

John Clarke

To the Pacific Northwest in 1811

By Chalk Courchane

John Clarke (1781-1852) – My great-great-great-grandmother, Josephte Kanhopitsa's first "husband."

Chalk Courchane

I was nearly done with this piece on John Clarke when I came across his daughter Adele's little booklet "Old Montreal" and it was about her father. I fell in love with her charming writing style and you'll see that her opinion of John Clarke starkly differs from those of the men who had to work with him. But that is good because looking at him through her eyes and that of her mother, we see little things about him that we would not have gleaned from his contemporary fur trade acquaintances' journals or letters. He does not seem to have rubbed elbows with either Jocko Finlay nor Francis Ermatinger. Although I am sure he knew Francis' cousins who lived in Montreal since they were political prominent in that city. Since I found Adele Clarke's book I have added sections of it throughout the story and at the end included Marianne Clarke's recollections except those of her recollections about Switzerland. Of course we must remember that she used terms that we no longer use and offence is not required as there is nothing we can do about it.

"He was born in Montreal in 1781, son of Simon Clarke, innkeeper, and Ann Waldorf. Dictionary of Canadian Biography.

The following is from Chapter One of Adele Clarke's story about her father: Life Story of John Clarke:

She writes "The following account has been written by another hand, from particulars furnished by me:

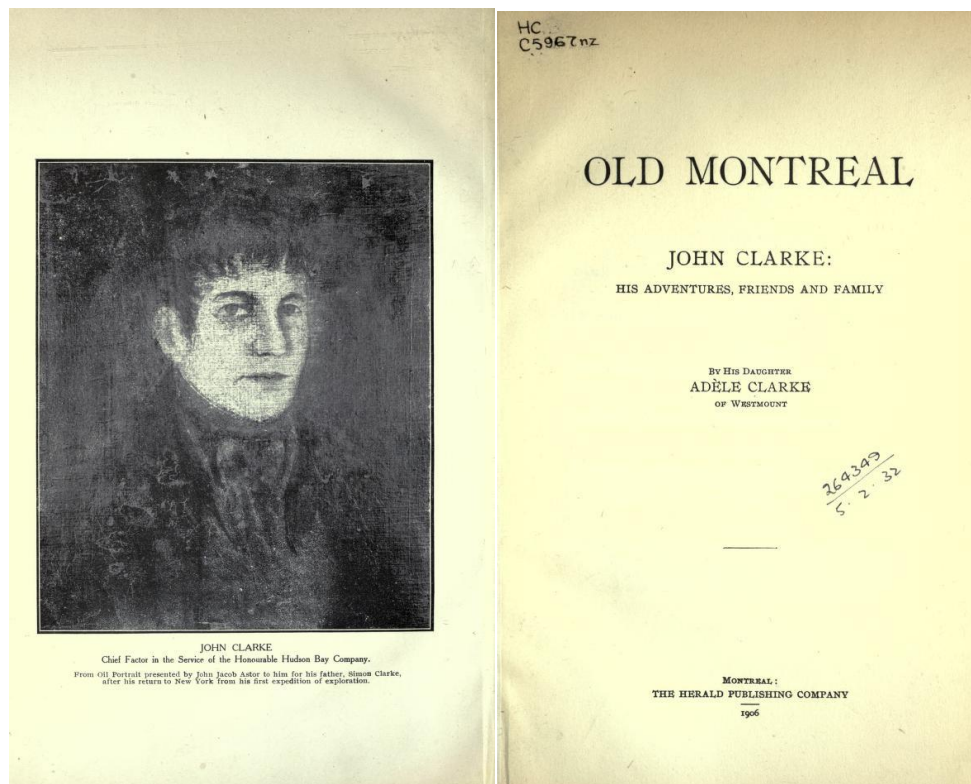
Perhaps fewer interesting stories could be told than that connected with the family of Clarke, who formerly owned all the land from, at least, as far down as St. Catherine Street, to Cote des Neiges, over the Little Mountain. Upon the slope of that mountain at no distant date could be seen the Clarke burying-ground, which was consecrated in the time of Missionary Mountain, afterward Bishop. Four of the family are still living on Clarke Avenue; the widow of John Clarke, at the advanced age of over one hundred years, and three of his children, two daughters and one son.

Synonymous with the name of John" Clarke are the days of fur-trading in the early years of the nineteenth century. The marvellous romances woven about the names of Frobisher, Donald Smith (afterward Lord Strathcona), John George McTavish, McDougall, Stuart, Mackenzie, Selkirk (Lord), Dease, McDonell, and the many others of the fur-trading companies, is woven also about the story of Clarke, who was for many years Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company.

He was born in the year 1781 of Simon and Ann Waldorf Clarke, in the frame house, standing until recently at the corner of Clarke Avenue and Cote St. Antoine Road. This house was built by his father, Simon Clarke, and at the time it was destroyed was probably one hundred and fifty years old. He was one of a large family, and at the age of eighteen left home for the Northwest, to join those who were opening up and exploring the country, for the purpose of establishing fur-trading stations. Bryce, in his early history of the Hudson's Bay Company, p. 388, gives the following account of an exploit of his, when he was about nineteen years of age: "Northward the course of the fur-traders' empire has continually made its way. Leaving Great Slave Lake four years before the close of the eighteenth century, along the course of Alexander Mackenzie's earlier exploration, Duncan Livingstone, a North-West Company trader, built the first fort on the river, eighty miles north of the lake. Three years later, the trader, his three French-Canadian voyageurs, and Indian interpreter, were basely killed by the Eskimos on the lower Mackenzie River. A year or two afterwards a party of fur-traders under John Clarke, started on an expedition of exploration and retaliation down the river, but again the fury of the Eskimos was aroused. In truth, had it not been for a storm of fair wind which favored them, the traders would not have escaped with their lives."

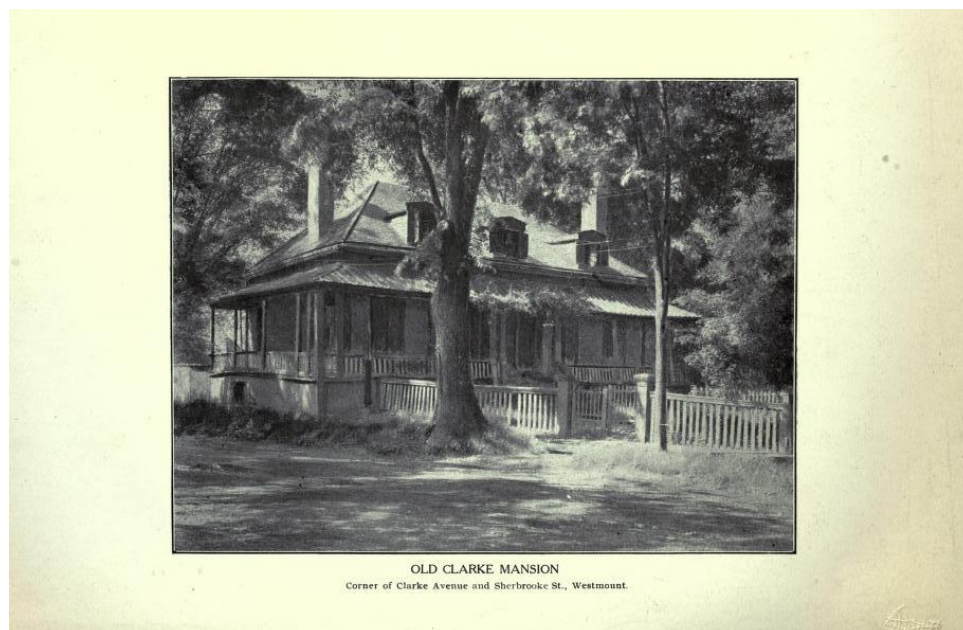
By this it was evident that he was even then unconsciously preparing himself for the task that was to be his, of joining in one of the most romantic and interesting expeditions and projects of that period." Adele Clarke

He was described in the book "Astoria" by Washington Irving, as "a tall, good looking man, and somewhat given to pomp and circumstance which made him an object of note in the eyes of the wandering savages" ""Genealogy of John Clarke The Fur Trader, His Descendants and Related Families" (a work in progress) by Patricia Jo Bowers-Kern.



John Jacob Astor had this painting done for the Clarke family.

<http://www.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~qcmtl-w/ClarkeJohn.html>



From Adele Clarke's Chapter Two: The Old House at Cote St. Antoine (Westmount).

"The old house shown in the illustration stood for one hundred and fifty years at what is now the corner of Cote St. Antoine Road and Clarke Avenue, and was a familiar landmark to past generations of Montrealers.

This quaint old house sat in a delightful rambling garden, with a great cherry orchard on the slope behind for a background, and was renowned for the hospitality of its owner and of its inmates. The orchard in season was a mass of lovely white blossoms. Often on summer evenings, an old lady, in a high-backed chair, sat under the wide-spreading trees, intent on knitting, while her husband opposite busied himself reading to her. The couple were Mr. Simon Clarke and his wife, formerly Miss Waldorf, born at Neuchatel in Switzerland. What would they think of their once beautiful home if they could see it now? The flower garden in front is now a sward; the house is torn down; and on the slope of the Mountain, the site of the orchard is replaced by Montrose Avenue and surrounding streets and private grounds.

From that happy home their eldest son, the late John Clarke, started at the age of eighteen, fresh from college, to pay a visit to John Jacob Astor, then a resident of New York. His father and mother, to their great surprise, received a letter from John, informing them that he had an offer from Mr. Astor, which he would accept if they would give their consent.

"I wish you could see," the letter reads, "what perfect confidence Mr. Astor has in me. He is sure it would be successful. I am to start at once at his own expense, outfitted with one hundred men and four cannon, and myself the commander. I am no longer your little boy 'Johnny,' but a great, big man, and I hope to come back and see you all again."

Having received the consent of his parents, he started off on this very serious undertaking for one so young; and, within the year, led the first party of white men across the Rocky Mountains."

He entered the service of the Northwest Company in 1800 at the age of nineteen as a clerk." Catholic Church Records of the Pacific Northwest; Harriet D. Munnick; Binford & Mort; Portland, Oregon; St. Paul; p.A.11; Vancouver; pp.A-10,A-36,A-42; St. Louis; p.7; B-5. John Clarke joined the North West Company as an apprentice clerk on January 17, 1800, and that spring he journeyed from Montreal to Grand Portage (near Grand Portage, Minn.) in the same NWC party as Daniel Williams Harmon. After three hectic weeks at Grand Portage, Clarke left for Athabasca in July with John Finlay and Alexander Henry the younger. Dictionary of Canadian Biography, (Jennifer S. H. Brown), W. Stewart Wallace, MacMillan Co. of Canada, Toronto, 1945

In 1802 he established the North West Company post at Pierre au Calumet (north of Fort McMurray, Alberta) on the Athabasca River; he served at Fort Vermilion (near Fort Vermilion, Alberta) on the Peace River in 1804-5 and in 1809 was placed in charge of Fort St John (near Fort St John, B.C.), farther up the river. This promotion, however, did not work out successfully, and Clarke left the North West Company, returning to Montreal in the spring of 1810. A colleague, George Keith, wrote shortly afterwards that "latterly, his conduct in this country was rather reprehensible. . . . A little elevation is apt to dazzle and make us sometimes forget the previous footing we were on." From SIMPSON'S ATHABASCA JOURNAL, Vol.1, pp-433-435, E.E. Rich, The Hudson's Bay Company Record Society, London, 1938, and Dictionary of Canadian Biography

"In 1810 he left the North West Company and joined the Pacific Fur Company and led the second expedition to Fort Astoria in 1811,(see Pacific Northwest Quarterly, July 1948, page 184) he established himself at Spokane House on the Spokane River in opposition to James McMillan of the North West Company." Catholic Church Records of the Pacific Northwest; Harriet D. Munnick; Binford & Mort;

Portland, Oregon; St. Paul; p.A.11; Vancouver; pp.A-10,A-36,A-42; St. Louis; p.7; B-5. It was here that he took Josephine Kanhopitsa as a wife.

“Later that year [1810], possibly aided by maternal ties with John Jacob Astor, Clarke became a partner in Astor’s Pacific Fur Company and in October 1811 he was in charge of the PFC party, including Ross Cox, that left New York aboard the Beaver, reaching Fort Astoria (Astoria, Oregon) in May 1812.” Dictionary of Canadian Biography, Jennifer S. H. Brown, W. Stewart Wallace, MacMillan Co. of Canada, Toronto, 1945.

“The Beaver cleared New York harbor on October 13, 1811. Among the passengers were six clerks destined for service in Astor's posts in the Northwest, which Astor presumed were being built. One of the clerks was Ross Cox, who was to write a famous and controversial book about Astoria. Another clerk was George Erminger, the son-in-law of Astor's sister Catherine. Also on board was John Clarke, an ex-North West Company trader, whom Astor had made partner in the Pacific Fur Company. Clarke was said to be distantly related to Astor. His Mother was a German whose maiden name had been Waldorf.” “Furs by Astor” by John Upton Terrell, page 189.

In 1812 established Spokane House on Spokane River. Late that June he and a small party travelled up the Columbia River to build the post in opposition to the NWC’s Spokane House (near Spokane, Wash.) on the Spokane River, and that winter the competition for furs between Clarke and the NWC clerk, James McMillan, was fierce.

“A few months later, on May 10, 1812, partner John Clarke arrived at Astoria with additional men and supplies in the ship Beaver. Soon thereafter, Clarke was sent with 32 men to establish a post on the Spokane River to compete with the North West Company’s Spokane House. It was not uncommon for competing trading companies to set up next door to each other. In Canada, North West Company and Hudson’s Bay Company outposts were often found side by side. The traders realized they were competing for the same furs regardless of their physical proximity, and they were often social friends, even if business rivals, who welcomed the companionship. Like its Canadian counterpart, Fort Spokane consisted of a number of buildings within a stockade; the American post even boasted a dance hall. John Jacob Astor's Pacific Fur Company establishes Fort Spokane in 1812.” HistoryLink.org Essay 5101, Kit Oldham, January 23, 2003

"John Clarke was to winter in Spokane. June 29, all set out for the interior. All traveled together to Walla Walla and separated. Dave Stuart arrived at the Okanagan Aug. 12, left Alexander Ross in charge, and went on to Thompson River. Clarke reached the Spokane River with clerk Pillet McLennan, Farham and Cox, and commenced the construction of a trading house". "Furs by Astor" by John Upton Terrell, "Furs by Astor" by John Upton Terrell, pages 211 and 212.

"At a spot for the post was an attractive parcel of land lying between the Spokane and the Little Spokane rivers. Supervised by John Clarke, Astor's partner and future Bourgeois, or resident-to-be under whom the brigade had made its way from the mouth of the Columbia River. Shortly Clarke was able to point with pride to the new establishment with its 70-foot mess hall, 80 foot

warehouse and comfortable log dwelling of four rooms and a kitchen for his personal use.” John Clarke from the Book: "Spokane Story" by Fargo

The instability of American control on the Pacific Northwest coast during the War of 1812 forced the sale of the entire PFC operation based at Fort Astoria to the NWC in October 1813, a transfer negotiated by Duncan McDougall, an Astorian and former Nor'Wester. Clarke spent the winter of 1813–14 in the employ of the NWC at Fort Astoria (renamed Fort George), under the command of John McDonald of Garth. The following summer he travelled overland with the NWC brigade to the Canadas in company with two other former Astorians, Donald McKenzie and Gabriel Franchère”. Dictionary of Canadian Biography, Jennifer S. H. Brown, W. Stewart Wallace, MacMillan Co. of Canada, Toronto, 1945



"When the War of 1812 began between the U.S. and Britain word was received that the Isaac Todd would soon be at the Columbia and the Canadians trading under the American Flag would find themselves in great trouble, McKenzie and McDonald decided Astoria would have to be given up so they sent messages upriver to the various forts. In response John Clarke and David Stuart came down to Astoria June 1813. "In January of 1813 Duncan McDougall at once ordered his own men to stop all trading except for food. McKenzie sped back up-river to order Clarke and David Stuart to close their posts. Neither Stuart nor Clarke took seriously the idea of closing such profitable posts. Though they agreed to meet Donald McKenzie at the mouth of the Walla Walla River to return to Astoria together, they carried only their pelt packs with them. Both left their posts open and men behind to conduct trade". June 20, 1813 David Stuart and his companions, set out together from Astoria, under the command of John Clarke, numbering sixty-two persons.” Young Men So Daring" by Bobbs Merrill

“Later on Mackenzie, who had been unfortunate in his explorations, went to Clarke's post to discuss the matter with him, and hold a consultation. While the two partners were in conference in Mr. Clarke's wigwam, an unexpected visitor came hustling in upon them. This was Mr. John George McTavish, a partner of the North-West Company, who had charge of rival trading posts established in that neighborhood. Mr. McTavish told them that war had been declared, and showed them President Madison's proclamation. He also told them an armed ship, the Isaac Todd, was to be at the mouth of the Columbia about the beginning of March, to get possession of the trade of the river.” Adele Clarke

At the amalgamation of the N.W.C. with the Pacific Fur Co. Clarke declined to re-enter the North West Company, and at Colin Robertson's instance he joined the service of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1814 at a salary of £400.

