

THE EAGLE  
OF  
THUNDER CAPE

BY  
W. S. PIPER

The Knickerbocker Press  
NEW YORK  
1924

Copyright, 1924

by

W. S. Piper



Made in the United States of America

DEDICATED  
TO  
MY WIFE

## INTRODUCTION

The prime object of this book is not to deal with Indian legends alone, but also to put into picture and story a few of the scenic beauties and wonders of the North Shore of Lake Superior.

For the legends I am indebted to the following Indian friends: Chief Skeet, Luke Bushy, the late Chiefs Penassie and Blackstone; also to the late Simon Penassie, son of the late Chief Penassie, J. Fion, Joe Turtle, Obekong, and others.

We in Western Algoma are just beginning to realize the charm of Indian legends.

Too late, perhaps, as many of the old time Ojibways, who translated freely, have passed away. By pen and camera I have tried to preserve some of their stories as told me years

ago. There is an unmistakable fascination about Indian legends which is greatly increased when they are heard amidst the surroundings that gave them birth.

W. S. P.

### CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION . . . . .	V
THE LOST MOTHER MINE . . . . .	I
THE LEGEND OF GREEN MANTLE . . . . .	131
A SUMMER VACATION ON THE NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR . . . . .	202

## ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
AUTHOR . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
OGAMA DOG'S NAME AND MASCOT ON DOG MOUNTAIN . . . . .	15
QUARTET OF TIKINAGAN'S (INDIAN DLES) . . . . .	23
THOSE CAUGHT THE DANGER SCENT . . . . .	33
MAISKABIG RAPIDS ON THE KAMINISTIQUIA . . . . .	42
KAKABEKA FALLS ON THE KAMINISTIQUIA . . . . .	52
THE GORGE, BELOW KAKABEKA FALLS ON THE KAMINISTIQUIA . . . . .	57
THE GIANT OF THUNDER CAPE . . . . .	62
CHIEF SKEET PRESENTING THE CALUMET TO THE GREAT SPIRIT . . . . .	75
EAST WELCOME ISLAND . . . . .	87
PORPHYRY CEMETERY . . . . .	101
THE GREAT THUNDER EAGLE OF THUNDER CAPE. SACRED TO THE MANITOU . . . . .	114

	PAGE
THE "LION" OF THUNDER CAPE . . . . .	134
MOOS-OOS OF THUNDER CAPE . . . . .	134
OLD SILVER ISLET MINE . . . . .	144
SILVER ISLET SUMMER RESORT . . . . .	144
THE SACRED ROCK "SHAMINITOU" . . . . .	160
"NO REEF FISHING TODAY" . . . . .	160
OTTER RIVER AND FALLS . . . . .	170
OTTER ISLAND . . . . .	182
GREEN MANTLE BAY . . . . .	182
VIRGIN FALLS, NIPIGON RIVER . . . . .	190
C. P. R. BRIDGE CROSSING THE NIPIGON . . . . .	190
PICTURE ROCKS, LAKE OLIVER, OGAMA . . . . .	193
DOG, BIG CANOE AND SNAKE . . . . .	193
"ON OUR WAY" . . . . .	203
GRAVES OPENED FOR INDIAN RELICS ON THE WELCOME ISLAND BATTLEFIELD . . . . .	206
LUKE DOUBTS MY MEASUREMENTS . . . . .	211
AT ANCHOR, EAGLES NEST, NIPIGON STRAITS. . . . .	226

## THE LOST MOTHER MINE

It was the evening of a cold frosty day towards the end of February and a bitter wind had sprung up sweeping the North Shore of Lake Superior. The wind came whining and moaning in gusts that piled the snow into heavy drifts that completely tied up all Railway and Street traffic.

Inside the store I was snug enough having just carried in sufficient wood to keep my big stove going until the following day. Outside the landscape was far from attractive and the mercury in the thermometer had nearly all cuddled down to the bottom of the glass. In such weather customers were few and far between so I locked the doors, put out the lights and was just about to retire when I heard two sharp knocks on the front door accompanied by the sound of a familiar voice demanding admission and shouting "I want to see you."



## 2 THE EAGLE OF THUNDER CAPE

The visitor was my friend Edward Wright, better known as Doctor Wright, a fine specimen of a long legged Canadian, a full six feet tall, with blue and kindly eyes, always willing to share his last crust with a friend but at the same time he could drive a hard bargain and many a man had regretted trying to take undue advantage of his generosity. It was his boast that he never forgot a kindness, or forgave an injury. As a young man he had spent a couple of years at a medical college but the lure of the Golden West, which at that time offered great attractions, was to him irresistible, so with a few hundred dollars in his pockets he bid good-bye to college and started for that land of promised wealth. There he spent a little over four years and having an opportunity of realizing some twelve thousand dollars on his holdings, he sold out and settled at the head of the Great Lakes in the Thunder Bay District at the North-West extremity of Lake Superior, devoting his time and energies to exploration and mining.

Opening the door I anxiously enquired if there was anything wrong. "No," he said, "But I am in possession of a great secret and I wanted

to talk it over with you to-night." I remarked that it must be very important to bring him out on such a night. "It is," he replied, "It's the biggest thing in the World." Lighting a lamp, and sitting down comfortably at the stove, I could see that he was intensely excited and I can still recall the eager look in his eyes, and the boundless enthusiasm that he displayed, as he drew from his pocket a newspaper clipping which he said that he had just received from a friend in Minnesota. "How would you like to take a trip with me for a few weeks, and come back a millionaire?" he remarked. "How'd I like it? How'd I like it?" I said as I smiled incredulously. "Oh, you need not laugh," he answered, "listen while I read you this paper." "Go on," I said, "I'm listening." He then proceeded to read as follows:—

"By the death, early on Tuesday morning, of John Cummings, a pioneer miner of the North Shore of Lake Superior, the surviving miners of the old regime have been reduced almost to the vanishing point. Mr. Cummings died at his home in St. Paul after an illness of several months and his death was not unexpected. John Cummings had an interesting career.

#### 4 THE EAGLE OF THUNDER CAPE

Born in Orkney, Scotland, in the year 1812, as a young man he enlisted with the Hudson's Bay Company for twenty-one years, coming to Canada in one of the Company's ships by the Hudson Bay route. Whilst in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company he was always closely associated with the natives and being a natural prospector he was at all times on the lookout for specimens and it was there he learned that the Sioux, who fought the Ojibways, were the first natives on the North Shore of Lake Superior to use silver tips for the points of their arrow heads whenever there was a shortage of flint heads and that the silver was taken from the sacred calumet mine. He was able to secure specimens from the natives but nothing would persuade them to show him the mine, believing that to show a white man this sacred treasure house was an omen of death. The silver taken from this mine by the Ojibways was used to decorate the ancient Indian Calumet and to make ornaments, many of which were offered to the Manitou by placing them on Thunder Cape in order that he might appease the wrath of the fiery spirit of the Great Thunder Eagle.

"John took his specimens to St. Paul where he interested some capitalists who engaged him to search for the mine. Taking a partner with him they searched for many weeks and finally located the great vein, which was close to the old Sioux trail. Loading themselves with many valuable specimens they started on their return journey to Lake Superior, but were unable to

find the place where they had left their boat. They then started to walk the shore to the nearest trading post. Physical hardships were continuous and as the provisions were running low the outlook was very gloomy. John's companion took sick and died so John, being now too weak to carry anything, decided to bury the silver near the body. This he did and then proceeded on his solitary journey to be, fortunately, picked up by some natives, after he had given up all hope of being able to reach a trading post. The natives cared for him until he was able to resume his journey. The following season a fully equipped boat, with John and a party, returned to take up the claim. The place where the body was buried, and the silver, was easily located but, owing to a great bush fire that was sweeping the country at that time, they were unable to find the mine. Subsequently John made many expeditions in search of this mine but he was never again able to locate it and as John and his partner were the only white men ever known to have seen it, the mine has not been discovered to this day. He afterwards name it the 'Lost Mother Mine.'"

"It has not been discovered to this day," repeated Edward, "Now I'm going to make you an offer. No one has seen this paper, neither have I mentioned it to anyone, so if you agree to share half the expenses I will take you as my

## 6 THE EAGLE OF THUNDER CAPE

partner, you sharing equally with me in this great mine." "This is a very liberal offer, Edward," I replied, "and I must confess that I am very much interested, but for the life of me, I can't see that we have any chance to make the discovery, or that the newspaper gives any information that would assist us. In fact, the paper gives no clue." Edward fairly beamed on me as he said, "Why, I never was more certain of direction in my life; did you notice the part in the paper that said it was on the old Sioux trail? That is the great secret; any good prospector, with that information would locate the 'Lost Mother Mine' within thirty days. There are many old mines and caves with galleries in this country, formerly worked with copper tools by a forgotten people, and I believe the Lost Mother Mine to be one of them."

In honor of the great occasion my choicest cigars were produced and we settled down to lay our plans for following up the old Sioux trail on the Canadian side of the line. Before parting for the night, or rather the morning, as it was early instead of late, the picture was so

perfect that it is impossible to adequately present it for your comprehension. Oh joy: oh joy: the splendid sensation that comes from the feeling that you are predestinated soon to become a millionaire. Being too excited to sleep we were early astir, the morning bringing a keen desire to get nearer our hidden treasure, but proper preparation had first to be made so we curbed our impatience whilst this essential preliminary was proceeded with.

There are trails innumerable in this country, many of which are now forgotten, but there were still a few members of the Dog Lake Band of Indians who were familiar with the old Sioux trail, and its many branches, and who could remember many significant events told them by their forefathers many years ago. One of this number was Joe Turtle of Dog Lake, better known as Dog Lake Joe, whose father and grandfather were both still alive, and with whom we were both familiar. This trail is now one of the "lost trails" of the country although, at one time, it was the main artery connecting the Great Lakes with the plains of the West, over which the Sioux and Blackfeet passed to

## 8 THE EAGLE OF THUNDER CAPE

carry war to the Ojibways for the possession of the Great Lakes and the adjacent territory.

It was along this ancient trail that these nations first came into conflict and the many desperate battles that were fought, added to the fact that it led to the Great Inland Waters, caused the Sioux to name it "The Liquid Trail." Then later, when the first French explorers and fur traders reached the Head of the Lakes they followed this old Sioux trail on their journeys farther West and it continued to be much used by the subsequent generations of fur traders right up to the commencement of the Railway era.

Some fifty years ago the breaking out of the Riel rebellion in the West necessitated the transport of troops, with the necessary equipment, from Eastern Canada to the Western Plains. The regular Red River route was barred because of the necessity of passing thereon, through the territory of the United States, and International law forbade the passage of armed troops. It was then that the old trail, with improved portages, afforded passage to the expedition of Sir Garnet Wolesly, with its

train of wagons, boats and guns, to its gathering point at Fort Garry and to the early and complete suppression of the Rebellion. It was then known as the Wolessy Trail. Then some years later emigrants were carried over this, the first "All Canadian" route, to the North-West and the name again changed to the Dawson Trail. But, with the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, some forty years ago, the glory and usefulness of the old trail departed and it now lies out of sight and out of mind, deserted and overgrown. Although at one time the "broad highway" that led from the gateway between Canada-East and Canada-West the encroaching forest and the action of the elements with the passage of time have so obliterated the ancient trail that no stranger could hope to retrace its course, through scenic wonders of unparalleled beauty, without the services of an Indian guide.

One striking feature of the old Sioux trails was the system of marking by the means of hieroglyphics and even to this day the paintings and hieroglyphics on the old Sioux trail, leading from the Pigeon River at the International



## 10 THE EAGLE OF THUNDER CAPE

boundary to James Bay, are fresh and distinct. Consequently, in any attempt to re-locate Sioux trails one must first be able to decipher the pictures and for this purpose we determined to get in touch with Dog Lake Joe whom we knew to be an expert in the art.

Accordingly Edward set out the next day for Dog Lake and, after a good deal of effort, located Joe busily at work on his trap line. It was not difficult to persuade Joe to act as our guide and cook on the projected expedition as Edward's terms were more than liberal. Who should one quibble over a few paltry dollars with such a scintillating prospect as ours, in my view. So, after arranging for Joe to meet us at Kaministiquia Station during the following week, Edward returned to Fort William and we enthusiastically proceeded with our preparations for the trip. Our days were indeed busy as we collected the very considerable amount of duffle required for such an extended trip. With a stove, tent, blankets, frying pans, kettles, snowshoes, provisions, &c., &c., we soon had a substantial pile which we carefully checked to make sure that no essential had been

forgotten and to eliminate everything that could possibly be done without.

At last the eventful day arrived and as we waited at the station that evening for the train that was to take us on the first stage of our journey it was difficult to either conceal or curb our impatience to be off. However, in due course we boarded the train and the great adventure had actually commenced. It was almost half an hour after midnight when the long, tremulous whistle of the locomotive started to scream and the brakeman passed through our car, calling "Kaministiquia next," and soon afterwards the train steamed up to the station. Alighting from the train we proceeded forward to where our baggage had been unloaded. Before reaching it the train had crossed the Kaministiquia River and was winding its way up the sombre valley of the Mattewan. It was a sharp, cold night with a keen wind from the North and the lightless village lay before us as quiet as a graveyard whilst we waited beside our baggage wondering why Joe had not put in an appearance. The red tail lights of our train had disappeared in

## 12 THE EAGLE OF THUNDER CAPE

the distance and the myriad stars, shining with all that shimmering brilliance reserved for Northern Latitudes during the reign of King Winter, were the only visible lights.

Our patience was not unduly tried for presently we saw a dim form emerging from beneath the water tank and immediately thereafter we heard Joe's voice shouting encouraging remarks to his dogs, accompanied by the crack of his whip, and we were soon shaking hands and exchanging greetings. Joe had a train of five fine dogs of which the leader, a large husky, was a particularly fine product of the Northern trails. The untamed wolf strain was still dominant as Edward found when a friendly word and an attempt to pat the husky's head, produced a wicked slash at his knee with disastrous results to that particular leg of his pants. Joe, who had been engaged in making the baggage secure on the toboggan, then appeared at the head of the train and with the assistance of his whip produced a husky solo of screams of terror that certainly shattered the stillness of the night.

The long tramp behind the dog train from the

Kaministiquia siding to our camp on Dog Lake tried us sorely and on our arrival Edward and I were, as Joe laughingly remarked, "puffing like all possessed." Just as we arrived at Dog Lake the rising sun was beginning to tint the hill tops in the East and we paused for several minutes to revel in the silence and majestic beauty of the unfolding day. Edward was completely enraptured and, impulsively clasping my hand, exclaimed "Isn't it grand?" For this moment we had planned, dreamed and pondered; we were now on the Sioux trail and at the commencement of our efforts from which we hoped to achieve so much.

It was almost eight o'clock when we arrived at the camp Joe had selected for us, a one room log building with a peaked roof sheeted with poles that at one time had been covered with birch bark, but now adorned with about a foot of snow nestling amongst green spruce and pine which gave a very Christmassy appearance to the structure. The floor was of clay, the door minus hinges and latch having to be lifted in and out like a shutter, the windows without glass worked on the same principle and an

## 14 THE EAGLE OF THUNDER CAPE

aperture in the peaked roof served for the smoke to escape, in lieu of a chimney. In one corner stood a bed frame made of poles standing about two feet off the floor.

After clearing out a considerable quantity of snow that had drifted through the hole intended for the exit of the smoke we set to work and put up our stove and pipes and then hastened to prepare a much needed breakfast which all hands considered long overdue and even if our surroundings were rather primitive no one could help enjoying the splendid caribou steak with which Joe had furnished our larder and for which he had received two plugs of chewing tobacco, always so acceptable to an Indian guide.

