



THEN AND NOW



THE GUIDEBOOK SERIES IN SOCIAL STUDIES

# Early Life in Canada

BY

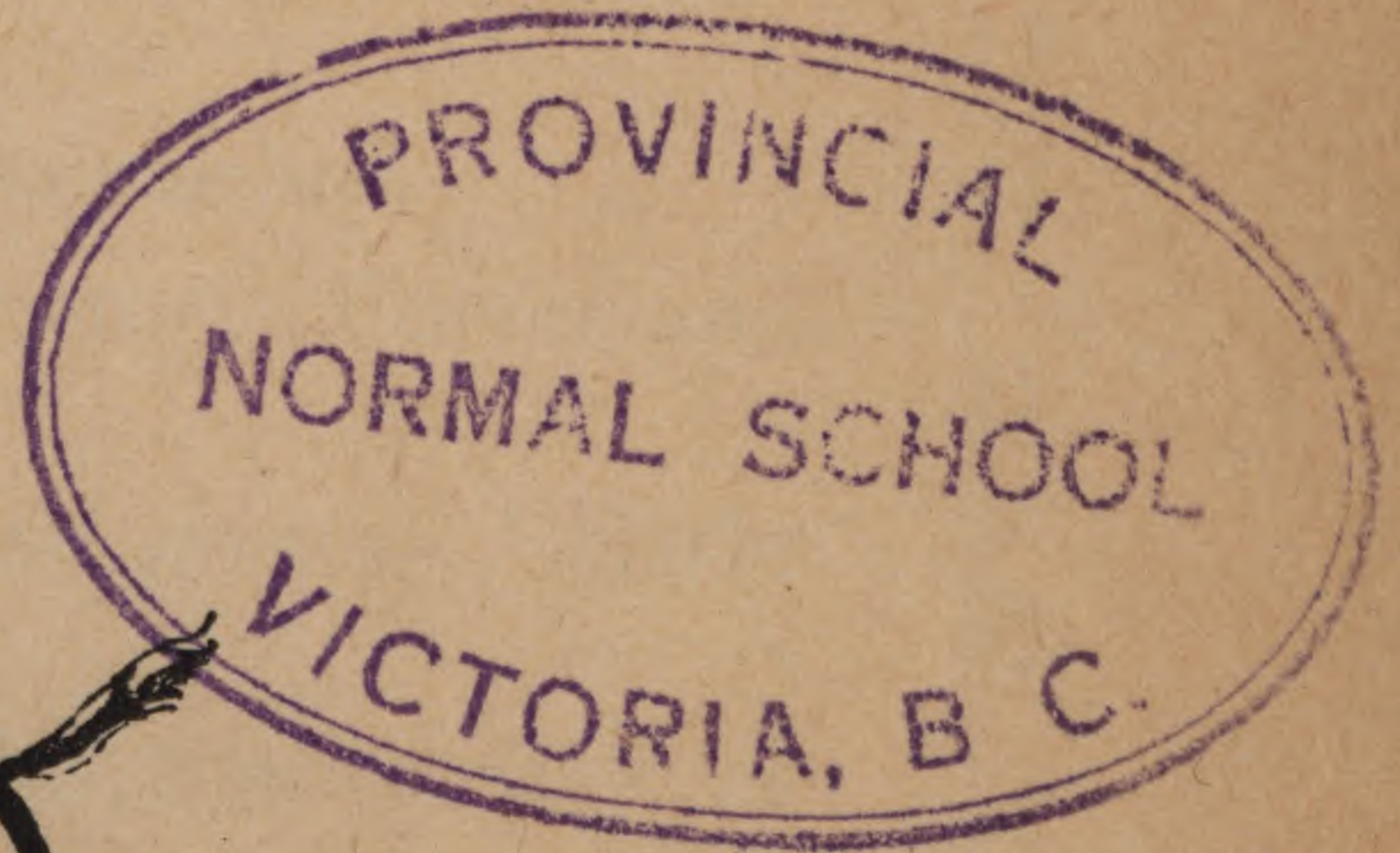
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# Early Life in Canada

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## CHAPTER I

### EARLY DAYS

THE summer holidays had been fun. You could tell that the very first day of the term by the way the boys and girls of Pleasant Valley School smiled when they had their pictures taken in front of the school, and then gathered around Miss Gordon's desk to tell her about all the things they had done and the places they had been.

"Where's 'Digger' DeVal?" asked Norman Erickson. Digger's real name was Digby, but the boys called him 'Digger' because he was always digging up old things and asking Miss Gordon what they were.

"Here he is!" called Brian Murphy from the door. Then everybody burst out laughing, for, just as they expected, Digby was carrying something he had "dug up." It was a long bag made of some animal's skin, and it looked very old.

"I found it in the bottom of an old trunk that my grandfather told me to break up for firewood," said Digby with excitement. "When I showed it to him, he was very pleased, and he told me all about it."

It was a pemmican bag. Away back in 1872, when Digby's grandfather was only ten years old, he had been taken on a buffalo-hunt. From the top of the hill, he had watched the whole thrilling battle: buffaloes stampeding wildly in all directions, hunters riding and shooting from the saddle, Indians war-whooping like madmen; and most thrilling of all, two great bulls charging a rider from opposite directions—and meeting in head-on collision.



Later, he had seen the hunters turn the buffalo-meat into pemmican, and then store it in bags made from the buffaloes' hides. It was one of those very bags that Digby had brought to school.

"But what is pemmican?" asked Dorothy Briggs, "and why did they store it in bags?"



A BUFFALO HUNT

Miss Gordon explained that pemmican was buffalo-meat that had been dried and pounded into powder. It was always put into a bag made from the buffalo's hide, and then boiling fat was poured on top of it to keep the air from getting in and spoiling the meat. A slice of pemmican, she said, was good to eat years after it had been made. It had saved many a man from starving.

"Did your grandfather live in Pleasant Valley then?" asked Keith Williams.



"Yes," said Digby, "His parents came up here from the United States in a Red River cart. They were among the earliest settlers."

"Why didn't he come by railway?" asked Jeannie McTavish.

Miss Gordon explained that there were no railways running into Manitoba in those early days. There were no automobiles either, or even bicycles.

When some of the class looked surprised, she smiled and said: "Oh, but the early settlers did without much more than that. There was no electricity, and that, of course, meant no electric lights or radio or telephones; no farm-machinery, no stores from which to buy things for miles and miles, and no good roads to travel on! And yet they were quite happy."

Now they all looked astonished. Everybody asked questions at the same time. How could they be happy without all those things? Weren't they always in danger of being attacked by Indians? Where did they get their clothes from, and their furniture and tools, and farm-implements? What did they do if they needed a doctor or a dentist? How did they have any fun?

Miss Gordon started to explain. Then suddenly she was interrupted by Digby DeVal. He didn't mean to be rude, but he was so excited.

"Please, Miss Gordon," said Digby, "couldn't we set to work and dig up the answers to all those questions *ourselves*? I mean, as part of our Social Studies—instead of just studying the history of Canada and the geography of Manitoba."

"Digby," said Miss Gordon, "That is a wonderful idea. We'll do it. But you shouldn't say '*instead* of history and geography.' Finding out about our own community *is* history and geography. We should think of history as 'his story': Man, his story; and we should think of geography as the study of how man uses the good things of the earth: land, sea, lakes, rivers and forests."



"That is just what we will do. We'll try to find out the story of the pioneers of Pleasant Valley (and that means the people who came here first), and how they used the earth to make a living."

"Digby," she went on, "should be very pleased when you call him 'Digger.' That is how history-books and geography-books are written, by the historians and geographers who write them digging up the information. Of course, they don't just look in the ground. They search wherever they think they can find it. So let's all be historians and geographers. Let's all be *diggers!*"

The next afternoon, the class discussed what were the most important things to find out, and how they would go about it. They decided that there must have been *reasons* why people chose that particular part of the country in which to make their homes. They were looking, of course, for a place where the earth would be likely to yield food, water, clothing and shelter. Would they have been able to get these things just as easily if they had settled, say, across the river?

With Miss Gordon's help, they divided the class into four teams, each with a captain. Then they had their teacher write on the blackboard what they had decided each should try to find out. After they had done their investigating and discovered all they could, the captains, and any others who wished, would make a report to the class.

The four teams set to work. They examined all the old things they could find: buildings, implements, pictures, pots and pans, furniture (Did it show any marks of a knife?), old books, magazines and newspapers. One boy, whose father had taken him on a week-end trip to Winnipeg, visited the museum, where he discovered many things to put in his report.

By interviewing (talking to) "old timers" and the minister of the church, and by looking at old tombstones,



they found out the names—some were the same as their own—and home-lands of the early settlers.

They kept a record of everything they learned, not only by writing about it, but by drawing pictures, and even by making maps. Then, later, they put their notes in better shape and copied them into their "good" note-books, which they called "My Story of the Early Days."

Of course they soon discovered that there were many things that they couldn't find out just by talking to people, or by studying things that belonged to the past. So Miss Gordon wrote on the blackboard the names of several of their library books, with page numbers. These, she said, could tell them a great deal about pioneer life in Manitoba, because the writers of the books had read letters and diaries that had been written by the pioneers themselves.

Then she showed them how to *find* information in strange books. "Suppose," she said, "that I want to find out what year it was that the terrible grasshopper plague visited Manitoba's very earliest settlers."

She chose a book from the library-shelves. It was called *Pages from Canada's Story*.

Then Miss Gordon turned to the index at the back, and ran her finger down the page until she came to: "Grasshopper Plague, page 334." Turning to page 334, she read quickly the first sentence of each paragraph to find out if it would be likely to have the information she wanted, and sure enough there it was, in the third and fourth paragraphs. In the same way, their teacher showed them how to find information in several other books. From that day on, the library was a great help.

Then, after two weeks of really hard "digging," came the reports; and to make it seem more like the "Early Days," Miss Gordon had invited Digby's grandfather to be their guest.

What grand reports they were! Team A's was read by their captain, although of course it had been written by *all* the members. One had written about the land; another



about the water-supply; another about how the pioneers had got things to and from market. Still another had made a map of the district. Miss Gordon was delighted to



RED RIVER CARTS

find how correctly he had got the positions and the directions of the river and the main road.

A boy from another team gave a "radio" talk. He pretended they were back in the year 1868 and that he was describing a train of Red River carts going by the schoolhouse. One of his team-mates showed a large picture,



which he had drawn himself, of the first steamer to come down the Red River from the United States. He had copied it from a picture in *Pages from Canada's Story*. The name of the steamer was *The Pioneer*, and he had figured out that it must have steamed right past Pleasant Valley on its way to Fort Garry (Winnipeg).

A girl from still another team showed a big iron spoon which she had found in a tool-shed. She had decided by the way it had been hammered into shape that it had been made by hand. Another girl used drawings prepared by her team to show how the *very* early settlers made candles. Still another girl read part of the diary of her father's grandmother telling how hard life had been in Scotland before they came to Canada.

Then came the best report of all. Digby DeVal had "dug" into the back of an old picture—and found a copy of *The Nor'Wester*, the first newspaper west of the Great Lakes! It was dated May 1, 1869. He read "the latest news" from it to everyone's enjoyment.

When the reports were finished, Digby's grandfather made a little speech: "Boys and girls," he said, and his voice shook a little, "you have done so well in bringing back my boyhood days that—well, I'll be surprised, when I go outside the school, if I don't find a Red River cart waiting to carry me home!"

### HOW DID YOUR COMMUNITY START?

Wouldn't you like to find out what life was like in your community in the early days? Ask your teacher if you might divide your class into four teams, each team to make a report to the class, just as the pupils of Pleasant Valley did.

Here are some ways in which you might carry out your investigation. Let each team captain choose the one he and his team-mates prefer.

1. Find out all you can about the land, the water-supply, and the distance to the nearest market (and how the settlers got there).

2. Find out what things they had to make for themselves and how they made them, when stores were a long way off; where their clothes

U of V



came from, how they built their homes, how they provided heat and light.

3. Try to find out what they did for amusement, how much they went out of their way to help one another; how they went about getting a school and a church.

4. Try to discover as many of the early settlers' names as you can, where they came from, why they left their home-land; also what their daily life was like without farm-machinery, automobiles, radios or telephones.

Do you like making things? Here are a few suggestions:

5. Make a model of a Red River cart or a prairie schooner out of the wooden sticks you get with "suckers." Make wheels by sawing sections off a small stick of wood.

6. Make a model of *The Pioneer*, the first steamship to come down the Red River. There is a picture of it on page 305 of *Pages from Canada's Story*. Or you might find *The Countess of Dufferin* more interesting. It was our first railway engine.

Use any soft wood (balsa, the kind used for aeroplane models is best) or a large bar of soap.

7. Have one of your teams make a mural or a frieze (your teacher will explain), telling the story of the early days of your community.

#### BOOKS TO USE

Any school history of Canada. Recommended: *Pages from Canada's Story* by Dickie and Palk.

Any school geography.

*Fifty Winters Ago*. By Gates and others.

*In the Days of the Red River Rebellion*. By McDougall.

*Canadian History Readers* (Ryerson Press).



## CHAPTER II

# HOW AMERICA WAS FOUND

THE day after the Reports were given, the captain of Team D wrote on the blackboard the names of all the *very* early settlers his team had found out about, and where they had come from.

They had all come from across the sea—from the British Isles, France, Sweden and Iceland.

“Didn’t some of the pioneers in Manitoba come from Ontario and Quebec?” asked Marlene Ward.

“Yes,” said Miss Gordon, “and from the United States. But their ancestors—that is, their fathers or grandfathers before them—must have come from the other side of the Atlantic Ocean.”

“However did they get here?” asked Norman Erickson. “I mean, Manitoba is a long way from the Atlantic. How did they know what rivers and lakes to follow?”

“That was easy,” explained Team D’s captain, who had been reading about travel in the early days. “There had been explorers and fur-traders and missionaries in America before them, and they had mapped out the best routes to follow.”

“But how did the *explorers* get here?” Norman wanted to know. “Somebody must have been here even before them, or they wouldn’t have known there was such a place as North America.”

“Oh, that was easier still,” laughed Dorothy Briggs, “Columbus was here before them. Everybody knows that Columbus *discovered* North America.”

“I am not so sure that he did,” said Miss Gordon to everyone’s surprise. “You know,” she went on with a smile, “We must be careful about believing everything we



hear. We must always try to find out the truth, just as we have been trying to do with our own community.

"Columbus' voyages were very important, but actually, he never *saw* North America. Nor was he the first to reach this side of the Atlantic."

"Who was the first?" asked Dorothy Briggs.

Miss Gordon paused and then astonished the class by saying, "As far as we know, the first white man to see North America was a man whose name was Erickson, the same as Norman's. He came from the same place as Norman's grandfather. Quite possibly he was one of Norman's ancestors!"

Everybody looked wide-eyed at Norman and Norman looked wide-eyed at their teacher. "I—I didn't know," he gasped. "Would you tell us the story—the story of how it happened?"

"Why, yes," said Miss Gordon, "but it's really part of a much bigger story, the story of how America was discovered. A great many men took part in that, so it will take some time to tell it. We'll begin the story tomorrow, and we'll start at the very beginning."

The next morning, Jim Seaforth, who was usually first at school, rushed in half an hour late. "Oh, Miss Gordon," he exclaimed breathlessly, "my uncle, Captain Seaforth, has arrived at our house for a holiday! He is a sea-captain, and he has sailed all over the world—to the West Indies, and the Mediterranean Sea, and even to Iceland. I asked him if he would come and tell us the story of how America was discovered, and he said he would, if you would let him. May we have him, Miss Gordon, may we have him?"

"Of course we'll have him," smiled their teacher, and the boys and girls almost jumped for joy.

Then suddenly Miss Gordon looked very thoughtful, and they looked at her anxiously. "I am just wondering," she explained, "if we are likely to enjoy hearing Captain



Seaforth's story. You see, we haven't studied any *world geography!* When he speaks of the seas and gulfs and bays into which the explorers sailed, I am afraid we won't know what he is talking about."

Now it was the boys' and girls' turn to look thoughtful. "But couldn't we set to work and *learn* all the necessary names and places?" asked Brian Murphy. "Jim could put off inviting his uncle until we are ready for him." Miss Gordon agreed, and they set to work.

First they studied the globe-map of the world, which stood on one of the library-shelves. Its surface, they noticed, was curved; and that meant, of course, that when people travel on it, they travel, not in a straight line, but in a curved line, just as you do when you walk over a long, low hill.

"But, Miss Gordon," exclaimed Keith Williams, "that world-map on the wall is *flat*. Doesn't it show the world as it really is?"

"Not quite," said Miss Gordon. "The reason map-makers make flat maps of the world is because flat maps are easier to understand, and easier to handle and carry around. You couldn't very well get a globe-map into a book, or hang it on the wall, could you?"

"But how," asked Keith very seriously, "do they manage to lay the world out flat when it's really round, and still get all the continents and oceans in the right direction from each other? Do they just pretend that they have taken off its skin—and then lay the skin out flat?"

"That is just what they do, Keith," answered Miss Gordon with a smile. Then she borrowed an orange, which one of the girls had brought for lunch, and showed them how it was done.

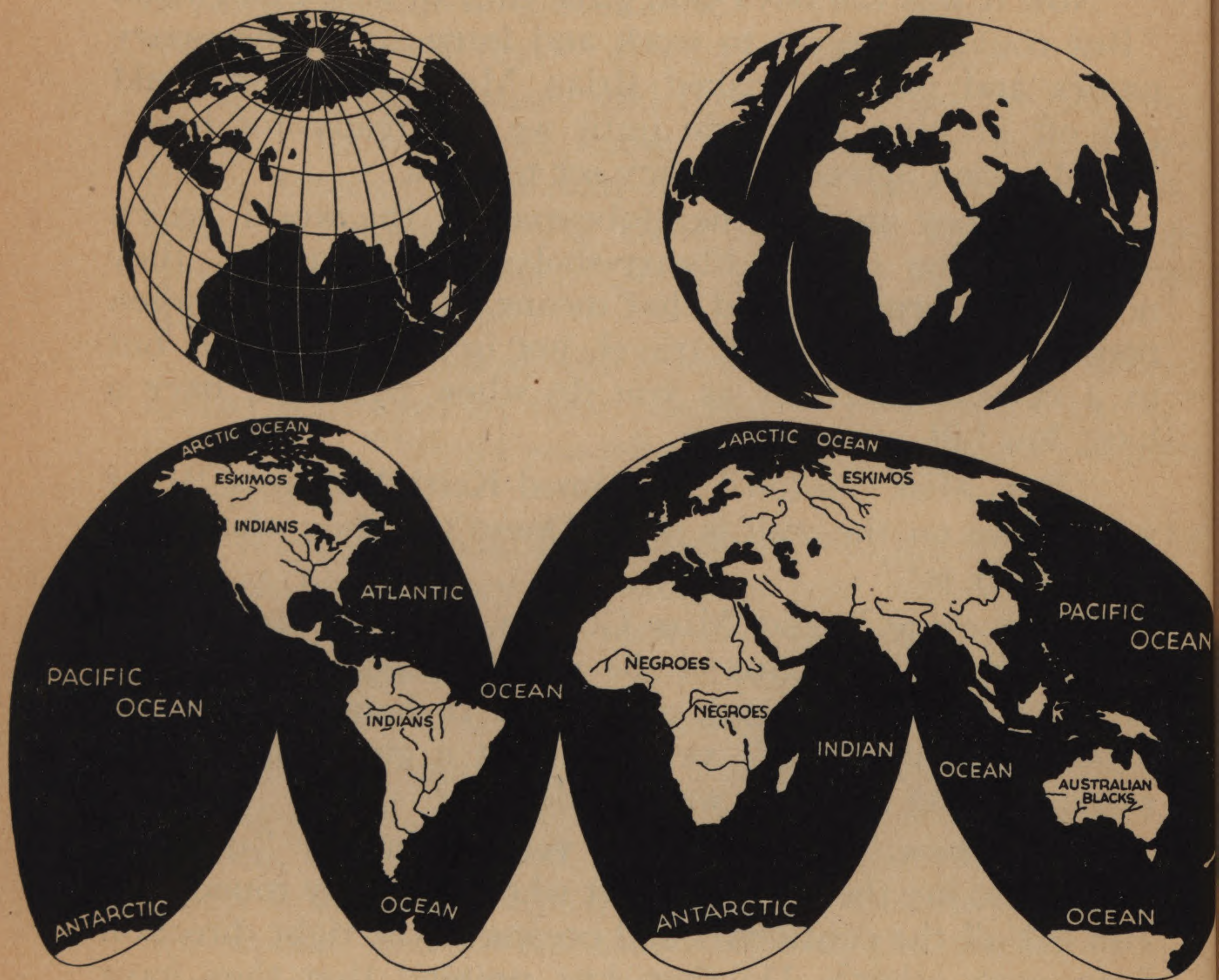
First she made several cuts in the skin of the orange from the top and from the bottom.

Then she removed the skin and laid it out.

Then Miss Gordon sent the class out for recess, and



when they returned, they found that she had drawn on the blackboard a picture of what the skin of the *globe* would be like if you removed it and laid it out in the same way. It looked like this:



MISS GORDON'S MAP SHOWING THE "SKIN" OF THE GLOBE PEELED OFF AND SPREAD FLAT

"That," she explained, "is how they make a flat map of a round world. Of course, it doesn't show the world exactly as it is, but it helps us to understand what it is like by allowing us to see it all at one glance."

Keith was so pleased at having a question about which he had often wondered explained so clearly, that he asked his teacher if she would help him draw a large map of the



world on the blackboard for Captain Seaforth to use in telling his story. Miss Gordon agreed, and then suggested things for the others to do.

### PREPARING FOR A GREAT STORY

Here is Miss Gordon's plan. Ask your teacher to help you to follow it so you will enjoy reading the Captain's Story:

1. Trace a large outline map (about 18 inches by 24 inches) showing the two Americas, Europe (all except Russia), and Africa. Later, in your Art period, you can make and decorate a large envelope to keep it in.

2. Print the words "North" at the top, "South" at the bottom, "East" at the right and "West" at the left.

3. Now find a map of the world in a Geography—or in an atlas (a book made up of maps). Copy into your map these names: Atlantic Ocean, Pacific Ocean, Mediterranean Sea; Italy (with cities of Venice and Genoa), Spain, Portugal, France, England; the West Indies, Florida, Mexico, Brazil, Peru; Newfoundland, Gulf of St. Lawrence, Hudson's Bay; Iceland, Greenland, Labrador.

4. Study your map until you can close your eyes and see all the names in their proper places.

5. Ask your teacher to hold a "Quiz Contest" to find out how well you know your map.

What excitement there was in Pleasant Valley School! Captain Seaforth had just walked in!

His face, tanned by the wind and sun of many oceans, was wrinkled in a broad smile. He was wearing his wonderful gold-braided uniform, too—Jim had asked him to. He seemed to bring the excitement of life on the sea right into the room with him. In fact, thought the boys and girls, you could almost imagine him discovering new lands himself.

"Of course," he began, "you know why we still call this 'The New World.' It *is* new compared to Europe, isn't it?"

"Although the people of Europe had been there for hundreds and hundreds of years and were quite civilized, they were ignorant about the rest of the world, for they thought





MARCO POLO EXAMINES CHINESE BOOKS



that they were the *only* civilized people in the world. They knew very little about the world outside Europe and they did not know there were American continents.

“Then something happened that opened their eyes. A boy by the name of Marco Polo travelled all the way across Asia to China in the Far East with his father and uncle—it took them nearly three years to get there. Marco lived among the Chinese for nearly twenty years, and then came back and told his story to the people of Europe. He wrote a book about it, too, which you can get at the library.

“What a tale he had to tell! The Chinese, he said, were in most ways more civilized than the people of Europe. In fact, they had been civilized when the Europeans were living in caves. Even in those distant days, they knew how to make beautiful silk cloth and erect fine buildings.

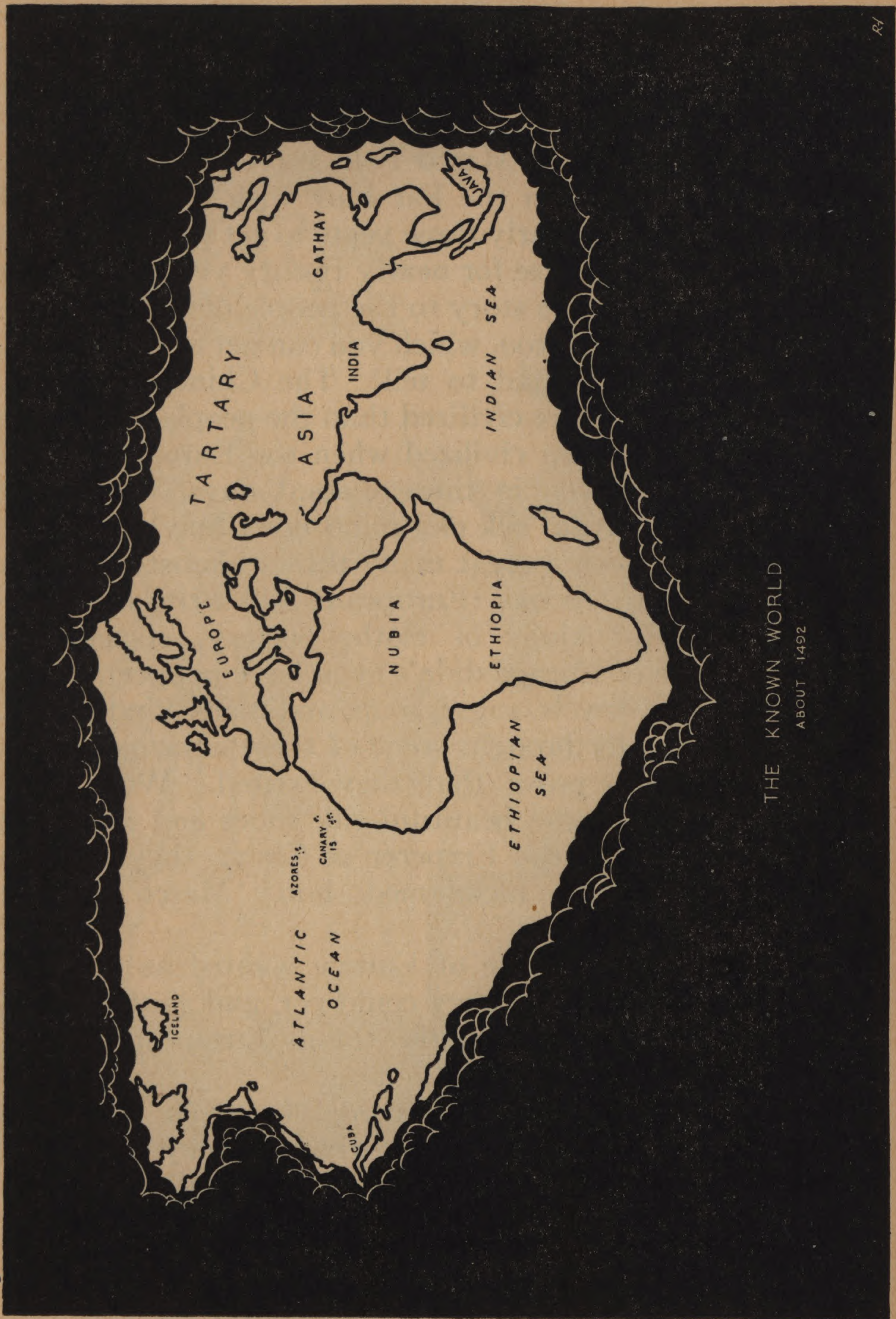
“Marco had seen a great many things almost unknown to Europe: printed books (Europeans still write books by hand), wonderful kinds of cloth, pottery, spices (the common people of Europe didn't even have pepper), ivory, perfumes, drugs, jewels, sugar, soap, and many kinds of oil. Marco had actually brought some of these amazing things back with him to prove that they existed. When they saw him dressed in the beautiful silk robes and sparkling jewels given him by the Emperor of China, they were so impressed that they nicknamed him ‘Marco of the Millions.’

