

Pritchard's tent and asked him to buy me. He said he had been trying all day but could not succeed, however he expected to strike a bargain before night. He had only one horse and the Indians wanted two horses for me. As good luck would have it, he got Nolin—another half-breed—to give the second horse. It was all they had and yet they willingly parted with that *all*, to save me from inhuman treatment, and even worse than a hundred deaths. There was a slight relief in knowing that I was out of the power of the painted devil that held me, since my husband's death. But we were far from safe. Pritchard took me to his own tent, and placed me with his wife and family. There I felt that if there existed any chance of an escape at all I would be able to take advantage of it. I fully trusted to Pritchard's manliness and good character, and I was not deceived. He not only proved himself a sincere friend and a brave fellow, but he acted the part of a perfect gentleman, throughout, and stands, ever since, in my estimation the type of God's noblest creatures—A TRULY GOOD MAN.

For three weeks I was watched, as a cat would watch a mouse. All night long the Indians kept prowling about the tent, coming in, going out, returning; they resembled, at times, a pack of wolves skulking around their prey, and, at times, they appeared to resemble a herd of demons as we see them represented in the most extravagant of frightful pictures. However, Pritchard spoke to them and their attentions became less annoying. They may have watched as closely as ever and I think they did, but they seldom came into my tent and when they did come in, it was only for a moment. I slept in a sitting position and whenever I would wake up, in a startled state from some fevered dream, I invariably saw, at the tent door, a human eye riveted upon me.

Imagine yourself seated in a quiet room at night, and

every time you look at the door, which is slightly ajar, you catch the eye of a man fixed upon you, and try then to form an idea of my feelings. I heard that the human eye had power to subdue the most savage beast that roams the woods; if so, there must be a great power in the organ of vision; but I know of no object so awe-inspiring to look upon, as the naked eye concentrated upon your features. Had we but the same conception of that "all seeing eye," which we are told, continually watches us, we would doubtlessly be wise and good; for if it inspired us with a proportionate fear, we would possess what Solomon tells us in the first step to wisdom—"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

But I never could describe all the miseries I suffered during those few weeks. I was two months in captivity; and eight days afterwards we heard of Major-General Strange's arrival, I managed to escape. The morning of our escape seemed to have been especially marked out by providence for us. It was the first and only time the Indians were not upon the close watch. Up to that day, we used to march from sunrise to sunset, and all night long the Indians would dance. I cannot conceive how human beings could march all day, as they did, and then dance the wild, frantic dances that they kept up all night. Coming on grey dawn they would tier out and take some repose. Every morning they would tear down our tent to see if we were in it. But whether attracted by the arrival of the soldiers—by the news of General Strange's engagement—or whether they considered we did not meditate flight, I cannot say—but most certainly they neglected their guard that day.

Some of them came in as usual, but we were making tea, and they went off. As soon as the coast was clear we left our tea, and all, and we departed. Maybe they did not know which way we went, or perhaps they were too much engaged with their own immediate danger to make chase, but be that

as it may, we escaped. It was our last night under the lynx-eyed watchers. We went about two miles in the woods, and there hid. So far I had no covering for my head, and but scant raiment for my body. The season was very cold in April and May, and many a time I felt numb, chill, and sick, but there was no remedy for it; only "grin and go through." In the last part of my captivity, I suffered from exposure to the sun. The squaws took all my hats, and I could not get anything to cover my head, except a blanket, and I would not dare to put one on, as I knew not the moment we might fall in with the scouts, and they might take me for a squaw. My shawl had become ribbons from tearing through the bush, and towards the end I was not able to get two rags of it to remain together. There is no possibility of giving an idea of our sufferings. The physical pains, exposures, dangers, colds, heats, sleepless nights, long marches, scant food, poor raiment, &c., would be bad enough,—but we must not lose sight of the mental anguish, that memory, only two faithful, would inflict upon us, and the terror that alternate hope and despair would compel us to undergo. I cannot say which was the worst. But when united, our sad lives seemed to have passed beneath the darkest cloud that could possibly hang over them.

