

four days. At Moose Jaw we received the following kind letter from Mrs. C. F. Bennett, of Winnipeg:—

NEW DOUGLASS HOUSE, WINNIPEG, JUNE 8TH, 1885.

*Mrs. Delaney and Mrs. Gowanlock:*

DEAR MADAMS,—Although an entire stranger to both of you, I cannot resist the impulse to write you a few lines to say how thankful and delightful I am to hear of your rescue.

Before I was dressed this morning, my husband came up to tell me that you were both safe. And I cannot express to you, neither can you comprehend the joy that intelligence brought to *everyone*. The terrible stories of your being tortured and finally murdered, outraged the feelings of the whole civilized world, and while men swore to avenge your wrongs, women mourned you, as sisters.

I am very thankful to see by the papers that you were not so inhumanly treated as reported, although your experience has been a terrible one—and one which you can never forget.

I presume that as soon as you are a little rested, you will go east to your friends; should you do so, I will be most happy to entertain you while you are in Winnipeg.

After your captivity, you must be destitute of everything, and if you will come down here, we will be delighted to supply you with what you require. I do not know if you have personal friends here, or not, but your sufferings have given you a sister's place in every heart, and *every one* in Winnipeg would be deeply disappointed if you did not give them an opportunity of expressing their deep sympathy and regards.

Mr. Bennett unites with me in best wishes, and in hopes that you will accept our hospitality on your way east.

I am in deepest sympathy,

Sincerely yours,

MRS. C. F. BENNETT.

I shall never forget the words of sympathy that are expressed in this epistle, or the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. McCaul and the people of Winnipeg generally. On our way from Winnipeg to Parkdale we received every attention and assistance, which I can assure the reader went a long way in making sorrow lighter and more able to bear. I

thank God for the sympathy that was extended to me by his people. Mr. J. K. Macdonald of Toronto, was most assiduous in his attention to us from Winnipeg until we left the train at Parkdale on the 12th of July. I must not forget the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong also of Toronto, or the other ladies and gentlemen who were our fellow-passengers on the journey.



## CHAPTER XIX

## AT HOME.

**H**OME—torn from mine—back to the parental. I will now look back over the scene, taking a panoramic view of the whole, as it occurred from the day I left my father's house full of happiness and joy, until I entered it full of sorrow and suffering.

It is well for mankind that they are forbidden the knowledge of what will be their destiny. It was well-conceived by a loving father that it was for our interest to be kept in ignorance of what was in store, for we, his creatures. And thus it was that I entered upon the duties of the household, with a lightness of heart equal to that of any matron. In the humble home (I commence from there) in that beautiful north-west land of quietness and peace, there was not a ruffle heard, or a rumor sounded, of what was in store for that industrious little community. We were living in the bonds of fellowship with all mankind, and we had no fear. But in all that stillness there was an undercurrent at work that would soon make itself felt. Dissatisfaction on account of grievances, real or fancied, was blowing. It had broken out in one place, why should it not in another. This disaffected spirit was prevalent in all parts of that country. Who was to blame? who was the cause? direct or indirect, it is not my intention or desire to say; suffice it is to note, that there was discontent; and therefore there must have been grievances, and an attempt should have been made or an understanding arrived at, whereby this state of discontent should have been replaced by that of content, without disturbance. Where there is discontent there must be badness and suffering, with evils and excesses lying in its wake.

To have removed those grievances was the imperative duty of the dispensers of law and order and thus avoid those excesses, but it was not done in time and the inevitable did come swift and sure; the innocent were made to feel its fury. For that little hamlet by the creek was entered, and its domestic quietness destroyed and future prospects blighted. There was a degree of uneasiness felt after we were informed of the horror of Duck Lake. Two half-breeds, Blondin and Donaire, who were employed by my husband, were observed in frequent and earnest conversation with the Indians. Those two had but arrived from the scene at Duck Lake. For what were they there? Was it to incite the Indians? Their actions were, to say the least, suspicious.