The rest of the day was spent in fixing up the camp and getting in a good supply of dry wood. The latter had to be hauled from quite a distance by Joe and his dog train as our camp was situated in the midst of very heavy green spruce which, however, furnished us with the material for our bed by taking the light springy branches and laying them over the poles to a depth of six inches. Edward assured me that

this was considered to be one of the most healthy beds possible and it is highly recommended for lung trouble.

After putting the camp in good order we accepted an invitation, extended by Joe, to visit his camp. On the way, the air being very clear, Joe pointed out a distant pine clad mountain and informed us that there was an old mine in its vicinity which he thought it well worth our while to see. "Is it near the Sioux trail?" asked Edward. "Oh yes. Sioux trail right there," replied Joe. This was exciting and important information but we had no time to question further as we were right at Joe's camp where we received a most cordial welcome. In the course of conversation so many places were mentioned whose names were prefixed "Dog" such as Dog Lake, Dog River, Dog Mountain, Dog Portage, &c., that Edward could not refrain from asking if there was any special reason for its frequent use. "That is easily explained," replied Joe, "Dog Lake was the headquarters of the great Sioux OGAMA, who made war against the Ojibways (our people) many, many years ago and whose name signi-



OGAMA DOG'S NAME AND MASCOT ON DOG MOUNTAIN.

## 16 THE EAGLE OF THUNDER CAPE

fies 'wild spirit dog.' His favorite or guiding spirit, or mascot, was Dog. This picture occupied a very prominent place among his drawings and was also displayed over the door of his magnificent wigwam and it was carved or painted by his artist braves after every victorious battle. These were numerous at that time because the Sioux were so numerous and thoroughly prepared for war that they were winning all their battles in this territory. Making prisoners of all women and children he proceeded to murder them in a variety of ways from which he derived great pleasure. Many of them he stripped of their clothing and impaled them on long poles which stood along the lake shore in the most conspicuous positions. Whilst these fiendish operations were proceeding his band played in low strains as the Ogama claimed that the sweetest music he could hear was the cry of anguish that came from his enemies. One of the dog pictures is still to be seen on the portage and when the snow is gone I will show it to you. This picture was made after the execution of Chief Beaver (the Ojibway Chief of this District at that time)



and his family.” “How was he executed?” I enquired and Joe continued, “While leading his warriors in battle he was seriously wounded, after which he was taken to his wigwam where he threw himself on his drum. The drum being used in all religious ceremonies is sacred to the Manitou. Here the Sioux warriors captured him and after binding him and his family together with ropes made of buckskin, they brought them before the Sioux Ogama who questioned Chief Beaver concerning the Ojibways and their numbers in various places. He then upbraided him for resisting his braves and immediately ordered his medicine man to cut out the Chief’s eyes. The poor sightless chief was then compelled to listen to the cries of anguish that came from each member of his family as they were slain by the use of every art or device that would increase their sufferings until the hand of death released them from their tormentors. Just as death claimed the last member of his family Chief Beaver was led to the stake, tied thereto, and slowly burned to death, continuing as long as life remained to pray to the Manitou.”

## 18 THE EAGLE OF THUNDER CAPE

We spent two hours in listening to Joe's very interesting stories and, as it was now time to commence preparations for supper, we made our way back to camp. Here Joe proved his skill as a cook on an enormous repast of ham and eggs, a third of which would have held an equal number of City dwellers helpless, but the breath of the pine woods was already affecting us with its magic touch of health and vigorous vitality.

Whilst at supper Edward asked Joe from what source the Sioux obtained their arrow heads in order to carry on these, more or less distant wars. "They brought them in from the United States, South of here," replied Joe, "and when the flints ran short they made them of silver, obtained from one of Nenabushoo's treasure houses." Edward passed the cigars as he asked Joe to tell us all he knew about that silver mine. "I have now in my camp," he said, "just across the lake from here, specimens of pure native silver from that mine. They were found by my Father at the place where the Sioux used to make points for their arrow heads." "Would you mind bringing your

specimens over here?" I asked, "we would like to see them." "Why yes," Joe volunteered, "I will get them now." Joe soon returned and, to our astonishment, produced two huge pieces of silver apparently chopped out of the vein with an axe. After a very minute examination of the specimens we felt sure that they could have come from none other than the Lost Mother Mine beside the Sioux Trail.

It was now late so, after filling our stove with dry wood, Joe left for home and we, both being thoroughly tired out, promptly turned in and were soon fast asleep on our fragrant mattress to dream, perchance, of glistening caves with walls of solid silver. Alas, our dreams of wealth were rudely shattered when the collapse of our bed dropped us with a vigorous bump on the floor. In my semi-conscious state I had momentary visions of a wild charge of the Sioux warriors followed by bound limbs and a very hideous decision of the Sioux Ogama as to the most interesting method of disposing of Edward and myself. It was with a feeling of great relief that I realized that nothing more serious than a broken and water soaked bed was

our portion. The mild night, assisted by our stove and the closed door and windows of the camp, had melted the snow between the roof poles at the places from which the birch bark covering had been blown away, which resulted in a very effective shower bath pouring on our bed. The soundness of our sleep may be judged as this deluge had no effect until we were awakened by the rude bump on the floor. In its altered condition this was not my idea of a healthy bed and I could not refrain from sarcastically remarking to Edward that if this was a cure for weak lungs I would, in case I became personally affected, build a bed of poles and spruce under the water tap, then turn on the spigot and saturate my system with good health. There was only one dry corner in the shanty to which we repaired and dozed fitfully until daylight. Did I ever, in my wildest dreams, imagine that a night could be so long? No: I did not.

Immediately after breakfast Joe and Edward set to work to clear the snow off our roof, utilizing their snowshoes as shovels, whilst I amused myself by lettering what appeared to me to be,

after our experiences of the night, a most appropriate sign and placed over the door of our cabin these words:—

**THE FROZEN DOG HOTEL**

However, now that we were warmed and fed we could cheerfully laugh at the experiences of our first night in camp, so a couple of hours later we started off with the dog team in search of birch bark. Finding several suitable trees we stripped off many large sheets and brought back a full load. Our next operation was to shingle the roof with the bark, and to lay light poles over all in order to hold it in place. We now had a very comfortable, if not luxurious, home. But we were not a moment too soon for the rain started that night and continued steadily for three days, almost entirely removing the snow and bringing in the promise of Spring with a rush. This was much to our delight as nothing could have more closely conformed to

## 22 THE EAGLE OF THUNDER CAPE

our wishes or assisted better in the furtherance of our quest.

Two weeks later, after dividing our provisions and leaving about half in the camp suspended from the rafters, to protect them from rodents, we strapped on our packs and set out for the mountain which Joe had pointed out to us as being on the Sioux trail and close to the old mine. The trail along which we travelled offers many beautiful vistas of that bold, rugged country so typical of the great mountainous stretches of North-Western Ontario, with its rocky buttes and great valleys clothed with vast forests of green spruce and pine. As we continued our journey our eyes were constantly seeking the crest of the range ahead of us. We lunched beneath tall trees by the side of an ice cold creek and the scene breathed seclusion and absolute peacefulness, but it was not the time for enjoying scenery as there was much to be done before dark and it was seven o'clock before we arrived at the foot of the mountain when, although the declining sun still lit up the mountain top, in the valley all was in shadow. We had taken with us a six feet by eight feet,

eight ounce, duck tent and in a very short time we had it pitched, our provisions unpacked and volumes of smoke proceeding from our stove pipe bespoke a roaring fire within. Soon we were all warm and comfortable with a keen appetite for the supper which was quickly prepared and rapidly disposed of.

After supper we sat around chatting and smoking but as we were all very tired conversation soon languished and, one by one, we wrapped our blankets around us and were all quickly asleep. We slept heavily for some hours when we were rudely awakened, conscious of a weird and peculiar cry proceeding from a point just outside our tent. In our half awake condition it took some time to realize that the cry was that of a Lynx. A member of this very undesirable branch of the cat family was evidently investigating the outside of our tent in far too close proximity for Edward and myself to feel comfortable, so we decided to reverse our positions and present our feet to the wall, and the lynx, instead of our heads. We proffered similar good advice to Joe, but he just wrapped his blankets more closely around his head and



A QUARTET OF TIKINAGANS (INDIAN CRADLES).



## 24 THE EAGLE OF THUNDER CAPE

informed us that he would attend to that lynx in the morning.

In spite of the disturbance of the night we awoke with a feeling of freshness that one only experiences in the bush, did justice to a good breakfast and having prepared a lunch for mid-day we were eager to commence our climb up the mountain, towering five hundred feet above us with almost precipitous sides.

In the clear morning light the mountain stood out in clear, bold outlines and its almost perpendicular face suggested that it could be scaled by nothing less active than a mountain goat and, for us, an utter impossibility. We, therefore, rather anxiously questioned Joe as to the method by which he proposed to take us to the summit. It appeared that he had no intention of leading us to a direct assault but that our route lay alongside, and following up stream, the small creek near which we had pitched our tent which would lead us through a deep pine clad gorge to a small lake on top of the mountain and some five miles distant by the trail. The sun was now very hot and was rapidly disseminating the last vestige of snow and turning

the mountain streams into raging torrents. This comparatively early thaw was just what we wanted for our exploratory work and as, in anticipation of these conditions, we had provided ourselves with well oiled shoe packs and plenty of socks we were entirely satisfied. Until we reached the gorge, the almost imperceptible grade made easy walking, but then conditions changed. The mountain rose like a wall to a perpendicular height of five hundred feet above our heads with thousands of tons of loose, over-hanging rock, seemingly, ready to topple over on the least provocation. We had not proceeded far up the gorge when Joe pointed out the bones of two large bull moose which, he stated, had been engaged in a fight on the mountain top when their horns became interlocked and in the ensuing tussle they had pushed, or dragged, one another over the edge of the precipice to be killed by the fall on the rocks below. As we climbed, signs of wild life became more abundant and soon we found a well worn caribou trail which left the gorge and, Joe assured us, would make an excellent short cut to the lake. The climb out was anything but easy

## 26 THE EAGLE OF THUNDER CAPE

on the steep and rocky trail accompanied by a blazing sun hot enough for August and as a consequence our expressions of delight at the magnificent scenic panorama, which gradually unfolded itself behind us, were perforce confined to emphatic gesticulations of appreciation, our lungs not being equal to the double demand on their capacity.

It was almost a half hour after noon when we reached the lake on top of the mountain where we proceeded at once to select a site for our tent which we quickly erected after clearing away the underbrush and rubbish. Then levelling off the ground inside we formed our beds of six inch poles, notched into one another at the corners. This bed frame we then strewed thickly with the small tops of the sapin or balsam fir. It appeared to me that Nenabushoo had especially designed the Canadian Balsam Fir for the express purpose of making a soft couch for her wearied friends. Edward claims that the aroma of the balsam, in addition to being absolutely delicious and refreshing, has great medicinal value.

The next few hours were busy ones as we

settled down to our housekeeping again and made our preparations for a stay of some duration. After dinner Edward and I proceeded on a tour of inspection of the place that was to be our home for a week or more and towards the North we discovered a high bluff surmounted by an immense boulder, shaped very like a human scull some forty or fifty feet in height. Although the climb promised to be a stiff one we decided to attempt it and were more than rewarded for our efforts. We received, however, disagreeable as well as agreeable surprises from this high elevation. To begin with a most imposing panorama of the country below was spread before us and we commanded a bird's eye view of the surrounding hills and valleys for miles around. To the North-East we could see a valley about half a mile in width backed, on the far side, by a mountain which rose many hundreds of feet above the valley floor and on its flank, running from base to summit, we could see with the naked eye a vein of pure white spar rock. The snow white rock in which the native silvers of this district are almost invariably found.

“Surely this is our promised land” enthusiastically remarked Edward; for, although Joe had told us in which direction to look, we felt that we had acquired the mine by right of conquest in virtue of our discovery after tramping so many weary miles in the role of overburdened pack horses.

The upper rim of the big red sun soon dropped behind a pine clad ridge in the distant West and the shadow of darkness settled over the valley, throwing into relief against the deep green forest that bordered a small lake on the valley floor, the light of a camp fire. This discovery both surprised and alarmed us so hurriedly slipping and sliding down the boulder we set off for the tent at our best speed, causing many moose and caribou to move out of our way. In fact they were so thick and the partridges, feeding on the buds of almost every tree, so numerous, literally by hundreds, that we afterwards always referred to this bluff as “the farmyard.”

Arriving at our tent we found Joe busy making bread in a frying pan at the open fire in front of the tent. At this work he was an

expert and it was wonderful how good the bread was, made in this way, without the use of a stove or any of the modern improvements of the present day. Without loss of time we told of our discovery in the valley. He was indeed terribly surprised and much frightened at the news, snatched the bread from the fire and ran to the lake for some water with which he extinguished the fire.

“I believe,” said Joe, “from what you tell me, that it is Chief Blackstone and his gang of warriors that you have seen in the valley.”

Joe then took us to the shelter of a heavy spruce thicket and when we were all seated on a log he gave us the following history of Chief Blackstone:—“Blackstone is an outlaw from the United States who, with his warriors, took part in the Minnesota massacres. When hard pressed by the United States troops he came to Canada and settled in this district with his warriors, his wives and his children. He has eleven wives. If the United States troops had caught him they would have hanged him like a dog. He has a habit of appearing when least expected but if wanted he is hard to find. His

home is at Sturgeon Lake but he claims this place as his hunting ground. About two years ago a party of miners started work on a gold claim near Sturgeon Lake but Blackstone soon heard of it and, calling his braves, he took everything that they had and drove them out of the country at the point of a gun."

There was nothing very comforting about this information but after sitting in the bush awhile longer, pondering on what we should do, we began to feel cold so decided to return to the tent where we kindled a fire in the stove and made some tea. After some time we were greatly relieved when Joe gave us the result of his further consideration of the matter.

"If that is Blackstone," he said, "he will soon return to Sturgeon Lake because the trapping season is about over and, on the other hand, it may be some of my people who would certainly be friendly to us. Anyway, with the help of the glasses we will learn more about them in the morning."

We were up early, everyone having passed an unusually restless night and, without waiting to prepare breakfast, we made our way to the

Barnyard and climbed the boulder. Dawn had broken on the boulder but in the valley it was still quite dark and we could see the fire burning brightly with people passing to and fro between us and its light. Joe said that they were smoking and drying meat and explained the interesting process to us as follows:—"The flesh of the moose or caribou was cut from the bones and sliced into very thin layers of as large an area as possible; the slices were then spread on poles, erected after the manner of a large gridiron over a fire, which was kept burning day and night, continuously, until the smoking and drying process was completed; the meat being turned frequently to allow of an even distribution of heat and smoke, both being essential to perfectly preserve the meat. In this form it retains all its nourishment and remains good for many years. The work is done entirely by the women."

Daylight came with a beautiful clear day and as the sun peeped above the hill tops the valley became flooded with light. With our prospector's glasses we ascertained that there were seven or eight women busy around the fire and,



moving conspicuously amongst them, was the figure of a man dressed in a scarlet coat. Joe's first surmise was correct, this was Chief Blackstone's camp. Looking across the valley we also got a good view of the white spar vein which somewhat deflected our thoughts from the gloom inspired by the terror below.

We noticed that about fifty feet below the top the mountain seemed to recede, forming a ledge about fifteen or twenty feet wide, which extended for almost the entire length of the cliff face. Above this ledge the cliff was broken into an irregular mass of rock formation in which occasional crevices appeared to contain sufficient soil to afford nourishment to a few rugged pine or other evergreen trees. In the centre of the white spar vein we could see a dark spot which appeared to be either a crevice or a cave. Edward, with the glasses glued to his eyes, now carefully studied this particular spot and at length said, "I believe that I can see silver in that cave." However, we were not content with such a far away discovery but still could not muster sufficient courage to descend from the boulder into the valley and cross to the other

or we had a very lively fear that if we met Blackstone, or any of his warriors, our anxiety for wealth would be paid for with our lives. So, fearing that a longer stay might lead to our discovery, we decided to return to our tent and lay low for a few days, in the hope that the Chief and his Band would soon be returning to their home on Sturgeon Lake.