“Naturally, the people of Europe wanted as many of these wonderful things as they could get, and as the people of China and India wanted the things Europe produced, a great trade sprang up.

“But there was something wrong, for even after two hundred years of more and more trading, they still could not get enough of these things, and when they did get them, they cost so much that only the rich could afford them. I wonder why.”

Dorothy Briggs thought she knew. “Was it because they had to be brought all the way across Asia?” she asked.





THE KNOWN WORLD  
ABOUT 1492

R4



"That's it," said Captain Seaforth, "the only way to the Far East they knew was over *land*, and what a land it was! The traders had to cross deserts, mountains and rivers, sometimes in blinding blizzards, at other times in terrible heat. The goods had to be carried by pack-horse or camel-caravan, and there were no good roads. Besides, there was great danger from bands of robbers whose custom it was to kill you first and ask questions afterwards."

"Why," asked Brian Murphy, "didn't they travel by sea?"

"Because they didn't know how to get there by sea," said Jim Seaforth before his uncle could answer.

"Right, Jim," said their speaker. Then he turned to the map Keith Williams had drawn on the blackboard. "Look, boys and girls," he said, "this was all the world they knew." He drew a line around the "known" part. Then it looked like the map on page 16.

"Of course," Captain Seaforth continued, "these luxuries were not brought all the way by land. From the eastern end of the Mediterranean Sea, they had to be carried in ships.

"This 'carrying' trade was a very profitable business too; in fact, so profitable that Venice and Genoa, the two Italian cities whose ships got most of it, became very wealthy.

"Venice at one time had more than three thousand merchant (trading) ships. Sometimes, dozens of them would sail together in a great fleet convoyed by warships to protect them from pirates."

"Didn't the people in the countries that were far from the Mediterranean get a share of the trade?" asked Jeannie McTavish.

"I am afraid they didn't," replied the Captain. "The merchants of England, France, Spain and Portugal could do nothing but hope that one of the bold mariners that had been trying to find a route by which goods could be brought all the way by sea would succeed."



“The sailors of Portugal seemed to have the best chance, partly because their country jutted out into the Atlantic, but more important, because they had a prince who was an adventurous sailor himself—a sailor-prince! Henry the Navigator, they called him, and he was determined to find



SHIP-BUILDING IN VENICE

a route around the *southern tip of Africa*—although he had very little idea how *far* south that tip was.

“Year after year, he sent out his highly skilled navigators. Farther and farther down the coast of the dark unknown continent each fearless seaman forced his little ship, bucking terrible storms, risking the chances of being ship-wrecked on the coast and then being eaten by natives.

“At last came great news! Bartholomew Diaz had rounded Africa! Now, cried the delighted people of the northern countries, if only some other courageous sailor will go the rest of the way! They were so hopeful of it,



that the stormy tip around which Diaz had sailed became known as the Cape of Good Hope.

"Sure enough, a few years later (in 1498), Vasco de Gama sailed around it again—and *reached India!* The long-looked-for passage had been found!"

"Were the people of Europe satisfied then?" asked Marion Anderson.

"No, they weren't," replied the Captain, "If they had been, it might have been a long time before they discovered this fair land of ours. You see, the new way to the East proved to be longer and more dangerous than they had thought. Besides, the Portuguese said, 'We have spent nearly a hundred years trying to discover this route. We intend to keep it for our own use.' And they did. Then, too, something even more wonderful had been taking place in another direction, something that gave promise of an even better route.

"For hundreds of years, the few people who really tried to find out the *truth* about things believed the world was not flat, as most people believed, but *round*.

"One of these was a sailor from the great sea-port city of Genoa by the name of Cristoforo Colombo, or as we say in English, Christopher Columbus.

"When Christopher was a boy, he used to lie on the docks, talking to old sailors and drawing pictures of the beautiful ships bringing in their rich cargoes. Then when he was fourteen, he went to sea, and from that time on he could think of nothing else.

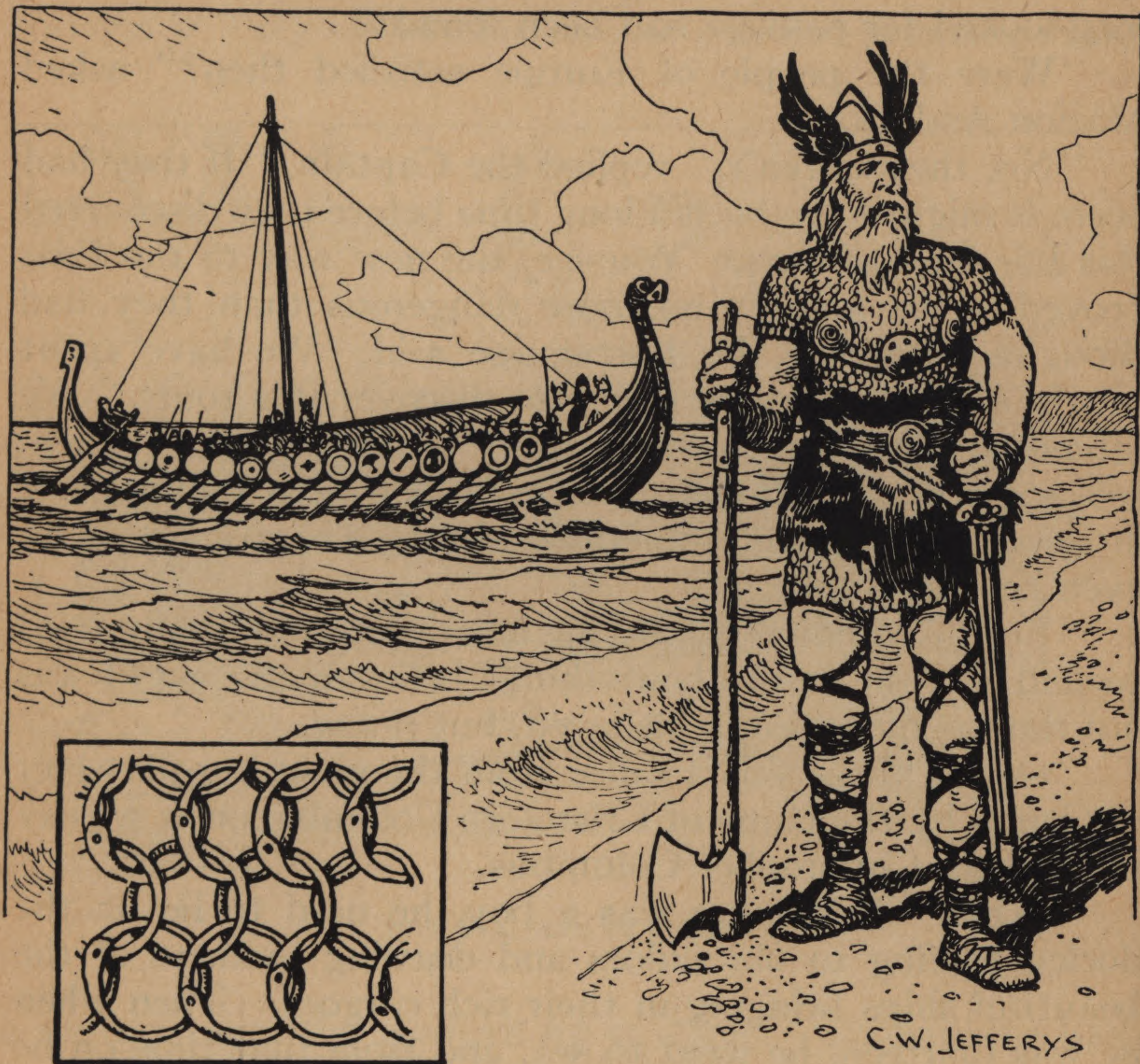
"He was still a young man when he heard a great thinker say that he believed the world was round, and that the shortest way to the East was by sailing *west*.

"The idea seemed to be reasonable. In fact, the more he studied his maps, the more he felt sure that it was true. Then a still more wonderful idea came to him. 'Other men *dream* about a westward passage,' he said to himself. 'I am going to *try* it!'

"His friends smiled, of course, when they heard of



Columbus' wild scheme. 'Why not try to reach the moon?' they asked. But Columbus smiled, too, and then set to work to prepare himself for his great venture. He spent,



A VIKING AND SHIP

not months, but years in travelling and gathering information.

“He wrote down the story of his preparation, and in it he says that he even sailed to far-away Iceland in the hope of finding out more about ‘the Western Sea’ (the Atlantic).

“In Iceland he heard a wonderful story, the story of the Vikings.

“The Vikings were the Northmen, who lived in the



countries we now call Norway, Sweden and Denmark. They usually lived along the creeks, and as the word for creek was 'vik,' they became known as 'Vikings.'

"They were the most daring sailors in all Europe. Six hundred years before Columbus, at a time when the other Europeans were afraid to venture more than a few miles from the coast, these fearless adventurers sailed forth in their little boats without even a compass to bring them safe home again—and discovered Iceland.

"Of course, no one can imagine the perils of such a voyage until he tries it himself *under the same conditions*. A few years ago I sailed from Norway to Iceland, but I had a ship that, after hundreds of years of improvement in ship-building, would almost have taken us there itself. It was as big as twenty Viking ships and had powerful engines instead of sails and oars. We could weather the most violent storm, and by means of our almost human instruments we could tell if we were even half a mile off our course."

"Does anyone know what a Viking ship really looked like?" asked Brian Murphy. "After a thousand years they must have all fallen apart."

"Yes, I know what they looked like, myself," answered Captain Seaforth with a smile, "because I have seen one!"

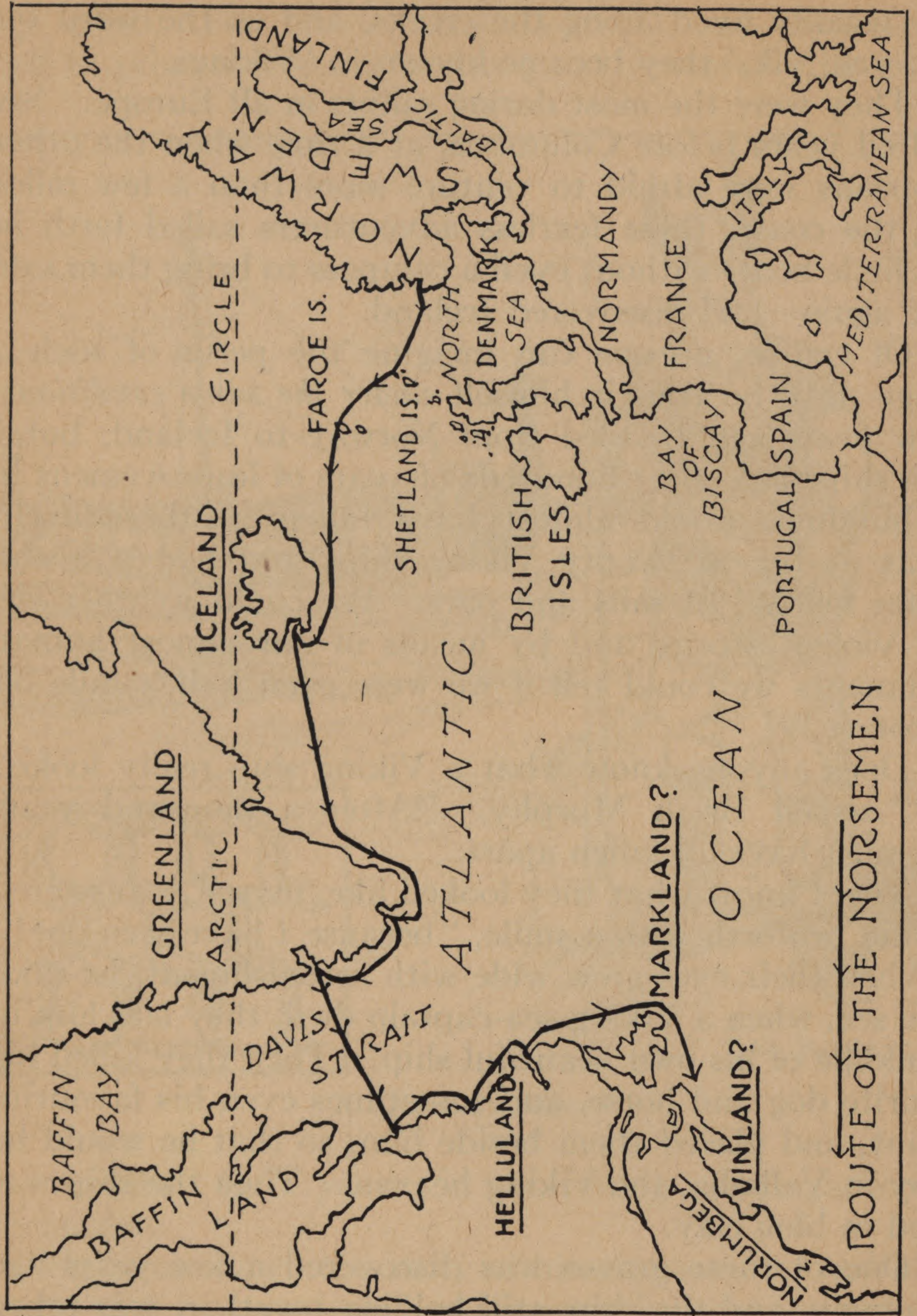
When their eyes grew wide with astonishment, he said, "You see, when a Viking sea-captain died, they laid him in the middle of his own beautiful ship. Then they killed his favourite dog and horse, and sometimes even his favourite servant, and placed them beside him, so that he would be happy in Valhalla, the Viking heaven. Then the ship was buried in blue clay.

"One of these graves was discovered a few years ago in Norway, and the ship, still holding together, was taken to the museum in the city of Oslo, where I had the pleasure of seeing it."

"Did the Vikings discover any more land beside Iceland?" asked Keith Williams.

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ROUTE OF THE NORSEMEN

ROUTE FOLLOWED BY NORSE EXPLORERS



"Oh, yes," said the Captain, "when Christopher Columbus visited Iceland, he no doubt heard of the discoveries of Eric the Red and Leif the Lucky.

"Eric the Red—he probably had red hair and a red beard—was such a wild and reckless fellow that the other Vikings in Iceland asked him to go back to Norway. But Eric wanted adventure, so he sailed west instead of east—and discovered a land far bigger than Iceland. From his ship he could see nothing but treeless mountains and glaciers (great rivers of ice that creep slowly toward the sea, and then melt). The only green he could see was a few little patches of green grass along the coast, so the name he chose for the new land was a strange one. He called it Greenland.

"Eric and the Vikings he had brought with him lived in Greenland for many years. But they kept in touch with Iceland and Norway. Quite regularly they sent ships laden with walrus tusks and furs to be traded for other things they needed."

Then Captain Seaforth showed the class a beautiful souvenir that he had brought back from the voyage he had made to Greenland, a pair of walrus tusks, one of them carved in the shape of a "kayak" (an Eskimo boat).

"Many years after the first Greenland settlement," said the Captain, as he went on with his story, "when Eric's red hair had begun to turn to grey, one of his sons made a much more wonderful discovery than had his father.

"Eric's son Leif, we sometimes call him Leif 'Ericson,' was returning from a trip to Norway when he began to suspect that he had sailed too far south and had missed Greenland. But being a true son of the adventurous Eric, he ordered his men to sail on! For many days they saw nothing but the vast ocean. Then, to their delight, they sighted land—a land covered with *trees*, so Leif knew that it could not be Greenland. He called it Markland (which meant Woodland). *We call it North America!*"

All the boys and girls looked at Norman Erickson



with great interest. "Now," said Miss Gordon, "you know why I said that the first white man to see America might have been one of Norman Erickson's ancestors."

"But if the Vikings discovered America, why don't we give them credit for it?" asked Keith Williams.

"Because they made so little use of their great discovery," explained the Captain. "Of course," he added, "they had no way of knowing that they had discovered a great, rich continent.

"They made one attempt, however, to bring people to live in the new land. A young couple by the name of Karlsevne and Gudrid brought out a small band of Vikings who started a settlement farther down the coast (probably in Nova Scotia or Maryland). Because they found grapes growing on vines, they called their new home Vinland. Last winter in Philadelphia I saw a monument to Karlsevne and Gudrid and their child, Snorre—the first white child born in America.

"But conditions were too hard, even for the courageous Vikings, and the little settlement lasted only three years. They returned to their homeland, and the great discoveries of Eric the Red and Leif the Lucky lived only in the stories (or sagas) of their poets and musicians—to be recited or sung around the fire of a winter's evening.

"No doubt Christopher Columbus sat and listened to some of these stories of discovery. What he thought of them we do not know. At any rate, his eyes were fixed on a much richer prize, China and the Indies (or Spice Islands, as the Europeans called them), and he was more determined than ever to find them—by sailing west.

"Of course such an expedition as Columbus planned would cost a great deal of money, and he was not rich. He sought the aid of wealthy merchants everywhere, but they only laughed at him. Who, they asked, would risk good money on such a foolhardy venture?

"For eighteen long years he fought for his 'idea.' Then, when he had almost given up in despair, King



Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain promised to outfit an expedition for him! His great chance had come!

“At once three ships were made ready and stored with provisions. Then Columbus was faced with a problem, the problem of finding sailors brave enough to join such a wild venture.

“It is quite easy to understand why. The common sailors still believed the world was flat; and if it was flat, they argued, you would fall over the edge, if you sailed far enough.

“There were other terrible tales, too, of what would happen to sailors who dared to sail out into the ‘sea of darkness.’ One such tale said that there were huge whales that would lie on the water pretending to be islands. If you landed on one, the whale would immediately dive to the bottom of the ocean and take you with it.

“But by offering rich rewards, Columbus at last got a crew, a very strange crew indeed. Besides Spaniards of every description, there was one Englishman, an Irishman, an Arab and a Jew. Eighty-eight men in all, and not one of them who shared Columbus’ belief that they were setting forth on a voyage that would change the course of history.

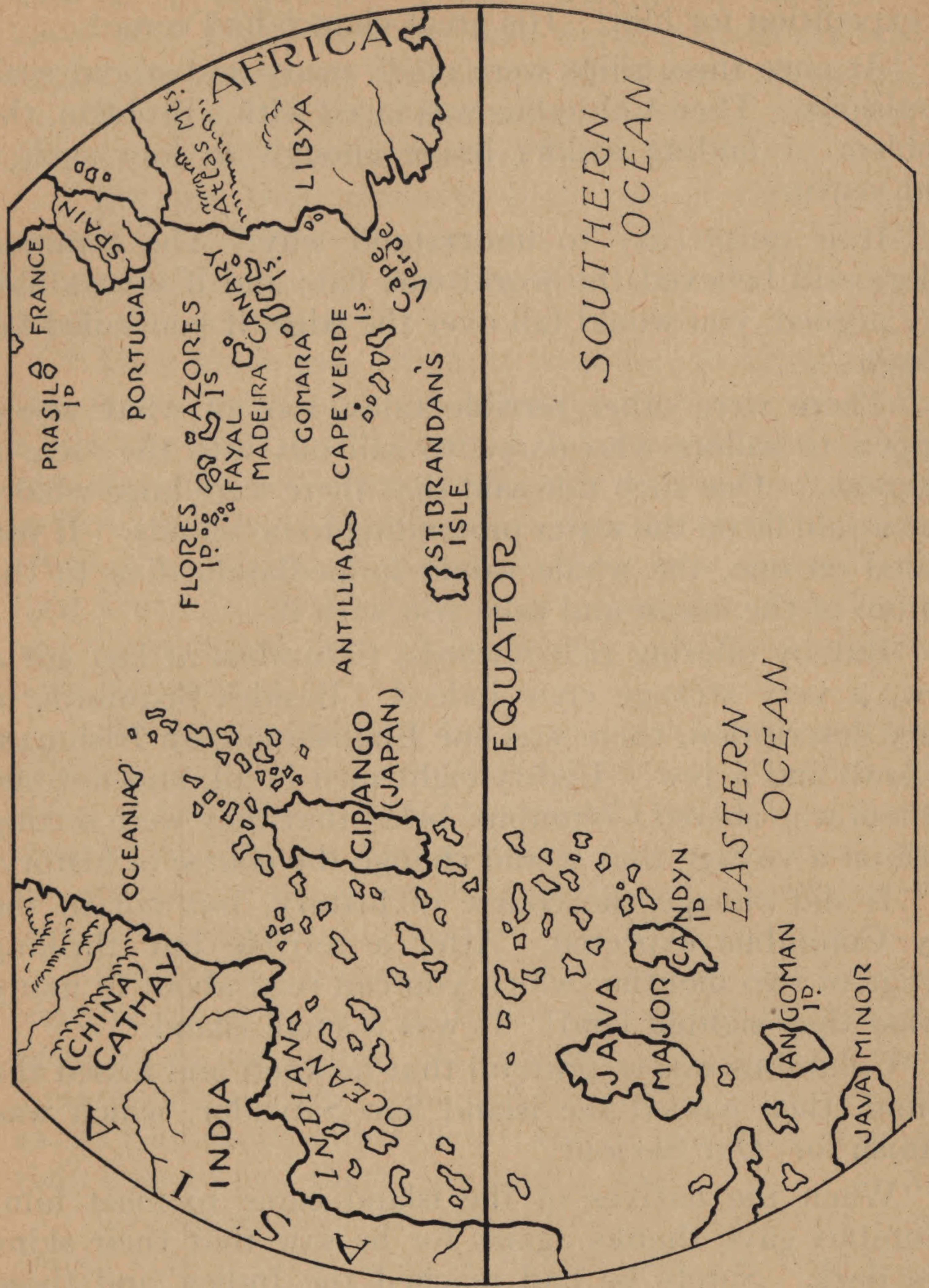
“It did change the course of history, but not in the way Columbus expected. After a terrible but thrilling voyage of two months (which you can read about in many books) they sighted land! It was a small island.

“Columbus was so grateful that he knelt and kissed the ground, then named the island San Salvador, which was Spanish for ‘Our Saviour.’

“When the natives of the island came to meet him, Columbus gave thanks again, for he saw that their skins were dark. Surely he had reached the Indies, and these were Indians!

“Of course he was mistaken. He had not landed in the Indies at all, although we still call the natives of North and South America ‘Indians,’ and the islands which he





A MAP OF 1492. THIS WAS MADE BEFORE COLUMBUS' DISCOVERIES WERE UNDERSTOOD



discovered and explored the West Indies. But he had made a much greater discovery. He had found a *New World!*

“Columbus died without ever learning the truth. Nor did he set foot on the mainland of North America. But his great discovery repaid the Spanish a million times over for the cost of his little expedition. Being first in the New World, they not only conquered all of Central America and much of South America, but they gained such tremendous quantities of gold from it, that Spain became the richest and most-feared nation in the world.”

“Didn’t the English and French send out explorers so that they could get a share of the wealth?” asked Digby DeVal.

“They wanted to very much,” smiled the Captain, “but the Spaniards were there first. Of course it was not until many years after Columbus’ first voyage that the English and French realized that the Spaniards had stumbled on a vast treasure-house, and in the meantime they had tried to find a western passage by sailing farther north—a *north-west* passage.

“Columbus had asked King Henry VII of England to give him ships and men with which to try to find a western route, and the king had refused. Five years after Columbus’ brilliant discovery, another seaman from the same city of Genoa, John Cabot, asked him the same question. Henry said ‘yes’ very quickly.

“Cabot made almost as wonderful a discovery as had Columbus. He not only found a new island, which he called the New Found Land, but he explored the North American coast almost as far south as Florida.

“That meant two things: first, that the hoped-for passage was blocked by land; and second, that England had established a claim in what soon became known as the New World.

“It was not long, of course, before France put in her claim. The story of the voyages of Jacques Cartier is a

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CABOT SIGHTS THE COAST OF AMERICA



thrilling but very long one. Be sure to read about it in your library-books. Not only did Cartier reach the coast of America but, hoping to find a way *through* it, he sailed almost a thousand miles up the St. Lawrence River. To his great disappointment, he found nothing but little Indian villages. Feeling sure that they would discover a passage to the East, he and his men had actually brought elegant costumes with them so that they would make a good appearance when they entered the presence of the Emperor of China.

“When Cartier returned and told his story, the people of Europe added his discovery to what had been found out by the other explorers, and decided that the land lying north of the Spanish New World was no mere strip of coast, but a vast continent—how vast they never guessed. Now America had been truly discovered!”

Captain Seaforth paused. He had finished his story. Then he smiled and said, “Boys and girls, I have given you only an outline of how America was found. It would have taken hours to tell you the full story of each of those thrilling voyages—and having sailed the seas as I have, I realize what wonderful adventures they were. But fortunately, you don't need to wait for someone to *tell* them to you, for they are right there (and he pointed to the library-shelves) in books. If you will really lose yourself in those books—go a-sailing with Leif the Lucky, Cabot and Columbus—you will discover America all over again—for yourself!”

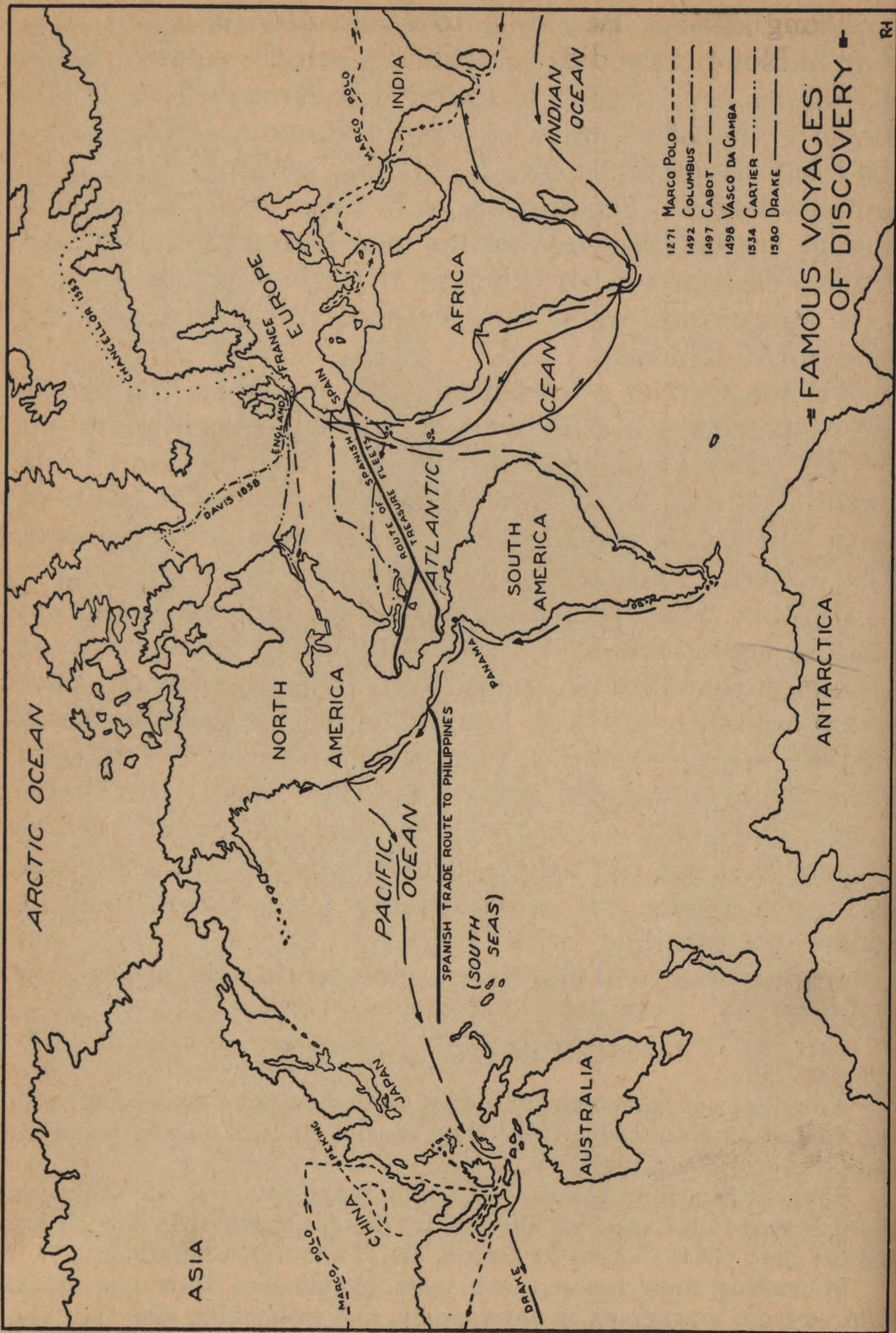
### THEY FOUND AMERICA

Now that you have read the story of some of the brave men who had a share in discovering this “New World” of ours, you will want to find out more about them.