"Thompson had followed the route that the Astorian Ross Cox was to cover two years later when he rode the 80 miles from Astor's Fort Spokane in remarkable time of eight hours on the legendary Le Bleu, a white palouser (Appaloosa) horse with "sky blue" spots. Le Bleu was owned by the roguish John Clarke who was to found the Astor post in 1812." From *The Original Northwesters David Thompson and the Natives of North America*, Roland Bond.

"Cox was still with Clarke at Spokane House in the Spring of 1813, when word was received from the trader among the Flatheads that he was out of goods, including that supreme necessity, tobacco, and in danger of losing the Flathead's furs to Finan McDonald of the North West. Mounting a locally famous racer named Le Bleu, Cox made a seventy-two mile trip to the Clark Fork with tobacco in record time, and secured the Flathead trade.

If the annals of the Fur Trade convey a true interpretation of Clarke's character, he indubitably was one of the most bumptious and irresponsible men in North America. In charge at Fort Spokane from the time it was completed in the winter of 1812 until it was relinquished to the North West Co. in 1813, Clarke had been involved in the wanton killing of a native at Fort Nez Perces at the mouth of the Snake, even while he was on his way to Spokane." From *THE ORIGINAL NORTHWESTER-DAVID THOMPSON AND THE NATIVE TRIBES OF NORTH AMERICA*-Rowland Bond. See "The Rainbow Seeker's - KXLY-1974 - pp.7,8,& 26 for articles on Ross Cox, Clarke's hanging of a Spokane Indian, and Le Bleu). Clarke also ran into difficulties with the Indians. During the return trip to Fort Astoria with his furs in the spring of 1813, he hanged an Indian for stealing a silver goblet, thus obliging his party to flee from attackers seeking revenge.

"On June 1, 1813, near the mouth of the Palouse River, Astorian John Clarke (1781-1852) sentences a Palus Indian to hang for stealing a goblet.

The Astorian brigade, leading 28 packhorses laden with furs collected over the winter at Spokane House, arrived at the mouth of the Palouse River on May 30. Nine months earlier, the furmen had stopped here after canoeing up the Columbia and Snake rivers from Fort Astoria. Finding a Palus village near the confluence, they had purchased horses for the journey overland to Spokane House and had cached their canoes nearby, entrusting them the care of the Palus chief. On their return trip to the coast the next spring, they planned to switch the fur bundles from the horses to the canoes for the run downriver.

Upon learning that the boats were all safe, John Clarke, the Pacific Fur Company partner in charge of the brigade, rewarded the chief with a gift of ammunition and tobacco. Some of the canoes needed minor repairs, and while these were being taken care of, the Astorians pitched camp near the Palus village. After setting up his tent, John Clarke apparently unpacked one of his prize possessions.

“Washington Irving (1783-1859), who had access to primary sources no longer extant, wrote that Clarke: He was stately, too, in his appointments, and had a silver goblet or drinking cup, out of which he would drink with a magnificent air" (Irving, 448). One source, who was not present but heard of the incident soon afterward, maintained that Clarke treated the chief and some of the prominent Palus men to a drink:

"The chief was delighted, and turning the goblet over and over in his hands, and looking at it with intense interest, handed it over to the next great man, and he to another, and so on till, like the pipe of peace, it had gone round the whole circle. The precious curiosity was then laid aside, and the Indians retired" (Ross, 212).

As was his habit before retiring, Clarke replaced the goblet in a large chest that he kept in his tent. Irving suggested that some of the tribesmen, noticing the great care with which the goblet was handled, "like a relic in its shrine, concluded that it must be a "great medicine" (Irving, 449).

According to Ross Cox (1793-1853), a young clerk in the party, "Our tents were pitched close to the village, and not suspecting any dishonesty on the part of the natives, we kept no watch the first night. Our confidence, however, was misplaced, for in the morning we discovered that a daring robbery had been committed during the night" (Cox, 117). Apparently Clarke had forgotten to lock the chest the night before, and upon awakening discovered that "the sacred casket was open -- the precious relic gone!" (Irving, 449).

After searching the entire camp with no success, Clarke concluded that the goblet had been stolen by someone from the Palus village. He "immediately assembled the principal Indians, told them of the robbery, declared if the property were returned, he would pardon the offender, but added, if it were not and that he should find the thief, he would hang him. The chief, with several others, promised they would use their best exertions to discover the delinquent and bring back the property; but the day passed over without tidings of either" (Cox, 118).

When the goblet had not been returned by nightfall, Clarke ordered two sentinels to keep a sharp lookout through the night. "Shortly after midnight they observed the figure of a man creeping slowly out of one of the tents, and carrying with him a bundle of clothes, a powder horn, &c. They silently watched his progress, until they saw him in the act of jumping into a small canoe, and seized him" (Cox, 118).

After searching the canoe and finding the silver goblet along with other stolen items, Clarke resolved to carry out his threatened punishment.

The next morning, June 1, Clarke "assembled the chief and all the Indians of the village, and made a short speech, in which he told them that the prisoner had abused his confidence, violated the rights of hospitality, and committed an offense for which he ought to suffer death; that from an anxiety to keep on good terms with all their nation, he had overlooked many thefts committed while he had been there last August; which lenity, he was sorry to say, had only led to more daring acts of robbery,

and that as a terror to others, and in order to show that it was not fear that prevented him for taking an earlier notice of such aggressions, he had now resolved that this robber should be hanged" (Cox, 118).

Ross Cox maintained in his memoir that the Palus elders acquiesced in the decision, claiming that the man did not belong to their tribe, but clerk Alfred Seton (1793-1859), who met the party two days later, recorded in his journal that many of the Astorians were opposed to Clarke's actions. He was also told by first-hand observers that the Palus leaders begged Clarke to spare the thief's life, "desiring he might be whipped or any thing done to him but taking away his life" (Seton, 115).

But Clarke remained inexorable, being "a firm believer in the doctrine of intimidation" (Irving, 449). After ordering his men to erect a scaffold from the culprit's lodgepoles, he appointed one of his clerks as executioner. Alexander Ross (1783-1856) was told by participants that the culprit "was told of his fate; but he kept smiling, thinking himself, according to Indian custom, perfectly safe; for the moment the stolen article is returned to the rightful owner, according to the maxims of Indian law, the culprit is exonerated. Mr. Clarke, however, thought otherwise, and like Herod of old, for the sake of his oath considered himself bound to put his threat into execution, and therefore instantly commanded the poor, unsuspecting wretch to be hung. The Indians all the time could not believe that the whites were in earnest, till they beheld the lifeless body. The deed was, however, no sooner committed than Mr. Clarke grew alarmed. The chief, throwing down his robe on the ground, a sign of displeasure, harangued his people, who immediately after mounted their fleetest horses, and scampered off in all directions" (Ross, 213).

Perhaps realizing the vulnerability of his position, Clarke hurried his men into the canoes and embarked down the Snake. When they reached the Walla Walla River three days later, they met other members of the Pacific Fur Company who were assembling for the trip to the coast. Clarke told the other Astorians of the robbery and "the signal punishment he had inflicted, evidently expecting to excite their admiration by such a hardy act of justice, performed in the very midst of the Indian country, but was mortified at finding it strongly censured as inhuman, unnecessary, and likely to provoke hostilities" (Irving, 451).

Alfred Seton, who was on the scene for Clarke's recital, wrote that "this action was very much blamed by the Company, & will no doubt in the end be productive of bad consequences, if we consider only the policy of the thing; but when humanity is considered, it is a dreadful crime & no doubt one of these days it will weigh heavily on the conscience of the actor" (Seton, 115)." By Jack and Claire Nisbet, December 30, 2010, HistoryLink.org.; and *Indians of the Pacific Northwest: A History*, by Robert H. Ruby, John Arthur Brown; *Handbook of North American Indians*, V. 12, Plateau, by William C. Sturtevant, Walker, Deward E., Jr.; *Pioneer days of Oregon History*, Volume 1, by Samuel Asahel Clarke; *America's Last Wild Horses: The Classic Study of the Mustangs--Their Pivotal Role in the History of the West, Their Return to the Wild, and the Ongoing Efforts to Preserve Them*, by Hope Ryden.

"The ensuing monograph will be found of considerable interest to those who take pleasure in reading of the early fur traders or of the past three generations of Montrealers. To them the name of Clarke will be familiar. Washington Irving refers to John Clarke in Astoria," where he connects him with the story of the famous Silver Cup, and attaches some blame to him for a certain alleged imprudence of disposition in treating with Indians. But it must be remembered that Irving wrote without personal knowledge, and the material in possession of Mr. Clarke's

family vindicates him completely. He seems to have been a very energetic, courageous and capable leader.” His daughter Adele Clarke writes this in the Preface of *Old Montreal, John Clarke: His Adventures, Friends and Family* by His Daughter Clarke of Westmount.

"A handsome man with handsome ways, Clarke naturally attracted Indian attention wherever he went. At a small stream where he stopped to trap, on his way to a rendezvous, a band of Nez Perce already camped there watched his every move. What really held their eyes was the magnificent air with which he drank from a silver cup, and then return it to a locked box. They were sure that cup must be something very precious." *Young Men So Daring* by Bobbs Merrill

Adele Clarke writes: "After my father's first expedition, he returned to New York and reported to Mr. Astor, who received him with great warmth and feted him; he could not do enough for the "young man from the North." He had a portrait taken of his youthful friend; also one which he sent as a present to my grandfather; he also presented him with a diamond brooch, two diamond studs, and a cane studded with jewels."

"Mr. Astor desired to retain him in the service and made him a very tempting offer of a partnership in the company, which he did not immediately accept, desiring to visit his home in Cote St. Antoine, before making any definite engagement. He then took his departure from New York and arrived in Montreal just in time to attend the marriage of his two sisters in the old house. One was married to Major Rainford, and the other to Captain Johnson, by the Rev. Mr. Mountain, afterwards Bishop Mountain. Major Rainford was aide-de-camp to Lord Selkirk, and Capt. Johnson was aide-de-camp to the Governor of Lower Canada. The latter was of the family of Sir John Johnson, the second Baronet, son of the famous Colonial General, Sir William Johnson.

Having been presented to Lord Selkirk, who was not unaware of the services Mr. Clarke had rendered the American Fur Co., His Lordship, who was setting out to found the Red River Settlement, exclaimed: "You are just the man we want, and we cannot spare you. Tell Mr. Astor you cannot return to him because we claim you, you belong to us." My father could not refuse; but it was with the greatest reluctance that he returned to inform Mr. Astor, who was much disappointed at the decision he arrived at, to leave the service of the American Company. He assured him, however, of his continued friendship, and gave him a letter in which he says if ever my father wanted a friend he would be a friend to him. The late Mr. Robert McKay, afterwards Judge McKay, who knew all about the old Norwesters, his father having been of their number, found this very letter, which was written on pink paper, among my father's papers just after he died. In handing it to me, Mr. McKay said: "Take care of this letter." We have consequently preserved it carefully.

My father having returned to his home at Cote St. Antoine, now Westmount, to spend a few weeks with his parents, received an appointment in the service of the Hudson's Bay Co., as Chief Factor, and left for the Northwest, taking with him the charter of the company, and his seal of office, bearing the effigy of King Charles II. Three clerks and ten Canadian voyageurs accompanied him. The names of the three clerks were Messrs. Alex. Robertson, McLaren and Girard. He also took along an Indian interpreter, named Gont (or Goule).

After many days in the wilds, the expedition reached Fort William, where they were heartily received. It was the post where Chief Factors assembled to make their plans. The Chief Factors whom he met at the post were the Honorable Donald McTavish, Sir James Keith, Messrs. Archibald Macdonald (McDonald), [John Warren or Peter] Dease, McAllister, and Allan Macdonell. All these gentlemen, with one exception, were from the land of the heather. Mr. Dease was a son of Erin.

During the long deliberations which preceded the selection of the different routes, which the parties were severally to follow, the experience which my father had gained in his former expedition over the Rocky Mountains, enabled him to suggest a course that would lead directly to the point from which the different parties could separate on their way to their respective posts. The suggestion was unanimously adopted, and the name of Clarke's Crossing was given to the point so chosen. It is now a station on the Canadian Pacific Railway, about 170 miles north of Regina.

Sir James Keith started with his men to the post already established by him, with goods and ammunition. He proceeded three hundred miles up a river and established another post. My father conducted his little band up the Lewis River to the mouth of a small stream running in from the north, which the voyageurs named the Pavion. At this point an encampment of forty tents was established.

This was in the country of the Nez-Perce Indians, who lived by fishing and digging roots in the summer, and hunting deer on snowshoes in winter. From this encampment, having established friendly intercourse with the Indians, the party set out for the lower fort, one of the Hudson's Bay Company's trading posts.

"It was growing dusk when I reached the lower fort," said my father, in an account he gave of this expedition. "My canoe-men stood ready at the hour at which I was to have joined them, but as I had not arrived on time, they began to think something had befallen me. After a hasty supper and a farewell to my kindly host of the lower fort, I rejoined my crew and stepped into the frail canoe of painted bark, which stood restive on the edge of the racing tide. My canoemen gave expression to their satisfaction at my safe return by one of those shouts so characteristic of the Canadian voyageurs. Then, raising their paddles high in the air for the first dip, they gave a parting call, and like an arrow the canoe shot out into the current, the crew singing gaily:

Ou irons-nous,
La ridondaine !

Ce soir couche* ?
La ridonde" !

CHORUS :

Ou irons-nous ce soir couche f
Ou irons-nous ce soir couche f

A la maison

La ridondaine !

Accoutume'e,
La ridonde* !

CHORUS :

A la maison accoutumee
A la maison accoutumee

Et nous aurons
La ridondaine !

De quoi souper
La ridonde" !

CHORUS :

Et nous aurons de quoi souper
Et nous aurons de quoi souper.

Le lendemain
La ridondaine !

A de'jeuner,
La ridonde" !

CHORUS :

Le lendemain a dejeuner
Le lendemain a dejeuner.

"It is at the portages that the Canadian voyageur exhibits his most valuable qualities, carrying heavy burdens on land and water, over rocks and precipices, not only without complaining, but, on the contrary, with the greatest cheerfulness and alacrity, joking and laughing, and singing scraps of old French ditties, faint and distant echoes of Brittany and Normandy.

"When the day light fades away and darkness steals over the landscape, the voyageurs encamp for the night, and so at the foot of a high bank on the riverside, where the party pitched their tents, we shall leave them for the present."

My father lived almost all his early years in the North, as did the gentlemen already mentioned, in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. I may say he gave all his days to the service; and I

have often listened when a very young girl with the greatest delight to the thrilling narratives of his voyages among the red men.” Adele Clarke

"Chief Factor John Clarke's unsteady judgment and character whose record in the various companies he served---the Pacific Fur Company, the North West Company, and the Hudson's Bay Company--is marked by a succession of unpleasant incidents." From FUR TRADE AND EMPIRE- Frederick Merk, footnote.

