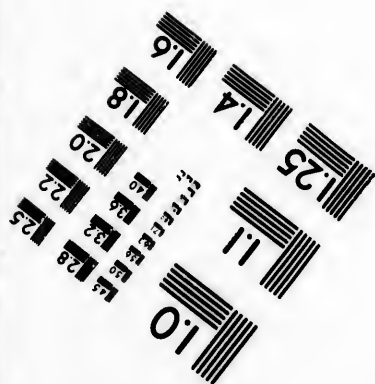
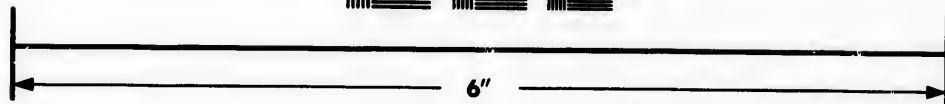
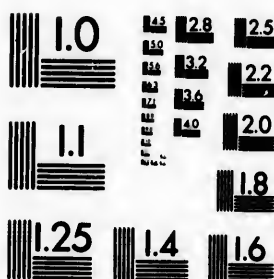


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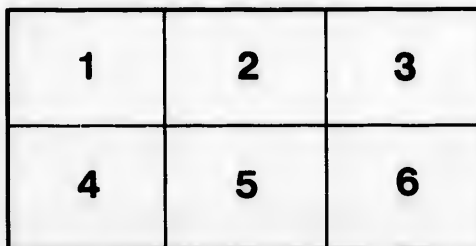
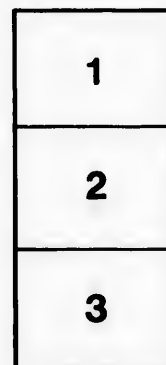
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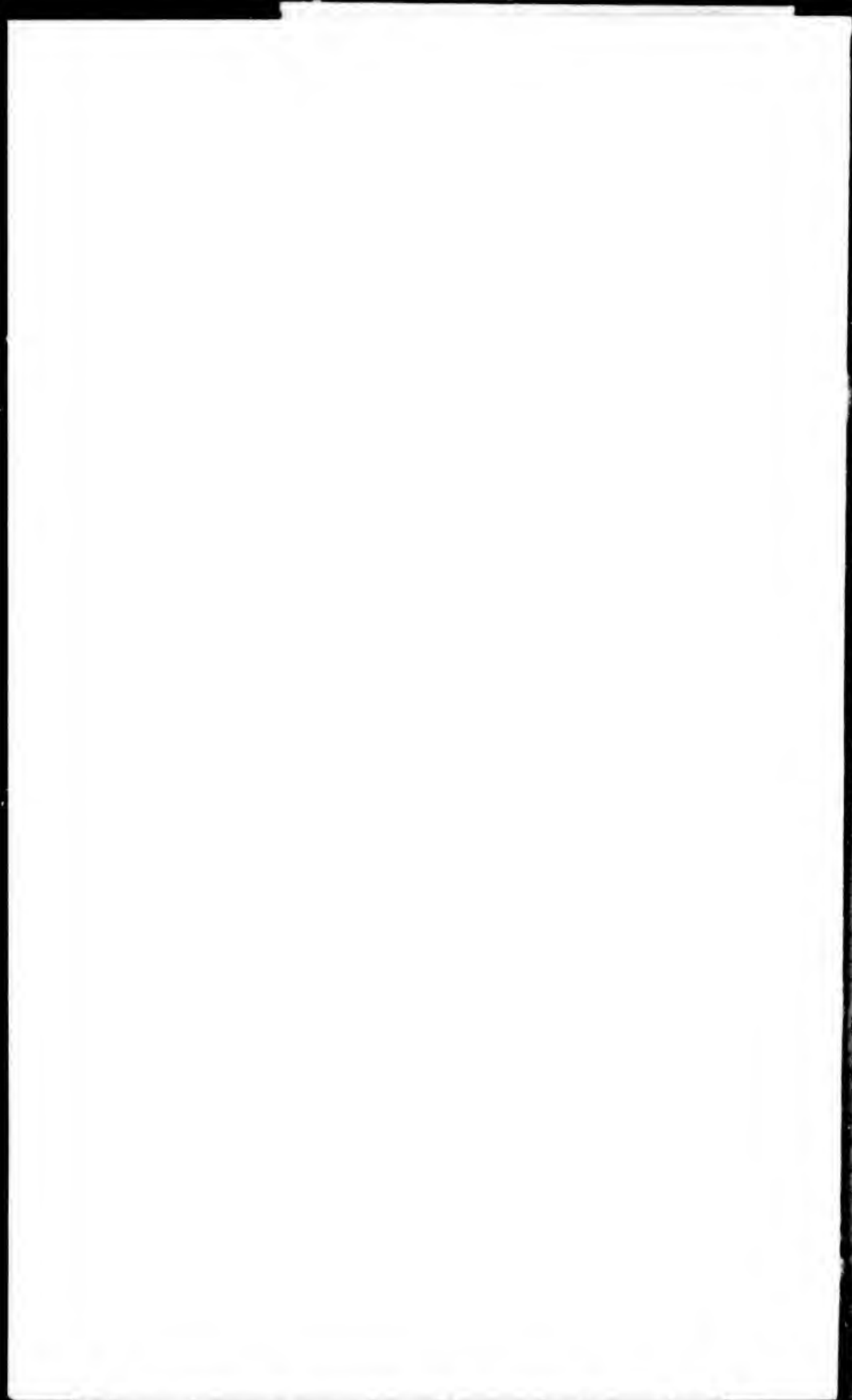
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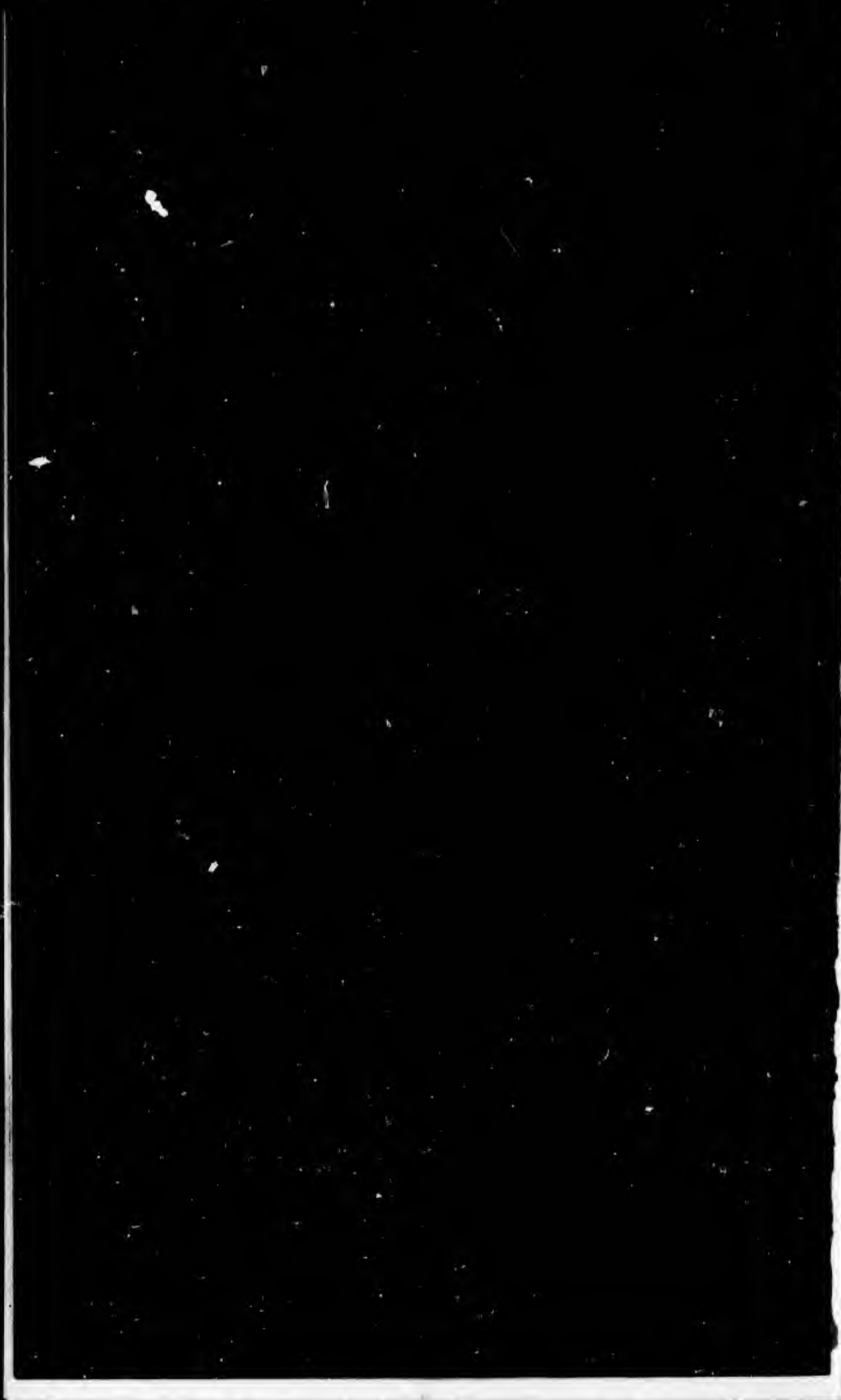
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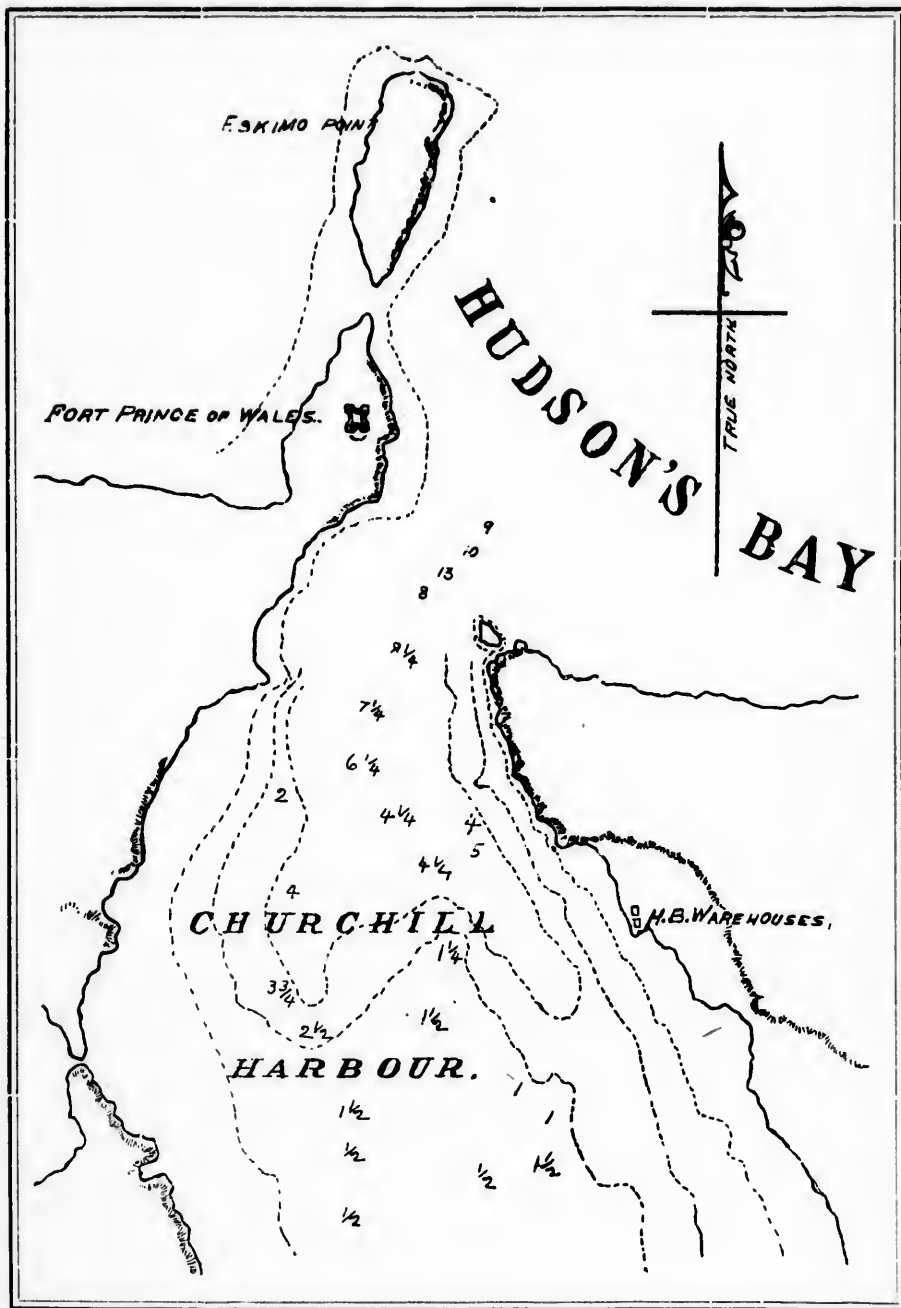
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"A Forgotten Northern Fortress."

His Honor Lieutenant Governor Schultz, previous to reading his paper on "A Forgotten Northern Fortress" before the Historical Society, said that he felt an apology to be due to the President, officers and members of the Society for having been unable to take upon himself a greater share of the Society's work ; and that, in the presence of so many gentlemen who had contributed so largely to its successful accomplishment, he felt that he was very far behind indeed. If, however, a reasonable excuse could be found for him in the precarious health and many engagements of the past, he would promise, now that he was better, amendment for the future, and, should the Council be able to give him an evening some time soon, he would prepare for it some matter relating to our early history, which might be of interest to the society. It had been his practice, he said, since 1860 to collect everything in the way of pamphlets, reports, newspaper references and other ephemeral literature which related to the country west of Lake Superior ; and when these had become numerous, to have them bound in volumes for preservation. Among such records were many which were purely historical, and he would endeavor, if possible, to select from these, many of them dating back as far as 1857, such as might be an addition to the Society's records.

With reference, His Honor said, to the paper he was about to read, a few words of explanation might be advisable. He had chosen for its title "A Forgotten Northern Fortress" as being applicable, inasmuch as being far away from any route of modern tourist or business travel, Fort Prince of Wales is scarcely ever mentioned ; and its ruins are seldom seen by other eyes than those on board the Hudson's Bay Company's supply ship, which once a year visits those lonely shores. For the photographic view of its ruins which he had placed upon the table he was indebted to Professor Robert Bell, of

the geological survey, one of the Society's corresponding members. To another of its valued corresponding members, J. R. Spencer, Esq., for many years in charge of the Hudson's Bay Company's affairs at Churchill, whose lamentable death occurred in this city a few months ago, he was indebted for the interesting plan of the fortress, drawn by Mr. Spencer himself, which had also been laid on the table. The plan of Churchill harbor, its approaches and soundings, was a rough tracing from the survey made by Lieut. A. R. Gordon, R.N., assisted by Mr. J. W. Tyrrell, P.L.S., in 1886.

Professor Beil, in writing His Honor some time ago, gave the measurements of Fort Prince of Wales as about 300 feet on each side, 20 feet high, 20 feet wide at top, with a wall base of 30 feet, the southern and western walls being faced with hammer dressed stone in regular courses, each stone being about four feet long and two feet thick; the other walls are faced with good rubble masonry. There is a bastion at each corner, and in each of these a well of water, still full, for the supply of the fort. "I counted nearly forty cannon on the top of the walls, but as some of these are nearly covered with rubbish, others are probably out of sight altogether."

The slight discrepancy between his estimate of the height and that of Mr. Spencer may probably be accounted for by one observer including the foundation of the walls in the height; and the little difference in determining the exact width of the top of the wall must be charged to the condition in which La Perouse's gunners (who tried their best to blow up the whole fort), left that more easily destroyed part.

