

more brutal than Loo lets on. Miners dislodged Native groups and the colonial government protected settlers's claims to Native land. If a liberal-legal culture emerged in British Columbia, we must acknowledge that it denied Native people any proprietary interest in land and produced a reserve system. Loo says hardly anything about land policy, Indian policy, or the Native-white contact process. She is interested in capital and labour, competition and the market, not in property relations, which is surprising, since the right to private property is a basic tenet of liberal philosophy.

But it is not just these silences, or Loo's handling of the court record, that makes this book so tantalizing. Underlying her interest in British Columbia is a reasoned belief in the power and legitimacy of the liberal tradition. There is an idealistic, almost ghostly, ring to her thesis. She draws us into the utilitarian world of the individual and the market — a world that British Columbians are still trying to further and protect. I look at the British Columbian past and present and see social spaces washed with relations of domination — spaces girded by a legal-colonial calculus of power.

Loo has prepared some of the basic conceptual groundwork for a much-needed analysis of the articulation of liberalism and colonialism in British Columbia. Debate about this book should cut an important trail in that direction.

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DANIEL CLAYTON

The Klondike Stampede, by Tappan Adney, with a new introduction by Ken Coates. Vancouver: UBC Press, 1994. xxii, 470 pp. Illus. \$19.95 paper.

In July, 1897, a young journalist named Tappan Adney was commissioned by *Harper's Weekly* "to proceed to Dawson to furnish news and pictures of the new (Klondike) gold-fields" (p.9). The first Alaska steamships bringing reports of sensational gold strikes had docked in Seattle and San Francisco a month earlier and, with the help of major newspaper chains, the news spread like wildfire throughout depression-torn North America and Europe. Armed with two cameras, many rolls of film in sealed tins, and a keen reporter's eye, Adney caught a northerly bound steamer from San Francisco on August 9th. During the next ninety-two days, he interviewed the men he met and

observed their behaviour as participants in a massive human movement over appallingly difficult terrain and down the Yukon River corridor to Dawson City.

Merely reaching Dawson City ahead of freeze-up was an achievement taking ninety-two days. In the absence of any reliable information, travellers based their decisions on rumour — of impossibly high prices, dangerous rapids, encroaching ice, devastating famine: “No two stories agreed save that all told of trouble and hardship past comprehension,” he wrote as he tried to sort fiction from fact.

Adney had his own problems. His photographic chemicals were crushed in storage during the boat passage; his journal and camera caught fire in a freak accident in Skagway; his film was destroyed when it was submerged by an unusually high tide at Skagway — all before he even reached the Yukon. He reports these disasters and his own solutions with relentless enthusiasm.

His account of the trip over the White and Chilkoot Passes is chilling for those of us who climb its relatively groomed trail now as a weekend outing — the men who came were often unprepared and they and their horses suffered terribly. Adney’s own skills are reported casually: the boat he built with companions was far superior to most of the others on the river and his trip to Dawson records the numbers of boats he overtook. Retrospectively, it is interesting to know that in later years he turned his attentions to a study of subarctic canoe types and became an authority on the subject.

He arrived in Dawson on October 2nd, and from then until he left the following year on September 16th he described the physical and social fabric of the town — governmental institutions, varieties of gold-mining, miner’s disputes, winter construction projects, spring floods, midsummer nights, and the first influx of world news after a winter of isolation. His book is alive with people, and if his characterizations are sometimes stereotypic they are part of a genre familiar on the frontier. In a piece he published separately in 1901, his accounts of indigenous people are more flattering. After spending part of a winter with Han speaking people from around Dawson, he described how impressed he was with their technology and land use strategies.

Of hundreds of gold rush accounts, his stands out as one of the best and it remains engaging a century later. It was originally published in 1900 and reprinted in 1968, but it has never had the audience it deserves. Ken Coates and UBC Press are to be congratulated for making it available to us in this paperback version. It contains more than eighty photos and at least twenty drawings by the author,

supplemented with additional photos by other photographers. With the approach of the centenary of the Klondike gold rush, this book deserves to be widely read.

University of British Columbia

JULIE CRUIKSHANK

Roaring Days: Rossland's Mines and the History of British Columbia, by Jeremy Mouat. Vancouver: UBC Press, 1995. xvii, 236 pp. Maps, photos. \$39.95 cloth.

The title notwithstanding, there wasn't much roaring in Rossland even in its glory days at the turn of the century. Grumble rather than roar seems to be a more apt metaphor for what goes on between these covers. For the subject is constraint not disorder, the coming to terms with the rules, disappointments and muted pleasures of a conventional social order rather than any orgasmic casting off of its strictures. Indeed, there is something about both the analysis that makes Rossland seem surprisingly structured and disciplined, not just by those usual Canadian suspects — law and order — but also by inner self-imposed codes that effectively marked boundaries on mental maps and governed behaviour — notions of race, manliness and womanliness, and presumably childhood, concepts of property, the corporation, capitalism and the nation. The neat line of storefronts marching down the wide mainstreet; the rigidly posed photographs of workers or celebrants; in their own way these artifacts also show a town lined up, organized, settled. Rossland did not burst into life in some ludic canivalesque eruption of alternative communitarianism; rather it slipped quietly into the harness of toil, domesticity, ascribed places in a social and economic hierarchy and differentiated citizenship, and that is what this book is about.

The pleasure in reading *Roaring Days* comes not from its striking thesis, synthetic power or its intellectual architecture, but rather from its details. This is a book for the connoisseur of the footnote. The topical chapters are models of spare, stripped down monographic discipline. Exploration, transportation, company promotion, industrial relations, labour organization, social structure, corporate consolidation, and stagnation are briskly and succinctly addressed. The footnotes, by contrast, present a riot of information gathered up in Mouat's wide-ranging research expedition. In the fine print in the