

Messrs. Grafton & Ladd
412 Fifth Street
Washington D.C.
U.S.

E. Fréchette

Fort Macleod

1879.

From Quebec to St. Walsh	1
Suicide of a Contention	8
Straight attack on a trading party	15
Four white men as two hundred Indians	23
Sitting Bull's Nephew	36
Burgandage in Italy	29
Fair play even against Indians	38
Indian Trade & Whiskey Trade	46
An Indian police	50
A Terrible episode in Pioneer Life	60
Traders attacked in their store by Indians	72
A Bold surgeon & a plucky patient	78
"Maintiens le Droit" for The Atlantic Monthly	84
Disappointment of a Reporter W. C.	105
Amateur Buffalo hunting	112
Indian mischief	128

500A
B

Grafton + Ladd ^{page} 56

G
H

	Page
Perry Mason & Co	35
" " "	55
" " "	59
" " "	83

P
Q

Fort Macleod
February 27th 1879.

500
Sent 26 Feb. 1879 -

From Quebec to Fort Walsh

..... My leave of absence had been extended & I left Quebec on the 14th of August 1877 en route for Cypress Hills, North West Territories. I spent one day in Montreal & went to Ottawa for orders. I remained there eight days & started in company with two Hon. Ministers who were going to Winnipeg on an official visit. We took the evening train on the 24th, a Friday & one of my companions used to say jocosely, "Some one of us will be out of luck on this trip for we have started on a Friday & I know the sailors do not like it. They must have some reason for that." And every one wished that the predicted ill-luck should not fall upon himself. I did not imagine then that it was my poor self who was destined to suffer on account of our departure on a Friday, as the reader will see I was not particularly fortunate on that trip.

I ^{parted} separated from my companion at Moorhead on the Northern Pacific & continued alone up to Biemart. I stopped three days in that town. I visited Fort Lincoln where I was very well received.

by the officers of the garrison.

We had a concert at the Sheridan Hotel & had an exhibition of a magic lantern that I was bringing with me to amuse our Indians.

On Sunday 2^d Sept. I took passage on the "Fontenelle" for Cow-Island. The waters of the Missouri were very low at that season of the year & the steamboats could not go as far as Benton.

Three days afterwards the chapter of accidents commenced. As we were going up the river very slowly on account of innumerable sand bars over which the steamer passed by the aid of the derrick & the stilts, one of the passengers who had a splendid rifle began to shoot at divers objects on the shore.

It was like a signal for every body to take out rifles & revolvers & we all commenced firing at every little thing that could be taken as a target. All at once we heard a yell that covered all other noise. The rifle of one of the passengers had accidentally gone off while he held the muzzle downwards. The bullet had passed through the deck & smashed the elbow of a man who was working below. The poor fellow was immediately surrounded with every possible aid

& his wound was dressed. I could there notice the remarkable ability which the frontier men generally can show in accidents of that kind. I have seldom seen a man suffer with such coolness & stoicism as that poor maimed fellow did. He had lost a great quantity of blood which did not prevent him from cracking to & fro & chatting all the time. He did not seem particularly annoyed at the occurrence only he would ask now & then for a glass of whiskey in taking which he would invariably say: "Que's luck to the stupid ass who shot me like a damned fool; such as he ought not to be allowed the use of fire-arms."

The unlucky ^{shot} seemed to be much more affected than his victim especially when he gave him two hundred dollars as a feeble compensation for the loss of his arm.

At Buford, Dr. R. Brown of the U. S. A. embarked with an escort of six men & nine horses. Almost immediately a man falls in the hold & breaks his clavicle. This one had the advantage of being scientifically mended by the doctor.

Two days later a man knocks his foot out of joint. You should

4

have heard that one ~~swore~~ as the Doctor reduced the luxation.

A little further up the river one of the gangways falls on a man's knee. Another call on the Doctor.

Further still, a piece of wood falls from the upper deck on a nigger's head. Everybody expected to see the wood split but that niggah was not strong headed & the stick made in the wood a split of four inches.

The cook, it appears, wanted to have a little accident of his own & made a deep cut in his hand instead of making it in the beef he was preparing for breakfast. This procured him a rest without pay for the remainder of the trip.

At Bismark I had been told told that there would be ample means of transport at Cow-Island for myself & the other passengers, but when we arrived there we found only one wagon with two horses. There were four females among the passengers &, of course we left the wagon to them. Dr. Brown gave me a mount & I shipped my baggage which consisted of three trunks by a Bull-train.

We left Cow-Island on the 22nd Sept. at 3 p. m. The weather was beautiful & we camped four miles out. The second day after we came out of the canyon

(5)

as we left the top of the hill, the Nez-Perce under Chief Joseph who had, the day ^{before}, burned Cow-Island, killed one man & wounded two, overtook the Bull-train & burnt & pillaged everything on their way & killed two other men.

The Commanding Officer at Benton, Lt Col. Stages with a party of soldiers & citizens crossed the Missouri & took them in the rear, killed a number of them & lost only one man. There was a Nez-Perce killed with one of my shirts on. He had put it on front behind & my name could be read on the collar. We were totally ignorant of danger & we travelled in all peace & security. A curious thing, on the 23rd, about the time the Indians attacked Cow-Island I found a horse-shoe on the road: "Look at this, Doctor, said I, that is luck — Pook, he said, humbug!" The day after, the Indians must have been at that time dancing around our baggage on fire, I found another horse-shoe: "Decidedly, said I again to the Doctor, we are lucky without knowing it. — Give us a rest, said he, you are worse than a sailor with your superstitions. — Pa bene, said I, I think we are in luck all the same."

Arrived at Benton we were told of what had occurred behind us. There are two roads between Cow-Island &

6

Benton, one on the north of the Missouri & the other on the South. This latter is much shorter than the other & the communications had been made by that way. "Well, said I, to the Doctor, what do you think of my horse-shoes?— Indeed, I think there is something in them, he answered.

The day after, the news came that all our baggage was destroyed.

"Ah! said I to myself, if I had found another small little shoe I would not have lost anything."

The little town of Benton was greatly excited. Patrols were organised. Everybody was armed. No one would go out. I was ^{asked} two hundred dollars to take me to Fort Walsh a distance of one hundred & sixty miles.

The American Commission with General Terry at its head arrived at Benton on its way to Fort Walsh to have an interview with Sitting Bull. At that time General Miles had surrounded the Nez-Percés in the Bear paw mountains & after a fight of two days made them ^{prisoners} with the exception of about two hundred who made their escape, crossed the frontier & came on our side.

On Sunday, the eight October, one of our scouts brought in the mail from

4

Cypress Hills & the next day I left with him for Fort Walsh. We travelled mostly by night & by unusual roads & the third day we reached Fort Walsh safely. &

The Commission came a few days afterwards & found Sitting Bull there waiting for them.

The public knows what little success the commission had with that Chief in its mission of peace. The Sioux would hear nothing from the Commissioners & decided to remain on our territory.

I had passed a splendid time during my leave of absence & the accidents I had met with in coming back made me feel doubly glad to be at home once more & at my usual occupation.

Got MacLeod,
+ 9th February 1879.

Sent 26 February 1879—

Souvenirs of a Centenarian.

Two years ago when I was at Cypress Hills I happened to pass a night at a Half-breed's house. His ^{grand} mother lived with him. She was one hundred and one years of age. She was quite a personage among her people. The history of her young days was well known & I had already heard of a certain adventure of which she was the heroine & I was very curious of getting the facts related by herself.

Luckily that night she happened to be in a talkative mood & after collecting her souvenirs she lighted her long indian pipe & commenced her story.

"When I was twelve years of age, oh! that is long, long ago I lived with my father & mother in a wintering place a little to the South of Swan Lake on the Pembina river.

We used to live the life of Buffalo hunters. Our little fortune consisted of a fine band of horses & a few carts & my father was considered as well off as anybody among the hunters.

In spring in the month of May, what year was that? I was twelve years old. — It must have been one thousand seven hundred & eighty seven, said I. — Well then, one day in the spring of that year, we were preparing for the summer's hunt & I, with my two elder brothers were doing what little work was

not given

adapted to our strength & intelligence, when we saw our father & mother running out of the bush where they had gone to cut willows & calling as loud as they could: "Fetch the guns, fetch the guns! Here are the indians!"

We were constantly on our guard against war parties for there had been many murders committed during the winter & when our people saw any indians that they did not know they considered them as foes & fired on them without mercy. That was the only way to be respected.

We ran to the house & as we were taking the guns, we had three of them, from the hooks on the walls my father rushed in & after seeing that all the family was in the house he examined the primings of the guns which were always kept loaded & he barricaded the door & the two windows as well as he could. He then gave my mother & eldest brother each one of the guns & told us to remain quiet & not to be afraid.

By little holes we made in the walls in taking some of the mud down we then saw a band of about fifty Sioux indians all painted in their war colors advancing slowly towards our cabin.

My father selected one who appeared to be the Chief & fired. The indian leaped into the air & fell on his face, dead.

My brother also fired but missed.

My mother, while father was reloading his gun saw one of the Indians making signs & speaking to the others as if he were giving them instructions. She could not resist the temptation & she sent him a bullet through the head.

My mother was a remarkable woman. She could straddle a horse & run buffalo as well as any hunter & she could fire at a mark better than many.

The Indians then began to yell, oh! the fearful yells I heard that time!

When they saw that we were determined to defend the house as much as we could they retired to the woods but not before father & brother had sent two straight bullets which brought down two more redskins.

We knew that they had disappeared only for a time & we prepared for a longer resistance. My father was pretty well accustomed to those things & he was cool & collected, but not so my mother; she seemed to have misgivings & shed tears now & then as she looked at us children. However she helped to measure the powder & count the balls we had in the house. We had about sixty rounds altogether. That was not much but we expected to see two of my father's friends come before the night & we were sure that they would be well armed for in those days nobody

(4)

ever ventured out without his arms & a good supply of ammunition. They would have been a great help to us but unfortunately they did not come & we were left to ourselves. The nearest neighbour lived about six miles away it was impossible to get any assistance from them.

As soon as it got dark we redoubled our attention. It was not long before we heard a noise near the house. Oh! the dreadful moment! The noise continued to approach but yet we could see nothing.

At last we heard the Indians climbing at the four corners of the house & we knew at once what they intended to do. Once on the top of the house they would undo the roof & jump inside.

They risked three or four lives by doing so but they were sure of success in the end.

The roof began to be torn off & I heard three shots & three yells. Three corpses fell in the house but before our guns could be reloaded twelve or fifteen red devils tumbled in & fell upon us like tigers.

My father who was a very powerful man fought like a grizzly bear. My mother fell dead her brains scattered by a blow from a tomahawk. My two brothers also fell under the Indian axes, & my father's strength giving

(5)

way at last he fell on his knees & then to the ground. He was covered with wounds & he rose no more.

I had hidden myself behind a pile of buffalo robes & as it was dark, the indians did not see me at first. They then lighted a fire & began to search the little house. They came to my hiding place and one of them perceiving me caught me by the hair & dragged me in the middle of the floor. By the light of the fire I saw the ^{dead} bodies of my parents & my two brothers but, thank God, they were not alone. There were also five indians dead!

They threw the door open & as the house was too small to admit the whole band they went out & made a large fire around which they sat & held a Council in which they decided to keep me, as I was a girl & good looking, to be the wife of one of them when I would be grown up.

I was so much afraid of them that I prayed to God to make me die.

The indians danced all night & in the morning they found our house & took them away.

They put me on one of them & we travelled many days. My captors did not ill-treat me. I lived with them for seven years. I assisted in

(6)

their battles against other indians & sometimes against half-breed-like myself.

Some of them did their best to win my affections but I always remembered that they had murdered my family & always kept the suitors at a distance.

There was something that helped me to prevent any violence being done to me. It was this: morning & night I never failed to kneel down & say my prayers making the sign of the cross at the beginning & at the end. They saw that there was something mystic in those simple acts and it impressed upon their imagination that I was in constant communion with the Great Spirit & they dared not act towards me as they generally did with women whom they wanted as wives.

I had also attentively nursed a poor old indian who had been sick for over ~~three~~ years & as his family & friends were very numerous & influential it contributed a good deal to my peace & tranquility.

Seven years after the frightful event which deprived me of my family & my liberty, the tribe I was with happened to camp at a place where they could see a small party of

(7)

Half-breeds in a couple.

These half-breeds were in complete ignorance of the presence of any Indians near by.

The Indians decided to attack them the next morning.

I thought it would be a sin for me to let those people be attacked without warning them & I stole in the middle of the night out of the Sioux camp & ran over to the half-breed lodge. Great was the surprise created but I was warmly received when I made myself known.

There happened to be one of my maternal uncles in the camp.

I told them my history & warned them of the danger they were running in that place. They moved their camp in the dead of the night & I went with them thanking God for the recovery of my liberty.

Sometime afterwards I got married & lived happy with my husband & my children & I now wait peacefully for the moment when the Almighty will call me to Him.

That centenarian died last summer after a sickness of only a few days.

Fort Macleod
22nd February
1879

Sent - 26 February 1879 -

(1)

A Night attack on a trading party.

In September, 1873, exactly one year before the mounted Police came into the Blackfoot country, a party of six wolf-hunters & traders left Fort "Whoo-up" on an expedition to the Blackfoot & Blood Indian's camps. This party was composed of Tony LaChapelle, Joe McMullen, Charlie Dural, Tom Hardwick who had their wives with them, all Indian women one of whom had a boy thirteen years of age, & two other men, Harry Saylor & Charlie Brown.

They had taken provisions & a trading outfit for one year. Their goods were loaded on five wagons. Every man had a good saddle horse & was well armed with Winchester rifles, sixteen shot pattern, Colt's navy revolvers & bowie knives. They had also five extra rifles & a large quantity of ammunition.

The fact is they were remarkably well supplied with everything wanted on an expedition of that kind, & last but not least they had about sixty gallons of good whiskey. The party would not have been complete without dogs & they had four of them, two large watch dogs & two small ones.

The second day they were out they camped early in the afternoon & took all the usual precautions, for the country was not at all safe then. They made a corral with their wagons linked together

by ropes & put their horses, they had twenty six, inside & tied them up to the wheels except one that had been ridden hard & that they left outside to feed. They made their beds under the wagons & retired to rest at ten in the evening.

A moment after they had fallen asleep, one of the dogs began to bark, & Harowitz getting up quickly saw an indian who had seized the horse they had left outside & tried to mount him. He gave the alarm & as the horse was scared by the indian & would not let him mount they had time to fire at him a couple of shots which started him running for life. The horse ran to the corral & was put inside with the others.

They did not know what nation that indian belonged to. It did not matter much who he was, for, at that epoch all the indians were enemies to the white man. They kept a strict watch the remainder of that night but nothing occurred. The next day they camped to the South of Little Bow River. It was Charlie Dural's turn to herd the horses that day & as he was sitting down in a hollow near his horses he saw the heads of three indians on a little hill close by. He immediately ran the horses in & gave the alarm. Lacapelle mounted a horse & ran to the place where Dural had seen the indians & he saw the foot prints of three warriors.

At about twelve that night a little before moon rise Tony Lacapelle saw something

moving on the ground without being able to tell what it was. It went around the canal & stopped opposite Hardwick's wagon. This man immediately saw that it was some indians, he gave a whoop & fired at them.

The indians also fired & twelve or fourteen shots ~~were~~ exchanged on both sides. The indians retreated & when at a certain distance they ^{gave} the usual signal that they abandoned the attack by firing three shots in the air. They did not know then who they were but they were told afterwards that they were Assiniboines.

A most curious thing was that Charlie Brown had slept without awaking during the skirmish & the first news he had of it was at breakfast next morning when he heard the others talk of the last night's fight. He could not make anything of what they said & he had to be told the story & shown the bullet holes in the wagons & the arrows found in the canal. Nobody was wounded on their side & probably all the indians were also uninjured for it was too dark to make any good shooting.

Two days afterwards they reached the banks of the Big Bow River which they had to cross. The waters were very high & they had to improvise boats with the wagon boxes which were made water tight by means of wagon covers. The canvas is first spread on the ground, then the box is put in the center

4

& the canvas folded up at the sides & ends & doubled inside the box & you have a boat. With a couple of shovels as paddles a couple of men will cross any river with such a contrivance. Of course the horses always swim. They took all their baggage across & on the ^{other} side the beach was about twenty feet wide & after a gentle slope the bank about six feet high was cut perpendicularly. Hardwick & Brown had been detailed to unload the baggage & they put everything on the flat about twenty feet from the edge of the Bank. Tony remarked ^{that} this was a very bad disposition, for, in case of an attack the bank would be a splendid cover for the enemy.

