

of old, some spirit of good must have stood by my side to guide me in safety through the fiery ordeal and to conduct me to that long wished for haven of rest—my old home on the Aylmer Road.





MR. DELANEY.

CHAPTER II.

MY MARRIAGE LIFE.

MY wedding took place in the usual manner; the same congratulations, presents, kisses, well-wishes all the world over. I need not dwell upon the event any further.

On the 1st August, 1882, my husband took the train at Ottawa, *en route* for the North-West. As far as the first portion of our trip is concerned I have little or nothing to say, I could not see much from the car window and every place was new to me and, in fact, one place seemed as important as another in my eyes.

We passed through Toronto and thence to Sarnia, and on to Chicago. We crossed to Port Huron and proceeded at once to St. Paul. This was our first stoppage. We spent a day in St. Paul, and, indeed, the city deserves a day, at least, from all who travel that way. It is a beautiful place. However, it seemed to me much on the same plan and in the same style as all the Western American cities. From St. Paul's we went on to Winnipeg. I must say that I was not very favourably impressed by my first visit to this metropolis of the North-West. On my homeward trip I found vast changes for the better in the place. Still it may have been only to my eye that the city appeared far from clean and anything but attractive. I must admit that it was rainy weather—and oh! the mud! I have heard that there are two classes of people leave Quebec after a first visit—the one class are those who caught a first glimpse of the Rock City on a beautiful day. These people are unceasing in their admiration of Quebec. The other class are those,

who came into the city, for the first time, on a rainy day, when the streets were canals and mud was ankle deep. It would be impossible to convince these people that Quebec was anything but a filthy, hilly, crooked, ugly, unhealthy place. I may be of the latter class, when I refer to Winnipeg. But most assuredly I am not prejudiced, for since my last passage through that city I have changed my idea of it completely.

From Winnipeg we proceeded by rail to Brandon and thence, by construction train, to Troy. We were then four hundred miles from Winnipeg and we had four hundred miles to travel. But our cars ceased here. At Troy we got our tent ready, supplied ourselves with the necessaries upon such a journey, and getting our buckboard into order, we started upon the last, the longest and yet pleasantest part of our voyage.

How will I attempt to describe it! There is so much to tell and yet I know not what is best to record and what is best to leave out.

Half a day's journey from Troy we crossed the Qu'Appelle river. The scenery upon the banks of that most picturesque of streams would demand the pencil of a Claude Lorraine, or the pen of a Washington Irving to do it justice. Such hills I never before beheld. Not altogether for size but for beauty. Clad in a garb of the deepest green they towered aloft, like the battlement of two rival fortresses—and while the sun lit up the hills to our right, the shades of mid-day deepened upon the frowning buttresses to our left. Every tree seemed to have a peculiar hue, a certain depth of color completely its own. Indeed, one would imagine that Dame Nature had been trying a gigantic crazy quilt and had flung it over the bed of the Qu'Appelle valley, that all who went by might admire her handiwork.

I might here remark that the days of the summer are longer, in the north-west, than in the Ottawa district. In fact, we used to rise at three o'clock in the morning and drive for three hours before our breakfast. It would then be grey dawn and the flush of approaching day-light could be seen over the eastern hills. At nine o'clock in the evening it would be twilight. The days of midwinter are proportionately shorter.

The road we had to travel was a lovely one; at times it might be a little rough, but indeed it could well compare with most of the roads in our more civilized places. Nearly every night we managed to reach a clump of bushes or shelter to camp. Except for two days, when on the "Salt Plains," when like the caravans in the deserts of the east we had to carry our own fuel and water.

We crossed the South Saskatchewan at Aroline—or the "Telegraph Crossing," also known as Clark's Ferry—from the man who kept the ferry, and who made the new trail running to the Touchwood Hills. We again crossed the the North Saskatchewan near Fort Pitt—which is thirty-five miles from our destination.

We went by the river road, and after we crossed the salt plains, and got into the woods at Eagle Creek, we had a splendid trip through a rich fertile abundant farming country. The houses are not very attractive, but the farms are really fine. I will dwell upon this question at a greater length presently.

That less confusion may take place, I will sub-divide this chapter into three sections. In the first I will speak of the farms and farmers—their homes and how they live; in the second, I will describe our own home and its surroundings; and in the third, I will speak of the Indians under my husband's control, and tell how we got along during the three years I was there.

THE FARMERS AND THEIR FARMS.

