The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

R. A. Talbot

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY Hudson's Bay Company. OUTFIT

Governor's Christmas Message

WITH the approach of another Christmas our thoughts go out to our friends wherever they may be, doing their duty on land, on sea or in the air, or facing the bitterness of captivity in the enemy's prison camps.

We pause for a moment to look back over the past year, to take stock of our position. We see a year in which we have suffered great losses and great hardships and many have been called upon to make great sacrifices. But we see too that our position has greatly improved in armed forces and material while for the enemy his difficulties on the war front and in the conquered countries increase daily. Above all when we see the ravages of what is called "The New Order," the systematic pillage, oppression and torture carried out with staggering thoroughness, we can only have a deep sense of thankfulness that our lands and people have been spared this desperate ordeal.

We have seen evil appear to consolidate its position, but, on the other hand, we have seen the ranks of civilized opposition illuminated by deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice, glorious for their brilliance and endurance.

The times call for stern allegiance to the simple virtues of our fathers, a sense of duty, honour and self-sacrifice. Our army in the field can never be victorious without these austere virtues: the Peace can never be won nor consolidated without them. Let us nail them as flags to the masthead of our endeavour.

May God grant to us all of His spirit which knows no defeat or loss but will nerve and sustain us to final victory and beyond.

J. A. Cooper.

Governor.

Father Fleury at Island Lake Post — R. A. Talbot

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OUTFIT 273 — DECEMBER, 1942

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY

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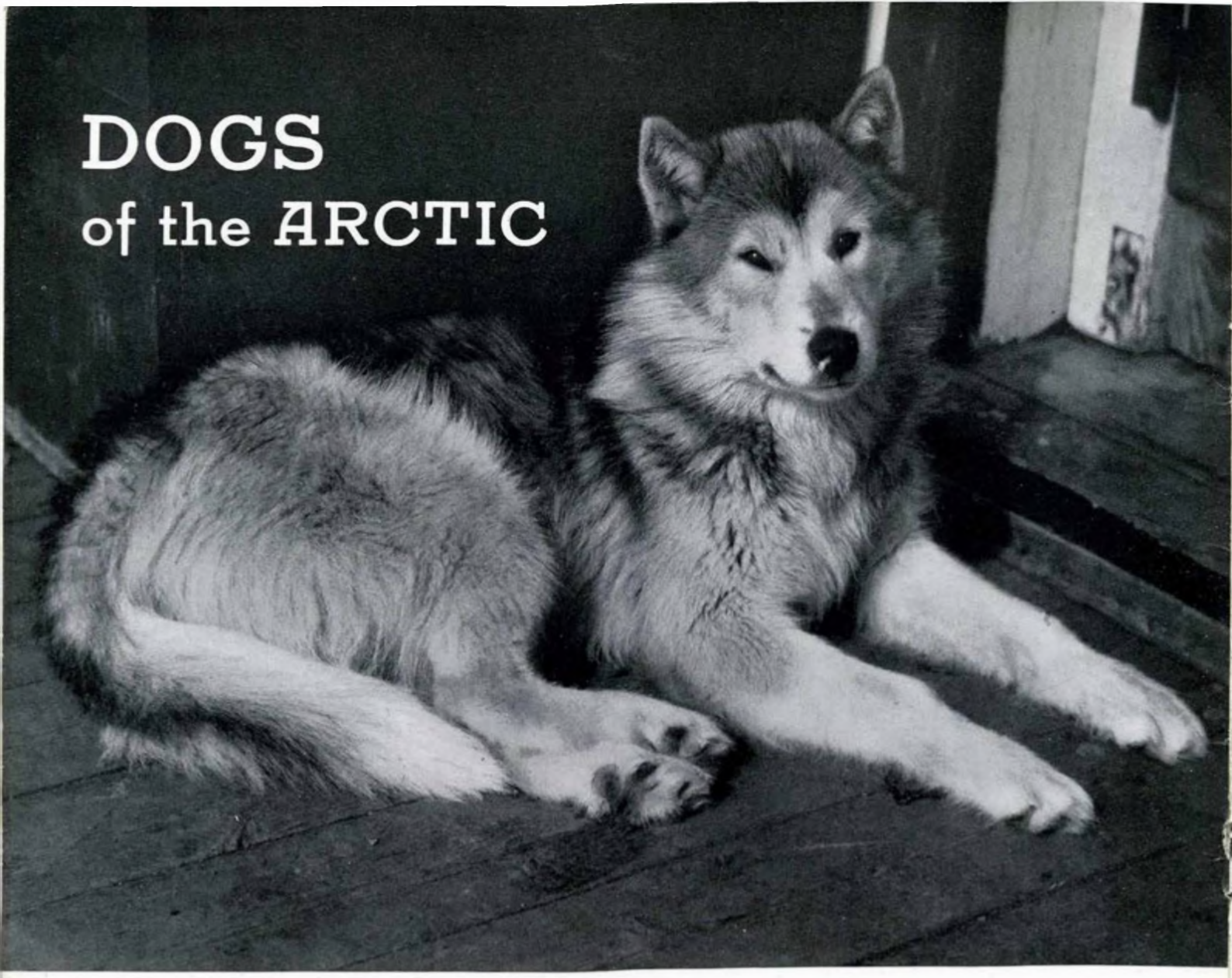
DOGS of the ARCTIC



Hudson's Bay Husky

Harvey Bassett

ESKIMO dogs, commonly called huskies, were described in the last *Beaver* as "the unsung heroes of the Arctic." And in truth they lead a dog's life in every sense of the word.

Frequently born in the open and cared for only by his mother, the Eskimo dog has to fight from the start for his very existence. At about the age of three months he must begin to work for his living, and is put in harness behind his mother. Within a year, however, he is full grown and powerful, and is capable of hauling his full share of the load, or as much as five hundred pounds. By this time also he is full of the team spirit and is ready to fight with his team-mates against all members of alien teams, giving way only to his boss dog. This boss dog rules the team by prowess as a fighter, as well as through seniority, and without him the team would be in continual uproar, with no one to break up fights between members of the team and with no protector against the bullies of other teams.

Equally important is the lead dog, who is usually female and often the mother of the whole team. Chosen in early puppyhood and trained to be always on the alert for directional commands, it is often up to her not only to find the smoothest routes through the rough craggy ice, but also to find the way back to camp in the blinding snow-storms.

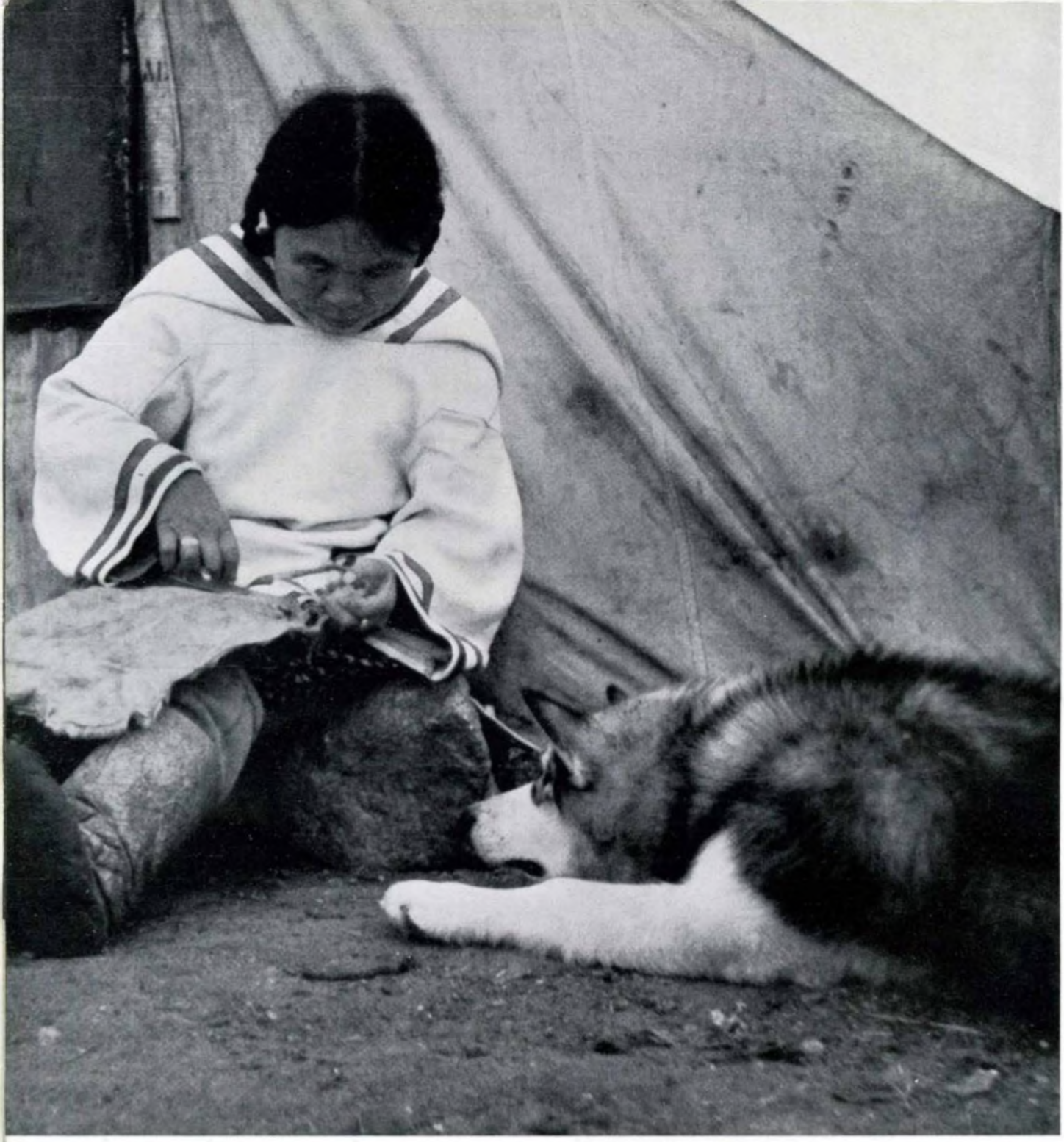
Sometimes, when food is scarce, a dog goes without nourishment for over a week; but he will work until exhausted. He sleeps outdoors in all weather and is sheltered only by a snowbank or a blanket of snow.

The Eskimo dog, when in good condition and fed regularly, can haul a load from forty to fifty miles a day and can keep up this rate for weeks at a time. He is the Eskimo's only means of winter transportation, and even in summer he is used as a pack-dog for land travel, often walking patiently for hundreds of miles behind his master, weighed down and staggering under his load, his back curved like a crescent moon.

Some of the Hudson's Bay posts have their own teams of dogs, and these, of course, are well fed and affectionately cared for.

Above, Curiouser and curiouser
R. N. Hourde

Below, Family group
Lorene Squire



How about a nice scrap of sealskin?

Lorene Squire

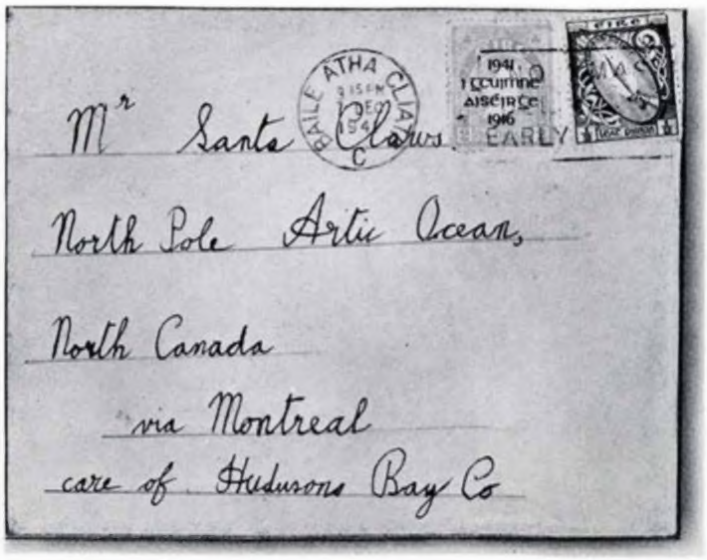
Above, Soon they'll be in harness
R. S. Evans

Below, Time off for playing
Harvey Bassett

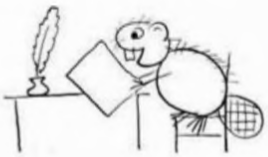
Dear SANTA

ONCE upon a time, there was a little girl called Barbara

who lived in Ireland. When she was six years old, she wrote a letter to Santa Claus, addressing it to him care of the Hudson's Bay Company.



In time the letter reached the office of the Beaver.



Of course the Beaver was very curious to know what was inside, so when he forwarded it to the North Pole, he asked Santa to let him know. Like the kind man he is, Santa, after reading it, and making a note of what it asked for, sent it back to the Beaver; and this is what the letter said:

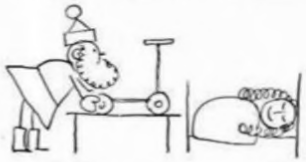
137 Kimmage Rd. East
TERENURE, DUBLIN, Sun 7th Dec 1941

Dear SANTA.

I WONDER if BY any CHANCE there ARE any SCOOTERS in THE big SHOPS like PIM and CO. I AM very PLEASED with THE doll's house YOU gave ME last YEAR. I HAVE a BICYCLE so I must HAVE a SCOOTER. I WONDER could YOU give ME the FIRST scooter, AND put IT leaning AGAINST the WALL on my table. THE doll's house HAS lovely FURNITURE in IT NOW, so i have TO say GOOD-BYE.

Frome BARBARA, to SANTA.
Happy XMAS to YOU.
THE END

Santa told the Beaver that he had delivered the scooter safe and sound in Barbara's room.



And at the same time he asked the Beaver to send her one of the Hudson's Bay Company's historical maps of Canada,

because he said she was very much interested in Geography.

The map reached Barbara in August, and she wrote back to Santa Claus to thank him for it, enclosing a photo of herself.

He was so pleased that he sent the Beaver her picture and her second letter to put in the Company's magazine:

7th August 1942

Dear Santa Claus,

Thank you very much for the lovely map. I was delighted with it. It is hung on the wall beside my bed. I loved the picture of Prince Rupert. Daddy told me all about Franklin of 1848. It reminds me of lovely fairy tales. Was that picture of the grizzly bear true? I suppose so.

I know all the names of the five great lakes, and I really dont know how they managed so many things on one map. I should like to be a passenger on the R. M. S. Nascopie, though it must be very cold in Craig Harbour. I have just finished a story about a little English girl who visits her Aunt living on the shores of Lake Athabaska.

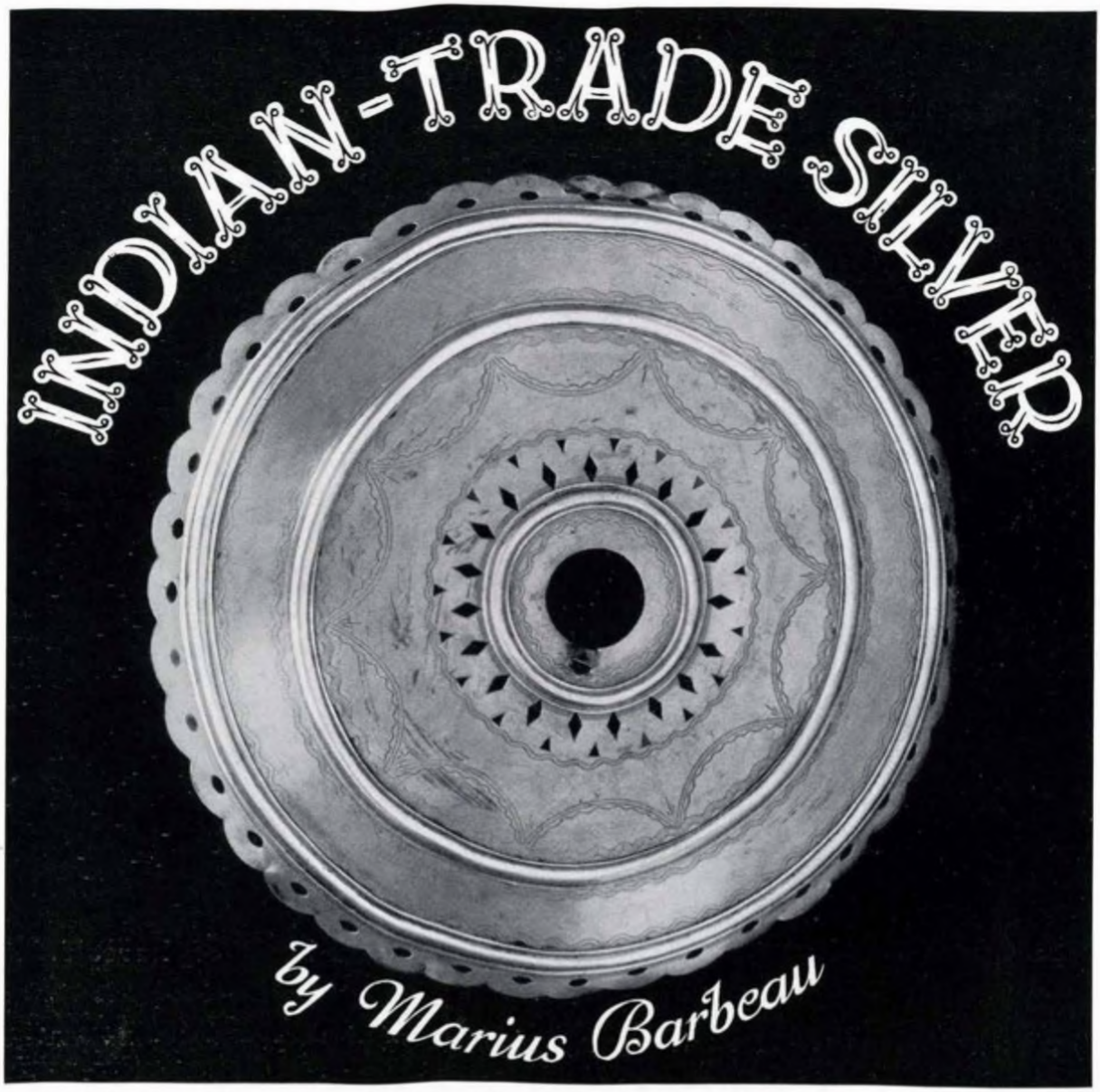
I have been for a holiday. We went to Ardamine in Co. Wexford. It has a lovely golden strand, and our bungalow is built in the sand dunes. I bathed every day. I do hope you are having a nice holiday because I know you will be so busy at Xmas.

I am sending you a snap of myself. You have seen me sleeping but not awake. Did you notice that this letter was written in ink, the last I wrote to you was only in pecil

Love from Barbara

Note by the Beaver: Santa says he posted an answer to this letter at Fort Ross. But the *Nascopie* couldn't get in there this year, so I'm afraid she won't get it before Christmas unless he delivers it himself...

INDIAN-TRADE SILVER



by Marius Barbeau

Five-inch silver brooch for the chest of a chief, made by Jonathan Tyler, Montreal, before 1817.

The objects illustrated are in the National Museum, Ottawa.

PLAIN money for the payment of furs was of little or no value to the Indians in the wilderness of North America. The barter between the natives and the white traders was, from the beginning, an exchange in kind—of pelts and commodities. Whenever a little coinage trickled into a hunter's hand or a bullet pouch, it was soon hammered into personal ornaments and engraved for the nose, the ears or the arms, or it was sewed or tied onto the garments, where it tinkled like bells. Burying it underground, except in graves where it might enrich the soul of the dead, really was of no avail, since those poeple were mostly all nomadic, seldom resorted to the same spots, and had no safeguard caches anywhere.

As soon as the red men met the first pale faces on the Atlantic or the Pacific watersheds, they craved the produce of a foreign civilization and offered pelts in exchange for whatever they preferred or could get—tools, utensils, articles of costume and fancy objects. Very soon they became keen and discriminating traders, whom the Europeans did their best to satisfy for the sake of more cordial relations and better returns.

A good example to the point is the early silver trade, its beginning and evolution from 1760 to 1830.

The American Indians themselves had no silvercraft of their own. Any traces of such a craft found among the Iroquois of the last seventy-five years were purely derivative and never of any importance. The earliest references we find to the use of silver among the North American natives hardly go beyond 1780.

Harold E. Gillingham, of Philadelphia, who has made a special study of the early American silversmiths Joseph Richardson, William Hollingshead and Phillip Syng, says that "Indian ornaments were produced in the Quaker City (Philadelphia) by the thousands" and "were distributed to the several trading stores for gifts to friendly Indians or exchanged for furs, as was sometimes the custom in the latter half of the eighteenth century."

The maker's marks of these three Philadelphia silversmiths, about 1763, are found on a number of silver pieces recovered in the former Indian territories. And the Indian commissioner's accounts for the period from 1758 onward bear out the fact that, in Phila-

delphia alone, a vast amount of small ornamental silverware was produced for the Indian trade. Among these we find arm plates, hair plates or hair bobs, brooches round or otherwise, wrist bands, half moons and moons (gorgets), crosses, shirt buckles, rings, buttons, etc.

The Philadelphia silver and whatever was added from other sources, particularly Albany, was meant for the use of the American fur trading companies within their own territories. But the Indians in French, and later British, domains from the St. Lawrence to the Great Lakes, the Missouri and the Mississippi, soon became as interested in silver as those on the side of the unsettled frontier. Of this we find some evidence in the letters of Duperon Baby, one of the earliest Detroit traders, to his Quebec brother Francois Baby, and I quote from his letters dated 1768, 1774 and 1779.

In 1768, Baby ordered, probably for his own household, a silver porringer with its plate, and a ewer. In 1774, he asked for silver ornaments for the fur trade; these consisted of 100 pairs of *pendants d'oreilles petite, 24 ronds d'oreille*—small ear bobs and ear wheels. The following year, he stated that he was forwarding money or furs to secure silverware real and not falsified. He wanted it all sterling and well made and polished.

"If you cannot procure the silverwork," he wrote in French, "or if it is not of good quality, I beg you to send me 50 real dollars [*piastres*], which, I can use here; I absolutely need them. If the silverwork is not ready, please note that it should be thin and well polished, yet able to stand engraving. It is advisable to have wide bracelets without rims. This is as several people prefer them."

This silver seems not to have been delivered as late as 1777. But two years later, Baby wrote: "I received the silver work, and it is all very good." With another order, he repeated that he was well satisfied with the earlier instalment, which he had received in two caskets. Then he qualified his statement with the remark: "As for the silver, it is not polished well enough to stand comparison with what is made in Montreal."

The reference to Montreal shows that the work of a Quebec silversmith did not quite measure up to the standard of the Montreal craftsmen. Indeed, Jonas Schindler, who was responsible for the Baby silverware, was not as deeply engaged in the trade silver production as his up-river confrères, who were annually entrusted with large orders by the North-West Company.

There is ample evidence, from various sources, that very soon after 1770, a vast amount of silverware, comparable in type to the Pennsylvania silver, was produced in Montreal for the fur traders, particularly the North-West Company.

At that time, in 1779 and 1789, the Indian Department was paying considerable sums for silverware intended for the Indians, who required an immense amount of it yearly. Col. Guy Johnson—Sir William Johnson's nephew—charged the Crown "for sundries furnished (by) Indian Department to Thomas Robinson Dr." And these sundries comprise a large number of armbands, half moons of various sizes, 3,000 brooches large or small, and 1,100 pairs of ear bobs, for the total amount of £550.2; all this material to be

Silver ear-rings of all shapes and sizes were made for the Indian trade.

Top: A Huron chief's head-dress with silver band two and three quarter inches wide. Bottom: Silver gorget, similar to those worn by British officers, marked R C (Robt. Cruickshank). Found at Birch Island, Georgian Bay.

"Sent to Colo. Buthen in the Indian Country." In a later order, we find "one gross Finger Rings, 1 pair large Silver Gorget £1.16. . . ; 2 large silver Breastplates 4." Elsewhere, "a large silver cross" is mentioned, in the midst of an astonishing quantity of silverware which covers space on every page of the Department's account book. The amount involved in one of the many orders was £259 10s. All this shows that silver ornaments were already, in 1779, a most substantial consideration in the affairs of the white man and the Indian. Although Johnson's accounts do not disclose the source of his supplies, it may be presumed that it was Canadian, as the Johnsons were Loyalists.

That the ornamental silver made in Montreal, and occasionally in Quebec, for the western trade, was restricted in its purpose and output is disclosed by a phrase in Labadie's Journal dated 1797—Labadie being a Nor'wester, returned home that year and drowned in the St. Lawrence near his home village of Verchères. When his body was recovered it was noticed that he wore *une epinglette d'argent a la facon sauvage*—a silver brooch in the Indian fashion. The use of the Indian silver, in fact, remained almost unknown among the home-keeping Canadians, where we can find no trace of it.

The old trade silver recovered in the graves of Indians around the Great Lakes often bears the mark of Montreal silversmiths, whose working dates range between 1775 and 1830. Some American archaeologists, like Mr. George I. Quimby, Jr., were surprised to notice that the Michigan silver was not the work of the Philadelphia, but of Montreal, craftsmen. And he aptly remarks: "At the beginning of the war between the United States and England in 1775, both the Americans and the British made great efforts to secure the support of the Indians. Nevertheless the Indians in general favoured the British, perhaps because of the active work of their agents in distributing presents among them. So thorough were the efforts of these agents and traders that the influence of the English lasted until after the war of 1812."

From the Knox papers in the library of the University of Michigan, Mr. Quimby reproduces a list of trade silver which, under the regime of General Haldimand, the Canadian governor in 1781, was distributed to the Niagara Indians; this list contains 2,650 silver articles. After quoting later lists, he singles out a few Canadian marks such as RC, CA, PH, IS, and JT. And he gives a brief biographical note of Robert Cruickshank, who "was the ranking silversmith with regard to quantity of production for the fur trade in Michigan and vicinity, his touchmark appearing on 36 out of 119 ornaments."

The perusal, by Professor Ramsay Traquair, of local records such as James and Andrew McGill's journal of accounts in the McCord Museum, at Montreal, and the study of the silver collections of the same museum, enabled him to cast more light upon the activities of the Canadian silversmiths, and on the use and making of silver trinkets. After quoting from accounts dated from 1797 to 1803 and from the Johnson papers, one item of which dates back to 1771, he concludes that "such silver ornaments are not earlier than the last quarter of the eighteenth century."

More precise data can now be offered on the Montreal silversmiths, owing to the writer's recent discovery of manuscript account and invoice books of the North-West Company from 1799 to 1822; of Colonel Guy Johnson's account for the Indian Department, 1779-80; also owing to extensive information received from the archives of the Hudson's Bay Company in London for the period of 1790 to 1806. And new knowledge was also derived from the study of Canadian silversmiths in what is now the province of Quebec and from the Indian silver collections of the National Museum of Canada and other museums.

In Outfit 1799 and subsequent outfits (the first of the set of books of the North-West Company now in the archives of the Seminary of Quebec) we find that Mr. Rocheblave, of Montreal, is credited with fur-

Iroquois silver bracelet.