After a few hours' further conference with Joe, we decided to take stock of our food supply in the hope that we might find sufficient provisions on hand to lie low for a few days and still carry on and complete our exploration after Blackstone had moved out. We found that with careful management, we had sufficient of everything to last us for fifteen days, with the single exception of meat.

Scarcity of meat, however, did not worry Joe and he told us that at this time of the year there were always large quantities of pike at the mouth of the creek. "But how can we catch them?" I enquired. "That is easy," he replied, "I will make a net that will catch all the fish we require." "But we have no material to make



THE MOOSE CAUGHT THE DANGER SCENT

## 34 THE EAGLE OF THUNDER CAVE

a net," objected Edward. "You just wait," said Joe.

He then proceeded to a nearby clump of fine cedars, one of which he stripped of a considerable quantity of bark. Using only the inside fibre he, in the course of a few hours, succeeded in knitting a net that was fully long enough to reach entirely across the mouth of the creek, a distance of about six feet. To us, this achievement appeared to be a wonderful piece of ingenuity and we promptly voiced our appreciation to the craftsman. The net was soon set and proceeding up the creek we procured some long poles and then slowly returned downstream, striking the water with our poles as we walked, and thus driving the pike into the net. This operation consumed only a short time and at the end of the first drive we were surprised to find five splendid fish emeshed in the net. This quantity far exceeded our requirements so we selected the largest and released the remainder. Our capture was indeed a mammoth pike, measuring nearly four feet in length, and was quickly dressed and cut into steaks by Joe's skilfully wielded knife and

we were regaled with one of the finest fish meals it is possible to imagine. At this time of the year when the fish are taken from the ice cold waters of the melted snow the flesh is white, firm and of excellent flavour and, in our opinion, the equal of the finest speckled trout.

We now decided to explore the lake which proved a comparatively easy task as, similarly to the majority of lakes in this country, we found a well beaten game trail made by the animals who follow the shore line. The lake was about two miles long and almost a mile wide, with numerous and deeply indented bays, which extended the shore line trail to a distance of some eight or nine miles.

When about half way around the lake we found several pieces of white spar rock, rich in silver, and a little distance beyond the shore line changed to a wall of solid rock in the midst of which was a wide vein of golden colored rock, of a hue that reminded us of the rich Californian ores. At this point we placed our discovery post as we firmly believed that we had made a most valuable strike, and then spent the remainder of the day in working on the vein,

returning to camp late at night with several promising specimens.

We found that Joe had supper fully prepared and the savoury smell that greeted our nostrils was most appetising, adding much to our rapidly returning cheerfulness, until Edward discovered that the principal dish consisted of fried partridge. At this he was greatly displeased. "Fancy killing partridge in the hatching season," he grumbled. But it was useless to quarrel with Joe on this point, for the time of the year made no difference to Joe as long as we needed the food. We were not long seated at supper until it seemed easy, for me at least, to forgive Joe for breaking the law, for can anything be nicer than birch partridge, the ruffed grouse of the North-land woods, when fried in butter? The answer is a decided negative.

We were now feeling more sociable and also curious to know how Joe had secured the partridge in the absence of any firearms with the party. It appeared that Joe had attached a simple snare to the end of a light long pole which he raised in a tree where the birds were roosting, then slipping the noose over the neck

As selected victim he pulled sharply downwards. By commencing with the birds on the lower branches, and working up, he had secured his bag from just one tree.

A few days later we started to encircle the lake in the opposite direction to that taken on our first expedition and after tramping some distance we reached a swampy piece of ground, thickly grown with alders, through which a small creek emptied itself into the lake.

Working our way up the edge of this creek, seeking a fallen log by which we might make a crossing, our progress was suddenly checked on hearing a loud crashing in the bush nearby, followed immediately by the appearance, not more than twenty-five feet from where we stood of an immense black bear, erect on his hind legs and in a sufficiently aggressive mood to fill us with dismay. For a moment we stood almost paralyzed for, outside a circus, we had never met a bear at such close quarters before and standing there, as he was, on his hind legs, snorting like a horse with all his teeth showing at us we saw very little resemblance to anything that we had previously known as a bear. To

### 38 THE EAGLE OF THUNDER CAP.

our great relief we noticed that he was trapped by the front foot; to the trap was attached a short piece of chain about a foot long which, in turn, was fastened to a pole about twelve feet long. After a very brief scrutiny, which seemed ages long, he raised the pole, tucked it under his front leg and started to walk away. After a few paces he dropped on all fours in an apparent attempt to make better time on his retreat but the pole quickly became entangled in the brush and severely wrenched the injured foot, causing him to promptly return to his former vertical position and continue his snapping and snorting at us, with increased vehemence, as he tightly hugged the pole preparatory to another effort to escape. Standing fully six feet high, he looked almost human, his pole resembling a walking stick and as he held up his paw with the chain attachment the trap looked very like a pair of binoculars, in fact only needed the addition of a tall silk hat to give him the appearance of a huge gentleman.

It then occurred to us that it was more than likely that the trappers were members of Blackstone's Band and as that bear was in anything



In a friendly mood he might still be capable of long range assault so we felt that we had a double reason for a hurried return to camp. On our journey to regain the lake shore we passed the spot where the trap had been set and here made a most gruesome discovery for, dangling from a tree, was what appeared to be a portion of a human body.

Needless to say, we did no more exploring that day but hurried back to the tent and told Joe of what we had seen. He gave a deep groan as he said, "I have never known any of my people to use a dead body for bait, whoever has done this thing will be severely punished." "Who will punish them?" I asked, "There is no law in this country, is there?" "Oh yes," replied Joe, "Nenabushoo is the law of our people, and Nenabushoo never forgives." As there still remained a couple of hours of daylight Joe decided to go over and see the bear bait. This he did, and on his return he informed us that what we had seen was the fore leg and part of the shoulder of a bear which, he said, closely resembles the human arm.

As soon as darkness set in we re-visited boulder on the Farm-yard bluff and looked down into the valley of Blackstone's camping ground. The meat drying operations were still in full swing and no apparent preparations for leaving could be detected. Consequently we determined to move the next day, taking a circular route across the valley in order to avoid any of Blackstone's camps, and so approach the spar vein from the far side.

We were by no means sorry at the prospect of leaving our present habitation for, although we had no reason to doubt the accuracy of Joe's explanation of the bear bait, our suspicions were far from being entirely allayed and we felt that we would be much happier on our way hence. So early the next morning, with packs strapped on, we proceeded on a course that Joe anticipated would lead us to a trail heading in the direction that we wished to take. After forcing our way through the rough country for a couple of miles we came to a ravine with a good trail, which we followed until we reached the floor of the valley. At this point the trail ended and we were obliged to continue on our way tramping

ough brush and muskeg, over windfalls and rocks, until the ever-increasing burden of our packs began to tell heavily and compelled us to rest at frequent intervals. Soon after ten o'clock we reached a small spring of beautiful sparkling water at which we decided to halt and eat our lunch. Scarcely were we seated when we were startled by the sound of two sharp rifle shots from the top of the mountain, in the direction of the little lake that we had left that morning.

“That’s the last of the old Grandfather bear you saw yesterday,” remarked Joe. This disturbed us so much that we both forgot that we were tired and hungry and immediately gathered up our provisions to push rapidly forward to the foot of the hill where we discovered a small creek up which we made our way. To make matters worse, when we neared the top of the hill a light shower came on of sufficient volume to drench the underbrush and make the rocks very slippery.

At the top we soon struck a trail which led us, through the thick bush for nearly a mile, to the shore of another small lake. The location

## 42 THE EAGLE OF THUNDER CAP.

being satisfactory we decided to camp here whilst exploring the white spar vein and the old mine, so selecting a spot of exquisite beauty in the midst of a grove of birch trees fronted by a beach of pure white sand, we pitched our tent and prepared our beds in our usual way.

It was now late and we were very tired but, at the same time extremely happy for the belief was very strong with us that, tomorrow we would be millionaires. Sitting around the cheerful camp fire after supper as we smoked our pipes, we carefully prepared our discovery post, carving thereon our names, license numbers and date in compliance with the Canadian mining laws, at the same time fully discussing our programme for the following day, and making up our minds that we would, at least, carry out enough silver to pay our expenses we cheerfully climbed on to the fragrant boughs for another night's repose.

With the first glimmer of daylight we were up and at breakfast, then, with renewed energy we pressed forward in the direction of our goal. After a tramp of two miles we reached the brow of the hill at the top of the vein and, looking



KAISKABIG RAPIDS ON THE KAMINISTIQUIA

own, we could easily distinguish the entrance to the cave. Before proceeding further we erected our discovery post, piling heavy rocks around it to hold it in position.

We then made our way down to the cave where we found the mouth partly filled with rock that had fallen from the cliff above. Climbing over the rocks we entered the cave and were soon satisfied that it was indeed an old mine. The entrance measured about ten feet wide with a height of seven feet which soon opened out into a large circular cavity with dome shaped roof, some sixteen or eighteen feet in diameter with a vertical height from the floor to the top of the dome of from twenty to twenty-five feet.

Here we paused abruptly and listened, for in this weird place we could hear what appeared to be the tick of a clock, sounding unnaturally loud in the hollow chamber. We gazed at one another in thunderstruck astonishment and promptly, one and all, scrambled out of the cave. "Say, that was a strange sound," remarked Edward. The sound of his voice broke the uncanny spell and, one after the other, we ventured to express opinions as to

## 44 THE EAGLE OF THUNDER CAPE

what it might be. "Well, anyhow, we do go in there again without a light," I said, "Joe get the candles."

So, each armed with a lighted candle, we retraced our steps and soon discovered that a single drop of water, falling incessantly from the roof onto the rock floor, caused the continuous tick which had so alarmed us. It would be difficult to estimate how many thousands of years this dripping had continued as the water had worn a cavity in the rock almost two feet in depth before escaping through cracks in the floor.

We then proceeded to examine the walls minutely and found that they were generally green in color interlaced with streaks and veins of white spar. The whole interior was considerably decomposed, the spar especially so to such an extent that I could scrape it away with my hands to a depth of nearly a foot from the surface. Near the centre of the floor was a shaft hole now filled in with rock. It was in this shaft, Joe stated, that the Sioux entombed the Ojibway women and children. The legend runs, that in the course of the war between the

Dux and the Ojibways which was carried on in this section the Ojibways took all their women and children to this mine and hid them there for safety. Here they were found by the Sioux who immediately filled in the shaft with heavy rocks, not permitting one to escape.

“Well, we must remove this rock and reach the floor at the bottom of the shaft,” said Edward. “Surely you will not enter that place of death,” exclaimed Joe, in horror. However, burning with curiosity, we decided to commence operations without delay, although we had some difficulty in soothing Joe’s apprehensive qualms before he would consent to participate in the work.

I will not weary the reader with an account of the arduous work we accomplished during the next few days and nights. These days resembled the farmer’s famous eight hour day, eight hours before dinner and eight hours after dinner, and as we were too busy to do much cooking we were very indifferently fed. So we will pass on to the afternoon of the fourth day of our labors when we succeeded in reaching the lower floor of the mine at the foot of the shaft.



## 46 THE EAGLE OF THUNDER CAP

Joe was at the bottom making the stone fast to a rope, Edward and I being at the top laboriously hauling them to the upper chamber, or rotunda, as we had named it. When we got a stone that was too heavy for us Joe would turn the ladder with the rungs down and then help us to slide it up the poles. We had just landed a very large one safely on the rotunda floor and were sitting down to recover our wind, the hoisting of that big rock having been no "pink tea" affair, when we decided that the next one, then lying at the foot of the ladder, would come up much more easily in sections. Consequently, we called down to Joe to try and break it up with the back of the axe. This he proceeded to do and almost immediately we heard a loud crash, promptly followed by Joe's voice demanding to be taken out of there. "Come up the ladder," I shouted, "we will hold it," so climbing up on the rocks he reached the ladder and was soon out of the shaft, his face white and terror-stricken.

On questioning him we ascertained that at the time he attempted to break the large rock that our excavation had almost reached the roof

the lower floor of the mine and that his pounding had loosened the rocks around the shaft, causing them to avalanche down to the floor of the lower level, a distance of about eight feet. The slide was so unexpected that Joe accompanied it for the full distance, and thus was the old mine reopened after its long closure of hundreds of years.

There was a strong smell of gas escaping from the lower floor so we decided to give it time to clear away and return to our tent to take it easy for a day or two. It does not pay to be over zealous even in the search for such fabulous wealth as that which now constantly occupied our waking thoughts as well as the bulk of our dreams.

Gathering up our tools, and blowing out our candles, we set out for the camp which we reached thoroughly tired out but extremely happy in the thought that we had at least reached our much desired goal. Throwing ourselves down at the edge of the water we quenched our thirst revelling in the treat afforded to sit beside this lake of crystal water, to drink long and deep draughts of its sparkling

## 48 THE EAGLE OF THUNDER CAPI

liquid to the sound of the sweet, yet mourn music of the wind murmuring through state, pine groves. "Isn't this Divine?" remarked Edward, "and how fascinating this life in the wilds becomes, the longer we stay the greater becomes our respect and admiration for the handiwork of the Creator and our realization of how great a God is our God."

Joe's welcome shout called us to supper and, with keen appetites we proceeded to satisfy the inner man, but we were somewhat disturbed when Joe told us of an odd trick that fate had played on us during our absence that day. With suppressed excitement he told us that he had put all the bread in the stew kettle that morning, firmly fixing the cover, but now half of it was gone. You can picture us that night seated around the camp fire and guess the subject of our anxious conversation. Yes, among the many unanswered queries were: Who was our visitor? Was he friend or foe? Would he call again? Why did he not wait until our return? It appeared to be a most mysterious matter to us as there was not a mark to be seen, either on the shore or around

the camp, that gave any indication of a visitor.

Time passed quickly as we discussed this subject with all its pros and cons and as we renewed our fire before turning in we watched the sparks fly upward and the play of the fire's ruddy glow as it lit up the dark wall of green timber that surrounded the lake. In the sombre blue above, innumerable stars sparkled and winked, and over all brooded that intense silence which dwells in the depths of the forests of this Northern country, at night, broken only at long intervals by the occasional splash of a moose nearby, or the cry of a fox or the howl of a wolf.

Being thoroughly wearied after our hard and unaccustomed work, we turned in and were soon curled up in our blankets to almost immediately drop off into that dreamless sleep that is the special reward of the explorer.

With the first light Joe was up, for there was bread to be made, but Edward and I luxuriously turned over for another sleep until breakfast would be ready.

But almost immediately, from the direction of

the camp fire came a loud cry from Joe, causing us to jump up and rush outside without waiting to dress. Then we saw, lying just where our camp fire had been, what appeared to be the dead body of a native woman. Dressing hurriedly we went over to where the woman lay. She failed to respond to Joe's voice but, when he lifted her head, she opened her eyes and made an effort to speak, without success. Edward immediately ran for our emergency flask of brandy and, after pouring some into a cup, managed to get her to swallow a little at a time with the help of a teaspoon. Soon she was able to sit up and murmur a few words of thanks so, whilst Joe started the fire preparatory to cooking the breakfast, Edward and I reentered the tent and eagerly questioned one another as to whom the woman could be. "She may be one of Blackstone's wives," I suggested, "this sickness may be all a pretense and she may be here to learn our business, if so, she is a clever spy."

Calling Joe, we told him of our suspicions, but he promptly squashed them. "Oh no," he answered, "she is not of Blackstone's Band. I

know her and all her people, but I cannot understand why she is here alone. She is a very good woman and her Father is not like other men, as he is very wise and has great powers. I remember, some years ago, when a man was drowned in the waters of Nipigon Bay that we sought long and vainly for his body. Finally a party proceeded to Lake Nipigon, where this woman's Father was trading, to ask him if he could tell them where the body lay. Going into seclusion he fasted and prayed for some time. Returning to them he told them to seek in a certain place. This they did and the body was found at once. So, you see, they are good people."