I will not dwell on the terrible slaughter which followed, it is too painful a subject, simply stating that I had not believed that anything so awful would have been perpetrated by either half-breeds or Indians, until we were taken out of Mrs. Delaney's the second time, and then I felt that there would be trouble, but not in such a manner as that. When I was dragged from the death-bed of my husband, who had the ground for a couch and the canopy of heaven for a coverlet, I was in a bewildered condition. Half-unconsciously I allowed the Indian to drag me on to his tepee, and once in, the circumstances which led to my position, flitted through my brain in quick succession. I then realized that it was most critical; in a few hours I would be forced to undergo ill-treatment that would very soon kill me. With those thoughts within my mind, the tepee opened and a little girl entered, an angel sent by God to be my deliverer. Although not aware, she was his instrument in taking me out of danger and placing me in a purer atmosphere. That child was Pritchard's little girl and I asked her to send her father. He came and by his influence I was transferred to his care for a

## CHAPTER XIX

## AT HOME.

**H**OME—torn from mine—back to the parental. I will now look back over the scene, taking a panoramic view of the whole, as it occurred from the day I left my father's house full of happiness and joy, until I entered it full of sorrow and suffering.

It is well for mankind that they are forbidden the knowledge of what will be their destiny. It was well-conceived by a loving father that it was for our interest to be kept in ignorance of what was in store, for we, his creatures. And thus it was that I entered upon the duties of the household, with a lightness of heart equal to that of any matron. In the humble home (I commence from there) in that beautiful north-west land of quietness and peace, there was not a ruffle heard, or a rumor sounded, of what was in store for that industrious little community. We were living in the bonds of fellowship with all mankind, and we had no fear. But in all that stillness there was an undercurrent at work that would soon make itself felt. Dissatisfaction on account of grievances, real or fancied, was blowing. It had broken out in one place, why should it not in another. This disaffected spirit was prevalent in all parts of that country. Who was to blame? who was the cause? direct or indirect, it is not my intention or desire to say; suffice it is to note, that there was discontent; and therefore there must have been grievances, and an attempt should have been made or an understanding arrived at, whereby this state of discontent should have been replaced by that of content, without disturbance. Where there is discontent there must be badness and suffering, with evils and excesses lying in its wake.

since was it not my money with which he purchased me. By the help of God I was saved from him ; and a life worse than death. If the worst had come I would have drowned or killed myself ; but it did not. "God moves in a mysterious way."

During the next two months I was called upon to witness heart-rending scenes ; first the brutal treatment of the dead bodies of our husbands', as well as cruelty to ourselves ; for even under Pritchard's care we were not safe and did not know what minute would be our last. Not content with murdering them in cold blood, they must needs perform diabolical deeds which causes me to shudder when I think of it. They danced around them with demoniac glee, kicking and pulling them in every direction, and we were the unwilling witnesses of such behaviour. And when we had them buried under the church they burned it down, with dancing and yelling, accompanied with hysterical laughter. The sight was sickening to me and I was glad they moved in the direction of Fort Pitt, leaving that place with all its associations of suffering and death. But when I heard that they intended to take the Fort, and destroy more life, I felt that I would rather remain where we were than witness any more scenes of so sad a nature. I have no happy tale to tell for this period was filled with woe and pain.

I will not enumerate further the trials I had to undergo day after day, but will pass rapidly on until the gladsome note was sounded by our hostess Mrs. Pritchard the "police are here." God delivered us again.

It is unnecessary to itemize in detail what passed from that time until I reached Ontario. I have told my tale, simple and truthful, and what remains for me now is my old

home, my old associations, and my old life—the lines are hard to bear—"Thy will not mine be done."

Once I thought my cross too heavy,  
And my heart was sore afraid,  
Summoned forth to stand a witness  
For the cause of truth betrayed.

"Send, O Lord," I prayed, "some Simon,  
As of old was sent to Thee."