It would be out of place and even impossiby for me, at present to give you any figures relating to the crops and harvests of the North-West. Suffice, to say that for two summers, at Frog Lake, in my husband's district, we raised wheat that was pronounced by competent judges to equal the best that ever grew in Ontario.

The land is fertile and essentially a grain-bearing soil. It is easy to clear, and is comparatively very level. There is ample opportunity to utilize miles upon miles of it, and the farms that exist, at present, are evidences of what others might be. No one can tell the number of people that there is room for in the country. Europe's millions might emigrate and spread themselves over that immense territory, and still there would be land and ample place for those of future generations. We were eight hundred miles from Winnipeg, and even at that great distance we were, to use the words of Lord Dufferin, "only in the anti-chamber of the great North-West."

The country has been well described by hundreds, it has also been falsely reported upon by thousands. At first it was the "Great Lone Land,"—the country of bleak winter, eternal snow and fearful blizzards. Then it became a little better known, and, suddenly it dawned upon the world that a great country lie sleeping in the arms of nature, and awaiting the call of civilization to awaken it up and send it forth on a mission of importance. The "boom" began. All thoughts were directed to the land of the Rockies. Pictures of plenty and abundance floated before the vision of many thousands. Homes in the east were abandoned to rush into the wilds of the West. No gold fever of the South was ever more exciting, and to add thereto, they found that the government proposed building a line of railway from end to end of the

Dominion. Then the Frazer, Saskatchewan, Red River and Assiniboine became household words.

In this story of a fancied land of plenty, there was much truth, but as in every case in life, there was much falsehood as well. It suited the purpose of monied speculators to laud to the skies the North-west in general. But rich and extensive as the land may be, no man can expect to make a fortune there, unless through hard labor, never ceasing exertion and great watchfulness. There, as in all other lands, you must "earn your bread by the sweat of your brow." That sentence passed on man, when the first sin darkened his soul, shall exist and be carried into execution unto the end of time. And no man is exempt, and no land is free from it. Many have failed in finding riches in the North-West; gold did not glitter along the highway, nor were precious stones to be picked up in every foot path. The reason is, because they went there expecting to have no work to do, merely to sit down, to go to bed, to sleep and wake up some morning millionaires. But those who put their shoulder to the wheel and their hands to the plough, turned up as rich a soil as England's flag floats over, and sowed seeds that gave returns as plentiful as the most abundant harvests on the continent. It would do one good to drive along the river road by the Saskatchewan, and observe those elegant, level, fertile, well tilled farms that dot the country. It is a great distance to procure materials for building, and as yet the most of the houses are rough and small, but comfortable and warm, and sufficient for the needs of the farmers.

Much of the labor is done in the old style, as in my own native place, before the days of machinery. But soon we will see the mower and reaper finding their way into the very furthest settlements—and if ever there was a country laid out for the use of machinery it is certainly the north-west.

Before many years, there will be good markets for the pro-

duce, as the towns are growing up pretty rapidly and the railroad is lending a great encouragement to the farmers near the line.

Half a century ago the country was unheard of, save through the Hudson Bay Company's agents and factors: quarter of a century ago it was considered a *probably* future portion of our Dominion. Behold it to-day! Its cities, its roads, its villages, its farms, its inhabitants! What then may the immense territory not become before fifty years more shall have rolled into eternity? I do not feel myself competent to judge—but I have no doubt but it will become the grainery of the continent and the supplier of half Europe.

The farmer in the Provinces who has a good farm and who can make a fair living would be foolish to leave it for the hazard of an attempt in the new country. But should a person be commencing life and have the intention of depending upon themselves, their own exertion and energy, then the sun shines not on a finer land, holding out a broader prospect than in that great country that lies towards the Pacific.

I have only spoken hurriedly and from a general standpoint of the farmers, and when I say farmers, I mean white people. The Indian farming is of a different nature altogether. That will demand my attention before I close this chapter.

FROG LAKE AND SURROUNDINGS.

Although the name of the place would indicate that the lake abounded in frogs, still I have no recollection of seeing any extra number of them around the place. I think the name comes from a tradition—perhaps in some age, long lost in the twilight of Indian story, the frogs may have been more plentiful in that special locality than elsewhere. Twenty miles from our farm and twelve miles from Fort

Pitt is "Onion Lake" farm, where my husband spent his first winter. I cannot tell how that place got its name no more than how our district was called *Aieekesegahagan*. When I first arrived at Frog Lake there were no buildings excepting my husband's house and warehouse—a shed and garden, added thereto, formed the whole establishment. These were built by my husband. Since then, in the course of three years that I was there, several buildings were put up, until, in fine, our little settlement became quite a village.

