

SASKATCHEWAN HISTORY

NORTH-WEST REBELLION 1885:

TODD DIARY

edited by J. H. Archer

THE TERRITORIAL EXHIBITION

1895

by F. H. Auld



Saskatchewan History

Volume XV

Winter 1962

Number 1

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Published three times a year under the auspices of the Saskatchewan Archives Board.

The articles in this magazine are indexed in the CANADIAN INDEX.

Yearly subscription, \$1.00; special 3 year rate, \$2.75;
junior subscription (for students), 50c; sustaining subscription, \$5.00 per year.

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North-West Rebellion 1885

RECOLLECTIONS, REFLECTIONS AND ITEMS, from the DIARY of Captain (now Lt. Col.) A. Hamlyn Todd who commanded the GUARDS COMPANY of SHARP-SHOOTERS in that Expedition.

Edited by JOHN H. ARCHER

Introduction

ALFRED HAMLYN TODD was born October 25, 1851 in Quebec City. His father, Alpheus Todd, a self-educated man, was to win deserved honour as Chief Librarian of the Canadian Legislature from 1855 to 1867, and Parliamentary Librarian of Canada 1867 to 1884, and as a noted authority on parliamentary government and Canadian constitutional law. The son was educated in Toronto and Ottawa and entered the Library of Parliament as an assistant to his father in 1869. He married Amelia Gordon of Ottawa in 1884. He enjoyed a long and, in his own words, "an enjoyable" career in the public service, being appointed Chief Clerk in the Library of Parliament in 1902 and Librarian in 1919. After working in the Library for some 56 years, he retired in 1926 at the age of seventy-four years. He died on April 26, 1929.

Alfred Hamlyn Todd entered The Governor General's Foot Guards soon after the regiment was organized in 1872 and was Captain of No. 1 Company in 1885 when news came of the outbreak of hostilities in the Saskatchewan Valley between a force made up of Mounted Police and civilian volunteers and the Métis followers of Louis Riel. Captain Todd was commissioned to raise a company of sharpshooters from Ottawa and to lead this body as part of the Canadian militia forces sent to the North West to put down rebellion. As it turned out his sharpshooters were mostly volunteers from the Guards. The company made up part of the force under Colonel Otter ordered to proceed from Swift Current to relieve Battleford. Part of the company later fought at Cutknife and the whole company took part in the arduous pursuit of the Indian forces under Chief Big Bear. Captain Todd returned to Ottawa with his men and rejoined his old unit, the Guards, attaining the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and, as a consequence, command of the Governor General's Foot Guards in 1889. He retired from the service in 1892.

Captain Todd was in the habit of keeping a diary. When he was away from home he also wrote long daily news notes. Some time after 1920 and before 1925—his written account mentions the founding of the League of Nations as a recent event and he states that he writes looking "back to close on forty years ago"—he was persuaded to edit his diary and to write his recollections. According to his own account, the resultant manuscript contained "very brief items from my diary, coupled with recollections of daily occurrences of the Company." This was not a "tithe of my notes, daily posted, at the time." I have further edited the work to omit Captain Todd's reflections on events and conditions of a later date having no bearing on the uprising of 1885. Items and recollections on the events of that year have been included in their entirety.

Captain Todd's manuscript is a lively, personal account of events that took place during a most exciting period of our history. His comment on the shock to the capital when hostilities actually broke out is significant of the complacency of distant Ottawa of that day. Recruiting officers of later days would be intrigued by, and perhaps envious of, the off-hand, free and easy recruitment of "rifle shots." Captain Todd's obvious pride in his men, his care for their welfare and their morale, mark him as a good officer. His appraisal of Poundmaker does him credit as a soldier. His account of the trip from Ottawa to Swift Current is a tribute to the effectiveness of the Canadian Pacific Railway in transporting troops over an unfinished road. The rigours of the trip, the sense of excitement building up to the tenseness of actual battle conditions, and the gaiety and unrestrained celebration of home-going will stir many a civilian soldier's memory.

SATURDAY, MARCH 28th, 1885.

For the last three or four days, brief mention in the Ottawa press about unrest among the Indians, and Half-breeds, in the west, of a desultory character, has aroused little interest, nor alarm; that because public attention is centered on a threatening conflict between England and Russia, which seems to be heading for trouble.

However, this morning's paper has startling news, received over night, by wire from Winnipeg. A clash, it is stated, has taken place between Riel's followers and a small force of Mounted Police and civilians, under Major Crozier, at a place called Duck Lake, in which ten civilians, and two Police, are reported killed; that the force, being outnumbered, was compelled to retire. (Incidentally, my brother Ernest of the Police, was in the fight, having the distinction of being the first man fired on in the rebellion, while scouting ahead of that force.)

The shock of this news has aroused a feverish state of excitement, and it is reported, that offers of service, from all sources, are pouring in, backed by members, Parliament being in Session.

The cause of the trouble, so it is said, arose from a grievance of some standing, over Squatter's rights, wherein early settlers found their lands taken over their heads, by new comers, armed with deeds of possession, obtained through influence at head quarters. Be that as it may, not since the days of the Fenian Raid, has the country been so stirred over the calamitous news, and the dread of a possible widespread Indian uprising, [is] coupled with the necessity of a prompt solution of the difficulties of transporting troops, and supplies, over such a great distance, through unsettled parts. Fortunately this unexpected problem, requiring anxious attention, is minimized to a large extent by the rapid progress of construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the rails of which are laid in stretches, with gaps between, that have yet to be linked up.

During the morning, while discussing the one topic on everyone's lips, I received word that military units would at once be hurried to the front, and that Ottawa would be represented by a contingent, which I was informed, would

be assigned to my command; also told to report next day (Sunday) at three o'clock, at the Militia Department for orders.

Wrote my commanding officer, Col. Ross, informing him of the foregoing, asking leave of absence, with a request that he would further matters for me.

SUNDAY, MARCH 29th.

On arrival at Head Quarters at the time appointed, found the corridors full of officers, many from other cities, as well members of both Houses of Parliament.

My old friend Col. Williams, M.P. government whip, hooked me by the arm and said that I would be called next. In a few moments the bell rang and I was ushered into the presence of the Minister of Militia, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Adolphe Caron, who sat at a table. Opposite to him was the Minister of Customs, and at the side, the Deputy Minister of Militia, I think.

The Minister asked me what I proposed doing, and I replied, "raise a company of rifle shots." He then asked me when the company would be ready to leave the city, and I said, "tomorrow at noon." He then told me to take two companies if I wished. Thanking him, [I] said it might be difficult to get that number of men on such short notice. The Minister then gave me a written order to raise a Company of Sharpshooters, to leave tomorrow at noon, and to report to General Middleton at Winnipeg.

During the afternoon, notified the members of my company (No. 1, of the Guards), who could join up, to parade tomorrow at eight o'clock. Sent out posters in the City calling for volunteers, as well a notice to appear in the Morning's paper to that effect.

Next morning found some eighty men waiting to enlist for service, fell them in, selected fifty; these with the Officers, Lieutenants Harry Gray, and my cousin, Walter Todd, completed the Company. While the few men not of the Guards regiment, were being equipped in that uniform, I went to the Militia department to report the Company ready, and to learn about train departure. Was more than chagrined when told that it would be some days before the Company could get away; asking why, was informed that train service was exhausted. I then requested this in writing that delay would not appear to rest at my door. Unlucky piece of forethought on my part!

In the afternoon, about three o'clock, while busy on Company affairs, received word by messenger, that the Premier wished to see me at the Privy Council. Wondering what was up, reported there. Sir John Macdonald came out of the Council Chamber followed by the whole Cabinet. In a sort of jocular tone, that was his way, he stated something to me that I perceived he did not seem to put much stock in. To my reply he appeared quite satisfied, and laughing heartily, turned back into Council with the ministers, all save Mr. Caron, who then said to me that I could now get away at once. On informing him of the ineffectual result of my morning's visit at his department, and showing him the written statement, that it was not possible to leave for some days, he waxed wrathful,

gave instructions that my company was not to be kept back, but sent off at once. He received word, in reply, that arrangements would be made in compliance with his orders for departure, tomorrow, about noon.

With a hearty handshake, I left the Minister, a remarkably handsome man, a regular Adonis, it could well be said, and of a sort that gave one pleasure to come in contact with, because of his innate gentlemanly manner. He was quick in meeting the crisis, for he had already despatched the Batteries from Quebec and Kingston, and the three Toronto infantry contingents.

In the afternoon went to the station to see about train service for tomorrow. While talking to the Agent, he showed me two telegrams just received, of a startling character; something to the effect [that there had been] a general uprising of the Indians; that Middleton's force was entirely surrounded; quite enough to make me realise that our work was cut out for us.

TUESDAY, MARCH 31st.

At a quarter to nine the Company paraded for kit inspection by Col. Ross, commanding the Guards, after which he made us a brief address, and Canon Bogert, of St. Albans, gave us a blessing.

On the march to the Chaudiere station, passing the National Tent Co. was presented by that firm with a large union jack. Found much difficulty in making our way to the train, due to the immense crowd of people assembled to give us a royal send off. About one o'clock we were away, and great was the sense of relief, and rest, after such day and night hours of scurry and worry, put in since day before yesterday, when authority was given to raise the Company, not in any way eased because of a guilty conscience, that, for private reasons, I should have remained at home.

The train stopped for the first meal at Chalk River Station. First roll call of the Company by Colour Sgt. Winter, who did so, much to my amazement, without the book, in alphabetical order, no pause nor slip. Here I must record a compliment paid the Col. Sgt. He had occasion to come into our car to see me on company matters. He stood every inch a soldier, Egyptian medals (rare in those days), with a smiling face of youth and vigour. When he left, the well known Father Lacombe, of the North West, came to me and said, "A fine face, that young man will make his mark." So he has, retiring lately a Brigadier General. The Priest was some judge of character.

APRIL 1st.

At six in the morning, had breakfast at Sudbury, and made Bisootasing at one-twenty. Spent the afternoon at ball practice at objects on the frozen river.

APRIL 3rd.

Train stopped at "Conmee Construction Shanty," and we started off in eight sleighs over first gap. Drove seven hours, and took meal at "Magpie Shanty." Left at six p.m. and drove in nine sleighs to the end of gap, arriving at eleven p.m., called by the men "Camp Desolation." Here found the "10th Grenadiers" 200 strong, under Col. Grasett, and rear guard of the "Queen's Own," both of

Toronto. Very cold, huge bonfire built, and glad to get the heat from it. In the thick darkness we seemed to be in the heart of a bush, but were near the track, for some flat cars came, and we boarded at three-thirty a.m. and moved off.

APRIL 4th.

Train stopped at six a.m. in a thick bush. Throughout the night, though sitting packed together, all felt the severe cold in the open cars. The Col. Sgt. related to me a vivid dream he had in the night, of a fight with the Indians, and being shot in the face; just what happened to him later, at Cut Knife fight. At eight o'clock, the train moved off, and we arrived at Fort Monroe, on the lake. Pitched a large tent for the Company on some square timber at the shore, the snow being deep. Remonstrated with Pte Sparkes, who was stripped to the waist, in the open (minus his monocle) indulging in an icy scrub, much below freezing.

APRIL 5th.

Glorious Easter morning, sun shining brightly, and no wind. Up at five thirty; left at eight a.m. on a march of over twenty miles on the frozen lake, to meet the train at the end of gap, twenty sleighs taking our stuff. Arrived at our destination at three-thirty p.m.; men feeling fit over the tramp, after train and sleigh confinement. Took train to Jack Fish Bay in open flats. The road beds not being level, nor ballasted, the motion is dipping and rolling, an uncomfortable sensation on a train.

Here learned a great compliment paid to the Company. An Officer whom I knew intimately in my boyhood, said to me,—“I am going to tell you something that you would not otherwise hear of. Our Colonel called the Officers together, and said,—“there is more discipline in the little finger of Captain Todd’s company than there is in the whole of my regiment,” “and that,” he added, “from one not given to paying compliments.” This was nice, coming from a Colonel, lately from the regulars; and it made me realise, to saddle the right horse, how much of this was due to the efficiency, and experience, of the idol of the Company, our Colour Sergeant, who had been thoroughly schooled, in company economy and duty in the campaign with the British army in Egypt, in 1882. There was another in our ranks with Egyptian decorations, a very keen and smart soldier, Tom Davis, of Major Hill Park, who had served with the Canadian Nile Voyageurs in 1884. Tom stood high in the esteem of the Company, because he put his whole heart into any duty he had to do, and he had a fine record as drill instructor in the Guards regiment.