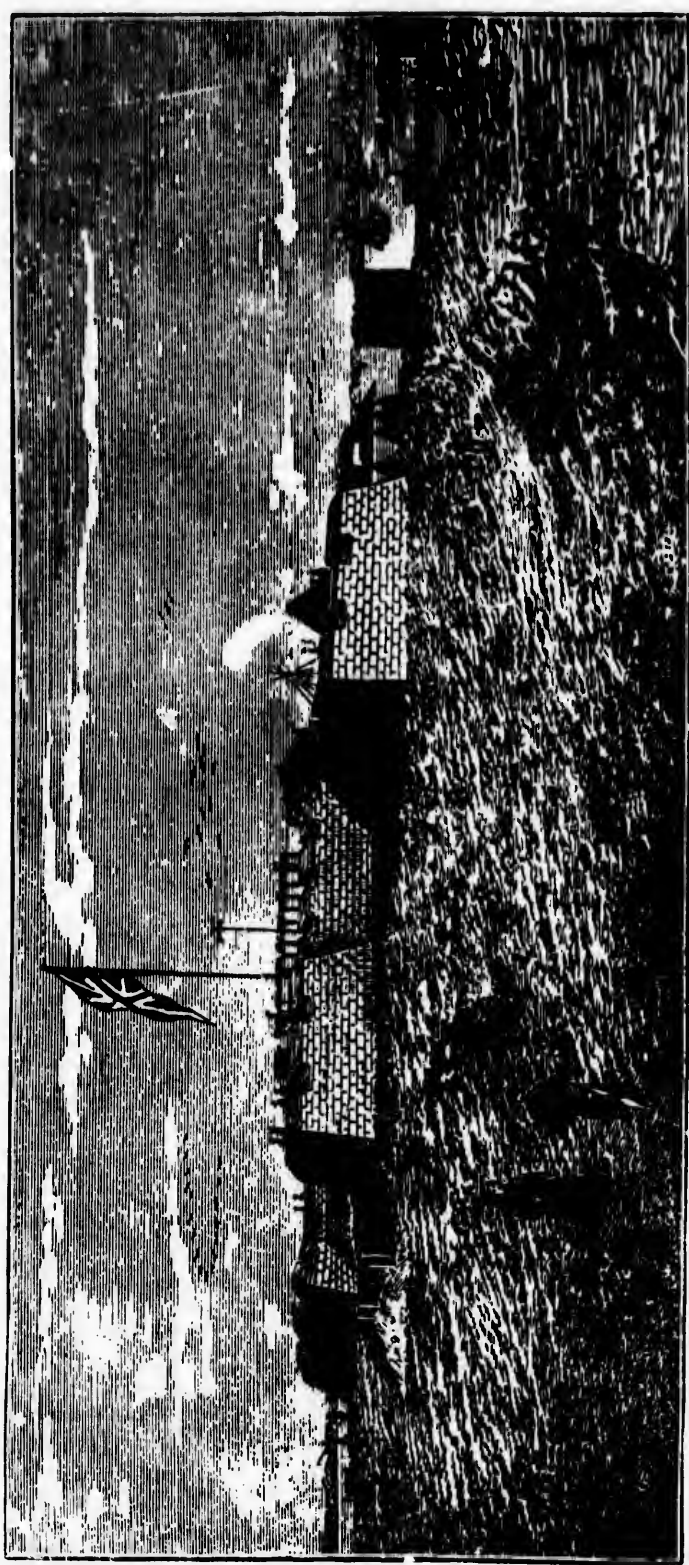
His Honor then, turning to a large map, explained briefly why Churchill, which is now like "Severn," a mere outpost of York Factory, was once the great entrepot of Hudson's Bay trade; and, on the map indicated the several exploratory routes of Hearne, the Arctic search route of Captain, afterwards Sir George, Back, the hunting trip of Warburton Pike, and the later important, difficult, but successful, route, follow-

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FORT PRINCE OF WALES.
From the Frontispiece of Hearne's Voyages.

ed by Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, of the Geological Survey; after which the interesting paper of His Honor was read by him as follows :—

A FORGOTTEN NORTHERN FORTRESS.

The sixteenth century closed with that western waterway to the Indies, which all men sought who went "down to the sea" in the quaintly rigged, queerly built ships of the period, undiscovered; and the earlier years of the seventeenth found the ardor of search unabated, and the goal the same. English Kings and Queens, choosing more northern routes than had the monarchs of Spain and France, failed as they had; Henry the Eighth sent the Venetian Cabot, who found Labrador barring the way; Elizabeth sent Frobisher, who, turning its northern flank, found only the ice-blocked strait which bears his name. Davis and Wymouth followed; but it was reserved for the gallant Hudson to discover and sail into a strait, apparently upon the direct route to the west, which opening into a wide sea, that daring mariner must have thought the secret of two centuries unlocked, and fancied that through fog and mist he scented the spice-laden breezes of Cathay. In 1610, mariners were not easily daunted by wreck and ruined hopes; and Hudson's tragic fate in the great sea he had discovered did not deter further search, for, in the years which followed, the frightened Esquimaux, fleeing in his kyack to relate to the old men of his band the strange apparition which glinted white through the mist, and was not the sheen of berg or floe, had but seen the sails of other adventurers who still sought what men had been seeking for three generations in vain.

Button and Bylot, Baffin, James and Fox, Hawkbridge and Jones, all failed to find the desired passage; and when Captain Zachariah Gillam, accompanied by M. de Grosselier, sailed into the bay in 1668, we may suppose that the English merchants who sent him had in view, as well as the Northwest Passage, those rich furs which, brought back by other voyagers, had begun to grace the shoulders of the beauties of

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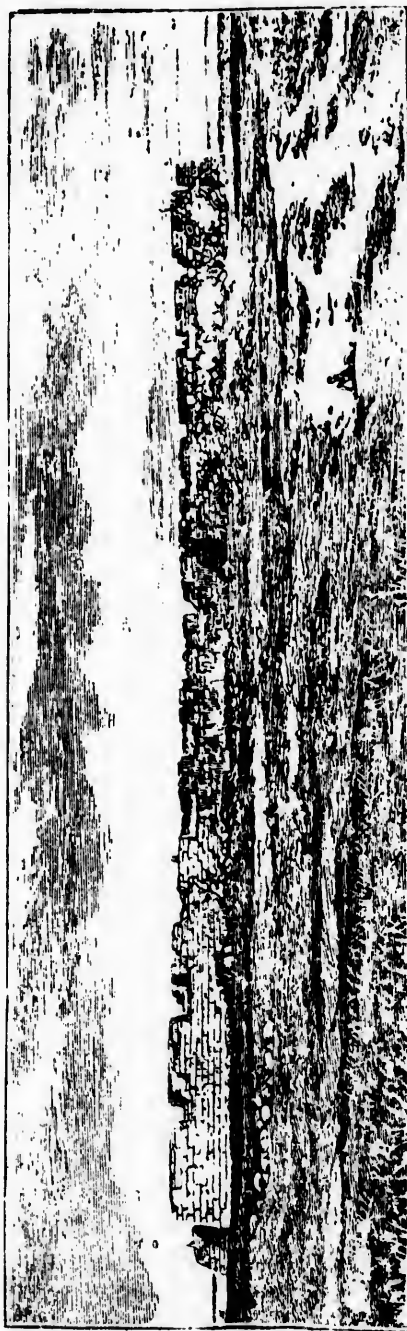
the Louvre and of the English court; for, after wintering and trading in a rough stone fort on the bay, he returned to England with reports which gained for his patrons the aid of many gallant but needy cavaliers in obtaining from "Charles the Second, by the Grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland," in the year 1670, a charter "of our ample and abundant grace" to "our dear entirely beloved cousin, Prince Rupert," etc., etc., of what was equal in extent to several European kingdoms, with powers which no potentate in Europe would dare to exercise to-day.

While the English monarch was thus disposing of empire to his favored cousin and courtiers, Richelieu was equally active in France, and parchment powers, signed "Henri" or "Charles," were given with that easy and reckless indifference to the rights of others peculiar to the time, leaving the overlapping boundaries of these vague grants to be rectified and adjusted with the powder and steel of the grantees, and the tomahawk and knife of their Indian allies. England assumed ownership by right of maritime discovery; France, by those land and canoe explorations, which have left her language everywhere in the West, in the names of river and lake, cape, promontory and island. The English Company of Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay occupied the mouths of all the rivers with palisaded forts or factories, and fished, hunted and traded from them, visited once a year by ships, which were watched for by that daring rover, D'Iberville, as Drake had watched for the Spanish galleons. The forts were attacked, and often destroyed, by the hardy voyageurs of New France. Surprises and reprisals continued, till Blenheim, Ramilies and Maplaquet had decided quarrels of more moment, and the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, left the English in peaceable possession of their forts, "factories and plantations," on Hudson's Bay.

With France thus prostrate, the English were to pursue, for over sixty years, their profitable trade in peace; but the recollection of burning forts and plundered factories was still keen, and the thunder of D'Iberville's guns not soon to be for-

gotten; and as their trade increased, there came with it the desire to fortify their best bay harbor, and preserve their principal entrepot from possible plunder; so upon a rocky spit, forming one side of and commanding the harbor of Churchill, was commenced Fort Prince of Wales. Vigorously at first was the massive thirty feet wide foundation begun; not, however, on the rude plan of former forts, but from the drawings of military engineers, who had served under Marlborough. Artisans were brought from England; the southern and western walls were faced with hammer-dressed stone bastions were placed at each angle with a well of water in each, and after many years of labor and expense, four walls, each over three hundred feet in length, 20 feet high and 20 feet wide at the top, closed in and protected great stone buildings, which contained each one a prince's ransom in rich northern furs. Forty-two guns of the then heaviest calibre furnished the armament of the bastions and walls, and stores of food were provided to enable the defenders to stand a siege. The Chipewyans, from the far off Athabasca and Great Slave lakes, must have gazed with astonishment at its massive walls and portentous artillery; and its fame throughout all northern tribes must have been great indeed, and have environed with a vague respect the adventurous Hearne, who thrice between 1769 and 1772 left its gates, twice to return baffled and defeated, and lastly on that most adventurous of all Arctic land journeys, to return with the secret of the Arctic coast at the mouth of the Coppermine river in his possession. Years passed on, and as the remembrance of pillaged factories faded and the pressure for increased gain in their rich trade became greater, and the barter more inland, so did the number of men kept at this sea-harbor depot become less, so that it was with great surprise on the 8th of August, 1782, that the thirty-nine defenders of the Prince of Wales Fort saw the bellying sails of three ships making straight for their fortress; and when, at six in the evening, they swung to their anchors six miles away, their pierced sides showing them to be vessels of war, their astonishment was great indeed. Strangers they

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RUINS OF FORT PRINCE OF WALES,
Churchill Harbour.

(From a Photograph by Professor Bell.)

evidently were, for soon pinnace, gig and long boat were busy sounding the approach to the harbor. Day-break saw them disembarking, and the morning's clear light showed to the thirty-nine defenders of the fortress an array of four hundred troops, bearing again the flag of France on those far northern shores. The summons to surrender was followed by a parley, and when the parley ended, the gallant La Perouse found himself in bloodless possession of a fortress which, properly garrisoned, might have defied all the ships of France that had ever entered Hudson's Bay.

The French Admiral quickly transported the rich bales of valuable furs to his ships, and replenished their depleted commissariat from the well-filled provision stores of the fort. Then came the license of the soldiery and the looting of the fort, to be followed by an attempt, which occupied two days, to utterly demolish it. But although French gunpower was freely added to the vast English store, yet the walls of the fort, this well built mass of masonry, resisted the best efforts of the French artillerymen to do more than displace the upper rows of the massive granite stones of which it was mainly built, dismount its guns and blow up the gateway and the stone outwork which protected it.

The capture of this far off northern fortress was cheaply and easily performed by the adventurous Frenchman, who extended his conquests around the shores of the bay; but the fortunes of war after a time turned again, and the Company of Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay, who, at their own expense, had built the fort for the defence of their trade, sent in a bill for many thousand sterling pounds to the British Government, for failing to protect their factory at Churchill; and when, again, peace was proclaimed, it was after the French plenipotentiaries had agreed to settle the bill for La Perouse's capture and demolition of Fort Prince of Wales. It was never rebuilt, and stands on that far-off northern coast, the still well preserved remains of a massive fortification, the most northern one of British America, scarcely inferior, as

such, to Louisburg, or early Quebec; its site admirably chosen; its design and armament once perfect; interesting still as a relic of by-gone strife, but useful now only as a beacon for the harbor it had failed to protect."

Rev. Dr. Bryce, at the close of the paper, moved a hearty vote of thanks to His Honor, speaking in flattering terms of the very interesting paper just read, and proposed that it be printed, with copies of the chart of the harbor, plan of the Fort, and the photographs, and placed in the archives of the Society.

Mr. C. N. Bell, in seconding the motion, expressed regret that this valuable paper should not have been reserved for a future meeting when most interesting matters connected with Hearne, and the capture of the fort might have been fully discussed.

The President, Rev. Professor Baird, in tendering the vote of thanks, stated that His Honor had underrated the aid already given by him to the Society, and said that the Society would value highly, and carefully keep the early documents spoken of by the Governor, and that the Council would be pleased to call a meeting whenever it suited His Honor's convenience.

NOTES REGARDING THE ABOVE.

The statement regarding the failure of La Prouse to entirely destroy the fortress is from Professor Bell, of the Geological Survey, who learned it at Churchill from an aged Indian, whose father was present at the capture of the fort. The first view of Fort Prince of Wales is from Hearne's book, the other views being from photographs taken by Professor Bell. The map of the harbor is from the survey of Lieut.

Gordon and Mr. J. W. Tyrrell, P. L. S., and the following notes have been kindly furnished me by Mr. C. N. Bell, who has consulted the best authorities on the subject.

Fort Prince of Wales stands at the west side of the entrance to the harbor at the mouth of the Churchill River, Hudson's Bay. Its ruins may yet be seen occupying a most commanding position on a rocky promontory commanding Churchill harbor. The fort was built of stone, and at one time mounted forty cannon of various sizes, some of them being quite large for the date. Several years were consumed in the erection of the fort, which was begun in the year 1733. Joseph Robson, who was the surveyor in charge of construction for some years, published a book on the operations of the Hudson's Bay Company, in 1752, in which he gives many details regarding the size and form of the fort. A cut published in Robson's book shows the form of the structure to be a square of three hundred feet, with a massive bastion at each corner. Robson states that the original intention was to have the walls forty-two feet thick at the foundation, but through the interference of the Trading Governor of the post, they were reduced to twenty-five feet, though as the cannon on being fired from the walls rolled off, one side was pulled down and rebuilt according to the original plan. Three of the bastions had arches for storehouses, forty feet three inches by ten feet, and in the fourth was built a stone magazine twenty-four feet long and ten feet wide in the clear with a passage to it through the gorge of the bastion twenty-four feet long and four feet wide. The parapet was originally constructed of wood supplied by demolishing the old fort situated five miles up the Churchill River, the site of which was first occupied in 1688, but in 1746 Robson began erecting the stone parapet. Robson's plan shows that two houses, a dwelling and office building, were erected inside the fort, and incidentally he describes one of the two as being 101 feet 6 inches by 33 feet with side walls of 17 feet height, and the roof covered with lead.

Fort Prince of Wales was captured by the French Admiral on the 9th August, 1782, and in his own book

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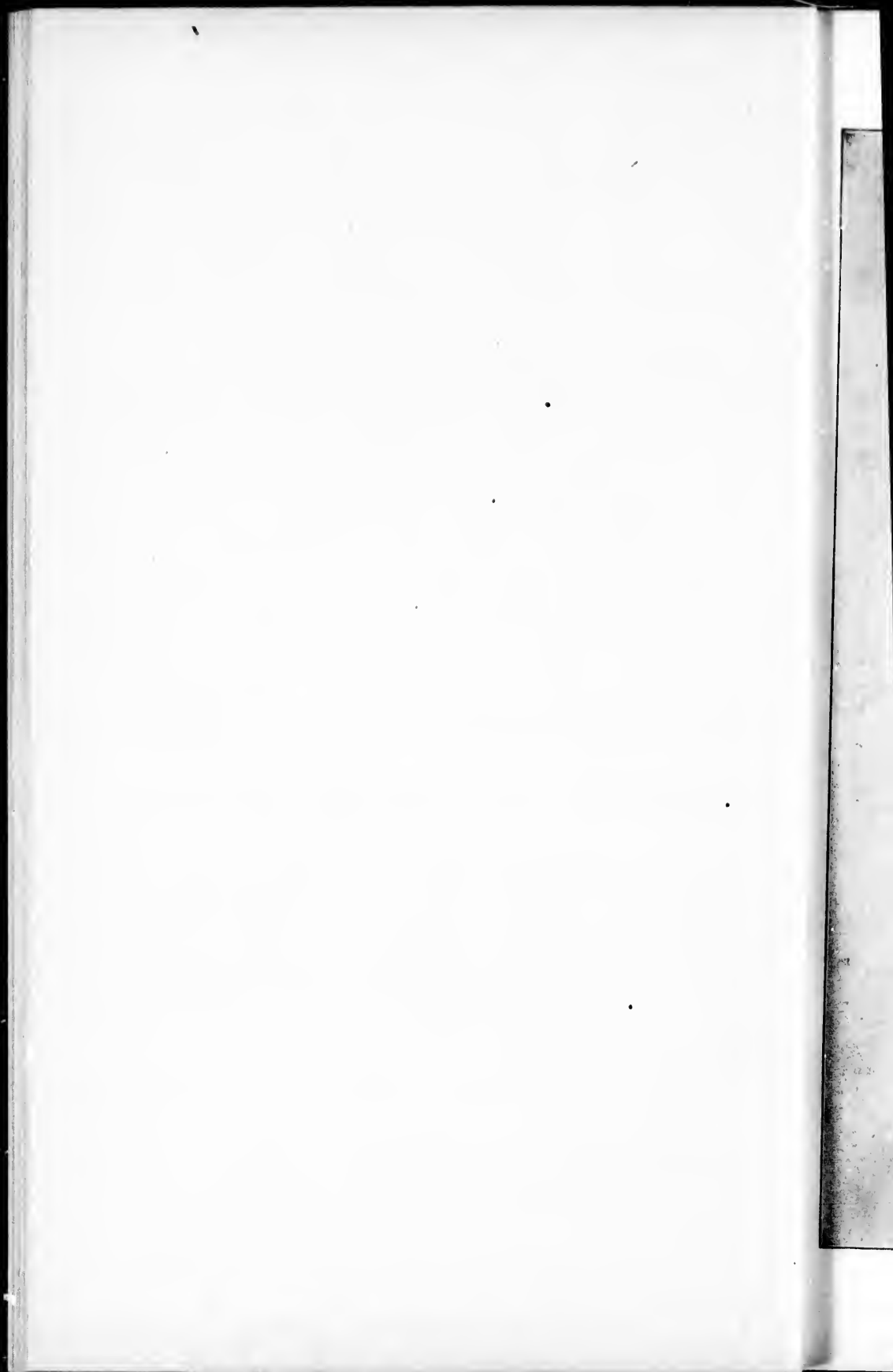
INSIDE VIEW OF RUINS OF FORT PRINCE OF WALES,
Churchill Harbour.