"Now that she is warmed and able to talk I will question her and report to you." "What is her name?" I asked. "The name of her Father is EAGLE and his Christian name is Enoch. She is 'First Daughter' and I will now ask her why she is here."

Now this was her story, as related to us, with Joe acting as interpreter. She had been visiting friends near Savanne, making her home with the Chief's family, where she had a very happy time until, on awakening one morning, she found

around her neck a string of very beautiful shells. This she knew to be an offer of marriage, so feigned happiness all that day although she was planning to leave secretly that night. First Daughter was by no means of a nervous temperament and had no fear of anything befalling her on her way home so, as soon as darkness had set in, she quietly slipped away. She had been touched by the honour of having been chosen to become one of the Chief's wives but as she was already betrothed the honour had to be declined and the easiest and most courteous way of refusing the offer was to quietly slip away. Unfortunately, on the second day of her journey, she had twisted her ankle whilst jumping from stone to stone in crossing a stream. The resulting immersion had drenched all her matches so that she was unable to light a fire and as her crippled condition prevented her from hunting she was also without food. Two nights earlier, when she was almost exhausted, she prayed earnestly to the Manitou who sent a good spirit to comfort her and tell her to go to this lake where help would be awaiting her. Dragging herself to the



KAKABEKA FALLS, ON THE KAMINISTIQUIA



lake she saw our tent and as there was no one around she had helped herself to what food she could find. Fearing discovery, she had hidden herself in the bush during the following night, then fearing that she was going to die of cold and exposure she returned to our camp fire to get warmed where she must have fainted, as her memory was a blank from that moment.

We now had to consider how we were going to shelter her and furnish her with the attention that she required. For the first we all set to work to make First Daughter a teepee. Taking the floor cloth from our tent and a light blanket, Edward, who was an expert with a needle, soon stitched them together. Then Joe erected the teepee in the midst of a dense thicket where it was entirely hidden from view as he was by no means certain that she would not be followed for, as he said, these Chiefs usually get the wives they want even if the latter do object.

With the aid of a crutch we had made from a light cedar pole First Daughter was now able to move around without strain to the sprained ankle. In the meantime Joe had started a fire in her teepee and had taken her a pail of hot

## 54 THE EAGLE OF THUNDER CAPE

water. We then produced some bandages and a bottle of liniment, which Edward carried, and which was guaranteed to cure all ailments. We then escorted her to the teepee and left her to fix her ankle. A little later we sent Joe over with a parcel of food containing tea, sugar, bannock and cooked bacon as well as a small pail, a cup and a spoon. The following day she appeared so happy and grateful as she thanked us in her Mother tongue that we felt well repaid for the little help we had been able to give her.

But we must return to our mine and get to work again in order that we may bring the hidden treasure to the light of day and receive our reward.

Accordingly, the next day, provided with axes and a good supply of candles, we descended to the lower floor of the mine. Joe, having refused to descend, we placed him at the top of the shaft to do the hoisting with the rope. It was in many ways a hazardous venture as there was every chance that much of the gas remained and it might either be of the kind that would suffocate or poison us even if it was not the inflammable kind that might become ignited

from our candles and burn us to death. Again, there might be other shaft holes awaiting an unwary footstep that would precipitate us into the depths below to be drowned in some subterranean water hole or be dashed to pieces on the jagged rocks below.

At any rate, it was a fitting time to use every precaution possible so we proceeded, on all fours, to crawl carefully into the mine, each having a lighted candle in one hand, outstretched before him. The floor appeared to be level and dry except in one place, which was covered with about two inches of dust mixed with small pieces of rock. After a careful examination of the mine we found that there had been two cross cuts driven through the vein, one in an Easterly direction, the other running North and South and each being from six to eight feet in width. In the South tunnel we would occasionally get a breath of fresh air, although we could see no daylight, and much rock had fallen down from the roof making it very difficult to proceed in many places. The rock here was so decomposed that it appeared to be ready to collapse at the slightest touch,

## 56 THE EAGLE OF THUNDER CAPE

with disastrous results to ourselves. We were frequently startled by bats or small birds striking our faces and extinguishing our candles. The place seemed literally to be swarming with them which led us to the conclusion that there must be another entrance, even if only a small one cut for the purpose of ventilating the mine, but we failed to detect any glimmer of daylight and, alas, we had discovered no trace of silver.

About forty feet from the shaft, in the Eastern tunnel, a large rock weighing well over two hundred pounds obstructed passage, so we rolled it towards the shaft with the intention of hoisting it to the surface, but it was so decomposed that it broke into several pieces and materially reduced our task. On examining these fragments by the filtered daylight of the rotunda we found them to be rich in copper, but of the Queen metal we found no indication.

We were now anxious to find the other entrance to the mine, if such existed, so we descended to the valley and carefully scrutinised the face of the cliff. We soon observed, about sixty feet above the floor of the valley, a crevice,

or opening, in the rock about one foot in width and five or six feet long. Immediately to the right of this crevice was carved, and painted in with indelible paint, the large head of a man. The features were very prominent and on the feathered head-gear was prominently displayed the face of a dog. It was the picture of OGAMA, "Wild Spirit Dog" whose personality had so deeply marked this section of the country that its nomenclature dominated and possessed every important physical feature within its domain.

The most careful scrutiny failed to reveal any other break in the rampart and, as our first discovery was obviously only a ventilating outlet, we were forced to the conclusion that there was no other entrance. Further, it was now obvious to us that instead of rediscovering the "Lost Mother" of our dreams we had stumbled on an old copper mine that had probably been abandoned thousands of years ago...So, silently, we clambered up the mountain side, reentered the mine, gathered up our tools and ropes, loaded them on to Joe and sent him back to camp to prepare supper. It will be unnecessary



THE GORGE BELOW KAKABEKA FALLS ON THE KAMINISTIQUIA RIVER

## 58 THE EAGLE OF THUNDER CAPE

to comment on the bitterness of spirit that seemed to descend on Edward and I as we faced one another, alone, in the dim light of the rotunda. From the soaring heights of optimism we were plunged into the depths of momentary despair and the whole atmosphere of our surroundings took on a forbidding, weird and gloomy aspect. So, without spoken word, we carefully shook the dust from our boots and clothes, mentally committed the mine to the care of Nenabushoo and set off towards camp with the twin demons of despair and disgust firmly seated on our shoulders.

Arriving there tired, disappointed and discouraged, with our mineral temperature well below Zero, none of us had a word to say. The silence could almost be felt and it was a trying time for us all. However, soon after we had seated ourselves for supper Joe relieved the tension by gravely remarking, "I am sorry that you have been disappointed in this mine, but when we return to Dog Lake we will see Enoch Eagle, he knows much and is very wise, perhaps he will be able to tell you where the lost mine lies." Edward rose to the fly

at once and again firmly took the hook. Looking eagerly at me, he said, "Yes, we must meet Eagle; no doubt First Daughter will tell him how we tried to help her and our little kindness may be the means of our getting to know the location of the lost mine. What do you think, eh?" This thought was all sufficient, from the depths of despair our spirits soared like the eagle on wings of hope and confidence. The whole world changed to conform with our new hope and we reviled ourselves as men of little faith.

Almost immediately, a voice behind us caused us to turn around to behold First Daughter standing nearby. Addressing Joe, in her native tongue, she spoke a few words and handed him a little basket made of birch bark.

"Men," said Joe, "First Daughter has brought you a little treat for supper, a partridge each, cooked in the Ojibway manner and steaming hot."

We both rose to thank her but she was nowhere to be seen, having departed as silently as she had come. I shall always remember her graceful movements which combined the fleet-



ness of a young deer with all the softness of a bird.

“She will be leaving us early to-morrow,” said Joe, “as she now feels quite able to travel.” “But not before we see her,” both Edward and I chimed in simultaneously. The next stage of our search, in which we expected First Daughter’s father to play such an important part, had already assumed first place in our thoughts.

The partridges were so good that I could not refrain from questioning Joe as to the method of their preparation. “Well,” he said, “She first rolled them in clay, feathers and all, then buried them in the ashes of her fire. When sufficiently cooked, clay, feathers and skin peel right off and here you have the result. I am sure that you will agree with me when I say that you cannot have tasted partridge with a finer flavor.” Our actions in getting outside those partridges convinced Joe more forcibly than any words could have done that we thoroughly appreciated Ojibway cooking.

With satisfied stomachs, so often the prelude to a contented mind, we lighted our pipes and strolled along the shores of our beautiful lake.

After the hardships of the past few days it seemed like paradise to us and on encountering an imposing rock bluff, some three hundred feet in height, at the North-East extremity of the lake we felt impelled to climb to its summit.

This additional elevation to that of the vast range on which we were encamped afforded us a wonderful view of the country which surrounded us. Towards the North we could see the Great Divide which separates the waters that flow into Hudson Bay from those that seek their outlet to the Ocean through Lake Superior. Before us lay Dog Mountain, with its dense and lofty forests of pine and spruce, where, long years ago, the Sioux and Ojibway fought many a bloody battle.

On our left lay the broad expanse of Dog Lake dotted with many beautiful spruce and birch clad islands, storing the gathering waters of the Kaministiquia River in preparation for their journey to the far distant ocean.

Below us we could see the vast expanse of mighty Lake Superior guarded by that grim sentinel, Thunder Cape, the home of the Great Fiery Eagle, on whose top reclines the Sleeping

## 62 THE EAGLE OF THUNDER CAPE

Giant, lying in solemn grandeur and veiled in fleecy clouds. Between lay the impressive valley of the beautiful Kaministiquia River and we could clearly see the fairy like mist that hovered over the magnificent falls at Kakabeka, one of nature's choicest and grandest beauty spots.

Seated, as we were, in Nature's arms, surrounded by a gorgeous mass of wild flowers, we gazed silently at this magnificent panorama, dazzled by its scintillating beauty and awed by the magnitude of the vast spaces that stretched before us.

Finally, looking behind us we saw just beyond our camp, what appeared to be a small clearing, some three or four acres in extent, on which we could see a herd of caribou or moose. Joe informed us that there was a moose lick in this neighbourhood and rather thought that we were even then looking at it. "Yes," Edward added, "and Joe claims that the water from this lick is an excellent cure for rheumatism and he has already packed out, and sold, some hundreds of gallons for that purpose." "Humph," I remarked, with a dry smile, "then that water



THE GIANT OF THUNDER CAPE.

may have more commercial value than anything we have yet struck in the mining line." In any case, we decided that the spot was well worthy of a visit.

The sun was slowly sinking in majestic grandeur behind the Western ranges, as we wended our way down the fragrant mountain side to the sandy shores of our little lake. Darkness had set in before we reached camp and, again that night, as we sat watching the glowing, ascending sparks of our camp fire, we felt deeply that all pervading spirit of the North-land, the essence of which the Indian, thousands of generations ago, crystallized into the form of Nenabushoo, beneficent guardian to all her forest dwellers who walked with her, pure in heart. In close harmony with our thoughts Joe related many of the wonderful achievements of Nenabushoo and of the many occasions on which she had called the fiery spirit of the Great Thunder Eagle to save and succour the Ojibways, of that district, in their hour of need.

Before retiring we made our plans for the morrow. First we would visit the spring and

## 64 THE EAGLE OF THUNDER CAPE

take a sample of the water that Joe recommended so highly for rheumatism, and then immediately set out for Dog Lake for an early interview with Enoch Eagle. This arrangement was particularly pleasing to Joe as it would enable us to reach Dog Lake in time for the yearly festival and dance, held early in June as a preparatory greeting to the Summer solstice.

We were early astir the next morning. Joe had warned us that First Daughter would be leaving at daybreak and as our hopes were now centred on her father, Enoch Eagle, we were anxious to speak to her and send messages of greeting and good will.

It was nearly seven o'clock, on this bright June morning when Joe looked into our tent and announced that First Daughter awaited us and was ready to depart. We hurried outside to be astonished by the change in her appearance. With the full glow of ruddy health, before us stood a tall handsome young woman, with dark soulful eyes, clean cut features and a frank open countenance crowned with a wealth of dark glossy hair that descended in heavy braids below her waist line.

We told her that we expected to be leaving very soon for Dog Lake and as we were very anxious to see her Father we would be glad if she would request him to meet us at Joe's place. Then seeing that she had an adequate lunch for her journey we said our mutual good-byes, with many expressions of gratitude from her for our kindness in her hour of need which Joe translated to us. As she disappeared in the distance with her lithe and active movements I could not help remarking that it would be a smart Chief that would overtake her unless she wanted him to do so.

It was nearly ten o'clock before we were ready to make our way to the moose lick and the bright sun had spread its welcome rays over the spruce and balsam clad hills and valleys, inspiring all bird life to an unusual degree of activity. This was "the month of the strawberry moon" as the Ojibways poetically name the month of June.

So taking a light lunch and a couple of empty bottles we set off for the lick to secure samples of the mineral water, being determined that if it proved to possess any medicinal value we would

stake out a claim and proceed to put it on the market.

“First,” suggested Edward, “we had better watch the animals through our glasses and observe how they take it, and what effect it has on them.”

To achieve this object it was necessary that the animals remained undisturbed so we circled down wind through a jack pine thicket until we reached a spot which gave us a good view of the lick where we, ourselves, were entirely screened by the undergrowth.

Selecting a moss covered boulder, behind a pile of broken rock, we carefully scrutinized the lick without discovering any sign of even a single moose. So we decided to wait, and after partaking of our limited lunch of tea, bannock and jam, we stretched out in the warm sunshine and took a siesta.

We were soon rudely awakened by a shout from Joe who said, “There are Ken-a-bigs—(snakes) here, I can smell them.” This brought us quickly to our feet to observe only a few feet away, a large green snake with its mouth open. It was positively amazing to see the number of



young snakes, about two or three inches in length, that were hurrying into its mouth. With the last entrant it glided into a crevice in the rock and disappeared like magic.

Here we spent the greater part of the afternoon before our patience was rewarded. There is certainly no great skill required to see moose and deer in their native haunts, as far as this country is concerned, and one's patience is well rewarded in the interest derived from their movements and playful antics. The whole science of the game, especially if you are a user of tobacco, is to keep to leeward of their probable location, leave your personal charms in the background, and creep until you are in sight. Then immediately freeze stiff. Don't stand up, whatever else you do, as all wild animals are very much afraid of a gesticulating biped.

It was nearly four o'clock when we heard a crackling sound in the forest surrounding the springs and soon a pair of deer appeared who made straight for the water, first drinking deeply, and then proceeding to disport themselves and play like a couple of kid goats.

The next band consisted of five moose, with

## 68 THE EAGLE OF THUNDER CAPE

two calves, who, after drinking, proceeded to calmly feed on the soil that surrounded the springs. Immediately after three bull moose sampled the waters and then proceeded to engage in a vigorous sparring match, although apparently more in fun than in earnest.

It was now necessary for us to step lively so we hurried down to the nearest spring and filled our bottles. Then we each carefully tasted the water, as none of us were sufficiently rash to take a real drink. After our taste we regarded one another with a thoughtful, far away, expression on every face. Edward broke the silence by remarking, "Fierce, isn't it? Tastes like Epsom salts, soda, garlic, sulphuretted hydrogen and several other things, with a touch of skunk thrown in. However, it tastes as if it ought to cure almost anything, doesn't it? And I'm quite sure that nobody will ever mistake it for a table water."

"No," I replied, "they would not, this water is away over-proof and whilst rheumatism is a very unpleasant disease it seems to me that the latent horse-power in this concoction should be utilized for the cure of some more prevalent

disease and so secure a much larger number of customers."