"Be a Simon," said the Master,  
"For this cross belongs to me."

Still is crucified my Saviour,  
I myself must a Simon be;  
Take my cross and walk humbly  
Up the slopes of Calvary.



## TO ONE OF THE ABSENT.

You bade me good-bye with a smile, love,  
 And away to the west wild and drear ;  
 At the sound of war's bugle shrill calling  
 You went without shadow of fear.  
 But when I complained of your going,  
 To face dangers untold in the west ;  
 You chided me gently by singing :  
 " Encourage me dear 'twill be best."

" I know you will miss me each hour  
 And grieve when I'm far, far away :  
 But its duty's demand and I'm ready ;  
 Could I show the white feather to-day ?  
 Oh ! Now, you're my own bright eyed blessing  
 And show the true spirit within :  
 Those eyes now so fearlessly flashing  
 Shall guide me through war's crash and din."

With your men you went cheerful and willing,  
 To defend and take peace to the poor  
 Helpless children and sad prisoned women  
 Who had homes on Saskatchewan's shore,  
 And now I'm so proud of you darling  
 I can worship a hero so brave,  
 While I pray for your safe home returning ;  
 When the peace flag shall quietly wave.

O'er the land where poor Scott's heartless murderer,  
 Has added much more to his sin ;  
 By the cold-blooded uncalled for slaughter,  
 Of Gowanlock, Delaney and Quinn,  
 Who like many others now sleeping,  
 Shroudless near the sky of the west,  
 May be called the sad victims and martyrs  
 Of Riel who's name we detest.



Many hearts are now mourning their lov'd ones  
 Who died at their post, true and brave,  
 In defiance of one heartless rebel,  
 Who's life not e'en "millions" should save.  
 So keep your arm strong for the fray dear,  
 I'll not wish you back 'ere the fight  
 Shall decide for you, country and comrades,  
 In favor of honour and right.

Let justice be done now unailing  
 Nought but *death* can atone for his sin ;  
 Let the fate he has meted to others ;  
 By our dauntless be meted to him,  
 Don't return until quiet contentment ;  
 Fills the homes now deserted out west,  
 And the true ring of peace finds an echo,  
 In each sturdy settler's breast.

And when you are homeward returning,  
 With heart that has never known fear ;  
 Remember the love light is burning,  
 Unceasingly, constantly, here  
 And "Bright Eyes" will give you a welcome  
 Which even a soldier may prize  
 While the lips will be smiling with pleasure,  
 That have prayed in your absence with sighs.

And the whole world shall ring with the praises  
 Of Canada's noblest and best ;  
 Who shoulder to shoulder defended,  
 And saved the unhappy North-West  
 While in coming years 'round the hearthstone  
 Will be told how the dark coats and red,  
 Put to rout Riel, rebels and half-breeds  
 And aveng'd both the living and dead.

CLEOMATI.

20 Alexander St., Toronto.

## SHOT DOWN.

THEY died a brutal death on the 2nd of April, disarmed first, and then shot down. The perpetrators of that outrage were actuated by fiendish instincts, nevertheless they had an intuition of what was meant by civilization. How they could have so forgotten the training they had received religiously and socially to have allowed the lower instincts of the savage to gain the ascendancy and fell in cold blood—not extortioners or land-grabbers—but their spiritual advisers ; their superintendent ; their farm instructor, and those who had left comfortable homes in the east in order to carry civilization into the remote places of the west. The work that they were performing was calculated to elevate the Indian and make him a better man ; taking him from his miserable mode of living and leading him into a more happy and prosperous life for this and the next. It is unaccountable, and there is yet a something that will come to the surface that was the real cause for this dreadful act. At this point a brief sketch of the lives of some of those killed would not be out of place

They numbered nine, the entire male population of that growing little village. There were T. Quinn, J. Delanay, J. A. Gowanlock, T. Dill, W. C. Gilchrist, J. Williscraft, C. Gouin and Father Fafard and a priest from Onion Lake. Mr. Quinn was the Indian agent for that district well fitted in every particular for the position he held. Mr. Dill kept a general store and at one time lived at Bracebridge, was a brother of the member of Muskoka in the local house. Mr. Williscraft came from Owen Sound where his friends reside. C. Gouin was a native of the north-west.

