Anthology of Arctic Reading Canada and Greenland

General Works

Canada

Abel, Kerry and Ken S. Coates, eds. *Northern Visions: New Perspectives on the North in Canadian History.* Orchard Park, NY: Broadview Press, 2001.

Canadian nationalists in the nineteenth century argued that the North, with its extremes of winter, distance, and isolation, defined the country's essential character and gave its population the resolve and determination necessary to create a prosperous nation. Promoters lauded its enormous economic potential while cursing its vast expanses and dangerous winters. Novelists, poets, and painters were awestruck by its boundless reaches and environmental diversity. Today, the North retains its complex place within the Canadian psyche, at once celebrated as the very essence of the nation, while being largely ignored by a population that clings to the Canada-USA border. Many have debated its significance in Canada's history, and have attempted to bring the region to the attention of the rest of the country by carving out a niche for northern history within the academic curriculum. The current generation of historians has a more ambitious and complex agenda. While they are interested in the North for its own sake, they also firmly believe that the study and teaching of Canadian history as a whole does not currently recognize the North's importance to the development of the nation.

Northern Visions, by bringing together a variety of perspectives on the history of the North in Canada, raises new questions and challenges existing ideas. Provocative in their interpretations, these essays do not point to a single path forward in the writing of regional history, but instead suggest that it is

time to rethink some of our basic conceptions - and misconceptions - about the North. Northern Visions calls upon historians of both region and nation to broaden their range of research, to connect regional developments to activities in other northern regions of the world, and to think much more widely about the place of the North in the understanding of Canada's past. [Source unknown]
See especially Chapter 11:
Hodgins, Bruce. "Reflections on a Career of Northern Travelling, Teaching, Writing, and Reading," in *Northern Visions*, ed. by Kerry Abel and Ken Coates. (Orchard Park, NY: Broadview Press, 2001), p 177-86.
p. 180, the great national conundrum according to W.H. Morton: "…the ultimate and comprehensive meaning of Canadian history is to be found where there has been no Canadian history, in the North."

Bartlett, Bob. Miscellaneous Materials

While most of these texts record observations and actions, on three occasions Bartlett mentions his reading, an activity that explorers on other expeditions often used to stave off boredom. Lists of books read can indicate something about the mental life and preoccupations of figures who otherwise restrict their accounts to facts and action. A significant choice for Bartlett on this expedition was Bernacci's book on the Antarctic xxxx, read on and about July 15 [1909], when Bartlett still believed that Peary's Antarctic expedition would happen. On that day Bartlett records, "Commander was asking me about the new Antarctic ship, how I would wish her built. I told him how if it comes off, I will have some of my ideas put into practice." Bartlett refers on June 11 to Robert Falcon Scott's observation about grounded seals, but does not indicate whether this knowledge was from a recent reading experience (June 11) or from general knowledge. He also reported reading a novel by Elizabeth Robins, *Come and*

Find Me, lent to him by Peary, that he did not enjoy (June 13th). "It's a story something in the style of Man's woman [by Frank Norris]. It's rather a long spun out yarn. I did not care much about it." This evaluation, coming from Bartlett, is somewhat surprising since Bartlett's own natural style, seen in his later books as characterized by others, was exceedingly "spun out," bordering on the garrulous.

Bartlett, Robert A. *Sails over Ice.* New York: Scribner's, 1934.

Bartlett's slightly whimsical account of his cruises aboard his schooner, the *Effie M. Morrisey.* Although Bartlett was a prodigious reader (see accounts of him on the *Karluk*), there is little indication of his reading here, perhaps because most of the adventures recounted here took place during summer in the Arctic when he worked with his student sailors.

Bernier, J. E., Captain. *Master Mariner and Arctic Explorer: A Narrative of Sixty Years at Sea from the Logs and Yarns of Captain J. E. Bernier.* Ottawa, Ont.: Le Droit, 1939.

Autobiographical collage by the well-known Canadian mariner, with emphasis on his obsession with the North. Introduction by E.T. [?] is dedicated to Bernier's wife and gives a succinct summary of Bernier's life including his four Canadian government expeditions to the North. He was a dedicated Catholic, a lifelong teetotaler, and put his faith in divine Providence.
p. 8, with little formal schooling, Bernier: …became later a student, a selfmade man, laid in a stock of books on all matters concerning the North and the discoveries generally, made numerous lectures and kept a voluminous correspondence. He was not short on matter either, for he had a diary of every day of his life and after he had been superintendent of the Quebec gaol,

he had collected newspaper cuttings of every thing he was interested in and had blank books full of them.
p. 289: My term as governor of the Quebec gaol gave me the opportunity I had been seeking for so long, of concentrating on my Arctic studies. I fitted up one of the rooms of my lodging as a library, with shelves lining three of the walls. Soon these shelves were filled with books. I bought every new book, and many old ones, relating to the north, and my clippings from newspapers and magazines filled numerous scrapbooks.
p. 323, on his first Arctic voyage: The Moravian Brothers came on board and brought a lot of newspapers for which we were very thankful. This remarkable body of men has been established on the Labrador coast since 1765, when they were granted a large grant of land north and south of Nain. They have done good work among the natives.

Bessells, Emil. "Smith Sound and its Exploration." *Proceedings of the United States Naval Institute* X 3 (1884) p. 333-447

p. 335, John Barrow: the English geographer, who credited only those discoveries that were made by officers of the Royal Navy.
p.337, North Baffin Strait and the Bylot-Baffin survey: gave by far a more correct representation of the northern outlets of Baffin Strait than the chart of Ross, which was magnificently engraved on copper in artistic style, but which owes many of its most interesting details to mere imagination…. [Bessells goes on to tell stories of various expeditions: Ross, Parry, Inglefield, Kane (see Rink, *JRGS* 28 re Kane)].
p. 347, on the retreat from the abandoned *Advance*: The more bulk apparatus, as well as the library, had to be left behind. Only the log of the vessel and the various documents of the expedition could be given a place on the boats. (June 1855).

A review of Bessell's work appears in *Science* III No. 68 (May 23, 1884) 622-3.

Bilby, Julian W. *Among Unknown Eskimo: An Account of Twelve Years Intimate Relations with the Primitive Eskimo of Ice-bound Baffin Land: with a Description of Their Way of Living, Hunting Customs & Beliefs.* Philadelphia: J.B. Lippincott, 1923.

A detailed description of Baffin Island and the Inuit way of life, with an appendix of Eskimo deities, including the vampiric Aipalookvik who 'Has a large head and face, human in appearance but ugly like a cod's. Is a destroyer by desire and tries to bite and eat the kyakers.' (p.266). His account is also notable for descriptions of euthanasia: a blind man is willingly led to an ice hole where 'He went right under, then and there under the ice and was immediately drowned and frozen. A handy piece of ice served to seal the death trap, and all was over. Nandla had died on the hunt, and had entered the Eskimo heaven like the other valiant men of his tribe, and taken his place with the doughtiest of them, where there would be joy and plenty for evermore.' (p. 153) [From John Bockstoce collection catalogue, item 10, from McGahern Books, 2019.]
p. 57: The origin of the Eskimo is a matter of ethnographical conjecture. They themselves had no written language until comparatively few years ago, and depended upon oral tradition for their history. And even to-day it is only the few who have been taught to read and write, so that legend still holds sway throughout the greater part of Baffin Land, Cock-burn Land, and the rest. Their past is lost in obscurity. In the obscurity perhaps of that neolithic or "reindeer age" of which their life, even now, has so often been cited as a close replica.
p. 85-86, on native seal hunting: No food is borne on the sled, for the hunter depends upon himself for his dinner. The duty of the boys is to watch the sled, to mind the dogs, and see they do not fight or stampede, to study the conditions of the ice, the signs of the weather, the habits of animals, to note their calls and movements and how to imitate them, to take careful notice of the

topography of the country and make mental drawings of it to serve as charts and maps, to read the stars, and, generally to endeavour to become skilled and successful hunters themselves. p. 175-78, on the Eskimo language: Up to within recent times the Eskimo had no system of writing. But another patient evangelist, inspired by the necessity of delivering the message of Christianity in a more permanent form than by oral teaching only, invented what is known as the Syllabic Character for the benefit of the Indians, at a post called Norway House. This was the Rev. James Evans, a minister of the Canadian Methodist Church. The Syllabic Character, which is a sound (and not a letter, or alphabetical) writing, similiar [*sic*] to shorthand, was designed for the Cree, but proved to be easily adaptable to represent the Eskimo speech. Without such a method, it is difficult to imagine how restless and roving tribes, at this post to-day and gone to-morrow, could ever have been taught to read. By this means, however, an ordinarily intelligent individual can learn in eight or nine weeks.

The principle of Mr Evans' characters is phonetic. There are no silent letters. Each character represents a syllable; hence no spelling is required. As soon as the series of signs — about sixty in number — are mastered, and a few additional secondary signs (some of which represent consonants and some aspirates, and some partially change the sound of the main character), the native scholar of eighty or of six years of age can begin to read, and in a few days attain surprising accuracy.

Such results as these, such gifts of pure intellectual effort, are surely among the greatest blessings civilisation has to confer on the few primitive peoples still left in the world.

Of late years the British and Foreign Bible Society have taken charge of the work, and now the Gospel in Cree, Syllabic and Eskimo is widely spread.

The Syllabic Character is known far and wide to day in the arctics. It has not been spread solely by white men, for the people teach each other as they travel from tribe to tribe. The

Eskimo freely write letters to their friends and hand them over for delivery to anyone taking a journey in the desired direction. The letters always reach their destination, because the postman at his first sleeping place invariably reads them all through from first to last; so that if, as often happens, one or two should get lost, the addressee receives the missive by word of mouth; and incidentally the postman knows everybody's business and is altogether the most glorious gossip who could ever drop in and enliven the circle round the igloo lamp of a winter's night.

Pen, ink and paper, it may be noted, are innovations of the new civilisation. Prior to the advent of the white man the only idea and the only means of caligraphy the Eskimo had was the etching on ivory or bone. Many vigorous and spirited drawings exist of hunting or other scenes, scratched on blade or handle, and sharply bitten in, black and clear, by rubbing with soot from the lamps. It is not remarkable that a knowledge of writing and reading should have spread among the people in this way, for the Eskimo are avid of instruction, and eagerly avail themselves of any opportunity of being taught. Where Christianity itself has gained a footing it has been largely through the instrumentality of some among them who have come in contact with missionaries, and passed on to others all they had seen and heard.

One of the most puzzling aspects of Eskimo is its "agglutinative" character. The words all run together. All the parts of speech may be joined to the verbal root and then conjugated in its various moods and tenses, so that the word finally produced by this process may be sixty or more syllables long. Students find the principal difficulty, not so much in building up and saying these peculiar words, but in correctly understanding what the natives say.

[p. 180-83 has a lengthy passage on further aspects of the Eskimo language, concluding as follows]:

p. 183: It is for the future to reveal whether or no the newly found gift of writing will lead these people on to extensive

literature. The Moravians have published some well known books, such as "Christie's Old Organ," etc. If so, by the analogy of every literature in the world, it will begin with verse, by the enshrining of the folk tales immemorially dear to every nation, and by the composition of some sort of Eskimo saga. The Greenland Eskimos composed long songs in honour of Fridtjof Nansen before he took leave of them, after the first crossing of their icy continent. It may be that these Eskimo poems, printed in his book, together with Dr. Rink's collection of "Tales and Traditions of the Eskimo," and Dr. Boas' similar collection of the fables of this people ("The Central Eskimo") and the present writer's contribution to the same subject, constitute so far the bulk of the offering made by these children of the arctic to the literature of mankind.

p. 199-202, The Conjurers: The accomplished conjuror must be able to detect and affix guilt. Here he is concerned entirely with the minds of his fellow men, and trying to fathom and read them. The Eskimo mind is as tortuous as the Eastern. The conjuror pursues his own method, which may have a good deal to recommend it in the eyes of those who have made a study of the occult, but which is not the method of direct evidence and deduction. He throws himself into a perfectly genuine trance, and stakes everything on the intuitions of that state and the awesome effect of it upon the interested beholders.

To do this the conjuror sits down with his face to the wall, and drawing his hood well over his features, rocks himself backwards and forwards, calling the while on his familiar spirit (his *Tongak*) to come to him. He continues this howling and rocking until such concentration of mind is effected that he becomes unconscious; he foams at the mouth. Whilst in this condition of self-induced hypnotism — or however the spiritists may explain it — his spirit, it is believed, goes below to Sedna, or above to the regions of beatitude, to find out what has been the cause of the guilt in question, and discover the requisite punishment.

The interesting thing about this performance is that it is by no means the tissue of imposture one might suppose. The Eskimo conjuror may be no more and no less a fraud than the medium of a spiritistic seance. The writer has been creditably assured by these practitioners that the trance ensues in the vision of a great white light (like the light thrown on a sheet by the magic lantern), and then in that illumination they see the whole scene of the supposed crime re-enacted, all the people implicated in it, and its every detail. They are told, or inspired, what penalty to inflict. On returning to consciousness, the vision is not forgotten, but sharply remembered. The conjuror is able to accuse the offender, to question him, and extort a confession from him. The penalty generally takes the form of some obnoxious task to be performed or some fine to be paid in kind.

This power to see the white light and to project in it the thoughts, probably, of the assistants at the conjuration — for the performance, when genuine, amounts to nothing less — is really a remarkable psychic feat. Probably the conjurors understand it as little as the laity; they have only trained themselves to achieve it, and they explain it according to the fantastic body of superstition which constitutes the Eskimo religion. It is only after long practice and the sustained effort after great mental concentration that the manifestation is attained, that the light can be seen, and incidents recorded in it. This is the final test for the honours of full conjurorship. The candidates sit night after night with the teacher, faces to the wall, and the lamps burning low, shutting out all extraneous objects and distractions, in the endeavour to see the light, to pass into trance. Those who remain for ever unable to arrive at this, fail to pass the test, and are rejected from the class of the full-fledged. They must content themselves with minor dignities in the order of conjurors. One of these inferior grades is that of the *Kunneyo*, the one who incants for the seal hunters. Another is the *Makkosâktok*, the one who goes round with the ship during the Sena ceremonies; and a third

is the *Noonagecksaktok,* another official at the great annual celebration.

On the completion of his training and on his passing the final test for the witch-doctorate, the candidate is publicly acknowledged as a Conjuror. He makes a visitation of all the dwellings in the settlement, performs incantations in each, and receives in payment a number of charms, such as small pieces of carved ivory or bits of deerskin fringes. These things are valueless in themselves, but signify that the tribes - folk have accepted the new conjuror.

It is easy to see how the conjurors acquire the power they undoubtedly have over the people, and easy to imagine how much of fraud, imposition, hypocrisy and sheer self-seeking could be practised under the thick cloak of their rites, incantations, superstitions, and — last, but not least — their clever trickery and legerdemain. What may be perhaps not quite so easy is to convey to the reader an idea of the real good faith and of some demonstrable if inexplicable occult command underlying much of the conjuror's art. The whole subject is too big, either from the point of view of primitive superstitions and procedure, or from that of occultism, to be dealt with at much length here and now; but by way of illustrating the point that the Eskimo conjuror can perform miracles (collective hypnotism?) as striking as the well-known Eastern trick of the mango-tree, one of the incidents of the Sedna ceremony may be instanced.

At a certain stage of the Sedna proceedings, the conjuror, who has the spirit of a walrus or bear for *Tongak* (familiar spirit), spears himself through the jacket, or is speared by others, deep in the breast. When this whole performance is not merely a spectacular trick, it seems to be quite genuinely done. A line is attached to the deeply imbedded, barbed spear-head, and the people catch hold of this and pull on it and haul the impaled man about, to prove that he is fairly caught, as the victim of a hunt might be. The conjuror is bathed in blood. At length, however, he is let go, and he makes his wounded way alone to the

seashore. Here the *Tongak* releases him from the spear, and after a short space of time he returns to the festival whole and well as ever, with no sign about him except his torn clothing to indicate the rough handling he has undergone.

Broderick, Alan. "Voyage of Visitation in the Church Ship to the Labrador and East Coast of Newfoundland." Mss., June 15 – Aug. 19, 1853. (Houghton Library, Tower 120.)

Autograph manuscript diary (in the hand of Alan Broderick) of the journey of Edward Feild, the Bishop of Newfoundland of the Church of England, on the church ship *Hawk*. Includes lists of correspondents written to during the voyage and places visited. The ship sailed to various communities to conduct divine service and holy communion, often to very small audiences (exc. On Sunday July 2nd with an audience of 40, 25 of them children, at Red Bay).
Sunday, July 31st: After P.M. Service I went ashore to read & say prayers with H. T. Compton's wife, who was unable to attend the services on board from having lately been confined. Was glad to find that her children knew their prayers tolerably well. Called at Mrs Masey's as I returned to the Vessel. Explained that the books which had been deposited with them, viz. a copy of Biddulph's sermons and a volume of Harte's Lectures were to be given out for the use of the people, when they should meet together for the purpose of Divine service. Mosquitoes are troublesome.

Castling, Leslie D. "The Red River Library: A Search after Knowledge and Refinement." *Readings in Canadian Library History*. Edited by Peter McNally. Toronto: Canadian Library Association, 1986, p. 153-66

p. 154: Consequently, books were introduced into the colony only a year after the first party of settlers arrived at York Factory

in 1812. The children "were instructed in arithmetic, reading, and writing, using books furnished at Selkirk's expense from the British and Foreign School Society." Lord Selkirk was very involved in ordering book sources for the community. HBD conducted an inventory including books in 1822, and again in 1825.
p. 155:"By 1825, the Selkirk collection was a small reference library… [in addition to agricultural works]. The collection emphasizes as one would expect, the most practical reference material—dictionaries, a law book, a cook book; chemistry, mathematics, and history texts. Maria Edgeworth *Popular, Fashionable and Moral Tales* were the closest the settlers might come to frivolous reading, but there were editions of *The Odyssey, The Illiad,* Robert Burns (of course), ten volumes of Shakespeare, Milton, *Don Quixote*, and Robinson Crusoe.
p. 156: Colonel Crofton supported Adam Thom in planning a library: [Crofton] was accustomed to using the military library provided for his region, and…described how he used the library to relieve his own boredom and in 'Keeping up contentment and good order' among his officers and men. [Remainder of article recounts the rise and decline of the Red River Library. One writer in 1926 described the citizens as "not bookly minded people. They saw no value in and had no appreciation of such things."]

Cell, Gillian T. *Newfoundland Discovered: English Attempts at Colonisation, 1610-1630.* London: Hakluyt Society, 1982.

Diverse and interesting materials on colonizing Newfoundland.
p. 235, gives a good summary for of motivations for the colony: the Christian religion propagates, his Majesties Dominions enlarged, his Customes and Revenues augmented, numbers of people relieved, the private Adventurers enriched, the commodities of the Kingdom vested, and great wealth in a short

time returned. [From *A Short Discourse of the New-Found-Land* (Dublin 1623).]
p. 65-7, 26 August 1611: "An Inventory of the Provisions Left with the Settlers at Cupids Cove" [from ms. At Nottingham Univ. Library]. Included in a long list of food, clothing and equipment is "Item one bible & one booke of the generall practice of phisick."

Chappell, Edward, Lt. Narrative *of a Voyage to Hudson's Bay in His Majesty's Ship* Rosamond *Containing some Account of the North-Eastern Coast of America and of the Tribes of That Remote Region.* London: Printed for J. Mawman, Ludgate Street, 1817.

Chappell was a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy who published two books on his Newfoundland, Labrador, and Hudson's Bay voyages. He was one of the first English explorers to spend time with the indigenous peoples, both Indian and Esquimaux. He was rather viciously attacked by William Gifford's *Quarterly Review*; his own scathing response is included at the end of some copies of both of his books.
p. 14-15: Few on board our ship had ever seen an *ice-berg:* we gazed upon it, therefore, with mingled feelings of astonishment and awe. That which made it the more singular, was its perfect resemblance to the principal Pyramid of *Djiza*, near Cairo in *Egypt*, as we had seen that surprising monument of antiquity represented in some old books of travels. Shortly after this, however, we began to lose the pleasure that was at first experienced in comparing these sublime works of Nature with corresponding specimens of Art; such as, *pyramids, pillars, obelisks, temples, and tumuli:* for the certainty of their being extremely dangerous neighbours, during dark and stormy nights, entirely destroyed the gratification we might otherwise have felt, in viewing them.

p. 23, July 4th, 1814: Perhaps it is deserving notice, that since our departure from *Orkney*, we never had a night so dark as not to be able to read and write.
p. 43ff: meets with a German missionary from Labrador who succeeded in establishing an intimacy with the Eskimo sufficient to instruct them in God's ways and against their polygamous practices as an offence against the Great Spirit.
p. 44: The Missionary shewed me a *Testament, Creed***,** and *Lord's Prayer*, in the *Esquimaux* tongue: but it will be easily imagined that many deficiencies must have arisen in the first instance; consequently, whenever the *Esquimaux* were at a loss for words to express any new idea, or the name of any article that they had not before seen, the Missionary supplied them with a corresponding *German* expression; as the *German* language, of all others, is most easily pronounced by an *Esquimaux*.
p. 45, when an English frigate visited the missionary in Labrador: Nothing…could equal the astonishment of the officers, on landing; when, instead of a wild race of savages, prepared to oppose them, they found a small village, inhabited by an inoffensive people, peaceably employed in their daily duties; and the little children going quietly to school, with books under their arms. [Note refers to George Henry Laskiel's "History of the Mission of the United Brethren," 1794.]
p. 82-90, gives long extract from the work of Abbe Raynal on the History of the East and West Indies, suggesting Chappell may have had the book on the voyage; he certainly goes on to some severe criticism of the work and Raynal's views of the Esquimaux.
p. 174-76, on the secrecy of the HBC and its ships about the fur trade: In the first place, it is proper to state, that this illiberal concealment has its origin in the Company themselves, who (as I am told by their own officers) have issued the strictest and most peremptory commands to the people in their employment, "that they take especial care to conceal all papers, and every other document, which may tend to throw light upon the Company's

fur trade." —It is probable that the Company had no other motive in issuing these directions, than to keep themselves and their gains shrowded in a profound silence, as it appears that, above all other things, they wish their trading concerns not to become a topic of general conversation in their mother-country. Actuated by such principles, the officers of the *Hudson's-Bay* ships conceive it to be their duty to conceal likewise all those remarks which their experience has taught them to make upon the navigation of the *Northern Seas:* consequently, nothing can be more incorrect than the Chart supplied by the *Admiralty* for the guidance of a man-of-war in *Hudson's Straits:* it absolutely bears no resemblance to the channel of which it is intended to be an exact delineation. During the time we continued in *Hudson's Straits*, the *Rosamond* was entirely piloted by a chart belonging to the chief mate of the *Prince of Wales*, and one of his own making; yet; he was so jealous of his performance, that he was highly offended at our Master's having endeavoured to take a copy of it; and from thenceforward kept his charts carefully locked up.
p. 244: There is a public Reading-room in St.John's, to which any subscriber may introduce the non-resident officers of the army or navy, who from thenceforth are considered honorary members of the Society. The whole of the English Daily Paper, the St. John's Gazette, and most of the British Monthly Publications, are here to be met with.

[Some copies have two final unnumbered pages containing an ascerbic response by Chappell to a scathing review in the *Quarterly Review*. Worthwhile reading. This voyage ended in November of that same year and thus lacks any wintering over paragraphs. Most of the book is about the indigenous population.]

Chappell, Edward. *Voyage of His Majesty's Ship* Rosamond *to Newfoundland and the Southern Coast of Labrador.* London: J. Mawman, 1818.

p. 70-71, recounting Chappell's conversation with an Indian hunter: whilst with the other he laid down his musket upon the trunk of a fallen tree. We offered him rum, which, to our utter astonishment, he refused; but he accepted of some biscuit and boiled pork. The following conversation then ensued between us. We first inquired, where he was going, and at what he had fired. *"Me go get salmon gut, for bait, for catchee cod. Me fire for play, at litteel bird."* Observing the word Tower marked on the lock of his musket, we said, "This is an *English* gun." *"May be. Me no get um "of Ingeles; me get um of Scotchee ship: me "givee de Captain one carabou* (deer) *for um."* —" Do you go to-morrow to catch cod*?" "Ees: me go to-morrow catchee cod: next day, catchee cod: next day come* seven day (Sunday); *me no catchee cod; "me takee* ***book****, look up* GOD.*"* [Footnote p. 71: * None of the Indians in St. George's Bay are able to read; but they have been taught almost to adore the Bible, by some French Missionary.] We asked if the savage Red Indians, inhabiting the interior of the country, also *looked up to* GOD: when, with a sneer of the most ineffable contempt, he replied, "*No; no lookee up* GOD*: killee all men dat dem see, "Red Indian no good.*"—Do you understand the talk of the *Red Indians?*" *"Oh, no; me no talkee likee dem: dem talkee all same dog, 'Bow, wow, wow!'"* This last speech was pronounced with a peculiar degree of acrimony: at the same time, he appeared so much offended at our last question, that we did not think it prudent to renew the dialogue.
p. 86, on the Micmac Indians of St. George's Bay, and the Europeans there: Owing to a contrariety in their religious opinions, eleven of them are called English families, and the remainder are denominated French; the former styling themselves Protestants, and the latter Catholics. We inquired into the method of performing the marriage ceremony, and interring the dead: and were informed, that the Crusoe-looking being, whom we had met with upon first entering the place possessed a licence from St. Johns, to perform the functions of a priest. "He

was the only person residing there," they said, "who knew how to **read**!" and he officiated at all the religious ceremonies of both Protestants and Catholics.

p. 244, in St. John's, northern Newfoundland: There is a public **Reading**-room in St. John's, to which any subscriber may introduce the non-resident officers of the army or navy, who from thenceforth are considered as honorary members of the Society. The whole of the English Daily Papers, the St. John's Gazette, and most of the British Monthly Publications, are here to be met with.

p. ??unnumbered final two pages, presenting Chappell's damning response to William Gifford's *Quarterly Review* critique of Chappell: "Permit me, Sir, to congratulate you upon the very important discovery which you have made, that my 'Voyage, in fact, was confined to a passage to Fort York and back.' This, at least, proves that you have read the title-page of my book, where the whole of such information may have been acquired.

"The sentence following that which contains this wonderful discovery is more palpably unfounded and unjust than any thing else which you have written upon the subject. You assert that I 'could know little or nothing' of the Esquimaux, whose manners and customs I have endeavoured to describe. Upon what foundation you have made this unwarranted assertion, it shall be for yourself to determine; when, in reply, I proceed to state, that I had, for a considerable length of time, not only opportunities of daily intercourse with the Esquimaux, but that I saw them under circumstances peculiarly calculated to afford accurate information; because, by a singular instance of good fortune, I was admitted into their habitations, which had not happened to any European before, during the last forty years.

"In common with the rest of your readers, I can but admire the easy self-complacency with which you turn from my *Narrative*, to what you call 'metal more attractive;' *i.e*. metal of your own manufacturing.

Now, admitting, as I am desirous of doing, in its fullest extent, the superior *attraction* of your agile pen, I must regret that any purpose you may have in view should render it necessary for you to bestow upon yourself such gratuitous and open commendation; and the more so, because you have done this in a case where you are liable to just reprehension. While I acknowledge the pleasure I have experienced in reading the scientific article of which my persecuted book has been made the theme. I might, as easily as yourself, have adopted your own style of sweeping criticism; urging that you have written a long dissertation about seas 'that you never visited'—ice 'that you never saw'—and countries 'which you never approached within many thousands of miles.' Possibly, if you should hereafter cast your eyes upon '*A Voyage to Newfoundland and Labrador,*" which 1 am now publishing, I may receive some further proofs of the notice with which you are pleased to honour my writings: and most sincerely hoping this will be the case,

"I have the honour to be, Sir, yours, &c.

EDWARD CHAPPELL,

Lieutenant of the Royal Navy."

"To W. Gifford, Esq"

Christopher, Robert. "Narrators of the Arctic: Images and Movements in Northland Narratives." *American Review of Canadian Studies* 18 No. 3 (1988) 259-69

Asks what imperatives the narrator of the Arctic operates under, i.e. how did motivation change their narratives?

Cole, Jean Murray. "Keep the Mind Alive: Literary Leanings in the Fur Trade." *Journal of Canadian Studies* 16 no. 2 (1981) p. 87-93.

Fur traders in the 1830s showed strong need for newspaper and periodical literature, which the Company refused to ship

inland with other supplies because of their weight. Though starved for news, books would sometimes help. Scotsmen favored Ossian, Burns, and Scott, but there was also demand for classic English literature, Shakespeare and Dickens.

Daniells, Roy. *Alexander Mackenzie and the North West.* London: Faber and Faber, 1969.

p. 97, concerning his first Arctic trip in 1789: In this voyage I was not only without the necessary books and instruments, but also felt myself deficient in the science of astronomy and navigation. I did not hesitate therefore to undertake a winter's voyage [to England] in order to procure the one and acquire the other.

Diubaldo, Richard J. *Stefansson and the Canadian Arctic.* Montreal: McGill-Queens University Press, 1978. [Reprinted in paperback 1998.]

Tries to analyze as objectively as possible the roots of antagonism between Stefansson and Canadians—sees a degree of arrogance, opportunism, manipulation, and pig-headedness on Stefansson's part, but also a competence hard to deny. Sees the debacle of Wrangell Island as the final blow to Stef's reputation in Canada, but there is much else documented here. By 1924 Stef's connections with Ottawa and Canada were essentially severed and by his choice he ended his Canadian career.
p. 8, on Stefansson's early education: Though his primary education was spotty, twenty-seven months in all, Stefansson proved to be quick of mind. It allowed him to read aloud the Old Testament in Icelandic by age six; Icelandic sagas and a local newspaper, *Heimskringlia* (The Round World), would acquaint this youngster with history, literature, and politics.
p. 19, his first expedition began in Winnipeg, then Edmonton, Athabaska Landing, and Fort McPherson: Before Stefansson

knew it, he was heading into the region that was to be his home for more than a decade, armed with a few books which, he hoped, would give him the necessary background for his encounter with the north and its inhabitants: Hanbury's *Travels*, the works of Hall, Wrangell, and Franklin, Kleinschmidt's Eskimo grammar, and four volumes of poetry. His only regret was that he had not provided himself with additional literature on the Eskimo—what little there was to be had. [Source: Peabody Museum VS to Miss Meade, 20 November 1906.]

p. 27: Stefansson's iconoclastic nature inclined him to reject the tried-and-true methods of describing arctic travels, with their accounts of great suffering and misery that made "appetizing" reading for the morbid few: "Accounts of such sufferings as these are appetizing reading for those who revel in the contemplation of misery; they are also amusing to those who know how easily most of these difficulties could have been avoided; they may even some time come to take high rank as works of humour, should the reading public ever become intelligently familiar with the facts and conditions of the north." His own writings, he believed, would explode such myths. He once said that most arctic hardships were of two types—those caused chiefly by the ignorance of the trapper in selecting his outfit and refusing to conduct himself like the Eskimo, and those created by the imaginative power of the man who writes an exaggerated account to make his manuscript readable and saleable.

p. 109: We now [31 May 1914] had on hand over 1400 lbs. of bear meat and 2 seals. This may seem a wanton waste of game and bad but *Our Plans* depend so much on providence that I look upon this much as insurance against want should we need to spend the summer on the sea ice. [Public Archives of Canada, Stefansson Diary, 31 May 1914.]

p. 111, comment by R.M. Anderson about Stefansson's methods: I can give VS credit of marked ability when he sticks to his trade, but when he decided he could be a geographer and

oceanographer with absolutely no training as a dog-musher and pedestrian with literary leanings, he got beyond his depths. [PAC RMA/4, R. M. Anderson to Mrs. Mae Belle Anderson, 17 January 1916. In the 1920s Mrs Anderson mounted a strong anti-Stefansson smear campaign, according to Diubaldo (p. 205-06).]

[The remainder of the book is primarily an analysis of the politics of the Canadian Arctic Expedition (1914-18) led by Stefansson in direct and vehement conflict with his own second in command, R.M. Anderson. Its results were few and its battles intense. He was much admired in America as its Arctic expert. "In Canada, however, Stefansson would continue to be regarded with suspicion. He never, it appears fully understood why" (p. 215).

Dobbs, Arthur. *An Account of the Countries Adjoining to Hudson's Bay, in the North-west Part of America.* London: J. Robinson, 1744.

Dobbs work is chiefly a diatribe against Captain Middleton who he claimed lied on behalf of the HBC "to serve the Company at the publick Expense" by concealing any knowledge of a Northwest Passage. His conviction that there was an easy route to the west of Hudson Bay was insistent and turned out to be wrong.

p. 111, part of Dobbs's attack on Middleton for doubting a possible passage to Japan through Hudson's Bay: All Nature cries aloud there is a passage, and we are sure there is one from *Hudson's Bay* to *Japan*… .The frozen Streights is all Chimer, and every thing you have ever yet read or seen concerning that Part of our Voyage.

Ellis, Henry. *A Voyage to Hudson's-Bay, by the Dobbs Galley and California, in the Years 1746 and 1747, for Discovering a North West Passage*. London: H. Whitridge, 1748.

This volume is credited with definitively disproving Arthur Dobbs theory of a North-West Passage through Hudson's Bay. It is an important early source on the customs and nature of the Inuit. Ellis does quote from various books but none read during his travels.

Finnie, Richard. *Lure of the North.* Philadelphia: David McKay Co., 1940.

Finnie was a Canadian photographer, filmmaker, and lecturer who gave regular presentations on the Arctic throughout the 1930s. He "spent a year in the western Arctic between Herschel and King William Island in 1930, revisited the region in 1934 and 1939, and gives here sketches and essays on its people, the Eskimos and the whites, and their way of life" (Arctic Bibliography 4991). In this work, he was particularly concerned with the impact of new sub-Arctic wells and mines, as well as other forms of development, on the native population. [ABEBOOKS 11/24/2019]

The book is essentially a collection of autobiographical stories of Finnie's Arctic adventures, with no connections that I could find with print culture. It makes a compelling defense of the noble characteristics of the Eskimo before tainted by Western civilization.

p. 51-66, Chapter VI, contains an hilarious account on a false lead to Franklin relics (and even his burial place) near the North Magnetic Pole. Finnie claims to be the first to fly over the magnetic pole but is embarrassed by the suspect story. See a Canadian Dept. of Interior pamphlet, "Canada's Western Arctic," for an account.

p. 197: Bill [Storr] and I, in common with most white men living in the Arctic, had picked up a lot of nouns and verbs which we could clumsily string together to convey elementary ideas, and the Copper Eskimos, few of whom knew any English, would considerably simplify their sentences when talking to us.

Conversation between Eskimo and whites resolved itself into the jargon developed by the early whalers, utilizing some several hundred Eskimo and pseudo-Eskimo words, and a few English words, with grammar thrown to the four winds. The Eskimo language is far too complex to be mastered by a white man unless he is a serious student who applies himself to it, has a keen ear, a good memory, an ability to pronounce syllables contain in no other language. Some white men who have lived most of their lives in the Arctic, and who have had Eskimo wives, have never advanced beyond the whalers' jargon. I could count on the fingers of one hand all the white men of my acquaintance throughout the Canadian Arctic who could speak the language so smoothly as to be mistaken for Eskimos by Eskimos.

Gosling, William Gilbert. *Labrador: Its Discovery, Exploration, and Development.* New York: John Lane, 1911.

p. 36: A book called the *Chronicles of Eusebius*, published by Henry Estienne in Paris, in 1512, describes seven savages who had been brought to Rouen from the country called Terre Neuve. There can be no doubt that the French fishermen, particularly from Normandy and Brittany, greatly preponderated in the fisheries of Newfoundland and Labrador during the sixteenth century. *The New Interlude*, 1517, to be quoted fully later, laments that while the English were neglecting the countries discovered by them, "full a hundred sail," of the French loaded with fish there every year. While some allowance must be made for poetic licence, it was no doubt mainly correct. John Rut encountered eleven Norman vessels in the harbour of St. John's in August, 1527, and the St. Malòins showed by their opposition to Jacques Cartier in 1533 that they carried on a regular fishery in the Straits of Belle Isle, and probably in the Gulf of St.

Lawrence as well. In Edward VI's Journal of his reign, he mentions that the French Ambassador informed him that the Emperor of Spain "had stayed certain French ships going fishing to Newfoundland."

p. 93-94, on Hakluyt's reading as the principal reason for his work on British navigators, to enhance their reputation: The industrious Hakluyt, in the *Epistle Dedicatorie to his Divers Voyages* says:— "When I passed the narrow seas into France, I both heard in speech and read in books, other nations miraculously extolled for their discoveries and notable enterprises by sea and land, but the English of all others, for their sluggish security and continual neglect of the like attempts, especially in so long and happy a time of peace, either ignominiously reported or exceedingly condemmed [sic]. Thus both hearing and reading the obloquie of our nation and finding few or none of our own men able to reply therein . . . myself determined to undertake the burden of that worke."

And it is certain that very little could be done to uphold the honour of England in this respect did we not have Hakluyt's great collection of voyages as a foundation to build upon.

p. 223-24, on the arrival of Captain George Cartwright in Labrador in 1770: Cartwright and Lucas arrived at Fogo in July, 1770, and at once hired a shallop to convey them to Cape Charles, where they intended to make their first start. It will be remembered that this was the scene of Darby's ill-fated scheme to establish a whale fishery. Here Cartwright arrived in safety and took up his abode in the house which had been built by Darby. His retinue consisted of Mrs. Selby, his housekeeper, two English men-servants, eight or ten fishermen and trappers, and a number of dogs of various sporting breeds. On his arrival in Labrador, he says, "Being secluded from society, I had time to gain acquaintance with myself," and therefore began his journal of [Journal of' *Transactions and Events During a Residence of Nearly Sixteen Years on the Labrador*, which he published in 1792. It is in three large quarto volumes, full of interesting

information, though somewhat tedious to read. In his Preface he excuses the literary style of his book, which he says "will be compensated for by its veracity," and informs us that "the transactions of the day were generally entered at the close of the same, and were written for no other purpose than to serve as a memorandum for my own use and personal reference." The extreme candour of the narrative, especially as to the incidents of his private life, makes one certain that such was the case. His observations on the natural history of the country are particularly valuable, as is also his account of the Eskimos. The following short "Precis" of such a large book must naturally be very inadequate, and all interested in Labrador are recommended to study for themselves the pages which both Southey and Coleridge declared to be deeply interesting.

p. 256: This laudable design of Sir Hugh [Palliser], however, failed of its purpose; for, when Haven met the Eskimos and, after reading the passport, presented it to them, "they shrunk back terrified, and would not be persuaded to touch it, for they supposed it to be a living creature, having seen me speak words from it."

p. 280-81: Every year since the inception of their Missions the Moravian Brethren have published a report of their work, carried on, not only in Labrador, but in all parts of world. Letters from Missionaries, or por tions of their diaries, accompany each annual report, and in the case of Labrador form a consecutive history of the country. As is to be expected, their evangelical work is their first concern and constitutes the bulk of their reports, but in addition one finds invaluable records of climatic conditions, of the supply of seals, whales, codfish, etc., on the coast, caribou and fur-bearing animals in the interior, and the consequent effect on the Eskimos.

The following account of the work of the Brethren is taken mainly from these reports.

The beginning of the nineteenth century found the Moravian Missionaries firmly established on the northern coast

of Labrador, but their efforts at converting the Eskimos had not met with marked success. The superstitions of long ages were not easily rooted out nor the customs easy to change, seeing that, however repugnant they were to civilized and Christian ideas, many of them were still not unsuited to the Eskimo manner of life. Their lack of success is a continual plaint in the Missionaries diaries; every back slider is wept over, and every convert joyfully acclaimed. It was probably a result of the teaching of the children in schools for nearly a generation that the first real spiritual wakening became general. In 1801 it is reported that many could read tolerably well, and the first book printed in the Eskimo language, a history of the Passion Week, was eagerly studied and read aloud in their homes. Their love of music and singing was very early noticed, and the singing of hymns became a regular practice and delight to them. Later on they were taught to play on instruments of various kinds, and their musical capacity has been encouraged until now they have both a brass and a string band which perform quite acceptably.
p. 301: There were very few settlers in the neighbourhood, and the Indians who visited the post professed the Roman Catholic religion. On Sunday Mr. Smith read service to his household, which was attended by about thirty Indians, although they couid not understand a word of what was being said. Brother Elsner reports that "they were very fond of rum, but get it only in small quantities as presents, the sale of spirits to the Indians being prohibited by law."
p. 315-16: We have read how the Moravian Missionaries endeavoured to minister to such of these people as they came in contact with; but it was long evident in Newfoundland that the condition of things amongst this large fleet [summer fishermen] was not all that it should be. Every sudden growth of a new industry of this kind seems to carry with it an attendant crop of troubles and abuses, which have become serious and threatening, almost before people have time to recognize them. It was thus with the Labrador fishing fleet. The Newfoundland Government

were called upon again and again to pass laws and regulations to remedy abuses, and many more yet require to be passed.

The Moravian Brethren did what they could for this large floating population; but the problem was not one with which they could deal to advantage. The Eskimos were their particular care. Fortunately, the white settlers and fishermen were now (1892) to find a champion in Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, whose remarkable work on Labrador will be described in another chapter.

In taking leave of the Moravian Brethren, the writer trusts that he has conveyed to his readers some idea of the noble and self-sacrificing lives of these good men, who, in a steady procession through 137 years, have carried on the work of God on Labrador. By their means the Eskimos have been preserved from extinction, have been civilized, educated, and brought to the knowledge of their Creator and Saviour.

p. 429, on the Anglican Bishop Feild visiting northern Labrador in 1845: But as it was a dependency of Newfoundland he decided for himself in the affirmative, and at once began to plan a visit to its shores. This he first accomplished in 1848. He landed at Forteau, and the next day, Sunday, July 30th, held service in a large store which had been lent for the purpose, to a congregation of about one hundred and fifty persons, mostly men. From there he travelled along the coast in the Church-ship *Hawk*, visiting all the principal settlements as far north as Sandwich Bay. The spiritual condition of the people was pitiable. In very few houses was there any pretence at religion. There were very few Bibles or Prayer-books, and fewer still who could read them. Marriages had been performed by the simple practice of attestation before witnesses, and even that ceremony was often neglected. Occasionally someone was found who could read, and one marriage was considered well performed when the Church of England marriage service was read by a Roman Catholic fisherman from Newfoundland. The children remained unbaptized, except when a reader happened along who

could master the Church of England service provided for such instances. One father was very proud of the way his children had been baptized. When Bishop Feild asked the question, as the Prayer-book directs, "By whom was this child baptized? "he replied, "By one Joseph Bird, and a fine reader he wor!"

Green, Fitzhugh. *Bob Bartlett: Master Mariner.* New York: Putnam's, 1929.

A juvenile account of Bartlett's life up to his late 20s. Chapters include introduction on Bartlett's own skepticism about books in general and on him in particular; his abortive Methodist College divinity studies in St. John's at age 15; his first command of a fishing boat; sealing; his maritime certification; Peary's *Windward* in 1898; Ootark and building snow igloos; the first and nearly disastrous *Roosevelt* trip when they had to cannibalize the ship for fuel returning to Newfoundland; the polar sledging trip; Dr. Cook, the "faker"; *Karluk*; *Morissey*; and a final tribute to the natives: I feel that men like Ootark, Seegloo, and Inughitag should have their pictures and stories go into permanent form…. If he [Ootark] can't go into the Hall of Fame, he at least ought to have his name on the vestibule list. (p. 208-09).

Grenfell, Wilfred, Sir. *Forty Years for Labrador.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Riverside Press, 1932.

A revised and mostly rewritten version of his earlier *A Labrador Doctor,* the autobiography of a medical missionary in Labrador.
p. 168-69: Many years ago we were running South from our long northern trip before a fine leading wind. Suddenly we noticed a small boat with an improvised flag standing right out across our bows. Thinking that at least it was some serious surgical case, we ordered 'Down sail and heave her to,' annoying though we

felt it have the delay. A solitary white-haired old man climbed with difficulty over our rail. ‘Good-day. What’s the trouble. We’re in a hurry.’ The old man most courteously doffed his cap and stood holding it in his hands. ‘I wanted to ask you, Doctor,’ he said slowly, ‘if you had any books you could lend me. We can’t get anything to read here.’ A feeling of humiliation almost immediately replaced the angry reply which had sprung to my lips. Which is really charity, skillfully to remove his injured leg if he had had one, or to afford him the pleasure and profit of a good book?

‘Haven’t you got any books?’

‘Yes, Sir, I’ve got two, but I’ve read them through and through long ago.’

‘What are they?’

‘One is the “Works” of Josephus,’ he answered, ‘and the other is Plutarch’s “Lives,”’

He was soon bounding away over the seas in his little craft, the happy possessor of one of our moving libraries.

The Carnegie libraries have emphasized a fact that is to education and the colleges what social work is to medicine and the hospitals. Our faculties, like our jaws, atrophy if we do not use them to bite with. Thanks to the generosity of Mr. Carnegie and others, we now have about seventy-five of these library boxes, containing a selection of some fifty books each. The hospital steamer each summer moves these peripatetic libraries one more stage along the Coast. The co-operation of teachers and librarians who come and give us splendid voluntary service more than doubles the usefulness of the libraries as it does that of the workers themselves in their special spheres. The world’s workers have everything to gain by cooperation, whatever their field, and whether it is a question of nationalism or internationalism. When men pull together, efficiency increases in geometrical progression.

Grenfell, Wilfred T., et al. *Labrador, The Country and the People.* New York: Macmillan, 1909.

p. 175: The best educated people in the country at present are the Eskimo. Almost without exception they can read and write. Many can play musical instruments, share in part singing, and are well able to keep accounts, and know the value of thins. These accomplishments, entirely and solely due to the Moravian missionaries, have largely helped them to hold their own in trade, a faculty for want of which almost every aboriginal race is apt to suffer so severely.

I have known an Eskimo called in to read and to write a letter for a Newfoundland fisherman, and I have had more than once to ask one to help me by playing our own harmonium for us at a service, because not one of a large audience can do so. I have heard more than one Eskimo stand up and deliver an excellent impromptu speech. Reading the Newfoundland Blue Books, reporting the numbers able to read and write in Labrador, I acquired an entirely erroneous estimate of the people's accomplishments in those directions. Our white population is still very largely illiterate. Some headway has, however, has been made in late years, and literature and loan libraries distributed through the Labrador Mission are now accessible all along the coast, and are creating a love of reading.

p. 242: 1905…. Through the generosity of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, between thirty and forty small portable libraries, each containing from fifty to one hundred books, were distributed along the coast.

p. 248: In relation to ignorance: where once scarcely a single settler could read or write, and where ignorance always meant serious disadvantage in economic relations, travelling loan libraries have been established, small schools helped, and now and again, as it was possible, teachers supplied. Indifference and apathy had to be met with education as the corrective message of affection.

Hanbury, David T. *Sport and Travel in the Northland of Canada.* New York: Macmillan, 1904.

A sporting memoir but with good historical material on the "Barron Lands." Stefansson cites this book most favorably in his *My Life with the Eskimo.*
p. xviii, quoting Captain Coats's "Remarks on the Geography of Hudson Bay," on the natural inhabitants of the region, robust, hardy fellows: … fit for the severest exercise, and indeed, with such dispositions, as if God's providence in fullness of time had prepared them to receive the yoke of civility. And I do assert on my own knowledge that these people are nothing near so savage as is represented by our early voyagers….