"What would you suggest?" asked Edward. "Well, almost anything," I replied, "heart, lungs, liver or stomach all have their troubles. What's in a name anyway? I'm not particular. Advertise it well and I'm sure its flavour will command respect from everyone who tries it."

On returning to camp we prepared supper and, as usual, gathered around the camp fire, with our pipes, after the meal.

The possibilities of the mineral water were still intriguing Edward so he produced one of the bottles and held it up to the fire. It appeared clear and sparkling and Edward suggested that, as it appeared to be so beneficial to the animals, we must certainly try it ourselves in order that we might note its medicinal virtues. Consequently he solemnly poured out a portion into each of our cups which, after a preliminary sniff, we hastily swallowed.

"Joe," I said, "did the people for whom you packed out this water really take it for rheumatism?"

"I should say they did," he fairly shouted,

“They said that it not only stopped their pains but that it made them feel young again.”

“Well,” commented Edward, “anyone that takes a good dose of that water deserves to be relieved of his pains. But, what real good is it? What will it cure?”

“Judging by its vile aroma,” I suggested, “it should cure any disease that any other mineral water is capable of doing.”

“But,” asked Edward, “what will any mineral water cure? Why, nothing. What will this mineral water cure? Why nothing. If man would only obey nature’s laws he would seldom require any other remedy. Good constitutions are not bought in drug stores.”

“Then I must confess that I am not so overjoyed at the prospect of this mineral water discovery,” I replied.

“But, man,” Edward continued, “there are thousands and thousands of people ever on the alert for some new cure for their infirmities. Why can’t we sell this property as a medicinal spring for bathing purposes? The taste would not be so objectional in that case and there are many such places on this continent that are

proving regular gold mines to their fortunate owners. They are particularly suited for people who do not take enough exercise to give them a chance to keep in good health. Fully half the diseases of this world are imaginary and it is no exaggeration to state that the bulk of the cures are imaginary also. No better medicine can be evolved than that of which we are now partaking in our search for the 'Lost Mother Mine.' We are in an unspoiled, and almost uninhabited territory, whose healing air filters through thousands of miles of balsam, spruce and pine. There is no doubt that the great out-of-doors is the finest tonic on Earth. However, it will do no harm to pack out one of these bottles and have the contents analysed."

Our last night on this camping ground was not a restful one. Away on a rocky butte to the West of us a wolf howled its weird song of utter desolation, and soon a regular chorus of wolves answered the cry, the mournful menace of their steely notes echoing loudly through the mountain ravines, sending cold shivers down our spines.

The month of June is often the month of

restricted rations for the wolf family, especially for the particular food that his stomach craves. His prey is now strong and vigorous on the hoof, unhampered by snow, and many fruitless miles are covered in the effort to round up a red deer or caribou, only to find that the proposed victim had taken to the water and escaped, leaving the pack with slavering jaws, baulked on the shore line, with the unquenched blood lust gleaming from their hard, ferocious eyes. At any rate this particular pack continued until dawn making us unwilling listeners to the tale of their joys or sorrows.

With the first glimpse of daylight the wolf pack melted away into the shadows of the forest and silence once more reigned over our encampment, and we all, with one accord, immediately fell into a deep sleep.

The sun was high in the heavens when we were awakened by a sound that closely resembled the sound of a steamer's whistle or the foghorn of a lighthouse. This Joe assured us, was the call of a moose for her calf, and as we could see something moving in the water at no great distance from the shore about two hundred

yards from the camp, Edward and I proceeded to investigate whilst Joe prepared breakfast, and made a batch of bread in readiness for breaking camp.

The object quickly revealed itself to be a moose calf mired in some quicksand or bog hidden by the waters of the lake. Its struggles to regain the shore had only resulted in steady progress towards complete submersion and already its belly was right down on the mire and only the head appearing above the surface of the water. The cow was standing on the bank, some little distance from us calling piteously, to which the calf replied with squeals and squeaks of intermingled pleading and terror. We watched the animal for a few minutes and as it was obvious that every struggle was leading directly and rapidly to the inevitable, if unaided, and I hastened back to the tent for an axe and a coil of rope.

On my return we cut down a number of dead, dry trees and constructed a raft on which Edward proceeded to the help of the calf. Arriving there he slipped a bowline noose over its head and our united efforts soon brought it

to shore. Ordinarily the moose avoids man whenever possible but, strange to say, whilst we were engaged in rescuing the calf the cow stood quietly watching us, not more than thirty yards away. Her natural instinct seemed to tell her that we were there to help and not to hurt.

On reaching the shore the calf was considerably exhausted and instead of attempting to rush away it lay at our feet to recuperate from its recent strenuous exertions.

Apparently no further assistance was required from us so withdrawing about twenty-five yards we watched the cow. Almost as soon as we stopped she, without the slightest sign of fear, walked straight to the calf and proceeded to lick it over carefully, occasionally stopping to moo in a soft crooning, falsetto voice. After a few minutes the calf struggled to its feet and, with what appeared to be a last grateful look at us, both disappeared into the forest.

“Your operation on that moose calf appears to have been successful,” I remarked.

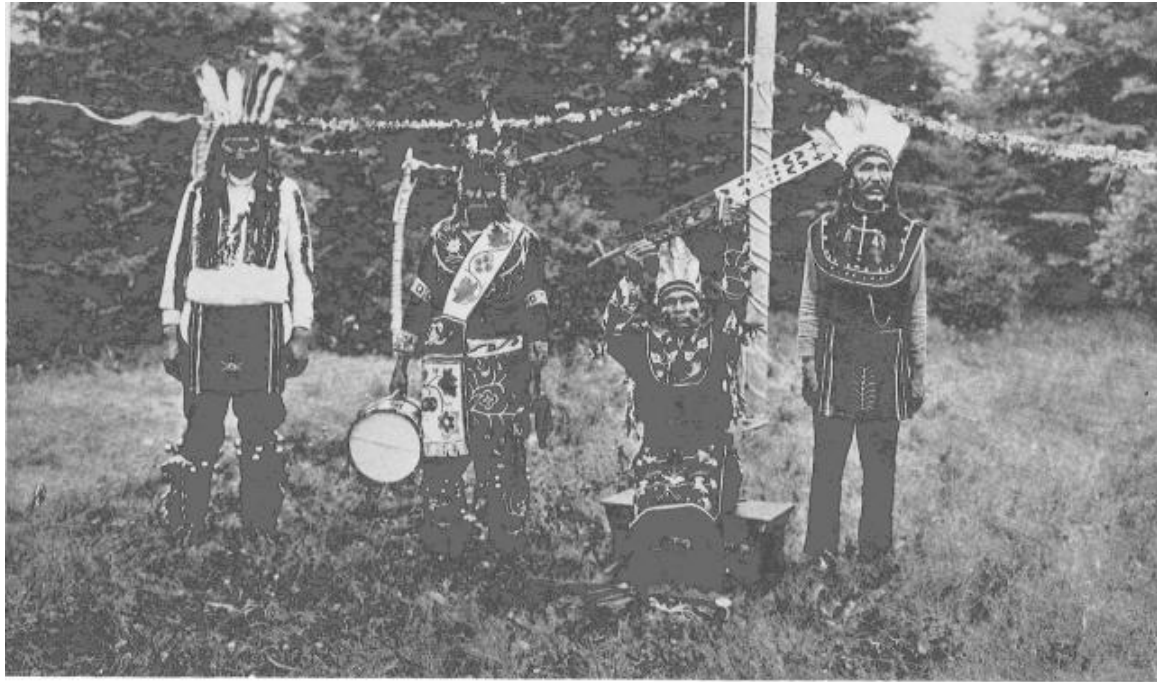
“Yes,” replied Edward, “I am glad of that. One live moose, or deer, is worth a dozen dead



ones, at any time. What would the great out-of-doors be worth without its heritage of wild animal life."

Such scenes as the one we had just witnessed seldom occur in the lives of the majority of men. They are the special privilege of those whose avocation takes them into the great wilderness. The pioneer who first blazes a trail through the unknown solitudes, the hunter in search of game, the trapper who seeks the richest clothing in the world for the adornment and warmth of his fellow creatures and the prospector who seeks, as we were seeking, to unlock the treasures hidden in the bosom of Mother Earth.

As though it was a matter of yesterday, I remembered distinctly the feeling of regret with which I left this beautiful camping ground, really our first home from which we had carried on actual work on our first mining expedition. Strange thoughts also turned to the weird desolate old mine that had been worked by some unknown and forgotten hands long before the dawn of history. And beyond again to the feelings of that native prospector who first discovered the outcrop of copper who probably



CHIEF SKEET PRESENTING THE CALUMET TO THE GREAT SPIRIT.

when Joe's voice, raised in angry protest brought us to our feet. Looking out of our tent, this is what we saw. A well built Indian with a handsome smooth face, dressed in a scarlet coat with a short sword buckled to his side and, protruding from one sleeve of his coat was, what appeared to be a calumet, or peace pipe.

It was Chief Blackstone. We were panic stricken and dumbly wondered how on earth he had located us so quickly. In a moment we were aroused from our stupor by the sound of Blackstone's high-pitched penetrating voice demanding, "What brings these men here?"

"They are traders," answered Joe.

"You lie," said the Chief, "Now hand me the bread that you have there."

"The bread is not mine, I cannot give it to you," Joe informed him.

"Coward," hissed the Chief, "You are no Brave," and letting the calumet slip down his sleeve he raised his arm, and we saw that the other end of the pipe held a small shining axe. Stepping towards Joe, this he brandished over his head, shouting, "I will kill you."

Joe sprang on Blackstone like a lynx and seizing the axe he wrenched it from his hand, throwing it into the bush. Backward and forward they swung, fighting like tigers. Blackstone repeatedly shouted, "Draw blood on me and you die." "Draw blood on me and you die."

At length, with a swift movement, Joe threw Blackstone over his head, giving him a heavy fall, but with an agility that was marvellous, Blackstone regained his feet and returned to the attack shouting more viciously than ever "Draw blood on me and you die."

Joe met the onslaught with a blow that knocked him reeling into the fire from which we immediately rescued him, at the same time entreating Joe to let him alone.

For a few moments Blackstone struggled in a desperate attempt to regain his feet only to collapse into unconsciousness on the ground.

Loosening his clothing at the neck, we bathed his head with cold water, but our efforts produced no sign of returning consciousness. Edward then fetched the remainder of the brandy and, after prying loose his tightly

clenched teeth with the help of a knife, we managed to force a small quantity down his throat. After swallowing a little of the brandy he revived sufficiently to sit up, but what a terrible sight he presented. The red blood flowed copiously from an ugly wound under the right eye and with ruffled hair and clothing, bowed head and battered features he presented a pathetic appearance. In spite of all we had heard of his past misdeeds we could not help feeling sorry for him in his present distressful plight.

This mighty Chief who at one time was the leader of thousands of warriors, to whom his slightest wish was law, now fallen and debased in the dust by the hand of a simple commoner of an alien tribe.

Edward now poured almost all that remained of our "oil of gladness" into a cup, which he drained at a single draught, then painfully arising he stalked away into the bush, without uttering a word and apparently in the grip of unutterable rage and chagrin.

Joe immediately sprang into action, "Let us pack at once," he said, "Blackstone will soon

return, and not alone, and we would stand little chance against his band of warriors."

"Whilst you two pack," I suggested, "I will follow him along the trail and observe his movements." So, summoning all my courage, with every nerve tense, I entered the forest in pursuit.

In the dense growth I could see only a short distance ahead and began to entertain grave fears that he would be lying in wait to ambush me unawares. After walking for about ten minutes I was obsessed with the conviction that danger was very near, so I stopped and listened carefully. Hearing nothing I proceeded slowly with the greatest caution, and every sense alert, until I presently broke into a small clearing in the centre of which, about fifty yards distant, I saw Blackstone seated on a log. To my surprise, he immediately arose and proceeded to come towards me. I neither waited, or contemplated unduly, the order of my going, but promptly put my best foot forward on the return journey to camp.

Scarcely had I reached camp, the packing not even yet entirely completed, when he stood be-

fore us. With an apparently peaceful demeanour he hastened to assure us that he wished to be friends. Grasping Joe's hand he exclaimed, "You are a Brave, You are a Brave."

As I looked at his face, all marked up with what looked to me, for all the world, like Indian hieroglyphics, a big blood splash staining his cheeks from the wound under his eye, it struck me that Joe had cleverly painted his favorite animal, the turtle, on the Chief's features. I had to admit that Joe was certainly "one fine artist" in this particular art.

This thought was running in my mind when it came to my turn to shake hands and I nearly lost the Chief's newly acquired friendship by grinning in his face as I looked at the spectacle which Joe's handiwork had made of this once mighty Chief. I thought that if "beating up a man" entitled Joe to the title of "a Brave" that he had certainly earned it.

The Chief then informed us that he had been out of flour for over two weeks and that if we could let him have some he would be glad to trade therefore either fish, ducks or dried meat. As we were only a day's journey from our

## 82 THE EAGLE OF THUNDER CAPE

reserve supplies at Dog Lake we agreed to let him have what flour, and other provisions, that we could spare. This decision pleased him very much and he extended a very cordial invitation to visit his wigwam and inspect his furs.

There was an awkward pause as we all hesitated to accept. Edward spoke to Joe, who agreed, and I nodded my consent as I felt curious to see more of this man who had passed from foe to friend in so short a time.

So we shouldered our packs and proceeded along the Sioux trail for about a quarter of a mile to its junction with a narrow trail that led through thick, evergreen bush into the valley where Blackstone was encamped. Here we cached our packs and, taking only the flour and provisions, which Joe carried in a sack, we followed Blackstone's lead along the trail. It was marvellous the speed with which he moved his body along the trail, with an apparent ease that mocked us as we trotted along behind him.

After tramping for quite a distance we heard the whimpering whine of dogs and soon we met a pack that looked and sounded as if they were



ready to eat us. But at a sharp command from Blackstone they immediately slunk off into the bush just like a pack of wolves and as they were all huskies the resemblance was very close.

Soon the wigwam came into view, situated in a pleasant and well sheltered place, ideally located for the winter and early spring but soon to become untenable with the arrival of the fly season.

Arriving at the wigwam our wilderness host bade us be seated on a log by the outside fire and himself entered the wigwam from which he returned in a few minutes, having in the meantime washed all the blood from his face to the great improvement of his appearance.

He then invited us inside to inspect his catch of furs which was the largest that we had ever seen. He had the pelts of every wild animal native to this part of the country and quite a number of the very valuable black and silver foxes. After we had duly admired the collection Edward asked him how he liked Canada as a hunting ground.

“I am compelled to like it,” he said, “but it is

## 84 THE EAGLE OF THUNDER CAPE

not like our own home land, the land of our forefathers, which has been taken away from us and is now called the United States.”

He then unburdened his heart to us and told us of the hard and desperate struggle that had sorely tried his Nation, intermingling with his tale an account of the many heroic deeds that he had personally accomplished whilst fighting with the troops of the United States. At the end we came to the conclusion that we would much prefer to have him for a friend, rather than an enemy.

He now showed us around his camp which was, to us, a great novelty. Its mode of construction could most certainly claim to be of ancient origin, as there was not a single nail used in the whole structure. I should, perhaps, give a description of this wigwam as the manner in which it was constructed was both interesting and suggestive of comfort. It was a large one room camp about forty feet long and twenty feet wide, built entirely of poles covered with birch bark. The lower ends of the poles were stuck in the ground and the upper ends were leaning against, and supporting, each other.

From the floor to the peak of the roof would be rather more than ten feet and the whole construction was both strong and neat. The entire North side of the wigwam was occupied by beds, twelve in number, eleven single beds and the Chief's one, giving it the appearance of a dormitory. The beds were formed of poles, notched together, and pegged down to keep them in place. The spaces between the poles were thickly strewed with the small tops of the cedar which formed the mattresses. Then each bed was provided with a heavy woolen blanket and a fancy rabbit skin quilt. They not only looked supremely comfortable, but very neat. At the head of each bed hung a rifle, for every one of the Chief's wives was a huntress.