The first night in that camp was quiet & in the morning Hardwick & Brown left for Deer River fifty miles distant to see if there was anything to do there. Tony Lachapelle & McMullen went out that day to hunt Buffalo. Tony noticed that while he was cutting the meat of an animal his mare gave signs of uneasiness but he could see nothing strange where he was. He afterwards saw the tracks of Indians & he was sure that the mare had been scared by them.

When they returned to the camp it was getting dark. Tony before leaving in the morning had told Taylor & Lural to move the wagons further on the flat but nothing had been done & it was too late to do it ~~now~~.

5

They corraled all the horses as usual and after a good meal went to bed. Tony's wife had made a kind of rampart around his wagon which protected three sides of it. This wagon was the most exposed being the nearest to the bank.

McMullen's wife had done the same but her husband said he was not afraid of the Indians & he would have his legs put up & would sleep in it. Of course the lodge had to be pitched outside at the end of the canal. His wife's & companions' remonstrances were of no avail. Tony tied one of the dogs between his wagon & the bank.

They went to bed. Lachapelle undressed & kept only his shirt on. He laid his two rifles, his revolver, cartridge belt & bowie knife alongside of him & went to sleep.

About one hour afterwards they were awakened by a dozen of shots, the rattling of bullets on the wagons & the noise of the frightened horses.

In awakening Tony put on his belt & revolver over his shirt, seized his rifle & opened fire on the Indians who yelled & shouted their war-whoops like so many demons.

Taylor & Daral advanced to the sides & fired as quickly and accurately as they could, but it was dark & they had to take ^{aim} by the light of the Indians' firing. Daral spoke to Lachapelle two or three times & seemed to lose courage. The other reassured

(6)

him with the idea that the Indians were wasting their ammunition very fast without effect. He did not know then that at the first discharge of the Indians Mc-Mullen had been struck by eight bullets & his wife by two.

Tony kept up a lively fire with his two rifles which his wife would reload for him. Mc-Mullen in spite of his wounds crawled out of his lodge followed by his wife & went near Taylor & Dural where he received three other bullets. He said he was going away to prevent the Indians taking his scalp while alive. Dural called to Lachapelle now & then but the latter would not answer because the Indians were now advancing on both sides of the corral & making a fire. As he was protected only on three sides he did not want to show, by speaking the exact spot where he stood. His wife left him for a moment & crawled across the corral to Taylor & Dural. They asked her where Tony was: "He is on his bed," said she. They thought then that he was dead & Dural got out of the corral & ran away. The others except Tony's wife followed him. Mc-Mullen had already disappeared with his wife in the dark.

Dural's wife had a little baby six months old & she was not forty ^{years old} away when she received a bullet in her leg & fell. "Oh! Charlie," said she to her husband, "Come & take the child, I am wounded!" No,

+ advancing
made a cross
Three sides
speaking the
wife left
across

(4)

said he, if my father & mother were har-
ishing with you I would not go back
one step, & he continued to run.

Tony's wife came back to him & told
him that McMullen was wounded &
gone with all the others. She advised
him to run away also, which he prepared
to do. He gave her a box of cartridges &
crawled out half matted as he was
and as he braced himself up to run
he saw three indians on his right &
as many on his left. He fired at both
parties & ran.

He hid himself five hundred yards off
in a hole with his wife & then the indians
seeing that the firing ceased in the corral
advanced cautiously & took possession
of it.

At daylight they started taking away their dead
& wounded with the horses that remained alive & went away.
Tony counted eighty of them as they
left the place.

He came back to his camp & remark-
ed that the indians had not touched
any thing that belonged to him.

There were nine horses dead. They ^{indians} did
not find the whiskey bottle.

There were thirty six bullets in Tony's
weapon and as many in the others. He
found seventy ^{five} arrows in the corral.
He waited for Hardwick & Brown who
returned the next day & ^{they went back} returned to
Whoop up. It was only twenty seven

8

days afterwards that the whole party came again together at that Post.

McMullen & his wife were not dead.

It would take long pages to narrate the hardships & sufferings McMullen & his wife, Sural & his wife & Saylor endured after their flight. They were all nearly starved to death.

Still everyone of them is alive yet, & Tony La Chapelle lives with his wife & family at about two hundred yards from Fort Maclean one of the principal posts of the Mounted Police.

Fort Macleod
22 Feb. 1879

Sent 26 February 1879 -

(1)

Four white men ~~at~~ Two hundred Indians.

In the month of October, 1873, Tony Lachapelle, of whom I have already spoken in another article, was at Fort Hippi buying horses to replace those he had lost in his battle with the Assiniboines when an Indian came on horse back in the Fort & handed a letter to Mr Brown, the man in charge of the Post. The letter was signed by a man well known there, Joseph Day, & said that he was at eighteen miles from Ft Hippi in a house with three other men & that they were surrounded by two hundred Indians & if they received no help from outside, they were sure to perish.

Tony asked Brown if he could spare some of his men but the latter said he wanted all his hands to protect his own post.

As luck would have it, three men, Clark, Giles & Butch Butch came in from the plains at the moment they were devising plans to go to the rescue of the attacked party & when told what was up, they immediately volunteered to go with Lachapelle. They changed their horses, got a supply of ammunition & started.

They rode as fast as they could with the Indian who had brought the letter, as a guide. Two hours run took them on a hill where they could see the low flat where the attacked house was built in the woods. They saw the Indians & could count about two hundred of them mounted, manœuvring & yelling according

to their custom. The four white men unslung their rifles & advanced towards ^{them}. They wanted to speak to them & be friends if possible but the Indians, as soon as they saw their movement began to fly & ascend the hill on the opposite side of the bottom. Lachapelle called them back but it was useless. The Indian guide got mad to see so many of his blood run before so few white ^{men}. He called them cowards & sons of Coyotes &c. but all in vain, they were scared to death for they thought that probably these four men they saw were only the vanguard of a larger party & almost invariably, with Indians, prudence is considered the better part of valor.

The party reached the besieged house & found all the inhabitants alive except three horses that had been killed by bullets passing between the logs of the walls. The house was divided in two parts one of which was not shirked & the other better finished & fit to be inhabited.

Now this is what had happened.

At a few miles from that house there was a camp of two hundred lodges of Blood Indians. Their chief, "Old-Bull-Backfat" came with two of his men to trade a Buffalo robe for some whiskey. The trader, Day, measured five cups full of the liquor & gave it to the Indian who was not satisfied with that. He wanted one gallon & the trader, who could always get four & five robes for that quantity of whiskey, refused it. The Indian chief became insolent & the trader kicked him out of the house. This insult roused his blood, he went to his camp

(3)

& after a while returned with forty young men all well armed & they commenced firing at the house. As soon as the traders had turned the Chief out of their house they had ran their horses in & put them in that part of the house which was not chinked & they barricaded themselves in the other apartment. They had lots of ammunition & good rifles. They returned the indians' fire with good effect.

They killed on the spot the Chief "old Bull-Buck" the author of the quarrel, & wounded one of his men. The attacking party now thought that it would be too hot to come near the house & they returned to their camp.

Next day they came about two hundred in number & began a regular siege. They would come under cover of the bush as near as they could, fire a shot & retire. The traders had entirely forgotten to take in a supply of water & it became evident to them that the indians had encircled the place in order to prevent them from getting water either for themselves or their horses. It was almost impossible to go out without being seen & to be seen was sure death.

They passed the first ~~the first~~ day without suffering very much but the second day the pangs of thirst began to be felt & the poor fellows commenced to grow impatient. Day proposed that one of them, who would be selected by casting lots, would, at night, mount the best runner & make a rush through the indian lines, if successful, try to reach Fort Kipp where he would call for help. That idea was immediately dismissed &

(4)

Day himself acknowledged afterwards that at that moment he did not know what he was saying. It would have been madness to attempt such a thing & one life would certainly have been sacrificed without benefit to the others.

The night of that day the indians seemed to change their tactics & take a bold resolution. At about ten o'clock a party of twenty advanced in the dark carrying a log with them. They moved with such precautions that their presence near the house was ^{noticed only} when they began to use the log as a ram against the door. It was fortunate that the door was well barricaded inside by bales of goods & cases of ammunition for once an opening made the fight would not have lasted long. The traders fired then by the loop-holes in the wall & struck two indians. The remainder retired for a moment. Another party came again on the other side of the house. Some of them had probably remarked that some of the logs were a little rotten at one place & thought they could easily break them in with a log vigorously handled.

They approached again in silence & went to work but they struck in vain at the wall, for, at the spot they attacked the logs were strong & sound. Day passed his rifle through a loop-hole & was taking aim when Denis Bilodeau, one of his companions, a french canadian, stopped him, saying:

"I have an idea. I will go out around the corner by the other end of the house where the horses are & catch one of those rascals with my lasso. You follow me & protect me when I jump

(5)

back in the little door & help me to pull in the fish if I catch any. Now, look sharp. Here goes. That Canadian had been a long time on the Mexican borders & there he had learned to throw a lasso in a remarkable manner.

There was at the end of the house a small opening hardly large enough for one man to pass through & as there had been no firing from that part of the building, the Indians did not watch it very closely.

Bilodeau was a good as his word & two minutes after the four of them were pulling on the lasso at the end of which came an Indian yelling, jumping & making incredible efforts to free himself from the fatal snare. They took him in & soon forced the other Indians to retreat.

"What do you want to do with that vermin," said Day to Bilodeau?—Why, man, this prisoner is going to save us. You'll see, I speak his language like a book & I will preach to him a little. Listen.

"Now, you son of a badger, you have a brother among the Indians outside, have you not?"

Yes, said the prisoner, what do you want with him?"

"I'll soon tell you. You will pass your head through that hole, there, & you will call your brother. Tell him that we won't shoot ^{at} him but that if he does not come we will shoot at you right here. Do you understand?"

Yes, I'll do it."

Through the little hole he called his brother & told him to come, that there was no danger

(6)

for him but he, himself would be killed if he did not come & he must come alone.

After a few minutes his brother approached — "Now, tell him, said Bilodeau, that if he wants you to come out of this place alive he must secretly carry a letter to Fort Kipp & if he is not back here with some reinforcements for us to-morrow at noon, you are a dead man, & your blood will be on his head."

After some talking the other agreed to do what was required of him.

¹²⁰ The letter was written & given to him & he started without saying anything to his people & as we have seen he was faithful in his errand.

The traders now released their prisoners & helped by their liberators, packed everything they had, abandoned that place which had become too dangerous & moved to Fort Kipp where they passed the winter.

Fort Macleod
28 Feb. 1879

Sund 26 February 1879 -

Brigandage in Italy.

I was in Rome in 1868. I had left Canada with a large party of my countrymen to go & enlist in the Papal Zouaves, as fine a regiment as ever carried arms. In the ranks of that corps could be seen the élite of every Christian country. After the ^{affairs} Montana all had become quiet in the pontifical provinces & the monotony of garrison duty was enlivened only by expeditions against some brigands who played every kind of mischief in some parts of the country.

One Sunday in June, I remember that day well, for I had lost one of my friends who got drowned in the Tiber while bathing, we were then quartered in the Janiculum, at eleven o'clock at night, our depot received the order to go to Nettuno & reinforce the garrison of that place. At five next morning we marched to the ^{Railway} Station & took the train for our destination.

Just ^{before} after we were installed in our new quarters the non-commissioned officers of the depot were assembled & told the particularly on the look-out for brigands. We were in their Chateau fort as one might say. About ten days before some of them had come to the very gates of the town & kidnapped a little boy seven years of age, the son of a respectable widow of Nettuno. The day after she received a letter by post announcing her that the child was alive & that he could be ransomed for the paltry sum of twenty hundred scudi (about \$1500).

If she were able & disposed to recover her son she had to come alone at a given place near the town at night at a certain hour & deposit her money under a described stone & she would see her child the day after.

(2)

She had three days to find the money. After that time if it was ^{not} found under the stone the child would be put to death. She must also be very careful not to give the alarm to the Gendarmes or the Gouaves, they were sure to know & the child's life would be forfeited.

The poor mother had only, at the moment, five or six hundred scudi in ready cash & she tried to negotiate a loan with the bankers of the town but it was impossible to get the amount required. However she thought that perhaps her boy's abductors would be contented with that sum & the promise of a future & secret remittance & she deposited her five hundred scudi under the stone with a letter explaining her circumstances. How little she knew the hard-hearted villains!

The next day another letter was found on her door steps which gave her four days more to complete the ransom of her child.

She decided then to go to Rome & see the Pope himself. Pius IX received her as he always ^{receives} any body in distress, that is, with open heart & hands.

He heard the widow's story & knowing, himself, better than any, that the brigands' threats were not to be trifled with he gave her a word for Prince N..... who immediately sent her to his banker from whom she received five hundred scudi.

She returned without losing time to Velletri & at night she went to the assigned place & deposited the money. As she withdrew from the spot she heard a voice ordering her to wait till the money would be counted. She obeyed & a quarter of an hour afterwards, the same voice told her that it was all right & that her son would be sent home within forty eight hours & she was again warned

(3)

that if she dared give notice to the authorities her son's life & her own would pay for the denunciation. Of course everybody in town knew that the boy had been stolen & the gendarmes had tried to know from the bereaved widow if she had had any communication with the brigands but she had the threats in her mind & would answer nothing to their questions.

She waited & prayed all next day expecting every moment to see her dear child come. She sat up at night until half past twelve when she heard a knock at her door. She hastened to open & two masked men in brigand costume, rifles on the shoulder & revolvers in their belts came in with the child. The poor mother nearly fainted with joy & forgetting who they were she kissed the brigands hands thanking them for having spared her child's life. The boy's emotions cannot be described. At last the brigands took their departure but before going out they took from their pockets two human ears & a tongue, showed them to the widow saying:

"You see these, well, that is what we do with the ears & tongues of those who betray us. Be careful ^{how} you speak & act now."

The boy, next day, went out to play & met some gendarmes who knew him. They took him before their commanding officer & he soon got the whole story from the young one.

The day he was taken away he was playing near the fountain at the "Porta di Roma" about five in the afternoon when a man dressed like a peasant came to him & asked ^{for} some matches to light his pipe. The boy good naturedly ran to the first house & got him a burning coal. The peasant told him he was a good boy & he could have a ride on his donkey if

(4)

he liked.

"Where is your donkey," said the boy?

— Beyond that bush about fifty paces, come, it's a fine beast."

The boy perfectly unsuspecting followed his new friend, mounted on a fine donkey & went where the peasant led the animal without hesitating. A quarter of an hour after he wanted to return & said so.

"Not at all, figlio mio, said the peasant, you must come with me now."

He put a gag on him & continued his way when they were overtaken by two other men who escorted him to the mountain. They marched about twelve hours before they reached the grotto where the brigands had their home. He had been badly treated by all the brigands eleven in number except one who had been kind to him.

The Officer commanding the Gendarmerie consulted with the Commander of the Zouaves & they decided to make an expedition against those outlaws who seemed to get bolder every day.

A couple of days afterwards, at eleven at night we received the order to start one hundred & twenty strong in half an hour. We had a cup of coffee; rations were distributed for two days & by a heavy rain we left the barracks going we did not know where. We marched all night & rested a little next day. We had to make long circuits to avoid being seen on the roads.

The second morning we met a woman whom the Gendarmes, with their ramrods,

(5)

persuaded to tell us what he knew of the brigands. He took us to a place where ^{they} had breakfasted a little while before.

We deployed in skirmishing order & advanced through the bush. We had not gone half a mile when we heard the shout: "Avanti Zouavo!"

(Forward, Zouavos) And, bang, bang right & left.

It lasted about three minutes & we picked up five bodies of the brigands, packed them on our shoulders & reformed the company in marching order.

We returned the next day to our quarters & exposed the dead bodies on the public square so that they might be identified & also serve as an example to the population ~~of~~ who is pretty wild in that province, so much so that the italians have a saying: "Vellétriano, sette volte vilano".

(a vellétrian is seven times a villain).

I formed part of the guard around the corpses & the widow's boy was brought there to see if he would know the bodies.

As soon as he put his eyes on them he became frantic. He kicked at them & cursed them in the most profane language, but when he perceived one of them who had no beard & looked quite young he fell on his knees near him & kissed his bloody wounds, cried & called us Zouavos all sorts of names because we had killed that one.

He told us how well that particular one had treated him. When the others beat

(6)

him & pricked him with their poniards to force him to dance & sing for them, this good brigand would take his part & protect him. He was surely a saint now in heaven & those who had killed were worse brigands than ever he was.