Choose four new teams. Let one team find out all they can about Marco Polo; another, about the Vikings; another, Prince Henry and his men (Diaz, Vasco de Gama, etc.); another, Columbus.

In making their report, each team should use drawings, maps, pictures from magazines or newspapers, and everything else they can think of to make them interesting.







After they have been given, ask your teacher to keep them for you. Then later in the term, you can make the reports of *all* the explorers you have studied into a "Book of Explorers" (with a cover designed in Art period).

Here is something else you can do, something which will make your "Report Day" more interesting. Make a "movie-machine" and show your own "films" on it.

i. Bore two holes in the sides of an apple box about four inches from the top, then two more four inches from the bottom.

ii. Through the holes, put two broomsticks (on which to turn the film) and attach a handle to each.

iii. On a role of wallpaper, draw a series of pictures telling the story of one of the explorers. This first film might be "The Story of Leif Erickson." (Your teacher will tell you how to write the plot, sub-titles, etc.)

iv. When you show it, have a boy stand behind the machine to tell the story. Then it will be a "talkie."

Here are still more things to do:

1. Make a model of one of the ships of your favourite explorer. Perhaps you can do it in your manual-training periods. Use soft-wood, soap or cardboard.

2. Make a coloured map of the world as the men of Marco Polo's time imagined it. (There will be one in your library books; look at the front under "Illustrations"). If you draw your map on a flour or sugar sack with wax crayons, the girls might make a tapestry of it by embroidering the edges.

3. Did you notice, in your reading about Marco Polo, how he admired Chinese Art? Find pictures of Chinese tapestries, vases, houses, temples and dress. Then try making one of their designs and patterns.

4. Find out how many "firsts" came from China; for example, first to use wall paper, first to use gunpowder, etc.

5. Learn a poem to recite to the class, such as "Columbus" by Joaquin Miller, or "Cargoes," by John Masefield.

6. Make your large map of the world a "Growing" map by marking on it the routes each one followed. Use a different colour for each route.

When you are describing the voyage of an explorer for the class, don't try to give a *full* account of his adventures. Just try to make us feel as if *we* were sailing into unknown seas with him.

If you could have the best map-maker of the class trace a large wall-map (of cardboard or wall-board) the speakers could use it to make their stories more enjoyable.



## BOOKS TO USE

- Pathfinders of North America.* Guillet.  
*West by South.* Stothers.  
*Songs of Discovery and Exploration.* Dunsmore.  
*Discoverers and Explorers of North America.* Hamer-Jackson.  
*Map Makers.* Cottler and Jaffe.  
*Canadian History Readers.* (Ryerson Press).  
*Steer for New Shores.* Best.  
*Adventures in America.* Gast.  
*The Travels of Marco Polo.* (Blackie and Son.)  
*The Book of Discovery.* Singe.

For days after Captain Seaforth's visit, the boys and girls of Pleasant Valley School turned their classroom into a "finding-out" workshop. Now that Miss Gordon had shown them how to find information in books, they hunted up a great deal more about the explorers: how they dressed, what kind of food they took with them on long voyages, what their ships were like, how they steered without compasses, what they did when the wind turned against them.

They made use of their English periods to write their reports, and to memorize suitable poems. One boy even wrote a poem. They also practised a play called "Columbus at Queen Isabella's Court," which they had written themselves.

Then in Art period, they drew pictures and made paintings and models of everything they thought would make the discovery of America more real.

Friday afternoon, which they had decided would be "Report Day," was full of surprises. First, they had an unexpected guest, Captain Seaforth himself. Then, besides the reports presented by the captains of the four teams, there were two projects which had been prepared secretly at home. A girl showed a doll which she had dressed in the costume of Queen Isabella of Spain, and then gave a little talk on "How ladies dressed at the Court of Spain." And a boy showed the model he had made of a Viking ship.



Another report provided a pleasant surprise for Captain Seaforth. As he said afterwards, it showed how we can put ourselves in the place of the heroes of the past, if we learn enough about them and then use our imaginations.

Four boys pretended that they were Marco Polo, Leif the Lucky, Vasco de Gama and Columbus. One of them explained that they had "come back to earth" for a visit. Then each gave a short talk on: "The event in my life that gave me the greatest thrill."

"Marco Polo" said that he had got his greatest thrill when he caught sight of his home-city of Venice, after twenty-four years of travel. "Leif the Lucky" told of how he felt, after living in the treeless land of Greenland, when he sighted a coast-line covered with enough trees to make ten thousand ships. "Vasco de Gama" described his feelings when he knew that he had rounded the Cape of Storms and had only to set his course wisely to be the first to find a sea-route to India. And "Columbus" told them, first, of his despair on that black night when his crew threatened to kill him and turn back home; then, his great joy when he made out a pin-head of light on a distant shore. He had found land!

When "Report Day" was over, the class learned that they were in for still another surprise. One of the boys, Tom Reynolds, announced that he was going into the city with his father for the week-end, and that when he returned he was going to have something to tell them.

Tom was as good as his word. On Monday morning, he told them that he had gone to the city to meet his brother, who, like Marco Polo, was returning from a strange land. He had been in Mexico City where he had spent several years working for a Canadian bank.

He had learned a great deal about the history of Mexico, and he had told Tom the story of the Emperor Montezuma (who had more gold than any ruler in Europe) and his Spanish conqueror, Cortez.



Of course, all the boys and girls wanted to hear the story, so at Miss Gordon's invitation, Tom told it to the class.

"Before the white man came," he began, "the only people living in all North and South America were the red-skinned people that Columbus, thinking that he had landed in the Indies, called *Indians*. They were quite uncivilized. Because they had never learned to grow things to eat, like grain and vegetables and fruit, they had to spend their lives wandering from place to place in search of food.

"But the Spaniards hadn't explored Central America (the part between North and South America) very long before they began to hear strange stories from the Indians. There was a land to the north, they said, called Yucatan (we call it Mexico) where people lived in beautiful cities and had more *gold* than they knew what to do with.

"Gold! That was what the Spaniards came to find. If they could discover great quantities of gold, they wouldn't care whether the new Spanish possessions were part of the land where spices came from or not. With gold they could *buy* the spices other men found, and everything else they wanted. Spain would be rich—and so would they!

"The Spanish governor of the West Indies decided to send an expedition to this fairyland of riches, and for its leader he chose a fearless young Spaniard by the name of Hernando Cortez. He must have considered one Spanish soldier worth a hundred Indians, for he gave Cortez only a few hundred of them with which to conquer a whole country. He did, however, supply him with two things which, as it turned out, were more important than the number of men—horses and cannon.

"The Indians of Mexico, about whom the Spaniards had heard such strange tales, were called Aztecs. Long before, they had learned how to grow a plant called maize, or corn. It produced crops large enough to feed a great many people, so they didn't need to wander any more in search of food. They could settle down and build great cities





CORTEZ MEETS THE AZTECS

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and spend some of their time in finding ways to make life more worthwhile.

“When Cortez and his men landed on the shores of Mexico, they were met by a party of four thousand Aztecs. Of course the Spaniards prepared for a battle.

“Then came a great surprise. The leader of the Aztecs came forward and explained, through Cortez’ interpreter, an Indian woman who had learned to speak Spanish, that the Aztecs had come, not as an army, but as messengers from their emperor, Montezuma. Montezuma had sent them to find out if these were the sons of Quetzalcoatl.

“Quetzalcoatl? The Spaniards looked at each other in bewilderment. They had never heard the name before.

“The Aztecs then told Cortez a very strange story. Long years before, a great fair-skinned god named Quetzalcoatl had come out of the east, taught the Aztec people their arts and crafts, and sailed again into the sunrise. But he had promised that he would one day return, bringing his children with him.

“Now, out of the east, had come these white, bearded men in their great ‘water-houses with wings that walked over the sea’ and with their strange two-headed animals.

“The ‘two-headed animals’ were horses. Never having seen them before, they thought that horse and rider were all one animal.

“Of course, Cortez was quite willing to be mistaken for a god if it would help him conquer the country. But when Montezuma’s messengers went back and reported how puzzled the Spaniards had acted when they were asked if they were Quetzalcoatl’s sons, the emperor decided that perhaps these were not gods after all, but ordinary men like himself. He sent Cortez some rich gifts of gold, and asked him to go away.

“That was a bad mistake. For when the ambitious Spanish leader saw the gifts (one was a golden wheel as large as a cart-wheel), his mind was made up. Not only would he



stay and conquer the country, but he would drive out the peace-loving Montezuma and become emperor himself!

“With the aid of their cannon, which struck terror into the hearts of the simple Aztecs, the Spaniards soon overran the country. Then they boldly entered Montezuma’s capital, the beautiful Mexico City.

“To Cortez’ amazement, the Aztecs, instead of resisting, welcomed him as if he were their greatest hero. They lined the streets in their most beautiful clothes, and even carried baskets of flowers to throw in his path. Stranger still, Montezuma himself took part in the welcome. He showered more gifts on Cortez, and even conducted the Spaniards on a tour of the city.

“They were full of wonder at what they saw. There were glistening white temples, towers, bridges—all bigger and more beautiful than any they had seen in Spain—at a time when the most of the Indians of America were not even civilized.

“It didn’t take the Spaniards long to learn that, not only were these people very artistic, but they were actually superior to Europeans in another, even more important way. They had learned how to *live together*. In the market-place there was no disorder, no underselling, no cheating. All the land, and the grain, fruit and vegetables that came from it were owned, not by a few rich men as in Europe, but by *all* the people. Nobody ever went hungry.

“The people even had some say in making the laws of the country by being allowed to elect their own judges. Some of the laws caused the Spaniards much amusement. One said that if a rich man were found drunk, he was to be hanged—unless he was over seventy years of age.

“But there was one custom of these strange, beauty-loving Aztecs that made the blood of the Spaniards run cold with horror. That was the way they worshipped their gods. In the centre of the city, they had built a beautiful, richly carved stone temple. It was as big as a hundred schools and shaped like a pyramid. At one corner a flight



of stone steps led to a terrace (a long balcony) which ran all the way around the temple. Then there was another flight of steps and another terrace, and so on. Altogether, you had to walk a mile to reach the top. And there, high above the city, were the altars of the gods.

“The Aztecs were in deadly fear of their gods. So, to keep them from being angry, they offered up human sacrifices to them, most of them captives taken in war. It seems hardly believable, but these amazing people, who were civilized in so many other ways, sacrificed *twenty thousand human beings* every year!

“Imagine the feelings of the Spaniards, who were Christians in name at least, as they stood and watched the long lines of men and women slowly winding their mile-long way to the top of that terrible temple, there to have their hearts cut out by the sharp stone knives of the priests.

“Cortez himself felt that such barbarians could not be trusted, in spite of their gifts. He told Montezuma that he must come and be his prisoner. When the emperor meekly obeyed, his own people turned against him.

“It wasn't long then, of course, before the Aztecs and Spaniards began fighting. Cortez found that the people who had thrown flowers in his path to welcome him to their city could also shoot their bows and arrows with deadly aim. But aided by his fearful cannon, and with the help of the tribes which the Aztecs had oppressed, the Spanish leader captured city after city, and finally the capital itself. Cortez was master of all Mexico!

“Now it was the Spaniards' turn to be cruel. Although there was much that was good and beautiful about these strange Indian people, the Spaniards could see only the evils of their religion. They continued to rule the country (they now called it 'New Spain') for the next three centuries, and during that time they completely destroyed the Aztec civilization.



"Today, only a few pyramids and some richly carved stones remain to tell the story of those artistic but cruel people from whom we, even today, can learn a great deal."

### IN THE NEW WORLD WITH THE SPANIARDS

Did you like Tom's story? You will find that your library-books have many more about Central and South America.

Here are some things to do. They will help you to understand that part of the Americas, as it is today, as well as the way the Spaniards found it.

1. Trace another outline map (about the same size as your other large map), but taking in only Mexico, the rest of Central America, and the northern half of South America. Put in the Equator and these names: "Mexico," "the West Indies," "Brazil" and "Peru." Make your map "grow" by putting in (in different colours) the names of places and routes of explorers, as you come across them in your reading.

2. Read and tell the class (or act out) the story of Amerigo Vespuccio, the man who gave the New World its name; or Balboa, the first white man to see the Pacific Ocean from America; or Magellan, who was the first to find a way around the world; or Ponce de Leon, who looked for a magic fountain and found a continent.

3. The Spaniards found the Aztecs of Mexico and the Incas of Peru very artistic people. Try to find in the *National Geographic Magazine* or in newspapers, pictures showing some of their pottery. Then in plasticine or clay (your teacher will show you how to use ordinary clay), try modelling some of their patterns. Then paint your models with powder paint or a thick mixture of water colours.

4. Ask your teacher how to make stencils on cloth, and copy some Aztec patterns; if you have a loom in the school, you might try your hand at weaving them.

5. Make a "March of Time" film for your movie-machine, on the coming of the Spaniards.

6. Choose a group to make a mural on life among the Incas of Peru. If you make it the right size, you can turn your movie-machine sideways and run it as a film.

7. Start a class scrap-book on Central and South America. Throughout the year, put into it everything interesting you find on "Latin" (Central and South) America.

8. Make a model of the ship on which the English seaman, Drake, sailed around the world. Or of a Spanish treasure-ship. (How Drake loved to capture them!)

9. Choose a committee to investigate the climate and geography

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of Latin America and tell the class how they would affect living conditions (making a living, houses, dress, etc.). Perhaps they can tell us why, for instance, the people of Peru are having winter while we are having summer.

10. Select another committee to find out (from store-keepers as well as books) what everyday things we would have to do without if we were suddenly cut off from that part of the world. Also what things *they* would have to do without.

11. Have still another committee report on life in the West Indies today.

#### BOOKS TO USE

*National Geographic Magazines.*

*Pueblo Indian Stories.* Gates and Peardon.

*Riches of South America.* Von Hagan.

*The Story of Bananas.* Smith and Becket.

*The Gaucho's Daughter.* Pollock.

*Adventures in America.* Gast.

*Peter and Nancy in Mexico.* Comfort.

*Peter and Nancy in South America.* Comfort.

When "Report Day" in Pleasant Valley School was over, the boys and girls decided that they ought to have something to remind them of what they had learned so far in the term about the Early Days. They appointed a committee to discuss it with Miss Gordon, and together they worked out a plan by which the walls of the room would act as reminders.

Starting at the front right-hand corner of the room, they gave the wall above one blackboard space to each "episode" of their story of the Early Days. Then in Art period they printed suitable titles and pasted them above the spaces.

First, under the title: "Pioneer Days in Pleasant Valley," they placed Digby's pemmican bag, Henry's map of Pleasant Valley district, and the best written reports. In the next space, under "In the Days of Discovery," they placed the map of discovery which Miss Gordon had considered best, the drawings and cartoons which had been thought up as a result of Captain Seaforth's talk, the mural on "The Discovery of America," and the model of



one of Columbus' ships (actually enclosed in a bottle) which the Captain had presented to his nephew.

In the next space, under "Westward ho! With the Spaniards!" they put the best map of Central America, Tom Reynolds' Mexican bow and arrow, and pictures of the Aztec civilization and of the Panama Canal, which they had cut out from the *National Geographic Magazine*.

When the display was finished, it looked so attractive that several of the boys and girls said they thought it was too bad their parents couldn't see it. That gave Brian Murphy a "brain-wave," as he called it. Why not set aside an evening, invite all the parents, show the display, and then put on an "Early Days" concert made up of their three Report Days? Miss Gordon thought it a very good suggestion, and they set to work.

At last the great night arrived. For two hours, the boys and girls—even the ones who had considered themselves "bashful"—brought back, to their parents' great enjoyment, the days of long ago.

First came the display. It was explained by boys wearing arm-bands marked "Guide."

There were two short plays, the "radio broadcast" describing a train of Red River carts passing the school-house, and talks on such subjects as: "How the Vikings built their ships" (illustrated with model), and "Pizarro in Peru—the story of a white man who broke his promise." Then came a Brazilian song by a girl who had learned it from hearing it on the radio, and a dialogue called "The Meeting of Cortez and Montezuma." The concert ended with the whole class singing a stirring Spanish song. Their parents were very pleased.

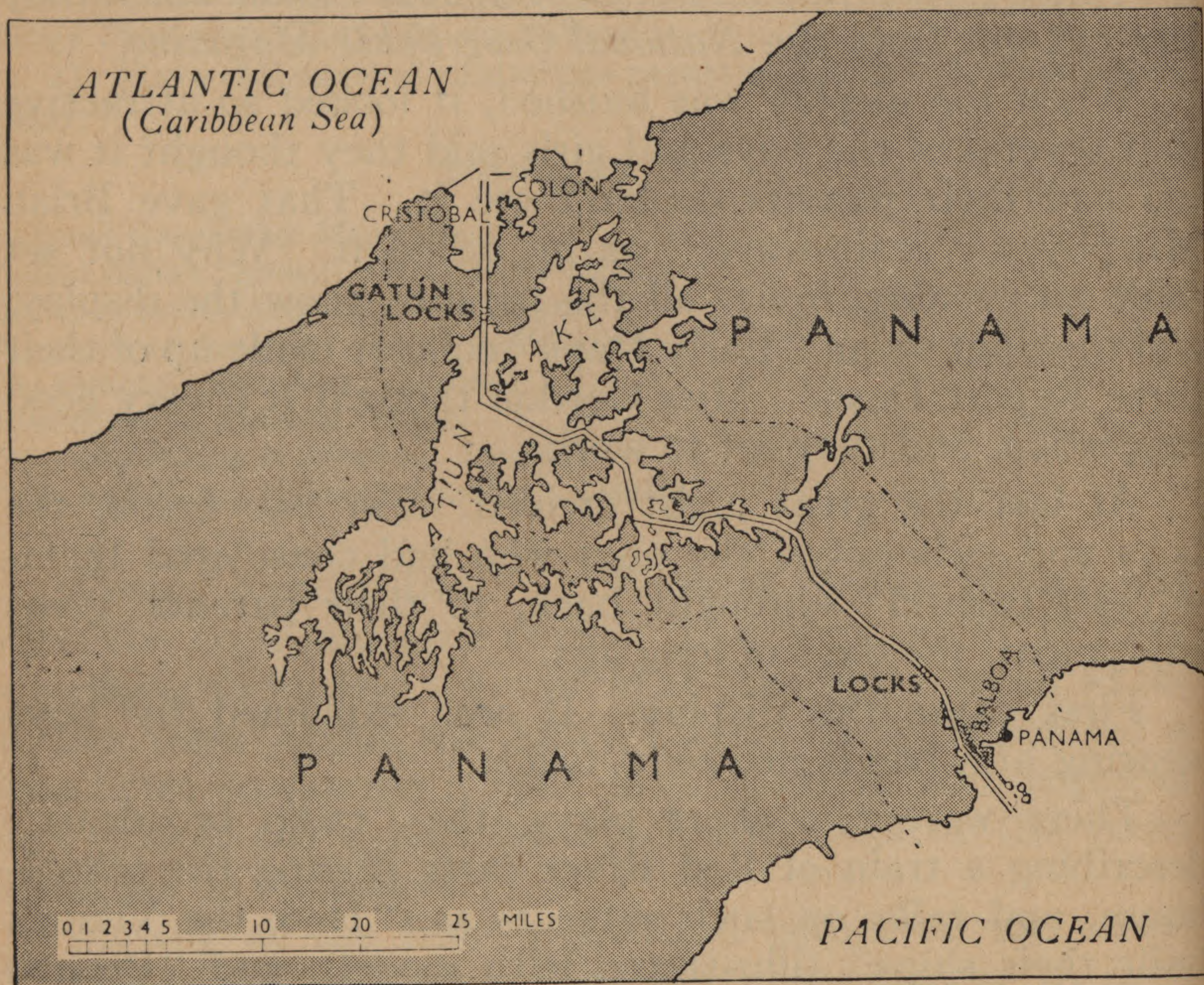
The day after the concert, Miss Gordon suggested that they leave Spanish America and find out what had been happening in the northern part of the New World, the part that is now Canada and the United States. She reminded them of what Captain Seaforth had told them about the

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English and French sending Cabot and Cartier to try to find a *north-west* passage. Then she went on with the story.

“Even when they began to suspect that there was a vast continent between Europe and the East,” she said, “they sent more explorers to continue the search—to follow every



MAP OF PANAMA, SHOWING THE CANAL.

river and lake—hoping that one of them would lead them through to what the Indians called ‘the Great Water’ on the other side.

“These men, of course, were a quite different kind of explorer. Since the days of Columbus a hundred years before, the Spaniards had stolen and slaughtered their way through the treasure-filled countries of the south. But these northerners were fishermen and traders and missionaries and dreamers. Many of them made friends with



the Indians—even lived with them—in order to be able to trade with them. For they saw that this northern part of the New World was rich, too—not in gold and silver—but in fish and furs.

“This wise treatment paid in the end. For when men came out to America from France and England, not to find a way to China, but to *live*, it helped tremendously in enabling them to establish the colonies of New France and New England. These two colonies were the beginnings of the two great nations that today cover most of the continent, Canada and the United States.

“Of course, all that took a very long time, and a great many men risked their lives and even died, so that the people of the future (and that means *us*), could have a pleasant, worthwhile country in which to live.”

Then Miss Gordon asked them how they would like to read about the adventures of some of these fearless men. When they wanted to know in what books they were to be found, she said she would write the names of some of the books and the page numbers on the blackboard.

But just then, she accidentally heard one of the girls whisper, “I wish Miss Gordon would read us one of the stories.” Some of the class heard it, too. They smiled and looked hopeful. So Miss Gordon said that she would read them the story of Henry Hudson.

“I wonder,” she said, as the pupils at the back moved up closer, “if you all know that Manitoba, the province that is the farthest from the sea, has a sea-port. It’s on Hudson’s Bay. This story will tell us how Hudson’s Bay got its name.”

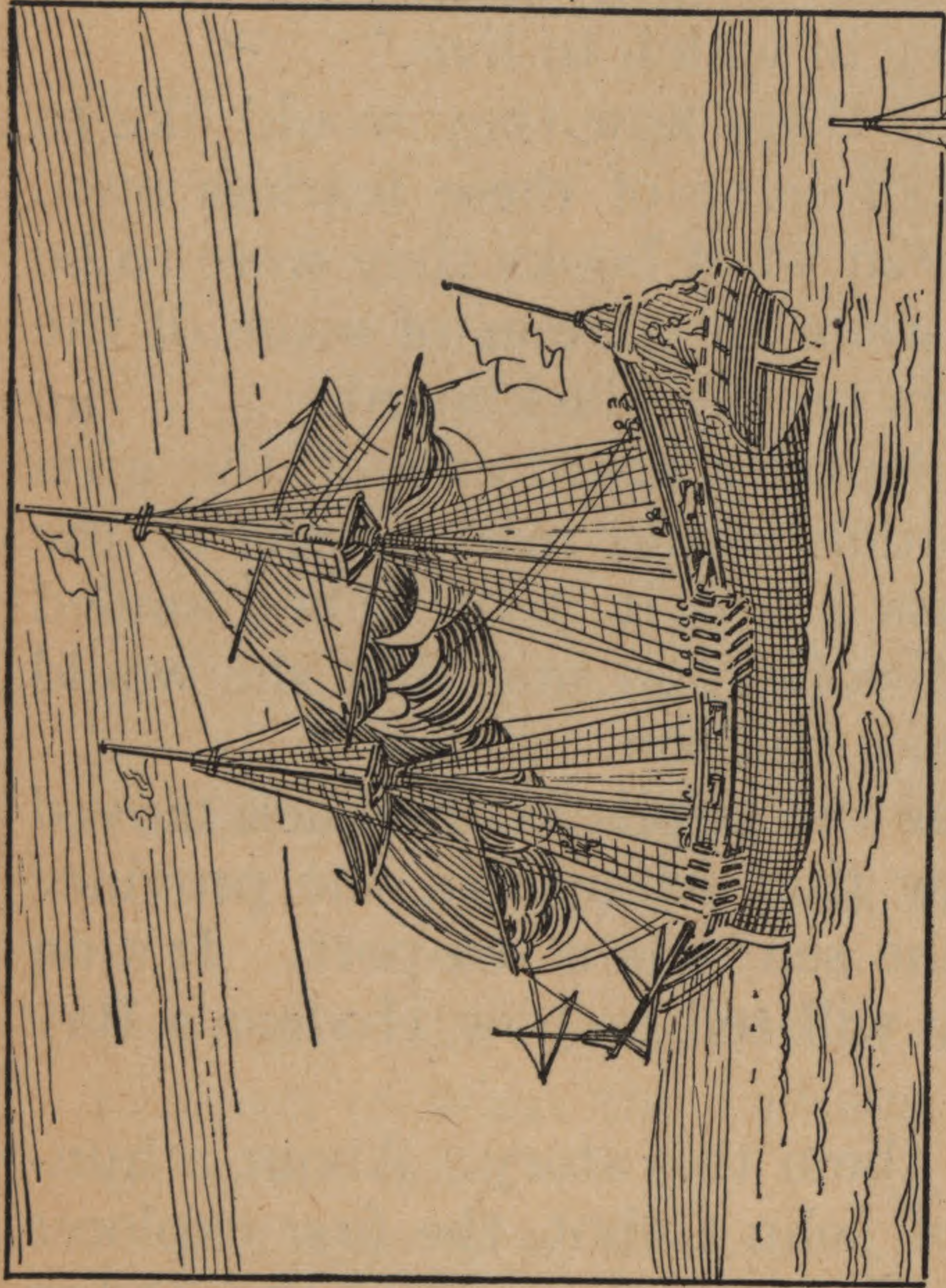
Miss Gordon then read them this story: About a hundred years after the time of John Cabot, the first explorer to look for the North-West Passage, there lived in London a sea-captain by the name of Henry Hudson. He had two sons, and the younger one, Jack, was always asking to be taken to sea.