Mr. Quinn's, (the agent) house, and his storehouse, were erected since I arrived there. Mr. Quinn was the gentleman whose name has appeared so much in the public prints since the sad events of the second of April last. When I come to my experience during the last three months of my North-West life, I will give more fully the story of Mr. Quinn's fate. There were three reserves near us, the Indians upon which were under my husband's control—In the next section of this chapter I will refer to these bands and give what I know about them.

The scenery around Frog Lake is surpassingly beautiful. We lived on Frog Creek, which runs from the Lake into the North Saskatchewan. In October last, Mr. Gowanlock, who shared the same fate as my husband, and whose kind and gentle wife was my companion through all the troubles and exposures of our captivity and escape, began to build a mill two miles from our place, on the waters of Frog Creek. He put up a saw mill and had all the timber ready to complete a grist mill, when he was cut short in his early life, and his wife was cast upon the mercy of Providence. They lived two miles from us. Many of those whom I knew were mill hands. Gilchrist who was killed, was an employee of Mr. Gowanlock.

Frog Lake is pretty large. I know that in one direction

it is twelve miles long. In the centre of the lake is a large island, that is clothed in a garb of evergreen. The pine and spruce upon it are extra large, sound and plentiful. In fact it would be difficult to find a place where better timber for building and other purposes, could be cut. The place is gradually becoming developed, and when I consider all that has been done, in the way of improvement, since I first went there, I would not be surprised to learn, that in the near future, the principal parts of the country shall be under cultivation, that the clang of the mill shall be heard upon every stream, and that down the Saskatchewan may float the produce of a fresh, a virgin, a teeming soil, to supply the markets of the Old World, and to supplant the over-worked fields of the eastern countries.

Also since my arrival at the Frog Lake Reserve, the priest's house, the school house and church were built. Even there in the far west, away so to speak, from the atmosphere of civilization, beyond the confines of society, we have what Sir Alexander Selkirk mourned for so much, when alone on Juan Fernandez—*Religion*. Even there, the ministers of the Gospel, faithful to their duties, and mindful of the great command to "go forth and teach all nations,"—leaving their homes and friends in the land of the east, seek out the children of those Indian tribes, and bring to them the lights of faith and instruction. Untiring in their exertions, indefatigable in their labors, they set a glorious example, and perform prodigies of good. The church was small, but neat, and although its ornaments are few, still I am sure that as fervent and as acceptable prayers went up, like incense, towards heaven, and blessings as choice, like dew, fell upon the humble worshippers, as ever the peal of the cathedral organ announced, or as ever descended upon the faithful beneath the gorgeous domes of the most splendid Basilicas. Memory still oftens summons up before me the scenes of

silent, dusky, faithful children of the forest, kneeling in prayer, and with mingled feelings of awe, wonder, admiration and confidence, listening to the divine truths as explained in their own language, by the missionaries. But the picture becomes dark when I reflect upon the fate of the two good men whose sad story I have yet to tell. Most assuredly theirs was a *confession of blood*—and dying at their posts, faithful to their mission, relieving the soul of an expiring christian when the hand of death fell upon them. Theirs must have been a triumphal entry into heaven, to the kingdom of God! The great cross that the 90th Battalion placed over the united graves of the victims of the Frog Lake massacre, is a fitting emblem and a worthy monument; its base rests upon the soil that covers their union in the grave, but its summits points to where their souls are united above.

I will now take up the question of the Indians under my husband's control, and I will tell how they got along, improved, and were contented and happy. That will bring me to my last and all important chapter—the one which will contain the story so tragically mournful.

THE INDIANS AS THEY ARE

It would not become me, perhaps, to comment upon the manner in which the country is governed, and the Indians instructed, for I am no politician. In fact I dont know one party from another except by name. But I cannot permit this occasion, the last I may ever have, to go past without saying plainly what I think and what I know about the north-west and its troubles.