A few days after, three more brigands of the same band were captured by the Gendarmes & shot on the public place by the soldiers. Two more were taken by the Gouaves & imprisoned for life.

This put an end to the evil-doings of that band & the country was quiet & safe for a long time afterwards.

Sent 26 Feb-79

Messrs Perry, Mason & Co.
Boston, Mass.

24th Feb. 1879.

Gentleman,

Yours of the 27th Dec. with the K was received on the 4th of this month. I was away when the mails came & could not answer immediately. Many thanks for your encouragement.

I enclose 5 articles & have complete notes for fifty more. Those stories are all strictly true & the fact is instead of adding & creating I am obliged to curtail a great many & leave off interesting features in order to remain within the limits you have prescribed. If it were possible I could often make two or three articles on one subject. It would be an economy of material for me. ^{For instance} I can make an interesting piece as a sequel to the "attack on a trading party" by relating what the poor fellows suffered after they left the corral & how they were rescued & saved from a certain death by their own enemies. As it is I am forced to condense a good deal.

There is a man here, a good scholar who has been 17 years among the Blackfoot & other Indians. He has written a book on the country. It is not yet published & will not be for some time & in four weeks I will have his ms. from which I will be allowed to take whatever I want. I will certainly find there a great source of information.

The photographer who went to take Sitting Bull's portrait could not succeed in getting it. The Sioux, except S. B.'s nephew, would not hear of it - It is bad medicine, they say. I send you some stereoscopic views taken at Ft. Walsh & elsewhere in the N. W. Ter. I will in few days have some more & send them by next mail. I send also some of our own photos. to show you our uniform.

If you have commenced to publish my art, I would be glad to have those numbers. My servant, I think can get ten or twelve subscribers but they will also ask for the back numbers of my art. You advertise also some presents for new subscribers & my servant will be glad to receive some if he succeeds in getting the required number.

I have put in an incident of my life in the paper 3 times & if such could be acceptable I could send you some now & then. If you accept the enclosed art, please deduct the amount of the subscription & send me the paper regularly -

I am, Gentlemen,
Yours truly,

R. S. Hechler

7th March 1879
24 Feb 1879

Sent 26 Feb - 79 -

Sitting Bull's nephews.

This is a man who has been living up North for some time. He passed part of last winter at the Mounted Police Post at Shoal Lake & then came to Qu'Appelle. He is said to be now among the Sarcee about two hundred miles from Ft. Macleod. When Capt. Antrobus of the M. Police went to Qu'Appelle last summer, a fine looking young half-breed came to him & introduced himself as the son of Sitting Bull's youngest sister. He said that his father was a prominent member of the Hon. Hudson Bay Co. - He stated that he had been educated in Canada & his language & manners showed plainly that he had received some education. He wanted to go to Cypress Hills & asked the permission to accompany Capt. Antrobus' Detachment which was granted. When they passed near Wood Mountain where Sitting Bull was he left the Detachment & went to his uncle's camp. The ^{young} Chief from all accounts received him pretty coolly & the young man did not feel very happy among his people.

The police authorities have since been informed that this same half-breed corresponds with American papers & a letter written by him was shown to them in which he stated that the Police could

not keep the Sioux from crossing the Line; that it would require 10000 soldiers to control the Sioux & that there was no international law to prevent Indians from crossing to either side of the boundary. The letter was well worded & the chirography neat & plain.

Some pretend that the influence of this young man among his relatives will probably soon elevate him to the position of head chief of his tribe but I do not think it. He has been too long separated from his people & has lost too much of their habits. It will take a long time before he can make himself respected as a brave warrior, & if ever he gains any influence it is hard to say whether he will direct his efforts towards the moral improvement of his Sioux brethren or follow the example of his uncle. Time will show.

Sent 12 May 79

Fort Mackay
1 month 99

(1)

Fair play even against Indians.

In the summer of 1864, a large ox-train was crossing the plains. It was bound for Salt Lake City. At Fort Kearney three parties had joined together & travelled in company. At that time the military authorities at certain Posts had the power to detain small parties of travellers until some others would come in. They would ^{then} form them in parties of at least one hundred going the same way, choose & appoint among them a chief to whom all others were bound to obey, & let them continue their journey. This regulation had the natural effect of forcing people to travel in numbers sufficient to protect themselves.

On this particular occasion the party I am speaking of consisted of only seventy-five men. Some dutchmen, after leaving Fort Kearney, found that the train was going too slow for them. They separated from the rest & went ahead. Their bodies were found on the road afterwards. They all had been massacred by the Indians.

The remaining seventy-five men were half of them experienced travellers, the other were new hands but all were brave & plucky. One of them was afterwards employed as interpreter or scout in the American Army until he was killed alongside of his favorite chief, late General Custer, in the Rosebud valley. His real name was Augustin Gignas, but he was

better known by that of Frank Green. He was a french Canadian from Ottawa.

The appointed Chief of the party was an old campaigner who was well posted in indian tactics. He kept strict discipline & order in his camp & was quite popular among the men.

One day, they were approaching the Black Hills, they camped on a fine flat of the River La Platte where fodder & fuel were abundant.

They proposed to stop there for three days to give time to their stock to recruit a little, & in the afternoon of the next day about forty of them went to bathe. There was a small island in front of the camp. The men on guard were on the wagon with spy-glasses. The bathers were enjoying their refreshing exercise when the guard gave the alarm & began to fire immediately at a large party of indians who were approaching. Those who were ashore on the flat ran to their arms & cried to the bathers to hide themselves behind the bank of the river; there they would be protected by the island. The guard & the others fired over their heads & the island & reached the enemy on the other shore.

Two of the bathers, a dutchman & a colored man became so nervous that they lost all presence of mind. They jumped over the bank & rushed towards the wagons. Both fell at once struck by twenty bullets.

The indians about four hundred strong kept a rapid fire but with little effect.

(3)

At last when they saw that they were losing their men without weakening their adversaries the Indians made for the horses & mules & drove them away.

It would have been impossible to stop them for, in leaving the wagons they would have completely uncovered themselves. Besides they were on foot & the Indians were mounted.

The Indians took all the mules & horses except one that was picketed near the wagons.

It was known that "Red Cloud," a Sioux chief was in that part of the country at the head of seventeen lodges & it was some of his camp who had made that attack. The owner of the greatest part of the goods freighted on that train came to the camp next morning. He was well mounted & he had a spare horse.

He promised his two horses & five hundred dollars to anyone who would recapture the lost horses so that the train could go on.

At first nobody thought the thing possible but towards evening Cingras prevailed upon a friend of his to attempt it. There was nothing to lose after all, perhaps one scalp or two but what was that?

They went to the master & asked him if other horses would do just as well supposing they could not find their own.

"Why, certainly, the reward will be the same," said the proprietor.

"All right," said the two men, & they prepared

(4)

for the rescue. They mounted the two best of the three horses they had & started when it was dark.

They rode about ten or twelve ^{miles} when they came upon a small hill. There they stopped short with surprise. They perceived at their feet a band of about four hundred horses grazing near a creek & a little further they saw a great number of camp fires which extended over more than a mile along the stream.

They listened & heard nothing that indicated that their presence near the herd was detected.

They decided to act at once. One would go to the right & the other to the left & try to find the mules if they were in that band. Once the mules found they were sure that they would be easily led by their old drivers. Guigras in going around to the left came near the mules & one of them, his own pet animal, began to bray in recognizing his master.

His unwelcome greeting started all the stallions in the band neighing. The camp was roused & the Sioux began to fire.

By this time our two friends had stampeded half the herd of horses & were pushing them in the direction of their camp.

Number of indians were soon mounted & in pursuit. The two adventurers sped on as fast as they could drive the captured horses.

When once fairly started they placed themselves in the middle of them for

(5)

protection against the fire of their pursuants. Several horses were killed by the latter but they could not head them off.

In less than an hour's run they were in sight of their camp. Their people in hearing & seeing such a band of horses thought that it was the enemy & opened fire on them & it was lucky that the two men were in the center of the band for they would have run a serious danger of being shot by their own friends.

They yelled out their names & were recognized. The indians had turned back when they neared the camp of the white men.

The horses were taken in & a fine capture it was.

They had recovered their mules, fifteen of their own horses & they had one hundred & sixty good horses that they were seeing for the first time.

The owner was elated & he gave the two men five hundred dollars each over & above the first reward agreed upon. He also gave them each ten of the captured horses.

Now that they had the horses the difficulty was to keep them, for the indians would without doubt do their utmost to recapture them.

This exploit brought the travellers the diversion of one or two attacks every day for some time. They always had a party of twenty mounted men. The wagons went two abreast & in case of an attack,

(6)

in five minutes they could corral all their stock & be ready for defense.

Among the party were three prussians who at last got tired of those attacks & without taking anybody into their confidence they conceived a most atrocious plan. It was that of poisoning the indians. They had a good stock of poison for trapping & hunting purposes & they put a good quantity of it in two barrels of sugar & in a box of ground coffee. They also made a solution of strychnine & poured it over a few sacs of biscuits.

As it happened one afternoon there had been a wagon broken a little before they came to a camping place & it had been left on the road.

At night the three men carried the poisoned victuals & put them on that wagon as a bait. The success of the diabolical scheme was only too complete, for the next night some indians came on a hill near the camp & they seemed to be in great agony. They moaned, cried & complained of the most excruciating pains.

One of them came with a flag of truce at one hundred yards of the camp & spoke:

"You may go in peace, said he, we will never trouble you again. The Great Spirit is against us & he protects you. Our people are dying like flies. Please, good white men, ask the Great Spirit to stop the punishment. We will be good & never

(2)

will hurt white men any more."

The three prussians then, thinking that they deserved a great deal for their infamous deed, told their comrades what they had done.

They were deceived for the indignation in the camp was so great that one of the prisoners was instantly shot through the heart & the two others, thanks only to the energetic interference of the chief, were allowed to take each a horse with four days' provisions & leave the camp for ever.

After that act of justice the train went on & never was attacked again by indians.

I admire very much the spirit of play of those brave travellers. They were harassed by thousands of cruel enemies & they were only seventy-five men, yet they would not, as a whole, stoop to any foul means of ridding themselves of their foes.

Feb March
2 March 79

Sent 12 Mars - 79

Indian trade & Whiskey trade. (1)

About twenty miles from Fort Walsh in Cypress Hills there can be seen old ruins of a once flourishing trading post. It was built in 1864, occupied during six years & then abandoned. Whiskey was at that time the most profitable article of commerce & as there was no authority in the country to check the abuse of it, the consequence was that many crimes were committed either by Indians or white men when under the influence of liquor. Indians would stop at nothing in order to procure it. They would steal & even commit murder for the sake of a couple of gallons.

Many hundreds of gallons were traded at the post above mentioned & the trader was doing good business for some time but at last, thinking of doing better he invested all his money in cattle, horses, mules & oxen, but the Indians stole his horses & stampeded his other cattle. The man was ruined.

I met that man very often & he used to interest me very much in telling me of his experience in Indian trade. When Indians have been out hunting for some time, the women set to work & dress the skins. It is a very hard work that demands a great strength but the women have to do it. A man would be disgraced for ever if he was seen helping a woman in her specialty.

When they have a certain number of robes & other peltries prepared they start for a trading post. The ordinary subjects of conversation are dropped & every one computes, calculates & arranges his little bargains before hand. The invariable ^{result} is that every Indian, however small his stock may be, thinks that he can have in exchange all he wants & even much more.

As they come near the post they commence to sing & they send the Chief to interview the trader. Sometimes

(2)

they present him with a choice robe, a horse or something else. But, oh! such presents are death on traders. They are forced to pay for them twenty times more than they are worth. The first thing a trader has to do in those cases, whether he receives presents or not is to give a feast to the Indians, & in the good old times he gave them some liquor.

The trade will commence only the next day. The Indians in the same time, come in the stores, examine everything, ask about prices &c., enumerate & praise the furs they have brought in & bother the trader to death with their questions & demands for gratuities.

A trick considered very smart consists in trading the same robe two or three times, when it can be taken back on the sly from the trader after it has been already paid for. Indians are experts in that business. If they cannot steal what they have already sold, they go to the back stores while the master & his men are occupied with the trade & tear the mud off from between the logs & with a ramrod & a worm, catch anything they can reach & pull it out, go around & exchange it for some trinket. If the object thus seized by the ramrod is too big, a buffalo robe for instance, to pass ^{easily} through the hole made, they tie a lariat to it & then fasten the other end to a mounted horse's tail or to the horn of its saddle & pull it out. Bad luck to those who were caught in the act though. A good charge of buckshot & sometimes a bullet would come through the wall & put an end to that industry.

Another trick to get whiskey cheap was this: an Indian would take two bottles exactly alike & fill one with water & hide it under his blanket. Then he would go to the store & ask for some whiskey at the same time handing to the clerk his empty bottle to be filled which was done immediately.

The Indian would take the bottle & place it under his blanket & say that he would pay some other time. That would not do of course & the clerk would make him give the bottle

back. The indian would then give the clerk his bottle of water which the unsuspecting trader would pour back into the barrels the indian getting his bottle walked away grumbling & upbraiding the white man for his stinginess.

Speaking of tricks, here is a good one that was practiced by liquor smugglers near one of the police posts last summer. An american, from Montana, came in this country in the month of June last & bought in a good quantity of alcohol. That could be done easily at night for the frontier is large & the approaches of the fort well covered with wood in some places & cut by deep coulees in others. When the stuff was ^{safely} hidden in the woods, the man looked for a safe way of selling it. It was not an easy matter for the detectives were constantly on the look-out. At last he got into partnership with another man who had a few cows & who sold milk & butter. He got a lot of empty fruit cans, cleaned them well, put a wire handle to them & made regular little Kettles.

The price of milk changed immediately that is for some fellows who could be trusted.

One in the secret could go to the ranch & buy a Kettle of milk in which there was half a pint of strong whiskey, pay one dollar & a half & go. The police remarked that there was whiskey about the place but then there were people who had legal permits to bring in some & it was difficult to trace it to smugglers. This went on for ten or twelve days after when the two partners quarrelled & something was said that put the police on the scent. They took them over by surprise, as they thought, & made a search for the whiskey but none could be found. At last information was given by an old squaw that those two white men had profaned the grave of her son that was on a butte near their house. That grave was well known & it was like all other indian graves in the country that is: the corpse had been put on a platform which rested on four posts seven or eight feet high.

(14)

The woman said the men had been digging in the center of the four posts & they used to go there every night. She wanted the police to protect the grave of her dear departed son. This time the fellows were in for it.

The police ^{found} a barrel of whiskey under the indian grave. There was a fine leaden pipe affixed to it & hidden in the ground. The ^{other} end of the pipe came out in a hole near the house & there the liquor could be drawn when wanted. Pretty ingenious was it not?

One of the smugglers was fined four hundred dollars for importing intoxicating liquor illegally & selling it, the other, two hundred dollars for selling some.

From that time the price of milk was reduced to what it was before.

Some others had another way of selling whiskey. The importer would never show himself but he would have agents who sold it for him. They sold a good quantity & could not be detected. If a man was taken drunk & asked where he got the liquor, he would say that he got it on the road; it was very dark & he could not see who gave it to him. Did he pay anybody for it? No.

It was discovered afterwards that two negro women were engaged in the speculation. They sold it only when it was very dark.

One of the agents would say to some fellows known for their love of the forbidden drink: "If anybody should put so much under such a stone, perhaps somebody would give him a quart of whiskey to-night at such an hour at such a place."

The hint was taken and at the time appointed one of the negro women would give the liquor to the party. But at last these were also taken & came to grief.

It is especially about Christmas time that the boldest attempts are made at selling whiskey, & there are always at that time several arrests made; some fellows are fined, others imprisoned but they seem ready to commence again at the first opportunity.

Fort Mackay
March 8th 79

Sent 12 Mars - 79

An indian frolic.

In 1870, when the new Fort McKeon-up was being built, the owner occupied an old fortified house & had always with him five or six good, reliable men well trained to indian fighting. In fact, most of the men employed in those posts were first class horsemen & crack-shots. It was a common saying among that class that it was unfair & not sportsmanlike to use a shot gun to kill small birds such as plovers, partridges & duck. Use a rifle & bullet & give the poor bird a fair swing.

With such men it is easily conceived that small parties of white men so often had the better of large & numerous bands of indians.

In the month of June the men were at work making an inventory of the stock when a band of nineteen north-
Pigons came in sight. It was the first time that those indians were seen at that post.

They came near the house & summoned the inhabitants to come out. They were answered through the loopholes of one of the bastions. They wanted some fire-water.

