filthy creatures, and were as thievish as the natives Cook had met before. One of the women dared to rob a sailor of his jacket and when he tried to get it back, the man to whom she had given it began to hurl stones at him.

"I'll settle you for that," the sailor thought angrily. Rushing to the woman, he proceeded to give her a black eye and a bleeding nose.

"Not one familiar face do I see among these people," thought Cook, with the memory of his former visit vivid in his mind.

Then a day arrived when an unusually fine-looking native came on board the *Resolution*.

"Where is Tupia?" asked the man.

On being told that Tupia was dead, he and the Maoris who had come with him burst out into mournful cries at the fate of one of whom they had heard remarkable stories, though they had not known him personally.

"Where are those natives whom I met before?" the commander still wondered. "Perhaps they were driven away by the people I find here now. Or it may be, they left this place to go where they hoped to find a more fertile country."

CHAPTER XVII

Beautiful Tahiti Once More

"WE had best make our way to Otaheite," Cook told Captain Furneaux after several weeks' stay in Queen Charlotte Sound.

So it came about that, early in June, the two ships got under way, with the explorers' thoughts busy with the beautiful land they would soon visit. Hitherto unknown islands were sighted as the voyage continued, till the fifteenth day of August arrived and the longed-for sight appeared—Tahiti, with her graceful palms, her brilliantly colored birds, her abundance of lovely flowers.

But before a safe anchorage could be found, danger faced the ships in a terrible form. Without warning, they came close to some coral reefs sunk deep in the water. There was a strong current against them which they might have resisted if the wind had favored them. But it failed them in their great need, and they rolled back and forth, unable to help themselves. The boats were let down to tow them to safety, but in the heavy swell could do nothing. Closer and closer to the reefs the *Resolution* drifted.

"Cast the anchor," Cook ordered. But at first the water was too deep for it to hold.

Ever nearer to destruction drifted the *Resolution.* With each incoming roll of the surf, she was drawn closer to the reef. The water was shallow enough now for the anchor to hold, but it was too late to insure safety.

The smaller ship, the *Adventure,* was more fortunate. Her anchor held her before she could strike the reef.

It was the time of day for a sea breeze to spring up, but if this should happen, the danger to the *Resolution* would be increased, because she would probably be dashed to certain destruction on the reef. Fortune was on Cook's side, however, as she had been so many times before; the expected breeze did not spring up, and when the tide changed and a light land breeze arose the commander breathed freely at last. Both ships were soon making their way out of danger.

Tahiti must have seemed wondrously beautiful to the weary voyagers when they stepped upon her friendly shores. The air was so balmy, the fields so fertile, the flowers and birds so lovely!

The natives seemed rejoiced at the appearance of their white visitors. They were quite ready to give yams and ripe tropical fruits in exchange for beads, hatchets and nails. They even agreed to bring the white men fowls and hogs on which they longed to feast.

But alas! the brown people did not do all they promised. Furthermore, they were as much given to thieving as during Cook's previous visit. One of the chiefs, for instance, did a very tricky thing: he had cocoanut shells which the sailors had thrown overboard after they had drunk the milk inside, collected and bundled together, and then he traded these to the white men for articles they desired. Cook had good reason to scold the chief for his deceit, but the man pretended not to understand what was said, and acted surprised when the cocoanuts were opened before him. But after he had gone away he sent Cook other fruit and some plantains to atone for his trickery.

The straightforward commander grieved over the dishonesty of the Tahitians whom he could not help liking on account of their good nature and evident joy at his return. They asked after Mr. Banks and others who had been in his company three years before. But strange to say, they showed no sorrow on hearing of Tupia's death.

During his stay Cook explored parts of the island he had not visited before. During one of his excursions he met a young chief who seemed to have a more understanding mind than most of his fellows. Cook showed him his watch which he admired greatly. Holding it to his ear, he listened eagerly to its ticking.

"What is it for?" he asked wonderingly.

"It is like the sun," he was told, "because its hands

mark off the time of day just as the sun's journey through the sky measures it according to his position there."

It took the chief quite a while to think out what had been told him. Then, looking again at the watch, he said, "Little sun."

In a few days nearly all the sick men of the *Adventure* had recovered. The fresh fruits and vegetables they had eaten had proved to be a speedy cure for their ills.

"We will leave here to go to Matavai Bay where I made a long stay during my last voyage," decided Cook.

To that safe harbor, therefore, the two ships next sailed. There the commander was almost overwhelmed by the loving attentions of the natives who well remembered his former visit. And yet—even while they embraced him and those of his companions whom they recognized as old friends, they watched for opportunities to steal whatever their hands could reach.

The women and girls were particularly loving in manner in order to touch the hearts of the white men and make them more generous. Some of the girls were really handsome, with beautiful white teeth and bewitching smiles. So, when they entreated the sailors, "Be good to your dear little sisters," more than one of the men was deeply touched.

"A life spent here with these charming creatures

would be very pleasant," some of the sailors doubtless said to themselves.

The two Forsters must often have been thorns in the flesh to Cook during his wanderings because much of the time they seemed to see only the bad in whatever took place. But in beautiful Tahiti they were entranced, and had little but praise of it to write in their journals.

Pleasant as was the stay in Matavai Bay, Cook felt that he could not linger longer. He wished to explore the Society Islands further. On the first day of September, therefore, the ships sailed away with the shore they left behind them lined with dark-skinned natives grieving at the departure of the white men.

Two days afterwards they dropped anchor on the coast of Huaheine where Cook visited his old friend, Chief Orea. Orea was so glad to see him that he wept tears of joy, and the commander himself was so deeply affected that he wrote afterwards of Orea as his father.

For the most part all went well during the stay at the island and Cook was able to secure a large supply of vegetables, cocoanuts and bananas for the ships. One thing happened, however, that might have ended badly for the commander. He was told that a certain native had been very impudent to some of the white visitors.

"I'll attend to this matter at once," he decided.

So he went directly to the native who was bran-

dishing two clubs. Being as usual without fear, he seized the clubs and broke them in two, something which only a very strong man like himself could have done. After that he drew his sword from its sheath and pointing it at the man, drove him before it. The natives who saw this must have admired the "white chief" more than ever before because of his bravery and his strength.

When the *Resolution* and *Adventure* sailed away soon afterwards a new member had been added with Captain Furneaux's consent to the company on his ship. It was the youth Omai. He was of common family but had an unusually bright mind, and so longed for adventure that he had begged to go with the white men. Cook had very readily consented because he felt that the young fellow would be of help in dealing with the people of other islands he might visit later.

The next stop was at the island of Ulietea. A chief whom Cook had met on his previous visit was delighted at his coming. Through him the commander met the king of the island, who was very hospitable and helped to make his noble white guest enjoy himself. He gave him presents and had little plays and graceful dances performed in his honor. He even visited the ship with some of his wives one of whom was so beautiful that the artist, Mr. Hodges, painted her picture.

Now among the islanders was a youth to whom Cook took a great fancy.

"His complexion and clothes," so the commander wrote in his Journal, "caused me to think that he was of good family."

"Should I let this youth, Oedidea, go with me?" he asked himself, as he thought of the carefree easy life of the natives in their own home.

So he took pains to explain to the young fellow what he must undergo if he sailed away with him. He must eat coarse food; he must work hard; he would certainly suffer in a cold climate. And yet Oedidea was still determined to leave home and friends in search of the unknown.

Little could the commander blame him. He, too, had left all he knew behind him when the sea had called to him long ago in a little fishing village.

CHAPTER XVIII

Queer Fashions

"WHAT a good time we have had!" the voyagers must have thought as they left behind what Cook had well named the Society Islands.

"We will make our way westward," he said, hoping to come upon some islands that had been discovered by Tasman and his fellow Dutchman, Schouten.

On sailed the ships in close company, with little happening except the discovery of the small but the beautiful Hervey Islands on which no people seemed to be living. Without stopping there, the explorers voyaged on till they sighted another beautiful island two weeks after they had left the Society group behind them. As they came closer, they could see fertile fields where gardens had been carefully laid out. Sweet-singing birds flew overhead and the air was fragrant.

Before a good place had been found to anchor, the natives came paddling out in their canoes to make the acquaintance of the newcomers. They even boarded the *Resolution* without showing the least fear. One of them held a kind of pepper plant with which he rubbed Cook's nose and the noses of

his companions. It was as much as to say, "Let us be friends."

Both ships speedily found canoes about them on every hand. The natives in them had brought a curious kind of cloth for sale which had been made out of the fibers of certain plants. Such a hubbub as they made, as they shouted their wares in a strange tongue! Afterwards, when Cook had landed and found himself surrounded by natives who had flocked to the shore to greet him and offer their visitors still other cloth, he was glad to find these people even more pleased to give than receive. They actually cast bundle after bundle of the cloth into the white men's midst, and then turned away without asking anything in return. Their chief led his visitors to his home where he offered them entertainment. Cook was so pleased that he ordered some Scotch sailors who were with him to play on their bagpipes. The chief enjoyed the merry music, and in turn ordered three young girls to entertain the visitors with songs. Harsh as their voices doubtless were, Cook praised the songs afterwards in his Journal.

After this interesting call the commander made a trip farther inland with some of his company. Wherever he went, he found the people delighted to see him, and showing their friendship by kissing their hands and then pressing them against their hearts. How had they learned this charming fashion? Had those dark-skinned people kissed each

other before white men had adopted this way of showing affection? Who knows?

After a day's visit among them, Cook sailed on to the near-by island of Tongatabu, or Amsterdam as it is called to-day. He found the people there as friendly and the country as beautiful as the island he had just visited. It was easy to get supplies of fruit in trade, as well as pigs and fowls. The natives also offered mats and cloth, besides oddly carved ornaments and tools that the sailors wished to carry home; but the commander refused to allow trading for these. Food for future use on the voyage was in his eyes all important.

He was amazed at the industry of the natives in tending their crops. "There was not an inch of spare ground," so he wrote in his Journal, "the roads occupied no more space than was absolutely necessary, the fences did not take up above four inches each; and even this was not wholly lost, for in many were planted some useful trees or plants."

And all this care taken on an island in the mid-Pacific, far from the lands of civilized people! It seemed wonderful, wonderful!

The natives were good-looking, with fine, strong bodies. Every one Cook met seemed to be in good health. With all their love of order and beauty, these people had some queer customs. The men shaved their faces with shells, and the women, who were quite pretty, powdered their short-cut hair. Some of the powder was white, some red, some blue.

As Cook looked about him he discovered most of the grown-ups on the island had no little fingers. He soon learned the reason; they had cut them off to show their grief at the death of relations or close friends.

In one thing he must have been disappointed: he found that the natives, intelligent as they were in many ways, were given to theft like the islanders he had met elsewhere. And here it must be admitted that, after the many trying experiences with thieves in the past, the commander sometimes lost his temper and punished very severely those who stole, whether they were natives or his own men.

Altogether, he was much in love with this charming place. The people were both kind and generous.

"I will call it and the lands near by the Friendly Islands," he decided, and to this day they bear the name he gave them.

During the pleasant stay there of the two ships, Cook showed his usual courage in a curious way. One of the chiefs, wishing to do his guests honor, offered them a drink which he called "ava." The stomachs of the white men rebelled at the thought of even tasting it. And no wonder! It had been made in this way: some of the natives had chewed the roots of the ava plant, and then spit the juice into a deep dish and added water to it, or milk from cocoanuts.

Though Cook disliked the idea of drinking it as

much as his companions, he thought, "I must not offend my kind host."

He therefore managed somehow or other to swallow his portion.

Before leaving the island, the commander took pains to plant seeds of different vegetables he had brought with him from Europe, as he had done in other places.

His plans were already carefully made; now that winter was coming to an end in the Antarctic he meant to renew his search for the dreamed-of southern continent.

So they left the beautiful little island of Amsterdam in the South Seas, and the two ships were headed for New Zealand where plenty of wood and fresh water could be secured.

Cook's companions felt sad at the possibility of suffering and danger to come. They had been happy and comfortable during the past months, while ahead of them were meals of salt meat and hard biscuits, and ripe cocoanuts and bananas would soon be only a memory. Freezing air would take the place of balmy breezes. Heavy clothes must be worn again to keep off the disagreeable advances of Jack Frost. Hard work for the sailors was to follow days of ease and merriment among the smiling pretty maidens.