APRIL 6th.

Left Jack Fish in sleighs, and drove 20 miles on the lake to Winston. Here took train in open flats till ten at night. Then started off on foot, on the lake, which was the stiffest experience we had to undergo throughout our tramp; in the pitch dark, raining hard, to reach the train waiting at Nipigon, or Red Rock, by the shore, taking six hours to do. The snow was soft, full of deep holes, not seen till in them. Obligated to go single file, stumbling along, and being the last at the end of the column, had the worst of it. Men became so exhausted, plunging

in their tracks, aggravated by seeing the head light of the engine all the while, through the blackness of the night, yet seeming to get no nearer. As we struggled along I counted some forty men lying on the snow, some face down, played out; each of whom I had to be sure was not of mine. Fortunately none were, which gave me great satisfaction, and cleared my mind of some doubt as to whether men of the social element largely predominant in the company, would be able to stand hardship with others in a different sphere of life. This trying test proved that they could, and one better; though this is not to say that I sought one class more than another, for I had in my company all kinds, and liked all sorts. On arrival at the train we were lined up, standing in water and snow, ankle deep, till the companies were told off to their cars. When the men entrained, they dropped fast asleep, soaking wet, with one on the floor (son of a British General) his head under the seat, and no shaking would wake him to improve his situation.

APRIL 7th.

Arrived at Port Arthur at ten a.m. On parade, all sound and well. Men marched off to different billets for breakfast, entrained at eleven a.m.

APRIL 8th.

Arrived at Winnipeg at seven a.m. Marched the Company to the Hudson Bay stores to be fitted out with top boots and red touques. Captain Gautier A.D.C. to the Lt. Governor gave me much assistance, and advice. As we marched up the street was hailed by some old Ottawans. The Company was photographed on the Station platform, and their fine physique made a good showing; left by train at four p.m. Found Captain de Haig, Royal Engineers, on his way to join Gen. Middleton's Staff, good company entertaining us with his world wide experiences. Stopped at Brandon while the ladies of that place came on board with jugs of cool drinks, hot tea, and good things to eat; we blessed them, and much enjoyed their thoughtful hospitality.

APRIL 9th.

Arrived at Qu'Appelle at eight a.m. Detrained, and by order reported to Colonel Otter, who inspected the Company, with him Major Sears. Went under canvas with detachments of the "Queen's Own;" "B Battery" and "C Company I.S.C." The "10th Royals" detrained and drove to Fort Qu'Appelle, some 20 miles, to join Middleton's force known as the Batoche Column.

Received two wires from Ottawa advising me of money for Company comforts; one "from friends" \$50.00, and the other from Mr. Thistle \$25.00. How kind and thoughtful, and touched us all. High winds blowing, very cold and the ground frozen hard. Could not sleep all night, shivering with only a rubber sheet to lie on.

Next morning paraded the company for skirmishing, and doubled the men about a lot to warm them up, and here happened a strange thing. Two of the men fainted, one falling flat on his face like a log, when several rushed to pick him up. Chancing to remark to the Company, "that would be a very unwise thing to do if under fire, making a good target for the Indians," one of the men, Pte. Rogers, immediately stiffened up, turned an ashen colour, as he stared at me. His action was so marked that after parade I spoke to one of the Officers about it, and he

told me that Rogers had a firm presentment that he would not return alive. He was a fine young fellow, of gentle and refined manners, a favourite with the men, but it all came true at Cut Knife, where he was shot in the head, just at the end of the engagement.

Another evidence of real kindness to the Company, from a farmer in the vicinity, an old Ottawan, Mr. Henderson, who drove into our camp with a stack of pies, cakes and a pail of milk, a real treat.

APRIL 11th.

Struck tents at two-thirty p.m. and entrained for Swift Current. Captain Howard, an American Officer, known as "Gattling Howard" here joined the force with two of his machine guns, as an agent to sell them to the government; but he remained with the force till the end, and was later on the Batoche Column. He had a droll yankee way with him which made good company. Some time after the rebellion was over, knowing that Howard was in the city, and chancing to meet the Minister of Militia, Sir Adolphe, I said to him, would it not be a nice thing to give Howard a N.W. Medal? He said "How can I? As an American he was not enlisted with the force." I replied, "do it anyway, he was with us right through, and it would be a diplomatic compliment coming from you, that he and other Americans would appreciate." He thought for a moment and said he would. Howard was greatly pleased over the receipt of the medal, and told me of it. I did not inform him how it came about; but it may have been the little straw which drew him to us, for he came to Canada, engaged in ammunition work, and when the Boer war broke out, he enlisted with the Canadians, and died fighting for the Empire.

APRIL 12th.

Arrived at Swift Current at seven a.m., it is composed of some three or four shacks, and went under canvas. Divine service held in the open, conducted by Pte. Atcheson, "Queen's Own," student for Orders, now, I am informed he is Bishop of Connecticut.

Brigade Orders, by General Middleton, that the following force be detailed a Column, under command of Col. Otter, to march to Battleford, to be made up of the following units, *viz.*—"B Battery" 112 strong; "North West Mounted Police" 46; "C Company I.S.C." 43; "Guards Company" 50; "Queen's Own" 271; Chief of Staff, Col. Herchimer; Brigade Major, Lieut. Sears.

APRIL 13th.

Rose at five a.m. the Column moved off at eight a.m. with mounted skirmishers ahead; heavy marching order, fifty rounds per man, rolled overcoats and rubber sheets. About one hundred and ninety teams carried the tents, fodder, wood for camp fires (no trees growing here), blankets and knapsacks. With short rest halts, we marched close upon seven hours then formed a laager. Our daily issue of rations consisted of: Cornbeef in tins, "hard tack" (biscuits), dried apples, sugar, tea, wood for fires, occasionally beans. There was nothing to complain of in this dish, except by the ubiquitous grumbler; and thanks to the commissariat, it never [failed to arrive?].

It was a pretty sight in the evenings, as our day's march was ending, to watch the precision, and perfect alignment with which the laager formation was done, while on the move. On the word, the leading waggon would turn inwards, and pull up; the next one coming, would draw in beside it, and so on, till all the waggons were stationed, forming a perfect square; the horses unhitched, being in the enclosure with their drivers, were in security for the night. Then, with clock like exactness, as each unit arrived, followed in quick order, the pitching of tents, in straight rows, ten paces from the waggons, on the outside of each face of the square, doors inwards; then four guard tents pitched fifty paces back of them, for night duty, one at each side of the square, which completed the whole. Unfortunately none had a kodak to take this impressive sight.

Up to nine o'clock, as summer days arrived, one could read and write in the open, when home letters were received, and mail despatched; communication being kept open with Swift Current.

There was great charm about the evening camps of rest after the fatigue of the day's march was over, when the atmosphere, veiled in a thin smoke, was filled with the sweet odour of the smouldering campfire smudges which seemed as incense to the nostrils of a city man, while the jumble of sounds from the huge camp, the merry laughter and jokes of the men, the champing of the horses, and, at times, the swift flight, and protesting note, immediately over head, of a startled goose, or wild fowl on the wing, has left delightful and indelible recollections of those healthful, and happy days, never to be forgotten, and suggestive of the irresistible "call of the wild."

The country we passed through, from Swift Current to Battleford, was a rolling prairie, and hillocks; no settlement of any kind, treeless, till near Battleford; only surface water to drink, so we had to take it boiled, or tea. There were any number of alkali ponds, great and small, but they served a good purpose for bathing, in the cool of the evening, after the hot marches.

At the start off we had ceaseless high winds, frost and snow, but we soon jumped into the heat of the summer, when the ground became carpeted with a beautiful purple flower blooming close to the ground, the grass being short.

Reveille sounded every morning at four, and we were off at six. At the close of the second day we reached the South Saskatchewan river, but were detained there three days and a half, due at first to the wind being too high to work a ferry across.

APRIL 22nd.

Nearing Battleford, and getting into willow brush. Two events happened today of interest. First an encounter our advanced scouts had with the Indians, but no casualties reported on our side. The second was the finding of a cache, buried in some scrub, no doubt hidden by a Battleford merchant, when the trouble broke out, and auction was held. The cache was unearthed by our Indian runner, between us and Battleford. He was a splendid specimen of the red man, tall and lithe, and bore the name of Todd, and I was proud of my thirty second cousin, once removed.

APRIL 23rd.

We shall be in sight of Battleford this evening. Keyed up a bit in passing through some thick brush, in expectation of likely attack, as the Indians were known to be about, and [this] was an opportunity that the Indians of Cooper would not let slip by. The Fort had been closed against them for some weeks, and the white population sheltered therein.

Halted for meal at ten thirty, and off very soon after. Passed Stoney Indian reserve, deserted, with evidence of poor attempts at plowing. Towards evening sighted Battleford, from a high ridge; it is on the other side of Battle River, which flows between us and it.

The wooden stockaded Fort stands on a commanding site between the Battle and Saskatchewan rivers, about two miles from the point of land where they join one another. The surrounding country appeared to be ideal farming land. The Saskatchewan and Battle rivers flow in their winding swiftness of muddy colour, skirted by deep banks, down which are still visible the old buffalo trails of bygone days; the only evidence of those denizens we came across on our march was their bleached skulls scattering the prairie. From the high elevation about Battleford, the vision of this grand panoramic view, after the monotony of the bare prairie we passed over, is truly magnificent.

We laagered three miles from Battle River. A runner was despatched to Battleford to learn if all was well there; on his return, reported so, but Indians about; and that Frank Smart, merchant of Battleford, had been shot by the Indians the night before, and was the owner of the cache we had enjoyed.

I took the Lieutenant's duty on picket tonight with the hope of experiencing some fun; but beyond being on my feet till daylight, visiting the pickets continuously, hearing strange noises, nothing occurred on our front; though there was a scrap between our Scouts and the Indians.

APRIL 24th.

At five a.m. I turned in for a couple of hours rest. At eight we were on the march, reaching Battle River about noon. Here our journey ends of two hundred and two miles, as told, by trail. It is ten and a half days since we started on our march, less three and a half days delay at South Saskatchewan river, making seven marching days, averaging twenty nine miles a day; not too bad a record.

In the afternoon, the Battleford telegraph operator, Mr. Macfarlane, looked me up, whom I remembered as a reporter in the Press gallery during the sessions of Parliament.

Laager was formed in front of a plain verandaless clapboard house; used formerly by the Lt. Governor, when Battleford was the seat of Government, prior to 1883; when that year Regina became the Capital. We gave it the name of Fort Otter.

Besides the foregoing, there are a couple of shacks, on this side of the river. One has its contents kicking about; the other, the Hudson Bay store, broken into.

In the Brigade orders of the day is one against looting. While riding about, that beau-ideal of a soldier, and crack horseman, Major Short, commanding the Battery, noticed a Queen's Own man with a flitch of bacon on each shoulder. He called, "Hi man, what have you got there?" "Two bacons sir." "Don't you know the orders against looting?" "Yes sir." "Well, ha, leave one at my tent." "Yes sir."

APRIL 25th.

By orders, sent Lt. Gray back on the trail, two day's march, to escort oncoming teams of supplies. Col. Morris, Mounted Police, commandant of the Fort, called and invited me to lunch, to see the place. He said that his duties prevented his undressing for the past twenty eight days, having a very anxious time. He had some two hundred men, three hundred women and children, under his charge, of whom was the Battleford Company. The stockade was loopholed and well banked with earth, there were five good sized buildings inside the Fort, and the large center area was covered with tents of all sizes.

The village of Battleford, a short distance from the Fort, is a small collection of houses, scattered on both sides of a very wide roadway. On one small house I saw a placard announcing that "This Court is closed till further notice. By order," some wag added "of Poundmaker."

APRIL 27th.

Fort Otter is entrenched, and used for supplies. The orders of the day contained congratulatory telegrams from the Lt. Governors of Ontario; The Territories; Generals Middleton and Laurie, on our speedy, and successful march. From this time on, was able to obtain flour, so hired a company cook from the fort. He was supreme in two things, buns and swearing, especially the latter, which seems indigenous to the prairie. Found the scarlet tunic of the men too heavy for the heat that was upon us, so ordered brown cotton tunics from Winnipeg, and helmets, which was a great relief. The Queen's Own Officers frequently received good things from Toronto, and when they did, passed some on to our happy little triangular mess, and thanks to friend Captain Delamere, a good sort, for the same.

