

was to put Hudson, his son and all the sick men into the shallop, turn them adrift, and take the ship to England. When it was dark on the night of the 21st they were in readiness to put their deed of darkness into execution. Two of the rascals engaged Hudson in conversation and a third came behind him and tied his arms fast. The shallop was hauled to the vessel's side. They forced the poor sick and lame men into the shallop and put Hudson in it. The carpenter refused to remain in the ship with such a band of murderers and managed to obtain from them a fowling piece and powder and shot, some pikes, an iron pot, some meal and other things, and with these he went into the shallop. The mutineers hoisted sail and stood out from the ice, the shallop being fast to the stern of the vessel. When they were nigh out they cut the rope and sailed off. The shallop followed and came in sight while the vessel was lying to and the men were ransacking the vessel. They at once put on sail and "fled as from an enemy." What became of Hudson and the shallop no one knows.

In the summer of 1613 Champlain left Montreal to explore the Ottawa River (the Grand River he called it). He took with him a young man, Du Vignau, who declared that he had seen a great sea in the north; that the English had landed there; that one of the vessels had been wrecked there and that the sailors who were not drowned had been killed by the Indians. Champlain found out that Du Vignau had lied to him about himself having been in the great North Sea (Hudson Bay) and therefore disbelieved all his story. A lively time followed when Champlain confronted Du Vignau with the Indians and forced him to admit his falsehoods.

But, as we have seen, Hudson had been in the North Sea. He had been cast adrift. Is it not likely that Du Vignau had conversed with some Indians who described to him the fate of Hudson?

It might possibly be that the story Du Vignau had heard, and which he falsely told as an eye-witness, referred to the mutineers; for when these left Hudson to his fate they made for the Cape on which they had seen the vast assemblage of water-fowl which Hudson would not stay to take. There they hoped to supply themselves with the food they needed. But on going ashore they were attacked by the natives, and before they could escape to their boat, Henry Greene, one of the leaders, was slain outright. William Wilson died of his wounds, "swearing and cursing in most fearful manner;" others also died within a few days. This encounter may have been the one that Du Vignau heard of from his Indian friends. But—there was no wrecked vessel and no sailors were drowned.

It seems to me that the reports Du Vignau had heard and told to Champlain were connected with the fate of Hudson and give us an inkling of the manner of his death.

This is, of course, a mere guess. Hudson faded away in the bay on that fateful 21st June as completely as an ice-floe vanishes under the summer's sun, and during nearly 300 years no trace has been found of him, his shallop or his friends.

The mutinous crew of eight survivors suffered severely from hunger and hardships as they slowly made their way out of the Strait and across the North Atlantic, their sufferings intensified because of the loss of the five men in the conflict with the natives. But Bylott had been made captain and succeeded in carrying the vessel to the shores of Ireland, not arriving there till the despicable Juet had miserably perished.

Bylott appears to have proved himself innocent of guilty participation in the crime, for a few years later he was sent in command of an Arctic expedition with Baffin for his pilot.

Great interest was naturally aroused by the statements of Prickett and By-