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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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WESTERN WAYS.

A Reminiscence of the Rebellion.

To-day the town of Prince Albert, lying on the banks of the mighty Saskatchewan in the very center of the fertile belt, par excellence of the most fertile country in the wide world, is the ideal of those who dream of peace. There is certainly less of the warlike spirit exhibited among its quiet and orderly citizens than in any other place in the Northwest. The writer saw here on two successive Sundays the whole of the Protestant bodies of the town Episcopal, Presbyterian and Methodist, worshipping together. As to politics, the Liberals have to go out of the district to get a man to oppose the popular member Mr. McDowell, M. P. There is absolutely none of the bitterness in the politics one meets here in comparison with some other places. This may be because while so very much isolated, the people are most remarkably prosperous, or it may be that the fierce passions aroused during the rebellion, when cooled left the people indissipated to again engage in strife. Be it as it may Prince Albert is the most prosperous and peaceful place in the Dominion and perhaps in proportion to its size in the world. Ten years ago to-day the aspect of things were very different. Then for several months the mutterings of coming strife had been heard. This was not held to be very alarming or unusual in these times. It may not be generally known but nevertheless is a fact, that till after the rebellion there was almost constant war on the plains. As this was always between the different tribes of Indians and the half-breeds, and was a matter in which the whites were not mixed and the peace as far as they were concerned was kept, there was no mention of the matter made outside as it was supposed it would injure the settlement of the country. Bands of Indians met and fought on the plains, or led each other into ambush and death. It was considered the normal condition of these people, and so long as they did not molest the whites they were sure of no interference.

Among these warriors was one whose fame reached from the Rockies to Fort Ellis, and from the Salt Plain to the shores of Hudson Bay. The rifle of Gabriel Dumont was never known to miss his mark, either flying quarry or opposing foe. His arm was known as the strongest, his courage the most daring, and his rifle bore more notches than that of any other man alive. Thirty-one is said to have been the number, before the conflicts of the Rebellion added a dozen more. This redoubtable warrior, whose imperious temper and power made him the terror and champion of the Matis, had boldly claimed the lands of the Northwest was the rightful heritage of the Indian, and the Matis, and that the whites were intruders that should be expelled. By all laws, other than that of might, which after all is the foundation of right, he was certainly justified in his contention. In the latter article he was woefully lacking, for the whites were coming in a constantly increasing flood. The more immediate cause of quarrel was, however, the wanton and cruel destruction of the buffalo. The opinion is prevalent in the west that the Hudson Bay people wantonly destroyed these valuable animals because they found that the settlers were hunting them, and that they would be an assistance in settling the country.

The Rebellion however, like most wars owe its existence and intensity to a woman. The constant and devoted friendship of Lady McDonald for Hon. Mr. Dewdney, led her to use her strong influence over her husband in causing him to repay the great sacrifice made by Mr. Dewdney for Sir John, in giving up his

seat so as to secure the latter a place in Parliament when defeated in Kingston, by making him the real ruler of the Northwest. It is said by those who claim to know, that it was done under strong pressure and against the better judgment of the old Chief. Done it was and a most incompetent man was placed in a most important post. The haughty and incompetent Englishman, with no more knowledge of human life than was acquired by the managing of well trained servants at home, was the last man to deal with the brave proud spirits of Dumont and the great Indian chief Poundmaker. The latter had all the daring of the Matis leader with more of the astute and calculating nature of the Indian. The hot French blood which mingled with the colder currents of the Indian in the veins of Dumont was more likely to quickly resent the petty tyranny of the self-conscious and blundering Englishman, who was either too lazy or too ill-informed to keep track of the papers in his own office. The self-reliant Indian, who was the last man who would either forget an injury or a kindness, remembered that Sir John had been his firm friend, and was loath to break with the whites. He was uniformly kind to all who came in his way and when reverses came they did not forget him.