Nevertheless, all went well till Queen Charlotte Sound on the New Zealand coast was almost in sight. Then a hurricane arose in which heavy seas dashed

over the decks, and even the sailors' bunks were drenched with the water that poured in. There was little sleep for any one on board because of the heavy rolling of the ships and the angry roaring of the waves. It was a gloomy time for all. Worst of all, the two vessels became parted and were not to sight each other again till home should be reached months afterwards.

When the storm had abated and the *Resolution* was able to make her way into Queen Charlotte Sound, Cook had to attend at once to the repairs that must be made before the vessel would be safe for further sailing.

He shortly made a sad discovery: many barrels of biscuits had been soaked in the salt water that had entered the ship during the hurricane. Some of the biscuits were completely spoiled while others were so moldy and ill-smelling that it would be hard work to swallow them.

To the commander's relief he found the natives inclined to be friendly, although they stole from the white men whenever chance offered. One of them even dared to pry into Cook's pockets and robbed him of his handkerchief.

Moreover, they were filthy as compared with the people of the Society and Friendly Islands. Worse still, they were cannibals. One of them openly ate part of the body of a youth they had killed! Oedidea, who you remember had come with Cook from the Society Islands, was filled with horror and dis-

gust at the vile customs and brutal actions of these New Zealanders. He would not even touch the fellow he had seen eating human flesh, and declared he could not be the friend of the Maoris.

The commander was soon busy trying to find out what had happened to the animals he had left on the island during his previous visit. He learned that the two goats had been killed, and that two of the hogs had disappeared in the woods.

"I will try again," he decided. At his order, therefore, three hogs and some fowls which had been brought from the Friendly Islands were carried on shore, together with the two last goats Cook had with him.

When he went to visit the gardens he had planted with seeds the spring before, he was cheered by finding a goodly crop of vegetables which would be of service in keeping his men healthy in the voyage ahead of them.

"Before going away, I must leave a letter behind me for Captain Furneaux," he determined. "My instructions before I lost sight of him were that he should sail here to meet me in case we became separated."

Accordingly, directions as to the future were written and put inside a bottle. Then a hole was dug in the middle of one of the gardens Cook had planted not far from the water's edge, and the bottle was buried in it.

The next day, November 26, the commander and

his company sailed out of Queen Charlotte Sound, bound for the icy waters of the Antarctic.

"Shall I be rewarded for the voyage ahead of me?" Cook wondered. He knew what was ahead. He and his companions must encounter storms and bitter cold and danger again and again in the search for an unknown continent. Yet he did not hesitate.

"We will stand by our brave leader," so agreed his devoted men because of their trust in his wise judgment. So with stout hearts and smiling faces they set to their various duties, though they wished in vain that a companion ship were making her way close at hand. Life would then seem cheerier, but it was not to be.

Soon after December opened icebergs began to appear, a chilling sight, with snow falling almost constantly. When Christmas morning dawned with clearing air, *one hundred* icebergs could be counted, and the cold was bitter indeed. Every one on board strove to make merry, however. The dinner was better than usual, and a general allowance of grog was given to each sailor.

Cook could not have helped longing that day for a sight of his wife and sons in the cosy London home. And he was doubtless asking himself by this time, "After all, is my search fruitless? Can there be the great southern continent of which my countrymen have been dreaming?"

As he gazed at vast floating ice fields, he had begun to think that ice must reach to the South Pole.

"Or else," he mused, "the unknown continent stretches far back behind that ice, and no human being can possibly reach it."

He continued, "I must not risk the lives of my companions in keeping on with a search for it." Even if discovered, he felt that it would be of no use to mankind if living creatures of any kind whatsoever could not exist there.

Now, therefore, he began to discuss a fresh plan with his officers. He told them he had decided that the *Resolution* had best head north where search should be made for two islands discovered long ago, but not located carefully at the time. One of these had been sighted by the Spaniard, Juan Fernandez, and the other by an explorer named Davis.

"If we can't find the first we must search for the second so that I may place its correct position on the map," the commander explained.

"After that," he continued, "we will make our way to warmer waters and forge on to Tahiti. There we may get news of the *Adventure*."

But Cook's plan did not end there. He intended to visit other islands in the South Pacific, after which he would head for Cape Horn, round that rocky headland the following November, and spend months afterwards exploring the South Atlantic before sailing to England.

That was a big plan indeed for the explorers to carry out after having voyaged for more than two

years. And yet neither officers nor crew uttered a word of complaint at what was still ahead of them. Such was their faith in the man who commanded the expedition.

CHAPTER XIX

Stewed Dog

"HE is very ill." So Dr. Patten, who looked after the health of the company, said to himself when he stood beside Cook's bedside and noted the fever that seemed to be burning him up.

The commander was still trying to locate an island discovered the century before when he began to realize that something was wrong with himself.

"What can be the matter with me?" he wondered.

He tried to forget the pains that wracked his body, and kept on attending to his duties, but a day came when he could not force himself to keep about any longer. And so Dr. Patten had to take him in hand, and he did his best to bring relief to the sufferer.

"It is a bilious attack," he decided, "and is so acute that my patient's life is in danger."

The next few days were full of anxiety for every one in the ship's company, and a week passed before Cook was pronounced out of danger.

The fever had left him very weak and he was in need of nourishing food that could be digested easily. Unfortunately, there was not even a fowl left on board that could be killed and cooked for the sick

man. Then some one suggested dog stew. It might help to bring health back to the commander. But where was the needed dog?

Mr. Forster, it so happened, had brought one as a pet and he loved it greatly. Yet he now nobly offered to sacrifice the little creature. It was forthwith killed and made into soup which Cook ate with relish, and from that time his strength slowly came back.

By that time many of his men had begun to sicken. They had been sailing for many weeks out of sight of any land where they might stop to get fresh food and water and to Cook's distress had been obliged to live on salt junk and spoiled biscuits, while the cold and dampness had cut into their bodies.

"We must try our best to reach the land Davis discovered, as soon as possible. It cannot be far from here," meditated the commander, who was once more able to direct the course of the ship.

So the ship speeded on her way, and at last Easter Island came into view. The joy of every one on board was unbounded as the ship came closer and closer to the shore of that strange land lying in mid-Atlantic, far to the west of South America.

Joy, indeed! But the hearts of the company sank when no good drinking water could be obtained in the place and they found little growing there save bananas. The natives, however, were friendly. Nevertheless, they showed the same vice that Cook

had found in other places he had visited: they were ever on the watch to steal from their visitors.

In that lonely spot Cook and his companions had cause for wonder. Tall black columns rose before them, and many immense statues carved out of stone, which must have stood there for ages, were to be seen. Who had built them? Surely not ignorant, stupid people like the present inhabitants of the island. Had a great race once dwelt there? It was a riddle Cook could not solve, nor has any one since his time solved it.

It was of no use to linger long at Easter Island since greatly needed food supplies could not be obtained there. So the *Resolution* was shortly on her way to the Marquesas Islands. Four of these had been discovered by a Spaniard, but the fifth one was first sighted by one of Cook's officers.

"Hereafter it shall be called Hood's Island in honor of our young discoverer," declared Cook.

Soon afterwards the ship entered a safe harbor on the coast of another of the Marquesas Islands and natives appeared ready for trade. But here it was the same old story: they were ready to steal whenever chance offered. When one of them boarded the ship he boldly seized an iron stanchion and speedily made off with it in his canoe. One of the men on deck shot at him, though it was against the commander's orders, and the thief was killed. That scared the rest of his people so much that they

plainly feared to have dealings with the white men.

"Yet it is necessary for me to get some supplies here," thought Cook. "Somehow or other, I must win the natives' confidence enough to do a little trading with them."

He was soon made easy in mind by their bringing tropical fruit, yams, and tender little pigs to exchange for the nails and beads he offered them. All was going well when one of the ship's officers innocently did an unfortunate thing: he traded some bright red feathers for a pig. At that, the other savages were filled with envy and began to demand feathers for themselves. Sad to say, there were no more among the stores, and as the people no longer showed interest in beads and nails, further trading became impossible.

However, before leaving the Marquesas Islands, Cook spent a good deal of time in making observations along the coast so that he could mark the exact position of the islands on his chart. He also made trips into the country which he found quite fertile. Of course, Mr. Forster and his son were glad to go with him in search of rare trees and plants.

"The men here are unusually fine looking," he observed, "and their figures are tall and straight."

For the most part he saw few women, since they were probably kept hidden lest they should be harmed by the white visitors.

"Head for Tahiti," so Cook ordered when the *Resolution* set sail once more.

As she voyaged onward through pleasant waters the explorers kept their eyes open for new islands and were rewarded with fresh discoveries. Many of these islands had been built up from the ocean floor by coral insects and lay very low in the water. Some of them were nearly round, with lakes in the center. The men who landed were rewarded by the sight of beautiful fishes of many hues swimming leisurely about in the lakes on whose borders graceful palm trees were growing.

On one island Cook saw people whose bodies were tattooed with the figures of fishes. The savages had thus marked themselves as a sign that they got their living by fishing.

April was nearly ended when Tahiti was sighted at last. After their eight months of absence, the island seemed lovelier than ever to Cook and his companions. The frozen Antarctic with its forbidding ice packs and bergs might easily seem a bad dream when they looked about them at the fragrant flowers and graceful trees, and drew in long quaffs of the delicious air.

The natives were even friendlier than at the last visit of the white men. King Otoo and his chiefs showed themselves devoted to Cook who found that thieving, however, was commonly practiced by their followers.

"I'll stop it so far as I can," the commander determined.

Accordingly, when one of the Maoris started to

make off with a cask, he had the fellow seized, taken on board the ship, and bound with irons.

At that, King Otoo, filled with pity, insisted on the thief's being set free.

"No," Cook told him. "If any of my men should rob one of your people, I would have him punished as I am now going to punish this man."

He was as good as his word. He ordered the thief brought on shore where he was given a sound thrashing, while Otoo looked on in great grief and many of his subjects burst into tears.

"I hope these Tahitians have learned this lesson," Cook doubtless thought when the flogging was over and the thief had been set free.

Happy care-free weeks passed on the island. Day after day Cook let the sailors do much as they pleased, so they wandered at will about the island, feasting on the fresh fruit and fish, and entering into the sports of the natives. Then, after a long rest, the explorers were ready to visit Huaheine where they felt sure of a continued good time among friendly people.

After a short visit there they went on to Ulietea where Oedidea was to remain with his own people. He wept bitterly at the parting with his white friends. But Cook had said positively, "It is not best for Oedidea to go with us farther," and that decided the matter.

Soon after reluctantly bidding good-by to friendly Ulietea the explorers discovered two new islands.

One of these Cook called Palmerston Island and the other Savage Island. Well might he give the name of Savage to the place, as you shall see. When he landed there with a small company from the ship, the natives gathered to attack them with stones and spears. Thereupon the marines who had come with Cook fired off their muskets, at which the savages fled in great fright.

"No good will come of our staying here any longer," decided Cook.

So back to the ship they went, to sail farther along the coast and attempt another landing. But when they next stopped they met with an even worse reception than before. The natives hurled spears at them and one of these grazed the commander's shoulder. His life was nearly at stake because the spear was doubtless pointed with some poisonous substance bound to bring death if it entered the body.

Quickly, therefore, he fired at the savage; but in his haste he missed his aim, and when the natives kept up their attack he decided that it was foolish to stay longer in the place. He therefore gave the order to sail on.

Some of the islands the explorers afterwards passed were too small to arouse their interest, while others sighted by previous explorers seemed large enough to merit brief visits.

After a few days during which no exciting events took place, Cook sighted two hitherto undiscovered islands of the New Hebrides group.

"What ugly creatures the savages who live in these islands are!" thought the white men after landing among them. Their bodies were short, their skins very dark, and the tops of their heads slanted up from their narrow foreheads to a ridge. They were very fierce, and their favorite weapons were poisoned arrows. Worse still, many of them were cannibals.