## MR. GOWANLOCK.

**J**OHN ALEXANDER GOWANLOCK, one of the Frog Lake martyrs, was born in the City of Stratford, Province of Ontario, on the 17th of April, 1861. He was the youngest son of Mr. Jas. Gowanlock, of East Otto, Cattaraugus County, New York State. He has three brothers living, and one sister, A. G. and J. Gowanlock of Parkdale, Ontario, R. K. Gowanlock, of Oscoda, Michigan, and Mrs. Daisy Huntsman, of Tintern, Co. Lincoln. From a boy he was a general favorite, quiet and unassuming, yet withal, firm and decided in his opinions. After leaving Stratford he resided for some time in Barrie, and then went to the Village of Parkdale, where he resided until he left for the north-west.

Being in ill-health (at the age of 19), his physician and aunt, Dr. J. K. Trout, of Toronto, advised a change of climate, and acting upon that advice left for that great country. After a short residence every symptom of disease had vanished, and upon his return some eighteen months after, he felt and was a new man in every particular. In three months time he returned to the land of his adoption. By honesty and energy he succeeded well. He took hold of every kind of work that he thought would pay. He became farmer, mill-builder, speculator, surveyor, store-keeper and mill-owner in succession, buying and selling, and at the same time pushing further west. His greatest success was in Battleford, the Indians of that district would flock to his store, because they knew they could get a good article at a reasonable price. Last year the Government wanted mills for the



MR. GOWANLOCK.

reserves in the region of Frog Lake, and after negotiating with them for some time he finally decided, in conjunction with Mr. Laurie, to accept the offer made, the Government giving them the sum of \$2,800 as an inducement.

In the month of October of last year, he began operations, which, if those poor, deluded savages, who did not know when they were well off, had allowed him to finish, would long ere this been a hive of industry and a blessing to those Indians. He visited Ontario the same year, buying all the machinery necessary for the mills and superintending its shipment. He also took unto himself a wife from among the fair daughters of Ontario, and never a happier couple went forth to brave the cares of life. Both young and full of energy.

But they were not allowed to enjoy their domestic bliss long. The sad event which terminated with him being murdered, along with eight others, being still fresh in the memory of all; it was a sudden call, but he was prepared for it. An oath was never uttered by him, nor did he know the taste of liquor, a temperance man in the full meaning of the term. He also took a hearty interest in church matters having been one of the managers of the Battleford Presbyterian Church. Wherever he went he did good, in a gentle and kind way; and he will be remembered by both Indian, half-breed and settler, as one who never took advantage of them in any way, and the very soul of honor.

Not himself, but the truth that in life he had spoken,  
Not himself, but the seed that in life he had sown,  
Shall pass to the ages—all about him forgotten,  
Save the truth he had spoken, the things he had done.





MR. GILCHRIST.

## MR. GILCHRIST.

ONE of the victims of the Frog Lake massacre was William Campbell Gilchrist, a native of the village of Woodville, Ontario, and eldest son of Mr. J. C. Gilchrist, Postmaster of that place. He was an energetic young man, of good address, and if spared would have made his mark in the land of promise. Prior to going there, he held situations in various parts of this province, and they were all of such a nature, as to make him proficient in the calling of his adoption, he had splendid business ability and with a good education, made progress that was quite remarkable for one of his years, at the time of his murder he was only in his twenty-fourth year.