Hargrave, James. *The Hargrave Correspondence 1821-1843.* Edited by G. P. de T. Glazebrook. Toronto: The Champlain Society, 1938. [Reprinted Greenwood 1968.]

p. 44-5, Cuthbert Cumming to James Hargrave, 2 March 1830:
The Manner of doing a thing well is of the utmost consequence, & it would appear that in presenting the Books to the old Gentleman [John Stuart], you were aware of this, & did it well in his last letter to me he dwells with pleasure, & dilates with much apparent satisfaction on this triffling affair— I rejoice to think that I have been in the least instrumental in giving the old Gentleman one moments satisfaction & I am sure so are you.— In my mind there was not a doubt as to your choice. I was fully aware that the Life of Napoleon by our renowned Countryman, would never by you be willingly transferred to any others & yet I assure you that Southey's Peninsular War is highly extolled by all parties—apropos you have seen Lockharts life of Burns it is said to be the best that ever appeared—I have every reason to expect it out this Summer— Your Indians Select'd Library I have every reason to approve of, yet I cannot conceive it all

together Complete, without the addition of the Life of the Bard of Coila above mentioned— I expect this Summer the life *of J. Knox* the stern the austere the undaunted Champion of the Kirk— I am inclined to think, that much information & instruction is to be found in it, and no doubt, will through [throw?] much light on the obscurity of our Kirk History in those eventfull times, & help to clear many doubtfull & disputed points of Scottish History in days of yore—the only books I had from England this year was several volms of that masterly performance Blackie's magazine and a few reviews. (by the by I sent you 2 or three pr Mr. Jos, pr'y have you received them, I wish'd to send you Blackie's, but this is impossible as anything of bulk is rejected san[s] ceremony by the light Canoe.—I am by no means surprised however disappointed I may be—that my books should be detained at Swan River every thing considered I expected no better— I hope you will recover some of them this Summer— I cannot for the Soul of me imagine for what reason he is continually spouting at me of this….

p. 101, Donald Ross to Hargrave from Norway House 30th Dec. 1832: I have to the last moment looked out for a few News Papers from York—but in vain—perhaps none come out now a days as formerly with the Goods. I certainly did get *three* numbers of the Standard from Mr. Christie for which I feel much obliged.—but what are three solitary Papers for such a News Worm as I am—three Files of them would scarce satisfy my gnawing appetite….

p. 107, Duncan Finlayson to James Hargrave: Your Worthy Burgeois wrote me, that the Albion was ordered for us— I am glad of it, as the Quebec Mercury is not fit for lighting ones pipe with—and as there is nothing in the World, of which I would suspect you of laying violent hands upon, but a Book or Newspaper, I must candidly confess that, I have some apprehensions of its being taken by the [illeg.] by you—if one file only come up, I give it over for lost, as it would be much

easier, to wring a piece of rare & valuable goods from you, in secure times, than a publication of the day…--.
p. 129-30, Donald Ross to James Hargrave Norway House 18th Decr 1833: As I understand the oxen had to return to Oxford again without getting to the end of their journey— you wish to tantalize me with the prospect of having a peep into your Book Case—but I meant to have played you a nice trick on the same score last fall when I desired that you would examine the condition of my box from home, that package contained a variety of fine things—such as *Logan's Highlands & Highlanders—Hoods Comic Annual*, *Friendships Offering,* the *Literary Souvenir,* the *Penny Magazine,* the *Saturday Magazine,* the *Penny Cyclopedia,* the *Olio,* the *Mirror,* the *Literary Gazette* and the *Atlas;* What a feast for a hungry book worm?— next year if my letters get home I expect in addition to the continuation of these—the whole of *Sir Waltty's Novels*— besides other fineries such as *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Pilgrims Progress*.—and some others which I do not now recollect.—I dare say you will think it altogether a strange selection—but I have already got a good stock of standard works—to resort to when I am in the mood— my taste is decidedly for light reading this does not certainly proclaim any great depth of intellect or soundness of understanding on my part but I cannot help it— my belief is that a man should regulate his reading much in the same manner as he does his other appetites and propensities—by enjoying that which affords him the greatest share of satisfaction, providing that its tendency is not to injure himself or any one else— if you can lay down a sounder or more rational system of Philosophy than this I may perhaps become a convert to your opinion….
p. 196, Robert Wilson to James Hargrave Severn June 23rd 1835: Sir I must take the liberty and I hope not to offend of troubling you a little, if you Honour me with this place for another year have the goodness to send me by D. Bird a few of your Books

that you are not in the habit of Perusing yourself and the others shall be returned safe to you….
p. 223, Donald Ross to James Hargrave Norway House 22 Feby 1836: My Literary treasures of last fall (as you have already learnt) have all miscarried owing to the carelessness of some of our worthy secretary's understrappers— …. I have actually devoured Chamber's volumes, it is most amazing the quantity of new and highly interesting matter he has managed to glean up in those fields that have so often been gone over before him by many a *canny chiel* in search of the same material.— I am however by no means pleased at his treatment of Ossian, and with all due deference for his extensive knowledge and penetrating judgement in matters of ancient research, it seems very evident that he has not given this subject sufficient attention to enable him to speak out decisively of it either way….
p. 329, J. L. Lewes to James Hargrave Fort Simpson Nov. 1840: If you do not send me something to read by the P. L. L. Boats I shall sett you down as a thirsty book worm, wishing to keep all the good things' to yourself, any thing I care not what it is I am miserable for want of something to drive away the dull hours', so Charity, it is one of the Cardinal Virtues, and you should extend it even to the far distant clime of MK. R.—
p. 340, Joseph Beioley to James Hargrave Moosefactory February 1st. 1841: The latest News papers from Montreal— belonging to the Company or to myself— are up to Sept 12th— only— and under the impression that you have not at York the Canada intelligence to so late a date I forward a few— say Mont Gazettes of June, July, Aug & part of Septr. In the latest dated one there is a shocking account of Mr. Thos. Simpson's having committed suicide after killing a Mr. John Bird & old Legros the Guide— ….
p. 426, Archibald McDonald to James Hargrave Colville 21 March 1843: As you will most likely be at Red River this spring, and will have something to say in the distribution of the Canada Newspapers I hope you will think of us— Strange not one of us

as *individuals* can be allowed a single paper by the Lachine Canoes—….
p. 463, John Bell to James Hargrave Peels' River Decr 31st 1843: I thank you kindly for the Political news you were pleased to transmit me, I received a few Papers from my Canada correspondents, from which I have learned the settlement of the long disputed boundary line between Canada & the U. States.

See also Michael R. Angel: "Clio in the Wilderness; Or, Everyday Reading Habits of the Honourable Company of Merchant Adventurers Trading into Hudson's Bay," *Manitoba Library Association Bulletin* 10 no. 3 (June 1980) p. 14-19.

Horwood, Harold Andrew. *Bartlett, the Great Canadian Explorer.* Garden City, NY: Doubleday & company, 1977.

p. 15, Bartlett used the *American Pilot* to learn about Herald Island.
p. 37: His Grandmother Leamon, in particular had a lot to do with shaping his tastes. From her he picked up a lifelong love of books, and even of poetry….
p. 169, during WWII: …he collected poetry, as he had been doing most of his life. When a piece of writing, prose or verse, in a magazine or newspaper pleased him, he clipped it and pasted it in his log, then wrote around it in such cramped longhand that his entries became illegible….

He also went back to reading the classics. He discovered a particular love for Wordsworth, reading and rereading such long narratives as *The Prelude* and *The Excursion* and commenting on their qualities.
p. 170, Bartlett had heard Rachmaninoff play and seen Noel Coward's movie: Every moment he could spare from other activities, he buried himself in a book. He read and reread the accounts of all the great arctic explorations until he could quote them from memory almost verbatim. But he read everything else, too—the novels of Jane Austen and the Brontë sisters, for

example. (He pronounced them 'marvellous.') His room in New York was filled with a jumble of books and arctic souvenirs, heads and skins and narwhal tusks and Inuit handicrafts. His bunk on the Morrissey was piled so high with books and magazines that he slept, always, on the floor.

Hoyle, Gwyneth. *Flowers in the Snow: The Life of Isobel Wylie Hutchison.* Lincoln, NE: University of Nebraska Press, 2001.

Biography of the Arctic botanist and author.
p. 70, On her 1928-29 Greenland trip: Isobel had brought a stock of books, ranging from Hooker's *British Flora* and Chambers dictionary to the Bible, Shakespeare, Scott, Dickens, Robert Louis Stevenson, W. H. Hudson, and a Scottish history, which she readily lent to her Danish friends. [She wrote about the trip in her *On Greenland's Closed Shore* (1930), which Knud Rasmussen praised in the book's preface.]
p. 92, When back in Scotland: Isabel received a book that she would later describe as the greatest treasure in her library. It was Knud Rasmussen's *Across Arctic America*, inscribed to her by the author. Published in 1927, the book included Rasmussen's narrative of his sled journey in 1923-24 from Hudson Bay to the edge of Siberia…. [With Rasmussen's book as her inspiration, Isobel began to study maps, read and reflect on her net foray into the North" the Alaska trip recounted in *North to the Rime-ringed Sun.*]

Hutton, Samuel King. *A Shepherd in the Snow: The Life Story of Walter Perrett of Labrador.* London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1936.

A straightforward and pious account of a Moravian missionary on the Labrador coast, mainly at Hopedale. Among other things, Perrett translated the entire Bible into Eskimo—see p. 272-77.

p. 138-43. Chapter 27: “An Eskimo Library.”: It is worth our while to look more closely at the little shelf from which the man took down the well-worn book which he handed to the missionary. The shelf itself is a home-made affair, a little piece of rough wood strung on strings or supported on brackets; the owner may even have tried to give it an ornamental look by sticking on it an edging of coloured paper.

On the shelf stand the books, well worn volumes, most of them. The books are not many; in some Eskimo households you might find half-a-dozen; in some, only one or two. The Bible strikes your eye the first. If it is all there, it forms an imposing row of six volumes, and the missionaries have done their best to ensure that every family owns the whole Bible. So it stands in its six volumes on the shelf; brown books and black, thick books and thin, crowded on the little shelf. Take any of the volumes down: the corners are rather stained; the pages bear the marks of oily fingers; for these books are used and read, not merely left upon the shelf. The New Testament and the Psalms seem to be the favourites; even the poorest of houses have those two books. They are the two that go in the travelling box, when space is precious; and camped at his autumn hunting place, or in the small space of the tent at the fishing season, the Eskimo has at least those books at his elbow.

“What is your favourite reading?” I asked an Eskimo.

“The stories of the Israelites,” he answered; and I imagined him poring over the stories in the Book of Moses, or in Judges and the Kings, reading of wars and of wanderings, while he himself had never seen a soldier, and he knew no more of wars than he could learn from pictures of pageantry in England. From the Genesis to Revelation he reads; to him the Bible is God’s Book; for him it tells God’s ways with men; it is the guide of his life.

There are other books upon the shelf.

First the hymn-book. It is no easy thing to translate a hymn into Eskimo; to crowd the meaning of a line or verse into strings

of harsh syllables…that is a task for gifted linguists; and it is no small tribute to the early missionaries that the Eskimo Hymn Book has eight hundred hymns, all sung to the tunes that belong to the originals. Much of the poetry of our English must be lost, so great is the difficulty of fitting the words to the tune; but the sense is there.

"Sivorlilaurit,
Jesuse Igvit."

the Eskimo version of

"Jesus still lead on,
Till our rest be won,"

Leaves the second line to the imagination and simply says

"Do thou lead on,
Jesus";

but that is enough; and the tunes remain, beloved of the people and sung with the utmost heartiness.

Some of the missionaries of later years—Perrett and others—have translated popular and tuneful hymns from Sankey and other books; and so on the shelf there may be a thin paper bound volume in red or yellow, "Tuksiagalautsit" (little hymns).

Next to the hymn-book stands the *Pilgrim's Progress;* and surely it is translated into no stranger language than the Labrador Eskimo. The best picture that the translator could give of the pilgrim's feet sinking in the Slough of Despond was to use the Eskimo word for "soft snow"; for in a frozen land the sinking of the feet in swamps cannot be a common experience, whereas every Eskimo knows the toilsome slowness and the danger of the deep soft snow which he meets on his winter journey, in which he and his dogs may flounder in an almost hopeless way.

Up to about the year 1904, this was the whole of the Eskimo library, excepting only the school book of general knowledge, which did not find a place on the family book-shelf, for the school-books were kept in the cupboard in school, to be given out to the scholars at the proper time by some shaggy-headed little lad, at the word of command from the school-teacher.

About the beginning of this present century, Christian Smith, a master of conversational Eskimo, introduced an Eskimo newspaper, and this folded sheet with its grey cover might be seen upon the table or the book-shelf. Up to that time Labrador had been a land without a newspaper; and now the gap was filled by *Aglait Illunainortut* (The Paper for Everybody), an annual production that appeared in mid-winter, and was carried up and down the coast from Smith's hand printing machine by the winter postman with his dog-sledge.

On this occasion of our visit to a Hopedale Eskimo home in the year 1905, we might see two slim black-bound books upon the shelf. These are Perrett's first contribution to Eskimo reading material. The volumes are new; they do not yet bear traces of much handling. There is a picture in each of these two new books: the titles have a familiar smack about them, though not fully understandable to one who knows no Eskimo. No name of translator is given, but the title page shows that the books were printed by the Religious Tract Society (as the name then was) and the titles on the covers are

"Jessikab Tuksiariorninga" and
"Kristib Nipliajorutinga Nutaungitok,"

Which make the English titles of Jessica's First Prayer, and Christie's Old Organ easy guessing. These are the first translations of homely stories into Eskimo, done by Perrett in some of those "long winter evenings" or stormy summer days; for after twelve years among the Eskimos he now had a sound and solid knowledge of the language, both grammatical and conversational.

p. 252ff., Chapter 50 The Reading Book: Up to the year 1929 the Eskimo children had no reading book. This does not mean that they did not learn to read; on the contrary, it was pointed out with some forgivable pride that every ordinary Eskimo child over the age of twelve years could read and write.

No, the thought that for so many years the children had no reading book brings to light a fact that is indeed charming. Through all those years, from the time a hundred and fifty years ago when the first translations were made, the Eskimos had been taught to read with the Bible as their reading book. They had no other.

[The remaining four pages of this chapter describe the first reading book for Eskimo children, a book of twenty pages devised by Walter Perrett, printed in England with a bright red binding. The title is "A-B-pat, Okautsit illiniaraksat sorrutsinut—Learnable words for the children" (p. 254-55).

[Jenness, Diamond] Richling, Barnett. *In Twilight and in Dawn: A Biography of Diamond Jenness*. Montreal: McGill Queen's University Press, 2012. [McGill-Queen's Native and Northern Studies, Vol. 67]

When New Zealand-born and Oxford-educated anthropologist Diamond Jenness set aside hopes of building a career in the South Pacific to join Vilhjalmur Stefansson's Canadian Arctic Expedition, he had little idea of what lay ahead. But Jenness thrived under the duress of that transformational experience: the groundbreaking ethnographic work he accomplished, recounted in People of the Twilight and in Dawn in Arctic Alaska, proved to be a lasting contribution to twentieth-century anthropology, and the foundation of a career he would devote to researching Canada's first peoples. Barnett Richling draws upon a wealth of documentary sources to shed light on

Jenness's tenure with the Anthropological Division of the National Museum of Canada - a forerunner of the Canadian Museum of Civilization - during which his investigations took him beyond the Arctic to seven First Nations communities from Georgian Bay to British Columbia's interior.

Jenness was renowned as a pre-eminent scholar of Inuit culture, but he also stood out for the contributions his field work made to linguistics, ethnology, material culture, and Northern archaeology. His story is also an institutional one: Jenness worked as a public servant at a time when the federal government spearheaded anthropological research, although his abiding commitment to the first peoples of his adopted homeland placed him at odds with Ottawa's approach to aboriginal affairs. In Twilight and in Dawn is an exploration of one man's life in anthropology, and of the conditions - at the museum, on the reserves, in society's mainstream, and in the world at large - that inspired and shaped Jenness's contributions to science, to his profession, and to public life. An informative study of the evolution of a discipline focused through the life of one of its leading practitioners, In Twilight and in Dawn is an illuminating look at anthropological thought and practice in Canada during the first half of the twentieth century. [from **Ebsco Host**, 11/24, 2019]

Kenney, Gerard. *Arctic Smoke and Mirrors.* Prescott, Ont: Voyageur Press, 1994.

A detective story with a human rights impact. Inuit politicians are revealed as manipulators of history and people. This book should cause reporters and concerned citizens alike to think again not just about Inuit relocations but about the dangers of herd journalism and revisionism that ignores historical context. (ABEBOOKS).

Kenney mounts his case against the Inuit testimony of coercion in the relocation of families from Hudson Bay to the high Arctic in 1953. He bases his case solely on written evidence, ignoring all oral testimony other than that of whites who professed altruistic motives of concern for the native people. Should be read in connection with the government reports of the 1990s, contrary accounts by a number of people, and the literature of a similar case of compulsory relocation at Thule, Greenland (see Per Walsøe, *Goodbye Thule: The Compulsory Relocation of 1953*. Copenhagen: Tidener Skifter, 2003.

Knight, James, Capt. *The Founding of Churchill; Being the Journal of Captain James Knight, Governor-in-Chief in Hudson Bay, from the 14th of July to the 13th of September 1717.* Edited…by James F. Kenney. Toronto, London: J. M. Dent, 1932.

Interest of this book is not so much for his journal, but the account in the text by Kenney of the fate of Captain Knight. After he left the HBC governorship, he organized an expedition to the west coast of Hudson Bay in search of copper and coal (cf. Frobisher and Borchgrevink), as well as the NW Passage. Evidently his ships were damaged on the western shore of Marble Island where after two winters all the crew had died, facts which did not come to light for some time. Since he made this voyage without telling the local HBC about his activities, he was not likely to be found. (see esp. p. 75-89).

Larsen, Henry A. *The Big Ship: An Autobiography*. Toronto: McClelland & Stuart, 1957.

On the first commercial vessel to transit the North West Passage.

p. 52-53: Terry Parsloe was the proud owner of a huge medical book which he used to study in his bunk. Long, learned discussion so often followed between him and Parry, but unlike the cook, who was interested in medicine to help others, Parsloe firmly believed that he had all the diseases he read about himself. Once in a while we would hear a heavy sigh from his bunk and knew that he had found another disease he was "suffering from."

Powell-Williams, Clive. *Cold Burial: A True Story of Endurance and Disaster.* New York: St. Martin's Press, 2002.

An account of a disastrous winter in the Barrens of the Northwest, of three patrician adventurers, led by a rather irresponsible John Hornby. All three died of starvation in 1927.
p. 22, discussing the death of Evans on the Scott debacle: Such words were poetry to the ears of boys brought up on juvenile weekly papers such as *The Boy's Own Paper, The Magnet* and *Pluck,* as well as adventure stories by R. M. Ballantyne, G. A. Henty and Gordon W. Stable. In the way that they illustrated the same British grit, the real-life way tragedies of Scott and Mallory [Everest] overlapped with those fictional worlds in the public's perception to create a composite account of what made a man. These boys' imaginations had been trained to respond especially to images of the frozen lands as ideal theatres for trial and courage, because their severe beauty brought one close to the sublime truth of creation and the mind of God. In such places, conflict with the elements provided the greatest fulfillment. Even apparent failure could transform itself into a higher form of success and spiritual renewal.

Virtually all boyhood reading underlined this message: the truly heroic thing is often to endure and yet to fail; to face disaster and not be found wanting; to Play the Game.

p. 67, Edgar Christian was a teen-ager on this trip, who in Edmonton brought the notebooks which became the account of this adventure: … each with two hundred pages and the title *Records* impressed in gold letters on its cover. He also bought two printed books. The first was a volume of verse by Robert Service, *Songs of Sourdough*, which purported to be 'a portrait written by an Indian girl of life in the North'. This he sent to his mother. The second was for himself, P. A. Taverner's *Birds of Eastern Canada*, published by the Canadian Department of Mines (Geological Survey) just four years earlier. Finally he picked out a small grey-covered Canadian pocket diary for 1926.
p. 75: In an attempt to cut down on weight and bulk, Jack [Hornby] had insisted that Edgar leave behind much of his superfluous luggage, amongst which he included the Prayer Book and Bible which Marguerite Christian had given him…. [Edgar later wished he had them for the burials of Hornby and Harold, before he himself died.]
opp. p. 170, a picture showing Hornby reading the Hudson's Bay Company catalogue.
p. 174: 29th [November]. Harold made a pack of cards which will now help to pass the evening by, although I wish to goodness there was no time for cards. [Their total preoccupation was the search for good.]
p. 242, from Edgar's last letter to his parents: Adamson Corona Hotel Edmonton finds 2 trucks of mine & in one that Bible & Prayer Book which Jack refused to let me bring do not be annoyed but I know why now & Jack alone was one man in this world who can Let a young boy know what this world & the next are. I Loved him he Loved me. Very seldom is there true Love between 2 men!

Maclaren, I. S. "English Writings about the New World," in *History of the Book in Canada.* Volume 1. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 2004, p. 33-

p. 38: At least by the nineteenth century, most expeditions of exploration considered a well-stocked library an essential component of their cargo. Obviously, those in ships could afford a greater tonnage; just how many men on Franklin's two land expeditions hauled books and charts over portages and across the tundra remains a nice question. Certainly, when the first expedition was reduced in the fall of 1821 to a straggling line of men marching back from Bathurst Inlet to the hoped-for refuge of Fort Enterprise, a copy of Samuel Hearne's *A Journey from the Prince of Wales's Fort, in Hudson's Bay, to the Northern Ocean*, the only book then available about the region, remained part of the load. The party of twenty men lost their way more than once. Were they consulting the charter in the inferior but lighter-weight octavo edition of Hearne's book, issued in Dublin in 1796? It would have made a more logical traveling companion than the larger quarto first edition (London, 1795). Yet the map in the octavo showed Hearne's return route across the Barrens differently from the first edition's map. The discrepancy could have confused Franklin, whose men suffered more than one delay, and contributed to the number of deaths. Certainly, the matter of a book's size bears materially on this dramatic possibility.

Moodie, Susanna. *Roughing It in the Bush; Or, Life in Canada.* Two volumes. New York: George P. Putnam, 1852.

Mrs. Moodie (nee Strickland) sailed on an immigrant ship of mainly Scots headed to Canada in 1832. She writes with a refreshing candour about the trials and tribulations of life in the Canadian bush, direct enough to warrant a Norton Critical Edition in 2007, with extensive supporting material about her life and work.

p. 9, on entering Canada at Grosse Isle near Quebec: I have heard and read much of savages, and have since seen, during my long residence in the bush, somewhat of uncivilized life; but the

Indian is one of Nature's gentlemen he never says or does a rude or vulgar thing. The vicious, uneducated barbarians who form the surplus of over-populous European countries, are far behind the wild man in delicacy of feeling or natural courtesy. The people who covered the island appeared perfectly destitute of shame, or even of a sense of common decency. Many were almost naked, still more but partially clothed. We turned in disgust from the revolting scene, but were unable to leave the spot until the captain had satisfied a noisy group of his own people, who were demanding a supply of stores.

And here I must observe that our passengers, who were chiefly honest Scotch labourers and mechanics from the vicinity of Edinburgh, and who while on board ship had conducted themselves with the greatest propriety, and appeared the most quiet, orderly set of people in the world, no sooner set foot upon the island than they became infected by the same spirit of insubordination and misrule, and were just as insolent and noisy as the rest. While our captain was vainly endeavouring to satisfy the unreasonable demands of his rebellious people, Moodie had discovered a woodland path that led to the back of the island. Sheltered by some hazel-bushes from the intense heat of the sun, we sat down by the cool, gushing river, out of sight, but, alas! not out of hearing of the noisy, riotous crowd.

p. 31: It might be made a subject of curious inquiry to those who delight in human absurdities, if ever there were a character drawn in works of fiction so extravagantly ridiculous as some which daily experience presents to our view. We have encountered people in the broad thoroughfares of life more eccentric than ever we read of in books; people who, if all their foolish sayings and doings were duly recorded, would vie with the drollest creations of Hood, or George Colman, and put to shame the flights of Baron Munchausen. Not that Tom Wilson was a romancer; oh, no! He was the very prose of prose, a man in a mist, who seemed afraid of moving about for fear of

knocking his head against a tree, and finding a halter suspended to its branches a man as helpless and as indolent as a baby.
p. 37, where Mrs. Moodie's husband asks a fellow immigrant, Tom Wilson, to summarize a lecture on emigration to Canada:
"What! I I I I give an account of the lecture? Why, my dear fellow, I never listened to one word of it!"
"I thought you went to Y on purpose to obtain information on the subject of emigration to Canada?"
"Well, and so I did; but when the fellow pulled out his pamphlet, and said that it contained the substance of his lecture, and would only cost a shilling, I thought that it was better to secure the substance than endeavour to catch the shadow so I bought the book, and spared myself the pain of listening to the oratory of the writer. Mrs. Moodie, he had a shocking delivery, a drawling, vulgar voice; and he spoke with such a nasal twang that I could not bear to look at him, or listen to him. He made such grammatical blunders, that my sides ached with laughing at him. Oh, I wish you could have seen the wretch! But here is the document, written in the same style in which it was spoken. Read it: you have a rich treat in store."

p. 51: I had to get through the long day at the inn in the best manner I could. The local papers were soon exhausted. At that period they possessed little or no interest for me. I was astonished and disgusted at the abusive manner in which they were written, the freedom of the press being enjoyed to an extent in this province unknown in more civilized communities.
p. 91: Tom, too, had a large packet of letters, which he read with great glee. After re-perusing them, he declared his intention of setting off on his return home the next day. We tried to persuade him to stay until the following spring, and make a fair trial of the country. Arguments were thrown away upon him; the next morning our eccentric friend was ready to start.

"Good-bye!" quoth he, shaking me by the hand as if he

meant to sever it from the wrist. "When next we meet it will be in New South Wales, and I hope by that time you will know how to make better bread." And thus ended Tom Wilson' s emigration to Canada. He brought out three hundred pounds, British currency; he remained in the country just four months, and returned to England with barely enough to pay his passage home.
p. 151-52: Jenny never could conceive the use of books. "Shure, we can live and die widout them. It's only a waste of time botherin' your brains wid the like of them; but, thank good ness! the lard will soon be all done, an thin we shall hear you spakin again, instead of sittin' there doubled up all night, desthroying your eyes wid porin' over the dirthy writin'."

" Good-bye !" quoth he, shaking me by the hand as if he meant to sever it from the wrist. " When next we meet it will be in New South Wales, and I hope by that time you will know how to make better bread." And thus ended Tom Wil son s emigration to Canada. He brought out three hundred pounds, British currency ; he remained in the country just four months, and returned to England with barely enough to pay his passage home.
p. 155: Tom, too, had a large packet of letters, which he read with great glee. After re-perusing them, he declared his intention of setting off on his return home the next day. We tried to persuade him to stay until the following spring, and make a fair trial of the country. Arguments were thrown away upon him; the next morning our eccentric friend was ready to start.
p. 166: Seventeen years has made as great a difference in the state of society in Canada, as it has in its commercial and political importance. When we came to the Canadas, society was composed of elements which did not always amalgamate in the best possible manner.
We were reckoned no addition to the society of C[anada]. Authors and literary people they held in supreme detestation;

and I was told by a lady, the very first time I appeared in company, that " she heard that I wrote books, but she could tell me that they did not want a Mrs. Trollope in Canada."
I had not then read Mrs. Trollope's work on America, or I should have comprehended at once the cause of her indignation ; for she was just such a person as would have drawn forth the keen satire of that far-seeing observer of the absurdities of our nature, whose witty exposure of American affectation has done more towards producing a reform in that respect, than would have resulted from a thousand grave animadversions soberly written.
p. 167-68: Anxious not to offend them, I tried to avoid all literary subjects. I confined my conversation to topics of common interest; but this gave greater offence than the most ostentatious show of learning, for they concluded that I would not talk on such subjects, because I thought them incapable of understanding me. This was more wounding to their self-love than the most arrogant assumption on my part ; and they regarded me with a jealous, envious, stand-aloofishness, that was so intolerable that I gave up all ideas of visiting them. I was so accustomed to hear the whispered remark, or to have it retailed to me by others, "Oh, yes, she can write, but she can do nothing else," that I was made more diligent in cultivating every branch of domestic usefulness; so that these ill-natured sarcasms ultimately led to my acquiring a great mass of most useful practical knowledge. Yet such is the contradiction inherent in our poor fallen nature these people were more annoyed by my proficiency in the common labours of a household, than they would have been by any displays of my unfortunate authorship. Never was the fable of the old man and his ass so truly verified.
p. 168: I am speaking of visiting in the towns and villages. The manners and habits of the European settlers in the country are far more simple and natural, and their hospitality more genuine and sincere. They have not been sophisticated by the hard, worldly wisdom of a Canadian town, and still retain a warm remembrance of the kindly humanities of home.

Volume II (from London: Richard Bentley, 1852 edition):
p. 36: It is a melancholy truth, and deeply to be lamented, that the vicinity of European settlers has always produced a very demoralising effect upon the Indians. As a proof of this, I will relate a simple anecdote.

John, of Rice Lake, a very sensible, middle-aged Indian, was conversing with me about their language, and the difficulty he found in understanding the books written in Indian for their use. Among other things, I asked him if his people ever swore, or used profane language towards the Deity.

The man regarded me with a sort of stem horror, as he replied, " Indian, till after he knew your people, never swore—no bad word in Indian. Indian must learn your words to swear and take God's name in vain."

Oh, what a reproof to Christian men! I felt abashed, and degraded in the eyes of this poor savage —who, ignorant as he was in many respects, yet possessed that first great attribute of the soul, a deep reverence for the Supreme Being. How inferior were thousands of my countrymen to him in this important point!
p. 108, on visiting a wilderness shanty: There was a large fire-place at one end of the shanty, with a chimney, constructed of split laths, plastered with a mixture of clay and cow-dung. As for windows, these were luxuries which could well be dispensed with; the open door was an excellent substitute for them in the daytime, and at night none were required. When I ventured to object to this arrangement, that he would have to keep the door shut in the winter time, the old man replied, in the style so characteristic of his country, “Shure it will be time enough to^think of that when the could weather sets in.” Everything about the house wore a Robinson Crusoe aspect, and though there was not any appearance of original plan or, foresight, there was no lack of ingenious contrivance to meet every want as it arose.

Judy dropped us a low curtsey as we entered, which was followed by a similar compliment from a stout girl of twelve, and two or three more of the children, who all seemed to share the pleasure of their parents in receiving strangers in their unpretending tenement. Many were the apologies that poor Judy offered for the homely cheer she furnished us, and great was her delight at the notice we took of the "childher." She set little Biddy, who was the pride of her heart) to reading the Bible; and she took down a curious machine from a shelf, which she had “conthrived out of her own head," as she said, for teaching the children to read. This was a flat box, or frame, filled with sand, which saved paper, pens, and ink. Poor Judy had evidently seen better days, but, with a humble and contented spirit she blessed God for the food and scanty raiment their labour afforded them. Heronly sorrow was the want of “idication” for the children.

Pilkington, Ed. “The Village at the End of the Iceberg.” *Sunday Observer* Sept. 28 2008.

p. 3: Russian Orthodox priests gave way to Jesuit missionaries, who left an even greater impression, not least in the diseases they brought. A flu epidemic in 1900 halved the native Alaskan population in just three months. The old church we are using as a dormitory is lined with books on Jesuit theocracy. Local names, like Peter John, Stanley Tom, Margaret Nickerson, are all Jesuit impositions that now take preference over their native Yup'ik names (Peter John's traditional name is Miisaaq, but he rarely uses it). Other artefacts of the Jesuits are the Bible on Peter John's table and his Hohner Special 20 harmonica. He was given the instrument and taught how to use it by the missionaries. He plays it for us, starting with hymn music and then segueing into the Forties classic 'You Are My Sunshine'.

Price, Ray. *The Howling Arctic: The Remarkable People who Made Canada Sovereign in the Farthest North.* (Toronto: Peter Martyn Associates, 1970).

A curious mix of stories about the eastern Arctic, with a certain sympathy for the native but as much or more for the officials who had to deal with their ways in establishing Canadian law.
p. 3, apropos the religious murders in the Belchers in the 1940s: Copies of the New Testament in syllabic script had been circulated among the Belcher Islands' Eskimos for years. Although no Anglican priest had been resident here, some had visited and two of the oldest Anglican Mission stations in the Territories were just across the water at Great Whale and Little Whale River…. It was at Great Whale River that some of the earliest work had been done on the syllabic script of the New Testament by the Reverend E.J. Peck.
p. 44, The Belcher islands had an HBC post and two white men in 1940: Every book in the post had been read several times and all the magazines were in tatters.
p. 68, on feuds between Catholic and Protestant missionaries and the problem they presented to Eskimos: Old native men and women in these Arctic wastes, by nature given to hospitality, friendly and happy, have found themselves threatened with eternal punishment if they entertain a Protestant missionary. New Testaments and Prayer Books have been confiscated and burned by the servants of Rome. [Quoted from *Operation Canon* by Maurice Flint, 1949]
p. 215, a medical book used to diagnose cancer in a man at Cape Dorset.

Proulx, Annie. *The Shipping News.* (New York: Touchstone, 1993).

A fictional reading experience from her novel about northern Newfoundland, in this instance a conversation on a remote island off the northern coast, where all members of its 5 isolated families could read and write: My father taught all his children to read and write. In the winter when the fishing was over and the storms wrapped Gaze Island, my father would hold school right down there in the kitchen of the old house. Yes, every child on this island learned to read very well and write a fine hand. And if he got a bit of money he'd order books for us. I'll never forget one time, I was twelve years and it was November, 1933. Couple of years before he died of TB. Hard, hard times. You can't imagine. The fall mail boat brought a big wooden box for my father. Nailed shut. Cruel heavy. He would not open it, saved it for Christmas. We could hardly sleep nights for thinking of that box and what it might hold. We named everything in the world except what was there. On Christmas Day we dragged that box over to the church and everybody craned their necks and gawked to see what was in it. Dad pried it open with a screen of nails and there it was, just packed with books. There must have been a hundred books there, picture books for children, a big red book on volcanoes that gripped everybody's mind the whole winter—it was a geological study, you see, and there was plenty of meat in it. The last chapter in the book was about ancient volcanic activity in Newfoundland. That was the first time anybody had ever seen the word Newfoundland in a book. It just about set us on fire—an intellectual revolution. That *this place* was in a book. See, we thought we was all alone in the world. The only dud was a cookbook. There was not one single recipe in that book that could be made with what we had in our cupboards. (p. 170)

Rink, Henry. *Danish Greenland: Its People and Its Products***.** Edited by Dr. Robert Brown. London: Henry S. King, 1877.

p. 168: on training of indigenous boys: The author cannot omit adding one instance to illustrate this. Once he took such a boy with him to Denmark, where he stayed only one winter as apprentice in a printing-office, and acquired a skill in book-printing, lithography, and bookbinding, of which he has afterwards given proofs by managing, all by himself, without the least assistance, a small office in Greenland, the productions of which will be mentioned by and by. This young man is by no means a rare exception; perhaps one out of ten may be found to be equally highly gifted. It cannot be denied that the half-breeds seem to surpass the original race as regards such perfectibility.
p. 213-16, **Printed Literature of the Greenlanders:** On passing from the folk-lore preserved merely by verbal tradition to the printed literature of Greenland, we must mention that a few old manuscripts have been found in the possession of the natives containing stories of European origin, which they had preserved in this way by copying them, such as 'Pok: or a Greenlander's Journey to Denmark,' 'Sibylle,' 'Oberon,' and 'Holger the Dane.' The existence of these documents proves that European tales may have some attraction for the natives, but not so much that they have been able to remember them without writing them down. The details of these stories in their Greenland versions of course frequently appear very curious.

The Literature of the Greenlanders.—The literature of the Greenlanders printed in the Eskimo language amounts to about as much as might make fifty ordinary volumes. Most of it has been printed in Denmark, but, as already mentioned, a small printing-office was established at Godthaab in Greenland in 1862, from whence about 280 sheets have issued, besides many lithographic prints. As regards its contents the Greenlandish literature includes the following books, of which, however, many are very small or mere pamphlets.

The Bible, in four or five larger parts and some smaller sections as separate parts.

Three or four volumes, and several smaller books, containing psalms.

About twenty books concerning religious objects. About ten books serving for manuals in spelling, arithmetic, geography, history, &c.

About sixteen books, with stories or other contents chiefly entertaining.

About six grammars and dictionaries in the Eskimo language for Europeans.

A Journal: Atuagagdliutit, nalinginarmik tusaruminá-sassumik univkât, i.e. 'something for reading, accounts of all sorts of entertaining subjects,' published in Greenland since 1861. Up to 1874 it comprised 194 sheets in quarto, and about 200 leaves with illustrations.

Official reports concerning the municipal institutions, 1862 to 1872, in Danish and Greenlandish, comprising about twenty-six sheets, besides many lithographic plates containing accounts and statistical returns.

Church, and Public Instruction.—For missionary affairs, comprising church-matters as well as public instruction, the natives are divided into the Danish and the Moravian communities; the former numbered 7,703, and the latter 1,945 souls in the year 1860. We have already mentioned the native catechists or schoolmasters, and the extreme difficulty of affording regular school instruction to a poor people so widely dispersed. Under such circumstances the fact is rather surprising that the ability to read and write may be said to be as common here as in any civilised country. We can confidently assert that the greater part of the inhabitants are able to read tolerably well out of every book in their own language, and that every child learns to read at least the chief passages of their usual school-books. The art of reading is not only familiar in every house, but reading also forms a favourite occupation. As to the objects of this reading we refer to the list before given of the Eskimo literature. Of course the religious part of it is still the most

popular, or until of late, we may say, the only one commonly used. The New Testament especially, and a psalm-book, are found in every house. As regards skill in writing it must be said to be at least more than half as common as in reading. Carrying on correspondence by letters has become pretty frequent between the natives of the different stations, and whenever something has to be communicated to or by a Greenlander in any station, there is scarcely ever any doubt as to the possibility of settling the affair by letter. Moreover, the natives seem to be peculiarly talented as to acquiring a good hand in writing. The Eskimo language has always been written with the common Roman letters, with addition of the letter k, signifying a very guttural k, and of accents which are of great importance. As regards orthography a great irregularity has prevailed, until of late a very ingenious and simple system has been invented by Mr. S. Kleinschmiedt, who has published a grammar and a dictionary of the language.

Religious instruction is mostly imparted through the Holy Scriptures themselves, but class-books are also used, especially with regard to the chief Christian doctrines.

We have already stated that the obstacles to public instruction, caused by the scantiness of the population and its dispersion, have only been overcome with help of the native teachers. Formerly only very few of them received any particular preparation for this task. Now all the more populous places are furnished with schoolmasters, who have been trained at the two seminaries, which in 1875 were reduced to one, established at Godthaab. At these two schools it has been the custom for from ten to sixteen young natives from different parts of the country to study for some years, and to receive instruction in the following studies. Exegesis; explanation of the leading Christian doctrines; Bible history; geography of the Holy Land: passages of the Bible learnt by heart; exercises in writing on different subjects, mostly religious; mental exercises by reading and explaining books of no religious tendency; elements of history, mostly relating to the

origin and the propagation of Christianity; elements of geography, chiefly with regard to physical geography; an introduction to natural history, with a special description of the mammalia; the elements of arithmetic; caligraphy; organ-playing and singing, together with catechistical and homiletical practice. The Danish language has also been among the branches of education taught, but with little success. It has been a rule that during their stay at the seminaries the pupils should continue to practise kayaking, and for this purpose they were ordered to have their kayaks in a proper state, and certain days were devoted to going out in kayaks during the lecture 'term,' while they had the whole summer at their own disposal for this as well as other national occupations.

Scarcely any country exists where children are so ready to receive school instruction as Greenland; it is almost considered more a diversion than a duty. Attending divine service is not less popular, and is scrupulously observed by the population. Most likely this inclination is favoured by the holidays now offering the only opportunity for festive assemblies, and by the natives on these occasions feeling themselves equal to the Europeans. But it is a mistake to believe that they would prefer to have a clergy-man of their own nation officiating. On the contrary, at Godthaab, where the Danish and the Moravian stations are situated close to each other, it has happened that when the native 'vicar' had to preach in the Danish church, the members of the community repaired to the Moravians only for the purpose of hearing a European officiating. No displeasure at all is taken at the imperfect pronunciation of the Eskimo language, to which the usage of more than a hundred years has perfectly accustomed them. [There follows a long paragraph on music and the art of singing, including this passage on p. 217: In the winter houses here and there, especially in isolated places, the old monotonous songs, perhaps also accompanied with the drum, are said still to be used, but rarely when Europeans are present.]

p. 351-52, in the District of Umanak: There is a church in this place, and a small dwelling for a missionary, but none has resided there for several years. On November 7 the sun shines for the last time at Umanak, but continues to light the mountain tops at noon for 12 days longer, and after having announced its return in a similar way it again makes its first appearance on February 2. The only circumstance that tends to render these dreary months at all supportable to others than the natives is the sudden change taking place in December, by which the surrounding sea with all its numerous ramifications is transformed to one level plain, from which, with rare interruptions, an easy access can be gained to every part of its extensive shores until the first part of May. Even during the darkest period there is always sufficient daylight for taking a walk across the ice to the opposite shore of the mainland and back again with ease, making in all about 10 miles, when the weather is not too unfavourable. But in the house one is unable to read by daylight, and especially with a cloudy sky, and snow lamps have to be kept burning all day. In weather like this, when one is confined to the narrow rooms with nothing to vary the monotony of the darkness that reigns without except the howling of the dogs, in which they all join at intervals, at a sign accidentally given by one of them. Christmas time is of course exceedingly dull to European residents at Umanak, especially to single people.

Rink, Henry. *Tales and Traditions of the Eskimo, with a Sketch of Their Habits, Religion, Language and Other Peculiarities….* Translated from the Danish by the Author. Edited by Dr Robert Brown. Edinburgh: Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons, 1875.

Rink's second volume of Eskimo Tales with his introductory sketch on their culture, based not on ornaments, weapons and other remains: But the time will certainly come

when any relics of spiritual life brought down to us from pre-historic mankind, which may still be found in the folk lore of the more isolated and primitive nations, will be valued as highly as those material remains. In this respect the Eskimo may be considered among the most interesting, both as having been almost entirely cut off from other nations and very little influenced by foreign intercourse, and also as representing a kind of link between the aboriginals of the New and the Old World (p. vi). It is a fascinating collection of tales, with brief introductions noting the sources of the stories. Here are a few examples:

p. 106: IGIMARASUGSUK.

[This somewhat trifling but still curious story is well known to every child in Greenland ; and one tale has also been got from Labrador, and is undoubtedly another reading of the same original, though much abridged and altered.]

IT was said of Igimarasugsuk that he always lost his wives in a very short time, and always as quickly married again; but nobody knew that he always killed and ate his wives, as well as his little children.

p. 109: KUMAGDLAT AND ASALOK.

[This story, also well known in all parts of Greenland, has been derived from five copies, written in different parts of that country. Unlike the preceding tales, it exhibits a more historical appearance, apparently referring to certain occurrences which must have taken place during the stay of the primeval Eskimo on the shores of the American continent, and have been repeated until our day. It indicates the first appearances of culture in attempts to provide tools or weapons from sea-shells, stones, and metal, as well as conflicts and meetings of the Eskimo with the Indians, which in recent times have still taken place on the banks of the Mackenzie and Coppermine Rivers.]

p. 116: A K I G S I A K.

[Of this tale six different copies have been received. It seems in a very remarkable way to refer to certain historical facts in regard to the intercourse between the Indians and the Eskimo, and is in some measure analogous to the folk-lore of several other nations, ascribing certain great actions, especially such as the defeating of some monstrous and dreadful animal, to one special hero. The text, however, is here given in an abridged form, the story itself not being very interesting.]

p. 434: THE DREAM AND CONVERSION OF KAMALIK.

[This tradition appears to rest upon an event mentioned by Crantz in his 'Historie von Gronland,' p. 561, as having taken place in the year 1743; but it is given here in a very much abridged form, from two manuscripts, a great portion of which was merely copied out from the New Testament, and some other religious books.]

Other Notes:

p. vii: As to the spelling of Greenland words and names, we have to draw a distinction between those which are more properly used as representing the foreign expressions themselves, and those which have been wholly embodied in the Danish or English language of the text, and thereby subject to the orthography of these languages. In the first instance, the words distinguished by a different type, are spelt in exact accordance with the orthography now adopted in the native schools of Greenland. In the preliminary sketch, where this orthography is explained, it will be seen that all the sounds may be expressed by our usual Latin characters, with the exception only of a deep guttural k, for which the character **k** has been formed; the other more peculiar sounds having been substituted by double consonants or expressed by accents. The other letters are pronounced almost identically with those of the German and Scandinavian languages.

p. 65: Art, on the contrary, we may properly consider to be separately represented by songs, already mentioned as an

entertainment at the festive meetings. In being recited or intoned, it will be remembered that they combined mimicry and music with poetry. To be properly appreciated, even the tales must be heard in Greenland, related by a native raconteur in his own language; but the songs are still more unfit for rendering by writing or translation, the words themselves being rather trifling, the sentences abrupt, and the author evidently presuming the audience to be familiar with the whole subject or gist of the song, and able to guess the greater part of it. Every strophe makes such an abrupt sentence, or consists of single and even abbreviated words, followed by some interjectional words only used for songs and without any particular signification. The gesticulations and declamation, accompanied by the drum, are said to have been very expressive, while the melody itself was rather monotonous and dull. The old mode of singing is now nearly extinct in the Danish districts of Greenland.

p. 69: Lastly, it must be noticed that though the present Greenlanders appear to have a pretty fair talent for drawing and writing, scarcely any traces of the arts of drawing and sculpture belonging to earlier times remain, with the exception of a few small images cut out in wood or bone, which have probably served children as playthings. The western Eskimo, on the other hand, displayed great skill in carving bone ornaments principally on their weapons and tools.

p. 78: Two national treasures yet remain to the natives, by means of which they still maintain a kind of independence and national feeling—viz., their language and their folk-lore. Through the tales, they also still preserve a knowledge of their ancient religious opinions, combined somewhat systematically with the Christian faith. Tornarsuk, in being converted into the devil by the first missionaries, was only degraded, getting in the mean time, on the other hand, his real existence confirmed for ever. In consequence of this acknowledgment in part of tornarsuk, the whole company of inue or spirits were also considered as still existing. The ingnersuit were expressly charged by Egede as

being the devil's servants. The Christian heaven coming into collision with the upper world of their ancestors, the natives very ingeniously placed it above the latter, or, more strictly, beyond the blue sky. By making tornarsuk the principle of evil, a total revolution was caused with regard to the general notions of good and evil, the result of which was to identify the idea of good with what was conformable to European authority; but, unhappily, the rules and laws given by the Europeans often varied with the individuals who successively arrived from Europe quite ignorant of the natives.

Roberts, Osseannah. *Son of the North.* Boston, MA: C. M. Clark Publishing Co., 1908.