One day Hudson suggested to a company of merchants

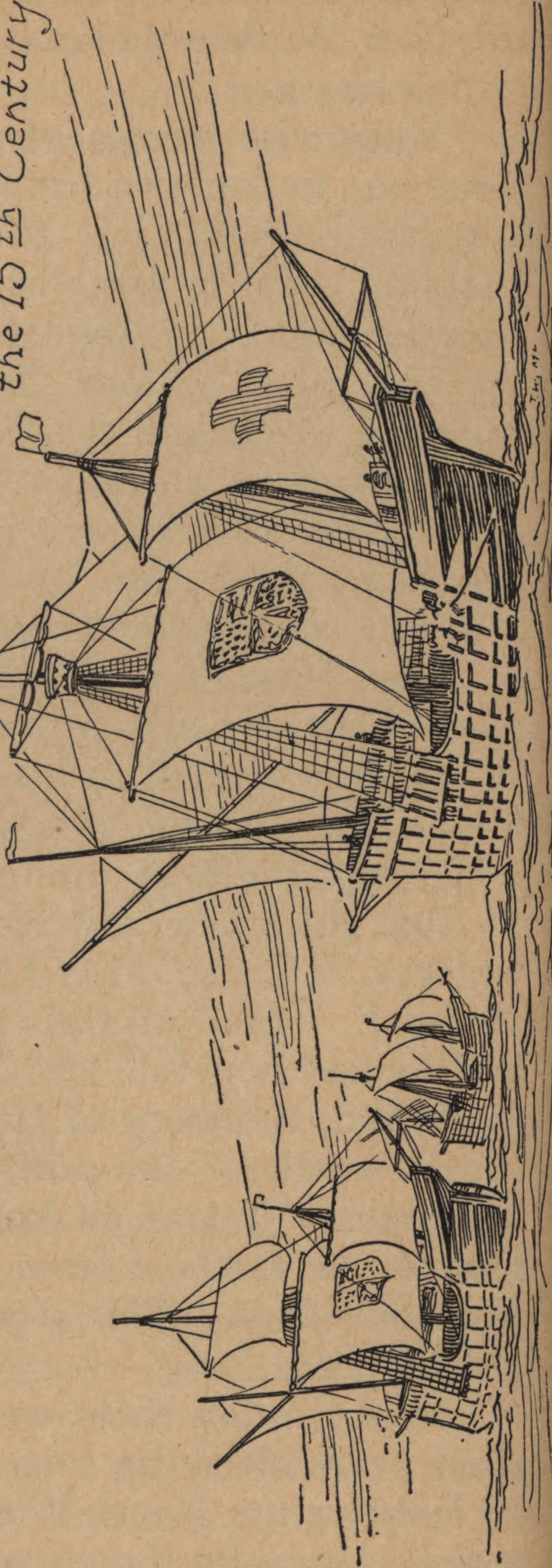


SHIPS OF THE TIME  
OF CABOT AND  
CARTIER

*The Grand Hermine,  
Cartier's largest ship  
of 126 tons.*



*End of  
the 15<sup>th</sup> Century*





that he would like to be provided with a ship to try to find a route to the East by sailing, not west, but north—*over the north pole!* That sounds strange at first, but when you look at a globe-map of the world, you can see that it is actually the shortest distance. In the past few years, aeroplanes have proven it.

The only trouble was that Hudson didn't have an aeroplane. He set out all right, in a little ship that actually did not weigh much more than a heavily loaded plane, and he took his son, Jack, along with him. Of course, if the merchants for whom he sailed had known as much about the north pole's climate as we know, they would never have sent him. One of them actually believed that Hudson would find it warmer there than in England.

The expedition ran into ice, more ice than they had ever dreamed existed. The thought of trying to force a way through it made even Hudson's adventurous son, Jack, shiver, and they turned about and sailed for home.

Two years later, the fearless Englishman tried again, but not under the English flag.

As you can well understand, if an explorer's own countrymen will not provide him with ships and men for a voyage, he must turn to others. Columbus, an Italian, had to sail for Spain. Cabot, another Italian, for England. Magellan, the first man to sail around the world, was a Portuguese. He sailed under the flag of Spain.

So it was with Hudson. In the summer of 1609 we find him sailing, under the Dutch flag, along the coast of America.

Entering what is now New York harbour, he found himself at the mouth of a beautiful river. Thinking, as Cartier had thought of the St. Lawrence, that it might lead him to China, he forced his ship, the *Half-Moon*, against the current for a hundred and fifty miles (aeroplane time, one hour; the *Half-Moon's*, eleven days). But when he saw that the banks were getting closer and closer



together, he realized there was no hope. For the second time he had failed.

The Dutch, of course, claimed the land that Hudson had explored. Strange as it may seem, one of England's



HENRY HUDSON AND HIS SON CAST ADRIFT

greatest rivals had been given a foothold in America by an Englishman. Years later it took a great many Englishmen to drive them out.

But back in England, the man who thought he was a



failure was surprised to find that his discovery of a great river in America (it is still called the Hudson River) had interested the merchants. Perhaps they feared that the Dutch, with Hudson sailing for them, might discover a land of unbelievable riches, as had the Spaniards.

At any rate, we find that when he sailed again the next year, it was under the flag of England. His ship, the *Discovery*, was only fifty-five tons (there are modern ships of over fifty-five *thousand* tons). His son Jack, who was now quite a sailor, accompanied his father again.

This time Hudson made his great attempt far to the north, north of the coast of Labrador. Avoiding the ice with great skill—one false move and his little sailing-ship would have been crushed like an egg-shell—the brilliant navigator manœuvred his way through the western end of the dangerous waterway now known as Hudson Strait. For many days they lay at anchor in a thick fog, not knowing where they were.

Then one morning, the fog lifted and his heart leaped for joy, for as far as he could see to the westward there was nothing but water. Surely this was it—the long-looked-for North-West Passage!

After sailing south along the coast for hundreds of miles, he and his crew went into winter-quarters in a small inlet of James Bay. In the spring, they started north again—back to England to give the glad news—and to prepare a great fleet to sail the new-found route straight to China—and riches!

But the great explorer never left Hudson's Bay, as we call the great inland sea he had discovered. His crew turned against him. They accused him of not knowing his own mind, of taking them into a land not fit for man or beast (they had seen only one Indian and very few animals), and failing to get them out. Then, instead of giving him a chance to get them out, they did a terrible thing. They forced Hudson, his innocent son Jack, and seven men who



refused to turn traitor into a small boat, and cast them adrift. No one has ever heard of them since.

Somehow the crew, or part of it, for five of the scoundrels were killed by Eskimos, got the *Discovery* back to England. And although people were hanged in those days for the smallest offence, these murderers were not even brought before a judge. Perhaps it was because the story they had to tell gave hope, once again, of the long-sought route.

The names of these traitors have long been forgotten. But the name of Henry Hudson will live on as long as there is water flowing in the river, the strait, and the great bay which he, with such skill and courage, made known to the world.

### NAVIGATORS OF THE NORTH

You have read the story of one of our most daring northern discoverers. There are many more whose voyages were just as adventurous.

Set your four teams to work again. Here's a suggested plan to follow:

Team A: Find out about John Cabot's great voyage in which he discovered North America.

Team B: Read about Jacques Cartier's first voyage, in which he claimed the land for France.

Team C: An English sailor, Martin Frobisher said: "If Magellan can find a way around the south end of America, perhaps I can find a way around the north end." Find out how far he got.

Team D: Davis Strait divides Greenland from northern Canada. Read the story of the explorer after whom it was named.

(After the reports have been given, add them to your "Book of Explorers.")

So that those giving reports will be able to trace the routes of their explorers, ask your teacher to help you make a map of the northern hemisphere, with the North pole as its centre.

Here are some questions to discuss:

- (a) Why was a North-West passage so difficult to find?
- (b) Who finally succeeded (and when)?



(c) Why do we not use a sea-route north of Canada today?

(d) Why is this part of the world so important today?

There is a little steamer called the *Nascopie* that sails to the far north once a year. Write to the Hudson Bay Company for information (and pictures) about it, and then make a film for your movie-machine.

#### BOOKS TO USE

*The Pathfinders of North America.* By Guillet.

*Pages from Canada's Story.* Palk and Dickie.

*Canadian History Readers.* (Ryerson Press.)

*Pioneer Plays.* Connell.



### CHAPTER III

## LIVING IN NEW FRANCE

THE boys and girls of Pleasant Valley School had just put up their newest display, showing the fourth episode in their story of the Early Days. It was called "The Northern Navigators."

As they sat back admiring it, Keith Williams, who was very proud of having visited both coasts of Canada with his parents, said, "I wonder what Henry Hudson would have given to have known as much about America as people know today."

"A great deal," said Miss Gordon. "That old geography book, Keith, that you gave to the library, and that nobody would give us ten cents for, would have been worth a room full of gold to any one of the early explorers."

"But it wouldn't be worth even ten cents," smiled Jean Roberts, "if they had not done all that exploring for us."

"That's right," agreed Miss Gordon. "That book can tell us things that it took them, and the many explorers and missionaries and fur-traders that came after them nearly four hundred years to find out. Wouldn't they be shocked if they ever saw us throw it aside because it was just an old geography?"

"You see," she continued, "if the early explorers hadn't learned so much about this New World of America, and then gone home and told everybody about it, people wouldn't have come out here to live. They wouldn't have known the parts that would likely be the best in which to make a living. People did come out here to live, of course, and although they found conditions very hard, they also found that it was a wonderfully interesting life."

Some of her eager young pupils then wanted to know



how those very first "Canadians" managed to live. How did they get enough to eat? Did they have to make their own clothes? Were there any boys and girls among them? How did they protect themselves from the Indians?

Miss Gordon smiled. "I am afraid," she said, "that it would take me a long time to answer all those questions. Later on, I'll tell you the names of some books that will tell you all about them. But first, don't you think we should find out what the country to which they came was like? Then we will enjoy reading about them much more."

When the boys and girls agreed that that would be a good idea, Miss Gordon told them a short geography-story, a story she called: "Looking over an old continent."

"If all the early explorers could somehow have been put in the basket of a magic balloon," she began, "and taken up in the air, so high that they could have seen all North America at once, this is the way the continent would have looked to them." Then she showed them a large map which one of the boys had made for her.

"Imagine what they would have learned," said Miss Gordon. "That the continent was of a far greater size than they had ever imagined—much larger than their little Europe; that the five great lakes emptying into the St. Lawrence extended half-way across it; that there were tremendous rivers—rivers which, with their branches, would enable men that came after them to explore every corner of it.

"They would have seen, too, that there was a barrier of mountains (the Rockies), a 'great divide,' which the first explorer to cross the continent would have to conquer. And if poor Henry Hudson was with them, he might have seen that there *was* a northern passage to China, although he would have no way of knowing that, because of the ice, it could never be of much use.

"Then, if the magic balloon had been brought closer to earth, and allowed to drift all over the area extending from





OUTLINE MAP  
OF  
NORTH AMERICA



the Atlantic to the western end of the Great Lakes, what an interesting time they would have had! They would have wanted to come right down to earth and begin to explore. For they would have seen that, except for the falls and rapids, they could have travelled from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the western end of the Great Lakes, *by water*. They might even have suspected a more startling truth: that, with only one more break, they could have sailed all the way to the Gulf of Mexico.

"What a great place to live, too! No mountain-barriers, no deserts, no jungles to keep people from finding the choicest lands. And if they drifted low enough, and quietly enough, they might have caught sight of millions of animals, each wearing a coat of fur—fur that, back in Europe, would be worth a great deal of money. They would have forgotten all about finding a North-West Passage. This land was rich, too!"

"But what about the Indians?" asked Dorothy Briggs. "If the explorers drifted that low, wouldn't they have been attacked by Indians on the war-path?"

"And then?" said Freddie Allan, "the savages would have shot at them with their bows and arrows."

All the boys and girls laughed. But Miss Gordon saw that Freddie was quite serious.

"You know," she said, "that makes me want to ask *you* a question. Why is it that we always think of Indians as bloodthirsty savages?"

For a minute there was no answer. Then Brian Murphy said, "Well, when you read a story about Indians, they are always trying to kill white men."

"But," said Miss Gordon with a smile, "aren't the white men trying to kill the Indians? And we don't think of white men as savages. Of course, the Indians were cruel, but the tortures they inflicted on the whites were not a bit worse than the tortures the peoples of Europe were inflicting *on each other* at that time, and all because they disagreed about religion.



“Besides, you can hardly blame the red men for turning against the whites. When the Europeans first landed on their shores, you remember, the Indians were delighted to see them. Columbus, Cortez, Cartier—all were looked on with awe, as if they were gods from another world. It was only later, when some of the palefaces sided with one tribe



CHAMPLAIN FIGHTS THE IROQUOIS

and used their ‘magic’ weapons against another, or ruined them with strong drink, or made it hard for them to get food by driving them from their hunting-grounds, only then was it that they showed themselves to be ‘blood-thirsty savages.’

“Of course, there is another side to the picture. The Indian tribes did make war on each other, sometimes for very little reason. And even the white men who came to America to help them had to be careful in their dealings with certain tribes. The Europeans were quite civilized, in spite of their religious quarrels, and they tried to teach



the Indians their better way of life; and yet many a brave missionary suffered torture and death at their hands. No doubt their treatment at the hands of others had made them distrust *all* white men—had made them believe that the real aim of the palefaces was to drive the red man from his home.

“I wonder, then, if we can blame the poor ignorant Indian so much. We ourselves have fought three wars—and many young Canadians have died—to save our homes and the freedom we love from people who would take them away from us. Even though he might have been wrong, the Indian *thought* he was doing the very same thing.

“So when we read about the brave people who were the first to come to Canada to live, and how they had to protect their homes from the wild savages, let us remember that the wild savages thought they were protecting their homes from the white man.” *Good*

Miss Gordon had finished her story. But when the boys and girls wanted to know who the very first white people to live in Canada were, and where they lived, she told them the story of Jacques Cartier.

“You remember,” she said, “that it was Jacques Cartier who claimed the northern part of the New World for France. That was away back in 1534, about the same time that Cortez was making himself ruler of Mexico. The next year Cartier sailed again, this time determined to try to get *through* the great new continent.

“The year before, he had taken two braves from the Huron tribe back to France with him to show people what the natives of America were like. Now, when he and his men reached the St. Lawrence River, they had the two Indians guide them along its beautiful banks. For four hundred miles they sailed, the first white men to get a glimpse of Canada from the inside.

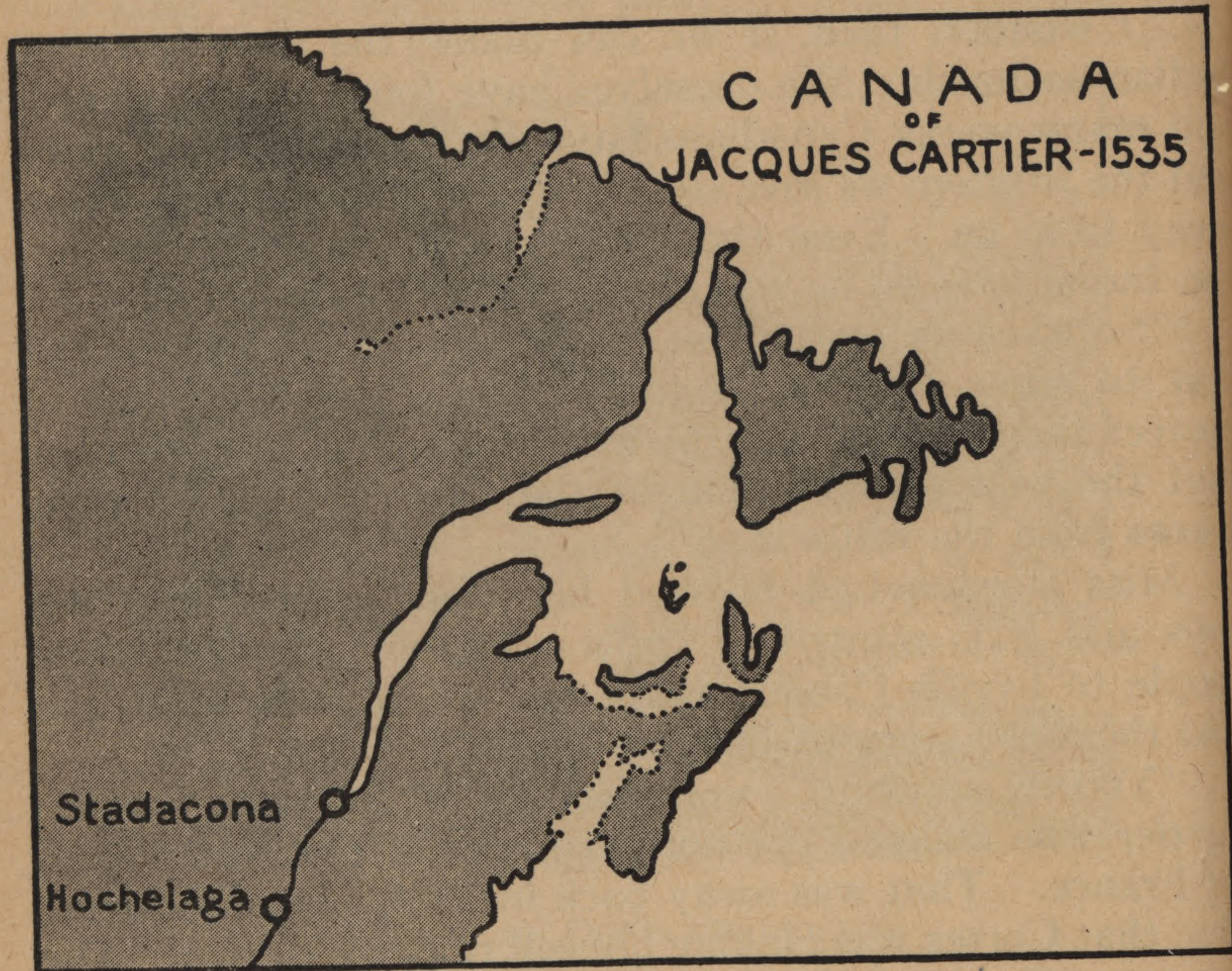
“What a joyful excursion that must have been! It was September, and the vines and trees, beautiful in the sun, were heavy with grapes and fruit. They saw birds,

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animals and fish of many kinds. There were strange-looking whales, seals and walruses.

“Walruses are amusing creatures, even to us. Imagine how Cartier’s men must have laughed when they saw one of them, the kind sometimes called the sea-cow, hide a



baby sea-cow under its flipper to protect it from these strange new ‘animals.’

“When Cartier came to an important-looking Indian village, which his guides told him was called Stadacona, he decided to land. Overhanging the village was a great rock, shaped something like the beak of a bird. There is a story that when Cartier saw it, he exclaimed: ‘Que bec!’ which means ‘What a beak!’ Some people think that is where the name ‘Quebec’ came from, for Stadacona was on the site of the present city of Quebec.

“The Indians received them joyfully, and when the



Frenchmen gave them hatchets and beads and a few cheap pots and pans in exchange for fruit and fish, they danced like children with wonderful new toys. When Cartier explored the area around the village, he was surprised to find that the Indians had cultivated little patches of land and were growing pumpkins, beans, melons, maize (corn), and a plant called tobacco, the leaves of which they put in a pipe and *smoked*. He had never heard of it before.

"The great discoverer had intended to explore much farther inland. In fact, he did sail on to what is today the great city of Montreal. There he had another surprise, for he found a village called Hochelaga whose Indians lived in long wooden houses, and in many other ways were even more advanced than those in Stadacona. But as it was getting late in the year, he decided to spend the winter back in Stadacona, where he had left some of his men to build a rough fort.

"Poor Cartier! If we could only have told him what a Canadian winter was like! His men had come so poorly prepared that, even in their fort, they nearly froze to death. Worse than that, they had very little fresh meat and vegetables, so that a terrible disease called 'scurvy' broke out among them. Before the end of the winter, twenty-five of them had died. The rest returned to France very disappointed men.

"But Jacques Cartier himself was not disappointed in the country he had discovered. He began to think of it less as a barrier between Europe and China, and more as a new home for Frenchmen. So six years later he came again, this time determined to start a permanent settlement. He brought hundreds of men with him, as well as sheep, cattle and pigs.

"The sight of such strange animals must have amazed the Indians. We can well imagine them trying to shoot the first cow that mooed, or perhaps running away in fear. They had never learned, as the Europeans had, to tame animals for their own use.



“It looked, for a time, as if Cartier’s dream of starting a colony would come true. Then came a long series of misfortunes, things which the settlers could not have been expected to be prepared for, and the whole plan collapsed.



CARTIER AT HOCHELAGA, 1535

After only two years, they went home and the country was left once more to the Indians.

“Nearly seventy years were to pass before another attempt was made. This time it was successful. In 1608, Samuel de Champlain founded what is today the great city of Quebec, on the very spot where Cartier had found the Indian village of Stadacona. That was the beginning of Canada.”



## WITH THE FRENCH IN CANADA

1. Make a relief map of the north-east part of North America, using a mixture of salt and flour. Colour lakes and rivers blue and land green. Try to show the difference in the levels of the Great Lakes. Use coloured pegs or pins to mark the cities of Montreal, Three Rivers and Quebec and the trading post of Tadoussac. When your map is almost dry, lay out the routes followed by Cartier and Champlain in different coloured threads.

2. Add to your growing map of North America the routes of these two explorers, and the names of the rivers and lakes they explored.

3. The Iroquois became the enemies of the French and the allies of the British. Find out why. If you had been an Iroquois brave living in 1670 would you have been friend or enemy to the French settlers? Give your reasons.

4. Have a class debate on a topic something like this: "Resolved that it would have been better for the Indians to have resigned themselves to the coming of the white settlers, instead of trying to fight them." Find out and follow the correct form and order for debates.

5. Let the girls make Indian costumes (using burlap bags for skins), and embroider Indian designs in bright colours.

6. Make "wampum" belts, using beads of assorted colours.

7. Read all the Indian legends you can find. Many of them are stories made up to explain things in Nature that the Indians could not understand. They are stories of the stars, winds, clouds, trees and other growing things. Compare the Indian stories with Greek, Roman and Norse myths and legends about Nature. Are there any Indian place names in your district? If there are, find out what they mean and if there is a story behind them. For example, "Winnipeg" means "Muddy Water" because of the dirty colour of the Red and Assiniboine rivers. (*Highroads to Reading*, Book VI., pp. 71ff.).

8. Read "As Red Men Die," by E. Pauline Johnson, who was herself a Mohawk princess. Write a play in three acts describing the capture, the defiance and the death of the chieftain.

9. Read again "Picture-Writing" in *Highroads to Reading*, Book IV. What other ways did the Indians have of leaving or sending a message? e.g. smoke signals.

10. Divide your class into three committees. Let each committee read about and make a report on one of Cartier's three voyages.

11. Make models of Cartier's ships to add to the display of ship models you have already made.

12. Pretend you were a member of Cartier's party of settlers. On your return home tell your friends your experiences in the strange new country.

13. Have your teacher read you the poem "Jacques Cartier" by



Thomas D'Arcy McGee. Compare crossing the ocean in 1534 and today. Did it take courage to start out with Cartier? Why?

14. You have studied the stories of Cartier and Champlain. Samuel de Champlain is called "The Father of Canada." Why? Make a Champlain Book using the following chapter headings.

I. Champlain Explores the Saguenay and St. Lawrence. (1603).

II. Champlain at St. Croix (1604).

III. Champlain at Port Royal (1605-7).

IV. Champlain Founds Quebec (1608).

V. Champlain Reaches Lake Champlain and Fights the Iroquois (1609).

VI. Champlain Searches for the North-West Passage (1613-5).

VII. The First Fall of Quebec and Champlain's last days.

Each committee should be responsible for two or three chapters.

In your art class design a cover for your book.

15. Make a Champlain mural to illustrate the book, with the committees making a panel for each chapter.

#### BOOKS TO USE

*West by South.* Stothers.

*Adventures in America.* Gast.

*Our American Colonists.* Gast.

*Romance of Ontario.* Middleton.

*Romance of the Maritime Provinces.* Seary.

Digby DeVal was very excited. Weeks before, his father, who was French and had spent his boyhood in Quebec City, gave him a book called *Living with the Habitants*. In reading it, Digby made a great discovery. Among the very first settlers to come to Canada with Champlain was a boy named Louis DeVal.

DeVal! Why, that was Digby's name, too! When he rushed to his father with the news, his father grinned and said, "I hoped you would discover that. He was probably your great-great-great-great-grandfather."

That was when Digby's excitement began. Here was something really worth "digging up," something even more interesting than pemmican bags. He would dig up, from every book he could get his hands on, the story of how his ancestors in Quebec lived!

Then a great idea struck him. There were aeroplanes,



to said to himself, that could travel anywhere in *space*. Why not pretend that he had a plane that could travel through *time*, a sort of "time-plane"? He would "invent" such a plane, travel backwards through time about two hundred years, and, as a news-reel camera-man, drop from the skies on the astonished French settlers who lived along the St. Lawrence River.

Then he would make a "talkie" describing the life of these early habitants, and "send" it to the class to show in their "movie-machine."

Of course, that meant that, if his description was to sound real, he would have to study hard, and write hard. Drawing the pictures would take a great deal of time, too.

But Digby was not only a boy of imagination. He was one who always carried his ideas through to the end. Every minute of his spare time he spent on reading and writing, with Miss Gordon checking every word of his description to make sure that it was accurate and in good English. And at last it was finished.

Now Digby's great moment had come. He was behind the class's "movie-machine," ready to give his "talkie," while Keith Williams stood at the side holding the handle by which the pictures were to be brought into view.

When the audience had quieted down, the show began. First, the "sound-man," Freddie Allen, played a record on the school phonograph. It was a French folk-song called "Alouette." Then Keith turned the handle, and onto the screen came the title: "A Visit to the Land of the Habitants," which the whole class read aloud. Picture number one followed at once.

Then from behind the machine came the voice of the "news-reel man," Digby DeVal.

"Boys and girls," it said, "I am speaking to you from the village of Quebec. The date is 1708, a hundred years after it was founded by Champlain. I flew here in my time-plane just one year ago today.

"From Montreal, which is 150 miles from Quebec, I

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followed the St. Lawrence, keeping my plane at a level of only a few yards above the water.

"It was like flying down the centre of a very long street, for on both banks of the river, facing each other across it, I saw a single line of houses. They stretch all the way from Montreal to Quebec. Practically every habitant has his farm along the river.

"From Pleasant Valley to Montreal, I had not seen a single house. This long 'street,' and a few shorter ones along other rivers, was the Canada of 1708—all of it.

"When I landed in Quebec, the people thought I had come from another world; and when I told them (using the little French I learned from my father) about Canada two hundred years later, they were as astonished as we would be if someone could tell us what it would be like two hundred years after *our* time.

"I was delighted to find that, as I expected, there was a family here called DeVal. When I asked if I could live with them, the father—the jolliest man I ever met—said, 'Mais oui!' which means 'Why, of course!' Then, when he took me home, I found that he had fourteen children of his own! But that made no difference. I think he would be happy with fifty—and so would the children.

"The DeVal's house, which is just like most of the others, is made of logs, and is whitewashed inside and out. It has only a few small windows, with oiled paper for glass.

"There is one large living-room with the biggest fireplace I have ever seen, a kitchen with another fireplace for cooking, and a bedroom for Mr. and Mrs. DeVal. (I really call them 'mon père' and 'ma mère'! It means 'Mother' and 'Father'). The upstairs is all one room, with little windows poking out of the roof. We sleep there, all fifteen of us!