The South side was used as a dining room and store house, a long bare space in the centre being reserved for a fire above which, in the peak of the roof, was an aperture that permitted the smoke to escape. Lines were also stretched at intervals for drying clothes.

Seeing a large number of bladders hanging from the poles, Edward asked the Chief what they contained. "They are filled with bear's

## 86 THE EAGLE OF THUNDER CAPE

grease," he replied, "we use it for cooking purposes and as we killed eight large bear this Spring we are well supplied. My wives do all the hunting and two of them accounted for all the bear. I will show them to you."

Going outside we saw all the women engaged in curing hides and making moccasins. "Let the bear hunters come forward," commanded the Chief, and two of the women immediately arose and came towards us. We gravely bowed to them. The older appeared to be about twenty-five years of age and was tall and slender, the other could scarcely have been more than eighteen, of medium height, and having all the appearance of a school girl.

As it was now almost eleven o'clock we were anxious to be on our way, and so informed the Chief. He then enquired what we would like in exchange for the flour and eatables with which we had supplied him. We assured him that we had sufficient of everything except meat and that we would be glad to receive as much as would do us until we reached our camp on Dog Lake.

"How would you like some ducks and wild

rice?" asked our host. "They are all ready cooked."

"That would indeed be a treat." I replied.

"Then I will see that they are put up at once," he said and, after telling the bear hunters to return to their work, he spoke to a large, stout woman, his chief wife, who immediately left her work and entered the wigwam. "You will have your ducks right away," remarked the Chief as he followed her into the wigwam.

While we awaited the return of the Chief we saw an old man approach, and speak to Joe who was standing a little apart from us. He then quickly departed with a vigorous shake of his head. There appeared to be nothing particularly significant about this incident and we thought no more about it at the time.

The Chief soon returned with two parcels, one of which he handed to Edward and the other to Joe. We then all shook hands and said goodbye to the warrior Chief.

We had not gone very far down the trail when Joe, with a muttered exclamation, pitched his parcel far into the bush. Then in reply to our astonished queries, "What's the idea?" "What



EAST WELCOME ISLAND.

## 88 THE EAGLE OF THUNDER CAPE

do you mean?" Joe told us that his food was poisoned. At this information we were stunned for the moment and stared blankly at him. "Poisoned?" I said, "What *are* you talking about?" Then Joe recalled to our memories the whispered conversation that he had had with the old man whilst we were waiting outside the Chief's wigwam. The old man had warned him to eat nothing that the Chief might give him, "For," he said, "You have drawn blood from a chief, and, for that, you must surely die."

The warning so impressed Joe that, although hungry enough to eat his old flannel shirt as he admitted to us, he refused to eat any portion of the food gift and strongly urged us to refrain from eating our portion.

The suggestion of such treachery seemed to us as preposterous as it was overwhelming. We had seen Blackstone in circumstances that had certainly stripped any veneer that might ordinarily cover the natural bent of his strong, elemental and savage nature, but we had failed to detect anything small, mean or petty and we could not believe that he would stoop to

such an underhand method of adjusting his grievances.

However, we actually knew very little of Blackstone and the tales that we had heard of him, which probably lost nothing in lurid detail by repetition, combined with Joe's very obvious alarm, decided us to take no chances so although our meat ration shortage of the preceding few days had assisted the savoury smell that emanated from our parcel, to whet our appetites to a real pitch of ecstasy, we regretfully hurled the suspected feast into the surrounding bush, and then resumed our journey.

This incident impressed us deeply and my thoughts were soon busily engaged in trying to analyze both what I had seen and what I had heard of this remarkable personality. From his point of view there was no doubt that he had cause to be very bitter against the whole Circassian race. In his every encounter with it some phase or other of its acquisitive propensity left a sense of robbery, deception and injustice in his simple, primitive, strong, single track mentality.



In many ways it was remarkable that so little trouble arose in the territory which he now occupied and, as far as he was concerned, actually owned. Escaping into Canada, where he knew that the troops of the United States dared not follow him, with the cream of his warrior following still intact, burning with hate, lusting for revenge, entirely fearless and utterly regardless of consequences that might befall either himself or his men he was certainly not restrained, either in thought or action, by any potential retribution that might proceed from the far distant City of Ottawa.

Fortunately, however, for the peace and safety of the few white pioneers of the district Blackstone came into early contact with two of the most outstanding personalities among the many that laid the foundations on which our present civilization has been established.

First, Penassie, of impressive mien, immense physique, noble features, massive and intellectual forehead, titular and hereditary Chief of his ancient foes, the Ojibways, who offered him welcome in his exile and invited him to reside beyond the height of land in a country

possessing everything that the heart of a Northland Indian could crave.

Secondly, S. J. Dawson, Engineer, Surveyor and Pathfinder. A white man, unique in the annals of Blackstone's chequered and eventful career. Easily his equal in woodcraft and forest lore, with knowledge and a brain power that frequently left Blackstone gasping, this man thought and spoke with a direct simplicity that opened up an entirely new outlook to Blackstone as to the composition of a white man. He stood four square to all the world and the Swastika mark was engraved on his every action. It seemed fitting to Blackstone that the ancient trail into which the name of his tribe had been written in letters of blood and anguish should go forward into the new era, that was inexorably entering on its destiny, bearing the name of its re-constructor, this white man "without fear and without reproach," the like of whom Blackstone had been convinced, did not exist on the face of the earth.

As a result of this admiration Dawson became to the Indians a more than privileged character. He was the only white man that ever dared

proceed alone and unarmed through the territory of Blackstone, but the same immunity was conceded to any white man recommended and endorsed by Dawson.

Even the great Canadian Pacific Railway had to resort to this recommendation before they dared send their first exploration and survey parties into this section of the wilderness preparatory to the construction of that epoch marking highway, probably one of the most important blocks in the foundation upon which the stately structure of Confederation was erected.

From Chief Penassie himself I received the description of that first expedition. On the arrival of the party at the head of the Lakes Dawson sent word to Blackstone advising him of the date when the party would enter the hinterland and informing him that in view of the unusual and important nature of the work they were about to undertake that Chief Penassie would accompany the expedition, explain its business and vouch for its members.

Setting out on the old trail it was soon apparent that an invisible escort of silent forms

escorted both flanks of the little party and just before reaching the height of land sharp signals and rustling movements caused Chief Penassie to order an immediate halt to be followed by instant preparations for making camp. He ordered every man to proceed about his business with entire unconcern and to hold themselves under perfect control whatever situation might develop.

The first tent had scarcely been pitched when from the silent depths of the surrounding forest emerged some eighty or ninety warriors, each carrying a modern rifle at the ready, and entirely surrounded the party.

Immediately Blackstone stalked through the circle and approaching Chief Penassie haughtily demanded the reason for the invasion of his territory

Penassie, with equal dignity and an even more commanding presence, gave him greeting, and explained that the little party of white men were skilled in the use of instruments that shortened long trails and made rough ways smooth, even as his friend Dawson was skilled. Therefore Dawson had arranged for them

to carry on their beneficent work through the difficult sections of Chief Blackstone's broad domain. Dawson had specially requested him to convey very strong expressions of his regard with the request that the party be permitted to proceed with their work unhampered and to express the hope that Blackstone, himself, would soon visit him at Prince Arthur's Landing where proper entertainment and explanation would be furnished.

After carefully scrutinizing each member of the party, one by one, as well as the packs which were now unfastened, he paused at one pack from which a miner's pick protruded and sharply demanded, "Is that man a member of your party?"

Penassie had to admit that he was not a member for the Chief's attention had been attracted to the pack of one George ——, a famous pioneer of the District who had voluntarily attached himself to the expedition as it promised a safe and easy method of prospecting this very promising, but closely guarded, country.

"Send that man back at once," he ordered.

“The rest of you will follow my men to a good spot they will show you where you make your first camp. Thereafter we will help you all we can, for Dawson is my friend.”

Dawson retained this commanding influence to the end of his life and even the Dominion Government were glad to use his good offices in the maintenance of peace and good order in this wild and distant territory.

However, this soliloquy didn't help our hunger or cause us to change our minds and return for the discarded birds, so we hurried along to the trail intersection where we had left our packs.

On our arrival, as if to prove the old saying that troubles never come singly, and as if we hadn't had enough for one morning, you can imagine our disappointment when we found that our packs had been torn open and every vestige of food devoured. This calamity brought a groan of mingled dismay and despair from the entire company. It was fairly certain that Blackstone's pack of huskies had discovered our cache and taken toll to the last crumb. We made a mental note that our next cache

## 96 THE EAGLE OF THUNDER CAPE

would be high in a tree and so baulk the activities of the ground marauders at any rate.

Having had neither breakfast or lunch we were now ravenous and as there was no prospect of a meal until we reached our camp at Dog Lake, it behooved us to get moving rapidly in that direction. The memory of that painful episode still, occasionally, disturbs my comfort. However, there was nothing to be gained by sitting down and bemoaning our hard fate so we shouldered our packs and set off down the trail with a show of energy that we were far from feeling.

After tramping for several hours we stopped to rest at a small stream where we tried to ease that painful vacuum under our belts by taking long and copious draughts of the ice cold water. It didn't help any that I could notice and Edward made matters worse by relating in detail the particulars of some very fine meals that he had eaten on a recent visit to Chicago.

The sun had kissed the Earth good-night and the dusk had merged into the gloom of darkness long before we finally arrived at Hotel Frozen Dog but we were overfilled with joy at the

prospect of a comfortable camp in the wilderness accompanied by a well stocked commissary department.

In less than two shakes our fire was going and Joe started to make pancakes whilst we regaled ourselves with handfuls of oatmeal and sugar. Next we removed the bacon from the rafters and, although it had grown a full set of green whiskers during our absence, we were not fastidious after our long fast, so giving it a rough shave we quickly had it sizzling in the pan.

Mercy; how we did eat. Belshazzar's feast looked like a ha'porth of fish and chips when compared with our collation.

After clearing the dishes we lit our pipes, but nature's sweet restorer, sleep, soon brought to a close a hard, and unusually eventful, day.

After a rather late breakfast on the following morning Joe went to visit his family, and if possible, bring us definite information of the time when Enoch Eagle might be expected to visit the settlement.

We availed ourselves of this, the first free morning for a very considerable period, to take a shave, followed by a swim in the lake, and



## 98 THE EAGLE OF THUNDER CAPE

then change into a complete set of clean clothes. Refreshed in both body and mind we emerged, newly clad, from our hut exhilarated by the sparkling purity of the upland air and enthralled by the beauty of our natural surroundings enhanced by the halo of romance and mystery with which Indian legend and Indian faith had endowed it.

Joe soon returned with the good tidings that First Daughter had arrived and was ensconced as a guest with his family, being the bearer of greetings from her father who expected to arrive that same afternoon to participate in the annual festival and dance, to which he had been invited, and which was due to commence as soon as the dancing lodge was completed.

This programme gave us the remainder of the day free to indulge our bent for visiting and studying the various historic points of interest in the vicinity. But first, accompanied by Joe, we wended our way to the spot that was being prepared for the ceremony of the June dance.

To us, who had not been previously privileged to attend such a function, every detail of the arrangements was of great interest. The

ground selected was almost perfectly level, carefully cleared and beaten down by a system of smooth, painstaking packing until it resembled a high grade hard-wood floor.

Exactly in the centre stood a long pole, hewed perfectly square, finely polished and then painted with all the colours of the rainbow. This pole was the centre of a circle some fifty or sixty feet in diameter whose circumference was marked by a high fence of peeled poles painted white. At a distance it looked for all the world like a cemetery.

After spending some time at the site of this dancing lodge we proceeded about two and a half miles down the old Sioux trail to the site of one of the principal headquarters of the Sioux Nation. At this spot, on a bluff overlooking the Kaministiquia River and Little Dog Lake, was the thirty-three foot long picture of the great Sioux OGAMA "Wild Spirit Dog." Made in the form of a dog it had been excavated from the natural ground to a depth of about two feet. The mould thus prepared had then been refilled to the depth of about one foot with a white silver sand which gleamed under the hot June

sun from its surrounding setting of brown or green.

This was the site of the ancient execution and torture dances and as we listened to Joe's recital of the horrible rites and ceremonies that had once desecrated this beautiful spot the poignant thought, of this, yet another illustration of man's inhumanity to man, clouded our spirits and caused a pall of gloom to descend over the spot taking all the warmth and life from the glorious sunshine. Even the light breezes that played through the pines seemed to voice the weird, wailing requiem of the helpless women and children who had suffered here.

But, following the tumultuous succession of his recital, the key note changed. The wind through the pines then told us in strong and vibrant language that the principle of eternal justice has always been, is now and ever shall be dominant on the face of the Earth. For, in their bitter hour of need Nenabushoo observed their tribulation and called on the fiery spirit of the Great Thunder Eagle who saved them from annihilation and snatched for them a victory out of the very jaws of death.

On our return to camp the afternoon was far spent so we prepared an early supper and then visited the ancient cemetery which lay by the lake shore about half a mile from our camp. This cemetery possessed great historic interest and had been in use for unnumbered generations. It still retained much of the quaint aspect of early days and on every side one could see evidence of the deep love lavished by these natives on the last resting place of their departed kindred.

Each grave was marked by a carefully prepared and painted stake and we were particularly struck by the appearance of one small grave, evidently that of a child, which was smothered with a coverlet of beautiful wild violets. From the stake hung a little pair of beautifully worked and beaded moccasins, a battered wooden doll and a dilapidated alarm clock. Pathetic tributes to the love of some devoted mother whose tears had combined with loving hands to produce the fragrant covering.

Not a single grave appeared to be neglected or forgotten. Every one was provided with some article of clothing, firearms, beads or other ornament.



PORPHYRY CEMETERY

A spirit of deep solemnity pervaded us all and no tongue intruded on the sacred silence of that hallowed spot. We needed no Celestial reminder that we were indeed on holy ground as we slowly and silently wended our way between the graves and from there to the shore of the lake.

It was a quiet and beautiful evening, the air cool and the water smooth and inviting. We had as yet seen no canoes on the lake so, as it was reasonably certain that Enoch would appear before the departure of daylight, we watched the distant horizon as we smoked and meditated.

Very soon Joe called our attention to a small black spot far to the North-East, which he assured us was a canoe, and hazarded the opinion that it would certainly be the canoe of Enoch Eagle as it proceeded from the direction of his dwelling place.

Shortly we were able to see for ourselves that it was a canoe and propelled by five lusty paddlers. It came up to us with great rapidity and quickly passed us, leaving a long wide wake that shone like silver as the setting sun lit up the ripples.

Joe informed us that Enoch was the striking

figure in the stern and that he would proceed to the landing dock to have early converse with the visitor, reporting the result to us, at our camp, later in the evening.

It was quite dark when Joe finally turned up at our camp and, in reply to our questions, informed us that Enoch had been too busy in meeting and greeting his many friends for Joe to find a suitable opportunity of having any conversation with him. He ascertained, however, that Enoch had been invited to decorate the dancing lodge with ribbons, on the morrow, and that our best plan would be to attend the ceremony with Joe and seek an opportunity for conversation.

Nothing more could be accomplished that night so Joe retired to his own place with a promise to call for us at eight o'clock the next morning. This arrangement was duly carried out and immediately after breakfast we set out to visit the dancing lodge. When the site came suddenly into view on rounding a corner we became speechless with amazement. The place that had been so quiet and peaceful during our visit the previous evening had achieved a most

extraordinary transformation. A regular forest of teepees had sprung up entirely surrounding the dancing lodge. Men, women and children were busily moving around in every direction all intent on some business that was evidently a source of joy and satisfaction to each participant.

The canoes drawn up on the beach and moored side by side at the primitive wharf formed a veritable fleet, sufficiently numerous to have transported, in the grim olden days, a mighty army of warriors.