When the Indians held their tea-dances or pow-wows in times of peace, the squaws and children joined in, and it was a very amusing sight to watch them. We often went three miles to look at a tea-dance, and I found it as attractive and interesting as a big circus would be to the children of a civilized place. But I had then no idea of the war-dance. They differ in every respect. No fire-arms are used at the tea-dance, and the guns and tomahawks and knives play the principal part in the war-dance. A huge fire throws its yellow, fitful light upon the grim spectre-like objects that bound, leap, yell and howl, bend and pass, aim their weap-

ons, and using their tomahawks in a mimic warfare, a hideous pantomime, around and across the blaze. Their gesticulations summon up visions of murder, horror, scalps, bleeding and dangling at their belts, human hearts and heads fixed upon their spears; their yells resemble at times the long and distant howl of a pack of famished wolves, when on the track of some hapless deer; and again their cries, their forms, their actions, their very surroundings could be compared to nothing else than some infernal scene, wherein the demons are frantic with hell, inflamed passions. Each one might bear Milton's description in his "Paradise Lost," of Death:

"The other shape—

If shape it might be called, that shape had none,
Distinguishable, in member, joint or limb:

* * * * *

black it stood as night.

Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as hell,

And shook a dreadful dart.—"

And the union of all such beings might also be described in the words of the same author:

"The chief were those who from the pit of hell,
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
Their seats, long after, next the seat of God,
Their altars, by his altar; gods adored
Among the nations round; and durst abide
Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned
Between the cherubim; yea of ten placed
Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations; and with cursed things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned."

The scenes at the little church the morning of the second of April,—the massacre of God's anointed priests, the desecration of the temple, the robbery of the sacred vessels and ornaments, the burning of the edifice—are not those the deeds of beings not human, but infernal? Is the likeness too vivid or too true? But in the wild banquet of their

triumph, while still holding the sacred vessels, they were checked as of old was Belshazzar. Those scenes shall never pass from my memory ; with Freneau I can say :

“And long shall timorous fancy see,
The painted chief, the pointed spear;
And reason's self shall bow the knee,
To shadows and delusions here.”

Now that I have passed once more over the trying scenes of the sad and eventful month of April, I will describe some of the dangers of our position, how we moved, camped, slept, and cooked. I will come to the transition from wild adventure to calm security, from the dangers of the wilderness to the safety of civilization. Once free from the toils of the Indians and back in the bosom of society, I will have but to describe our trip home, tell of the kindness received, and close this short sketch, bid “good-bye” to my kind and patient readers and return to that quiet life, which God in His mercy has reserved for me.

After our escape, we travelled all day long in the same bush, so that should the Indians discover us, we would seem to be still with them. We had nothing to eat but bread and water. We dare not make fire as we might be detected by the savages and then be subjected to a stricter *surveillance*, and maybe punished for our wanderings. Thus speaking of fire makes me think of the signals that the bands had, the beacons that flared from the heights at stated times and for certain purposes. Even before the outbreak, I remember of Indians coming to my husband and telling him that they were going on a hunt, and if such and such a thing took place, they would at a certain time and in a certain direction, make a fire. We often watched for the fires and at the stated time we would perceive the thin column of smoke ascend into the sky. For twenty and thirty miles around these fires can be seen. They are made

in a very peculiar manner. The Indian digs a hole about a foot square and in that start the flame. He piles branches or fagots up in a cone fashion, like a bee-hive, and leaving a small hole in the top for the smoke to issue forth, he makes a draught space below on the four sides. If the wind is not strong, that tiny column of blue smoke will ascend to a height often of fifty or sixty feet. During the war times they make use of these fires as signals from band to band, and each fire has a conventional meaning. Like the *phares* that flashed the alarm from hill-top to hill-top or the tocsin that sang from belfry to belfry in the Basse Bretagne, in the days of the rising of the Vendee, so those beacons would communicate as swiftly the tidings that one band or tribe had to convey to another. Again, speaking of the danger of fire-making, I will give an example of what those Indians did with men of their own tribe.

A few of their men desired to go to Fort Pitt with their families, while the others objected. The couple of families escaped and reached the opposite side of a large lake. The Indians did not know which direction the fugitives had taken until noon the following day, when they saw their fire for dinner, across the lake. They started, half by one side and half by the other side of the lake, and came up so as to surround the fugitives. They took their horses, blankets, provisions, and camps, and set fire to the prairie on all sides so as to prevent the unhappy families from going or returning. When they thus treated their own people, what could white people expect at their hands?