The trader told them that they could have some if they had something to pay for it.

The indians said they had nothing to give in exchange & they must have it all the same. That was a language the traders did not understand & they said so. The indians, after a while, seeing that they could not gain admittance by the gate of the stockade, decided that one of them, a poor fellow who was hated by all the band except two or three, would get on the tops of the house & come down the chimney & once inside he would open the door for the others. Poor innocent

red-skins, they little knew with whom they had to deal! The Indian selected for the attempt refused to go but at last he was forced, pistol in the ear, to submit.

He climbed the house as well as he could & got in the chimney.

The white folks had heard all & were prepared. They started a fire in the chimney & the poor devil began to feel the awkwardness of his position. He let himself down but the sight of the muzzles of six rifles made him go up again quicker than if he had been at leisure. When he showed himself again on the top, his friends (?) in their turn pointed their guns at him & threatened to shoot him if he did not go down.

All this did not give the poor fellow much time to reflect & the fire was growing more & more hot & the time must come when he would be choked by the smoke.

He begged for God's sake the white men to let him come down, he would for ever be their friend. The trader ordered him to tell his people to go away. It was useless to try, they would have no liquor that day, but if they had anything to trade they might come next day, ^{they} would have it.

If they ^{did} ~~would~~ not go, they, the white men, would either burn him to death or shoot him through the chimney.

The victim showed his head out again & spoke to the Indians. Although he could not have been very much at ease in his elevated position he spoke with eloquence & succeeded to mollify his persecutors. They went away & left him with the white people.

Next day thirteen warriors of that party came to the post with some furs.

The trader let them have some whiskey &, contrary to his custom, allowed them to drink it while in the house. In a very short time they began to quarrel & cock their fire-arms. The trader & one of his clerks were just in the middle of them & they made a rush to get out. They succeeded

(3)

& hid themselves.

The indians were only fighting among themselves though. They fired a few shots at each other wounding two. They had about ten or twelve gallons of whiskey when they started to cross the river, some in the canoe, some swimming behind their horses & holding them by the tail. They disappeared behind the hills on the other side & about one hour afterwards, the trader, going out of his house saw an Indian coming in the canoe; he was paddling with only one hand & could not master the current which was pretty swift. The trader, with his men, went on the beach & spoke to him, giving him advice how to manage the craft but the indian did not seem to understand & continued to turn round & round down the river.

At last one of the men, a good lasso man, got a rope & threw it to him. He was lucky enough to throw the rope right across the canoe. The indian dropped his paddle caught the line & passed it around one of the cross-bars. The men then easily pulled him ashore.

No wonder the poor man could paddle only with one arm, his other was broken in two places, & he had five other wounds on his body, all gun & pistol shots.

He was the Chief of the party who had just left the post one hour before. He could hardly speak, the efforts he had made in managing the canoe having nearly exhausted him.

After some time he could tell what had passed. When they left the banks of the river one of his men (they were all drunk) challenged another to single combat & invited the whole party as witnesses. All agreed except the Chief who protested against the meeting.

When they were about one mile from the river they

(H)

selected a spot for the duel. The Chief again interfered but the young men, maddened with liquor, would listen to no advice & even threatened to kill their Chief if he did not let them do as they liked. Three of the warriors, though, seemed to be willing to support the Chief's authority.

It made a division among them & from words they came to blows, from blows they came to shots & the Chief, wounded as we have seen him, ran away on his wounded horse & came to the river which he attempted to cross to seek protection & succour at the hands of the white men.

The indian ^{Chief} was down hearted at the thought of that rebellion of his young men.

"They must be all dead now, at least most of them", said he. "That is a poor consolation, it is true, but it is a satisfaction anyhow."

The trader sent two mounted men to see the result of the fight.

When they came to the spot they found three Indians dead; half a mile further, two more corpses were seen, another half mile & they came on two other bodies.

They found eleven bodies in all covered with bullet wounds & mutilated with knives & hatchets.

Two days after, during the night the men in the Post were awakened by a lively fusillade quite close to the house.

They rushed to the bastions & opened the loop-holes.

The Indians, they were Bloods, hastened to tell them not to fire for they were only firing in the air to celebrate a victory. They had killed a Cree Indian who tried to steal their horses & they wanted to drink the health of the brave who had shot him. They had plenty of furs & got some liquor that they took away & drank.

(5)

at some distance.

They left the body of the Cree on a little hill & henceforward every party of Blood Indians who came to the Post discharged their arms at the remains, the women insulting it by throwing stones & sticks & spitting at it.

They continued this ceremony until the wolves, coyotes & other prairie carnivora took away the last bone of it.

This shows the Indians' undying hatred to his fallen foe.

Sent 12 Mars 1879

have some things. I am afraid
we will have some hard work this
spring & I won't have much time
to write them.

It will be easier for me in a few days
to get some photos. for our instrument
will be ready. Those I have already
sent you & the two enclosed cost me
\$1.00 which is pretty dear.

I hope you will find the articles
fit for publication.

I have the honor to be,
Gentlemen,
Your obed^t servant,

E. F. B. L.

Fort Macdonald, March 8th 1879.
Messrs Perry Mason & Co
Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen,

Enclosed please find three
stories for the "Youth's Companion",
2 photos & 24st stamps.

Those two ind. on the phot. are
black feet but I got them dressed
as much as possible like the
Sioux. Besides, there is but little
difference between them. The black
foot nation is a branch of the Sioux
nation & they have much of their
habits. The grave is that of a warrior
with the carcass of his war horse that
was killed when he was buried.

The two men underneath are two of
the Police Scouting. I am writing
now as much as I can while I

Sent 24th March 79

Fort Macheo, March, 19th 1849.
Messrs Grafton & Ladd
Washington D. C.

Friend,

Your favor of the 12th Feb. was received yesterday. You see that the Communications with this part of the country are not very rapid. I am glad that you are willing to take my claim in hand & I subscribe without hesitation to your conditions. I am sorry I was so late in addressing myself to you but I hope it will come all right in the end.

There is an item, that of \$800, a Letter Book with MSS. for publication that will perhaps be contested, as I am not known as a writer but I can refer you to Messrs Perry Mason & Co. 41 Temple Place, Boston, who pay me at the rate of \$17.00 per article of 1200 or 1500 words & I had in that book near \$300 worth of MSS. besides my official reports which were considerable, & I regret now that I did not claim that amount. It could at the utmost only be thrown aside. If you think it would have a chance of being paid you could easily change the amount in the claim. I leave that to you.

Our Secretary of State was of opinion that I had a good right of claim & he promised my brother (who was at the time an influential member of the House of Commons & a staunch supporter of the Govt) that he would take the

matter in hand but something occurred that made my brother resign his seat & when I sent my papers to the Department I was told the Sec. of State could not interfere because at the time of my loss I was on leave of absence. He showed that very well at first when he promised to help me, but it was a way of making me feel that my interest was diminished in high quarters.

Of course this has nothing to do with the case as it stands & it is only as an explanation of my circumstances that I speak of it.

It would be a great satisfaction to me if I could succeed without the assistance of our officials. I told all that to Mr. Beard who immediately told me that the best thing I could do was to consult you. General Terry was also of opinion that my right of claim was good. He knew all the circumstances for he was at Benton when the Neg. Pieces were captured by General Miles.

I would be glad to know when the next session of Congress will open.

Will you be kind enough to write to me & tell me if you want any more information or other papers signed &c.

I remain, Gentlemen,
Yours very truly
Ed. F. Felt

Not Sent

& it will be easier to get pictures
when the Indians come in.

You may be sure that
I will do my best to get
all I can. Next summer
will be time though when
they assemble for the
payment of their annuity.

I am preparing some
more articles & I hope
that in a fortnight
I will have something
good to send you.

Yours truly,
E. S. Peckham

Fort Mackinac, 19th March 79.
Messrs Perry Mason & Co.
Boston,

Stettin,

Your favor of the 2nd Feb.
is received.

I sent you 5 articles &
semi photos. on the 24th Feb.
& 1 art. & 2 photos. on the
28th inst.

We expect the whole
tribe of the Bloods will soon
come at Mackinac with some
of the having Blackfeet.
There are a few here now but
the weather has been too cold
lately to take them in their war
paints for they have to strip
to be elegant. Our photographic
apparatus is now complete

Not Sent

Sent 21 Mars - 1879

Fort Macleod, 20th March, 1879.
Messrs Perry Mason & Co.
Boston.

Gentlemen,

Your favor of the 2^d february is received.
I sent you on the 24th feb. five articles & 4 or 5 photos
& on the 8th instant 3 other articles with 2 photos.
The Blood Indians will soon come here with some
of the leading Blackfeet & I will have their pictures
taken in their war paints. There are a few around
the fort now but the weather is too cold to get
them to paint themselves for they must
strive to be elegant.

I send to-day the picture of Fort Walsh
with our 4-7 pounders manned & the
portrait of one of our scout in his fancy
dress. The jacket he has on cost him two
good horses. It is worked with feathers, silk,
porcupine quills & beads.

There is a book which contains good illustrations
"The Plains of the Great West & their inhabitants"
by Richard Irving Dodge, Lt Col. U. S. A. & published
by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. The pictures are
very true & will be, I think of great help to your artists.
They can compound of them easily.

One of them between pages 270 & 271 especially contains a
striking resemblance of Sitting Bull. It is the center
personage standing & speaking to the Peace Commission.
Those of pages 278, 370, 373, 379, 381 & 408 will also, I believe,
be found useful. Be sure that I will do my best to
send you as much good material as possible.

Yours very truly,
Ed. S. H. H.

Fort Macleod
April 11th 79

Sent 19th April 1879

A terrible episode in pioneer life.

In the month of October, 1876, Joseph Montreuil & Jean Brunelle, both of the Great Forks, Dakota, left that place for Turtle Mountain & thence to Back-fat-Lake. The object of their trip was to succour one of their countrymen & friends, Pierre Decoteau.

It took them eleven days to reach the Mountain & after a much needed rest the hardy travellers continued their journey. They separated for about twenty miles & tried to hunt before coming to Decoteau's hut. They could kill nothing hardly & at last they arrived at their friend's place.

They found the poor man sick. He was surrounded by his four children the eldest of whom was fourteen years of age & the youngest only four. Since many days they had fasted & the miserable father had some time before sacrificed his only horse to feed his children while he went to the woods & lived on what he could kill. His only riches remaining consisted in a rifle & about one dozen bullets.

The arrival of his two friends was a great relief to him & sick as he was, he decided to abandon his hut & undertake with his four children, the trip to the "Great Forks." Had he known that there was such a store of hardships & misery before him he would certainly have preferred to perish with his family before he could have had the courage of leaving his humble home. While they prepared for the expedition, it was necessary to get provisions & Brunelle brought in the

(2)

carcasses of a wolf & an otter that he had killed some days before. At last everything was packed on a sleigh, the horse hitched up & the party started. They had three dogs with them, and, after a few miles, they killed one of them & a hearty meal was made of its flesh.

They had hundreds of miles before them but they had stout hearts & had it not been for the poor little children who suffered from cold & cried all the time the brave men would have thought little of their own sufferings. Two days afterwards they came to a spot where wood was abundant & they took a rest of three days.

During that time the flesh of two rabbits was all the food they could procure. Nothing daunted, our travellers pursue their course until they reach a lake. They set to fishing with a crooked nail for a hook & succeed in capturing two fish of medium size. Their hunger is such that one of the fish is devoured as it comes out of the lake, raw. They kept the other for the next day.

The road became very difficult & obstructions of all kinds would often upset the sleigh & the poor little children would roll in the snow & sometimes hurt themselves & cry bitterly. Our little caravan met one day with a Band of Sioux who, believing them to be Yanklees, laughed at their miseries & would not listen to their distressing story. Next day they started early in the morning & after a few miles, a violent snow storm came on & forced them to seek refuge in a ravine where they could find only a few willows to make a fire, barely sufficient to melt a little snow.

(3)

They had nothing to eat that night & next morning. The following night they came near a river where there was wood. They made a huge fire which revived their paralysed limbs. The little ones were exhausted & the sacrifice of another dog was urgent. They eat the flesh of the animal & kept the bowels for future wants. They travelled along the river the next day & Brunelle went to one side of the road to hunt. As he lost sight of the party he became so weak that he thought his hour had come. He wrote his name on a piece of paper, folded a bullet in it & left it on the ground. After some rest, however, he started to join his comrades & with incredible efforts he reached their camp after dark. They had discovered some "gumbina"; () they boiled some, eat the pulp & drank the liquor.

In spite of the severity of the weather the party continues its journey. They had only twenty miles to reach a well known trail but their weakness was such & their progress so slow that they found it only after four days' march. One of the travellers having remained behind the party, he found ^{them} two days afterwards feeding ^{with} on ^{rod}-buds.

The unfortunate party who now have been five days without food resume their march. Poor Brunelle is so weak that he is forced to support himself on the stick, but the cold against which he had fought with so much strength & courage at last conquers him. He falls on the road & three times he tries to rise up again but in vain. The worst of it is that his companions did not notice his disappearance. It is only when they are a quarter of a mile off that they see him in the distance & they think him dead. His dog is near him, &

(4)

though they cannot hear it they know it is howling. They go back to him & with great efforts they carry him to the sleigh. They make a fire & place him near it. He faints & remains insensible until the next ^{day in the} evening. He then gave sign of life & complained of a severe pain in his feet & hands. His limbs are frozen. They kill his dog & live on it for some time. After some days of treatment, hunger torments Bunnett so frightfully that his comrades are afraid that if left alone he will kill ^{me} of the children to eat it. He has not slept since they left the mountains & is quite delirious. They keep a close watch over him without his knowing the reason why. They are now only fifteen miles to the nearest habitation. They start again but can go only one quarter of a mile.

They decided then to unload the sleigh & in doing so they found about three pounds of oats which they immediately roasted & ate with great relish. This gave them strength enough to start again & they at last came to the first house.

That was a welcome sight to them. The humble hut looked to them like a fairy palace. The inmates received them cordially & gave them with pleasure what they had to eat. It was only potatoes but to those poor famished travellers it was abundance. A remarkable thing, the little ones as soon as they were in the house began to cry for some bread, a thing they had never thought of since they had left their home.

After a rest of some time the travellers resumed their journey stopping & eating at every habitation on the road, making every where a terrible onslaught on the inhabitants provisions. At last, on

Christmas day they arrived at Pembina on the Red River.

Brunelle's father hearing that the party had arrived hastened to meet them but he saw his son without knowing him. He was that poor & thin. His father remarked that he was unbiting his horse with his teeth, his hands being completely useless from frost.

The news that Brunelle was dead had been spread & the joy of the father is easier conceived than expressed.

In getting home Brunelle took to his bed & kept it for six months. His life was despaired of for a long time but at last good treatment helped by a strong constitution brought him back to health. He is now perfectly well, only his feet are a little tender in cold weather.

The expedition had lasted Seventy days. All the above facts are of the strictest authenticity.

Pages 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70 & 71 spoiled & cut off
 by water

2

Christmas day they arrived at Providence on
 the 15th of Decr.
 Sumner's father hearing that the party had arrived
 hastened to meet them but he saw his son
 without knowing him. He was that poor & thin.
 His father remarked that he was mistaking his
 son with his talk, his hands being completely
 useless from frost.
 The next day Sumner was seen to have been there
 & the joy of the father is easily conceived when
 explained.
 The getting home Sumner took to his bed & kept it
 for six months. His life was desperate of for
 a long time but at last good treatment helped
 by a strong constitution brought him back
 to health. He is now perfectly well, only his
 feet are a little tender in cold weather.
 The expectation has lasted twenty days.
 All the above facts are of the strictest
 authenticity.

Fort Macleod
19th April 79

Sent 19th April 1879

72

Traders attacked in their store by Indians. (1)

In the month of February 1873, Henry A. Hanouss, the hero of the following adventures, had a trading post on the Elbow River at a distance of four miles from the spot where Fort Calgary (Mounted Police) is now situated. He had with him three men, Saul Abbot, as brave a man as ever lived, too brave in fact for he never believed in danger, Joseph St. Clair, a French Canadian, staunch as steel & true to the end. The third I will not name for he was of too wild & timid a disposition to figure with his three companions.

One night Hanouss heard a rap at the head of his bed where he had what was called a night trading cricket. It was a small hole cut in the wall & closed by a strong block fitting it exactly. Hanouss asked who was there.

"Spotted Bull" of the Blood camp, said the night "I want to trade."