APRIL 29th.

Colonel Otter sent for me, and told me that a flying Column would be sent tomorrow to Poundmaker's reserve, Cut Knife, to see if he was there, and to know that he had not joined up with the Batoche force. The column to be made up of an equal proportion of each unit, my quota to be an Officer and 20 men. He said he did not anticipate trouble, but expressed the wish that I should send a Lieutenant in charge, and remain behind, to be second in command, as the Officer to be in charge was in poor health; for that reason, he said, he preferred that I should be on the spot. I fully realised the situation, but disappointed. Accordingly, I gave instructions to the senior subaltern, Lt. Gray to go, and make his own choice of the men he wanted.

MAY 1st.

The men went in waggons, excepting the Mounties, and the Battery, moving off at three o'clock, with a good cheer from us—the force being about 200 strong.

MAY 2nd

In the early part of the evening, a Mounted Police rode in to Camp with the startling message from Col. Otter, that the force would be back in a few hours; that there had been an engagement with the Indians lasting some seven hours, to have ready accommodation for the wounded, and all in Camp to be put on picket duty at once. Great was our trepidation about casualties. Between nine and ten o'clock the expedition straggled in; and much to our sorrow learned of the death of two of the Company,—Osgood and Rogers; of the close call of our Colour Sgt., shot in the face, and the wounding of Pte. McQuilkin; and of the five killed of other units.

MAY 4th.

Funeral held of the seven killed, (Osgood's body not found), were,—*Mounted Police*, Sleigh, Lowrie, Bourke. "*C*" *School I.S.C.*, Foulkes. *Guards*, Rogers. *Battleford Rifles*, Dobbs. *Teamster*, Winder. With all solemnity as the seven gun carriages passed between three fourth's of the [paraded?] units, who were in double ranks, facing inwards; privates on left of the line, running in grades to officers on the right; and as the last carriage passed each grade, two from both sides fell in, and thus marched in fours to the grave yard, close to the Roman Catholic Church.

So far I have given very brief items from my diary, coupled with recollections of daily occurrences of the Company, since its organization, to its main objective, Battleford, and what followed, Cut Knife engagement. This does not take a tithe of my notes, daily posted, at the time. The pleasantest period to my mind, was during the month of June, when we went after "Big Bear." This was in the country beyond Battleford where we bade goodbye to alkali ponds, and bare prairie, for a land full of timber, beautiful lakes teeming with wild fowl, not to omit mosquitoes and horse flies, both of great size. The account however, of that part of our story would be of interest only to those who took part therein, and shall confine myself to a mere mention of it . . . Returning to my narrative, shall limit myself to giving items of likely interest.

MAY 6th.

Received wire from Captain Fred White, Ottawa, that the ladies wish to know what we need, and three hundred dollars in hand for such a purpose.

Entire Camp moved on to the Battleford side, on high ground, near the Fort, from which there goes a long slope of grass down to the Battle River, where the Staff has its quarters in a small house, the property of the editor of the local paper (in size a sheet of foolscap). Portion of the Camp put under my charge. About eight thirty p.m. some twenty waggons, flying white flags, coming in, sent by Poundmaker, who wants to make peace.

MAY 21st.

Red letter day, our Colour Sgt. and Pte. McQuilken, back from hospital, though not strong enough for duty.

MAY 24th. (Sunday)

Steamer arrived, flat bottom for shallow Saskatchewan, bringing General Middleton and his Column. Had a long chat with Col. Williams M.P., in Command of the Midland Battalion. From what he told me, we may look for "wigs on the green" when he gets back to Parliament.

MAY 25th.

Brigade review of the whole force to celebrate the 24th. A march past the General, field movements, and three cheers for our beloved Queen; a new milestone in the history of Battleford.

Rode out to some adjoining "Sloos" (sic) with a member of the General's staff, after ducks, and got a few. He informed me that when the news of the expedition against Poundmaker reached the General he was furious. Also that Col. Williams off his own bat, led the charge at the Batoche trenches, because others, from a misunderstanding of orders, failed to do so at the time appointed; and he added, "such evidence of pluck was what one would expect from a man of William's gentlemanly stamp."

MAY 26th.

A wonderful and unexpected sight met our eyes this morning in the off distance of the high banks of Battle River. It was the motley entourage of Poundmaker's following, we learned, coming to surrender to General Middleton, and we all turned out to watch its approach, which arrived about noon.

Chief Poundmaker is tall of stature, of noble, kindly, bearing, born to rule, one could see; but in every way a great contrast to most of his followers. He had some resemblance, facial, especially the nose, as well figure, to our Sir John.

The ceremony of surrender took the form of a "Pow Wow," held in the open; the Indians in all their paint and finery, wearing head-gear of fantastic design, enough to make their sisters of the pale face envious; one with a stuffed duck sitting on a nest. They squatted on the grass, in crescent formation, with Poundmaker at their head, in front of the General, who sat on a chair; the senior Officers standing behind him.

Poundmaker, filling his pipe, suddenly rose, advanced towards the General, with gracious smile, extended the right hand of fellowship, but his action was spurned! The dignified look of astonishment on the Chief's face was a study. Returning to his former position on the grass, a row of squaws immediately behind him, broke out into angry, and loud chatter, quite unseemly to the dignity of the occasion, doubtless in protest of the treatment of their lord. Upon this, Poundmaker turned his head towards them, uttered a monosyllable, and instantly there was dead silence.

In recording this dramatic episode of the Indian code of social order, by way of contrast, we must admit that wisdom is not altogether on the side of the palefaces of our time. What would the "Jiggs" of today not give to discover Poundmaker's key to overlordship, sacrosanct of the creation, which is slipping from them.



Group Picture at Trial of Indian Chiefs, Regina 1885

Back row, l. to r., Constable Black, Orderley Room Clerk; The Rev. Louis Cochin, O.M.I.; Superintendent R. B. Deane, R.N.W.M.P.; The Rev. A. Andre, O.M.I.; Mr. B. Robertson, lawyer appointed to defend the Indians.

Front row, l. to r., Horse Child, youngest son of Big Bear; Big Bear; Mr. A. D. Stewart; Poundmaker.



Department of National Defense, Ottawa

Major-General Middleton

Poundmaker and his followers spoke in the Cree language, and a halfbreed named Houri, stood by the General as interpreter. He was an amusing object with his fat hand extended, fingers apart, prefacing his interpretation every time with, "He says, says he." Two Chiefs "Lean Man" and his grandson, confessed to having murdered Payne and Freemont. The affair lasted about three hours; the General ordering Poundmaker, the murderers, and two other Indians under arrest, the band told to go back to their reserve. The convictions were based on the evidence given by the culprits, there was no other, who, as "braves" were proud to tell of their personal deeds to them of valour.

During Poundmaker's confinement, at Battleford, many of us had opportunities to interview him, and many sought to obtain, as a souvenir, his picturesque tam. It was an entire foxskin; the head being the cap, the skin hung down his back, or over his shoulder. He was much impressed with our Staff sergeant Frank Newby, because of the broad gold band of the Guards cap he wore, and looked upon him as a great chief. Frank Newby, and the other Staff Sgt. Maynard Rogers, (since an over-seas Colonel) was very keen in looking after the welfare of the Company, in matters commissariat especially. Both were great favourites with all ranks of the column, and by their jovial temperaments scored to the advantage of the men, in the way of getting extras, not easily obtained.

MAY 30th.

Word received that General Strange's Column had an encounter with the enemy. Troops leaving tomorrow to assist.

MAY 31st.

General Middleton's Column moved off to Fort Pitt.

JUNE 5th.

Obtained Col. Otter's permission to go to Cut Knife and get Osgood's body, taking those who had not been in the fight. Started off at six p.m. with four teams, about forty miles drive; was limited to twenty two men, and invited the Battleford Priest, Father Cochin, to accompany us, who happened to be on a visit to the Indians on the day of the fight, and who could help locate the body. Shortly after we got off, a stowaway appeared from under a heap of overcoats, much to our gratification to find that it was our gallant and fighting Colour Sergeant, bound to see Cut Knife once more.

Next morning early, as we neared the place, it was a grand sight to view Cut Knife rising, somewhat sugar loaf shape, from the flat prairie to an altitude, the mean elevation of which is 2026 ft., thanks for this information to Mr. James White of Ottawa. From its high plateau, about half way up the hill, the Priest took me to the fringe of trees skirting the open flat where our men had lain in skirmishing order, firing towards them, where the Indians were concealed, and where Osgood, of his own accord left the line, and rushed into. I saw the marks of his heels where he jumped down about five feet, into soft earth, where a hidden Indian was waiting to give him the shot in the head that killed him instantly. We exhumed the body and brought it back.

I shall give no account of the fight, not having been in it, lest I might fall into error, but would suggest that General Winter, or Captain Gray, might do so. What puzzled me about the engagement was,—Why on earth did not the Indians seize the opportunity, when our force was retiring, to attack it in the brush, on the flat, at the foot of the hill? I asked the Priest that question, and he said,—“They went there to do so, but Poundmaker ordered them off; and to some of the young bloods who would not obey, he went after them with a heavy stick and drove them back.” This would appear to be so, for Captain Gray told me that when he was sitting at the foot of the hill, while the men were coming down, he got a shot between the legs.

Noble Chief Poundmaker, they attacked you at your castle, but could not drive you off; while at the close of the fight you magnanimously saved the lives of your enemies, against the desire of your followers. For this, in my opinion, they ought to erect a statue to your exalted memory, and place it on the very top of Cut Knife, where there is a sweep of view of twenty miles every way. I commend this suggestion to those now enjoying the march of progress,—and who better than the member for Battleford, and the local member for Cut Knife—where the wild prairie we saw, is covered today, I understand, with settlements and farms. Speaking to Nicholas Flood Davin M.P. about the fine personality of Poundmaker, he said,—“Yes, I was at his trial at Regina, and he stood every inch a king above all in the Court.”

We halted on our return, at a beautiful oasis in the prairie, of water and tall trees, for lunch. Along came six Indians, in war paint, and the Priest told me they had all been in the fight. I asked him to tell them that I wanted to see their skill with the bow, two having them; and pointed to a small tree a good distance off, a stiff wind blowing. In a flash the arrow was shot and struck home. We put coins in arrow heads, stuck in the ground, and they were never missed. Their method of firing was different from that of Archery, where the bow is held at the shoulder, and the string pulled from it; they fired from the hip and pulled the bow from the string. The younger of the two was the better shot. I was immediately struck with his ridiculous likeness to my youngest brother Herbert, especially when he smiled; many of the Company saw it too, and in consequence they made a Benjamin of him, and loaded him with eatables; the reason for which he could not have understood, and his older companion seemed puzzled at the reference. I hope the reader will pardon this second reference to the family tree.

We then sat round in a circle, and the oldest Indian of the group produced a pipe, in the form of a hatchet, the handle of which was the stem, the mouth piece an empty copper cartridge, at the back of the blade was a bowl, with beaded tag attached. We all smoked in turn the pipe of peace; then the Indian rising told the Priest that he presented it to the white chief, your humble servant, receiving it with a profound bow. Being in uniform, but with a beaded skin coat on, in lieu of a tunic, because of the cold night drive, possibly it appealed to the eye of the “nitchie.”

This was not the only trophy brought back with me, there were others, but I soon learned that the estimate of a curio, as such, largely depends on the angle

viewpoint from which it is appraised, and found that the better-half only discovered in them "nasty smelly things;" so they went by the board, or to be more accurate, to a convenient dump over the banks of the Ou-ta-waw, where my teepee has been pitched for some decade of moons. Nevertheless stiffened by the example of Poundmaker, I have kept both hands on the pipe.

In my quiet moments of reverie, the visionary curl from its bowl brings vividly back to me priceless recollections of the strenuous prairie campaign, in its varied and changing stages. Of the oft-times hard, forced, and hot marches; especially when we went after "Big Bear," without camp encumbrances, when by bugle call the Column would be halted for a precious five minutes rest, which seemed to us but two, and all would drop on the grass thoroughly exhausted. I asked the Colour Sergt. if they did this sort of thing in the Egyptian campaign, and he said, "No, they couldn't get them to do it." Still, on this march, we were daily set up by the cool night's sleep, on the tentless open, with a clear moon that one could read by; when lifting my head, viewed the silent, and peaceful sight, of the soldiers all about in deep slumber.

