

THE
ANNALS OF SAULT SAINTE MARIE

SAULT STAR PRESSES

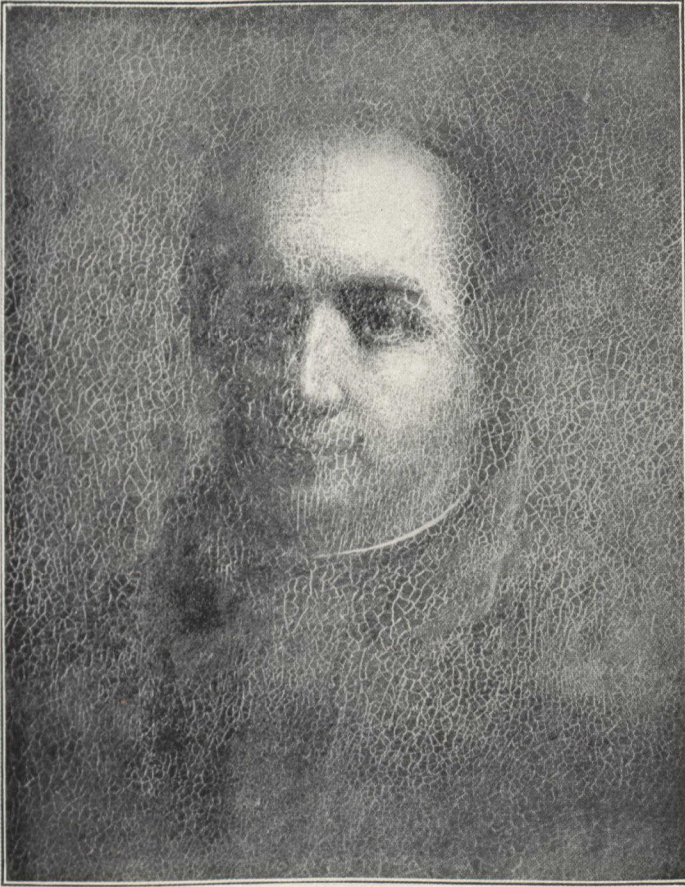
1904

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No. 293

Edward H. Capps



REPUTED PORTRAIT OF MARQUETTE

(From oil portrait by unknown artist, discovered in Montreal 1897)

The Story of
... Baw-a-ting
being the Annals of
SAULT SAINTE MARIE

BY
EDWARD H. CAPP
RECTOR ST. LUKE'S PRO-CATHEDRAL
ALGOMA
HON'Y CHAPLAIN 97TH REGIMENT
CANADA

SAULT SAINTE MARIE
CANADA
1904

PUBLIC ARCHIVES
OF CANADA

DEDICATED

TO

MY MOTHER.

PREFACE

The production of this work is the outcome of a belief on the part of the writer that one of the several sources of impetus to patriotism is a knowledge of one's native land. In the more settled sections of our country men and women alike have vied with each other in gathering up and presenting to the people of Canada in general and of their own vicinity in particular such facts as are of local historical value, with the result that societies and institutes have been organized to prosecute a diligent search for facts and relics which link this busy present with the interesting past.

The author of this volume can find no such work dealing fully with the story of Sault Sainte Marie, and it is with the sole object of collecting and preserving tradition, songs and stories that might otherwise be lost that he has undertaken to weave them together with the better known facts into a home-spun production of which, he hopes, Algoma may not be ashamed.

The book is printed in the county town of Sault Sainte Marie, and so claims the proud distinction of being the first volume from Algoma's presses.

The writer wishes to acknowledge with gratitude the help he received from time to time from the many who were able to set him right on various points. Among the number Viscount Wolseley, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, who as Sir Garnet Wolseley headed the expedition to the Northwest in 1870; Major Wilson, who has entered upon his sixty-first year of residence in the Sault; Father Jones, of Montreal; Reuben Thwaites, Esq., of Madison; His Honour Judge Steere, of the Michigan Sault; the late Mr. Biggings, Mr. Joseph Cozens, the late Joachim Biron, Francis T. Hughes, Esq., J. P.; Mrs. Pim, J. B. Mastat, Mr. Frank Falkner and a host of others have rendered valuable service to him in his undertaking.

If the work is not as voluminous as some might wish it to be, it may perhaps serve as a skeleton to be clothed by a more perfect form of words by some writer of the future.

The humble work is now hesitatingly launched with the one hope that it may be received with tolerance by all who have learned to love the Canadian town at the foot of the Rapids.

THE RECTORY,
SAULT SAINTE MARIE,
JANUARY, 1904.

INTRODUCTION

It is the hour of the setting sun.

Away to the west the fiery orb sinks slowly into the Father of Lakes, splashing as it goes the tumbling waters of St. Mary's leap with wondrous tints of shimmering glory as colours laid on by a divine painter.

In a few minutes, if you care to wait, you will see the Western Express glide swiftly across the great bridge which here unites two sturdy nations.

How plainly does every bar and girder stand out in the glow of the sunset!

To those who have caught the spirit of the past it looks like the raised last resting-place of some mythical Ojibway god who, in the days almost forgotten, held sway over the thoughts and imagination of the people.

The air is full of mysticism, and as the roar of the train dies away and night sets in there grows on the ear the importunate boom of the tossing Sault as a voice eager to tell the story of its flowing and of the men who have come and gone.

Man-ab-osho no longer holds the Saulteaux in the bondage of fear.

Some day you will take the steamer, whose mighty form has superceded the lithe canoe, and

you will journey west until you reach the farther shore of Lake Superior. There, stretched out in giant length you will see the recumbent figure of the god fast asleep. He has lain so for centuries, speechless, indifferent to the offerings and deaf to the prayers of his trembling devotees, until despairing of his ever waking again, the dusky Red man has given up his worship and sworn fealty to Him whose heralds armed with a simple cross braved untold dangers to proclaim.

Of the past of Sault Sainte Marie, its traditions, its loves and hates, and its ever changing sons and daughters, we know somewhat and herein is set down in writing what love both ancient and modern has been collected.

If in the perusal of its pages some one may be stirred to greater interest and better love for the town of his birth or adoption, the work of gathering these few notes will not have been in vain.

CONTENTS

Dedication	III
Preface.....	V
Introduction	VII

CHAPTER I.

	Page.
The Coming of the Indians.....	1

CHAPTER II.

Legends and Traditions	17
------------------------------	----

CHAPTER III.

The Coming of the French	29
--------------------------------	----

CHAPTER IV.

The Building of the Mission.....	43
----------------------------------	----

CHAPTER V.

Abandonment of the Mission.....	57
---------------------------------	----

CHAPTER VI.

Coureurs de Bois et Bois Brules	65
---------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER VII.

Repentigny and His Fort	75
-------------------------------	----

CHAPTER VIII.

The Coming of the English	85
---------------------------------	----

CHAPTER IX.

Alexander Henry, Trader	93
-------------------------------	----

CHAPTER X.

The Great Turtle	105
------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XI.

The Rival Companies	115
---------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XII.

The Coming of John Johnston.....	129
----------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

War of 1812-15.....	139
---------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

After the War, Canadian Sault.....	151
------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XV.

After the War (continued).....	165
--------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

From '43 to '66.....	173
----------------------	-----

CHAPTER XVII.

The Fenian Raid.....	191
----------------------	-----

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Schools and Churches.....	207
-------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIX.

Years of Growth and Organization.....	223
---------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XX.

The Fathers of the Present Town	235
---------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXI.

A Last Word.....	251
------------------	-----

ILLUSTRATIONS

HALF-TONE

Father Marquette	Frontispiece
In Days Long Since Forgotten.....	to face Page 17
The Final Stand	40
Father Isaac Jogues	44
Second Post of North-west Company (1816)	152
Hudson's Bay Company Post (1842)	173
Original Roll Call of First Volunteer Company	184
Sault Ste. Marie (West End) 1863.....	188
Sault Ste. Marie (East End) 1870.....	204
St. Luke's pro-Cathedral	208
Some Sault Ste. Marie Homes.....	216
The Old Methodist Chapel (1870).....	220
First Newspaper in the Sault (1875).....	224
The Sault's Foot Soldiers and Half Battery	228
Three Anglican Bishops	233
Citizens Past and Present	236
First Post Master's License in the Sault	240
A Blockade in St. Mary's River.....	244
Sault Ste. Marie (West End) 1899	248
The Lake Superior Company's Works	252
The Steel Plant	256

OTHER THAN HALF-TONE

	Page.
Ojibway Brave	1
Medawe Shells	3, 4
Indian Lodge	4
St. Mary's Rapids	5

Bows and Arrows	6
Scalp Lock	8
Teepee	13
Gitchi Manido Giving the Medicine Rite to the Indians.....	16
Indian Bow	18
Ojibway Pottery	19
Pottery Marking	21
Totem Pole	23
War Club	26
Medicine Rattle	27
Tobacco Pouch	30
Tomahawk	32
Pottery Decoration	33
Scalping Knife.....	34
Hunting Knife	36
Quiver of Arrows and Tomahawk	39
Indian Pipe	43
Ojibway Axe	45
War Club	47
War Hatchet	49
French Officer	51
War Spear with Flint Top.....	55
Medicine Man Extracting Disease From Patient	56
Indian Charm	57
Indian Pipe	58
Flint Arrow Head	59
War Hatchet	59
Ojibway Gambling Game	61
Medicine Charm	61
Ojibway Moccasin and Legging.....	63
Islands in the North Channel.....	67
War Club	69
Arrow Head	70
Arrow	70

Awl for Sewing Buck-skin	71
War Hatchet	72
French Gentleman	76
.....	78
Repentigny's Fort	79
Flint Lock Pistols	82
.....	87
Baggatiway Sticks and Ball.....	89
War Club	90
Quiver and Tomahawk	91
Arrow Heads	94
Hunting Spear	95
War Clubs	96
Bludgeon	99
French Small Swords	100
Bow and Arrows	102
Tomahawk and Pipe	103
Arrow	104
Indian Lodge	106
War Axe	107
Axe with Human Thigh Bone for Handle	109
Decorated Legging	110
Indian Axe	112
Arrow	113
French Post	117
Presumptive Plan of Original Lock	118
Foundation and Floor of Original Lock	120
Arrow Tips	123
Pipe	123
Tobacco Pouch	129
Ojibway Type	131
Spear	132
Arrow Tip	134
Pipe	134

Indian Pottery	138
Flint Locks	139
British Officer	142
Site of North-west Company's Post (Government Plan)	144
British Foot Soldier	145
Rapids	148
American Indian Agency of 1822	152
Chemaun	153
Ojibway Tools	154
Tomahawk (taken from a Beaver Dam)	155
Shingwaukonce's War Dance Club	155
La Salle's Boat (Le Griffon).....	156
The First Steamer to Visit the Sault	157
Indian Quiver and Arrows	158
Drying Fish for the Winter	159
Ojibway Ornamental Pouch	160
Ojibway Pipe	162
Tobacco Pouch	163
Canoe and Braves	164
Type of Cannon Used at the Sault	165
Jesuit's Early Map of Lake Superior	171
"Manibosho"	172
Remains of Old Fort at St. Joseph's	173
Type of H. B. Post (still to be seen in Far North).....	175
Brave	176
Old-time Cannon Balls	184
Indian in War Dance Dress.....	185
North Shore Scene	187
Ojibway Head Dress (also seen in the west)	188
One of the Thirty Thousand Islands	191
Ojibway Moccasin	193
Indian Charm	193
Cannon of Period	194
Mail Courreurs	197

Indian Birch Bark Picture	198
Brave	202
First Anglican Church	209
St. Luke's pro-Cathedral	210
Shingwauk Home	217
Sacred Heart Church	219
"Peace Pipe" Newspaper	220
Baptist Church	221
Pipe	226
Fish Hooks	226
Bull Moose	229
International Bridge	230
Canadian Lock	232
Claw Collar	233
Indian Charm	233
Chopper	233
Masonic Star	234
Old Canadian Lock of 1798	236
Sault Ste. Marie (East) 1899.....	248
Muckwa.....	253

CHAPTER I.

THE COMING OF THE INDIANS.

*“ Should you ask me whence these stories,
Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odour of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers.*

* * * * *

*I should answer, I should tell you
From the forests and the prairies,
From the great lakes of the Northland,
From the land of the Ojibways.”*

—HIAWATHA.

In this history of Sault Sainte-Marie it is the intention to lay the foundations by relating the traditions of its first Indian inhabitants.

That at least one other race overran this country before the advent of Ah-an-ish-in-ab-ug,* there can be no doubt.

From time to time there have been unearthed the copper tools of a nation antedating the Indian occupation, tools whose

* Algonquin, meaning “Indian.”



exquisite temper has long puzzled the scientific world. Nor are these the only evidence of this mysterious race's being. Throughout many parts of the United States, beginning with Southern Michigan, are pointed out to wondering tourists pre-Indian fortifications which exhibit a high degree of intelligence and some engineering skill. These temperers of copper and builders of mounds were a people of whom we know little but may conjecture much. Whether on their journey of conquest from the West to the Atlantic seaboard, the Red Men met and annihilated them, or whether they had disappeared before the arrival of these warriors, may never be absolutely known. No Indian record makes mention of them, neither song nor story hints at their existence, unless we see in the legends of supernatural visitants, preserved in Aboriginal folklore, traces of their influence in America's pre-historic past.

Certain, however, it is that the Indian, rude in habit, simple in life, and having little inventive genius, save in the matter of torturing his victims, is not connected with the works which are discovered and which point to a definite stage in the progress of a nation toward civilization.

The Sault Sainte-Marie Indians are of the Algonquin stock, that most numerous confederacy of Red Men, whose bands and tribes the earlier traditions find spread along the shores of the great

Atlantic, over Newfoundland and Labrador, across the Valley of the Ohio, and west and north to the Rockies and Hudson's Bay.

From whence they sprang, they do not know.

For them the almost certain theory that their original home was Asia, has no reality but in the poetic language of their Me-da-we-win, or Medicine Rite, at the word of Kitchi-Manido they "became."

Like all other nations their story finds its beginning in the stream of legend and tradition, whose weird narration by the old men at the camp-fire held spell bound in the early days the listening braves and maidens.

For three hundred years has the white man known of their existence around about St. Mary's Rapid, but many generations further into the obscure past are we carried by their statement.

The legends tell how once the Red Man lived by a great ocean to the East, in evidence of which a sea-shell is carried by their priests as a relic and a proof.

There, in their prosperity, so the story goes, wickedness overcame them and Kitchi-Manido,* opening the doors of Heaven, drowned the earth and washed away their dwellings.

But the Indians had a friend, one who altho' the servant of the Manido, was still powerful in



* God.



his councils. He was Man-ab-o-sho, the uncle of the Algonquins, who interceding on their behalf, filled the Great Spirit with compassion, and thus were the people saved.

For many seasons they continued to sojourn by the Eastern Sea till their good fortune once more proving a rock of stumbling Kitchi-Manido sent amongst them a plague which laid low many braves.

Again did Man-ab-o-sho plead on their behalf and once more was the pestilence stayed, and that its horrors might not overwhelm them in the future, there was given to the nation a mystic rite, a panacea for all ills. This rite was known as the Me-da-we Rite, and around it were woven their history and religion.

And now began a migration.

Westward poured the multitudes, fighting step by step the Naud-o-ways,* as they termed the Iroquois, who were ever their inveterate foes.

At many places did they stop for a time to light their camp-fires and watch the fading of successive seasons, yet each step taken led them farther from their ancestral home and claimed them more thoroughly as children of the wilderness.

How many years or generations were spent in this pilgrimage, they do not know, but finally they were brought to a halt at the ninth place of sojourn, Sault Sainte-Marie, where the resistance



* Algonquin term meaning "Adders."

of the fierce Dakotas from the Western stretches was first encountered and the attacks of the Iroquois redoubled.

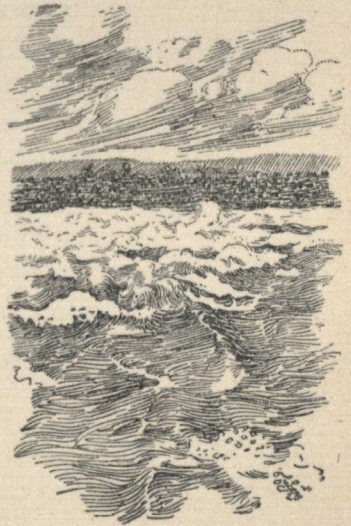
They could press no further westward for the time and back they refused to go, and no doubt realizing the splendid situation of their camp for purposes of attack and defence as well as the magnificent supply of food in the abundant fish of the rapids, they pitched their wigwams and settled down, and Sault Sainte-Marie became their home.

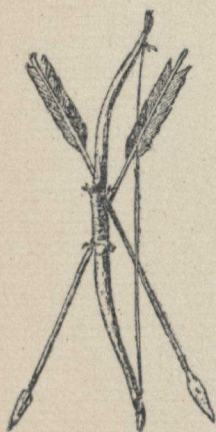
But Sault Sainte-Marie was not always the name of this locality.

Gazing upon the tumbling waters, which are here forced through the narrow straits over a shallow bed of stone, their dashing spray shimmering in the sunlight, with here and there the ragged surface of a threatening rock exposed to view above the turmoil, the braves, gathered on the shore, murmured to each other, "Baw-a-teeg," and from this, so far as is known, was derived the first name* of the site of the future town.

The generation who lived and died at Baw-a-ting spent their time in hunting, feasting and fighting.

* Baw-a-teeg or Paw-a-teeg was the word used in speaking of the phenomenon, but Baw-a-ting or Paw-a-ting when speaking of the place.—SCHOOLCRAFT.





When the leaf had fallen and the sky grew grey and heavy, and the months of winter wrapped the land in white enshrouding stillness, would the different families travel away to their independent hunting grounds, where otter and red deer, moose and cariboo were hunted down and compelled to learn the message of death conveyed by the unerring, flint-tipped arrow.

Even Muk-wah, the bear, at times deified by the pursuer, was stirred out of his slumber to become the prey of the hunter.

When food was in abundance there was no stint. These children of nature know no foresight. To eat, drink and be merry while the store lasted was the highest good of existence.

But when the game disappeared and days of searching failed to discover its haunt, then silently and despairingly would Ah-an-ish-in-ab-ug return to his lodge from the hunting, and sitting down by his slowly dying fire would give himself to despair. The day would pass and the fire die out and the coming of the next day's sun found him a frozen corpse.

In the Spring, those who survived the rigour of Peboon,[†] returned to Bow-a-ting by hundreds and having seen their krall-shaped wigwams pitched by their squaws, joined in the orgies and dances decked out in their most gaudy garb. Feasts

[†] Winter.

and pow-wows lasted many days. If one took sick, the Midi, or Priest, came with his hollow tube and rattle and drew the malady from the patient's chest in the shape of bits of bone which were supposed to travel through the tube and were then taken from the lips of the Doctor.

So great was the confidence of all in these Medicine men that few failed to recover—unless the sickness were serious.

Jessakids, or Jugglers, entertained the delighted groups, dancing uninjured in the blazing camp fire and by wonderful feats of magic, such as causing wooden buttons to move towards them as they lay on the ground and making dolls to perform weird motions, after they had been properly adjusted to the satisfaction of the wizards. To add to the effect of their marvellous acts they always performed in the deepening twilight.

In this holiday season was the Sacred Lodge erected, and on payment of many deer by aspiring braves, the Manido was consulted by the Priests as to the aspirants' fitness for membership.

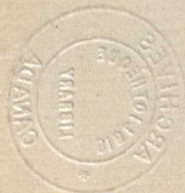
If the offerings promised to be large, Manido was never known to withhold a favourable verdict. If, however, the gifts were few or unimportant the spirit demurred until the price was forthcoming, when the candidate for initiation was pronounced a most promising and acceptable person.



But life at Bawating was not all spent thus. Apart from family and tribal feuds—never of a lasting nature—were the wars against the Naudo-ways and Dacotas, and the feasting being concluded, war paint would be donned, arrows examined and slings and stone-headed bludgeons tested. Scalps and eagle feathers would be produced on all sides to adorn the persons of those who had taken life in battle. The war song would be sung and the dance wax fast and terrible, the Midé priest would invoke the aid of the Great Spirit, then the warriors falling into a snake-like line whose thin length stretched its sinuous course along the river shore, would glide silently away and melt into the forest in the direction of the enemy.

Into the gloom, after the host, went the squaws who, gathering up the rich trappings which had been discarded by their lords in the umbrageous shade returned to camp to await their coming, while the braves, half naked, pursued their way.

Of the horrors of those wars much has been written. The midnight surprise, the devilish war-yelps, the crushing of skulls, the tearing of scalps from struggling victims were the common features. To relate the incidents of one such fight is to picture the dreadful details of all for the terror, the fury, the despair and fiendish torture were ever the same.



In spite of the statement of Schoolcraft to the contrary, such an authority as Warren—himself a learned Ojibway—traces the derivation of the tribal name to the mode of treating captives taken in battle.

Unlike the Iroquois, this branch of the Algonquins were quiet and deliberate in their method of torture.

Great fires were built on their return to camp, and when the red hot coals were sufficiently deep the prisoners were bound on spits and roasted before the slow fire till the hours of exquisite agony would be ended by the coming of merciful death and the lifeless forms were puckered up by the untold suffering they had endured.

From this terrible treatment of victims did the tribe receive its name, which is simply a compounding of the two words "Ojib" and "ub-way," to roast till puckered up.*

To spare a prisoner or to allow him to escape, unless he were adopted as a member of the tribe, was thought by the Indians to be displeasing to the War God.

* Schoolcraft, in his "Indian Tribes," derives the name from a supposed peculiarity of pronunciation on the part of members of the tribe.

Father Belcourt who ministered among them for many years inclined to the same belief. Warren, however, is supposed to have been more familiar with the Ojibway language than any other authority. From a similar custom did the tribe of the Sioux take their name of "Ab-boin-ug."

In early days, so the tradition runs, a party of Iroquois was surprised by the Ojibways and four of the number having been dispatched in the fight which ensued, the remaining two were led back to the camp and condemned to be burnt.

But an aged warrior, being filled with pity, pleaded successfully for the life of one of the prisoners. A council was held and declared in the captive's favour. He was released and fled back to his own people. But that night did the Manido appear to another of the warriors and upbraided the tribe with its tenderness, and as a proof of his wrath the place of execution was riven by lightning, and the brave who had interceded was slain by the storm. The escaped prisoner the next summer found a grave in the Algonquin country.

From early times was the tribe about St. Mary known as the "Ojibway" tribe, for owing to the repeated onslaught of their enemies on either side, the nation had now broken up into divisions, one going to the south, following the line of least resistance, while the other, leaving the vicinity, returned eastward, threading the forests and rivers lying to the north of what is now Old Ontario and settling along the shore of the Ottawa.

To the division which travelled south (because they were unlikely to be molested), was entrusted the keeping of the sacred fire, for when the fires

in the lodges of a tribe died out, a journey must needs be taken to the nearest encampment to restore by borrowing that which had failed.

And the division entrusted with this office was called Pot-ta-wat-tam-ie, or "those who kept the fire." Generations passed before the other wanderers received a distinctive tribal title. When the coming of the trader opened up new possibilities and this division became a community of middlemen between the whites on the one hand and their red brethren on the other, the name given them was "Ot-taw-ay,"* which meant in the tongue of the Indian "a trader."

The Ojibways, after the departure of the other two divisions, remained at Baw-a-ting for a time, but gradually the determined onslaughts of the Iroquois forced them back.

They finally took refuge at La Pointe in Lake Superior where they remained about 120 years. There they rekindled the sacred fire and established again the Me-daw-we-win rites.

But the devotion of the tribe to superstition allowed the priests and jessakids to obtain so great a power over the members that ere long a reign of terror was established. Mysterious deaths occurred and the bodies of the victims, spirited away after burial in the dark hours of the night, were feasted upon by their murderers.

* Ottawa or Outouac.

Mothers who offended the jessakids bewailed the sudden death of their little children. Husbands saw their new-made wives languish before their eyes. No brave dared refuse the most startling demands of these wizards for fear that the pallid visitor would stop and knock for admission at his wigwam.

Manidos roamed about the borders of the settlement when darkness fell and in the form of bear or other monster terrified the people beyond endurance till one man blessed with more courage than the rest, having suffered too much at the hands of the tormentors, knelt in ambush near the burial place of his wife just dead and with determined aim pierced an uncanny creature which had wandered too near.

The coming of day break revealed a priest missing and a search and the discovery of the creature shot revealed the missing priest cold and lifeless wrapped in a Muck-wa * robe.

But even this did not break the power of the priests.

Nightly were the souls of the murdered ones, the Che-bi-ug, heard as they roamed the village with sobbing and cries of horror until unable to stand it longer the tribe fled † precipitously back

* Indian name for bear; one of the principle animals represented in the Me-da-we Rite.

† The date of the flight is about 1641.

to the old station, Baw-a-ting, whose waters they hoped the spirits might not be able to cross.

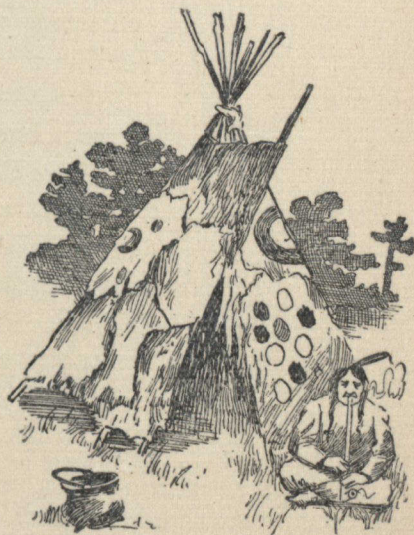
La Pointe has ever since been regarded as a place of terror.

The island, for such it is, soon surrendered itself to the wilderness, and almost all traces of former occupation by the Ojibways, was obliterated.

Not all these priests or medicine men, however, were evil men, for the story has come down to us of one whose name was venerated by the people of his tribe.

Ma-se-wa-pe-ga was the prophet's name and to him was vouchsafed a vision. Ere the tribe had left La Pointe the old man dreamed a dream.

In his dream he saw most wondrous beings like men, yet not like men, for they were not red but white and clad in strange garments and wearing coverings on their heads. As he watched them, fearful of the import of their coming, they left their canoes and came towards him with smiling faces and outstretched hands, significant of their peaceful intentions. Before they could speak the astonished priest awoke, and summoning the chief men to a feast, he related his story and informing them that the spirits he had seen came from the direction of the rising sun, announced his determination to discover them.



In vain did they try to dissuade him from the perilous journey which must need be made through the Naud-o-way land. Firm in his belief, he began his preparations which consumed a whole year. He built a strong canoe of birch bark and cedar wood, he hunted and cured plenty of meat for provision, and in the spring when the ice had left the streams, he bade his people farewell and started on his travels.

Eastward, over lake and river, he and his spouse took this lonely way.

Undiscovered, he stole through the country of the Iroquois, and at length (where the river became wide like a lake) he observed for the first time a hut made of logs. He noticed that the stumps of large trees about the cabin had been cut with an instrument sharper than the rude stone axe of his fathers, but no spirit was to be seen. Continuing his journey he reached a second clearing from the habitations of which curled the smoke of the hospitable settlers' fires.

All that had happened in his dream now came true. He was welcomed most heartily and invited to enter the houses and enjoy good cheer.

Before returning Ma-se-wa-pe-ga was gladdened with presents of a hatchet of steel, a knife, some beads and a small strip of scarlet cloth, which, carefully depositing in his medicine bag, he brought safely home to his people. Again, the

priest assembled the chiefs to council, and displaying to their wondering eyes the sacred articles he had procured, announced the fulfillment of his vision.

The following spring a large number of his people followed him to the abode of the supposed white spirits, and hence sprang, at a date unknown, the Ojibway acquaintance with the white man.

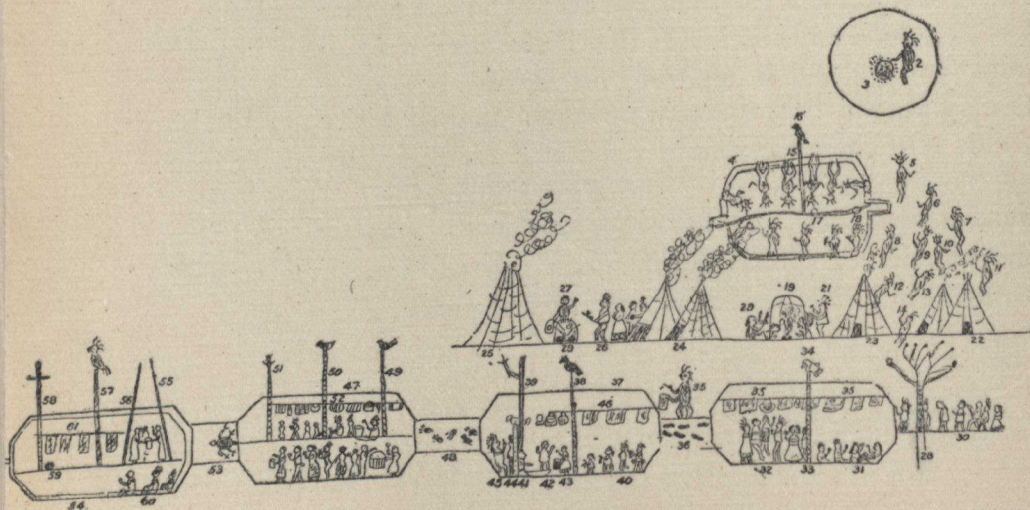
With these early Indians there was no written language in the ordinary acceptation of the term. The members of the Me-da-we-win lodge alone perserved picture-records of the history and tradition of the tribe. These records were done on birch bark, sometimes many feet in length, and during the migrations of the people they were buried in secret places known only to the initiated.

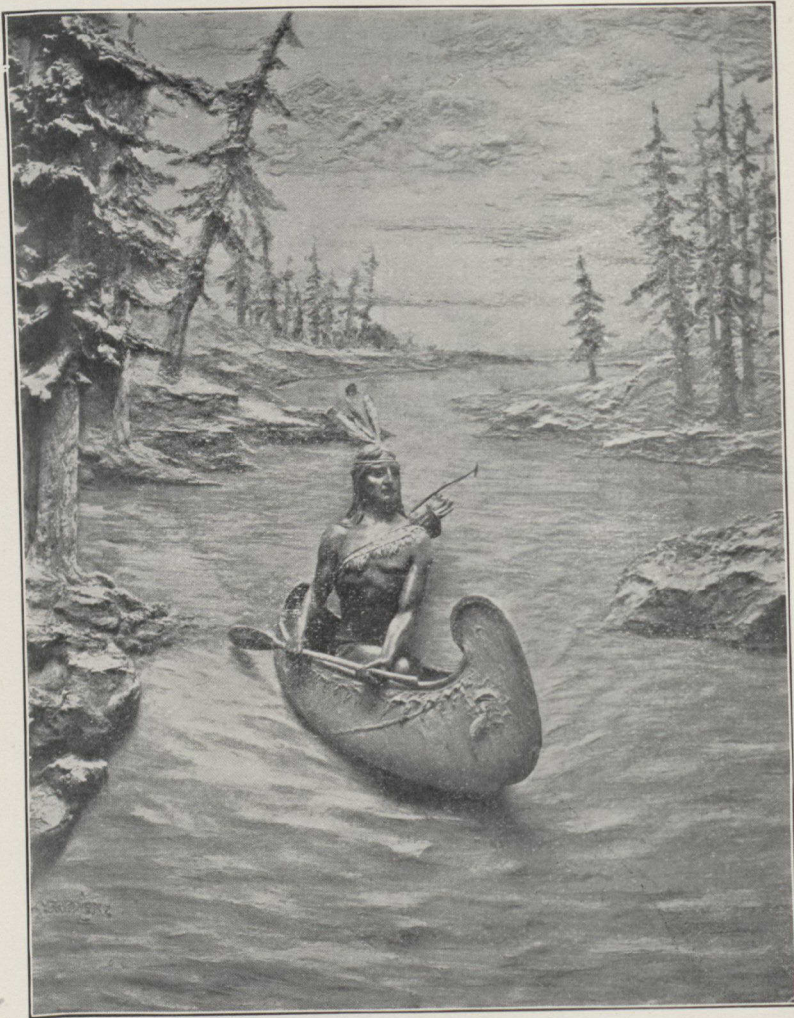
Once in every seven years at least were they exhumed and examined, and those which showed any signs of decay were copied exactly and the duplicates were buried in their stead. The priests then divided amongst their members the original bark records, and the pieces thus distributed were kept and regarded not only as sacred but as having certain curative powers when used in the hands of their possessors.

To become a priest of the Midi rite required much preparation, and the origin of that rite with the manner of conferring the four degrees was outlined in hieroglyphics as were their legends for

the guidance of the masters who performed the ceremony.

When the tribe broke up in haste at La Pointe and fled back again to Baw-a-ting some of these records were destroyed, but among the copies then made by the departing priests was one which has come down to us through successive generations, the last repositior being the son of Me-toshi-kosh, one of the Mississippi band. A copy of it is here submitted and represents Kitchi-Manido summoning the subordinate spirits to conference and their subsequent bestowal upon the Red Men of the four degrees of the secret rite.





IN DAYS LONG SINCE FORGOTTEN.

CHAPTER II

LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS.

*" Beyond the bounds our staring rounds,
Across the pressing dark,
The children wise of outer skies
Look hitherward and mark
A light that shifts, a glare that drifts
Rekindling thus and thus,
Not all forlorn for thou hast borne
Strange tales to them of us."*

KIPLING.

To the Indian mind everything of value or possession was filled with or controlled by a guardian spirit.

When the thunder rolled ominously along the heavens it was because the Manido wished to warn his cowering children of the awfulness of his wrath and had released the birds who lived on human flesh.

When the north wind intruded its unwelcome presence into their poor crazily built wigwams it was because Ka-bib-on-oka in the meanness of his spirit wished to rob them of their comfort and possibly of their life, and although the terms from which spring their word "Kitchi Manido" mean

much the same as "Father," Comforting One," "Sustainer," yet there was little in their practical belief to comfort or to help.

But all spirits or manidos were not evil by any means nor did the Indian want in appreciative language to describe such as brought them any relief.

On one occasion, in the forest, on the borders of a lake did two beings meet. One of them coming from the northerly direction, was old and withered, and down his bowed back streamed the straggly grey hair of unnumbered winters; his loins were girt about as though for a long journey and in his hand he carried a rough stick whose threatening proportions omened ill for whoever opposed his wishes.

Seating himself on the bank of the lake he watched its waters congeal until no longer did the zephyrs stir its bosom into ripples. At the breath of his coming, while he was yet a long way off, had the trees shed their crimsoned foliage and hung their saddened heads. Where'ere he stepped the grass was blackened under his feet and birds fled before him to a warmer clime. The other being who had come and who now stood before him was young and comely. Upon his splendid shoulders did the sunshine fall with genial warmth, while through his thick hair were seen entwined the snow-drops and the trilliums.



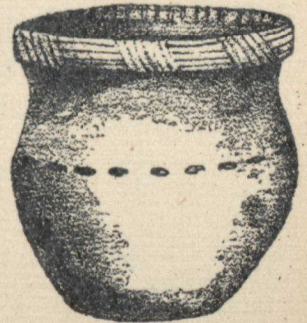
"Who are you and whence come you?" demanded the Brave of the older one.

"From the North," came the retort, which made the young man shudder, "over the lakes and rivers, which freeze before me to pass over, through pathless forests which shed their leaves that I may see my way, for many moons have I journeyed and I would fain journey further, but I am weary." "Then, you are Winter?" cried the other, "and from the South have I come to meet and drive you back for all the world is dead behind you, and no further shall you go."

Across the lake he started, but before him the older one fled and as his grey locks and gaunt body disappeared in the distance did the ice once more begin to break, the air filled with the perfume of the buds and the trilling of the song birds once more filled the awaking forests. At his feet sprang up the blossoms of white and pink, of yellow and blue, for he who now stood in the midst of nature was the Manido, Spring, the conqueror of the Winter, of Famine and of Cold.

The birth of the water lily is, like the story of the coming of Spring, wrapped in poetic imagery.

'Tis said that, in the early days ere men's fingers learned to war, when perpetual summer smiled upon the flower bedecked land and ere the famine and fever had stalked with gaunt visage among the Indians, a star appeared



whose wondrous lustre attracted the attention of the Braves. Night after night did it dazzle with its splendour, but Kitchi Manido vouchsafed no reason for its being. Men ascended to the tops of lofty mountains in the hope of reaching it and solving the mystery but all to no purpose, until one evening, when the fires had died low and the tribe had gone to sleep, a maiden appeared at the door of a young warrior's wigwam, and rousing him, proclaimed herself the star incarnate.

She told him how she had watched the tribe's doings and loved them for their innocence and now begged for an abode among its members wherein she might live.

In the morning the message was made public and the warrior was bidden by the council to welcome her to their midst and to let her choose for herself the place most congenial.

At first, in answer to the welcome, the spirit chose a high pine tree, but there she found herself so buried in the branches as to be unable to see those among whom she had come to live. Next she chose the prairie but fled from thence in fear of the hoofs of the buffalo. Next a mountain top was visited, but the people could not clamber up its rugged sides and she was in danger of being forgotten. Gazing down from her solitary height she saw the river dotted with the canoes of the Red Men and hearing the songs and shoutings of

the happy people exclaimed, "There on the water's bosom shall be my resting-place, for there all may see me and I in turn shall enjoy the company of my adopted people where the children shall be my playmates and I shall kiss their brows as they slumber by the cool water's edge."

Following its decision the spirit alighted upon the waters, and the next day the Braves, awaking, discovered thousands of white flowers covering the bosom of the river as far as the eye could reach. The star had assumed a tangible form and from the grateful Indians received a new name, Wah-be-gwon-nee, which means the Water Lily.

When men pluck the Water Lily, tradition says it should first be raised toward the skies that it may say "Good-bye" to its sisters, the Morning and the Evening Stars, before it be used for human adornment.

A third legend which has to do with the origin of the Iroquois is still related, it is said, by the Indians about the State of Main.

A woman, a stranger, who wandered into a camp of the Algonquins was, on account of her beauty and her power of arousing compassion, adopted into the tribe and at once became the wife of one who was a leader among the "Bucks."

Hardly were they married, when the warrior sickened and died, as indeed did more than one



other who had the hardihood to admit her to their tepees.

Finally suspicion was aroused and the woman summoned before the council, confessed that she was a snake disguised as a human being to wreak her hatred upon mankind. She was turned out of the camp and driven off many days' journey, and finally settling, she reared a family whose descendants have ever been known by the term Naud-o-way—Adder.

But a tradition of much more interest locally is that told of the origin of the Attik-umaig, the White Fish of St. Mary's Rapids.

An Indian woman had proved unfaithful to her spouse, and the council being called and having heard the case condemned the culprit to death.

She was led into the woods, and there murdered, but her spirit ceased not to haunt her old-time wigwam.

Never day passed but the mother's voice terrified her shrinking children, and when the shadows of night fell, the little ones—for they were the objects of her special attack—listened in palsied fear to her shrieks. At last, so bad did their state become, that the medicine men advised them to leave the village at Bow-a-ting and journey into the interior that the spirit might lose itself in the tangled glades of the forest. They set out upon their journey—they were only two little children—

and for many moons they fled onward toward the south, the boy killing food on which both subsisted. Whenever, however, they journeyed there also the spirit followed till, worn out with travel and terror they retraced their steps and finally arrived again on the bank of the River. They had been told in the South that to cross this river would ensure them peace forever afterward, but when they reached the shore a mighty storm was raging, the waves were swept mountain high and no canoe could have lived to have borne them over. Behind them, hurrying lest it should be too late, raged the furious spirit, wrathful at the idea of their attempted escape, and the children, crouched upon the beach in agony, waiting for the end.

But presently the Indians gathered on the other shore, saw a crane * swoop down, which took first the girl upon its back, and mounting high in the air, flew over and deposited her among her waiting people ; then returning and mounting the boy upon its wings fetched him safely over. By this time the spirit had reached the south shore and now importuned the bird to once more perform its charonian task, but the crane was deaf to entreaty, till overcome by the prayers and offers of future reward by the spirit, the bird

* The totem of the " Sault " Indians.



mounted it too upon its wings and raised itself in flight. Higher and higher it rose, battling with the angry storm, to whose howlings the Manidos joined their shrieks for and against the ghoul. Out over the rapids drifted the storm beaten bird, while the spirit, becoming frantic from fear, clutched tightly at the carrier's throat in its wild desire for safety. The bird became frightened. A battle between itself and its burden began, and as the storm clouds for a moment swept aside, the moonlight revealed the falling spirit, which was dashed to pieces in the rapids.

With the dawn of day the waters were found to be swarming with fish that had not been known before.

Some of these were immediately caught by the Braves and opened, and were found by a peculiar evidence (which was the presence in the stomach of a pearly substance) to have been created from the spirit's brain. So was infidelity punished, and from the death of this very tangible ghost was produced, for the Indian, the white fish.

The word for white fish "Attik-umaig," is a compound, meaning the "deer-of-the-water," and he who recalls the value of the deer in the Red Man's eyes, which is to him a source of weapon, food and clothing, must perceive in the imaginative title their appreciation of this splendid fish.

Of the origin of the Rapids a beautiful legend

is told of how a brave, when the beaver were dying out, built a dam across the narrows where now the "Sault" lays, and forced the water back in order to entrap the coveted game. Leaving his wife to watch at the dam he went up the river to hunt his prey, but while he was absent Man-ab-o-sho, chasing a deer, caused him to leap into the water above the newly constructed dam. As the deer leapt the great uncle of the Ojibways shouted to the girl to drive it back and she in her eagerness to do his bidding left the dam and gave chase. Immediately the beavers appeared which, clambering over and forcing down the piled up stones, escaped from the trap, while the stones rolling down lay in the channel and thus formed the rapids.

The brave, in anger, came hurrying back, and hearing his wife's excuses, was filled with jealousy and slew her and left her body in the flood.

When white men visit the Sault they exclaim, "Listen to the roar of the waters!" but the Indian will tell you that it is not the sound of rushing water, but the voice of the murdered woman, crying her explanation to her angry husband, and as the bubbles rise from beneath to the surface the Red Man will point and cry, "Behold the tears of her who was wrongfully slain."

Man-ab-o-sho now received a visit from the Great Spirit who demanded from him an account

of the tragedy. On hearing the story Kitchi Manido was wrath and pronounced a curse upon the friend of the Indians. He became a great stone and was doomed to lie, helpless to aid, yet able to hear and feel the prayers and wants of the people until the crime of the murder should be expiated.

So Man-ab-o-sho became a stone and lies in the harbour of Port Arthur, where he may be seen to this day. Nor does any Red Man pass his recumbent form without the salutation, "Aho, aho, Man-ab-o-sho."

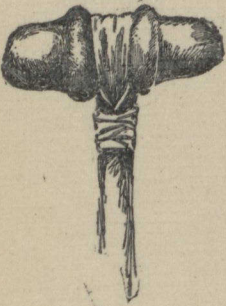
Every Indian had a guardian spirit, a Manido which took the form of reptile, animal or inanimate thing.

When about the age of fifteen years the boys left the tribal camps, and proceeding each to some secluded place alone, built there a wigwam wherein to sojourn.

The period of trial lasted from three to ten or more days, according to the strength and will power of the lad, who in his dreamings hoped to have brought before his mind's eye some particular form.

To one the vision was of a bear or a serpent, to another it was a bird, and henceforth that seen in his visions became the young buck's particular totem.

Never afterwards did he go forth without a



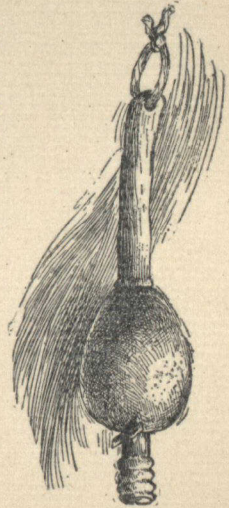
skin or at least a bone of the creature represented to him. It was his talisman against all ills, but often when the talisman failed in its work it was discarded and some other selected in its stead.

Sometimes, descending to the abodes of the tribe, after the lengthy fast, a boy would tell with awe-stricken voice how in ecstatic mood he had seen a man of great beauty and strength standing and regarding him with favour and would ask the meaning of his vision and the old men would whisper to each other that the lad had seen the Great Spirit himself and was thus assured of long and happy days. But if he failed to return within a reasonable time a party went in search of him, and if he had died of exposure and starvation he was regarded as having entered upon his journey which would one day lead him to the happy hunting ground.

To that happy hunting ground, the Ish-pe-ming* of the Ojibway, did all Indians alike direct their steps, but not all to enjoy its bliss.

It was in truth a spirit world where everything was a phantom. Spirit warriors hunted ghostly animals and shot bodiless arrows from behind the shades of rocks and trees. Spirit rivers flowed to quench the thirst and carry the shadow canoes of the departed ones who "packed" into that

* Heaven.



world beyond, the shades of those things deposited in their graves at the time of their burial. And so all things necessary for their comfort were placed therein: blankets for warmth, bows and arrows for the chase, tobacco for solace, moccasins, snow-shoes, wampum belts and food, but in the graves of cowardly ones were deposited no such things, for Indian belief held that these needed only their hands with which to gather snakes and roots which Braves would disdain to live upon.