He was clerk for Mr. E. McTavish of Lindsay, for some time; he then returned to his home to take a situation which had been offered him by Mr. L. H. Staples, as assistant in his general store; he afterwards went to the village of Brechin as Clerk and Telegraph Operator, for Messrs. Gregg & Todd. While there he formed the acquaintance of Mr. A. G. Cavana, a Surveyor, and it was through his representations that he directed his steps to the great unknown land. Shortly after his acquaintance with Mr. Cavana, that gentleman received a government appointment as surveyor in the territories, taking Mr. Gilchrist with him in the capacity of book keeper and assistant surveyor; they left in the spring of 1882. He was well fitted for the position, for besides being an excellent penman, was an expert at figures; when the winter set in, he remained there, taking a situation in a store in Winnipeg, and when the summer opened out he again went with Mr. Cavana on the survey, (1883) on his

way home in the autumn he fell in with Mr. J. A. Gowanslock, who induced him to remain with him as clerk, with whom he never left until that sad morning on the 2nd of April, when he was shot down in his strength and manhood. He was a member of the Presbyterian church having confessed at the early age of 14 years. It was his intention to enter the Manitoba College as a theological student.





DEDICATED  
TO  
OUR SISTERS  
THE  
LADIES OF CANADA.



A WAR DANCE AT FORT PITT.

TWO MONTHS  
L\_\_\_\_\_ in the \_\_\_\_\_

Camp of Big Bear.

---

The Life and Adventures

OF

Theresa Gowanlock and Theresa Delaney.

---

PART II.

---

PARKDALE:  
TIMES OFFICE, 24 QUEEN STREET.

1885.



MRS. DELANEY.

## PREFACE.

SEVERAL friends have asked me to write a sketch of my life and more especially of my adventures in the North-West. At first I hesitated before promising to comply with the request. There is a certain class of orators who, invariably, commence their public address by stating that they are "unaccustomed to public speaking." It may be true in many cases, but most certainly no public speaker was ever less accustomed to address an audience, than I am to write a book. Outside my limited correspondence, I never undertook to compose a page, much less a book. But, if any excuse were necessary, I feel that the kindness of the people I have met, the friendliness of all with whom I have come in contact, during the last eventful half-year, would render such excuse uncalled for. I look upon the writing of these pages as a duty imposed upon me by gratitude. When memory recalls the sad scenes through which I have passed, the feeling may be painful, but there is a pleasure in knowing that sympathy has poured a balm upon the deep wounds, and that kindness and friendship have sweetened many a bitter drop in the cup of my sorrow and trouble.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men," sang England's great Bard, but we never know when it is about to turn, or if that turn will be the ebb or the flow of happiness. "The veil of the Future is woven by the hand of Mercy." Could I have but caught a glimpse through its folds, some three years ago, I might not have the story to tell that you, kind reader, will find in this short work. I might not be, to-day, mourning the loss of a dear husband.

But who can judge of the ways of Divine Providence? For His own wise ends has the Almighty permitted such

things to take place : and submissive to His will, I feel that instead of repining, I should return Him thanks for my own life and preservation ; and, under God, I must thank my friends one and all !

If this little sketch should prove instructive or even interesting to anyone I will feel doubly repaid. The scenes I have to describe, the story I have to tell, would require the pen of a Fenimore Cooper to do them justice. Feeling myself unable to relate all I experienced and suffered, in an adequate manner, I will merely offer the public, a simple, truthful, unvarnished tale and for every fact thereof, I give my word that it is no fiction, but real truth.

With this short preface I will now crave the indulgence of my readers, while they peruse the following pages.

THERESA DELANEY.



# Two Months in the Camp of Big Bear.

MRS. DELANEY.

## CHAPTER I.

### MY YOUTH AND EARLY LIFE.

AS the principal object of this work, is to give an account of my experiences in the North-West, and my many adventures during the last few months, I would deem it out of place to detain my readers with any lengthy description of my birth-place or any details of my younger days. I have noticed many false reports that have been circulated through the press, upon the different situations and conditions in the North-West—whether as to the whites, the half-breeds, or the Indians. In the second chapter I will give a truthful version of what I saw, heard and know. Still I cannot well enter upon this work, with justice to myself or to my late husband, without informing my readers whence we came and how our lots happened to be cast together amidst the scenes of our new home, and upon the theatre of the fearful tragedy in which we played such important parts.