While for some time the rumors that were prevalent did not attract much attention yet when it was known that two such men as Dumont and Poundmaker were taking an active part, the apprehensions of trouble became more decided. The master spirit however, was yet far away in Montana. The illiterate Matis and Indian could, if need be fight, but could not place on record the story of their grievances. It was necessary to bring to the scene the famous agitator. Dumont was sent to bring Riel. He arrived and the discontent that was everywhere among the people began to crystallize. Now meetings were held in Prince Albert and the whites were in some degree in sympathy with the Matis. This was however, largely because they thought to profit by any concessions that would be made. They knew that they could easily buy from the ignorant Matis the scrip or other valuables received from the Government. Yet it must not be supposed that these people (the Matis) were poor. They in fact were in very comfortable circumstances. The business of freighting was almost entirely in their hands, and their relations with the Hudson Bay Company were very profitable. They were in fact a fine race with many of the best traits of the finest races of the world in their compositions. At last the language of the Matis leaders became so insolent that Riel and Dumont dare not attempt to hold meetings in Prince Albert, and the blood of the English began to assert itself. Representations were made to Governor Dewdney but he paid no attention to them, and while all the rest of the country knew that bloodshed was imminent in Saskatchewan he alone seems to know nothing and care less.

At last news came to the town that the stores at Duck Lake had been rifled and that Carleton and Battleford were menaced. The commandant of the little garrison at Carleton sent for assistance to Regina and it was understood in Prince Albert that Capt. Irving was on his way with one hundred men. The men of Prince Albert organized and formed a volunteer force. Well accustomed to the use of arms, and having among them old time soldiers they were not long in getting themselves in such form as to present a good appearance on parade. Major Moore commanded the little army and Capt. Young drilled them in all the routine of company and skirmishing tactics. Thus when the news came of the hostile attitude of the Matis the people of the town were not taken utterly unprepared. The action of Riel in seizing the stores at Duck Lake brought matters to a crisis, and on March 19th forty-one of the volunteers took their teams and drove to Carleton, a distance of fifty miles. They made the journey without stopping to feed or rest.

Now to give the Kent County people a good idea of the events that followed we will suppose Prince Albert to be Kingston. That Carleton is situated at the bridge over the Richibucto River, near Alex. Murrays, fifty miles from Kingston. The distance must of course be supposed. We will suppose Duck Lake to be on a lake half way between St. Marys and the Richibucto bridge before mentioned, some where on the head of the South Branch, above Doherty's mill. We will say that Batoche is at St. Marys and that Regina is at Moncton, from which place Irving's little army is coming through two feet of snow. Richibucto river will represent the North Saskatchewan and Buctouche the South. Arrived at Carleton the volunteers were joined with the Mounted Police. The report was made that most of the stores at Duck Lake were there still. It

was resolved to go and get them. Two teams were sent over. The men acted in a somewhat injudicious manner and tried to frighten the Matis who were there in charge of the plunder. These left and the teams came back loaded. Next day six teams were sent over escorted by four policemen and eighteen of the volunteers to take all the stores remaining. McKay and Graham Neilson were in the forward team, and the writer is now sitting between them and the scout who captured Riel and is reading this to them as it is written. Thos. Howie, the scout, does not agree with all here written and desired me to record his protest. The others say this is a very true record so far. However they give me the facts as they saw them. The policemen went on ahead and the sleighs followed after. When about half way between Carleton and Duck Lake the scouts came back on the run. They said that the Matis were just behind, and in a few moments a troop of horsemen were seen by the forward men of the party coming down the opposite slope. Dumont was in the lead and galloped up. He dismounted and came up to the sleigh. He told them in language more forcible than polite, that the stuff at Duck Lake was the property of the Matis and that they could not have it except by going for it over the dead bodies of the men behind him. The orders to the little body was not to fire unless fired on. Neilson observed to the Captain, "If I knew that I was to be used as a target I would not have come." However the Matis numbered about sixty men, while they were only twenty, as two of the police had gone on to Carleton to give the alarm. Hot words were exchanged between McKay and Dumont who were strong personal friends, and in gesticulating violently Dumont discharged his rifle over the head of McKay. In an instant every rifle on both sides came to the shoulder, and McKay and Neilson found themselves looking into the muzzles of sixty unerring weapons. Had a nerve trembled on either side, or a finger been too heavily pressed, the snow would have been a blood red dye in a moment. It was however characteristic of the two races that nothing of the kind did happen. McKay observed "Well Dumont, we will part friends this time, but the next meeting will be with our rifles." "Be it so," was the reply. "Go and tell the Misomaghish that they can't have these stores till they pay for them." Neilson gave the signal to drive on. The Matis took the rifles from the shoulder and slung them, but still followed. After about a mile they turned and the volunteers went on. When they came to the fort they found the whole of the garrison under arms and coming to meet them. The scouts had reported them all taken prisoners, and they had set out on the gallop on hearing the shot. A consultation had followed. The commander Crozier, said the proper thing was to wait for Irving and then go out with sufficient force. Capt. Lawrence Clark, the Hudson Bay factor of the station said, "I never knew before that Crozier was a coward. I would not have believed it if he had said so." This stirred Crozier and he said, "Lawrence follow me and you will know if I am a coward." The words were greeted with a cheer, and the rebellion was launched. Had not these words been spoken there would not all this probability have been any rebellion. The combined force would have gone as in other cases and have met the resistance firmly, paid the dues for freightage that the Matis claimed was due them on the goods, and arrested Riel, and closed the matter. However this was not to be. Eighty new men joined the force which now amounted to one hundred and they set out on the return. Neilson and McKay were in front of the sleighs. Four mounted men rode in advance. Crozier and Moore were in command. One of the police and the other of the volunteers. It was now certain that a fight was on and the serious nature of the case impressed itself on the most thoughtless. Along the winding trail, over knolls covered deep with snow and through patches of woodland and over tiny streams, wound the cortege. Laugh and jest was heard on all sides despite the danger and the almost certainty that all would not return. Such is the spirit of men. Facing death together gives a cheerfulness unknown when alone. The fierce lust for battle ever present with the gleam of arms and prospect of combat overpowers all other feelings. There is a surging of blood through the veins. The muscles quiver with a strange expansion, the eye brightens and the whole man seems transformed.