The second day after our escape we travelled through a thicker bush and the men were kept busy cutting roads for us. We camped four times to make up for the day before, its fast and tramp. We made a cup of tea and a bannock each time. The third day we got into the open prairie, and about ten in the morning we lost our way. We were for over



three hours in perplexity. We feared to advance too much as we might be getting farther from our proper track. About one o'clock the sun appeared and by means of it we regained our right course. At four we camped for the night. We found a pretty clump of poplars and there pitched our tents for a good repose. I had just commenced to make a bannock for our tea, when Pritchard ran in and told me that the police were outside and for me to go to them at once. I sincerely believe that it was at that moment we ran the greatest of all our risks. The police had taken us for a band of Indians, and were on the point of shooting at us when I came out and arrested the act. When they found who we were, they came in, placed their guns aside, and gave us some corned beef and "hard tack," a species of biscuit. These were luxuries to us, while out tea and bannock were a treat to them. We all had tea together, and then we went with them to the open prairie, where we travelled for about two hours. Next morning we moved into Fort Pitt. It was a glad sight to see the three steamboats, and both sailors, soldiers, and civilians gave me a grand reception.

It was upon Friday morning that we got into Fort Pitt, and we remained there until Sunday. On Friday night the military band came down two miles to play for us. It was quite an agreeable change from the "tom-tom" of the Indians. Next day we went to see the soldiers drill. If I am not mistaken there were over 500 men there. Sunday, we left per boat, for Battleford, and got in that night. We had a pleasant trip on the steamer "The Marquis." While at Fort Pitt we had cabins on board the very elegant vessel "North West." We remained three weeks at Battleford, expecting to be daily called upon as witnesses in some cases. We travelled overland from Battleford to Swift Current, and thence by rail to Regina. At Moose Jaw, half way between Swift Current and Regina, we were greatly frightened. Such

a number of people were collected to see and greet us, that we imagined it was Riel and his followers who had come to take us prisoners. Our fears were however, soon quelled. We remained four days at Regina; thence we came to Winnipeg. There we remained from Monday evening until Tuesday evening. Mostly all the people in the city came to see us, and I cannot commence to enumerate the valuable presents we received from the open-hearted citizens. We stoped with a Mrs. Bennett; her treatment to us, was like the care of a fond mother for her lost children.

We left on Thursday evening for Port Arthur, and thence we came by boat, to Owen Sound. A person not in trouble could not help but enjoy the glorious trip on the bosom of that immense inland sea. But, although we were overjoyed to be once more in safety, and drawing nearer our homes, yet memory was not sleeping, and we had too much to think off to permit our enjoying the trip as it could be enjoyed. From Owen Sound we proceeded to Parkdale by train. Parkdale is a lovely spot just outside of Toronto. I spent the afternoon there, and at nine o'clock that night left for home. I said good-bye to Mrs. Gowanlock; after all our sorrows, troubles, dangers, miseries, which we partook in union, we found it necessary to separate. And although we scarcely were half a year acquainted, it seemed as if we had been playmates in childhood, and companions throughout our whole lives. But, as we could not, for the present, continue our hand-in-hand journey, we separated merely physically speaking—for "time has not ages, nor space has not distance," to sever the recollections of our mutual trials.

I arrived home at 6 o'clock on Monday morning. What were my feelings as I stepped down from the hack, at that door, where three years before I stepped up into a carriage, accompanied by my husband! How different the scene of the bride leaving three years ago, and the widow returning to-

day! Still, on the first occasion there were tears of regret at parting, and smiles of anticipated pleasure and happiness—on the second occasion there are tears of memory, and yet smiles of relief on my escape, and happiness in my safe return.

My story draws to a close "Like a tale that is told," it possesses, perhaps, no longer any interest for my readers. Yet, before dropping the veil upon the past, and returning to that life, out of which I had been forced by adverse circumstances. Before saying good-bye to the public forever, I feel that I have a few concluding remarks which I should make, and which I will now offer to my readers as an *adieu!*



CONCLUSION.

ST. THOS. A. KEMPIS, in his beautiful "Imitation of Christ," asks: "who is it that has all which he wishes for? Not I, not you, nor any man upon earth." Although, we often are disappointed in our expectations of happiness, and fail to attain all we desire, yet we have much to be thankful for. I have passed through more than I ever expected I would be able to bear; and still I feel most grateful, and I would not close this short sketch, without addressing a few words to those who are objects of my gratitude.

Firstly, to my readers, I will say that all I have told you, in these few passages, is the simple truth; nothing added thereto, nothing taken therefrom. You have toiled through them despite the poverty of composition and the want of literary style upon them; and now that the story is told, I thank you for your patience with me, and I trust that you may have enjoyed a few moments of pleasure at least, while engaged in reading.