Once in every ten or twelve years was a grand burial feast held by some nation. Then the war club was laid aside and all, who would, gathered to pay the last mark of respect.

After the feasting, the remains, now merely bones, were brought amid much wailing and sorrow and deposited in one common grave and only then were the spirits absolutely released from their earthly prisons and permitted to escape to the other world.

It was at one of these funeral feasts held by the Hurons that the Jesuit Fathers first became acquainted with the Ojibways which in time led to the establishment of their mission at the Rapids of Saint Mary.

CHAPTER III

THE COMING OF THE FRENCH.

*" C'était une fregate,
Mon joli cœur de rose,
Dans la mer a touche,
Joli cœur d'une rose.*

OLD FRENCH SONG.

What time the foot of white man first trod the beach of Sault Sainte Marie must ever be a matter of conjecture.

The wildest fancies have been indulged in by those who cling to flimsiest narrative rather than sift the truth.

Down the North Channel, whose fairy islands like the Manido's stepping stones, lead the way to this growing city, there is pointed out a promontory called Cabot's Head.

A legend, whose origin is unknown, asks us to believe that the adventurous Venitian penetrated into the new-discovered country at least thus far, but no record of such a journey exists, nor does the map prepared by him, and published in 1544, show any knowledge of this distant interior.

As early as 1603, however, the fur trade had been established and once a year between six hundred and seven hundred swarthy natives with their canoes laden with the choicest of peltries came paddling down from the unknown waters to barter with the French at Quebec, to drink, to gamble, and once more to disappear in the wilds.

The "West," from whence these Indians came, meant all the undiscovered country to the people at Quebec, and the "whites" pictured it in their mind's eyes as a land of fabulous wealth and barbarous splendour, while the vague remarks on the part of the natives excited the Frenchmen to learn more than they had been told.

With the true spirit of adventure, these traders began their conquest of the territory by pushing their way into the interior to barter with the Indians for their furs.

In 1605 the "Beaver Company" * had sent agents "to near and around the great lakes and "Northwest Territory," and, according to some French writers, they had even visited what is now Athabasca.

To these men, not always rough and uncouth, but oftentimes of noble birth, who had crossed the Atlantic in search of adventure, must be given the credit of opening up the mysterious wilderness.



* The Great Company, Beckles Willson, p. 20.

Pushing their frail Chemaun * noiselessly through strange waters whose over-arching banks allowed the intermingling of the branches of cedar and willow on either side, in constant danger from the silent enemy who stealthily followed day after day for the chance to strike the murderous blow, now portaging over difficult pathways worn through the virgin forest or gliding over the thin thread of waters, so narrow and shallow as hardly to allow a passage, or again shooting suddenly out upon the bosom of a seemingly limitless inland ocean, whose only boundary line was the sky, at times intoxicated with the wildest expectations, and again sunk in staring despair, they nevertheless persevered until they had accomplished their journey and had claimed the new shore for the king of France.

There arrived in Quebec in 1618, coming from the Western Wilderness, Etienne Brulé, † who already more than once had acted as interpreter for the intrepid Champlain. He brought a report that he had shipped his canoes on the waters of Lake Superior and backed his statement with specimens of native copper. In all probability he reached the great lake by St. Mary's River, portaging around the falls, but not until Champlain

* Ojibway for canoe.

† Parkman, "Pioneers of France in the New World."

published his map with its accompanying description in 1632, does the Sault receive authoritative recognition.* There its Indian name, Baw-a-ting, was changed to Sault du Gaston in honour of Jean-Baptiste Gaston, the younger brother of Louis the Thirteenth and son of Henry IV. and his wife Marie de Medici.

Two years after Champlain's chart was published, Jean Nicolet, a Norman Frenchman, who had found his way to the Nipissing, coasted along the shores of Mer Douce, † and, entering the straits, paddled up the St. Mary River to the foot of the rapids, and landing, stayed for some time before pushing further west.

Close upon the trail of the voyageur, as eager to win converts as the trader was to gain the furs, came the Jesuit Fathers.

With everything to lose—from the material standpoint—and little to gain in this world, they nevertheless burned with zeal to win the new country for the Christian Faith.

Like Boniface, the Apostle to Germany, who, despite all offers of preferment and exaltation,



* It has been stated in a recent publication that the year 1615 found Le Caron, Viel and Sagard established at Sault Sainte Marie. Such is an error and has undoubtedly arisen from the writer's confusing the Mission of St. Mary among the Huron Indians with the Mission of Sainte Marie du Sault. Vide Parkman, "Jesuits in North America," pp. 11, 13; "Pioneers of New France," p. 435.

† Lake Huron.

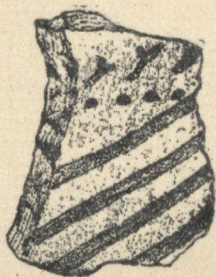
persevered in his devotion to the pagans whom he sought to win, these holy men, resigned their professorships and incumbencies in Old France and eagerly journeyed to the New World to press their way through suffering, cold, starvation and torture, into the hearts of the people whom they came to save.

Like St. Boniface, too, was the end of many of these holy men.

Whether, as in the case of some, it came through days of agonizing torture, or as with others through the swift and unseen blow from tomahawk or knife, their death saw them willing sacrifices because of their firm belief that the blood of martyrs is after all the seed of the Church.

Among these priests who found their way to Sault Sainte Marie were Isaac Jogues, Charles Raymbault, Gabriel Druillette, Charles Dablon, Louis André, Claude Allouez, Hennepin and Père Marquette.

In 1641 some of the Algonquins from Lake Superior descended to the country of the Hurons to take part with them in the Feast of the Dead. It was a most important occasion with the Indian and only occurred once in every ten or twelve years. The Fathers, who were established as missionaries among the Hurons, were not slow to seize this opportunity for friendship with the strangers, and the year following saw Jogues and



Raymbault on their way to Sault du Gaston,* which they reached after a journey of 250 miles. Upwards of two thousand Indians gathered and received them with coarse hospitality. The Fathers reciprocated with the usual presents and feasts. For some days they stayed among them, living in the friendly wigwams, healing the sick with rude specifics, preaching and baptizing, but it was not to be their privilege to remain.

The late months had come with all their glories of Indian Summer. From the leaf-carpeted ground arose the misty haze which bade the Red Men prepare for the Winter's hunting. Father Raymbault began to sicken from the hardship of his missionary life and he and Father Jogues gathered the braves around them to bid them "Adieu."

The Indians expressed genuine sorrow at the idea of separation. "Stay with us," exclaimed one of them, approaching the Fathers, with entreating voice and outstretched hands, "and we will embrace you like brothers; we will learn from you the prayer of the French, and we will be obedient to your word."†

But it was not right that they should stay. They raised a large cross on the banks of the

*The Hurons called the Rapids "Skiae." Life of Jogues, p. 58.

† Relations, 1641.



river to show the limits reached by the preaching of its apostles and made it face toward the valley of the Mississippi, to which their attention had been called in a vague manner by the children of the forest, and with much grief at the parting, they stepped into their laden canoes and paddled away down the river.

Raymbault was quite broken by the rugged life and privation he had been called upon to endure from time to time, and being taken to Quebec, he died October 22, 1642.*

Father Jogues' labours were continued among the Hurons and the Mohawks, by one of whom named by the French Le Berger, he was murdered in 1646. †

It must be steadily borne in mind that until the time of the American Revolution there was no thought of dividing the history of the two shores of the St. Mary's River.

All that happened on either side entered into the story of the whole, and although the chief events until the establishment of the Northwest Company on the north shore, transpired on the south, yet the two districts were so intimately associated as to form merely one community.

Nicolet who, in 1634, was kindly received by

* Martin's Life of Jogues.

† Parkman's Jesuits in North America, p. 402.

the Ojibways on his arrival, crossed to the north bank on a tour of discovery, as indeed did Marquette also, when in 1668 he came to establish the mission.

Voyageurs passing up to the Gitchi Gummi,* as the Indians termed Lake Superior, made the *portage* impartially on the north side and on the south. The ground of what is now the Canadian Sault was, according to the compiler, Sauer, more inviting for camps or wigwams than the other, while the north hills lent themselves more effectively for purposes of observation than those of the south.

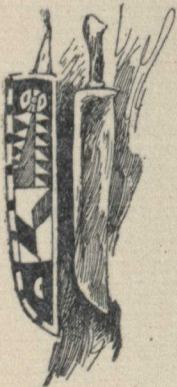
In 1660 came Groseilliers, the daring adventurer, spying out the land for the establishment of a trading company.

It was through the efforts and determination of this man together with Radisson that the Hudson's Bay Company was born.

Their story reads like exaggerated fiction so full is it of marvellous exploit and success in the face of apparently insurmountable difficulties.

In 1659 they had visited what is now Wisconsin, and in 1660 had returned to Montreal loaded with furs and with wonderful accounts of the wealth of the newly visited land.

When their stock had been disposed of Gro-



* The Great Water.

seilliers announced his intention of journeying back on his own account. Immediately he was beset by a multitude of voyageurs and couriers anxious to accompany him. He chose six Frenchmen and prepared for the trip. The Jesuits, however, mistrusting his religious proclivities, insisted on one of their number going with him.

The priest chosen was René Ménard, an aged missionary, who, with his servant Guérin, at once joined the party. Up the St. Mary's, past the Sault and across Superior they journeyed.

But calamity followed upon them, their trading was most unsuccessful, Father Ménard was murdered by the natives and his body was consumed in a cannibalistic feast.

Such was the report brought to Montreal on the return of Groseillier.

The year following, 1662, the hatred existing between the Algonquins and the Iroquois reached a climax in this district and a war of extermination was determined upon by the latter.

The story is still told with gusto by the older men who, not yet, have entirely forsaken Indian ways and traditions, and the eye still brightens with the lust of battle as the *raconteur* tells his tale.

Already had the Huron country been laid waste by the fury of the Naud-a-ways. The Jesuit missions for the time were unable to cope with their power and the few Hurons who were the

wretched survivors of the terrible war, wandered starving and freezing and crazed with fear like cornered beasts, not knowing where to turn for refuge.

Trading too was almost at a standstill although there were still found those who took their lives in their hands and pushed through the infested country for the sake of trade and gain.

Hearing that the Iroquois, or Naud-o-ways, were gathering to make war upon them, the Ojibways met in force at Fond-du-Lac at the head of Lake Superior, and paddling across that body of water, camped at Gros Cap, from whence three braves were despatched to discover the whereabouts of the foe.

Strong in their insolent confidence of strength these latter did not seek to hide their movements, and the scouts, emerging from the forest below St. Mary's Rapids, discovered them in the act of torturing some victims whom they had seized on their way. Hastily retracing their steps to Gros Cap, they related what they had witnessed and immediately the camp became the scene of excited preparation for battle.

The Naud-o-ways, however, had no notion that the Ojibways were so close at hand and the torture ended, their victims being dead, they embarked above the Portage and made for the south shore about to a point nine miles above the Sault,

landing at the jut of land which was destined ever afterward to bear their name.

There the orgies began.

The victims were roasted and feasted upon and dancing and drinking filled to the brim the cup of their fiendish pleasure.

From Gros Cap, the opposite point, did the Ojibways listen to the pandemonium till the sounds of the revelry grew faint, and finally ceased altogether and the heaped up fires leaped no more.

The time for action had arrived, for the Indian dearly loves a surprise, and pushing into the water their silent barks they paddled breathlessly to the slaughter.

The dawn of the awakening day was already beginning to streak with its first grey tints the eastern sky when the canoes were beached.

In silence the naked warriors crept upon the foes.

A dog roused and barked, but a bone of one of the victims of the previous night's revel being thrown to him silenced his suspicions and the camp lay undisturbed.

Nearer and nearer crawled the Ojibways till the moment for attack arrived. The chief leapt to his feet with the war cry of his people, the warriors took it up, and all rushed to the kill.

From hundreds of throats were the triumphant yells echoed as though all perdition had broken



loose upon the fated people. The Iroquois stumbled to their feet and groped for club and war knife, but the excesses of the feasting and the fire water of the traders had stupified them and little resistance was possible.

On every side lay scalpless bodies still writhing in anguish, the groans of the dying mingled with the fierce yells of the victors, till when the battle was stayed and the warriors drew off for rest there remained of the proud invading army only two stricken men.

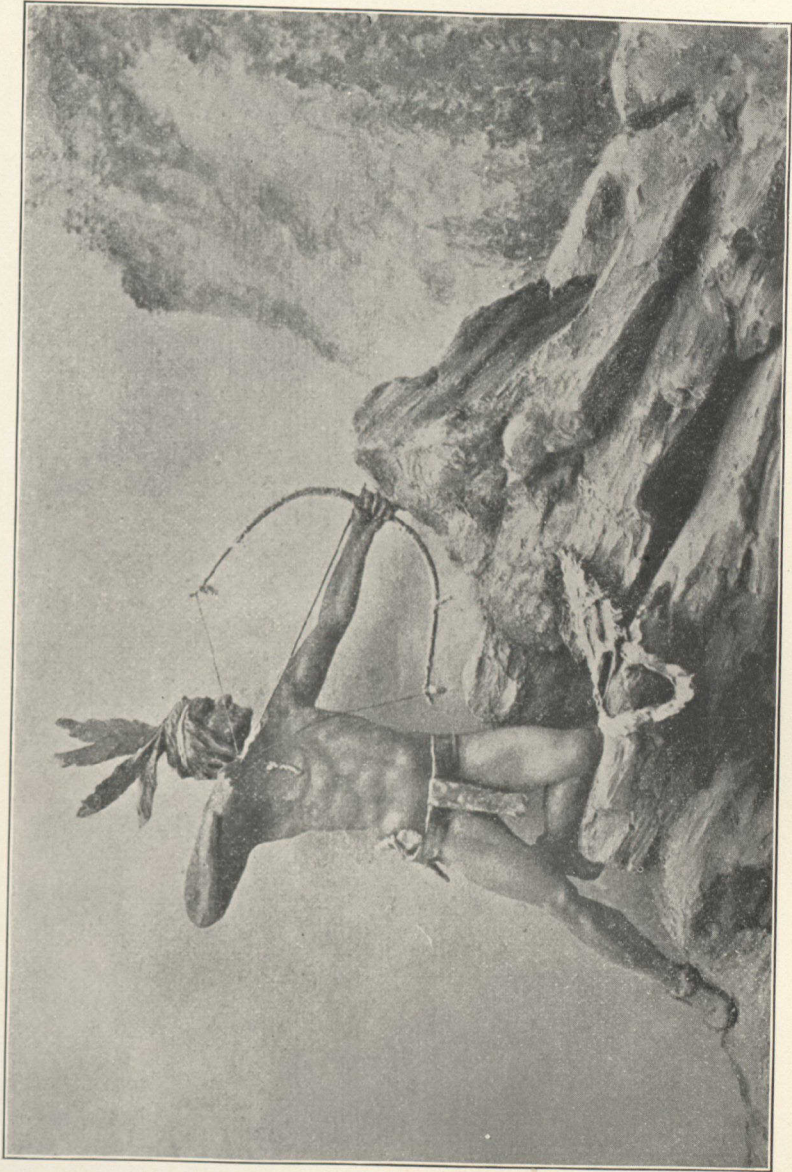
The Ojibways, for once, had been sated with the killing.

The two who remained were of no use to the victors, and a council was called to decide their fate. The decision was quickly reached,

They were led into the burning circle. Their ears and noses were stricken off, then maimed and almost dead, they were placed in a canoe and bidden to paddle back to their own country to tell their fellow warriors that such would be the treatment meted out to all Naud-o-ways who ventured into the Ojibway land.

The message proved effective.

From that time on, no band of Iroquois intruded upon the old enemies' territory and St. Mary's River and Gitchi Gummi remained the undisputed territory of the Ojibways and once



THE FINAL STAND.

more opened the doors of its friendly wigwams to welcome the returning "black robes." *

* Indian name for priest. The name first applied to the Jesuits by the Ojibways was Wa-mit-ig-oshe—"the men of the waving stick"—from the fact that always on approaching an Indian settlement the Father stood up in the canoe and held aloft the cross in token of his mission.

CHAPTER IV

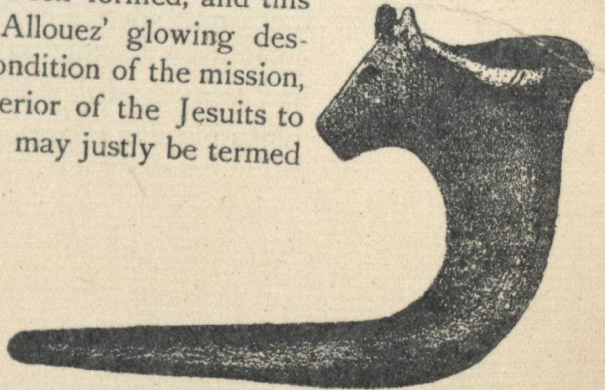
THE BUILDING OF THE MISSION.

*"Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded."*

EVANGELINE.

From the time of Jogues and Raymbault's visit in 1642, Sault Sainte Marie was without a missionary, until in 1665 Father Claude Allouez arrived with a party of 400 Indians and traders who were journeying from the East. Allouez did not establish his headquarters here, but continued with the fleet of canoes to Keweenaw Bay, a place in Lake Superior from whence, as opportunity permitted, he visited the Redmen at the village by the Rapids. Finding the necessity, however, of a permanent station, Louis Nicolas was sent to join him and he became the first resident priest.

By 1668 a small white settlement of between 20 and 25 voyageurs had been formed, and this fact, together with Père Allouez' glowing description of the promising condition of the mission, may have induced the superior of the Jesuits to send to the Sault him who may justly be termed the Apostle of the district.



Père Jacques Marquette, for such was this great man's name, left Montreal April 21, 1668, to begin his work at the reclaimed mission.

He was a man in whose veins flowed the best blood of France, for, through many generations, had his ancestors as soldiers and statesmen spent their lives for country and for king.

At that period, the youth of France looked longingly, for adventure, to the New World and the spirit permeated every class of society.

The soldier volunteered eagerly to help in its conquest.

The trader saw there a mint of profit from the furs, while the novices in the colleges, to whom the stories of atrocities and barbarism came, thirsted to be allowed to join the number of those who, as suffering preachers, were to win undying glory and renown.

Having been selected for the new country's conversion, Marquette set sail in a little craft with a number of others and not long after his arrival he began his journey westward.

In birch bark canoes, kneeling, on rushes all alike white man and red, bending to the paddles, the party sped away up the waters, and after many days reached its destination. Here Allouez had come to meet them, and as quickly as possible a location was chosen and preparations made for the building of a station.



FATHER ISAAC JOGUES, OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS

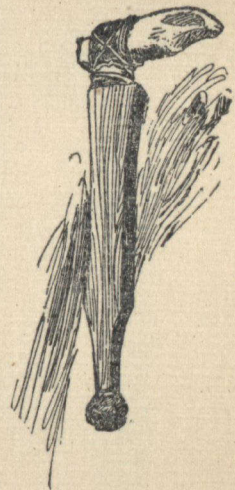
The dense forest of the south shore where they had landed afforded the best of pine and cedar for the work.

First was erected a chapel where the sacrifice that had been offered once for all on Calvary might daily be pleaded before the throne of God, and Marquette, in the hope of appealing more strongly to the natives, adorned its rude walls with sundry pictures of doctrinal meaning.

A house was also built for the Fathers, both for their own abode and for the entertainment of travellers, for this was ever regarded by them a sacred duty, while necessity also existed for a room other than the chapel where Indians could be dealt with who came to enquire the "Way of Salvation." The ground about the tiny "post" was ploughed and sown with wheat, peas and corn in the hope that the Indians observing the advantages of having crops, would follow the example of the Fathers.

In these days of medical missionaries, whose splendid exploits fill us with admiration, it may be well not to forget that priest-physicians in the persons of such men as Father Drouillette at Sault Sainte Marie, and Father Garnier among the Hurons, were at work centuries ago healing the diseased in body as well as those who were sick of soul.

The chapel and community house having been



finished, the whole was surrounded with a strong stockade of cedar twelve feet high as a means of protection, should the necessity arise, and the whole occupied a position as nearly as may be determined, at the point where, in the American town, Bingham avenue and Water street cross to-day (1903).

If these men truly sought hardship they as truly found it in the place wherein their lot had fallen.

In the Relation of 1666-67 le Mercier, writing of the whole district, says :

“Toil, famine, scarcity of all things, ill-treatment from the Barbarians and mockery from the Idolators form the most precious portion of these missions.

“ We have to bear everything from their bad humour and their brutality in order to win them by gentleness and affection. One must make himself in some sort a Savage with these Savages and lead a Savage’s life with them and live sometimes on a moss that grows on the rocks, sometimes on pounded fish bones—a substitute for flour—and sometimes on nothing—passing three or four days without eating as they do whose stomachs are inured to these hardships ” *

It was at this time that Sault Sainte Marie took its final name.

* Quoted from Thwaite’s “ Life of Marquette.”

Till then it had been known as Sault du Gaston.

Tradition, fondly held by some of the old people, tells how, overcome with weariness, vexation and disappointment, the Fathers, soon after their arrival, faltered in their work, but night brought to one of the little community a vision of the Blessed Virgin who gave assurance of protection and bade all take heart.

After such an event it was only right that something should be done by way of commemoration, and so the name was changed from Sault du Gaston to that of Sault Sainte Marie.

The probability is, however, that the name was given merely because the mission had now become firmly established and the Virgin invoked as the interceding saint.

There came with Marquette, in 1668, a young artificer, the very kind of man for a newly opening country.

He was a lay brother, Louis le Boème,* or Bohesme, who became armorer and blacksmith, jeweller, lay brother, and, at times garrison to the mission, as when in 1674 he manned the cannon against the Sioux who sought to avenge the death of one of their number. †

* Thwaites.

† Neill.



Louis made crosses and candlesticks among other things, and may be considered the pioneer manufacturer of the West.

Father Dablon arrived in the summer of 1669 to succeed Allouez as Superior of the mission, and in his letter to le Mercier at Quebec, he describes the settlement, the Indians and the fishing.

Up to this time no religious order, save that of the Jesuits, had sought to penetrate into the Great Lake district, but in 1670 Fathers Dollier and Galinée were fitted out by the Sulpitians of Montreal and left with La Salle's expedition just as Midsummer drew near. La Salle in the course of the trip changed his plans, and the Sulpitians came on alone, arriving at the Sault on the 25th of May.

Here they were received by Dablon and Marquette who, although treating them most hospitably, showed unmistakably that they wished no interference from them or from anyone else.

Three days did they sojourn in the mission and then took their departure, not with Indians to the West as they had hoped, but under a French guide back whence they came.

With the unreasonable spirit, born no doubt of eagerness for the triumph of the cause, but which has unfortunately characterized the religious enthusiasts of every age, Galinée criticized severely the apparent lack of results as noticed in his

three days visit. He says that "though the Jesuits had baptized a few Indians at the 'Sault,' not one of them was a good enough Christian to receive the Eucharist," and he intimates that the case by their own showing was even worse at St. Esprit.* Little did he appreciate the difficulties under which his brethern wrought.

It has already been mentioned that Radisson and Groseilliers passed up some years previous to this. Then they were thinking of the interests of France, but a change had taken place. A British company had since been formed with headquarters in London, a company which was destined to play a very considerable part in the history of Canada. It was called "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading in Hudson's Bay," but was most popularly known as the Hudson's Bay Company. This organization engaged Radisson and his brother-in-law Groseillers as the men who were best acquainted with the country and as those who had the greatest authority among the natives and it was as the inauguration of a policy to offset their power that caused Talon, the Intendant, to send Daumont de St. Luson and his band of soldiers and gentlemen in 1676† to take formal possession of the

* La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West, p. 29.

† La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West, p. 49.



whole western land in the name of Louis XIV. of France.

The scene was set at Sault Sainte Marie. Nicolas, Perrot, a young voyageur of twenty-six years, who had formerly been attached to the Jesuits, went to act as interpreter. He was not only courageous but enterprising and as well a man of good address. He spoke the Algonquin fluently and was regarded with affection by the Indians of many tribes.

St. Lusson wintered at the Manitoulin Islands while his trusty lieutenant went for many miles in every direction where natives would likely be and summoned them to the parley to take place at the Sault.

Everywhere he was received right royally. At one place, Green Bay, the tribe received him with a sham battle and an exhibition of their game of lacrosse.*

When the winter slackened and the ice broke up, Perrot and a number of Sacs Winnebagoes and Mennominies started for the rendezvous where they arrived May the fifth, 1671.

Saint Lusson and his men, fifteen in number, had already reached the Sault and the Indians fast returning from the winter hunting grounds thronged the beach.

* Parkman.

Two thousand braves, representing fourteen distinct tribes, had gathered before the Frenchmen prepared to carry out their design.

On the fourteenth of June, the little host, with flags unfurled and swords drawn, marched out from the mission gate and took its stand on the brow of the hill. Following the soldiers, whose splendid uniforms and flashing weapons fascinated the Indians, paced solemnly the Black Robes, the Wa-mit-ig-oshe, as the Redmen were pleased to term them, Claude Dablon, Gabriel Druillette, Claude Allouez and Louis André, arrayed in their robes of office, to take part in the ceremony. The natives followed after and when the party halted, "crouched around with eyes and ears intent."

A large cross of wood had been made ready, and Dablon now stepped forward and blessed it, while firm hands raised it and planted it firmly in the ground.

With one accord the Frenchmen uncovered and upon the charmed ears of the Indians there fell the sweet sounds of St. Bernard's hymn, known as the *Vexilla Regis*.



The Royal Banners forward go,
 The Cross shines forth in mystic glow,
 Where He in Flesh, our flesh Who made,
 Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

The whilst He hung, His sacred Side
 By soldier's spear was opened wide,
 To cleanse us in the precious flood
 Of Water mingled with His Blood.

Fulfilled is now what David told
 In true prophetic song of old,
 How God the heathen's King should be ;
 For God is reigning from the Tree.

O Tree of glory, Tree most fair,
 Ordained those Holy Limbs to bear,
 How bright in purple robe it stood,
 The purple of a Saviour's Blood !

Upon its arms, like balance true,
 He weighed the price for sinners due,
 The price which none but He could pay,
 And spoiled the spoiler of his prey.

To Thee, Eternal THREE in ONE,
 Let homage meet by all be done ;
 As by the Cross Thou dost restore,
 So rule and guide us evermore. Amen.

A post of cedar wood was then planted with a metal plate attached on which were engraven the royal arms, during which ceremony was chanted the *Exaudiat*, and one of the Fathers uttered a prayer for the king.

The Commandant now advanced, and holding his sword in one hand he raised with the other a

sod of earth and proclaimed: "In the name of the Most High, Mighty and Redoubted Monarch Louis, Fourteenth of that name, Most Christian King of France and Navarre, I take possession of this place Sainte Marie du Sault as also of Lakes Huron and Superior, the Island of Manitoulin and all countries, rivers, lakes and streams contiguous and adjacent thereunto—both those which have been discovered and those which may be discovered hereafter, in all their length and breadth, bounded on the one side by the seas of the North and West, and on the other by the South Sea, declaring to the nations thereof that from this time forth they are vassals of his Majesty, bound to obey his laws and follow his customs, promising them on his part all succour and protection against the incursions and invasions of their enemies, declaring to all other potentates, princes, sovereigns, states and republics—to them and to their subjects—that they cannot and are not to seize or settle upon any parts of the aforesaid countries, save only under the good pleasure of His Most Christian Majesty and of him who will govern in his behalf, and this on pain of incurring his resentment and the efforts of his arms. Vive le Roi."

The Frenchmen fired their guns and shouted, and the Indians mingled their cries with the tumult hardly knowing why they did so.

The ceremony of taking possession having been completed, Father Allouez harangued the Indians, and his words have been preserved for us in the Relations of 1671.

Then arose and stepped forward Chief Ke-che-ne-zuh-yauh, the old warrior from Lake Superior. He was viewed with profound veneration by all his people, who acknowledged him as head of the nation.

As he approached the centre of the open space, Saint Luson produced a golden heart which he placed on the breast of the ancient brave as a symbol that so did the great French King entrust his confidence to the keeping of his faithful allies.

Addressing the Indians the envoy exclaimed: "Each morning you will look toward the rising sun and you will see the fire of your French father reflecting toward you and your people. If you are in trouble you must arise and cry with your far sounding voice,* and I will hear you. The fire of your French father will last forever to warn and comfort his children."†

A treaty, which had been previously drawn up, was now produced and, with much ceremony, signed, and it may be interesting to know the names of those who witnessed the signing of the document.

* An allusion to the clan totem, which was the Crane.

† History of the Ojibways.

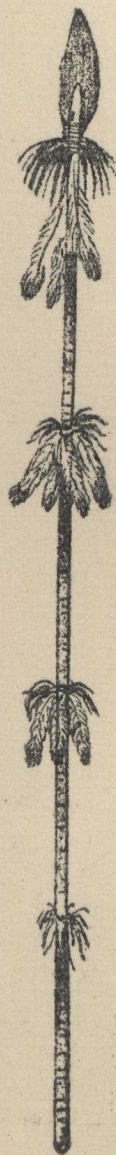
According to Margry,* they were Dablon, Druillette, Allouez, André, Nicolas Perrot, Sieur Joliet, Jacques Mognas, Pierre Moreau, Sieur de la Taupine, Denis Masse, Francois de Chavigny, Sieur de la Chevrottière, Jacques Lagillier, Jean Maysere, Nicolas Dupuis, Francois Biband, Jacques Joviel, Pierre Porteret, Robert Duprat, Vital Driol, William Bonhomme.

So much for the splendid function. Saint Lusson, happy in the belief that he had accomplished much, departed immediately on a tour of observation on Lake Superior, and returning soon afterward missed the cedar post and the plate with the arms of France.

In answer to his inquiries he was told that immediately on his departure the post was uprooted and the plate torn off and carried away, nor could his informant give a reason for the Indians' action.

Some day, mayhap, a settler, ploughing his field where now stands the virgin forest, will turn up with his plough point a ragged green shield and will hasten off on the first opportunity to some one who can possibly explain it.

The numismatist will hold it reverently before him and exclaim as the truth dawns upon him, "These are the arms, the crest of France and



* Vol. I, p. 97.

the plate Saint Lusson nailed to the post in 1671 at Sainte Marie du Sault.

Earnestly now did the Fathers toil in their efforts to Christianize the Savages. Up and down the country, by land and water, in canoes and on foot they journeyed, but success was not to be.

Once more the furious Iroquois advanced to ravage the land. In terror the Ojibways fled before them, yet for a time, in spite of all, the Jesuits held on, but the end finally came. In 1689 the mission was abandoned, the priests passed from the scene and with their departure disappeared from St. Mary's Rapids the influence of settled white men for a time.



CHAPTER V

ABANDONMENT OF THE MISSION.

*“ Raising together their voices,
Sang they with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Mission,
‘ Sacred heart of the Saviour ! O inexhaustible fountain,
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and
patience.’ ”*

EVANGELINE.

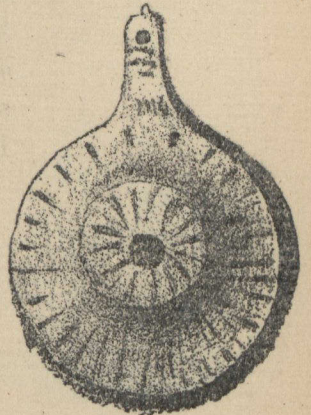
Mention has already been made of the action of Boème, the armorer, in training the mission cannon on the Sioux.

The story is, that in 1674 a band of Sioux warriors arrived at the mission for the purpose of smoking the pipe of peace with the tribes of the surrounding district.

While there, one of the local Indians killed a member of the delegation, and of course a battle ensued. Nine of the Sioux were killed in the *melee* and the rest—only two in number—fled to the mission house for refuge.

Here they were again assailed and opened fire upon their beseigers.

A council was held. The Indians wished to burn the mission and the Sioux in it, but the



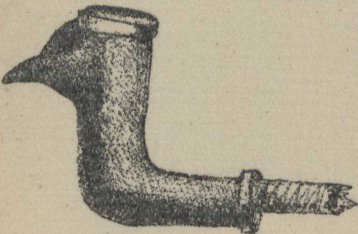
Jesuits would not allow this, because of the valuable peltries stored in the garret. Boème was finally prevailed upon to train the cannon on the place, the discharges from which quickly despatched the refugees, and so the deputation was annihilated.

Governor Frontenac was very indignant when he heard what had taken place, and at once reported the case to Colbert, the Colonial Minister of Louis Fourteenth, but no action seems to have been taken.

During the latter years of this period, LaSalle visited the district. His boat, the Griffon, the pride of the French and the wonder of the Indians, traversed Lakes Huron and Michigan, touching Mackinac among other places, and it is quite probable that the little craft, which was the first "large" vessel on the Upper Lakes, pushed its way among those of the thirty thousand islands which dot the passage up the river to the Sault,

We know that he visited Sault Sainte Marie after Tonty's visit had proved fruitless.

Some members of LaSalle's party deserted him and were trading on their own account at Sault Sainte Marie. Their commander in 1679 dispatched Henry Tonty to arrest them and to seize their furs. The deserters, however, induced Louis le Bohesme or Boème to secret the peltries in the misison house and Tonty had to retire and report his failure.



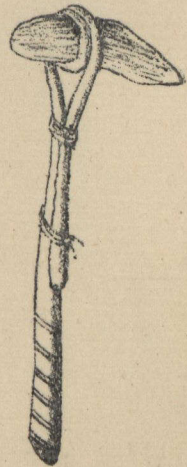
Two years afterward the commander himself made the journey and demanded of Father Balloquet the production of the furs. The Reverend Father informed LaSalle that there was a large number of furs in the mission loft and that if La Salle could prove them to be his he might remove them. LaSalle, always bitter of tongue, retorted that he feared he might be excommunicated if by mistake he took peltries that he could not distinguish from his own and so departed in wrath for Mackinac. *

DuLuth also visited the mission between the years 1678 and 1683, and it was he who in the latter year caused Folle Avoine and his brother next of age to be shot.

The incident was as follows: During the Summer of that year two Frenchmen, Le Maire and Berthot, were surprised by three Ojibways (who were brothers) while on their way to Keweenaw and murdered.

Their bodies were thrown into the marsh and their goods hidden in various parts of the woods.

DuLuth was told the name of one of the criminals and that he had gone to the Sault with fifteen families for fear of the Sioux. The explorer was too much the soldier to allow this to pass. Since 1657 he had been under arms, first in the



* Quoted from Margry, Vol. II.

Lionnais Regiment, then as *gendarme* in the King's Household, and savage license was not excused by him. *

The Frenchman immediately, followed with seven of his own nation and coming to within a league of the settlement, landed and struck through the bush to take Avoine by surprise. He was entirely successful. The murderer was arrested and a court instituted to try him. In the meantime Peré, another Frenchman, had started on the search for the prisoner's companions in crime and seizing them, brought them back and placed them under guard in DuLuth's house.

The trial was now proceeded with.

Folle Avoine, who did not know of the arrest of the others, accused them of the whole responsibility, his father also, he declared, was accessory to the crime.

The old man was brought in and was acquitted by four of his sons. The father, finding by their words that they had convicted themselves, exclaimed, "It is enough you have accused yourselves, the French are masters of your bodies."

During the two days following, the convicts were held in the hope that the Indians would say what ought to be done, but no result was arrived at.

* Canadian Archives, 1899.

DuLuth then called the Frenchmen together, and after reciting all the evidence, received their unanimous opinion that the three brothers were guilty, but as only two Frenchmen had been killed it was decided that only two lives should be demanded, and Folle Avoine and his next oldest brother were ordered to prepare.

The Jesuit missionaries now baptized the doomed men, and an hour afterward DuLuth and forty-two other Frenchmen, in the sight of more than four hundred Savages, shot the murderers two hundred paces distant from the post.

Thus was the first regularly performed execution carried out in this place.

Lahontan was the last man to record his visit to Sault Sainte Marie before the fear of the Iroquois drove the Jesuits out.

In June 1688 he arrived at the village and found only a handful of Indian wigwams cowering beneath the stockade of the mission. All the shore of Lake Superior had been devastated, not a village, not a even a wigwam remained about the Rapids. Slowly but surely were the hostiles closing in upon those who stayed. Indeed Lahontan with his forty Ojibways had to fight his way through a party of Iroquois in the following month, July, and was able to overcome them merely through his superior intellect and tactics as a white man.



In spite of this hostility there were still some few who ventured thus far into the enemies' country.

Among these were La Ronde Denys who with his son undertook to explore the copper mines on the shores of the Great Lakes.

Denys was at this time 60 years of age. He had served as a naval ensign, 1703, as captain in Acadia, then as captain at Ile Royale in 1714, and as captain in Canada, 1723.*

In 1736 he and his son built a barque of forty tons above the St. Mary's Rapids, having brought the rigging and materials from the East.

In that year only thirty men of all the Ojibway tribe were found at the Sault. Little was accomplished by the La Rondes, for in 1740 the father's health failed him and he was forced to retire with his son to Montreal, from whence he never returned. With this departure began the waning of French ascendancy.

Six years afterward, owing to the growing influence of the British the Ojibways now spread all over the country began to exhibit an unfriendly spirit to their former masters

Two canoes filled with Frenchmen were attacked at La Cloche, a Frenchman was stabbed at Grosse Isle, horses and cattle were killed at

* Canadian Archives, 1899.

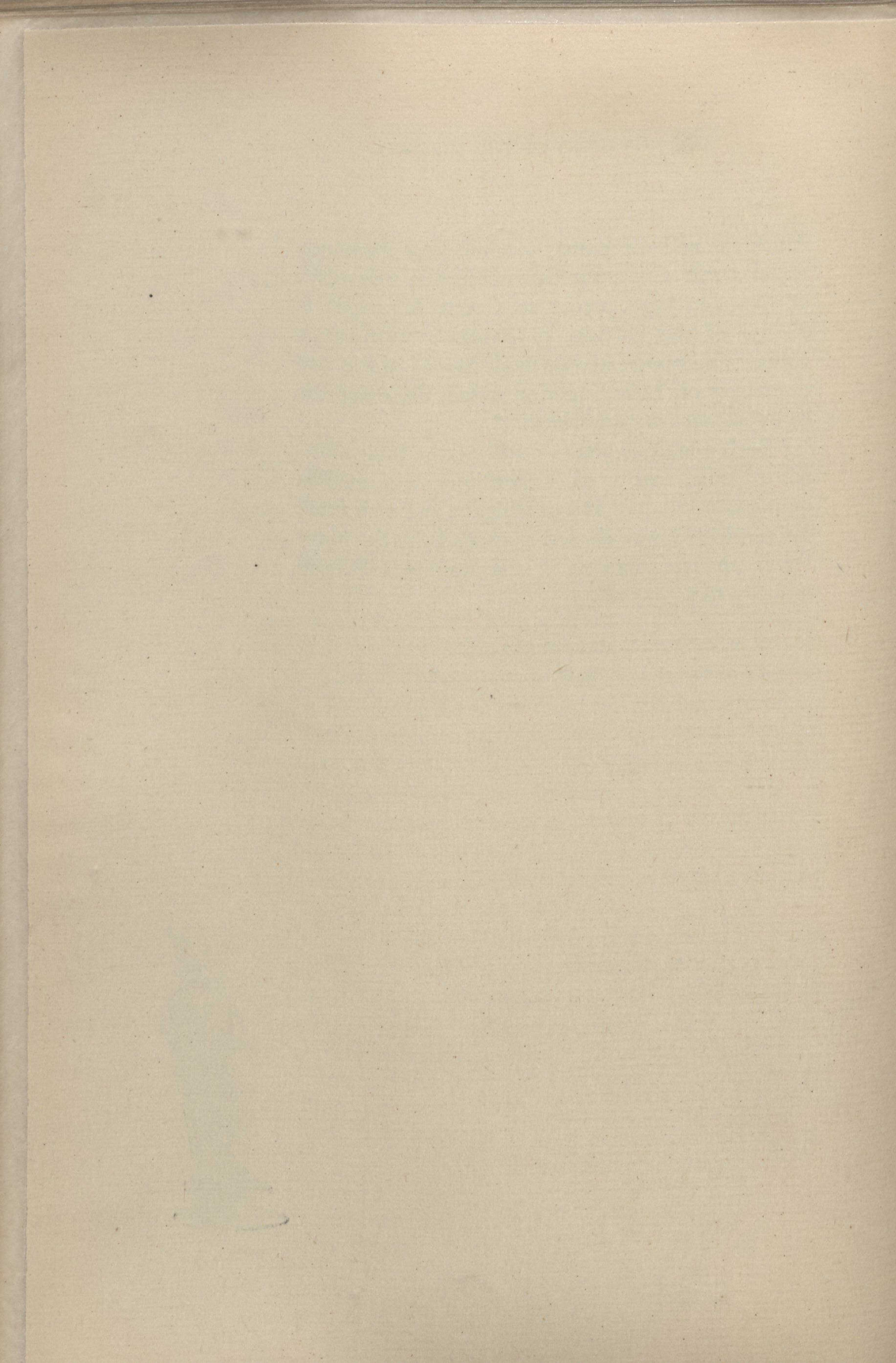
Mackinac and the guard there was kept constantly under arms. Governor Galissonière in a despatch of October, 1748, wrote to Count Maurepas in charge of the colonies of France: "Voyageurs robbed and maltreated at Sault Sainte Marie and elsewhere on Lake Superior, in fact there appears to be no security anywhere." *

Such a state of affairs could not be long allowed to exist, and 1750 Repentigny, a Canadian gentleman, "brave and intelligent and well fitted for service," † was chosen to ascend the St. Mary River and to establish at the Rapids a French military fort.

* N. Y. Col: Doc. X. 182, quoted by Neill.

† Description given in the Governor's Report.





CHAPTER VI

COURREURS DES BOIS ET BOIS BRULES.

*“ La gloire, c'est une couronne,
Faitte de rose et de laurier ;
J'ai servi Venus et Bellone,
Je suis epoux et brigadier,
Mais je poursuis ce meteore
Qui vers Chalcos guida Jason.*

OLD FRENCH SONG.

From the abandonment of the mission till the coming of Repentigny there was no official of Church or government at the Sault.

Though men came and went they did so independently of any help which here in former years could have been obtained, and as they paddled up the river to the site of the former settlement, instead of the neat mission house with its curling smoke and trim acres of wheat and garden, there was presented to their view the veriest scene of desolation, for the wilderness had been “let in” here as in former years it had claimed the Indian village at La Pointe.

During this interval of time the Redmen lost not their devotion to the French, though often in

their extremity they must have recalled the brave words of Saint Luson to their fathers in 1671 and waited in vain for the fulfillment of the Frenchman's promises.

But not entirely to the Indian's innate steadfastness—if such indeed is one of their virtues—need be attributed their seeming fidelity, rather may we turn our attention for a few minutes to those of the Old World who had accepted the Indian's lot as their own.

Perhaps there will arise some day, in Canada, a writer of history whose facile pen will trace for charmed readers the story of the *Courreurs des Bois*, and then shall be unfolded a romance at once pleasing and appalling, both gentle and madly ferocious, a story of terrible wreaking of vengeance and, at times, speedy and unaccountable forgiveness, and every stream and island, town and river which may justly lay claim to have been known in those early days will bring its narrative to add to the general store.

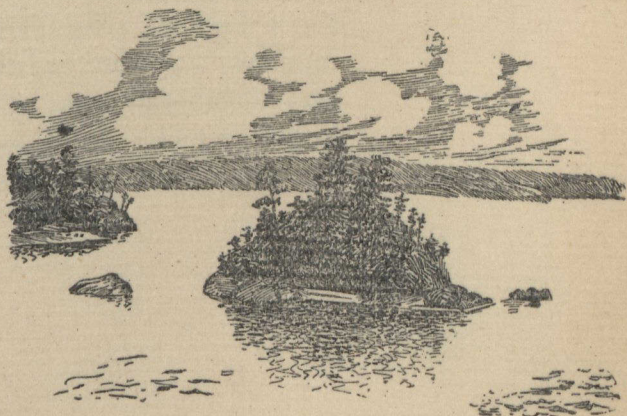
But, until this is done, who may properly appreciate the work of these hardy fellows?

From old France they came in little groups, each ship outward bound carrying among its passengers some few who, having reached the New World and listening to the alluring music of the streams and forest, would eventually disappear into the sylvan mysteries only to come

back for a day or a week now and again. Nor were these men by any means taken entirely from the lower strata of the people of fair France. No doubt there were amongst the number some desperate men with no family name to be proud of nor ancestral honour to sustain, whose career having come to a sudden stop so far as the Old World was concerned, made their way across the ocean to eke out an existence where they were quite unknown.