A fictional romance of North Canada about immigrants from Scotland, with a few reports of reading incorporated into the novel.
p. 125-26. The little maid is vigorous in her pantomime, and Holdfast looks wonderingly at her. “Thou remindest me of the bewitched children of Salem, of which I have read!”—says Holdfast— “What dost thee ail, that thou drivest thine arm back, and in, like the neck of an angry gander?” She mimics the motion, her eyes following the pointing finger as she talks; and she stops with mouth wide open in the middle of a word, her arm extended in imitation of the girl's action. In this position she walks slowly forward; her startled gaze fixed upon the figure in the chair; and she goes timidly toward him as though fearful that this man upon whom her gaze is fixed may vanish. She touches with her fingers the head above the chair-back, when, feeling real hair, she whispers, as though in terror of her own voice; “George, is it truly thou?” “Yes, Holdfast, it is myself and no other!”— assures George, his eyes shining with delight and mischief.

p. 227-28: It is to Donald's door, Margaret comes, to read aloud, from the Book of Books; and it is here she kneels in prayer; asking the All in All to guide her in every right way; to keep her from thought of self; from unholy, and unlawful desires and aspirations. She prays that Donald may be restored to his right mind; that the Mighty Master may lift the gloom now enshrouding its splendor; and heal his mortal frame; keeping his soul clean, and blame-free, of all wrongs committed, while disease has governed to the glooming of right; and to the shadowing of all joy and peace. She thanks Him, that through His watchful care, Donald was brought across the water safe; that he was not left to the care of strangers, who could give but grudging service; and begs that she be given strength, and right impulse, to do, in the tenderest lift: father-lone; mother-lone; brother-lone; and sister-lone: his entire earthly dependence, upon one weak woman. She also prays that Donald may win comfort and peace, in leaning upon the God and All Father; and that he may feel that God's mercy is in his affliction. Donald's hands clutched and pulled, as Margaret sat or knelt; and he would glare at her fiercely, as he moved slowly, and slily, toward her; his head outstretched, as though he would tear her with his teeth; were his hands withheld from her. He showed, by every look, and act, that he hungered to do her harm; and the change has been so gradual, that no one has noticed it, until after the episode of the dinner; when all watch for signs of improve Inent.

Santmier, Arthur. *Glimpses of the Northland: Sketches of Life among the Cree and Salteaux Indians.* Chicago: Published for the Author by S. K. J. Chesbro, 1905.

p. 28: At God’s Lake the work of teaching a school was of a different character. No missionary or teacher had been stationed there, and parents and children were alike totally ignorant of the nature of a school. I arrived at God’s Lake in early September and at once commenced work. The church was a slimsy

structure, very cold, and the roof leaked so badly as to render it untenable in rainy weather. There were no desks, chairs or black boards. A few books and slates I brought from Oxford House. A number of children were orphans. I plainly announced in the preceding Sabbath services that only children of school age, that is, from six to fourteen years, would be received, and that I did not conduct a nursery, nor did I want a wife, and therefore grown-up girls could not attend the school, for their sole object in coming was to impress the school-teacher with their charms and thus win a husband if possible.

At this new place I seized the first opportunity to impress the people with the fact that attending school was a business, serious and solemn, and that the future of the child was determined largely by his school life. As a consequence I had a regular school attendance of twenty pupils, a very unusual thing in an Indian school, and all anxious to learn and the parents equally as anxious for their children to attend. On the day before opening school, one of the Indians came to me and said that his little girl was not quite five years old, but asked me if I would take her on trial for a day or two. I knew the little daughter to be very bright and of more than ordinary intelligence, and so readily granted the desired permission. He then asked me if I boarded the children in the church, and if they attended night and day. A curious question, but illustrative of the ignorance of the people in regard to school and church work. A few days after this two little girls came to school, neither of whom was past the age of three years. On the following Sabbath I announced that I could not receive infants as school children, that they should stay at home to be cared for by their mothers. Consequently one was kept at home, and the other was promptly sent home and there was no further annoyance. The mothers wished to be rid of the entire family for a time, leaving her free to perform her household duties unmolested, and the school room was considered to be the proper repository for all such families. I allowed several children under school age to remain in school as they evinced

considerable intelligence, and progressed even more rapidly than the older ones. The God's Lake children did remarkably well for youngsters fresh from the wilds, with generations, nay centuries, of ignorance and superstition permeating their entire being.
p. 31-32: As in all schools, a few [native students] forged ahead rapidly. At God's Lake one girl of twelve years or more learned so rapidly that I had every hope that she would be able to read, write and speak the English language in a year's time; but alas, how soon our hopes decay! At the end of three months I was ordered to Oxford House for the winter, the school was abandoned indefinitely; the little children of the wilderness were left once more in their ignorance.'

At Oxford House I found things entirely different. This post boasted of a resident missionary for over eighty years, and of a regular day-school for many years, and most strenuously petitioned for a continuance of the same. And yet there was no school-house, and the church, furnished with two rickety tables and one weak chair, was in sad need of repairs. I searched diligently for school supplies and found but two or three ragged books, two slates, and one small blackboard. The attendance was very irregular, some days a number being present. and other days but two or three, and it was impossible to arouse interest or enthusiasm. Drawing some times excited a passing interest, but it soon vanished, and the continual routine of school work became monotonous. I think that any trader or white person of experience in the country will bear me out when I say that the majority of Indian parents expect their children to learn in a few days or weeks all there is to be learned. Many of the Cree men and women learned to read and write their own language in a few days by the aid of the wonderful system of syllabics invented by the Apostle of the North, James Evans, and they expect their children to learn as rapidly in English.
p. 41, a wedding at God's Lake Mission: On Monday at ten o'clock the important ceremony took place. Frederick, leading his blushing bride, was followed by bridesmaid and groomsman.

and the church was rapidly filled with Indians, all attired in holiday costumes of extensive variety in style, shape, color and antiquity. I read the service in English and asked the questions in Cree. Upon being pronounced husband and wife the groom gallantly kissed his bride, and his example was followed by many in the congregation. We then adjourned to the open air where several salutes were fired from a dozen old muzzle-loading guns.

Sarnoff, Paul. *Ice Pilot: Bob Bartlett.* (New York: Julian Messner, 1966).

A juvenile audience intended here, but a good overview and a few things wrong.
p. 87-88, gives timeline of Peary's 1909 Polar trip: Feb. 28: Bartlett leaves with Keshungwah and Karko to break trail for Peary. Poadloona behind with another sled; March 14: Dr. Goodsell party returns; March 15: Macmillan returns; March 26: Marvin sent back with two Eskimos, Kudlooktoo and Harrigan (who killed Marvin); March 27: Bartlett fell in crevasse but rescued by his Eskimos; April 1: Bartlett returns; April 6: Peary claims Pole with Henson and four natives; April 8: begin return, with arrival two weeks later at Camp Columbia. Erroneously gives an account of Bartlett's disappointment at not going to the Pole.
p. 110, on Bartlett's reading when stuck in NYC after the Pole trip: To Bob Bartlett, the main branch of the New York Public Library, the one with the white lions facing Fifth Avenue, became a literal paradise. Avidly, indeed hungrily, he hauled bundles of books back to his room at the hotel and devoured them. Some, like Richard Dana's *Two Years before the Mast*, and Melville's *Moby Dick*, the stranded sealing ship captain reread a dozen times. He also began to educate himself in the nebulous art of writing a book….

Smith, William N. and George F. *Life Aboard: The Journals of William N. and George F. Smith.* Edited by Alan D. McNairn. (Saint John, CAN: NBM Publications, 1988).

Diaries of typical 19th-century voyages by New Brunswick ships to all over the world, usually carrying timber. Nothing polar about it (mostly St John to Liverpool), but an interesting example of a seaman's journals.
p. 21, suggests Cruickshank as cure for ennui.
p. 34, alludes to *London Gazette.*
p.192, re the murder of Hood by Michael on Fraanklin's overland journal: Bickersteith's "Scripture Help," was lying open beside the body of Hood, as if it had fallen from his hands, and it is probable he was reading it at the instant the cowardly shot was fired.

Stefansson, Vilhjalmur. *Arctic Manual*…Prepared under Direction of the Chief of the Air Corps, United States Army. (New York: Macmillan, 1944).

p. xi: Describes use of Stefansson's library of over 15,000 books, pamphlets, and manuscripts in preparing his report on living and operating conditions in the Arctic, and also the preparation of this Manual (1935-43).
p. 497, Preservation of Records: How to preserve a record for years or centuries is everywhere a problem, but not quite so much in the Arctic as elsewhere. For instance, Stefansson found in an open cylinder that had been filled with wet sand for more than a half a century, thawing every summer and freezing every winter, the record of McClure's discovery of the Northwest Passage. It was written on ordinary paper and still legible except in a few spots that had 'rotted' away.

In old records that have been recovered in the North, the preservation of pencil writing has usually been better than that of

ink. In some records, where both were used, nearly all of the pencilling was legible, nearly all the pen writing undecipherable.

The early explorers usually put records into whatever they happened to have with them, though some carried special contrivances. Since rust is slow in the Arctic, an ordinary water-tight tin can, such as those which hold casein or malted milk, is likely to keep a record safe for a quarter or half century. Within their natural limits bottles are excellent, or glass jars with screw tops. A brass shotgun shell, corked, would be good (except that this Manual counsels against shotguns being carried at all on long and difficult journeys).

Townsend, George. *Journal of Transactions and Events, during a Residence of Nearly Sixteen Years on the Coast of Labrador; Containing Many Interesting Particulars, Both of the Country and Its Inhabitants, Not Hitherto Known*. Three Volumes. Newark, UK: Allin and Ridge, 1792.

Townsend took six voyages to Labrador over sixteen years and this is his personal account of his experiences. Throughout the journal are many references to reading prayers to his family, sometimes twice a day.

Volume I:

p. viii: On my arrival in LABRADOR, being secluded from society, I had time to gain acquaintance with myself: and I could not help blushing when I perceived, how shamefully I had misemployed my time. The little improvement I have since made, has been entirely owing to writing my JOURNAL, and to reading a small collection of books which I took out with me; but it was too late in life, for me to receive much benefit from those helps.

It was suggested to me, that I ought to have put the manu-fcript into abler hands, who would render it less unworthy of the Public eye; but as it appeared to me, that by so doing I should arrogate to myself an honour to which I was not entitled; and

also pay such a price as would swallow up the greater part, if not the whole, of the profit arising from the sale of my books, I did not approve of the one, nor could I afford the other.

The only merit to which I have any pretensions, is that of a faithful Journalist, who prefers the simplicity of plain language and downright truth, to all the specious ornaments of modern style and description. I humbly trust, that this apology will satisfy my friends, and serve to extenuate those errors, which must be too obvious to be overlooked by critical examination.

p. 104: after a bout of snow-blindness: I was able to read much to-day. Ned was better; and the marine capable of doing his duty. Last Spring, the same man was blind for a month, and several others were so for a long time; few recovering their sight in less than ten days. The consumption of fuel in this house is very great, and yet it is intolerably cold.

Volume II:

p. 442, digging up dirt in Labrador: One of my servants having informed me on Thursday last, that a criminal connexion had been carried on between Mrs. Selby and Mr. Daubeny, and as he had discovered me this morning in an attempt to get ocular demonstration of it, I tried the affair publicly. The fact being clearly proved by two witnesses, and by very strong corroborating circumstances related by feven others, together with her own confession, I declared as formal a divorce between us as ever was pronounced in Doctors Commons. Upon reading the depositions to Daubeny, and asking him what he had to say in his defence, he positively denied the whole; accused her of being in a combination with the other people against him, offered to take his most solemn oath to the truth of his assertions, and repeatedly pressed me to administer an oath to him; but I did not chuse that he should add perjury to the crimes he had already committed. Mrs. Selby then refusing to take her oath that the child, of which she was lately delivered, was mine (the time of its birth answering to the twenty fifth of July had, at which time she was in the same house with him on Great Island, and I was

absent from the morning of the eighteenth to the morning of the twenty-ninth) and the child being very like him in many respects, and in none like me, I disowned it, and resolved never to make any provision for it, unless I should hereafter be compelled so to do by a judicial sentence.

p. 467: In the afternoon John MacCarthy having behaved very ill, and, as I was going to give him a stroke with a stick, he raised a hatchet at me, and took an oath upon a book (which I believe was a prayer-book) that he would cleave me or any other man down, who should offer to go near him. He made several efforts to chop at me, and some of my servants, who attempted to take him, and then ran off to the other end of the island. At night he went into the cook-room, where one of the people took the hatchet from him, but he absconded again.

Volume III:

p. 128: After breakfast we sent four hands to perform the last ceremony over the corps of Alexander Thompson; which they did by cutting a hole through the ice in North Harbour, reading the funeral service, and plunging the body into the water: for it would be as difficult to make a grave in the earth at this time of the year, as it would be to dig one in a freeftone quarry.

[p. 248], the first stanza of Townsend's poem on Labrador, which covers fifteen pages:

LABRADOR:
A
POETICAL EPISTLE.

WELL may you, Charles, astonishment express
To see my letter in poetic dress.
How can he, you will say, in Nature's spight.
Who ne'er found time to read, attempt to write?
Write verses too! and words to measure cut!
Unskilled in cutting, save at Loin or Butt.
No matter how; a project's in my head.

To write more verses, than I've ever read.
The whim has feiz'd me: now you know my scheme;
And my lov'd LABRADOR shall be my Theme.

Family prayers, which are absent from Volume II, return in this volume. For example: I read prayers to my little family this morning, and wrote letters all the rest of the day.
A fine day (p. 73).
p. 37: *Any one* of your friends could have told you the experience of Upper Canada, that the absence of a proper common school system, and of *British* or provincial schoolmasters and school books, had introduced American teachers and American school books into the province to an alarming extent, prior to 1837; and that, in fact, the baneful influence of these had been a main instrument in exciting in the country a spirit of rebellion against every thing British.

So much was this the case, that even the late Executive *did not dare* to propose by their School bill, that Americans should be eligible, *according to law*, as teachers, after January, 1846; yet the *Banner* must needs take upon itself to object to the exclusion of American teachers!

Let me tell you. Sir, that an interested and intelligent public will judge you *by your acts*, and not by your *words*; and that if you, in such a way as I have stated, or by unprincipled opposition to Sir Charles Metcalfe, for your own personal objects, with the members of an extreme political faction, or if in any other way you can be shown to be practically promoting Republican views, among the Presbyterian population of Canada, your well written tirades against speculative Republicanism, as you found it in the neighbouriug Republic (although from that country you will persist in still borrowing so many of your views), will fall as idly on the public ear, as did Mr. Baldwin's *professions* of devotion to the cause of "the connexion with England" (see his speech, at two different parts, at the Toronto demonstration).

[This is a letter to George Brown from [Townsend?, Entitled “Mr. Buchanan and the Banner,” Jan. 27, 1844. It is included here merely as a good example of Canadian political invective, with its analogies across the 21st-century border.]

Tucker, S. *The Rainbow in the North: A Short Account of the First Establishment of Christianity in Rupert’s Land.* New York: Robert Carter & Brothers, 1852.

Tucker’s book attempts to vindicate the subjugation of a “barbaric” and “savage” people; people who are uncertain in their survival which “arises very much from their deeply-rooted habits of improvidence” (p. 11). His pride in conversions of the natives thanks to his piety, is belied by an obvious transience of such success. His prose is too unctuous to need repeating here, a significant contrast to the more thoughtful Archdeacon of the Yukon sixty years later. A few samples will suffice.

p. 109: Another of these Indian scholars was Colon Leslie, an Esquimaux from Fort Churchill. He had learnt reading, writing, and arithmetic; and the school being at this time removed to the Grand Rapids, he was there taught husbandry and carpenters' work. He was a very promising youth, and Mr. Cockran looked forward to his being very useful at the Indian Village; but in the spring of 1835 his health declined, and he was soon after attacked with influenza, which was at that time very prevalent in the colony. During his illness he gave satisfactory evidence of being taught of God.

p. 179: “My heart was light when I saw my son take his Bible and some tracts, and when he squeezed my hand with tears in his eyes, and said, ‘I will remember Him who is over all till we meet again.’ ”

p. 303: “Now for a little account of our days: — Prayers in the school-room at seven o'clock. Mr. Hunt rings a bell a few minutes before to give notice, as our watches and dial are the only time-pieces here. After prayers we have breakfast, which

generally consists of cocoa, biscuits, and excellent fish, caught that same morning. After this, and a little time to myself for reading, I go to the school from nine o'clock to twelve. We dine at two, and in the afternoon are again busy till six, when I meet the women in the school-room, and teach them to read till seven, when we have evening prayers; and after this, we often have to speak to one or two, to whom we are giving medicine."

Umfreville, Edward. *The Present State of Hudson's Bay Containing a Full Description of That Settlement, and the Adjacent Country; and Likewise of the Fur Trade with Hints for Its Improvement, &c. &c….* Edited with an introduction and notes by W. Stewart Wallace. Toronto: Ryerson Press, 1954. [First published London: Charles Stalker, 1790]

An intimate critique of the activities and business methods of the Hudson's Bay Company and one of the earliest narratives of the fur trade in Western Canada and the Great Lakes region. Umfreville had been in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company for eleven years from 1771, and was at York Fort in 1782 when it was captured by the French under La Pérouse. Upon his release after the Treaty of Paris in 1783, he joined the rival North West Company and was engaged in exploring a new canoe route from Lake Superior to Lake Winnipeg (via Lake Nipigon). From 1784 to 1788, he served on the North Saskatchewan River, commanding at its most westerly post.

In his narrative, Umfreville supports the general charges of selfish and greedy monopoly levelled against the Hudson's Bay Company, and refers to the Company's skill in repressing the governmental investigation of its affairs which followed Arthur Dobbs' petition for the revocation of the Company's charter in 1749. By contrast, he emphasizes the greater shrewdness and prosperity of the North West Company for actively exploring

and penetrating the more lucrative interior of the country.

Umfreville also gives a detailed account of his own experiences, and describes the climate, soil, and natural history of the country, as well as the manners and customs of the native Indian tribes. One of the tables records sales of various furs; the other gives a synopsis of Indian languages. [From ABEBooks 8/22/06]

Umfreville's animus against the company is directed at their protection of their monopoly, their sale of alcohol to natives (who are completely affable when sober), their cruelty in trade with natives, and their ineptness in trade compared to the Canadians. They knew the weakness of their claim to the monopoly and thus were motivated to show the miserable state of their operations. The book is also an extended and odious comparison between the iniquities of the HBC with the sensible practices of the Canadians of the North West Company.

[J. R. Tyrrell, in his Introduction to David Thompsons' Narrative 1784-1812 (Toronto: Champlain Society, 1916) says of Umfreville: … a man in whom the virtues of sobriety, industry and hardihood were blended with a quarrelsomeness so vindictive as to make it impossible for anyone to get on with him in his own day or for any historian to trust his unsupported word in our day. (p. xvi-xvii)

Van Deusen, Glyndon. *William Henry Seward.* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1967).

p. 531: He [Seward] had that insatiable expansionist Robert J. Walker draw up a report in 1867 on the resources and geopolitical importance of Greenland and Iceland. [Walker wanted to purchase them for resources but also to encourage annexation of Canada by the US. Seward had it printed.]

See also *Miss Valley Hist. Rev* 27 (Sept 40) 263-6; *Polar Record* 21 (Sept 1982, and *Arctic* 34 4 (Dec 1982) 370-76

Wallace, Frederick William. *Wooden Ships and Iron Men: The Story of the Square-Rigged Merchant Marine of British North America, the Ships, Their Builders and Owners, and the Men Who Sailed Them.* New York: George Sully & Company, 1924.

Largely an encomium to the British men and ships operating in what is now known as Canada, with emphasis on the maritime provinces. There is a great deal of information about the building and history of Canadian, particularly those of Nova Scotia, but nothing I could find on the provision of reading matter. Probably the officers and men were too busy setting speed records.

p. 122: Very few data are to be had upon the subject of passages by British North American ships. The American and British clippers were built for fast sailing; their rapid passages were their best testimonials for securing passengers and high-class freights; they had extra gear and big crews, and their accomplishments were widely advertised and indelibly recorded. Numerous good passages were made by Canadian ships, but as they were not out to impress prospective passengers and shippers of high-rated freights, the master did not hire a Press agent to make his vessel's accomplishments known to the world. If he succeeded in clipping off two or three days in a passage between ports, it would be figured up on the ship's books as a saving in wages and maintenance. But such passages would have to be made by superior seamanship. Reckless driving, the straining of the ship's hull and possible resultant damage to cargo, and the blowing away of sails and the breaking of spars, were not encouraged by owners. Most of the masters of British North American craft had shares in their ships, and saw to it that these shares were not imperilled, but if the vessel was in good shape and the mates had the crew well in hand, no ships were ever smarter in taking advantage of a good breeze.

p. 215: The John Bunyan was a fine ship, and had a figurehead of

John Bunyan with an open book in his hands. In 1880, while bound from New York to Shanghai with an oil cargo, the master committed suicide by leaping overboard while the ship was in the N.E. Trades. The mate and the steward navigated the ship to her destination. The John Bunyan was built at Meteghan, N.S., and owned by A. Goudey and others. She was ultimately sold to Spanish owners, and was afloat in 1905 as the Palamos.

Widder, Keith R. *Battle for the Soul: Métis Children Encounter evangelical Protestants at Mackinaw Mission, 1823-1837.* East Lansing: Michigan State University Press, 1999.

This deals mainly with a US phenomenon of attempted religious colonialism with relevance to Métis in Canada (Mackinaw Mission, 1823-37). It seems a good example of indoctrination requiring a degree of literacy devoid of independent thinking. An Anglo-Métis at Lake Leech in 1833 describes the house he built, with its old straw Hat, a violin with all its appendages; a small shelf upon which are the few books we possess…" etc. (p. 12). Unlike their Chippewa cousins, Métis children at times slept on beds off the ground, listened to their fathers read from books illuminated by candlelight, and danced to fiddle music. Under the same roof, they observed their fathers transact business with their Chippewa relatives and neighbors, who did not utilize amenities such as books and coffee mills…. Boys watched their fathers, some of whom were illiterate, keep records in ledgers of each transaction, often using symbols or pictures to identify each Chippewa customer's account. Fathers recognized the advantage of written language as a tool to improve the operation of their businesses" (p. 13). Métis boys learned to speak French and/or English from their fathers and Chippewa from their mothers. Métis males could thus communicate with all members of the fur-trade society. Métis boys possessed skills that Chippewa youth did not. (p. 14).

Williams, Glyndwr. "Highlights of the First 200 Years of the Hudson's Bay Company." *Beaver* No 301 (Autumn 1970) 1-65

p. 60, has good picture of the library at York Factory—serious books & 19th-century novels and bound magazines.

Greenland

Cranz, David. *The History Of Greenland: Containing a Description of The Country And Its Inhabitants: And Particularly a Relation of the Mission Carried on for above These Thirty Years by the Unitas Fratrum, at New Herrnhuth and Lichtenfels, in that Country....* Two Volumes. (London: Printed for the Brethren's Society for the Furtherance of the Gospel among the Heathen; And sold by J. Dudley, T. Becket & P. A. De Hondt, 1767).

First Edition of the English Translation. An authoritative description and history of Greenland and chronicle of the establishment and progress of the Moravian missionary settlements at New Herrnhuth and Lichtenfels. Cranz's work contains extensive discussion of natural history, whaling, sealing and fishing, the manners and customs of the native Greenlanders, their moral character, diseases, health and medicine, language, &c., and an account of early Norse exploration. Dr. Johnson declared that very few books had ever affected him so deeply as Cranz's. The continuation, covering the period 1763 to 1768, includes the narrative of Matthaeus Stach's travels in the south of Greenland, and further observations on the country and its inhabitants.

This is partly a polemical Moravian (United Brethren: Unitas Fratrum) treatise about the mission to the Greenlanders,

preceded by a description of the land and inhabitants, based on an overwintering in 1761.
Volume I:
p. v-vi, describes the books he took with him. The titles are translated into English so it is difficult to know what editions he had with him: all that I could get together was *Anderson's Relation of Iceland and Greenland* [Copenhagen, 1748, or a similar edition]; the late *Bishop Egede's "natural History of Greenland; a Relation of Journal of his Labour*, and the *Continuation of these Relations*, published in the Danish language by his two sons, the Rev. Paul Egede, and Captain Nicolas Egede." Possible editions include: and Hans Paulson Egede's "natural History of Greenland: a Relation of Journal of his Labour, and the Continuation of these Relations, published in the Danish language by his two sons, the Rev. *Paul Egede*, and Captain *Nicolas Egede*. [These may have been:
Anderson, Johann. *Efterretninger om Jsland, Gronland og Strat Davis…* (Copenhagen: Rothe, 1748).
Egede, Poul Hansen. (Copenhagen: Johann Christoph Groth, 1741).] With this scanty store I went on board, May the 17th.
p. xi: Among the Greenlanders we are not to look for a numerous and rapid propagation of the Christian religion, attended with many surprising and extraordinary incidents. This nation itself is not at all populous: and whoever reads the third book with attention, will find their stupidity so great, and their way of living so savage, that he will readily own it to be a wonder of God, that, however, so many are made obedient to the Gospel, remain faithful, and grow and increase in the knowledge of *Jesus Christ*.
p. 290, Egede takes in two children hoping to: instruct them in the Christian religion, and also in reading and counting: As to their learning it went briskly at first, because they had a fish-hook or some such thing given them for every letter they learnt. But they were soon glutted with this business, and said, they knew not what end it answered to sit all day long looking upon a

piece of paper, and crying a, b, c, &c., that he and the factor were worthless people, because they did nothing but look in a book, or scrawl upon paper with a feather.
p. 326, The congregation at Heernhuth [The Lord'sWatch]had a custom since the year 1729, before the commencement of the year, to compile a little annual book containing a text of holy Scripture for every day in the same, and each illustrated or applied by a verse out of the hymn-book. This text was called the word of the day; it was meditated upon in secret by every one, and spoken upon by the teacher in the publick meeting.
p. 331-32. where Cranz quotes liberally from the "Relation of New-Heernhuth, 1733,' a settlement made up of Silesians and Lusatians: Mr. Egede was kind enough to offer them his help, as much as possible, in learning the Greenland language; he gave them his written remarks to copy, and ordered his children to explain it. But let any one only imagine, what incredible difficulties must beset these unlearned men; first, they had to learn the Danish language, before they could understand their instructors; next, these, who had never seen a Grammar, must form a clear idea of the meaning of the grammatical terms of art, as nouns, cases, verbs, indicative aand conjunctive mood, persons, &c. [et cetera]
p. 346, Bible-hours in 1735: "beside the hour for prayer and singing, appointed an hour every day for reading the holy Scripture and meditating thereon, in which they began at this time with the epistle to the *Romans*.
p. 390, on a school for catechism: Although this school gave them a good deal of trouble in the beginning, because the Greenland children are not easily to be kept to one thing, nora re they accustomed to any kind of education, and the parents themselves could not see the use of reading and writing; yet, after much trouble and taking, they brought it so far that some began to read.

Illustrations opposite pages listed: Map (1); Man and woman (136); House (139); Hunting weapons (146); Umiak (148); Kiack (150); Vol. II: New Heernkuth (397); Lichtenfels (399).
Volume II:
p. 20, continuing quotation from the "Relation of New-Heernhuth, 1733: The Kangek people always think, that all must be read out of a book, and when we come, they ask directly where our books are. Sarah told them, the Holy Ghost was the best school-master; if he rules in the heart, and makes the word of God to become truth in one's soul, then a person can also speak without book.
p. 45: A reading-school was kept with the children, and a singing-school with the grown Greenland-women. The men who had no time for it, learnt the hymns and the tunes from the rest in their houses. The brethren had now translated several old and new hymns and single verses; but if a verse was not to be turned into right Greenlandish, they rather omitted it than let the natives sing it without understanding it, or possibly with a mistaken idea.
p. 261, speaks of native Greenlanders' use of a manual of "moral instruction": *An essay to a little book of moral principles for the congregation, divided according to our usual method, into short lessons for every day, and calculated to be used as found proper,* 1756.

Herbert, Marie. *The Snow People*. (New York: Putnam's, 1973).

An account by the wife of Wally Herbert of a year living in northern Greenland and a year-old child and the Inuit.
p. 71: One person whom I felt craved some sort of intellectual outlet was Maria, although I do not think she was consciously aware of this. She visited me almost every day, even if it was for only a few minutes. Sometimes she would pore over our books. There were a few books in the schoolhouse which the locals

could borrow, but she had read all these and they had not been renewed for a couple of years.

Maria told me how she loved reading. She would read aloud to the family when new books arrived, until the early hours of the morning. Everyone would fall asleep, but she could not put the book down. When there were no books she got very bored….

There was a little newspaper produced in Qanaq which provided local news and a larger paper was sent up from Godhab for those who wanted to be better informed. Otherwise the Eskimos listened for international news to the small transistors that every household possessed.

p. 175: We had not brought any reading matter with us. I thought of how long we had been away…. The worst of the journey was still to come. Descending the steep side of the glacier was a challenge at the best of times. We had no way of knowing how the ice conditions had changed.

p. 247—see plate opposite, a hut lined with old newspapers and magazines.

Hutchison, Isobel Wylie. *On Greenland's Closed Shore.* (Edinburgh: Wm. Blackwood, 1930).

On this trip Hutchison took a fair number of books with her and she generously shared them with her hosts.

p. 172, in Northwest Greenland: The sun is now getting obviously lower in the heavens every day…, and every day he slants farther and farther across my bookcase, traveling slowly but steadily from 'Guy Mannering' to the Bible, from the Bible to Bentham and Hooker's 'British Flora,' departing with a last lingering caress on the broad red and gold back of Chambers' Twentieth Century English Dictionary, from which I would not be parted for the world, for it contains the roots of all our English words, and there is no study more fascinating than that of roots….

p. 201, on a birthday breakfast in North-West Greenland in honour of someone named Cecilia: I followed obediently through the village to a little earthen igdlo, where I found Cecilia and her husband drinking coffee in a very cheery little room, the walls of which were papered with sheets of an old 'Illustrated London News,' including several coloured paintings of English beauties entitled 'Fair Britain,' so that I felt quite at home. The newspapers had come from the Danish manager's house, where Cecilia was kivfak.

Kavenna, Joanna. *The Ice Museum: In Search of the Lost Land of Thule.* (London: Viking/Penguin Books, 2005).

Joanna Kavenna went north in search of the Atlantis of the Arctic, the mythical land of Thule. Seen once by an Ancient Greek explorer and never found again, mysterious Thule came to represent the vast and empty spaces of the north. Fascinated for many years by Arctic places, Kavenna decided to travel through the lands that have been called Thule, from Shetland to Iceland, Norway, Estonia, and Greenland. On her journey, she found traces of earlier writers and travellers, all compelled by the idea of a land called Thule: Richard Francis Burton, William Morris, Anthony Trollope, as well as the Norwegian Polar explorer Fridtjof Nansen . . . The Ice Museum is a mesmerising story of idealism and ambition, wars and destruction, survival and memories, set against the haunting backdrop of the northern landscape. Bookseller Inventory #0670913952

One woman's search for Pytheus's Thule, from the Shetlands to Iceland, Norway, Estonia, Greenland, and Svalbard, with no obvious conclusion but plenty of fascinating speculations.

p. 91, in Iceland a poet named Johannes speaks of his work: 'I write in the tradition of the Sagas,' he said, immediately, as I sat down. 'We all in Iceland write in the tradition of the Sagas. It wasn't so long ago, everyone knew all the Sagas; they sat around

in the evenings reciting them. On the farms in the valleys, there wasn't much to do. They called it the Icelandic Library, the old men and woman [sic] reciting the Sagas to each other, to their children and grandchildren, and of course eventually they all knew them off by heart. I write in this tradition, as an Icelander it is inherent in me,' he said.
p. 199, In the Polar Museum in Tromsø: Away from the skies and sledges and navigation equipment, I stopped at a glass cabinet, containing a pocket-sized, brown leather copy of *Frithjof's Saga*—a tale of chivalric courage and frostbitten love, adapted from an Icelandic Saga by Tegnér. The book was opened at the frontispiece, which had an inscription in it, written by Amundsen, dated 1926: 'This book came with me on all my expeditions, Roald Amundsen.' Nansen, a Frithjof by name, could recite long passages by heart.

MacMillan, Donald Baxter. *Etah and Beyond: Or, Life Within Twelve Degrees of the Pole.* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1927).

A 1926-27 Greenland expedition aboard the *Bowdoin*, with the purpose of setting up new magnetic stations and resettling old ones.
p. 47-8: In refutation of statements made by certain well-known explorers to the superiority of Eskimo morals and customs over our own and as to the expressed hope that civilization might never be the lot of their favorite tribe, an even cursory study of the works of our earliest explorers will suffice to prove that such a comparison, if it can be called such, is mere nonsense. Without exception, all early travelers found all Eskimo tribes to be thieving, lying, immoral, unmoral, and filthy. This is a strong statement, but it must be made in the interest of truth as much as I admire the character of my many Eskimo friends who have traveled with me for thousands of miles, and have shared with me the dangers and privations as well as the pleasures and contentment of the Northland.

p. 75, by contrast is this passage about one of Peary's Eskimo assistants, Panikpak: When questioned as to his thoughts when starving on the Polar Sea in 1906, he replied with a smile, 'We didn't worry. We let Peary do that!' And when questioned by me as to our real purposes in life and as to just why we were here, playing the part assigned to us in the drama of life, he replied, "I have often thought about it, and wondered why—I can think of one reason only—be kind to each other and help each other.'

These are the thoughts and words of a so-called 'savage.' p. 114: We have here a very primitive people, I mean that they clothe themselves in raw skins, never bathe, eat largely of raw meat, live in a whole in the ground. They have no books, no schools, no written or even sign language, no marriage laws, no laws at all but the laws of custom, no king or queen or chief, or leader of any kind, no music but the most primitive…, and yet it is my opinion and that of every man who has accompanied me on my various trips that these so-called savages are every bit as *intelligent* as the most highly civilized.

Chapter 9 is the usual account of winter activities, with scarcely a mention of reading, although his historical asides do show extensive reading of the polar literature, some of which he quotes at length.

p. 245, enroute home: I may say that these hardy Labrador-Newfoundland fishermen never use a chart, or what they call a 'sheet.' Their reasons are two, namely, hardly a man on board can read and write, and as a youngster in our country knows his A B C's, so these mariners know every submerged ledge, rock, and island. This coast is their school and their daily lessons are well learned.

Rasmussen, Knud. *Greenland by the Polar Sea. The Story of the Thule Expedition from Melville Bay to Cape Morris Jesup.* (New York: Frederick A. Stokes, 1921).

First chapter is a history of Eskimos starting with Ross's first communication.
p. xxi, gives Rasmussen's written agreement with expedition members: I wish before to emphasize that during Expedition there must be no difference in standing between the Eskimos and ourselves, the Eskimos being members of the Expedition with equal rights and duties to the scientists, and no man but the leader must have command over them.
opp p. 33, picture of house with bookshelves in background.
p. 43: April 11th-12th.—We spent the days at Etah killing time in various ways. We dived into the very extensive library of the Crockerland Expedition [Captain George Comer], visited the Eskimo families which all old friends of ours, and every evening ended with a ball which lasted into the early hours of the morning.

The Americans had a wonderful gramophone, which entertained us greatly with its varied and select repertoire. There was something for everybody's taste, so that at times we heard songs from all the operas of the world, sung by Caruso, Alma Gluck, Adelina Patti, etc., and at other times we abandoned ourselves to musical debauches, for a change indulging in tangos and one-steps.
p. 203: Nobody will be surprised to hear that it is difficult to kill time; we cannot sleep continually, and, hungry as wolves, we do not feel in the mood for reading, though our library yet contains the Bible and fragments of Snorre.
p. 256, in Thule on the arrival of a supply ship *Neptune*, which had brought a letter from Freuchen: In addition to this letter the considerate captain had left some newspapers, with the latest news from the War which, of course, were no less welcome than the letter itself.
p. 290-91, Rasmussen on returning to Thule on October 22, 1916: It was as if all houses sneezed at once; from every entrance a crush of people poured out, stormed toward us and surrounded us. Only Harrigan's [Inukitsoq] young wife did not

come out; she was so overcome by joy at our sudden arrival that she broke out weeping, unable to rise from her bench.

I hastened down to Freuchen, whose house lies about a quarter of an hour's walk from the camp of the Greenlanders. He was lying in bed reading a year-old copy of *Lolland-Falster Folketidende*. He was taken entirely by surprise; I entered the room before he had time to collect himself, as if shot up through the floor, fresh from my journey with the cold reeking from my clothes.

The eyes with which my old friend looked at me I shall remember as long as I live. I was back again in Thule.

Rasmussen, Knud. *The People of the Polar North: A Record.* Compiled from the Danish Originals and Edited by G. Herring. Illustrations by Count Harald Moltke. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott, 1908. [another edition London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, 1908]

But, as its title implies, it is first and foremost an account of the most northerly dwelling people in the world, that is to say, of the little Eskimo group of nomads who wander from settlement to settlement between Cape York, North of Melville Bay, and Cape Alexander (approximately therefore between 76˚ and 78˚ N. latitude), and who are called in this book the Polar Eskimos [Editor's Preface].

p. 71-72: *July 23*. [1902] —Rain and wind. We sit under an uninviting dripping of blubber. When we are tired of telling tales—and by degrees we have worked through the whole of our childhood and our taste of manhood—we lie down to sleep, or Jörgen begins to read aloud to us from his Bible. I read the Revelation of St. John, which impresses me greatly in its imposing Greenlandic translation. Jörgen clings to St. Paul, and reads me the Epistle to the Romans. Now and again an illusion of comfort visits us, and as we grow absorbed in each other's narrations we manage to forget that we are wet and hungry. It is

only when silence has fallen upon us all again that we notice how we are slowly being pickled in the wet. The sleeping-bags are drenched, the reindeer hair on them is beginning to fall off in patches, and our clothes are smelling musty. Our feet are white and swollen from the damp, and we are cold.

p. 248, a West Greenland story:

"Now tell tales, like you did yesterday!" proposed Manasseh, his mouth dripping with lamp-blubber.

Now that we were once more enjoying the comforts of our tent, life began to assume a more rosy hue again, and we honestly endeavoured, both of us, to forget the disappointment of the reindeer-hunt.

Once more the conversation turned upon robbers and missionaries; Manasseh's curiosity was insatiable. He was very anxious to become a missionary himself, and a conviction of his vocation had been produced in him by a revelation that he had had. He was ready to leave wife and home at any time to go out to the "heathen."

He narrated his revelation with great pride. On a lonely path he had met two old men with long white beards. They led him into a little house, and showed him, through the windows, a large multitude of people gathered together on a wide plain. And the older of the two, a very old man, whose beard was as long as the white locks which hung down his back, spoke to him:

"Dost thou see those people out there? There are good and bad amongst them, all mixed up together; thou shalt lead them on their way through life here."

And then the old man gave him a large book, the Bible, with the words—

"From that, thou, and afterwards others, shalt learn."

And the old man disappeared.

Then Manasseh made his way down to the people that had been pointed out to him; but the way down to them was long and arduous. Then he led his flock forward, through many trials. After long wandering they came to a long and narrow pass,

through which all had to go, but only a very few of them made their way through. On the other side the old man met him, and, with joy in his face, lifted his arms high above his head, saying—

"Manasseh, thou hast accomplished a great work !" Manasseh had grown very solemn, and we drank our tea in silence.

It was not for some time that my companion got his tongue going again, and then he told me a tale about cannibals that was enough to make my hair stand on end.

When, late at night, I slipped down into my sleeping-bag, my brain had hard work to unravel all the impressions of the day—our camp for the night on Naternaq Plain, where as a rule no one ever comes in the heart of winter, the reindeer-hunt, our wild race, stories of robbers and missionaries, revelations and prophets, legends of cannibals—and I fell asleep firmly convinced that there is no country in the world where a traveller meets with such a luxuriant variety of experiences as in Greenland.

p. 259-62, Greenlanders oral history: The Greenlanders love this wandering life, and when the conversation turns on their adventures, their tales run on apace. The narrator is fired by the many eyes directed upon him; he gesticulates in illustration of his story, which is now listened to in breathless silence, now accompanied by laughter and shouts of acclamation. It is no read-up knowledge that the Greenlander spins out, but it is a fragment of his own restless life that he is retailing to his comrades; and the subject of his tale being an ever-present and actual one, his words invariably collect a lively concourse of hearers—or perhaps, too, a reverential audience.

Ojuvainath sat on one of his salmon barrels and blew out the smoke from his pipe in rings. Work was over, and the others were standing in groups round about him.

As I looked at him, a strange feeling, which I could not at once account for, came over me, an impression of being transported into long-vanished ages.

The camp behind us, and this handsome, slender man, with the powerful shoulders, sunburnt face, and sharp profile—ah! yes, I had it; he reminded me of old Homer's muscular heroes. That was just how it seemed to me they must have looked. And the proud, hot-tempered and handsome hunter, Ojuvainath, the mighty harpooner, the swift-footed, fleet reindeer-hunter—Achilles, Achilles! After that I could not dismiss the idea from my mind.

"Tell us something about your reindeer-hunts, Ojuvainath."

"It is difficult, straight off the reel like that," he replied, gazing in front of him. "And there is nothing remarkable to tell; afterwards, it seems as though one year has been just the same as all the rest. And yet every day is different, while the hunt lasts; every day brings its own joys, disappointments, and hardships.

"I hunted for twenty summers. I was barely fourteen when I began. Then I was at the age when one is eager to compete with the best; and, as there were legends afloat concerning the North Greenlanders, I went up there with an uncle—just as a rower in his umiaq. That was as far as North Stromfjord, right up to the head. The following year I went north again, this time as master of my own umiaq. l was fifteen then. Up to my thirty-sixth year I went reindeer-hunting every summer in our own districts here, about South Stromfjord; it is only of late that I have settled down to the salmon- fishery. It pays better.

"The North Greenlanders, 1 must say, are better on their legs and more alert than we Southerners; they are almost too competitive. In kayaks, on the other hand, we are the best. The ice shuts them off from the sea, you see, in the winter."

p. 305-07, about an East Greenlander named Christian who had once murdered someone: Strangely enough, I had read about Christian before I myself met him ; in a little missionary paper I had seen a few lines that made me anxious to know him.

In a diary kept by his priest during the baptismal instruction, under the heading of a date that I no longer remember, had been written:—

"Sometimes I am seized with an incomprehensible disquiet when I have to instruct Christian. I have a feeling that it is Satan incarnate whom I have before me.

"To-day, as I was about to start out to my teaching of the heathen, I was again seized with this terror of facing Christian; and I was obliged to let them wait while I went down to the seashore to fortify myself in solitude by prayer to Almighty God."

Chance brought me in contact with this said Christian, and after living with him for some time, I managed to win his confidence. But I never could quite fathom him. His eyes always made me doubtful.

I only remember to have seen that timorous, despairing look in the eyes of a stricken reindeer.

Sometimes a twitch would shoot across his face that would give him an extraordinary resemblance to a tired and tamed wild beast.

And that was about what he was. The ruthless murderer had been appalled one day by his own deed; and now he was tamed—though whether it were the priest or the remembrance of his own deeds that had restrained him, who shall say?
p. 311-12, on East Greenlanders and their tales; Of course it is difficult to reproduce Eskimo legends in another language. The means that are resorted to in the telling of them to evoke laughter and produce effect are so utterly different from those to which we are accustomed, that, in a translation, there is great danger of being crude just where for an Eskimo the point lies.

It must be remembered, too, that what is considered brutally coarse by cultured people does not produce by any means the same impression on the Eskimo, whose natural bluntness and straightforwardness prevent him perceiving what

we should call a meanness. And people may talk aloud and unabashed of things which to us are indecent.

Further, the legends are intended to be told, not to be read; and a good story-teller will put so much zest into his narration and his mimicry that it is keen enjoyment merely to watch him.

Seaver, Kirsten A. *The Frozen Echo: Greenland and the Exploration of North America ca A.D. 1000-1500.* Stanford, CA, Stanford University Press, 1996.

Interesting study of the Norse settlement in Greenland during its chief period, and its demise.
p. 311: But both circumstantial evidence and common sense suggest that the Greenlanders, who had so clearly taken active part in the North Atlantic economic community throughout the fifteenth century, had remained opportunists to the end and joined the early-sixteenth-century European surge toward North America.

Wager, Walter. *Camp Century: City under the Ice.* Philadelphia and New York: Chilton Books, 1962.

An enjoyable read about the U.S. Army Corps of Engineer's nuclear-powered city tunneled into the Greenland ice cap. The base was 130 mi. from Thule, 100 from a slightly nearer base (Tuto), and thus Camp Century. It operated for about six years and was intended as a model for future bases. I don't know if there is any summary study of its accomplishments. This is the human interest part of it, not long after it opened up, a rather saccharine account. There are some casual mentions of the library and plate 1 has a picture of the library at Camp Century. Plus these citations:
p. 75: "There's a girl behind every tree in Greenland." In case you've forgotten there are no trees in Greenland.

And there are no pretty girls at Century.

Not live ones—but there are large color photos from such literary magazines as *Playboy*. It was such a picture that may have contributed to Joe Kumbar's weird adventure in the 165-foot shaft that led to the frozen chamber at the bottom of the well…. [Goes on to tell story of the distracting pinup almost causing an accident.]

p. 90, in the living cubicles: Some of the men have added small personal reading lamps, and short-wave radio receivers, and portable hi-fi phonographs are quite common.

p. 94: Although Century is fairly isolated…, every mailbag brings in weekly news magazines and other periodicals (*Saturday Evening Post*, *Time*, *Reader's Digest*, *Life*, *Newsweek*, *Look*, etc.) as well as bundles of daily newspapers. The unit funds of the Century contingent have been used to buy subscriptions to the New York *Times* and the Washington *Post*. The camp also receives the Chicago *Tribune* as a gift, a present paid for by the board of that publication.

…nearly a dozen ordinary U.S. citizens have paid for memberships in the Book-of-the-Month Club. The books go to Century, and the bills to the stateside donors who have no personal connection with the strange outpost. The men inside the glacier are deeply grateful, and quietly delighted that their fellow citizens are so proud of their lonely work.

p. 105: After dinner, the men of the isolated outpost have about three hours free for recreation and personal activities. The Post Exchange in Trench Ten is quite busy with shoppers buying stationery and color film and magazines, and many of the men drift on to the library in the same building to examine what new books have arrived. The men at Century do a lot more reading than soldiers at an ordinary military installation in the continental United States. They also do more writing….

1789-93 Overland Voyages of Mackenzie Exploring the Far North

Mackenzie, Alexander, Sir. *Voyages from Montreal, on the River St. Laurence, Through the Continent of North America, to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans; In the Years 1789 and 1793. With a Preliminary Account of the Rise, Progress, and Present State of the Fur Trade of that Country.* Philadelphia, PA: John Morgan, 1802.