The half-breeds, or whites or others may have real or imaginary grievances that they desire to see redressed. If they have, I know nothing about them; I never had anything to do with them and maybe I could not understand the nature of their claims, even if explained to me. But be

that as it may—even if I did know aught I would not feel myself justified in writing down that which I could only have learned by hear say. But there is one thing I do know and most emphatically desire to express and have thoroughly understood and that is the fact, *the Indians have no grievances and no complaints to make.* Their treatment is of the best and most generous kind. The government spares no pains to attempt to make them adopt an agricultural life, to teach them to rely upon their own strength, to become independent people and good citizens. Of the Indians I can speak openly for I know them thoroughly. There may be, here and there, a bad man amongst them; but as a people they are submissive, kind, and, if only from curiosity, they are anxious to learn. My husband remarked that according as they advanced in their agricultural knowledge that they commenced to have a liking for it. And I noticed the same in the young squaws whom I undertook to instruct in household duties.

Many an English, Scotch or Irish farmer, when he comes poor to Canada and strives to take up a little farm for himself, if he had only one half the advantages that the government affords to the Indians, he would consider his fortune forever made. They need never want for food. Their rations are most regularly dealt out to them and they are paid to clear and cultivate their own land. They work for themselves and are, moreover, paid to do so—and should a crop fail they are certain of their food, anyway. I ask if a man could reasonably expect more? Is it not then unjust to lead these poor people into a trouble which can but injure them deeply! If half-breeds have grievances let them get them redressed if they chose, but let them not mix up the Indians in their troubles. The Indians have nothing to complain of and as a race they are happy in their quiet home of the wilderness and I consider it a great shame for evil-

minded people, whether whites or half-breeds, to instill into their excitable heads the false idea that they are persecuted by the government. In speaking thus I refer to *our* Indians that is to say those under my late husband's control. But if all government agencies and reserves are like that at Frog Lake, I hesitate not to say, that the government is over good to the restless bands of the west.

I have no intention in my sketch to use any names—for if I mention one of my friends I should mention them all and that would be almost impossible. No more will I mention the names of any persons who might be implicated in the strange and dishonest acts that have taken place previous to, during and since the outbreak. Yet I feel it a duty to present a true picture of the situation of the Indian bands and of the two great powers that govern in the country and whose interests are the very opposite of each other.

These two governing parties are the Hudson Bay Company and the Dominion Government. There is not the slightest doubt, but their interests are directly opposed. The company has made its millions out of the fur trade and its present support is the same trade. The more the Indians hunt the more the Company can make. Now the Government desires to civilize them and to teach them to cultivate the soil. The more the Indian works on his farm the less the Company gets in the way of fur. Again, the more the Government supplies the Indians with rations the less the Company can sell to them.

Two buffalos are not given for a glass of whiskey—one-third highwines and two-thirds water—as when the Company had full sway. The fire-water is not permitted to be brought to them now. No longer have the Indians to pay the exorbitant prices for pork, flour, tea, &c., that the Company charged them. The Government has rendered it unnecessary for them to thus sacrifice their time and means. Did

the Company ever try to civilize or christianize the Indians! Most certainly not. The more they became enlightened the less hold the Company would have upon them. Again, if it were not for the Government, the lights of the gospel would scarcely ever reach them. The more the Government civilizes them and develops the country, the less plentiful the the game becomes, and the less profit the Company can make. Therefore it is that I say, the interests of the Company and those of the Government are contradictory. The former wants no civilization, plenty of game, and Indians that will hunt all the year around. The latter require agriculture, the soil to be taken from the wild state, the rays of faith and instruction to penetrate the furthest recess of the land, and to have a race that can become worthy of the dignity of citizens in a civilized country. So much the worse for the Government if the Indians rebel and so much the worse for the Indians themselves; but so much the better for the Company's interests.

I have my own private opinions upon the causes of the rebellion but do not deem it well or proper to express them. There are others besides the half-breeds and Big Bear and his men connected with the affair. There are many objects to be gained by such means and there is a "wheel within a wheel" in the North-West troubles.

As far as I can judge of the Indian character, they are not, at all, an agricultural people—nor for a few generations are they likely to become such. Their habits are formed, their lives are directed in a certain line—like a sapling you can bend at will and when grown into a tree you can no longer change its shape—so with them. From time immemorial they have ranged the woods and it is not in the present nor even the next generation that you can uproot that inclination. Take the negro from the south and place him amongst the ice-bergs of the arctic circle and strive to

make him accustomed to the hunting of the seal or harpooning of the walrus ;—or else bring down an Esquimaux and put him into a sugar-cane plantation of the tropics. In fact, take a thorough going farmer from the old-country and attempt to accustom him to hunt moose and trap beaver. He may get expert at it ; but give him a chance and he will soon fling away the traps and pick up the spade, lay down the rifle and take hold of the plough. So it is with the Indians—they may get a taste for farming, but they prefer to hunt. Even the best amongst them had to have a month every spring and another month every fall to hunt. And they would count the weeks and look as anxiously forward to those few days of freedom, of unbridled liberty, as a school-boy looks forward to his mid-summer holidays.