Others again, of the steady *bourgeois* class, who had felt the iron of calamity enter into their soul, turned their eager eyes to Canada's shores as to a promised land where fortune would perforce favour them if they were only brave and stuck to their purpose, while with the rest were to be found not a few sons of the nobility who, having tired of the stately indolence of their fathers' halls or grown restive under the life of genteel poverty in which their reduced circumstances forced them to live, announced to their companions with characteristic *sang-froid* their intention of adventuring themselves in the land beyond the seas and mockingly called for a toast for the treasures which would one day be theirs.

But on reaching Quebec their precon-



ceived ideas gave way. The desire for novelty took possession of them, for it was in the air and the monotonous round of duties and pleasantries in the colony's chief settlement soon palled upon them.

Only once in each twelve months did the rugged old town take to itself any real appearance of animation.

In the Spring, when the influence of Uab-ikum prevailed, from the West by dozens and scores, by fiftys and hundreds came the trappers and the Indians with their stores of precious furs and canoes were unloaded and pulled up upon the shore by the dusky voyageurs, and barter, trade, play and drink were the order of the day.

Then into the ears of the newcomers would be poured by the Brave and Voyageur alike, tales weird and wonderful, until it seemed as though just beyond that fringe of pines, so few miles to the West, was the fairy land of their childhood's dreams. And then one day would begin the departure, and with din of yelps and hearty *adieux* the visitors would one and all embark and up the river they would flash paddles, moving in time to the voyageurs' song, like the legs of some aquatic monster, westward, westward they sped till song and hurrah and canoe alike faded in the distance, and they had gone for another year.

Then would silence steal over Quebec again,

where the greatest excitement was a squabble over a game of cards or a question of precedence between the Intendent and the Bishop, and the men of spirit who were not forced to stay turned their eyes involuntarily and wistfully toward the river and longed for another party to come paddling down.

The dullness of the city, the chances of making money from the peltries and the craving for the freedom of the wilderness, which to us all comes irresistably at times, conspired to draw the newcomers into the forest, and as they listened day after day to the woodland voices and the murmuring of the streams the free spirit seized upon them and they disappeared.


The heads of the fur companies would have explained, had they been asked, that the absent ones had been fitted out with weapons, ammunition, cloth and beads and with other trinkets for barter with the Savages, but henceforth, save for a week at the annual ingathering, they were strangers to civilization.

Perhaps this taking to the woodland life, in some measure, explains the small total of the number of Frenchmen in Canada 1676 when the census reported in actual figures 7,832 white people in Canada,* which return drew from the King

* Archives of Canada, 1869, p. 259.



the complaint that he had sent over "a greater number than that in the fifteen previous years alone."




When one thinks of the happy facility with which the French adapted themselves to the conditions of their new homes, he is led to enquire as to the causes for their failure as a colonizing power.

For nearly two hundred years were they in complete control. The natives became attached to them, and when an enemy appeared were ready to fight as though they themselves were being attacked.

Perhaps we may find the answer in the story of the Courreur des Bois who, instead of being the leader of the Indian, dominating his will and guiding him to better things, himself sank too often to the Savage's level and became a member first of the family and then of the tribe.

Penetrating into the wilderness these men made their way to the Indian settlement or rendezvous, and gradually dropping the habits of the white men, took to themselves more and more the habits and characteristics of the red.



European clothes were discarded, the body was dyed and painted and the head was shaven, save for the crest which was decorated with feathers. Quick to adapt themselves to any mode of life which appealed to them, they speedily became

experts in all the woodcraft of the natives, learning to trace the game and the enemy alike by the evidence of fallen leaf or broken twig, reading the direction in the tangled forest from the tree bark and the mosses.

Side by side with the Indians they fought in their battles, married their daughters, spoke their language, dropping their own and very often assuming an Indian name.

When they tired of their spouse, it was an easy matter to rid themselves and to select another. Within the memory of some yet living was the custom of trading a wife away for a hatchet or a yard of gaudy cloth. It was the Indian way nor did the women murmur at their treatment.

In every nook and corner were these men or their children to be met with. Indian in everything, save in one particular, they were Frenchmen in their loyalty to France, and these were no doubt the ones who inspired in the breasts of their dusky comrades the fidelity and devotion which, for a time, was so very marked.

But even loyalty to the land of their birth played a less and less important part in their life.

Their children were growing up, those wild, untamable, erring sons and daughters, beautiful, lawless, without fear of man, full of superstition who mixed legend of Me-da-we lore with story of saint and Bible hero, until in the stories, for



instance, of Noah, Jacob and the Virgin we hardly recognize the true characters.

These knew nothing of La Belle France. To them only one world existed, the woods, and restless, wandering, turning up where least expected, filling the older places with consternation at their doings when they dropped for a time, among them, they acquired the name since given to those dreadful sand flies, known to everybody in the district, the term "Bois Brulés."

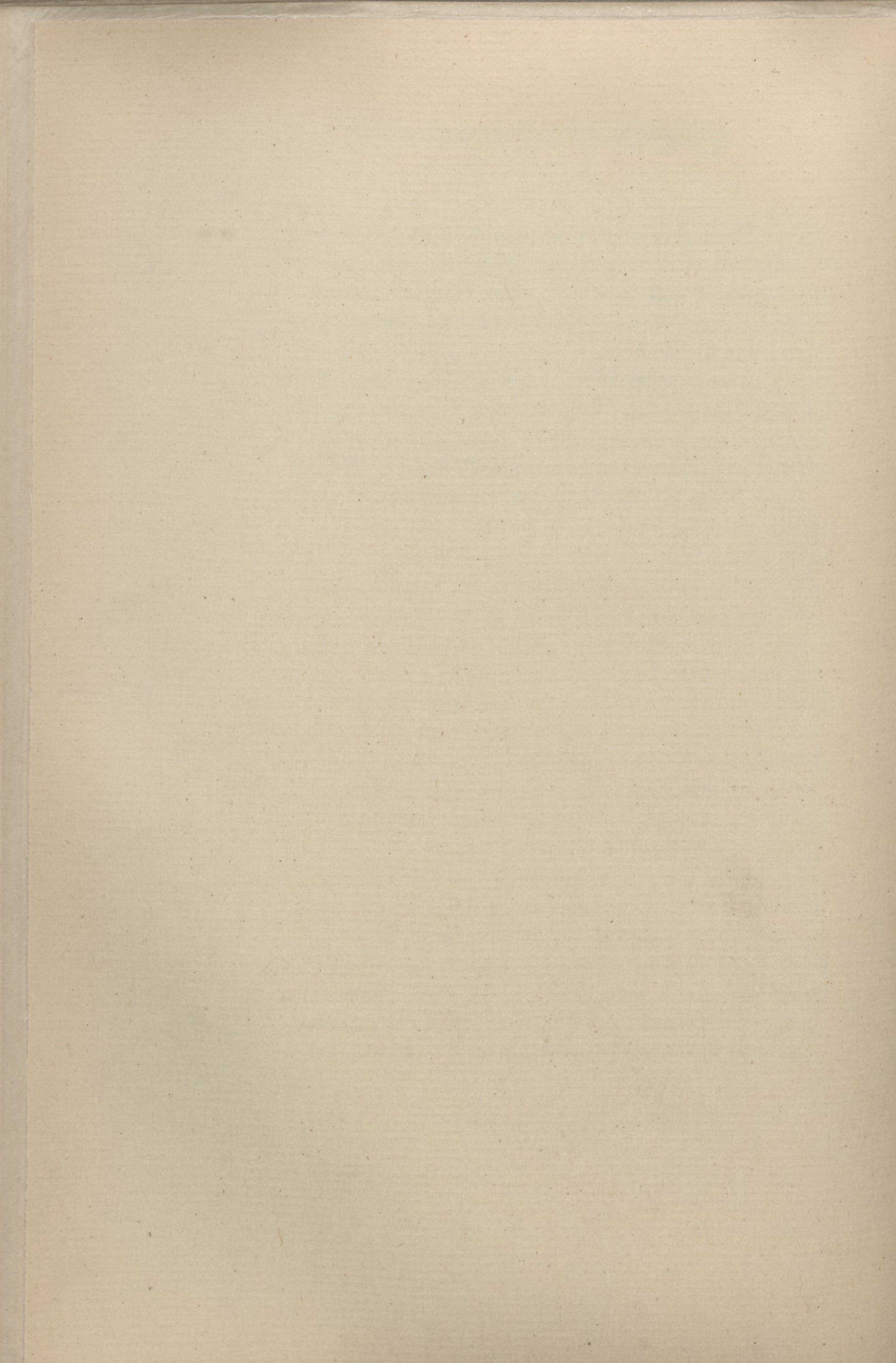
Like their fathers, they were hunters, ready to engage to the highest bidder. Even then was the influence of the British trader being felt, and immediately on the fall of Quebec when Canada was, theoretically, thrown open to all, Englishmen pushed West and occupied the ground so lately held by the Frenchmen, and through their generosity as well as their capacity to command, not only won over the Indians and the Bois Brulés but those whose ardour for their fathers' land had for years been on the wane, the Courreurs des Bois.

There are no more loyal subjects of King Edward's to-day than the descendants of these mixed marriages of the Indian and the French. In Sault Sainte Marie the dark green uniform of the rifle regiment is seen on occasion on many of these. The sturdy language of the Briton is used by them in public although the soft accents of the French tongue alone are heard in their homes.



Their origin is unmistakable, for they are the children of parents born under the green trees of the forest and in whose veins mingled the chivalrous blood of the Old World and the resourcefulness of the new.

Among the Birons and DuBois, the Sayers and Mirons, the Boisenaults, Jollineaus and Devieux are to be noticed to-day, the delightful and studied courtesy of the Frenchman and the lithe and splendid forms and regular features of the Brave.



CHAPTER VII

REPENTIGNY AND HIS FORT.

*"E'en now their vanguard gathers,
E'en now we face the fray,
As Thou didst help our fathers,
Help Thou our host to-day."*

KIPLING.

A race, a community, an individual, awaking to the unhappy fact that he is not progressing but rather losing in the fight for place grows gradually jealous of the more successful rival or rivals and the spirit quickly develops into hate.

So it was with the British and the French. The latter finding themselves out-distanced by the people who were even then developing fast into the "nation of shop-keepers," put forth every effort to stop their onward march.

But the attempts proved unsuccessful, Voyageurs were now used to the ways of the Englishmen whose gold was as good to them as was that of the French. The Courreurs des Bois and their grown up sons were willing to engage with anyone, irrespective of nationality, if the payments were sufficient and regularly made and the powers

at Quebec saw the West rapidly slipping from their grasp.

At that time Jonquière was Governor under Louis XIV. and to him was entrusted the working out of a scheme whereby the influence of the newcomers might be ended. The plan adopted by him was one calculated to prove efficient as well as most economical.

He requested the home government to make a grant of land on the south shore of the river six leagues long by six leagues wide to his nephew, a certain Captain Bonne, and to Chevalier de Repentigny on condition that a fort be erected and maintained at their personal expense and the ground thereabout, comprised in their thirty-six square leagues be placed under cultivation.

Of Bonne we know nothing, save of his relation to the Governor and that he fought at the battle of Sillery, but of Repentigny and his people the history of Canada has much to say.

The Repentigny family was one of the most distinguished under the old *regime*.

The great grandfather of our hero came to Canada in 1634, two years before Nicolet reached Sault Sainte Marie. To the founder of the family in the New World were born twenty-three sons. Madame Repentigny and her husband were eminently religious and in those first days were noted and beloved for their work of charity to the poor of Quebec.



No Christian festival was complete without them, and often did they encourage by their presence, the Fathers of the parish church, as they taught the *Pater Noster*, the *Credo* and the *Ave* to the Indian children assembled to learn.

The spirit of the soldier was inherited by each generation in turn, until the middle of the eighteenth century found Louis Legardeur Repentigny one of the most trusted and successful officers in the colonial service. Mackinac, Acadia, Lake George, Lake Erie, Lake Pepin, Sillery, Schemectady and the Plains of Abraham, Quebec, at various times, saw his daring exploits and bore testimony to his achievements, and to him was entrusted in 1750 the care and guard over the West.

Arriving at Michilmacanac he was met by the chief of the Sault Sainte Marie Indians who presented him with four strings of wampum and most hearty assurances of the cordiality of his tribe to the French. The chief informed him that they would ever be the friends of the French, reminded him that he had already on a former visit been adopted by the Indians and besought him to forward the belts to the Governor.

Repentigny replied in a similar strain, presented the chief with an equal number of wampum strings, and shortly afterward proceeded to his future headquarters at the Rapids of St. Mary.

He was received with great joy, and as a token of the affection of the French for their Indian subjects he presented them with a necklace, which cemented the bond.

An Indian named Cacosagane, however, told Repentigny of a similar necklace which had been presented to the tribe by the English and which was still kept secreted in their village. It had been amongst them for five years and had been first brought in as an inducement to the Ojibways to join the confederacy of the Iroquois and English against the French. The object had proved a failure and now the commandant secured possession of the wampum and it disappeared from history.

The deed of gift of the land had been made as stated to Repentigny and de Bonne, but there is nothing discoverable to show that the latter ever became interested enough to visit and inspect his acres.

The name of his associate alone appears in many transactions which took place either with the Indians or with the white people to whom the Governor's relative must have been merely a name.

Although the party arrived in the early Fall, yet so severe did the weather become that work on the proposed fort had to be delayed.

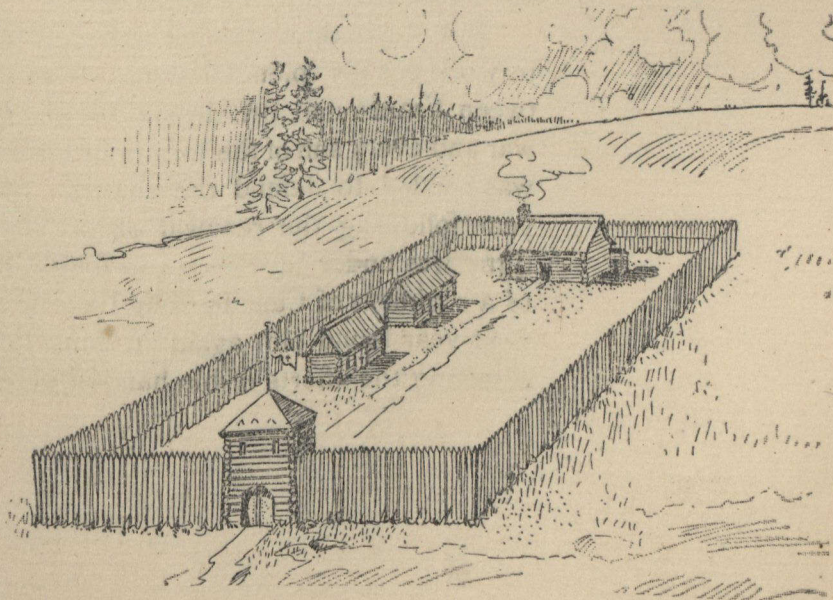
October 10th of that year found the snow a

foot deep and the time was spent in cutting down the trees and preparing timber for the Spring building.

Eleven hundred pickets fifteen feet in length were prepared for a palisade and the necessary material for the construction of three houses one thirty feet long and twenty feet wide and two others each twenty-five feet long and twenty feet wide.

The fort when completed was enclosed in a palisade one hundred and ten feet square with a redoubt of oak twelve feet square and reaching twelve feet above the centre gate.

Among other possessions of the resuscitated French colony were eight cattle and three horses which Repentigny had caused to be forwarded to him.



A Frenchman who had married an Indian woman at Sault Sainte Marie was placed upon a section of the grant of land for the purpose of inaugurating farming operations and Repentigny himself set two slaves to work to cultivate his acres.

And so after a lapse of 60 odd years was the ground once more made to yield her increase.

Among those who came in the little band of followers was one M. Cadeau whose descendants were to earn for themselves through many successive generations respected and honourable report.

Cadeau married an Ojibway girl and settled on his master's clearing. For what reason, it is not known, the name was soon changed to Cadotte and through all the Lake Superior district in after years and far into the Great West the Indians knew and trusted him and his sons.

But Repentigny was not to be left undisturbed to work out his splendid plans. The enmity between France and Britain had broken out in open war and every son of the former in the New World was needed to defend the colony. In 1755, the year following the renewal of hostilities, Repentigny was under St. Pierre and fought at the head of a regiment of Canadians at Lake George. The next year found him again at Sault Sainte Marie directing the efforts of his handful of settlers, but

once more the call to arms was heard. The British were rapidly getting the best of it and Quebec, the stronghold, was threatened. Leaving Cadotte in command of the fort, Repentigny hastened with all speed to lend his aid to the Governor. With him journeyed Ma-mong-e-se-da,* father of Waub-o-jeeg, of whom we shall hear again, and a body of Redmen. The party arrived safely at the Citadel, but were of little avail. Everyone knows the story of its downfall and the consequent wiping out of French rule in Canada. In the darkness of the night, in the silence of the camp, the alarm suddenly sounded, but it was too late.

As though they had risen from the ground at their feet, were the British soldiers, on all sides, and as far as the defenders could see. Bravely, however, did the French and their allies give battle, but without avail. They were driven back and put to confusion and the victory fell to the besiegers.

Here first in history was the word "Shaug-an-aush" applied to the conquerors. Those braves who returned to the Fort at the Sault carried back with them the story of the enemies' unaccountable and sudden appearance on the Plains of Abraham and henceforth the British were known by that term, which means "those who dropped from the cloud."

* Ojibway for "Big Feet."

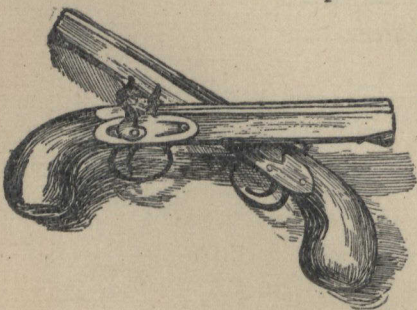
But Repentigny did not return.

The day was lost. France no longer held proud sway over Canada and there was now no further inducement to stay.

Long and vainly did Cadotte watch for his commander's coming and heartened the natives and settlers with his words, but one day there was sighted coming up the river a flotilla of canoes bearing a detachment of British soldiers under Lieutenant Jemette. They landed and in the name of the King took possession of the post. The lilies of France drooping from their staff were lowered after an ascendancy, from the coming of Saint Lussion, of ninety-one years, and the triple cross of the ensign of Great Britain and Ireland was unfolded and flung to the breeze.

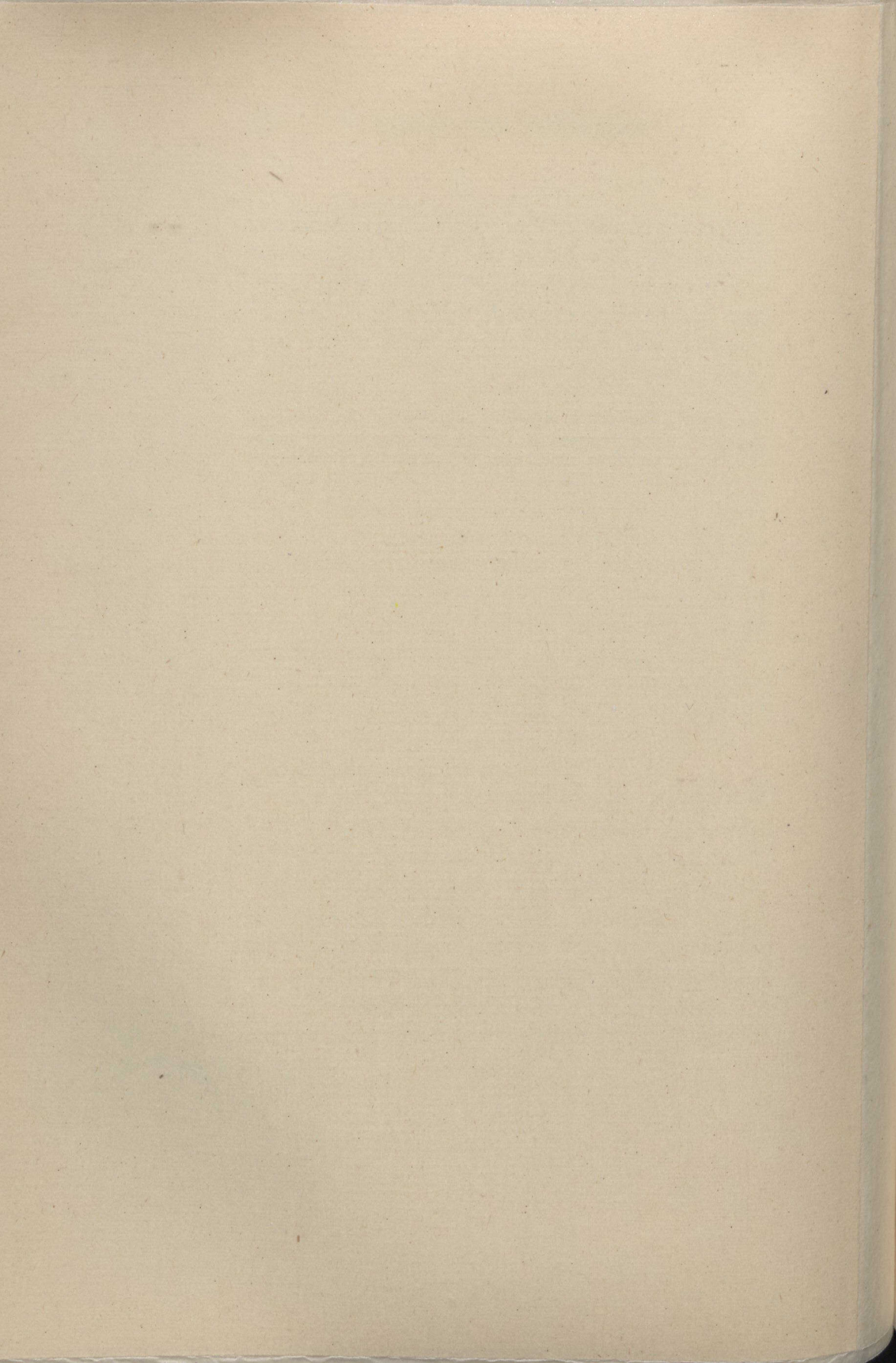
If Bonne can be considered as indifferent in regard to his landed estate, those who claimed descent from him afterward were most zealous in their efforts to regain possession.

In 1706 his interest in the property was sold to one James Caldwell of Albany for something in the neighborhood of £1500, and long years after the death of these men their heirs laid claim to the acres. Agents were employed at great expense to obtain recognition by Congress of their claims, and in 1860 that body passed an act to the effect that if the courts decided against the claimants their rights should



be forever barred. Many perplexing questions of international law arose, and finally the decision was given by Hon, Samuel Nelson that the claimants had failed to establish their case. Thus the question was settled and the titles of the later settlers were confirmed.

NOTE: The writer wishes to acknowledge the very great assistance which Reverend Mr. Neill's work has been to him on this chapter and from which work he has quoted extensively.



CHAPTER VIII

THE COMING OF THE ENGLISH.

*“ When'er we are commanded
To storm the palisades
Our leaders march with fuses
And we with hand grenades,
We throw them from the glacis
About the enemies' ears
With a tow row row row row row row
For the British Grenadiers.”*

SIXTEENTH CENTURY SONG.

In the poem “Le Drapeau Fantome,” by Fréchette, the Canadian, is given a romantic but wholly misleading story of the coming of the English.

However one may be disposed to overlook the vagaries of poetic natures, it can hardly be admitted that such writings are pardonable, for misrepresentation in popular form is the most successful way of stirring up and keeping alive bitternesses which would otherwise die away.

On the arrival of Lieutenant Jemette with his company in the early Fall of 1762, the fort was immediately handed over to the British and occupied by them, and Mons. Cadotte who had proved

so faithful to Repentigny set himself to serve the new possessors.

The hostility of the natives was not easily overcome, nor indeed during the four following years did they cease to harrass the new people whenever the opportunity presented itself.

And in many cases the opportunity was made, as when in one short day, June 4th, 1763, the Indians seized nine of the twelve posts or forts held by the British between Detroit and the West.

It is claimed, however, that the Lake Superior Indians were not in this great undertaking, although their hostility was known by the French Canadians to exist, and if their conduct was less belligerent than that of their brethren it was principally through the influence and mollifying words of Cadotte.

The chief work now before the garrison was that of gathering provisions against the coming Winter, but although urged by Henry and Cadotte to lay in great stores of the white fish, so easily caught, Jemette considered that venison, bear and small game would be in plenty when such should be needed.

In this belief, he sent several canoe loads of fish to Michilimacinac, which had better have been kept at the Sault, and watched with rather idle curiosity the preparations of those others who were to winter at the Rapids.

Thus was provision made :

Long poles were placed horizontally on two upright supports driven in the ground and on these were hung, to dry and freeze the fish secured two and two by the tail. All along the shore by the rapids were these frames placed, each family keeping its own separate from the rest.

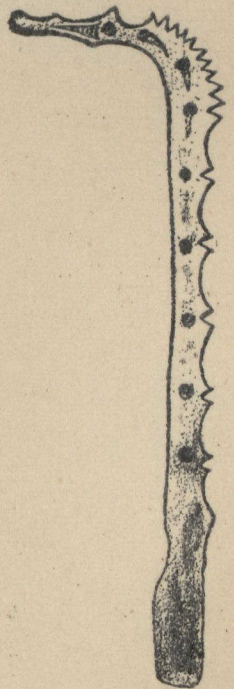
A calamity, however, relieved the officer of the anxiety of securing provisions in the depth of a western Winter for, three days before Christmas, December 22th, the fort took fire and the buildings were destroyed.

The alarm was given at one o'clock and Henry with a rescuing party made his way to Jemette's quarters and only rescued him through his bedroom window.

On the morning dawning the question arose as to the disposition of the soldiers, and finding himself without a store of food as also without shelter, the officer decided to send his men back to Michilimacinac and himself to winter with the inhabitants at the Sault.

This course was followed out with great anxiety, for if the ice were to form during the soldiers' progress to the main post, all hope of escape would be gone, while to remain at Sault Sainte Marie provisionless and unhoused would have proved equally fatal

The detail, however, reached Michilimacinac



in safety and was of the number of the troops in the doomed fort at the time of the massacre.

For a month after their departure did Jemette remain then thinking the ice bridge formed, proposed to Henry and Cadotte that they also visit the larger station. Together with a small retinue on the 20th of January they set out across the snow and ice, travelling on snowshoes, with which Jemette proved himself most unfamiliar.

The expedition was slow and toilsome, a whole week being consumed in only half the journey, when arriving at Pointe de Tour, the men found to their dismay that the lake was still open and the ice drifting. Their provisions were nearly expended and nothing remained but to send back the Canadians and Indians to the Sault and themselves to live, until the return, on the remains of the store which consisted of two pounds of pork and three pounds of bread. On the fourth day all the edibles had disappeared, when to the joy of the watchers, the returning servants arrived with a renewed supply.

Immediately the camp broke up and the expedition pushed on, but had only travelled two leagues when Jemette gave out, his feet being so blistered with the strings of the snowshoes that he could walk no farther. For three days the party struggled on, until again famine threatened themselves. But they were now too far from the Sault

to return, and Henry, detaching himself and one guide from the rest, pushed forward and within fifteen hours found himself at the fort.

A relief party was at once sent out with provisions, and on the third day returned bringing Jemette and the rest to the settlement.

Thus ended for a time the British military occupation of Sault Sainte Marie.

But although they had escaped death by starvation a dreadful fate awaited them.

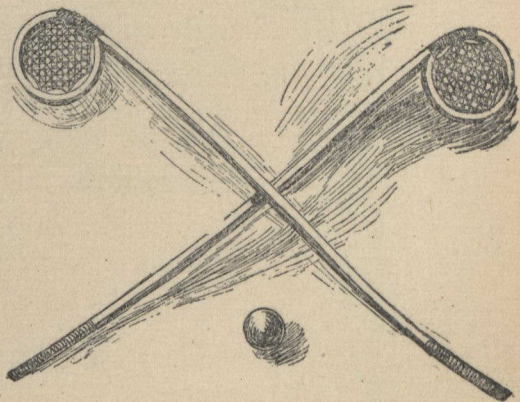
The Winter months fled by and Spring developed into Summer and in this monotonous country all the garrison looked forward to the coming fourth of June.

It was the King's birthday and they intended celebrating it in right royal fashion.

The Indians, too, were pouring in from every quarter, each day adding greatly to their number, nor did they longer wear the looks of dejection and hatred with which on former occasions they were wont to greet their new masters.

Permission had been asked and granted by the Commandant for the natives on that day to indulge in their national game "bag-gatiway," and all the garrison flocked out on to the commons to see it.

Henry, who had been to the Sault and back again mean-



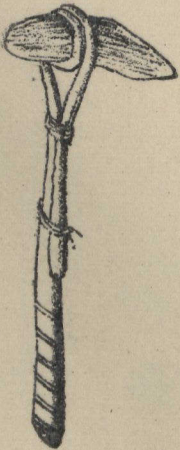
while, did not go out with the rest to see the sport because on the morrow a canoe was to leave for Montreal and he had many letters to forward in it.

The game grew fast and furious. From where he sat writing Henry could hear the shouts of the teams and of their backers, when suddenly he realized that a change had taken place, the shouts became in an instant the war yelp of the tribes which grew alarmingly as the Indians rushed pell mell into the stockades.

Crossing hurriedly to the window he saw the Redmen hacking and hewing at the soldiery who were unarmed and completely taken by surprise, and scalping the convulsive, struggling wretches as they held them between their knees.

In particular he witnessed the fate of his travelling companion who had so lately fled from starvation, Lieutenant Jemette, and he himself only escaped through the kind offices of an old and influential Indian, Wawatum by name, who had adopted him and now claimed him as one of his own family.

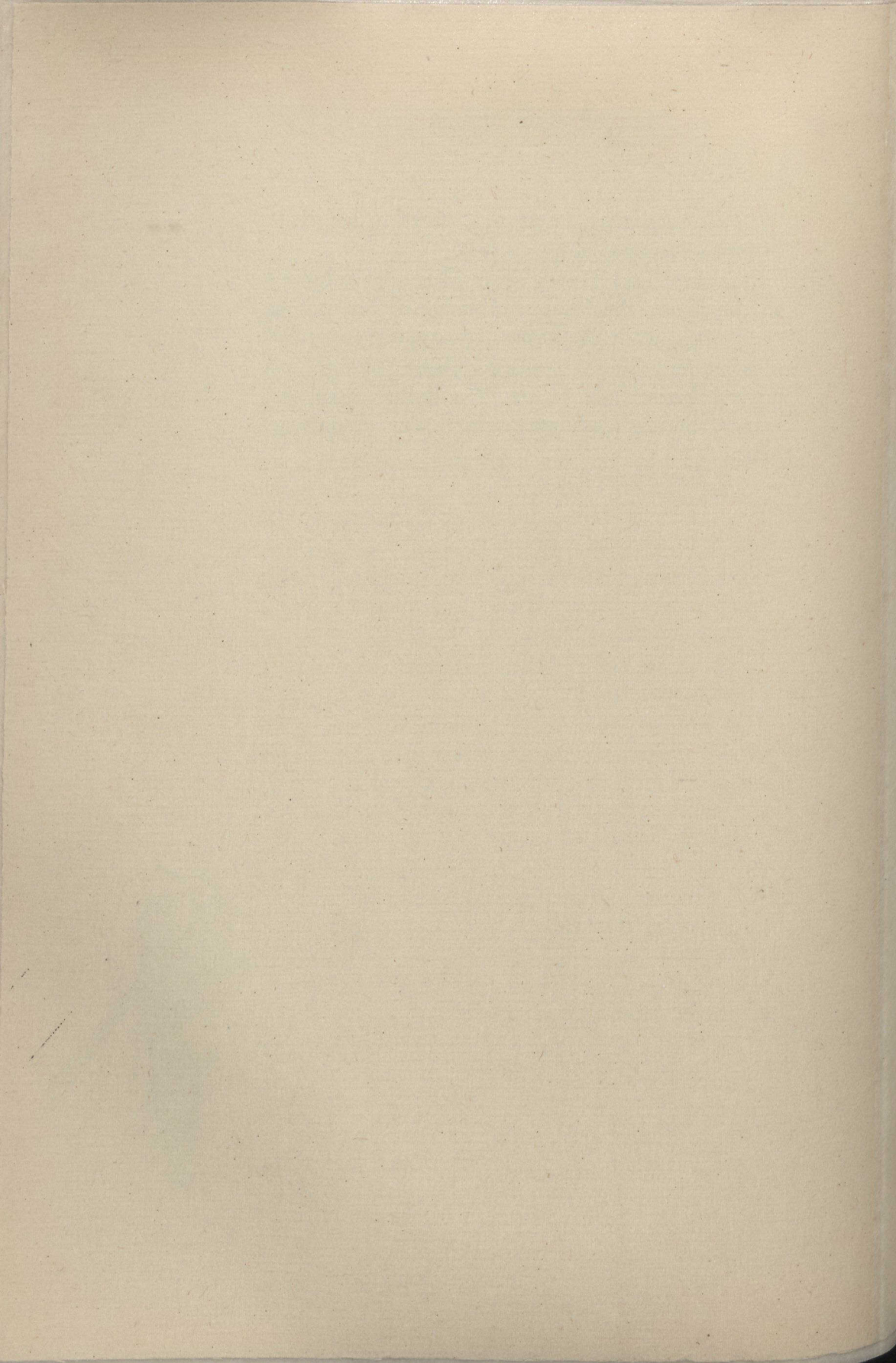
The particulars of that terrible day with the night of suspense that followed do not properly belong to this work which only purports to relate that which concerns the town at St. Mary's Rapids and those who were an influence in its life and growth.



The events are however set forth at length in Henry's accounts of his travels.

Cadotte and Henry soon afterward returned to the Sault, the latter to indulge in his trading operations, while the former became the custodian of what few things remained about the fort and proved himself to be an honourable man and worthy of the confidence which was reposed in him.





CHAPTER IX

ALEXANDER HENRY, TRADER.

... "Seeks the den where snowshoes track the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day."

GOLDSMITH.

No Englishman knew the events transpiring at Sault Sainte Marie during this period as well as did Alexander Henry who, from purely mercantile reasons, had found his way to the village at the rapids.

He was born of English parentage in the colonies in 1739, and from his earliest manhood showed the thirst for adventure.

When twenty-one years old he joined Amherst's army in order to get a footing in the newly acquired country as a trader, and in his "Travels and Adventures," he has left us a series of pictures invaluable to any who desire to know of those stirring times.

The year after Montreal was taken Henry pushed toward the West with a load of goods for trade with the Indians, and here it will not seem

amiss if a description is given of the traders' canoes such as he used on his journey.

The barques were five and a half fathoms in length with a beam of four and a half feet ; they had a carrying capacity of three tons of merchandise, irrespective of the eight men who acted as crew.



They were made of birch bark of a quarter of an inch thickness sown together with the inside fibrous root of the spruce tree, which was known when used for this purpose as wattup. The bark being sown and lined with cedar splints or strips, it was set up in the required form and ribs, held together from springing at the top were inserted and bound together with the transverse pieces so as to form a frame. The ends were now trimmed off and sown and all seams covered with pine gum. The bars which held the ribs from springing acted as seats, and the craft was ready for launching. So steady were these that a man might readily stand upon the gunwhale without their upsetting. No party ever ventured out on an expedition without both wattup and pine gum, so that in case of accident repairs might at once be made.

The canoes were often worked with a sail and every four constituted a brigade with a guide.

The bowsmen and steersmen received double the wages of the other members of the crew and for the trip from Montreal to Michilimacinac and



return their salary was \$50.00 while the rest had to be content with \$25 00 a piece.

The food of these voyageurs was as unique as their barques and belonged to the new country. It consisted of Indian maize from which the husk had been removed by boiling it in a strong preparation of lye. The maize was then submitted to pounding and drying and, fried in grease, formed their only food. A quart of this with a very little tallow or fat was a day's ration, salt even was not mentioned, and bread and tea were never heard of. A bushel of corn with a pound of fat was a man's provision for a month. Nor was there ever any complaining, for the supplies were satisfactory.

Alexander Mackenzie, who between 1789 and 1793 made his famous voyage from Montreal across the continent, relates the same fact with reference to the provisioning of his crew.

Henry, prepared for his trip, left Montreal for Michilimacinac where he found the natives instead of friendly, filled with hostility towards him.

Here he was robbed of part of his supplies, for the 60th regiment which was to garrison the post had not as yet arrived and he was unprotected.

He had been previously warned as to his possible fate if his nationality were discovered, and at La Cloche, an island near the Manitoulin, he had taken the precaution to dye his skin and



dress as a French Canadian that he might be well received. His ruse was however of no avail.

Arriving at the fort, he was most civilly treated by the Canadians who told him, however, that the Indians would not permit English traders in their coasts. His apprehension was increased by the arrival of many of the Ottawas who demanded the goods on credit, while the interpreter, Farly, volunteered the suggestion that if the request were denied he would be murdered, Henry was here joined by two other traders, Solomon * and Goddard, and together they decided to withstand the demand.

Day and night were councils held and the traders, sent for and each time, presented with a new ultimatum, till one morning, much to their joy, they saw the Ottawas departing and presently not an Indian was to be found. The reason soon became plain, for ere long British uniforms were descried and Lieutenant Leslie with 300 troopers of the 60th Regiment marched into the fort.

Henry remained at Michilimacinac for a time, but being desirous of visiting Sault Sainte Marie, he left the fort on the 15th of May in a canoe, and soon arrived at the foot of the rapids. Here was still standing the stockaded post which Repentigny had erected and which, now in the keep-

* Solomon's descendants live in St. Joseph's Island at the present time.

ing of the faithful Cadotte, awaited the coming of the conquerors.

He found a settlement of 50 warriors who still clung to the krall-shaped wigwams of earlier days. He described in his journal, written in later years, the mode of making rabbit blankets so common among the Indians then, and he mentions also the quantities of pigeons and of the less desirable but equally evident mosquitoes and black flies.

At rare intervals one may still see the Ojibway rabbit blanket. It is made by cutting and sowing the pelt in long strips about an inch wide and weaving them much the same as other blankets are woven, the ends of the strips being secured by stitches.

It was in the Autumn of that year that the ill-fated Jemette with his squad of soldiers arrived to take possession of the fort and the incidents up to the time of their journey to Michimilacinac have been related in the foregoing chapter.

The 10th March of 1763 saw Henry once again travelling back to Sault Sainte Marie where the natives were preparing for their annual sugar making camp.

But his journey was fraught with trouble, for he was overtaken by the affliction so common in the snowshoe country and known among the French settlers as the *mal de raquettes*.

It arose from the great strain on the muscles



which were brought into play in snowshoeing, inducing inflammation. The pain was very great and the remedy prescribed, namely, holding a candle to the tendons of the legs till they cracked was hardly one to be submitted to without a degree of hesitation. The trader, however, recovered sufficiently to join the sugar makers and to aid them in the work of emptying the sap from the bark vessels into the pails and great moose skins preparatory to its being carried to the boilers.

On the 25th of April the labour was concluded and the tribe returned home with sixteen hundred weight of sugar and nearly forty gallons of syrup. The supply was very great although during their sojourn in the maple bush, the sugar, as it was made, had been their principal food.

Even then were tourists attracted to this country, for on his return Henry welcomed Sir Robert Davers who was passing through on a pleasure trip. Henry was one of the last white men seen by Sir Robert, for shortly after * the news reached the Commandant at Detroit that the traveller, together with a Captain Robertson, had been murdered above Lake St. Clair by Indians on their way to join Pontiac in his attack on that fort.

The month of May found the ubiquitous Henry again at Michilimacinac whither he had journeyed

* Ninth of May, 1763.

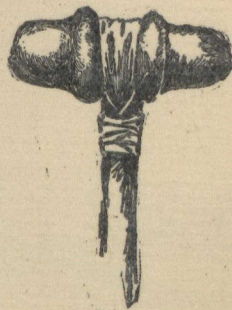
with Davers on the latter's trip to his death. Here Henry stayed till after the fateful fourth of June

He who would read a story of exciting adventure and well nigh incredible escapes must peruse the journal of the intrepid trader as he narrates day after day's events following that dark "King's Birthday." * So long was the hope of regaining liberty deferred that the trader assumed more and more for protection the Indian ways, and as the Ojibways were now returning from Detroit where many had lost friends or relatives in the fruitless attack and were consequently more embittered against the English, Wawatum, his friend, persuaded him to affect the Indian dress as even more effective disguise.

To this Henry readily assented and in a very short time the metamorphosis was complete.

His hair was cut off and his head shaved with the exception of a small spot on the crown. His face was painted with different colours, part black, part red, a tunic painted with vermilion and grease was substituted for his better garment and a large collar of wampum was placed around his neck and another suspended on his breast. Both his arms were decorated with bands of silver above the wrist and elbow, and his costume was completed

* Travels and Adventures of Alexander Henry, edited by Jas. Bain, published by Geo. Morang, Toronto.

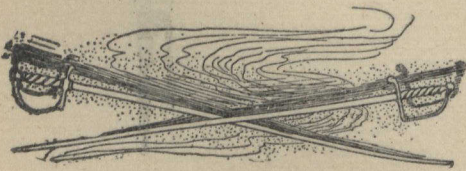


by a pair of scarlet *mitasses*, or leggings, a scarlet blanket and a head dress of feathers. For months, from June till the following April, did Henry wander with Wawatum's family, save for a short interval spent at Michilimacinaç. He hunted and fished with the natives, starved when they starved and feasted when there was plenty. He joined them in their rites and customs, filled with admiration at the many qualities he saw displayed, until he confesses in his narration, "If I could have forgotten that I had been ever otherwise than as I then was I could have enjoyed as much happiness in this as in any other situation." Thus does man tend to revert to the Savage.

The Winter ended, Henry and Wawatum's family returned to Michilimacinaç where the Winter's "take" in furs was bartered for stores and all settled down for a season of quiet.

It was not, however, to be of long duration, for eight days after their arrival there came a band of Indians beating up recruits among the Braves to war against the English, and these proposed that Henry be slain and a feast of his flesh be indulged in to raise their courage.

His only hope now lay in flight, and feeling sure that if he could but reach Cadotte at the Sault he would be safe, he easily persuaded Wawatum to accompany him on a journey thither, but en route Wawatum's spouse took sick and



declared that she had been warned in a dream that death awaited them if they continued on their course.

To argue would have been fruitless, to have returned meant disaster, and so camp was pitched on Isle aux Outardes in the direct course between Detroit and the Fort from whence they had fled.

Two days of apprehension followed which were spent by Henry watching from the top of a tall tree for the craft of friend or enemy. His watch was finally rewarded by the discovery of a sail which bore along a boat of Cadotte and which was carrying the latter's wife back to the Sault.

Madame Cadotte cheerfully allowed the trader to become one of the party, so bidding Wawatum a deeply felt *adieu*, he embarked and the boat left the shore. Upon the beach stood the affectionate Indian with the members of his family invoking the solicitude of Kitchi Manido on behalf of his friend till they should meet again, and the craft had proceeded out of earshot before the Ojibway had ceased his prayer.

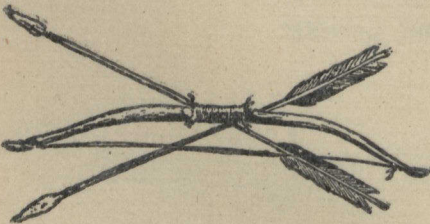
Once again was Henry to be threatened ere he reached his destination, for on the second day out the boat was surrounded by a number of canoes whose occupants denounced him for an Englishman. Madame Cadotte, however, resorted to subterfuge and finally, on the third day, the boat was beached at Sault Sainte Marie and Cadotte met them with a generous welcome.

Thirty warriors at the Sault were being kept in check by this loyal Frenchman who, but for Cadotte's influence, would have joined the hostiles against Bouquet, and six days after Henry's arrival, a canoe load of Braves pursuing him arrived and enquired where the fugitive was. Cadotte sent a message to Henry to conceal himself, and for a second time, first at Michilimacinac, then at Sault Sainte Marie, a garret afforded him a place of refuge.

A parley was held in which Mutchikiwish, the chief who led the pursuers and who was a relative of Cadotte, confessed that they wished to murder Henry and to raise a party of warriors to proceed against Detroit. An assembly was immediately called, and Cadotte and the chief of the village addressed the council in Henry's behalf. While the trader's fate trembled in the balance, a second canoe was reported as having just arrived from Niagara.

This indeed was the storm centre and the headquarters of Sir William Johnson, and word was sent at once bidding the strangers attend the council.

They came, and seating themselves, smoked for a time in silence. All were eager to hear the message, yet none would ask till they choose to speak. Finally, the spokesman rising and ex-



tending a belt of wampum, addressed the assembly.

"My friends and brothers," he exclaimed, "I am come with this belt from our great father Sir William Johnson. He desired me to come to you as his ambassador and tell you that he is making a great feast at Fort Niagara: that his kettles are all ready and his fires lighted.

"He invites you to partake of the feast in common with your friends, the Six Nations, who have all made peace with the English.