Double cross, made by Charles Arnoldi, Montreal, about 1810, now in the Museum of the American Indian, New York. Similar ornaments have been collected among most of the eastern Indians as far south as Georgia.

nishing (obviously in his capacity of trader—not as craftsman) a considerable number of wrist bands, small brooches and some double crosses; he knew well the requirements of the Indians, as he had been stationed previously in the Illinois country in a military capacity. Two years later, in 1801, a large quantity of silver ornaments was purchased from Narcisse Roy, who presumably was not a silversmith but a tradesman, as his name as a craftsman has not been known so far; and his name again appears in the years 1803 and 1806 with the words "for silverworks, £302.1.8; Irish Linen, shoes." These last items imply that he retailed goods besides silver; but so did Robert Cruickshank, a silversmith. The first entry, that of 1801, shows how extensive was Roy's contribution to the Indian trade; and, although seemingly not a silversmith himself, the work he sold to the North-West Company must have been made by Montreal craftsmen other than Robert Cruickshank, because Cruickshank then received even larger and more frequent orders from the same company. Roy is thus credited with 4,500 brooches, 2,500 pairs ear bobs, 1,500 small crosses, 12 large hollow brooches, 20 arm bands, 75 ear wheels, 10 setts gorgets, 181 pairs large ear bobs, 264 heart brooches, 100 wrist bands, 78 beavers, 20 double crosses, 6 colliers, sundry rings, boxes, etc., for a total of £342 2s. 3d.

As previously observed by Mr. Quimby, Robert Cruickshank, of Montreal, undoubtedly was the most substantial provider of silver for the Indian trade, and he was a craftsman as well as a merchant. His name repeatedly appears on the books of the North-West Company, affixed to large lists of items of silver, also of hardware, such as, in 1800, 6 dirks, etc.; in 1802, *pour 6 couteaux de chasse;* and, in 1806, "for oil delivered Edge to paint oil cloth". . .

Another silversmith of equal importance was Pierre Huguet Latour, whose mark is P.H. From the records of the McCord Museum, in Montreal, as analyzed by Prof. Traquair, it is evident that the silverwork of Latour for the Indian trade at one time must have been considerable. For instance (to quote Prof. Traquair): "The principal persons dealt with in this connection were Pierre Huguet Latour, the Widow Schindler, Curtius and Robert Cruickshank. The total expended on 'silverworks' from August, 1797, to April, 1801, was £4,184 3s. 5d. . . The principal maker was Pierre Huguet Latour, who was paid £3,068 8s. 9d. either directly or through Joseph Lecuyer. . ." Latour was paid as much as £694 16s. 9d. in one payment and £773 10s. 11d. in another.

The records of the Hudson's Bay Company in London contain much valuable information on the Indian silver trade between 1790 and 1806.

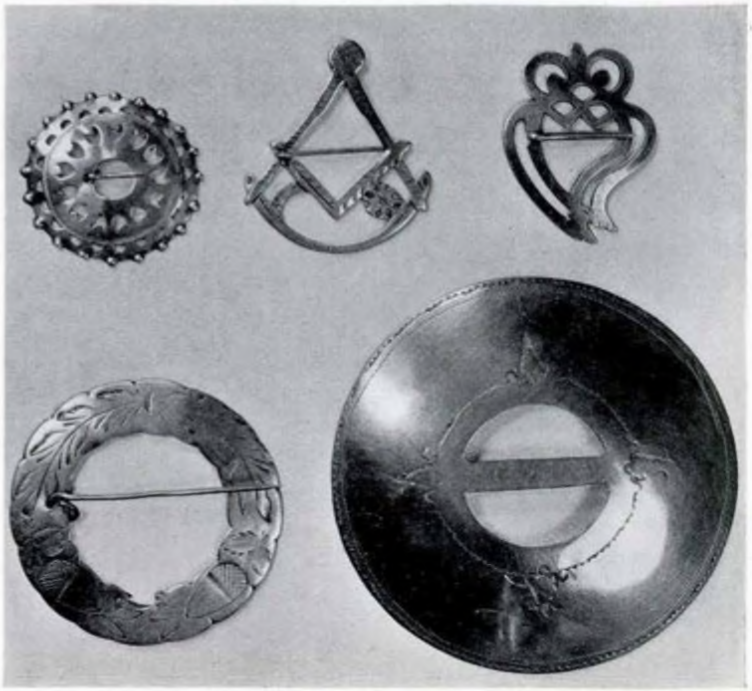
They have evidence to show that long before 1760 and after 1800 such articles as "plain rings," "seal rings," ear-rings and similar ornaments were shipped to Hudson Bay for the purpose of trade. Unfortunately, in most instances their records do not include description of the metal or metals of which these goods were made, but presumably they were of brass, as similar goods were indented for after the period when they have definite proof that silver articles were also being exported to Hudson Bay.

Medals appear to have been first exported in 1745, when a consignment of "Bath Medals" was sent to York Factory. In later invoices they were also described as of bath metal, brass, or merely as medals, and it is therefore impossible to say when the first shipment of silver medals was made.

The first reference to silver so far discovered in the Company archives is for the year 1790, when one hundred pairs of silver ear-rings were shipped to Albany Factory, and fifty pairs were sent to Eastmain. At a meeting of the Governor and Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company held on 5th March, 1795, an entry was made in the minute book, from which it appears that silver patterns were sent to England from Albany River and Eastmain, on Hudson Bay, for their reproduction in commercial quantities, presumably for the first time in 1795, and that the order was for "Silver plated Trinkets," not silver of the standard previously adopted by the Canadians.

We may thus infer that the Hudson's Bay Company, at that date, was endeavouring to adapt itself to the new requirements of the fur trade and had not yet found its way to meet the competition of its rivals to the south in the production of silver trinkets nor the demands of the northern Indians for articles that were growing fashionable among them and had been available for many years at the trading posts south of the Great Lakes—Baby's orders from Detroit to Quebec dating back to 1774, and the introduction of small silverware from Philadelphia antedating 1758.

Brooches and pins, made mostly in Montreal, early 19th Century. The one at the lower left is by Francois Ranvoyze, Quebec.



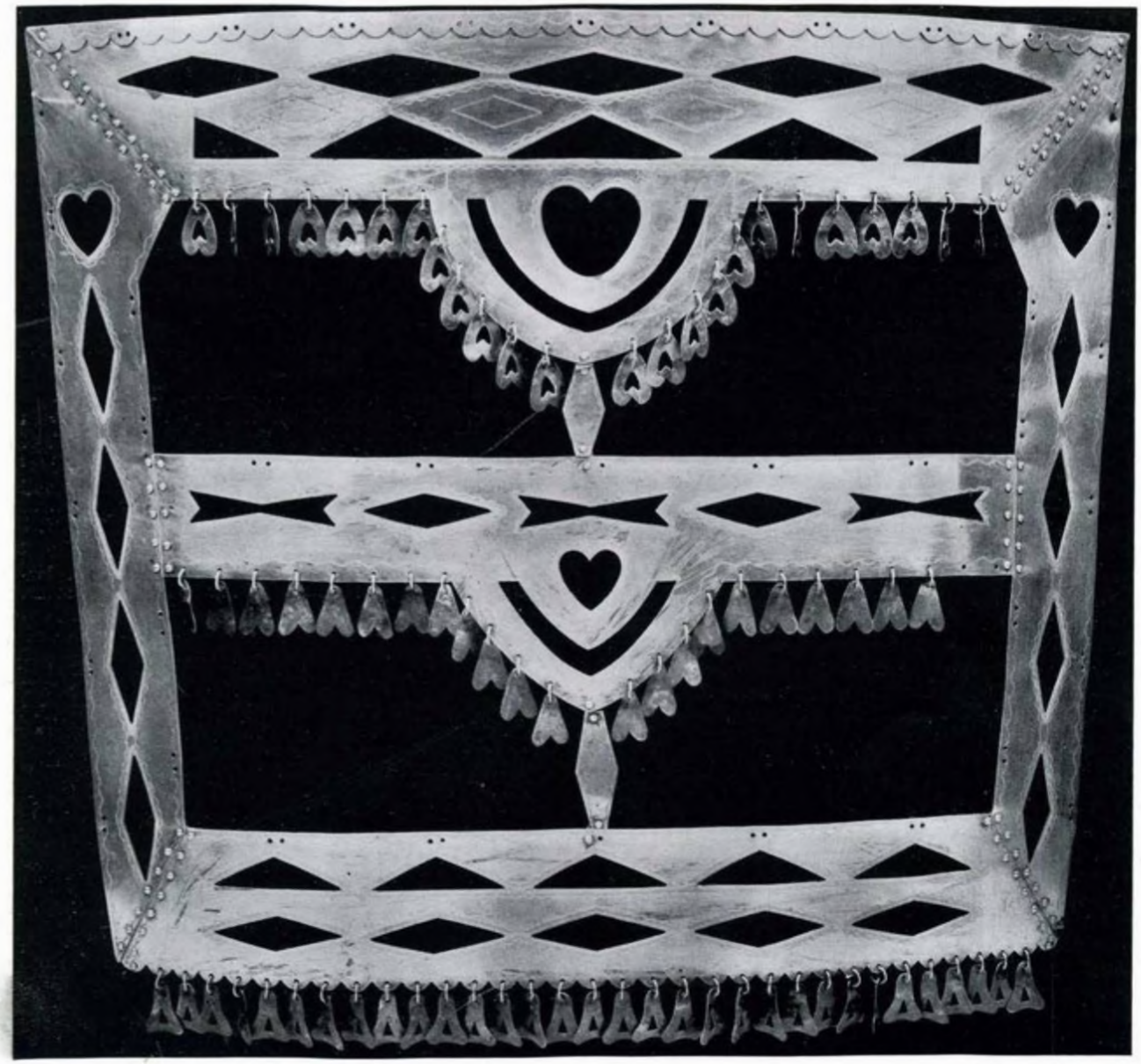
From December 1795, quantities of silver goods were actually ordered in England by the Hudson's Bay Company and distributed between the posts of Albany, Moose, Eastmain, York Factory and Churchill. Similar remarks regarding these silver articles were included in each of the letters written in the spring of 1797 by the Governor and Committee to the chiefs of the forts.

The information retrieved from the Hudson's Bay Company's records is too detailed and considerable to be reproduced here. It is taken from a series of books covering the years 1800 to 1806 inclusive; these books showing the amounts of goods indented for, together with the quantities exported to Albany Factory, Moose Factory and Eastmain, from 1800 to 1806. The lists show that the demand for finger and ear-rings arm bands and other trinkets was steadily growing with the years; from 144 pairs of ear-rings sent in 1801 to over 1000 in 1805. A small number of (white) silver crosses were sent to Eastmain in 1800. And it is to be noted that no silver goods of any kind were indented for by the posts of York Factory, Churchill and Severn during the same period of 1800 to 1806.

The trade silver retained its importance for many years; that is, well on in the 1800's. John McTaggart, writing of his Canadian travels in 1826-8, mentions in one place that "The Indians have come down from distant wilds to receive their annual presents from the British Government. . . . The females wear a profusion of rings and ear-rings made of silver. . . . The Indian is fond of glittering metals and is a great connoisseur in ear-rings, buckles, and bracelets, and when a husband is this way inclined, it is not likely that the wife, the Squaw, will be much behind him in her way, as to what she considers to be the tip of the fashion."

Fortunately, a goodly assortment of the work turned out by these old silversmiths has come down to us and a large collection, from which most of the articles pictured here were selected, is to be seen at the National Museum in Ottawa.

Large silver ornament, fourteen and a half by twelve and a half inches, made by Pierre Huguet Latour, Montreal (1780-1817), and worn by an Indian living on the banks of the St. Lawrence.



Genthon the Fiddler

by Walter H. Randall

THE Indians had been shoving at the heavy barge, stuck in the mud near the dock at Moose Lake, for more than an hour. Now they were giving it up in disgust, muttering to themselves as they sloshed back through the clinging mud to dry land.

"We must tell *Le Gros*," one of them said.

A runner was dispatched to the Hudson's Bay Company trading post standing some distance from the lake. The small crowd by the shore awaited the coming of *Le Gros*—The Big One—impatiently.

Then, down the wide, rough trail, came a man—but what a man! In his blanket mackinaw, Frederick Genthon, fur trader at Moose Lake for the H B C, looked gigantic. Standing over six feet four inches and weighing more than three hundred pounds, Genthon towered head and shoulders over the Indians.

A French trader explained to him that the wild storm of the night before had driven the Indians' barge, loaded with furs, into the deep mud of the shore when a giant wave slapped the tiller out of the helmsman's hands.

Genthon walked down to the shore with the Indians following. Then they all stepped into the viscous mud, braced their shoulders against the barge and heaved. The mighty strength of the fur trader tipped the balance. The barge slipped. They heaved again and the barge slid into deeper water!

The Indians gave voice to whoops of joy at the sight. The shouts went winging over the wastes around the tiny settlement of Moose Lake, far to the north of civilization. Frederick Genthon grinned as the Indians shouted their thanks, and walked back up the trail to the group of buildings comprised of warehouse, log cabin and outhouse that was his domain.

Genthon revelled in his work. Service in the H B C was his life; the music his strong right arm and the deft fingers of his left hand could conjure out of the singing strings of his fiddle was his love. Such acts as the one he had just performed made Genthon a popular favourite, and many trappers went out of their way to take him their catch. Fiddle playing and service in the employ of the H B C were interwoven early in the life of Frederick Genthon, and became more closely twined as the years went on.

Genthon, like his father before him, was born on the banks of the Red River in Winnipeg, right where the King George Hospital stands now, on July 4, 1857. Genthon's grandfather, born in Quebec in 1790, came by birch-bark canoe to the banks of the Red River in 1821 to become a valued member of the little colony.

The famous boys' school in St. Boniface gave Frederick Genthon his education, and there fortune favoured him. One year, when Archbishop Taché returned from Quebec, he brought with him a young priest named Dugas. Father Dugas organized a band, for he was a wonderful musician, and Genthon's great natural aptitude for music made him one of the leading performers.

Frederick grew tall and broad and strong, and at 16 he aspired to the domain of man. He was soon selected as one of the drivers in the great train of one hundred carts that were to carry freight over five hundred miles of trackless prairie to the H B C post at Fort Carlton. Safely stowed within reach on his creaking cart was his magic violin, and the lively reels and jigs he played on cool, moonlit nights helped relieve the monotony of endless days of travel over the shimmering, heat-laden prairie.

After his return to Fort Garry, Genthon's reputation as a fiddler had grown until his name was known throughout the west. And his services were in great demand. Weddings were the breath of life in more ways than one to residents of Fort Garry. Genthon, now a young giant of a man at 20, was fiddling away for dear life at a wedding one night when he looked up straight into the magnetic dark eyes of a girl wearing a fine red dress. It was love at first sight, and neither one needed a second look!

One year later, in 1878, Frederick Genthon and Josephte Nault were married in St. Boniface Church by Father Dugas.

Frederick Genthon (right) in his young days as a fur trader at Moose Lake. From an old tintype.

Frederick Genthon, champion fiddler, at the time he made the recording of the Red River Jig for the National Museum.

Mme Genthon occupies almost as prominent a position as her husband in this story; and rightfully so, because she was at his side for more than sixty years. She traces her ancestry back to Jean Baptiste Lagimodière, her great grandfather, who came west with his bride, Marie Anne Gaboury, from his native village of Maskinongé, Quebec, in 1815 to live on the banks of the Red River opposite Point Douglas.

The legend of Lagimodière is so well known it hardly needs repeating—the story of how Mrs. Genthon's ancestor carried dispatches for the H B C in winter from the Red River to Montreal having won a well-merited place in the annals of our country's history.

For a few years following his marriage, Frederick Genthon helped his father in freighting supplies over the prairies of the Northwest Territories, and freighting in the 1880's meant many days and nights on the trail—lonely, jolting days on a precarious perch aboard a creaking Red River cart. Long days of travel over the interminable prairie, shimmering in the glare of the brazen sun, were made tolerable for Frederick Genthon by exciting thoughts of service in the H B C up north in the fur trade.

New Year's Day, 1885! Genthon didn't know the prairie was going to run red where the North Saskatchewan streams deep and strong; all he knew was that he was now a member of that gallant Company of Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay. Horace Belanger, chief factor, employed Genthon. Belanger, a giant of a man himself, was Genthon's uncle, and assigned the massive young man to Moose Lake as assistant to John MacDonald.

One bright day in late spring, quite a little party gathered on a dock situated on the west bank of the Red River close to where Hudson's Bay House stands now. Chief Factor Belanger shook hands with Frederick Genthon, gallantly kissed the blushing Mrs. Genthon, patted the four young children on the head and watched Genthon and his family embark on the paddle steamer for Selkirk. In the evening they boarded the lake boat for the North and, after an uneventful journey, arrived at Grand Rapids. A portage brought them to the boat on the Saskatchewan.

One final phase of the long trip remained: the barge trip across Moose Lake to the H B C post. Midsummer was upon the land when the Genthons arrived at their home in the wilderness. Curious Indians came from afar to gaze at one of the first white women in that part of the North. The Indians were even more startled a month later when Mrs. Genthon gave birth to a fine baby boy.

Friendship comes easily to the Indians, but Frederick Genthon and his family were loved by the Crees. There were many reasons why. When the time came for Frederick's first New Year's levée, Mrs. Genthon distributed food for appreciative stomachs, goodies for wide-eyed children, tobacco to glistening eyed braves and tea to the women, and Frederick charmed savage souls with the wild music of his fiddle.

January came to his great lonely land and cruel cold came too, cold to trap the unwary. Part of Genthon's duties consisted of travelling from one post to another. One bitterly cold night, Mrs. Genthon was awakened by the barking of sleigh dogs. Soon there came a great hammering on the door. Mrs. Genthon, who had seen her husband off to The Pas in the morning, wondered who could be visiting at that hour. She opened the door and Frederick walked in with an Indian woman in his arms.

"Hot water, blankets, quickly," Genthon roared.

Mrs. Genthon knew what to do; she hadn't accompanied her husband on his trips between posts in the dead of winter for nothing. Under her skilful ministrations, the Indian woman was brought back to life, although it took a day and a night before she was out of danger.

The Indians could never do enough for the Genthons after that, and when Genthon shoved the barge into the water the following spring, it is safe to say he became one of the most popular fur traders ever to serve the Hudson's Bay Company in that part of the country.

Promotion came rapidly to such a fur trader, one for whom the Indians went out of their way so that they could take him the cream of the catch. Genthon was made H B C agent at The Pas.

One night in late spring, a torrential rain was beating down on the H B C post at The Pas. Genthon was sleeping snugly in his bed. Suddenly, a thunderous beating on the door brought him out of bed with a start.

An Indian bade him "come see" the strange white-man waiting down by the river. In the sodden darkness, Genthon saw the outlines of the stout York boat, and a drenched young priest who wept when Genthon greeted him in French!

It was Father Charlebois, beginning his journey along the rough-hewn path that was to make him one of the most famous and beloved of the courageous bishops of Canada's northland. How the strings of Genthon's fiddle sang in the days that followed while the northern wilderness lost its fearsome aspect for the homesick young priest.

Education of his children, a thing he could not ignore, brought Frederick Genthon and his growing brood of youngsters back to Winnipeg. He had been agent at Moose Lake, The Pas and Cumberland House during his service with the H B C. Now he was back at The Pas, and when the government asked him to accept a position as surveyor, he acquiesced, thankful of the opportunity to take his children where they could receive a proper education.

The Genthons bade adieu to The Pas and headed for Cumberland House, where they got the boat that took them to Prince Albert. Then into a stout wagon, the schooner of the prairies, for the long trip over land just beginning to blossom out with the golden goodness of ripening grain.

Back in Winnipeg, life did not have the same nature-made thrills for Genthon, but if he missed the attractions of fur trading, his fiddling engagements left him little time to think about the colourful North. He was now in the fullness of his skill with the bow, and fabulous indeed were the gifts and fees showered on him for the purpose of making sure he would play for some special wedding, dance or banquet for famous visitors. Competition was so brisk that one wealthy man gave Genthon a valuable racehorse worth hundreds of dollars so that the west's finest and most famous fiddler would play at his daughter's wedding.

On another occasion, the Hon. James McKay paid Genthon not in cash, but with a coveted bob-sleigh. Almost everyone else owned single seater sleighs, but very few were rich enough to own the greatly admired two-seater bob-sleighs. Genthon played at a big dance in Deer Lodge for the Hon. James McKay and became the owner of the sleigh he wanted.

Fiddling was an art in the old days of Fort Garry. A fiddler had to have a wide knowledge of music, a fine sense of rhythm and tremendous endurance. When people danced in those days, they danced! There were no half measures about it. You danced the Red River Jig, the Soldiers' Joy, McDonald's Reel, the Buffalo Girls, the Rabbit Dance, Six and Eight-hand Reels, the Duck Dance and the Four-hand Reel, took a rest and danced again. All the while the fiddlers fiddled away for dear life, and, as in Dickens' immortal "Christmas Carol," the legs of the dancers appeared to "wink," so deft were they at the intricacies of the square dances.

Mr. and Mrs. Genthon on their diamond wedding day.

Honours were now coming in thick clusters to this massive master of the gentle art of fiddling. He won the Manitoba fiddling championship and held it year after year against all comers. Then, when the western fiddling championship was held, Frederick Genthon fiddled off with the honours easily. The only contestant to come even remotely close to him in skill was Del Genthon, his son.

In his later years, he retained his tremendous strength; in fact he played his violin up until four days before his death last year at the age of 84. He was the outstanding authority on the origin of the famed Red River Jig. The authorities at Ottawa recognized that his wide knowledge of the jig was invaluable, so they had him make a recording for the National Museum.

Genthon was 82 when he was asked to play his fiddle so that a recording of the beloved jig of early Red River would be forever preserved, to keep intact another link with pioneer days. His playing was beautiful to hear, and anyone hearing the recording today would be amazed to know that a man in his eighties wielded the bow through the fast paces of that jig. Genthon's explanation of the origin of the Red River Jig was that he (Fred) learned the jig from his father, who in turn had learned it in Winnipeg after it had been brought west from Montreal soon after the advent of the 1800's. In the east the jig was known as *La Jig du Bas Canada*.

One of the highlights of Genthon's life came on Tuesday, February 22, 1938, when three hundred relatives gathered together to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of his wedding. The reception was held one month later to allow the relatives to gather from near and far. The cable that was thrust into Frederick's hand on that wonderful night didn't look any different from other cables. But it read:

"THE KING AND QUEEN SEND YOU HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR DIAMOND WEDDING DAY!"

The cable was signed: "Private Secretary, Buckingham Palace, Tuesday, February 22, 1938."

Frederick Genthon took the precious piece of paper in his powerful, gnarled fingers and there was awe in his great bass voice as he said: "*Le Roi*—the King!"

Mrs. Genthon, surrounded on every side by dignitaries of church and state, looked at her husband, and there was pride and love shining in the depths of her eyes as she nodded to him.

Frederick Genthon's life as an H B C fur trader had begun shortly before the lifting of that barge clear of the mud at Moose Lake forty-five years previously; it ended with that barge, because the strain of lifting had damaged his heart. The end came after a gallant four-day fight, and Frederick Genthon died peacefully in his sleep on March 24, 1941. Besides Mrs. Genthon, eight children, nine grandchildren and eleven great-grandchildren survive. Burial was made in St. Mary's Cemetery, and Frederick Genthon returned to the land he knew as a child; for the plot where he now rests was once part of his father's farm.

ALL CARIBOU

by D. B. Marsh
Eskimo Point

An Eskimo caribou hunter and his wife, clothed in caribou skin. The foreshafts of his arrows are made of caribou antler, and his bow is strung, reinforced, and bound with plaited caribou sinew.

SURELY nowhere in the world does one animal play a more important part in the lives of a people than does the Barren Lands caribou in the lives of the Caribou Eskimos; for to them it is not merely an aid to existence, it is life itself. Every part of the caribou is employed to advantage—the flesh for food, the skin, sinew, fat, bones, and antlers for a multiplicity of other uses.

Caribou hunting is carried out by dog team during the winter and spring months in the Arctic. The dogs greatly enjoy the chase, and set off in pursuit immediately the quarry is sighted. The caribou, which in the spring move in great herds, or rather one great herd stretching for miles and miles, stand and stare at the approaching team until they are within easy shooting range of the Eskimo on the sled. He has only to throw down his anchor (made from caribou horn), put his weight on it to stop the dogs, select his animal, and shoot. The second that he fires, however, he must get on the sled, for, anchor or no anchor, the dogs are off. After a short run, the caribou, who have taken to their heels at the sound of the shot, will once more stand and stare until the team is close, thus giving the hunter another opportunity.

Around Eskimo Point, where the plains are flat and unbroken, caribou are cached in the winter by simply twisting the head till the nose points to the sky and impaling the horns on a snow block or into the surface of the snow. Thus, even though the body of the animal should drift over, the head will remain above the level of the snow. Such a caribou may or may not be gutted before being left; this depends upon whether it is left for dog or human food.

If the caribou were shot in close proximity to the camp the carcasses are loaded onto the sled and hauled in, where they are skinned and stored away.

Meat

The ribs, particularly when they are thick with fat, are the favourite choice, though the breastbone is the very choicest of tidbits. The rump is usually eaten as *kwark*, or frozen meat. The diners squat in a circle around the rump and chop off a portion with an axe whenever they feel so inclined. Back steaks are considered good when boiled or even frozen, but in any case they are always removed from any skinned carcass, so that the sinews of the back muscles can be removed and later dried and used for sewing. The head is delicious; for the lips taste like tongue, and the meat and fat on the head is equal in flavour to the ribs. The brain is just eaten because it would be a shame to waste it. Heads are often the *piece de resistance* at a communal feast, and you can be assured that when it is over there will be nothing left but bones and a few pieces of skin with the hair still on them which were left on the heads when they were boiled.

Inland Eskimos love to prop caribou legs so that they hang over a wood fire and roast them Indian fashion. Otherwise they are boiled, and when all the meat is consumed the conversation is punctuated by the sound of breaking and cracking bones as the diners seek the marrow they contain. Marrow is of course highly prized and is also eaten raw, and in the summer and early fall, if too many caribou have been shot for immediate use, the leg bones will be cracked after boiling and the marrow placed in a bag and stored away for winter use.

Tongues are often boiled and cached till the winter. Otherwise they are eaten after they have been boiled with other meat (hence rather underdone to our way of thinking), or eaten raw but frozen. Hearts and livers come within the category of "dog food," and are never eaten; in fact, there is a taboo against them. Kidneys are eaten, but only as they happen to be found attached to some other portion of meat when it is thrown into the pot.

The stomach of a caribou contains half digested moss, which resembles green porridge, and this the Eskimos eat with delight. Indeed it is the only form of vegetable that they eat, but it is only eaten when fresh; and very often it is thrown away when the animal is gutted. The stomach lining, however, is good, and is eaten raw. The fat from the intestines is removed, frozen into a solid lump, and used as a relish to eat with frozen meat. The inches-thick fat from the back of the caribou, which if not preserved in some way would become rancid in the summer, is stored in the stomach of a caribou amidst the salad-like contents, and then it keeps in almost perfect condition until the winter. (I have seen some which resembled in every way a piece of very ripe cheese, in taste and smell.) Fat is often packed in the bladder or skin from the intestines, and looks like a white sausage.

Years ago, the eyes were regarded by the children as great delicacies, much as white children think of candies; but, as with other things, times have changed, and they are only eaten now in the regular way, that is as part of a head.

Strips of caribou meat are laid out in the sun and dried, and the hard black substance which results is called *nipko*. Palatable, if you have good teeth and haven't seen it made—for it is laid anywhere to dry, and at times the sun and wind can hardly affect it for the number of flies on its surface—nipko meets a need in the winter, when caribou may be scarce, and in any event is a change from fresh and frozen meat.

The hunter "caches" a caribou he has shot by thrusting its horns into a block of snow. D. B. Marsh

Approaching a herd of caribou, the hunter stops his team while he takes his second shot. D. B. Marsh

Caribou hoofs are said to resemble pig's trotters when boiled; and from the leg bones, after the marrow has been extracted, a fat is produced which tastes and resembles beef dripping. Hours and hours of boiling go into the extracting of this delicacy, which is eaten with frozen meat.