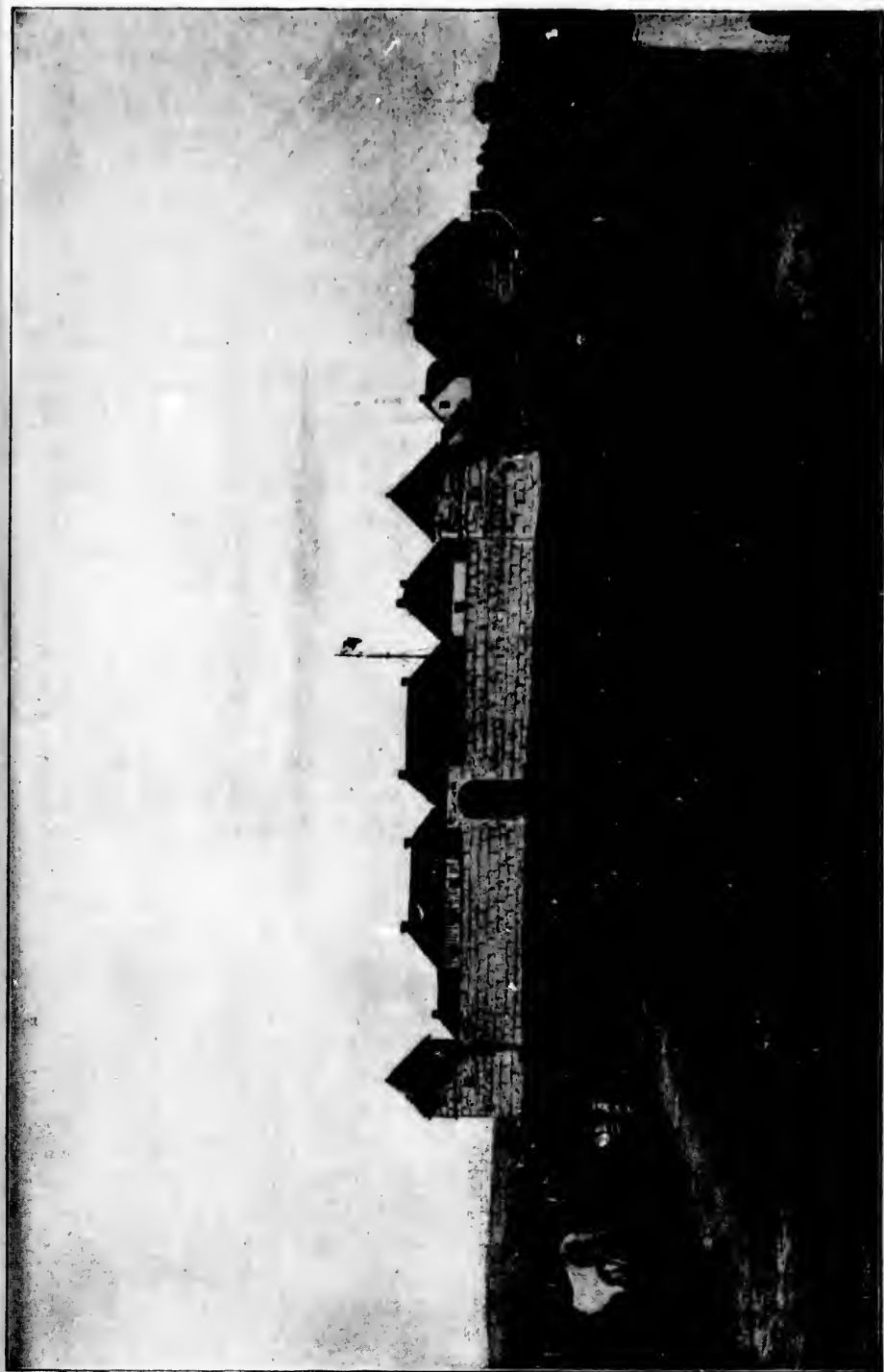
(From a Photograph by Professor Bell.)

"La Perouse's Voyages," published in Paris 1788, he writes that he had with him the "Sceptre, carrying 74 guns; the Astarte and the Engageante, carrying each 36 guns; 4 field guns, 2 mortars and 300 bombshells." They sighted the fort on the evening of the 8th August, and anchored in eighteen fathoms of water. An officer sent to reconnoitre the approaches to the fort reported that the vessels could be brought to bear on it at a very short distance. La Perouse, thinking that the Sceptre would not easily subdue the enemy if they resisted, prepared to make a descent during the night, and without difficulty the boats landed about two miles from the fort. La Perouse seeing no preparations made for defence, although the fort seemed to be in a good state, summoned the enemy, the gates were opened, and the Governor and garrison surrendered at discretion. Thus it will be seen from an account written by the French, that the Company's people surrendered without firing a shot. The Governor at that time in charge of the fort was Samuel Hearne, and it is exceedingly strange that he, who had amply proved his personal bravery during his Arctic journeys when he discovered the Coppermine River in 1772, should on this occasion show such a cowardly front to an enemy. Umfreville, who was taken prisoner at the capture of the fort, wrote a full account of the affair to the English papers in April, 1783, and it agrees with the account given by La Perouse. Umfreville was disgusted with the cowardice shown by Hearne, and says that the French were weak and reduced in health after a long sea voyage, most of them poorly clad and only half of them had shoes. Hearne was taken as a prisoner of war by the Admiral to France.

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The Old Crow Wing Trail.



Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen.

It has fallen to my lot to have seen and traversed, with the exception of part of one, all the summer and winter roads which, many years ago, connected the Red River or Selkirk settlement with the outer world, and they may be enumerated as follows :

1. The old North West Company's route, from the mouth of the Kaministiquia through Saebandowan, Lac des Mille Lacs, the beautiful lakes and streams of the height of land between Superior and Lake Winnipeg to Rainy Lake, the lovely river which drains it into the Lake of the Woods, that lake and the river which bears its waters to Lake Winnipeg, which with its rapids, chutes and falls is, I think, unsurpassed in beauty by any river of Laurentian Canada.

2. The Hudson's Bay York Factory route, too well known to need any description, and of which I have only seen a part.

3. The Breckenridge Flats route, skirting the west bank of the Red River to near where it receives the name at the junction of the Sioux Wood and Ottetail rivers, and crossing the Red River at Georgetown or Abercrombie to traverse to the Ottetail Ford the flats which gave the route its name, and enter the rolling lake-dotted country which lay between it and St. Cloud on the Mississippi, 80 miles above St. Paul.

4. The winter monthly mail carriers' dog train route of the old days, which crossing the Red River at Fort Pembina, sought for shelter and night encampment the skirting of Minnesota woods at the sources of the eastern affluents of the Red River, as far as Red Lake, crossing which on the ice it traversed many of the small lakes which form the extreme headwaters of the great Mississippi down to Leech Lake, and thence southward, passing through mazes of small lakes and through the hunting-grounds of the " Pillagers," to the junction of the Crow Wing with the Mississippi River, and then

down the east bank of that stream to Fort Ripley, Sauk Rapids and St. Anthony, to St. Paul.

5. The military stage and early Red River steamer route, which connected St. Paul with Fort Garry in 1860.

6. The Dawson route, which cut off the laborious navigation of the Kaministiquia River by a road to Lake Shebandawan, using thence the old water route of the North West Co., with dams on several streams, better landings and improved portages to the Lake of the Woods and the North West Angle, from which a road had been cut to St. Anne and St. Boniface, thus saving the broken navigation of the Winnipeg River, the crossing of the head of Lake Winnipeg, and the ascent of the Red River.

7. The old Crow Wing Trail, opened in 1844 by a few adventurous spirits under direction of William Hallett, who, having been attacked by the Sioux on their way to St. Paul by Lac Travers and St. Peter, sought safety in returning by this route, many miles of which had to be cut through the woods.

Of these seven routes of travel I have, Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen, chosen the last-mentioned because, unlike most of the others, it may not be traversed to-day. The ploughshare of the Minnesota settler has obliterated its once deeply marked triple track, and even where, like the old buffalo paths of Southwestern Manitoba, these may in some places be distinguished, the fence of the old and the new settler bars the way.

Another reason may be found in the fact that over it I made my first prairie journey, that from one of its encampments I saw the last herd of buffalo ever seen east of the Red River, and that though I am about to describe it as seen by me in a peaceful journey late in the fall of 1860, I was to traverse it again when comparatively disused during the year of the Sioux massacre in Minnesota, as the only hope of reaching Fort Garry from St. Paul, where I then was, when a camp fire was out of the question, each river-ford and bluff

of timber to be avoided, and a stealthy Indian tread to be fancied in the rustle of every leaf.

Coming up from Kingston in the spring of 1860 by way of the lakes to Chicago, one railway only was then in existence in the direction I wished to travel, its termination being Prairie-du-Chien, on the Mississippi. From this point the only connection to St. Paul, then a large frontier town and trading post, was by steamers built for the navigation of the upper Mississippi, and well do I remember my first look at these extraordinary boats; accustomed as I was to seeing the vessels used on the great lakes, where strength and solidity is required, they seemed frail to absurdity in contrast. The supports of the upper decks, scarcely heavier than the trellis work of grape vines, were called stanchions; and I discovered that two inch oak was considered heavy planking for these extraordinary craft. The boiler was on deck, the four feet of hold not of course having room for it, and the power was conveyed to an immense wheel at the stern, which, extraordinary as it looked to one accustomed to the heavy side wheels and screws of the steam craft on other waters, was yet found to serve an admirable purpose when approaching the shallows and sand bars in the upper part of the river.

No ordinary rule of navigation seemed to be followed in the running of these steamers; and watching everything with the curiosity and interest of nineteen, I especially marked the method in which the "heaving of the lead," which was ordered from the wheel-house, as we approached some shallow navigation, was carried out by the mate on the fore-deck. That functionary first seated himself near the bow, with his legs hanging over the unbulwarked deck, and in this position, with a ten-foot pole, the lower four feet of which were painted alternately red and white, he plunged it into the water, announcing as he drew it up "three feet full;" plunged again, he announced "three feet scant;" another effort brought "two-and-a-half feet;" then the bell rang and the steamer's speed was decreased, and when "only two feet" was announced, the

order was given to "back her." Her bow was then turned towards another part of the bar, and when "two feet full" was announced as the result of the next effort, the bell was rung "go ahead," and the steamer "North Star" wriggled with an eel-like motion, which set the glasses jingling in the cabin, and made one feel as though riding an hippopotamus, over the deepest part of the bar, when "two-and-a-half feet," "three feet," "three-and-a-half feet," were announced in quick succession, followed by another dip of the pole which, passing beyond the four foot mark, brought the announcement from the mate, who rose at that moment to put away his pine lead-line: "no bottom."

Fine weather, and the beautiful scenery along the banks of the upper Mississippi, made the trip a pleasant one, and brought us safely to St. Paul; Minnehaha was visited, and the Falls of St. Anthony, as well as the beautiful and historic promontory, then crowned by Fort Snelling; then came the question of the remainder of the journey, over 650 miles, which lay between that city and Fort Garry.

The first stage line had just been given the contract for the carriage of the mails to the then remote military outpost of Fort Abercrombie, with a bonus large enough to induce the contractors to agree to the stipulation demanded by the government, that the mails should be carried in "overland" coaches with four horses; and these military conditions facilitated my traversing that part of the journey. Shortly before this Anson Northrup, a well known Upper river steamboatman, had brought a small steamer, named after himself, during the spring flood up to near the head of the Mississippi River, and from there had portaged the machinery and the boat, in sections, over to the head waters of the Red River, and the boat, which had been rebuilt and christened the "Anson Northrup," was then lying at Georgetown, the Hudson's Bay Company's temporary transportation post, 45 miles north of Abercrombie.

The journey on this stage was a pleasant one; the beautiful Minnesota lakes and rivers, on which temporary stage

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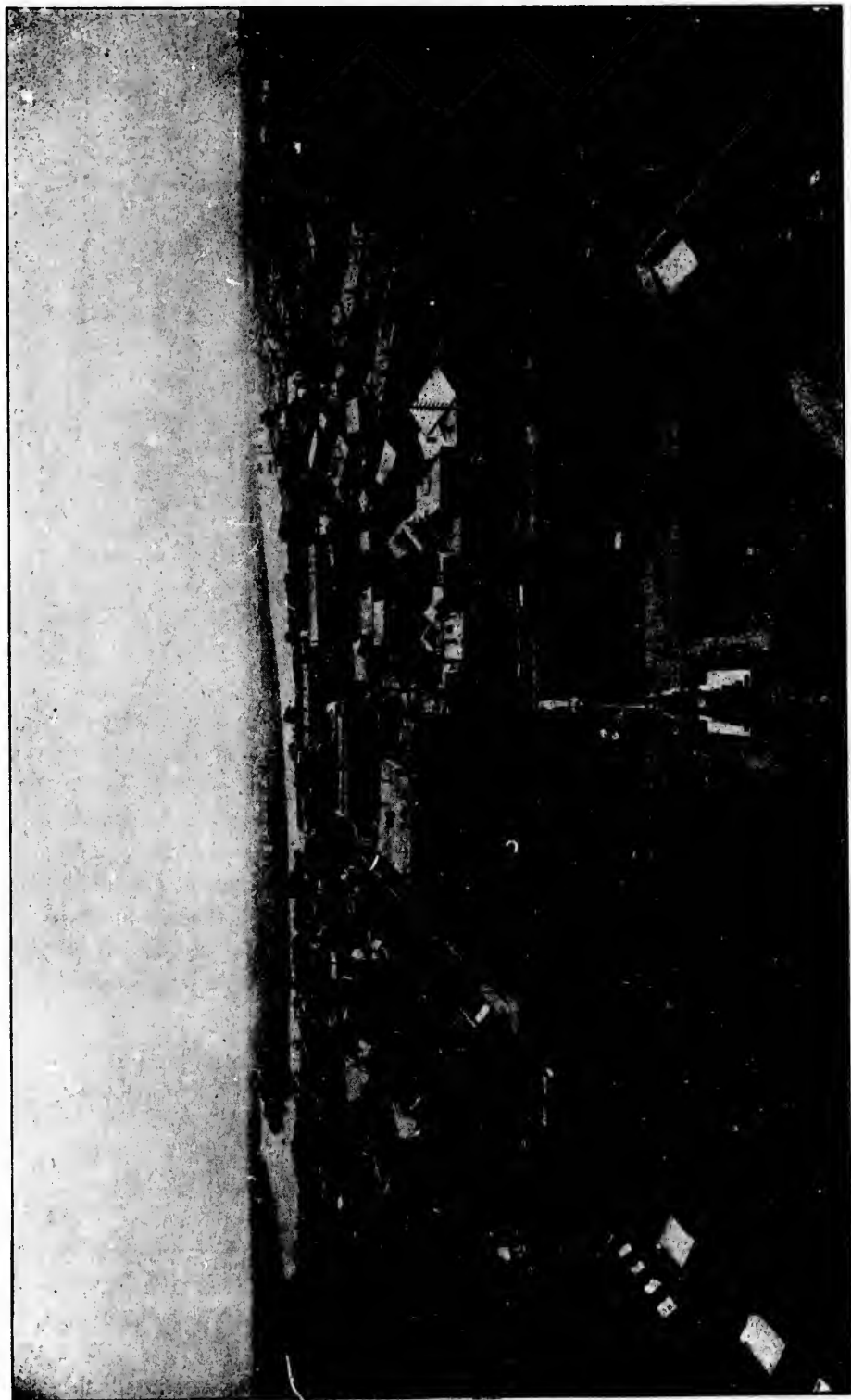
stations had been built, lent a great charm to it, which all have felt who have in summer traversed this route. At Georgetown, so named after Sir George Simpson, I inspected the craft which was to take us by the river about 500 miles to Fort Garry. It was a miniature edition of the Mississippi steamer, but there was an ominous look about the wheel-house, however, which was on all sides heavily protected by four inch oak planks, which the captain did not allay by saying "Of course you have your gun along with you." Further investigation shewed an arrangement by which cordwood for fuel could be so piled while the vessel was steaming on her course as to protect the lower deck from bullets. The good-natured engineer also shewed me a contrivance by which, at a moment's notice, he could turn a stream of hot water and scalding steam upon any body of Indians who might strive to take possession of the boat in case it should accidentally strike the bank, or land for additional fuel. All this was very new, very strange and very attractive to a young fellow who had only heard of such matters from incidental reading of Indian wars and forays, and when further explained, it appeared that the Red Lake Indians, after further thought, had become dissatisfied with the conditions of the treaty made with them by Governor Ramsay, of the then Territory of Minnesota, and proposed to prevent whites passing through or occupying their country till a new arrangement had been made.