So the gallant little army swung along the road. They were coming near the Lake with its scattering village. Already some began to say that there will be no fight to-day, we are fooled. They don't intend to fight. The scouts are in advance about two hundred yards. Suddenly they wheel round and come back at the top

speed of their horses. The order to halt is obeyed before uttered for all have seen the turn. Form into line. Extend by the right, is the orders, and seizing their rifles the men sprang into the snow on the right side of the narrow road. Neilson, who was in the front sleigh as driver, said to the man behind, "Let us drive well forward and get our sleighs across the trail." Road is trail in the west. They did so and some, indeed as many of the other sleighs as could do so, followed this example which no doubt saved many lives. Unhooking the horses they led them behind the bluff, and one man took charge of each six horses as is the orders. In the meantime the men extended on the right of the trail. The police were in the shelter of the sleighs and the volunteers were greatly exposed as their officers seemed to have forgotten the first principles of warfare. There is a small bluff just behind where they were stationed that could have been well utilized for this purpose. While the men were taking their position the officers with McKay as interpreter went forward to meet three of the Matis, who coming close upon the rear of the flying horsemen seemed to bear a message. They were two Indians and one of the Matis. A hot and short conference followed. The Indians declared their determination to stop the cortege and the officers as firmly insisted on going on. Finally one of the Indians caught McKay's rifle and tried to wrest it out of his hand. McKay, who is a very powerful man with a strong infusion of Indian blood, and the hot blood of his Scotch ancestors mingled, said not a word but shot him dead. All saw the act, its meaning knew, and straight from two hundred rifles burst the startling flash. There was nothing to do but load and fire as fast as hand and eye could catch the rifle and the range. The Matis were ensconced behind the hill, in a rather unusual position for them to take, and which showed that they too had been in some measure surprised. The white man when he wishes to defend a position gets on the hill. The Indian knows better. He gets into the hollow, and it is in this apparently very simple move that the Indian shows his immense superiority to the white. This was in some measure the reason that the Seminoles were enabled to defy for years the whole force of the United States and to kill for every warrior they lost, some fifteen of the Americans. However in this case the position was in some degree reversed, and the whites were in the hollow. They were not however covered as the Indians and Matis. Amid the crackling of the rifles, Crozier crossed his line giving directions to fire and forming the men in the most available position. A ringing cheer greeted this gallant act, and the Matis must have thought that the troops were going to charge, as two of them were seen to leap up and run for cover. A hundred shots were fired at them but both escaped. A perfect sheet of fire was being poured from a half-finished house to the right of the road, and some of the volunteers began to fire steadily in that direction. The frail walls could not keep out the terrible rifle bullets and the rebellion came near being ended there and then. Gabriel was in the house. Already his rifle had sent its deadly messenger to three of the volunteers, striking each one fair between the eyes, when a shot struck him on the head, and cutting along the skull it stunned him. He fell prostrate and his followers thought him dead. The firing for a moment slackened and then it was that the cheer raised by the volunteers rang out, and the Matis thought that a charge was on them. Had this been done, some think that a different result would have followed. This is not likely. The Matis were in greater numbers and the snow was too deep for rapid movements and the only result would have been to greatly increase the number of those who mourned their loved ones slain. In a few moments the fire of the Matis was increased in intensity and Winchester bullets were flying in a leaden hail through the air and striking the trees, and each minute adding to the number of horses and men that were bleeding on the snow. Yet more portentous, the whites found that the fire was not now coming entirely from the front. Bullets began to sing in from both flanks and it was at once evident to the practiced eye and ear of McKay that they were being surrounded, and that in a short time they would be cut off and slaughtered in a heap. "Get your men out of this," he said to Crozier, "if you wish to take one of them home." As he spoke two bullets whistled close between them from opposite directions. Crozier saw the danger and gave the order to retire. The police being near the sleighs were first set to harness the horses but found twenty of them killed. They however got enough to draw the sleighs. The volunteers being farthest out were defending the rear and as fast as the sleighs got