One might imagine that, having catalogued all the various parts of the anatomy of a caribou that can be eaten, the list would be complete. There are still the horns, or antlers. The velvet from these is eaten and enjoyed by the inlanders, who roast it over the fire and enjoy its charred wood taste. The parasites which are found under the skin of the caribou (bots) and adhere to the skin when it is removed, are another source of food, but it would appear that tastes of individuals differ in this respect, some being none too keen to eat them.

Meat that is shot in the summer and late fall becomes high, and this meat has just that flavour so loved by the Eskimos in frozen meat. They do not like this high meat, however, when it is boiled, but will eat it if they have nothing else. The water from boiled meat is of course always drunk after the meal, and from a single cup passed from hand to hand.

Fresh or high, good or rotten, meat is meat to an Eskimo dog, though he prefers the fresh, and many caribou are killed each year for dog feed. A most convenient food when it can be fed to man and dog, and

Removing the stomach, full of "Eskimo salad." D. B. Marsh

With his caribou-skin bedding in his arms, an Eskimo emerges from his travelling igloo. W. Gibson

A caribou-skin bag full of caribou-skin clothes outside a caribou-skin tent. D. B. Marsh

Freshwater caribou-skin kyak, of a type seldom seen.

Repairing a caribou-skin tent in the spring. D. B. Marsh

the dogs will eat bits of old skin; but even the Eskimos in starvation years have been known to do that, even skin with the hair on too.

Fat

The coastal Eskimos who live on sea mammals obtain from them blubber with which they can heat and light their igloos in the winter. The Caribou Eskimos have of course no access to this fuel, save any they may trade in visits to the coast. They therefore are once more dependent upon the caribou for light and heat. From the three- or four-inch thick fat on the backs of the caribou in the fall, they are able to render down great blocks of dripping. This in the winter is placed behind a small pile of powdered moss, where the heat from the lighted moss renders down the fat, which in turn feeds the flame. One such candle-like light is all sufficient for an igloo, though, when the caribou-skin tent cover is used to cover the igloo instead of a snow roof, two or more of these candles are needed. This is all the heat that the Caribou Eskimos have in their igloos, though nowadays some have modern camp stoves in which they burn willow twigs, but in earlier days cooking was sometimes accomplished with the fat candles, though it took hours to get water to boil.

Skin

Clothing in the Arctic winter is all-important, and caribou skins make the best of all. Short haired doeskins are used for inner garments and longer haired skins for the outer. After being dressed by scraping, the hides make lovely warm clothes to keep out the biting icy winds of the Arctic barrens. For mitts, the caribou legs are dried and saved, then scraped and sewn into mitts when required. Years ago two scrapers made of the shoulder blades of caribou were used for this process, together with a stone scraper; today an iron scraper has taken the place of one of the scrapers made from the shoulder blade.

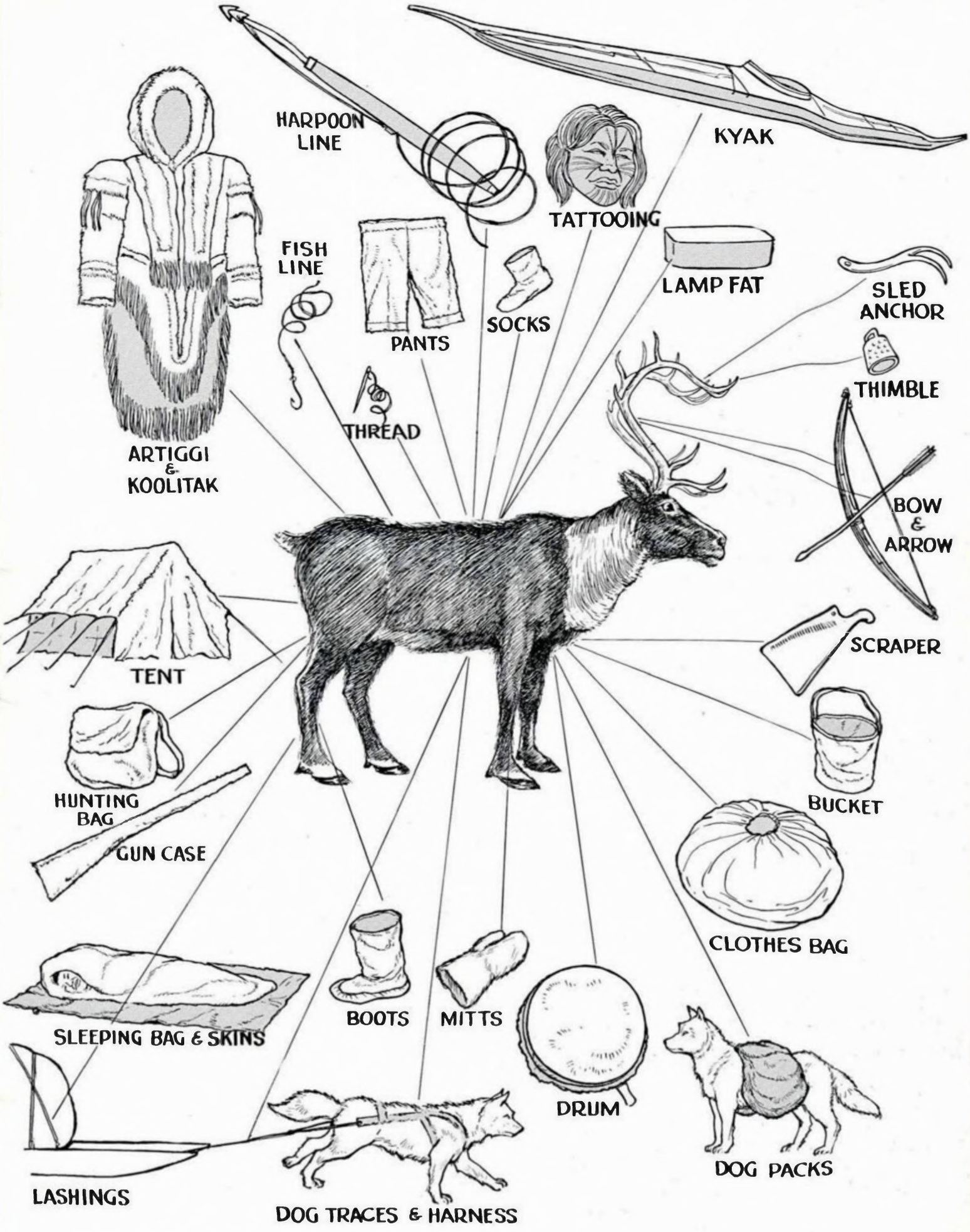
Well dressed caribou skins (doeskins) are excellent for use as blankets and sleeping bags, while the harder buckskins make good covers to spread over the mat of twigs, which is laid on every sleeping bench, and in this way help to keep the bedding dry.

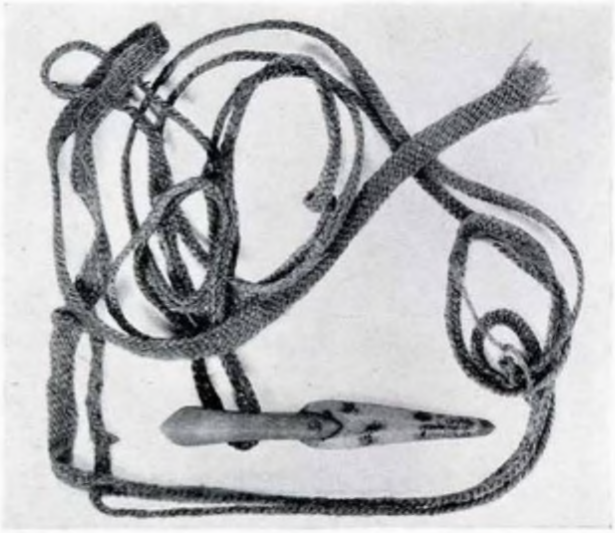
Skins with the hair on are also used to make winter boots, the hair being worn on the inside, and if the brow of the animal is used for soles, they will stand an amazing amount of wear.

Lacking sealskin for summer boots, the Caribou Eskimos make theirs of caribou skins with the hair removed, and these successfully resist water for short periods.

Unhaired caribou skin, in fact, is used in innumerable ways. The hair is removed by the simple method of throwing the skin into a lake until the hair floats free. Then the smooth hide is taken out, dried, and chewed until soft. Bags of this material are used for clothes storage, and while not entirely waterproof, in that they cannot be left in water, are rainproof and damp-proof to a surprising degree. Caribou skin was also used until recently for kyaks. These became waterlogged much more quickly than sealskin kyaks, but they had the advantage of being much lighter. To make the seams watertight after having sewn them with sinew, blood from the caribou was smeared over them and left to dry.

Just inside every igloo door stands a water bucket. Not many years ago every bucket was made of unhaired caribou skin, and strange to say these buckets


HARPOON LINE
KYAK
TATTOOING
FISH LINE
PANTS
SOCKS
LAMP FAT
SLED ANCHOR
THIMBLE
THREAD
ARTIGGI & KOOLITAK
BOW & ARROW
TENT
SCRAPER
HUNTING BAG
BUCKET
GUN CASE
CLOTHES BAG
BOOTS
MITTS
SLEEPING BAG & SKINS
DRUM
DOG PACKS
LASHINGS
DOG TRACES & HARNESS



Harpoon line of plaited caribou sinew. National Museum

served their purpose well. They retained their shape, as did the dipper made from the same material, because of the coating of ice which formed on them. When the ice was too thick, a good beating with a snow beater (sometimes made of caribou antler) removed the ice without damage to the bucket.

One important communally owned article is the drum. The skin which is stretched across the circular frame is of unhaired fawnskin—a fawnskin of a one-year-old is perfect—and is prepared in the same manner as other caribou skins, save that all work on it must be done by the men. Any holes in the skin must be patched with the thin skin from the heart of a caribou, and of course the patch is sewn on with caribou sinew.

Hunting bags, cartridge bags, rifle cases, packsacks for the dogs, and many other articles were made of unhaired caribou skin, and from the same material line was cut for dog traces, harness, lashings for sled and for the sled bars, in fact for all uses to which rope can be put.

Sinew

For finer tasks, such as the drawstrings in pants and hoods, lines for fishing through the ice, harpoon lines, string for bow and fire drills, and for hunting bows, sinew from the legs and back of the caribou was plaited, using either three or four strands according to which best suited the job in hand. Sinew from the back of the caribou provided thread for sewing, while

Sewing a caribou-skin sock with caribou sinew. W. Gibson

from caribou bones primitive needles were made, and the thimble used by the women was merely a circle of caribou antler with no top.

Not only was sinew used for sewing clothes: it was also employed for lashing together broken pots and weapons, binding foreshafts and feathers to arrow shafts, and for mending all sorts of objects. Its most curious use, however, was in facial "tattooing." To achieve this painful form of make-up, the Eskimo woman chose a friend, who saturated the sinew with soot, threaded it into a caribou-bone needle, and sewed it under the skin of the patient's face in lines radiating from her nose and mouth. When the sinew was pulled through, it left an indelible mark under the surface.

The "tattooing" on her face and hands is achieved with the aid of blackened caribou sinew. W. Gibson

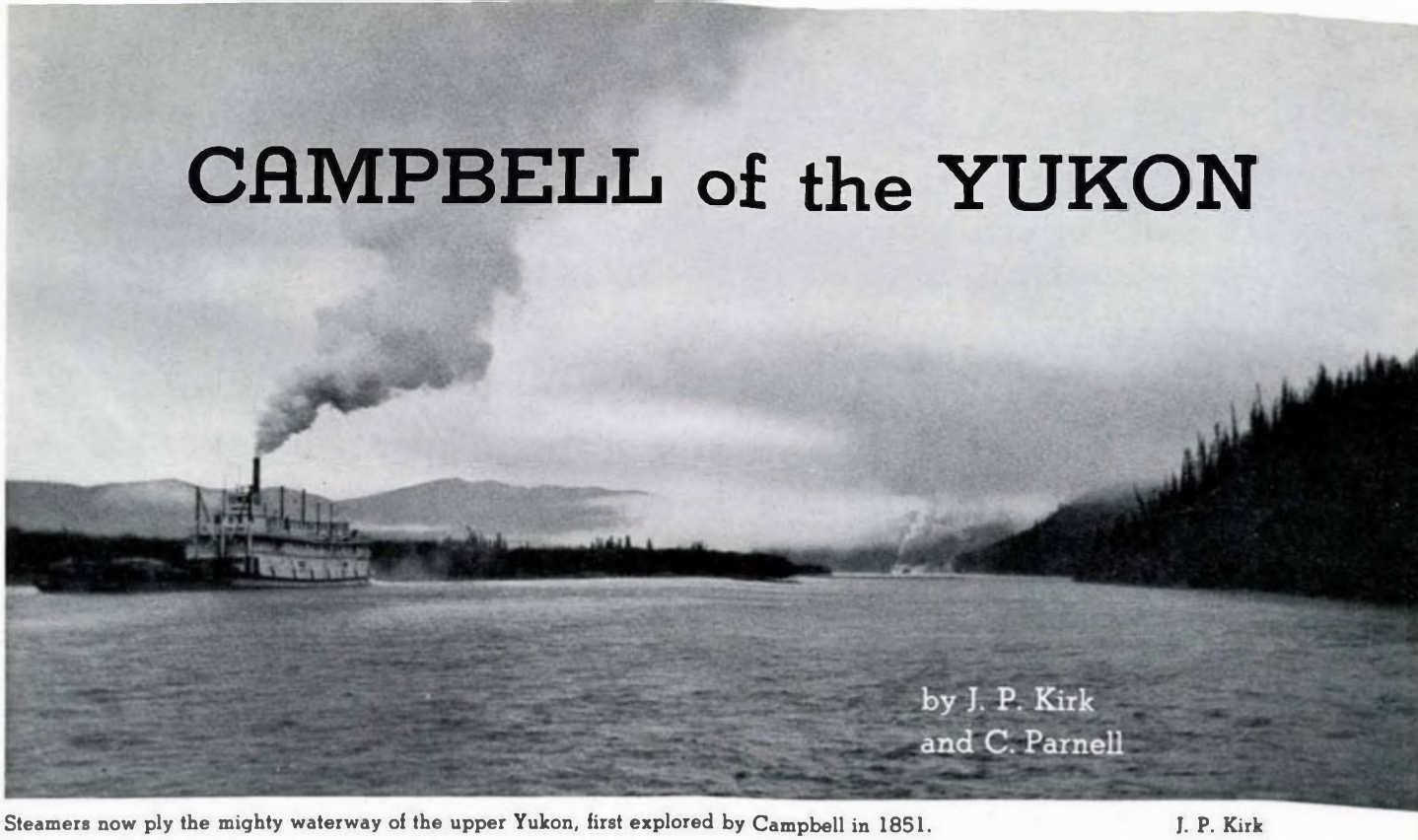
Antlers

Caribou antler provided material for countless small and large articles in years since gone, and in no small measure is this true today. It is of the hard antler that arrows, arrow foreshafts, and hunting bows with their five shaped pieces of antler bound together with plaited sinew line, were made. Of this material also were fashioned handles for many tools and weapons, moss spades, the rings of kyaks, bows for bow-drills, and many other articles too numerous to mention. For pegging together broken articles of any size, small pieces of antler, hammered into holes, made many broken things as good as new.

Food, clothing, utensils, and hunting equipment, to say nothing of games and those thousand and one things which go to make life in this North country a little easier—all of these are provided for the Caribou Eskimos by that one animal, the Barren Land caribou, which by yearly migration north and south brings to these people almost everything they need.

CAMPBELL of the YUKON

by J. P. Kirk
and C. Parnell



Steamers now ply the mighty waterway of the upper Yukon, first explored by Campbell in 1851. J. P. Kirk

This is the concluding instalment of a series of three articles on the adventures of Chief Factor Robert Campbell, discoverer of the Pelly-Yukon River.

CAMPBELL had discovered the Pelly River in 1840, and later had explored it to its junction with the Lewes, where in 1848 he built Fort Selkirk. But another three years passed before he received permission from Governor Sir George Simpson to continue his explorations. At the end of May 1851, therefore, he left his good friend Stewart in charge of Fort Selkirk and, with a crew of voyageurs and Indians, set out in a boat for the unknown north.

The river became wider as they rowed on, and the scenery even more beautiful. To a large river flowing in from the east, Campbell gave the name of his friend Stewart. Moose and bear were often seen on the banks; and the Indians they met were all very friendly. As they proceeded further "down north," they began to meet tribes who had never before seen a white man, nor any of his weapons or implements. Their weapons were bows and arrows, their hatchets were of stone, and their knives of stone or bone. Their cooking pots were of closely woven roots, and their method of cooking in them the primitive one, using stones heated in the fire to boil the water. "By the time this is accomplished to the satisfaction of the chef," Campbell adds with a touch of Scots humour, "the water is converted into a pretty thick soup—not with vegetables like Scotch broth, but with sand and ashes."

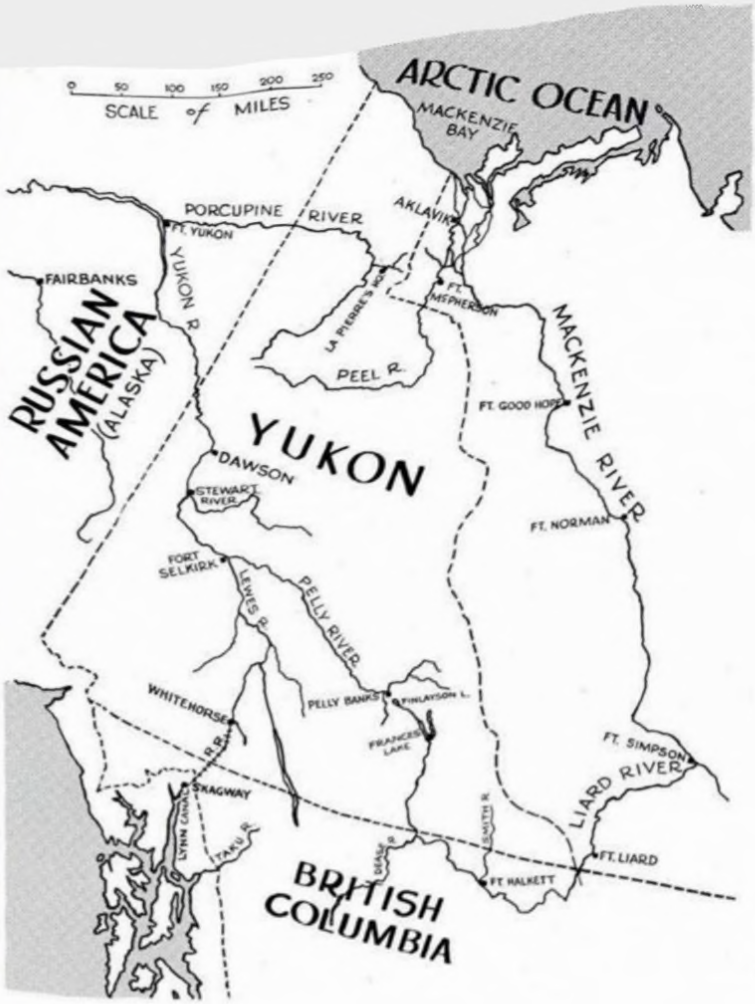
He describes their dress, from which it is evident they were Kutchins. They were clothed entirely in skins, generally of the caribou, ornamented with porcupine quills, long hair, and beads. The beads show that they had at least established contact with Europeans through other Indians.

Farther on the explorers passed the site of the future Dawson City, and later crossed what is now the Yukon-Alaska boundary. After thus voyaging for some hundreds of miles, they began to meet Indians who had heard of white men like themselves living at a fort farther down stream. Whether Campbell concluded they were Russians, he does not say. Gradually the ranges of mountains on each side receded, the river widened and became studded with islands, and at last one day they caught sight of the buildings of the white man's fort. Floating above it was the red ensign of the Hudson's Bay Company.

The post turned out to be Fort Yukon, established by Alexander Hunter Murray four years before, in what was actually Russian territory, at the confluence of the Yukon and the Porcupine. Campbell was delighted to find his friend W. L. Hardisty in charge, Chief Trader Murray and his family having just left with the returns for La Pierre's House up the Porcupine. But he was perhaps more delighted to discover (what his letters show he had guessed all along) that the Pelly and the Yukon were the same river. Thus had he forged the last great link of discovery in the magnificent double chain of waterways connecting Fort Simpson with Fort Yukon, eight hundred miles apart.

Campbell and his party stayed overnight at the fort, then left to overtake Murray. They soon did so, and together they travelled to La Pierre's House at the head of navigation on the Porcupine. From there they went on foot over the mountains to Peel's River fort (Fort McPherson), where Campbell's friend Augustus Peers (see *The Beaver*, September 1939) greeted him in amazement. Thence he proceeded up the Mackenzie, and arrived at Fort Simpson on August 12, having made the complete circle by an entirely new route.

Rather than go back to Fort Selkirk by the difficult Liard route, he chose to return the longer way by which he had come. Chief Factor James Anderson, the



new district manager, had not yet arrived at the depot, but the clerk in charge outfitted Campbell with trade goods and supplies, and he left for the north with Peers, who was taking down the outfits for Fort Good Hope, Peel's River, and Fort Yukon. Below Fort Norman he wrote the following letter (reproduced here by permission of the B.C. Archives) to his friend Chief Factor Donald Ross:

En route down the Mackenzie
30th August, 1851

My Dear Sir,

Although I had not the pleasure to recieve any letter from your hand by the Portage Brigade, or for some time previous I was glad to know by report, of your welfare; and I flatter myself that it will not be unacceptable to you to have a few lines from one you so long favoured with your friendship. And from the lively interest you have taken in the Co's affairs in the Pelly river you will rejoice to know that a more preferable route to that by the West Branch to it has been found, and no other than that I repeatedly, for years told was without any other barrier, than the determined resolves of your councillors with our late notorious Bourgeois, that would not permit my passing by it. Your opposition has cost the Concern only about £10,000. with *some lives*, added to prolonged, & wanton misery to me & mine that would undoubtedly have been unknown had I been permitted to pass by & explore that route sooner.

You will be also surprised that my conjictures of the Pelly & youcon being identical was correct, and as a farther confirmation of the fact here I am midway between Fort Norman & Good Hope with the Pelly & Lewes Forks outfit, with which I left Fort Simpson on the 26th & which I am to deposite for winter transportation at Peels river. I am to cross over direct myself to LaPierres House. it will be the *fourth* time I shall have crossed the Mts. this season. I am to endeavour to get our Mens private orders & other necessaries crossed over the Mountains now—then post for home, and should the fall prove favourable I trust to reach the Forks about the close of October; being from Fort Simpson in round number about 1800 miles. Thank God after this year it will be smooth sailing to bring the Returns to, & recieve the outfit at LaPierres House. Next year will be the commencement of a new era on the Pelly for the first time it will then have a fair chance to try what it can do in the way of Returns and I am in good hopes of a favourable issue.

I am writting this in the stern of the Boat and its motion takes the command of the pen entirely out of my hand and leave my scrawl unreadable. If our progress continues as favourable as it has this far, I expect to Breakfast with My friend Mr. McBeath & Family tomorrow.

Campbell arrived at Fort Selkirk in mid-October, "to find Mr. Stewart and men all well, having passed the summer in comfort and uneventfully, but for a diversion caused by the Chilcats." This diversion, as Campbell so blandly describes it, was merely an attempt by the Chilcats to capture the fort and murder its inhabitants! Fortunately, Campbell's old friend, Thin-ikik-thling arrived in the nick of time with a party of his Wood Indians, and the Chilcats fled.

The winter was passed in reasonable comfort, and in May Campbell left for La Pierre's House, taking the returns with him, and bringing back "the first real outfit ever rendered at Fort Selkirk." At last, after years of privation they were comfortably situated. No longer need they depend for supplies on the bungling of "Mr. P." and his friends at Pelly Banks and Frances Lake; the depot was in charge of a man who knew what he was about; and the local Indians were not only friendly, but staunch and generous allies. Campbell could at last relax and look forward to a prosperous winter's trade, in the fort he had built, situated on the great river he had discovered. But his satisfaction was to be short-lived. Let Campbell tell in his own words the disaster that now befell him:

Fort Simpson, Nov. 4th, 1852.

James Anderson, Esq.

Dear Sir:

It is with the deepest sorrow I have to inform you of our expulsion from Fort Selkirk, and of the pillage or destruction of everything in it by a party of trading Indians from the coast, on the 12th of August last. Finding that we had cut off their lucrative trade, they have been annually getting from bad to worse, and at last became furious at our success.

This is a disaster that at any time or under any circumstances is much to be regretted, but more particularly so at this precise period, when after a residence of four years of misery for want of a regular outfit, to test the capabilities of the trade, at the very moment we had received it, and our troubles appeared to be just ending, with brighter prospects than we had anticipated rising before us, that we should be thus in a moment robbed of all with impunity by a band of savages was most heartrending.

It may not be out of place to mention here that the non-receipt of outfits put it out of our power till this year to put up the fort on the site originally intended, and that the stockades were but in preparation for erecting this winter. I may also observe that in place of Mr. Stewart or myself leaving on a trip for trading provisions down the Pelly on or about the 12th or 15th of August, I availed myself of the opportunity of getting a cow up from the Youcon by sending off a little earlier, and immediately after my arrival with the outfit at the close of July, Mr. Stewart started with the boat, four men and some Indians. He was to trade on the way up and his return was expected at latest by the end of August. At the fort I had two men and two engaged Indians with me, and the business was going on peaceably and prosperously, much to my satisfaction, and would have continued to do so but for the arrival of a party of twenty-seven of these demons on the 20th of August.

They took us by surprise, as we were then absent at work, but arrived as they were landing. They brought letters from the coast stating that they had been reprimanded through their chief by the commander of the steamer *Beaver* (Mr. C. E. Stewart) for their unruly and thievish propensities last year, and promised to be less troublesome. Though their turbulence occasionally subsided into partial quiet, it was like a volcano, ever ready to burst anew. They were never for a moment out of mischief, and it defied our vigilance to watch them in every corner of our premises.

The two wives (Flett's and Lake's) who were in the kitchen made off for the woods, and soon after were followed by one of the men (Brough), events of which I was not aware for several hours after, and as it diminished our force it increased the audacity of these villains. In the afternoon of the next day (21st) a boat not expected till the close of October, with two canoes, was hailed coming down the Pelly, in which, as it unfortunately happened, were only two of the hunters with their families. This aroused their fury, and as the boat neared, the Chilcats rushed out with their guns and knives, though ignorant who or how many were in the boat. Having yet some control over them, I left McLeod to notice the house, and to prevent bloodshed, rushed to the bank.

The boat was passing some distance out. The Indians sprang into the water and dragged it ashore, and amidst roaring and yelling had it emptied of everything, and the two Indians disarmed of their guns, knives, and axes in a moment. One of the principal leaders, "Mustash the Postman" who appeared in no way excited, with several others seized hold of one of the hunter's guns, on which I laid hold of it, and with him (each holding the gun) I approached the hall door, determined to stake all for them.

An instantaneous rush was made upon me, with their guns and knives. Others seized me by the arms. Two of the guns snapped [misfired]. One Indian as he sprung at me with a knife, ripped up the side of a dog that came across him, and the blood off the blade crimsoned my arms as I evaded the blow. In one of the guns aimed at me (a brass blunderbuss) I saw four bullets put a little before the fray began. My pistols, which were concealed in my belt, were wrenched from me before I could fire; in fact an attempt to do so would have been in vain, and could have ended only in the indiscriminate murder of all.

They were already masters. On seeing it likely to come to the worst, I called out to our Indians to try for the store, where guns were ready for the enemy's reception, but in this sudden onset I found myself alone and could see none of our people. My attempt to gain the store was defeated; I was dragged and pushed towards the bank, one only of those holding my arms warded off several knife thrusts, and I believe under Providence I owe my life to so many having hold of me, as those with the guns, though jumping round and round me, could hardly cover me alone.