My grandfather, Henry Marshall Fulford, while yet a young man, about the year 1812, came from Woburn Massachusetts, and established his home on the Aylmer road, near Bytown, the Ottawa of to-day, where he carried on an extensive lumbering and farming business. My father was born there, and it was also the place of my own birth. Our home was situated about two miles and a half from Aylmer, and about five miles from the present capital of the Dominion.

In those days Ottawa was called Bytown. No one then dreamed that it was destined to become the capital and the seat of the future Federal government of the country. The town, for it was then a town, was small and far from attractive, and the surrounding country was not very much inhabited. The lumbering operations constituted the staple commerce, and the shanties were the winter homes of the greater number of the people.

Nearly all my life, except the last three years, was spent at home. I never travelled much, and in fact, never expected to become a traveller, and above all, an unwilling heroine in the North-West troubles. I had several sisters and brothers. I was the eldest of the family, and as such, for many years had to devote my time to household cares. My school-days seem now the pleasantest period of my early life. Since then I have known many ups and downs; but never felt the same peace of mind and gayness of spirit that I have felt in days now gone. I might say that I have lived three distinct lives. From my birth until the day of my marriage, which took place on the 27th of July, 1882, I led a uniform life. Few, if any changes, marked each passing year. The seasons came and went, and the winter's snow fell and the summer's sun ripened the golden harvests, and days flowed into weeks, weeks into months, months into years, and year succeeded year as I felt myself growing into womanhood. The changes in my life were few and my troubles so small, that memory had scarcely ever to recall a dark or dreary scene and hope always beckoned me on to the future.

The only events that seemed to stand out, landmarks in the past, were two deaths in the family—the first my eldest brother and the second my dearly beloved and much lamented father.

Had it not been for these two events I might drop a veil



over all the past and consider merely that I had lived through such a number of years :—these years, like the great desert of the east, would stretch back, an unbroken tract, with no object to break the monotony of the scene. But, as the kirches tombs or monuments of Arabia, rise up in solemn grandeur from out the loneliness of the plain, casting their shadows of the sandy waste, so these two monuments or tombs appear upon the level scene of my uneventful past. Could I, then, have caught one glimpse adown the valley of the “Yet to be,” what a different picture would have presented itself to my vision ! A confusion of adventures, a panorama never ending, ever shifting, of an eventful life.

My second life might be called a period from my wedding day until the 2nd of April, 1885. And the third, the last and most eventful life, is that of three months—April, May and June, 1885. To the second important period in my career I will consecrate the next chapter and to the third and final part of my life will be devoted the last chapter.

My husband was born in Napean, in the Province of Ontario, about the end of 1846. Physically speaking, he was a man of very fine appearance. Over six feet in height and weighing about two hundred and ten pounds. His youth was spent in his native place, where he went to school and where he commenced his life of labor and exertion. I don't know, exactly, when it was that I first met him ; but I must have been quite young, for I remember him these many years. He was, during the last ten years that he lived in the Ottawa valley, foreman for different lumber firms. Naturally gifted to command, he knew the great duty of obedience, and this knowledge raised him in the estimation of all those whose business he undertook to direct. And owing to that good opinion, he received a general recommendation to the government, and in the year 1879, he was appointed Indian instructor for the north-west.

Like my own life, his was uneventful. Outside the circle of his friends—and that circle was large—he was unknown to the public. Nor was he one of those who ever sought notoriety. His disposition was the very opposite of a boastful one.