Mackenzie was the first white man to cross the Rockies, discover the river named for him, following it to the Arctic Ocean, and to write the early history of the fur trade.
p. iii: In this voyage, I was not only without the necessary books and instruments, but also felt myself deficient in the sciences of astronomy and navigation: I did not hesitate, therefore, to undertake a winter's voyage to this country [i.e. Britain] in order to procure the one and acquire the other.
p. xxviii, on missionary influence on the Algonquins and the Iroquois: Near the extremity of the point their church is built, which divides the village in two parts, forming a regular angle along the water side. On the East is the station of the Algonquins, and on the West, one of the Iroquois, consisting in all of about five hund- red warriors.Each party has its missionary, and divine worship is performed according to the rites of the Roman Catholic religion, in their respective languages in the same church: and so assiduous have their pastors been, that these people have been instructed in reading and writing in their own language, and are better instructed than the Canadian inhabitants of the country of the lower ranks: but notwithstanding these advantages, and though the establishment is nearly coeval with the colonization of the country, they do not advance towards a state of civilization but retain their ancient habits, language, and customs, and are becoming every day more depraved, indigent, and insignificant.
p. 166: Lost a book of my observations for several days.
p. 174, a footnote: *From this day [Monday, 27.] to the 4th of June the courses of my voyage are omitted, as I lost the book

that contained them. I was in the habit of sometimes indulging myself with a short doze in the canoe, and I imagine that the branches of the trees brushed my book from me, when I was in such a situation, which renders the account of these few days less distinct than usual.
p. 180, another footnote: *I shall now proceed with my usual regularity, which, as I have already mentioned, has been, for some days, suspended, from the loss of my book of observation.

McDougall, John *In the Days of the Red River Rebellion.* Toronto: Briggs, 1903.

p. 26-27, winter of 1868-69 near Edmondton: Most of our reading was done by the time tallow dip or chimney fire; our literature was limited, and of the ancient type; one thousand miles to the nearest post gave us very little trouble with our mail.
p. 36, winter 1868-69, again in Saskatchewan: Getting out timber and lumber, gathering firewood, hauling hay, keeping the pot boiling, and our time was fully taken up. Even if we had a study and books, there would have been precious little time for them. But as we see things now, our study was a big room wherein was all manner of strange life and mysterious problems, and in the working out of the questions before us at the time God was teaching in his own way.

1884 Whaling Voyage to Greenland (aboard *Aurora*)

Lindsay, David Moore. *A Voyage to the Arctic in the Whaler* Aurora. Boston: Dana Estes, 1911.

This voyage was in 1884 to Greenland fisheries via Newfoundland. His introduction is prescient: I cannot imagine it being read by many, as the subject can only interest a few who have themselves gone down to the sea in ships. (p. 11). Lindsay was a lively reader but more in retrospect than in this book.

p. 12: Being fond of adventure, and having read as many works on the subject as most boys of my age, it was with great pleasure that I looked forward to hearing a lecture by commander Cheyne, R.N…. For days after I could not think of anything else. During study at night, I used to spend a good deal of time looking at a map of the Arctic seas, and picturing Melville Bay with its dangers. After leaving school, and while at college, I read Walter Scott's "Pirate." It told about the Orkneys and Shetlands, and its frequent allusions to the whaling industry set me thinking….
p. 21, during a long bout of seasickness enroute across Atlantic: My room was illuminated by a small light set in the deck overhead and by a partially submerged port, so it was not cheerful. Above my head there was a book shelf. I tried to read, but could not feel interested as it was so very depressing to look forward to months and months of this sort of thing.
p. 146, a passage about Greely when their ship stopped at Cape Sabine

1889-91 Canadian Overland Journey to Barron Grounds by Warburton Pike

Pike, Warburton. *The Barren Grounds of Northern Canada.* London: Macmillan, 1892.

An 1889-91 trip from Edmonton to Athabasca and the barren grounds in search of caribou and musk-ox. Pike nearly starved on Peace River in 1891.
p. 122: From every point of view, then, the Indian of the Great Slave Lake is not a pleasant companion, nor a man to be relied upon in case of emergency. Nobody has yet discovered the right way to manage him. His mind runs on different principles from that of a white man, and till the science of thought-reading is much more fully developed, the working of his brain will always be a mystery to the fur-trader and traveler.

p. 131, on his pleasure at reaching Fort Resolution, after four months on the barron ground: How strange it seemed once more to sit at a table, on a chair, like a white man, and eat white man's food with a knife and fork, after the long course of squatting in the filth of a smoky lodge, rending a piece of half-raw meat snatched from a dirty kettle. Then, too, I could speak again in my own language, and there was a warm room to sit in, books to read, and all the ordinary comforts of life, with the knowledge that so long as I stayed in the house I had my own place, while the wind and the snow had theirs outside.
p. 137: Close at hand lay the Protestant Mission, where there was always a welcome, and, with these attractions and a fair supply of books, time did not hang at all heavily till early in February the winter packet from the outside world arrived. I received a big bundle of letters, the first that reached me since June, but it happened that none of the newspapers for the fort turned up, and were left in ignorance of what had happened in the Grand Pays.

1898 Norwegian Surveying Expedition to Northern Greenland (aboard *Fram*, commanded by Otto Sverdrup)

Sverdrup, Otto. "Captain Sverdrup's expedition to Northern Greenland." *Geographical Journal* 13 (Feb 1899) 136-147

Re the 1898 ship and sledging expedition aboard the *Fram*, designed to survey the northern coast of Greenland, map its coastline, and to determine the extent of its northern islands. The article includes a description of *Fram*'s equipment.
p. 141: For the intellectual diversion of the expedition, a library of several hundred volumes, consisting principally of books used on the former expedition [of *Fram*], was taken. A considerable number of new books was added, however, and the saloon furnished with a piano for the musical entertainment on board.

1899 British Athabasca and Peace River Treaty Expedition of 1899

Mair, Charles. *Through the Mackenzie Basin: A Narrative of the Athabasca and Peace River Treaty Expedition of 1899…. Also Notes on the Mammals and Birds of Northern Canada.* By Roderick MacFarlane. Toronto: William Briggs, 1908.

p. 5-7, where the Preface provides a good introduction to the expedition and this book: The literature descriptive of Northern Canada, from the days of Hearne and Mackenzie to those of Tyrrell and Hanbury, is by no means scanty. A copious bibliography might be compiled of the records of its exploration with a view to trade, science, or sport, particularly in recent years; whilst the accounts of the search for Sir John Franklin furnish no inconsiderable portion of such productions in the past. These books are more or less available in our Public Libraries, and, at any rate, do not enter into consideration here. Such records, however, furnished almost our sole knowledge of the Northern Territories until the year 1888, when the first earnest effort of the Canadian Parliament was made "to inquire into the resources of the great Mackenzie Basin." …

A treaty with the Indians of the region followed this Report in 1899; but, owing to the absence of roads and markets, and other essentials of civilized life, not to speak of the vast unsettled areas of prairie to the south, the incoming, until now that railways are projected, of any great body of immigrants was very wisely discouraged, and this in the interest of the settler himself. The following narrative, therefore, has lain in the author's diary since the year of the expedition it records, its publication having been unavoidably delayed. It is now given to the public with the assurance that, whilst he does not claim freedom from error, which would be absurd, he took pains with it on the spot, and can vouch, at all events, for its general accuracy.

The writer, and doubtless some of his readers, can recall the time when to go to "Peace River" seemed almost like going to another sphere, where, it was conjectured, life was lived very differently from that of civilized man. And, truly, it was to enter into an unfamiliar state of things; a region in which a primitive people, not without faults or depravities, lived on Nature's food, and throve on her unfailing harvest of fur. A region in which they often left their beaver, silver fox or marten packs—the envy of Fashion—lying by the dog-trail, or hanging to some sheltering tree, because no one stole, and took their fellow's word without question, because no one lied. A very simple folk indeed, in whose language profanity was unknown, and who had no desire to leave their congenital solitudes for any other spot on earth: solitudes which so charmed the educated minds who brought the white man's religion, or traffic, to their doors, that, like the Lotus-eaters, they, too, felt little craving to depart. Yet they were not regions of sloth or idleness, but of necessary toil; of the laborious chase and the endless activities of aboriginal life: the region of a people familiar with its fauna and flora—of skilled but unconscious naturalists, who knew no science.

Such was the state of society in that remote land in its golden age; before the enterprising "free-trader" brought with him the first-fruits of the Tree of Knowledge; long before the half-crazed gold-hunters rushed upon the scene, the "Klondikers" from the saloons and music-halls of New York and Chicago, to whom the incredible honesty of the natives, the absence of money, and the strange barter in skins (the wyan or aghti of the Indian) seemed like a phantasmagoria—an existence utterly removed from "real" life—that ostentatious and vulgar world in which they wished to play a part.

It was this inroad which led to the entrance of the authority of the Queen—the Kitchi Okemasquay—not so much to preserve order, where, without the law, the natives had not unwisely governed themselves, as to prepare them for the incoming world, and to protect them from a new aggressor with

whom their rude tribunals were incompetent to deal. To this end the Expedition of 1899 was sent by Government to treat for the transfer of their territorial rights, to ascertain, as well, the numbers and holdings of the few white or other settlers who had made a start at farming or stock-raising within its borders, and to clear the way for the incoming tide of settlement when the time became ripe for its extension to the North. This time is rapidly approaching, and when it comes the primitive life and methods of travel depicted will pass away forever.

p. 105, between Fort Chipewyan and Fort McMurray: But old as the fort [Chipewyan] is, it has no relics—not even a venerable cabin. In the store were a couple of not very ancient fling-locks, and, upstairs, rummaging through some dusty shelves, I came across one volume of the Edinburgh, or second, edition of Burns in gray paper board—a terrible temptation, which was nobly resisted. Though there was once a valuable library here, with many books now rare and costly, yet all had disappeared.

p. 127: What can equal the delight in the wilderness of hearing from home! It was impossible to make Grand Rapids, and we camped where we were, the night cold and raw, but enlivened by the reading and re-reading of letters and newspapers.

p. 138: The Hudson's Bay Company had built a post near Mr. Weaver's Mission, and there was a free-trader also close by, named Johnston, whose brother, a fine-looking native missionary, assisted at an interesting service we attended in the Mission church, conducted in Cree and English, the voices in the Cree hymns being very soft and sweet. Mr. Ladoucere was also near with his trading-stock, so that business, it was feared, would be overdone. But we issued an unexpectedly large number of scrip certificates here, and the price being run up by competition, a great deal of trade followed.

p. 460, in the Mackenzie Basin: General Greely, U.S.A. (a renowned Arctic traveller), considers Collinson's referred-to voyage as one of the most remarkable and successful on record. With a sailing ship he navigated the Arctic, forward and back,

through 180 (61 one way) degrees of longitude, a feat only excelled by the steamer "*Vega*;" but he also sailed the "*Enterprise*" more than ten degrees of longitude through the narrow straits along the northern shores of continental America, which never before nor since have been navigated, save by small boats and with excessive difficulty. Of all Government naval expeditions searching for Franklin he (elsewhere mentioned) came nearest the goal. Admiral Richards has also characterized Collinson's Arctic Journal as a "record of patience, endurance, and unflagging perseverance, under difficulties which have perhaps never been surpassed."

p. 460: Again General Greely observes that as Dr. Rae was compelled to hunt and explore on foot without dogs or native Eskimo assistance, it should not be considered surprising that he did not examine all of West Boothia on the occasion of his hearing of Franklin's fate, while he believed that his eleven hundred mile journey of exploration with two men in the spring of 1851 is one of the most remarkable on record.

p. 460-62: Readers of the narrative of the northern coast discoveries of Dease and Simpson, in the years 1837, 1838, 1839. 'under the auspices, and at the expense, of the Hudson's Bay Company, may remember that they erected a large and conspicuously placed cairn of stones at Cape Herschell, latitude 68° 41' 16" north, longitude 98° 22' west,—their most northerly attained point. This cairn was on the line of retreat of the Franklin men under Crozier and Fitzjames. Captain McClintock visited the spot early in June, 1859, and found that one side of the cairn had been pulled down, probably by the retiring party, and, from evident indications, they no doubt placed a notice and perhaps some of the valuable records of the expedition therein. Unfortunately, however, Eskimos undoubtedly visited, secured and destroyed these papers. McClintock says he could not divest himself of the belief that some record was left there, and possibly some most important documents which their slow progress and fast failing strength would have assured them could

not be carried much farther. It was with a feeling of deep regret and much disappointment that he left Cape Herschell without finding any records whatever. He therefore truly remarks: "Perhaps in all the wide world there will be few spots more hallowed in the recollection of British seamen than this cairn on Cape Herschell."

"Some regret had been expressed by many people interested in Arctic exploration that after the return of Sir Leopold McClintock no steps were taken by the British Government to obtain still further particulars of the fate of Franklin and his gallant men. In the United States, however, among our kith and kin, the subject was not forgotten. The late Captain Hall pursued a laborious investigation among the Eskimos of that region, and eventually ascertained that one of the abandoned ships, with five of her crew on board, had actually, and in a measure, accomplished the North-West Passage, and that she was afterwards deserted by them near Reilly Island, in about latitude 68° 30' north, and longitude 98° 8' west, where the Eskimo found her. Hall collected one hundred and fifty relics of the ill-fated expedition which had belonged to the officers and crews. It was also reported by Eskimos, through the American whalers operating in Hudson Bay, that one officer (Captain Fitzjames probably) and a companion were living as late as 1864, and that there were books and records in possession of the north-western tribes of Eskimos.

"These reports found little credence in England, but it was otherwise in the United States; and among other believers was a fine army officer, the late Lieutenant Schwatka, who, with Mr. W. H. Gilder as second in command, and two American companions, resolved on the difficult and even dangerous enterprise of testing their accuracy. In August, 1878, a Yankee whaler deposited themselves and their stores, provisions and equipments at a point named 'Camp Daly,' in latitude 63° 40' north, and not far from Chesterfield Inlet. Hudson Bay. They passed the winter there, and on the 1st of April, 1879, they

started out on their long and arduous journey to King William Island, accompanied by thirteen Eskimos, including women and children, with several kayaks or canoes and three heavily-laden sledges, drawn by forty-two native dogs, carrying about a month's provisions for the party, consisting principally of bread and meat landed from the whaler, and their store of firearms and ammunition."

It would occupy too much space to give even an abridged narrative of the work of these Americans on this wonderful journey. Suffice it to say that, with the aid of their Eskimo friends, they made a thorough and exhaustive search of King William Island, and of the country at the estuary of the Great Fish River, Montreal Island, and of the other relative points reported upon by Dr. Rae, Captain McClintock, and by the eastern Eskimos to themselves and Captain Hall. They met many Eskimos and discovered several probably despoiled graves, many human bones and other relics of the unfortunate expedition; but no records whatever, except one placed by McClintock in a cairn on "King William," on 3rd June, 1859. Five months were spent on the island.

p. 469: Late in the autumn of 1862, the lamented Professor S. F. Baird, at that time Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, wrote me that the reading of the List of Birds and Eggs collected on the Anderson, season 1862, was like a dream, as it contained a reiteration of species which he had always considered as the "rarest among the rare." This, although good, was but the beginning of that probably unexcelled (individual) Anderson Collection, which that year was put up in ten; but which for 1865 (our best and last season on Franklin Bay), comprised thirty-five boxes of zoological, ethnological and other objects of Natural History.

1952-54 British North Greenland Expedition (Commander James Simpson, RN)

Primarily a scientific mission although most of the 30 men involved were British military. It involved studies of glaciology, meteorology, geology and physiology. Gravimetric and seismological surveys were also made, along with work on radio wave propagation. Another purpose was to gather information on carrying out military operations under Arctic conditions.

Banks, Mike. *High Arctic: The Story of the British North Greenland Expedition.* London: Dent, 1957.

Captain Banks was in the Royal Marines and was Officer-in-Charge of a Weasel team, for this 1952 expedition.

p. 2 Victorian accounts
p. 23: Knowing that I should sadly miss the warmth and strong colours of the South, I bought a book of reproductions of Van Gogh's paintings, and was thus able to carry with me the diaphanous sunlight and vivid colours of Arles…. One of my jobs had been the procurement of gramophone records, and I made sure that we had an adequate supply of serious music. We took Decca long-playing records, and excellent they were.
p. 104: We also thought that it was the plain duty of four lonely men to have a pin-up, so we cast about for one and Taffy found an advertisement in a Danish paper depicting a very finely endowed nightclub artiste, one Anna Laurie, unencumbered by too many clothes. She was framed [and] we grew very fond of her….By some mischance she died a sad death by cremation, and for some time we were inconsolable.
p. 153—reference to *The Naked and the Dead* and the introduction of its choice vocabulary to the Danes they visited.
p. 159??, Banks on re-reading the *Odyssey*: As the journey progressed I became more and more engrossed in the book, and regret to say I was often guilty of remaining in absorption long after the Weasel in front of me had moved on.

p. 189: In 1953 a columnist in the *Daily Mail* solicited letters from readers to members of the expedition for an impending air-drop—large response included 80% from women who, knowing little or nothing of polar exploration either enjoyed playing a small vicarious part in our adventure or, often in the case of the teenager, sniffed romance in the form of a lonely explorer.
p. 218: The mural decorations of the common-room were a fairly reliable index of our mental state. Just after the hut was built a few pin-ups of fairly adequately clad females had been added…the only colourful decorations to hand….When a few landscape reproductions, including Constables 'Hay Wain,' were produced, the erotics were taken down without regret. This state of affairs continued until the second winter, when a quantity of magazines of the *Lilliput* type arrived. This, coupled with the fact of not having seen a girl for eighteen months, made us think about feminine charms very much more, and tended to render the Constable less aesthetically satisfying. At last Buck Taylor, a more honest type than most, could stand the strain no longer, and overnight a positive academy of females, mostly nude, utterly ousted Constable. Marilyn Monroe reigned supreme.

Illus., opp. p. 218: photography of an expedition member looking at a reproduction of Constable's 'Hay-Wain,' surrounding by pictures of nude women, with steak sauce and ketchup bottles in the foreground.
p. 22, during the second winter: We spent some cheerful evenings selling certain items of expedition equipment, notably the gramophone, records, books, and kitchen utensils. There was keen competition for all these articles.

'What's that ruddy noise?' Eddy Jones asked me one day when somebody had a record on.

'You ought to know,' I told him, 'you've bought the record!'

'Oh! Then I must have bought the other side,' he answered.
p. 224, the delights of mail after a long winter: The tedium of the second winter has wrapped us about like a depressing blanket,

which the sun could not entirely disperse. We had grown bored of the base hut, the food, and the never-ending work on the rickety trailers. Only the thought that this was the last lap sustained us….

Hudson's Bay Company

Allen, Robert S. "Peter Fidler, and Nottingham House, Lake Athabaska," *History and Archaeology* 69 (1983) 283-347

Anderson, David. *The Net in the Bay, Or, Journal of a Visit to Moose and Albany, by the Bishop of Rupert's Land.* London: T. Hatchard, 1854.

Account of an evangelizing journey from Fort Gerry to Albany and Moose on the James Bay in 1853, with various liturgical services throughout the trip, by the first Bishop of Rupert's Land (consecrated 1849). The book is full of pieties but somehow a sense of sincerity breaks through.
p. 3: A tin box, containing my robes and a few articles of clothing, a waterproof leathern bag with some other necessaries, and a very small box with papers, letters, and two or three books; this was all that I could carry for so long a journey.
p. 5, at Brokenhead River he was reading on his journey, "Ryle's Sermons to Children": …and felt the desire that something of this stamp might be translated into the Indian tongue, their simplicity and plainness seems so calculated for usefulness. But, alas! they are still too advanced for the poor Indian—the bread must be broken into much smaller crumbs for them….

I was reading, during the rest of the day, an interesting lecture on New Zealand, by…Rev. Ralph Barker.
p. 7-8: I occupied myself with an Ogibwa grammar and a little German, and the time passed rapidly on.
p. 17: After service we parted into groups. I gave my own men some tracts and books. H. A. Mackenzie read some passages, in

Ogibwa, to the Indians; James M'Kay read to me some hymns with which he was familiar, from Dr. O'Meara's Prayer Book, and, after leaving me, I heard him soon singing with the Indians, one of the hymns we had sung in their own tongue. I heard also a little girl say her alphabet and read….

p. 93, July 29th.--….: After prayers with my own men, I had the Indians assembled: some are absent from the Fort, but upwards of fifty were brought together, men, women, and children. To see them with their books is novel to me; these are little paper books, in which Mr. Horden writes out for them in the syllabic character, the Ten Commandments, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer, with the opening versicles of the Prayer-book, and a few leading texts containing the essence of the Gospel; added to these are a few short hymns, and these they copy out and multiply themselves. [Mr. Horden at the time was not ordained.]

p. 99: The great novelty to me is to find Indians looking into a book, and that a book bearing on another world and their souls, and in their own tongue…. They have, some of them, a case for their little books, two bark boards, like the oaken boards of old binding; these, tied together with a leather thong, make a treasure. This they will carry sixty miles off, and there they will read it together. Is not this as of old, when a few leaves of the Bible were precious, and is not the very office of a scribe revived? Mr. Horden is as yet the chief scribe over them, but many from among themselves are, as it were, scribes of the Lord.

p. 112, at Fort Moose: Saw the library lately established, numbering, as yet, very few books, promised to write home on their behalf to some of our societies. It is a subject which has been much on my mind. If libraries of some extent could be established at some central posts, and the books circulated through the surrounding district, the good effect produced might be very great. It might be the means of self-improvement to young men cut off from all the advantages of society, and beguile the solitude of these retired posts. Something has already

been done by gentlemen in the service. I hear with pleasure that there is a library of more than 300 volumes at Fort Simpson, which is for the use of the Mackenzie River District generally. The addition of a few such in other parts of the country would be a great boon. York and Moose would seem to be suitable spots for their establishment.

p. 126-31, part of Bishop Anderson's duty was to administer confirmations as well as the examination of Mr. Horden for ordination, including tests on the 39 Articles, OT History, evidences, NT history, Church History, and finally preparation of a sermon, which Anderson read in mss.

p. 130: One advantage Mr. Horden possesses, and which it seems only an act of justice to others to mention. That he has more time for study and self-improvement than any of our other missionary clergy.

p. 133, at Fort Churchill: Dr. Long, late of Montreal, the medical officer, had a very good collection of sacred music, from which we tried over many old favourites, aided often by his voice and instrument.

p. 188-89, on August 31st, during heavy rains: My companion during the morning was Trench, "On the Study of Words," a book which I seized on with great delight, and read and re-read by the way. It was, indeed, one which bore well a second and third perusal, as suggestive of thoughts, and thus a good companion for a solitary journey…. That friends at home imagined it a book to my mind may be inferred from the circumstance, that three copies of it have reached me; the one which luckily found its way to Moose, was fully digested on my way home, and the others which I found there were not lost, as they have been thoroughly instilled into my scholars, and thoroughly enjoyed by them, and some of my clergy.

p. 204, at Martin's Falls, 800 miles from home: There was a small collection of books belonging to the postmaster, with which I passed, as it turned out, an enjoyable day. I had not seen "Blair's Lectures on Rhetoric" for many years, and beguiled the

time by reading right through the Lectures on Pulpit Eloquence, and also his critique of the most eminent historical and philosophical writers, ancient and modern. [Cf. Melville's sarcastic comment on Blair in *White-Jacket*.]Though not always agreeing with the book or its style, it brought up many old recollections. There was also a good old work on the immortality of the soul by Wadsworth, 1670; besides it "Jamieson's Manners and Trials of the Early Christians," and several others, which I was astonished to find in so remote a spot. With these the long solitary winters need never be dull. Indeed, to know the full value of a book, one requires nothing more than a secluded post and a snowy or rainy day.
p. 216: I have too more time to enjoy the prospect [sic], having fewer books. All [his books] have been left behind or nearly all. A book is such a gift when the means of reading are small, that one leaves behind all that one can. The weather too, when stormy, does not so well admit of reading, as the rain falls on the page; and even apart from this, when poling vigorously, as we have been doing more or less for weeks, the book runs a risk of a splash, which cannot at times be avoided.

Ballantyne, Robert Michael. *Hudson's Bay; Or Every-day Life in the Wilds of North America, during Six Years' Residence in the Territories of the Honourable Hudson's Bay Company.* Edinburgh: William Blackwood, 1848.

A good description of life and travel in mid-century HBC territory, by an amiable parson.
p. 116: A few days after my arrival, the Council 'resolved' that I should winter at Norway House; so next day, in accordance with the resolution of that august assembly, I took up my quarters in the clerks' room, and took possession of the books and papers.
p. 117, at Norway House: Mr Russ is reading the "Penny Cyclopædia" in the Hall (was the winter mess-room is called), and I am writing in the dingy little office in the shade, which

looks pigstyish in appearance without, but is warm and snug within.
p. 134: In due time I arrived at the parsonage, where I spent a pleasant afternoon in sauntering about the village, and admiring the rapidity and ease with which the Indian children could read and write the Indian language by means of a syllabic alphabet invented by their clergyman. The same gentleman [Mr. Evans of Rossville] afterwards made a set of leaden types, with no other instrument than a penknife, and printed a great many hymns in the Indian language.
p. 159-60; Ballantyne spent two years at York Factory, and he describes his life in Bachelor's Hall there: During winter we breakfasted usually at nine o'clock, then sat down to the desk till one, when we dined. After dinner we resumed our pens till six, when we had tea, and then wrote again till eight, after which we either amused ourselves with books (of which we had a few), kicked up a row, or, putting on our snowshoes, went off to pay a moonlight visit to our traps.
p. 218-19: There is nothing more distressing and annoying than being wind-bound in these wild and uninhabited regions. One has no amusement except reading, or promenading about the shores of the lake. Now, although this may be very delightful to a person of a romantic disposition, it was any thing but agreeable to us, as the season was pretty far advanced, and the voyage long; besides, I had no gun, having parted with mine before leaving Norway House, and no books had been brought, as we did not calculate upon being wind-bound.
p. 220-21, held up by a storm on Lake Winnipeg: Saturday [August] 30*th*—In the morning we found that the wind had *again* risen, so as to prevent our leaving the encampment. This detention is really very tiresome. We have no amusement except reading a few uninteresting books, eating without appetite, and sleeping inordinately. Oh that I were possessed of the Arabian Nights' mat, which transported its owner withersoever he listed!

It is now four days since we pitched our tents on this vile pint. How long we may still remain is yet to be seen.
p. 312: The almost total absence of religion of any kind among these unhappy natives, is truly melancholy. The very name of our blessed Saviour is almost unknown by the hundreds of Indians who inhabit the vast forests of North America [this he writes of the Gulf of St. Lawrence region]…. There are not, I believe, more than a dozen or so of Protestant clergymen over the whole wide northern continent.

For at least a century these North American Indians have hunted for the white men, and poured annually into Britain a copious stream of wealth. Surely it is the duty of *Christian* Britain, in return, to send out faithful servants of God to preach the gospel of our Lord throughout the land.

Bryce, George. *The Remarkable History of the Hudson's Bay Company Including that of the French Traders of North-Western Canada and of the North-West, XY, and Astor Fur Companies.* London: Sampson Low, Marston & Company, 1900).

A general history of the Company from the seventeenth century until the end of the Reil Rebellion until after 1870 and the Company's "great prospect" at the beginning of the twentieth century. He tries to recount with fairness the problems of the Company, its dubious Charter, the feud with Dobbs over Hudson Bay as the route to the NW Passage, problems with both Catholics and the metis, but he is too pro-British and anti-Catholic to be totally convincing. But he does show the urbane education and wide reading of many of the traders.
p. 283: In his will, a copy of which lies before the writer, it is made quite evident that Fidler was a man of education, and he left his collection of five hundred books to the nucleus of a library which was absorbed into the Red River library, and of which are to be seen in Winnipeg to this day.
p. 284-85, more about Peter Fidler's will.

p. 297, re the correspondence between Hargrave and Governor Simpson: That the Hudson's Bay Company officers were not traders only is made abundantly evident. In one of his letters, Governor Simpson states that their countryman, Sir Walter Scott, has just passed away, he thanks Hargrave for sending copies of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and orders are often given for fresh and timely books. … He speaks to Hargrave of the continuation of Southey's "History of the War of the Peninsular War" not being published, and we know from other sources that this History fell still-born, but [Chief Factor John] Stuart goes on to say that he had sent for Col. Napier's History of the Peninsular War." "Napier's politics," says Stuart, are different, and we shall see whether it is the radical or a laurel (Southey was poet laureate) that deserves the palm." These examples but illustrate what all close observers notice that the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company not only read to purpose, but maintained a keen outlook for the best and most finished contemporary literature. Much additional evidence might be supplied on this point.
p. 301, on John Sieveright writing: Writing of Fort Coulonge, he gives us a picture of the trader's life: "This place has the advantage of being so near the civilized world as to allow us to hear now and then what is going on in it; but no society or amusement to help pass the time away. In consequence I cannot help reading a great deal too much—injurious at any time of life—particularly when on the wrong side of fifty. I have been lately reading John Galt's 'Southernan.' Not much to be admired. His characters are mostly all caricatures. If place will be allowed in paper trunk, I shall put that work aond 'Laurie Todd' in for your acceptance."
p. 336: Lefroy [Sir Henry] wintered [1843]in the fort [Chipewyan], where the winter months were enjoyed in the well-selected library of the Company and the new experiences of the fur trader's life, while his voyageurs went away to support themselves at a fishing station on the lake [Athabaska].

p. 355, on Adam Thom, first recorder for the Red River Settlement: He had been a journalist in Montreal, was of an ardent and somewhat aggressive disposition, but was a man of ability and broad reading.
p. 380-81, on developments in Labrador: Since the time of McKenzie the fur trade had been pushed along the formerly unoccupied coast of Labrador. Even before that time the far northern coast had been taken up by a brave band of Moravians, who supported themselves by trade, and at the same time did Christian work among the Eskimos. Their movement merits notice. As early as 1749 a brave Hollander pilot named Erhardt, stimulated by reading the famous book of Henry Ellis on the North-West Passage, made an effort to form a settlement on the Labrador coast. He lost his life among the deceitful Eskimos.
p. 384, at Fort Chipewyan: At this historic fort also, Roderick McKenzie, cousin of the explorer, founded the famous Athabaska Library," for the use of the officers of the Company in the northern posts, and in its treasures Lieutenant Lefroy informs us he reveled during his winter stay.

Cluny, Alexander. *The American Traveller: Or, Observations on the Present State, Culture and Commerce of the British Colonies in America.* London: Dilly and Almon, 1769.

Cluny wrote this after a year at HBC's York Factory, attacking the Company for its monopoly and the suspicion they were hiding knowledge of the Northwest Passage.
p. 3-4, the author begins his dedication of the work to George III (1738-1820) by defending his epistolary style: … having been mostly, if not solely accustomed to the epistolary Style, in a Life of Business, I can express my Thoughts more readily, and perhaps more clearly in that, than in any other. Though this were not the Case, there are abundant other Reasons to determine me in this choice.

By this Manner of writing, I have an Opportunity of dividing my Work, so as to avoid the grievious Disadvantage of having the Reader breakoff, perhaps in the middle of my Argument, because he does not see a resting Place prepared for him; the most indolent, or inattentive, seldom having so little Curiosity, or being so soon tired, as to stop before they reach the End of a Letter of moderate Length.

Beside, in this Method, I may myself take the Liberty of stopping a little while, or going a few Steps out of my Way, now and then, to take Notice of any Thing that may illustrate my Subject, or enforce my own Sentiments…,

I mention these Particulars, my Lord, not as unknown to your Lordship, but to obviate the Objection of Vanity, which may probably be made to my using this mode of Writing….

Cole, Jean Murray. *Exile in the Wilderness: The Biography of Chief Factor Archibald McDonald 1790-1853.* Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1979.

McDonald was head of a group of Scots who emigrated to Hudson Bay and dropped at Churchill instead of York Factory. Several died enroute to their intended settlement on Red River.
p. 20: …Edwards and McDonald immediately surveyed their meager libraries and sent their homeless neighbor [Charles Auld?] some of their own books "to cheer you in your present melancholy situation." Mr. McDonald's library is much of the same stamp as mine. He will send Franklin's life, 1st vol., the 2nd not being at hand at the present, but will get it another time. He has likewise McKenzie's Voyage which I suppose you have read. A few old newspapers will make up the budget.

Cowie, Isaac. *The Company of Adventurers: A Narrative of Seven Years in the Service of the Hudson's Bay Company 1867-1874, on the Great Buffalo Plains.* Lincoln, NE: Univ. of

Nebraska Press, 1993. [First published Toronto 1913. Reprint ed. with new intro by David Reed Miller.]

Journal and newspaper accounts of a minor HBC fur trader, who eventually became disaffected with the Company (and vice versa).
p. 77, note on importing of books on HBC ships.
p. 109: The library [at York Factory] held many valuable old books of travel, with special reference to those on the Bay and North-West. It was kept up by subscription, ten shillings a year being contributed by each clerk, and a smaller sum by such of the men as patronized it.*[Footnote]

* I am informed that although many books have been spoilt or lost, this library still contains many rare and valuable volumes. Could not the survivors of the old subscribers ask for its removal to the custody of the Provincial Library at Winnipeg?
p. 223, welcome by chief clerk Alexander Macdonald to Fort Qu'Appelle, where Cowie was assigned: Letters from his relatives and from his patron, Mr. Edward Ellice, M.P., still kept him in touch with his native glen, and subscriptions to those fine old newspapers, the Inverness *Courier* and the *Scottish American Journal*, afforded him full intelligence of public affairs. Nor did the periodicals, to which he freely gave me the benefit, end with those newspapers, for he subscribed also to the Leonard Scott American re-publications of *Blackwood's Magazine* and 'the three Reviews.' Besides all this good reading he had the, also familiar, red leather-bound thick volume of Oliver and Boyd's Edinburgh Almanac sent out to him yearly, and, as he either knew personally or through friends of a number of celebrities and others mentioned in it, he searched that almanac as one devout might search the Scriptures, and with such effect that he could quote the pedigrees of all those given in it as quickly from memory as he could do that of any horse in the band of hundreds attached to the fort.

p. 231: …once I had settled down off a voyage, I fell at once into my old habit at home of reading, or working to all hours of the night.
p. 235: Charles Pratt, Catechist of the Church of England Missionary Society, was a pure Indian of Assiniboine and Cree blood: In searching the Scriptures of the Old Testament he had recognized so many traits and customs of the Israelites to be so entirely like those of the Indians of the prairie, as to have become convinced that these Indians were the Lost Tribes.

Dease, Peter Warren. *From Barrow to Boothia: The Arctic Journal of Chief Factor Peter Warren Dease, 1836-1839.* Edited and Annotated by William Barr. Montreal: McGill-Queens University Press, 2002.

Interesting for the accomplishments in surveying the Arctic coastline and for the interactions between Dease and Thomas Simpson, the co-leaders of this HBC expedition. Dease is modest, competent and, in his journal at least, dull. Simpson is the better educated, more egocentric (a la Peary), volatile, and in the end gets himself shot (or shoots himself). Simpson, the cousin of Governor George Simpson, is contemptuous of both Dease and George Back (who is also exploring at the same time), but can also be fawning and almost sanctimonious to his superiors.

The book centers around Dease's journal but is interspersed with other relevant correspondence presented chronologically, including letters of Simpson to friends, joint letters to HBC as official reports, journal entries from various forts they visited, etc., all with summary introductions by Barr. Many general references to books but without titles given (e.g. p. 40, 106, 130-1, 184, 210, 220, 288). Other references as follows: p. 17, included in the first volume of Dease's journal: an English/Inuktitut vocabulary, which he had copied from that included in Parry's narrative of his second expedition, to Winter

Island and Igloolik, and to which Dease had made some minor additions, in pencil. (Barr)
p. 56, Simpson to George Simpson 31 May 1837: We have received Captain Back's journal by the winter express. It contains, indeed, little thought, with no small portion of French sentimentality and self-admiration; but, altogether, I think that he has made the most of his subject, which was not a fertile one.
p. 57, Simpson to his brother Alexander: Captain Back's present "terrific" voyage [on the *Terror*] is not to interfere with ours; and we are in high hopes of reaching the Pole first, perhaps dining there together. His book is a painted bauble, all ornament and conceit, and no substance." The book is probably George Back. *Narrative of the Arctic Land Expedition to the Mouth of the Great Fish River*…. Philadelphia, PA: Carey & Hart, 1836.
p. 59: Simpson returns to the subject of Back in a letter to Donald Ross, 31 May 1837: I have perused Capt Back's journal; the style of the book is showy, and of the writing often amusing and sometimes elegant; but it is "parvum in multo", which if we do aught, will prove a deletante in that line; you shall have the whole in small enough compass. I was telling Mr. Dease that I wish we had carrier pigeons to bear a message to the gallant Captain, inviting him to dine with us some day next summer at Ross's Magnetic pole. If both parties prosper it is indeed not improbably that we may meet somewhere in that parallel. [In this letter Simpson misquotes Lord Byron's "The Destruction of Sennacherib." See footnote 69.
p. 68-9, Letter of George Simpson to Dease and Thomas Simpson, 30 June 1837: Captain Back's narrative was sent you last fall [presumably the copy Simpson is alluding to above] and Capt. Ross's and Mr. King's are now forwarded. [These would likely be Sir John Ross. *Narrative of a Second Voyage in Search of a North-West Passage*… [1829-1833] (London: A.W. Webster; 1835.); and Richard King, *Narrative of a Journey to the Shores of the Arctic Ocean in 1833, 1834, and 1835: under*

the Command of Captain Back, R.N.... Two Volumes. (London: R. Bentley, 1836.)

p. 71, on Simpson's having achieved Point Barrow, Barr has this to say: The only jarring note is to be found in Simpson's self claim that this achievement was solely due to his efforts. Thus in a letter to his brother Alexander he wrote: "for I and I alone, have the well-earned honour of uniting the Arctic to the great Western Ocean, and of unfurling the British flag on Point Barrow." It never seems to dawn on Simpson that Dease made a major contribution by provisioning, encouraging, and reassuring the voyageurs in an environment which was almost totally alien…." The similarity to Peary is notable in his desire for Fame but alone and unshared (see October 25, 1839 below).

p. 129, Simpson to James Hargrave, 17 January 1838: In March I propose leading the way for our boats & baggage to the Coppermine. I do not in the least apprehend that Capt. Back's researches will interfere with ours; indeed I suspect that he has much under-rated the land portage from Repulse Bay to the Gulph of Boothia. King's book is the most venomous thing I have read for a long time. We have ample means of falsifying many of his assertions. Sir John's [Ross] is a dry, prosing concern. Having received no news papers, we are almost totally ignorant of public events; but, as regards our own circumscribed world, we are delighted with the splendid result of last year's trade….

p. 130-1, Simpson to Donald Ross 18 Jan 1838: …for that venomous scoundrel King, I hold in my hands the means for swamping the whole credit of his book, an affidavit of James McKay and George Sinclair that his story of their fatal encounter with the Esquimaux is utterly false and unfounded. Nor are proofs wanting that he has slandered an honorable body of men, in regard to their treatment of the aborigines. But of these in their own time and place….after wading through Ross's wordy journal…. [The whole letter is fascinating for Simpson's style

and his own venom, betraying what seems to be a deep prejudice against Inuit and half-breeds.]
p. 134, Dease and Simpson to Norway House: We are unfortunately unprovided with a nautical almanac for the year 1839, and unless we can obtain one in time, we shall not consider ourselves justified in venturing our party in an unknown country.
p. 136, Simpson to George Simpson from Fort Confidence, 29 January 1838: Time flies quickly enough in this desolate abode; though, not having Captain Back's good fortune in obtaining newspapers and periodicals, the rest of the world is dead to us."
p. 137, Simpson to Alexander, same date: When fatigued with writing, chart-drawing, and astronomy, I have a resource which you would hardly have expected here, in an excellent little library, which, besides scientific books, and a regiment of northern travels, contains Plutarch, Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, Shakespeare, Smollett, and dear Sir Walter. It is well that we came so provided; for our *friends* have not thought fit to send us any of the publications of the day.
p. 280, Simpson to George Simpson, 25 October, 1839: Fame I will have, but it must be *alone*. My worthy colleague [Dease] on the late expedition frankly acknowledges his having been a perfect supernumerary; and to the extravagant and profligate habits of half-breed families I have an insuperable aversion."
Could Peary have read Simpson, their braggadocio is so similar?

Douglas, George M. *Lands Forlorn: A Story of an Expedition to Hearne's Coppermine River.* By George M. Douglas With an Introduction by James Douglas. (New York, G. P. Putnam's, 1914). [Reprinted Tucson, AZ: Zancudo Press, 2008]

p. 45-46, on finding two dead bodies, a dirty note-book, and some carbolic acid: The stench was insufferable, worse than any other form of decomposing animal matter, and blended with it was the peculiarly acrid smell of old smoke from spruce fires.

One could remain in that loath some atmosphere only a few minutes at a time; the bodies were in a state of decomposition so advance that it was necessary to break the bunks down and carry them out as they lay. Close to the house on that pleasant point we buried them both in one grave, dug as deep as the frozen ground permitted.

In the note-book we were able to make out the following message, written on different pages and evidently at different times.

"Cruel treatment drove me to kill Peat. Everything is wrong he never paid one sent ship everything out pay George Walker $10 … I have been sick a long time I am not Crasey, but sutnly goded to death he thot I had more money than I had and has been trying to find it.

"I tried to get him to go after medison but Cod not he wanted me to die first so good by."

"I have just killed the man that was killing me so good by and may god bless you all I am one weak bin down since the last of March so thare hant no but Death for me." [spellings as in the original]

He had shot the other man and then probably ended his own life by a dose of carbolic acid.

p. 90, on the difficult journey up the Dease River to the Coppermine, noting the inadequacy of the maps for the region: Our chief guide was Hanbury's book, …. It was the most difficult part of all his extraordinary journey and he describes it in detail; we found his account most helpful, accurate, and reliable; only in one place is there a small omission, perfectly excusable.

p. 106: And so indeed it proved; a mile or so farther on we reached a place that answered exactly to Hanbury's description but Simpson's as well. We had always supposed from reading their books that they had used different routes, now we could see it had been the same….

p. 156, in a chapter called “A Winter in the Arctic”: We all read at meals; our own stock of literature was very limited, but Hornby had quite a collection, cheap reprints of mostly good novels, which we read and re-read I don’t know how many times.

Among the few books we had brought with us was Michelet’s *History of France*, which I had borrowed from the Hudson Bay Co.’s factor at Fort Simpson. This served me for “breakfast reading” all the winter. I read that book through several times to my passing interest, but to very little permanent benefit. The Doctor also read it most assiduously. It was in two volumes and he would read one while I pored over the other; then we would exchange and re-exchange them. Whether he knows less about the early history of France than I do I would hesitate to conjecture. I don’t think Lion ever tackled this book; had it been three volumes he might have done so.

At dinner time, in a more relaxed state of mind, I always read some of the lighter literature we had. When we had gone through Hornby’s books several times we tackled a heterogeneous collection of trash left by Hodgson; old magazines and various more or less lurid novels, dirty, torn, and with pages missing. Late in the winter when anything new was a real God-send I found a quite simply and prettily told story called *Sunshine and Snows;* the front pages were missing and to this day I don’t know the author’s name. [Possibly Hawley Smart: *Sunshine and Snow*, 1878]

p. 211-12, on Eskimos near the coast: I had written down a number of Eskimo words in my note-book, a kind of a little dictionary that I had made in the winter from a French-Eskimo dictionary by Père Émile Petitôt. They understood very few of these words, no doubt because of my own imperfection of pronunciation, but once in a while I would get out a word that they did know and then their astonishment and delight was most amusing; they would crowd around the book and listen as though they expected to *hear s*omething from it. I wrote down a few

words that I got from them and this seemed to surprise them no less; they all wanted to try their hands with the pencil; it was delightful to see their joy at being able to make marks that to them probably looked much the same as my own.

Downes, Prentice Gilbert. *Distant Summers: P. G. Downes' Journals of Travels in Northern Canada, 1936-1947.* Two Volumes. (Ottawa, CAN: McGahern Stewart Publishing, 2012).

Volume I: 1936-38
p. xvii: An ardent outdoorsman – he hunted, fished, and sailed – Downes felt a compass-directed attraction to the North, and by 1935 he had begun building a personal library of histories of the fur trade and books by northern explorers and travelers; he also subscribed to the Hudson's Bay Company's magazine, *The Beaver*.
p. 13: Another story which illustrates the conjunction of Christianity and the old beliefs rests in a tale told by still another Grand Rapids Cree. He said he was walking along one evening when he suddenly came upon a windigo – a terrible-looking creature with tusks, and black face, and staring eyes all blood-shot, and claws like an eagle's. The *witigo* came screaming at him, but fortunately he had been to a wake and had a prayer book with him which he waved in the face of the witigo: the latter gave one howl and disappeared into the bush.
p. 25, Aug. 28 Reindeer River: On the island of a trapper's old camp. One of those incongruities so characteristic of the north, for [here] so far away from anywhere, was a July cover of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Stump Lake appears as Royal Lake on map.
p. 34-5: The elaborate grub outfits which appear in sporting magazines make me laugh – not only would they break your back on portages, but you never would have enough to eat, for you need a lot of something. If you have rice, you need a lot at one whack.

Volume II: 1939-1947

The second volume is mainly topographical accounts of his summer travels through the Barren Lands. Obviously an intelligent and educated man, Downes says little about any intellectual or social issues but shows constantly his love for that part of the world. In a fairly quick reading I found nothing of his own reading. Appendix A, following his last journal for 1947, [unpaged section immediately after page 334], the editor does refer to Downes' correspondence with Harry Moore clearly showing Downes' interest in the history of the region: Over these years Downes spent many hours typing in close detail for Moody account of their travels and explorations by Peter Fidler, the Frobishers, Alexander Henry, Peter Pond, and Samuel Hearne; he also sent tracings of certain of their, and others', maps.

p. [338, unpaged] gives Downes summary of his life of wanderings in northern Canada, written for a school reunion at Kent School: I liked the life and I liked the people there. I saw a lot of it just as the old north was vanishing; the north of not [*sic*] time, of game, of Indians, Eskimos, of unlimited space and freedom. I remember one time after a dreadful trip, camping on the edge of the tree line, again it was one of those indescribable smoky, bright-hazy days one sometimes gets in the high latitudes. I had hit the caribou migration and there was lots of meat; it was a curious spot, for all the horizon seemed to fall away from where I squatted, and I said to myself: Well, I suppose I shall never be so happy again.

Downes, Prentice Gilbert. *Sleeping Island: The Story of One Man's Travels in the Great Barren Lands of the Canadian North.* (New York: Coward-McCann, 1943).

A delightful book of Chipawyan and Cree folklore by a regular American summer visitor in the 1930s and early 40s, a Harvard man (AB '33) and high school teacher at Belmont Hill

School. He loved exploring the Barren Lands during his summer breaks between 1937 and 1947. Shows signs of his fairly wide reading on the history of the region, but none of his own reading on this particular voyage. Since he never overwintered his opportunities for reading were limited.
p. 85-6, on his missionary friend Father Egernolf. About the Chipewyans Egernolf had this to say: Like the birds and the animals, their God-given sphere is limited to what they know. Let me give you an example. During the summer here I have a catechism class of the children every day. Every day through the summer I go over the same thing, the identical questions and answers. Do you think they learn?

There was a little girl in my class. She looked very bright—most Indian children do. Every day I took special care of this little one. I went over the questions and answers with her alone. You know, there is a part of our catechism where the question is asked, 'What is the most beautiful thing that God created?' The answer is: 'Man and all the angels.' But do you think I could teach this simple thing, that this little mind could learn? Every time I asked: 'What is the most beautiful thing that God created?' She would look up at me and say: '*Idthen!*' the caribou.