But here came the only fly in the ointment, in the form of a little bird aloft. It was some species of night hawk, and in its noisy gyrations appeared to be obsessed of the notion that it had a duty to perform towards us of an aerial sort of visiting rounds, to find if we were asleep at our post. In this effort it was most successful in delaying sleep, for some, for it descended, seemingly, from a great height, swiftly, straight for us, with an ever increasing noise, as it approached, which got on one's tired nerves, till just over our heads, when the climax came, by its suddenly swooping upwards, with a concentrated, vicious, swishing noise as though its infernal musical insides had gone to bits. I often wished they had, and that the Commandant would order us on our feet and give it a parting feu-de-joie. This continuous annoyance, to the wakeful, was kept up till Somnus relieved guard with the bird.

As well, it recalls to memory the jovial faces, happy jest, and hearty laughter of the men, a jolly bunch, over their frugal meal, at the campfires, in the dusk of evening, inhaling the sweet scented prairie air, and the fragrant odours of the smudges.

Nor can I ever forget the gorgeous canopy overhead of night aurora covering the whole heavens, with colours of brilliant hue chasing each other up and down, that in wonderment I used to stop and gaze at while on my unaccompanied, and lonely duty, every third night, of two hours of visiting rounds at Battleford, before the Indians surrendered, to the outlying pickets, with Winchester cocked on my arm, in the night silence, between twelve and two a.m.

Again, at the same place, there was to me the charm of the clear clarion note of the various bugle calls, from reveille to last post, given together in perfect unison by our two bugler lads, Cowan and Modener, which travelled so far over the still prairie air, strangely intermingling, at times, with the sounds of the wild, the honk of the goose, and the cry of the curlew. They were sounds heralding for

those parts, a change from the old order of things, to that of a new, following close after.

Returning to the narrative, we arrived back to Battleford at seven p.m., the following day, taking sixteen hours for the trip both ways.

JUNE 7th.

The whole camp turned out for the burial of Osgoode, in the grave beside Rogers. The bodies were sent later to Ottawa, before we left, and now rest in Beechwood. A memorial to them is a bronze figure of a Guardsman, done by Percy Wood, of London, standing with arms reversed, and is opposite the City Hall. Our much esteemed Frank Newby has never let a second of May anniversary go by without having a wreath placed on it. His big heart was ever with the Company, and he was a great favourite with all ranks of the force, from General Middleton down.

JUNE 8th.

At noon today, the Column left Battleford, crossed the Saskatchewan, and camped for the night. This was our start off on the long, and at times, trying, march after Chief "Big Bear," and his following; taking twenty-two days to try and catch that elusive Indian, through beautiful country, rich in clear water water lakes, and well wooded; which for reasons, before stated, I shall omit an account of. While standing on a lake shore, quite close to me, a large black bear came out of the brush and pawed the water. Birch lake was a gem; Jackfish lake, a large stretch of water, with a beautiful wide sandy beach that minatures the Bay of Naples in its curve. Here some of the Company caught fish, the first we have had, and the whole force bathed in its clear water for hours; but we were punished for this luxury, as the water relaxed our hardened muscles, and in consequence great was the torture of the march that afternoon. Big Bear having trecked south we have been making for Battleford and expect that our next move shall be for home.

JULY 5th.

Great joy; orders to strike Camp and get ready to embark on the steamer "Marquess" for home, which was done in the evening. On board was General Middleton and his force. Colonel Otter remained behind with his I.S.C. Company for a short while.

Greatly shocked at the sad news of the sudden death of Col. Williams from fever, whom I knew intimately for so long; thought so much of him, and was with him at Wimbledon in 1880, when he was Commandant of the Canadian rifle team.

JULY 15th.

Reached Selkirk at ten a.m., and Winnipeg in the evening. At the former place a great spread was laid out for the whole force under the trees, and much appreciation of our services expressed by the hospitable people, there, in a printed circular handed out.

At Winnipeg the troops were given their long pentup feelings a three days jollification, well earned; and a right royal reception was provided by the Civic authorities, and people, in a feast, display of fireworks; but the rest I leave to the imagination. The soldiers laid themselves out to paint the town red, and I was told that one of them, to mark the effort, painted a horse that colour, and rode about town. For the Officers of the entire field force a garden party was given by Lieut. Governor Aikens, father of the present Lieut. Governor Sir James.

JULY 19th.

We resumed our journey, going by water, and arrived home on the evening of the 24th, to receive such a public reception of massed crowds packing the streets, and on top of some of the houses, that I have witnessed nothing like it in Ottawa, excepting Armistice day. On Parliament Square Mayor McDougall read us an Address, and presented a silk flag.

Of the expedition of 1885 I realise that great credit must be allowed the Militia authorities, especially the then Adjutant General, Colonel Walker Powell, and his small staff, who must have worked night and day for the four months the Field force was in existence; for there was not then, as now, an organized Headquarter Staff.

In concluding, if through an unfortunate concatenation of circumstances, I have missed things military, or others, that, in the conceit of my mind, supposed might have come my way, I am at least consoled with the reflection that there is one thing very dear to my heart beyond the power of any to expropriate. That is the ever recurrent recollection of those joyful days of my command, wherein was rendered to me a loyal and willing service by all ranks of that splendid little Company of Guards Sharpshooters, while in the discharge of my duty, that at all times gave me, not only much gratification, but continuous satisfaction and delight.

Looking back to close on forty years ago, though to me but as yesterday, when many of that tight little Company, of fifty, are now scattered; while some have gone to their long rest, where their "thoughts perish; the land of darkness, silence and forgetfulness" of all things pertaining to this life, to await the trumpet call of Resurrection, which the gulf, nor elements, can stay, that will unlock the impenetrable gates of death, by The Captain of their Salvation, to put them on their feet again, but then in the form of eternal youth. While I realise that it is a long goodbye to those happy, happy, days; yet they ever linger with me, and are a sweet ineffaceable vision of memory of the charming, and varied incidents throughout our little Campaign.

A. HAMLYN TODD

The Territorial Exhibition, 1895

IN its first fifty years Regina was host to three unique and challenging exhibitions—the Territorial of 1895, the Dominion of 1911 and the World's Grain Exhibition and Conference in 1933. Of these the Territorial was the most ambitious in relation to resources and facilities, the most audacious in comparison with social and economic development and quite probably the most criticized in respect to management. Organized primarily to advertise to the world the great agricultural possibilities of the Canadian North-West when settlement of the Territories had barely begun and when only a minimum of the accommodation and facilities for such an exhibition were available at Regina, the event, nevertheless, achieved a very substantial measure of success.

Much of the responsibility for developing the Territorial and a great deal of the credit for its accomplishments is due to the Honourable Charles Mackintosh, Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories from November, 1893 to June, 1898. His enthusiastic promotion of a great exhibition of the agricultural and industrial achievements of the North-West identified him in the public mind as the originator of the scheme. The idea, however, came from Senator William D. Perley of Wolseley, who proposed it in 1891. He suggested that the Assiniboia Agricultural Society in Regina provide the buildings and that each of the thirty-four Territorial Agricultural Societies contribute \$100.00 to help finance the Exhibition. The Assiniboia Agricultural Society agreed to provide the buildings, but the suggestion that each of the societies provide financial assistance met little response. The proposal was apparently too new for adoption in 1891. However, Mackintosh's subsequent promotion of the idea succeeded in creating enough support to hold a Territorial Exhibition in 1895.

Three principal sources of financial support were obtained for the big Exhibition. The Dominion Parliament made a grant of \$25,000.00 and the Executive Council indicated that \$15,000.00 of that sum should be reserved for the payment of prizes.¹ Regina provided \$10,000.00 for a site and exhibition buildings, and the Territorial Assembly voted \$5,000.00 for exhibition purposes in 1894 and an equal amount in 1895. The Territorial Agricultural Societies also agreed to support the Exhibition when they were assured that they would be able to earn government grants without holding a local exhibition in 1895.²

Negotiations between the Lieutenant-Governor and the Regina Town Council became difficult in the closing months of 1894. Mackintosh felt responsible to the Dominion Government for the expenditure of public money as "an Order-in-Council vests that money in the Lieutenant-Governor with the special proviso that no further amount is to be asked for."³ The Council was scolded for not having a suitable site available, for tardiness in providing its grant of \$10,000.00

¹ Annual Report of the Department of Agriculture, *Sessional Papers of Canada*, No. 8, 1895, p. XXXII.

² Archives of Saskatchewan, Lieutenant-Governors' Office, Scrapbook on the Territorial Exhibition, 1895.

³ *The Standard*, Regina, Dec. 27, 1894.

and for having thus delayed the construction program. The Council forthrightly rejected His Honour's allegations and claimed justification for its procedures.⁴

The acquisition of an exhibition site in Regina had received attention at various times from 1884 when the Assiniboia Agricultural Society was formed. In 1890 a part of the school section,⁵ located east of Winnipeg Street, north of Dewdney Avenue and south of the Canadian Pacific Railway, was purchased by the Society from the Department of the Interior. The Regina Turf Club shared with the Society the use of this land and developed on it a good one-mile race track. The Town Council expected that this site would be used for the Territorial Exhibition. When circumstances prevented the use of the property in Section 29, the situation was discussed with the Lieutenant-Governor and he undertook, with the approval of Mayor Martin, to consult the Regina Townsite Trustees⁶ and to request them to make a free grant of land for exhibition purposes. The Lieutenant-Governor, "either by mistake or misunderstanding," according to Mayor Martin,⁷ asked for land in the southwest part of Regina, when the Council had expressed a preference for similar property north of the railway and west of Elphinstone. The Lieutenant-Governor later asserted that it was known by all that he was to ask for property west of Elphinstone and south of the railway.⁸ The Council decided on December 3 to apply for the property it preferred "without regard to the actions of the Lieutenant-Governor in the matter."⁹ This action was particularly displeasing to Lieutenant-Governor Mackintosh.

In this situation remedial action seemed to be essential. A public meeting of citizens was held on December 26 at the call of Mayor Martin when an Executive Committee of the Regina District for the Territorial Exhibition was formed.¹⁰ On the 27th a sub-committee of the Executive, consisting of D. Mowat, M.L.A., G. T. Marsh and George W. Brown conferred with the Lieutenant-Governor, and some progress was made toward reaching a better understanding.¹¹ His Honour agreed to let the Committee negotiate for the site it preferred. Attempts were made to secure an alternate site north of Eighth Avenue between Hamilton and Halifax Streets and south of Fifth Avenue.¹² As this alternate site was not available the Council accepted the property north of the railway and west of Elphinstone which was obtained as a gift from the Townsite Trustees. Mayor Martin and two councillors did not seek re-election in the civic election of January, 1895, and the high-level squabbling ceased when the new mayor, G. H.

⁴ *The Leader*, Regina, Dec. 27, 1894.

⁵ Section 29, Township 17, Range 19, West of the 2nd meridian.

⁶ Appointed in 1882 to administer the land in the Regina townsite on behalf of the Canada North-West Land Company, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and the Government of Canada.

⁷ *The Leader*, Regina, Dec. 27, 1894.

⁸ *The Standard*, Regina, Dec. 27, 1894.

⁹ *The Leader*, Regina, Dec. 12, 1894.

¹⁰ This original Citizens Committee, formed to assist the Lieutenant-Governor, included 27 men, with D. Mowatt, M.L.A., general chairman and J. W. Jowett, secretary. Seventeen men were subsequently added, and a women's committee of eighteen was formed.

¹¹ *The Standard*, Regina, Jan. 3, 1895.

¹² *The Leader*, Regina, Jan. 3, 1895.

Marsh, and council, with four new members,¹³ accepted the asserted role of the Lieutenant-Governor in respect to the Exhibition.

Lieutenant-Governor Mackintosh had informed the Regina Town Council by correspondence on December 10, 1894, that "the Mayor and Council of Regina were not appointed to consider the question of exhibits; . . . that they were not appointed to consider at the present time a Territorial Executive Committee" ¹⁴ That advice did not, however, deter the meeting of citizens on December 26 from naming an Executive Committee and a Women's Committee to assist His Honour. Committees were named also to serve with respect to agriculture, printing and advertising, minerals and building materials, finance, fine arts, attractions, grounds and buildings, hotels and boarding accommodation, arts and manufactures, and installation of exhibits. There is no evidence that they were used.