“In 1814, John Clarke was sent out, by way of Methye Portage, to build Fort Wedderburn on an island right in front of Fort Chipewyan. This was an invasion of sorts and a recipe for violence. After all, the Bay had no charter to trade outside of the Hudson's Bay watershed. The Nor'westers had discovered, mapped and settled the Peace River and opened its trails and waterways to traffic. The war was on! Quietly at first, violently later, the "Canadians" (the Nor'westers) simply saw to it that the hated "English" got no food and no furs from the Indians.

Clarke had orders to open a shorter route than the long loop around Chipewyan into the Sagitawa-Dunvegan area. He was sent from Ile-a-la-Crosse down a route mapped by Turnor or Fidler which looked good on paper. It led down a shallow, winding river to Lac la Biche, from which the La Biche River ran to the Athabasca, then upstream past the site of present-day Athabasca Town to Lesser Slave River, where Mirror Landing became famous second only to Methye Portage. The Lesser Slave River looked like an enticing chain of lakes leading to 75 miles of open water where a sail could give rest to the oarsmen of the heavy York boats, mass produced by the Bay.

A Hudson Bay trader named Decoigne got to the Western end of the lake and built a small post under the startled gaze of Nor'Wester Hugh Gillis who was stationed there only five days out from Dunvegan.

In practice, narrow sluggish rivers that petered out in dry seasons, muskegs, numerous portages, storms on the lakes, and mosquitoes made the route less than attractive. To get to Fort Chipewyan, one had to run the formidable Grand Rapids on the Athabasca. Trade did not thrive. In addition, the Nor'westers were related by marriage, "after the fashion of the country" to the most of the prominent Indian families. The open warfare that followed nearly bankrupted both companies before amalgamation took place in 1821 under the Hudson's Bay Company flag.²⁻⁰¹⁴:

JOHN CLARKE AND THE LESSER SLAVE LAKE TRAIL, by Dorthea Calverley, <http://www.calverley.ca/Part%2002%20-%20Fur%20Trade/2-014.html>

Mr. Astor desired to retain him in the service and made him a very tempting offer of a partnership in the company, which he did not immediately accept, desiring to visit his home in Cote St. Antoine, before making any definite engagement. He then took his departure from New York and arrived in Montreal just in time to attend the marriage of his two sisters in the old house. One was married to Major Rainford, and the other to Captain Johnson, by the Rev. Mr. Mountain, afterwards Bishop Mountain. Major Rainford was aide-de-camp to Lord Selkirk, and Capt. Johnson was aide-de-camp to the Governor of Lower Canada. The latter was of the family of Sir John Johnson, the second Baronet, son of the famous Colonial General, Sir William Johnson.

Having been presented to Lord Selkirk, who was not unaware of the services Mr. Clarke had rendered the American Fur Co., His Lordship, who was setting out to found the Red River Settlement, exclaimed: "You are just the man we want, and we cannot spare you. Tell Mr. Astor you cannot return to him because we claim you, you belong to us." My father could not refuse; but it was with the greatest reluctance that he returned to inform Mr. Astor, who was much disappointed at the decision he arrived at, to leave the service of the American Company. He assured him, however, of his continued friendship, and gave him a letter in which he says if ever my father wanted a friend he would be a friend to him. The late Mr. Robert McKay, afterwards Judge McKay, who knew all about the old Norwesters, his father having been of their number, found this very letter, which was written on pink paper, among my father's papers just after he died. In handing it to me, Mr. McKay said: "Take care of this letter." We have consequently preserved it carefully.

My father having returned to his home at Cote St. Antoine, now Westmount, to spend a few weeks with his parents, received an appointment in the service of the Hudson's Bay Co., as Chief Factor, and left for the Northwest, taking with him the charter of the company, and his seal of office, bearing the effigy of King Charles II. Three clerks and ten Canadian voyageurs accompanied him. The names of the three clerks were Messrs. Alex. Robertson, McLaren and Girard.

He also took along an Indian interpreter, named Gont.

"Clarke turned down a commission with the Indian Department before accepting a handsome contract with the Hudson's Bay Company in 1815. Colin Robertson recruited him, at an initial salary of £400, for the HBC expedition aimed at countering the NWC's trading activity in the Athabasca country. The party left Terrebonne, Lower Canada, for the interior in May and, after Robertson retired from the expedition at Jack River House (Man.) in July, Clarke was chosen as his replacement by HBC officers Thomas Thomas and James Bird. From early fall the HBC party faced difficulties. A skirmish with the Nor'Westers at Cumberland House (Sask.) was followed by an amicable exchange of prisoners. Food ran short beyond Île-à-la-Crosse as the NWC diverted Indian provisioners from Clarke's path. In October he established Fort Wedderburn on an island in Lake Athabasca, across from the NWC's Fort Chipewyan (Alta). He then took five canoes up the Peace River hoping to winter near Fort Vermilion, but NWC men John McGillivray and William McIntosh succeeded in cutting off his supplies. After three men died of starvation at Loon River (Alta) and another 13 while trying to make their way back to Fort Wedderburn, Clarke was obliged to surrender his goods to McIntosh in exchange for provisions. Although Fort Wedderburn survived what Clarke labelled the NWC's "starving system," there were no returns to compensate for the great expenses incurred." Dictionary of Canadian Biography, Jennifer S. H. Brown. W. Stewart Wallace, MacMillan Co. of Canada, Toronto, 1945.

In 1815 he became superintendent of the Athabasca District for Hudson's Bay Co. and his lack of judgment resulted in the death of 16 men, a woman, and a child who starved to death during a mission on Peace River. This was documented by the highly responsible H.F. Wentzel in his journal ("Bourgeois"). George Keith, a North Wester, reported in 1817 that Clarke came to

Fort Chipewyan with a brigade in 10 canoes and "never did a set of men behave with such imbecility."

"In the fall of 1815 John Clarke was sent west by the Bay with a force of nearly a hundred men. Spies reported their progress as soon as they left Lake Winnipeg. Clarke reached Ile-a-la-Crosse, Bay territory, from which he dispatched a lieutenant, Decoigne, to set up Fort Waterloo in 1816 almost under Hugh Gillis' nose on Lesser Slave Lake. He held it only during the winter of 1816-17 because the Indians were effectively prevented from trading with him for food or furs.

Meanwhile, Clarke was pressing on towards a notable battle with Samuel Black, who was then in charge of the little known Fort, Horseshoe House, just east of present-day Notikewin. Clarke had hoped to get meat from the country, but the Indians and as much game as possible had been chased back from the river. He did manage, half-starving, to reach Lake Athabasca and build a little House, Fort Wedderburn, on Potato Island in the lake almost under the palisades of the Northwest stronghold, Fort Chipewyan. It would be almost as much as an Indian's life was worth to be observed from the bastion dealing with the invaders. Actual starvation stared Clarke's party in the face, since the winter turned so terribly cold that even the Nor'westers were feeling it. Clarke sent some of his men back to Lesser Slave Lake while he himself led fifty men farther up the Peace towards Fort Vermilion. It looked like a foolish move, as they had only one Cree hunter to provide meat, while Chipewyan had access to the fisheries on the Lake -- that is, in theory.

Clarke was a brave and desperate man, but MacGillivray sent a party ahead to Vermilion. Clarke, taking only three canoes, tried a desperate gamble -- racing to Vermilion to get supplies to take back to the others. He failed. Now he tried a last desperate move, trying to walk upriver to find Indians who were not in control of the Bay. At Horseshoe House, after four days without food, and meeting not a single Indian, he hoped to buy supplies.

But Black was in charge there. MacGregor says that "he (Clarke) had the satisfaction of a fight with Black". The record does not show who won but it would have been an interesting battle in spite of Clarke's starvation. "Black -- huge and heavily armed -- must have played cat-and-mouse with the weakened man, but roughed him up considerably, in an environment of no-holds-barred frontier fisticuffs." Clarke survived and undertook another desperate struggle to get provisions to the men he had left behind when he embarked for Vermilion. He did so, only to find that they had capitulated to the Northwesters. They set out for Fort Wedderburn, but only three survived. Clarke lived for several weeks on reships [?] before he, too, surrendered what trade goods he had left for safe conduct to Fort Wedderburn. Even MacGillivray of the Northwesters wrote in admiration of "Clarke's perseverance". To have escaped from Black, he must have reduced that worthy to a beaten and bloody pulp - a reputation that Black would have to live down, and hardly matching the legends that grew up thanks to Governor Simpson's spite and hatred. It is more likely, in view of later descriptions of him, that he just decided that he had administered punishment enough to the luckless Clarke." From 2-015: SAMUEL BLACK, THE UNKNOWN EXPLORER OF THE FINLAY RIVER By Dortha Calverley, <http://www.calverley.ca/Part%2002%20-%20Fur%20Trade/2-015.html>

"On behalf of the HBC, John Clarke established Fort Wedderburn on Coal Island to challenge the NWC's Fort Chipewyan." The Metis in Alberta, <http://archive.is/9jmc>

"The Hudson's Bay Company's penetration into Athabasca was resumed in 1815, under the energetic leadership of a veteran of the Fur trade, the American John Clarke, whose past experience in the service of the North West Company and later of the Pacific Fur Company of John Jacob Astor, had made him familiar with life in the most distant regions of the Northwest, with all its difficulties and its violence." After building Fort Wedderburn and garrisoning it with 14 men, "Clarke detached a group of thirteen men in the direction of Great Slave Lake to build a post there. He himself took the lead in the most important expedition and, at the head of fifty-four men, ascended the Peace River with the aim of establishing a series of posts to provide supplies of meat, while a smaller group of voyageurs was sent to establish the post of Berens House upriver on the Athabasca. --- Before Clarke's expedition succeeded in reaching the hunting grounds of the Peace River, it was forced by starvation to capitulate and give in to the Northwesters. The expedition to Great Slave Lake met a familiar fate. Only the positions of Fort Wedderburn and Berens House remained in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company." From *Metis in the Canadian West* - vol.1,p-204, Marcel Giraud (translated by George Woodcock) University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln & London-1986.

The Athabasca campaign of 1816–17 was also obstructed; a large NWC force at Lake Athabasca kept the HBC party immobile at Fort Wedderburn by threats and seizures of men and goods. Finally, on 23 Jan. 1817, NWC partner Archibald Norman McLeod, exercising his authority as justice of the peace, imprisoned Clarke and seized the HBC fort. Clarke's subsequent detention at Great Slave Lake (N.W.T.) and later at Fort Vermilion destroyed any chance of his organizing a new expedition the next season. Meanwhile, Clarke's HBC colleagues had begun to find fault with his conduct. In July 1816 Robertson, while praising Clarke's courage, had noted that "the heroic manner he bore his misfortunes covers a multitude of sins" and in 1818 commented that "his inordinate vanity is such that the management of John Clarke is as arduous a task as that of opposing the N.W.Co." James Bird at Edmonton House (Edmonton) was equally critical.

Robertson took command of the HBC enterprise in Athabasca in 1818 and sent Clarke up the Peace River where, after a skirmish at Fort Vermilion, he established St Mary's Fort (near Peace River, Alta). In June 1819 Clarke was with HBC governor William Williams at the Grand Rapids (Man.) to help with the arrest of the Nor'Westers, Benjamin Joseph Frobisher, John George McTavish, and others. After serving two seasons at Île-à-la-Crosse, Clarke was appointed chief factor in the 1821 union of the HBC and the NWC [see Simon McGillivray], despite Governor George Simpson's opposition, and was granted a year's leave of absence before taking charge of Fort Garry (Winnipeg). Clarke's overbearing assertion of company authority in the Red River colony earned him the deep dislike of both Governor Andrew H. Bulger and the settlers. Particularly at issue were his strictures against the settlers' conducting any trade with Indians, even for needed provisions, in a narrow-minded effort to protect the HBC fur trade." *Dictionary of Canadian Biography*, Jennifer S. H. Brown, W. Stewart Wallace, MacMillan Co. of Canada, Toronto, 1945

"Clarke had been censured by the committee for not keeping a Journal in 1815: His disasters in 1816-17 made them think that "Mr. Clarke did not act with that caution and circumspection which we should have expected his knowledge of the N.W.Co. would have induced him to adopt", and by 1820 Selkirk, Bird, Robertson and Williams were all agreed that Clarke was vain, extravagant and lacking foresight. But he was also courageous, knew Athabasca, hated the N.W.C., and 'seems to command every string that can touch the heart of a Canadian'. They thought that 'He may be very well calculated to force an Establishment in a

country where Opposition is violent, and when the Expense at which it is accomplished is not an object of consideration'. Clarke was therefore continued at Ile-a-la-Crosse until 1821.” From SIMPSON'S ATHABASCA JOURNAL, Vol.1, pp-433-435, E.E. Rich, The Hudson's Bay Company Record Society, London, 1938. On p-205:---"It was only in 1818 that J. Clarke reappeared in Athabasca with superior forces, under the command of Colin Robertson. "Clarke's energy and tenacity enabled him to establish a series of forts as well as to reoccupy the lost positions-----" Positions that had previously seized by the N.W.C.(HBC posts on Lake Athabasca & Lesser Slave Lake, Ile a la Crosse, Green Lake & Reindeer Lake). From Metis in the Canadian West - vol.1, p-204, Marcel Giraud (translated by George Woodcock) University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln & London-1986. Note from Chalk – Marcel Giraud is famous for his misinterpretation of the Metis character, and I think he errs in this category with John Clarke as well.

“The H.B.C.'s settlement of Athabasca was mainly due to Clarke, who led the expedition there in 1815 and established Fort Wedderburn during that season. The N.W.C. cut down Clarke's activities in Athabasca by arresting him on 7th October, 1816, on a warrant issued by Archibald Norman McLeod, a N.W.C. partner then in charge of Fort Chippewyan who was a Justice of the Peace for the Indian Territories. Clarke had been arrested as a disturber of the peace, but after a few days imprisonment in Fort Chipewyan he was released. He had, however, been compelled to obtain recognizances for future good behavior, his surety being Robert Henry, a N.W.C. partner, who had only consented to stand surety for Clarke after receiving from him as a guarantee thirty pieces of goods valued at L3000. Clarke's conduct following his release was unchanged, and on 15th April, 1817, the old charge against him was renewed and he was again arrested on McLeod's warrant. This time his imprisonment was to last longer. After being detained in Fort Chipewyan until June he was removed to Great Slave Lake, where he remained until August. He was then brought back to Athabasca and from there to Ile-a-la-Crosse, where he was released on 12th December, 1817. In 1818-19 Clarke was in charge of St. Mary's, Peace River, from which he was transferred to Ile-a-la-Crosse during the following season.”

At the Grand Rapid of the Saskatchewan in June 1819, he is reported by L.R. Masson as "having countenanced the beating that led to the death of Benjamin Frobisher." Six months before he had been apprehended by North Westers who found him breaking into their storehouse at Fort Vermillion. Wentzel reported that he was placed under citizen's arrest by Sam Black and Simon McGillivray at that time." From The Columbia River, Ross Cox, edited by Edgar I. Stewart & Jane R. Stewart--University of Oklahoma Press-Norman-1957-p-13-footnote 3.

“Competition between the Northwest Company and the Hudson's Bay Company increased as the H.B.C. pushed further and further into the trading territory previously held by the Northwest Company. In February of 1819 John Clarke, of the H.B.C.'s St. Mary's post on the Smoky-Peace River confluence, chose Jose Gaubin to lead an expedition with a band of Iroquois to cross the mountains into New Caledonia to see if the natives could be induced to trade with the Hudson's Bay Company. In December of 1819, Ignace Giasson began another H.B.C. push up the Smoky. Colin Robertson (after whom Mt. Robertson is possibly named) man-in-charge of the Hudson's Bay Company's operations in the area, prepared written instructions specifying that the group be accompanied by the yellow-haired Iroquois guide: Pierre Hastination or Tete Jaune as he came to be called. The group was to ascend to the Grand Forks of the Smoky where they were to meet another group of Iroquois, wait until Spring, and then cross the mountains (via Robson Pass) to make friends with the Shuswap Indians of the upper reaches of the Fraser. On June 10, 1820, James McDougal recorded in the Northwest Company's journal at Ft. St. James that he had

heard “a report of there being at the Forks of Fraser’s River one of the H.B.’s Co’s clerks and three men”. The Fur Trade, Jeff Waugh, <http://www.jaspernationalpark.com/history/furtrade.html>

“It was with hope that in 1819 the Hudson's Bay Company sent in John Clarke to try his luck in finally getting established. If only they could hold out two more years, the agreement holding the partnership of the North West Company would come to an end. At that time, hopefully, the capitalists of Montreal would refuse to continue the costly trade war.