Near Abererombie I met the noted frontiersman George Northrup, in whose log cabin were a few books which showed superior culture. He had made himself familiar with the Ojibway tongue, and his home was secured by the presence of the forces at Fort Abererombie; he had run the gauntlet of the forays between the Sioux and the Ojibways and yet retained the scalp which, poor fellow, he was afterwards to lose when acting as a scout for the General commanding the column, which, after the Sioux massacre of 1862, followed the Sioux to the crossing of the Missouri. He was to be one of the defenders of the boat; and his knowledge of their lang-

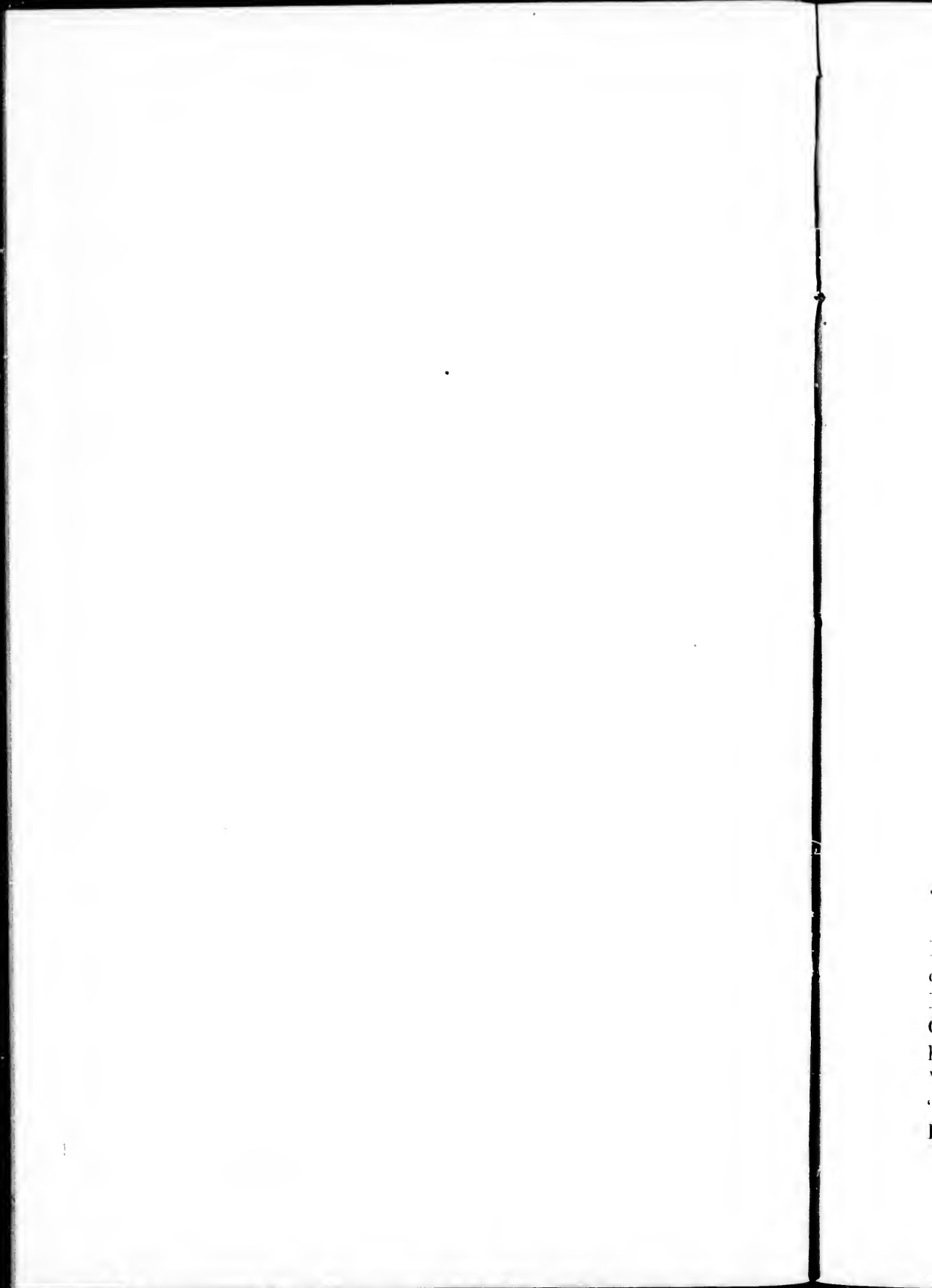
uage was to be brought into play in case of a parley with the irate Indians.

A detention of two weeks at Georgetown waiting for some small portions of machinery, however, saved us from difficulty with the Indians, none of whom we saw on our guarded passage down the river, they having probably gone back to their hunting grounds near Red Lake.

Pembina was reached, then only half a dozen houses ; the boundary line was crossed, then Fort Pembina, (the Hudson's Bay Company's wooden stockade) came in view. Thirty miles below we reached the first of the Red River settlements, the inhabitants congregating on the banks to see the strange steamer passing ; and it was with intense interest that we reached at last the bend of the river which disclosed the twin-towered cathedral of St. Boniface ; another bend, and Fort Garry came in view ; a straight run along the present course of the Winnipeg Rowing Club was traversed, when, turning up the Assiniboine to land where Main Street bridge now is, the groves, church and tower of St. John's could be seen across the almost blank intervening space ; and the steam whistle once belonging to a very much larger steamer, which had been blowing almost continuously for the previous half hour, brought, I think, what must have been very nearly every living human being for two miles around to the sloping bank where the steamer landed. Ascending this bank, Fort Garry, so often heard of, was inspected ; and even then time and an imperfect foundation had left cracks in the stone walls. It seemed, however, a place which a very few men could hold against a number unprovided with artillery ; for the bastions were pierced on all sides, not only for small arms, but cannon-~~holes~~ were mounted at each embrasure. The front gate was massive, like the front wall, which faced towards the Assiniboine, and was entirely flanked and protected by bastion projections, so that there was no chance for any force unprovided with artillery to make a rush on the gateway. This gate, however, was only open on special occasions, the business gate of the Fort being on its eastern side, and was simply a sally-



WINNIPEG FROM CITY HALL.



port, where more than two men could not enter abreast. Passing down this side of the Fort was the King's highway, which led off in a northerly direction and was continued to Lower Fort Garry, or the "Stone Fort," and thence to the Peguis Reserve and the two Sugar Points. No building whatever was built upon this road; the houses of William Drever, the two of Andrew McDermott's, A. G. B. Bannatyne's, that of the Ross', Logan's, Bouvette, Brown and Inkster, being, where the land admitted of it, on the banks of the river some distance to the east.

I have said that the Cathedral of St. Boniface then possessed two towers, which have been made familiar to the whole of this continent by the beautiful description of the poet Whittier in the "Red River Voyageur." The Cathedral Church of St. John also possessed its tower, (a square and very massive one), and my first Sunday in the settlement found me one of its occupants during the morning service; and I noticed on the bordered wainseoting which extended up some height above the pews the plain evidence, on its paint work, of the extreme height, and of the gradually decreasing of the waters of the flood of 1852. From near its gate could be seen the residence of the Right Reverend Dr. Anderson, then Bishop of Rupert's Land; a building very little changed, except outwardly, built solidly of logs, and now the residence of His Grace the Primate of all Canada; and between the Church and this house stood the then closed College of St. John.

During my summer's stay I had visited the Peguis Reserve, the King's Highway which led to the Sugar Points of Mapleton, its southern border, crossing then as now the Image Plain; had seen the Kildonan Church, the Middle Church and that of St. Andrew's, and visited the Stone Fort; had seen St. James and Headingley Churches, crossed the White Horse Plains, where I saw its fine church; traversed "Le Grand Marais" to Poplar Point with its church, High Bluff and its place of worship, and that of the Portage, all

monuments of the earnest zeal and tireless efforts of Archdeacon Cochrane. I had seen the "Tepees" of far off tribes who had come to Fort Garry to trade, had laughed with our own Crees and Ojibways, who stood on the bank, at the unsuccessful attempt of two Plain Crees to cross the Red River in a bark canoe, these children of the prairie, whose home is on horseback, having no use for nor acquaintance with the paddle; had seen the Plain hunters come back with their loads of pemmican, dried meat, and the flesh of the buffaloes last seen by the returning brigades; had eaten of the Marrowfat and Berry pemmican, and oh, greater gustatory joy than all else, had partaken of the delicious hump, the odor and taste of which are still fresh in my memory after three and thirty years. The falling leaves and autumn tints of October 1860 reminded me, however, that I must leave for the winter this land of plenty and promise; and as the steamers had long since ceased to run, I began preparing for the trip which I am about to describe.

This road or trail, called by those at this end of it "The Crow Wing Trail," and at the other "The Old Red River Trail," was one which had been used for many years; and while our Metis and Crees were at war with the Sioux, it was considered both safer and shorter than the one on the west side of the River, until Fort Abercrombie was built; and even then was often used, as being less open to prairie fires, with better wood for encampments and high gravelly ridges to render part of it at least almost as good as a turnpike road. Its drawbacks were the many streams, eastern affluents of the Red River, which had to be forded, some of them, like the Red Lake River, being after heavy rains very formidable obstacles to loaded or even light carts. It was a favorite land route with Sir George Simpson, who died the year I first traversed it; and James McKay, his trusty and trusted voyageur, known to the English and French settlers as "Jeemie," and to the Sioux as "Jimichi," who was to become a member of the Legislative Council of Manitoba on the recommendation

of Governor Archibald, was proud of the fact that always on the tenth day of their start from Crow Wing at the stroke of noon from the Fort Garry bell he landed Sir George at the steps of the Chief Factor's House. Relays of horses enabled him to do this, rain or shine; and the slightest stoppage in muskeg or stream found McKay wading in to bring Sir George on his broad shoulders to dry land.

Fortunately for me, a more experienced head than mine had chosen the horses, selected the cart and saddle, and suggested the outfit for the journey; and, though I found soon after starting, that there were wrinkles in camp and travel that experience only can teach, still I acknowledge my indebtedness to my friend, and proceed to enumerate the outfit which he deemed sufficient to land me and the Canadian friend, who was to accompany me, safely at Crow Wing; and I give these in the order of their importance.

Two Red River ponies, who disdained oats and had never eaten of aught save prairie grass, dry or green, "Blackie" and "Bichon," both good types of their hardy class, short barrels, sturdy legs, long manes, and tails which touched their fetlocks; differing in disposition, however, Blackie having a bad eye and uncertain temper, with a disposition to smash things with his hind legs, which would have been fatal to a buggy, but was energy thrown away on a cart, when one knew how helpless he was with a clove hitch around the root of his tail with one end of a short piece of shaganappi, the other end of which was tied to the front cross bar of the cart, the eight or ten inches distance between the attached ends affording but little scope for the exercise of powers such as Blackie undoubtedly possessed. This peculiarity was not the only one of Blackie's, which would have placed him second to Bichon in this narrative, had he not some qualities useful indeed in time of trouble. He had a practice of trying to bolt when his harness was loosed, to escape the inevitable hobble without which Blackie, whose leadership Bichon, the tractable and gentle, always followed, would have left us on the prairie to our own

devices more than once ; and even with these shaganappi obstructions to his rapid locomotion he made time fast enough to make his capture, till his stomach was full, a very difficult matter. Though bad in these respects, he was good in others ; for the swamp must be deep that he could not pull a cart through ; and the bank of a stream just forded must have been steep and slippery indeed that Blackie's unshod feet could not scramble up. Bichon, the patient, would do his best and, failing, would lie down in the one or slide back to the bottom of the other. So that as we are apt, after many years, to remember the good and forget the bad, I have given the first place in this, I fear, rambling narrative, to Blackie ; though I acknowledge gratefully that it was on Bichon the obedient's back that I explored the bog or essayed the river crossing when the one was likely to be bad or the other deep. So much for the horses. The saddle was simply a tree, strapped on over a blanket, which was easier on the horses than the Indian saddle ; and the cart harness the dressed buffalo skin one of the time, with the collar and hames in one piece, short traces to iron pins in the shafts, to which also were attached the hold backs, which were the broadest and heaviest part of the harness. Shaganappi reins and a bridle with no blinkers completed this simple but efficient equipment.

Items Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 being now described, I come to an important one, No. 5, the cart, the popular impression of which now is that it was a ramshackle, squeaky affair, with wheels five feet high, each one of which dished outwardly, so that the felloes looked as if about to part company with the spokes and hub ; and those who have seen them as curiosities at an Exhibition wonder if the wood had shrunk, which left a loose opening where fellow joined fellow in the queerly dished wheel, or whether indeed the fellow who made these joints had been quite himself when he completed this wooden monstrosity, which had not a scrap of iron on or about it. Queer looking they undoubtedly were, as compared with the present trim buggy, though the squeak is a libel as applied to a lightly loaded travelling cart, which has been fairly treated by the

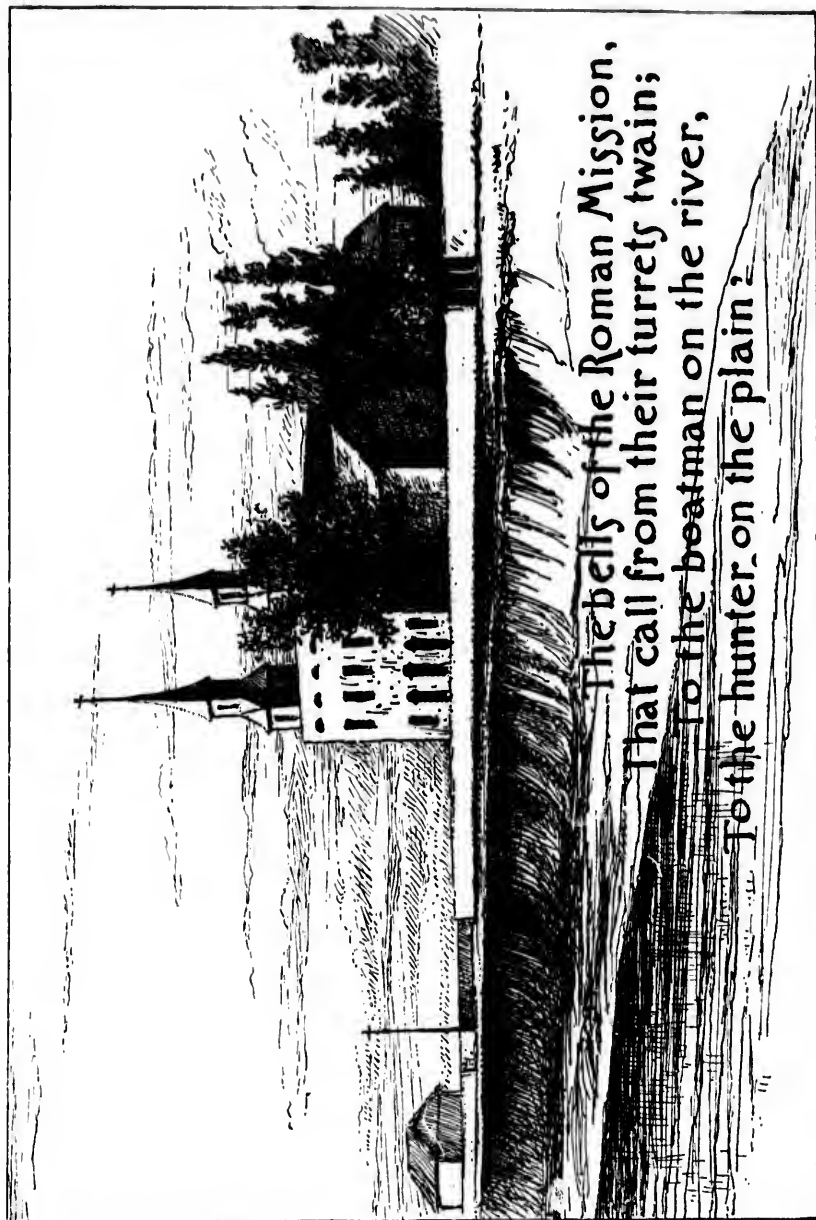
application of the scrapings of the frying pan to its axle ; yet no vehicle, I verily believe, which has been used before or since, was so suited for the traversing of a country where, in one day, it might have to travel over, with its three-inch-wide wooden tire, a shaking bog, a miry creek, a sandy shore, or a boulder strewn path up steep hills. At a cost of two pounds sterling, in the old days, one became the possessor of a vehicle, the high wheels of which made it easy to draw, the great dish of the wheels made it hard to upset, while the loose jointed felloes saved the wheel from wreck, by closing and yielding when a rock was struck in a deep river crossing, or the hidden stump in a newly cut trail was encountered. A very haven of rest wert thou, O cart, on the prairie, when, the long day of travel ended, a large square of canvas thrown over you made a tent before a camp fire better than any other, and an ark of safety when the swollen river was too deep to ford ; thy wheels off and under the box, with the same square of canvas about all, thou wast a boat made in ten minutes, in which two travellers, with their belongings, might paddle or pole from shore to shore in safety, leading the swimming horses behind.

My excuse for thus apostrophising my Red River cart as a sentient being is that, like Blackie, it had tricks of its own which puzzled the uninitiated. Attempt to ride in it in any way that one is wont to do in a civilized vehicle, and it soon *rattled* (if I may use a modern expression) its occupant, who found himself, to a musical accompaniment of frying pan and tin kettles, trying alternately to preserve himself from being pitched onto the pony, having his right or left ribs cracked against the side rail, or turning a somersault over the tail-board of the cart. No, there is only one way to ride in a cart with ease and pleasure, and that is seated in front on its floor, with your legs hanging down near the horse's tail. If you are luxurious, tie a broad piece of shaganappi from rail to rail to support your back, put an extra folded blanket under you, sway your body slightly with Blackie or Bichon's jog-trot, and you need not envy the occupants of a coach and

four. N. W., better known as "Commodore," Kittson appreciated this fact and never would in any of his later prairie trips ride in any other way or in any other vehicle.

As there is only one way to ride in a cart, so there is only one way of stowing its accessories; the most important of which is your half-sized axe. Put into the cart by a green hand, this useful implement becomes an engine of destruction: cuts into your packages of tea, etc., ruins your blankets and jolts along till its long handle reaches far over the tail board, and an extra jump tumbles it on to the trail, to delight the heart of the first Indian who passes, but to cause you to be extremely sorrowful when you have to make camp with a jack-knife, or replace an old axle. No, the axe should take no risks, and must have a leather socket for its head and a strap for its handle, and both outside the cart on one of the side boards. The gun is the next in importance; and for that, too, there is only one way, if you are not to risk shooting yourself or your companion. The butt must rest near your seat on the left side, the barrels in a loop to the top rail at an angle of 45 degrees, this arrangement, while making its carriage quite safe, enabling you to seize it quickly while yet the prairie chicken or duck is passing.

