

**BLACK BEAVER, THE
TRAPPER. THE
ONLY BOOK EVER
WRITTEN BY A TRAPPER**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649019229

Black Beaver, the Trapper. The Only Book Ever Written by a Trapper by James Campbell
Lewis

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
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JAMES CAMPBELL LEWIS

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BLACK BEAVER

THE TRAPPER

The Only Book Ever
Written by a Trapper
James C. Lewis

**TWENTY-TWO YEARS WITH
BLACK BEAVER**

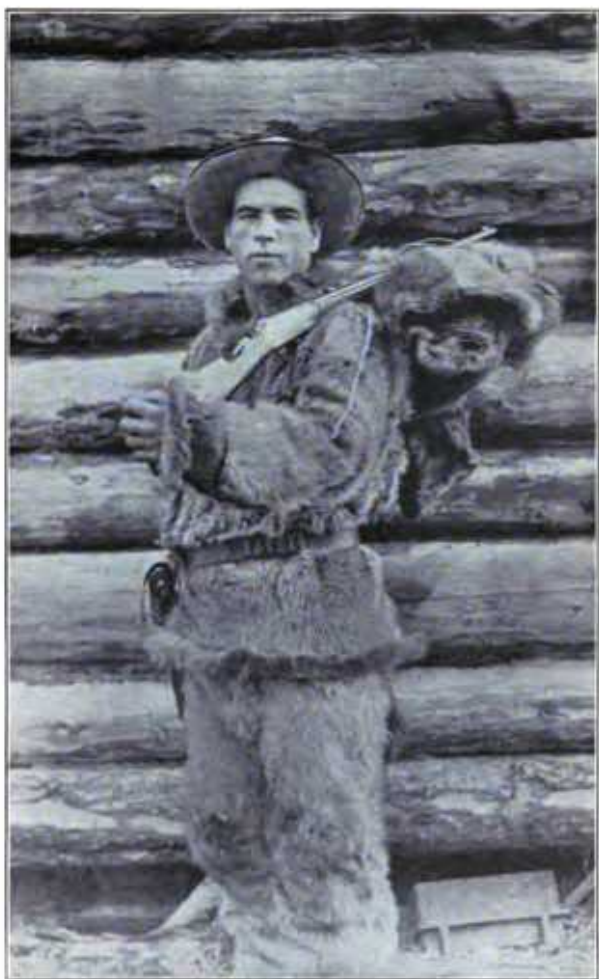
**LEWIS AND CLARK
A HUNDRED YEARS LATER**

*FROM THE AMAZON
TO THE MACKENZIE RIVERS*

COPYRIGHTED BY GEO. EDWARD LEWIS.
YEAR 1911.



"THE FOUNDERS OF THE FIRST ARCTIC ALASKAN EDUCATIONAL EXHIBITION."



BLACK BEAVER AS ARCTIC JIM AT CAMP NEAR
MT. MCKINLEY

SK45
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THE AUTHOR'S EXCUSE.

I am both sorry and glad to inform my readers—that I can neither read nor write.

It would seem absurd for a blind man to study the stars, Or for a deaf man to study music; so it might seem to you absurd for a man who cannot write to write a book. But I have an excuse for writing these events. The President of Mexico; and the Governor of Alaska together with several hundreds between, equally as popular have urged me to write my history. I am sorry I cannot write this with my own fingers but I have a substitute in my old back-woods chum—The Kidd. Who by the way—neither writes very flourishing, because he like myself has done the most of his writing with his six-shooter; because you know this a more expressive way of talking and a more impressive way of writing. I have a brother who is a real educated gentleman, he tried to dissuade me from publishing my history because I think he is afraid he will be outshone by literary merit. I have no ambition to outshine him, nor William Shakespere nor any other erudite. I have a very limited vocabulary, and since swearing and smoking are not allowed in print, I shall have to loose the biggest half of that. I shall omit foreign language, I could assault you with Mex—or Si-wash but I fear you could not survive the battery. So I shall confine myself to simple speech, such as I have used in all lands. From Gotch my bronco to Arctic my dog. It has served me since I was six summers old It served me amid the bells of Peru and then afar amid the Agate Eyed squaws of The Kuskokwim; and this ought to be a good excuse.—
Yours truly
J. C. LEWIS.

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INTRODUCTORY.

I have undertaken the arduous task of rewriting that which was never written. My charge was "fix it up but do not change it." These words were hurled at me one morning at four o'clock in the month of April, as my big brother boarded the Overland Limited bound for the Iditarod Alaska. He had in that far-away region five-hundred skins in cache which he had taken from the backs of the costliest animals that ran in northland world. In various parts of Alaska Black Beaver had treasures which he was now intent upon gathering to fit up an outfit to be known as "The Arctic Alaskan Educational Exhibition" Perhaps no other man in this country can tell such amusing and beneficial stories about travels, fatigue and furs As the Author of this book. This was the creative force which suggested the organization of this party. Black Beaver has traveled as no other man ever traveled in Alaska, four times in as many years he crossed the entire country by dog-team in a diagonal way from Dawson to Point Barrow and from Gnome to The mouth of the Mackinzie river. Being able to speak several indian dialects, he was able converse with Siwash, Mucklock, Malimouth and other types getting the most valuable kind of information. You have never read a book written by a trapper. Usually some smooth gent makes up a romance and puts them in other mouths—but this is not true of this book. It is a true experience of the life and labors of the Author. Respectfully submitted
Sept 1911. GEO. EDWARD LEWIS.

BLACK BEAVER THE TRAPPER.

At the age of four years I began to pick up arms against small birds and animals. At the age of five I began to trap around my father's corn-shocks. When I reached my sixth year my father bought me a dog and he was my constant companion for many years. At the age of five years I began to make Bows and arrows, and cross guns, likewise sling shots. My first experience was with by bros, George and Lee in killing a woodchuck. And from this time my adventures began to multiply. All kinds of small animals fell before my accurate aim.

My adventursome father had crossed the great plains as early as 1846. He was thrilled to the core with the bold and desperate experiences of the wild western world. On his way he met and formed the acquaintance Of several of the noted trappers and explorers, as well as the acquaintance of the most daring and dangerous savages that ever rode the arena of the Great American Desert.

My chief joy from in fancy was to have my father tell me his dangerous travels and exploits in the early west. I was continually begging my older brother to read about Kit Carson Daniel Boone and other pioneers. At the age of seven years I took a notion that I wanted a gun. Bows and arrows, cross-bows sling-shots knives and hatchets were too tame for me. I sought an occasion when my father was away, to get from my mother the needed information, how to load and discharge a gun. One day when all were away I stole my fathers gun. It was a double barreled muzzle loader, one barrel shot and the other rifle. I had quite an