John Clarke arrived at Ile-A-La-Crosse bringing with him a wide reputation as a tough competitor. The first month had barely passed when friction reached a boiling point. On October 6th, 1819, a duel was challenged by Clarke's man McLeod when Fraser, a bully with the NW Company, abused him and threatened Mr. McLeod with his fists. Clarke's journal reads:

"Mr. McLeod politely told him that he was no blackguard to fight with fists but that if he had any inclination to show his bravery he was ready at a call and would walk before him into the bushes for that purpose, Mr. McMurray (a Northwest) in the interval going for a brace of pistols."

“As the ritual proceeded, Fraser didn't appear to take the second pistol, and the duel was cancelled. John Clarke notes here that as a result, the watching Indians saw the strong position of the HBC under Clarke. John Clarke had instilled such confidence in his comrades, that the post now bore the name Fort Superior. The petty guerrilla warfare tactics continued on through the fall. New Year's Day 1820 saw a jubilant celebration at the HBC fort.

"Saturday, 1st January, 1820-Fine clear weather. All the men of our fort went this morning to the North West Fort, and saluted the Master there with three volleys; but instead of calling them in as usual to get a dram, the gates were shut, and no admittance. Pethune said he suspected they came to take the house. Gave a booze and dance to men as customary on this day: they are staunch and unanimous.

"Sunday, 2nd January, 1820-Wind North. Weather very cold. The men still drinking and boozing rum. Several of the North West servants came to our house today, among whom was their bully (Desjarlais). Patrick Cunningham and a few others of our men went and met him and asked if he came to fight any person in our Fort, if so, try one of us immediately."

“The next month saw some memorable visitors come to the settlement. Lieutenant Franklin and Mr Back of the Arctic Land Expedition arrived, on their way to the far north country, on Wednesday, February 23rd. This party left in the company of John Clarke on March 5th, heading for the Athabasca country.”

John Clarke's journal continues on with the dangerous and exciting happenings of the spring season. The major result of this year's efforts showed the Hudson's Bay Company showing a good profit for the season. John Clarke remained at Fort Superior for the next season. In September, 1820, George Simpson, the future HBC governor, came to Ile-A-La-Crosse with John Clarke, Mr. Larocque and Mr. Heron were then the NW Company masters. Mr. Simpson then traveled on to the Athabasca post. During the following winter he notes that most of the

Chipewyans are being drawn to the Ile-A-La-Crosse HBC Fort for trade. Rather than seeing the good in this, Mr. Simpson spent the remainder of the season reviling Mr. Clarke to all who would receive his letters. In his journal, Mr. Simpson writes:

"I regret to learn that disturbances of a serious nature are breaking out at Ile-A-La-Crosse, and I cannot help thinking they in a great measure arise from Mr. Clarke's own folly; instead of opposing the enemy by judicious, cool, and determined measures, he encourages broils and squabbles between the Officers and men, and for his amusement sends a parcel of Bullies out to decide important differences by pugilistic combats,...The N.W. Co are not to be put down by Prize fighting, but by persevering industry, economy in the business arrangements..."

But the truth of the fact is, that this has ended the last year of existence for the N.W. Company. Unable to endure more economic losses, the N.W. Company merged with the H.B. Company in the following months. It seems that all of John Clarke's wrong methods worked while the right methods had continuously failed for twenty years. The trade war was over." En Garde...Many Years of Trade War, <http://www.jkcc.com/war.html>

Clarke's character and judgment were attacked in 1824 by none other than the Bay's Gov. George Simpson, a stern but competent judge of men, who recommended that Clarke be made to stand the expense of losses incurred through lack of judgement...."

In 1824--Sir George Simpson, Governor of Rupert's Land and head of the HBC in Canada; found a tardy John Clark at Frog Portage and wrote," Here I was surprized to find Mr. Clark with the Lesser Slave Lake brigade of four canoes making the portage, as from his having left York so early as the 28th of July I did not expect to have overtaken him on this side the Athabasca River. He did not explain the cause of this detention satisfactorily and I consider his conduct to be highly reprehensible. This gentleman left York as before stated on the 28th of July in company with his brigade but on losing sight of the factory he started ahead taking the precaution of being lighter and better manned than the other canoes, pushed on to Norway House with his own canoe leaving his brigade to make the best of their way after him which is in direct opposition to the established regulations as P Resolution of Council 1823, and as might be expected when craft and property are thus left in charge of careless servants, due diligence was not observed and one of the canoes was upset in Jack River where several of the pieces were lost and others much damaged. I shall not say what induced all this haste on the part of Mr. Clarke and the neglect of his duty yet will hazard an opinion that this accident and delay would not have taken place had he bestowed more attention to the charge with which he was entrusted and less to domestic affairs." Sir George Simpson's Athabasca Journal; E.E.Rich; Vol.I; The Hudson's Bay Company Record Society; London; 1938; Appendix pp.433-435.

At the coalition of the NWC and HBC there was opposition to him becoming a partner but he was made a chief factor anyway in 1821." Catholic Church Records of the Pacific Northwest; Harriet D. Munnick; Binford & Mort; Portland,Oregon; St. Paul; p.A.11; Vancouver; pp.A-10,A-36,A-42; St. Louis; p.7; B-5.

"During this period he came into contact with Simpson, who after a short time was able to perceive Clarke's many bad points and did not hesitate to complain about him. In spite of the N.W.C.'s attempt to exclude him from the amalgamated concern, and in spite of Simpson's

strong disapproval of him, he became a Chief Factor under the Deed Poll of 1821 and was subsequently granted a year's leave of absence.

“Severely criticized by the HBC London committee in 1823, Clarke was removed to the charge of the post at Lesser Slave Lake (Alta) for the years 1824–26 and from there went to Fort Pelly (Sask.) where he competently managed the Swan River district until 1830. Convinced that “to the joint efforts of Mr Robertson and myself are the HB Coy in a great measure indebted for the splendor & importance of their rank & standing in the great Commercial World,” he visited London in 1831 to seek company recognition for his past services. But, in Simpson’s words, “the committee treated him with the contempt he deserved.” In his 1832 “Character book” Simpson portrayed Clarke as “a boasting, ignorant low fellow” showing “total want of every principle or feeling, allied to fair dealing, honour & integrity. . . . He is in short a disgrace to the ‘Fur Trade.’ Although effective in opposition, commanding in appearance, and able to control Indians and servants by his strength of personality, he lacked the social qualities and character favoured in the new generation of officers.” Dictionary of Canadian Biography, Jennifer S. H. Brown, W. Stewart Wallace, MacMillan Co. of Canada, Toronto, 1945

Along with the other Chief Factor's he was appointed a Councilor in 1822 and he was once more in active service during 1822-23, when he was given charge of Lower Red River district. His conduct there proved unsatisfactory and was the reason for his removal to Lesser Slave Lake, of which he was in charge from 1824-26. “Clarke ended up as chief factor at Fort Garry in 1823, making himself much disliked by the colonists, for which he was criticized by the HBC’s London Committee.” Memorable Manitobans, The Manitoba Historical Society, <http://www.mhs.mb.ca/docs/people/index.shtml>

From 1826-30 he was at the head of the Swan River district with headquarters at Fort Pelly, and in 1830 he was again granted one year's leave.

He was at the head of Mingan in the Montreal department from 1831-33 [Lower Canada], through his conduct there was severely censured in 1832. As he soon came into conflict with James Keith, his superior in charge of the Montreal department. From Mingan he was ordered to proceed into the interior, but by then the H.B.C. Committee was tired of his conduct and his dismissal had been decided on. To prepare the way to his retirement he was granted another year's leave, which was extended to the season ending on 31st May, 1835, when he retired from the H.B.C. His conditions appear to have been far from prosperous, so that in 1848 the H.B.C. allowed him an annuity of L50 in consideration of his past services, to rescue him from utter destitution; the date of Clarke's death is still to be found. Clarke married twice. His first wife was Sapphira, a half-breed daughter of Joseph Spence, on whom he settled L200 in 1816. After her death Clarke married a Swiss lady, Mary Ann Trutter [Treutter], in Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, on 26th October, 1830." From SIMPSON'S ATHABASCA JOURNAL, Vol.1, pp-433-435, E.E. Rich, The Hudson's Bay Company Record Society, London, 1938. “In 1815 he became the husband of Sapphira Spence, the mixed descent daughter of Joseph Spence and a native woman, for a settlement of £200. They had no children, probably due to her illness, and she was taken to live at Clarke’s father’s house where she died.” http://ubc.bcmetis.ca/hbc_bio_profile.php?id=NTYw, BC Metis Mapping Research Project. Joseph Spence, was a HBC clerk and for this old Nor'wester, the custom of the country was good enough even for a white woman; his refusal to have a church marriage provoked acid comment from the Reverend John West on the need to check the "vicious" habits of the traders: "One of the Chief Factors avowedly a married man takes with him a Swiss girl into the Interior without censure from

Council." From *Many Tender Ties - Women in Fur-Trade Society, 1670-1870*, Sylvia Van Kirk, University of Oklahoma Press, 1980, page 180

Adele Clarke writes: "It was probably sometime previous to 1815 that John Clarke married his first wife, Sapphira Spence, a half-breed. She had lived in the Northwest, and was the daughter of a man in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. Eventually Mr. Clarke brought her to his father's home, where she lived until her death. The first grave made in the little consecrated family burying-ground on the slope of the Mountain was for the first wife of John Clarke. There were no children by this marriage." *Old Montreal, John Clarke: His Adventures, Friends and Family by His Daughter Clarke of Westmount.*

Adele Writes in her book about her father, "After passing a few years in the Territories, my father married Miss Spence, his first wife. She was a daughter of Mr. Spence, in the Company's service. Miss Spence had received her education in Scotland, and had returned with her father to York Factory, where my father first met her. After a few years of married life, he brought her to his home in Cote St. Antoine, where she was received by the old people as their own daughter. Her lovely disposition and dignified demeanor endeared her to all the family and made her a general favorite. Unfortunately, she was in a rapid decline, and despite all that medical skill could do, it was only a few months until she was borne to her last resting-place. She was the first who was buried in the family burying-ground on the slope of the Mountain, at the top of what is now Clarke Avenue, then called Clarke's Mountain Park. Every Sunday in the summer-time Mr. Simon Clark, my grandfather, used to go and sit there. She had often expressed a wish to be buried under an old tree at this spot, which commands a beautiful view of the surrounding country, and my grandfather had promised that she would have her wish. It was from this incident that the spot became the burial place of the Clarke family. The Reverend Mr. Mountain, who always made my grandfather's house his home, happened to be in Montreal at the time, and suggested that the ground should be consecrated, which was done immediately.

After her death, my father remained in Montreal until his two years' leave of absence had almost expired. Before returning to the Northwest, as he was well aware he would have to remain there for a long term of years, he thought he would see the world before returning to the wilderness, especially as he had received an invitation from the late Hon. William Astor, then ambassador to France, to visit Paris. He carried out this intention; the trip had the effect of restoring his spirits, and he told his friends, on his return, that he had enjoyed himself very much. Mr. Astor introduced him at the Court of Napoleon, and he had the honor of dancing a minuet with one of the Empress Josephine's Maids of Honor. Napoleon, who was known to have a piquant remark for everybody, said of my father that he was "Le beau Canadien du Nord."

They leave out our ancestor, Josephte (Green Blanket) Kanhopitsa (1798-1848) whom he abandoned. "As a young girl, Josephte bore a daughter, also Josephte, to John Clarke of the Astor venture, according to the son of the latter. After Clarke deserted the young Josephte Kanhopitsa, she took up with Jean Baptiste Boucher, the "honest man" who was much older than she. After his death in 1824, she married Joachim Hubert at St. Paul (Oregon). From Catholic Church Records of the Pacific Northwest, Harriet Duncan Munnick, page A-42.

He was always a thorn in the flesh of the HBC and they retired him in 1835. Catholic Church Records of the Pacific Northwest; Harriet D. Munnick; Binford & Mort; Portland, Oregon; St. Paul; p.A.11; Vancouver; pp.A-10,A-36,A-42; St. Louis; p.7; B-5.

Most of his last years in service were spent trying to gain recognition for his past contributions, but without much success. George Simpson described him as wanting “of every principle or feeling allied to fair dealing, honour & integrity.” Memorable Manitobans, The Manitoba Historical Society, <http://www.mhs.mb.ca/docs/people/index.shtml>

“For a number of years Mr. John Clarke lived in Beaver Lodge, St. Catherine's (now known as Outremont), near Montreal. He died in 1852, at the age of seventy-one years.

His widow, who has survived him fifty-four years, during many of the years of her early married life travelled with her husband in his arduous and difficult journeys. Seventy years ago she was in Labrador with him, and his work in connection with the Labrador fisheries in the way of charts, etc., is said to have been invaluable. It is unique to meet any one who describes Labrador as it was seventy years ago, and when we think that a woman braved its rigorous climate, and now, over one hundred years of age, can recall clearly the adventures and incidents of her experiences, it is indeed worthy of note. Her reminiscences, for her memory is marvellously clear, are most interesting. The old days of Montreal and the rich fur-traders have become historic, yet she can remember them as if yesterday. She is said to have received the first Bible presented by a missionary in the Northwest. It is a very old book and printed in the French language. She travelled at one time in the same canoe as Capt. Franklin, the northern explorer, and tells interesting anecdotes in regard to him. She lived in the Northwest when only trading posts marked the different routes.

In the possession of the family are the letters and diary of Mr. John Clarke. Interesting indeed would it be to read his own story of his explorations, both in the Astoria expedition, and while in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company. Far different is the aspect of the country to-day.” Old Montreal: John Clarke, His Adventures, Friends and Family.”

A furlough from 1833 to 1835 was followed by retirement to Montreal where he died July 28, 1858 and was buried on Clarke Ave. in Montreal Canada. “For a number of years. John Clarke lived at the Beaver Lodge, St. Catherine's known as Outremont. The Beaver Club is where the Northwest Company's winterers met for social gatherings and to entertain distinguished guests.” “Genealogy of John Clarke The Fur Trader, His Descendants and Related Families” (a work in progress) by Patricia Jo Bowers-Kern.

“In 1822 after the death of his mixed-blood wife, Chief Factor John Clarke decided to take the Swiss-born Marianne Treutter (c.1803-1906+), for a wife in Montreal. Their first four children, Simon (1824-?), William (1826-?), Caroline (1827-?) and Priscilla (1830-?) all died as infants or as youths. Subsequent children were Adele Priscilla Cecilia (c.1830s-?), William Tidy (c.1830s-1906), John (1837-1899) and Louise Waldorf (?-?).”

His marriage to Marianne was a country marriage solemnized in Montreal on October 26, 1830, and they had four sons and four daughters; Marianne died December 19, 1852 in Montreal. Dictionary of Canadian Biography, Jennifer Brown, W. Stewart Wallace, MacMillan Co. of Canada, Toronto, 1945

Adele Clarke writes: In 1820 or 1821, at the age of about forty, he married his second wife, who, as mentioned above, is still living. She was born in Neufchatel, Switzerland, and it was in Switzerland that John Clarke first saw her. She was a Miss Trauclar, and was only seventeen or eighteen years of age at her marriage.

By his second wife he had eight children Simon, born at Fort Pelly, Rupert's Land, in 1824; William, born at Lake Winnipeg, in 1826; Caroline, born at Fort Pelly, in 1827; Priscilla, born at Fort Pelly, in 1830; Adele Priscilla Cecilia, born at Mingan, Labrador; William Tidy; John, born in 1837; and Louise Waldorf. Of these, four died in infancy or childhood, Simon, William, Caroline and Priscilla. John died at the age of sixty-two, and William Tidy in 1906. The remaining two Adele Priscilla Cecilia and Louise Waldorf, are still living.” Old Montreal: John Clarke, His Adventures, Friends and Family.”