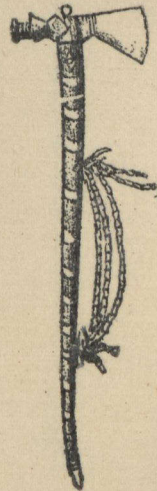
"He advises you to seize this opportunity of doing the same as you cannot otherwise fail of being destroyed: for the English are on their march with a great army which will be joined by different nations of Indians. In a word, before the fall of the leaf, they will be at Michilimacinae and the Six Nations with them."

The message delivered, the orator resumed his place, but his words had proved fruitful.

The fear of the invaders was upon the Braves, and they resolved to conciliate the British.

The council debated earnestly, and finally it was decided to send twenty warriors to Niagara as an evidence of the tribes' good will.

But such a step was fraught with grave



consequences, and that their decision might prove to be the best, it was decided to seek the approbation of the Great Turtle, the chief Manido of the Ojibway people.



CHAPTER X

THE GREAT TURTLE.

“ ‘*Hia-ou-ha!*’ replied the chorus,
‘*Way-ah-way!*’ the mystic chorus
‘*I myself, myself!*’ the prophet,
When I speak the wigwam trembles,
Shakes the sacred lodge with terror.
Hands unseen begin to shake it,
When I walk, the sky I tread on
Bends and makes a noise beneath me.’ ”

HIAWATHA.

For the ceremony of invocation a large inclosure was erected, in the middle of which was placed a wigwam and in this latter the turtle was supposed to speak to his priest.

The central tent was constructed of five poles of different woods, each about ten feet in height and eight inches in diameter, placed in a circle four feet in diameter and bound together at the top with a hoop after having been planted about two feet in the ground.

This was in turn covered with moose skins secured by thongs at the top and bottom save for

a small aperture through which the priest was to enter.

As the darkness fell several fires were kindled around the wigwam to give light and all the village turned out to witness and to hear what would be disclosed.

The priest was not long in coming and, almost naked, he entered the enclosure and crawled on hands and knees into the wigwam.

Hardly had his head and shoulders disappeared beneath the moose skins, when the whole tent began to tremble and sway and then to rock furiously and a multitude of voices such as Henry had never heard before, filled the air with weird sounds like the barking of dogs, the howling of wolves, cries and sobs as of souls in despair and sharpest pain.

As the various voices issued from the swaying wigwam, the assembled Indians greeted them with hisses and jeers, for they affected to recognize in them the voices of malignant spirits, but presently silence fell and then arose a whining like the cry of a young puppy. The voice was no sooner heard, than all with one accord leapt and danced, clapping their hands and shouting, exclaiming meanwhile, "It is the Chief Spirit, the Turtle, the Spirit that never lied."



With the coming of the Turtle the other voices died away, and presently there arose strains of music for the space of an hour.

Not until these died away was the priest's voice heard and, then for the first time since he entered the wigwam, he spoke to the assembly, telling them how the Great Turtle had come and now awaited to willingly answer questions.

Immediately the village chieftain strode forward, and with an abundant offering of tobacco, desired to know whether it were true that the English were gathering at Niagara to make war upon the Indians.

The chief's questions were followed by another convulsion of the wigwam which threatened to level it with the ground and a frightful cry announced the flight of the Spirits.

Silence again reigned for a time, while the dusky warriors waited in breathless expectation the next development which, indeed, quickly followed, for in fifteen minutes the presence again announced itself, and the priest interpreting stated that it had been in the interval to Niagara and even as far as Montreal.

The soldiers, it continued, were not numerous at Niagara, but at the latter place the river was dotted with boats and canoes in number like to the leaves of the trees, and even now they were on their way to war against the Indians.



But the chief had a third question to ask. "If," queried he, "we visit Sir William Johnston will we be received as friends?"

"Sir William Johnston," came the quick response, "will fill your canoes with presents, with blankets, kettles, guns, gunpowder and shot and barrels of rum such as the stoutest of the Indians will not be able to lift and every man will return in safety to his own family."

All doubt was set aside by this answer. The mind of the tribe was fixed and on all sides then arose the cry, "I will go too!"

The question of greatest import having been settled, a number pressed toward the lodge to make their offering and to enquire for absent friends and of the ultimate fate of those who were sick, and Henry, fascinated with the weirdness of the whole proceeding and anxious to know his own fate, timidly approached the tent, and, laying his offering down, asked if he would ever again see his friends, so far was he from civilization in the Sault one hundred and fifty years ago.

To his query the Turtle gave a gratifying answer, stating that, not only would he see his friends again, but that no hurt should come to him. The delighted trader, on hearing the response, showed his gratitude by a second offering of the coveted weed.

It was soon afterward arranged that Henry

should accompany the warriors who were to journey to Niagara, and so on the 10th of June with sixteen Indians, four less than it was originally intended should go, he embarked to return once more to the East.

The war party crossed Lakes Huron and Simcoe, making a portage at what is now called Holland's Landing, from thence they tramped to Toronto, and on the banks of Lake Ontario, near the mouth of the Humber, they hewed down an elm tree from whose bark were quickly constructed two canoes, one to hold nine men, the other to hold eight, and in these frail things they made their way across the waters to Sir William Johnston's headquarters.

Here the Indians halted while Henry went forward to announce their arrival and insure their welcome.

The Commandant received him with such cordiality that the trader was greatly affected and became firmly attached to the big hearted British officers.

Here the detachment was placed under Bradstreet who was about to embark for Detroit and Henry was given command of the Indians to whom were added other eighty who had come down from the head of Lake Simcoe and these with the braves from the Sault made a unit of 96 men.



The warriors, however, when they learned that they were to fight against a tribe with whom their own nation was at peace, demurred and when the word to march was given, only ten were ready to start. With the exception of four others who joined the party at Fort Schlosser, the rest found their way back to their own country and Henry's battalion dissolved.

But the fighting was over and a few weeks later saw a general peace concluded, Immediately after, Captain Howard and two companies of regulars with 300 volunteers were told off to proceed to Fort Michilimacinac, and Henry, attaching himself to the force, journeyed back to the scene of his trials.

Under the French *regime* it had been the rule to license men to trade with the natives, and none save those authorized might barter in any shape or form.

To soldiers frequently was this privilege granted, and it cannot be doubted that this was one of the chief inducements leading Sieur de Repentigny to plant his home on the edge of the wilderness.

To Alexander Henry was now granted by the Commandant at Michilimacinac the exclusive right to trade about Lake Superior, and on receiving his license he immediately embarked for Sault



Sainte Marie and entered into partnership with the faithful Cadotte for the prosecution of trade.

For two years this was carried on without interruption, but in 1767 the hamlet was faced by famine and Henry found his operations blocked.

The fish in the Rapids had unaccountably failed and no communication could be established with Michilimacinac from the fact that the ice had formed unusually early, preventing canoeing, yet being unsafe for walking.

In the extremity, he dispatched five men to a distant post that he might be relieved of providing for them but they returned Christmas eve being driven back by want. No time was now to be lost unless they were to starve, so furnishing each person with a pint of maize for the journey, he set out for Goulais Bay, about twelve leagues from the Sault, where it was thought fish might be caught.

There they remained for some time and the expiration of a fortnight saw their camp infested with a party of Indians, like themselves, fleeing from famine.

Two days after these had arrived there appeared a solitary Indian who filled all with uneasiness and apprehension. He claimed that he had left his family in a starving condition too far gone to continue their journey and that he alone was able to pursue his way to the Bay.

His statements were doubted and a search party being dispatched, returned with the horrible intelligence that the man had killed and consumed the others.

The Indians hold to the belief that he who has once tasted human flesh becomes an evil spirit embodied in fleshly form, in their own language, becomes a "windigo," and can never be satisfied with other food.

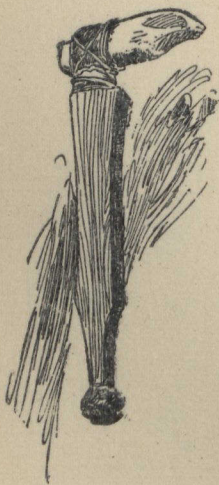
A secret council of the natives was called on the discovery, and it was decided to put the man to death.

All unconscious of his impending fate he wandered next day about the camp, until a well directed blow with a tomahawk from behind laid him lifeless in their midst.

A legend had up to this time found root among the "whites," if a lump of virgin copper on the south shore of Lake Superior but like the traditional monster of the seas it had a faculty for disappearing for years after each discovery nor were men to accurately describe its location.

The mass was eventually placed by scientists and in later years found its way into the Smithsonian Institute at Washington

Perhaps it was in a vain search for this mass that Henry and Mr. Norburg, a Russian geologist, discovered together in this region the immensely rich nuggets of precious metal specimens of which



were carried to England by the latter gentleman. The Indians refused to bear the copper away with them, for it was thought to be the special property of the Great Spirit who visited his anger on those who touched it.

A story used to be related of some Braves who thought to steal some copper ore from Kitchi Manido and who journeyed up the Lake for that purpose. The ore was collected and some of it used in the preparation of fish for the evening meal. The usual way of cooking fish was to make a heap of stones red hot and to plunge them into the water which covered that which was to be cooked.

Immediately after the supper one of the braves was seized with violent pain and died before the eyes of his companions. Attributing his death to the Spirit's wrath, the two remaining Indians fled in their canoe, leaving the one behind, but halfway down the lake a second was seized and died paddle in hand. The remaining Redman plyed his paddle desperately to reach the settlement, and on arriving sprang to the shore and related in horror-stricken terms the story of the calamity. Ere the tale was fully told he too was seized and died before the tribe. Of course the explanation is that the copper, as poison, caused the deaths, but no more did the Indian meddle with Kitchi Manido's stones.



So impressed was Henry with the mineral wealth of the country that, in 1771, he engaged miners to open up several rich veins. A sloop was floated in Lake Superior for the carrying of ore and a company formed with H. R. H. the Duke of Gloucester at its head, but the venture proved a slip, and 1774 saw it abandoned.

From this date Henry dropped out of the life of the little settlement at Sault Sainte Marie and little of importance occurred until the coming of Mr. Johnston.

CHAPTER XI

THE RIVAL COMPANIES.

*“ Some we got by purchase,
And some we got by trade,
And some we found by courtesy
Of pike and carronade.*

THE MERCHANTMAN.

From the earliest days of Sault Sainte Marie's acquaintance with the white man, the first position of importance was of necessity given to the fur trade.

From 1605, when the Beaver Company of Montreal sent its agents up the river and over the portages on either shores, till the coming of the great Hudson's Bay Company the commerce hardly ever ceased.

Now carried on by licensed merchants and again by lawless freebooters, at times occupying the attention and concern of military officers or of priests, the trade continued until within the nineteenth century the last old post was abandoned and pulled down to afford room for vaster enterprises.

In 1670 Prince Rupert of England had been granted by King Charles II. a charter for a new company which called itself the Company of Merchant Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay. To this association was given the control of all that vast territory whose lakes and rivers drain eventually into Hudson's Bay and to the posts which they established at various points did the natives bring their packs of furs for barter.

For nearly a century the work of the company's agents was uninterrupted from the interior save for a raid at long intervals by the French, but with the establishment of peace in 1763 the country became a field of operations for great numbers of independent barterers. For eleven years little notice was taken of these, but their traffic grew to such an extent that, in 1774, the Hudson's Bay Company found it necessary to establish outposts in its own defence.

This movement, however, was not sufficient for the "independents" continued to grow in strength, until in 1783 three of them, Peter Pond and Thomas and Joseph Frobisher, formed themselves into a rival organization, which has come down to us under the name of the North West Company.

The new institution was peculiarly Canadian, and with its 5,000 agents throughout the country, most of whom were in some measure identified

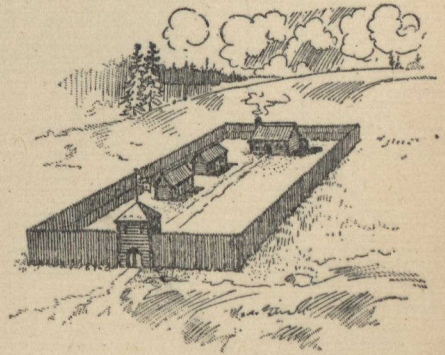
with the natives, it gradually assumed the control of the great district.

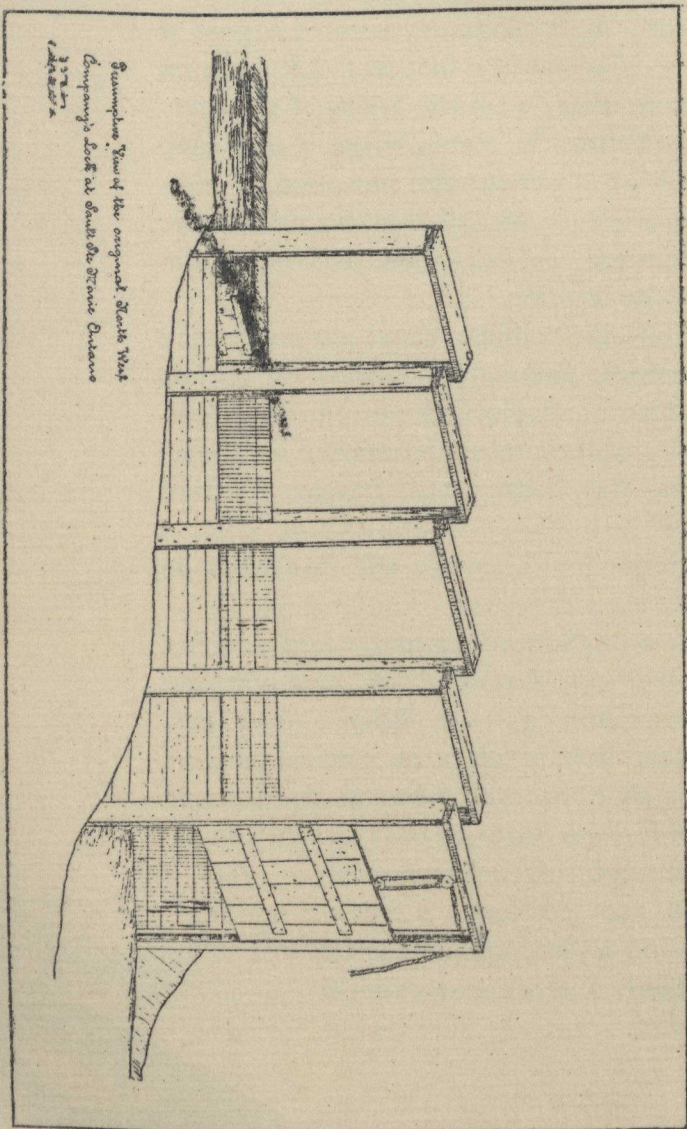
The North West Company erected a post at Sault Sainte Marie at the foot of the Rapids on the north shore where were the house of the *bourgeois*, or chief factor, the men's house, a magazine and a number of stores for the reception of merchandize, and here came all furs bound for the west to Montreal and all goods *en route* from Montreal to the interior.

To facilitate the traffic, a canal was cut for the passage of *bateaux* and canoes between the islands and the mainland and a lock, the first in the West, the forerunner of the present wonderful engineering triumphs, was constructed, having a lift of nine feet.

A description of this work will doubtless be of interest here.

The lock was 38 feet long and 8 feet 9 inches wide, the lower gate letting down by a windless and the upper folding gates working with a sluice. The sides were held in place by vertical timbers tied together by horizontal pieces at the top and high enough for the boats to pass beneath them. A leading trough of timber framed and planked, 300 feet long, 8 feet 9 inches wide and 6 feet high supported and levelled on beams of cedar through





the swamp was constructed to conduct the water from the canal to the lock. The canal itself was 2580 feet long and along the whole length of lock, trough and canal a roadway was cut 45 feet wide and there was also laid a log towpath the full way, 12 feet wide for oxen to track the boats.

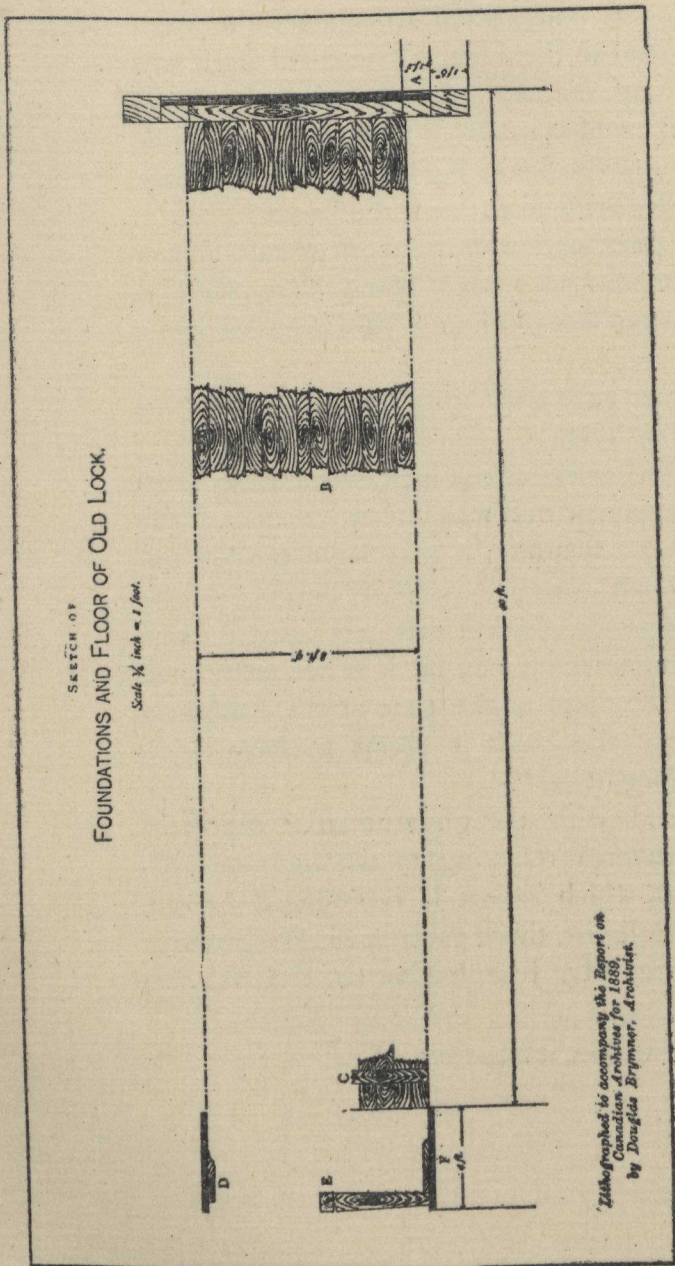
In the construction of the work 20,000 feet—board measure—of 2 inch plank were used as well as 5,000 feet—running measure—of hewn timber.

Whatever year after 1783 it was begun it was completed by 1798.

No record exists of the lock ever having been used, and as a saw mill was built at the foot of the canal used as a raceway, it may have proved unsuccessful for its original purpose because of the great fall of water which it was necessary to overcome. However that may be, it is not mentioned later than 1803 and at the time of the American occupation of the Sault it seems to have been completely forgotten.*

Impressed with the governmental report of Captain Bruyeres referring to the lock and adjoining land, which report is reproduced by the Canadian Archivist, three gentlemen, His Honour Judge Steere, Mr. Joseph Cozens, D.L.S., and

* Canadian Archives, 1886 and 1889.



Mr. A. S. Wheeler, General Superintendent of St. Mary's Falls Canal, Michigan, proceeded to the site of the old lock and were successful in unearthing it.

The measurement and details exactly corresponded with those of the report of 1802 and the lock, through the generous patriotism of Mr. Clergue, was restored in form, if not in material, and may be seen to-day to the north of the Lake Superior Power Company's offices.

Although the North West Company was most successful from a point of finance, yet internal disputes marred every meeting of the directorate, and in 1798 a new organization took its birth with Alexander Mackenzie—afterwards knighted for his Arctic exploration—the Richardsons and Forsyths at its head. It was styled the New North West Company and was composed of partners of the older firm, but the name by which it was best known was the X. Y. Company,

And now began a three-cornered fight, for each company was the bitter opponent of the other two.

In 1799 the old N. W. Co. applied to the Government for a grant of land at Sault Sainte Marie which was opposed by Messrs. Phyn Inglis & Co., the X. Y. Co.'s London agents, on the ground that the grant would include the channel and portage, and thus shut out other traders.

The Duke of Portland favored the X. Y. Co. and recommended that a large section of the property be reserved by the Government for the use of all.

The same year a grant of land was made to the X. Y. Company on the east side of the fort creek, from the vicinity of which they constructed a private road leading to the waters above the Rapids. They also entered a claim for the right to use the canal constructed while they were members of the old firm and which claim was denied with threatening by the "Nor' Westers."

Lord Selkirk who at this time was the virtual head of the Hudson's Bay Company, no doubt hoping to gain his ends while the others were quarrelling, now applied for a grant of land at the Sault for the purpose of establishing a colony and a grant of 1200 acres was made to his lordship to be taken from any township not already appropriated, and the rest of such township was to be reserved for a period of five years to be appropriated by him at the rate of 200 acres per each family settled, provided he should settle 50 acres to each such family which was to be in possession before he claimed the extended grant. This was in 1803 when the quarrel was at its most bitter stage and when Forsyth, Richardson & Co., or better the X. Y. Co., wrote the Government, saying :

“By last advices the grand crisis is considered as not being far distant, and we fervently pray that it may terminate in the ruin and disgrace of our unprincipled enemy.”

Yet, in spite of this, the North West Company proved so formidable that Lord Selkirk dared not take the offer of land at the Sault, but instead settled his colony near Lake St Clair.

The government returns for 1802 state that the North West Company had 14 men employed at the Sault, which number does not, of course, include the voyageurs who made the village their headquarters.

The devotion of the servants of the various companies was most remarkable and equalled the spirit of at least old time missionaries labouring in a nobler cause.

The spirit of self-sacrifice is admirably illustrated in a letter from Duncan Cameron of the Nor' Westers to his friend, Alexander Fraser, August 7th, 1803, in which he says:

“I was very ill a part of the Winter, owing, I suppose to the great hardship I had to endure last Fall going in* by the extraordinary bad weather I met with and being badly maimed; but I recovered, as you see, and arrived here the 9th of July, by the way of the Nepigon, with

* To the Nepigon country.



tolerable returns and at that time in good health, which did not last long, for I can assure you that it is with great difficulty I can hold my pen, but I must tell you that the X. Y. sends in to the Nepigon this year therefore if I should leave my bones there I shall go to winter." *

It was with great relief that all concerned learned three years later, in 1805, that the breach had been healed and that only one company remained instead of two. The X. Y. Co. in that year joined forces once again with the older firm, and from then until the outbreak of hostilities between Great Britain and the United States, the history of the Sault is merely noted for its tranquility.

Perhaps the best known melody of these and even later days was the voyageurs' song "A la Claire Fontaine," for it was sung from Quebec right through to the West as far as canoes could journey, and the song with its translation by McLennan is here presented for its familiar words were held in common by all employees of the rival companies.

* The North West Company.—Masson.

A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE

A la claire fontaine
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné.

*Il ya longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.*

J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné,
Et c'est au pied d'un chêne
Que je m'suis reposé.

Et c'est au pied d'un chêne
Que je m'suis reposé ;
Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantai.

Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantai ;
Chante rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai.

Chante rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai ;
Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi je l'ai-t-à pleurer.

Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi je l'ai-t-à pleurer ;
J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
Sans pouvoir la trouver.

J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
Sans pouvoir la trouver ;
Pour un bouquet de roses
Que je lui refusai.

Pour un bouquet de roses
Que je lui refusai ;
Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier.

Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier,
Et que le rosier même
Fut dans la mer jeté.

*I' ya longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.*

A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE

Down to the crystal streamlet
I straved at close of day ;
Into its limpid water,
I plunged without delay.

*I've loved thee long and dearly,
I'll love thee, Sweet, for aye.*

Into its limpid waters,
I plunged without delay ;
Then mid the flowers springing
At the oak-tree's foot I lay.

Then mid the flowers springing
At the oak-tree's foot I lay ;
Sweet the nightingale was singing,
High on the topmost spray.

Sweet the nightingale was singing,
High on the topmost spray ;
Sweet bird ! keep ever ringing
Thy song with heart so gay.

Sweet bird ! keep ever ringing
Thy song with heart so gay ;
Thy heart was made for laughter,
My heart's in tears to-day.

Thy heart was made for laughter,
My heart's in tears to-day ;
Tears for a fickle mistress,
Flown from its love away.

In tears for a fickle mistress,
Flown from its love away,
All for these faded roses
Which I refused in play.

All for these faded roses
Which I refused in play—
Would that each rose were growing
Still on the rose tree gay!

Would that each rose were growing
Still on the rose tree gay ;
And that the fatal rose tree
Deep in the ocean lay.

*I've loved thee long and dearly,
I'll love thee, Sweet, for aye.*

CHAPTER XII.

THE COMING OF JOHN JOHNSTON.

*"Yon Sun that sets upon the sea,
We follow in his flight,
Farewell awhile to him and thee
My native land—Good night."*

BYRON.

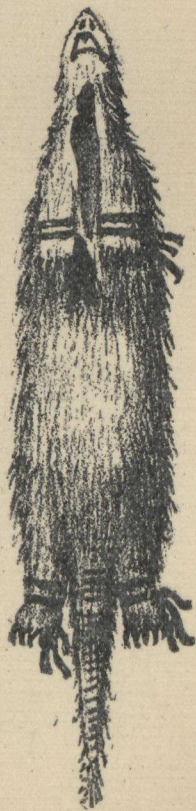
No history of Sault Sainte Marie would be complete without the relation of the coming of John Johnston and his subsequent life here.

In the year 1792 there arrived in Canada from Ireland a young man bearing letters of introduction to Lord Dorchester, the Governor.

A cloud seems to have rested on his youthful days a shadow which was always a mystery to his hosts of friends, and which he never ceased to allude to with regret.

At first it was proposed that he should enter military life in the colony, but a trading party for the West affording an opening, the young Irishman embarked and was soon at the Sault.

This, Mr. Johnson made his headquarters and afterward built himself a house which is still to be



seen in the American town of Sault Sainte Marie and which evidences the quiet comfort in which he lived.

His home for many years was the rendezvous of all the white men who found in the cultured and intellectual geniality of the host that social pleasure which, when absent, makes of the lonely wilderness, a wilderness indeed.

Some months were spent at the Sault by the young trader ere he journeyed further, but at last reaching La Pointe he entered at once into his work.

It was on this island that he first met * a far-famed Indian chieftain who was to the natives of this district what Pontiac had been to all a few years earlier.

It was said that Wabojeeg's counsel was accepted by all, that when he spoke none, even among the elders, would advise differently from him and the Braves were always anxious and ready to follow him wherever he might choose to lead the way.

Nor was his bravery held in less esteem by the warriors than his wisdom in council. There has come down to us a translation of his war song which he and his warriors were wont to chant on the eve of battle.

* Wabogish or Wabojeeg.

Where are my foes? say, warriors? No forest is so black,
That it can hide from my quick eye, the vestige of their track;
There is no lake so boundless, no path where man may go,
Can shield them from my sharp pursuit, or save them from my blow.
The winds that whisper in the trees, the clouds that spot the sky,
Impart a soft intelligence, to show one where they lie,
The very birds that sail the air, and scream as on they go,
Give me a clue my course to tread, and lead me to the foe.

The sun at dawn, lifts up its head, to guide me on my way,
The moon at night looks softly down, and cheers me with her ray,
The war-crowned stars, those beaming lights, my spirit casts at night
Direct me as I tread the maze, and lead me to the fight.
In sacred dreams within my lodge, while resting on the land,
Bright omens of success arise, and nerve my warlike hand.
Where'er I turn, where'er I go, there is a whispering sound,
That tells me I shall crush the foe, and drive him from my ground.

The beaming west invites me on, with smiles of vermil hue,
And clouds of promise fill the sky, and deck its heavenly blue,
There is no breeze, there is no sign, in ocean, earth or sky,
That does not swell my breast with hope, or animate my eye.
If to the stormy beach I go, where heavy tempests play,
They tell me but, how warriors brave, should conquer in the fray.
All nature fills my heart with fires, that prompt me on to go,
To rush with rage, and lifted spear, upon my country's foe.

The sixty foot lodge of this chieftain was the largest and grandest in the land as far at least as the Mississippi, to which his influence extended. Its walls were decorated with trophies of the chase, and in the centre was a strong upright pole which was sur-



mounted by an owl. This ornament had its significance and conveyed to the mind of the Indians the fact that the chief was also a Midi priest.

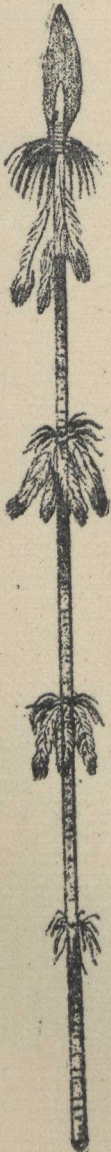
Wabojeeg did not marry until late in life when he took as his partner a widow with two sons. He soon tired, however, of his wife and—after the manner of his tribe—attached himself to a young and beautiful Ojibway maiden whom he brought to his home. Here they lived in happiness for many years, and Wabojeeb became the father of six children.

To this family was Mr. Johnston presented in his trading trip in 1792 and at once fell in love with one of the beautiful daughters. He approached the "White Fisher," by which interpretation of "Wabojeeg," he was known, but the wily old chief was not as enthusiastic as Johnston had hoped.

Too many Ojibway maidens had, he said, been ardently wooed, and finally won by the young traders who came from the front, and were left to mourn their trustfulness which gave them into unworthy hands, for when the traders had sued successfully they left their spouse and departed.

No such fate was to overtake O-shau-gus-co-day-way-qua, * by which name his daughter was

* The Daughter of the Green Mountain.



known, and Mr. Johnston was in despair. Finally it was arranged that he was to go away for a year and if on his return his love was as strong as ever then Wabojeeb promised that he would listen to his plea.

Mr. Johnston left as soon as possible and journeying to Montreal secured passage to Ireland where he sold his estate at Craige, near the Giant's Causeway, and returned to claim his Indian bride.


This time he could not be gainsaid, and after making the young man sware that he would make her his wife after the manner of the white man, Wabojeeg gave him his daughter, after a long speech of advice to both.

Before the marriage could take place, however, the maid must needs fast, and for that purpose she withdrew from her father's lodge to a lonely mountain for a ten day's vigil.

There she was approached in vision each day by a white man holding a cup of water in his outstretched hand as he exclaimed, "Why do you fast! why, poor thing, do you punish yourself!" In her dream she saw each time a dog accompanying the stranger which looked into her face with deep solicitude. Her vision led to another in which she saw many canoes of Redmen approaching to pay her homage, and again did a third vision come to her, in which she saw as if the whole earth were on fire and cried in her dis


tress that all her relatives would be burnt, but as though to reassure her there came a voice saying, "Do not be afraid, they will be rescued."

During the succeeding ten days when the girl lived on water and on the coarse maize brought to her by her grandmother—the spouse of the famous Ma-mong-e-se-do of former time—she became convinced that she had found her guardian spirit, who was none other than the impulsive Irish trader, and at once made ready for her wedding.



But in spite of this she ceased not to regard her future husband with fear, and on being conducted to his lodge whither she went as she, poor thing, after related, with fear and reluctance, she took refuge in a dark corner, hid beneath a blanket's folds and refused to be comforted.

Her husband strove to win her love by every show of delicate tenderness but without success, for on the tenth day the frightened O-shau-gusco-day-way-qua fled from her dwelling, and after wandering and fasting for days in the woods, finally reached the wigwam of her grandsire. Her father was away on a hunting expedition when she arrived, but being warned in a dream of her coming, he turned his steps homeward. His treatment of the girl on returning was remarkable. Giving her a beating he told her to go to her husband and threatened the shrinking child that



he would cut off her ears if she returned to him again.

Together they set out for Sault Sainte Marie whither Johnston had gone, and with many apologies and with presents of corn, furs and tobacco did Wabojeeg restore to her husband his trembling wife.

Soon afterward Mrs. Johnston expressed a wish to return to visit her people. At once a schooner was fitted out and with a retinue of clerks and servants she began her journey.

Not till now had she been able to contrast her present life with her former wild existence.

A short stay in the wigwams of her people sufficed and she returned to the home at the Sault where for thirty-six years she was the contented helpmeet of the man who had won her for himself.

During the war of 1812-1815 Mr. Johnston remained firm in his loyalty to the old flag, supplying men, boats and weapons at his own cost. His connection with that war, however, must be left for another chapter.

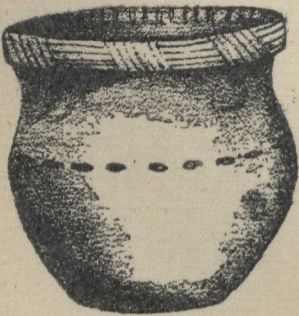
Among the children of this henceforth happy couple were in after years the wife of the Reverend (afterward Archdeacon) MacMurray who, in 1832, was sent to the Sault as a missionary to replace a lay reader who had proved unfaithful, and Mrs. Henry Schoolcraft, whose husband was the famous Indian Agent, and from whom, it is

said, Longfellow obtained the data for his famous epic poem Hiawatha.

Another of their eight children was the Louis Johnston who was serving on board the Queen Charlotte when, in 1813, she was captured by Commodore Perry. George Johnston served in the British army and was present at the attack on Mackinac by the Americans in 1814. John acted for many years as United States interpreter, and Anna, who was the youngest, was the wife of the ill-fated brother of the Indian Agent, James L. Schoolcraft, who was shot by Lieutenant Tilden 1846.

By treaty in 1827, known as the Treaty of Fond du Lac, the family received from the American Government a tract of land on what is known as Sugar Island in the St. Mary's River, and here after her husband's death did Mrs. Johnston retire each year and turn her attention to the manufacture of maple sugar, several tons of which she marketed each succeeding Spring.

The misgiving of her father, old Wabogish, in regard to the unfaithful white men is well voiced by one of his grand children whose song with its translation will interest many.



THE O-JIB-WAY MAID.

Original of the O-JIB-WAY MAID.

Aun dush ween do win ane
 Gitchy Mocomauñ aince
 Caw auzhaw woh da mode
 We yea, yea haw ha, &c.

Wah yaw burn maud e
 Ojibway quainee un e
 We maw jaw need e
 We yea, yea haw ha, &c.

Omowe maun e
 We nemoshain yun
 We maw jaw need e
 We yea, yea haw ha, &c.

Caw ween gush sha ween
 Kin wainyh e we yea
 O guh maw e maw seen
 We yea, yea haw ha, &c.

Me gosh sha ween e yea
 Ke bish quaw bum maud e
 Tehe won ain e maud e
 We yea, yea haw ha, &c.

Literal translation by Mrs. Schoolcraft :

“Why What’s the matter with the young American? He crosses the river with tears in his eyes. He sees the young Ojibway girl preparing to leave the place; he sobs for his sweetheart, because she is going away, but he will not sigh long for her, for as soon as he is out of her sight, he will forget her.”

VERSION.

That stream, along whose bosom bright,
With joy I've seen your bark appear ;
You cross, no longer, with delight,
Nor I, with joy, your greeting hear.

And can such cause, alone, draw tears
From eyes, that always smil'd before ?
Of parting—can it be the fears ?
Of parting now—to meet no more ?

But heavily though now you sigh ;
And tho' your griefs be now sincere,
To find our dreaded parting nigh,
And bid farewell to pleasure dear—

When o'er the waters, wide and deep,
Far—thine Ojibway Maid shall be,
New loves will make you please to weep,
Nor e'er again, remember me.

Sault de Ste. Marie, July 6, 1825. *

Of the descendents of the Johnston's there are still some few remaining scattered over what is known as the Upper Peninsula of Northern Michigan

* Chapman's "Historic Johnson Family."

CHAPTER XIII

SAULT SAINTE MARIE IN THE WAR OF 1812-15.

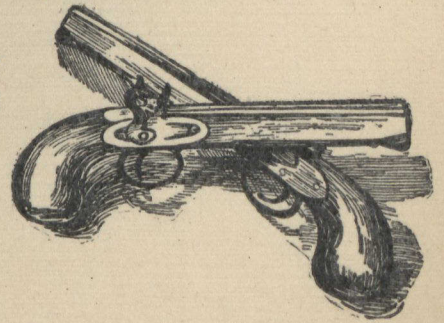
*"The trampled earth returns a sound of fear,
A hollow sound as if I walked on tombs,
And lights that tell of cheerful homes appear
Far off, and die like hope amid the glooms,
A mournful wind across the landscape flies,
And the wide atmosphere is full of sighs."*

BRYANT.

In the beginning of the nineteenth century the colony of Canada, and the new born nation lying at its door were to test the strength of their martial forces.

The people of Canada ought one and all to become acquainted with the causes and progress of that struggle which carried its horrors to even so distant a point as Sault Sainte Marie.

The intrigues of Napoleon whose diplomats, by flattery, were able so easily to work upon the too evident conceit of the new people, the attitude of insolence and braggadocio assumed to the Motherland so



lately repudiated and the ill-mannered denial of Britain's rights on the high seas, all wrought together to bring about the ultimate results, and like heaped up fuel added to the burning.

As early as 1807 preparations were being rapidly pushed forward in such centres as Detroit, then was and the hungry eagerness of the Americans omened not well for future peace. But not until five years later did the flame shoot out and spread throughout the continent.

On June 18th, 1812, the following declaration of war was enthusiastically received by the United States' Congress :

“ An act declaring war between the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the dependencies thereof and the United States of America and their territories.”

“ Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that war be and is hereby declared to exist between the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the dependencies thereof and the United States of America and their territories, and that the President of the United States be and is hereby authorized to use the whole land and naval forces of the United States

to carry the same into effect and to issue to private armed vessels of the United States commissions or letters of marque and general reprisal in such form as he shall think proper and under the seal of the United States, against the vessels, goods and effects of the Government of the said United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the subjects thereof.

“Approved.

“(Sgd.)

JAMES MADISON.

“June 18th, 1812.”

Fiercely from the first did the battle rage along the frontier, especially about Niagara, where the soldiers of the King won for themselves undying glory, and the enemy was beaten at his own game.

The quiet little village by the Rapids was filled with excitement and speculation as to the probability of the war being carried to its doors, but for some time the people remained undisturbed.

At the beginning of hostilities the community consisted of about fifteen white families on either side of the river, all British in sympathy, presided over by Mr. Johnston and the Canadian Factor. The rest of the people were half-breeds and Indians.

The question arises from whence came these white men and half-breed children other than from French and Indian parents?

Joachim Biron still living in the Sault (1903)

at a very advanced age, relates how Scotsmen, travelling from the Hudson's Bay posts in the North back to civilization through the forests and over the rivers, tarried for a time and finally settled in Sault Sainte Marie, stamping the impress of their nationality upon the settlement, and so it came about that most of the music at the happy little dancing parties was decidedly Scotch in character, and many a bright haired half-breed child, like the famous Namgay Dhoola of Kipling fame bore a name that savored of another land.

But to return : It is a remarkable fact that three days before the news of war was received at Michilimacinac, word had been conveyed to St. Joseph's Island, the sturdy remains of whose old fortress may still be seen overgrown by the tangled ivy, and Captain Roberts, the commandant there, immediately set out for the American post with a few regulars and about two hundred voyageurs, the latter under the command of M. Toussaint Pothier, and accomplished the seizure *sans coup ferir*, the astonished Americans not being aware that war had been declared. *

Such a feat would naturally turn the eyes of the belligerents westward and with attention did the Americans regard the

* Masson—"Les Bourgeois de la Compagnie du Nord Ouest."



hamlet at the Sault, which, small in numbers, was yet large in patriotism and full of menace to the enemy of Britain.

In 1814 Colonel Croghan with a fleet of five ships, the Niagara, Caledonia, Tigris, Scorpion and St. Lawrence, set sail to retake the captured post at Mackinac.

On board these vessels was a land force of over 1000 men made up of 500 regulars, 250 militia men and a regiment of Ohio volunteers. But their coming was suspected, and Colonel R. McDouall, * who was then in command at Mackinac, sent a hurried request to Mr. Johnston at the Sault for immediate aid.

Loyally did Johnston at once respond.

Gathering from all the vicinity, the voyageurs and engagés to the number of one hundred, he armed and fitted them out at his own expense and, embarking them in bateaux, led the way down the river.

Croghan, the American, had evidently been warned to watch for reinforcements going from St. Mary's River, and in order that they might be intercepted, he despatched two vessels under Major Holmes to stop the party and capture their stores. Johnston, however, had thought out his plans most thoroughly, and while the two gun-

* Canadian Archives, 1887, p. cv.

boats were sailing slowly through the North Channel, the bateaux were guided silently through what is known as the False Detour Passage and so arrived safely and in time at their destination. But they were really not needed, for after "laying off" from the Fort for three days without attempting more than a feeble assault, Colonel Croghan, whose sword was afterward stolen by the Indians, sent an officer to demand Colonel McDouall's surrender. On receiving the bluff officer's curt reply the blockading fleet directed a faint attack and finally got under way and disappeared. In the attack, however, Major Holmes, who had joined the squadron by this time, was killed together with fourteen men.

At Sault Sainte Marie the patriots fared much worse than those at the island fort.

Holmes, having failed in his principal undertaking of intercepting Johnston, pushed on to the Sault to wreak his vengeance on the people left behind, but they had anticipated his advent and had made what preparation the time allowed.

Caches were made in the woods where the most valuable portable possessions were hidden. In one of these, Armitinger, the trader, buried twenty bundles of furs, but ere the work was completed the American boats were sighted.



One hundred and fifty soldiers were soon swarming the two shores, looting and destroying, as the inclination swayed them.

On the approach of the vessels Mrs. Johnston and her children had fled to the woods and from their point of vantage they saw the destruction of their home.

On the north shore, the North West Company's post was gutted and the saw mill—which boasted two saws—the only saw mill in the whole Great West, was burned to the water's edge.

A schooner belonging to the company lay at the upper end of the old portage road spoken of in the preceding chapter. This was set on fire and turned adrift. It dashed down the rapids and the blackened hulk was afterward discovered foundered on the island whereon now stands the International Dock.

Armitinger, the independent trader, seems to have been the only man who stayed on the scene to witness the end.

He was seized, as a matter of course, and was brought before Major Holmes who demanded of him whether he were a patriot, meaning thereby an American, or a Britisher.

The prisoner thought from the form of the question that he had a right to appear mystified and would make no statement, save that "he was an honest man, endeavouring to make a living and

minding his own business, upon which, it is said, he was given his freedom.

The caches remained undiscovered, and the Americans having stolen as much as they could carry away, among the rest, much of Mr. Johnston's goods, re-embarked and sailed gallantly away to join with the rest of the squadron in the ineffectual attack on Michilimacinac.

It is related in the Canadian Archives how Mr. McGillivray, who seems to have been the Factor here, with a certain Captain McCargo, a lake officer, and his crew, escaped in a North West Company's boat from the head of the rapids and made for Michipicoten.*

There, on the 26th of July, they met Gabriel Franchère at the east end of the Michipicoten Bay and with him turned back to view the scene of destruction.

As far as the company's stores were concerned, the ruin was complete. The post site was changed to the east bank, of what is popularly known as the Fort Creek where the foundations of the Bourgeois' house, of the magazine and barn may still (1903) be easily traced.†

Not until the next year, 1815, did Mr. Johnston and his brave comrades return permanently

* Great Duck Bay.

† In July, 1903, the fields of the ruins were partially ploughed up and the old indications were effaced.

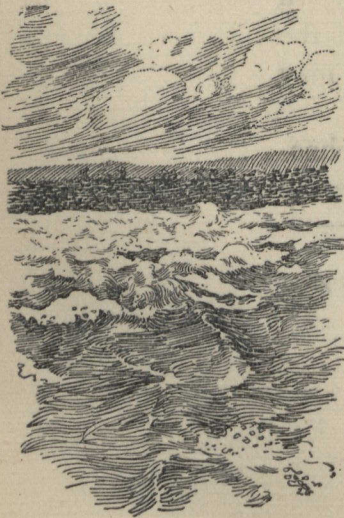
to their homes. Peace was then declared and busy hands at once began the work of reconstruction and repair.

Three years afterward, in 1818, Mr. Armitinger, a free trader, erected the house which still remains in part at the east corner of Queen and Pilgrim streets, and four years later he erected what is known as the Carney block, or stone house, on Queen street, almost opposite his former cottage. There was now no saw mill in the district and all the timbers which would likely be exposed were sawn and made ready in Montreal and shipped by schooner to the Sault.

Until 1820 both sides of the river had been virtually British, but in that year the final change took place.

A detachment of soldiers of the United States under General Cass arrived upon the scene and the south shore once more saw the flying of a hitherto unknown flag.

With bowed heads and sorrowful hearts did the Johnstons and their fellow townsmen with the assembled Indians watch the fluttering down of the loved ensign, and to the utmost height of the jealous flagpole's top did they see hauled a banner which to them was without meaning, associations or traditions. But Time, the file that wears and makes no noise, has smooth-



ed away the asperities. To the descendents of those loyal subjects of the King have the "Stars and Stripes," becomes very dear for they stand as the emblem of their great and wonderful country and rightly do they doff their caps to its waving glory as their brothers on the north shore reverently raise theirs to the older "Union Jack."