Hanouss, although he knew that for some fancied wrongs, the Indians of that camp were meditating a revenge on him or his friends, went out, & to show that he was perfectly un-suspecting, he took no arms which was contrary to his custom. As he came ^{out} of the house he saw two Indians by the moon-light. One of them had his bow strung & his hand full of arrows. The Indian, "Spotted Bull," said he had come to redeem a wooden dish that he had pawned some days before for a trifle. He had a buffalo robe & as the robe was worth more than the object pawned, he would have the balance of its value in sugar.

Hanouss went back to the store & soon came out again with the goods. One of the Indians

rescued them from him & the other who held the robe⁽²⁾ started to run away with it. Kanouse, not liking the proceeding immediately made for the runaway & caught him.

Now the indian who had the bow made a rush & bent it on Kanouse who had nothing to do but to hold the indian he had caught, before him, as a shield & walked to his door. In his house he was safe. He was not disturbed any more that night & he slept quietly.

Some days afterwards a party of indians came in to trade. "White Eagle" their chief was with them. He had always been considered as the whiteman's worst enemy. In coming in the Store he wanted to go behind the counter but Kanouse would not allow him. The store was divided in two by the counter which consisted of two long boards fixed on pickets driven into the ground each third of which ran up to the ceiling; the intermediate pickets were cut at the height of a man's chest. There was a kind of a door at one end of the counter. Some squaws were inside of it & two of them were sitting with their back to the door.

"White Eagle" repeatedly asked for admittance inside but Kanouse did not pay any attention to him. At last the Chief made a spring & struck the door with his shoulder. It gave way & knocked the two women down. Kanouse ran to the spot with his pencil in his mouth & a hook in his hand. The indian caught him by the hair & a fearful struggle commenced. "White Eagle" drew his revolver, Kanouse caught it & succeeded in throwing the indian down. He had a revolver in his pants behind his back, he drew it & was about to fire when Abbot caught him by the arm & prevented him. Abbot

separated the combatants & reestablished peace. ③

"White Eagle" had paroned two other skins previously & he now said he would have them, & that without paying. Abbot thought it better to let him have the skins & be done with him. Not so Hannon, he opposed that idea, saying that if they gave in once to the Indians there would be no end to their exacting. If Abbot wanted to give the skins he would have to pay for them himself & he explained it to the Indians. Abbot agreed to it & "White Eagle" went away.

Half an hour afterwards the Blood Indians from the camp began to come in, two & three at a time, until they numbered about one hundred & fifty.

About forty of them entered the store, & Hannon, to prevent more getting in went to shut the door & secure it, but the wooden bar with which he used to fasten the door was gone. The Indians had taken it away.

Hannon immediately saw that they meant mischief & gave instructions to his men.

They armed themselves & St. Clair having thrust a cross bar in the ground to close the counter door, he stood by it revolver in hand.

Hannon went on with the trade but kept his eyes on the movements of the Indians. "White Eagle" was then heard. He was in front of the counter & urging the Indians to the attack.

"What are you afraid of," he said in a loud voice. "There are only four white dogs in the house and one of them is a coward, you know him, & you have only three to fight against. You all want powder & ball, the store is full of them & you have only to show yourselves as brave men to get in a moment what you could not get in a year by trading with the white dogs.

Your women want blankets & beads your

children want clothing. Here, in this house, you will find all you want & we will all be rich of the dog's spirit. Listen to me. I am a chief of your blood & I have been insulted & treated like a skunk in this very house & I want & will have my revenge. I want to have the scalp of that dog of an interpreter (he meant Kanouse) if it were not for him the other white men would not come in our country & rob us of our furs. But there is another thing that you all want & that I want myself. It is the fire-water, that strong water that makes the red man's heart feel strong, brave & gay. The white dogs have any quantity of it, & it will all be yours if you listen to the wise words of your chief."

This last inducement had the desired effect & the attack was decided on.

"White Eagle" was to give the signal. Kanouse had remarked that the Indians in coming in kept their hands hidden under their blankets & felt sure that they were all well armed.

The Indians began now to chew bullets & load their guns with four or five of them. The Indians know well that a chewed bullet makes a larger & more dangerous wound than a smooth one & they took pleasure in the anticipation of their intended victims' fate.

"White Eagle" went out for a moment, came back & said he wanted to trade. There were two bags of furs on the floor & Kanouse asked him which of the two was his. He pointed out one of them & Kanouse took it inside to examine it. He stooped behind the counter & opened the bag.

When he rose he saw the muzzle of a gun on the counter between two pickets. He drew himself to one side but he was not quick enough, the Indian fired & the whole charge passed through

Kanouse left shoulder. This was the end of the fight. The Indians fired a volley. St. Clair was shot while standing & remained standing for some seconds after he was shot.

Kanouse, in receiving his wound securing cover on his heels & in facing again the Indians he had his revolver in his hands & emptied it in a minute on the crowd. Every shot told. The first to fall, among the Indians, was White Eagle himself. Abbot fired coolly & deliberately. The fifth cap on his pistol missed & he did not fire a sixth shot. The smoke was very dense in the slope & it was a great protection to the traders.

When the Indians saw that the white dogs were not exactly decimated & after all, they began to run & they left the store. Abbot seized a Winchester rifle, single shot & went after them. But Kanouse begged of him not to go out of the stockade & expose himself for he was so badly hurt & that he wanted his friends to spare himself to help him through.

Abbot fired at the retreating Indians as long as he could see them & then came back to Kanouse whom he put in bed & gave him all the assistance he could.

The Indians, full of shame & anger went to their camp. They threw down their badges & went away. They left White Eagle lying standing over his body & killed two of their best horses around him so that he might be well mounted in the happy hunting ground. They then went to Kanouse's corral, they killed all his cattle, stole his horses, he had twenty then, & they left the place.

In my next article I will try to relate what our hero endured before & after he got proper treatment for his wound & the readers will be astonished at the power of endurance that man of iron showed during thirteen months of almost unbearable torture & suffering.

Hanouse's left shoulder. This was the signal.

The indians fired a volley. St. Clair was shot while standing ^{& remained standing} for some seconds after he was shot.

Hanouse, in receiving his wound, swung round on his heels & in facing again the indians he had his revolver in his hands & emptied it in a minute on the crowd. Every shot told. The first to fall, among the indians, was "White Eagle" himself. Abbot fired coolly & deliberately. The fifth cap in his pistol missed & he did not fire the sixth shot. The smoke was very dense in the shop & it was a great protection to the traders.

When the indians saw that the white dogs were not so easily despatched after all, they began to run & they left the store. Abbot seized a Winchester rifle, sixteenth, & went after them but Hanouse begged of him not to go out of the stockade & expose himself for he was so badly hurt that he wanted his friend to spare himself to help him through.

Abbot fired at the retreating indians as long as he could see them & then came back to Hanouse whom he put in bed & gave him all the assistance he could.

The indians, full of shame & anger went to their camp, threw down their lodges & went away. They left "White Eagle" lodge standing over his body & killed ten of their best horses around it, so that he might be well mounted in the happy hunting grounds. They then went to Hanouse's corral; they killed all his cattle, stole his horses he had twenty three, & they left the place.

In my next article I will try to relate what our hero endured before & after he got proper treatment for his wound & the readers will be astonished at the power of endurance that man of iron showed during thirteen months of almost unbearable torture & sufferings.

Sent 19th April - 1879Fort Macleod -
13th April 79At Bold Surgeon & a plucky patient.

..... Kanouse & his friend, Abbot, were left by the Indians in a very precarious position. They had not a horse or a head of cattle remaining of their stock. They were obliged to wait until somebody would pass by chance to their post.

Some days afterwards a party of wolf hunters came & Kanouse hired an express & sent a letter to Mr. G. J. Conrad, who had a post at fifty miles. Mr. Conrad & other traders immediately sent a number of cattle & horse teams to transport their goods & furs.

Twenty days after the fight with the Blacks they left the post with all their property. Kanouse's wound was in a frightful state. There must have been at least five chawed bullets in the gun that shot him. The inflammation was considerable & the pain he endured very severe. They prepared a bed in a wagon for him & they travelled south for one hundred miles. Abbot then remained with the goods & Kanouse continued his way towards Benton. He dressed his wound with tobacco leaves that he introduced in the holes with a small stick & then covered it with a piece of linen in which he made small holes to give air to the wound. Of course he could not see himself the extent of the injury that was done but he felt that half of the humerus or upper bone of the arm was smashed, the shoulder blade broken to pieces & the collar ^{bone} all in splinters. Just fancy a charge of five chawed bullets fired at about fifteen inches through a man's shoulder & you will imagine easily how horrid must have been the mutilation. Yet not a groan, not a complaint ever escaped the poor man; he bore the jolting movement of the wagon with a stoisim that

would have done honor to a Spartan. (3)

His father who lived in Benton, Montana Ter., having heard that his son was wounded & on the road, sent a government ambulance to meet him, but Kanouse was now accustomed to his wagon & would not change. He arrived in Benton, & although there was a medical man there, he would not consult him. He preferred going to Fort Shaw where there was a surgeon of a good local reputation.

He started again in a buggy & arrived at Fort Shaw two days after. He immediately interviewed the Doctor. He undressed his wound himself. He had a small book that Abbot had made with a shaman's awl & pulled out the tobacco from the holes & laid them bare before the Doctor's eyes. "Good heavens, said the Doctor, where & how did you get that?" Kanouse told him. The Doctor could hardly believe him. He examined the wound attentively & then: "I cannot do anything for you, my good fellow, said he, I dare not touch that wound, it is too ugly. There would be only one chance of recovery for you & it would be by an amputation & even that I would not attempt for any consideration. There is only one man bold enough to undertake your case & that is Dr. Slick of Helena. Go to him if you can & God bless you."

Kanouse took the stage the next day & continued his way to Helena. The stage driver, of course, had nothing to do with wounded travellers & he drove over the rough country at his usual rate. Poor Kanouse had no sleep during that ride of one day & one night & he arrived at Helena the forty secondnd after his departure from his trading post.

He immediately inquired after Dr. Slick who came in the afternoon & told him that he could

to nothing for him that evening. He would see him ^③ the next day at St John's Hospital. The next morning the doctor provided a room for him in the hospital & proceeded to examine the wound.

Kanouse did as he had done at Fort Shaw, he coolly undressed his shoulder & produced his hook. He quietly pulled out the tobacco leaves & begged of the doctor to empty the holes from behind which he could not himself do.

"When were you wounded in that way," said the doctor. — "About sixty-two days ago," answered Kanouse.

"Where was that?" — "Way up North on the Elbow River." The doctor knew no more about Elbow River than the man in the moon.

— "It is four hundred miles North of this place," said Kanouse.

— The Surgeon it is. — & do you mean to say that you travelled four hundred miles with such holes in your body? — I do. — Well then it beats all but, my dear fellow, according to all surgical experience & science you ought to have been dead twenty days ago. The lower hole is only five eighths of an inch above the upper lobe of the heart & that is bare. Your soul must be nailed & clinched in your body. You must be thoroughly protected either from above or below for I am blessed if I have ever seen such daring looking work."

— Well, doctor, can you fix it so that I can take the stage next week to go back to my work? — innocently asked Kanouse.

The doctor jumped: "A week! by the powers! you must be in bed six months if not longer. A week, indeed, why, I dare not put a knife in you now. I must inject carbolic & sulphuric acids alternately morning & evening for at

last fifteen days before I attempt anything." (4)

The treatment was commenced the next day & fourteen days after the Doctor thought he could perform the operation. It was a risky thing.

It was necessary to cut the humerus & remove the ^{upper} part off, cut also the clavicle & remove the shoulder blade altogether. Kanouse wanted to suffer the operation without the assistance of chloroform but the Doctor insisted on his taking ether.

When the Doctor thought that the patient was sufficiently under the influence of the anesthetic he introduced his knife in the flesh & began to split the deltoid muscle. Kanouse turned his head round & looked. The Doctor began to scold his assistant for not administering the ether properly.

"Sail in, Doctor, sail in" said Kanouse, "never mind me."

And the Doctor did sail in. In a few hours the operation was finished. The patient was in good spirits. The case improved for some days & the Doctor was congratulating himself on his success when an abscess formed in the wound, and another operation was necessary three weeks after the first. It was performed & some pieces of bone were removed. The patient was again only partially under the influence of ether & he saw the operation made. He never said a word except to joke or laugh.

The Doctor could not understand such strength of nerves.

After sixty three days of treatment Kanouse was allowed to go. He had lost eighty pounds in weight during that period.

He went to Deer Lodge & to Benton, & some business calling him back to Helena he met again Dr. Chap. The wound was doing well but there was a spot that would not heal & as Kanouse could not

(5)

remain in Helena to be treated the Doctor advised him to try transplantation of flesh. He showed him the way to do it & as soon as Kanouse was back home, he took pieces of flesh from his arm & grafted them on the wound. This succeeded partially.

Kanouse continued himself the treatment recommended by the Doctor & during over a year he suffered excruciating pains. Small abscesses would form; he had a kind of lancet that he introduced in the arm & he burst them. Splinters of bone would come out now & then. Thirteen months after the operation he took the last piece of bone & the wound was perfectly sealed three week after.

He had built another trading post during that year at about one mile & a half from the place where Fort Macleod now stands, & in the fall of 1874, just before the Mounted Police came in the country he had a terrible fight with the Hootenay Indians which I will relate in another article.

on the Indians' religious traditions. *Wm. B. Mason & Co.*
tells &

I have been away lately
& had not much time but I
hope to be at Lincoln's Norton
about three weeks.

Yours very respectfully,

W. B. Mason

Wm. B. Mason, Secretary.

Setton.

Setton.

Enclosed please find
(3) three articles for the "Youth's
Companion". I could not get
the note from Mr. Kannon
about his last fight but he
will soon be here & I will see
him, & state it will make the
article about that man.

My photograph is
not yet released but on the 27th
he will be free & will set to work
I hope the photos. I have already
sent to you have been retained
& will be useful.

I have yet plenty
of matters on hand.

How soon an essay

Fort Walsh, 6th Nov. 1880 - Written for the "Atlantic Monthly, Boston -
Sent, 9th Nov. 1880.

"Maintiens le Droit"

This is the motto of a corps sent a few years ago by the Canadian Government to the North West Territories with the mission of stopping the liquor traffic & governing the Indians in that vast tract of land. I allude to the North West Mounted Police.

It was very often said that it was impossible to rule over Indians without a strong armed force. An experience of six years now shows the contrary.

The Indians of the North West Territories are peaceful & seem to make efforts to imitate the white man in cultivating the soil & earning a living in peace. The intelligent portion of them see the benefits of civilisation & make

no secret of their aspirations.

The Canadian government has had to spend fabulous sums of money to feed those poor children of the prairies but there is nothing lost in that, because it is more Christianlike to feed the poor than kill them.

There is a principle here: Maintain the Right with everybody & especially with Indians & peace will be kept.

The way of doing so without a fuss is a secret known by the forlorn hope who were sent out six years ago to establish a system of civilisation according to British Laws & who were called the North West Mounted Police.

Thanks to the energy shown when necessary by those in power, peace

3
has now almost disappeared. There
was only one man hanged in the
country since the Police came. That
man had eaten all his family & as,
Sometimes, Indians are given to
cannibalism it was necessary to
make an example. Great many
Indians witnessed the execution
& were only disappointed in not
seeing any torture. They thought it
would have been much nicer
if a good fire had been built
under the hanging man.

The Indians of the North West
Territories number 31,000 all told, &
for six years there were only the
three hundred policemen to govern
& manage that population which,
owing to the almost total disap-
pearance of the Buffalo has been

4
in a state of semi-starvation
for a long time.

What it has cost in trouble
& patience to the officers to gain
over those wild tribes a moral
power strong enough to make
them obey without using force
is only known to them & those
on the spot.

The government has now
sent a number of agents who
are entrusted with the management
of the Indians. The Superintendent,
Mr. Edgar Snowden, a man of re-
markable abilities & the highest char-
acter has established farms on or
near the different reservations &
appointed farming instructors to
the Indians who gladly work
for their living.

"As we can at once force an
 "indians to take hold of the plough
 " & keep steady at work. These Indians
 " who have already commenced agri-
 " culture will need but slight assistance
 " in the way of instruction, & the
 " ignorant ones who are anxious to
 " learn will do so by making themselves
 " generally useful on the reservation,
 " farming under the direction
 " of the instructors, will soon pick
 " up sufficient information to
 " settle down & work a piece of ground
 " for themselves. The idea of taking
 " a few Indians from each reservation
 " and teaching them as you would
 " pupils in a model farm would
 " not be a success.