John Clarke's daughter Adele Clarke published in 1906 "Old Montreal: John Clarke, His Adventures, Friends and Family." In the "The Conquest of the Great Northwest: Being the Story of the of the Adventurers of England known as the Hudson's Bay Company, Volumes 1-2, by Agnes Christina Laut, she writes "Just as this volume went to press, the widow of John Clarke, who is still living at an advanced age in Montreal, and her daughter Adele Clarke, issued a small brochure of recollections of the old days in Montreal – a rare treatise with a flavor of old wine." "In Westmount the old Clarke House, surrounded by beautiful trees, was long known to all as a relic of many associations. It has been demolished, but the Clarke family is respected as the oldest of the founders of the English-speaking community. Nor is this respect confined to Westmount; it is shown as well by all who know their Old Montreal. Veneration, indeed, is due to Mrs. John Clarke; for she has attained the age of one hundred and four years, bright, clear-minded, and full of reminiscences of her youth and of the interesting past of Montreal life and society. In the present little book her daughter, Miss Adele, offers a few gleanings from that past, which will, no doubt, be accepted by her many friends in the spirit in which they are written. W. D. L., Montreal, October, 1906.” His daughter Adele Clarke writes this in the Preface of Old Montreal, John Clarke: His Adventures, Friends and Family by His Daughter Adele Clarke of Westmount,



JOHN JACOB ASTOR and JOHN CLARKE
Driving near "Belly Grange" Lake St. Anthony, in 1850, from a sketch in 1851 by a Garrison Officer.
The sketch is shown on a piece of paper used for protecting goods of furs from the cold.



MRS. JOHN CLARKE
When young.

Nancy Anderson sent this from Cecil Dryden's "Up the Columbia for Furs", a fictional account of Ross Cox and Alexander Ross's travels in the Columbia. This is the story of the PFC's arrival at Fort Spokane, in Ross Cox's imagined words: (I add it for the enjoyment of it.)

"We had at last reached our destination, the lands of the Spokane Indians. Our instructions were to build a trading post at once, and we lost no time in picking out a location at the junction of the Spokane River and the Pointed Heart (now known as the Little Spokane).

"We Astorians were not the first in this field. The Northwesters had built Spokane House two years before, and had established a flourishing trade with the Indians. When our fort was completed, the posts of two rival companies stood almost side by side in this raw, lonely land of furs. Besides Spokane, the Northwesters had built two other posts farther off in the wilds. One was about 240 miles to the northeast among the Flathead Indians, a tribe well-stocked with buffalo. The other post was some 200 miles north among the Cootonais (Kootenais), in whose country were plenty of beavers, deer, and mountain sheep.

"We had to get along with the Northwesters, although we were going to run them a keen race for furs. Mr. Clarke, our headman, and McMillan who was in command at Spokane House early got together on matters that concerned the interests of both companies. We entered into a contract not to distribute liquor to any of the Indians, and both parties held strictly to that agreement.

"The lands in the immediate vicinity of Spokane did not contain furs, and the natives on the whole seemed lazy about hunting. Since the object of every male Indian was to obtain a gun, we played upon this desire to persuade the red men to search diligently for beavers.

"We made an enormous profit on the Indian trade. A good gun could not be had for less than twenty beaver skins, except a few small ones which we traded for fifteen. The price of a gun was about one pound, twenty shillings (a little less than six dollars). Two yards of cloth costing approximately fifty cents would be given in exchange for eight beaver skins worth from forty to fifty dollars each.

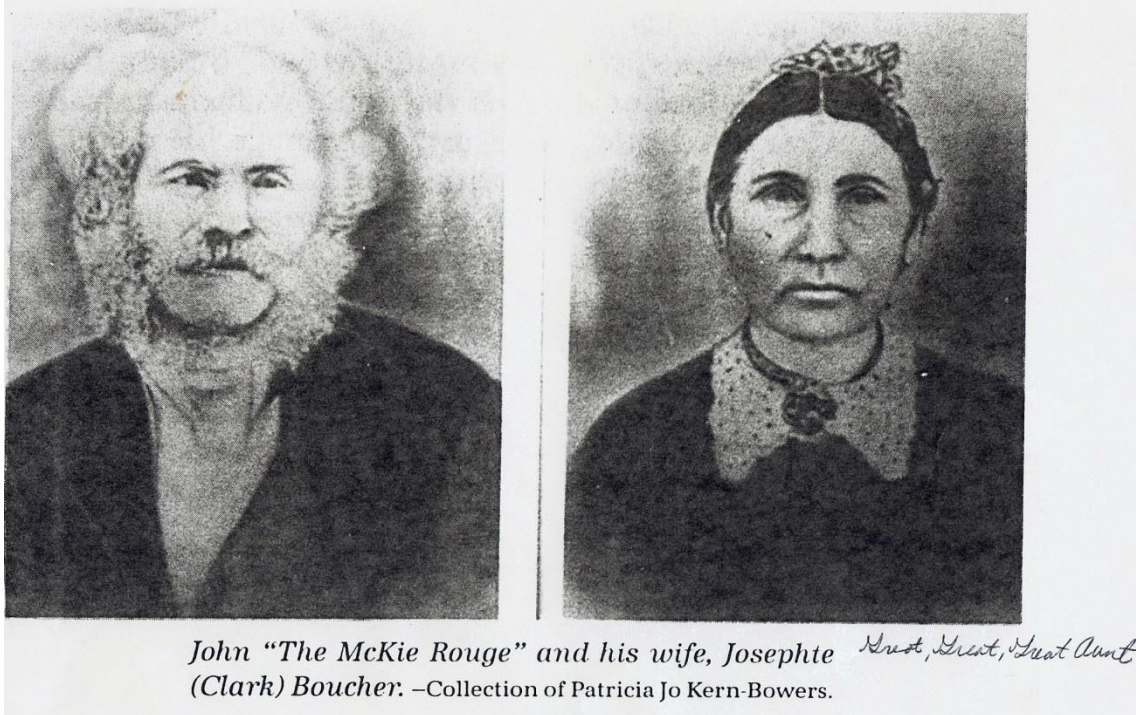
"The Spokane Indian village was located flush at the place where the Pointed Heart meets the Spokane River. The oblong or cone-shaped houses were covered with mats or skins, according to the wealth of the owners. These redskins were far superior to the coast Indians in cleanliness, but by no means equal to the Flatheads in this respect.

"The principal wealth of this tribe was counted in horses which were obtained in numbers from the Nez Perces. Their chief fault was gambling, and the males were such addicts to the vice that they often lost all their horses before a game was finished.

"Wolves made bloody raids on the colts every winter. This made it hard for the Indians to raise their own stock, so they were obliged to buy horses every year from their neighbours. They never killed these animals for food, but never were known to refuse to eat the meat when we offered it to them.

"The Indian graveyard told considerable about the beliefs of the tribe. When a man died, several horses were killed, and the skins, attached to long poles, were planted on the graves. Besides this tribute, buffalo hides and deer robes, leather shirts, blankets, moccasins, food, and weapons of war were placed in and about the cemetery. It was thought that all these would be necessary for the dead man in the world of spirits.

"When the construction of the fort was well under way, we set forth to carry out the rest of our instructions. Mr. Pillet headed a party to compete with the Northwesters among the Cootenais. Farnham and I were appointed to go to the Flatheads....."



Other sources: Letter to David Courchane from Harriet D. Munnick; dated 22-Jul-1983; Catholic Church Records of the PNW; Harriet D. Munnick; Binford & Mort; Portland,OR; St.Paul; p.A.11; Vancouver; pp.A-10,A-36,A-42; St. Louis; p.7;B-5; Simpson's Athabasca Journal; E.E.Rich; Vol.I; The Hudson's Bay Company Record Society; London; 1938; Appendix pp.433-435; Colville Agency; Nespelem; WA; BIA file #H-208; George Herron, ""Genealogy of John Clarke The Fur Trader, His Descendants and Related Families" (a work in progress) by Patricia Jo Bowers-Kern. note from Chalk: I believe Patricia Jo Kerns has since passed away.

Marianne Treutter Clarke's Recollections. Chapter IV. My Mother's Recollections of Canada, 1906, Old Montreal, John Clarke: His Adventures, Friends and Family by His Daughter Clarke of Westmount

"Few persons have been privileged to live in the reigns of five sovereigns. My mother has done so, and still survives. She was fourteen when the late Queen Victoria was born. Before that she had seen the reigns of Kings George the Third, George the Fourth, and William the Fourth. She remembers the battle of Waterloo, and the passing of the Prussian troops through Switzerland, and the rattling of the iron shutters as they passed through Neuchatel. It took a whole week for them to pass. Later on she visited the great battlefield itself. She left Switzerland after my father had returned to Canada, and came over to Canada, accompanied by her father and mother. It took two months to cross.

Her first impression after the hard trip across the sea, and the eight days which it then took to travel from Quebec to Montreal, was that they had arrived in the wilderness. They put up at old Rasco's Hotel. All that remains of that locally celebrated hostelry may still be seen on St. Paul street, opposite Bonsecours Market, a large, tall building of cut stone. The Chateau de Ramezay stood behind it. Notre Dame Street was the fashionable walk for the military and the bright Canadian belles. The barracks were there. McGill street was an orchard, all green apple trees, and all Craig street was under water, making the little stream then called the Canal. It was

crossed in scows, directed by long sticks, and there were also small bridges here and there. Beaver Hall Hill was in bushes and trees and the road was just like a country cart path. Going up Beaver Hall Hill, and along St. Catherine street, the site of the present Christ Church Cathedral was a swamp, and Sherbrooke street was a country road through the bush. St. Catherine Street also was a country road, without houses until she reached the old Clarke home. The nearest to this was the St. Germain house, a little further on, which stood until recently. Later, she was married in Montreal, and, still accompanied by her parents, went to the Northwest with her husband, John Clarke. Her parents remained but a short time in that part of the country, and then returned to Switzerland. She first went to Fort Garry. There Sir George Simpson, the famous Chief Factor and explorer, would come, and bring his attendant, Tom Taylor, who was a good violinist, and who would play for them at their dances. One of the belles was a young Scotch girl, named Betty Macbeth, afterward Mrs. McVicar, of the Scotch settlement. She would dance reels with Sir George Simpson. They would decorate the ball room with red flannel cloth, even arranging a red-draped barrel for the violinist, Tom Taylor, the lights being candles.

At one time the Indians came to besiege the fort. Two cannon were placed at the gate, and there was a big attack. The inhabitants were, of course, frightened. A Mrs. Goule was with Mrs. Clarke. Mr. Clarke came forward to the crowd, and said, "I am going forth to face them alone," and Goule said, "Mr. Clarke, I'll go with you," and all the rest fell on their knees, clasped their hands, and cried out for him not to go, saying that to remain in and use the cannon was the only safety. His reply was:

"Stand back, cowards, I'll go out and face them alone." So saying, he went towards the gate. Goule followed.

"Open the gates and shut them after me," he commanded.

All in the fort fell on their knees. He went out, arms stretched forth, and faced the savages. Goule carried the pipe of peace. The Indians were stunned. Their chief advanced and felt my fathers's ears, his face, and neck. They talked together, and afterwards they smoked the pipe of peace, and the matter was amicably settled.

Nevertheless, some of the Indians that night commenced burning the pickets. They stayed about a whole week, acting badly, but presents at last got them away. The life was strange. She used to go about the woods, accompanied by Mrs. Goule, but the Indians would never trouble them. Mrs. Goule would trap rabbits. Mrs. Clarke was but a young woman at the time. They would also make trips on their sleds. The names of the dogs which drew hers were Baptiste, Capitaine, Mistouche and Carillon. These sleds were made of birchbark, decorated with porcupine quills. Such sleds were used by the Hudson's Bay officials. The more gorgeous they were, the prouder their owners. Thus they would travel from fort to fort.

Dress for Walking. Moccasins or heavy-soled hob-nailed mountaineer boots, according to circumstances. If you have no stockings on, it is better than to wear stockings and sandals, because of mosquitoes. The moccasin is the best, and the Indians know better than the white man how to use them. In some matters the Indians can give us pointers.

My mother remarks that she never felt the cold in the Northwest, although she saw many parts of it. She clearly remembers Lake Winnipeg, Swan River, and Great Slave Lake. There was very little wind and the climate was dry. She loved to be out on her snowshoes, accompanied by Mde. Goule. Scenes too numerous to recount come back to her.

At times, racing through rapids, her frail canoe tossed like a leaf between some treacherous whirlpool and the sharp rocks, but safe in the hands of the Indians. At first she passed through the experience with hair standing on end, and truly it was a sight never to be forgotten, nor did she omit to note that when the canoe came out of the rapids it quivered, as if full of feeling. On the first occasion, she thought the canoe had fallen to pieces, the shock was so great. After that, she ran all the rapids without fear, and journeyed so far in the wilds that she camped at the foot of the Rockies. On such journeyings the Indians would sing their favorite songs, all looking to see if my father would sing the first verse. When he did so, they joined in and sang with all their might. My mother greatly enjoyed their singing.

In the year 1825, Sir John Franklin, then Captain Franklin, stopped at Fort Garry, and John Clarke accompanied him on his way a short distance when he started out to make his exploration of the Mackenzie. My mother made mosquito nets for him. One day, in handing her into the canoe, he remarked, "To think, Mrs. Clarke, that you jumped from the sublime into the wilderness!" His reference was evidently to the sublimity of the Alps surrounding her home in Switzerland.

She first met Franklin at York Factory. On his leaving the Factory, there was a meeting of all the heads from the different trading posts, and lots of Indians, who called him a "Great Medicine." Mr. Clarke travelled with him as far as he could, parting in great reluctance, as Franklin wanted to have Mr. Clarke accompany him. In parting, Franklin said: "Believe me, Clarke, I would give my hand to have you go with me, for you are brave and true." Clarke replied that he would love to go with him.

She well remembers the appearance of York Factory. Its church was a small shed, designated by a flagstaff instead of a steeple and bell. There were incidents which made her first Sunday there a sad one. Her husband always kept a room for each missionary the Protestant and the Catholic. One of the latter was the Rev. Mr. Belanger.

A FIVE HUNDRED MILE TRAMP.

One of the journeys of my father was to Reindeer Lake. It is hard to imagine the difficulties of such a journey, especially ascending the streams. My father, with his Indian guide, could pass through a few miles of running water slowly, but paddling a light canoe up stream is difficult, even for expert Indian canoe men. A series of portages took them sixty miles around gushing rapids. Camp would be fixed at night fall, they would wrap themselves in their blankets and next morning the tramp was resumed. Then another spell of canoeing, then another portage. When Athabasca Lake and the Reindeer River were reached, it was tramp, tramp, tramp, nearly all the way, about five hundred miles. Meanwhile beside the trail, the stream rushed with a mighty roar in cataracts among giant crag rocks buried in the foam into which the water is churned. This part of the trip took ten weeks.

BEAVER.

The following is an account by Goule of beaver trapping:

"I started with a trap for Beaver pond, about three miles from Fort William. It was early winter, and only about six inches of snow was on the ground. When I got within a hundred yards of the pond, the snow began to look as if it had been trodden firmly down, and was covered with a coating of ice. Stumps and small bushes protruded in every direction, and were cut off close to the ground as neatly as though done with a knife. Previous to the freezing over of the pond, the beaver cut down very small brush close by, and it is dragged to the water edge when they fasten them to the bottom of the river, to serve as provisions during the winter. All birch trees, too, on the edge of the pond are cut down so as to fall into the river. They also serve as provisions. The instinct of the beaver in selecting and cutting down the trees is wonderful. It is rare to see a tree fall away from the pool instead of into it."

WHITE FISH LAKE.