"Everything in the house they have made themselves: furniture, the few candles they use—nobody can read, so they all go to bed at dark—and even the rag rugs on the



floor. In fact, the habitants make or grow nearly everything they use, and they don't seem to miss all the luxuries that we have.

"Once in a long time (it has happened three times since I came), a ship comes out from France, bringing 'store' goods. Then it's like Christmas time. Presents for everybody! Little things like combs, mirrors and needles, or perhaps some kind of fine cloth that they can't make for themselves. One ship brought some iron stoves, which the habitants had found better than fireplaces for heating their homes. The King of France doesn't let the 'Canadians' run their own colony, as the English King does, but he sees that his 'children,' as he calls them, get what they need.

"'Monsieur' DeVal's farm would seem very queer to the farmers of Pleasant Valley. Like all the others, it runs back from the river in a long strip. First there is a patch of marsh hay, then the vegetable garden, then the house and barn. Behind the barn there is a very small wheat field and then the pasture.

"There is no market in which to sell things, so each family just grows enough for its own use; a little wheat, which they thresh by beating out the heads with a 'flail,' enough corn to make their wonderful corn-cakes, and the same kinds of vegetables we have—all except potatoes (I didn't know I could miss them so much).

"They have cattle, sheep, and poultry, but as little attempt has been made to improve the breeds, they are sickly looking things. In the autumn, each family dries, or cures, enough meat to last them all winter.

"There are no public schools, and I guess that's what I miss most—even more than potatoes. The church is the great centre of the community. No matter how much the habitant shirks his work during the week to go fishing, he is always at church on Sunday. One reason is that he knows the curé (the priest) is his very best friend.

"Every Sunday last winter, I went to church with the





HABITANT CARRYING MAPLE SAP



rest of the DeVal family. I will never forget one thing about it—the fun we had coming home. We all bundled into their two big carriages (sleighs with wooden runners), lined up with several other families on the frozen surface of the river, and then raced our horses all the way home!

“There are other things, too, that I will always remember: skating for miles along the St. Lawrence, the evenings of singing French songs, for every habitant sings, even when he is alone with his oxen, the taste of their delicious pea-soup after being out in the woods on snowshoes, dancing around the May-pole on the Seigneur’s lawn—he is a sort of kind-hearted governor.

“But my fondest memory will always be of Henri DeVal, the oldest boy in the family. Years ago, Henri ran away and became a trapper, a ‘coureur de bois’ (runner of the woods). Then last month he returned, and of course his family welcomed him with open arms.

“When I asked him one day if he would take me into the woods for a few days, he laughed—then took me for a whole week.

“That was the most thrilling week of my life. We hunted game of all kinds, trapped a bear, and, above all, spent a whole day with a tribe of Huron Indians.

“Around the camp-fire that night, after the Indians had gone to sleep, he told me stories of the adventures he had been through—and how well he could tell them! He said the coureur des bois and the fur-traders were pushing farther and farther into the west, and learning more and more about the country.

“Henri told me something else, too—something which made me think more of him than ever.

“He said that he believed that some day the English and French would lay down their arms and never fight again, that Canada would be a great nation, stretching right to the ‘Western Sea,’ and that he felt sorry for only one reason—and here he looked sad—and that was that he would not live to see it.



“Then suddenly his sad look left him and, leaping to his feet, he broke into his wildest song. For a few seconds, I felt that I wasn't going to live to see Pleasant Valley again, for several Indians awoke with a hideous yell, clutched their terrible tomahawks and then—then, when they saw who it was, they uttered a grunt, rolled over and went back to sleep.”

The voice behind the movie-machine paused, then said: “My story is ended. Tomorrow I leave the world of long



THE RELIEF OF FORT VERCHÈRES

ago for the world of today. And the next morning when the DeVals of Early Quebec awake and find their strange visitor gone, they will be sad, very sad. Then one of them—Henri, Gaston, Antoine—will see the funny side of it all. They will laugh, and then burst into a song—and that is the way I would like to leave them. That is the way I will always think of them.

“Farewell, my good habitant friends! *Adieu!*”



1. Write letters to the Quebec Municipal Tourist and Industrial Bureau and the Province of Quebec Tourist Bureau in Quebec City, and to the *Tourist and Publicity Bureau*, Dominion Square, Montreal, asking for any pamphlets or other literature they may be able to send you. Pick out the best letters, address and mail them.

2. Make a talking movie like Digby de Val's for your movie machine describing a seigniory in New France about 1700.

3. First make a plan and then build a model of a seigniory, being sure to put in the house, the blockhouse, the grist mill, the bake oven, etc. Use cardboard for the buildings and make the oven of plastiline or blocks of soap or both.

4. In your art class make a set of drawings of the types of people who lived in New France about 1700. You will find pictures of the clothes they wore in old history books. You should have pictures of an Indian, a coureur de bois, a voyageur, a priest, a habitant, a seigneur and perhaps an army officer and a gentleman of the town dressed in lace and ruffles. Mount on cardboard and place about the room.

5. The habitants loved bright colours. They wove their own cloth. How did they get colours to dye it?

6. New France was a rough wild country and the first settlers were mostly young men. When they decided to stay in the new land they wanted wives to help them make homes. Read and find out how they were provided with wives. What would these women have to do to help their husbands in a new, unsettled country?

7. Think of some good reasons why the farms were in narrow strips along the rivers. What do you think would be some of the disadvantages of this plan of dividing up the land? Is it still used in Quebec? How is our farm land divided in Manitoba?

8. Madeline de Verchères was a brave French girl not much older than you boys and girls. Read her story and make a play of it. Put on the play and invite the whole school to see it.

9. Let the boys make small scale models of the furniture in a habitant home. The girls may make a rag rug with the help of their mothers. (The habitants in Quebec today still make these rag rugs.)

10. Ask your teacher to read you some of the "Habitant" poems of Henry Drummond. You will be sure to like "Leetle Bateese."

#### BOOKS TO USE

- Finding New Homes in Canada.* Guillet and McEwan.  
*The Romance of Quebec.* Sutherland.  
*The French in Canada.* Hakluyt. (Blackie and Son.)  
*The Picture Gallery of Canadian History.* Jefferys.  
*Canadian History Readers.* (Ryerson Press.)



## CHAPTER IV

### LIVING IN NEW ENGLAND

WHEN Digby DeVal "got back" from his trip to the land of the early habitants, that is, when he stepped from behind the class's movie-machine, all the boys and girls clapped their hands with delight. As one boy said, it had been as good as a real "talkie."

Then Brian Murphy asked Digby a question. "You told us," said Brian, "that the only people in Canada in those days were the French living along the rivers. Weren't there any English people living in America then?"

"Yes, there were," said Digby, "but not in the part called Canada. They lived south of the French, along the Atlantic coast of what is now the United States."

Then some of the others began to ask questions. Does that mean, they wanted to know, that the people of the United States today are really English? How did they come to settle south of the French? When did English people first come to Canada? What made them come out to America at all?

When it looked as if Digby would need a little help to answer such difficult questions, Miss Gordon thought she had better explain.

"A great many of the people of the United States," she said, "are of British *descent*. Not all, of course, for the ancestors of a great many came from European countries, just as did the ancestors of many Canadians. But just as Digby says, there were British colonies in America at the time of the early habitants.

"As for why they settled, first along the Atlantic coast, and then later in Canada, or why they came at all, those are questions we can understand only if we go away back to the time of the explorers."



Then she reminded them of how the Spaniards, after the discovery of so much wealth in America, became the most powerful nation in Europe. England, explained Miss Gordon, was not the great nation she is today. She did not even have a navy worth speaking of.

In fact, that was the chief reason why Englishmen stood idly by, while the Spaniards gathered in their golden harvest. For only by having a great many strong and fast fighting-ships could they hope to challenge them.

It was not long, of course, before they realized what a navy might do for them. They set to work to build one.

Such a tremendous task takes a great many years, and in the meantime they were being left behind in the race for riches. France had sent Cartier to lay claim to the northern part of America, Portugal was keeping all outsiders off the trade-route that Vasco de Gama had discovered to the Spice Islands (the Indies), and Spain was getting wealthier and wealthier—and harder to get along with.

Then a great queen came to the English throne, Queen Elizabeth. "Good Queen Bess," as she was called, was afraid of no man, and she so inspired her sailors that they became not only the best, but the most daring in the world. These bold English "sea-dogs," as they were called, actually began to attack Spanish treasure-ships and bring their rich cargoes home to their queen. If you like thrilling stories, be sure to read the adventures of the greatest of all the "sea-dogs," Sir Francis Drake. He became such a terror to the Spaniards that they called him "The Dragon" and offered \$200,000 for his head!

Of course, the deeds of such men (King Philip of Spain called them pirates, but Elizabeth called them heroes) could bring on one thing only—war between England and Spain. And that is just what happened.

It looked as if it would be an easy win for the Spanish. They had built the greatest fleet the world had ever seen, with which to invade England.

But the English, under Drake himself, were better





A MODEL OF DRAKE'S SHIP, THE *Golden Hind*



sailors and better gunners. When they sailed out to meet the invaders, their fast little fighting-ships ran rings around the clumsy Spanish monsters, and they won a great victory. The "Spanish Armada," as the fleet was called, was completely defeated. The power of Spain was broken at last!

That famous battle really marked the beginning of the story of the United States. For now that the Spaniards no longer controlled the sea, many Englishmen began to turn their eyes toward America. Nor were they all "sea-dogs" looking for treasure. A few began to believe that England would reap more worthwhile, lasting benefits by planting colonies in the New World.

One of these was Sir Walter Raleigh. Have you ever heard the story of the knight who gallantly spread his velvet cloak over a mud puddle so that Queen Elizabeth would not wet her shoes? That was the same man.

Even before the final defeat of the Spanish in 1588, he had provided the money to send out a little band of colonists. They began a small settlement on the Atlantic coast in what is now the state of Virginia—the first English colony in America.

Even though it did not last, this first attempt was of great importance. It started a movement of people from the British Isles that has lasted right up to the present day.

But why, you ask, would people leave good homes to come to a wilderness to live?

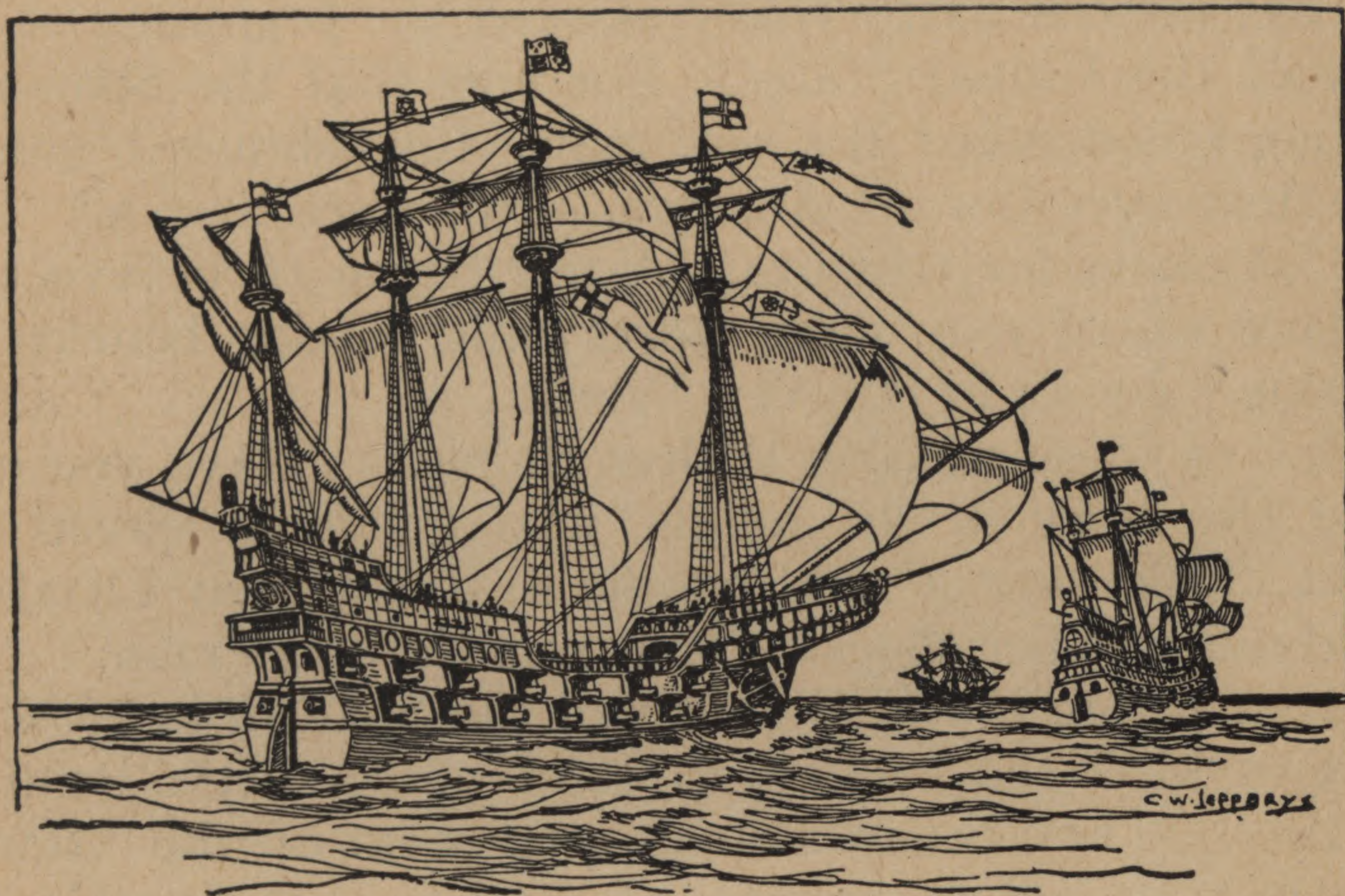
There were many reasons. Some wanted adventure, some believed the wild tales they heard of "streets paved with gold," others hoped to make fortunes out of the fur-trade or the fisheries.

Of course, many did not leave good homes at all. There were people who were out of work or who didn't like their jobs, just as there are today. America offered them new hope, a fresh start in life.

But there was a greater reason than any of these. It was religion.



People today do not try to force other people to go to the same church as they do, or even to a church that teaches the same kind of religion. In any Canadian city, there are many Catholic churches and many Protestant. The Protestant churches are likely to be of many different kinds;



SHIPS OF THE TIME OF ELIZABETH

United Church, Baptist, Presbyterian and so on. People, of course, go to any church they please.

But in England in those days, things were different. There was only one "official" church. It was the Protestant "Church of England," to which everyone was supposed to belong. If you were a Catholic, or a Puritan or Quaker (two kinds of Protestants), your life was made miserable, and you might even be put to death for your beliefs. In most parts of Europe, the Catholic Church was the official church; *all* kinds of Protestants were persecuted.

What could be more natural, then, than for these people to seek a new home in America, a home where they could worship as they please? And what could be more fortunate for the future of America than to have such



people, for whether they were rich or poor, they all brought something more priceless than wealth, a love of *freedom*.

That is one reason why there are two great *English-speaking* nations in America today. They were developed, not by the French, or the Dutch or the Swedish, but by independent, freedom-loving people of British stock.

The early French, you remember, *thought* of themselves as just a colony—children of the king, to be told what to do and how to do it. The same was true of the Dutch that came to live along the river that Hudson had discovered for them.

The early English were different. The Catholics who founded the colony of Maryland, and the Quakers who followed William Penn into the forest and hewed out a new home which they called Pennsylvania, were still Englishmen, loyal to the English king. The Puritans, who first landed near what is now the city of Boston, showed their love of the old land by calling their colony New England.

But they had all left their friends and their relatives and their homes, and braved the hardships of the New World for one purpose only—so that they might live as they believed God would have them live. They did not look on themselves, as did the French, as mere colonists sent out to hold the newly claimed land for the glory of the mother country. They were there to build a permanent, new *home* for themselves. And although the different colonies with their different beliefs did not always get along well together, they learned to welcome to their shores all the persecuted people, all the unfortunate, all the adventurous, from *any* land whatsoever.

So many came that, after 150 years, there were thirteen



A PURITAN



colonies, each one running its own affairs. They were, in fact, almost as independent of one another as were the different nations (or states) of Europe.

Then something happened. An unwise English king



tried to treat them as the kings of Europe treated their colonies.

It was the one thing that could draw them together. They united, broke away from the motherland, and formed themselves into what is now one of the great nations of the world, the United States of America.



That was in 1776. A few years before, in 1763, the British had taken Canada from the French.

Those two events were of tremendous importance to us. If they had not taken place, Canada might still have been a few settlements and "long streets" along the rivers.

When it first became British, only a few New Englanders (mostly fur-traders) moved up north. But when the new nation, the United States, was formed, they came in thousands.

Why did they come? Was it simply that they wanted to go on being treated as mere colonists? No, it was mainly because they wanted to go on being British. They felt that they wanted to be loyal to a united British Empire rather than to a United States of America. So we call them United Empire Loyalists. Except for a few settlers in Nova Scotia, they were the first British people to come to Canada. Canadians whose ancestors were among them are very proud of it indeed.

About the same time, great numbers of people began to come to Canada from the British Isles. And, like the Loyalists, they had the same free, independent spirit as had the founders of New England two hundred years before.

With such people, Canada could not long remain a mere colony. In 1867, it became the *Dominion* of Canada. It remained British—Canadians had no desire to break away from England—but it was now a British *nation*.

Today Canada is made up of many races. But no matter where they come from, or what their beliefs, they are as free to lead their own lives as they would be anywhere under the sun. That is what it means to be a Canadian.

1. On the blackboard or on a piece of cardboard make a map of the east coast of North America showing the French, English and Spanish colonies. Outline the map in crayon and fill it in with powder (thick water colour) paint, so that it will not smear.

2. On your growing map put in the Hudson River, the cities of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New York.



3. Study the pictures "The Boyhood of Raleigh," by J. E. Millais and "A Game of Bowls" by Seymour Lucas. What stories do they tell? Read all you can find about Francis Drake, the first Englishman to sail around the world. Ask your teacher to read you the poem called "Drake's Drum," by Alfred Noyes.

4. Virginia was named by Sir Walter Raleigh in honour of Good Queen Bess, the Virgin Queen. The other English colonies along the Atlantic seaboard also had names that tell us much about their early beginnings; Jamestown, Charleston, Carolina, Maryland, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, New York. Each of these names has a story that tells of its founding and often reveals the religious group that began it. Account for the name of each colony and find out how much each name tells us.

5. To your collection of ship models add a model of the *Golden Hind* and the *Mayflower*.

6. Divide into committees and let each committee make a loose-leaf notebook and mural on one of the following English colonies: Pennsylvania, Virginia, Maryland. Use these headings: (a) Religion; (b) Dress; (c) Homes; (d) Way of Living.

7. Let the girls dress dolls showing the costumes of the Puritans, the Quakers and the gentlemen plantation-owners of the southern colonies.

8. Slaves were used in the southern colonies from the earliest days. Why? Think of some reasons why slavery never developed in the northern colonies.

When Miss Gordon finished her story of how the English came to America, Brian Murphy said, "I always thought of the United States as a separate country. Why, their history is nearly the same as ours."

"It is a separate country," his teacher explained. "It's really only their early history that is so much like ours."

"But it isn't so *very* separate, is it?" asked Marlene Ward. "Last summer, I spent two weeks with an American cousin of mine. Her name is Helen Ward, and she lives in a town called Pierre, in South Dakota. It seemed just like living in Canada."

Miss Gordon agreed that, although Canada and the United States were separated by a boundary line, the *people* are very much alike.



Then the pupils, most of whom had visited "across the line" at least once, became very interested in discussing life in the United States. When they came to a point about which the girls and boys seemed to disagree, Jeannie McTavish made a suggestion.

"How would it be," she asked, "if all the boys in the class were to find out—from books, radio, newspapers, and magazines—all they can about how the Americans are *like* us; and the girls find out how they are *different*. Perhaps, after a few days, Miss Gordon would let us have a debate on the question."

It was a good suggestion, and when the time came they had a good debate.

To show that girls, too, could work well together, they thought up a plan. Beverley Roberts, their captain, explained it to the class.

If Miss Gordon, she said, would give them a few days in which to read, they would prepare a story showing how different life was in the *early* days in America.

Their teacher told them she was sure that they could write a description that would be just as interesting as Digby DeVal's had been.

The next Monday morning, the girls presented their story. It was a radio "travelogue," and, to make it more real, the "announcer" and the "narrator" stood behind the school radio, hidden by a small curtain.

First came the voice of the announcer. "This broadcast," it said, "is coming to you from the great city of Boston. The year is 1930. Boston is celebrating its three-hundredth anniversary. For in 1630, this city, now one of the largest in the United States, was founded by a little band of Puritans, one of the first to land on our barren New England shores.

"From the windows of our studio, we can see King's Chapel Burying Ground, Boston's first cemetery. There beneath those tombstones lie their bodies, the bodies of our earliest citizens.



"We do not know exactly what their life was like in those distant pioneer days. But from the few letters that have been preserved, letters written by the Puritans to their dear ones back in England, and from accounts handed down from father to son, we know much.

"If one of those courageous colonists could only come to us today, what a story he would have to tell!

"How would you like to *pretend* that he has come? Let's listen to a voice, describing life in those far-off days. Let us imagine that it is a voice from the past—the voice of a truly great man—John Winthrop, the leader of the Puritan colony."

Then came the voice of the narrator, "John Winthrop."

"My dear friends of the future," it said, "I am addressing you from the steps of our meeting-house (our church). It is the year of our Lord 1635. Five years ago we began building this town of Boston, so that we would have a capital for our Massachusetts Bay colony.

"Those five years have been years of struggle, a struggle to serve God and make a living. I would like to tell you of that struggle, but since I am told that my audience is made up of children, I will try to speak of more pleasant things.

"Although King James I of England granted to us this land of Massachusetts, we thought it wise to buy it all over again from the Indians. They were quite pleased to accept a few beads and pots and pans in payment. One old chief was so delighted with his payment of one tin plate that he attached a leather thong to it and wore it as a necklace.

"One day, one of our men, William Henry, was astonished to hear an Indian call out in English, 'Welcome, Englishmen!' He had learned the language from an English fisherman. They had fished along these shores long before we came.

"We have found these poor heathen Indians very friendly. They have taught us many things: the best way



to cut down trees, how to plant their Indian corn, to make soft leather out of the skins of wild animals; and especially how to hunt. We have learned, too, that if Indians are treated kindly, they are no more treacherous than we are.

“In all these years, there has been only one misunderstanding between us. They thought that when we paid for the land we were just *renting* it from them. Now some of them would like the rent paid all over again.

“Now I will tell you about our town. From where I am standing, I can quite easily see all the houses. They are close together, partly for safety in case an attack should occur, but mostly because we all wish to be near the meeting-house. We are a religious people.

“The houses are very rough, having been shaped only with an axe. They have straw (thatched) roofs.

“We could not bring much iron from England, so that most of our tools are just tipped with iron. For nails, we use wooden pins. As we must make the best use of the iron we have, our blacksmith is the most valuable man in the town.

“Every man, besides being a carpenter or shoemaker or a weaver, is also a farmer.

“The farms run from the edge of the town. Each is made up of many narrow strips. We divided the land that way so that none of us would be likely to get all good land or all bad.

“Most families have only one or two cows. We pay a cowherd to take care of them. Every morning he goes through the town blowing a horn, and they follow him to ‘the common’ (town pasture). He guards them all day, and, in the evening, returns them to their owners’ gates.

“We plant—mostly with the hoe—corn, wheat, oats, and many kinds of vegetables. In our flower gardens we grow a pretty flower called a tomato, which produces a fruit like an apple. Some believe it is good to eat.

“Of course, we have to make a great many things which we used to take for granted in England because we could



simply go to a shop and buy them. From tallow (the fat from cows), we make candles; we add lye, and make soap; with the feathers and down of our geese we stuff mattresses and pillows; and from vegetables we have learned to make a very good dye.

"It is just as well that our religion requires us to dress in dark, plain clothes, for we must make all our own. We keep enough sheep to provide us with wool, and grow flax for linen. Our women-folk do all the spinning, weaving, dyeing, sewing and making of clothes for their families.

"Our homes are busy places. Everyone works, even the smallest child. We get up at sunrise (we tell the time by the sun), light the fire with flint and steel, and then do the milking. After prayers and breakfast, boys of ten or more go to work with their fathers while the girls help their mothers.

"At noon, the mother blows a horn, and all come to dinner. There is usually meat—perhaps wild turkey—and vegetables and corn bread. Then back to work.

"At night, there is a light supper, perhaps only bread and milk; then prayers and bed.

"Our children go to school, but only for two or three years. We believe (I wonder if the people of the future will agree with us?) that too much education makes young people lazy and dissatisfied. Even if we did not believe this, the work that our boys and girls do is very necessary.

"Pupils learn reading, writing and simple arithmetic. For reading, they have a one-page book with a handle. As it is covered with a thin sheet of horn to keep it clean, it is called a horn primer. Then there is a psalter containing psalms, and the Bible. Birch bark is used for paper. Of course, boys are beaten if they will not learn.

"Although we Puritans are a stern, serious people, we have many good times. Children play the games that we learned in England: kite-flying, hoop-rolling, tag, marbles, blind man's buff and leap frog. Whenever their mothers



and fathers have time, they make them rag and wooden dolls, cradles and hobby horses.

"There are, of course, no policemen in Boston. Perhaps it will one day be large enough to need many. I wonder.

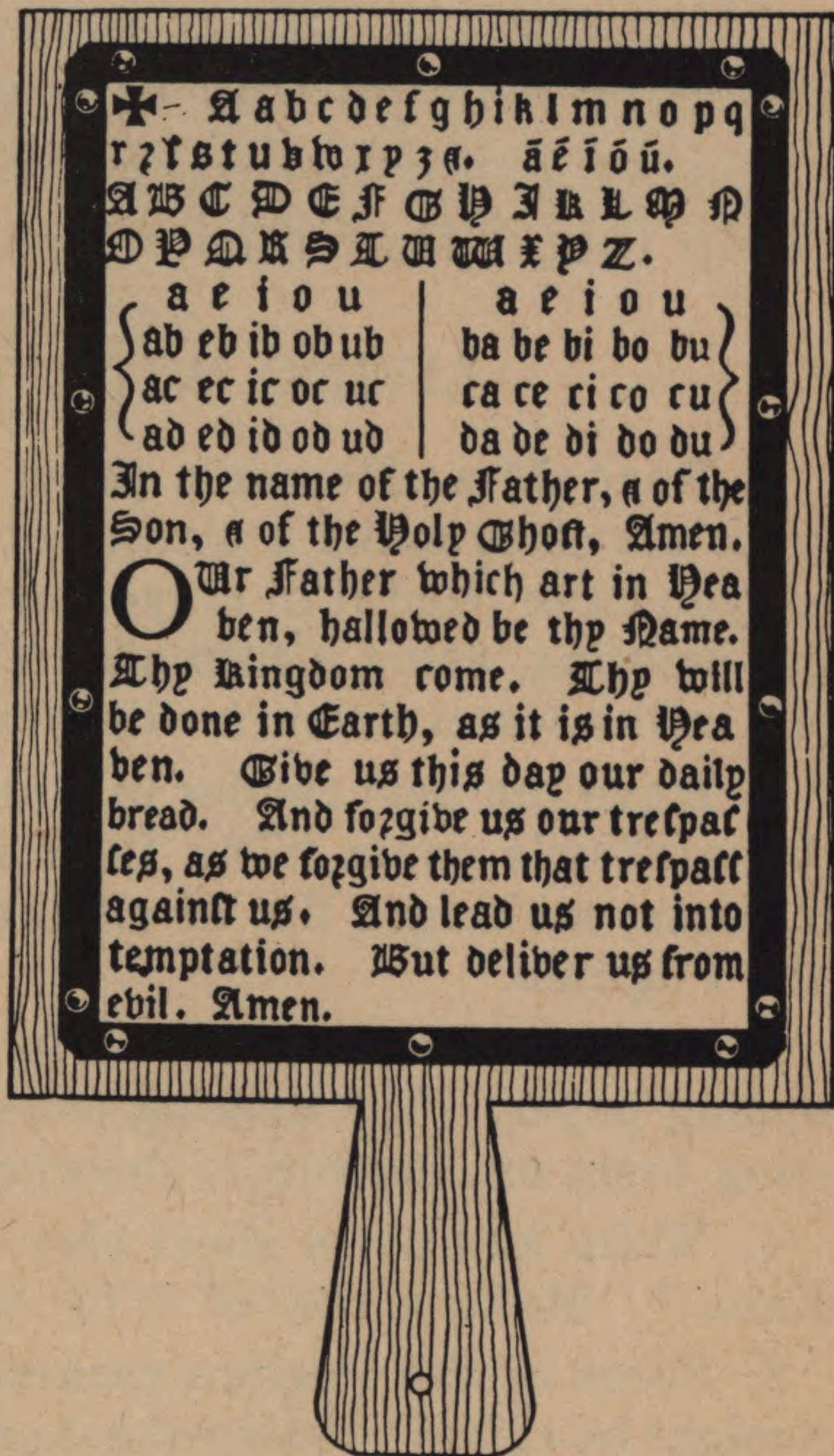
"Today, if a young man does wrong, he is spoken to by the minister. The fire in the good man's eye will at once cause him to leave the path of evil.