Secondly, let me say a word to my friends of the North-West, and to those of Canada, I cannot name anyone in particular, as those whose kindness was great, yet whose names were accidentally omitted, would feel perhaps, that I slighted their favors. Believe me, one and all, that (in the words of a great orator of the last century), "my memory shall have mouldered when it ceases to recall your goodness and kindness, my tongue shall forever be silent, when it ceases to repeat your expressions of sympathy, and my heart shall have ceased to beat when it throbs no longer for your happiness."

The troubles of the North-West have proven that there is no land, however, happy, prosperous or tranquil it may be,

that is totally free from the dangers of internal revolts,—it has likewise proven that our country possesses the means, the strength, the energy and stamina, to crush the hydra of disunion or rebellion, no matter where it may appear. For like the upas tree, if it is permitted to take root and grow, its proportions would soon become alarming, while its poisonous influence would pollute the atmosphere with misery, ruin, rapine and death.

The rebellion is now a thing of the past. It is now a page in Canadian history. When a few generations shall come and go; our sad story of the "Frog Lake Massacre," may be totally forgotten, and the actors therein consigned to oblivion; but, these few papers, should they by any chance, survive the hand of time, will tell to the children of the future Canada, what those of your day experienced and suffered; and when those who are yet to be, learn the extent of the troubles undergone, and the sacrifices made by those of the present, to set them examples worthy of imitation, and models fit for their practice, to build up for them a great and solid nation, they may perhaps reflect with pride upon the history of their country, its struggles, dangers, tempests and calms. In those days, I trust and pray that Canada may be the realization of that glowing picture of a grand nation, drawn by a Canadian poet:—

"The Northern arch, whose grand proportions,
Spans the sky from sea to sea,
From Atlantic to Pacific—
Home of unborn millions free!"

The heartfelt sympathy of the country has been expressed in many forms, and ever with deep effect, and has twined a garland to drop upon the graves of those who sleep to-night away in the wilds of the North-West. Permit me to add one flower to that chaplet. You who are mothers, and know the value of your dutiful sons, while living, and have felt the

greatness of their loss, when dead; you, who are sisters, and have known a brother's affection, the recollection of which draws you at times to his last resting place, to decorate that home of the dead with a forget-me-not; you, above all, who have experienced the love and devotion of a husband, and have mourned over that flower which has forever faded in death—you will not hesitate in joining with me, as I express, though feebly, my regret, and bring my sincerest of tributes to place upon the lonely grave by the Saskatchewan. Its united waters will sing their *requiem* while I say with Whittier:

“Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days;
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise!”

END.





FATHER FAFARD.

REV. ADELARD FAFARD.

LÉON ADELARD FAFARD, as the name denotes, was a French Canadian, born at St. Cuthbert, in the County of Berthier, Province of Quebec, on the 8th of June 1850. He was a son of Mr. Charles Fafard, cultivator, St. Cuthbert, and brother of Dr. Chas. Fafard, Jr., Amherst, Montreal. He entered the College of the Assumption on September 1st, 1864. From early years, he was devoted to his religion, and an enthusiastic student. He entered a monastic life on the 28th of June, 1872, and took his first vows on the 29th of June, 1873, one year later, and his perpetual vows on June the 29th, 1874.

In the Catholic Mission No. 839, July 3rd, 1885, Monseigneur Grandire, says, Poor Father Fafard belonged to the Diocese of Montreal; he entered our congregation in 1872, and received his commission for my missions in 1875. I ordained him priest on December 8th, 1875, and sent him successively on missions to the savages under the direction of an experienced father. He was always distinguished for his zeal and good tact. For nearly two years he was Superior of a district, and by superhuman efforts succeeded in making a fine establishment by working himself, as a hired laborer, in order to diminish the expenses of his district.

Rev. P. Lebert speaks of him as a pious, humble, subdued, very obedient, full of good will and courage. He adds that he had talent and showed a good disposition for preaching; his voice was full and strong, and his health robust. He was beginning to see the fruits of his labors, when on the 2nd of April, 1885, he was so foully murdered while administering consolation to dying men.



MR. DILL.

MR. DILL.