This was a Labrador post of the Hudson's Bay Company, to which she went later. It consisted of small houses made of boards, not fenced in. The one in which she and her husband lived was made very comfortable. The very pattern of the carpet comes back to her the ground was yellow, and there were little black branches on it. There was a large fire-place, always lighted during the winter. The British flag was always flying over the Fort. The walk along the grand and mountainous coast was the fashionable walk in Labrador, if such a term might be applied. The sleds were flat, no backs, almost like a toboggan, made comfortable with red cloth cushions. My mother and dear Miss Marquis, the governess of the family, used to amuse themselves in taking lessons in Indian bead work from a squaw. We preserve a watch-pocket and bag made under this tuition by our mother, and a pincushion by Miss Marquis, as well as a sweet grass basket made by Indians of the neighborhood. The squaw lived in her teepee, situated some distance from the Fort. In this was laid a supply of spruce, and in the centre a fire was kept burning. When it was fine, they would go travelling on their snowshoes, or in their sleds. Labrador on the plateau is bejewelled with lakes, which glisten in the sunlight. The Indians name the land Pat-ses-che-wan. The cariboo, or reindeer, was their chief food, and also provided covers for their wigwams and clothing. In the summer, the tribes wander about the country, traversing the rivers and lakes in their birch-bark canoes; in winter, they spend their time pursuing game over the snow on snowshoes. In the good old times, among the Hudson's Bay people, the snowshoe costumes were of buckskin and white and red blankets. There was lots of fun, lots of noise, and plenty of songs in English and French. At the forts of the Company, where the staff was large, existence was very gay. The Highlands of Scotland supplied a little army of pioneers, explorers, and administrators, whose forts were spread over the vast expanse of Hudson's Bay territory, who not only held their own with the forces of the wild Indians, but pushed onward beyond the Indians themselves, into the barren Arctic, and the Rockies. All of the grand band of pioneers and empire-makers of the past are gone.

In 1838, James Keith, Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Co. (afterwards Sir James Keith), bequeathed a sum of 12,000 to be expended for the benefit of the Indian Missions in Rupert's Land. The Reverend Mr. West was the first missionary. The next was Mr. Jones. Mr. West

describes the religion of the Indians as most extraordinary, as they did not seem to have anything like a visible object of adoration. There was an impression on their minds of a divine being, the Great Spirit, whom they supposed to be too good to punish them.

Lachine was the Hudson's Bay headquarters and the place from which the voyageurs used to start for the West. Every spring they launched a fleet of canoes with seven or eight hundred voyageurs. Chief Factor Sir George Simpson's house stood where the convent now is, and the old storehouses and an ancient log dwelling of a primitive character still stand in an excellent state of preservation on the river bank there. The history of the latter was said to go back two hundred and fifty years. Sir George Simpson, who was the controlling spirit of the Northwest in his day, died in 1860, at Lachine.

LESSER SLAVE LAKE A CAMP ADVENTURE.

The Indian hunters, prolonging their stay late in October, were overtaken by a terrible snowstorm which blocked all the trail. My mother remembers the storm, as all was packed to leave for winter quarters. Also two of my father's clerks were with the hunters. To return to the camp, the storm having abated, one of the party set out on snowshoes to try and find a trail. He had gone about a mile when he came upon the fresh trail of a large band of buffalos. He followed the trail a short time and came up with them. He said they were in single file, led by an old one; only her head and neck were visible, the others followed, the stronger ones in front, and the weaker ones bringing up the rear. There were a great number of them in the herd, and by the time they had all walked in the same line, they left it a well-beaten trail. The hunter approached within a few yards of them; they made a few bounds, but immediately fell back. This would have been a golden opportunity for an Indian hunter, who would have shot them, but he saw in the trail made by this struggling band, a means of deliverance from a wintry grave for him and the others. He did not fire a shot and did not frighten them, but hurried back to the camp, and reported what he had seen, and in a moment the camp was all excitement. Tent, provisions, and blankets that were necessary were packed upon their pack animals, rifles were slung to the saddle, and, leaving the furs behind, they started for the trail. It was laborious work breaking away through the deep snow, but finally they reached the broad trail of the herd. After nine days' of painful travelling, they arrived at Lesser Slave Lake. The clerks reported all this to my father, who was glad that the hunters had all arrived safe, although they had left very valuable furs behind them. My mother thinks the furs were not lost, as they were afterwards recovered. All then started for winter quarters.

FORT WILLIAM.

Its Parliamentary Hall and Banqueting Room.

To behold the North-West Company in all its state and grandeur, it was necessary to witness an annual meeting at Fort William, near what is called the grand portage on Lake Superior. Sir George and Lady Simpson were staying at Fort William; also my father and mother. My mother remembers being present at one of these meetings. All the Northwesters from their different posts found their way to the old Hudson's Bay trading post of Fort William."

The descriptions given by my mother of Old Montreal are very curious compared with the present immense city and its elaborate life. The whole town was then contained in what is now the lower part of the city, bounded by the area of the old French walls that is to say, McGill street, Craig street, Place Viger Station and the river. At the Place Viger end was the hill called "The Citadel," removed by Lord Dalhousie to make Dalhousie Square. There also were the principal barracks of the garrison. But where what are now the leading streets were orchards and fields. The gentlemen were gentlemen of the old school. Everything about the city was clean even the streets. There was then no thought of such things as steamships or trains. All the people knew each other.

Until recent years what remained of the first steamer its cabin was used as a summer-house on Mr. Aird's property, at Outremont.

The only way to get to Quebec, before this steamer, was by ships and batteaux. The first steamer was considered a miracle when it accomplished the journey in three days.

Phillips' Square was then a small square with a number of little trees they have now grown very large.

Christ Church Cathedral was then on Notre Dame street, but was also entered by a lane from Little St. James. It was a very handsome building. My grandfather owned one of the first pews, and after his death bequeathed it to my father and mother, who very seldom missed a Sunday.

Speaking of the Cathedral brings back many happy and sad recollections of long ago. My mother always drove to Little St. James' street, and entered by the side door leading up by a long covered alley to a door that led into the church. My mother remembers the holy and beautiful picture, representing "The Lord's Supper." It was on the wall over the communion table. When the church was burned, it was saved, and now is hung up in the present Christ Church Cathedral. She remembers the very solemn sight when Judge Reid was carried into the church on a stretcher, to take his sacrament, by his own request. He was partly paralyzed, and no hope of his recovery was entertained.

The first Rector was the Very Rev. Dean Bethune. His father had been an army chaplain of a Scotch Highland family, and had been interested in the building of old St. Gabriel Church, erected in 1792, and recently destroyed.

My mother remembers an incident of the Bonsecours Market, related to her by an eye-witness. It was a wager between Major Culley and one of the prominent lawyers, Mr. Francis Johnson, afterwards Sir Francis, that they would make all the market women yawn. Rasco's Hotel was opposite, and many onlookers were looking and they won the bet, by making every one unconsciously yawn, through the use of some ingenious device of theirs.

On a Saturday morning at Bonsecours Market the scene of French provincial life, of the country habitants, with their cart and homespun clothing and patois, was most attractive. The district around the Market and Jacques Cartier Square is the oldest in the city. In a house to the east lived the Honorable James McGill, the founder of McGill University. He lived afterward, in 1802, at

Burnside Manor, now McGill College Avenue. The cottage was situated where McGill College Avenue Synagogue now stands. My mother remembers the old house. In the old times the whist parties met there. He entertained the ladies of Montreal in good style. The old songs sung at such gatherings were interesting in character to all lovers of history, and are still popular with our own habitants, and were favorites with the French and British Colonial grandes dames.

THE OLD TANDEM CLUB.

The harness horse was a great favorite in the past, and is so still, but the Saturday parades, both here and in Quebec, have gone out of fashion.

The old Tandem Club did a great deal to keep up an interest in fine horses and turn-outs. Their parades used to be worth seeing, and visitors from Europe often said that nothing finer than some of these winter processions could be seen over there. For some years Montreal has not seen many of the old Tandem drives. The Club assembled at Dalhousie Square. When ready to start, the bugle sounded. You may think how many members there were when, while the president was turning around the French Square, Place d'Armes, the vice-president was at the Guard House, standing a little east of the Court House. They proceeded, with the bugle sounding, until out of the city. How we all looked forward to this weekly event! Sir Hugh Dalrymple was President. He was stationed at Laprairie, and would only drive one horse, a perfect beauty, and attached to the front of the sleigh an owl, and a very large one with wings, and every time we came to the coo-hoo, crossing over to Laprairie, the cahoots were very deep, and the General would imitate the screech of the owl, and the owl would spread its wings and clap them. It would be a general laugh. He always gave a grand lunch. The house was facing where the steamboat used to stop. The sleighs were got up with many furs and strappings, and the pace delightful, and even in the keenest weather we suffered little from the cold, and the chimes of the different bells was music. It made you happy to hear all the different bells.

To illustrate a phase of manners in old Montreal, some anecdotes will suffice.

On one occasion, Mrs. De S , Miss G , and Miss D , well known ladies of gay spirits, dressed themselves up as " habitant" women, carrying their baskets of fowls and eggs, and walked to the officers' quarters in the barracks on Dalhousie Square. The officers were surprised to see these " habitant" women come in there to sell things. The two women walked along through the officers, nudging them with big baskets, and urging, " You buy, you buy." The officers at last saw that there was something wrong, and the girls made for the door, making their way along Notre Dame and down St. Lambert Hill to a boarding house at the corner where the present Street Railway office now is, and got safely away to enjoy their adventure.

In the old Leprohon corner house on Beaver Hall Hill, just removed, lived 'Captain and Mrs. Sweeney (nee Miss Temple, an American). He was one of the Voltigeurs, and she afterwards became Lady Rose, her second husband being Sir John Rose, Bart. One night when they were at dinner, the servant came in and handed Capt. Sweeney a note. On reading it, he immediately jumped up from the table and left the room. The contents of the note had enraged him against Major Ward, in some connection with the name of Mrs. Sweeney. Capt. Sweeney sent a note to Major Ward, who was a very popular officer, challenging him to a duel to be fought on

Lachine Road on the old race course. In the duel Major Ward was killed. Major Ward was so great a favorite, that his death caused general sorrow, and Mrs. Sweeney left for New York. Capt. Sweeney soon died of the shock, and Mrs. Sweeney later became Lady Rose.

Mother recalls one picnic given in the winter time, about twenty-four miles from Montreal, at Grace Hall, Mascouche. The seigneur of Mascouche, Mr. Pangman, sent traineaux to fetch the guests. These traineaux, which are intended only to carry wood, are capital rustic conveyances for a jolly crowd. They will hold an almost unlimited number. There are no seats, all being obliged to stand and hold on as best they can. They much enjoyed the drive, dined with Mr. Pangman, and came home late that night. All the nice French families were represented at such gatherings.

Among the well-known residents in those days were the Bingham family. The residence of the Bingham was on the corner of St. Denis Hill and Notre Dame street, afterwards Donegani's Hotel. Mr. Bingham was a very wealthy Englishman. He married one of the three Miss De Lotbinières, of Vaudreuil, a very lovely French girl, who came there a bride, and while in Montreal gave a great many entertainments. A few years after, they settled in Paris. My mother remembers her first ball after coming from the Northwest. It was at the Bingham's. She remembers how Mrs. Bingham was dressed. It was a black velvet, with a white satin front, and white satin shoes, and white plume in her hair. My mother and Mrs. Bingham were considered the loveliest women in the ball-room. They were graceful, and danced the minuet beautifully. The Bingham's sold their residence, and it was turned into the hostelry named the Donegani Hotel. The Americans always put up there. The dining-room was at the back. There were three immense doors open on the ground floor. My mother, speaking of the event, says the hotel was often crowded with Americans. On one occasion, when the dining room was well filled with guests, Lord Mark Kerr, an eccentric officer, thought it was time to create a little excitement. He rode his horse straight into the dining room and round the table. The guests sat in their chairs stunned. The manager rushed in, but the scene was over. Lord Mark Kerr was waiting for him outside, and the manager exclaimed: "Oh, my Lord, this will ruin me!"

"How much will the damages be? Will that do?" handing him a cheque for a hundred dollars.

The manager returned smiling, and explained to the guests, when they all thought it very funny. They took out their note-books and wrote it down, calling him Lord Mad Kerr, instead of Lord Mark Kerr, and then wrote him invitations to come to New York.

A famous old place, the Theatre Royal, Cote street, at the time, was the leading place of amusement in Montreal. Under the management of Mrs. Buckland, the cream of Montreal society found the Royal the chief place of amusement, and my mother speaks of the pleasant evenings spent there, and the friends that belonged to her party. When I told her that they were all gone, she thought a little while, and then she said, "And I am the only one left." She remembers the benefit given to Mrs. Hill, assisted by Mrs. Buckland and Lieutenant-Colonel Bell, of the 23rd Regiment, playing "High Life Below Stairs." The waiter was Colonel Bell and the lady's maid was Mrs. Hill.

The next was " Ici on Parle Francais." The play was a ball on the stage. They danced a polka. The names of the officers were: The Earl of Erroll, Lord Lascelles, Lord Melgund, and the Hon. Arthur Egerton, Mrs. Buckland, Mrs. Hill, and Miss Hill, and many others. The farce was when the little door opened facing the audience. Two figures appeared. The first was dressed as a waiter, in a blue suit with brass buttons, and the small woman, the lady's maid, with a white short skirt and apron. They spoke together for a minute, and then the waiter put out his right foot, and the lady's maid her left foot, and went dancing the polka, one with the right foot and one with the left foot. They were greeted with hearty laughter. It was done in real earnest.

THE HISTORIC CHATEAU DE RAMEZAY.

We have no choicer memento of the past than the Chateau. We spent the winter months in St. Louis street. The fashionable quarter then included St. Denis street, and Dalhousie Square, Notre Dame street, up Little St. Antoine street, to Richmond Square. My first visit to the Chateau was when I was in my teens. The Countess of Erroll called to give me a drive. To my surprise, she drove straight to the Chateau, into the one gate, and out of the other, and through the gate up to the Hall door. Lord Elgin was there, surrounded by his staff. The first out was the Earl of Erroll, exclaiming: "Oh, Lila, Lila, what a feat with those spirited horses. Don't attempt that again!" She only laughed, and shook her curls. She was a splendid whip. I remember the bonnet she wore. It was maroon velvet lined with satin, and I remember my own bonnet. It was gray beaver, trimmed with pink ribbon. We were invited in. I remember the room on the left side. I think there was a grate opposite the door. Lord Elgin was standing with his back to it. He came forward to meet us, with a smile for each of us, making a pretty little remark about sunshine coming. I remember the names of his staff that were there. There were General Bruce, his brother. He was a very great favorite with everybody, and Lord Mark Kerr, the Earl of Erroll, Hon. Arthur Gowen Egerton, and the Hon. Mr. Lascelles. The Governor's private residence was Monklands, at present Villa Maria. I was a great favorite of the Elgins. I was always invited to all their receptions, balls, and evenings given by their Excellencies. At Monklands, the Countess of Elgin was exceedingly pleasant and also Mrs. Bruce and her sister, Lady Lambton. I remember one reception at Monklands, when Lord Mark Kerr walked to the door with my mother and myself. He put his arm across the door and kept us there. I turned around to look at Lady Elgin and the rest of them, and they were smiling. As luck would have it, a large party arrived at the door. He had to let them in, although on duty. He walked to the hall door and ran back to his post. He was exceedingly nice, and a great favorite. He was very eccentric. One of his feats was to ride with his back to his horse's head, with an immense umbrella when there was no sun, and the villagers of Cote des Neiges thought a circus had arrived, and that he was an advertisement. He had a crowd after him, to his great delight.

THE CAPITULATION COTTAGE.

The sketch of this house is a precious souvenir of an historic landmark of world-wide interest now removed; for here was signed the surrender of the French Empire in America to the British. In September, 1760, General Amherst had occupied the heights commanding Montreal and tradition alleges that his headquarters were in the old stone cottage, the ruined walls of which stood till a very few years ago when the Montreal Water Co. reservoir was built.

Tradition also states that the British Army was encamped principally upon and about the farm of the Gentlemen of the Seminary. The city of Montreal was then contained within its walls about three miles away and had about three thousand of an ordinary population, but also a considerable remnant of the French Army.

Mr. John Clarke often spoke of this little cottage and said that that little house was the General's headquarters, and that the spot where the reservoir now stands was once an Indian camping place.

Nearby, upon the height of Westmount Mountain, stands the old octagonal tower, called "Trafalgar Tower."

It was built by a Mr. Turniss, who had served in the navy at the Battle of Trafalgar. It was said to be haunted.

The toll-gate keeper, an old man named Quinn, living nearby, told me of what he himself saw.