Yet Cook dared to go about among them quite alone, not even carrying a weapon of defense. In fact, he bore nothing except a green branch which spoke for him thus: "I mean only kindness." Depending upon this green branch for safety, he made his way freely from place to place.

To his surprise, he found that the natives of the New Hebrides did not thieve like the people of the other islands he had visited. Savage as they were, they seemed to heed a voice within them saying, "Thou shalt not steal."

The next island visited was Mallicolo where the natives immediately made out from shore to greet the white men. Each of them carried a green branch to show his good will, but oh! such ugly looking people as they were. Their skins were very dark, their bodies were badly shaped, their noses were flat, and their foreheads narrow. And yet they seemed to have quick-working minds because they readily understood the signs Cook and his companions made to them.

They were permitted to board the ship, where-

upon the white men had great fun in watching them look at themselves in the mirrors. Ugly as they were, they seemed delighted at their appearance.

Afterwards they lost their good nature. When one of them tried to enter a boat and was refused by the sailor guarding it, he made ready to shoot at him with a poisoned arrow, but was held back from doing so by his companions. The next instant, however, he started to aim again just as Cook appeared on the deck of the ship.

"Stop!" the commander signed, "or you will suffer for this."

In answer, the savage pointed his arrow at him. It was well for Cook that he had his gun with him. But he was obliged to fire it twice before the man and his companions fled in fright.

There were still other unpleasant encounters, but Cook soon brought an end to these by his courage. Going on shore with a few companions, he boldly advanced to meet several hundred natives holding war weapons in their hands. And Cook's sole armor was a green branch!

At that a chief, disarming himself, advanced to meet the white leader and make a peace treaty with him.

"We will not stay here any longer," Cook told his company when he found after a few days that he could do little trading with the savages because they did not care for the beads and other trinkets

he offered, nor even for nails such as other islanders had coveted.

So the commander proceeded to explore the waters elsewhere. He discovered several small islands and went on shore at Erromango where the people pretended at first to be friendly and then suddenly attacked the white men. Thick through the air they sent arrows, stones, and spears against them. To save his men, Cook ordered them to shoot, and the result was that two of the savages were killed and others were wounded.

"It is useless to linger here," thought Cook.

So once more the explorers set forth, but only to sail a short distance to the near-by island of Tanna where the really fine-looking natives became friendly after an unpleasant encounter at first. The men of the island seemed to lead an easy life among beautiful trees, with gay flowers blossoming everywhere around them while the women did the heavy work.

"There is one drawback to this lovely land," Cook and his companions agreed. It seems that an active volcano was almost steadily sending out a stream of smoke, flames, and sometimes stones that reached the *Resolution* though she was anchored four miles away. Ashes from the fire covered everything on board the ship. They even got into the food and blinded the eyes of the explorers. When it rained the condition was no better because the dust was then mixed with water and the mud covered the vessel's deck from end to end.

Consequently, after a short stay at Tanna, Cook explored neighboring islands; and though some of these had been visited by voyagers before, he gave the name of New Hebrides to the whole group.

CHAPTER XX

Bad News

"WE will return to New Zealand," planned Cook. "When we have obtained there all the wood and fresh water we will need for a long voyage, we will try once more to discover the unknown continent since the Antarctic summer is near at hand."

After all, you see, this determined man had not decided to give up as yet the search on which England had sent him.

"There may be hitherto unknown islands between the New Hebrides and New Zealand," he thought. "So we must keep our eyes open for fresh discoveries on our way."

He was not disappointed, for after a four days' sail he came in sight of a large and beautiful island, with mountains down whose slopes streams flowed to the fertile lands below. Sugar cane and yams had been planted by the natives, banana palms were growing, loaded with great clusters of fruit. Tall pines stretched from the fertile soil far up toward the heavens, with their feathery tops as graceful as delicate ferns.

The inhabitants of this lovely land joyfully welcomed the white strangers who were unlike any peo-

ple they had ever seen before. They seemed glad to serve their guests, and showed no desire to steal from them.

Cook, thinking of what was ahead of him, did not stay long in this enchanting place to which he gave the name New Caledonia.

Before leaving, however, he sailed for some distance along the coast off whose southern shore he found dangerous coral reefs and shoals. The greatest care had to be used to prevent the vessel from being wrecked. As soon as she was safely out of those treacherous waters, she went on her way to Queen Charlotte Sound, New Zealand, which now seemed a familiar camping ground to the explorers.

On the way there, some small islands were discovered, one of them being the lovely Island of Pines, so named by Cook because of its beautiful trees.

When he reached New Zealand, you may readily guess what he did first of all: he sought the tree beneath which he had placed a bottle months before, containing his letter to Captain Furneaux. It was not there.

"Furneaux must have been here," he decided.

At first no natives were in sight. But when some of them appeared after a while, they seemed delighted to see Cook and his companions once more.

"Did the *Adventure* come here after I left?" Cook asked.

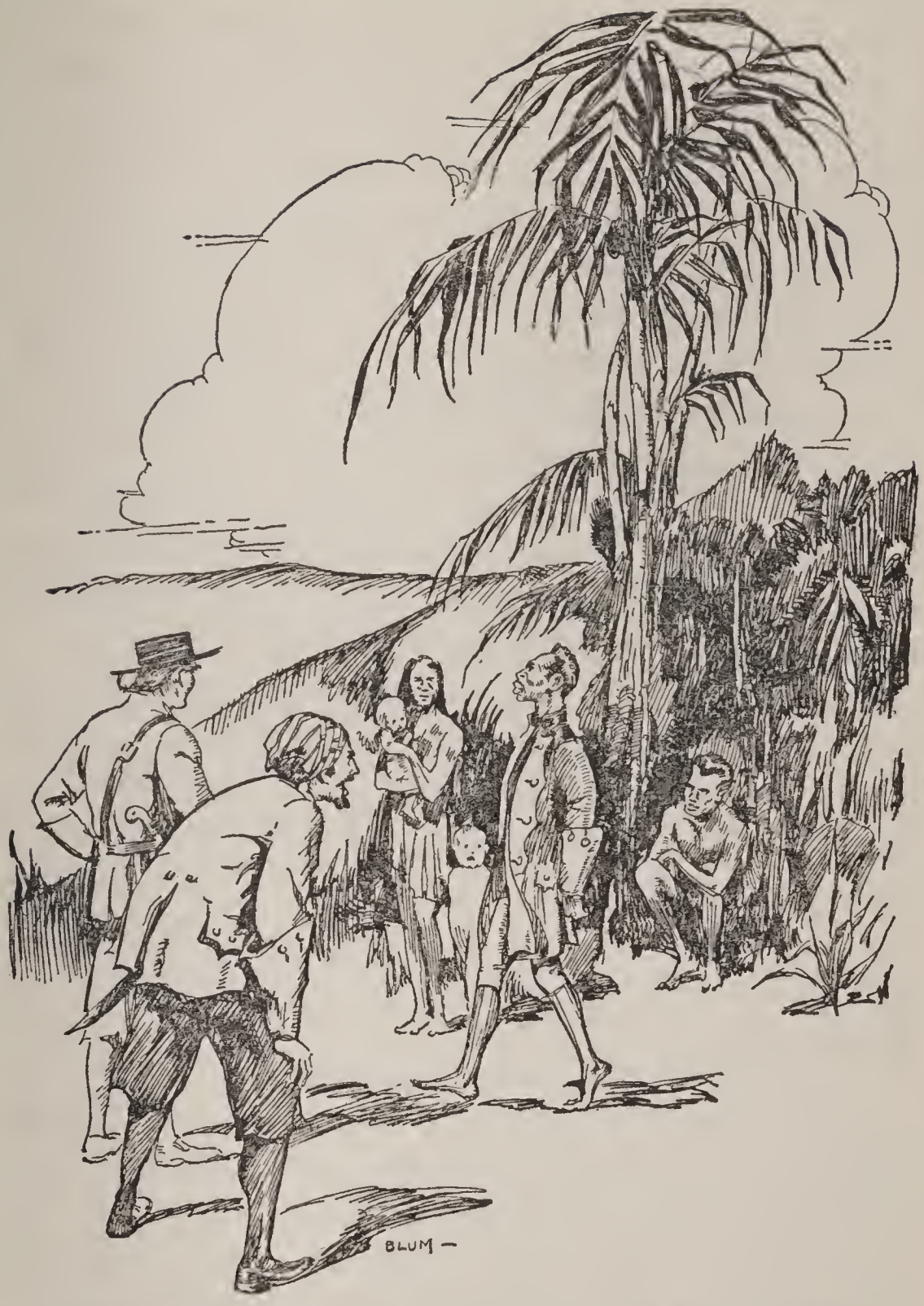
To this their answer was, "Yes." They said, further, that the vessel had visited their shores some months ago, but they acted queer at mention of her coming. Evidently they did not wish to talk about it.

"Something must have gone wrong at that time," mused Cook. "That is evident because a number of the natives have spoken vaguely of white men having been killed while others, on being asked about it, have declared strenuously that this was not so."

In spite of many questions, however, he got no inkling of the terrible thing that had happened before his coming. Months, in fact, passed before he finally heard, after reaching the Cape of Good Hope, the bloodcurdling story of the massacre that had occurred during the *Adventure's* stay at the island.

This is the tale: soon after the *Resolution* had left Queen Charlotte Sound the *Adventure* had arrived there. She stayed in the harbor quite a while, and all went well till the day before leaving, when a boatload of the men with two midshipmen in charge, Mr. Rowe and Mr. Woodhouse, went ashore to get some wild celery and did not return as ordered at nightfall.

Captain Furneaux, fearing harm had befallen the missing sailors, sent a second party to look for them as soon as daylight arrived. When they returned to the ship they brought doleful tidings. The natives



The chief put on the uniform and walked forth with great pride.

whom they met would give no information in regard to their friends, but they finally discovered some shoes, and one of these, as they knew, had been worn by Mr. Woodhouse. Afterwards they found the hand of a white man which they recognized as that of Thomas Hill. After that, dreadful to relate, they came upon parts of the bodies of the missing men which had been scattered about for the dogs to eat after the savages had finished their horrible feast.

No hope was left, since not one of the party could be found still living. Sick at heart, Captain Furneaux and his remaining companions sailed away with none of the natives in sight. Fearful of the white men's anger, they were in hiding.

It was well for Cook that during his visit he did not guess what a horrible death had befallen some of the men who had sailed on the *Adventure*. He was therefore friendly with the natives and especially with their chiefs. To one of these, a man of considerable power, he even gave a complete uniform which the chief put on and then walked forth among his people with great pride.

The tenth day of November arrived. The ship had been overhauled and a supply of water, fresh fruit, and vegetables had been stored on board. The crew were in good health, and ready for the voyage into southern waters which their leader had planned. Then away sailed the *Resolution* bound for new adventures.

"Direct the ship's course to Cape Horn." Such

was the commander's order because he wished to make a careful study of the regions around it.

Five weeks of steady sailing went by with little of storm or danger. Then the island of Tierra del Fuego came into sight. Bleak as it was, the explorers saw ferns growing among the rocks and birds nesting in the tall trees that managed to grow in the stony soil.

Moreover, they found numbers of mussels on the rocky shores of tiny islands near by. Not only these! They discovered wild celery in abundance; and better yet, some strange but delicious fruit growing on shrubs. The southern summer was at its height.

"We can celebrate Christmas in splendid fashion," all agreed when they observed the celery and fruit they had gathered and the wild geese some of them had shot, to say nothing of several hundred swallows' eggs they had found in nests near the water's edge.

A pleasant Christmas it proved to be for all on board. Cook wrote of it in his Journal: "I do not believe our friends in England kept Christmas as merrily as we did."

He seemed to enjoy the roasted geese and goose pie the cook served, as much as any one else on board.

Some of the natives of the country visited the white men. But they were dirty, and ugly, and nearly naked; and they smelled so disgustingly of

the stale oil which they spread on their bodies that even the sailors would not approach them.

After Cook had obtained a fresh supply of wood and water, the *Resolution* sailed around the ever dangerous Cape Horn without accident.

Once in the Atlantic, the commander set to work on his charts. Never up to that time had the lands and waters in that part of the world been accurately surveyed. Cook determined that it was high time to do it now.

