

for the enterprise. They were small affairs after all. The two larger ones were about thirty-five tons each—hardly equal to a coast-wise fishing vessel of the present day—and the third was an attending “pinnace” of ten tons, with a crew of four men. London flocked to the banks of the Thames to see the magnificent exploring fleet sail. Queen Elizabeth, from her window at Greenwich, waved the adventurers a cordial farewell. Not content with this, she sent a gentleman of the court on board the commander’s vessel to wish them “happié successe,” and to make known her “goode likings of their doings.”

The fleet reached, in July, what its commandor called Friesland—probably the southern coast of Greenland. The störm king, who reigned with vigor in this region, forbade their approach to the shore. The pinnace, with its crew, was lost. The “Gabriel,” one of the other vessels, considering “discretion the better part of valor,” scud ingloriously away and reached England in safety. But Frobisher was true to himself and the enterprise. Calm when the tempest raged with fury, and self-possessed in danger, he inspired his crew with courage, and pressed onward. After many days he reached a dreary shore. The ice soon shut in on the outside, and he pushed forward into a strait to which he gave his own name. He soon espied some strange beings in the water, which he at first thought were porpoises. But they proved to be the Esquimo in their kayaks, or boats. He describes them as “savage people, like to Tartars;