Not so dangerous as the two former, but infinitely more difficult to manage are the frying-pan, with its long handle, and the copper and tin kettles, to put the one loose into the cart was to blacken and smear all its contents: while the kettles, after a preliminary row-de-dow, would speedily part with their bales and lids, batter themselves into uselessness against the sides, and then jump out bodily on to the track. No, having tried many ways with kettles, I have come to the conclusion that only when inside one another and lashed securely below the centre of the axle, where they may jingle in peace, are they to be circumvented. As for the frying-pan, having been so often entirely beaten in attempts to muzzle one, I have long ago given up any thought of rendering innocuous that jingling, banging, crooked, perverse but indispensable adjunct to prairie travel.



The bells of the Roman Mission,
That call from their turrets twain;
To the boatman on the river,
To the hunter on the plain?

The cart cover I have incidentally mentioned ; this must be large and light, so as to completely envelope the cart, either as a tent or boat, and is preferable to a tent for light travelling, as it saves the carriage of pins and poles, may be used by the tired traveller much sooner at night, and may be folded in the grey dawn by the still half-asleep voyageur without tripping over pegs or ropes.

As prairie chicken and duck were abundant, the substantials for the trip were as follows :—Pemmican (marrowfat if possible) 20 pounds, hard biscuit, 30 pounds, tea, sugar, butter and salt ; a little flour, to make the " Rubbiboo " assume a bulky appearance when Indians had to be breakfasted or dined, their mid-day entertainment being generally avoided by giving them a biscuit each, and keeping on ourselves with a lunch of pemmican " au naturel ;" a pair of blankets each, a couple of buffalo robes, then costing 12 shillings sterling each our clothes in a couple of waterproof bags, and Lo ! the expedition was complete.

The voyage proper did not commence till Pembina was reached, for the traveller who brought the latest news and could speak a little French was always sure of the best they had in the way of bed and board at any of the houses of the Metis, whose settlement extended then half way to Pembina. One's horses too were always included in the generous hospitality, and Blackie and Bichon ate of the sweetest of the recently mown prairie grass. The second night was invariably passed at Pembina post, where the H. B. officer in charge (a predecessor of an esteemed member of our Society, Chief Factor Clark), extended similar hospitality on a better scale, and saw you safe on to the ferry in the morning. We had arrived at Pembina, had eaten buffalo steak for supper, had slept in a civilized bed, had porridge for breakfast, followed by buffalo steaks again, the best helpings of which were taken from the bottom of the liberal pile, to give point to the worthy master's standing explanation, that the Company's cooks always put the best at the bottom, I suppose for their own delectation after their master's meal was over. Our worthy host's close

scrutiny of our horses and equipment seemed to be satisfactory save that he insisted on his present of a little dried buffalo meat, which he said went far when you met Indians, and on learning that it was my first essay at prairie travel, urged me to take a young Indian part of the way to put us on the right track. This was a damper, for the trail on the east bank was in full view, going up from the ferry landing, and the line of the Red River skirting woods, through which it had been cut, could be distinctly seen, and so while middle age experience on the bank expostulated and advised, youthful ignorance and over-confidence at the horses' heads on the ferry thanked and assured, till the ferry touched the opposite bank, up which Blackie quickly sprang, anxious to be away from his floating footing, which yawed and jerked in the passage across. Alas, when was ever the confidence of the young justified as against the experience of their elders? The tracks, triple marked, were plain enough till the outer limit of the skirting woods was reached, and then they began diverging like the ribs of a fan, but as they all led through a low savannah, ignorance, to wit, myself, assumed that they would converge again on higher ground, and so the best marked of them was followed.

It was noticed that the trail we had chosen was a circuitous one, if we were to reach by it the first camping place on the bank of the "Two Rivers," but we supposed that to be due to the necessity of reaching higher ground; doubts, however, about it were set at rest after a couple of hours' travel, by its ending abruptly at the hay stack behind a willow bluff which had concealed it. There was nothing for it but to return and essay another track, which brought us to where hay had been cut and carted away; a third venture having failed, and the day being far spent, we gladly availed ourselves of the services of a Metis boy, who piloted us to where we could see the aspen bluff near the ford of the first river we had to cross. "Experientia docet" generally when too late; and the day ended with tired horses, and only a short part of a day's journey traversed. The two rivers, with their muddy, miry banks and bottoms, were crossed at dusk, for it is a rule in

prairie travel always to encamp at the further side of the stream, that the morning's start may be made with dry clothes and fresh horses; and while Blackie and Bichon are recruiting their energies on the rich grass of ungrazed savannah land, let me give a brief account of the character of this old trail from Pembina to Crow Wing. The low savannah country dotted with willow bluffs, such as I have mentioned, and which is drained by the two rivers, extends from Pembina to the Tamarac River crossing, about thirty-five miles from Pembina; and the traveller, after fording this, the Middle and Snake Hill rivers, all branches of one stream, enters upon a country of fine gravel ridges, running in the main north and south, with a growth of aspen willow and balsam poplar flanking them, the delicate catkins, buds and leaves of which in the early spring make them look like a long avenue where the landscape gardener has been at work. This extends nearly all the long way from the Snake Hill to the Sand Hill River, where the old gravel ridges of former lakes trend off too much to the east, and the trail crosses a high dry prairie which is fairly good for travel, but yet is unlike the voyageur's paradise I have just described, and I may as well explain why. The three essentials of prairie travel are wood, water and grass; and the swamp-flanked, tree-bordered ridges I have described furnished these in their perfection. Ducks and prairie chicken constantly flying up, good encampments anywhere to right or left of track, safety from prairie fires, which cannot run in such a country, and the best of pasturage till the snow falls, for the ponies; while on the other hand the dry level prairie affords no safety from the mad rush of the fierce fires its now dried herbage, save the objectionable one of starting another to your leeward; there are long stretches between watering places, wood only on river banks, and no shelter from any preliminary canter which old Boreas may choose to take before he settles down to his winter's pace; and as it was the 18th of October before we started on our journey, the beautiful Indian summer might or might not last us through our trip.

Level high treeless prairie was to be traversed thence to the Red Lake River and far beyond it till the Wild Rice was reached, and there the country changed, with heavy boulders on the hills and multitudes of small lakes fringed with small oaks; this continued to Detroit Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, now, I believe, a pleasure and health resort, some of its gravel hills being then distinguishable for miles by the high stages bearing the bodies of the dead, from which fluttered pieces of red and blue cloth; and near them the remains of food placed for the spirit's early journey to hunting-grounds, which the Ojibways must have thought good indeed if better than near this very spot, which afforded the best an Indian could desire of all the deer and fowl of that beautiful lake district; where every stream teemed with fish, and buffalo once were plentiful low down on the river which bears their name only three days journey away. The trail followed at the edge of the water this beautiful lake for nearly two miles and the ponies chose to walk in the shallow water to cool their unshod feet, sorely tired by our hasty crossing of many leagues of burnt prairie to reach where grass could again be had. We had reached this lake late at night, and already Blackie and Bichon were eating, as if for a wager, of the rushes and rich grass above the sand line on its shore; when a kettle of tea, a few biscuits and some dried meat being disposed of, weary limbs sought rest. Where should we sleep? Why, what could be better than a bed on this clean white sand, which the last high wind has piled up as if for that special purpose? Hurriedly the cart was drawn over the highest, finest and softest ridge, and then a blanket and to sleep. How easily and softly the sand yielded till it made a bed like a plaster cast; no downy couch equalled it; and yet when morning dawned it was another case of "*experientia docet*." No, I have since that night slept on the axe-hewn planks of a frontiers-man's floor, on the prairie, in a canoe, on smooth Laurentian rocks, and I give each and all the preference to soft white sand, no bed more unyielding when it has you in its embrace; and no wonder my friend and I woke

with a feeling as though we had been kicked all over by Blackie, and resolved to sleep anywhere or to sit up all night, rather than sleep in sand again.

Leaving this lake the country changes again, with frequently dense woods of small oaks, basswood and elm; this continues through the low-lying country, the Leaf Mountains being well to our left till we reach Rush Lake, the Ottertail River and Ottertail Lake, from there down to the crossing of the Crow Wing River the trail follows the Leaf River, which, first a stream that one could jump across, carries waters which reach the ocean at the Gulf of Mexico, as the Ottertail carries waters which reach Hudson's Bay. To call the apex a height of land is a misnomer, for it is one of the softest and apparently most low-lying parts of the route, and many a worn-out axle and broken wheel attest the power of its stumps and coulees to make the spring and fall brigades of loaded carts look well to their gearing before entering upon this most difficult part of the trail. The crossing of the Crow Wing effected, the trail led down its eastern bank, heavily wooded with Norway and White Pine, interspersed with tamarac swamps. Where you passed through the first of these, the road was all that could be desired, the straight stems of these northern palms looking like stately colonnades, through and between which your horses' hoofs were muffled in the leaves of last year, but where the tamarac grows, look out for trouble, for where uncorduroyed, it is treacherous indeed. Newly corduroyed, however, with the bark still on the tamarac poles, and these laid straight and close, it is, though bumpy, a sure road for unshod hoofs, and safe enough for the cart, but when hundreds of horse and ox-carts, the former with eight hundred, the latter with one thousand pounds, have passed over it for some years, then this tamarac highway shews what it can really do in the way of smashing wheels, tripping up beasts of burden, whether with cloven or solid hoofs, and causing much questionable language to be used by the drivers thereof. Replacing a broken pole would be anywhere easy, but the driver of the first cart trusts that this will be done by the next, and the next, by the next,

till all have passed, and then all join in the hope that the next brigade will really take the matter in hand. It was about at its worst when we passed, but with my companion and myself on opposite sides to brace up Blackie when he slipped sideways, leaving the surefooted Bichon to pick his own way at a snail's pace on the outer rim of this wretched causeway, we reached the further end of the "long corduroy," at the middle of whose three miles some wag had nailed a barrel stave to a tree, on which was a notice written with a red lead pencil "No riding or driving over this bridge faster than a walk."

Crow Wing, a frontier trading village, was reached at last, fifteen days' journey for the four hundred miles; and we fared sumptuously on fried bacon and many triangular cuts of apple pie. The remainder of the road, being over bridged streams and ferries, needs no special mention, but Crow Wing warrants some slight notice, for near it was the Chippewa Indian agency, and hard by the new residence of "Hole in the Day," then a noted Ojibway chief. This man, who was the son of a chief, possessed great influence over the various bands of that tribe, whose hunting grounds extended far to the east, west and north, and it had been hard to convince him that these bands were right in disposing of their rich lacustrine region where the wild rice grew everywhere, fish thronged every lake and stream, and of wild bird and beast there was no stint; but when were Indian treaties fair to both contracting parties? Hole in the Day must be cajoled; and accordingly he had been, a year or two before, taken to Washington to see his "Great Father." The Great Father promptly, after the first interview, turned him over to the Indian Department, who made his straight athletic figure look ridiculous in a black broadcloth suit and tall black silk hat, and, thus arrayed, showed him the circus, the theatre, the dime and other museums, the Navy Yard, and finally seated him in the gallery of the Talking Tepee, where, no doubt, he contrasted the orator who was not heard, and the assembled wisdom who did not listen, with the stately dignity and decorum of an Indian Council. Educated half-Indian men, engaged by the Govern-

ment, incessantly urged the advantage of a civilized occupation of his country, bought for him everything that caught his fancy, heaped up presents for his wives, promised that a white man's house should be built for him and furnished exactly as he liked, hinted darkly at the war power of the Great White Chief, and said that while he lived the Great Father would give to him many bags of Mexican dollars yearly: Hole in the Day gave in, shook hands with the President, and came back to persuade his bands that the white chief and he were brothers, and that Red and White were to be one in heart.

Poor 'Hole in the Day'; the residence stipulation was carried out, his wives living in the kitchen and he, the brother of the Great White Chief, received visitors in the large parlor, the walls of which were nearly covered by mirrors, the floor furniture consisting principally, it is said, of many rocking chairs. A few months later he was shot by an Indian of one of the treaty bands, on whom the truth had dawned that his tribe had sold their heritage for less than they could have obtained by the trapping of its furs.

Crow Wing was the point to which from St. Paul the masters of brigades frequently teamed with wagons a portion of their cartloads to save the heavy sand road down the eastern bank of the Mississippi. At Crow Wing the carts were finally loaded, it being a work of thought and care to so apportion the cart-loads that one should not carry all the heavy goods and another all the light; where, also, the cart covers of raw beef or buffalo hide securely fastened on and the long slow journey commenced, the money not spent at St. Paul was generally got rid of here in necessities for the trip of over a month, and in presents for the loved ones at home.

One part of the equipment of a number of carts in a brigade was a long and strong rope for river crossings and soft places which a light travelling cart traversed safely with an extra spurt on Blackie or Bichon's part, but which were formidable obstacles for loaded carts, especially at the steep bank of a slippery and muddy river crossing. In such places

the ox, strange to say, was better in the miry bottom and the horse the better for the steep bank; for the cloven hoof parted in the mire, giving a better footing to aid his patient and great strength; while the horse's hoofs gave him a better hold on the slippery bank; both needed aid however when a deep slough was reached or streams of the kind I have mentioned had to be crossed; at such places, if not very bad, the rope was attached to each cart as it came up and five or six of the men at the further end aided the struggling ox or horse just at the right moment; but when the bog or slough was very bad indeed, then the animals were taken out to find their own way over, while the whole force of brigade men pulled the loaded cart through.

Many a thousand tons of freight have been carried over this road, and a brigade frequently meant hundreds of carts; on the fall trip they generally went down light, the buffalo robe catch having been carried in closely compressed bales of ten robes each by the spring brigades, the arrival of which in St. Paul was an event not only to the fur-buyers, but to the people of the place, who lined the side-walks as the long train of squeaking, fur-laden carts passed through, and English half-crowns and sovereigns were to be had at almost any of the shops, all of which eagerly sought the Red River trade.

It is time however that I came back to our own experiences of travel, some of which were amusing afterwards, but very puzzling and annoying at the time. One of these was the crossing of the Red Lake, the largest river on the route. A winding track through large elm trees had brought us down to its brink, and here we could see the deep tracks of loaded carts straight over the gravel shore and into the water; directly opposite were similar tracks on the other side. It seemed all right, though the ford was at a place where the water ran very swiftly indeed. Pursuing our usual plan, Bichon with the saddle tried the ford, but the water was soon above his breast. He was brought back, and the tracks going in and coming out closely inspected again to see if it was straight across. Tried on foot with a long pole to keep

from being swept off my feet in the rapid, the water was soon breast high. What could be the matter? Surely where loaded carts could go so shortly ago we might easily pass; and there had been no late rains to swell the river. Searching back to the top of the bank we could find no diverging track to another part of the river, and yet it was clearly a case of swim to cross it here. Tired with the effort, the horses were allowed to graze, and tea was made, after which the essay was made to cross the river on foot at a point further up, where broken water seemed to show shallowness, and it was while essaying this that I found the secret of the ford. The carts had indeed entered straight into the water at the foot of the sloping bank we had descended, but, once in, they had turned up-stream to make the crossing in a horse shoe fashion which brought them out directly on the opposite side, where again a sloping bank formed the best path for ascent and descent.

Many minor difficulties at other places were the rewards of inexperience, and, pleasant as the trip had been, it was a relief when it was over, the ponies placed in careful hands for the winter, the cart and harness stowed away, and St. Paul was reached, early in November, long after Dr. Anderson, Bishop of Rupert's Land, had reached the City by the last Red River boat and stage, and had met while there Governor, then Senator, Seward, an interesting account of which meeting was afterwards given by Honorable J. W. Taylor to the St. Paul Press, as follows:—

“Allow me to present to the readers of the Press a relic of Seward's visit to St. Paul in Sept., 1860, which I have fyled with the archives of the Historical Society. It is an address of David Anderson, Bishop of the Church of England, Rupert's Land, to Wm. H. Seward, then Senator, and now Secretary of State. The meeting of the two men had been arranged by mutual friends—it occurred at 12 o'clock m., of September 18, 1860, in the room of the Minnesota Historical Society. The Bishop adopted the English custom on such occasions, and read his remarks from a manuscript; Seward's

response was less premeditated. I copy from the autograph address of his "Reverend Lordship."

"Governor Seward :

It is with no little pleasure that I embrace the opportunity of being presented to you on this occasion.

From the position which I occupy in the Diocese of Rupert's Land, I cannot but feel a deep and growing interest in the welfare of the United States, and more especially in that of Minnesota, which immediately adjoins our own territory. Whatever tends to advance our prosperity will at the same time, I am convinced, advance also your own, and I trust that the bonds which unite us together will be drawn closer year by year.

The visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to the possessions of the British Crown on this continent, and his approaching visit to the United States, may be hailed as an event which is calculated to cement most happily the union between the two countries. On the establishment and continuance of such peaceful relations the progress of civilization through the world and the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom would materially depend.

I would gratefully acknowledge the many great benefits already received from your Government at our own distant land. Much has been done during the past eleven years, of which alone I can speak, to diminish the distance which separates us from the home of our fathers. On my first arrival thrice only a year could we expect to hear from England. We are now indebted to yourselves for a double mail each month. For this, in the name of every member of our community, I would express our deep and lasting gratitude.

We would look beyond this to the opening, at no very remote period, of a highway towards the western sea. I trust that, both in your own possessions and in the British territory, a route towards the Pacific may ere long be completed and a direct communication thus opened from sea to sea. In such enterprises I would at the present time ask you to use whatever weight of influence you may possess in your own

Legislature, and I would in return assure you that any such efforts would meet with the earnest and hearty co-operation of those over whom the Providence of God has placed me.

In conclusion, I would only pray that the spirit of harmony and peace may ever exist between Britain and the United States, and with the continuance of such peace I would anticipate a bright and blessed spread of the Gospel of Peace among the nations of the earth."

With the last sentence, uttered in the excellent prelate's most impressive manner, all eyes turned upon the statesman of New York. His first words of response startled the expectant circle.