CHAPTER XIV.

AFTER THE WAR—CANADIAN SAULT.

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet."

GRAY.

The town on the north shore was now to enjoy a period of happy tranquility, enlivened from time to time by holidays and feasts which were always observed, and little were the inhabitants troubled by feud or quarrel.

The number of houses had grown to be between 30 and 40, grouped around the stone house like chickens nestling about their mother. These all were exclusive of the Fort buildings which had been erected on the east bank of what is known as the Fort Creek, the graveyard of which now adjoins St. John's Anglican Church.

Mr. Severight, who had been Bourgeois under the North West Company, became the Factor of the amalgamated concerns when, in 1823, the North West and Hudson's Bay Companies joined forces, and he filled in his time when not on duty,

with a round of calls and dinner parties, now at the American barracks, now at Johnston's and again at Armitinger's or at Schoolcraft's, to which gatherings and their complimentary returns all eligible people were invited.

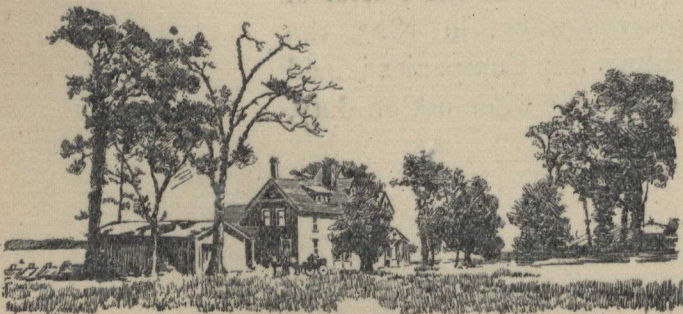
Schoolcraft, although taking occasion in his diaries to point out his disdain for these happy relaxations, nevertheless seems never to have missed an opportunity of being present with the rest. So much for the magnetism of a jolly party.

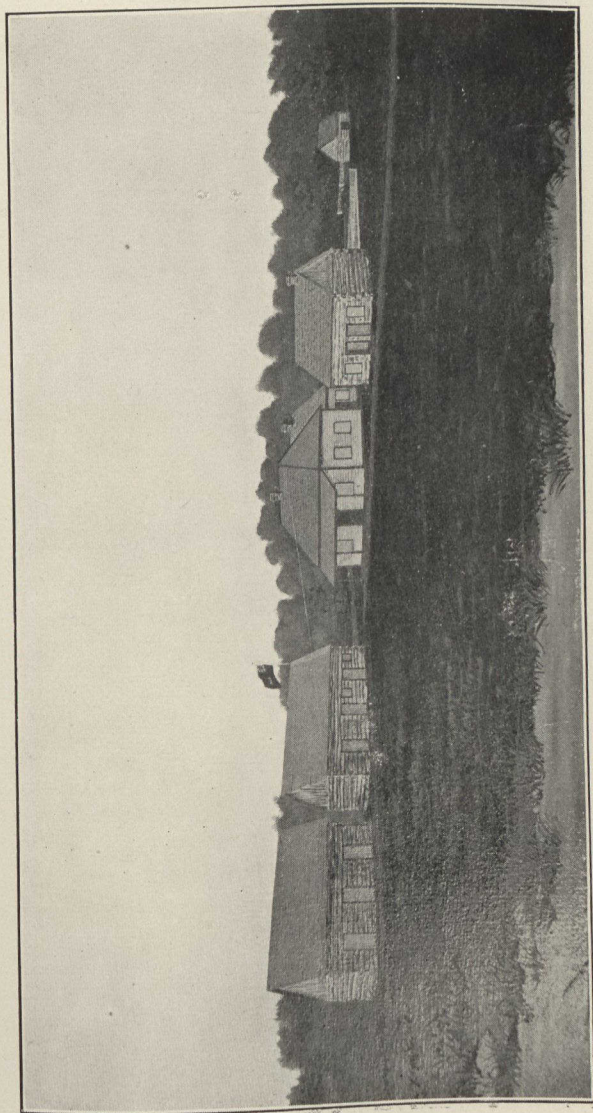
The Trading Post, less busy than in former times, when under the Frobishers and McTavishes, found labour for fewer men for now all supplies went by way of Hudson's Bay to the interior as did the peltries which reached the outer world via Hudson's Bay and England.

The people, however, eked out a happy existence, living on the taking of snare and net together with the product of their miniature gardens and the trifle dolled out to them for their assistance at the Fort when they were required.

Old Cagwayon, the Indian, who was said to have passed his hundredth birthday anniversary, still straight of limb and keen of eye, was wont to gather the little boys about him at Biron's modest store and relate to them wonderful tales

of his exploits when
in the olden days,
as a Brave, he had





THE SECOND POST OF THE NORTH WEST COMPANY, BUILT 1816
Occupied by the Hudson's Bay Company after the Amalgamation in 1822 until 1842,
when the later post was constructed where the
Clergue Works now stand

trodden the warpath with the fellow warriors of his tribe. Nor did the crafty narrator scruple to recount as his own exploits the deeds of daring on the part of others who had lived and died ere he was born.

'Twas ever so. Did he not tell them how he, with two others, threaded their silent way through the pine forest from Gros Cap to the Sault, to spy upon the Naud-o-ways as they tortured their victims by the Rapids of St. Mary's? And many like yarns did he spin which carried his fascinated auditors to the fires of death and to the camp of undoing. Then, having finished, he would rise and wrap his blanket about him and stalk away, this old man, in majestic silence. No wonder he was a hero among the *habitants*, though hardly regarded at all by the few whites.

Sassaba, whose name meant "finery," still strutted officiously through the American town, openly proclaiming his loyalty to his King, whom he could not renounce and whom he had served at the head of his tribe clad in the scarlet and gold uniform of a British officer, with sword, epaulettes and sash.

Good reason had he, indeed, for his dislike, for it was his brother who had been struck down by his side, when together under Tecumseh, they had fought the Americans at the



Thames. But little by little did he realize that the country had passed into other hands and a gloomy sorrow settled upon him.

No longer did he appear on the street brilliant with martial decking.

The veil of civilization tumbled from him as the epaulettes from his shoulders.

Once more he was merely a Redman roaming the country, his only covering a great wolf skin which quite enveloped his body, the bushy tail dragging sullenly behind him.

From "Sassaba" he became "My-een-gun," the wolf whose drinking bouts and ferocious ways made him ominously notorious, so that mothers hushed their papooses to rest with the threat, "Lest the wolf get ye."

My-een-gun's fate was sad. Returning with several others from a drunken revel at Pointe aux Pins, his little barque was caught in the swirl of the Rapids and carried down to destruction. He, and his wife and child, were dashed to death. Odabit, an Indian who was with them managed, he knew not how, to reach the shore and crawl to safety, but Odabit's wife, the last of the party, shared the fate of the others.

So perished this old chieftain, Sassaba or My-een-gun, whichever you please, and to his memory did the Indian agent weave this elegiac wreath :

"The falls were thy grave as they leapt mad along ;



“And the roar of their waters thy funeral song ;

“So wildly, so madly, thy people for aye

“Are rapidly, ceaselessly passing away ;

“They are seen but a moment, then fade and are past ;

“Like a cloud in the sky or a leaf in the blast ;

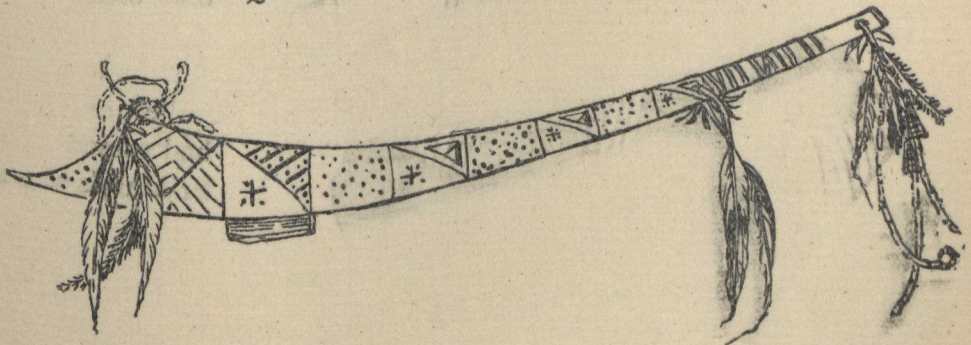
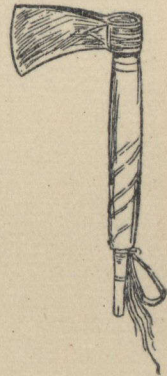
“The path thou hast trodden thy nation shall tread.

“Chief, warrior and kin to the land of the dead.

“And soon on the lake or the shores or the green,

“Not a war drum shall sound, not a smoke shall be seen.”

Shingwaukonce—“the little Pine”—was still a power in the land, nor was he for many a year, until 1856, to be called to take the journey to the “Isles of the Blessed.” He was an orator of no mean ability, but better, like his son Augustin, he was a mighty man of valour. In 1812 he had summoned his bands around him and as speedily as he might had journeyed to the threatened frontier and had fought with Brock and Tecumseh’s followers at Queenston Heights.



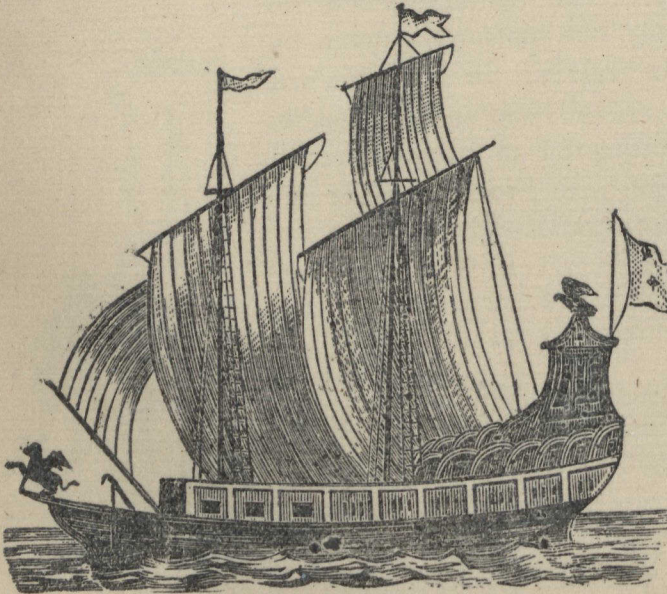
M Biron who in 1820 had sent to Detroit a bill of goods for domestic use, kept the village store, the site of which is covered now by Etienne Jollineau's home.

Armitinger, ready of wit, rough in manner, a shrewd trader, never lacking in hospitality, kept open house for all who came, while Mr. Severight, the Factor, who was alike magistrate and clerk with power to baptize, marry and conduct the prayers of the Church of England, which were read reverently in every Hudson's Bay fort each Sunday, completed the list of men one would have likely meet in journeying through in the early 20's.

In 1821 the first steamer made her appearance in the river.

She was not the first vessel of size, however, to reach the Sault, for in 1681 LaSalle, then in the hey day of his prosperity, had brought his sailing-craft, the "Griffon," around by the straits

of Mackinac when he visited the mission in order to claim his own from the Fathers and at least one other craft that belonging to LaRonde Denys father and son had tossed upon St. Mary's waters



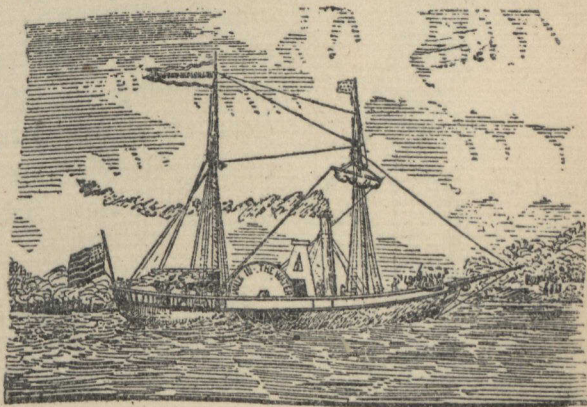
But a steamer was a thing unheard of and if the idea caused a sensation in older lands it is not to be wondered at if the same emotion was experienced at the foot of the Rapids.

Her coming had been anticipated and the settlers and Indians gathered on the shore to see.

Presently she appeared puffing smoke like some huge dragon of fable and pushing the waters from her with her mighty paddles. The secret of her propulsion had been explained to the natives, but the sight of her approach proved to be too much for ordinary nerves, and one and all the Indians fled to the woods which closed in the town on every side. But like all else in this world of miraculous commonplace the steamboat lost its terror inspiring powers and all went down to examine it and only some few of the visitors leapt ashore in fright on the sudden blowing of the primitive whistle.

The Walk-in-the-Water, for such was the name of this little craft, was short-lived, for in the same year was burned at her moorings at Detroit.

As though envious of the notoriety of this new kind of craft did the Napoleon, one of the old North West Company's bateaux, seek to draw attention to herself and to her master.



On the union of the companies it was decided among other local matters that the bateau was no longer required on Lake Superior and M. Lamelin Picquet was deputed to bring her down the rapids. Picquet was a clever voyageur, but such a thing had not been done before in the memory of man, yet to receive instructions was to obey, and with a picked crew he proceeded along the old portage road to the head of the rapids where lay the disused boat.

Carefully she was pulled to a good position and began her perilous course. The people on both sides of the river gathered to see the end.

A false move, a slip of the pole and all would be lost. Faster and faster they rushed as the bateau gained momentum until speeding like a race horse she plunged into the rapids. Muscles were tightened to breaking point as she strained and groaned, pushing her sturdy way along; on the shore the good people held their breath, and the Factor, no less moved though apparently undisturbed, watched every turn and toss.

Once she dove and was swallowed up in the angry waves and a gasp from the little handfull told their fear, but now she appeared again, her crew toiling and sweating in the agony of their exertion. Straight ahead she shot, a dexterous turn by the man at the stern and she hove into the still waters below the disappointed billows,



and a shout of relief and joy went up from the throats of all at her safety and Picquet's triumph.

Once again, this time by inexperienced men, were the rapids dared by a big boat. It was a sailing vessel whose master offered, in a moment of foolhardiness to bring her down the rushing Sault. The attempt was made and, according to the story of those living still who were in the village at the time, out of a crew of six, only three survived the venture.

It was about this time that Lieutenant-Colonel Cockburn, the Deputy Quartermaster General, when in attendance on Lieutenant-General the Earl of Dalhousie on a tour of inspection, made the following observation :

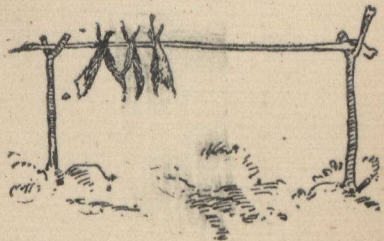
"On the Canadian side of the St. Mary's River the North West Company (now the Hudson's Bay) have a large establishment. There are several other houses * and one or two inhabitants of respectability

"There are some houses on the American side but not so many as on the Canadian side. (March, 1822)." †

Although the country was under Christian influence many of the Indians still retained the customs handed down to them by their fathers.

* Other than the log huts of the habitants.

† Canadian Archives, 1897.



And one of these customs was the readiness to barter away a wife or to leave her on the slightest excuse.

An example of this was furnished in the Sault in these early years where an Indian, who had been married some years, became tired of his squaw and setting his heart on a beautiful girl of his tribe, determined to make the way clear for himself to wed.

Embarking the squaw and her two children in his canoe he journeyed up through the chain of western lakes and rivers, until reaching a tributary of the Red River wherein was a small island, he put his wife off with a few provisions and he and his children turned again to paddle home.

The poor creature was not long in realizing her position. She was out of the line of travel, away from all probable help, the water about her was deep and she could not swim, but she immediately set to work and out of the small bark of the various trees she patched together a canoe, using the inner fiber of the spruce to sow and the spruce gum for filling, living meanwhile on roots and berries.

Many weeks were consumed by the weakened sufferer in her painfully slow task, but at last it was completed and with a bough for a paddle she started for home.

In the meantime the man had reached the



Sault and taken to himself the coveted girl and settling down in his wigwam with his children and his new-found mate, he tried to forget his crime.

The time slipped by and he felt he was secure till one day when the ice had broken up and floated away over the rapids, the natives descried coming down the river a crazy craft in which was a dishevelled woman.

It was the discarded wife.

The man was angry and stormed with rage but the woman was silent.

She set to work and built a wigwam of bark and laid her snares and traps, uncomplainingly living alone as though the man had never been.

One day Nemesis came.

It was several years after and in the late Fall that the man took his gun and paddled away down the river to shoot game and return.

His new squaw awaited his coming but he did not appear. Fall advanced into Winter and the snow piled thick and deep. Men came and went on snowshoes, but no trace of the absent one was seen.

Finally came the Spring time, when a number of the inhabitants made their way from Sault Sainte Marie down the river to the Duck Islands for a Spring's shooting.

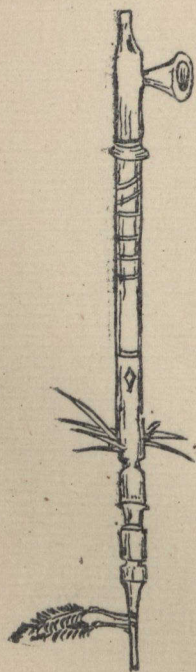
There they found the remains of the missing Indian.

He, too, had landed on an island where the water was deep and his canoe had been washed away. After the manner of Indians he could not swim. No one passed by to whom he might shout for help, and there the fate he had intended for his wife overtook himself. He starved to death.

The habits of the people were most primitive. There was no place of worship.

The Hudson's Bay officer was instructed to read the service of the Church of England once each Sunday, and he and his clerks would gather in the dining hall of the Fort and join their voices in the prayers of that wonderful liturgy, but the inhabitants were Roman and their nearest clergyman was on the Grand Manitoulin Island. Nor were the people on the south shore any better off, for though a chaplain was attached to the post, he found the people to be Catholics like the Canadians and they were not interested in his ministrations. Indeed, as late as 1843, we learn of an election on the American side of the river in which one of the candidates promised, if elected, to give a "ball" to last three days, while the other candidate promised, if he were returned, to have a resident priest appointed.

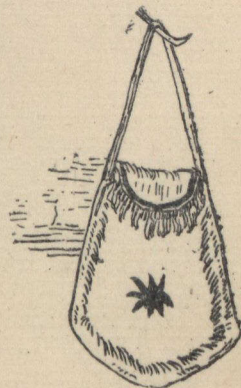
In the Spring of the year when the sun, strong in the day time, caused the vapor to rise from the



river and the frost at night tightened its hold once more upon the imprisoned earth, would all leave their huts and journey to the maple bushes, for now was the time to gather the quick flowing life blood of the maple tree and to boil it down into sugar. Then might a stranger have passed through the deserted village and entered into any house, for bolts and bars were unknown, and no one thought of taking what was not his. In the Summer they acted as voyageurs for the various parties and expeditions that passed through these waters, and in the Fall and Winter they hunted and fished while the women indulged in the making of those wonderful moccassins, powder pouches and coats, whose dainty bead work has ever been the admiration of lovers of beautiful things. But Christmas Eve found most of the Sauteaux at home, and though no priest came to celebrate the midnight mass, still old M. Pereault gathered the people together and all knelt and bowed their heads in prayers and adoration to the New Born King.

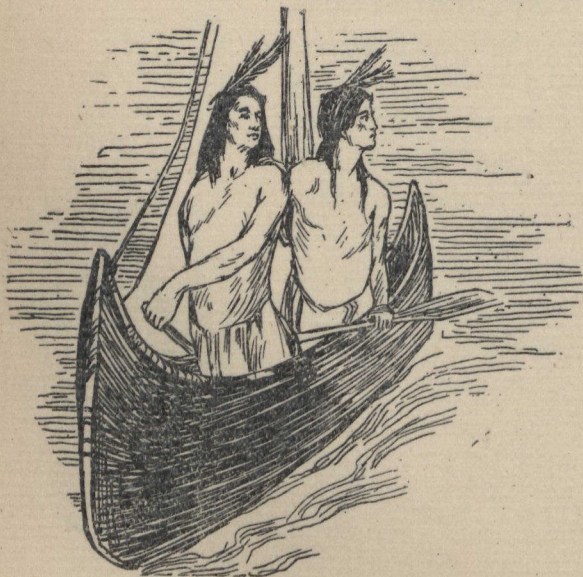
Armitinger gave the land for a church and Hyacinthe Davieux and Raymond Boisenault hauled the stone, but it never got beyond the foundations, for what did these know of building such a structure?

All Saints' Day and New Year's Day were times of especial feasting. All occupation save that of enjoyment was suspended.



Schoolcraft, because not educated to observe the former feast, remarks in his very superior way that "the people are senseless and benighted." Perhaps his feet were set in a larger room before his passing away.

White fish, herrings, pork and potatoes were the principle articles of diet among the people. Wheaten bread was a thing almost unknown and bread was made by the women folk from ground Indian maize. And how primitive was the mode of preparation! Water poured into the bag of meal and mixed together with salt into an adhesive mass to be lifted out then and placed upon the red hot stones till the lump was thoroughly baked. Only the Factor was allowed wheat flour. Once a year was a bag of the precious product deposited by the Brigade at the Post for his use, and not until twelve months had come and gone again did another bag make its appearance.



CHAPTER XV.

AFTER THE WAR—CANADIAN SAULT—(*continued.*)

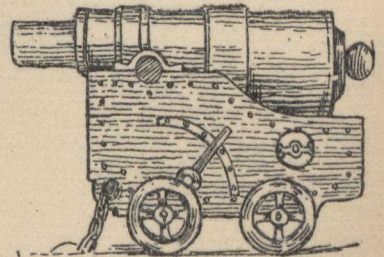
“The rude forefathers of the hamlet.”

GRAY.

From 1816 until 1842 the post erected on the east bank of the Fort Creek was the scene of trading activity ; but the water rising higher each year, rendered the buildings uninhabitable, and in the latter year the final structure of the amalgamated companies was raised. Mr. Severight had been followed by Mr. Nourse, who became not only the Bourgeois but the first magistrate the district could boast, but he, too, had passed away ere the new buildings were completed,

They were reared on the site of the ancient Fort at the foot of the rapids and thither each year did the “Red Brigade,” under Sir George Simpson, find its way on its journey to the Red River district and back.

What few letters reached the Factor came through the United States, the rest of the people were no longer interested in the



outside world, save when the chant of the voyageurs was heard in the distance. Then everybody came down to the shore and great was the excitement as the brigade swept into sight, singing with their bell-toned voices,

Le fils du Roi s'en va chassant,
Avec sou beau fusil d'argent,

or,

Visa le noir, tua le blanc, etc.

Le bon vin m'endort,
Et l'amour me réveille.

with the refrain,

En roulant ma boule.

Sir George who was the son of a Presbyterian minister, created opportunities for advancement and rose to eminence through his own endeavour, nor were his efforts of a selfish nature, for it was on account of his exertions in searching for traces of the Franklin expedition that he was knighted by his sovereign.

His advent at Sault Sainte Marie was an event for factor and habitants, for the voyageurs were immediately taken possession by the people for a season of merriment, while the chief and his agents went through the books and stores of the Company and concluded with a lordly banquet.

When the days of inspection were over, the canoes were once more shipped, this time above the rapids, and the "Red Brigade" was seen no more for a time.

A grist mill at this period was set up, the miller receiving as his reward for work done, one-twelfth of the grain submitted.

Joshua Trot now became one of the characters of the slowly growing community, establishing a store on the river shore, at Windmill point, almost due south of the Jesuit church, and here he lived for many years, charging unheard of prices for his goods, inviting unsatisfied customers to trade "next door," and stirring continually by his oddities the sympathy of the residents.

When visits were paid on New Year's Day to the Factor by the villagers, the cask of whiskey was tapped and a health drunk by all to the headman of the Fort.

When any of the fair ones were chosen by the sterner sex and a marriage was agreed upon, then word was sent to the priest at Manitoulin Island, or perchance the Factor was impressed into the service, and all indulged in a general rejoicing and festivity over the bride and happy groom.

"La Chanson des Noces" was always sung on such occasions, and its sentiment must not be taken too literally by those who would try to appreciate the humble happiness of these gentle people.

I

Beside the silent river
 And running brook I wander,
 And light regard my wedding morn,
 As children think of play.
 But, hark ! the trees are shelt'ring,
 The birds who plaintive, say,
 " Alas ! how wretched are the maids
 Who face their wedding day."

II

Full sternly then her father
 Addressed his drooping daughter,
 'Twas not blind fate nor ignorance
 That moved you 'gainst your will,
 Full oft' to ears unheeding
 Was told life's earnest meaning.
 The past is gone, the future comes,
 Life may be happy still.

III

Comes now the wedding morning,
 Maids are the bride adorning.
 What garments must a virgin don
 On such a festive day ?
 Upon her head the cap of care,
 Bound on with sweet long-suff'ring,
 Her gentle form must modestly
 Be robed in white array,

IV

Good-bye to you, my father,
 Adieu ! my dearest mother,
 My relatives a long good-bye
 I leave you all to-day.
 'Tis not until a year goes past,
 Nor for a little season,
 A home for both we now must make.
 I leave you all for aye.

This was not the only song which was heard in the lowly log homes.

From manly throats were raised the strains of "Alouette," now so vociferously sung by university men the Continent over, and there were heard as well the *chansons* that had been brought across the waters from La Belle France centuries before and whose melody and words were little changed by their transfer to the New World.

One of these is here printed with a hesitating attempt at a metrical translation :

MA CHARMANTE ADELE

I

Ma charmante Adèle,
J viens t faire mes adieux,
J pars pour un voyage,
C est pour un longue année,
Prie pour moi, ma belle,
Je reviendrai encore.

II

Quand tu seras rendu
A cette ile fort éloignée
Tu voieras une jolie fille
Qui saura te charmer.
L amour n est pas constant
Quand on est éloigné.

III

Charmante Adèle, sais-tu
 Ce que j'tai promis?
 Amante, sois-moi fidèle,
 Conserve ton honneur,
 Au retour du voyage,
 Nous accouplerons nos cœurs.

MY CHARMING ADELE.

I

To thee, my sweet Adele,
 I've come to say Adieu!
 A year must drag its weary length
 Ere I may meet with you.
 Pray for me, then my love, Adele
 And think of me as true.

II

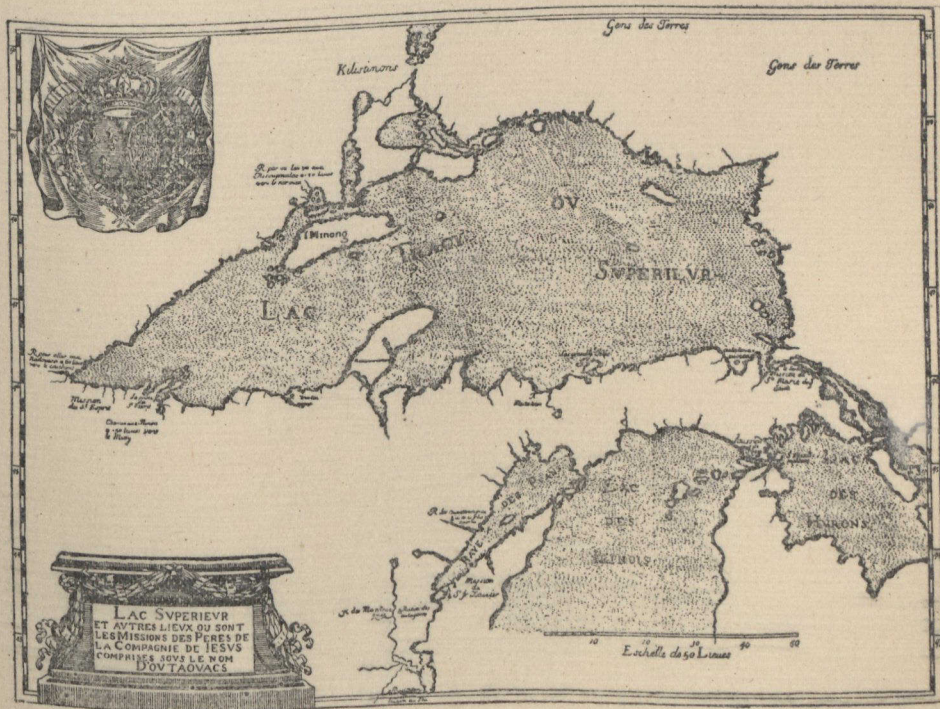
Ah! when you've paddled far
 And touched the island shore,
 Your heart some island belle will seize
 You'll think of me no more.
 No longer will my voyageur
 His poor Adele adore.

III

Fie on thee now, Adele,
 Have I not promised thee?
 Take thou my constant love
 And give thy heart to me,
 And when my voyage ends, Adele,
 We'll gladly married be.

But who will undertake to describe those early days with any degree of power.

Men who lived before the town took so lately its sudden leap into prominence sigh for the "good old times" that preceeded these present, while those who were among the settlers of forty years since, think with regret of the happy days of the "then," but old folks, whose age is measured at the four scores and over, sit by the fire of a Winter night with their progressive grandchildren about their knees, and as they recall from the past sweet memories of their own childhood and youth in the (to us) misty years of the nineteenth century in Sault Sainte Marie, even these whose heads are bowed with the snows of

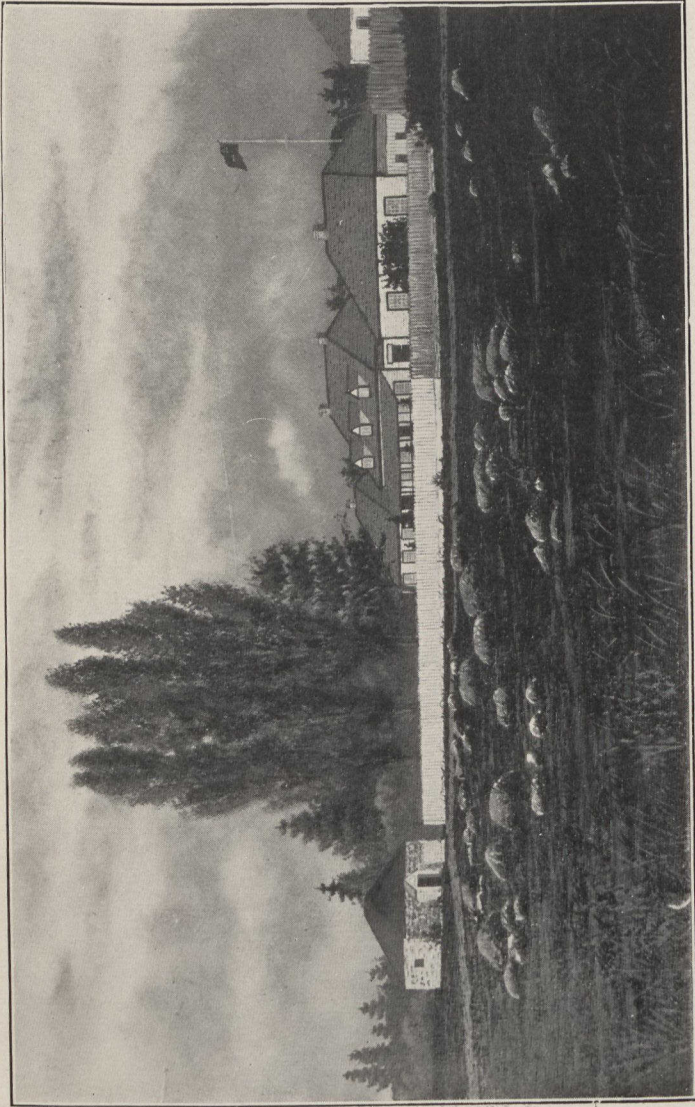


many winters, think and speak longingly and lovingly of those times and feel that such a measure of happiness and contentment as they knew then will not again be theirs until the final journey has been taken, the great divide been crossed, and they, at last, have entered the Blessed Ish-pem-ing.*

So does time mellow all things. And they who are now the children and remain to take in their turn the place of these reverend grey heads, will tell, perhaps, the story to other little ones of their happy childhood and longingly dwell upon the memory of their "early days."

* Ojibway word for "Heaven."





HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S POST
1842

CHAPTER XVI.

FROM '43 TO '66.

"In the days of Auld Lang Syne."

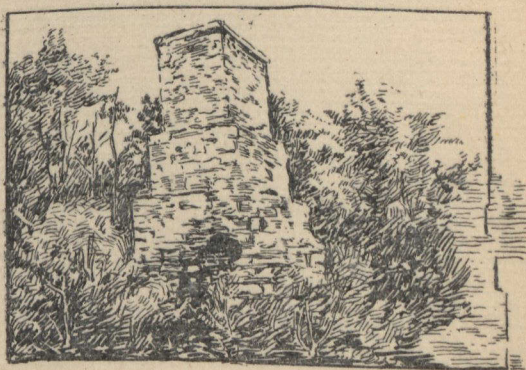
OLD SONG.

In September, 1843, there arrived in the Sault to succeed his father as Government officer, one who was to be the forerunner of its future growth.

In that month, Joseph Wilson, who had been born in Perthshire, Scotland, in 1818, and emigrated to Canada when he was fourteen years old, moved from Medonte to Sault Sainte Marie to take the position of customs officer for the government.

The appointment was made under Lord Sydenham and Mr. Wilson has resided in the district ever since.

From his first appearance he became the most active of the people and from being merely the customs officer he became the authority and chief-in-general for the place.



He represented the government to the Indians and was the arbiter in important disputes. The control of the Crown Lands was placed in his hands, and he was also the Nemesis which pursued the wrong-doer.

There was no "lock-up" in the town then, and if a man did what was wrong, he was sent, alone, to Mr. Wilson's yard where he barred himself in, and from thence he did not dare to stir until that gentleman arrived to set him free.

Among those who are still among the active ones of the town are some few who relate—now with amusement—how they were sent, in their young days, to the Wilson yard to wait with impatience, yet withal with a certain fear, until he came and bade them unbar the gate and go.

If any one were sick he sent for Mr. Wilson. If any one's landmark were moved the call went out for Mr. Wilson, until he became what for years he remained, a virtual patriarch and father to the inhabitants, unravelling tangles where he found them, inspiring loyalty where indifference might have existed before, and enthusing those who, till his coming, had not been stirred from the even tenor of their lives.

Mr. Wilson found no soldiery on his arrival, but when the time proved ripe, that defect was remedied by him, as will be told in a later chapter.

Mr Nourse had passed away ere Major Wil-

son—as he is now known—came here to live and the Factor's position was filled by Mr. Ballenden.

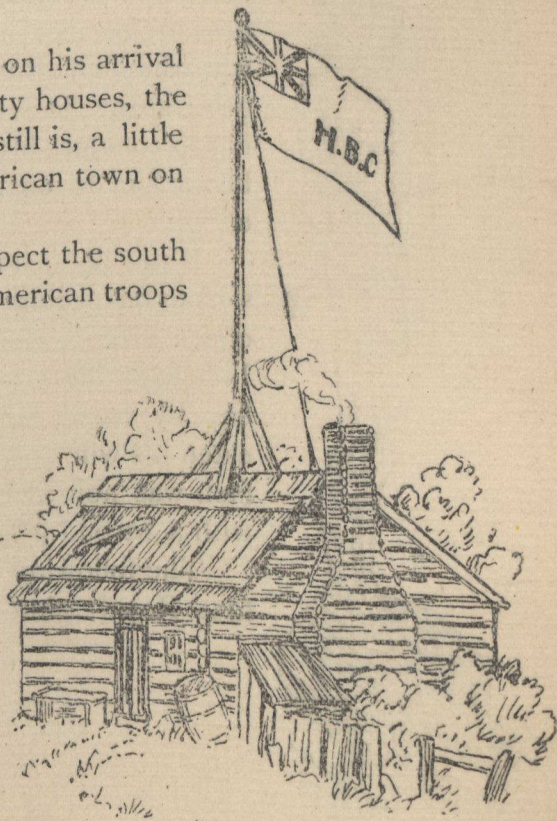
The two immediately became fast friends and so remained throughout the latter's tenure of office.

It is most interesting to peruse the story of growth and development as related in the diaries of this sturdy man. For fifty-eight years did the Major keep these records faithfully, nor did he miss a day in all that time. It has been the writer's privilege to inspect the volumes and to bear testimony now to the inestimable value of such work to those who live after the events therein set down.

Major Wilson tells us that on his arrival he found about thirty or forty houses, the settlement being then as it still is, a little more extensive than the American town on the opposite shore.

He crossed at once to inspect the south shore and observes that the American troops would cut a sorry figure beside the trim militia men of Canada.

The Indians still felt they had a right to dictate the policy of the country, for Shingawukonce arrived on the 21st October of that first



year of the Major's residence, and for three hours interviewed Her Majesty's officer, finally dictating a three page letter to his great father, the Governor, which was duly dispatched by the next mail.

Shortly afterwards the Indian Agent Schoolcraft arrived to call, accompanied by his wife and Dr. Burns.

They are described by the Major without the halo which after writers are apt to shed about them.

Schoolcraft is said to have been a typical American of those days whose counterpart may possibly be met in the story of Martin Chuzzlewit, while Dr. Burns, who was the soldiers' surgeon, spent the time during his visit in endeavouring to convince his British host how easy it would be for him to abandon his allegiance to his sovereign.

If the population was limited it could not be said to be lacking in variety, for after Mr. Schoolcraft's visit is the record of a meeting with an Indian of the Goulais Bay district, Bah-bin-dah-bay by name, who some years previously had eaten his wife and family, but who in spite of this fact, was now married again and happily settled with a second wife after having settled his first.

The following year witnessed the firing of the first Royal salute on the Canadian side of the



river, a custom always observed till the late Queen's death. In April, 1844, Major Wilson purchased from the Hudson's Bay Factor a field piece which he had removed to his own grounds, and on the 24th of May he celebrated the anniversary of the Beloved Victoria's nativity, just one hundred and seventy-three years after the first salvo was discharged in honor of King Louis of France.

The following week Bishop Mountain of Montreal passed through on his trip to Ruper'ts Land, an account of which he published in 1846 under the heading, "Missionary Travels and Songs of the Wilderness." Two years previous to that Bishop Strachan of Toronto had visited the settlement accompanied by Colonel Jarvis, the Indian Agent and Lord Morpeth.

Of Bishop Strachan, who came from time to time to this extreme part of his diocese, many stories are related.

He belonged to the old school of clergymen who in rugged times were equally rugged in their honest manner of handling the questions brought before them.

Coming from a poor family in Scotland he won his way to the highest position in the gift of the Colonial Church and for many years he exercised a just rule over his brethren.

It is related how, on one occasion, a deputation

of laymen waited upon the Bishop to complain of their minister's monotonous preaching, charging that the same dry sermon had been inflicted on the congregation on three consecutive Sundays.

"You don't tell me that?" exclaimed His Lordship, "what was the text?"

The deputation was speechless, for none remembered it.

"Well, what did the man say?" asked the prelate. Again there was silence, for none could recall the subject of the sermon.

"I think," suggested Dr. Strachan, "you'd better go home and I shall write your clergyman to preach that sermon again in order that you may get to know its contents."

But whether he carried out his threat or not the sufferers never made known.

Another anecdote tells how a parish complained to the bishop that its clergyman drank ale. "How do you know that your charge is true?" came the query when they had laid the charge.

"Oh, we know," came the ready reply of an eager faultfinder, "we have seen the bottles."

"Bottles!" cried the irate bishop. "A man on his salary drinking out of bottles I shall rebuke him and tell him that if ale in the keg is good enough for his bishop it is certainly good enough for him."

One more story of this historic character has been preserved.

His brother, a simple crofter, came across the ocean to visit the one of the family who had become so great.

The episcopal palace at that time was on Front Street, Toronto, opposite the present Union Station where its brick fence may still be seen.

The good bishop showed his brother, with pardonable pride, the whole of his establishment, and having concluded the survey, turned to him with the remark, "Well, what do you think of it all?"

"Aweel, Jock," came the hesitating reply, "I hope ye come by it a' honest."

But his people loved the quaint old man who moved amongst them and no less did his clergy regard him with veneration for their wants were his.

In 1837 Bishop Strachan sent the Reverend F. A. O'Meara, who had come from England under the Upper Canada Clergy Society, to be the missionary for Manitoulin Island and the north shore, and although at first his visits to the Sault were only paid about once a year, yet did the few white people welcome his coming as men have ever welcomed one who brought the ministrations of the Church.

If the reverend gentleman's attentions to the Sault were not great, yet his work amongst the Indians was fraught with great success, and the Bible translated in the Ojibway tongue and used by the Redmen throughout Algoma to-day, is a monument to his learning, his devotion, his application and his zeal for the cause of his Master.

The mantle of the deceased priest has fallen upon the shoulders of the present missionary at Garden River, and in the future the Indian missions will ever be associated in Algoma with the name of Frederick Frost

In 1845 a bush fire which raged on the American side of the river did a great deal of harm, the people fearing for their lives, but no life was lost and the settlement soon recovered

On March 18th of the following year a remarkable thing took place.

It seems that a citizen of the United States, named Theophilus Church, had cut down timbers belonging to Canada and which were properly and promptly attached by the Crown Lands officer, Major Wilson.

The Major was coaxed and threatened in turn but all to no purpose, when on the day mentioned, crossing on business to the Michigan town, he was arrested by an officer and lodged in the common jail.

No explanation was forthcoming in response to his enquiries, until another officer appeared with a paper on signing which the Major was told he would be set at liberty

The document was an authority to Church to cut and remove the timber he wished. The Major indignantly refused to sign, saying he would rather starve than be a party to any such rascality.

Until the 20th of that month he was left in jail, his only companion a common felon, when the authorities, becoming alarmed at what they had done, released him and bade him go back whence he came.

Returning home, he found the town and especially his own family in a state of great alarm for none knew his whereabouts.

The Major complained to headquarters and in due course there arrived from Washington an apology for the action of his persecutors.

It was at this time that there appeared upon the scene a strange character named Tanner who soon became a terror to all who met him.

Schoolcraft, who tells of him as do several others, relates how he was born in 1770 in the Ohio Valley and was stolen from his parents by Kishkako of the Saginaw Chippewas when he was seven years old. In 1825 he was rescued from the Indians by traders and went to Kentucky to hunt his relatives, but the wild life he had

been forced to lead made civilization unendurable, and, leaving them, he wandered North

His hand raised against every one and every one on the defensive with regard to him, the old man soured and lacking all virtue, yet embodying the vices and craft of the Indian, he became a terror and a bye-word.

The Indian Agent tried to befriend him but his actions were misunderstood. He was appointed interpreter to the American staff but would have none of the necessary restraint imposed on him.

Whatever went wrong was laid at this old man's door and not without some show of reason for he ever promised the most terrible consequences if his wishes were not met.

When Schoolcraft's house was burned in 1846 it was charged to Tanner. When fire once more burst out on all sides and threatened to destroy not only the American town but the Canadian town as well, men said it was Tanner's doings, and when on July 6th of the same year a cart entered the settlement bearing the body of Schoolcraft's brother, found shot in the bush, what more natural than that he should have been called Tanner's victim. To add colour to the belief the wild man disappeared, and though the woods were scoured no trace of him was found. The people were shocked some few years after when Lieutenant

Tilden, an army officer, dying near St. Paul, confessed that it was he who had shot Schoolcraft.

There are two stories purporting to account for Tanner's death.

One is that riding home from a meeting in the Red River country, whither he had fled and where he was endeavouring to incite the *Metis* against the British, he was thrown from his horse and killed. The other is more likely: It tells how, some time after the shooting of Schoolcraft, some trappers found the skeleton of a man lying beside a gun, and some claimed to have identified the remains as poor Tanner's.

September 2nd of the same year, 1846, found the bush fires so bad that the people had removed their household effect to the river, but gradually they subsided and the danger passed.

On the 29th April, 1848 the steamer *Detroit* arrived having on board Sir John Richardson and his party *en route* to the Arctic regions to search for traces of Sir John Franklin.

Major Wilson interested himself at once in the undertaking and at his instance the party engaged several voyageurs, among whom was Jean Baptist Mastat, whose son, an aged man himself now, still (1903) lives in the Sault.

The expedition was one of great hardship and peril, the survivors being forced to live on their dead companions in order to sustain life. Several

discoveries were made and from one of Franklin's *caches*, Mastat brought back a sealskin tobacco pouch which is now in possession of the writer. The expedition arrived back at the Sault on July 25th, 1847, a day noted as that of the most terrible electric storm ever known in the lake district.

May 9th, 1858, saw the post office removed from the Hudson's Bay Fort to the town, where it was located under Major Wilson, in the "stone house."

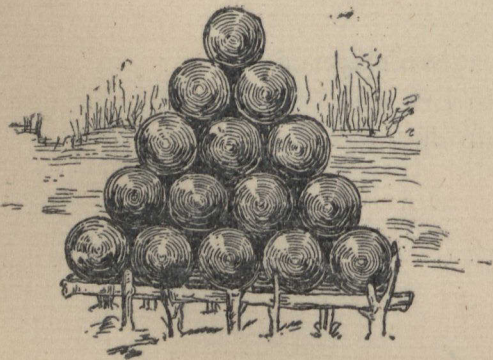
In 1848 two more white men threw in their lot with the tiny settlement. They were Messrs. Bowker and McTavish. The descendants of the former are now living at Hilton on the Island of St. Joseph.