One night his cows had strayed away from the toll-gate across the fields in the direction of the Tower, and he went to look for them. There was beautiful moonlight, and although he had heard about the haunted summer-house from several people he thought it was a joke and had no fear.

He said "I had just found my cow at the foot of the haunted summer-house, when a strange feeling came over me. I looked up at the summer-house and saw, with my two eyes, a beautiful form of a woman looking out of one of the windows. I was transfixed to the spot and could not take my eyes off the vision. She was in white with her hands clasped, as if in prayer, looking upwards.

"I remember falling down on my knees and crossing myself, and I remember nothing more."

This story should be compared with the legend of Trafalgar given in the publication called "Canadiana."

"CAPITULATION COTTAGE"

At head of Cote des Neiges Hill. (The Reservoir now occupies its site.) Tradition assert the capitulation of Montreal in 1760 was signed here, the heights being occupied by Gen. Amherst's army. Sketch by Miss Louise Clarke.

There are many other legends about Westmount which might be recited one is that the Academy grounds were the site of an Indian camping-place under a large and venerable tree which formerly stood there.

Another is of an Indian well on the Murray farm, just below the Boulevard. Several relate to buried treasure on the Murray and Hurtubise farms. Another records that the first of the St. Germaines was killed in the Glen, now in Westmount Park, by Iroquois.

Until recently there stood an old beech tree, in the lower Glen, where St. Catherine street now runs, on which Indians had cut, centuries ago, the figure of a man, and apparently an arrow.

The prehistoric Indian cemetery, discovered a few years ago, about the head of Aberdeen avenue, may also be included.

A strange tradition is that of one of the girls of the Dubuc family being passed through fire, on the Murray farm, to cure her of sorcery, her mind being deranged.

An old cottage also still exists just behind Westmount Golf Links, which Indians sacked, murdering some of the family, after which one of the brothers, judging that they would return, placed gunpowder under the hearth-stone, and the family withdrew to a distance, the Indians returned as expected, lit a fire, the explosion took place, and a bloody revenge was accomplished. Probably the high authority upon all such legends is the talented author of "The Lord of Lanoraie," Richard Griffin Starke, Esq., of Westmount.

BISHOP'S COLLEGE.

Bishop Mountain requested Mrs. Clarke to accept a copy of the "Songs of the Wilderness," the book of poems composed by his Lordship in the Northwest, when he accompanied Mr. Clarke in his canoe on the lakes and rapids. He left the book for her with the Reverend Armine Nicols, his son-in-law, Principal of the Lennoxville College. This circumstance recalls the early Anglican missionaries of the Northwest. The Reverend Mr. West was the first to enter the Northwest. The trip from England to Winnipeg in 1827, when he arrived, took five months. In 1838, James Keith, afterwards Sir James Keith, Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company service, bequeathed the sum of 12,000 for the benefit of the Indian Mission in Rupert's Land. Sir James Keith and my father were great friends, and many daring deeds were done by them in the Northwest, and when my father retired from the Hudson's Bay Company, and settled in Beaver Lodge, St. Catherine's, now Outremont, it was not long before his dear friend found him out, to the great delight of my father. My mother, in speaking of them, often said that my father could not rest as the time drew near for his arrival, he was so agitated, and kept looking at his watch, and when he stepped out of the carriage they clasped hands in silence, and tears ran down those two brave pioneers' cheeks. Sir James Keith remained three months. How happy a time they had! There was then an Indian reservation at the Lake of Two Mountains. My father and his friend had forty tents put up in his large orchard and invited the chiefs and Indians of the Reservation to come down for a week. They paid all the expenses, and gave them presents when they went away. It was a novel sight. Perfect order was kept. The squaws worked at their bead work, and made good sales. They went away with plenty of money, for good Sir James Keith was lavish with his fortune, and loved to do good work. At night they had lighted lanterns on the trees and crowds of people came out of town to visit the encampment. Beaver Lodge was open to their friends during that week, and all enjoyed themselves. When saying "Au Revoir" to my mother, one of these friends, Col. Ermatinger, expressed their sentiments when he said: "How can I thank you for the hospitality and pleasure we have received here this week at Beaver Lodge."

The old hill on St. Lawrence street, above Sherbrooke, the old Molson House, just behind their garden, a long cottage painted white, with a garden of flowers in front, are pictures in my memory. We lived there some time. How happy I was! I have many pleasant recollections of the dear old cottage. One of them was: My father was always up at five o'clock in the morning, and one morning, to his great surprise as he opened the front door to look around, he saw some one whom he recognized as Captain Foster of the 77th Regiment, afterwards Sir Oriel Foster, digging my little garden up. My father quietly closed the door, and watched. Proceeding, at the end of an hour, he took a package of seeds from his pocket. My father walked out quietly and joined him. He had written his name in full in planted seeds. It was a sight when in bloom. My poor father was in the secret and promised to keep a good look out for him, and had a little wire fence to protect the plants, as Captain Foster was a great favorite of his. The formation of the letters with the seeds was really artistic, and was the admiration of everyone. He said it was a custom in Ireland and was considered a very great compliment.

Another little incident was his meeting my father carrying a Bible and prayer-book that he had just bought. He took possession of them and carried them to the cottage; he gave the Bible back to my father and gave me the prayer-book, and asked me to give it to him. He always wrote a verse out of it to his mother.

In the Chateau de Ramezay may be seen a picture of an old wind-mill and row of poplars on St. Lawrence Street above Sherbrooke, now disappeared. They were not far from our place. Almost opposite the next house to ours was the Cuvillier's, and next was Stanley Bagg's. The thought of the old wind-mill brings many pleasant recollections of my girlhood. In those days we played games and many a romp we had around that old wind-mill. When we were tired playing we used to pay a visit to two old fortune tellers who lived in the field. My mother said they were harmless, and they were allowed to live there.

Among the many anecdotes of Lawyer Johnson, who was afterwards Chief Justice Sir Francis Johnson, I remember several. In the time of the horse-cars I happened to be on board with some other friends who all knew him. We were not surprised to hear him say in a quiet, very significant way, when the conductor went around for his fare, "She's got my seat ! " We looked around to see who had his seat, and to our amazement, we saw a woman who occupied three seats. She was immense. The conductor looked at her with a broad grin on his face, and of course we joined in. In getting out at Union Avenue Mr. Johnson put his fare into the box, saying again : "She's got my seat," with a very serious face, and then looking up and taking off his hat to us, he smiled and went off happy.

My mother remembers a picnic in the winter time to Varennes given by Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Rose, and Mrs. McKenzie, and my mother. They lived in little St. James Street the old places are still there. These ladies were chaperons to the young ladies, and my mother often speaks of those pretty young girls. They all assembled at Mrs. Johnson's. My mother came in from Beaver Lodge in her own sleigh. As she alighted at the Johnson door, Lawyer Johnson came out and met her, and my mother said to him, " N'allez-vous pas piqueniquer ? " Looking at my mother very seriously he replied, " Pas si bete," and walked off in the direction of the Court House. They were all assembled upstairs in the drawing room, when my mother told them what he had said. Mr. Ramsay, afterwards Judge Ramsay, said quietly to Mr. Rose, "Thank God ! "

The large sleighs were ready at the door only waiting for the bugle to sound. The Colonel of the 71st and the officers belonging to the regiment led the way down the river to Varennes. The large sleighs were occupied by the chaperons and the ladies, it was a very cold day, and they were glad when the bugle sounded to announce the arrival at Varennes. A habitant house had been secured for the picnic and the door opened in the front room. To our astonishment the first one to receive us was Mr. Johnson. Instead of going to the Court House, he had had a sleigh already prepared to get there in time to receive us. The large old-fashioned stove was in the middle of the room, on the side another room with a large old table standing near the window, Johnson and Ramsay and Dalrymple carried the old table into the middle of the room, and then they took a good view of it, and came to the conclusion that they would wash it. Then they opened the boxes laden with good things, and the ladies put on the cloth and laid the table. Mr. Johnson made the tea and coffee, and they said it was delicious, and my mother said it was really very good, for it was the only beverage there. The daughter of the house waited on the table, Then the fun began, the poor girl didn't know a word of English, and the military men could not speak a word of French. Mr. Johnson took all in and told the girl to bring the wrong things, causing mistakes all the time. At last one of the gentlemen got up to help the girl, and told her what was wanted, but she looked very angry at him, and looked for instructions to Mr. Johnson, who kept telling her the wrong things in French. Mr. Ramsay kept crying out, "Stop, Johnson, stop! don't you see the poor girl is really very angry!" Mrs. Johnson made it all right by giving her a bill when they left. After their dinner and the things were removed they danced the good old dances, such as reels and cotillions and Sir Roger de Coverley. The young ladies belonged to the old French families, and were refined and gay and full of fun.

SIR WILLIAM HENRY DON.

He was a Baronet of Nova Scotia, but at the same time followed the vocation of an actor, and with the Heron sisters sang throughout Canada. I had the pleasure of meeting them at General Davenport's. Mrs. Davenport, who was Sir Allan McNab's eldest daughter, engaged the company to give a concert in her house, and invited a large party to meet them. The drawing room was turned into a concert hall. They had a raised platform with a piano on it. They sang very nicely. After the concert all the guests were introduced to Sir William Henry Don and the three Heron sisters. The Davenports lived on Dorchester Street in the house lately occupied by the Samaritan Hospital.

The late Sydney Bellingham was one of the best known of the residents of Montreal around 1837. He resided for many years on his property at St.Catherine's, now Outremont, just opposite our orchard at Beaver Lodge. My mother remembers a little path from his home to ours that was used by Mr. and Mrs. Bellingham, and my mother and father, for seldom a day passed without their seeing each other. He served during the Rebellion of 1837 and carried dispatches of great importance from Lord Colborne to Col. De Salaberry. He was a brave and daring rider. He left Fort Beaver Lodge on his spirited horse, had to change horses in town, and swam across the river, when it was considered very unsafe. They never thought to see him again, but he arrived safely and delivered the dispatches. His old house is still on the slopes of the mountain at Outremont, and owned by nuns. My mother and father saw him from their window, as he dashed down the avenue and out of sight. He returned after a few years from Canada to Ireland, and after

his brother's death inherited a title, becoming Sir Sydney Bellingham, of Bellingham Castle, and died about eight years ago. A dear old friend told me some time ago, in speaking of the old times and merry sayings of Sir Sydney Bellingham, that he had been visiting at the castle, and asked Sir Sydney what present he would like from the old home he loved so well. His answer was: "Don't forget to bring me some old Canadian tobacco!"

This reminiscence recalls other scenes of the Rebellion. Sir John Colborne, the Governor-General, sat in Council, and my father's home, Beaver Lodge, was turned into a fort. At one time two immense cases, containing 150 rifles, were sent, and Colonel De Salaberry, my uncle, Lieutenant Clarke, Captains Sweeney and Holmes, officers of the Royal Voltigeurs, distributed rifles, and guard was made extending to where the C. P. R. railroad now runs near St. Laurent village, on my father's estate. The powder magazine was built on the hill. It was guarded by my father's employees, and a certain John Donohue was then sergeant. After the rebellion was over a grand ball, or banquet, was given in Rasco's Hotel, by the regulars then here, and officers of the Voltigeurs. It was a brilliant sight; the Governor-General opening the ball, dancing with my mother. It was then the best hotel in the city. A gloomier scene soon followed, for the cholera broke out, the pestilence spreading and sending people to despair. John Boston, Sheriff of Montreal, and family, sought shelter from my father's foreman, Henry Borden, who was in charge of the Beaver Lodge property. The supplication of Mr. Boston, as he was known to be a friend of Mr. Clarke's, threw open the doors of Beaver Lodge. At the same time people from the city begged for Henry Borden to open the barns and granaries for the immigrants who had escaped the cholera. The great barn was built where the C. P. R. now runs, near St. Laurent village. The barn and granaries were large and Henry took it upon himself to offer them shelter. My father was in Mingan, on the Labrador Coast, at the time, accompanied by his wife, her nurse, Eliza Borden, and Miss Marquis, the governess to the family, one son and one daughter.

WINDSOR STREET AND DOMINION SQUARE.

My father lived in the old Manor House, situated between the Canadian Pacific Station and St. Antoine street. The front gate faced Monsieur Dufort's residence, now occupied by the Italian Immigration. The Jewish burying-ground, surrounded by high walls, was on the left hand side, and the Roman Catholic burying-ground was on the right hand side. What is now Palace Street, was a lane that led to the Catholic burying-ground. In the middle was a small white rustic chapel where Sir John Macdonald's monument now stands.

Our home stood in the midst of two gardens. The front garden reached down to St. Antoine street, and extended a good way upwards. The upper gardens with three walks reached to where the Canadian Pacific now is. The names of the garden walks, the centre was Broadway, and the two side ones Lovers' Walk, and Meditation Walk, and named by Miss M, who once lived in the old Manor House. The property was owned by her father. A romance connected with the place is as follows:

It happened when the Voltigeurs and the regulars were stationed in Montreal. The lady's (Miss M.) marriage was to have taken place to a major who had been on a visit to his people in England and was on his way out. All the invitations were out and her beautiful trousseau ready for her marriage. The day that was fixed for the wedding came, but that night they received news of the loss of the ship and all on board.

It was a sad ending with such a bright beginning. She entered the convent and was dead to the world. This happened many, many years ago, and my mother remembers it all the better, as she was a friend of the sweet girl, and intimately acquainted with the family. Years passed, and my mother and father had almost forgotten the sad affair, when one evening a closed carriage drove up to the old gate; a nun got out of the vehicle and helped a lady with a black hood on out. My father went forward to receive them, and not knowing who they were, only thinking that a mistake had been made. To my father's great surprise the lady with the black silk hood, put out her two hands. "Don't you know me of long ago, Mr. Clarke? Take me up to my oaken chest. I want to look at my trousseau." The nun told my father that she wandered at times, and they thought it right to let her have her wish. The nun and my mother followed up. It was a very sad sight; they could not help crying to see her taking out her wedding dress, a veil, and the old wreaths of orange blossoms, and a manuscript that she had composed when she was a young girl in that very house, and she handed it to my father.

In happier hours, my pleasure of the day Was to roam with the thoughtless and dance with the gay; But now in affliction, how changed is the view, Though good hearts are many, sincere ones are few. But now in my sorrow you faithfully came, though I am older, I find you the same.

This happened in old Montreal long, long ago. The corner of St. Antoine Street was occupied by Mrs. Colin Russell, who owned the house. It was considered a very nice dwelling. Opposite our garden, on St. Antoine Street, were two old houses, which are still there; Reverend Jacob Campbell, military chaplain lived in one; and the next house was that of Commissary-General Ray. Of our neighbors, Sir Charles Gore and Lady Gore, and two daughters and sons (James was A.D.C. to his father), never missed a morning church service. Sunday was a day of rest for their servants and horses. Everything was cooked Saturday and an early dinner was the order of the day. They lived at that time on Richmond Square, in a corner house, with galleries at the side. The band played once a week in the Square. Richmond Square was a very fashionable place in those days. On the opposite side of the street lived the Lindsays, Selbys, Menzies, Davenports, Torrances, Antrobuses. At the corner house of St. Antoine and Guy, the Countess of Errol, Gen. Gore's daughter, lived in Bruno's Terrace, still standing, second house on the left hand side. We lived in the corner house for the winter months. You can imagine how we enjoyed ourselves, for the Gores were a delightful family. Something was always going on. Driving, riding, snowshoeing, dancing, and games. At the corner of Guy Street, the Hon. Dominick Daly boarded.

THE WHIST PARTIES OF LONG AGO.

Whist parties meeting at different houses were held once a week. There were twelve in the club. A very amusing incident happened to a lady at one of the whist tables. When Mrs. S. was putting down her cards, Colonel Tidy walked up, and said: "I think there is a fire in the vicinity of your house, Mrs. S." Her answer, "Oh, no! I don't think so," smiling, to the surprise of all present, "this, I think, is the leading card, that makes two points for you." Mr. Taylor said: "Really, Mrs. S., your house is on fire." To this she cried: "What is the trump?" She then got up reluctantly.