In the struggle I felt sure of death, and it was with thankful surprise, though stunned with vexation, that I found myself released on the bank of the river, and only one of our hunters to be seen. He was out in the middle of the stream in a small canoe. Soon after, McLeod joined us. He could not get out to aid me in the scuffle. They had an axe, guns and knives at his head. He had effected his escape by a back door. Lapie, Peter the other hunter, with the wives and children (he thought) had made their escapes to the woods, but it was the close of day before they joined us, as well as Brough and the two wives who deserted the preceding day. We were without a blanket amongst the party, and none of the men but myself had even a capot; nothing but their trousers, and in their shirt sleeves, with but two guns and a few shots of powder amongst us.

The roaring and yelling of these painted fiends, smashing everything that came in their way—and firing—beggars description. The only alternative now was to proceed down the river to meet Mr. Stewart, some of the natives, or both, to revenge the blow, and this I did without delay.

Mr. Stewart we had not the good luck to meet, but we reached the camp of one of the Indian chiefs about noon the next day. He was furious at what had happened, and with all his band we returned immediately, say about ten men, making in all twelve guns. The evening of the following day (23rd) we reached and surrounded the fort, never in the least doubting that the Chilcats were still there, but to our inexpressible vexation all were gone, and all the goods, furs and private property taken or destroyed, except the few articles of which I hand you a list.

I regret to say that except ammunition and tobacco, but little else of the entire outfit had been traded. Not a grain of powder or rag of clothing was left. Cassettes, dressing cases, writing desks, kegs and musical instruments were smashed into a thousand atoms and the house and store strewed with the wreck, a sight to madden a saint.

The advance of my Indian allies, which thus far was apparently resolute enough, cooled considerably when they found that the enemy had escaped with the booty, and had so much the start of us. They all argued that now, without goods, we would possibly abandon them, to depend again on these traders for supplies. In short no inducement could persuade them to follow up the pursuit with me. Without a grain of powder, guns, or an article of clothing, I found it would be impossible to stand out the winter, unless Mr. Stewart might possibly have still a little powder on hand, in which case I intended to have weathered it out, and send to the Yukon for such necessaries as could be spared to meet such an emergency.

Unexpected and unlooked for casualities delayed Mr. Stewart beyond the time expected, and when we met we had to yield with some reluctance to necessity and abandon the fort for the winter. Mr. Stewart with six men, some of the hunters, four boats, two canoes, and all the remainder of the property, proceeded to Fort Yukon.

The route by the Pelly and the west branch being shorter, I proceeded hither in a small canoe with two men. We crossed over the mountains to obtain your aid and approbation for returning as early in the season as possible, feeling assured that apart from the main object of continuing to prosecute the trade you will permit us an opportunity to wash away the stigma the Indians will cast on the character and bravery of the Company's officers.

Fort Selkirk today. J. Forrest

Yukon country. Leland Gault

Chief Factor Anderson, however—though entirely sympathetic with his feelings—would not hear of Campbell's returning to take his revenge. The only course open to him, then, was to go to a higher authority, and he started off on the second leg of a journey that was eventually to take him almost ten thousand miles from his starting point. He had already travelled 1200 miles by canoe, arriving at Fort Simpson in October, in the midst of drifting ice. At the end of November, when the Mackenzie had frozen solidly enough to bear a train of dogs, he headed up the river for Great Slave Lake, Fort Resolution, and Fort Chipewyan, which he reached on Christmas Day. After New Year's Day, 1853, he set out again, and travelling via Isle à la Crosse, Carlton House, Fort Pelly, and Fort Ellice, arrived at Fort Garry on February 23.

He spent a few days among old friends, "enjoying the luxuries of civilized life and society," then turned his steps towards the Mississippi, and two weeks later arrived at Crow Wing. Here he sent the men and dogs back to Fort Garry, and abandoned his snowshoes on which he had walked the 3000-odd miles from Fort Simpson—"the longest snowshoe tramp on record."

From Crow Wing he travelled to St. Paul by horse team, and thence made his way by stage coach, steamer, and railway, to Chicago, Buffalo, Burlington, and Montreal, where he arrived one month after setting out from Fort Garry. At last, he thought, he had come to his journey's end.

At Lachine he called on Sir George Simpson, who must have been amazed to see him. "I explained to him," writes Campbell, "that the sole object of my coming in thus to see him, was to obtain leave to retrace my steps at once, and re-establish Fort Selkirk and square up with the Chilcats. He deeply sympathized with my feelings, but said that I had repeatedly asked for leave to revisit Scotland; that he had sent on a special packet to allow of my coming out with the summer boats (which express I had met at Isle à la Crosse in January) and that it would be cruel me turning back from the very door of the home I had been yearning to see."

Campbell of course was bitterly disappointed that his five-thousand-mile winter journey from Fort Simpson had seemingly come to naught; but he yielded to the "Little Emperor's" persuasive tongue and agreed to go to Scotland.

He never went back to the Yukon. Though on his return to Canada next year he was reappointed to the Mackenzie River district, he got no farther than Fort Liard. Fort Selkirk, in fact, remained abandoned until many years after his death.

In August 1856, he was given a much deserved promotion, when he was appointed Chief Trader in charge of the Athabasca district at historic Fort Chipewyan. He found the district sadly neglected, and forthwith directed all his remarkable energies towards building it up. By the spring of '63 he had so brilliantly succeeded that the district returns in furs were the highest they had been since the formation of the new Company forty-two years before.

But he was not left to enjoy the fruits of his labours. Swan River district, in what is now Manitoba and Saskatchewan, had also fallen on evil days, and Campbell was moved to Fort Pelly to rejuvenate it.

He now had a family of three. When in Scotland he had become engaged to Miss Elleonora Stirling, and in 1859 she had come out, accompanied only by her sister, to marry him at Norway House. Next year a son had been born to them, and later a daughter.

Campbell did so well in charge of the Swan River district that in 1867 he was promoted to Chief Factor. Two years later, the Red River Insurrection broke

out, and as there was some danger of the returns from Forts Pelly and Ellice being seized by Riel, Campbell took upon himself the responsibility of sending them through the States to the Company post at Georgetown. But though they arrived safely, he was to regret his action in doing so.

William Mactavish, who had succeeded to the governorship of Rupert's Land, was a prisoner in Fort Garry, and a very sick man. In the spring of '70 he left for England, and Donald Smith took charge as Chief Commissioner appointed by the London Board. After the council meeting at Norway House, Chief Factor Campbell left on his furlough to Scotland with his family, and the following year attended several meetings of the London Board, helping to draw up a new Deed Poll for the Commissioned Officers. Shortly after this was completed, his wife died of typhoid.

In October 1871, still brooding over this tragedy, Campbell came back to Fort Garry. The morning after his arrival, he was summoned to Donald Smith's office, where to his amazement the Chief Commissioner announced that his services were no longer required.

The paltry reason given was that the dying Mactavish, in a letter written on his way home, had found fault with Campbell for sending the returns of 1870 through the States, when he had no orders to do so. As it happened, both the Governor and Deputy-Governor had warmly commended him, when in London, for his energy and decision in thus saving the returns from seizure. He had served the Great Company with unrivalled courage and distinction for over forty years, and that he should thus be shamed by outright dismissal was the basest treatment that could have been accorded him. But with the disaster of his wife's death still weighing heavily on his mind, the brave Scot was so crushed by this new blow that he accepted it without an official protest.

Posterity, fortunately, has been kinder to him. Not only the Company which he served so faithfully, but Canadians in general, now recognize him as one of Canada's greatest explorers—the first white man to penetrate that immense wilderness of forest and river and mountain on which the eyes of North America are turned today.

Not until 1938 did the Hudson's Bay Company return to the Yukon. Aeroplanes and steamboats had taken the place of birch-bark canoes and freight rafts, and a telegraph system linked the settlements along the river. Instead of annual supplies arriving overland by way of the Mackenzie or Liard routes, freight now leaves from Vancouver by steamship twice a month (or more often, according to the season) up the Pacific coast to Skagway, Alaska. Then, by train it is carried over the famous White Pass summit to Whitehorse, the head of navigation for the Yukon. There the freight is transferred onto stern-wheel paddle steamers and their barges. The steamboats run a weekly service between Whitehorse and Dawson (920 miles return) and from Dawson to Nenana (near Fairbanks, Alaska, 1800 miles return) from the end of May until the beginning of October. The railway between Skagway and Whitehorse is in operation the year round. Regular plane services also radiate from Whitehorse to Alaska, Northern Yukon, British Columbia, and Alberta.

Two hundred and eighty miles down river from Whitehorse is Fort Selkirk, where the Company returned to the site of Campbell's post in June 1938. Very little is to be seen of the old Fort Selkirk now, but today the H B C flag is again flying at approximately the same spot. Many of the buildings at Fort Selkirk today were built from the logs of the old barracks used by the Canadian Government militia. One hundred and twelve militiamen were stationed at Fort Selkirk in 1898 to guard the gold shipments from the Klondike, but with the establishment of the Northwest Mounted Police in the Yukon, the militia was no longer needed. Fort Selkirk serves as a centre for the native and white trappers both from the Pelly district and the valley of the Macmillan, a tributary of the Pelly.

A further hundred and ten miles down the Yukon is Stewart River, the Company's most westerly post, established in June 1939, and situated on an island at the confluence of the Stewart and Yukon Rivers. At Stewart a smaller stern-wheeler which plies the Stewart River takes its cargo of merchandise from the larger main river boats and transports it one hundred and seventy-five miles up to the silver lead mining camps at Mayo. The ore from these camps is carried down to the main river boats and thence "outside."

Stewart River serves as a centre for trappers from the Stewart and White River districts. Unlike Fort Selkirk, which has a population of both whites and natives, Stewart River has no resident Indians. The Indians live and trap in the outlying districts west of Stewart River and one or two trips are made each winter from the post by plane to take in provisions and bring out the furs.

The winter mail service to Stewart River between "freeze-up" and "break-up" is about twelve trips by dog team from Dawson City, which is the capital of the Yukon, another seventy-five miles down stream.

Despite the numerous changes that modern civilization has introduced, the Yukon is still a valuable source of fine furs, and the Hudson's Bay Company still carries on the work begun a century ago in this territory by its discoverer, Robert Campbell.

Stewart River, fifty miles from Alaska, is the farthest west of all Hudson's Bay posts.

WHO WERE THE DE MEURONS?

by Robie L. Reid

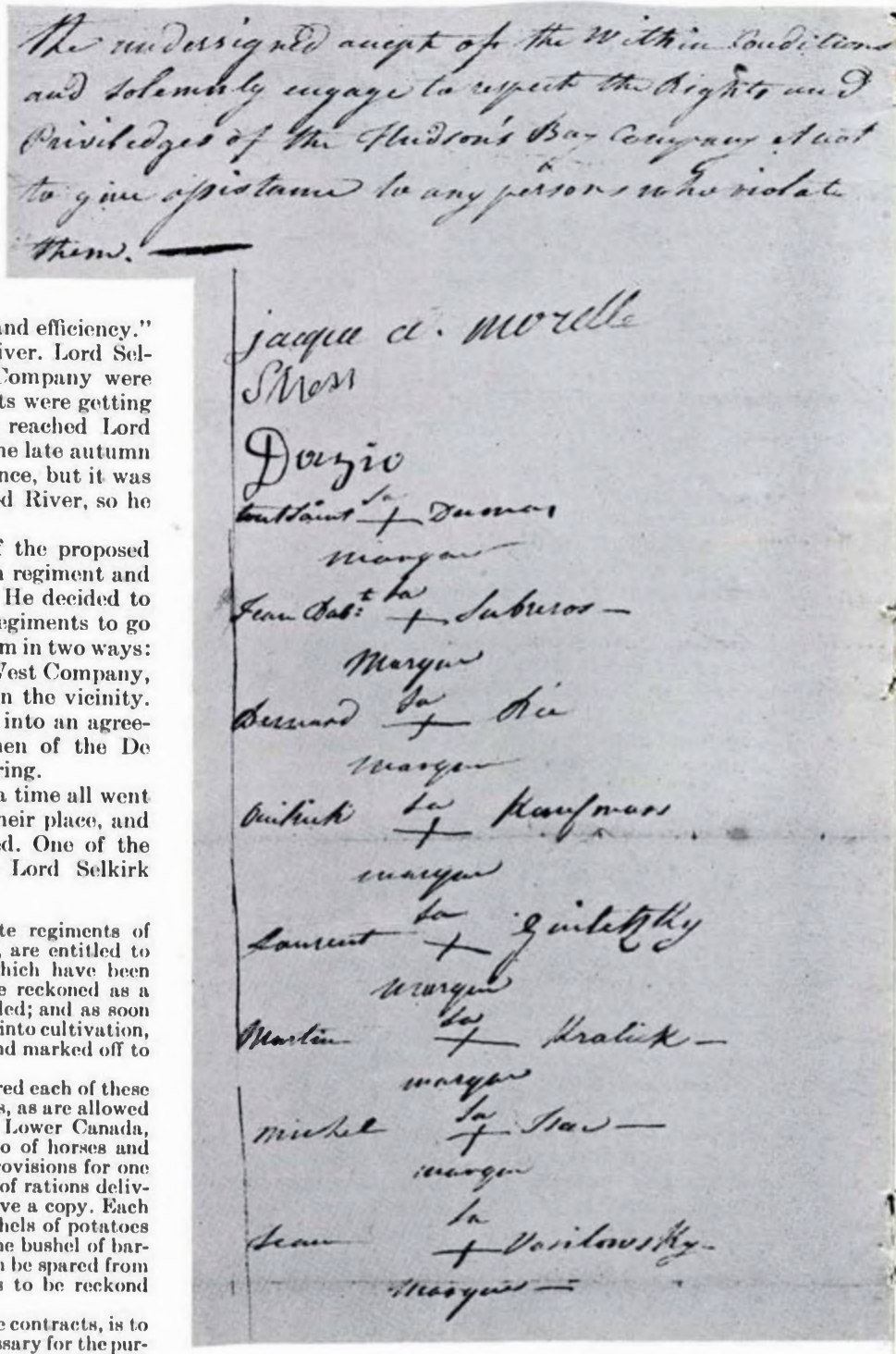
ONE of the many picturesque incidents in the early history of the Red River was the coming of the De Meurons, a part of a famous company of adventurers, who were willing to fight, it mattered not for whom, so long as they were well paid, well clothed and well cared for. Notwithstanding that they were what is usually called "mercenaries," they were good soldiers, and worthy in many respects. Sir John Sherbrooke, under whom they served, testifies to their "steadiness, discipline and efficiency."

In 1815 there was trouble at Red River. Lord Selkirk's colonists and the North-West Company were at each other's throats, and the colonists were getting the worst of it. News of the trouble reached Lord Selkirk on his arrival at New York in the late autumn of that year. He went to Montreal at once, but it was too late in the year to go on to the Red River, so he remained in Montreal for the winter.

During his stay there, he learned of the proposed discharge of the men of the De Meuron regiment and of another regiment of the same class. He decided to engage a number of the men of these regiments to go to the Red River. There he could use them in two ways: first, to fight the cohorts of the North-West Company, and secondly, as settlers on the lands in the vicinity. They were willing to go, so he entered into an agreement with four officers and eighty men of the De Meurons to go west with him in the spring.

They went to the Red River and for a time all went well. The North-Westers were put in their place, and the soldiers were given lands as agreed. One of the agreements made between them and Lord Selkirk reads as follows:

> The undermentioned settlers, of the late regiments of De Meuron, De Watteville, and Glengarry, are entitled to 100 acres of land each. The small lots which have been assigned to them near this Fort, are to be reckoned as a part of the land to which each man is entitled; and as soon as more than half of any small lot is brought into cultivation, the owner is to have the remainder of his land marked off to him.
>
> As soon as a sufficient supply can be procured each of these men is to receive the same allowance of tools, as are allowed by Government to the military settlers in Lower Canada, and on the same terms of payment; as also of horses and cattle: and they are to be furnished with provisions for one year from this date, according to the scale of rations deliverd to Mr. McDonell of which the settlers have a copy. Each settler is also to be furnished with five bushels of potatoes for seed and also one bushel of wheat and one bushel of barley and as much more of these articles as can be spared from the present crop, which surplus quantity is to be reckond in part of the allowance of provisions.
>
> The pay of these men under their respective contracts, is to continue to the present date; and if it be necessary for the purpose of procuring the necessary supply of provisions for the use of the settlers, every man in his turn is to do such service as may be required, for which he is to be paid at the rate of one shilling and eight pence per day.
>
> SELKIRK
>
> Fort Douglas, September 2nd, 1817.



The signatures on the Selkirk document, a copy of which is given on the left. The heading reads: "the undersigned accept of the within conditions and solemnly engage to respect the rights and priviledges of the Hudson's Bay Company & not to give assistance to any persons who violate them."

This agreement was signed by eleven men, as shown in the accompanying illustration. Their names are French, Spanish, German, and Polish.

After a time, however, the De Meuron soldier-settlers became dissatisfied. They wanted wives in their homes. They were not attracted by the charms of the Indian women, and the only white women in the colony were the Scottish maidens of Kildonan. The De Meurons were mostly, if not all, Roman Catholics. The Kildonan lassies were Protestants. They would have nothing to do with men who cared little for oatmeal and did not know the Shorter Catechism. There were other difficulties between them and the other colonists, and so, after the Great Flood of 1826, when they offered to go south to the United States if they could obtain provisions for the journey, the Scots were only too glad to provide what was necessary. With that, the De Meurons pass out of our history.

The historians of the early days of the Red River tell us little of the history of the De Meurons before they came to Canada. We are told that they fought in the Peninsular War; that they went from there to Malta and were brought from there to fight for England in the War of 1812, all of which is true. There is little else.

This is the rest of their story as it has lately come to light: The regiment was raised in Switzerland in 1782 by one Comte Charles Daniel De Meuron. It was composed chiefly of citizens of that country, which includes men of German, French and Italian blood. Some of the names sound as if there were Poles and Russians in the ranks. It is probable that no able-bodied man was refused, whatever his nationality.

The regiment was raised, not for Napoleon, as has been said, but for service with the Dutch East India Company in the South Seas. The Comte accompanied the regiment at first, but returned to Switzerland in 1786, leaving it in charge of his brother, Colonel Pierre De Meuron. In 1795 it was with Governor Van Angelbeek at Colombo, Ceylon.

Britain had coveted Ceylon for many years. Its nearness to India made it a most desirable acquisition. But Holland, to which it then belonged, was an ally, and so long as this alliance continued Britain's hands were tied. As soon as Holland became an enemy the scene changed and Britain immediately took steps to acquire Ceylon.

At the time that preparations were being made with this purpose in view, a clever Scot, Henry Dundas, Viscount Melville, was Secretary of War in the British Government, and as such had East Indian affairs in his charge. One of his friends was Hugh Cleghorn, another Scot, a professor in the University of St. Andrews. By a happy coincidence, Cleghorn was an intimate friend of Comte De Meuron.

Knowing what was going on at that time, due no doubt to his intimacy with Dundas, he conceived a scheme which he thought would be helpful to his country, and possibly also to himself. At any rate, he went to Dundas, told him of his friendship with Comte De Meuron and pointed out that the Dutch East India Company was far in arrears in the payments due to the men and to the Comte himself. He suggested that it might possibly be arranged to have the regiment transferred to the British, and so make easier the conquest of Ceylon. Dundas welcomed the scheme and directed Cleghorn to go at once to Switzerland and bring the Comte to London to discuss the matter. The Comte was quite willing to come.

Ceylon, from a map of 1636 by Gerard Mercator

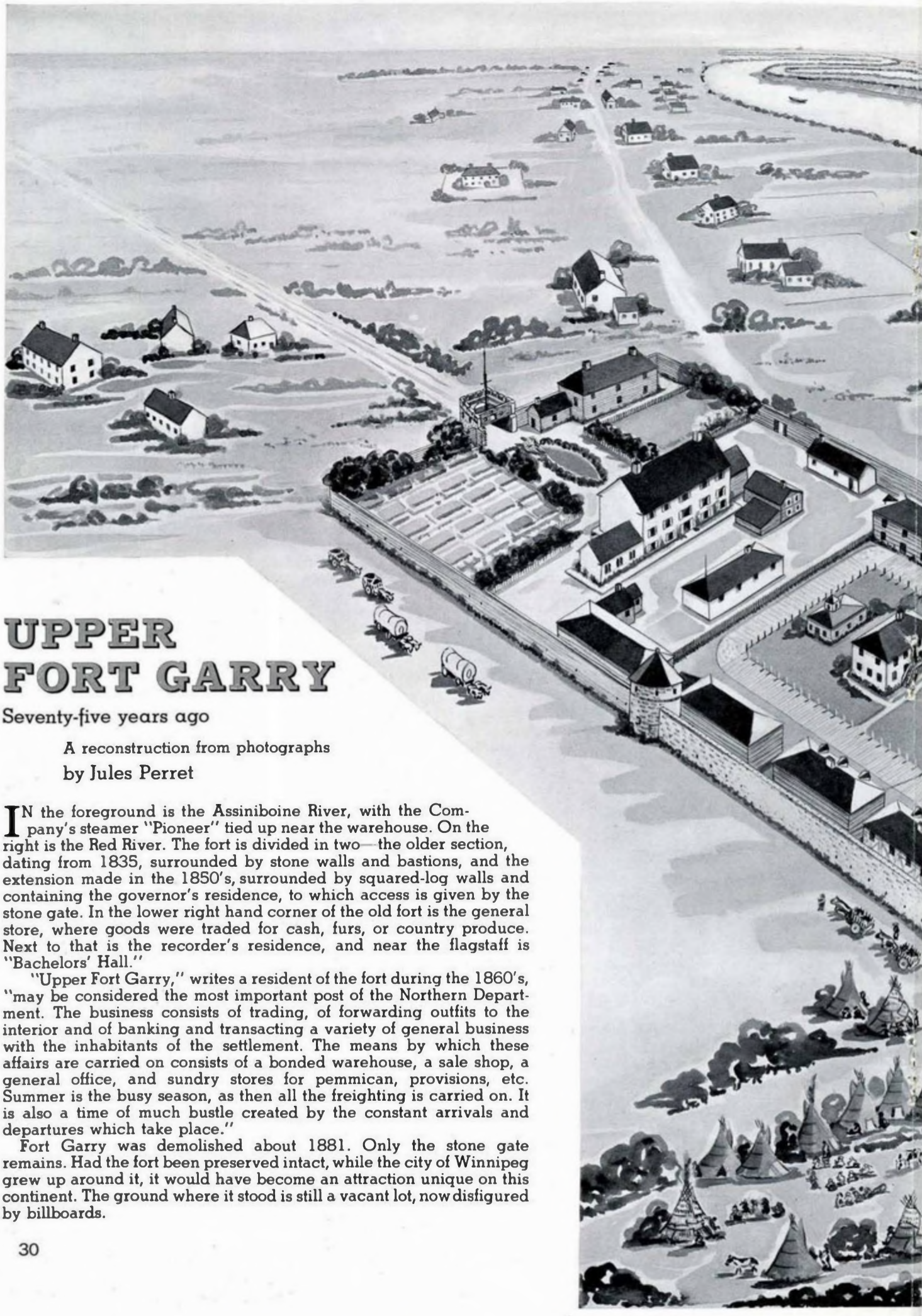
The Comte and Cleghorn met Dundas and made the necessary arrangements, so far as they could be made in England. Then in September Cleghorn and the Comte went to India and settled the matter with the heads of the Dutch East India Company. The Comte was to receive the sum of £4000 and be given the rank of general in the British Army. His brother, Colonel Pierre, was to have the same rank. The rank and file of the regiment were to be paid the arrears due by the company and be taken into the army at the same rate of pay as British soldiers.

These terms having been settled, the next thing to do was to get the regiment out of the Dutch service and transferred to India. Difficulties were anticipated. Almost all the military forces at the Governor's command, other than the De Meurons, were local levies of little value. If the De Meurons left him he would be in no condition to defend the island from an attack, and there was no doubt but that he was well aware of the danger. It was certain that he would do all in his power to keep them, but an attempt must be made to get them if in any way possible.

Major Agnew, of the British service, was sent to Colombo, under a flag of truce, to interview the Governor. He carried a letter from the Comte instructing the Colonel to transfer the regiment to the British. On his arrival at Colombo, he visited the Governor and advised him of the reason of his visit, and requested leave to interview Colonel De Meuron. The Governor refused absolutely to allow the Major to communicate with the Colonel in any way or to deliver to the Colonel the letter from the Comte. The Major calmly told him that it was too late to prevent the delivery of the letter; that he had expected such a refusal; that he had already sent it to the Colonel, hidden in a Dutch cheese, and that the Colonel was quite ready to comply with the Comte's instructions.

In a rage, the Governor went to the Colonel and threatened to imprison both him and his men if they tried to leave Ceylon and go over to the British. The Colonel only laughed, and reminded him that there were no forces in Ceylon which could deal with the De Meurons, and that he proposed to act on the instructions of the Comte, even if this required force. The Governor could not but realize the truth of the Colonel's words, and reluctantly allowed the regiment to be taken away. It reached India in November. Almost all of its 860 men enlisted with the British. When the British expedition reached Ceylon, the Governor had no sufficient force to meet it, and Ceylon became a part of the Empire without a shot being fired.

As a reward for his services, Cleghorn was paid £5000 by the Government and was appointed Crown (i.e. Colonial) Secretary of Ceylon. He did not get along pleasantly with Governor North, and in 1800 he retired and came back to Scotland.