away they filed up behind them. There was no confusion. Every man did just as he was ordered. The fire was now ringing in from each side, and if the smoke had not been so thick there would not have been one of them escaped, as the Matis could not see the manoeuvre and supposed they were continuing to fight till they were actually driving off the ground.

They then cautiously approached fearing surprise and saw the whites in full retreat. They did not pursue, although they could, by getting on the trail by another path, have cut them off. The police took their dead with them and all their wounded. The dead and some of the wounded volunteers were left on the field. Riel saved the life of one of the helpless men when a Matis was in the act of braining him with his rifle. Of the thirty-three volunteers nine were killed. The police lost three and some seriously injured, but few of the volunteers escaped injury and their captain lost his leg. None escaped without some remembrance that they had been close to death. They returned that night to Prince Albert after burning the fort and village of Carleton. The news had preceded them and at seven in the evening the result of the fight was known, but not the names of the killed and wounded. They drove right through without stopping and at twelve o'clock they arrived. We can imagine what the sorrowful reception was. Nine of the best men of the village left dead on the field and with them three others who had made many warm friends. The harrowing anxiety of those having friends left on the field wounded or dead and not being able to learn their fate. The uncertainty of the future. The regret of the result, for on the return to the fort after the fight they found Irving and his men. Had a few hours delay been made and the cooler head of Irving been there to lead the result would no doubt have been different.

The brave women of Prince Albert were however, equal to the occasion. There was neither regrets or useless fault-finding expressed. The old British blood was there. No one gave vent to useless grief. One could have supposed to have seen them, that the coming home of their friends from a battle field was an everyday occurrence. A stockade was at once commenced and all the country round was warned to come in. The women and children were placed in the manse and all the buildings that would afford shelter to an attacking force were torn down or burned, and preparations were made to give the enemy a warm reception. The war went on, but although the Prince Albert boys asked to be allowed to serve and to attack the enemy in the rear, they were not allowed to do so. Verily the people here may not be judges of military men if they are at all judges, and what they say was true what a stupendous blunder the whole conduct of the rebellion was. Here were five hundred men, the very cream of Canada, asking to wipe the memory of Duck Lake from the books and were made to stand idly by and not to fire a shot.

Three things strike us in viewing the facts as given here. 1st. Wonder that any portion of the French people of Canada could by any stretch of imagination have made a hero out of such material as Louis Riel. His whole course was that of a crafty schemer. At the very time he was posing as the champion of the Matis he was trying to sell them to the whites and urging his friends in Prince Albert to get him an offer from the government to buy them. When arrested by the scouts Mr. Howie says he fell on his knees and begged for his life. There were only three of the scouts and he had four men and had besides the advantage in position. He made no resistance. He, in short, acted a coward all the way through.