… It has been thirty-four years now. Sometimes when I feel weak, I say to myself, 'Thirty-four years here and I have perhaps done nothing.'
p. 293, concerning the fur traders and hunters from many nationalities who separated themselves from the Canadians, or the "people outside": Though they shunned the world in actuality, they did not in thought or fancy. Several were omnivorous readers. Many times during the night I would be awakened as one of my hosts lit a candle, seized a book, and read until nearly dawn. One of the brotherhood was a prolific and fecund poet. In discussions and arguments, particularly if enhanced by a case of beer or two, monologues and

conversations soared to the most prolix and profound spirals of philosophic thought.

Ellis, Henry. *A Voyage to Hudson's-Bay, by the Dobbs Galley and California, in the years 1746 and 1747, for Discovering a North West Passage*. (London: H. Whitridge, 1748).

This volume is credited with definitively disproving Arthur Dobbs theory of a North-West Passage through Hudson's Bay. It is an important early source on the nature of the Inuit.
p. 172, on Aurora Borialis: But if the Moon does not shine, these lights are much more apparent; for one may then read distinctly by them, and the Shadows of Objects are seen upon the Snow, tending to the *South East*; as the Light shines brightest in the opposite Quarter, where it rises, and whence the Rays thereof are propagated over the whole Face of the Sky, with a waving kind of Motion.

Harmon, Daniel William. *A Journal of Voyages & Travels in the Interior of North America, Between the 47th and 58th Degrees of Latitude…* (Andover, MA: Flagg and Gould, 1820). [See also a later edition called *Sixteen Years in the Indian Country,* ed. William Kaye Lamb (Toronto: Macmillan, 1957).]

A very long sojourn (1803-1818 or so), by a Christian fundamentalist troubled by sin but trusting in God. Had a common law native wife who is not discussed very much until he finally marries and in reference to children. Tells harrowing tales of native drinking and its consequences, despite the fact that he provided liquor to them. On the death of his son, see p. 238-39.

Preface is by the editor, Daniel Haskel, dated Burlington, VT, Aug 2, 1820, who had edited the book from Harmon's journals. Harmon was a Partner in the North West Company who traveled extensively (5000 miles) from Montreal to the Pacific

during 15 years with the Company and who had promoted a school for inculcating Christian beliefs among the Athabaskans. Harmon served as secretary of the NW Company in his later years.

Harmon himself is engaging in his naiveté, his love of books, his comments about his common law wife and children, and a bit morose in his pious self pitying. Most disappointing is his failure to name any of his "lifeless friends" [books] other than the Bible.

The book includes a map based on MacKenzie and drawn by Arrowsmith, but extensively corrected and claimed to be "the most correct map of the interiour of North American, which has ever been published" (p. viii). The preface also has a section on predominant languages, on missionary needs of the "aborigines," on the burden of the Métis on the Company and plans for their resettlement on Rainy Lake River. Notes that partners of the NW Company have contributed towards a school bringing "the light of science, and the still brighter light of the Sun of Righteousness" (p. xvii), all directed at the mixed blood children rather than the "wandering savages" (p. xix) because they would have more influence toward religion among the Natives, "having some of the Indian blood circulating in their veins." p. xii: The souls of the Indians are more valuable than their furs.

The journal proper begins on April 19, 1800, with departure from Montreal of 30 canoes, each holding 3 or 4 tons and manned by 8 or 9 voyageurs.

p. 27: Sunday May 4, 1800: The wind has been so high, during the day, that we could not go upon the water. I have therefore passed the time in reading, and in the society of a fellow-clerk.

p. 30: There seems to be in the blood of the Indian, a kind of predisposition to intemperance.

p. 41-2: The people here pass the Sabbath, much in the same manner as they do, the other days of the week. The laboring people have been employed, during the day, in making and pressing packs of furs, to be sent to Canada. This appears, not as

it should be, to me, who have been taught to abstain from labour on the sabbath, and to consider that it should be employed in a religious manner. The people, however, have no scruples of conscience on this subject.
p. 53: Wednesday 3 [Sept 1820]. I have passed the day in reading the Bible, and in meditating on my present way of living and, I must confess, that it too much resembles that of a savage.
p. 55: Sunday Oct. 4… But early this morning, without reluctance, we left the solitary Island, where many a moment of ennui passed over me. As I had no other book, I read during my stay there [Encampment Island] the greater part of the Bible.
p. 65-6, on Dec. 24, 1800 he visits an HBC fort and Mr Sunderland with his native wife who could speak English: I understood, also, that she can read and write it, which she learned to do at Hudson's Bay, where the company have a school….
p. 74: Saturday, April 4 [1801] Swan River Fort…. While at Alexandria, my time passed agreeably in company with A. N. McLeod, Esq. who is a sensible man, and an agreeable companion. He appeared desirous of instructing me in what was most necessary to be known, respect the affairs of this country; and a taste for reading I owe, in a considerable degree, to the influence of his example…. Happily for me, I have a few books; and in perusing them, I shall pass most of my leisure moments.
p. 76, Saturday, May 2, raining all day: As I have but little business that requires my attention, I employ the great part of my time in reading the bible, and in studying the French language.
p. 88-9, March 6, 1801, after visit to English speakers in Alexandria, who cheered him up: And if I could, it would afford me little satisfaction to converse with the ignorant Canadians around me. All their chat is about horses, dogs, canoes, women and strong men, who can fight a good battle. I have, therefore, only one way left to pass my time rationally, and that is reading. Happily for me I have a collection of good books; and mine will

be the fault if I do not derive profit from them. I, also, begin to find pleasure in the study of French.
p. 104, Wednesday May 4 Alexandria: I shall be in a great measure alone; for ignorant Canadians furnish little society. Happily for me, I have lifeless friends, my books, that will never abandon me, until I neglect them first.
p. 109, Dec 27 [1803] after his friends left on an excursion: I sensibly feel the loss of their society, and pass occasionally, a solitary hour, which would glide away imperceptibly, in their company. When they are absent, I spend the great part of my time in reading and writing.

[Harmon throughout complains about excessive drinking of the natives and Canadians, but keeps giving them spirits.]
p. 124, April 29 in Alexandria [near Fort Pelly, Sask.]: But the most of our leisure time, which is at least five sixths of the whole, will be spent in reading, and in meditating and conversing upon what we read. How valuable is the art, which multiplies books, with great facility, and at moderate expense. Without them the wheels of time would drag heavily, in this wilderness.

[Very frequently Harmon sees his troubles solved 'by the aid of a kind Providence' and similar euphemisms.]

In 1805 Harmon was in Cumberland House, near to the quarters of Peter Fidler of HBC. By this time he'd been away for 7 years and unsure of when he would return to civilization and his friends. In 1805 he takes a native female companion and in 1807 had her son, named George Harmon.
p. 161, Oct 3, 1807, Sturgeon Lake: We are in a solitary place, excepting the Natives…. Happily for us, we have a few good books; and in perusing them, we shall pass the greater part of our time.
p. 175, Monday October 10 1809, at Dunvegan where Harmon spent the winter, age 30: We have, also, a provision for the entertainment and improvement of our minds, in a good collection of books. The gentlemen who are to remain with me,

are enlightened, sociable, and pleasant companions; and I hope, therefore, to spend a pleasant and a profitable winter.
p. 177, cannibalism by natives of dead relatives: It is reported, that one man killed his wife and child, in order to supply himself with food, who, afterwards, himself starved to death.
p. 180, on July 1809 visits with Mr John Stuart who he says was a thoughtful and reflective reader.
p. 184, May 15, 1810, also at Dunvegan but without such good companions: I shall have no intelligent companion, with whom to converse. But this deficiency will be in a measure supplied by a good collection of books, with which I am furnished. Were it not for this resource, many a dreary day would pass over me.
p. 229, on the life of a trader. May 13, 1813: No other people, perhaps, who pursue business to obtain a livelihood, have so much leisure, as we do. Few of us are employed more, and many of us much less, than one fifth of our time, in transacting the business of the Company. The remaining four fifths are at our own disposal. If we do not, with such an opportunity, improve our understandings, the fault must be our own; for there are few posts, which are not tolerably well supplied with books. These books are not, indeed, all of the best kind; but among them are many which are valuable. If I were deprived of these silent companions, many a gloomy hour would pass over me. Even with them, my spirit at times sinks… [but] A little reflection reconciles me to the lot, which Providence has assigned me, in the world.
p. 232-34, during a period of self-doubt and his acute sense of sin: I, therefore, some time since, commenced reading the Bible, with more attention than I had before done…. I also read all other books that I could find, which treated of the Christian religion. Some excellent notes, respecting the Saviour, in the Universal History, affected my mind much…. [This crisis of faith for Harmon was followed by a series of calamities, the death of his son and relations, etc. by which he decides to keep

his woman as his wife, and return with her to his native land (the US).]
p. 248, Wednesday April 26, 1815: I expect to pass the ensuing summer here, having but a few people with me. But, by dividing my time between reading, meditation and exercise, I hope it will pass not unpleasantly, away.
p. 251-2, Harmon makes a set of pious resolutions: Resolved, never to let a day pass, when at home, or when convenient abroad, without reading a portion of the holy scriptures, and spending half an hour or more, in meditating on what I have read; and that the whole of the Sabbath, when it is not in my power to attend publick worship, shall be spent in prayer, reading the bible, or sermons, or some other religious book, in self examination, and in meditating on the eternal world.
p. 257, April 24, 1816: teaches daughter Polly to read English. Usually he spoke in Cree to his children, and to his Métis wife in French.

Hearne, Samuel and Philip Turnor. *Journals of Samuel Hearne and Philip Turnor.* Edited with Introduction and Notes by J. B. Tyrrell. (Toronto: The Chaplain Society, 1934).

This volume is chiefly about the surveyors recruited to the HBC to chart the immense territory of Prince Rupert's Land in the latter18th century. The Introduction tells of recruiting them through the good offices of mathematician William Wales of Christ's Hospital London, who recommended Philip Turnor for one of the surveyor posts.
p. 62, from the Minutes of the Company Committee, April 30, 1778:

> Mr. Wales (of Christ's Hospital) having by letter dated the 14th Instant recommended Mr. Philip Turnor as a Person skilled in Mathematics to go to the Companys Service as an Inland Surveyor for 5 years, at £50 p ann. Engaged him accordingly; he is to mess with the Captain

whilst on board the ship & with the Chief when at the Factory; his Wages are to commence from his Arrival at York Fort.

The Company showed its gratitude to Wales by the following action of the Committee on June 24, 1778.

Passed a Bill of £3.15 for Mathematical Books for the use of Mr. Philip Turnor at York Fort & Ordered that £5. 5. be presented to Mr. William Wales of Christ's Hospital for his trouble in endeavoring to procure Inland Surveyors.

p. 443, footnote 1 to September 2, 1791: Ross says:—"I am going to send Peter Fidler with them (4 Chipewyans) partly at his own desire, he is very fond of learning their language, which will be very necessary if your Honours settles in this Quarter, he is a very fit man for surveying in this quarter, as he can put up with any sort of living, that is in eating and drinking, he is also a very steady sober young man." He was twenty-two years old on the sixteenth of the previous August.

On the following day he says:—" I fitted out Peter Fidler for the winter." But as we shall see later, his outfit was exceedingly scanty.

p. 495-555. This volume also includes "Peter Fidler's Journal, 1791-2." Fidler is perhaps the most bookish of the Company surveyors, though you wouldn't know it from this journal; eventually, he left a personal collection of 500 volumes to the Red River Colony on his death, apparently all bought from London with his own personal funds.

p. 496, in a Fidler journal entry for September 6th 1791: I had no watch with me consequently could make no Observations for the Longitude with the necessary degree of accuracy[.] The Nautical Almanack & requisite Tables composed the whole of my Library—with 1 shirt besides the clothes I had on my back also composed the whole of my wardrobe[.]

Harrison, Alfred H. *In Search of a Polar Continent, 1905-1907.* (London: Edward Arnold, 1908).

p. 22, re the Catholic mission at Resolution: The children are not only educated but clothed and fed. The girls are taught how to sew and how to make their own clothes, as well as how to read and write; whilst the boys, who are also trained in these latter academic, if elementary, exercises, acquire a variety of crafts which will be useful—in fact indispensable—to them in afterlife.
p. 25, at Fort Simpson on the Mackenzie River: Besides Fort Simpson itself, there is one other trading-post here; there are also two missions, a library, and a museum. In the last-named building I noticed Dr. Rae's canoe, which he took with him on one of his Arctic expeditions.
p. 102-03, on the Eskimo character: The most salient feature, probably in all the Eskimo is their independence—a quality which is partly the consequence, but partly also, perhaps, the cause of their behind eminently self-supporting. Their wants, being few and simple, are readily satisfied by what the country produces, and their own inborn resources are far greater than those of the country. Their versatility is amazing; their capacity for hard work and for endurance is unrivalled. Dearly as they love "a deal"—and their favourite amusement is to chaffer with one another for a dog or for a rifle—Production is immensely more important to their economics than is Exchange. In their ideal, a man should be competent to support, not only himself, but also his family. A modern Englishman recoils from the name "liar," as his Saxon sires shrank from the slur of *nidering* [infamous, dastardly]; but no reproach can blight an Eskimo more witheringly than the taunt of neglecting wife and children;… The family is their social unit.

Hearne, Samuel. *A Journey from Prince of Wales's Fort in Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean in the Years 1769, 1770, 1771, and 1772.* Edited by Richard Glover. (Toronto: Macmillan, 1958).

Didn't find much though a fascinating book, especially on the Indian slaughter of Eskimaux. He does mention that there were books in his baggage but never talks in this work about any of them.

Hudson's Bay Company. Archives. The archives, now in Winnipeg, has a mss. catalogue of the HBC library, ca1800s and later, described as a memorandum book with index at front and tabs used to list the books; lists of books borrowed by borrower (mostly committee members but includes Beechey, Franklin, and Richardson, and dates of loan. (The following list courtesy of Ann Morton, HBC)

Arctic Books Borrowed from the HBC by Captain Franklin

1824

Feby. 18	Langsdorff Voyage [1813]
	Krusensterns " [1813]
	History of Kamchatka [Grieve, 1764?]
	Sauer's Russia [1802]
	Schoolcraft's Travels [not in HBC: "returned to Mr. Garry"
	Coxe's Russian Discoveries [1790]
	Doyle on the NW Passage [1785]
	Voyage to Ungava Bay [Kohlmeister, 1814?]
	Scoresby's Voyages [1820]
	Travels ?
	Harmons Journal [1820]

There is a note that above all returned on 2 Feb. 1825. Franklin left for North America on 16 February. He returned on 26 September 1827 and his book came out the next year.

1827

Nov. 22	Pennant's Zoology [1784]

[???] Manuscript [several manuscripts—Fidler, Isham, etc. are listed in catalogue; unfortunately this entry is in faint pencil and the word before manuscript has yet to be deciphered—Fidler on the Athabasca would seem to be the most relevant]

Note that these (or perhaps just the Pennant) were returned by Dr [John] Richardson on 14 Feb. 1836. On the same day Richardson returned a copy of Lewis and Clark (3 vol.), originally borrowed by Nicholas Garry in 1828.
HBCA A.64/20, fo. 10d.-11

Hudson's Bay Company. *Copy-book of Letters Outward &c. begins…. 1679-1694.* Edited by E. E. Rich. (Toronto: Champlain Society, 1948). [Hudson's Bay Record Society, v. 11]

This is a large and impressive compilation from the London office of the Company in London to Company officials in Lord Rupert's land during the early years of the Company. The period includes the brief French capture of the Prince of Wales Fort at Churchill.
p. xvi-xviii, on the maps needed for the territory: In any study of cartographical evidence a first distinction must be made between two groups of map-producers, the professional chartmakers working specifically for seafaring men, their owners and their patrons, and the professional cartographers who made maps and atlases for more general use. The former at his best was a skilled technician but not usually a man of much education. The latter, again at his best, was a man well read in books of travel and cosmography and not infrequently a true scholar. The chart-maker's procedure was to collect the rough charts, sketches, log-books and journals from homecoming seamen and pilots (and his establishment was usually near the dockside) and piecing these records together as best he could, to graft them on to the existing charts in his possession. The cartographer, while using maritime charts if he came across hem, relied principally upon travellers' reports and other traditional sources, besides such scanty

astronomical data as were available. This very diverse material (which included old maps) he interpreted to the best of his judgment. [Note indicates Jesuit missionaries carefully observed latitude and calculated longitude at key points.]

Quite apart from the distinctive content and differing cartographical conventions of charts and maps respectively as dictated by the functions of each, it is true to say that the maritime chart, in intention at least, presented only ascertained facts, while interpretation, deduction and even speculation might account for many features on an ordinary map. Tradition was strong in both cases, involving resistance to change, and since, moreover, a chart printed on vellum and a map engraved on copper-plate were alike expensive to produce and slow to wear out, it was but natural that many charts and maps remained in circulation and use long after becoming factually out of date.

This was even more frequently the case with a third and much inferior class of maps, those produced by or for hack-writers, book-sellers, print-sellers, engravers and others who had no special knowledge of geography. … As evidence of what areas had actually been discovered or settled at a particular date they are of course worthless.

If we now examine the cartography of the American North-West from this standpoint, the first thing to note is that since a monopoly Company naturally practiced secrecy, any charts, log-books or journals made on the voyages or in the Bay were handed in to the Committee when the ships returned. As a consequence the current maritime charts remained uncorrected for several years, while for a much longer period the maps published in atlases and in separate sheets failed to indicate more accurate topography, the new trading posts and the new place names resulting from the occupation of the Bay.

p. xxxvi, prayer-books and Harmonies are mentioned in the Introduction, with this caveat: As to whether the Governor or the Revd. Mr. French, the first Minister to go to the Bay, made any

use of the Prayer-books and Book of Homilies which the Company sent we have no evidence.
p. 4: In the first place, *We do strictly enjoyn you to have publick prayers and reading of the Scriptures or some other religious Books*, wheresoever you shall be resident, *at least upon the Lords days*, As also to order the severall chiefs in each Factory under your command to do the same, That wee who professe to [be] Christians may not appear more barbarous than the poor Heathens themselves who have not been instructed in the knowledge of the true God. This is what wee have formerly directed, and have sent over proper books for the use of the Factory (to wit) the Common prayer Book, the Bible and the Book of Homilies wch. Contains choice & well approved Sermons for Instruction. But wee understand there hath been little or no use made of them heretofore, wch. Neglect wee desire you would reform for the future that we may reasonably ex[pect] the blessing of God to attend your endeavours and to prosper the interest of the Company.

Hudson's Bay Company. *Hudson's Bay Copy Booke of Letters Commissions Instructions Outward 1688-1696.* Edited by E. E. Rich. (London: Hudson's Bay Record Society, 1957). [Hudson's Bay Record Society, v. 20]

This is a miscellaneous collection of letters of the HBC on the early history of the Company and its early tribulations.
p. 38, June 18, 1688, Instructions to Capt. John Marsh on embarking for Churchill: In the First place upon your arriveall, Wee Recommend unto you the Care of the Service and honour of God, that the Common prayer with some part of the Holy Bible bee Dayly read with the Homilyes at least every Lords day and that you punish all Dissolute & prophane psons.
p. 195, June 17, 1693: We have sent you all manner of Seeds for a garden wch. we Doubt not but you will Improve now you see

the conveniency of Rootes and Gardening herbs with a book giving the best directions how to use them….
p. 208, June 17, 1693: …we have sent you Hemp & flax seed with all sorts of Garden seeds & all sorts of Graine with directions how to sow & Cultivate them in a printed Booke….
p. 211, June 17, 1693: We have sent you all manner of Gravine & garden seeds wch. pray improve to the uttmost wee are sencible they will all come to pfection there, for your directions we have sent you a Booke & we Know that the maine business Lyes in the Head officers in keeping them to the dayly worke & Encouraging them by theire Example & when things are once brought to a Custome it goes on easily & we Know you cannot butt apprehend the Comodiousness of such Rootes & Hearbs to a Factory where soe much salt victualls are Eaten
p. 239, May 30, 1694: We have sent a surgeon to Remaine at Yorke Fort in stead of Petr. Blomart whome we order you to ship as surgeon upon the *Hudsons Bay* Frigtt. Homeward bound, the Compa. haveing their owne Chest of Medicines aboard sd. ship & beshure you doe not permitt said Blomart to take any Medicines or Phisicke Bookes out of the Factory, but that they remaine there according to the first Intent (viz.) for the Factory's use.

Hudson's Bay Company. *Saskatchewan Journals and Correspondence. Edmonton House 1795-1800 / Chesterfield House 1800-1802.* (London: Hudson's Bay Record Society, 1967). [HBC Publications v. 26]

"The main theme of this volume is the westward advance of the Hudson's Bay Company along the northern and southern branches of the Saskatchewan River at the end of the eighteenth century."
p. lxxxv, Peter Fidler in 1800: …provided himself very well with the means to spend profitably any time he could take off from fur trading or hunting buffalo, for he undoubtedly took to

Chesterfield House the instruments, nautical almanacs and books which had been sent to him by the ship of 1799 and on which he had spent no less than £30 out of his salary of £60 for season 1798-99. Note 6: the books sent to Fidler in 1799 (in the order listed in London) were 151 '*Poets & Novels'* at 6d. each; 33 'Hennes *Eng*.' Costing 162. 6d.; Goldsmith's *Grecian History* and his *Roman History* costing £1 12s 0d.; Charles Hutton's *Mathematical and Philosophical Dictionary* (2 vols.) at £3 8s 0d., his *Compendious Measurer* at 4s. 6d., and his *Diarian Miscellany* (?5 or 6 vols.) at £1 11s. 6 d.; John Gay's *Fables* at 92 0d,; '*Guide to old age'* at 4s. 0d.; Charles Vyse's *Arithmetic* (2 vols.) at 7s. 0d.; an abridged edition of Buffon's *Natural History* (w vols.) at £1 4s 0d.; Samuel Hearne's *Journey… to the Northern Ocean* at £1 7s. 0d.; 18 *Monthly Reviews* for £1,14s.0d; Annual Register at 11s. 0d.; John Imison's *School of Arts* at 11s. 6d.; Samuel Vince's *Practical Astronomy* at 61s. 0d.; John Wilson's *Trigonometry* at 2s. 6d.; and Leadbeater's *Drawing* at 4s. 6d.

p. xciii, Fidler in Saskatchewan in 1801-02: Fidler had his family with him and again the employees under his orders were all Orkneymen. When the Indians were absent from the post he had time to follow his own pursuits: he drew maps of the journeys he had made in earlier years, and for leisure reading he must have had the books which had been bought on his account and sent out from London by the ship of 1800. [Footnote 3: Costing nearly £8 they included: one on surgery, one on wounds, one on geography, one on ancient and modern geography and history, one on astronomy, some solar and lunar tables, the *Annual Register* for 1799, a *History of Jews* (sixty parts to be bound in one volume) and a *History of the Bible* (also in sixty parts to be bound in one volume).]

p. xcviii, re Chesterfield House: The young clerks or writers, described by Colen as 'petty Officers come from England', probably obtained entry into the Company's employ through relatives or friends already in the service or by being

recommended to Committee members. These young men had received varying degrees of education and the pleasures of reading were theirs if they were so inclined, but the time was still far distant when the Governor and Committee would provide 'Post Libraries; those wanting books had to spend their own money. Nothing is known about the contents of parcels sent to York Factory by the relatives or friends of Company employees, but the book of 'Servants Commissions' for 1787-1802 makes known those who provided themselves with the means to follow their individual interests. The choice made by such men as David Thompson, Peter Fidler and Malchom Ross included many surveying instruments to add to those provided by the Company, *Nautical Almanacs*, necessary text books, and reading matter for pleasure. Mention has already been made of the books Fidler is thought to have taken with him to Chesterfield House; his earlier purchases included the Mysteries of *Adolphus*(sic) and Harrison's *British Classics*. James Bird acquired a violin about 1795 and some three years later added an *Ancient Universal History* in twenty-one volumes as well as *Pleasures of the Imagination* by Ackinside [Akenside] to his personal library. Again, in 1799, the supply-ship brought him 'Tasso *Jerusalem* 2 volumes…; Popes *Select Poems* 1 vol.; Rowes [trans.] *Lucans Pharsalia* 2 vol. …; Lewis's [trans.] *Thebaid of Statius* 2 vol. …; [Roger's] *Pleasures of Memory* 1 vol. …' costing £2 9s. od. For lighter moments, David Thompson's many purchases included Milton's *Paradise Lost*, several volumes of Dr Johnson's *Rambler*, Blair's *Belles Lettres* and Hooper's *Recreations*.
p.xcviii-xcix: Unlike Colen, whose interests were wide and who consequently kept the secretary busy with the commissions he sent to London each year, Tomison was obviously no great reader of books for his requests for them were few. In fact, Tomison's personal requests of any kind were limited. He did, however, acquire six volumes of *Evenings at Home* in 1797, issues of the *Oeconomist* for one year in 1798, and *The Monthly Magazine and British Register* for May 1797 to April 1798. The

last-named publication started in 1796 and it is likely that Tomison took the issues for 1796-1797 with him on his return to Edmonton House from Britain in 1797, but what he read at Edmonton House during the first year of its existence is not known. George Sutherland does not appear to have bought any books.

[Footnote 6: Mrs Ann Radcliffe's 'Gothic' romance, *The Mysteries of Udolpho,* first published in four volumes in 1794, was sent to Fidler by the ship in 1795. 'But now, really, do you not think Udolpho the nicest book in the world: enquires the heroine of the hero in Jane Austen's Northanger Abbey….'
[Footnote 9: When Colen finally left Hudson Bay in 1798 he claimed to have disposed of to his successor certain private property which included such diverse items as 21 prints…. He also left behind a private library of about 1400 books to be sent to England at a later date.]
p. 127, footnote 1 records purchases of books and manuscripts to be sent to Cumberland House: … and sundry (unlisted) Books costing £12 11s, 0d. He was also sent *Nautical Almanacs* for 1797, 1798 and 1799 costing 10s. 6d.

Isham, James. *James Isham's Observations on Hudsons Bay, 1743 and Notes and Observations on a Book Entitled* A Voyage to Hudsons Bay in the Dobbs Galley*, 1749.* Edited with an Introduction by E. E. Rich. (Toronto: Champlain Society, 1949).

James Isham was employed by the HBC from 1732 and as chief of Fort York from1737, According to *the Dictionary of Canadian Biography* (Volume III) "Isham was at once a skilled and understanding trader, a perceptive planner and strategist, and a conscientious and observant natural historian." He was not an expert on the fur trading business, but he did develop expertise in the subject of Indian vocabularies

His candid *Observations* were sent to the London office concerning the HBC and Dobbs's dogmatic view that there must

be an inland waterway to the Pacific [soon disproved]. Although received "with ease and affability, there is no evidence that Isham's work was either read or acted upon.
p. lxvi, by the Editor: The document bears no marginal comments such as often denote that a document has been worked through for the benefit of the Committee, there is no mention in the Minutes of its receipt, and no action can be clearly ascribed to it.
p. lxvii: The Indian vocabularies were first in importance in Isham's mind. Here he suffered in the defect, common to all his contemporaries, that the scientific study of alien tongues was unthought of, and that any use of a phonetic script was undreamed of. Although Isham hoped that his work would be of advantage to anyone residing in North America, his Cree vocabulary is even yet of little value for the purpose for which he designed it. Abut if the Indian equivalents claim little attention, the English words and phrases give a picture which is nor the less clear for being unintentional. Here is set out the small talk of the weather and the seasons, the familiar gossip of health and the body and the family; then serious business—goods, fiid, furniture and beasts, fishes, insects and birds. Trees, berries and herbs take a small section and then comes a vocabulary for gathering information about a mine, followed by the numerals necessary for trade, and the colours, with adjectives in close attendance. There is also a short item on games, and a rather miscellaneous assortment of verbs concludes the main vocabulary. The whole pieces together without art, and probably without intention, to give a lively picture of the trader at his task, and the "Discourses" which follow complete the presentation of the trader and the Indians, complete and vivid from the first greeting of "Watcheer Coshock' to the farewell of "make haste itt will be night & you'l be drunk in the morning & not trade".
p. 75-76: I have observd The Indians or natives in these Northr'n parts have no Regard or Distinction of Days! Sundays being all alike to them,—observes the Christians Keeping the

Sabbath day, which they stile a Reading Day, by Reason of the men's not being at their weekly work on that Day, as also Christmass Day, New years Day, & St. G. day, Which they stile the Englishmans feast, 7c.

Knight, James, Captain. *The Founding of Churchill; Being the Journal of Captain James Knight, Governor-in-Chief in Hudson Bay, from the 14th of July to the 13th of September 1717.* Edited…by James F. Kenney. (Toronto, London: J. M. Dent, 1932).

Interest of this book is not so much for his journal, but the account in the text by Kenney of the fate of Captain Knight. After he left the HBC governorship, he organized an expedition to the west coast of Hudson Bay in search of copper and gold (cf. Frobisher and Borchgrevink), as well as for the NW Passage. Evidently his ships were damaged on the western shore of Marble Island where after two winters all the crew had died, facts which did not come to light for some time. Since he made this voyage without telling the local HBC about his activities, he was not likely to be found. (see esp. p. 75-89).

Would make a good topic to collate the various accounts of this failed expedition.

Lindsay, Debra. "Peter Fidler's Library: Philosophy and Science in Rupert's Land." *Readings in Canadian Library History*. Edited by Peter F. McNally. (Toronto: Canadian Library Association, 1986). p. 209-29

p. 209: Peter Fidler, Hudson's Bay Company servant [surveyor] 1788-1822, was one of the first owners and collectors of books in Rupert's Land. His penchant for books was not an isolated case of individualism gone berserk, but his permanent acquisition of vast numbers of books was a unique occurrence in Rupert's Land…. Fidler's library eventually reached five

hundred volumes, a massive collection for a man of modest means.

[Interesting piece but she makes some wild deductions that won't stand up: e.g. "That he had such a large library indicates the breadth and complexity of his thought." (p. 212). Fidler left his journals and maps to HBC and his printed books and maps to the Red River Colony. It was downhill from there on. (p. 218-19).

MacGregor, J. G. *Peter Fidler: Canada's Forgotten Surveyor 1769-1822.* (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1966).

Fidler was a rather obscure surveyor and mapmaker of English birth, who served the Hudson's Bay Company for over thirty years, just beyond the 1820 amalgamation of the HBC with the North West Company. His interest here is that he was instrumental in buying books for the HBC to send from London to their various posts in Canada. This volume is confined to Fidler's full journals of his travels for his surveying career. They make little of Fidler's book life, but it does not that he build a personal collection of 500 volumes which he left to the Red River Colony. He had fourteen children by an illiterate Metis woman whom he finally married. He is someone you'd like to meet. Though he suffered through some very hard times he seems to have met them with a stoic resolve, and he died a rather rich man after years of £100 pay per year.

Maclaren, I. S. "Samuel Hearne & the Landscapes of Discovery," *Canadian Literature* No. 103 (1984) 27-40

In seeking the sublime and picturesque Hearn found in the northern landscape "what he had been taught to look for." A landscape of barren hills and open marshes is appropriate for the barbarity of Hearne's account.

Maclaren, I. S. **"**Samuel Hearne's Accounts of the Massacre at Bloody Fall, 17 July 1771," *Ariel* No. 1 (1991) 25-51

By comparing Hearne's field notes to the posthumous published vision of Hearne's *Journey*, Maclaren calls into question the later Hearne account of the young woman at Bloody Fall. George Back was the first to call it into question. The horrid elaboration comes in the published version, not before, and indicates a good deal of editorial meddling. In his notes Hearne is only a neutral onlooker; in publication he is a reluctant participant.

Maurice, Edward Beauclerk. *The Last Gentleman Adventurer: Coming of Age in the Arctic.* Foreword by Lawrence Millman. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 2005).

Delightful book about an HBC agent who at 20 was assigned alone to Pangnirtung and Frobisher Bay where he successfully assimilated to Inuit culture.
p. 86-7, in Pangnirtung: After our repast, we relapsed into inactivity for a while, then Alan went off to develop some photographs (using the storeroom as a darkroom) and, as Geordie spread himself very inelegantly over two chairs and fell asleep. I had a look at the books in our bookcase. The selection ranged from Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* to a lurid thriller entitled *Blood Ran Down the Bishop's Face*. Heaven knew where the books had come from, probably some good-hearted soul had packed all the unwanted volumes from their library into a box and sent them off to us. In the end I settled for a year-old copy of the *New York Times* that carried a report of the great stock market collapse which heralded the terrible 1930s depression.
p. 93, studying the language in Pangnirtung.
p. 134-35: The Hudson's Bay Company were aware of the tendency of the northern traders to withdraw from the outside

world and did their best to counteract it. One long, rather coffin-like box which came ashore contained one whole year's editions of the *New York Herald Tribune*, which I first dismissed as being of no interest. Picking up a copy to idly scan the advertisements, however, I soon found myself getting down to reading the whole paper from front to back, finally even sorting the issues into chronological order to make for continuity of reading.
p. 174: Beevee went off with the men when they departed, so, once more alone, I got into my sleeping bag, propped myself up comfortably with some deerskin rolls and picked up the fine-paper edition of *Tristram Shandy* that I had brought with me.
p. 203: …it suddenly came to me that my bible and prayer book, given by my godmother to accompany me on my travels, were still up in Pangnirtung. Fortunately, after a rather frantic search, I found a very tatty book of mission hymns and verses. Mostly they were inappropriate [for a child's funeral], but on the last page there was a child's prayer, 'Now I lay me down to sleep'.
pp. 209: Rigid with apprehension, convinced that some major disaster was in the making, I lay unable to take my eyes off the ceiling, which in the darkness seemed to be billowing like the waves of the sea, until quite suddenly the plasterboard holding things in place above the bed gave way and a shower of books of all shapes and sizes cascaded around me.

For my bombardment by books I had no one to thank but myself, as it had been my bright idea to gather all the volumes scattered about the house together and to store them up in the roof space.

A small pile of heavier books fortunately landed on the bed head, so I managed to extricate myself from the debris of lighter works, having suffered nothing worse than a couple of bruises on my head. The sudden removal of the protective layer of books and boards between the room and the roof exposed me to the storm, because right overhead a little of about four tiles had now been blown away, with the result that a steady stream of rainwater was splashing into the bedroom….

p. 274: After a half an hour or so…Nikoo asked me about my book. He seemed to think it was the Bible, but as it was actually a Thomas Hardy novel this was pretty wide of the mark.

McDonald, Archibald. *This Blessed Wilderness: Archibald McDonald's Letters from the Columbia, 1822-44.* Edited by Jean Murray Cole. (Vancouver, BC: UBC Press. 2001). [Series: Pioneers of British Columbia.]

McDonald was a chief trader in the Pacific Northwest for the HBC just after it had merged with the North West Company in 1821.
p. 6 introduction criticizes the management of the former NWC as self-indulgent and wasteful: Then the detailed inventories listed not only trading goods, but also the stores of food-stuffs, medical supplies, and even the titles of books in the Fort George library…. Simpson was shocked to learn of the extravagance and prodigality that had been endemic in these remote outposts during the NMC regime. [Prodigality or no, I'd love to see the Fort George list.]
p. 150, on the radical causes of recent Canadian troubles: On that topic I am much obliged to you for the means you have so kindly taken to make me acquainted with the state of affairs—indeed I was unusually fortunate last fall. Through the kindness of one friend or another I had the Quebec *Gazette,* Durham's *Report*, his Appendix B & the admirable book of your own Sir Francis [Bond Head's, *A Narrative*]. So you may judge of my proficiency in Canadian politics, & what a clever fellow I shall make when honoured with the important privileges of a portly yeoman amongst you.
p. 225, letter to Rev Elkanah Walker from Fort Colvile in December 1842: Your Book [the Flathead primer] really does you credit, that is for a first edition….
p. 235, on the failure of some would be naturalists to fulfill their tasks as recorders of new species, vegetable or animal. In an October 1843 letter to William Jackson Hooker at Kew: I think it would be worthwhile if Mr Tolmie had at his disposal a little brown paper to hand about to those Gentlemen at distant parts. If they did nothing the

loss of the paper would not be great; & the having a few sheets would be a stimulus to fill them up.
p. 240, on some newspapers he was able to see and some that had miscarried: I was more fortunate with the packet sent for me by Mr Advocate [Hugh] Taylor including Boz's *Notes*.[The square brackets in this entry are not mine but in the original.]

McGoogan, Ken. *Ancient Mariner: The Arctic Adventures of Samuel Hearne, the Sailor who Inspired Coleridge's Masterpiece.* (New York: Carroll & Graf, 2004).

A rather jaunty (i.e. unscholarly) account of Hearne's adventures, with very little on Coleridge other than their meeting.
p. 85 on winter recreations: He [Hearne] regarded drinking as a waste of time. Nor did he care much for gambling, another popular pastime—although he was interested to discover that Bay men had taught the Homeguard Indians to play cards, dice, checkers, and dominoes. These games had become so popular that in a rudimentary Cree-English dictionary compiled by James Isham, Hearne found Algonquian words for king, queen, knave, and ace and for the four suits, clubs, hearts, diamonds, and spaces.

Some of the Bay men did a lot of reading. The library [at Prince of Wales Fort] included *Pilgrim's Progress* and the *Epistles of Pliny the Younger*, along with miscellaneous works of philosophy, language. And medicine, collections of poetry, and comic plays. Hearne had brought favourite books by Defoe and Voltaire.
p. 173, December 1771, camped at Great Slave Lake: What was Hearne reading? He does not say. But subsequent third-person testimony, as well as the scientific and humanist attitudes he reveals throughout his career, suggest a likely candidate: Voltaire's *Philosophical Dictionary*, originally published seven years before.
p. 183, attacks on Hearne: … began with David Thompson, that prudish and judgmental cartographer who, while traveling, would insist on reading an English translation of the Bible to French-speaking voyageurs after a long day of paddling….

p. 184: Turning to other matters, Thompson noted that a Sunday sermon would customarily be read to the HBC men in the governor's quarters, the only comfortable room at Churchill Fort: 'One Sunday after the service, Mr. Jefferson, the reader, and myself staid a few minutes on orders; he [Hearne] then took Voltaire's *Dictionary* and said to us, here is my belief and I have no other.'
p. 219-20, a beautiful passage from Hearne on the beaver as the best pet.
p. 289, a comparison between Cook's *Third Voyage* [professionally edited] and Hearne's *Voyage to the Northern Ocean* [the product of a singular idiosyncratic mind].
p. 293, on Coleridge and William Wales, math professor at Christ's Hospital (cf. Leigh Hunt).

McLean, John. *John McLean's Notes of a Twenty-Five Years' Service in the Hudson's Bay Territory.* Edited by W. S. Wallace. (Toronto: The Champlain Society, 1932).

Clearly an unhappy camper though apparently a faithful member of the HBC, disillusioned by its commercial purposes at the exclusion of anything else, and also by his disappointment in promotion within the company.
p. 82: Two itinerant missionaries called at the Lake of Two Mountains and distributed a number of religious tracts among the natives, together with a few copies of the Gospel according to St. John, in the Indian language. My Algonquin interpreter happened to get one of the latter, and took much pleasure in reading it. Towards the latter end of the season I received a packet from my superior at the Lake, and, to my surprise, found in it a letter with the seal of the Church affixed, addressed to my interpreter, which I put into his hands, and observed him perusing very attentively. Soon after he called me aside, and told me that the letter in question conveyed a peremptory command from the priest to destroy the bad book he had in his possession,

or else his child that died in autumn would be denied the rites of Christian sepulture.

We are told that the age of bigotry is past: facts like this prove the contrary. I asked him if he intended to obey the commands of his ghostly father. 'Not exactly,' said he; 'I shall send the book to him, and let him do with it what he pleases; for my part, I have read it over and over again, and find it all good very good; why the 'black coat' should call it bad is a mystery to me.

p. 223: In the early part of winter [1837]…I amused myself by shooting partridges…; but the cold became so excessive as the winter advanced, that I was compelled to forego that amusement, and confine myself to the four walls of my prison, with the few books I possessed as my only companions.

p. 285, re a half-breed Esquimaux in Ungavan Labrador: I was surprised to find them all able to read and write, although without schools of schoolmasters.

p. 315-16, McLean's attack on the HBC re instruction of natives: As to the instruction the natives receive from us, I am at a loss to know what it is, where imparted, and by whom given…. The native interpreters even grow old in our service as ignorant of Christianity as the rudest savages who have never seen the face of a white man…. It is quite true there are thirteen schools at Red River; there are also eighteen windmills, and the Company furnishes just as much wind for the mills as funds for the support of the schools or teachers. (see p. 379-80 on schools)

p. 327: The Company also make it appear by their standing rules, that we are directed to instruct the children, to teach the servants, &c.; but where are the means of doing so? A few books, I have been told, were sent out for this purpose, after the coalition [with NW Company in 1821]; what became of them I know not. I never saw any. The history of commercial rule is well known to the world; the object of that rule, wherever established, or by whomsoever exercised, is gain. In our intercourse with the

natives of America no other object is discernible, no other object is thought of, no other object is allowed.
p. 348, on wintering with the Chippewayans at Great Slave Lake: The Chippewayans in this quarter are a shrewd and sensible people, and evince an eager readiness to imitate the whites. Some years ago a Methodist Missionary visited Athabasca; and although he remained but a short time, his instructions seemed to have made a deep impression. They observe the Sabbath with great strictness, never stirring from their lodges to hunt, nor even to fetch home the game when killed, on that day; and they carefully abstain from all the grosser vices to which they formerly were addicted. What might not be expected of a people so docile, if they possessed the advantages of regular instruction!

Having fortunately a supply of books with me and other means of amusement, I found the winter glide away without suffering much from ennui; my health, however, proved very indifferent; and that circumstance alone would have been sufficient to induce me to quit this wretched country, even if my earlier prospects had been realized, as they have not been…. I therefore transmitted my resignation to headquarters.
p. 363-6, an account of Rev James Evans, a Methodist minister who signed an agreement with Governor Simpson which provided for the missionary needs on stipulation "they should say or do nothing prejudicial to the Company's interests among the natives…."

For some time matters went on smoothly: by the indefatigable exertions of Mr. E. and his fellow-workers, aided also by Mrs. E., who devoted much of her time and labour to the instruction of the females, a great reformation was effected in the habits and morals of the Indians. But Mr. Evans soon perceived that without books printed in the Indian language, little permanent good would be realized: he therefore wrote to the London Conference to send him a printing press and types, with characters of a simple phonetic kind, which he himself had

invented, and of which he gave them a copy. The press was procured without delay, but was detailed in London by the Governor and Committee; and though they were again and again petitioned to forward it, they flatly refused. Mr. E., however, was not a man to be turned aside from his purpose. With his characteristic energy he set to work, and having invented an alphabet of a more simple kind, he with his penknife cut the types, and formed the letters from musket bullets; he constructed a rude sort of press; and aided by Mrs. E. as compositor, he at length succeeded in printing prayers, and hymns, and passages of Scripture for the use of the Indians. [The Company, having failed at this, wanted to act as censor over all publications for Indians. This and many other problems eventually led to McLean's resignation from the company.]

McTavish, George Simpson. *Behind the Palisades: An Autobiography.* (Victoria, BC: Gray's Publishing Canada, 1963).

McTavish (1834-93) was appointed Chief Trader of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1859, serving in several posts including Fort William, Albany, Rupert's House, Moose Factory, and other locations. He retired in 1880; this posthumously published autobiography shows him very supportive and loyal to the Company.

p. 60: York Factory was fortunate in having a goodly collection of books, amounting to nineteen hundred volumes when I left in 1889. Who started the library is probably unknown, but the process of collecting must have gone on for many years, taking, for example, the annual bound numbers of "Punch", contained therein, though not complete from the beginning. The duty of the librarian fell to the apprentice clerk for more reasons than one, the chief however being, that the ten shilling fee, otherwise to be paid from his first year's salary of twenty pounds, was allowed for his services, and meant much to him. The higher officers paid one pound, the clerks ten shillings and the mechanics and

labourers five shillings annually, the same rate applying, if I remember aught, to post managers and men in the district and adjoining ones. The books covered many fields of knowledge, selections being made from catalogues received from London by the ship, at an annual meeting, held prior to the departure of the Winter packet which carried the next year's order to England via Winnipeg. The men had a representative, but dependence was placed almost entirely on the officers, who tried to get the best, and most for the available funds. The Company did not charge transportation for these books. The first care was to attend to the annuals, 'Punch", "Chambers Journal", "Household Words" and one or two others. No trash was allowed. We could not afford to get worthless books. Thus was continued the good work of building up the library, and reflected the character of its subscribers.

The library was open on Saturday evenings, and the only illumination in Winter was with a candle. No fires allowed at any time. It was extremely cold work some nights when the thermometer was in the region of minus 40, or a blizzard blowing. We were supposed to keep open for an hour after ringing the big bell, on this occasion a privilege, or till everybody had pored around the shelves and made his week's selection. One night I happened to place the end of my pencil in my mouth, and the graphite or lead adhered to my tongue. The preservation and condition of the books were marvelous, considering the varieties of temperature they were subjected to during the year.

One of my inspirations was to check over the books, a rather difficult task; with a neglected catalogue, and practically no record of what books were at the outposts, whereby numbers could be located, or determined as missing. During that and the next Winter my spare time was devoted to stock-taking, classifying the books according to my immature ideas, hampered considerably by my ignorance, but having an intuitive instinct for system. Copies of the catalogue were made for each post, so

that selection would not be left to the librarian, and avoiding complications, as one could not know the tastes of the subscribers, or keep track of what books they had previously received, a happy-go-lucky policy having been followed for some years. With these catalogues, however, they could now send in their own lists, ma[r]king a margin for books which might be in circulation for some other place. A list of the year's importations to enter into copies was sent annually. In this way the catalogues were kept up-to-date, and the work of forwarding books once a year by water transportation made easier and effective.

The overhauling and systematizing process gave me an acquaintance with the volumes under my charge, though I did not become much of a reader, till I felt the want of companionship later when located at an outpost myself. There must have been an inherent love of books however in my composition, as this experience was never uninteresting, an incentive to help those so; isolated, that any little oversight on ordering anything on their part meant a delay of one or two years. That library was my best friend, and in later years I reaped the reward of my exertions, and became indebted to the founders for many happy hours. Goldsmith said, "The first time I read an excellent work it is to me just if I had gained a new friend: and when I read over a book I have perused before, it resembles the meeting with an old one."

The library afforded us material for many a social evening and we formed a "Literary Society", which name was subsequently altered in a jocose manner among the officers to "The Mutual Admiration Society", everyone aiding or participating in the proceedings coming in for thanks and praise. Mr. Fortescue was the qualified leader. The Rev. George M. Winter gave little talks on becoming a band of brothers, in his inexperience, at that time, being ignorant of the fact that small places and intimate association were conducive to a full realization of the failings of our compatriots or neighbors.

Mr. J. K. McDonald, Mr. Cowie, Dr. Mathews. Wm. Wood. (B) the postmaster, and the men all contributed readings, songs, recitations, chemistry exhibits, yarns and experiences.