While busy in this way, he also discovered islands which other explorers had never seen before. One of these was very small, but most interesting. No human beings lived there, though it had countless inhabitants—sea lions, sea bears, seals, and penguins sporting without fear on the sands and among the rocks. All was peace and harmony among them.

The middle of January was close at hand when a large island came into view. It was a desolate-looking place, with high mountains and deep valleys robed in snow, and ice cliffs on the shores. No living creature was in sight save seals and the birds that flew overhead making doleful cries. Yet Cook thought it worth while to land on the island where with due ceremony he claimed it for his king, giving it the name of South Georgia.

Soon after his brief stay in this place he ordered the ship to sail southward in search of fresh discoveries. He soon came upon a group of islands to which he gave the name Sandwich Land. Icebergs

were in sight and cakes of ice floated around the ship. Fog shut it in much of the time and the chill air cut its way through the warmest clothing worn by the men.

"Beyond us are other islands," observed Cook, "but I can gain nothing by sailing among them."

He thought further: "It is impossible to reach that unknown continent I have hoped in vain to discover. Ice would block my way and we would certainly meet with destruction."

At the same time he did not give up the idea of there being such a continent. But he believed it lay near the South Pole, that it was covered with ice, and that the great bergs found in the Antarctic had broken away from it.

He wrote further about it in his Journal, saying: "The risque one runs in exploring a coast in these unknown and icy waters is so very great that I can be bold enough to say that no man will ever venture farther than I have done; and that the lands which may lie to the south will never be explored."

Much more he wrote in regard to the dangers that adventurers in those far southern waters would be bound to meet. Little did he dream in that long ago of what Commander Byrd was yet to achieve with the aid of modern inventions.

The brave leader had done his best. Of this he felt sure when he told his companions of his decision to turn about. They were heartily glad when the ship was headed for the Cape of Good Hope

on the way to England, and a last good-by had been said to icebergs and cutting fogs.

The middle of March found the explorers nearing the Cape when they were rewarded with a glorious sight—several sister ships. One of these was returning to Holland after a voyage to India. Her captain generously offered Cook sugar and other greatly needed supplies, though the ship going to Holland did not have an abundance herself.

Shortly afterwards still other vessels appeared. From one of these, bound for England, Cook received a priceless gift—some old newspapers printed in the mother country. We can scarcely imagine the eagerness with which the men on the *Resolution* read those papers. For the first time in almost three years they learned of what had been happening at home during their long absence.

On the other hand, Cook was glad to have a chance to send letters back to England telling of what he had accomplished, because he could not return at once. The *Resolution* must first be overhauled and repaired because the storms of the Antarctic had made her unsafe in her present condition for the long voyage still ahead.

Six days after meeting the other ships, the *Resolution* landed safely at the Cape of Good Hope. Only three of the men were ill, and these not extremely so. They soon recovered in the balmy air, with plenty of fresh food to strengthen their bodies. Cook's record was a remarkable one for a sea cap-

tain of that time. That there was no scurvy on board after such long wanderings over the ocean showed wonderful care and wonderful management.

Several weeks passed at the Cape before the *Resolution* had been put into good shape and needed supplies had been stored on board. Then she set forth, carrying a happy, merry company of men who could now say, "In a few days—yes, just a few days—we will be in our own homes if all goes well. And oh! what tales we can then tell of the adventures we have shared on sea and land in far places."

Of what was Cook thinking during those last days on the ocean? Of his precious wife and sons, without question. And also, of course, of the way in which the news of his discoveries would be received by his king, the lords of the Admiralty, and indeed by all his countrymen. He had reason for pride because only four out of his whole company had met death since leaving England more than three years before. Three of these had died from accident, and one from a disease of long standing. Moreover, that terrible scourge scurvy had not caused the death of a single member of his crew! This alone was enough to bring renown to the truly great leader.

CHAPTER XXI

The Homecoming

IT is more than I expected." So must Cook have felt when he found himself the most talked-of man in all England. And even though the country was at war with the United States, and every one excited over that! Yes, the American Revolution had begun, and battles had already been fought across the ocean with British soldiers, since it was now late July of the year 1775.

Yet the newspapers found space to print accounts of Cook's great discoveries and of his adventures among all sorts of people, even cannibals; of the coco trees, the spices, the rare plants, and the strange animals he had found in hitherto unknown places; of his judgment in regard to an unknown continent among the icebergs. Moreover, congratulations poured in upon him from all directions for his remarkable success in fighting against scurvy. People felt that this merited as great praise as his discoveries in other lands.

As it happened, however, his Journal and the charts and maps he had made with such care were not published till they had been submitted to King George and the Lords of the Admiralty.

He must have felt pride at the great honor shown him when he was summoned to St. James's Palace where the King and his nobles awaited his coming. There he spoke simply, directly as ever, when he talked of what he had accomplished, referring lightly as usual, to the dangers he had encountered.

When he had finished his story, he received the reward he had long coveted—the title of Post-Captain.

With this came an appointment as a captain of Greenwich Hospital which made him sure of a goodly income for the rest of his life.

Not only in his homeland was he now famous. Other countries of Europe were sounding the praises of this Englishman who had sailed a second time around the world, had charted new lands, and voyaged farther south than any one before him. All nations pronounced him a mighty hero.

Soon after his return to London he received a visit from Captain Furneaux who had reached England several months before.

The *Endeavor,* Furneaux said, had encountered many storms, but had finished the voyage in safety. He told all he could of the horrible happening at New Zealand, of which Cook had first heard at the Cape of Good Hope.

"I believe some sudden quarrel must have arisen there between the natives and my men who were murdered." In such wise he spoke of the disaster.

He went on to say that the white men who were massacred must have been unwise in letting the quarrel arise.

Do you remember that Omai had left his island home to share Captain Furneaux's adventures which, it should be said, he entered into heartily? You may smile when you hear that much attention was paid him in London society. He was entertained like a prince, feasted to his stomach's content, loaded with gifts, and in fact, was quite spoiled, as we shall see later.

Little time passed before one honor after another had been bestowed on Cook. Not one of these could have filled him with greater joy than his being elected a fellow of the Royal Society.

The day after his admission was a notable one. He was now a tall impressive man of nearly forty-eight years, with hair drawn back from his wide forehead and tied at the back, dark piercing eyes, and determined chin. Erect and dignified, he took his place before his distinguished fellow members and read the paper he had carefully prepared, explaining how sailors could be kept in good health on a long voyage.

He told how his own men had, through his watchfulness, been kept free from scurvy during the years they had sailed with him in different climes, subject to hardships from both heat and cold.

"James Cook has accomplished wonders," agreed those learned men who listened to his words. They

felt that there was no greater achievement in the world than in saving the lives of human beings, and decided that Cook should be awarded the gold medal of the Royal Society for the best experimental work of the year. But when this award was made later on he was too far away to receive it in person so that his proud and devoted wife, Elizabeth, was named to appear in his place. On her the precious medal was therefore bestowed in the midst of the deafening acclaim of the onlookers.

Now let us see why Cook was not present on the great day. Directly after his return to London he had been appointed one of the captains at Greenwich Hospital, as we already know. A life of ease and comfort would be assured for him and his family. After sailing the seas for thirty-four years and with the hardships he had undergone, it might seem as if he would enjoy an easy life on land and Elizabeth, doubtless, looked forward to the thought of it with her husband at her side.

But there was much talk at the time of a possible adventure never yet undertaken by any human being.

"Captain Cook has proved for us that there is no continent in the far south," wise men agreed. "At least, if there is such, it is imbedded in ice and would be of no use to man."

So they turned their thoughts to something that had been discussed for at least two hundred years. It was in regard to a possible *northwest passage.*

In other words, the people of Europe were eager

to learn of a way of going to the rich countries of India and China without sailing on a long voyage around the Cape of Good Hope. Might it not be possible, they wondered, to sail straight across the Atlantic, then through the waters along the northern shores of North America and afterwards, passing through Behring Strait, reach Asia.

Thoughtful men asked this question over and over again. At one time Parliament declared that the amount of £20,000 should be given the owners of any merchant ship or the captain and his men of a ship in the Royal Navy who should discover the desired Northwest Passage.

Again and again brave explorers had striven to reach the goal, only to meet with death or disaster. Every one who survived told the same story: vast ice packs had been encountered in the north even in the Arctic summer, and ships caught between these had been crushed into fragments. Sometimes, indeed, no one on board survived to carry the tale back to the homeland.

When Cook returned from his second voyage, he heard much talk about sending another expedition to find the Northwest Passage, but to be different from any that had gone before it.

Instead of sailing around the northern part of the American Continent, wise men were asking, "Might it not be better for the explorers to sail from west to east? In other words, why should not the voyage be made from the Pacific to the Atlantic?"

Who was best fitted to conduct such an expedition? That was the next point to be settled.

"Captain James Cook," was the general answer.

"But he has returned so lately from a three years' voyage, it is not right to ask him," agreed the Lords of the Admiralty. "He deserves to enjoy the easy position of captain at Greenwich Hospital, that has lately been bestowed on him.

So matters stood when one day in February, Cook received an invitation to dine at Lord Sandwich's mansion. His old friend, Sir Hugh Palliser, was to be there, with another valuable friend, Mr. Stephens.

As the gentlemen sat at dinner, the talk turned to the much discussed Northwest Passage.

"But who is capable of commanding this dangerous expedition?" said Lord Sandwich, turning to Mr. Stephens.

At the words Cook sprang up from his seat and cried out, "I will go."

It was just what Lord Sandwich had hoped for.

If the Captain had had pleasant dreams of a quiet peaceful life henceforth in the society of the most learned in the land, with a generous income and a happy home life, they had evidently vanished. He, who had lived on excitement ever since the days when he was a poor unknown lad selling groceries in little Staithes, to be content to spend the rest of his life quietly even in palatial quarters at the great Hospital! It was unthinkable.

And so, when the opportunity appeared for fresh adventure and added fame, he did not hesitate to say, "I will go."

He begged his friends, however, not to let his wife learn of this promise as long as possible. She, dear loving soul, was looking forward to happy years with the man she loved at her side. Three of her children had died while their father was away on the seas. In a short time another little one was to enter the home and she joyfully believed that her husband would be with her to greet his first smile and hear his first baby words. It is not strange that Cook wished to keep her from learning about the coming voyage as long as he could, though from the day he made that promise to Lord Sandwich he was busy preparing for it.

"The *Resolution* that has served me so faithfully already shall bear me on the coming expedition," he decided.

Another vessel, a small one, was to accompany it. This was the *Discovery,* for whose commander Cook chose Captain Clerke who had been his faithful lieutenant during the previous voyage. Many of the officers and sailors who had been with Cook before begged to go with him. They were ready to court danger again so long as they might do so under the command of a leader so just and wise, and he was glad to accept their services.

Lord Sandwich himself gave close attention to the fitting out of the ship. Not only the best food pos-

sible was stored on board, but whatever Cook had found would be helpful in keeping off an attack of scurvy.

Two cows and their calves, a bull and a few sheep were also placed in the vessels to be carried to islands in the South Seas where they might multiply. A goodly supply of seeds was added to the stores for planting and enriching the lands Cook planned to visit.

The day came all too soon for the still lovely Elizabeth to say good-by to her brave husband. He must have been sad at heart as well as she, but the thought of what he hoped to achieve for the glory of his country buoyed him up.

The twelfth day of July, 1776, found the two ships, the *Resolution* and the *Discovery,* leaving English shores behind them bound on a tremendous adventure. Was there any foreboding in Cook's mind, we wonder, that he was never to set foot on his native land again, nor clasp his wife and children in his arms once more?

He had received careful orders as to the course he should follow. He was to make his way southward, round the Cape of Good Hope, and sail on to New Zealand and Otaheite. Omai, who was to go with him from England, was to be left with his own people.

After that, Cook was to make his way into the northern Pacific and then along the American coast till he reached Behring Strait where his search must

begin for the much-talked-of Northwest Passage.

A big undertaking, that? Yes, but a glorious one to Captain Cook's thinking.

In the beginning he had planned not to stop till he reached the Cape of Good Hope. Nevertheless, when he neared the lovely Canary Islands, he changed his mind.