"Although we left England because the government would not allow us to worship as we chose, we do not allow people to settle in our colony unless they are willing to become Puritans. If one of our own men were to disagree with the teachings of the church, he might, according to our laws, be put to death.

"Nor do we allow all our people to say how they think the colony should be run, or even to vote. Those privileges are given only to those we choose to be *members* of the church. Only about one man in five is chosen. As for women, we believe their place is in the home.

"Of course, everyone must attend church. On the Sabbath, no one is allowed to do work of any kind. Even cooking, making beds, and going for a walk are forbidden.

"The church services are very solemn. The women and children sit on one side, the men on the other. The



A HORN PRIMER



sermon often lasts for two hours. If children fall asleep, they are awakened and afterwards punished.

"There is much more, Children of the Future, that I would like to tell you. But I am afraid that I have already made life in a Puritan town sound rather severe.

"Perhaps our life is severe. But we believe that, as Sir Walter Raleigh said fifty years ago, there will some day be a great English-speaking nation in America. We want to help found that nation on hard work and right living."

### LIVING WITH THE PURITANS

1. Read Mrs. Heman's poem, "The Landing of the Pilgrims." In your art-class make a picture of the scene described in this poem. After you have tried it in crayon or water colour, try a large picture in finger painting, using a corn starch mixture dropped on smooth paper. Work in the water colours with your fingers to make the picture.

2. Have the best reader in your class study and read to you parts of Longfellow's poem "The Courtship of Miles Standish." Discuss it in class, making a list of all the things it tells you about the life of the Pilgrims.

3. Make a Puritan frieze all in black and white on brown or green wrapping paper. Try making cut-outs of black and white paper and pasting them on, instead of drawing directly on your frieze.

4. Write and act a short play called "Buying the Land from the Indians." Make a reel of it for your movie machine.

5. Some of the Puritan names sound odd to us. For example a boy might be called "Praise-the-Lord," and a girl "Charity" or "Piety." As you read about the Puritans make a collection of these odd names. How would you account for them?

6. Make a model of a New England village in the early days, showing the church, and the common with the log houses grouped around them.

7. Are there any spinning wheels in your district? If there are, try to arrange to see one and have it explained to you. If not, try to bring a model of one to school, or if that is impossible, find a good picture of one. Why were wool and linen the only kinds of cloth the Puritans had?

8. In the two hundred years that followed, the New Englanders became famous traders and merchant sailors, building ships that grew to be rivals of the English merchantmen. Can you explain this?



What goods did they have to sell to the Old World and the Far East?  
What did they bring back?

9. Compare the Puritan method of dividing land with that of the French settlers along the St. Lawrence.

10. Divide your class in half. Let one half pretend to be habitant children visiting a Puritan village, and the other half pretend to be Puritan children visiting a French-Canadian village. How would each of you find life different from that of your own home? Write a letter home to your brother describing what you like and do not like about this strange place you are visiting. Which would you rather live in? Why?

#### BOOKS TO USE

- Our Nation Begins* (United States). Barker.  
*West by South*. Stothers.  
*Life in Early America*. Keltie.  
*Our American Colonists*. Gast.  
*Early Times Along the Atlantic*. Kaplan and Glantz.

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## CHAPTER V

# THE UNKNOWN WEST

THE boys and girls of Pleasant Valley School were having quite a discussion. They had been reading about exploring in the West, and there was one question about which they could not agree. The question was: Was the first white man to come to Manitoba an Englishman or a Frenchman?

"I think it was an Englishman," said Keith Williams. "I read that, in 1612, only two years after Henry Hudson discovered Hudson Bay, an English seaman by the name of Captain Button got to the west coast of Hudson Bay, and stayed a whole winter at the mouth of the Nelson River. That's part of Manitoba today."

"But it's only the northern edge of Manitoba," said Brian Murphy, "and he didn't explore any of the country. The French must have been the first to explore it because, ever since Champlain founded Quebec in 1608, they kept pushing further and further west so they could get more furs from the Indians."

When the others looked to Miss Gordon to settle the question, she smiled and said: "Keith and Brian are both right. The English under Captain Button were the first to set foot on what is now Manitoba. But as they were interested only in a sea passage to China, they made no attempt to find out what the new land was like. As for the English colonists on the Atlantic coast, they were interested in one thing only—making a new, permanent home for themselves. Besides, exploring westward would have been very difficult, for they were hemmed in by a range of mountains, the Appalachians.

"The French were in a very different position. Some, like the easy-going habitants, were quite content to live



peacefully along their beloved St. Lawrence. But their leaders' thoughts went far beyond that. They had not given up their dream of finding a route to China; they wanted to spread the Christian religion far and wide among the Indians. But above all, they were determined on building a vast, fur-trading empire, an empire that would not only be to the glory of France, but one that would bring riches perhaps as great as the Spaniards had gathered farther south.

"If these empire-builders had actually seen North America from a magic balloon, they could not have chosen a better gateway to the country than the St. Lawrence. Rivers and lakes were the only highways in those days, and as we know, the St. Lawrence led almost everywhere.

"As time went on, and more and more settlers moved into the country, the fur-bearing animals and the Indians moved further west. Then, of course, the fur-traders and missionaries followed, and as many of them were wonderful explorers, it was not long before the whole Great Lakes country became known. With the establishment of trading-posts at key-points, the first step in their plans of empire had been completed.

"But the St. Lawrence-Great Lakes area was only a small part of the continent. There were still the vast lands to the south, to the north, and to the west, although nobody knew how *far* west it extended.

"It would, of course, be a tremendous undertaking to attempt to extend their empire in all three directions at once. They decided to go south.

"First they sent out their explorers. A young fur-trader, Louis Joliet, and a missionary, Father Marquette, paddled down the Mississippi as far south as the mouth of the Arkansas River. La Salle, a great explorer indeed, continued their work by following it all the way to the Gulf of Mexico.

"Then the French proceeded to build a chain of forts on



the Mississippi and the Ohio, and the second great step in empire-building was complete.

“Nothing, it would seem, could now prevent their dream from coming true. Not only had they gained complete



MARQUETTE AND JOLIET ON THE MISSISSIPPI

control of the two great rivers, as well as many of their branches, but they had got *in behind* their only possible rivals, the English on the Atlantic coast. Even if their old enemies should break through the Appalachians, they would everywhere be confronted with French forts.

“But in the meantime, the English had got ‘in behind’



the French in another direction. And, strange to say, it was the French themselves who gave them the opportunity. This is how it happened.

“The governor of New France, or Canada, in the year 1663 was a very greedy man. When two adventurous young *coureurs des bois* by the names of Radisson and Grosseilliers came paddling down the St. Lawrence with a cargo of furs worth a quarter of a million dollars in our money, the governor told them they had traded without his permission and he seized more than half of their furs. Moreover, he told them they could not go into the fur-country again.

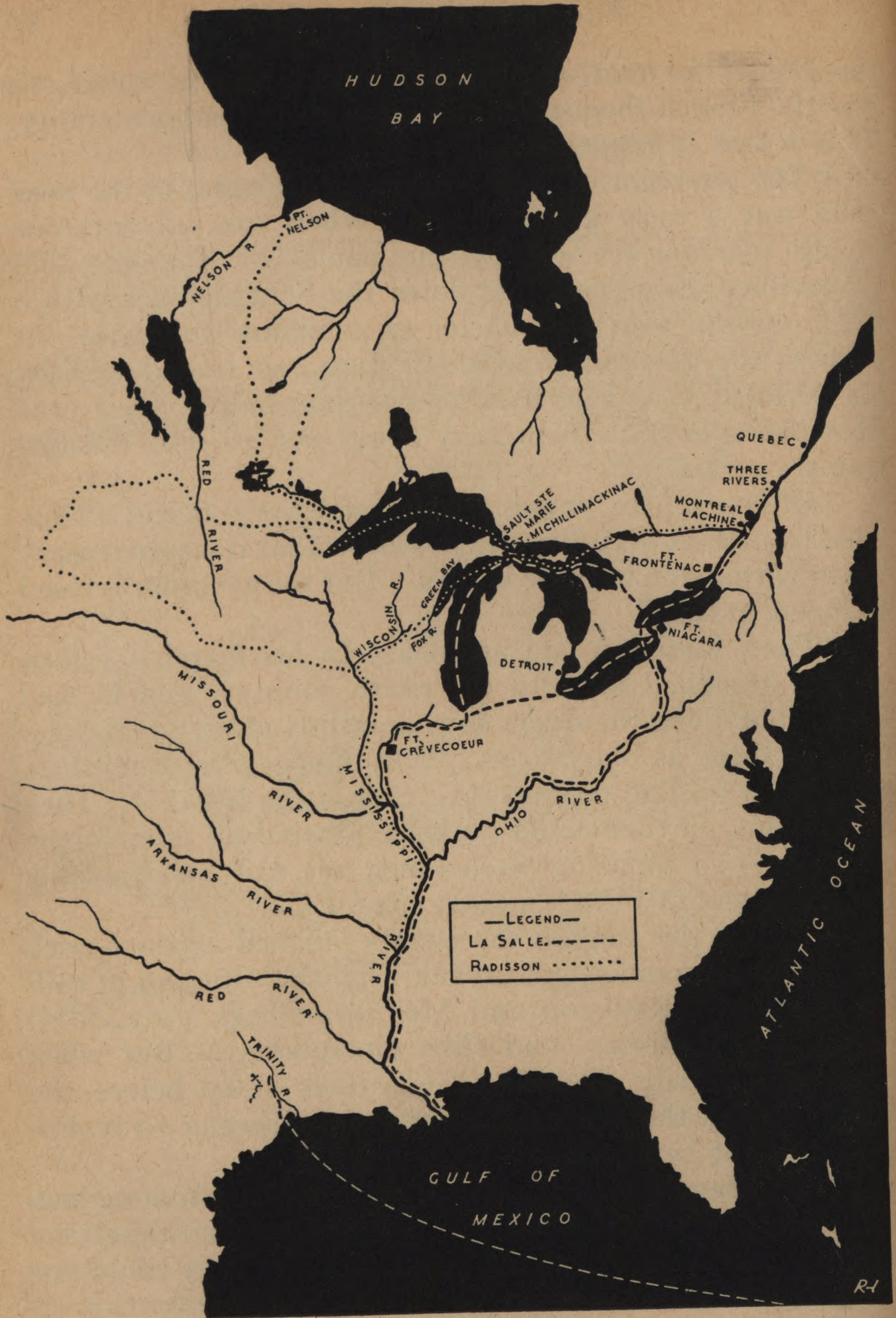
“Of course, the young traders were very angry. They tried to explain that they did not know that it was necessary to get permission to trade in furs. But the governor refused to listen to them.

“Then Radisson had an idea. In his search for furs, he had travelled far into the north country, and he had found that along the rivers flowing into Hudson Bay, beaver were as thick as blueberries. Why not get the English to establish a trading post on this ‘Bay of the North’? Then he and his partner could make a fortune all over again. So these two amazing Frenchmen set sail for England, the homeland of France’s great enemy.

“At first the English merchants laughed at them with their strange manner and broken English. Instead of calling them Mr. Radisson and Mr. Grosseilliers, they called them ‘Mr. Radishes’ and ‘Mr. Gooseberry.’ But when they were finally allowed to tell their story before the king, Charles the Second, the merchants began to realize that it might be worth investigating.

“The French, said Radisson, were making tremendous fortunes from the fur-trade. They had got in behind the English colonies south of the Great Lakes. Why could not the English get in behind the French in the north? A trading post on Hudson Bay would be closer to the very best fur-country in America than were any of the French





MAP OF THE EXPLORATIONS OF RADISSON AND LASALLE

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forts. The Indians would bring their furs to whichever post was the closest to them.

“The result was that, on May 2, 1670, the king allowed his cousin, Prince Rupert, to form the company whose trading-posts still dot Canada’s northland, the Hudson’s Bay Company.

“It was given the right (without competition from any other English company) to trade in, to own and to rule all the land drained by the rivers emptying into Hudson Bay.

“If the king could have had just a glance at a present-day map, he would have seen that he was giving away nearly a quarter of the entire continent, for ‘all the land drained by the rivers emptying into Hudson Bay’ (on the west side alone) meant all of Western Canada to the Rocky Mountains. But at that time, of course, none of that vast territory had been explored. It was just part of the ‘wilds of North America.’

“The company was wonderfully successful. It continued to trade with the Indians (and it treated them very fairly), and to rule the country right up to the time, two hundred years later, when Manitoba became a part of the Dominion of Canada (1870).

“But for a long time, the men of the Hudson’s Bay Company did little or no exploring. They saw no reason to do so. All they had to do was to build their forts at the mouths of the rivers flowing into the bay, and there the Indians brought their furs.

“Naturally the French were dismayed by this new blow to the great empire they had planned. At first they tried to drive the English away by force, and many a stirring naval battle took place in the bay. Mostly the English were successful in driving off their attackers. But in one battle, a lone French ship under a brilliant commander named Iberville defeated three English ships at once.

“Finally the French decided to do the only thing left to them. By planting themselves firmly on Hudson Bay, their rivals had got closer to where the furs came from.





PIERRE RADISSON

U of V



But the Indians still had to come a long way along the rivers to reach the English trading-posts. Why not try to get even closer to them—push in again behind the English? In other words, send men to explore the Canadian West of today. That is just what they did.

“But the Hudson’s Bay Company could always give the red man a better bargain. For one thing, the French goods for which the furs were traded had to come to Montreal from France, and then thousands of miles over rivers and lakes to the far west, and the furs had to go all the way back. From England to the company’s posts on the bay was only half as far, and they loaded and unloaded only once. So the French were never able to drive the ‘Old Company’ out, although, for a time, they did manage to take a great deal of its trade.”

“One of the most interesting of the French explorers of the west was La Vérendrye. We are going to hear his story.

“But first we had better do what La Vérendrye would have given a great deal to be able to do—study a map of the country. Then we’ll enjoy his travels much more.”

#### FUR-TRADERS IN THE WEST

1. To your growing map add the following:

(a) the great Mississippi river system—the Mississippi and its tributaries, especially the Ohio, the Missouri and the Arkansas.

(b) the waterways followed by La Vérendrye, connecting the Great Lakes with the Hudson Bay drainage system—Lake of the Woods, Rainy River, Winnipeg River.

(c) the waters draining into Hudson Bay—Lakes Winnipeg, Winnipegosis and Manitoba; the Saskatchewan (North and South Branches), the Red and Assiniboine, the Churchill, Nelson and Hayes Rivers.

(d) the cities of St. Louis, New Orleans and Detroit; Michilimackinac and Sault Ste. Marie, all founded by the French; Fort Churchill, Port Nelson and York Factory founded by the English; Winnipeg and St. Boniface.

2. Start a scrap book like the one suggested for South America on “Early Days in the West.” Good material is to be found in maga-



zines, the story sections of magazines, back copies of newspapers commemorating particular occasions such as the Royal Visit, the anniversary celebrations of the Hudson's Bay Company, the Canadian Pacific Railway, etc., old calendar pictures, Hudson's Bay Company advertisements.

3. As La Salle travelled south down the Mississippi he found many indications that white men had reached that country before.



RADISSON VISITS AN INDIAN CAMP

Who were they and how did they get there? How did La Salle know that they had visited the lower valley of the Mississippi before him?

4. When the French lost Canada in 1763 they still held Louisiana, the unknown wilderness west of the Mississippi. Appoint a committee to find out and report to you in class how and when Louisiana ceased to be French.

5. Pierre Radisson had an adventurous and very interesting life. Appoint another committee to find out all they can about it. Dramatize his life in three acts.

6. Clip a Hudson's Bay Company advertisement from the paper. Draw up an advertisement for the goods the Hudson's Bay Company sold to the Indians in the late 17th and early 18th centuries, with the prices charged. E.g., one iron spoon.....price, 4 beaver skins. See how many items you can list in your advertisement. What does the Hudson's Bay Company motto, "Pro Pelle Cutem" mean? Ask some-



one who reads Latin to translate it for you. What is your opinion of it as a suitable motto for the Company in the early days?

7. If you can arrange it, visit the Hudson's Bay Company museum and the museum in the Civic Auditorium in Winnipeg. If there is a Hudson's Bay Company post or the site of a factory or fort in your district, visit it. Ask the old timers in the district to tell you what they know of it.

8. Arrange a "trading day" in your school. The school building might be the factory, your class the traders with one of the children acting as the factor. Let the other children in the school be the Indians coming to trade (some of them may wear the Indian costumes the girls made earlier in the term). Of course, you will have to explain to them exactly what they are to do. You should be able to find good descriptions of the programme followed on these trading days. Your "trading day" could actually *be* a bazaar with real trading to raise money for your school fund, or to get books for your school library.

9. Begin work on a second volume of your "Book of Explorers" with committees or individual children preparing chapters on Marquette and Joliet, La Salle, Henry Kelsey and the La Vérendryes.

10. Build a model of a Hudson's Bay Company post. Compare this model with present day posts in the Far North. Account for the differences and the points of resemblance.

#### BOOKS TO USE

*Pathfinders of North America.* Guillet.

*Hudson's Bay Company Pamphlets.*

*Pathfinders of the West.* Laut.

*Canadian History Readers.* (Ryerson Press.)

"Is it true, Miss Gordon," asked Beverley Roberts, "that La Vérendrye found a tribe of Indians that had white skins and fair hair?"

"Well," said Miss Gordon, "I'll tell you La Vérendrye's story as I promised. If it doesn't answer your question, we'll see what some of our library books say about it." Then she told them this story:

"If Digby DeVal had paid a real visit instead of an imaginary one to the early French living along the St. Lawrence, he might have met the boy who later became famous as the first explorer born in Canada.



"He had a very long name. It was Pierre Gaultier de Verennes, Sieur de la Vérendrye.

"Pierre (or Peter, as we say in English) might have been wearing a soldier's uniform, too, for at the age of fourteen, he fought in the wars against the English in New England. He would have been quite amazed if Digby had told him that, two hundred years later, boys of his own age would be reading the story of 'Pierre la Vérendrye, the great explorer.'

"He did not become an explorer, in fact, till he was a middle-aged man with four grown sons. Having left soldiering when he was still a young man, he had been a fur-trader for many years. But he had never given a thought to the unknown country beyond the Great Lakes.

"Then he took charge of a fur-trading post in the wild country north of Lake Superior, and there he began to hear strange tales of a country far to the west.

"Some of the Indian trappers with whom he traded had actually come from there. They told him of the great, flat prairies, of the forests teeming with fur-bearing animals (from which the English on Hudson Bay were reaping a fortune), and of a range of mountains so high they were capped with snow. He began to feel the urge to see it all for himself.

"But it was something else they told him which really made him make up his mind. There was a lake, they said (Lake Winnipeg), from which a river (the Saskatchewan) flowed westward *to the sea*.

"Of course, the Indians were mistaken. The Saskatchewan flows *eastward* into Lake Winnipeg. But to La Vérendrye it meant a chance to reach the Pacific—something which explorers had been trying to do since the days of Champlain.

"He at once went to Montreal and secured from the Governor of New France the rights to *all* the trade west of the Great Lakes, in return for which he promised to explore the country and gather information about the hoped-for



route to China. Then, with three of his sons, his favourite nephew, and a large party he set out for the west. The date was August, 1731.

"The next few years they spent in exploring and in making friends with the Indians. They built a chain of forts, too, which ran all the way from Lake Superior to Lake Winnipeg.

"Then a great tragedy occurred. La Vérendrye had gone back to Montreal for supplies, and on his return he was dismayed to find that the usually peaceful Cree Indians were at war among themselves. Unless he could bring peace, all his plans would be ruined.

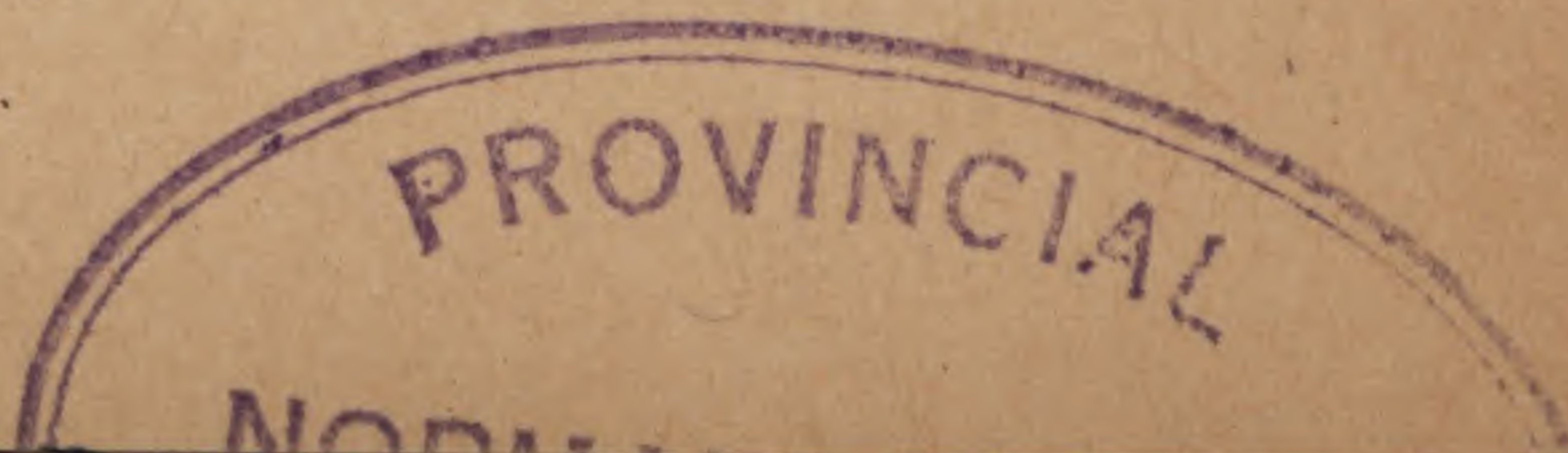
"He decided on an act which showed him to be a man of great courage. His eldest son John, whom he loved most of all his sons, was so admired by the Indians that they asked his father to allow him to be adopted into their tribe. Of course, La Vérendrye had refused. But now—well, perhaps such a great sacrifice would prove to the red man how highly they were thought of by the whites. He agreed.

"You can read about the ceremony of adoption in La Vérendrye's own words, for he wrote down everything.

"The Indians crowded into the fort in hundreds. There were solemn, dignified speeches by the chiefs of the tribes and by La Vérendrye himself. Then, after a great feast, the Frenchman delighted the Indians with gifts of kettles, gunpowder, and trinkets of all kinds. Finally, the great event was celebrated by the wildest dancing the white men had ever seen.

"La Vérendrye's son lived among the Crees for many months. Then came the tragedy.

"His father had gone to Montreal for more supplies. When it was time for him to return, John and twenty other Frenchmen set out to meet him. For many days they paddled along the rivers and lakes, singing their French songs and perhaps poking fun now and then at John because he was now an Indian 'chief.'





"One night they camped on a little island in the Lake of the Woods. While they were at breakfast the next morning, they suddenly found themselves face to face with a large band of Indians. They were Sioux (Soo), 'the tigers of the plains.'

"What happened then, no one knows. Perhaps the Frenchmen, thinking they were friendly Crees, advanced to meet them, and then when it was too late, discovered their mistake. We only know that John and his whole party were cruelly massacred. The island on which the terrible deed took place is still called Massacre Island.

"The news of the tragedy was a great blow to La Vérendrye. But, although his heart was heavy with grief, he continued to carry on his great work.

"Aided by his three remaining sons, he explored and drew maps—the first to be made of the land beyond the lakes. He sent many canoe-loads of furs back to Montreal. Thanks to his untiring efforts, the French were beginning to see another of their plans of empire succeeding. They were getting in behind the English in the north and west.

"In the summer of 1738, we find the great explorer and his sturdy canoeman paddling across Lake Winnipeg and up the Red River. They were the first white men ever to see it.

"When they came to the point where the Assiniboine flowed into the Red from the West, they decided that it would be a good place to build another trading post. Indians coming from the south and west with their canoe-loads of furs would no doubt be willing to sell them cheaply if they could be saved the long trip to Hudson Bay. They set to work.

"When the new fort was finished, La Vérendrye wondered what he should call it. Then, because it was on the river which he himself had named the Red, he called it Fort Rouge. 'Rouge,' in French, means 'red.' So it was really the Red Fort on the Red River.

"Today, of course, thousands of people live in 'Fort



Rouge,' for it means the part of the city of Winnipeg which is on the south side of the Assiniboine. That is where this trading post of two hundred years ago stood.

"The main reason, you remember, why La Vérendrye had set out to explore the west was that he wanted to find a route to the Western Sea. The Indians had told him that there was a river flowing out of Lake Winnipeg which emptied into 'the water which was not good to drink.' Later he had found that it was not true. Now he heard another strange Indian tale.

"Far to the south-west, said the Assiniboines, there was a tribe called the Mandans who were not red but *white*. They lived in fine villages, had houses with carved totem-poles in front of them, and rode on animals they called horses. But what interested the explorer most was that the Mandans were said to live on a great river that flowed westward. *Westward!* Perhaps this was the river he was looking for. He decided to find out.

"From Fort la Reine, situated at what is now Portage la Prairie, the determined Frenchman set out with twenty of his best men. But they had not gone far before they were met by a party of six hundred Assiniboines who said they had come to take them to the Mandans.

"La Vérendrye was delighted. Indian guides would be very helpful. Then he was told that the whole six hundred were going with him, and more than half were women and children. He was afraid they would never get there.