"I presume the wish of the
 " government is to obtain as great

" a return of food for the distressed
 " Indians at as cheap a rate as
 " possible, & while raising that on
 " the reservation themselves, give the
 " Indians an opportunity of learning
 " how to make their own living out
 " of the ground." (Report of the Supt.
 " of Indians, 1879.)

"The settlements around the forts
 " are progressing both in an agri-
 " cultural & industrial point of view.
 " Large herds of horses & cattle can
 " be seen grazing peacefully on
 " fields that were formerly fields of
 " battle.

"Immigration is coming in slowly
 " but surely & most of the new comers
 " seem to be at home on arrival
 " in the country.

"The courts of justice are

often empty but whatever is done there
is done in a business like manner &
every body knows it.

There were, last year, at one time,
about 7000 indians depending on the
Police for food. They were fed as
quietly as possible & the officer com-
manding the fort had to make a
repetition of the miracle of the
desert. During those hard times
there was only one indian put in
jail & it was for stealing a watch.
No doubt the fellow wanted to keep
time.

The officers & men of the Police
can go singly into any indian camp
& make an arrest. It is a remarkable
thing for every body knows that on
the other side of the 49th Parallel,
other precautions are necessary.

8
The Canadian management
of indians is unique for it has
survived over six years of difficult
& a hard circumstances without
shedding blood.

The government, by the terms
of the different treaties with the
indians, pay yearly to every living
indian the sum of five dollars.
The chiefs of bands receive for themselves
twenty five dollars & their councillors
fifteen.

Tickets have this year been
issued to them & they will be paid
next year in producing those tickets,
which will also serve to identify
their bearers when necessary for the
issue of rations &c.

The government in choosing
officers & men for the Police were

9
very careful in selecting as much
as possible men who by their natural
dispositions would more likely
soon acquire influence among the
Indians & it is worthy of notice that
the desired result has in all instances
been what was anticipated & most
gratifying.

The United States government
in sending agents among their
Indians was, it is believed, very
often deceived in the honesty of some
of those men who seemed to have
but one object in view, that of getting
money by all means. Here the
thing is reversed & those who are
appointed are known by all as
honest men who have only one
aim, that of doing the duty laid
out for them in the best way possible.

10
Some say, & there seems to be some
reason to believe it, that in many
instances, Indian agents in the
United States have created trouble
& brought upon their country
all the evils & horrors of Indian
wars. Their arbitrary conduct
with those whose interests they
were sent to look after & protect,
their want of sincerity, their
greediness & injustice were more
than once the cause of bloodshed
not only on a small scale but
sometimes whole settlements
were wiped off by the outraged
Indians. The army, I have,
would be sent & retaliation
take place.

The Canadian authorities
having such an example

11
before their eyes do their best to
organize a regular & as perfect
as possible a system in the North
West Territories to manage &
govern their Indians & meet
their wants.

Heretofore everything was
left in the hands of the Mounted
Police & the Indians learned to
love & respect those officials
who were always ready to as-
sist & advise them.

Since the arrival of the
Sioux (Bassins) in the country
the Buffalo was stopped from
going to its old ranges & in
some Indian camps starva-
tion was the consequence. This
was quite unexpected & there
was no provision made for

12
feeding the Indians ~~who~~ ^{who} came
to their old grounds for
assistance. Last year was a
terrible epoch in the annals
of many a tribe. Very little
provisions could be got in the
country, still one could not
travel fifty miles on the prairie
without meeting police
wagons loaded with flour,
tea & tobacco going under
the charge of some officers
to relieve the wants of their
unfortunate red brethren.

Then the government thought
it was time that something
should be done & offered the
superintendency of Indian affairs
in the North West Territories
to Col. J. H. Stables, C. M. S.

Commander of the North West Mounted Police but this gentleman declined for he would have been obliged to abandon his old corps. Mr. Edgar Snowden, formerly member of the House of Commons, for the County of Hale in British Columbia accepted the office. This gentleman immediately made a tour in the North West & established small posts of supplies. Reservations were surveyed & given to the different tribes.

When the agents arrived in the country the Mounted Police thought that their care was at an end, but not at all. The Indians until now

seem to like the old way best. If they happen to want anything & that is often they invariably come to the Police. The latter send them to the agents but they are not satisfied with that, the Police must be present at any arrangement between them.

There are a few Indians who have not agreed to the treaties & when the payment time comes they generally regret it. Then they come & pretend to be still the masters of the Soil, they make speeches & try to create dissensions but with little success.

Two years ago a party of Surveyors was stopped by a band

15
of non-treaty indians. Word of
it was sent to the Police at Fort
Walsh & a detachment of forty
men was sent out. Things
were righted at once. Later
on the same band molested some
traders. Another party of
Police went & arrested three of
the ring-leaders. They were
furnished.

One of the Policemen was
murdered at Fort Walsh a year
ago. He was a young man of
eighteen & had enlisted four
months before in Ontario. It
was an indian vengeance,
not against the victim itself
but against white men in
general. The murderer's father
had or pretended to have suffered

16
some injury at the hands of a
white man & he died last year
making his sons promise to
take the first opportunity to
avenge his memory. The
murderer escaped & took
refuge in the United States
Territories where he is now.

Previous to the issue of
bills to the indians it was
very difficult to pay them
correctly. An indian has so
many ways of disguising
himself without exciting sus-
picion that fraud on their
part was largely practised.
The payments were always
made by some Police officer
who had his interpreters who
knew most of the indians.

Indians myself. It is well
 known they do not number
 over 400, while if I had contin-
 ued to pay as had been the
 system heretofore, their number
 would have been doubled.
 As it was I am sure many
 received larger amounts
 than they were entitled to.
 I propose therefore to issue tickets
 of the form attached to this
 report.

When first the treaties were
 made a medal check was given
 to each head of a family, with
 a number on it corresponding
 to the number on the pay list.
 This has been reported to have
 been a failure, as the Indians
 either lost or gambled the

personally & even then it was
 only by the greatest attention
 & care that some deception could
 be detected. The Indian Super-
 intendent himself was present
 once at the payment of the
 Blackfoot & Harems. He thought
 he could manage it easily
 & he relates his experience in
 his official report of 1879.
 "..... The opportunities I had
 of seeing how the payments
 were conducted in the North
 West convinced me that there
 was very little check to prevent
 Indians imposing on the gov-
 ernment and that some more
 stringent system must be
 adopted. At the Blackfoot
 Crossing I paid the Surcee

" The place where the indian
 " is paid will also be inscribed
 " on the ticket at the time of
 " the payment, & the year in
 " which he is paid will be
 " crossed with a pen. This will
 " prevent the same ticket being
 " used twice. No indian shall
 " be paid unless he has a ticket,
 " & to receive rations or anything
 " else from the Government
 " he must understand that
 " he must be in possession
 " of it. They can preserve
 " these tickets if they please.
 " I have known indians to
 " keep for years a little scrap
 " of paper which they thought
 " of value."

" checks. I found, however, a
 " few preserved them, & the number
 " on the check enabled the agent,
 " at the payments, to at once
 " recognize the indian as the one
 " who appeared & posit the
 " number in the previous year's
 " Gray-list, & this saved a great
 " deal of time. I intend to have
 " the tickets distributed to the
 " different indians. Before the
 " rations are issued at the pay-
 " ments, the agents will visit
 " the different lodges & satisfy
 " themselves that the man who
 " represents himself as the head
 " of a family has the number
 " belonging to him that the
 " ticket will show, & he will be
 " paid his annuity for that number.

21.

At Morleyville, some 150 miles from Fort Macleod, there is a tribe of indians called the Stonys but they are of Sioux descent through the Assiniboines. There is a Methodist mission at that place & all the Stony indians go to the same church & the same stores. Both church & stores are kept by members of one family. Their trade is pretty well monopolized & no outsider need apply.

Those indians were paid last year when about twelve families were absent & paid elsewhere. This year every body was present at Morleyville & they were paid with some

22.

hundreds of dollars less than last year & there was a bona fide increase in the real population. But the officer who paid them had a flea in his ear & he had to use all his detective powers to come to the truth about the number of souls in each family & he came to the conclusion that this religious tribe was not a bit more scrupulous about a five dollar bill than any other less enlightened indians.

Last year a detachment of Police was sent to "Sounding Lake" to assist in the payment of some Cree. The indians had assembled before the day appointed by the authorities &

as they are not particular about carrying provisions, they found themselves without anything to eat for the supplies were not yet arrived. The Indians got excited & threatened to help themselves on the traders who had come with some goods. They fired a few shots luckily without effect & the Police Officer by his coolness & the prestige of his uniform succeeded in calming the hot-headed redskins.

Some of the Officers have the gift of doing what they like with their Indians.

Suppose there is a disturbance in a camp, an officer goes alone & in no time everything

is quiet. Could such a thing be possible if the moral power of those men over the Indians was not as strong as it is?

The Canadian government cannot be too prudent in the choice of those whom he will send to continue the work of peace so nobly commenced by the Mounted Police. If, God forbid, the government were deceived in one single agent it would, perhaps, be enough to destroy the result of six years of patient and arduous labour.

It is not as easy as one may think to manage Indians. They are ignorant,

suspicious & full of mischief for the most part. In spite of their ignorance they are shrewd enough to detect in everything you say to them a sign of good or bad will. They are proud in their way. They will not be ashamed to beg for a piece of tobacco but they will be humiliated if you refuse it. An indian comes to your house & asks for a piece of bread, if you don't invite him to smoke your tobacco for two hours he thinks you slight him. They are suspicious, & if an interpreter displeases them he cannot get anything from them whereas if they

like him & have confidence in him they open their minds readily. They are superstitious & must have their medicine dance now & then. They have great faith in the medicine men but they admit now that the white Doctor has more command over the evil spirits that shows itself in the shape of measles, mumps & other diseases. It may be said that the doctors help a great deal in cementing friendship between the indians & the white man. When the medicine drum fails to cure a sick indian he sends for the white doctor who does his best & succeeds

when the subject is not too
far gone. ²⁷

The Sioux who came this
side with "Sitting Bull" have
been troublesome now & then,
but they were always brought
to reason. Last year they
became a little more boisterous
than usual & they went in
a store at Wood Mountain
& tried to force the trader to
give them their own prices
for their buffalo robes. The
trader was a newly married
man & had a young child.
The Indians seized the child
& threatened to kill him
if his father did not come
to terms. Of course the father
saved his child by granting

them what they wanted. ^{28.}
What could he do? They
were about 200 warriors &
he was alone with a couple
of men. He soon gave up resist-
ance from the Police, though
& the officers ^{convinced} having recruited
a few friendly Indians
among "Sitting Bull's" own
people told that chief
that if he wanted blood
he could have it if he
liked. "Sitting Bull" declined.

A few days ago a party
of Sioux is reported to have
killed a half breed near
Wood Mountain, stealing
the murdered man's horses
& leaving his wife & children
on foot on the prairie.

29

Those Sioux are for the most
part gone back to the States
but they come across the
line now & then & are always
ready to commit some
depredations.

The British Indians are
generally quiet, but sometimes the young
bucks will indulge in a
little noise just to show
that they are brave, and
then they must be handled
with the greatest tact &
firmness. About four weeks
ago there were about 500 lodge
of Cree & Assiniboines near
Fort Walsh. The troops
were camped at ~~about~~
two miles from the Fort
& only twelve or fifteen

30

men were in the Fort itself.
Quite close there is a ranch
& garden the owner of which
often complained that the indians
were in the habit of stealing
his turnips, carrots & potatoes.
One day he saw a young indian
sitting on his fence & he ordered
him away. The indian laughed
& never moved. The white man
struck him in the face
& made the indian nose
bleed. The young man ran
to his camp & all his friends
& a great many others assembled
& armed themselves. They came
to the Fort in great excitement
& complained of the outrage
committed on one of theirs.
The Officer commanding inquired

31

into the case & caused the
ranchman to be arrested &
fined him for assault &
battery. The culprit paid his
fine & went home. The Indians
could not understand how
a man can escape imprison-
ment by paying money. The
thing was explained to them
& they went away apparently
satisfied, but there were among
them some non-treaty Indians
who thought this was a fine
opportunity for a row, &
when passing near the garden
they jumped in & commenced
to tear everything out of the
ground.

In no time the garden
was full of Indians firing

32

their rifles & making sad
harve of the poor man's
vegetables. Their yells were
frightful. Col. Irvine who
is now in command of the
force since the first Novem-
ber instant & Captain Cotton hap-
pened to come out of the fort
on horseback. They were
unarmed. They never thought
of that. They put ^{the} spears to
their studs & gallantly rode
in the midst of the infer-
nated band.

Immediately rifles on
all sides were leveled at
them but when the Colonel
with his habitual coolness
spoke to them & ordered
them to stop they gradually

withdrew & abandoned the spot.

But for the timely intervention of those two officers, the fury of the indians would have grown higher & higher & they would have ended by murdering the ranchman & his family & burning his house. And once the dance opened, God only knows when & where it would have ended.

There is no doubt, if the Indian Department works well that in a few years the indians of this part of America will have left behind them a great many of their evil notions.

& will become more & more settled. It will be a question of patience & perseverance on the part of their directors.

In establishing indian farms & giving work to the willing indians the government has taken the first step. The indians have been seen this summer watching with anxiety their little crops grow. Some of them are not very patient though; if they plant anything one day they would like to see the stems two feet high the next day.

One indian planted last year some potatoes that the Police had given him with instructions how to use

them. Two days after, seeing nothing come out of the ground, he dug all the roots out, eat what he could, packed away the remainder & went away on the plains to hunt. In the fall he came back with a few buffalo robes & he bought potatoes at twelve cents a pound from another indian who had let nature take its course with his little crop.

Some of them have cattle of their own. There is a Cree indian near Lake Manitoba.

His-ti-mo-ni-as is his name. He was baptized when a boy by Archbishop Tache of St Boniface who was then ^{only} a priest.

The missionary told the boy

that he would give him a cow if he came to see him at Fort Gary & promised to take a good care of it. Twelve years after the indian went to see his friend the missionary who had become a bishop & reminded him of his promise.

The poor bishop was not rich but he was as good as his word. He gave the indian the only cow he had & told him to be a good man. In 1870 that indian had a little herd of thirty three head of cattle all coming from that cow.

A great many indians are now anxious to see their children learn how to read & write,

- At interviews with the different
- bands of indians, almost all
- expressed a wish to have
- schools erected on their
- reserves to educate the children,
- & I should be glad to receive
- explicit instructions on this
- matter before returning to
- the North West. An amount
- is annually voted for this
- purpose, but, up to this time,
- but a small portion appears
- to have been expended, on
- several reserves school-houses
- have been erected & teachers
- are at work doing a great
- deal of good. I have received
- applications from several
- quarters asking for assistance
- towards the building of

• the schools. (Report of
Supt. ind. of ind.
1879.)

Last year a Revd Mr McKay established a school at Fort Walsh & it was wonderful to see little indian boys & girls eight or ten years of age read in english & make figures on the Board after only two months tuition.

In the northern district near Edmonton there is a R. C. Mission headed by His Lordship Bishop Grandin. They have an orphanage conducted by some sisters of charity. Their school is really beyond all praise & their devotion to children is well known.

Some years ago when the small-pox had been as destructive as a plague among the indians a poor little girl ~~of~~ three years of age after having lost her parents became herself a prey to the infection & was saved by an old indian, her uncle. She had lost her eye-sight & remained hideously scared. Her uncle went to the Bishop & asked ^{him} if he would allow his grey wives to take the little orphan. The indian thought the Bishop was a big chief & lived with the good nuns indian fashion. The priest explained to the indian the nature of his relations with the sisters & said that they would admit the poor little thing with

great pleasures. Three days after as the Bishop was going out early in the morning he found on the door steps a package wrapped up in a piece of blanket. There was the little girl but no uncle could be seen. He took the child & gave it to the sisters. The poor little disfigured thing became the pet of the community. She is now a grown up girl & she continues to be the favorite of the establishment. She can read & write & she sings beautifully. Her uncle came afterwards & when the Bishop asked him why he had left the child like that on the ground, he said that it was so ugly, he

41

he was afraid the nuns would not take it after they had seen it. Poor indian, he little knew the treasures of charity in the hearts of those devoted creatures!

If the canadian government continue their policy towards their indians there is no reason why the latter should not be completely civilized in a quarter of a century provided the United States indians do not come & create mischief among them. It is to be hoped that everything will succeed for the sake of humanity & in a few years industrious immigrants will flock

42

in the North West Territory
& change the face of the
Country.

E. Frechette

Fort Walsh
N. W. Ter.
6th November, 1880.