"We will make a short stay at Teneriffe," he decided. "There we can get some fresh supplies for the men and some hay for the cattle and sheep.

Accordingly, both the *Resolution* and the *Discovery* put in at the lovely island of Teneriffe where the wished-for supplies were obtained without trouble.

Then on sailed the two ships which somehow lost sight of each other before the Cape of Good Hope was reached.

There, at Table Bay, the *Resolution* came to anchor, and Cook was heartily welcomed by the Dutch governor who had been so kind to him during his previous visit.

He was disappointed and troubled on learning that the *Discovery* had not arrived before him, nor had been heard of. He was all the more worried because of a recent storm and violent winds that made the ships anchored in Table Bay rock and toss about so badly that their anchors would not hold, and many of them were cast up on the shore, completely wrecked.

This had happened after his arrival, and the *Resolution* suffered with the rest of the vessels. Water flooded not only the decks, but the sleeping quarters of the officers and sailors. Drenched beds and hammocks were the common lot and, altogether, great damage was wrought.

"Was the *Discovery* out at sea and in all likelihood destroyed in the storm?" Cook wondered. Three anxious weeks passed before his mind was relieved when at last the sister ship appeared, safe and sound, after being held back in her course by the violence of the wind.

After nearly three more weeks, both the *Resolution* and the *Discovery* had been put into good shape for further voyaging, a fresh supply of provisions had been stored on board, and Cook declared everything ready for the start.

On the way south to the Cape, the explorers had crossed the equator and suffered from the heat. From this and the dampness caused by heavy rains some of the sailors had become ill. But Cook had tended them carefully, and they had recovered.

Now, as they left the Cape behind them, they encountered rough weather and severe cold on their way to New Zealand, and had to be watched with equal care. The animals on board suffered most, and some of the poor creatures died.

Six days after the explorers had left Africa, six islands, which two Frenchmen had discovered a few

years before, came into view. They proved to be so barren, with not a tree in sight nor even a blade of grass, that no human being could have made a home there.

"We must have a look-out for Kerguelen Land," Cook said after leaving these islands behind him, knowing that a Frenchman had discovered this large island, but had not marked its exact place on the map.

It was not easy now for the *Resolution* and *Discovery* to keep in sight of each other because of thick fog closing in around them. Guns had to be fired off frequently to let the men on one ship know how near was the other.

Then came the day before Christmas, when the fog began to lighten and Cook found he was nearing some small rocky islands.

Soon after passing these he reached Kerguelen's Land for which he had been on the watch for a long time. Bleak and dismal it proved to be. Nevertheless, the commander gave the order to anchor off shore in a small harbor to which he gave the name, Christmas, because that great holiday of the year had now arrived.

"My men shall not be obliged to do any work on this day," Cook declared.

Accordingly, all who wished to do so landed and proceeded to explore the country. They found no people living there, though countless seals, amusing penguins and other sea birds were seen along the

shores. The seals were so tame that numbers of them were easily killed.

"The young ones are not at all bad eating," agreed the company who had had many a meal of boiled seal meat down in the Antarctic. The older seals, as they also knew, were valuable for the oil obtained from them.

Before the day ended, some of the explorers had ventured inland, but they met with no cheering sight to make the day a joyful one. No trees, no grassy fields, were visible—it was a barren land indeed. There were moments of pleasurable excitement, however, when one of the men made a discovery: he found a bottle fastened by stout wire to a rock near the shore.

"How had it come to be there in that desolate place?" he wondered as he hastened to carry it to Cook who also wondered till he had opened the bottle and found it contained a parchment on which some words in a foreign language were written.

The mystery was solved when the words had been deciphered: a French explorer had been on the island three years before and on going away he had left this message for any white men who should come after him.

"I will add my story to his," Cook said to himself. He therefore wrote on the back of the parchment about his own visit now, in December, 1776. Then, putting it back in the bottle, he also inserted a silver piece of money minted in England the year

before. After that he closed the opening tightly with lead.

"To-morrow we will build a cairn out of stones on top of yonder hill," he directed his men. "The bottle shall be placed there, together with the flag of our country," he said further, "and be in plain sight of any other explorers coming after me."

CHAPTER XXII

Queer People

DAY after day a dense fog continued while the two ships went on their eastward way after leaving Kerguelen Land. It was an extremely dense fog, making the world seem unreal to the voyagers. Then suddenly the sun shone out in all his glory, revealing a large island ahead. It was Van Dieman's Land, so named by its Dutch discoverer, but known to us to-day as Tasmania.

Trees grew there and abundant grass, as Cook happily found after anchoring in Adventure Bay. And there were human beings too, but with little more intelligence than that of animals. These savages were utterly naked and their only homes were among the branches of trees. Their skins, black as ebony, were plastered with red grease. They sometimes amused themselves by throwing sticks at a wooden mark set in the ground.

Omai was disgusted at their stupidity.

"I'll let them see how powerful we are," he thought.

Accordingly he took a gun and fired it at the mark, hitting it exactly.

At that the savages were filled with such terror

that they fled from the white men, and not till the next day did any of them come near the visitors again.

Cook judged rightly how to win their friendship, by offering them some trinkets which they received with delight.

After obtaining a supply of wood and plenty of fodder for the animals on board ship, the captain gave the order to sail. All his company must have been glad because they were going next to New Zealand where they expected to find good weather, and fresh fruit and vegetables for their table.

It was almost the middle of February before they entered Queen Charlotte Sound. The canoes of the Maoris came flocking around the ships, but not one of the occupants would come on board. Full well they remembered the murder of the men from Captain Furneaux's ship.

"Will the great chief who showed himself our friend before, wreak vengeance upon us now for killing some of his people?" they asked themselves. Cook, however, soon made them understand that he did not intend to punish them for past wrongdoing. At the same time he intended to find out all he could about the murder and how much the natives were to blame.

"Though I'll treat them well," he said to himself, "I'll take care that we do not get in their power."

For this reason all in the company were directed

to carry arms on going ashore. They must be on guard every minute, he insisted.

After a while he was able, through Omai's help, to learn what he wished. This was the tale: while the visitors from the *Adventure* sat eating their lunch in a rather lonely spot, some of the natives crept up and stole a portion of the food. Thereupon the sailors set to and beat them.

The savages shouted for help, and a goodly number of their people speedily arrived. A fight followed in which every one of that company of white men was killed.

Cook learned further that a certain chief whom he had already met was the one who had killed the officer in command of the party.

"Why do you not put that chief to death?" demanded Omai who was amazed and indignant that the captain had not done so after the man had admitted the crime. He went on to remind Cook: "In your own country, England, a murderer is hanged, and this is just."

Cook answered, "I have promised the chief not to harm him if he tells the truth," and explained further that he believed the man when he said he had killed the officer in defending himself. At the same time, believing that "Discretion is the better part of valor," he used every precaution for the safety of his men and himself whenever they were on land. For instance, when they went ashore to cut grass for the live stock on board ship, he took

care that all in the party carried weapons of defense in case of sudden attack by the natives.

Before Cook gave the order to sail he examined the gardens he had planted during his last visit, and found cabbages, radishes, onions, and other vegetables growing well. He was told that the pigs and fowls he had left were said to be running wild in the country, but he did not see them.

"I would like to leave more of my pigs and fowls here," he thought, "and also some cows. If they multiply, they will be of much service to the natives."

This he did, giving the creatures into the care of some chiefs who promised to look after them.

Now since it was intended that Omai was to be left at Tahiti later on, he begged Cook to let him take a certain chief's young son to be his companion the rest of the way there and since the chief was willing the captain granted his wish. The youth who was chosen now declared that he must take a servant to wait upon him, a certain ten-year-old boy.

With these additions to the company, the *Discovery* and *Resolution* bade good-by to New Zealand, and were soon heading into the northeast in search of new lands to claim for England as they went on their way to Tahiti.

The water shortly became rough and the two youthful New Zealanders began to suffer great distress. The poor creatures were seasick, and wretched in mind as well as body.

Cook wrote of them: "They wept both in publick

and in private, and made their lamentations in a kind of song which, so far as we could understand it, was in praise of their country and people they should never see more."

Day after day the air was filled with their wailing till at last they recovered from seasickness. Thereupon they became the captain's merry and devoted companions.

For nearly five weeks the explorers sailed on with never a glimpse of land. Then, to their joy, a verdant island came into view, with many groves of breadfruit and cocoanut palms. People were seen to be living there and at sight of the *Resolution,* they sprang into their canoes and paddled out to the ship. With Omai's help, Cook talked with them, but as there was no harbor in sight, he ordered his men to continue the voyage.

Two days afterwards he sighted another small island, and sent some of the men ashore to trade with the friendly natives.

"We call our home Wateea," they told their white visitors.

They seemed quite ready to trade, quickly loading a canoe with plantains, cocoanuts, and a pig, and paddled out to the *Resolution* where Cook stood ready to receive them.

They did not seem satisfied with the articles he offered them in exchange, however.

"What is the reason?" he wondered. It was some time before he learned that they wanted one of the

dogs they saw on the ship. At last Omai, to satisfy them, unselfishly parted with his own dog which he had brought from England and of which he had grown very fond.

These islanders had never before seen white people, yet they did not seem to fear them. But when their eyes fell upon the cows and horses on board the ship they drew back in terror. And, then, when they came to the goats and sheep, they asked in wonder and astonishment, "Are they strange birds?"

These savages proved to be so thievish that the explorers who went ashore had to watch every moment lest articles be stolen from them.

"They might do us harm in order to rob us more easily." So the visitors realized as they noticed how closely they were watched. But here Omai did his white friends a good turn by telling the natives marvelous stories of the Englishmen in their own country, and of their terrible weapons. To give an idea of their power, he set fire to some gunpowder. The noise of the explosion forthwith scared the savages so much that they showed no further wish to hold the white men back.

Cook made his next stop at a small island near Wateea, but no people appeared.

After having some cocoanuts and fodder gathered for the animals, he went on his way. But first he had an ax and some nails left there in plain sight.

"These will pay the natives, if there are any there," he said, "for what we have taken."

Soon afterwards he reached the Hervey Islands which had been visited by him on his previous voyage in the South Seas. Finding barbarous savages living there now, he sailed on after managing to do a little trading with them.

The stores were by this time so low that he was eager to reach Palmerston Island as soon as possible because he hoped to get abundant supplies of fresh food there. Beautiful as ever it seemed with its low coral reefs surrounding the loveliest of lagoons. In its waters, clear as crystal, swam fishes of brilliant hues and varied shapes, while a bed of coral on the shore glowed in the sunlight, showing marvelous formations and coloring.

God's workmanship on this lovely island filled Cook with awe.

"It is a pity," he felt, "that such a feast of beauty is displayed where few human beings can enjoy it."

No people were living on the island. The explorers, without trouble, gathered fodder for the live stock, caught fish, and killed birds for their own eating. Then on sailed the ships, heading westward for the Friendly Islands where they came to anchor on May Day in the harbor of Annamooka.

"It is now so late in the season," reflected Cook, "that it will be useless to seek for the Northwest Passage till after the opening of next year. I will,

therefore, stay in this neighborhood for some time, exploring the large group of islands hereabouts.

So the explorers settled down for a comfortable visit at Annamooka where the natives were friendly, though very thievish. After a while they became so bold that Cook lost patience, and when he discovered that one of the chiefs had been stealing he ordered him to be lashed and then confined till he had a pig brought to the white men to pay for his misdoing.

That settled the trouble so far as the chiefs were concerned. They themselves no longer stole but had their servants steal for them. The thieving continued, therefore, till a new way of punishment was thought of. All who were discovered stealing were forced to have their heads shaved by the explorers' barber. This marked them among their people who shamed them by their ridicule. Moreover, they were not allowed to board the ships, nor even to come near the tents the white men had set up on the shore. Naturally, the islanders stopped stealing.

You would have witnessed an amusing sight one day if you had been with Cook during his stay at Annamooka. It was that of a hut being carried on the shoulders of a chief's servants. He had become so fond of Cook that he insisted on having his hut brought close to the captain's tent, and there he spent each night, happy in his nearness to the great white chief with his keen eyes and commanding ways.