GEO. DILL who was massacred at Frog Lake, was born in the Village of Preston, in the County of Waterloo, Ont., and was at the time of his death about 38 years of age. At the age of about 17 years, he joined his brother, who was then trading for furs at Lake Nipissing, in 1864. In 1867 his brother left Nipissing, leaving him the business, which he continued for a few years, when he left that place and located on a farm on Bauchere Lake in the Upper Ottawa River. In 1872 he went to Bracebridge, Muskoka, where his brother, Mr. J. W. Dill, the present member for the Local Legislature, had taken up his residence and was doing business. After a short time, he set up business as a general store at Huntsville, where he remained until 1880; he then took a situation in a hardware store in the Village of Bracebridge. While living in Huntsville, he was married to Miss Cassleman, of that place. They had a family of two children, who are now living somewhere in Eastern Canada. In 1882, at the time of the Manitoba boom, he went to see that country, and engaged with a Dominion Land Surveyor, retiring to Bracebridge again in the winter following, remaining till spring 1883, he again went to the North-West, and again engaged with a Surveyor; his object was to secure a good location and settle down to farming, but his inclination led him to trading again, and after speculating until the fall of 1884, he left Battleford for Frog Lake.

He was the only trader in the Frog Lake district, and was well respected by the community generally.

THE SASKATCHEWAN STREAM.

MR. DELANEY while in Ontario on a visit from the North-West, in the year 1882, for the purpose of taking back a bride, gave vent to the following beautiful words:

I long to return to the far distant West,
Where the sun on the prairies sinks cloudless to rest,
Where the fair moon is brightest and stars twinkling peep;
And the flowers of the wood soft folded in sleep.

Oh, the West with its glories, I ne'er can forget,
The fair lands I found there, the friends I there met,
And memory brings back like a fond cherished dream;
The days I have spent by Saskatchewan stream.

By dark Battle river, in fancy I stray,
And gaze o'er the blue Eagle Hills far away,
And hark to the bugle notes borne o'er the plain,
The echoing hills giving back the refrain.

Ah, once more I'll go to my beautiful West,
Where nature is loveliest, fairest and best:
And lonely and long do the days to me seem,
Since I wandered away from Saskatchewan stream.

Ontario, home of my boyhood farewell,
I leave thy dear land in a fairer to dwell,
Though fondly I love thee, I only can rest,
'Mid the flower strewn prairie I found in the West

And as by the wide rolling river I stray,
Till death comes at night like the close of the day,
The moon from the bright starry heavens shall gleam
On my home by the banks of Saskatchewan stream.



CONTENTS.

PART I.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	5
WE LEAVE ONTARIO.....	7
INCIDENTS AT BATTLEFORD.....	11
ON TO OUR HOME.....	13
AT HOME.....	17
WOOD AND PLAIN INDIANS.....	20
THE MASSACRE	22
WITH THE INDIANS.....	26
PROTECTED BY HALF-BREEDS.....	29
THEY TAKE FORT PITT.....	32
COOKING FOR A LARGE FAMILY.....	35
INCIDENTS BY THE WAY.....	37
DANCING PARTIES.....	40
ANOTHER BATTLE.....	44
INDIAN BOYS.....	47
HOPE ALMOST DEFERRED.....	49
OUT OF BIG BEAR'S CAMP.....	51
RESCUED.....	54
WE LEAVE FOR HOME.....	55
AT HOME.	58
TO ONE OF THE ABSENT.....	63

	PAGE
SHOT DOWN.....	65
J. A. GOWANLOCK.....	66
W. C. GILCHRIST.....	71

PART II.

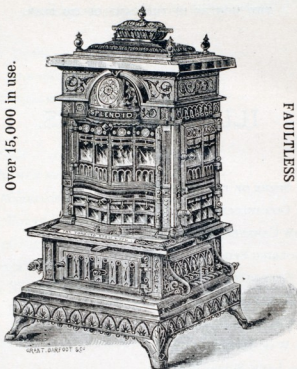
PREFACE	81
MY YOUTH AND EARLY LIFE.....	83
MY MARRIAGE LIFE.....	91
THE NORTH-WEST TROUBLES.....	107
CONCLUSION	128
FATHER FAFARD.....	133
THE SASKATCHEWAN STREAM.....	137
MR. DILL	139



ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
THE SCENE OF THE MASSACRE.....	2
MRS. GOWANLOCK.....	8
SQUAW CARRYING WOOD.....	15
WANDERING SPIRIT.....	45
MR. GOWANLOCK'S HOUSE, STORE AND MILL.....	51
MR. GOWANLOCK.....	66
MR. GILCHRIST.....	70
THE WAR DANCE.....	76
FROG LAKE SETTLEMENT.....	80
MRS. DELANEY.....	78
MR. DELANEY.....	90
THE RESCUE.....	123
FATHER FAFARD.....	135
MR. DILL.....	139

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