Yet, in spite of this hankering after the woods and the freedom of the chase, they are a people easily instructed, quick to learn, (when they like to do so), and very submissive and grateful. But they are very, very improvident. So long as they have enough for to-day, let to-morrow look out for itself. Even upon great festivals such as Christmas, when my husband would give them a double allowance of rations, they would come before our house, fire off their guns as a token of joy and thanks, and then proceed with their feast and never stop until they had the double allowance all eaten up and not a scrap left for the next day.

In my own sphere I was often quite amused with the young squaws. They used to do my house-work for me. I would do each special thing for them—from cleaning, scrubbing, washing, cooking to sewing, fancy work, &c. and they would rival each other in learning to follow me. They would feel as proud when they could perform some simple little work, as a child feels when he has learned his A. B. Cs. With time and care, good house-keepers could be made of many of them, and it is too bad to see so many

clever, naturally gifted, bright creatures left in ignorance and misery. I think it was in Gray's *Elegy* that I read the line: "How many a flower is born to blush unseen, and waste its fragrance on the desert air."

When I look back over these three years, I feel a pang of more than sorrow. Ours was a happy home; I grew to like my surroundings, I became fond of my Indian proteges, and to crown all, in December last, Mrs. Gowanlock came to live near us. I felt that even though a letter from home should be delayed, that I would not feel as lonesome as before. My husband was generous to a fault. He was liked by all the bands;—our white neighbours were few, but they were splendid people, fast and true friends, and I might say since Mrs. Gowanlock arrived, I felt at home; I looked upon the place as my own, and the Indian children as my children; the same as my husband looked upon the men as his care, and they regarded him as a father. It was no longer to be a lonely life. It was to become a life of usefulness, joy, labor, peace and contentment. Such was the vision I had of the future, about the middle of last winter! But who knows what is in store for us! "There is a Providence that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will!"

I will here quote a few lines from deposition given at Regina; "When he, (my husband) first came up here, he had five bands to look after until a year ago, when the Chippewans were taken from his supervision and given to Mr. John Fitzpatrick. A little later, Mr. Fitzpatrick was transferred to another jurisdiction, and the Chippewans came again under my husband's care. He then had to look after the Chippewans, Oneepewhayaws, Mistoo-Kooceawsis and Puskeakeewins, and last year he had Big Bear's tribe. He was so engaged when the outbreak took place. All the Indians were very peaceably inclined and most friendly to us all. My husband was much respected, and really beloved

by all under his care, and they seemed to be most attached to him. We were, therefore, greatly astonished at their action towards us, but after all it was only Big Bear's followers that showed their enmity towards us. These too, pretended to be most friendly, and have often told us, "that but for my husband they would have starved."

With this, I close my second chapter, and will now, in the third offer my readers a picture of the scenes from the first of April last until the close of the struggle.





FROG LAKE SETTLEMENT—MR. DELANEY'S HOUSE ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THE NORTH-WEST TROUBLES.

THERE are scenes that are hard to properly describe. There are parts of our lives that can never be reproduced or transmitted to others upon paper. As Father Abram J. Ryan, the Poet Priest of the South so beautifully tells us :

“But far on the deep there are billows,
That never shall break on the beach ;
And I have heard Songs in the Silence,
That never shall float into speech ;
And I have had dreams in the Valley,
Too lofty for language to reach.”

So with me and my story. However I may have succeeded so far in expressing what I desired to convey to the public, I feel confident that I am far from able to do justice to this last chapter. The events crowd upon my mind in a sort of kaliedescope confusion and scarcely have the intention of giving expression to an idea, than a hundred others crop up to usurp its place in my mind. Although I will tell the story of the tragic events as clearly and as truthfully as is possible, still I know that years after this little sketch is printed, I will remember incidents that now escape my memory. One has not time, or inclination, when situated as I was, to take a cool survey of all that passes and commit to memory every word that might be said or remark that might be made. Notwithstanding the fear I have of leaving out any points of interest or importance, I still imagine that my simple narrative will prove sufficient to give an idea, imperfect though it may be, of all the dangers we passed through, the sufferings we underwent, and the hair-breadth escapes we had.