Often I heard tell of the north-west. But I never took any particular interest in the country previous to his appointment and departure for his new sphere. I knew by the map, that such a region existed—just as I knew that there was a Brazil in South America, or a vast desert in the centre of Africa. Our statesmen were then forming plans to build the great Pacific Road, that band of iron which was soon destined to unite ocean to ocean. However, I never dreamed that I would one day visit those vast regions, the former home of the buffalo, the haunt of the prairie-chicken and the prairie-wolf. It never dawned upon me, that as I watched the puffing of the engine that rushed along the opposite side of the Ottawa from my home, that, one day, I would go from end to end of that line,—pass over those vast plains and behold the sun set, amidst the low poplars of the rolling prairies,—listen to the snort of the same engine as it died away, in echo, amongst the gorges of the Rockies. My husband had been three years, previous to our marriage, in the north west. His first winter was spent at "Onion Lake," there being no buildings at "Frog Lake." In fact, when he arrived there, "Frog Lake" district was a wilderness. During those three years I began to take some interest in that "land of the setting sun,"—but, as yet, I scarcely imagined that I would ever see the places he described. In 1882, my husband returned to Ottawa and his principal object in coming, was to take me, as his wife, away with him to his new home.

We were married in Aylmer on the 27th July, 1882. Our intention was to start for the wilds on the first day of Aug-

ust. In the next chapter I will take up that second period of my life and strive to describe our trip and what we saw, learned and experienced during the following three years.

My readers will have to excuse what may seem egotism on my part, in speaking so much about myself and my husband. But as the subject demands that I should detail, all that can be of any public interest, in my short life, it would be difficult to write my story and not appear, at times, somewhat egotistical.

This first chapter must necessarily be short, when one has nothing to write about it is hard to fill up pages, and my life, and that of my husband, so far as I know, were most uneventful up to the day of our union, when

"We joined the hands of each other,  
To move through the stillness and noise  
Dividing the *cares* of existence,  
But *doubling* its *hopes* and its *joys*."

My younger days seem to have passed away like a quiet dream, leaving but a faint memory behind; but my last period of life resembles more some frightful night-mare and I often wonder can it be true that I have passed through such scenes or is the whole affair a fevered vision of the night!

Now that I am safely home again with my good dear mother beside me, my fond brothers and sisters around me, it would appear as if I had never got married, never left them, never saw the north-west, never suffered the exposure, loss, sorrow, turmoil, dangers and terrors of the late rebellion. But fancy cannot destroy the truth—the real exists in spite of the ideal, and, as I enter upon my description, faint and imperfect as it may be, I feel my hand shake with nervous excitement, my pulse throb faster, my heart beat heavier, as scene after scene of the great drama passes before me, clear and perfect as when first enacted. Had I only the

language at my command, as I have the pictures before me, at my summons—I feel that I could do justice to the subject. But as I was never destined to be an authoress and my powers of composition were dealt out to me with a sparing hand, I can but express my regret that an abler writer does not hold my pen. A cloud has come over my life-dream. The angel of death passed by and in the shadow of his wing a heavy and better stroke was dealt. It may not be of much interest to the public to know how I feel over my loss, but if each one would, for a moment, suppose the case their own and then reflect upon what the feeling must be. Let them attempt to write a cold, matter-of-fact statement of the events, to detail them simply as they took place, without giving expression to sentiments of sorrow; I think that, at least, ninety-nine out of every hundred would fail, and the one who could succeed would appear, in my mind, a person without heart or feeling, unable to love and unworthy of affection.

I will strive to push on to the end of my undertaking without tiring my readers, with vain expressions of sorrow, regret or pain; but do not expect that I can relate the story from first to last, without giving vent to my feelings.

There is one pleasure, however, in knowing that I have no complaints to make, no blame to impute, no bitter feelings to arouse, no harsh words to say. But on the contrary, I will try not to forget the kindness, sympathy, and protection, that from one source or another were tendered to me.

I hope this little book will please all who read it; amuse some; instruct others; but I pray sincerely that not one of all my readers may ever be placed in the painful situation through which I have passed. Methinks some good prayers have gone up to heaven for me, and that the Almighty lent an attentive ear to the supplications; for like the angel that walked through the flaming furnace to protect the just men