Sent to the Youth's Companion

10th Nov - 1880

Chicago Tribune's reporter visiting Sitting Bull,
Disappointment of a Reporter -

In the month of June, last year, after General Miles had received orders to drive back Sitting Bull & his band across our frontier, there was a good deal of curiosity shown by the newspaper men of the United States. One of them, a reporter from the Staff of The Chicago Tribune, took into his head to seek the celebrated Sioux chief & have a kind of a chat with him. So he left Chicago & came up the Missouri in one of those slow boats which give a man plenty of time to think of the past, present & future.

Our gallant reporter was full of sanguine expectations. Oh! to see Sitting Bull & die! He was going to show the public that if General Miles with all his scouts were unable to find Sitting Bull, he, single handed would ferret him out & talk him into being a good boy.

He was told on the road, that the only way for him was to go to a post of the Mounted Police on the British side, get a red coat & a bang-tailed horse & then he would be safe to go anywhere on the prairie even in Sitting Bull's own camp. He thought there was some sense in that & went straight to Wood Mountain.

This post is about seventy five miles north of the Missouri & eighteen miles from the Boundary Line. The gentleman reporter interviewed the Commanding Officer of the post who was, himself preparing to go south

(3)

to a place on the Line called the Mud-House where Sitting Bull was supposed to be at that time, & begged leave to accompany him thinking he could never have a better chance of seeing Sitting Bull. The officer willingly consented & they started. After an agreeable ride they came to the spot where Sitting Bull was supposed to be but he had gone south for some time in search of buffalo.

The officer had no business on the American Territory & returned to his post with the disappointed reporter. The latter was very anxious to find somebody who could take him safely to the Sioux camp wherever it was for, as he said, his mission was a total fiasco if he failed to meet the renowned warrior.

There was at Wood Mountain an ex-police officer, Capt. Edwin Allen, who was well acquainted with all the Sioux and the Tribune agent prevailed upon him to take ^{him} to the Indian camp. After some hesitation Capt. Allen decided to accompany him & with a good four in hand, they left for their destination.

Previous to their departure some Indians were reported to have left Wood Mountain going south. This aroused Capt. Allen's suspicions but, however, he went on without speaking of it to his companion. They drove on until when, at about ten miles off Milk River they met the whole of the Sioux camp on the

move. Those indians who had left Grand-Mountain a little before them had warned ^{the} ~~the~~ indians that there was an american officer who was coming to them as a spy. They had struck camp immediately & there they were.

The visitors were instantaneously surrounded by a large number of indian soldiers & stopped on the road. The warriors fired their rifles & whooped in a furious way. A band of about five hundred boys of all ages, on horseback, joined the soldiers & commenced a war song. The little devils made a fearful noise. Their shrill & discordant voices frightened Capt. Allen's horses who began to plunge, kick & rear until there was almost as much danger coming from those beasts than from the hands of the excited indians.

After a while the redskins calmed down a little & the boys stopped their infernal chant. The horses also became quieter. Then Capt. Allen, who speaks the Sioux language fluently, asked the indians what they meant by stopping him like that on the road. The soldiers told him he could not pass until some of the chiefs had seen him & his companion. At last, there was a chance of seeing Sitting Bull, perhaps? Some time afterwards three or four chiefs came to the front & Sitting Bull among them.

4

They asked our friends where they were going & what was their business. Capt. Allen said they were going to a half-breed camp some five miles off. The chiefs said they could go on, that they would visit them at that camp next morning. Our travellers did not wait for another laissez-passer & were soon with the Half-breeds who were encamped in the bottom of a large ravine running into Milk River. The camp consisted of about one hundred lodges & seemed well protected by the banks of the ravine which were at least two hundred feet high.

Next morning some Indians came to this place & reported that the Sioux were coming to attack the Half-Breeds, run away their horses, destroy the tents, cut their lodges & burn their carts because they were heading the Buffalos.

This was news indeed.

Our Reporter thought that Sitting Bull, after all, was wiser to be seen at a distance & by proxy than on his own ground. To run away, then, was impossible. If an attack was really intended the camp must ^{be} already surrounded at a distance.

The Half-Breeds had nothing to do but prepare their arms & ammunition & run their horses inside the camp where they made a half-moon with the carts facing the direction where they expected to see the enemy.

come.

For a moment great was the activity in the camp & our friends did not know what to do. They showed a good countenance, though, & inspected their rifles & revolvers. All at once they heard a sound like that of a coming earthquake & down the bank, at a point where it seemed impossible for a horse to pass, they saw at least five hundred warriors all naked & painted in the most warlike fashion, coming at full gallop. They seemed not to touch the ground. When they reached the flat they made straight for the camp through which they passed like a whirlwind. They formed on the other side of the ravine & halted.

Some Half-Breeds went to them & objected to that kind of demonstration, saying that the women & children were frightened & it was not prudent, to say the least, to ride like that through a quiet camp. The Indians laughed & started again, this time, yelling like demons, running among the lodges & firing their rifles in all directions.

Capt. Allen & his friend were in the center of the camp & both would have given something to be well out of it. The bullets were flying around them like hail & it is almost incredible that they were not struck.

Capt. Allen commenced to talk

(6)

that they wanted to shoot the reporter & lay it afterwards to an accident. One of the chiefs, "Broad Trail," seemed to be of the same opinion & he came & sat close to them.

Immediately the bullets ceased pouring at that spot. The chief then spoke to Capt. Allen & said, "I knew that if I sat here they would stop firing in this direction for fear of hitting me. I don't want them to shoot any white man."

The firing went on like that for about an hour & gradually the Indians went away, only the chiefs remaining.

They came near & asked Capt. Allen who his companion was. He said he was a newspaper man who had come to see the Indians & try to do something for them through the press. He had no bad intentions & those who had represented him as a spy from the army had told a falsehood.

Then the Chiefs said they had acted in that way to show off their strength & if he was really a spy he could go now & report what he had seen.

They left after that.

Our friends remained in camp that day & early the next morning, they hurried out of the ravine & made for Broad-mountain as fast as the horses could take them. It was only when they reached the Police post that the reporter began to feel at ease. He had enough of Sitting Bull & all his friends.

He returned to the States by wolf-

(4)

Point & Bismarck.

Shortly afterwards Gen. Miles' Crow Scouts fought the rear guard of Sitting Bull's party, wounded one man & killed two squaws. The scouts themselves left seven men killed on the field.

The Sioux then returned on the Canadian Territory.

Fort Walsh,
27th Nov. 1880.

Amateur Buffalo Hunting.

Last fall two young men came to Benton by the Steamer "Red Cloud". One was an Englishman & the other a Scotchman. Their bearing was that of gentlemen but one would have desired in them a little less arrogance & self-sufficiency. They were followed by a man whose bump on the back of the head & general appearance stamped as an Irishman. They went to a hotel & took lodgings. They said they had come from England for a Buffalo hunt in the North West.

Next day the first thing they thought of was to purchase the articles necessary for their expedition. The Bar-keeper of the hotel volunteered to give them all the information they wanted. He had been an experienced hunter himself & his advice was valuable.

They were asked if they were good riders. Of course they could ride the wildest horses.

The hotel ~~keeper~~ called a friend of his who had, he said, some good saddle horses for sale at moderate prices. They selected two which were tried before they concluded the bargain. They now wanted a pack animal. They found a man who sold them a mule about twenty years old for eighty dollars. They had brought with them a couple of good English hunting saddles.

Two days after their arrival they thought their outfit was complete & they decided to make a start the next day. They retained the services of an old mule driver to teach Tim, their servant, how to pack the baggage on the mule & the next morning before sun rise they were at work.

When everything was snug & tight, poor Jim looked out of sorts & said to Mr. Borrel, the englishman: "Sure, yer honor, is it on foot I'm going to follow both of yez? — Why, aw! I think we forgot to get a mount for the fellow. What a bother! Why didn't you mention it before, Jim? — Be jabbers, sur, I thought you intended me to ride with the baggage but now I see the animal is chuck full & ye couldn't stick a knife in the load. I'm sure as I never saw in my born days so many knots, diamond 'itches, the man calls 'em." — Well, Macduff, said Borrel, I suppose we must get him a horse. — All right, the lad must have a horse or a mule."

A horse was found all equipped & they saddled the other horses. Borrel was the first to mount but he was the first to come down too, for he had hardly touched the saddle when his horse put his head between his legs, rounded his back & made a well conditioned buck-jump sending his rider plumb down on his head.

— "He jumps like a sheep, said Macduff, mildly inclined to be facetious, perhaps he has sheep's blood in him. — If it is sheep's blood he has, yer honor, small good it does to him, for he looks as wicked as old Nick himself." Here a looker-on came & said he: "You can't ride those bronchos with those english pads. They'll buck you to pieces & the saddles too." They asked if bucking was not a redhibitory vice. No, certainly ^{not} everybody in the country was able to ride a bucking horse, it was an obligate in

accomplishment, for all the horses bucked more or less. It was probable, if they used Mexican saddles, the horses being accustomed to them, would go better. So they exchanged their saddles & tried again.

This time Marduff got pitched but they had pluck & mounted again. Tim's horse never offered to buck & naturally his rider felt proud & thought it was his better handling that did it. He began to give advice to his masters as to the management of their steeds.

"Hould on well to the little post (the horn of the saddle) in front of ye" he said, & you are all safe. I remember, when my father taught me how to.... "Hold your tongue," said Barrel, " & lead the mule." They were shown the road to Fort Walsh & they started with great confidence.

They travelled very slowly on account of the mule who was the laziest creature ever adorned with long ears. "Begonah! Tim would say 'git along wid ye, you black object, it's a jackass entirely you ought to be." Six days took them to Fort Walsh.

As there was no Buffalo in the country their disappointment was great & they decided to pass the winter at twenty miles west of the fort. They took possession of an empty log-house & they refitted it as best they could. They turned their horses out on the prairie. Tim cut all the wood necessary, carried the water & cooked. The gentlemen every day would go in

4

turn & see that the horses did not go too far. One day they could^{not} find the horses. There was a half-breed boy living in the neighbourhood who brought them in two days after. They gave him a Sovereign. They were lost a second time & the same boy was sent after them with the promise of a reward. He found them easily & got another sovereign.

The horses were lost five or six times like that & found again on the same conditions. At last they suspected that the boy hid them & probably they were right, but as they could not prove it, they could only threaten him with the interference of the Police. This put an end to the boy's speculations.

Early in the spring they heard that there was some buffalo in the direction of Fort Macleod. Now was the time! They prepared for a good hunt. Some police officers advised them to take some half-breed with them. He could guide them & show them the best way to hunt buffalo. Oh! no, they did not want anybody to teach^{them} why, it was the simplest thing in the world. They had read a good deal about it. They set out by themselves.

At noon the second day the Scotsman perceived that he had lost his knife - a valuable one, too. He was very sorry & wanted to go back for he was sure he had left it at the place where they had breakfasted. Nonsense! it was preposterous to think of losing a day & tiring the horses, all for a knife, & they went on.

5

The weather was cloudy & they travelled by the compass. Of course they knew all about it. At five in the afternoon they commenced to look for a camping place. They found a fine pool of water & good feed for the horses. As well camp now as later & they dismounted. "By all the books that never was opened," yelled out Jim, "here is the knife yer honor lost this morning! — What?" said Macduff. — "Yer knife, I tell ye! Don't touch it! It's bewitched. The devil himself took it here. Sure, I never thought yer honor had a compact with the evil spirit. And it's well known that he never crooks for any body but his own. — Keep your peace, you fool, don't you see that we came back to the spot where we had breakfast? We did it on purpose. — Indade, ye did, well thin, ye took a mighty round about way of doing it that's all."

The fact was they had travelled all day in a huge circle but, of course, they knew all about it. After supper the horses were shackled & the hunters hid down to sleep. Jim soon closed his eyes & began to snore. He was soon awoken by the voices of his masters. Macduff was saying: "I knew we were going too much to the left all the time. — Why didn't you say so?" said Borrel. — "What would have been the use? You had your compass. — The blasted instrument must be out of order, for I can travel by the compass any time. We will try yours to-morrow." They

6

went on talking for some time when they heard a frightful bellowing that chilled the blood in their veins. What could it be? There was a moon-light & they could see a huge black mass getting bigger & bigger at a hundred yards from them.

They were up in a moment & took their rifles. "The saints have mercy, cried Tim, here is the devil that carried the Knife". When the animal was near enough they all fired together & had the good fortune of bringing it to the ground. They rebuilt the fire & drew their knives to skin the dead buffalo, for it was one, but they could hardly stand near it. There was a fearful stench. They ^{had} killed a scabby Bull attracted by the remnants of their camp fire. Those animals are ^{dangerous &} very hard to kill & they were very lucky to have brought that one down so easily. His skin was rotten. "Holy hocky!" said Tim "We kill the aggravatin' waste ^{too late} for it's already spoilt."

They remained two days more without seeing anything & they returned to their dwelling place disgusted with themselves & with creation in general.

Shortly after they left for the old Country & now they can say if they like that they know all about it.

Fort Walsh
November, 12th, 1880.

CANADA AND HER INDIANS.

Letter of Captain Frechette of the Northwest Mounted Police to the New York Tribune.

To the Editor of the Tribune.

SIR: "Maintains le Droit" is the motto of a corps known as the Northwest Mounted Police, which was sent a few years ago by the Canadian Government to the Northwest Territories, with the mission of stopping the liquor traffic and governing the Indians in that vast tract of land. The Indians of the Northwest Territories are peaceful, and seem willing to imitate the white man in cultivating the soil and earning a living in peace. The intelligent portion of them see the benefits of civilization, and make no secret of their aspirations. Thanks to the energy shown when necessary by those in power, crime has now almost disappeared among them. There has been only one man hanged in the country since the police came. That man had eaten his family, and as Indians are sometimes given to cannibalism, it was necessary to make an example. A great many Indians witnessed the execution, and were disappointed only in not seeing any torture.

The savages of the Northwest Territories number 31,000 all told, and for six years there have been only the 300 policemen to govern and manage that population, which, owing to the almost total disappearance of the buffalo, had been in a state of semi-starvation for a long time. What it has cost in trouble and patience to the officers to gain over those wild tribes a moral power strong enough to make them obey without using force is known only to them and those on the spot. The Government has now sent agents intrusted with the management of the Indians. The superintendent, Mr. Edgar Dewdney, a man of remarkable abilities and the highest character, has established farms on or near the different reservations and appointed farming instructors for the Indians, who gladly work for their living. He writes in his report for 1879:

No one can at once force an Indian to take hold of the plough and keep steady at work. Those Indians who have already commenced agriculture will need but slight assistance in the way of instruction, and the ignorant ones who are anxious to learn will do so by making themselves generally useful on the reservation, and farming under the direction of the instructor, will soon pick up sufficient information to settle down and work a piece of ground for themselves. The idea of taking a few Indians from each reservation and teaching them as you would pupils on a model farm, would not be a success. I presume the wish of the Government is to obtain as great a return of food for the distressed Indians as is cheap and feasible, and while failing that on the reservation themselves, give the Indians an opportunity of learning how to make their own living out of the ground.

The settlements around the forts are advancing both in an agricultural and industrial point of view. Large herds of horned cattle can be seen grazing peacefully in fields that were formerly fields of battle. Immigration is coming in slowly but surely, and most of the new-comers seem to be at home on arriving in the country. The courts of justice are very often empty, but whatever is done there is done in a business-like manner. There were last year at Fort Macleod at one time about 7,000 Indians depending on the police for food, but there was no disturbance among them. The officers and men of the police go singly into any Indian camp and make arrests.

THE CANADIAN PLAN.

The Canadian management of Indians is unique, for it has survived over six years of awkward circumstances without shedding blood. The Government, by the terms of the different treaties with the Indians, pays yearly to every living Indian the sum of \$5. The chiefs of bands receive for themselves \$25, and their councillors \$15. Tickets have this year been issued to them, and they will be paid next year on the production of these tickets, which serve to identify their bearers, when necessary, for the issue of rations, etc. The Government in choosing officers and men for the police is very careful in selecting as much as possible men who by their natural dispositions would acquire influence among the Indians, and it is worthy of notice that the desired result has in all instances been what was anticipated, and most gratifying. Heretofore everything has been left in the hands of the Mounted Police, and the Indians learned to love and respect those officials, who were always ready to assist and advise them.