Up to the 30th of March, 1885, we had not the faintest idea that a rebellion existed, nor that half-breeds and Indians were in open revolt. On that day we received two letters, one from Captain Dickens, of Fort Pitt, and one from Mr. Rae, of Battleford. Mr. Dickens' letter was asking all the whites to go down to Fort Pitt for safety as we could not trust the Indians; and Mr. Rae's letter informed us of the "Duck Lake" battle and asking us to keep the Indians up there and not let them down to join Poundmaker. When we were informed of the great trouble that was taking place, Mr. and Mrs. Gowanlock were apprised of the fact and they came up to our place for safety. My husband had no fear for himself, but he had slight misgivings as to poor Mr. Quinn's situation. Mr. Quinn was the agent in that district and was a Sioux half-breed. Johnny Pritchard, his interpreter, was a Cree half-breed. My husband decided at once not to go to Fort Pitt. It would be a shame for us, he thought, to run away and leave all the Government provisions, horses, &c., at the mercy of those who would certainly take and squander them, moreover he feared nothing from the Indians. His own band were perfectly friendly and good—and not ten days previous, Big Bear had given him a peace-pipe or *calumet*, and told him that he was beloved by all the band.

However, knowing the Indian character so well, and being aware that the more you seemed to confide in them the more you were liked by them, he and Mr. Quinn concluded to hold a council with the chiefs and inform them of the news from Duck Lake, impressing upon them the necessity of being good and of doing their work, and not minding those troublesome characters that were only bringing misery upon themselves.

Consequently, on the first of April, the council was held, but to their great astonishment and dismay, the Indians

knew more than they did about the affair, and, in fact, the Indians knew all about the troubles, long before news ever reached us, at Frog Lake, of the outbreak. At the council were "Aimasis" (The King-bird), one of Big Bear's sons and "The Wandering Spirit." They said that Big Bear had a bad name, but now that he had a chance he would show himself to be the whiteman's friend. All day, the 1st of April, they talked and held council, and finally the Indians went home, after shaking hands with my husband. They then told him that the half-breeds intended to come our way to join Riel! that they also intended to steal our horses, but that we need not fear as they (the Indians) would protect us and make sure no horses would be taken and no harm would be done. They also told us to sleep quiet and contented as they would be up all night and would watch. Big Bear, himself, was away upon a hunt and only got to the camp that night, we did not see him until next morning. During that day, the Indians, without an exception, asked for potatoes and of course they got them. They said we did not need so much potatoes and they would be a treat for them as they meant to make a big feast that night and have a dance.

Now as to their statement about the half-breeds coming to take horses or anything else we did not know whether to believe them or not. Of course it would never do to pretend to disbelieve them. However, the shadow of a doubt hung over each of us. We knew that the Indians had a better knowledge of all that was taking place than we had, and since they knew so much about the troubles, it looked probable enough that they should know what movements the half-breeds were to make. And moreover, they seemed so friendly, so good-spirited and in fact so free from any appearance of being in bad humor, that it would require a very incredulous character not to put faith in their word.

But on the other hand it seemed strange, that, if they knew so much about our danger, they never even hinted it to us until our men first spoke of it to them. However, be these things as they may, we felt secure and still something told us that all was not well : often to others as well as to Campbell's wizard,

"The sun set of life, gives them mystical lore—
And coming events cast their shadows before."

Thus we parted on the night of the first of April, and all retired to bed, to rest, to dream. Little did some amongst us that it was to be their last sleep, their last rest upon imagine earth, and that before another sun would set, they would be "sleeping the sleep that knows no waking"—resting the great eternal rest from which they will not be disturbed until the trumpet summons the countless millions from the tomb. Secure as we felt ourselves, we did not dream of the deep treachery and wicked guile that prompted those men to deceive their victims. The soldier may lie down calmly to sleep before the day of battle, but I doubt if we could have reposed in such tranquility if the vision of the morrow's tragedy had flashed across our dreams. It is indeed better that we know not the hour, nor the place ! And again, is it not well that we should ever be prepared, so that no matter how or when the angel of death may strike, we are ready to meet the inevitable and learn "the great Secret of Life and Death !"

At about half past-four on the morning of the second of April, before we were out of bed, Johnny Pritchard and Aimasis came to our house and informed my husband that the horses had been stolen by the half-breeds. This was the first moment that a real suspicion came upon our mind. Aimasis protested that he was so sorry. He said that no one, except himself and men, were to blame. He said that they danced nearly all night and when it got on towards

morning that all fell asleep, and that the half-breeds must have been upon the watch, for it was then that they came and stole the horses. The two then left us and we got up. About an hour after, Aimises came back and told us not to mind the horses, as they would go and hunt for them and bring them back.

