

Institute" of Toronto seems to be the only memorial of this remarkable man in Upper Canada.

At Cataraqui, where, we may suppose, a little cluster of log huts and Indian wigwams had grown up under shelter of the fort, La Salle made vigorous preparations for his expedition, and by the month of November had built and launched the first decked vessel or vessels that ever floated on these inland waters. Then, with a cargo of goods, and of materials for building a brigantine, he sailed up the lake to Niagara, where the Indians were as much astonished by his barks as the minds of the French were impressed by the wonders of Niagara, beneath whose mist and foam, according to Indian tradition, bled the Spirit of Thunder with his giant sons.

Having built at Niagara a palisaded store-house, as the Indians objected to a regular fort, La Salle laid the keel of his brigantine at Navy Island, above the Falls, where, even at the beginning of the present century, some charred remains of his dockyard were still visible. During the winter, in company with Père Hennepin and a guide, he returned to Fort Frontenac on foot. The traveller of our day, who, borne smoothly along in a Pullman car, can accomplish the journey while wrapped in unconscious slumber, can scarcely realize what it was then to traverse the trackless, frozen forest, amid the bitter winds and wild storms of winter, with the dread bay of the distant wolves not seldom resounding in their ears as they made a rude shelter for themselves around the camp-fire, even as the trappers and missionaries of Manitoba do now. While still two days' journey from Cataraqui, their provisions, which were carried on a sled drawn by a dog, gave out, and they had to perform the rest of the journey fasting, arriving, however, safely at Fort Frontenac.

By the following midsummer the brigantine was ready. She was armed with seven guns, and launched to the sound of a salute

of cannon and the chanting of a *Te Deum*, receiving the name of the *Griffin*, or as some say, the *Cataraqui*, and fitted to astonish and overawe the aborigines by her formidable aspect and the thunders of her cannon, as much as if she had indeed been one of the fabled griffins of the Middle Ages.

It would be a too long, though a most interesting digression, to follow La Salle through the interminable wanderings of the next five years; to tell how his newly launched brigantine was swallowed up in the waters of Lake Huron while he was proceeding westward, building forts as he went; how, after two weary journeys on foot from the Illinois to Fort Frontenac; after losses and misfortunes and persecutions, which made him exclaim that all Canada was against him except only the Governor, he eventually succeeded in triumphantly exploring the Mississippi to its mouth, taking possession of the newly discovered territory in the name of Louis XIV., and calling it, after him, *Louisiana*. But the saddest part of the story is that which tells how, when success seemed assured, when he had vindicated himself from the accusations of his enemies at the Court of France, and had been formally authorised to commence the colonisation of Louisiana, the squadron with which he sailed, through the stupidity or ill-will of its commander, missed the mouth of the harbour, and La Salle, landing with his followers on the wild coast of Texas, perished by the shot of a mutineer, while endeavouring to lead them back to Canada. A rude cross in the wilderness, planted by his faithful friend Père Anastasius, was all that marked the last resting-place of the dauntless but unfortunate explorer.

In the meantime Canada was suffering from the dreaded advances of the Iroquois. Under M. de la Barre, M. de Denonville, and de Frontenac, (again recalled to office,) Fort Frontenac played a prominent part, as the headquarters of the French forces when in Upper Canada for the purpose of defend-