"Bishop," he said, "two hundred years ago there was an irrepressible conflict in England. One party contended for a Church without a Bishop and a State without a King; another party was certain that there could be no Church without a Bishop, and no well ordered State without a King."

A pause. The Bishop of Rupert's Land was not comfortable. An uneasy suspense of breath ran around the room. So did the grey eye of the speaker. He was evidently in the humor which His Grace of Newcastle afterwards failed so signally to appreciate. We were soon relieved, however. The Senator resumed:

"This conflict of opinion, with its immediate issues of civil war, largely contributed to the emigration of Englishmen to this continent, and the organization of diverse communities. With successive generations, the bitterness of the seventeenth century has been succeeded by new relations, by peace and good will, until we have, on this occasion, an interesting proof that the remote settlements of Selkirk and Rupert's Land respond to the 'spirit of harmony' which is alike the cause and effect of modern civilization."

His Lordships muscles relaxed. A half smile succeeded among the auditors, the speaker alone retaining an imperturbable expression of gravity. In a few words, fitly chosen but unluckily not preserved by a reporter, the Senator cordially reciprocated the sentiments of Dr. Anderson, closing the for-

malities of the interview by the Anglo-Saxon ceremony of shaking hands. The proceedings were of "admirable length," certainly not exceeding fifteen minutes; and yet, as I recall them, I have seldom witnessed a more striking tableau vivant.

Two hours later, from the steps of the Capitol, Seward addressed the citizens of Minnesota in a speech which to this day attracts more attention on both continents than any single discourse of his life. How constantly in the London press do we hear the changes rung on these memorable sentiments?

"I can stand here and look far into the North-West, and see the Russian as he busily occupies himself in establishing sea-ports and towns and fortifications, as outposts of the Empire of St. Petersburg, and I can say "go on; build up your out-posts to the Arctic Ocean; they will yet become the out-posts of my own country, to extend the civilization of my own country, to extend the civilization of the United States in the North-West." So I look upon Prince Rupert's Land and Canada, and see how an ingenious people and a capable and enlightened government are occupied with bridging rivers and building railroads to develop, organize, create and preserve the British Provinces of the North, by the Great Lakes, the St. Lawrence, and around the shores of Hudson's Bay; and I am able to say "it is very well; you are building excellent states, to be hereafter admitted into the American Union."

I was in Washington between the date of this and another speech of his to which I shall presently refer, and while yet Mr. Seward, then Secretary of State, believed in his prediction of 1860, and was honored by an introduction to the great statesman, who was then busy with his scheme for the purchase of Alaska. The angry looking scar of a dirk wound he had received in the neck from a would-be assassin was still fresh; but he had many questions to ask about this country, and after shewing me an Alaskan kyack, spear, bone implements, and many curiosities, recently sent to him, he stood with me before a large map of the continent and said

pointing to Alaska:—"We are to make this part of the United States; and now, don't you think, my dear sir, that it would be for the interest of all, if that which intervenes should come in too?"

He seemed disappointed at my answer; for already the resources of our great North-West were beginning to be known to the statesmen at Washington; and when, during the same visit, I was asked to give some facts regarding it before the standing Committee on Railways, then discussing the charter asked for the Northern Pacific line, I found a full appreciation of the possible benefits to accrue from a trade from here to different parts of the projected line.

Seward was no friend to England or to Canada; but he was truthful enough to declare his error in the forecast he had made of our political future from the Capitol steps at St. Paul in 1860, in a memorable speech he afterwards made. He had indeed obtained Alaska by purchase, but he had had time to reflect on the bitter lessons of the war for the Union of North and South, the failure of which meant the disruption of East and West as well; and he frankly acknowledged his early prophetic error in these words:

"Hitherto, in common with most of my countrymen," he said, "I have thought Canada a mere strip, lying north of the United States, easily detachable from the parent state, but incapable of sustaining itself, and therefore ultimately, nay, right soon, to be taken by the Federal Union, without materially changing or affecting its own condition or development. I have dropped the opinion as a national conceit. I see in British North America, stretching as it does across the continent, from the shores of Labrador and Newfoundland to the Pacific, and occupying a considerable belt of the temperate zone, traversed equally with the United States by the Lakes, and enjoying the magnificent shores of the St. Lawrence, with its thousands of islands in the river and gulf, a region grand enough for the seat of an Empire, in its wheat fields in the west, its broad ranges of chase at the north, its inexhaustible lumber lands, the most extensive now remaining on the globe;

its invaluable fisheries and its undisturbed mineral wealth. I find its inhabitants vigorous, hardy, energetic, perfected by religious and British constitutional liberty. I find them jealous of the United States and of Great Britain, as they ought to be; and therefore, when I look at their extent and resources, I know they can neither be conquered by the former nor permanently held by the latter. They will be independent as they are already self-maintaining. They will be a Russia to the United States, which to them will be France and England."

Statesmen are but human; and the great Secretary was mistaken again. Year by year, it is true, we know more and more of our almost inexhaustible riches of river and lake, forest and mine, and now that our neighbor's agricultural land (without irrigation) has been exhausted, we more and more appreciate the fact that Canada, *not* the United States, possesses the great cereal belt of the continent. We extol his prescience as a political economist in the matter of the development of our great resources, but when we look about for those who wish severance from Great Britain and find them only in the columns of foreign newspapers, we question his political prophecy, and remembering the giant strides our Confederation has made in material progress, and the welfare and happiness of our people, we thank God that we are Canadians and citizens of an Empire ten times greater than that which the mental vision of Seward saw from the steps of the Minnesota capitol in 1860. His national emblem is the Eagle and its swift flight typifies their marvellous advancement; ours, the Beaver, that wise, cautious builder, typifying our slower, safer progress; and who shall say that ours is not the better speed which stays to solve problems, such as the Indian one, the neglect of which has borne such bitter fruits to our more speedy southern neighbors? And yet, have Canadians any reason to be considered laggards when they have, in a little over a quarter of a century of national life, linked Province to Province, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with bands of steel, made the head of Lake Superior a seaport, solved the

aboriginal problem with a success that no nation of the Old or New World has ever achieved, whitened every sea with the sails of Canadian ships, linked Australia, the Indies and the Empires of the East with our western harbors, as before we had linked our eastern seaboard cities with western Europe, created a trade almost double, in proportion to population, of that of the United States, touched only as yet the southern border of our vast arable and pastoral reserve, content to move slowly while we are perfecting the union of Provinces to each other, and our joint position in the Empire, in a way and with a success that will enable the distinguished nobleman whom the Queen has now chosen to represent her in her Canadian Dominion to bear to her at the close of his term of office an assurance similar to that given by a distinguished predecessor, Lord Dufferin, who said, on leaving us:

“When I resign the temporary Vice-royalty with which I have been invested, into the hands of my Sovereign, I shall be able to assure her that not a leaf has fallen from her maple chaplet, that the lustre of no jewel in her trans-atlantic diadem has been dimmed.”



Some Very Old Inhabitants.

Paper read before the Historical and Scientific society by Honorable John Schultz, LL.D., M.D., F.R.S.C., Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba.

I have promised Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen, at a former meeting of the society to give to it some old papers which, bearing upon the early history of our country, should, I thought, be more properly in the archives of our society than in private hands, and in selecting one or two short ones for presentation this evening, I feel that they may perhaps be fitly preceded by some remarks regarding their author, which will not, I feel sure, be felt to be unduly tedious, at least by those present who knew him.

Honorable Donald Gunn, a member of the first legislative council of the province of Manitoba, one of Her Majesty's Justices of the peace, an elder of the Presbyterian church of Little Britain, and a valuable contributor of information and specimens to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. A man esteemed for his probity, loved for his genial kindness to all, and honored for the stores of information he had garnered unaided by wealth, and in the midst of the daily toil of his ordinary avocations, was born near the lurid close of that century which witnessed so many events fraught with the presage of ruin to conditions as they existed, and changes of which no man could foresee the end. Between 1797, the date of his birth in the county of Caithness, and 1813, when as a youth of sixteen he signed articles of agreement with the Hudson's Bay company and left his home, there is condensed, perhaps, as much of the world's stirring history as is contained in any equal period of any epoch. Wars and rumors of wars. Dynasties overturned in a day, new emperors and kings created by the stroke of a pen, threats of an invasion of England, and I have often heard the brave and kindly old man speak of a gathering of all the country side when a disabled sergeant or corporal of His Majesty's pensioners was sent to his remote Caithness home to practise the boys of his humble school in the use of their muskets of wood, and fire their Scandinavian Celtic hearts with tales of hard-fought battles, and how victories were won.

The direful tale of the French revolution had reached these far northern shores before he was born, and English seamen, infected perhaps by its baleful influence, had mutinied at Spithead and the Nore. Spain, Holland, Austria and Russia had combined against these new and strange doctrines, and to repel the armed Frenchmen who strove to enforce them. St. Vincent and Camperdown were fought the year of his birth, and a year later saw Napoleon rapidly attaining the zenith of his fame. 1804 found the great commander preparing for an invasion of England, and it was while these preparations were going on that the subject of my brief sketch was with the other boys practising the "goose step" and drinking in military ardour till each boy felt himself the equal at least of one invader, and he remembers the piles of wood on the tops of the seacoast Caithness hills which the government had placed for blazing beacons to give warning of a descent on any part of the coast. Trafalgar at last foiled Napoleon's plans, and though England's greatest seaman was slain, all danger of invasion passed away. Baffled and beaten on the sea, the great leader turned toward that combination of powers which Pitt had so laboriously built up, and which seemed at the time, his last hope of staying the Corsican's baleful attempt at universal dominion on land. The lurid night of Austria, however, closed on flight and blood and fire, and the swift messengers who brought the news to Pitt that his combination was a vain thing brought him his death blow, the great statesman dying the next year of a broken heart, while the military adventurer, his great rival, was dictating terms to kings and emperors, and shuffling old dynasties as though they were chequers on a board. 1812 found Napoleon beaten at last in Russia, and his crowned puppets no longer obeying his voice, but before his banishment to Elba, he was still to make an attempt to restore his fallen fortunes, and so great was still the dread of his name, that the ship which in 1813 bore Donald Gunn from his native shores, had to be convoyed across the Atlantic by a battleship of the King's. Living in such times was enough to make even boys think deeply, and the latest news of the wars, meagre enough in those early days no doubt in remote Caith-

ness was eagerly couched and discussed, and it is little wonder that this northern lad should have brought with him to the shores of Hudson's Bay a desire to learn and an aptitude for procuring information that have made him the most reliable historian of the early days of the Red River settlement.

I deeply regret the loss in the Riel rebellion of 1869-70 of so many of his letters to me, and it is by accident that I have the present ones bearing upon some of the very old inhabitants of the country. It was by him that my attention was directed to the sepulchral mounds of the country, in which he took great interest, and want of means alone prevented his making more extensive explorations of them. Evidently his boyish eyes had seen many of the wonders of the Calthness coast, and his Scandinavian descent from a branch of the Earls of Orkney would cause him to take deep interest in all that was old, and lend to the caverns and rocks of the Calthness coast, a charm to which in his early days the description of Sir Walter Scott would be applicable.

"Here rise no groves, and here no gardens blow
Here even the hardy heath scarce dares to grow;
But rocks on rocks in mist and storm arrayed,
Stretch far to sea their giant collonades
With many a cavern seamed the dreary haunt
Of the dun seal and swarthy cormorant.
Wild round their rifted brows with frequent cry
As of lament the gulls and gannets fly,
And from their sable nose with sullen sound,
In sheets of whitening foam the waves rebound."

I am, however, I find, digressing somewhat and will read with the president's permission the first of the letters referred to, which embodies briefly Mr. Gunn's conclusions regarding the movements of Canadian aboriginal tribes and bands, before reading the second letter, which relates to the prehistoric inhabitants of the parish in which he lived and of the neighboring ones with which he was equally familiar.

It is not necessary to remind those present that the portions of the early history of the discovery of the Canadian Northwest are still matters of dispute, and the dates of occupation by, and the movements of the Indian tribes, of which we still have large bodies or mere remnants, are still more uncertain; so that although both of these subjects have been treat-

ed of directly, or incidentally adverted to by the many authors who have undertaken this and cognate tasks, and the subject would appear to have been exhaustively treated by them, yet I believe that the following brief statement of opinion bearing upon both these subjects is worthy of embodiment in the archives of a society such as ours. The late Hon. Donald Gunn was well known, as I have said, to the earlier members of the society, who will, I think, agree with me as to the painstaking care he would exercise in the investigation of such subjects as I have mentioned; and his extensive reading, his early acquaintance with men who were actors or onlookers in many of the scenes he depicts, coupled with his well known truthfulness and marvellous memory, causes me to believe that the extracts from his early letters to me, which I am about to read, will be of interest to those present, as well as valuable for future reference; the first of these addressed to me is as follows:

"In consulting the early history of Canada we find that the celebrated Jacques Cartier in 1535 visited Hochelaga, the site of the present city of Montreal, then a flourishing Indian town. In 1612, the famous Champlain after the formation of the Fur Trading Company of New France, after arranging with the Hurons, who at that early period occupied the Island of Montreal and the surrounding regions, cleared a site in the vicinity of Montreal for erecting a fort for the protection of the factory intended to be opened in the island of that name. In the following year the indefatigable Champlain led by rumors of a sea to the north, started for it, but having ascended the Ottawa nearly to its sources he retraced his steps without finding the sea. In the summer of 1615 he was amply compensated for his former dissappointments; early in the spring he set out from the Sault St. Louis in company with the Hurons and Ontarios, ascended the Ottawa river, passed over the height of land to Lake Nipissing, thence to the Georgian Bay; from there he turned his course to the south, passing into Lakes Erie and Ontario, where he had to pass the winter, and during his stay with the savages he gained some information of the inland sea of North America, Lake Superior. In 1617 the four principal fur factories were at Tadousac, Quebec, Three Rivers and the Sault Saint Louis. 1622, the influx of Europeans influenced decisively the mutual relations of aboriginal tribes. In 1638

or 1639 an energetic young Frenchman named Nicolet pushed on his discoveries to the Lake of the Ouinibagoes, Lake Michigan. He concluded treaties with the tribes in the Fox River valley, and was the first to acquaint his countrymen in Canada with the existence of the Dacotah tribes, then known by the term: Nadaussi, and also the existence of the Assinipotae.

Two years after (1641) Jonges and Raymbault, of the Society of Jesus, arrived at Sault Ste. Marie, where they met the Pottawatomies flying from the Dakotahs. "In 1654 and 1656 traders visited the regions west of Lake Michigan;" in 1659 two intrepid young Frenchmen, led on by a spirit of curiosity and adventure joined some bands of Algonquins and coasted with them the shores of Lake Superior, upon which they passed the succeeding winter. The following summer they travelled to the west of Lake Superior, passing through broken and dispirited bands of savages, the survivors of nations vanquished and dispersed by the Iroquois. The Sioux among whom they arrived at last appeared to them: to be a potent race, yet of gentler manners than the people of the eastern tribes. The two intrepid adventurers returned to Quebec in (1660), escorted by sixty Algonquin canoes laden with furs. They confirmed former reports of the numerous tribes wandering in the western wilderness, among others they heard of the Kristinots or Crees, whose wigwams, it was averred, might be found on the shores of the Polar seas. On the 8th of August, 1665, Pere Aloury set out for Lake Superior. In due time he passed the Straits of St. Marie and coasting Lake Superior proceeded on towards its west end. He reached a place named Chagouiamigong; here he found a considerable village of Chippeways, which the Jesuit called Outhibonic. Here he erected a chapel and preached in Algonquin to a dozen or more tribes who understood that language, among whom are enumerated the Kristinoles (Cree Indians), from the marshy north, and lastly the Sioux, who in early times lived in the forests to the south and west of Lake Superior. Here we must make mention of two of the most intrepid travellers of the age in which they lived, viz., De Grosselier and Raddison; these are said to have travelled via Lake Superior, Lake la Pluie, Lake of the Woods to Lake Winnipeg, and thence to Hudson's Bay, being conducted and protected on the journey by the Assinibolines. History states that on their return they passed

through the country of the Assinibolines and the great lakes. They must have performed their journey at the latest between 1660 and 1665, as it is said that after De Grosselier's return he made a trip to France for the purpose of interesting mercantile men in his native land in his scheme of establishing trading posts on the shores of Hudson's Bay. But being disappointed by their indifference, he next went to Boston in New England; thence crossed the Atlantic to London, where he was attentively listened to; and had the great satisfaction to meet with a number of influential gentlemen, who readily entered into his views, and joined in fitting out the Nonesuch Ketch, under the command of Captain Zechariah Gillam, who lived in New England and who probably had sailed from there and was acquainted with those northern seas. He sailed from Gravesend on the 3rd of June, 1668, accompanied by Radisson and De Grosselier; he entered the Straits about the 5th of August, and by the 29th of September they entered a river called Nemisco, as coming from Nemisco Lake and to which they gave the name of Rupert's river. The proceeds of the adventure proved sufficiently remunerative to induce those interested in it to seek for a charter of incorporation under the name of the "Adventurers of England," trading into Hudson's Bay, with whose acts and deeds of late years I presume you are somewhat familiar. In 1671, in the month of May, at the Falls of St. Mary, was held the first convocation of civilized men with the aborigines of the Northwest for the formation of a compact for the purposes of trade and mutual assistance. Du Luth was the first who established a trading post to the west of Lake Superior. He left Quebec on the 1st of September, 1678, to explore the country of the Dakotahs and Assinibolines. The following summer he spent in travelling to the southwest of Lake Superior, and travelled 120 leagues into the western wilds after his return. On the 15th of September he met the Assinibolines at the head of Lake Superior for the purpose of settling their difficulties with the Dakotahs, and was successful.