I since found out, that as the horses were only two miles away in the woods, they feared that my husband might go and find them himself and that their trick would be discovered. It is hard to say how far they intended, at that time, to go on with the bad work they had commenced.

In about half an hour some twenty Indians came to the house, Big Bear was not with them, nor had they on war-paint, and they asked for our guns, that is my husband's and Mr. Quinn's. They said they were short of firearms and that they wished to defend us against the half-breeds. No matter what our inclinations or misgivings might then be, we could not however refuse the arms. They seemed quite pleased and went away. An hour had scarcely elapsed when over thirty Indians painted in the most fantastic and hedious manner came in. Big Bear also came, but he wore no war-paint. He placed himself behind my husband's chair. We were all seated at the table taking our breakfast. The Indians told us to eat plenty as we would not be hurt. They also ate plenty themselves—some sitting, others standing, scattered here and there through the room, devouring as if they had fasted for a month.

Big Bear then remarked to my husband that there would likely be some shooting done, but for him not to fear, as the Indians considered him as one of themselves. Before we had our meal finished Big Bear went out. The others then asked us all to go up to the church with them. We consequently went, Mr. and Mrs. Gowanlock, Mr. Dill, Mr. Willis-craft, my husband and myself.

When we arrived at the church the mass was nearly over. The Indians, on entering, made quite a noise and clatter. They would not remove their hats or head-dresses, they would not shut the door, nor remain silent, in fact, they did anything they considered provoking and ugly. The good priest, the ill-fated Father Fafard, turned upon the altar and addressed them. He warned them of the danger of excitement and he also forbade them to do any harm. He told them to go quietly away to their camps and not disturb the happiness and peace of the community. They seemed to pay but little attention to what they heard, but continued the same tumult. Then Father Fafard took off his vestments and cut short the mass, the last that he was destined ever to say upon earth; the next sacrifice he would offer was to be his own life. He as little dreamed as did some of the others that before many hours their souls would be with God, and that their bodies would find a few days sepulchre beneath that same church, whose burnt ruins would soon fall upon their union in the clay.

The Indians told us that we must all go back to our place. We obeyed and the priests came also. When we reached the house the Indians asked for beef-cattle. My husband gave them two oxen. Some of the tribe went out to kill the cattle. After about an hour's delay and talk, the Indians told us to come to their camp so that we would all be together and that they could aid us the better against the half-breeds. We consequently started with them.

Up to this point, I might say, the Indians showed us no ill-will, but continually harped upon the same chord, that they desired to defend and to save us from the half-breeds. So far they got everything they asked for, and even to the last of the cattle, my husband refused nothing. We felt no dread of death at their hands, yet we knew that they were excited and we could not say what they might do if provoked. We

now believed that the story of the half-breeds was to deceive us and throw us off our guard—and yet we did not suspect that they meditated the foul deeds that darkened the morning of the second of April, and that have left it a day unfortunately, but too memorable, in the annals of Frog Lake history.

When I now look back over the events, I feel that we all took a proper course, yet the most unfortunate one for those that are gone. We could have no idea of the murderous intentions on the part of the Indians. Some people living in our civilized country may remark, that it was strange we did not notice the peculiar conduct of the Indians. But those people know nothing either of the Indian character or habits. So far from their manner seeming strange, or extraordinary, I might say, that I have seen them dozens of times act more foolishly, ask more silly questions and want more ridiculous things—even appear more excited. Only for the war-paint and what Big Bear had told us, we would have had our fears completely lulled by the seemingly open and friendly manner. I have heard it remarked that it is a wonder we did not leave before the second of April and go to Fort Pitt ; I repeat, nothing at all appeared to us a sign of alarm, and even if we dreaded the tragic scenes, my husband would not have gone. His post was at home ; he had no fear that the Indians would hurt him ; he had always treated them well and they often acknowledged it ; he was an employee of the Government and had a trust in hand ; he would never have run away and left the Government horses, cattle, stores, provisions, goods, &c., to be divided and scattered amongst the bands, he even said so before the council day. Had he ran away and saved his life, by the act, I am certain he would be then blamed as a coward and one not trustworthy nor faithful to his position. I could not well pass over this part of our sad story without answering

some of those comments made by people, who, neither through experience nor any other means could form an idea of the situation. It is easy for me to now sit down and write out, if I choose, what ought to have been done; it is just as easy for people safe in their own homes, far from the scene, to talk, comment and tell how they would have acted and what they would have done. But these people know no more about the situation or the Indians, than I know about the Hindoos, their mode of life, or their habits.