2nd. At the want of common sense and the ignorance of Indian tactics shown by General Middleton, he simply enacted Bradoch over again.

3rd. The wonderful self-control and good sense shown by the Indians in refusing all the inducements held out by the supporters of Riel and the foolish and insulting conduct of some of the whites.

I may note that seven of the Matis were killed at Duck Lake and about 20 badly wounded. In proportion to numbers engaged it was a severe and bloody fight.

Prince Albert, Mar. 26, 1895.

No Equal.
Rev. A. B. Johnson, Westmeath, Ont.: "I have used several remedies for dyspepsia and would say that for giving relief after meals and sweetening the stomach. I have never found anything to equal K. D. C."

Big Prices for Stamps.

A remarkable auction sale of postage stamps took place recently in New York. The attraction was the collection of Louis Leviston, of San Francisco, which consists mostly of stamps of the United States and the British colonies. The prices realized are all record breakers. An 1861 British Columbia 2½ pence, imperforate, sold for \$125. A Canadian 7½ pence, unused, brought \$53.25. The New Brunswick six-pence, yellow, of 1851, used, brought \$76, and the shilling stamp of the same date, \$226.50. Newfoundland stamps sold at the following figures: Sixpence, orange, \$76; fourpence, scarlet, \$100; sixpence, scarlet, \$194; 6½ pence, scarlet, \$58, and the 1 shilling, scarlet, \$282. Nova Scotia stamps brought the following prices: Sixpence, yellow-green, unused, \$26; sixpence, dark green, \$45, and three copies of the 1 shilling, \$102, \$80 and \$142, respectively.

A Buenos Ayres three pesos, green, brought \$19; a four pesos, vermilion, \$47; while the five pesos, orange, the rarest of the set, sold for \$51. It was bought in by Mr. Siebert, of the Hamilton Note company. This concern manufactures the stamps of all the Central American countries at present. Mr. Siebert bought a two and one half centavos, of Antioquia, of 1868, for \$5.

The early issues of the Dominion Republic sold for \$26 and \$31.50 respectively. The total of the three nights' sales amounted to \$10,311.41.

It was learned at the sale that two years ago one stamp of British Guiana, forming a part of the celebrated DeCoffett collection, was purchased by the auctioneers, Albrecht & Co., for the extraordinary sum of \$1010.

THE KENT CASE.

Physicians Universally Admit the Diagnosis to have been Correct.

OTTAWA, April 22—The diagnosis in the case of Mr. G. H. Kent, of this city, whose recovery from Bright's disease by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills has been so extensively chronicled appears to have been a very correct one. The swelling of the body and extremities to an abnormal size, the fearful convulsions and consequent insensibility, the racking pains, the formation of the hard ridges across the pit of the stomach and the great loss of albumen are all symptoms of this terrible disease, and it is universally admitted by all who have been approached on the subject that the case was unmistakable in its character. It is also universally admitted that he owes his restored health to the above mentioned remedy.

The Use of the Hump.

There are some men in the world who can answer any question that is put to them and sometimes when they do not really know what they are talking about, they will give answers that are not at all bad. One of these persons was once a keeper of the London Zoo. He was pestered to death by the questions which people asked, but he always had an answer. On a recent occasion a country man strolled in, and after looking curiously at the camel for a few moments, he turned to the keeper and said:

"I say, mister, what's he have a hump for?"

"What does he have a hump for?" repeated the keeper.

"Yes. What's the good of it?" asked the visitor.

"Why—er—it makes a camel of him, of course," replied the keeper, after some hesitation. "People wouldn't travel miles to see him if he didn't have that hump. Fact is, without it he might as well be a cow."

The stranger departed very well satisfied.

ZION'S POSTMASTER

Suffers Everything but Death from Dyspepsia, but is now in Perfect Health through using B.B.B.

Letters like these speak stronger than assertions and advertisement. Such convincing testimony proves that B.B.B. is the certain cure for Indigestion or Dyspepsia:

GENTLEMEN.—I suffered everything but death from indigestion for four years, and tried all sorts of medicine to no effect. At last I tried B.B.B., and before the second bottle was finished was as sound and well as could be, and have been so ever since.

BENJ. STEWART, Postmaster, Zionville, N. B.

Cholera has broken out at Mecca.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.