But now no feeling of hate, revenge or strife dominated the gathering. That gala spirit of love, tolerance and benevolence permeated the entire assembly to such a keen pitch of harmony that we felt somewhat excluded from the prevailing clan spirit as if we were strangers in a strange land and the unwitting spectators of a ceremony that we could only dimly understand and in which we were entirely incapable of participating.

At frequent intervals we caught sight of Enoch but he was always surrounded by a crowd of eager friends which discouraged us from



intruding. So popular did he appear to be that we were almost in despair at the difficulty which seemed to present an impassible barrier to any conversation with him. How far, indeed, from the thoughts of this happy crowd, appeared our mundane thoughts obsessed by the quest for wealth from nature's store-house.

As we walked several times around the lodge, not a single individual spoke to us and the numerous glances directed at us, some curious and many frankly suspicious, added little to our peace of mind.

It seemed useless to spend any more time in waiting around. Amidst these surroundings Enoch appeared to be more unapproachable than a king on his throne, so with depressed and dampened spirits we turned our backs on this scene of gaiety in which we had no part and adjourned to the shore of the lake.

Here we sat and watched the natives drawing and setting their fishing nets in, probably, the identical manner of their forefathers of hundreds of years ago.

There seemed to be no alternative but to pack our duffle and abandon our expedition, but

Joe vigorously opposed this alternative. He assured us that if we only would wait until the dance started that we would have many opportunities of speaking with Enoch. Further that as he was aware of our desire to speak with him that he would be displeased at our departure when, it was obvious, that he was engaged in the, to him, very important preliminaries leading up to this sacred ceremony.

So, after wandering aimlessly through many of the woodland paths, we again returned to the dancing lodge and seated ourselves on a log near the entrance, from which point of vantage we watched this seemingly irresponsible crowd of merry makers enjoy themselves. At the same time feeling in our inmost souls that the Divine Fates had pre-ordained for us the earning of our daily bread by the sweat of our brows instead of by the more easy method that we had had the temerity to desire.

After sitting there for some time we saw three women approaching us and as they drew nearer the leader hastened towards us with outstretched hand and a friendly smile, greeting us in perfectly clear English with the words

“Welcome to Dog Lake.” This was First Daughter, accompanied by Joe’s wife and her daughter. That we were surprised is to state the case mildly. Edward’s eyes stood out like the stops on an organ and the power of speech had entirely departed from me. This happy looking, self possessed girl in the midst of her own people was an entirely different creature from the shy, native girl whom we had so recently befriended and whose remarks had been entirely confined to sentences in her mother tongue.

“I hope you are having a good time here,” she said, “and I want you to come and meet my Father.”

Ye gods; this was the one thing that we really wanted at that time, so gathering our scattered wits together, we assured her that we would be more than delighted to make his acquaintance.

“Come with me,” she commanded, and we promptly set out in her wake, threading our way amongst innumerable groups of people, for all of whom she had a smile or a cheerful word, until we entered the dancing lodge where Enoch was the centre of an inevitable group.

Catching him unceremoniously by the coat she pulled him around to face in our direction and said something to him in her native tongue. At this he looked towards us with a friendly smile and approached us.

“Father,” introduced First Daughter, “these are the good men who were so kind to me.”

This, the most flattering introduction possible placed us under great obligation to First Daughter and, as she was shortly to be married, it was essential that we reciprocate to the extent of a wedding present.

Now that we had met Enoch we no longer had the slightest doubt as to the sincerity and depth of our welcome. First Daughter was evidently the pride of her Father’s heart and his welcome was so spontaneous that we felt that he literally radiated friendship and good-will, to which he added every form of courtesy and thoughtfulness so that the feeling of strangeness departed from us and we knew that we were welcome visitors.

Enoch was an educated man of considerable polish with striking and handsome features and, although a pure bred Ojibway, he spoke

English and French with great fluency. As a fur trader he had been in the employ of one of the great fur Companies for many years and had established an unassailable reputation for honesty and integrity. His large, soft and velvety eyes gleamed with pleasure as he bade us welcome and invited us to stay for the dance.

We assured him that nothing would give us greater pleasure than to witness the calumet dance of which we had heard so much.

“Then you must stay,” he concluded, “we always celebrate the smoke dance on this spot. It is one of the most sacred of the Ojibway dances for, this pipe of peace is the symbol of our great annual sacrament to the Manitou.”

After a few minutes of general conversation we broached the subject that lay so closely to our thoughts, and asked him if we could engage him as a guide to assist us in our exploration and search for the Lost Mother Mine, and before parting with him that day we had secured his consent to act in that capacity on an expedition for which we would make the necessary arrangements for the coming Autumn. He

assured us, however, that it was most unlikely that the mine was on this side of the lake. He had trapped and traded around Dog Lake for over twenty years and that, if such a mine existed in that territory, he would most certainly have heard of it. "From what you say and from other scraps of information that I have heard, I am convinced that the mine is closer to Lake Superior and that a boat will be essential if you are to continue your search with any prospect of success. However, we will go carefully into the details of the matter on some future occasion," said Enoch, as he returned to his duties in connection with the dance.

This conclusion very effectually dampened our recently revived hopes as we had not previously had any doubts that we would return triumphantly from our present trip, the proud owners of the greatest mine in all history.

However, matters would have to remain in abeyance until after the dance and so, pre-occupied with our varied thoughts, we returned to camp.

The next morning broke clear and hot with an unnaturally brilliant light that caused the dis-

tant hills to stand out clearly as if they had moved more closely to our encampment. This, we knew, presaged a storm and soon heavy banks of cumulus and nimbus clouds began rolling up from the Western horizon. As we had had over four weeks of unseasonably dry weather it was evident to us that we were in for a prolonged and heavy spell of rain that would postpone the dance for at least two or three days.

Consequently, we sent Joe to invite Enoch to visit our camp for dinner. They soon returned together, Enoch being very depressed at the gloomy prospects for the dance. We feigned deep regret at the untoward interruption of a ceremony that we were so anxious to see, but in our inward hearts we were secretly delighted at the intervention of the rain because it afforded us the opportunity of questioning Enoch at great length.

The storm broke with great fury accompanied by heavy squalls of hail whose terrific stones, as large as hen's eggs, glistened and danced as they rebounded from the ground. Where they fell in the bush they wrought havoc with the leaves

and limbs of the trees and spread the petals of the wild flowers in all directions.

Soon the wind fell to a soft steady breeze, the canopy of cloud assumed a dull, even, leaded hue and the rain fell with a steady, tenacious persistence that lasted for a full two days and nights.

We persuaded Enoch to make his home at our camp during the remainder of our visit to Dog Lake and, in the warmth of the fire, he laid aside his disappointment and beguiled us with many interesting stories of the land and its dusky inhabitants, his reminiscences reaching back hundreds of years into the dim and distant past, long before the foot of a white man had trodden the North Shore of Lake Superior.

Included amongst them was the history of Ogama, Wild Spirit Dog and Green Mantle as well as a masterly exposition of the Indian religious beliefs. As we questioned him regarding his faith in Kitchie Manitou and Nena-bushoo and listened to his deeply sincere and picturesque enunciation of his abiding faith we felt that we were, indeed, sitting at the feet of Gamaliel. His faith in the power and



efficacy of prayer to the Great Spirit was as the faith of a child.

It is proper that I should place on record some of these old stories as they have been related to me so often that they have almost become part of my own outlook.

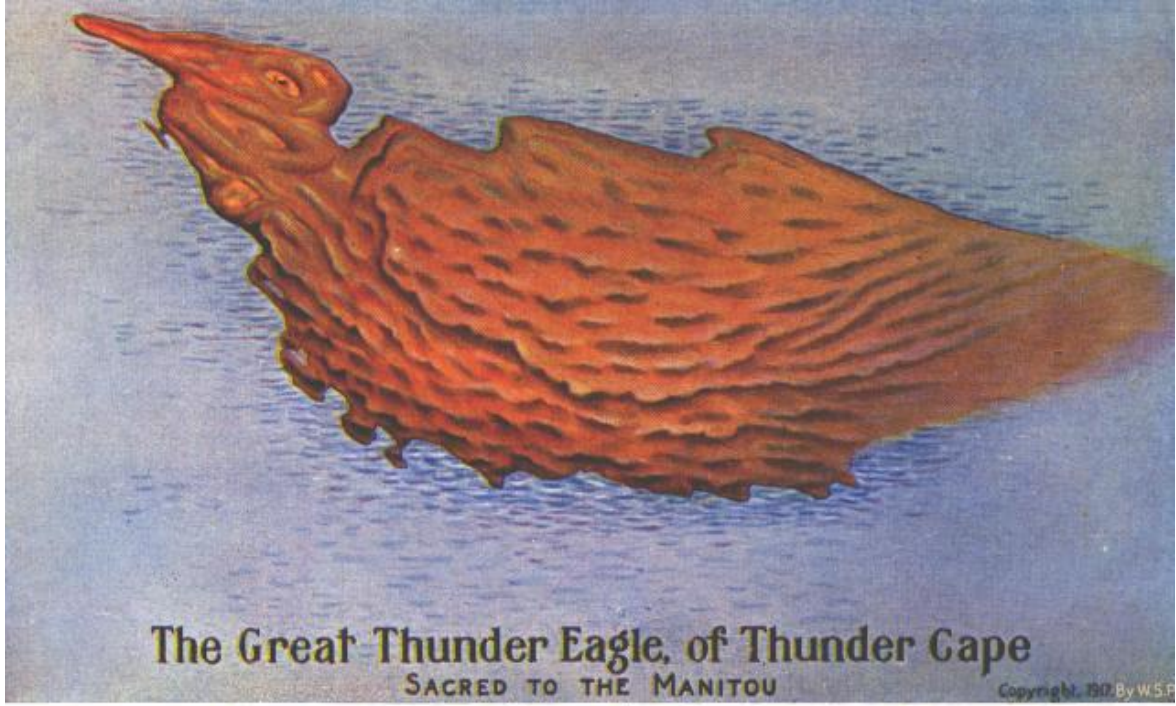
There are two Deities in the Indian religion; Manitou, the Supreme God, and Nenabushoo. There is also the evil spirit, Matchie Manitou. Consequently, I asked Enoch to describe for us the attributes of these characters. To this request he replied:—

“Kitchie Manitou (God) is the Great Spirit to whom all our prayers are offered, the one Supreme Being in whose keeping lies the destiny of the whole Universe. His voice speaks to us in the wind, in the thunder, in the great storms, in the waters and in the forest through the trees. Everywhere he speaks to us that we may not lie, steal, hate or unnecessarily destroy the works of Nenabushoo, but rather obey and hearken to her voice.

“Then there is Nenabushoo, owner of the Earth, of the same age as the Earth, her food is ‘time’ and she cannot grow old because she

continually renews herself. We are permitted to call her 'Friend,' but she is much more than our friend, she is our Mother. Her home is with the Manitou and the spirits of our dead. When the Earth is wrapped in sorrow and gloom she sends her watch lights trailing down the sky, surrounding the Earth with great shafts of fire that all men may see, and take warning lest the Great Thunder Eagle, in all its glorious colours, should appear in majesty over Thunder Cape. For this is our Covenant that tells us the Manitou has not forgotten us. She is patient and long suffering, slow to wrath, loving and kind, but those who continually disobey her laws she wallops without mercy.

“Lastly there is the Evil One, Machie Manitou, known as the smooth, slick robber, the liar and enemy of all mankind who wages relentless war on all the higher aspirations of the human race. He is endowed with innumerable disguises, is able to take any shape or impersonate any character and has the power to call any number of other beings to his assistance, who are submerged in evil even as he is submerged. Under the protection of his various disguises he



THE ABOVE IS AN EXACT REPRODUCTION OF THUNDER CAPE, LAKE SUPERIOR, AS SHOWN ON U. S. AND CANADIAN GOVT. MARINE CHARTS.—WILLIAM S. PIPER.

is able to accomplish such a record of crime, deceit and deviltry that it is impossible for the mind of simple man to even partially comprehend it. His first appearance on Earth was in the form of a copper coloured serpent, our copper head snake, the most treacherous, vindictive and poisonous of all our reptiles.”

As he finished speaking both awe and wonder filled our hearts at the poetic beauty of his conception of the main springs of eternal life, so impressively supported by that simple and sincere faith that one could readily believe possessed the power to remove mountains or perform miracles.

And so, for the two days and much of the nights, we conversed with our distinguished guest on subjects both grave and gay, not forgetting every possible reference to any point that might shed some light on the location of the Lost Mother Mine.

Just before retiring at the close of the second day we inspected the heavens which seemed to be getting rapidly exhausted of their moisture. Enoch confidently predicted that the rain was practically over and that a gloriously fine to-

morrow would see the inauguration of the dance.

Early the next morning, in such weather as he had predicted, Enoch left with Joe for the dancing lodge but Edward and I then promptly forgot all about the impending ceremony and fell to discussing every little scrap of information that had fallen from the lips of Enoch that might have even the remotest bearing on the Lost Mother Mine.

We were abruptly disturbed by the unceremonious entry of a young Indian. Carrying a small pipe in his hand he proceeded to the stove and lifted a small red ember which he placed in the bowl.

He then handed the pipe to Edward, saying, "I carry the pipe from Joe Turtle and Enoch Eagle to you men and you are required to attend the dance of the Dog Lake Band of the Ojibways."

We each solemnly took a few puffs from the beautifully ornate pipe which ceremony, we had previously ascertained from Joe, constituted an acceptance of the invitation.

The pipe itself was a work of art and well

worthy of description. It was about twenty inches long made of a beautiful polished red rock which we knew to be the famous Nipigon Red Rock. The hardwood stem was elaborately decorated with coloured bead work, ribbon and fur. The tobacco had been skilfully blended with herbs producing a delightful aroma.

The great day had at length arrived and we hurried through our mid-day meal to be early at the dancing lodge where a most gorgeous, and never to be forgotten scene met our eyes. Countless people were moving around in gala dress, many of the women wearing shawls of the most gorgeous hues, and some of them painted in brilliant colours.

We rather timidly advanced to join the throng, but were met by welcoming smiles on every side, several people moving aside to make room for us between our friends Joe and Enoch.

Soon the orchestra, which consisted of ten drummers on the large drums and three on the small drums, took their places around the centre pole. The process of tuning was accompanied by a good deal of noise as one by one they

placed the faces of the drums over the heat of the fire, tapping softly until the sound indicated that the correct tension had been achieved.

It was almost three o'clock before the actual ceremony, the dedication of the calumet, took place but time passed quickly as Joe and Enoch explained to us the properties of each of the drum heads, all of which were made of the skins of either animals or fish, the finest toned drums of them all being made from the skin of the sturgeon.

The calumet dance is invariably given by those who have been privileged to either make, or decorate, the calumet, or by someone who had been presented with the calumet for some conspicuous deed of bravery.

The drums having been all tuned to the apparent satisfaction of the musicians the leader raised his drum to his ear and began to play and sing in soft tones, one by one the remainder of the orchestra chimed in, until the whole air seemed filled with the perfect harmony of the weird and fascinating music.

The music stopped as the dancers, preceded

by their leader, entered the ring, all painted and clothed in elaborately beaded costumes. In the left hand of the leader was held the calumet. He was easily the most striking personage in the vast assembly, his coat being worked with beads into an elaborate design, helped by a highly decorated apron. His leggings were a work of art carried out in beads and bells finished off by moccasins embellished with the many coloured quills of the porcupine. But conspicuous above all was his head dress of eagle's feathers held around his forehead by a heavily beaded band from which were suspended beaded pendants which covered his ears.

Approaching the fire he dropped to his knees and placed a live ember in the bowl of the pipe. Arising to his feet he then, with radiant face and an attitude of more than mortal ecstasy, held the pipe high above his head as an offering to the Manitou. Then bending low he touched the ground with the pipe, an offering to the Earth. Then, in rotation, pointing the pipe to the four cardinal points of heaven, the North, the East, the South and the West, he passed it around to those within the lodge.