Before proceeding any further with my narrative—and I am now about to approach the grand and awful scene of the tragedy—I will attempt, as best I can, to describe the Indian war-paint—the costume, the head-dress and attitudes. I imagined once that all the stories that American novelists told us about the war-dance,—war-whoops,—war-paint,—war-hatchet or tomahawk, were but fiction drawn from some too lively imaginations. But I have seen them in reality, more fearful than they have ever been described by the pen of novelist or pencil of painter.

Firstly, the Indians adorn their heads with feathers, about six inches in length and of every imaginable color. These they buy from the Hudson Bay Company. Also it is from the Company they procure their paints. An Indian, of certain bands, would prefer to go without food than be deprived of the paint. Our Indians never painted, and in fact Big Bear's band use to laugh at the Chippewans for their quiet manners and strict observance of their religious duties. In fact these latter were very good people and often their conduct would put to the blush white people. They never would eat or even drink a cup of tea without first saying a grace, and then, if only by a word, thanking God for what they received. But those that used the paint managed to arrange their persons in the most abominable and ghastly manner. With the feathers, they mix porcupine quills and

knitt the whole into their hair—then daub their head with a species of white clay that is to be found in their country. They wear no clothing except what they call loin-cloth or breach-cloth, and when they go on the war-path, just as when they went to attack Fort Pitt, they are completely naked. Their bodies are painted a bright yellow, over the forehead a deep green, then streaks of yellow and black, blue and purple upon the eyelids and nose. The streaks are a deep crimson, dotted with black, blue, or green. In a word, they have every imaginable color. It is hard to form an idea of how hedious they appear when the red, blue, green and white feathers deck the head, the body a deep orange or bright yellow and the features tatoood in all fantastic forms. No circus clown could ever equal their ghostly decorations. When one sees, for the first time, these horrid creatures, wild, savage, mad, whether in that war-dance or to go on the war-path, it is sufficient to make the blood run cold, to chill the senses, to unnerve the stoutest arm and strike terror into the bravest heart.

Such was their appearance, each with a "greenary-yellow" hue, that one assumes when under the electric light, when we all started with them for their camp. We were followed and surrounded by the Indians. The two priests, Mr. and Mrs. Gowanlock, Mr. Gilchrist, Mr. Williscraft, Mr. Dill, Mr. Gouin, Mr. Quinn, my husband and myself formed the party of whites. My husband and I walked ahead. When we had got about one acre from the house we heard shots, which we thought were fired in the air. We paid little or no attention to them. I had my husband by the arm. We were thus linked when old Mr. Williscraft rushed past, bear-headed. I turned my head to see what was the cause of his excitement, when I saw Mr. Gowanlock fall. I was about to speak when I felt my husband's arm drop from mine—and he said, "I am shot too." Just then the priests rushed

up and Father Fafard was saying something in French, which I could not catch. My husband staggered over about twenty feet from me and then back again and fell down beside me. I bent down and raised his head upon my lap. I think over forty shots must have been fired, but I could not tell what side the shot came from that hit my husband. I called Father Fafard and he came over. He knelt down and asked my husband if he could say the "confiteor." My husband said "yes" and then repeated the prayer from end to end. As he finished the prayer, the priest said: "my poor brother, I think you are safe with God," and as the words died upon his lips he received his death-wound and fell prostrate across my husband. I did not see who fired the shot. I only saw one shot fired; I thought it was for myself but it was for my husband and it finished him. In a couple of minutes an Indian, from the opposite side, ran up, caught me by the wrist and told me to go with him. I refused, but I saw another Indian shake his head at me and tell me to go on. He dragged me, by force away. I got one glance—the last—at my poor husband's body and I was taken off. After we had gone a piece I tried to look back—but the Indian gave me a few shakes pretty roughly and then dragged me through the creek up to my waist in water—then over a path full of thorns and briars and finally flung me down in his tent.

I will not now stay to describe my feelings or attempt to give in language, an idea of the million phantoms of dread and terror; memory seemed but too keen, and only too vividly could I behold the repetition of the scenes that had just passed before me. I stayed all day in the tent. I had the hope that some one would buy me off. Yet the hope was mingled with despair. I thought if I could see Alec, one of our own Indians, that he would buy me, but I could not find out where he was. Towards evening I went to Johnny