

**THE HOME OF THE
WOLVERENE AND BEAVER;
OR, FUR-HUNTING IN
THE WILDS OF CANADA**

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The home of the wolverene and beaver; or, Fur-hunting in the wilds of Canada by Charles Henry Eden

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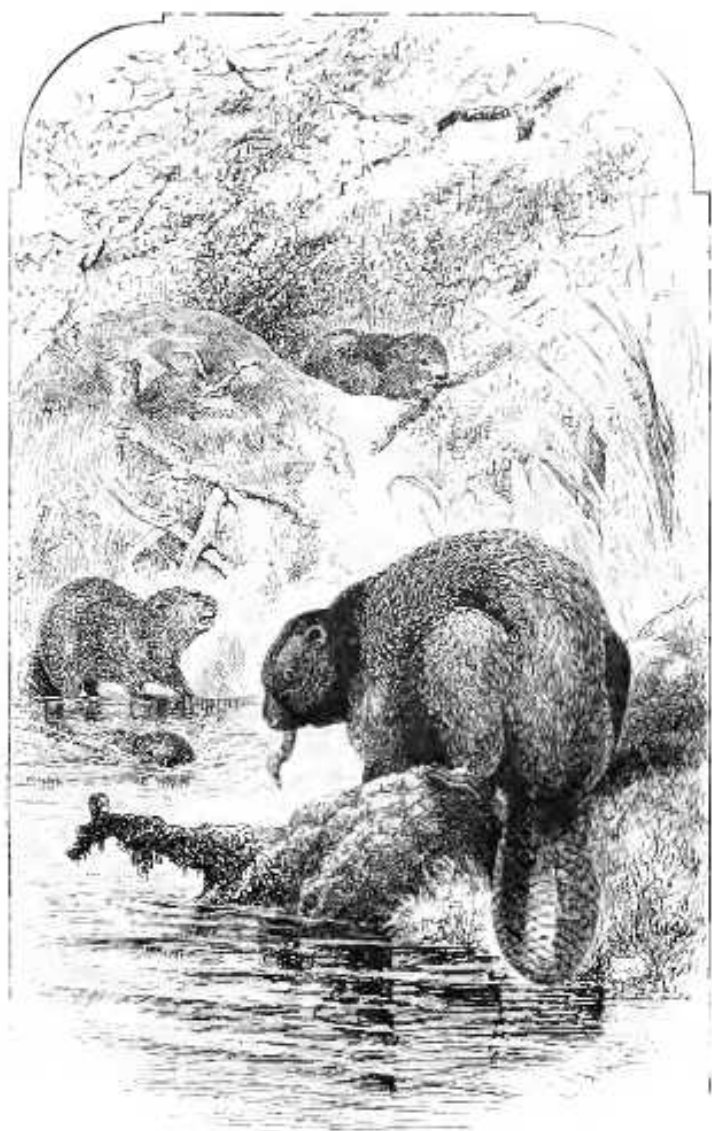
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THE BEAVER'S HOME.

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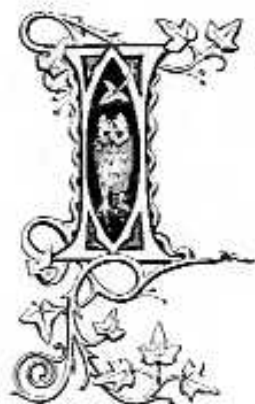
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PREFACE.



IN the following pages I have endeavoured to give an account of the various methods employed by Fur-hunters for the capture of the animals whose skins form so important an article of commerce in the three continents of Europe, Asia, and America; and whilst so doing I have given a brief outline of the appearance and habits of the animals themselves, together with such anecdotes as I thought would prove interesting to the general reader. As a couple of hundred pages devoted to trapping alone must of necessity be somewhat dull, I have attempted to lighten the volume by some account of the Settlement on the Columbia River founded by Mr. John Jacob Astor, making use of the two most authentic

records, namely, Washington Irving's "Astoria," and Mr. A. Ross's "Adventures on the Oregon River." For the natural history portion of the book I have also followed the best authorities, namely, Messrs. Audubon and Bachman, Sir John Richardson, and Mr. Samuel Hearne.

My original intention was to change the scene from the Canadian forests to the prairie land of the Far West, with its wandering bands of warlike Indians and larger *Fauna*—the buffalo and the grizzly bear, but the space at my command prevented this, and I have confined myself solely to forest hunting and trapping. Whether the reception accorded to this little volume will justify me in supplementing it with another, remains to be seen.

C. H. EDEN.

THE
HOME OF THE WOLVERENE AND BEAVER ;

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CHAPTER I.

“**T**HE keeper said the ice was dangerous towards the head of the mere ; and you know I told Mrs. Marshall I would bring you back in safety, so don't venture too far in that direction, George,” cried Paul Gresham to his companion, as both lads, having buckled on their skates, prepared to enjoy a good forenoon's amusement on the fine sheet of frozen water that stood within the boundary of Mr. Marshall's park.

“Never fear, old Paul. You know I am only a feather-weight,” laughed George, launching himself upon the smooth surface, which had been swept

6 *The Home of the Wolverine and Beaver.*

free of all obstructions by a small boy from the village, closely followed by Rover, a pet retriever, whose anxiety to keep near his master throughout the mazes and twirlings of his course often brought the faithful animal to dire grief.

"The dog is a nuisance," muttered Paul, who, less experienced in the art of skating than his younger companion George Marshall, had nearly fallen headlong over Rover in one of his unexpected turns; "he'll knock me off my pins in a minute. Can't you keep him on the bank, George," he cried, raising his voice and pointing to the dog.

"All right; I'll amuse him until you feel your ice-legs under you," replied the latter, and making for the bank he provided himself with a stick, which he threw far away towards the head of the lake for the dog to retrieve. Either the animal was disobedient or instinct warned him that the ice in the part where the stick had stopped was unequal to even his light weight, for he paused, whining, and looked back beseechingly at his master, who, unable to account for such strange conduct, was skating towards him at speed.

"Oh, please come back, George," shouted Paul, on seeing the direction his companion was taking; "even the dog has got sense enough to know the ice is too thin there." But his warning was