The next expedition to the west of which I can find any account, had been undertaken by Pierre Gauthier de Varennes, Sieur de la Verandrye, about A. D. 1718. A project of the discovery of the Pacific ocean by travelling across the continent, had been discussed by the fur trading in Canada. Beauharnais, who administered the affairs of the colony, was

ambitious to give lustre to his administration by a successful expedition across the continent. Verandrye repaired to Quebec to render advice on the subject. He is said to have recommended the course of the Assiniboine river, rather than to cross the Sioux Territory, as others had proposed to do. Which advice clearly proved that the French were at that early period acquainted, by travel or by Indian report, with this region. M. Verandrye, having formed a trading co-partnery in 1731 with some Montreal merchants, who advanced funds to buy goods for barter and the means of equipment for his journey, set out for Lake Superior with Pere Messenger, a missionary priest. He had received orders to take possession in the king's name, of all countries he should discover also to examine them attentively in order to form an idea what facilities they might possess for establishing a route across them: to connect Canada and Louisiana with the seaboard of the Pacific. To enable him to perform this useful service, no public aid had been afforded to him; and as a consequence he was obliged to linger about the intermediate regions attending to his own interest and that of his partners, till the year 1733. Previously some of his people, in 1731, starting from Kamanestigoya, a fort constructed to the north of Lake Superior, about 1717, by Lieut. Robertel de Lanoue, passed to the lake of la Pluie, where they built Fort St. Peter; then to the Lake des Bois, where they erected Fort St. Charles, 1732, next they followed the course of the river Winnipeg, upon a bank of which they raised in 1734 Fort Maurepas. The adventurers took possession of the country for a double purpose, to fulfil the obligation they owed to their king, and to establish fortified posts useful to themselves for the prosecution of their private traffic. Extending their rounds, they crossed Lake Dauphin and Lakes des Cignes, they recognized the Riviere des Biches, and ascended to the bifurcation of the river Saskatchewan or Poiskolac. They constructed Fort Dauphin at the head of Lake Manitoba and Fort de la Reine at its foot; also Fort Bourbon on the Biche river at the head of Lake Winnipeg (most likely on Lake Bourbon, or Cedar Lake, on the Saskatchewan) lastly Fort Rouge at the angle formed by the Red and Assiniboine rivers. They continued afterwards, directed by M. de Verandrye's brother and sons to advance westwardly otherwhiles north-

wardly, but without attaining to the ocean they were in quest of. In one of these explorations, during the year 1736, a son of Mire. la Verandrye, the Jesuit Pere Anneau, and twenty other were massacred by the Sioux in an island of Lake des Bois. In 1738 the French reached the Mandans' country, and in 1742 attained to the Upper Missouri, ascending its course as far as a river since named the Yellowstone, which rises at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. At length the oldest son of M. de Verandrye and the Chevalier his brother Jan. 1st, 1743 found themselves in front of that mountain range. The journey of the Verandryes lasted from: April 29, 1742 till July 2, 1743, during which time they passed through several tribes, none of which is now known by the names which they gave them. Verandrye during his travels incurred a debt of 40,000 livres and received the barren order of St. Louis as a reward.

St. Pierre and Captain Lamarque de Marin undertook to complete the discovery of the route to the Pacific, the latter was to ascend the Missouri and follow the course of any river that flowed to the west. St. Pierre passed Fort la Reine and up the Saskatchewan with the intention of meeting de Marin at a certain latitude on the Pacific coast. But accumulations of peltry being the grand object, their parties never got farther than the foot of the Rocky Mountains where they built a fort about 1752 which was named after the Governor of Canada, Jonquiere, who is said to have realized 300,000 from his share of the profits of the enterprise in which he was a partner. I believe the above related discovery was the last accomplished by the French in this country, as the war which wrested the colony out of their hands and transferred it to Great Britain had commenced soon after.

The sole occupation and delight of the savages seem to have been war and the chase. Many of the tribes are represented not only as warlike but as numerous and powerful. The Hurons on the Island of Montreal and the surrounding country, and are said to have been the progenitors of the Iroquois, but in course of time the descendants became more powerful than the parent stock, slew multitudes of them; the survivors fled from their ancient abodes in different directions; a few took refuge at Lorrette, near Quebec; others bent their steps to the west and found rest for a time among the potent Sioux; and I think that during the last

quarter of the last century and the first quarter of the present century, that they have become absorbed in other tribes and have no tribal existence at the present day, and their inheritance has been for a time in the hands of their destroyers. They are said to have spoken a language altogether distinct from that spoken by the Algonquins and Ottawas, who anciently dwelt between the country occupied by the Hurons to the east, the Iroquois to the south and southeast, the Sioux and Assiniboines to the west, and the Crees to the north, extending from Lake Superior to the icy shores of Hudson's Bay. These occupied the shores of the bay from the mouth of Hudson's Straits round James' Bay and to the northwest as far as Churchill river, where they met the Chipewayans, or as they are called by Hudson's Bay men along the bay, "Norard" Indians. From the bay they occupied on the south and southwest to the height of land that divides the waters flowing into the St. Lawrence and those falling into Hudson's Bay. Towards Lake Winnipeg they were met on the east side by the Assiniboines. The Sioux at that time occupied the top waters of the Mississippi, extending to the northeast to Fond du Lac, where Duluth now stands, and probably to Lake Michigan on the east. On the north they joined the Assiniboines, and likely the country between them was the chain of lakes and rivers through which the Dawson road now passes. How far they extended to the west at the time when the French settled in Canada is hard to say, but as these advanced up the St. Lawrence and established trading posts they furnished the Algonquins with arms and ammunition, by means of which they were able to drive the warlike Sioux from the forests around Red Lake, Leech Lake, and Mille Lac, of Minnesota, to the western prairies, who, no doubt, drove other tribes before them to the west. A similar process went on from Hudson's Bay. The English traders at a comparative early period supplied the Crees with firearms and taught them how to use them. They, dissatisfied with the narrow limits of their own frozen regions, made war on their neighbors to the south and west, driving the Assiniboines before them until they took up their abode finally on the western plains, where we find their shattered fragments at the present day, leaving the forests for the different tribes of the great Algonquin race. The war which transferred the dominion of Canada

from France to Great Britain deranged the widely extended fur trade carried on from Montreal to the shores of Hudson's Bay, and to the foot of the Rocky Mountains.

After the cession of Canada and the restoration of peace, we find a mixed multitude of French and Britons at the mouth of the Pigeon river, associated for the purpose of carrying on the fur trade in the Indian Territories. Some of these gentlemen entered into partnership with Montreal merchants who supplied them with outfits. These merchants, previous to the conquest had been engaged in the peltry trade and enriched by the great wealth derived from it. They were familiar by means of the Couriers du Bois with the names and characters of the various tribes which were roaming over the western wilderness. They fully appreciated the commerce that might be carried on in the interior if ever peace and friendship could be established between the contending savages. As early as 1732 M. de la Verandrye established a line of trading posts from the head of Lake Superior towards the base of the Rocky mountains. But the first man of British origin, whose name is handed down to us as entering the valley of Saskatchewan is that of Mr. Thomas Currie, who passed into the far Northwest in 1767, and wintered on the south branch, opposite to where Carlton House now stands. Mr. James Finlay soon followed Mr. Currie and planted himself near his predecessor, he continued for many years in charge of the fort which he had built and which he named Island Fort. This gentleman in after years joined the Northwest company, either as a partner or as a clerk. About the beginning of the present century the Hudson's people built a house in juxtaposition to Mr. Finlay, who had his fort well stockaded, but the unfortunate Hudson's Bay men had not erected any defensive works. The person in charge was in quest of some horses in company with a Cree Indian when he was met at some distance from his house by a war party of Blackfeet, who killed them both, then made for the house, where the few persons in it were put to death by the cruel and blood-thirsty savages, who carried off everything moveable. Elated by their easy conquest but unsatisfied with blood and plunder, made an attack on Mr. Finlay's fort, who felt secure within his defences, and who, after a few shots had been fired, killed one of the great war chiefs, on which the savages began to retire from before

the place, mourning their loss and carrying off their slain chief.

Multitudes of traders from Canada spread over the western forests and plains in quest of wealth, and prevented the natives carrying their furs hundreds of miles over boisterous lakes, dangerous cataracts, long and difficult river navigation, through tribes often hostile and always treacherous, to the frozen shores of Hudson Bay, by affording them a ready market for their furs at some central points within their hunting grounds.

The effect produced by these inland settlements was soon felt by the traders who had settled at the mouth of the great rivers that fall into the bay. The inland Indians ceased to pay their annual visits to the factories and the trade diminished accordingly. But having no national enemies any longer to fear, sixty years after they had possession of the bay they ventured inland and made their first settlement on the Saskatchewan, about 1774, where Cumberland House stands, or in its immediate vicinity.

After this period, numbers of traders representing small associations, passed through Lake Superior and through the chain of lakes and rivers that empty their waters into Lake Winnipeg, whence they had easy access to the illimitable plains which stretched to the south-west of the great fresh water inland sea, on which innumerable herds of buffalo pastured, and where every river and stream swarmed with beaver and otter. These were very successful in securing great returns. But the Crees and Assiniboines, who occupied the plains that border on the Red and Assiniboine rivers, in a fit of passion, or by preconcerted arrangement, in the year 1780, attacked the trading posts on the banks of

These were three different houses, one or two of them stood since the country had been discovered by the French. The Indians, by fraud or force, made themselves master of two of them and slew the inmates. But they were defeated in their attack on the third, which was defended by a trader known to the Indians by the name of Kitchie Muckman (i. e. Big Knife), but whose real name was Bruce. Mr. Bruce, from the accounts which the Indians gave of him, and the tales related of his prowess by those of them who knew him personally, was well fitted to keep up his own with the savages, and in the above emergency he did so. Killing a few and wounding others of the assailants, thereby admonishing the survivors that a timely retreat would be their best policy.

It appears that from the building of Du Luth's house at the west end of Lake Superior, about 1678, to the attack on the trading stations along the Assiniboine, a period of over 100 years, the Assiniboines had been gradually moving to the west, leaving their native forests and taking up their residence on the plains, forming new alliances or renewing old ones with the Crees, and partially amalgamating with that nation. The Chippeways and other bands of the great Algonquin nation followed closely in their rear, occupying the forest regions as vacated by the Assiniboines. However, I am of opinion that they did not carry on desolating war against each other. But by what means the Crees and Assiniboines drove the Mandans from their ancient hunting grounds, which tradition places near the Red and Assiniboine rivers, we are not prepared to say. But what Indian tribe, while equipped only with bow and arrow, could withstand fate and firearms? However, the Assiniboines and their allies did not long enjoy the abundance presented by their lately acquired hunting grounds, for in the autumn of 1781 they were attacked by the small-pox, the most destructive of all epidemics to the red races. This fearful and loathsome disease spread over all the regions then known to the fur traders, cutting off the natives in great numbers in some places, leaving only a few to relate the sad tale of their sufferings and sorrows. We have heard several instances of the mortality produced by the disease; we shall relate two:

- 1st. A small band of Indians, numbering seven tents and most likely containing from thirty to forty individuals, was encamped at the lower rapids on the Red River. The disease appeared among them in the beginning of winter. For a time the living buried the dead, but in a few days all became so prostrated that they could not perform the last sad office to their kindred and so the dead were left a prey to dogs, wolves and birds of prey, which in their turn had been seized by the infection and died; in short, two young lads only survived of all who had been inmates, in the beginning, of the seven tents. These two lads, according to my informant, who was one of them, chanced in the spring to fall in with two tents of Cree Indians who had been living all winter at a secluded spot and escaped the disease.

The other instance took place on the

shores of the Hudson's Bay. A number of Indians went from Severn river to get their winter supplies; and in the month of September, as they were returning to their hunting grounds they encamped on an ancient sea-beach. While on that beach, or ridge, some of them began to feel sick. They had been abundantly supplied at York Factory with brandy; to it they applied, believing it to be sure remedy for all their ailments. But, alas, the more they drank, the more speedy and fatal the disease became. And it was related and believed that whole party which numbered from fifty to sixty individuals were so simultaneously and completely by brandy and disease that the few who survived made no attempt to inter the dead, but left them there a prey to wolves, foxes or other beasts of prey. Their bleached bones pointed out to the traveller, as late as the year 1820, the very spot where brandy and small-pox had destroyed so many human lives.

It has been currently reported and believed that after the Saulteaux had taken possession of the west end of Lake Superior, the upper Mississippi, Red Lake and Lac la Pluie, they congregated every summer at the latter lake, met the voyageurs for the interior, on a carrying place, and black-mailed there; in a word, made them pay heavy tribute for passing through their waters. This harsh and expensive interference became very disagreeable to the traders and put their wits to work to devise some plan that promised to free them in future from any further annoyance from their friends; and for the purpose of accomplishing their object it has been said that they put the virus of smallpox into several kegs of spirits which they handed over as part of their tribute to their friends of Lake la Pluie. We do not pledge ourselves for the veracity of the above tale; but we say that we have heard the story related by persons whom we believe to have been well acquainted with the facts. However, we are of opinion that the smallpox so weakened and disheartened the native populations that the traders enjoyed for the time comparative peace and security and enabled them to assume a bolder position in the future. M. Du Luth has informed us that when he built his post at the mouth of a great river in 1678 he traded during the winter with the Assiniboines and spent the following summer endeavoring to establish peace between them and their kindred to the south and west "The Powerful Dacotahs." The French writers and

map-makers who furnished in the latter end of the sixteenth century and in the beginning of the seventeenth, have placed the Assiniboines to the south and north-west of Lake Winnipeg; the Crees at that early period had gained a footing on Swan and Red Deer rivers, and are always spoken of on friendly terms with the Stone Indians, both warring against a neighboring tribe called Nawatainepoets, who the latter were, or by what other name they may have been known, or whether they have amalgamated with the Assiniboines, became extinct, or have removed to a distance and are now known by a new name, we can not say. They may have been those who were known to the early Hudson's Bay traders as "Fall" Indians, who at a somewhat remote period occupied the country around the Coal Falls on the lower Saskatchewan, extending to the east most likely as far as Lake Winnipegosis, and who are now roaming over the plains near the foot of the Rocky mountains from the south branch to the Missouri, and are said to be kindred of the Arapahoes and speaking a dialect of the same language; but some thing more of them hereafter.

The Crees in remote times had their hunting bounds on the west by Lake Winnipeg and on the east by the shores of Hudson's Bay. Churchill river formed the northern limit of their hunting grounds, where they were, and still are, met by Chipewans, or, as they are emphatically named by the people residing at the bay, "Norard" Indians. The domain or hunting-grounds of the Cree tribes extended from Churchill river to the vicinity of the Labrador coast, and from James Bay to the height of land that separates those waters that find their way to the ocean through the St. Lawrence from the rivers that empty their accumulated stores into the great bay of the north. On or near the height of land they met some Saulteaux tribes with whom they readily amalgamated, forming a mixed people, speaking a mixed language, and assuming a new name, viz: "Natchaway Echinewack." Immediately after the Hudson's Bay company had established their factories on the southwest shores of the bay and around James Bay, the Crees obtained firearms in exchange for their beaver. They no doubt soon learned how to use them; by the use of which they were enabled, in the course of a few years to extend the limits of their hunting grounds by driving before them to the west other tribes, num-

erically more powerful than themselves, but who had not the advantage of immediate intercourse with the white man, and who were destitute of his newly introduced and powerful weapons. The Crees gradually made their way up the Saskatchewan, where they were met by the Assiniboines, with whom they had always been on friendly terms. We have stated above that the Hudson's Bay company's servants made their first settlement on the Saskatchewan, and we may admit without hesitation that the traders who went inland from the bay would exert all their influence to induce the Indians among whom they had been so long settled and with whom they had become familiar to follow them to where they had made their new establishment. The Indians who had lived for any length of time near the whites became familiar with them, and began to consider the articles brought in by them and bartered for furs as necessities of life, a great stimulus to fur hunting; besides, they knew well how to prepare the furs for the market. And it has ever since been proven, that when Indians have been induced to leave their hunting grounds and follow the white traders into other parts of the country, that they considered the white men as their best and firmest friends, even when living among tribes of their own nation, and generally made the white man's cause their own. Thus we see the white man's reasons for encouraging the Indians to follow him. And we know that the Indians who occupied the forests between Hudson's Bay and Lake Winnipeg, coveted a settlement on the Saskatchewan and Swan river regions; they knew the winters were shorter and milder than in their own forests; they knew game was more abundant; and hence we may infer that the Crees and Assiniboines, who at an early period traded at York Fort and obtained firearms and ammunition would not to be slow in passing on the west, beyond their ancient limits and testing the efficacy of their newly acquired weapons in their contests with their neighbors to the west. During the present century numbers of the Swampy Crees have left their forests and settled on Swan river and the Saskatchewan, whence they have found their way in considerable numbers to the Red river during the last forty years.

We have said above that the presence of the French on the lower St. Lawrence was gradually bringing

about a change among the savage and warlike tribes who occupied the regions of the west. All among whom the French traders had settled obtained firearms, and by their aid were able to advance successfully against the tribes who occupied the lands to the south and south-west of them, and were so equally well armed, and who had to yield to the pressure brought to bear on them and continued to move to the west. Soon after the conquest of Canada, as stated above, those from Montreal engaged in the Indian trade established their headquarters at the west end of the Grand Portage, near the mouth of the Pigeon River; whence they extended their trade, not only over the regions partially occupied by their French predecessors and associates, but spread their stations over the regions drained by the rivers falling into Hudson's Bay and thence to the Rocky Mountains and to the feeders of the great Mackenzie's river. Those traders about 1784, became known by the name of the Northwest company; about the above period they removed their headquarters from Pigeon River to the Kaminiistiquia, and built Fort William. The N. W. company soon discovered that the tribes who lived remote from the traders were not good, fur hunters, and to remedy this disadvantage they systematically encouraging bands of Saulteaux and Iroquois to accompany them to the Northwest, providing them with provisions on the voyage and paying them high prices for their furs. The Saulteaux mixed up with the Indians they found before them, and they are still to be found in many localities in the interior. But the chief advent of the Saulteaux to the plains of the Red River was about 1790, a few years before the Hudson's Bay company's people made their first establishment on the Red River. Peguis, one of the chiefs who signed Lord Selkirk's treaty, was the last of that band."