The management situation at mid-April was thus described by the Regina *Leader*:

The Governor is working hard at the Exhibition. In fact he has it all now in shape for going ahead. His correspondence is something immense. A visit to the old Government House, the drawing room of which he has fitted as an office, reveals him surrounded by his secretary and clerks up to their eyes in work.¹⁵

The Regina *Standard* suggested that His Honour might be saved from disaster by the use of the Executive Committee of the Territorial Assembly, or by the celebrated Citizens' Committee.¹⁶

On paper Lieutenant-Governor Mackintosh had elaborate committees.¹⁷ These included the Executive Committee of the Territorial Assembly; an Advisory Committee which included all the mayors and reeves of urban and rural municipalities in the Territories; an Executive Board of Reference which included thirty-four farmers, ranchers and business men under the chairmanship of Angus Mackay, superintendent of the Dominion Experimental Farm, Indian Head; and an Honorary Committee consisting chiefly of Territorial members of the Senate, the House of Commons and members of the Legislative Assembly. Honorary patrons were the secretaries of agricultural societies in the North-West Territories. Senior civil servants, R. B. Gordon and J. C. Pope were respectively Official Secretary and Accountant. J. K. Strachan, a former manager of the Winnipeg Exhibition was superintendent of Exhibits and Spaces. If all had been active and useful, the Regina Committees might have been superfluous.

Lieutenant-Governor Mackintosh was kept busy. Tenders for the construction of buildings were opened on March 4, just 147 days before the date set for opening the fair. Construction included a main building of two storeys 125 feet long with a fountain of sparkling water as a central feature, three other frame buildings to house machinery, dairy products and poultry, an "immense grand stand" with

¹³ *The Standard*, Regina, Jan. 17, 1895.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, Dec. 12, 1894.

¹⁵ Cited in *The Standard*, Regina, April 18, 1895.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, April 18, 1895.

¹⁷ *Winnipeg Saturday Night*, July 6, 1895.

seating for about 1,000 people, extensive stabling and an endless array of pens for sheep and pigs.¹⁸

Grounds improvement included fencing with wire, provision of water from two drilled wells inside the property, pump installations powered by windmills, overhead storage tanks and surface pipes for distribution. A well outside the grounds was provided to serve tented visitors. There is some evidence that water supplies at the opening of the Exhibition were insufficient and that purchases were necessary. For illumination of the grounds a dynamo with 1,200 candle-power lights was an interesting innovation. A half-mile track for horse races laid out in 1895 has remained a key feature of the property. Many of the horse races and exhibition sports events were held on this track, but the "lightning-fast" mile track of the Regina Turf Club was the locale of the races held at the close of the Exhibition. Optimistically, the planting of trees for shade and ornamentation was in progress on May 30 with late varieties "not then in leaf." Trees that failed to survive were to be replaced free of charge but neither the buildings nor the trees were to be seen sixty years later.

Temporary accommodation for exhibition visitors caused some concern. The Regina Town Council advised the exhibition management in May that sleeping accommodation for visitors, available in Regina hotels and homes, would not accommodate more than a thousand persons.¹⁹ For a town of less than 2,000 persons this seemed generous but the need to supplement it was obvious. R. B. Gordon, on behalf of the Exhibition, advertised, on June 26, for tenders from persons desirous of renting marquees to accommodate visitors. This included sleeping accommodation outside the exhibition grounds and dining service outside and within the grounds. Thus a tented city came into existence.

Access to the exhibition site was from Elphinstone Street. The Regina Town Council hoped that a plank walk could be provided from Albert Street to Elphinstone. When tenders for this work were opened, the Council realized that the cost was prohibitive. An alternative access service was provided by the Canadian Pacific Railway, which operated a service from its Regina depot to an unloading point on the south side of the exhibition grounds.

There were several surprises for exhibition management and exhibition patrons. The prize list was exceptionally generous. It had 100 classes and 1,300 sections with a total offering of about \$19,000.00. Prizes available for horses amounted to \$2,500.00, for cattle \$4,500.00, for pigs \$1,700.00, for sheep \$1,200.00, for poultry \$1,500.00, for dairy products \$1,100.00 and for agricultural products \$2,100.00. These prizes were sure to attract many competitive exhibits. The promise to give free rail transportation to exhibits from Manitoba and the Territories resulted in a deluge of offerings. The immensity of the Territorial Exhibition of 1895, when accommodation was new and meagre, in comparison to the Regina Exhibitions of 1958 and 1959, when exhibition buildings and facilities were valued at three million dollars, can be measured to some extent by a comparison of the entries listed by kinds in the following table:

¹⁸ *The Standard*, Regina, July 29, 1895.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, May 30, 1895.

Exhibition entries	Territorial 1895	Regina Summer 1958	Exhibitions 1959	Regina Special Exhibitions Fall 1958	Exhibitions Spring 1959
Horses.....	505	366	358	579	584
Cattle.....	712	685	720	122	125
Sheep.....	557	219	213	182	
Swine.....	373	204	210	264	43
Poultry.....	1,007				
Horticulture.....	1,689 x	390	375		
Dairy.....	683				
Women's work....	1,135 y	1,163	1,506		
School exhibits....	246	6,106	5,496		
Industrial.....	361 z	1,292	1,397		
Bees and honey...	7	23	39		
Field grains, etc.	400				

x includes vegetables

y women's work includes fine arts and leather work

z includes manufactures, industrial products and preserved fruits.

The acute space problem was eased somewhat by "running up" additional buildings after the Exhibition had been formally declared "open" and by using a large number of marquees and tents to house unexpected exhibits. "Nearly every frame building had a canvas annex."²⁰ The Department of Indian Affairs erected a building for Indian exhibits and removed it at the end of the Exhibition. The situation as seen by Angus Mackay, chairman of the Executive Board of Reference, was described by him in these words:

All the stables in the neighborhood were leased; special freight cars secured to carry tents; and other grave responsibilities were assumed rather than have thousands of entries destroyed by the sun and hundreds of persons forced to remain exposed at night without anything approaching accommodation.²¹

The Territorial was primarily a western show, although livestock came from as far away as eastern Ontario. F. J. Jackson, in charge of the livestock department, was faced with many problems but there were surprisingly few formal complaints concerning accommodation.

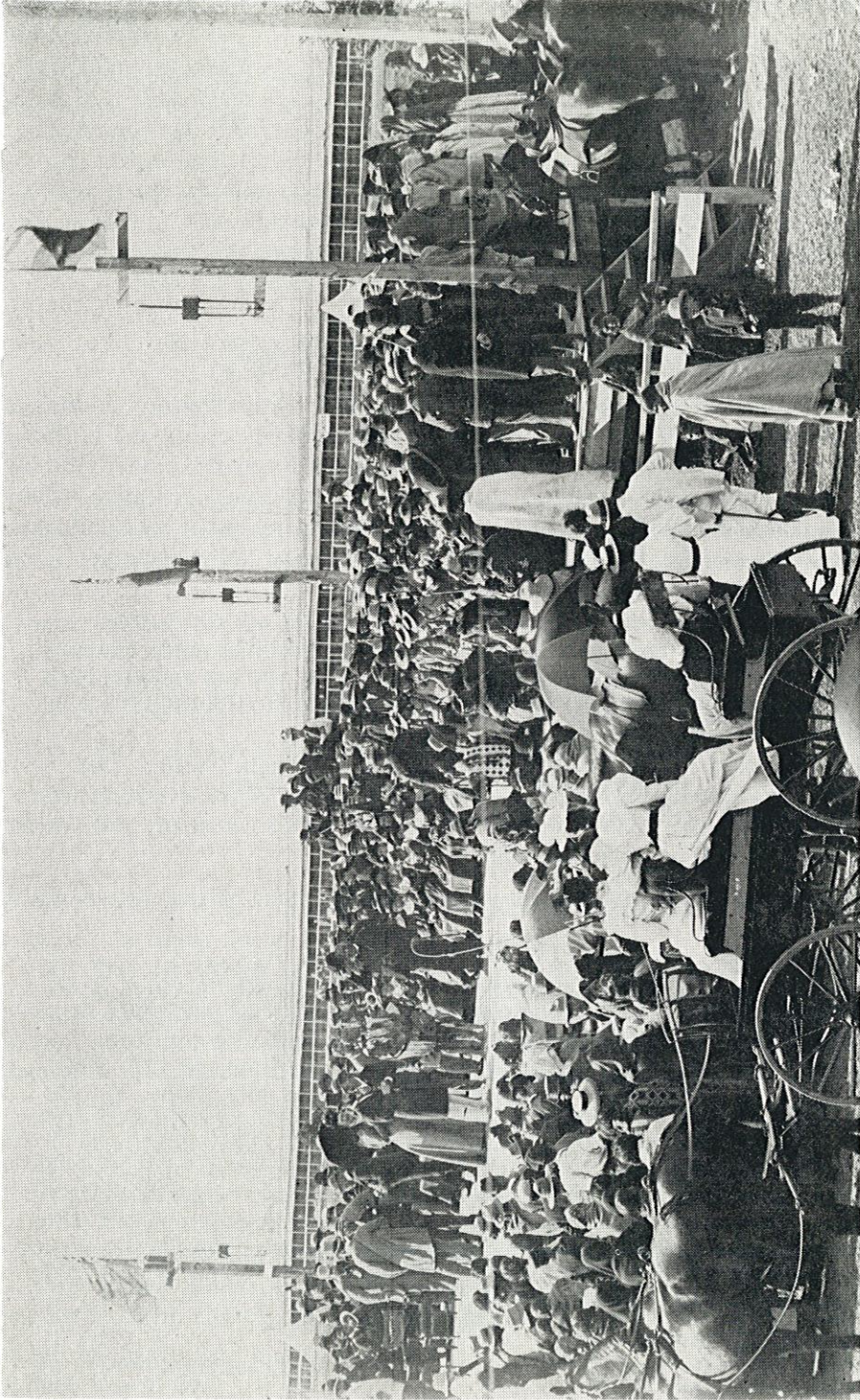
An interesting comment on exhibition affairs was made by the correspondent of the *Grenfell Sun*:

... the deadlock caused by the enormous number of entries over the wildest anticipations was doubled by the postponement necessitated by the rain on the opening day; and all was aggravated by the sub-division of authority into such minute particles as to render it invisible.... Messrs. Heubach (Manager of the Winnipeg Exhibition) and D. Smith of Winnipeg lent their strenuous aid to get things into shape; but the labour of cleaning the Augean stables was a trifling matter compared with the work of building sheds for the extra stock and classifying them for judging without having a river of Alpheus ready to sweep away the inextricable confusion. Anyhow, with the river handy, Hercules did not have Regina mud in his contract. Things were, however, licked into something like shape—and very creditably so, too—considering that the magnitude of the show would have taxed the resources of a city twenty times the size of the city of the plains.²²

²⁰ *Medicine Hat News*, Aug. 1, 1895.

²¹ *Manitoba Free Press*, Feb. 21, 1896.

²² *The Sun*, Grenfell, Aug. 8, 1895.



Presentation of the Indian Chiefs to the Governor-General, Territorial Exhibition, 1895

With so much prize money at stake, the selection of judges was important to many people. Prominent among them were J. O. Howden of Whitby, Ontario, who judged horses, C. Cuthbert of High Bluff, Manitoba, judge of beef cattle and J. C. Snell, judge of dairy cattle. J. A. Ruddick was judge of the big dairy products display. A. G. Gilbert, Ottawa, and Sharp Butterfield judged poultry, George Lang of Indian Head and Spencer A. Bedford, Brandon, judged vegetables, S. A. McGaw, T. W. Bready and S. Spink of Winnipeg judged agricultural products. Other judges and their specialties were: E. Boyce, Winnipeg, woodwork and North-West manufactures, the latter shared with C. J. McCusker; W. Bateman, Winnipeg, bread and confectionery; Darby Taylor, Winnipeg, ales and porter; W. A. Pierce, Winnipeg, saddlery; Mesdames Carey and Fraser, Regina, ladies' work; M. Irwin, Brandon, photography; L. A. Hamilton and W. Chesteron, Winnipeg, fine arts. Inspector James A. Calder and Rev. Father Sinnott judged the school entries and Rev. Dr. Bryce of Manitoba College judged the natural history entries.²³

Among the prize winners at the Territorial were many persons known and remembered by at least a few of Regina's surviving senior citizens, some of whom attended that great event. The lists of winners were published at the time in Regina and Winnipeg papers, and more local periodicals gave their readers a digest of the achievements of local residents. The Grenfell *Sun* generalized when it said:

The cattle from Manitoba could not be approached by anything Territorial, and the most horse prizes also went to the Sister Province—especially the heavy draft; but the Territories took all the prizes for wheat and showed up well in other grains.²⁴

Factory production of butter and cheese was in an early stage of development in 1895 but the display of farm-made butter and cheese at the Territorial, as well as a number of factory exhibits, was gratifying to Professor James W. Robertson, Federal Commissioner of Agriculture and Dairying, who was then strongly supporting an enlargement in output and an improvement in quality of dairy products in Canada. On display was a 1,300 pound cheese made at Innisfail by J. A. Ruddick with milk deliveries accumulated there in one day. Prize winners for cheese included Tetlock and Loveless of Broadview and the Spring Creek Cheese Company of Moosomin. Awards for creamery butter went to Sinclair and Leslie of Saskatoon, J. A. Crerar of Yorkton and W. D. Perley and Sons of Wolseley.