Newman, Peter. *Company of Adventurers: The Story of the Hudson's Bay Company.* (London: Penguin Books, 1987).

p. xxviii-ix: Returned to English possession by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, York Factory was sacked nearly seventy years later by a valiant raiding party of French marines who had dashed north from the West Indies during the American Revolution. Joseph Colen, the HBC Chief Factor in charge of rebuilding it (and York Factory's first resident intellectual; he moved in with a library of fourteen hundred books), decided to shift operations to their present site….
p. 7, a note on HBC directives: The occasional directive was totally misguided, such as the 1784 decision to send 150 copies of *The Country Clergyman's Advice to Parishioners* for distribution among Indians who could not read any printed work, let alone English parochial flummery.
p. 300, on Peter the Great's Bering expedition in Russia which eventually numbered 3000 men: It included two landscape painters, three bakers, seven priests, a dozen doctors, fourteen bodyguards, four thousand horses, an awkward convoy of fifteen-foot telescopes mounted on wheels, plus a library of several hundred volumes.
p. 365—notes Samuel Hearne reading Voltaire.
p. 403, John Rae wintering at Fort Hope in 1846: He had meant to organize a school for his companions, but no one was really up to it. Rae whiled away the winter with the Malone edition of the complete plays of Shakespeare. The only way to keep it from freezing was to take the volume into bed with him each night, so that his body heat would thaw the pages.

Payne, Michael. *The Most Respectable Place in the Territory: Everyday Life in Hudson's Bay Company Service, York Factory, 1788 to 1870.* (Ottawa: Canadian Parks Service, 1989).

Section on 'Leisure' has a lengthy section on books and reading in the camp.

p. 73: Reading, conversation, debate, and in some cases writing were regular parts of fur trade life and came to be shared by all levels of company employees, though not all subjects were discussed with equal eagerness. The Reverend J. P. Gardiner noted in 1861 that the men at York Factory were 'willing to talk on any subject—science, politics—anything rather than practical Christianity.'

p. 74: Like newspapers and magazines, books were widely available at York Factory and many residents were avid readers and collectors. The company itself sent books to its posts as part of its long-held desire 'to promote Virtue and discourage Vice.' In the 18th century this generally meant prayer books, Bibles, collections of sermons, technical treatises on navigation, and in 1794, 'Primers and Spelling Books' to teach employee's children. Small collections of books were carried on post inventories as company property, but the sorts of books provided suggest they were sent to York with practical and moral purposes in mind rather than as a recreational resource.

Private collections were more common and included more diverse materials. These collections varied in size from a few volumes to Joseph Colen's large personal library of 1400 volumes….

p. 76-7: Of greater significance in bringing reading material to all sections of post society was the development of subscription libraries. The first organized collection of books in the North-West for which the title library is warranted was probably the library established at Red River about 1816. It consisted of 200 volumes in 1822, to which Peter Fidler's collection of some 500 volumes was added when he died in December 1822. This

library was largely based on company and individual philanthropy, but most post libraries followed a different pattern.

The model for these libraries was the library at Fort Vancouver where ‘a circulating library of papers, magazines and some books’ was established in 1836.

The library was kept at a central location, Fort Vancouver, but included subscribers from small subsidiary posts who sent for material they wanted and returned it when convenient. Once a year subscribers met to order books, magazines, and newspapers for the following year. The order was sent by canoe to York and then on to London, where the company secretary placed the order with London book dealers. The following year the material was shipped back to Fort Vancouver, and the account of the ‘Columbia [District] Library’ was debited. The idea proved to be popular. It spread first to the Mackenzie District in the 1840s and then in the 1850s to York and Moose Factories.

The York Factory library was founded 18 Feb 1856: York factory officers were the library’s first supporters, but it was intended to serve the entire community. Mason felt it would be ‘a great blessing to the Establishment when carried out upon sound principles and I sincerely hope it will succeed and prosper—The present inmates are much given to reading & I only wish I had my books which were left at Red River Settlement to lend to them.’ The library opened on 1 November 1856 ‘for the benefit of all classes.’ Mason, for one, ‘was pleased to see many of the servants enter their names as annual subscribers of 5s/- & some 10s-. May it be the means of creating a thirst for knowledge of eternal things.’ Knowledge of eternal things was certainly procurable in the library, which consisted of 133 volumes in addition to a number of publications from the Religious Tract Society. [For more on the York Library see George Simpson McTavish.]

Payne, Michael. "Literacy, Literature and Libraries in the Fur Trade," by Michael Payne and Gregory Thomas. *The Beaver* 45 (Spring 1983) p. 44-53

p. 44: However fortunately for me I have *dead* Friends (my Books) who will never abandon me, till I first neglect them. [Daniel Williams Harmon at Fort Alexandria in 1803.]
p. 44, books were sent by company for their long struggle "to Promote Virtue and Discourage Vice.", but there were also the private libraries of traders.
p. 45: Many of the North West Company's posts also contained libraries of sorts. Forts Dunvegan, Alexandria, and Chipewyan are all mentioned by Daniel Harmon as repositories of books. Most of them, like the books at Hudson's Bay Company posts, were probably part of private collections originally, though some may have been sent out by the company itself. The merger of the Northwest and HBC also helped form the basis of post libraries.
p. 47: Fort Vancouver had a library by the mid 1850s (hardly Arctic).
Picture caption: Interior views of the restored Men's House and Big House (governor's residence at Lower Fort Garry) reflect the social divisions that existed between HBC servants and officers. Prior to c. 1821 reading was mainly the activity of the officers of the fur-trade companies. By the mid-nineteenth century, however, due to factors such as the establishment of formal post libraries, reading materials were more accessible to fur-trade employees of most ranks.
p. 49, York Factory library, established by Rev. William Mason and including a great deal of religious matter, opened 1 Nov 56 with 133 volumes plus publications of the Religious Tract Society: May it be a means of creating a thirst for the knowledge of eternal things. See McTavish for description in 1889 when it had 1900 volumes. "That library was my best friend" (McTavish p. 61).

Robson, Joseph. *An Account of Six Years Residence in Hudson's Bay, from 1733 to 1736, and 1744 to 1747….* (London: Payne and Bouquet, 1752). [Reprinted New York: Johnson Reprint, 1965]

A candid and critical account of the management of HBC by a disaffected employee who rails against the abuses of natives, ignorance of architecture, and the petty self-interest of both the factors and the proprietors in London.
p. 38, on the Company's distorted reports of its conduct of affairs: … indeed from such trifling paragraphs as were produced before the [London] Committee, it appears plainly, that they made known only those things that set their conduct in a favourable light; for they were sensible that their original books and papers would have opened a very different scene, and disproved the false representations they have given of the country, climate, and trade of Hudson's-Bay.
p. 72: When Kelsey was afterwards made governor of York-fort, I was told that he wrote a vocabulary of the Indian language, and that the Company had ordered it to be suppressed.
p. 75-77, on the treatment of employees and the neglect and abuse of the natives: The absolute authority over all other servants, which is invested in the governor, who is indulged in the most malicious gratification of his own private resentments, and directed to exercise the severest cruelties upon every man who seems desirous to pry into the Company's affairs, to cultivate a friendship with the natives, or to discover the country; and the silent allowance also of his gross impositions upon the natives, …could only take place from the necessity of trusting somebody, and the dangerous evidence which these men, when trusted, are capable of giving upon any inquiry into the Company's management. A bricklayer at York-fort, with whom I was well acquainted, being desirous to perfect himself in writing, once inadvertently took down from the place where it was fixed, a well-written bill of orders, in order to copy it. This

was deemed so heinous an offence, that the poor bricklayer was immediately sent home incapacitated for all future employment in the Company's service; and the captain who had charge of him, took care in their passage to England, to get him pressed on board a man of war.

The instances of neglect and abuse of the natives are so gross, that they would scarcely gain credit, even among civilized barbarians, who never heard of the mild precepts of Christianity…: An Indian boy at Moose-factory, being taught to read and write, through the humanity and indulgence of a governor there, wrote over to the Company for leave to come to England, in order that he might be baptized; but upon the receipt of this request, which any men who had the least sense of religious, and the least regard for the spiritual happiness of a fellow creature, would with joy have complied with; an order was sent to the governor to take the boy's books from him, and turn him out of the factory, with an express prohibition against any Indians being instructed for the future. This was the source of much affliction to the poor boy, who died soon after, with a penitence and devotion that would have done honour to his masters. But from whence can such preposterous and unnatural behavior take its rise, unless from the apprehension, that if the natives were properly instructed and made converts to Christianity, they would all claim the privileges of British subjects, and apply to Britain to be supported in them?

p. 80: How dangerous is security when built upon the conduct of selfish men! The act for confirming the Company's charter expired above fifty years ago; they have not had the assurance to apply for a renewal, and yet have been mean enough to keep the absolute possession of what they knew was become the property of the nation.

p. 82: "During the long time in which the Company have been in possession, they have not once attempted to civilize the manners or inform the understandings of the natives; neither instructed

them in the great principles and duties of piety, nor in the common arts of secular life…."
Appendix, p. 55: critical passage on neglect of natives.

Ross, W. Gillies. *This Distant and Unsurveyed Country.* (Montreal, McGill University Press, 1997).

p. 158: To keep the men alert and cheerful at winter harbor on the search expedition [Franklin search 1850-51], Penny's surgeons had organized the "Royal Cornwallis Theatre" on board the *Lady Franklin*. Drawing actors from both ships and also from Sir John Ross's nearby vessel, the company distributed printed handbills and performed in front of an audience of fifty, wearing calico costumes and accompanied by music that was described—possibly, with some exaggeration—as "tolerable" (Sutherland 1852: I. 428). At about the same time, the "Arctic Academy" got under way, also under the direction of the surgeons. Its classes ran for three hours a night, four nights a week. Reading, writing, and arithmetic formed the basis of the curriculum, but geography excited the men's interest in a special way because some of them had sailed on merchant voyages to various parts of the world. Despite a limited supply of educational materials (slates, some paper and pencils, an old world map, and one copy of Johnston's *Physical Atlas*),the seamen (some of whom were barely literate) eagerly participated in discussions of global physical and human geography. The brightest men on the ships showed promise of learning elementary navigation by winter's end.
p. 159, In a later voyage of 1857-58 Penny paid much less attention to nourishing his sailor's minds—no mention of plays, concerts, or classes.
p. 208, picture of Rev. E. J. Peck with Inuit at Blacklead Island, reading presumably spiritual texts—the problems for these missionaries were the usual—liquor and sex.

Rowley, Graham W. *Cold Comfort: My Love Affair with the Arctic.* (Montreal: McGill-Queens University Press, 1996).

This is a rather dry account of a mid-1930s expedition to map the coastline of Baffin Island and the Foxe Basin and also some archaeological work on Thule and Dorset cultures. There are scattered reading references:
p. 39, August 22 1936: The rain was heavy early next morning, so I wrote a letter and read *Tristram Shandy*. The Arctic is an excellent place for reading books one feels one should read but never does if there are any distractions.
p. 42: We awoke to find we were firmly shut in, and we remained imprisoned by ice, and sometimes fog as well, for two more days.

We had not expected to be held up for so long and we soon read everything we had with us. Pat introduced me to the game of battleships which we played now and again from then on.
p. 91, an Inuit Sabbath service: It began with five hymns, one after another. These were followed by a reading from the Bible. Some passages the congregation would agree with, smiling and nodding their heads in approval. Other passages were obscure, as might be expected in a context changed from the Near East to the Far North, and there were many interruptions with everyone free to ask for an explanation. A discussion would then follow until a consensus had been reached on the meaning. In this way the reading became also a cooperative sermon…. Though I could understand only a little of what was going on, I found these services to be a real religious experience, which left me with no doubt that Christianity was a most important influence in the life of that camp. [Elsewhere Rowley does note that they had distinct splits between Anglican and Catholic.]
p. 96: After supper I noticed that Kutjek was reading the service for the solemnization of matrimony in his prayer book. He must have read it many times before, but the prayer book and parts of the Bible were then the only books in his language.

p. 120-21, at Pond Inlet: There was plenty to do at Pond Inlet. My time was fully occupied in arranging to travel to Arctic Bay, making social calls, writing, and reading. Having nothing to read is in some ways like having nothing to eat or drink. I had been deprived of reading for a longtime, and at first it did not matter much what I read, just as any food is good when one is hungry enough. During the winter I had spent a night in an igloo where the walls were lined with advertisements from the *Saturday Evening Post* of several years back, and I read all of them. I can still remember one that offered a new Packard for $1000. At Pond Inlet there was no shortage of books, and there was a radio with news from 'the outside'.
p. 123: Although none of the Baffin Island Inuit had ever been to any school, most of them were literate in syllabics and used them to keep in touch with their relatives and friends, as well as for reading the Bible and prayer books.
p. 141, on Admiralty Inlet excavations: My memories of the next few days are of worry about Aiula [a sick Inuk child], of reading Shakespeare from the complete edition I had found at the post [Pond Inlet?], and of eating a lot of *muktuk*.
p. 171-72: The time before Kutjek was due to return passed quickly. I had one or two archaeological books to read and the post [Repulse Bay] had a substantial though very mixed library.
p. 180, on Christmas in Lyon Inlet: I was of particular interest because I was new and different. I had a few books with me which the children and often their parents enjoyed, particularly *Birds of Canada* and Jenness's *The Copper Eskimos*….
p. 197, on a long komatik sledge trip at Jens Munk Island: Sometimes I would recite poetry to myself and I found I could recall long passages, mainly Shakespeare and Keats, learned years before at school. Occasionally, and unexpectedly, I would suddenly feel intensely happy. I have no idea what caused such irrational and yet unbounded euphoria. I remembered part of one of Siegfried Sassoon's war poems, 'Everyone suddenly burst out singing, And I was filled with such delight as prisoned birds

must find in freedom. Winging wildly across the white orchards and dark green fields.' The context was completely different, but the emotion was the same.
p. 218: The next day it was drifting so badly that all we could do was sit in the igloo waiting for better weather. I had picked up a few books, mostly Jane Austen and Dickens, at Arctic Bat, intending to read them during the summer. They helped to fill up such periods of enforced idleness since I did not want to spend all the time asking what must seem to my companions to be silly questions, and I had already learned all the string figures that Panikpakuttuk knew.
p. 219, end of trip at Igloolik: It was 16 May [1939]; the journey from Arctic Bay, which I had hoped would last little more than a week, had taken twenty-five days, and I had only *War and Peace* left for summer reading.

Rupert's Land. Northern Department. *Minutes of Council Northern Department of Rupert Land, 1821-31….* Edited by R. Harvey Fleming. (Toronto: Champlain Society, 1940).

p. 60, minutes of July 5, 1823, minutes of Council: 153. That for the more effectual civilization and moral improvement of the families attached to the different establishments and the Indians—Every Sunday when circumstances permit, divine Service be publickly read with becoming solemnity…., at which ever man woman and child resident must attend, together with such of the Indians who may be at hand… 154. That for this purpose, the requisite supply of Religious Books be imported by and at the expense of the Company, to consist of Books of Common Prayer of Sermons & Bibles"—also sermons in French for Canadians. [An item in 1824 added the urging of Parents to teach A.B.C. Catechism. Similar entries appeared in the next four years. See also pages 121, 135, 174, 201, and 230-31.]

Saskatchewan Journals. *Saskatchewan Journals and Correspondence. Edmonton House 1795-1800; Chesterfield House 1800-1802.* (London: Hudson's Bay Record Society, 1967).
p. ??,Peter Fidler at Norway House in 1800: But he provided himself very well with the means to spend profitably any time he could take off from fur trading or hunting buffalo, for he undoubtedly took to Chesterfield House the instruments, nautical almanacs and books which had been sent to him by the ship of 1799 and on which he had spent no less than £30 out of his salary of £60 for season 1798-99. [Footnote 6: The books sent to Fidler in 1799 were Poets & Novels; Hennes Eng.; Goldsmith's Grecian History and his Roman History; Charles Hutton's Mathematical and Philosophical Dictionary; his Compendious Measurer; Diarian Miscellany; John Gay's Fables; Guide to old age; Charles Vyse's Arithmetic; an abridged Buffon's Natural History; Samuel Hearne's Journey to the Northern Ocean; Monthly Reviews; Annual Register; John Imison's School of Art; Samuel Vince's Practical Astronomy; John Wilson's Trigonometry; and Leadbeater's Drawing. p. lxxxv-lxxxvi]
p. xciii: … and for leisure reading he [Fidler] must have had the books which had been bought on his account and sent out from London by the ship of 1800. [Footnote 3: costing nearly £8 they included: one on surgery, one on wounds, one on geography, one on ancient and modern geography and history, one on astronomy, some solar and lunar tables, the *Annual Register* for 1799, a *History of Jews* (sixty parts to be bound in one volume) and a *History of the Bible* (also in sixty parts….]
p. xcviii: The choice [of things to be sent to York Factory] made by such men as David Thompson, Peter Fidler and Malchom [sic] Ross included many surveying instruments to add to those provided by the Company, nautical Almanacs, necessary text books, and reading matter for pleasure. Mention has already been made of the books Fidler is thought to have taken with him to Chesterfield House; his earlier purchases included the

Mysteries of Adolphus (sic) and Harrison's *British Classics*. James Bird acquired a violin about 1795 and some three years later added an *Ancient Universal History* in twenty-one volumes as well as *Pleasures of the Imagination* by Ackinside (Akenside) to his personal library. Again, in 1799, the supply-ship brought him 'Tasso *Jarusalem* 2 volumes …; Popes *Select Poems* 1 vol.…; Rowes [trans.] *Lucans Pharsalia* 2 vol. …; Lewis's [trans.] *Thebaid of Statius* 2 vol. …; [Roger's] *Pleasures of Memory* 1 vol. …' costing £2 9s 0d. For lighter moments David Thompson's many purchases included Milton's *Paradise Lost*, several volumes of Dr Johnson's *Rambler*, Blair's *Belles Lettres* and Hooper's *Recreations.* [Footnote 6—Ann Radcliffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho* was sent to Fidler by ship of 1795.]

Schledermann, Peter. *Voices in Stone; A Personal Journey into the Arctic Past.* (Calgary, AL: Arctic Institute of North America, 1996).

Voices in Stone is a personal journey of discovery, a portrait and a history of the human presence in the far northern regions of Canada. Archaeological investigations have provided us with a window into the world of the Palaeo- and Neo-eskimos who occupied the High Arctic intermittently for more than 4000 years. The book tells the story of the search for evidence of ancient human settlements on the central east coast of Ellesmere Island and the exciting discovery of Norse artifacts in thirteenth-century Neoeskimo winter houses. In 1818, Sir John Ross made the first recorded Western contact with descendants of the Neoeskimos, the Polar Eskimos or Inughuit of North Greenland. His entry into Baffin Bay led the way for Western whalers, explorers, and North Pole seekers, whose presence turned out to have dramatic consequences for the Inughuit. Voices in Stone is not only an account of the discovery of archaeological materials in the High Arctic, but a story of life

in remote, isolated research camps occasionally threatened by sudden, violent storms or curious polar bears.

Simpson, Thomas. *Narrative of the Discoveries on the North Coast of America; Effected by the Officers of the Hudson's Bay Company during the Years 1836-39.* London: Richard Bentley, 1843.

From the introductory memoir of Simpson by his brother Alexander (p. xviii), following the death of Simpson at the hands of a few Métis: if, indeed, it pleased Providence to darken the spirit which had passed undaunted through so many we can but acknowledge that the decrees of God are inscrutable to mortals, and join in these beautiful lines of Cowper:

> Man is a harp whose chords elude the sight,
> Each yielding harmony disposed aright:
> The chords reversed (a task which, if He please,
> God in a moment executes with ease,)
> Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose;
> Lost, till He tune them, all their power and use.

Thus perished, before he had completed his thirty-second year, Thomas Simpson, a man of great ardour, resolution, and perseverance; one who had already achieved a great object, and who has left a name which will be classed by posterity with that of Cook, Parry, Lander, and Franklin.
p. 29: The cariole intended for myself I appropriated to the carriage of my books, instruments, &c., and preferred performing the whole journey to Athabasca on foot.
p. 119, on meeting a new group of Esquimaux: A friendly communication was immediately opened, in which our vocabularies were summoned to play their part, to the great amazement of the savages, who declared that the books spoke to us.

p. 162: Our Esquimaux friends assisted in gathering some chips of wood to cook our breakfast, and stood amazed at seeing me light a piece of touch-wood with a burning-glass. Their own clumsy method of producing fire is by friction, with two pieces of dry wood in the manner of a drill. They seemed astonished when I used the sextant, but their wonder changed into terror on my applying the watch to their ears. They certainly took it for a "tornga," or familiar spirit, holding some sort of mysterious communication with my "speaking book."

p. 219-20: Now that we were fairly established [at Fort Confidence], divine service was duly performed on Sundays, at which both Protestants and Catholics attended. Our Canadians, like their countrymen in general, were deplorably ignorant; the Highlanders and Orkneymen, on the contrary, could both read and write, and the contents of the little library we had provided were in great request among them through the long winter nights. During the summer voyage we had laboured successfully to repress the practice of swearing, so common among voyageurs of every denomination.

p. 240-41: Our long-expected winter packet from the southern parts of the country was brought on the 9th, by Indians, via Marten Lake. Not the least valued part of its contents was a file of that excellent paper the New York Albion, with some numbers of the London Times, sent us by our worthy friend Chief Factor Christie. Those only who are cut off from the rest of the world can fully appreciate such marks of attention.

p. 385, near Cape Franklin, notes Byron Bay: nine miles wide, and was named after the immortal bard….

p. 391-92: That evening we reached the point where our over-land journey to Great Bear Lake was to commence. Here our remaining boat, our tents, powder, ice-trenches, in short, everything but books, instruments, and absolute necessaries, were shared between our two faithful Hare Indians, Larocque and Maccaconce, who were to return to the spot with their friends at some future day for this valuable present.

p. 405-06: In the New York Albion of the 23rd November, 1839, I fell in with an admirable article on the colonization of New Zealand; the following extract from which presents, I fear, too true a picture of savage life. ‘We are not aware of any authentic instance of a tribe of savage fishers or hunters becoming settled and agricultural, even by any pressure from without, much less from their own unaided efforts. So far from adopting civilized habits, the experience of America and New Holland has shewn that the savage hovers on the advancing frontier of civilization, till he finally disappears along with the game which afforded him support…. Hence even the Indian child, when brought up in a populous city, and educated in the arts and religion of civilized men, often betrays his dislike to a settled life, and endeavours by all means to rejoin his wild countrymen of the woods.’

Thompson, David. *David Thompson’s Narrative of His Explorations in Western America 1784-1812.* Edited by J. B. Tyrrell. (Toronto:: The Champlain Society, 1916). [Volume XII of The Publications of the Champlain Society. A new edition edited by Richard Grover, with additional material, was published by the Society in 1962.]

David Thompson (1770-1857), after early education at a London charity school where he studied mathematics and navigation, signed on as an apprentice with the Hudson’s Bay Company in 1784, and worked as surveyor for both the HBC and the North West Company.
p. 5, on his early reading as a charity student at Grey Coat Hospital: Books in those days were scarce and dear and most of the scholars got the loan of such books as his parents could lend him. Those which pleased us most were the Tales of the Genii, the Persian, and Arabian Tales, with Robinson Crusoe and Gullivers Travels: these gave us many subjects for discussion and how each would behave on various occasions.

p. 26, at his first HBC post in Churchill in winter of 1784-85: I was fortunate in passing my time in the company of three gentlemen the officers of the factory, Mr Jefferson, the deputy governor, Mr Prince the captain of the Sloop, that annually trade with the Esquimaux to the northward, and Mr Hodges the Surgeon; they had books which they freely lent to me, among them were several on history and animated nature, these were what I paid most attention to as the most instructive. Writing paper there was none but what was in the hands of the Governor, and a few sheets among the officers. On my complaining that I should lose my writing for want of practice, Mr Hearne employed me a few days on his manuscript entitled "A journey to the North" and at another time I copied an Invoice.
p. 51, "Life at a Trading Post": The summer months pass away without regret, the myriads of tormenting flies allow no respite, and we see the cold months advance with something like pleasure, for now we can enjoy a book, or a walk.
p. 180: It seems when the French from Canada first entered these furr countries, every summer a Priest came to instruct the Traders and their men their religious duties, and preach to them and the Natives in Latin, it being the only language the Devil does not understand and cannot learn: He had collected about twenty Men with a few of the Natives upon a small Island, of rock; and while instructing them, a large war party of Sieux Indians came on then and began the work of death; not one escaped; whilst this was going on, the Priest kept walking backwards and forwards on a level rock about fifty yards in length, with his eyes fixed on his book, without seeming to notice them; at length as he turned about, one of them sent an arrow through him and he fell dead.
p. 241: These great Plains appear to be given by Providence to the Red Men for ever, as the wilds and sands of Africa are given to the Arabians.

Thompson, David. *David Thompson's Narrative 1784-1812.* A New Edition with Added Material Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Richard Glover. (Toronto: The Champlain Society, 1962). [This is Volume XL. Volume XII of The Publications of the Champlain Society, Edited by J. B. Tyrrell, was published by the Society in 1916.]

The second edition of 1962 has a new Introduction, followed by Tyrrell's original "David Thompson's Itinerary in North-Western Americana, 1785-1812." From the outset of this new Introduction, Glover is critical of the critics of the HBC, for example Hearne, Thompson, and Umfreville, as well as of the hagiographers of those traders and authors, *e.g*. even Tryrell could sink to writing that Thompson bore continuously "the white flower of the blameless life", and lesser men wrote still worse stuff" (p. xii). Grover is a stylish and provocative writer, and few escape his ascerbic pen.

p. xvi-xvii, apropos Umfreville: This was Edward Umfreville, a man in whom the virtues of sobriety, industry and hardihood were blended with a quarrelsomeness so vindictive as to make it impossible for anyone to get on with him in his own day or for any historian to trust his unsupported word in our day.

p. xxxvii, in a letter of 1 June, 1797, from Thompson to Joseph Colen of the HBC, covering some of Thompsons grievances against the Company, he: … goes on to complain that "before you went to England I had always a Letter and Books from the Co., since then neither the one nor the other, and I have been put the whole winter to the greatest inconvenience for want of a Nautical Almanac"; and from this point on it degenerates for its last ten lines or so into something very close to personal abuse.

p. xxxxviii, Thompson wrote a second letter that day to the whole Council at York Factory concerning books and instruments, : just as he was quitting the HCB for the North West Co."

Gentlemen,

As I am now in the employ of the N.W. Co. from Canada you may perhaps not think it consistent with your Duty to send my Books, Mathematical Instruments &c&c to Cumberland House, should this be the case you will please to reship them for England: tho I must confess I am utterly at a loss to know how the reading of books for observing the Motions of the heavenly Bodies can be detrimental to the Interest of the Honble Hudson's Bay Company — :

… it is natural to conclude that these were new books and instruments which Thompson had ordered from London, for if they were not, it is hard to see to whom they could be reshipped in London. His pauper mother would have scant use for second-hand articles of this kind; but London tradesmen could accept unopened parcels of goods which could not be delivered. Thirdly, "the reading of Books" occupied a good deal of Thompson's time whenever it could be done; for one observes his gratitude for books lent him at Churchill by William Jefferson, the deputy governor, and by Prince, the sloopmaster, and how "among them were several on history and animated Nature, these where what I paid most attention to as the most instructive"; also his comment on the intellectual barrenness of Cumberland House — "here again no book, not even a bible"; and outside Thompson's own records Alexander Henry is found in 180 making up a canoe load of "23 packs and one bundle of Mr. Thompson's books". At that point Thompson would seem to have had many books and the number lying waiting for him at York Factory in 1797 may easily have been bulky for, at a £60 salary, we would well afford them. Fourthly, such an order of books and instruments must have been delivered at York on the 1796 ship the latest date at which it could have arrived if it was already there when Thompson wrote about it on 1 June, 1797. It

is also evident that it had not been sent on to Thompson with Malcolm Ross in 1796 and his language shows he was bitter at not having received it.
p. 55, while Thompson was at Cumberland House: At the latter end of August [1788]Mr. Tomison came with the canoes and goods and left three men and myself to trade and pass the winter, for at this time this house had a valuable trade of about twenty five packs of fine furrs, each of ninety pounds weight. In the beginning of October two canoes arrived from York Factory, bringing Mess[s] Philip Turnor, Hudson and Isham, the former to survey the country to the west end of Athabasca Lake with Mr. Hudson for his assistant, the latter to take his [Hudson's] place as a furr trader. This was a fortunate arrival for me, as Mr. Turnor was well versed in mathematics, was one of the compilers of the nautical Almanacs and a practical astronomer. Under him I regained my mathematical education and during the winter became his only assistant and thus learned practical astronomy under an excellent master of the science. Mr. Hudson unfortunately for himself was too fond of an idle life, became dropsical and soon died.

Tyrrell, J. B. "Peter Fidler, Trader and Surveyor, 1769 to 1822." *Proceedings and Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada.* Third Series. VII. Section II (1913) p. 117-27 [Read May 28, 1913]

p. 127: Fidler himself was a hard worker, but was of an irascible disposition with comparatively little consideration for the weaknesses and failings of others. He was a diligent student and fond of reading. In the Library at York is a manuscript book of mathematical problems worked out by him, and a large number of printed books in the Library are inscribed with his name and have evidently been contributed to the Library by him. Most of these are on mathematical subjects of some kind, many of them being such books as "The Nautical Almanac," "The Diary

Companion, being a supplement to the Ladies' Diary," "The Gentleman's Diary, or the Mathematical Repository." Others are on Biblical chronology. In addition to which there is the "Monthly Magazine for a number of years.

Williams, Glyndwr. "Highlights of the First 200 Years of the Hudson's Bay Company." *Beaver* No 301 (Autumn 1970) 1-65

p. 60, has a good picture of the library at York Factory—serious books & 19th-century novels and bound magazines.

1610-30 British Exploration of Newfoundland

Cell, Gillian T. *Newfoundland Discovered: English Attempts at Colonisation, 1610-1630.* (London: Hakluyt Society, 1982).

Diverse and interesting materials on colonizing Newfoundland. For good summary of motivation for colony, see p. 235: the Christian religion propagate, his Majesties Dominions enlarged, his Customes and Revenues augmented, numbers of people relieved, the private Adventurers enriched, the commodities of the Kingdom vested, and great wealth in a short time returned. (From *A Short Discourse of the New-Found-Land* [Dublin 1623])
p. 65-7, 26 August 1611: An Inventory of the Provisions Left with the Settlers at Cupids Cove [from ms. At Nottingham Univ. Library]. Included in a long list of food, clothing and equipment is "Item one bible & one booke of the generall pr*a*ctice of phisick."

1820-23 British Chaplain Residence at Red River Colony

West, John. *The Substance of a Journal during a Residence at the Red River Colony British North America: and Frequent*

Excursions among the North West American Indians…. Second Edition. (London: L. B. Seele, 1827).

West was "Late Chaplain to the Hon. The Hudson's Bay Company" visiting various Forts of the HBC, but mainly serving as chaplain and missionary to the natives at the Red River Colony..

p. 28-29: January 1, 1821.—I went to the school this morning, a distance of about six miles from my residence, to examine the children, and was much pleased at the progress which they had already made in reading. Having addressed them, and prayed for a divine blessing on their instruction: I distributed to those who could read a little book, as a reward for their general good conduct in the school. In returning to the farm, my mind was filled with sentiments of gratitude and love to a divine Saviour for his providential protection, and gracious favour towards me during the past year.

p. 276, apropos a Captain Brandt, a commander of Indian warriors: He was a man of a shrewd intelligent mind, and translated the Gospel of St. John, with the Book of Common Prayer, into the Mohawk language.

p. 148, on efforts of Russians in North-west coast: by mild persuasion and conviction, and the report of their success in general is, that a considerable number of savages of the Polar Regions have been converted to Christianity.*

[* Footnote: "The Russians have made many proselytes to the Greek Church, (he observes,) from among the natives of the North-West coast of North America, and two different supplies of the Scriptures in the Slavonian and modern Russ languages have been forwarded to that quarter, for the use of their settlements there, by the Russian Bible Society."]

p. 150, apparently at Red River Colony: June 2.—I have been adding two small houses to the Church Mission School, as separate sleeping apartments for the Indian children, who have

already made most encouraging progress in reading, and a few of them in writing.

Heeney, William Bertal. *John West and His Red River Mission*. (Toronto: Musson Book Company, 1920).

A rather simple description of John West, an Anglican clergyman, who as chaplain to the HBC established a Mission School at Red River in 1821.
p. 36: He it was who first drew the attention of the Church Missionary Society to the Indian races wandering on the plains of British America, east of the Rock Mountains.
p. 38, the school having been established by 1822 when West was returning to England: It was the residence of the schoolmaster Mr. [George] Harbidge, now happily married, and assisted by his young wife, in the work of teaching. It was the home of the Indian boys and girls under the motherly care of Agathus. It was likewise the day school for the children of the Hudson's Bay Company's officers and servants, and for those of the Settlers also. … The Depository of the Auxiliary Bible Society, founded at York Factory by Mr. West and Nicholas Garry in 1821, was now lodged in the Church Mission House, and from it the Word of God was freely distributed in twelve languages. [The School also taught fifteen Indian boys and fifteen girls separately paid for by their parents or guardians if unaffiliated with the HBC].

1826 British Overland Survey from Hudson Bay to Fort Vancouver

Simpson, Aemilius. "Lt. Aemilius Simpson's Survey from York Factory to Fort Vancouver, 1826." Edited by William Barr and

Larry Green. *Journal of the Hakluyt Society* (August 2014) 106 p., illus.

Transcript of Simpson's "Journal of a Voyage across the Continent of North America in 1826." Although the journal gives no instances of specific reading there are references to Fraanklin's *Narrative of a Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea* (London, 1823) sufficient to infer that he had a copy with him on the journey.

1828 HBC Voyage of George Simpson from Hudson's Bay to the Pacific

Simpson, George, Sir. *Peace River. A Canoe Voyage from Hudson's Bay to the Pacific.* By the Late George Simpson, [Governor, Hon. Hudson's Bay Company] in 1828. (Ottawa: Durie & Son, 1872).

p. iv, Preface, dated May, 1872, and signed M.M.: The Widow and legal representatives of my lamented friend the late Chief Factor A. McDonald have, with a public spirit which commends itself, allowed me the use of his "Notes," as he calls them—They are now given as called for—That they are so *crudely* given is my fault; and I have but to trust to the generosity of those who may honor the little work with a reading, pleading as my excuse…that it has only been at snatched moments from engrossing business duties, and at odd hours in the night, that I have been able thus, with running pen, to throw off these hurried pages, to meet what seemed a pressing call and inquiry.
p. 63 extracts some minutes from the HBC post at Norway House in 1825:

"Minute 108—Indians: —Industry to be encouraged, vice repressed, and morality inculcated. *Spirituous liquors to be gradually discontinued*, and ammunition supplied even to those not possessed of means."

While I have this precious Minute before me, let me cite one or two more of some relative bearing.

"No. 137. Charles Lefreniere fined £20; for *charitable* purposes."

And under the head "*Religious Improvement*," I find the following:

"No. 138. Divine Service to be read Sundays.

" 139. Religious books to be furnished..

" 140. Immoral habits to be checked. Opposites to be encouraged.

" 143. Parents to instruct their children in A B C.

p. 71, Note XXXIX written at Athabasca Lake, dealing with surveying the area: I am forced, with much regret, to draw my conclusions—unavoidably crude in many instances—merely from that accidental personal knowledge, and special garnered literature, viz., journals, reports, letters, &c., of relatives and friends in the Hudson Bay's Company's service, throughout their whole vast field of operations, which accident has thrown in my waay, and which I happen to command. With this special knowledge, and also that general knowledge which is to be gathered from even the "popular books" of the day, and, let me add, a good deal of blue book, I make bold, in the present discussion of Pacific Routes, to advance an opinion." [His opinion is that the whole area from the McKenzie to the Mississippi and somehow conjoined to Greenland, once flowed with a "mighty glacial sea." Goes on with further descriptive notes on the region.]

1843-44 British Surveying Expedition for Magnetic North

Lefroy, John Henry. *In Search of the Magnetic North: A Soldier-Surveyor's Letters from the North-West, 1843-1844.* (Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada, 1955).

p. xi, re an English soldier-scientist and surveyer assigned to Toronto: …with an English gentlemen's sincere belief in the inevitable superiority of things English….. He loved his Church; and his interest in missionary work never diminished throughout a career which lasted seventy-eight years.
p. 11-12, letter to cousin Julia, 6 May 1843: Tell me of books, and ideas, and the progress of opinions, whether it is true that so much really Romish leaven is developing with the revival of unity and discipline in the church. Being so much out of the world I can speculate on what is going on in it with more liability to error, it is true, but with less prejudice than if more in it…. [Goes on to mention Carlyle, Voltaire and Diderot.]
p. 27, reports on an Indian village on Lake Winnipeg: There is a missionary (Wesleyan) at the village, not doing much however, for he can only speak through an interpreter, and there are great difficulties in inducing these wilder Indians to accept Xtianity or to send their children to school. Not the least of these arises from the rivalry between Church of England, Church of Rome, Wesleyans and Baptists, all of whom have missionaries in the country, and the Indians are quite acute enough to take advantage of their divisions.
p. 36, letter to Sophia Lefroy, 15th June 1843: I forgot to mention that Sir Geo S[impson] lent me on starting Cottrell's [*Recollections of*] *Siberia* (London: Parker, 1842), which disappointed me; from a man who had led rather a dissipated life, I expected a light sketchy work, full of anecdotes and lively remarks; the only thing lively about it is his running fire at that unfortunate Captain Jesse, which is rather impertinent than otherwise. Moreover there are some very badly written passages. I hope it has had a sale. I had seen some extracts in Canadian papers which are mostly supported by pilfering, so suppose it has made some way.
p. 37: Unluckily I forgot to provide myself with a French dictionary and grammar, so while I am daily speaking if possible worse and worse French by learning their patois, I cannot take

the opportunity of increasing my stock of words and phrases. They talk very bad French, full of provincialisms, icit for ice, fret for froid, potatoes, patats, Etc.
p. 50, on the missionary school at Norway House: The school children amounting to 60 were soon got together…and we heard them read and spell and sing in Indian and English. They are Crees, their language a pretty one; the astonishing thing was to hear them repeat long exercises, such as the creed, sing hymns, read the Testament etc. in Englis, *not one word of which* any of them understand. The missionary wishes to prepare the way for their learning the language but I think goes too far. One little boy repeated the Lord's Prayer perfectly in English, putting his stops correctly, varying the tone in perfect imitation of an intelligent speaker, yet could not say it in his own language….
p. 56, asks for Church newspapers and also London paper.
p. 69, at Fort Chipewyan, 13 Dec 1843: Time passes very rapidly and to me agreeably enough, I borrowed a few books at Norway H. and found some here. These, with chess, fill up the short time to be disposed of out of the observatory….
p. 91, Jan 1 1844 from Athabaska: I wish to hear more of your Italian travels, how far you went and what you saw of English society abroad….
p. 107-8, from Fort Simpson 19 March 1844: Of all possible books, what would you suppose to be the very last one might meet with in this corner of the world. I think London's *Cyclopedia of Villa and Farm Architecture* is the one. Yet here I found it, fresh and new. And this reminds me that Anthony and you are building or having builded a house for yourselves; if you have done so without consulting that work you have done great wrong….
p. 155, from Toronto 17 Dec 1844: Will you send me out at the same time a copy of the *Xtian Year* [John Keble] for Mrs. H. I gave her some time ago Geo. Herbert's poems, and the other day she gave them back in exchange for Keble. It must be an English edition, as the American editions are not admissible in England.

p. 158: Who have I thank for *Grant's Lectures*? I suppose you. I have been reading them with great interest.
p. 162: Will you tell Anthony that unless he has already got the Keble for me, I will not trouble him, I have got one here, but if he sends it, I shall find some one else to present it to. I was dutiful enough to buy the Winter's tale the other day. I like it, better than Bertram's dream--….

1857-58 Whaling Voyage to Baffin Island (aboard XXX commanded by George Parker)

Ross, William Gillies. *This Distant and Unsurveyed Country: A Woman's Winter at Baffin Island, 1857-1858.* (Montreal: McGill-Queen's University Press, 1997).

The diaries of Margaret Penny, a captain's wife, on a whaling voyage to Baffin Island. The diaries cover whaling near Baffin Island as well as its social life and customs.
p. 79: *Oct. 11th. Sunday* A fine clear day. People on shore. Six or 7 whales seen. Divine service at 2 P.M. The Esquimaux seem to understand very well that they are to respect this day, for they go about very quietly & forego their usual occupations.
p. 100: *Nov. 22nd. Sunday* A fine day but a good deal of water on the ice, which prevents my going on shore. Divine service, which is always numerously attended. In the evening Mr. Warmow read the 1st chap. Of St. Matthew & explained it to some of the Esquimaux. With what eager attention they listened to him.
p. 153-54: On ships wintering in the Arctic during the nineteenth century, idleness was opposed with special vigour because it promoted 'mental disquietude' and 'melancholy,' and these conditions were thought to contribute to scurvy or even cause it…. On most arctic expeditions the officers became what we might today call 'social animators,' taking the lead in putting on amusing plays and concerts, printing comical newspapers,

organizing sports and games, teaching classes, arranging festive celebrations for special occasions, and doing whatever they could to combat boredom among the crew. [Quotes Captain George Parker as saying scurvy is "brought on my depression of the mind, mostly…."]
p. 158, keeping men alert and cheerful during the winter, Capt Penny organized musical theatre and other activities: At about the same time the 'Arctic Academy' got under way, also under the direction of the surgeons. Its classes ran for three hours a night, four nights a week. Reading, writing, and arithmetic formed the basis of the curriculum, but geography excited the men's interest in a special way because some of them had sailed on merchant voyage to various parts of the world. Despite a limited supply of educational materials (slates, some paper and pencils, an old world map, and one copy of *Johnston's Physical Atlas*), the seamen (some of whom were barely literate) eagerly participated in discussions of global physical and human geography. The brightest men on the ships showed promise of learning elementary navigation by winter's end.

1865-66 US Whaling Journey to Greenland (aboard *Perseverance*)

Faulkner, Joseph P. *Eighteen Months on a Greenland Whaler*. (New York: Published for the Author, 1878).

Rather charming and humorous writer who was a compositor, Civil War soldier, printer, etc., and nearly blind, before shipping to Greenland in May 1865-66.
p. vi: Yet as you will not very likely be able to find out, unless I tell you, that I compiled this book without having any notes—all my papers, including a diary of the voyage, having been destroyed in a storm when we were homeward bound—allow me to state this much, by way of excuse for what defects you may observe; as also, that owing to almost entire blindness, I am quite

unfitted to the task of mechanical writing, comparing of notes, assortment of papers, all inseparably involved in the getting out of a work of this nature unless with aid from an amenuensis and collaborator, who, timeously [*sic*] for me, turned up in the person of an old comrade, to whom the services exacted have been purely *labor amoris*, both of us bravely holding ourselves uninterdicted by the imperative warning set forth in the imprecative dictum of that sublime and far-seeing genius, "the man of Uz:" "Oh that mine enemy would write a book."
p. 187: passage on winter entertainment: plays and theatricals, Sunday services, serious lectures, nigger minstral shows, debating clubs, etc. Nicely written.
p. 226: Each Sunday regularly, twice a day, divine service was held on board the "*Perseverance*," a chapter of the Bible being perused with commentation, and extempore prayer, and frequently the reading of a sermon, besides prayer-meeting twice during the week; and now they quietly joined in with us in a celebration, tacitly ignored by them at home, and in a way best consonant to their ideas and tastes, where every one followed his own bent so much.
p. 257, alludes to a volume of Shakespear "whose immortal writings I had out of the excellent library of the Perseverance…"

1868-73 Red River Rebellion in Saskatchewan

McDougall, John. *In the Days of the Red River Rebellion.* Toronto: Briggs, 1903.

McDougall was a rather devout Protestant missionary who (p. 111-113) engaged the Indians in an anti-alcohol petition, a miner episode in the Red River Colony's rebellion against the Canadian government which had transferred Hudson's Bay Company land to the new country to the detriment of Métis interests in their land and culture.

p. 26: Most of our reading was done by the dim tallow dip or chimney fire; our literature was limited, and of the ancient type; one thousand miles to the nearest post gave us very little trouble with our mail.

p. 36, winter 1868-9 in Saskatchewan, on missionary educational efforts: Our oldest little girl, Flora, whom he had left with her grandparents at Victoria in September, I brought up with me, and she was now with us, and though scarcely three years old, was a most remarkable example of language learning, for in three months she had learned to speak English. Her vocabulary was quite extensive, and her pronunciation remarkably correct. Formerly it was all Cree with our little daughter; now it was all English, and she quite amused her mother and the Indians around us by her insistence in using this new language at all times.

…Getting out timber and lumber, gathering firewood, hauling hay, keeping the pot boiling, and our time was fully taken up. Even if we had a study and books, there would have been precious little time for them. But as we see things now, our study was a big room wherein was all manner of strange life and mysterious problems, and in the working out of the questions before us at the time God was teaching in his own way.

p. 158, during a smallpox epidemic among French Métis: Ammunition and powder-horns and camp equipage, carts and saddles, etc., the prostrate sick and the dying, the weakly convalescent, the few excited well news worn out with nursing—all in danger. "Never fear; don't move. I will stop the fire," assured the priest, and while many things could have been done, and which ordinary common-sense would urge the doing of, these people, dazed and burdened by the awful epidemic, were passive in the hands of the foolish fanatic, and left undone what should have been done. So out towards the fire the priest went, with book and cross and beads, and kneeling and praying and signing the cross towards the flames did what he could according to his belief; but ruthlessly and relentlessly the fire

came on, nor heeded him for one moment, and he had to flee for his life, alas, too late to save the camp.

1893 Canadian Overland Expedition through Hudson Bay Region (James W. Tyrell)

James W. Tyrrell. *Across the Sub-Arctics* [sic] *of Canada. A Journey of 3,200 Miles by Canoe and Snowshoe through the Hudson Bay Region.* Third Edition. Toronto: William Briggs, 1908. [First published in 1997]

Tyrrell was accompanied by his brother, J. B. Tyrrell, on this 1893 excursion. He was responsible for most of the photographs, and this book is dedicated to him. Not very much on reading during this short expedition.

p. 186, when 250 miles from their destination of Churchill, and having considerable difficulties: The only other feasible plan was then suggested. It was to abandon dunnage, instruments, rock collection, etc., everything except note-books, photographs, plant collection, rifles, blankets, and two small tents, and with these to start out in only two light canoes, and with the increased force in them to travel for our lives.

This plan was decided on, and in the morning the men were set to work to cache all our stuff excepting the articles above mentioned. This occupied the whole morning, and to us it was a sad and lonely task; but as it seemed to be the only way by which we might hope to escape from this dreary ice-bound coast, it was felt to be a necessary one.

p. 197-98, on Rev. Lofthouse in Churchill and his ministry: Mr. Lofthouse preached in the Cree, Chipewyan and Eskimo languages, and having won the esteem and affection of his people, he had a powerful influence over them, and taught them with much success. He and Mrs. Lofthouse together conducted a day-school for the benefit of the children of the permanent residents. These numbered twenty-one, the total population of

Churchill being only fifty-one. On visiting the school I was much pleased with the advancement of the children, even the smallest of whom could read from the Bible. The girls were taught by Mrs. Lofthouse to do various kinds of needlework, and by way of encouragement were supplied with materials.