The next time the club met was at Mr. McGill's. When they were all seated, Mr. Taylor thought he would remind them of their last meeting, and called out: "What is the trump?" All looked at Mrs. S., and all had a hearty laugh, in which she joined. The house now occupied by the Montreal Street Railway, on the corner of Craig street and St. Lambert Hill, was the entrance to Miss Felton's school. Young ladies from Quebec and all parts came there. This school was renowned for its high standard of education. She had a staff of teachers, dancing class once a week, the rule full dress. Miss Aspinell was a teacher. My mother said she was much amused to see the girls start off with "Speed the Plough," and the polka, the girls with their arms folded across leading, and the boys following in the same manner.

Miss Aspinell was a very good teacher. She was a perfect dancer. The brothers of the school girls were allowed to join the class. Many pranks were played by Miss Felton's young girls of the school. They were very pretty, and Miss Felton was very old, and kept a very watchful eye on them when out walking.

But, alas! one day she was sitting in her window, facing St. Lambert Hill, when to her surprise she saw two young lawyers standing in front of the window, but they did not see her, as they were looking up, when down came a cord with a note attached to the end, and grasped by one of them. She called at them, "Gentlemen, I am surprised and indignant at this behavior. Hand that to me." Taking off their hats, they said: "Miss Felton, what a mistake you have made," and instantly disappeared. Miss Felton went upstairs, and found all her pupils in their places studying their lessons. The young lady who sent down the note married this lawyer after she left Miss Felton's school, and afterwards they were the leading singers in our church choir, and became very noted figures among the very best society people.

New Year was a delightful custom and was adopted by almost everyone who visited on that day. New Year Day visiting commenced early in the morning, and continued till late in the evening. For three days persons had often 400 visits to make. It was rather trying being on duty during those three days from morning until night. This custom had a very good effect, meaning a kindly feeling. Some old buildings of Montreal, old houses, and relics of the past, are still existing and ought not to be hastily put aside.

Let us look back and see our grandfathers and grandmothers of long ago. My mother remembers the time when Lord Elgin was Governor here. His residence was Monklands. It was New Year's Day. General Bruce, Lord Mark Kerr, Hon. Arthur Egerton, the Earl of Erroll. They had one hour of duty off, and they came to wish us a Happy New Year, standing up, taking a cup of coffee. "What delicious coffee, Madam Clarke, and wishing you a Happy New Year, again and again, with au revoir," and off they went, and they got home five minutes before the hour was up.

Sixty years ago the evening parties of Montreal were very fashionable. They commenced at an early hour, and the fathers and mothers as well as the young ones and all entered with zest into the amusement of the evening. The old ladies and gentlemen danced as much as the young people, and their dancing was regarded with ease, and the manners were unaffected and dignified and characteristic of well-bred people. The dances were slow and stately. Even the waltz was in slow time. But in the cotillion, Sir Roger de Coverley was danced with great spirit. After supper

the guests left, and it being very cold in winter the ladies put on their hoods and cloaks, and the gentlemen put on their coats and fur caps.

My mother speaks of this still and often tells us how happy they all looked. Some drove home, and others proceeded home with lanterns lighted.

A SUGARING-OFF PARTY.

Mr. and Mrs. D. concluded to have a sugaring-off party at Lennoxville. The invitations were sent out. At a sugaring-off party in the country the sap is boiled to the consistency of molasses, and then to sugar. If the fire is too hot, the sugar is useless. Just before the syrup is hard enough for sugar, it is an old custom to invite one's friends to the sugaring-off. Old and young, they came by the light of the moon to the sugar camp. Mr. Jasper W. and friend were there, and a dozen of young ladies came in for their attention. Mr. D. and son acted as masters of ceremony.

It was a frosty night, and the hard snow-crust cracked every now and then like the report of a pistol, and the dry bush crackled, too, under the kettle, while the firelight gleamed over the lovely young, eager faces of the party, and brought them out in strong relief against the pines and the splendid maples, with their drooping branches. At last all was ready, and Tom and his father lifted the big kettle from the fire, and dexterously poured its amber contents on the snow. There was a general rush toward the centre of attraction, and Mr. W., not to be thought so green as he might be, leaned over the seething syrup, with a long spoon in his hand and dipped for the first sample of lusciousness, and cried, "Sweets to the Sweet," striking an attitude and presenting the spoon gracefully to Miss F., who advanced smilingly to take it. But it was a little slippery where he stood, and before he realized that he was going, the elegant young man measured his length on his back in the syrup, which cooled instantly, and when he rose to his feet the sugar stuck to his back, and trailed a yard on the snow behind him. A shout rose from the young people, and Mr. W., obeying the first impulse of mortified pride, set out down the hill at a high canter, with the congealed syrup flying behind him, doing his best to get out of sight and eclipse all previous records of swiftness.

His wild flight, and the excited cries of the sugaring-off party, roused Betsy, the twenty-five-year-old horse of Captain Hackett, from a nap which she was taking behind the fence, where she had been left with the sleigh and the extra wraps of the company, and Betsy, having been in her time, a noted animal on the turf, thought she had got the word to go, so the old mare and Jasper W. went it, neck and neck down the hill, both of them too excited to know that the river lay in their tracks. When they did notice, they were too near to it to turn back. When they got in, the others had a great deal of trouble in fishing them out, both the worse for their cold bath. The sugaring-off was a failure, but all had many a hearty laugh after it. After the old coachman had rubbed his horse down, he said, "Tell you what, Master, I guess that 'ere young chap won. Won't be likely to fish through the ice again right away. Drat him, he come pretty near drowning our Betsy."

A picnic given by the officers stationed on St. Helen's Island. Among the invited guests were: Sir Charles Gore and Lady, the Earl and Countess of Erroll, Sir and Lady Alexander, Mr. and Mrs.

Davenport, and Miss McNab (afterwards married to Lord Berry). The Countess of Erroll drove there and back.

We had lunch in the barracks upstairs, a long narrow room, with three windows facing the centre of the Island. Lord Mark Kerr made the coffee, and, in handing it around, called out "Soup." After we were shown all over the place, we put on our snowshoes for a tramp over the Island. Lord Mark Kerr leading with his toboggan. When someone made the remark, "I think that toboggan is out for one of Lord Mark Kerr's pranks," someone called out, " We're not going to toboggan to-day." We were a short distance from the little burying-ground, where we made a stop to rest and look around. During the time his Lordship disappeared without our notice, when we heard one of the party, "Oh, Look, look! look!" and there was Lord Mark waving his hand to us and getting ready to start. I can assure you we did not like it.

We covered our eyes, and all of us exclaimed. However, he got down safely, running on his snowshoes to join us, and laughing at our long faces. We tramped around the Island, and after more refreshment, returned home. With the departure of the Garrison, the character of Montreal society life entirely changed. The people about whom I have written the foregoing imperfect snatches of reminiscence have been replaced by another society which has gradually developed itself, but on totally different lines, not united as in the old days, but broken into numerous sets, who scarcely meet each other, and occupied with thoughts and avocations quite dissimilar.” University of Toronto Library, Acme Library Card Pocket.

Chapter III. (Of Old Montreal) My Mother's Recollections of Switzerland.

Before returning to Canada my father, naturally wishing to see something more of the continent, went from Paris to Switzerland. There he met my mother. It was while strolling through the vineyards of Herr Schleidlau, at Neuchatel, that he first saw a little maid, who proved to be the daughter of the house. She had just entered womanhood, but the free, careless grace and simplicity of her girlish manner captivated him, and her slender yet rounded form was the embodiment of that lithesome grace, which is characteristic of perfect health.

My mother's recollections of her home in Neuchatel is that it stood in a park where fruits and trees abounded, and where flower beds came suddenly into view in most unexpected places, as one passed over the grounds and such flowers roses and carnations double the size of ours. The carriage drives were so well contrived that a stranger received the impression that the place was much larger than it was in reality. Glimpses of the mountains in the distance came into view here and there through the groves of stately elms and pine trees. The charming situation and genial climate of Neuchatel, with a sky only less blue than that of Italy, make it an attractive place for strangers, who come here every summer in pursuit of health and recreation. In the enjoyment of its pure air and exquisite scenery, many tourists make a prolonged stay, visiting the surrounding villages, and the many beautiful spots on the shores of the lake, including the famous rocky hill Cret, where at evening the view of Mont Blanc and the Alps afford a grand prospect.

My mother remembers the passing through Neuchatel of the King of Prussia, afterward Emperor William I. of Germany. He was then twenty-four years of age, and the number of Sunday-school children, who sang in chorus before him, was also twenty-four. They had been chosen among those of twelve years of age, who had the best voices. The solo part was sung by my mother, who can still remember the air, though the words of the cantique are now forgotten with the exception of a few lines. The children were all dressed in white, and wore black and red sashes, the national colors of Switzerland. The King's chariot, drawn by eight white horses, was laden with flowers. As the children's choir pleased him he smiled, and his smile was his charm. It was at the entrance of the church that the Sunday-school children received him. His Majesty stepped out of his state coach with his plumed hat in his hand, and walked up the stairs, which were strewn with flowers. When he came before the little choir he stopped until the music ended. Then he took the hand of my mother, and in a few graceful words in French, acknowledged the compliment.

"Grand Dieu, de tous les biens, on vient vous offrir de la voix et du coeur."

In a lovely spot, which is best seen from the height called Cret, where Madame Schaffley had a charming country villa, the villa of my mother's godmother, and where she always spent her holidays, swarms of bees gathered an abundant harvest from the flowers. The honeycombs when taken from the hives, were of a beautiful color and so prettily dry that they could be carried about in the hand. The house was on the mountain side, and here my mother's little friends from Neuchatel would seek her, and all the little girls would amuse themselves for hours rolling down the grassy slopes of the mountain side. The sport was exhilarating, and the little people were soon out of breath, and could only laugh a little after they had caught their breaths. There was a very nice little boy, all dressed in velvet, who would gladly have taken part in these amusements, but the little girls chased him away. When he refused to go, they would pull his velvet cap with gold tassel off his head, and throw it down the cliff; and if he still refused to go some of the party went to the villa to fetch a little piece of bacon, at the very sight of which he ran away, because he was a follower of Moses. He generally left singing, " J'ai perdue ma cocarde." The name of this little boy was Moise Vaux, who may be in Switzerland to this day. My mother loves to talk of her happy home and school days, and her delightful visits to Schaffhausen on the north side of the Rhine, where her father and mother always spent a month or two in each year. She remembers her boating on the Rhine; the lake of William Tell; Lake Constance, and the Gothic church on the Baden side, and many of the old castles which stand on the hills.

My mother remembers the name of the school she attended; it was kept by the Rev. Mr. Neuman, assisted by Miss Neuman. Among the scholars were many young ladies belonging to English, French and German families, who came to receive tuition in the modern languages — French, Italian, German. Their home was situated in beautiful grounds with lawns for all sorts of outdoor games. It was an ideal place of residence and the pupils enjoyed all the privileges of the pleasure ground, with its broad walks, and games, and of the garden

stocked with fruit and bushes.

Among the recollections of the early days of my mother in Switzerland, one of all others appears to have made a lasting impression. It was the reading of a love romance with a happy ending, and it is always with pleasure that she repeats the story, which is as follows: —

MONT BLANC.

'Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star.

On thy bold, awful front, O Sovereign Blanc!" — (Lord Byron.)

"Basil, my boy, there is one thing dead certain. We are in for an experience this time. I have been lost in an Indian jungle, caught in a desert sand-storm, but all that fades into insignificance compared with being trapped in a fierce snow-storm half way up the side of Mont Blanc. Basil, old chap! suppose you wind that Switzer horn again? Give another toot and see whether we can discover someone on the trail, which we have probably lost!"

The speaker was Lord Brandenstein, and the off-hand manner in which he addressed the guide, was characteristic of the hardy traveller, who had undertaken the ascent of the mountain, attended by a single guide, and at a time when the early closing of the season added immensely to the difficulty and danger of the enterprise.

The visitor and his guide had reached a dangerous crevasse, when suddenly the splendid panorama disappeared from the sight; blotted out completely in an instant by a snow-storm, which for its fierceness surpassed any the guide had seen before. Other visitors were on the mountain, for glimpses of them had been obtained from time to time. All trace of them, however, was now lost. In this situation it became necessary that they should retrace their steps and seek a temporary refuge from the storm. But how to proceed was the difficulty, as there was no trail, and the guide frankly admitted they were lost. It was at this juncture that the Baron addressed the guide in the words with which the story opens. He promptly responded by raising his hand to his mouth and sending forth from a powerful pair of lungs that musical Tyrolese call, which can only be properly warbled by an Alpine dweller. Through the storm it rang, for in these mountains the air is highly susceptible to a vibratory motion, and the guide listened attentively to discover if any response came. For if by good fortune there chanced to be a Switzer within hearing he knew the signal of distress would be answered but after repeating the call the guide only frowned. The only sound audible was the rustling of the wind among the rocks and snow drifts. The Baron then asked the guide if he had not seen through the glass that there were ladies in the party following them, and Basil answered that he had seen two. "How foolish!" exclaimed the Baron. "We must push on. Monsieur," said the guide. "To remain is death!" soliloquized the Baron, and clinging to such protections as presented themselves he swung his body from rock to rock, and kept a tight grip on his Alpine staff with its pointed steel.

The Swiss guide raised his benumbed hands, and again that Tyrolese call sounded, musical, in spite of the blizzard. Mocking voices they hear.

"Hello, where are you?"

"This way, I am too chilled to reach you," comes the reply, very near at hand; and, electrified, the tourist bounds over some rocks forming a sort of shelter from the blizzard, to find himself face to face with his fate.

"It is a woman!" he ejaculates, at the sight that greets his eyes, — a tall, girlish figure trying to rise.

The tourist marks on the instant what a strangely beautiful face it is. She totters while endeavoring to stand, and the Baron, equal to the emergency, swings his other arm about her.

"Pardon, Miss, this is no time for etiquette, and you'll allow me," — nor did he wait for a reply.

"We must make a last effort for the lady's sake," he cried to the guide.

"Lead on! if you save us it is 500 livres in your pocket, the path, man! find us the path that leads to the Monastery."

Spurred on by the hope of making a small fortune, as well as saving his own life, the Alpine guide again moves on.

"On! battle on! we must find the trail!"

Hope, that anchor to the soul, has become almost dead within them, when suddenly he hears a shout ahead. It comes from the guide.

"The path is here!" he shouts, — "thank heaven, if we can hold out ten minutes longer. Master, we are saved. I hear voices about; it is the ladies' party descending; in a minute they are here. Yes, we are saved!"

And then the Baron realizes the heavy weight on his arm. The unknown lady has swooned. The guide's words are true, for the voices draw nearer, and in hardly more than a minute a party of persons appear through the blinding snow, hurrying downwards, the Swiss guides leading and keeping a bright lookout for there is always extreme danger of losing the trail at a time like this.

By the time they resume the descent, each step taking them nearer to the Hospice of St. Bernard, the Baron notes that the remaining lady of the party is one who has acted as chaperon to the younger lady. She is almost exhausted, so that two of the guides have to carry her, when before them rise the walls of that Monastery which, for so many long years, has been the blessing of travellers and of lost Alpine guides, where a warm welcome awaits them from the monks

whose lives are devoted to this work. There are a number of other tourists present who have also been overtaken by the storm on Mont Blanc. Glad, indeed, are all to find shelter from the storm; the ladies appear, looking none the worse for their adventure.

Miss Drew now cried out, "To you, I am indebted for my life. I thank you from my heart."

"I beg that you will not mention it, Miss Drew. I, in turn, am under obligation to these holy men for shelter."

But she smiles in reply. "They can be repaid, the box at the door is open to voluntary contributions."

The Baron had intended to pursue his travels. His friends were expecting him at home. But from henceforth his country was here; he was a welcome visitor at her home, and his engagement was announced. A very lovely wedding she had, as her parents were very rich, and she was their only daughter, and the Baron belonged to a powerful and well known German family.

An interesting coincidence happened when my mother was a little girl. Her little schoolmates used to play in the cuckoo grove, and they amused themselves by asking the coo-coo how many years they would live. The cuckoo answered the little ones, and when my mother's turn came she asked in German "How many years do you give me?" The cuckoo answered in real earnest and never stopped, and the little girls said "Oh, Marian, you are going to live forever!"