"You should visit other places near us." So

Feenough, another chief, advised Cook. "You can get abundant supplies there."

Consequently, the *Resolution* and *Discovery* set sail once more and soon arrived at an island where the explorers were royally received by the natives to whom the white men seemed wonderful beings. Canoes laden with fruit, fowls, pigs, and edible roots surrounded the ship and Cook was delighted to take such valuable provisions in trade.

Afterwards, when the company had landed, the head chief of the islands, who had his home there, held a festival in honor of his white guests. Music was played on queer instruments; dances were performed; and there were boxing and wrestling matches.

Cook wrote in his Journal, "These several contests were carried on in the midst of at least three thousand people, and with the greatest good humor on all sides, though some, women as well as men, have received blows they must feel some time after."

The most surprising part of the entertainment consisted of a boxing match between women. Cook wrote that they used as much art as the men and that they were applauded as loudly as the men, too.

The best part of the festival for the visitors must have been what came first; great piles of bread-fruit, yams, cocoanuts, sugar cane, and plantain were presented to Cook and Omai, besides pigs, fowls and turkeys. Of course, the whole company would afterwards feast on these good things.

"I must do something in return for such entertainment," decided Cook. Accordingly, he ordered his men to make a display of fireworks. These delighted and astonished the natives to whom the rockets especially must have seemed magical.

Cook was himself astonished later at seeing the well-kept gardens of the natives and the fine fiber cloth woven by the women. The people of the Friendly Islands showed a greater love of work and good order, in his opinion, than in most places he had visited in the Pacific.

The explorers had so much pleasure during their stay that they felt sorry to go away when the time came to say good-by.

CHAPTER XXIII

Farewell to Omai

IT was midsummer when the ships put out to sea, leaving the Friendly Islands farther and farther behind them. At first all went well. Then a heavy squall suddenly arose and both the *Resolution* and *Discovery* suffered injury before it had passed. They were able to keep safely on their way, however, till Tahiti came into sight on the twelfth of August. Early next morning the ships anchored in the harbor and the explorers landed to receive a hearty welcome from the natives.

You will remember that Tahiti was Omai's home but, strange to say, few of his relatives and old acquaintances paid him any attention on his return, except his sister who hastened to greet him and throw her arms around him affectionately, while one of his aunts cast herself at his feet, weeping with joy.

But when Omai brought out some red feathers and showed them to those of his countrymen who had come on board, what a change in their manner there was at once! No indifference now over his return! Oh, no! All at once they seemed to care

for him greatly, simply because they were eager to own some of those feathers.

Once the explorers had landed, there was plenty of work for them to do. Besides trading with the natives for fruit and hogs, they brought the cattle ashore to graze and exercise their legs; they repaired the ships; they overhauled the provisions.

As for the trading, Cook tells us that at first a few feathers "not more than might be got from a tomtit, would purchase a hog of 40 or 50 pounds weight."

During the short stay at Tahiti Cook was told that two Spanish ships had stopped there and left some cattle on the island.

"Do not let any Englishmen land here," their captain had told the natives.

Furthermore, he had set up a cross telling of his coming in the year 1774, and claiming the country in the name of his king.

When Cook saw this, he had his own visits in still earlier times, and now in this year 1777, carved on the other side of the cross, at the same time claiming the island in the name of George III of England.

August had nearly ended when the *Resolution* and the *Discovery* left Tahiti and sailed for the near-by island of Matavai. Old friends there greeted Cook heartily, among them being King Otoo and some of the leading chiefs who must have been delighted when Cook decided to leave in their keeping nearly

all the live stock he had brought with him from the Cape of Good Hope.

"It has been hard work to provide proper food for the animals during the past months," he thought. "And this is an excellent place in which to leave them. I trust they will be cared for and will multiply." During his stay Cook and Clerke gave what proved to be a remarkable exhibition to the natives by taking a long ride on horses they had brought on the ships. The people were filled with wonder and astonishment at the sight.

And then King Otoo gave an entertainment for his white visitors. Some of those who took part acted out little plays; still others danced with real grace.

"I will show my pleasure by a display of fireworks," decided Cook. But lo! the dark-skinned onlookers were filled with fear at the dazzling sight.

"This is magic," they thought, and fled in all directions.

During Cook's stay the natives became much excited over a war that broke out between their own island and that of Emeo which was near by.

"You are mighty. Help us," so the leading chiefs begged the captain.

But he replied, "No. The people of Emeo have done me no harm, and it would not be just for me to fight against them."

Before the war canoes left Tahiti he witnessed a horrible ceremony. The natives had agreed that aid

must be besought of one of the most powerful gods, and to gain this they must offer up a human sacrifice to him.

Who should be chosen for the sacrifice? A certain man of low family was decided upon and killed, and his body was given into the hands of the priests. Then, before the company gathered for the ceremony, they cut up the man's head in the most shocking manner.

Cook and his companions were horrified at what they beheld, and when they learned afterwards that such sacrifices were often made in the Society Islands, they were all the more shocked. One thing only made the custom seem a little less terrible when it was afterwards learned that the victim was generally one who had committed some very wicked deed.

During his stay at Tahiti the captain became so ill with sciatica that he could not leave the ship. Word soon spread among the islanders that the great chief was suffering acutely.

"We will cure him," agreed about a dozen women, among whom were Otoo's mother and several of his sisters.

They were accordingly paddled out to the ship where they greeted Cook lovingly and insisted that he should let them drive away his pain. As we know, he had never felt fear when in a tempest or in the midst of any other danger that had hitherto beset him. But the idea of those twelve women massaging him in the rough way known to their

people struck terror to his heart. Nevertheless he gave himself into their hands, and they forthwith rubbed and pounded him till he felt as if his every bone had been broken and his body had become like that of a jellyfish.

But afterwards? The pain from which he had suffered for days was so much less that he was glad to have the treatment repeated that night and the following day, after which he felt as well as ever.

"Blessed are the women of this island," he may well have said.

From Tahiti the ships sailed to Emeo whose natives had now ended the fight with their neighbors. They were not as kindly to the white men as the Tahitians, and troubles soon arose which roused Cook's anger.

To begin with, the islanders stole a goat that had been carried on land to graze. After some difficulty Cook had this returned. But that same day another goat was stolen and this made the captain lose his temper completely.

"Return the goat," he demanded of the islanders, to which command one and all gave the same answer, "We know nothing about the goat."

At that he became so angry that he tramped with a company across the island and had six or more of the natives' houses burned to the ground as well as several war canoes that were drawn up on the shore close by.

"This done," he recorded in his Journal, "I

marched off to join the boats which were about seven or eight miles from us and on our way we burned six more war canoes."

But he was still so angry that he burned other war canoes. "I'll not leave a single canoe on the island," he told the people, "unless the goat is brought back to me."

That evening the missing animal was returned, and Cook wrote, "Thus ended this troublesome and rather unfortunate business which could not be more regretted on the part of the natives than it was on mine."

But the worst has not yet been told of Cook's punishments for wrongdoing. Again and again he was afterwards angered by the native of a certain island, who had stolen repeatedly and done several very wicked deeds besides. So the captain finally gave a cruel order in this wise: "Shave the wicked fellow's hair and then cut off his ears."

After this had been done he was grieved at the cruelty he had shown, and wrote in his Journal that since he found the native was "a hardened scoundrel, I punished him with greater severity than I had ever done anyone before, and then dismissed him."

It should be said right here that he was half sick at the time, and that though he had a quick temper, he had seldom let it get the better of him before.

After spending eleven unpleasant days at Emeo, the explorers sailed to the not distant island of Huaheine where Omai had decided he wished to live

since Cook had no intention of carrying him back to England. He had some relatives at Huaheine so he had no need to feel lonely there.

Cook had grown really fond of him and could not forget how much he had aided him in talking and dealing with the people of the different islands he had visited.

"I will do all I can to help him get comfortably settled," Cook promised himself.

So he obtained some land for Omai from the natives and on this he had a little house built by the carpenters of his ship. Then, too, he gave Omai some domestic animals for his very own and had a garden dug for him in which seeds of various kinds were planted at once.

But the captain's kindness did not end there. He put in Omai's keeping the two boys he had brought with him from New Zealand, to be his servants.

Can you guess how Omai lived after his white friends left him? He went back to the ways of his people. Wearing no longer the clothing worn by white men, he dressed scantily since in fact he needed little raiment in that warm climate. But unfortunately, he had been so spoiled by the petting he had received in England, that he was overbearing and often cruel to the islanders around him.

It has even been said that he sometimes used the musket given him by his English friends in shooting at his fellows simply to see how far his bullets would travel. Cruel sport, indeed! And strange to say,

he had always been faithful and good-natured on shipboard.

But let us return to the day early in November when he had to say good-by to his English friends.

"I may never see them again," he must have thought. His eyes were already dim from the tears that could not be held back when he turned to Cook. Then he began to sob as he looked for the last time at the face of this good friend.

The leading natives of the island also said good-by to "Toote" as they called Cook, with much regret. They admired him as a just man and wise commander, though he had shown himself severe at times.

From Huaheine Cook and his company sailed to Ulietea, another of the Society Islands, and spent five weeks in that beautiful spot. It proved to be so attractive that three sailors deserted the ships, intending to spend the rest of their lives there.

"It would make it bad for me if there were still other deserters," thought Cook. "I must consequently make an example of these men."

Accordingly, he went about at once to gain the help of the natives in securing the sailors. The Chief Orea with his daughter, his son, and his son-in-law, had happened to come on board ship in friendly fashion.

"You must stay here as my prisoners," Cook told him, "till those sailors are brought back."

He went on to tell Orea that this was only just

because the chief had helped the white men escape to another island.

"He means what he says," decided Orea in distress. So you may well believe he gave orders, by reason of which the deserters were to be found and returned to their ship, and he would be set free in consequence.

Of course the natives did not feel any too friendly to Cook at having imprisoned their chief though he was treated with every attention during his imprisonment. So they made a plan to capture the captain while he was taking his daily bath in a little river on the island. He had usually gone alone to take this bath. But now that he held Orea and his family imprisoned, he was wise enough not to go to his bath without an armed guard. As it happened, fortunately for him he did not go to the river on the day the natives' plan was to be carried out, and so escaped the threatened danger.

After leaving Ulietea, Cook visited another island near by, where, as at other places, he left some of the domestic animals from the ships.

As he sailed away pictures arose in his mind of the months he had spent among the islands of the South Seas.

He thought sadly: "I have taught the natives what I could, but I wonder if I have really helped them. Would they not be better off if they had never heard of the comforts possessed by white men? Would they not be happier if they had been

left in their ignorance, to follow their own ways?" Such were the questions he asked himself as he left the South Pacific behind him and made his way northward at first, then eastward toward the coast of North America.

The explorers still had a good deal to make them comfortable as they went on their way. They had secured an abundant supply of yams and fruit, and also pork which they had salted down while at Tahiti. Then, too, they had a quantity of sauerkraut which was now served twice a week to all on board, to keep them free from scurvy. Moreover, they were in good health, the greatest of all blessings, and being fond of adventure, they had the joyous hope of fresh discoveries.

After they had sailed for many days a small island appeared ahead of the ships.

"Will there be people there?" wondered Cook.

When he had landed he found the only creatures that inhabited the place were large turtles, some of these weighing as much as one hundred pounds. "As good as any in the world," so they were declared.

The men easily caught about three hundred of these, and feasts followed of turtle soup and of fresh fish caught along the shore. These dainties made Christmas, which they celebrated in this lonely spot, a most enjoyable holiday. Quite naturally, therefore, Cook decided upon the name of Christ-

mas for the island, in honor of the festival held on shipboard.

On forged the ship till the middle of January had been passed. Then three islands reaching high above the sea appeared, one after another. Beautiful they seemed to the white men, with their lovely fields and groves, and with flowers blooming even then in mid-winter.

As the vessels neared the largest of these islands, Cook gave the order to anchor that he might explore the country.

Curiously built canoes with outriggers were already moving out toward the ships. The men inside looked much like the Tahitians but their voices were softer. They were gentle in manner and seemed to look on the white men who had appeared in their strange white-sailed vessels as gods from another world.