1894-95 US Overland Journey of Casper Whitney in theBarren Lands

Whitney, Caspar W. "On Snow-Shoes to the Barren Grounds," *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* XCII (1896) in Five Parts with separate paginations for each

p. 360, on the Chipewyans on Athabaska Lake: It is headquarters of one of the four districts into which this vast fur-bearing land of one million square miles is divided by the Hudson Bay Company; the chief forwarding point for the merchandise which the company sends in for trade, and the fur the Indians send out as pay; a general distributing post-office of the four yearly mails which reach this land, where man is but a mere track upon the snow, and not above one hundred of the roughly approximated ten thousand read English writing. It is the most important North-land mission of the Roman Catholic Oblates Fathers, and it is practically the northern boundary of the Cree and the southern boundary of the Montagnaise Indian family, which in its various branches spreads toward the Arctic Ocean.

… Those that live within the company's gates are chiefly half-breeds. In summer they catch and dry the fish which forms the chief article of food for men and dogs, or work on the company flat-boats: and in winter they spend the short days in "tripping," and the long nights in smoking and talking about their dogs, or in dancing and sleeping. They have no other diversions; no indoor games, no out-door sports. Dancing

and sleeping are the beginning and ending of their recreation, and I would not venture an opinion as to the more popular; certainly they have an abnormal capacity for either.
p. 364-65: In spring it is daylight long before you start at six, and long after you camp at eight; in fact, in May I wrote in my note book frequently at ten, and it was not really dark at midnight. In midsummer there is no night, and in midwinter the short days are of slight significance to the tripper, because the moon equalizes matters by shining full throughout the period in which the sun shines least….

As to philological differences, they are too intricate to understand without long study, and too many for exploitation here. It will answer our purpose to know that the Cree nation is one of the largest of the Lenni-Lennappe family, itself the most widely distributed of the three great divisions—Floridean, Iroquois, and Lenni- Lennappe. The Cree is really a plains Indian, and as such superior to the few of the family in the North-land who are called Wood Cree. The Tené, or Montagnaise, is the great nation which spreads between the Rocky Mountains and Hudson Bay, and extends in its various tribes and dialects down to the arctic. Of these tribes the chief are Chipewyan, Yellow Knives, Dog-Ribs, Slaveys, Hare, Caribou-Eaters, whose language has mere dialectic differences. Then there are the Loucheux, on the Mackenzie River, which have a more distinct tongue, sharper features, almond-shaped eyes, and are the most intelligent and thrifty Indians in the country; and the Eskimo, that never hunt more than a hundred miles south of the arctic coast, have their own variation of the Eskimo speech, and notably enough, average of greater stature than is commonly believed of this people.
p. 497-98: Personally I acknowledge I prefer the Indians to the half-breeds…, as a rule, the half-breeds are less intolerable than the Indians. And that is saying a great deal. It is a question of two evils. One would repent of either choice. Both in general are untrustworthy, avaricious, and uncleanly, but the half-breed is

nearer the white man in the viciousness of his hypocrisy. The white blood in his veins comes from the lowest strains, and has given him the cunning of a higher intelligence without; importing the better attributes of the more civilized prototype. It is much easier for a civilized man to become savage than for a savage to become civilized.
p. 720-21: Even though by some transcendent and providential means I should be given plenty to eat not anything could induce me to again visit the Barrens and witness the sufferings of those poor dumb brutes. Only for one period (I think, though not absolutely certain, because I was too cold and miserable to write in my note-book every day, and must depend largely on memory) of three days on the trip did they go entirely without meat. At all others they had a little, just a mouthful, when we camped by a good killing of musk-ox, and they they fared sumptuously.
But they were half famished practically all the time, and my conscience smote me sorely as I noted their glaring eyes and tucked-up stomachs, and realized that my thirst for adventure was the cause of it all.

1900? US private Summer Expedition for Birding and Touring the Labrador Coast

Townsend, Charles Wendell. *Along the Labrador Coast.* Boston: Dana Estes & Company, 1907.

It is hard to determine from this book or the internet the date of this engaging tourist journal of the Labrador outports. On p. 98 he refers to the 230 years that the Hudson's Bay Company had been trading furs from the natives; with a founding date of 1670 we can infer a 1900 date for the trip. He also there notes "No wonder the letters have been interpreted "Here before Christ," for the company generally get ahead of the missionaries.

p. 83: On board the *Virginia Lake* they are kindly ministered to by the doctor and by his nurse, the poetic Peddel, author of the "Poems of Newfoundland," a little book I was glad to purchase of the author, and in which he kindly wrote his name and mine. The poems are interesting, and as the author remarked, "There is a deal of deep thought in them."
p. 177, on arriving at Nain: We crowd the mail-boat, sailors, officers, and passengers, and are soon ashore, where we are kindly greeted by the Moravian brothers and sisters, who introduce us to their bishop who happens to be staying there. Under the guidance of a Moravian, who acts as an interpreter, we wander about the Eskimo settlement, which has the same characteristics as that at Hopedale. The mission house and chapel are courteously shown to us by Brother Schmitt and his hospitable wife, who have been here fifteen years. Everything is spotless. In the chapel there are benches for the Eskimos to sit on, the men at one end, the women at the other.

On one side is a raised platform where there is a reading-desk on a table, while opposite to it is a harmonium on another platform. There are chandeliers for candles. In the mission house I copy some interesting records of birds and their eggs which Brother Schmitt has kept for some years.
p. 188-89: Many of the facts about the Moravian missions I gleaned from an interesting work on the subject purchased at Nain. It is written by one of the brethren, the Rev. J. W. Davey, and is called "The Fall of Torngak." Torngak, which is pronounced like cognac, is the name of one of the Eskimo gods or devils, and the Moravians' mission it is to oust this Torngak and substitute the God of the Christians. In this connection it is interesting to read Fridtjof Nansen's book on the Eskimos. He is a great believer in the virtues of the original Eskimos, uncontaminated by the influence of whites. He finds them unselfish and altruistic, abounding in truly Christian virtues, although some of their ideas of morality differ radically, he admits, from that of the so-called civilized world. The

missionaries, by breaking up their natural life, which the exigencies of the chase on sea and land require, make them, he claims, dependent on imported luxuries and necessities, and less able to fight the severe fight in the arctic regions. In this way they are degenerating in stamina and slowly succumbing to the inevitable,—disappearing as a race.
p. 247, on the need for a Labrador Audubon Society: ONE of the greatest pleasures in life is anticipation. The traveller obtains all the information he can of the countries he plans to visit,—of its scenery, its history, its people. A naturalist not only does this, but he also learns as much as he can of the geology, the flora, and the fauna. The man who is particularly interested in birds, in addition makes himself familiar with all the ornithological lore of the country. In this way he enjoys in anticipation the pleasures to come, and when he reaches his goal he knows what to look for. A familiar bird at home may be previously unknown or extremely rare in the foreign land. Without this previous preparation one might pass by many interesting observations.

It was with this spirit, therefore, that I searched any and all books on Labrador that might by any chance say anything about birds. In this way I came to know the writings of [George] Cartwright. My companion and fellow student made a card catalogue of the birds of Labrador, and to this we added from time to time such notes and observations of value as we discovered in our reading.

1903 US Personal Exploring Expedition to Labrador by Leonidas Hubbard, Jr. and Dillon Wallace

Wallace, Dillon. *The Lure of the Labrador Wild: The Story of the Exploring Expedition Conducted by Leonidas Hubbard, Jr.* New York: Fleming H. Revell, 1905.

As a young lawyer Wallace met Hubbard, an editor of *Outing* magazine, in 1900 and in 1903 they departed New York

to explore the wilder and hitherto unexplored parts of Labrador. It was a difficult journey in which Hubbard died of starvation and Wallace managed to survive and go on to further explorations and successful books. Hubbard's wife Mina felt that Wallace had disparaged her husband by implying that Leonidas caused the failure—she went on to her own career as successful competitor of Wallace as a Labrador explorer in the "great race of 1905." All the reading that I could find was Scriptural and from The Book of Common Prayer.

p. 42, re Steve, one of the locals with whom they travelled: A thick mangle of mist obscured the shore, and Hubbard offered Steve a chart and compass. "Ain't got no learnin', sir; I can't read, sir," said the young livyere.

p. 155, Sunday, September 13th: The morning we spent in reading from the Bible. Hubbard read Philemon aloud and told us the story. I read aloud from the Psalms. George, who received his religious training in a mission of the Anglican Church on James Bay, listened to our reading with reverend attention.

p. 216: Before we started forward I read aloud John xvii.

p. 219: After he had had his tea, he read to his the first Psalm. These readings from the Bible brought with them a feeling of indescribable comfort, and I fancy we all went to our blankets that night content to know that whatever was, was for the best.

p. 241: p. 241, with Hubbard speaking to Wallace on his death bed and both starving: "B'y, I'm rather chilly; won't you make the fire a little bigger."

I threw on more wood, and when I sat down I told him I should keep the fire going all night; for the air was damp and chill.

"Oh, thank you, b'y," he murmured, "thank you. You're so good. After another silence, the words came faintly: "B'y, won't you read to me those two chapters we've had before?—the fourteenth of John and the thirteenth of First Corinthians…I'd like to hear them again, b'y…I'm very….sleepy…but I want to hear you read before…I go…to sleep."

Leaning over so that the light of the fire might shine on the Book, I turned to the fourteenth of John and began: “ ‘Let not your heart be troubled.’ ” I paused to glance at Hubbard. He was asleep. [Hubbard died that night.]

p. 243-44, with Hubbard and Wallace: “Mornin’, Wallace,” he said, when he had collected his senses, “that blamed rain will make the travellin’ hard, won’t it?”

He tied the pieces of blanket to his feet, and started for the river to get a kettle of water with which to reboil the bones. The movement aroused Hubbard, and he, too, sat up.

“How's the weather, b'y?” he asked. “It makes me think of Longfellow's 'Rainy Day,’ ” I replied. ‘ “The day is cold, and dark, and dreary.’ ”

“Yes,” he quickly returned; “but

“ ‘Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining.’ ”

I looked at him with admiration. “Hubbard,” I exclaimed, “you're a wonder! You’ve a way of making our worst troubles seem light. I’ve been sitting here imaging all sorts of things.”

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p. 290-91: When Donald and Allen turned over to me the papers they had found in the tent, I took up Hubbard's diary wondering if he had left a last message. In the back part of the book was a letter to his mother, a note to his wife, the evident attempt again to write to his wife, and the letter to the agent at Missanabie written on George's behalf. From these
p. 298, concerning family worship after Wallace rescue: It may be thought strange that he [his host] should observe the forms of the Anglican Church in his family worship and subscribe to the Methodist Mission. The explanation is, that denominations cut absolutely no figure in Labrador; to those simple-hearted people, whose blood, for the most part, is such a queer mixture of Scotch, Eskimo, and Indian, there is only one church,—the Church of Jesus Christ,—and whenever a Christian missionary comes along they will flock from miles with the same readiness to hear him whatever division of the Church may claim his allegiance.

Hubbard, Mrs. Leonidas. *A Woman's Way through Unknown Labrador: An Account of the Exploration of the Nascaupee and George Rivers.* New York: McClure Co., 1908.

Preface: This book is the result of a determination on my part to complete Mr. Hubbard's unfinished work, and having done this to set before the public a plain statement, not only of my own journey, but of his as well. For this reason I have included the greater part of Mr. Hubbard's diary, which he kept during the trip, and which it will be seen is published exactly as he wrote it, and also George Elson's account of the last few days together, and his own subsequent efforts.
p. 7, on the father of Leonidas Hubbard: While thus growing intimate with the living things of the woods and streams, his question was not so much "What?" as "Why?" As reading came to take a larger part in life and interest to reach out to human beings, again his question was "Why? "So when other heroes

took their places beside his father for their share of homage, they were loved and honoured for that which prompted their achievements more than for the deeds themselves.
p. 55, during a stop at the Seal Islands: Beside a medley heap of other things piled there, we found a little Testament and a book of Gospel Songs. The latter the men seemed greatly pleased to find, and carried it away with them.
p. 213: Thursday, July 23rd. — George and Wallace scouted for trails and lakes. I lay in tent, diarrhoea. Took Sun Cholera Mixture. Tore leaves from Low's book [maps] and cover from this diary. These and similar economies lightened my bag about 5 lbs. New idea dawned on me as I lay here map gazing. Portage route leaves this river and runs into southeast arm of Michikamau.
p. 221: Friday, August 14th. — George and Wallace left in canoe with tin cups, tea and some caribou ribs, to scout river above and climb hills. I put some ashes and water on caribou skin. Just starting to shed. Studied map and Low's book. Wish we could descend this river on way out and map it.

1903-04 Canadian Hudson Bay Expedition (aboard *Neptune*)

Low, A. P. *Report on the Dominion Government Expedition to the Hudson Bay and the Arctic Islands onboard the D.G.S. Neptune.* Ottawa: Government Printing Bureau, 1906.

p. 65: Anchoring at the lower place, we were visited in the evening by a number of natives from the encampment. Several books, given for distribution by the Rev. Mr. Peck, were handed out to them, and they immediately held on deck a service of song and prayer. These natives had never seen a missionary, but had learned to read from others at Fort Chimo who had come in contact with the missionaries on the east coast of Hudson bay.

p. 139-40, of Eskimos on coast of Labrador: These people have all been taught to read and write, there being a number of books printed in the language; the majority of these are of a religious character, but there are some on geography, history and other secular subjects, so that all the natives have a fair knowledge of the outside world. From their long contact with the missionaries, they are devout Christians, have completely lost many of their ancient beliefs and customs, and now conform to the manners and customs of civilization.

[That was not true at Cape Chidley where the missionary had difficulty weaning them from ancient customs and beliefs.]

The Eskimos of Ungava bay and the south shore of Hudson strait are still without knowledge of Christianity, beyond what has been spread by the southern Christian natives. The Eskimos as a rule take kindly to Christianity, and follow its precepts in a manner which shames the average white Christian. All are exceedingly anxious to learn to read the books printed by the Church Missionary Society. These books are printed in a syllabic shorthand, very easy to read, and are supplied from Great hale river on the east side of Hudson bay, and from Cumberland gulf. A great many Eskimos have never come in contact with the missionaries; notwithstanding this, there are only a few of the Labrador natives who cannot read and write, while the natives of Baffin island are rapidly reaching the same state. Every native who learns to read, and who possesses a book, becomes the teacher of the uninstructed; in this manner education is spreading rapidly.

1905-07 Canadian Overland Journey of Alfred H. Harrison

The objects of this expedition were to penetrate as far as possible into that unknown region which lies to the north, and to meet and to get to know the natives, of whom I have always fostered an idea of making use in ice expeditions. Besides the

natives, the whale-fishers who navigate those waters might, I trusted, be able to render me assistance. Furthermore, I wished to discover, if possible, whether there was land hitherto unknown in the Arctic Ocean: in ascertaining this, I would make Herschel Island my base of operations (p. viii).

Harrison, Alfred H. *In Search of a Polar Continent 1905-1907*. London: Edward Arnold, 1908.

p. 22: The Catholic mission is the most important place at Resolution, and Bishop Breynart has a diocese which extends from Fort Smith on the Slave River to the Arctic Red River in the Mackenzie—a stretch of more than 1,000 miles. Altogether there are ten churches in the diocese. At most of these smaller missions native children are schooled, and are taught how to lead a useful and godly life in this desolate region. Every one of these missionary posts or stations is visited yearly and supplied with the necessaries of life—an undertaking whereof the reader will hardly conceive the magnitude unless he has himself wandered far beyond the reach of railways. The children are not only educated but clothed and fed. The girls are taught how to sew and how to make their own clothes, as well as how to read and write; whilst the boys, who are also trained in these latter academic, if elementary, exercises, acquire a variety of crafts which will be useful—in fact, indispensable—to them in after-life.
p. 231: The poor beasts had not had a proper feed ever since leaving the coast on February 5—for about seven weeks, in other words; but from that date they had subsisted most of the time upon old clothes. This, indeed, was a more genuine and startling feat than that of Alfred Jingle, who declared that he and Job Trotter had “lived for three weeks upon a pair of boots and an umbrella with an ivory handle!” a declaration which elicited naive expressions of astonishment from Mr. Pickwick, “who had only heard of such things in shipwrecks, or read of them in

Constable's 'Miscellany.' " Yet even the writers who chronicle their own travels know that there are things which their dogs, like their readers, will not readily swallow, and old clothes might naturally be reckoned of the number.

1906 Canadian Overland Journey of Elihu Stewart

An official journey and report commissioned by the Canadian government which involved work with officials of the Hudson Bay Company, independent trading companies, some missionaries, and "natives of the country."

Stewart, Elihu. *Down the Mackenzie and Up the Yukon in 1906.* London: The Bodley Head; New York: John Lane, 1913.

Stewart in this book seems to dwell on monotony. The monotony of the treeless plains (p. 34); of the river journey which made him fall asleep (p. 131); "we had left behind us the misery and want as well as the dull monotony of civilized life" (p. 152); "…the white man acts as if there were no tomorrow," while the native is never in a hurry: "The dull monotony of life at a trading post in unsettled Canada could hardly fail to have this effect. Procrastination is common enough everywhere, but the complacent way in which these people, The dull monotony of life at a trading post in unsettled Canada could hardly fail to have this effect. Procrastination is common enough everywhere, but the complacent way in which these people…" (p. 250-51); all this "to break the dull monotony of their lives" even with the danger of sleepiness (p. 256).
p. 126: After this was over and before starting, I walked down along the stream a short distance, and, on my way back heard an old familiar hymn, and on approaching found all had joined in the religious service for this particular day. Each of them had his prayer and hymn book, while one who was a lay reader had with him Archdeacon Macdonald's translation of a portion of the

scriptures. After the service was concluded they shouldered their packs and started again on the trail, and soon entered one of the worst swamps we had encountered.
p. 132: I have since read an account of a canoe trip made across Great Slave Lake over a hundred years ago, by one of the early traders, in a craft of the same kind, which graphically describes a similar experience, and in which the difficulty of keeping awake is emphasised.
p. 170-71, on arriving at Dawson on the Yukon: But here at Dawson I had again reached civilisation, where I received letters from home, the first since leaving Edmonton nearly three months previously. I also availed myself of the telegraph and set at rest any anxiety that my friends at home may have felt for my safety.

There were minor things that were necessary to transform me from the bushman of the north to a passable member of Dawson society. First the barber devoted his attention to me to the extent of a dollar and a half. I suppose it was worth it. On returning from the enjoyment of this civilising process I noticed in a shop window some newspapers presumably for sale, and it dawned on me that something might have occurred in the outside world during my absence, so I bought a copy of a Toronto Journal about two weeks old and one of Vancouver of the week before, for which I paid the moderate sum of fifty cents… On a certain morning a gentleman who had only arrived in Winniisdain on any currency of a smaller denomination than "two bits"— twenty-five cents..
p. 196-98, account of a burial in the Mackenzie delta: In Captain McClintock's narrative "The Voyage of the Fox in Arctic Seas" there is found incidentally a most graphic word picture of an Arctic winter night. It will be remembered that Captain McClintock commanded the expedition sent out by Lady Franklin in 1857, in search of her husband, Sir John Franklin. The author makes no attempt at anything more than giving the occurrences as they took place from day to day, as recorded in his diary, but one paragraph headed "Burial in the Pack" is given

in words that paint the scene in colours that remain in the mind of the reader, and I shall quote a couple of extracts which read as follows :

December 4, 1857.—"I have just returned on board from the performance of the most solemn duty a commander can be called upon to fulfil. A funeral at sea is always peculiarly impressive; but this evening as we gathered around the sad remains of poor Scott, reposing under a Union Jack, and read the burial service by the light of lanterns, the effect could not fail to awaken serious emotions.

The greater part of the church service was read on board, under shelter of the housing; the body was then placed upon a sledge, and drawn by the messmates of the deceased to a distance from the ship, where a hole through the ice had been cut; it was then 'committed to the deep,' and the service completed. What a scene it was; I shall never forget it. *The Lonely Fox*, almost buried in snow, completely isolated from the habitable world, her colours half-mast with the bell mournfully tolling ; our little procession slowly marching over the rough surface of the frozen deep, guided by lanterns and direction posts amid the dreary darkness of an Arctic winter; the deathlike stillness around, the intense cold, and the threatening aspect of a murky over cast sky; and all this heightened by one of those strange lunar phenomena which are but seldom seen even here, a complete halo encircling the moon, through which passed a horizontal band of pale light that encompassed the heavens; above the moon appeared the segments of two other halos, and there were also mock moons or paraselenæ to the number of six. The misty atmosphere lent a very ghastly hue to this singular display, which lasted for rather more than an hour.

Scarcely had the burial service been completed, when our poor dogs, discovering that the ship was deserted, set up a most dismal unearthly moaning, continuing it until we returned on board. Coming to us from a distance across the ice, at such a

solemn moment, this most strange and mournful sound was both startling and impressive."

1908 Canadian Overland Journey of Agnes Dean Cameron

Cameron, Agnes Dean. *The New North: An Account of a Woman's 1908 Journey through Canada to the Arctic.* Reprint edited by David Richeson. Lincoln, NE: University of Nebraska Press, 1986. [Reprinted from the New York: Appleton, 1910, edition.] Pagination below is from1986 edition.

An engaging account of a summer journey in 1908 to the Arctic Sea, with much about books and also about Inuit ethnography, etc.
p. 8: The Bible Society of Winnipeg sells Bibles printed in fifty-one different languages—Armenian, Arabic, Burmese, Cree, Esth, … and nine and thirty other tongues. It is to be supposed that some buy their Bible not because it is the Bible but in order to feast the eye on the familiar characters of the home tongue. So would Robinson Crusoe have glutted his sight with a copy of the *London Times,* could the goat have committed the anachronism of digging one out from among the flotsam of the kelp.
p. 12, on the visit of Mrs. Humphrey Ward to the Winnipeg Canadian Club.
p. 19 on cultural life in Edmonton: From the next tent float the strains of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, and, as we stop to listen, a gentleman and his wife step out. An auto picks them up and off they whirl to Jasper Avenue. The Lord o' the Tents of Shem disappears into his bank and Milady drives on to the Government house to read before the Literary Club a paper on Browning's *Saul*. To the tenderfoot from the South it is all delightfully disconcerting—oxen and autos and Browning on the Saskatchewan!

p. 27, Athabasca Landing: Here we have a large establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company, an Anglican and a Roman Mission , a little public school, a barracks of the Northwest Mounted Police, a post office, a dozen stores, a reading room, two hotels, and a blacksmith shop, and for population a few whites leavening a host of Cree-Scots half-breeds….

Athabasca Landing is part of the British Empire. But English is at a discount here; Cree and a mixture of these are spoken on all sides…. The wise missionary translates his Bible stories into the language of the latitude. As Count von Hammerstein says, 'What means a camel to a Cree? I tell him it is a moose that cannot go through a needle's eye." The Scriptural sheep and goats become caribou and coyotes, and the celestial Lamb is typified by the baby seal with its coat of shimmering whiteness.

p. 29: HYMNS in the SYLLABIC CHARACTERS for the use of THE CREE INDIANS in the Diocese of Athabasca [vignette of village church] 1901 Printed at St. Matthew's Mission Athabasca Landing.

p. 28-30: At the foot of the hill we visit the English parsonage, with its old-time sun-dial at the garden-gate. Within, we find what must surely be the farthest north printing-press. Here two devoted women have spent years [text in syllabic Cree of Galatians 1.20. and "Jesu lover of my soul"] of their lives printing in Cree on a hand-press syllabic hymns and portions of the Gospel for the enlightenment of the Indians. We wander into the school where a young teacher is explaining to his uneasy disciples the intricacies of Present Worth and Compound Interest. Idly we wondered to what use these bare-footed half-Cree urchins will put their exact banking knowledge.

p. 34, on the Hudson's Bay company: In the days when the Company had its birth, [1670] the blind Milton was dictating his message, and the liberated Bunyan preached the spoken word, the iniquitous Cabal Ministry was forming in England, and Panama was sacked by Morgan the buccaneer…. [and the

Governor of Virginia] …was inspired to proclaim piously, "I hope we shall have neither free schools nor printing these hundred years, for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them. God keep us from both!"

p. 69, re Mr. Harris of Fond du Lac: Scholarly and versatile, we are to find in Mr. Harris a very mint of Indian lore and woodland wisdom and the most wonderful memory I have ever encountered. All the vicissitudes of a Northern life have failed to rub out one line of the Virgil and Horace of his schoolboy days, whole chapters of which, without one false quantity, he repeats for us in a resonant voice. He can recite the whole of "Paradise Lost" as faultlessly as Macaulay was credited with being able to do.

p. 77-78, gives an account of the White House desk made from timbers of the Franklin Search ship, the *Resolute*.

p. 78-79, re the Indian schools at Fort Chipewyan: The kiddies are taught one day in French and the next day in English; but when they hide behind their spellers to talk about the white visitors, the whisper is in Chipewyan. What do they learn? Reading, (vertical) writing, arithmetic, hymns, and hoeing potatoes, grammar, sewing and shoemaking, and one more branch, never taught in Southern schools [fish cleaning]…. If fish be brain food, then should this convent of Chipewyan gather in medals, degrees, and awards, capturing for its black-eyed boys Rhodes scholarships *ad lib*.

p. 94, at Fort Chipewyan: We call upon Mr. Harris and his Chipewyan wife, a tall handsome woman whom he addresses as "Josette." Their three girls are being educated in the convent at Fort Chipewyan. The room in which we sit reflects the grafting of red life on white. A rough bookcase of birchwood, with thumbed copies of schoolboy classics, Carlyle, the Areopagitica, and the latest Tractate on Radium, gives one a glimpse of the long, long winter nights when all race and latitude limitations fade away and the mind of the Master of Fond du Lack jumps

the barrier of ice and snow to mix with the great world of thought outside. “Stone walls do not a prison make nor iron bars a cage.”

p. 139-41, Fort Simpson: An outer stairway leading to the second story of a big building invites us. Opening the door, we find ourselves in the midst of an old library, and moth and rush, too, here corrupt. We close the door softly behind us and try to realize what it meant to bring a library from England to Fort Simpson a generation ago. First, there arose the desire in the mind of some man for something beyond dried meat and bales of fur. He had to persuade the authorities in England to send out the books. Leather-covered books cost something six or seven decades ago, and the London shareholders liked better to get money than to spend it. We see the precious volumes finally coming across the Atlantic in wooden sailing-ships to Hudson Bay, follow them on the long portages, watch them shoot rapids and make journeys by winter dog-sled, to reach Simpson at last on the backs of men. The old journals reveal stories of the discussion evoked by the reading of these books afterward as, along with the dried fish, deer-meat, and other inter-fort courtesies, they passed from post to post. Was never a circulating library like this one. And now the old books, broken-backed and disemboweled, lie under foot, and none so poor to do them reverence. Everything is so old in this North that there is no veneration for old things.

It is but a few years since the founder of this library died, and his son now sits in his saddle at Fort Simpson. If you were to wonder across the court, as I did to-day, and look into the Sales Shop, you would see the presentation sword of this last-generation Carnegie ignobly slicing bacon for an Indian customer. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

What are the books which this sub-Arctic library sent out? We get down on the floor and gently touch the historic old things. Isn’t it Johnson who says, ‘I love to browse in a library’? Judging by the dust and cobwebs, there hasn’t been much

browsing done among these volumes for years. Present-day Simpson has seldom 'fed on the dainties that are bred in a book.' Here is a first edition of *The Spectator*, and next it a *Life of Garrick*, with copies of *Virgil*, and all *Voltaire* and *Corneille* in the original. A set of Shakespeare with exquisite line drawings by Howard shows signs of hard reading, and so does the *Apology for the Life of Mr. Colly Cibber*. One wonders how a man embedded in Fort Simpson, as a fly in amber, would ever think of sending to the *Grand Pays* for *Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*, yet we find it here, cheek by jowl with *The Philosophy of Living or the Way to Enjoy Life and Its Comforts*. The *Annual Register of History, Politics, and Literature of the Year 1764* looks plummy, but we have to forego it. The lengthy titles of the books of this vintage, as for instance, *Death-Bed Triumphs of Eminent Christians, Exemplifying the Power of Religion in a Dying Hour*, bring to mind the small boy's definition of porridge—"fillin', but not satisfyin'." Two more little books with big titles are *Actors' Budget of Wit and Merriment, Consisting of Monologues, Prologues and Epilogues*, and *The London Prisons, with an Account of the More Distinguished Persons Who Have Been Confined in Them*.

But the book that most tempts our cupidity is *Memoirs of a Miss A-----n, Who Was Educated for a Nun, with Many Interesting Particulars*. We want that book, we want to take it on with us and read it when we reach the Land of the Eskimo, where the Mackenzie slips into the Arctic by all its silver mouths. We lift the volume up, and put it down again, and we hunger to steal it. Jekyll struggles with Hyde. At last the Shorter Catechism and the Westminster Confession of Faith triumph; we put it down and softly close the door behind us. And ever since we have regretted our Presbyterian training.

p. 144, gives a brief portrait of the Anglican Bishop Bompas:

Bishop Bompas was one of the greatest linguists the Mother Country ever produced. Steeped in Hebrew and the classics when he entered the Northland, he immediately set himself to

studying the various native languages, becoming thoroughly master of the Slavi, Beaver, Dog-Rib, and Tukudk dialects. When Mrs. Bompas sent him a Syriac testament and lexicon, he threw himself with characteristic energy into the study of that tongue. There is something in the picture of this devoted man writing in Slavi, primers in Dog-Rib, and a Prayer Book in syllabic Chipewyan, which brings to mind the figure of Caxton bending his silvered head over the blocks of the first printing-press in the old Almonry so many years before. What were the "libraries" in which this Arctic Apostle did his work? The floor of a scow on the Peace, a hole in the snow, a fetid corner of an Eskimo hut. His "Bishop's Palace," when he was not afloat, consisted of a bare room twelve feet by eight, in which he studied, cooked, slept, and taught the Indians.

p. 173-74: Indians beg and boast, the Eskimo does neither. With no formulated religion or set creed, he has a code of ethics which forbids him to turn the necessity of another to his own advantage. Amundsen's farewell to his Eskimo friends sets the thoughtful of us thinking, "Goodbye, my dear, dear friends. My best wish for you is that civilization may never reach you."

p. 265, in Vermilion on the Peace River: Waiting for steamboat connection, we are for weeks in this glorious autumn weather, guests in the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson…. It is a modern house, with beds of old-fashioned pansies and sweet-Williams and rows of hollyhocks on all sides. The upper verandah affords a view of the Peace, here fully a mile in width, of incomparable beauty. To the visitor who steps over its threshold, Mr. Wilson's library indicates at once the reading man and the clever artificer. Scientific works of reference, good pictures, the latest magazines, certainly look inviting to ragged travellers who have opened no books, save those of nature and human-nature, for five long months…. Admiring the outcome of hand and head, we get also a glimpse of a warm heart, for we are quick to notice that all these carefully-filed magazines and papers are available for reference to any one in the settlement,

whether fort employé or not, who cares to come in here for a quick hour to read.

Bernier, J. E. Canada. Dept. of Marine and Fisheries. *Report on the Dominion Government Expedition to Arctic Islands and the Hudson Strait on Board the C.G.S. "Arctic" 1906-1907.* By Captain J. E. Bernier. Ottowa, CAN: Govt. Printed by C. H. Parmelee…, 1909.

Part of the purpose of this expedition was to make territorial land claims for Canada "asserting Canadian sovereignty in the Arctic regions which are territory of this Dominion by right of cession made to Canada by the imperial government" (p. 3). It also restored a memorial tablet in honour of Sir John Franklin on Beechey Island.

p. 34: Saturday, December 22nd.—Wind west. Weather clear and cold. At ten o'clock in the forenoon it is still too dark outside to permit us to read ordinary type; it is almost eleven o'clock in the forenoon before it is bright enough to read outside. This will give an idea of the length of daylight there is this day. I invited the men to arrange and decorate their cabins for Christmas….

December 24th.—General inspection of the ship; today the main deck and cabin are perfectly clean; the living rooms and state-rooms have been properly washed and cleaned, and the officers have their state-rooms well decorated for Christmas; they have put up flags and family photos, and every one seems to be proud of his room….

December 25th, Christmas Day.—There was Sunday service in the forenoon; it was well attended by members of the expedition and some of the natives who had already arrived for the dinner. At l p.m. all the natives had arrived on board with their families; about 120 persons, they sat down to a good Canadian dinner. After dinner I addressed them a few words; telling them again that they were Canadians and would be treated as such as long as they would do what was right.

Amusements including tricks and acts, wrestling matches, juggling, a pianola, and native dancing followed, etc .]

1908-10 Canadian Arctic Expedition to Northern Waters (aboard *Arctic*, commanded by J. E. Bernier)

This 1908 expedition wintered at Winter Harbour, Melville Island, 1908-09.

Bernier, J. E. *Report on the Dominion of Canada Government Expedition to the Arctic Islands and Hudson Strait on Board the D.G.S. 'Arctic'.* Ottawa: Government Printing Bureau, 1910.

Bernier's voyage in 1908-10 was for the purpose of regulating fishing and assure Canadian sovereignty over these large fishing and whaling grounds. Bernier includes a concise summary of previous polar expeditions (p. 17-22), presumably based partly on collections aboard the ship. Unaccountably he skips the period between Ross in 1818 and Inglefield in 1852, excluding both Parry and Franklin though both figure elsewhere in the book.

The expedition did find artifacts and records of earlier expeditions, including a boat from *Resolute* found on Dealy Island (p. 40) as well as records of that ship found in a cairn there, deposited by Captain Kellett in 1854 before the ship was abandoned off Dealy Island.

p. xxi, notes that the scientific staff of the expedition included an "Historiographer," F. Vanasse, probably a natural historian.

p. 80: Some books were distributed at this place which had been given to the Captain by the Rev. Dr. Peck to distribute among the natives. Captain Bernier testifies to the noble and valuable work done by Dr. Peck in enlightening the people and teaching them to read. They are not only able to read, but to write letters to their friends and relatives who are dwelling at some distance from them. The natives at Blacklead are not only more

intelligent than those seen at Ponds inlet, but are of a finer physique. The work of Dr. Peck, who now resides in Toronto, has been taken up by Dr. Grenfell. The energy and interest shown by this gentleman in Labrador is well known the world over, and his good work embraces the education and training of natives at Blacklead. One of the schools was visited and the intelligence and neatness shown in the arrangements and by the children, was very striking, giving the strongest proof of the elevating character of the instruction given.
p. 96, celebrated St. Cecilia Day on Nov. 22, 1908, with excellent musicians aboard.
p. 102, list of documents found by the *Arctic*, including No. 7 related to abandonment of *Resolute*; also Nos. 9 and 12 related to *Resolute.* See Appendix X, p. 358, especially re the Eskimaux vocabulary.
p. 110, re the winter: Music, amusements and reading, had a most beneficial effect upon the ship's company, especially music. I am of the opinion that music for every hour, when the men were not employed in their work, would dissipate the gloom and monotony felt during the dark season.
p. 197, plate showing tablet at Winter Harbour, 35 miles from Dealy Island, left by Capt. Kellett and Commander McClintock while wintering there in 1852-53, before the *Resolute* and *Intrepid* were abandoned.
p. 220-51, Bernier's summary of earlier explorations based on documents, ranging from some of Parry's to those of Capt. Kellett, found at Winter Harbour and Dealy Island. Facsimiles are given here and transcriptions in Appendix X, following p. 358.
p. 230 has a facsimile of an 1851 printed document left by McClintock re the Franklin search.
p. 273, Bernier on Sept. 5, 1909, encountered the whaling schooner *Jennie*, Capt. Samuel Bartlett: The schooner was chartered by Mr. Harry Whitney, of New York, for a hunting expedition, and had just returned from Ellesmere land, where

musk oxen and bears had been killed. At l p.m., Captain Bartlett, Mr. Whitney and Mr. Fuller came aboard, and the captain handed us mail matter from Ottawa, which he was good enough to bring with him on the voyage, with the expectation of meeting us.

I [Bernier] informed Mr. Whitney that I was patrolling Canadian waters, and, as he had on board his vessel a motor whaleboat, it would be necessary for him to take out a fishery license, and that I would issue it. He stated that if it was a regulation, he would pay the legal fee of 50, and take the license. I accordingly issued the license and received the fee. We exchanged a quarter of musk ox meat for some magazines furnished by Mr. Whitney.

p. 284, photo of "Eskimo at Blacklead [Baffin Land] Holding Bibles in Native Language", in their hands.

p. 299, visit to Moravian Mission at Port Burwell [Ungava]: It is due to these excellent men, to bear testimony to the great good that has been accomplished amongst the Eskimo, They have treated the unfortunate Eskimo in the most Christian manner, have civilized them, taught them industrial arts and to read and write. They have elevated them by abolishing bigamy, inculcating honesty, cleanliness of habits and of the lives of the people.

Ranking next to Port Burwell Eskimos, in intelligence, morals and decency, are the natives in Cumberland gulf, amongst whom the Rev. Dr. Peck and others, have been working; they also have houses, their children are taught to read and write and the correct habits of civilization inculcated. The Eskimos of Greenland have the benefit of the Danish Government regulations and teaching, and rank next in intelligence, morality and habits of cleanliness.

p. 347: Appendix VI—items presented by Bernier to the Curator, Museum, Dept. of Mines, Canada, Nov. 17, 1909, from the cruise of the *Arctic*:

item 9. Prayer book, Melville island—Sir William E. Parry, 1819-20.
Item 47. Books, &c., 19 in number, from the Depot House of H.M.S. *Resolute*, Captain Henry Kellett, 1851-3, Melville island, latitude 75 degrees north and longitude 109 degrees west.
p. 355-81: Copies of Documents found by Commander J. E. Bernier in 1908—left by Commander Henry Kellett, of H.M.S. 'Resolute,' in 1853-4, on Dealy Island.
p. 357-60, Captain John Washington on Inuit vocabulary: The only existing published vocabularies of the Eskimaux language are contained in Fabricius's 'Greenland and Danish Dictionary,' 1804; in the account of Parry's Second Voyage in the years 1821-3; in Beechy's 'Voyage of the Blossom in 1824-5'; and in Sir John Ross's Voyage of 1829-33. The three last-mentioned are thick quarto volumes, and therefore of little use in that form for the daily requirements of parties absent from the ships in boats or on land expeditions. The object of the present work is to supply that want, and to furnish every officer and leading man in the Arctic expeditions with a book of ready reference that he can carry in his pocket without inconvenience.
p. 389, Cmd. McMillan's report on finding these materials: On the last day of August [1908], a trip was made in the launch to Dealy island, 35 miles east of Winter harbor. This was the winter quarters of H.M. ships *Resolute* and *Intrepid* in 1852-3. On the south side of the island in a house built with stone walls 3 to 4 feet thick and 7 to 10 feet high, lie the stores left by Captain Kellett to provide against disaster to the crew of the Enterprise, should they be forced to abandon their ship on the northern shore of the continent. These include casks of flour, peas, potatoes, sugar, tea, rum, and clothing, and boxes of ammunition, books, and so forth, within the house…."

1913-16 Canadian Arctic Expedition (Led by Stefansson with Captain Bob Bartlett commanding the *Karluk*)

Bartlett, Bob (Robert A.) *The Last Voyage of the* Karluk: *Flagship of Vilhjalmar Stefansson's Canadian Arctic Expedition of 1913-16.* As Related by her Captain, Robert A. Bartlett, and here set down by Ralph T. Hale. Boston: Small, Maynard, 1916. [A new edition with Introduction by Edward A. Leslie was published in New York: Cooper Square Press, 2001.]

The last voyage was in 1913 which found the ship trapped off Flaxman Island and finally sinking off Wrangell Island.

Introduction (Leslie in 2001 edition): p. vii-viii: From his grandmothers, both liberal-minded Anglicans, he [Bartlett] developed a love of music and books. At the end of his life, living in a New York City hotel room, he was still collecting poetry volumes and attending concerts. It is not surprising that as the *Karluk* slowly sank, Bartlett alone remained on board playing records on his Victrola.

p. xv, 1925, on his own fishing schooner: There were so many books and magazines piled on his bunk that, in an ironic reflection of his adolescence, he slept on the floor. In the 1930s he wrote a third book (*Sails over Ice*), gave lectures, and managed to stay afloat during the Great Depression.

p. 53-54: We were then about twenty-five miles south of where Keenan Land should have been, according to the map of the Arctic Region prepared by Gilbert H. Grovenor, director and editor of the National Geographic Society, for Peary's book "The North Pole," a copy of which we had in the ship's library.

p. 64: The young Eskimo widower, Kataktovick, came to me the next day and asked me for a fountain pen, to write letters to his Eskimo friends, I presume. Some weeks before he had asked me for a book to read; after a fortnight he brought it back, said that he had read it and asked for some magazines. We had a good many and the pictures were interesting so I let him have them gladly. [There is more about Kataktovick's need for pens and black notebooks.]

p. 78 has a typewritten menu for Christmas dinner.

p. 82, on a New Year's Day football game: I had forgotten a good deal about the association game but I refreshed my memory from the encyclopedia in the ship's library and armed with a mouth-organ in lieu of a whistle took my place as referee, umpire and time-keeper. I soon found, however, that the cold would make it too dangerous for me to use the 'whistle,' for it would freeze to my lips and take the skin off, so I had to give my signals for play by word of mouth.
p. 90-91, on the day of the ship's sinking: No more water was coming in; the ice was holding her up. I would play a few records—we had a hundred and fifty or so altogether—and then I would go outside and walk around the deck, watching for any change in the ship'' position. It cleared off towards noon and there was a little twilight but the snow was still blowing. As I played the records I threw them into the stove. At last I found Chopin's *Funeral March*, played it over and laid it aside….

About a half past three she began to settle in earnest and as the minutes went by the decks were nearly a-wash. Putting Chopin's *Funeral March* on the Victrola, I started the machine and when the water came running along the deck and poured down the hatches, I stood up on the rail and when she took a header with the rail level with the ice I stepped off. It was at 4 p.m. on January 11, 1914, with the blue Canadian Government ensign at her main-topmast-head, blowing out straight and cutting the water as it disappeared, and the Victrola in the galley sending out the strains of Chopin's *Funeral March*, that the *Karluk* sank, going down by the head in thirty-eight fathoms of water….
p. 92, copy of page of Bartlett's diary.
p. 95, Quote of Nansen about the *Fram* expedition and the purposes of polar exploration: man wants to know, and when he ceases to do so, he is no longer man.
p. 101-04, at Shipwreck Camp: There was plenty to occupy our minds. In addition to our sewing and other daily tasks, there was time for games of chess and cards and frequently of an evening

we would gather around the fire and have a ‘sing.’ Sometimes, too, we would dance; I remember one night catching hold of some one and taking a turn or two on the floor when we tipped over the stove. It took some lively work to get it set up again.

The *Karluk* had a good library and we saved a number of books which enabled some of us to catch up a little on our reading. We read such books as “Wuthering Heights,” “Villette,” and “Jane Eyre,” besides more recent novels. My own constant companion, which I have never tired of reading, was the “Rubaiyat” of Omar Khayyam. I have a leather-bound copy of this which was given me by Charles Arthur Moore, Jr., who, with Harry Whitney and a number of other Yale friends of his, was with me on a hunting trip in Hudson’s Bay on the sealer *Algerine* in 1901. This book I have carried with me everywhere since then, until now, if it had not been repaired in various places by surgeon’s plaster, I believe it would fall to pieces. I have had it with me on voyages to South American and other foreign parts on sailing vessels when I was serving my years of apprenticeship to get my British master's certificate in 1905; on both of my trips with Peary as captain of the Roosevelt; on my trip to Europe with Peary after the attainment of the North Pole; on a hunting trip in the Arctic on the Boeothic in the summer of 1910, when we brought home the musk-oxen and the polar bear, Silver King, to the Bronx Park Zoo in New York; on various sealing trips; and now the self same copy was with me on the Karluk and after wards on my journey to bring about the rescue of our ship's company. I have read it over and over again and never seem to tire of it. Perhaps it is because there is something in its philosophy which appeals to my own feeling about life and death. For all my experience and observation leads me to the conclusion that we are to die at the time appointed and not before; this is, I suppose, what is known as fatalism.

p. 103, has picture of Bartlett’s *Khayyam*.

p. 111: Beyond its representation on our charts, we knew little about Wrangell Island, the chief source of our information being

a short section in the American “Coast Pilot,” which read as follows: "This island was first seen by the exploring party under the Russian Admiral Wrangell and named after the leader, though he himself doubted its existence; its southwestern point lies due North (true) 109 miles from Cape North. It must have been known to the whalers, who, about the year 1849, commenced to visit this sea, and did so for many years in great numbers. The *Jeannette's* people also saw it for many days in their memorable drift northwestward; but the first person to land on it, of which we have any authentic information, was Lieut. Hooper of the U. S. S. *Corwin* in 1881, and later in the same year it was explored by parties from the U. S. S. *Rodgers*, these two vessels having been sent to search for or obtain in formation concerning the *Jeannette*, the remnant of whose crew were perishing in the delta of the Lena at the very time this island was being explored.

p. 118, the sun returning was celebrated with poetry recitations and singing on the ice: Gathered around the big stove in the box-house we went through a varied and impromptu programme of song and recitation. Some one recited "Casey at the Bat," another "Lasca," while Munro gave us poems by Burns, of which he had a goodly store in his memory. With or without the accompaniment of instrumental music on a comb, we sang about every popular favorite, old and new: "Loch Lomond" and "The Banks of the Wabash," "The Heart Bowed Down" and "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," "Sweet Afton" and "The Devil's Ball," "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls" and "Maggie Murphy's Home," "Red Wing" (the favorite), "Aileen Alana" (another favorite), "Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet," "Alexander's Rag time Band," "The Wearing of the Green," "Jingle Bells" (which might have been appropriate if we had used the dog harness which we had with bells on it and had ridden on the sledges instead of walking) and many another song, good, bad or indifferent. The Eskimo woman sang hymns and the little girl

sang nursery songs, such as "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," in which her mother joined.
p. 205: In the *Karluk's* library had been a copy of Nordenskiold's "Voyage of the *Vega*," but it was in German, a language which I am unable to read. The picture indicated that woods extended in places down to the shore and that reindeer lived in the woods….
p. 243, in an Eskimo arranga: When we had finished our tea the old man made signs that he wanted to see my chart; clearly the men who had gone on ahead of us, the previous day, had told him about us, and he wanted to see for himself. I brought out the chart and showed it to him [see p. 205 for chart]. He examined it carefully and made signs about the crushing of the ship. Presently he went to a box and produced a number of magazines, perhaps ten or a dozen in all, most of them about two years old. There were copies of *The World's Work, the National Geographic Magazine, The Literary Digest* and *The Illustrated London News.* The day's march in the cold wind, following the long succession of such days, with the hours of searching through the swirling snowdrift for the right path from Wrangell Island and the glare of the sun along the tundra, had affected my eyes more and more severely. By this time, besides being pretty tired and sleepy, I felt more like giving my eyes a rest than trying to read. I could hardly make out the print and it hurt my eyes a good deal, so I made signs to our host and he understood at once and did not urge the magazines upon me.
p. 244, the same Eskimo host gave Bartlett a concert of 42 selections, in Russian and English including Caruso and John McCormack.
p. 266, in Siberia: My stay here was made pleasant by the opportunity I had, when my eyes became more nearly normal, to read the magazines which Mr. Charles Carpendale, an Australian-born trader, with a station at the same place as Mr. Caraeiff's, brought me. These had been sent across from Nome the previous summer and were not what might be described in

the language of the train-boy as “all the latest magazines,” but they were a pleasure to me, just the same, as they are to all the traders who are scattered up and down the Siberian coast.
p. 269: Before I began to recover from this swelling of the legs, I developed an acute attack of tonsillitis. It was the first trouble of the kind that I had experienced in all my Arctic work. I recall that on the North Pole expedition, while we were encamped at Cape Sheridan and most of us were away on hunting trips, Macmillan and Doctor Goodsell opened a case of books and both came down with violent head colds. The books were brand new books, too; apparently they had been packed by a man with a cold….
p. 271: During the day I read a good deal. Mr. Carpendale had given the baron some books and now, as later on in the journey, when I could not sleep I would read. I recall that at this time I was absorbed in Robert Hichens’s ‘Bella Donna.’ The light inside the aranga was poor so I bundled myself up in my furs and sat in the outer apartment among the dogs and sledges where I could see.
p. 276, on an Eskimo transvestite who acted wholly as a woman.
p. 281, aboard a vessel waiting out a storm to get into Nome: For three days we lay there, while my patience underwent a severe test; all I could do was to read the magazines and gaze at the shore, twelve miles away.