UPPER FORT GARRY

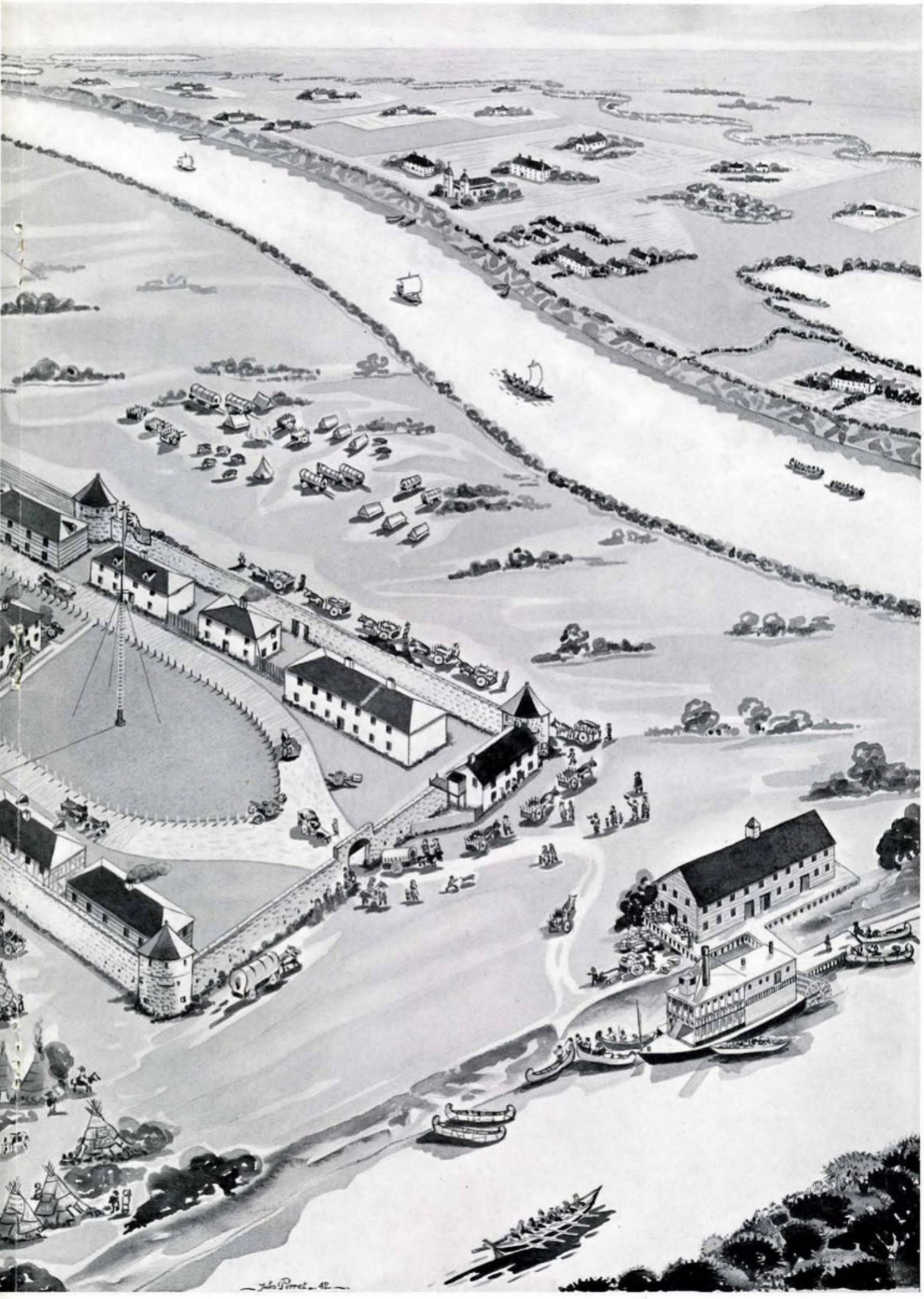
Seventy-five years ago

A reconstruction from photographs
by Jules Perret

IN the foreground is the Assiniboine River, with the Company's steamer "Pioneer" tied up near the warehouse. On the right is the Red River. The fort is divided in two—the older section, dating from 1835, surrounded by stone walls and bastions, and the extension made in the 1850's, surrounded by squared-log walls and containing the governor's residence, to which access is given by the stone gate. In the lower right hand corner of the old fort is the general store, where goods were traded for cash, furs, or country produce. Next to that is the recorder's residence, and near the flagstaff is "Bachelors' Hall."

"Upper Fort Garry," writes a resident of the fort during the 1860's, "may be considered the most important post of the Northern Department. The business consists of trading, of forwarding outfits to the interior and of banking and transacting a variety of general business with the inhabitants of the settlement. The means by which these affairs are carried on consists of a bonded warehouse, a sale shop, a general office, and sundry stores for pemmican, provisions, etc. Summer is the busy season, as then all the freighting is carried on. It is also a time of much bustle created by the constant arrivals and departures which take place."

Fort Garry was demolished about 1881. Only the stone gate remains. Had the fort been preserved intact, while the city of Winnipeg grew up around it, it would have become an attraction unique on this continent. The ground where it stood is still a vacant lot, now disfigured by billboards.


Jules Perret 42

The Orford family on Christmas Day. Priscilla is on the left.

E. Buckman

CHRISTMAS at MOOSE FACTORY

by Eduard Buckman

OUR dog-team journey up James Bay just before Christmas was for business. Doug Sinclair and I were making *Fur Country*, a colour film on trapping for the National Film Board of Canada. In *Fur Country* we recorded certain phases of northern life in winter; but we could not possibly put into the film those Christmas scenes of which we ourselves were a part—scenes of the winter holiday season in the North which few visitors witness.

We arrived at Moose Factory early in December 1941, and by the fifteenth had organized an expedition to Hannah Bay to shoot key scenes for the film. The trip took two days. After a week or so we moved to Waskouga Creek, some seven or eight miles back along the homeward trail. We broke camp at Waskouga Creek around noon on December 23rd, confident we'd reach Moose Factory the next afternoon. But the Bay trail was unusually rough, and by the afternoon of the day before Christmas we were hardly half way to Moose Factory.

More than ever the feeling grew that we were in the bottom of a gigantic saucer, its white sides sloping all around us. The more we struggled, the more in the bottom we found ourselves. They call it an optical illusion. But our experience tells me that it is reality, that the ice on James Bay is not, cannot be flat. Continually we were climbing—not up a steep grade, but up the gradual interminable kind that breaks back

and spirit. Ice block and snow-drift kept catching the sleigh. Then we'd throw our weight against the tarpaulin covered load and heave; or we'd haul on the peto and start the runners that way; and all the while we'd be yelling the Eskimo driving calls of the Bay —*Hwitt! Hwitt!*, *Oke! Oke!*, or *Hurraugh! Hurraugh!* George Moore, our guide, was far ahead, finding the best trail (if trail there were in that chaos of jagged ice ridges and piled snow). The dogs, apparently knowing George, their master and match, was out of call, did what they pleased. What pleased them most was to lie down on the job!

"Will we get to Moose Factory tonight, George?" we'd ask whenever he came back to the sleigh.

"I guess so. I ought to find a good tide-mark soon."

The day before Christmas, I thought, as we tugged and yelled, and Christmas dinner would be waiting for us at the Watts' tomorrow (Mr. Watt, manager of the Hudson's Bay Company post, had asked us before we set out on the trail).

Rime was blowing in from the open water far out on the Bay and snow was falling lightly. On and on we struggled up the maliciously receding sides of the saucer for what seemed hours.

Ahead, George had stopped again, was waiting for us. The dogs spurted unexpectedly, leaving us both behind.

"I don't think we'll get to Moose Factory tonight," were the words with which George greeted us.

"What'll we do?"

"Camp," he answered. "Fellow used to have a shack for duck hunting at Partridge Creek. We'll go there."

Partridge Creek—*Pag-sag-wa-ow* it sounded like when George gave it the Indian name—suggested sheltered bush coverts for those little game birds of the North. But when, in the failing light, George told us we'd entered the creek's channel, we knew its shores, lined with a few low and scraggly willows, were as dreary as the open ice of the Bay.

George found a snow-drift contour which told him a tent had once been pitched on the spot. We all dug into the snow and uncovered camping luxuries—straw, empty cartons, firewood. I don't yet know where George got tent poles. I only know he did. And the tent was up and there were willows and straw for our sleeping bags, and the stove was going, and Doug and I were squatting practically on top of it, drying our underwear. We'd dried our pants first—dried them on us—and we were doing the same for our underwear; it was too cold to take any clothes off.

The hungry dogs, smelling the sausage frying, began to bark mournfully, as if they hadn't the energy to howl, as if they knew George had given them the last of their feed the night before. The dogs went to bed supperless; but they at least were used to sleeping in the snow. We weren't—not even after our weeks on the trail—and our last night seemed the coldest, the most uncomfortable and discouraging of all. Maybe it was because we were so tired, maybe because we knew this was Christmas Eve and our friends would be celebrating in warm cheerful rooms while we were out in the cold bush, with chill air seeping through the willows under our sleeping bags.

Christmas Eve may have been long, but Christmas morning was longer. We were on the trail early; and after what seemed a whole day—though it was only part of the morning—we reached the mouth of the Moose River, eight miles from the post.

The snow was too deep on the river for the team to pull the sleigh with even one of us on it. George, anxious to be home, was hurrying. We could only try to keep up with him. . . .

The Watts' house (left) and the staff house at Moose Factory. Harvey Bassett

Mrs. Watt and Billie. D. Sinclair

It was unbelievable that we were actually sitting at a table again and eating such a Christmas dinner as Mrs. Watt had provided—turkey, plum pudding, all the trimmings! The white wastes of the Bay through which we'd fought, the cold brown canvas under which we'd slept, the tasteless fried dry foods we'd eaten—these were becoming somehow unreal even in our memory. It was as though our lives had begun when we returned to Moose Factory at three o'clock in the afternoon of Christmas day. We knew the Bay's desolation surrounded us, with occasionally a team moving out on the ice, the only sign of human life in vast frozen stretches.

After we returned from the trail the whites at the post took us into their congenially self-contained little circle. Doug thought it was because we'd passed the test of the trail acceptably in their eyes. I wasn't thinking. I was just enjoying to the full this group of new friends—Mr. and Mrs. Watt; Dr. Orford (with whom, incidentally, I'd gone to high school in Northern Ontario) and Mrs. Orford (with her rich Scotch wit); R.C.M.P. Sergeant and Mrs. Dexter; Corporal Wilson, the other "Mountie"; and Art Sanborn, the Company clerk. In the few days since Christmas, Doug and I had come to know and care for these people greatly, to admire them for their northern qualities.

But it was one night at Dr. Orford's that we really saw these northern qualities in action. The Christmas tree was already shedding its needles, for stoves raise inside temperatures to new heights of dryness. The room rang with Scotch accents—synonymous, we were learning, with the Hudson's Bay Company northern personnel. We were watching the doctor's 8-mm. moving pictures: Baffin Island's treeless contours; the bewigged dignity of the Law outside the tent courtroom on the Belchers during the 1941 trial of the religion-twisted Eskimos; the doctor's "treaty" trips up the Bay.

"Here comes Jimmy Watt," Mrs. Orford said, exactly as if the man and not his screen shadow were entering the room.

Hers was the first of many similar exclamatory greetings. As Doug and I listened, we realized how close to one another, even though separated by miles of bush, were these Northerners; how fully they accepted one another; what genuine pleasure they felt when business took them to the posts where the others were stationed, or brought the others to theirs.

During the movies the door opened and Priscilla, the doctor's eleven-year-old daughter, came quickly into the room. Obviously excited, she wore neither hat nor overcoat, but her voice was quiet:

"Father, Billie was heating the dog's supper and the can exploded in his face. Some got in his eyes. Will you come?"

The doctor was out of the door almost before Priscilla finished speaking.

"I think we'd better go, too, Bill," Mrs. Watt was saying in a calm, unhurried tone to her husband; but the rapidity with which she went to the hall and slipped into her blanket coat showed her inner feelings. Billie was her fifteen-year-old son—the Watts' only child. Mr. Watt, right behind her, grabbed his fur cap from the hook and followed her out of the door.

I thought: This, then, is how Northern people face an emergency. No one knew how badly Billie might have been burned—a boiling can, if opened without the greatest care, will violently spurt its scalding contents. Yet Mrs. Watt had made a casual statement and quietly but quickly gone to her son. And Priscilla, who had seen the accident, had come as quietly and quickly for her father. The people of the North all had this self-reliance, self-command (call it what you will), which those who have always lived in settled southern communities so often lack. Priscilla had spent her early childhood at Pangnirtung, away from white children. This, I felt, accounted for her mature manner that at the same time was so natural. From isolated necessity, she had been much with her parents and other grown-ups, been accepted by them on equal terms. I noticed this equality between parents and children at Moose Factory—fringe of the real North though it was; it was a northern quality I admired, fine, full, strong, beautiful.

"We can finish the movies," Mrs. Orford was saying. "The others have seen them before."

But none of us wanted to. We tried to talk about something general, but the conversation kept swinging back to Billie, and what might have happened in the Watts' home across the way. And we sat and waited in that hot, bright room for what seemed hours.

Finally the doctor and the Watts returned. Billie might have to wear an eye shield for a day or two, but his burns were superficial.

The movie projector was again started; the absent northern personalities were in the room with those actually present; and the evening continued as it had begun, in the relaxed intimacy of these friendly people.

1942 had arrived and Doug and I were alone with Sergeant and Mrs. Dexter and Corporal Wilson in the living room of the R.C.M.P. quarters. The Watts and Orfords had been with us earlier, but had returned to their own homes to be ready for the Indians, for whom we likewise were waiting.

Then we heard the guns in the distance. The Hudson's Bay Company at Moose Factory supplied the Indians with a ration of black powder shells for a New Year's salute before every house in the settlement. Soon many moccasined feet were crunching up the snowy path outside. A faint tinkly tune began even before the Dexters reached the front door. When

they opened it we saw the Indian fiddler and the man with the triangle, heard the guitar player. The tune was Scotch, "The White Cockade," reserved by the Moose Factory Indians for this New Year's custom.

Then the music ceased and an Indian voice as inflectionless as the music had been syncopated was saying: "We wish Mr. and Mrs. Dexter and Mr. Wilson a Happy New Year."

No guns were fired, for the Indians respected the sleep of the Dexters' infant son. Down the path and through the gateway in the cross-picketed fence they went, their raised parka hoods mysterious, magi-like shapes, moving through the blue-white night that was filled with the murmur of Indian voices, the crisp squeaking of dry packed snow underfoot, and the echoes, silent but still present of the "White Cockade."

We heard that plaintive, barbaric music once again before New Year's Day was over, at an Indian feast and dance. Somebody opened the door of the house where the affair was taking place before we reached it, and out into the darkness of the night streamed a cloud of steam, lighted from within, eerily mysterious, holding a magic like music in its swirl. Doug and I had the feeling we were lifting a veil as we passed through it into the kitchen and then into the room where the Indians were dancing. Lamps, in the corners, lit the green wallpaper, against which the natives in the room were silhouetted. There were no shadows on the walls, where they should have been. The people in front of the walls had become the shadows of the room. The music pulsed. The syncopation of its rhythm was not what we'd imagined the music of northern Indians would be like. It held a warmth that was strangely in key with the tropical green of the walls. The musicians sat against one side of the room, holding their instruments casually, low. The fiddler used his bow with short strokes, as he would have handled a canoe paddle. The drummer kept his hand with the drumstick on the rim of the drum, beat it without raising his hand. Their music had a thin yet deep relentlessness.

Then the Indians were doing the "duck dance" for us—for us, "the photographers," as they called us. "The old people remember the dance now. It's Cree Indian—goes 'way back," our guide had told us. "Only a few of the younger ones know the steps—they're hard to do. They play one tune for it—never use that tune for any other dance."

The music grew more relentless. The tune undoubtedly was originally Scotch, but, as the Indians played it, had a barbaric, primitive quality that matched the shuffling, bobbing, ducking figures which eight Indian couples were executing to it. Occasionally, across the insistent, disturbing rhythm of the moosehide native drums, came voices—no longer human—giving the Bay's hunting call for ducks—*Quack! Quack! Quack!* And those dark dancing shadows became, for us, ducks waddling.

From the desolation of the winter bay we'd come to the comfort of the modern homes at Moose Factory. Then we'd suddenly been thrown back to the primitive by the New Year's tune and the shuffling duck dance. That was our 1941 Christmas Holiday at Moose Factory. And from each of its episodes came to us a glimpse of the North—glimpses, we knew, which we would never have had if we'd come as holiday seekers in fair summer weather, instead of movie workers in the depth of winter.

Dance at Moose Factory. Lorene Squire

ADVENTURE in LABRADOR

How Dick Ford, travelling alone on the barrens in winter, won his bitter fight against the elements.

by R. A. Duncan

NAIN is the largest Eskimo settlement on the Labrador. Situated about half way up the coast, it is sheltered from the full force of the Atlantic by several islands. To the south, the immediate curve of the coastline makes the small twin bays, Anatalik and Anatalak, and then cuts in deep to make Voisey's Bay, and so on south. To the north, after the long and narrow Nain and Tikkoarakak Bays and the shorter, wider Webb's Bay, the mainland juts out to sea and the Kiglapait Mountain receives the endless pounding of the ocean about its rugged base. Along the mainland, and on some of the islands which are not too rocky to bear them, grow spruce and juniper trees, and these extend inland to the rise of the highland where the ground is bare except for moss and stunted willows.

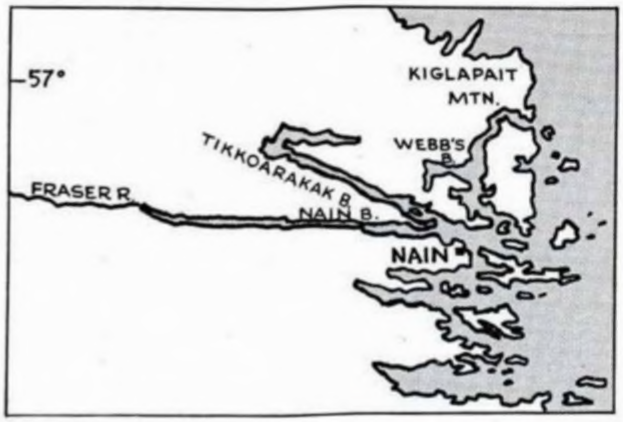
This highland is the hunting ground of the people of Nain in the late winter and spring, where they go in search of caribou and white foxes after the season for coloured foxes is ended. It is a hard country, where the fiercest winds blow and where the fog lies densest; where sudden pitfalls do not show in the glaring snow, and men and dogs have to pick their course with unceasing care.

People go occasionally to this land in the fall if a bad year for foxes seems forthcoming; and so it was that Richard Ford, a white trapper, left the settlement in mid-October, with his family and a family of Eskimos, for the Fraser River, which flows into Nain Bay.

No more was heard of him till Christmas, when he returned practically empty handed and with his dogs on the point of starvation. The fall had been heartbreaking, for alternate rain and snow had made it impossible either to trap or to hunt.

However, he was undaunted by this reverse, and on February 9 he set out again, this time alone. His family remained in Nain, and although his Eskimo companion of the fall tried to follow him, he was forced to turn back on account of the *mowja* (deep snow). It took Dick three days this time, bucking a head wind through the deep snow, to reach his house on the Fraser. This shack was built almost at the mouth of the river, which is little more than a brook bounded on each side by a steep wall of rock, and which widens into a pond before emptying into Nain Bay.

The walls of the pond and the brook rise vertically to a height of several hundred feet. One of the few passes up this wall of rock is a short brook on the northeastern side of the pond. This brook cuts through a valley to the highland—a rough road in winter, full of rocks and extremely steep and open in many places. This was Dick's route, and the next day he tried to drive his dogs and heavily laden komatik up the pass. He was forced to cut steps as he went, and frequently to help the dogs with the load. It was hard work and he only made a short distance before he came to an open spot in the brook to cross, which would be impossible with a complete load. His only alternative was to carry across his supplies himself piece by piece. So, after unlashing the komatik and unharnessing the dogs, he picked up a bag of hard-tack and began. As he stepped onto a rock he slipped and fell in the stream. The bread and his clothes were thoroughly soaked, which meant that his progress for that day was stopped.



He looked around now for some hard snow with which to build a house, but he was in a bad place and it took him some time to find it. At last he found a spot, built his house, and with difficulty dried his clothes. That night the wind started up, and with it came drifting snow. The next day found him snowed in. The wind outside was a living gale, whipping the snow about the house and cutting visibility down to a few feet, so he crawled back into the house to await better weather.

By the next day the wind had abated and he gathered his load to begin the weary climb again. By nightfall, after back-breaking work, he was half way to the top, and he stopped and made another snow house in which to spend the night. The next day the wind was again swirling about his igloo, making travelling impossible, and the following day was just as bad. However, on the fifth day he managed to reach the top of the land.

Here the travelling would be good, for the snow was packed hard by the wind. But his troubles had only started. His last pound of dog feed, which he had carried from Nain, was gone and from now on he had to depend on what deer he could shoot. For the entrails and other parts of the caribou which cannot be eaten by man are the only available dog feed on the highland. For four days he travelled in a northerly direction, seeing no sign of deer. His dogs became weaker and weaker, till finally he was compelled to leave some of his load behind and push on in quest of game. For two more days he travelled without seeing any tracks whatsoever until his dogs, exhausted and

weak from hunger, were unable to go any farther. He decided to remain where he was till he could kill some of the elusive caribou which were so necessary to his own existence as well as that of the dogs.

The wind the next day came in gusts from every direction, decidedly unfavourable for a deer hunt, but necessity bade him go. Setting out from his snow house, he walked till he saw, with the aid of a spy glass, seven deer a long way off. But before he could get within rifle range, they scented him and began to move off. Running as fast as he could, Dick managed to get within range and, firing rapidly, killed four of the seven.

He now had enough dog feed to last him for some time, as well as meat for himself which kept him from using too much of his scanty supply of hard-tack and molasses.

The next few days Dick spent in taking up his traps which he had set in the fall and picking up the load which he had dropped. The bad weather continued in the meantime. A mild spell had set in which, coupled with wet snow, kept him in the snow house. However, he managed to reset his traps farther inland where he had established a sort of base from which he walked every day tending the traps. But now his own food as well as that of the dogs had run short, and he was again compelled to hunt for more deer. Luckily, he chanced upon a company, but he was unable to take cover close at hand. Crawling on his stomach until he was within long range, he fired fourteen shots and the company scattered and ran wildly off. However, he had killed three and starvation was again warded off. He wanted to remain in this country now as long as possible, for there were some signs of white foxes, scattered though they were.

The next few days passed uneventfully and, excepting when there was bad weather, he was able to drive around to his traps, which covered a wide range of territory. Bad luck was dogging his tracks, however.

One Sunday he went out to feed his team, but not a dog was in sight. He spent the day in an unsuccessful hunt for them, following their footing to a set of traps, where the tracks disappeared. He returned in the evening and had a mug-up preparatory to turning in, when he heard a howl. He thought immediately that it was one of his dogs in a trap and, hastily hauling on his sillapak, he snatched up his gun and snow-knife and walked rapidly in the direction whence the howl had come. Night was falling and the sky was dark and threatening. On reaching his traps, he found nothing.

Then the weather broke. A howling northerly gale burst upon him, bringing drifting wet snow and obliterating all his tracks from the snow house. He tried to retrace his steps, but in a short while he knew it was no use. He was utterly and completely lost, and he was fast getting soaked through to the skin. He had to get to shelter or perish, and so he looked around for snow from which to cut hard blocks for a house. He could not take long to choose. Fortunately, he found the snow close to a large rock and, working feverishly, he built a small shelter. He crawled in, but although he was out of the wind he had to keep moving. The cold pierced through his thin sillapak so that all night he jumped about to prevent the fatal drowsiness which precedes death from creeping upon him.

The weather did not abate with the approach of dawn, but Dick decided to try to reach his base. His decision was foolhardy, as he soon found out. He walked and walked but no house came in sight, and he was now in a worse position than before. He could not build another as there was no hard snow about, so he kept wandering aimlessly, not despairing, but just hoping that he might reach a haven somewhere. Finding no possible means of sheltering himself, he began to walk before the wind in what he hoped was the direction of home, about one hundred and fifty miles away. His chances of reaching there were practically nil since he didn't even have a match in his pocket, but he kept up his courage and trudged on. However, by the purest chance, the wind had changed and, almost miraculously, Dick stumbled upon his rude shelter by the rock. His fortune had changed at the last moment. He crawled in again and wrung out his clothes, which by this time were completely saturated. His sortie had taken him little over an hour, but it had seemed like days.

He spent the rest of the day going out to see if he could recognize any familiar landmark and crawling back to wring his clothes. By evening the change of wind had brought a drop in temperature and Dick knew he could not last the night in his cramped shelter, which restricted full, vigorous movement. His only

View from the top of Nain Hill in the spring.

chance was to get out and keep walking. Fortunately, the wind had abated a little and the snow had about stopped, so that at least he would not get wet. Walking a short distance, he discovered, at last, that he was not far from his base and, running to keep warm, he reached there just by nightfall to find that all his dogs but one had returned. Almost completely exhausted, he crawled into his sleeping bag and slept until morning.

He awoke stiff and hoarse but his first thought was for his dogs. He saw that his team was complete, however, the lost one having returned in the night.

His terrible experience was bound to bring reaction and, three days later, he became very ill with the cold. On the third day, he awoke with a high fever and bad headache. To make matters worse, he had used up the last of his molasses and biscuit, leaving him deer meat, which he had to eat frozen, and a little sugar. For the next five days, he remained in the sleeping bag while his body fought the fever which was raging within him.

By the fifth day, the fever had broken and the next day he again went about his tasks, although weak and shaky. The cold remained with him and he thought it best to take up his traps and make the journey back to Nain.

He had built a snow house adjacent to his upper traps and this was his first objective. He reached the house in one day just as the wind sprang up again, bringing with it the inevitable driving snow. After unharnessing and feeding his dogs, he retired to his house for the night. When he had eaten his solitary meal, he lay down to sleep, but awoke in the early hours of the morning to find the atmosphere extremely stuffy. The snow had blocked his entrance and he was obliged to smash a hole through the roof and crawl out. The driving gale had not diminished, making it necessary for him to build another house. The work took him six hours, as he was still weak from his illness, and as the wind continually blew down the blocks as he stood them up.

When the work was finished, he looked around again for his dogs and found three were missing. It was impossible to look for them then, so he crawled back in the house to finish his sleep, hoping they would return as they had before. When he awoke, the huskies had not returned and the weather was just as bad. It continued on into the next day but two dogs had returned by evening. The third day in his new house found the sun shining brightly, although it was extremely cold. Dick's missing dog had not turned up, but he decided to go on without it. When he went out to harness his team, he saw, not thirty yards away, two wolves, grey and gaunt. Moving slowly so as not to alarm them, he fetched his rifle and taking good aim, pulled the trigger. There was just an empty click. The gun was frozen. The wolves began to move away leisurely and Dick pumped the gun and pulled the trigger frantically. When it finally did go off, it only crippled one of the wolves, which were quite a distance away. Dick ran after it to make the kill, but it was not seriously hurt and both were in full flight. He followed them a short distance, and then his eye caught something struggling in one of his traps. He went to investigate, only to find his missing dog. Happily, no bones were broken, which meant that the dog would still be quite able to haul with the rest. Dick abandoned tracking the wolves when he saw that the crippled one did not slacken speed. With his team now at full strength, he moved off to pick up his traps in the vicinity.

In a few days, as the good weather fortunately continued, he had taken up all his traps. When this job was finished, he drove southeast towards the Fraser River, a shorter route towards home. When he reached the river, he was confronted by a very steep incline, which he rode down braked with two drags. Both slipped out, however, in the rough going and his komatik raced towards a large rock at terrific speed. By a superhuman effort, he avoided a crash and slid out safely on the river. He was now among woods for the first time in two months. They were a welcome sight as he was able to make a fire, which he had missed, having been able only to use a primus in the country.

He remained the night at the foot of the incline and, driving the next day and night, came to the mouth of the river well past his house, where he again made camp. Here he skinned a few foxes, the carcasses of which he fed the dogs, being again out of feed.

The rest of the journey he made easily to Nain, arriving on March nineteenth. His trip of two months and ten days with all the hardships involved had netted him twenty-one foxes, eighteen of which were white. The whites were the only ones caught in Nain, where not a footing had been seen previously for miles around.

Dick has built a house now in Nain but he hopes to go back on the highland this year to struggle again with the elements, and perhaps with a little luck he will be able to get a few more foxes.

Dick Ford, the hero of this tale, outside the trading store at Nain.

FIRST in HISTORY

This year, the R.C.M.P. schooner "St. Roch" became the first ship in history to make the entire Northwest Passage from west to east in one continuous voyage. Only once has a single ship made it from east to west—Amundsen's "Gjoa," in 1903-6. These pictures were taken by L. A. Learmonth of the H B C this spring.

Above: Sgt. Henry Larsen, skipper of the crew of seven, who brought the "St. Roch" into Sydney, N.S., nearly twenty-eight months after leaving Vancouver, B.C.

Above: The "St. Roch" was locked in the ice of Pasley Bay, west coast of Boothia Peninsula, and not far from the Magnetic Pole, from September 1941 to August 1942.

Below: Sgt. Larsen, out on patrol, adjusts the harness of one of his dogs before leaving the H. B. post at King William Island.

Right: The cairn and cross, with its inscribed metal plate, set up to mark the grave of Constable A. J. ("Frenchy") Chartrand, 37-year-old member of the crew, who died on February 13 at Pasley Bay.

TOURING BY DOG TEAM

by Mrs. R. P. Arnold
Sioux Falls, S.D.