At this moment the drums, whistles, rattles and singers broke into full chorus and the dance began. The striking leader, although an elderly man, stepped with an ease and natural grace that is attained by few. The dancers followed, imitating his steps as closely as possible. Occasionally he would point the pipe at one of the onlookers who would gravely bow in acknowledgement.

After the dance had proceeded for some time the shrill sound of a whistle brought it to a temporary close and we were now invited to the feast.

Accompanying Enoch we made our way to the fire where, on tripods made of poles, hung huge kettles of tea and where, spread on long rustic tables decorated with wild flowers and leaves, was a feast which for variety and quantity of game, fish and fruits, would have delighted an epicure.

Squatting down in the shade of a large spruce Enoch called his daughter and addressed some remarks to her in her mother tongue. She hastened away and soon returned with a basket of dishes and placed before each of us a plate, tin cup, knife and fork.

“Friends,” said Enoch, “I hope you have brought your appetites with you. We can serve you with almost everything except an appetite. This is our day of peace and plenty, we have roast bear, deer, moose, ducks and wild rice, several kinds of fish, beaver and beaver’s tails, tea as you use it as well as our own Labrador tea, with maple sugar. Now, what will you have?”

The magnitude of this menu was bewildering and, as we hesitated in making our choice, Enoch relieved us of our embarrassment by saying that he would help us. So splitting two cones of rice cake he laid fragrant beaver’s tails, smoking hot, on each and daintily placed them on our plates which he handed to us, remarking that if we did not like the beaver tails he would provide something else.

Although the pleasing excitement had put a keen edge on our appetites I must admit that my first bite was a very dainty one, but after that first bite those tails seemed to vanish like magic, they were a delicious morsel entirely different to anything that we had ever previously tasted and we now prepared to make a good meal.

I am sure that we disposed of a greater variety and larger portions of food than the demands of nature required, whilst Enoch explained to us how these beaver tails had been cooked. The tail is cut off where the skin and fur adjoin, a sharp stick inserted in the tail, which is then held over the fire until it swells up like a ball, which loosens the skin from the meat. Then a rapid pull will strip the skin off like paper. The insertion of two slits in the centre makes it ready for smoking. After this process it may be eaten at once, but, if desired, it will keep for years. The tails that we had consumed had been boiled after the smoking so that they were very tender.

The dance still went on and, although small groups would frequently leave the ring to feast and smoke, they quickly returned to rejoin the dance. Although it was very late when we left for our camp the fun still waxed fast and furious, with First Daughter still galloping in the lead.

It had been a very tiring day for us and the peacefulness of our camp, and the distant throb of the drums soon lulled us to sleep.

As this festival drew to a close many strange Indians were appearing at the encampment, having journeyed from far and near that they might participate in the succeeding christening dance and dog feast. Many of them were in poor health in quest of healing. Amongst them were several medicine men, accompanied by their drummers, in most elaborate costumes and carrying their multi-coloured medicine bags. These medicine men were highly honoured for, in addition to knowing the medicinal value of all the roots, barks, trees and shrubs in that region, for the healing of the sick, they had been compelled to lie, in lonely vigil, on the Dream Stone of Lake Superior, whilst they fasted, prayed and dreamed for the space of ten days.

The object of this fasting, dreaming and praying is to discipline and strengthen the mental faculties so that they may be fit and worthy to hold communion with the spirits.

All Indian dances have some special significance but the Christening Dance and the Dog Feast are religious ceremonies and of greater importance to the Ojibways than any other of their numerous dances, and these two cere-

monies can only be performed by a medicine man.

One of their strong beliefs is that a new name means renewed life, and if the object be the restoration of good health, the medicine man must be given notice some time in advance so that he may be able to commune with his dreams and so learn the name that would be most suitable for the welfare of his patient. The patients know nothing of the name which they are about to receive, that is left entirely at the discretion of the physician and, no matter how bizarre the name may appear to be, it is always gladly accepted.

The medicine dance and dog feast to be held by these medicine men was primarily for those who wished to learn the art of healing from the sages of the tribe and the ceremony includes the presentation of a small piece of the flesh of the dog which is offered to their dreams so that they may acquire the knowledge and skill necessary to heal the sick. Consequently, to be invited to eat dog with the medicine man was esteemed as a great honour and those that were so favoured were considered most fortunate.

At the same time every supplicant, even the most humble, could secure a small portion, and many availed themselves of this privilege.

Amongst these it was surprising to see the number of aged people, in great poverty, who were seeking to be healed, when their principle disease was under-nourishment. The lot of a poor person in any walk of life is very hard, but much more so in the case of the native Indian. This distressing condition offers a real chance for those with money to spare, to make a wonderful investment where they cannot fail to reap a rich and certain reward.

The dog feast continued all through that third night with its full accompaniment of strange and loud noises so that it was almost daylight before a sufficient silence reigned, so that we could get to sleep.

The following day, acting on the friendly advice of Joe, we engaged O-be-kong (Flower Bud) to pilot us down the Kaministiquia River on our return journey, as there were many treacherous shoals and rapids lying in wait for the inexperienced or the unwary. To facilitate an early start we moved, that evening, down

the river to the expansion known as Little Dog Lake, where O-be-kong, or "Jack" as we had agreed to call him, picked us up at early dawn.

We found Jack a most interesting character and a real store house of interesting stories but, alas, he would add nothing to the one that was so important to us.

Nothing unusual happened on our trip down to Kaministiquia Station although there were many times when running the various rapids, producing the usual full complement of thrills, that I would have preferred being on the shore to witness the performance of that canoe.

It seemed particularly at the foot of each rapid that the frail bark canoe bumped, pitched and reared but Jack handled it with all the assurance of a skilled driver controlling a blooded trotter and from that experience whenever an Indian, a canoe and myself constitute the main features of a picture, no thought of fear or apprehension ever assails me, on the contrary, I feel a keener delight than from any other sensation within my experience.

Probably similar experiences cause so many visitors to return, year after year, to spend

their vacations along the North Shore of Lake Superior, to participate in that open, natural life, free of all pretense, that strengthens both body and mind. To me, such experiences have all the lure and fascination attached to the seeking of treasure-trove, the charm never grows old, and the benefits and rewards are continuous and certain.

This, my most interesting exploration trip, was fast drawing to a close. We had not discovered the Lost Mother Mine but we had brought some likely looking specimens of rock and our bottle of moose lick water.

The latter we trusted to the analysis and opinion of a local physician who stated that it had no chemical element that was likely to affect rheumatism if taken internally but that it might have some value if used for bathing. But, he advised us, there are many such springs in this country, particularly, on the Jarvis, the Cloud and the Pine Rivers, where the animals have eaten the earth saturated by these bubbling springs to depths of some feet so your chances of securing an exclusive vogue for your spring are very remote.



We were not entirely downcast by this opinion but concentrated our hopes on the beautiful gold coloured rock that we had sent to Belleville for assay. When the assay certificate was forwarded to us we were deeply shocked. Its most telling points are as follows:—

THIS CERTIFIES that we have assayed for W. S. Piper, Fort William, Ont., one sample of ore described below. To be assayed for gold and silver. The sample of ore pulped to 100 mesh fineness, contains values per ton (2000 lbs.) as follows:—Mark 46-12; Description, quartz with iron pyrite; GOLD, oz per ton, NIL; Value per ton of ore, NIL; SILVER, oz per ton, NIL; Value per ton of ore, NIL. “This sample consists of quartz with iron pyrite and there is no indication of commercial value, the iron pyrite not being present in sufficient amount to be of value.”

Could you beat it? Not even a “trace” and I assure you that my enthusiasm for minerals almost entirely seeped out of my toes right there. Not so with Edward, however, immediately on my refusal to participate in further exploration he interested many prominent citizens and formed a new company which continued to operate, with indifferent success, until the Klondyke

rush gripped Edward's imagination and he once more hit the lone trail for the Golden West.

As for me, the passing years tended to turn my thoughts to other things and the Lost Mother Mine reverted into the back ground. But about three years ago Jack, who was seriously ill and getting well advanced in years, sent for me and confided the secret of the long hidden mine. During the youth of his Father many traders used to come from the South, the United States, to barter for furs and they were always interested in securing specimens of gold, silver or copper. The usual compensation for such a specimen was a long knife, so that they were known to us as "The people of the Long Knives."

"When I was a small boy my father took my mother, the young baby and myself on a trip to secure specimens. We camped on the banks of a small creek which issued from a ravine lying between two steep and rocky hills. Then from a depression close to the side of the creek my father cut out some specimens that seemed to consist of little else but native silver. Carefully covering every sign of the vein, or any disturb-

ance in the vicinity, he solemnly warned me never to reveal this spot to any living soul and that if I should ever do so to any white man I would surely die."

Jack is buried in the cemetery at Squaw Bay, under the shadow of its guardian mountain and close to the restless waters of that greatest of all Lakes, Superior. Flowers which I took to his funeral were placed inside the coffin, on his breast. "Flower Bud" was his name and in death flowers surrounded him, fit emblems of the character of this, one of Nature's gentlemen.

That the mine actually exists there can be no doubt. The description furnished by Jack tallies exactly with that of old John Cummings, excepting the "covering" which had doubtless been done by its native Guardians immediately after Cummings' first visit and discovery. I am sure that Jack knew its exact location and, no doubt, in the not far distant future some enterprising prospector will rediscover the Lost Mother Mine.



THE "LION" OF THUNDER CAPE.



"MOOS-OOS" OF THUNDER CAPE.



OLD SILVER ISLET MINE.



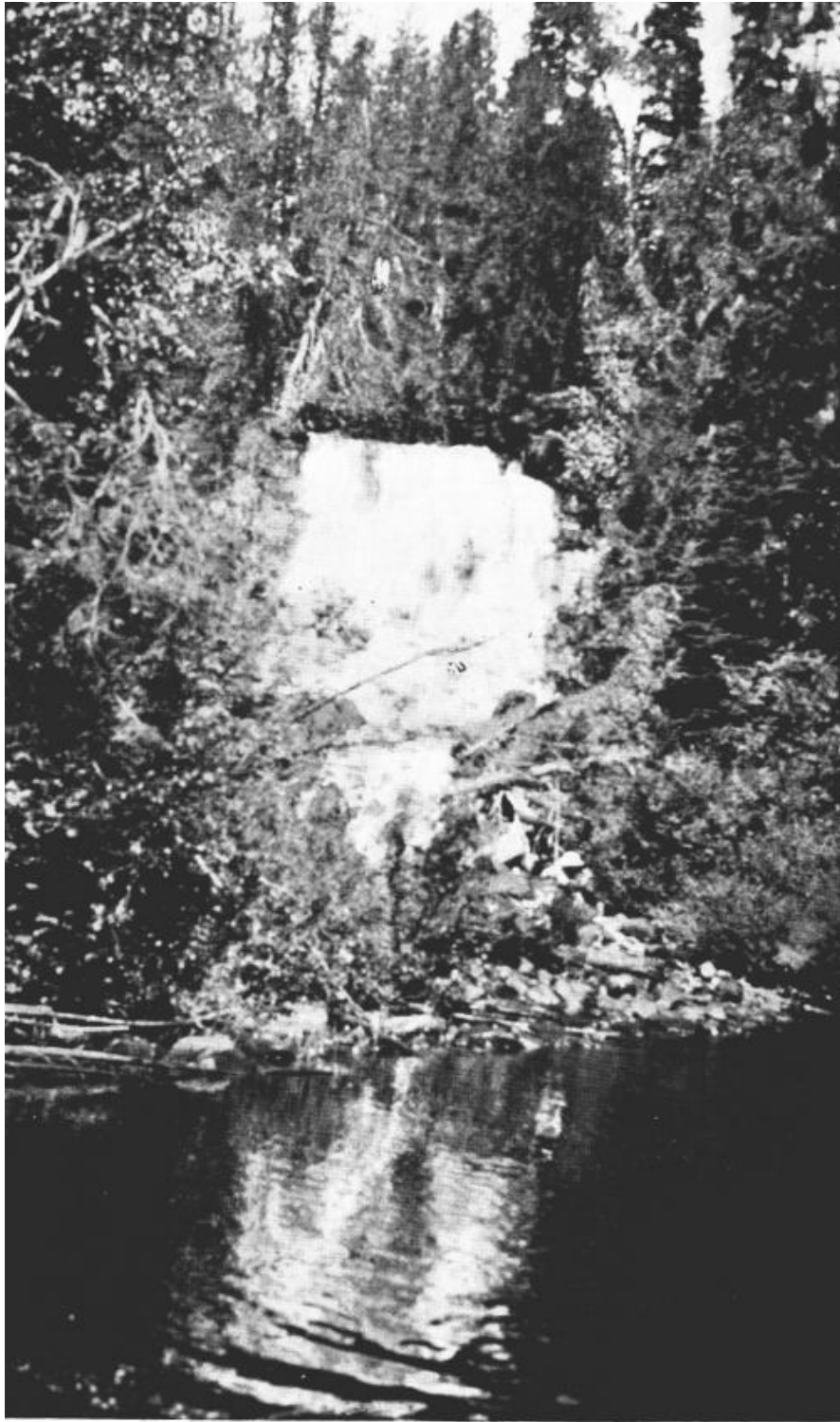
SILVER ISLET SUMMER RESORT.



THE SACRED ROCK "SHAMINITOU."



"NO REEF FISHING TODAY."



OTTER RIVER AND FALLS.

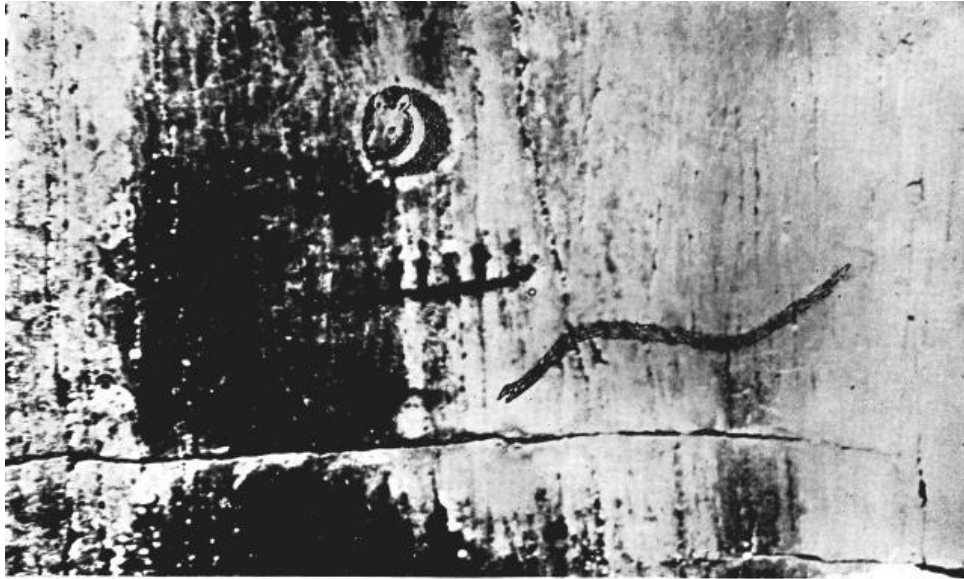


VIRGIN FALLS, NEPIGON RIVER.



C. P. R. BRIDGE CROSSING THE NEPIGON.





PICTURE ROCKS, LAKE OLIVER, OGAMA DOG, BIG CANOE AND SNAKE.



"ON OUR WAY."



GRAVES OPENED FOR INDIAN RELICS ON THE WELCOME  
ISLAND BATTLEFIELD



LURE DOUBTS MY MEASUREMENTS.



AT ANCHOR, EAGLE'S NEST, NEPIGON STRAITS.



THE AUTHOR.