The Territorial Exhibition was expected to be educational and no one was more anxious than Angus Mackay of the Indian Head Experimental Farm to make it so. From its opening in 1888, the Farm had, under his management, provided local agricultural exhibitions with displays of crop varieties, grasses, vegetables and fruits grown at Indian Head. It cannot be doubted that a supreme effort to display its products was made through the Territorial.

²³ *The Standard*, Regina, July 30, 1895.

²⁴ *The Sun*, Grenfell, Aug. 8, 1895.

Another educational feature was the essay competition which brought more than a hundred entries. The topics were practical and each winner was awarded a prize of \$20.00. Ed. Hagell of Lethbridge wrote so convincingly of "The North-West as a Field for the Immigrant" that he was given a diploma while the winner, Edward Drury of Rapid City, Manitoba, was given the cash award. Other winners and their topics were: A. L. Davies, Moose Jaw, "How to make a Farm Pay;" Thos. Copland, Saskatoon, "How best to destroy Gophers;" J. T. Child, Calgary, "Irrigation as applied to certain parts of the Territories;" N. R. J. Cuneman, Springbank, Alberta, "Dairy Products and Cheese-making;" Charles Wright, Holland, Manitoba, "Hog Raising and Bacon Curing." The topics are reminiscent of the discussions at the Convention of the North-West Farmers at Regina in October, 1887.²⁵

Entertainment features before the new grandstand were provided on a generous scale; so much so, indeed, that industrial exhibitors, who had rented space in the main building, complained that exhibition visitors were paying scant attention to the merchandise displays.²⁶ Competitive sports included horse races, foot races, bicycle races, polo, trap shooting, baseball, football, cricket, Caledonian games, bagpipes competitions and highland dances. Other features were steer roping, broncho breaking, a musical ride by the Winnipeg Dragoons and military drills. Notable among exhibition attractions were the Mrs. General Tom Thumb Troupe of midgets, which mystified the Indian visitors, and the local Knox Church show, "The Drill of All Nations." Here is a description of the latter by the *Mail and Empire* correspondent:

A feature of the Fair is the entertainment given by the ladies of Knox Presbyterian Church under the title of "A National Fair." Around the large tent are booths representing various nationalities with lady attendants dressed in the costumes peculiar to each. There are also dining and refreshment tables. At one end of the tent is a pretty stage with handsome scenery. On this stage during the afternoon and evening one hundred young ladies give tableaux representing national scenes. Seats are arranged and an admission fee charged. The whole entertainment is far above the average. It will require some effort on the part of the ladies to make it pay, for \$900.00 was spent in getting it into shape.²⁷

Exhibition visitors included many persons of reputation who were then, or later became, well known in western Canada and beyond: Reverend John McDougall; Thos. O. Davis, Prince Albert; Wm. Pearce, Calgary; E. W. Miller, Fort Qu'Appelle; Captain and Miss Pierce of Moosomin; Wm. Barnsley, Lorlie; The Becktons of Cannington Manor; Richard S. Lake, Grenfell; Hillyard Mitchell, Duck Lake; Thos. G. Shaughnessy, William Whyte and Robert Kerr of the Canadian Pacific Railway; Archbishop Langevin, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Scarth, J. J. Golden, D. W. Bole of Winnipeg and John Lowe, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, Ottawa. Less known but more colorful were the thousand or more Indians

²⁵ See F. H. Auld, "The Saskatchewan Agricultural Societies' Association," *Saskatchewan History*, Vol. XIV, No. 1 (Winter, 1961).

²⁶ *The Standard*, Regina, Aug. 2, 1895.

²⁷ *The Mail and Empire*, Toronto, Aug. 8, 1895.

who attended as guests of the Exhibition and swelled the attendance without increasing the gate receipts.

Official guests of the Lieutenant-Governor were fewer than he had expected, but they included Their Excellencies The Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen, Sir MacKenzie Bowell, Prime Minister of Canada, and the Honourable T. Mayne Daly, Minister of the Interior. They were accorded appropriate courtesies with formal addresses on their arrival, Mounted Police escorts, state dinners at Government House with members of the judiciary, executive members of the Territorial administration and other guests. A musical concert organized by Scottish-born James Brown of the Education department was much enjoyed. Another social event, organized by His Honour, was dinner held in a large marquee on the exhibition grounds and designed to honour visiting press representatives and senior staff members who had assisted in the management of the Exhibition. Particularly honoured on that occasion was Angus Mackay, chairman of the Executive Board of Reference, of whom His Honour said, "No one was truer, no one more energetic, no one more faithful than Angus Mackay of Indian Head."²⁸ Mr. Mackay was given a gold badge inscribed "In Memory of the First Territorial Exhibition;" it was placed on his lapel by Premier Haultain.

As the Territorial Exhibition drew to a close the management could be gratified that it had overcome several crises resulting from unexpected entries and unfavorable weather; it had yet to face the problem of a huge deficit. Grants and revenues of the Exhibition amounted to \$52,370.00. Obligations were \$66,604.00. Prizes were paid but there remained more than \$14,000.00 of unpaid claims owed principally to local people. The Dominion Government at first denied liability but eventually sponsored a budget item in Parliament in June, 1897, which enabled the management to satisfy its creditors.

Meanwhile, editorial comment was general and frequently quite critical. That of the *Edmonton Bulletin*, the personal organ of Frank Oliver, a member of the Territorial legislature in 1895, is of interest:

The Bulletin has never had occasion to say the sweet nothings about His Honor, and his abilities, and his greatest show on earth, that some other Territorial papers have found occasion for—not excepting *The Leader*—but on the other hand it has no inclination to make His Honor the scapegoat of a mistake, to which he of course was a party, but for which the Government at Ottawa was jointly responsible. The Dominion Government gave him the money and authorization for a scheme that was foredoomed to failure either financially or otherwise. Without the most elaborate faking the show would have amounted to nothing as a show. It was faked and faked successfully—but this made it a failure financially.²⁹

In an editorial under the headline "He should be Recalled," *The Leader*, Regina, denounced the Lieutenant-Governor for his failure to meet and confer with the exhibition creditors who it was said were either jeering or cursing him:

²⁸ *Daily Nor'Wester*, Winnipeg, Aug. 12, 1895.

²⁹ *Edmonton Bulletin*, Nov. 14, 1895.

The Honourable Charles H. Mackintosh is not playing the part of a man. This refers to Territorial Exhibition matters. He was manager-extraordinary of the exhibition. The affair is in debt. In that there is nothing disgraceful or contemptible. But those to whom money is due want to get it. They cannot get it. They cannot even see or hear from the one by whom the debt was contracted. They telephone him—he is not in his office. They write him—he does not reply. They go to his house—he is shooting. The part a man would play in a case like this would be to meet the creditors—explain to them the circumstances of the deficiency—tell them how it was to be met or how it was hoped it would be met. The manly thing is to meet a difficulty face to face and thresh it or take it to a threshing. For a humble individual to skulk around a little difficulty would be contemptible; for a ruler, a sovereign, it is unpardonable.³⁰

More favorable impressions of Mackintosh are to be found in comments which he made about the Exhibition. In its preparation he said, "It will be an object lesson which all agricultural societies and every farmer and producer, every city, town and village depending on the farmers should seek to crown with success." His plan for the accommodation of visitors was "We shall lay out a canvas city capable of housing four thousand people." When the Exhibition was opened and its magnitude was realized he could say airily:

To be sure, there have been difficulties to surmount in organizing the Exhibition—nothing worth having has been or ever will be accomplished without persistent effort and unflinching courage . . . I know this—that the people of the Territories will give me credit for doing my best.

As he looked back at the close of the Exhibition and reviewed its course he defended it by saying:

Suppose there was a little mismanagement—it does not lie in the mouth of any North-West man to say so, for success and not failure was the cause of it; and if there had been more faith in the proposed Exhibition there would have been less friction.³¹

Before the close of the Exhibition a presentation was made to His Honour by Mayor G. H. Marsh and a number of citizens "as a slight token of appreciation for the great efforts of yourself from the inception to the conclusion of the first Canadian North-West Territorial Exhibition."³² The gift was a portrait of His Honour in oils painted by a rising young artist, Victor A. Long of Winnipeg. The address was signed by more than 150 friends, exhibitors and visitors who, with many others, had seen the portrait on display during the Exhibition.

Opinions concerning the value of the Territorial Exhibition varied. Calgarians were sure that it would have been better if held in Alberta and preferably within sight of the Rocky Mountains. The *Edmonton Bulletin* saw possibilities in the Exhibition of regional comparison and appraisal by both exhibitors and visitors:

³⁰ *The Leader*, Regina, Nov. 7, 1895. N. F. Davin, M.P., attributed the authorship of this editorial to Walter Scott. (See *Debates of the House of Commons*, Jan. 27, 1896).

³¹ *Manitoba Free Press*, Aug. 12, 1895.

³² *Ibid.*, Aug. 13, 1895.

The meeting together of representatives of all sections of the Territories could not fail to produce clearer and better balanced ideas as to the different sections of this great area and the opportunity to compare products—or successes—must have some effect in arousing hearty competition that will have beneficial results.³³

S. E. Reid, formerly of the *Manitoba Free Press* said, "The world will have a better knowledge of the productiveness and capabilities of the Canadian North-West than ever before."³⁴ The most practical and encouraging opinion expressed was that given by His Excellency, the Governor-General. In a letter to Lieutenant-Governor Mackintosh, Lord Aberdeen said:

It would be difficult to over-estimate the advantages—direct and indirect—which may accrue from the successful carrying out of such a display of the vast districts which have been represented at the exhibition and from the incentive and encouragement thus offered to all who are interested in their development. And, whatever else you may be enabled to accomplish during your present office . . . Your Honour and your friends will always have the satisfaction of feeling that you and those who have assisted you in this work have given a definite impulse to the increased recognition by the inhabitants of the Territories of the important fact that they are not, as it were, scattered units; but that they are bound together by common interests and aims, with all the great possibilities that may be attained by judicious co-operation and combined action.³⁵

This most appropriate comment by the Governor-General must have comforted His Honour in a trying situation and encouraged numbers of prairie farmers then only at the beginning of their pioneering.

F. H. AULD

³³ *Edmonton Bulletin*, Aug. 12, 1895.

³⁴ *Manitoba Free Press*, Aug. 9, 1895.

³⁵ *Ibid.*, Aug. 8, 1895.

DOCUMENTS OF WESTERN HISTORY

Homestead Venture, 1883-1892 An Ayrshire Man's Letters Home

Part II

In this issue we present the second and final selection from the letters of William Gibson, pioneer farmer of the Wolseley district. The letters were originally published in *The Ayrshire Post*, under the heading "An Ayrshire Man's Experience of Farming in the North West of Canada." We are indebted to Miss Jean Gibson, now of Victoria, for copies of her father's letters and for permission to publish portions of them.

THE EDITOR

Manuscript [1888].

Up to the end of the year 1887 we had remarkably fine weather, but winter set in more severely just at the beginning of the new year The small lakes near me at this time came to be all frozen up, and I had to draw the water for the cattle three miles away. I went with the horses and a tank—two rakes being sufficient for a week—and I watered the cattle all inside. This want of water is to me the greatest difficulty I have to contend with—all the other evils in the North-West put together are not to be compared with it.