When Cook, with some of his company, had gone on shore the natives gathered about him, and bending low to the ground hid their faces in reverence before the wonderful majestic being, as they regarded him. They did not rise till he had signed to them to do so.

Though these islanders were so humble, they soon showed that they were given to thieving.

"This is wrong, very wrong," Cook said to them severely.

The sternness in his eyes and the frown on his forehead made them understand his words all the

more readily. Besides, their language was much the same as that of the Tahitians, of which the captain had learned a good deal during his long visits among them. And being gentle and anxious to please him, they forthwith tried to be honest and fair in dealing with him, so that he was much pleased.

"They heed me readily," he thought, as he proceeded to exchange nails which they wanted above all else he had to offer for a goodly supply of hogs, yams, and taro.

During his stay at Atooi, as the natives called the island, he was much interested in the cloaks and helmets worn by the chiefs on state occasions. These were made entirely of red and white feathers that seemed priceless in the eyes of the natives.

After a brief visit at Atooi, Cook went on to another island with a name still harder for us to pronounce; but to the natives the word seemed simple enough—Oneeheow. This, too, the explorers found pleasing and the people gentle and polite, though they were cannibals.

Altogether, Cook visited five islands of the group, some of which may have been discovered by the Spaniards nearly a century before his coming. This seemed clear to him because the natives told him of the arrival of strange and powerful white beings in the long ago.

As the captain considered the loveliness of the islands and the abundance there of growing things, he felt they deserved a distinguished name. Hence

he decided, "From now on, they shall be called the Sandwich Islands in honor of my patron, Lord Sandwich, who has long been my friend."

By that name, consequently, they were to be known for more than one hundred years till at last they came to be owned by the United States and were renamed the Hawaiian Islands.

The time arrived for departure. Henceforth the voyagers must be prepared to endure great hardship, but Cook, thinking little of himself, willingly shared with his crew the few comforts that were generally reserved for the officers of a ship. He even ate the fare of common sailors.

Had he begun to have a foreboding of coming ill—not perhaps, in his search for the unknown passage in the north, but on his way to the homeland when he would stop at the balmy Hawaiian Islands for fresh supplies? We shall never know.

CHAPTER XXIV

A New People

LAND at last!" So must the voyagers have exclaimed in delight when they sighted New Albion, as Sir Francis Drake two centuries before had named that part of the Pacific coast of North America which we know to-day as Oregon.

It was more than four weeks since Cook and his companions had bidden good-by to Hawaii, and March, bleak and dreary, had arrived to greet the travelers with cutting cold.

Northward, and generally hugging the coast, the *Resolution* and the *Discovery* continued sailing, but slowly, very slowly, because strong winds were often blowing against them and thick fogs kept closing in. In over three weeks they sailed only three hundred miles.

Then at last Cook said: "We had best find a good harbor in which we can overhaul the ships."

He had discovered that repairs were greatly needed because of the harm wrought by the storms that had been encountered; and every one must have rejoiced when Nootka Sound on the shores of Vancouver Island had been entered and the ships came to anchor in calm waters.

But how desolate the country stretched before them seemed to the weary men! Snow covered the mountain tops; pine forests, dark and gloomy, grew near the shore, and the savages who greeted the white men were dirty, stupid-looking creatures. They showed no wish to harm the newcomers, however, and were ready to give the furs of martens and wild cats, and bear and wolf skins in exchange for tools made of iron and copper, and to the amazement of their visitors they also offered articles of clothing fashioned with remarkable skill out of the bark of trees.

The savages proved to be thieves like the islanders of the Pacific and were shrewd enough to demand payment for the wood and water that were needed for the ships.

Cook was obliged to remain four weeks among the natives at Nootka Sound before the ships had been fully repaired; but during the stay there he spent much of his time in exploring the country and getting acquainted with the savages.

Wherever he went, he found them gentle in manner but filthy in their habits, while their small eyes, coarse black hair, and the paint with which they sought to decorate their dirt-covered bodies, made them unpleasant objects to look at. They doubtless belonged to the red race.

By the end of the fourth week the ships were ready for further travel, but soon after they had started out, they ran into severe storms and a bad

leak was discovered in the *Resolution.* It was only by hard steady work at the pumps that the sailors kept the water that rushed in from sinking the ship.

"In these dangerous seas, it is not safe to venture close to shore." In such wise, Cook spoke to his officers day after day till the month of May had arrived.

Then calmer weather favored them and the captain decided it was all right to sail nearer the land where a grandly beautiful sight soon greeted the eyes of the explorers. It was the lofty Mount St. Elias with its snow-capped summit nearly twenty thousand feet above the sea.

A little north of this noble mountain Cook discovered a safe inlet which he named Prince William's Sound, and there the ships anchored while the leak in the *Resolution* was being stopped. The natives of the place, who seemed friendly, were dirty creatures like those of Nootka Sound, but they were unlike them in many ways and they dressed in furs which they had obtained from seals and other animals. They were probably Eskimos because they had thick short bodies and yellowish skins.

"Their canoes are different from any we have met before," Cook noted.

"And how well suited to their fishing trips in dangerous waters," he must have thought as he saw that each boat was made of skins drawn lightly over a light wooden frame. There was an opening in the deck large enough for a man to insert his legs

which he could then stretch out underneath, while holding the upper part of his body erect.

No boats could have been better suited to the life of these people. They were so light that they could be easily carried from place to place on land, and at the same time they were safe on the roughest waters, where the men could paddle about with no fear as they hurled their spears into the bodies of the seals they were hunting.

Cook and his companions must have been amused at the natives' curious manner of trying to make themselves beautiful; they cut long gashes across their lower lips, and in these slits they commonly fastened bones, or perhaps shells. They also had holes bored through their noses, through which they stuck shells.

The next stop for the ship after leaving Prince William's Sound was in a bay to which the name of Cook's Inlet was given. Then on and on into the north the ships were driven, often through dense fogs. The ears of the watchers had to be on the alert because at any moment the sound of mighty waves dashing against rocks might be heard. Then with all speed possible, the anchors had to be cast overboard, else destruction might come from striking on an invisible reef.

Farther and farther north the ships sailed throughout July, with one sad happening. The *Resolution's* surgeon, a fine young man named

Anderson, died after having had trouble with his lungs for many months.

In the various stops along the coast Cook met the natives of the country who often spoke of trading with certain white men—Russians, these people called them—who had come there to purchase the furs and skins of wild animals.

As usual, the captain spent much time in making charts of the coast, noting the islands and inlets he passed, giving names to capes and bays, and making calculations of the latitude and longitude in which he found himself.

Before August opened, the ships had made their way through Behring Strait and entered the Arctic Ocean. At one point the Strait had become so narrow that the explorers could sight on their left the eastern coast of Asia, while near at hand to their right stretched the shores of North America. Bleak and dreary was the view; biting cold was the wind; the fog-laden air sent a cutting chill through the men's bodies; they suffered from need of more food than the fast lessening supply allowed; and soon after they entered the Arctic the sight of vast ice fields glistening in the sunlight dazzled their eyes.

There was the same trying life day after day, save for the hours of sport which made the seamen for the time being as gay as care-free boys on a holiday. They hunted the walruses (sea horses as the explorers called them) that swam about in those freezing waters or sported on huge cakes of ice.

The walruses were about as large as oxen. Their heads were small, with long sharp tusks reaching down from their upper jaws. Their strong fins made them able to move through the water with great speed when pursued by their worst enemy, the white bear. But woe to this fierce and powerful creature when a walrus turned suddenly to defend himself and drove his sharp tusks into the body of the bear.

"How wise these sea horses are!" remarked the watchers on shipboard when they noted how the walruses protected themselves when napping on the ice floes. They had quickly discovered that a number of them were always gathered together with one on guard while the others slept."

"Let us kill some of the creatures and provide ourselves with meat," proposed one of the men.

It seemed a happy thought to the others, and boats were soon lowered to carry the hunters in search of their prey. Success did not meet them as easily as they might have expected. No matter how softly the boats moved, by the time the hunters neared a herd of walruses apparently sound asleep on a field of ice or on rocks along the shore, the creature on guard would discover their approach and give the alarm. It sounded somewhat like a dog's bark, somewhat like the bellowing of an ox. On the instant, his fellows would begin to stretch and look around them, and before the hunters could draw near enough to work havoc, they would plunge

from their icy camping ground into the deep waters below.

In course of time the men gained skill, and in a single day they shot nine walruses and brought them to the ships where they were skinned, the fat cut up and placed in casks to furnish oil for their lamps, and the flesh prepared for eating.

"Not so very appetizing!" decided most of the men when they had tasted the meat after it had been soaked in water and then boiled.

"But at least," agreed most of them, "it is better than the salt junk we have had to eat so long."

The middle of August had passed when the ships reached a point where their course was completely stopped by immense fields of ice. In vain could Cook find a passage through them, though he and Captain Clerke strove to do so for the next twelve days, pushing now this way, now that, in vain.

"If the Arctic summer cannot melt the ice, these waters will never be free of it," he decided at last. "Therefore it is useless for me to cherish any hope of discovering a safe passage from the Pacific through the Arctic into the Atlantic."

Bold and determined as he was, he must have been greatly disappointed. But he had something important to plan for at once: with summer's passing, he must get back into safer warmer waters without delay.

The order was accordingly given to retrace the course back to the Pacific. When the vessels were

once clear of ice, and were sailing in and out among the islands near the Alaskan coast, the sailors were delighted at the discoveries made when they landed at one of these islands. They found mulberries and raspberries! Nectar and ambrosia could not have tickled their palates more, after their coarse and scanty diet of months.

At one place in the voyage the water suddenly became quite shallow and muddy. "A large river flowing into the sea must cause this," thought Cook.

He was quite right. He was sailing past the mouth of the mighty Yukon River that was many years afterward the scene of the famous gold rush.

At this island of Oonalashka, Cook had a pleasant surprise when a native of the place brought him and Clerke curious gifts: salmon pies made specially tasty with pepper, lined and covered with a crust made out of rye meal. And wonder of wonders! a letter written in an unknown language accompanied each pie.

"Who could have written these letters?" Cook wondered. "Russians, probably, since I have heard that Russian fur traders have made their way to this part of the world. I must find out who sent us these pies."

He accordingly sent a trustworthy young corporal in search of those who had sent the gifts.

Four days passed before the young man returned to the ship. With him were three Russians who proved to be fur traders, and who invited Cook to

visit their station which was close to a fine harbor not far away. A sizable vessel was stationed there ready for use. As the *Resolution* and the *Discovery* were both in need of repairs, the explorers spent a few days at Oonalashka. While there a feast was spread by the Russians in their honor, which was as merry as might be with the hosts and their guests unable to speak each other's language.

CHAPTER XXV

The Bitter End

IN case we get separated, let us agree to meet at the Sandwich Islands. There we had best spend the coming winter before continuing our voyage!"

In such wise Cook spoke to Captain Clerke before the vessels left Oonalashka at the end of October to sail southward.

A month passed by with little excitement. Then one bright day the longed-for islands came into view. Joy filled the hearts of all on board the *Resolution,* as they pictured the delights ahead of them. They had suffered more from hunger than ever before in their wanderings. The food had been scanty after walrus hunts had no longer been possible.

"And now we can bask for months in the sunshine, have daily feasts among the gentle kindly natives, and live easy gay lives." So dreamed the sailors, and, in fact, all Cook's company, as they neared the shores of Mavi, one of the Hawaiian group they had not visited during their first visit.

They spent a few days at this island where the natives were friendly and glad to trade with them.

Then the order was given to sail on to another

island of the group, larger than the rest, but not discovered by Cook till now. This was Owhyhee, as the natives called it, but known to us to-day as Hawaii.

"How beautiful it is!" thought the watchers on deck. "And what a noble picture is made by the snow-topped mountain there reaching up toward the sky for many thousands of feet!"

At first Cook did not find a suitable place in which to anchor. So the *Resolution* and *Discovery* cruised leisurely around the island for the next seven weeks while the brown-skinned natives frequently paddled out from shore, offering tender little pigs, fruit, and sugar cane to the white men. These natives were so trusting, so friendly; they did not seem to have the slightest fear of the explorers and visited the ships freely. Cook praised their good qualities highly in his Journal.