"But to his surprise, he found them excellent travellers. In his account of the trip, he says: 'They march in three columns, with scouts at the front and rear, and the old and lame in the centre. If the scouts discover herds of buffalo, they raise a cry, and all the men join in hemming them in. Then they kill what they need, and each man takes enough for himself and his family.'

"The men had the easiest time on the trip, he tells us,



for: 'the women and dogs carry all the luggage and fire-wood, the men being burdened only with their arms.'

"After six weeks of travel they came to a village that was quite different from any they had ever seen before. They had at last arrived in the land of the Mandans.

"Then La Vérendrye found for the second time that Indian tales are often highly exaggerated. Some of the Mandans, indeed, had skins almost as white as their own,



and fair hair. They were more civilized, too, than other tribes, living in houses with many rooms and with cellars for storing food. They had heard of the Western Ocean, on whose shores there were white people who wore armour and rode on horses. (By that time the Spaniards were on the Pacific coast.)

"But, to the explorer's great disappointment, they had no idea how to get there. The river on which they lived, he discovered, flowed, not west, but east and south. It was the Missouri, which empties into the Mississippi. La Vérendrye's hopes were shattered. His journey had been in vain.

"But, being a true explorer, he decided that, if he was not to find a way to the Pacific, he would at least continue his discovery and mapping of the west. Having returned



north, he explored a great deal of what is now Manitoba, built new trading posts (one of them was Fort Dauphin), and sent his son, François, to explore the Saskatchewan.

“Then in the autumn of 1742, La Vérendrye’s hopes were revived again. He had left two of his men in the Mandan country with instructions to find all they could about the land to the west. Now they were back with the news that they had talked with a tribe of Bow Indians who, in turn, had talked with the white men who lived *on the west coast*.

“La Vérendrye was about to set off again when once more bad luck overtook him. He became ill. And then it was that he discovered what fine sons he had, for François and his brother Pierre offered to undertake the dangerous journey in his place.

“By means of the very accurate maps made by their father, they found their way back to the country of the Mandans. Then they pressed on and on into the west, and at last they came to a camp of Bow Indians.

“To their delight, the chief of the Bows agreed to help them. It so happened, he told them, that his braves were about to go on the war-path against a tribe called the Snakes, whose hunting-grounds were at the foot of the Shining Mountains (the Rockies). If their white brothers would come with them, they would be able to look down, from the mountains, on the great Western Sea.

“François and Pierre were overjoyed. They travelled with the Indians for many days. Then on New Year’s Day, 1743, they saw in the distance a line of snow-capped peaks. It was the Rockies! The white men soon saw why the Indians called them the *Shining Mountains*, for as they got closer, the snow on the peaks began to glisten in the sun. It was a thrilling sight.

“‘Now,’ exclaimed Pierre, ‘if the Indians will help us find our way to the top, we will see the great Pacific!’ But their hopes soon vanished, for the Bows suddenly began to suspect (quite mistakenly, they found later) that the



Snakes were laying a trap for them. Nothing could persuade them to go on.

“Pierre and François were very down-hearted. To have come so close to realizing their father’s dream, and then to have failed!

“They decided that if people ever came to live in that part of the country, they would at least find out how far



THE LA VÉRENDRYE BROTHERS SEE THE SHINING MOUNTAINS

west the La Vérendrye brothers had gone. For on a hill, near what is now the town of Pierre, South Dakota, they buried a lead ‘marker’ bearing the names of the French king and the governor of New France, as well as the great name of La Vérendrye. Just a few years ago it was found by a schoolgirl, one hundred and seventy years after it had been buried.

“That was the last journey the great family of path-



finders made. Soon afterwards they were recalled to New France, and we hear of them no more.

“But the names of Pierre la Vérendrye and his four courageous sons will always be held in great honour, for it is with their work of discovery that the story of the West begins.

“The sites of many of their forts have recently been discovered. In the ruins of one of them, Fort St. Charles, was found the remains of John, the much-loved son who was slain by the Sioux on Massacre Island. His body had been carried there and buried by his grief-stricken father.”

### EXPLORING THE WEST WITH LA VÉRENDRYE

1. On your growing map mark the route followed by the La Vérendryes. Put in Fort La Reine (Portage la Prairie) and Helena, Montana, which is thought to be the farthest point reached by La Vérendrye's sons.

2. Compare the Indians of the plains with the Indians of the St. Lawrence valley. The Plains Indians brought different types of furs to trade than did those of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence valleys. Make two picture charts showing the fur bearing animals of the East as the first traders found them, and the animals of the prairies whose skins were brought to the La Vérendryes.

3. The great explorer's party found Indians who had never seen a white man before but who were excellent horsemen. Yet when America was first discovered there were no horses in the New World. The story of the coming of the horse to the Americas and of its spread across this continent is a romantic one. Set up a committee to find and tell this story. If the horse interests you, you will also want to read the history of the development of the horse from early days. (*The Book of Knowledge* has this story.) Draw a chart illustrating this development.

4. Pretend that you are François La Vérendrye and are making your great trip of exploration with the Bow Indians. Keep a diary of your adventures, and make maps and drawings of what you see on your journey. For this you will need a large scale map of South Dakota and Montana. Road maps are excellent.

5. Compare the country as shown by the road map with that covered by François La Vérendrye in 1742. Make a list of at least ten points of difference. In what ways has it remained unchanged?



6. When you are in Winnipeg, cross the Red River to St. Boniface and visit La Vérendrye's monument, erected in 1938 to commemorate the two hundredth anniversary of his coming to the junction of the Red and Assiniboine rivers.

7. In *Highroads to Reading*, Book V, there is a play about the La Vérendryes. Make a radio script from this play and broadcast it. To make it seem real let the boys construct a microphone, have an announcer and let the rest of the school be your audience.

#### BOOKS TO USE

*Pages from Canada's Story.* Palk and Dickie.

*Pages from Canada's Geography.* Palk.

Souvenir Program of La Vérendrye Celebration, 1938.

*Songs of Discovery and Exploration.* Dunsmore.

*Canadian History Readers.* (Ryerson Press.)



## CHAPTER VI

### NEW HOMES IN CANADA EAST

THE day after Miss Gordon told the story of La Vérendrye, the Easter holidays began. The boys and girls had a very enjoyable time.

But they also did some very enjoyable "digging," as they called their out-of-school investigating. Brian Murphy had found out from his father that Massacre Island was not far from their summer camp on the Lake of the Woods. They were going to paddle to it the next summer, just as poor John La Vérendrye had done.

Digby DeVal had visited relatives in St. Boniface. When he asked about the famous French explorer, they took him to see a great stone statue. It was the figure of La Vérendrye himself, looking out upon the river he had been the first white man to see. Then they took him across the river and showed him the place where Fort Rouge was thought to have stood.

Marlene Ward had been astonished to hear that a lead marker of La Vérendrye's had been found at Pierre, South Dakota. Why, that was where her cousin Helen lived.

She wrote her at once, and in a few days, she was delighted to receive two pictures: one of the spot where it had been found, and the other a photograph of the marker itself. Helen's mother, she said in her letter, had gone to school with the girl who had discovered it.

When they all got back to school after the holidays, La Vérendrye's adventures still interested them, and there were many things they wanted to know.

"I saw a picture," said Dorothy Briggs, "showing La Vérendrye's canoemen—or *voyageurs* as they called





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 A Miotte  
 le 30 de may 1743

THE MARKER BURIED BY PIERRE  
 LA VÉRENDRYE

them—carrying hundred-pound packs by means of a wide band across their foreheads. Did they really carry their supplies that way?"

"Yes," said Miss Gordon, "and it was a good way, too, for it left their hands free. Indian guides in the north-country still use that method."

Then John Lanaski asked a question. "Did the



French," he asked, "ever manage to build their great fur-trading empire?"

"Yes," answered their teacher, but it didn't last. For shortly after the La Vérendryes left the west, war broke out between the English and the French, and Canada became British."

"I wonder why the French people in Quebec didn't all go back to France when that happened," said Beverley Roberts.

"I can't imagine the early DeVals leaving," spoke up Digby DeVal with a grin, "or any of the other habitants. They loved their homes too much."

"Besides," explained Miss Gordon, "the British treated them so well that most of them had no wish to leave."

"Once the British had taken Canada," said Norman Erickson, "that meant that they owned all North America, didn't it? All the well-known parts, anyway."

"Yes," replied Miss Gordon, "except that the Spanish were still in Florida and Mexico. Of course, it was only a few years later that the British colonies along the Atlantic broke away from the motherland and formed the United States. Then there were two nations making claims to territory, just as there were before the defeat of the French.

"You know," she went on, "when you think of what good neighbours Americans and Canadians are today, it is hard to believe that we started our living together by fighting each other. But that is just what we did.

"When the English colonists rebelled against England, they tried to persuade their old enemies, the French in Canada, to join them. When they refused, the colonists attacked Montreal and Quebec. Then the French showed what fine people they were by remaining loyal to the British, the very people who had conquered them only fifteen years before."

"It's a wonder," said Dorothy Briggs, "that they didn't take advantage of the chance to get even."

"They had no desire to get even," said their teacher



with a smile, "for they were actually being treated *better* by their new rulers than they had been by their own. The British allowed them to keep their farms, their religion, their laws, and their own language.

"Even today, French is as much a Canadian language as English. Every government paper is written in French as



LOYALIST SETTLERS DRAWING LOTS FOR LAND

well as in English. On a one-dollar bill you will see, not just the English words: 'Bank of Canada, one dollar,' but also the French words: 'Banque du Canada, un dollar.' And, of course, many radio programmes are broadcast in French."

Brian Murphy then said that he thought we should be very proud of the British people for having treated the French so well. "But, of course," he added, "Canada in



those days just meant Quebec. It would have been foolish to have brought in English laws when all the people were French."

"They were not quite *all* French," Miss Gordon explained. "There were about five hundred British to sixty thousand French. Then there were a few thousand British in Acadia, or Nova Scotia."

"But today," said Norman Erickson with a puzzled expression on his face, "there are far more British in Canada than French. When did they start coming in, and where did they first settle?"

"I think I know," said Beverley Roberts. "After the English colonies became the United States in 1783, the United Empire Loyalists came up to Canada and settled in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick."

"And in Ontario, too," Jim Seaforth added. "I was reading about them the other day, in one of our library books. It said they got their land by drawing lots. So that they would all have an even chance of getting the best lots to build their homes on, each man had to draw a piece of paper out of a hat—just as we do when we have a 'quiz' contest. The paper told him what lot he had drawn."

That seemed very strange. Imagine taking such a chance on your future home! The other boys and girls were so interested they wanted Jim to tell them more about it.

But Miss Gordon suddenly looked very thoughtful. "Boys and girls," she said, "something has just occurred to me—something in which I know you will be interested. We will spend the next fifteen minutes finding out, from our maps, where the Loyalists came from, how they got to Canada, and the parts of it in which they settled. Then tomorrow I will have a little surprise for you."

Miss Gordon's surprises were always worthwhile. They went to work on their maps.



## THE COMING OF THE LOYALISTS

1. By 1775 there were thirteen colonies on the Atlantic coast with many of their own laws and customs. Only a common love of liberty united them in their revolt against British rule. Their slogan was "No taxation without representation." What did they mean by this?



LOYALISTS ARRIVE AT SAINT JOHN, 1783

What was the Boston Tea-Party? Have a committee that is interested in the subject read and report to the class on the causes of this "American Revolution."

2. Are there any families in your district which are descended from the United Empire Loyalists? If there are, find out from them from what part of Eastern Canada they came. Mark on your growing map the United Empire Loyalist settlements along the St. John River in New Brunswick, the upper St. Lawrence valley, and in southern Ontario, especially in the Niagara Peninsula.



3. The Loyalists must have felt a very deep attachment for the mother country to leave comfortable homes and friends for a new, hard life in the northern woods. On the other hand the American colonists must have been convinced of the rightness of their cause in taking up arms against the King. If you had lived in Boston in 1776 which side would you have taken? Give your reasons? Discuss the matter in your class and then hold a plebiscite (a vote) on whether you would be Revolutionaries or Loyalists.

4. Draw a set of maps showing British possessions in North America in 1745, 1763 and 1783.

5. What promises did the British government give the French-Canadians to convince them that they should remain loyal to Britain? In any history books you can find look up the Quebec Act, 1774, which made these promises law.

6. Choose two or three boys or girls who will act as French-Canadians who wanted to take the side of the American Revolutionaries, and two or three who will be French-Canadians who wished to remain loyal to Britain in 1776. Let them hold a "round-table discussion" giving their arguments in favour of their points of view. The rest of the class and the senior classes in the school may ask questions and offer opinions, and then vote on the subject. If you like you might "broadcast" the discussion over the microphone the boys have made.

7. Because English and French are the two official languages in Canada this country is said to be bilingual, which means "two-tongued" or "of two languages." See how long a list you can make of documents that are printed in both languages, such as advertisements, postage stamps, tax forms, etc.

8. Find out the name of the member of Parliament for your part of Canada and let the whole class write to him asking for a copy of Hansard, the record of Parliamentary debate, in both French and English. Choose the best letter and mail it.

#### BOOKS TO USE

*Pages from Canada's Story.* Palk.

*West by South.* Stothers.

*Romance of Ontario.* Middleton.

*Romance of the Maritime Provinces.* Seary.

*Pioneer Days in Ontario.* Henry and Paterson.

Miss Gordon had hardly called the roll the next morning when Tom Reynolds reminded her of her promise.



She smiled, opened the drawer of her desk and carefully took out a roll of papers.

At once the pupils' interest was aroused, for these were not ordinary fresh-looking, white papers. They were yellow with age and patched in many places. You could tell that they had been handled by a great many people.

"Boys and girls," said Miss Gordon as she carefully unrolled them, "many of you have written stories this year—and very delightful stories they were—about the people of long ago. Today we are going to hear a story which was written by a man who lived in Canada a hundred and fifty years ago, long before anyone ever thought of a place away out west called Manitoba.

"On June the third, 1850, my grandfather was born in the little town of Brantford, Ontario. At that time, *his* grandfather was eighty years of age. His name was Jonathan Gordon, and he had been born in the English colony of New York. But when he was only thirteen years old, New York joined with the other colonies to form the United States.

"His parents wanted to live under the British flag. So, with other United Empire Loyalists, they crossed the Niagara River into the wilderness that has since become the great Province of Ontario. There Jonathan spent the rest of his life, and a very happy one it was.

"Then came that day in 1850, the day my grandfather was born. Jonathan, now an old man, looked down at the little baby, and then at the baby's brothers and sisters. They were all crowded around the cradle staring wide-eyed at this new wonder. That is, all except one, the oldest boy, Tom.

"Tom was thirteen years old, and at that manly age he had decided, a fellow doesn't bother with babies.

"He walked over to the cradle (unaware that Jonathan was watching him), took one look at his new brother, shrugged his shoulders and said, 'Huh!'



"Then he grabbed his fishing-rod, ran to the door, and set off for his favourite fishing-hole.

"At first Jonathan was puzzled. Then he began to laugh, and he laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. That, he had suddenly remembered, was the very thing he had done at the age of thirteen. Probably Tom had even gone to the same fishing-hole, for they were living on the very same farm.

"Then Jonathan sat in his favourite rocking chair—he had carved it out himself when he was not much older than Tom—and began to think. That little incident had brought back the days of his boyhood, away back when Ontario was just a group of small, scattered settlements.

"Suddenly he jumped to his feet. 'I know what I'll do,' he exclaimed (so loudly that he almost woke my grandfather in his little cradle), 'I'll write a story about it! I'll call it: Life in Old Ontario. Perhaps my great-great-grandchildren will read it a hundred years from now.'

"Well, boys and girls," said Miss Gordon, "I am one of Jonathan Gordon's great-great-grandchildren. And here in my hand is the story he wrote. I am going to read it to you—almost a hundred years, as he said, after he wrote it."

Here is Jonathan's story:

My earliest memories of Ontario were of a great Indian chief. He was Joseph Brant, chief of the Mohawks.

Brant was not an ordinary Indian. He had been educated in England (I wonder what the English boys thought of him), and then he had come back and led his braves in the war against the colonists.

When his allies, the British, lost the war, he brought his tribesmen to Ontario to live, so of course he was as much a Loyalist as any of us.

The British government thought so, too. To show their appreciation, they granted the Mohawks six miles of land on either side of the Grand River for a permanent home. The present town of Brantford was named in the great chief's honour.



Brant was a friend of my family. Along with other white men, my father often went among the Indians teaching them our Christian way of life, and their chief did everything he could to help them understand. He even



BRANT LEADS THE MOHAWKS TO THE GRAND RIVER

translated parts of the Bible into the Mohawk language. Long years later, it was Joseph Brant, an Indian, who built the first Protestant church in Ontario.

I remember him most, however, for his exciting stories. He had fought against the cruel chief, Pontiac, and many a night, after an evening with Brant, I awoke just in time, I thought, to keep from being scalped.

In New York, my father had been far from poor.



When we arrived in Ontario, we had practically nothing. However, the British government were very good to us. They gave us, and each of the other families, two hundred acres of land, food for three years, some implements, and seed. But as this new part of Canada was cut off from the older part by rapids in the St. Lawrence, it was hard to bring in supplies. For many years, we had to do without most of the things we had been used to.

Of course, a boy doesn't need much to make him happy. To me, the life was full of adventure, although we all worked very hard.

While we were building our first house, we lived in a tent. The lot my father had drawn was right on the edge of the forest. I can still remember lying awake at night and hearing the wolves howling. They seemed so close that I was sometimes afraid to go to sleep.

A few months later, I had an adventure that taught me a great deal about wolves. I learned, for one thing, that if you can't out-run them, you can sometimes out-smart them.

I had been out trapping rabbits when I found that I was half a mile from home and it was getting dark. Then, just as I was starting back along the bank of the river, I heard a sound that I knew only too well. It was the war-cry of the wolves.

I ran as I had never run before. But the hideous sounds behind me increased so fast that I knew the pack was gaining. My legs began to get weak with fear.

Then something happened. I had strung the rabbits I had trapped around my neck on a deer-skin thong, and I had not had time to cut them loose. But somehow one of them broke loose and fell to the ground. And within half a minute, my heart leaped for joy, for the howls changed to snarls. The wolves had stopped to fight over my rabbit.

But I hadn't been able to get very far when the terrible uproar broke loose again—closer, ever closer. Now, however, I knew how to deal with them. Taking my life in my hands, I stopped, tore the remaining rabbits from



around my neck and pitched them to the ground. Then I ran with all the strength I had left.

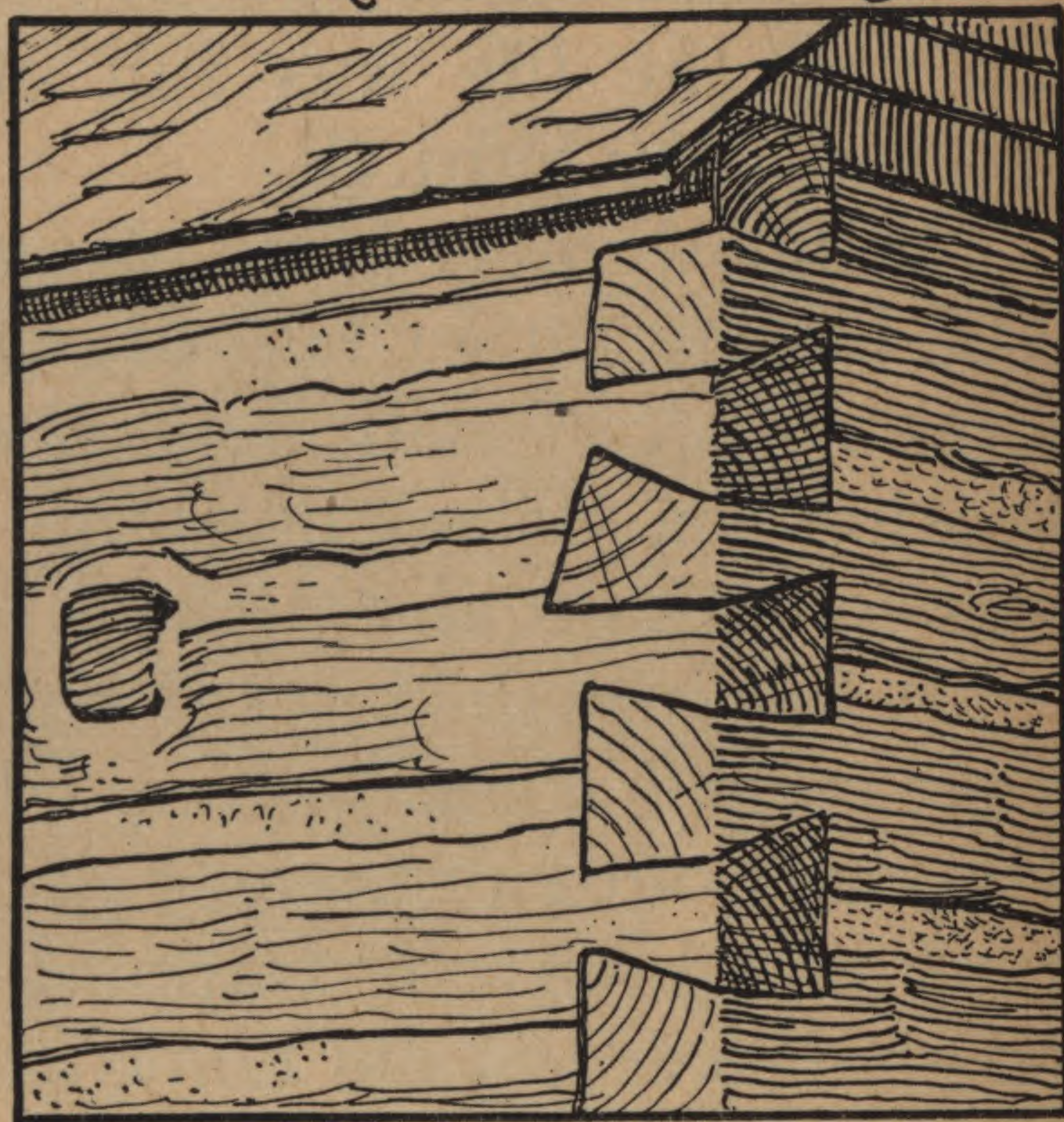
Again the howls changed to snarling, and I thought that perhaps I was saved.

Then the worst of all things happened. I tripped and fell, and hit my head on a stone. Everything went black.

*Round Logs*



*Squared Logs*



LOG HOUSE CORNERS AND ROOF CONSTRUCTION

When I came to my senses, I was lying on my bed with my mother bathing my head. Then I found out what had happened.

My father had heard my shouts—I didn't know I was shouting—and suspecting the reason, had run from the house clutching a flaming stick of wood from the fire-place. And there, at the edge of our clearing, he saw me sprawled on the ground, the wolves almost on me.

Like a madman, he dashed straight at them, brandishing his torch and shouting wildly. For a breathless moment they hesitated. Then from behind him came a terrible shriek, and full into the glaring eyes of the pack appeared another flaming torch—in the hands of my mother.



The shock was too much for the cowardly beasts. They scattered like frightened sheep, and I was saved.

I had many other adventures in those early days. In fact, when I look back on it, I can see that hewing a home out of a wilderness, where nothing had ever lived but wild animals, was a great adventure in itself.

Even the building of a log cabin was a tremendous task. There were only my mother and father, my sister Elizabeth, and myself to do all the work. We had to chop down trees, and then cut them into square logs of the right length. And we did it all with the aid of only one tool, an axe.

When it was finally completed, the cabin was crude but comfortable. There was no floor and the ceiling was of bark, with a hole in it to allow the smoke from our rough fire-place to escape.

Every piece of furniture we made by hand, all except the grandfather's clock which we had managed to bring with us. As I write this account of my boyhood, I can still hear it ticking off the seconds, for it is in this very room with me now.

Cooking, of course, was done over the fire-place. For boiling water, we hung the kettle over the fire with a large hook. Our frying-pan had a handle nearly three feet long. To make bread, we placed the dough in our one large pot, and then set it right in amongst the coals.

For many, many years there were no stores for miles around. Nor were there any flour mills. So we made our own flour by pounding a mixture of corn and wild rice in a hollowed-out stump of a tree. And when the clothes we had brought with us wore out, we made new ones of deer-skin. There were a great many other things we learned to make, too.

Of course, we did not live entirely to ourselves. We had many good neighbours, and many a happy time we spent with them. There were visits back and forth, surprise parties, dances and weddings. Being a boy, I am afraid that I even enjoyed the funerals.





SETTLERS IN THE BUSH



One event I will never forget. A new family by the name of Walsh arrived in our settlement and began to make a new home for themselves. Then an accident occurred. In building his log-cabin Mr. Walsh's leg was broken by a falling tree.

At once the neighbours came to the family's rescue. The men organized a building "bee." That is, they all left their own work, and set about completing the Walsh's home. The women-folk not only took care of their five children, but when they learned that the new family were short of blankets, they put on a quilting "bee" for them.

Of course, it wasn't many days before everything was ready for the Walshes to move in. Then someone had an idea. Why not celebrate the occasion by having a party in the new house? A "house-warming," they called it. When Mrs. Walsh said with a smile that she would be pleased to "entertain" them, they all set to work.

It is sixty-five years since that party (I was fifteen at the time), but I can still see the happy smiles on the faces of the Walshes as they watched their new, kind-hearted neighbours "christen" their new home.

First there was a great feast. Not the usual meal of, say, corn-meal porridge, with maple sugar, or griddle cakes with honey, but a steaming hot dinner of pork and beef and many kinds of vegetables—all of them rare in those early days. It was flavoured with salt, too, and salt, like everything that had to be brought from Montreal, was very expensive. Then followed another luxury, tea. Tea was worth a dollar and a half a pound.

After the feast came the part that I liked best, the dancing. There were square dances and reels of all kinds, and because they had no fiddler, the music was provided by a "comb band." Another boy and I were the band.

The party lasted far into the night. Then when everybody had danced, and sung and laughed till they were almost exhausted, Mr. Walsh made a little speech.



"My friends," he said, and his voice shook a little, "this is a moment I will long remember.

"Barely two weeks ago my family and I came to you total strangers. You asked no questions. You saw only that, because of an unfortunate accident, we needed help, and you gave it with a smile."

He paused, then said: "This is a new country. I wonder if it can help becoming a great country. If our descendants will only go on welcoming strangers as you have welcomed us—not caring how much money they have or what their religion, but only that they are human beings—then it will be a great country indeed."

Miss Gordon slowly removed her eyes from the old, faded papers she had been reading. "Boys and girls," she said, "that is Jonathan Gordon's story of his boyhood days in old Ontario. I wonder what you think of it."

For a few seconds, no one spoke. Then Brian Murphy expressed the feelings of the whole class. "I think," he said, "that if those people could be happy with *so little*—well, we shouldn't complain about anything as long as we live."

### LIVING WITH THE LOYALISTS

1. Make a mural on the United Empire Loyalists. Draw a panel illustrating each of the following:

- (a) the long journey by boat or covered wagon
- (b) drawing lots for land
- (c) making the first clearing and building a cabin
- (d) clearing the land
- (e) planting the first crop
- (f) inside a Loyalist home.

2. Make a large scale model (perhaps 2 feet by 3 feet) of a one-room Loyalist cabin. Leave the roof so that it can be lifted off. Furnish the room in detail. The boys might make the furniture, using twigs and odd bits of soft wood, while the girls sew doll-size quilts and rugs, and model pots, pans and kettles of plasticine, clay or modelling wax. Glass was hard to get; what was often used for windows? What about nails and hinges? Why did the frying-pans have such long handles? How was the grain ground and the bread baked?