May 24th of 1849, witnessed the first attempt under Major Wilson to establish a rifle company.

The closing days of this year were marked by a certain excitement.

The government had leased to a company of speculators the mines at Point Maimanse much to the chagrin of the Indians who still regarded the property as theirs.

In November the Redmen about the Sault gathered and put off in two detachments to take possession of the mines. They were led by a half-breed named McDonald who



The undersigned hereby agree and bind themselves to serve in the event of the necessary requisition of
 the War Department, as called for the board of war and militia in the act organizing the
 Southern Force raised in the year 1863.

Signature	Name of Regiment and Rank	Date	Remarks
Geo. W. Lewis	Company John Tallman	1st April 1863	
Thomas W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	2 " "	
John W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	3 " "	
Edwin John Tallman	Co. Lewis	4 " "	
Edwin W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	5 " "	
George W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	6 " "	
Henry W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	7 " "	
Chas. W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	8 " "	
Wm. W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	9 " "	
John W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	10 " "	
James W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	11 " "	
John W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	12 " "	
John W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	13 " "	
Thomas W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	14 " "	
John W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	15 " "	
John W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	16 " "	
John W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	17 " "	
John W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	18 " "	
John W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	19 " "	
John W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	20 " "	
John W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	21 " "	

Continued

Signature	Name of Regiment and Rank	Date	Remarks
John W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	22 " "	
John W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	23 " "	
John W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	24 " "	
John W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	25 " "	
John W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	26 " "	
John W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	27 " "	
John W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	28 " "	
John W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	29 " "	
John W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	30 " "	
John W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	31 " "	
John W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	32 " "	
John W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	33 " "	
John W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	34 " "	
John W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	35 " "	
John W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	36 " "	
John W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	37 " "	
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John W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	40 " "	
John W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	41 " "	
John W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	42 " "	
John W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	43 " "	
John W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	44 " "	
John W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	45 " "	
John W. Lewis	Co. Lewis	46 " "	

instigated them to steal a cannon which they took in one of their boats. Major Wilson with three companions followed and soon passed them on the waters of Whitefish Bay, and arriving at the mines gave warning of the approach of the hostiles.

There were neither weapons or ammunition in the camp and it was decided to surrender everything to McDonald and his horde and await the action of the government.

This was done, and on December 2nd Captain Cooper with a detachment of troops arrived in the Sault and immediately placed the leader and four others under arrest. The prisoners were sent next day to Penitanguishene and the soldiers embarked on the Independence for Point aux Mines. But the expedition was doomed to disaster, for a heavy storm broke over them and the steamer going aground in Whitefish Bay was abandoned and the force returned to the Post.

In May 24th, 1850, the troops were still at Sault Sainte Marie and fired a *feu de joie* in honor of the Queen.

They remained until October of that year, when they took passage for Kingston.

In July 4th, 1850, the little town was wrapped in gloom for of the handful of white people one had passed away.

Mrs. Bowker who had shed a kindly influence



by her womanly presence was dead and two days after all the town followed sadly to the grave.

At that time the only English people in the Sault were Mr. Hargreaves of the Hudson's Bay Post and his lady, and son, Major Wilson and his sister, Miss Marsh and Mr. and Mrs. Bowker. Of these the only one remaining is the Major. In 1852 the colony was augmented by the coming of David Pim and his wife, who rightly claim to be the first English "settlers" here, for those who preceded them were either government officials or Hudson's Bay officers.

Mr. Pim became the second post-master and his widow still holds the office (1903).

In June 6th, 1853, the American town became the scene of activity for the engineers and workmen had arrived to begin work on the new canal.

It was considered, when completed, to have been a tremendous feat, but in the face of the present wonders on each side of the river it was as a mere dredging of a ditch for their future building.

In 1854 cholera visited the Sault and two members of the Factor's family, his wife and his only child, were stricken down. Day after day did Hargreaves and Mr. Wilson care for the sick ones, but all to no purpose, the disease was victorious and they died. They were buried in a little plot at the south east corner of Superior and

Huron streets from whence they were afterward removed. None other in the white colony was smitten. Shingwaukonce, the old chief, was laid to rest the year following, 1855, and so was snapped another link binding the Sault to the past. The Indians' Church, dedicated to St. John the Divine, marks the chieftain's grave at Garden River.

In Major Wilson's diary we read that in spite of the remoteness of Sault Sainte Marie from the "front," yet all were keen for any news which concerned the Motherland, and when the news of the fall of Sebastopol was received there was much rejoicing, a salute was fired and at night the windows of the houses were illuminated with candles to mark the satisfaction of the people.

And now another settler was received and welcomed into the little circle. It was Henry Pilgrim who for many years graced the Sault with his kindly presence and ever stood as an example of honour and integrity to the youngsters growing up about him.

Of Mr. Pilgrim is told a curious story. In earlier times he was passing through Newmarket



on his way North when he attracted the attention of William Lount, who was afterward concerned in the trouble of 1837.

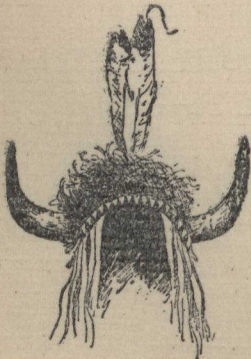
Observing the young man, Lount inquired of him where he was going. "To the woods," answered Mr. Pilgrim, "to take up a grant and to carve out a home for myself."

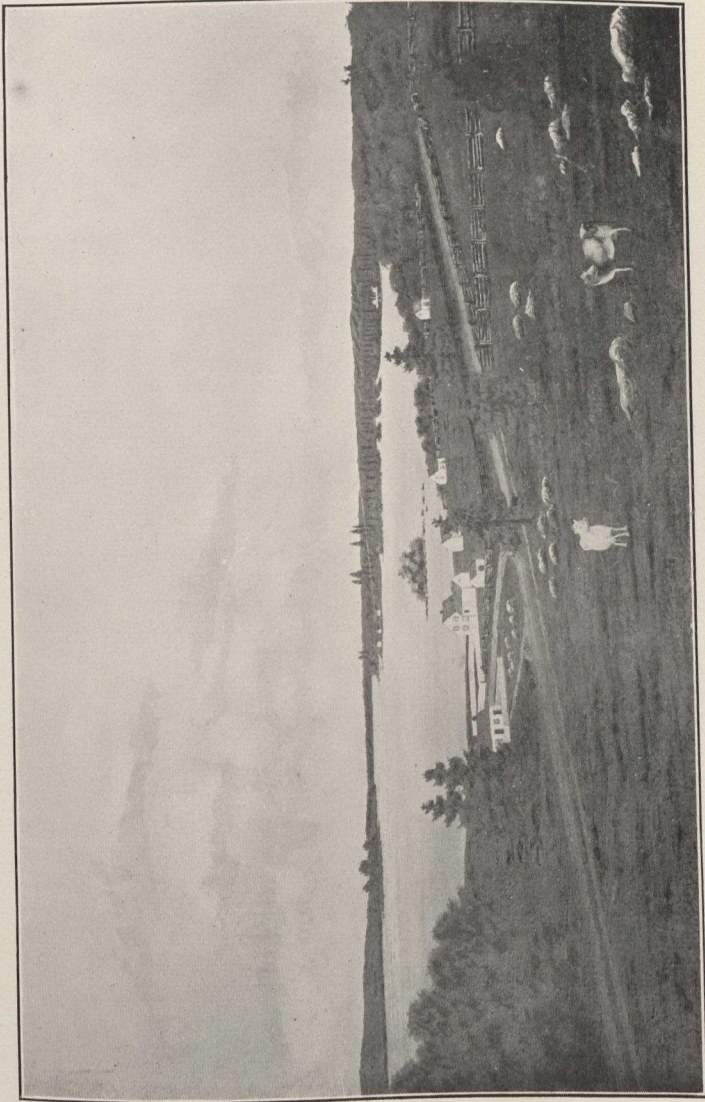
"Then, my friend," responded the other, "come with me," and taking him to a store, he bought and presented to him a four pound axe, saying at the same time, "You'll need that for the 'carving' you're about to engage in," and wishing him good luck he bade him good-bye and Pilgrim resumed his journey.

Going into Medonte he began the clearing of a claim, using Lount's axe, but one day when the chopping was hard and the black flies and mosquitoes were worse than usual the young pioneer became discouraged and driving the tool into a tree he left it and walked out never to return,

When Mr. Pilgrim in after years related the story, one of his auditors enquired, "What became of the axe?" "I fancy," replied he, "if someone were to go over my old claim he'd find the axe still driven deep into the wood just as I left it the day I tramped away."

May 3rd, 1859, Lady Elgin, the consort of the Governor General, passed through on a pleasure trip, and sixteen days later the first Registrar of





THE TOWN IN 1863 (WEST END)
From oil painting by Falkner in possession of the author

Algoma arrived in the person of Colonel Savage. He was said to have been a sometime aide to the Governor of Corfu where he had met and married his wife. At the outbreak of the Crimean War his good lady persuaded him to sell his commission, which caused him to fall into disfavour with his brother officers. Shortly afterward he sailed for Canada where he was given a military appointment.

The great Sir John A. Macdonald offered him the position of Registrar of Algoma which the Colonel quickly accepted and journeyed to Ottawa to get information.

For days he haunted the corridors and finally ran down the Premier of whom he inquired, after effusive thanks, where Algoma might be.

Those who feel a proper loyalty for this district of their adoption or birth will not be over shocked when they learn that the great man retorted that, "He'd be hanged if he knew where Algoma was."

Taken somewhat aback at the answer Colonel Savage inquired as to what book would be necessary for him to take, and Sir John answered, "A pocket diary, Savage, a pocket diary, I fancy you'll not fill it all with your official entries."

And so was the first Registrar despatched to the scene of his labours.

The newly appointed officer could find no residence to suit him on the Canadian side of the river, and so, for some considerable time, he lived in the American Sault whither our people were compelled to journey in order to register their property.

Later on Colonel Savage moved to the bungalow at the corner of Spring and Queen streets, a picturesque building, which was torn down to make room for the Cornwall Hotel which now occupies its site.

On the opposite corner from the Savage home stood for many years the Customs House whose unhandsome walls, like others, have since been pulled down to make room for better structures. The site of that old institution is now occupied by one of the principle business houses in Sault Sainte Marie, Messrs. Moore & Browne's hardware store

Since Colonel Savage's time the office of Registrar has been filled by several equally worthy men. In 1890 Mr. Lyon was appointed to the position on his retirement from Parliament where he represented Algoma, and shortly after his death the present incumbent, Mr. Charles F. Farwell, K. C., till then representing Sault Sainte Marie in the Ontario Legislature, assumed the post and is the present Registrar.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FENIAN RAID.

"The soldiers of the Queen."

Mention has been made of the Trent Affair and its effect on the growing town of Bruce Mines.

In 1866, only two years later, the shore for many miles down the river was in a state of intense excitement owing to the report of a probable invasion from the south.

A large number of Irish agitators who had made their headquarters in the United States, had formed themselves into militant bodies and were allowed to drill in various towns and cities of that country without interference from the authorities.

Their aim and object was the invasion of Canada with the idea of wresting it from British sovereignty and they wrought in the hope that the majority of Can-



adians were ready and anxious to take up arms against the Motherland on the slightest encouragement.

When the time seemed to be ripe a body of these Fenians crossed the frontier under a certain "General" O'Neil and were met by the volunteers at Ridgeway, in Old Ontario, and not receiving the aid they had looked for they fell back again, leaving some of their number dead and many prisoners.

In the meantime word reached Sault Sainte Marie that 400 Fenians were mobilizing at Marquette in the State of Michigan and the officials in the American Sault intimated that they would give the warning of any nearer approach.

Under Captain Wilson—as his title was then—with Lieutenant Prince and Ensign Towers, a company of volunteers, fifty-two strong, was called out on June 6th and placed under arms, taking up a position on the river beach in Marchbank, the old Wilson residence on the north west corner of Bay and March streets, and for thirteen long days anxious watch was kept for fear of surprise.

During the first two days of the guard the town was repeatedly startled by the booming of cannon, and it was found that Americans who were working at Pointe aux Pins, and who had come from Detroit, were discharging a field piece from time to time in order to create a sensation.

On June 8th, Captain Wilson despatched a squad of men under Mr. Brown, who was the Customs officer. They seized the gun and brought it to Sault Sainte Marie. Repeated alarms were experienced, as on the night of June 9th, when an attempt was made to shoot from the river the sentry on duty, his shako being torn by the bullet which passed through the cap and carried away the button on the back. The night was intensely dark and the would-be murderers escaped.

On the 15th there was another alarm which brought Colonel Prince with his duck gun and Mr. Wymess Simpson with his shotgun, hurrying along to the company's headquarters in the hope of getting a shot at the Fenians, but nothing came of it and the inhabitants retired again to their houses.

One incident of the affair will quite bear relating. Captain Wilson did not believe in men being idle and the volunteers were set to work to straighten up the barracks wherein they were housed. Some years previous Father Kohler had requested of the Captain permission to store a small keg of wine on the premises that it might be near at hand when he came to the Sault for service, but the poor priest had long since departed and the existence of the keg was completely forgotten. In the course of cleaning up, however, it was discovered and as the easiest way to learn

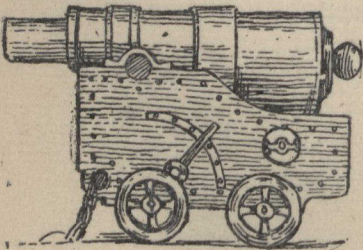


the nature of a keg's contents seemed to the men to be to sample them, they proceeded to do so with the result that, on the return of the Commandant, he found a number of his warriors placed *hors de combat*, but not by Fenian bullets. On the 19th of June the trouble was over and the company was disbanded and uniforms once more laid aside.

At the same time, as the company was under arms at Sault Sainte Marie, Captain Plummer and Captain Bennetts with their Lieutenants, W. H. Plummer, our present Mayor (1903) and Mr. Biggings, Clerk of the Court (1903) guarded the mines at the Bruce with their two companies, numbering in all about 200 men, but their duty, like that of the men of the Sault, was no more than that of patrolling the beach and the roads.

The following year saw the union of the provinces into the Dominion and July 1st took its place as the most important day in the history of Canada as a growing nation. On August 6th, 1867, Colonel Fred. Cumberland arrived to begin electioneering, and on the 13th of September he and Mr. Simpson were returned by the electors as their representatives in Parliament.

On the 7th of October the little militia company was once more placed under arms to be inspected by Colonel Durie, who at one time commanded the Queen's Own Rifles



of Toronto, and Frenchmen and Englishmen, brought up with different traditions, but one and all staunch Britishers, were found by him in the unique volunteer corps.

In December of the year of the Fenian excitement, there had arrived in the Sault a young fellow who started a saw mill, much to the delight of the people, but 1869, his money gone and the mill inoperative, poor T.... went mad and his wife became afflicted in the same terrible way.

For many days did the people watched over them with deep solicitude and long meetings of the hamlet's fathers were held as to the best course to pursue. The unfortunate ones were finally carried away by relatives and the people settled again into their quiet rut.

It was in this year that the Chicora first became known at the Sault.

During the American war a blockade-runner, owned by the Confederacy, proved wonderfully adventurous and successful, and after the peace the vessel was taken into dry dock and made into two sea-faring crafts.

One of these became known as the Southern Belle and the other as the Chicora, which latter is still in commission, plying daily during the season between Toronto and Queenston on Lake Ontario.

On March 8th, of the following year, 1870, the Postmaster David Pim died. He could lay claim with perfect right to having been the first settler, other than government officials, to come to Sault Sainte Marie, Ontario, since the war of 1812-14, and together with his wife succeeded in winning the good-will and friendship of all with whom he came in contact.

His widow, the Postmistress, is still amongst us, and with her family occupies the old home which was mentioned in a former chapter as having been the first church. Mr. Charles Pim, a son, now fills the office of Town Clerk, and may he live to occupy the position for many years.

In Mr. Pim's day the arrival of the mail was a great event and already has the excitement occasioned by the advent of the mail courier been dwelt upon.

At one time the people of the Sault thought to expedite matters by having their letters and papers sent by way of Detroit and so render it impossible for one to write in his diary such a legend as "mail three months late," or, "Couriers arrived without mail from Penetang, no letters for Christmas."

For a short while, after this change, all went well, then the mail ceased altogether, and after some weeks had elapsed a search party was formed which, after a hunt, found the mail bags twenty

in number suspended from the limbs of the trees, near Detour. The American mail carriers had become tired of their undertaking and had left their burden in the wilderness. After that the town reverted to the old fashioned way on the ground that it is better to get one's letters late than not to get them at all.

There is still one of the couriers left in Sault Sainte Marie, hale and strong. He is Louis Miron and Louis delights to tell in his honest way the adventures which befell him on the line of travel.

Louis lives in a quaint frame house with his family about him, and on one occasion saluted me when I called on him, with a hearty :

"Come in seet down, nice day today outside. I haf not see you much round Pere some time now.

"Yes! I been 'way myself, up Michipicoten.

"I go wit' explorer. Dat' my work now.

"Wat you ask?

"De storee of de time when Sayers and me were de mail coueurs? Why dat's noting, I tell you all I remember.

"We used to carry mail to Killarney in dos day and it was cold, I tell you, some time I thought I freeze but here I am to tell you 'bout it today. Yes, Pere, der were tree



mail each month den. We git here on the 1st and the 11th and the 21st of each month and we haf hard work to do it sometam.

“Cold! der are no winter now!

“I think 40 degrés below zero was de reg’lar ting den. We went by Missisaqua to La Cloch’ den cross de lac to Manitawaning den back to the mainlan’ at Killarney.

“How we make it? Dog and snowshoe—two hunder mile, yes, by gar! we wear oud de racquet each trip but we carry ’noder pair to bring us home.

“In de winter we pack de mail bag on a dog sleigh and follow de rivere down when we could and sometam we haf to tak to de wood and den it was hard. De dogs pull fast and de snow she clog de snowshoe ver’ much, and when night come and de stars shine out we was perty glad to strike some Indian party camp on de shore and haf our supper wid dem. Indian? Why,



yes, all 'long de shore was Indian, de wigwam could be seen purt' near any place, an dey no longer wicked. We eat an sleep with dem and in de mornin go long again.

"How far we go? o 'bout 35, 40 mile, sometimes a man would go 60 mile in a day. Yes, you no think dat? but we used to dat: we not think much of long tramps dos days.

"I start in 1856 and mak five trip dat winter. I tol you we go tree time each month. Dat was when de traval was good.

"Sometam it tak tree day from Mississigua to La Cloch. Haf you heard why dey call him La Cloch? Dey tol me when I go down long tam ago dat some rocks back der haf so much metal in dem dat when you strike them dey soun just like de bell at Quebec, and so dey say the place is La Cloch. You are priest like our priest? Yes, den I guess I make you understand! I think when de Bon Dieu he haf no church den he mak dat rock lik church bell so we not forget. You see! Great thing, Pere, not to forget, eh!

"Will we reach Killarney an der we meet de coureur from Penetanguishene. Sometam dey not come; den we leave the mail and come back without a load. Sometam we try to get to Penetang before the other coureur arrive, so dat we come back widout any mail; that mean without

any load. What you say in English, 'Tricks in all trade but ours!' ha, ha....

"But, oh! sometam den I wish I was dead. Now I sit by the fire and think an it all seem lak fun in dose days, but then all de fun was squeeze out and we only haf the real ting.

"I remember one day we leave Killarney early in de mornin, de day was fine an de sun she high above in de heaven. Everybody was happy but me, and I was thinkin of de ice. How she stan us? we haf no dogs wid us. Only my uncle an me was togeder. Well we start out early 'cross de lak and work our way 'long and everwhere we strike de pool, but I not think much of dat till 'bout five mile out I was busy thinkin of somethin else and forget altogeder I was on de lak I heard someding crack. Den, I tell you, I not forget no more, but we both jump at de same tam, and when my uncle he come down again he go clean thro'.

"What I do? No courir, he not ready for dat. We haf de long pole an I run dat pole ond to him and he grab it, and little by little he work his way on to de solid ice. We no say a word, we just work, an when he get out he tak de sleigh an' start for de town as fas' as he can go. Dat kep' him from freezin, and when I get der too, he was all right.

"Did I ever tell you, Père, how we brought John Egan up to Sault Ste. Marie?"

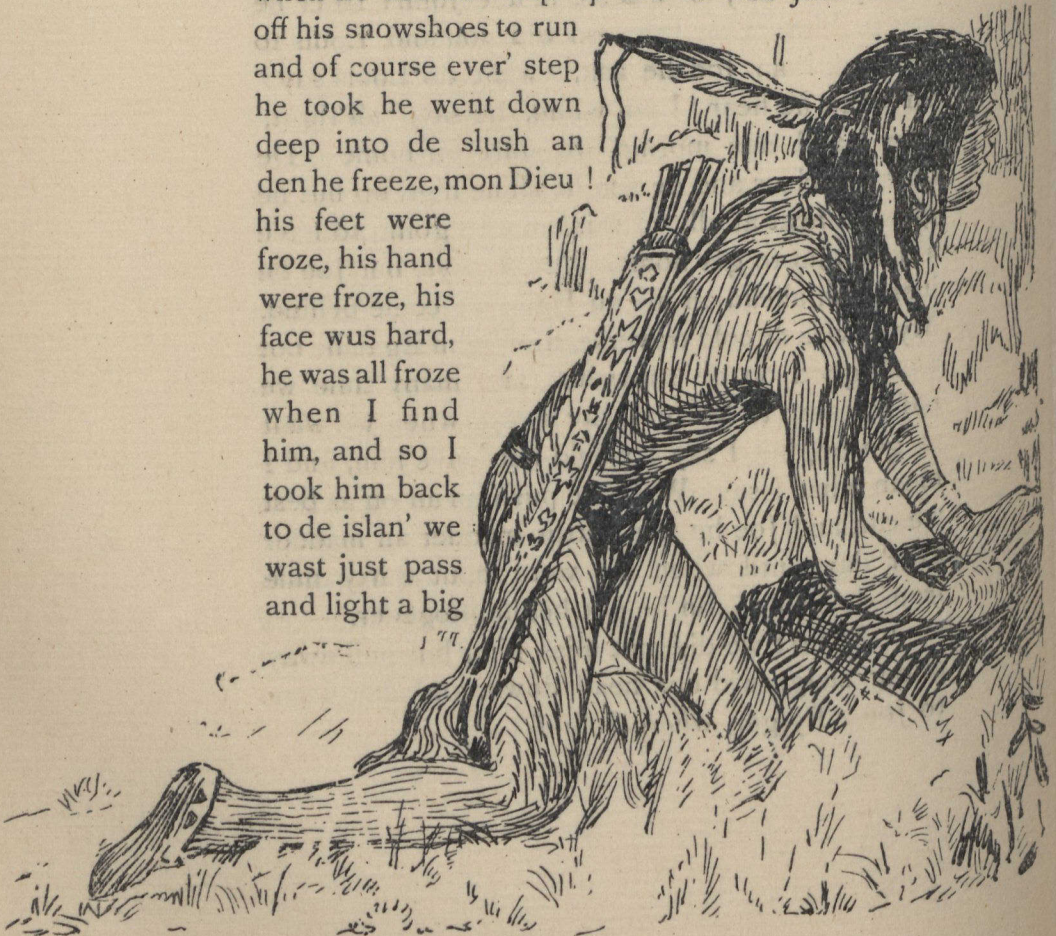
"Joe Sayer and me were carryin de mail at dat tam, and when we arrive at Killarney, John's fader he say to me, says he, 'Louis, my boy he want to go to de Sault, will you take him thro'?"

"I think for one little minut, an den I say, 'You see my pardner, Mr. Egan, and if he say oui, den I say oui, too.'

"Just den Joe he come in and John's fader he say to him, 'Can John go wid you and Louis to de Sault?' an Joe he ask, 'what do Louis say?' an when he hear 'I am willin,' he say, 'all right,' says I and nex mornin' we start for home. De day was clear and de sun he shine high up but he give no heat at all. I think we be going to have a hard tam to get home. Joe, I says, but Joe he just push ahead an me an Egan we come behind. My, it was de cold traverse, and John Egan he not much good on de snowshoe, and many time we haf to camp to let him hav a rest, when we want to get on, but I say I would not leave him, and I mean what I say. Well, we push on an on as best we can and Joe he was gettin madder an madder ever' day until when we were 'bout thirty mile from de Sault John he got behin altogeder.

"At first we did not miss him, but pull away at our sleigh wid our head down, and den I say to Joe, 'By gar, where John?"

“ Then Joe he growl at me an say, ‘ I doan know, leaf him he Louis, and come on or we be frozen too.’ We were crossing the lak den and der had been a heavy thaw, and altho’ it was now 40 degré below zero, yet under the snow the water was still unfroz’ and ever’ tam you plant your snowshoe it go ’way down and you see de slush underneath. Well, I turned an go back, and wad you tink I foun? Why dat faller John when he couldn’t kep up wid us had just taken off his snowshoes to run and of course ever’ step he took he went down deep into de slush an den he freeze, mon Dieu ! his feet were froze, his hand were froze, his face wus hard, he was all froze when I find him, and so I took him back to de islan’ we wast just pass and light a big



fire of pine an cedar and mak de big cup of tea and try to thaw him oud again.

"Wad you think, Père, I haf hard tam, and dat Joe he went right on an would not help, an after John was thaw out we start again, but ever' little while I haf to stop an rub his hans an cheeks. I never forget dat last thirty mile pull, but at las' we get to the Saut.

"Der was Joe in de pos' office. He haf tol de people we were perish in de water an dey were gettin ready to go an bring us in when we arrive.

"Den dey all shout and come 'bout us an shake us by de han an help pull off our frozen tings and get us warm, some more. Poor John he not haf wer' much life in him until he see Joe, den, by gar, he forget he is sick. Dey haf to hol' him back an he cry, 'Joe, you can dank your stars I haf not a pistol wit me now or I would teach you to have frozen men thirty mile from a house.'"

The same year that witnessed the death of Mr. Pim saw the outbreak of the first Riel rebellion. Sault Sainte Marie was the point of debarkation of Colonel Wolsley and his troops since the Michigan authorities refused the use of the canal to our soldiers. Vessels were brought down to the Portage at the old Hudson's Bay Fort, and the stores were carried from Phipps' wharf, which was begun by David Pim, and is now replaced by

the Government Dock, to the wharf at the Portage and then placed on board the transports.

Mrs. Pim's house, on Pim street, was made headquarter's office by Colonel Wolsley who had on his staff at that time Captain Buller, now Lord Buller who served recently in the South African war, and Lieutenant Hewish who was killed in action in Egypt.

A number of voyageurs were engaged at the Sault and accompanied the expedition.

Mr. T. A. P. Towers, one of our well known citizens, was also attached to the staff of the Commandant, and recently received from England a D. S. medal for his office at that time.

In the accompanying letter does the Field Marshal thus speak of the campaign :

“ That you also had much to do with the expedition which went with me to Fort Garry in 1870. I hope you retain as pleasant a recollection of that undertaking as I do.

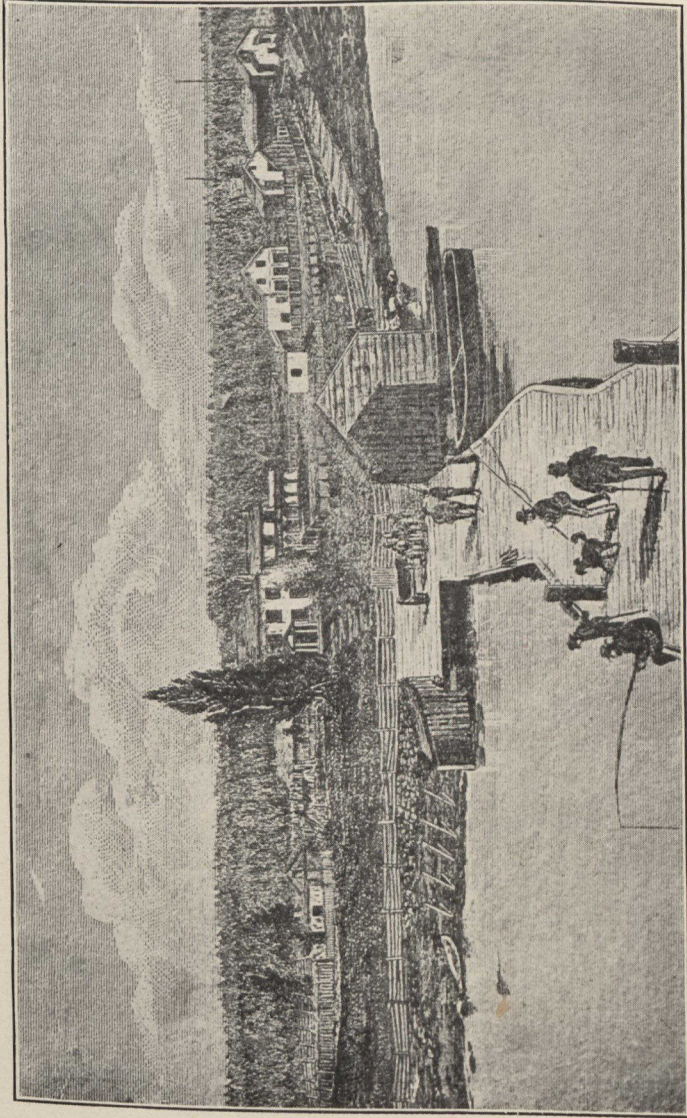
“ I shall never forget the energy which the two militia battalions representing the two great provinces of Quebec and Ontario displayed during that undertaking. I wish all the battalions at the present moment in the King's Army were composed of as fine men.

Believe me to be,

Very truly yours,

(Sgd.)

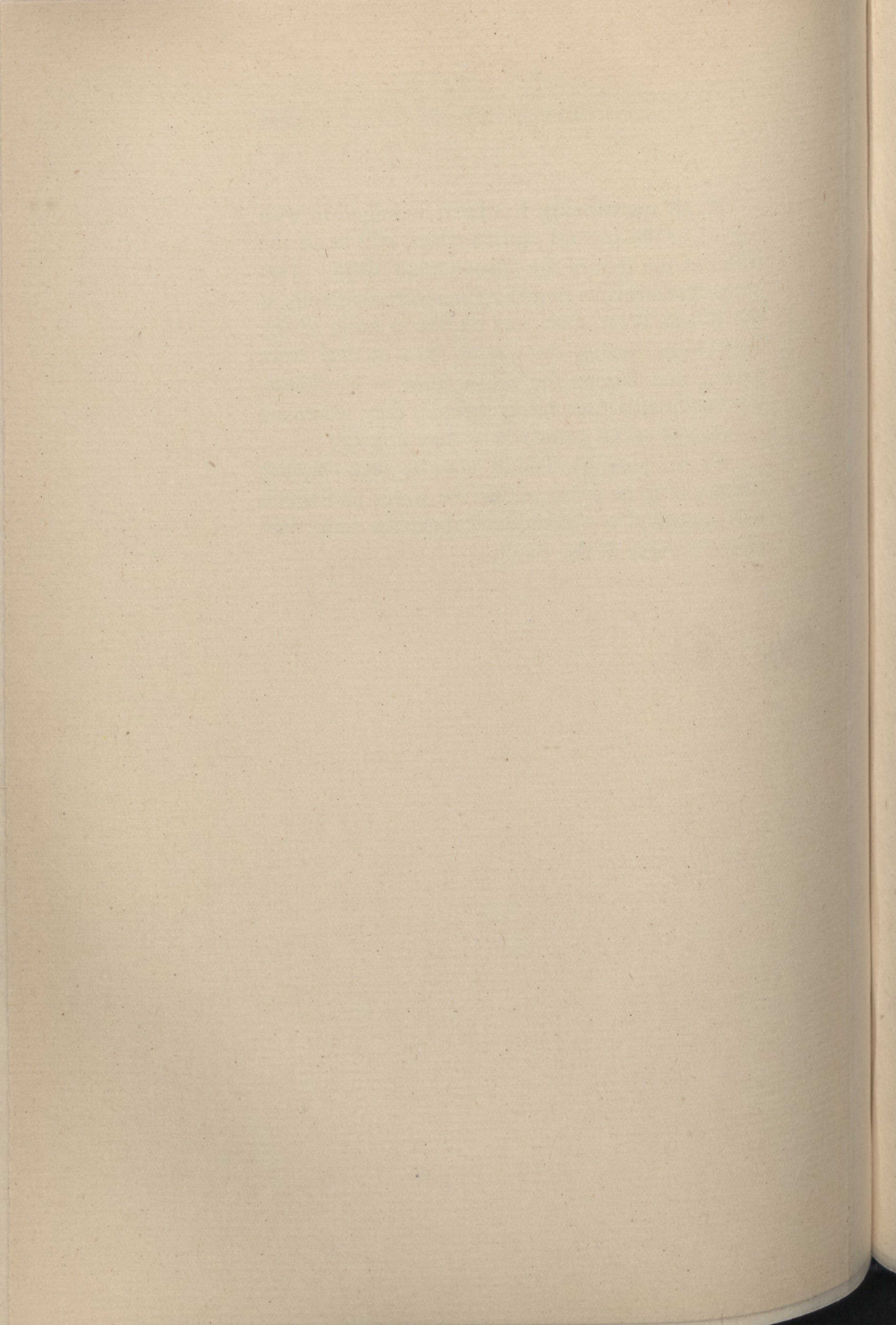
WOLSLEY.



SAULT STE. MARIE IN 1870, FROM THE GOVERNMENT DOCK

Much questioning has been indulged in with regard to the several cannon which still lie in the water at the foot of the Government dock. Joachim Biron relates that the guns were originally at the North West Post, and on the coming of the Americans during the war of 1812-15 they were placed in a bateau for conveyance to Mackinac, but the hostile fleet being sighted, they were cast overboard at the point where they now lay.

At St. Joseph's Island is to be seen another battery of guns lying under the water and which it is supposed was abandoned about the same time as were those at the Sault.



CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SCHOOLS AND CHURCHES.

*"How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene."*

GOLDSMITH.

In early days of Canadian story, to speak of the parish parson, brought to mind not only the idea of worship but also that of schooling, for in him was usually found—because of the pioneer condition of the country—the embodiment of all the learning in his district. Nor was this less true of Sault Sainte Marie than of other places, for here we find the schoolmaster clad in the sombre garb of the Church of England priest who took upon himself the duty of instructing the youth in letters.

It has been said before that wherever the Hudson's Bay Company's Post was, there was read the service of the Anglican Church each Sunday, indeed the factor was *ex-officio* a deacon in that Communion, with powers of baptizing, marrying and burying in his district, in fact holding the same church authority as a ship's captain at sea or of the chief officer of a military post in

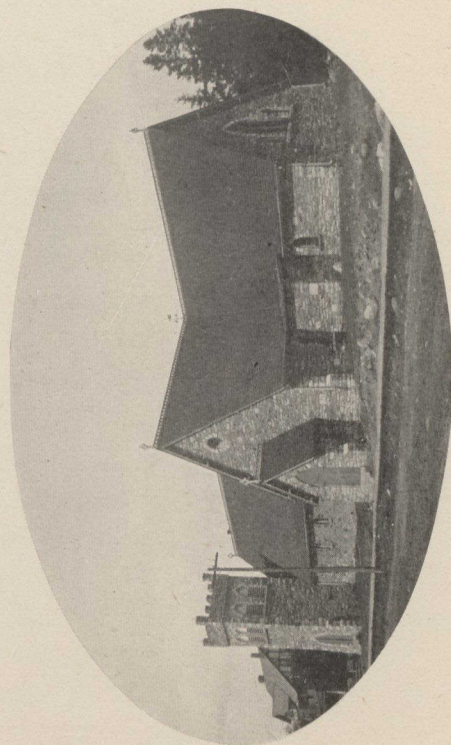
the absence of the Anglican priest, but in 1830 the Church Society of Upper Canada sent a Mr. D. Cameron to minister solely to the people at and about the Sault who were not ministered to by the Jesuit Fathers, and he was in 1832 succeeded by Mr. William—afterward Archdeacon—MacMurray, who wrought his good work here until the year of the coronation of the late beloved Queen Victoria.

Mr. MacMurray established himself on the south side of the river with the Johnston family, one of the daughters of the household acting as his interpreter and whom he afterwards married.

Even at that late date, 1832, the route to Sault Sainte Marie was very vague, for, as the Archdeacon related in a speech delivered in Toronto in 1889, when he received the notification of his appointment he applied to Sir John Colborne, the Governor of Upper Canada, for information, as to the way to the new field, and by Sir John he was sent to Detroit with the assurance that someone there would surely be able to direct him. Arriving in Detroit he was sent to Mackinac and from thence he was paddled to his destination,

A parcel of land on what is now known as the Great Northern Road was selected by him as the site of a church which was soon erected by the Government.

The church stood where Borron avenue and



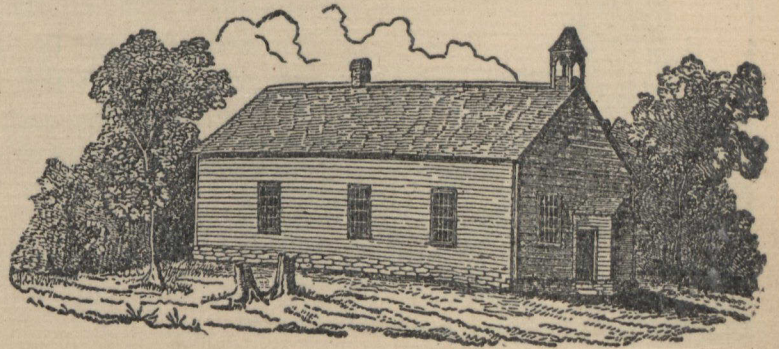
THE PRO-CATHEDRAL OF ST. LUKE

the Great Northern Road join, and there has been preserved for us in a little book entitled the "Recreations of a Long Vacation," by Reverend Dr. Bevan, a picture of the quaint structure which is here reproduced.

Adjoining the church was a little graveyard whose humble mounds were to be seen on the side of the ridge overlooking the town, but all traces of the graves have disappeared.

When David Pim came to live in Sault Sainte Marie he bought from the Crown the property whereon the church stood, and one morning, borrowing a yoke of oxen from Mr. Simpson, he hitched them to the building and pulled it down to the lower ground, converting it into a dwelling house for his family, and this, the first church building in the settlement, may be seen and recognized to-day in the old homestead of the family nestling among the trees, on Pim street.

During the week, in the years of its public life, benches and desks occupied the floor of the church, and there the children gathered to learn from the lips of their reverend teacher. And when Sunday came it found the desks pushed back and the benches arrayed for the reception of the devout

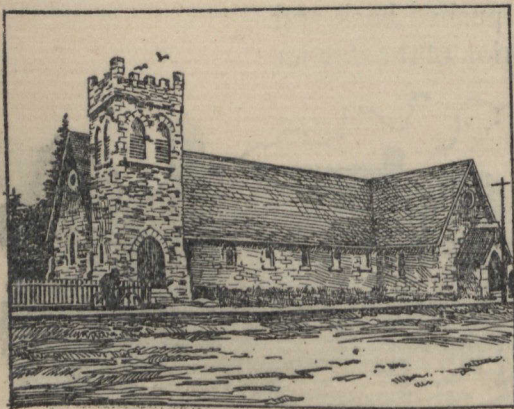


worshippers. It was in this same school-house that the little company of soldiers drilled under the guidance of Major Wilson.

In 1837 Mr. MacMurray was succeeded by Mr. O'Meara, who visited the Sault once in each six months, staying two or three days at each visitation and then hieing away to the mission on the Manitoulin.

Sir F. Head, who had succeeded Governor Colborne, came to think the work done hardly called for Government aid, and so the mission was closed and the settlers of that period were left again without regular ministrations. However Mr. MacMurray's work told, for when the Rev. Mr. G. A. Anderson was sent in 1849 to re-establish work among them and the Indians of Garden River, he found the most affectionate memory of the church in the minds of all who had refused to listen to the preaching of sectarians.

At that time the district was under control of the Bishop of Toronto, who in 1842 visited the mission with a small company. Service, after the removal of the church building, was held in the stone house, where it continued off and on until in 1870 the first stone church was begun, the corner-stone being laid by Bishop Bethune in the presence of the soldiers who were on their way to quell the Red River rebellion.



Some years ago there were discovered in the vault of the Court House the minutes of the Vestry of the Parish, and among other interesting things was a record of a motion of thanks tendered to Captain Wilson, which reads as follows :

“ Proposed by Colonel Savage ;

“ Seconded by Mr. Hamilton,

“ That the thanks of the Vestry be given to Mr. Wilson for his kindness in lending the field piece (gun) for the purpose of being fired half an hour before Divine Service as a warning to the Congregation, and that the expense be defrayed by the Vestry.

“ (Sgd.)

JOHN CARRY,

“ Incumbent.”

Thus did the sometime instrument of war lend itself to more peaceful occupation.

While holding service in the stone house the clergy were not always masters of the situation. It is a tradition that the good and sturdy householder had theological views of his own and no preacher was allowed to continue his discourse until he conformed to the views of the general host. No doubt this unique feature helped materially to hurry the erection of a proper church edifice. This was begun in 1870, the year of the Red River trouble, and the following account of the laying of the corner-stone is copied from a Toronto daily paper :

“Sault Sainte Marie.—On Friday, July 22, the Bishop of Toronto, accompanied by the Rev. James Chance, Indian Missionary at Garden River, and the Rev. C. I. S. Bethune, M.A., of Port Credit, laid the corner-stone of the Sault Sainte Marie church. Under the corner-stone a glass jar was deposited, containing the names of the Bishop and accompanying clergymen; year of the Queen's reign; names of the Governor-General and Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario; names of architect and contractor; names of the subscribers to the building fund; silver coins, fractional currency, postage and bill stamps of Canada and the United States; the latest copies of the Toronto newspapers, Canada and Ontario *Gazettes*, and *Scottish American*. In the record it was also noted that the Canadian Volunteers ‘encamped at Sault Sainte Marie,’ whilst *en route* for Red River, most generously contributed towards the erection of the church. The church is to be built of stone, design and plan by Mr. Charles J. Bampton; the contractor is Mr. John Damp, the builder of the Sault Sainte Marie gaol and Court House.”

The gentlemen who were foremost in the movement of building the church were Wymess Simpson, the last H. B. Factor here; Sheriff Carney, Mr. Swinburne, Colonel Savage, to whose memory a modest stained glass windows stands

in the present church; Mr. Trott, the storekeeper, now up in years; Mr. Merton, Wm. Turner, W. J. Carleton, Wm. Van Abbott, Colonel Prince, Mr. Prior, Mr. Towers, Mr. Moore, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Fred. Falkner, Mr. Hamilton, Dr. Trew, Henry Pilgrim, James Phipps, David Pim and James Bennetts, whose old house "Trelawn" stands broken and shorn of its former beauty below the Bruce Street Hill. The children of many of these are still in Sault Sainte Marie and in them as in their fathers does the church find her most loyal sons and daughters.

A list of the clergymen who have guided the affairs of the church may be of interest and will be as follows :

D. Cameron.....	—
Wm. MacMurray.....	1832
F. A. O'Meara.....	1839
G. A. Anderson.....	1848
John Carry.....	1865
James Chance.....	1868
E. F. Wilson.....	1872
John W. Rolph.....	1873
Thomas Appleby.....	1876
H. Heaton.....	1882
George B. Cooke.....	1884
Frank Greene.....	1885
W. Windsor.....	1889
Eustace Vesey.....	1890
Robert Renison.....	1894
Edward Capp.....	1899

In the diary of David Pim there is an entry for April 2nd, 1866, with reference to the census. It relates that there were then 304 souls in the school district, and of that number 79 were between the ages of 5 years and 16 years, or between the ages when children ought to be at school. However little provision was made for their education. One family afforded a governess while the children of the rest of the people went—as they took the notion—to a little school kept by two maiden ladies, the Misses Hoige, till finally a public school was erected by public subscription, the site being near the north-east corner of Pim and Wellington streets.

Mr. William Turner, one of our respected citizens, was the first teacher here paid by the town, and he gathered out of the 79 eligible children about 50 scholars. Mr. Turner was succeeded by Miss Jane Cameron, who afterwards was wedded to Judge McRae. On Sunday the school-house was used alternatively by Mr. Sallow, a Methodist gentleman, and Mr. Chance, the Anglican missionary.

Apropos of the erection of the stone church of 1870 is a story of the late Colonel Fred Cumberland who represented Algoma after the Confederation of 1867 in both the Ontario and Dominion Houses.

Colonel Cumberland was in the Sault soliciting votes, and on the Sunday afternoon in question was engaged in a politico-friendly chat with a number of townsmen in Phipps' store, where Messrs. Plummer & Co's hardware store stands at present.

One of the company threatened to put into the field a candidate in opposition to the Colonel who had during the course of the afternoon been solicited for aid for the new church.