The ships did not come to anchor for some time, but kept on cruising about till the captain discovered a good harbor off the southern shore of the island of Hawaii. There a glorious reception awaited him and his companions. No sooner were the vessels at rest than many hundreds of natives who had been watching from the shore leaped into their canoes and paddled out to welcome their guests. Still other hundreds, evidently as much at home in the water as on land, came swimming out to offer greeting, leaving a multitude of their fellows on land eagerly awaiting the arrival of the strangers.

Strangers, did I say? Not so did the people of Hawaii regard the visitors.

"Lono, the swine god, who once lived here, has returned to us," the simple islanders believed. Long, long ago, they also believed, he had gone away, after killing his wife in jealous anger and then becoming frenzied over his lost love.

But before he departed, he promised to come back on an island with cocoanut trees standing upon it, and dogs, and swine.

Surely then, they thought, Captain Cook, the tall, masterful man with searching eyes, must be Lono and the natives wished to do the god homage. His companions were wonderful, as well as he! Why! their heads were horned like the moon! (Very likely the covering worn by the sailors caused this notion.) More marvelous still, they held fires burning in their mouths! (Pipes, of course.) And then they actually took various articles out of their bodies. (Probably from their pockets, we may suppose.)

The masts on the ships had been the first things to make the natives believe in Lono's return, because in their fancy these were the tall cocoanut trees the god had said would be seen on the island on which he would return.

Was it strange, therefore, that the simple natives had gathered from all parts of the island to welcome him? At least three thousand canoes had come out to the ships, and many thousands of people were

still on the shore ready to bow down before the great captain in reverence when he should land. In all his adventures he had never been received by such an immense crowd of islanders as now.

At first the people bent low and covered their faces as he approached them. But it was tiresome work to keep doing this so they began to creep on all fours. A curious procession he now beheld, composed of thousands of men, women, and children, all in honor of a human being in many ways like themselves.

It must have been hard for Cook to keep back a smile.

However, he probably thought, "The natives' belief that I am a powerful god will make it easier for me to get rich supplies for the ships and render my stay here a pleasant one."

One act of reverence followed another, after which Cook was taken to a sacred temple where, with much ceremony, a priest cast a red cloak over his shoulders as a token of his godhood, and he was then led to a seat where on either side stood hideous wooden idols. After that many festivities took place. There were parades, processions, and feasts, while gifts of pigs, fiber cloth, and vegetables were brought to the guest of honor.

As the days passed, such lavish giving became rather hard on the islanders because their priests allowed them to receive nothing in return. Perhaps they were already grumbling when something hap-

pened that made them think the white men were not as wonderful beings as they had supposed. This was the death of an old marine who had served Cook a long time and who was buried on the shore, the captain himself reading the funeral service.

"Is it possible for death to visit a companion of Lono?" So the natives asked themselves, and they began to doubt Cook's power.

Then came another happening that also disturbed them: he demanded the fence that surrounded their temple to be brought away because he wished it for firewood. Strange, indeed, it seemed that he could ask for what was sacred. But he was a god, the people still believed, so they felt they could not refuse him anything for which he asked.

Before long, their king began to ask the white men when they planned to leave the island. He and the leading chiefs had become troubled and they desired the departure of the explorers. They wished this even more strongly after a quarrel had arisen between the natives and the white men concerning a rudder that had been brought ashore from the ship to be repaired. Before the quarrel ended the islanders threw sticks and stones at the Englishmen. Soon after this happened, Cook decided it would be sensible to leave and explore other islands in the group.

He was still treated with a good deal of honor by the natives, and before sailing he was presented with many rich presents by the high priest—fine

stuffs woven by the brown people, and quantities of provisions. In return, he treated the people to a display of fireworks.

The fourth of February found the *Resolution* and the *Discovery* setting sail, with the islanders they left behind them pleased that the swine god Lono was to be no longer in their midst to be entertained and worshiped.

But alas! the voyagers had been only two days on their way when a terrible gale arose that brought serious damage to the *Resolution's* topmast.

"We shall have to turn about," decided Cook, "because the ship needs repairing. I know of no safe harbor hereabouts where we can anchor."

Just one week from the time of their departure the explorers were back at Hawaii where they had been before.

But how different was the welcome from that of their first visit! As it happened, the king was away from the island at the time and there was no one to hold the people in check. Moreover, they had evidently lost faith in Cook's being the god they had worshiped. They even stoned a party from the ship when they landed on the shore.

Matters went speedily from bad to worse. The natives tried to prevent the white men from getting water and a chief stole one of the *Discovery's* boats.

"That boat must be returned," decided Cook who was indignant at what had happened. "I'll do

as I have done at other times when natives have stolen from us."

He therefore gave the order to his men to stop every canoe that started to leave the harbor. "If need be," he thought, "I'll have the canoes destroyed, and so make the people bring back the cutter stolen from us."

His plan did not end there, as we shall see. He himself was to go ashore, and as the king had now returned, he intended to entice him on board ship.

"There I will hold him," he promised himself, "till the boat is returned."

Accordingly, he returned to the island with a small party of marines to guard him. It was February 14, 1779, the third day after the ships had come to anchor. The captain proceeded directly to the village where the king lived, and invited him to return to the ship with his two sons to spend the day with him there. The king consented, and the two walked together in friendly fashion down toward the waiting boat. But now the king's favorite wife began to fear for him. With tears in her eyes she begged her husband: "Do not go. Do not go."

Then two attending chiefs began also to plead, and even strove to hold him back. By that time crowds of the natives had gathered, filled with suspicion of the captain and his guard.

Cook must have realized the danger because he left the king's side and began to make his way quietly toward the shore.

All at once there came the report of shots in the distance. The white men on guard in the harbor against the outgoing of the canoes had fired upon some of them. Immediately afterwards a native came rushing toward the throng of his people, shouting, "It is war. The foreigners have fired at a canoe from one of their boats and killed a chief."

On the instant there was tremendous excitement. The women and children in the crowd were sent away while the men hastened to put on their war mats, arm themselves with spears, and strive to seize the muskets of the marines.

At this point one of the natives aimed his spear at Cook. The captain, calm and determined, demanded that he stop.

It was in vain. "I must defend myself," he evidently thought, because he raised his shotgun and fired at the man who remained unharmed because of the thick grass mat wrapped about his body.

Feeling thus safe, he continued to threaten the captain who realized that he must now defend himself in earnest and at once shot a ball from the second barrel of his gun. It accidentally killed another native than the one who had been threatening Cook.

All was confusion now; stones were hurled thick and fast at Cook and also at his companions who began firing into the yelling mob without waiting for orders. In vain the captain shouted to them to

stop. But so great was the noise about them that they did not hear.

A few moments afterwards four marines had been frightfully killed by the furious natives. Others had been dangerously wounded. Cook, left alone but fearless as ever, hastened toward the beach which he managed to reach only to be knocked to the ground by a blow from a heavy club. Even then he found strength to raise himself and face his assailants. For a moment he held them motionless by the power of his piercing gaze. Then, in compassion for them, he faced about to order his men in the near-by boats to stop firing upon the islanders. On the instant, the spear of a furious savage was thrust into his neck from behind.

He fell forward unconscious into the water. Thereupon a shout of joy arose from the savage mob. His body was instantly dragged up on the shore, and the spear which had brought him low was seized by one savage after another and thrust into his flesh anew till long after he had stopped breathing.

So ended the life of one of the bravest souls of all times.

Heavy at heart were the men who had served him and who were left to carry back to England the story of his horrible death. Many of them had served him during long years of adventuring. They knew his courage, his kindness of heart, his wisdom, as could no others. They had come to love him as

a father and realized the justice of his command. All, all, were overcome by sorrow.

After some of the mutilated parts of his body had been secured with difficulty, a solemn service was held on shipboard, when tears fell unchecked from the eyes of his comrades. It was a time of sadness and sorrow for every one present.

CHAPTER XXVI

Afterwards

SAD news indeed!" Such was the cry that spread all over England when word traveled from one place to another that Captain James Cook was no more. Such, too, was the cry in France, in the United States, and still other countries.

The *Resolution* and *Discovery* had brought the dreadful tidings after a long and difficult voyage. They also brought word that Captain Clerke, who had taken command of the expedition after Cook's death, had died on the way home. He had been ill a long time and died of lung trouble that had started even before he left England. But for Cook, so strong of body, so enduring in hardship, to lose his life in such a horrible manner, was a terrible tragedy. The king himself, so it was said, burst into tears when the news was brought to him. There was mourning throughout the land.

And how did Elizabeth, the faithful, admiring wife, bear her loss? Bravely, as her husband would have wished. Not long before, the eldest of her three sons had been lost at sea, though she did not know it as yet, and it was well for her that she could not then look into the future and learn of the

death of her two remaining sons before many years —one by accident on the ocean, and the other by illness. Yet her cup of sorrow seemed already full to overflowing with the loss of her noble husband. Nevertheless, it must have helped her bear her sorrow to realize what a great man people considered him. Such glowing praises of him were printed in the newspapers! Such letters filled with admiration of his character and valorous deeds were written to her! Such tributes were paid him in public places!

Moreover, as soon as King George had learned of Cook's death, he decreed that a pension of two hundred pounds ($1,000) a year should be bestowed on the captain's family, while a gold medal was struck off at the order of the Royal Society in honor of Cook's services, and conferred on his widow. A coat of arms was also made at the king's order and given to the family in acknowledgment of what Cook had accomplished.

As time went by monuments and statues were set up in various places in his honor. With such tributes to cheer her, the loyal wife lived to great age, a lovely, highly respected lady, with the memory of her husband always fresh in her mind. If another did wrong she had one way only of expressing her displeasure. She would say: "Mr. Cook [for so she always spoke of the captain] would never have done so."

Among her possessions she treasured most deeply

the Bible from which her husband had daily read aloud to his company on shipboard, and which she herself often read to her dying day.

What had Captain James Cook accomplished that the world has continued to sound the praises of that great explorer? In his first long voyage, he discovered the Society Islands; he surveyed the coasts of New Zealand and proved that it consisted of two islands. He sailed along the hitherto unknown coast of Australia for two thousand miles, and made valuable maps of the same.

On his second voyage he sailed around the world, visited the Antarctic, and proved that there was no southern continent such as people had believed in; that if such a continent existed it must be near the South Pole and would not be habitable for man.

After leaving the Antarctic he had discovered the important islands of New Caledonia, South Georgia, and other smaller islands; and he also made valuable charts of the waters through which he voyaged, marking correctly the places he visited.

Last but by no means least, came the discoveries made during his third voyage when he discovered the principal Hawaiian Islands, besides many others scattered through the southern waters. He explored thirty-five hundred miles of the Pacific coast of North America and learned of its nearness to Asia at its northwestern point. He entered the Arctic in his search for the Northwest Passage and found it impossible for ships to sail in safety through the

ice-choked waters. He made numerous maps and charts to guide other seamen after him in their voyages.

But this list does not represent all that Captain Cook accomplished, by any means. He learned much about the people and products of the places he visited, and he brought human beings all over the world more closely together.

More than this even: by his study and watchful care of his men, he proved that henceforth the lives of sailors need no longer be in danger of that dread disease, scurvy, which had hitherto brought death and suffering to untold numbers of those upon the sea. The boon which he consequently bestowed upon all men who should thereafter follow the sea was the greatest possible one.

His just and considerate treatment of those under his command was, moreover, a lesson to every other captain after him. He felt obliged to punish the sailors when they became unruly, but not with the severity common in those rough times.

"He is fair. We can trust him." So those who were under his orders were agreed. For that reason they looked upon him as a wise father.

Post-Captain James Cook, once a poor unknown cabin boy, is an example to his fellow men of what one person can accomplish through faithfulness and determination. He will live through ages to come as one of the great heroes of the world.

THE END

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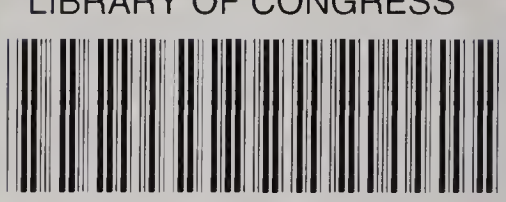

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