My next contribution to the archives of the society is a slight addition to the mass of information which has been and is now being obtained regarding the pre-historic inhabitants of this country, and is in the form of some extracts from a letter of Hon Donald Gunn to Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian Institute, written over thirty years ago, with the addition of some information given by his son, Mr. John Gunn, J. P., ex-M. P. P., as well as a letter of my own regarding a mound which I caused to be opened on the west side

of the Red River, below St. Andrew's Rapids, and which I find was reproduced in the *Winnipeg Times*. The following is the letter to Prof. Baird:

"My Dear Professor,—Your two letters, the one of—, the other of—, enclosing the splendid case of instruments which you so kindly sent to me. I can assure you the case and its contents are far superior to any that I expected, and permit me to add, superior to any that I deserved, and will ever be to me a proof of your liberality and kindness, for which I beg of you to accept my most sincere and unfeigned thanks, and if I live till old age lays me on the shelf when I can skin neither bird or beast, I will show to my friends and say that it is a gift from Prof. Baird.

I cannot describe my feelings on reading the sad news which your letter conveyed, it being the first intimation which I had of the melancholy event. Science in him has lost one of its ablest and most indefatigable students, and all who have the felicity of being intimately acquainted an amiable and warm hearted friend. Poor Kennicott. Little did I think when I saw him last that we were doomed never to see each other again in this life; for he was at that time proposing to return in a year or two, and proceed to explore the shores of Hudson's Bay. Little did I think then that my much esteemed friend was to be cut off in the height of his usefulness and in the prime of manhood, I deeply sympathize with his bereaved relatives. The news of his fate must have been to them a sad blow indeed.

I have collected a few stone implements used by the Red children of the forest before the palefaces came to disturb their happy state, and ruffle their equanimity viz., two stone hatchets, so formed, seemed to have been made of a close grained blue stone, and some mallets made of gneiss or granite; the latter may weigh from two to three pounds.

Some trifling archeological discoveries were made in this locality last October. A neighbor living on the east side of the river on taking up his potatoes found that he had more than his cellar could contain, which reduced the good man to the alternative of losing his potatoes by frost, or making an additional cellar. He preferred the latter, and for the accomplishment of his object chose a knoll situated in the woods a few yards from his fencing. He commenced digging a cellar of about 8 feet on the square, not entirely in the centre of the knoll but a little to the north side. On digging down he was rather

puzzled at the depth of the surface soil or black vegetable mould being so much deeper there than he ever found it to be anywhere else. However, he continued digging down, and putting out until he got from 4 to 5 feet from the surface; then he began to cut through decayed wood, which had been layed in horizontal position; and on getting a foot or so below the decayed wood on paring the side of his pit he found some bones and one human skull with its underjaw attached to it and lower down the vertebrae embedded in the earth, showing clearly that the dead had been placed in a sitting posture. In course of digging six skulls were found at a depth of 8 feet he came on a floor of white clay hardened apparently by fire; on this hardened clay some of them on their faces, great numbers of small bones, those of the toes and fingers, an earthen kettle of Indian manufacture with a shell in it, such as are at present living in the river, beaver bones, stone pipes, ornaments made of shells and beads made of the same material.

There is another tumulus from 400 to 500 yards nearly due south from the former; this is by far the largest of the two and is yet untouched, and if circumstances will permit I will make a thorough search into it. I know you take great interest in such things. The Indians dwelling in this part of the country are miserably ignorant of all the traditions of their race; this ignorance can be to some extent pretty satisfactorily accounted for from the well-known fact that this part of the country has often changed its occupiers since the advent of the whites. The Crees were in possession when the first traders found their way to Lake Quinipeg, as they then called it. The Assiniboines succeeded the Crees on their breaking off from their kindred, the Dacotahs. The Saulteaux or Ojibways followed in the wake of the traders from Canada. Chiefly in the last decade of the last century. If ever the Crees or Assiniboines deposited their dead under mounds of earth, they discontinued the practice long before the advent of the whites; otherwise, missionaries and traders must have seen and recorded the custom, or remote traces of it. In the absence of all such testimony we are led to the conclusion that they are monuments of considerable antiquity, for the last half century has made no perceptible change in them and that, that race who reared them and whose remains they cover have passed away, or become absorbed in a race of red men bar-

barous, possessing less energy and industry; for certainly, the present race of red men are in every respect incapable of undergoing the labor necessary to accumulate such heaps of earth. At first sight we are disposed not to think they were erected for the purpose of transmitting to posterity the fame of some renowned warrior, for in the great tumulus on the west side of the river, part of which the river carried away during the flood of '26, the remains of a full grown man and of those who died in tender youth were revealed. Yet such might have been the object of those who raised the monuments; tribes, occupying the country in after ages, when all tradition was lost of the use and purpose for which these mounds were built, might be induced from the facility with which they were able to dig shallow graves into these artificial mounds, which is much looser than the surrounding clay and earth."

From the Wlunipeg Times.

"Mr. John Gunn, M. P. P., has favored the Times with a view of some curious relics of a pre-historic Indian race, which were recently exhumed from a mound in the vicinity of that gentleman's residence on the east bank of the Red river. It will be remembered that last fall Dr. Schultz, M. P., caused some excavations to be made into a mound on the west bank of the Red river, the results of which he described in a letter last November. His excellency the Marquis of Lorne, then governor-general, seeing a re-print of this letter, wrote Dr. Schultz intimating his interest in the subject, and requesting that some of the relics should be forwarded to him; and the excavations made by Mr. Gunn for that purpose reveal a general similarity in the character of these primitive sepulchres and their inmates, with the curious exception that in the mound on the east side of the river a circular flat stone seems to have been placed over the head of each of the dead. The floor of this mound was seven feet below the surface, and the same charred and vitreous floor and ceiling, the same seated postures of the skeletons, and curious absence of weapons of war, were observed in both. The Indians of the neighborhood, though very jealous of any intrusion on their own burial places, seemed to have no care for these ancient sepulchres, and the remains were abstracted with as little opposition as was offered to the theft of the millionaire Stewart's body in New York last fall.

"For those curious in conjecture as to the pre-historic inhabitants of this country, Hon. Dr. Schultz' letter referred to above, is reproduced below, as it appeared in a contemporary:

"Permit me through your columns to correct some of the current absurd rumors as to results of excavations recently made for me in the County of Lisgar. Those of your readers who may have had occasion to travel the river road running through that county will doubtless have noticed the circular elevation between it and the Red river which occurs about three miles below St. Andrew's rapids. From the river face of this mound earth has from time to time fallen, and the bones and ornaments disclosed led to the belief that it was used as a place of sepulchre for the dead of a race far more ancient than the "Ojibways" and "Crees" who lately, or the Assiniboine branch of the "Dakotahs" who formerly occupied this country."

"This mound is one of a group of half a dozen in the vicinity, which are interesting as being farthest north of any of the works of that curious mould-building race, who, for purposes of defence, sepulchre, or worship, built the primitive earth-works which are found along the banks of the chief rivers from the Gulf of Mexico to the great lakes. From the recent excavations, accidental disclosures, the observations of that careful observer, Hon. Donald Gunn, as well as excavations made by the commandant at Fort Pembina last year, I am disposed to believe the mounds in this country all sepulchral in character, and to have been built by a race who came from, or at least bartered with, people of the far south, who possessed the art of making pottery, but who had no acquaintance with the metals, a race of medium stature with crania superior to that of the average Indian of to-day, and possibly to have been a smaller, weaker branch of the race whose interesting relics of early constructive skill are found in such profusion in Ohio and Wisconsin."

"The mounds here have been built near the dwellings of the builders, who employed fire to render them durable. The upper crust of soil seems to have been removed, and on the flattened clay floor, an oven shaped roof of the same material has been erected; intense heat being then applied gave consistency to the arched roof, which if sprinkled with sand would cause the vitreous appearance the roof and floor now show. The dead, placed in rows, were apparently

in a sitting posture, with the hands folded, and the face towards some cardinal point of the compass. Food in earthen dishes was placed before them, and upon them were hung their ornaments. There is, however, in this mound a curious absence of weapons and the skulls show no sign of violence, though in the neighboring fields stone hatchets and war clubs, as well as flint arrow heads have been found. The skeletons show no peculiarity of stature, but the crania differ from those of the Cree and Ojibway branches of the great Algonquins family now found here. The skull now before me is of average Caucasian size, and the well worn teeth show the hard nature of the food. The forehead, though somewhat narrow, is neither low nor receding, orbits well rounded, superciliary ridge low, malar bones only moderately developed, zygomatic arches slight, nasal bones prominent and occiput fairly rounded, and in other peculiarities differing somewhat from the typical skull of many Indian races.

The ornaments consist of necklaces formed of hollow tubes of the soft stone used by the present Indians for pipes, and shells variously cut and pierced for ear-rings, and some from their size suggesting breast ornaments. These shells are not unlike some found here and similar ones sent by the Hon. Donald Gunn to the Smithsonian Institute, were determined to be of a kind found on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. The

pottery, made apparently with the clay of this country was confined to simple forms, one unbroken, one being a small jar, and the remains of food found in them were the bones of the beaver or other small animal with the shells of the present River Molluscs. None of this group of mounds seem to have been connected with others, and the surface appearance is the same with the exception, of course, that on some, large trees are growing. Our own Indians have no traditions at all in regard to them; the implements and ornaments are alike strange to them, and the practice of some of the present and preceding Indians was to dispose of their dead on elevated stages rather than to inter them.

Whence came they then, these quiet sleepers, who with fleshless palms crossed as in mute expectancy might have slept on till the resurrection morn, but for the curiosity which disturbed their rest? What has become of this strange mound-building race, who from the shadow of the Andes to this far north would seem to have traversed the continent? No one knows; and if in our efforts to find a solution of the problem in their tombs their spirits feel aggrieved at the desecration, they may find some comfort in the reflection that the graves of millionaires are equally unsafe in this, the day of our later and boasted civilization."

JOHN SCHULTZ.

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SPEECH

OF

HIS HONOR LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR SCHULTZ,

ON THE OCCASION OF HIS

UNVEILING THE MONUMENT

ERECTED BY THE MANITOBA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, NEAR THE
OLD KING'S HIGHWAY, TO COMMEMORATE THE

Battle of Seven Oaks.

19TH JUNE, 1891.

WINNIPEG:
MANITOBA FREE PRESS PRINT,
1894.

The Manitoba Historical Society, who erected the monument, chose as its site a beautiful spot bordering on the Old Kings Highway, a rifle shot or so north of the Winnipeg City Limits.

From the Free Press of 18th June, 1894.

MR. PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

You have heard from authoritative sources to-day all that relates to the monument before us, and upon that subject I need not touch; but the present seems to me to be an occasion when we should all acknowledge the value of the services which have been rendered to the people of this Province and of the Dominion by the Historical Society of Manitoba; and it is to their great credit that what we see to-day is only one of the many instances I might refer to, where their aid has been of the greatest value in giving permanency to those portions of the history of this country which, already dimmed by time in the memories of living men, are in danger of passing into the realm of vague tradition, or of being wholly lost.

I have been requested by the President and Council of this Society, on the anniversary of the event, to unveil the monument which commemorates it; and while there may be differences of opinion as to the causes which led to the combat and loss of life these stones record, yet everyone present who is familiar with the early history of this country will agree with me that, even apart entirely from these events, this monument stands upon historic ground, and the Society, in determining the site to mark the battle of Seven Oaks, which extended from the grove which gave it its name to near Fort Douglas, was wise, I think, in placing it near this great highway, which traversing as it does this Province from north to south and east to west, is but the enlargement of the trail which connected the great northern waters and woods the home of the Chippewyan and Cree, with the vast prairies of the south and west, where dwelt, differing in dialect only, the divisions of that great and warlike nation, the Dakotahs. I have said that this road,

whether as Indian trail or King's Highway, in old or more recent times, is indeed historic. Over it, in the dim past which antedates even Indian tradition, must have passed these aboriginal inhabitants whose interesting sepulchral remains near St. Andrew's Rapids and elsewhere, excite wonder and stimulate conjecture, and show them to have been of a race superior in many respects to those which succeeded them. Over this road and near this spot must have passed the war parties of the Assiniboines in their futile effort to oppose with arrow, tomahawk and spear, the invading northern and eastern Cree, who had doubtless, when similarly armed, envied in vain the warlike "Stoney" his possession of what was later known as the Image and White Horse Plains, with their countless herds of Bison; and when the earlier possession of fire-arms gave the Cree the ascendancy he sought, and that dread scourge the small-pox, had thinned the Assiniboine ranks, it must have been along this great trail they retreated towards the blue hills of Brandon and to the upper waters of the river which still bears their name. La Verandrye, the first white man who looked on this fair land, must have seen this spot and passed by this trail, and while it was yet a bridle path or cart track, and long before it was known, as it afterwards became, the King's Highway, men who were great in their day and generation and are deservedly still remembered for their important discoveries and their administrative abilities have trodden the path which lies at our feet. Over it has passed discoverer, courier, missionary, arctic voyager, chief, warrior and medicineman, governor, factor, judge, councillor and commander; along it has been carried wampum and tomahawk, message of peace and war. It has heard the rumble of artillery and the steady march of the Sixth of the Line, the Royal Canadian, and the 60th Rifles; and along its course the hard-pressed founders of the Selkirk Settlement alternately struggled southwards in search of food or hurried northward for safety with steps of fear. Over it have travelled the pioneer priests, ministers and bishops of the Roman Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian and Wesleyan churches. The governors of the Hudsons Bay Company have, as well as the lieutenants

of the governors of the Dominion of Canada, all passed this way. Truly this is an historic place; and from the spot where I now stand could once have been seen nearly all of the old historic strongholds of the Hudson Bay, the Northwest and the X. Y. companies. From it may still be seen places made memorable by the good works of the Rev. Mr. West, Bishops Anderson and Provencher, the Rev. John Black and other devoted men: within view are the residences of Hon. John Inkster, the father of our worthy sheriff, a member of the old Council of Assiniboia, and that of my brave and valued old friend, Hon. Robert McBeth, also a member of the Council, and the father of the President of our Historical Society, whose instincts of hospitality were not to be thwarted by the knowledge that confiscation and worse might follow his shelter of a hard-hunted friend; and I see all around me here worthy children of such worthy sires, the descendants of those pioneer Selkirk settlers, whose tale of sorrow, suffering and danger always evokes sympathy and wonder. Mr. President, we are, if I mistake not, near the place where the first plow turned the first furrow—presage of peace, plenty and prosperity—on the eastern verge of that vast prairie which extends to the Rocky Mountains: and having suitably marked the scene of battle, let us bury with the foundations of this monument the feuds, jealousies and strifes of the past which it recalls, and remembering that English and Irish, Scandinavian, German and the descendants of the gallant Gauls and Gaels, as well as those of mixed blood, who have figured so prominently in the annals of this country, are now by the mandate of our Queen, of one country and one people, and while still heirs of the unsullied patriotism and the invincible courage of our colonial and provincial ancestry, and proud of the heroic past, wherein English vied with French in the defence of their common country, we are Canadians all, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and we may look forward with that hope which is justified by the immensity and value of our resources, by the law-abiding, moral and religious character of our people. If we be true to our God and ourselves in the great trust He has imposed upon us, endeavoring to avoid those strifes of race and creed, which it was a great part

of the life work of the great Canadian who now, amid the sorrow of the nation, sleeps with his fathers at Cataraqui, to reconcile, we may be the builders of a nation forming part of an empire greater than any the world has yet seen, and upon this continent to be a Canadian citizen may be even a prouder boast than was that of the citizen of an ancient empire, less great than is ours now, "*Civis Romanus sum*." Mr. President, I have spoken too long, and will now proceed to execute the duty with which your council has entrusted me; and in the name of the contributors to this memorial, in the name of the president, officers and members of the Historical Society of Manitoba, I unveil this monument, which marks the scene of the battle of Seven Oaks, in the hope that when these rocks are seen from the historic path near which it has been placed, and from the railway which passes close by, types in themselves of the change from the old to the new, it will be remembered that as nature has clothed with verdure this spot, once wet with blood, so should we, except as matters of historic interest and record, clothe with forgetfulness all animosities, jealousies, bitternesses and strifes, and turning to the fair prospects before us as an united people and nation, thank Almighty God that the sad past is indeed past, and implore His blessing upon our efforts for a brighter future.

At the close of his remarks His Honor unveiled the monument, the act being greeted with general applause. The monument is of native Selkirk stone, and the workmanship a credit to the designer, Mr. S. Hooper. It stands nine feet six inches in height and its size is four feet at the base. On the top is carved a wreath of flowers. The inscription is on the west side, facing Main street. On the upper portion are carved the words "Seven Oaks"; and beneath is the inscription, "Erected in 1891 by the Manitoba Historical Society, through the generosity of the Countess of Selkirk, on the site of Seven Oaks, where fell Governor Robert Semple and twenty of his officers and men, June 19th, 1816."

NOTE.—The Secretary, Mr. Chas. N. Bell, gave an able historical account of the Battle and excellent speeches were made by the President, Mr. John McBeth, by Honorable Mr. Justice Dubuc, Honorable J. W. Taylor, U. S. Consul, Rev. Canon Matheson and Col. Villiers, D. A. G.

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