"I tell you," he finally exclaimed, "what I'll do. If you return me by acclamation I'll present your church with a stained glass window and I'll have the words 'Peace on earth, good will to men,' burnt into the glass" And so it was agreed.

Colonel Cumberland was returned by acclamation and in due time the window arrived and was placed over the altar in the east end of the church where it may be seen and admired to-day standing as it does as a parable that politics should not affect the peace and good will which obtain in the present happy congregation.

And all in town helped in the good work with money and labour, and St. Luke's pro-Cathedral stands not only as the witness of Truth in the town, but as the embodiment of the religious devotion of all the town's people of 1870.

In 1873 the district was finally set apart as a missionary diocese, and the first Bishop in the

person of Frederick Dawson Fauquier was consecrated for its direction.

He was born at Malta in 1817 and educated at Coburg College, being admitted to the diaconate in 1845 and elevated to the priesthood in the following year. He occupied successively two incumbencies before his consecration, those of S. Huntingford in 1851, and of Zorea, 1852-7. He was consecrated at Toronto, October 28th, and died at Toronto December 7th, 1881.

He was known throughout the district for his simple, manly ways. His house, like Jean Valjean's Abbé, was ever ready to receive whoever came. Even to-day throughout the Sault one hears the name of good Bishop Fauquier, and his former friends show with profound affection mementoes of his visits to their homes.

During his episcopate the stately home of the Bishops of Algoma, on Simpson avenue, was built the foundations being laid two years after his consecration.

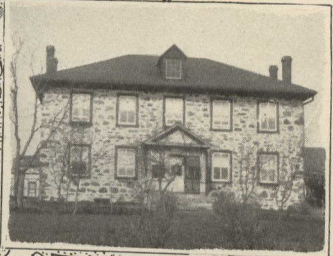
In 1874 the present Shingwauk Home was begun to take the place of a former institution which had been burned at Garden River. The event of the laying of the corner-stone was one of great moment, for Lord and Lady Dufferin passing on their way to the coast, stopped off to perform the ceremony. They were welcomed by a salute of 17 guns and the shouts of all the people



Bellevue.



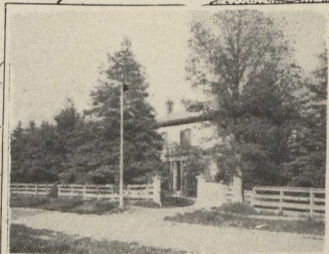
Upton.



Stone House.



Rectory.

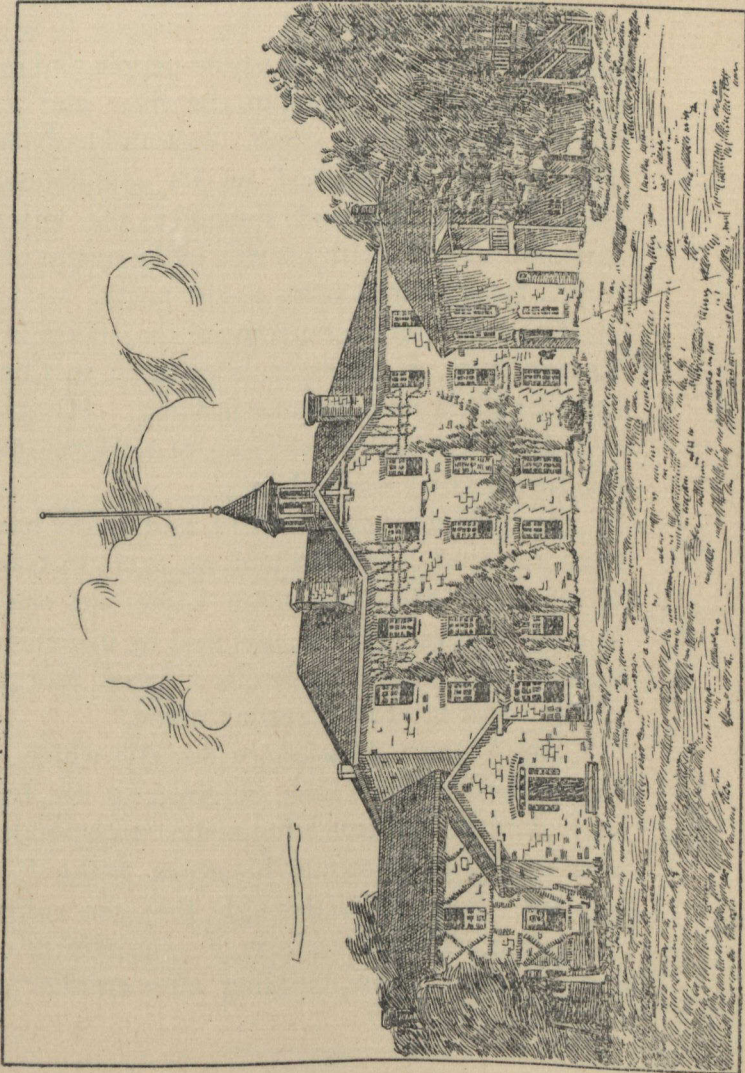


Bishophurst.



Lynnehurst.

SOME SAULT STE MARIE HOMES



SHINGWAUK HOME

and, as Lady Dufferin in her "journal" relates, proceeded under an arch to a small boat which conveyed them to the site of the building.

Here were gathered the Indians from the reservation as well as the towns-people and many from the American side of the river, and Lady Dufferin declared the stone "well and truly laid." The Home was opened on its completion by Bishops Hellmuth and Fauquier, the latter of whom is buried with his wife in the quaint cemetery, a few hundred yards to the north.

The Home is the outcome of the efforts of the Reverend E. F. Wilson, who came to Canada from England to undertake farming. He settled near Sarnia, and there the idea of working among the Indians first seized him.

He studied for the ministry, and finally having been received and ordained, he came to Garden River where the first Indian home was erected. It was, however, burned, it is said by incendiaries, and Mr. Wilson, not to be discouraged, journeyed to the Sault to erect a second home."

The Church Missionary Society which paid his stipend at this time, objected to his Indian work, and Mr. Wilson, after some correspondence, was forced to continue his work without their support. However, through the generosity of some English sympathizers, he was able to carry out his plans. One building after another grew

up on the grounds of the new Home, until a little community of picturesque stonehouses was formed.

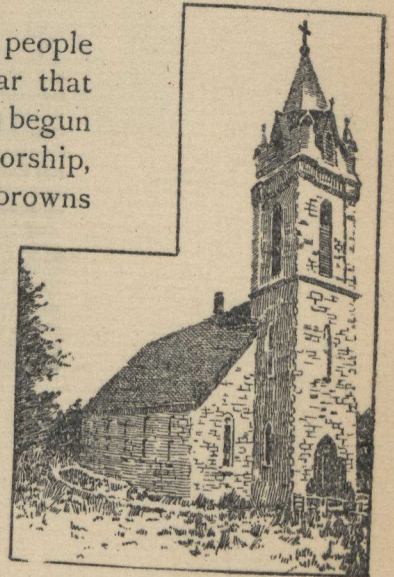
The buildings to-day are much enlarged for they contain not only the original Shingwauk Home (named after Chief Pine of Garden River), but the Wawanosh (or White Swan) Home for Girls, originally on the Great Northern Road, together with the Hospital servants' houses, principal's house, gymnasium, and a beautiful chapel in memory of the first Bishop.

The Ojibway-English paper published at the Indian Homes in 1878 is here reproduced.

Until 1875 the Roman Catholic citizens had worshipped in a wooden church immediately in front of the present Sacred Heart Church and in the upper part of which lived Sargeant Hynes and his family. In early years (1841) an effort had been made to build a stone edifice, but discouragements were too great and the work stopped.

In the wooden building, however, the people met for devotions, until in the same year that saw the building of Bishophurst, there was begun the erection of their magnificent house of worship, whose solid splendid tower of mingled browns and greys must ever be an architectural delight to lovers of the stately and beautiful.

A copy of the local paper in the possession of the writer contains a notice of



THE PEACE PIPE.

An Ojebway newspaper published monthly at the Shingwauk Home.

VOL. I.

OCTOBER 1ST. 1878.

No. 1

The Peace Pipe.

IT is purposed to issue this paper in eight page form; same size as the A. M. News; on the 1st. of October next, provided not less than 300 subscribers can be secured by that time, the price being 85c per annum to individuals, or if any band will agree to take 50 copies they may have them for 25c. a copy; the sum of \$12.50 to be paid us in advance by the Indian Agent.

SUBJECTS:—Indian correspondence; a story from history; editorial; European news; American news; Extracts from Indian Acts and Reports; Advertisements of traders; Sunday school questions; Bible translation; new hymns; extracts from Indian grammar.

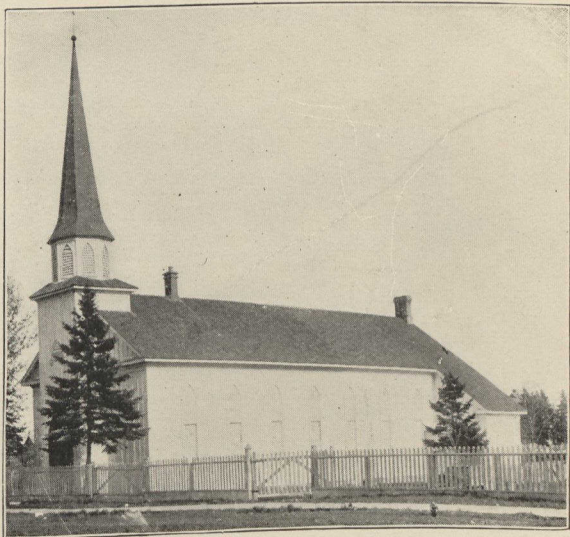
INDIAN TRANSLATION.

O OO suh debahjemo' muhzenuhgung eight pages, tebishko ALGOMA MISSIONARY NEWS, "Peace Pipe," azhenekahdag; tah mahjetahmuhgud menuhwah kaduhgoojing October kezis kishpin we-odohpinuhmoowaud neswauk egewh ahnishenahbag kamah uh-wushema. 85c. ningo peboon tah-enuhginda. Kishpin dush mahmuhwe we-odohpinuhmoowaud nahnemeduhnuh ahnishenahbag pazhig Reserve tabandaugoozejig, we enahkoone-gawaud dush owh Indian Agent che-tebuhuh-muhweyungid—me \$12.50 atuh tah-tebuhuhmahgam oonje 50 copies.

England and Russia.

K AGAH ke-mahje-megahdewug England kuhya Russia. Magwah uhgwindanoon kayahbe England megahdewine-nahbequaunun ewede wequadoong tebishko Constantinople, Owah dush Russia kahween ominwandunseen, enewag nishkahdese. Owah suh Russia kahween kayahbe omegahnahseen Turkeyun; ahzhewah oge-ozhetoonah-wah pezainidewin, Keemoj guhnoonindewug magwah noon-goom Russia kuhya Turkey. Keemoj uhnoo keewug wenuhwal. Owah dush Russia odanaun Turkeyun, kegemahmauzhein neje, me dush weejikewaindedah, kahween ahpeche kegahkoodug geesenoon, pezinduhweshin nesheema, ezhechegan ananaun me dush kegah-

menodoodoon, kago pezinduhwahkan pakaunezejig, nben atuh pezinduhweshin me dushkegah bemahdeze-in menuhwah—me suh Turkey azhe-guh-noonegood Russia-un magwah noon-goom. Me suh azhe-wabuk. Owah suh Russia kahween osheenganemah seen Turkey-un osheenganemaun atuh Englandun. Ahpeche mah-nandum Russia che-wahbundung enewh England duhze megahdewine-nahbequaunun agwindagin tebishko Constantinople. Owah dush Russia ogemahjebethmuhwaun Austria duh-zhe keche ogemaun ooo ke-enaud—Howh neejee! ke-meno-weejekewainde-min kenuhwind. Howh! Howh! weedookuhweshin, kegah-keche-megahnah-



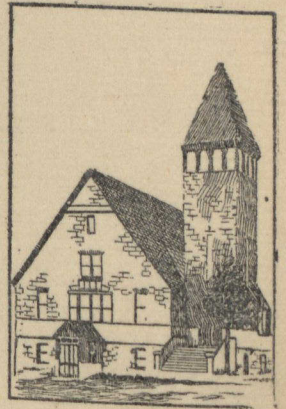
THE METHODIST CHAPEL OF '70

the event which took place on Sunday, July 2nd, and which was presided over by the Archbishop of Toronto, assisted by the Bishop of Sault Sainte (Serepta) Right Reverend Dr. Jumot, with many clergy from the surrounding country.

In 1870 the first Methodist tabernacle was erected and continued to be used until 1901, when it became a public school and the congregation betook themselves to the new edifice on Spring street. The Baptist body came in in 1889 and erected their place of worship at the corner of March and Albert streets.

In 1897 the old parish church of St. Luke was remodelled and the present spacious temple became as the result. It was constituted a pro-cathedral (that is, a parish church which is used for a cathedral) by the present Lord Bishop, Dr. Thorneloe, who was appointed in 1896, on the resignation of Bishop's Fauquier's successor, Dr. Edward Sullivan, who, racked and worn by the hardship of his episcopal work retired from the diocese to fill a less trying post, the Rectorship of St. James, Toronto, where he shortly afterward passed away.

Dr. Sullivan was a prince among men who sacrificed himself for his work. His name was as well known in England and the United States as in Canada, and his death caused deep and widespread sorrow.



From the one little school-room the town has developed several schools. The first step from Pim and Wellington streets was the erection, for school purposes, of the building since burned, where soon will stand the new post-office and customs house at the corner of Queen and East streets, then followed the erection of the pile until recently used as a municipal building and high school.

In 1889 the Central School was built and the Fort School on Huron street quickly followed.

At present, counting the separate schools and the main and branch public schools and high schools, there are ten buildings set apart for the purposes of secular education, with a staff of twenty-seven teachers.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE YEARS OF ORGANISATION.

"The elders of the city."

In 1858 Algoma was organized into a judicial territory with headquarters at Sault Sainte Marie and a full complement of civil officers was appointed to carry out the demands of justice. The district at that time stretched from French River to James' Bay and to an undefined boundary in the West, "for Manitoba had no existence then."

The gentlemen appointed to act in this huge district with its coast frontage of 800 or more miles were Honorable John Prince, Judge, succeeded in 1870 by Judge McCrae; Richard Carney, Sheriff; John McPherson Hamilton, Clerk of the Peace and Crown Attorney; Henry Pilgrim, Clerk of the District Court; Colonel John Savage, Registrar; Wm F. Moore, Gaoler, and Andrew Hynes as Constable.

The Court was not occupied with serious offences, the trespassing of cattle and other minor counts being the stamp of offences adjudicated.

When grand jury met, if it was in the Winter they were detained for days and sometimes weeks before they could get off for home. There were

no hotels then and the jurymen were billeted at the different houses.

Many stories of a rugged nature were wont in old days to be narrated of Judge Prince, whose patience was often times sorely tried by the litigious few who met before him to air their differences.

Not, however, until 1866 was the erection of a proper court-house undertaken.

In that year the Ontario Government put the project into operation, and two years later, 1868, the present court-house and gaol stood finished, and by far the handsomest building in the town. The work cost \$20,000. The brick and tiles used were made and burned in front of the present flagstaff site, and Mr. W. H. Carney became the first resident gaoler.

Magistrates were known in those days to render at times startling decisions. It has passed into history that one of our most honoured citizens, acting as magistrate, had brought before him a culprit who was charged with stealing a pair of boots. "Guilty or not guilty?" demanded the "Power," as the boots were produced and evidence filed and the wretch pleaded "guilty." "I sentence you then," came the judgment, "to be hanged by the neck till you are dead and order the officers to remove you." The prisoner was prostrated with fright and begged to be heard.

He told his story and the judge replied, "On account of the extenuating circumstances I hereby commute the sentence on the understanding that you leave this side of the river within half an hour."

The thief, who did not know the powers of Canadian magistrates, left in a great hurry and was no more seen.

It was in 1866-7, when the stone was being quarried at Campment d'Ours for the court-house that a certain judgment was rendered by a coroner's jury at the Bruce Mines which is not inappropriate here.

Two men returning to the quarry for their tools early in January stopped at Richard's Landing and bought some goods. As they turned to leave Richard's store, one of them espied a bottle of pickles which he purchased and slipped into his fur coat pocket. They left.

The following May, John Walker, a farmer on Campment d'Ours—which it may be mentioned is an historic island down the St. Mary's River, on which, among other things, is an Ojibway graveyard—found the body of an unknown man on a small island near by called Doris Island.

The body was towed to the Bruce Mines and an inquest held. The man's identity was established by the fact that he had in his pocket a bottle of pickles which was silently handed to each

of the empanelled jury for inspection. The jury, after hearing all the evidence, retired and drew up the following finding :

“ Found drowned through want of carelessness on the ice.”

The man was now buried. Some one produced a hymn-book and read a hymn as a burial service *Exit cadaver*. But the pickles. The party returned and all sat down silently, smoking and eyeing the pickles, till one bolder than the rest, exclaimed, “ Well, fellers, them pickles ain't much the worse for wear, I moves we eat 'em.” The motion was not put, the cork was drawn. *Exit pickles!*



Such is life in a frontier district.

The year 1875 saw the birth of our first town newspaper “The Algoma Pioneer and District General Advertiser.”

It was the child of an enterprising citizen, the sort of men who make a town to prosper, Mr. W. H. Carney, our present Sheriff. The copy here reproduced contains much interesting matter and some quaint advertisements.

That year 1875 Simon J. Dawson was frantically endeavoring to win over the electorate as opposed to Colonel Rankin. The Indians had received the right to vote and were being appealed to by both parties.



In Mr. Dawson's address to the voters he says: "The descendents of those once powerful tribes who figured so conspicuously in the early history of the country, are still to be seen, although in numbers sadly thinned, in the forests and by the crystal seas of Algoma, and they have rights which should be respected. By a clause in the treaty by which they surrendered their territorial rights they are entitled to certain allowances which have until now been withheld simply because the matter had not been urged on the attention of the Government. I have recently had communication with the Department of the Interior on this subject and am glad to be in a position to say that the case of the Indians is engaging the most serious attention of the Government and that there is every prospect that the stipulations of the treaty will within a short time be carried out and the annuity to the Indians considerably augmented." All of which is another proof that there is nothing new under the sun

Until 1881 the settlement was not incorporated. In that year a town charter was granted by the Provincial Legislature, and Sault Sainte Marie became the proud possessor of a Mayor and Board of Aldermen.

Among the most prominent of those who served the town as Chief Magistrate to the pre-

sent are W. H. Plummer, W. J. Thompson, E. Biggings and Wm. Brown.

The growth of a military organization has not yet been dealt with in these pages.

The fostering of the martial spirit is due entirely to the patriotism of Major Wilson, who as early as May 24th, 1849, made an attempt to muster a rifle company.

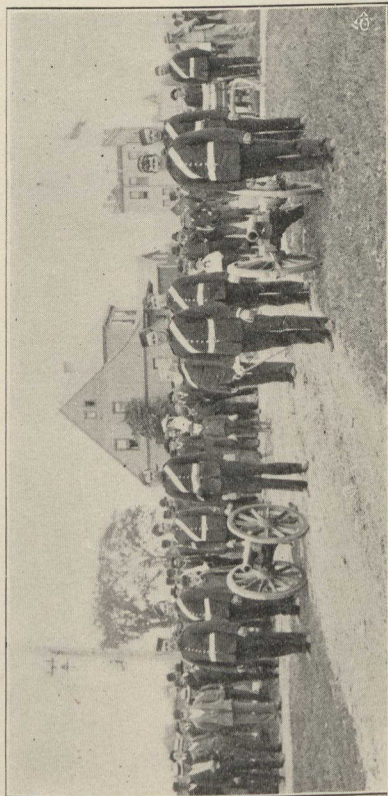
The advent of troops under Captain Cooper in 1850 aided in the development of the soldierly instincts.

On December 18th, 1861 the Americans became threatening and rifles were issued with ball cartridge, Messrs. Pilgrim, Simpson, Davidson, Hamilton and Prince being the chief advisers of the officer in command.

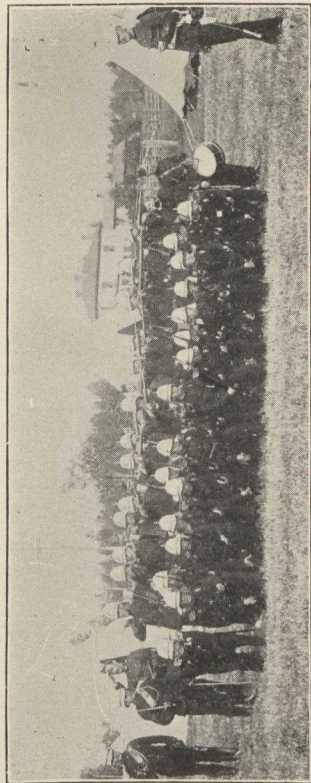
The cloud, however, passed away and peace was again assured.

In 1862 a second rifle company was formed and the school-house was used for drill. The following year, January, 1863, saw the artillery company formed, which existed as a half battery until very recently. The infantry was attached to the artillery and the whole controlled by Mr. Wilson, so that when the trouble from Fenianism threatened in 1866, there was here a solid body of sturdy men to guard the frontier.

In 1888 the Government organized the 96th Battalion of the Militia of Canada and named it



THE OLD "HALF BATTERY"



THE LOCAL COMPANY OF THE "97TH"
SAULT SAINTE MARIE'S SOLDIERS

the Algoma Rifles. The local company was placed under command of Captain W. J. Thompson, who is one of the most important of the Sault's citizens at the present day.

The organization was, however, changed by order July 1st, 1900, to the 97th Regiment with its headquarters at the Sault, and in 1903 the Battalion was authorized to use the title "Algonquin Rifles," a particularly appropriate name for His Majesty's troops in the Ojibway country.

Amongst the names of those who have been connected with the regiment, that of Father Sennett, a sometime Parish Priest in Sault Ste. Marie, will ever be held in high regard, for it was he who received such honourable mention for his deeds at the "front," where he was privileged to act as an Army Chaplain.

The present officer commanding the 97th Regiment is Lieutenant-Colonel T. H. Elliott, the local company being officered by Captain and Adjutant C. V. Campbell, Lieutenant H. Lynn Plummer and Mr. George Johnson.

The crest of the regiment is the head of a bull moose with the motto "Kee-she-nah," an Ojibway expression meaning "We surpass."

The officers other than those already mentioned are Major Gordon and Captain Cressey, Sudbury; Captain McKee, North Bay; Pay-



master, Captain A. E. Dyment, M. P. ; Quartermaster Ainsley and Captain Gillespie, Thessalon.

Sault Sainte Marie's sons have ever been ready to take their share of hardship in the defence of their country. Already have been mentioned the instances when they shouldered their muskets to do duty against possible invaders.

When in the recent trouble in South Africa the Motherland turned her eyes to Canada for assistance Sault Sainte Marie three times responded to the call for men. And here, as was the case from Halifax to Vancouver, many more than could be sent importuned the authorities to be allowed to go. Surely such a spirit speaks well for the manhood of our common country.

In the decade from 1881 to 1890 two important works were brought to completion at the Sault. The Canadian Pacific, in 1887, effected here a junction with the railway system of the United States and the Canadian Locks, which made possible an all-Canadian water route through the great lakes system, were constructed and opened for traffic.



Sir Garnet Wolsley's experience in 1870 made it apparent to the Canadian people that we were dependent on a foreign and, at times, a not too friendly nation, for access by water to our western possessions, and in 1887-8 \$4,000,000 were voted by the Dominion Parliament for the construction of the locks.

The Canadian canal is $1\frac{1}{8}$ miles long, 150 feet wide and 22 feet deep, with a lock 900 feet long and 60 feet wide, having 22 feet on the mitre sills.

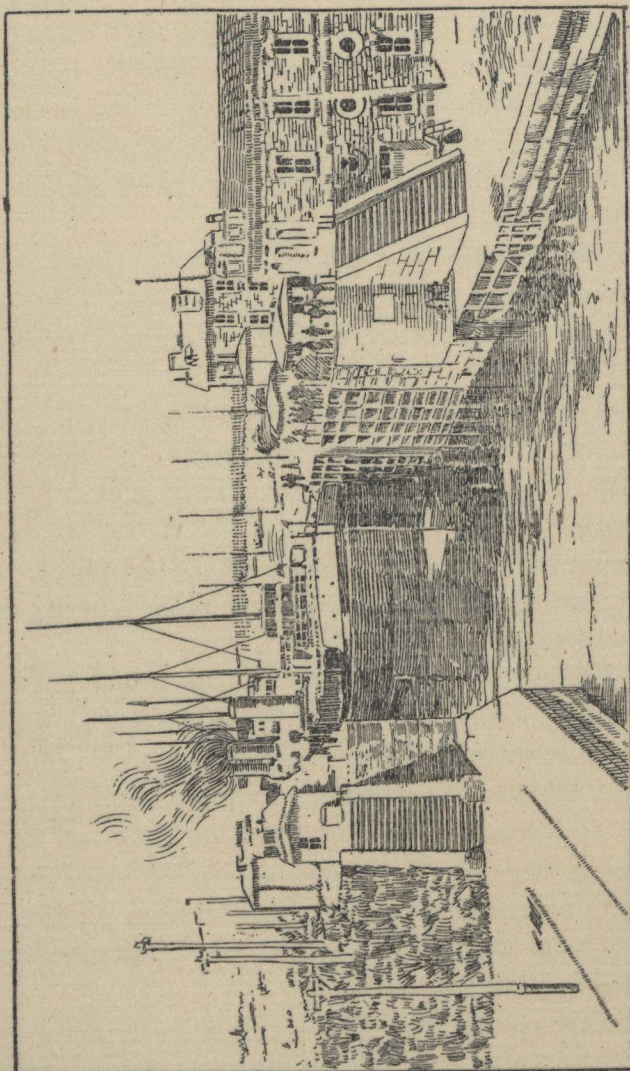
The building occupied seven years, from 1888 to 1895, and was carried out under the direction of the Honourable Collingwood Schreiber, Chief Engineer of Dominion Canals, and W. G. McNeill Thompson, Esquire, Government Engineer in local charge, Messrs. Ryan and Haney being the contractors.

Electricity generated by water power is used for the operation of the lock, which can be filled and opened in about nine minutes

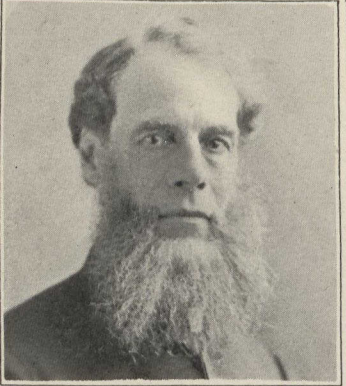
A little to the north of this marvel of engineering skill stands the original lock restored—at least as to its size—the forerunner of mighty waterway.

In 1902 the Canadian Lock passed 7,728.351 nett tons of freight and 36,599 passengers on steamers, etc.

The 45 new vessels put in commission for the Lake superior trade that year (1902) were large



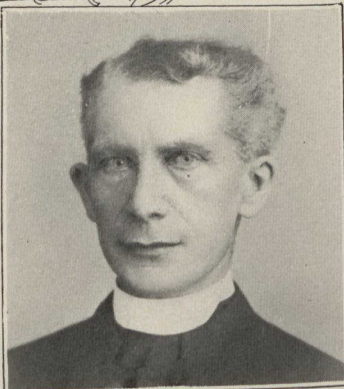
THE CANADIAN CANAL.



FREDERICK FAUQUIER



EDWARD SULLIVAN



GEORGE THORNELOE

steam freighters ranging from 225 to 436 feet in length and designed for economical speed of twelve miles an hour on a draft of 19 to 21 feet.

One may form some idea of the increase of tonnage in the last fifty-one years, when it is remembered that in 1851 the estimated amount and value of articles which crossed the Portage at Sault Sainte Marie was 12,600 nett tons valued at \$1,675,000, while in 1901 the tonnage passing through the Canadian and American locks combined amounted to 28,403,065 nett tons valued at \$289,906,865.

This chapter on organization would not be complete without a word in reference to that great order which is said to extend to all parts of the globe and which found a home in Sault Sainte Marie, Free Masonry.

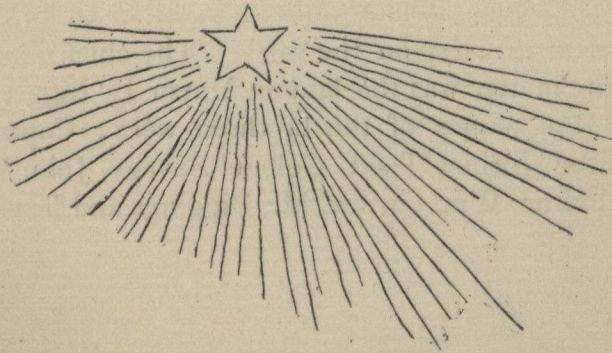
On May 13th, 1885, the first lodge was held and on July 11th following a regular meeting was called. The brethren met in a little room over the old *Pioneer* office, on Pim street, immediately behind Messrs Plummer & Co's storehouse, and men journeyed from Thessalon, Richard's Landing and even from Marquette in order to form a quorum to carry on the work. The chief mover in the matter was the late ex-Mayor E. Biggings and the names of the brethren were: Captain Wilson, Joshua Trott, Colonel Savage, John W. Hamilton, Wm. Carney, Mr. Biggings and Rever-



end Mr. McDermit, all of the Sault, and John Boyd, Thessalon; John Richards, St. Joseph's Island, and Samuel Evans, of Marquette. The first candidate was a David Murray.

From the small beginning has the order grown until at the present time it occupies a magnificent temple in the Harris Block, at Queen and Spring streets. A list of the Masters of the Lodge from its inception include among others the late Edward Biggings, W. H. Hearst, Esquire, ex-Mayor Thompson, C. F. Farwell, Esq., K.C. ex M.L.A., Dr. Fred Rogers, a writer of works both grave and gay, M. McFadden, Esq., Town Solicitor, Captain Campbell, W. J. Bradley, Esq., and J. B. Way, the present Worshipful Master being Mr. C. W. McCrea.

Many other orders have since then taken their place in the lives of the people, and by their fraternal teaching help, no doubt, to impress the citizens with the divine doctrine of the Brotherhood of Man.



CHAPTER XX.

THE FATHERS OF THE PRESENT TOWN.

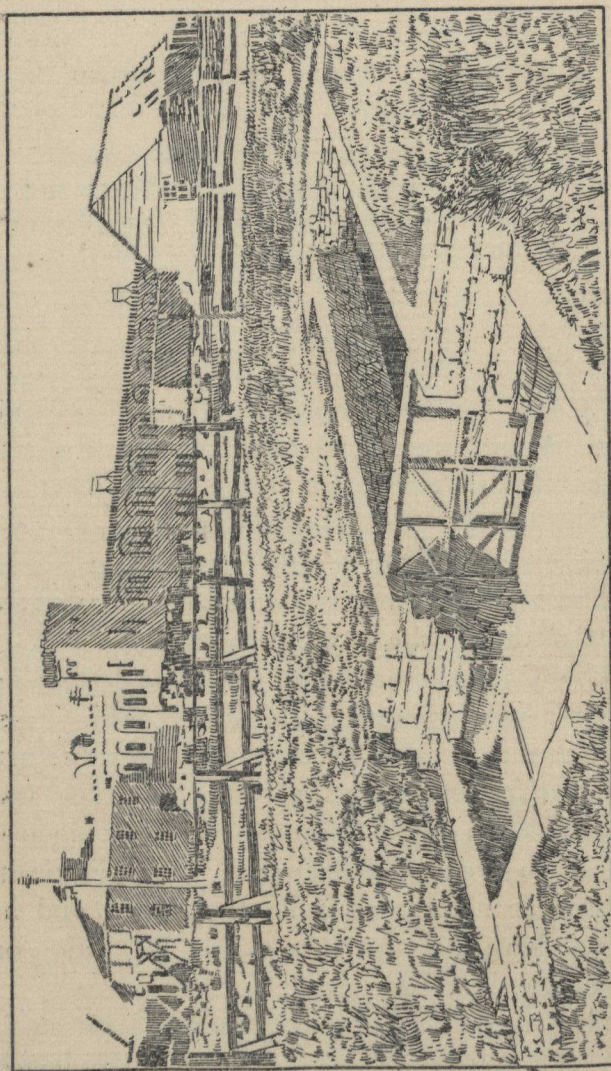
*"They came from near and they came from far,
The East and the West and the South gave men,
And they built new homes 'neath the north-set star,
They'll ne'er swing back to the old again."*

Perhaps the best remembered man in Sault Sainte Marie was until very recently the late Colonel John Prince, first Judge of the District.

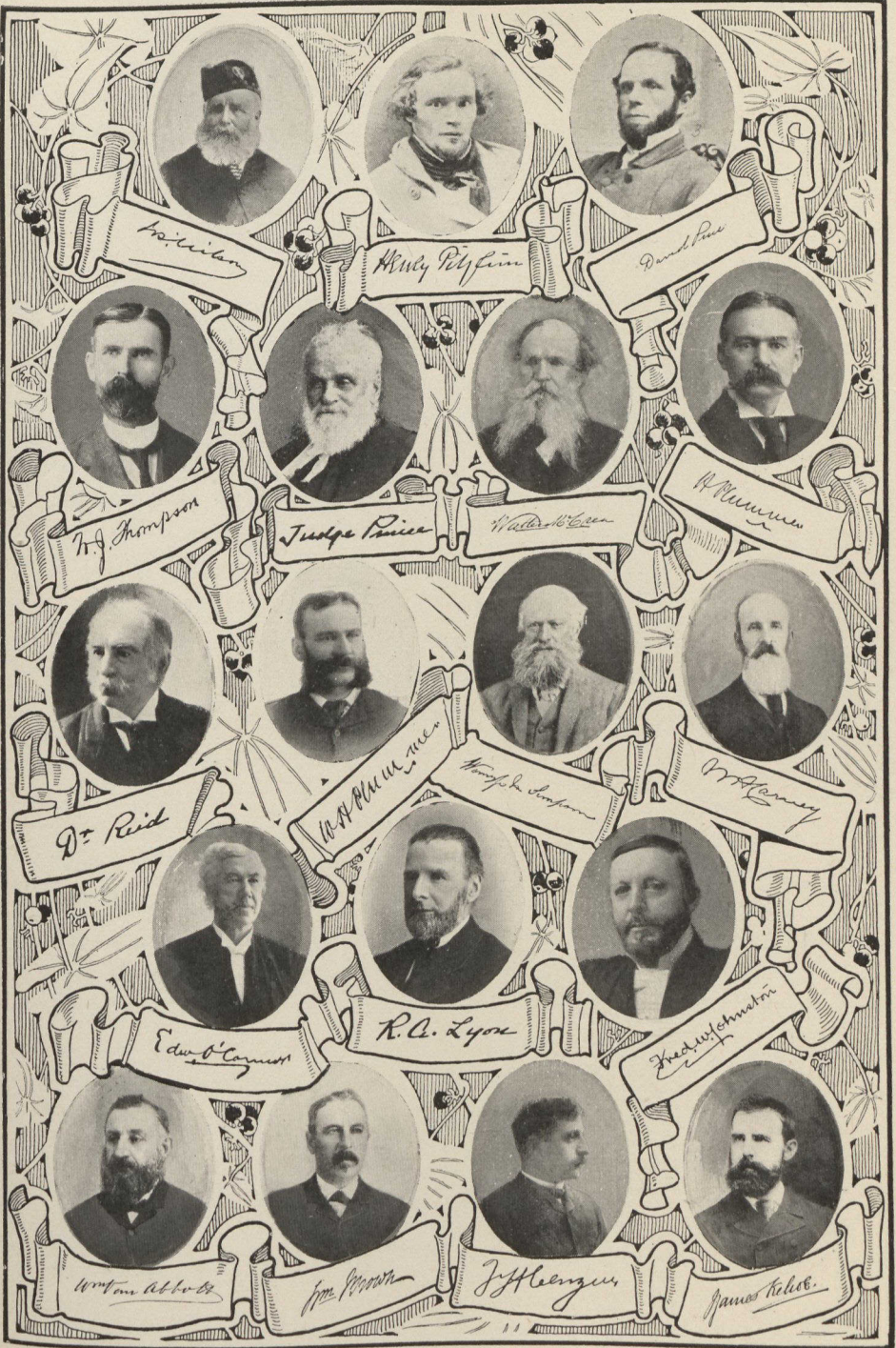
Born in Hereford, England, in 1797, he emigrated early to Canada and settled first in the neighborhood of Sandwich where he engaged the "rebels" during the 1837 episode.

The Colonel's action at that time in having prisoners shot without a trial raised such a disturbance that the Government was forced to act. The punishment of the offender, however, was not what some might have expected, for he was ordered to proceed to Algoma, "the Siberia of Canada," as he termed it in after years, and he received here a grant of land and a position on the Judicial Bench.

The reason of the Government's leniency is found in the strong interest exhibited in his behalf



OLD CANADIAN LOCK.



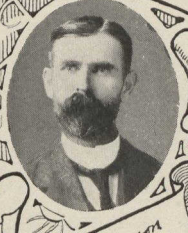
William



Henry P. Lyman



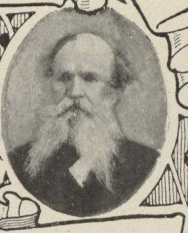
David Rice



Wm. Thompson



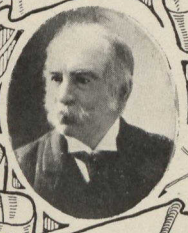
Judge Price



Walter W. Lee



A. Williams



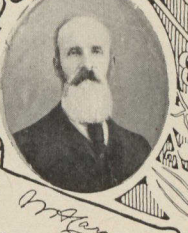
Dr. Reid



W. P. M. W.



Joseph W. Thompson



W. H. Conroy



Edw. O'Connor



R. C. Lyon



Fred W. Johnston



Wm. Abbott



Jm. Moore



J. H. Leung



James Kelcey

by the Duke of Wellington, then Prime Minister of England, who, when the case was presented to the Home authorities, addressed the House of Lords on the Colonel's behalf.

On reaching the Sault the Colonel proceeded to clear his land, which lies to the east of the present town, and there he built a spacious house to which he gave the name of "Bellevue."

Here, until 1870, he lived and entertained ever a tender friend albeit a rough foe, eccentric, determined, prejudiced, loyal and chivilrous, giving quarter to none who transgressed or sinned against him or his idea of the "Law."

His notion of vengeance was swift.

It is said that he had a pet eagle for which he had refused a large sum of money and which one day offended him by swooping down upon his chickens. The eagle's life immediately paid the penalty for the transgression.

At another time the Colonel had a beaver, of which he was particularly fond. The beaver was wont to disport itself in the water which laps the beach not a hundred yards from its master's door and old Monsieur Perrault one day paddling along the shore and seeing a beaver shot it and carried it in as a present to the owner of Bellevue, for whom he had a profound reverence. Colonel Prince was sitting at his table when the polite old gentleman arrived to offer with many bows

and words of respect his little gift. For an instant the Colonel glared in angry silence at his neighbour who, becoming alarmed, and rushing to the door saw, as he fled, the bereft Britisher reaching for his gun with which he might have taken—had he been in time—a terrible revenge.

The Colonel's anger was quickly over, however, and there lived not in all the North a man who could be a truer friend than he was.

On St. Andrew's Day, 1870, Colonel the Honourable John Prince died, and two days after all the sorrowing town wended its way to Bellevue to follow the remains to their last resting place.

As the tourist approaches the Sault from the East he describes three little islands half-way between the Shingwauk Home and the town.

On one of these islands, alone, uncared for, lies the body of the old man, where the snow in the Winter months and the wild flowers in the warmer weather make conspicuous the brown sand stone monolith which marks his tomb. A mural tablet in the south transept of the pro-Cathedral in Sault Sainte Marie also reminds us of his life and death.

The last Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company here was Wemyss M. Simpson who came to Canada from London, England, where he was born in 1825.

For twenty-four he served the H. B. C. and for eight of these twenty-four was he a Factor. With Colonel Fred Cumberland he represented the district in Parliament from 1867-1872, being like Colonel Prince, a Conservative

Where Upton Road crosses Queen street, there stands an old-fashioned, homelike villa of stone, at present owned by Mr. H. W. Evenden, an English gentleman. The villa was built by Mr. Simpson, when he retired to private life, and there, surrounded by his family, he spent the rest of his days. Mr. Simpson was married twice and three of his children, Mrs. H. Plummer, Mrs. Begg and Mr. A. Simpson, are living at present in the Sault. Upton is now known as Ste. Marie,

But to Major Wilson must be given the honour of being called the oldest resident in the district the Major having come here as Mr. Wilson, Customs officer, to succeed his father in that office, and having dwelt continuously in the district since September, 1843. The Major was born in Perthshire, Scotland, in 1818, reached Canada in 1832, and served on the Government side in the trouble of 1837. He was appointed to his office of Customs Collector by Lord Sydenham. Later on, under Lord Clanricarde, Her late Majesty's Postmaster General, he received in 1848 the further office of Postmaster. This he held for many years until David Pim succeeded him in the office.

A photograph of the original "Authority" is here presented.

For fifty-eight years has the Major kept his diary of events, not missing a day, a set of volumes of great value to the town or to book-lovers.*

Judge McCrae, who succeeded Judge Prince, was a Canadian by birth, having been born at Burritt Rapids, Ontario, 1810.

He first engaged in trade and later on, in 1850, was called to the Bar. His Honour had, like his

* On Friday, March 11th, 1904, Major Wilson passed away at the ripe age of 87 years, and the following day, surrounded by his friends of earlier days as well as those of more recent acquaintance, his remains were carried to the Korah cemetery and there laid beside his wife's.

The local militia company with reversed arms marched slowly at the head of the funeral cortege, the 97th regiment band playing a dead march. The casket, wrapped in the flag he loved, was drawn on a black-draped sleigh, and about it, under Sergeant Howe, strode six of the old battery men who had gathered so often at the former soldier's call.

At the grave, heaped high with snow, the Chaplain of the regiment read the beautiful service of the Church of England, the firing party took their position and discharged their three volleys, the last salute over a soldier's tomb, and from a single bugle floated out over the desolate hills the lonely notes of the "Last Post," the call known to every warrior, heard when the lights die out and the army sinks to rest.

So passed from the scene one whose memory will linger among the citizens to whom may be ascribed the credit of first infusing military enthusiasm into the men of the district.

He was a loyal, honourable and consistent man, a good father and a true friend, and now he is gone, no one may say the Major ever did him a wrong. Such are the sturdy characters who often unappreciated, unnoticed help to make a people great.

ULICK JOHN, MARQUESS OF CLANRICARDE,
Her Majesty's Postmaster-General,
TO ALL PEOPLE

to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting :

KNOW ye, that I, ULICK JOHN,
MARQUESS OF CLANRICARDE,
HER MAJESTY'S POSTMASTER-GENERAL,
having received good Testimony of the Fidelity
and Loyalty to Her Majesty of *Me*

Joseph Wilson

and reposing great Trust and Confidence in the Knowledge, Care, and Ability of the said *Joseph Wilson* to execute the Office, and Duties required of a Deputy Postmaster, have deputed, constituted, authorized, and appointed, and by these Presents, do depute, constitute, authorize, and appoint *him* the lawful and sufficient Deputy, to execute the Office of Deputy Postmaster to the Deputy Postmaster General of *Canada* at *Sault Ste Marie* in the Province of *Canada* to have, hold, use, exercise, and enjoy the said Office of Deputy Postmaster at the place aforesaid, with all and every the Rights, Privileges, Benefits and Advantages to the same belonging, for and during the Pleasure of the Postmaster General, and also for and during the Pleasure of the Deputy Postmaster General of the said Province, subject to such Conditions, Covenants, Provisoos, Payments, Orders, and Instructions to be faithfully observed, performed and done by the said Deputy Postmaster and Servants, as he or they shall from Time to Time receive from Her Majesty's Postmaster General in England, or from the Deputy Postmaster General of *Canada* for the time being, or by the Order of them, or either of them. Given at the General Post-Office, London, under my Hand and Seal of the said Office, this *thirtieth* day of *December* 1848, in the *twelfth* Year of Her Majesty's Reign.

By Command,

W. A. G.
Secretary.

Clanricarde

predecessor, taken a keen interest in military matters, being ranked as a Captain in the volunteers. Judge McCrae was succeeded by His Honour Judge Johnston, who holds the senior judgeship of Algoma, with His Honour Mr. Justice O'Connor as Junior Judge.

Mr. Wm. V. Abbott, until recently the Indian Agent, received his appointment to that office in 1873. He was born in Surrey in 1831 and came to Montreal where for about twenty years he was a wholesale dry goods auctioneer. He came to the Sault in 1864 to carry on a wholesale liquor trade, this being for two years a free port on account of its distance from any other port of Canada.

He has ever been an active citizen, and though living in retired life he takes the keenest interest in everything that concerns the Sault.

Like others already mentioned, Mr. Abbott and his good lady have ever made their house a centre of hospitality and have done much to make the Sault the homelike town it claims to be. With Glengarry cap and brier pipe he is one of the best known figures on our streets, and long may he be spared to be a binding link between the happy past and the busy, growing future.