At the beginning of May I had 20 acres of wheat sown, four acres of oats, and half an acre of peas, and I intend to sow 8 acres more of oats. I got three bags of grain as samples this spring from Professor Saunders, at Ottawa. In one of the bags were 3 lbs of the same kind of Russian wheat that I got from him last year to give this another trial. In another bag, there were 1 lb of wheat from the northern parts of Russian, where wheat is grown on the borders of the White Sea, and 1 lb of oats from the same place. I am to send him samples of the crop I have from these, in the fall with particulars. I sowed these two bags on the 16th of April; and that same day, I sowed alongside of this 3 lbs of red Fife wheat, and gave this same work as the Russian. I sowed the sample of oats on the 3rd of May, and at the same time I sowed oats of my own growing. The seed I had from the 3 lbs of Russian wheat I got last year from Mr. Saunders, this I sowed on the 20th of April, as the crops have not been good for two years past.

I got four dozen and four strawberry plants sent me from Professor Saunders. These I planted on the 11th May and on the 16th I got from him twelve walnut trees. These I planted on the 17th, that being a holiday in the north-west, a day on which there are a number of trees planted. I have also fifty sugar maple trees, which I raised from the seed, and these at this time are a foot high. Last fall I gathered a lot of seed from the native grasses. I have five different kinds of this, and I have sown this on well cultivated land to give it a trial. Our seed time this year is about a fortnight later than usual.

Never since I settled down here, five years ago, had there been at this season so bright a prospect for having a plentiful harvest, and settlers all round were,

on that account, in good spirits. By the rainfall we had in June, we got our sloughs well filled up with water; and in one I have near the house there is as much water as will supply us with what is needed in that way until the end of the year. I had at this time got 20 acres of land summerfallowed for cropping next year, and farmers all of them were busy at this work. The prairie grass this year is so long that it might be cut for hay all over—so long as to be rather a hindrance to the ploughing. Last winter I stored up a few boards of ice and we are now using this, which makes the water to be a fine cooling drink At this time the grain crops all round were all that could be desired, and apparently would be ready for cutting by the end of the month. We had a visit at this time of a number of farmers from Ontario, who had come on an excursion to the North West to see what kind of crops we were having this season; and they were greatly pleased, and not a little astonished, to see all over the country such an abundant crop as we were likely to have. I had a visit one day at my home-farm from ten of these gentlemen On the 20th day of August, a party of six—three of these being young ladies—took a walk from my house over the length of the Indian Reserve to visit our neighbour Indians. We did not see Mr. Grant, the Agent for the Reserve, but we were kindly received and most hospitably entertained by Mr and Mrs McLean, the teachers on the Reserve. We visited the school, and were both surprised and delighted to see the progress that the young Indians had been making in their education, and to hear them read English, and to see how they could do this. They sung several hymns, both in English and in their own language.

On the 11th of September [1888] we had a visit from his honour our M.P., Mr. Dewdney, the Minister of the Interior, and late Lieutenant-Governor of Assiniboia, and along with him Senator [Perley], our late M.P. They have called at the house and taken some refreshment, came to the field where I was cutting some wheat, and they were greatly delighted to see such fine crops as the settlers had all round. I showed them a field of Russian wheat I had, a fine crop, and all sowed with 232 lbs. of seed. This was the produce of 3 lbs of seed wheat I got sent me from Professor Saunders, Ottawa, at seed time last year; and it is rather astonishing to see the quantity of grain I have this year from this 3 lbs. bag of wheat at two sowings—this I will know correctly as soon as it is thrashed and cleared. This was much sooner ripe than the red Fife wheat, which was sown the same day. Mr Dewdney, our M.P. has been long acquainted with this district, and knows the settlers well and has also a knowledge of the country and its resources; and our late M.P., Mr [Perley], who has been raised to the higher House—in both we have the utmost confidence in their ability and willingness to see that all manner of justice be done to the settlers here.

The sample of Russian wheat I got from Professor Saunders, this I cut on the 31st of August; and the red Fife wheat I sowed the same day, as I sowed it, and close by it. This I cut on the 13th of September. The test shows that the Russian wheat ripens nearly a fortnight sooner than the Fife wheat.

On the 9th October we had our annual visit from [the] fires. The day being very stormy, the wind blowing with a strong gale from the west, a fire guard, a rod wide, was of no use in preventing it from spreading. I, along with two of my neighbours, went the distance of a mile from my house west to where there was a fire guard, to try what we could do to prevent the fire getting beyond this, but the flame came upon us with such force that we had to mount our horses and fly for our lives, being closely pursued by the flames, which were driven by a strong current of wind. We had hopes that when the fire reached the pasture, which had been eaten all summer by the cattle, and where there was another fire guard, that it might prevent it from getting further; and had it not been for this I might have been totally cleared out. However, all that I lost was from 15 to 20 tons of hay, and this I will not much miss as I have plenty for all I need in that way.

I have been reading the reports in the Glasgow "Herald", which has been sent by one who visited the North-West this year, and I think these to be a fair and truthful statement of the condition of the settlers. I have also seen the report given by McIver, a Highlander, who had gone out as an [emigrant], and who seems to have got most awfully afflicted with home sickness. The very thought of Lochaber no more seems to have melted his heart like wax, and left such an impression there that he came off home to warn his friends in the Island of Lewis of the miseries that await them all who went to Canada, where there was not so much as a good drink of water to be got, and that the calamities of Canada were scorpions in comparison with the whips of the Highland lairds. According to my view of this man's report the molehills of evil he had met he had magnified into mountains, and no doubt returned home with a good and charitable intention to warn others from falling into the evils he had met with. Lady Cathcart's crofters are settled 50 or 60 miles east from me, and there are others settled to the west at no great distance from me, and from what I have both seen and heard of them they are all doing fairly well, and have not cause to regret coming to the North-West. I have always looked upon the Scottish Highlanders to be one of the best types of the human family that may be found upon the face of the earth, and I think they will make first-rate settlers for the North-West. I am only surprised at the unwillingness of those at home in the Highlands to [emigrate], and that they would prefer to remain and endure so much contention with lairds and land commissioners, and with no prospect, even with all they can expect to get, of ever being in any other circumstances but that which is nearly allied to hardships. There are now living near to me a family who came and settled down here two years after I came, and who could not boast much about the riches they had, and who have at this present time a farm of their own, near to 20 head of cattle, and plenty of food for both man and beast; and I do venture, in all sincerity, to say that had they remained where they came from in Scotland, although they had lived to the age of the patriarch Abraham, they would not have been so comfortable as they are now . . . no [emigrant] coming here need think that he will find himself in a Paradise, where he may sit and sing like a mavis on a tree top in a May morning; he may expect to have hard work, but he may expect this

to be a blessing, not a curse to him, as he will be well remunerated for it. And it has been long known that a man at his work does not fall so readily into the hands of the devil as an idle one. We have plenty of room for [emigrants] who are both able and willing to work. Such is our aristocracy here, and the more industrious they are the higher will be their title. But we have no use whatever for those gents who may be so frequently met with in the towns and villages of the old country, who strut about, with aristocratic airs, and a cegar in their mouths. A half naked Indian with a bunch of feathers on his head would be a more pleasant sight to look upon here than one of these said gents.

On the 10th of December [1888] I again visited my neighbours the Indians in the Reserve; they were then busy threshing their grain, and had a large stack-yard. It would take five or six days of the thrashing machine to overtake what they had to do. The Indians on this Reserve are making rapid progress in the right direction; this is from year to year discernable to a degree beyond expectation. I got sent me from Mr Grant a statement of their produce of grain for this year: they had 175 acres in crop, and had from this 1676 bushels of wheat, 115 of barley, 800 of oats, 100 of peas, 800 of potatoes, turnips and other roots.

I am certain that I have somewhat over 1000 bushels of grain, standard measure. I had 365 bushels of red Fife wheat, 255 of Poland oats, 179 of Canadian oats, and 165 of Russian wheat, and this is what I have from the produce of the 3 lbs bag of wheat I got sent me by Professor Saunders (seed time of 1887); and from the 3 lbs then sowed I have this harvest (1888) 165 bushels of grain. The wheat and oats I have this year are the best in quality that I have had since I settled down here.

The Ayrshire Post, December 6, 1889.

On the 16th of April one of Dr. Bernardo's boys from the Home in London arrived safely at my house. I had previously applied for one of them, as I was in need of one to herd the cattle; and by me paying his railway fare from Quebec, one was sent to me. He is rather over 13 years of age, and altogether a smart boy, and I hope that we may get on well together. The pasture I have fenced in being not now sufficient to graze the stock I have, I required a herd to look after them. My farming life has been much more pleasant, and likewise more profitable, since I went into mixed farming—partly cattle and partly cropping. The cattle and dairying are, in ordinary circumstances, a sure affair with us; and I could now make a good living although I did not raise a bushel of grain. When a storm of hail or a night's frost, about the beginning of harvest, damages the crops, and the farmer, who may have been buying implements on credit, has nothing to pay them with, his circumstances are not then enviable, and all the blame and all the troubles are then likely to be thrown on the bad country. On the 26th of April, I cut out the track for the ground of a new stone stable that I mean to erect. This is 55 feet long and 33 feet wide. I intend to put a log gable in one end, so that I can at any time extend its length. Log stables have to serve when

better cannot be got; yet no one needs to be told that these are not so good as when built with stones. I have got the half of the stones laid down, and as soon as I get a kiln of lime burnt I will get starting to build. At this present time, I do not know a single settler round here but what their circumstances are improving every year.

The boy I got from Dr. Barnardo's Home, . . . is behaving and getting on well. He was the first from that Home that came into this district, and as he was doing so well, one of my neighbours applied for one who arrived here in the last week of June. These two little strangers met for the first time here at the Sabbath school. They had known each other when they were in the Home in England, and when they met and saw each other so far away from it in the far North-West of Canada, this meeting was an affectionate one for them both, and to the teachers and scholars who saw them meet. This awakened a deep feeling of sympathy for the two young orphan lads whose parents or relatives were either dead or had forsaken them and left them to the tender mercies of the stranger. Dr. Barnardo's work must be a blessed one, the effects of which can only be truly known in the world to come, when it will be said by Him who knoweth all from the least to the greatest "inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of My brethren ye have done it unto Me."

After the 19th we had several fine falls of rain, all the crops that were sown on the land that had been summerfallowed these stood the drought astonishingly well, and suffered much less than we could have expected, but the seed that was sown on stubble land that was not ploughed only getting a scratch with a harrow this has not done well this year. Last year what was sown in this way was a good crop, and after last year's crops which were so good some had made themselves believe that seed would grow no matter how little work the land got. This year we have been taught a different lesson, for it now appears that the better you cultivate the land the better the crops will be and will stand the drought the better. Where this had been done all round here there are fine crops of wheat.

The Ayrshire Post, December 5, 1890.

Indian Head Exhibition being on the 9th October, I had to officiate there as one of the judges for cattle, sheep, and pigs. This show was expected to be one of our best, owing to it being near to the Experimental Farm and Lord Brassey giving two prizes of 25 dollars each, one for the best pedigree bull within a radius of 20 miles of Indian Head, the other for the best collection of grains. The day before the show being stormy and wet, and the morning of the show being also wet, there was not so large a turnout as was expected—this in everything except horses, and there was surely a fine display of them, a number of them having been lately imported from the old country. An extra good lot of grains, roots, and vegetables, was shown by Superintendent M'Kay, of the Experimental Farm; also of grass and clover, showing what the land can produce when properly cultivated. The grain at this show was the best I have seen this year. The native

Indians had a most astonishing display of grain, roots, and vegetables; also a lot of knitted work, butter, and bread, showing the progress that the wild red men of the far west are making. Their grain would bear a comparison with any I have seen this year. The Indian gentlemen who were most successful was Chief Jack for grain, and Red Feather for knitted work. I had this year on my farm a good crop of potatoes, and will have a good lot of these to sell. On the 24th of October we had a visit from Mr Rushwell, Government Inspector of Schools, and the 26th being the Sabbath the Lord's Supper was to be dispensed in our little tabernacle. Mr Rushwell waited with us till Monday, and went to the church with us. He is a Canadian by birth, and is much interested in Scotland's history and in the great men she has produced. Mr. Richardson, our member for the North-West Assembly is expending a good amount of money in building dams to collect water for the use of the settlers, which will be to them a very great benefit. These dams are made across ravines banked up with clay and stones laid next the water. This bank also serves for a road across the ravine. There is one, half a mile distant from my home, in which, when full, there will be a depth of 15 feet of water, and it is a considerable length. The settlers here are under a deep debt of gratitude to the Hon. E. Dewdney, Minister of the Interior; the Hon. Senator [Perley], and Mr Richardson, M.P., for the manner in which these gentlemen have exerted themselves in making a provision for having at all times a plentiful supply of water. There has at this time arrived at Wolseley 35 German families, having with them 6 cars loaded with cattle, implements, etc. They are taking up land to settle down here. The Germans are an industrious people and make good emigrants, but the summer being now past and so near the winter they may have for a time a hard struggle, having houses to erect and feeding for cattle to provide. But we hope they may get over all these drawbacks and keep up their hearts until the spring of the year, which will soon come, although they may at this time think it long. The fall of the year is not the best time for emigrants to arrive; the spring is a much better time when they have the summer and harvest before them.