Stefansson, Vilhjalmur. Dartmouth College Archives. Mss. 98 (Finding Aid 1982).

Box 5: Diary, April 27, 1914 (Canadian Arctic Expedition); folder 2 has inventory of all equipment and supplies that includes “Stork’s books 10 lbs.”
Box 9, folder 22: Wrangel Island Expedition. Milton Galle’s (who died in the expedition) Diary, July-September 1923 in typescript copy:

July 23 - "The Color Line," William B. Smith, McClure Phillips & Co., $1.50. An odd entry but it appears as if that is a book he had in hand that day. It could either be the day he started reading the book or the day he finished. [The original of this entry is in the next folder (9. 23) and looks like #150 rather than $1.50. Did seem odd for him to give the price—he doesn't in the other entries—but raises the question of number 150 of what?]

July 28 - An Agnostic's Apology, John Smith, Dublin. Breeze slight, W., 6.30 A.M.

Aug. 6 ". C shot 1 fox early in the day before we got up. I start #XXHC Read "Happy Boy" by Bjornson, Pepita Jimenez," Vargas, "Skipper Worse," by Keller. Sleep about 7 A.M."

Sept. 7 - a list of authors and books: Dr. Kane, McClintock, Nansen, Amundsen, Grace Miller White. Nordenskiold. The Great White North. The Voyage of the Fox.

Sept. 15 – Wind strong early in morning, could not see out to ice at 3 A.M. I copy diary into loose leaf with Corona.

Cavell, Janice. "Vihjalmur Stefansson, Robert Bartlett, and the *Karluk* Disaster: A Reassessment." *Journal of the Hakluyt Society* (January 2017). 22 p.

p. 12: Several of the ship's company would later recall that Stefansson had been reading about the *Jeannette* expedition just before he left [the *Karlak*], and they speculated that fear had driven him away.

p.22, Cavell's conclusion: Neither the partisan accounts of Hunt and Niven nor the more balanced analyses by Diubaldo and Jenness consider the possibility that both men may have been deeply at fault. But the evidence brought forward in this article strongly suggests that in spite of their differences they colluded to take the *Karluk* on a course for which it was entirely unsuitable and with which neither their government sponsors nor most of the men under their command would have agreed. Stefansson's underhandedness makes him the less attractive

figure of the two, but that Bartlett shared in the responsibility for the deaths of eleven men cannot be denied.

Jenness, E. Stuart. *The Making of an Explorer: George Hubert Wilkins and the Canadian Arctic Expedition, 1913–1916.* Montreal and Kingston: McGill-Queen's University Press, 2004.

Wrangel, Baron von Ferdinand Petrovich. *Statistische und ethnographische Nachrichten uber die russischen Besitzungen an der Nordwestkuste von Amerika.* St. Petersburg, 1839.

An important work relating to the Northwest Coast, with much material concerning the native tribes of Alaska and the Indians of the Northwest, including quite detailed explanations of the Aleutian language and vocabularies of two California tribes. Wrangel was appointed governor of Russian America in 1827 and deserves much credit for initiating the development of civilization in Alaska. He was responsible for surveying much of the Northwest Coast, commenced the building of roads and other internal improvements, reformed the administration, and promoted missionary work among the natives. He foresaw the great future of Alaska and was keenly aware of the need for inducements for capitalistic investment there. He opened and regulated the operation of mines in Alaska, introduced potato culture, and urged the mother country to organize a fur company. This work is a compendium of valuable ethnographic and geographic data, and in addition to Wrangel's work, includes Father Veniaminov's description of Aleut character, a vocabulary of the Kuskikvims, and a survey of American sources regarding the peoples of the Northwest Coast. Also found herein is a description of the climate of Sitka and other locations in Alaska, and an interesting comparative vocabulary of eight Northwest Coast tribes. The folding map depicts the mainland of Alaska and the adjoining islands. A nice copy of a scarce work about Russian Alaska, and a mine of Northwest Coast ethnographic

data. The NUC locates nine copies of this work. HOWES W689, "aa." SABIN 105519, 2711 (refs). LADA-MOCARSKI 106. WICKERSHAM 5875. APPLETON'S

1921-23 Canadian Wrangel Island Expedition (Organized by Vilhjalmur Stefansson)

Blackjack, Ada. Typescript Diary, Apr. 24, 1923.

Blackjack was the only survivor of the Wrangel expedition organized by Stefansson. Diary original and typescript is in STEF MSS. 8

p. 6: Apr. 24th. I didn't go out today I just wash my hiar and read the Bibil all day and think of folks are in church this morning and this evening and now I'm writing 11 o'clock in evening after I had cup of tea.

Apr. 28. Still blowing hard all day today I stay in my sleeping bag and yesterday because I'm not feelling well I do nothing but reading Bible.

Apr. 29th. Still blowing I didn't go out. And knight [Errol Lorne Knight] siad he was pretty sick and I didn't say nothing because I have nothing to say and he got mad and he through a book at me that secont time he through book at me just because I have nothing to say to him. And I didn't say nothing to him and before I went in my sleeping bag I fell his water cup and went to bed.

June 5. I didn't do nothing today but reading Bible I just finish old testaments the next I will read new testaments. And snowing al day.

July 3d. I stay at home today and read I read about smiaratan woman she was talking to Jusses.

July 24. I stay home today and read. And I hear walrus I've been hearing them for about two or three days.

Aug. 5. I was just reading to about Frederick A. Cook. And I was out once with my canves boat….

Aug. 7. I was home today reading Frederick A. Cook this morning was clear….

Ada also gave an oral account of the expedition after her return (Mss 8, Box 1, folder 5) in which she says that "Around in February [1922]when he [Knight] first got sick he gave me his Bible which belonged to his Grandfather." (p. 3).
p. 5: the night before she was rescued by the boat: I took my book after supper, for I couldn't go to sleep until I had read for a while, then I went to sleep…. I went to the beach to meet the boat, and the master which was a Native came to me and ask where the rest of the people were and I told him there were no more that I was the only one left.

See also Errol Lorne Knight diary—STEF Mss. 90.

Jenness, Diamond. *Arctic Odyssey: The Diary of Diamond Jenness 1913-1916.* Hull, QU: Canada Museum of Civilization, 1991.

p. xxi: The author [Jenness] was unusually fond of Homer's The Odyssey. In the summer of 1906, as one of only two students in a Greek class with Professor William von Zedlitz at Victoria University College, Wellington, New Zealand, he was invited to read *The Odyssey* each Friday evening in Greek at his professor's home…. during the seven months he wandered about southwestern Victoria Island with his Copper Eskimo friends, in 1915, my father often found moments for reading passages in and obtaining spiritual comfort from a small copy of *The Odyssey* he carried with him. This book evidently had a special meaning to him, and he continued to extract both pleasure and comfort from it on later occasions, including a time two years later when he was in the muddy wartime trenches in France.
p. 144: Sunday February 15th [1914] I spent most of the day reading in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*—except the afternoon when Mr. Brower showed me half a collection of old Eskimo

implements and charms he sold for $500 to Mr. Stefansson to be sent to the Victorian Memorial Museum at Ottawa.
p. 168, at Camden Bay: Then he [Dr. Anderson] put a typewriter at my disposal, and I spent the morning and part of the [afternoon] typing out cat's-cradle figures. Then he and I opened up two cases of books in the store—one being Beuchat's. These latter I am making a list of, and what are not useful shall repack. We could not find my own books transshipped at Port Clarence from the *Karluk* to the *Mary Sachs*….
p. 169: In the afternoon I continued to search for my books, which were transferred from the *Karluk* to the *Mary Sachs* at Port Clarence—but without success.
p. 182: Monday April 13th [1914] This morning Wilkins and I catalogued all the Expedition's books here, and I typed the list this afternoon. Thus the day passes in various occupations. I have more than I can do—trying to read up Eskimo and other literature, to translate the Eskimo stories I have, revised and correct the vocabulary etc. I had a bath just before turning in.
p. 361: Thursday, December 24th [1914] Cox has been reading the article on Painting in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and found that Frits's [Danish expedition scientist] father is spoken of very nicely there as the leading Danish landscape painter and portrayer of quiet home scenes.
p. 420ff: Saturday April 24th [1915] I spent a quiet day in the Eskimo camp watching the women hanging out their clothes etc. to dry, and reading some of *The Odyssey* and a little German. [April 27th he says the same p. 422.]
p. 427: Thursday, May 6th The day passed in sleeping and eating and on my part in reading. I have now finished four books (13-16) of *The Odyssey* and am half way through the fifth (17th). [Note describes this as a small copy for mental stimulation and reflection.]
p. 455: Thursday, June 10th [1915]…spent several hours reading Homer; I have now finished The Odyssey up to and including

Book 20. I wanted to write over some pencil notes in ink, but found my ink frozen. [Footnote on p. 803—see below.]
p. 535: Sunday, October 17th [1915] I read *Odyssey* 23—it is a pleasure to have a little literature again.
p. 563 has photo of the kind of Edison recording machine used to record songs of Copper Eskimos, 1915-16.
p. 601-2: Monday, June 19th [1916] Busy days at the station packing….In addition I have packed a box of anthropological books—my own, Beauchat's, and the Expedition's, which is ready to go on board tomorrow.
p. 803, footnote 17 re copy of Homer: A note on the inside back cover of volume three of this diary lists Homer under the heading "Books from Home." It is probable, therefore, that this copy of Homer's *The Odyssey*, which was in Greek, was one he had received from his home on August 6, 1914, when he was at Herschel Island. He had developed a special love for this book during his early college days in New Zealand…." [Are other books listed inside the cover??]

Jenness, Diamond. *Dawn in Arctic Alaska.* Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota Press, 1957.

A most engaging book based on Jenness's journals of his years on Stefansson's 1913 Canadian/Alaskan Expedition. He luckily avoided the Karluk Disaster by being invited by Stefansson to go ashore to get sledging experience. Although he retains the colonial vocabulary of the civilized and the savages, his anthropological observations are fascinating and his essential respect for the indigenous people compelling.
p. 16, on a native couple he met: Neither Mrss. Kunarluak nor her husband spoke any language but Eskimo, yet one of their daughters had married a white trapper, Ned Erie, who was living about two hundred miles to the east near Barter Island, and the other a Japanese who owned a hotel somewhere on the Yukon River. The courtships could scarcely have been garrulous, since

the two bridegrooms knew only a few words of Eskimo, but speech differences have never proved insuperable barriers to mixed unions, even in civilized lands, and in such frontier regions as Arctic Alaska they form hardly any barrier at all.
p. 31, during a blizzard on a sledging journey: The third day we lingered here, since the storm showed no sign of abating. About 10 A.M. our neighbors, who had discovered from a hand-copied calendar that it was Sunday, joined our two families in morning service; for more than an hour the adults prayed and sang hymns, one of which had the familiar tune of "Abide with Me." They sang and prayed in Eskimo, of course, since none of them understood English; and they conducted the service very reverently, even though the four little children shuffled about a good deal and the dogs in the corridor howled mournfully in an uninvited chorus. Just how much of Christianity's real teaching they had grasped I could not know; but I observed that whereas our host had prayed aloud for more than ten minutes on the night of our arrival, on the second night his prayer was much shorter, and on this Sunday night, when we retired to bed, he omitted to pray at all, at least audibly. Perhaps he wished to remind us that in the Arctic, as in other parts of the world, even the most appreciated guest can quickly outstay his welcome.
p. 47, on the difficulty of Eskimo who had had no contact with "civilization" to understand the tenets of Christianity: They knew no more of Christianity than the half-dozen hymns and prayers that had filtered through to them from their neighbors, together with a prohibition against performing any kind of work on Sundays, even sewing a patch on a warn mitten. It was therefore only natural that they should interpret these outward expressions of Christianity in the light of their earlier beliefs, and should look upon the prayers and hymns and prohibitions of the immigrant religion as in no way different from the incantations and taboos that had been handed down to them from their forefathers, or enjoined by some old-time medicine man….

p. 67: In all the weeks that I lodged in their cabins I did not witness a single gesture that the most sensitive European would have branded as crude. I did hear a few ribald stories, and am certain that the relations between the sexes were freer than our own code of conduct dictates; but of deliberate indecency there was never a trace, despite the lack of all privacy in their single-roomed homes.
p. 68: The most tiresome days were the Sundays, when we generally rose late, idled about the house eating, talking, and playing cards or cat's cradles, and finally retired to bed as soon as the tedium of sitting around became no longer bearable.
p. 68-69 has passage on experiment in native map-making by a couple which had some disagreements on the direction of flow of tributaries to the main river.
p. 139-40, toward the end of his trips, relaxing at Camden Bay: Before his departure, he [Dr. Anderson] delegate the captain of the *Alaska* to take charge of the camp, so that I might be completely free to come and go as I wished, to pore over my notes of the previous winter, and to browse among the books of the small library that had been supplied to us before we left civilization. I found in that library a mutilated German-Eskimo grammar of the Labrador dialect which happily resolved several linguistic problems that had troubled me earlier; and I spent many profitable hours working at the Eskimo language, and interrogating three Eskimos who were then employed on our base…. [a passage on infanticide follows].

Jenness, Diamond. *The People of the Twilight.* Chicago, IL: University of Chicago Press, 1959. [Phoenix Books. Preface by Fridtjof Nansen, dated March 4th, 1928. First published New York: Macmillan, 1928]

This version of Jennes's account of the Stefansson Canadian expedition of 1913 to 1916?? mirrors *Dawn of Arctic Alaska* but told apparently as a young adult tale. There is no need

to repeat passages from that book, but relevant passages can be found on these pages of the Chicago edition: 14, 26, 30, 46, 47, 53, 58, and 62. A few are worth noting here:
p. vi, Preface to Nansen: What a sad guilt we white men have toward native races! But these people live in a land which will be of no value to us without them.

Let there be no doubt about it: they, too, are doomed if nothing really effective is done to protect them. The land of the great white silence will never ring with the happy mirth of these lovable children of the twilight.

Surely the Canadian people will not let such a thing to happen, when once their attention is drawn to it. No one can be deaf to the thrilling appeal with which the author ends his book. May he be the harbinger of a brighter dawn in twilight land. The problem must be faced, but at once and with intelligent prudence, unless it should be too late. FRIDTJOF NANSEN. Lysaker, March 4th, 1928.
p. 97, on Jenness's reliance on two British maps in relation to the native mapmaking.
p. 250, in the Epilogue: The commercial world of the white man has caught the Eskimo in its mesh, destroyed their self-sufficiency and independence, and made them economically its slaves. Only in one respect did it benefit them: it lessened the danger of those unpredictable famines which had overtaken them every ten or fifteen years, bringing suffering and death to young and old without distinction [August 9, 1958].

Knight, Errol Lorne. Typescript diary of Wrangel expedition in which Knight died (Dartmouth STEF Mss 90, folder I. 3—iginal diary is in folder 1.)

This is the diary apparently doctored by Harold Noice with long sections missing and some lines erased, some having to do with Ada Blackjack (cf. p. 15, Jan 14): I am sure she is the most

stubborn creature I have ever known. [That comment follows 3 erased lines.]

Feb 4, 1923, Knight suffering and alone with Ada Blackjack: Some times I think I have scurvy and again I am in doubt. An old Cyclopedia that we have says that some of the symptoms of scurvy are – Scanty urine, which is not the case with me. Weak pulse, and mine seems to be O.K., a very bad breath, but my breath is only as bad as decayed teeth would make it. More symptoms according to the Cyclopedia are…. [In another account of scurvy symptoms, apparently written by Knight, he says: We have with us a set called 'Spoffard's New Cabinet Cyclopaedia' published by the Gebbie Pub. Co. Phila., 1900. The set contains a short article on scurvy and from this article I shall work in narrating my own symptoms.]

Feb 11: Fortunately, I am able to read and sleep as tho there was nothing the matter with me, but I would a great deal rather be up and about.

Feb 12: My face is nearly colorless and the whites of my eyes are slightly bloodshot. But, thank fortune, I still feel like reading and pass away my time at that, and sleeping, which I still do wonderfully well.

March 3: troubled last night by severe pains in my back. Felt like neuralgia. Reading and lying on my back day-dreaming about 'outside' to kill time, which goes rather slowly. It is bad enough to be laid up 'outside' where one has newspapers, good food, a comfortable *clean* bed and someone to talk to, but I just lay here in my dirty, hairy sleeping bag and read books again; for the fourth or fifth time. As a conversationalist, the woman is the bunk.

March 9: Oh yes, my eyes are starting to water a little, especially when I try to read or write.

[There are pages from the earlier part of the Diary that had been removed but returned to Knight's father by Noice. These include]:

Oct. 7 1921: The woman asked Crawford for a religious book yesterday and I gave her my Grandfather's 'Prayer Book'. We pointed out several passages in the book to her showing that everybody should be kind and work faithfully, and now she is kind and faithful and sews continually. [Is this the book she said was a Bible given to her by Knight?] The additional pages often have to do with the men's relationship to Ada including their forcible ways of getting her to do things.

Oct. 9 1921: Sunday It is snowing and there is not a great deal to do so all hands are taking it easy today. Mostly reading. Some large ice on the horizon to the South.

McKinlay, William Laird. *Karluk: the Great Untold Story of Arctic Exploration*. [1913-1916] Foreword by Magnus Magnusson. New York, St. Martin's Press, 1976.

p. 36, at sea in *Karluk*: During the day a great deal of time was spent reading in our bunks, since there was not a single comfortable chair on board, except for those in Stefansson's cabin, which was now shared by Captain Bartlett and Hadley.
p. 48, re lighting: We had only one pressure lamp, which gave an excellent light in the saloon, until early in November when it became so dim we could barely see to play chess…. I inspected my lamp every day, treating it as something beyond price. To contemplate life without it was unthinkable, for we would have darkness all round the clock for a long time to come.
p. 52: I spent the time in my bunk, studying in detail the eight hundred-odd pages of the record of De Long's expedition, not in any mood of foreboding, but rather to learn what could be learned from the example of men whose plight had so closely matched our own so far—and in the probable future. The *Jeannette* had drifted with the pack for nineteen months before cracking up and being abandoned…. [an illustration before p. 51 shows 2 pages from De Long's journals which notes a partial reading of Divine Service].

p. 56: The skipper [Bartlett] was a very lonely man…. The first time he called me in to collect something or other, I noticed on his table a copy of Dean Hole's *A Book about Roses*. As I picked it up he asked, 'Do you grow roses?' And then we sat, in the midst of limitless ice, with between 60 and 70° Fahrenheit of frost outside, in perpetual darkness, numberless miles from the nearest garden, talking about roses. What an uplift that talk was to both of us! We progressed from roses to gardening in general. Later he lent me a book by Winston Churchill.
p. 57, a lyrical passage in which McKinlay confirms his belief in God.
p. 62, Dec. 31, 1913: New Year's Eve: Then, standing round the mess-table we made the Arctic ring with 'Auld Lang Syne', and as a finale, each Scot recited something from Rabbie Burns, which delighted even those who could not understand a word we said.
p. 67, when alone on the abandoned *Karluk*, shortly before its collapse, Capt. Bartlett moved the gramophone in with the full stock of records: He played them one by one, throwing each record as it ended into the galley fire. He found Chopin's Funeral March, played it over and laid it aside. He was really very comfortable, eating when he felt like it and drinking plenty of coffee and tea. There was just enough ice pressure to keep the ship from sinking.
p. 106: Just before I left home our family minister had given me a Bible, with 'Psalm 121' inscribed on the fly-leaf. My Bible was somewhere on the *Mary Sachs* or the *Alaska*, but just the thought of it sustained me….
p. 121, [1914]: Then I had my first smoke in many months—a cigarette made from the bark and leaves of one of Hadley's freemasonry books, of which he had several.

Montgomery, Richard G. *"Pechuck": Lorne Knight's Adventures in the Arctic.* Caldwell, ID: Caxton Printers, 1948.

Knight was born in 1893, son of a Methodist minister from Oregon. He died on Wrangel Island in 1923 of scurvy, in company with Ada Blackjack.

p. 47, refers to Herschel Island Opera House: These fellows had drunk themselves out of acting jobs so they turned into whalers. With an opera house ready for 'em here, they just naturally couldn't hold back the talent.

p. 143: Stefansson, I soon learned, was a very thoughtful provider. He had left, for our use, a large number of books on a great variety of subjects. The Polar Bear's library had been selected with intelligence and each of us found something to his taste. I never caught Charlie Thomsen reading one of J. M. Barrie's plays! He fell fast asleep after two pages.

p. 255: None of us had started out from Cross Island prepared for such a long cruise. If we had, we would surely have brought more books. The five that had somehow crept into our luggage were hardly the ones I would have chosen, but, such as they were, we read and re-read them. There was a collection of Greek verse, with translations. I spent many weary hours trying to decipher the Greek tongue by match the English text against it. I knew about as much Greek as I did Eskimo, and my knowledge of that jargon was limited to the single word 'pechuck' which I used on all occasions. It never failed to give me the exact and necessary refinement of meaning.

Niven, Jennifer. *Ada Blackjack: A True Story of Survival in the Arctic.* New York: Hyperion, 2003.

A readable but tendentious biography of the lone survivor of four men and one woman on Stefansson's Wrangel Island expedition of 1921-23. The author is anti-Stefansson to some extreme, and while she may have some good points it would be

difficult to verify them given the inadequacy of the documentation provided. There is no index.
p. 44: Before they left Seattle, all four men stopped in at the Old Book Store to browse their secondhand stock. They shared a love of reading and knew the books would help to ease the long solitude that lay ahead. They bought a hundred dollars worth of the best books by authors—from Thomas Carlyle to Rabelais.
p. 80: The men tried one thing after another to persuade Ada to settle into a predictable routine. Crawford sweet-talked her; they denied her supper; they made her sleep outside in the cold. "Have tried coaxing but find that sternness is better," Knight observed. When she asked Crawford for a religious book, Knight gave her his grandfather's Bible. He and Crawford paged through the book with her, showing her the beautifully colored illustrations and the passages that said everyone should work faithfully and be kind to others. For days after, Ada worked hard to prove that she, too, was kind and faithful. But soon she was moping about camp again, not lifting a finger. [Lorne Knight eventually gave her the Bible which had been given him by his grandfather, and it continues to be mentioned throughout this book as very important to Ada, especially after the rescue.]
p. 87: Eventually, after three hours bound to the flagpole [for refusal to work], Ada at last ceased howling, and when Knight felt she had calmed down enough and when he tired of her grumbling, he set her free. She retired to her bunk, where he could hear her reciting from his grandfather's prayer book and singing hymns.
p. 99-100: She was fond of reminding the men of her education, and she liked to show it off by asking them for books. This amused her companions, and when she asked for a book about God, they couldn't resist giving her *Gargantua and Pantagruel*—the story of a giant and his son—published in 1534 by Rabelais, the Benedictine monk who resorted to a pseudonym when he wrote his racy, satirical novels.

"Now I admit that God is mentioned in it," Knight confided to his diary, "but not in the way it is mentioned in the church."

They watched as Ada turned the pages, nodding her head solemnly over several passages. After a page or two, she would close the book and lie back on the ground, eyes shut, to mediate and sing hymns. The men tried to contain their laughter. "I wonder what the missionaries would think," wrote Knight, "not that I give a darn."

p. 113: They had read and reread all their books four or five times.

p. 156-58: As long as he was flat on his back or sitting up in his sleeping bag, he felt fine, and so Knight stayed in bed. They had on their bookshelf a copy of Spoffard's *New Cabinet Encyclopedia*, [sic: *New Cabinet Cyclopædia*] which contained a good deal of information on scurvy. Knight told himself he wasn't frightened. He just felt like he'd had the wind knocked out of him. And he wasn't fully and completely convinced that he had scurvy. After all hadn't he been chopping and hauling wood and going off hunting just days before?

He sat up on his bunk, opened his diary so that he could make notes, and studied the encyclopedia entry. … [Goes on to give a summary of the scurvy article in Spoffard.]

p. 232, after Knight died and Ada was alone: After she had finished reading her Bible, Ada picked up some of the books the men had brought to the island. She began to read about Frederick A. Cook, the explorer, who had spent two decades in the Arctic and Antarctic. The men had loved to read and sometimes they had lent Ada their books. Now they were her books and she would read as many as she could.

Niven, Jennifer. *The Ice Master: The Doomed 1913 Voyage of the* KARLUK. New York, Hyperion, 2000.

[Repeat entry here—combine)

The doomed voyage was the Stefansson Canadian expedition aboard Karluk in 1913-14.. When Stefansson was ashore hunting for fresh meat in Alaska, the ship was caught in the ice with several men aboard and drifted into the Chukchi Sea with Bartlett now in command. Some have charged that Stef deliberately abandoned the ship and men and the evidence seems ambiguous. Niven is anti-Stefansson to an extreme, and gives a fine portrait of Bartlett's rescue efforts; while she may have some good points it would be difficult to verify them given the inadequacy of the documentation provided. There is no index.
p. 10: For all his rough appearance, Bartlett had a soft spot for beauty. He loved women, although he was a confirmed bachelor, and his heart truly belonged to his mother, whom he wrote every day, no matter where he was. He also loved music, and on ships he kept Shakespeare close at hand, as well as George Palmer's translation of the *Odyssey*, which he would quote from frequently. His constant companion, though, was Edward Fitzgerald's translation of the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.* Its pages were now frayed, and it was held together by surgeon's plaster to keep it from falling to pieces. That little book had gone with him on voyages to foreign ports while he was serving his years of apprenticeship to get his British master's certificate in 1905. The book had also been with him on both his trips with Peary aboard the *Roosevelt*, and to Europe after Peary's attempt at the North Pole. It had accompanied him on a hunting trip to the Arctic, and on numerous sealing trips.
p. 18, a young Scottish helper aboard was William McKinlay who was given a Bible by his local minister just before he boarded. Inscription read "Best wishes Psalm 121."
p. 34: The staff and officers gathered nightly for Victrola concerts. Each mess room—that of the scientists and of the crewmen—had a gramophone and there were over two hundred records aboard. They were mostly classical with some ragtime thrown in for variety. The Prologue from *Pagliacci* and Bach's

‘Air for G String’ were special favorites with everyone, but they soon discovered that Bartlett had no patience for ragtime.
p. 35-36: [Bartlett] spent a notable amount of time cutting pictures from the illustrated papers and magazines they had on board, an activity that quite naturally piqued the interests of his shipmates. The editors of the ship’s newsletter, the *Karluk Chronicle*, voiced the intense shipwide curiosity as to just where it was Bartlett was putting these clippings.
p. 57-58, Topographer Bjarne Mamen, who did not survive, read books by Amundsen and Nansen and some of the other explorers: The *Karluk* had an extensive polar library, everything from Robert Peary to Frederick Cook to Adolphus Greely—books on the Antarctic and the Arctic; reports of the steamer *Corwin* and the United States cutter *Bear*; narratives of journeys to the Northwest Passage, the Bering Sea, the heart of the polar ice pack.

The Norwegian Amundsen, of course, was Mamen’s favorite, the man he wanted to become. For months now, he’d been scouring Amundsen’s books, making mental notes on the expedition he wanted to lead himself one day…. Tonight he was reading something much more pressing—the ship and ice journals of George Washington De Long, who headed for the North Pole in July 1879 [aboard the *Jeannette*] and never returned. De Long’s diaries dated from 1879-1881 and were written in two volumes and eight hundred pages. Importance was the similarity of De Long’s trip with that of the *Karluk* which was drifting on the same path.
p. 67, on the difficulty of communication with Eskimos because of difficult translations: “Dried apples” in English became “situk” in Eskimo, which meant “resembling an ear.” “Salvation” became “pulling from a hole in the ice” in Eskimo. And the Twenty-third Psalm translated rather delightfully and alarmingly into: “The Lord is my great keeper; he does not want me. He shoots me down on the beach, & pushes me into the water.”

p. 81 refers briefly to the ship's library available to the seamen.
p. 96: The captain recommended books to McKinlay so that he could read them and they could discuss them afterward. Bartlett loved to pick up his worn and dog-eared volumes of Shakespeare and Browning and Shelley and Keats—not to mention his favorite of all, the *Rubáiyát*—and read aloud from them. He thumbed the pages with his clumsy, thick-fingered hands, soiled and rough, and looked up at his companion, crinkling his blue eyes with delight.
p. 112-13: The latest book the captain had given McKinlay to read was *The Inside of the Cup* by Winston Churchill [the American novelist]. Bartlett's library was endless and wildly eclectic. One never knew what one was going to find in there, buried beneath the favored classics and stories of sea adventures. One night, among the expected nautical and maritime volumes, McKinlay noticed a slender text called *A Book About Roses* by Reynolds Hole." It was an odd sight, for no one would ever have connected Bartlett with the flower. [A saccharine passage on roses in the Arctic follows: "He who would have beautiful Roses in his garden must have beautiful Roses in his heart."]
p. 124, when *Karluk* sank Bartlett saved his *Rubáiyát* but couldn't find his boots.
p.157, after a reconnaissance trip, probably to Herald Island: The thing that puzzled them the most, though, was that the descriptions Mamen and the Eskimos gave of the island did not agree with the one given by the *Pilot Book.* It was true that Herald Island was in keeping with the positionsthey had taken with the chronometer, but the land that Mamen had seen looked to be eighteen miles long instead of the four and a halfmiles cited by the *Pilot Book.*
p. 224-25: Bartlett had looked at Nordenskjöld's book *Voyage of the Vega*, aboard the *Karluk*, even though it was written in German and he didn't speak the language. But he studied the pictures, which gave him an idea of what they would be facing once then reached land [Wrangel Island].

p. 244: On Peary's 1909 North Pole expedition, while the admiral and J. W. Goodsell and Professor Donald B. MacMillan had opened a case of books and afterwards had come down with violent colds. The books were brand new and had never been read or owned by anyone But they had, apparently, been packed by a man infected with a cold.
Other references: p. 231 on magazines Bartlett was given on his overland rescue trip; p. 269 on using arctic willow and magazine papers for their first smokes in months; p. 343 on Maurer's carrying his mother's Bible when rescued.

Aberdeen and Temair, Ishbel Gordon, Marchioness of. *The Canadian Journal of Lady Aberdeen, 1893-1898.* Edited with an Introduction by John T. Saywell. [Vol. 38] Toronto: Champlain Society, 1960. [First published 1916.]

Ishbel Marie Marjoribanks Hamilton-Gordon, Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair, better known as Lady Aberdeen (1857-1939), was a British social reformer devoted to women's rights, philanthropy, and other causes. "As Vice-Regal Consort to Governor General John Campbell Hamilton-Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen, from 1893 until 1898, Lady Aberdeen organized the National Council of Women in Canada, became first sponsor of the Women's Art Association of Canada and helped found the Victorian Order of Nurses" [*Canadian Encyclopedia*].
p. xxvii, when overwhelmed by her duties: Lady Aberdeen had two cures for a depression. The first was to escape from the "stifling artificiality" by a trip, a ride—"I am quite ashamed to find how much better a place the world can look during, and after, a ride"—or a retreat into the library—"as far as reading, more and more I find that to keep life in proportion, books are an absolute necessity." The second was to work, to plunge into the matters at hand with a frenzied energy and fierce determination.
p. 28: M. & Mme Paul Bourget came here for two or three days visit on Friday—we like them both…. He is immensely full of

H.D.'s [Henry Drummond] books, which he has only come across for the first time during the past few weeks & he left us a paper containing a remarkable sermon of Archbishop Ireland's on the mission of Christianity & the Church to the present age, preached at Cardinal Gibbon's jubilee.
p. 56: Sunday Jany 13th [January 14th 1896] There are always such heaps of little things to see to here that one does not seem to get any time to work at anything steadily & it is difficult enough to get through necessary letters & skin the papers, & so there are but few odds & ends of time for reading. Have just finished Skelton's new Life of Mary Queen of Scots, georgeously got up with illustrations & wide margins--& Mrs Besant's Autobiography, was a bit disappointed in latter after my remembrance of her on the steamer as we came home in 1891.
p. 195: Saturday Feby 9th [1895] A whole week without any journal & I am not going to try to write it either. I have been engaged most of the time in trying to get by books etc .etc. unpacked & re-arranged. It is terrible how upset all one's possessions get when one has no fixed abode for some months & *I* have been on the move ever since May 25th last.
p.212, the editor on Lady Aberdeen and libraries: Lady Aberdeen was one of the moving spirits behind the drive for a public library In Ottawa, but her efforts met with the little success. In January, 1896 a bye-law was submitted to the electors and it was turned down by a large majority. Not until the Carnegie Foundation stepped indid the library move forward. It was finally opened in 1906.
p. 214, Wednesday April 3rd [1895]: Mrs F. McDougall & Mr Hayes came to report the failure of their attempt to get the Archbishop to sign the petition for a public Library. It seems he cannot approve of it, as; he would have no control over the books selected & there would be histories & other books telling against their church. This is understandable enough, though doubtless now their young people get worse reading without a library than they would with one….

p. 391, on visiting Washington DC on Feb. 27 1897: General & Mrs Greely gave tea for us—a most kindly meant but somewhat painful entertainment. He once stayed with us at H.H. & has called one of his children "Rose Ishbel". Sir Julian [Pouncefote] took us not only to Congress but to the new Public and Congressional Library. It is a splendid building. Sir Richard Cartwright said "We are proud of our library at Ottawa & rightly so—but when I saw this there was no spirit left in me"…. & the interior is composed mainly of white marble, the ceilings being decorated in various styles, with a good deal of colour.. …a marvelous arrangement has been invented whereby when a book is wanted, its name is whistled up to some remote corridor where it is found by an attendant & by means of some sort of electric tube it arrives by itself as by a magicians wand, before you on your desk. Marjorie & Capt. Wilberforce disagree as to whether the storing capacity for books is estimated at two or fifteen millions.

Simms, Florence Mary. *Étoffe du pays: Lower St. Lawrence Sketches.* Toronto: Musson, n.d.

This alleged children's book is undated but probably describes events and publication of the mid-1920s. A couple of jems are worth recording from this delightful book:
p. 48: There are many cottages at Cap a 1'Aigle and some that are historically interesting, particularly one called the "Alert," whose interior is finished with panelling and doors of that gallant old vessel, which was one of the boats that went on the Expedition organised by Sir George Nares and the Royal Geographical Society in 1875 to search for the North Pole. She was commanded by Admiral Markham and accompanied by the "Discovery," and together they penetrated farther north than any previous explorers. An interesting relic (which is still preserved by relatives of the late Admiral) is a thermometer which records that it was carried to Lat. 83, 20 min. 26 sees. North, where the

temperature was 109° below freezing! The frame of this instrument is made of the batten of the sledge "Marco Polo" which carried these intrepid-voyagers over the ice when they were obliged to abandon their boat. The "Alert" was a seventeen-gun sloop, and before leaving England she was overlaid with a seven-inch covering of teak and lined throughout with felt. She had a crew of sixty men with nine boats, and it is interesting to read, in a detailed account in a “Strand Magazine” of nearly twenty years ago, that “the Commander’s pet dog, Nellie, accompanied the expedition and had her own embroidered blanket.”

“Pinch” had a joke when the expedition returned: "Why didn't Admiral Markham find the North Pole? Because the Discovery was not on the Alert."

p. 76: Mr. George M. Wrong in his interesting book “A Canadian Manor and its Seigneurs” gives a detailed account of the titles exacted by the Church from these poor people. A twenty-sixth part of the produce of their grain fields. This surely cannot be much in a district where one sees so few, and such thin harvests of barley and oats, buckwheat and timothy. Potatoes seem their only crop with acres and acres of hay. In return for the payment of this title, proud parents have the right to present their twenty-sixth child for complete adoption by the Church. A privilege which, I hear, has actually been taken advantage of!

1923 Canadian Murder Trial at Pond Inlet

Grant, Shelagh D. *Arctic Justice: On Trial for Murder, Pond Inlet, 1923*. Montreal: McGill-Queen’s University Press, 2002.

Fascinating book on the introduction of European-based law into a culture that had no reason to understand it, in its communitarian consensual approach to justice. Well-written and badly proofed, but worth the read.

p. 18: In 1876 Reverend Edmund Peck founded a mission at Little Whale River on Ungava Bay, where he began working on a syllabic alphabet to represent Inuktitut, based on one created by Reverend James Evans for use with the Cree Indians. In 1894, armed with syllabic prayer books and Bibles, Peck established the first Christian mission on Baffin Island, at a whaling station on Blacklead Island in Cumberland Sound. A rudimentary school was set up as well as a one-room mission hospital.

Peck's travels and those of his assistants were generally limited to nearby camps, although one year he visited camps along the coast as far north as Qivittuuq while returning home to England on a whaling ship. A number of lay preachers traveled further afield, distributing Bibles and spreading word about the new religion. Several families from Cumberland Sound were reported to have migrated to Igloolik with their Bibles. In this manner, many Iglulingmiut learned to read and write in syllabics without ever having met a *qallunaat* [European] missionary. Understanding the biblical passages was more difficult.

Literacy grew at an astonishing rate, but the meaning of the words was not always understood. This gave rise to a number of 'syncretic movements' that combined traditional spiritual beliefs of shamanism with those of Christianity…. [Other references to these syllabic Bibles are on p. 22, 28, and 39).

p. 146: When introduced by lay preachers, the new religion sometimes incorporated certain traditions of shamanism, resulting in syncretism, otherwise described as a 'syncretic' form of religion. McInnes reported that some camps were 'very enthusiastic over religion, which they follow in their own crude style, singing hymns and reading from their testament several times a day. The most attractive pastime, however, is trying to count the numbers of the pages and the hymns.' [See also p. 218-19.]

p. 184, an interpretation of the murder sentence, according to Freuchen: He had been promised room and board for ten years in the great house of Canada. The house was kept warm in the

winter, there would be women to sew clothes for him, and he would never have to go hunting for his food [see Freuchen's *Vagrant Viking*].

1925-44 Bob Bartlett Summer Cruises aboard Morrisey

1930-31 British Arctic Air-Route Expedition

Lindsay, Martin. *Those Greenland Days: The British Arctic Air-Route Expedition, 1930-31.* Harmondsworth, UK: Penguin Books, 1939. [First published 1931.]

A rather less engaging book than his later *Sledge*, but informative on an expedition to scope out air-routes across Greenland by meteorological observations on the icecap. Several reading references:
p. 49: overheard conversation:
A. Bother! I've forgotten my prayer-book.
B. But dammit, you don't want to say prayers on the icecap, do you?
A. Of course I do.
B. And can't you say prayers without a prayer-book.
A. Yes. Only I like to remember the saints' days; it makes it so much more interesting.
p. 58: Each man has a small linen bag in which he keeps his sewing outfit, a diary and perhaps a pocket edition of verse; and little scraps of biscuit find a place among these treasures.
p. 73, He reports these book holdings at the Ice-Cap Station: We had a few stock jokes, and these somehow never seemed to pall….A more acute form of mental stagnation was avoided by a small supply of carefully chosen books. We had between us "Vanity Fair," "Confessions of an Opium Eater," "Guy Mannering," "Fowler's English Usage," "Wuthering Heights," "Jane Eyre," "Mansfield Park" and "Socrates Discourses." One

of our most precious possessions was a chess-board, and gave us unlimited pleasure. It made us forget the number of weeks we had slept in our cloths and our few other little trials.
p. 79: Meanwhile, I being of greater length, used to sprawl on my sleeping-bag doing the more trivial tasks such as replenishing the pot with snow or opening a tin, while from time to time I would read aloud from our *vade mecum*, the Oxford Book of English Verse.
p. 107-08: There was also at one time a violent craze for poker: but this was short-lived, and after that the unemployed returned to their usual pastimes of reading Wordsworth or Wallace, according to taste, and waiting for the next meal.
p. 113—on Eskimo cannibalism.
p. 116: There is also a Lutheran Mission at Angmagssalik, where several of these people have learnt to read and write. They have a few picture-books, including the A B C, or rather, there is no C in their calligraphy, A B D, and they have got the Bible. These books are copiously illustrated with common or garden objects, such as a cow or tree, but objects that the Eskimo is never likely to see as long as he lives…. Their Bible is the same as our own, except that several words are a line long, and there are no paragraphs or verses in it. The reader just has to go flat out at each chapter.
p. 160, re Courtauld's five-month solo stint at the Ice-Cap Base; he used "Hints for Travellers" to look up scurvy and found he had the symptoms: He found that his frostbitten toes still prevented him from staying outside long enough to do much digging, so most of his time was spend reading; and as he had been on sledging rations since October 25th, the descriptions of food were what interested him most. Sir Walter Scott's *potage à la Meg Merrilies* sounded more delicious than any dish he had ever tasted.
p. 163: To occupy his [Courtauld] mind he designed certain things such as "the perfect meal" and "the perfect boat," and a plot for a book; and soon after he got back to the Base he

committed these ideas to paper before he could forget them. He was thankful that his light had lasted as long as his reading material. Sometime he used to recite verse and sing to himself; but I do not suppose that he often whistled. There is something very hollow in the whistle of a lonely man in a lonely place.

1938 Hudson Bay Voyage of *Nascopie*

Manning, Ella Wallace. *Igloo for the Night.* (London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1943).

R.M.S. Nascopie was the chief supply ship of the Hudson's Bay Company with 34 annual visits to Northern Arctic outposts coming through Hudson Strait from the UK until 1933 when it was reassigned to Montreal.
p. 17—traveling north on a Hudson's Bay ship (*Nascopie*, 1938), Mrs. Tom Manning notes: a small library on board and, among a number of indifferent books, I found a delightful Old Norse Saga, the leaves still uncut.

1957-58 Canadian International Geographical Year Ellesmere Island Expedition

Jackson, C. Ian. *Does Anyone Read Lake Hazen?* Edmonton, ALB: Circumpolar Institute, 2002.

Describes a Canadian expedition to northern Ellesmere Island 1957-58 as part of the International Geophysical Year.
p. 9, on baggage limitations: We had put together an extensive library, from Greely's Three Years of Arctic Service to novelists like P.G. Wodehouse and Angela Thirkell. Or, in precise figures, including two typewriters and our clothing, 318 kilos among the four of us.
p. 41 pictures the author's library shelves at the Lake Hazen base.

p. 72, re baking bread: Eventually, as with most of our problems at Lake Hazen, we found a book and followed its instructions.
p. 74: One item that had nearly been forgotten in our supplies was a cook book. Two did get to Lake Hazen almost by accident, but only one of them was of much practical use to us. This was the paperback Pocket Cook Book…. The other cook book that we possessed was a going-away present to Dingle; it had been published in England in 1915 and was designed for what later television audiences would instantly recognize as an *Upstairs and Downstairs* social setting.
p. 86: For much of the winter, however, Dingle and I spent long hours translating texts from French and German. Translation is an occupation that was almost ideal for Lake Hazen, requiring a minimum of raw materials and plenty of time. Dingle's best foreign language was German, and he was tackling *Das Klima der Vorzeit* (*The Climate of the Past*) by Martin Schwarzbach. I was better at French and was therefore at work on *Les Méthodes de la Morphologie* (*Methods in Geomorphology*) by Pierre Birot. Climate, however, was my specialism, as geomorphology was Dingle's, so we each became scientific adviser on the other's translation. Apart from the mental challenge, we had a real incentive to improve our language ability, because McGill required Ph.D. candidates to demonstrate their competence in two additional languages.
p. 87-8: When these activities palled, there was no shortage of books to read. Apart from the DRB's [Defense Research Board] erotica, which we tended to keep for night shifts, we had plenty of more edifying works. After Bertrand Russell's *History of Western Philosophy*, for example, I turned for light relief to *Gone with the Wind*. In my first year as a student at London I had been required to study Book IV of the *Aeneid*, because at that time London required more in the way of Latin from its Arts Faculty students than either Oxford or Cambridge. I was interested to know how the story ended, though I was not prepared to tackle the original to find out, so the C. Day Lewis

translation of Virgil also went to Lake Hazen. Dingle seized on my two-volume abridgment of Frazer's The Golden Bough, and I intended to read it after him. One day, however, he remarked, in the manner of someone spoiling the end of an Agatha Christie mystery, 'It's mistletoe,' and I could thereafter never bring myself to embark on Frazer's long exploration of folklore. Jane Austen's six novels were there, of course, and most of Dorothy L. Sayers and Angela Thirkell. If this sounds, escapist, I can only admit that the gentler English satirists have always had a special appeal for me. P. G. Wodehouse and Bernard Shaw were more welcome at Lake Hazen than Dean Swift.

It might be argued that practically everything we read was escapist in terms of our arctic situation. There was, however, a certain amount of polar literature in our library. The Arctic Institute of North America lent us a two-volume set of Greely's *Three Years of Arctic Service*, but we used it for occasional reference rather than as a useful guide to our situation. *The White Desert*, John Giaever's book on the Norwegian-British-Swedish expedition to the Antarctic in the late 1940s, had been taken along, because someone had suggested that it was more relevant to our group than accounts of better-known expeditions. We could see some similarities, although we hoped that we would not need to repeat at Lake Hazen the operation to remove an eye of one of the N-B-S expedition members. We are also glad to be sent the newly-published biography of Shackleton by James and Margaret Fisher. Shackleton, surely, is an explorer's explorer. But on any particular day at Lake Hazen, the author most likely to be read by any one of us was Gerald Durrell. His accounts of animal collecting in the tropics were as far removed from our reality as Jane Austen's heroines, but both his Bafut beagles and her Bath assemblies did much to keep us cheerful.

Many of the books that I had brought were ones that I had been meaning to read for a long time…. [Cites *Lorna Doone*'s passage about Arctic Life, suggesting that Blackmore had read

accounts of the Franklin Search a decade before he wrote the novel.]

p. 95-6: Among the polar books we had with us was *The Home of the Blizzard*, the aptly-titled account of Douglas Mawson's Australian Antarctic Expedition in 1911-1914…. Mawson's book can be confidently recommended to anyone who needs assurance that other people also have problems.

p. 132: During the winter, however, I had read Dingle's copy of the *Penguin History of the United States*, and so I was now able to register an unhesitating affinity for Lincoln.