The Arnold party crossing a frozen lake.

The author enjoys a cup of tea on the trail.

An American city dweller and his wife experience the thrills of winter travel through the deep snows of the bush.

IT was while we were making the annual C.N.R. excursion from Winnipeg to Churchill in August 1941, that the idea of this trip came to us. The more we saw of the North, the more we wanted to see it during the winter months. By the time we had reached Wabowden on the return from Hudson Bay, we were talking about it and trying to figure out a suitable part of the country that would be easily accessible to winter travel. We also had to figure out means of doing it in the two weeks of my husband's vacation.

The result was that on March 4, 1942, my husband and I found ourselves headed north once more over the C.N.R. line to The Pas. At that time of year there is only one train a week to Wabowden—our jumping-off place—and that is a "mixed," so we stayed an extra day at The Pas to ensure connections.

At Wabowden, where we met our guides and their dog teams, we spent the night of March 6, and long before daylight the following morning we were ready to start by dog carriole for Cross Lake, to the south-east. The thermometer was registering fifteen degrees below zero; the northern lights were dancing overhead; and every now and then the distant wail of a wolf broke the stillness. It gave us an eerie, spine-tingling sensation as we nestled down into the toboggan carrioles. The guides were busy tying the eiderdowns around us and at the same time quieting the over-anxious dogs. Here was real adventure: two city-raised people poised for a dive into a new experience.

Right: Alex. Chalmers and some of his friends outside the new store at Cross Lake. Below: The Roman Catholic Mission School at Cross Lake.

The route we took to Cross Lake was on what the guides called a "road." But it was simply a slit through the bush, over lake, muskeg, and stream. The trail was partly packed, as it was used during the winter months to get supplies to Cross Lake.

Our guides were Roddy Garrioch and Wellington Beebe, and their stamina was something to behold. They thought nothing of breaking trail with snowshoes at a dog trot for twenty-five miles at a hitch. Roddy is a full-blood Cree with blue eyes, and according to repute is one of the best guides in the country. He is also immensely strong, having once packed eight hundred pounds of flour a distance of one hundred yards in a contest. The boy Wellington is a half-breed Cree.

We had looked forward for months to riding behind a string of huskies, and we were not disappointed. There was a definite thrill and exhilaration in the swift swing along the cold white trail, with bells jingling, whips cracking and the shouts of encouragement from the Indian guides. A part of this exciting experience was the stops to "boil the kettle." With a bed of pine boughs before a blazing fire there was a certain restfulness and anticipation in the moments when the snow was being melted for the inevitable cup of tea.

At these stops we learned the characteristics of our Cree guides. We also learned better how to lay a fire and feed ourselves. We learned why every few moments the guide would tap the side of the kettle of snow. This was to prevent the snow from being "singed." To anyone not accustomed to boiling the kettle in winter the thought of snow being singed would be classified as one of those things a greenhorn should bite on. It became apparent that food on the trail was not entirely a means of satisfying hunger or the delicate tastes of an epicure. Food on the trail was a refuelling act. From watching the guides eat unbelievable amounts of food, you could glance over and enjoy seeing the huskies wolfing down their frozen white-fish.

While we sat about eating, the Indians talked of their work, trapping. They told us at what seasons the various pelts were prime and how the traps were set for the animals. They built a rabbit snare for us and set it.

Fifty miles in all we made the first day, travelling across the brilliant white expanse of frozen lakes and through the hushed green aisles of the dark forests. At last, just as night was falling, we saw the lights of the Hudson's Bay post on Cross Lake winking out of the dusk ahead of us, and soon we were being cheerfully welcomed by Post Manager Alex Chalmers and his wife.

These fine people we will always remember as a fount of information on the great north land. Alex himself had spent thirty years in the service of the Company, at posts in the bush and posts in the Arctic, and in that period he had seen many changes in the fur trade. At Cross Lake he had seen a small log trading post bloom into a bright modern building that would put many a city store to shame. His store, made of plywood with composition floors and large windows graced with venetian blinds, was kept immaculately clean and orderly.

Wellington Beebe (foreground) and Roddy Garrioch with his dogs on the Nelson River. Mrs. Arnold in the carriole.

Mr. Arnold about to feed the dogs with a couple of hung whitefish.

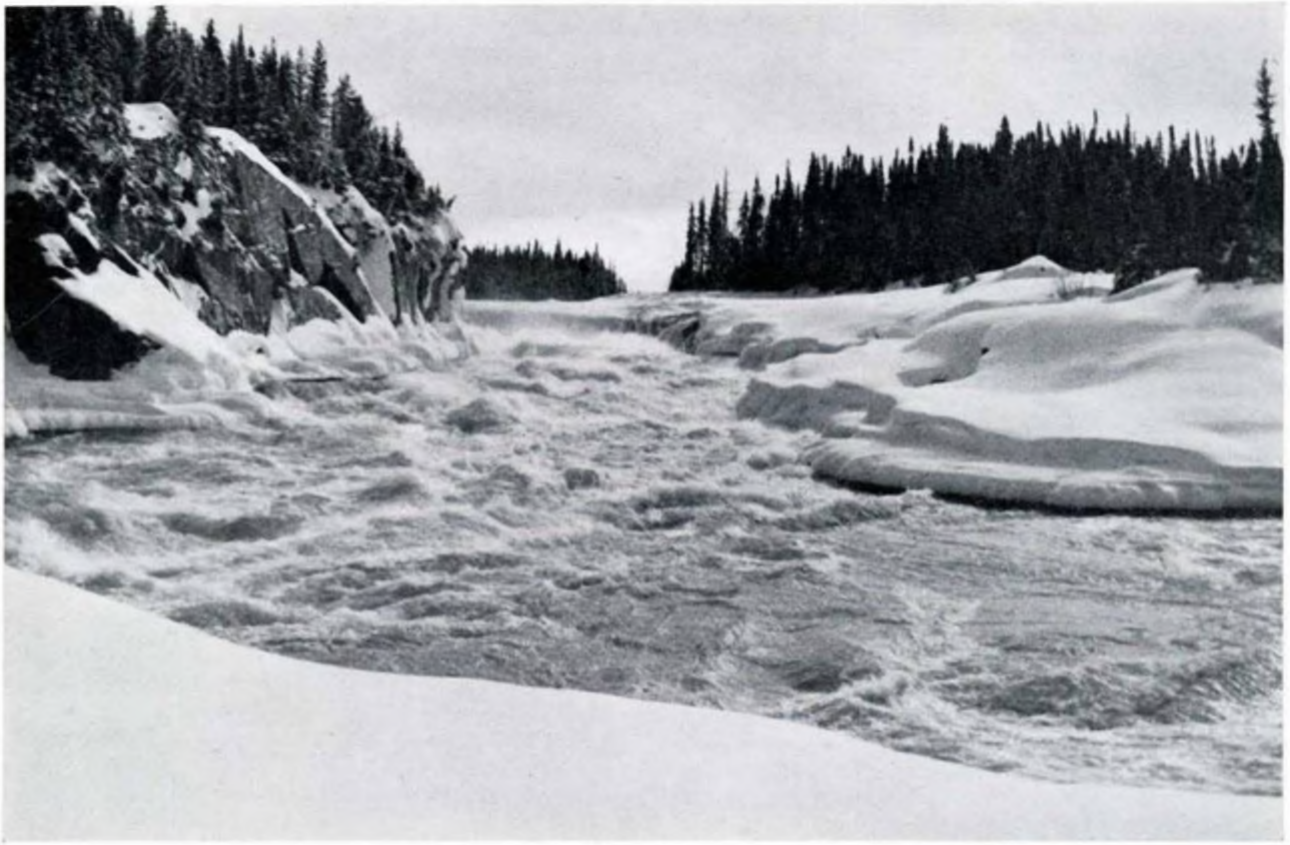
We stayed at Cross Lake post for three nights. Each night the local missionary of the United Church, Rev. F. G. Stevens, came in for a chat. He was extraordinarily interesting to listen to, having spent forty-eight years labouring among the Indians around Lake Winnipeg. On Sunday, the 8th, we drove across the lake for a visit with Father G. E. Trudeau of the Catholic Mission. There we met Dr. Cameron Corrigan and Pete Durant, an ex-R.C.M. Policeman and now game and fire warden, both from Norway House. Both these men had some enthralling tales to tell, and we considered ourselves lucky to have had this chance meeting with them.

The next day, Monday, we took a side trip to Whitemud Falls on the Nelson River. Two years before, we had visited this picturesque spot by canoe and, remembering its beauty, we were anxious to see it in its winter garb. So it was that we engaged the aid of another guide, Joe MacKay, for trail breaking, and "boiled the kettle" again at the top of the foaming cataract. We spent some time viewing this winter fairyland and taking pictures of it, and, by way of adding the finishing touch, climbed to the top of a thirty-foot ice pinnacle formed by the spray.

The next day, we took the long trail back from Cross Lake to Wabowden, and the following morning we boarded the train for The Pas.

By the morning of March 12, we were back in Winnipeg. We had been away only eight days, but in that short period we had managed to gather a wealth of new thrills and experiences which we shall always take pleasure in remembering. My husband and I have done a good deal of travelling together in some out of the way places, but for peace and solitude we'll be returning to the evergreen and white of the North.

Whitemud Falls on the Nelson River.



The Mythical Land of Buss

by Alice M. Johnson

By Royal charter, the Hudson's Bay Company were made Lords and Proprietors of a North Atlantic island that no one could ever find!

OF the several mythical islands of the North Atlantic Ocean, the most interesting is Buss Island, which was granted by Royal charter to the Hudson's Bay Company and which continued to be marked on marine charts for nearly three centuries after its alleged discovery.

Miller Christy's treatise *On "Busse Island,"* published by the Hakluyt Society in 1897, is the most exhaustive study of the subject. A slightly revised version was published in the same year in pamphlet form under the title, *On "Busse Island," one of the Lost Islands of the Atlantic*. Both versions contain reproductions of two early maps, copied from J. Seller's *The English Pilot: The Fourth Book: The First Part* (London, *circa* 1675), which will be referred to in detail later. Now that a certain amount of research has been carried out on the earliest period of the Company's history, it is possible to make one or two minor corrections to Miller Christy's work, and to state a few additional facts which have recently come to light.

The island was supposed to have been discovered by the buss *Emmanuel* of Bridgewater, one of the fifteen vessels attached to Sir Martin Frobisher's third expedition, of 1578, in search of a North West Passage. (A buss is a small strongly built, two- or three-masted Dutch fishing boat, usually of fifty to sixty tons burden.) In September of that year, just before the vessels set out on their return journey, a heavy storm scattered them and the *Emmanuel* was left at the mouth of a rocky sound, within the entrance of what is now known as Frobisher Bay. According to the first published account of the event in George Best's *A True Discourse of the Late Voyages of Discouverie for Finding of a Passage to Cathaya, by the North-Weast, under the Conduct of Martin Frobisher Generall*, published in London, 1578:

"The *Busse*, of *Bridgewater*, as she came homeward, to ye Southestwarde of Freseland, discovered a great ilande in the latitude of — degrees, which was never yet founde before, and sayled three days alongst the coast, the land seeming to be fruiteful, full of woods, and a champian countrie."

When this account was reproduced in Volume III of the 1599-1600 edition of Hakluyt's *Voyages*, the latitude "57 degrees and a half" was inserted, and this is the latitude in which the island is shown in Hondius' map reproduced here.

In the so-called first edition of Hakluyt's *The Principall Navigations, Voiages and Discoveries of the English nation, made by Sea or ouer Land* (London, 1589), on p. 635, there is appended to Thomas Ellis's account of Frobisher's third voyage: "*The report of Thomas Wiars, passenger in the Emanuel*, otherwise called the Busse of Bridgewater, wherein James Leeche was Master, one of the shippes in the last voyage of Master Martin Frobisher, 1578 concerning the discouerie of a great Island in their way homeward the 12. of September," which runs:

"The Busse of Bridgewater was left in Bears sounde at Meta incognita, the second day of September behinde the Fleete, in some distresse, through much winde ryding neere the Lee shoare, and forced there to ride it out upon the hazard of her cables and ankers, which were all aground but two. The thirde of September, being fayre weather, and the wind North northwest she set sayle, and departed thence and fell with Frisland,[1] on the 8, day of September, at 6, of the clocke at night, and then they set off from the Southwest poynt of Frisland, the winde being at East and East southeast, but that night the winde veared Southerly, and shifted oftentimes that night; but on the tenth day, in the morning, the wind at west northwest, fayre weather, they steered southeast and by south, and continued that course untill the 12, day of September, when about 11, a clocke before noone, they descryed a lande, which was from them about five leagues, and the Southermost part of it was Southeast by East from them, and the Northermost next, North Northeast, or Northeast. The master accompted that Frisland, the Southeast poynt of it, was from him at that instant, when hee first descryed this newe Island, Northwest by North, 50 leagues. They account this Island to be 25 leagues long, and the longest way of it Southeast, and Northwest. The Southerne part of it is in the latitude of 57 degrees and 1 second part, or thereabout. They continued in sight of it, from the 12 day at 11 of the clocke, till the 13 day three of the clocke in the after noone, when they left it: and the last part they saw of it, bare from them, Northwest by North. There appeared two harboroughs upon that coast: the greatest of them seuen leagues to the Northwardes of the Southermost poynt, the other but foure leagues. There was verie much yce neere the same lande, and also twentie or thirtie leagues from it, for they were not cleare of yce, till the 15 day of September, after noone. They plied their voyage homewards, and fell with the west part of Ireland, about Galway, and had first sight of it on the 25 day of September."

An examination of Best's and Wiars's accounts will show discrepancies. It must be remembered that Wiars claimed to have taken part in the discovery, whilst Best's account was second-hand, and obviously somewhat imaginative as his "fruiteful . . . champian countrie" would hardly be likely to occur in the latitude of Wiars's ice-fields.

[1] In this case, Greenland. Frisland was the name of another mythical Island. (Miller Christy.)

The earliest map on which Miller Christy found Buss Island marked was the Molyneaux Globe of 1592, of which the only known copy is preserved in the library of the Middle Temple. In Christy's words, Buss Island is shown thereon "as a fair-sized island with a complete coast-line, somewhat elongated to the east and west, and lying in lat. 58° 30′ - 59°, long. 356° - 359° E. from St. Michael in the Azores (= 30° - 27° W. from Greenwich), some way to the south-east of Frisland, as described in Wiars' narrative, from which, no doubt, it was laid down by Molyneaux."

Thereafter the island was marked on most marine charts, and as it was shown with but little variation it was obviously copied from one to another.

It is a curious fact that, although Buss Island was supposed to lie in the direct route to the entrances of both Davis and Hudson Straits, there are very few records of a look-out being kept for it during the early years of the seventeenth century, when explorations to those parts excited much interest, though Henry Hudson, on his voyage to the Hudson River, sought for the island in 1609 without success.

There is only one account of the island being sighted during this period. James Hall, chief pilot to the Danish Expedition to Greenland, under the command of Captain John Cunningham, remarked on May 24, 1605: "The foure and twentieth day. . . This evening, we looked to have seene *Busse* Iland, but I doe verily suppose the same to be placed in a wrong Latitude in the Marine Charts." And when on his second expedition under the command of Captain Godske Lindenow in the following year, he wrote: "The first of July wee saw Land, being eight leagues off, with a great banke of Ice lying off South-west; wee, setting our tacks aboord laid off East and by South and East South-east, to double the same. About two a clocke having doubled the same, wee went away West and by South all this evening and night following. This Land I did suppose to be *Busse* Iland; it lying more to the Westwards then it is placed in the Marine Charts."

Then, for the best part of a century, the island remained not only lost but apparently unsought, until Captain Thomas Shepard and the Hudson's Bay Company began to take an interest in it.

Although the earliest surviving Committee minutes of the Hudson's Bay Company are dated October 24, 1671, it is reasonably safe to assume that the Governor and Committee did not show any interest in Buss Island until 1673. At a Committee meeting held on December 11 of that year it was resolved: "That it bee proposed to the next generall Courte for Sendeing a Ship to Buss Island, & getteing a Pattent for the same, if it Shall then bee thought fitt;" and accordingly, at the General Court held at Prince Rupert's lodgings on Monday morning, December 22, 1673, the matter was discussed and it was agreed: "That his Royall Highnesse [James, Duke of York], his Highnesse Prince Rupert, the Earle of Arlington, & Mr. Vice Chamberlain [Sir George Carteret] bee desired to Moove his Majtie. for a pattente for Buss Islande."

On the afternoon of the same day a Committee meeting followed the General Court and it was: "Ordred, That Mr. Shepheard forthwith give an estimate to the Committee or one of them, of what Ship & of what burthen, & what number of men & the charges & wages which may grow due for the Same, & what other thinges may bee necessary for a Voyadge & for discovery & fisheing at Buss Islande, at the cheapest rate it can be computed."

It was Thomas Shepard who was responsible for awakening the Company's interest in the forgotten island. He re-entered their service on the day after this meeting, and it is clear that he was ready and willing to be employed in any search for the island. An outline of his experience, knowledge, motives and trustworthiness will be vital in any discussion of it.

The Company's first ledger shows that at some date prior to 1670 a Mr. Thomas Shepard was credited with £11 as "Cash remaining due to him for Service [as mate] on board the *Nonsuch* Ketch in ye first Voyage to Hudsons bay."

After this winter spent in the Bay, Shepard presumably left the Company's service on the return of the *Nonsuch* to England in October, 1669: had he not done so the ledger would carry some record of payment made to him. Where and with whom did he next seek employment? The answers are to be found amongst the Pepys manuscripts in the Rawlinson Collection in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, where there is "A Draught [of Buss Island] given me [Samuel Pepys] by Capt. Guy of ye Island discoured by Tho. Sheppard Mr. [Master] of ye *Golden Lyon* of Dunkirk 22 Augt. 1671: being 24 leages long, 20 broad, ye Southend lying in 57 d. 30 minutes Latitude."

Marginal notes on the draft explain that Shepard's owners were "Lords of the Towne" of Dunkirk, and that "The Iland affords store of whale, Easye to bee struck. Seal & sea horse & Codd in abowndance, I suppose Two Voyadges may bee made p. annum It Lying but 371 Leas. W No. W 4 d.: Noly. from the Lizard. Good harbours in itt: & Low Louell Land to the Southwds. Clear of Ice unless 7ber [September]. Experientia Docet."

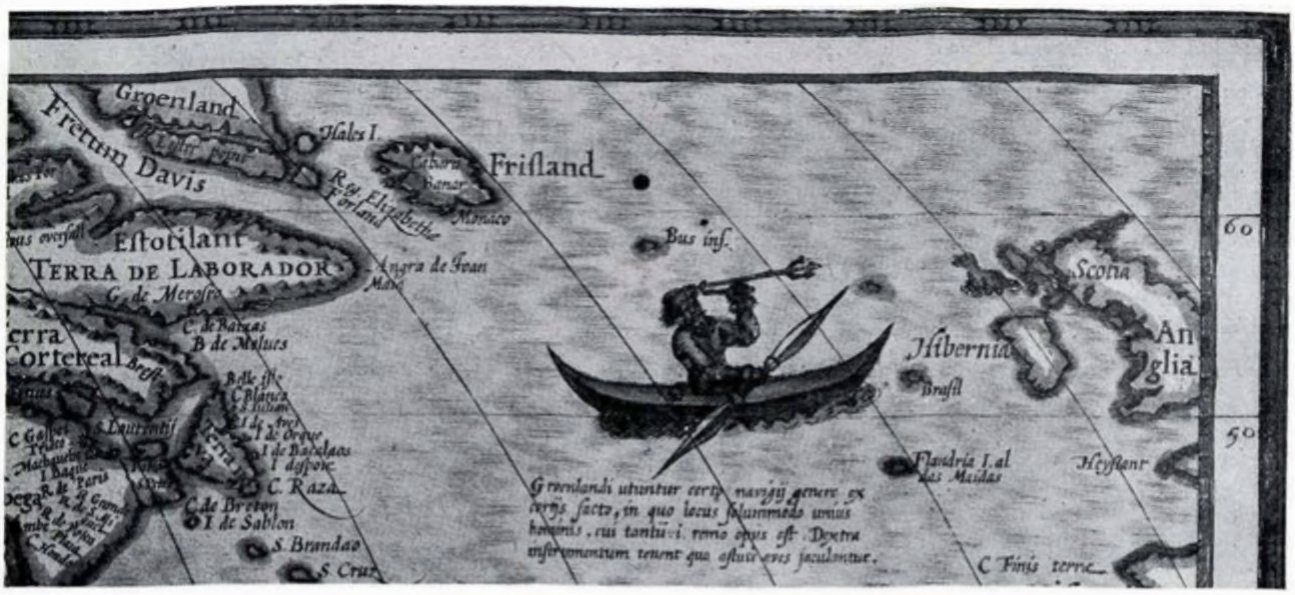
The place names shown in this draft are: Young Balthz pt., Cornellison Inlett, Dunkirk hauen, Ca. Keil, Spawldings hoose, Kicqwarts harbour, and Shepards returne.

Pepys was no fool: nor were the members of the Hudson's Bay Committee. But Shepard convinced them all of the genuineness of his rediscovery of the island, the virtue of his map, and the value of the island's resources. To do so he must at least have spent the period 1670-71 in securing employment with the "Lords of Dunkirk" and in making a voyage on their account. So much could be checked and proved. After that, his word would stand alone on the question of whether he had actually sighted the island, whether his map was genuine or false.

Whatever his merits, by December, 1673, Shepard had so far convinced the Committee that they had sought the "Buss Island Charter" and had asked him to plan an exploring expedition.

No further mention of the island was made in the Hudson's Bay Company's first minutes book which ends in July, 1674. Unfortunately the book for the period August, 1674, to November, 1679, is missing from the Company's archives, so that the next definite steps taken by the Governor and Committee are not known, but on December 10, 1674, a warrant was issued from Whitehall to the attorney-general for a grant of Buss Island to the Company. The charter was dated May 13, 1675, and by it the King did

> "give and grant unto the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England tradeing into Hudsons Bay and theire Successors, All that Island called the Busse Island lying betweene fifty seaven and fifty nyne Degrees of Northerne Latitude or thereaboutes, and the sole trade and commerce of all the Seas Bayes Islettes Rivers Creekes and Sounds whatsoever lying within



A corner of Jodocus Hondius' map of 1607, in which Buss Island is shown (Bus ins., above the Eskimo's head). The description of the sketch may be translated: "The Greenlanders use a special kind of boat made of skins, in which there is a place for one man alone, who needs only one oar. In the right hand they hold a weapon with which they cleverly spear birds." This is also probably the earliest picture of an Eskimo using a throwing stick. The word "overfall" marks the opening of Hudson Strait, seen by Davis a few years before.

> neare or about the said Island with the fishing of all sortes. . . . AND WEE DOE . . . make create and constitute the said Governor and Company for the tyme being and theire Successors, the true and absolute Lords, and Proprietors of the said Island and of all other the premisses . . . WEE . . . DOE grant unto the said Governor and Company and theire Successors That they and theire Successors, shall and may have use exercise and enjoy within the Island and Territoryes, hereby granted all such and the same libertyes, powers, privileges, and authorityes, in all thinges, as they doe may or ought to have and enjoy within any other Countreyes, Seas, Bayes, Islands, or Territoryes, whatsoever heretofore granted to the said Governor and Company by Charter or Letters Patentes under our Great Seale of England beareing date the second day of May in the two and twentieth yeare of our Raigne. . . ."[2]

From the ledger we find that the charges expended for obtaining a patent for Buss Island under the Great Seal of England amounted to £65.

Preparations seem to have been made for a voyage in 1675 or 1676, but we can only conjecture what happened. The ledger shows that in March, 1676, Captain James Golding was paid £50 "in part of his wages for a voyage to Buss Island as Capt. of the *Rupert*, & after his dismission allowd. him by the Committee;" and that in April he was given £16 10s. 6d. for "Cash disbursed for Fishing geer usefull in the whale & cod fishing."

Shepard's services were not available for a voyage to Buss Island in 1675, owing to the fact that he was given command of the *Shaftesbury*, which, in company with the *Prince Rupert*, Captain Gillam, had been sent to Hudson Bay in 1674. The vessels were so late in arriving at their destination that they were obliged to winter in the bay and did not reach England again until September, 1675. Therefore no voyage to Buss Island could be undertaken in the *Prince Rupert* under any captain, or by Shepard in any vessel, until 1676 at the earliest, and from the above account it would appear that the preparations were abandoned early in 1676.

[2]Quoted by permission of the Council of the Northamptonshire Record Society.

About this time Shepard's map and a "Description of the Island Buss" were published in Seller's book referred to above. But the localities shown on Seller's map were renamed after Committee members of the Hudson's Bay Company, and more names were added. As the British Museum catalogue lists Seller's volume as having been published in 1670-71 (this date obviously being taken from the copy of the Royal grant of exclusive copyright contained in the book), we are at first inclined to suspect Shepard of having changed the place names before he approached the Company in 1673, with an obvious intention of "dedicating" the island to its members, either as a means of arousing or of sustaining interest in the project of rediscovering it. But an examination of the names leads us to think that they were not changed until later, and that the alterations were made by the Hudson's Bay Company as a way of showing their proprietorship.

The description of the island published by Seller, extracts from which are given below, contains most of the information—with a few discrepancies—contained on the draft in the Pepys manuscripts, as well as a short account of the island's discovery:

"This Island was further Discovered by Captain *Thomas Shepherd*, in the *Golden Lion* of *Dunkirk*, in the Year, 1671, at the Charge of Mounsier *Kiel Spawlding*, and *Kicquerts*, Lords of that Town; the said Captain *Shepherd* brought Home the Map of the Island that is here annexed. . . .

"This Island hath several times been seen by Captain *Gillam*, in his Passages to and from the North-West."

Seller enlarges his reference to Gillam in *The English Pilot*, p. 5, "A Breviate of Captain Zechariah Gillam's Journal to the North-West, in the Nonsuch-Catch, in the Year 1668":

"On the first day of *August* following, he saw Land bearing West from them two Miles off, and judged it to be an Island, being dark and foggy Weather, having Sailed due West 524 Leagues and a half . . . the Land, or Island (which he rather supposed it to be) bearing West 2 Miles from them, being in Lat. 59 deg. 35 min."

It is the map referred to in the "Description of the Island Buss" and entitled "A Draught of the Island Buss by John Seller Hidrographer to the King," which bears the changed place names. Reading from the southwest and taking them in order, the names are: Viners Point, replacing Young Balthz. pt.; Ruperts Harbour, replacing Cornellison Inlett; Shaftsburys Harbour, replacing Dunkirk hauen; Cravon Point; Cape Hayes, replacing Ca. Keil; Kicks Bay; Robinson bay; Mundens Island; Albermarles point, replacing Spawldings hoose; Shepherds Island; Arlingtons Harbour, replacing Kicqwarts harbour; and to the south the Duke of Yorkes Sand.

In addition, Buss Island is also shown on "A Chart of the Northerne Sea From England Westerly as Farr as New Found Land & Northerly as Farr as Island Groenland & Fretum Davis by John Seller Hydrographer to the King." There are discrepancies between Seller's two maps, and some changes in names. The former "Viners Point" becomes "Pt. Carew"; "Robinson bay" becomes "Warrens Bay"; whilst "Hunerford bay," "Bence point" and "P. Cartret" appear. But even so, the names are still those of prominent men in the Hudson's Bay Company, with the exception of Shepard himself and of "Kicks." The adventurers whose names appear on Seller's two maps have been identified as follows, and it is by studying the dates when they first became stockholders that we conclude that the Hudson's Bay Company and not Shepard changed the names on the published maps.

