

CELEBRATED OLD LOG CITY AND SEAPORT OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

Moose Factory, on James Bay, photographed for the Canadian Courier in July of this year. There are about ten white people living in Moose Factory, which is a picturesque old ramshackle relic of the days when the Hudson's Bay Co. had their fleet of wooden ships on the Bay. The remains comprise the old store, Factor's house, blacksmith shop, carpenter shop, and an old dwelling, besides a little church and priest's house not shown in the picture. Down on the extreme right are the tepees of about 300 Indians who still trap and hunt in the region and do some trading with the Company.

## HUDSON'S BAY AND HUDSON RIVER

*A Brief Account of what Henry Hudson did for Canada the year after his Trip up the Hudson River.*

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

CANADA has a great deal more to do with Henry Hudson than has the United States. Henry Hudson gave his name to the Mediterranean of the north, and to the "Company of Gentlemen Adventurers" who for two centuries traded into Hudson's Bay, sending in their wooden ships loaded with the wares of Europe traded for the furs of red men.

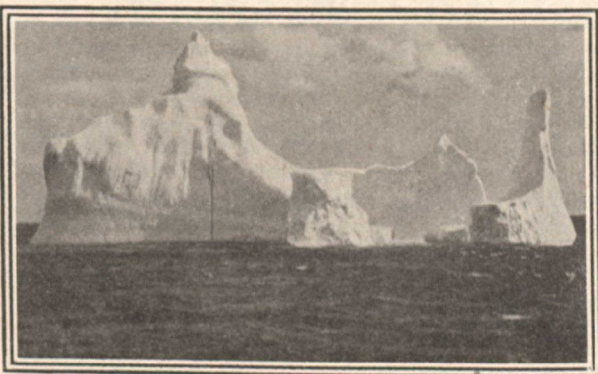
There can be no objection to Henry Hudson being feted on the Hudson River in the United States, even though he was preceded in the discovery of the river by the Italian Verazzano. But the exploration of the river that has New York at its mouth was largely a junketing trip in which Hudson saw a lot of pleasant scenery and very considerably by accident drifted into most of it.

But what a contrast his smooth glide into the Hudson makes with the rough voyages to the north! Is there any other explorer living or dead who left his name on two bodies of water so diverse in character? Down on the south end of the Hudson itinerary we have "little old New York" with four millions of people—mostly unusual. Henry Hudson was in a sense the father of them all. He called the place "New Amsterdam" because he was sent out in the *Half Moon* by the Dutch. The Dutch were a busy people to get ahead of New York—with New Amsterdam. But Henry Hudson didn't care a beaver skin what it might be called by posterity so long as he had the joy of discovering it. He cared a great deal more for the northward end of his voyages; where now we have Hudson's Bay and James Bay—named after the Duke of York, and York Factory likewise—just as New York was named when the English drove out the Dutch from the mouth of the Hudson. Also we have the Albany River running into James Bay just as they have Albany city on the Hudson.

Now between York Factory and Moose Factory and New York there is some difference. In Moose Factory, visited this summer by the gentleman who photographed it as above, there are not more than a dozen white folk, with a hundred Indians or so shackled and teeped down along the bay; that is James Bay. There is a Broadway in Moose Factory; but it has no people on it. There is a river and it is not called Hudson but Moose, which is the confluence of the Abitibi, the Frederick House and another one. Down the Moose last summer came drifting the loose ties of the new transcontinental and they huddled up in the cove of the bay, as though to show this indolent old mediaeval Moose Factory that its day was done, and that before long the railways would be rushing in to the bay named by Henry Hudson.

The new treads hard on the vanishing heels of the old—in Canada. New York may be a progressive place; but there are places in the north of Canada that have gone ahead faster than New York. There are places up on the quiet desolation of Hudson's Bay where now only a few red men go amid the smoke or a few Eskimos splash in the summer water—that will hustle and bustle with Canadian railways and blink red with Canadian elevators handling the wheat of the prairies.

The end is beginning to come; the end of the



Henry Hudson had some of the worst experiences of his life when his little wooden ship *Discovery* got among the icebergs off the coast of Labrador on his voyage through Hudson's Straits into Hudson's Bay in the year 1610.



Henry Hudson adrift on Hudson's Bay—Collier's famous picture of the great explorer's last hours. From "The Conquest of the Great Northwest" by Agnes Laut. Courtesy of the Musson Book Co.

mystery of our great North. No country in the world has such a wealth of storied coast line as Canada. Our north is a house of legends and a haunt of poetries. The fur forts like Moose Factory and York Factory once meant more to Canada than even the lumber shanty. The wealth of Canada was in her furs, just as now it is beginning to be in her wheat. More furs went out of Hudson's Bay than out of any other body of water in the world. The wooden ships that followed Henry Hudson were the caravels of commerce.

York Factory in its day was the great storehouse and entrepot to all the vast interior whose rivers and lakes were dotted with the forts of the great feudal company lording it over the Indians. It was to the red man what New York was to the white man in the south. It was the seaport of the north; from it went the York boats rowed by voyageurs up the Nelson to Lake Winnipeg, and from there some of them down the lake to the Red and up the Red to old Fort Garry; others transhipped at Grand Rapids at the mouth of the Saskatchewan and from there began the thousand-mile voyage up to the forts that lay along both the north and the south branches. And from the far north-west post, Edmonton, went the trails that led to the Athabasca and the Peace and the Lesser Slave and the Great Slave, and the Mackenzie; forts which are still standing and doing trade; where still the traders smoke and the trappers gather; and still from Edmonton go up the caravans of commerce—but all the York boat routes are changed, for the railway and the Red River cart long ago drove them out.

When the railway gets into Fort Churchill or York Factory with a branch line perhaps to Moose, the memory of Henry Hudson will begin to be more and more to Canada. When Hudson's Bay with its York Factory begins to cadge wheat away from the New York route down the Hudson River, just as Montreal has been doing of late—it will be found that Henry Hudson was a strangely consistent old paradox inasmuch as in exploring the Hudson River and Hudson's Bay he was really on track of a system of waterways that had little in common as to scenery and climate, little in common as to people, but both trade routes from the west to the east.

Canada will owe more to Henry Hudson in the year 1910 than does the United States in 1909. He has left more than his name. He has left the record of a great sailor who came before most of the other great mariners of Canada; who explored Hudson's Bay two years after Champlain made his great journey up the St. Lawrence. Henry Hudson was a great Englishman. He was also a great Canadian.

Hudson's sole intention when he began to go on the high seas was to discover a short-cut across the North Pole to China. This seems to have been the dream of most explorers of that period. Champlain had the same idea. Hudson, however, came nearer the Pole than any other explorer of his time. He made two attempts at the passage before exploring the Hudson River; failing in both, but in the second getting to latitude 82 degrees, about five hundred miles from the Pole—and in a tub of a