Since the arrival of the hostile Sioux in the country the buffalo have been stopped from going to their old ranges, and in some Indian camps starvation was the consequence. Last year was a terrible epoch in the annals of many tribes. Very little provision could be got in the country, yet one could not travel fifty miles over the prairie without meeting police wagons loaded with flour, tea and tobacco, going under the charge of officers to relieve the wants of the Indians. The government then offered the superintendency of Indian affairs in the Northwest Territories to Colonel J. F. Macleod, C. M. G., commander of the Northwest Mounted Police, but this gentleman declined, for he would have been obliged to abandon his old corps. Mr. Edgar Dewdney, formerly member of the House of Commons for the County of Yale in British Columbia, accepted the office. He immediately made a tour in the Northwest and established small posts of supplies. Reservations were surveyed and given to the different tribes. But the Indians still seem to like the old way best. If they want anything they invariably come to the police. The latter send them to the agents, but they are not satisfied with that and the police must be present at any transactions between them.

There are a few Indians who have not agreed to the treaties, and when the day of payment comes they pretend to be still the masters of the soil, make speeches and try to create dissensions. Two years ago a party of surveyors was stopped by a band of non-treaty Indians. Word of it was given to the police at Fort Walsh, and a detachment of forty men was sent out. Matters were righted at once. Later on, the same band molested some traders.

Another party of police went and arrested three of the ringleaders. They were punished. One of the policemen was murdered at Fort Walsh a year ago. He was a young man of eighteen, and had enlisted four months before in Ontario. It was an Indian vendetta, not against the victim himself, but against white men in general. The murderer's father had, or pretended to have, suffered some injury at the hands of a white man, and he died last year making his sons promise to take the first opportunity to avenge his memory. The murderer escaped and took refuge in the United States Territories, where he now is.

THE PAYMENT BY TICKETS.

Previous to the issuing of tickets to the Indians it was very difficult to pay

them correctly. An Indian has so many ways of disguising himself without exciting suspicion that fraud was largely practiced. The payments were always made by some police officer through his interpreters, who knew most of the Indians personally; but even then it was only by the greatest care and attention that deception could be detected. At Morleyville, some 150 miles from Fort Macleod, there is a tribe of Indians called the Stonys, of Sioux descent, through the Assinaboies. There is a Methodist mission at that place, and all the Stony Indians go to the same church and the same stores. Both church and stores are kept by members of the same family, and their trade is pretty well monopolized. These Indians were paid last year, when about twelve families were absent and paid elsewhere. This year every one was present at Morleyville, and they were paid with some hundreds of dollars less than last year, and yet there was a bona fide increase in the real population. But the officer who paid them had to use all of his detective powers to ascertain the truth as to the number of souls in each family, and he came to the conclusion that this religious tribe was ^{not} more scrupulous about a five-dollar bill than other less enlightened Indians.

Last year a detachment of police was sent to Sounding Lake to assist in the payment of some Crees. The Indians had assembled before the day appointed by the authorities, and as they are no particular about carrying provisions, they found themselves without anything to eat, for the supplies had not yet arrived. The Indians became excited, and threatened to help themselves from the traders who had come with goods. They fired a few shots, luckily without effect, and the police officer by his coolness and the prestige of his uniform succeeded in calming them.

Some of the officers have the gift of doing what they please with their Indians. If there is a disturbance in a camp, an officer goes alone and restores quiet.

INDIAN SHREWDSNESS AND PREJUDICE.

It is, however, no easy task to manage Indians. Ignorant, suspicious and full of mischief, they are, in spite of their ignorance, shrewd enough to detect if everything you say to them a sign of good or bad will. They are proud in their way. They are not ashamed to beg for a piece of tobacco, but they are humiliated if you refuse it. An Indian comes to your house and asks for a piece of bread, and if you do not invite him to smoke your tobacco for two hours he thinks you slight him. If an interpreter displeases them he cannot get anything from them, whereas if they like him and have confidence in him, they open their minds to him readily. They are superstitious and must have their medicine dance now and then. They have great faith in their medicine-man, but they admit now that the white doctor has more command over the evil spirit that shows itself in the shape of measles, mumps and certain other diseases. It may be said that the doctors help a great deal in cementing friendship between Indians and white men. When the medicine drum fails to cure a sick Indian he sends for the white doctor.

OCCASIONAL OUTRAGES.

The Sioux who came into the Dominion with Sitting Bull have been troublesome now and then, but they have always been brought to reason. Last year they became a little more boisterous than usual, went into a store at Wood Mountain and tried to force the trader to give them their own prices for their buffalo robes. The trader was a newly married man and had a young child. The Indians seized the child and

threatened to kill him if his father did not come to terms. Of course the father saved his child by granting them what they wanted. What could he do? They were about two hundred warriors and he was alone with a couple of men. He soon got assistance from the police, and the officer commanding, having recruited a few friendly Indians among Sitting Bull's own people, told that chief that he could have blood if he liked. Sitting Bull declined.

A few days ago a party of Sioux is reported to have killed a half-breed near Wood mountain, stealing the murdered man's horses and leaving his wife and children on foot on the prairie. Those Sioux have for the most part gone back to the States, but they come across the line now and then, and are always ready to commit depredations.

The British Indians are generally quiet, but sometimes the young bucks indulge in a little noise just to show that they are brave, and then they must be handled with the greatest tact and firmness. About four weeks ago there were some 500 Crees and Assinaboines near Fort Walsh. The troops were camped at two miles from the fort, and only twelve or fifteen men were in the fort itself. Near by there is a ranch and garden, the owner of which often complained that the Indians were in the habit of stealing his turnips, carrots and potatoes. One day he saw a young Indian sitting on his fence and he ordered him away. The Indian laughed and never moved. The white man struck him in the face and made the Indian's nose bleed. The young man ran to his camp and all his friends and a great many others assembled and armed themselves. They came to the fort in great excitement and complained of the outrage. The officer commanding inquired into the case and caused the ranchman to be arrested and fined him for assault and battery. The culprit paid his fine and went home. The Indians could not understand how a man could escape imprisonment by paying money. The thing was explained to them, and they went away apparently satisfied, but there were among them some non-treaty Indians who thought this was a fine opportunity for a row, and, when passing near the garden they jumped in and began to tear everything out of the ground. In no time the garden was full of Indians firing their rifles and making sad havoc with the poor man's vegetables. Their yells were frightful. Colonel Irvine, who had been in command of the force since November 1, and Captain Cotton happened to come out of the fort on horseback. They were unarmed, but they put spurs to their horses and gallantly rode into the midst of the infuriated band. Immediately rifles on all sides were levelled at them, but when the Colonel with his habitual coolness spoke to the savages and ordered them to stop, they gradually withdrew and abandoned the spot.

PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.

There is no doubt, if the Indian Department works well, that in a few years the Indians of this part of America will have left behind them a great many of their wild notions and become more and more settled. It will be a question of patience and perseverance on the part of their directors. In establishing Indian farms and giving work the Government has taken the first step. The Indians have been seen this past summer watching with anxiety their little crops grow. Some of them are not very patient, though; if they plant anything one day they would like to see the stem two feet high the next day. One Indian planted last year some potatoes that the police had given him with in-

structions how to use them. Two days after, seeing nothing come out of the ground, he dug all the roots out, ate what he could, packed away the remainder and went away on the plains to hunt. In the fall he came back with a few buffalo robes, and he bought potatoes at 12 cents a pound from another Indian who had let nature take its course with his little crop.

Some of them have cattle of their own. There is a Cree Indian near Lake Manitoba who was baptized when a boy by Archbishop Tache, of St. Boniface, then only a priest. The missionary told the boy that he would give him a cow if he came to see him at Fort Garry and would promise to take good care of it. Twelve years after the Indian went to see his friend the missionary, who had become a bishop, and reminded him of his promise. The bishop was not rich, but he was as good as his word. He gave the Indian the only cow he had, and told him to be a good man. In 1875 the Indian had a little herd of thirty-three head of cattle, all coming from that cow.

A great many Indians are now anxious to have their children learn how to read and write. The superintendent's report for 1879 says:

At interviews with the different bands of Indians, almost all expressed a wish to have schools erected on their reserves to educate their children, and I should be glad to receive explicit instructions on this matter before returning to the Northwest. An amount is annually voted for this purpose, but up to this time but a small portion appears to have been expended. On several reserves school-houses have been erected and teachers are at work doing a great deal of good. I have received applications from several quarters asking for assistance toward the building of the schools.

Last year the Rev. Mr. McKay established a school at Fort Walsh, and it was wonderful to see little Indians boys and girls, eight or ten years of age, read in English and make figures on the board after only two months' tuition. In the northern district, near Edmonton, there is a Roman Catholic Mission headed by the Right Rev. Bishop Grandin. They have an orphan asylum, conducted by some Sisters of Charity. Their school is really beyond all praise, and their devotion to children is well known. Some years ago, when the small-pox had been as destructive as a plague among the Indians, a poor little girl, three years of age, after having lost her parents, became herself a prey to the infection, and was saved by an old Indian, her uncle. She had lost her eyesight and remained hideously scarred. Her uncle went to the Bishop and asked him if he would allow his "gray wives" to take the little orphan. The Indians thought the Bishop was a big chief and lived with the good nuns Indian fashion. The prelate explained to the Indian the nature of his relations with the Sisters, and said that they would admit the poor little thing with great pleasure. Three days after, as the Bishop was going out early in the morning, he found on the doorsteps a package wrapped up in a piece of blanket. There was the little girl, but no uncle could be seen. He took the child and gave it to the Sisters. The poor little disfigured thing became the pet of the community. She is now a grown-up girl and continues to be the favorite of the establishment. She can read and write, and she sings beautifully. Her uncle came to see her afterward, and when the Bishop asked him why he had left the child on the ground as he did, he said that it was so ugly that he was afraid the nuns would not take it

after they had seen it. He little knew the treasures of charity in the hearts of those devoted creatures.

If the Canadian Government continues its policy toward the Indians there is no reason why the latter should not be completely civilized in a quarter of a century, provided the United States Indians do not come to create mischief among them.

E. FRECHETTE.

Fort Walsh, N. W. Territory.

Indian mischief

The month of November last is an epoch that the people of Fort Macleod (both West & South-West) & the people of the surrounding country will long remember. There was a great excitement at that time & it was not without reason for the Blackfoot warriors, the most numerous & warlike tribe of Indians in that part, had commenced hostilities by killing cattle on some newly established ranches. Some of the ranchmen then fight & protected their stock as much as they could & applied to the Police for protection.

Captain Cuyler was at Fort Macleod with one troop of mounted policemen. He sent other men to assist at Fort Calgary & some twelve or fifteen men at the Blackfoot Crossing, eighty-five miles distant, with an Inspector in command. This officer, with his detachment, took up quarters at the Indian agency & for some

days all was quiet enough, but one morning a difficulty arose between some Indians & the West-Canada Indians, causing some trouble. Some days after the case was reported to the Police officer, who took the matter in seriously & in saying, I think, that he would settle the matter the next day.

During the afternoon the inspector went out for a walk on the river that was about twenty yards from the agency & was met by a party of about one hundred & fifty Indians.

It had been reported at the camp that it was his fault that the Indians did not get what they wanted from the contractor & as they knew that every afternoon he went out on the river for a walk they gathered on the ice & waited for him. As soon as they saw him they came forward & surrounded him.

Just imagine one hundred & fifty black & red viragos, all in hand, for if you met

Three squaws near a camp two will have
axes, yelling & threatening one single man
& you will have an idea of the unlucky
officer's bewildering ~~position~~ situation.
He tried to speak but what was the use?
They could not understand & if they had
understood it would have made no
difference.

The officer could not speak their language
but when he saw them cutting a hole in
the ice at his feet & making certain movements
signs that he perfectly understood, he began
to think that some mischief was really
meant. He tried his best to make his way
without striking through the crowd but
in vain.

As the hole in the ice was just getting
large enough for a man to pass through
easily, he heard a whistle yell. A man named
Charles Daly was coming like a whirlwind
towards him without the slightest respect for the
safety of the assailants, straight right & left.



Knocking down about twenty squaws, he
made a passage for the officer who went
before regarding in his deliverance.

It then was said that one of the squaws
who had been hit by Daly, who is a savage
man & did not probably mean to harass
her, had been seriously hurt. Daly said he
was sorry but could not help it.

He lived with another man in a house
near the agency & as he was preparing the
evening meal, an indian came noisily
in the house, took a rifle from under
his blanket & cocked it. The click of the gun
startled Daly who turned around & saw
the indian taking aim at him. He
jumped up & the bullet passed between
his right arm & his body lodging itself
deep in the wall behind him. The indian
immediately fired another shot which
gripped Daly's hair. This time Daly had
his arm over his throat. He took away
the rifle from him & the indian getting back

5

run away & hid himself in the camp.

Early next to the Police who decided the arrest of the suspect he was again. The officer himself, with six men, went in the Indian camp in the dead of the night & captured the culprit who was the husband of the wounded squaw. The prisoner was taken to the Police quarters.

Half an hour afterwards the building was surrounded by about two hundred armed Indians who demanded the release of the prisoner. The officer, at a glance took in the situation.

He knew that one single shot fired by him or his men would be the signal for the massacre of not only himself & party but also of every white man in the agency. He gave up the prisoner after vain attempts to persuade the enraged Indians that he was doing nothing but his duty.

He had during the night to send a

6

courier to Fort Macleod but the latter was stopped by armed Indians passed on the trail & brought back to the post.

That day they could see a cordon of Indian sentries surrounding the post at a distance. At that distant Howe said that he could go to Fort Macleod in spite of the Indians. He has a very good horse so well trained that he would follow his master like a dog & come to his whistle.

Howe hid a pair of reins & hid under his great coat, took a piece of bread & meat in his pocket & went out appearing for a walk. As he was on foot the Indian let him pass. Then his horse was turned out of the stable as if for an airing, with a blanket & a headstall on him.

The horse began to run & play around the place but all at once he stopped & came to a halt. Then he started at full gallop & went to his master who came.

7

(7)
live & continued to walk about leisurely,
the following day he went down a
small ravine, put the bit in the horse's
mouth, folded the blanket to make a
pad & vaulting lightly on the noble
animal, Sergeant Howe in no time
was out of sight.

He left the Post at nine in the morning
and again in the afternoon he was in
the mountains. Eighty five miles in ten
hours without a saddle is a pretty hard
ride.

On receiving his report Captain Crozier
lost not a minute & started with twenty
men, all light Cavalry mounts, & one field
gun, 9 p.m. He traversed all the mountains
of the night & the next day, reaching
the Blackfoot Crossing at eleven at night.

He immediately took from the Indian
store a quantity of sacks of flour &
made a bundle of rope & put large enough
to hold his gun & protect his men.

Early in the morning when would come
in but the very Indian they were

(8)

The named prisoner he was a minor chief
& wanted to show his bravery by coming
alone in the Police station, thinking
that the Police were scared enough for him
to do it with impunity. They saw him
come, though & two men were posted
on each side of the door.

As he stepped in he was seized & put
again in irons.

Some time afterwards about eight
young warriors came in sight of the
Post but when they saw that the little
garrison had been reinforced they went
back to the camp with the news.

The watch around the place had
been abandoned after Howe's departure.

Crow-foot, the head chief of the tribe,
knew that his minor chief, the prisoner,
had gone to the Police Post & he guessed
that he had been recaptured. He took
two of his Councilors & went to the
agency after ordering all his men
to take arms & follow at a distance.

Admitted in Captain Crozier's presence

he saw the ions on his man.

"Do you know," he said to the officer, "this man is that you have put in ions?"

"I know said Capt. Crozier that he is would be murderer & he must indeed be a brave to fire twice at an unarmed man."

"I will not allow you," said Crow-foot, "to put ions on him. He is a minor chief in the nation & it is only on things that Chasins are put on."

"Look here," said the Officer, "I did not come here to receive orders. I came here to command & if you want to interfere in this business, you will have ions on yourself, big chief as you are!"

At a sign two men took post near Crow-foot ready to handcuff him.

The Indian chief then said "Do you know that in no time I will have three hundred warriors at your door & these they are coming down the hill yonder. Will you release the prisoners or will

I have to fight you?"

"Fight me, by all means," said the Officer, "that is exactly what I came for. Ready for action, men! Take your posts!"

They all went behind the parapet & as the war party came within thirty yards,

"Clear the gun," ordered the Captain.

As soon as the Indians saw the ^{black} muzzle of the mine-pounder they took to their heels & left Crow-foot with the Police.

"Now," said Crozier, "you see your brave warriors. They are wise. I will remain here till morning. If you want to fight come, I am ready. Go back to your people & tell them that I consider this little difficulty settled but should you or yours force me to come back again to meet you, not one of you will live, the story."

Captain Crozier started the day after for his Post & since that the Indians have been quiet & it is to be hoped that they will remain so.

Fort Walsh, 15th February, 1882.