Sir Robert Vyner, Baronet
His Highness Prince Rupert
Anthony Ashley Cooper, first Earl of Shaftesbury
William, Earl of Craven
Sir James Hayes, Knight
Sir John Robinson, Baronet
*Sir Richard Munden, Knight
Christopher Monk, second Duke of Albermarle
Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington
*His Royal Highness James, Duke of York
*Richard Carew, Esquire
Sir Edward Hungerford, K.B.
*Sir William Warren, Knight
*Alderman John Bence
*Sir George Carteret, Baronet
Sir John Kirke, Knight
Sir John Griffith, Knight

All the above adventurers, except those whose names are marked with an asterisk, are named in the

This charter of Buss Island, granted to the Hudson's Bay Company by Charles II in 1675, and measuring 28 by 21 inches, closely resembles in general appearance the first page of the Company's own charter. After the last war the Duke of Grafton presented it to the Northamptonshire Record Society, by whose permission it is reproduced here. It probably came into the possession of the Grafton family through Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington.

Charter of May 2, 1670. Shaftesbury appears therein as Anthony, Lord Ashley, since he did not receive his earldom until April 23, 1672. Of the rest, Sir George Carteret, who was interested in the venture from the earliest days, assigned his holding to his son, Sir Philip Carteret, knight, before the Charter was granted on May 2, 1670, but was again a stockholder by October, 1671; and the others acquired stock at later dates. The last one to become an adventurer was Sir William Warren, who paid in £300 on November 18, 1675.

The changing of the names on the maps from those of the Dunkirk lords to those of the Hudson's Bay proprietors can therefore be placed at 1675 at the earliest. The change took place some time after Shepard set out to convince the Committee of the island's existence: it was a sign of the Committee's belief in its possession, not of Shepard's desire to placate the Committee and to spread belief in his island.

As for Shepard, he left the Company's service sometime during or after 1675. He again applied for employment on February 23, 1681, and was engaged, his duties to begin on April 10, 1681, but on May 2 following he was dismissed on account of bad behaviour.

Whether the Company continued to believe in the existence of the island or not, it is not possible to say, though it is interesting to note that the expansion of trade to Hudson Bay and Buss Island was cited as providing some justification for the proposed measure put forward in 1720 for increasing the capital. But others apparently believed in its existence, for in the manuscript collection of the Toronto Public Libraries there is an item entitled "Inquiry as to existence of Busse Island." The unknown author, writing shortly after 1769, attempted to prove the existence of the island, and concluded that the Hudson's Bay Company kept its location secret so as to retain the trade monopoly.

According to Miller Christy, it was recognized before the middle of the eighteenth century that Buss Island had no real existence, but as it had been marked on marine charts for such a long time its former existence seems hardly to have been questioned, and it was generally concluded that the island had, in the course of time, become submerged. It began to appear on charts as "The Sunken Land of Buss," and navigators now began to make observations by means of soundings.

George Chalmers, writing from the Office of Trade, Whitehall, on March 23, 1791, to Samuel Wegg, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, remarked: "Observing in the second Charter of the Hudson's Bay Company a Grant of Busse Island, I am to beg, that you would be so good as to mention to me for the Information of the Lords of the Committee of Council for Trade, by what description Busse Island is known at present on the Maps, and also what is the best Map of Hudson's Bay."

Unfortunately Wegg's reply has not been traced in the Company's archives. The enquiry was not forgotten, however, but was passed on to Captain Charles Duncan, whose services were then on loan from the Admiralty to the Hudson's Bay Company for the purpose of prosecuting the discovery of the North West Passage. On September 8, 1791, he reported to the Governor and Committee: "I strove as much as the Winds would permit me to Keep in the supposed Lattd. of the *supposed* Buss Island, but it is my firm Opinion that no such Island is now above Water if ever it was."

Amongst the navigators who took soundings without success were Sir John Ross (1818 and 1829) and Sir William E. Parry (1819). Sir John Franklin's remarks on the subject, when sailing to York Factory in the Hudson's Bay Company's ship *Prince of Wales*, accompanied by the *Eddystone*, were:

[July 1, 1819] "We passed directly over that part of the ocean where the "Sunken Land of Buss" is laid down in the old, and continued in the Admiralty charts. Mr. Bell, the commander of the *Eddystone*, informed me, that the pilot who brought his ship down the Thames, told him that he had gained soundings in twelve feet somewhere hereabout; and I am rather inclined to attribute the very unusual and cross sea we had in this neighbourhood, to the existence of a bank, than to the effect of a gale of wind which we had just before experienced; and I cannot but regret that the commander of the ship did not try for soundings at frequent intervals."

The second attempt of Ross to take soundings in 1829 was the last occasion which Miller Christy found of anyone attempting to find traces of the lost island, and the latest map on which he discovered it marked was the 1856 edition of Keith Johnston's *Physical Atlas*.

After carefully examining all the available evidence in detail, Miller Christy accepted the statement of discovery as *bona fide*, but considered that the land seen by the *Emmanuel* on the port side on September 12, 1578, was part of the southwest coast of Greenland, probably just north of Cape Farewell. Whatever Hall and Gillam saw was seen only imperfectly and from a great distance, so they might well have been deceived by a large ice-field or a fog-bank. But of Shepard's account in *The English Pilot* Christy said:

> ". . . This I am inclined to regard as a pure invention, concocted by a rascally captain who hoped to secure either a pecuniary reward or meretricious renown by claiming to have actually discovered and explored an island which had long been represented on the Charts (but of which nothing was otherwise known). . . . It will be noticed that . . . nothing is said as to the reported island having been landed upon; while the narrative (though in some respects apparently genuine) is, on the whole, suspiciously bald and unconvincing, in which respect it differs widely from that of Wiars'. We are not told the precise date on which Shepherd sighted the reputed island;[3] nor are we told, from his own observation, its exact position; while we are left equally in the dark as to the circumstances under which Shepherd came to encounter the island and how long he remained in its vicinity. That, shortly after the first appearance of his narrative, it was suspected to be spurious seems to be proved by the facts . . . that, in succeeding editions of the *English Pilot*, the maps did not appear, though the "Description" continued to form part of the letterpress through several editions, for which the same printed sheets were apparently made to serve, without alteration. . . . It is just possible that Rockall[4] may have in some way suggested the fraud to Shepherd . . . but into this it is useless to inquire very closely."

That Shepard was an unsatisfactory servant, and probably a rascal, does not necessarily mean however that his account of Buss Island was a fiction, although the lack of corroboration and the lack of any subsequent confirmation, all throw the gravest doubt on the existence of the "Sunken Land."

[3] Given as August 22, 1671, in Pepys' draft.

[4] Rockall, which is now nothing more than an isolated pyramidal granite rock, rising straight out of the water, with neither soil nor sand around it, lies in latitude 57° 36' N. There is reason to believe that in the seventeenth century the rock was not only larger, but that it was surrounded by a sandbank. (Miller Christy.)

RED MAN'S CAPTIVE

by William Bleasdell Cameron

Author of "The War Trail of Big Bear"

The only white man to survive the Frog Lake Massacre of 1885 tells the tale of his harrowing experiences.

"WANASKA!" It was, I sensed dimly, nowhere near my getting-up time. What did he mean, this Wood Cree employee of our trading post, by bursting into my bedroom and unceremoniously rousing me? I would soon find out! He held the collar of my nightshirt. He shook me savagely again. I sat up. Walking Horse stood over me, his eyes ablaze with excitement. "*Wanaska!*" he repeated. "Get up!"

I was suddenly very much awake. "What's wrong?" I questioned angrily.

"The horses!" he sputtered. "Gone from the government stable! Big Bear's men, I think, take them. That *muchastim*, Imasees, says it was the half-breeds, but I don't believe him."

So it had come—what I had feared! Although their confidence disturbed me, most members of our little white community of Frog Lake, despite the advice of Captain Dickens of the N.W.M.P. (son of the novelist) that we come to Fort Pitt, accepted in good faith the assurances of Big Bear's braves that they had no intention of following the lead of their half-breed kinsmen in their sanguinary outbreak the week before at Duck Lake, but would remain quietly on their reservation. This was April 2nd, 1885. Only the morning before they had visited the settlement, playing with disarming friendliness their "Big-Lie-Day" jokes upon us. Ominous jokes, it now appeared.

Big Bear's son, Imasees, instigator of the Frog Lake massacre.

I dressed quickly and went down stairs. The door at the end of the hall opened and Imasees entered, followed by twenty of the young bucks, all painted, rifles in their hands.

The chief's son walked up to me and spoke. "You have ammunition?" No trace of yesterday's assumed friendliness; he fixed me unsmilingly with his aggressive black eyes.

"Yes, a little." I did not tell them I had taken the precaution of sending the bulk of it with the Mounted Police detachment to Fort Pitt the morning before. That, had he known it, would not have tempered a hostility he was at no pains to conceal.

"Well, we want it." He was bluntly direct.

"Let's see your permit from Kapwatamut, then." (Indian Agent Tom Quinn's Cree name—"The Sioux Speaker.") "You know you can't get ammunition without that." I was not ready at once to surrender my authority as post manager before attempted intimidation.

Imasees took a step nearer. He bent forward until his face almost met mine. "This is no time for talk," he threatened. "If you don't give it to us, we'll break into the store and take it."

My authority seemed likely to end abruptly. "Oh, so that's how you put it? Well, if you're determined to have the ammunition I can't prevent you. You'll get it."

I went out and opened the store door. They crowded in behind me. I noticed Yellow Bear (Osawask) among them, an aged warrior I knew was friendly to me. I called him inside the counter. "Pass that keg out to them," I told him. "I won't put a hand on it."

They divided the few pounds of gunpowder it contained amongst them. Miserable Man jumped over the counter, elbowed me roughly aside and collected some trade-ball scattered on the floor beneath it. They reached across the counter and helped themselves to new butcher knives from the shelves; also files, with which they began to sharpen them. Big Bear, the chief, came in.

"Stop that!" he commanded. "Ask him," indicating me with a wave of his hand, "before taking anything." He left again immediately.

Yellow Bear went out among them. "You've got what you wanted," he said sternly, shouldering them toward the door. "*Neeuk*, now—go!"

I locked it after them. Yellow Bear picked up a muskrat spear from behind the counter. "I might want to use this," he said. "I have no gun."

I was grateful to the old warrior. "Take anything you wish, Osawask," I told him. "And whatever happens, stick to me."

At Fort Pitt, 1884. Left to right: Tom Quinn; Insp. F. J. Dickens, N.W.M.P., son of the novelist; James K. Simpson, son of Sir George; Stanley Simpson, later drowned while trying to save Chief Factor Belanger; Angus MacKay, then in charge of Fort Pitt, from whom the photo was obtained.

Other Indians arrived. "Wandering Spirit wants you at the agent's house," they said, adding that they were to bring me.

When I reached Quinn's office, the nine other white men in the settlement, I found, were already there. Indians jammed the place. They blocked the doors and windows, completely hemming us in. I was frankly alarmed. The room seemed stifling and charged with a sinister, depressing atmosphere of violence held momentarily in restraint.

Wandering Spirit, the war chief, bending over in the centre of the office, was speaking in menacing tones and shaking his fist in the agent's face. Tom Quinn, a native Minnesotan who by sheer ability had worked up from a subordinate position to that of Indian agent in the Canadian government service, seemed unruffled. If he shared the foreboding which weighed upon the rest of us, he showed no evidence of it. The talk ended with a demand for beef. Quinn turned to Pritchard, his half-breed interpreter.

"Tell them," he said, "they may kill old Spike. He's outlived his usefulness, anyway," he added with a laugh to us. He sent a Wood Cree boy to point the animal out.

I had begun to wonder if we should ever leave the building alive, but they now fell back and opened a way for us to the door. Friendly Indians demanded of Wandering Spirit that he leave me at the store, and he agreed. That he had no intention of doing so, however, was soon to appear.

I went back to the Hudson's Bay Company post, of which, in the absence of my superior, James K. Simpson, I was in charge (though little more than a youngster), and had breakfast. A woman entered.

"Oh," she cried, consternation in her voice, "Little Bear has struck Père Fafard in the eye with the butt of his riding whip!"

I had tried to persuade myself that we were in no bodily danger. We had placed ourselves voluntarily in the power of the red men, trusting to their amicable professions, when we might have gone with the police to Fort Pitt and—for a time at least—comparative safety. They had disarmed us that morning—taken our guns while we slept—but they would surely, I had thought, stop short of doing us physical harm. Now hope died within me. Anything might happen.

A little later, Wandering Spirit entered the shop and ordered me curtly to go to the church, "where the other whites are." I was not a Roman Catholic, but I did not dare disregard the war chief's command.

Armed Indians crowded about the open door, which was at the side. A few half-breeds, with the whites, made up the congregation. The priests, Fathers Fafard and Marchand, were celebrating mass. It was the Thursday before Good Friday. I pushed in and took a seat in a pew opposite the door.

Presently I heard the clank of arms at the door and, glancing out under my arm (the congregation was kneeling), I saw Wandering Spirit entering the church. He wore his lynxskin war bonnet topped with eagle plumes, a bar of yellow ochre was smeared across his mouth and another above his cheeks, from which his piercing black eyes looked out. He strode to the middle of the church, dropped on one knee, rested the butt of his Winchester on the floor and gazed like some savage animal at the altar and the white-robed priests in sacrilegious mockery. Never shall I forget that astounding, stupefying scene. Again I doubted that

we should be allowed to leave the building alive. But the service ended and for a brief space we once more gained comparative freedom.

I went back to the shop. Quinn, his hands in his trouser pockets, his Scotch bonnet pushed carelessly to the back of his head, entered. We talked together briefly. As he was leaving, he said to me: "Well, Cameron, if we come through this alive, it will be something for us to remember to the end of our days."

Poor Quinn! There were to be no more days for him.

He was no sooner gone than Wandering Spirit stood in the door of the shop. "Go to the instructor's house where the other whites are," he said sharply.

I closed the shop and walked over. Yellow Bear met me before the door of the police barracks, which the Indians were looting. He wished now to get a hat he had considered taking earlier in the day. "All right; come on, then." He hesitated. I saw that he didn't wish to forego his share of the loot. "Oh, couldn't you bring it to me?"

"I could, if Wandering Spirit didn't stop me. He has just ordered me over here," I replied. "If he sees me going back he might shoot me."

"*Akwasee*? So? *Keeam*; I'll go with you."

The distance was short, slightly more than a hundred yards. As we started I saw the war chief running toward us, his rifle carried at the trail. He stopped before us and eyed me menacingly. "I thought I told you to stay with the other whites!" he exploded.

I was silent, but Yellow Bear spoke. "He is going with me to the shop. I want a hat."

The war chief seemed to consider. "Hurry back, then!" he said meaningly at last and he ran on.

We were leaving the shop again when Miserable Man appeared in the door. He held in his hand a slip of paper, which he extended to me. I turn to an old scrapbook and copy the faded lines, the last writing of my brave friend Quinn:

"*Dear Cameron,*

"*Please give Miserable Man one blanket.*

"*T. T. Q.*"

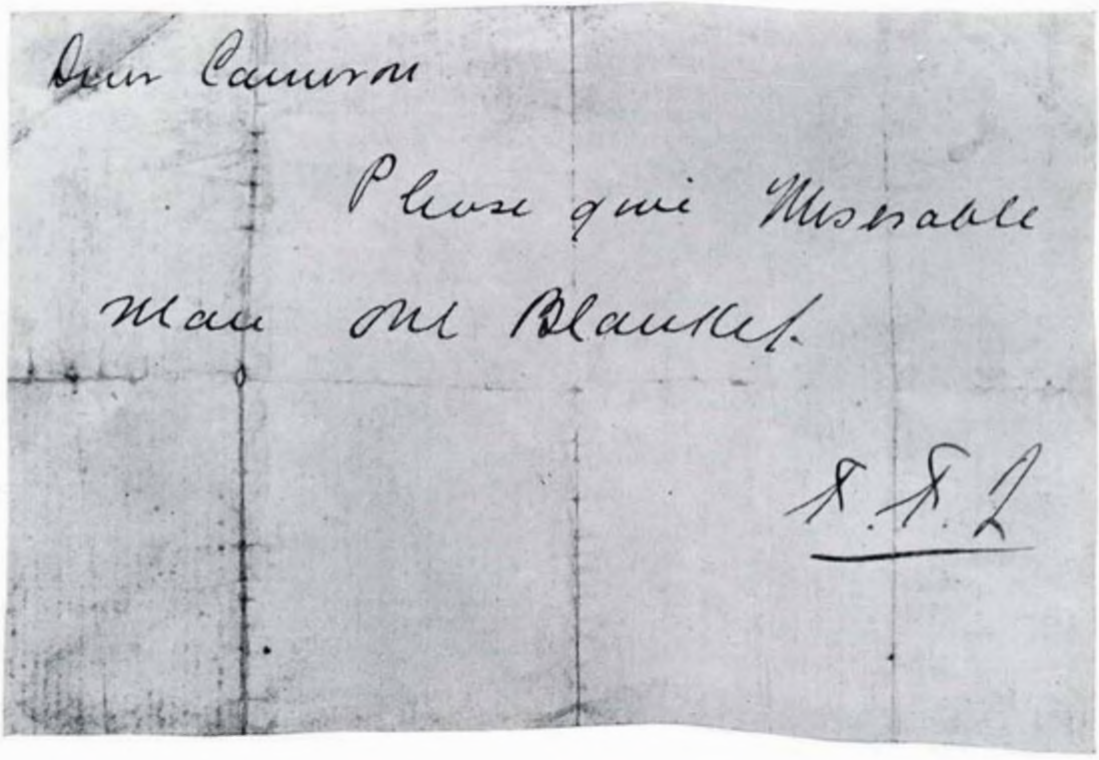
"I have no blankets," I said.

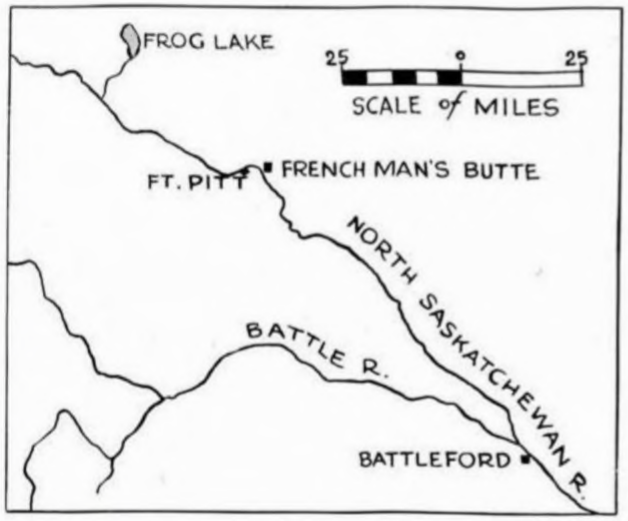
Before the massacre. Left to right: Big Bear's son King Bird, Bad Arrow (with H B blanket), The Bird, Big Bear.

The great, hulking, pock-marked savage, who would have been a ruffian if he hadn't been a coward, regarded me suspiciously out of his rat-like eyes. Yellow Bear stepped forward. "Didn't you hear him?" he demanded threateningly. "What are you looking at him for?"

Miserable Man's bullying attitude fell from him like a mantle. "Can't I get something else, then?" he asked ingratiatingly. I said he could. I poured the tea, which was one of his purchases, into the shawl, which was another, and he was tying it into a parcel when a shot rang out—ominously startling; so sharp, so close! An instant of pregnant silence. A second shot! And, quickly, yet another! Snatching up his parcel, Miserable Man dashed from the shop. I followed.

Quinn's last message.





On the slope of the hill opposite me which I had quitted ten minutes before lay the form of a man. It was the lifeless body of poor Quinn, shot down in cold blood by Wandering Spirit!

And now followed a sequence of happenings so appalling that the whole has ever seemed to me unreal—a ghastly nightmare. The other whites were walking on the ridge opposite, having been ordered to the Indian camp. More shots, sharp piercing screams, wild dashes to and fro by mounted Indians, the terrifying cadence of the Plains Cree war-song—a stunning, indescribable horror. I saw Big Bear rush toward Wandering Spirit and his red-handed satellites, shouting futilely at the top of his tremendous voice: "*Tesqua! Tesqua!* Stop! Stop!" Futile indeed! As well by words hope to halt devouring flames as these maddened fiends with their victims in their grasp.

I ran to the woodpile to get the axe always lying there. I meant to lock myself in the house and brain the first Indian to open the door. Gone. There was no axe. They had taken it.

I turned to Yellow Bear. "What will I do?" I asked him. He seized my wrist and dragged me, first, toward the shooting; then turned and led the other way. His hand shook as with the palsy. "There are some women leaving for the camp," he said. "Go with them—don't leave them!" I understood. The murderers he reasoned would be unlikely to shoot from the other ridge for fear of hitting the women. I asked the old man to accompany me, but he refused. He feared for his own life if he were seen befriending me.

I started for the camp, walking a little ahead of the women, but without hope that I should reach it. I heard an exclamation—"Oh, the priest has fallen!"

I turned. Mrs. Simpson, the half-breed wife of my chief, stood staring across the hollow separating us from the scene of death. Tears streamed down her face and she shook violently. I thought she was about to fall and I stepped back and caught her arm. She jerked it away and cried wildly: "*Saskatch, moonias!* Run, white man!" I said: "Will they kill me?" Her only reply was: "*Saskatch, moonias!*" Again I understood. She had known me well and she did not wish to see me fall before her eyes.

I walked on, my eyes fixed on the ground before me. I had no hope that I should reach the camp. I was to die, but I did not wish to see when or whence the shot came. *Why* didn't it come and end this maddening suspense? If only I had a gun—could hit back—die in action! But to be shot down like a dog, unable to raise a finger in defence! . . . .

But no shot came. The firing ceased, the butchery was finished. Nine helpless men had been shockingly done to death and two poor women of my own blood widowed and made prisoners.

I reached the camp safe and sound, the only white man to survive the "Frog Lake Massacre." Later the Wood Crees held a council and made Wandering Spirit promise that no harm should come to me. I attribute my escape to the facts that I was a Company official, that I had treated the Indians as human beings and that as a body they liked me. Not a single Company man, in fact, was killed during the entire North-west Rebellion.

For two months I lived a captive among the hostiles, escaping when General Strange with the Alberta Field Force struck the camp at the end of May near Frenchman's Butte.

On the morning of November 27th in that same year of 1885, I stood before a scaffold in the North-West Mounted Police barrack square at Battleford and saw eight men drop to a retributive death below it, among them Wandering Spirit and Miserable Man. My last customer at Frog Lake had killed Charles Gouin after leaving me at the shop when the shooting began.

Again, on the 9th of June, 1925, I stood beside the graves of my nine companions of that black April morning forty years before and almost on the spot on which they met so grim a fate, unveiled a monument erected by the Canadian government to their memory.

The author stands beside the Frog Lake Cairn, which he unveiled to the memory of his friends. Two of their grave-markers are visible behind him.

BOOK REVIEWS

Details of the Past

THE PICTURE GALLERY OF CANADIAN HISTORY, Vol. I, Discovery to 1763, by C. W. Jefferys and T. W. McLean. The Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1942. 268 pages.

THE title of this book is rather misleading. It is not a collection of large pictures, one to a page, as one would suppose, but something much more interesting and useful—a small volume full of pen and ink sketches which depict the *details* of life in Canada during the French régime.

Do you want to know what the houses of that period looked like? What sort of clothes the people wore? The appearance of the ships that plied between France and Canada? How a matchlock differed from a flintlock and a Slave canoe from a Chipewyan? These and a thousand other questions are answered for you in this little volume, which will be welcomed with open arms by all students of Canada from Cartier to the Conquest.

Dr. Jefferys is well known as a Canadian historical artist who has devoted a lifetime to studying the homely details of his country's past. Even then, in writing—or rather drawing—this book, he has taken upon himself a pretty heavy responsibility. It is chock full of detail, and the implication is that every detail of every drawing is correct. The author realizes only too well, however, that such perfection is impossible, and he generously concludes his introduction with an appeal for criticism.

Well, here's this reviewer's ten cents' worth (the numbers referring to the pages): (21) The *beaming* tool is used when the hide is draped over a *beam*. (63) The object called a two-pronged salmon spear is a bird spear. (64) We doubt if there was ever a kyak shaped like this. (66) The snow blocks are much too small. (68) The kyak is much too stubby. (71) The Eskimo is spearing fish with a seal harpoon. (135) The Montreal seminary is shown as it appears to-day—not as it looked in the eighteenth century. (142) No parapet is shown in No. 2 (as it is on page 204). (156) Birch-bark wigwams are made with several overlapping sheets held in place by poles on the outside as well as the inside. (171) This is not a reproduction of the painting in the possession of the H B C. (173) Madeleine de Vercheres' salute is highly anachronistic. (178) The flintlock has too short a stock and lacks a ramrod.

Some of the portrayals of Pacific Coast Indian art are, unfortunately, not very satisfactory. Page fifty-four contains the only good examples.

It is pleasant to find that some of the sketches are copies of photos that have appeared in *The Beaver*. Many of the drawings are small reproductions of Dr. Jefferys' historical pictures which have appeared elsewhere, and they add greatly to the value of the volume as well as to its attractiveness. Notes on each of the book's four parts complete the pictures.—*C. W.*

Montagnais Boy

TENTS IN THE WILDERNESS, by Julius E. Lips. Frederick A. Stokes Company, Philadelphia and New York, 1942. 297 pages; illustrated.

DR. Julius E. Lips is not unknown as an ethnologist and writer of popular, semi-scientific articles on Indian lore. One wonders just what he intended to make of *Tents in the Wilderness*, a novel or a learned treatise. As a novel, the book contains too much technical detail and an inadequate plot. The style is particularly dull. On the other hand, there seems a little too much imagination for a truly technical work.

Pirre Minnegouche, a Montagnais-Naskapi boy, is the chief character, and through him Dr. Lips has attempted to portray the ordinary daily life of these Indians of the Labrador Peninsula. There is a mine of excellent material in the book and it is evident that the author has devoted a great deal of time to the study of the Montagnais-Naskapi customs and habits. One doubts, however, if he really knows the redskin intimately, for he seems to have missed the spirit of life in the woods. The character Saiko, the crippled hunter who prefers the ancient customs of the Montagnais to the innovations of the white man, is certainly overdrawn, and one doubts if so mighty a hunter could possibly disdain such things as camp stoves, canvas tents, store clothing and steel tools.

There are excellent chapters in the book. The descriptions of the construction and operation of deadfalls, of the wabuno or "spirit wig-wam," of bear ceremonial, of trading and outfitting at the Hudson's Bay post, are all excellent and one cannot doubt that the author got his material at first hand. On the other hand, when it comes to the less spectacular events in Indian life, one suspects that Dr. Lips has drawn upon his imagination. It is extremely unlikely that Minnegouche would strip canoe bark from a tree in the winter time. Neither is it probable that the Minnegouche family would use the cradle board or snowshoes with retroussé toes, for these articles are not found around Lake St. John.

Dr. Lips, it is refreshing to note, has treated the Hudson's Bay Company very kindly and, for once, seems to have caught the spirit of the true relationship of the Company with the Indian. Post managers will be surprised, however, to learn that furs are still valued in terms of made-beaver. The system of accounting described is simple but quite unfamiliar.

The illustrations for the book are excellent and far superior to what one usually finds in works of this type. Readers of the March 1938 *Beaver* may find two of them familiar.

In sum, there is material in *Tents in the Wilderness* for a first class book on the Montagnais-Naskapi, and it is a pity that Dr. Lips did not use it to better advantage. Provided one keeps one's tongue in the cheek, it is worthwhile reading.—*J. Allan Burgesse.*

For the Young

THE LAST OF THE SEA OTTERS, by Harold McCracken, illustrated by Paul Bransom. Longman's, Green & Co., Toronto, and Frederick A. Stokes Co., Philadelphia and New York, 1942. 99 pages.