Another old time resident remains in Francis Jones Hughes, who came to the Sault in 1856 in company with a number of other pensioners to

settle a disturbance, already mentioned, as having taken place among the Indians. Poor Sergeant Andrew Hynes, who came at the same time, has since passed away, but Mr. Hughes still lives to tell his friends of early days.

He was born in Wales in 1828 and joined the Royal Marines' service, fighting in the war with China on Her late Majesty's first-class gunboat "Lily." He tells how he smoked his first cigar in Hong Kong; was still in the service during the Crimean war, and having found his way to the town at the foot of the Rapids, was appointed Chief Constable and Magistrate "under Royal Seal." Mr. Hughes' district extended from the French River to the Lake of the Woods (Lac des Bois). Mr. Hughes was married twice, his two sons living at the Sault in the present time.

The present Sheriff is another of the few left from the early days. He was born in London, England, in 1830, and came to Canada when he was three years old. His early days were those of a settler's son, working hard in the daylight hours, studying after dark. His father had been Collector of Customs at Owen Sound and again at Niagara, but he resigned his post to enter the mercantile life in Barrie.

The present Sheriff, who was the eldest son of a large family, took an active part in his father's business, and when the latter was appointed the

first Stipendary Magistrate for Algoma, he removed with him to the Sault. The office of Stipendary Magistrate was abolished in 1860, and the disestablished officer was appointed Sheriff, which position he held until 1882, when the present Sheriff, Wm. Henry Carney, succeeded him. Mr. Carney was the first Municipal Treasurer of the town, and on resigning in 1888, was succeeded by his son Richard, who is Treasurer at the present time. Three of the Sheriff's sisters still live near the old family homestead, while the Sheriff and one son occupy the historic stone house built by Armatinger in 1822.

The Biggings and Camerons, whose house was down east of the town on the river banks; the Towers and Davidsons, Ironsides and Pennos are also to be ranked among the early settlers whose quite tenacity helped to anchor Sault Sainte Marie to the older civilization and thus to lead to greater things.

One of our most respected citizens was Doctor J. A. Reid whose charm and grace made him a welcome guest in every house.

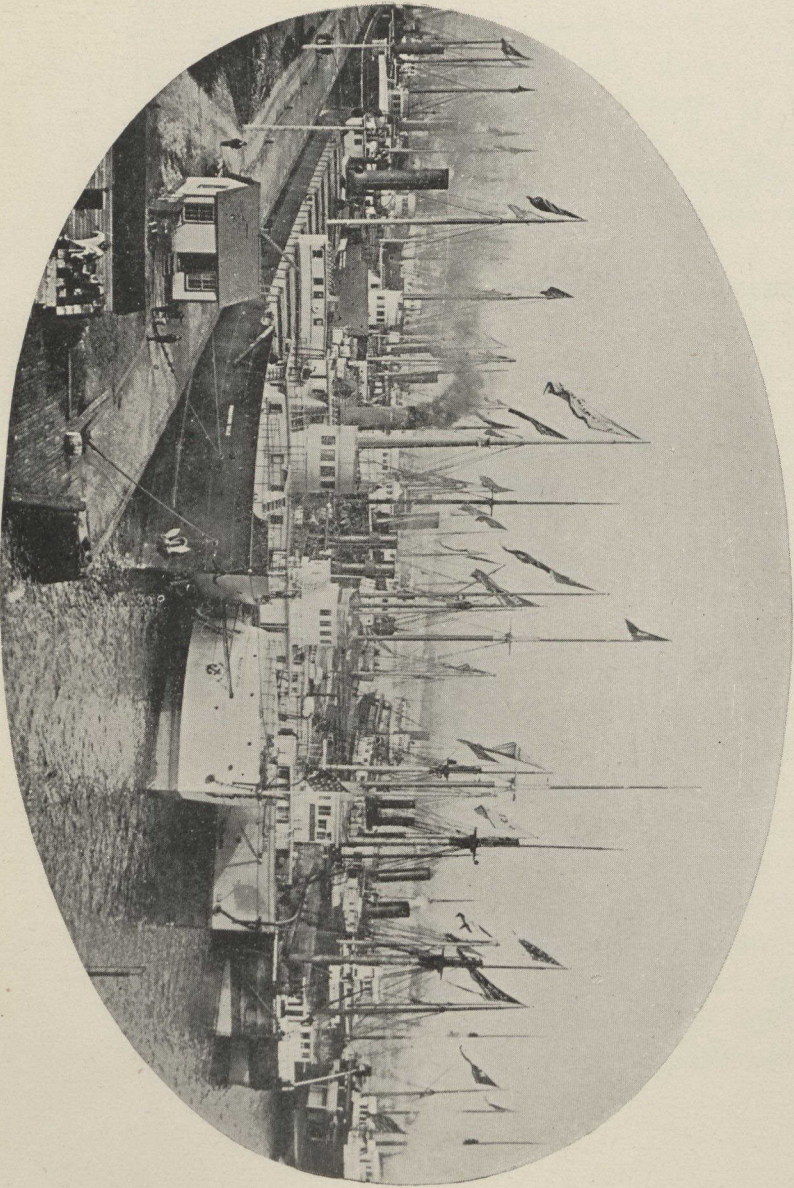
The Doctor, who was born in 1845, was a son of the Honourable Alexander Reid who for many years was Minister of Finance in the colony of Newfoundland. The Doctor's education was carried on first under his father—a thorough classic scholar—and then at McGill University and the

Royal College of Physicians, London, where he practiced, after graduation, with Dr. Cook, sometime physician to Her late Majesty Queen Victoria. There a brilliant course seemed to be before him, but the call of his native land was sounding in his ears, and in 1875, bidding farewell to England, he came across the water to make his home.

At first the young Doctor practiced among the fishermen of his native island, but afterward crossed to Canada and sojourned for a time in Montreal.

There he contracted typhoid fever and for many long weeks lingered between life and death, but his work was not yet completed.

Chatting one day with a brother physician he learned of the District of Algoma and of the need of medical aid there. The splendid combination of being likely to exercise his skill in a country romantic and little known appealed strongly to his nature, and as soon as he could stand the journey he found his way to the great lakes region. At first the Doctor settled at Bruce Mines where he met and married Annie, daughter of George F. Marks. In 1878 the Doctor, with his bride, came to Sault Sainte Marie where they continued to reside. For many years was he spared to carry on his great and good work, and it was with a deep and sincere sorrow that the people learned



A BLOCKADE IN ST. MARY'S RIVER

in the Fall of 1902 that he, whom they had learned to honour and revere, had passed away to his rest. Doctor Reid is survived by his widow, who, in her own gentle way, exercises a quiet yet mighty influence for good in the town—and by a much respected family, one of whose members, Mr. George Reid, is a prominent figure in all matters athletic.

Mr. Robert Adam Lyon is another of the old time citizens who have joined the great majority. Born in 1830 in the city of Glasgow, he came, in early years, across the water and Canada became henceforth his home.

Mr. Lyon received his education like many of our great Canadians in the public schools of Old Ontario, the common ground upon which alike all creeds and races meet, and which institution ought to be to the nation a source of sturdy Christian patriotism for the upbuilding of a united people.

In 1858 he married Sarah Moore who, with his family, survives him. Mr. Lyon was ever an active member of the district and won Parliamentary honours at various times from 1878 to 1891, retiring in the latter year to private life. In 1902 he became unwell and decided to visit once more the land of his birth. All arrangements were made, but it was not to be. In Montreal he was overtaken by a sickness which resulted

in his decease on June 4th, 1902, and thus passed away from the scene of his former activity an old and much respected man. Mr. R. A. Lyon, the Manager of the Imperial Bank in Sault Sainte Marie and President of the local Board of Trade, is the only member of the family now residing in the old town.

In the town proper, that is, the town apart from "The Works," the most important business man has long been Mr. W. H. Plummer who settled here a young man in May 1873, and succeeded in centring, to a very great degree, the life of the place around him. Nor is it merely in a business way that Mr. Plummer is known.

It is said that there are few old settlers in the district but owe something to his kindnesses in the past. He has ever been a hearty supporter of improvement tending toward the advancement of the district and his purse has always been ready to emphasize his convictions.

Mrs. Plummer, too, was looked to by those who were sick or in distress, and now that she has passed away does one hear from the lips of grateful people many stories of her sweet generosity and gentle provision for their needs.

The doors of Lynnehurst, the Plummer residence, seemed always to be open. None of any importance came to Sault Sainte Marie but he was right royally entertained there.

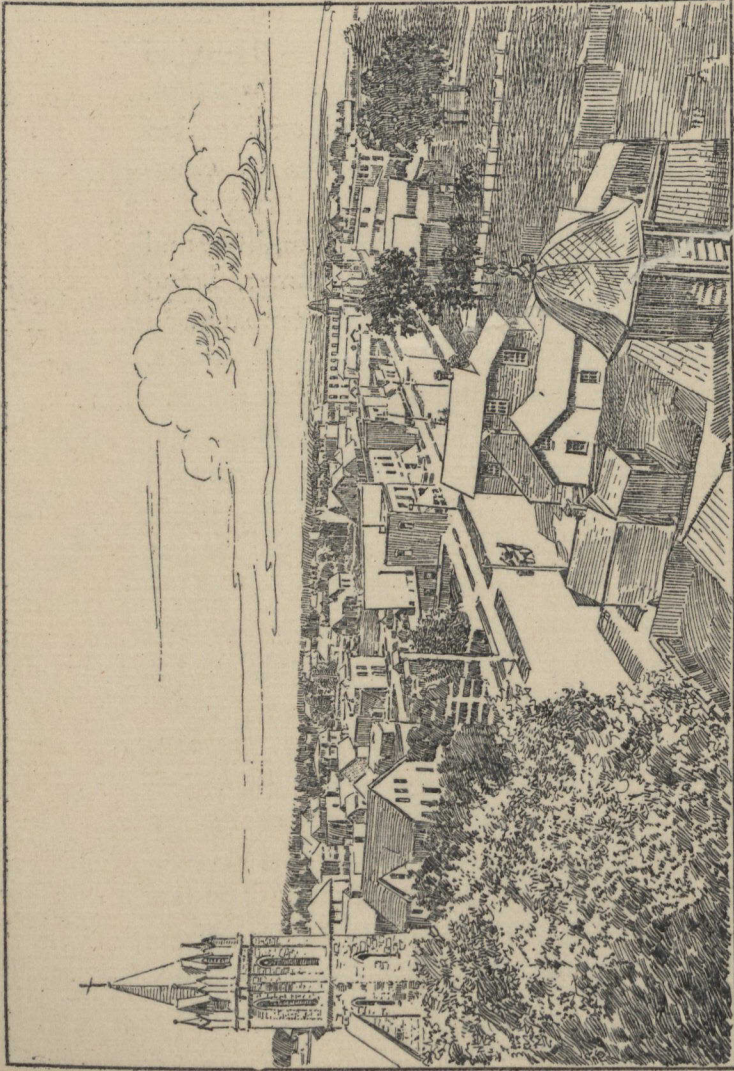
Mr. Plummer and his wife became the welcome authorities to whom most questions were submitted.

From the inception of the General Hospital to her demise did Mrs. Plummer act as President, a position now filled by Mrs. Reid, and in that splendid institution is much that owes its existence to her initiation.

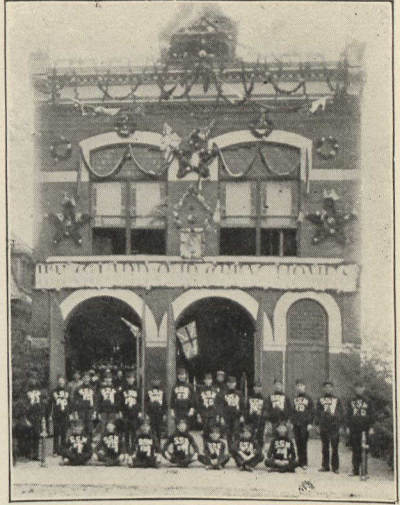
Mrs. Plummer is survived by a daughter and son, the latter, Mr. H. Lynne Plummer, being the first Lieutenant in the volunteer company.

It was mainly due to Mr. Plummer's efforts, backed by a handful of citizens, among the number Mr. W. J. Thompson and Mr. H. C. Hamilton, that the great water power was first harnessed and made to minister to the needs of the village as the Sault was in those days. The idea in developing the power from the mighty flow of the rapids was to induce industries to locate on the shores of St. Mary's River and so add to the wealth of the community.

Mr. Plummer's efforts, with those of his confreres, were quite successful, for to the founder of the great company whose works now occupy so large an area here, did the plan prove attractive, and to-day in place of the settlement of a few hundred people, there stands a town comprising—with its outlying suburbs a population of many thousands.



SAULT SAINTE MARIE IN 1899.



THE OLD FIRE HALL



THE TOWN (LOOKING WEST)

Of these great works, whose coming has wrought such change, much has been already written, nor is it within the scope of a volume such as this to discuss them

On the site of the North West Company's post of 1792 they are erected. The old powder magazine of the Hudson's Bay Company of a later occupation has, by Mr. Francis Clergue, been added to and converted into bachelor's quarters. It is now known as the "blockhouse." Only one other building of the Fur Company stands, while on every side are ranged the massive stone structures wherein many think the future of the town is being wrought.

So the old order ever changeth giving place to the new. It is the working of the law of evolution. The "Post" has vanished, the old school-house has disappeared, the town-hall is no more, but on its site, turning its ugly back upon the river front, has risen a larger, if less beautiful, pile.

One by one the familiar faces of a few years ago are dropping out, and when inquiry is made, the voice is lowered in answer, "They are gone." Three of the old time burial places have disappeared entirely, one being on the brow of the Pim street hill; one at what is now the south east corner of Superior and Huron streets, and one between the Armatinger house and the Roman Catholic cemetery; two others have fallen into

disuse: that in front of the Church of the Sacred Heart and the other the old N. W. Co. cemetery adjoining St. John's Anglican Church, in the west end of the town. Within the corporation limits is still the so-called "town cemetery," where on old time shafts and headstones may be read the names of families once influential in the district and whose places others filled. May they, who still remain, be long spared to enjoy the prosperity which seems to be dawning for the growing Sault.

Since 1887, when Sault Sainte Marie became an incorporated town with its Mayor and Civic Board, the office of Chief Magistrate has been filled by only five gentlemen, Messrs. William Brown, Edward Biggings, Henry C. Hamilton, W. J. Thompson, and the present Mayor, W. H. Plummer.

CHAPTER XXI.

A LAST WORD.

*" One stone the more swings to her place
In that dread Temple of Thy Work,
It is enough that through Thy grace
I saw naught common on Thy earth."*

KIPLING.

In these few pages the endeavour has been made to set in order in simple form the story of the Sault. The wish has ever been to give honour where honour is due and to shed upon all the light of impartiality.

The work is now sent upon its journeyings in the hope of a kindly reception.

For the conservation of all things of interest connected with our town two suggestions might be made: The first is, that a society be formed for the purpose of gathering together relics and treasures of the past and of marking the sites of historic buildings with small distinguishing plates. The second suggestion is that the Town Council set apart a suitable room in the Municipal buildings now in the course of erection (1903) where relics and mementoes gathered by any society

which may be formed or contributed by any individual for historical purposes, may be received and properly cared for.

There are no doubt books and sketches without number bearing directly or indirectly on the history and scenery Algoma in general and of Sault Sainte Marie in particular, many of which may gradually find their way to such a repository if it be but established.

If the suggestions made are not considered in order by the readers, the only excuse which is pleaded is that of an enthusiastic desire to see such relics of the past history of the town placed in safety ere they be lost to us altogether.

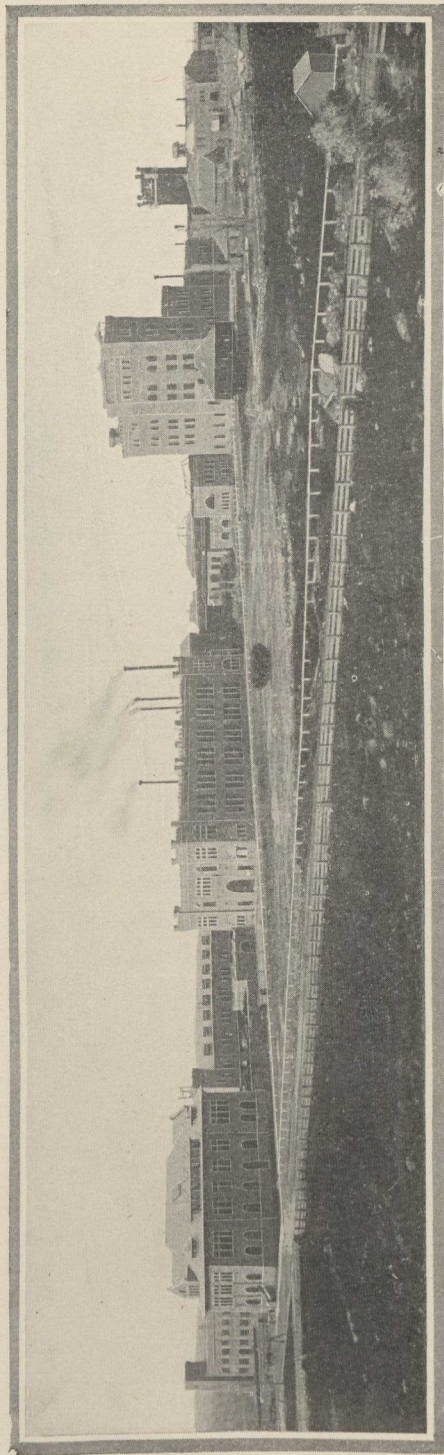
The story of our town as unfolded by legend, tradition and history is somewhat unique. What the future has in store, none may say.

It was Omar, the "Tent Maker," who in his Rubaiyat wrote :

" Up from Earth's centre through the Seventh Gate,
I rose, and on the throne of Saturn sate,
And a many a knot unravelled by the Road,
But not the Master-knot of Human Fate.

" There was the Door to which I found no key,
There was the veil through which I might not see.
Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee
There was—and then no more of Thee and Me."

Thus one might sing concerning our little town by the Rapids.



THE WORKS OF THE LAKE SUPERIOR CONSOLIDATED COMPANY

All men, from time to time, build castles-in-the-air, and to Sault Sainte Marie's citizens at castle-building, times, the unborn years, seem indeed to have in store a long period of steady growth and great prosperity. May it indeed be so.

The brave who, at his new stopping-place, in 1400 A.D., shaded his eyes to scan the channel of the River St. Mary, would not have believed that white men could ever penetrate her wilds and rear the mission and the trading post, nor did Black Robes, the Wamitigosha and the swarthy Bourgeois think as they, too, trod the shores that towns of many thousands of people would one day adorn St. Mary's banks.

Yet, nevertheless, has it all come to pass. The "Brave" is only met with—even here—in books; his weapons of olden times find peaceful repose as curios in the halls and studies of those who have succeeded him; his very language is passing away, and he who among the whites can speak the "Ojibway" is regarded with a certain wonder by his fellows.

Muckwa, * the divine, like his red pursuer, has gone to be hunted in the "Ishpeming," † beyond

* The Bear thought by the Ojibways to be supernatural.

† The Indians' Happy Hunting Ground.



there to flee before spirit huntsmen discharging ghostly arrows from phantom bows. Only on White Fish Island, where crosses the International Bridge, is to be found a semblance to the Indian of a few generation ago, and even these are few and unchoice.

Following the "Brave" and his victims the humble log mission, too, has disappeared, but in its stead have risen stately structures of noble form wherein is offered the same memorial of sacrifice as that which was pleaded in Bawating in 1642.

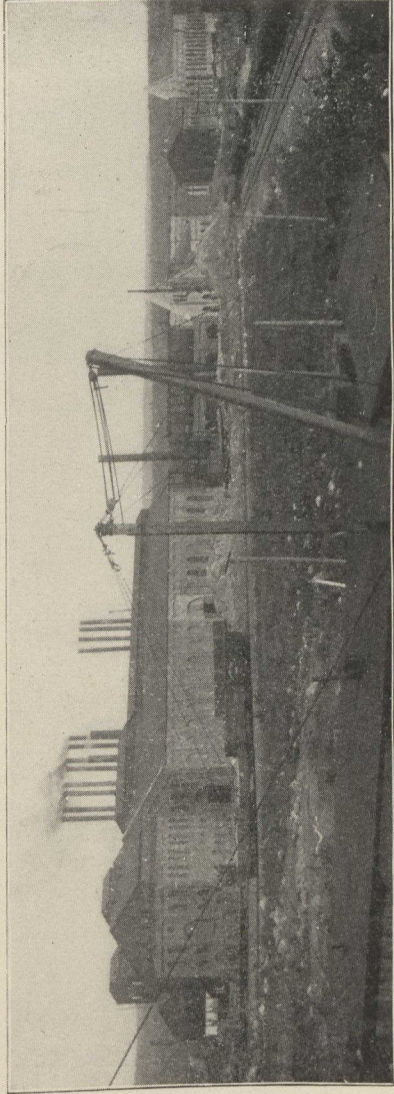
Even to the settlers of 1843-56 the Sault seemed as though it were always to be a mere child among its sister towns, but behold, a greater town than many another unfolds more fully each day its glory to the view. May those who come after us to carry on the work which we now indulge in find our dreams quite fulfilled, and Baw-a-ting, midway between the oceans, the centre of the great lakes, an industrial centre and a loyal metropolis in a mighty and prosperous land. Adieu!

[THE END.]

INDEX

- Abbott, Wm. V., 213, 241.
 Abraham, Plains of, 77, 81.
 Acadia, 62, 77.
 Adders, 4, 22.
 Adele, Ma Charamte, 169.
 Ah-an-ish-in-ab-ug, 1, 6.
 Ainsley, Captain, 230.
 Algoma Bishops of, 216.
 Algoma, 223.
 Algoma Pioneer, 226.
 Algoma Rifles, 96th Batt., 228.
 Algonquin, 2, 4, 21, 33, 37.
 Algonquin Rifles, 97th Batt., 229.
 All-ouez, Claude, 33, 43, 44, 48, 51, 54, 55.
 All Saint's Day, 163.
 Alouette, 169.
 American Revolution, 35.
 Amherst, General, 93.
 Anderson, Rev. G. A., 210, 213.
 Appleby, Rev. Thos., 213.
 Armitinger, Charles, 145, 146, 148, 152, 156, 163, 249.
 Asia, 3.
 Athabasca, 30.
 Attik-umaig, 22, 24.
 Andre, Louis, 33, 51, 55.
 Augustin, 155.
 Avoine, 59, 60, 61.
 Baggatiway, 89.
 Bah-bin-dah-bay, 176.
 Balloquet, Father, 59.
 Bampton, C. J., 212.
 Baw-a-teeg, 5, 16, 22, 32.
 Baw-a-ting, 5, 6, 8, 11, 254.
 Beaver, Company, 30, 115.
 Beaver, 25.
 Bellevue, 237.
 Bennetts, James, 213.
 Berthot, 59.
 Bethune, Right Rev. Dr., 210, 212.
 Bethune, Rev., C.I.S., 212.
 Bevan, Rev. Dr., 209.
 Biband, Francois, 55.
 Biggings, Edward, 194, 228, 233, 234, 243, 250.
 Bingham, Ave., 46.
 Biron, 73.
 Biron, Joachim, 141, 205.
 Biron, J. B., 156.
 Bishophurst, 219.
 Boeme or Bhoesme, vide Le Beome.
 Boissenault, 73, 163.
 Bois brules, 72.
 Borron, Ave., 208.
 Bonhomme, Wm., 55.
 Bonne, Captain, 76, 78, 82.
 Boniface, 32, 33.
 Boyd, John, 233.
 Bouquet, General, 102.
 Bowker, Mr., 184, 185, 186.
 Bradley, W. J., 234.
 Bradstreet, General, 109.
 Britain, 80, 82, 140, 141.
 Brock, General, 155.
 Brown, Wm., 193, 228, 250.
 Bruyeres, Captain, 119.
 Brule, Etienne, 31.
 Bruce Mines, 191, 225.
 Buller, Captain, 204.
 Burns, Dr., 176.
 Burritt Rapids, 240.
 Cabots Head, 29.
 Cacosagane, 78.
 Cadeau, 80, 81, 82, 85, 86, 88, 91, 97, 100, 101, 102, 111.
 Cadotte (vide Cadeau).
 Cagwayon, 152.
 Calvary, 45.
 Caldwell, James, 82.
 Caledonia, Frigate, 143.
 Cameron, Duncan, 123.
 Cameron, Miss Jane, 214.
 Cameron, Mr. D., 208, 213.
 Cameron, Family, 243.
 Campbell, C. V., 229, 234.
 Campment, d'ours, 225.

- Canada, 66, 69, 76, 81, 82, 212.
 Carleton, W. J., 213.
 Carney House, 148.
 Carney, Wm., 224, 226, 233.
 Carney, Sheriff, 212, 223.
 Carry, Rev. John, 211, 213.
 Champlain, 31.
 Chemaun, 31.
 Chance, Rev. Jas., 212, 213, 214.
 Chavigny, Francois, 55.
 Charlotte, Queen, 136.
 Chevrotiere, Sieur de la, 55.
 Christmas, 87.
 Chicora, 195.
 Church of England, 156, 162, 207.
 Church Missionary Society, 218.
 Chanson, des, Noces, 167, et seq.
 Church Theophilus, 180, 181.
 Charles II., 116.
 Chuzzlewit, Martin, 176.
 Clanricarde, Lord, 239.
 Clergue, F. H., 249.
 Coburg College, 216.
 Cooke, Rev. Geo. B., 213.
 Copper, Tools, 1.
 Cooper, Captain, 185, 228.
 Congress, 140.
 Colbert, Colonial, Minister, 58.
 Courreurs, des Bois, 65, 66, 70, 72, 75.
 Cozens, Joseph, 119.
 Cockburn, Lieut.-Colonel, 159.
 Colborne, Sir John, 208, 210.
 Crane, 23, 54.
 Craige, 133.
 Cressey, Captain, 229.
 Croghan, Colonel, 143, 145.
 Cumberland, Col. Fred., 214, 215, 239.
 Dablon, Charles, 33, 48, 51, 55.
 Dalhousie, Earl of, 159.
 Damp, John, 212.
 Dakotas, 58.
 Davidson, Mr., 228.
 Davers, Sir Robert, 98, 99.
 Dawson, Simon J., 226, 227.
 Deer-of-the-Water, 24.
 De Tour, False, 145.
 Denys, La Ronde, 62, 156.
 Detroit, 86, 98, 99, 101, 102, 140, 157, 183, 192, 208.
 Devieux, 73, 163.
 Dollier, 48.
 Doris Island, 225.
 Dorchester, Lord, 129.
 Driol, Vital, 55.
 Druillette, Gabriel, 33, 45, 51, 55.
 Du Bois, 73.
 Duck Islands, 161.
 Du Luth, 59, 60, 61.
 Dupuis, Nicholas, 55.
 Duprat, Robert, 55.
 Durie, Colonel, 94.
 Dufferin, Lord, 216.
 Dufferin, Lady, 216, 218.
 Dymont, Captain A. E., 230.
 Egan, John, 201.
 Elgin, Lady, 188.
 Elliot, Lt.-Col., 229.
 Erie, Lake, 77.
 Evening Star, 21.
 Evans, Samuel, 234.
 Evenden, H. W., 239.
 Exaudiat, 52.
 Falkner, Mr. F., 213.
 Farwell, C. F., K.C., 190, 234.
 Fauquier, Bishop, 216, 218, 221.
 Fenians, 191, 192, 193.
 Feasts of the Dead, 33.
 Fontain, a La, Claire, 125, et seq.
 Fon-du, Lac, 38.
 Forsyth, Richardson & Co., 121, 122.
 Fort Creek, 147, 151, 165.
 Fon du lac Treaty of, 136.
 France, 33, 44, 53, 55, 72, 80, 82, 169.
 Franklin, Sir John, 166, 183.
 Franchere, Gabriel, 147.
 Fraser, Alexander, 123.
 Frobisher, Thomas and Joseph, 162, 152.
 Frechette, the Poet, 85.
 French, 30.
 Frontenac, 58.



THE "SOO'S" STEEL PLANT

- Future State, 27.
 Galinae, 48.
 Garnier, 45.
 Gaston, Jean Baptiste, 32.
 Garden River, 180, 212, 218.
 George Lake, 77, 80.
 Germany, Apostle of, 32.
 Giants, Canseway, 133.
 Gillespie, Captain, 230.
 Gitchi, Manido, vide Kitchi Manido.
 Gitchi, Gummi, 36, 40.
 Gloucester, Duke of, 114.
 Goddard, 96.
 Gordon, Major, 229.
 Goulais Bay, 111, 176.
 Great Spirit, see Kitchi Manido.
 Great Duck Bay, 147.
 Great Northern Road, 208, 209.
 Green Bay, 50.
 Green, Rev. F., 213.
 Griffon, 58, 156.
 Gros, Cap., 38, 39, 152.
 Grosse Isle, 62.
 Groseilliers, 36, 37, 49.
 Guerin, 37.
 Halifax, 230.
 Hamilton, H. C., 247, 250.
 Hamilton, Mr. John M., 211, 213, 223, 228, 233.
 Haney, Mr., 231.
 Hargreaves, Mr. and Mrs., 186.
 Head, Sir F., 210.
 Hearst, Wm. H., 234.
 Heaton, Rev. H., 213.
 Hellmuth, Bishop, 218.
 Hennepin, 33.
 Henry IV., 32.
 Hewish, Lieutenant, 204.
 Henry, Alexander, 86, 88, 89, 90, 91, 93, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 114.
 Hiawatha, quotation from 1, 136.
 Hilton, 184.
 Hoige, Misses, 214.
 Holland's Landing, 109.
 Holmes, Major, 143, 145, 146.
 Hong Kong, 242.
 Howard, Captain, 110.
 Hudson Bay, 3.
 Hudson's Bay Fort, 203, 207.
 Hughes, F. H., 213, 241, 242.
 Humber, 109.
 Huntingford, S., 216.
 Hurons, 32, 33, 37.
 Hudson's Bay Co., 249.
 Huron Lake, (Mer Douce), 32, 53, 58, 109.
 Hynes, Andrew, 223, 242.
 Ile Royale, 62.
 International Dock, 146.
 Ironside Family, 243.
 Iroquois, 5, 11, 21, 37, 38, 40, 56, 61, 78, 153.
 Ishpeming, 155, 172, 253.
 Isles of the Blessed, (vide Ishpeming).
 Jacob, 72.
 James Bay, 223.
 Jarvis, Colonel, 177.
 Jemette, Lieutenant, 82, 85, 86, 88, 89, 90, 97.
 Jesuits, 28, 37, 41, 43, 49, 50, 58, 61.
 Jessakids, 7, 11.
 Jogues, Isaac, 33, 35, 43.
 Johnston, Sir Wm., 102, 103, 108, 109.
 Johnston, Judge, 241.
 Johnston, Louis, 136.
 Johnston, George, 136, 229.
 Johnston, John, jr., 136.
 Johnston, Anna, 136.
 Johnston, Mrs., 136, 146.
 Johnston, John, 114, 119, 132, 133, 135, 143, 145, 147, 148, 208.
 Joliet, Sieur, 55.
 Jollineau, 73, 156.
 Jonquiere, Governor, 76.
 Joviel, Jacques, 55.
 Jugglers, 7.
 Jumot, Bishop, 221.
 Ka-bib-on-oka, 17.
 Keche-nezuh-yauh, 54.
 Kentucky, 182.
 Keweenaw Bay, 43, 59.

- Killarney, 198, 199, 200.
 Kingston, 185.
 Kipling, 142.
 Kishkako, 182.
 Kitchi Manido, 3, 4, 16, 17, 20,
 25, 26, 27, 101, 113.
 Kohler, Father, 193.
 La Cloche, 62, 95, 198, 199.
 La Drapeau, Fantome, 85.
 Lagillier, Jacques, 55.
 Lahontan, 61.
 Lake Superior Power Company
 121.
 Lake of the Woods, 242.
 La Lapine, Sieurde, 55.
 La Pointe, 11, 16, 65, 130.
 La Salle, 48, 58, 59, 156.
 Le Boeme, 47, 57, 58.
 Le Berger, 35.
 Le Caron, 32.
 Le Maire, 59.
 Le Mercier, 46, 48.
 Leslie, Lieutenant, 96.
 Lionnais Regiment, 60.
 Locks, Sault, 230, 231, 233.
 Longfellow, Henry W., 136.
 Lount, Wm., 188.
 Louis, Thirteenth, 32.
 Louis, Fourteenth, 53, 58, 76.
 Lyon, Registrar, 190, 245.
 Lyon, R. A., jr., 246.
 Lynnhurst, 246.
 Mackinac, (Michilimacinac), 58,
 59, 62, 77, 86, 87, 94, 95,
 96, 98, 100, 102, 103, 110,
 111, 136, 142, 143, 156, 208.
 MacMurray, Archdeacon, 135,
 208, 210, 213.
 Mackenzie, Alexander, 95, 121.
 Macdonald, Sir John A., 189.
 Madison, President, 141.
 Maimanse Point, (Point aux
 Mines), 184, 185.
 Malta, 216.
 Ma Mong-e-se-da, 81, 134.
 Manabosho, 4, 25, 26.
 Manitoba, 223.
 Manitoulin, 50, 53, 95, 162,
 167, 179.
 Manitowaning, 198.
 Manido, 7, 17, 19, 24, 26, 29.
 Marie de Medeci, 32.
 Marquette, 33, 36, 44, 47, 233.
 Margry, 55.
 Marchbank, 192.
 March, Miss, 186.
 Marks, Mr. Geo., 244.
 Ma-se-wa-pe-ga, 14.
 Masonry, Free, 233.
 Mastat, J. B., 183, 184.
 Masse, Denis, 55.
 Maurepas, Count, 63.
 Maysere, Jean, 55.
 McCargo, 147.
 McCrea, C. W., 234.
 McCrea, Judge, 214, 223, 240,
 241.
 McDermid, Rev. Mr., 234.
 McDonald, 184, 185.
 McDonald, Colonel, 143, 145.
 McFadden, M., 234.
 McGillivray, Mr., 147.
 McKee, Captain, 224.
 McLennan, Wm., 124.
 McTavish, Factor, 152.
 McTavish, Mr., 184.
 Me-da-we-win Rite, 34, 11, 15,
 71.
 Medicine, Rite, (vide Medawew-
 in Rite).
 Medonte, 173, 188.
 Menard, Rene, 37.
 Mennoninies, 50.
 Mer Douce, (vide Lake Huron).
 Methodist Chapel, 221.
 Metoshikosk, 16.
 Michigan, 2.
 Michigan Lake, 58.
 Michipicoten, 147, 197.
 Midi, 7.
 Miron, Lous, 197.
 Mississigua, 198, 199.
 Mississippi, 35, 131.
 Mission of St. Mary-note, 32.
 Mogras, Jacques, 55.
 Montreal, 36, 37, 44, 62, 93, 94,
 95, 107, 113, 115, 117, 148,
 177, 241.
 Moreau, Pierre, 55.
 Moore, Mr., 213.

- Moore, Wm. F., 223.
 Moore and Browne, 190.
 Mountain, Bishop, 177.
 Morpeth, Lord, 177.
 Mukwah, 6, 253.
 Mutchikiwish, 102.
 My-ee-gun, 154.
 Napoleon, 139.
 Napoleon, Batteau, 157.
 Namgay, Dhoola, 142.
 Naudoways, 4, 8, 14, 22, 37, 38, 40.
 Navarre, 53.
 Nelson, Judge S., 83.
 Nemesis, 161, 174.
 Nepigon Lake, 123, 124.
 Newfoundland, 3, 243.
 Newmarket, 188.
 New Year's Day, 163, 167.
 Nicolet, Jean, 32, 35, 76.
 Nicolas, Louis, 43.
 Niagara Frigate, 143.
 Niagara Fort, 103, 107, 109, 141.
 Nipissing, 32.
 Noah, 72.
 North Channel, 29.
 North-west Territory, 30.
 North-west Company, 35, 116, 117, 121, 123, 146, 147, 151, 159, 205, 249.
 Norburg, Mons, 112.
 Nourse, Mr., 165, 174.
 O'Connor, Judge, 241.
 Odabit, 154.
 Ohio, 3.
 Ohio Volunteers, 147.
 Ohio Valley, 182.
 Ojibway—English Paper, 219.
 Ojibways, 11, 25, 27, 28, 38, 39, 40, 56.
 O'Meara, Rev. F. A., 179, 210, 213.
 Omar, Khayyam, 252.
 Ontario Lake, 109.
 O'Neil, General, 192.
 Oshaw-gus-co-day-way-qua, 132, 134.
 Ottawa, 11, 96.
 Outardes, Isles Aux, 101.
 Outouac, (vide Ottaway).
 Paw-a-teeg, (vide Baw-a-teeg).
 Paw-a-ting, (vide Baw-a-ting).
 Peace Pipe Paper, 220.
 Peboon, 6.
 Penno Family, 243.
 Penetanguishene, 185, 199.
 Perrot, Nicolas, 50, 55.
 Perrault, M., 163, 237.
 Pere, 60.
 Perry, Commodore, 136.
 Perthshire, 173.
 Peppin Lake, 77.
 Pilgrim, Henry, 187, 188, 213, 223, 228.
 Pilgrim Street, 148.
 Picquet, M. Lamelin, 157.
 Pioneer Office, 233.
 Pim, David, 186, 196, 203, 209, 213, 214, 239.
 Pim, Charles, 196.
 Pim, Mrs., 196, 204.
 Pine, Chief, 219.
 Phyn, Inglis & Co., 121.
 Phipps, Wharf, 203.
 Phipps, James, 213, 215.
 Plummer, H. Lynne, 229, 247.
 Plummer, Mrs. H.
 Plummer, Mrs. W. H., 246.
 Plummer, Captain, 194.
 Plummer & Co., 215, 233.
 Plummer, W. H., 194, 228, 246, 247, 250.
 Pointe, De Tour, 88.
 Pointe Aux Pins, 154, 192.
 Pontiac, 130.
 Port Credit, 212.
 Porteret Pierre, 55.
 Pot-ta-wat-tam-ie, 11.
 Pothier, M. Toussaint, 142.
 Portage at the Sault, 233.
 Pond, Peter, 116.
 Prince, Col., 193, 213, 223, 224, 228, 235, 237, 238, 239, 240.
 Prince, Septimus, 192.
 Priest, Indian, (vide Jessakid), 7.
 Prior, Mr., 213.
 Queen Street, 148.
 Queen's Own Rifles, 194.

- Queenston Heights, 155, 195.
 Québec, 30, 31, 35, 67, 68, 72,
 76, 81, 124.
 Radisson, 36, 49.
 Rankin, Col., 226.
 Raymbault, 33, 34, 35, 43.
 Red Brigade, 167.
 Red River, 160, 165, 183, 212.
 Reid, Dr. J. A., 243, 244, 245.
 Reid, Hon. Alexander, 243.
 Reid, Mrs., 244, 245, 247.
 Reid, Mr. George, 245.
 Relations, Jesuit, 54.
 Renison, Rev. R., 213.
 Repentigny, Sieur de, 63, 65,
 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82,
 86, 110.
 Richardson, Sir John, 183.
 Richards Landing, 225.
 Richards, John, 225, 234.
 Ridgeway, 192.
 Riel Rebellion, 203.
 Roberts, Captain, 142.
 Robertson, Captain, 98.
 Rogers, Fred., D.C.L., 234.
 Rolph, Rev. John, 213.
 Rubaiyat, 252.
 Rupert, Prince, 115.
 Ryan, Mr., 231.
 Sacs, 50.
 Sacred Heart Church, 219, 250.
 Sacred Lodge, 7.
 Sallow, Rev. Mr., 214.
 Sandwich, 235.
 Sassaba, 153, 154.
 Sault du Gaston, 32, 34, 47.
 Saulteaux, 165.
 Sault Sainte Marie, 1, 3, 4, 29,
 32, 33, 37, 43, 46, 47, 48,
 50, 53, 56, 58, 61, 63, 65,
 76, 77, 80, 81, 86, 87, 88,
 89, 90, 93, 96, 97, 101, 102,
 110, 111, 114, 115, 117, 123,
 129, 130, 135, 139, 141, 142,
 143, 145, 159, 161, 166, 171,
 173, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187,
 192, 193, 212, 227, 230, 252.
 Sarnia, 216.
 Sauer, 36.
 Sayers, 197, 201.
 Savage, Colonel, 189, 190, 211,
 212, 223, 233.
 Schoolcraft, Henry, 5, 135, 152,
 164, 176, 179, 181, 182, 183.
 Schoolcraft, Jas. L., 136.
 School Central, 222.
 School Fort, 222.
 Schlosser Fort, 110.
 Schreiber, 231.
 Schenectady, 77.
 Scotland, 173, 177.
 Scorpion Frigate, 143.
 Segard, 32.
 Selkirk, Lord, 122, 123.
 Sennett, Rev. Father, 229.
 Severight, Factor, 151, 156,
 165.
 Sebastopol, 187.
 Swinburne, Mr., 212.
 Shaug-an-aush, 81.
 Shingwaukonce, 155, 175, 187.
 Shingwauk Home, 216, 238.
 Simcoe Lake, 109.
 Simpson Ave., 216.
 Simpson, Sir George, 165, 166.
 Simpson, Wymess M., 193, 209,
 212, 223, 238, 239.
 Sillery, 76, 77.
 Sioux, 47, 57, 59.
 Skiae, (note), 34.
 Solomon, 96.
 Southern Belle, 195.
 South Sea, 53.
 Spring, 19.
 St. Bernard, 51.
 St. Clair, 98, 123.
 St. Esprit, 49.
 St. James' Church, Toronto,
 221.
 St. John's Church, Garden
 River, 187.
 St. John's Church, 151, 250.
 St. Joseph's Island, 142, 184,
 205.
 St. Lusson, Daumont de, 49,
 50, 54, 56, 66, 82.
 St. Luke's pro-Cathedral, 215,
 221, 238.
 St. Mary's Falls Canal, 121.
 St. Marys' River, 40.

- St. Mary's Rapids, 22, 25, 32,
 56, 62.
 St. Paul, 183.
 St. Pierre, 80.
 St. Lawrence Frigate, 143.
 Stars and Stripes, 149.
 Strachan, Bishop, 177, 178,
 199.
 Steere, Judge, 119.
 Sugar Island, 136.
 Sudbury, 229.
 Superior Lake, 31, 33, 37, 38,
 43, 53, 54, 55, 63, 80, 86,
 110, 112, 114, 158.
 Sullivan, Bishop, 221.
 Sulpitians, 48.
 Surrey, 241.
 Sydenham, Lord, 173, 239.
 Talon, 49.
 Tanner, 181.
 Tecumseh, 153, 155.
 Thames, 154.
 Thompson, W. J., 228, 229,
 234, 247, 250.
 Thompson, Wm. M., 231.
 Thorneloe, Bishop, 221.
 Tigris Frigate, 143.
 Tilden, Lieutenant, 136, 183.
 Tonty, Henry, 58.
 Toronto, 195, 208, 216.
 Toronto Archbishop of, 221.
 Toronto Bishop of, 212.
 Towers, Mr., T.A.P., 192, 204,
 213, 243.
 Trew, Dr., 213.
 Trott, Joshua, 167, 213, 233.
 Trent, Affair, 191.
 Turtle, Great, 104, 106, 107,
 108.
 Turner, Mr. Wm., 213, 214.
 Uab-ik-um, 68.
 United States, 140, 141, 148,
 165, 212.
 Union Jack, 149.
 Union Station, Toronto, 179.
 Upper Canada Clergy Society,
 179.
 Valjean, Jean, 216.
 Vancouver, 230.
 Vesey, Rev. E., 213.
 Vexilla, Regis, 51.
 Victoria, Her Majesty Queen,
 208.
 Viel, 32.
 Virgin, Blessed, 47, 72.
 Wabogish, (vide Waubojeeg).
 Wah-be-gwon-nee, 21.
 Walk-in-the-Water, 157.
 Walker, John, 225.
 Wamitigosha, 41, 51, 253.
 Washington, 112, 181.
 Water Street, 46.
 Water Lily, 21.
 Waub-o-jeeg, 81, 130, 132, 133,
 136.
 Wawatum, 90, 99, 100.
 Way, J. B., 254.
 Wheeler, A. S., 121.
 White Fish, 22, 24.
 White Fisher, (vide Waubojeeg
 or Wabojeeg).
 White Fish Bay, 185.
 Wilson, Joseph, 173, 174, 175,
 177, 180, 181, 183, 184, 185,
 186, 187, 192, 193, 210, 211,
 228, 233, 239, 240.
 Wilson, Rev. E. F., 213, 218.
 Winter, 19.
 Windigo, 112.
 Windsor, Rev. W., 213.
 Winnebagoes, 50.
 Wisconsin, 36.
 Wolseley, Colonel, 203, 204, 231.
 X. Y., Company, 121, 122, 124.
 Zorea, 216.

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