The Ayrshire Post, December 25, 1891.

On the 20th January I left home to visit Scotland . . . I landed at Liverpool on the 9th February, having along with me a sample of the different kinds of grain we raise in the North-West prairie, . . . On the 23rd [of May] I landed safe at home at Wolseley. Sweet sweet home, no place like home. This is more so now to me than my old home I had left in Ayrshire with all its associations of my youthful years.

The Ayrshire Post, January, 1892.

This being all through a good growing season during the mid-summer months, I was at times thinking that if I had 800 bushels of grain at the end of the harvest that I would have no reason to complain, but ought to [be] satisfied. With that, we commenced our thrashing on the 4th of November . . . and at the finish my crops turned out this year to be over 2,000 bushels of grain.

The settlers are all in great spirits. It is easy to mark the effect that a good crop like what we have this year has upon the North-West farmers and their wives. Although there is no rent to pay to landlords, they all seem to walk erect hold their heads higher, and even look younger than they really are. If there be any place in the world more than another where a woman is worthy of having the name of a helpmeet, that place is surely the North-West of Canada; and a man does come to know the advantage of having a family to help him in his labours, as here we have not a large population such as in the old countries, and labouring men cannot be got at times for neither love nor money. It is a rare thing to see a man on tramp seeking work.

The Ayrshire Post, December 30, 1892.

My eldest son, who had taken up a homestead last year, did not get a house erected before winter, but intends to do this as soon as weather permits. He has as a stock to start farming with two young Clydesdale mares and six head of cattle. My second son, who owns seven or eight milk cows, has let them to a farmer for three years on what is termed here the share system.

My two eldest sons who had been from home for some time returned when we commenced harvesting, and they having bought a new thrashing machine with a 14-horse power steam engine their intention being that as soon as we have our own crops thrashed, that they will commence thrashing for the farmers around us. Thrashing with us is paid by the bushels, the price has been $3\frac{1}{2}$ or 4 cents, and a machine will thrash 1000 bushels per day, and often much more, depending upon circumstances From the 22nd of September until the latter end of October they had put through their mill thirty thousand bushels of grain.

So much land in the settlement being now cultivated for raising grain and crops of various kind, grass being cut for hay, so many cattle to graze, and the municipality [laws] being so strict and so rigidly put in force, we have had no Prairie fires for some years past, all matters regarding fire guards having been so well arranged and so well attended to that we have now little dread of that which was to us for a few years of early North-West life not a little alarming and attended with much danger. At this present time both the human family and cattle are in a healthy condition, there being for all plenty of good wholesome food, and some of the young Scotch farmers are taking to themselves wives who were a few years ago girls undergoing a training in the Shorter Catechism. In conclusion I wish to send greetings to all on the Banks of the Doon and other parts of Ayrshire.

Book Review

Maclean's Canada. Portrait of a Country. Selected and Edited by Leslie F. Hannon. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart Ltd., 1960. Pp. 248. Illus. \$8.50.

THE aim of the editor was to take from the back issues of *Maclean's* magazine those articles and pictures which would give a representative view of Canada and Canadians. The result is a book which is interesting, informative and very pleasant reading. There is no attempt to explain Canada, its relationship to other countries, its place in the world today, or any basic philosophy underlying the action of its people. It is primarily a description of Canadians in short stories, biographical and historical sketches, accounts of newsworthy events and photographs. The articles range from "The Riddle of the Viking Bow" to "How Marilyn Swam the Lake." Excitement, adventure and romance are found in Farley Mowat's retelling of the Eskimo legend of bearded giants wearing iron caps and shining armour who settled among the Eskimo and taught them the use of the crossbow. Marilyn Bell's feat will be readily called to mind by most readers. In between these two articles are accounts of the opening of Canada to settlement, the change from an agricultural to an industrial community, famous and infamous Canadians, war heroes, authors and sports champions.

The best articles are those about the history of Canada and the individuals who contributed to that history. Pierre Berton, in "How the Klondike Rush Began," captures the feverish excitement and the bitter disappointments of the famous gold rush in the Yukon. Within five days of the original strike, Bonanza Creek was a scene of frenzied confusion. Men argued and fought for claims which were to yield millions of dollars of gold. One man, looking for an unsuspecting victim, unloaded his claim on a drunken Swede for eight hundred dollars. The Swede became "the Lucky Swede" whose claim yielded over a million dollars. The man who duped him became the butt of so many jokes that he fled the country in disgust. Many who did not leave the Yukon as soon as they made their fortune lost everything. One, who bought his claim for a sack of flour and a side of bacon, became so rich that he was called the "King of the Klondike." He died penniless and alone.

Other historical sketches tell of the path towards nationhood. "The Great Intendant" by Costain is about Jean Talon who did as much as any other man to put the colony of New France on a firm economic basis. "How George Washington Lost Canada" tells how Washington, because of Benedict Arnold's advice to invade Canada overland, failed to seize Nova Scotia at a time when it was scarcely able to resist a concerted attack. American rebels on the Bay of Fundy, not having the support of regular American troops, were quickly routed by two companies of British marines. Upon arrival of more British regular troops, any hope of a successful rebellion passed. "The Land of Eternal Change" is a glimpse of the epic story of the settling of Western Canada. Part of this article is based on material in the Archives of Saskatchewan obtained from the Pioneer Questionnaires. Ralph Allen says:

The one statement that can be applied to all of the settlers and all of their descendants is that they've seen a very great amount of history in a very short time There is scarcely a man or woman living anywhere in Europe or North America who could not, somewhere in Saskatchewan or Alberta, find a sizable community that speaks his language, sings his songs, and worships his gods. But he would still be first of all among Canadians. The fusion and assimilation of the west's unwieldy mixture of racial, religious, social and economic groups has been almost unbelievably rapid.

Oxen, horses and the threshing gang have all disappeared from the rural scene. Oil has become an integral part of western economy. As yet, the mineral and agricultural resources are still largely waiting to be tapped. They are waiting until improved technology will make this possible. The west has changed rapidly and will be a land of eternal change.

There are a few articles which stand out above the usual narrative type in the book. One of these is "Christ vs. Sputnik" by Hugh MacLennan. Of all the articles, it is the only one which directly gives the reader occasion to reflect on Canadian society today. He points an indicting finger at North American society, describing it as

schizophrenic because we are attempting to be Christians with one part of our minds and materialists in the other. Publicly we insist that religion is the backbone of our civilization and the author of freedom. Yet at the same time our advertisers, who must earn a living in a competitive system, endeavour to make us believe by conditioned reflex that our chief end is to consume their products and that we can't be happy without that new car or suit of clothes or what have you On a Canadian highway I have seen an advertisement for a 240-horsepower car facing another sign which warned Speed Kills! The same people who insist that the survival of their country depends on the use of their brains, saw nothing inconsistent in electing a political party which scornfully labelled all men of brains eggheads.

Here MacLennan is referring to the United States but he points out that the schizophrenia is as endemic in Canada as in the United States. He also points out that technological ability has no necessary connection with a nation's maturity; that Christianity has, at times, caused North Americans to assess their use of materials and that one sure test of their purpose in material advancement is to be found in the pursuit of science as a search for truth and not a race for power. One cannot help comparing MacLennan's views on newspapers in a competitive system with Marilyn Bell's valiant swim across Lake Ontario. Her feat started as a contest between sportswomen to do something never before accomplished. It ended as a mad, violent, and even underhanded scramble among Toronto newspapers to get scoop headlines ahead of their business rivals.

Some stories, sensational as they might have been in their day, do not make a great contribution to the book. Five people hiked across Canada in 1921. They made great headlines and then passed into oblivion. The will of Charles Millar, a bachelor lawyer, provided funds for a stork derby. J. K. L. Ross, Canada's millionaire sportsman squandered millions of his inheritance on unwise investments and extravagant living. These paltry yarns are offset by excellent articles

about Mazo De La Roche, Lucy Montgomery of *Anne of Green Gables* fame, Canada's World War I air ace, Billy Bishop, British Columbia's vanishing Longstocking colony of British aristocrats in Cowichan Valley and short stories written by W. O. Mitchell, Morley Callaghan and Gabrielle Roy.

There are sixty-four pages of photographs which have as much diversity as the text. Only in a few cases is there overlapping between the two. Thus the photographs cover what the words do not and a wider view of Canada is given. The section on the provinces of Canada is the weakest. There are two pictures representing Saskatchewan. One shows a derelict buggy left in a snow drift. The other is a schoolhouse "bringing life to the prairie vastness." One can only see the small roof of a building off to one side of a large picture. Surely, the photographic editor, Eugene Aliman, could have found pictures more representative of the "land of eternal change." Obviously he didn't read Ralph Allen's article. Pictures representing other provinces are just as badly chosen. This poor choice is not evident in the other sections which contain pictures of famous Canadians, Canadian paintings and painters, photographs of Nineteenth Century Canada by William Notman, Canadians at work and engaged in the arts and sports.

In reviewing such a collection of forty-eight articles by some of Canada's most distinguished authors, one cannot mention all the contents of the book. But one can say quite easily that all the articles are well written, some brilliantly written. Each member of a family above the age of fourteen will find something of interest. The articles, not necessarily profound, are absorbing and "the essence of the book is sheer entertainment."

LLOYD W. RODWELL

Notes and Correspondence

The Honourable O. A. Turnbull, Minister of Education, has been appointed to the Saskatchewan Archives Board and has been named chairman of the Board. He succeeds the Honourable W. S. Lloyd, who had been a member of the Board since its inception. Dr. N. M. Ward, professor of Political Science, University of Saskatchewan at Saskatoon, is the vice-chairman of the Board.

Readers are advised that the P.F.R.A. hydrology report, "The Story of Water Development in the Qu'Appelle Watershed," is not available for public distribution. We regret that this report was inadvertently included among the recent publications in local history cited in our Autumn, 1961 issue.

The Saskatchewan Archives Board has made new appointments for the management of *Saskatchewan History*. D. H. Bocking is now editor and L. W. Rodwell is the business manager.

A Saskatchewan museum conference was held last November in the board rooms of the Western Development Museum, Saskatoon. The purpose of the conference was to discuss problems affecting museums and to consider the possibility of organizing a Saskatchewan museum association. As a result of the conference a provisional committee was set up to give further study to the formation of a regional museum association with a view to making recommendations at some future date to another general conference. During the conference, A. R. Turner, Acting Provincial Archivist, on behalf of the Canadian Historical Association, presented a certificate of merit which had been awarded to the Museum for its work in local history.

Readers will be interested to learn of the appearance of a new series of publications on western Canadian history. The series is called *Frontiers Books* and it is published by *Frontiers Unlimited* of Calgary. The first publication, which is now available for sale, is *The Frank Slide Story* by Frank Anderson. This is a well-written account of a very dramatic incident in western Canadian history. The booklet is well illustrated and has an excellent map which clearly shows the exact extent and damage caused by the slide. Copies may be obtained from the publishers at 417 - 16th Ave. N.W., Calgary at a cost of \$1.25 each.

Contributors

JOHN H. ARCHER, Legislative Librarian and Provincial Archivist, is presently on a year's leave of absence.

F. H. AULD is Chancellor of the University of Saskatchewan and was Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Saskatchewan from 1916-46.

LLOYD RODWELL, Saskatoon, is an archival assistant for the Archives of Saskatchewan.

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The only copies available of eleven other issues are those with covers soiled from display on news-stands. There is no damage to the contents of the magazine. These are:

Vol. II, Nos. 2 and 3 (Spring and Autumn, 1949); Vol. III, Nos. 2 and 3 (Spring and Autumn, 1950); Vol. IV, Nos. 1 and 2 (Winter and Spring, 1951); Vol. V, Nos. 2 and 3 (Spring and Autumn, 1952); Vol. VI, Nos. 1, 2 and 3 (Winter, Spring and Autumn, 1953).

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