THIS is claimed to be the first book ever written on the sea otter, that beautifully furred denizen of the northern Pacific coast which was once so plentiful, but now so rare. The hero of the tale is called Medviedki—the Russian word for the young of the species—and Mr. McCracken traces his life from the time he is a baby until he reaches maturity.

The story is concerned largely with Medviedki's family life and his experiences with his enemies—the eagle, the octopus, the killer whale, and the most dangerous and deadly of them all, the Aleut hunter with his gun. For it was the native hunter, encouraged and backed by the Russian fur trader, who was largely responsible for the fact that the sea otter is now almost extinct.

The book is beautifully illustrated by one of America's foremost animal artists, Paul Bransom.—*E.S.C.*

CANADA AND HER STORY, by Mary Graham Bonner. A Borzoi book. The Ryerson Press, Toronto, and Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1942.

TO condense the story of Canada into a small 167-page volume printed in twelve-point type is naturally an impossible task. The most that can be hoped for, if the book is to be readable, is a series of selected episodes, chronologically arranged. In *Canada and Her Story*, one feels that the author has consulted a great number of books on the subject, and whenever she came across an incident or a situation that she thought would specially interest her young readers, she jotted it down for future incorporation in her book. The result hardly forms a coherent whole, but it will probably make the reader want to know more about Canada.

Nearly a quarter of the book is devoted to Cartier and Champlain, so that the next three centuries have to be skimmed through rather lightly. Under the headings "Adventures in Furs" and "Gaiety in Business," two chapters are devoted to the Hudson's Bay Company, and although *The Beaver* is singled out for special thanks in the author's note, he disclaims any responsibility for prompting the following remarks:

> Historians, travelers and narrators agree that the rule of the Hudson's Bay Company was a just and honorable one. While the Company had enormous power, making its own laws and ruling as it deemed best, thousands of Indians from all over Canada took the word of the Company as a sacred bond. This trust was never violated. The red man knew if he were innocent he would not be punished; if guilty he would be found no matter how wide the plains or how thick the forest.
>
> The Hudson's Bay Company flag stood for all that was best to the Indians. They would never starve—the Company would see to this. They knew that there would be fair dealings wherever that flag flew over a fort.

Some of the illustrations were supplied by the H B C, and they have been beautifully reproduced in gravure. The pictures, in fact, are one of the most attractive features of the book. The letterpress is another.

The Canadian reader will be apt to lift an eyebrow or two at such passages as the description of Winnipeg houses fifty years ago (p. 108) or the statement that the R.C.M.P. "make long and lonely canoe trips, often chopping through the ice of glaciers in pursuit of their objectives." But on the whole he will be pleased at the manner in which his country and its people are described. Mrs. Bonner is certainly well fitted by nationality for her task, for she is the Canadian-born daughter of British and American parents.—*C.W.*

Beasties

VOLES, MICE AND LEMMINGS, by Charles Elton. The Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1942. 496 pages.

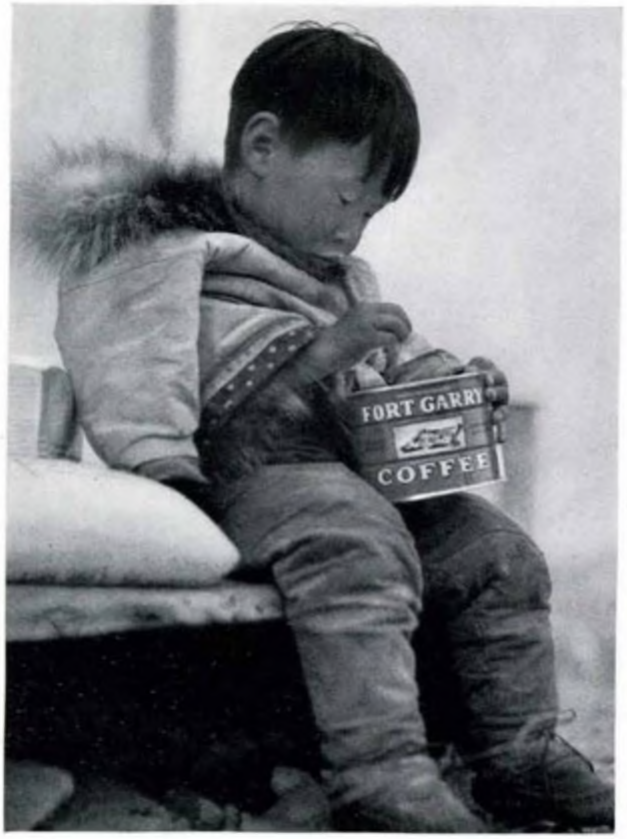
THAT Burns' "wee sleekit, cowrin tim'rous beastie" is one of the foundations of the fur trade is the central theme in the latter half of this book. The author, who is director of the Bureau of Animal Population at Oxford, points out that an increase in rodents is followed by an abundance of fur; and conversely, when rodents become scarce, foxes and marten also become less numerous. Even caribou are similarly affected because in "mouse years" the wolves eat lemming, which are much easier to catch than caribou, and thus allow the latter to increase.

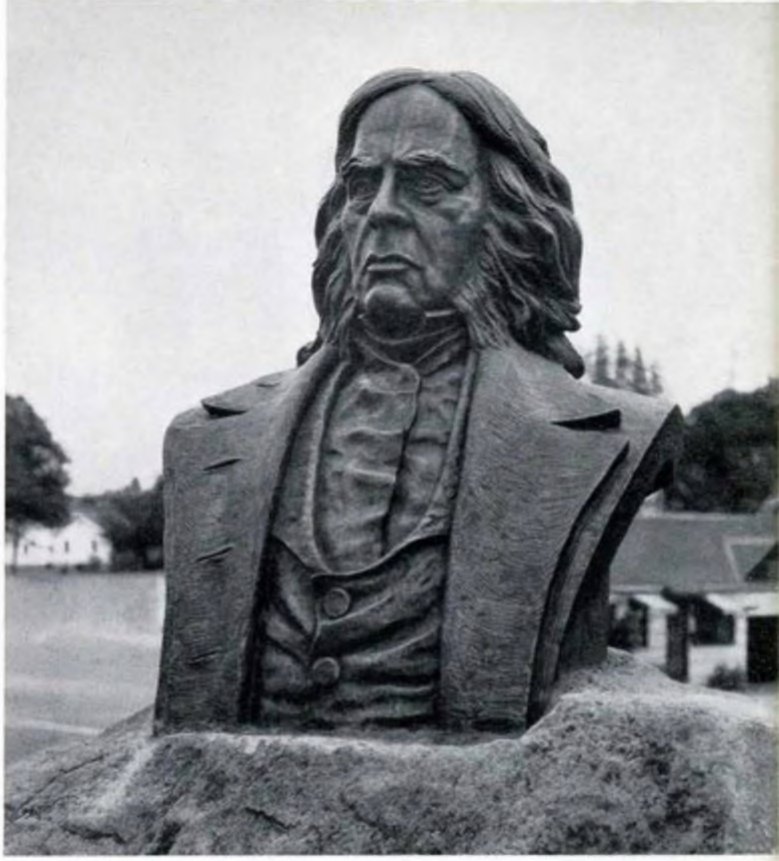
Fluctuations in numbers of mice and lemming are very marked and occur all over the world. In one "mouse year" an Australian rancher swept 28,000 poisoned mice off his veranda. While in a similar outbreak in California, which devastated the orchards, there were fifty million mice to each square mile before they suddenly disappeared.

The book is of special importance to the Canadian fur trade since parts three and four are devoted to the wildlife cycles of Labrador and Northern Quebec. From the archives of the Hudson's Bay Company and the Moravian Missions, Elton has extracted enough material to build up an excellent story of the background of the fur trade in this section from its inception to the present day, giving the history of the Indian and Eskimo bands which trap the region as well as the rise and fall of fur collections at the various posts. These fluctuations in the fur collections fit in well with the four-year cycle of abundance and scarcity which is well known to the Company's Arctic men.

The proportion of silver to red foxes taken in this section has changed greatly in the past seventy years. Elton attributes this to selective shooting, but we cannot agree. Too few foxes were shot for this to have any selective effect on the proportion of silvers, while the genetic ratios involved indicate that the change was due to the influx of foxes from the west.

The whole central theme of this book is the periodic fluctuations in the abundance of these little rodents, the mysterious cause of the cycles, and their effect on the fortunes of mankind. In some parts of the world their upsurge is followed by devastation and plague, while in our north country they bring prosperity in the form of greater trapping returns and better caribou hunts.—*L. Butler.*





Here and There

Top right: "Come one, come all!..." This bronze bust of Dr. John McLoughlin overlooks the falls of the Willamette River at Oregon City, where he lived after his retirement. The bust was sculptured by Adrian Voisin and purchased by the school children of Oregon. It was unveiled last year.

Top left: Little Kidluk finds that a Fort Garry Coffee tin makes a grand place to keep his personal treasures. Wm. Gibson.

Left Centre: Like Arctic Magi under the Star, Eskimos travel towards the nearest Hudson's Bay post on Christmas Eve. R.C.M.P.

Right centre: Baling up Arctic fox skins at Lake Harbour post. R. H. Kilgour.

Left: Designed to represent an old-time Hudson's Bay post, this Canadian pavilion proved immensely popular at the Liberty Cavalcade in Johannesburg, South Africa. The fete was organized this summer (their winter) in aid of the Governor-General's National War Fund. A page of the souvenir programme was devoted to the H B C, and carried a facsimile of the cable of good wishes sent by Governor Cooper.

McLOUGHLIN'S LETTERS 1825-38

The fourth volume of the Hudson's Bay Record Society

by F. W. Howay

THIS, the fourth volume of the Hudson's Bay Record series, under the editorship of E. E. Rich, brings us at last to the Pacific coast. Dr. McLoughlin's letters from his advent in 1824 till his visit to England on furlough in 1838 cover a little more than one half of his official life in Old Oregon. They show him faced on all sides by powers too strong to be successfully withstood, yet standing like Fitz-James,

> "Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
> From its firm base as soon as I."

From the northward the ambitious Russians edging towards a richer soil and a more genial climate; from the ocean side the "Boston pedlars" with loose views of trade ethics and fire-water and fire-arms to demoralize, yet strengthen, the natives; from the eastward the Saint Louis traders with advanced trading practice and better prices. To fill his cup of difficulty to overflowing was the certainty that a goodly portion of the trade he struggled to retain would be shorn away by the near-approaching settlement of the boundary line between the United States and British North America. In the Methodist and other missionaries who followed close on his heels he saw

> "The first low wash of waves where soon
> Shall roll a human sea."

And there he stood, the champion of a doomed institution—the fur trade.

It was a pathetic situation, but the pathos was intensified by his position in the Company's management. He was ground between the upper and the nether millstone. He was chief factor with the general superintendency of the Hudson's Bay Company's interests in Old Oregon; but above him was George Simpson, the Governor of the Northern Department of Rupert's Land (at any rate that was his designation on paper) and the lately formed Council of the Northern Department of Rupert's Land; and above them all was the Governor and Committee in London. It is suspected that the voice of the Northern Council was in reality the voice of Simpson. Soon McLoughlin becomes restive under these conditions. He breaks out:

> Some Gentlemen Disapprove of this arrangement [with Wyeth]. Is it possible that Gentlemen unacquainted with the Mode of Dealing with these Indians and our situation at the time and absent from the scene of Action can be as Good judges of What is best to be done as a person on the spot?

And again:

> What can induce Governor Simpson and the Northern Council to suppose Wyeth was not vigorously opposed? Is it because there was no quarrelling as in former times? . . . Your Honours may depend on it that it is not those who get into quarrels with their neighbours who manage best for the Interest of the Concern to Which they Belong and the Best proof I can give that I took the best plan to Manage the Opposition is as I said before that Wyeth is obliged to withdraw, the American trappers are receding from us. . . .

Farther on in the same letter he returns to the subject in a way that shows how it rankled:

> I am sorry to say this is not the first time In which I have found it Necessary to act in opposition to the Views of some who had the same Interest as myself, and you may Depend that Whoever the person is in charge of the Business of this Department he will Require your Confidence and support to be able to carry it on with Advantage to the Company and Credit to himself.

Perhaps McLoughlin was spurred to strike back by the Committee's intimation on an earlier occasion that his individual opinion was not wanted, being at variance with that of Governor Simpson and the Northern Council, and that while they did not object to his expression of his opinion connected with the trade they would expect cordial co-operation in any measure that had been decided upon.

But the arrangement with Wyeth was not the only point of disagreement. The fact was that the Company was blessed (or cursed) in having two strong, determined men as its representatives in America. Simpson disagreed with McLoughlin's treatment of the missionaries. Old Oregon was open to all comers, and the missionaries came. The Company's forts were the only civilized habitations and the only sources of supply. Humanity pointed in one direction; the interests of the fur trade in another. McLoughlin had to choose quickly, and he chose the better part: he aided them. Simpson, cold bloodedly, suggested that he refuse the missionaries the hospitality of Fort Vancouver; which meant in plain English to starve them out of the country. McLoughlin had already acted, but his reply is indicative of his nobility of soul:

> The Gentleman [Rev. Samuel Parker] was Alone and Entirely Destitute and to have refused lodging and food to a man of his character and functions at his time of life —above Sixty years of Age—would have been worse than churlish and would have Deservedly Exposed us to a merited Load of Obloquy—and I am certain I have the pleasure to Know Gov. Simpson sufficiently well to say that he would not do what he has directed me to perform.

Another disagreement that crops out constantly in McLoughlin's letters is as to the best method of carrying on the coastal trade and securing its control by driving the Boston vessels from that field. The very existence of the Company on the Pacific coast was imperilled by these maritime traders. A glance at the situation makes this clear: The Nor' Westers, during their eight years on the Columbia River (1813-21), had not concerned themselves with these American vessels, whose activities were confined entirely to the barter for sea-otter skins; but by 1820 that animal had been practically exterminated from the Columbia River to Lynn Canal, and the "Boston pedlars," in order to make a "saving voyage," traded for any and every kind of land skin. By the time McLoughlin reached Old Oregon they had cut deeply into the land fur trade, and the natives of the coast had become middle men, draining by inter-tribal trade into the holds of the Boston vessels thousands of beaver and marten skins which otherwise would have reached the

Company's forts—Kamloops, or Babine, or Alexandria. Everyone agreed that the monopoly of the coastal trade was of vital importance. But how was it to be secured? What were the best means to be adopted: trading posts or trading vessels?

The Company first tried a trading vessel, *William & Ann;* the effort was a failure: the captain, ship, equipment, and trading methods were unsuitable and inefficient. McLoughlin firmly believed that trading posts would prove more effective than trading vessels. It would seem that this was at one time the view both of Simpson and his Northern Council, as witness Fort Langley (1827), Fort Naas or Simpson (1831), and Fort McLoughlin (1833). McLoughlin bent from his position so far as to concede the use of vessels as auxiliaries to the forts; but later he hardened in his championship of the trading post, coupling with it urgent and repeated requests for an outfit a year in advance. The trading vessels were strongly supported by Simpson and the London Committee. The difference of opinion became so intense that when the *Nereide* was purchased and sent out by the Committee in the belief that she was well adapted for the coasting trade, McLoughlin sent her back to England because, as he said, she was not required on the coast; and when the Committee intimated that they were sending a steamboat, the *Beaver*, so prominent in the story of British Columbia, he wrote bluntly that she was not required and the expense incurred on her would be so much money thrown away. In 1834 he had written:

> Experience has taught us that we can carry on the trade of the coast to more advantage by establishing posts than by vessels and that four posts when established will be kept up at less expense than one Vessel.

It is probable that his preference for the trading posts arose in part from his troubles with the ships, their captains and crews, coupled with his knowledge that the Committee purposed to place them under a naval superintendent and thus divide the jurisdiction over the trade.

In these disagreements we see the germ of the later heated discussions and differences which took the form of sharp criticism by Simpson of McLoughlin's humane treatment of the Oregon immigrants of 1842 and subsequent years and the bitter remarks by McLoughlin upon Simpson's conduct in connection with the murder of his son in 1842 at Fort Taku, Alaska. Such a condition could not long continue; and Dr. McLoughlin resigned in 1846. The letters from 1838 to 1846 which are to appear later may throw some light upon that sad part of McLoughlin's life.

McLoughlin came in 1824 to a region where the Hudson's Bay Company was a stranger. East of the Rockies the adjustments necessitated by the union of 1821 were so immediate and pressing that it was not until July 1824 that the Council appointed to the Columbia district Alexander Kennedy and John McLoughlin at Fort George with a proviso that "Alexander Kennedy, C. F., be permitted to come out next spring that John McLoughlin, C. Factor, assume the management of Fort George on his departure." Evidently Kennedy, who had already spent two winters in the Columbia region, was desirous of a change. But why had Dr. McLoughlin been taken from an unimportant place like Lac la Pluie and given the general superintendency of the Columbia district? Simpson has thrown no light upon the problem, and Dr. Lamb's assiduity has failed to discover an answer.

The introduction by Dr. W. Kaye Lamb is an excellent piece of work. There have been many monographs and special studies of Dr. McLoughlin from this or that angle; but the "Life of Dr. McLoughlin" remains to be written. This statement is made with the full knowledge that in 1907 the late Fred G. Holman published his *Dr. John McLoughlin*. Dr. Lamb's unpretentious introduction is plainly the nucleus of the long-looked-for "Life." Presuming that he will prepare the introduction to the second volume of Dr. McLoughlin's Letters and maintain the same high standard of scholarship, it appears to this reviewer that the much desired "Life" is already in the offing.

Of that introduction the most cursory reading will make plain the wide research, the diligent ransacking of repositories, and the careful examination and collation of the materials. The part played by McLoughlin in the negotiations that preceded the union of 1821 has been pieced together by Dr. Lamb into a coherent whole, a beautifully coloured mosaic.

A complete history of the fur trade and, indeed, a complete history of Old Oregon for the period covered can be built up from these letters, for McLoughlin could echo the words of Aeneas, *Quorum pars magna fui*. They differ from the usual run of fur traders' letters which, written to a fellow-trader, assume that the recipient is *au fait* with the Indians, the country, and the trade. Written to employers thousands of miles distant who never saw a Blackfoot or a beaver, they condescend to a detailed exposition of each subject, its difficulties, and the reasons, pro and con, of the action taken or proposed. They show the many phases of the Hudson's Bay Company's activities in Old Oregon—a wide diversity of interests that will astonish many who have been accustomed to regard the Great Company merely as a fur trading concern and its officers as men who, in David Douglas's words, "had not a soul above a beaver skin." No possible source of wealth escaped their eagle eyes; not even mountain goat skins, swan skins, or isinglass.

These letters are a veritable mine for the economic historian. Here he will find in their swaddling clothes, agriculture and sheep raising in the Willamette Valley; cattle raising there and in the Cowlitz; the lumber industry; the salmon fishery; the export trade to California, South America, and Hawaii. He will find also, the inception and operation of the Snake expeditions; the opening of the western route to and from New Caledonia; the massacre of Jedediah Smith's party on the Umpqua; the ever-present treachery and attacks of the Indians, and the Clallam punitive expedition; the genesis of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company; and the selection of the site of Fort Victoria.

The selected correspondence in Appendix A contains amongst other illuminating documents, Douglas's account of the fatal accident in 1838 below the Dalles des Morts; Ogden's reports on the desertion of his men in 1825 from the Snake expedition, and upon the prevention by the Russians of his voyage to the Stikine River; and Aemilius Simpson's report on the coastal trade preliminary to the founding of Fort Naas.

Appendix B, one of the most valuable portions of the book, continues the biographical sketches which have been such a feature of the earlier publications.

The volume is, like its predecessors, well printed and bound. It contains a map of the Pacific coast from San Francisco to Prince William Sound, and a reproduction of the well-known photograph of Dr. McLoughlin—the White Headed Eagle.

WINTER PACKET

Contributors

MRS. R. P. ARNOLD and her husband are both graduates of the University of Nebraska and both enthusiastic travellers. The trip she describes was their sixth into Canada. By way of variation, Mr. Arnold travels through N.D. and S.D. for the Continental Oil Co. . . . EDUARD BUCKMAN makes documentary films for the National Film Board of Canada. . . . WILLIAM BLEASDELL CAMERON, an ex-H B C man, is a professional writer. He was editor of *Field and Stream* in the late '90's. Besides his own *War Trail of Big Bear*, he collaborated with H. J. Moberly on *When Fur Was King*, and edited Sir Cecil Denny's *The Law Marches West*. He now lives in Vancouver. . . . R. A. DUNCAN was clerk at Nain and North West River before joining the R.C.A.F. this year. . . . Judge F. W. HOWAY, LL.D., F.R.S.C., is chairman of the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada, co-author of the standard work on British Columbia history, and the acknowledged authority in that field. . . . MISS ALICE M. JOHNSON is on the staff of the Company archives in London. . . . J. P. KIRK was clerk at five British Columbia posts. He is now in the R.C.A.F. . . . VENERABLE D. B. MARSH, Archdeacon of Baffin Land, is a keen student of the Eskimos, as shown by the various articles he has contributed to *The Beaver*. . . . WALTER H. RANDALL is continuity editor for CKY, Winnipeg. . . . ROBIE L. REID, LL.D., F.R.S.C., of Victoria, is one of B.C.'s leading historians. His large library of Canadiana is rivalled in the West only by that of his former law partner, F. W. Howay.

Paratubes

With 275 years' experience behind them, the packers of the Company's Fur Trade Department are experts at baling up all sorts of goods for all sorts of rough usage on the highways and skyways of the North. But recently they were given an entirely new problem to tackle.

Owing to the ice, the good ship *Nascopie* was unable this year to get in to Fort Ross, on the north side of Bellot Strait, so that Post Manager W. Heslop and his wife are stranded there for another year. This means a shortage of certain essential articles, including radio equipment. The only way of supplying these articles before the next visit of the *Nascopie* is by dog-team or plane, so the Winnipeg Depot has been given the job of packing them so securely that they can be dropped by parachute.

By the time you get this *Beaver*, Bill Heslop should have got his parasupplies, thereby conferring on Fort Ross the distinction of being the first H B post ever to be supplied in this way. Ah there, Mr. Radisson!

Fur Country

The National Film Board of Canada, under the direction of John Grierson, is becoming widely known as the producer of some of the best documentary pictures ever made. Most of those shown in movie theatres on this continent deal with Canada and the other United Nations at war; but there is another group, picturing Canada at peace, which is designed for "non-theatrical" showing.

In this group is the 16mm sound film in colour, *Fur Country*, which was taken near Moose Factory a year ago. Douglas Sinclair did the photography, and Eduard Buckman, who wrote the story "Christmas at Moose Factory" in this issue, handled the commentary. The script they did together. We have seen this film, and it's a beauty. A trapper starts out from the post with his dogs for a distant spot on the shore of James Bay. He makes camp in the snow, sets his traps, takes them up, skins a beaver and stretches the pelt on a frame, collects his other furs, and takes them back to Moose Factory for the trade. The film takes about twenty to twenty-five minutes to run through.

Copies of this picture may be rented from the National Film Society, 172 Wellington St., Ottawa, or purchased outright from the National Film Board. But of course it requires sound equipment.

The "Nascopie"

Until the last possible moment, four pages of this issue were kept open for the annual account of the *Nascopie's* voyage into the Eastern Arctic, written by District Manager J. W. Anderson, and illustrated by his excellent pictures. But this year she carried additional cargo and her voyage was extended, so that she was a month and a half later than usual. Needless to say, when the trusty old ship finally did show up at her destination in Eastern Canada, several hundred people breathed a large sigh of relief. By the time she arrived, however, two thirds of this *Beaver* had already gone to press; so we shall have to defer the account of her voyage in the summer of 1942 to the issue of March, 1943.

SOSBMIQRM

Post Manager "Monty" Demment of Cape Dorset writes in to say that he wasn't the bright lad who picked up the SOS from BMI, as stated in *The Beaver* a year ago. It was his assistant, Wally Buhr. "As Fort Ross was calling us at the time," says Mr. Demment, "the fact that Mr. Buhr did get the SOS is the more to his credit. He should receive an extra pat on the back for having worked BMI through much QRM." We heartily agree.

If this seems a little late for a correction, it should be remembered that Mr. Demment lives in Baffin Island, so that his Christmas *Beaver* didn't reach him until this summer, and his letter dated August 10th couldn't catch the September issue.

The "St. Roch"

On another page of this issue you will find four photographs relating to the historic voyage of the R.C.M.P. auxiliary schooner *St. Roch* across the top of Canada from west to east. If you are interested in the "priorities" of the situation, here are the facts:

The first ship to make the entire Northwest Passage was Roald Amundsen's *Gjoa* (see *The Beaver*, March 1935 and June 1940). Entering the passage from the east in 1903, she spent two winters at King William Island, the third near Herschel Island, and emerged into the Pacific in 1906.

In 1928, the H B C auxiliary schooner *Fort James* set out from St. John's, Newfoundland, to make the Northwest Passage. Like the *Gjoa*, she spent two winters at Gjoa Haven, and while there she was met by the Company schooner *Fort Macpherson* coming from the Western Arctic. In 1930, the *Fort James* returned to her regular work of delivering supplies to the Eastern Arctic posts. Four years later, she was transferred to the Western Arctic, but as time was an important factor, she took the longer way round, via Barbados, Panama Canal, Vancouver, and Bering Strait, ending up at Cambridge Bay, only 225 miles from her wintering place of 1928-30. She therefore almost circumnavigated the North American continent. The *Fort James* was sunk in August 1937, and her crew were rescued by the crew of the *St. Roch*.

That year, the *Nascopie* from the east met the H B C schooner *Aklavik* from the west in Bellot Strait, and the two exchanged freight. The Northwest Passage was thus made commercially for the first time, but by two ships from opposite directions.

This year the *St. Roch* completed the entire passage from west to east, for the first time. She left Vancouver, B.C., on June 21, 1940, spent her first winter at Walker Bay on the west coast of Victoria Island, her second at Pasley Bay, and arrived at Sydney, N.S., on October 8, 1942.

London Letter

October 12, 1942.

WE regret to have to record the death of Lieut.-Colonel John Burgess Preston Karslake, T.D., M.A., F.S.A., a member of the London Board, on September 3, 1942. Col. Karslake had been on the Board since 1931, and a registered shareholder of the Company for forty-five years. Born in 1868, he was educated at Eton and Oxford, and was called to the Bar, Middle Temple, in 1892. For many years he was a member of London's Metropolitan Water Board, being chairman from 1920 to 1922. He was mayor of Paddington, and from 1910 till 1931 member of the L.C.C. for South Paddington. In 1895 he joined the Berkshire Yeomanry, a cavalry regiment, was gazetted a lieutenant-colonel in 1914 and served in France during the last war. He was an enthusiastic member of the Society of Antiquaries.

Pilot Officer G. W. H. Evans, R.A.F., a member of our Fur Department staff, was posted as missing on August 13, during Coastal Command operations.

We have been glad to welcome several visitors from Canada at Beaver House in recent months. Members of the Company staff included Captain J. B. Dangerfield from the Wholesale Department, Winnipeg; Sgt. Pilot M. A. Tisdale from the Victoria store; Sgt. A. A. Holliday from Fort Simpson post; and Private S. R. Ferguson from the Kamloops store. E. A. Almond, supervisor of farm land sales in the Land Department at Winnipeg, who recently retired after twenty-two years' service, also called to see us.

Another Canadian visitor was Pte. O. W. Y. Simpson of Victoria, serving with the Royal Canadian Ordnance Corps, who informed us that he is a great-great-grandson of Sir George Simpson.

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