3. In *Highroads to Reading*, Books V and VI, there are many stories of pioneer life. Find these stories and read them. Search for stories like these in other readers at school and at home, and in any other books in your library. Draw up an index of these stories, first listing them under the title of the story, then under the subject of the story, then finally under the title of the book, so that next year's class may easily find any material it may care to use.

4. Cane sugar came from the West Indies and was almost impossible to get. What did the Loyalists and other early settlers use instead? Read all you can find about maple sugar. Is it still an important industry? If you are interested set up two committees to learn and report about (a) cane sugar, and (b) beet sugar.

5. Do you ever have a "bee" in your district? The girls in your class might make the patches for a Red Cross quilt at home and then invite their mothers to the school for a quilting bee.

6. In the years following the coming of the Loyalists many other settlers came from England, Ireland and Scotland to make new homes in Ontario. One of the most famous of these settlements was called the Glengarry settlement. A Manitoba author, Ralph Connor (Charles W. Gordon), wrote a book called *Glengarry School Days*. Try to get it to read, or ask your teacher to read it to you.

7. Choose three committees to read all they can find and present written reports on:

(a) What the early settlers did to provide roads.

(b) How the children of the pioneers were educated and what they were taught.

(c) How supplies were brought in from the outside.

8. Collect all the information you have and make it up into a book for next year's class to use. Be sure to write short notes explaining what models you have made and how you have made them. If any of you have cameras try taking pictures of your models and of your mural. When you have put everything together remember to make a table of contents and a list of illustrations.

#### BOOKS TO USE

*West by South.* Stothers.

*Singing Wheels.* (The Alice and Jerry Books.)

*Finding New Homes in Canada.* Guillet and McEwan.

*Our Story of Travel and Transport.* Scott.

*Pioneer Days in Ontario.* Henry and Paterson.



## CHAPTER VII

### NEW HOMES IN THE WEST

IT was Saturday, the first of June, and the countryside looked so lovely in its summer dress that it was easy to see why the early settlers had called it Pleasant Valley.

The boys and girls had had a picnic on the bank of the Red River. All afternoon they had run races and played games. The girls had wandered through the woods with Miss Gordon and had picked bunches of violets and wood anemones. Then the boys had gone "exploring" and had come back with exciting news. They had discovered the nest of a Yellow Warbler with three tiny eggs in it.

Now the sun was sinking in the west like a great ball of fire, and everything was peaceful and lovely. The boys and girls were sitting around a crackling camp-fire, singing "The Song My Paddle Sings."

For a minute after they had stopped singing, all was quiet. Then Beverley Roberts said, "Wouldn't it have been wonderful to have paddled along the Red River with La Vérendrye two hundred years ago. I guess it looked just as it does now."

"But the country around it must have looked different," said Norman Erickson. "There were no settlers in Manitoba then, so he wouldn't have seen any fields of wheat, or farm-houses or roads or towns."

"Did La Vérendrye's canoes go right past this point?" asked Dorothy Briggs.

"I am afraid not," explained Miss Gordon. "He went up the Red only as far as 'The Forks,' that is, the point where it is joined by the Assiniboine. Then he followed the Assiniboine to Portage la Prairie."



"Then who were the first white people to sail past Pleasant Valley?" asked Brian Murphy.

"It was probably some of the English fur-traders. Long after the time of La Vérendrye, the English fur-traders of Montreal formed a company called the North-West Company. Their purpose was to take some of the rich fur-trade away from the Hudson's Bay Company, just as the French had tried to do. So they built their main post, Fort Gibraltar, at the Forks.

"They built many other posts throughout the west, too. One of them was on the Red near what is now the United States border. No doubt their French-Canadian voyageurs often paddled them up the Red past this very point.

"However, the first *settlers* to see this part of the country were the Selkirk Settlers. Their advance-party arrived at the Forks in the autumn of 1812, eight years after Fort Gibraltar had been built. But as they had little food to carry them over the winter, they went on up the Red to where it is joined by the Pembina River, and there they built a fort. They would be sure of a supply of meat at that point, they were told, for it was to that hilly part of the country that the buffalo went every winter."

Just as Miss Gordon stopped speaking, a baby grasshopper jumped into Beverley Roberts' lap. It reminded her of something.

"I read a story about the Selkirk Settlers," said Beverley. "It said that the very first year they had hopes of a good crop, a cloud of grasshoppers came and ate up every single thing they had planted. They even found them inside their homes. The grasshoppers had got in between the logs of the walls."

"That is quite true," said Miss Gordon. "You know," she added, "our school inspector, Mr. MacKenzie, is coming to visit us next week. I am going to ask him to tell you some of his interesting stories about the Selkirk Settlers. He knows a great deal about them, for his own grandmother was one of them."



## FUR TRADERS IN THE WEST

1. On a large sheet of cardboard draw an outline map of Manitoba, marking on it: Lakes Winnipeg, Manitoba and Winnipegosis, the Churchill, Nelson and Hayes rivers, the Saskatchewan, Red and Assiniboine rivers, the Winnipeg river. Locate your own town.

2. On the map mark with tiny trees the areas that are covered with forest, and paste or draw on pictures of the fur-bearing animals that were (and are) to be found in the province.

3. The two great fur-trading companies did not want settlers in their territory. Why? The Hudson's Bay Company had been on the shores of Hudson Bay since 1670; La Vérendrye had visited the Red River in 1738. Think of several reasons why it took so long for this country to be settled.

4. Find for yourself and read John Greenleaf Whittier's poem, "The Red River Voyageur." Memorize the verse you like best. In your art class make an illustration for it.

5. Keep adding to your scrap book on Early Days in the West. Look back over what you have already for material on this chapter.

6. Appoint a committee of three to investigate the reasons why the Selkirk settlers were willing to leave their homes in Scotland to come to the unknown prairies of the West.

7. Read the story of Mrs. Lajemodière, the first white woman of the Canadian West. Dramatize this story. (*Canadian Reader*, Book IV.)

On the following Wednesday, Inspector MacKenzie came to visit the school, just as Miss Gordon had promised. He was a pleasant, grey-haired man who had lived in Manitoba all his life.

When Miss Gordon asked him if he would tell the class about the Selkirk Settlers, he smiled and said he would be very pleased to.

Then he walked over to Jeannie McTavish and said, "Miss Gordon tells me your name is Jeannie McTavish."

When Jeannie said, "Yes, sir," he patted her on the head and said: "Jeannie, you have a fine name. Jeannie McTavish was the name of my grandmother, and she was a wonderful person."

Then he turned to the class. "Boys and girls," he said,



“my grandmother was just about your age when she came to Manitoba. I am going to tell you her story.

“She was born in the Highlands of Scotland on Christmas Day, 1801. Her parents had seven sons but no daughters, and so delighted was her father when he was told the new baby was a girl that he called her ‘my bonnie Christmas gift.’

“The McTavishes were ‘crofters.’ That means that, like thousands of other Highlanders, they rented (not owned) a very small farm. They were very poor but very happy.

“One day, when Jeannie was eleven years old, they received terrible news. The man who owned their little farm, and hundreds of others like it, had ordered them to leave. He was going to turn all the farms into one great sheep-ranch. Many other landlords had been doing the same with their estates, so that there were thousands of crofter families very near starvation.

“Jeannie’s father and older brothers tried to get work in the city. But it was just at the time when machinery was beginning to take the place of a great many men. There was no work to be had.

“Then one day Mr. McTavish heard of a noble young Scottish earl by the name of Lord Selkirk. Years before, Lord Selkirk had, with his own money, sent eight hundred crofter families to Prince Edward Island so that they would have a chance to start life all over again in a new country.

“Now Selkirk was planning to send settlers away out west to the Red River Valley, which, he believed, was rich enough to support millions of people. He had already managed to persuade the Hudson’s Bay Company to sell him a vast stretch of land, an area almost as large as England, Scotland and Ireland put together.

“Jeannie’s father decided that he would ask if he and his family might go. He walked fifteen miles through a blinding rainstorm to see the great man, and Lord Selkirk was



so impressed with his courage that he agreed to send them on the very first ship that could take women and children.

"When I was a little fellow, my grandmother used to take me on her knee and tell me all about their trip to Canada. She remembered everything that happened, and her eyes would sparkle as she told me.

"There was the sad parting with friends they knew they would never see again. Lord Selkirk came down to the ship to see them off, and he gave Jeannie and each of the other children a bag of candy.

"Then there was the long voyage, their little sailing-ship crowded with seventy-one men, women and children, none of whom had ever been more than a few miles from their homes.

"There was much sickness, of course, and when they were threading their way through the dangerous icebergs of Hudson Strait, just as Henry Hudson had done two hundred years before, many a Scot must have wished himself back in his own beloved Highlands.

"Wherever you find Highlanders, there you will find bagpipes. One of my grandmother's fondest memories was the sight of a piper pacing the deck playing as if his life depended upon it, his tartan plaid streaming in the wind. The ship sailed on.

"At last, after two months at sea, they landed at York Factory, the Hudson Bay post at the mouth of the Hayes River. Then after only a short rest, the weary travellers were huddled into three river-boats to start the long journey to The Forks.

"They sailed up the Hayes, along the coast of Lake Winnipeg, right past the present summer resort of Victoria Beach, then up the Red.

"On October 27th, 1812, after four months of almost continuous travelling, they sighted Fort Gibraltar, the North-West Company post at the junction of the Assiniboine. They had arrived at their new home.

"'Jeannie,' said her mother, as they stepped from the



boat, 'Never will I travel again as long as I live.' Little did she know, poor woman, that in a few days they would not only be on the move again, but travelling *by foot*.

"Lord Selkirk had sent out an advance-party of men to build houses and arrange for food. But they had arrived at the Forks only two months before, and their leader, Miles Macdonell, had decided to go on to Pembina and prepare winter-quarters for the women and children there.

"You would think, of course, that somehow arrangements could have been made to take them there by boat, but for some reason there were none to be had. So, along with the other families, the McTavishes soon found themselves trudging along the sixty-mile route to Pembina. Fortunately, Macdonell had been able to arrange for them to be accompanied by a party of Indians, so they were well protected. The red men, they found, were kind and trustworthy. Unlike the settlers, they were mounted on horses.

"Seventy-five years before, La Vérendrye had found not a single horse among the Assiniboine Indians. Now every brave had his 'Shaganappi,' or Indian pony. It must have been a strange sight to see these Indians, whom the Highlanders had heard were wild savages, riding along comfortably, while they had to travel by foot. Stranger still, the 'savages' were carrying the settlers' children for them.

"Jeannie, being one of the older children, had started out to walk. But after a few miles, a strong young brave took pity on her and lifted her up in front of him as easily as if she had been a doll. She rode all the rest of the journey.

"It seems strange to us, of course, that the Indians did not give their horses to the women. But they were simply following Indian custom. Their squaws always walked. Why shouldn't the white women?

"At last the weary travellers arrived at Pembina, where





LORD SELKIRK AT KILDONAN

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they found huts and tents waiting for them. Now they could rest from their travels, for a whole winter at least.

“As it turned out, their first winter in America was not as bad as they had feared. Macdonell and his men had prepared for them as well as they could. Above all, they did not have to worry about getting enough food, for there were a great many buffaloes in the Pembina Hills. Some, in fact, were so tame that they actually came to the fort and, like so many cattle, rubbed their backs against its walls. The women learned to make pemmican of the buffalo meat. It was to be the Selkirk Settlers' most dependable food for many years.

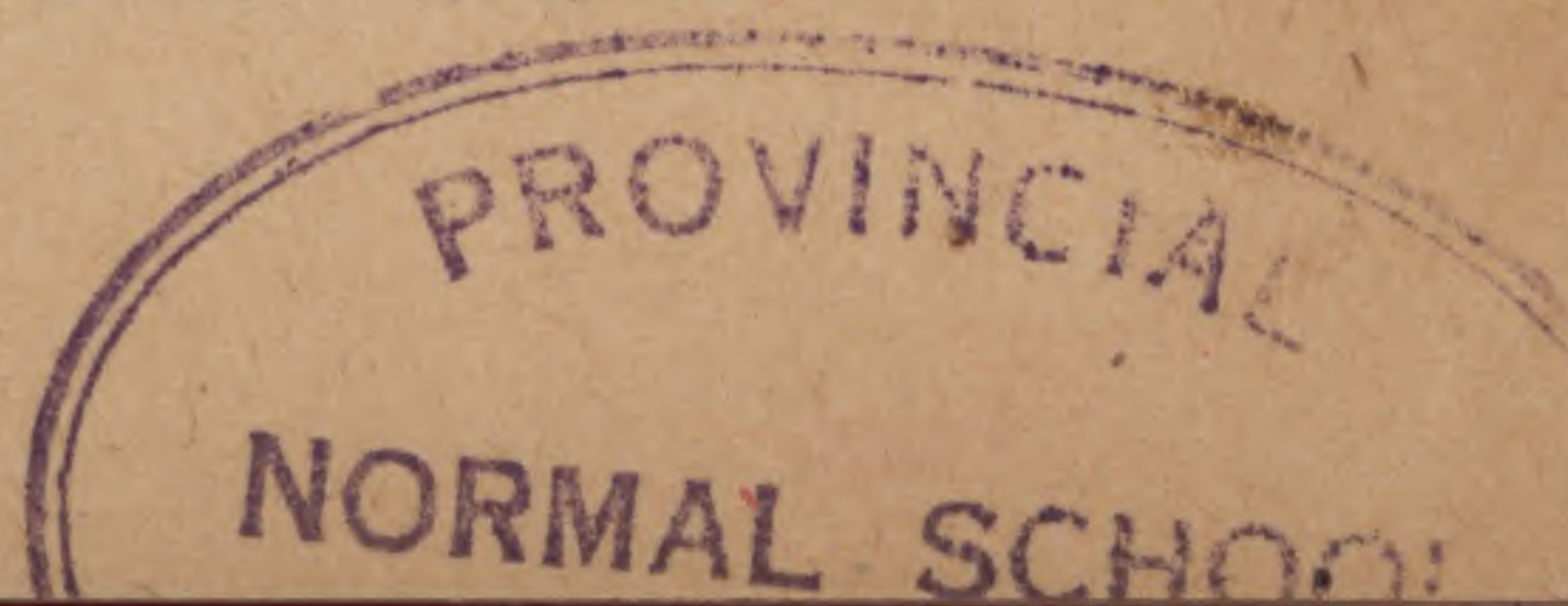
“In the spring they returned to the Forks, or Red River, as it was often called, and began the little settlement that today we know as the city of Winnipeg.

“Can you imagine trying to turn over the tough prairie soil of Manitoba with a *hoe*? That is what these first settlers had to do, for no one had thought to send ploughs or harrows. To make things worse, that summer was what the old-timers today call an ‘Off-year.’ The wild fruit which, as you boys and girls know, is usually plentiful, was very scarce. There were not even many fish to be caught from the river.

“Fortunately, however, they found that the wild plant called the ‘Prairie Turnip’ was quite plentiful. Then there was a sweet-tasting weed with the funny name of ‘fat-hen.’ By gathering large quantities of these, they managed to get through the summer.

“Then in the early fall, these courageous first-settlers made a discovery that brightened their hopes for the future. Even with their lack of proper implements, they had managed to plant a little wheat. Now they harvested a crop far bigger than they had dared to hope for, particularly in an ‘off-year.’ Four quarts of seed produced twelve bushels. Lord Selkirk was right—it *was* a rich country.

“Once again the settlers set out to spend the winter at Pembina, but this time in a very hopeful mood. Their





worst troubles, they believed, were over. The next year would see them well on the way toward establishing at Red River the new home for which they had endured so much.

“Little did they know what troubles were in store for them. Not only the next year, but for many years after that, they endured every kind of disaster imaginable. They were driven from their homes by the North-West Company and the half-breed hunters, because their settlement, it was said, was ruining the fur-trade. In 1818, after years of crop-failure, they were visited by a plague of grasshoppers that almost brought an end to all their plans. But they never gave up.

“Then came a few good years. In 1821, the old rivals, the Hudson’s Bay Company and the North-West Company, united. One company did not need as many men as two, so many of their employees retired and took up land at Red River. Many more Selkirk settlers had arrived, too, so that by 1823 there were 1,500 people in the settlement.

“Jeannie McTavish was now a grown woman. In June, 1825, she was married, and she and her new husband spent a happy summer building their new home at Point Douglas.

“Everybody believed that Red River had a rosy future in store for it. Iron ploughs and even Red River carts had made their appearance. Cattle were being brought down the Red from the United States. New homes were springing up like mushrooms.

“Then in the following spring came the worst blow of all—a terrible flood. Usually in Manitoba, the ice and snow melt gradually, and the rivers are able to carry the water on to Lake Winnipeg. That spring the ice on the Red River held firm until the end of April. But far to the south, there had been a thaw, and the water from the melted snow and ice came roaring down toward the settlement.

“Jeannie’s house was right on the river bank. Imagine her alarm when she looked out of her window on the



morning of May the second and saw that, although the ice had not broken up, it was actually nine feet higher than it had been the day before.

“In the next few days the warm weather reached the settlement, and the melting snows raised the river till it overflowed its banks. But still it rose, until it covered the ground to a depth of sixteen feet.

“The settlement was a scene of confusion and terror. Cattle bawled helplessly, dogs howled, and men and women abandoned their homes and escaped with their children and a few precious belongings to the few higher places where the water had not reached.

“Fortunately Jeannie and her husband, Colin Campbell, had a boat. They smashed a hole in the roof of their new house, loaded it with food, clothing, and a tent, and set out to find a place of refuge.

“The river by that time had become a lake, flooding the settlement and the country for miles around. Worse than that, the ice had broken up and the furious current was dashing great chunks of ice against the log houses. Many houses had already been torn loose and were drifting down the river. On top of one, Jeannie noticed, was a small kitten, meowing piteously. Another had somehow caught fire, and it was drifting down the river, the bottom half under water and the top half burning furiously.

“As Jeannie’s husband forced his little boat against the waves, which the wind had whipped up to a dangerous height, she glanced back at what had been their home. Suddenly a little cry escaped her. The house, which they had built and furnished with such loving care, had been smashed loose by the ice. A few minutes more, and it had gone for ever.

“Can you imagine sailing down Winnipeg’s Portage Avenue in a boat? That is what Jeannie and Colin did, along with many other boat-loads of settlers. Six or seven miles from the settlement, out past what is now St. James



and Deer Lodge, they reached the high banks of Sturgeon Creek. There they pitched their tents and settled down to wait for the flood to end.

“They had a long wait. Not until June the fifteenth were they able to return to their old homes. And how their hearts must have sunk at the sight that greeted them! Not a house was left standing, and their farms were as bare as they had found them when they first came to the country.

“What courageous people these first settlers must have been. They had withstood ‘off-years,’ famine, fire, and war with the fur-traders. They had been driven from their homes many times. Now, within a period of a few weeks, a flood had put them right back where they had started. But instead of giving up, they gallantly set to work, more determined than ever to make Lord Selkirk’s dream come true—to build a prairie-home that would one day be a worthy part of the British Empire.

“We know, boys and girls, how well they succeeded. From the humble beginnings of the Selkirk Settlers have grown the three prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. And not only are they a part of the British Empire, but they are an important part of our own British *nation*, Canada.”

### LIVING WITH THE SELKIRK SETTLERS

1. On your map of Manitoba trace the route followed by the first parties of settlers from the shores of Hudson Bay to Pembina on what is now the Canadian-American boundary.

2. If possible arrange a visit to the Hudson’s Bay Company museum and to Lower Fort Garry to see a York boat. At any rate, find a picture of one, and make a model of it to add to your collection of ship’s models.

3. Make a reel for your movie of the coming of the second party of Selkirk settlers. Some of the scenes should be (a) the landing, (b) the first winter near York Factory (c) the long voyage up the Hayes, Lake Winnipeg and the Red River, (d) the first fort, (e) a buffalo hunt, (f) the Red River cart, (g) the battle of Seven Oaks.



4. On a large scale map of what are now Winnipeg and St. Boniface mark the sites of the early forts: Gibraltar, Douglas and Garry. The stamp collectors in your class will have in their collections a Canadian stamp with a picture on it of the gateway of Old Fort Garry. Find out when and why this stamp was issued. When you are in Winnipeg go to see this gateway. Which way did it face? Try to picture how the old fort looked. There are other interesting monuments to remind us of the early days which you should visit. One is the Seven Oaks monument and another the statue of Chief Peguis, friend of the Selkirk settlers, in Kildonan Park.

5. In *Highroads to Reading*, Book V, is a play, "The Land of the Silver Chief," based on the story of the Selkirk settlers. Write another scene for this play, using the same characters, to tell the story of their first day at Kildonan.

6. Compare a day in your life with a day in the life of a little boy or girl in the Red River Valley in the year 1814. Compare your clothes, your meals, your house, everything you own, your schooling, your chores, your games, your friends and the country you see about you. Would you have liked to live then? Why?

7. Work out a project on transportation in the early days in Manitoba, making models, a mural, and written and oral reports. If your class is large, divide into committees; if it is quite small let each boy or girl take one job to do. You should do the canoe, the dog team, travel by snowshoe, the York Boat, the Red River cart and later the prairie schooner or covered wagon, the first steamer on the Red River and finally the coming of the railroad. Compare these methods of bringing in goods with modern methods of transportation. Much of the material for this you will already have in your scrapbook on Early Days in the West, and while working on this you should get more material to add to the book. When you have finished, your reports may go into it for later use.

8. The early settlers came in by way of Hudson Bay. Is this route still used? Give some of the reasons why it is not the most commonly used means of bringing goods in and out of Winnipeg today. How is the Red River valley connected with the shores of Hudson Bay at the present time?

9. Suppose you could have taken an airplane trip over the junction of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers in 1814? Describe what you would have seen. What would you see today?

#### BOOKS TO USE

- Manitoba Milestones.* McWilliams.  
*Our Story of Travel and Transport.* Scott.  
*The Book of the West.* Kennedy.  
*Romance of the Prairie Provinces.* Burt.



A few weeks after Inspector MacKenzie's visit, the pupils of Pleasant Valley School came to the end of their study of the early days. Then to remind themselves of what they had learned, they made a display of all the things that they had made during the year and invited their parents to see it. It was a great success.

One of the parents was John Bastoff's father, and as he was the chairman of the School Board, Miss Gordon asked him if he would like to speak to the pupils. Mr. Bastoff said he would be very pleased.

"Boys and girls," he began, "you have been finding out all about the different people who came to Canada in the early days. I wonder if you have noticed anything about the people who have come to visit you today—your own parents."

All the boys and girls turned and looked curiously at their parents, almost as if they had never seen them before. Then, because nobody knew what Mr. Bastoff meant, everybody burst out laughing.

"This is what I mean," smiled Mr. Bastoff. "There are ten parents here today. Five of them are of British stock, three are French and two are of other nationalities. That is how the population of Canada today is made up. Of every ten people living in Canada, five are of British stock, three are French, and the others are Russian or Polish or Swedish or some other nationality. So the people in this very room give us a true picture of the kind of people living in Canada today.

"The British and French have been here a long time, so we can call them the *old* Canadians. The others—two out of every ten—have all come in the last fifty or sixty years. They are *new* Canadians. I am a new Canadian.

"I wonder if you old Canadians realize how fortunate you are. You did not have to go through the disasters of the Selkirk Settlers. You did not even have to bear the hardships of the people who first settled in Pleasant Valley and the rest of Manitoba and made it such a delightful place



for us to live in. Through their efforts you have roads, schools, churches, fair laws, and, above all, a chance to make a better living than have the people of almost any other place in the world. Even if you are very poor, you have the opportunity of becoming anything you wish.

“Perhaps some of the new Canadians do not realize how fortunate they are, either. But I am sure that the ones who were born in Europe do.

“I was born in Poland. My father was rich. That is, he was considered rich by his neighbours, for he had a farm of three acres and owned two cows. But from his little farm he had to feed a family of eight. In Pleasant Valley he would be considered very poor.

“Of course, all the other ‘peasants,’ as we were called, were poor, too, all except one family that lived in a castle on the hill. They lived in luxury. Their children were given a good education at a private school, while we were fortunate if we got one or two years of schooling. Even today, if I lived in Poland, my boy would not have the pleasant life he has in Canada: a fine school, good food and clothing, trips to the city by train or car, and above all the chance to become whatever he decides to become—a farmer, a doctor, a lawyer, or even the prime minister of the country. In Poland, and in most other parts of Europe, only the rich boys had such opportunities.

“When I was sixteen years old, I got a letter from my uncle who had been working for years as a farm-labourer in far-off Manitoba. He had saved enough money to pay my way to Canada.

“I came to Manitoba and, like my uncle, got work as a farm-labourer. Three years later the first Great War broke out. Canada was my country now, so I became a Canadian soldier and fought for the land that had given me a new home.

“When the war was over, I had no thought of remaining in Europe. I felt like a Canadian soldier I met in France



who had, long before, come to this country from Russia. He said: 'I am going back to Canada if I have to swim back!'"

Mr. Bastoff paused. Then he said: "Boys and girls, there are thousands of New Canadians who feel as we do. Do not look on them as 'foreigners.' A foreigner is a person who is *visiting* in the country. Remember that even the Indians did not treat your ancestors as foreigners. Ignorant as they were, they saw that the white men had something that would make their country a better place in which to live. So have the New Canadians.

"Remember, too, that the early days of strangers in a new land are always full of struggle and heart-break. You admired the early New England colonists and the United Empire Loyalists in their courageous fight to establish new homes; and the struggle of the Selkirk Settlers against the fur-traders. Those were their early days. These are *our* 'Early Days in Canada.'"

### CANADIANS ALL!

1. Find out how many different nationalities are represented by your parents, grandparents and great-grandparents? In many schools in Winnipeg twenty and more are to be found, each bringing some contribution to our own Canada.

2. Arrange an "International Week" in your school. Invite your parents and friends who came to Canada from other countries of the world to come and tell you about those countries, particularly what each group has to offer to make a more beautiful, more united Canada.

3. Write and stage a pageant or play to show what Canada has given its New Canadian citizens—freedom of speech and freedom of religion, the right to govern themselves and to educate their children, the right to choose their own way of living. Present this pageant or play at your closing-day exercises and send out invitations to everyone in your district to come to see it.

4. Collect written samples of all the languages spoken in the homes in your district, each one saying "We are all loyal Canadians." Mount these samples on a large poster decorated with patriotic symbols.



5. What other races are represented in Manitoba besides those in your district? On a map of the world locate the countries they came from. Why did they leave their old homes and come to Canada? Did they come for the same reasons as did the early settlers in the English colonies on the Atlantic coast?

6. If you were not born in Canada how do you become a Canadian citizen?

7. Does just living in Canada make you a good Canadian citizen? Have a discussion in class of what you think makes a good citizen. Make a list, with your teacher's help, of the things you think are necessary for good citizenship. Using a stamping or printing set, or printing by hand, make a large chart of this list. Decorate it with flags and maple leaves and hang it at the front of your classroom.

8. When immigrants come to Canada they must learn our way of life. One of our most important rights and our greatest privilege is our right to vote and elect the men and women who will govern us. You have held elections in your school. Find out how the mayor or reeve and your councillors and school trustees are elected. What is meant by the secret ballot? Why do we vote by secret ballot and put our ballots into locked boxes?

9. Write to The Director of Public Information, Ottawa, for a copy of "Canadians All," written by Watson Kirkconnell.

#### BOOKS TO USE

Manuals in Citizenship and Character Education (Grades V and VI). Scarrow and Griffin.

*We Are Canadian Citizens.* Goldring.